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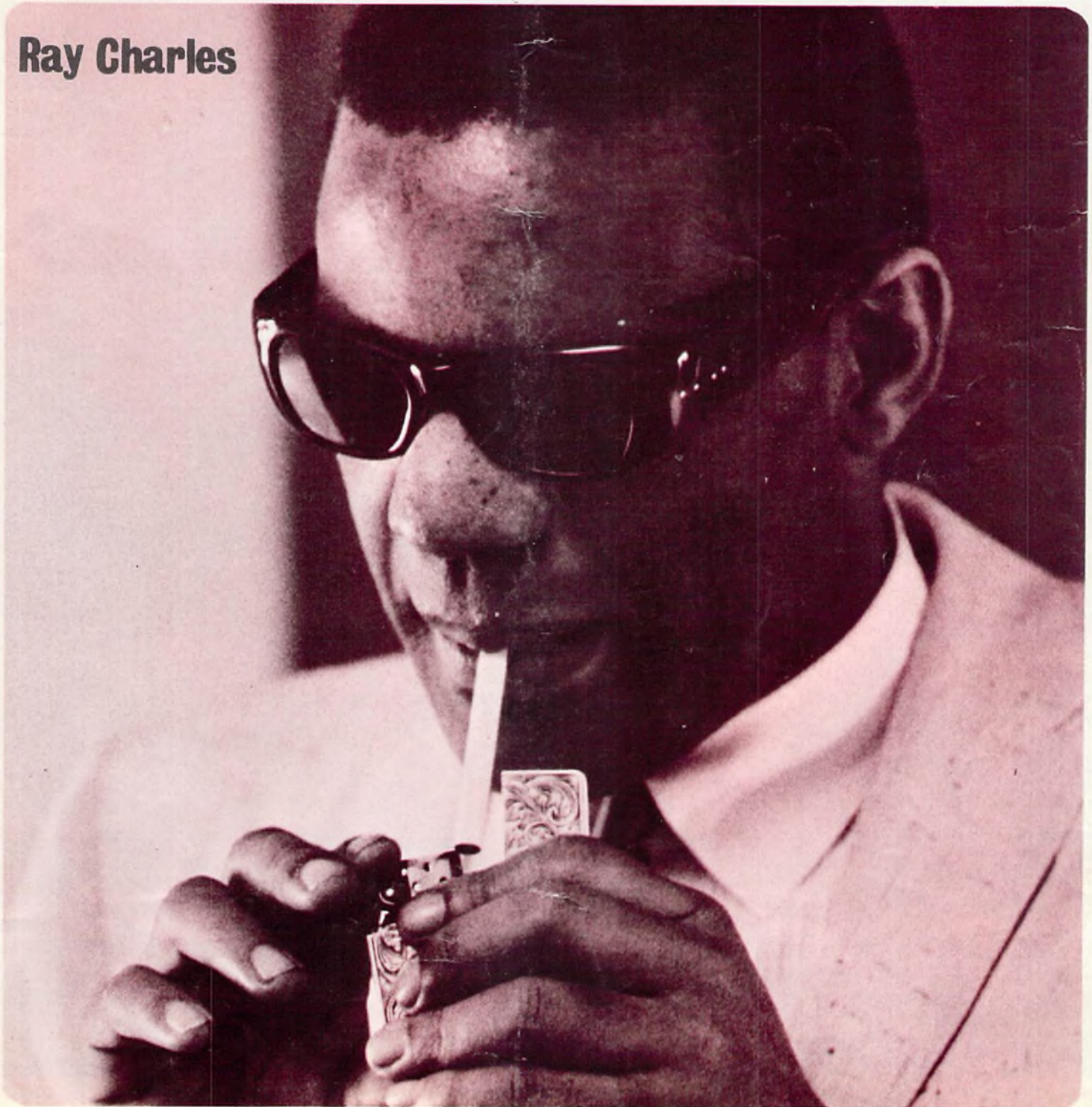
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Free Flow — A Conversation
With Ray Charles

Count Basie In Japan
— Benny Powell's Tour Diary

Ray Charles



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On Newsstands Throughout the World
Every Other Thursday

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Cover photograph by Ted Williams; design by Pete Welding.

THINGS TO COME: The Sept. 26 Down Beat, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, Sept. 12, will be the annual School Music Issue. Emphasis will be on musical activity at the college and secondary-school levels.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE: 205 West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill., Financial 6-7811. Paul Gelfman, Advertising Sales Manager. Don DeMicheal, Pete Welding, Editorial.

EAST COAST OFFICE: 1776 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y., Plaza 7-5111. Ronald E. Willman, Advertising Sales. Ira Gitler, Editorial.

WEST COAST OFFICE: 6269 Selma Blvd., Los Angeles 28, Calif., HOLLYWOOD 3-3268. John A. Tynan, Editorial.

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Address all circulation correspondence to Circulation Dept., 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.

Subscription rates are \$7 for one year, \$12 for two years, \$16 for three years, payable in advance. If you live in Canada or in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 50 cents to the prices listed above. If you live in any other foreign country, add \$1.50. If you move, let us know your new address (include your old one, too) in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies, and we can't send duplicates).

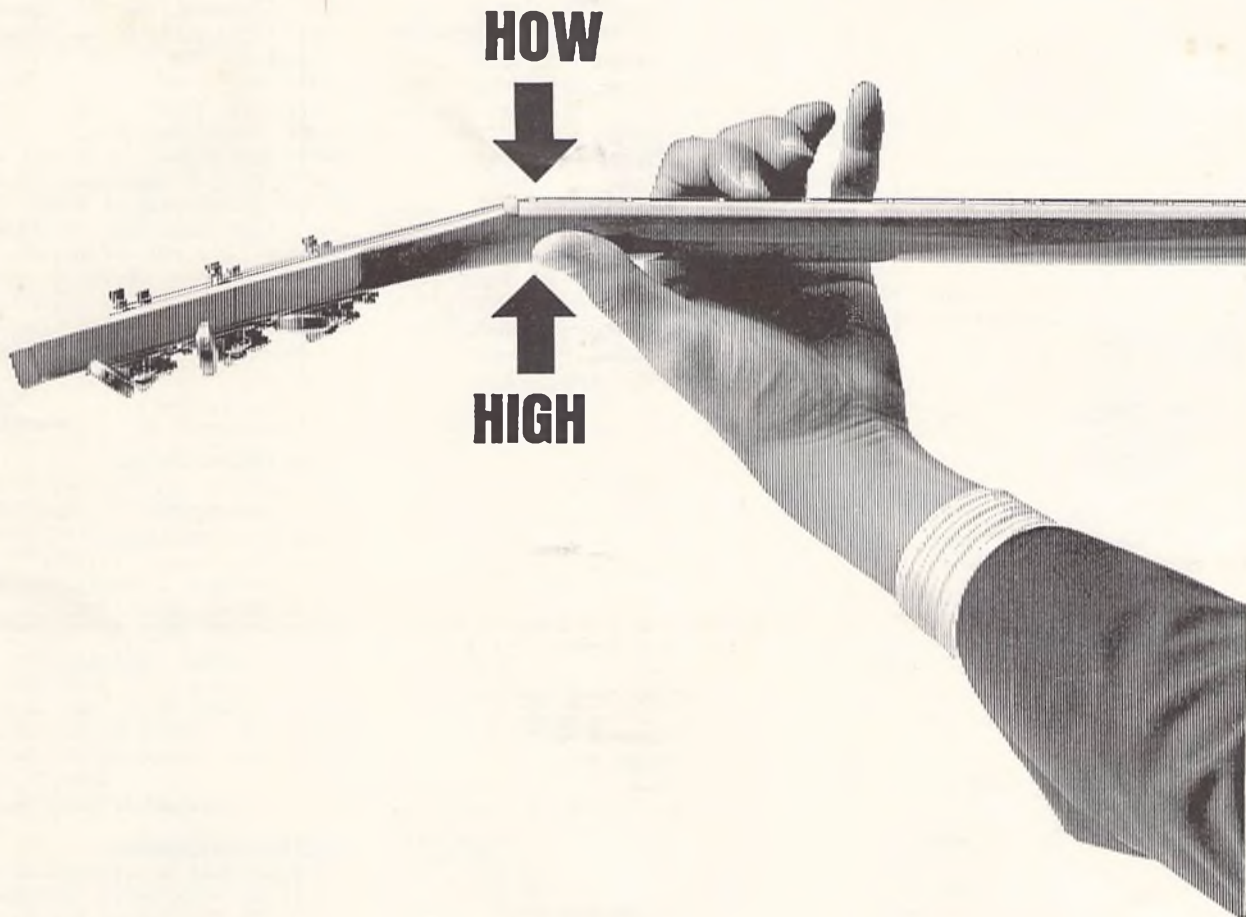
POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 265 W. Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT; MUSIC '63; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS; N.A.M.M. DAILY.



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education in jazz

—by Dave Brubeck

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taneity of their improvising, their understanding of melodic and harmonic principles is consistently in evidence.

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Dave Brubeck

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Happy Happenings

In a recent letter (*DB*, Aug. 1), reader Jack Reilly criticized the use of improvised happenings in jazz performances. He suggests that these performances have no "link with the past," and he says that "these so-called musicians are either putting us on or are downright ignorant of the meaning of art."

The first charge reflects only Mr. Reilly's failure to find a link. He did not look very hard. First, the happening is a legitimate and established art form which grew out of the "environment," which, in turn, was developed by painters. I know from experience that the happening can be as enjoyable and as moving as any jazz solo.

Secondly, there is long precedent for combining music with visual art. Who has not seen, for example, a movie with a good musical score? And the work of John Cage has set an example for combining happenings with musical events. His *Four Minutes and Thirty-Three Seconds* produced not a note of music but was definitely an artistic success.

Thirdly, Don Ellis himself has produced music in the past which was close in spirit to the happening (listen to *New Ideas*, New Jazz 8257). Thus he has a "link with the past" through his own music.

But most important is the fact that creativity has been the whole basis of the Western tradition of art. In choosing to expand his creativity, Mr. Ellis is simply fulfilling his duty as an artist. Mr. Reilly, who tells him not to be "ultracreative," is the one who is "ignorant of the meaning art."

I would like to add one thing: a short time ago, when Ornette Coleman was accused of "ignoring all the rules," Allan Kaprow, a developer of both the environment and the happening, told me that Ornette followed "too many rules." At the time I could not agree, but I have since come to the same conclusion. (I was, after all, a teenager at the time.) The point—and it applies to all of the "new" jazz—is that jazz which is beyond some listeners is perfectly acceptable to others.

Edward Strasser
Southold, N.Y.

Missing Poll Cats

Down Beat has long been the chief authority in the jazz scene. There is every indication that this trend will continue, judging from the extremely high quality of your publication.

One of the greatest services performed by *Down Beat* is the International Jazz Critics Poll. It serves to inform the public as to trends in jazz.

However, I tend to take exception to the 1963 poll. I could not help but note the omission of many gentlemen from the poll, especially Messrs. Ferguson, Jamal, and Brubeck.

Ferguson's excellent band was men-

tioned, but his talents as an individual were overlooked. He has opened new realms in the range of the trumpet.

Jamal, needless to say, is one of the leaders and most influential persons in modern jazz piano. Brubeck, regardless of his "commercialization," is a very excellent jazz pianist. As Roman Waschko said in the poll, explaining his vote for Brubeck in the Hall of Fame, "Brubeck . . . approached jazz' so-called wider audience." Was this overlooked?

I do, however, appreciate your poll. I feel that *Down Beat* is the finest music magazine today, but I feel an injustice has been done to Maynard, Ahmad, and Dave.

Nate Katz
Camden, N.J.

Drew Draws Praise

In this, my first letter to *Down Beat*, I am protesting the total disregard of the talents of pianist Kenny Drew in the "hip" International Jazz Critics Poll. Drew always has been a highly inventive and lyrical pianist, and his playing has more fire and depth than the majority of his more acclaimed contemporaries. He is also a composer of better-than-average skill. In short, he is one of the most underrated musicians in jazz and is deserving of more recognition by the experts.

James E. Thornton
Lackland Air Force Base, Texas

Organic Uniqueness

I believe that the organ should be taken out of the miscellaneous-instrument category in the International Jazz Critics Poll (*DB*, July 18) and be given a place of its own.

More and more, this instrument is being played and developed. More people—Jimmy Smith, Shirley Scott, Richard Holmes, Johnny (Hammond) Smith, and a host of others—are playing it now, and it should be listed as the outstanding jazz instrument it is. There is no reason why this instrument should be so discriminated against; it should be recognized as a unique instrument and given its own category.

James H. Walker
Washington, D.C.

The Way It Goes

Unbelievable! Joe Morello gaining no more than four votes in the critics poll. Words fail me.

Ed Seagraves
Toronto, Ontario

Setting the Record Straight

I note in your publication (*DB*, Aug. 1) that an editorial in the *Musicians Voice* stated that Local 147, Dallas, Texas, raised its dues to \$30 a year when the local's 2 percent tax was eliminated. It also stated that we lost half our membership due to this increase in dues. This statement is incorrect. Of more than 1,200

members in this local—with resignations and suspensions for nonpayment of dues—we lost only 120 members. This is a final and correct accounting, since our deadline on this payment was July 22.

I thought I would pass along this information to show you how some people jump to conclusions without first getting correct information.

Jack W. Russell
Secretary, Local 147
Dallas, Texas

Open Letter to LeRoi Jones:

This letter comes in response to your article *Jazz and the White Critic* (DB, Aug. 15). While it contained many interesting and valuable ideas, it also contained some questionable ones.

Your point that "the notes mean something... part of the black psyche" seems to say little. How can anyone accurately describe what the notes mean. Perhaps the musician can tell us what the notes mean to him, or maybe the critic or average listener can tell us what the notes mean to them, but are any of them wrong? Or for that matter are any of them right?

The reasons why bebop, the "new thing," or traditional jazz came into existence are not going to justify why they are good, bad, or somewhere in between. From your article I got the idea that because there are certain reasons why John Coltrane, for example, plays the way he does as opposed to Paul Desmond, we will then, with the knowledge of these reasons, come to appreciate Coltrane's music.

I strongly disagree. I believe that music has to be judged as music. By this I don't mean musicology (although this may help in some cases). I do mean by a great deal of listening. Philosophy, which you seem to be discussing—or perhaps it is group psychology—like musicology, can perhaps add to one's understanding, but it is strictly secondary to pure listening to the music.

Speaking strictly for myself, I have found (and I am sure I am not unique in this respect) that the most important thing is to find out the bias of the critic, be he white or Negro. For examples, I know you are a champion of the "new thing," that Stanley Dance is a mainstream man, that Michael James likes Jackie McLean, and that Martin Williams digs Giuffre, Monk, and the MJQ. These are just a few examples, but they help when reading articles or reviews. In fact, to paraphrase your ideas, I would say the attitudes of the critics are important to keep in mind when reading them. Or before you can really appreciate jazz criticism you have to know the likes and dislikes of the critic. Naturally if Stanley Dance says that the latest Jackie McLean record is terrible, I don't pay much attention to him. However, if the same Mr. Dance said a record by Dickie Wells was very poor, I would be more apt to value this judgment since he would be discussing something he likes and believes in.

With the huge number of jazz records being put on the market these days, the jazz critic has an increasingly important place, since it is impossible for the record

buyer to hear everything himself. He can use the critic as a guide. And articles on various aspects of jazz can stimulate him or increase his knowledge, but nothing can replace the ears of the jazz listener.

To conclude, I don't agree that the jazz criticism of today is as terrible as you and many others make it out to be. I feel the following named are just a few of those doing a good job. From *Jazz Monthly* in England: Michael James, Jack Cooke, Alun Morgan, Max Harrison, and Ronald Atkins. *Jazz* has Dan Morgenstern and Stanley Dance. *Down Beat* has Ira Gitler, Richard Hadlock, Harvey Pekar, Don DeMicheal, and Pete Welding. Others are Martin Williams, Nat Hentoff, Charles Fox, Joe Goldberg, and Andre Hodier.
Peter S. Friedman
Detroit, Mich.

More Thought, Please

LeRoi Jones' thoughtful piece (DB, Aug. 15) is an example of the kind of writing your journal needs more of, and what we readers need more of.

Bob Gold
New York City

Jones And Jazz' 'Attitude'

It pleases me that the critics of *Down Beat* are able to recognize the talent of such contemporary jazz musicians as Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, and Cecil Taylor—the men who are breaking the bonds of conformity and offering something new and exciting.

The contention held by the preponderance of jazz enthusiasts is that the music these musicians make is totally incomprehensible and noncommunicative. However, as was elucidated by LeRoi Jones in his essay *Jazz and the White Critic* (DB, Aug. 15), "jazz is an expression of an attitude." Consequently, before a jazz listener can condemn or commend a jazz artist and his work, the listener must understand the attitude.

As a Negro jazz enthusiast, I understand the message these young musicians are trying to convey. In like manner, I also feel and live the mood of the older jazz musicians. Having been oppressed by the social norms and mores of their society, the older Negro artists found outlet in either soulful, funky blues (to express himself) or a swinging blues (to forget himself and his lot).

On the other hand, the contemporary jazz artist represents in his music the current situation and role of the Negro in American society, one that has radically changed in the past few years. Since jazz is a representation of life, moods, and attitudes through music, one must not expect the jazz artist to pursue an abstract musical ideal wholly.

Benjamin F. Quillian Jr.
St. Louis, Mo.

Time It Was Said

LeRoi Jones' essay on jazz criticism was beautiful. He is so right! Many critics have known the points made by Jones and could have written the same thing anytime during the past years.

I am happy that Jones finally wrote what so many of us have known for so long.

Bob Thiele
New York City

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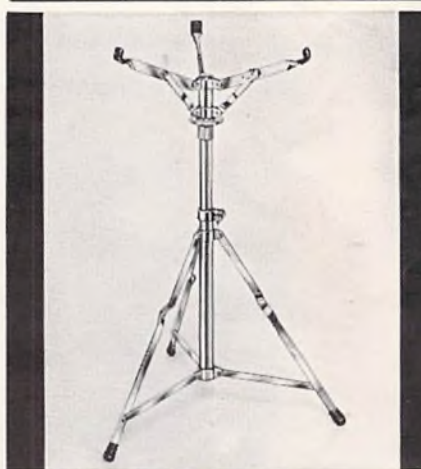
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NEW YORK

Overseas tours for jazz groups continue through the summer and into the fall. **Cannonball Adderley's** sextet returned in late July from a triumphal three-week journey through Japan. Appearing with the saxophonist's regular group (**Nat Adderley**, cornet; **Yusef Lateef**, reeds; **Joe Zawinul**, piano; **Sam Jones**, bass; **Louis Hayes**, drums) was vocalist **Toni Harper**.

Meanwhile, **Count Basie** and his orchestra left for a tour of Scandinavia (including Sweden's folk parks) on Aug. 1 and are now in Western Europe, where they will be until Sept. 6. From Sept. 7 to 29, their home will be Britain; Oct. 3-10 will find them in France. One familiar face was missing when the band left New York after its Freedomland engagement; trombonist **Benny Powell**, after almost 13 years with Basie, elected to set up residence in New York. His place was taken by **Bill Hughes**, a former Basie sideman. Powell, who did a single at Lennie's Turnpike in Peabody, Mass., the next to last week in August, intends to form his own trio with **Frances Gaddison**, former **Lionel Hampton** pianist, on organ.

Drummer **Arthur Taylor** leaves for Paris on Sept. 1 to play with pianist **Kenny Drew** for an indefinite period. Taylor played with bassist **Paul Chambers** and pianist **Red**



TAYLOR

Garland at the Village Gate for one of **Symphony Sid Torin's** and **Peter Long's** Monday night sessions. The same night, **Randy Weston's** 12-piece band made its second appearance at the Gate. The arrangements of Weston and **Melba Liston** were described as "neither African nor purely jazz but a unique hybrid." Weston said, "These compositions express my conviction that there is a living, vital relation between the blues-based music of America and authentic African music." African singer **Solomon Ilori**, who is studying music at Columbia University on a Rockefeller Foundation grant, sang with Weston. Also on the program were excerpts from *If We Grow Up*, "a musical revue about the problems of young people living in the nuclear age," composed by **Norman Curtis**.



WESTON

Machito and his 16-piece band played at the Gate the Monday prior to Weston. The other groups on that night were the **Metronome Singers** and an augmented group out of the **Horace Silver Quintet** made up of **Blue Mitchell**, trumpet; **Junior Cook**, tenor saxophone; **Gene Taylor**, bass. **Roy Brooks**, drums; **Sonny Red**, alto saxophone; and **Chick Corea**, piano . . . Guitarist **Sal Salvador**, who worked with his quartet and vocalist **Sheryl Easley** at the Prelude in late July, did a Gate Monday with his big band and Miss Easley in the middle of August.

The Gate's regular shows for August included one with flutist **Herbie Mann**, **Roland Kirk** (with **Harold Mabern**, piano; **Ahmed Abdul-Malik**, bass; and **Sonny Brown**, drums), and a new folk group, **Casey Anderson** and the **Realists**. They were followed by **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan** and **Cole-**

(Continued on page 43)

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September 12, 1963 / Vol. 30, No. 25



COUNCE
Principal in West Coast jazz

BASSIST CURTIS COUNCE DIES IN LOS ANGELES

Curtis Counce, one of the most prominent jazz bassists on the West Coast, died unexpectedly of a heart attack in Los Angeles July 31. He was 37 years old.

Though he had no known previous heart ailment, the bassist was stricken at home upon arising, family friends said. He had been out seeking work the night before. He died in an ambulance while being rushed to Los Angeles' Central Receiving Hospital.

Surviving are the widow, Mildred; 21-month-old daughter, Celeste; a brother; and his father.

One of the principal figures in the West Coast jazz movement of the mid-1950s, Counce was one of the few Negroes to become involved in what was predominantly a white musical development. A member of Shorty Rogers' Giants group circa 1954-55, he was featured on many jazz albums during that period and later.

Born in Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 23, 1926, Counce joined the Nat Towles Band in 1941 and remained until December, 1944.

He moved to Los Angeles, where he studied composition and recorded with Lyle (Spud) Murphy and worked with a variety of bands and groups, including those of Edgar Hayes, Benny Carter, Wardell Gray, Billy Eckstine, Bud Powell, and Buddy DeFranco.

In March, 1956, Counce joined the Stan Kenton Orchestra and toured Europe with Kenton that spring. The

following August he formed his own quintet consisting of the late Carl Perkins, piano; Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; and Frank Butler, drums. This group made several albums on the Contemporary label before disbanding. Most recently the bassist had been working around the Los Angeles area with his own trio.

TWO MORE JAZZMEN HEAD FOR EUROPE

Next month, if all goes well, the number of U.S. jazzmen living and working in Europe will increase by two — drummer Art Taylor and bassist Leroy Vinnegar. The two are set to leave Sept. 1 for an indefinite stay on the continent.

They will be the fourth and fifth members of an Americans-in-Europe Quintet that also boasts trumpeter Donald Byrd, tenor saxophonist Johnny Griffin, and pianist Kenny Drew as members. The five will be featured on a television program in Rome Sept. 16. Concerts by the quintet are being lined up, but no dates were set at presstime.

Before and after the television appearance, Drew, Vinnegar, and Taylor will play at the Blue Note in Paris, occasionally being joined by Griffin, as his playing schedule permits.

REPRISE MERGES WITH WARNER BROS.

One of the most significant mergers in the recent history of the phonograph recording industry has been effected with the recent pooling of Frank Sinatra's Reprise records and Warner Bros. records.

The merger, announced in Hollywood in a joint statement by Sinatra and the movie company, gives the new label one of the largest lists of recording artists in the world, combining Reprise's 62 with Warner's 28. Also assured by the agreement is a dominant position for the new company, to be known as Warner Bros. Records-Reprise Records Co., in the recording industry.

Effective in early September, the merger will result in no top-echelon changes at either Reprise or Warner's. John K. (Mike) Maitland will continue as president of Warner records, and Morris Ostin will remain in charge of Reprise, it was announced.

In a companion arrangement, it was also announced that Sinatra will assume duties at Warner Bros. movie studios as a production consultant on theatrical and television films. Actor-producer Jack Webb earlier this year was appointed head of Warner's TV filming.

By terms of the recording deal, it is believed that Sinatra will acquire a sizable bloc of Warner Bros stock. He will also take a post on the combined record company's board of directors.

TWO FAMOUS JAZZ CLUBS CLOSE THEIR DOORS

Two landmarks in jazz history were recorded last month, when two clubs—Nick's, the celebrated Dixieland temple in New York City's Greenwich Village, and San Francisco's "jazz corner of the West," the Black Hawk—passed from the scene.

After more than 27 years of continuous operation—which had seen such as Pee Wee Russell, Jack Teagarden, Muggsy Spanier, Eddie Condon, Bobby Hackett, Sidney Bechet, James P. Johnson, Willie (The Lion) Smith, Meade Lux Lewis, Joe Sullivan, Wild Bill Davison, Bud Freeman, and countless other partisans of traditional jazz hold forth on its bandstand — Nick's quietly shuttered its doors because of a lost lease.

Very few knew of the closing of the Dixieland mecca; only a week before the closing, a handful of musicians, having heard of the club's rumored demise, had gathered at the club to celebrate a premature 28th anniversary.

Mrs. Nick Rongetti, widow of the club's colorful founder, had run the club since 1946, when her husband died.

It is reported that the club may be taken over by a new owner shortly.

At the opposite end of the country the Black Hawk's passing saddened many, for a significant slice of jazz history is contained in its 13 year history. Many of the leading proponents of more modern jazz — among them Charlie Parker, Art Tatum, Vido Musso, Vernon Alley, Charlie Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Ahmad Jamal, and Shelly Manne — had appeared on the club's marquee through the years.

Miles Davis played there while he was scuffling for gigs in the early '50s and in later years when he had become an international star. Gerry Mulligan's first quartet made its initial appearance outside Los Angeles at the Hawk. The Modern Jazz Quartet, with Kenny Clarke on drums, got its first West Coast break at the club. Oscar Peterson, Horace Silver, Teddy Wilson, Billy Taylor, Marian McPartland, Andre Previn, George Shearing, Allyn Ferguson's Chamber Jazz Sextet, poets Kenneth Patchen and Kenneth Rexroth, Dinah Washington, Billie Holiday, Anita O'Day, Mary Ann McCall . . . the list could go on and on.

The first jazz group to play the Black Hawk was the Dave Brubeck Trio.

By a quirk of circumstance, it was the combo led by Cal Tjader—a member of the Brubeck trio—that played the final date at the Black Hawk. It was a nostalgia-charged night, particularly for partner Guido Cacianti, who, with his friend Johnny Noga, founded the club (*DB*, July 4), and his wife

Elynore, long-time Black Hawk cashier-receptionist. The Caciantis now are seeking a spot in which to start a club of their own.

So are brothers George and Max Weiss, who bought Noga's interest in the Black Hawk several years ago. The name Black Hawk will go to the partner who makes the highest bid. The old club's quarters—including a section reserved for teenagers that Mayor George Christopher attempted unsuccessfully to close down—is expected to be operated as a nonmusical barroom.

ORCHESTRA LEADERS TAKE ANOTHER WHACK AT AFM

The orchestra leaders continued their assault on the bastions of the American Federation of Musicians.

In a five-page letter, sent to all AFM local officers and titled Facts Which AFM Local Officers and Other Members Should Consider against the Background of the Recent Convention, the Orchestra Leaders of Greater New York gave an account of the history of court actions resulting in the repeal of the 10 percent traveling surcharge paid by leaders to locals in whose jurisdiction they play.

The letter called the AFM convention action increasing the per capita tax an "illegal" step.

"But they took no action," the leaders continued, "on (a) the illegal local taxes still imposed on orchestra-leader-employers; (b) the union's unlawful refusal to bargain with employers; and (c) the union's violations of federal antitrust laws. These illegalities they did not scrap."

"All that we were and are asking," said the leaders, "is that we be given a fair opportunity to exercise our legal rights as employers and to meet across the table with union negotiators to work out arrangements which are fair to the union, to union members, to employers, and to the public involved."

If the union does not decide to sit down and bargain with the orchestra leaders—whose association is affiliated with similar ones in Bethlehem and Philadelphia, Pa.; New Haven, Conn.; Boston, Mass.; Metropolis, Ill.; and Orangeburg, S.C.—two new court actions are being planned by the leaders. One will "challenge the legality of the convention proceedings"; the second will "challenge, on behalf of sidemen, the collection of Local 802 taxes directly from sidemen without amendment of the present by-laws (which require that such taxes be collected by orchestra-leader-employers)."

Down Beat sought the views of AFM president Herman Kenin concerning the leaders' letter, but he was unavailable for comment.

Orchestra leader board member

Charles Peterson was talking, however. He said:

"Why do not orchestra leaders throughout the country get the same TV exposure as folk singers, guitar pickers, and rock-and-roll units? These no-talents, who get their cards overnight, many without examinations, cannot really be called musicians. They use capos [the capo de astro is a device placed on guitar or banjo strings and moved to change key without the player having to alter his fingering], which sell for 50 cents to \$1. Silver & Horland, music dealers on Park Row [in New York City] told me they sold 100 of these last month.

"The TV exposure of this latter type of musician results in sales of records amounting to millions.

"Each time orchestra leaders try to get the union to permit them to telecast from a ballroom, night club, or social event, the union would impose penalties such as commercial rates. How is it possible to bring back live music when your own union prohibits this exposure?"

REUNIONS HIGHLIGHT MONTEREY FESTIVAL

A brisk advance ticket sale, a provocative program, and the return of John Lewis as music director augured well for the sixth annual Monterey, Calif., Jazz Festival Sept. 20-22.

Scheduled highlights included a reunion of brothers Jack (trombone) and Charlie (trumpet) Teagarden, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell and pianist Joe Sullivan; guitarist Laurindo Almeida playing with the Modern Jazz Quartet and with Gerald Wilson's Festival Orchestra—which itself will do a program of new music arranged by Lewis; a reunion between trumpeter Lu Watters and trombonist Turk Murphy with a re-creation in large part of the Yerba Buena Jazz Band; a guest appearance by Thelonious Monk with the Festival Orchestra, and the first appearance of a female emcee—Carmen McRae. General manager Jimmy Lyons, Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan, and Mel Torme will emcee other programs.

This year's festival will be staged in the new 7,100-seat concrete arena on the county fairgrounds. For the first time, too, no one will be permitted to enter the ground unless he has a ticket for the arena. While this ruling will deny hundreds of persons the opportunity of listening to the music while lolling on the tree-shaded grassy terrain outside the arena, it also will bar the unruly hundreds who created some tense moments at last year's festival.

The festival program, as of press-time, was:

Friday night—Modern Jazz Quartet;

Jack Teagarden with Russell, Gerry Mulligan, Charlie Teagarden, and others; Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan; Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers; Jimmy Witherspoon; Gerald Wilson's Festival Orchestra.

Saturday afternoon—Muddy Waters and blues band; Lu Watters, Murphy, and the Yerba Buena Jazz Band; Sullivan, J. Teagarden, Russell, Mulligan, and the swing band; the Festival Orchestra.

Saturday night—Mulligan quartet; Monk quartet; Torme; Festival Orchestra with guests.

Sunday afternoon—John Lewis presents "new music" with the Festival Orchestra; Almeida, alone and with the MJQ; Monk with the Festival Orchestra; Mulligan and guests; the Drums of Ghana.

Sunday night—Dave Brubeck Quartet; Dizzy Gillespie Quintet; Harry James Orchestra; Carmen McRae.

FREE JAZZ CONCERT DRAWS BIG CROWD IN LOUISVILLE

It was a good day for jazz in Louisville, Ky., early this month when most of that city's leading jazzmen staged an evolution-of-jazz concert in a public park. Traffic was jammed for almost a mile approaching the site, and police had a field day ticketing cars left by concertgoers in no-parking zones.

But all was delight as an estimated 5,000-6,000 persons listened to the three-hour concert sponsored by AFM Local 11 with money from its portion of the recording trust funds. It was the first time that such a concert—and such sponsorship—was given in Louisville.

The concert was divided into four parts—traditional, swing, bebop, and "free." Tenor saxophonist Everett Hoffman Jr. organized the event, which received the endorsement of Louisville Mayor William O. Cowger. Pianist-composer Don Murray served as narrator.

One out-of-town guest was featured—former - trombonist - now - cellist Dave Baker of Indianapolis, Ind. Murray and Baker, a colleague of composer George Russell, contributed new compositions to the proceedings.

In addition to Hoffman, Murray, and Baker, participating musicians, in various groupings, included Gary Stonecipher, Alan Reeve, trumpets; Tommy Walker, trombone; Dave Klingman, Jamey Aebersold, Tommy Purvis, reeds; Alan Reeve, Benny Holton, Ron Burton, piano; Gene Klingman, Jack Brengle, Irvin Oden, bass; Tommy McCullough, Ted Rueckert, Keith Marugg, Danny Simms, drums; and the Rev. Cliff Butler, vocals.

All participating musicians contributed their checks for the concert to a fund to be used for similar concerts in Louisville.

Count Basie In Japan

Before the Count Basie Orchestra left for its recent tour of Japan, Benny Powell, trombonist in the band, agreed to keep a diary of the trip for publication in *Down Beat*.

The band flew to Honolulu, Hawaii, from Los Angeles on May 23. While in Honolulu, the band played concerts and a dance, and according to Powell, the members sight-saw the area and played at sessions (one with members of Lionel Hampton's band, which also was in Honolulu).

The time loss sustained in the flight to Honolulu was not without its amusing points. Powell recalled that one day had 27 hours in it and when someone asked Odell Evans, who takes care of the Basie band's equipment, what time it was, he said, "I don't know, man! It seems my watch had 4 o'clock seven different times today."

The personnel of the band during the tour was Don Rader, Fip Ricard, Sonny Cohn, Al Aarons, trumpets; Henry Coker, Grover Mitchell, Powell, trombones; Marshall Royal, Frank Wess, Eric Dixon, Frank Foster, Charlie Fowlkes, reeds; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Buddy Catlett, bass; Sonny Payne, drums; Jimmy Witherspoon, vocals.

Powell's diary begins with the flight from Honolulu to Tokyo.

Benny Powell's Tour Diary

May 25

Left Honolulu by air in morning. Told by purser to set watch from 12:37 p.m. Saturday to 7:37 a.m. Sunday. Odell Evans said, "Damn! I give up—four o'clock has caught up with me and passed me now!"

May 26

Arrived in Tokyo at 3:45 p.m. We were greeted at the airport by representatives of a Japanese television station and a group of Japanese girls, dressed in kimonos, carrying bouquets of flowers for each member of the band. We formed double lines, facing each other, and at a signal each girl advanced to each member of the band and presented the flowers. This was a beautiful gesture, and I am sure every member of the band was touched emotionally.

We were then led to a room for a television interview. The interview was with Basie predominantly, with Jimmy Witherspoon, and with a few other members of the band.

Somehow, in advance, a press release had advised the interviewer that the band was very much interested in baseball, and a game was tentatively arranged between the band and some Japanese musicians. It was to be a fun game. It never came off, but it would have been if it had.

After the interview, we were taken to our hotels. I was dead, so I decided I would take Tokyo refreshed in the morning.

May 27

The day began at 1:30 p.m. with

a press conference at a club called the Golden Akasaka. On hand were Basie, Marshall Royal, Sonny Payne, Freddie Green, Al Gaines, and myself. At 3 p.m. a welcome banquet was held for the band. A fine orchestra called the Blue Coats played. Each member of the Basie band was introduced and presented to the press from the stage.

4 p.m. Back to the hotel for dinner. Our concert began at the Kosei Nenkin Hall at 6 p.m. Everyone was well received. Jimmy Witherspoon particularly made a strong impression. After the concert, I was shown around town and was the guest of a tenor saxophonist, Jillo, who I understand is Japan's John Coltrane.

May 28

The day was uneventful. The only thing I really remember was a Jap-



Diarrist Powell

anese fan coming up to me and asking me if I knew "Challie Louse," referring to Charlie Rouse, who had left on Monday morning, the day after we arrived, with Thelonious Monk's group. Incidentally, members of the package preceding us—Monk's quartet and Jimmy Rushing, accompanied by George Wein—all received favorable comments concerning their concerts.

May 29

3 p.m. It was arranged for a small contingent to visit the Nippon Theater to see a Japanese woman performer, Chiemi Eri, who turned out to be a combination of a contemporary Marlene Dietrich and a minor Sammy Davis Jr. By that I mean she did a number of things well. She is predominantly a pop singer but could very well be a jazz singer if she desired. Every so often, traces of Ella Fitzgerald would come through, and I later found out that the reason for this was partly because she was coached by Carl Jones of Delta Rhythm Boys fame, plus the fact that she likes jazz very much.

The theater show was very much like Palace Theater vaudeville in New York City except that the show was composed of approximately 20 dancers and two big bands, one in the pit and one on stage. The one performing on stage as part of the show is now the most popular big band in Japan, the Sharps and Flats, led by Nobuo Hara.

Chiemi Eri, for the most part, did Western types of tunes, tunes in

English, but there was one segment in which she did Japanese folk tunes, with the band playing a jazz background. The Sharps and Flats did an original arrangement of *One O'Clock Jump*, a tribute to Basie who was, for the most part, the guest. The soloists were imitative, and it was kind of intriguing to me to hear the trombone solo sound very much like mine.

At 6 p.m. we played another concert. Afterwards, the band was invited to the Golden Dice night club, which I never found. All the taxis were to go to a prescribed corner, and someone was to come to direct us from this corner through little alleys to this club.

Jimmy Witherspoon and I waited on this corner for a reasonable time and finally gave up, since no one came for us. This was to be a dinner party, and after waiting, Jimmy's appetite got the best of him, and he ended up buying a bag of sweet potatoes from a street peddler. Boy, I'll tell you, you can't beat soul!

May 30

8 a.m. We left the hotel for the train to Nagoya. It was kind of a rainy day, but it was interesting,

very well; and a Japanese guitarist, who would have played well but was too nervous.

May 31

11 a.m. We left by train to go to Kyoto and arrived at 1 p.m. Frank Wess and I walked around for about an hour, window shopping. I returned to the hotel and decided to take a nap at 2:30 p.m. At about 3:30, I was awakened by the sound of whistling and what I thought was a parade. I got up to see what it was, and looking into the street. I saw long lines of snake-dancing demonstrators, who I later found out were demonstrating for a labor movement. A month prior to going to Japan, I had seen the movie, *The Ugly American*, in which anti-American demonstrations were depicted, and this Kyoto demonstration looked exactly like them to me. Not being able to read the banners, which were written in Japanese characters, and remembering this anti-American demonstration in the movie, I went back into my room and sort of peeked through the blinds of my window. That evening, we played our concert, and it was sort of reassuring that nothing



Witherspoon

Foster



The Basie band onstage at the Kosei Nenkin Hall

nevertheless, to see the Japanese countryside, the rice paddies, with people tending them, billboards in Japanese, etc.

We arrived in Nagoya at 1:30 p.m. The concert was at 6:30 p.m. at Nagoya city hall. Again the band was very well received. The concert hall was packed. After the concert, we went to a jam session at a coffee house run by an avid jazz fan and a friend of Frank Foster from his Army days, named Cuno. Sonny Payne played drums; Frank Foster played saxophone and alternated with Frank Wess at piano; Buddy Catlett, bass; Eric Dixon, saxophone; a young Japanese drummer, whose name I don't recall, who played

eventful happened.

June 1

We left Kyoto by car for Osaka. It was an hour's drive, and again I got a chance to see a bit of the Japanese everyday life. We played a matinee at 3 p.m., which was packed to the rafters. We played a concert at 6:30 p.m., and it was similarly packed.

After the concert, we were invited to the Arrow Club, where I got a chance to hear some very creative musicians. They were in the Freshmen's Group, composed of Inamih, trumpet; the leader Furuyo, alto saxophone; Okumura, piano; Tom Narahara, drums. This group had a very good, loose feel. It was

sort of reminiscent of Dizzy Gillespie's current group because it had the same instrumentation and also because it had a very strong swinging feeling.

June 2

We left Osaka at 10 a.m. and arrived back in Tokyo at noon.

Since this was a day off, Frank Wess and I went to a Chinese restaurant, where we learned to use chopsticks. There were no forks or knives on the table, and rather than seem like a tourist, I decided to fight the chopsticks, and really found out that necessity is the mother of invention, because after about 10 minutes, I was really wailing chopsticks.

That night, there was a jam session at the Diamond Hotel with a few members of Basie's band, accompanied by the Yoshio Kojima combo.

June 3

We played a concert at the Kosei Nenkin Hall. After the show, we were invited again to the Golden Dice night club. This time we played it safe and waited for somebody who knew exactly where we were going, because who needs Japanese sweet potatoes twice in one week?

The Golden Dice is sort of the poor man's Latin Quarter with a floor show. The star of the show was Bobby Williams, a Negro singer from Los Angeles who moved to

Japan within the last three years and who is becoming a star in his own right. He does Japanese popular tunes, authentically, in their language, yet with a bit of Apollo Theater showmanship.

June 4

I had an interview with an American foreign correspondent, who is also a jazz fan, named Stuart Griffin. This was an interview for the English-language newspaper in Tokyo.

We played a concert at the Kosei Nenkin, after which I was asked by Frank Foster to visit a jazz coffee house with him. There are coffee shops in Tokyo that play jazz albums exclusively. One of these is Mama's Coffee Shop. This place is owned and run by a woman called Mama and her husband. Although they spoke no English and used an interpreter, they were such lovely people, their loveliness communicated without any difficulty. Foster, being the fine person he is, was almost adopted by these people.

June 5

I spent the day shopping with Don Rader and Charlie Mariano, who is living in Tokyo with his wife, Toshiko. I understand they are in the process of opening a jazz club in Tokyo, which I think is badly needed. They are about the most logical people to do this, having as much experience in the business as they have, as well as being universally respected people.

We shopped in an area called Akihabara, which is a discount-electronics area, and the prices were so fantastically low that Rader



At Mama's Coffee Shop: Foster, second from left, Mama, center

wanted to buy one of everything, but settled for one of just a few things.

June 6

3 p.m. There was a rehearsal at the Golden Hakisaka. I think Basie held it so that we would be familiar with the acoustics in the place. We did two arrangements written by a Japanese arranger named Eichi Fujii and one arrangement by Rader. The Golden Hakisaka is a very expensive supper club, much like the Waldorf-Astoria.

That night we played two shows. Preceding us, there was a set played by that very good big band, the Blue Coats. They played a Las Vegas type of revue with seminude showgirls.

June 7

Two more evening shows at the Golden Hakisaka.

June 8

Our last day, noon. There was a rehearsal held for the closing show, which turned out to be exceptional. The show opened at 3 p.m. with two big bands on stage, Basie's to the right and the Sharps and Flats to the left. The Sharps and Flats opened with an original tune, dedicated to Basie. Jimmy Witherspoon then sang with the Sharps and Flats, doing *Pink Champagne* and two tunes from his own book. They both gave excellent performances.

Next, Basie played a Quincy Jones original, *Magpie*. He was then joined by Chiemi Eri, who did *Our Love Is Here to Stay*, and *Carry Over*. She also did an excellent job. After that, both bands played *One O'Clock Jump*, alternating solos and ensemble choruses. This broke up the house.

This same concert was presented again at 7 p.m. At the end of the second and final concert for the Japanese tour, they practically buried Basie with bouquets of flowers. Applause went on for about five minutes. It was very interesting to note that Basie could hardly make a wrong move on stage. At the appropriate time he presented one of the bouquets to the Japanese bandleader, which was, under the circumstances, one of the hippest things he could have done.

June 10

4 p.m. Freddie Green, Sonny Payne, and I had dinner with Stuart Giffin, my correspondent friend. We relaxed to records by one of his favorites, Jimmy Rushing.

We left Tokyo at 11 p.m., and it was with a sad feeling that I left because I had met so many beautiful people, and they had been so kind to me, it made me almost not want to leave. Or just as good, made me want to return as soon as possible.

Moment of intensity: pianist Basie, bassist Catlett



INSIDE THE *Half Note*

An affectionate portrait of
a unique New York jazz club/
By DON NELSEN

A FREQUENT DAYDREAM of mine concerns an underground of musicians whose mission it is to terrorize night-club owners, agents, managers, a&r men, and selected officials of the American Federation of Musicians. Naturally, this being my dream, critics would be exempt from harassment—and so would three New York City gentlemen named Frank, Sonny, and Mike Canterino.

Frank and his two sons would escape the rope because, though members of the club-owning class, they have proved themselves loyal to the jazz proletariat. This is why they are probably the only owners in existence who receive birthday presents from musicians and customers and why one well-known group actually refused a raise they offered.

Such events must be unique in the history of night spots and indicate why the Half Note, perhaps the only family-operated jazz club in the country, has become, in seven years, the favorite hangout of many New York City musicians, writers, accountants, bridge workers, and other sound addicts who comprise its nightly auditory. What brings these persons back is a combination of comfortable physical surroundings and an atmosphere that reflects the personality of the Canterinos.

The Half Note, 291 Hudson St., is part of a corner building located amid

a jumble of disreputable waterfront warehouses and trucking firms. For months even New York cabdrivers couldn't find it, which added to its financial strain in the early days.

It is a two-room club split by a bandstand above the bar and decorated with album covers and modern wood impressions of instruments rampant on a field of green paint. Everything in the rooms from the bandstand to the raised mezzanine came into being under the hammers of Sonny and Mike.

Unlike most owners, whose attitude toward their clubs reminds one of a man who married a woman for her money, the Canterinos act as if they really enjoy what they are doing. Lenie Tristano, who for years refused all offers to play clubs because of his distaste for owners, has said:

"The Half Note is the most comfortable place I ever worked in. Everybody is cool. Neither Sonny, Mike, nor Frank have ever told me what to do or how to do it. They are the only clubowners I know who haven't ended by hating musicians. They are friendly, groovy people who pay a musician a good wage despite the fact that they don't have the resources of other owners who pay less. They share a bigger percentage of their profit with the musicians. I never heard anyone who has worked for them say a bad word about them."

Tristano's salute is delivered with strong personal feeling.

In 1958 the pianist was a legendary musician who stayed home and taught rather than play in clubs or for owners he despised. He had no reason to

think any differently of Sonny and Mike Canterino when they came to visit him that summer after preliminary soundings on their behalf by Tristano's friends. Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh. Both had played the Note and knew Tristano would like it.

But Sonny and Mike didn't want to rush things. They wanted Tristano to play their club, but, in view of the pianist's attitude, they trod softly. They made their visits social rather than business occasions and plied him with Canterino pasta brought directly from the Half Note kitchen. Finally they got him to come down in the afternoons to get the feel of the place. Then he tried the piano.

"No good," he said.

"But it's a Steinway," they replied.

"Too stiff," he said.

"We'll buy another," they declared.

"Will you pick it out?"

He did: a \$2,000 Bechstein. Sonny and Mike wondered where they were going to get the cash, but they signed the bill. That August, Tristano opened with his own group after a four-year self-imposed exile from the scene. He's never been sorry, he says, and sees no reason to change his original estimate of the Canterinos.

"They haven't changed a bit in five years," he said. "They are still the best. Even after all this time they will drive me home at 4 a.m. if I need a lift."

Tristano was, incidentally, unwittingly responsible for an addition to the Canterino menage. For a time he taught voice to a girl named Judi Derwin, who dropped by the Note to hear him. She dropped by often and now is Mrs. Mike Canterino.

Left to right: Frank Canterino, frequent visitor-performer Al Cohn; Frank's daughter Rosemary Drexel; Al the Waiter, Sonny Canterino, Annie Drexel

PHOTOS/DON SCHLITEN



The Half Note operation is a family affair. The padrone of the clan is Frank, whose age of 57 roughly parallels his waist size. He couldn't buy a better advertisement than himself for his food, which he prepares and cooks himself in a small kitchen in back of one of the Note's two rooms. Tristano said of him:

"To me he is the main influence on the club's personality and a man of great friendliness and compassion. Frank is wise and intelligent enough to let the boys run the club, but he is still always there in the background, his personality dominating the atmosphere. If a musician walks in hungry, Frank will give him a meal. He's a fine man."

This writer has personal knowledge of Frank's kindness. I walked into the Half Note one night after a three-week bout with spastic colitis. Frank saw me from the kitchen, walked out, and, upon learning of the illness, sat down for a half-hour and gave me fatherly advice on what and what not to eat and why. For a short time thereafter, Frank kept the sauce off my meatballs for fear it might foment rebellion in the lower pipes. Lest it be thought that this treatment is reserved for musicians, writers, or others who may be in a position to help the Canterinos, it should be stated that Half Note habitués can name other people who have received meals and even loans from the Canterinos when the only thing the latter could expect in return was thanks.

The musical policy lies solely in the hands of Sonny and Mike. Their procedure is simple: mostly they hire musicians they themselves like to hear.

Perhaps the most popular group is the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn Quintet, which invades the Note an average of 14 weeks a year and is always the attraction on Christmas and New Year's. Other steadies include Tristano, Bob Brookmeyer - Clark Terry, and Art Farmer-Jim Hall. The rest of the year is taken up by such as Phil Woods, Toshiko and Charlie Mariano, and Al Grey-Billy Mitchell.

A glance at these bookings prove that the brothers paddle firmly in the mainstream with a glance or two in the direction of the horizon.

IT WAS Sonny and Mike who started the current business. Before 1956 the Note was just plain old Frank and Jean's, an Italian pizzeria and a saloon where Frank and his wife Jean turned out pasta for the waterfront trade. The elder Canterinos would have continued in this manner, but Mike left for the Navy that year and, when he came home, began filling Sonny's brain with strange ideas.

Music on weekends? Sonny was game. Surprisingly, Frank said okay. But Jean had her doubts.

"After all," Frank said, "the boys had to have a chance to start something of their own. I didn't know what was going to turn up, but I let them try."

What turned up seemed to confirm his wife's doubts. Mike, thinking to cash in on an up-and-coming craze, opened the place on Saturday nights to the rock-and-roll community. It lasted five weeks. Of this, Sonny says with admirable candor:

"The music was awful, and so were the customers it brought in."

Mike, abashed, fled to Florida, where he worked as a bartender while devising new schemes. It was finally Dwiki Mitchell of the Mitchell-Ruff Duo who brought the coals of creation in Mike's breast to flame. Jazz, said Mitchell optimistically, is the answer to your perplexities. Mike, ever enthusiastic, left for New York ready to renew the battle.

He found Sonny once again agreeable. This wasn't strange. Both had enjoyed jazz since their teens. Frank was cautious but favorable. Jean shook her head, indicating that they were a bunch of loonies. Besides, she said, "music at night will hurt the day business."

Mike and Sonny quickly pointed out that the day business was getting pretty bad, anyway.

"Some of the old buildings were being torn down, and cafeterias were opening which took a lot of our business," Sonny said. "Our night business was completely dead, so Mike and I figured we'd try to build it up."

Mrs. Canterino, dismayed, retreated to the kitchen. Mike and Sonny went to work.

First, they borrowed money to enlarge and decorate. They broke through the wall to an abandoned plumbing shop next door for a second room and did all the painting, wiring, and plastering themselves. Dwiki Mitchell, who was to have opened the club but who



Sonny Canterino

had to withdraw at the last moment, helped them hang up the wooden instrument cutouts, which had been designed by a friend of his.

Meanwhile, the brothers made nightly sorties uptown, tagging cars (including Mayor Robert Wagner's) with announcements of the club's debut. When Randy Weston sat down at the keyboard in September, 1957, Sonny, in what must have seemed to the patrons a remarkable display of insouciance, was just finishing the plaster work on one of the walls. Since then, a proper bandstand and a raised mezzanine in the barroom have arisen under the Canterino hands.

Sonny and Mike may be the hardest members of the family, but sister Rosemary is by far the prettiest. A shapely and attractive woman of 23, she checks coats on weekends while her husband, Arnie, helps behind the bar. She also does some of the club's booking. Jean has long since left the kitchen entirely to Frank. He and the boys sent her into honorable retirement a couple of years ago.

All these, of course, are "family." But there are three outsiders who account for much of the club's personality. They are Al the Waiter, Frank Chich (pronounced Checch) DiPierro, and Richard (Big Dick) Dougherty.

Al is a veteran of countless Jewish delicatessens, but somehow he convinced the Canterinos he could pass for Italian. Few patrons detected his imposture. He is truly a phenomenon. He feeds all the patrons at the Note's 33 tables on weeknights and rarely gets a beef on his service.

His most renowned accomplishment, however, often startles the customers: slip a cigaret from the pack and Al materializes with flaming match, broadcasting his standard phrase: "Sorry you had to wait, sir" (or "young lady").

DiPierro appears in dark glasses as often as not. He is thin, dark-haired, sinisterly handsome. He is a Saturday
(Continued on page 37)

FREE FLOW

A Conversation With Ray Charles/By Leonard Feather

The following conversation took place at Ray Charles' home in Los Angeles.

Charles: . . . I met Quincy Jones in Seattle. We were kids together . . . liked each other when we met and have been close ever since. He wasn't writing when we met—in fact, I more or less started him off to write; voicing, harmony, and stuff like that. He'd come to my home, and we'd sit down at the piano; I'd show him how to voice chords to make them sound big; harmony in its raw sense, because I'm far from being a teacher. He seemed so interested I was happy to do it for him.

I do very little writing for the band now. I don't know about other writers, but for myself, to write I must be relatively quiet—it's very difficult to write with the telephone and the doorbell ringing and conversation going on; I'm not that good a writer to write through all that!

Feather: You sure were working hard when I saw you at that Percy Mayfield record date, dictating an arrangement.

Charles: Yeah, well, I believe in trying to get things as close to perfect as possible. I don't believe in excuses to start with; through a certain amount of practice you should be able to get things done without having to apologize.

Feather: Very interesting to see Louis Jordan and Mayfield on the Tangerine record label.

Charles: It's been said that these two people you mentioned were old-fashioned, that the kids weren't going to like them, and that as the kids are the ones that buy the records you got to have younger men. My feeling is people are people, and if an entertainer is a true entertainer, his age does not matter. With a singer, in fact, age will mellow his voice; take your Sinatra, for example, though I always did like him, I must say that in these later years his voice has far more body, more depth.

You know how records are; you never know what the public is going to buy. You can take one you feel has all the qualifications for a hit and it winds up doing nothing. Then you come out with one you think won't sell and it winds up No. 1. That happened several times with me, but I have a theory: I don't go into the studio to record a "B" side; everything I cut is "A" side, as far as I'm concerned. Let the public decide what's the "A" side; in the final analysis they are the ones to decide. A disc jockey may concentrate on one side, but the public doesn't care and starts to play the other side, and the guy will realize that's the one he should have been playing all along.

Any artist, when he goes in to record, should have the feeling that any song he records can be a hit. This may sound egotistical, but it makes sense.

Feather: You use the word "entertainer." This brings up something I've often discussed—whether the music is strictly an art form or whether it's part of show business. A lot of people will say it doesn't have to entertain; it's art.

Charles: To me, music is entertainment—what else can it be? In fact it's the only language I know of that's universal. When we were in Paris, three-fourths of the crowd didn't speak English. This means they had to feel what we were doing—for me to say "Ain't that love?" or "Hallelujah, I love her so" meant absolutely nothing, but they must have enjoyed it because they came back over and over.

The point I'm trying to make is: this is a way for people to get together. Talk about your ambassadors! I don't speak a word of French, but I've heard French singers and appreciated what they were doing. And I guess they dig me—one fellow said to me, "The amazing thing about you, Ray, the people are so interested in what you're doing they are spellbound, completely attentive." We could start off a song, and you'd hear "Shhh!" if anybody started making noise. They were with every song all the way through, got every inch of feeling.

I don't know of any other form of art that gets to the people so much. Paintings, all these other arts, with all due respect, they're great things, but music . . . music will capture 'most anybody. Anywhere. In West Germany they went absolutely just boom boom boom, we had a stand-up ovation, it was marvelous. Same thing in Switzerland, Belgium; in Sweden they even stood up in the rain to hear us perform.

Feather: I guess if the message is there, it'll be entertainment and art both.

Charles: Right! No question about it: it's an art that entertains.

Feather: How do you feel about such forms of music as Third Stream, abstract forms that are ambitious and don't try to entertain?

Charles: First of all, I hate to hear anybody say that this form of music is a bad form or a good form. For example, you take most of your movies or TV programs, whenever they have any shows with violence or any kind of crime . . . robbery or murder or rape or anything of that nature in the story . . . they always play modern jazz behind it. If there's a thug in a room listening to some music, he's always listening to some modern music. If he's a killer and listening to his radio or record player, it's always modern music, as if to say modern music leads to murder. I don't think that's fair. Why not have the criminal listening to opera? To classics? To country and western?

There's so many different phases of music, and in each phase music is just like a human being—in each phase there is some good and some bad. Personally, abstracts or like that is not the type of music I'm dearly in love with, but it's not all good or all bad. You can't say, "Let's go to the Met, we want to hear some good music tonight"—there are some classics that are lousy, just like there's modern jazz that's lousy.

At one time rhythm and blues was nothing; then all of a sudden along came a *Blue Suede Shoes* and one or two others; then it became rock and roll, and it was a big thing. Now, I can't play rock and roll, but I do play rhythm and blues.

You can take any song and put it in whatever idiom you want. You can take *Stardust* and make a country-and-western song out of it. All you got to do is get your two fiddles and Hawaiian guitar, Spanish guitar, and what they say down in the big foot country—they say a "hoodle-fiddle," which means the bass fiddle. And right away it's called country-and-western music because of the background.

Then you can do just the opposite, which is what I did—that is, take a song that is called a country-and-western song and put strings behind it, or a big band, and you've

got a modern song.

This is what makes music so great—you can take any form, like remember when boogie woogie was popular? People were playing boogie woogie on everything.

Of course, some of these little quickie music fads that come up . . . just the smallest idea . . . people will take it and run it into the ground. The country-and-western idea that I did for my little album, there must have been at least 20 other albums since then—country-and-western this, country-and-western that, country and western to eat your breakfast by. . . .

Feather: How about the Brazilian music fad last year?

Charles: Bossa nova? Actually, I don't see what everybody is so excited about. The only difference is you take the last beat of that old Latin figure and play it a half-beat later. That's all there is to it.

You can play a melody on any rhythm . . . anything from a 3/4 to a 7/4 or 7/8. That's something you rarely see on a piece of paper, but in the last couple of years there have been a few arrangements in 5/4 time, like a song called *Take Five*. Only other odd beat like five is seven. I count it in eight notes.

Feather: You can count it as one bar of waltz and one of four—right?

Charles: No, you count 1, 3, 5, 7 . . . 1, 3, 5, 7—you see how my hand is going? Very odd, because in one bar your afterbeat is on 2 and 4, in the next it's on 1 and 3. You've got to feel it. If you try to count it, you get off. . . .

Feather: How closely did you work with Marty Paich on the country-and-western things?

Charles: As we always do on any arrangement. He comes by, and I explain what I want and how I want it done.

This is the advantage I have in knowing something about music . . . it helps me tremendously in comparison to, say, just an ordinary singer. I can bring in an arranger and sit down and not only just tell him what I want—I can

play it for him. I can show how I want the chords to go. I may say I'm going to sing it through . . . then the chorus will come in after that, or the chorus will sing one bar and I'll sing the next and so forth and so on, like on *I Can't Stop Loving You*, for example, the middle part where they sang "those happy hours," just little touches that make it a little different.

I'll tell you what I *don't* like, while we're on the subject. I don't like for another artist to come out and take my exact arrangement of a song, note for note, chord for chord, even try to sing it like I sing it, and record it. I do not like this.

Tab Hunter recorded *I Can't Stop Loving You*, and it was so close to our arrangement, Marty Paich thought I had given Tab Hunter the score. The only way I could tell the difference myself was I knew we had about 22-23 strings; they only used about 16, so it sounded a little lighter, but the average ear wouldn't hear that.

An artist as big as Tab Hunter shouldn't have to do that . . . I won't say stoop so low because I don't mean that my music is low, but you get the idea. You can protect the singer, the songwriter, but you can't protect the poor arranger.

Fortunately, he couldn't sound like me, although he tried—every little twist of the voice that I do, even the little cracks that I will deliberately put into a song. And his came out as a single before ours did.

When that happened, ABC decided to release our album right away. Fortunately for us, it smothered Tab Hunter's version. The man is supposed to be a big movie star and what not, had his own show, why'd he need to do that? I could've understood it better had he been an unknown, somebody that's trying to get started, anything to get talked about, but he's supposed to be there on his own.

Feather: Ray, it was good getting with you; thanks for the time.

Charles: A pleasure, Leonard.

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PHOTO/BILL GAMBLE



BARRY

HARRIS

By BARBARA LONG

RECENTLY I MADE my pilgrimage to Minton's in Harlem. Too young to have been there during its birth-place-of-bop days, but old enough to have enjoyed many times the live performances of pianist Barry Harris and to be aware of his direct descent from former tenants Monk, Gillespie, and Powell, I looked forward to the musical, as well as to the historical, experience.

I didn't expect to see "Bird lives" signs directing me to the cathedral; but neither was I prepared for the silence as I entered, or for the clustering of everyone present around the television set. At first furious at this cavalier treatment of jazz and, more particularly, of my favorite pianist, I glared at the crowd. But there, up front, glued more adhesively to the TV than any of the others, was my favorite pianist.

The second of the three matches between Dick Tiger and Gene Fullmer for the middleweight championship may well have been the only thing that could make Barry Harris late for a set.

The bout over, this normally gentle bantamweight, a vaguely ministerial-looking leprechaun, ran his fingers over the keys and muttered, "How can they call it a draw?" (Ferocious puff on a cigaret, another right-hand run over the keys.) "That's the best fight Fullmer ever fought in his life, but they should never call a draw in a title fight. Even if the champion just stands there. . . . A draw? Never! Just not proper."

And Harris doesn't settle for anything less than the proper thing. One such is his current group. With the personal and professional interest in younger musicians that has won him a reputation as a teacher-spiritual leader and the title "Uncle Barry" from old friend-fellow Detroit Tommy Flanagan, Harris surrounds himself with exciting young talent.

The group, which includes trumpeter Lonnie Hillyer and altoist Charlie McPherson, doesn't work often but is happy together—and with their Riverside record *Newer Than New*. (When a fan told Hillyer that he follows the group wherever they are playing, the trumpeter asked, "What do you do with the rest of your time?")

Away from the television set, the Minton crowd was enthusiastic and seemed to increase each night. One customer who returned too often was an elderly drunk who approached the vulnerable piano at the middle of the long, thin room, mumbled something not unlike "*Melancholy Baby*," and deposited a quarter in Harris' drink. At first the amused pianist said, "Isn't that beautiful?" After his fan's sixth visit, Harris said, "It's not beautiful anymore." He called for a towel and wiped off his loot. Fortunately, most of the audience, usually including many musicians — from Minton graduate Thelonious Monk to the greenest youngster in from Detroit — just listened.

Ira Gitler pointed out in *Down Beat* (May 9, 1963) that "many groups and individual musicians influenced by the parent style . . . have played at Minton's since the early days, but the Harris men are playing it in its purest form. . . . Their music does not have the choppiness of some of the early bop but stems directly from Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie and, even more specifically, from the 1947-49 period, in which the style was consolidated and refined."

I didn't know the group's exact credentials, but I did know that every time I listened to them I smiled. It is the same smile Gitler found on his face "before I was aware I was smiling."

The smile so frequently evoked by this highly charged music, a result of the members' communication with each other and with the listener, is the smile Harris once said he strives for.

"I don't play sweet music," he said. "As a matter of fact, it may say some pretty harsh things sometimes, but I know my music's gotten through to someone when he smiles—even if he didn't think he had a smile left."

The smile, the elation, the general feeling of ease and well-being, are tributes to Harris' passion and technical fluency.

HIS ARRIVAL in New York from the Midwest was long anticipated. He was a leading figure in that phenomenon called "Detroit," the man whose name was most frequently brought back by musicians who had passed through or had emigrated from there.

Anyone who has read the liner notes for Harris' albums knows that New Yorkers apparently expected a white-haired patriarch to arrive, and that they were surprised to find him using a regular New York-night-club-straight-back chair instead of a wheel chair.

He was just 30 then, and his playing was everything anyone in New York had been led to expect. Heard on Monday night at the old Five Spot, Harris' was the only live music that many of us disillusioned, put-upon fans went out to hear that dreary winter of 1960.

Born in Detroit in 1929, Barry has been playing piano since the age of 4, when he played a church tune learned from his mother, a church pianist. His training continued through high school, when he worked in a dance band.

His mother's home was always open to local musicians, and his play-mates included the late Doug Watkins, Paul Chambers, Pepper Adams, Yusef Lateef, the Jones brothers—Elvin, Hank, and Thad—and Donald Byrd.

He had a chance to play professionally with Billy Mitchell and Thad Jones locally and with Lester Young, Roy Eldridge, Ben Webster, et al., as they passed through. Early in the 1950s he played with Miles Davis for three months, and although he doesn't talk about it, he had one memorable set playing with Charlie Parker.

Before going to New York he had left Detroit only once, and that was in 1956 for a tour with Max Roach. When he finally went to New York, it was to accept a job offer from Cannonball Adderley. Of the decision to go, he merely says, "It was time."

The New York to which he went was decaying musically. It was the New York of the harassed leader who had to hustle to get occasional work for his group, the musician too preoccupied with self-preservation to sit in casually for love-of-music selflessness.

In one of Harris' rare outbreaks of verbal outrage, he said:

"This sickness in jazz isn't just in New York, and it isn't just in jazz. . . . I don't want even to talk about the jazz scene. It's so bad there's no point in talking about it." He shook his head a few times.

Harris had not stayed with Adderley's group long, feeling that their styles were not meshing. Instead, he worked with Yusef Lateef or on one-nighters, sitting in elsewhere whenever he got the chance.

"Since then, it's gotten progressively worse," he said. "It isn't anyone's fault in particular. Guys complain about jazz clubs and their policy—but clubs have to have customers to stay alive. That's not the answer. It's the fault

of the musician—but only his fault in relation to what's going on around him. The musician doesn't work in a vacuum, and he's in real trouble if he does or thinks he does. An art like music can't stay healthy when its society—its partner—is sick. The trouble is that words have become distorted, and worse than that, the concepts behind them are twisted.

"Used to be a time when musicians were influenced—for good or bad, for a long time or for a few days—by older musicians. By that corny old word, heroes. It was good for them and their growth, and it was good for the guy who was doing the influencing because he was learning from it too, and because that's part of a leader's role. Young musicians don't get influenced anymore. They're too busy being 'individuals'."

He paused, grinning, and added, "And the ones who do get influenced, get influenced by fellows I can't stand.

"Individual, giant, soul, genius have become misused, like 'love.' I hear people say they love apples. Five sen-



TED WILLIAMS

tences later, they love God or freedom or Long Island. Now, how can that be? Albums are always introducing new geniuses. How many geniuses can there be in one century, let alone one year? These 'individuals' refuse to learn from anyone else or to see themselves in relation to anyone else. They can't see themselves sitting in with someone from another approach to music. While all the tenor men are busy trying to sound like altos, Coleman [Hawkins] is still the greatest.

"If these guys go on playing in a vacuum, they'll never develop depth—and what is music without that? And without that, where's all the genius they're telling me about?"

Harris has always been proud of his own influences—Art Tatum and Bud Powell. One of the few pianists who can sustain a solo LP in the tradition of the old masters, he seems to have a third hand, one constantly paying tribute to his other two, Art's and Bud's.

"I'm mad at the musicians I've been talking about, but I'm just as mad at the public," Harris said. "If it didn't hurt me so much to see what's happening to jazz—the fraud going on—I'd say go ahead. The public doesn't deserve better because it's too insensitive to ask for better.

"I got very mad the other day, and I sat down and

wrote a poem. It's terrible." He seldom uses hip jargon, and his use of "terrible" indicates the traditional meaning of the word was intended. "In it, I call New York a hairy monster, which devours its own flesh. As I got madder, I changed New York to the World, and that's how it's going to stay—the World."

PAST CONVERSATIONS with Harris had shown him to be an intense person who nevertheless could stop occasionally to laugh heartily at his own outrage.

"The avant garde," he stated with a tinge of disgust. "That goulash, that avant-garde goulash, that turns out to be an old stew that's stayed in the iccbox for months. You can't eat it; you can't get past the smell. Just a while ago I heard two people talking about a concert they were at that afternoon. They agreed that the group sounded like they were tuning up for hours at a time, and yet the leader got a standing ovation when he ended. Imagine that—a standing ovation.

"A few days ago I went to hear one of the tenor 'giants' who is beginning to make lots of money and get lots of acclaim. He's a good musician, understand that; but he's never been great, and he's not getting any greater. I watched the audience fidget, get nervous, go a little crazy. There was no emotional response, really. And they're not responding intellectually, even though that's what they tell each other.

"It's the bad, undisciplined, confused part of one person answering to the bad part of another one. Some of these so-called giants are guys who aren't really very good players, guys easily cut by someone else. But these guys stepped past the bounds of their talent, past moderation, and are playing out of an undisciplined excess. That's bad, and I don't want to listen to it."

Harris was emphasizing feeling and discipline (he himself is affectionately called "The Monster" by some fellow musicians because of stories of his eight-hour practice sessions) and now went into the matter with examples:

"In everything I expect a combination of skill and feeling. In boxing, I like sluggers who can box, boxers who can slug. I am certainly not divorcing feeling from facility. I'm saying that not only are Pres and Bird turning in their graves, but so are Bach and Chopin. Musicians must be both technically facile and soulful. Have you ever fallen in love at first sight? No? You should. It's a great experience. I did. Heard bells and everything. If you ever do, you'll understand some things I'm talking about. You'll understand why Bach wrote his fugues and Chopin his *Revolutionary Suite*. Skill and soul."

After saying wistfully "it's awful to watch jazz disappear," Harris tried to cheer up. He conceded that he is working, albeit infrequently, and that there are many other fine musicians who aren't working at all. But one could sense that merely having a job didn't comfort him much.

He talked about the musical he would like to write.

"So far I've written two lines of a play called *The Ladybug and the Cow*." As for casting, he hasn't got that far, but the plot concerns two good-luck charms, a ladybug and a cow. The play is about a superstitious man who never does anything without his charms, is devoted to them, but finally finds love—without them.

Just then bassist Teddy Smith walked by and gave Harris the bad news about the Mets that night. During the baseball season, if working, he can be found between sets listening to night games in the kitchen of the club.

"Next time I'm at the ballpark I'm going by the office and leave off the ladybug," he said.

Barry Harris, without his good-luck charms, but with opinions, high standards, and those three hands, went over to play.

WHIO IS Jackie McLean, an alto saxophonist with the power to stir people emotionally at a time when apathy seems to hold the average jazz fan in its grip? What are the ingredients that have gone into the forming of this young veteran who, after many deserving years, only recently won an important award (in this year's *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll) for his excellence? Why has he changed his playing attitudes in the last year?

To begin, there was musical heritage from his father.

But John McLean Sr., who had been a guitarist with Tiny Bradshaw's orchestra, died in 1939 when Jackie was 7.

Seven years later, Jackie got his first horn. Norman Cobbs, his godfather, played soprano saxophone in the band at Adam Clayton Powell's Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem. McLean used to go with Cobbs every Sunday and sit with the band.

One day, after seeing Charlie Barnet play all his saxophones at the Apollo Theater, McLean asked his godfather to let him try one of the two saxophones he owned. Cobbs let him use the straight soprano model. "I fooled around with it by ear without taking lessons," McLean remembered. "Then I put it down because it wasn't curved, and it wasn't gold. I wanted a *real* saxophone."

Six months later, on his 15th birthday, McLean's mother bought him an alto. He studied at a New York music school (one of those 25-cents-a-lesson places) and briefly

I could go to Andy. For nothing, every day after school, Andy would help me."

McLean met another musician who also unselfishly tutored him after school. His stepfather had a record shop, and Jackie used to clerk for him. He met pianist Richie Powell, the younger brother of Bud Powell, at the shop. Through Richie, he got to know Bud, and through Bud—by playing with him and by just listening—the world of chord changes and "time" really began to open up to the young musician.

Then, McLean remembered, "Sonny Rollins really made a breakthrough. He gave up alto and started playing tenor, and he really came out and upset our neighborhood. Sonny became the great influence. I was torn between Sonny and Kirk. Bird was the big idol, but for the neighborhood musicians, it was Sonny and Kirk."

At the time, Rollins, though heavily influenced by Parker, already had a personal way of phrasing, and this could be heard in McLean's playing in the early days. Rollins headed the neighborhood band whose personnel included McLean; Lowell Lewis, trumpet; Kenny Drew or Walter Bishop Jr., piano; Arthur Phipps, bass; and Arthur Taylor, drums.

"We played dances and cocktail sips," McLean said.

In late 1949, soon after Birdland opened, Bud Powell was playing there with his own group. One night he let McLean and Lewis sit in with his group on *A Night in*

JACKIE MCLEAN

IRA GITLER offers a searching assessment of the alto saxophonist's development, career, and musical philosophy

with Walter (Foots) Thomas, Cecil Scott, and Joe Napoleon. "Then I stopped and began to play myself," McLean said.

His stepfather, Jimmy Briggs, was "trying to tell me what the alto should sound like. He played records of different people for me, and I liked Lester Young. I wanted to play alto like a tenor because Lester Young was the person who really moved me—he and Ben Webster. Of course, now I can appreciate the alto saxophonists from the era . . . people like Johnny Hodges. But at that time I couldn't use it too much. And then I heard Charlie Parker. There was no thought after that about how I wanted to play."

Parker had great influence on McLean, but there were also other musicians who made strong impressions on him. They lived in his neighborhood—the message of Parker and Dizzy Gillespie had really taken hold in New York City, and the music called bebop was flowering all around McLean.

First, he met Sonny Rollins, who was still playing alto saxophone. Then there was Andy Kirk Jr., son of the band-leader.

"He was one of my great influences," McLean said. "To me, at that time, he was the greatest tenor saxophone player around. Charlie Parker, one day, went up to visit his father, Andy Kirk Sr., and after that went back in the room to listen to Andy Jr. play. I was there. He came in with interest.

"Andy helped me a lot. In fact, I gave up teachers so

Tunisia. McLean, a shy, pudgy 17-year-old, stood and played like Parker, but even then the searing sound and personal brand of emotional power that have become his identifying marks were strongly in evidence.

It was Powell in 1951 who arranged for McLean to play with Miles Davis. This led to the altoist's first record date (to be reissued soon on Prestige as *Diggin' with the Miles Davis Sextet*), made the same year. Also in the recorded group was his neighborhood idol, Rollins. McLean recorded with Davis for Blue Note in 1952 and again for Prestige in 1955.

By 1955 McLean had worked with pianist Paul Bley and was then appearing at the Cafe Bohemia with pianist George Wallington's group. In 1956 he became part of Charlie Mingus' Jazz Workshop, later joining Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, a group he remained with into 1958. Both groups gave him varied and invaluable experience.

Through the mid-'50s McLean was active in recording studios, as sideman with Mingus and Blakey and with his own recording units. In 1958 he formed a quintet with tubaist Ray Draper and also worked as a single, playing with various rhythm sections.

In 1959 McLean opened in *The Connection*, Jack Gelber's play about narcotics addicts. He fulfilled a dual role, that of musician and actor, remaining with the play in New York until 1961, then going to London with it. McLean returned to the play when it reopened this year at the Living Theater in New York. He performed in it



for three months in 1963 and also appeared in the film version of the play.

Apart from the chance to play every night that it afforded, *The Connection* placed him in a new situation, McLean said. "It made me watch actors go through their creative thing every night," he explained. "I compared it to playing jazz. It's a rigid form. . . ."

DURING THE RUN of *The Connection*, McLean began to record for Blue Note, including the album of Freddie Redd's music written for the play. McLean's artistic maturation can be traced by listening to these albums in sequence. His latest, *Let Freedom Ring*, and one not yet released (with trombonist Grachan Moncur III, and vibist Bobby Hutcherson) show that the jazz forms he felt to be far less rigid than acting had, nevertheless, become more and more rigid to him. Even back in 1952, '53, and '54, McLean had said he was beginning to want to play something "a little different."

This seeking something different can also be heard in his writing. He wrote *Dr. Jackle* in 1954, and in 1955 he followed up with *Little Melonae*, *A Fickle Sonance*, and *Quadrangle*. *Fickle Sonance* was not recorded until the '60s, and *Quadrangle* has never been done on record in its original form.

"These were the first times," he said concerning the compositions, "that I was beginning to hear something different as far as figures were concerned, melodies to be played. But after that I was lost—like *Quadrangle*, which has no chord changes at all. So when I got enough nerve to record it in 1959 (*Jackie's Bag* with trumpeter Donald Byrd), I put *I Got Rhythm* chords to it."

McLean's current musical attitude has roots in the time he spent with Mingus, he said. "As far back as 1957, I've had moments on the bandstand when Charlie has roused me into going out into things I didn't know about," he explained.

"I turned to Charlie one night when he taught me a new tune and asked, 'What are the chord changes?'"

"He said, 'There are no chord changes.'"

"I asked, 'Well, what key am I in?'"

"He said, 'You're not in any key.'"

"This left me in a hung-up situation. But when I got out there and played, I felt something different. But I was too hip at the time to admit it, because I was too set on playing up and down chord changes.

"Now I can understand why musicians are taking different roads out, because, personally, I get tired of playing the same keys, chord changes, and tunes over and over again. I find that when you wander away from the basic melody or the basic structure of a tune and go out into something which has been termed 'freedom,' it gives you a wide span on what to play, because actually you're creating upon your own creation. Like you may stumble on something by accident and create something from that."

McLean said he believes that the new playing attitudes have given the jazz musician unlimited potential.

"The jazz musician will not age anymore," he said, "just like the classical musicians don't really age. You take Stravinsky. Stravinsky has been writing and getting more and more modern as the years went on. He wrote great things in his early manhood, but today he's still moving on because he's out in an element in music which doesn't tell him he's got to play a D7, an F-minor, the same chords over and over again. I feel that the jazz musician who goes out beyond the rim of chord changes will continue to create—like John Coltrane. I believe when Coltrane is 60

FRANCIS WOLFF/BLUE NOTE

years old, he'll still be playing interesting, modern things.

"I don't think you'll be able to put musicians in a category again like Dixieland—when Dixieland ended, swing came in. They couldn't play bebop, and Charlie Parker and them came in. I think now it's reached the place where it's—they call it 'freedom.' I think it's a much wider area for a musician to work with."

What about playing a "head" and then going off into solos that don't relate to the "head."

"Right now," he said, "I'm working with modes and scales as a path to go out and come back without losing contact with the body of whatever I'm playing. Even though it may not be written in a particular key or have any particular chord changes, there is a structure that we follow. It's just like an astronaut being shot into outer space and saying, 'Well, forget about it. I don't want to have no contact with earth. I'll come back when I want to come back.' You can't do that at this point."

"I did a record date recently, and I did a tune [*Vertigo*] which had no chord changes and no 'head,' melody. It just had a verbal form between Donald Byrd, myself, and the rhythm section, where we created the melody as we went along, in sections, and then we took solos, accordingly, based on what we felt when we created the melody."

At the Coronet in Brooklyn earlier this year, McLean met an amount of hostility when he delved into the "new thing." Some fans admitted they liked what he was doing and all that, "But could you play some of the other things?" they would ask him.

He said he plans to play both the old and the new, but when he plays the older things, "they [the fans] are still going to have to put up with what I'm doing, because maybe I'll play around for a while, but as soon as the emotion hits me—because this is a thing that's done emotionally—I'm going to go ahead and stretch out and play as much as I can. I'm going to look around. Actually it's exploring."

"Miles and Monk have been doing this for years. Duke Ellington. It's just been done gradually. Musicians, artists, poets—they express the times they live in, and we're living in the space age. We're living in very fast times and naturally begin to think in these terms."

In talking of scales and modes, McLean cited Miles Davis' extensive use of them in recent years, and Davis' continued influence on him. He called Davis' modal pieces "a stepping stone to freedom."

Then he added, "Chord changes come up in different ways in every tune, but they all come back the same way, really. It's just shuffled around. It's like playing different card games. You got the same cards coming into your hand."

"If you consider that with every scale, every mode, you can build from every note, this gives you a lot of leeway. Scales begin to become more like sounds to play with, more than chord structures—1, 3, 5."

Then, as if he felt he were beginning to sound too technical, McLean, who has always been a basic jazz-sayer no matter what he has played, said, "Actually, I'm not a schooled musician. To me, it's just music—what I feel. I believe, anyway, music should be an emotional thing. I don't care if you learn all the chords in the world, graduate from every school that's ever been erected for music, when it comes to playing. . . ."

He went on to praise Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman, saying Taylor is "definitely one of the advanced piano players of today, because Cecil is playing emotion and plays Cecil Taylor all the time; it's sort of like listening to Bela Bartok, which can be enjoyable."

Of Coleman he said, "It's like listening to Indian music,

like Ravi Shankar. . . . Ornette is writing and playing some wonderful things, but what I most appreciate about him is that he is bent on playing what he wants to play."

"I feel this is an open thing," he continued, "just like the name of it. 'Freedom in jazz' is like a complete new field, new grazing grounds for all the cattle that want to go out and eat some new grass. All those who want to keep picking over the same grass, let them stay there. But those who want to move out into new grazing grounds—it's there. If they want to—if they feel like it."

In likening today's jazz climate to the formative period of bebop, McLean said he feels that "a lot of good things are going to come from it. I think that the musicians from the bebop era are broken off into groups now—those who don't want to accept what's going to happen and have turned their backs on it completely, those who are interested and are trying to wait and see what's happening, and those who are trying to explore."

He described John Coltrane as an evolutionary figure:

"Nobody could swing as hard as Coltrane used to swing when he was playing with Miles. Today nobody can stretch out and do the things like Coltrane is doing," and the people who criticize the tenorist's long solos "didn't realize that they were enjoying a treat right in front of their eyes—watching a man create and search and look and stay out there until he got finished. Coltrane is not playing those long solos as much today as he used to because, more or less, he's discovered what he's looking for."

McLean also has been known to play extended solos. For example, at the final performance of *The Connection*. "The show went five hours because the tunes were so long," he said. "And I took the regular, ordinary tunes we played—*A Night in Tunisia*, *Tune Up*—and instead of playing chorus after chorus of straight changes, when I felt it I went 'out to lunch.' The audience felt it too. I believe they did."

A GREAT PART of that day's capacity audience were members of the Jackie McLean Fan Club, part of whose credo reads, "We believe Jackie McLean is the most stimulating alto saxophonist on the jazz scene today. We like his style, we adore his sound, and love his approach. . . ."

How does he feel about such adulation?

"It's been embarrassing, and it's been great. It's been a lift—and it's been part of the things that have put me in this frame of mind—that people have really gotten together and want to do something to help me. I hadn't asked for it, and now I just want to do what I can to live up to it and do more things."

The club has presented McLean in five concerts between December, 1961, and January, 1963, and has formed a jazz workshop among the young musicians within its ranks.

Jim Harrison, perhaps McLean's No. 1 fan, has been and is, the driving force behind the club—its concerts and workshop. McLean visits the latter conclaves and instructs the young musicians. Groups formed there have played at some Sunday afternoon sessions at the Five Spot.

What of the younger musicians who are continuing the bebop tradition?

"They're doing what they feel," he answered, "and if they're doing what they feel, they're doing what they should do. Because if you don't do what you feel, then you're telling a lie."

"You can go downtown and hear some good Dixieland. And you can listen to Cecil Taylor if you want, and you can go listen to Miles, Charlie Mingus, Lennie Tristano. . . ."

"Everyone should realize his station, and everybody should man their stations, that's all."

record reviews

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

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

OLE!

Luiz Bonfa

BRAZIL'S KING OF THE BOSSA NOVA AND GUITAR—Philips 200-087: *Bonfa Nova; Cantiga Da Vida; Amor Por Amor; Dor Que Faz Doer; Samba de Duas Notas; Teu Olhar Triste; Lila; Voce Chegou; Santeleco; Balaio; Sorrindo; Bossa Em Re.*

Personnel: Bonfa, guitar, vocals; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Charlie Byrd

ONCE MORE!—Riverside 454: *Outra Vez; Presente de Natal; Insensatez; Three-Note Samba; Samba de Minha Terra; Limehouse Blues; Saudade de Bahia; Anna; Socegadamente; Chega de Saudade; Cancao de Ninar para Carol.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3, 4, 7, 9, 10—Charlie Byrd, guitar; Keter Betts or Gene Byrd, bass; Gene Byrd, guitar; Bill Reichenbach, Buddy Deppenschmidt, percussion; John Martin, Dorothy Stahl, Franz Vlashek, Morris Kirshbaum, cellos; Samuel Ramsey, French horn. Track 6—Charlie Byrd; Betts; Gene Byrd; Reichenbach; Deppenschmidt. Tracks 2, 5, 8, 11—Hal Posey, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Tommy Gwaltney, vibraharp; Charlie Byrd; Betts; Gene Byrd; Reichenbach; Deppenschmidt.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Herb Ellis

THREE GUITARS IN BOSSA NOVA TIME—Epic 16036: *You Stepped out of a Dream; Bossa Nova #2; But Beautiful; Bossa Nova Samba; Leave It to Me; I Told Ya I Love Ya, Now Get Out!; Sweet Dreams; Low Society Blues; Gravy Waltz; Detour Ahead.*

Personnel: Ellis, Laurindo Almeida or Johnny Gray, guitars; Bob Enevoldsen, tenor saxophone; Donn Trenner, piano; Bob Bertaux, bass; Bob Neel, drums; Milt Holland, Chico Guerrero, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Grant Green

THE LATIN BIT—Blue Note 4111: *Mambo Inn; Besame Mucho; Mama Inez; Brazil; Tico Tico; My Little Suede Shoes.*

Personnel: Green, guitar; Johnny Acea, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Willie Bobo, drums; Patato Valdez, conga; Garvin Masseur, checkere.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Tito Rodriguez

LIVE AT BIRDLAND—United Artists 6286: *Mach the Knife; Summertime; Take the A Train; How High the Moon; You're Driving Me Crazy; Perdido.*

Personnel: Clark Terry, fluegelhorn; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, saxophones; Bernie Leighton, piano; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Bola Sete

BOLA SETE—BOSSA NOVA—Fantasy 3349: *Up the Creek; My Different World; Dilemma; Sweet Thing; If You Return; Samba in the Perrotquei; Manha de Carnaval; Brazilian Bossa Galore; You're the Reason; Wagging Along; Ash Wednesday; Without You.*

Personnel: Sete, guitar; Ben Tucker, bass; Dave Bailey, drums; J. D. Paula, Carmen Costa, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Cal Tjader

SONA LIBRE—Verve 8531: *Hip Walk; Sally's Tomato; O Barquinho; El Muchacho; Insight; My Reverie; Manha de Carnaval; Azul; Invitation; Alonzo.*

Personnel: Tjader, vibraharp; Clare Fischer, piano, organ; Fred Schreier, bass; Johnny Rae, drums; Bill Fitch, conga drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Zoot Sims

NEW BEAT BOSSA NOVA, VOL. 2—Colpix 437: *Cancao de Bernardito; Poquito Cantando; Pies Danzantes; Camino Solitario; Samba Instantanea; Llamaron el Viento Maria; Querido Retorna a Mi; Hijo de la Naturaleza; Buscando la Luna; No Juegues con el Amor.*

Personnel: Sims, tenor saxophone; Spence Sinatra, Ron Odrich, Jerry Sanfino, Phil Bodner, flutes; Sol Schlinger, bass clarinet; Jim Hall, Barry Galbraith, guitars; Milt Hinton, bass; Willie Rodriguez, Ted Sommer, Sol Gubin, Tommy Lopez, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

If nothing else, bossa nova has marked a return to lyricism, to grace, to melodic beauty in jazz. Certainly it is the quality held in common by just about all the discs included in this review.

Brazil's Luiz Bonfa, for example, in his Philips offering, recorded in Paris shortly before his departure for the United States for his appearance at the bossa nova program at Carnegie Hall late last year, demonstrates a strongly lyrical bent. He is a stunning guitarist, as is superbly demonstrated on a number of the tracks—especially on his own *Samba de Duas Notas*, the melodic line of which is played almost entirely chordally over a flute obligato, and on *Amor por Amor*, which highlights antiphonal and interweaving guitar and flute lines effectively (it is surely at least semi-improvised).

His several vocals are soft, burry, and intimate, and he has a not uninteresting vocal approach, yet more often than not I found myself listening more to his guitar accompaniments on these pieces. The instrumental lines are extremely sensitive, emphasizing and pointing up the vocal lines wonderfully, as can only happen when a man is providing his own support. The rhythms are supple and delicately coursing throughout, and the whole tenor of the album is one of deep, unabashed—but never cloying—lyricism.

Charlie Byrd, on the other hand, has in comparison a leaner, somewhat colder, dispassionate approach to bossa nova, as evidenced in his latest collection of this music. He is a superb technician, and often his music ignites into a deep, rich strain of lyric beauty, as it does here in *Insensatez* (which is a lovely, ardent piece, with glowing guitar work all the way through), the complex and driving *Limehouse*, and *Socegadamente*.

The Washington, D.C., guitarist employs two groups on this recording—one spots his guitar over a bank of four cellos in thoughtful, warm arrangements of his own devising (generally they're effective and not overbusy); the second has Posey's fluegelhorn and trumpet and Gwaltney's vibraharp as foils for his guitar work (these pieces are not nearly so effective, for the ensemble takes on a muddy, crowded quality). The recording balance doesn't help these selections either, for it favors the fluegelhorn, and the vibraharp seems lost in the shuffle.

Byrd, however, plays well throughout, reaching peaks on the numbers cited. The others merely hint at this. It's an attractive album, but not up to his best work in this vein.

Ellis' *Three Guitars in Bossa Nova*

Time (really, a misnomer—there are only two guitars featured on each of the tracks, for Gray replaces Almeida on *Sweet Dreams*, *Low Society*, and *Gravy*) is a very pleasant, unambitious set of essentially jazz guitar over quietly sinuous Latin rhythms.

The album is most effective when the two guitars are heard, with Ellis' spare, lithe, blues-rich, single-note amplified lines dancing over the harmonic patterns set up by Almeida's (or Gray's) acoustic accompaniments. Tenorist Enevoldsen is not a particularly interesting soloist, though his warm and laconic style occasionally suggests Lester Young-out-of-Bud Shank.

There are any number of attractive moments in the album, among them the catchy, infectious *Leave It to Me* (one of Trenner's themes for the Steve Allen television show), a very pretty *Sweet Dreams* (which suggests *The Girl Next Door*), *Bossa Nova Samba* (a lovely Almeida line), and *Detour Ahead*, which is given a very pleasing arrangement.

The Grant Green LP, though it contains snatches of the guitarist's lithe, loping work, is greatly hampered by the monotony and tedium that results from Green's having to carry the bulk of the program himself, with very little in the way of assistance from pianist Acea, who is not nearly the guitarist's peer in solo ability. Green, though he struggles with the task manfully, simply is unable single-handedly to pull this disc from the rut into which it settles so early in the program. A few horns might have helped, or even a stronger, more inventive pianist.

Though it is not a bossa nova album, the Rodriguez Birdland location recording contains four delightful surprises in the persons of saxophonists Sims and Cohn, fluegelhornist Terry, and valve trombonist Brookmeyer. The album is, in fact, a showcase for the solo abilities of these four relaxed, unpretentious masters of swing, and it should be recommendation enough to say that the quartet disports itself admirably. Over the tidal wave of surging rhythm set up by the Rodriguez band, the four sail blithely, with solo honors taken by Terry on his witty, pungent reading of *A Train*, though the other three are not far behind him.

The arrangements used by the band are of the most skeletal sort, the chief interest being generated by the airily infectious blowing of Sims and Cohn, the sly, puckish fluegelhorn of Terry, and Brookmeyer's blowily ebullient tromboning.

The sharp stereo separation allows one to hear Terry and Sims on one channel, Cohn and Brookmeyer on the other. Further, it throws into bold relief the two themes played simultaneously on two of the numbers: *How High the Moon* has as its foil *Ornithology*, while *You're Driving Me Crazy* has *Moten Swing* con-

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terpoised against it.

By far the most appealing of the bossa nova albums under consideration is that of the Brazilian guitarist Bola Sete, who was introduced to the jazz world at the 1962 Monterey Jazz Festival.

Sete is a consummate guitarist, a fantastic technician who never allows his technique to obtrude, using it faultlessly to point up the melodic lines of the selections he plays. Every track in this beautiful, fully realized collection is a jewel, full of luminous beauty and lyric charm. Yet he plays with great strength, rhythmic thrust, and effortless ease. For the most part, his melody lines are developed almost completely chordally, and so fully has he mastered this difficult technique that most often his playing sounds as though two guitars were executing these powerful, ardent pieces.

Sete is flawlessly seconded by bassist Tucker and a rhythm section of drummer Bailey and the two Brazilian percussionists Paula and Costa.

An only slightly less satisfying collection is Zoot Sims' second bossa nova outing on Colpix. The arrangements—by Manny Albam and Al Cohn, those bossa nova purists—pit Sims' tenor against a bank of four flutes and a bass clarinet, while Jim Hall's guitar often is voiced in unison with the tenor, and Barry Galbraith's softly arpeggiated guitar rises above the sinuous, deft rhythms.

The arrangements are bright and frothy without ever descending to the coy or insipid. Sims' airy, feathery tenor floats above the flutes with fluidity and a sure, swinging effortlessness, and always there is his peerless sense of time.

Under newly bestowed Latin names may be found such authentic bossa novas as *Bernie's Tune*; *Tickle Toe*; *Lonesome Road*; *They Call the Wind Maria*; *Lover, Come Back to Me*; and *Nature Boy*, as well as several Brazilian pieces. The album is a delight all the way through, ethnically authentic or not.

Cal Tjader's *Sona Libre* album for Verve is a wholly stimulating collection of bossa nova, mambos, and other Latin numbers. Chief among its virtues are the vibist's sinewy, invigorating, and idiomatic playing; Clare Fischer's strong, inventive work on both organ and piano; and a fine program, including several powerful originals.

Fischer is a provocative and highly original pianist, but on six of the album's 10 tracks he elects to play electric organ à la the Brazilian bossa nova organist Walter Wanderley (who may be heard on only one available U.S. disc, *Walter Wanderley's Brazilian Organ*, Capitol 1856). Fischer's organ is discreet and well mannered enough, free of the strident bellicosity that usually characterizes the instrument, but he is far more stimulating when playing piano. He has *El Muchacho* all to himself, and this jagged, percussive piano piece is perhaps the most interesting thing in the album, though congaist Bill Fitch's composition *Insight*, a taut, powerful mambo that is given an appropriately intense development by Tjader and Fischer over a driving rhythmic foundation, runs it a close second. Lonnie

Hewitt's mambo *Alonzo* is likewise arresting, and the attractive *O Barquinho* features Fischer's best organ work of the session, a clipped, staccato solo.

All in all, a very pleasing collection. According to the liner notes, an all-jazz date with Fischer and Tjader is in the offing. It should be very exciting if this album is any criterion. (P.W.)

Lou Blackburn

TWO-NOTE SAMBA—Imperial 9242: *Manha de Carnaval*; *Jean-Bleu*; *Blues for Eurydice*; *Grand Prix*; *Two-Note Samba*; *Song of Delilah*; *Dear Old Stockholm*; *Secret Love*.

Personnel: Freddy Hill, trumpet; Lou Blackburn, trombone; Horace Tapscott, piano; John Duke, bass; LeRoy Henderson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

There is a lot of talent displayed on this well-organized record, talent that should be heard by more jazz listeners.

First, there is Blackburn, around for some time but not too familiar to most of us. His playing here is consistently inventive—though of J. J. Johnson mode—and he has written some well-put-together originals as well as cleverly arranging *Carnaval*, *Delilah*, and *Stockholm*—his use of retards, ad lib passages, mixed time signatures, and his voicing of the two brass are imaginative.

Then there is Tapscott. This is the first opportunity I've had to hear him, and I was singularly impressed with the drive of and the thought behind his sparse, no-nonsense piano solos, whether single-finger or full-chord ones.

Most importantly, this album has a healthy portion of Hill's trumpet talent to recommend it. His solos never flag in imagination or construction. They have fire, wit, and freedom from clichés—all cast in joyful and adventurous abandon. Each phrase seems thought out, and phrase upon phrase, his solos build beautifully, holding the listener's attention to the last.

The rhythm section is tight and strong. Bassist Duke does not solo, but his section work, particularly on the tongue-in-cheek *Secret* and the intro to *Grand*, is well done. Drummer Henderson, however, sometimes plays unfeelingly, albeit strongly, as on the ad lib sections of *Stockholm*; he also tends to play too much bass drum, which may be one of those unconscious habits musicians fall into occasionally.

Track by track, the highlights are Blackburn's handling of *Carnaval's* theme and his controlled trombone solo, Hill's tensioned entrance into a melodic trumpet adventure, and Henderson's popping piano on that track; all the solos on the blues *Jean-Bleu*, which could have been longer; the flowing and virile trombone on *Eurydice*, as well as the composition itself and the daring trumpet and piano solos; Hill's use of downward phrases to hold his *Grand* solo together; Blackburn's long-phrased, well constructed solo on *Two-Note* and Hill's impish contribution to that track; the ear-catching effect of the piano and trombone backing of Hill's *Delilah* theme statement and, later, the excellent Tapscott solo; the ringing, happy trumpet on *Stockholm*; and Blackburn's strongly rhythmic trombone and the charging piano on *Secret*.

Don't pass this one by.

(D.DeM.)

Don Byas

APRIL IN PARIS!—Battle 6121; *Autumn in New York*; *I Remember Clifford*; *Misty*; *Portrait of Jennie*; *The Way You Look Tonight*; *Laura*; *April in Paris*; *Don't Blame Me*; *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*; *Moonlight in Vermont*; *'Round Midnight*; *My Funny Valentine*.
 Personnel: Byas, tenor saxophone; unidentified orchestra; Jacques Denjean, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Although Byas is placed in what would usually be suffocating circumstances in this set—slow ballads with lush, Holly-wooden strings and woodwinds—he manages to rise above them with remarkable consistency.

His strong, virile attack, the assertiveness of his big-bodied tone, and the grace with which he moves through his lines all but wipe out the dullness of his surroundings. He has a highly lyrical style compounded not only of parts of Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, and Lester Young but also of a large element that is strictly Byas.

His playing is leaner and more lithe than one would expect in Webster, and as a result, he gets Webster's intensity without his heaviness. He has the force of Hawkins, but he combines it with a lyricism that stems from Young to give it a more smoothly singing quality than one usually hears in Hawkins. Altogether his playing is authoritative, and he has the relatively rare ability to make a slow ballad move even in its most legato passages.

The accompaniment, incidentally, is not all bad—there are a piano, a muted trumpet, and a muted trombone that peep through from time to time to help him pierce the murk. (J.S.W.)

Ray Coniff-Billy Butterfield

JUST KIDDIN' AROUND — Columbia 2022; *Alexander's Ragtime Band*; *Louise*; *Heartaches*; *This Love of Mine*; *When I Grow Too Old to Dream*; *You'll Never Know*; *Just Kiddin' Around*; *You Oughta Be in Pictures*; *Put Your Arms Around Me*; *Honey*; *Peg o' My Heart*; *But Not for Me*; *I See Your Face before Me*.

Personnel: Butterfield, trumpet; Coniff, trombone; unidentified organ, bass, guitar, drums.

Rating: ★

This album is aptly titled. Butterfield and Coniff were both in the Artie Shaw Band in the late '30s, and both contributed to some of the hauntingly lovely effects Shaw sometimes achieved with show tunes.

But here, even subtracting the schmaltz, the Twist, and the soap-opera organ, the music is of such poor quality that it is surprising that Butterfield and Coniff would participate.

The one star is for Butterfield and the guitarist on *Louise*; the rest of the album rates no stars. (G.M.E.)

Miles Davis

SEVEN STEPS TO HEAVEN — Columbia 2051 and 8851; *Basin Street Blues*; *Seven Steps to Heaven*; *I Fall in Love Too Easily*; *So Near, So Far*; *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?*; *Joshua*.

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Vic Feldman or Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Frank Butler or Anthony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This LP is the result of two sessions held this spring, the first in Los Angeles, the other in New York City. The Los Angeles session, with Feldman, Carter, and Butler, produced *Basin, Love*, and *Baby*; the other three titles stem from the second date, with the trumpeter's present group—

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Coleman, Hancock, Carter, and Williams. Davis played exceptionally well on both dates, though each brought out a different facet of his artistry.

There is a spell of melancholy cast over the Los Angeles performances, partly because the three selections are slow tempoed and balladic in nature, partly because Davis plays only muted—and he tends to play "sadder" muted than he does open. But more than anything, it is *what* he plays and how he phrases it that casts the spell.

On each of the three tracks, there is a general downward curve to his solos; that is, the phrases may rise, but at the critical point they descend, either in a short run or a slur, and even as they rise there are innumerable points where Davis slurs individual notes downward. It's as if he were continually turning down the corners of his highly melodic improvisations.

Davis also often uses the low register of his horn, sometimes in breathy fashion, on *Basin, Love, and Baby*—on the last named he ends his solo with what must be termed a sigh. And as always, his playing is very human, with voicelike inflections that give his work a "singing" quality, not unlike that of a Billie Holiday or an Edith Piaf.

On the other hand, his playing at the New York session is almost joyous. Certainly there are turned-down corners, but not as many as on the other three tracks.

It should be noted that *Seven, So Near, and Joshua* are not taken at slow tempos, but this is not necessarily the reason for the joy evident in Davis' playing—he's conjured up melancholy at fast tempos before. There is a shift in his playing here, a general upward curve to his solos—rising phrases and runs up scales to the high register. He also uses the upper register more on these tracks than the others—and he makes what he goes for, which is something one could not always say about some of his other recordings.

Both sessions resulted in classic Miles. All three tracks from the Los Angeles session are superb. And there is a remarkable *Joshua* solo that must stand as a model of how to construct a solo—there is one part, for example, where he uses a scale first in its entirety and then returns to it periodically but only uses part of it to make his point—which is a simple enough idea, but how many jazzmen think of something like that?

And so strong is Davis' playing on both sessions that one never bothers about how many choruses he plays, how long or short his phrases are, how he gets through a certain set of chords—just as long as he keeps playing. Which, I guess, is the mark of a true artist at work.

Of the others on the album, Feldman, who wrote *Joshua* and collaborated with Davis on *Seven, and Carter* are the more sympathetic accompanists, though Hancock solos brilliantly, particularly on *Seven and Joshua*.

Feldman combines parts of Bill Evans and Red Garland in his solos but plays harder than either of those two former Davis sidemen. In general, he does an excellent job of following Davis' unpredictable twists and turns.

Butler occasionally seems at a loss as to what to play behind Davis, sometimes double-timing for a few bars and then dropping back; he sounds more comfortable backing Feldman. Williams, however, goes straight ahead in his accompaniment, and the young Boston drummer displays mature taste in his *Seven* solo, which is a characteristic uncommon to most other 17-year-olds.

Coleman is unimpressive in his solos, though I've heard him play very well with the group in live performances since the record was made. The tenorist also falls victim to a recording imbalance in the stereo version that brings out Hancock's often busy accompaniment much too strongly, to the point of distraction, in fact.

But these are minor carps in light of the stunning performances by Davis on the record. (D.DeM.)

Ben DiTosti

OUT OF THIS WORLD—Everest 5214: *Tennessee Waltz; Out of This World; Scarlet Ribbons; I've Found a New Baby; A Lot of Livin' to Do; Willow, Weep for Me; Dark Eyes; Happy Blue.*

Personnel: DiTosti, piano, Steve LaFever, bass; Jerry D. Williams, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

DiTosti is a slick and fashionable pianist who is hip to all the cliches and lines them out in clean, precise fashion. He creates glittering pastiches so expertly put together that he cannot be distinguished from any of the other current copycats.

A couple of times—on *Ribbons and Willow*—he tries to move out of the usual routines to create what he apparently intends to be big productions with tempo changes, ad lib passages, quotes, and other borrowings. But all they do is exhibit the extreme poverty of his imagination. He is far better off staying in his chrome-lined rut.

His bassist, LaFever, seems out of place in this setting, for he shows signs of imagination and even taste. (J.S.W.)

Bob Dorough

OLIVER—Music Minus One 225: *Food, Glorious Food; Oliver!; Boy for Sale; Where Is Love?; As Long as He Needs Me; Consider Yourself; Who Will Buy?; I'd Do Anything; Pick a Pocket or Two; It's a Fine Life; Oom-Pah-Pah!; Who Will Buy?*

Personnel: Clark Terry, trumpet; Tyree Glenn, trombone; Dorough, piano; Al Schackman, guitar, bouzouki; Ben Tucker or George Duvivier, bass; Bobby Thomas or Paul Motian or Ed Shaughnessy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

One of the most pleasant and intelligently conceived albums of show tunes-a-la-jazz released in some time, this set finds Oliver hip as they come.

While the arrangements and conceptions of the various treatments are basically Dorough's, in the last analysis they represent a group effort on the part of the members of the quartet. The three tracks featuring the brass of Terry and Glenn—*Who?, Fine Life, and Oom-Pah*—are a little more ambitious and, incidentally, more programmatic and interpretive of characters in the hit Broadway musical show.

Riding above a rock-solid and propulsive rhythm section (the occasional changes on bass and drums make no difference), Dorough and Schackman bear the brunt of solo responsibility. The pianist is his

usual sinewy and direct self; Schackman is authoritative on electric guitar, sensitive to the mood required on the classical (i.e., nonamplified) instrument, and most effective on the Middle Eastern bouzoukce in the crying *Sale*.

Terry and Glenn are alternately delightful, wholly professional technically, and full of high spirits in their separate solo spots.

Terry's trumpet cuts biting across the Lionel Bart melodies; Glenn's muted trombone is there more for theatric effect than for serious jazz blowing, but he handles the chore with humor and impressive skill as befits a master.

But it is the spirit that counts here, and this LP overflows with the bubbling good humor of the show. (J.A.T.)

Vince Guaraldi

IN PERSON—Fantasy 3352: *Zelao*; *Green Dolphin Street*; *Miserlou*; *Forgive Me If I'm Late*; *Jitterbug Waltz*; *Outra Vez*; *Freeway*; *The Love of a Rose*; *Chora Tua Tristeza*.

Personnel: Guaraldi, piano; Eddie Duran, guitar; Fred Marshall, bass; Benny Valarde, scratcher; Colin Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

In a period when there seems to be a plethora of bland, sound-alike jazz pianists, Guaraldi is a refreshing relief.

He distinguishes himself not by undertaking stylistically identifying mannerisms but simply by digging in and playing strong, melodic, and rhythmic piano. There are no courtseys to fashion here unless one counts the use of bossa nova as such. It might be, but Guaraldi plays a bossa nova as though he means it and feels it, not as though he is doing what he thinks is expected of him.

There is more here than several boldly expressed pieces in bossa nova. There is a remarkably interesting and lovely treatment of *Dolphin* that makes that vastly overplayed piece come to life again despite all the maltreatment it has been through in the last several years. And there is a beautifully light and lilting interpretation of Fats Waller's lovely *Jitterbug*.

Guaraldi has an exceptional knack for catching and projecting the spirit of a tune, for finding the essence of the piece and bringing strength and validity to his exposition of it. This is honest piano playing with no phony soul, no gimmicks, no pretense. It's a rare quality to find on a record these days. (J.S.W.)

Coleman Hawkins

TODAY AND NOW—Impulse 34: *Go, Li'l Liza*; *Quintessence*; *Don't Love Me*; *Love Song from Apache*; *Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet*; *Swingin' Scotch*; *Don't Sit under the Apple Tree*.

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

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Hawkins should be required listening for every student of music in general or the saxophone in particular. His sound remains, after all these years, as promptly recognizable as that of any tenor player living, and despite his admitted admiration for many newer soloists, there is in these tracks not a single phrase that shows the influence of anyone but Coleman Hawkins.

Just as significant is his continued ability to maintain direct and compelling contact with the beat, which is an oblique way of saying he swings. Dig the release of the first chorus of the opening track

(based on *Li'l Liza Jane*) and try to find any performance by any of the currently fashionable tenor men that has swung so completely—and it's melodic.

The material is an interesting mixture of very old and very new: *Scotch* is *Loch Lomond*; *Quintessence* is the pretty Quincy Jones tune; *Don't Love Me* a lovely new melody; *Apache* is a rubato treatment of an attractive David Raksin theme; *Bonnet*, though a little overlong (10 minutes), gets a good blues groove.

The rhythm section does a capable job. Major Holley sneaks in a couple of those delightfully humorous solos in the manner of a latter-day Slam Stewart, and Tommy Flanagan is his usual imperturbably tastefully swinging self. (L.G.F.)

Johnny Lytle

GOT THAT FEELING!—Riverside 456: *Got That Feeling!*; *Pow-Wow*; *In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning*; *Big John Grady*; *The Breeze and I*; *It Ain't Necessarily So*; *Lela*; *Our Love Is Here To Stay*; *The Soulful One*.

Personnel: Lytle, vibraharp; Milt Harris, organ; Milton Hinton, bass; Peppy Hinnant, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This set reflects a strong Gospel influence but differs from many "soul" music albums in that there are no loud or tasteless moments.

Lytle's originals—*Feelin'*, *Lela*, and *Soulful One*—are in a calm, hymnlike groove. His other composition, *Big John*, is a fast-tempoed tune which, as annotator Dan Morgenstern observes, somewhat resembles Miles Davis' *Milestones*. Harris' comping on this track is similar to Red Garland's on the Davis classic.

Pow-Wow, written by Nat Adderley and Joe Zawinul, employs quasi-American-Indian rhythms.

One of the most interesting aspects of Lytle's playing is that he uses varied sonorities. In doing this he is working in an area that few vibists have been willing to explore. On *Love*, for example, he alternates wooden and lush sounds, seeming to trade with himself.

His *Big John* solo builds well as he uses repetition effectively to create tension. Also well worth hearing is his melody statement on *Hours*.

Lytle's playing has its faults, however; on *Feeling* and *Lela* it lacks fresh melodic ideas, and he has a tendency to overuse funky figures, though he states them rather gently.

Harris does a fine job in the rhythm section. Few organists can equal him as an accompanist. His solo on *Soulful* is weirdly compelling; his melodic phrases are set against a sustained wail that he provides as background.

Hinton, too, acquits himself well. Dig him on *Love*, which begins as a vibes-bass duet. (H.P.)

Howard McGhee

NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT—United Artists 15028: *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out*; *Lonely Town*; *Secret Love*; *Why Run Away?*; *Canadian Sunset*; *Blue Bell*; *Tenderly*; *Fly Me to the Moon*; *Satin Doll*; *Blues Duende*.

Personnel: McGhee, trumpet; Phil Porter, organ, or Jimmy Jones, piano; Larry Ridley or Ron Carter, bass; Dave Bailey or Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Life for most jazz musicians is a gantlet, and when the blows hit, they are heavy and hard. McGhee, one of the most

ELLA & BASIE!

When Ella Fitzgerald or Count Basie step into a recording studio, it's news. When Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie record together, it's an event! Just such an event occurred late in July when The First Lady of Song and Count Basie and his orchestra met in New York for three fabulous sessions. The album could only be called, ELLA AND BASIE! The exclamation mark is definitely part of the title. Quincy Jones did the arranging in his own Basie groove. Ella was relaxing between personal engagements, and having a ball scatting through the charts as the band warmed up. Basie and his band were in rare form, and up for this summit meeting. The tape fairly sizzled as Ella swung and the Basie band cooked. It was a happy, driving kind of recording experience for all.



At one point Ella got so caught up in the spirit of things, she took a five-minute break and penned a set of lyrics to Frank Foster's tune, *Shiny Stockings*. The take was so fine it was picked to open the album. You'll be hearing it as a single record, too. Other good old good ones explored by Ella and Basie include 'Deed I Do, Ain't Misbehavin', On The Sunny Side Of The Street, *Satin Doll*, *Honeysuckle Rose*, *Dream A Little Dream Of Me*, and *Them There Eyes*, among others. All that's missing are Ella's delighted chuckles, Basie's big laugh, and the cheers from the control room. But pick up on Verve V/V6-4061, ELLA AND BASIE!, and supply your own applause. It's that kind of album.

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active and stimulating musicians of the bop era, went into eclipse in the '50s. In the last few years he has made something of a comeback, re-emerging musically intact to show that he is capable of consistently performing first-rate jazz.

In many places throughout these tracks he is lusterless and routine, but there are other places (like the second chorus of *Duende*) in which he becomes so thoroughly engaged with his material, spinning a tapestry in sound, that the four-star rating is earned.

McGhee's sound never has been better. What he may need now, more than anything, is a talented arranger, with insight into McGhee's style, who can provide material that will prod this man into proving himself again.

The backing throughout this record is very good. (G.M.E.)

Wes Montgomery

BOSS GUITAR—Riverside 459: *Besame Mucho*; *Dearly Beloved*; *Days of Wine and Roses*; *The Trick Bag*; *Canadian Sunset*; *Fried Pies*; *The Breeze and I*; *For Heaven's Sake*.

Personnel: Mel Rhyne, organ; Montgomery, guitar; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Nobody who digs Montgomery will be disappointed by the guitarist's contributions here. From the gentle chording of *Wine* to the cooking, horizontally stretched blues of *Pies*, everything is achieved with taste, skill, excitement when it is required, relaxation when it is called for.

The choice of material is another matter. Several of the old pop songs happen to be particular *betes noires* of mine, simply because they are melodically boring. This does not apply, of course, to the welcome revival of *For Heaven's Sake*.

Rhyne's use of dull, soupy stops lend a somewhat sedative effect to the organ, nor does the use of the now overworked organ-guitar-drums instrumentation add much to the whole in terms of kicks or innovation. Cobb lends sturdy support, but during what is presumably supposed to be his solo on *Tricks*, a supporting figure is repeated so many times that I checked my turntable to make sure it was not stuck.

Besame is played as a fast waltz. I kept waiting for it to burst into four and start swinging. I'm still waiting. *Sunset* is done as a—what did they call those Brazilian things?—oh, yes, bossa nova.

All reservations aside, Wes is still a gas. (L.G.F.)

Shorty Rogers

GOSPEL MISSION—Capitol 1960: *Gospel Mission*; *Gonna Shout—All the Way to Heaven*; *Wake Up and Shout*; *Sit Down, Shorty*; *Freedom's Coming*; *Swinging Gold Chariots*; *Preacher Man Gonna Stop by Here*; *Great Days Ahead*; *Climbing to Heaven*; *Joshua's Sax*; *We're on Our Way Shout*; *Talk About Rain*.

Personnel: unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★

This is a pretty mixed-up album. Rogers has assembled a big band—interlaced with twangy guitar, harmonica, organ, tambourines, rock-and-roll tenor, and assorted vocal effects—to play his arrangements of what he, or Capitol, considers Gospel music—or, maybe, rhythm and blues. That is, I assume Rogers got the band together and wrote the arrangements, since there are no liner notes. Rogers also is given

credit for all the tunes, and it's interesting to note that he wrote *Down by the Riverside* (*Gospel Mission*); *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* (*Swinging Gold Chariots*); and *Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho* (*Joshua's Sax*).

Be that as it may, there is an incredible lack of taste displayed in this album. Besides being what amounts to a heavy-handed satire on Gospel music, it further diminishes the reputation of a musician who at one time received respect for his ability. This is not to say there is no good writing on the record—there are some short ensemble passages on *Freedom's Coming* and *Chariots*, for example, that are fine tidbits of thick-textured, parallel-voiced big-band arranging—but there is such an aura of silliness and going off in all directions at once that the few good spots are swamped in a sea of confusion.

On the positive side, there are some interesting blues harmonica and unamplified guitar passages, and the tenor saxophone solos on *Joshua's* and *Way* are virile, much less put-onish than the other tenor solos strewn through the album. There also are a couple of brief plunger-mute trombone solos that temporarily clear the miasma.

But in all, this seems like a bad joke—particularly bad if one has been exposed to real Gospel music or, even, the rhythm and blues of, say, Ray Charles' big band. (D.DeM.)

Jimmy Smith

HOBO FLATS—Verve 8544: *Hobo Flats*; *Blueberry Hill*; *Walk Right In*; *Trouble in Mind*; *The Preacher*; *Meditation*; *I Can't Stop Loving You*.

Personnel: Smith, organ; unidentified orchestra; Oliver Nelson, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

At a panel session at the last Newport Jazz Festival, Don DeMicheal, *Down Beat's* editor, was asked if, in assigning records for review, he followed any correlation between the reviewer and the type of record assigned to him. The only correlation he was able to think of on the spur of the moment was a negative one: "Don't send organ records to John S. Wilson." The next assignment I got from him included this Jimmy Smith disc.

I'm not sure if he is trying to torment me or Jimmy Smith, but either way, it hasn't worked because even to my unorganic taste this record has a lot to recommend it. A primary recommendation is the arrangements by Oliver Nelson—big, full-bodied orchestrations that provide a rich setting for a soloist.

But even more important is the fact that, most of the time, Smith avoids emphasizing the unattractive aspects of the organ and the use of banal riffs. Instead, he calls on the warm, appealing tones of his instrument, playing with some measure of feeling if not with any great imagination.

He falls from grace occasionally, as when he produces a hard, clacking, electronic sound all through *The Preacher*, but he spends most of his time in a dark, reflective, rocking groove that may not be particularly stimulating but is at least better than the blaring monotony of his orgiastic playing. (J.S.W.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

By DON DeMICHEAL

That John Coltrane has been one of the main forces among tenor saxophonists for at least the last five years almost goes without saying. He has wrought change, no doubt. But his playing also has evolved at the same time it has held sway among many of the younger tenorists. One need only compare his early work with his present to hear the development. All this was brought afresh to mind by five repackage albums on which Coltrane is either leader or featured sideman.

The earliest example dates from late 1955 when Miles Davis' sometimes remarkable quintet made up of himself, Coltrane, pianist Red Garland, bassist Paul Chambers, and drummer Philly Joe Jones first recorded. The album, issued in 1956 as *Miles*, now is titled *The Original Quintet (First Recording)*, Prestige 7254.

Coltrane's performance on the album is erratic—at times stimulating in its intensity but more often giving the impression of a man trying to make up his mind which musical trail to follow and unable to come to a decision.

Coltrane used more space in 1955 than he did later; his tone was softer, though not spongy. And regardless of its weaknesses, his playing still served as a razor's edge to Davis' deftly wrought solos.

Coltrane's most provocative solos are on *Squeeze Me*, in which his tension-filled playing serves as good contrast to Davis' and Garland's relaxed solos, and *The Theme*, during which he quite effectively alternates simplicity with complexity, something he was to master fully later.

Despite Coltrane's uninspired moments, the album is an excellent one, thanks to Davis. His playing on every track is unfailingly beautiful. On *Squeeze Me* the poignancy of his solo is touching in the extreme, the phrases like little prayers. His reflective, muted playing of *There Is No Greater Love*, filled with unexpected twists and turns, is one of his loveliest ballad performances, to my mind. On the other hand, he can play with whiplash fury—still never losing his sense of musical balance. The whiplashing is best heard on *How Am I to Know?* (and the rhythm section does some lashing behind him too). The album's other three tracks—*Sposin'*, *The Theme* (which has a Ray Brown tribute by Chambers), and *Stablemates*—contain high-order Davis; he consistently follows through on ideas, all the while conjuring up a feeling of sadness laced with more than a touch of pixieishness.

But if Coltrane was sometimes groping in the fall of '55, he had his playing under firm control a year later when he recorded an album with Tadd Dameron and one with fellow tenorists Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, and Hank Mobley. Both LPs have been repackaged by Prestige: the Dameron, *Mating Call*, is now 7247, and the four-tenor, *Tenor Conclave*, is 7249.

In the *Mating Call* album Coltrane shows none of the hesitancy evident on the Davis disc. His ideas and construction of choruses brim with logic. This flow is partly attributable, I believe, to his greater use of long phrases—on the Davis album he phrased most often in conventional four-bar units. Dameron, who wrote all the album's compositions, also provided thick harmonic textures for Coltrane, and since by 1956 the tenorist was into his so-called sheets of sound, this harmonic complexity probably allowed him, conversely, the freedom to exploit to the fullest his then state of musical mind.

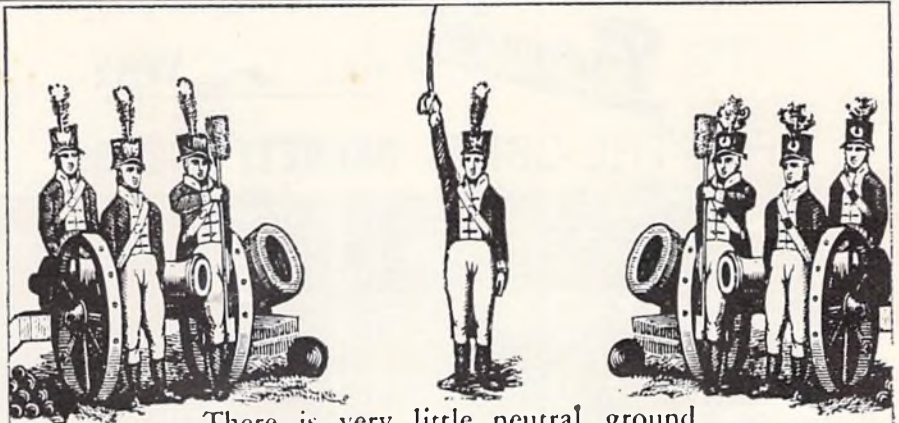
Despite the complexity and rapidity of portions of his work at this time, Coltrane was still—and remains—a melodist too. He uses these two elements, the linear and

the harmonic, to advantage in his *Soultrane* and *On a Misty Night* solos, mixing songlike passages with lightning-fast runs made with great skill. And he walks right through the changes of *Super Jet*.

Dameron is a limited pianist, and his solos on the album are not highly stimulating, though there is a Monkish quality that is attractive, and on a slow blues, *Romas*, his choice of bass notes and his Brubeck-through-Monk-to-Basie solo are intriguing.

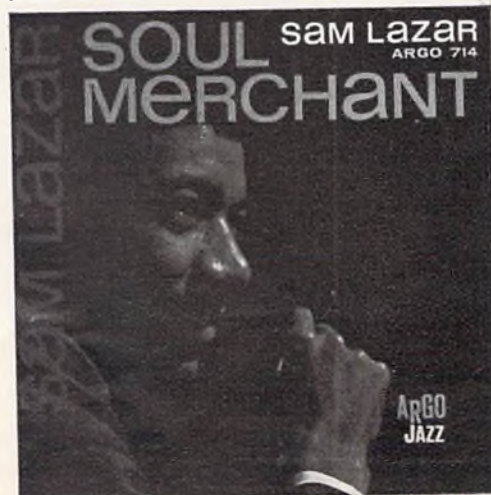
John Simmons is the bassist and Philly Joe Jones the drummer; both generally do a good job, though Simmons struggles a bit on the album's title track.

Tenor Conclave is a much different cup of tea from *Mating Call*, but Coltrane's virile playing dominates the session, de-



There is very little neutral ground when it comes to liking jazz organ — mostly the pros and the cons. If you're among the pros, you're probably already a *Sam Lazar* fan and have or plan to get his latest release: *Soul Merchant*. If you're anti organ, give *Soul Merchant* a listen anyway, it may convert you.

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spite some fine contributions by the other saxophonists (particularly Cohn), not to mention very good solos by Red Garland and Paul Chambers and tasteful drumming by Art Taylor. In all, this was a happy, freewheeling session.

One of the striking things about the record is that each of the tenor men shows traces of Lester Young, despite the differences of approach among them. Young's touch, of course, is most noticeable in the work of Cohn and Sims, but there is a Lesterized floating quality in Mobley's playing, and Coltrane's dry tone and sometimes looping phrases are quite Youngish, at least to my ears. Listen closely to the title track in which these characteristics come to the surface.

The most fetching track is a long *How*

Deep Is the Ocean? with dark-toned Cohn casting a spell of melancholy over the opening chorus, relaxed Garland with good Chambers accompaniment, easy-riding and blues-tinged Sims, arco Chambers in humorous mood, and steel hard but feelingful Coltrane, who licks the tune all over before giving it to Mobley, who unfortunately almost gets lost in the changes.

Another good track is *Just You, Just Me*, with a twisting Mobley solo that shows more passion and imagination than do his other solos on the record, a jump-in-with-both-feet Sims, and nice Cohn, whose playing has an easy, old-shoe quality. Coltrane is excellent on this track, as he plays a phrase, returns to it, tosses it around a while, and then uses it as springboard to a complementary idea. There

also are some heated exchanges among the horn men after the solos.

The weakest track is *Bob's Boys*, a blues, though even here there are some good moments. In all, then, a very good album.

Not so good is the fourth repackaging with Coltrane, *In the Winner's Circle*, Bethlehem 6066. The album, recorded in September, 1957, after several of the participants ranked first or near the top of that year's International Jazz Critics Poll (thus, the album title), is rather confused, as are the notes.

There are basically two groups: one features Coltrane, trumpeter Donald Byrd, and Cohn on baritone saxophone, among others; the second spotlights trumpeter Art Farmer, clarinetist Rolf Kuhn, and guitarist Kenny Burrell. Eddie Costa is present on all tracks, either playing vibraharp or piano, and Oscar Pettiford is the bassist in both groups. All arrangements were done by Harry Tubbs; none of the scores is outstanding, and a couple written for the group with Coltrane are embarrassingly bad.

The Farmer-Kuhn group is heard on *Lazy Afternoon*, *Seabreeze*, *She Didn't Say Yes*, and *At Home with the Blues*. Farmer plays well on most of the tracks, constructing especially lyrical solos on *Lazy* and *Blues*. Kuhn's DeFrancophile clarinet is best on a reflective *Afternoon*, on *Seabreeze*, and on a skating *Blues*. Costa plays good vibes on *Yes*, and Pettiford has a fine *Blues* solo. But, in all, nothing much happens on these tracks.

The titles with Coltrane are a cut or two higher in quality, but they are hardly deathless examples of 1957 jazz. The four tracks with Coltrane are *Not So Sleepy* (a rather tired performance despite a long-lined Byrd solo), *Love and the Weather* (good Byrd, sound-sheets Coltrane, warm Cohn, facile Frank Rehak trombone), *If I'm Lucky* (a pretty tune with excellent, dissonant Costa piano), and *Turtle Talk* (a terrible arrangement but containing Pettiford's best solo of the album, a well-put-together and heated one by Cohn, a driving and eating-up-the-changes Byrd performance, a bold Coltrane solo, and a rolling Costa piano passage).

The last album with Coltrane stems from 1960, the time he went out with his own quartet, which at the time included pianist McCoy Tyner, bassist Steve Davis, and drummer Billy Higgins. But only one side of *The Best of Birdland, Vol. 1*, Roulette 52094, is by Coltrane's group; the other side is by a quintet headed by trumpeter Lee Morgan. The record was first issued in 1961 as half of *The Birdland Story*.

The Morgan tracks are basically Jazz Messenger performances without Art Blakey, since the personnel includes Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone, and Bobby Timmons, piano, both of whom, with Morgan, were members of Blakey's Messengers at the time of this recording (bassist Jimmy Rowser and drummer Art Taylor complete this group's personnel). And the compositions—Shorter's *Suspended Sentence*, Timmons' *Minor Strain*, and Morgan's *A Bid for Sid*—have a strong Messenger cast to them.

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Generally, these are good tracks, heavy on straight-ahead blowing but rousing. Morgan and Timmons solo well on each title. Timmons particularly so on *Minor* and *Sid*; but Shorter comes through in good form only on *Sentence*, his other solos not having much imagination.

The Coltrane tracks—*Exotica*, *One and Four*, and *Simple Like*—find the tenorist in transition from his previous way of playing to his present, which is as com-

plex as the sheets but less dependent on chord changes for that complexity. Pianist McCoy Tyner is more consistent in his solos—though he is not as daring as Coltrane. His playing on the three tracks is sparkling.

There is a slight feeling of unsureness about Coltrane's work here, particularly on *Exotica*. He does, however, pull off a well-constructed, quite melodic solo on *One*, a blues also recorded for Atlantic as

Mr. Day, and puts together a complex-then-simple one on *Like*, which he called *Like Sonny* in Atlantic's *Coltrane Jazz*.

So, five albums with Coltrane, five years of development. With a few other Coltrane LPs, such as *Giant Steps* and the more recent *Coltrane*, plus a couple of later Miles Davis records with him to round out the picture, they provide good insight into an important musician's development. [AB]

BLUES 'n' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

An extraordinarily welcome and valuable collection is a recent Leadbelly album on the budget-priced Sutton label. The disc—which is inexplicably titled *Leadbelly Sings Ballads of Beautiful Women & Bad Men/with the Satin Strings* (!), Sutton 278—is made up of some of the singer's best 1944 Musicraft recordings.

Leadbelly was in great shape, his voice firm and resilient, and under it his superb 12-string guitar throbs relentlessly, its rich, full sound and driving ragtime-derived bass furnishing the singer one of the most powerful and distinctively styled accompaniments in all American folk music. The guitar work is especially invigorating on Leadbelly's potent version of *House of the Rising Sun* (which here is titled *In New Orleans*).

Other selections include two earthy blues, *Roberta* and the double-entendre *Pretty Flower in Your Back Yard*; stunning performances of two Negro ballads, *John Hardy* and *Duncan and Brady* (here called *Bill Brody*, for some reason); and fine versions of three songs long associated with Leadbelly, *Yellow Gal*, *Where Did You Sleep Last Night?* (otherwise known as *In the Pines* or *Black Gal*), and *When the Boys Were on the Western Plain*, a song whose meaning I've never been able to fathom but whose imagery is bizarre and wondrously evocative.

The sound is remarkably clear and sharp, and the pressing is clean. A dollar was never more wisely spent.

Another unexpected, but not nearly so valuable, album on Sutton is *Josh White Sings Great Folk Songs* (291), which offers five numbers originally recorded by White, the "Singing Christian," for Musicraft in the late 1930s.

The simpering croon which has characterized much of the singer's most recent work is generally absent from these performances, but they suffer notably in comparison with the Leadbelly performances in the other Sutton collection.

Still, they're not bad performances—as White performances go—and always there is his fine, bluesy guitar work behind them. But the sound of the recordings is very bad—fuzzy, scratchy, and altogether inferior (as though the selections had been dubbed from worn copies of the discs and not from the metal masters)—and it sounds as though some reverberation has been added by Sutton. It just further muddies the sound.

The numbers White performs are *Motherless Children*; *Hard Time Blues*; *Mon-*

day, *Tuesday*, and *Wednesday*; *Prison Bound*; and *Careless Love*. The remainder of the disc is filled out with four performances of traditional Anglo-American folk songs by, I believe, Ed McCurdy, though no credit is given.

Unless you're a diehard White fan, pass this up—even at a buck.

Under the title *Big Bill Broonzy Memorial* (20822), Mercury has reissued a number of performances by the singer-guitarist that had earlier been issued on two LPs on its Emarcy subsidiary—30652, *Folk Blues*, and 36137, *The Blues*, *Big Bill Broonzy*.

The first side has Broonzy in the role of conscious singer of folk songs, a stance he assumed in the last few years of his life and one to which he brought considerably more credence and solid strength than does Josh White, who follows a similar path. These five selections include a capable *John Henry*; an extremely attractive and propulsive *Bill Bailey*, *Won't You Please Come Home?* that has a bright, infectious guitar accompaniment; *Blue Tail Fly*; Leroy Carr's *In the Evening*, which is given a very affecting reading; and Richard M. Jones' *Trouble in Mind Blues*, also afforded a sensitive treatment. Broonzy's supple voice is seconded by his full, rhythmically insistent guitar and Ransom Knowling's bass.

The five remaining pieces were recorded in 1951. Three of them—*Stump Blues*, *Get Back*, and *Willie Mae*—again feature the singer and bassist Knowling, though these selections do not seem nearly as mannered or contrived as the previous five. The other two pieces—a sensitive *Southbound Train* and the somewhat mawkish ballad *Tomorrow*—are much closer in spirit and style to Broonzy's popular blues recordings of the 1930s and '40s, employing, as they do, a small blues band made up of the singer-guitarist, saxophonists Sax Mallard and William Cassimir, pianist Bob Call, Knowling, and drummer Judge Riley.

All told, an interesting album, though I would much more strongly recommend the previous Emarcy collection *The Blues*, *Big Bill Broonzy*, for it is from this record that the more interesting and satisfying numbers in the *Memorial* program have been excerpted. Though the Emarcy is out of print, one occasionally comes across copies of it. It's probably Big Bill's best single LP collection. If you can't find it, then settle for the second-best that the *Memorial* album is.

Big Maceo Merriweather was the pianist Broonzy said he preferred to have work with him, and the pianist was on many of the late '30s recordings made by Broonzy. (Upon Merriweather's death in the early 1940s, he was succeeded in the Broonzy band by Memphis Slim, who was

then beginning to make a name for himself in Chicago.)

Merriweather is inadequately represented on LP (though he has a beautiful, surging boogie-woogie piece in the album *Boogie Woogie Revisited*, RCA Victor 2321), and a recently issued long-play collection on Detroit's Fortune label—containing five selections apiece by Merriweather and singer-guitarist John Lee Hooker—does little to fill the breach. The album simply uses the two men's names as its title, and the catalog number is 3002.

The five Merriweather tunes—*Leaving Blues*; *Have You Heard About It?*, a fine, sly variation on the old monkey-and-the-baboon theme; *Strange to Me*; *Worried Life Blues, No. 2*; and *Without You My Life Don't Mean a Thing*—are abysmally recorded, with a great deal of wow and flutter in the sound. They were probably made on a simple home-recording device in the late 1930s; the label bears the legend "recorded on location."

There would be some justification in issuing the material if behind the fuzzy, thin sound there were some exciting samples of the pianist's work; but, sad to say, he seems greatly under wraps on these pieces. He only occasionally hints at the power and gusto of his better recordings, playing instead in a pallid, enervated manner. His vocals are of the lusty shouting type and, in the main, are quite effective. An electric guitarist, who is unidentified, provides adequate support, and a harmonica player is added on the final track.

The Hooker sides are merely retitled pieces that had been issued originally as singles on the Fortune label. At any rate, they are relatively early Hooker and do not possess anything near the brooding drama and dark intensity of his more powerful work elsewhere. Part of the fault resides in the selections themselves, which are empty, trivial things at best, and it's a wonder Hooker can make as much of them as he does. Of the five selections—*It's My Own Fault*, *Juke Bug* (a boogie instrumental), *Blues for Big Town*, *Big Fine Woman*, and *Miss Sadie Mae*—only the last manages to rise above the tedium and banality in which this album bogs down.

A small blues band backs up Hooker—or, rather, tries desperately to accommodate its playing to his erratic, unpredictable guitar work. These are selections for only the most avid of Hookerphiles, for just about any of his other numerous albums contain performances several light years removed from the sloppy, inconsequential stuff offered here.

In sum, a wholly disappointing collection with little to recommend it. [AB]

RAY BROWN



'Since the advent of Dizzy and Charlie Parker, which is where I came in, I find that the guys seem to have stopped blowing for themselves.'

THE RECORDS

1. Lou Blackburn. *New Frontier* (from *Jazz Frontier*, Imperial). Freddie Hill, trumpet; Blackburn, trombone; Horace Tapscott, piano; Leroy Henderson, drums.

No. 1, I didn't recognize anybody. No. 2, the guys didn't seem to know the tune too well—it sounded like it might have been the trombone player's tune, because he played it better than everybody else. The piano player and the trumpet player seemed to be scuffling a little bit over the changes.

I didn't find it exciting. . . . It's one of those loose tunes where everybody plays a little. . . . The drummer played pretty good. . . . From the sound, I'd say either the drummer or the trombone player was the leader of the group. I'd give it a couple of stars.

2. Leroy Vinnegar. *Hard to Find* (from *Leroy Walks Again*, Contemporary). Freddy Hill, trumpet; Teddy Edwards, tenor saxophone; Victor Feldman, piano; Vinnegar bass; Jefferson, drums.

I think I recognize a few people there! I say think, now, because unless you play some oldsters like myself, like Johnny Hodges and Ben Webster, I have trouble recognizing people. And that's not slander—it's just that I don't listen to records as much as I did when I was younger—there were less records then, for one thing, and there were more definitive sounds.

If Count Basie came to town, I had no trouble picking out Lester, or Don Byas, and Earle Warren and anybody else in that band—you knew. When Lunceford came to town, the sound was completely different; you had no trouble recognizing Trummy, or Snooky, or Joe Thomas, or any of those guys.

Or any other group—if it was Fats Waller's small group, or Lionel Hampton's group, you knew Arnett Cobb, or the Beast—you know, Jacquet—Joe Newman. Freddie Radcliffe—whatever band came to town, white or colored, they had a definitive sound—Benny Goodman, Charlie Barnet. . . . But now, since the advent of Dizzy and Charlie Parker, which is where I came in, actually, I find

that the guys seem to have stopped blowing for themselves.

In those days, it took so long—we had to wait for a release, and you really had to be, to coin a phrase, a bitch to make a record. So I used to say to myself, "You'll really have to work hard if you want to make a record," because you really had to be able to play to get on one. But it's just the opposite nowadays. *Anybody* can make a record.

Anyhow, back to this one. It sounded like Teddy Edwards to me on tenor, and it might have been Howard McGhee. I liked the tune. The performance started off very good, but then it seemed to bog down.

Bass sounded like Leroy Vinnegar. I don't think he should have walked two whole choruses at that tempo; he should have varied it a little. But the drums helped out a bit. I liked the drummer—and the piano player, although I'm not sure who he was. I'd give it four stars for the tune and 2½ for the performance.

3. Junior Mance. *Gravy Waltz* (from *Junior's Blues*, Riverside). Mance, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

I know that was Junior Mance. I hadn't heard this record before, although he recorded it while we were at the Embers. I heard him play it in San Francisco, and he even plays it better than that. . . . He has an unmistakable feel, especially for anything in a blues line.

He ad-libbed a little bit, melodywise, but I can't say anything about that; some people might say, "He didn't play my tune right." But as we mess with a lot of other people's tunes—if there's something we don't like, we change it a little bit—I can't complain. That's the way he felt it? Solid!

I thought they got a nice feel; the bass player and drummer sounded good together. I guess it was Mickey Roker and Bob Cranshaw. Being a bass player, I think Bob Cranshaw is one of the best time players around.

I'm in a little bit of a bind here! If I give it too many stars, they'll say, "Well it's his tune—he's not going to chop it!"

BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Though Ray Brown speaks of himself in this *Blindfold Test* as if he were about ready for social security benefits, his age and the facts of his career contradict him. Brown had not reached his 19th birthday when he came to New York and made an immediate impact as a member of the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet. This was in 1945; the next year he was part of the memorable Gillespie big band that included James Moody, John Lewis, and Kenny Clarke.

More or less simultaneously, Brown and the late Oscar Pettiford became the first significant representatives of the bass in the bebop revolution's first clique.

The second stage of his career as a nationally known artist was the 1948-51 period, when his own trio accompanied Ella Fitzgerald (then Mrs. Brown); the third, of course, began in 1951 when his alliance with Oscar Peterson turned out to be one of the happiest and most durable in modern jazz.

An annual *Down Beat* Readers Poll winner since 1953, Brown had never before taken a *Blindfold Test* in these pages. The two *Gravy Waltzes* played were versions he had never heard before of his own best-known composition. He was given no information about the records played.

I'll leave out the tune, and give it 3½ to four stars for the performance.

4. Herb Ellis. *Gravy Waltz* (from *3 Guitars in Bossa Nova Time*, Epic). Bob Enevoldsen, tenor saxophone, arranger; Ellis, guitar.

That was Herb Ellis, of course. I would call Herb Ellis the *Gravy Waltz* expert. He's recorded the tune about four times, bless his heart. He started this movement, matter of fact. He likes it so much, he could play it any way from Ray Charles to Guy Lombardo and make it sound good.

Actually, the way they wrote it up was very cute. I liked that very much. The idea of a bossa nova waltz is kind of interesting. . . . It was short and nice; I'll give it four stars.

5. Clare Fischer. *Stranger* (from *First Time Out*, World Pacific). Fischer, piano; Gary Peacock, bass.

Don't know who that was, but it sounds like some of the new guard; somebody trying to play along the lines of what Bill Evans and Scott LaFaro did. Could have been any of half a dozen bass players. Still didn't recognize the piano player. Don't think it was Bill Evans. He doesn't voice his chords quite that thick—this sounded a little bit Tatumish, down at the bottom.

This sort of thing . . . you can't find a tune—in fact you're not looking for a tune. It's like one of these modern artists; he gets up in the morning and takes a canvas and the brush and just starts to paint. Only in this case, it's like two guys, working on one canvas. Some days it's great, and some days it just doesn't come off. This came off in some spots.

I didn't dislike it. I can't find any particular faults with it. . . . I'll give it 2½ to three stars.

6. Thelonious Monk. *Five Spot Blues* (from *Monk's Dream*, Columbia). Charles Rouse, tenor saxophone; Monk, piano; John Ore, bass; Frankie Dunlop, drums.

It sounded like a combination of Monk and Duke Ellington! I'm lost! It sounded like a Monk tune, with Ellington voicings.

Either one could have written it, either

one could have played it. The bass player sounded real clean—he played so well in tune. . . . Mingus and Ellington did something together; I haven't heard it, but the intonation was so clean, it might be Charlie.

I didn't recognize the tenor, but he didn't bother me. The drummer was going through quite a bit, with rolls and everything. . . .

If it was Ellington, he was fooling around a little bit. If it was Monk, then he wasn't fooling around—he meant it. There wasn't much to the tune, but Monk will sometimes take a tune like that and do a great deal with it. I'm a great fan of Monk's tunes, but I liked them better when Hank Jones played them than when Monk played them.

One star for the tune, four stars for the bass player, just for clean playing. If it was Charlie Mingus, he must have had a tranquilizer that day. I guess somewhere around 2½ stars altogether.

7. Chico Hamilton. *Sun Yat Sen* (from *A Different Journey*, Reprise). Charles Lloyd, tenor saxophone; Albert Stinson, bass; Hamilton, drums.


Once again, I guess I'm going to sound like some of those old guys when I was a kid; they'd say you kids soandsoandso-andso, and I'd say well, you're just an old-timer—you don't know where it's at. But I would go and listen to Charlie Parker or Lester Young, and I would retain a certain amount of what they played—I would wake up the next morning and be able to play it on my bass—plus the fact that rarely did Bird play a whole lot of, like 25, choruses. Those guys said what they had to say, and that was it.

This record here, now, everybody on it is a good musician. The tenor player was either John Coltrane or one of his followers. . . . If it was Coltrane, then I will take the Coltrane of *If I Were a Bell*; that's the one I like—you know, with Miles Davis? That's what I call like five-star playing. I could leave after hearing that and whistle the tune. I got a pretty good musical mind, nothing fantastic, but I can retain something I think sounds good.

Same thing with the bass player; he's good, but I would prefer 16 bars of Oscar Pettiford, because he would swing and say something definitive.

They're all clean players, they play the correct changes, but I just start losing interest after a while. The rhythm section wasn't pumping, and maybe they didn't really want to pump, but something was missing.

Now I don't mean that all jazz has to swing, but that's how jazz music came into being. . . . that's what differentiated jazz from anything else—you pat your foot, or you shake your head, or snap your fingers. We've got the same notes as anybody else: you can't change them. So the only difference is, we make it *feel* better.

The voicing on the ensemble was good, but they could have recorded the bass player a little better. I'll give it a couple of stars, because they all played good; but it just didn't move me. 

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Theatre Des Champs Elysses, Paris

Personnel: Miles Davis Quintet, Sammy Price, Wilbert Harrison, the Harlem Beggars, Sunnyland Slim, Bill Doggett Band.

A very mixed bag: superb Davis, embarrassment for most of the rest with a catastrophic set for the Doggett band, and, finally, a near riot by the capacity house.

This was a festival in miniature made up of most of the visiting U.S. artists appearing at this year's Antibes festival.

Davis opened the show, and his group was about the only one that had an opportunity to perform adequately for reviewing purposes. The curtain went up one minute past 9 p.m., 31 minutes late, conforming satisfactorily to the noble Paris tradition of late starts. Davis had his new quintet with George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; and Tony Williams, drums. As might be expected, emphasis in the quintet was on the solo capabilities of the musicians rather than on any kind of group sound.

Davis himself was in clean, decisive form and at his lyric best, particularly on the opening *Autumn Leaves* and later on a long workout on *Stella by Starlight*.

Williams, 17-year-old drum prodigy, created a mild sensation with his surging and propulsive drumming. Certainly this boy's name is destined to become a household word in the world of jazz.

Hancock's colorful chording and delicate ballad style proved that he is more than just a Watermelon Man, and he was particularly effective on *Seven Steps to Heaven* and *Joshua*.

Carter's dextrous bass was heard to good effect throughout, and especially on *Joshua*. Coleman was adequate, but his somewhat anonymous style made one wish for a more individual instrumentalist to sustain interest.

The anticlimactic second half of the concert dissolved into bedlam—the worst display in years by the temperamental French jazz fraternity.

Paris audiences have long been noted for being ill-mannered and generally unpredictable, but in the last couple of years a certain maturity seemed to have settled in.

But at this concert Hugh Porter's Gospel quartet, the Harlem Beggars, and singer-pianist Sunnyland Slim were barely tolerated, and despite pianist Sammy Price's valiant attempts to stem the gathering storm, singer Wilbert Harrison (attired, as a French newspaper put it, in a "jolie smoking jaune") got the bird 100 percent.

The unfortunate Bill Doggett with his down-home r&b band went through the motions on *High Heels* and *Ham Fat*



before a rain of coins, peanuts, and ice-cream cartons obliged them to beat a hasty retreat. The boos rang out long and loud—evidently *le vrai jazz* in France does not have unlimited horizons. —Alan Bates

HERMAN CHITTISON

Absinthe House, New York City
Personnel: Chittison, piano.

Playing solo piano, as Chittison does in this attractive steak house 4½ hours a night, six nights a week, is no snap. Solo piano is a continual challenge because there is no place to hide, no other player to share the load, and the slightest goof is obvious. If you seek to play inspired music, you must somehow inspire yourself. Even the nearly incredible Art Tatum found it considerably easier to play trio jobs.

Some of the most highly praised jazz pianists today would look, and sound, ludicrous attempting to play solo piano. But Chittison, who is 53, succeeds admirably. Like his contemporary, Tatum, he did not come of age when block chords and a bop right hand meant piano playing. Chittison is an orchestral pianist. He plays with both hands—all the time.

He does not need a rhythm section, again as many younger pianists do, but he does have his own kind of rhythm section, meaning his right foot. While his left foot pedals, his right foot beats four to the bar. This loud foot-tapping might disconcert and annoy some listeners, though it did not annoy me. On the other hand, Oscar Peterson's grunting does. No doubt, a matter of taste.

You need listen to only a few bars of Chittison piano to realize that this veteran has what so many younger piano players lack: pianistic touch and tone. Like Tatum and Teddy Wilson, he understands that a piano is not to be confused with a drum. A marvelous and inventive left hand, as well as a wide repertoire of good tunes, also helps to make Chittison's playing a delight to anyone who cares about piano playing. His work is unpretentious but polished. He makes the difficult sound easy.

During one set, Chittison had the diners quiet and entranced with his melodic improvisations on *Change Partners*, *The Touch of Your Lips*, *Alone Together*, and *Love for Sale*. He also worked a genuine down-home, almost funky, feel into *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*. This currently popular song sounded like a jazz classic the way he played it.

Between sets, while discussing Tatum (whom Chittison first heard in 1928 at a Toledo joint called Chicken Charlie's), Chittison singled out one young pianist for high praise: Phineas Newborn Jr. He said he admires Newborn's technical skills. As for Tatum, in addition to his vast technical facility, Chittison said that "even if I had never met him, from his music alone his tremendous sense of beauty would have been obvious."

Chittison is not out to create something new or prove anything. He just plays piano, that's all. And very well too. There are not many like Chittison left. And forget any hippie cracks about "cocktail lounge" piano. Jazz musicians, like Chittison, don't—indeed, can't—play "cocktail lounge" piano. —Tom Scanlan

BOOK REVIEW

THE BOOK OF THE BLUES, edited by Kay Shirley, annotated by Frank Driggs. Published by Leeds Music Corp. and Crown Publishers, Inc., 301 pages, \$7.50.

One of the most fascinating and challenging aspects of folk jazz is the difficulty of pinpointing it for accurate documentation. Obviously, the best source for a student must be the original performance, in person or on record; but if any written record is to be kept of the vast heritage of folk blues, it is necessary also to resort to the only system of musical notation now in current use.

The Book of the Blues has attempted to do this, with fascinating results. After a short preface by John Hammond and an introduction by Orrin Keepnews, the book comprises single-line (treble clef) music, lyrics, and guitar chords of 100 blues from the catalog of Leeds Music, a company that happens to have about as many of the better early blues as any major publisher.

It is obvious that two sharply contrasted methods have been used for presenting these blues in book form. In some cases regular, formalized lead sheets were supplied by the more literate writers (or written down with an arbitrary melody by someone at the Leeds office); in other instances the melody, composed ad lib by the performer, was taken down note for note directly off the record.

The difference is startling. In the first group the melodies are largely 5, 4, flat 3, flat 7, and tonic in simple eighth, quarter, half- and whole-note divisions (see *The Blues Ain't Nothin' but a Woman Cryin' for Her Man*, credited to J. Mayo Williams). In the second group an effort has been made to interpret in black and white the elusive mathematical subtleties of a musically unlettered performer for whom there are no academic rules. The result is a comparatively complex assortment of triplets, 16ths, tied notes, dotted eighths and 16ths, and, in some instances, additional lines of lyrics, printed separately, that are not easy to match up with the music of those verses for which the melody line is reproduced.

This does not limit the value of the book, since it must be assumed that anyone sufficiently interested in the subject to want to learn these verses will have heard at least enough blues records to be equipped to supply his own variations.

Many of the blues printed here have been around long enough to have become part of the cultural tradition of the idiom (*In the Evening; How Long; See, See, Rider*; and others of debated origin), while some had a more formal and detectable genesis, perhaps on a record by Big Bill Broonzy or Joe Turner. A few have a background as more or less popular song hits with Tin Pan Alley writers or co-writers (*Your Red Wagon*).

It is fascinating to observe the degree of overlapping that exists in the casually plotted course of the blues.

Two of the most famous lines from W. C. Handy's *St. Louis Blues*, for instance, including the opening line, appear here in *Peach Orchard Mama* and *Pine-top's Blues*, respectively.

The music in each case is preceded by a few brief comments on the composer and/or the song, with a list of recordings. In some cases the proportions seem a little out of line: for example, it is of some interest to read the names and record numbers for almost 50 versions of *How Long Blues* (even though in most cases the records are no longer available so the numbers are of no real value), but it would have been of more interest to discuss the social and emotional meaning of some of the lyrics, the origin and development of the eight-bar form as related to blues history, and the sources of the various verses that are assembled under this title.

Nevertheless, the annotations by Driggs are scholarly and give the book additional value. Incidentally, since he does not discuss the ages of any of the songs, better brush up on Roman numerals. It may be a shock to find that something you first heard about in MCMXLVIII, when the copyright was renewed, actually originated in MCMXXI.

The book is handsomely produced and strongly bound; its 12"x9" pages enabled the publishers to reproduce all music and lyrics clearly and in a manner suitable for placing on piano or music stand. All in all, it is the best collection of this kind to date and can be recommended to anyone interested in studying or interpreting the blues form.

—Feather

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HALF NOTE *from page 17*

and Sunday waiter who frequently turns up during the week to hold court with the Canterinos on women and world affairs.

Dougherty, 6 foot 4 and 250 pounds, is a waterfront wit of considerable skill and is Tristano's favorite late-night chauffeur. If Tristano is stuck at the club at 4 a.m., Dougherty will offer him a ride, and the two, usually accompanied by Sonny, barrel out to the pianist's home in Jamaica, on Long Island, 35 miles from the club.

These three, but especially Al because he is there all the time and his voice is louder, are standard Half Note fixtures. Because of their popularity with owners, musicians, and customers, they furnish no small portion of the club's buoyant atmosphere.

ACTUAL BUOYANCY — the faculty of keeping one's head above water—was long in coming, however.

For a year and a half after the club opened, care lined the faces of the Canterinos. Business was awful. Nothing they tried seemed to work. Sonny had to leave the place at 3 a.m. to load waterfront trucks to support his family. There were times then when he and Mike had to go out on a Saturday night and borrow money to pay the musicians. Finally, liquor dealers threatened to cut off the club's supply.

But Frank stood solid for the boys, and finally they hit the right combination: Al Cohn and Zoot Sims. This pair and a rhythm section has consistently drawn customers, and a warm friendship has grown between labor and management, warm enough, in fact, for Frank to have invited Al and Zoot to cool off for a weekend at the family's summer retreat to Lake Hopatcong, N.J. Cohn says:

"That family is something. I never saw any of them argue with or get mad at any of the others. Man, that's a tight family. The boys must have inherited their beautiful nature from Frank."

Their liking for musicians is more than surface deep. When pianist Eddie Costa was killed in an auto accident in July, 1962, the Half Note delegation was fully represented at the wake. Sonny, Mike, Rosemary, Arnie, Al the Waiter, Chich, and Dougherty came with mass cards to pay their respects.

So high is the esteem in which Sims and Cohn hold the Canterinos that they once refused a raise from Sonny. Cohn's explanation proves that, despite the smart guys uptown, a club can be operated with decency and with respect between owner and musician:

"The Canterinos really had rough times to make it, but even when busi-

ness was the worst and they were really aching for money they never complained or continually bugged you. I never saw Frank get strong with anyone, and sometimes he's had cause. We turned down the raise because we didn't want them to feel that we were getting to want too much, that we were taking advantage."

Among musicians who know about the Half Note it seems impossible to meet one who doesn't share Cohn's estimate. This is why a good percentage of the house on any given night will be made up of musicians who have come down to hear and talk. Of course, this means less bread in the wrapper for Sonny, who gives them all more than the usual break on food and booze; but it doesn't make that much difference to him. The musicians and steady patrons, in turn, feel this and bring themselves and others back time after time.

Frank occasionally joins his customers at the bar, where he discusses the issues of the day—usually food and money—with his sons and smokes a king-size cigaret. But most of the time he is back in the kitchen—white, short-sleeved shirt open at the neck and bow tie clipped to one side of his collar—preparing Italian goodies which would satisfy the most demanding Mafioso. His labors are interrupted only by Al the Waiter, who sticks his thin, black-haired head into the window opening between the kitchen and bar-room to yell, "A meat ball sandwich, Mr. Boss" or some such. He then rips a tray of shot glasses from the sill and marches four feet to the bar, where Sonny shakes his head in despair because Al's voice may have disturbed some musicians or customer.

The bar closes at 4 a.m., and Frank drives home to Brooklyn. But Sonny and Mike and a few regulars might stick around in the darkened rooms talking music or (when he's there, which is often) challenging Zoot Sims to a game of pool.

Apropos of the green table, the Canterinos arranged a surprise birthday party for Sims last October. At midnight, Al Cohn counted off *Happy Birthday*, and Sims got about a measure into it before he realized what was happening. A roar went up, a birthday cake arrived, and presents were handed out. Frank gave Sims some shirts, Mike came up with a shaving set, and Colpix a&r man Jack Lewis and Al the Waiter dolled the tenorist up in crown and pitchfork. But the best was yet to come. On behalf of Cohn, DiPierro, and Dougherty, Sonny saluted Sims with the grooviest gift of all: a two-piece pool cue.

That's the Half Note.



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HOT BOX
little
benny
harris

By GEORGE HOEFER

Benny Harris, now an almost forgotten name in jazz, was an influential figure during the bebop revolution.

Trumpeter-composer Harris, known as Little Benny, was an active, moving spirit dedicated to the development of new ideas in the playing of music. He worked with Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, Charlie Parker, Kenny Clarke, and other innovators in the early 1940s—when many of the techniques of jazz playing used then were considered, by many jazz musicians as well as listeners, to be insane meanderings.

Starting as an avid pupil of Gillespie's more radical ideas on trumpet, Harris went on to become an influence in whatever band he found himself. While in the Earl Hines Band of 1943, Harris introduced Gillespie to Charlie Parker's artistry by pointing out to the trumpeter the alto saxophone chorus Parker played on Jay McShann's *Sepian Bounce*.

Harris' most outstanding contributions to the transitional phase of the music were his compositions: *Ornithology* (based on the chords of *How High the Moon*), *Craze-ology*, *Little Benny* (*Ideaology*), and *Lion's Den*.

As a trumpet soloist, Harris tried to sound like Gillespie, using modern ideas, but according to tenor saxophonist-arranger Budd Johnson, "his thoughts were always ahead of his chops; he knew more than he could play."

In an evaluation of Harris' playing style, England's Max Harrison has written, "Harris' muted solos resemble Gillespie's closely, both in sound and phrasing, while his somewhat rough-toned open work, though guided by the same influence, has an occasional touch reminiscent of [Fats] Navarro. His ideas ran along similar lines to theirs, but he lacked the technical facility to express himself as freely."

Benjamin Harris was born in New York City on April 23, 1919, and was brought up in the San Juan Hill section where other jazzmen—Benny Carter, Thelonious Monk, Bubber Miley—also spent their childhood. (Harris' family name was once reported in *Down*

Beat to be Cholmondeley, and the article further said his father was a San Blas Indian [from the Isthmus of Panama] who owned some island property in the Caribbean area.)

Harris has noted, "I had no eyes for the woods"—he preferred the streets of Manhattan, where he earned his early pennies as a shoe shine boy.

Musically, Harris was self-taught and started playing the French horn and E-flat mellophone in the New York *Daily Mirror's* Boys Band when he was 12.

He took up trumpet when he was 13 and has recalled, "I used to practice before school, after school, after the boys club, every day for two years straight." He joined his first band, a touring unit through Pennsylvania, when he was 15.

The first trumpeter to impress young Harris was Bobby Moore, who once played with the Count Basie Band for a short time but later suffered a mental breakdown and was hospitalized.

Back in New York around the middle 1930s, Harris went on gigs with pianist Monk, who had been traveling with an evangelist troupe, and the two of them played many afternoon parties together at which they not only earned money but filled up on good food too.

In 1937 Harris first met Gillespie, who had just returned from a European tour with the Teddy Hill Band. They became good friends and mutual admirers.

Gillespie got Harris a job with the Tiny Bradshaw Band in 1939, and early in 1941 Budd Johnson and Billy Eckstine asked him to join Earl Hines. This first period with Hines was comparatively short. He was replaced by Freddy Webster after three months.

About this time, Harris was one of the jazzmen who headed for Monroe's Uptown House or Minton's Playhouse to play in sessions that sometimes started as late as 5 a.m. His regular job during 1942 was with Pete Brown's Sextet playing at Kelly's Stables on 52nd St.

In an interview with writer Dick Hadlock several years ago, Harris mentioned the enthusiasm of the younger musicians of that time:

"We listened to Artie Shaw instead of Benny Goodman because Shaw was more modern. We jumped on a record like Bobby Hackett's *Embraceable You* (Vocalion in 1939) because it was full of beautiful extended harmonies and unusual changes. Bobby was a guitarist and knew his chords, just as Dizzy and Kenny Clarke knew keyboard harmony."

Trumpeter Harris went on to point out the influence of pianists Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum.

Early in 1943, after a short spell of playing in Benny Carter's trumpet section with Sidney DeParis and Joe Thomas, Harris again joined the Earl Hines Band. This was the nonrecorded band that included Gillespie, plus Charlie Parker on tenor saxophone. Harris was responsible for getting Gillespie into the band. The trumpeters during the musical heyday of the band were Gillespie, Harris, Gail Brockman, and Shorty McConnell.

By August the band was beginning to fall apart, and Harris switched to Don Redman's band, playing at the Club Zanzibar on Broadway. Reviewers noted that Harris soloed on Redman's composition *Walkin' with the Widow*. When Redman closed, Harris returned to a now highly commercial Hines band for a short time.

He rehearsed with a new Herbie Fields band that also included the pianist-arranger George Handy. He noted that Handy's stuff was "weird with original notations compared with the usual riff cliches used by jump bands." Unfortunately, this band broke up before it got a chance to play anywhere except the Nola Studios.

Fifty-second St. began to open up for the modern musicians in 1944, and Harris played on the street, and on the road, with a Coleman Hawkins group that also included Monk, tenor saxophonist Don Byas, bassist Selwyn Warner, and drummer Denzil Best.

Also during '44 Harris became an intermittent member of the Boyd Raeburn Band and went on the road with the outfit along with his modern colleague, the late Oscar Pettiford.

Pettiford and Harris left Raeburn at the end of the year and formed a small modern band to play at the Spotlight on 52nd St.


By this time Harris was beginning to gain notice for his original compositions. During the floor show at the Spotlight he would take the feature spot to do *How High the Moon*. After about four bars of the original melody, he would go into a new theme he had dreamed up, which eventually gained the title *Ornithology* and was recorded by Parker. He also wrote a riff based on *Perdido*, which became a bop standby and was featured as a counter-melody to the original *Perdido* on the Red Rodney-Dave Lambert Keynote recording.

Harris has pointed out that his lip started going bad after the strenuous year in the Hines band. "They swung so hard," he said, "played so much, and rehearsed so often. . . ." Harris was quoted in a short piece on Parker in *Bird: the Legend of Charlie Parker* edited by Robert Reisner.

From 1945 on, Harris was heard

from less and less. He continued to play theater dates and recording sessions with Raeburn; he put in a short period with John Kirby's unit at Cafe Society in New York City, and in December played the Three Deuces with alto

saxophonist Johnny Bothwell's group.

Harris was in the trumpet section of Dizzy Gillespie's big band of 1950, but since that time he has stayed away from music and in 1961 was reported in San Francisco. 

FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

It was intriguing to read Tom Scanlan's comment, in a recent book review in these pages, that "for some peculiar reason, those who write with excitement about a jazz musician or a jazz performance are now labeled 'fans,' not critics, as if critics cannot be enthusiasts too."

In speaking of the enthusiasm that "once gave less pretentious jazz criticism more excitement," Scanlan has touched on a subject that involves not only critics but fans and performers too.

Recently, in the course of a single evening, I happened to visit three clubs where the trios of pianists Oscar Peterson, Junior Mance, and Bill Evans were performing.

The audience for Peterson, playing to a packed house at Basin Street West in Los Angeles, was irrepressibly enthusiastic. On every medium- and up-tempo number the demeanor of Peterson and bassist Ray Brown matched that of the listeners. (Drummer Ed Thigpen, though more enigmatic visually, contributed his share to the overall atmosphere.) The sense of immediacy, of spontaneous creation, was heightened by the general awareness, on and off the bandstand, that an extraordinary tour de force was in progress.

A similar ambiance could be observed at the Hideaway Club, where there were fewer musicians in Junior Mance's audience but just as many followers of the cooks. Like Peterson, Mance was able to turn his vast technique to rhythmically inspiring ends.

At the Manne Hole, where Evans was working, the atmosphere was completely different. Evans, like Peterson, had attracted a healthy percentage of musicians, who dug his work from the esthetic and the technical standpoint. His playing was not, of course, aimed at excitement; though it often swung in its own fragile and unobtrusive manner, it was harmonically oriented, just as Peterson, on everything but his ballads, was essentially rhythm-generated.

Each of the three pianists in his own way are perfect: Peterson the modern Tatum, Mance the greatest of the new

blues-funk-soul-inspired school, Evans the model of withdrawal against these tendencies, a shaper of exquisite crystalline forms in which beauty of melodic-harmonic concept remained in the foreground.

Discussing the magnificence of Evans with a young fan who clung to the rail alongside the piano, I commented on the diversity of the pleasures I had encountered during the evening. I mentioned how great Peterson and Mance had sounded.

The fan's facial expression was worth a thousand words. His reaction was one of poorly concealed contempt. How could I mention Peterson or Mance in the same breath with Bill Evans?


In writing of "that nonfan, cool slant that passes for 'serious' jazz criticism today," Scanlan could have added that this attitude has been prevalent even longer in certain fan circles, where it is believed that excitement and enthusiasm are demode.

The more I look back on *Jazz at the Philharmonic*, and the psychology of the vanishing Norman Granz approach to jazz, the more I miss it.

Is Dizzy Gillespie any the less an artist because he induces happy, even boisterous reactions? Was Charlie Parker, who could produce almost hysterical tension in a sensitive audience, less an artist than the "new thing" experimentalist who likes to pretend that he doesn't know anyone is listening?

A danger inherent in the study of jazz today is the fact that the presence on the scene of such a huge diversity of styles makes it almost impossible for the student or the critic to acquire a complete knowledge, awareness, and deep interest in every area. He is, therefore, likely to wind up a specialist in one field with a subconsciously built-in aversion to other styles and for the attitudes they connote. This has happened with a number of critics, though they would deny it indignantly.

Personally, I find it difficult to view broadmindedness as a handicap, provided it doesn't involve an indiscriminate absorption of all sounds heard.

It is possible to dig a Peterson, a Mance, and an Evans without implicitly endorsing a Peter Nero or a Roger Williams. And if enthusiasm reduces me to the level of a mere fan in the eyes of the cool ones, then fan I'll remain. That, come to think of it, was how I got into this profession in the first place. 

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WHERE TO STUDY

DRUMMERS—Stanley Spector writes:

(Continued from the last issue) "Then I started to ask the questions. I asked my drummer acquaintance if he had well defined goals and aims that he was working towards to improve his jazz performance, and if he had specific technical information to implement his goals and aims? He said that he just sat down and 'fooled around' for so many hours a day. He felt he was making progress. I offered my congratulations. Then I told him that I liked to have my teaching and ideas judged under the most difficult conditions. That would be when he stopped making progress by just 'fooling around', when he was not so sure of the next step, when all kinds of problems developed that he could not cope with. I told him that METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING is not for the expert, but rather for the good jazz drummer who wants to play better or differently than he is now playing, or for the interested person just starting out who does not want to waste time and energy in finding a productive key." Some drummers have accomplished this in their study with

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SCHOOL MUSIC ISSUE

The Sept. 26 Down Beat goes on
sale at newsstands Thursday, Sept. 12

THE BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

Musicians must wonder if writers know how it feels. Know how it feels to get reviewed, that is.

(On the other hand, there is at least one writer who has wondered if musicians know how it feels to have one's life threatened over a review—me. The subject of one of my reviews phoned me a couple of years ago with a death threat.)

The answer is that most reviewers get reviewed one way or another, often in conversation and sometimes in print, and know just how it feels.

It is—most of us know—disappointing and frustrating to find one's intentions and efforts received with what one feels is misunderstanding and sudden hostility. But perhaps the most frustrating kind of comment comes from reviewers who just refuse to get the plain facts straight and build toothpick structures of commentary on such ignorance.

The source of my grumbling goes back to the recent publication of an anthology of pieces on jazz that I edited. Just to show I don't have any gratuitous plugs in mind here, I won't tell you the name of the book or the publisher. But I will need to say that all the pieces were drawn from back issues of a single magazine and that they included interview, biography, reminiscence, criticism, review, technical analysis, even a couple of parodies—many of them written by jazz musicians. Just about every conceivable approach to jazz of every style and school, written from many points of view.

The book got a lot of newspaper reviews.

Now I don't suppose there is any point in dwelling on the comment of one fellow that in the interviews jazz musicians sounded like decent and sensitive people compared to the noisy music they make—unless it might be to point out to that reviewer again that the rest of us hear sensitivity in the music and that he might try to listen a little more receptively. One way or another, getting people to listen more receptively is the point of most artistic biography and criticism.

But somewhere there is always a reviewer who will say that mere words (he always says "mere words," whereas words are, after all, a reviewer's business) can never replace the experience of the music itself. As if anyone ever had the idea that they could. The next time you get this kind of comment, ask yourself how much time the speaker himself spends listening to music. Nine times out of ten he will turn out to be

the kind of cat who chatters incessantly both in clubs and beside the phonograph.

Another of the book's reviewers was incensed that there were a couple of transcribed solos included (he referred to them as "diagrams of various passages played on the record"). As usual the transcribed passages were illustrations of things that the text made quite clear anyhow. But I guess it is pretty horrifying to find someone occasionally talking about music as if it were music. And far be it from a newspaper to get someone with musical knowledge to review a jazz book.

There is always a reviewer or two with his own kind of ax-grinding: one complained there was too much emphasis in the book on old-time musicians, another that there was too much emphasis on modernists.

Then there was a woman from Baton Rouge, La., who complained there was



nothing in the book about a "genius" named Dave Brubeck, who, she seemed to feel, had made jazz respectable by importing "the disciplines of the music conservatories." Another had a similar complaint that turned out to be opposite. He said, "What the jazz world needs is men like Brubeck who venture far into the outer realm. After all, isn't freedom an essential ingredient to jazz?" One woman's discipline is another man's freedom.

Well, the book insisted that the editorship felt Ornette Coleman "far into the outer realms" enough to give jazz esthetic impetus for at least another decade—but perhaps the reviewers didn't read that far. Maybe what they need is a little discipline—of the music conservatories, that is. And some time with "diagrams of various passages played on the record."

Then there was a commentator who found an interview with the late Scott LaFaro the best piece in the book, and another who found it the worst.

That sort of thing is bound to happen, to be sure, and in a way it's small of me to grumble about it. I really ought to get back to my complaint that


the most frustrating reviewer is the man who refuses to get the simple facts straight.

For one, the man in Maine who said that "a number of chapters have been developed from magazine articles." (Well, as the dust jacket, title page, and introduction say, *all* the pieces are from—and not "developed from"—a single magazine.) The same reviewer goes on to wonder why there aren't pieces about "Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, and countless others who have made vital contributions to the art." (Maybe I wish there had been too. But, as the dust jacket, title page, and introduction made clear. . . .) The same fellow seemed to think that an interview with Miles Davis, marked "by Nat Hentoff," was written by Miles Davis.

Another man somehow had the idea that Hentoff and I were involved in "a West Coast publication" and that Henry Woodfin is a "British critic." Still another review said, "A few British critics are among the contributors." (Well, I did my best. I said in the introduction to the book that I had tried to make it an American anthology and arbitrarily excluded *all* British critics thereby, except for a brief letter from Albert McCarthy.)

There was another reviewer who assured his readers that they would be able to find out about the Twist in the book. (I hope none of them are trying.) His counterpart is probably the fellow who complained that we said nothing about the bossa nova. And a gentleman on a Charleston paper complained that "nearly half the book [his count, and a wrong one] is devoted to reviews of records and albums which are currently not available." He then proceeded to quote from Dick Katz' description of an Art Tatum record that is available. Most of the records mentioned in the book are available, and undoubtedly what the reviewer meant was something like this: "Why do they talk about records that I don't have?" Maybe to suggest they might be worth his having.

If anyone thinks I'm getting quite small about this, I will perhaps convince him of how small I can really get by saying that one of the most disappointing comments came from a sympathetic and favorable review. It concluded that not only was the book "highly interesting and informative" but also that it will "provide hours of pleasant reading." Interesting and informative we wanted to be. We also had hopes of being stimulating and tried hard to be perceptive. And sometimes we even worked at being moving. But "pleasant" we didn't want to be.

At any rate—yes, a reviewer does get to know how it feels. 

AD LIB from page 10

man Hawkins' quartet. To augment the LHB-Hawkins bill, **Charlie Mingus'** group played two weekends. All three groups will be on hand Aug. 30-Sept. 4. Then **Nina Simone** comes in Sept. 5-15 and is followed by **Odetta** on Sept. 17.

Mobilization for Youth, Inc., sponsored an evening of jazz at the East River Amphitheater with four young neighborhood groups participating. One group was led by alto saxophonist **Rene McLean**, son of alto saxophonist **Jackie McLean**. The elder McLean emceed the program and sat in with the kids. In late August, Jackie played a week at the Bohemian Caverns in Washington, D.C. . . . On Sept. 7 at Town Hall, there will be a benefit concert for the Angolan Refugee Rescue Committee. McLean's quintet will be featured along with **Max Roach's** eight-piece orchestra, a 10-voice chorus, and **Abbey Lincoln**.

Singer **Babs Gonzales**, in London, said he will appear in Copenhagen before returning to Britain for a television show and four more weeks of engagements . . . The **Ran Blake-Jeanne Lee Duo** appeared in Madrid at the beginning of August and at the Blue Note in Berlin Aug. 16-22. On Aug. 26 they began a run at tenorist **Ronnie Scott's** club in London.

The **Gerry Mulligan Quartet (Bob Brookmeyer**, trombone; **Bill Crow**, bass; **Dave Bailey**, drums) and the **Bill Evans Trio (Gary Peacock**, bass; **Paul Motian**, drums) played two weeks at the Village Vanguard. They were followed by trumpeter-flugelhornist **Clark Terry's** group, which included tenor man **Seldon Powell**, and folk-blues singer **Dave Van Ronk** and his **Ragtime Jug Stompers**. The instrumentation of the Stompers included jug, washboard, guitar, harmonica, kazoo, banjo, and washtub bass.

Reed man **Dick Meldonian's** quintet played a jazz concert in Astoria Park, Queens, under the auspices of the New York Department of Parks. Meldonian is a member of the rehearsal band that **Elliot Lawrence** has been putting through weekly paces recently. Other members are **Al Cohn**, **Ernie Royal**, **Eddie Bert**, **Hank Jones**, **Milt Hinton**, and **Don Lamond** . . . The re-establishment of a big-band policy at Glen Island Casino—**Dan Terry's** band began it—fizzled.

Lennie Tristano has been working at the Playhouse on MacDougal St. in the Village with **Sonny Dallas**, bass, and **Jerry Tomlinson**, drums . . . The Playhouse (Minton's) on 118th St. has recently housed the groups of **Barry Harris** and **Blue Mitchell** . . . Jazz photographer **Jack Bradley** is the manager of a new club, Bourbon Street, located be-

tween Jim & Andy's and Manny's music store on W. 48th St. **Marlowe Morris** is playing piano there, having deserted the organ for his first love. In time, the club plans to have a five-piece group . . . Tubaist **Ray Draper** is back on the scene and has formed a group with trumpeter **Don Cherry** and tenor saxophonist **Farrell Saunders**. Under the name **Contemporary Jazz Quintet**, the group played a Monday night at One Sheridan Square in early August.

. . .

RECORD NOTES: Recent recording activity in Chicago included Chess' on-location recording of blues singers **Muddy Waters** (with sidekick **Otis Spann**), **Howlin' Wolf**, and singer-guitarist **Buddy Guy** (backed by his band) at the west-side club the **Copa Cabana**. The label's **Ralph Bass** supervised. Harmonica players **Little Walter** and **Sonny Boy Williamson** had been expected to perform too, but neither did. The resulting album will be issued in conjunction with a national tour of colleges by the blues men this fall . . . Testament records has issued its initial LP, a collection of blues and Negro folk songs by Maryland songster and 12-string guitarist **Bill Jackson**. **Pete Welding** produced the album.

Also in Chicago, **Ewart Abner**, president of Vee Jay records, surprised the industry when he left the firm, saying he no longer was engaged in the manufacture of Vee Jay records. **Barbara Gardner**, head of the company's international sales, resigned at the same time, as did chief a&r man **William E. Shepard**.

Vanguard taped the **Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextet (Dave Burns**, trumpet; **Bobby Hutcherson**, vibraharp; **Herman Wright**, bass; **Candy Finch**, drums) and tenor man **Harold Ousley's** quintet (**Richard Williams**, trumpet; **Horace Parlan**, piano; **George Tucker**, bass; **Walter Perkins**, drums) . . . Bassist **Ben Tucker** recorded for Ava with **Larry Bunker**, vibraharp; **Victor Feldman**, piano; **Ray Crawford**, guitar; **Bobby Thomas**, drums; **Patato Valdes**, conga . . . **Sonny Rollins** and his regular group (**Paul Bley**, piano; **Henry Grimes**, bass; **Roy McCurdy**, drums) were joined by **Clark Terry**, **Coleman Hawkins**, and **Ben Webster** for an RCA Victor date.

DENMARK

Famous New Orleans clarinetist **Albert Nicholas**, who has been living in Paris for years, is touring Denmark as a single during the summer months, playing with local groups . . . Jazz band leader **Ib Glindeman** has been commissioned to compose the music for a new Danish movie, *Gudrun*, based on a novel by Nobel Prize winner **Johannes V. Jensen**. **Dexter Gordon** has a part in it . . . **Louis Hjulmand**, vibraharp-

ist and Danish Jazz Musician of the Year, has written music for a new Copenhagen review.

Jazz writer **Bent Henius** sounded a call for a Danish jazz festival, like those held in a number of other European cities. The occasion for the suggestion, in Henius' weekly *Jazz Trumpet* column, was the three-day festival in the Swedish town of Landskrona, across the sound from Copenhagen, which featured the bands of **Count Basie** and **Quincy Jones**. For the gig, Jones gathered together a group of top European musicians, plus several U.S. jazzmen now in Europe, among them two alumni of his previous European band, saxophonist **Sahib Shihab** and trumpeter **Benny Bailey**. Shihab is working in Denmark, Bailey in West Berlin with another member of the pickup band, saxophonist **Herb Geller**. Other members of the festival band: drummer **Kenny Clarke**, up from Paris; British saxophonist **Ronnie Scott**; Swedish pianist **Bengt Hallberg**; and fellow Swede, trombonist **Ake Persson** . . . **Jorgen Leth's** movie short on **Bud Powell**, featuring the pianist and his 8-year-old son, **Johnny**, had its premiere in Stockholm. Powell who is living in Paris, recently did a short gig at Copenhagen's Montmartre. He has recently recovered from a serious illness.

TORONTO

Duke Ellington's score for *Timon of Athens* at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival offered a tantalizing combination of Latin American and Oriental music for a sumptuous banquet scene and a melancholy march that beautifully highlighted the dramatic action of the last act. For the rest of the play, the music receded gently into the background, but it was unmistakably Ellington. Skilipoop is what Ellington called the music in the play's dance sequence. He explained that "skilipooping is one of those words without a definite meaning. For example, when a man arrives an hour early for his train, then messes around until he misses it, you say he was skilipooping. That's what all those women in *Timon* are doing." The play can be seen at Stratford until its final performance on Sept. 13.

Since the opening of the Friars Tavern in the spring, its list of performers has included **Al Hibbler**, the **Oscar Peterson Trio**, **Blossom Dearie**, **Amanda Ambrose**, **Mark Murphy**, and **Jimmy and Marian McPartland** . . . **Lennie Tristano** made his first appearance here in four years when he played a two-week engagement at the First Floor Club . . . **Howard Cable**, conductor of the 60-piece orchestra for the annual Canadian National Exhibition grandstand show, starring **Robert Goulet**,

said it is the greatest band he's ever had. Besides 30 symphony musicians and 20 studio men, it features a dozen jazzmen, including **Peter Appleyard**, **Pat Riccio**, **Al Stanwyck**, **Jack Feyer**, **Ron Collier**, **Rob McConnell**, and **Guido Basso**.

The Boulevard Mall Jazz Festival, sponsored by Buffalo, N.Y., merchants, presented a week of concerts that featured the **Bill Rasey Trio**, the **Rhoda Scott Trio**, the **Wade Leggo Trio**, the **Red Manza Quartet**, **Larry Covelli**, **Dick Fadale Trio**, the **Mangione Brothers' Quintet**, and **Eli Konicoff's Yankee Six**.

ST. LOUIS

Nancy Wilson scored a hit at Jazz Villa, playing to a packed room for eight nights. It was the most successful venture yet for the new downtown club, which followed with **Joe Williams** and the **Junior Mance Trio**. **Gerry Mulligan** is in for one week in September. Miss Wilson received excellent support from the **Jazz Central Quartet**, which had worked a date with her one year before, at the Broadmoor in Colorado Springs, Colo. The group consists of **Dave Venn**, piano; **Lee Hyde**, trumpet, vibraharp; **Ralph DeRousse**, bass; and **Harry Stone**, drums.

A local version of Jazz in the Garden at la New York's Museum of Modern Art has been inaugurated by **Minna Elman**, an active supporter of jazz for many years. The initial concert featured **Tommy Strode**, piano; **John Mixon**, bass; **Gene Gammage**, drums; and **Herb Kaufman**, saxophone. The next one, with the same foursome, will be for the benefit of the American Association of the United Nations . . . **Jim Bolen**, former drummer with **Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral**, **Benny Goodman**, and **Ted Weems**, is known to thousands of children in the area as **Cooky**, a popular character on KMOX-TV's *Popeye* show . . . The St. Louis Jazz Club sponsored a Mississippi riverboat cruise featuring the music of **Singleton Palmer's** group . . . **Gino's**, running into the summer slump, is temporarily shuttered. Plans call for more name jazz in the fall . . . The Playboy Club currently houses two hard-swinging trios, led by **Jimmy Williams** and **Murray Jackman**, both pianists. The latter's drummer, **Chic Booth**, was formerly with **Count Basie**, **Earl Hines**, and **Woody Herman**. Jackman's group, which has **Floyd Dungy** on bass, also has been featured on a weekly television show seen here.

CLEVELAND

In recent months this long-dead city (for jazz) has enjoyed a renaissance. The Jazz Temple has been knocking down walls to accommodate the ever-increasing crowds coming to hear the likes of **Miles Davis**, **Les McCann**, **Stan**

Getz, **Jimmy Smith**, **Dinah Washington**, and **Art Blakey**. The Corner Tavern, which only recently began a name-jazz policy with **J. J. Johnson**, the **Three Sounds**, **Lou Donaldson**, and **Ramsey Lewis**, has also been forced to enlarge. **Leo Frank** will reopen Leo's Casino on Sept. 16 at the Quad Hall Hotel, 7500 Euclid, where the new room will seat more than 300, and already has booked top jazz names for several months ahead.

At the Club 100, one of the large number of clubs featuring local jazzmen, visiting stars may often be found sitting in with tenor saxophonist **Joe Alexander's** group, which now features **William (Bunyan) Dowlen** on organ and **Detroit Joe Harris** on drums. Alexander's talent is little known outside Cleveland except among musicians. Among his recent guests have been trombonist **Buster Cooper** and trumpeter **Cat Anderson** of the **Duke Ellington Band**, altoist-composer **Willie Smith**, and multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk**. The Ellingtonians were in town for a Musicarnival concert and another at the Karamu Theater. The latter concert, which also featured **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Carmen McRae**, and Alexander, was taped for fall television showing. Also featured at Musicarnival this summer have been **Dave Brubeck**, **Erroll Garner**, **Stan Kenton**, **Maynard Ferguson**, **Louis Armstrong**, and, on Sept. 1, **George Shearing** . . . Meanwhile, Cedar Point has had bands like **Kenton** (twice), **Warren Covington**, and the **Dukes of Dixieland**.

CHICAGO

The outlook for jazz in the Windy City dimmed as summer temperatures rose. The two most active clubs, **McKie's** and the **Sutherland Lounge**, both suffered from lack of business in July and August, and each instituted a policy of featuring singers more often than jazz groups. **McKie's** has had **Ruth Brown** and **Percy Mayfield** recently, though **Illinois Jacquet** was set for two weeks this month. **McKie Fitzhugh**, the club's owner told *Down Beat* he was undecided whether to continue a jazz policy this fall. The **Sutherland** has recently featured **Jimmy Witherspoon** (ably backed by the **Billy Wallace Quartet**, which, in addition to the pianist-leader, included tenorist **Jay Peters**, bassist **George Ship**, and drummer **Charles Walton**), folk singer-actor **Brock Peters**, and **Bill Henderson** (at least, he was scheduled to appear). **Nancy Wilson**, who did excellent business with comedian **Woody Allen** at **Mister Kelly's** last month, is supposed to open at the **Sutherland** on Aug. 28 for two weeks.

Things were cheerier in the Loop, however, with **Erroll Garner** and **Oscar**

Peterson each doing good business at the **London House**, even though that supper club has suffered, as have other clubs, in the wake of business-expense tax-deduction tightening. The **London House's** lineup of coming attractions is impressive: following **Dizzy Gillespie**, who opened there last Tuesday, there are to be engagements by **George Shearing**, **Jonah Jones**, **Martial Solal**, and **Ramsey Lewis** (see *Where & When*) . . . Slightly to the south of the Loop on Michigan Ave. **Ahmad Jamal** decided to keep his trio in his club, the **Taj Mahal**, indefinitely, and he canceled the **Art Farmer Quartet** engagement.

AFM Local 10 continues to give recording trust fund jobs to jazz groups as well as concert bands, gypsy groups, and every other type of musical organization in the locale. Several of the concerts, by such as **Cy Touff**, **Bobby Christian**, **Red Saunders**, and **Art Hodes**, have been at shopping centers in the area. Scheduled to make shopping-center appearances before summer's end are **Saunders**, at **Canterbury shopping center** in **Markham** Aug. 25, and **Hodes** at **Golf Mill shopping center** Aug. 30. **Saunders** also will present a concert in **Loyola Park**—with 20 men—on Aug. 29. And to **St. Luke's Methodist Church**, 50th and **Wabash**, Local 10 has sent various styled jazz bands for an evolution-of-jazz series. Groups yet to appear at the church are **King Fleming's** (Sept. 9) and **Louis Satterfield's** (Sept. 15). The fund also has provided live music to stimulate participation of **Skid Row** residents in a chest X-ray campaign. The groups play in the street, next to a mobile X-ray unit. The big band of **Don Jeris** will play at a Sept. 3 chest X-ray rally at the corner of **State** and **Madison**, one of Chicago's busiest intersections. **Tom Hilliard's** **Metropolitan Jazz Sextet** will play at the same location for the same cause on Sept. 26.

While they were working at Chicago night clubs, singers **Nancy Wilson**, **Ruth Brown**, and **Jimmy Witherspoon** gave a show for the inmates at **Cook County Jail**. Upon **Miss Wilson's** request, jail authorities allowed tenor saxophonist **Gene Ammons**, who happened to be at the jail, though he is an inmate of **Joliet State Prison**, to play on the show, which, according to the singer, he broke up with his tenoring. The **Harold Harris Trio**, from the **Playboy Club**, provided the show's backing . . . **Guitarist Tal Farlow**, long absent from the jazz scene, performed at the recent **National Association of Music Merchants** convention.

LOS ANGELES

Trumpeter **Joe Gordon** is back on the local jazz scene, playing better than ever, splitting jobs between gigs with **Gerald Wilson's** big band and at **Shelly's Manne-Hole** . . . The **Manne-Hole**, in-

identally, recently celebrated 1,001 nights of operation. Gordon's group and the **Nikki Price-Dave McKay Duo** and such sitters-in as cornetist **Rex Stewart** and baritonist **Bill Hood** blew for a celebrity audience at the celebration.

Big Miller takes off for a tour of Australia in October. He's set for a minimum of four weeks with a possible total of 12 weeks in the offing . . . **Ralph Pena** moved his nine-piece band from the Princess Theater to the Cameo on Santa Monica Blvd. for those Friday and Saturday afterhours sessions. The bassist-leader's record date for Capitol with **George Shearing** on piano (*DB*, Aug. 29) was postponed. Meanwhile, the Pena band is featured for four Monday nights at Shelly's Manne-Hole.

Shep Fields packed away his baton in Houston, Texas, to join Creative Management Associates as an executive-agent heading the agency's personal-appearance department here. Fields held his band together for more than 30 years and recently took it on a tour of the Far East. In Houston he also had been active as owner of his own agency, Artists Corp. of Texas . . . **Nat Cole** featured five piano numbers in his act during a recent 10-day tour of Britain—welcome news to his long-time piano fans.

Singer **Ruth Olay** and personal manager **Lee Magid** were married recently in New York. She makes her home here . . . L.A.'s newest modern jazz radio show is **Ted Simpson's** over KRKD AM-FM nightly from midnight to 4 a.m. Simpson also is heard on KBCA from 1 to 3 p.m. on Sundays with the same music format.

Pianist **Johnny Guarnieri** is now living here permanently and tickled to death about it.

SAN FRANCISCO

Trumpeter **Lu Watters**, sparkplug of the San Francisco neo-traditional revival of the '40s, came out of self-imposed retirement to play a one-nighter with the **Turk Murphy Band**. The occasion was a recent benefit for the campaign against installation of a nuclear power plant in a historical sea-side beauty spot north of San Francisco. Running from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m., the concert-dance drew an overflow crowd to Earthquake McGoon's, the club owned by Murphy. Many of the listeners were less interested in the benefit than in the opportunity of reliving the days when Watters, Murphy, and the late **Bob Scobey** were the front line of Watters' Yerba Buena Jazz Band at the Dawn Club.

Earl Hines' new sextet is the house band at New Fack's . . . **Olatunji**, the African drummer, made his first club appearance here, last month at Sugar

Hill. He was preceded by a quintet featuring tenorist **Harold Land** and trumpeter **Carmell Jones** . . . **Miles Davis** is scheduled to play the Jazz Workshop in September; heretofore, he always appeared at the now defunct Black Hawk . . . **Dizzy Gillespie** also will play at a club new to him: Off Broadway. Since the two clubs are just around the corner from each other, and the two trumpeters' engagements will overlap for eight days, fans will have a rare opportunity to compare the horn men and their quintets.

Banjoist **Elmer Snowden**, whose groups in the '20s and '30s included such sidemen as **Duke Ellington**, **Count**

Basie, **Jimmie Lunceford**, **Sonny Greer**, and **Fats Waller**, is playing Saturday nights at the Cabale in Berkeley. Blues and folk singer **Jesse Fuller** is at the club on Fridays.

Ray Charles played one-nighters in San Francisco, Bakersfield, Fresno, and Sacramento, Calif., and Reno, Nev., last month at the beginning of his summer concert tour . . . Singer **Irene Kral** and trombonist **Frank Rosolino** have been recent guest stars at the Gold Nugget's bimonthly sessions in Oakland . . . Vibist-drummer **Johnny Rae** played two weekends at the Trois Couleur in Berkeley during the Cal Tjader combo's summer vacation.

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WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Absinthe House: Herman Chittison, *tn*.
Basin Street East: Stan Getz to 9/14.
Birdland: Gerry Mulligan, Art Blakey, to 9/14.
Maynard Ferguson, King Curtis, 9/5-18.
Bobin Inn (Rockland Lake, N. J.): jazz, Sun.
Condon's: Ed Hall, *tn*.
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.
Embers: Dave Pochonet to 9/7. Dorothy Donegan, 9/9-11n.
Five Spot: Thelonious Monk, *tn*.
Fountain Lounge (Fairview, N. J.): jazz, Mon.
Garden City Bowl (Garden City): Johnny Blowers, wknds.
Hall Note: Roy Haynes to 9/1. Art Farmer-Jim Hall, 9/3-15.
Junior's: jazz, Fri., Sat.
Les Deux Magots: Dave Herman, Mon. Alan DeMause, Wed.
Metropole: Gene Krupa to 9/19.
Nick's: Sol Yaged, *tn*.
Penn Brook Inn (Elizabeth, N. J.): jazz, Mon.
Purple Manor: Tiny Grimes, *tn*.
Room at the Bottom: Wilbur DeParis, *tn*.
Round-a-Bout (New Rochelle): Joe Puma, Mon.-Thurs. Carl Erca, Joe Roland, Fri.-Sun.
Jimmy Ryan's: Danny Barker, Cliff Jackson, *tn*.
Village Gate: Charlie Mingus, Coleman Hawkins, Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan, to 9/4. Nina Simone, 9/5-15.

PARIS

Blue Note: Kenny Drew, Johnny Griffin, Rene Thomas, Bud Powell, *tn*.
La Cigale: Benny Waters.
La Calvados: Joe Turner.
Le Cameleon: Guy Lafitte.
Le Chat Qui Peche: Chet Baker.
Living Room: Art Simmons.
Mars Club: Simone Chevalier, Aaron Bridgers.
Club Saint Germain: Kenny Clarke, Jimmy Gourley, Nat Davis.
Trois Maillets: Memphis Slim, Mae Mercer.

TORONTO

Castle George: Paul Weidman, *tn*.
Colonial Tavern: Muggsy Spanier to 9/2. Phil Napoleon, 9/9-10/5.
First Floor Club: Ricky Marcus, Ron Collier, Rob McConnell-Guido Basso, wknds.
Friar's Tavern: Bill Evans to 9/20.
George's Spaghetti House: modern jazz groups.

NEW ORLEANS

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

DALLAS

Blackout: Arthur K. Adams, *tn*.
Bon Vivant Room (Cabana): Ernie Johnson, *hb*. The Wonders to 8/31.
Cajun Club: Garner Clark, *hb*.
Castaway: The Venturas, *tn*.
Empire Room: Johnny (Seat) Davis to 9/7.
Galaxy: Sol Samuels, *hb*. Melba Moore, *tn*.
Gaylife: Dick Baldrige, *hb*. Ink Spots, 9/8-15.
King's Club: Don Neely, *hb*. Peggy Lord to 8/31. Helen Bois, 9/2-12.
Levee: Ed Bernet, *hb*.
Louann's: Freddie King to 8/31. Ernie Fields, 9/1-14.
Mayfair Room (Executive Inn): Earl Kay, *tn*.
Music Box: Ira Freeman, *tn*.
Nero's Nook (Cabana): Candy Johnson to 9/1. Don Jacoby, 9/2-29.
90th Floor: Dick Harp, *hb*. Mildred Jones, *tn*.
Slave Quarters: Milt Thomas, *tn*.
University Club: Mark Carroll, *tn*.
Vegas Club: Joe Johnson, *tn*.

ST. LOUIS

Plack Horse: Jean Trevor, Jim Becker, *tn*.
Pine Note (East St. Louis): Leo's Five, *tn*.
Chee Joe: Ann & Van, wknds.

Dark Side: Afro-Cuban jazz, *tn*.
Fallen Angel: Sandy Smith, wknds. Jam sessions, Mon.
Islander: Don Cunningham, *tn*.
Jackie Gold's Bustles & Bows: Dixie Wildcats, *tn*.
Jazz Villa: Gerry Mulligan, 9/6-14.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, *tn*.
Playboy Club: Murray Jackman, Jimmy Williams, *hbs*.
Port of St. Louis: Cy Stoner, *tn*.
Silver Dollar: Muggsy Speicher, *tn*.
Sorrento's: Tommy Strode, Mon.-Wed. Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat.
Tiger's Den: Sammy Gardner, *tn*.
Upstream: Gale Belle, wknds.
Yacht Club: Courtney Goodman, wknds.
Zodiac Roof: Sal Ferrante, *tn*.

CLEVELAND

Brothers: Bobby Brack, wknds.
La Cave: name folk artists. Hootenanny, Tue.
Cedar Gardens: Marvin Cabell, Thur.-Sun.
Club 100: Joe Alexander, *tn*.
Commodore Hotel: various folk artists. Hootenanny, Thur.
Corner Tavern: name jazz groups. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Esquire: Charles Crosby-Eddie Baccus, *tn*. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Faragher's: New Wine Singers to 9/7 (tentatively). Judy Henske, 9/9-21. Grandison Gospel Singers, 9/23-10/5.
Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, *tn*.
Jazz Temple: name jazz groups.
LaRue: Spencer Thompson-Joe Cooper, *tn*.
Leo's Casino: Gloria Lynne, 9/16-22. Chris Columbus, 9/24-29.
Lucky Bar: Weasel Parker, Thur.-Sun.
Melba: Ski-Hi Trio, wknds.
Musicarnival: George Shearing, 9/1.
The Office: Ted Kelly-Sol Lucas, wknds.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, *tn*. Raymond Stone, wknds.
Safari: *unk*.
Siro's: *unk*.
Squeeze Room: Bud Wattle-Rick Kiefer, wknds.
Tangiers: Dave O'Rourke, Mon., Thur.-Sat.
Theatrical: Nick Lucas to 8/31. Billy Butterfield, 9/3-14. Flamingos, 9/16-21. Roy Liberto, 9/23-10/5.
Tia Juana: Amos Milburn, Thur.-Sat.
Virginian: Jennifer Marshall to 9/1. Amanda Ambrose, 9/2-15. Folksters, 9/16-29.

CHICAGO

Algiers: Three Boss Men, Mon.-Wed.
Bourbon Street: Bob Scohey's Band, *tn*.
Fickle Pickle: blues sessions, Tue.
Fifth Jacks: sessions, Wed.
Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, *tn*.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, *tn*. Dave Remington, Thur.
London House: Oscar Peterson to 8/25. Dizzy Gillespie, 8/27-9/15. George Shearing, 9/17-10/13. Jonah Jones, 10/15-11/3. Martial Solal, 11/5-24. Terry Gibbs, 11/26-12/15. Ramsey Lewis, 12/17-1/5. Larry Novak, Jose Bethancourt, *hbs*.
McKie's: Illinois Jacquet to 8/25.
Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hbs*.
Paul's Roast Round (Villa Park): blues sessions, Wed.
Pepper's: Muddy Waters, Wed., Fri.-Sun.
Playboy: Joe Iaco, Bob Davis, Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, *hb*.
Silvio's: Howling Wolf, wknds.
Sir Kenneth's: Warren Kime-Sandy Mosse, Wed.
Sutherland: Nancy Wilson, 8/28-9/8.
Taj Mahal: Ahmad Jamal, *tn*.
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trottier, *tn*.

LOS ANGELES

Barefoot Inn (Laguna): Bob Russell, Eddy Elston, Sat.
Basin Street West: name groups, wknds. Joe Comfort, *hb*.
Beverly Tavern: Ben Pollack, Wed.-Sat.
Black Bull (Woodland Hills): Gus Bivona, *tn*.
Blue Angel West: Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina, *tn*.
Blue Port Lounge: Bill Beau, *tn*.
Bourbon Street: Gospel artists, *tn*.
Caesar's (Torrance): Bob Martin, *tn*.
Cameo Theater: Ralph Pena, afterhours concerts, Fri.-Sat.
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.
Glendora Palms: Johnny Catron, *tn*.
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, *tn*.
Holiday Motor Lodge (Montclair): Alton Purnell, Tue.-Thur. New Orleans Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarneri, *tn*.
Honeybucket (Costa Mesa): Col. John Henderson, Fri.-Sat.
Impromptu Owl (Sierra Madre): Chuck Gardner, Ric Bystrum, Thur.-Sun.
Intermission Room: Curtis Amy, *tn*.
Jester Room (Elaine Hotel): Frank Patchen, *tn*.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, *tn*.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*.
Losers: Ruth Olaj, 10/8-29.
Marineland Restaurant: Red Nichols to 10/3.
Marty's: William Green, Tony Bazely, *tn*.
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, *tn*.
Oyster House: Hadda Brooks, Fri.-Sat.
Page Cavanaugh's: Page Cavanaugh, *hb*.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, Donna Lee, Jerry Wright, Trini Lopez, *tn*.
Pizza Palace (Torrance): Johnny Lucas, Wed.-Thur.
Polka Dot Club: Lorenzo Holden, Wed.-Sun. Sun. afternoon sessions.
Quail Restaurant (North Hollywood): Pete Bealman, Thur.-Sat.
Red Carpet-Nite Life: Laverne Gillette, *tn*.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pud Brown, *tn*.
Rose Bowl (El Segundo): Tommy Walker, Gene Leis, Fri.-Sat.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Stuff Smith, Tue.-Sun. Smith-Rex Stewart, Fri.-Sat.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Kenny Dennis, Al McKibbon, Roy Ayers, Jack Wilson, *tn*.
Reuben's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, Sun.-Mon.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Tue., Wed., Sat. Scene: Ronnie Brown, *tn*.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, Nikki Price-Dave MacKay, wknds. Ralph Pena, Mon. Jack Wilson, Tue. Joe Gordon, Wed. Joe Pass, Bud Shank, Thur. Carmen McRae, 9/27-10/6.
Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Chuck Berghofer, *tn*.
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, *tn*.
South Pacific: Victor Feldman, *tn*.
Tender House (Burbank): Joyce Collins, Sun.
The Keg & I (Redondo Beach): Kid Kenwood, Good Time Levee Stompers, Fri.-Sat.
Thunderbug (Inglewood): Chuck Flores, Jim Whitwood, Pee Wee Lynn, Sun. afternoon sessions.
Waikiki: Gene Russell, Mon.-Thur.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, *tn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Algiers (Redwood City): Dick Maus, *tn*.
Bit of England (Burlingame): Dave Hoffman, *tn*.
Club Unique: Cuz Cousineau, sessions, Sun.
Coffee Don's: Jim Harper, afterhours.
Derby (Redwood City): Manny Duran, *tn*.
Dopo XII: Dick Whittington, afterhours.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, *tn*.
Executive Suite: Chris Ibanez, *tn*.
Fairmont Hotel: Keely Smith to 8/28. Mills Brothers, 8/29-9/18. Phyllis Diller, 9/19-10/9. Sammy Davis Jr., 10/10-22. Kitty Kallen, 10/23-11/13.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): John Coppola-Fred Mergy, alternate Sundays.
Gold Rush: Ralph Sutton, *tn*.
Jazz Workshop: Jimmy Smith to 9/1. Miles Davis, 9/3-22. Stan Getz, 9/24-29. Wynton Kelly, 10/1-13. Cannonball Adderley, 11/5-24. John Coltrane, 11/26-12/8.
Jimbo's Bop City: Jane Getz-Flip Nunes, afterhours.
Mike's Place: Pat Yankee-The Sinners, *tn*.
Off Broadway: Stan Kenton to 9/8. Dizzy Gillespie, 9/16-29. Al Plank, *hb*.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, *tn*.
Ronnie's Soulville: Sonny Donaldson, afterhours.
Shelton's Blue Mirror: Eddie Thomas, Sun.
Sugar Hill: Jackie and Roy to 8/31. Carmen McRae, 9/2-21. Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan, 9/23-10/12.
Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): Bernie Kahn-Con Hall, *hb*.
Ti-Tones (Redwood City): Sammy Simpson, *tn*.
Trident (Sausalito): Vince Guaraldi to 9/13. Jean Hoffman, 9/15-11n.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): Willie Francis-Art Fletcher, Wed., Thur., Sun. Jack Taylor, Fri., Sat. Smiley Winters, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Twelve Adler Place: Vernon Alley-Shelly Robins, *tn*.

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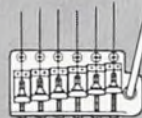
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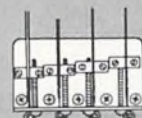
This modern head design has been the identifying mark of Fender Guitars since their inception. Distinctive and attractive on the bandstand, yet functional with its ease of tuning and straight string pull.



All Fender Tremolo units have been awarded patents for design and engineering including the Tremolo Arm which is moveable in or out of playing position. The Tremolo units in the Jaguar, Jazzmaster and Bass VI work in conjunction with the "Floating Bridge" and feature a "Trem-lok" which stops the tremolo block permitting strings to be changed simultaneously or individually and also prevents detuning of the strings should one break during a performance. Patent Numbers 2,972,923 - 2,741,146.



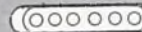
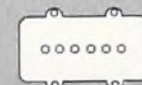
Fender "Micro-adjustable" bridges are completely adjustable on all Guitars and Bases. All models are fully adjustable for string length and height. In addition, on some models, the entire bridge as well as each individual string may be adjusted for height by the master bridge adjustment screws on either side of the bridge. Patent Number 2,972,923 and Patents Pending.



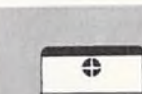
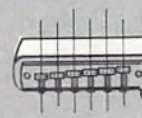
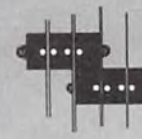
The contoured body design with the "Off-Set" waist is another Fender First. This unique design is unequalled in comfort and is accomplished by curving and relieving the guitar body so that it snugs into the body of the player. Also, the front of the guitar is dressed away, providing a firm comfortable arm rest. Patent Numbers 2,960,900 - Des. 187,001; 186,826; 169,062; 164,227.



Patented pickups are designed and built by the Fender Company for each instrument. Pickups are wound for maximum wide-range tone benefits and reflect many hours of testing by the Fender Engineers. Fender tonal qualities remain unmatched by any other guitar in their field. Patent Numbers 2,968,204 - 2,976,755 and Patents Pending.



Another Fender First is a special string mute conveniently mounted on the bridge of the Jaguar and Bass VI. The "Fender Mute" is easily switched from open to muted position, thus providing rapid playing style changes. With the "Mute" it is no longer necessary to remove the bridge cover to dampen the strings for the special effects used by many guitarists. Patent Pending.



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Louie Bellson



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Don Lamond



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Joe Jones



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