

AUGUST 29, 1963 35c

# down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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Cover photograph of Milt Jackson by Roy DeCarava; of Melba Liston by Joe Alper, courtesy Riverside records.

**THINGS TO COME:** Among other exciting features in the Sept. 12 *Down Beat*, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, Aug. 29, will be a provocative interview with Ray Charles, an affectionate portrait of pianist Barry Harris, and Don Nelsen's evocative word picture of the family-run New York jazz club The Half Note. Don't miss it!

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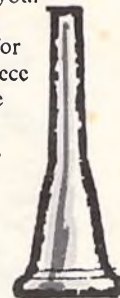
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## Thanks From Calo

I would sincerely like to express my gratitude to Bill Coss, Ira Gitler, Joe Goldberg, Robert Levin, Dan Morgenstern, and Pete Welding for the votes I received for miscellaneous instrument in the Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition category in the International Jazz Critics Poll (DB, July 18).

Calo Scott  
New York City

## Critics Unfair?

After reading the results of the latest International Jazz Critics Poll, I was upset over the way some of the votes were cast.

My irritation lies not so much with the choices selected, but rather with the way the critics voted for musicians in their own locales. For example, Don DeMicheal voted for, as he states, several men known only in the Midwest. Joachim Berendt wrote, "Being a European, I felt I should point out some foreign musicians."

These are just two examples where the critics came right out and said they were voting for their own geographical areas. However, in most cases it was simply that a critic living in New York votes for a majority of New York musicians. Is drummer X, for example, in New York playing more drums now than drummer Y in California?

I understand how this can easily happen. However, I think that critics have the responsibility to hear as many records as possible and to judge fairly the men they do not have the occasion to see in person. While I do not accuse the critics of being unfair, the poll does seem to indicate something of this nature to me.

I do not feel the poll is fair to some of the men playing and there are many deserving talents continuing to go unrecognized mainly because of where they are living. Probably the best example of this is Wes Montgomery's late rise to recognition. How many Montgomerys are still being overlooked?

Glen McQuage  
Meridian, Miss.

## Afterthoughts

A few thoughts about the results of the 1963 critics poll:

Paul Affeldt's postscript would seem to disqualify him, for his judgments about the past year's jazz and its backgrounds are made after he has dismissed this area as a series of "current fads." Critic Robert Levin goes dangerously close to the other extreme with his *Who's Who* of the "new thing." He does so, however, with some justification, for this is the 1963 poll.

On the other hand, I couldn't agree more with LeRoi Jones' remark that in Don Cherry's shadow "players like Don Ellis seem embarrassing hicks." It is, in fact, a pity that the worthwhile aspects of the "new thing" are distorted by the antics of a musician who has the name and "respectability" that one acquires from

a European tour. There is no doubt that Ellis can be a fine instrumentalist, but he has lost sight of music in favor of ego-building dramatics.

It was good to see Cherry and Roswell Rudd, especially, at the tops of their categories. However, it is perhaps a cruel irony that such greatly underrated players as Julius Watkins, Steve Lacy, and Charlie Haden are somehow filed in the category of "Established Talent." While their talent has been recognized by a few critics, I doubt whether they are laughing their way to any bank.

Martin S. Mitchell  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

*Watkins, Lacy, and Haden have each won awards in past critics polls.*

## Happy Reader

Thank you for the last two years of literary enjoyment I have experienced in reading *Down Beat*. You are to be lauded for excellent work in conveying an accurate picture of the jazz scene as it is today. Perhaps you can do something to bring the fabulous big bands of today into the limelight.

A. W. Lacono  
Modesto, Calif.

## Winter Wonderland

It is quite fantastic what false values can be created out of sensationalism. One day's work at the White House can put a man in the position that others reach only after years of hard work and valuable contributions in the music field. I am talking about the gentleman who, accompanied by the sweet sounds of artificial bossa nova, danced his way through 23 Latin American countries, made a pit stop in Washington, D.C., where a beautiful lady whispered, "... I could hardly stop myself from tapping my feet. ..." and from then on Paul Winter was on his way.

I'm usually not interested in how well deserved anyone's success is. Also, I don't care about the desperate invasion of the conservatives against the "new thing" that has been going on for months now, because they are not strong enough to do anything about it. But what Paul Winter said in his *Blindfold Test* (DB, July 4), I do care about.

He casually calls Wynton Kelly "one of the one-handed piano players that are supposed to be hip today." On the other hand, Winter is playing, not very successfully, the kind of music that was supposed to be hip 20 years ago. He continues in his colorful and articulate manner, calling Kenny Burrell "a one-finger guitarist" and, as a punch line, Duke Ellington—yes, you guessed it—and I must quote: "... again one of the one-handed players."

Just for dessert we can have John Coltrane who "... has no intent of creating, or re-creating any beauty in his playing" and who is "... one of the exponents of the nihilistic type of playing." Poor Col-

trane. It must come as a real shock to him at this point of the game: just to think that he wasted all those notes and for nothing. (Nihil means nothing.)

I'm tired of quoting, but among other things we may learn that Ray Charles and Milt Jackson are the "height of monotony" and the arrangement they used was "typical of the dull, faked, head-type things which really become outdated."

May I just add that there is nothing worse than a small group with stiff arrangements that kill individualism and flexibility—also, it is usually needed for those who have nothing to say and must hide behind something, which is the case with Paul Winter and his White House All-Stars.

I would like to sum up: Winter would have been better off if he said "nihil."

Gabor Szabo  
New York City

### And More Of The Same

Paul Winter professes to be a "leader of a group and a musician." To call oneself a musician because you are the proud possessor of a Local 802 union card is tantamount to calling oneself a "man" because you are the possessor of a local draft board card. It is my contention that these two subjects should be left to others to judge and not by biased self-evaluation.

In the July 4 issue Winter took the coveted *Blindfold Test*. For a musician of so limited musicianship, experience, and knowledge, he was quite harsh in his criticisms. I am referring to the sixth and eighth records he reviewed (Duke Ellington and John Coltrane's *Take the Coltrane* and Milt Jackson and Ray Charles' *X-Ray Blues*). Neither of the records was especially good, nor do any of the musicians need me to come to their defense. They have proved themselves by "experience and contributions."

Mr. Winter, being a "musician," it seems to me should have been able to recognize some musical ability in these tried and proved entertainers that would have been good for at least one star. He is not qualified to refer to musicians such as Coltrane as a nihilistic type of saxophonist, Ellington and Kenny Burrell as one-finger players, and being so bothered both "musically and extramusically," he would not be expected to recognize Milt Jackson.

On the fifth record reviewed (*Night and Day* by Charlie Parker), he wasn't able to identify the saxophonist (Parker), and the pianist (Oscar Peterson) "sounded something like Bud Powell." There is no other sound that could be mistaken for Bird's, whether he was good, bad, or otherwise, at any time. As Winter must know, all musicians have identifying characteristics, and any musician or even serious layman is able to recognize the giants of the art.

Winter, as much as his limited ability allows, simulates the playing of Parker, but here is a musician from the Bird jazz idiom who has the effrontery to admit he wasn't sure if it was Bird or not.

I have not spent the last year in one of the "remotest regions of Tibet," but when you ask "what is killing the jazz business?" I think perhaps here is one element.

Edward R. Johnson  
Chicago

### But . . .

I have just read the article on Friedrich Gulda and his views on jazz (*DB*, June 6).

My comments (*DB*, Feb. 28) were thoroughly misunderstood by certain elements who would not see the wood for the trees, or rather, whose judgments have been clouded over with a hypersensitive awareness of "basic roots."

I do not decry Caucasian performance in jazz—I have a host of friends who are Caucasians; there is mutual respect. There are a lot of extremely competent and virile Caucasian jazz artists. My premise is that no matter who the artist and whatever he is trying to say, the correct idiom in jazz could only conform to the fundamental Negro pattern—rhythm and form. There are the extremists, of course, who at the very mention of the word "Caucasian" or "Negro" would become so hysterical as to impute without reason all objectionable inferences; people in this category would benefit from psychoanalysis.

At the moment there is a surfeit of complexes overriding the jazz scene. Artists doubtful of the rich and glorious heritage of jazz all of a sudden are ashamed of their roots; they cast longing eyes on the aura of respectability that apparently surrounds the "classics" school and strive to induce, impose, and imitate their form and pattern of presentation.

Not so long ago (*Esquire*, April, 1962) Jean P. LeBlanc discussed this disgusting trend in an article, and Gulda has further elaborated on sentiments expressed by me.

In concluding, I might add that I feel extremely honored to be aligned in the Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln, Charles Mingus, et al., camp. It is more than obvious that the first *DB* discussion of race in jazz in 1962 was more stimulating and thought-provoking than the last mutual back-slapping effort we were treated to in the April 11, 1963, issue.

Ed Otis Pratt  
Freetown, Sierra Leone

### Question Time

I have a question concerning John S. Wilson's review of Henry Mancini's *Uniquely Mancini* album (*DB*, Aug. 1), though it might be asked equally about many reviews by many reviewers. Wilson calls the album banal and says that from a jazz standpoint there is nothing there.

I can play this record for my friends who are not jazz fans and just average people, and they will enjoy it. I can play it for moderate jazz enthusiasts, and they will love it. But if I play it for a critic or a way-out hipster, they will turn up their noses and call it nothing. Moreover, if I play something the critics like for my friends, either jazz fans or nonjazz fans, they will scream and hold their ears. This happens with Coltrane, Coleman, and all the "new thing" artists.

Does this mean that jazz is only for a small, unique clique and not the majority of people? Judging by critics' choices this seems to be the case. If so, jazz is on the wrong track; good music must appeal to larger numbers than this kind of jazz does.

Charlotte Mulford  
Monroe, Conn.

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# STRICTLY AD LIB

## NEW YORK

The sometimes distant but often fervent cry of "bring back the bands" was heeded in mid-July by the Glen Island Casino, once the home of such big bands as **Glenn Miller's** and **Claude Thornhill's**. The New Rochelle, N.Y., club reactivated its band policy with the orchestra of **Dan Terry**, who decided not to adopt the **Kostraba** name (*DB*, April 25). The band is featuring a unique instrumentation of four trombones, five saxophones (two tenors, two altos, baritone), four rhythm, and in lieu of a trumpet section, four soprano saxophones and a fluegelhorn. In addition, Terry is fronting the band on fluegelhorn. Sidemen include **Richie Kamuca**, tenor saxophone; **Bill Berry**, fluegelhorn; **Bob Dorough**, piano; and **Gene Allen**, baritone saxophone. **Don Heller** is the vocalist. The band will be at the club until Labor Day . . . Drummer **Max Roach**, recently appointed to the board of trustees of the New York School of Jazz, also is lecturing on jazz history and conducting a series of drum clinics at the school . . . The success of the first jazz concerts held in the garden of St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bouwerie during the Lower Eastside Neighborhood Association's Festival of the Arts, has led to a series of free jazz concerts, sponsored by the church itself, each Wednesday evening during the rest of the summer.



TERRY

The first garden party featured the groups of tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin** and baritone saxophonist **Pepper Adams**.

Radio station WNEW began its 30th anniversary celebration with a four-hour show at Madison Square Garden on July 24. Among those who appeared were the **Dave Brubeck Quartet**, the **Tommy Dorsey Orchestra** with **Frank Sinatra Jr.**, the **Si Zentner** and **Sy Oliver** orchestras, and the **Dukes of Dixieland**. Proceeds went to the Musician's Aid Society. WNEW disc jockey **Billy Taylor** was one of the emcees.

**Gunther Schuller** is one of 10 composers (including **Virgil Thomson** and **Morton Gould**) who will talk about American music in general and their own in particular for a new course, *Conversation with Contemporary Composers*, being offered by the division of general education of New York University this fall. Schuller will discuss "the use of jazz in serious music."



SCHULLER

The new **Miles Davis Quintet** played a particularly successful two weeks at the Village Vanguard in July. With the trumpeter, who seems to have got renewed spirit from his young associates, were **George Coleman**, tenor saxophone; **Herbie Hancock**, piano; **Ron Carter**, bass; and **Anthony Williams**, drums. SARTORIAL NOTE: each of the Davis sidemen had a circular red patch on the breast pocket of his sport jacket with first name inscribed. The leader's suit bore no insignia. Davis' engagement was followed with a one-weeker by **Sonny Rollins**. Rollins' men included pianist **Paul Bley**, drummer **Roy McCurdy**, and

(Continued on page 43)

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# down beat

August 29, 1963 / Vol. 30, No. 24

## JIMMY RYAN DIES OF HEART ATTACK

Jimmy Ryan's, the Dixieland jazz club that was a standby on New York's 52nd St. from 1939 to 1962, when it moved to W. 54th St., has lost its owner and namesake.

Ryan, long a popular figure in New York night-club circles, succumbed to the effects of a heart attack in French Hospital on the night of July 16.

Ryan's, forced to move to the 54th St. address because of office-building construction on 52nd, housed the groups of traditional stalwarts through an era when the modernists held sway on 52nd.

It has continued this policy on 54th with pianist Cliff Jackson and guitarist Danny Barker.

## MAJOR ELLINGTON OPUSES SLATED FOR LP RELEASE

Duke Ellington's *Night Creature*, an extended composition of semisymphonic proportions never before available on record, will be in the record stores before the end of the year, *Down Beat* has learned.

While a release date has not yet been set by Reprise records, the label for which Ellington records, the composer is believed to be pushing for immediate action.

The composition will take up one side of a 12-inch LP; the reverse side of the record will contain either *Harlem* or *New World Acomin'*, both by Ellington.

Two separate recordings of *Night Creature* are now in the can, it was learned from an Ellington source. Both were made in Europe during the orchestra's January-February tour this year.

One version of *Night Creature* was recorded in Paris, France, with the Ellington band augmented by 92 members of the Paris Opera Orchestra. *Harlem* was recorded at the same session. While in Stockholm, Sweden, the band recorded it a second time with 65 members of the Stockholm Symphony Orchestra. *New World Acomin'* was recorded in Hamburg, Germany.

During an Ellington stop in Milan, Italy, the composer and band were

joined by 65 members of the La Scala Opera Orchestra when an as-yet-untitled new Ellington work was put on tape. This session took place during a two-hour break between performances by the La Scala organization.

## 'THE CONNECTION' SET FOR COPENHAGEN

Danish theater producer Stig Lommer is a restless man. For years, he's been earning a pretty krone in Copenhagen putting together flimsy reviews featuring chesty, long-legged showgirls and slapstick comedians.

But recently Lommer has been toying with the idea of presenting something with a little more substance. From friends who had visited the United



GORDON IN COPENHAGEN  
Composer, musician, actor

States he heard about a unique thing called *The Connection*, the jazz-and-narcotics play.

It was just the thing for Lommer, no man to miss out on a new thing and one unafraid of experimenting.

Now Lommer has acquired the Danish rights to the Jack Gelber play and said he plans to put it on in the fall. Tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon, now living in Denmark, is to have one of the lead roles if all goes according to plan.

"Lommer has been in touch with me, and I like the idea of doing the play," said Gordon, who wrote the music for the Los Angeles production of the play and had a starring role in it there before

### Incidentally

From the Los Angeles *Times*:

"Muggsy Spanier, Chicago-born, has been in the business more than 40 years, and it has been said he 'plays more cornet with only three fingers on his right hand than most players can with four.'"

*And it's jive at five.*

he went to Denmark a year ago. The company would use Gordon's own music, rather than the original, written by Freddie Redd, or that of the "new original" one done by Cecil Payne.

"I'm trying to line up a couple of the best jazz musicians in Denmark, such as Alex Riel on drums and Niels Henning Oersted Petersen on bass — but most of all I'd like to get Bud Powell up from Paris to do a part," Gordon said.

As a fillip, Lommer, who occasionally works in a part for himself in his productions, would have a role in the play.

Putting on *The Connection* would be quite a switch in Danish theater, which is not noted for experimentation.

## LEE WILEY DRAMA SET FOR FALL TELEVIEWING

A drama dealing with a tragic episode in the life of jazz singer Lee Wiley will be telecast this fall on the series *Bob Hope Presents the Chrysler Theater* over NBC-TV.

The 60-minute teleplay in color will cover a period in the singer's life during which she was temporarily blinded in a fall from a horse. Producer Dick Berg has secured the rights to the story from Miss Wiley, now living in New York, and assigned the writing of the script to David Rayfiel, author of a recent off-Broadway play *PS 193*. Rayfiel will write the script from research material by Leonard Feather. The teleplay is to be filmed this month at Revue Productions' studios in Universal City, Calif.

According to a spokesman for Berg, the producer hopes to feature some of Miss Wiley's original recordings on the soundtrack. New recordings, which would be made by the singer for the program, are also a possibility, the spokesman added.

Several prominent actresses are being auditioned by Berg for the role.

## LOCKJAW DAVIS NOW A BOOKING AGENT

Eddie Davis will lock his jaws over a saxophone mouthpiece no more. At least that was reported by Shaw Artists, Inc., for which the former star of the Count Basie saxophone section is now booking jazz attractions.

To give up playing was no sudden decision by the 42-year-old Davis, who in recent years has led his own group (featuring organist Shirley Scott) and a two-tenor combo with Johnny Griffin. "I've thought about it for a year," he said. "It's just that my playing cycle has ended."

The choice of his new job also was



DAVIS  
The end of a cycle

well thought out. "After this complete cycle, I wanted to do something equally constructive," he explained. "In booking the jazz rooms—the very rooms I've played—I feel I can bridge a gap between artist and proprietor."

Musicians often have voiced the opinion that jazz management and booking offices need people with the type of experience Davis brings to his job. Despite what he says, though, Jaws may not be able to stay away from his horn — many other musicians have hung up their horns only to return to active playing. Perhaps, in time, a new music cycle will come wheeling by for Davis.

## AFM TROUBLES CONTINUE UNABATED

Sometimes nothing seems to go right. At least, that's the way it appears on the American Federation of Musicians front. The traveling-tax situation still has not been settled, either in regard to having the federal court order forbidding its collection lifted (*DB*, Aug. 1) or to AFM locals' opposition to the higher per-capita tax and prime initiation fees passed at the recent AFM convention (*DB*, Aug. 15).

Then there was the failure to bring about the hoped-for merger of Locals 208 and 10 in Chicago.

Now in Columbus, Ohio, three members of Local 589—Harland T. Randolph, William S. Stewart Sr., and William Tye—have filed suit in federal court charging that the AFM governing board seeks to prevent a merger of the white and Negro locals in that city. Named as defendants are Herman D. Kenin, AFM president, and all other officers and board members of the union.

According to Tye, the Negro local (589) had formed a committee, of which he was a member, to discuss merger with Local 103, the white local. But before the committee could find the best way to bring about the merger,

he said, "Ernie Lewis, a representative of the national body, tried to get us to integrate. He had 15 or 18 members of our local sign a petition calling a special meeting—over the president's head—to discuss merger."

"He was present at the meeting," Tye continued, "and a business agent from the white local was with him. Our vice president got up and appointed another committee, which included me, to study how to merge with Local 103, and then he declared the meeting closed. Ernie Lewis jumped up and shouted, 'Don't go—you're here to vote on merger!' The meeting was in an uproar."

Tye went on to say that the committee later met with Local 103 officers again but that the terms of merger were unacceptable.

"They wanted us to turn over all our assets and still charge each member \$39 to join," Tye said. "They said they'd put one of our members on the board, but he wouldn't be able to vote. And no member over 40 would be eligible for the death benefit. Finally we went to the last resort—federal court."

Kenin termed the charge that the AFM was seeking to bar merger between the two locals "an infamous and false accusation."

He further stated, "The facts, as we shall show, are that we have for many months been seeking the merger of the white and Negro locals in Columbus, as we do in every area of the country where this vestige of outmoded and unfortunate segregation exists. We shall continue to press this long declared policy."

## GARNER COLLABORATES ON FILM SCORE—THROUGH THE MAIL

Erroll Garner, who never worked on motion-picture music before, is getting split billing for his first movie effort, *A New Kind of Love*. The pianist-composer is sharing the credits with veteran film scorer-conductor Leith Stevens.



GARNER  
Half a credit better than none

The credits, however, are not for the same musical contribution. Garner's will read "theme composition." Stevens gets billing for scoring.

Garner composed four separate themes for the Melville Shavelson production, tape-recorded them as piano solos, and then sent the tapes from his New York home to Stevens in Hollywood.

According to Shavelson, the pianist refused to go to Hollywood and work at Paramount Studios, where the picture was made.

## MARCHING BENEFIT AT THE APOLLO

The Aug. 28 March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom, which is planned to focus attention on racial discrimination, will get a financial send-off on Aug. 23 with a benefit staged at New York City's Apollo Theater.

Among the artists scheduled to appear are Tony Bennett, Carmen McRae, the Herbie Mann Sextet, Billy Eckstine, the Quincy Jones Band, Cozy Cole, Coleman Hawkins, Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan, Teri Thornton, and Johnny Hartman.

Proceeds from the event will be used to transport unemployed workers from New York to Washington, D.C.

On the committee overseeing the project are Alan Morrison, Maxwell T. Cohen, Tom Wilson, George Wein, and Oscar Cohen.

## L.A. NIGHT CLUBS UNDERGO SERIES OF NAME CHANGES

Whether a result of stunted imagination or their owners' desire to capitalize on established names, Los Angeles night clubs currently featuring jazz attractions are undergoing name changes inspired by some in New York City.

The first room to be renamed was Wilt (The Stilt) Chamberlain's Western Ave. spot, Basin Street West, where Woody Herman and Lionel Hampton recently appeared. In a previous existence it was known as Strip City.

Quickly following suit, Hollywood disc jockey Tommy Small, a former New Yorker, opened Small's Paradise West on S. Crenshaw Blvd. and enjoyed brisk summer business, Count Basie's band being featured for four nights.

The newest switch can be seen on Ventura Blvd. in the San Fernando Valley at a club previously known as Page Cavanaugh's (the pianist-vocalist recently moved down the boulevard to open another room under his own name). The marquee of this latest retitled room reads Blue Angel West. Selected to open it was the quartet coled by Buddy DeFranco and Tommy Gumina.



# THE NEW THING According To Professor McSiegel

I understand that a movement in jazz known as the "new thing" has been "initiated" by some person or persons named Ellis. Whether this refers to Herb, Don, or Seger my investigators have not yet determined, but possibly all three are culpable. If I know today's jazz musicians, these fingerpopping whippersnappers are culpable of just about anything.

New thing, indeed! It is to laugh. If Belly Roll Jordan playing *Up the Creek Blues* is avant garde, if Junk Johnson's *Oh Didn't He Muskrat?* is the dernier cri in atonality, then the so-called creators of this wrinkled wrinkle can lay claim to innovation.

In my revelation of the true origin of bossa nova, I retold in detail the adventures of our band as it steamed down the Mississippi from Minneapolis, plowed the waters of New England along the Connecticut River, and later trekked west to find filmic fame and fortune.

It was during the last of these periods that the studio employing us, 19th Century-Flux, went in for one of its periodic cutdowns. Symphony men were no luckier than we; in fact, we soon found ourselves all in the same boat. This made for crowded conditions, and the going was even rougher in view of the state of the Los Angeles River. This was before prohibition, and as I remarked to Pat O'Lipschitz, "The saloons are wet but the river's done gone dry."

"Just our luck," said Pat, "to be stuck with these longhair cats, on a river that can double as a dry dock."

One of the symphony men, Gunnar Shooter, turned to me. "Did you ever work a riverboat before?" he asked.

I told him of our two previous experiences.

"Ah so!" said Shooter. "You mean that this, then, is your third stream?"

His casual remark gave me an immediate idea. I took an old arrangement of *I Had It to Do All Over Again*, passed out all the E-flat instruments' parts to the longhair string men, the trumpet parts to the alto and baritone saxophonists, the violin and trombone music to the tenor saxophone and trumpet men.

Talk about new sounds!

I can only think of one way we could have been more ahead of our time: by crossing the international date line. By today's standards, this first attempt at Third Stream music was not the ultimate in experimentation; but then, how far out could you go on the Los An-

geles River? At least it was a start and led to our discovery and launching into orbit of perhaps the farthest out of them all, the one-and-enough Sidney Funk.

We discovered Funk operating the elevator between A Deck and D Deck; in fact, for the first few weeks he could only play in those keys (or rather, away from them). Later we enlarged the boat to include an E, F, and G deck so that he could learn how to dodge playing in every key.

Sidney played a rare instrument, the G-flat heckelphone, which he himself had fashioned from strips of beaver board, with aluminum keys, all put together with airplane glue. We had to persuade him not to use up all the glue, since when he saved a little for us we found it conducive to favorable conditions for our own enjoyment of the music we were now to join in producing.

Funk's was no ordinary heckelphone. He fitted it with a mouthpiece of pumice stone and played on reeds of real seaweed. Lucidly, he explained to us the philosophy of his new sounds:

"I believe that our music has to be subjected to conditions under which, given the areas of common ground that need not be taken into consideration, but without allowing for those which, under other circumstances, might not be essential to a comprehension of harmonic substance without the melodic essence, yet would otherwise be bound down by the shackles of tonality, good sound and the conventional 12th century 12-tone system, may be free to investigate every aspect of complete rhythmic empathy among performers whose only need is a common rejection of tradition, according to which it will, or at least should, in due course, or possibly sooner, succeed in avoiding consonance not merely through willingness to accept dissonance but rather by the joint rejection of both dissonance and its original consonance, thereby arriving at a liberated state that gives us non-sonance, or, to put it more suc-

cinctly, nonsance."

We all got the point immediately.

To supply us with suitable music to meet this new challenge, we found a gifted young girl named Viola de Gamba. Told that she was the conservatory-trained wife of our third oboeist, we took her off the mess detail and put her to work right away dashing-off chart after chart.

It was not until we had spent seven hours trying to figure out her first arrangement that we realized she had earned her degree from a *nautical* conservatory and had been documenting charts of our course along the Los Angeles River.

Soon, though, we found we were able to dispense with such outmoded conventions as arrangements. By now, Sidney had developed a new reed made of asparagus, which he inserted into a mouthpiece deftly carved from a hollowed-out eggcup. Since he insisted on always putting mayonnaise on his asparagus, this sometimes caused complications. Occasionally, though, he would make it up to us by whipping up an order of French fries on the side for all hands. On his good nights, Sidney could really cook.

Finally, word reached shore of our wild new thing, and before you could say J. Russell Robinson, a few of us, including Sidney, had landed a gig at the Los Angeles branch of Sing Bum Sing's Chinese Fried Chicken Shack.

This was where the happenings really began happening. Here are a few of the experiments we tried:

We found a huge beast, a member of an almost extinct group known as the organ-utangs. There were smaller models known as Hammond organ-utangs, but the one we bought was the real thing: a genuine pipe-organ-utang. We named it Cholmondely, presented it with a vast set of pipes, and put Cholmondely and the organ in an ingeniously locked cage that could only be opened by the playing of a certain set of chords, in a certain sequence.

For percussion and other effects, we used the sound of succotash being shaken in an old toothpaste tube; two critics' heads being struck together in bossa nova time (a beautifully hollow effect); seven manzellos being dropped onto a pile of striches; a Louis Armstrong vocal recorded at 30 ips and played back at 1 7/8 (this was especially difficult because of the lack of tape re-

(Continued on page 43)

# Jazz Samba: The Other Side Of The Record

By LEONARD FEATHER

In the Feb. 28 issue of *Down Beat* a cover story detailed the experiences of Stan Getz after the astonishing success of his *Jazz Samba* album gave a new impetus to his career.

Not long afterward, a trade paper showed a photo of Getz smilingly receiving a Grammy award from the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences.

Almost a year has passed since *Jazz Samba* was released; during that time the saxophonist has been constantly in the news, his bossa nova hits having brought him to major network television shows and to concerts in several cities. Stop the man on the street, ask him what jazzman he associates with bossa nova, and if he has any answer at all, it most likely will be Getz.

There is an irony to all this, for the facts are as follows:

*Jazz Samba* was not by Stan Getz alone but by Getz and guitarist Charlie Byrd, jointly billed; the idea for the album was suggested by Ginny Byrd, Charlie's wife; the whole bossa nova craze in the United States could have begun in 1961 instead of 1962 and with a *Jazz Samba* LP by Charlie Byrd and Herb Ellis, but this idea was rejected by both Verve and Riverside record representatives.

Although Byrd has been seen on very few of the subsequent Getz appearances, remaining in the background and continuing to work at his own club, the Show Boat in Washington, D.C., the emergence of these and other facts during his recent visit to Los Angeles call for further examination of the other side of the record.

The story began in the spring of 1961 when the Charlie Byrd Trio (Keter

Betts, bass; Buddy Deppenschmidt, drums), plus Mrs. Byrd, band manager and vocalist, undertook a 12-week tour of South America for the U.S. Information Agency. Here is the Byrds' account:

**Ginny:** I'll never forget the first night we heard bossa nova. It was in a little club after our concert, and we were with some USIA people. And the first time we heard *Desafinado* was when a judge in Bahia who happens to be a jazz fan gave us a copy of the Gilberto record. Charlie never did get the music to it; he had to copy it off the record by earphone. The trio started playing these tunes before they even got back here; we have a tape we did in Guatemala of *One-Note Samba*.

**Byrd:** We got home in June. In August Herb Ellis came to play three weeks at the Show Boat—one jointly with me, and two on his own. He stayed at our home. Herb had been in South America, too, with Julie London and Bobby Troup in the summer of 1960. Herb and I began playing these sambas together, and we pitched the album idea but couldn't get Verve or Riverside interested. We made some tapes together at the club.

(Note: Ellis recorded a non-bossa nova version of *One-Note Samba* on one of his own Verve LPs in October, 1961.)

**Ginny:** Almost six months later Stan Getz listened to the Gilberto album with us. We went to see him at the club where he was working, and he sounded so beautiful I thought it would be perfect for him to be the one to do this album with Charlie.

**Feather:** What kind of deal did you

make with Verve?

**Byrd:** I assumed it would just be a joint date. I wasn't under contract to Riverside. I made the big mistake of doing the date and not talking about any deal. The next thing I knew, I was out. I mean, no artist royalty—none at all. Just leader's scale, plus scale for the arrangements, all of which I wrote.

**Ginny:** He just presumed, as an artist usually does, that there would be some kind of. . . .

**Byrd:** My complaint is not so much the money thing but the fact that there was not even a thank-you. The only royalty I got was from the one original I had in the album, *Samba Dees Days*. I haven't checked the figures lately, but I think up to the end of last year I'd been paid on at least 300,000 albums.

We tried to make the album in New York, as you know, with a New York rhythm section, but they just couldn't make it. Buddy Deppenschmidt deserves an awful lot of credit for his part in the album; he spent so much time working on getting the exact rhythmic thing down.

**Ginny:** Buddy and Keter stayed up nights learning those rhythms.

**Byrd:** All Stan had to do was come in and play. We had the rhythm section and the idea.

**Feather:** Didn't you work any clubs with Stan after the album came out?

**Byrd:** Once. Jimmy Raney went out to the coast with Stan and wound up having to borrow money from Herb to get back east. Jim Hall had been all set to go with Stan, but he changed his mind. I was at the Village Gate three weeks, and Stan was there a week and a half.



LAWRENCE N. SHUSTAK

We each had our own groups, but we also worked together.

Please don't try to imply that I think Stan stole the bossa nova from me. He couldn't; I didn't own it. But I didn't steal anything from anybody else, either. There's been a lot of complaints floating around, from various Brazilian sources, with the implication that I was getting rich on the records and desecrating the music. I never had any intention of trying to tell the Brazilians how to play bossa nova.

We recorded the tunes because we liked these tunes, and we liked the way the guys played it. As a matter of fact, Stan kept insisting, at both record sessions, that we bring the original record in and listen to it. But I wouldn't go along with that. What point would there have been in just making an imitation?

I found this music was something that seemed easy and agreeable for most jazz players to improvise with and fun to play. That was all I had in mind; the most foolish implication of all to me was that this had been something designed to make money. As it now stacks up, I think it proves very clearly that this wasn't my main intention at all, or I would have made a good deal for myself in the first place.

After the album hit, there were several concert deals that were being talked about, but by now I knew that the only thing I could ever get out of working with Stan Getz was possibly to go into a studio and make another album and that no other benefits would accrue to me, so, although Verve did offer me a good deal to make a second album with him, I decided the hell with it.

**Feather:** How did it happen that there was no mention of the term bossa nova anywhere on the album?

**Byrd:** I talked to Creed Taylor, the producer, and said I didn't want it called bossa nova because I didn't want to give people the impression that we considered this to be bossa nova. If people wanted to hear bossa nova, let them listen to Joao Gilberto. Ours was intended to be something different—our own personal approach, rather than bossa nova as they know it.

The funny thing is that Stan and I

were both put down for commercializing on something, yet as soon as our album made it, all kinds of highly respected jazz players were quick to jump right on it and try to do exactly what we had done, and in their cases they *did* call the albums bossa nova. And, of course, when our album first came out, the critics started raving about the whole thing, but as soon as it became popular they started backing off.

**Feather:** What happened about the NARAS award?

**Ginny:** We had a letter from NARAS saying we had been nominated for an award. I wrote back saying that on May 15, the date of the presentations, Charlie would be working at his club, so he wouldn't be able to appear. Now evidently after this, they were presented with a version in which all of Charlie's solo work on *Desafinado* was cut out.

We have the original tapes of *Desafinado* with a long solo by Charlie. In the album as it was released, only part of his solo work was kept in; and by the time they cut it down further to make a single . . . it was out altogether. So Creed Taylor wrote us a letter saying that because there was no jazz guitar solo on this particular version of the record, only Stan Getz could get the award.

**Byrd:** The letter said the award-winning record was not the album but the single out of it, *Desafinado*.

**Ginny:** Yet if it hadn't been for Charlie, there would have been no *Jazz Samba* album, and if it hadn't been for the album, there wouldn't have been the single out of it—but he got no award! Look, if the same situation had happened in reverse, I'm sure Charlie would have insisted that Stan get due credit, and he would have said when the record began to sell, "Look, Stan, how did we know this was going to be a hit? Here's half of it."

**Byrd:** Not necessarily half, but certainly something. I could have used half of what Stan made on this very well, but I'm not going to be ruined because I don't have it. My own Riverside albums are doing very well.

But even the one thing about *Jazz*

*Samba* that was worth a little money to me—my one original tune in the album—has produced complications. The owners of *Some of These Days* are suing me, and Verve, and Marks, the publishers of my *Samba Dees Days*, claiming that my title is a defamation of their title! Or some such thing.

**Ginny:** It was just a joke—like at the club Charlie will say for instance, introducing me, "This is our Monday night vocalist; the rest of the week she's my wife." Charlie just says these funny things.

**Byrd:** I had a tune in my next album that I was all set to call *Rondo 'Bout Midnight*. But after this happened, I changed it!

**Ginny:** Charlie was so enthusiastic he didn't even bother with petty details.

**Byrd:** And a couple of people took full advantage of the position it left them in.

**Feather:** How do you feel now about the future of bossa nova?

**Byrd:** I have a lot of feelings about it. First of all, when we read that article in *Down Beat* a few months ago by Gene Lees, we wrote a letter to the editor, which was never published, and actually now I'm glad that it wasn't, because it's awfully hard to keep these things from sounding like sour grapes. (*Editor's note:* No such letter was received by *Down Beat's* editor.)

But to cut a long story short, I had a talk a few weeks ago with Jobim, the composer of *Desafinado* and *One-Note Samba*, and we agreed that the thing to do now is throw out the name and keep the music. Jobim is a nice cat. He said to me that regardless of all the complaints the Brazilians had, himself included, he was still very glad that the music was brought to this country by the jazz musicians; he said, could you imagine what might have happened if it had come in some other way?

**Ginny:** The Brazilians respect Charlie. At Washington he played in a concert with a lot of the Brazilian musicians, and at the end of his rehearsal with his trio they all stood up and applauded. Coming from these guys, that was a real tribute.



## Jazz Samba: Still Another Side Of The Record

I should like to make the following observations regarding the discussion *Jazz Samba: The Other Side of the Record*.

The article leads to some confusion regarding the NARAS award for the single recording of *Desafinado*. First, one must differentiate awards from nominations. *Desafinado*, the single recording was nominated in two cate-

gories: record of the year and best jazz solo performance. It won an award only as best jazz solo performance. If it had won the award for record of the year, then the Grammy would have been presented jointly to Stan Getz and Charlie Byrd for the single.

The edited version of *Desafinado* unfortunately precluded the use of any of Byrd's solo. Therefore, the award for

best jazz solo performance went to Getz. The categories and descriptions of NARAS awards and nominations are made up by the NARAS board of governors—of which I am not a member.

I have a high regard for both Byrd and Getz. And we are all indebted to Antonio Carlos Jobim. But, alas, behind every great man there is a woman.

—Creed Taylor

# recording with bags

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

**E**VEN WITH ITS daily wrap-around line of attending tourists, New York's Radio City Music Hall does not look much like a movie palace. It looks even less like a recording studio, but if you go through the stage entrance, take an elevator to the seventh floor, climb up a flight of stairs, and pass through a couple of unmarked green doors, you will find yourself at Plaza Sound, a large recording studio, well equipped and well cared for (there is a good piano, and it is kept in tune), that is usually used by, among others, Riverside records.

Riverside booked Plaza's facilities on a day last spring to record one of its more illustrious contractees, vibraharpist Milt Jackson.

Jackson is perhaps known as the most immediately compelling player in the Modern Jazz Quartet. But he has been successfully making records on his own for years, with groups small and large. On this occasion, Jackson was to record with a brass orchestra of four trumpets, three trombones, tuba, three French horns, and a rhythm section. To do the scoring, there was Melba Liston, a brass player herself, a trombonist, as well as arranger (she has worked with the bands of Dizzy Gillespie, Count Basie, and Quincy Jones), and perhaps the only woman to make her way successfully in the strange subculture of modern-jazz record dates and public performances—for that matter, she is one of the few women instrumentalists and composers to make her way successfully in any kind of jazz.

The date was called for 1 p.m., but several of the players had arrived early, among them pianist Hank Jones, drummer Charlie Persip, and trombonists Jimmy Cleveland and Quentin Jackson. Also present was trumpeter Clark Terry, who had, in the parlance of the American Federation of Musicians, "contracted" the date; that is, he had assembled the specific players to fit Miss Liston's instrumentation.

Terry is also in effect a constantly alert concertmaster—he holds run-throughs of difficult parts and helps to revise scoring as needed. On this occasion, he was to act as a responsible and humorous buffer between a quiet-spoken Miss Liston and a sometimes talkative group of players.

Milt Jackson himself already was setting up his vibraharp, with the help of an assistant, and picking out his mallets. Jackson is a small, thin man, and he is usually cheerfully quiet—indeed, it is as if Jackson usually says something only if he absolutely has to. But today as he worked, he was chatting freely and constantly with Jones and Terry. Perhaps the introverted Milt Jackson was becoming as extroverted as his music.

By 12:50 p.m., the studio was abustle with greetings. In a corner two trumpeters were in a serious discussion of the relative merits of mouthpieces.

At 12:55 p.m., a door at the far end of the studio

swung open and in walked Melba, to be greeted enthusiastically. Miss Liston, a pleasant, handsome woman of medium height, was dressed in a dark skirt and a salmon-leather jacket. She carried two evidences of her dual position in life: a handbag and a briefcase containing her scores.

Almost on her heels, entered Orrin Keepnews, a&r man for Riverside and producer of the date. Sporting a recently reshaped Van Dyke beard and a Meerscham pipe, Keepnews wended his way across the studio, nodding briefly to the small group of visitors and wives near the door. He shook hands with Hank Jones, spoke to some of the musicians, and then entered the studio booth to take his place beside Riverside's engineer Ray Fowler.

By this time, all the players had arrived save one, trumpeter Thad Jones; he had been mistaken about the hour of the date but was now on his way. The room was a lively buzz of talk, and everyone seemed eager to go to work. It was decided to get in some rehearsal of the arrangements until Thad arrived. The brass was seated on a raised platform facing Miss Liston, and to her left Jackson and the rhythm formed a kind of semi-circle. Milt crossed to Melba, picked up his part, glanced at it, looked up at her, said with an enigmatic half-smile, "Hard! I knew that," and crossed back over to his instrument.

**A**N ALMOST UNCANNY aspect of any jazz record date is the ability of the players to accomplish several things at once—some casual, some trivial, some genial, some noisy, some exacting, some serious. And now, as Terry helped Miss Liston distribute the parts among the players, Jackson and Hank Jones held a conversation on the various types of address books they had used, Jackson discussed his coming tour with the Modern Jazz Quartet, Jones sounded an A for the brass to tune up to, and both managed to gain an idea of what music they would be playing for the next four hours by glancing casually at Miss Liston's scores.

In deference to the nominal leader and star of the date, Melba said to Milt, "Shall we run down the blues?"

And the star, not so much in deference to his arranger as in the statement of a man who is usually ready to play anything any time, as long as he is playing, said, "I don't care."

So the arranger said to the orchestra, "Get out the



minor blues." As they did, she instructed, above their muffled but continuing conversation, "This is a very soft, light thing," all the time snapping her fingers quietly and slowly to indicate the tempo.

"Ready, horns?" But they weren't. There was still some sporadic tuning up, so she held up a bit longer. Then she started them in a slow, muted transmutation of Jackson's basic blues theme, known in its classic version as *Bags' Groove*. (Bags, Jackson's nickname, supposedly derives from his appearance after several sleepless Detroit nights spent in celebration of his Army discharge in the mid-'40s—but anyone who has seen him without his glasses knows that the nickname might have been appointed any time, for his eyes nearly always look bagged.)

After one chorus of *Bags' Minor Blues*, several players made the collective mistake of slipping into major. Unexpectedly, it was Jackson who stopped them with, "Well, is this minor or not?"

A spontaneous, "Hey, Bags!" came from somewhere in the middle of the group. This interjection might have implied, "Well, so *you're* taking charge. . . . That's sort of new. Before, you might have looked surprised at a thing like this but let somebody else do the correcting. You're right—we goofed. But we like you in this new role. . . ."

This had all sunk in immediately, and Jackson had moved over by Hank Jones and was showing him an apparently hilarious mistake that the music copyist had made on his part. That part, it should be noted, like most jazz soloists' parts, consisted of a few written ensemble figures and long stretches of chord symbols, within which harmonic framework the player is to improvise.

On a second try, they finished the piece, and its opening gentleness proved to be contrasted, about halfway through, in a sudden shout of brass encouragement. On that shout, Jackson—arms flying even in a run-through—rode to a further ad lib variation. Then the opening delicacy was restored by horns and vibes at the balanced ending of the piece.

Jackson: "Is that what I'm supposed to play at the end?"

Miss Liston: "Whatever you like."

The French horns, meanwhile, were running over a short section among themselves.

Jackson: "When they have those eight bars forte, what am I supposed to do? Go on playing right through? Yeah, I am?"

He seemed shyly surprised and delighted at the idea.

Miss Liston turned to the group and said, "Right there break it on the third beat. Do-do-lit-do-wah!"

As they ran the piece through again, she did no time-keeping but conducted only the dynamics and the feeling she wanted by an expressive pantomime: closing her eyes, moving her hands delicately in the air, swaying slightly, and tilting and turning her head to the sound of the music.

At the end Terry said, "We can make that rot now."

"Rot now?" countered Jackson as they both laughed.

But as if to correct himself, Terry turned to the trumpeters and indicated a section of the score with, "Let's try that part at letter E again."

Then they worked on something called *Bossa Bags*.

Jackson joked that he was sure that the bossa nova had to be on the way out by now, and Terry countered that it couldn't be just yet because he had only recently made one. But even a slight indication on Jackson's part that he might be concerned with what could make a hit record seemed a new concern for him to be voicing.

Thad Jones arrived, took some kidding about the reasons for his tardiness, and quickly participated in a second run-through of *Bossa Bags*. The score wasn't easy, and at one point Hank Jones succeeded in smoothing a minor disagreement between two of the horn men by amusingly underlining their verbal exchange with threatening silent-movie tremolos.

"I'm gonna scratch the intro and let the rhythm take



KEEPNEWS

JACKSON

LISTON

it," Melba announced to an unresponsive din. Then louder: "Scratch the intro!"

"Then what about a drum solo?" Persip asked quietly. But he was already joining piano and bass in working out a new beginning. They worked it up quickly, but as Keepnews called through the studio loud-speaker for them to try recording a first take of the piece, Terry and Miss Liston had their heads together, revising the ending according to an idea Terry had.

The group memorized the new conclusion quickly, and in a few minutes engineer Fowler was reading "Session No. 156, Reel 1, Take 1" onto the rolling recording tape, and, after one brief false start the first take had begun.

During the performance, everyone looked deadly serious and strictly business until Jackson's eyes bobbed up at the end of his solo. He was smiling, as usual. He always seems pleasantly surprised when an improvisation comes off well.

The take was played back—chiefly to check matters of recording balance—and the conversation gradually buzzed up in the studio. It was, after all, only the first take, and first takes are usually technical things.

**T**HE NEW Milt Jackson entered the engineer's booth briefly to tell Keepnews that he had decided the minor blues did not have the sort of commercial potential for a release on a 45-rpm single. So they might as well expand the arrangement with improvised choruses by some of the trumpeters.

PHOTOS BY JOE ALPER, COURTESY RIVERSIDE RECORDS

Then the old Milt Jackson played a fine solo as they tried another take of *Bossa Bags*.

Immediately, Terry requested "one more take right away," sensing that the psychological moment for a really good version of the piece was imminent.

As they played, Hank Jones' feet danced away under the piano, Jackson leaned attentively over his instrument, and, at the finish, the brass men smiled.

As the reverberations drifted off, Miss Liston called out to the booth, "Let's hear that one!"

She seemed casually confident as the playback began to fill the studio, even joining drummer Persip in a brief dance. She was listening carefully, though, and toward the end stopped abruptly, having heard one wrong note from the 11 instruments. From the middle of the orchestra the culprit, one of the French horn players, immediately confessed.

"We'll put it in the liner notes that he played a wrong note," Jackson cracked.

The rest of the take, however, had been good, and they could briefly lift the passage in question from a previous take and splice it in. So much for *Bossa Bags*.

It was time for a slow ballad, the sort of piece that Jackson's natural earthiness can transform so brilliantly. As Terry and Miss Liston passed out the copies of *Flamingo*, Jackson and Hank Jones were already kidding the introduction with a few override trills, as if to clear the piece of any latent sentimentality.

The run-through suggested that Miss Liston had done some of her writing in Jackson's style, but simpler, so as to underline the kind of thing he would improvise. It worked effectively. The run-through also revealed a great deal of muted work for the trumpeters and a need for supplementary tympani. This meant that Fowler had to move some of his mikes in closer to the horns and that Persip had to assemble and tune up some new equipment. Jackson, meanwhile, was obviously eager to play again. And Terry, as usual, was running down a few rough spots with the horns.

"Let's go from the top," said Melba.

"Matter of fact, we could try one if you like," said Terry.

"Okay, let's see how it sounds."

But the opening proved to be tough, and they decided that as soon as they got a good version, they could hold it and splice it on to a good performance of the rest of the piece. (Ah, the joys of tape!)

The tempo was especially slow, creating a mood hard to sustain if everyone isn't playing well. Jackson's solo moved from wild, double-time embellishments of the theme to simply bluesy melodies—and back again, contrast upon contrast. With eyebrows raised, he faced his vibraharp fiercely and then bent over it abruptly, his arms and hands always moving above and around its keyboard. It was as if he had to coerce warmth and melody out of so cold and metallic an instrument. Many vibists take an easy way out by settling for a simple, appealing percussiveness, but Jackson is always a passionate melodist. Still, he is never without his humor, and at one point when he apparently felt the trumpets were playing with a bit too much schmaltz, he tossed them back such obvious musical schmaltz that they came off it immediately.

"Did the copyist make some mistakes in there—are

there any wrong notes?" suggested someone over a loud-speaker from the booth.

"No," said Melba, "That's part of the sound I want."

"See," said Jackson, smiling an aside to Fowler, who was in the studio untangling some of the wires, "she wrote that in."

Meanwhile, the arranger had moved into the control booth to give her full attention to a playback of the last take. She was retreating not only from the usual conversation in the studio, but also from the fact that it had been increased by the arrival of a messenger from a nearby delicatessen carrying a heavy load of coffee and doughnuts.

She stood with her back to the loud-speakers and her eyes shut, taking in the music. Sometimes she sang quietly along with the brass, sometimes she only swayed with it. The expression on her face was a kaleidoscope of passion, pain, release, and finally, peace. During the solos she waited politely attentive; during the closing ensemble passages she closed her eyes again, raised her hands in delicate movement, and, at the end, smiled without comment. Then, still moved, she turned to Keepnews and said something that sounded like "t-tttt-th-th-t."

"Sure" he said, understandingly, "we can fade out the ending gradually."

**A** WISE LEADER saves a 12-bar blues for the moment in the record date when spirits begin to flag, for playing the blues can lift them. And now Melba suggested they record *Bags Minor Blues*, expanded with solo choruses by the trumpets.

"You'll see why I got A to play his solo before B," Keepnews was saying in the booth. "If I didn't, B might just coast through some of his clichés."

It worked apparently, for B played a very good chorus.


A couple more takes were done, and Jackson came into the booth, asking Keepnews if the last one was okay. Keepnews agreed it was and when Jackson had left, remarked, "A year ago he would have just left it up to me or Melba and said nothing. I wish I had the first date I did with him to do all over again, now that his shyness is gone."

Back in the studio, someone had distributed W-2 forms, the income-tax withholding slips, and the musicians were filling them in, a sign that the date was over.

In a few minutes they were into the final number, a superior but little-known ballad by Buddy Johnson called *Save Your Love for Me*. They made it on the third try. Persip's brushes made a faintly broken whisper across his snare drums. Jimmy Cleveland chewed gum at a wildly fast tempo between his slowly delivered trombone phrases. In the middle, Jackson abruptly bent over his instrument for a ringing cascade of notes and smiled broadly at the cleanly executed shaking brass crescendo that answered him. He began his delicate solo section in double-time, and the bass, piano, and drums went with him immediately by a kind of collective intuition.

Melba was almost swirling with the tempo. Then she raised her arms to signal a return to the lyric quietude with which the piece had begun, and the last notes rang out.

At the end, "Magnifique!" Terry exclaimed.

"Play it back, and then we'll go home," Keepnews said to Fowler in the booth in complete agreement. 

# Gene Roland: The Untold Story

GENE ROLAND made one of the most important innovations in big-band jazz, the Four Brothers sound. But until recently (*DB*, April 25), this had never been mentioned in print, and few musicians knew it.

Gene Roland may have written more arrangements in his life than anyone else, but practically no one knows that either.

Gene Roland is responsible for changes in the Stan Kenton Band that are almost beyond belief, but nobody knows that—as a matter of fact, he isn't even credited for Kenton's Capitol album *Viva Kenton* that was arranged, in its entirety, by him.

Gene Roland can play, and play well, almost every instrument, but practically no one has ever been informed of this.

Gene Roland is one of those persons only a few others know exist. Musician, arranger, composer, he is hardly ever given the curious privilege of being criticized.

Fortunately for Roland, he is concerned only with the music he writes and the band for which it is written. Even more fortunately, he has only rarely been without work.

The chasm between what he has done and the degree to which his accomplishments are recognized is a fascinating one, made only a bit clearer by the rambling biography that is his life.

He was born in Dallas, Texas, on Sept. 15, 1921. No one in his family was musical. His father was a fine and successful commercial artist. But Gene early found a fondness for jazz. He remembers that "at 11 or 12 I had piano lessons. I never took them seriously. I was a typical . . . American boy. But I began to pick up an interest in jazz after I stopped piano lessons, along about 1937. A cartoonist for the school paper introduced me to records by Benny Goodman, Count Basie, and Jimmie Lunceford.

"I think now, looking back at it, that my early influences were Louis Armstrong, Trummy Young, Coleman Hawkins, and Benny Goodman. I always liked Basie, but his band was always too raucous for me. I looked to Jimmie Lunceford for progress."

In 1939, he began playing trumpet, "very badly," he said, and with no lessons from anyone but apparently well enough so that local musicians urged him to study. So in 1941, when he was to make a choice of colleges to attend, musician friends convinced him to go to North Texas State (wherefrom fine

musicians have been graduated in large numbers).

Roland said he feels himself especially lucky. "Within a short time," he said, "I landed in an off-campus cottage with Jimmy Giuffre, Herb Ellis, Harry Babasin, and some other guys [the 'other guys' all died in World War II].

"We had a group you couldn't believe. We would play for hours, sometimes until we fell asleep. Then we could get up again and play some more. We lived mostly on home brew that was usually overfermented and cheese sandwiches. But the thing we did most was play.

"There's a little piece of jazz history



By BILL COSS

in that house. We were followers of Sam Donahue and Jimmie Lunceford. Jimmy Giuffre was our unnamed leader—he should have been. Sometimes he was the only one who would go to classes. The rest of us would just sit around all day playing and miss all of school. Anyway, due to being in such fast company, I progressed very much faster than I ordinarily would have. I was concentrating then on trumpet and arranging."

Fast company or demands have always watched over Roland. In 1942, the war broke up the group. Giuffre went into the Air Force, and so did Roland, to the Eighth Army Air Force Band, a 60-piece orchestra, in which he stayed for two years, and in which his primary job was to write dance-band libraries. He wrote six different ones.

Out of the service in the summer of 1944, he immediately joined Stan Kenton, almost exclusively writing arrangements for the band's girl singers, Anita O'Day and later June Christy, and, incidentally, adding a fifth trumpet—and a fifth-trumpet book—to the Kenton band during that year (the five-man trumpet section continues in that band).

Then Roland joined Lionel Hampton as an arranger. "Arnett Cobb got me in," he said, "but I spent six frustrating weeks trying to get the band together for one rehearsal."

It was then summer, 1945, and Roland joined Lucky Millinder for a short time, playing third trumpet and arranging, before again returning to Kenton, this time arranging for Miss Christy and playing fifth trombone chair, adding parts for that chair to the band's book. (Five trombones also remain a feature of Kenton's band.)

"In early 1946," he said—and Giuffre and Stan Getz have corroborated this—"I came back to New York and organized the first four-tenor saxophone band I know of. It had Al Cohn, Joe Magro, Stan Getz, and Louis Ott. Nothing much happened with it, but it was an exciting sound.

"So, anyway, I got back out to the West Coast, and I was writing for Vido Musso's big band. The tenor saxophones there were Getz, Giuffre, Herbie Steward, and Zoot Sims. We worked weekends as an eight-piece group—I played piano for \$10 a night, and trumpeter Tommy DeCarlo was the leader—at a place called Pontrelli's Ballroom in Los Angeles. That was where a lot of people heard that four-tenor sound."

It worked for several months, but then Roland went back to Kenton. In that summer of 1947 he worked in a Kenton all-star group, led by Musso, at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago. Pete Rugolo was on piano with trumpeters Buddy Childers and the late Ray Wetzel, saxophonists Boots Mussulli and Bob Gioga in addition to Musso, and drummer Roy Harte.

That was just before returning to New York to work with Georgie Auld, playing valve trombone with a nine-piece band that included bassist Curly Russell, trumpeter Red Rodney, and the late drummer Tiny Kahn. Then he played bass trumpet for Count Basie, and arranged for the band, and played the late Al Killian's chair in Charlie Barnet's Orchestra.

Most of 1948 was taken up with

(Continued on page 40)

**I**N 1959 VETERAN NEW ORLEANS clarinetist George Lewis received what the British press called "the greatest welcome ever extended a visiting musician." An unorganized crowd of Londoners out to welcome him swelled to such a size at Euston Station that it took Lewis and his band more than an hour to make their way through the sea of people, cheering welcome and dancing to the numerous bands, each of which was playing a different tune at the same time.

Lewis made four long concert tours overseas between 1957 and 1961. He made money for his European promoters although he was limited by poor health to no more than four concerts a week.

But while the George Lewis legend implanted itself in Europe, it has almost completely shriveled at home in the United States.

It is perhaps time to call George Lewis a great clarinetist, his so-called old-fashioned style aside. When he has been matched with modern-jazz groups at jazz festivals, he has got his share of praise, and when he played the Newport Jazz Festival in July, 1957, Whitney Balliett wrote in *The New Yorker* that the presence of the Lewis band "saved the Newport Jazz Festival." When Ornette Coleman heard Lewis at the 1959 Monterey Jazz Festival, he came up to him afterwards backstage and said, "Thanks, man. That was beautiful. That was just plain beautiful."

Lewis' fame as a New Orleans-style clarinet is unique in one very important respect—it came not during the early jazz age of the 1920s but years afterwards with the New Orleans revival of the 1940s. The slender clarinetist was little known outside New Orleans, and he did not have any old recordings for which the jazz collectors could remember him. Except for occasional short trips to play or visit, Lewis did not travel far outside his home city from the day he was born in 1900 until he joined Bunk Johnson's band for its first New York engagement in 1945.

**L**EWIS' MOTHER worked every day, leaving him alone in the house with only the neighbors to look after him. One day when he was 7, she gave him a quarter to run an errand and asked him to buy a toy violin she had seen in a dime store. Instead, he brought home a little tin flute he liked. He played hours and hours on the penny-whistle, imitating the bands he heard playing nearby. By the time he was 11, he had scraped together enough money to buy a real instrument—a \$4.50 secondhand clarinet — from a pawn shop.

He practiced hours every day — so much, in fact, that his mother had to drag him to bed each night — and learned clarinet sufficiently to play his first gig at 14, a dance engagement with a group of young musicians who called themselves the Black Eagles. For the next two years he played regularly for the Black Eagles whenever they played for dances, parties, and funerals. At 16, he joined Leonard Parker's band.

Chicago and then New York had become the jazz centers, and between 1912 and 1925 nearly every major New Orleans musician migrated to those cities. But there were those who stayed in New Orleans — Kid Rena, Big Eye Louis Nelson, and Lewis — but the pay was low. Lewis, only a teenager at this time, had been playing side by side with the greatest, and he might have left too, but he said, "I'd taken a wife when I was very young

no picnic, even if the affair should be. "One time I was playing on Christmas Eve," Lewis recalled. "I never saw so many mosquitoes in all my life. One of the guys playing banjo—a little short fellow, we called him Old Dad—the mosquitoes ate him so bad they made him sick. I was playing my horn, and when I'd blow, they come in through the clarinet. And the chairs, those cane-bottom chairs, we put newspaper down, but they'd still come up underneath.

"Well, I just killed the mosquitoes—just touch 'em—and I put 'em in a matchbox. I brought them home the next morning just to show the people how many mosquitoes I had killed—the whole little penny matchbox filled with mosquitoes. And sometimes the mosquitoes get so bad down here that the bands can't play."

**I**T IS IMPORTANT to note three points here; each helps explain why Lewis, a relatively late New Orleans musician, plays traditional New Orleans style today.

He continued to play during the depression years. Although many have thought him virtually out of music during this period, he played often with pickup bands and from 1934 through 1935 played in a club for \$1 a night, seven nights a week. While a musician's formative years are his 20s, his technique and skill improve only with regular playing in later years.

While he continued to play, many jobs were with pickup bands composed of other New Orleans musicians, often for parades. Although the swing era and arranged jazz flourished during the '30s, no written music was used with these bands. The emphasis was on improvising, and each man played throughout the number. Soloing was not important; free-sounding ensemble work was.

Finally, Lewis never left the New Orleans area. In these stylistically jelling years when he might have been in Chicago hearing the new sounds coming from enlarged bands like Fletcher Henderson's, he was instead playing with other local musicians in and around New Orleans. Lewis recalls how it was in those days:

"We had a lot of bands around New Orleans, and there were some of them organized bands and some weren't. A guy would get out and hire you to play in his band. You had never worked together and probably never knew the tunes. So when whoever played the melody, you'd improvise around his lead. You always had something coming in. You were creating what you knew, how you felt, behind his melody. That's the way I always played, and it would have been useless for me to try to change."

*George  
Lewis*  
A Portrait Of  
The New Orleans  
Clarinetist  
By David Mangurian

and started off with a family. It would have been very difficult for me to leave my family to go on traveling, not knowing how things would work out."

Lewis took day jobs. Often the only work available was as a stevedore, and the 110-pound Lewis took it. At night he continued to play with various bands whenever a job was offered. He joined Buddy Petit's band when Edmond Hall quit in 1922. A year later he left and briefly had his own group, in which Henry (Red) Allen Jr. made his debut. In the middle '20s he played in Chris Kelly's band and frequently with trumpeter Lee Collins. (It was with Collins that George Lewis made his first recordings, which, unfortunately were never issued.) He finally left Kelly when he was offered a chance to play in Kid Rena's band.

When the depression set in, a lot of his jobs were with unorganized pickup bands playing for parades, church communions, weddings, funerals, and outdoor functions. Playing outdoors in New Orleans in those days was often





FRANCIS WOLFF/BLUE NOTE RECORDS

Thus, when three of the men responsible for discovering neglected New Orleans musicians—Bill Russell, David Stuart, and Hal McIntire—found Lewis in November, 1942, living in a green-shuttered house on St. Phillips St., he was still playing pure New Orleans-style clarinet. Such was the case with other “rediscovered” Crescent City jazzmen, but unlike many of them Lewis was in the prime of life.

In June of that year, Bunk Johnson and Lewis recorded their first records, nine sides for the Jazz Man label, with a group headed by Johnson. (These first recordings recently were reissued on Good Time Jazz.) A few months later, Lewis recorded with a slightly changed Johnson band the 12 sides issued on Commodore.

When Johnson left to play in San Francisco, Lewis recorded a session as leader of the New Orleans Stompers. These sides were originally on Climax but were remastered for issuance on Climax’ parent label, Blue Note.

The bulk of the recording done by Lewis in the 1940s, however, was on jazz historian William Russell’s own small label, American Music. These sides, released as singles and 10-inch LPs, are known almost only to jazz collectors who revere them, although they are often criticized as poor recordings and bad examples of the former greatness of these men.

Russell was a good friend of Lewis and other long-time New Orleans jazzmen (George calls him a “living saint”) and brought out more enthusiasm and possibly better performances than probably could have been accomplished by any other person.

Russell describes the 1944 session at which he recorded *Burgundy Street Blues*, a Lewis composition:

“The 110-pound stevedore had been confined to a hospital with a crushed chest—the result of a dock accident. A couple of days after he was released, George got out one of his old clarinets, patched it up with some fresh rubber bands, and decided to find out if he could still play it. Meanwhile, a portable recorder was set up in the kitchen, and Lawrence [Marrero] and Slow Drag [Pavageau] came over from their homes on Burgundy St. Although George Lewis found breathing to be painful, the result of the tryout that day was this beautiful, plaintive blues.”

The clarinet used on that session was a cheap metal one he bought during the depression when he was making \$1 a night.

“I did a lot of recording for Bill Russell with that horn,” Lewis said. “*Burgundy Street* I made with it. It’s all tied up with rags and stuff, you know. I don’t use it any more, but I

keep it for a souvenir.”

There was a reason behind this crude repairing:

“A lot of fellows couldn't afford for every little minor thing that would happen to their horn, so they just learned to use rubber. It got so at one time—I don't care how brand new a horn was, and I used out many a horn—I had to have rubber on it some place. It seemed like it either worked too fast or too slow.”

**I**N 1945, BUNK JOHNSON and his New Orleans Band, with Lewis; Jim Robinson, trombone; Lawrence Marrero, banjo; Slow Drag Pavageau, bass; Alton Purnell, piano; and Baby Dodds, drums, played a six-month engagement at Stuyvesant Casino in New York City. Johnson was 66, and Lewis was a young 45.

The band was such a success it returned again the next year. But the demand did not catch on or spread

outside New Orleans since the New York engagements, playing before 7,000 at the Dixieland Jubilee in the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. A long stand followed at the Beverly Caverns. Then the band was booked for a college concert tour of the Midwest beginning at Miami University in Ohio and concert and club engagements in Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles, and San Francisco.

By this time, the Lewis name was well launched in Europe, becoming more entrenched than in his own country. Lewis records there were scarce and at a premium. Scores of bands imitated his sound. It was at this time that a young Englishman named Ken Colyer landed in Mobile, Ala., on a cargo steamer, jumped ship, and headed for New Orleans on a bus, without visa or clearance, to sit in with the Lewis band and then become the first white man ever to play a funeral parade in New Orleans. He spent six

writer and newswoman who gave up a position as continuity director of a California television station to travel full time with, and look after, what she calls her “other family”—the George Lewis Band. No big-time booking agency would have the persistence to stick with a band whose average age at one time was more than 55.

Of the original band, only Lewis and drummer Watkins are left. George's closest friend, Lawrence Marrero, suffered a paralyzing cerebral anoxia attack in 1955 and has never been replaced. Joe Robichaux joined the band shortly after Alton Purnell quit in 1956. Jim Robinson and Pavageau no longer travel with the band. Waldren Joseph Jr. now plays trombone with the group, and Placide Adams is on bass. Jack Willis has replaced ailing Kid Howard on trumpet.

Lewis himself, after suffering for years from anemia, repeated angina pectora attacks, and a lung ailment called emphysema, was put on regular injections of iron in 1958 and is back to comparative good health.

What does Lewis think of the European jazz fan?

“They enjoy jazz more than we do here,” he said. “The people know a lot about the music now. They had a lot of marching bands and a lot of little jazz bands along the streets. And the music they were playing is the same type of music we're playing down in New Orleans. That made me very happy to see that someone is trying to carry the music on. After our group has passed on, I don't know where you're going to find it—outside of going to England.”

Why should he make that statement when the major cities of the United States abound with Dixieland bands? Southern California alone claims about 30 semiregularly playing groups. The reason lies in the difference between the traditional and Dixieland styles of jazz.

“The type of music I'm playin' is not what a lot of people call Dixieland,” Lewis said. “It's not Dixieland; it's just the original traditional jazz. My definition of traditional jazz is improvising around the melody—whoever plays the melody, you improvise around his lead.”

“The beat counts a lot with it. It's a solid beat. A lot of people call it a two-beat music, but it's really not a two-beat. It's a four-beat music.”

“I describe Dixieland as a solo music. You have six men, and if you drop two out, well, you don't have a band then. You only have a quartet. Everywhere you go, if you hear one Dixieland band, you hear 'em all.”



PHOTO/PRESERVATION HALL

George Lewis and the Preservation Hall Band: (l. to r.) Joe Butler bass; Louis Nelson, trombone; Sammy Penn, drums; Manuel Paul, tenor saxophone; Lewis; Kid Thomas Valentine, trumpet.

outside New York City, so back it went to New Orleans and local engagements in small clubs and parades.

When Johnson died in 1949, Lewis took over leadership, replaced the ailing Dodds with drummer Joe Watkins, and started to record again with various trumpet players, including Elmer Talbert, who Lewis says was “the finest trumpeter I ever played with.”

Suddenly, the national recognition the band had failed to get with Johnson became reality. A 12-page color spread devoted to the Lewis band in *Look* magazine in 1950 helped, and the Lewis band was booked for long engagements at the El Morocco and the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. A once-a-week radio program was arranged and ran for a year.

In 1952 the band, with Kid Howard on trumpet, made its first appearance

weeks in jail for his accomplishments.

The English soon grew discontent with hearing Lewis only on records and clamored to have him brought over. In 1957, it was arranged for him to tour as guest in Colyer's band with Colyer scheduled for a similar number of concerts in this country. When Lewis stepped off the plane in Manchester, the full Colyer band was there to wait a greeting at the airport.

His appearances were so successful that the entire Lewis band crossed the Atlantic in January, 1959, to play a long series of concerts in Britain and on the continent. Lewis returned in 1960 and again in 1961, drawing as many as 7,000 and 8,000 persons for single concerts in Germany.

More responsible than anyone else for Lewis' rising success late in life is his manager, Dorothy Tait, a former

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

## Art Blakey

**BUHAINA'S DELIGHT**—Blue Note 4014: *Backstage Sally; Contemplation; Bu's Delight; Reincarnation Blues; Shaky Jake; Moon River.* Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

High-quality and varied writing spark this album. Walton's *Jake* and Shorter's *Sally* are characterized by an earthily good-humored air. Henry Mancini's *Moon River* gets an up-tempo ride.

Shorter also contributed *Reincarnation* and *Contemplation*. The former employs a 16-bar melodic unit and is excellently arranged. Note how the horns overlap and then join in the theme statement. *Contemplation* is a ballad with fresh changes.

Fuller contributed *Bu's Delight*, an exciting line punctuated by drum breaks.



The tune has some interesting resolutions, and the sections of the line are interdependent, flowing into one another.

At this point, Hubbard is probably the most original horn man in the group. His lines are quite interesting harmonically and melodically. His use of leaping intervals suggests to me that he may have paid John Coltrane close attention in recent years. He gets around the horn well and has a big, brassy sound. But his seeming lack of concern for pace sometimes detracts from the quality of his solos. His climaxes in the upper register are not always set up well, and he doesn't vary the volume of his playing enough, generally blowing quite loudly. This detracts from the feeling of building intensity in his solos.

Shorter is another inventive solo voice. He has made a synthesis of the styles of several tenor players, and his playing is at once forceful and relaxed, as his solos on *River* and *Bu's Delight* demonstrate. He seems comfortable at medium and fast tempos. On *Contemplation* the tempo moves to a bounce for his solo, in which he does some nice double-timing.

Fuller's lines are supple and carefully constructed. However, his playing is deriv-

ative, owing a great deal to J. J. Johnson. The similarity is particularly noticeable on *Reincarnation*.

Walton is his usual graceful, inventive self. Here is a pianist who deserves much more attention than he's receiving.

Blakey plays very well in the section and takes a superb solo on *Bu's Delight*—it builds fascinatingly in complexity.

(H.P.)

## Ann Charters

**ESSAY IN RAGTIME**—Folkways 3563: *Cataract Rag; Wall Street Rag; Solace, a Mexican Serenade; Magnetic Rag; Victory Rag; Ethiopia Rag; Pastime Rag, No. 3; Echoes from the Snowball Club; Harlem Rag—Two Step; Rag Sentimental.*

Personnel: Mrs. Charters, piano.

Rating: ½ ★

There was a myth perpetuated by Rudi Blesh in *They All Played Ragtime* that the classic rags should be played exactly as written. This approach is false to the music; it is against the nature of the true ragtime musician. Such players as Scott Joplin, James Scott, Eubie Blake, Charles Thompson, Glover Compton, and Louis Chauvin seldom, if ever, played rags as they were written. Many ragtime composers who cut piano rolls played them much differently from their originally published concepts.

There is a new academic school of young ragtime players who adhere strictly to the follow-the-written-score mythology. Their rules are: avoid all spontaneity (mainly because they don't have any); don't improvise (because they are incapable of doing so); and when confronted with a tempo marking "not too fast," be sure to play as slowly and uninterestingly as possible.

Mrs. Charters belongs to this school.

Any reasonably competent popular or classical pianist could have given these rags a better reading. Mrs. Charters simply does not have the technical facility to wend her way through them.

Moreover, the piano should have been tuned.

(E.H.)

## John Coltrane

**IMPRESSIONS**—Impulse 42: *India; Up 'gainst the Wall; Impressions; After the Rain.*

Personnel: Coltrane, soprano, tenor saxophones; Eric Dolphy, bass clarinet; McCoy Tyner, piano; Reggie Workman and/or Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones or Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Not all the music on this album is excellent (which is what a five-star rating signifies), but some is *more* than excellent. The four tracks included here were recorded at various times: *India* and *Impressions* in November, 1961; *Wall* in September, 1962; and *Rain* in April, 1963. Coltrane wrote all the compositions.

The *India* personnel includes Coltrane on soprano, Dolphy on bass clarinet, and the two bassists. The track opens with the rhythm section playing alone, after which Coltrane moves in for a convoluted introduction. The theme—on which Dol-

phy and Coltrane make an attractive instrumental blend—is simple and haunting. Its major motif contains only two notes. The long solos that come between the theme statements are based on an eight-bar unit. The bassists make percussive comments in the rhythm section rather than stating a regular beat.

Although the *India* theme has an exotic quality, Coltrane's playing is in a hard-swinging bag. He builds tension effectively with held notes in the upper register and blows some rich, long lines. Dolphy opens his spot well, but it degenerates as he begins to employ the vocal cries and tired melodic ideas that have been his stock in trade recently.

The other selections feature Coltrane on tenor. *Wall* is a fairly complex blues line. Notable is the relaxation and excellent continuity of Coltrane's playing. He uses rests very well.

*Impressions*, a lovely melody, is taken at a very fast tempo and contains a magnificent performance by Coltrane. He is at his most imaginative, and his construction is worth noting. Mark how he builds around melodic fragments and how he again employs space intelligently, especially during the beginning of his solo. At times I thought his honks and screams did not make sense, but this is a minor objection in view of the many virtues of his playing.

Jones performs brilliantly on *Impressions*, constantly igniting a fire under Coltrane.

*Rain* has a very pretty melody which is enhanced by Coltrane's tender, singing rendition.

(H.P.)

## Hank Crawford

**SOUL OF THE BALLAD**—Atlantic 1405: *Blueberry Hill; I Left My Heart in San Francisco; Stormy Weather; Sweet Slumber; If I Didn't Care; Star Dust; Any Time; Whispering Grass; Time Out for Tears; I'm Getting Sentimental Over You; There Goes My Heart; Have a Good Time.*

Personnel: Crawford, alto, tenor saxophones; unidentified string group, Marty Paich, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★

The self-imposed restrictions of emotional range of tempos and material automatically reduce this set to a lower level than one expects of Crawford.

A strong, blues-rooted soloist, he cannot be judged here in normal terms, since the album clearly is not aimed at a strictly jazz market. Playing very melodically and phrasing well, he nevertheless can't rise above the monotony inherent in this concept.

Paich's arrangements, which Nat Hen-toff carefully avoids endorsing in the notes, accomplish what little is required of them and no more. The combination of Crawford's sharp-edged tone and the slightly strident string section becomes a little wearing after a while.

Taken one at a time, the tracks are all

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pleasant enough. But either as background music or continuous listening, they don't come off. Charlie Parker did the same thing 13 years ago, and it's asking a lot of Crawford, gifted though he is, to expect him to improve on it. (L.G.F.)

### Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis

**I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU**—Prestige 7261: *I Only Have Eyes for You*; *Sweet and Lovely*; *Street Lights*; *The Way You Look Tonight*; *It's a Pity to Say Goodnight*; *Time on My Hands*.  
Personnel: Davis, tenor saxophone; Paul Wicden, guitar; Don Patterson, organ; George Duvivier, bass; Billy James, drums.  
Rating: ★ ★ ★

Davis varies doubtless will find much to delight them on this album, but there is some question of whether a more dispassionate audience would be overly impressed.

Davis never has struck me as a powerful idea man; his most outstanding assets have been a throaty and hoarse, but thoroughly engaging and individual, tone and course, but his playing is generally uninspired, lacking a good deal of the fire with which he usually invests his music. He does, however, check in with some fine work on his own *Lights*, a medium-tempo blueser with a Monkish cast.

Davis' companions are the Paul Wicden Trio augmented by bassist Duvivier. Wicden is impressive. He expresses himself in long, graceful lines delivered with a sharp and clean articulation. A fine composer, he also proves himself a deft soloist on *Hands and Eyes*. The liner notes rightly point out his indebtedness to Wes Montgomery. Patterson handles the organ chores very capably. He offers more varieties of sound than most jazz organists and maintains a refreshing balance between single-note and block-chord improvisation. James supplies commendable stickwork, and Duvivier is, as always, a joy to hear. (D.N.)

### Bill English

**BILL ENGLISH**—Vanguard 9127: 222; *Fly Me to the Moon*; *Kolinn*; *Heavy Soul*; *Tih Ave*; *Bill*; *A Blues Serenade*; *Set's Tune*; *Makin' Whoopee*.  
Personnel: Dave Burns, trumpet; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone, flute; Lloyd Mayers, piano; Martin Rivera, bass; English, drums.  
Rating: ★ ★ ★

As with several other drummers who have recently been given their own LPs, English does not hog the spotlight but integrates his work into the quintet. There are no overlong solos or stepping on the other soloists' toes, and he does have good soloists in Burns, Powell, and, occasionally, Mayers. There is nothing spectacular about this album; there is nothing really bad. In other words, there is nothing to distinguish this from many other releases except that Burns and Powell are very good players who are not heard often on record.

Powell's tenor is full-bodied and romping, his flute, articulate and subtle. Burns is one of the undervalued trumpet artists in jazz. On *Heavy Soul*, his own happy "soul" piece, which doesn't take itself too seriously, he gets a groove going reminiscent of Clifford Brown's playing, but essentially he has his own interpretation of the contemporary trumpet language.

Mayers is at his most pedestrian on 222 and at his relaxed best on *Kolinn*. In be-

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tween he is ordinary. English's feature, *7th Ave. Bill*, shows off his tasty brushwork as he weaves in and out through the entire performance. Otherwise, except for some fours on *Rollin'*, he just does his job—and well. (I.G.)

## Paul Gonsalves

**CLEOPATRA FEELIN' JAZZY**—Impulse 41: *Caesar and Cleopatra Theme; Antony and Cleopatra Theme; Bluz for Liz; Cleo's Blues; Action in Alexandria; Cleo's Asp; Cleopatra's Lament.*  
Personnel: Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Dick Hyman, organ; George Duvivier, bass; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Gonsalves has shown before that he is capable of much more than the churning marathons that are his usual lot in the Duke Ellington Band. In this melange of themes from *Cleopatra* and several simple, original lines (one by Ellington), he rarely gets beyond his fuzzy, mulling level.

On a couple of occasions he works himself up to some forthright statements, but his tendency through most of the set is to underplay. He hits a warm and moodily lyrical Websterean style on *Lament* and broods effectively over the rolling riff that is *Asp*.

Burrell steps out with several simple and swinging solos that are an effective contrast to Gonsalves' introspective playing. One gets the impression that the only idea expended in creating this set was the one that, at the moment, the name *Cleopatra* is a good buck-grabber. (J.S.W.)

## William Green

**SHADES OF GREEN**—Everest 5213: *The Paz; Tuttle Flutie; Arrowhead; Tooth Pic; The Drag; Blues Six Bits; Willie's Bib.*  
Personnel: Green, alto and tenor saxophones, flute, piccolo; Lawrence (Tricky) Lofton, trombone; Art Hillery, organ; Tony Bazley, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

None of these shades of Green is very vivid; some are rather pale. With one or two exceptions, they lack the depth, the intensity that would have made them stand out. Still, they are presented with considerable skill, and they offer enough good solo color to make the whole thing come off as a good album—not great, not just fair, but good.

Green is a technically adroit practitioner who has lent his ear to the more forward-looking reed men of the day. His saxophone solos show that the work of John Coltrane, among others, has entered his thoughts. He certainly plays well, especially saxophone, but he seems deficient, at least on this date, in generating much heat in his solos.

Some of the album's better moments turn up in *Arrowhead*, an up-tempo swinger on which Green & Co. do themselves proud. *Blues* is another engaging item, as is *Paz*, which conjures up thoughts of Parker-Gillespie and the '40s.

Lofton and Bazley contribute a good deal to the proceedings. The former's solos invariably command the listener's attention and esteem for their freshness and continuity of idea. He is very melodic.

Bazley keeps his sticks busy but not with aimless or frantic belaborings. He appears to have a keen sense of what goes where, a talent possessed in great measure by such strongmen as Max Roach and Philly Joe Jones. His accents

and rhythmic punctuation of what the horns have to say are deft, indeed. In solo, he accommodates with a winning, though not brilliant, performance on *Blues*. However, he does not seem to be quite so handy with brushes as with sticks.

Hillery, along with Bazley a member of the trio Green heads at Marty's, a jazz club in Los Angeles, operates his big machine with dexterity.

In sum, this is an album with several bright patches of color set against a background of less striking hues. Incidentally, the liner notes, of little more than biographical value, state that Green "has played sax on practically every important jazz date ever recorded in the United States." Oh lotus flower, thy name is Everest. (D.N.)

## Herbie Mann

**HERBIE MANN RETURNS TO THE VILLAGE GATE**—Atlantic 1407: *Bags' Groove, New York Is a Jungle Festival; Candle Dance; Bedouin; Ekunda.*

Personnel: Mann, flutes; Hagood Hardy or Dave Pike, vibraharp; Pike, marimba; Ahmed Abdul-Malik or Nabil Totah, bass; Rudy Collins, drums; Chief Bey, Ray Mantilla, Ray Barretto, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Mann's original *Village Gate* album got 2½ stars and became a runaway best-seller. I hope my higher rating for this one won't jinx it. A chief reason for the improvement is the increase from three to five tracks, though even here it would be an exaggeration to claim that there is tremendous variation from one number to the next.

There is, however, an interesting contrast between the two sides. The first is more or less in a hard-driving Afro-Cuban vein, with Mann on regular flute; the second features such oddities as Peruvian, Japanese, and Italian flutes, marimba, and bowed bass in the ensembles.

*Bags' Groove*, which Mann first recorded with the Mat Mathews Quintet 10 years ago, is a compelling blues excursion with a long solo by the leader that sustains the interest. *Festival* is a lengthy salute to the chord of G minor. Despite this harmonic monotony, there are moments of melodic interest, but the whole thing builds up to a tour de force for the percussionists; so if force is something of which you like to take a tour, this is for you.

*Candle* uses a basic four-note theme in E flat, insisting on the implied major ninth (F); *Bedouin* is an even simpler four-note theme in E-flat minor, and *Ekunda* is so simple that it might better be described as a nontheme.

Pike and Totah have excellent solos on *Bedouin*. Mann plays with spirit and fluency, but it bothers me perhaps more than it should that none of these primitive flutes seems capable of sustaining a note in tune. The bagpipelike drone in back of him on *Ekunda* is a little wearing.

Music of this kind sets out to excite an audience through calculated harmonic monotony and rhythmic variety; the audience reaction makes it clear that it succeeded.

As to its authenticity from the ethnic standpoint, it matters little whether the second side is part of an African suite

or whether it's Semitic music or Negro or Caledonian. Is Eddie Harris playing *Exodus* an authentic Jew? Does it matter? Ethnic schmethnic. It's genuine Herbie Mann music, a style with which he has chosen to surround and identify himself. At times it's too short on melodic interest and long on rhythmic aggression, but at least it is never dull. (L.G.F.)

**Bill Marx**

**MY SON THE FOLK SWINGER**—Vee Jay 3035: *Sarah Jackman; Wimoweh; Streets of Laredo; Tzena, Tzena; Cotton Fields; Pick a Dress of Cotton; Ribbon Bow; John Brown's Body; Greensleeves; Hava Nageela.*

Personnel: Victor Feldman, vibraharp; Marx, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Norm Jeffries, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The combination of a picture of Harpo Marx on the cover and a letter from Allan Sherman on the back, along with the disc's title, might lead one to think that there was something funny about this set. It is certainly entertaining, which is to its credit, but it's not funny ha-ha.

Marx, who is Harpo's son, has taken a set of folk tunes, some of which received Sherman's parody treatment, and has produced a group of bright, imaginative performances that swing along amiably. The approaches he has taken are invariably suitable although it is sometimes not what one might expect—*Sarah Jackman*, for instance, is given the Gospel treatment.

Marx is a pianist with an active set of ideas and a clearly defined, straightforward attack, who likes to keep things moving, creating a kaleidoscope of tempos, colors, and textures. Feldman is a helpful vibist in this setting, and Marx has drawn Budwig and Jeffries into the development of the pieces by giving them occasional lines to carry. (J.S.W.)

**Dudley Moore**

**THE THEME FROM "BEYOND THE FRINGE" AND ALL THAT JAZZ**—Atlantic 1403: *I Love Paris; Theme from "Beyond the Fringe"; What's New?; I Get a Kick out of You; Just in Time; Chicago; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Just One of Those Things.*

Personnel: Moore, piano; Peter McGurk, bass; Chris Karen, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Moore is the piano-playing member of the quartet of British satirists who make up the entire cast of the extremely successful show *Beyond the Fringe*, currently completing its first year in New York.

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are his main targets). In England, however, he has played with the Vic Lewis and Johnny Dankworth bands and has had his own trio. This set was made with his English trio last August a few weeks before he left for the States.

Moore has been strongly influenced by Erroll Garner. This influence shows itself first in the kind of tunes he selects and in his highly rhythmic approach to them. And eventually it shows itself in pure Garnerisms, which crop up toward the end of all of these pieces.

He is not, it should be made clear, just an imitator. He is his own man as he gives his solos very definite structure, building them with a keen feeling for shading and color. Simply because there is so much logic in his development, the eventual appearance of Garner phrases and mannerisms seems to be a rational part of that logic, although I suspect that it does not have to be quite as inevitable as Moore makes it appear here.

But this is a delightfully listenable record, buoyant and tuneful, on which Moore receives extremely good support from a bassist and drummer who know how to accompany rather than bury a pianist. The one original in the set, Moore's *Fringe* theme, is a catchy air that could be with us for a while. (J.S.W.)

### Reuben Phillips

**BIG BAND AT THE APOLLO**—Ascot 13004: *High-Low; The Theme; Can't Sit Down; Eric's Flute; I'll See You in My Dreams; Uptown; What'd I Say?; Two by Four; Guitar Speaks; Reuben's Tune; In a Mellotone.*

Personnel: E. V. Perry, Harold Johnson, Jessie Drakes, trumpets; Elmer Crumbley, Richard Harris, trombones; Phillips, James Powell, Buddy Pearson, Robert Ashton, Alvia McCann, Billy Clark, saxophones; Adriano Acena, piano; Billy Butler, guitar; Roy Francis, bass; Emile Russell, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This is the house band at the Apollo Theater on 125th St. in New York City. It has the solid but unpretentiously swinging style of an honest working band, reminiscent of some of the Harlem bands of the '30s and '40s.

Most of its pieces are built on riffs, played as ruggedly expressed ensembles with relatively short solos that are usually backed by either a section or solo riff.

Trombonist Crumbley, a onetime Luncefordite, plays wah-wah passages that would have been worthy of Tricky Sam Nanton. There's also a trumpeter who cuts loose with some shouting growls, but he is not identified in the liner notes. Neither is the capable tenor who turns up from time to time. This is a down-to-earth, rocking band with no affectations or trimmings. (J.S.W.)

### Howard Roberts

**COLOR HIM FUNKY**—Capitol 1887: *Florence of Arabia; What Kind of Fool Am I?; Sack o' Woe; When Lights Are Low; Hoe Down; Shiny Stockings; Good Bye, Good Luck, I'm Gone; One Long Day; The Peeper; Days of Wine and Roses; Dozen Under; Color Him Funky.*

Personnel: Paul Bryant, organ; Roberts, guitar; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Earl Palmer, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Capitol's attempt to draw two faded fads—coloring books and funky jazz—into this album is not likely to do much for Roberts in the long run. The colorbook cover is phony (I tried my Crayolas on it, but the coated paper thwarted all 48

colors), and the funky element seems to boil down to an electric organ and some noisy drums.

That the modern organ, which amounts to little more than superamplified blandness, should be somehow considered a funky instrument has always bewildered me. A good pianist would have given this session more musical class and jazz guts.

Roberts improvises pleasingly, with a rolling, rounded sound (built-in amplification has a way of removing all the sharp edges from any instrument's tone), and a comfortable, assured way with a phrase. In a different setting, he might have produced a very appealing album. (R.B.H.)



### Clifford Scott

**OUT FRONT**—Pacific Jazz 66: *Samba de Bamba; Over and Over; As Rosie and Ellen Dance; Cross Talk; Why Don't You Do Right?; Just Tomorrow; Out Front.*

Personnel: Scott, alto, tenor saxophones; Les McCann, piano; Joe Pass, guitar; Herbie Lewis, bass; Paul Humphrey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

A point worth noting about this music is the farrago of influences in Scott's playing. Johnny Hodges, Charlie Parker, Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, and even a bit of Stan Getz peek out from behind every number on the program.

Distant echoes of Coltrane and the Rollins of a couple of years ago are most obvious in such fasties and semi-fasties as *Samba* and *Talk*, while Parker appears most obviously in *Over*. Hodges and Getz influences are strongest in the ballads *Dance* and *Tomorrow*.

Despite the contributions of all these saxophonists, present and past, to Scott's development, he amalgamates them all in a rather pleasing way. A hard swinger when the occasion calls for it, he gets his message across in a throaty, harsh tone that is nonetheless attractive, espe-

cially on the ballads where it is tempered by a Hodgian-Getzian mellowness.

The ballads stand out as moving performances. *Tomorrow*, Scott's one composition contribution to the program (the rest, except for *Do Right*, come from McCann's pen), is played by its composer with a tasty combination of delicacy and strength and admirable attention to dynamics. *Dance* is a delightful piece with a waltzlike lilt; Scott turns in some of his best lyrical work on this track.

The liner notes point out that *Do Right* is usually associated with Peggy Lee. I doubt if it ever will be associated with Scott. His kazoolike tone in the opening chorus adequately prepares the listener for the mediocrity that follows.

Pass demonstrates considerable capability throughout, though he is not brilliant by any means. However, along with McCann, he rescues *Do Right* from complete debility and posts solos of substantial merit on *Dance* and *Tomorrow*.

McCann's playing is rarely exciting here, but there is no reason to hand him any lumps. He does, on the whole, a good job. Lewis and Humphrey are worthy of more than the short shrift they get here. Their duties are almost entirely confined to section work with little chance offered them to stretch out. Their contribution, however, is not negligible. (D.N.)

### Shirley Scott

**HAPPY TALK**—Prestige 7262: *Happy Talk; Jitterbug Waltz; My Romance; Where or When; I Hear a Rhapsody; Sweet Slumber.*

Personnel: Miss Scott, organ; Earl May, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The day of the organ is upon us. The emergence of this instrument as (at least) a quasi-major instrument in jazz has been relatively rapid if not universally hailed. For a man who usually recoils from the organ, I found this album rather delightful.

A glance at the program informs the listener that, with two exceptions (*Waltz* and *Slumber*), the tunes are stage and screen products that have been worked over with regularity by both pop and jazz artisans. Hence, one might expect to be pleasantly bored for 40 minutes of so.

Not so. Miss Scott discharges her duties with such an infectious swing that fingers begin to tattoo the end table before one knows it.

Indeed, though most of the titles suggest a slow-paced, soft-handed treatment, Miss Scott takes all except *Slumber* by the neck, shakes them well, and makes them sound as if they should have been written in her tempo. *Romance*, *When*, and *Rhapsody*, for instance, sound right at home in accelerated time and beefed up with a bit of muscle despite their long use as romantic love potions.

On the swingers, Miss Scott ranges from a light and easy approach (*Talk*) to a robust charge through the line (*Romance*). *Slumber*, on the other hand, is a tender treatment of the old Lucky Millinder number, which offers a pleasing contrast to the rest of the tunes.

One thing that increases the enjoyment of this album is the little exchanges between the organist and May, a salutary performer for many years. May might, for



example, pick upon a little two-bar idea thrown out earlier by his leader and feed it back to her with his own stamp on it. She, in turn, will embroider it further while May continues his melodic excursions in the background.

The liner notes, incidentally, refer to the hornlike character of Miss Scott's playing. Although this can be said, more or less, about many organists and pianists, it is very noticeable in the organist's work here, particularly on *Rhapsody*.

The trio's drummer, Brooks, long a mainstay of the Horace Silver Quintet, practices his part here with authority and ingenuity. (D.N.)

#### Sonny Stitt

NOW!—Impulse 43: *Surfin'*; *Lester Leaps In*; *Estralita*; *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*; *Touchy*; *Never-Sh!*; *My Mother's Eyes*; *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*.

Personnel: Stitt, tenor, alto saxophones; Hank Jones, piano; Al Lucas, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

I wonder if there are actually people who collect Sonny Stitt records. If there are, I wonder if they ever listen to them. And if they do, I wonder what they listen for. Stitt seems to be the ultimate in machine-age jazz musicians, grinding out one capably performed disc after another the way Wrigley turns out chewing gum.

This one is, as Stitt's discs invariably are, neatly and cleanly played but without much indication of interest on anybody's part. The first side is Stitt carried to an extreme—four selections played at approximately the same tempo, each consisting of a long, routine Stitt solo interrupted by a brief routine piano solo.

On the second side he relieves the monotony by including a slightly faster piece, *Touchy*, and a slow blues, *Never-Sh!* The latter is the real relief because it even induces Jones to get a little beneath the superficial tinkling that he contributes to the rest of the selections. (J.S.W.)

#### McCoy Tyner

NIGHTS OF BALLADS & BLUES—Impulse 39: *Satin Doll*; *We'll Be Together Again*; *'Round Midnight*; *For Heaven's Sake*; *Star Eyes*; *Blue Monk*; *Groove Waltz*; *Days of Wine and Roses*.

Personnel: Tyner, piano; Steve Davis, bass; Lex Humphries, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Several years ago Tyner was considered a man to watch; now he has established himself as a fine jazz pianist. While his playing on some of these tracks is not as adventuresome as it has usually been with John Coltrane, this set is still above average in quality.

Tyner's playing has many virtues, but one in particular is his tastefulness. There is nothing trivial about his music; he is, to quote an often-used phrase, a "musician's musician."

Here Tyner is at his best on the aptly named *Groove Waltz*. The springy rhythm work of Humphries and Davis buoys Tyner into a groove that he rides throughout the track, building well and reaching climaxes strongly. He displays a powerful left hand.

*Star Eyes* is highlighted by his multi-noted lines. Here, as usual, his articulation is firm and clean. Again, dig his left hand.

Tyner opens both *'Round Midnight* and *For Heaven's Sake* playing out of tempo and displaying the influence of Art Tatum through Bud Powell. On these and other tracks he uses an interesting variety of voicings.

On *Monk* Tyner shows himself to be a driving, but not a self-consciously funky, blues player.

In sum, this is a consistently good set. While there is some better Tyner to be found on Coltrane albums, I think that most modern jazz piano fans will like this one. (H.P.)

#### Various Artists

AMERICANS IN EUROPE, VOL. 1—Impulse 36: *No Smokin'*; *Low Life*; *I Can't Get Started*; *Freeway*; *Pyramid*; *'Round Midnight*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2—Lou Bennett, organ; Jimmy Gourley, guitar; Kenny Clarke, drums. Track 3—Idrees Sulieman, trumpet; Bud Powell, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Joe Harris, drums. Tracks 4, 5—Bill Smith, clarinet; Herb Geller, alto saxophone; Gourley; Bob Carter, bass; Harris. Track 6, Powell; Woode; Harris.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

AMERICANS IN EUROPE, VOL. 2—Impulse 37: *My Buddy Runs Rabbits*; *Why, Daughter, How Are You?*; *Rose Room*; *Wine, Whisky, and Gin-Head Woman*; *Lots of Talk for You*; *All the Things You Are*; *I Remember Clifford*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2—Nelson Williams, Peanuts Holland, trumpets; Albert Nicholas, clarinet; Earle Howard, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Kansas Fields, drums. Track 3—Nicholas; Howard; Woode; Fields. Track 4—Champion Jack Dupree, piano, vocal; Carter; Fields. Track 5—Curtis Jones, piano, vocal; Carter; Fields. Tracks 6, 7—Sulieman; Byas; Powell; Woode; Harris.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Both these sets were recorded at a concert held in Koblenz, Germany, last January for which Joachim Berendt brought together American musicians then living in Stockholm, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Cologne, Berlin, Munich, Paris, and Rome.

Quality varies widely among the various groups, but there are high spots on both discs that are sufficiently high to carry the weaker moments very easily. The highest spot of all is Don Byas' superb treatment of *Clifford* in Vol. 2, a warm, dark solo, skillfully shaded and beautifully controlled, that is interrupted only by a brief and very effective piano passage by Bud Powell.

Not quite on the same level but still well above anybody's norm is Powell's lovingly evolved *Midnight* in Vol. 1; a crisp swinger, *Rabbits*, by the traditional Americans in Vol. 2, which sports some rollicking stride piano by Earle Howard; and, in the same volume, an excellently recorded and wonderfully free-and-easy performance by Champion Jack Dupree on *Woman*. This last piece develops a marvelous feeling as Dupree talks, sings, and plays piano while Bob Carter and Joe Harris simmer along in back of him.

Bill Smith and Herb Geller twine their clarinet and alto together in a closely woven ensemble on *Freeway*, and Geller gets off some fleet, swinging lines on both this selection and *Pyramid*. Idrees Sulieman makes a good showpiece of *Started*, but he falls apart on his solo on *Things*. Similarly, Nicholas starts off in light and buoyant fashion on *Rose Room*, but he thins out toward the end.

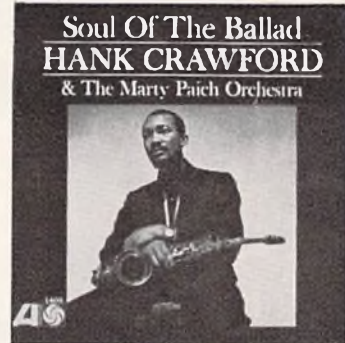
Clarke gives Bennett and Gourley strong drumming support in his two trio efforts, but they don't have much to say that is of interest. (J.S.W.)

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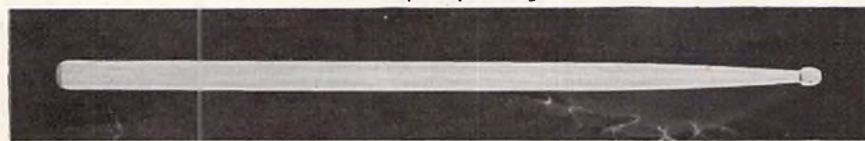
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IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

*Ray Charles*  
*Barry Harris*  
*The Half Note*

The Sept. 12 Down Beat goes on sale at newsstands  
Thursday, Aug. 29

## SONGSKRIT

A Column of Vocal Album  
Reviews/By JOHN TYNAN

### The J's with Jamie

"America's most exciting vocal group," according to the cover blurb on *Hey, Look Us Over* (Columbia 2005), is hardly that at all. What the J's with Jamie—three boys and a girl in harmony—amounts to as a group is a conventional foursome whose renditions are cleanly executed to a set of driving big-band arrangements by Hoyt Jones.

Jamie and Joe Silvia, Marshall Gill, and Len Dresslar cannot be faulted on musical grounds; they constitute a polished "pop" vocal group ideally suited to the hipper supper-club circuit or a Las Vegas, Nev., lounge. But the "excitement," such as it is, is contained.

The selections include *Hey, Look Me Over*; *When My Sugar Walks Down the Street*; *But Not for Me*; *A Lot of Livin' to Do*; *Smile*; *Good-Bye*; *Cotton Fields*; *Fly Me to the Moon*; *The End of a Love Affair*; *The Touch of Your Lips*; *The Second Time Around*; and *Will You Still Be Mine?*

### Joao Gilberto

"Bossa nova," writes annotator Gene Lees, "is essentially a fertile hybrid . . . of West Coast jazz and the samba." Whatever b.n. may be, in *The Warm World of Joao Gilberto* (Atlantic 8076) the charming Brazilian musical idiom is in the hands and voice of a master.

Gilberto's world is indeed warm, thoroughly ingratiating, and intensely musical as he croons with easy grace a dozen songs by himself and nine of his countrymen to his own subtle guitar accompaniment.

The annotator further declares that the album "is one of the greatest vocal LPs ever made." This reviewer is not disposed to argue the point but only to point out that the songs are sung in Portuguese, so the listener with understanding of that gracious tongue is at a decided advantage.

Knowledge of the language, though, is hardly necessary, thanks to the universality of Gilberto's musical message as he leisurely traverses a selection consisting of *Desafinado*; *Rosa Morena*; *Morena Boca de Ouro*; *Bim Bom*; *Aos Pes da Cruz*; *E Luxo So*; *Saudade Fez um Samba*; *Chega de Saudade*; *Lobo Bobo*; *Brigas, Nuca Mais*; *Ho-Ba-La-La*; and *Maria Ninguem*.

One of the more interesting items in the informative liner notes is the information that interpretations of *Desafinado* stemming from the Charlie Byrd-Stan Getz record are based on a set of chord changes incorrectly copied from Gilberto's version on this LP by "an American jazzman."

When other fad-following bossa nova/jazz samba albums now on the market have faded, this definitive set of presumably "pure" b.n. will retain its freshness. And deservedly so.

# COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

Even today, a composer in the United States sometimes seems to be a man trying to build a house without a foundation. Or perhaps it would be more precise to say he is offered the choice of so many varieties of foundation that it is no wonder if he hesitates before beginning and often ends by building a ramshackle creation that tries to follow a dozen styles at once and so falls to the ground.

Franz Schubert, for instance, had no such distractions. In his time the foundation was there waiting for the builder. If one studies the piano accompaniments to the Schubert songs, especially the greatest of them, he cannot help remarking at their elementary nature. Schubert's foundation is the common chord, and he needs nothing more upon which to erect his miracle.

By the time Americans such as Charles Ives wanted to build, however, the old substructure of major-minor, tonic dominant, and simple tonality had disintegrated.

Ives, forced not only to build his own foundation but to make the bricks as well, happened upon polytonality, polyrhythms, and many other advanced devices that composers in Europe such as Igor Stravinsky were arriving at through rejection of tradition.

Stravinsky's *Petrushka* chord — F-sharp major and C major sounded together—was a logical outcome of musical history, but Ives' *Central Park in the Dark*—in which two bands play in opposition and often in ignorance of one another—is a happy accident, the work of a man far from the center of musical thought. Ives was not a professional composer at all, in the old-world sense, but an insurance man. An unlikely figure on which to found an artistic tradition.

Henry Cowell, born in 1897, is one of the major composers in the stream flowing from Ives, a stream in which such other experimental artists as Edgar Varese, John Becker, and Harry Partch can be located, if such wild spirits can be located anywhere.

Like Ives, Cowell is in the U.S. Dionysian tradition, obsessed with sheer sound and rhythm and scornful of old forms. His early piano music still sounds startlingly new and untamed by time, though in recent years Cowell's symphonies have become simple and direct in speech, as if in reaction to the increasing sophistication and complexity of contemporary U. S. composition.

Such a refusal to run with the pack is not surprising in an individual as unclubby as the 76-year-old California native. It is also not surprising that his early music still resists pigeonholing, and Folkways records has done a great service in reissuing 20 of the piano pieces, mostly dating from the 1911-21 decade. These works originally appeared on two discs, long out of print, on which the composer

both performed and spoke a short introduction to each piece.

Unfortunately, Folkways has not corrected the flaw of the earlier issue, so that all the commentary is bunched at the end instead of being inserted before each appropriate piece. But if the value of Cowell's comments is decreased somewhat, it is still instructive and delightful to hear him explaining his techniques in his nasal twang, sounding rather like Robert Frost, that other onetime Californian.

These techniques, most of them based on the building of chords in seconds rather than thirds, call for some fancy piano playing, and the program notes are embellished with photos of the composer banging out his tone clusters with the full forearm, the fist, and the flat of the hand.

The most *recherche* John Cage and his followers have adopted all these techniques, which can be traced back to Ives, who wrote chords that had to be played with a ruler or a length of board.

Cowell also loves to go directly to the piano's soul by reaching in to pluck and stroke and strum the strings. One of his most arresting pieces, *The Banshee*, exploits this harplike idea. The performer stands at the tail of the instrument, rather than at the keyboard end, producing timbres that anticipate electronic music by a generation.

Unlike his later imitators, Cowell is concerned in these weird but often lovely pieces with direct communication of musical ideas and emotions. Many of the pieces are folklike in their apparent simplicity.

Such a one is his *Anger Dance*, in which "each phrase may be repeated many times, depending upon how angry the player is able to feel." Another, *Amiable Conversation*, is a recollection of a discussion overheard in a Chinese laundry—and, interestingly, it is bitonal in the *Petrushka* style except that the opposing chords are C-major diatonic and F-sharp pentatonic. The latter provides the Oriental flavor.

Many of the pieces are based on Cowell's love of Irish mythology, such as *The Tides of Manuanaun* and *The Voice of Lir*. *The Trumpet of Angus Og* may be unique in Cowell's music in that it is mostly in C-major diatonic and entirely on the white keys. Still, it manages to sound exotic.

The Folkways album is not a perfect example of the packager's art, for the notes are confusingly arranged and poorly proofread (one piece is discussed twice). Nor does the listing of works on the jacket correspond to the aural facts on the record. But no one interested in 20th-century music will want to be without this release, flaws and all. There is no better portrait of the U.S. composer in the throes of trying to build himself a foundation than these works, some more than half a century old. And, in perspective, the listener is able to understand that Cowell's recent return to folk simplicity is no capricious gesture but a logical development of an artist unbound by traditions, whose lifelong concern has been to reach directly into people's minds and hearts with sound.

The other principal U.S. composing stream, flowing more obviously from Europe, may be worth taking up in a future column.

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# BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

At this stage in his career it is difficult to determine whether Horace Silver's main impact has been made as pianist, composer, or combo leader.

The continued success of his Blue Note albums, the recent revival of *The Preacher* and the interest shown by Woody Herman and others in Silver's compositions, along with the resounding success scored by the quintet in Japan, would appear to indicate that he is enjoying simultaneous success on all three levels.

The following interview took place when Silver visited Los Angeles for a week at the It Club. The reference to "the other version" in his comments on the first record refer to the fact that *Doodlin'* was recorded both by Lambert-Hendricks-Ross and by Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan.

The version of *One for Joan* played for Silver was the abbreviated one; an eight-minute treatment appeared in Chico Hamilton's *Drumfusion* album. Silver was given no information about the records played.

## THE RECORDS

1. Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan. *Doodlin'* (from *Basin Street East*, RCA Victor). Gildo Mahones, piano; George Tucker, bass; Jimmie Smith, drums. Horace Silver, composer; Jon Hendricks, lyrics.

I like that version very much. . . . Of course, I like the way Jon wrote the lyric on it, period. He got a hell of a thing going with those lyrics — very clever mind when it comes to putting words to the solos.

I think this version swings more than the other version; the other version knocked me out, of course, because he'd done such a job with the lyric, but the rhythm section was a little bogged down, and on this one I guess it's the regular rhythm section behind them, because it sounds like everything is together.

It really knocked me out the first time I heard lyrics put to my own solos; Jon never ceases to amaze me with the things he comes up with. I don't know how he can think of all that stuff. I'd rate it four stars.

2. Pee Wee Russell. *'Round Midnight* (from *New Groove*, Columbia). Russell, clarinet; Marshall Brown, trombone.

I have no idea who that was, but whoever it was, it sure was a sterile version of *'Round About Midnight*. Really stuck to the melody note for note. . . . The tone of the trombone player, whoever it was, really sounded legitimate. It didn't sound much like a jazz trombonist, but the tune is such a beautiful tune that just the melody alone is beautiful. But there wasn't too much soul there. Two stars.

3. Quincy Jones. *Grasshopper* (from *Giants of Jazz*, Columbia). Sonny Stitt, Al Cohn, tenor saxophones; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Horace Silver, piano; Art Blakey, drums. Recorded, 1955

Wow! I've been sitting here busting my skull trying to figure this one out. Who was that pianist? It wasn't me, was it? It sounded like me, but I'm not quite sure. If it is me, that's the way I used to play quite a few years ago; and if it's *not* me, it's somebody playing the way I used to play a few years back.

You know, I remember making a big-

band record date with Quincy Jones several years ago, which I thought had never been released; at least I never got the record or heard it anywhere. I heard J. J. Johnson in there and Art Blakey on drums. . . . The rest of the people I couldn't distinguish. It just might have been that date I did with Quincy—I can't be sure.

Anyway, it sounded pretty good for what it was, and if it was the date I'm thinking of, then it was a sort of all-stars thing thrown together and meeting at the studio with no rehearsal. Then rehearse at the studio and cut in.

If that was me on piano, I didn't dig what I played on it; but the over-all sound was pretty good.

The saxophone players could have been Zoot Sims or Al Cohn or somebody like that; there's so many guys who play in that vein, with that sound and conception, that it's hard to tell. I'll give it three.

4. The Three Sounds. *What Kind of Fool Am I?* (from *Jazz on Broadway*, Mercury). Gene Harris, piano; Andy Simpkins, bass; Bill Dowdy, drums.

I liked that; it was very pretty. I'm not sure, but that kind of sounded like Fats McCann funk'n' it up there. There wasn't much of it. . . . Seemed like a short version of it. . . . Was that on an album or was that a 45? I wish they had played it a little longer—taken a longer solo on it—but it's very beautiful, and the tune is beautiful too.

I would say it was Les McCann funk'n' it up as he can do so well. There's not much more I can say about it except that it's a pretty tune, played very well, funky and soulful, but there's not much solo space on it so I can't comment on it solo-wise. I'll give it three.

5. Bill Evans-Jim Hall. *Skating in Central Park* (from *Undercurrent*, United Artists). Hall, guitar; Evans, piano; John Lewis, composer.

Well, this is a very beautiful, lush kind of thing. I like it. . . . It's a very relaxed, nice thing to listen to. . . . I'm kind of stumped as to who it is, and I don't know the composition at all. . . . It's very pretty, though. I'll just make a guess at it and

say it might possibly be Jim Hall and John Lewis?

I would give it three stars. I enjoyed it.

6. Chico Hamilton. *One for Joan* (from *Giants of Jazz*, Columbia). Charles Lloyd, tenor saxophone; Garnett Brown, trombone; Hamilton, drums.

That composition was pretty — I never heard it before, but it's a cute little tune. I don't know who's playing it either, but the tenor saxophone player's obviously under the John Coltrane influence, and the trombone player was just playing background, sort of, so it was hard to distinguish who that was. He had the J. J. Johnson tonal quality, but he didn't solo any; but it was nice — a nice little tune.

The rhythm sounded full; I hardly even noticed there wasn't any piano there. I'll give this 3½; I'd give it more, but some of these things are so short that nobody has a chance to stretch out and blow any on it, you know, so I'd rather rate something higher that had more improvisation in it.

7. Duke Ellington-Charlie Mingus-Max Roach. *Le Fleurs Africaines* (from *Money Jungle*, United Artists). Ellington, piano; Mingus, bass; Roach, drums.

I know who that is—that's Duke Ellington with Charlie Mingus on bass and Max on drums. I don't know the name of this composition, but it was very beautiful. . . . What Charlie Mingus was doing in the background was very interesting—fascinating. I doubt if that bass part was written, but it complemented what was happening in the melody very nicely. It was a very pretty composition. I'll give that four.

## AFTERTHOUGHTS

What would I have given five stars? It's hard to say. . . . depends on how it hits you at the moment. . . .

Among the pianists who have impressed me, I think McCoy Tyner is a very capable young musician. Cedar Walton is really playing a whole lot of piano. I've been so busy that I haven't had a chance to hear as many of them as I'd like. Of course, I like Bill Evans—everything he does is so original. I'll always go for originality.

FRANCIS WOLFF/BLUE NOTE



# HORACE SILVER

'It really knocked me out the first time I heard lyrics put to my solos; Jon Hendricks never ceases to amaze me with the things he comes up with.'

# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

## KID THOMAS-GEORGE LEWIS

Red Arrow, Stickney, Ill.

Personnel: Kid Thomas Valentine, trumpet; Lewis, clarinet; Manuel Paul, tenor saxophone; Louis Nelson, trombone; Joe James, piano; Joe Butler, bass; Samuel Penn, drums.

Although Kid Thomas is the nominal leader of this New Orleans group that has been playing concerts in the Midwest, it is Lewis who, in calling the numbers, announcing, and assuming the greater burden of pulling the band out of its musical tight spots, gives the semblance of being its real leader.

These men were all contemporaries of the important New Orleans musicians of World War I era and the 1920s, and, carried along by the force of this association, they have been in the fore of the New Orleans revivalist "living legend" activity of recent years. Taken as a whole, the group sporadically gives more than a hint of the pitch and roll of early New Orleans jazz band ensemble, but individually most of these musicians are so far below the cut of such as Freddie Keppard or Joe Oliver that there is a limp rather than a lilt to their playing.

The sole exception is the 63-year-old Lewis, who, incredibly, seems to have developed in the past few years. Gone are the redundant phrases and the tendency toward mechanically structured ensembles and solos; his playing now is charged with the freshness and motions of a sensitive artist. His tone is harder, thicker, and more moving. It is as if he has now shed the lighter, decorative, and sometimes shrill sounds for deeper and more pure clarinet tones.

Valentine plays with a rhythmic drive, but his tone is often like the bleating of a sheep, and too often he misses even the simple melodic and harmonic changes. Nelson, a better musician, can play with a vigorous swing but has few ideas. The hapless Manuel Paul has neither ideas nor rhythmic drive but seems always to be playing. Drummer Penn has a gravelly Louis Armstrong-type voice which he used to good effect on his occasional vocals.

The band repertory consists of the standard New Orleans stomp, blues, and Gospel tunes, and when the ensemble falters here and there—as it sometimes does—it is Lewis who comes stomping and swinging into the void to pull everyone along, and it is he who transforms these old tunes into flowing, vibrant jazz vehicles.

Late this month, Lewis will be touring Japan with his own group. Live jazz exposure there seems thus far to have been small, but of a high quality, and all indications are that the Japanese are in for another treat.

—Gilbert M. Erskine

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# FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

I have a suggestion that is so practical, and so logical, that it's almost certain to be rejected.

For years it has bugged me—and, I'm sure, thousands of others who write music—that we are saddled not only with an awkward system of musical notation but also with a haphazard and

unnecessarily complex procedure for writing down chord symbols.

The latter arose, I'm sure, simply because musicians only became aware of the chords a few at a time; in the early 1920s, for instance, the occasions for writing a minor 7 with a flat 5, or an augmented with a flat 9, could not have come about every day. Nowadays, though, it becomes increasingly complicated to squeeze in all the symbols. If there happen to be four changes in a single measure, it may be literally impossible to find room, above a previously written melody line, to write F mi 7, B b 7 b 9, etc.

My proposition is a devastatingly simple one; all it needs is adoption by a few leading arrangers, and I'm sure the others would follow, as musicians would gradually become aware of the meanings of the new symbols.

The system consists of using just one letter of the alphabet (avoiding, of course, the letters already in use for key names) to designate each of the common chords, as follows:

C major would be written as	C
C augmented would remain	C +
C minor seventh would become	C I
C major seventh	C J
C 7 flat 9	C K
C aug. 5 flat 9	C L
C minor	C M
C minor 7 flat 5	C N
C diminished	C O
C 7 flat 5	C P
C 13 flat 5	C Q

And so forth.

There would not be as much to learn as you might think at first glance. The I in minor and the J in major would automatically bring to mind the minor and the major sevenths; the diminished is basically the same sign already in use; the relationship between M and N, like that between P and Q, would be a helpful mnemonic guide.

In the long run, use of the system would be a time-saver for writer and



a sight-saver for readers. The problem of deciphering almost indistinguishable m's, mi's and ma's would be happily cast into limbo. The actual minutes saved, even in writing out guitar and piano parts for a single arrangement, would alone be enough to justify the change.

I'm not optimistic enough to expect much to come of this. So many musicians have been trying for so long to change our whole dumb method of clefs and staves—invariably without success—that it seems likely the above idea will meet a similar fate. Like the senselessly complex British monetary system, which could and should have been converted ages ago into a decimal method, it is too deeply entrenched as a part of our way of musical life.

Meanwhile, I'm going to get my kicks and keep adding chords to this system. What will happen when I get to Z is anybody's guess.



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# THE BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

Jazz, I read in a recent issue of a national magazine, was born in the brothels of New Orleans. I thought that we had got over that fantasy but apparently not.

The publication in question was one of those men's mammary monthlies, and I suppose the editorship must have been delighted with the idea. There reportedly are not many births that take place in brothels; the idea that a music was one must have been quite intriguing.

It has long seemed to me that the unconscious function of female seminudity in the rabbit magazines is to convince us that the feminine form is not so enticing after all, but—with the help of bland poses, odd lighting, and unreal colors in the printing ink—can be reduced to the same level of middle-brow dullness as, say, Loretta Young fully clothed.

But I digress, and to come back to the main point, the idea that Buddy Bolden's band would ever have been allowed in a high-class New Orleans pleasure palace is either hilarious or depressing—or both, depending on one's point of view.

We decide where jazz was born, depending entirely on what we decide we mean by jazz. Or on when we decide that a particular American "folk" music became jazz. For example, if ragtime is pre-jazz or jazz, then jazz wasn't born in New Orleans, for ragtime was born elsewhere. If any kind of blues singing is jazz, then jazz wasn't born in New Orleans either.

However, no one would question that jazz took a crucial step in the city of New Orleans and became a relatively complex instrumental music there.

The city produced Sidney Bechet, Jelly Roll Morton, the Dodds brothers, King Oliver, Jimmie Noone, Zutty Singleton, and Henry (Red) Allen—not to mention Louis Armstrong and to leave out several other very important musicians whom one should mention.

But jazz was, first of all, the music of certain communities in the city: the uptown Negro community, the downtown colored Creole community, and, quite soon thereafter, a segment of the white community. From these came the musicians and the audiences. They heard jazz in parades, at picnics, at dances, in bars, and elsewhere.

Once the music became popular, it inevitably found its way into the local brothels. Countess Willie Pizzia, who as "the first lady of Storyville" once ran one of those brothels, once told Kay C. Thompson, "Where jazz came from I

can't rightly say, but . . . I was the first one in New Orleans to employ a jazz pianist in the red-light district. . . . In those days jazz was associated principally with dance halls and cabarets. . . . Jazz didn't start in sporting houses. . . . It was what most of our customers wanted to hear."

It was the pianists who played jazz in the brothels, then. (And incidentally, aside from brothels and bars, pianists seldom played jazz in New Orleans; hardly ever were they a part of the jazz bands in those days.) The pianists were Negro, colored Creole, and sometimes white. They were usually segregated, sometimes discreetly behind a screen, sometimes off at the side downstairs in the houses. (No, I wasn't there; I'm just repeating what I've heard.)

Jazz was soon welcomed in brothels, pretty much all over the country. And it was a part of the speakeasy-gangster scene in the '20s. This fact has led some writers to attribute a kind of simple-minded hedonism to the music. The opposition may well say that Brahms, after all, worked in a whorehouse, and Scarlatti performed his sonatas on a raised platform before the milling throngs at Italian fairs.

All of which may be irrelevant. Jazz and Brahms aren't important just because they were heard in brothels. But I do think that the association between jazz and the underworld in its various manifestations—which still goes on today, by the way—is a subtle and complex psychological and social fact.

It would take a lot of exposition, thought, and research to find its meaning, I expect. But if I were going to search for it, I would start with this idea: jazz in some sense represents important aspects of U.S. life but aspects associated with all our unsolved problems, all our lack of self-knowledge, all sorts of things (positive as well as negative) we refuse to admit to or refuse to face up to.

It has to do with vital and crucial things about Americans that are not a part of the rosy, comfortable, self-righteous, innocent picture of ourselves we like to present to the world and to each other. Ironically, those unadmitted things are sometimes more joyful than the things we do admit to. They are also sometimes more painful, and they are always more tragic, which means that they are also more noble. That I think is why—or at least partly why—jazz is so compelling and so important.

At any rate, anyone who thinks jazz was born in a whorehouse ought to be made aware of just whom he is insulting: the uptown Negro community, the downtown colored Creole community, and a segment of the white community of New Orleans.

DIZZY GILLESPIE —

STAN GETZ

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# JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEO. WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

In the last column we discussed the function, purpose, and use of repertoire in the development of the college jazz band. At that time we concentrated on the twofold developmental aspect of repertoire—the building of a swing feel within the band and the training of the members of the jazz program in the various facets of professional playing.

A second function of the university jazz band is experimental. A university, by its nature, is concerned with the best from the past and with research and experimentation into the future.

There is already a precedent for this existing within the music departments of most universities. In this atmosphere of academic freedom the conductors and performers, the composers and arrangers are not as shackled by the traditional as are professional groups that perform for the general public and that depend upon audience support for existence.

There is more freedom on the university level to play avant-garde music, more freedom to experiment. The programs of many of the university symphony orchestras and concert bands support this fact.

A further element helping experimentation is the natural tendency of youth to revolt against the past. There is a great deal of interest in experimentation, of interest in the new because it is new. Admittedly there is danger here of emphasizing the novel at the expense of quality. However, if this natural tendency toward the new is controlled and abetted by the faculty, much good can be, and has been, brought to music.

This same thinking can apply to the jazz lab or workshop. The name itself implies experimentation. There are many possibilities and directions for this jazz experimentation.

Application of the classical techniques, serialism, and electronic music could be made to jazz. The modal, free, and group improvisational techniques of the modern combos could be applied to the big-band format. "Third Stream" music could be explored. The possibilities are almost endless.

Composition majors at the University of Illinois and at Northwestern University have contributed music for their jazz bands. A composition teacher at Illinois writes for the band. North Texas State University lab bands, for many

years, have successfully encouraged experimentation in their student arrangers.

This is a primary role of a university jazz band. Certainly, if it is jazz, it must swing. And yet I think that the university jazz group is not fulfilling its function if it remains a dance band or if its jazz arrangements merely rehash the past.

All this presupposes a real commitment to the jazz lab on the part of the students and especially of the leader and/or faculty adviser. It is easy to throw out to the band published arrangements that can be learned with little or no rehearsing. If we follow this path of least resistance, we are not really fulfilling the function of the university jazz band.

This all ties in with the choice and procurement of repertoire. A great deal of effort must be expended by the leaders of college groups if they are going to acquire an ideal repertoire that will be balanced between the developmental and experimental purposes of the university jazz lab.

A couple of suggestions for finding suitable music might be of value. The ideal would be for the students within the lab to write most of the music used. This procedure takes time to develop, and usually in the beginning years there are not enough students with the ability and interest to produce enough suitable music.

Some of the more outstanding publishers of music of college level include the Berklee School of Music Press, with its excellent but difficult compositions by Johnny Richards. The MJQ Publishing Co. has an excellent catalog available through Associated Music Publishers, which contains material by MJQ members, Dizzy Gillespie, J. J. Johnson, and others for sale or rental. The Famous Arrangers Club—a new, arrangement-of-the-month club—has solid arrangements by some of the biggest professional names available.

Leaders also should not overlook arrangers in their own areas. Many people are writing today who would welcome a chance to get their music played. The reading of poor arrangements can have a discriminatory value in the training of the jazz musician. Obvious mistakes and failings can be pointed out and avoided by student arrangers.

The problem of finding a suitable repertoire is a never-ending struggle, but it is only through a successful solution of this problem that the college jazz band can achieve its full stature and effect.

45





# GRAVY WALTZ

Composed by **RAY BROWN**  
 Arranged by **WILLIE MAIDEN**

Thanks to exposure on Steve Allen's television show and numerous recordings Ray Brown's Gravy Waltz has gained wide acceptance. One of the most exciting arrangements of the bassist's composition is Willie Maiden's for the Maynard Ferguson Orchestra. (Maiden's score begins below.) The tempo is medium fast. Ferguson's orchestra has recorded the arrangement, and it is included in the recently released album *The New Sounds of Maynard Ferguson*, Cameo 1046.

**A**

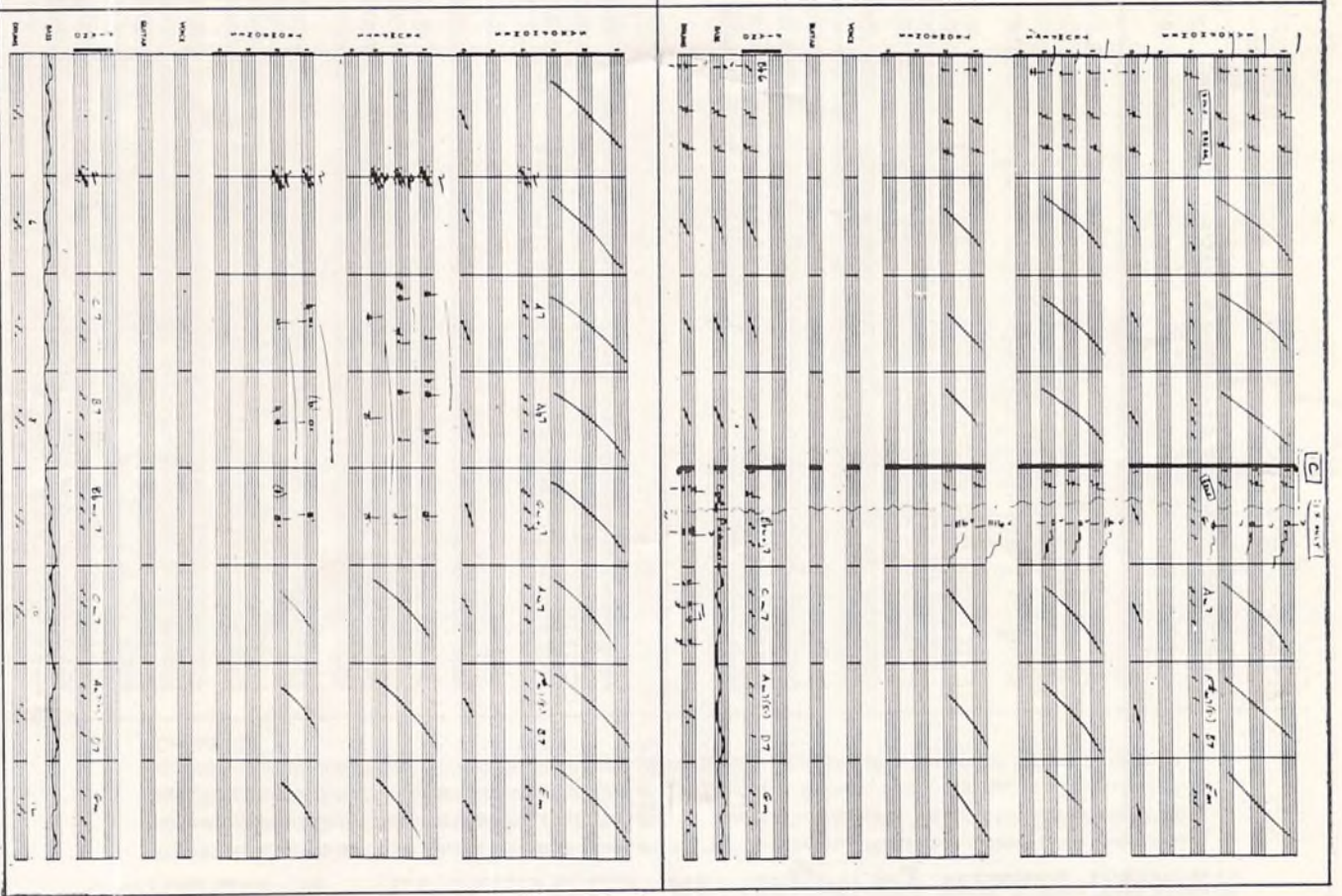
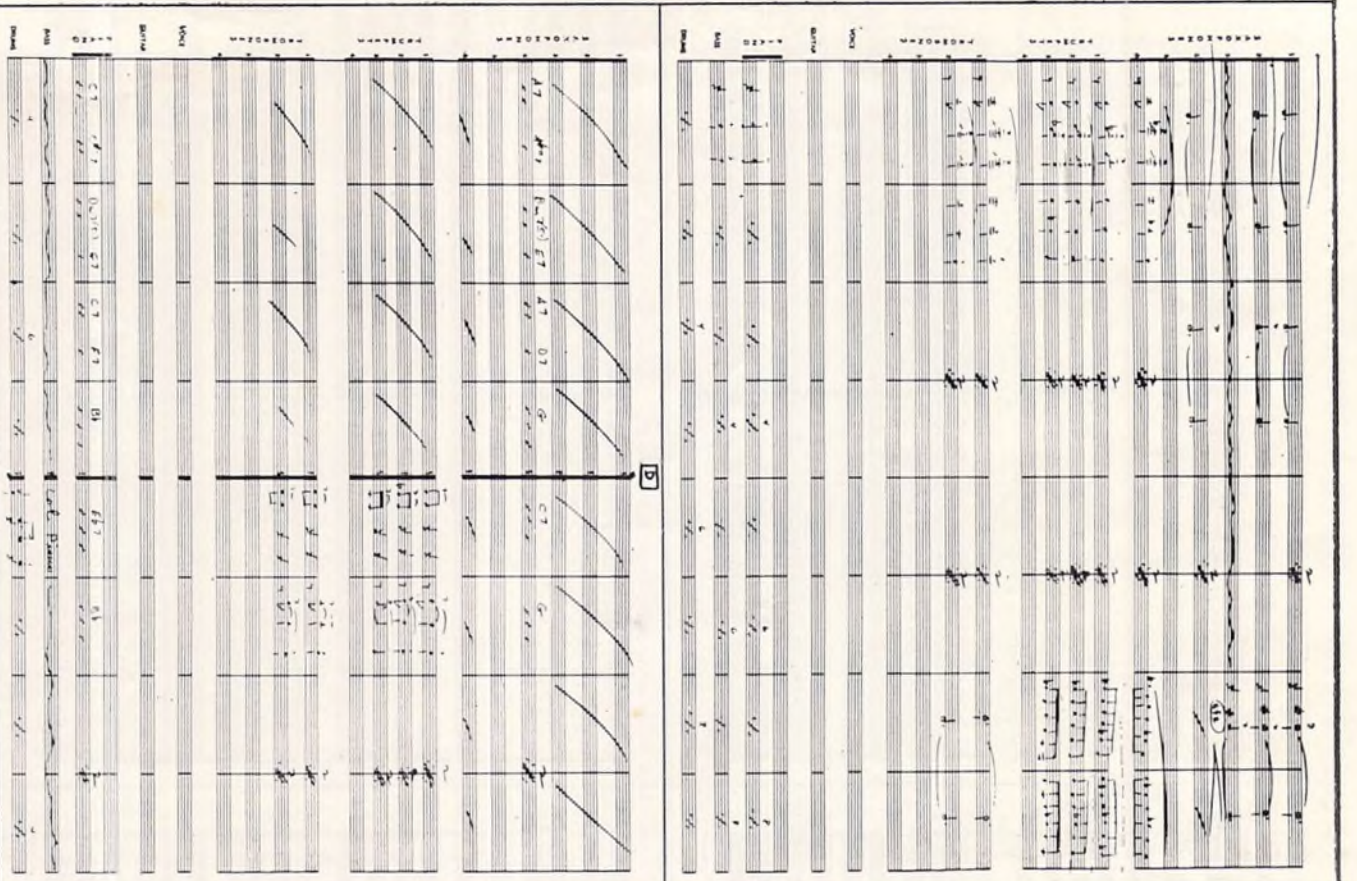
Flute  
 Clarinet  
 Saxophone  
 Trumpet  
 Trombone  
 Piano  
 Bass  
 Drum Set

Flute  
 Clarinet  
 Saxophone  
 Trumpet  
 Trombone  
 Piano  
 Bass  
 Drum Set

Flute  
 Clarinet  
 Saxophone  
 Trumpet  
 Trombone  
 Piano  
 Bass  
 Drum Set

**B**

Flute  
 Clarinet  
 Saxophone  
 Trumpet  
 Trombone  
 Piano  
 Bass  
 Drum Set



E

Handwritten musical score for system E, featuring guitar and bass parts. The guitar part includes chords such as A7, E7, F7, and G. The bass part includes chords such as C7, F7, D7, and E7. The score is arranged in a standard 5/4 staff layout with six staves.

F

Handwritten musical score for system F, featuring guitar and bass parts. The guitar part includes chords such as D7, C7, F7, and E7. The bass part includes chords such as D7, E7, F7, and G7. The score is arranged in a standard 5/4 staff layout with six staves.

Handwritten musical score for system G, featuring guitar and bass parts. The guitar part includes chords such as D7, E7, F7, and G7. The bass part includes chords such as D7, E7, F7, and G7. The score is arranged in a standard 5/4 staff layout with six staves.

Handwritten musical score for system H, featuring guitar and bass parts. The guitar part includes chords such as D7, E7, F7, and G7. The bass part includes chords such as D7, E7, F7, and G7. The score is arranged in a standard 5/4 staff layout with six staves.

**6**

Piano  
Violin I  
Violin II  
Viola  
Cello  
Double Bass

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

**7**

Piano  
Violin I  
Violin II  
Viola  
Cello  
Double Bass

9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16

**8**

Voice  
Piano  
Violin I  
Violin II  
Viola  
Cello  
Double Bass

17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24

**9**

Voice  
Piano  
Violin I  
Violin II  
Viola  
Cello  
Double Bass

25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32

Handwritten musical score for the right page, measures 1-17. The score includes staves for Soprano (Soprano), Alto (Alto), Tenor (Tenor), Bass (Bass), and Piano (Piano). The piano part features complex rhythmic patterns and chords. A section labeled "K" is marked at the end of the page.

Handwritten musical score for the right page, measures 18-35. The score includes staves for Soprano (Soprano), Alto (Alto), Tenor (Tenor), Bass (Bass), and Piano (Piano). The piano part continues with complex rhythmic patterns and chords. A section labeled "K" is marked at the end of the page.

Handwritten musical score for the left page, measures 1-17. The score includes staves for Soprano (Soprano), Alto (Alto), Tenor (Tenor), Bass (Bass), and Piano (Piano). The piano part features complex rhythmic patterns and chords. A section labeled "L" is marked at the end of the page.

Handwritten musical score for the left page, measures 18-35. The score includes staves for Soprano (Soprano), Alto (Alto), Tenor (Tenor), Bass (Bass), and Piano (Piano). The piano part continues with complex rhythmic patterns and chords. A section labeled "L" is marked at the end of the page.



Here are just 13 of the outstanding articles you'll find in our new yearbook

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- **THE DEVELOPMENT OF 20TH CENTURY MUSIC AND ITS EFFECTS ON JAZZ**  
by Gunther Schuller
- **A RECORD YEAR**  
by Leonard Feather. A survey of jazz recording activities.
- **CREAM OF THE RECORD CROP**  
The outstanding jazz records of 1962.
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## ROLAND *from page 17*

arranging for Claude Thornhill and Artie Shaw. Then followed another tour with Lucky Millinder, playing jazz trumpet in a band that also included Art Blakey.

Finally, in 1950, there came what Roland calls "nine hot weeks." The consisted of an experimental band playing his arrangements and rehearsing at New York's Nola studios. It was a huge band, few people remember it, only a few pictures exist of it, and only rumors attest to the assertion that some recordings were made of it.

But in the band were eight trumpets, six trombones, eight reeds, and seven rhythm. And among its personnel it numbered Dizzy Gillespie, Red Rodney, Miles Davis, Al Porcino, trumpets;

phonium section in the band, or, as Roland puts it, "It was the third different horn I played for him."

So now he is with the new Dan Terry Band. In Roland's words, "I wanted something important to do."

Because there is no doubt about what Roland has done and the influence he has wielded, a few of his observations on past associates are in order:

Stan Kenton: "My father in the music business. He taught me how to organize my thinking. He was a counselor and adviser, for which I will be forever grateful."

Vido Musso: "Very talented, very high-strung but likeable. He should have made it, but he was too honest and naive."

Count Basie: "He's only used one arrangement of the 20 I've written for



Part of the 1950 experimental band that included Charlie Parker, among others.

Jimmy Knepper, Eddie Bert, trombones; Charlie Parker (playing lead alto), Joe Maini, Al Cohn. Zoot Sims, Charlie Kennedy, Gerry Mulligan, Billy Miles, saxophones; Sam Herman, guitar; Buddy Jones, bass; and Phil Arabia, Charlie Perry, drums.

This remarkable aggregation came to nothing, and, in 1951, Roland returned to Kenton for two years, writing a host of arrangements.

In 1953 he met Dan Terry (formerly known as Kostraba) and wrote 20 arrangements for that band, some of which were later released on Harmony as *Teen Age Dance Party*. Roland said, "I'm still getting royalty checks from that album. I've earned over \$10,000 from that album one way or the other; more than I ever have."

He returned again, in 1955, to Kenton but after a year left for Chicago and Ralph Marterie ("Ralph sure tried hard for me in Chicago"). And in 1957-58 he was a salaried arranger for Woody Herman and has played trombone for him, too, at times since.

All during those years, from 1956 until 1962, he was writing and planning for Kenton. He introduced the mello-

him and been paid for. He wastes so much, but God bless him. I love him."


Claude Thornhill: "The original pixie of this business. He's very hard to analyze, very complex. He's a controversial guy, but we got along well."

Charlie Barnet: "He's lots of fun."

Woody Herman: "He's the strongest influence of the old, tried, and true handleaders next to Kenton. Woody's still blowing strong; God bless him."

Sam Donahue: "I think he's the greatest of the big-name rebels. He's still got the bit in his teeth."

"My strongest personal influence was Lester Young. Among the arrangers I most appreciate are Al Cohn, Bill Holman, Neal Hefti, Nat Pierce, and Gil Evans. Gil got me with Claude. I'm grateful for that and just knowing Gil."

Those brief quotes should give a concept of the lean, balding Roland. He is normally off-beat, gentle, and quixotic, and in this may lie the problem, for apparently very few have known what he has done and fewer have thought about what he might be able to do. It only can be said now that some indication of the accomplishments and potential have finally been put in print. 

## McSIEGEL *from page 11*

corders in those days); the gentle murmur of a violin drawn across the belly of a cellist; and the ineffably beautiful understatement of futile attempts to get ketchup out of a ketchup bottle. (In the coda, it all fell out.)

Our repertoire was brilliantly varied.

*Population Implosion* was a tone poem on the futility of fertility.

*Wall-to-Wall Wail* was a baroque bar-

## AD LIB *from page 6*

bassist **Bob Cranshaw**, subbing for **Henry Grimes**, who was ill. Singer-pianist **Blossom Dearie's** trio, with bassist **Jimmy Garrison**, and drummer **Al Heath**, was held over from the Davis show. Previously, Heath played a week at the Half Note with tenor saxophonist **Benny Golson's** quartet. **Harold Mubern** was the pianist and **Richard Davis** the bassist.

Drummer **Roy Haynes** has decided to give up his group temporarily to remain with **John Coltrane's** quartet. When Haynes had to precede Coltrane to the Newport Jazz Festival from their Montreal Jazz Society gig, **Jimmy Smith's** drummer, **Donald Bailey**, filled in for one night. By remaining with Coltrane, Haynes canceled his own engagement at the Half Note, scheduled for the last week in July.

Pianist **Randy Weston** headed an 11-piece, all-star band for a special concert at the Village Gate in mid-July. Some of Weston's compositions were inspired by his recent trip to Africa. Other works performed included writings by contemporary Ghanaian and Nigerian composers and an authentic Congolese children's song. All were arranged by **Melba Liston**. Soloists featured were **Booker Ervin** and **Budd Johnson**, tenor saxophones; **Ray Copeland**, trumpet; **Quentin Jackson**, trombone; and **Julius Watkins**, French horn. A studio recording of essentially the same material has been issued on Colpix. Opposite Weston at the Gate was **Kako** and his Latin Jazz Group, featuring the tenor saxophone of **Jose (Chombo) Silva**, who, as a West Coaster, recorded with **Cal Tjader** about four years ago.

Three important aspects mark clarinetist **Pee Wee Russell's** trip west this fall. It will mark his first appearance at the Monterey Jazz Festival: his first time in San Francisco since his near-fatal illness there in 1951; and, more happily, bring about a reunion with his old friend, trombonist **Jack Teagarden**. The two will work together in a group with Jack's brother **Charlie**, cornet; **Ralph Sutton**, piano; **Jimmy Bond**, bass; and **Mel Lewis**, drums. The format will not be Dixieland. The Tea-

rage of continuous Cs from the brass against F#s from the reeds, ending with my sousaphone hitting a climactic D unnatural. The piece *11/8 Disaster*, perhaps our most incandescent effort, was based on a clarinet-and-piano duet by Leonard Feather and George Wein, from an arrangement by Andre Hodeir. We also featured the latter's old French tone poem *Hodeir, What Can the Matter Be?*

The response was like nothing I had

garden-Russell All-Stars, as they are to be billed, will appear on the festival's opening night, Sept. 20.

**Bob Redcross**, formerly road manager for **Billy Eckstine**, has been named vice president of Transworld Artists Management, a newly formed personal-management agency specializing in Gospel performers. Under contract to Transworld are **Marian Williams**, **Alex Bradford**, and **Princess Stewart**, all currently in Europe touring with *Black Nativity*, which starts a 40-week tour of the United States in September. Miss Williams' *Stars of Faith*, which recently won a vocal-group award in the *Down Beat* critics poll, have "never appeared in night clubs [as reported in their *Down Beat* biography]," Redcross said, "but they have sung at Harvard."

Transworld also recently signed saxophonist **Pony Poindexter**, who played a week with trombonist **Al Grey** at the Coronet in Brooklyn. Composer **Tadd Dameron** was on piano in one of his rare public appearances. After Grey, drummer **Walter Perkins** brought in a group, with **Harold Ousley**, tenor saxophone; **Richard Williams**, trumpet; **Horace Parlan**, piano; and **Ernie Farrow**, bass. Prior to that, Farrow had been part of the **Walter Bishop Trio** that played opposite summer-long incumbent **Thelonious Monk** at the Five Spot. Also with pianist Bishop was drummer **Ben Riley**.

Alto saxophonist **Jackie McLean's** July concert for Benin Arts, Inc., had trombonist **Grachan Moncur III**, vibist **Bobby Hutcherson**, bassist **Roger Andrews**, and drummer **Edgar Bateman** as his sidemen. . . . Pianist **Lee Shaw** and her husband, drummer **Stan Shaw**, with bassist **Charlie Schaefer** did a couple of weeks at Chuck's Composite on the east side in July. . . . Pianist **Herman Foster** with **Herman Wright**, bass, and **Bruno Carr**, drums, were recently at Wells' in Harlem.

Tenor giant **Ben Webster** was held over indefinitely at Shalimar by Randolph (that's not a beauty parlor—it's a night club). . . . **Joe Newman's** trumpet was heard at **Count Basie's** night club. . . . Tenor man **Lucky Thompson** is ensconced for the summer at the Woodside Park Country Club at Colt's Neck, N.J., near Asbury Park. . . . Basin

ever heard. This is all I wish to report about the response.

Actually, I am convinced that our historically significant attempts to launch the "new thing" could have written a chapter in musical history, except that at just the wrong moment, something happened that led to the abrupt end of our job, our club, and, for a while, our careers.

Cholmondely discovered the combination.



Street East started its summer weekend policy with **Duke Ellington's** band and **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan**. . . . The **Don Friedman Trio**, with the leader's piano, **Dick Kniss'** bass, and **Dick Berk's** drums, was one-third of a Judson Hall concert titled 3 Contemporary Artists, a program that included dancer **Elizabeth Keen** and her company and soprano **Norma Marder**. . . . Alto saxophonist **Phil Woods** played the first in a series of concerts at Ramblerny in New Hope, Pa. Future concerts will feature **Al Cohn-Zoot Sims**, **Clark Terry**, **Gary McFarland**, and **Willis Conover** with the new Voice of America Big Band.

**Jeanne Lee** and **Ran Blake** will appear at **Ronnie Scott's** club in London during the week of Aug. 26. . . . Arranger-guitarist **Alan de Mause's** Folk-jazz Trio with **Bobby Brown**, alto saxophone, and **Harold Lee**, bass, continues to be a popular Wednesday night feature at Les Deux Megots coffee house in Greenwich Village. Its repertoire runs from *If I Had a Hammer* through selections by **Bela Bartok**. . . . Veteran drummer **Johnny Blowers** is working weekends at the Garden City Bowl in Garden City on Long Island with **John Murtaugh**, tenor saxophone, flute; **Don Coates**, piano; and **Dave Perlman**, bass. . . . **Count Basie** was at Freedomland's Moon Bowl at the tail end of July.

Pittsburgh trombonist **Harold Betters** will not play for three months as a result of burns suffered while attempting to put out a brush fire at his Connelville, Pa., home. . . . When vocalist **Carol Sloane** developed laryngitis during an engagement in her home town of Providence, R.I., at Pio's Lodge, alto saxophonist **Charlie Mariano** drove over from the Newport Jazz Festival to serve as a playing sub for her. Then singer **Judy James**, visiting at the festival, filled in for the last two days of the job. . . . Alto saxophonist **Ken McIntyre** was at the Stage Door Cafe in Lynn, Mass., during July. . . . Singer **Morgana King** worked at New York's Sniffen Court Inn in that same month. . . . **Sister Rosetta Tharpe** appeared at the Eighth Wonder, a new pop Gospel spot in Greenwich Village.

Leeds Music has signed a contract for the correct version of the lyrics to *Corcovado* with their writer, the former

*Down Beat* editor **Gene Lees**. It seems that Lees' lyrics were revised by veteran songwriter **Buddy Kaye** for the **Tony Bennett** version, and the composer of the music, **Antonio Carlos Jobim**, objected.

Pianist **Luckey Roberts** has written both the book and the music for a new musical entitled *Julia* . . . Singer **Nellie Lutcher**, long quiet, will be heard and seen on *The Lively Ones* this summer . . . Trombonist-composer **Slide Hampton** is to write the music for a one-hour television drama in French to be taped for fall viewing on CBC. It will feature five musicians who are to be integrated into the plot . . . Pianist **Bob James**, who headed the winning combo at the 1962 Collegiate Jazz Festival, is in the Army, stationed at Ft. Knox, Ky. He hopes to be in New York by September.

• • •

RECORD NOTES: Argo signed altoist **Lou Donaldson** to a recording contract. The label's **Esmond Edwards** flew to New York to supervise the saxist's first date for the company. Personnel included **Tommy Turrentine**, trumpet; **Roy Montrell**, guitar; **John Patton**, organ; and **Ben Dixon**, drums. Back in Chicago, the company's **Ralph Bass** supervised a giant blues session in a west side hall that brought together **Muddy Waters**, **Howling Wolf**, and **Sonny Boy Williamson** . . . Vee Jay recently signed **Al Hibbler**.

**Herb Ellis** cut four sides for Columbia under **John Hammond's** supervision in Hollywood with a personnel comprising fellow-guitarist **Johnny Gray**, bassist **Al McKibbin**, tenorist and valvetrombonist **Bob Enevoldsen**, pianist **Donn Trenner**, and drummer **Gus Johnson**.

**Sonny Burke**, a&r head of Reprise, signed Argentine guitarist **Jorge Morel** to a long-term contract. Burke produced Morel's records when both were with Decca . . . **Morris Stoloff**, long-time head of the music department at Columbia Pictures, also joined Reprise to produce a series of albums of hit Broadway musicals utilizing the label's stable of talent . . . Drummer **Lee Young**, brother of the late **Lester** and for years percussionist with **Nat Cole**, is now in the record business. He recently signed actor **Chris Warfield** and will release Warfield's sides on the Melik label. Young also owns York records.

Promoting his line of surfing records (that's rock and roll turned seasick), Del-Fi's president **Bob Keene** began a contest among teenagers offering a 1948 Packard hearse (that's right) to the winner. Seems southern California teenage surfers have been buying up used hearses to ferry their surfboards to beaches along the coast.

## BRAZIL

Pianist **Luis Carlos Vinhas** and drummer **Edson Machado**, from the Bossa-tres group, arrived from New York . . . Bassist **Tiao Netto** flew to Rome to form with **Joao Gilberto**, drummer **Milton Banana**, and a pianist as yet undetermined a new bossa nova quartet . . . Odeon released its bossa nova anthology *Festival da Bossa Nova*, with tracks taken from LPs of **Joao Gilberto**, **Luis Bonfá**, **Pery Ribeiro**, **Isaurinha Garcia**, and **Walter Wanderley** . . . There was a big bossa nova festival at McKenzie University, in Sao Paulo. All the b. n. greats were present . . . *Piano, Strings, and Bossa Nova*, by **Lalo Schifrin**, was MGM's first LP released by Philips, the new MGM licensee . . . Copabana released two Verve LPs: *Oscar Peterson Plays Duke Ellington* and *Spotlight on Jacy Parker*.

CBS will go for another **Dave Brubeck** disc: *Time Further Out*. *Time Out* sold surprisingly well, and Brubeck may become the only CBS jazz artist in the Brazilian catalog. The announced **Miles Davis** records will have to wait some more . . . **Booker Pittman** and his daughter, **Eliana**, will go back to Buenos Aires this month . . . The **Johnny Alf** Quartet, with tenor man **Juarez Araujo**, is doing well at the luxurious Top Club . . . A new b.n. combo will be formed in Rio by pianist **Tenorio Jr.** It will be called **Os Gatos (The Cats)** . . . Young singer **Jorge Ben** is the strongest candidate for top new star of '63. His first single for Philips is causing quite a stir . . . The sound track of the film *Rome Adventure* is the best-selling LP in Rio.

## PHILADELPHIA

Tenor saxophonist **Billy Root**, long a mainstay of the Quaker City's jazz scene though of recent months a refugee in society bands, has found a permanent niche at the Sportsmen's Bar in the Ogontz section of the city. Root is leading a quartet (including **Danny Kent**, piano; **Gus Nemeth**, bass; and **Frank Young**, drums) Wednesday through Saturday. The club, owned by **Mrs. Fran Slepín**, formerly was rock-and-roll oriented. Trombonist **Al Grey**, also a Philadelphian, was a recent sitter-in. Grey, incidentally, took a group into **Joe DeLuca's** Red Hill Inn, sharing the stand with localite **Nina Bundy**.

Definitely back on its jazz policy again, the Showboat followed singer **Fats Domino** with **Les McCann, Ltd.**, recently . . . And following the **Cannonball Adderley** Sextet into Pep's was vocalist **Gloria Lynne** . . . The Underground has got "religion" lately, bringing in such Gospel performers as **Sister Rosetta Tharpe**, the **Gospel Flames**, and the **Becks** . . . A recent concert

program at the New Century Auditorium, a hall on S. 12th St., featured altoist **Jackie McLean** and trombonist **Grachan Moncur**, a local band led by **Owen Marshall**, **Jimmy Merritt's** trio, and new vocalist **September Wrice**.

The second annual Philadelphia Folk Festival, to be held Sept. 6-8 on the Wilson Farm in nearby Paoli, will have a much more ambitious program than last year's, with concerts, workshops, hootenannies, forums and discussion panels, and folk-dancing events spread over the weekend. Sponsored by the Philadelphia Folksong Society and under the chairmanship of **Gene Shay**, the festival will spotlight performances by **Theodore Bikel**, **Elizabeth Cotton**, **Bonnie Dobson**, **Jack Elliott**, **Mississippi John Hurt**, **Jean Redpath**, **Almeda Riddle**, **Mike Seeger**, **Hobart Smith**, **Dave Van Ronk**, **Hedy West**, **Lonnie Johnson**, and **Jimmy Martin** and his Sunny Mountain Boys.

## WASHINGTON

One of Washington's best jazz musicians, **Paul Kline**, 41, died on June 30. He had been in poor health for several years. A tenor saxophone player deeply influenced by **Lester Young**, Kline was a standout performer in local jazz combos for two decades.

Two free outdoor jazz shows at the Watergate drew large crowds in July. The programs were sponsored by National Capital Parks, the D.C. Recreation Department, AFM Local 161, and the music performance trust funds. Some of the city's best jazz groups were featured. The first program had the **Tommy Gwaltney** Quintet (with drummer **Eddie Phyfe** and bass player **Norman Williams** added to the regular Gwaltney trio), the **Kenny Fulcher-Slide Harris** Dixieland group from the Charles Hotel, the **Fred Merkle** Trio, and the **Joe Bovelio** big band. The second show, which drew an overflow crowd of several thousand, had the **Charlie Byrd** Trio, the **Joe Rinaldi** Sextet, **Buddy Rowell** and his Latin band, and **Wild Bill Whelan's** Dixie group. Unlike the situation that prevails at most other programs at Watergate, which often offer military band music, even the canoeists found little room to operate. Several canoes turned over in an effort to find paddling space near the bandstand, which juts into the Potomac River not far from the Lincoln Memorial.

A poor outdoor sound system hampered **Benny Goodman's** week at the Shoreham Terrace, but the clarinetist packed the hotel patio every night and had the crowd circled around the bandstand during the dance set, just like the old days. **Carol Sloane's** singing proved popular, and Goodman featured her on each show . . . Saxophonist-flutist **Eric**



Dolphy worked with the **JFK Quintet** at the Bohemian Caverns as guest star in July. The quintet's regular alto man, **Andy White**, a Howard University student, is on a full-tuition summer scholarship for oboe at the Berkshire Music Center. White won over a field of 60, with principal members of the **Boston Symphony Orchestra** choosing him for the honor.

**Ella Fitzgerald** headlined a jazz program at the outdoor Carter Barron Amphitheater in Rock Creek Park July 22-28. **Stan Getz** and **Charlie Byrd** also were featured . . . Up for membership in Local 161 is the mayor of nearby Alexandria, Va., **Frank Mann**, the area's foremost potato-chip producer. Mann plays piano and is a jazz enthusiast . . . Singer **Sheryl Easley** won new fans while at the Showboat Lounge recently with guitarist **Sal Salvador** . . . The **Tommy Gwaltney Trio**, still at the French Quarter in Georgetown, continues to expand its repertoire, usually adding about two new tunes each week . . . **Buck Hill**, one of the city's best tenor men, is now working regularly at the Eden Roc . . . Former D. C. jazz accordion player **Lloyd Lillie**, now teaching sculpture at Boston University, won first prize in sculpture at the recent Boston Arts Festival.

## CHICAGO

Local 10 troubles continue to brew. The latest fly in the ointment is a petition to Secretary of Labor **W. Willard Wirtz** to investigate last December's election in which **Bernard Richards** defeated **James C. Petrillo** for president and in which other Petrillo-era officers were defeated. The petition was filed by **Sam Denov**, who was one of the few insurgent candidates not elected. Denov ran for the office of secretary-treasurer, but incumbent **Leo Nye** won the contest. In his appeal, Denov claimed that there were irregularities in the vote count.

Organist **James Taylor's** group, **The Jazz People**, had moved from the Hungry Eye, where the trio had been ensconced for seven months. The combo played a four-weeker at QT's after leaving the Eye . . . A trio calling themselves the **Three Boss Men** (that's **Sleepy Anderson**, organ; **Leo Blevins**, guitar; and **Harold Jones**, drums) has been working the Algiers on E. 69 St. The group has been there since June playing Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

**Lalo Schifrin** was in town recently to conduct the orchestra for a **Sarah Vaughan** recording date while the singer was at the Edgewater Beach Hotel's Polynesian Room. Schifrin told *Down Beat* he will go to Europe to do the score for a French movie . . .

**Frank Foster** and **Frank Wess**, the staunch reed men with **Count Basie**, celebrated their 10th anniversaries with the band during a Holiday Ballroom engagement . . . **Gene Ammons'** life sentence on a narcotics charge was reduced, upon appeal, to 10-12 years. The tenor saxophonist will be eligible for parole in six years.

While in town for a two-day engagement at the Red Arrow in suburban Stickney, clarinetist **George Lewis** revealed that he and a band of New Orleans traditionalists will leave in mid-August for a 14-week tour of Japan . . . Pianist **Art Hodes** has become a regular member of the Bourbon Street house band that still bears the name of its previous leader **Bob Scobey**. Alternating with the house unit is a newly-formed quartet comprising banjoists **Eddy Davis** and **Nev Barclay**, pianist **Jan Raspberry**, and tubaist-bassist **Ed Wilkenson** . . . Among the participants in a giant blues package tour to leave for Europe in September are local performers **Muddy Waters**, **Sonny Boy Williamson**, **Guitar Murphy**, **Otis Spann**, and **Big Joe Williams**, in addition to **Victoria Spivey** and **Lonnie Johnson**.

Following a one-nighter at the Club Laurel, the **Woody Herman Band** returned to the city for an *al fresco* engagement at the Court Theater on the University of Chicago campus . . . Tenorist **Joe Daley**, Chicago's leading "new thing" exponent, was a recent sitter-in at the Wednesday night Fifth Jacks sessions . . . **Franz Jackson** and his traditional band have been working Saturdays at the Red Arrow.

## LOS ANGELES

**Norman Granz** reportedly denies he is personal manager to **Duke Ellington** despite Ellington's assertion to the contrary. Is somebody putting somebody on? . . . **Peggy Lee** postponed her 1963 concert tour (it would have been her first) until next year . . . **Sounds of Synanon**, the jazz group from the headquarters of the narcotics rehabilitation center in Santa Monica, Calif., is now being managed by Synanon Director of the Arts **Zev Putterman**.

Bassist **Vic Gaskin**, who recently left the **Paul Horn Quintet** to join the **Ben Di Tosti Trio**, began his new gig with three weeks at the Hideaway. **Ray Price** is on drums . . . The **Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina Quartet** changed its name to the **Polytones** because of Gumina's recent acquisition of an accordio organ. Polytonal music is now stressed by the group. **John Doling** and **John Guerin** are on bass and drums, respectively . . . Film composer **Ernest Gold** was elected president of the Los Angeles chapter of the National Associa-

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### DRUMMERS—Stanley Spector writes:

(Continued from the last issue) "My curious drummer acquaintance had, yet, another idea. Could he find out about METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING by coming to my studio and hearing me play? Since I do not think it appropriate for me to audition for perspective students, I could not encourage this idea, either. I suggested to him that if he considered that an accurate way of selecting a teacher, he might seek out his favorite jazz drummer as teacher. Of course, his favorite jazz drummer would have to have the time, interest, education, and temperament to serve as teacher. I did point out that one of the most influential drummers in jazz today had told me I had convinced him that he did not have the specialized qualifications to teach anyone how to play the drums. He had reached that conclusion after an examination of my home study course. But our conversation did not end there. More about it next issue." Some drummers have discovered that the communication of useful information about jazz drumming is a highly specialized activity, in their study with

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tion of American Composers and Conductors.

Local 47 started the 1963 series Jazz at the Beach, paid for by the music performance trust funds, with a free afternoon concert played by the bands of cornetist Rex Stewart and Kay Carlson. Stewart's is a small group, Carlson's an 18-piece band . . . **Tex Beneke's** *The Swinging Years* musical show featuring his band, **Ray Eberle**, and the **Modernaires**, is booked through October . . . **Ralph Pena's** nine-piece group is still waiting at the Princess

Theater weekends after 2 a.m. The band recorded its first album for Capitol with **George Shearing** as guest soloist. **Tom (Tippy) Morgan** produced the date.

**FILM-FLAM:** Songwriter-producer **Arthur Freed** is the new president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for 1963-64. Composer-conductor **Elmer Bernstein**, academy governor of the music branch, is the new first vice president . . . **Morris Stoloff** is music supervisor for *Behold a Pale Horse*, to star **Gregory Peck**, **Anthony**

**Quinn**, and **Omar Sharif** . . . **Johnny Green** checked back at MGM for the first time since 1958—when he resigned as music director—to score *Twilight of Honor* which stars **Richard Chamberlain** and **Nick Adams** . . . **Lionel Newman**, with 20th Century-Fox 21 years, was named head of all music affairs at the studio. **Urban Thielmann**, orchestra manager and staff pianist there for 23 years, is Newman's associate executive . . . **George Duning** scored and conducted the new **Dean Martin** picture *Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?*

# WHERE & WHEN

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

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

## NEW YORK

Absinthe House: **Herman Chittison**, *tfn*.  
Basin St. East: jazz, *wknds*.  
Birdland: **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Ramsey Lewis**, to 8/21.  
**Gerry Mulligan**, **Art Blakey**, 8/22-9/4.  
Bobin Inn (Rockland Lake, N.J.): jazz, Sun.  
Condon's: **Ed Hall**, *tfn*.  
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, *wknds*.  
Dorran's Lounge (Brooklyn): **Les De Merle**, *tfn*.  
Embers: **Tyree Glenn** to 8/31.  
Five Spot: **Theolonius Monk**, *tfn*.  
Fountain Lounge (Fairview, N.J.): jazz, Mon.  
Garden City Bowl (Garden City, L.I.): **Johnny Blowers**, *wknds*.  
Half Note: *unk*.  
Hickory House: *unk*.  
Junior's: jazz, Fri., Sat.  
Les Deux Megots: **Dave Herman**, Mon. **Alan DeMause**, Wed.  
Metropole: **Woody Herman** to 8/30; **Henry (Red) Allen**, *tfn*.  
Nick's: **Sol Yaged**, *tfn*.  
Penn Brook Inn (Elizabeth, N.J.): jazz, Mon.  
Playboy: **Kai Winding**, **Jimmy Lyon**, **Sanford Gold**, *tfn*.  
Purple Manor: **Tiny Grimes**, *tfn*.  
Room at the Bottom: **Wilbur DeParis**, *tfn*.  
Round-a-Bout (New Rochelle): **Joe Puma**, Mon.-Thur. **Carl Eric**, **Joe Roland**, Fri.-Sun.  
Jimmy Ryan's: **Danny Barker**, **Cliff Jackson**, *tfn*.  
Take 3: *unk*.  
Village Gate: **Colman Hawkins**, **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan**, to 9/4.  
Village Vanguard: *unk*.  
Wells': **Herman Foster**, *tfn*.

## NEW ORLEANS

Bourbon Street East: **Blanche Thomas**, **Dave Williams**, *tfn*.  
Club Esquire: name bands.  
Dan's Pier 600: **Roy Liberto** to 8/17. **Al Hirt**, 8/19-9/7.  
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.  
Famous Door: **Mike Lala**, **Jan Allison**, **Santo Pecora**, *tfn*.  
500 Club: **Leon Prima**, *tfn*.  
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain**, *tfn*.  
Joy Tavern: **Red Tyler**, *wknds*.  
King's Room: **Armand Hug**, *tfn*.  
Outrigger: **Stan Mendelson**, *tfn*.  
Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby**, **Snookum Russell**, *tfn*. **Marvin Kimball**, Wed.  
Playboy: **Al Belletto**, **Dave West**, **Ed Fenasci**, **Snooks Eaglin**, *hbs*.  
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

## ST. LOUIS

Black Horse: **Jean Trevor**, **Jim Becker**, *tfn*.  
Blue Note (East St. Louis): **Leo's Five**, *tfn*.  
Chez Joie: **Ann & Van**, *wknds*.  
Dark Side: **Afro-Cuban**, *tfn*.  
Fallen Angel: **Sandy Smith**, *wknds*; sessions, Mon.  
Islander: **Don Cunningham**, *tfn*.  
Jackie Gold's Bustles & Bows: **Dixie Wildcats**, *tfn*.  
Merry-Go-Round: **Sal Ferrante**, *tfn*.  
Opera House: **Singleton Palmer**, *tfn*.  
Playboy Club: **Murray Jackman**, **Jimmy Williams**, *hbs*.  
Silver Dollar: **Muggsy Sprecher**, *tfn*.  
Sorrento's: **Tommy Strode**, Mon.-Wed. **Herb Drury**, Thurs.-Sat.  
Tiger's Den: **Sammy Gardner**, *tfn*.  
Upstream: **Gale Belle**, *wknds*.

## CLEVELAND

Brother's: **Joe Howard**, *wknds*.  
La Cave: name folk artists. **Hootenanny**, Tue.  
Cedar Gardens: **Marvin Cabell**, Thur.-Sun.  
Chateau: *unk*.  
Club 100: **Joe Alexander**, *tfn*. Sessions, Thur.  
Corner Tavern: **Ray Banks**, *tfn*.  
Esquire: **Charles Crosby-Eddie Bacaus**, *tfn*. Sessions, Sat.  
Faragher's: **New Wine Singers**, to 8/24. **Hootenanny**, Mon.  
Harvey's Hideaway: **George Peters**, *tfn*.  
Jazz Temple: name jazz groups.  
LaRue: *unk*.  
Little Herman's: *unk*.  
Lucky Bar: **Weasel Parker**, Thur.-Sun.  
Melba: **Jim Orlando**, *wknds*.  
Meibarnival: **George Shearing**, 9/1.  
The Office: **Ted Kelly-Sol Lucas**, *wknds*.  
The Pit: *unk*.  
Sahara Motel: **Buddy Griebel**, **Norman Knuth**, *tfn*.  
Siro's: **Bobby Brack**, *wknds*.  
Squeeze Room: **Bud Waffles**, Thur.-Sat.  
Tangiers: **Dave O'Rourke**, Mon.-Thur.-Sat.  
Theatrical: **Muggsy Spanier** to 8/17. **Nick Lucas**, 8/19-31. **Billy Butterfield**, 9/3-14. **Flamingos**, 9/16-21. **Roy Liberto**, 9/23-10/5.  
Tia Juana: *unk*.  
Virginian: **Adiss and Crofutt** to 8/25. **Jennifer Marshall**, 8/26-9/1. **Amanda Ambrose**, 9/2-15.

## CHICAGO

Algiers: **Three Boss Men**, Mon.-Wed.  
Black Lite: **Judy Roberts**, *tfn*.  
Bourbon Street: **Bob Scobey's Band**, *tfn*.  
Edgewater Beach Hotel: **Lurlean Hunter** to 8/18.  
Fickle Pickle: blues sessions, Mon., Tue.  
Fifth Jacks: sessions, Wed.  
Gaslight Club: **Frankie Ray**, *tfn*.  
Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**, *tfn*. **Dave Remington**, Thur.  
London House: **Oscar Peterson** to 8/25. **Dizzy Gillespie**, 8/27-9/15. **George Shearing**, 9/17-10/6. **Jose Bethancourt**, **Larry Novak**, *hbs*.  
McKie's: *unk*.  
Mister Kelly's: **Marty Rubenstein**, **John Frigo**, *hbs*.  
Pepper's: **Muddy Waters**, Wed., Fri.-Sun.  
Playboy: **Joe Iaco**, **Bob Davis**, **Harold Harris**, **Joe Parnello**, *hbs*.  
Silvio's: **Howling Wolf**, *wknds*.  
Sir Kenneth's: **Warren Kime-Sandy Mosse**, Wed.  
Sutherland: *unk*.  
Taj Mahal: *unk*.  
Velvet Swing: **Nappy Zottler**, *tfn*.

## MILWAUKEE

Boom Boom: **Diplomats**; *wknds*.  
Columns: **Seal Johnson**, *tfn*.  
Dimitri's: **Diplomats**, Wed., Thur.  
Driftwood: **Bob Knutzen**, Fri. **Les Czimber**, Sun.  
Doll House: **Jack Rice**, *wknds*.  
Holiday House: **Lou Lalli**, *tfn*.  
Layton Place: various groups, *tfn*.  
Mayfair: **Frank Vlasis**, Wed.-Sat.  
Ma's: various bands, *tfn*.  
Music Box: **Ivy Pitts**, *wknds*.  
Mr. Paul's: **Frank Vlasis**, Thur.-Sun.  
Polka Dot: **Bobby Burdette**, *wknds*.  
Russell's: **Sig Millonzi**, *tfn*.  
Stagecoach Inn: **Will Green**, *tfn*.  
Tina's: **Haddis Alexander**, *wknds*.  
Tunnel Inn: **Dick Ruedebusch**, *tfn*.

## LOS ANGELES

Barefoot Inn (Laguna): **Bob Russell**, **Eddy Elston**, Sat.  
Basin Street West: name groups, *wknds*.  
Beverly Cavern: **Ben Pollack**, Wed.-Sat.  
Black Bull (Woodland Hills): **Gus Bivona**, *tfn*.  
Blue Port Lounge: **Bill Beau**, *tfn*.  
Bourbon Street: Gospel artists, *tfn*.  
Caesar's (Torrance): **Bob Martin**; **Curtis Counce**.  
Cock of 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**, *wknds*.  
Grand Central Bowl (Glendale): **Astronuts**, Tue., Wed.-Thur.  
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**, *tfn*.  
Holiday Motor Lodge (Montclair): **Alton Purnell**, Tue.-Thur. **New Orleans Jazz Band**, Fri.-Sat.  
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: **Johnny Guarnieri**, *tfn*.  
Honeybucket (Costa Mesa): **Col. John Henderson**, Fri.-Sat.  
Impromptu Owl (Sierra Madre): **Chuck Gardner**, **Ric Bystrum**, Thur.-Sun.  
Intermission Room: **Curtis Amy**, *tfn*.  
Jester Room (Elaine Hotel): **Frank Patchen**, *tfn*.  
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): **Johnny Lane**, *tfn*.  
Lighthouse: **Howard Runsey**, *hb*.  
Losers: **Ruth Alay**, 10/8-29.  
Marineland Restaurant: **Red Nichols**, 8/22-10/3.  
Marty's: **William Green**, **Tony Bazely**, *tfn*.  
Metro Theater: afterhours sessions, Fri.-Sat.  
New Orleans Club (Long Beach): **Ray Bisso's Pier Five Jazz Band**, Sat.  
Nickelodeon (West Los Angeles): **Ted Shafer**, **Jelly Roll Jazz Band**, Thur.  
Mr. Adams: **Charles Kynard**, **Ray Crawford**, **Leroy Henderson**, *tfn*.  
Oyster House: **Hadda Brooks**, Fri.-Sat.  
Page Cavanaugh's: **Page Cavanaugh**, *hb*.  
PJ's: **Eddie Cano**, **Donna Lee**, **Jerry Wright**, **Trini Lopez**, *tfn*.  
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**, *tfn*.  
Roaring '20s (La Cinecra): **Pad Brown**, *tfn*.  
Rose Bowl (El Segundo): **Tommy Walker**, **Gene Leis**, Fri.-Sat.  
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): **Stuff Smith**, Tues.-Sun. **Smith-Rex Stewart**, Fri.-Sat.  
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis**, **Al McKibbin**, **Roy Ayers**, **Jack Wilson**, *tfn*.  
Reuben's (Newport): **Edgar Hayes**, Sun.-Mon.  
Reuben's (Tustin): **Edgar Hayes**, Tue., Wed., Sat. Scene: **Ronnie Brown**, *tfn*.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne**, **Ruth Price**, *wknds*. **Bill Perkins**, **Mon. Emil Richards**, Tue. **Teddy Edwards**, Wed. **Joe Pass-Bud Shank**, Thur.  
Sherry's: **Pete Jolly**, **Chuck Berghofer**, *tfn*.  
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**, *tfn*.  
South Pacific: **Victor Feldman**, *tfn*.  
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. afterhours sessions.  
Waikiki: **Gene Russell**, Mon.-Thur.  
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue**, *tfn*.



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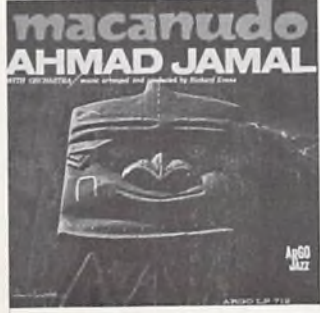
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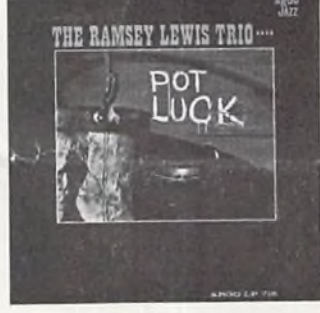
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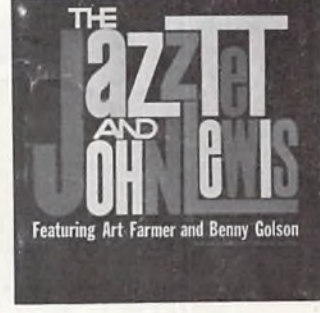
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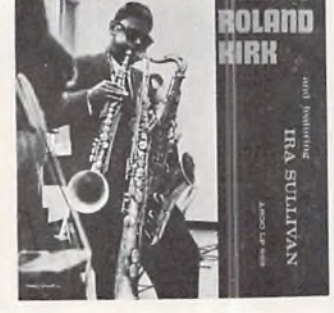
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