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Cover photograph by Lars Swanberg

THINGS TO COME: Among the exciting features in the Aug. 29 *Down Beat*, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, Aug. 15, will be a behind-the-scenes account by Martin Williams of a Milt Jackson-Melba Liston recording session. Prof. McSiegal, perhaps the most erudite critic on the jazz scene, reveals how he discovered the "new thing" several years ago. Other features include Bill Coss' account of arranger Gene Roland's career.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Credit Where Due

In the May 23 *Down Beat* the *Ella Sings Broadway* album was reviewed quite favorably. The accompanying band and the arrangements were included in that favorable review. However, the reviewer was forced to state that both the band and the arranger were uncredited in the liner notes.

I would like to make it known that Frank DeVol wrote all the arrangements and conducted the orchestra on the recording dates and, in my opinion, easily lived up to his own high standards in both capacities.

In cases such as this, where many musicians were used in confusing combinations over a period of three record sessions, it is somewhat understandable that the record company—in this case, Verve—would prefer not to list the playing personnel. But there is no excuse at all for its failing to mention the arranger.

If my memory serves me, it was Ernie Wilkins who some time ago wrote a letter to *Down Beat* striking a well-aimed blow at the record companies on behalf of the arrangers who give so much of themselves and are given so little in return.

Perhaps if office-dwelling record company officials are shown a few more suggestions along this line they will be a bit more consistent about giving credit where it is due.

Jim Hughart
Los Angeles

Scorching West Wind

Faced with the largely excellent article on bassist Gary Peacock in the June 6 *Down Beat*, I am torn between elation for Gary and the sadness and frustration that stimulate this note. The article's author, Martin Williams, intimates that somehow Peacock is suddenly a better bassist since arriving in New York (or at least in the recent past year's time), which is ludicrous. Yet, it mirrors the serious provincialism that grips the New Yorker's concept of the jazz scene.

Since 1958 Gary Peacock has been technically and conceptually a steadily maturing bassist.

From his first jazz recording (*Slippery When Wet*, Pacific Jazz), he has—contrary to Williams—been one of the most proficient bassists in jazz. . . . There has, in fact, been no abrupt improvement in his ability. As a musician he has been a genius of immediately recognizable proportions almost from his first recordings—to those with ears who make their judgments entirely with their musically directed senses.

That New York critics would have the public believe that each musician who arrives in New York thereafter goes through the really significant parts of his musical ontogeny is disgusting and absurd.

I would be the first to agree that a musician should by all means see to it

that New York is included in the areas in which he appears publicly. The personal confrontation of public and critic with artist is the only key to lasting recognition even in this day of life-like recordings.

Yet, apart from broad recognition, Gary—like Scott LaFaro, Billy Higgins, Ornette Coleman, Don Cherry, Eric Dolphy, Charlie Lloyd, and lately Dexter Gordon—has been a practicing and important member of the jazz community long before his entrance to the east.

Martin Williams' counterpart in days gone by was the historical stylizer who has jazz coming up the river from New Orleans. Neat, but stylized.

When Williams says "as recently as a year ago, few persons would have numbered Gary Peacock among the more proficient young bassists in jazz" he is in reality saying, "I did not list him as such." Will Nat Hentoff and Cannonball please step forward and inform Mr. Williams. You know what I mean.

John William Hardy
Los Angeles

Stan's The Man

I read the results of the International Jazz Critics Poll (*DB*, July 18) with much dismay. Once again Duke Ellington leads the field, still playing the same music he did 20 years ago.

What really is the issue here is that there isn't a mention of Stan Kenton to be found in the poll. This, however, does not surprise me too much, what with the two-star rating for Kenton's *Adventures in Jazz* LP, which recently won a NARAS Grammy award. Further, in the annual big-band issue (April 25) there is nothing about Kenton, what he is doing, and all the new men he is now touring with. Yet Ellington gets four stars for his *Afro-Bossa* album.

It's a sad state of affairs when such a great contributor to American music as Kenton goes unrecognized in any poll or jazz publication.

Bruce C. Woodring
Overland Park, Kan.

Meaningful Discussion

The Basie-Teagarden-Ferguson discussion in the July 4 issue was the greatest. The little behind-the-scenes problems and technical difficulties that beset musicians make for interesting and informative reading. Off-the-cuff utterances like these often carry more meaningful content than the rambling prose of most article writers. Let's have more like it.

Robert Gidaro
Bronx, N.Y.

Is Don Ellis Jazz?

It seems that trumpeter Don Ellis is getting more and more attention all the time. From his remarks in his *Blindfold Test*, his *Warsaw Diary* article, his dictates to drummers, and the report on his

jazz "happenings," one might reasonably conclude that here is a man with something to say.

I have listened to much of his music, liked some of it, and loathed the rest. Ellis not long ago appeared on New York City television station WNDT's program *Jazz Scene*. Displayed were some of his "happenings." It is fine that Ellis can find an audience for his music, but I do wish he wouldn't call it jazz.

In his performance, I saw nine men in a circle screaming as an altoist wrung tortured notes from his unfortunate instrument. I saw Ellis beating a piano as part of his solo and give a white sheet a series of expert flips. Is this jazz?

Don't put me down as old-fashioned, for I do enjoy the work of John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, Sonny Rollins, and their disciples.

Perhaps Ellis is auditioning for a comedy series.

Johnny Cain
Bayside, N.Y.

More Happenings

Having viewed Don Ellis and crew on a recent television program devoted to pretentiousness, I would most heartily favor a roundtable discussion of the significance of the stepladder in current jazz.

Ellis provides great comedy (his resemblance to early Arthur Lake is to be noted), but he was much more musically valid when he wasn't dealing with all those playing cards.

The above two paragraphs are entitled *Postcard*. I'm now pouring salt into the typewriter to complete a true happening. I trust you found this "rewarding."

Penny Balloon
New York City

Of Mice And Men

Having just finished reading the July 4 issue of *Down Beat*, I felt Darrel Steedman's *Chords and Discords* letter was the best thing in the whole magazine. I agreed with him 100 percent; your record reviewers stink—and have one-track, off-key minds.

I bought several of your so-called five-star recordings and a week later gave them to a rummage sale.

Let's get with it and review more big-band and popular jazz recordings, along with more *Old Wine-New Bottles* albums. A welcome addition would be a listing of the 10 best-selling albums.

The article *Three in the Afternoon* in this same issue was excellent.

Emanuel L. Adamson
Norristown, Pa.

Ramsey Lewis — 1963

Regarding John S. Wilson's review of the Ramsey Lewis *Pot Luck* album (*DB*, July 18), his statement that the pianist is "lacking a distinctive personal style" seemed very inaccurate to me.

Having albums by many other pianists in my collection, there is no doubt in my mind that the Ramsey Lewis of 1963 definitely has a distinctive approach and a very fine one at that. This remarkable pianist is one of the most creative and imaginative men around. Sooner or later *Down Beat's* critics will realize this. I only hope it will happen soon.

Dennis R. Hendley
Milwaukee, Wis.

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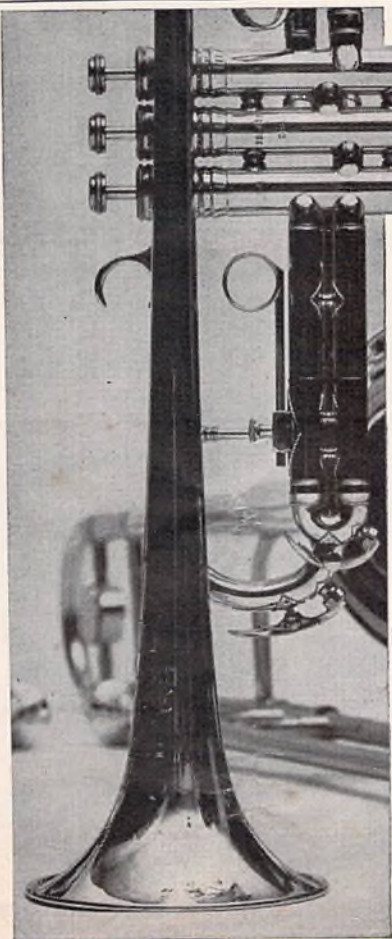


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NEW YORK

In July **Milt Jackson** began taping a 26-week television series for J.F.T. Productions, Inc. With the vibist were **Wes Montgomery**, guitar; **Hank Jones**, piano; **Richard Davis**, bass; and **Connie Kay**, drums. The incorporated package of musicians, dancers, and singer **Marge Dodson** is planned for sale to a major network . . . The **Sonny Rollins** Quartet, which closed the Jazz Is Music series at the New School, is set to tour the Far East this fall, opening in Japan on Sept. 20 and continuing through Oct. 10.

Playwright **Brendan Behan** was a recent unscheduled guest vocalist with the **Thelonious Monk** Quartet at the Five Spot. While Behan sang some Welsh airs, one hand holding his pants up because of unhooked suspenders, the other draped around Monk's shoulder, Monk never gave any indication that he was aware of Behan's presence. Finally, Behan was escorted to his ringside table and dug Monk for an hour.

The 90-piece band that performed for eight days at Yankee Stadium during the convention of Jehovah's Witnesses in mid-July included such jazz musicians and Witnesses as ex-bandleader **Andy Kirk** and bassist **Wilson Meyers**, formerly with **Duke Ellington** . . . During his engagement at the Village Vanguard, **Stan Getz** and his wife **Monica** went to Central Park after



JACKSON

the saxophonist had finished his sets for the night to take part in *The Release*, a film short that deals with a musician on his way home after the gig. Getz will not play in the picture but will be heard on the soundtrack.

Critic **Martin Williams** and clarinetist **Jimmy Giuffre** are being teamed in a unique package under the aegis of manager **Bob Messinger**. Plans call for a lecture and concert tour of smaller colleges beginning in October. Williams' lecture is titled *An Introduction to Jazz*, which he will illustrate with recordings. Then Giuffre's trio will play. The package is also available as a resident unit. Williams is to give classroom talks and Giuffre to work with school orchestras. Both men hold master's degrees, Giuffre in music, Williams in English.



GIUFFRE

In early July the Dixieland Society of Southern Connecticut presented New Orleans veteran clarinetist **George Lewis** and his Preservation Hall Jazz All-Stars at the Ambassador Restaurant in Hamden, Conn. With Lewis were **Jim Robinson**, trombone; **Kid Howard**, trumpet; **Alcide (Slow Drag) Pavageau**, bass; **Emanuel Sayles**, banjo; and **Joe Watkins**, drums.

Multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk** has been busy in the New York area recently. He played at the Front Room in Newark, N.J., and at two of the Monday night sessions at the Village Gate. With him at the second Gate appearance was Louisville, Ky., pianist **Ray Johnson**, a new arrival in New York. Kirk also did a guest spot on NBC-TV's *Tonight Show*. Other jazzmen to play for host **Johnny Carson** lately have been trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson** and accordionist **Angelo Di Pippo** . . . Saxophonist **Pony Poindexter** has left

(Continued on page 43)

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HIGHER AFM FEES, ASSESSMENTS TO OFFSET TRAVELING TAX LOSS

A \$6-a-member assessment was passed by the American Federation of Musicians at its recent Miami Beach, Fla., convention to help make up the loss of revenue formerly obtained from its 10 percent traveling surcharge.

The surcharge, paid to the AFM by bandleaders and single-act musicians, was ruled illegal by a federal court (*DB*, Aug. 1).

The convention left it up to each AFM local to decide whether the new per-capita assessment, formerly \$2.20, would be paid out of the local's treasury or collected from individual members.

Almost immediately after the convention action, representatives of locals, particularly the small ones, began grumbling, questioning the legality of the assessment.

The 10 percent surcharge has been bringing in \$1,400,000 a year to the federation and to individual locals in whose jurisdiction the traveling musicians played. Many locals had used their share of the money (2 percent of it was returned to the leader, by the way) for operating expenses, thereby freeing dues income for other uses. Now not only will they have to help the federation make up the loss but will not share in income any longer, either.

When the \$6-a-member motion was placed before the convention, certain delegates suggested that the federation start saving at home, by reducing the salaries of high officials—president Herman Kenin has a basic salary of \$35,000 a year plus \$5,000 for “allowances” in expenses, and secretary Stanley Ballard and treasurer George V. Clancy each make \$25,000 annually in addition to expense money. The suggestion got nowhere.

The locals also were concerned about how their members would react to the increase in the “prime initiation fee,” that part of the initiation fees paid by new members (including those who belong to one local and join another) that goes to the federation.

Formerly this fee ranged from \$9 to \$20, depending on the amount of the total initiation fee charged by a local, which varies. Convention action increased the prime initiation fee range from \$14 to \$30, but locals are allowed

to charge a total of up to \$150, where before the limit was \$120.

SINGERS PLEDGE MONEY FOR CIVIL-RIGHTS STRUGGLE

Following a widely disseminated interview on his position as a nonparticipant in the Negroes' fight for full civil rights (*DB*, July 4), singer Nat Cole displayed tangible evidence of his sympathies.

In Los Angeles he announced a pledge of more than \$50,000 to be donated by him to the key organizations leading the civil-rights battle in the south.

Cole said he personally would raise the sum from the boxoffice receipts of the premiere of his new musical variety show *Sights and Sounds*, 1963 at Los Angeles' 6,700-seat Shrine Auditorium Aug. 8. The premiere will be sponsored by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Congress of Racial Equality, and the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee.

The show's opening will precede a national tour of some 25 cities ending in mid-November.

In like gesture, singer Johnny Mathis, in a recent meeting with the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., announced his intention of donating a minimum of \$20,000 from performance fees, to be divided equally between the NAACP and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, of which King is president. The singer's pledge will be taken from his profits from two engagements this summer, one at Chicago's Aric Crown Theater and another at New York's Forest Hills Stadium.

The vocalist also expressed willingness to participate in fund-raising shows sponsored by the two civil-rights organizations.

ELLINGTON PUTS TOGETHER SHOW FOR EMANCIPATION CELEBRATION

To commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation, Duke Ellington has conceived an hour-long production simply titled *My People*, which will be a major part of the Century of Negro Progress to be staged in Chicago's huge McCormick Place from Aug. 16 to Sept. 2. The show will be presented in the Aric Crown Theater of McCormick Place twice daily throughout the exposition.

“It will combine the songs from *Black, Brown, and Beige*,” Ellington told *Down Beat*. “That is, *Come Sunday* and *The Blues*, and these two themes will be developed further—we take the spiritual [*Come Sunday*] and show all that sprung from it, and then we take the blues and show all that's sprung from that.”

“We are not trying to be documen-

tary,” Ellington continued. “It's planned as entertainment.”

The production, according to the composer, will be made up of an opening statement, a work-song ballet (not the *Work Song* from *BB&B*), a five-selection spiritual-Gospel section, “rhapsodization” of the work song and spiritual together, the blues-and-development portion, a choir doing *King Fit*



ELLINGTON
Entertainment, not documentation

the Battle of Birmingham (an Ellington poetic comment set in a *Joshua* mold), a song about mothers and fathers, a section featuring dancers Geoffrey Holder and Carmen DeLavallade, and a Bunny Briggs feature titled *What Color Is Virtue?*

The cast includes 50 singers and dancers, according to Ellington. Vocalists include Joya Sherrill, Lil Greenwood, and Milt Grayson.

When the production is staged and viewed by audiences, Ellington said, “We will have made them aware of our investments, will have been witnesses to the progress—and will have entertained the hell out of them.”

JAZZ FESTIVALS AROUND HERE AND IN EUROPE

The 1963 jazz festival season, well launched in this country at Newport, R.I., on the Fourth of July weekend (a full report begins on page 13), swings into high gear during August. But there are more festivals scheduled for Europe than this country.

Currently underway is the International Jazz Festival at Antibes, on the French Riviera. U.S. artists featured at the week-long event include Miles Davis, organist Bill Doggett, pianist Sammy Price, and the piano-vocalist team of Ran Blake and Jeanne Lee.

Far to the north of the Mediterranean, deep in the fjord section of Norway, the city of Molde plays host to a festival set for Aug. 1-4. Scheduled among the performers are saxophonists Sonny Stitt and Dexter Gordon as well as Danish vibraharpist Louis Hjulmand.

To the east of Molde, in Sweden, the three-day Swedish Jazz Festival begins Aug. 2. The event is part of the

month-and-a-half-long Landskrona Festival commemorating that Swedish town's 550th anniversary. In addition to European groups, the festival will feature the big bands of Count Basie and Quincy Jones. The Jones band, especially assembled for the event, will be made up of well-known European and U.S. musicians, including altoist Herb Geller, trumpeter Benny Bailey, drummer Kenny Clarke, and baritonist Sahib Shihab.

Back to the south, in Comblain-la Tour, Belgium, Joe Napoli is planning to hold his annual festival on Aug. 3 and 4, this year to be staged in a cow pasture—presumably an unoccupied one.

On the North American continent, there will be two festivals held in

August and one in September.

Montreal, Canada, plays host to a bevy of jazzmen Aug. 12-15, the dates of the third annual Montreal Jazz Festival, staged as part of the two-month-long Montreal Festivals. Set for the series of seven concerts are Art Blakey and His Jazz Messengers, the J. J. Johnson Quartet, Coleman Hawkins, the Martial Solal Trio, the Duke Ellington Orchestra, Rene Thomas, Carmen McRae, Lee Gagnon's big band, the Pierre Leduc Trio, and Nick Ayoub's quintet. The province of Quebec and the City of Montreal sponsor the concerts.

The Ohio Valley Jazz Festival will be held Aug. 23-25 in Cincinnati, Ohio. This is the second year that Newport

Jazz Festival producer George Wein has put on a festival in the Ohio River city. The program will feature many of the artists heard at Newport this year.

And last, but far from least, the sixth annual Monterey, Calif., Jazz Festival gets going on Sept. 20 for three days of varied types of jazz, including special groupings of musicians and uncommon musical settings for well-known soloists. Among the many artists set to appear are Miles Davis (his first appearance at a U.S. festival in two years), the Modern Jazz Quartet, the Harry James Band, the Dave Brubeck Quartet, Gerry Mulligan, Mel Torme, and Thelonious Monk. Gerald Wilson will conduct an all-star big band in several commissioned works.

Mahalia Jackson: 'Gospel Isn't Pop'

Mahalia Jackson, a Gospel singer who puts emphasis on the Gospel rather than the singer, can spot a "holiness" phony pews away.

On a brief visit to the West Coast, Miss Jackson, a religious woman, conceded to be without peer in her field, trained sights on the latest commercial music fad, "pop Gospel."

Since the opening of the Sweet Chariot Club in New York City, the "new sound" featured there has brought booming bar business for the operator and caused recording company oracles to predict a new Twist-like market for "pop Gospel" records.

These developments, among other refinements such as scantily clad "angels" (waitresses) with wings at the Sweet Chariot, have aroused Miss Jackson's ire.

"I think we have enough churches," she told *Down Beat*, "besides a night club using the name of a Gospel-singing place. In all my 51 years I never heard of such a thing."

Bitingly, she continued, "They're making mockery of the most precious thing in the world—the salvation of God."

"The Gospel is good news and good tidings and not meant to entertain."

"If it [the Sweet Chariot] was helping some lonely soul and doing some good, instead of blaspheming the Holy Ghost, it would be different."

Shifting emphasis, she went on, "I do not see the Catholics doing this; I do not see the Jewish people doing it; I only see my people doing it—and I'm hurt about it. For a few measly dollars they will portray our folk-parents' understanding and our religion under the Lord [in this manner]."

"What," she asked, "is wrong with these Negroes?"

"I have made money in Gospel singing," she acknowledged, "but I have never brought it down to a low level."

Her many years of singing, she insisted, is her way of giving "thanks to God for his gift to me."

Of the specific Negro "pop Gospel" singers performing at the New York club and at two Hollywood night spots



'The Gospel is not meant to entertain.'

also featuring the entertainment, Miss Jackson was charitable.

"I think," she said gently, "many of these singers could not get recognized otherwise. They have watched me for 35 years, come December, slave to bring the Gospel into places it had never been—Constitution Hall, Carnegie Hall, and places like that. I never brought it down."

"I slipped one time," she confessed, "—at the Newport Jazz Festival. But the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas offered me \$25,000 a week to appear there. I turned down the offer. Neither money nor fame can fulfill the joy that you can get out of these songs. I don't have a press agent, so whatever happened to me

is the will of the Lord. I never dreamed of singing in those places."

Gospel singing, Miss Jackson elaborated, "is not here to entertain, but to save, to overcome. No tongue can speak, or no pen can write, the love of God as a spiritual can."

She went on with unconcealed sadness: "Gospel singing has become commercial and big business."

Noting that the promoters of the "pop Gospel" entertainment "are not interested in the Gospel," she added, "It's a bad reflection on the church of the living God."

Miss Jackson confessed her fear of the loss of the "respect and principle of salvation" through such Sweet Chariot attractions as the briefly garbed "angels" and the night-club atmosphere.

Of the "angels" she remarked drily, "I don't think I've ever seen an angel look like *that* in my life."

The famed singer mentioned "controversy" over "pop Gospel" in Negro circles and indicated the entertainment is not wholly accepted. The term itself, she said, may be one reason for the non-acceptance and asserted, "I'm very ashamed of the name—pop. Gospel isn't *pop*."

As to the longevity of the entertainment, Miss Jackson voiced uncertainty.

"The only thing that will stop it," she said, "is if it doesn't sell. But the public is peculiar. I don't know. Everything seeps to its level."

"The Lord is going to have to do something. They didn't listen to Noah when he told them it was going to rain. So they're not going to listen to me. I'm just giving my opinion. As the 37th psalm says, 'Fret not yourself of evildoers.'"

On a concluding note of hope for the early demise of "pop Gospel," Miss Jackson quoted King David:

"I have seen the unrighteous rise up as a green bay tree to wither and be no more."



REPORT FROM NEWPORT

By IRA GITLER

IF LAST YEAR's Newport Jazz Festival, held two years after the infamous riot, firmly re-established the event under its original promoter George Wein, then the 10th annual festival made 1963 the year of solid entrenchment. An over-all attendance of approximately 36,000 was the largest total since 1960. Of course, this year the festival was four nights long.

Artistically, Newport '63 was in many ways a typical jazz festival: it contained the inspired, the excellent, the very good, the average, the ordinary, the mediocre, the poor. After a while the many groups, the hard seats, the hectic listen-see-shave-shower-eat-run-listen-see-party-eat-sleep-repeat pace took its toll, particularly of those who also were taking notes for reviews. But now it is all over, and what had been partially blurred has come into focus, the score sheet shows that quite a lot of inspired-to-very good music was played.

The special "meetings" of various jazzmen produced some of the most stimulating performances during the long weekend at Freebody Park.

Perhaps the most electrifying was the Friday night reunion of vibist Milt Jackson with trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie. Before Jackson was introduced, the Gillespie set was moving along in high gear thanks to the playing of pianist Kenny Barron; bassist Chris White; drummer Rudy Collins; James Moody on flute, tenor saxophone, and alto saxophone; and the leader himself. A solid *Good Bait* was followed by a lovely Gillespie version of *I Can't Get Started*, which segued into a haunting *'Round Midnight* that featured Moody's alto.

After a rocking *Chega de Saudade*, Jackson came aboard for *A Night in Tunisia*, *Here 'Tis*, and a climactic *Dizzy Atmosphere* in which Gillespie, Jackson, and Moody combined the spirit of '46 with the greater maturity they all have acquired since that time.

The combination of Pee Wee Russell and Thelonious Monk on Thursday, while not as logical perhaps as that of Gillespie and Jackson, turned out very well. As with the Gillespie set, before the guest made his appearance things were happening on the stage.

Nina Simone, who started interestingly with Menotti's *Black Swan* from *The Medium*, had just concluded an overlong set in which her affected singing and out-of-the-academy piano playing succeeded in driving many to drink, when along came Monk, tenor man

Charlie Rouse, bassist Butch Warren, and drummer Frankie Dunlop to recharge the air with a driving *Criss Cross*, followed by a reflective *Light Blue*. Everyone soloed forcefully, and the interplay between Monk and Warren on *Blue* was extremely reminiscent of the Duke Ellington-Jimmy Blanton duets of 23 years ago.

Russell, who had picked the tunes he wanted to play at Newport while listening to Monk at New York's Five Spot but had not been able to rehearse them with the group, found beautiful passages in *Nutty*, but he was overshadowed by a great, intense Rouse solo. In *Blue Monk*, however, the clarinetist communicated very well through his personal poetry, cast, this night, in Monkish mold.

The third successful amalgam was that of saxophonist Sonny Stitt with the Maynard Ferguson Orchestra on Friday night. Ferguson's men had done well for themselves with *Gravy Waltz*, *Cherokee* (featuring altoist Lanny Morgan), and pianist Mike Abene's *The Fox*

tem, generally excellent throughout the four days, was in imbalance here, leading to distortion of Rollins' already very powerful sound. Meanwhile, Hawkins' mike seemed to be failing, and it was hard to hear him. On *Things* Hawkins played well, but the *Tonight* tempo proved too much for him, and Rollins' staccato style, with its harsh overuse of tonguing made more grotesque by the hyper-amplification, overpowered him. The most consistent musician of the set was Bley, who swung hard and probed ideas deeply.

A fifth special event brought together the Gerry Mulligan Quartet (Mulligan, baritone saxophone, piano; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Bill Crow, bass; Dave Bailey, drums) with flugelhornist Art Farmer and guitarist Jim Hall on Friday night. Farmer and Hall, who have their own quartet now, have played with Mulligan groups before, and the rapport among the six men was evident on *Theme for Jobim*, *Crazy Day*, and *Blueport*.

Farmer, who continues to get better



MOODY

WHITE

GILLESPIE

JACKSON

An electrifying reunion combining the spirit of '46 with great maturity

Hunt (spotlighting trumpeters Ferguson and Dusko Gojkovic) before Stitt capped the set with superb alto (*The Gypsy*) and tenor (an untitled blues).

When the other saxophone Sonny Rollins, and one of his original models, Coleman Hawkins, locked horns on Saturday night, the results were not so happy.

Rollins, with pianist Paul Bley, bassist Henry Grimes, and drummer Roy McCurdy, began the set with a blistering *Remember?* in which Rollins inserted a particularly inventive unaccompanied section. Then Hawkins came on stage for *All the Things You Are* and *The Way You Look Tonight*. The sound sys-

tem, generally excellent throughout, was in imbalance here, leading to distortion of Rollins' already very powerful sound. Meanwhile, Hawkins' mike seemed to be failing, and it was hard to hear him. On *Things* Hawkins played well, but the *Tonight* tempo proved too much for him, and Rollins' staccato style, with its harsh overuse of tonguing made more grotesque by the hyper-amplification, overpowered him. The most consistent musician of the set was Bley, who swung hard and probed ideas deeply.

Another highly satisfying performance came from the Newport Festival All-Stars (Ruby Braff, cornet; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; George Wein, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Roy Haynes, drums), who waived blithely and meatily through a Saturday night mainstream session that included *Just You, Just Me*; *When Your Lover Has Gone*; *Exactly Like You*; *You Can Depend on Me*; and *Lester Leaps In*. The last two tunes received further impetus from the puissant presence of trombonist Al Grey. Freeman was full-

toned and flowing, particularly in his *Exactly* feature; Braff was mellow, thoughtful, and gutty with his bucket mute; Wein played the best I've heard him; Marshall was ever-dependable and Haynes ever-adaptable, as he showed in a brilliant solo on *Lester*.

Then there was the Newport "house band" that opened the festival on Thursday night. With Marshall and Haynes serving as a base, the group included pianist Joe Zawinul of the Cannonball Adderley Sextet, tenor men Hawkins and Zoot Sims; trumpeter Howard McGhee; and Clark Terry on trumpet and fluegelhorn. It was a lively jamming set with Terry contributing a lovely *Stardust*, the tenors working over *Undecided*, and the trumpets in whip-cracking form on *Chasin' at Newport*.

Both Terry and McGhee shone brightly during the entire weekend in their various appearances. Terry is celebrated for his versatility, and perhaps this is why he did not jolt listeners as did McGhee, who, though away from the jazz scene for a long while, is in top form again, something he consistently proved at Newport. On Friday afternoon, he appeared with his own group (organist Phil Porter; drummer Candy Finch) and scored with *Blues in the Closet*, *Caravan*, and a sensitive, tuneful *Lover Man*. Porter is vigorous, but like many other organists, he is often cliché ridden and lacks taste in solo work.

Terry's contribution on Friday afternoon was to swell pianist McCoy Tyner's trio to quintet size with the help of alto man Charlie Mariano. The quintet was excellent on *Woody'n You*, *My Funny Valentine* (a song very much in evidence all weekend), and a blues.

Immediately preceding the quintet numbers, Tyner had done extremely well with an unannounced original and *All of You*, helped by bassist Bob Cranshaw and drummer Mickey Roker. Tyner gave the impression of knowing just what he wanted to do and executed everything perfectly, without stiffness.

CRANSHAW AND ROKER with their regular leader, pianist Juinor Mance, vigorously led off a segment of Friday night's program that proved a show-stopper. For on came Joe Williams (backed by this trio and the horns from the house band), who proceeded to break up the festival as he has done in past years.

He sang a nicely integrated medley of *All God's Chillun* and *Do You Want to Jump, Children?*; an old folk song, *Wayfarin' Stranger*; and *April in Paris*, among others. But Williams really got to the audience with his blues shouting on *Come Back, Baby*; *In the Evening*; *Some of This and Some of That*; *Roll 'Em, Pete*.

Cries of "we want more" were picked up by the stage mikes and sent reverberating through Freebody Park. The dancing in the aisles and cheering Williams provoked were spontaneous reactions, unlike that which Jimmy Smith stirred up on Sunday night by droning away on the organ in a manner more orgiastic than musical. (Before a frantic George Wein finally got Smith to stop by yelling to him from the side of the stage, the crowd threatened to break through the fence that separated it from the press section and box seats.)

Other groups broke up the crowd too, but again, their musical content was not high. For example, on Saturday the Ramsey Lewis Trio milked the pop-jazz formula for all it was worth, grinding out music as would a machine. Drummer Red Holt's two-tambourine

a help to the festival, of course, for recording companies thus to defray part of the festival's expenses, but it makes for weakened programming and sometimes weaker music.

The Friday afternoon New Faces program also ran too long because of recording and overcrowding.

Singer Ada Lee did well, but Chicago tenor man Joe Daley's trio covered the audience with a salt-water taffy miasma of their own "new thing." Some spots in *Helicon No. 2* indicated that Daley can wail when he wants to (he was well-known in Chicago musicians' circles for his hard-driving work in the late '40s) but is now enmeshed in an arid brand of modernity. Accordionist Angelo DiPippo played pleasantly but belonged more at a wedding reception than a New Faces afternoon.



MONK

RUSSELL

WARREN

ROUSE

DUNLOP

The clarinetist communicating through his personal poetry, cast in Monkish mold

bit was particularly tasteless.

Flutist Herbie Mann's group captured the "imagination" of the Sunday gathering when Latin percussionists Patato Valdes and Willie Bobo joined the sextet for the last two numbers, *Soft Winds* and *Samba de Orfeo*—two interminable selections.

(There have been complaints about the length of John Coltrane's solos, but at least he has long stretches of inventiveness. As the last to appear on Sunday, Coltrane played a beautiful *I Want to Talk About You*; a *Favorite Things* that lasted only 22 minutes; and an *Impressions* that was long but which did have those periods of great invention.)

Mann evidently has little to say musically after a couple of choruses, and his interior time is not always steady. Pianist Don Friedman, vibist Dave Pike, and guitarist Attila Zoller are the soloists of the group, as they made clear in some of the earlier tunes of the set, but the whole thing was entirely too long.

This points up one of the glaring faults of the festival. Several groups were recorded on location during the course of the four days, with a heavy emphasis on Sunday night. Because of this, they played long sets in order to get enough material for an album. It's

The final group on the program, Paul Winter's sextet, ran through an attractive set of originals and one standard. Baritone saxophonist Jay Cameron's deep-throated, yet smooth, work and trumpeter Dick Whitsell's dulcet-toned playing were most enjoyable. Winter's alto saxophonizing, however, was uncomfortably close to Cannonball Adderley's most garden-variety ideas.

Adderley himself was in good form Thursday night on Yusef Lateef's *Brother John*, a dedication to Coltrane. Cannon was much like Trane in places, not imitating but perfectly within the spirit of the piece. Nat Adderley also took a good solo, ending with a strange foghorn effect. Joe Zawinul played extremely well on this number, but it was Lateef who took set honors for his tenor on *Dizzy's Business*, his oboe on *Brother John*, and even his flute on *Jive Samba*, a piece that ended with assembly-line type riffing.

Another multireed man, Ken McIntyre, moved from Friday afternoon to early Saturday evening because of the former program's length. He acquitted himself admirably on alto (*Woody'n You*), bass clarinet (*Body and Soul*), flute (96.5), and oboe (*You Stepped Out of a Dream*), with fine support from Haynes, Marshall, and pianist Gildo Mahones. McIntyre, who has

been grouped with the "new thing," is modern, to be sure, but he is also melodic within his own context, something most of the other experimentalists are not.

French pianist Martial Solal did a short set on Sunday that showed how much more closely together he, bassist Teddy Kotick, and drummer Paul Motian have drawn since the trio first opened at New York's Hickory House in June. Perhaps their set seemed short because it was so well played.

As usual, Paul Desmond was the best part of the Sunday evening Dave Brubeck set, especially in his gorgeous solo on *You Go to My Head*. Brubeck played a building solo in this piece too, but then went into a corny Garner impression on *It's a Raggy Waltz*, and a visual approximation of a merry-go-round horse on its shaft on the ever-boring *Take Five*.

BESIDES JOE WILLIAMS, Miss Lee, and Miss Simone, the other singers heard during the weekend were Nancy Wilson, Dakota Staton, and the trio of Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan.

Miss Wilson, really more of a "pop" artist, looked better than she sounded. When she was good, she sounded like Dinah Washington (*Please Save Your Love for Me*). Miss Staton's shouting was, in the main, as mechanical as the flatly intoned "thank you, thank you, thank you" with which she greeted her applause at the end of each number. Her backing was good: tenor men Billy Mitchell and Billy Root sounded fine in their short solos, and the Howard McGhee arrangements for a good nine-piece band were helpful, despite the calisthenic conducting of Talib Tawud, Miss Staton's husband. Miss Staton swung on *Broadway*, but she attempted an Ella (*Foggy Day*) and got messed



McGHEE

In consistently top form

up and a Billy Eckstine (*Rhythm in a Riff*) and sang Mr. B.'s licks in sloppy manner. Hers was another of the overlong Sunday recording sessions.

L-H-B is not L-H-R, as was proved again at Newport, but it is not fair to put all the blame on Miss Bavan. Material like *Watermelon Man* and *Yeah, Yeah* did not help. Hendricks and Lambert did do some wailing, however, and were helped by Hawkins and Terry of the "house band."

In addition to Ferguson's, the big bands of Duke Ellington and Stan Kenton were at the festival. Each played sets of varying quality.

Kenton's mellophoniums, et al. produced a lovely sound on Thursday, and Gabe Baltazar was revealed as a very good alto saxophonist, particularly in the intriguing *Turtle Talk* and the pretty, but prom-mish *Stairway to the Stars*. But why *Artistry in . . .* and *Intermission Riff* again? The former is a trademark, but the latter was tired when it was conceived.

The Kenton set ended well, thanks to Charlie Mariano who had flown from Japan for the occasion. He did justice to *My Funny Valentine* and *Stompin' at the Savoy* and then was joined by Baltazar and Cannonball Adderley for a three-way conversation on the blues. Well, the set would have ended well, but singer Jean Turner came on for several numbers that were undistinguished, the most superfluous being her questionable revival of *Sleepy Lagoon*.

Ellington's Saturday night set was a combination of the old and the new. Each had its good and bad points. Bassist Ernie Shepard's plucking-singing on *A Train*, Ray Nance's violin on *Gypsy Amor*, Russell Procope's alto saxophone on *Black and Tan Fantasy*, and Cootie Williams' plunger and open trumpet work on what Ellington described as a "new tutti for Cootie based on an old tutti for Cootie," but which did not seem to be based on the implied *Concerto for Cootie*, were on the plus side. So was *Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue*; though he set no crowd-fires like the one he ignited in 1956, Paul Gonsalves, fresh from a siege of pneumonia during Ellington's recent Swedish tour, made his tenor saxophone travel like a burning wind in a solo that swung unrelentingly.

Ellington debits included overlong solos by clarinetist Jimmy Hamilton and trombonist Lawrence Brown in their solo spots, the too-fast tempo of trumpeter Cat Anderson's *Eighth Veil* feature, the dissonant *Lullaby of Birdland* arrangement with trumpeter Rolf Ericson far from relaxed, Hodges having to repeat, once again, *I Got It Bad* and *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*.



HAWKINS

ROLLINS

Two giants locking horns

Ellington himself played some of the same strong piano he displayed recently in the *Money Jungle* album, this night on *Rockin' in Rhythm*. Duke ended the set with slyly effective civil-rights poetry in a *Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho* structure.

Before this, the incomparable Baby Laurence danced — a long number, backed by *A Train*, and a short duet with drummer Sam Woodyard, who, incidentally, played well throughout.

To those who had seen the tap dancers in the afternoon (Pete Nugent, Honi Coles, Charlie Atkins, Chuck Green, Charles Cook, and Ernest Brown) demonstrating all the techniques and methods as they charmed a small gathering, Laurence's exhibition must have been doubly lucid and enjoyable. To describe the agile, ebullient actions of these six men would be futile, but suffice it to say that their connection with jazz exceeded those of several of the festival's other performers.

Festival absentees included dancer Bunny Briggs who, because he was canceled from the afternoon dance program, mistakenly believed he was not to dance with Laurence in the evening either and never appeared, and the German jazz films of critic Joachim Berendt, slated for a Saturday morning showing (the films languished in the U.S. Customs in New York, waiting to be inspected for possible pornographic content).

With no slur intended to Willis Conover, George Simon, Teo Macero, Nesuhi Ertegun, Bob Thiele, George Avakian, Sid McCoy, Fred Grady (of WXTR, Providence), and Don DeMicheal, a panel in which these men participated (concerning records, disc jockeys, reviews, liner notes, etc.), although containing nothing prurient, could have been held in Customs too. But then, Newport '63 would not have been a typical jazz festival.



□□ JAZZ AND THE WHITE CRITIC □□

A Provocative Essay On The Situation Of Jazz Criticism / By LeRoi Jones

MOST JAZZ CRITICS have been white Americans, but most important jazz musicians have not been.

This might seem a simple enough reality, or at least a reality that can be readily explained in terms of the social and cultural history of U.S. society. And it is obvious why there are only two or three fingers worth of Negro critics or writers on jazz if one understands, say, that until relatively recently those Negroes who *could* become critics, who would largely have had to come from the black middle class, have simply not been interested in the music. Or at least, jazz, for the black middle class, has only comparatively recently lost some of its stigma, though by no means is it yet as popular among them as any vapid musical product that comes sanctioned by the white majority's taste.

Jazz was collected among the numerous skeletons the middle-class black man kept locked in the closet of his psyche—along with watermelons and gin—and whose rattling caused him no end of misery and self-hatred. As one Howard University philosophy professor said to me when I was an undergraduate, "It's fantastic how much bad taste the blues contain."

But it is just this "bad taste" that this man spoke of that has been the one factor that has kept the best of Negro music from slipping sterilely into the echo chambers of middle-brow U.S. culture. And to a great extent such "bad taste" was kept extant in the music—blues or jazz—because the Negroes who were responsible for the best of the music were always aware of their identities as black Americans and really did not, themselves, desire to become vague, featureless Americans, as is usually the aim of the Negro middle class. (This is certainly not to say that there have not been very important Negro musicians from the middle class. Since Fletcher Henderson, their number has increased enormously in jazz.)

Negroes played jazz, as they had sung blues—or even earlier, as they had shouted and hollered in those anonymous fields—because it was one of the few areas of human expression available to them.

Negroes who felt the blues impulse,

as a specific means of expression, went naturally into the music itself since there existed fewer social or extra-expressive considerations that could disqualify any prospective Negro jazz musician then, say, existed for a Negro who thought he might like to become a writer (or even an elevator operator). And any Negro who had ambitions in literature, in the earlier part of the century, was likely to have developed so powerful an allegiance to the sacraments of middle-class U.S. culture that he would be horrified with the very idea of writing about jazz.

There were few "jazz critics" in the United States at all, until the middle '30s, and then they were influenced to a large extent by what writer Richard B. Hadlock has called "the carefully documented gee-whiz attitude" of the first serious European jazz critics. They were also, as a matter of course, influenced more deeply by the social and cultural mores of their own society. And it is only natural that their criticism, whatever its intention, should be a product of that society or should reflect, at least, some of the attitudes and thinking of that society, even if such attitudes were not directly related to the subject they were writing about, i.e. Negro music.

Jazz, as a Negro music, existed, until the time of the big bands, on the same socio-cultural level as the subculture from which it issued. The music, and its sources, were *secret* so far as the rest of the country was concerned, in much the same sense that the actual life of the black man in America was secret to the white American.

The first white critics were men who sought, consciously or not, to understand this secret, just as the first serious white jazz musicians sought not only to understand the phenomenon of Negro music but also to appropriate it as a means of expression that they themselves might utilize. The success of this "appropriation" signaled the existence of an American music, where before there was a Negro music.

But the white jazz musician had an advantage the white critic seldom had. The dedicated white musician's commitment to jazz, as an *ultimate con-*

cern, proposed that the subcultural attitudes that produced the music as a profound expression of human feelings could be *learned* and need not be passed on as a secret blood rite. Negro music is essentially the expression of an attitude, or a collection of attitudes, about the world and only secondarily an attitude about the way music is made. The dedicated white jazz musician came to understand this attitude as a way of making music, and the intensity of his understanding produced the great white jazz musicians and is producing them now.

Usually the critic's commitment was first to his *appreciation* of the music rather than to his understanding of the attitude that produced the music.

This difference meant that the potential critic of jazz had only to appreciate the music—or what he thought was the music—and that he did not need to understand, or even be concerned with, the attitudes that produced it, except perhaps as a purely sociological consideration. This last idea is certainly what produced the white patronization that is an early form of Crow Jim. The stereotype "all you folks got rhythm" is no less disparaging simply because it is proposed as a positive trait.

But this Crow Jim attitude has not been as menacing or as evident a flaw in critical writing about jazz as has another manifestation of the white critic's failure to concentrate on the blues and jazz attitude rather than his own conditioned appreciation of music. The major flaw in this approach to Negro music is that it strips the music too ingenuously of its social and cultural intent. It seeks to define jazz as an art (or a folk art) that has come out of no intelligent body of socio-cultural philosophy.

We take for granted the social and cultural milieu and philosophy that produced Mozart; the socio-cultural thinking of 18th-century Europe comes to us as a historical legacy that is a continuous and organic part of the 20th-century West. The socio-cultural thinking of the Negro in the United States (as a continuous historical phenomenon) is no less specific and no

less important for any intelligent critical speculation about the music that came out of it. And, again, this is not a plea for narrow sociological analysis of jazz but only that this music cannot be completely understood (in critical terms) without some attention to the attitudes that produced it. It is the philosophy of Negro music that is most important, and this philosophy is only partially the result of the sociological disposition of Negroes in America. There is, of course, much more to it than that.

STRICT MUSICOLOGICAL analysis of jazz, which has come into favor recently, is also as limited as a means of jazz criticism as a strict sociological approach. The notator of any jazz solo, or blues and blues lyric, has no chance of capturing what, in effect, are the most important elements of the music. A printed musical example of a Louis Armstrong solo or a Thelonious Monk solo tells almost nothing, except the futility of formal musicology when dealing with jazz. Not only are the various jazz effects almost impossible to notate, but each note also *means something* quite in addition to musical notation.

The notes of a jazz solo exist in a notation strictly for musical reasons. The notes of a jazz solo, as they are coming into existence, exist as they do for reasons that are only concomitantly musical.

Coltrane's cries are not "musical," in the academic sense—but they *are* music and quite moving music. Ornette Coleman's screams and rants are only "musical" once one understands the music his emotional attitude seeks to create. This attitude is real and perhaps the most singularly important aspect of his music. Mississippi Joe Williams, Snooks Eaglin, Lightnin' Hopkins have emotional attitudes different from Ornette Coleman's, but all these attitudes are continuous parts of the historical and cultural biography of the Negro as it has existed and developed since there was a Negro in the United States and a music which could be associated with him that did not exist anywhere else in the world.

The notes *mean something*; the something is—regardless of its stylistic considerations—part of the black psyche, as it dictates the various forms of Negro culture.

Another hopeless flaw in a great deal of the writing about jazz that has been done over the years is that in most cases the writers, the jazz critics, have been anything but intellectuals (in the complete sense of that word).

Most jazz critics began as hobbyists or boyishly brash members of the U.S. petit bourgeoisie, whose only claim to

any understanding about the music was that they knew it was *different*; or else they had once been brave enough to make a trip into a Negro slum to hear their favorite instrumentalist defame Western musical tradition. Most jazz critics were (and are) not only white middle-class Americans but middle-brows as well.

The irony here is that because the majority of jazz critics are white middle-brows, most jazz criticism tends to enforce white middle-brow standards of excellence as some criterion for performance of a music that in its most profound manifestations is completely antithetical to such standards—in fact, quite often is in direct reaction against them. (As an analogy suppose the great majority of the critics of Western formal music were poor, uneducated Negroes?)

A man can speak of the "heresy of bebop," for instance, only if he is unaware of the psychological catalysts that made that music the exact registration of the social and cultural thinking of a whole generation of black Americans. The blues and jazz esthetic, to be fully understood, must be seen in as nearly its complete human context as possible. People made bebop; the question the critic must ask first is *why*? But it is just this "why" of Negro music that has been consistently ignored or misunderstood; and it is a question that cannot be adequately answered without first understanding the necessity of asking it.

Contemporary jazz during the last few years has begun to take on again some of the anarchy and excitement of the bebop years. The cool and hard-bop-funk movements since the '40s seem pitifully tame, even decadent, when compared with the music men like Ornette Coleman, Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, Cecil Taylor, and some others have been making recently. Of the bop pioneers, only Monk has managed to maintain without question the vicious creativity with which he entered the jazz scene in the '40s.

The music has changed again for many of the same basic reasons it changed 20 years ago. Bop was, at a certain level of consideration, a reaction by young musicians against the sterility and formality of swing as it moved to become a formal part of the mid-stream U.S. culture.

The "new thing," as recent jazz has been called, is to a large degree a reaction to the hard-bop-funk-groove-soul camp, which itself seemed to come into being in protest against the squelching of most blues elements in cool and "progressive" jazz. Funk, groove, soul has become as formal and clichéd as cool or swing, and opportunities for imaginative expression

within that form have dwindled almost to nothing.

The attitudes and emotional philosophy contained in "the new music" must be isolated and understood by critics before any consideration of the *worth* of the music can be legitimately broached. Later on, of course, it becomes relatively easy to characterize the emotional penchants that informed earlier esthetic statements.

After the fact is a much simpler way to work and think. For example, a writer who wrote liner notes for a recent John Coltrane record mentioned how difficult it had been for him to appreciate Coltrane earlier, just as it had been difficult for him to appreciate Charlie Parker when Bird first appeared. To quote: "I wish I were one of those sages who can say, 'Man, I dug Bird the first time I heard him.' I didn't; the first time I heard Charlie Parker, I thought he was ridiculous. . . ."

That's a noble confession and all. But it was the writer's responsibility to understand the music and in no way involved Charlie Parker or what he was trying to do. When that writer first heard Parker, he did not understand *why* Bird should play the way he did, nor could the "why" have been very important to him. But now, of course, it becomes almost a form of reverse snobbery to say that one did not think Parker's music was worth much at first hearing, etc. The point is that if the music is worth something now, it must have been worth something then. Critics are supposed to be people in a position to tell what is of value and what is not, and, hopefully, at the time it first appears. If they are so almost consistently mistaken, what is their value?

Jazz criticism, certainly as it has existed in the United States, has served in a great many instances merely to obfuscate what has actually been happening with the music itself.

The woeful harangues that raged during the '40s between two schools of critics as to which was the "real jazz," the new or the traditional, was one very ugly example. A critic who praises Bunk Johnson at Dizzy Gillespie's expense is not critic at all; but then, neither is a man who turns it around and knocks Bunk to swell Dizzy. If such critics would (or could) reorganize their thinking so that they began their concern for these musicians and their music by trying to understand why each played the way he did, and in terms of the constantly evolving and redefined philosophy that has informed the most profound examples of Negro music, then exclusivist thinking would be impossible.

It has never ceased to be amazing
(Continued on page 34)

DURABLE DIXIE

Down Beat Associate Editor John Tynan Surveys Southern California's Brassy, Bustling, Boisterous Dixieland Scene

THERE'S NO GETTING away from it—Dixieland is durable. While the jazz progressives of today become the reactionaries of tomorrow, while fads and fancies rise and wane, Dixieland abides.

In the sprawling megalopolis of Los Angeles and environs, traditional jazz not only is abiding—there's a healthy bloom on its cheek. Throughout the counties of Los Angeles and Orange, in which most of metropolitan southern California thrives, the Dixie beat booms regularly in no fewer than a dozen night spots—not counting Disneyland, which currently employs three two-beat bands. While not all the saloons in question (omit Disneyland: no liquor or beer is sold on the premises) feature the music every night, two- and three-night-a-week jobs are common. And if the pub owners do not, for the most part, choose to advertise their Dixie policy, the fans know where to find their favorites.

And the Dixieland fan abounds in the area.

Trad jazz societies thrive, meeting regularly in outlying suburbs of Los Angeles, featuring beer and Dixie and attracting some of the most prominent local musicians in the idiom. There is the New Orleans Jazz Club of California, the South Bay New Orleans Jazz Club, and the oldest such fraternity, the Southern California Hot Jazz Society. If the regular attendees are sometimes outnumbered by the musicians, nobody seems to mind: what counts is loyalty and good-fellowship and common enjoyment of traditional jazz.

Whether the existence and popularity of the jazz societies betokens good business for the Dixie clubowner is moot. Jim Hubbard, owner-operator of Hollywood's Bourbon Street, thinks not.

"Every Sunday," he pointed out, "there's some kind of session going on somewhere—and well attended too. This

actually hurts the club business because people are less likely to go to a club to hear Dixieland when they can enjoy it at sessions like that and spend less money."

Hubbard speaks from bitter experience. A clarinetist and former Los Angeles *Times* rewrite man turned publicist, he opened Bourbon Street earlier this year with his own Delta Rhythm Kings on the stand. After six weeks of watching business drain away, he dropped the Dixie policy and switched to pop-Gospel entertainment that appears to be paying off.

"Dixieland," said Hubbard, past president of the Hot Jazz Society, "doesn't do well uptown; I don't know why. For one thing, you can't get a cover charge with Dixie."

Still, Hubbard has plans. "I haven't given up on Dixieland," he said. "If I can combine it somehow with the Gospel groups, I may be able to bring it in by the back door."

Hubbard contends, "You can't play Dixieland seriously anymore. You've got to funny-hat it up." That statement may be heresy to the purist, but traditionalist veteran Rosy McHargue in essence supports it.

"Just to play Dixieland. . . . I doubt very much if you could play long anywhere," McHargue said. "You've got to entertain the people in other ways too: get a sing-along going, that kind of thing."

McHargue's is the voice of experience; six steady years at Zucca's Cottage in Pasadena have taught the 56-year-old clarinetist a thing or two about public appeal. His band includes Hal McCarthy, trumpet; Ellen Imbach, trombone; Cliff Beard, piano; and Eugene O'Neill, drums.

Of his following at Zucca's, McHargue commented, "If business in general is good, then it's good there. It fluctuates."

Pud Brown's band: Brown, cornet; Ray Bauduc, drums; Phil Gomez, clarinet; Tom Gekler, trombone





Ben Pollack's Pick-a-Rib Boys:
L. to r.: Pollack, Pete DiSantis,
Billy Wood, Joe Rushton,
Jerry Burns, Warren Smith

Fluctuation or no, neither McHargue nor the room's management appears to be contemplating a change in the foreseeable future.

"I think Hollywood is through [for Dixieland]," he continued. "It used to be the thing to go into Hollywood to hear music, but it isn't anymore."

LEADING WHAT amounts to the house band at the garish, let-'er-rip Roaring '20s on Los Angeles' Restaurant Row, La Cienega Blvd., is Pud Brown, another seasoned Dixieland campaigner, who wears four hats as cornetist, clarinetist, tenor saxophonist, and bassist in his five-piecer. Laying down the time for Brown and sidemen is Bob Crosby-alumnus Ray Bauduc, whose moustache is still probably "the thinnest in the world," as someone once observed, and whose driving beat is effective as ever. The other sidemen are Phil Gomez, clarinet; Tommy Gekler, trombone; and Don Owens, piano.

Brown is going into his fourth year at the Roaring '20s; Bauduc has been with him for three of the four. Here, also, the basic prescription for the tourist and whoop-de-doo traffic is entertainment, not art.

"The people with the money, the older people, like the Dixieland," Brown said simply. "It's an emotional music, more so than any other kind. And it runs right along with the alcohol."

The existence of the Beverly Cavern is probably indicative of the die-hard character of Dixieland. Long the best-known two-beat room in Los Angeles, it has billed the most renowned Dixieland musicians at various times through the years. But whereas Kid Ory was doing turnaway business there a decade ago, more recently the gods have been less than kind to the cash register.

A few months ago, however, the mood of the room brightened considerably—as did business prospects—when Ben Pollack brought in his Pick-a-Rib Boys. Currently the rib-pickers consist of Jerry Burns, trumpet; Billy Wood, clarinet; Warren Smith, trombone; Pete DiSantis, piano; Joe (Blizz) Rushton, bass saxophone; and "Mr. Double-Barreled Rhythm," as Pollack is billed, on drums.

Rushton, of course, is the cornerstone of Red Nichols' Five Pennies and will rejoin the cornetist when Nichols re-forms the group later this year for his customary stay at the Sheraton West Hotel in Los Angeles.

One of the most stable bands on the two-beat front, the Five Pennies took a sabattical when Nichols played a lengthy engagement recently in San Francisco with a local pickup band to avoid the AFM's traveling tax on his own


men. The way things have been working out for Nichols in recent years, the cornetist has been dug in at two southern California locations—the Sheraton West and the restaurant at Marineland of the Pacific in Palos Verdes—for months at a time. Nichols has his dedicated following, and his Bixian cornet sounds bright as ever.

One of the most powerful horns in jazz—regardless of school—is the cornet of portly Teddy Buckner, whose sextet has been in residence for over a year at the Huddle restaurant in suburban Covina.

Buckner, an unswayed disciple of Louis Armstrong, to whom he refers with unaffected candor as "my idol," purveys a brand of Dixie he terms "a cross between New Orleans and Chicago." It is happy, unself-conscious, well-played traditional jazz put across in Buckner's show-wise style by Chaughy Roberts, clarinet; William Woodman, trombone; Chester Lane, piano; Art Edwards, bass; Jesse Sables, drums; and the leader.

The extroverted Firehouse Five + 2, consisting of part-time professional musicians under the devil-may-care leadership of trombonist Ward Kimball, play their two nights a week at Disneyland during the summer months and go home happy. All but one of the Firehousers derive their comfortable livings from work in the Walt Disney studio. Playing is a ball to them; they can pick and choose engagements—and they do.

Other leaders such as clarinetist Johnny Lane and cornetist Johnny Lucas remain standard-bearers of Dixieland jazz in southern California. Over the vast area in and around Los Angeles, bands of varying merit may be heard from The Keg & I in Redondo Beach (Kid Kenwood's Good Time Levee Stompers) to the Quail restaurant in the San Fernando Valley (Pete Bealman and the Beale-Streeters). In Long Beach, Ray Bisso's Pier Five Jazz Band works Saturdays only at the New Orleans Club; up the coast a piece, past Redondo in Hermosa Beach, Jack Langlos' Saints (a band, not a Gospel group) pit their traditional notions against the contemporary sounds of Howard Rumsey's combo next door at the Lighthouse cafe on Pier Ave. every Friday and Saturday through the summer. Inland, at the Honeybucket in Costa Mesa, the Stars and Bars is done homage by Col. John Henderson and his Dixie Rebels weekends only. Some 50-odd miles to the north, in West Los Angeles, the Nickelodeon management generally contrives some type of two-beat mayhem on weekends.

That's a lot of territory and a lot of Dixieland; enough, in fact, for any fan wishing to sample a different group every weekend to wear out his gasoline credit card. 

warriors' rest

STANLEY DANCE Reports
On The State Of New
York's Jazz Mainstream

"Just giggin'."

"I'm working days now."

Usually said with a smile, these are typical answers to inquiries about the activities of "forgotten" jazz musicians in their 50s or late 40s. Intermittent work, problematic futures, audience and critical neglect—these don't seem to bother them very much. Mostly, when they go down, they go down bravely, flags flying, musicians to the end; it always has required dedication and a good deal of courage to be a jazz musician.

Sometimes these musicians protest, of course, about the kind of music they now have to play to live, but they are philosophical about it. Dixieland and cha-cha-cha never dismayed them as did rock and roll. An expression of extreme dolor on the face of one of New York's veterans and most experienced bassists spells neither death nor taxes but simply the approach of another rock-and-roll session. Yet the recording of rock and roll has indirectly kept many of them in music—and alive.

It was not always thus for the veterans.

Jazz achieved its greatest public acceptance in the '30s, a decade that began in depression, knew prohibition and the New Deal, and ended with World War II in its first stages. Like any other period, it was a time of anxiety to most who lived it. But because young people found pleasure and relief in dancing, and because a night at the dance hall was relatively inexpensive, this troubled decade was called the big-band era and later the swing era.

The big band, as jazz knew it, developed logically to meet the audio requirements of bigger ballrooms. In the '20s there were megaphones for singers, but no microphones, and horn players with big, carrying tones were at a premium—there was no place for a fragile tone that relied on amplification.

Yet it is undoubtedly in the nature of jazz always to be in rebellion against the status quo, and this partially explains the success of the bop revolution of the '40s. The charges of stagnation leveled against the music that preceded it are not borne out by any conscientious study of the records. It was more a matter that in a time of change and upheaval the music had to change too. And the time was opportune, for it became increasingly difficult for big bands to maintain standards and operate economically in the early '40s as more and more musicians were drafted into the armed forces. When the musicians and a large part of their audience returned from the war, they were presented with something of a fait accompli. Jazz had lifted itself out of the ballroom, and young America danced now to music less ambitious than jazz.

The step jazz took in moving from the New Orleans concept to that of the big bands is one that has often been argued on artistic grounds, but, at least, it involved the employment of more musicians. There were the irre-

concilables who could and would play only Dixieland, but a large proportion of the earlier stylists were profitably absorbed into the big bands. The bop revolution, on the other hand, ultimately brought about a return to small groups and fewer opportunities for jazz musicians.

From a perspective of about 20 years, one can see now that the swing era bred a particularly hardy and versatile type of musician, one easily distinguishable from the pseudo-swingers and quasi-swingers who disappeared after a brief, lucrative ride on the big-band wagon. The really creative musicians, who had reached maturity while bringing jazz from the underground (in which it languished at the beginning of the decade) to international recognition, found themselves relegated to semi-obscure after World War II, musically segregated and deprived of the fruits of victory.

But the going never had been easy for them—on the road, playing one-nighters—and they were conditioned by the rigors and discipline they had endured. In the highly competitive postwar arena, the fittest survived. There was bitterness, of course, as the casualties mounted, but there also was increasing recognition that the risks were inevitable in the "music business" of which they were a part.

IN A SENSE, Duke Ellington and his orchestra always have been above the battle. Theirs is a self-contained caravan that goes its own way, though conscious of the storms that periodically wrack the world of jazz. With musical values guarded by its leader's taste, and continuity and progress unequalled in jazz, it is the prime example of the survival of the fittest. Such veterans of the swing era as Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Russell Procope, Cootie Williams, Ray Nance, and Lawrence Brown are still in its ranks, all of them recognized internationally as mature musicians with important and highly individual interpretative skills.

Employment by Ellington, even after it has ceased, gives the artist a special cachet. Ben Webster, for example, was with the band for a relatively brief period, but despite the fact of his undiminished talent, the outstanding numbers he recorded during his Ducal stay are still those most requested of him. Heard mostly on the West Coast in recent years, he now expects to spend more time in the east, and to judge by his New York appearances, he should soon be getting far more exposure in clubs and on records there than he did in California.

In New York Webster played at a June Town Hall

Pianist Claude Hopkins



PHOTOS/JACK BRADLEY

concert of Duke Ellington's music in a group led by Clark Terry and that included such other alumni as Hilton Jefferson, Quentin Jackson, Britt Woodman, Taft Jordan, Wendell Marshall, and Sonny Greer (see *Caught in the Act*, page 32). Several of these men are expected to play in the "second" Ellington band at the Aric Crown Theater in Chicago's McCormick Place during August.

Jefferson, one of the greatest lead altos the music has produced, works by day in a bank, while the others follow musical careers with varying fortunes in New York, the two trombonists, Jackson and Woodman, being much in demand for concerts and records. Harold Baker, a brilliant trumpet player, has not been much in the lime-light since he left Ellington, although he has played at the Embers with his own quartet and in pianist George Wein's small group. Another well-known alumnus, Tyree Glenn, a trombonist and vibraharpist, has forged a successful career in television, radio, and recording.

Count Basie's band today bears less physical resemblance to its swing-era counterpart than does Ellington's, though Basie continues to pursue a relatively direct, swinging policy. Only guitarist Freddie Green remains from the prewar band, many of whose members are prominent in jazz elsewhere. Trumpeter Buck Clayton is one of those who are probably more honored abroad than in their own country, making frequent trips to Europe and Canada with his own group and as a single.

Tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate has led the band at the Celebrity Club in Harlem for years and appears with it at many dances for different social organizations throughout the city. It includes trumpeter Pat Jenkins (formerly of the Savoy Sultans), trombonist Eli Robinson (formerly with Zack Whyte, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Lucky Millinder, and Basie) and Ben Richardson (formerly with Whyte, Blanche Calloway, Claude Hopkins, and Louis Armstrong). When Tate plays bigger halls, like the Audobon, the Rockland Palace, the Palm Gardens, and the Riverside Plaza, or those at the Diplomat and the Woodstock, he usually enlarges the band with old Basie sidekicks such as Clayton, trombonist Dickie Wells, and saxophonists Earle Warren and Rudy Rutherford.

Trumpeter Emmett Berry often played with Tate, too, but for some time he has been a part of Pearl Bailey's accompanying unit.

Wells can also be heard at the Apollo Theater occasionally, when the bands led by singers like B. B. King and James Brown are expanded for appearances there, and he sometimes goes out with them for engagements at such theaters as the Howard in Washington. "Still one of the best trombones around," according to Count Basie earlier this year, Wells' placing fifth in both sections of this year's *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll was an encouraging sign of fresh critical recognition.

Other Basie alumni often heard on records or in New York are, of course, drummer Jo Jones and trumpeter Harry Edison. Bassist Rodney Richardson, who took Walter Page's place, returned to the Manhattan scene recently. Illinois Jacquet also emerged from obscurity, at least on records (Epic and Argo). Vic Dickenson, after a long stay at Nick's with Wild Bill Davison, left New York with the Saints and Sinners, a Dixieland group that usually includes pianist Red Richards. Jimmy Rushing and Helen Humes, vocalists with the early Basie band, are both active and in good voice.

Reuben Phillips is the leader of the Apollo house

band, "the best show band in the country," according to arranger Billy Strayhorn. It obviously provides the kind of invaluable experience difficult for young musicians to get nowadays. Its book, incidentally, includes numbers composed and arranged by Eric Dixon before he went first with Quincy Jones and then with Basie. The personnel varies, but an excellent, all-instrumental album put out some months ago by Ascot, a United Artists subsidiary, showed it to contain such fine musicians as



At Condon's: Vic Dickenson, Herb Lovelle, Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Red Richards

Jimmy Powell, Pete Clark, Money Johnson, Dicky Harris, Billy Butler, and Elmer Crumbley.

Crumbley, who plays growl trombone a la Tricky Sam Nanton, was a member of the enormously influential Jimmie Lunceford Orchestra of the '30s.

One of that band's greatest stars was another trombonist, Trummy Young, who came to terms with Dixieland, as did many other musicians of the swing era, when interest in traditional jazz revived. For more than 10 years Young has been a mainstay of Louis Armstrong's All-Stars, but many of those who knew him as a pacesetter on his instrument in the late '30s have never been reconciled to the stylistic change he made in 1952. They ignore his playing a variation of tailgate with remarkable skill and punch and with real devotion to Armstrong's needs. But it is a mystery why some record company hasn't temporarily taken him out of the Dixieland context to show what he can do in a less restricted idiom.

Drummer Jimmie Crawford, another important contributor to Lunceford's success, has for many years played in the pit bands of Broadway musicals. Currently with *How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying*, he is either responsible for the long runs of the shows he plays or else gifted with uncanny foresight in picking them.

Ed Wilcox, Lunceford's pianist from start to finish, often can be heard in Al Bandini's Dixieland band at the Riviera in Greenwich Village. Willie Smith, the brilliant alto saxophonist, was recently reported leaving the Harry James Band after years as soloist, vocalist, and section leader with the unit. Snooky Young, whose trumpet contributed much to Lunceford's famous *Uptown Blues*, is, with Clark Terry, a member of the NBC staff, which he joined when he left Basie.

The services of Sy Oliver, who virtually created the Lunceford style with his arrangements, are often in demand for the provision of backgrounds to singers. Like Don Redman, Jimmy Mundy, Buster Harding, and Eddie Durham, he seldom has the opportunity to produce out-and-out jazz scores, though there is no doubt

that all these men could still acquit themselves well.

Edgar Sampson, who wrote several of the swing era's anthems (*Stomping at the Savoy*, *Don't Be That Way*, *Blue Lou*, *When Dreams Come True*, etc.), has unpublished material in hand, but he has been inactive musically because of his wife's serious illness.

The activities of Earl Hines, Woody Herman, Benny Goodman, and Benny Carter, all leaders of famous bands in the '30s, have been fairly regularly chronicled, but another, Claude Hopkins, has made a quiet comeback via records after years with Dixieland combos at the Metropole. His two Swingville albums were among the best in the small-band, mainstream idiom of recent years, and in one to be released he reintroduces Bobby Johnson, who played some of the better trumpet solos on Erskine Hawkins' records. With Johnson, and Ferdinand Everett on drums, Hopkins has worked a long



Ex-Basieites Emmett Berry, Buck Clayton, Dickie Wells, Earle Warren, Buddy Tate

engagement at the Nevelle Country Club in Ellenville, N. Y.

Other big bands that accompany singers like Ray Charles, Lloyd Price, and Fats Domino often harbor veterans of the swing era. Keg Johnson, Henderson Chambers, Dickie Wells, and Rudy Powell, for example, all have played with Charles in recent years.

A BRIGHT SIDE of the picture can be found in the continued popularity of men like Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Harry James, Woody Herman, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Lionel Hampton. Pianists like Teddy Wilson (with McShann-Basie bassist Gene Ramey), Herman Chittison (at the Dunc Deck, Westhampton, N. Y.), and Ram Ramirez, one of the composers of *Lover Man* (at New York City's Basin Street East sandwiched between Al Hirt and Brook Benton!) are still pleasures to hear.

Marlowe Morris, Ben Webster's onetime pianist, can be heard on organ, sometimes in Atlantic City, N. J., sometimes in uptown New York City (last year at the Shalimar with saxophonist Julian Dash of the old Erskine Hawkins Band).

The DeParis brothers, trombonist Wilbur and cornetist Sidney, with their long experience with big bands, roll on triumphantly with a special brand of Dixieland at Room-at-the-Bottom; guitarist Danny Barker and pianist Cliff Jackson cause rejoicing among the patrons of the new Ryan's; and clarinetist Ed Hall, trumpeter Max Kaminsky, and saxophonist Bud Freeman—big-band veterans whatever their current image—may, respectively, be at Condon's, warming up a Jackie Gleason television show, or captivating a crowd at Manchester, England.

Cozy Cole, having completed his "ambassadorial" duties in Africa, alternates with Gene Krupa in drumming up business at the Metropole, while elsewhere J. C. Heard drums with Dorothy Donegan, and Slam Stewart plucks, bows, and moans with Rose Murphy.

Harlem is the place for guitars as well as organs, and not only Kenny Burrell's and Grant Green's, for Tiny Grimes (of the Art Tatum Trio) and Al Casey (of Fats Waller's Rhythm) have been holding forth at the Purple Manor and the Palm Cafe, respectively.

Twenty-three years after the halcyon days with Earl Hines, and following impressive showings with Quincy Jones and Gil Evans, tenor saxophonist Budd Johnson's fame has justly grown again to the point where he can lead his own group in a concert at Lincoln Center and record for Argo playing all the several reed instruments he commands. Trumpeter Doc Cheatham heads Adolphus' Rumbas at the International on Broadway, but his too-infrequent jazz recordings make one wish there were another niche for him.

The success of Jonah Jones' "muted jazz" formula a few years ago has happily meant a new round of popularity not only for him but also for other trumpet players of somewhat the same genre, such as Charlie Shavers, Henry (Red) Allen, Harold (Shorty) Baker, Louis Metcalfe, and Erskine Hawkins. And in the winter, Jack Crystal keeps a good selection of grown-in-the-'30s talent on the stand at the Central Plaza. The personnels vary, but trumpeters such as Herman Autrey, Johnny Letman, Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Erwin, and Henry Goodwin play there, not to mention Buck Clayton and Roy Eldridge—and pianists such as Sammy Price and trombonists such as J. C. Higginbotham.

ALL THIS IS more or less the public mainstream scene in the New York area. There are endless other little gigs that are not heard about unless contact is maintained with the musicians themselves.

One hears, for example, that clarinetist Hank D'Amico played the Fiddle and Bow in Elmhurst and that Bobby Hackett sat in on one occasion; that altoist Lester Boone and drummer Harry Dial were at Lucky's in Brooklyn; that saxophonist George James, who played with Louis Armstrong in the '30s, was at the Colonial Inn in Jamaica; that Dickie Wells was with Max Kaminsky in some Village joint; that Skip Hall, Sy Oliver's brother-in-law, was playing organ first at the L Bar and then the Purple Manor; that trumpeter Mouse Randolph and Gene Michaels are with Chick Morrison at the Martinique; that saxophonists Charlie Holmes, Happy Caldwell, and Howard Johnson and drummers Manzie Johnson and Walter Johnson are all making music uptown. . .

But who cares?

The musicians tend to regard these happenings as of no possible interest, and they are often reluctant to pass on news of them. They are gigs, often perfunctorily performed, to earn bread. Repetition and repertoire are usually imposed upon the men, and their only real opportunity for creative playing comes with the rare record session.

Jazz has descended from the 16-piece bands to quintets, quartets, and trios. There are no jam sessions, and the clubs keep closing. The dispossessed and neglected musicians of the '30s have met an unexpected problem and found various solutions. Their experiences perhaps will enable them to give good counsel to the musicians of the following decades who have multiplied out of all proportion to the audience.





MARTIAL SOLAL



STEPHANE GRAPPELLY

JAZZ IN FRANCE

By FRANK TENOT



ANDRE HODEIR

IT IS SOMETIMES SAID that France was the eldest daughter of the Roman Catholic Church. It also may be claimed that she is the eldest daughter of jazz.

The jazz vogue is not a new thing in France; it has flourished almost since the music's outset. French intellectual circles became interested in jazz right after World War I. At that time, there was a lively movement supporting Negro music, a movement associated with like tendencies in painting and poetry, most notably in surrealist painting. It was Jean Cocteau who discovered the Revellers, Ted Lewis, and Josephine Baker, and who played drums at the popular cabaret *Bocuf sur le toit* (Ox on the Roof). At that time no one really knew what jazz was, and the snobs would turn their admiration toward Jack Hylton as readily as toward Louis Armstrong.

During the 1920s, various U.S. groups (the Mitchell Jazz Band, the *Blackbirds* company, Sam Wooding, and Noble Sissle with Sidney Bechet) toured, stirring widespread interest. But it was not until 1934 that the study and criticism of the music started to become more serious. In that year Hugues Panassie founded the Hot Club of France and began the magazine *Jazz Hot* with Charles Delaunay. In his pioneering critical writing, Panassie separated, sometimes with a personal taste open to question, good jazz from bad. Still, it had a great influence on young people up until 1948.

The first French musicians to take up jazz did so under the influence of Louis Armstrong, Red Nichols, Jimmy Dorsey, and Duke Ellington. They were trumpeter Philippe Brun, trombonist Leon Vauchant, tenorist Alix Combelle, and altoist André Ekyan.

The most famous jazz musician in France, guitarist Django Reinhardt, formed with violinist Stéphane Grappelly the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, whose reputation soon became known all over Europe.

Before World War II, one could easily find the records of Fats Waller, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Jimmie Lunceford, Armstrong, and Ellington

in the record shops. The principal "greats" came to France and gave concerts—Ellington in 1933 and 1939, Armstrong in 1934.

A number of American soloists, in fact, remained in Paris: Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Bill Coleman, Freddie Johnson, Eddie South, and Big Boy Goudie, among them. During this time the Montmartre and Montparnasse quarters were fashionable, and it was in the night clubs of these sections that the jazzmen played. Some excellent records were made in Paris in 1937 and 1938, among them a quartet session with cornetist Rex Stewart, clarinetist Barney Bigard, Reinhardt, and bassist Billy Taylor, as well as the famous *Crazy Rhythm* session with Hawkins, Carter, Combelle, and Ekyan.

Panassie and Delaunay together founded one of the first record companies devoted exclusively to jazz, the Swing label.

During the war and the German occupation, jazz was unbelievably popular—several years previously, the swing and jitterbug fads had invaded France. Furthermore, the majority of the population hated the Germans and loved jazz, which was taken as proof of being an Americanophile. But there was no longer any musical contact between the two sides of the Atlantic, and the rare records made in the United States that were slipped in through Switzerland were sold on the black market. (This writer remembers purchasing a recording of *Koko* by Ellington in 1942 for 500 francs—roughly the weekly wage for a worker.)

It was at this time that Reinhardt became so popular. His picture appeared on the front pages of large-circulation newspapers, and the delightful *Nuages*, which he composed and recorded in 1940, became a best seller.

Each Sunday, jazz musicians would give concerts at the Salle Pleyel. The best known were Combelle; Hubert Ros-taing, clarinet; Aime Barelli, trumpet; Michel Warlop, vibraharp; Noel Chiboust, tenor saxophone; Bernard Peiffer, piano, who went to the U.S. in 1954.

Panassie and Delaunay have always given preference to Negro musicians, and a number of Africans and Martinique natives, such as altoist Robert Mavounzy, received acclaim that their talents did not justify. The jazz of the occupation was, furthermore, with the exception of Reinhardt's, of mediocre quality.

After the liberation, the center of jazz activity switched to Saint Germain des Pres, where a New Orleans revival began, the principal beneficiary of it being clarinetist Claude Luter. In 1949, Sidney Bechet moved to Paris, where he became an extraordinary star. He was liked by all segments of the public, young as well as old, and made a sizable fortune through his records and concerts. He played a mixed music, composed of New Orleans Creole, pop tunes, and swing.

However, bop made its appearance in 1948 with the coming of the large orchestra of Dizzy Gillespie, in whose ranks were John Lewis, Chano Pozo, and Kenny Clarke. The impact was revolutionary. In 1949 Charlie Parker and Miles Davis visited. The French musicians split into two groups, the traditionalists and the modernists. This schism continues today, with the modernists becoming more and more powerful.

There is no lack of French talent: the Martial Solal (currently in the U.S.) Trio, Georges Arvanitas Quintet, Maxim Saury's New Orleans band, and the Claude Luter Orchestra are among the regular groups. Other musicians play together by chance—at recording sessions, dances, and frequently for "pop" sessions. The most active are saxophonists Guy Lafitte, Jean Claude Fohrenbach, Francois Janneau, Dominique Chansoni, and Combelle; trumpeters Roger Guerin and Jean Claude Naude; pianists Solal, Rene Urtreger, Georges Arvanitas, Henri Renaud, and Jacques Danjean; bassists Pierre Michelot, Paul Royere, Guy Pederson, and Michel Gaudry; guitarists Elek Bacsik and Pierre Cullaz; vibraharpist Michel

(Continued on page 35)

record reviews

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

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

Count Basie

THIS TIME BY BASIE! HITS OF THE '50s AND '60s!—Reprise 6070: *This Could Be the Start of Something Big*; *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*; *One Mint Julep*; *The Swingin' Shepherd Blues*; *I Can't Stop Loving You*; *Moon River*; *Fly Me to the Moon*; *What Kind of Fool Am I?*; *Walk, Don't Run*; *Nice 'n' Easy*; Theme from "The Apartment."

Personnel: Sonny Cohn, Albert Aarons, Thad Jones, F. P. Ricard, Ed Preston, trumpets; Henry Coker, Benny Powell, Urbie Green, Grover Mitchell, trombones; Eric Dixon, Frank Wess, Frank Foster, Marshall Royal, Charlie Fowlkes, reeds; Basie, piano; Buddy Catlett, bass; Freddie Green; guitar; Sonny Payne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

The Great Swinging Machine in a different light. A couple of these tracks (*Something Big*, *Walk*) are, from a jazz point of view, fairly satisfying Basie, but most of the set is disappointing.

Somewhere in the left-field liner notes is a Quincy Jones quote that explains most of what is wrong here: "We just reduced everything to its musical common denominator and forgot all the obstacles."

And that's about what the result sounds like—a Count Basie formula applied to some ex-pop tunes. Nothing much happens, beyond a good deal of respectable reading by a beautifully organized platoon of musicians.

Apartment might hold some interest for those who enjoy playing *Blindfold Test* with their friends. It's a rare example of the Basie band coming on a little like early Stan Kenton or late Paul Whiteman. You certainly could have fooled me. (R.B.H.)

Johnny Beecher

SAX 5TH AVE.—CRC Charter 102: *Reveries*; *Star Dust*; *Diane*; *Flamingo*; *Lonely Feeling*; *Sax Fifth Avenue*; *Summit Ridge Drive*; *Scripts 'n' Scraps*; *Beecher's Bossa Nova*; *The Spirited Gim Bulls*; *May Cees Blues*; *Cherokee*.

Personnel: Beecher, tenor saxophone; Emil Richards, vibraharp; Jimmy Bond, bass; Bert Kendrick, organ; Earl Palmer, Wayne Robinson, drums.

Rating: ★

Ever try to swim in a pool of mineral oil? I suspect the experience would be a little like sitting through the first side of this LP. Unctuous tenor and soap-opera organ (Kendrix has an authentic *Ma Perkins* touch) performing ballads in slow motion adds up to a pretty cloying session.

On the second side Beecher attempts a few more spirited solos but merely succeeds in lining out his many shortcomings as a jazzman. The only sufferable moments here are in a few brief solos by Richards. (R.B.H.)

Bill Doggett

PRELUDE TO THE BLUES—Columbia 1942 and 8742: *Don't Explain*; *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*; *Born to Lose*; *Blue and Sentimental*; *Blue Prelude*; *All Souls Blues*; *Careless Love*; *The Man That Got Away*; *Soda Pop*; *Ham Fat*; *Opus D*; *St. Louis Blues*.

Personnel: Cliff Davis or Benny Nelson, tenor saxophone; Doggett, organ; Bill Butler, guitar; rest unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Doggett was one of the first jazz organists, and he remains one of the best. This

is because he is a good musician first and an organist second.

In recent years he has worked close to the pop-music area and because of this has not been taken seriously by some jazz fans. It must be remembered, however, that Doggett played piano with some first-rate jazz groups in the '40s. A tasteful example of his piano work can be heard on Illinois Jacquet's recording of *Doggin' with Doggett* on Savoy.

The music on this album is relaxed, good-humored, and extremely easy to take. Doggett and his men travel a well-beaten musical path, but they certainly know their way on it better than most groups of this type.

The organist gets out as full a sound as I've heard and rarely resorts to sensational effects. Even the rock-and-roll tracks, *Soda* and *Ham*, are handled in relatively good taste.

Don't Explain, *Souls*, and *Prelude*, which are taken at slow tempos, contain thoughtful solo work. Doggett's playing is particularly lyrical throughout most of *Souls*, though the track is marred by a few hysterical moments.

Sleepy Time and *Sentimental* have an attractively lazy mood. Dig Doggett's fine opening solo on *Sleepy Time* and Davis' husky playing on *Sentimental*.

The medium-tempo tunes—*Careless*, *Opus D*, and *St. Louis*—flow smoothly. The group strikes a very infectious groove on *Careless*, and all three tracks have good solos by Butler. (H.P.)

Dizzy Gillespie

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW — Philips PHS 600-091: *Bebop*; *Good Bait*; *I Can't Get Started*; *'Round Midnight*; *Dizzy Atmosphere*; *November Afternoon*; *This Lovely Feeling*; *The Day After*; *The Cup Bearers*.

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; James Moody, tenor and alto saxophones, flute; Kenny Barron, piano; Chris White bass; Rudy Collins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The first side offers five tunes from the early bebop era, four of which Gillespie recorded in those days. The exception is *'Round Midnight*; because its standard introduction is the same as the standard coda for Gillespie's version of *I Can't Get Started*, a segue from the latter into Monk's standard seems beautifully logical.

I have deliberately avoided reminding myself of the original versions, but obviously the recording here is far superior; clearly Moody attempts to be neither Byas nor Bird. The rhythm section benefits most from the passage of time, but again this is largely the result of better recording quality.

Barron fits well here. His solos have less color and variety than Lalo Schiffrin's, since he relies largely on single-note lines here; but because of the closeness of his style to that of such early Gillespie pianists as Al Haig and George Wallington, his presence is admirably in keeping with the

intended spirit of this side.

Moody plays with splendid fluency and creativity throughout, but an intermittent reed squeak bothers him on both sides.

As for Gillespie, it is good to be reminded that a tune like his *Bebop* has survived almost two decades and provides as exciting a framework as ever for the blowing.

His solos, even when sequences of predictable notes arise (everyone has his own clichés, but not everyone can make them come alive), are magnificent. Today, as in 1945, he is capable of creating long, cohesive phrases that are not only technically impossible for any other living trumpeter but also are unique in their form, elan, verve, dash, flair, or whatever you want to call it. And today, as in 1945, he can sustain a feeling of lyrical beauty, as on the *Started-Midnight* medley, that will neither be surpassed by greater artists nor replaced by newer styles.

The second side, comprising three pieces by Tom McIntosh and one bossa nova by Margo Guryan and Arif Mardin, is less intriguing in concept, though not without interest compositionally.

The main difference between the writing and blowing then and now seems to be that in the old days only slow tunes were used for themes of great harmonic interest; today it is customary and desirable to use somewhat more challenging changes on the moderato and bright pieces. Nevertheless, the most attractive track is *The Day After*, a slow McIntosh ballad.

White and Collins give strong support throughout. The performances of the ensemble, and even occasionally of Gillespie singly, leave a little to be desired; evidently Gillespie himself wasn't sure these were all the best takes, for at the end of *Cup Bearers* he can be distantly heard saying, "Let me hear that one." But a second best take by Birks is worth twice any other cat's works. (L.G.F.)

Benny Golson

TURNING POINT—Mercury 20801: *How Am I to Know?*; *The Masquerade Is Over*; *Dear Kathy*; *Three Little Words*; *Turning Point*; *Stella by Starlight*; *Alone Together*.

Personnel: Golson, tenor saxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Backed by a ne plus ultra rhythm section, Golson shows off his increasing assimilation of the Sonny Rollins sound and approach in this set. This is most evident in the up-tempo pieces on which he can dig in and swing—*Know* and *Point*.

His lines are strong and lean, and he phrases with a rolling sense of continuity that carries the pieces along with a wonderfully natural sense of propulsion. *Words*, although up tempo, is less singlemindedly in the Rollins groove, although there is a lot of Rollins in it.

On the other hand, on the two slow

ballads—*Stella* and *Kathy*—Golson uses a heavily breathy style that, when it is not defeating its purpose by producing more breath than tone, owes most of its merits to Ben Webster.

By a process of elimination, this leaves one with the conclusion that the most completely Golsonesque of these performances are the medium ballads, *Alone* and *Masquerade*, an unhappy conclusion to draw because these are relatively bland and colorless performances.

Golson is too good a saxophonist to work in the shadow of someone else, even the giants who are reflected in this set. The buoyance and virtuosity and imagination that he shows here in the up-tempo selections should, I suspect, turn up somehow in his other work. There is, as a matter of fact, a considerable amount of stimulating playing all through the disc because, aside from Golson's better moments, Kelly's piano and the springing drive of the rhythm section keep things moving. (J.S.W.)

Harold Harris

HAROLD HARRIS AT THE PLAYBOY CLUB—Vee Jay 3036: *Playboy Theme*; *Hefner Just Walked In*; *When Your Lover Has Gone*; *What Kind of Fool Am I?*; *Lot of Livin'*; *Another Time*; *In Other Words*.

Personnel: Harris, piano; Lennell Glass, bass; George Harps, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

It's possible to look at this set of performances as having a certain kind of historical interest. If, 10 years from now, you wanted to know what the most common clichés of the jazz type of pianist were in 1963, you could put on this record of

Harris, and you'd have the works spread out before you.

Harris' glossy pastiches have as much individuality as a Playboy bunny and undoubtedly fit in well in the Playboy atmosphere. Out in the real world, however, they're just a collection of secondhand Ahmad Jamal and Erroll Garner and George Shearing and even Les McCann.

There are suggestions on Harris' two originals—*Hefner* and *Time*—that he may have something of his own. But that will probably have to wait for another place and another time. The recording is close, full, and well balanced. (J.S.W.)

Woody Herman

ENCORE—Philips 600-092: *That's Where It Is*; *Watermelon Man*; *Body and Soul*; *Better Get It in Your Soul*; *Jazz Me Blues*; *El Toro Grande*; *Days of Wine and Roses*; *Caldonia*.

Personnel: Bill Chase, Paul Fontaine, Dave Gale, Gerald Lamy, trumpets; Phil Wilson, Henry Southall, Bob Rudolph, trombones; Herman, clarinet, alto saxophone, vocals; Sal Nistico, Bobby Jones, Bill Perkins, Frank Hittner, saxophones; Nat Pierce, piano; Chuck Andrus, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The best band of several years has come up with a worthy follow-up to its first album. The big, broad swinging power of this Herman Herd is a joy to hear. The sections are clean and full-bodied, and they really bite; the soloists range from skillful to distinctive; Pierce has turned out a slough of arrangements that enable the band to project its inherent excitement. And over it all is the knowing hand and glowing personality of Herman himself.

There's plenty of variety in this set. There's a brilliant bit of Basicana by



Pierce, *Where*, which not only affords him a well-merited solo spot but also shows off the band's rugged, dashing power. There's a wallowing extension of a Charlie Mingus service in Bob Hammer's arrangement of *Get*; a remarkable bit of Dixieland adaptation by Pierce on *Jazz Me*; and a pair of beautifully conceived ballads, *Body* and *Wine*, on which some of the loveliest aspects of Herman's Hodges-influenced alto can be heard.

Aside from Pierce and Herman, however, the solo contributions on this set are less interesting than those on the first.

Wilson, who made such a startling impression on that disc, is kept fairly well under wraps here, although he has a delightful solo on *Body*, while Nistico, who was showcased well on the first set, is overextended here and contributes a good deal to the failure of the two pieces that pull down the over-all rating—*Toro* and *Caldonia*. *Toro* is simply a long and uninspired fast Nistico solo, while *Caldonia* is taken at a breakneck tempo, which destroys Herman's attempt at a vocal, and then deteriorates into a series of long doodling solos. One thing this version of *Caldonia* does have, however, is an amaz-

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ing brass and rhythm riff behind Wilson's trombone that has to be heard to be believed.

Any band that can turn out as much superb playing as this one can be forgiven an occasional peccadillo, and I'll gladly suffer through the destruction of an old Herman masterpiece such as *Caldonia* to hear a new masterpiece such as *That's Where It Is*. (J.S.W.)

Kenyon Hopkins

THE YELLOW CANARY—Verve 8548: *The Whistling Canary*; *The Yellow Canary* (Main Theme); *Lissa*; *Bake's Lament*; *The Spindrift*; *Lonesome Canary*; *The Hanging*; *On the Roof*; *The Doll*; *The Menace*; *Santa Monica Blues*; *Deserted Canary*; *The Yellow Canary Jukebox*.

Personnel: Clark Terry or Joe Newman, trumpet; Billy Byers, Dick Lieb, Jimmy Cleveland, trombones; Romeo Penque, Jerome Richardson, reeds; Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone; Lalo Schiffrin, piano; Eddie Costa, vibraphone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; George Duvivier or Milt Hinton, bass; Ed Shaughnessy, drums; Hopkins, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Hopkins has done a competent, craftsmanlike job of writing the film score for the film *The Yellow Canary*. For the most part, this album makes for pleasant, though not challenging, listening. The melodies are rather typical of what one would hear in a movie or television mystery story.

Hopkins is at his worst when writing pseudo-funky and/or rock-and-rollish compositions. *Yellow Canary* (Main Theme), *Spindrift*, and *Jukebox* are corny when heard out of the movie context. *Roof* also is a trivial melody. (However, in fairness to Hopkins it must be pointed out that a film score is not the place to look for a composer's outstanding efforts.)

What makes the album as palatable as it is is Hopkins' arranging. Many of the tracks have a light, airy quality—flute and muted brass sonorities being used often.

Schiffrin is probably the record's outstanding soloist. His lines on *Santa Monica* and *Deserted Canary* are nicely constructed and show a good deal of rhythmic subtlety. He seems now to be going through a period of absorbing influences; on *Menace* he is working out of a Bill Evans bag, and on *Jukebox* he is at times reminiscent of Red Garland. Despite this eclecticism, though, he is, at his best, a creative and satisfying musician.

Other solo highlights include Sims' effervescent playing on *Deserted Canary* and Burrell's fluent spot on *Santa Monica*. (H.P.)

Willis Jackson

NEAPOLITAN NIGHTS—Prestige 7264: *Neapolitan Nights*; *Arrivederci, Roma*; *Mama*; *Volare*; *Al Di La*; *Verdi's Vonce*.

Personnel: Jackson, tenor saxophone; Gildo Mahones, piano; Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; George Tucker, bass; Bobby Donaldson, drums; Montego Joe, conga drum.

Rating: ★ ★

Jackson is not at his best on this album. As usual, his playing is direct and unpretentious, but the melodic and rhythmic devices he uses are common. In general, he doesn't seem too inspired.

Mama is embarrassingly oversentimental, and Jackson gets a corny sound from his horn on this track. On *Neapolitan*, *Arrivederci*, and *Volare*, he rides comfortably over the beat, stringing clichés together.

Al Di La is one of the better tracks; he plays tastefully and with considerable warmth. Here Jackson's dark, soft tone

may remind some listeners of Don Byas.

Vonce, a blues, is only fair, with Jackson playing in a relaxed Lester Youngish groove.

Mahones adds to the interest of the album by contributing a few lyrical solos. (H.P.)

Quincy Jones

QUINCY JONES PLAYS HIP HITS—Mercury 60799: *Comin' Home, Baby*; *Gravy Waltz*; *Desafinado*; *Exodus*; *Cast Your Fate to the Wind*; *A Taste of Honey*; *Back at the Chicken Shack*; *Jive Samba*; *Take Five*; *Walk on the Wild Side*; *Watermelon Man*; *Bossa Nova U.S.A.*

Personnel: Joe Newman, Clark Terry, Ernie Royal, Snooky Young, James Nottingham, Al Perisi, trumpets; Billy Byers, Paul Faulise, Jimmy Cleveland, Quentin Jackson, Kai Winding, Thomas Mitchell, Santo Russo, Melba Liston, trombones; Julius Watkins, James Buffington, Ray Alonge, Bob Northern, Earl Chapin, Paul Ingraham, Fred Klein, Willie Ruff, French horns; Romeo Penque, clarinet; Zoot Sims, Roland Kirk, Walter Levinsky, James Moody, Frank Wess, Al Cohn, Phil Woods, saxophones; Budd Johnson, Seldon Powell, Jerome Richardson, reeds; Lalo Schiffrin, Bobby Scott, Patti Bown, piano, organ; Wayne Wright, Sam Herman, Kenny Burrell, Jim Hall, guitars; Bill Stanley, James McAllister, tubas; Charles McCoy, harmonica; Milt Hinton, Art Davis, George Duvivier, Ben Tucker, Major Holley, Chris White, basses; Rudy Collins, Osie Johnson, Ed Shaughnessy, drums; James Johnson, Carlos Goem, Jack Del Rico, Jose Paula, Bill Costa, George Devins, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

A lot of the hip hits seem to wiggle in the hips, which is maybe what makes them hip. Anyhow, there's really not much that even Quincy Jones and a brilliant group of soloists can do with such things as *Watermelon*, *Wild Side*, or *Fate*.

Joe Newman's lustily shouting and cackling trumpet saves *Comin' Home* and *Chicken Shack*. From there on, everybody has a reasonable chance of creating something of rational interest.

Jones' writing is especially interesting in his use of trombones and French horns on *Desafinado*, a treatment that breathes new life into this well-worn theme.

Zoot Sims is at his sinuously swinging best on *Exodus* and *Bossa Nova*, and switching to alto, he plays a fascinating duet with Phil Woods on *Take Five* that is brilliantly airy and flowing. Bobby Scott is an active spot soloist on piano and organ, and Jim Hall, Clark Terry, and Roland Kirk get brief opportunities to be heard.

The band has an unusually full, solid sound (though not all the personnel listed plays at once), and it swings much more readily than a studio group is likely to. (J.S.W.)

Roland Kirk

REEDS & DEEDS—Mercury 20800: *Reeds and Deeds*; *Hay Ro*; *This Is Always*; *Song of the Countrymen*; *Limbo Boat*; *Lonesome August Child*; *Land of Peace*; *Waltz of the Friends*.

Personnel: Virgil Jones, trumpet; Charles Greenlee or Tom McIntosh, trombone; Kirk, tenor saxophone, manzello, strich, flute; Harold Mabern, piano; Rafik Abdullah or Richard Davis, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This disc represents a new direction for multi-instrumentalist Kirk. He has added two brass men to his group; coupled with his reeds, this gives the sextet a wide range of sounds and colors, which are exploited well in the arrangements Kirk and Benny Golson have crafted for the group. Still, despite the presence of the added horns, this is a much less stimulating or adventurous album than Kirk's previous ones (especially the *We Free Kings* set).

The album seems less a Kirk collection than it does, say, a Jazztet date—which is curious, for according to the notes only two numbers, the title piece and *This Is Always*, were arranged by Golson, co-leader of the defunct Jazztet. Nonetheless, not a great deal of Kirk's personality is on display here—not like it was in the earlier albums, where he had to carry the bulk of the load himself. One formed an idea of what Kirk was capable of in those albums and became accustomed to his sound and approach—and there doesn't seem to be nearly as much of Kirk in this album.

The very limitations of the way Kirk could voice his three horns gave his work definition, set the style and the sound, made it a very personal approach. Now, in this album, it seems that uniqueness has been jettisoned in favor of orthodoxy. The added horns have not been used to extend and underline Kirk's own startling approach but to reduce it to something approaching the conventional. There is little of the daring and the bizarre that informed Kirk's previous work.

But it is a better-than-good date. Kirk plays stunningly, with force and passion—as for example on *Land of Peace* (a very attractive Leonard Feather composition) or on his own adaptation of a Heitor Villa Lobos piece, called *Countrymen* here (and which is very Minguslike in its contours), and on *Waltz* (in which he trades lines with Greenlee's trombones, varying the sound of the manzello by moving the reed, thus causing it to sound much like a trombone). His very personal flute is showcased on the title piece and on *This Is Always*.

The three brass men play competently enough but with little individuality or inventiveness. Pianist Mabern, however, contributes some fine, flowing solos and is admirable in his supporting role.

A change in direction doesn't always represent an advance, however. (P.W.)

Billy May

BILL'S BAG—Capitol 1888: *Children of the Night*; *Uh! Oh!* (Nuttie Squirrels); *The Preacher*; *Playboy's Theme*; *The Late, Late Show*; *Dat Dere*; *Filet of Soul*; *Whisper Not*; *Miles Behind*; *Moanin'*; *My Little Suede Shoes*; *Shiny Stockings*.

Personnel: Don Fagerquist, trumpet; Dave Wells or Lou McCreary, bass trumpet; Paul Horn, alto saxophone, flute; Justin Gordon, tenor saxophone, piccolo; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Big-band albums that attempt to re-create famous themes usually make for pretty bland listening. That this one is better than most is attributable largely to May, one of the most talented of commercial arrangers.

Marks of May's skill can be found throughout the album. One device he uses well is contrasting a fairly small group of instruments, playing quietly, with louder ensemble passages. A good example of this can be heard on *Moanin'*.

Other points of interest include the contrapuntal writing on *Playboy's Theme*, the unfulfilled hint of a speeded-up tempo on *Dat Dere*, and the insertion of a few bars of waltz meter on *Whisper Not*. Most of the latter composition and *Children* are arranged in very good taste.

May's original *Miles Behind* is an exciting flagwaver. The ensemble figures stimu-

late and enhance the soloists' efforts effectively on this track.

May's writing is not always satisfying, however. The simple, shouting passages that he often uses lack freshness, marring some of the tracks (*Dat Dere*) with their heaviness. And *Filet of Soul*, a May-Dave Cavanaugh piece, is a corny Gospel tune.

The solo work is adequate. Fagerquist has a few pleasant spots, and Horn contributes energetic alto playing. (H.P.)

Jack McDuff

SOMETHIN' SLICK—Prestige 7265: *Our Miss Brooks*; *Somethin' Slick*; *Smut*; *How High the Moon*; *It's a Wonderful World*.

Personnel: Howard Vick or Eric Dixon, tenor saxophone; McDuff, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Joe Dukes, drums.

Rating: ★ ½

I should confess, at the outset, to a general distaste for instruments electronic and to having a particular hard spot for electric organs in jazz. For me, the organ has a way of turning a potentially good session into a morass of artificial noise.

This date is like many others. A couple of robust musicians (Vick and Dixon) are all but inundated by the man who commands the volume-control knob. Guitarists can fight back with tubes and loudspeakers of their own, but the poor saxophonist has only his reed and a pair of lungs.

Added to these physical difficulties is the limited musical vocabulary of McDuff himself. Though he takes up most of the grooves on this LP, the organist doesn't have much to say. He seems most comfortable on the blues, which he tosses off with gusto and all the imagination of an IBM machine.

A couple of agreeable solos from Burrell and a burst or two from Dixon give this record most of whatever jazz value it has. (R.B.H.)

Knocky Parker

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JAMES SCOTT—Audiophile 76-77: *A Summer Breeze*; *The Fascinator*; *On the Pike*; *Frog Legs Rag*; *Kansas City Rag*; *Great Scott Rag*; *The Ragtime Betty*; *Sunburst Rag*; *Hearts Longing Waltzes*; *Grace and Beauty*; *Hilarity Rag*; *Ophelia Rag*; *Quality*—*A High Class Rag*; *The Ragtime Oriole*; *Suffragette Waltz*; *Climax Rag*; *Evergreen Rag*; *Honeymoon Rag*; *Prosperity Rag*; *Efficiency Rag*; *Paramount Rag*; *Rag Sentimental*; *New Era Rag*; *Springtime of Love*; *Troubador Rag*; *Princess Rag*; *Peace and Plenty Rag*; *Dixie Dimples—Rag*; *Pegasus—A Classic Rag*; *Modesty Rag*; *Don't Jazz Me (I'm Music) Rag*; *Victory Rag*; *Broadway Rag*.

Personnel: Parker, piano.

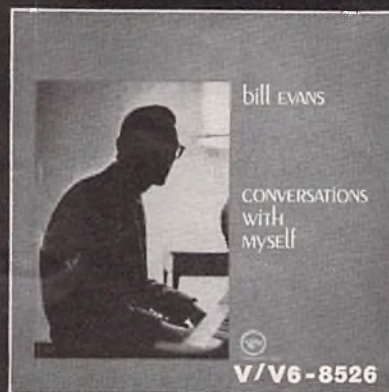
Rating: ★ ★

Born in Neosho, Mo., in 1886, James Scott was one of the finest and most prolific of classic ragtime composers. This two-LP set offers a survey of his entire body of piano works.

Parker, in his performance of the Scott rags, has played them blandly. His playing reminds me of a radio performer who used to demonstrate various keyboard instruments for a piano firm in the Midwest. He would play different tunes on different pianos—spinets, grands, uprights—to show their various tonal properties, but he played so innocuously that not only all the tunes sounded alike but the pianos did also.

Scott's music is greatly lyrical and has the capacity to swing, but Parker fails to make the music come alive or swing, and his playing is devoid of dynamic or emo-

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tional content. Nor does he assert any of his personality in these performances. In the hands of a true ragtime performer, this music would course with warmth and personality. Here, however, Parker's unimaginative, stodgy approach to the music of Scott renders it cold and lifeless.

The two-disc album is obtainable only by mail from Audiophile records, Saukville, Wis. (Erwin Helfer)

Helfer is well known as a collector and performer of boogie-woogie and blues piano. His LP *Primitive Piano* is recognized as a classic collection of Negro piano styles. Helfer currently is completing studies in composition at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago.

Max Roach
SPEAK, BROTHER, SPEAK—Fantasy 6007:
Speak, Brother, Speak; A Variation.
Personnel: Cliff Jordan, tenor saxophone; Mal Waldron, piano; Eddie Khan, bass; Roach, drums.
Rating: ★ ★ ★

Roach has attempted the tour de force of carrying off, back-to-back on a single LP, two performances of slightly less than a half-hour each. And for a while it looks as though he might do it. This happens during the first half of *Speak*, a piece designed as a rostrum for each of the four men in the group to get up and speak his piece.

Jordan leads off with a long, building statement that is well sustained. He is followed by Waldron who drives along an almost level, swinging line that keeps the listener constantly involved. Conceivably, with other musicians and different instrumentation, the piece could have been carried forward successfully from here. But Kahn's bass solo is just routine, and Roach's drum session, which follows, is, for all his virtuosity, simply a drum solo and, as such, becomes only a long battering clatter in this context.

Variation does not get even this far off the ground despite some fine Waldron piano. His solo spot is relatively short, while Jordan falls from the grace he achieved on *Speak* and blows endlessly and relentlessly. (J.S.W.)

Lucky Thompson
LUCKY THOMPSON PLAYS JEROME KERN AND NO MORE—Moodsville 39: *Long Ago and Far Away; You're Lovely to Look At; No More; Look for the Silver Lining; Who?; Dearly Beloved; Why Do I Love You?; Why Was I Born?; They Didn't Believe Me.*
Personnel: Thompson, tenor, soprano saxophones; Hank Jones, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

According to the liner notes, this is Thompson's first U. S. record date since 1956. As have several other tenor players, he has been experimenting with the soprano saxophone, but the best tracks on the album feature him on tenor.

Who? has some of his finest recorded tenor playing. Though he takes it at a very fast tempo, Thompson is in control of himself and his horn. That he can produce a lovely sound at such a tempo is, in itself, quite an achievement.

His attack is unforced, and his tone generally soft so that when he does accent a note violently while reaching a climax, the impact of the climax is heightened by the contrast. Relatively few musicians have

such a keen sense of dynamics. His method of construction is quite interesting. His way of reaching a series of climaxes, one right after the other, has an overwhelming effect, especially when he leaps suddenly into the upper register during such a series.

Melodically and harmonically his lines have a great deal of substance. There is no stalling—everything he plays is meat.

On *No More*, a pretty Thompson original (he has always been a good writer), he is at his most poignant, playing with a virile gentleness. On *Believe Me* he executes some complex phrases with consummate ease.

Why Do I Love You? and *Long Ago*, the other tenor tracks, are not as interesting as the three cited but are good nonetheless.

Thompson has an individual sound on soprano—it's light and delicate, sometimes mindful of Paul Desmond's upper-register alto work. On soprano, Thompson plays a well-constructed solo on *Dearly Beloved* and plays buoyantly on *Silver Lining*.

The rhythm section supports him solidly and unobtrusively, and Jones contributes to the value of the set with some sparkling solos. (H.P.)

Leroy Vinnegar
LEROY WALKS AGAIN!!—Contemporary 3608: *Hard to Find; Down Under; I'll String Along with You; Subway Grate; Restin' in Jail; Motherland; For Carl; Wheelin' and Dealin'.*
Personnel: Freddy Hill, trumpet; Teddy Edwards, tenor saxophone; Vic Feldman or Mike Melvoin, piano; Feldman or Roy Ayres, vibraphone; Vinnegar, bass; Ron Jefferson or Milt Turner, drums.
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Vinnegar has gathered around him some fine musicians for this set, a satisfying one.

Though the format is loose, several good originals are employed. *Restin'* is a catchy Les McCann composition; *Motherland*, a blues by Don Nelson, is stated attractively by Vinnegar and Edwards. Vinnegar demonstrates that he is a talented composer with his *For Carl*, a touching waltz dedicated to the late pianist Carl Perkins.

Edwards' playing on the album is usually interesting. His *Restin'*, *Wheelin'*, and *Subway* solos are idea-filled, and he swings effortlessly on them. He builds constantly on these tracks in such a way that the listener's interest is not allowed to wander. The tenor man contributes restrained playing to *String Along*, and his first chorus on *Motherland* is quite sensitive.

Hill, who cites Clifford Brown, Miles Davis, and Fats Navarro as being among his major sources of inspiration, makes his record debut here. Perhaps this accounts for the strained quality of some of his solos. On *Hard to Find* and *Subway* he sounds particularly ill at ease and at times uses the upper register illogically. However, he has his moments. These include some sweet-toned playing on *String Along* and a nicely paced spot on *Wheelin'*.

Wheelin' and *Down Under* have exciting solos by Ayres, whose approach seems to have been influenced by that of Walt Dickerson.

As usual, Vinnegar does a fine job in the section, exhibiting a huge tone and choosing notes nicely. His lyrical opening solo on *String Along* is one of the highlights of the album. (H.P.)

SONGSKRIT

A Column of Vocal Album
Reviews/By JOHN TYNAN

Peggy Lee

Although released in the Dimensions in Jazz series, *Mink Jazz* (Capitol 1850) differs only from other excellent Peggy Lee available on the label in the backing by her regular rhythm section augmented by Jack Sheldon's trumpet, Justin Gordon's flute, and the alternated guitars of John Pisano, Herb Ellis, and Al Hendrickson.

The point is not that the jazz accompaniment compels a change in the Lee style; it doesn't. Nor that the LP's release by Capitol's jazz wing puts Miss Lee incontrovertibly on record as a "jazz singer"; it doesn't.

The point is that Miss Lee has been singing just this way all along, regardless of accompaniment or label. She sings with the warmth of mink, with the slink of mink, with insinuating sexiness and womanly tenderness.

Also, she sings very well indeed in this set, being in good voice and, as usual, highly sensitive to a lyric. The closing *Where Can I Go without You?* in Miss Lee's new interpretation of her own lyric (she recorded another rendition some years ago) is an emotional experience.

The other songs are a zipping *It's a Big, Wide, Wonderful World*, a poignant *Whisper Not*, a sentimental *My Silent Love*, a lusty *The Lady Is a Tramp*, tender *Days of Wine and Roses* and *As Long as I Live*, a romping *I Won't Dance*, and *Cloudy Morning*, *I Could Write a Book*, *I Never Had a Chance*, and *Close Your Eyes*.

Three of the tracks were recorded almost a year prior to the others and consequently enlist some different musicians. They are *Chance*, *Whisper*, and *Silent*. The musicians on these performances include Benny Carter, Justin Gordon, reeds; Lou Levy, piano; Max Bennett, bass; Ellis and Hendrickson, guitars; Mel Lewis, drums; and Francisco Pozo, Latin percussion.

On the other nine tracks the rhythm section comprises Bob Corwin, piano; Bennett, bass; Stan Levey, drums; and Francisco Aguabella, Latin drums.

Mavis Rivers-Shorty Rogers

In *Mavis Meets Shorty* (Reprise 9-6074) a musical encounter of rather doubtful result is the outcome of what appears to be a session hastily conceived and even more hastily executed.

The over-all impression, even in such down-pedaled tracks as *When Sunny Gets Blue*, is one of rush-rush-rush; one longs for a feeling of relaxation. The arrangements by Chuck Sagle don't help; they are almost tentative and sketchy.

The intent, one deduces from Nat Hentoff's liner commentary, was to let Miss Rivers step out and swing in a manner impliedly never permitted her on Capitol. She does, to be sure. And in so doing, she proves to be one of the best "rhythm singers" around.

But on this LP, for all the hard swing-

ing, she sacrifices a sensitivity to nuance and vocal feeling. She is hard, at times almost coarse, in her renditions of some tracks. There is an almost brittle veneer to her voice even on the slower, more relaxed things.

On the positive side, though, Miss Rivers has character galore, and she shows it. She possesses an impressive vocal instrument and knows how to employ it; this, coupled with a solid jazz sense, makes for interesting moments from a jazz viewpoint.

Her partner in this endeavor, Shorty Rogers, is his well-articulated, happy-blowing self. He fails to set the world on fire with his solos bridging her vocals, but one concludes from his playing that such was not the idea. Rogers plays well and most pleasantly.

Only pianist Dick Grove and tuba player Red Callender are identified as members of the Hollywood studio orchestra that does so well by all concerned.

Plus and minus, the selections include a rocking *You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me*; a too-fast *I Remember You*, in which nothing jells; an unconvincing *Desafinado* (but even Ella Fitzgerald failed to convince on that tune); an *I Feel So Smoochie* that hits a good groove and stays there; an affectingly reminiscent *My Shining Hour*; and a closing *Get Out of Town*, sung by Miss Rivers as though she really meant: right now, buster!

Frank Sinatra

Drawn from what one might term Frank Sinatra's inspirational repertoire, *The Concert Sinatra* (Reprise 9-1009) is a tour de force of impressive proportions.

While the rough edge noticeable in the voice of the Thin One in recent years has not smoothed, it has not worsened, either; if we are to be sensible about it, we had better resign ourselves to living with it from now on. This, however, is a cavil, for the fact is, friends, Sinatra is still top dog in the kennel, and he proves it with superb elan and dramatic conviction in this collection of eight vocal performances, many of which he previously recorded.

This time, though, Nelson Riddle's frequently breathtaking arrangements provide an orchestral backdrop for Sinatra's singing never before equaled in their long relationship; the end product is, in fact, as much Riddle's triumph as the singer's.

Familiars in the Sinatra songalog are *Ol' Man River*, *You'll Never Walk Alone*, *Bewitched*, and *Soliloquy* from *Carousel*. (The latter is the longest track in the set and is given the full, dramatic treatment in recitative and song.) Less familiar to Sinatra followers are *I Have Dreamed*, *My Heart Stood Still*, *This Nearly Was Mine*, and Kurt Weill's *Lost in the Stars* with its moving Maxwell Anderson lyric.

One of the advantages of owning one's own store, as Sinatra owns Reprise, is that one may stock it to one's personal taste; that is what Sinatra has done in this truly concert presentation, and what we have in hand is a serious artist pursuing his art and in the process elevating U.S. popular music to a plane of new respect. And to those skeptics who may question Sinatra's vocal power: just listen to those low ones in *Ol' Man River*.

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BLUES 'n' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Whether or not one agrees with Mahalia Jackson's blanket condemnation of "pop Gospel" music (see page 12) would appear to depend solely on one's religious convictions, whether or not one subscribes to the concept of the sharp demarcation between "sacred" and "sinful" that is part of the ethical heritage left us by our Puritan forebears. It seems patently ridiculous to state that a religious song is the less religious for having been sung in a night club rather than in a church hall, a meeting house, or a high school auditorium, as though the room hangings, furnishings, waitresses, or customers could in some subtle, insidious way subvert the values and nature of the song.

The central issue would appear to be the matter of the conviction and belief that prompt the song rather than the much less significant matter of the surroundings in which it is sung. After all, which is the more basic element in the concept of religious song in the first place—the singer's internal life or his external surroundings, what he sings out of (conviction, religiosity) or what he sings in (church, theater, night club)? If faith is there, location would appear to be irrelevant.

What is relevant, however, is the type of Gospel groups that might be expected—that is, given the prevalent ethos about the suitability of singing in "sinful" places—to perform in night clubs, and this is a point which Miss Jackson touches upon to good purpose. Too many of the leading Gospel groups would refuse to go into such places—for a number of reasons, chief among which are their own adherence to the sacred-sinful precept and their fear of what losses playing clubs might effect in their own followings. One must bear in mind that Gospel singing is big business, providing livelihoods for countless groups and performers across the country. Playing night clubs might appear to be defection to the other side in the view of the average Gospel music fan (the term is applicable); few leading groups want to take a chance of having their careers shattered.

As a result, the groups that would play night spots might be second-rate, eager for success in a fiercely competitive field (and hence willing to make concessions, diluting the music to emphasize spurious entertainment values) or might even be made up of professional non-Gospel singers to cash in on a fad. The real danger is in the possible degeneration, commercialization, and bastardization of the music as a result of its having reached the status of a fad.

Whatever might happen to "pop Gospel" is really beside the point at this time, however; what is to the point are the first three LPs issued under the "pop Gospel" banner. All three come from Columbia records or its Epic subsidiary, and all were recorded in performance at the New York City club, the Sweet Chariot, that recently opened with the policy of Gospel music entertainment only.

What is "pop Gospel" and has it any validity? It appears to be no different from the regular (non-pop?) variety save in the fact that only the high voltage, rhythmically insistent, exciting, and up-tempo side of the music is emphasized—at least in these recorded performances.

All four groups heard in the three albums seem to be playing to the crowd, milking the music for every bit of driving excitement they can wrest from it. The result is that everything is taken at the same dynamic and emotional level, and there is finally too great an emphasis on strictly crowd-pleasing effects. But this is not endemic to the music's having been performed in a night club; anyone who has ever attended a Gospel music concert program in a church or auditorium has seen

the three. Certainly the group is much more polished and professional sounding than any of the others in the aforementioned discs. The Stevens Singers develop an astonishingly big sound for only four voices (Stevens, Herbert Carson, Evelyn Archie, and lead singer Helen Bryant), and the pulsation they develop is rarely forced or strident. In Miss Bryant, too, they have an especially gifted lead voice, full, throaty, supple, and powerful. Moreover, there's no appreciable difference between the group's work in this album of live performances from the Sweet Chariot and one from a studio session, as may be heard by listening to the quartet's last album, *The Exciting Gospel Sound of the Stevens Singers*, ABC-Paramount 419.

For those who might wish to pursue



The Herman Stevens singers at Sweet Chariot (l. to r.) Helen Bryant, Evelyn Archie, Herbert Carson.

the same kind of crowd-pleasing performances—from the top groups too.

No, what is most disappointing about the music in Columbia 2061, *Introducing the Sweet Chariot*, is that the performance level of the three groups featured is not very high. The groups are not particularly good to begin with, being rather undistinctive and imitative at best. For example, none of the singers comprising the Golden Chords group is at all impressive, and there is little to distinguish the group as a whole. Such harsh and quaveringly unattractive singing as leader Lorraine Ellison's *Wake Me, Shake Me* is hardly good Gospel singing. The Nathaniel Lewis Singers do not produce anything distinctive in their four numbers, either, though their version of *Every Time I Feel the Spirit* has much the same feeling as Ray Charles' *It's All Right* (surely a reverse comparison).

The club's house group, the Sweet Chariot Singers, five young men originally known as the Philadelphia All-Stars, also are heard briefly in this album—to good advantage on *The Ten Commandments*, less so on *I'm Looking for a Home*. They have a whole album to themselves on Columbia 2062—*Shoutin', Wailin', Hard Drivin' Pop Gospel*—and they disport themselves rather well, all told. This is a fairly good Gospel LP; the group has an interesting approach, seemingly patterned after a number of the leading female groups. The strong, deep voice of the lead singer (who is, I suspect, Frank Baylor, the quintet's organizer and leader) is pitted against the group's antiphonal replies voiced in a harmony a full octave above his. The group generates quite a bit of excitement in its performances, though it tends to monotony after a while.

The third of the albums, *Everybody's Shoutin' Gospel*, by the Herman Stevens Singers, Epic 24062, is perhaps the best of

Gospel music a bit further, Folkways has issued an excellent historical survey album, *An Introduction to Gospel Song*, RBF records 5 (a Folkways subsidiary). The material, dubbed from commercially issued recordings, was selected by folklorist Sam Charters and offers a number of selections that actually predate the Gospel song (such numbers as the Fisk University Jubilee Quartet's 1913 *Roll, Jordan, Roll* and the two selections by the Tuskegee Institute Singers are performances in the older, more sedate spiritual style). There are some rousing, exhortative Gospel numbers, however, and the album is blessed with some exciting song-sermons by the Reverends J. M. Gates, F. W. McGhee, Utah Smith and their respective congregations, as well as Sister Ernestine Washington's treatment of *The Lord Will Make a Way Somehow* (for some reason titled *Did I Wonder?* here) with the backing of the Bunk Johnson Band. Two 1954 selections by the male group the Spirit of Memphis give an inkling of modern Gospel song approaches. Charters' notes are good, but he does not distinguish between the Gospel-song approach and the older religious-song approach that preceded it, using the term "Gospel song" as a covering phrase for all Negro religious music. Still, this is a valuable collection.

A very good, representative recording of a typical program of Gospel song at the folk level may be found in *An Evening with Rev. Louis Overstreet*, Arhoolie 1014, recorded by Chris Strachwitz in Phoenix, Ariz., at the St. Luke Powerhouse Church of God in Christ, with the Rev. Overstreet, his four sons, and his congregation participating in a rough, powerful song service that is shot through with excitement and rude, clamorous force, all but overwhelming in its fervent intensity.



BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Sonny Stitt was a premature Cannonball. He came on the scene in New York as an unmistakably Parker-inspired alto man, at a time when even Charlie Parker himself was suffering monumental frustrations trying to earn respect and a decent living. At one early point in his career, Stitt replaced Parker in some small-combo work with Dizzy Gillespie, recording with the trumpeter in 1946.

In the next few years he earned a second identification as a driving, exceptionally well-equipped tenor soloist. During the 1950s he worked in a two-tenor partnership with Gene Ammons, toured overseas with Norman Granz, and appeared in the film *Jazz on a Summer's Day*, made at a Newport Jazz Festival.

Today, making his home in Washington, D.C., Stitt is blowing as much alto and tenor as ever, recording for Atlantic, et al., and earning a little delayed recognition for all the dues he paid. This was his first *Blindfold Test*. Contrary to the implication of his "write-that-down" request, the interview was tape-recorded during his recent visit to Los Angeles for four weeks at the It Club. He was given no information about the records played.



SONNY STITT

'Don't play too fast, and don't play too long. Play three choruses—if you can't make it in three, man, you can't make it at all.'

THE RECORDS

1. John Coltrane. *Exotica* (from *The Birdland Story*, Roulette). Coltrane, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano.

It was interesting . . . but it was mysterious. The average human being who understands jazz, I don't believe, could interpret this, because it's quite heavy for the average layman. Now, I can understand it, but the average person couldn't. I liked it, but it's difficult. That could apply to a lot of things that are being played these days. I think that old jazz will never die, but they're trying to make something else out of it nowadays. I'm going to stick with the old swinging jazz.

Liked the piano player very much—like Coltrane too—was that Johnny? I'd say 4½ stars, for what they're playing.

2. Bud Shank. *Samba de Orfeu* (from *Bra-samba*, Pacific Jazz). Shank, flute.

How do I feel about bossa nova? Latin American music is all right. I dig it, but I'm a jazzman! So I don't have any interest in that vein of things, you know?

That was a nice pleasant sound. I can see the Mardi Gras and all that kind of stuff going on, but, man, I'm a black American, and I play jazz. Now, I wouldn't mind playing with Africans—they've got good rhythm, good hand drummers. . . . But this is just an average . . . now, Machito, wow! . . . But this thing just doesn't have any message for me. No rating.

3. Count Basie. *What Kind of Fool Am I?* (from *This Time by Basie*, Reprise). Basie, piano; Marshall Royal, alto saxophone; Quincy Jones, arranger.

That was Benny Carter, I think. Do I like it? It was great! In fact, he sounds like one of the old-timers to me. 4½ stars.

I liked the arrangement 'cause it makes sense. Got beauty in it; got soul.

4. Benny Carter. *Lula* (from *B.B.B. & Co.*, Swingville). Carter, alto saxophone; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Dave Barbours, guitar; Shorty Sherock, trumpet.

I think that was Ben Webster, Benny Carter . . . the two Bennys! Don't know who the guitar player was, though, or the trumpet player, who sounds like Shavers.

. . . No—maybe Diz. I don't know; but he was good. I like that kinda music; that makes sense.

That saxophone, that Benny Carter—he didn't rush through nothin'. You gotta take your time! He was cool, both of them were cool. That running up and down the scale—they got those books in every music store. That don't mean you can play—that means you can run the scales. You can't create nothin'—you got no mind to do it.

Some of the boys, some of the time, they play so nervous, so frantic, so—impetuous, they go *blrlrlrlrl*, that proves nothin'. Tell something with prettiness into it. Lester Young taught me that. Lester and Coleman and Ben. . . . Don't play too fast, and don't play too long. Play three choruses—if you can't make it in three, man, you can't make it at all. Five stars for that one!

5. Eric Dolphy. *Far Cry* (from *Far Cry*, New Jazz). Dolphy, alto saxophone; Booker Little, trumpet; Jaki Byard, piano.

(During first chorus) Take it off. I've heard enough already. No, I don't like that record. I don't even want to hear it. You can write that down too. That ain't pleasant to my ears, man! It's got no conformity. In fact, you know what? They're trying to find something that isn't there. Don't be in the middle of the thing—be on the black keys, or the white keys, but don't be in the cracks. Now write that down!

Sounds like Shihab. . . . Or what's that boy's name with the alto saxophone—Ornette Coleman? I don't know who the trumpet player could have been. No stars.

6. Duke Ellington. *Moonbow* (from *Alfo-Bossa*, Reprise). Cootie Williams, trumpet; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Ellington, piano; Sam Woodyard, drums. Recorded, 1962.

That was Cootie and the Duke; drummer sounds a little bit like Sonny Greer, but maybe it was Sam Woodyard. Saxophones, that was Johnny and Paul.

I remember when I was a kid, going

to hear Duke in Flint. Flint, Mich. is exactly 35 miles from Saginaw, Mich., and I got on my bicycle and made the dance! When I was 14 years old! And that's 70 miles, there and back. Duke's band, and Cab's band when Chu Berry was in it . . . those hills were kinda hard to pull sometimes. But I made it.

The band on this sounds like something he did a long time ago, but it was listenable. . . . Three stars.

7. Jimmy Smith. *Minor Chant* (from *Back at the Chicken Shack*, Blue Note). Smith, organ; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone.

Can't think who that was—I know so many saxophonists. But I like his sound—very pleasing. I wish more musicians would play in that vein. You see, all we can do is count to 10 and say our A-B-C's, actually. Don't know who the organ was, either, but they were very nice, both of them. I'd say 3½ stars.

8. Orchestra USA. *Milano* (from *Orchestra USA*, Colpix). John Lewis, piano, music director.

I like the strings, but I'd like to hear them just a little . . . off. Little too much presence . . . but who am I to say? I'm not the judge. Was that Andre Previn on piano? I'd say four stars . . . man, it was pleasant, but I wouldn't buy it.

9. Art Pepper. *Long Ago and Far Away* (from *Intensity*, Contemporary). Pepper, alto saxophone; Dolo Coker, piano; Frank Butler, drums.

I would break it down as either Bud Shank or Charlie Mariano. Sounds like Max was playing drums, or Shelly Manne. They sound quite a bit alike—they've got that old fire and drive. . . . I don't know who the piano player was, but I know this: it was a good jazz record. Four stars.

I'll tell you about alto playing: I'm ver-r-y critical about that. I think *he* sounded like two stars. That song should be (*Stitt sings slowly*). . . . That was a little too fast for comfort. Well, he made a mistake, that's all. We all do that. That song's a song of beauty, man. Remember what I said about taking your time? So, three stars, on second thought.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

DUKE ELLINGTON JAZZ SOCIETY

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Clark Terry, Taft Jordan, trumpets; Quentin Jackson, Britt Woodman, trombones; Hilton Jefferson, alto saxophone; Ben Webster, Zoot Sims, tenor saxophones; Jerome Richardson, baritone saxophone; Aaron Bell, tuba; Jimmy Jones, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Sonny Greer, drums; Jimmy Rushing, vocals.

Although the available light was not of great assistance to photographers, the third annual concert of the New York chapter of the Duke Ellington Jazz Society was such a happy affair, that the sun seemed to be shining in Town Hall all afternoon.

There was a good deal of nostalgia connected with the event, for which chapter president Doug Bray acted as host, but this was far from the determining factor in the amount of enjoyment the audience derived. True, it was gratifying to see and hear people like Jordan and Jefferson again, and Webster hadn't been in the cast for a while, but it was the performance of everyone—individually, in pairs, and as a unit—that set the prevailing positive spirit.

What made this occasion special were the different orchestrations of Ellington songs by a variety of arrangers, most of whom were on hand to conduct their works.

So vast is the scope of Ellingtonia that although most numbers played were not among Ellington's most widely known, a high caliber of music was maintained throughout. Ellingtonia, as always, contains some Billy Strayhorn, and this is no small help in maintaining high caliber.

Because Ellington was touring overseas at the time of the concert, the family was represented by his son Mercer, who led the band in Luther Henderson's spirited arrangement of *Jumpin' Punkins* and his own rousing arrangement of *Perdido*, which closed the first half of the program.

Manny Albam fronted the band for his version of *All Too Soon*, on which a richly voiced ensemble set a perfect mood for a superb solo by Webster, the man who made the original recording with the Ellington band.

Even more of a solo vehicle was Strayhorn's *Star-Crossed Lovers*, this time for Jefferson's creamy, sentimental alto. While comparable to Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter in general style, Jefferson has his own way of "singing."

Some interesting pairings found Jordan and Jackson in a plungered unison passage on *Emancipation Proclamation* and Terry and Webster down front for a small-group rendition of *In a Mellotone*. Terry stated the melody on fluegelhorn, with Webster commenting behind him.

The most effective arrangements of the first portion of the concert were *The Mystery Song* by saxophonist Bob Wilber,

featuring a Harry Carney-like Richardson, muted Jordan, and Jones, and a modern, dissonantly voiced Lalo Schiffrin interpretation of *The Mooche*, underlined by Greer, with a solo spot by Sims and a plunger duet by Terry and Jordan.

The second half opened with a bright version of *Jump for Joy* by Pat Williams, an arranger who writes for the *Tonight* show on NBC-TV. Then Ellington's tribute to Mr. Welles, *Orson*, was handled



L. to r.: Terry, Webster, Jordan, Sims, Jackson, Rushing

in a ruminative, moody manner by Jones and Marshall, in duet.

Earlier, toward the close of the first half, Bell, who did not appear on most numbers, led, with his tuba, an original brass chorale, *How Sweet the Rose*. This somber offering was a change of pace but out of place.

Here, in the second half, following *Orson*, the concert hit its first real snag, however. Hank Johnson, a Juilliard student, conducted his own welding of *Day*

Dream and *U.M.M.G.* He ruined the beauty of *Dream* with a dirgelike, disjointed arrangement. *U.M.M.G.* was more unified and started to get going toward the end but nevertheless suffered badly in comparison with the original version.

But with the appearance of Melba Liston, the sun emerged from behind the clouds and into a *Magenta Haze* that spotlighted a Lawrence Brownish Woodman and Jefferson sounding closer to Hodges than usual.

The high point of the afternoon was next, in the form of Miss Liston's arrangement of *The Blues* from *Black, Brown and Beige*. Jackson took the part usually assigned to a vocalist, and Webster and Jefferson (the latter on clarinet) also participated. Greer was particularly accurate here.

After Richardson's arrangement of and effective, deep-throated featured spot on *Warm Valley*, out came ex-Basicite Rushing. First he did two Ellington numbers, *It Don't Mean a Thing*, with swinging Sims and the trumpets in hats, and *I'm Just a Lucky So and So*, enhanced by Terry obligatos and a wildly funny, spirited dialog between Bell and Jackson that grew spontaneously.

Rushing followed this with *I Can't Give You Anything but Love* and closed with *How Long Blues* and an assortment of other old Basie blues rolled into one. This was begun by a ripping Terry solo and later featured fine solos by Sims and Webster. The program had run overtime, but even the manager of Town Hall was looking admirably up at Rushing, tapping his hand on the edge of the stage and smiling, as he delayed the closing of the curtain until Jimmy finished. That's the kind of day it was. —Gittler

BOOK REVIEW

WHERE'S ANNIE?, by Eileen Bassing. Published by Random House, 401 pages, \$5.95.

For the group of Americans living in a remote Mexican village in Guadalajara the reality of their existence is flight.

Miss Bassing's novel has author Victoria Beacon fleeing from artistic failure and a succession of marital flops. Charles, a former U.S. Marine turned opium addict and pusher, is wanted by police north of the border. Harry, a jazz clarinetist and heroin addict, is running away from everything except the next fix.

Throughout this curious novel the cast of characters shifts as in a nightmare. Accenting the sense of unreality is the role played by Annie of the title, an enthusiastic trollop married to a retired U.S. admiral old enough to be her father.

Annie and the admiral introduce us to the setting and the cast, and then, like a Shakespearean chorus, they fade from the story. Annie never reappears; the admiral makes a cryptic reappearance in the final paragraphs of the book, alone, divested of his strumpet.

Miss Bassing is a powerful writer; her style has vigor and muscle and never labors; even in flashback the narrative moves fast.

It is in her grasp of the hipster mentality and his argot (Charles and Harry) that she is most convincing. Both characters are psychotic, depraved, lost human beings. Yet, Miss Bassing probes the reasons for their condition, setting forth the compulsions of their existence and examining the factors contributing to it.

Moreover, the author knows well the world of the jazzman and the underworld of the junkie and pusher. It is these areas of experience with which she deals so convincingly, and it is these portions of the book that emerge with more believability and durability than her central concern in the novel—the revitalization of Victoria as an artist.

Aside from some fuzziness of motivation on the part of another character, a homosexual painter, Ned—and Victoria's relationship with him—the main weakness of the book ironically lies with Annie and her admiral.

"Where's Annie?" Harry hoots mockingly, parodying the desperately drunken admiral's cry of loneliness for a wife even then committing adultery. The reader empathizes with Harry's brutality, for, in terms of what Annie means to the narrative and the characters in it, one is impelled to reply, Who cares? —Tynan

It has been written, regarding the development of the bop trumpet, that after Dizzy Gillespie came Howard McGhee. Like Gillespie and Charlie Parker, McGhee came up with the swing bands—Andy Kirk's and Charlie Barnet's.

In 1942, while with Kirk, McGhee composed and arranged a featured trumpet number known as *McGhee Special*. When a jazz reviewer caught the number during a Kirk stage presentation at Loew's State in New York City, he wrote, "... an adroit piece of riff jazz out of McGhee's head. The trumpeter has a pretty tone and considerable finish as a technician. He chips off high notes with exceptional glibness as they tend to fall into the framework of his inventive flow of ideas."

McGhee Special, as recorded in July, 1942, with the Kirk band for Decca, evinces a style influenced by Louis Armstrong and Roy Eldridge, as well as by Gillespie. McGhee has acknowledged that when he first met Gillespie, after he had already put together *McGhee Special*, Gillespie stimulated his desire to master the technique of faster playing. He admired Gillespie's flair for blowing rapid melodic passages on a regular chord structure.

Several years later, McGhee performed his *Special* with Georgie Auld's band on the stage of the Regal Theater in Chicago, and *Down Beat's* reviewer noted, "McGhee's performance differs from the Decca record by Kirk in that he has accelerated the tempo and features more and faster slurred runs."

Later, as McGhee became firmly established in the small-group bop movement, he began to concentrate on the middle register of the horn and tended to slow down the rapid delivery then common to bop style.

His expressive performances on slow tunes had a leavening effect in reconciling the new with the old jazz feelings. This was pointed out in a record cited by Max Harris in *Jazz Era—The Forties*, a book edited by Stanley Dance:

"On the McGhee-Navarro Boptet (Blue Note) version of *Double Talk*, the trumpeters played alternating passages, where Fats Navarro's work was wholly a product of the new music, while McGhee's playing retained the elements of earlier jazz thinking."

The late Fats Navarro, who played with McGhee in Kirk's trumpet section for a short time in 1943, once said, "Howard was the influence."

Howard McGhee was born in Tulsa, Okla. Three years after his birth on Feb. 6, 1918, his father, a doctor, moved the family to Detroit, Mich.

McGhee's earliest music memories revolve around an older half-brother (now dead) who played guitar. From

The Early Career of **HOWARD MCGHEE**

HOT BOX By GEORGE HOEFER



his brother, who often would be coming home from music jobs as Howard left for school, he learned the rudiments of music. When the young Detroiters got to Cass High School, he played clarinet in the school band and today feels the experience with reeds taught him a faster articulation that was to stand him in good stead later when playing trumpet. In addition to clarinet, he learned piano and tenor saxophone.

He quit before finishing high school and, with his tenor saxophone under his arm, headed for the West Coast and joined drummer Gene Coy's territory dance band. This was followed by a short period with an Oklahoma territory band under the leadership of Eddie Hill.

McGhee has said that he switched to trumpet after hearing Louis Armstrong play a high G at the Greystone Ballroom in Detroit, and by 1935 the 16-year-old musician was struggling to master the horn while playing with Art Bronson's jump band. His efforts to mimic Armstrong's style drew derisive comments from the other members of the band and caused the young horn man to leave after three months.

From 1936 to 1940 McGhee played with various territory bands and continued to try to perfect a revolutionary trumpet technique of playing more notes according to a melodic chord structure. He was ridiculed by most of the men with whom he worked in bands led

by Leonard Gay, Jimmy Rachel, and others. He recalls being encouraged by Charley Jacobs of Blanche Calloway's band and Ira Pettiford, brother of the late bassist Oscar.

Around 1938, McGhee first heard trumpeter Roy Eldridge in Chicago and was influenced by Eldridge's driving swing; he added the Eldridge manner to his style, as can be noted on the recording of *McGhee Special*.

McGhee returned home after a half-dozen years on the road and played with local bands under the leadership of Johnny Wetsall and Bobby Lippert.

In 1941 McGhee was leading his own 12-piece band at the Club Congo in Detroit. Later that year, in September, Lionel Hampton hired him for his year-old band, in which McGhee joined Karl George, Ernie Royal, and Joe Newman in the trumpet section. He stayed for only three months and had left when Hampton made the first recordings with his band on Christmas Eve, 1941.

From the Hampton band McGhee went into Andy Kirk's aggregation, where he worked with Harry Lawson, Harold (Shorty) Baker, and Bill Coleman. While with Kirk, he began to utilize his composing and arranging talents. The July, 1942, Decca date included two of his originals, the aforementioned *Special* and *Hip, Hip, Hooray*. Subsequently he furnished arrangements for the bands of Woody Herman, Georgie Auld, Charlie Barnet, and Billy Eckstine.

In late August, 1942, McGhee left Kirk to replace Peanuts Holland in the Charlie Barnet Band. This was one of Barnet's best and most musically advanced groups (unfortunately during McGhee's one-year stay the band did not record because of the AFM recording ban).

Other top men in the organization included trumpeter Al Killian, arranger-pianist Ralph Burns, and the bass team of Oscar Pettiford and Chubby Jackson.

McGhee tells in Robert Reisner's book *Bird — The Legend of Charlie Parker* how the Barnet men were sitting backstage at the Adams Theater in Newark, N.J., one Sunday afternoon and Chubby Jackson, in turning on the radio, picked up a broadcast from the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem featuring Charlie Parker playing *Cherokee*, a tune that had become traditional with Barnet.

The time, late 1942, indicates the broadcast was Jay McShann's band. Parker's impact on the Barnet avant garde was strong, and after they finished their last show, they rushed to Harlem to meet the saxophonist. McGhee recalls how later, when Parker was with Earl Hines, he would join Parker, Gillespie, and a guitar player in all-night jam

sessions in hotel rooms when Barnett and Hines were playing in the same area.

When Barnett broke up his band in late 1943, McGhee returned to the Kirk band, where he was again the featured trumpeter. The section also included young Fats Navarro, who was just beginning to make his mark as an outstanding modern horn man. The band recorded two sides on Dec. 3, 1943, with McGhee and Navarro in the trumpet section. Unfortunately, the pair of tunes, *Fare Thee Honey, Fare Thee Well* and *Baby, Don't You Tell Me No Lie*, were designed as novelty tunes featuring the voice of the late June Richmond.

In May, 1944, McGhee was featured with Georgie Auld's new band. He later played with Billy Eckstine's 1944-45 band, two weeks with Count Basie, and in March, 1945, went to California with tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins, where he became a prominent representative of the bop movement.

His future contributions were to include the Dial recordings of his compositions *Midnight at Minton's*, *Trumpet at Tempo (Indiana)*, *Dilated Pupils* (with Charlie Parker), and others, which will be discussed in a future column in this series.



EARLY MCGHEE RECORDINGS

New York City, July 14, 1942

Andy Kirk and His Orchestra—Johnny Burris, Harry Lawson, Howard McGhee, trumpets; Milton Robinson, Ted Donnelly, trombones; Al Sears, tenor saxophone; Ed Inge, tenor saxophone, clarinet; John Harrington, alto saxophone, clarinet; Ben Smith, alto saxophone; Kenneth Kersey, piano; Ted Smith, guitar; Booker Collins, bass; Ben Thigpen, drums.

HEY LAWDY MAMA (71050)

.....Decca 4405
MCGHEE SPECIAL (71053)

.....Decca 4405, LP DL 5191
July 29, 1942

Same personnel as above.

WORRIED LIFE BLUES (71239)

.....Decca 4381
TAKE IT AND GIT (71240)

.....Decca 4366
HIP, HIP, HOORAY (71241)

.....Decca 4366
Dec. 3, 1943

Andy Kirk and His Orchestra—Lawson, McGhee, Fats Navarro, Art Capehart, trumpets; Joe Baird, Wayman Richardson, Bob Murray, trombones; Smith, Reuben Phillips, Harrington, Jimmy Forrest, J. F. King, Eddie Loving, saxophones; Johnny Young, piano; Collins, bass; Thigpen, drums; June Richmond, vocals.

SHORTY BOO (71535)

..... unissued
FARE THEE HONEY, FARE THEE WELL
(71536).....Decca 4449

BABY, DON'T YOU TELL ME NO LIE
(71537).....Decca 4449

THINGS 'BOUT COMIN' MY WAY (71538)
..... unissued

CRITICS from page 17

and infuriating to recall that in the '40s a European critic, Hughes Panassie, could be arrogant and unthinking enough to inform serious U.S. jazz musicians that what they were feeling (something that exists before, and without, the music) was false.

What had happened was that even though the white middle-brow critic had known about Negro music for only about three decades, he was already trying to formalize and finally institutionalize it. It is a hideous idea. The music was already in danger of being forced into that pile of admirable objects and data the West knows as Culture.

Recently, the same attitudes have become more apparent in the face of a fresh redefinition of the form and content of Negro music. Such phrases as "antijazz" have been used to describe musicians who many consider are making the most exciting music produced in this country. But what does antijazz mean? What is the definition of jazz? And who was authorized to make one or the other?

Reading a great deal of old jazz criticism is usually like boning up on the social and cultural malaise that characterizes and delineates the bourgeois philistine in the United States. Even re-reading someone as intelligent as Roger Pryor Dodge in a 1955 issue of *The Record Changer* can make a person either angry or nearly hysterical.

An example: "... let us say flatly that there is no future in preparation for jazz through hop. . ."; or "the bopists, cools, and progressives are surely stimulating a dissolution within the vagaries of a nonjazz world. The revivalists, on the other hand, have made a start in the right direction."

It sounds almost like political theory.

Here is Don C. Haynes in the April 22, 1946, issue of *Down Beat* reviewing Charlie Parker's *Billie's Bounce* and *Now's the Time*: "These two sides are in bad taste and ill-advised fanaticism. . . ." And "this is the sort of stuff that has thrown innumerable impressionable young musicians out of stride, that has harmed many of them irreparably. This can be as harmful to jazz as Sammy Kaye." It makes one blush.

There were few—very few—jazz writers of the '40s who understood the importance of bebop or who supported it in their writings.

Of course, there have been some fine writers on jazz, even as there are today. Most of them have been historians. But the majority of popular jazz criticism has been on about the same level as the quoted examples.

Nostalgia, lack of understanding, or failure to see the validity of redefined emotional attitudes that reflect the changing psyche of the Negro—in opposition to what the critic may *think* the Negro ought to feel—all these failures have been built many times into a kind of critical stance or esthetic, an esthetic whose standards and measure are connected irrevocably to the continuous gloss most white Americans have always made over Negro life in the United States.

Failure to understand, for instance, that Paul Desmond and John Coltrane represent not only two divergent ways of thinking about music but, more importantly, two different ways of viewing the world is at the seat of most of the established misconceptions that are daily palmed off as intelligent commentary on jazz or as jazz criticism. The catalysts and necessities of Coltrane's music must be understood as they exist even before they are expressed as music. The music is the result of the attitude, the stance—just as Negroes made what everyone recognizes as the blues and other people did not—because of the Negroes' peculiar way of looking at the world.

Once this attitude is delineated as a continuous, though constantly evolving, social philosophy, directly attributable to the way the Negro responds to the psychological landscape that is his Western environment, criticism of Negro music will move closer to developing as consistent and valid an esthetic as criticism has in other fields of Western art.

There have been so far only two U.S. playwrights, Eugene O'Neill and Tennessee Williams, who are as profound or as important to the history of ideas as Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith, Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, or Ornette Coleman, yet there is a more valid and consistent body of drama criticism written in the United States than there is a body of criticism about Negro music.

This is simply because there is an intelligent tradition and body of drama criticism, though it has largely come from Europe, that any drama critic can draw on. In jazz criticism, no reliance on European tradition or theory will help at all. Negro music, like the Negro himself, is strictly a phenomenon of this country, and we have got to set up standards of judgment and esthetic excellence that depend on our native knowledge and understanding of the underlying philosophies and local cultural references that produced blues and jazz in order to produce valid critical writing or commentary about it.

It might be that there is still time to start.



FRANCE *from page 23*

Hausser; and violinist Grappelly. The excellent tenor saxophonist Barney Wilen has gone to Basel, Switzerland, and rarely comes to Paris any more.

In addition to these men and the U.S. musicians working in France, there are some European soloists who have come to France to stay. Swiss drummer Daniel Humair and Belgian guitarist Rene Thomas are the two most important of them.

With luck, French jazzmen can be heard at such Paris clubs as the Blue Note, Club Saint Germain, Les Trois Mailletz, La Huchette, Slow Club, Le chat qui peche, and the Camelion.

About two hours of jazz are broadcast every evening by radio networks that can be heard throughout the nation. It starts at 9:30 p.m. on the state radio and is continued from 10 to 11 p.m. on a rival private network, Europe No. 1. There are pure jazz programs, made up essentially of recordings by Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Count Basie, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Louis Armstrong.

If one asks at a magazine stand for a jazz magazine, he most often will be offered two: *Jazz Magazine* and *Jazz Hot*. If one takes the trouble to look a bit, he may also find two provincial publications, which are read faithfully: *The Bulletin of the Hot Club of France*, published by Panassie, and *Jazz*, the magazine of the Hot Club of Marseilles.

If one asks about the acceptance of concerts by American artists in Paris, he will find that Ray Charles plays more than six concerts there each year (to an audience of roughly 30,000), Ella Fitzgerald four shows (with an audience of 10,000), and practically any important jazz orchestra or soloist passing through the capital can fill the Olympia twice over, or, in other words, draw a crowd of 4,000 to 5,000. This was the case with John Coltrane and his quartet last November.

There are some 20 concerts a year like that. The most important are organized at the Olympia by Paris Jazz Concert, which works in collaboration with Europe No. 1. All of Norman Granz' concerts are presented in this manner by Paris Jazz Concert.

But if jazz is popular and much-loved in France, there are not many who profit from it. The attention of the fans here is mostly directed toward Ray Charles, Ella Fitzgerald, Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck, Duke Ellington, John Coltrane, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, Erroll Garner, Cannonball Adderley, Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, Thelonious Monk, and so on. Even the work of Andre Hodeir and his Paris Jazz Group is unknown outside of a small circle.

Unfortunately for the French artists, jazz imported from the United States (records and concerts) captures most of the purchasing power of French jazz fans. As a result, it is very difficult to earn one's living playing jazz in France if one is not an American. The extraordinary case of Django Reinhardt has not repeated itself.

There are few jazz clubs in Paris, and even in these places the principal stars are Americans — men such as Bud Powell, Sonny Criss, Johnny Griffin, Lou Bennett, Kenny Clarke, Bill Coleman, Memphis Slim, Kenny Drew. The French musicians have been incapable of uniting to regulate foreigners working in this field, and as a result, they

are deprived of regular engagements. At any rate, their rare records do not sell at all, and a Frenchman needs courage in 1963 to start out with the intent of making jazz a career.

Furthermore, the French jazz musicians don't stand a chance in the field of pop music. Three years ago, imitators of Elvis Presley started singing rock and roll in French and captured the attention of the teenagers.

The future is in the ears of this class of listener. Will they, after they have lost interest in rock and roll, turn to jazz? The answer is unknown but probably negative—unless an extraordinary event takes place such as the discovery of a new Django in France.

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MELANCOLICO

In light of the excellent writing by Gary McFarland on several albums with- in the last year, it was almost foregone that he would win a first-place position in the International Jazz Critics Poll (D.B., July 18). In the minds of many observers, the album containing the finest work by the 29-year-old McFarland was **Big Band Bossa Nova** (Verve 8494) by Stan Getz. Be- ginning on this page and continuing on those following is McFarland's score to one of that album's finest tracks, **Melancolico**, which McFarland also composed. It features tenor saxophone, but care should be taken that the background be blended well and executed with accuracy. The tempo is medium-tempo bossa nova, played with relaxation.

Handwritten musical score for the first system of "Melancolico". The score is written on ten staves, each with a label on the left: Sx (Saxophone), Fl (Flute), Cl (Clarinet), Eb (E-flat instrument), Tpt (Trumpet), Tbn (Trombone), Dr (Drums), P (Piano), and B (Bass). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. A "Tempo" marking is visible on the right side of the system.

Handwritten musical score for the second system of "Melancolico". This system continues the notation from the first system, featuring the same ten staves and labels. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. A "Tempo" marking is visible on the right side of the system.

4.

MELANCOLICO

Handwritten musical score for "MELANCOLICO". The score is written on multiple staves, including vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The notation includes notes, rests, and various musical symbols. The score is divided into measures, with some measures containing handwritten annotations such as "TO ALTO" and "TO ALTO". The score is written in a system with multiple staves, including vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The notation includes notes, rests, and various musical symbols. The score is divided into measures, with some measures containing handwritten annotations such as "TO ALTO" and "TO ALTO".

Handwritten musical score for "MELANCOLICO". The score is written on multiple staves, including vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The notation includes notes, rests, and various musical symbols. The score is divided into measures, with some measures containing handwritten annotations such as "TO ALTO" and "TO ALTO". The score is written in a system with multiple staves, including vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The notation includes notes, rests, and various musical symbols. The score is divided into measures, with some measures containing handwritten annotations such as "TO ALTO" and "TO ALTO".

5.

MELANCOLICO

Handwritten musical score for 'MELANCOLICO'. The score is written on a system of five staves. The top staff contains a melodic line with various notes and rests. Below it are four staves, likely for different instruments or voices, with corresponding notation. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte), and articulation marks like slurs and accents. The notation is in a standard musical shorthand, with notes, rests, and bar lines clearly visible. The overall style is that of a personal manuscript or a working draft for a composition.

Handwritten musical score for 'MELANCOLICO'. This page continues the composition from the previous page. It features a system of five staves with musical notation. The notation includes various notes, rests, and bar lines, with some sections marked with 'Coda' and 'Fin'. The score is written in a clear, legible hand, with dynamic markings and articulation marks used throughout. The overall style is consistent with the previous page, suggesting a single composer or scribe.

Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan and is working around town with **Harold Mabern**, piano; **Steve Davis**, bass; and **Dick Berk**, drums. He added baritone saxophonist **Pepper Adams** for a Monday night at Birdland in late July. Poindexter also recorded for Prestige with trombonist **Al Grey**, tenor man **Booker Ervin**, pianist **Gildo Mahones**, bassist **George Tucker**, and drummer **Jimmie Smith**. The rhythm section is the same with which he worked while with L-H-B.

Altoist **Phil Woods** has been presenting a series of Friday night concerts in New Hope, Pa., and also teaching at the high school there. There is a possibility that he will be added as a regular faculty member next fall.

Prince **Lasha** played opposite **Dizzy Gillespie** at Birdland last month. After the flutist's group played following the show at the Contemporary Center in Greenwich Village in mid-June, the center repeated the idea with vibist **Walt Dickerson's** group. Dickerson then did a week at the Half Note with **Austin Crowe**, piano; **Rafik Abdullah** and **Roger Williams**, basses; and **Andrew Cyrille**, drums . . . Pianist **Walter Bishop's** trio played an after-theater gig at the Washington Square Theater in late June. That same weekend, trumpeter **Don Cherry** played a benefit for the Tompkins Square Peace Center, also in the Village. With him were tenor man **Archie Shepp**, bassist **Wilbur Ware**, and drummer **Eddie Blackwell** . . . Legendary pianist **Joe Albany** arrived from California with his family and played a Monday night at the Five Spot with baritone saxophonist **Jay Cameron**.

Lennie Tristano made one of his rare trips out of New York City, to play at the Club Room in Toronto . . . Singer **Tony Bennett** has added trumpeter **Ruby Braff** and tenorist **Sam Margolis** to his supporting cast . . . Guitarist **Turk Van Lake**, who was one of the musicians on **Benny Goodman's** Russian trip, is reportedly readying a controversial book about the tour . . . The Village Gate had pianist **Les McCann** and the blues team of **Brownie McGhee** and **Sonny Terry** in July . . . **Stan Kenton** opened the name-band program at the Pines Hotel in Fallsburg, N.Y., in the heart of the borscht belt, in early July. Following him were the bands of **Lionel Hampton**, **Count Basie**, and **Duke Ellington** and the **Dukes of Dixieland** . . . A benefit concert for poet-critic **LeRoi Jones** and his wife, both stricken with hepatitis, was held at the Living Theater in late June. Among the musicians participating were **Cecil Taylor** and **Don Cherry** . . . Trumpeter **Ted Curson** played two weekend jobs at the Prelude in July with **Vera Auer**, vibra-

harp; **Bill Wood**, bass; and **Al Foster**, drums . . . Saxophonist **Charlie Ventura**, recovered from a serious ulcer operation, rejoined **Gene Krupa**, replacing **Carmen Leggio** . . . **Gene Hull's** Jazz Giants and vocalist **Judy James** played a Sunday afternoon at Birdland on June 30. With Miss James were pianist **Roger Kellaway**, bassist **Hal Gaylor**, and drummer **Tony Inzelaco**. The Hull band so impressed the club's manager, **Oscar Goodstein**, that he booked it in on the evening of July 5 to sub for **Dizzy Gillespie**, who played at Newport that night . . . Pianist **Bobby Timmons** has been working with trombonist **J. J. Johnson**.

• • •

RECORD NOTES: **Bill Evans** did a three-piano overdubbing album for Verve called *Conversations with Myself* . . . Alto saxophonist **Paul Desmond** recorded on three consecutive days for Victor with **Jim Hall**, guitar; **Gene Cherico**, bass; and **Connie Kay**, drums. The best takes will be picked for an album and the rest destroyed instead of being stored . . . Sue records has signed pianist **Ray Bryant** and singer **Ernestine Anderson**. Bryant's first release will be called *Groove House*, Miss Anderson's *The New Sounds of Ernestine Anderson* . . . Impulse has issued a two-LP set called *Americans in Europe* featuring **Don Byas**, **Kenny Clarke**, and **Bud Powell**. Recording was done in January in Koblenz, Germany, at a concert organized by critic **Joachim E. Berendt**.

Buddy Redd, drummer-son of New Orleans veteran **Alton Redd** and brother of altoist **Vi Redd**, made his record debut on a Pacific Jazz session with organist **Charles Kendall** and guitarist **Melvin Brown**. Redd alternated with **Milt Turner** . . . **Ed Thigpen**, drummer with the **Oscar Peterson Trio**, will cut his first album as a leader this, or next, month with six or seven men including trio-mate **Ray Brown**. The label is Verve. The drummer means to deal with different time signatures. "Somewhat," he said, "on the order of **Brubeck's** *Time Further Out* album."

Jimmy Witherspoon recorded four sides for Prestige produced by **Dave Axelrod** . . . **Bill Evans** recorded the **Miklos Rozsa** score for the film *The VIPs* in an album for Verve . . . **Erroll Garner's** LP of music from the picture *A New Kind of Love*, due for release this month, will be titled *A New Kind of Garner* and released by Reprise, his second album on that label. Garner composed four themes for the picture and recorded the LP under **Leith Stevens'** baton and a 35-piece orchestra including such Hollywood musicians as **Barney Kessel**, guitar; **George Roberts**, bass trombone; **Larry Bunker**, percus-

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In The Next Issue

Critic **Martin Williams** takes us behind the scenes at a recent **Milt Jackson-Melba Liston** recording session.

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- **BALLAD FOR BENNY, BIG-BAND SCORE**
by Oliver Nelson

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sion; Alvin Stoller, drums; Red Mitchell, bass; Ted Nash, Ronnie Lang, flutes; and Dick Nash, Joe Howard, trombones.

NEW ORLEANS

This city's educational television station, WYES-TV, is offering two new jazz series. One features Armand Hug playing piano and discussing jazz styles with moderator Vern Cook, New Orleans Jazz Club president Harry Souchon, and researcher Dick Allen. The second is a contest for teenage Dixieland bands; the competition will extend over a period of two months, and the winning group will be awarded a cash prize. Hug, Souchon, and Allen are judges for the contest.

Trumpeter Sharkey Bonano played for a diplomatic party in Washington, D.C., hosted by former New Orleans Mayor de Lesseps S. Morrison. His group also has been active on Bourbon St., subbing regularly for Al Hirt and Pete Fountain, when they play out of town.

The New Orleans Jazz Club's Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon series is soundly in orbit, with Emanuel Sayles, George Lewis, Al Hirt, and the Last Straws booked for concerts through September . . . The Playboy Club closed one of its entertainment rooms, suspended Sunday night activities, and laid off a local modern group, The Four More, in an apparent summer-austerity program . . . The short-lived Sobu Club, which sporadically tried a name-band policy, has changed hands and is now the Club Esquire. However, the club will return to importing big bands, beginning with Woody Herman and Stan Kenton in September . . . The Jazz Museum will send an exhibit to the Louisiana section of the upcoming World's Fair in New York.

CLEVELAND

The Jazz Temple did capacity business during Les McCann's engagement. The pianist's trio included bassist Stan Gilbert and drummer Paul Humphrey. While in town, the group also taped a Jazzidiom show for later viewing over KYW-TV. McCann reported that the group had just completed doing the sound track for a new film *The Great Dream*, and that he definitely plans to move to Paris permanently after two more years in this country. Former McCann sideman Ron Jefferson already has taken up residence there.

Multitalented Bud Wattles expanded his group (with Rick Kiefer, trumpet, and Bob Sykora, bass) into a quartet with the addition of Ronnie Brownning, drums, for an extended stay at the Squeeze Room . . . Fats Heard, often the drummer with Wattles, now is accompanying Carmen McRae . . . Local trumpeter Gary Barone is playing an

extended jazz gig in Honolulu . . . The Corner Tavern went on a name jazz policy in July, with J. J. Johnson, scheduled to be followed by Ramsey Lewis, the Three Sounds, and Chico Hamilton in successive weeks . . . Also in the new-club department, Herman Gelfand, former operator of the old Modern Jazz Room, intends to feature jazz at his new club, Little Herman's Lounge, which opened recently in the Euclid-105th area . . . Leo's Casino, another center for name jazz, is scheduled to reopen in September after being burned out last winter.

Returned from New York, Joe Alexander is back at the Club 100 and drawing raves for his customary brand of exciting tenor saxophone playing. Young Boston drummer Dick Gail amazed the fans and musicians by his fiery playing with Alexander for several weeks and then moved to the LaRue Lounge, where his combo features organist Leodis Harris . . . The Spencer Thompson-Joe Cooper Duo, which had been playing at the LaRue almost without interruption for about a year, moved into the club's new living-room lounge. The club is holding Sunday evening sessions for vocalists, who can audition for a week's contract . . . The extended-engagement prize, however, must go to another piano-bass duo, that of Sol Lucas and Ted Kelly, in residence at the Office for nearly five years . . . AFM Local 4's recent policy of forbidding sitting in and sessions in jazz clubs has been criticized nearly unanimously by musicians, leaders, club-owners, and fans.

DETROIT

Clarence Baker's new supper club, Act IV, on Grand Blvd. near Second St., opens about Sept. 1 . . . In addition to previously reported Duke Ellington and Les Elgart, Johnny Desmond and Dinah Washington have been signed for this year's Michigan State Fair. Among local groups appearing will be Jimmy Wilkins, Hank Warren, Jack Brokensha, Chuck Peterson, and Merle Alvey's Dixie group. Crowds in excess of 1,000,000 are expected again this year.

Because of the success of Ed Love's jazz workshop, Mr. Kelly's management is going ahead with plans to present jazz in bigger and better surroundings. A second-floor private club is already under construction. One room will have a big band for dancing, and there will be one or two other rooms with small jazz groups appearing. Radio station WJLB, with Jack Surrrell, is carrying a one-hour live broadcast of Jimmy Wilkins' big band every Monday night from the current downstairs ballroom. The Detroit Federation of Musicians is co-sponsoring the event with George Kelly, owner of the club.

For those who like their Dixie, the **Juniper Berry Six** has been playing to turn-away crowds at the Surfside, a new club on E. Jefferson at Van Dyke. The leader of the group is trombonist **Guy Roth**. The rest of the group includes **George Melczek**, piano; **Chuck Peterson**, trumpet; **Johnny Bigelow**, tuba; **Tom Brown**, drums; and **Leo Marchionni**, clarinet.

CHICAGO

There is much free summer jazz to be heard in the Windy City—if you know where to find it. **Art Hodes** has given concerts in the Oakbrook and Old Orchard shopping centers; the **Warren Kime-Sandy Mosse Octet** was heard at Loyola Park on a Thursday evening last month; three groups—a traditional Chicago style group led by clarinetist **Frank Chace**, a swing-oriented quartet featuring tenorist **Jack Gell**, and a modern one led by pianist **Stu Katz** and featuring altoist **Bunky Green**—have been doing evolution-of-jazz concerts at educational institutions, the most recent being at Roosevelt University; another three-group program, featuring Chace's sextet, a modern quintet with Green, and **Joe Daley's** trio, was given at a Sunday afternoon concert at a local tuberculosis hospital. All the concerts were sponsored by recording trust funds at the disposal of AFM Local 10.

Bassist **Don Garrett** and several other jazzmen played at tenorist **Nicky Hill's** wake last month. "Nicky would have wanted it that way," said Garrett's wife. Hill died June 24 . . . **Art Hodes** will take over the piano chair with **Bob Scobey's** band; drummer **Dave Black**, a close friend of the late Dixieland trumpeter, will direct the Scobey group at Bourbon Street . . . Bassist **Truck Parham** is set to return to **Pearl Bailey's** show band when the singer returns to active work later this month . . . Pianist **Don Ewell** was briefly in town recently . . . **Muggsy Spanier** is organizing a band to play dates in the Midwest. It is reported that trombonist **Georg Brunis** will be in the cornetist's group . . . **Art Farmer's** opening at **Ahmad Jamal's** Taj Mahal was changed from July 17 to July 31 . . . The Bear went into permanent hibernation in July.

The hoped-for merger of AFM locals 10 and 208 reached a "complete impasse," according to an AFM spokesman. Local 208 holds that it has always had integration, that any musician can join the local, and that Local 10 failed to reach an agreement with Local 208 before several 208 men asked to join Local 10 in March . . . Local 10 has had charges of unfair labor practices placed against it with the National Labor Relations Board by member-drummer **Harry Hawthorne**, a CBS staff man. Hawthorne's petition is aimed

at the local's five-day work rule, which states that no member, except members of the **Chicago Symphony Orchestra**, may play more than five days on a steady engagement or, if so employed, may accept extra jobs. Hawthorne is accused by the union of breaking the rule. The drummer, in his NLRB petition, accused the union of practicing job discrimination by designating which musicians may work more than five days. He specifically cited **Barney Richards**, president of the local, in the petition.

LOS ANGELES

Neal Hefti pulled up stakes in the San Fernando Valley and returned with his family to New York . . . **Gene Norman** sold the Crescendo and the upstairs Interlude to his press agent, **Shelly Davis**. The Interlude will be renamed Room at the Top. No talent booking change is reported contemplated . . . Singer **Jennie Smith** left television's **Steve Allen Show** to take the lead in *Finian's Rainbow* on the summer-stock circuit. She will not return as the show's regular vocalist . . . **Bill Holman**, busily writing again, is penning arrangements for **Woody Herman** and a forthcoming **Harold Land** album . . . **Wilt (The Stilt) Chamberlain**, the professional basketball player, is the new owner of Basin Street West night spot. He will continue the policy of booking top talent. Recently appearing at the club were **Woody Herman**, **Lionel Hampton**, and the **Dinah Washington** revue.

Bob Enevoldsen, tenorist and trombonist, joined the faculty of the Mitchell School of Brass . . . **Pomona** bandleader **Johnny Catron** bought the Palms Ballroom in Glendora, Calif., and is shopping for top bands to play the spot. His own big band will hold the stand there from time to time, he said; meanwhile, the band is booked for a return stint at the Los Angeles County Fair for 17 days in the fall . . . **Count Basie**, here for a week at Disneyland in July and three days at Small's Paradise West, said he is looking forward to his Scandinavian tour Aug. 2-20.

Pianist **Jack Wilson**, with his quartet, comprising vibraharpist **Roy Ayers**, bassist **Bill Plummer**, and drummer **Nick Martinis**, are set to play a series of monthly concerts to raise funds for the Congress of Racial Equality and the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee at churches and schools. The concerts are organized by **Gertrude Marks** . . . Pianist **Bob Harrington** has a new quintet at the Comet Lanes in the San Fernando Valley. **Joe Spang** and **Jimmy Timlin** are on saxophones, **Red Wootton** is the bassist, and **Freddy Manton** is on drums. **Merle Cain** handles the vocals . . . **Edie Adams** enlisted in the musicians' union here, taking her card as pianist. Yes, she plays too.

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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: jazz, *wknds*.
Birdland: **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Ramsey Lewis**, 8/1-21.
Bobin Inn (Rockland Lake, N.J.): jazz, Sun.
Condon's: **Ed Hall**, *t/n*.
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, *wknds*.
Embers: **Tyree Glenn**, 8/15- *t/n*.
Five Spot: **Thelonious Monk**, *t/n*.
Fountain Lounge (Fairview, N.J.): jazz, Mon.
Half Note: **Al Cohn-Zoot Sims** to 8/11.
Hopkinson Manor: **Max Roach**, 8/3.
Junior's: jazz, Fri., Sat.
Metropole: **Lionel Hampton** to 8/3. **Maynard Ferguson**, *t/n*.
Nick's: **Sol Yaged**, *t/n*.
Penn Brook Inn (Elizabeth, N.J.): jazz, Mon.
Playboy: **Kai Winding**, **Jimmy Lyon**, **Sanford Gold**, *t/n*.
Purple Manor: **Tiny Grimes**, *t/n*.
Room at the Bottom: **Wilbur DeParis**, *t/n*.
Round-a-Bout (New Rochelle): **Joe Puma**, Mon.-Thur. **Carl Erca**, **Joe Roland**, *wknds*.
Jimmy Ryan's: **Danny Barker**, **Cliff Jackson**, *t/n*.
Village Vanguard: *unk*.
Village Gate: **Herbie Mann**, **Casey Anderson**, to 8/11. **Roland Kirk** to 8/15. **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan**, 8/13-9/1.

NEW ORLEANS

Bourbon Street East: **Blanche Thomas**, **Dave Williams**, *t/n*.
Club Esquire: name bands.
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*.
King's Room: **Armand Hug**, *t/n*.
Outrigger: **Stan Mendelson**, *t/n*.
Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby**, **Snookum Russell**, *t/n*. **Marvin Kimball**, Wed.
Playboy: **Al Belletto**, **Dave West**, **Ed Fenasci**, **Snooks Eaglin**, *hbs*.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Royal Orleans: **Emanuel Sayles**, **George Lewis**, 8/11.

DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard: **Gene Krupa** to 8/4.
Big John's: **Bob Pierson**, *t/n*.
Cork & Embers: **Dorothy Ashby**, *t/n*.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): **Bob Pozar**, *t/n*.
Left Bank: **Bryan Wells**, *t/n*.
Mr. Kelly's: workshop sessions, Sun. **Jimmy Wilkins**, Mon.
Menjo's West: **Mel Ball**, *t/n*.
Minor Key: **Ahmad Jamal** to 8/4. **June Christy** 8/6-11.
Night Flight: **Danny Stevenson**, *t/n*.
Nite Lite: **Vince Mance**, *t/n*.
Shelly's Little Club: **George Primo**, *t/n*.
Surfside: **Juniper Berry Six**, *t/n*.
Tadkins: **Ralph Jay**, **Mark Richards**, *t/n*.
Trent's: **Terry Pollard**, *t/n*.
20 Grand: **Les McCann** to 8/4. **Three Sounds**, 8/9-18.

CHICAGO

Black Lite: **Judy Roberts**, *t/n*.
Bourbon Street: **Bob Scobey's Band**, *t/n*.
Edgewater Beach Hotel: **Lurlean Hunter** to 8/18.
Fickle Pickle: blues sessions, Mon., 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: **Erroll Garner** to 7/28. **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: **Ruth Brown** to 8/4.
Mister Kelly's: **Nancy Wilson** to 8/11. **Marty Rubenstein**, **John Frigo**, *hbs*.
Playboy: **Joe Iaco**, **Bob Davis**, **Harold Harris**, **Joe Parnello**, *hbs*.
Plugged Nickel: **Little Brother Montgomery**, Fri.-Sat.
Ravinia: **Al Hirt**, 7/31, 8/2.
Silvio's: **Howling Wolf**, *wknds*.
Sir Kenneth's: **Warren Kime-Sandy Mosse**, Wed.
Sutherland: *unk*.
Taj Mahal: **Art Farmer-Jim Hall**, 7/31-8/11.
Velvet Swing: **Nappy Trottler**, *t/n*.

DALLAS

Blackout: **Arthur K. Adams**, *t/n*.
Cajun Club: **Pee Wee Lynn**, *t/n*.
Castaway: **The Venturas**, *t/n*.
Empire Room: **Johnny (Scat) Davis**, *t/n*.
Galaxy: **Sol Samuels**, *t/n*.
Gaylife: **Dick Baldrige**, *hb*.
Levee: **Ed Bernet**, *hb*.
Mayfair Room (Executive Inn): **Earl Kay**, *t/n*.
Music Box: **Ira Freeman**, *t/n*.
Vegas Club: **Joe Johnson**, *t/n*.
90th Floor: **Dick Harp**, *hb*.

LOS ANGELES

Barefoot Inn (Laguna): **Bob Russell**, **Eddie Elston**, Sat.
Basin Street West: name groups, *wknds*.
Beverly Cavern: **Ben Pollack**, Wed.-Sat.
Black Bull (Woodland Hills): **Gus Bivona**, *t/n*.
Blue Port Lounge: **Bill Beau**, *t/n*.
Bourbon Street: Gospel artists, *t/n*.
Caesar's (Torrance): **Bob Martin**, *t/n*.
Cock o' the North (Long Beach): **Curtis Counce**.
Crescendo: **Ella Fitzgerald** to 8/18.
Davy Jones': **Keith Shaw**, Thur.-Sat.
Dixie Doodle (Pomona): **Ken Scott**, **Bayou Ramblers**, Fri.-Sat.
Gay Cantina (Inglewood): **Leonard Bechet**, *wknds*.
Gay '90s Room (Compton Bowling Center): **Astronuts**, **Frank Glosser**, **Steve King**, *t/n*.
Handlebar: **Wally Holmes**, Fri.-Sat.
Hermosa Inn: **Jack Langlos**, *wknds*.
Holiday Motor Lodge: **Dusty Rhodes**, Thur.-Sun.
Hideaway Supper Club: *unk*.
Huddle (Covina): **Teddy Buckner**, *t/n*.
Holiday Motor Lodge (Montclair): **Alton Purnell**, Tue.-Thur. **New Orleans Jazz Band**, Fri.-Sat.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: **Johnny Guarnieri**, *t/n*.
Honeybucket (Costa Mesa): **Col. John Henderson**, Fri.-Sat.
Impromptu Owl (Sierra Madre): **Chuck Gardner**, **Ric Bystrum**, Thur.-Sun.
Intermission Room: **Curtis Amy**, *t/n*.
Jester Room (Elaine Hotel): **Frank Patchen**, *t/n*.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): **Johnny Lane**, *t/n*.
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*.
Losers: **Ruth Olaj**, 10/8-29.
Marineland Restaurant: **Red Nichols**, 8/22-10/3.
Marty's: **William Green**, **Tony Bavely**, *t/n*.
Metro Theater: afterhours sessions, Fri.-Sat.
New Orleans Club (Long Beach): **Ray Bisso's Pier Five Jazz Band**, Sat.
Nickelodeon (West L.A.): **Ted Shafer**, **Jelly Roll Jazz Band**, Thur.
Mr. Adams: **Charles Kynard**, **Ray Crawford**, **Leroy Henderson**, *t/n*.
Oyster House: **Hadda Brooks**, Fri.-Sat.
Page Cavanaugh's: **Page Cavanaugh**, *hb*.
PJ's: **Eddie Cano**, **Donna Lee**, **Jerry Wright**, **Trini Lopez**, *t/n*.
Pizza Palace (Torrance): **Johnny Lucas**, Wed.-Thur.
Polka Dot Club: **Lorenzo Holden**, Wed.-Sun. Sun. afterhours sessions.
Princess Theater: **Ralph Pena**, afterhours concerts, Fri.-Sat.
Quail Restaurant (North Hollywood): **Pete Bealman**, Thur.-Sat.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): **Laverne Gillette**, *t/n*.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): **Pud Brown**, *t/n*.
Rose Bowl (El Segundo): **Tommy Walker**, **Gene Leis**, Fri.-Sat.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): **Stuff Smith**, Tues.-Sun. **Smith-Rex Stewart**, Fri.-Sat.
Rubaivat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis**, **Al McKibbon**, **Roy Ayers**, **Jack Wilson**, *t/n*.
Reuben's (Newport): **Edgar Hayes**, Sun.-Mon.
Reuben's (Tustin): **Edgar Hayes**, Tue., Wed., Sat.
Scene: **Ronnie Brown**, *t/n*.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne**, **Ruth Price**, *wknds*. **Bill Perkins**, Mon. **Joe Pass**, Tue. **Paul Horn**, Wed. **Sam Most**, Thur.
Sherry's: **Pete Jolly**, **Chuck Berghofer**, *t/n*.
Sid's Blue Beet (Newport Beach): **Gene Russell**, Thur.-Sat. Sun. sessions 4-10 p.m.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.
Store Theater: **Jay Migliori**, afterhours concerts. Thur.-Sat., Mon.
Storyville (Pomona): **Ray Martin**, **Tailgate Ramblers**, *t/n*.
South Pacific: **Victor Feldman**, *t/n*.
Tender House (Burbank): **Joyce Collins**, Sun.
The Keg & I (Redondo Beach): **Kid Kenwood**, **Good Time Levee Stompers**, Fri.-Sat.
Thunderbug (Inglewood): **Chuck Flores**, **Jim Whitwood**, **Pee Wee Lynn**, Sun. afternoon sessions.
Waikiki: **Gene Russell**, Mon.-Thur.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue**, *t/n*.



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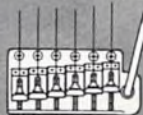
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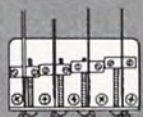
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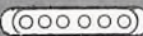
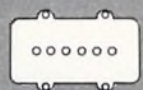
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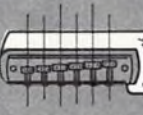
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Here's Ed Thigpen...

Edmund Thigpen, born in Los Angeles, started playing drums at the age of eight. A perennial jazz poll favorite, he tied for 1st place among the world's New Drummers in Downbeat's poll of international jazz critics.

In between these momentous points in his career, Ed's had wide and varied experience. It included teaching himself to play, with some help from Chico Hamilton, Jo Jones, and his father, Ben Thigpen. It spread out through engagements with the Jackson Brothers, George Hudson, Cootie Williams, Dinah Washington, Johnny Hodges, Bud Powell, Jutta Hipp and the Billy Taylor Trio.

Ed's drumming experience has culminated in his present spot as a key member of Oscar Peterson's trio. There, he's setting new standards with a technique that calls into play not only sticks and brushes, but hands, fingers and elbows.

One factor has been constant throughout Ed's career: Ludwig Drums.

"I've seen Ludwigs made," Ed says, "and I think that would have decided me even if I'd never heard or played them."

"I'd have picked them on the basis of the people who make them, and the care and skill they put into the job."

For a magnificent display of the world's most distinguished percussion equipment, see the new Golden Anniversary 64-page four-color Ludwig Catalog. Send for your copy today. It's FREE!

Here's the **Ludwig** combination
Ed Thigpen prefers:



1. 16"x16" Tom #950PC
2. 12" x 22" Bass #921PC
3. 9"x13" Tom #944PC
4. 5 1/2"x14" Snare #908PC
5. 21" Ride Cymbal
6. 16" Crash Cymbal
7. Two 15" Hi-Hat Cymbals

Finish: White Pearl, Chrome.

Ludwig

LUDWIG DRUM CO. / MAKERS OF WFL DRUMS
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