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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE



Jack Teagarden



Count Basie

Maynard Ferguson

THREE IN THE AFTERNOON

A Wide-Ranging Discussion By Jazz Men Of Three Eras



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More of the musicians who find themselves in the limelight of popularity ought to work through their techniques much more, even if some are not especially creative.



Reese Markewich
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Are You Happy With the Sound

the music. Another strike against some *DB* reviewers is their seeming inability to think and write with clarity. Jazz criticism is severely deficient in a sense of humor. Healthy jazz is fun, and if a reviewer loses sight of this, he will miss important things. To instruct is good; to instruct and delight at the same time is even

STRICTLY AD LIB

NEW YORK

Duke Ellington and His Orchestra currently are on a 3½ week tour of Sweden's "folk parks." Ellington left New York at the end of May and appeared on German television prior to the Swedish tour. Trombonist **Lawrence Brown** rejoined the band for the European jaunt. The band will be back in the United States in time to begin the festival season at Newport. Concerning his State Department trip (*DB*, June 20) to the Middle East this year—the tour opens in Damascus, Syria, on Sept. 5—Ellington told *Down Beat*: "Very interesting—all those exotic countries. I'm looking forward to the trip if for no other reason than musical absorption. I've never been to this part of the world. Maybe their subways run crosstown."

Due to previous commitments, neither Ellington nor **Louis Armstrong** was able to attend *Time* magazine's recent banquet bringing together many of the magazine's cover subjects of the past 40 years. The third jazzman to be invited, **Dave Brubeck**, was there. Brubeck said he was most impressed with the speech of **Paul Tillich**, the noted theologian who, incidentally, is a devoted jazz follower. The pianist, whose May 31 Town Hall concert was sponsored by the Yorktown Community Nursery, is currently working on a piece for symphony orchestra and quintet.

Earlier this month, trumpeter **Donald Byrd** left for France,



BRUBECK

where he is completing three weeks' study at Fontainebleau with the eminent teacher **Nadia Boulanger**. Byrd will visit Africa and Spain and plans to be away from this country for a year. Before his departure, Byrd conducted *Anthology of Jazz* at the High School of Music and Art. Big bands served as the theme, with the large-group styles of **Louis Armstrong**, **Benny Goodman**, **Count Basie**, **Stan Kenton**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, and **Miles Davis-Gil Evans** represented. The finale was *Elijah*, Byrd's jazz spiritual for orchestra and choir. . . . Pianist **Randy Weston** recently returned from a 10-day trip to Lagos, Nigeria, where he took part in a series of panel discussions at the West African Center there.

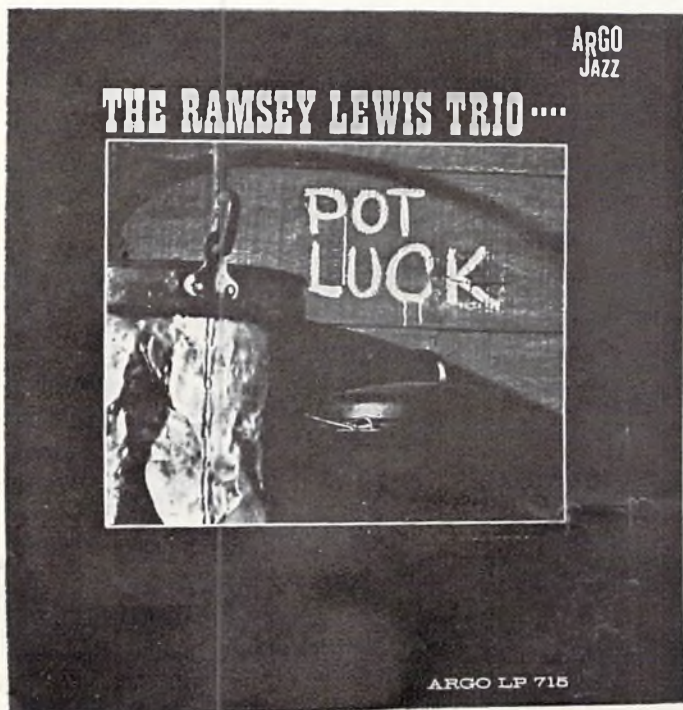
There may be some changes in the batting order, and there always is the possibility of pinch-hitters, but this is the way the lineup reads for the 10th annual Newport Jazz Festival, to be held July 4-7 at Newport, R.I. Thursday night: **Zoot Sims**, **Clark Terry**, **Howard McGhee**, **Roy Haynes**, **Stan Kenton**, **Nina Simone**, **Cannonball Adderley**, **Thelonious Monk**, **Pee Wee Russell**. Friday night: **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan**, **Joe Williams**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Maynard Ferguson**, **Sonny Stitt**, **Milt Jackson**, **Gerry Mulligan**. Saturday night: **Duke Ellington**, **Sonny Rollins**, **J. J. Johnson**, **Coleman Hawkins**, **Nancy Wilson**, **Ramsey Lewis**, **Newport Festival All-Stars** (**Bud Freeman**, **Ruby Braff**, **George Wein**, **Buzzy Drootin**), **Baby Lawrence** and **Bunny Briggs** in a tap-dance challenge, probably backed by the Ellington band. Sunday night: **Martial Solal**, **Jimmy Smith**, **Dave Brubeck**, **Dakota Staton**, **John Coltrane**, **Herbie Mann**, **Newport Festival All-Stars**. Friday afternoon: *New Faces in Jazz* featuring **Ken McIntyre**, **Don Ellis**, and others unde-



BYRD

(Continued on Page 43)

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July 4, 1963 / Vol. 30, No. 15

WINTER PLUMPS FOR PRIVATELY SPONSORED GOOD-WILL TOURS

"Jazz has been our best ambassador."

This, in essence, has been said by many, but it was reiterated recently by alto saxophonist-leader Paul Winter before his sextet played a benefit at the United Nations for UNICEF (the UN agency for child care throughout the world) under the auspices of the UN Jazz Society.

"We are not utilizing what we've got," he said. "If jazz was basically a Russian music, you can be sure there wouldn't be any groups left in Moscow or Leningrad—they would all be out on world tours."

Winter said he has an idea to implement the sending of U.S. jazz groups—and foreign jazz groups too—on tours of other countries.

"The genesis for the idea came from my dealings with the State Department," he said. (Winter's sextet toured Latin America for the State Department's cultural presentations program in 1962.) "They have not done much with jazz, but it has not been entirely their fault. They have a lot of congressional pressure to contend with. Even if they were able to send three or four groups a year it would not be enough. More should be done through corporations, foundations, and philanthropies. Of course, there could be much value in their consulting with the State Department."

With this in mind, Winter said he talked with several corporation heads about possible sponsorship of the plan. "They must be made to realize that jazz has a tremendous audience and how strongly the people over there feel about it," Winter said. "The USIS [United States Information Service] cannot publicize itself in the United States because of the nature of its charter, and this has been a problem in letting the American public know about the tours. A private firm, on the other hand, could not only promote good will, but also advertise its name."

Winter said he is using his own Latin American tour as a model and is primarily interested in reaching the students of other countries. Students attended many of the Winter sextet's concerts in large numbers, particularly when there was no admission charged.

Any private-enterprise sponsor could give foreign students the same opportunity, Winter said.

"What is needed," he said, "is a foundation, something like a jazz corps, to serve as the intermediary between the jazz world and the organizations who would be sponsoring the tours."

At the UNICEF concert, Winter showed a 10-minute film of highlights from his tour. The film clearly demonstrated the favorable audience reaction and the band's rapport with the people.

At the UN event, there also was a short talk by Roger Enloe, director of UN We Believe, the only private organization authorized to use the United Nations seal. Enloe, whose group serves as a liaison between business and the diplomatic corps, gave support to the idea of privately sponsored tours.

LENINGRAD JAZZ FESTIVAL COMES OFF DESPITE KHRUSHCHEV

When Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev denounced modernity in present-day Russian literature, poetry, painting, and music, he did not fail to mention jazz, as it was played by the native jazzmen, in a bad light. Such denunciation in Russia carries much weight, of course, to a point where those under discussion soon find things a bit difficult for them. That the public appear-



VIKHARIEFF

Brings 'La Nevada' to Leningrad

ances of Russian jazzmen would be limited was a foregone conclusion.

But despite the hardship worked by Khrushchev's comments, some Soviet jazz musicians got together for the third Leningrad Jazz Festival recently.

Several of the better-known musicians refused to take part in the unofficial event, since they said they feared their jobs would be taken from them. Still the festival was a great musical success, according to observers.

The shock of the festival was a quartet of Moscow musicians—Anatoly Gorodinsky, cornet; Michael Tzurichenko, tenor saxophone; Evgeny Gevorgjan, piano; Andrey Gevirgjan, bass—who evidently had taken a page from the book of some U.S. groups,

since during the performance the four played only three compositions, but each tune lasted about 25 minutes. The group performed only originals and in the style of jazz' avant garde.

There were several groups, playing mostly in what used to be called West Coast style, from Riga, Tallis, and Tartu.

Also on the festival was a Dixieland group from the host city led by Vsevolod Koroljev, a cornetist who formerly played with Leningrad's Seven Dixie Lads.

The hit of the festival, however, was a sextet co-led by pianist Yuri Vikhariëff and tenor saxophonist Roman Kunsman. The group brought the audience to its feet with a 30-minute performance of Gil Evans' *La Nevada*.

COLE DISCLAIMS ENTERTAINERS' ROLE IN INTEGRATION FIGHT

A controversy of heated proportions may be growing about Nat Cole in relation to the singer-pianist's public stand on a racial issue.

In a recent interview in the Los Angeles *Sentinel*, a Negro-owned newspaper, Cole spoke out against direct participation of entertainers in the integration movement in the South.

Replying to a recent news report nationally circulated by Associated Negro Press stating that Cole had "refused" to follow the examples of comedian Dick Gregory and singer Al Hibbler in Birmingham, Ala., Cole in effect confirmed the story.

"If I thought it would do some good," he told *Sentinel* reporter William Lane, "I'd cancel some of the shows I had to do, lose thousands of dollars, and join Dr. Martin Luther King and other integration leaders in my native state of Alabama."

The singer denied the value of an antisegregation, anti-Jim Crow front of entertainers, such as suggested by Edwin Berry, Chicago Urban League leader.

"What good, except for his own publicity," Cole asked rhetorically, "has it done for Dick Gregory to go down there?"

"Gregory's act is based on racial satire. Hibbler needs the publicity. Harry Belafonte, who has not gone down there yet, is a professional integrationist. We don't see eye to eye."

Cole stressed his support of Dr. King and the civil rights movement, including "all the other persons fighting so strongly to overcome racial discrimination which deprives Negro youth of their apt pursuit of equal opportunity and happiness."

"But," the singer amended, "I do not see why or how some of our professional civil rights fighters can come up every so often with the idiotic idea that

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artists associated with the clubs—the plural refers to the many Sweet Chariots

night of the two we play here."

Between numbers, Lucas demon-

they had in many years. Now I can see the country—the plant life is alive."

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IN SOME DEGREE, all music is *about* something. But what it is about, its content, differs widely and generally determines its essential worth.

For composer Ahmed Abdul-Malik the content encompasses all the sciences, particularly the sociological, ethnic, and theological. The easiest thing to say would be that Abdul-Malik is different from most jazz musicians, and both his brief biography and the development of his thought immediately show that difference, while at the same time serving as a primer for youngsters who might aspire to be what Abdul-Malik considers the complete musician.

All his conscious development has come from religious convictions. "People think I am too far out with religion," he said. "But it is so necessary to know the Creator, to know the rules of being—what it means—to know the commandments, to know you are commanded to use your intellect and will. . . . That allows you to advance in all subjects. How else can you know about life? And music is life.

"You must do subsidiary study. All music has its own history, of course, and you need to know that, but it is also important to know the non-musical side of a people. That way you learn more about their music. By studying a people's habits, you find their musical expressions.

"That you are commanded to do. The whole health of the world is based on each contributing to one another: doctors, bakers, musicians. If musicians want to co-operate, they must be masters of all scales which will broadcast to the receiver of the mind."

"Really, a musician should be in excellent condition, physically, mentally, professionally, and scientifically," Abdul-Malik continued. "I have studied all the elements: animals, insects, plants, space—the universe—old and new jazz but most importantly the Creator.

"How can you play beauty without knowing what beauty is, what it *really* is? Understanding the Creator leads to understanding the creations, and better understanding of what you play comes from this. How can you understand fully without knowing the start, the continuation, and the ending?

"So much of jazz has become surface music because it hasn't searched for ultimate truth. Jazz is part of the world today. The artificial living of today—the slight-

ness of understanding, the easy patterning—all of that ends up in sterility. But we, as a higher species, should be able to see, hear, and understand everything."

THE BEGINNING of a wide vision was perhaps almost forced on him by his early environment. Born in Brooklyn, N.Y., on Jan. 30, 1927, he grew up on Atlantic Ave., where "there were 10 different nationalities just in the neighborhood. Your ears just had to open up."

His earliest recollection of music is of his Sudanese father singing and playing Eastern music. The youngster began studying violin early in life.

"My first teacher," he said, "was a Russian. He insisted that a musician had to know how all people felt before he could call himself a musician."

In junior high school, he joined a group that played at Greek, Syrian, and gypsy weddings. By the time he had been graduated from New York's High School of Performing Arts, he had command of several instruments, but it is as a bassist that he has worked since 1954 with such widely diverse leaders as Art Blakey, Don Byas, Sam (The Man) Taylor, Randy Weston, and Thelonious Monk. Nowadays he concentrates mostly on bass and oud (a double-strung, mandolinlike Near Eastern instrument), but his thoughts range into every area. Not the least of these is the economic, although he is inclined to minimize it in terms of more important considerations. But characteristically he discusses economic problems as a totality, not simply as a weekly wage.

"If you could get out of economic problems," he said, "you could find the time, the energy to create. You have to have some peace of mind to create. The lack of this has brought about a serious problem. As the environment has changed a great deal in the last 10 years, many musicians have begun to believe that they will not be accepted if they venture. They are wrong to let that stop them, but I can understand that because there really is no place for them to show development.

"Very few record companies will allow you the opportunity, and no clubs are available where you can work and develop. Clubs used to allow you that—and time to build an audience. How can they expect jazz to develop if they only book established groups, or only give experimenting musicians an occasional two-week booking? There aren't even sessions any more. I think that the minimum-wage scale has brought down the whole scale of endeavor."

There are some things, however, that help, he said. The Modern Jazz Quartet's presentation of its music, for instance, has done much for jazz and musicians, he said, and this is good because jazz needs to gain more respect—people should naturally look up to musicians.

"That would lead to the government giving respect to the artists," Abdul-Malik continued. "That is co-operation with the Creator, who has given special talents to each. Honorary degrees should be given to people in the arts who have done practical versions of academic work, or ways should be worked out to allow the artist to go to school. Still, I believe that the answer is not in scholarships to a conservatory but in one-year grants to travel in some other country, because artists should travel and study outside of their own country and their own art forms."

Abdul-Malik said he believes "a musician must teach others if he is to retain what he knows. This is in addition to performing. And by teaching, he maintains a connection with young people. Besides, he does good by passing his knowledge on."

Understandably, he is concerned that the teaching exist on the broadest possible level because "it is hard to find musicians who have open minds, not only to hear but to play. So many drummers and horn men are more prejudiced and more in a rut than are bassists. But all musicians have to learn that you can work with all music."

He says he is amazed at how little he knows now that he has learned how much Eastern musicians know of conception, theory, and science. And he is concerned with that very lack among jazzmen.

"Jazz," he said, "has contributed very little musically. Individual expressions have been extensive and exceptional though. It's important to remember that from all parts of the world each man is expressing himself. But here so many cut themselves off from development by sticking to only chords or simple scales."

IN ANY PROLONGED conversation with Abdul-Malik, one begins to understand that he is no mere theoretician. He is the most practical of men. Realizing that the tempered scale is the basis of Western music, he began an extensive study of the mathematics on which it is based. As he grew more fascinated with scales, he became a piano tuner in an attempt to familiarize himself with the mechanics of piano scales. This and his studies have made him somewhat unhappy about the piano's relative rigidity.

"There is," he said as an example, "a difference between a B flat and an A sharp—but not on a piano. The piano limits you. There are no one-eighth or one-quarter tones available. People like Monk should have them."

And this is nearly criminal in Abdul-Malik's estimation, because part of his whole concept is to get between notes and to concentrate more on scales than on chords. His primary studies have been of music from India and the Mediterranean countries and a general study of African music.

"The music of Somaliland and Sudan," he explained, "has Japanese-like effects and something like the blues. Arabian music—and that includes part of the Sudan—is a music all by itself. It specializes in strings and voice. They can hit one-quarter tones on the head.

"The Greeks measure tones in different ways, paying no attention to standard piano tones. A jazz musician can hear this if he wants to, but he can't play it because of the nature of his instrument or his past training. The Greek instruments can break in eighths from Western notes. They change in midflight and get an infinite amount of scales. They consider the greatest musician to be the one who can go from one scale to another without it being easily heard. You see, they have much more freedom than the jazz musician has."

The other important element of his practicality is represented in a pragmatic curiosity, whether in study (he's working now with a Japanese musician) or in travel. He's been on two overseas tours during the last year, both sponsored by the State Department.

He was largely disappointed by the one to Nigeria because "it was too much a government social event. The people who wanted to see us couldn't. Some of them didn't even know we were there. And because of the way it was run, very little real jazz was heard, and there was very little mixing between us and them, unfortunately."

But he was pleased, he said, with what he did see and hear.

"People from all over came and performed," he said.

"There were fantastic acrobats, and the music was interesting. Much of it is what is called high-life. It is very common to west Africa, and it has a real relationship to calypso, especially in the dance. There were some musicians there from the eastern part of Nigeria, and their music is quite different, more related to the Arabian."

In South America, Abdul-Malik also found a lack of government understanding of jazz' importance.

"The people," he said, "were so hungry for jazz. I saw lines of people everywhere, all kinds of people, asking for records, asking for all sorts of groups, wondering why the embassy promoted classical music and movie stars. They [embassy personnel] are completely out of touch with the native people."

He was not out of touch, however. An inveterate walker wherever he visits, he met dozens of musicians.

"This has always been me," he said, "since the first time I knew myself. I always wander, talk to people, and eat in the people's restaurants. You know, I always ask for a kosher restaurant. If I can't find one, I usually eat fish, either baked or broiled. It's the safest. And I don't eat vegetables or fruit."

The tour stayed almost a week in Sao Paulo, Brazil, and his knowledge of Arabic was useful when he found a large Oriental section in that city. He played with groups there and in other parts of the city, particularly with "a modern samba group. They were amazed at my feeling for their music, but I think most Latin music has a strong calypso feeling. The people were very friendly, and they gave me music, records, and instruments.

"In Argentina I had a similar experience. I went to Lebanese and Syrian places, and I heard music you would never hear in New York. In Argentina they play tangos and boleros, as well as sambas, the way they should be played. It was exciting to hear all this and to hear so many good musicians. I want to return there and to all parts of Africa to learn more and to record with the musicians."

These wants hardly dent the scope of Abdul-Malik's ambitions. He'd like to extend that African recording trip through the Near East. Now studying Indian music, he wants to devote a record to it. He plans on a sound track for an African film. He wants to start his own flexible group again. But he also wants to play with every other kind of group.

"The widest experience," he said, "is most important, especially playing music you don't want to play."

Then, sometime this fall, he said he plans on a concert at the Brooklyn Museum in company with Japanese musicians. Through it all, he said he intends to keep on teaching—"it is as important as learning yourself. One retains your memory, the other advances you."

All of that, much as it may be, is not a complete portrait of the man but only an outline, hopefully to be filled in when the scope of his learning and abilities reach fruition in more acceptance. For now, even the outline casts a huge shadow, in his playing—wherever or with whomever—and in his teaching but most particularly in his belief in total musicianship, in the dependence that musicianship has on faith and diversified knowledge, and the change that those things can bring about in life as well as music. As he put it, "The tribes have always contributed to each other for common expression and growth."

Thus, exact and total expression is the goal of mankind and the duty of the artist. Abdul-Malik is reaching for that goal.



ELI (LUCKY) THOMPSON, the veteran modern tenor saxophonist, has returned home after five years in Europe. Now 37, he is older, wiser: the European experience has provided him with a well-defined perspective of life and insight into himself. A general sense of vigor and resilience identifies him. And he is confident, briskly articulate, and thoughtful.

Yet there remains about him the surface hardness of a man who has had to fight to live the way he desires. His speech is often flavored by the sweet-sour pungency of cynicism. This, however, is leavened by a persuasive warmth and cosmopolitanism, progressively more apparent when one is in his company for an extended time.

One can sense a strength of conviction. He hasn't turned away from situations, no matter how unpleasant. If anything, his actions have been in keeping with his values.

"I left this country five years ago, not to run away, but in order to remain a participant in my chosen field," he said. "I realized I had to play and write, or my talent would wither and die."

He said he found himself "frozen out" of everything here—the name he had established playing with many important jazz bands from Count Basie to Stan Kenton, with Charlie Parker and Miles Davis, seemed meaningless.

"I could no longer buck the business end of music," he said. "I felt out of things."

Europe seemed the only answer, Thompson said, for restructuring his artistic life. He wanted time to think and a place to be heard, to become more "familiar with myself and the realities of music."

"Everywhere in Europe, I was accepted in the same warm, unhesitating manner," he said. "There were no social barriers."

"Europe offered me complete exposure within its own limitations. I appeared on TV all over the Continent. In France, I not only played on the programs of others but had my own shows. I wrote the music for them, selected the musicians, played, and directed and produced each one. The same held true for radio concerts and special radio shows."

The continental film industry also extended opportunities to Thompson. He appeared as a musician in *Goodbye Again*; scored *Machine, mon ami*, a 20-minute short about French industry; and provided the original music and was seen and heard in *April*, a feature-length film.

He also played at public concerts and in clubs throughout Europe and North Africa. He does, however, have some reservations about the playing conditions.

"The concert producers and clubowners were sometimes inhibiting and not entirely straight with the musicians," he said. "Therefore, I usually felt more comfortable performing at concerts and clubs run on a nonprofit basis. Freedom of movement was more the rule, and the environment generally was more relaxed."

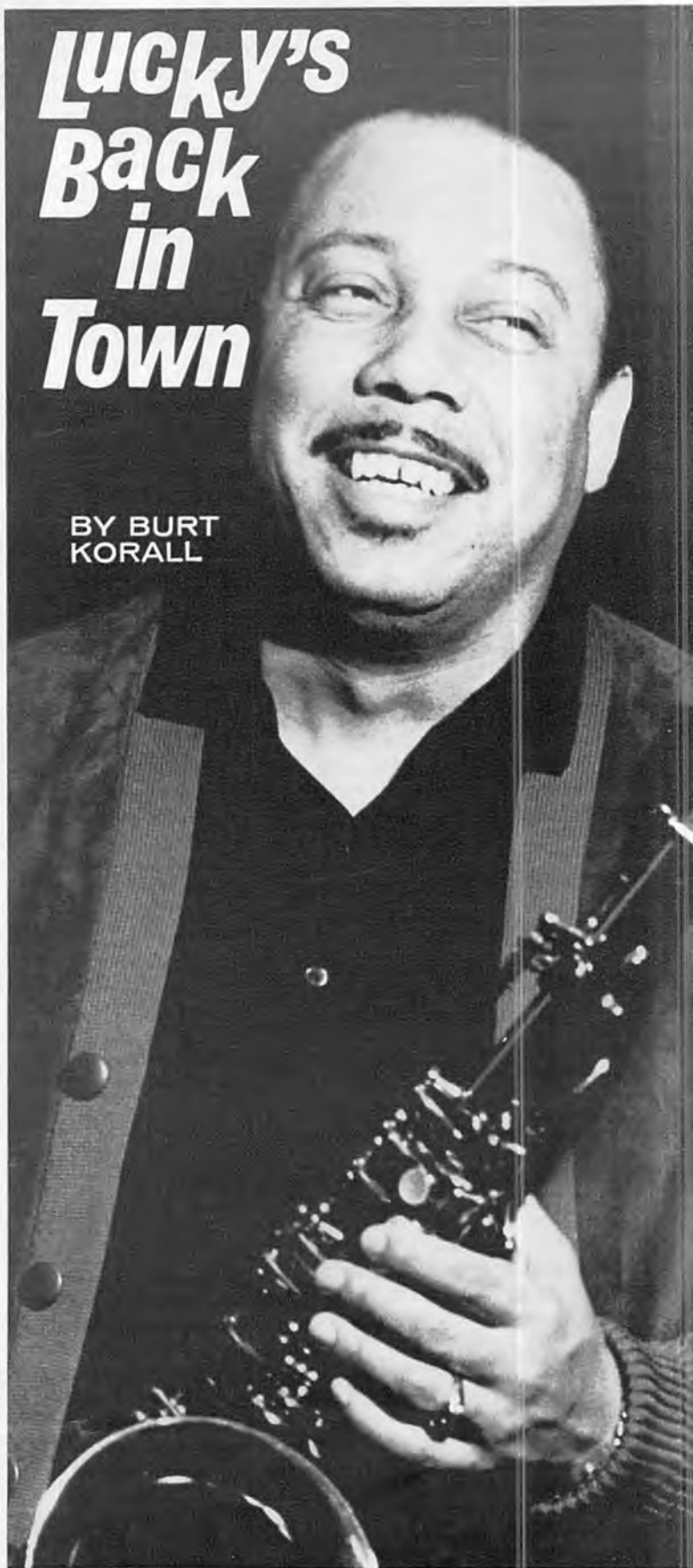
Because of the depth of exposure he received, and the attendant solvency and peace of mind, Thompson said he was able slowly to rid himself of many tensions and thinking habits built up through the years and strengthened by unfavorable experiences in the United States. He no longer felt out of things, he said, but most important, he came to know himself better.

"I realized that my bitterness had grown so intense," he said, "that it had begun to unduly affect my thinking. Finding inner peace became my goal. I knew I had to raise myself above the chaos of the music business and uncover the significant things to be emphasized in life. Once this was accomplished, I felt I would be free of the

DON SCHLITEN

Lucky's Back in Town

BY BURT
KORALL



Thompson: 'I had to play and write, or my talent would wither and die.'

irritation of situations which had so upset me at other times."

It was often difficult, he found, to disassociate himself from the past. But being exposed to a large cross section of people and various types of thinking worked to lead him away from his own problems to more encompassing difficulties—and to conclusions. He said:

"People have been stripped of the ingredients basic to a spiritual inner life. The current system of life has caused them to lose confidence in themselves. False gods are worshipped; emphasis is placed on materialistic things, which, in the long run, don't matter.

"I felt stronger for my association with the arts. I could build from the inside. Others are not as fortunate; they can only cover over the emptiness."

As Thompson's understanding of the "big picture" grew, his anger progressively abated. His vision, he said, took on a clarity not previously possible.

"I came to the realization," he said, "that the act of creation is the artist's only freedom, that the major portion of his energies must be devoted to it. Preparation, meditation, the actual performance of the act are his life. Nothing should be allowed to get in the way."

With this, Thompson said he found a kind of peace and detachment that he never before had experienced. His rules for functioning were laid out. He would fight major battles—the ones in which his freedom, musical attitudes, and self-respect were under attack—but the minor skirmishes would have to be fought by others.

"If the artist assumes his responsibility and is reliable, those with whom he has to deal should be likewise," he said. "It is enough burden to create; other matters should be left to those who can adequately take care of them.

"The most important thing in a man's life is giving what he has to offer. He cannot be tampered with; he must be allowed to go his own way. The man and the working situation have to be well matched. A musician—or any artist, for that matter—should not be forced to step out of character to satisfy business interests. Both the music and the musician will suffer."

Those are the rules Thompson has evolved for himself.

"What other musicians do is entirely up to them," he added. "It took me a while to see that you can't change the world."

Defiance on a large scale is for those who have yet to take a long look at themselves and their surroundings, according to Thompson. This does not mean surrender to existing circumstances but merely indicates he no longer feels a compulsion to give time and energy, better spent on creation, to explosive revolt.

"I've worked to maintain my own personality," he said. "Individuality is the one thing the artist must treasure. Conformity is the lazy man's way out."

He says he would like to have knowledge of all musical languages because a person shouldn't isolate himself; a musician should be open to all developments.

"To know all music is to bring more to your kind of music," he added.

THOMPSON HAS FELT this way, he said, as long as he can remember. This attitude has helped make it possible for him to move facilely with the times, particularly in the mid-1940s, when he allied himself with the then-burgeoning bop movement.

He adapted to the modifications made by Parker and Gillespie in matters of phrasing and solo development, yet retained his full sound and the heat, swagger, and touch

of romance closely associated with the school of tenors fathered by Coleman Hawkins. While other tenorists were playing Lester Young's line or aping Parker, Lucky was playing Thompson.

The records made during that period, specifically those with Parker and others with Gillespie—e.g., *Ornithology*, *Moose the Mooche*, *A Night in Tunisia*, *Dynamo A & B*, *When I Grow Too Old to Dream*—state his case. He fits well, giving as much as he receives.

In the time since the '40s, his playing has changed but in some respects has remained the same. Like Hawkins and Byas, he never sounds old or terribly new. Contributions made by the younger men are quickly assimilated into a basic style.

"I've tried to spread out as well," he said. "I now play soprano sax, alto sax, flute, bass clarinet and plan to go on to oboe and English horn. I want outlets other than the tenor. In addition, the way some fellows play reed instruments bothers me a bit. Because of their desire to be quick and fashionable, they distort the character of the instrument. For example, tenor men sound like alto men, and alto men sound like soprano players. I attempt to bring out the essential quality of each horn in my own particular way."

Thompson, a musician whose solos are tightly and logically structured, was prompted to discuss the long jazz solo and particularly the work of John Coltrane.

"As far as I'm concerned," he said, "every note in a solo must mean something. All the strands of sound and rhythm must be tied together and make for a stimulating, informative picture.

"What Coltrane is doing may be fine for him. I respect his efforts. He's trying to tell you about what's going on inside him. He's deeply involved and always working toward a goal.

"However, there is one basic thing that the improvising jazzman should remember. When music is calculated like math, it is no longer music.


"I hope to become more familiar with the so-called new things as time passes. I'm not really on top of it right now; therefore, am not in a position to make a fair evaluation. One thing is sure: if the new men are sincere and thoroughly committed to their music, they should be encouraged. Bird and Dizzy eventually won through. The music, however, must be valid. Time tells that story."

Time will tell another story as well, the one of the Negro in the United States. Thompson, a Negro with experience in living on both sides of the Atlantic, insists: "The American Negro has come to a point of great excitement and potential rebellion because of the nature of his life in this country. I suppose some Negroes feel extremist movements are necessary to attract attention to their cause. I don't believe in extremism of any sort; hate destroys. America, however, cannot realize its potential if the current situation is allowed to exist."

With his European reorientation as a backdrop, Thompson has hopes for better things now in this country.

He'd like to get an eight-piece band together, he said, and "I'd like to write for films and TV as well. I had been promised certain things before I returned. They haven't come through yet. At another time I would have been in despair. Not now. I can wait . . . but not too long."

Novelist James Baldwin has written, ". . . the freedom that the American . . . finds in Europe brings him, full circle, back to himself, with the responsibility for his development where it always was: in his own hands."

Lucky Thompson knows his responsibilities. 

THREE IN THE AFTERNOON



PHOTOS BY FRANCIS TAYLOR

The following, open-end discussion took place on a Sunday afternoon in Count Basie's dressing room during the recent Jazz Supports the Symphony concert at Chicago's Civic Opera House. (Excerpts from the concert made up International Hour: American Jazz, which was shown last month on CBS-owned stations and will be seen in several foreign countries.)

The conversation began while Basie and his band were on stage, and Jack Teagarden (who also was featured at the concert), Maynard Ferguson (whose band was playing in Chicago that night), and members of the Down Beat staff waited for the bandleader.

After much good-natured bantering, the conversation turned to the problems brass players have with their teeth.

Teagarden: Whenever anybody asks me how I keep my hair, I ask them how they keep their teeth. Because I don't have any teeth, you know.

Ferguson: That's all right, man. I don't have mine either. I deteriorate faster, that's all.

Down Beat: Could you play better when you had your own teeth, Jack?

Teagarden: No, I don't think so. I've got a better range now. Maybe I've lost a little thing in one way and gained it in another. But I don't think I've suffered from it really at all. I swore it wasn't going to become a mental block to me. It's just like you find a new ball bat, and you just pick it up and slug with it instead of figuring out how you're going to hold the thing.

Ferguson: I think a lot of guys got a lot of fear of that.

Teagarden: I did at first until they got the teeth out, and I put my horn up. . . .

Down Beat: Are all of them false?

Teagarden: I don't have a tooth in my head, not a one.

Ferguson: Fantastic.

Teagarden: I had a disease called pyorrhea, which is hereditary. I guess, in my family. I never had a toothache 'til I was 36, and I never had a cavity, but they just got loose and fell out. . . . But it didn't stop me for a week even. I went right on.

Down Beat: How are your teeth, Maynard?

Ferguson: Mine are fine. I went through the same thing, except I was full of

theories which said let's not bother trying to re-create the faults in my own teeth. You know, the space between the front ones and—everything like that. It's all like you yourself trying to go into the instrument rather than trying to pull the instrument into your mouth—that's my theory. So I had all these magnificent theories down so cleverly that I couldn't miss. Within four days they had filed down all my front teeth, put caps on, and I went right to work. It was fine the first weekend because I felt that I wasn't supposed to be able to play at all, so, therefore, the fact that I could play adequately was just fine. But the next week. . . .

You know every time you go in there they shoot you with Novocain, and you get those scars on your gums. My gums were swollen, and I had a lot of problems for about a week and a half. I started to get nervous about it, and I started thinking maybe this isn't going to work—I think that's where a lot of guys make a choice between whether they're going to get mentally hung up on "I will never be able to play such and such a way again" or else they're just going to say, "It will take care of itself." Now it's turned out to be better.

Teagarden: At first, I went through the same thing with the swelling of the gums. Then I started trying adhesives. I went into drugstores, and I'd scoop up everything they had. I'd take each adhesive powder and try it and time it by a watch; some would last four hours and finally dissolve and blow on out through the horn, and I'd have

to replace it. Then I'd try another one, and I'd find some that would last an hour longer than the other. Now I found one that I don't have to worry about. It keeps in there for 24 hours. . . .

Ferguson: You know, in '42 or '43, I played in the band opposite Jack Teagarden and his big orchestra in Montreal, Canada, and. . . .

Teagarden: You know, I remember that. And I've seen you since several times.

Ferguson: I've never forgotten that. It was great.

Teagarden: You were a trombonist too.

Ferguson: Right, yeah. I would say a less-than-mediocre trombonist too. [Ferguson now occasionally plays trombone, usually valve, with his band.]

Down Beat: Does it take as much artistry to play a valve trombone as it does a slide?

Teagarden: Yes, oh yes.

Ferguson: It's a lot easier—let's put it where it is.

Teagarden: The thing in my case, I can do things on the slide that couldn't possibly be done with valves. You couldn't put one down and lift one up that fast. Slurs and things.

Ferguson: Jack, you know one way that really proves that they both have their own place is that I have three tunes—we must have about, I don't know, a few hundred tunes in our book—and there are three tunes that are the only reason that I have a slide trombone on the stand, and I also have a baritone horn there, which is in the

same family of sound; yet I can't stand to hear that part of mine played on anything but a slide trombone.

Teagarden: It has a voice of its own.

Down Beat: Do you play any other instruments, Jack?

Teagarden: I started on a baritone horn when I was about 7. I knew the valves before I knew the slide. But I was still about 10 years old, and I didn't have a very long arm, so there were certain things I made by short cuts. For instance, an A flat in the first position—I've heard trombonists say you can't do it. It isn't legitimate, but it can be done. I do a lot of those things, but I go over them so fast that you wouldn't have heard it if it was out of tune or not, you know. The thing is, I had to do it when I was a child, so I remember those short cuts. It's come in handy all my life.

Down Beat: Jack, when you hear trombonists like J. J. Johnson and Bobby Brookmeyer play something that's a little different because they come from another generation than you, how do you feel?

Teagarden: Maybe I can put it. . . . Stan Getz, I started him out; he's my protege in a way. He used to work with my big band when he was about 16. The things that he does are contemporary and in very good taste, and he's got a message. As long as you've got something to say and you can express it, that's all that matters. And Stan thrills me just as much or more than anybody I can remember. Benny Goodman, I met him when he was 18. I worked with the Ben Pollack Band—he played just as wonderful then as he ever has.

Down Beat: Jack, was most of your early experience with big bands, such as Paul Whiteman and Pollack?

Teagarden: I guess I was luckier than most fellows. See, my mother's a teacher, a piano teacher—she still is. She's only 16 years older than I am. She's a very talented girl. Married when she was 15, which was customary in those days. We used to play in the picture show in Vernon, Texas. Piano and trombone, the silent days, with the comedies and things. She taught me how to read, and the first training I had was the right training.

I was getting kind of well known around Texas. I played with some hill-billy bands there. I got an offer from Peck Kelley, one of the finest pianists in the world. He lives in Houston—never been out of Houston. He's about 65 now. Back in those days, even in 1919, 1920, he was comparable—to describe his technique—more or less to Art Tatum. So I had wonderful training there.

Then Whiteman came through Hous-

ton, Texas, and offered me a job, and I went out to New York. But when I heard Benny Pollack, that knocked me out, and he offered me a job. Glenn Miller [who was playing with Pollack at the time] wanted to do the arranging anyway, and they wanted a jazz trombonist, so I joined Pollack. I stayed with him five years. It finally became the Bob Crosby Band. I went with Paul Whiteman, and I wanted the training to be had there. People used to ask me, "Do you ever get bored with the Whiteman band?" He played so much concert music. Bix and Trumbauer and all of them used to say, "It's the best training we ever had."

Down Beat: Do you feel that a big band is the best place to get training?

Teagarden: Yes.

Down Beat: In those years, most of the bands that were out playing were large bands, right?

Teagarden: When I first started, a large band would be probably eight or nine



pieces. Paul Whiteman had about nine pieces on his first recording.

Down Beat: When did you form your own big band? In the '30s, wasn't it?

Teagarden: Thirty-nine. It happened this way. I was with Whiteman. Anybody with the Whiteman band who did any vocals or special material that he would have arrangements made for—he used to want you to sign up for five years, because if he's going to push you, he wouldn't want you to leave the next day, you know, and he's right. So after I was with him for about a year, I signed up for five years. And when that was over, I didn't want to sign up for another five. So all the fellows in the band asked me why I didn't get my own band. Well, it only happened the same year that Gene Krupa and Harry James and Bunny Berigan and Ray McKinley and Will Bradley—we all came out the same year, 1939. Boy, what a scuffle it was, all of us going out at the same time.

Down Beat: What kind of a man was Bunny Berigan?

Teagarden: One of the finest fellows

I've ever known. Wonderful boy.

Down Beat: What killed him?

Teagarden: Well, he was a victim of circumstances, like a lot of musicians. Instead of watching his health first. . . . If he was invited out, he'd feel obligated to go—you know what I mean, that's happened to a lot of musicians: just try to please people and generally have just broken their health down instead of putting their foot down and taking care of their health. He was just too good. That is actually what it seems. . . .

People didn't pay too much attention to him while he was alive. It was after he passed away that they realized what they lost.

Speaking of the younger generation of artists, I've mentioned it lots of times that men like Maynard and all of them—they have so much more range and more everything than any of the old-timers ever had.

Down Beat: Why do you think that is?

Teagarden: It's just greater musicianship, absolutely. Yeah, us guys were just country boys compared to what these fellows are.

Ferguson: It's interesting, Jack, that regardless of the technical facility, the feeling always comes out. . . . Like you were considered, and are still considered, one of the leaders—the technique you have with your instrument. Yet weren't there many favorites of yours that really had very little technique to offer but had tremendous talent?

Teagarden: Absolutely. But I never did believe in looking back. . . . Like we got to copy this record or this style note for note. I try to play better tomorrow than I do today. It's the only way I could ever see it. . . .

(Count Basie enters.)

Basie: Jack, I've been looking for you.

Teagarden: Ah . . . I waved at you when I came in. . . .

(Confusion of greetings all around.)

Band Boy: Two more numbers—then you're back on.

Basie: Right.

Teagarden: Our paths don't cross too often. I think the last time I saw you was at the *Playboy* festival. Then once in France.

Basie: Oh, Lord, that was so. . . . Yeah.

Teagarden: Have you seen Louis lately?

Basie: No, I haven't seen Pops in a long time.

Teagarden: I miss him by hours sometimes.

Basie: We're either ahead of him—or behind him, which is the wrong way to be, behind him, you know. But we worked seven, eight days down in the place in Washington together. Boy, that

TEAGARDEN: 'I think a lot of the fault of where the dancing went was the musicians themselves . . . you just can't go out there and play every number fast to show off your technique. You've got to play some numbers for the dancers. . . . Play four tunes for the public and one for yourself.'



was great. That was the greatest thing I ever did. Man, we just play eight bars of that theme and nothing is going to happen in the next three minutes.

Teagarden: That's right. Nothing but applause. . . .

Down Beat: Count, why did you keep a big band going, when it became increasingly difficult to keep bands going?

Basie: 'Cause I was simple. There's nothing else I could do. I can't play in a small group because you have to play too much. And, then, I guess I'm simple—I just like that sound, that's all.

Basie: Excuse me, gentlemen.

(Teagarden and Basie leave to go on stage for finale; 10 minutes later, they return.)

Down Beat: Count, you've had a band since the middle '30s. When you came up within the so-called big-band era, people were dancing, right?

Basie: Absolutely.

Down Beat: Was business good then?

Basie: Well, that was the dance era.

Down Beat: Now, today, there are just a handful of big bands—two of the best being yours and Maynard's. How does today differ from the '30s as far as people dancing? Do people come to hear the band more than they come to dance? Do you play more concerts than you do dances? Just how is it different?

Basie: I think we play more concerts. I know we do, and we get to play a few dances, mostly at the universities, colleges, and things. But as far as our dance career is concerned, it's been kind of beat. But for the last year or so it seems as though it's picking up a bit. That's mainly due, I guess, to the wonderful work the disc jockeys have been doing on instrumentals throughout the country. It's sort of improving. I can understand one thing, though: we're probably not playing the type of music that the kids will fill up the halls for, because we were playing for their parents, and it's different, it's a new thing for them altogether. But if you can reach the teenagers, I think the big-

band chances will be just wonderful.

How do you feel about that, Maynard? Of course, you have teenagers' appeal also.

Down Beat: Can you call your band a jazz band and be a dance band at the same time?

Basie: I think you can.

Down Beat: Why?

Basie: I don't know, but I think you can.

Ferguson: Basie's band always sounds like a jazz band to me—if I may insert that—and I know what Basie's doing when he plays an arrangement for dancing and when he chooses certain numbers when he's on the concert stage. At times he will play numbers for dancing that he wouldn't play on the concert stage. But many of them overlap. It's not like the old saying "he has two separate books." I don't know if anyone ever really had two separate books—I think that was just a phrase.

Down Beat: Maynard, do you play more concerts than dances?

Ferguson: Yes, I would say so, if we are to include jazz clubs as concerts.

Down Beat: When both of you play dances, are some of the kids hard to get on the floor? In other words, Count, do you have to play different now than you did in the '30s to get people dancing?

Basie: If we're playing a dance, we find that slower melodies fill the dance floor. It's still more of a listening audience that we have, especially if we have the teenagers, but if we do have the older people, naturally they're not going to dance so much, because their dancing has become cut in half too—unless you play a little slower so they can get together and reminisce a little.

Down Beat: In the '30s. . . .

Basie: They were doing the Lindy Hop in those days. Sometimes you couldn't play too fast. That's when they were really doing the Lindy.

Ferguson: Basie, did you see that again in Sweden?

Basie: Yes, yes, I did.

Ferguson: You know, when we played the dances in Sweden—the first night I played nothing above a medium tempo, and I thought, "Gee, they dance to that awful easy." And then I started getting into these faster things that really are the things we play in the jazz clubs. They are melody dancers in Sweden. If you play well-known jazz standards, and you play them fast, they'll just start walking around the floor, and they all do it like puppets—they all do it together.

Down Beat: What do you mean melody dancers?

Ferguson: They love American jazz standards. By that I mean, I would have been a smash hit if I would have had *Honeysuckle Rose* in the book. I was speaking about the commercial dance public, for which you could play very hip music.

(A troop of Girl Scouts enters. Their leader asks Basie to play a benefit.)

Basie: It would be a pleasure, but we're not going to be in town. . . . For future references . . . not on the spur of the moment. . . . I'd love it. My name?

Girl Scout Leader: Address.

Basie: You can get hold of me through the Willard Alexander agency. . . .

Girl Scout: (to *Down Beat* staff member) Are you the drummer?

Basie: . . . I'm pretty sure that if Maynard was around, he'd do the same thing. He's got a band that I'm pretty sure everybody would enjoy.

(Confusion mounts. Basie poses for pictures with two small Girl Scouts.)

Basie: Sisters? Isn't that beautiful? . . . *(Girl Scouts leave.)*

Down Beat: Is the big band today out of step with the times? With society? People aren't dancing as much. Why have a big band?

Basie: I'll tell you, there's room for it. They could convert a lot of rooms and lounges and things so big bands can work. And big bands seem to be busy somewhat, you know, especially in the concert field. You must realize that this is the big field, other than just dancing.

Down Beat: In other words, dancing is dead now?

Basie: I wouldn't say that.

Down Beat: When did it switch from dancing to concerts?

Basie: I don't know. I can't pinpoint those things.

Down Beat: But are you saying that the concert of the '60s has replaced the dance of the '40s?

Basie: Well, I think it's replaced 'most anything that went before. That goes along with the small combinations and

the other things also. The concert field right now is *the* field.

Ferguson: One thing that I've noticed recently is that we all have to face the fact that the dance music of the teenagers of today is rock-and-roll music, and the problems sometimes come up as a blessing. For instance, I was down in North Texas State University, lectured down there, and went through a guest soloist thing. I've done it at about four or five band concerts. The thing that is beautiful about this is, No. 1, their own high-school bands, which they are very proud of—I'm talking about all the students, the student body—they wouldn't dream of having their own band play for their own dance. But as a result, oddly enough, it has helped in the musical education because they really get into some of the concert compositions and things which are so good for them to learn. They have accepted this, that their bands can't be used for dances because the kids really want rock-and-roll bands. They'll often take maybe four or five of the kids out of their school band and have them play for the dance. . . .

But I think it's turned out to be very good for education—and this is where, I believe, the interest in the big bands will come back. I have a very strong feeling about all this. First of all, when they say the good old big-band era and the big bands are dead and all that . . . Basie always had a great band and Basie still has a great band, and the same thing applies to Duke. Basically the good ones are the ones that have survived.

Down Beat: The average age of your band, Maynard, is about 26?

Ferguson: Right.

Down Beat: And, Count, the average age of your band is. . . .

Basie: Don't say it!

Down Beat: But what can be said about the youth of Maynard's band as opposed to the polish and massive musicianship of your own band—men who have played longer?

Basie: You just said it. They just played longer, not that they played any better, they just played longer. . . . Let me tell you something—we haven't been old all these years. Like the teenagers now—well, we were playing to their parents, and they were young then. I mean, like we haven't *always* been 90 years old. Twenty years ago, remember, I was 20 years younger too.

Down Beat: You take a dance band today—they're usually talking about whether they're appealing to kids who are going to get out and dance.

Basie: Every generation that comes up, the older generation thinks they're



FERGUSON: 'One of the things I spend a lot of time on is seeing how I can play jazz at a dance. And I think that in Jack Teagarden's day he did a great job—days when you could just have played the melody and they could have danced. Instead, you figured "I'll start off with the melody, then I'll go from there and do my own scene."' '

crazy. The Charleston and things like that, they were youngsters then, and when they grew up, they thought the kids that started to do the Lindy were crazy. The parents now with these kids coming up with the Slop and the Mashed Potato think the kids are crazy, but that's something they grow up with. You've got to face it.

Down Beat: Music, then, has changed to accommodate the various dances all these years?

Basie: They got their own music to go with everything.

Down Beat: But is Basie playing it for today's teenage dances?

Basie: If I can, every now and then I slip one in there. Do you believe *that*?

Down Beat: And Maynard, are you playing it? Will you slip one in there?

Ferguson: Yeah, sure. But I do it my own way, just like Basie does it his own way. We don't copy a rock-and-roll record. In other words, there's a way to do it. How many jazz singles are there on the market today that are now called a hit? So now I'm supposed to say, "He sold out, baby," rather than say, "Well, now isn't that great that he has a hit"?

Down Beat: If you and Basie have to play more concerts and dances than you do jazz clubs, do you think this compromises you as jazz musicians leading big jazz bands?

Ferguson: One of the greatest things to do is to try and always find out how you can be happy in what you do, and one of the things I spend a lot of time on is seeing how I can play jazz at a dance. And I think that in Jack Teagarden's day he did a great job—days when you could have just played the melody and they could have danced. Instead, you figured "I'll start off with the melody, then I'll go from there and do my own scene."

Teagarden: Start my melody first. I've given this a lot of thought because I've lived through this whole generation. I'm almost 58. I think if the television and

radios would have more programs like this [*International Hour: American Jazz*]. . . . For instance, this will be talked about for several weeks—like when they had the Timex programs, the great shows that they had about once every six months—there was a lot of comment, but there was nothing solid. They have to keep it up, have some live music on television, and it'll make people come back to listen to music again—they just don't get to hear enough music.

Then, I think a lot of the fault of where the dancing went was the musicians themselves. Now, I'm not criticizing us. We're all a little bit of a ham in a way, which I guess is true in any business. But you just can't go out there and play every number fast to show off your technique. You've got to play some numbers for the dancers. . . . Dancing is a romantic recreation. Play four tunes for the public and one for yourself. *Stardust* and a lot of pretty things . . . it's real beautiful for romantic dancing—and then let them all ride.

Basie: You sneak one in.

Teagarden: You sneak one in.

Ferguson: Jack, one thing I've always felt, when you play at a university . . . when Count Basie or Maynard Ferguson play for a prom, where we won't have as many esthetic kicks, shall we say; nonetheless, the whole student body comes to that dance. And I'm sure Basie puts on a jazz concert for them in the middle of the evening just as I do, and what happens is that you gain a lot more new fans for jazz in general as well as for yourself at the dance than you do at the concert. Like if Maynard Ferguson is going to be at Bucknell University Friday night, all the Bucknell University Maynard Ferguson fans are going to be there, period.

I play for dancing and serve the role as a domestic to a certain point, only to gain a very powerful end, and that is to be seen, to be heard, and to have my music listened to by people who would normally never get to listen to it.

Teagarden: Suppose a person comes up

BASIE: 'As far as I'm concerned, I only have one book of things to play. I don't have anything arranged for concerts. I play the same type things for dances as I do for concerts . . . the guys will say, "Well, look, Basie, what are you gonna play?" and I say, "The same old beef stew."'



Basic: I guarantee one thing, what you need is a record—if you can get a record, it helps an *awful* lot.

(The discussion turned to the need for melody, or melodic playing, in jazz.)

Down Beat: Johnny Hodges, say, can play the melody beautifully, but who else can?

Basic: Very few, very few. Very few really think about melody. That's something that's secondary—as far as the melody is concerned, and melody is very important. There's really a very few guys who can play melody and play it right. And it's the same with the blues. You'd be surprised at all the great musicians that are around now that can't play the blues.

Teagarden: The musicians have got the wrong impression about a lot of things. They think that the public out there doesn't know what you're doing—and, of course, they don't in a way, because, to them, you're out there as somebody just showing off. And they want to know, "When are we going to get to the melody?" The factory builds a horn to get a beautiful tone, and then a guy goes out and tries to get the rottenest tone he can on it and things like that. You're selling an article—music. So if you see those people there, and they like *Stardust*, play it all night, and you'll have the happiest audience in the world.

Basic: Sometimes you've got to play different types of things. You might play a party over here for some youngsters and then you might play at different clubs—and you've got to play something they really recognize. When you play tunes they recognize, then you're in, no matter what. . . . You can tell how you're in business by watching the dance floor.

Teagarden: That's right.

Basic: And sometimes you wonder why all the people are standing around—you're playing wild things. You know why? You're not playing anything for them to dance by. . . .

Down Beat: Basic, in the early '40s there were many bands working. Today there's you, Ellington, Maynard, Woody Herman, Stan Kenton, and a few others. Benny Goodman was going to Russia, so he formed a band. What could have happened so terrible in that time that America can only support a few bands full time?

Basic: What could have happened? Changes, changes, everything changes. The trend changes. There was a time when it was big bands, and the next time it was vocalists . . . the vocalists took over, and they're still here.

Down Beat: Is jazz that fickle?

to you and tells you, "You know, I proposed to my girl, who's my wife now—we've been happy for 30 years—at a dance you were playing and you played a certain waltz. Would you play that for us again?" I never ignore requests like that. Play a waltz, play a rumba, or anything that a person would ask for, and I think you make more friends that way and will make dancing be a pleasure again.

Down Beat: Stan Kenton has said that the future of the large jazz bands as opposed to dance bands lies in the colleges. Maynard, you were touching on this when you were talking about North Texas State and the high-school bands. Kenton holds that the colleges will be the places where musical progress will be made because there's no economic pressures. They don't have to worry about where they're going to be working tomorrow and how to keep the band together. Is this valid or will the greatest things still be done by the working bands?

Ferguson: I believe the greatest things will be done by the working bands. You're going to get those little young geniuses out of college. . . . I don't mean that. I just can't tell you how impressed I was with the North Texas State band-lab setups—I mean all the bands. I heard five bands in a row, and they were all about 18 men, 22 men, whatever size they wanted. Here's an example of the teaching that went on there:

Johnny Richards had done an album for Kenton, *Adventures in Time*. They played the arrangements from that whole album, and they played almost flawlessly. Sure, there were little weaknesses here and there, and it is true that they had had the whole semester to work on this music, but it was just astounding to me how great it sounded. . . . The way these kids would fight over who was going to play with what band!

All this interest is going to spread. . . .

We do have a problem in the big-band field today: everybody wants to

blow and everybody wants to be a soloist. The day of the fifth trumpet player is gone, in terms of a guy being happy to do it. He may be happy to do it while he is developing. But supposing I, as a bandleader, want a *great* fifth trumpet player. I want a guy who's really going to play those parts and isn't going to be saying, "Well, isn't it a drag that I don't get to solo." It's a thing that has always kept me from adding more men to my band; I feel that I can keep 12 young guys happy in my band, and I'm really not convinced that I can keep 20 of them happy.

Down Beat: Do you call this a problem, Count?

Basic: I agree heartily with Maynard. No comment on this because he's telling the absolute truth.

Down Beat: Returning to an earlier question, can a big jazz band call itself that if it has to depend somewhat on dances in order to exist?

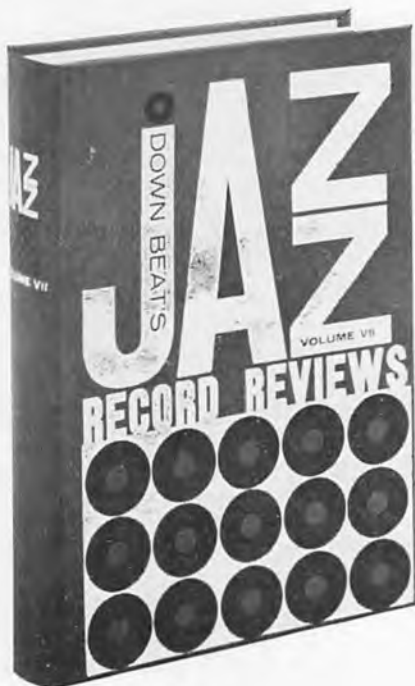
Basic: As far as I'm concerned, I only have one book of things to play. I don't have anything arranged for concerts. I play the same type things for dances as I do for concerts. I don't know how Maynard has his. . . . I *do*, too—Maynard has a real mixed book, you understand what I mean? But we aren't smart yet or something like that or we just haven't gotten into it, you understand? Now Ellington and these guys have really got concert bands. They play wonderfully for dancing too. But we—the guys will say, "Well, look, Basie, what are you gonna play?" and I say, "The same old beef stew."

Teagarden: This thing has got to start from the top. It has to be that fellows who are sincere at radio stations play it so it can be heard, not just put it on the shelf. And if it's played and it's heard, then it creates more demand for music, more interest. Otherwise it's an uphill pull all the way. If you make a record and it never gets played, then you don't draw a crowd; the guy goes out of business, and then we all flop.

(Continued on page 38)

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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 initiated by the writers.

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

Earl Anderza

OUTA SIGHT—Pacific Jazz 65: *All the Things You Are; Blues Baroque; You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To; Freeway; Outa Sight; What's New?; Benign.*

Personnel: Anderza, alto saxophone; Jack Wilson, piano, harpsichord; George Morrow or Jimmy Bond, bass; Donald Dean, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Anderza is a Los Angeles native who is amalgamating his Charlie Parker heritage and elements of the "new thing." In this album's liner notes, he names as his early influences Parker and Lee Konitz and reveals that he and Eric Dolphy studied under the same teacher. Aspects of the approaches of all three altoists show up in Anderza's playing. Parker is there in a general way with the roots in full view on *Things*; Konitz is evident specifically on *What's New?*; Dolphy is there in the cascading runs on *Benign* and *Baroque*. Out of all these parts and a great deal of personal expression, Anderza is building his own whole, consisting of an exciting, emotion-packed combination of the lyrical and the rhythmic.

Anderza, like Dolphy, is skilled in the use of false fingerings to achieve notes above high F. On *What's New?* his sound gets so high that it resembles air whistling over of a penny balloon. As a rule, however, he does not misuse his ability in the upper reaches.

Wilson, who has been heard with Gerald Wilson's band, shows his warmth and facility on *Home*, but his doubling up on *Sight* does not always work. His harpsichord on *Things* and *Baroque* has an intriguing sound that lends itself especially to the latter. The other members of the rhythm section do their jobs well too. Morrow and Dean really get a swing going on *Baroque*.

As a composer, Anderza is extremely well represented by *Freeway*, a swift, staccato blues, and *Benign*, an attractive happy theme.

Anderza's solos have form—their contours stand out clearly—and once he has said his piece, he does not return until it is time to state the melody. Conciseness of this type is not to be unappreciated in these days.

This is an impressive debut with promise for the future. (I.G.)

Kenny Burrell-John Coltrane

KENNY BURRELL & JOHN COLTRANE—New Jazz 8276: *Freight Trane; I Never Knew; Lyresto; Why Was I Born?; Big Paul.*

Personnel: Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Burrell, guitar; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

These selections were recorded in 1958 and present Coltrane and Burrell in very good form. The emphasis is on improvisation and not on writing or ensemble blend, though Flanagan's original *Trane* and Burrell's *Lyresto* are attractive lines that are enhanced by the guitar-tenor combination.

There is an abundance of fine soloing, but it is best to start with Coltrane's performance.

He was gaining prominence in 1958 but was the subject of much adverse criticism. Listening to him on the first three tracks, we can hear that his ideas are well resolved and his solos have good continuity. On all tracks he gets a groove and swings infectiously. His playing on *I Never Knew* is quite relaxed.

Why Was I Born?, a Burrell-Coltrane duet, demonstrates that Coltrane has one of the finest tenor saxophone tones—pure and hauntingly beautiful—and can control it superbly. *Big Paul*, which takes up most of the second side, has an extremely intense Coltrane solo, but despite its length, the tenorist is never at a loss for ideas. That he is able to sustain such a high degree of emotional excitement for chorus after chorus is remarkable.

Flanagan, too, is brilliant. Though his playing has often been praised, he often is taken for granted. This may be because he has recorded with a variety of groups and is not thought of as a member of a particular clique. He probably would have rated much higher in the polls, for instance, if he'd been Miles Davis' regular pianist over the last few years. At any rate, here there are some examples of his lovely playing. He is unceasingly inventive, exhibits a beautiful touch, organizes his solos intelligently—and his rhythm-section work is superb.

Burrell offers imaginative and well-sustained solos, his lines clean and flowing, and he gets a pretty sound from his instrument. On *Born* he accompanies Coltrane nicely.

The rhythm section performs well. Chambers pushes the soloists relentlessly, and his soloing on *Big Paul* exhibits continuous forcefulness.

All in all, one of the best examples of jazz in the late '50s. (H.P.)

Walt Dickerson

JAZZ IMPRESSIONS OF "LAWRENCE OF ARABIA"—Dauntless 4313: *Theme from "Lawrence of Arabia"; That Is the Desert; Motif from Overture, Pt. I; Motif from Overture, Pt. II; Arrival at Auda's Camp; Nefud Mirage, Pt. I; Nefud Mirage, Pt. II; The Voice of the Guns.*

Personnel: Dickerson, vibraharp; Austin Crowe, piano; Henry Grimes or Ahmed Abdul-Malik, bass; Andrew Cyrille, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Many jazz versions of movie soundtracks are weighed down with uninteresting material, but this album is better than most others partly because it has passable thematic material. Dickerson's arranging is eclectic.

Theme opens with Semitic chanting by an unidentified vocalist. *Desert* uses a repeated bass figure to establish an exotic mood, and the group seems to be looking in the direction of the Modern Jazz Quartet in the ensemble sections of *Auda's Camp* and *Mirage, Pt. I*.

Whether or not Dickerson will become the next big vibraharp influence, as some seem to think, remains to be seen. He is an original stylist, but he doesn't seem—on the basis of this record—to be an important innovator as yet.

His individuality stems, rather, from his synthesizing of several approaches: Milt Jackson's influence on him is apparent, I think, on *Overture Pt. II*; at times, Dickerson plays multinoted passages akin to John Coltrane's "sheets of sound," though he certainly doesn't ape Coltrane's phrases; in his *Theme* solo a Monkish figure pops up.

Most of Dickerson's solos here have interesting moments, though some (*Auda's Camp*) lack continuity. He plays well on *Desert*, contrasting simple and complex phrases. His *Overture Pt. I* solo contains some nice double timing. Dickerson is at his most inventive on *Mirage Pt. I*—despite Crowe's tasteless comping.

But Crowe is a hard-driving soloist who plays capably in a neo-hop vein. On some titles (*Desert*) he shows a romantic tendency. The sonority he achieves is bright and penetrating. (H.P.)

Clare Fischer

SURGING AHEAD—Pacific Jazz 67: *Billie's Bounce; Way down East; Satin Doll; This Can't Be Love; Strayhorn; Things Ain't What They Used to Be; Davenport Blues; Without a Song.*

Personnel: Fischer, piano; Albert Stinson or Ralph Pena or Gary Peacock, bass; Colin Bailey or Larry Bunker or Gene Stone, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Two years ago John Tynan wrote about Fischer's abilities as an arranger (*DB*, June 8, 1961), and in the middle of a discussion on arranging, Fischer is quoted as saying, "I love to play. . . . I'm a jazz musician."

A year ago at Indiana University, Donald Byrd was telling a group of musicians and jazz writers about Fischer's talent for playing. "And to think he spent all that time arranging for the Hi-Lo's," he said, shaking his head incredulously.



Even these advance warnings did little to prepare anyone for the impact of Fischer's *First Time Out* album last year, which was like an unexpected artillery barrage, destroying everything.

This album is on a different level, intending, in Fischer's words, "to present the blues-oriented side of me . . . [that] I've found in clubs to be the more readily graspable." Where his first album was a booming, bursting exposition of original material, this album digs into the roots, exploring the themes of Duke Ellington, Bix Beiderbecke, and Charlie Parker, turning the themes into statements of his own.

The results are hardly any less exciting. Fischer has a forthright, muscular style, with notes flying hither and thither, probing, exploring. He is always ready to change direction to work with some of the subordinate phrases that flash by in great beauty. He has a prime sense of melody: his phrases seem illuminated from within, and there is never a trace of padding or indecision.

Parker's *Bounce* is a scintillating vehicle, with notes bursting and lingering like the tail of a comet. *East* ends with phrases that come tumbling down to rest on a fortissimo bass note. On *Things Ain't* the drums (Bunker) and piano move on a Ulyssian journey, boldly and in triumph. *Strayhorn* is Fischer's only original in this album and is a wholly charming tribute to a strong influence. *Davenport* is devoid of Bixian flavor, but has a strong Fischer blues mood.

Of the accompaniment, Peacock and Stone seem most in rapport with Fischer, though this is hardly a fair or pertinent comment. *Song* (the only Fischer, Peacock, and Stone track) is overtly a *trio* effort; the other accompaniment is essentially in support of a featured piano and, in this respect, is without blemish.

According to the liner notes, Fischer is planning an album to present his lyrical side, as this has presented his blues side. Judging from past performance, it should be another triumph. (G.M.E.)

Erroll Garner

ONE WORLD CONCERT—Reprise 9-6080: *The Way You Look Tonight; Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe; Sweet and Lovely; Mack the Knife; Lover, Come Back to Me; Misty; Movin' Blues; Dancing Tambourine; Thanks for the Memory.*

Personnel: Garner, piano; Edward Calhoun, bass; Kelly Martin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

An Erroll is an Erroll is an Erroll is a Garner. Like all sharply defined stylists, the pianist has his dedicated-to-the-death following.

In this rolling session, recorded last summer at the Seattle World's Fair, he demonstrates once more the evident fact that there is no other jazz pianist active today quite like him. And Garner, in turn, stays within the framework of that unique style. In this set, moreover, he stays with familiar repertoire, attempting nothing more daring than *Dancing Tambourine*. Consequently, this is a representative, if somewhat bland, sampling of Garneriana.

Sweet is accorded a slashing, two-handed attack of almost frightening vigor propelled by a relentless, chunk-chunk-chunk-chunk that becomes a mite overbearing after a time. *Mack* and *Lover* are light by comparison; *Misty* is inevitable; *Movin'*

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is more or less hand-me-down honky-tonk.

Garner lovers won't want to miss this LP; non-Garnerites may, if they so choose, stay with *Concert by the Sea*. Nothing has changed that much since then. (J.A.T.)

Bobby Gordon

WARM AND SENTIMENTAL—Decca 4394: *You're Nobody 'til Somebody Loves You; I Can't Give You Anything but Love; You're Not the One and Only Lonely; Singin' the Blues; After You've Gone; All Alone; I Get the Blues When It Rains; I Cried for You; I'll Be Seeing You; Remem'ring; I Must Be Dreaming; Bobby's Blues.*

Personnel: Gordon, clarinet; unidentified harp, vibraharp, strings, rhythm.

Rating: ★ ★

Joe Marsala, a clarinetist who knows his way around a valid, swinging jazz performance, produced this set featuring Gordon, who is his protege. I don't recall that Marsala, as a performer, ever let himself be trapped in a situation in which he was surrounded by dragging strings and in which he played everything in low-register Acker Bilkiana.

Marsala, in his day, did not have to contend with LP programing, but I can't believe that, if he had, he would have done two sides of a 12-inch LP at one morose, monotonous medium tempo.

Why he has inflicted all these things on Gordon is difficult to fathom unless it is that he is promoting Gordon as a commercial clarinetist rather than as a jazzman. That is certainly what Gordon emerges as here. He gets a nice tone on his clarinet, but since he is required to do nothing but play a series of moderate-tempoed melodies, there is no indication of whether he really has anything to offer or not.

Pete Fountain does this kind of thing too, but at least Fountain varies it with a little bland swing. Gordon does not even attempt that. (J.S.W.)

Coleman Hawkins

HAWKINS! ALIVE! AT THE VILLAGE GATE—Verve 6-8509: *All the Things You Are; Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho; Mack the Knife; Talk of the Town.*

Personnel: Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Major Holley, bass; Ed Locke, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

These tracks were recorded during a Hawkins engagement at the Village Gate. He was in good form.

All the Things, with its superb chord progression, is right up his alley. The tune is taken here at a fairly fast tempo. From a melodic standpoint Hawkins' playing is good but rhythmically a little stiff. There are a few good examples here of this method of jamming several violent climaxes almost on top of each other, thus multiplying their impact.

Flanagan follows with a fluid spot, and Holley, too, has a nice solo.

Jericho is highlighted by Hawkins' fierce second solo, which opens with a cadenza. The tenor man continues to be a match for anyone in jazz for sheer forcefulness of expression. The rhythm is excellent on this track with Holley's big-toned bass and Locke's sensitive drumming standing out.

Flanagan almost steals the show on *Mack* with some wonderfully poised playing. Holley's plucked solo builds and builds—he sounds as if he could have gone on all night. Note also how he strikes a groove at the beginning of the track. Hawkins'

playing, though good, is not as interesting as on the other tracks.

Hawkins doesn't waste any time on *Town*, digging into its changes to play an excellent first chorus. He doesn't let the listener's interest lag in the next one either as he subtly increases the intensity of his playing. Flanagan's playing on this track is lyrical but more overtly romantic than usual, seeming to reflect a little of Art Tatum's influence.

Holley contributes a humorous, Slam Stewart-like solo before Hawkins' emotional playing caps the performance.

(H.P.)

Bob James

BOLD CONCEPTIONS—Mercury 20768: *Moment's Notice; Nardis; The Night We Called It a Day; Trilogy; Quest; My Love; Fly Me to the Moon; Birks' Works.*

Personnel: James, piano; Ron Brooks, bass; Bob Pozar, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

It was the James trio, representing the University of Michigan, that won the 1962 Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame (and which, under the leadership of drummer Pozar and with Mike Lang in pianist James' chair, won the 1963 competition as well). The reasons for its supremacy are well documented in this album. The trio is an extraordinary group, playing with a rhythmic ease, creative intensity, and an adventurousness that many a full-time, better-known jazz group might well envy.

James, a student of composer Ross Lee Finney, is a strong, two-handed pianist who brings a variety of disciplines—including extensive classical training—to bear on his jazz work. His ardently lyrical playing on such ballads as *My Love* and *Fly Me* will remind many of a more muscular Bill Evans, yet James is completely his own man, a pianist whose improvisations are stamped with vitality, freshness, and an imaginative daring that energize equally a tender ballad, a fiercely uptempo *Birks' Works*, or his own striking avant-garde compositions.

Of the two examples of the latter included, *Trilogy* and *Quest*, I found the second much more rewarding—and not because it was less unconventional, but simply because it was a more coherent, better-organized piece in which the extramusical sounds seemed more logically, less arbitrarily integrated into the jazz elements. *Trilogy* employs certain techniques of avant-garde classical composition (electronic effects, extramusical sounds, use of orthodox instruments in unorthodox ways, etc.) very sensitively and deftly, but their extensive usage seems less effective as jazz than does *Quest*, where these effects are used more as accents than as a means to carry the body of the piece forward. *Quest* just made more sense as jazz to me.

I must remark on the slashingly powerful playing on *Birks' Works*, easily the album's strongest track, with James building and building to a tremendous climax, leading to a short Pozar drum solo, and then returning to James, who gets an eerie, haunting effect by muting the piano strings with a strip of paper. The track never lets up, and the playing is strong and sure all the way. *Moments* is much like it, but lacks the sustained brilliance that raises *Birks'*

out of the ordinary.

Pozar and Brooks provide sensitive support, but James is the prime mover here, and he moves through the varied, demanding music on this disc with a power, passion, and creative intensity that are always stimulating, never dull. It certainly augurs well for James. (P.W.)

Jackie McLean

LET FREEDOM RING—Blue Note 4106: *Melody for Melonae; I'll Keep Loving You; Rene; Omega.*

Personnel: McLean, alto saxophone; Walter Davis, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

An unfortunately popular fallacy has it that McLean is just another good disciple of Charlie Parker. This is quite misleading.

On his first record date, made when he was still in his teens, McLean had absorbed the influence not only of Parker but of Sonny Rollins and Dexter Gordon too, and sounded like no other alto player. Within a few years he was one of the leading members of the post-bop movement. His lines were more fragmented than those of the late '40s hop alto men, his phrasing more staccato.

While men like Paul Desmond—and later, Cannonball Adderley—held the spotlight, McLean grew musically and was listening to developments in jazz introduced by the Miles Davis groups of recent years and even those introduced by Ornette Coleman. These men seem to have stimulated him to make another move forward, as is illustrated by the contents of this album.

McLean has written three originals for the date, and their high quality may even surprise some of his admirers, but it must be pointed out that he previously had demonstrated his skill as a writer with compositions like the beautiful *Little Melonae*.

Mood for Melonae (Melonae is McLean's daughter) opens with a melody that is alternately lyrical and stern. One section, in which cymbal accents are an important feature of the ensemble sonority, has an Oriental flavor. Then the tempo quickens for the solo section, which has a modal basis.

On this track McLean plays in a generally economical—but very emotional—manner. At times he goes into the extreme upper register to squeal violently. This effect is also heard on other solos in the album, and it makes sense in context.

At the end of McLean's *Mood* solo (as well as Davis') the tempo slows down for a brief lyrical section but picks up again for Davis' spot.

The pianist's solo is asymmetrically constructed and sometimes flavored with dissonance—he seems to have been influenced by Bud Powell and Thelonious Monk. Note on this solo how intelligently he uses his left hand.

Loving You, a ballad by Bud Powell, opens with a rhapsodic Davis introduction. McLean displays his lovely bitter-sweet sound here, playing with penetrating warmth.

Rene has a haunting, at times impressionistic, introduction after which the rhythm section goes into an up-tempo groove. After trading a few musical comments with them, McLean embarks on

a long blues solo, digging into the beat to blow some rich, well-constructed lines. Davis' sparsely noted solo reveals strongly his Monkish tendency.

Omega opens with Lewis playing a bass figure that recurs throughout the track. McLean then enters to play a line containing three striking motifs. Each one has a distinct quality: the first being hypnotic in the manner of Mideastern music; the second sounding neo-boppish; and the third having a melancholy flavor. Despite the dissimilarity of its parts, however, the melody is resolved quite naturally.

After more of Lewis' bass and another statement of the aforementioned melody, McLean embarks on his improvisation. Here his playing has a marked vocal quality; at times his musical cries are reminiscent of those used by John Coltrane. Davis has a percussive solo in which fragments from the melody are evident. He also cooks strongly in the rhythm section, as does Lewis.

A review of this record wouldn't be complete without mention of Higgins' excellent drumming. He is the epitome of good taste throughout, his accents evidently inspiring the soloists without getting in their way.

After they hear this album I wouldn't be surprised if a lot of people start "discovering" McLean. (H.P.)

Gerry Mulligan

SPRING IS SPRUNG—Philips 600-077: *Jive at Five; Four for Three; 17-Mile Drive; Subterranean Blues; Spring Is Sprung; Open Country.*

Personnel: Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone, piano; Mulligan, baritone saxophone, piano; unidentified bass, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The partnership of Mulligan and Brookmeyer in a quartet format has become as dependably satisfying in its own way as the Dave Brubeck Quartet and the Modern Jazz Quartet are in their own and quite different ways.

Mulligan-Brookmeyer quartet performances can be counted on to be rhythmic, enlivened with boisterous vitality, sometimes slyly humorous, usually melodic, and almost always amiable. This disc is in the best Mulligan-Brookmeyer tradition.

Both men solo in typical fashion on their horns and on piano, and they are backed by a rhythm section that is unidentified but is probably Dave Bailey, drums, and Bill Crow, bass.

It is, however, a relatively limited context that the four work in, and pleasant as these pieces are, there is a distinct *deja vue* quality about them. One exception is *Sprung*, which builds up such a strong and implacable head of steam that it takes off with considerably more overt strength than these collaborations normally have.

Willis Conover has supplied liner notes generously sprinkled with amusing reflections of his dream world, including a thumbnail suggestion for a movie version of Mulligan's life and such thoughts as "Gerry wasn't the first girl to wear bloomers," but with all this he has not found space to identify the sterling bassist and drummer who give Mulligan and Brookmeyer very valuable support. (J.S.W.)



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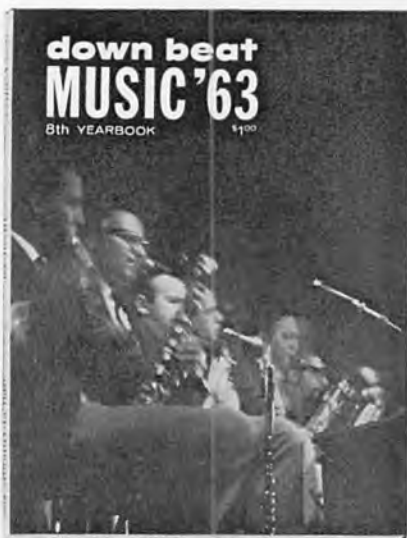
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Orchestra U.S.A.

DEBUT—Colpix 448: *Three Little Feelings*; *Milesign*; *Milano*; *Natural Affection*; *Donnie's Theme*; *Grand Encounter*; *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

Personnel: Louis Mucci, Herb Pomeroy, Nick Travis, trumpets; Michael Zwerin, trombone; Robert Northern, Robert Swishelm, French horns; Robert Di Domenico, flute, piccolo; Eric Dolphy or Leo Wright, flute, alto saxophone; Ray Shiner, oboe; Don Ashworth, oboe, baritone saxophone; Phillip West, oboe, English horn; Phil Woods, clarinet, alto saxophone; Don Stewart, clarinet, basset horn; Wally Kane, bassoon, flute; Nathan Goldstein, Gino Sambuco, Gerald Beal, Joseph Widoff or Alfred Breuning, violins; Julian Barber, Aaron Juvelier or Sol Clarke, violas; Joseph Tekula, Alla Goldberg, cellos; John Lewis, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Jim Hall, guitar; Connie Kay, drums; Sticks Evans, Gary McFarland, or Michael Colgrass, percussion; Gunther Schuller, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This initial recording by the large group that has been organized by John Lewis should not, as Gunther Schuller implies in his annotation, be regarded as a definitive example of the orchestra's work.

At the time of the recording (January and February, 1963) the group was only a matter of two months and a few rehearsals old, and its repertory was still extremely limited.

That may be why most of the pieces boil down to small-group presentations in which the bulk of the orchestra hovers in the background. Only in *Feelings* is the orchestra as a whole used extensively. This Lewis composition has been recorded before by a brass ensemble with Miles Davis as soloist. The principal soloist in this treatment is Phil Woods, whose playing is warm and fluent. However, the strings give the ensembles a thick and rosy quality that contrasts unfavorably with the more incisive brass treatment.

The remainder of the program depends on solos by Lewis and Eric Dolphy, with rhythm, to carry it.

Both play in what are by now typical veins. The material consists of two pieces by Gary McFarland that have a tentative, uncertain quality, as though he were vague about both his goal and his means of achieving it, and three by Lewis. Two of Lewis' compositions are from his background for William Inge's play *Natural Affection*; the third is a romantic ballad.

All in all, except for *Feelings*, this is bland, unprovocative fare that does not give much indication of what the orchestra may do. This is unfortunate because a debut recording such as this should, ideally, create a sense of excitement and promise. On that score, it must be counted a failure.

By the inclusion of *Banner* and Schuller's explanation that this is "fitting" because the orchestra was formed to "represent our American musical culture," one catches a note of pretentiousness that may have had more than a little to do with the rather routine quality of these performances. (J.S.W.)

Andre Previn

4 TO GO!—Columbia 2018 and 8818: *No Moon It's Easy to Remember*; *You're Impossible*; *Oh, What a Beautiful Morning*; *I Know You Oh So At All*; *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*; *Life Is a Ball*; *Well*; *Intersection*; *Like Someone in Love*; *Don't Sing Along*.

Personnel: Previn, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This and the album he made with J. J. Johnson a couple of years ago are the

best Previn jazz albums I've heard. In both he is in fast company, and it would seem that the pianist needs the goad of excellent players in order to bring out that which is excellent in him.

Yet there are some times in this album when he reverts to the glibness and shallowness that has marred much of his jazz work. The reversion occurs almost exclusively on the soul-funk tracks: *Morning*, taken to church in 3/4 time, and *Ellis' Ball*, on which Previn's excellent technical facility creeps in as if by accident, because he almost immediately shuts it off, as if to say, "No, this should be funky."

So funk is not his forte. But one would tend to think ballads are after hearing his sensitive treatment of *Easy to Remember*, on which he uses attractive harmonic variations to set off his warm improvisation. Yet as tasteful as his work is on this track, much of it is sequential—which can be effective but here makes the next phrase too easily predictable.

This overuse of one idea is heard again on *Moon*. Previn goes a-romping in his two-chorus solo, but it becomes evident that he has taken one basic idea—a broken run down through three octaves or so ending with a crash—and inserted it several times in his solo. He uses off-the-wall rhythmic play on both bridges—the notes may be different but the idea remains the same. This is not to say that what he plays on this track is not exciting but that there is a lack of imagination, in the larger sense.

But almost all the foregoing shrinks in importance in light of Previn's really brilliant playing on *Impossible*, a fine tune by Harold Arlen and Previn's wife, Dory Langdon, and *Like Someone*, on which he seemingly was moved by the charging Ellis solo preceding his own—in fact, the construction of the two solos, the general contour, is strikingly similar, right down to the placing of a series of short tremolos at the end of each first chorus. Of Previn's work on both tracks, the more inventive is on *Impossible*; his breaks are breathtaking, particularly the one leading to the last ensemble, and the heat he generates is searing.

Ellis plays well throughout the album. Though he is not an outstanding guitarist—either as technician or improviser—he uses his talents wisely, seldom getting himself out on a limb that he can't climb back from. His most attractive qualities, to me, are his fine sense of time, which enhances all his work, and the ability to understate, to give the impression that there is more he could say but chooses not to. These characteristics are hand-somely in evidence on his *Moon* solo—his first chorus is made up almost exclusively of eighth notes, not cascading eighth notes but ones that sound as if each were pulled out of the instrument (the only time he gets hung is at the beginning of his second chorus as he tries some 16ths). And all his work shows how well he learned his Charlie Christian.

Brown and Manne function mainly as keepers of the time, which is comment enough about the strong rhythmic attraction of the LP. Brown has, as usual, some adroit, witty, well-conceived solos—on

Blackbird, Ball, I Know You (which he wrote and on which he plays the melody on the first and last choruses), and *Like Someone*.

In all, a commendable album. (D.DeM.)

Charlie Shavers

EXCITEMENT UNLIMITED—Capitol 1883; *Period of Adjustment; Bossa Nova Petite; I Kid You Not; Porgy; Undecided; Opus 5; A Night in Tunisia; Shiny Stockings; Minor Blues; Tenderly; School Days; Big-Time Blues.*

Personnel: Shavers, trumpet; Billy Byers, trombone; Budd Johnson, tenor saxophone; Jerome Richardson, alto saxophone; Bruce Martin, piano; George Barnes, guitar; Tommy Bryant, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

When he holds his inclination to exaggerate in check, Shavers may be the most brilliant trumpeter in jazz today. He makes a good case for this viewpoint in this release, on which he displays a variety of facets of his talent.

Many of the pieces are set in the John Kirby Sextet mold that was largely Shavers' creation, and once again we hear him leading a tightly knit small group with his precise and vital attack.

There are samples of his fiery, agitated playing; samples of his work with a mute, both biting and delicate. He shows off his lustrously full tone on open horn and breathes sheer beauty through his trumpet on a couple of ballads.

Barring one ordinary novelty, *School Days*, this is an unusually good succession of middle-area jazz and edge-of-jazz performances, excellently recorded and placing Shavers in the kind of showcase where he can prove his real worth. (J.S.W.)

George Russell

THE OUTER VIEW—Riverside 440; *Au Privave; Zig-Zag; The Outer View; You Are My Sunshine; D.C. Divertimento.*

Personnel: Don Ellis, trumpet; Garnett Brown, trombone; Paul Plummer, tenor saxophone; Russell, piano; Steve Swallow, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums; Sheila Jordan, vocal.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

George Russell's various groups have always been co-operative ventures; much of his previous success on records has been due as much to his having been able to attract and stimulate men sympathetic to his musical goals and to draw the utmost from them as it has been to his brilliant gifts as a composer. This album is no exception: the high order of its achievement is again the product of the strong empathy between the band members and the music. Russell's music demands much of its executants; they must participate immediately in it, respond to it and to the work of their fellow musicians to a degree only rarely demanded of jazzmen previously. For Russell's is first and foremost a collective music. The group's rapport and interaction are vital to the music's effectiveness.

It is tribute to the rapport of the sextet and Miss Jordan (heard only on the remarkable *Sunshine*) that this album is the estimable success it so patently is. This group is the author of some of the most breathtakingly exciting and demanding music to be heard anywhere these days, despite its failure to find a regular platform from which it might be heard. Surely *Divertimento, Sunshine*, and the album's title piece are remarkable achievements capable of taking their places with the most memorable and significant jazz of the

last decade.

Sunshine will, of course, cause the greatest comment, and it is a brilliant tour de force, a masterpiece of the sardonic, mocking and filled with the proud, haughty humanity of the Pennsylvania miners whose singing of it inspired Russell's treatment. Miss Jordan's singing on this is in turn slyly taunting, insinuating, flippant, and fraught with a stark desolation that charges the empty insipidities of the lyrics with such force and meaningful intensity that one feels he is hearing a newly-minted folk song fresh from the minds and hearts of an oppressed people who refuse to be ground down. The song springs to life; it seems a powerful human document.

No less impressive is *Outer View* with its haunting, spiraling theme of ardent longing and its effective tempo accelerations. There is a stunning Brown trombone solo that moves logically from wistfulness to stinging urgency, and one by Ellis that alternates a sputtering hesitancy with a fiery drive. Russell's pensive, melancholy piano leads back into the mood of the theme.

After a short introduction that moves from somberness to a kind of tongue-in-cheek persiflage, *Divertimento* counterpoises a jaunty riffish figure for the horns against Russell's Bartokian piano: the effect is jarring and wryly humorous. A powerful ensemble drive is then generated with a repeated rhythmic motif that leads to a series of exultant solos by the three horns (and Plummer is especially forceful) before returning to the horn-piano theme and a final sardonic reference to the rhythmic motif.

Parker's *Au Privave* is voiced in a kind of vinegary dissonance by the horns, each of which then explores the theme in a remarkable demonstration of true group improvisation (here Swallow and LaRoca shine), with especially tasteful, imaginative work by Swallow behind Plummer.

Carla Bley's churning *Zig-Zag* is a short piece whose rhythmic contours lend themselves perfectly to the kind of fragmentation treatment the soloists accord it.

This is one of the most notable Russell achievements thus far, especially impressive in the high degree of group interaction that it attains and sustains. If you are at all attracted by the "new thing," this record is essential listening. (P.W.)

Zoot Sims

ZOOT SIMS IN PARIS—United Artists 15013; *Zoot's Blues; Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most; Once in a While; These Foolish Things; On the Alamo; Too Close for Comfort; A Flat Blues; You Go to My Head; Savoy.*

Personnel: Sims, tenor saxophone; Henri Renaud, piano; unidentified bassist; Jean-Louis Viale, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

All Zoot Sims needs is some sort of rhythm section, some good standard tunes, a couple of blues, a good night—and he'll play his head off. Evidently such conditions obtained when this album, according to its producer, Alan Douglas, was cut on the set of a French movie in which Sims performed; the atmosphere is that of a night club with crowd noises, applause, and even some bandstand conversation. To me, it is some of the best Sims since the *Zoot!* album he did for Argo several years ago.

And the credit for the album's excel-

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lence goes to Sims; the rhythm section is quite lackluster, though Renaud plays tastefully, if blandly.

Sims' excellence almost defies analysis. Sure, there's the way he shades, suddenly stressing the unexpected, which comes like a kick in the shins; then, there's his ability to reshape a melody, without losing that melody, making it as personal a thing as an improvisation never touching the melody; above all, there's this man's time—it's been said before, and better, that he is the epitome of swing.

You see, some of us become almost inarticulate when we praise Sims. This might be the key to his appeal; it is emotional. And that's the hardest thing to put down on paper. With Zoot, one feels; one does not analyze. He just plays; it's that simple.

And on this album he plays so well, so consistently (oh, yes, he can be quite inconsistent) that it is senseless to give a blow-by-blow account. I'd rather sum this release up as being bone-marrow jazz that will give listeners many hours of pleasure. And if you can't get Sims, then forget the whole thing. What was it Fats Waller supposedly said to that chick—"Lady, if you have to ask what swing is, you'll never know"? (D.DeM.)

Various Artists

NEW ORLEANS JAZZ AT THE KITTY HALLS—Arhoolie 1013: *Shake It and Break It; Maggie; I Ain't Good Lookin'; Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet; High Society; Sheth of Araby; Nellie Gray; Savoy Blues; Hindustan.*

Personnel: Track 1—Punch Miller, trumpet; Albert Warner, trombone; Israel Gorman, clarinet; George Guesnon, banjo; Wilbert Tillman,

tuba; Alex Bigard, drums. Track 2—Kid Thomas Valentine, trumpet; Louis Nelson, trombone; Emanuel Paul, tenor saxophone; Paul Barnea, clarinet; Guesnon, banjo; Sammy Penn, drums. Track 3—Billie Pierce, piano, vocal; Dede Pierce, cornet. Track 4—Eddie Richardson, trumpet; Eddie Morris, trombone; Emile Barnea, clarinet; Fan Bourgeois, banjo; Carroll Blunt, bass; Henry Revel, drums. Track 5—Kid Clayton, trumpet; Bill Mathews, trombone; Albert Burbank, clarinet; Charlie Hamilton, banjo; August Lanoix, bass; Bigard, drums. Track 6—Kid Sheik, Miller, trumpets; Warner, trombone; Steve Angram, clarinet; Harrison Verett, piano; Alcide Pavageau, bass; Bigard, drums. Track 7—Kid Howard, cornet, vocals; Eddie Summers, trombone; Gorman, clarinet; Emanuel Sayles, banjo; Louis James, bass; Josiah Frazier, drums. Track 8—Thomas, trumpet; Robinson, trombone; George Lewis, clarinet; Guesnon, banjo; John Joseph, bass; Frazier, drums. Track 9—Clayton, trumpet; John Handy, alto saxophone; Guesnon, guitar; Dave Williams, piano; Sylvester Handy, bass; Alfred Williams, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Although this is one of Chris Strachwitz' Arhoolie records, which are usually devoted to some aspect of folk music, all of these performances were recorded by Grayson Mills for his Icon label and have been released by Strachwitz by arrangement with Mills.

They are, as Strachwitz notes, "largely 'alternate' takes," and the implication in this statement that they may be less preferable than those that Mills used on his Icon releases is borne out to some extent. Much of the difficulty involves poor recording balance, ragged ensembles, and an occasional limited soloist. With all this, however, there are some things here that deserve to be heard.

Kid Howard's *Nellie Gray*, for instance, on which his crisp cornet work and his throaty, Armstrong-like singing are both excellent. And there are Kid Thomas' guttily buzz-toned trumpet lead on the

out ensemble on *Maggie*, Billie Pierce's warm singing on *Good Lookin'*, the deep-throated distinction of Jim Robinson's trombone on *Savoy* with George Lewis' light and airy clarinet playing on the same piece. John Handy's alto saxophone is half-buried by the recording balance on *Hindustan*, but it is interesting to hear how closely his leaping, licking phrasing resembles that of a saxophonist who is associated neither with New Orleans nor with the early jazz period, Pete Brown.

(J.S.W.)

Lester Young

JUST YOU, JUST ME—Charlie Parker 409: *Be Bop Boogie; These Foolish Things; D.B. Blues; Just You, Just Me; I Cover the Waterfront; How High the Moon; Sunday.*

Personnel: Young, tenor saxophone; rest of the personnel unidentified (see below).

Rating: ★ ★

These are air checks from an engagement Young played at the Royal Roost in December, 1948, and another one from January, 1949, which may or may not be from the same New York club.

Though he did many fine things in this period, some of which have been preserved on studio recordings (Aladdin sides later reissued on Score and Imperial LPs), Young is not in great form on this album.

As they have done in the past with other Young and Charlie Parker LPs, the Charlie Parker label has failed to identify the sidemen. The liner notes state, "There is much controversy as to who the sidemen were. Complete identification was not possible, therefore we will assume that personnel is unknown." This seems like a cop-out. It sounds obvious that the trum-

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No. 47 Stan Getz-Gary McFarland

☐ **BIG BAND BOSSA NOVA—Verve 8494:** *Manha De Carnaval; Balanco No Samba; Melancolico; Entre Amigos; Chega De Saudade; Noite Triste; Samba De Uma Nota So; Bim Bom.*

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Doc Severinsen, Bernie Glow or Joe Ferrante, Clark Terry or Nick Travis, trumpets; Tony Studd, Bob Brookmeyer or Willie Dennis, trombones; Tony Alonge, French horn; Gerald Sanfino or Ray Beckenstein, Eddie Caine, Romeo Penque, Ray Beckstein and/or Babe Clark and/or Walt Levinsky, reeds; Hank Jones, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Tommy Williams, bass; Johnny Rae, drums; Jose Paulo, tambourine; Carmen Costa, cabassa; McFarland, conductor.

No. 48 Shelly Manne

☐ 2-3-4—Impulse 20: *Take the A Train; The Sicks of Us; Slowly; Lean on Me; Cherokee; Me and Some Drums.*

Personnel: Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone, piano; Hank Jones, piano; Eddie Costa, piano, vibra-harp; George Duvivier, bass; Manne, drums.

No. 50 Bunk Johnson

☐ **BUNK JOHNSON AND HIS SUPERIOR JAZZ BAND—Good Time Jazz 12048:** *Panama; Down by the Riverside; Storyville Blues; Ballin' the Jack; Make Me a Pallet on the Floor; Weary Blues; Moose March; Bunk's Blues; Yes, Lord,*

I'm Crippled; Bunk Johnson Talking Records.

Personnel: Johnson, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; George Lewis, clarinet; Walter Decou, piano; Lawrence Marrero, banjo; Austin Young, bass; Ernest Rogers, drums.

No. 51 Dexter Gordon

☐ **GO!—Blue Note 4112:** *Cheese Cake; I Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry; Second Balcony Jump; Love for Sale; Where Are You?; Three O'Clock in the Morning.*

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Sonny Clark, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

No. 52 Ellington-Mingus-Roach

☐ **MONEY JUNGLE—United Artists 14017:** *Money Jungle; African Flower; Very Special; Warm Valley; Wig Wise; Caravan; Solitude.*

Personnel: Ellington; piano; Charlie Mingus, bass; Max Roach, drums.

No. 53 Art Farmer

☐ **LISTEN TO ART FARMER AND THE ORCHESTRA—Mercury 20766:** *Street of Dreams; Rain Check; Rue Prevail; The Sweetest Sounds; My Romance; Fly Me to the Moon; Naima; Ruby.*

Personnel: Farmer, trumpet or flugelhorn; Tommy Flanagan, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Charlie Persip, drums; Unidentified Orchestra, including trombones, trumpets, French horns, harp.

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peter is Jesse Drakes, the pianist Junior Mance, and the drummer Roy Haynes. Haynes identified the bassist as Ted Briscoe and named Ted Kelly, who once played trombone with Dizzy Gillespie, as a possibility.

Young is at his best on *Moon* and *Sunday*. Drakes states the theme on the first with a rumba beat behind him. Then it goes into 4/4 and some fluid Young, spirited but sloppy trombone, and swinging but as yet undeveloped Mance. *Sunday* was one of Young's favorites. He really loved to play it, and it shows here. The fours with Haynes are interesting, but the other soloists detract.

Waterfront has some more good Young, but Drakes' double-timing is meaningless, and his over-all phrasing is stiff. *Boogie* is the weakest track of all, with desultory riffing and dull solos. *Foolish Things* and *D.B.* each have previously been recorded in several better versions by Young.

The title song, *Just You*, is really the line on the *Just You* changes, recorded in the '40s both as *Spotlite* by Coleman Hawkins and *Mad Bebop* by J. J. Johnson. Drakes tries a Fats Navarro, but after his explosive entrance, deteriorates. Again the chases between Young and Haynes are exciting. The latter was well known for his inventive drumming even in his earliest days on the New York scene.

The recorded sound is not good, but it is not so bad as to deter one from purchasing a recording of a live date of this type, provided the material is worthwhile. Unless one is an insatiable collector of Presiana, pass this up. (I.G.)

VOCAL

Allen Keller

A NEW LOOK AT THE WORLD—Charlie Parker 817: *Something Sad About a Clown*; *Available Girls*; *Ordinary People*; *A Question of Time*; *Christmas Road*; *Poor Woman*; *Grant Me*; *Beverly*; *Lucky My Love*; *I Couldn't Care Less*; *Far, Far Out*; *South on the Tropic Breeze*.
Personnel: Kai Winding, Urbie Green, Nick Travis, Paul Falise, trombones; Jack Keller, piano; George Duvivier, John Beal, basses; Bunny Schaubker, drums; Bob Glucksmann, bongo; Keller, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Keller is a singer-songwriter, who, according to disc jockey Alan Grant's enthusiastic liner notes, has "appeared in many clubs in the New York area, worked Las Vegas, and most of our United States with occasional gigs in other parts of the world."

He wrote every song in this album. Allen Keller, songwriter, abets Allen Keller, singer, but neither is outstanding.

Keller's voice has not much depth, depending instead on a "hip tonality" that is further carried out in the modern-jazz-influenced songs he writes.

Some of the melodies are interesting from the jazz standpoint; most are flaccid lyrically. One is left with the feeling that if he didn't try so hard to be a "jazz singer," his effort would profit the more. Also, it would be revealing (and probably fairer to himself) to hear Keller sing a few standards.

This is an ambitious first effort that doesn't quite come off despite a consistently swinging and well-arranged accompaniment by the four eminent trombonists and rhythm section. (J.A.T.)

Jimmy Rushing

FIVE FEET OF SOUL—Colpix 446: *Just Because*; *Tain't Nobody's Biz-ness If I Do*; *Heartaches*; *I'm Walkin' Through Heaven with You*; *Trouble in Mind*; *Oooh! Look-a-There—Ain't She Pretty*; *Please Come Back*; *You Always Hurt the One You Love*; *Did You Ever? My Bucket's Got a Hole in It*.

Personnel: Bernie Glow, Markie Markowitz, Joe Newman, Snooky Young, trumpets; Billy Byers, Jimmy Cleveland, Willie Dennis, Urbie Green, trombones; Gene Quill, Phil Woods, alto saxophones; Budd Johnson, Zoot Sims, tenor saxophones, Sol Schlinger, baritone saxophone; Patti Bown, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Gus Johnson, drums; Rushing, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The impression conveyed by some of Rushing's recent recordings that his once jubilantly flexible voice was showing the effects of years of use and was becoming rough and relatively limited is, happily, corrected by this album.

Here we have jaunty Jimmy in excellent voice, backed by a superb band playing well-crafted arrangements by Al Cohn in a program that, while it is not made up consistently of top-notch material, at least does no violence to Rushing's standards. On top of that, the recording is balanced much better and is cleaner and clearer than most of that which Rushing has been granted lately.

Another disturbing factor on some recent Rushing records—allowing him to appear to be incidental to his accompanying band—is avoided in this case because the band is always an accompaniment, a stimulating accompaniment at that. There are occasional solo breakthroughs by Miss Bown, Newman, and Sims (all very brief), but the band works mostly as a swinging ensemble. This is definitely a Rushing album, and it is Rushing in unusually fine fettle.

One point of special interest is the inclusion of that fine old Jimmie Lunceford tune, *Walkin' through Heaven*. The band takes on a provocatively Lunceford feeling on this, and Rushing manages to make the sticky lyrics much more palatable than Lunceford's Dan Grissom did.

(J.S.W.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Verve has put together a three-LP set called *The Greatest Names in Jazz* (PR 2-3), consisting of 26 tracks by such stalwarts as Terry Gibbs, Stan Getz, Oscar Peterson, Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Johnny Hodges, Art Tatum, Coleman Hawkins, Woody Herman, Gerry Mulligan, Herbie Mann, Gene Krupa, George Shearing, Count Basie, and Louis Bellson.

It's an impressive lineup, but the set is rather uneven in quality. In fact, the package, devoid of liner notes, is quite sloppily done; there are incomplete personnels, and the set includes unissued material and a mislabeled alternate master. There seems no excuse for this sort of carelessness—good business practice, alone, would dictate making the most of the new material included. I'd hate to think that Verve officials were unaware they were issuing tracks never released before.

The unissued tracks are *The Heat's On* by Gillespie and Roy Eldridge and *It's the Talk of the Town* by Lester Young. (I'm indebted to Dan Morgenstern for the

information that these are first releases.)

The Gillespie-Eldridge performance is excellent; both trumpeters were in good form, and the competition between them becomes heated as things proceed.

The Young track is weak, evidently made on one of Pres' bad latter-days—his tone was thin, his fingers slow, but, still, the ideas were there. Young is better represented in the set by *Pres Returns*, a blues with Teddy Wilson.

The mislabeled alternate master is by Mulligan and Paul Desmond. On the album it is titled *Standstill*, but it is actually a version of *Tea for Two* that Desmond named *The Battle Hymn of the Republican*, a version of which was included in the first Mulligan-Desmond album, recently repackaged. This set's version is much better than the one originally issued; both saxophonists play with greater heat and imagination. In toto, a quite stimulating performance.

Of the other tracks, the best ones are *It Never Entered My Mind* and *Tour's End* (*Sweet Georgia Brown*), both by Getz with Peterson, guitarist Herb Ellis, bassist Ray Brown, with drummer Connie Kay added on the first; a blazing performance of *Wheatleigh Hall* by Gillespie and Sonny Rollins; *Chelsea Bridge* by Mulligan and Ben Webster, a classic recording; and *Body and Soul* by Coleman Hawkins made at the 1959 *Playboy* festival with pianist Eddie Higgins, bassist Bob Cranshaw, and drummer Walter Perkins, none of whom is listed in the personnel.

There are three Parker tracks included—a quintet performance of *Back Home Blues*, a big-band version of *What Is This Thing Called Love?* (incorrectly listed as being with strings), and a tepid *Love for Sale*. None is an outstanding example of Parker's playing.

This brings up a question: why issue inferior material when there are better things by the same artists available to Verve? Another example of this is Tatum's *Trio Blues*; while it certainly has its points, it also is not up to other Tatum performances in the Verve catalog.

Prestige has reissued a set of excellent 1949-50 performances by Sonny Stitt—his first on tenor saxophone—titled *All God's Children Got Rhythm* (7248).

Stitt heads two groups on the album: a quartet made up of himself; Bud Powell, piano; Curly Russell, bass; Max Roach, drums, and a quintet with J. J. Johnson, trombone; John Lewis, piano; Nelson Boyd, bass; and Roach.

The quartet tracks are outstanding. Stitt, himself at all times but with more than dashes of Charlie Parker and Lester Young added, and Powell evidently inspired each other greatly at these sessions. There are times on these tracks when Powell reaches peaks of creation that are almost unbelievable—few, if any, pianists have scaled the heights Powell did at his best, as he often is here. The quartet titles are *All God's Children*, *Sonnyside*, *Bud's Blues*, *Sunset* (*These Foolish Things*), two takes of *Fine and Dandy*, *Strike Up the Band*, *I Want to Be Happy*, and *Taking a Chance on Love*.

The quintet tracks are not as consistently

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brilliant, though Stitt is excellent throughout, eating up the changes of *Afternoon in Paris*, wasting no motion on *Elora* and *Teapot* (*Sweet Georgia* again), and turning in stunning Pressurized performances on two takes of *Blue Mode*, the first taken at an awkwardly slow tempo that throws all except him.

Johnson and Lewis play some melodic solos on the tracks, but neither comes up to the excellence of Stitt.

Johnson, though, is well represented in his own Prestige reissue, *Looking Back* (7253). Most of the tracks are by the warm and witty quintet Johnson led with fellow trombonist Kai Winding in the middle 1950s. On these tracks the accompanying rhythm section consists of pianist Dick Katz, whose tasty bits make one wish he'd been given more solo space; bassist Peck Morrison; and drummer Al Harewood.

Though the group was tonally limited—just how much variety can one achieve with two trombones?—there was a cohesion and musicality to it that made it always interesting.

Both trombonists play with a swagger and more than a touch of acid, which can easily be heard on most of the Jay & Kai performances in this album. Johnson's solos wear well not only because of their inventiveness but also because of Johnson's subtle rhythmic approach—he seldom got caught in the on-the-beat trap Winding often fell into. Still, Winding was capable of getting perhaps more warmth in his playing during this time (1954) than could Johnson; his humor also is usually well turned. The Jay & Kai tracks are *Riviera*, *Dinner for One*, *Hip Bones*, *Windbag*, *We'll Be Together Again*, *Bag's Groove*, *How Long Has This Been Going On?*, and *Don't Argue*.

The other tracks in the album are by a 1949 sextet made up of Johnson, trumpeter Kenny Dorham, tenorist Sonny Rollins (this was his first record date), John Lewis, bassist Leonard Gaskin, and Max Roach playing *Elysses*, *Hilo*, *Fox Hunt*, and *Opus V*.

The spell of bebop, naturally, is on this early session; the soloists all play in the bop vein but seldom come up with anything new—most of what is played is cliched, and it was cliched in 1949 too. Still, there are things to recommend about these tracks: Dorham's work generally is long-lined and imaginative; Johnson's playing, while not of the caliber one hears from him consistently now, is intense, and it should be noted that his rhythmic approach was less subtle than in 1954 when the Jay & Kai tracks were cut; Rollins, even on this first date, played extremely well, though what he played was Charlie Parker (as can be heard by speeding up his solos to 45 rpm); and the rhythm section has that little rough edge, thanks mostly to Roach, that was the hallmark of really good bop rhythm sections.

Johnson, Dorham, and Roach also are present on a Jazzland repackage, *Reunion* (85), under Benny Golson's leadership. Wynton Kelly and Paul Chambers complete the personnel. The album was first

issued in 1958 as *The Modern Touch* on Riverside, Jazzland's parent label.

Some of the LP's main features are the compositions and arrangements of Golson (*Out of the Past*, *Venetian Breeze*, *Namely You*, *Blues on Down*) and Gigi Gryce (*Reunion*, which is based on *I'll Remember April* chords, and *Hymn to the Orient*). Both writers scored their arrangements well; Gryce's are particularly adroit.

Though the solos abound with competence and good taste (Johnson's and Dorham's occasionally go beyond that), nothing much happens. The best track, the one on which all seem most comfortable, is *Blues*, which has really fine playing by the two brass men, Kelly, and Chambers.

Kelly was a leader on another 1958 Riverside session now repackaged as *Whisper Not* (Jazzland 83). It was first issued as *Wynton Kelly*. Four tracks (*Strong Man*, *Ill Wind*, *Don't Explain*, and *You Can't Get Away*) are by a trio made up of Kelly, Chambers, and guitarist Kenny Burrell. The other three titles (*Whisper Not*, *Action*, and *Dark Eyes*) have Philly Joe Jones' drums added to the trio.

The trio tracks are of more interest, though seemingly not because Jones was absent—the men seemed to be in better form on the trio date, even though Kelly's instrument wasn't (it's dreadfully out of tune). But the difference between the two sessions is not great; nothing outstanding happened either day.

Kelly, at this time, was a fine group pianist—one of the finest accompanists in the business and able to play a well-constructed solo when it came time for it. But he was not imaginative enough or able to create enough variation in approach to carry a whole album with his two hands. This doesn't mean that everything in the album is worthless—far from it—but there is a sameness, a one-level approach, that fails to hold listener interest, at least one listener's. Practically everything rolls along at the same intensity, the same depth, the same emotional level. One exception is Kelly's fiery *Ill Wind* solo, which has some delightful harmonic escapades.

In all, Kelly's greatest assets on this early album were time and taste, both of which he has amply.

Van Alexander is an arranger who's been around for many years, writing anything anyone might want, from stocks on up. In 1959 he scored several compositions that were associated with some of the bands that played the Savoy Ballroom in New York City, bands such as Jimmie Lunceford's, Chick Webb's, Count Basie's, and Duke Ellington's.

He gathered together three groups of West Coast jazz-studio men and cut a pleasant album for Capitol titled *Home of Happy Feet*, which is now re-released as *Savoy Stomp* (Capitol 1712).

The arrangements are well-done, dressed-up '30ish things, with particularly good writing for the sax sections, and are extremely well played by the men on the dates. No solo credits are given, but there are some fair Plas Johnson tenor bits and some good Shorty Sherock (I think) trumpet solos. But on the whole it's a rather tepid big-band outing. —DeMicheal

By LEONARD FEATHER

Unless you have been spending the last year in one of the remoter regions of Tibet, you are presumably aware of who Paul Winter is, what happened to him and where he went, and what color the house is he appeared at in Washington.

To these obvious facts can be added a few personal observations. First, the Winter sextet is by no means the bossa nova-oriented group implied by its first Columbia album. The release of that LP was inevitable, since the group's return from its 23-country cultural exchange tour of Latin America coincided with the rise here of the new samba. Its timeliness put the record on the best-seller charts, but another LP, part of which was actually recorded earlier and is more representative of the combo (*Jazz Premiere: Washington*) became available recently while the group was making a successful tour of clubs and colleges.

This was, of course, Winter's first *Blindfold Test*. He proved to be an articulate subject. He was given no information about the records.

THE RECORDS

1. Chuck Mangione. *Big Foot* (from *Recuerdo, Jazzland*). Mangione, trumpet; Joe Romano, tenor saxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

At first hearing it sounds like one of the groups from the early bop days. I think it's a new recording by some different players, though, who are very much influenced by the top players from the bop era.

The tenor sounded like he's been listening to Rollins, and the trumpet player sounded like he's trying to come up with the best of Miles or Dizzy or several other players of the modern era—it could have been Chuck Mangione. It sounded like Sam Jones and Lou Hayes on bass and drums. The pianist sounded like one of the one-handed piano players that are supposed to be hip today.

To me, it was a not-very-distinctive rehash of what's gone before; I would say it's worth about two stars.

2. Jimmy Giuffre. *Ygdrasil* (from *Free Fall, Columbia*). Giuffre, clarinet; Teo Macero, producer.

That was Jimmy Giuffre . . . from an album that I haven't heard but have seen up at Columbia. Done under Teo Macero.

He's working in a realm in which I'm as yet fairly illiterate . . . sound-music, or even beyond atonality — so I'm at a loss to judge it.

As far as his clarinet playing, he got some interesting sounds and did some interesting things in the upper register. All this is comparable to something like *Deserts* by Edgar Varese: compositionally I'm not qualified to judge it, but as clarinet music let's say three stars.

3. Lou Donaldson. *Love Walked In* (from *The Natural Soul, Blue Note*). Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; Donaldson, alto saxophone; John Patton, organ.

That was a very pleasant, grooving thing. The alto player sounded something like Sonny Stitt, but I didn't think it was Sonny after he took his chorus. The trumpet player seemed very relaxed. . . . I can't identify him. . . . Matter of fact, all the players seemed to be relaxed — nobody seemed to be attempting anything extraordinary. . . . The organist I don't know either, but I enjoyed it — after hearing Jimmy Smith and some other jazz

BLINDFOLD TEST



PAUL WINTER

'After hearing Jimmy Smith and some of the other jazz organists, I've become convinced the organ can be used well outside the church. I used to detest the sound of them.'

organists, I've become convinced the organ can be used well outside the church. I used to detest the sound of them. Three stars.

4. Don Jacoby and College All-Stars. *You Don't Know What Love Is* (from *Swinging Big Sound, Decca*). Jacoby, trumpet, conductor; Glen Osser, arranger.

Was this an American college band? Sounded to me either like one of the big new college bands or a band from Europe. The reason I say this is that it didn't show any good rhythmic feel, and I think whoever did the arrangement should have given at least a couple of the players a chance to show a little something.

As a dance band, it's nice, pleasant chart to listen to, but in the context that we're all concerned about, I couldn't give it more than one star.

5. Charlie Parker. *Night and Day* (from *Genius of Charlie Parker, No. 1, Clef*). Bernie Privin, trumpet; Parker, alto saxophone; Oscar Peterson, piano. Recorded, 1952.

My first reaction was that this was one of the things that Bird did with one of the large orchestras in the late '40s, but I'm not so sure it was Bird. The alto part had Bird's sound, and many of his ideas, but if it was Bird, he didn't seem to be trying for too much that day.

The band I can't identify — whether it was a regular organized band or a studio bunch. The trumpet player seemed to be out of his element; the pianist sounded something like Bud Powell.

Considering that this had to come out of the mid-'40s, by the arrangement and the sound of the band, it's certainly very interesting. Three stars.

6. Duke Ellington-John Coltrane. *Take the Coltrane* (from *Ellington & Coltrane, Impulse*). Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Ellington, piano; Elvin Jones, drums.

I can't identify this group. To me it was a very dull thing, somewhat disturbing in a way. . . . The tenor player certainly has no intent of creating, or re-creating, any beauty in his playing. . . . To me, he's one of the exponents of the nihilistic type of playing.

The whole group approach to this thing, the overloud "bashing" drums, is typical of the hippy jazz that has become the one thing in the past few years, and, I think, driven would-be listeners away from jazz.

When you ask, "What is killing the jazz business?" I think perhaps here is one element. The pianist is again one of the one-handed players, whom I can't identify.

As a musician and as leader of a group, this is something that bothers me both musically and extramusically. No stars.

7. Prince Lasha. *Congo Call* (from *The Cry, Contemporary*). Lasha, flute; Sonny Simmons, alto saxophone; Gary Peacock, Mark Proctor, basses; Gene Stone, drums.

I think it was Eric Dolphy. An interesting rhythmic thing. On Dolphy, if it was Eric, I think he's a brilliant reed player! I think he's lately been inclined to degenerate into freneticism, but here he's fairly reserved.

I don't know the flute player. There was some very interesting bass work . . . and some tasty cymbal things. It was nice, but I think few groups seem to want to take advantage of what can be done with a group. Five men is a lot of people.

Harmonically, I found it monotonous. This is what would lead me to feel that, as a group, they were not doing anywhere near what they could. Two to three stars.

8. Ray Charles-Milt Jackson. *X-Ray Blues* (from *Soul Meeting, Atlantic*). Charles, piano; electric piano, alto saxophone; Jackson, vibraphone; Kenny Burrell, guitar.

This is the height of monotony. This is a very hastily and sloppily done blowing session, put together by some players, none of whom I can identify. . . . The arrangement they use is typical of the dull, faked, head-type things, which I believe have really become outdated. They smack of mediocrity because there was no time to do any thinking, or the a&r man wouldn't allow any charts to be done because of the money involved, which is not the fault of the musicians.

The vibes man I don't know; the guitar player is a one-finger guitarist. The two instruments . . . there's something about them that often makes them sound dull, although they certainly can be played in very interesting ways.

The sax player sounded as if his reed were so hard he could barely get a sound out of the horn, so he just gave up after about two choruses; and I don't think this would be a good commercial for showing what can be done on a Wurlitzer piano. I would say again, no stars.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

JIMMY GIUFFRE

Haverford College, Haverford, Pa.
Personnel: Giuffre, clarinet; Paul Bley, piano;
Steve Swallow, bass.

The concert given by the Giuffre trio at Haverford's Robert's Hall was an outstanding exposition of the creativity possible in modern jazz. The musicians played with an astonishing degree of rapport. The music consisted mostly of compositions (written by Giuffre or by Carla Bley, the pianist's wife) that delineated a tightly organized beginning and end but provided ample room in between for each man to improvise. Since most of the compositions did not prescribe specific chord changes or metric patterns, the musicians were bound by few limitations in their improvisations.

One's first reaction to such a plan of attack is fear of impending chaos. And, indeed, that has been the result of many such attempts in the past by groups such as Ornette Coleman's. But the remarkable thing about Giuffre's performance was that the listener never lost a feeling of form, and that the mood and tone of each composition remained consistent.

In *Divided Men*, Swallow and Giuffre played a frenetic, squabbling duet, emphasizing the separate qualities of their instruments; yet *Jesus Maria* was a lilting, swaying Mexican-flavored composition in which one's attention was focused on a group working and thinking together.

Conversations, described by Giuffre as being related to the operatic form, was just what the title implied: Swallow and Giuffre stood in opposite corners of the stage, Giuffre making talking sounds on his instrument, the bass chattering back, and the piano having the last word. This type of composition was consistent with the group's attempts to utilize their instruments to their fullest capacities—Swallow occasionally used a mallet or guitar pick on his bass; Bley plucked and thumped the piano strings; Giuffre used overtones or squeals on his clarinet. Although many of these techniques are humorous in themselves, it soon became apparent to the audience that these methods of achieving sound are completely valid ones and that the trio was, in fact, obtaining very dramatic results with them.

It should be mentioned, though, that not all the selections maintained an equally high level. At times, the improvising became repetitive and boring.

Particularly disappointing was Giuffre's *Composition for String Orchestra and Jazz Trio*—not only because the orchestra was missing, but because this totally written-out work seemed formless and rather monotonous. But other compositions, such as *The Donkey* and the previously mentioned *Jesus Maria*, more than made up for a few weak moments.

Swallow should be especially singled out for his almost incredible performance on the bass. His faultless pitch and technique; his driving rhythmic ability; and above

all, the intensity of his playing again and again pushed the group to a better performance. This young man certainly ranks among the foremost bassists in jazz today.

It is obvious that the audience for a group such as this is limited; the music is certainly not "easy" to listen to. It is also obvious that the college stage is the perfect place for groups such as this to perform. And hopefully, a few in the audience came away with a new understanding of what the jazz musician really attempts to do.

—R. Michael Scott

GEORGE BARNES-KARL KRESS

Town Hall, New York
Personnel: Barnes, Kress, guitars.

When jazzmen go into concert halls, it is usually to present ambitious programs, sometimes good but often merely pretentious. New compositions seem to be requisite.

Thus the recent Barnes-Kress recital was a departure. The format was simple: two of New York's most respected guitarists sat down on a stage and played standards for two hours. It was delightful.

Kress and Barnes are old friends. All they did really was to give a demonstration for friends—the audience of 800 looked like a *Who's Who* of jazzmen—of what they do in their off-hours for fun.

So close was the rapport between the two guitarists that one might draw an analogy to the two hands of a pianist. Kress had the left-hand role.

When one mentions rhythm guitar, it is customary to think only of Freddie Green. But Green isn't alone in the field. Kress, who looks like an amiable Charles DeGaulle, is one of the most formidable rhythm guitarists alive, a virtuoso of the idiom. He has total control of this aspect of the instrument, and some wild effects—including a curious whistling sound he gets by using the pick at a steeply sloped angle—issued from his guitar. Even when he soloed, it was mostly in a chorded rhythm style. The beat he maintained was always powerful; one was never conscious of the absence of bass and drums or of the limitation of the instrumentation.

Barnes has always been a very melodic player and still is. It's a little hard to pin down his style for era—a fine musician is a fine musician is a fine musician, which is something everybody seems to know but the young hippies. Barnes works a good many modern record dates, but at Town Hall he was playing purely for pleasure, and about all you could say was that the mood evoked was of the late 1930s or early 1940s. In his technique, however, Barnes is distinctly a modern player.

Barnes used two guitars at Town Hall, a regular guitar exactly like that used by Kress, and an F-tuned guitar of his own design. The texture of the music was light and airy. This was to some extent inherent in the character of the instruments, but the

players had much to do with it too.

The recital was recorded by United Artists, which should console those few guitarists who didn't get there and were muttering irritably the next day.

—Gene Lees

MARTIAL SOLAL

Hickory House, New York City
Personnel: Solal, piano; Teddy Kotick, bass;
Paul Motian, drums.

It is a truism that one cannot rely solely on recordings when judging the work of any jazz musician. One needs to hear a musician in person to really get a wider view. Just as true, however, is the need to avoid placing *too* much emphasis on one or two sets in a club. All this was freshly brought to mind on hearing Solal, the the Algerian-born French pianist who is making his first appearance in the United States.

First of all, he is a man with a prodigious technique, and though he does not



show off with it, the listener is nevertheless well aware of his facility. As good as Kotick and Motian are, Solal's technique often made them seem superfluous, in the sense that when he elected to keep changing his pace, they were at odds with him. This happened on *Broadway*. On *Billie's Bounce*, however, he cooked straight ahead, and all three found a common groove.

Solal's professed favorites, Art Tatum and Bud Powell, showed up strongly in his first set. There also were snatches of Nat Cole, Erroll Garner, and even a bit of Phineas Newborn Jr. Happily, Solal is not addicted to any of these pianists, and in his second set, he was more completely himself, within the general frame of reference he has taken from his main models.

He is equally fluent with both hands and makes use of this power. Especially effective was an exploratory *Stella by Starlight* and an original suite, *Pour une frise*, a work divided into several moods. Here the tempo changes were more prescribed, and the trio meshed well.

For all his accomplishment, Solal did not really get to my heart, but he did come closer in the second set. The feeling he left me with was a desire to hear more.

—Gittler

BOOK REVIEWS

THE RELUCTANT ART, by Benny Green. Published by Horizon Press, 191 pages, \$3.50.

There are now dozens of books about jazz music, and new ones are published every year. Few have any original ideas, some are absurd, and most merely regurgitate majority opinions and the many assumptions—usually presented as fact—that have been built up over the years by a small but influential group of jazz “authorities.”

This small book, consisting of essays on five important jazz figures, is more provocative, more original, and better written than most and is not without considerable merit.

The five musicians studied—all but one of whom are dead—are Bix Beiderbecke, Benny Goodman, Lester Young, Billie Holiday, and Charlie Parker. The author is an English saxophone player who is one of the more responsible jazz writers (and is not to be confused with the excellent jazz trombonist Bennie Green).

I suspect that most people directly involved, or deeply interested in jazz, will have mixed feelings about the book. A careful reader is likely to find himself agreeing strongly with the author at one point and then disagreeing with him violently on another. It's that kind of book.

The essay on Beiderbecke seems reasonable, and Green does attempt to separate Bix the musician from Bix the myth. But considering the opportunities for jazz-band employment that white jazz musicians of Bix' time had, Green's charge that Beiderbecke “was a victim of his own artistic fecklessness” may be unfair. Some would suggest that it would be more accurate to conclude, simply, that Beiderbecke could not defeat the bottle.

The Goodman essay seems to be the least successful in the book. Green does not underrate Benny's great gift (as some other jazz writers now find it fashionable to do), and he wisely points out that Goodman “stamped upon the instrument he played a conception so irresistible and so absolute that it has conditioned jazz thought ever since.” But Goodman's special skills as a demanding leader are not mentioned, even in passing, and Green forgets that the Goodman band was playing within the dance-band tradition.

Green also makes himself look silly by dissecting, word by word, for five pages, a paragraph in the book *The Kingdom of Swing*, which Irving Kolodin wrote hastily as a by-line (or “as told to”) book for Goodman during the swing era. Green tortures and foolishly looks for deep meaning in this passage that has little to do with Goodman then or Goodman now. Green seems to forget that Kolodin wrote the book and that Goodman is a musician, not a writer.

The Lester Young essay also leaves much to be desired, largely because Green

bases his study on recordings and second-hand information. I wonder if Green ever even heard Young in his prime. In any event, he seems to know nothing about jazz in the 1930s save for records of it.

I also think it is about time that the nonsense about how hardly anyone appreciated Young's playing during the swing era be put down, once and for all. Perhaps Young's work was not appreciated in England, where Green was, but it was appreciated widely here. Fans of Young were numerous among the musicians I grew up with, and I do not think my group was abnormal. I also question Green's statement that Young's tone “in its heyday undeniably sounded metallic.”

The piece on Miss Holiday is probably the best in the book, largely because it has enthusiasm. Green might have given more credit to Teddy Wilson, the leader and organizer of the record sessions Green justifiably praises so highly, but Green does do an excellent job of explaining to a neophyte some of the reasons why Billie Holiday was such a rare and superb jazz singer.

The essay on Parker is fair enough, though there is little new here, and I wonder about Green's regret that Parker did not live “to see the vindication of his methods.” I think he did. At least Parker had many idolators and imitators while he was living.

There are two major faults with the book, to my mind, and these account for a good many of the minor ones.

1. Because the author was in England when the musicians he writes about were creating the music he writes about, he does not have enough firsthand knowledge of their work and the reactions to their work in the United States.

2. With the notable exception of the Billie Holiday essay, Green's writing lacks the enthusiasm that once gave less pretentious jazz criticism more excitement. For some peculiar reason, those who write with excitement about a jazz musician or a jazz performance are now labeled “fans,” not critics, as if critics cannot be enthusiasts too. Green has developed that nonfan, cool slant that passes for “serious” jazz criticism today.

—Tom Scanlan.

MY LIFE IN JAZZ, by Max Kaminsky with V. E. Hughes. Published by Harper & Row, 242 pages, \$4.95.

Trumpeter Kaminsky's casual, chatty recounting of his life and times makes for pleasant, light reading. Once started, I breezed right through the book but, sad to say, didn't come away with any real impression of the man or his music. Kaminsky fails to really reveal himself over some 236 pages of text, and though one is afforded some behind-the-scenes glimpses of the various musical organizations—such as the Joe Venuti, Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw, and the Summa Cum Laude bands,

among others—with which the trumpeter has worked and inoffensive impressions of the jazzmen he's encountered and with whom he has played in his professional life, the reader never once gains an insight into Kaminsky, the person or the jazzman.

All told, it's a curiously disappointing book—safe and bland. It never dares offend. The trumpeter must have taken up jazz for some reason; he never says why. He tells nothing of his feeling or attraction for the music, failing to say when he first heard it, when he decided to play it, or his difficulties in coming to a knowledge of what he felt constituted it or his efforts to master the playing of it.

He never writes of its hold on him (and it surely must be a strong one to have persevered over more than three decades of playing), of the joys and frustrations of playing. He never, in fact, evokes any of the wondrous magic of the music.

Too bad, because I, for one, would have liked to know about Kaminsky, what makes him tick, what makes him a jazz musician, what he feels jazz is (other than a business), and what makes a good jazz performance. I would liked to have got a look inside a jazzman. Instead, Kaminsky has given us a thin, superficial biography that ultimately tells little about him.

The book is good, however, in its far-ranging examination of the mechanics and the business end of jazz. Kaminsky has been around for a long while and has participated directly in many of the music's movements. His account of his association with the Shaw band, for example, offers a vivid picture of the swing era, the hysteria, the grueling grind of one-nighters, the camaraderie and competition, and some idea of the excitement the music could generate. His portrait of New York's 52nd St. during the 1940s is likewise good, as is his account of his society-band experiences.

In his comments on the dissolution of the big-band era and the development and increasing popularity of bop and modern jazz forms, Kaminsky does attempt to be objective, but such statements as “In the '50s a whole new generation of young people grew up knowing nothing about *real jazz* [my italics], and among them were the new musicians and new critics” give the man away.

An entertaining, occasionally informative, and often evocative book; but I sure wish Max had given a bit more of himself away.

—Welding



TAKE FIVE

By JOHN TYNAN

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It is lamentable that jazz fans largely seem oblivious to one of the central realities of the jazz world: their playing idols belong to a labor union.

For some possibly obscure psychological reason, the fan prefers not to associate his favorite musicians with any reality other than the jazz they play. It is as though the musician were a kind of disembodied entity, isolated from everything in life except the sounds emanating from his instrument.

True, the jazz musician is a creative artist—or at least he is supposed to be. And his acts of creation are lonely undertakings at best. Immersed in the creative act, he doesn't necessarily give a hoot for any external reality. When playing, he may even forget the existence of any reality other than his music. This does not alter the obvious fact that the inner reality that possesses him while playing is but part of his total world as a human being.

For the listening jazz fan, the sorcery of the musician's art works in divers ways, depending on the listener's sensitivity.

It is true that a sensitive listener may become so wrapped in the magic of great jazz that outer reality ceases to exist for him too. Only the totality of the music is real for the moment. But just as a hustling waitress may shatter the spell cast on the listener, a similar distraction often can jerk the musician back to the outer world in which he exists as a social being.

For instance, his labor union.

His union is a dominating factor in the musician's life. Consider, for example, that Thelonious Monk, Stan Kenton, Duke Ellington, Gerry Mulligan, Sonny Rollins, Stan Getz, and Philly Joe Jones, to select a few significant jazzmen, are members of that union. Lacking such membership, they would be virtually out of business.

Every professional jazz musician in the land would find it extremely difficult, to say the least, to pursue his or her art in public for money without a union card. For one thing, a non-union leader active in the jazz field nationally would have a devil of a time getting the sidemen he wanted. But this is theorizing; the situation just doesn't arise. In truth, it can be said the musician's life pivots about the functions of his union.

When a jazz fan buys an album by, say, Cannonball Adderley, does he realize that the musicians on that recording date collect their paychecks through the union? Does he know that the union

deducts money for a pension the musician may collect when he's too old or weak to play anymore? Does he realize that deductions are taken from a jazzman's earnings for a benefit to be paid to his survivors on his death?

These are but a few of the mechanical functions carried out by the musician's union. In an insecure calling, the union is the musician's symbol of security. However tenuous that security may be—it is his second home, his image of stability, his very own bureaucracy.

The musician's union is not glamorous, so it probably matters little to the average jazz fan that when he goes to a jazz club, a union business agent may be there, too, seeing that union rules are enforced.

The union per se has never concerned itself especially with the peculiar problems of the jazzman. In fact, it is to the discredit of the union that it has for too long turned a blind eye to such problems as narcotics addiction among its members. Admittedly in recent years some union officials have taken a more enlightened position on the narcotics curse. Los Angeles' Local 47 probably has done more in this direction than any of its sister locals throughout the nation. But the over-all record on narcotics is bad.

It is worse in the area of fighting racial discrimination. It is safe to say that the much-discussed question of anti-white bitterness and hostility known as Crow Jim would not be nearly so serious within the jazz world had the union taken a responsible position in combating the original evil, Jim Crow, long ago.

If the jazz fan would stop to consider, for instance, that it was an edict of James C. Petrillo, at the time he was AFM president, that resulted in the music of the historic Earl Hines and Woody Herman bands in the 1940s going unrecorded during two union-enforced recording bans, he would begin to appreciate more the role played by that union.

This writer realizes how difficult it must be for the fan to take serious interest in the union.

Too often the monolithic organization seems to loom vaguely, perhaps ominously, in the background, emitting bureaucratic clanks and wheezes, pursuing policies that would appear anachronistic and nearsighted, if not downright unfair and even undemocratic, toward both members and outsiders.

On the comic side there is the ludicrousness of weepy-eyed Petrillo falling

tearfully into the motherly arms of George Jessel as cameras recorded the occasion of Petrillo's public retirement from Chicago's Local 10 early this year. But which of us can say we

would have resisted such a magnificent opportunity for hamming?

The union, however, is there, and jazzmen live with it just as, for better or worse, it lives with them.

FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

One of the most pervasive but least-observed tragedies of the artist—not merely in current jazz but in every art form in every century as well—is the degree to which popular recognition is determined by chance and by the whims of the historians.

We all speak and write with apparent authority—and with an air of finality—about the Louis Armstrongs and the Bessie Smiths, never pausing to reflect that our very knowledge of them is the product of a series of coincidences, that if Armstrong had become discouraged with music and had not gone north, or if Frank Walker had not found Bessie Smith, our self-confident historiographies might easily have designated as king of the trumpet and supreme blues singer some other artists who, also through chance, have remained unknown.

As the British blues expert Paul Oliver has pointed out, too much of the early history of the blues is based on the prejudiced and unreliable reminiscences of very old persons; too much early music was never recorded.

Who knows whether the trumpet player named Johnny Williams, whose wife poisoned him, was not indeed (as some who heard him claim) a greater cornetist than any of the pioneers we have honored? Who knows whether some obscure singer, who, because she never gained access to a recording studio, wound up as a scrubwoman, was not the real giant of the blues?

Nor is this confusion limited to traditional jazz.

Some musicians swear up and down that while Charlie Christian was being endorsed as a father of modern jazz, a far greater guitarist, Jim Daddy Walker, himself a major influence on Christian, was playing unheralded around the Southwest. Walker only made one record date that I know of (with Pete Brown in 1944 for a long-forgotten small label in Chicago), but it is entirely possible that the kudos given Christian in our history books rightly belong to Walker.

Another guitarist who makes a comparable case is Remo Palmieri. Had he chosen to continue the jazz career he had begun so brilliantly on records with Dizzy Gillespie, Red Norvo, et al., in the early 1940s, his name today would

enter at once into any conversation about leading jazz guitarists. But because he has spent the last 18 years on staff with Arthur Godfrey at CBS, he has not earned enough critical attention to rate a single word in the jazz books and magazines or even a listing in the polls.

He is playing today as brilliantly as ever but playing, as far as history is concerned, in the wrong company.

It is too late to do anything about such situations. To set up new idols in place of (or alongside) the established heroes would discomfort the experts who have written so glibly about the "unique contributions" of the publicized masters. Legends die hard in jazz.

I'm only bringing this up so that you'll bear in mind, when you read the smug conclusions of us experts, that for every talent we write about there may be a dozen more, buried by distance or time, whose greater gifts will never reach your ears.

• • •

Now hear this! Thanks to a loyal reader, Kay Sohmer, I finally have a saxophone section for my Big Name Band.

On altos are Howard Johnson, noted restaurateur and former colleague of Dizzy Gillespie in the old Teddy Hill Orchestra; and Earl Warren, Supreme Court justice and former Basie reed man. On tenors are Dick Clark, teenagers' idol and member of Benny Goodman's 1935 band; Herbert Spencer, 19th century philosopher and member of the early Dorsey Brothers recording bands; and Bobby Jones, champion golfer and lead tenor with Woody Herman.

Correspondence on this subject is now closed. We are now at work (that is, reader John W. Miner and I) on a different type of all-star band, for which Miner says he needs a third trumpet player. So far he has Talib Dawud, Idrees Sulieman, trumpets; Abdul Hameed, Harneefan Majeed, Haleem Raheed, trombones; Shafi Hadi, Ahmad Salim, alto saxophones; Yusef Lateef, Musa Kaleem, tenor saxophones; Sahib Shihab, baritone saxophone; Sadik Hakim, piano (to avoid the more obvious choice, he says); Jamil Nasser, bass, and Kahlil Madi, drums. Vocals by Aliyah Rabia (better known as Dakota Staton).

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DISCUSSION *from page 22*

Basie: I wouldn't say fickle, but the trends of things are changing. And they always have changed. Everything's got to change. If it didn't you'd still have the Woolworth Building.

Teagarden: You know, most cocktail lounges can't afford any more than about six pieces. If they had a big band, you'd have to have 2,000 seats, at least, filled every night in order to make expenses.

Basie: Some small places, even if they lose a few dollars or just break even, they'll bring big bands in for a night or something like that just for prestige—which is very smart.

Down Beat: Count, you've had men in your band who are pace-setters. How does one replace men like that?

Basie: Selecting men for those seats? Well, you just don't try to think about Lester Young or Hershel Evans or Don Byas or anything like that. There used to be days when bands were built on tenor players, trumpet players, and things like that. But that's a bad thing to do now, because if you lose them, you're through. So, therefore, it's like Maynard said, you set yourself more ensemble things, which I find out is a great thing. It's all right to have great guys in the section, but when they leave you, you're almost through. . . . Because it's awfully sickening when somebody says, "Man, what are you gonna do—you ain't got Oscar with you?" Or, "Where's Oujjee?"

Teagarden: Musicians are like a team of horses, we'll say. You know you've seen these horses that pull the big famous beer truck. Well, in a way it's like that. Musicians are like unbroken ponies. They want to go, a lot of them. And they *can* go, but they will never get seasoned until they learn to work in a team. Like, everybody pull that wagon together.

Down Beat: Art Blakey said in a *Blindfold Test* that young musicians today never had big-band experience. And he felt that it would make them much better musicians.

Teagarden: Before I went with Paul Whiteman, I was talking with Bix one day and I said, "Bix, does being in a big band like that and being held down to concerts, does it bore you or anything like that?" He said, "No, it's the greatest experience I ever had—working under a baton and learning—it's been the greatest training I ever had." And Whiteman had everybody, Trumbauer and Joe Venuti, and they all say the same thing—that was the greatest training they ever had. Musicians have to learn to work in an orchestra.

Down Beat: It's the discipline?

Teagarden: That's it—the teamwork.

Basie: Some of the kids coming up want to play a lot. They've got guys like this coming out and playing, and he goes on to think about nobody but Maynard, you understand what I mean? And that's where he's going. He's not thinking about himself or how to create something himself, to be an originator. All he can hear is Maynard. And so many guys like Maynard and Dizzy have really messed up some good trumpet players. That's true, you know. . . .

Teagarden: The ones that think they're stars and ain't—they're the ones that give you trouble.

Basie: I tell the arrangers to concentrate on the *band*.

Teagarden: And young musicians finally learn, when they miss a few meals. Some of those guys I've known were very talented, but they cut out from me because I wouldn't put their name up on top of the billing. . . . If a boy will just listen to Count Basie or a person who has had to miss a lot of meals, he won't have to miss any. But if he gets big-shot and cuts out, he's gonna miss 'em—he ain't gonna work.

Basie: All of a sudden they're going to put you down. You can't pinpoint things like that, because the youngsters today, they've got ambition, you know. And these guys 90 years old can't always be the marquee backers. It's got to be that some youth has got to come along and take it over. It really gripes me when I see how hard it is for the youngsters to really hit and make it, because I think there needs to be some young blood take over. But it's so hard for owners and promoters to promote, because the kids have no marquee value.

I've heard a couple of bands that are really wonderful, that people would enjoy hearing if they could just get to them. But that's what I think should happen. . . . The youngster now that's coming up with any kind of groups that are not known, he has a tough way to go—and that is tragic, that really is. . . .

Down Beat: The big bands have a sax section, a trombone section, a trumpet section, a rhythm section. Why does this have to be? Why is it like this? Why must a big band be sectionalized?

Ferguson: I have what could be termed the old-fashioned setup in my band. That is, I have three trumpets, not counting myself; two trombones; four saxophones; and three rhythm. . . . I've doubled all my life, and I don't think we need to invent new instruments, like mellophoniums. I think the instruments within the legitimate scope, like baritone horn, should be used.

But, of course, there's also a trap to that. Supposing Maynard Ferguson adds

three baritone horns, and I'm not going to be kind to the players just because they're not used to the instruments. I want baritone horn players that play jazz. Now, I get a section of baritone horn players, and let's say that I have a tuba player, and I use a couple of French horns. I try and get all the family of brass, which really makes a beautiful sound. The replacement of these guys would be so impractical and so difficult that that enters into it.

Down Beat: In other words, the sectionalized big band sort of generates itself?

Ferguson: Right. But changes are coming to be, and Stan Kenton probably is responsible for some of that because of the fact that he did start using mellophoniums, even though I don't agree with using those particular instruments. I don't think they create the quality of sound that using the regular brasses will. It might be that it's easier to hire trumpet players to switch to those instruments rather than to hire them and have them play baritone horn or French horn, which calls for starting from scratch, which—naw, that's an exaggeration, but you've got to start over again in many different technical ways.

Down Beat: What about writing for a big band? Most of the big bands have always played one section against another. Suppose somebody came out with a band that was not like all the other bands—it might catch on. You hear so many people say, "Gee, they ought to bring back the bands." But they're really saying, "Gee, they ought to bring back my youth." Because most of these people are middle-aged. Now suppose, with a new audience—today's youth—a big band, a different big band emerged. . . .

Ferguson: I think that my thinking is right on that, but then again I suppose every leader believes he's thinking right. We're contemplating a new album right now, and in the last discussion we had between four of the guys that will do most of the writing and myself, I told them that I wanted to start using the sound of the original—I call it the original—Miles Davis band. Remember with the tuba and the French horn? We don't need to use the same voicings because there have been changes since then, even though it'll still sound very, very hip, if we may use that term. We're advancing along those lines all the time.

I'm also trying to encourage a lot of the younger guys. I have a guy by the name of Mike Abene who's arranging now. He was the piano player on that Newport Youth Band. He's a little young genius. It's interesting to see him learn from Willie Maiden while Willie Maiden grins and learns from him.

[Maiden is Ferguson's chief arranger.]

Down Beat: In other words, you would be for getting away from so much of the section-style band.

Ferguson: Very much so. What I want to do in my band is to *never* form a style. I believe that's the biggest monster of all.

Down Beat: Do you think this would hurt you commercially?

Ferguson: No, I really don't think so. My band has never had a hit record, and we exist very well right now. I feel that most of our albums are a very poor representation of my band. This has been a problem we've had from the very beginning. . . . I never play my own records at home. . . .

Down Beat: Is it that playing piano is so easy, Count, and playing trombone so easy, Jack, that accounts for the way you two have endured so long?

Basie: Eating must go on, and rent must be paid. . . .

Teagarden: A lot of folks think that of all the recordings I've made—and I've made over 8,000, according to the collectors—the royalties must be some fabulous amount. But in those days they didn't have a royalty deal. You were paid \$35 for the date, and it all belonged to them. So there's no income from that, and we have to work just like everybody else. There are some—like they're getting \$14,000 a week—but people don't realize the expenses that come out of it. You have to rent a bus at two, three dollars a mile, and there's the agency, the usual 10 percent. And your own taxes. . . .

Down Beat: With restrictions on allowing minors in places that serve liquor, it's difficult for a young musician to hear bands and to work with them. Was there the same problem back a few years?

Basie: At the time Jack and I were getting around, you had to be a *man* to play one of those holes. I mean, like you had to be past 21 to get around. And the kids nowadays got such a wonderful chance of getting experience—in the school and places like that. Kids can get around now at 16, at 17. In those days, you had to be 21, 25, 30—I mean you had to be a real man. . . . But now these kids have got all the advantages in the world; if they don't take care of it. . . .

Teagarden: There'll be a vacuum if they don't take care of it.

Basie: How do you feel about that, Maynard?

Ferguson: I feel very much that way. I know that I've been playing professionally since I was 13, but I was quite an oddity. And when I had my own band at 16, the average age in my band

was 37. This was my Canadian band. But as soon as I came to the United States, I discovered I was no longer called the baby of the band anymore. I looked around and no matter what band I was on—after I was here for about three years—everybody was my age. And then I noticed recently—even the junior high schools. Woodrow Wilson High School has a lead trumpet player that's really. . . . I did something so terrible to him. He started playing, and he got through the first tune, Jack, and I was judging this contest, and I got so hysterical I laughed for about five minutes. They really thought I was

laughing at him. But here's the thing, here was a kid who was only 13 who not only knows how to *play* lead trumpet, but he knows how to *act*. He was putting down the second trumpet player when he came in early. He'd squeeze his knee and remind him "it's cup mute now." That's really incredible, but it's also delightful too.

Down Beat: Basie, how old were you when you became a leader?

Basie: You just lost me. . . . Jack, goodbye.

Teagarden: It's been wonderful, Count.



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University Of Denver Stage Band

WHEN, AT THE AWARD ceremonies climaxing the two days of preliminary and final competitions that made up the 1963 Collegiate Jazz Festival held at the University of Notre Dame, it was announced that the winning big band was the University of Denver Stage Band, few who had attended were at all surprised.

During its two festival appearances, the Denver band had roared through its selections with a blithe abandon, free-wheeling gusto, and an easy, relentless swing that were the very epitome of big-band jazz playing. Not only did the 17-piece Rocky Mountain contingent overwhelm competition with the power and suave precision of its playing, but it further impressed judges and audiences alike with the high caliber of its soloists and arrangers.

If the group's victory came as no surprise, one is surely contained in the fact that the stage-band program at the University of Denver is but three years old. In that relatively short space of time the band had come from a group of music students who met informally in their free hours to play jazz arrangements to the disciplined, powerhouse crew that swept the collegiate competition.

Much of the credit goes to the band's dedicated, energetic director Frank Gagliardi, at 31 a percussionist with 12 years experience with the Denver Symphony, a versatile musician who has worked with such performers as Harry Belafonte, Margaret Whiting, the Woody Herman All-Stars, the Modernaires, the Hi-Lo's, and numerous road shows, and who for the last seven years has been percussion instructor at the University of Denver's Lamont School of Music.

The stage band was first formed, Gagliardi said, almost by accident. He happened to walk in on a group of student musicians who were playing some jazz scores for their own enjoyment. They asked him to stay and to offer criticism of their playing. The informal rehearsal sessions soon became regular events to which both the instructor and the students looked forward. The improvement was marked, so much so that after a while Gagliardi decided to ask the music school head, Dr. Roger Phee, to accept the band rehearsals as a regular part of the school's curriculum.

"Dr. Phee was really wonderful about it," Gagliardi said. "Even though this was an area with which he was completely unfamiliar, he backed us all the way with a great deal of faith and encouragement."

In the fall of 1960 the stage band was added to the music curriculum as a one-hour credit course. By 1962 it had progressed sufficiently to apply and be accepted for competition at that year's Collegiate Jazz Festival. Though it did not reach the finals, it made a good showing. A positive outcome of the band's participation in the festival, however, was the increased enthusiasm and confidence of its members and the new regard in which the band was held upon its return to the Denver campus after the competition. As a result, the band was able to attract enough new musicians to the program so that at the start of the 1962-63 school year two bands could be formed—the first a band of 17 members, called the stage band, and

wouldn't even consider using them. It's gratifying now to see that a lot of the fellows are beginning to pick up jobs for shows and dances.

"Another thing I'm interested in doing is having a sort of personnel library. A lot of the big road bands come into town, and if the personnel managers of the bands—say, Stan Kenton's, Sam Donahue's, or Ralph Marterie's—know that we have a lot of good players out here, this is where they will get their stock in the future. It's really the only place they can get it—on the college campuses."

Several of the band's members, in fact, have worked with name bands during summer vacations. Trombonists Carl Johnson and Stuart Turner have played in the Marterie band, as has trumpeter Byron Lingenfelter, who also has worked with Donahue. Of the band's rhythm men, bassist Bud Smith often has worked with Sonny Stitt; Jo Jo Williams, whose strong drumming



The University of Denver Stage Band at an on-campus concert

a second, younger, less experienced unit called the lab band.

Though the band's growth and development has been encouraging, Gagliardi said he has hopes of expanding its program even wider in the near future. "We want to expand in this area," he said, "to include dance-band arranging programs, harmony, theory, and jazz composition. This is the ideal program—one where you have the band and everything connected with this particular phase of jazz music along with it. I feel that with what we have now we will eventually be able to obtain this."

Currently the greater number of students who are in the band are pursuing studies leading to a degree in music education, though a few are music majors.

One indication of the improvement in the band members' playing is the fact that most of them are now musician union members.

"This," Gagliardi said, "is one thing that pleases me greatly. At one time, for a student to be able to go out into the professional world here in Denver and play jobs was unheard of. They weren't qualified, and handleaders around town

sparked the band to its CJF victory, has been a member of the Jomar Dargon Quartet and the Terry Gibbs and Charlie Ventura groups; and pianist Roy Pritts has provided arrangements for the Stan Kenton Band and has written for *The Martha Raye Show*.

The University of Denver Stage Band has come far in its brief three-year existence, a situation that redounds as much to the hard work and enthusiasm of its members as to the guidance of its director. "We want to try to influence many of the school bands around the country," Gagliardi explained, "showing that jazz and big bands do have a place on the campus, because this is about the only place left that can provide the material and support them. I think the era of the big band is actually gone—though I hope it's coming back (and we're certainly trying to help it)—but in order to have a big band there's only one place you can do it, and this is on the campus. I think this is why we've had a lot of success."

"Our goals," he concluded, "are to have a real fine jazz program, fine band, and influence some of the better players around the country to come to our campus."



terminated at press time. Saturday afternoon: *An Afternoon at the Hooper's Club* featuring tap dancers Lawrence, Briggs, **Honi Coles**, **Charlie Atkins**, and **Pete Nugent** with **Marshall Stearns** as narrator. In addition, there will be a screening of German jazz television programs presented by critic **Joachim E. Berendt** on Saturday morning at the Newport Casino Theater, and a panel discussion concerning jazz and religion, moderated by the Rev. **Norman O'Connor**, at 5 p. m. on Sunday. The panel will be held at Freebody Park, site of all the concerts.

Oscar Brown Jr. is in England rehearsing with **Annie Ross** for **William Donaldson's** big-budget musical *Wham! Bam! Thank You, Ma'am*. British drummer **Tony Kinsey** has written the music and will direct a 15-piece orchestra on stage. The show opens in August at the Comedy Theater in London.

In Manhattan, the Lower East Side Association held an arts festival June 2-15. As part of the festival, there was a jazz night at the St. Mark's Church with **Randy Weston**, **Bobby Timmons**, **Zoot Sims**, **Steve Lacy**, and the **Freddie Redd Quintet**. Pianist Redd also led a 17-piece rehearsal band augmented by a string section for a suite by trumpeter **Dizzy Reece**.

New York had two young Swedish jazz musicians, pianist **Anders Ekdahl** and drummer **Bertil Geppson**, as guests for a week. The youths won a free trip here in a contest for jazzmen in the south of Sweden. A Swedish bank and Pan-American Airways, which flew the winners here, were the sponsors. Ekdahl, who has played with the quintet of **Ake Bjorn** for the past year and a half, wanted to hear **Maynard Ferguson**, **Count Basie**, **Bill Evans**, and **Oscar Peterson** but was disappointed when none was in town. Geppson, who regularly works with the 30-piece **Lief Uvemarks Band**, did hear one of his favorites, **Louis Hayes**, with **Cannonball Adderley's** group and also enjoyed the work of **Al Heath** in **Donald Byrd's** sextet.

Jackie McLean played two weeks in Montreal for the Montreal Jazz Society with local musicians backing him . . . Former **Lester Young** trumpeter **Jesse Drakes** was added to the **Dorothy Donegan Trio** during the pianist's Embers stay . . . **Sonny Rollins'** new group includes pianist **Paul Bley**, bassist **Henry Grimes**, and drummer **Roy McCurdy** . . . **Herbie Hancock** is **Miles Davis'** new pianist. Alto saxophonist **Frank Strozier** has left the trumpeter's group . . . **Candido** provided the conga backing for Afro-Cuban singer **Miguelito Valdes'** engagement at the Liborio. Composer

George Russell is forming a new group with himself at the piano; ex-trombonist **Dave Baker**, cello; **Paul Plummer**, tenor saxophone; and a drummer, to be named later . . . The **Count Basie Band** will be the first guests on NBC's *The Lively Ones* on July 25. Singer **Vic Damone** is the show's host, as he was last year, and **Jerry Fielding** will serve as music director . . . **Oscar Peterson** taped a series of jazz shows for a Canadian company in Montreal . . . The **Benny Goodman Septet** at Basin Street East, in addition to the leader's clarinet, consisted of **Tyree Glenn**, trombone, vibraharp; **Modesto Brisenio**, tenor saxophone, flute; **Bobby Hackett**, cornet; **John Bunch**, piano; **Jimmy Rowser**, bass; **Ray Mosca**, drums. Singer **Carol Sloane** went to Mexico with the Goodman group and continued with them at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D.C.

The personnel of the **Don Ellis Improvisation Workshop Orchestra** that has been playing Thursday nights at the Speakeasy on Bleecker St. consists of Ellis, trumpet, percussion; **Don Heckman**, alto saxophone; **Ken McIntyre**, oboe; **Ed Summerlin**, tenor saxophone; **Martin Siegel**, piano; **Steve Swallow**, **Jimmy Stevenson**, **Barre Phillips**, basses; **Earl Zindars**, percussion; **Joe Cocuzzo**, drums; **Lisa Dolja**, voice.

The **Gene Hull Band**, which was received favorably at last year's Newport Jazz Festival, recently appeared with singer **Tony Bennett** in concert at the Shakespeare Theater in Stratford, Conn., and on June 28 will play the Barnum Festival Ballyhoo Show with **Jack Benny** in the same city.

After opening the season at St. John Terrell's Music Circus at Lambertville, N.J., pianist **Erroll Garner** is continuing along the summer tent-theater route. A partial schedule includes Garner concerts at the Musicarnival, Cleveland, Ohio, June 30; Music Fair Tent, Gaithersburg, Md., July 1; Oakdale Music Theater Tent, Wallingford, Conn., Aug. 4; Music Fair, outside Washington, D.C., Aug. 12; and the Westbury, Long Island, Music Fair, Aug. 19. From July 5 through 29, Garner will take a respite from the canvas circuit by setting up residence at the London House in Chicago.

RECORD NOTES: United Artists will release albums by **Charlie Mingus**, **Howard McGhee**, **Dakota Staton**, and **Bud Freeman** with guitarists **George Barnes** and **Carl Kress**. The first is material gleaned from the bassist's controversial Town Hall concert last fall; the other three are studio sessions produced by **George Wein** . . . **Charlie Byrd** recorded "live" at the Village Gate for Riverside. Besides his regulars — bassist **Keter Betts**, and drummer **Bill Reichenbach** — Byrd

had the pleasure of the company of trumpeter **Clark Terry**, and tenor man **Seldon Powell** . . . Blue Note has signed trumpeter **Blue Mitchell**, and Detroit tenor saxophonist **Joe Henderson**. The company also expects to record African drummer-singer **Solomon Ilori** in his own album . . . A&R man **Tom Wilson** has moved from Dauntless to Columbia, replacing **Al Kasha** . . . Prestige will record "pure jazz" for its New Jazz and Moodsville outlets. Jazz photographer **Don Schlitten**, who is Prestige's art director, will a&r the dates. He already has produced **Dave Pike's Oliver** and a set with tenorist **Lucky Thompson** . . . Veteran Philadelphia clarinetist **Billy Krechmer** has a release on the Ranstead label. It is being distributed by **Fred Miles**, who is bringing out *The GRAND Piano Solos of Al Haig* on his own Fred Miles Presents label . . . Trombonist **Dickie Wells** recorded for Impulse.

Monte Kay's new FM label will release an album by **Chris Connor** plus *Jazz Committee* by an all-star group including **Curtis Fuller**, **Zoot Sims**, **Al Cohn**, **Kenny Dorham**, and **Herbie Mann**, recorded on location during a South American tour. FM has also signed **Bernard Peiffer** . . . **Illinois Jacquet** recorded for Argo in New York.

Arrangements for the first LP cut by **Earl Hines** for Capitol were done by **Ralph Carmichael** . . . The **Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina Quartet** will record its next album for Mercury live at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood. **Jack Tracy** will supervise . . . **Jimmy McEachin** joined the World Pacific/Pacific Jazz staff as a&r chief in charge of pop and rhythm-and-blues singles.

Capitol may be a little late with what promises to be the best bossa nova offering since the Getz-Byrd phenomenon, but the Tower set an August release date for a pairing of the tenorist and guitarist **Laurindo Almeida** . . . The multi-talented **H. B. Barnum**, who in addition to his vocalizing on RCA Victor, is a master of all, repeat ALL, dance-band instruments and an arranger of merit, signed a contract with San Francisco's Fantasy records, giving the company exclusive distribution rights for Barnum's three labels—Little Star, Prelude, and H-111. Barnum's records under the new setup will be produced by him all the way and will consist solely of singles. Initial plans call for the production and distribution of 20 singles each year for three years.

Tenor man **Al Cohn** will arrange and conduct singer **Helen Humes'** Colpix album. Cohn also is writing the music for the **Keefe Braselle** show that is replacing **Garry Moore's** on CBS this summer . . . Pianist **Jimmy Jones** did the arrangements for guitarist **Wes Montgomery's** Riverside date with strings . . .

Multi-saxophonist **Roland Kirk** did a date for Mercury with a 12-piece band. Arrangements were by **Benny Golson** . . . Tenor man **Stanley Turrentine** has been re-signed by Blue Note . . . Tenorist **Booker Ervin** has signed with Prestige . . . **Elliot Mazer**, formerly with Prestige, has joined Cameo-Parkway records in a jazz a&r capacity . . . **Dave Axelrod** has been named West Coast a&r director for Prestige records. Axelrod will be headquartered in Hollywood.

GERMANY

West Berlin has a new jazz club, the Blue Note, managed by **Peter Trunk**, pioneer jazz bassist. The regulars playing there include U. S. altoist **Herb Geller**, trumpeter **Ack van Royen**, blind Spanish pianist **Tete Montoliu**, and Swedish trombonist **Ake Persson** . . . In Hamburg, the television dance orchestra of the North German Radio Network is now under the leadership of clarinetist **Rolf Kuhn**, who spent some time in the United States working with name groups . . . The German Federation of Jazz now publishes a quarterly bulletin available to members of the federation clubs free of charge . . . Former **Duke Ellington** trumpeter **Nelson Williams** is making the German jazz cellar rounds . . . U. S. trumpeter **Benny Bailey** is working in the brass section of **Max Greger's** big band on West German TV.

Albert Mangelsdorff's quintet takes off on a tour of Yugoslavia, Libya, Egypt, and Turkey, after which it will be featured at the International Jazz Festival on the French Riviera at Antibes July 24-30. The foremost German trombonist also leads the jazz group on West Germany's Hessian Radio Network. Besides Mangelsdorff, his quintet consists of **Heinz Sauer**, tenor saxophone; **Guenter Kronberg**, alto saxophone; **Guenter Lenz**, bass; and **Al Huebner**, drums. Mangelsdorff and tenorist **Hans Koller** participated in **Joachim-Ernst Berend's Jazz—Heard and Seen** television show over Southwest Radio Network from Baden-Baden along with the **Michell-Ruff Duo**, the **Thelonious Monk Quartet**, and the **Cannonball Adderley Sextet**.

HONOLULU

Ernie Washington, Hawaii's best-known jazzman, goes to the mainland this month and will enter a hospital for minor surgery of an undisclosed nature. His duties with his mainstream trio playing at **Duke Kahanamoku's** will fall into the keyboard hands of **Paul Conrad** . . . Listeners at the **Count Basie** performance at Hilton's Hawaiian Village were to get the "New York treatment." Instead of formal concert arrangement, the hall was to be set with

tables in a cabaret fashion . . . **Louis Armstrong** got a rather quiet airport reception here. Honolulu papers had been packed with press releases on his appearance here.

The Headliners, the island's first big jazz band, have jammed their Sunday sessions in Honolulu. There was a wince when, in this largely Oriental city, the group swung into a number entitled *Getting Lost You Oriental Creep* . . . Rumors are partially confirmed that Honolulu's biggest jazz cabaret, the Club 81, is set to change hands soon. The reported buyer is Hawaiian Enterprises. There has been no announcement on what the new owners plan for the spot . . . **Thelonious Monk** following the Far East jazz trail, stopped in Honolulu on his way to Tokyo, where his quartet was scheduled for a series of performances.

BOSTON

Lennie's, located in West Peabody, Mass., has been featuring jazz groups lately. Since last month, **J. J. Johnson's** quartet, the big band of **Herb Pomeroy**, and **Mae Arnett** have appeared. Trumpeter **Ruby Braff** is scheduled to be leading the group there as this issue goes on sale and will be followed by combos led by trombonist **Matthew Gee** and **Zoot Sims** . . . The Boston Arts Society has featured jazz for several years now. This year is no exception, but instead of a modern group, as in years past, the festival has booked the traditional jazz band of clarinetist **George Lewis**.

John T. McPhee's Tic Toc Lounge recently inaugurated a jazz policy. So far, groups playing there have been those of **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Cannonball Adderley**, **Coleman Hawkins**, and **Cozy Cole** . . . Another new home for jazz in Boston is the Gilded Cage. Out-of-town groups have included those of **Wild Bill Davison** and **Eddie Condon**. **Dick Wetmore** heads the local house band . . . Basin Street South recently had the bands of **Count Basie** and **Woody Herman** onstand . . . The Melody Tent in Hyannis plans to feature some jazz this summer and has booked the **Stan Kenton Band**, the **Dave Brubeck Quartet** and the **Louis Armstrong All-Stars** for dates . . . Berklee School of Music received a \$500 grant from NARAS to be used for scholarships.

CHICAGO

Two establishments here have been booking big bands, usually on a Sunday and/or Monday, on a regular schedule: the El-Sid Ballroom on the south side and the Club Laurel on the north side. **Stan Kenton** and **Maynard Ferguson** have played both spots recently, and both bands did good business at the Laurel but not at the ballroom. Kenton

and several members of his band were in the audience during Ferguson's two-nighter at the Laurel, perhaps explaining the exceptional heat and vigor with which the trumpeter's crew blazed forth that night. The Laurel also has presented the bands of **Woody Herman** and **Count Basie** in recent weeks; both are scheduled to return, Basie on July 15 and Herman at an unspecified date but probably sometime this summer.

Avant-garde tenor saxophonist **Joe Daley** has been signed by RCA Victor and has completed his first session for the company. Daley's trio—**Russell Thorne**, bass, and **Hal Russell**, drums—is scheduled to be recorded at the Newport Jazz Festival. Thorne and Russell also were signed to RCA contracts . . . Tenorist **Sandy Mosse** and trumpeter-fluegelhornist **Warren Kime** are currently sporting one of the Windy City's finest octets. The group can be heard on Sunday afternoons and Wednesday nights at Sir Kenneth's Pub and includes, in addition to Mosse and Kime, **Johnny Howell**, trumpet, fluegelhorn; **Jim George**, trombone; **Chuck Kainz**, alto saxophone; **Bart Deming**, baritone saxophone; **Bill Yancey**, bass; and **Bob Cousins**, drums . . . Altoist **Bunky Green** is rehearsing a new quintet.

Gospel singer **Mahalia Jackson** spearheaded a lineup of performers that included comics **Dick Gregory**, **Bob Newhart**, and **Shelley Berman**, singers **Al Hibbler** and **Aretha Franklin**, and the **Chad Mitchell Trio** folk group at a recent McCormick Place program to benefit **Martin Luther King's** Southern Christian Leadership Conference. The show was backed by 28-piece band under **Red Saunders'** leadership. AFM Local 10 paid the musicians from its share of the recording trust funds, administered here by vice president **Rudy Nashan**.

Pianist **Ahmad Jamal** has taken over the management of the Taj Mahal. The place originally was owned by the pianist and called the Alhambra, but Jamal sold it more than a year ago. It reopened early this year with the new name—and featuring Jamal's trio as the main attraction. Some localites are confused about who's who and what's in a name and refuse to refer to the place as anything other than the White Elephant. Jamal's trio opens the 26th.

The Graemere Hotel on the city's West Side recently initiated a jazz policy in its Pan-American Room. The **Jazz Disciples**, regularly heard at 5th Jacks on Wednesdays, kicked the series off with a three-week engagement at the room, followed for four weeks by vocalist **Jo Ann Henderson** (who had been appearing at the Boom Boom Room) backed by the trio of pianist **King**

Fleming. Organist **Dave Green** holds down the intermission spot . . . Blues singer-guitarist **Elmore James**, 43, in Chicago for recording sessions, died suddenly of a heart attack on May 24. James was buried in Durant, Miss., where he made his home.

MIDWEST RAMBLINGS: Jazz went to church in Indianapolis recently when former trombonist **Dave Baker** brought an octet and a vocalist to the North Methodist Church for a Sunday evening recital. Baker wrote three originals for the event: *Hymn*, *Infinity*, and *Make a Joyful Noise*. He also arranged several English folk songs and Protestant religious songs. The program was part of the church's Festival of Religion and Art. The personnel included Baker, cello; **Alan Kiger**, trumpet; **Jamie Aeher-sold**, alto saxophone; **Paul Elliott**, tenor saxophone; **Ted Dunbar**, guitar; **Don Baldwin**, bass; and **Gary Elliott**, drums. **Shirley Prater** was the vocalist.

LOS ANGELES

The **Woody Herman Band** broke it up here with a three-day stand at Basin Street West. While Philip's a&r man **Jack Tracy** set the tape rolling for a live recording session, such Herd alumni as **Red Norvo**, **Mary Ann McCall**, and **Terry Gibbs**, were presented plaques by the club's management commemorating Herman's 25th year as a bandleader . . . **Count Basie** and **Jimmy Witherspoon**, due to open at Small's Paradise West for three days coinciding with the Herman stand, never made it. The club failed to open its doors because of liquor-license problems and incomplete decorating. Basie and Witherspoon then hopped a jet for Hawaii and Japan. The Basie sidemen got a well-earned rest in the meantime.

Singer-bandleader **Eddie Howard**, whose biggest record hit was *To Each His Own* died May 23 in his Palm Desert, Calif., home. Howard was 47.

Leroy (Tiny) Brown, bassist during the late 1940s with **Slim Gaillard**, died here recently at his home . . . **Mike Lyman's** onetime restaurant on Vine St., closed in recent years, is getting a \$50,000 face lift and will be opened by producer **James Terry**, as a nonalcoholic theater-cabaret-dance hall. The dance hall, with a capacity of some 300, will feature name bands. The renovated premises is due to open June 25 . . . International Talent Associates is booking **Laurindo Almeida** on his first club tour as a classical guitarist in mid-western and eastern clubs.

Buddy Rich left his plush drum chair with the **Harry James** band (he was reported earning in excess of \$1,100 a week with the trumpeter) to form a co-op combo with tenorist **Georgie Auld** and trumpeter **Harry Edison** that will

be sans piano but may feature the vibes of **Mike Mainieri**, who worked with one of Rich's previous groups. Meanwhile, **Frank Hudec** was slated to replace Rich with James. Hudec for years was drummer with the **Mary Kaye Trio**. James and band will appear with **Billy Eckstine** at the Monterey, Calif., Jazz Festival in September . . . And, speaking of festivals, **Frances Faye** has been signed for the International Jazz Festival at Liege, Belgium, in August. Are you ready, Belgians?

Clare Fischer left the **Cal Tjader** group on schedule and returned here "to write and play." Meanwhile, he is doing some of the playing Tuesday nights only at the El Cid flamenco concert hall assisted by **Monty Budwig** on bass and **Larry Bunker** on drums.

SAN FRANCISCO

So impressed were owners of Oakland's Claremont Hotel by the **Woody Herman Orchestra** that managing director **Murray Lehr** began negotiating for a return booking even before the band completed its recent four-night engagement. Although the band—which was making its first northern California appearance—never did fill the 900-person Garden Room, Lehr said he was delighted by the turnout and satisfied that attendance at a future date would boom. Herman's manager, **Abe Turchen**, said that representatives from Harrah's clubs in Reno and Lake Tahoe, Nev., where Herman is booked during June, contacted Turchen during the band's Los Angeles stay and contracted for appearances in each of the next three years. Incidentally, when Herman is at Harrah's Tahoe, he'll play in the lounge while the **Lawrence Welk Orchestra** is featured in the Show Room. Herman now has a singer, who made her debut here. She's **Renee Roberts**, of Chicago. She formerly worked with **Tex Beneke**, **Richard Maltby**, and **Buddy Morrow**. **Frank Hittner**, formerly of the **Maynard Ferguson Band** is now playing baritone sax in place of **Gene Allen** . . . **Ahmad Jamal's** current trio has **Richard Evans**, bass, and **Chuck Lampkin**, drums. The group played the Black Hawk recently . . . With **Carmen McRae** at Sugar Hill were pianist **Norman Simmons**, bassist **Wyatt (Bull) Ruther**, and drummer **Fats Heard**.

Pianist **Ralph Sutton** is playing at the new Gold Rush Steak House in the Broadway area . . . The Jazz Workshop plans to install a canopy over the bandstand as the first step in an attack on the unsound sound situation at the club . . . **Vince Guaraldi's** trio played a Sunday afternoon concert at the Walnut Creek Public Library as the concluding event of that east-bay city's eighth annual Pageant of the Arts.



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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*.
 Basin St. East: **L. Melliers**, *t/n* 6/29.
 Birdland: **Philly Joe Jones**, **Les McCann**, **Betty Carter**, 6/20-7/3.
 Robin Inn (Rockland Lake, N.J.): jazz, Sun.
 Chuck's Composite: **Richard Wyands**, **George Joyner**, *t/n*.
 Condon's: **Edmond Hall**, *t/n*.
 Embers: **Dizzy Gillespie** to 6/22. **Jonah Jones**, **Bill Dowdy**, 6/24-*t/n*.
 Five Spot: **Thelonious Monk**, *t/n*.
 Fountain Lounge (Fairview, N.J.): jazz, Mon.
 Half Note: **Ronnie Scott**-**Jimmy Deuchar** to 6/23.
Walt Dickerson, 6/25-30. **Benny Golson**, 7/2-7.
 Hickory House: **Martial Solal**, *t/n*.
 Jazzline at the Club Cinderella: **Eph Resnick**, **Kenny Dorham**, Sun.
 Junior's: jazz, Fri., Sat.
 Metropole: **Maynard Ferguson** to 6/27. **Gene Krupa**, 6/28-7/18.
 New School: **Thelonious Monk**, 6/22. **Sonny Rollins**, 6/29.
 New Yorkshire Terrace (Brooklyn): jazz, Thur.
 Nick's: *unk*.
 Penn Brook Inn (Elizabeth, N.J.): jazz, Mon.
 Purple Manor: **Tiny Grimes**, *t/n*.
 Room at the Bottom: **Wilbur DeParis**, *t/n*.
 Round-a-Bout (New Rochelle): **Joe Puma**, Mon.-Thur. **Carl Frea**, **Joe Roland**, Fri.-Sun.
 Jimmy Ryan's: **Danny Barker**, *t/n*.
 Thwaite's (City Island): **Judy James**, **Jimmy Jones**, Fri.-Sun.
 Village Gate: **Miriam Makeba**, **Lucho Navarro**, **Tom Paxton**, to 6/30.
 Village Vanguard: **Stan Getz** to 6/30.

BOSTON

Connolly's: **Jazz Delegates**, *t/n*.
 Gilded Cage: **Dick Wetmore**, *t/n*.
 Lennie's (West Peabody, Mass.): **Ruby Braff** to 6/23. **Matthew Gee**, 6/24-30. **Zoot Sims**, 7/8-14.
 Shanty Lounge: **Cleve Nickerson**, *t/n*.
 Tic Toc: **Clarence Johnston**, *t/n*.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **DeeLloyd McKay**, **Tony DeNicola**, **Charlie Thomas**, *t/n*.
 Kreechmer's: **Billy Kreechmer**-**Tommy Sims**, *hb*.
 Lambertville Music Circus: **Louis Armstrong**, 6/24.
 Pep's: *unk*.
 Red Hill Inn: *unk*.
 Sunnybrook (Pottstown, Pa.): name bands, Sat.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: **Vince Fabrizio**, *t/n*.
 Bayou: **Joe Rinaldi**, *hb*.
 Bohemian Taverns: **JFK Quintet**, *hb*.
 Cafe Lounge: **Billy Taylor Jr.**, *hb*. **Bobbie Kelley**, *t/n*.
 Cellar Door: **Eddie Phyfe**, *t/n*.
 Charles Hotel: **Kenny Fulcher**-**Silde Harris**, *hb*.
 Thur.-Sat.
 Crescent Restaurant: **Dick Bailey**, *hb*.
 Eden Roc: **Maurice Robertson**, **Buck Hill**, *t/n*.
 French Quarter: **Tommy Gwaltney**, *t/n*.
 International Jazz Mecca (Abart's): *unk*.
 Showboat Lounge: **Charlie Byrd**, **John Malachi**, **Shoreham Hotel** (Marquee Lounge): **Jackie Davis** to 6/29.
 Town House: **Ann Read**, *t/n*.

NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt**, *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*.
 Outrigger: **Stan Mendelson**, *t/n*.
 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.

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*.
 Bustle & Bows: **Dixie Wildcats**, *t/n*.
 Chez Joe: **Ann & Van**, *wknds*.
 Crystal Palace: **Jimmy Williams**, *t/n*.
 Park Side: **Quartette Tres Bien**, *t/n*.
 El Rancho: **Bob Adams**-**Doug Thornton**, *t/n*.
 Fallen Angel: **Bob Thayer**, **Bob Graf**, *t/n*.

Gino's: **Nancy Wilson**, 7/12-20.
 Golden Eagle: **Singleton Palmer**, *t/n*.
 Islander: **Don Cunningham**, *t/n*.
 Merry-Go-Round: **Sal Ferrante**, *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

Baker's Keyboard: *unk*.
 Big John's: **Bob Pierson**, *t/n*.
 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*.
 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*.
 Night Flight: **Danny Stevenson**, *t/n*.
 Nite Lite: **Vince Manace**, **Nick Flore**, **Gene Stewart**, *t/n*.
 Odom's Cave: **Bill Hyde**, *t/n*.
 St. Claire Inn (St. Claire, Mich.): **Jackie Davis**, 7/1-20.
 Trent's: **Terry Pollard**, *t/n*.
 20 Grand: **Charles Rowland**, *wknds*.

CHICAGO

The Bear: **Muddy Waters** to 7/7. **Fred Kaz**, **Roy Ruby**, *t/n*.
 Black Lite: **Judy Roberts**, *t/n*.
 Bourbon Street: **Bob Sobey**, **Art Hodes**, *t/n*.
 Club Laurel: **Count Basie**, 7/15.
 Fickle Pickle: blues sessions, Tue.
 Fifth Jack's: sessions, Wed.
 Gaslight Club: **Frankie Ray**, *t/n*.
 Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): **Cy Touff**, Mon., Tues. **Cliff Nlep**, Wed.-Sun.
 Hungry Eye: **The Jazz People**, *t/n*.
 Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**, *t/n*. **Dave Remington**, *Thur*.
 London House: **Herbie Mann** to 7/4. **Erroll Garner**, 7/5-28. **Oscar Peterson**, 7/30-8/25. **Dizzy Gillespie**, 8/27-9/15. **George Shearing**, 9/17-10/6. **Jose Bethancourt**, **Larry Novak**, *hbs*.
 McKie's: **Sonny Rollins** to 6/23. **The Trio**, 6/26-7/7. **Les McCann**, 7/10-21.
 Mister Kelly's: **Nancy Wilson**, 7/22-8/11. **Marty Rubenstein**, **John Frigo**, *hbs*.
 Playboy: **Joe Iaco**, **Bob Davis**, **Harold Harris**, **Joe Parnello**, *hbs*.
 Plugged Nickel: **Little Brother Montgomery**, Fri.-Sat.
 Sacred Cow: **Joe Segal** sessions, Mon.
 Sherman House: **Joe Burton**, *t/n*.
 Silvio's: **Howling Wolf**, *wknds*.
 Sir Kenneth's: **Warren Kime**-**Sandy Mosse**, Wed., Sun. afternoon.
 Sutherland: **Redd Foxx** to 6/23. **Lurlean Hunter**, 6/19-23. Sessions, Tue.
 Taj Mahal: **Ahmad Jamal**, 6/26-7/14.
 Velvet Swing: **Nappy Troutler**, *t/n*.

LOS ANGELES

Barefoot Inn (Laguna): **Bob Russell**, **Eddie Elston**, **Southland Six**, *Sat*.
 Bar of Music (El Cajon): **Dave Mavey**, *t/n*.
 Basin Street West: name groups, *wknds*.
 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.
 Caesar's (Torrance): **Bob Martin**, *t/n*.
 Cresendo: **Ella Fitzgerald** to July 18.
 Davy Jones's: **Keith Shaw**, Thur.-Sat.
 Dixie Doodle (Pomona): **Ken Scott**, **Bayou Ramblers**, Fri.-Sat.
 El Cid: **Clare Fischer**, *Tue*.
 Gay Cantina (Inglewood): **Leonard Bechet**, **N.O. Dixielanders**, *wknds*.
 Gay Nineties Room (Compton Bowling Center): **The Astronuts**, **Frank Glosser**, **Steve King**, *t/n*.
 Handlebar: **Wally Holmes**' **Dixieland Band**, Fri.-Sat.
 Hermosa Inn: **Johnny Lucas**' **Blueblowers**, Fri.-Sat.
 Holiday Motor Lodge: **Dusty Rhodes Dixieland All-Stars**, Thur.-Sun.
 Hideaway Supper Club: *unk*.
 Huddle (Covina): **Teddy Buckner All-Stars**, *t/n*.
 Holiday Motor Lodge (Montclair): **Alton Purnell**, *Tue*-*Thur*. **New Orleans Jazz Band**, Fri.-Sat.
 Honeybucket (Costa Mesa): **Col. John Henderson**, **Dixie Rebels**, Fri.-Sat.
 Impromptu Owl (Sierra Madre): **Chuck Gardner**, **Ric Bystrom**, Thur.-Sun.

Intermission Room: **Curtis Amy**, *t/n*.

It Club: *unk*.

Jester Room (Elaine Hotel): **Frank Patchen**, *t/n*.
 Jim's Roaring '20s Wonderbowl (Downey): **Johnny Lane**, *t/n*.

Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*.

Marty's: **William Green**, **Tony Bazley**, *t/n*.

Metro Theater: afterhours sessions, Fri.-Sat.

Mr. Adams: **John Lemons**, **Jimmy Scott**, **Jack Lynde**, Wed.-Mon. **Luis Rivera**, *Tue*.

Mr. Konton's: **Lorez Alexandria**, **Mike Melvoin**, **Leroy Vinnegar**, Wed.-Mon.

New Orleans Club (Long Beach): **Ray Bisso's Pier Five Jazz Band**, *Sat*.

Nickelodeon (West L.A.): **Ted Shafer**, **Jelly Roll Jazz Band**, *Thur*.

Page Cavanaugh's: **Page Cavanaugh**, **Kiki Page**, *hb*.

PJ's: **Eddie Cano**, **Donna Lee**, **Jerry Wright**, **Trini Lopez**, *t/n*.

Pizza Palace (Torrance): **Johnny Lucas**' **Dixieland All-Stars**, *Wed*-*Thur*.

Polka Dot Club: **Lorenzo Holden**, Wed.-Sun. Sun. afternoon sessions.

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 Leis**, Fri.-Sat.

Royal Tahitian (Ontario): **Stuff Smith**, *Tue*-*Sun*.
Smith-Rex Stewart, Fri.-Sat.

Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis**, **Al McKibbin**, **Jack Wilson**, *t/n*.

Reuben's (Newport): **Edgar Hayes**, **Sun**-*Mon*.
 Reuben's (Justin): **Edgar Hayes**, *Tue*, *Wed*, *Sat*.
 Scene: **Ronnie Brown**, *t/n*.

Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Charlie Byrd** to 6/30.
 Sherry's: **Pete Jolly**, **Chuck Berghofer**, *t/n*.

Sid's Blue Beet (Newport Beach): **Gene Russell**, *Thur*-*Sat*. Sessions, *Sun*.

Small's Paradise West: **Earl Grant**, *t/n*.
 Spiot (Santa Barbara): jazz, *Sun*.

Store Theater: **Jay Migliori**, afterhours, *Thur*-*Sat*, *Mon*.

Storyville (Pomona): **Ray Martin**, **Talgate Ramblers**, *t/n*.

South Pacific: **Victor Feldman**, *t/n*.
 Tender House (Burbank): **Joyce Collins**, *Sun*.

Thunderbug (Inglewood): **Chuck Flores**, **Jim Whitwood**, **Pee Wee Lynn**, *Sun*. afternoon sessions.

Town Market (Del Mar): **Chico Hamilton**, 6/21-23.

Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue**, *t/n*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Algiers (Redwood City): **Dick Maus**, *t/n*.
 Bassi's (Redwood City): **Burk Carter**, *t/n*.
 Bit of England (Burlingame): **Dave Hoffman**, *t/n*.
 Black Hawk: **George Shearing**, 6/18-7/7. **Cal Tjader**, 7/9-21.
 Brass Rail (Sunnyvale): **Gerry Gilmore**, *t/n*.
 Claremont Hotel (Oakland): **Lionel Hampton** to 6/22.
 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*.
 Gilded Cage: **Bob Clark**-**Judy Tristano**, *t/n*.
 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 DeSousa**, *wknds*. Sessions, *Sun*.
 Jack's of Sutter: **Paul Bryant**, *wknds*.
 Jazz Workshop: **Chico Hamilton**, 7/2-14. **Jimmy McGriff**, 7/16-28. **Jazz Crusaders**, 7/30-8/11. **Jimmy Smith**, 8/13-9/1. **Jimmy Witherspoon**-**Ben Webster**, 9/3-15.
 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**, *hb*.
 Mike's Place: **Pat Yankee**-**Sinners**, *t/n*.
 Miramar (Miramar Beach, Half Moon Bay): **Jimmy Ware**, *wknds*.
 Off Broadway: **Frank d'Rone**, 7/12-14. **Four Freshmen**, 8/9-19. **Stan Kenton**, 8/30-9/8.
 Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, *t/n*.
 Ronnie's Soulville: **Sonny Donaldson**, afterhours.
 Shelton's Blue Mirror: **Eddie Thomas**, *Sun*.
 Sheraton-Palace Hotel: **Red Nichols** to 6/22.
 Slim Jenkins (Oakland): **Earl Hines**, *t/n*.
 Sugar Hill: **Virgin Island Steel Band** to 6/29.
Bill Henderson, 7/1-13. **Jackie Cain**-**Roy Kral**, 7/15-31. **Olaturji**, 8/1-17.
 Tin Pan Alley (Atherton): **Tommy Beeson**, *Mon*.
Modernisties, *Tue*. **Bernie Kahn**, *Wed*-*Sun*.
Con Hall, *Sun*. afternoon.
 Trident (Sausalito): **Jack Sheldon**, *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 Robins**, *t/n*.
 Ye Olde Firehouse (Colma): **Tommy Martin**, *Wed*, *Sat*.

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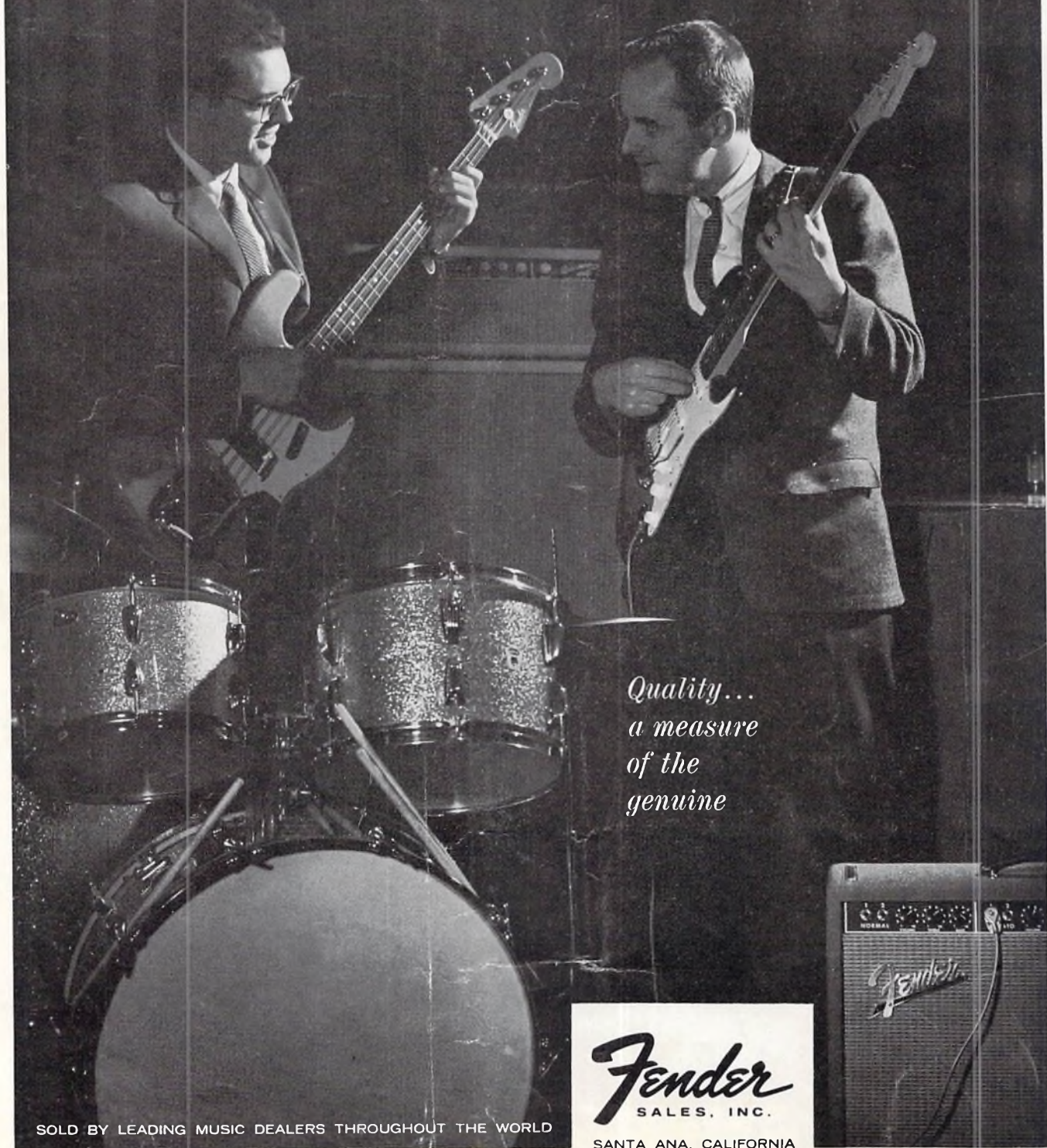
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