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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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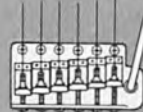
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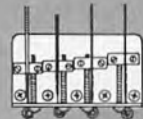
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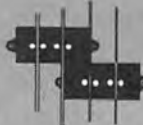
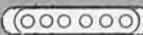
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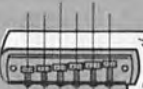
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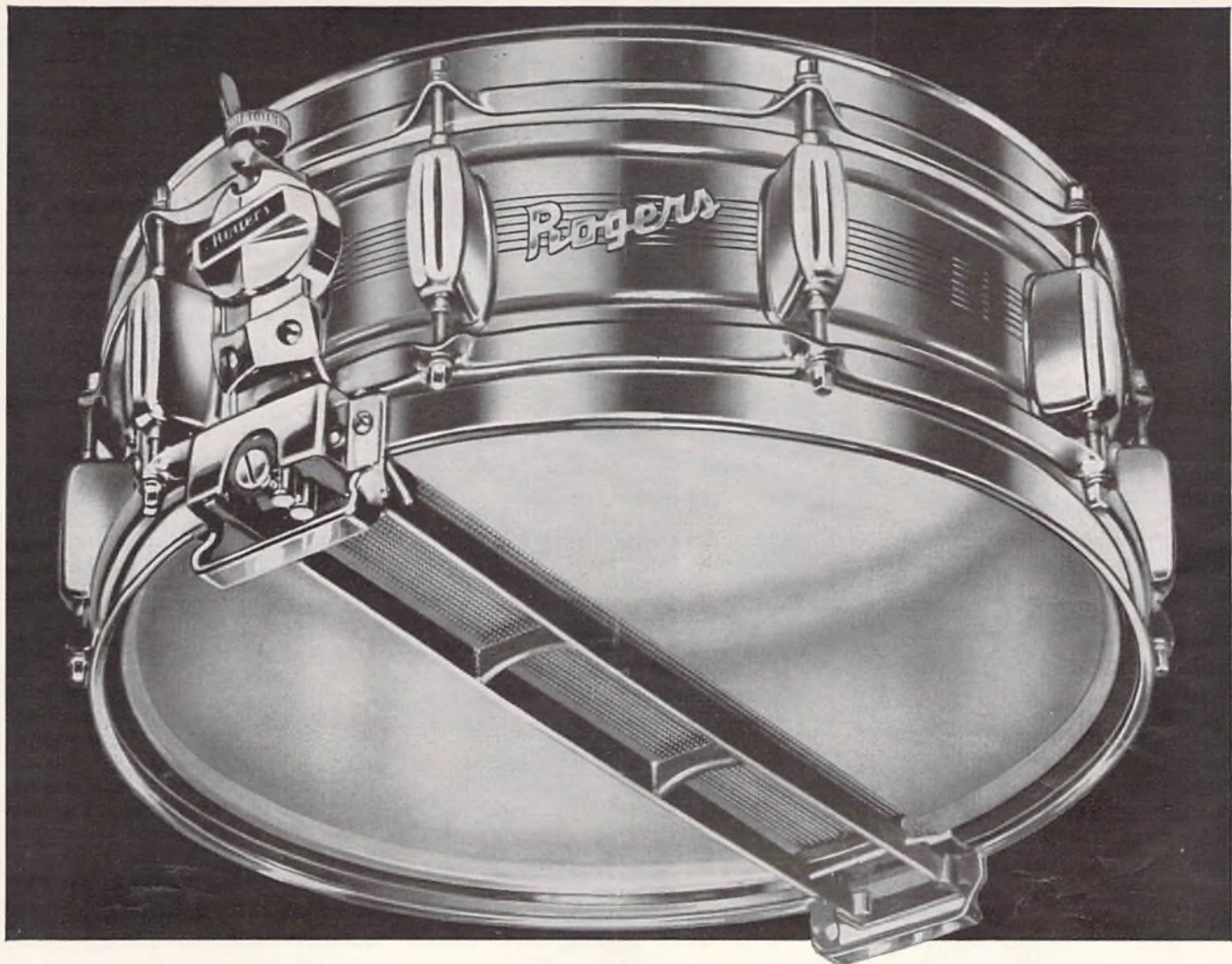
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# CHORDS AND DISCORDS

## Winter Replies

I recently saw two angry letters in *Chords* (Aug. 29) referring to my *Blindfold Test* some weeks ago. Both readers mistakenly assumed that because I criticized one particular recording I was condemning the artist completely. This is poor judgment on their parts.

In the cases mentioned, I did not guess the artist. The statements I made applied only to the unidentified track I heard, and I was quite surprised to learn who the artists were. All these tracks, I felt, were examples that were untypical and certainly not representative of the usual work of these artists (e.g., the track with Ray Charles on alto).

I have great respect for every one of these musicians, and for this reason I think the test should always include an after-thoughts section. I had strongly wanted to say more, since it happened that I had a negative reaction to most of the tracks played.

You learn a lot from a test like this. I think the purpose of it should be evocative. I might add that probably the biggest controversy my comments started was in my own group. We've all now learned from it.

Paul Winter  
New York City

## To Rag Or Not To Rag

I am writing regarding Erwin Helfer's review of the Folkways album *Essay on Ragtime* by Ann Charters.

Helfer refers to the so-called myth that classic rags should be played as written. If a performer wants to interpret ragtime compositions in his (the performer's) style, that is his own choice. If the performer wants to interpret the selections as written by the composer, then he follows the rules and adheres strictly to the written scores.

Helfer has the right to criticize Mrs. Charters' technical facility, but he is surprisingly uninformed on the correct methods of playing classic ragtime.

George W. Kay  
Washington, D. C.

## Roland, Kenton, And Coss

I have just completed reading the Aug. 29 issue of *Down Beat* and wish to express my thanks to Bill Coss for the article on Gene Roland, the talented arranger-composer. I, too, agree that Roland has not had the exposure others in his field have enjoyed in recent years. However, to the many followers of the Stan Kenton Orchestra, Gene Roland's contributions have not been disregarded.

As much as I enjoyed the article, I believe that certain misunderstandings should be clarified. It is my personal observation that the "many changes beyond belief," as Coss states it, in Kenton's band were brought about by Kenton himself. I agree Gene Roland has played an important part in the band's success but not to

the degree that was expressed by Coss.

A grave oversight and fallacy was committed by Coss when he stated Gene Roland was not credited for Kenton's Capitol album *Viva Kenton*. On the jacket of my copy it clearly reads, "In this album both standards and originals by Gene Roland are presented in the colorful Latin tempos that the band plays for dancers. The outstanding arrangements by Gene Roland offer a deft, traditional Kenton sound."

Bob Viau  
Burlington, Vt.

## Take Your Pick

I would like to comment favorably on your article on Eddie Lang and the interview with Joe Pass in the Aug. 1 issue. However, I would like to take a stand against the comments by Charlie Byrd, Bill Harris, and Bill Leonhart in the article in which they were interviewed.

As a guitarist who makes his living by teaching and playing the guitar, I feel that the classical guitar will never replace the electric guitar in jazz or dance-band work.

It seems that all this publicity for the classical guitar in jazz is an all-out effort by the Classical Guitar Society to put the classical guitar in the limelight and to push the electric guitar into the background.

The attempts at playing jazz on the classical finger-style guitar by some of the top exponents of this idiom are less than mediocre compared to jazz choruses played by great jazz guitarists such as Dick Garcia, Jimmy Raney, Jim Hall, Attila Zoller, Barney Kessel, Johnny Smith, Wes Montgomery, and the many others who have helped to progress the guitar from a somewhat medieval round-hole, gut-string box to its present-day versatile capability, through the advent of the pick, steel strings, and amplification.

Not too many weeks ago on a night time television show one of the world's top classical jazz guitarist played. The theme was stated in chord-melody style, which can be done just as well on the electric guitar with a pick. Then the improvised chorus consisted of nothing but arpeggios which, if played by a pick guitarist, would be considered corny and noncreative, yet on the classical guitar is considered great jazz.

I am not against the classical guitar, but I am against it as far as having it replace the electric guitar, pick style. I have great respect for men like Segovia and Montoya, who keep the finger-style guitar where it belongs—in classical music and flamenco music.

Charlie Byrd and Bill Harris have done some nice things jazzwise playing finger style, within its limits. Give them credit, but let's not try to pressure all our great jazz guitarists into believing they must play finger-style, gut-string guitar or be outdated.

Mike Guaragna  
Rockland County, N. Y.

## Short Memory

I regret finding it necessary to point out one of the errors in the Leonard Feather-Charlie Byrd conversation in the Aug. 29 issue. However, my own professional pride and the foresight I had with regard to Brazilian music seem to have been overlooked.

In 1961 I received a post card from Charlie Byrd, who was then in Brazil, with the following message:

"Dear Felix, We are doing just fine! Hope this finds you the same. Tomorrow will be our last day in Brazil, and it is a most fascinating country. The most popular music with the young adults is 'Bossa Nova,' especially Gilberto. So thanks to you, we at least knew a little about it. Regards, Charlie."

For many years, I have made Brazilian music a regular part of my evening presentation on WMAL. My own two trips to Brazil in 1961 and 1963 have given me personal relationships I value highly with many of these artists. Gilberto, Jobim, Bonfá, Carlos Lyra, Oscar Castro Neves, Maysa, and others have admitted publicly that my assistance in the area of Brazilian music has been monumental.

It is regrettable to me that Charlie Byrd displays such a short memory.

Felix Grant  
Washington, D. C.

## Who's On First?

In recent issues of your magazine efforts have been made by your critics to analyze and explain the work of a John Coltrane I say forget it! If one has to twist his mind in order to understand music, it is not music but rather a puzzle. It may not be Coltrane's intentions to do this, but the results of his efforts are a mystery simply because the man does not have an ounce of restraint in his music. What does this mean? It means that the man is still immature in his approach to contemporary music.

The Aug. 29 *Down Beat* contains a review by Pete Welding of Coltrane's recent album *Impressions*. Welding states that he begins to understand Coltrane's "honking" when listening to some of the tracks. It seems to be that Welding is straining for all he is worth to understand the musical aspects of Coltrane's work, as though he is having a hard time convincing himself of its musical worth.

In the past few months, extreme efforts have been made by you and other magazines of this nature to break the mystic barrier of John Coltrane's music, some of them convincing, some not. Although most people remain confused by his cries of agony, the analyzations and explanations continue to come in.

It seems to me, and probably many others, that these critics and commentators are afraid to condemn Coltrane simply because they may be called old-fashioned or behind the times. So because these writers fear being tagged with these names they make up excuses for his screaming. Call it what you will.

Nate Sassoover  
Milwaukee, Wis.

The review reader Sassoover refers to was not written by Pete Welding but by Harvey Pekar.

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## NEW YORK

One of the best shows to grace Birdland (or any other club) in a long time, had the **Gerry Mulligan** Concert Jazz Band and **Art Blakey's** Jazz Messengers sharing the bandstand. The Mulligan band, which warmed up with a week-end at the Cork 'n' Bib prior to the Birdland engagement, included **Phil Woods** and **Bob Donovan**, alto saxophones, clarinets; **Richie Kameu**, tenor saxophone; **Gene Allen**, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet; **Bob Brookmeyer**, **Willie Dennis**, **Alan Raph**, trombones; **Thad Jones**, **Nick Travis**, **Danny Stiles**, trumpets; **Bill Crow**, bass; **Mel Lewis**, drums; and leader Mulligan, baritone saxophone, piano. Drummer **Blakey** was surrounded by **Freddie Hubbard**, trumpet; **Curtis Fuller**, trombone; **Wayne Shorter**, tenor saxophone; **Cedar Walton**, piano; and **Reggie Workman**, bass. Opening night was standing-room-only, with such as **Miles Davis**, **George Shearing**, **Cozy Cole**, and **Judy Holliday** in attendance—and seated.

Singer **Miriam Makeba's** operation for a stomach ailment in Hollywood, forced her to miss her Basin Street East engagement opposite **Stan Getz**. Pianist **Ahmad Jamal's** trio filled in for her during the first part of the bill, and comedian **Dick Gregory** was to take over for nine days in early September.

**Erroll Garner** opens in London's Festival Hall on Oct. 12



MULLIGAN

and then will go on to do 14 to 17 more concerts in England and several in Scotland. He plans to feature new material, backed by his regulars, bassist **Eddie Calhoun** and drummer **Kelly Martin**. In conjunction with Garner's tour, Philips records plans a special European release of his *One World Concert* . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** will go to Japan in January for a five-week tour . . . Trumpeter **Charlie Shavers** rejoined the **Tommy Dorsey** Orchestra, now under the direction of **Sam Donahue**. While at the Royal Box of the Hotel Americana in September, the band presented **Frank Sinatra Jr.** in his first New York club appearance.

**Steve Allen's** *Jazz Scene, U.S.A.*, the syndicated half-hour television show, is finally coming to New York. It will be seen Friday evenings on WOR-TV for 26 weeks beginning Oct. 4. Among others, **Cannonball Adderley**, **Stan Getz**, **Terry Gibbs**, **Earl Hines**, **Stan Kenton**, and **Shelly Manne** will be featured. **Oscar Brown Jr.** is the permanent host. Brown was a recent hit at London's Prince Charles Theater, where he gave a one-man show. This was an aftermath to the folding of the musical with which he was involved (*Wham, Bam, Thank You, Mam!*) in the British hinterlands.

The third jazz Thursday evening in Lincoln Center's August Fanfare series spotlighted pianist-composer **George Russell's** group (**Thad Jones**, cornet; **Paul Plummer**, tenor saxophone; **Garnett Brown**, trombone; **Steve Swallow**, bass; **Pete La Roca**, drums; **Sheila Jordan**, vocals), and clarinetist **Jimmy Giuffre's** trio (Swallow, bass; **Paul Bley**, piano). Although the attendance seemed good, as it had at the first two concerts in the series, reports filtering down from higher echelons indicated disappointment with the turnout for jazz.



RUSSELL

(Continued on page 47)

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## CHICAGO LOCALS ORDERED TO MERGE

Things heated up considerably at summer's end as regards the merger of Chicago AFM Locals 10 and 208.

First the Congress of Racial Equality demanded that AFM president Herman D. Kenin intervene in the talks going on between the two locals and bring about merger. A week later Kenin instructed the locals to "enter promptly into good-faith negotiations looking toward merger."

Stating that the AFM is determined that the merging process shall not be delayed unduly, Kenin directed that neither local induce or accept membership applications from the other and that those musicians holding cards in both locals should be allowed to enjoy dual membership, provided they have paid full initiation fees and dues by Oct. 1. The latter directive was to clear the air muddled last month by Negro Local 208's pronouncement that none of its members could belong to both 208 and 10.

Kenin further said that if agreement on merger is not reached by March 1, the AFM "will take such action as may be deemed necessary to accomplish the merger. . . ."

## GERMAN JAZZMEN TO GO TO ASIA

Germany's Goethe Institute—like its U.S. counterpart, the cultural exchange section of the State Department—has been sending representatives of German culture to many countries of the world for some years.

Since the emphasis is on culture with a capital C, the institute has delegated as its official representatives such cultural messengers as string quartets playing Beethoven and drama groups performing Goethe's *Faust*.

Not content with this representation of Germany's cultural life, in which jazz plays a significant part, German jazz critic Joachim E. Berendt has tried for several years to persuade the Goethe Institute to sponsor a German jazz tour of Asia. He was met with indifference—that is, until Thailand's jazz-loving King Phumiphon Adundet gave Berendt a special audience last year in Bangkok.

At the time of the audience, preparations were being made in Thailand for

an official state visit by the president of the German Federal State. In the presence of an official of the German Embassy, King Phumiphon remarked to Berendt that it would be nice if German jazz musicians could give a special concert in conjunction with the state visit. Back in Bonn, however, officials were shocked. Though they couldn't imagine Germany's president including a jazz group in his official party, they were



MANGELSDORFF

Significant breakthrough for German jazz made aware of what jazz means to many people in Asian countries.

Now, however, it has been decided that the Albert Mangelsdorff Quintet will be sent on an officially sponsored Asian tour, following much the same route taken alone by Berendt last year and chronicled in *Down Beat* in the two articles *Jazz in Southeast Asia* (Nov. 22) and *Jazz in Japan* (Dec. 6).

Concert programs have been arranged in India, Pakistan, Thailand (where the group has been invited to play with saxophonist Phumiphon), Indonesia, Ceylon, the Philippines, South Viet Nam, Hong Kong, and Japan.

Trombonist Mangelsdorff, generally considered Germany's leading jazz figure, leads a pianoless quartet featuring Gunter Kronberg, alto saxophone; Heinz Sauer, tenor saxophone; Gunter Lenz, bass; and Ralf Hubner, drums.

In its concerts, the group plans to include jazz versions of themes Berendt collected during his Asian trip—ragas from India, koto music from Japan, gamelan music from Java and Bali, folk dances from the Philippines, and even some compositions by Phumiphon.

## AXEL STORDAHL, ARRANGER FOR EARLY SINATRA HITS, DIES

Axel Stordahl, the arranger-songwriter who scored many of Frank Sinatra's early record hits, died last month in his home in Encino, Calif., after a long illness. He was 50 years old.

Most recently music director of the television series *McHale's Navy*, Stordahl was the author of such popular songs as *Day by Day* with Sammy Cahn and Paul Weston, *I Should Care*, *Night after Night*, *Ride Off*, *Talking to My-*

*self about You*, and *Ain'tcha Ever Comin' Back?*

Born in New York, Stordahl began his career as a trumpet player with Bert Block's orchestra and later was with the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra.

At the time he worked for Dorsey, Sinatra was a featured singer with the band. When Sinatra left Dorsey to embark on an independent career, Stordahl went with the singer as arranger. He remained with Sinatra during the singer's run on the *Hit Parade* radio show, conducting and arranging for Sinatra on the program and for phonograph records as well.

Stordahl is survived by the widow, former singer June Hutton, a daughter, Susan, and a son, Jeff.

Funeral services at Forest Lawn in Glendale, Calif., were private.

## JAZZ AND RELIGION BUT WITH A DIFFERENCE

In the ghetto of Eastern Europe in the mid-18th century, there arose a spiritual and ethical movement known as Chassidism. Chassidic Jews revolted against the formalism of orthodoxy, decried asceticism, and were keenly interested in man himself. Chassidism was mystical in its philosophy and emphasized spiritual exaltation and enthusiasm in the living worship of God. As a group, Chassidic Jews gave birth to a Hebraic subculture manifested in music, among other features of European Jewish life and culture.

The television series *Insight* will start its second season Sept. 29 on Los Angeles' KNXT at 4 p.m. with an exploration of the ties between *Jazz and Chassidism*, title of the 30-minute program. Produced by Louis Rudolph for Los Angeles' University of Judaism and directed by Brad Aronson, the program, one of 13, will include the Paul Horn Quintet, Cantor Allen Michelson, Les McCann, and the Hannah Dean Gospel Singers.

Based on an idea of the late Max Helfman's and written by Bob Shayne,



HORN CANTOR MICHELSON

Freeing the individual from established patterns

*Jazz and Chassidism* is intended to provide "an insight into the relationship between the mystical philosophy of Chassidism and the contemporary idiom of jazz," according to a university spokesman.

Jazz cellist and composer Fred Katz, now on the faculty at Valley State College, will discuss the use of improvisation and the emphasis on the emotions common to both Chassidism and jazz.

Katz will stress the importance of freeing the individual from established patterns and the unlimited ways of finding truth as exemplified by this Judaic philosophy and jazz.

Shayne, who is program director of the all-jazz radio station KNOB in Hollywood, also will serve as host. Executive producer is Saul Rubin, the university's director of development.

The *Insight* series is offered for syndication on independent television stations throughout the country.

## LEE WILEY SUBJECT OF TELEVISION PLAY

Piper Laurie and Claude Rains are the stars of a jazz-heavy television drama, *Something About Lee Wiley*, to be seen on NBC-TV Oct. 11 as part of the new Bob Hope *Chrysler Theater* series (DB, Aug. 29).

The play, dealing with a period in the life of the jazz singer when she was temporarily blinded as the result of a fall from a horse, features original music by Benny Carter as well as an all-star jazz group on camera and on soundtrack.

Four songs closely associated with Miss Wiley—*I've Got a Crush on You*, *Street of Dreams*, *Sugar*, and *Sometimes I'm Happy*—were recorded for the program by singer Joy Bryan. Miss Bryan's voice is heard on the soundtrack as Miss Laurie lip-synchs for the cameras.

Stanley Wilson, music director of Revue Productions, where the series is being filmed at Universal City, Calif., originally suggested making a Lee Wiley story to producer Dick Berg.

"I felt it was time we did such a show," he said, "and I couldn't think of anyone better to do it on than Lee Wiley. She has such a unique style, and yet how often do you hear of her these days? Everybody says, 'Oh yes, I love Lee Wiley'; but nobody plays her records. This is such a pity. She's a legend."

Of the choice of Miss Bryan to record the soundtrack songs, Wilson credited Carter for the decision:

"Benny said, 'There's only one girl to sing with Wiley's style and voice—Joy Bryan.'"

In addition to his background score and playing, Carter also has a role in the play. Other musicians with speak-



CARTER

MISS LAURIE



MISS BRYAN

Principals in Lee Wiley television story

ing parts are Buddy Collette and Jack Sheldon, who also play on the soundtrack.

Pre-scoring of the soundtrack, Wilson said, was recorded by Sheldon, trumpet; William Green, Carter, Collette, reeds; Jimmie Rowles, piano; Joe Mondragon, bass; and Jerry Williams, drums. Other musicians seen playing on camera include such jazzmen as Don Abney, piano; Buddy Woodson and Wilfred Middlebrooks, bass; and Bill Douglass and Art Anton, drums. Dixieland trombonist Pete Bealman was added to the recording band for one sequence.

## BESSIE SMITH STORY READIED FOR MOVIES

Jack Gee, husband of the late Empress of the Blues, Bessie Smith, and 10 other Philadelphians, have commissioned writer Bob DiNardo to adapt the life story of the great blues singer for the screen.

James D. Epperson, the group's spokesman, said it took five years to find someone who had a convincing approach to the subject.

"Most of the people in the group are old-timers," Epperson said, "who knew Bessie either as a performer or one of the people who lived in the Negro ghetto around South St. in Philadelphia. Jack Gee now owns a grocery store just a few blocks away from where he met Bessie at a place called Horan's in 1922. He's the only person alive who knew Bessie well enough to give a clear picture of her complex personality. And there's also the son Bessie adopted still living in Philadelphia.

"The group originally thought of the idea as a book, but they had difficulty finding someone who was willing to handle the material honestly. Jack's story, and the fact that he's been so truthful about it, was too wild for the writers they approached. The writers seemed to think that a great deal of the

factual information about Bessie was unprintable and too fantastic. But the people who knew her remember Bessie as a fantastic person; her entire life had none of the cliché in it. They wanted to see it treated with as much feeling and truth as possible."

DiNardo convinced Gee and the others that it should be done as a movie—and that he was the man to do the job—by his way of seeing "Bessie's life in an entirely new light."

"Without altering the dramatic content of the story," Epperson said, "he made them aware of the artistic aspects of the whole Negro culture in Bessie's time. The TOBA circuit, the jug bands, the rent parties; all these things have never been treated properly in any medium, if at all."

"He's a bug for accuracy," the spokesman added. "The preliminary drafts have been very exciting, and the patrons hope to interest a film producer who would be willing to interpret the story with as much honesty and integrity as went into it."

The group hopes to have the script available by January. They also have made preliminary plans for establishing a Bessie Smith Memorial Fund for the education of underprivileged youngsters with musical talent.

## UCLA TO HOLD JAZZ RECITALS

Across the campus of the University of California at Los Angeles this fall the balmy evenings will echo to a series of three jazz recitals in the university's continuing program to present modern jazz in an adult manner.

Co-sponsored by UCLA's Committee on Fine Arts and the Student Cultural Commission, the first recital in the series will be Sept. 28 and will feature the Miles Davis Quintet.

On Oct. 26 the Gerry Mulligan Quartet will be heard. Closing the series on Nov. 23 will be John Coltrane.

IF ONE WORD can be used to describe the conduct of the second annual Ohio Valley Jazz Festival, held the weekend of Aug. 23-25 at Cincinnati's Carthage Fairgrounds and drawing a reported 23,500 attendance, that word is "professionalism."

Each of the four programs during the course of the three-day event was well assembled, moved briskly from act to act with a minimum of fuss and delay; the sound system was for the most part fine, parking facilities adequate and convenient, and handling of press excellent. All the experience George Wein, who produced the festival, has garnered in producing the Newport festivals (and this festival drew on many of the performers who had appeared at the Rhode Island jazz bash earlier this summer) was deployed in making this event as smoothly and tightly run as possible.

Fully in line with the professionalism of the programming and the physical side of the festival was that of the music: if there were few really outstanding artistic moments during the course of the festivities, neither were there many dull or tedious performances. The over-all level of performance was characterized by a high degree of competence; the price one paid for few low spots was the absence of many high ones, but that's that.

Friday evening's roster of events was perhaps the happiest of all three of the jazz nights. Following a set of sparkling performances by the Cincinnati group of drummer Dee Felice, local singer Judy James swung her way through several selections in a sure, effortless, insinuating manner that was perhaps most indebted to Anita O'Day. Miss James sang well but without the personalization that is the mark of the mature singer.

Then the Cannonball Adderley Sextet took over — and that's the right phrase — for five glistening, powerful numbers that included a new selection, *Japanese Soul*; Yuscf Lateef's oboe tribute to John Coltrane, *Brother John*; a bossa nova entitled, I believe, *Tengo Tango*; a lovely version of the *Come*

PETERSON

BROWN



PHOTOS/DICK SCHAEFER

## REPORT FROM CINCINNATI

*Sunday* segment of Duke Ellington's *Black, Brown, and Beige*; and a crowd-rousing rendition of the group's popular *Jive Samba*. The group sounded in especially good form, with Cannon carrying the solo honors.

Nancy Wilson joined the sextet onstage, and the collaboration was a happy one. On such selections as *Happy Talk*, *Save Your Love for Me*, *Sleepin' Bee*, and *And So Is Love*, the vocalist sang with greater conviction and rhythmic assurance—and, importantly, far less mannerism—than I've yet heard her. She was obviously the favorite of the crowd (and, in fact, was awarded a silver platter as the "most popular" artist appearing at the festival, on the basis of a radio poll conducted by disc jockey Dick Pike, the evening's emcee) and could do no wrong.

Multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk went over far less well with the festival audience than might have been expected, considering the visual and aural excitement he is capable of generating. Kirk—who was supported by pianist Horace Parlan, bassist Ahmed Abdul-Malik, and drummer Albert Heath—appeared to be straining after far too many gratuitous effects with his sirens, whistles, and other paraphernalia to suit the crowd. The audience couldn't—or wouldn't—follow him. He did have everyone with him, however, on his final two selections, the lovely flute feature *This Is Always* and the exciting *Three for the Festival*, which offered a particularly breathtaking flute solo, slashing, urgent, and wholly to the point.

It was most unfortunate that the only real trouble with the sound system occurred during the performance by the one artist who was most dependent on its support—guitarist Charlie Byrd. The delicate sonorities of Byrd's unamplified classic finger-style guitar were largely lost by the amplification system, for the sound faded in and out during the course of his selections. Byrd, however, played stunningly throughout, flashing out the quicksilver filaments of his improvisations with dancing grace, melodic clarity, and supple rhythm. Among the high points of a lovely set of performances were Byrd's own *Blues for Night People* and Django Reinhardt's *Nuages*.

Sad to say, the final set of the evening—by Dizzy Gillespie's quintet—was not up to the puckish trumpeter's usual

high level. Gillespie seemed to be having a great deal of trouble in getting his solos together; for the most part, he bogged down after the first few bars and wound up resorting to pyrotechnics, some of which he wasn't able to bring off. Saxophonist James Moody was in good form and provided most of the set's saving grace; he had, for example, a lovely flute solo on the opening *Ole!* that was one of the arresting moments of the whole evening.

Vibraharpist Milt Jackson joined the Gillespie group for two selections, but not a great deal occurred. Bags played deftly as usual—especially on *Woody'n' You*—but everyone seemed to be just loafing through.

On Saturday night, the Felice trio again led off (and came up with a very Gospelish, deep-dish treatment of the old folk song *Wayfaring Stranger* that was strikingly effective until it degenerated into routine blowing) and, after three numbers, furnished the backing for Mark Murphy, who provided the most interesting singing of the festival on such numbers as *Goin' to Chicago*, *My Favorite Things*, *In Other Words*, *I'm Gonna Go Fishing*, and *This Could Be the Start of Something*. Murphy's time is sure, and he shapes and shades as expressively as a saxophonist. He's possibly the most promising new jazz vocalist in a long time.

The festival's only remembrances of things past took place in the effortlessly insinuating performances of the mainstream group titled the Newport Jazz Festival All-Stars, which comprised Ruby Braff, cornet; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Wein, piano; Lee Tucker, bass; and Philip Paul, drums. The results were felicitous in the extreme, with Braff's full, singing cornet perfectly offset by Freeman's silky, graceful tenor on such redolent pieces as *At Sundown*, *Keepin' out of Mischief Now*, and *St. Louis Blues*. Each of the hornmen had his own feature—Braff muted on *Blue and Sentimental*, Freeman warm and witty on *Three Little Words*.

The whole set was a delight, some-  
(Continued on page 42)

FERGUSON

BRAFF

DESMOND



# THE LAND



DON ECHLITEN

**I** THINK of it," Steve Lacy said, "as an analogy to *Alice through the Looking Glass*. If we can get through the mirror, there's another country on the other side."

The 29-year-old soprano saxophonist was speaking of the curious and fascinating discipline his quartet has been undergoing: limitation of its repertoire, for the present, to the music of Thelonious Monk. The experiment is nearly two years old. But, Lacy said, "it's no longer just an experiment. It works."

It is hard to say with certainty that there is no precedent for what the group is doing. But none comes readily to mind. Rarely, if ever, has a jazz musician or group

**Steve**  
**LACY**

of musicians limited the repertoire to the music of one composer—not even when that composer is himself. Duke Ellington plays music by other composers, and so, for that matter, does Monk.

But Lacy even has more Monk material active in his group's repertoire than Monk does. Monk usually has about 20 of his own pieces in performing shape with his group at any given time. Lacy has 53—"the complete recorded body of work of Monk," as he puts it.

He added, "We don't do Monk's arrangements of other people's tunes, and we don't do some of his improvised piano blues. Otherwise we're doing all his things.

"The Monk material has given us a sound, a direction, a point of view, a technique as well as an excellent library of material, material we don't get tired of and that inspires us every night.

"The immense variety and joyous profusion of rhythms and shapes and lengths and tempos and moods is such that we never get tired, and we can go three or four days without repeating a tune. And each night will be just as interesting as the others."

The saxophonist said that what they're after is a group in which everyone speaks the same language—or at least speaks compatible languages.

"When you get through to the other side of the mirror," Lacy said, "there's a new language, derived from the vocabulary of the material we've been playing.

"We could have done the same thing with Bird tunes, or Duke's material, but Monk's was the most fetching, the most challenging—the most seductive. No other body of jazz compositions that I've found has been as real, as pure. It never encroaches on pop music, though I believe that in time it will become as popular as pop music."

Lacy's group consists of himself; Roswell Rudd, the young Connecticut-born trombonist who this year was chosen a talent deserving of wider recognition in *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics Poll; Dennis Charles, drums, and Louis Werrl, bass.

Finding a bassist who could accommodate himself to the group and to the Monk material was a serious problem.

"We've had 17 bass players," Lacy said with quiet humor. "It's given me an education in bass playing and caused me to rewrite the bass book several times. I found that the regular method of naming chords was inadequate, arbitrary, and elusive. We've had four or five versions of the bass book in the attempt to make it clear."

Of those players who have worked with the quartet, Lacy said, four—including Werrl—fit well the group's approach and musical vocabulary.

How did this in-depth exploration of Monk begin?

"I was at the point," he said, "where I realized nobody was going to hire me to play the material I wanted to play—the Monk material. And so I got a band with my pals who also wanted to play Monk. That sounds like a bunch of amateurs, doesn't it? But that's the way it happened."

The problem was to get the sound of the music right for these four instruments—no mean task, Lacy is quick to assure, because all the tunes have not only a melody and a bass line, but two or three inner voices as well.

"And if you're going to reduce something," he elaborated, "you'd better get the essence of it or not bother."

At the time he made his decision, nearly two years

# OF MONK

ago, Lacy also had some Kurt Weill, some Ellington, and some Cecil Taylor material in the book. The group played a few gigs, and it didn't work. It was too eclectic and scattered, he said, so they decided to concentrate on the Monk tunes—but *all* of them.

"We felt the answer lay somewhere in the act of doing that," he said. "And we were right.

"What we wanted to do was to eliminate the compromises Monk had had to make recording them, due to the lack of sufficient preparation of his sidemen. It seemed there wasn't a strong enough relationship between the improvisations and the piece itself. This was true not only in the Monk records but in most of the jazz that we'd heard.

"Roswell and I listened to the Monk records many, many times, trying to find out what the pieces meant and what would be practical for us in them.

"At first, we were quite stiff about performing the tunes, and we'd do them in a rather Wagnerian manner. After about half a year we got a little looser, and after a year the approach began to crystallize.

"Now we're at a point where our flexibility is at least equal to that of any of the so-called free players. However, our freedom has been won through a long—and, some people would say, arbitrary—discipline. It's also been an extremely enjoyable one.

"We're after a more active participation not only by the players but by the listener, so they can follow the events more clearly than in most of the jazz around."

LACY'S STUDY of the Monk material began about seven years ago. Three years ago he worked in Monk's group for several months, an experience that increased his insight into the material. He and Monk have remained on warm and personal terms.

It can be assumed that no one, aside from Monk himself, knows the contents of Monk's works any better than Lacy does. And he has some surprising observations to make on them.

He says that the body of Monk's work is a portrait of New York City in its various aspects, somewhat as Utrillo's paintings were a compound portrait of Montmartre.

"Or rather," he amended, "taken all in all, the music is a self-portrait of Monk with a background of the city and all the people Monk knows.

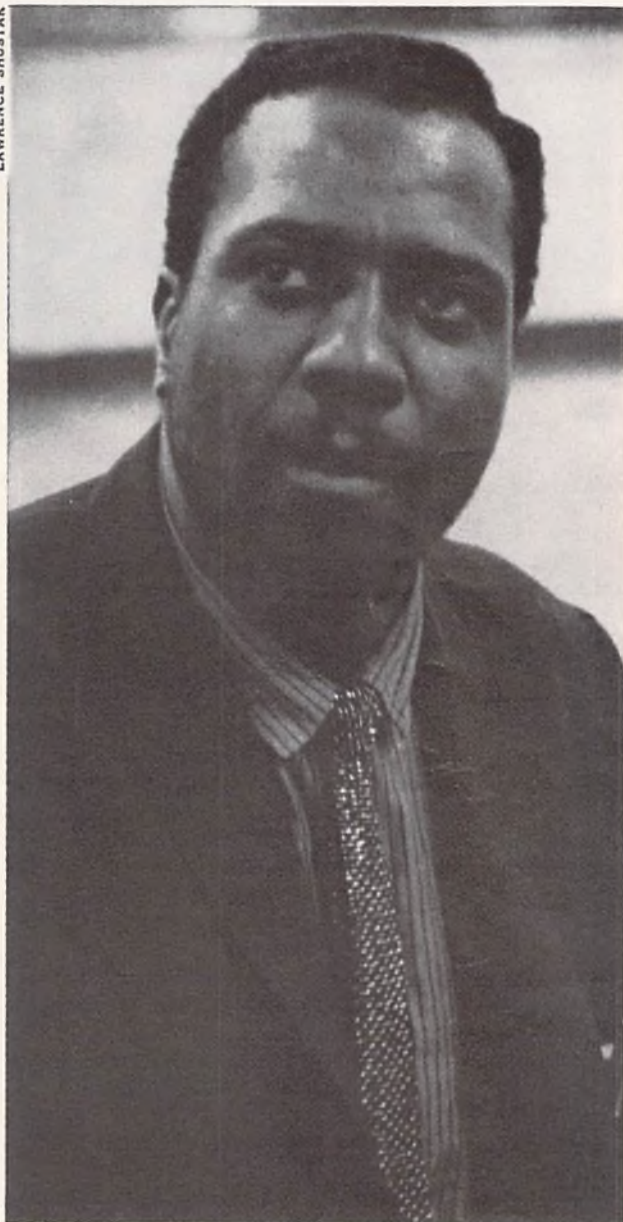
"Some of the things are about stickball, tugboats, the railroad yards, parts of Central Park, Broadway, and even some of the neighboring areas of New Jersey. They're all in the music somewhere. Monk's neighbors, past and present, and even some of his relatives are there. He's been living on the same block for years, you know."

The strict limitation of the quartet's work to Monk material may be drawing to an end. Lacy intends eventually to expand the repertoire—once he feels that the discipline has worked its magic. He plans to start doing material by Ellington and Parker. And both he and Rudd have written material for the group, though they have not performed any of it publicly.

"The approach, the vocabulary, can be applied to other music," Lacy said. "It's really we who can be applied to it. We're already better players because of it."

As one might anticipate, Lacy's uncompromising dedication to the music of Monk and to his discipline has created problems, both for himself and for his group. First of all, no one has recorded the quartet as yet. And

LAWRENCE SHUSTAK



bookings were hard come by.

The coffee houses of Greenwich Village offered a hospitable refuge when the standard jazz clubs weren't interested. Of late the group has been working at a club called the Phase 2. Its owner, Paul Blau, has proved sympathetic to the group's approach and encouraged them to continue with it.

Monk, too, is sympathetic to the experiment.

"He has given us full encouragement," Lacy said.

"He hasn't heard it yet. He told me, 'I'll hear it when I'm supposed to.' It fits right into his system of life.

"It makes sense to me too."



## Thelonious MONK



LEE TANNER

**JUST  
SWINGING:  
JAKE  
HANNA  
by MARIAN  
MCPARTLAND**

**A**S A YOUNGSTER, Jake Hanna had three idols—Brace Beamer (radio's the Lone Ranger), Benny Goodman, and Ted Williams. "Brace Beamer disappeared from the scene, Ted Williams has retired, and when I auditioned for Benny, he didn't dig me—now I'm all alone," Jake said in his joking, nonchalant way.

Jake is, in a sense, alone, inasmuch as he is almost without peer in his particular field as a big-band drummer. He has been with the Woody Herman Band for almost two years now, and his hard-driving, unabashed, exciting playing has been a major contribution in the renewed popularity of the band.

In the last few years Jake has been moving from one band, or small group, to another and back again. He has been with Maynard Ferguson three times, twice with my trio, at least three times with Japanese pianist Toshiko Akiyoshi Mariano, twice before with Herman, and in between there have been short stints with Ted Weems, Buddy Morrow, Herb Pomeroy, Bobby Hackett, Duke Ellington, and Harry James.

If all this were not enough to make him a well-rounded player, he also has been the house drummer at George Wein's Storyville during return visits to his home town of Dorchester, Mass., a suburb of Boston, backing such varied stylists as Buck Clayton, Jimmy Rushing, and Anita O'Day. Now he appears to have achieved his happiest groove with the Herman band.

His work with different groups has enabled him to experiment and to learn by trial and error what to do and what not to do in varying circumstances and now he is bringing the results of these experiences to bear in the masterful handling of his current job.

There is an easy flow, a logical, methodical purpose to everything Jake does. Undoubtedly he is following established patterns set down by former Herman drummers Dave Tough and Don Lamond, and he draws inspiration from their ideas, and from those of his idols, Buddy Rich and Jo Jones, not consciously copying them but nevertheless revealing that these are his influences while adding to them his unique personality, imagination, and humor. He is a pleasure to watch; there is no wasted motion, yet he is a flamboyant performer and does everything with a flourish, plus a jaunty good-natured air. He uses his technique logically—no unnecessary pyrotechnics—and he has the good judgment and the power necessary to hold and control the rhythm at all times.

To many listeners the Herman band is more exciting now than it has ever been.

"We could never play such up-tempo things before," Herman said. "None of the other drummers I have had

would attempt these frantic tempos. Now I can show off the band more—it all makes for a lot of excitement—something added that we couldn't do 15 years ago, and it is a challenge to the musicians to play when they know they can feel comfortable. Everything's easy, no pressure."

Yet as hard as Jake can drive a big band, he can be subtle with a small group, a sympathetic and sensitive player creating a tremendously swinging feeling and a comfortable, easy groove.

Perhaps "comfortable" is the key word to his playing. It reflects his personality and his approach to music, for he is an easygoing bachelor of 32, a convivial soul who enjoys the hurly-burly of musicians' hangouts in his free time. He makes the rounds of clubs where his friends are working and, whenever the opportunity presents itself, likes to sit in. He is a musician in the true sense, totally involved with playing, discussing music and listening to it, and he is one of the most completely cheerful people one could meet. Though he affects a bluff air and a joking, irreverent attitude toward most things, he is still sincere, dedicated, and honest.

**J**AKE'S MUSICAL education dates back to his school days in Roxbury, Mass., where at 8 he started to play drums with the church band.

"I still play in that same vein too," he said. "Sort of a marching feeling—two-bar phrases."

Later with his older brother and two sisters he attended Dorchester High School, where he played in the school band, and whenever he had the chance, he would go to the RKO Theater to listen to the big bands that came through town periodically. He fell under the joint influence of Buddy Rich, who was then with Tommy Dorsey, and Gene Krupa.

"When I heard *Sing, Sing, Sing*, I decided that I wanted to be that kind of drummer—but then I started to dig Jo Jones and Dave Tough. This was a big enlightenment to me. I had no idea drums could be played this way, and I was able to absorb the style firsthand, because my brother was playing drums at the time and he would play the cymbal beat a lot like Dave did. (My brother was 4-F so he was getting all the work.)"

At 18, Jake was starting to get gigs around Boston and was sitting in when he could. However, the long arm of the draft board soon reached out to take him from his comfortable home in Dorchester and deposit him at the Air Force base in San Antonio, Texas, where he was stationed for the next 3½ years, playing bass drum in an Air Force band.

"When I got out, I was stranded in Texas," Jake said ruefully. "Then Tommy Reed offered me a gig and saved

me. I only had four bucks to my name, so he sent me \$9 for the bus fare to Shreveport, La., to join the band. (Come to think of it my salary wasn't much more than that bus fare.) I went with Tommy for two weeks but wound up staying for over a year."

When Jake left the band in Kansas City, Kan., he returned to Boston and started playing with local groups again and studying drums with Stanley Spector. Jake gives Spector, with whom he studied for three years and has on and off since, all the credit for his background and for his proficiency.

"There is no other teacher for me," he declared. "Many of them are so busy with the hands, building technique. Having 'good hands' has nothing to do with playing jazz. I am sure Buddy Rich and Joe Morello would still be as great if they didn't have 'good hands.' You've got to do first things first—learn to keep time and swing—the basic things a drummer is supposed to do, but you can't just do it right off the bat; it takes a while."

During the next three years, Jake studied and practiced, meanwhile working with various groups including Morrow's, Weems', and Toshiko's, who was at that time at the Berklee School of Music in Boston. In 1958 he went with Ferguson for several months, and in 1959 wound up back in Boston playing at Storyville behind Clayton and Rushing.

"I finally got the message at that point," Jake said. "Suddenly I knew that that was the style I sound best in. No confusion—everything very simple. Basic."

It was then that I really began to be aware of Jake's playing, although I had heard him previously at the Hickory House with Toshiko and had met him there. I was in Boston at the time he was backing Anita O'Day at Storyville. Anita invited me to sit in. I did so, and I was tremendously excited by the immediate rapport between Jake and myself and by the easy, relaxed feeling he created. I asked him to join my group, which he did shortly thereafter, working with me for the next two years.

The enjoyment of this period was interrupted only once, when Jake (who is now well known for giving little or no notice when he decides to leave a band) elected to go back to Boston to work with the Herb Pomeroy Band. Being the diplomat he is, he handed me his notice—and a parting gift of a Waring Blendor simultaneously. He returned after a few weeks, however, to join me at the Hickory House where, with Ben Tucker on bass, we spent one of the swingingest summers I have ever known.

Then Jake became impatient to try another groove, and he left, this time for good, to join Bobby Hackett at Eddie Condon's club, where for a while he slipped into a different musical genre, a Dixielandish kick, in which he is as much at ease as he is with other styles of playing.

After a few months, he took off again, this time to join the Duke Ellington Band, spelling Sam Woodyard for a short stint.

Of this adventure, Jake said, "I went along to hear the music from the middle of the band—best seat in the house. That's why I never sounded good with those guys. I was too busy listening! Now *there's* the greatest reed section of all history—great band, great time."

In the summer of 1961 Jake went to Jacksonville, Fla., with Ross Tompkin's trio and on his return was invited to join Harry James' band in Las Vegas, Nev. After a few weeks, it appeared that the drummer-leader relationship was somewhat less than euphoric, and Jake quit the band and soon returned to the Herman Herd for the third time.

**N**OWADAYS MANY up-and-coming drummers are preoccupied with the "new thing," employing complicated rhythmic patterns and cross-rhythms that scatter around the instrumentalists like gunfire. They flay the drums as if

they were a team of recalcitrant horses. To some of them, Jake's playing is considered old-fashioned, but their opinions and their asserted striving toward greater freedom leave him cold.

"To me freedom is gained through *limiting* your playing, disciplining yourself," Jake said. "Some modern drummers don't play with license. They play free, but they lose the feeling of freedom by their irresponsibility. Jazz is a real paradox—you have to hold the sticks tight in order to play loose, and the less you play the more comes out! With these new guys, they keep puttin' in all the time, and when you've got to play against that stuff, it's rough. To them, phrasing is shifting the rhythm back and forth all the time. There's too much going on, and usually it's too loud. Drummers are like the line on a football team—they're there at all times . . . dependable . . . but they are not supposed to be heroes.

"I don't think jazz will ever hit that real happy groove again unless drummers go back to swinging the time, not shifting it around. Now, there's one guy who is a master of that style, and I really dig his playing—that's Roy Haynes. He has finesse, taste. And taste is the hardest thing to learn—you've got to know how to balance up the drum set, how to get an even sound, and most of all know what to leave out. That's why I dig Gus Johnson; so little goes in, so much comes out. Jo Jones, Shelly Manne, Don Lamond—they're great. To me, Shelly is a jazz version of Billy Gladstone, and he was the supreme artist. (You know, Billy practically brought up Shelly—used to wheel him around in the baby carriage.)"

It is evident that Jake has strong opinions, and he likes to air them. He believes in what he is doing and makes no bones about it. He is sure of his playing, and though to some he may seem at times overconfident, his sense of humor saves him from offensiveness—and he can fulfill any musical demands made on him.

He always seems able to play at the top of his form and to engender a good feeling among the people around him. As a person and as a musician he wears well.

Herman is as pleased to have Jake back with the band as Jake is to be there. "Since he was with me three or four years ago, his playing has changed tremendously," Herman said. "It's like night and day. Ninety-nine-and-a-half percent of the time he is absolutely right with everything he does. The truly important members of the band are drums and lead trumpet. If they are not right, forget it. Jake is the first *great* big-band drummer to come along since Dave Tough and Don Lamond. He deserves the high praise he is getting. . . ."

Jake is happy, he says, with the way things are shaping up. His philosophy of life is characteristically humorous and simple: "I guess you have to roll with the punches—keep bobbing and weaving . . . maybe throw a couple now and then. Life is a fight, and naturally I don't want to get wasted. So I take things as they come. Nice and easy."

When working at New York's Metropole, where the Herman band often plays, the musicians have to stand in a single line along a platform that runs practically the length of the long bar. They face the opposite wall, which is lined with mirrors. To play successfully in this room, a drummer has to keep his wits about him at all times, be utterly fearless, and have the strength of 10 to hold the band together. Somehow Jake manages to do all this and still look calm and collected.

"I have to look in the mirror to see who is taking a solo," he said with a grin. "And then I have to look and see what I'm doing."

"He steers us, all 16 of us," said Phil Wilson, trombonist with the band. "It's like a thing I don't believe is happening."



# ON THE ROAD WITH HELEN MERRILL



By JOHN TYNAN

**C**OLORFULLY CLAD in native costume, the pretty, blonde Croatian singer had the Yugoslavian town of Bled at her feet.

As Helen Milcetic, she was in a sense at home in the land of her forefathers. As American jazz singer Helen Merrill, she was half a world away from home.

Miss Merrill's triumph last year at the jazz festival in Bled climaxed a three-year voluntary exile from the United States during which she established herself as one of the most popular U.S. jazz artists in Europe—and Brazil and Japan as well.

When Miss Merrill left the United States in 1959—on this she will say only “for private reasons”—she was recognized as a truly original song stylist. She enjoyed a discriminating following and had recorded for the Roost, EmArcy, and Atco labels. Her 1947 marriage had ended in divorce, and the responsibility of rearing a son necessarily restricted professional activity.

An offer from the British Broadcasting Corp. in 1959, however, spurred the singer to leave the United States for a while.

“I went with one suitcase,” she recalled recently “—and my son on the other hand—thinking I’d be back in two weeks. But once I was there my curiosity got the better of me, and it seemed that I was well enough known in Europe to make business contacts. So it was a chance to see the world.”

Miss Merrill and her son remained in England three weeks and then were invited to Paris by Nicole Barclay, a well-known jazz aficionado and recording company executive.

“I stayed with the Barclays at their home for a while,” she said. “Through the Barclays I worked at the Palm Beach Casino in Cannes for a week. It was a very, very good engagement . . . financially interesting. And I saw the Riviera.”

Miss Merrill's travels were just beginning. “At the invitation of Romano Mussolini,” she continued, “I went to Italy to sing with him on the Italian Riviera. Once I hit Italy, I just couldn't leave because I seemed to have a lot of fans there, and I did television work and recording with RCA Italiana. Life in

general was very beautiful.”

She quickly slipped into the pace of working in Rome. With Armando Travaoli she recorded an album for RCA Italiana and single records in Italian both for RCA and Cetra records.

Italian jazz musicians, according to Miss Merrill, show much promise.

“Considering that it isn't their art form,” she said, “and considering their lack of real exposure, and places to play, they do extremely well. They haven't yet produced a really outstanding group, but I think they're on their way because there are many youngsters devoting all their time to jazz, and they don't take it in a dilettante sense. They really *want* to be jazz musicians. There are some very good ones now.

“Romano Mussolini does a lot of commercial jazz type work. If he wanted to, with his name, he could probably do a lot more experimental work than he is doing. As it is, he prefers to please the public, and he does more commercial-type jazz. But he's capable of creating a group that could be very interesting.”

Miss Merrill said Mussolini, though he claims not to be a full-time professional musician, earns his living from music, loves it, and devotes all his time to it.

“While I was there I also met his mother,” she said. “He took us to his house in Forli, and I had some very interesting experiences there.”

One of the more memorable experiences, said the singer, was a visit with the Mussolinis to the tomb of Romano's father, Benito, the former dictator of Italy who died at the hands of Italian partisans in 1945.

Romano, Miss Merrill confirmed, is indeed haunted by his father's ghost. “But,” she added, “he loved his father very much. . . .”

**A**LL TOLD, Miss Merrill remained based in Italy about 2½ years, she said, living both in Rome and Milan. While her son attended school in Switzerland, she made professional excursions all over Europe, to Lebanon, to Brazil, and twice to Japan. With Chet Baker she headlined the 1960 jazz festival at Comblain-la-Tour; with Stan Getz she sang in Scandinavia.





"We worked at a place called the Montmartre in Copenhagen," she related of her tour with the tenorist. "Then, we did concerts together in Norway and in Sweden, in Oslo and Stockholm. We stayed together about two months. He was very helpful too."

Her stay at a gambling casino in Beirut, Lebanon, provided moments of unintended comic relief. "I took along George Joyner and Buster Smith, which was very nice," she said. "But we couldn't find a pianist so we had to use the pianist of the casino. He wasn't really a jazz pianist, and it was really very amusing. He used to perspire. He tried very hard, but it was very difficult for him. But it worked out all right."

Handling her personal affairs back home by mail, Miss Merrill constantly expanded her European operations.

"I did the jazz festival in Berlin," she said, "and I worked at the Free University in Berlin, too, with Oscar Pettiford playing for me. Just bass and voice—and Kenny Clarke. Then we worked, too, in Baden-Baden for the radio there; for Jo Berendt. Jo is very sweet to visiting artists."

She also appeared at the first jazz festival held in Juan-les-Pins, Antibes, on the French Riviera. She recalled:

"That was about three years ago. It's improved a great deal now. They mixed rock and roll and everything together. It was not very good. But

it's improved quite a lot since then."

Miss Merrill's two trips to Japan were unqualified triumphs. Each visit lasted two months; her second visit immediately preceded her return to the United States last spring.

"I made an album in Japan with Japanese musicians," she disclosed. "They're very enthusiastic. They really love jazz. There are many professional jazz groups there, and there are big orchestras they can experiment with. There's a lot of interest in jazz there."

"I did concerts, night clubs, recitals; there were two Helen Merrill recitals. And they were very successful."

In Europe, too, she said, much singing is heard in small recitals.

"It will be a hall for about 600 people," the singer explained. "They come just to listen to you. A concert I guess you'd call it; they call it a recital. It's really the best way for a singer to work. The people are so marvelously quiet, and they come just to hear *you*. I guess I've been a little spoiled in Europe. I haven't really worked night clubs per se in a long time. It's been mostly either galas, which is one show a night and people come to have dinner and see the show. They either listen or they don't. Anyway, you do one show a night, and it has some importance. Or it's the recital, which to me is the most beautiful way to present a singer. It's always, happily, been very successful for me."

"I've gained a lot of presence, stage

presence, which I lacked when I was here. A lot of it was my fault too. I was basically very shy, and I was probably a little sheltered. I'd lived mostly near my family and so forth. I think getting out into the world was what I needed. I had to get out on my own."

But Miss Merrill's most satisfying personal experience was at the Yugoslavian Jazz Festival in Bled.

"I was invited to sing there," she said. "I'm Yugoslavian—Croatian—and when they discovered I was Yugoslavian, they were *so* thrilled. It made my visit really exciting. I visited the place of my family's birth too."

In the village of Maliska on the Island of Kirk she visited the schoolhouse her parents attended, entered a tiny church dating back to the early 18th century, and read her



great-great-grandfather's name of Bogovitch on a pew he donated as a founder of the church. Before leaving the island, she visited the cottage birthplace of her grandmother and mother.

"The festival in Bled was one of the nicest festivals," she said. "Not because I'm prejudiced; but it *was* one of the nicest festivals I've ever been to. It's run beautifully. There's a program printed, and everybody must adhere to the program. There's no going over the allotted time."

"This is the problem with a lot of festivals. People become terribly bored listening to someone take a million choruses while Ella Fitzgerald is standing in the wings wait-

ing to go on. Well, there they have a printed program, and everyone sticks to the program. It's run on schedule, and everyone is very happy that way."

The singer was asked if this was the most successful and best-run festival she performed at in Europe.

"Yes," she said with emphasis. "Definitely. I bet John Lewis would agree with me there. John played for me as my accompanist. And he rehearsed the group for so many hours, which is typical of John. We had a very successful concert there, thanks to John.

"John goes there quite a lot to help the musicians out. He married a Yugoslav girl too. He's been very helpful to jazz in general throughout the world. A fantastic man."

Miss Merrill surmised that the Bled festival is state-organized, state-financed, and state-run.

"Most cultural activities [there] are," she pointed out. "In fact, the whole thing was recorded. They print the records for their cultural department. They pass them out to the public for a very small amount of money."

Miss Merrill did not work in any other countries of the Soviet bloc of states in Europe. "I wanted to go to Poland," she said, "and I could have if I'd stayed on. I can still. And I'd like to go to Russia too. I hope to go to these places in the future—and I'm sure I will. The world has become very small to me. I think nothing of hopping here or hopping there.

"There's such a tremendous interest in jazz, as you know, in all the world. It's the thing that I think our government can work with most for building friendships. I'm surprised that the State Department hasn't done more toward developing this. But someone in Yugoslavia said perhaps it's best this way. Because I think that people would start resenting the music. . . . But there must be some way to do it though."

**M**ISS MERRILL, with so much varied experience in the field, could speak with more-than-ordinary authority on the subject of the presentation of jazz. She said she likes the way it's done outside the States. She said the recital method is a fine device for presenting the music and

added that she wished more of that could be done in this country. Why *must* things be done at Carnegie Hall, for example? Town Hall in New York City is plenty big enough, she said. Furthermore, there is no reason why the program should not be well planned and written, she said.

"I know that you can't earn as much money in the smaller places," she said, "but I suppose if you want to earn a lot of money, you shouldn't be playing jazz—you should be in the pop field.

"It's successful abroad; I don't see why it can't be successful in this country."

The singer said she agreed that

been with a booking office at one time. "But I must say," she shrugged, "that they never worked very, very hard for me. Most of my help came from musicians—and still does. I guess it's because I never entered the big-money category; so, of course, their interest was more in their big stars—and I would get the leftovers."

What does the future hold for Helen Merrill? In late summer the portents seemed bright. She began a series of weekends as featured vocalist at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood, Calif., and followed up as one of the stars at the sixth annual Monterey Jazz Festival Sept. 20-22.



perhaps promoters are dedicated to reaping the biggest profit they can and that performers on their part are also out to command the highest going price for their talents.


She said, though, she feels that the performers are "not as monetary as the promoters are."

"I think performers would make concessions to work under good conditions," she added. "I don't think that booking agents will. But I think that performers would. I'll probably receive criticism from [booking] offices about this, but I think it's certainly true. I know, for example, that Oscar Pettiford used to work with people he liked to work with for \$10 and then go 'round and ask the agent for \$2,000. So I think that most of us feel that way. If they could be presented properly, I think that they would take a loss."

Miss Merrill then noted she had

Buck Ram, her business manager ("I can't handle the business in the States," she admitted; "it's too much for me"), is negotiating for recording contracts with several labels.

Temporarily at least, she has chosen to live in California with her son. There is the question of his schooling to be considered. She is not at all eager to bump him about from high school to high school.

"I'll stay here for a while," she said. "It seems things are starting to prove interesting in this part of the world. But I have itchy feet. I'm terrible—I just can't stay still. I just have terrible wanderlust. But I'm going to control myself and stay here. I'm going to stay put. And I'm not going to be so impulsive. I've decided to stay in America and give myself time to make some new friends and say hello to some old ones." 

# DOUBLE TAKE

## Gene Lees Evaluates Two Fresh Vocalists

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### MARGE DODSON

Upstairs at the Duplex, New York City  
Personnel: Miss Dodson, vocals; Bob Waxman,  
piano.

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Object lesson in how not to make it as a singer:

Work as a secretary while you build your voice to the point where you are not only capable but also expert in the use of the instrument. Develop extremely subtle taste and eschew gimmicks. Learn to milk all the meaning from a lyric. Appear in various joints until you're over the fear of the audience—indeed, have come to feel amiable and gracious toward your listeners.

Then associate yourself with one of the countless people who float around the music business claiming to be managers, somewhat as prostitutes claim to be models. You'll get burned a few times, but other incompetents will be standing in the wings to take over from those who have failed you.

Get a contract with a big record firm. To be sure, you'll be merely a cog in a machine, but the big label's representative will deliver *Standard Lecture 3-B for New Talent*, which a&r men for big companies are required to memorize. That's the one that begins: "But you see, we have a vast distribution and promotion setup, and we can do things for you that none of the independents can even hope to match. You're lucky to get the chance to go with us, baby."

Swallow this bilge and sign the contract. And when some idiot of an a&r man, who knows even less about repertoire than he does about artists, tells you you must do an album of standards because the people want to hear familiar things instead of your own extremely striking material, be a nice girl. Make no waves. Do as you're told.

The album duly emerges from the presses. It is dumped onto the market with a minimum of promotion and allowed to lie there. If something happens to it, then the label may do something for you. But why should it happen? The album is a standard piece of big-label homogenized nothing, except for the quality of the singing.

As one could predict, nothing happens to the first album, or the second. The label drops both albums and you. Limbo, honey.

None of the foregoing is invention. It is the not-unique story of Marge



MISS DODSON

Sensitive, compelling, and dramatic singing holds audiences spellbound

Dodson, one of the most talented female singers to come up in a number of years. She is perhaps the most sensitive reader of ballads this side of Peggy Lee.

It had been years since I last heard Miss Dodson. Her musical growth since then has been striking. She is now one of those performers who can elicit hypnotized silence from an audience.

Though her voice is extremely sensitive, she does not go only for sensitivity. She can move from a whisper to a shout in half a bar or drop from a shout to a whisper between quarter notes. She uses this dynamic range for stunning dramatic effect.

So compelling is her work that she gets away with a dangerous put-on—singing *Mairzy Doats* as a ballad. In a tour de force that reminds me of the late Charles Laughton holding an audience spellbound as he read from a telephone book, she satirizes the dramatic sensitivity of all good singers, herself included. She sustains it for a slow chorus and a half, building dramatically (and humorously), ending on a quasi-hip seventh.

Given material with content, she holds listeners on the edges of their seats. She turns the recent not-had hit *Coloring Book* into a near classic, and given something as meaty as an unusual suite of songs written for her, titled *Garden of the Blues*, she sustains interest for about 12 unbroken minutes.

On the night of review, Miss Dodson was accompanied by Waxman, one of

the club's operators, on piano. The demands of the material were too much for one pianist to handle, however. The club could be an excellent room for singers, but a full rhythm section would be needed—and a move in that direction may be in the works.

Miss Dodson wound up her engagement at the club, checked out—and was promptly booked back in three weeks later.

Now if only some bright a&r man would drop by. . . . —Gene Lees

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### MORGANA KING

Sniffen Court Inn, New York City  
Personnel: Miss King, vocals; Gene Bertocini,  
guitar; Joe Williams, bass; Jimmy Campbell,  
drums.

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A few years ago, Miss King was one of the most promising vocalists in the business. Blessed with a voice of attractive quality, a good rhythmic sense, and a subtle understanding of the contents of lyrics, she had a beautiful future.

But she rapidly earned a reputation for being "difficult." Stories of her tantrums on bandstands and at record dates abounded. The label "trouble" was firmly affixed to her all through the business. She faded from sight, leaving as the highwater mark of her brief eminence a superb LP on Mercury that is now out of print.

(Continued on page 40)

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# steve

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# swallow

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By MARTIN WILLIAMS

"I'D RATHER PLAY with either Jimmy McPartland or Bud Freeman or with the Jimmy Giuffre Trio than play bebop."

This provocative statement comes from Steve Swallow, one of the best of a remarkable group of young bass players who have participated in the most recent developments in jazz.

"New thing" music (to use that graceless and even ambiguous but still necessary term) can now boast three or four outstanding reed men and three or four accomplished trumpeters at best. But the good bassists who have been involved in it! . . . Charlie Haden, Jimmy Garrison, the late Scott LaFaro, Ron Carter, Gary Peacock, David Izenzon, Chuck Israels, Swallow—not to mention a venerable progenitor like Charlie Mingus or a recent apprentice like Barre Phillips.

Swallow is not alone among younger players in having an articulate sense of jazz history and his own relationship to it. He elaborated:

"Orthodox modern jazz is difficult for me because there are so many things that are given, so many inflexible idiomatic requirements of exactly what each player is supposed to do in the music. And a man can make the music sound wrong if he doesn't meet those requirements.

"The Dixieland players know that they are part of history, and they have less concern with the sanctity of their idiom. The style is refined, but it always sounds stylized, sounds like Dixieland, in a variety of formats and instrumentations. In that sense, it is flexible.

"The basic Dixieland instruments have certain ensemble functions, but beyond that a player is free to find his own way. Drummers don't play the flow of the rhythm, for example, but its demarcation. George Wettling is superb at this. And the ensemble deals with a varied texture. Therefore, I feel free to find a sixth voice.

"Because I play with such a variety of groups, some people assume I play in a variety of styles, but I don't. Actually I'm not sure there was ever an exact place in Dixieland for the bass, and some groups, I think, sound better without one.

"And today the swing-period players can allow the same sort of freedom to a bass player in their style.

"Bud Freeman, whom I love to play with, long ago found a place for his tenor in the Dixieland ensemble. Anyway, the best things in Bud's style are bigger than category, not the things that make him an ensemble player or make him a swing-period soloist.

"By now, bebop is historical too, but many of the players don't know it yet. And beboppers still want things done only along well-established lines. Of course, some players thought of as modernists are too mature to need absolute orthodoxy. I never assume with Art Farmer that he wants me to play any way other than the way I play."

Swallow has worked, within the same month, for George Russell and Benny Goodman. And as of this writing, he is simultaneously bassist with the Jimmy Giuffre Three, the new Art Farmer-Jim Hall Quartet, and the Marian McPartland Trio. He also is likely to respond positively to any calls from Bud Freeman or Al Cohn and Zoot Sims if he can sandwich in the gig. Obviously such a multiple musical life cannot continue for him, for he simply will not have the time.

SWALLOW IS A native New Yorker, born there in 1940 and raised just across the river in Fairlawn, N.J. His father is an electrical engineer by profession, but as a part-time musician he worked his way through college with an alto saxophone and trombone and later continued his interest in the jazz of his own day.

Steve was a trumpet player when he was a youngster, and he wanted to play jazz.

"My father played me records by Jelly Roll Morton and Bix Beiderbecke, and I liked them," he said. "Actually, I was a rotten trumpet player. In junior high school I wanted to jam with some fellows who were playing jazz, so I got a book called *50 Hot Licks for Trumpet* by Ziggy Elman. I learned them all right away, in all the keys, and went off to the session. I could make a solo just by stringing together my Ziggy Elman licks. The other players tolerated me.

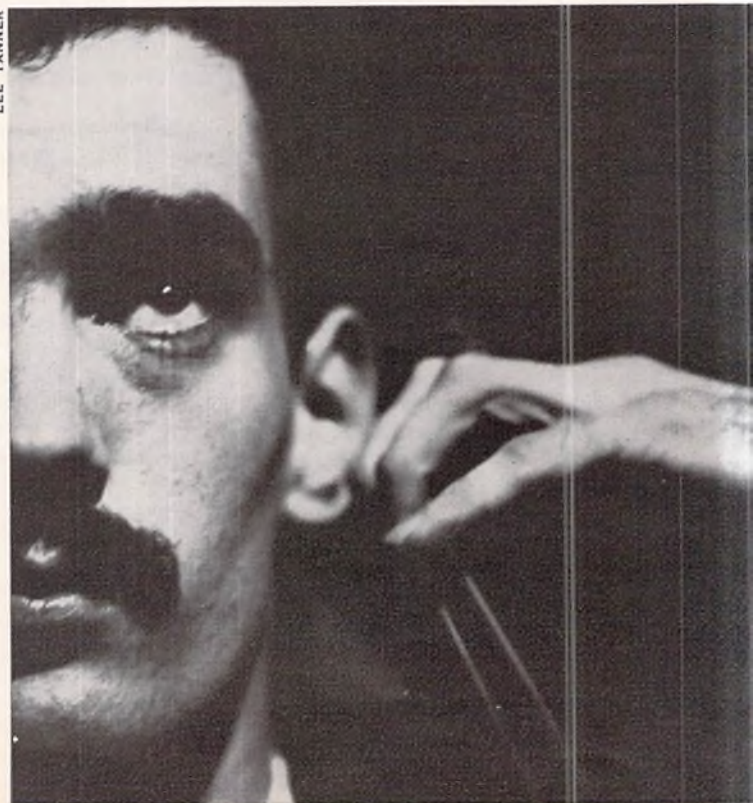
"I can't say I ever actually switched to bass—it was just that there was always a need for a bass player, and I was a rotten trumpet player. From the beginning I seemed to get the right notes on bass, but I can't say that my time was too good then."

Swallow was sent to prep school, and there he met Ian Underwood, an exceptionally talented flutist and reed player. They had what Swallow calls "real amateurs' zeal" and used to get up early to play together before school breakfast.

The association with Underwood continued at Yale University, where the bassist became a member of the local Dixieland outfit, the Bullpups.

"They needed a bass player, and I needed the money and enjoyed the trips we made," he recalled. "That was about all there was to it really. At that point I wasn't even the zealot I had been in prep school, but I realize, looking back, what important lessons I was learning.

"The bass player that I admired most on records then was Percy Heath, but there were excellent swing-period musicians at Yale functions. I got to work with Buddy Tate, Buck Clayton, Rex Stewart, Dickie Wells. I learned especially from Dickie—he is such a clear and precise player, you know. I would often follow him and simply



play his solos back note for note. He didn't seem to mind, and it was superb training for me."

The knowledge that music held more for him than an outlet for amateur's zeal or a college student's part-time job came to Swallow abruptly and fatalistically. In the fall of 1959, pianist Ran Blake, then himself a student, held his second jazz festival at the small Bard College in New York State. Blake invited one of his favorite pianists, Paul Bley, to participate, and Bley got Paul Cohen, then a good drummer and now a young Pennsylvania lawyer. Cohen recommended Swallow.

"I had no idea how Paul Bley played," Swallow said, "and I hurried around trying to find one of his records. They were out of stock every place I went. The afternoon of the concert, we held one rehearsal. I was deeply impressed with Paul's music but seemed to get nowhere playing it. That evening on the program we followed the Gospel singing of Prof. Alex Bradford, which of course the audience loved. When we started to play, my back was against the wall, and I found that I was managing to produce a real affinity with Paul's music. It was a very strong experience, the whole thing. I was physically sick afterward, but I knew then that music was going to be my life.

"I left Yale before midterm exams. I went to New York, and I just called Paul Bley, asking if he needed a bass player."

Bley said that he did. It was rather a lean time for them, but they had a job at Copa City with blues singer Big Miller, and Swallow had the Dixieland and mainstream contacts he had made at Yale, particularly Jimmy McPartland and Freeman.

"Paul set me the most important challenges," Swallow said. "He set all the fast tunes slightly faster than I could play and all the ballads slightly slower. In four months he whipped me into shape. I had gotten through the instrument; I had learned the bass. He felt that the instrument itself simply has to be gotten through. And I played it the same afterward, until Jimmy Giuffre got hold of me."

Swallow had arrived in New York in the winter of 1959, in time for Ornette Coleman's first Five Spot engagement with Don Cherry, Charlie Haden, and Billy Higgins in his quartet. Swallow was quickly introduced to Coleman's music by Bley, in whose group Coleman had played in California. So, besides the workouts with Bley and the Dixieland jobs, there was frequent attendance at the Five Spot.

In the summer of 1960, Swallow went with Ian Underwood on a European trip that included a long stretch in Germany.

"We played nothing but Monk tunes and Ornette tunes," he said. "Learning the Monk repertory is the only meaningful training in composition I have had, by the way, except for some brief study at Yale with Donald Martino, an ex-jazzman who is now a serial composer. That and knowing Carla Bley's music."

Back in New York there were frequent weekend sessions at the Phase 2 coffee house. These often included, besides Paul Bley and his wife Carla, trumpeter Don Ellis and pianist Jaki Byard.

It was at these Phase 2 sessions that the players began to change tempo and key, and leave chord structures altogether, to keep the young, amateur beboppers out of the jamming. Shades of Gillespie and Monk at Minton's! The effort of the Phase 2 players was not to disparage Gillespie and Parker or the achievements of bop. Rather, they wanted to acknowledge that the musicians of their own generation had to stop walking in Bird and Dizzy's shadows—after nearly 20 years of modern jazz—and find their own way.

Paul Bley had already joined Giuffre by the time Swallow had got back from Europe, and Swallow went with Bud Freeman. But when Giuffre's regular bassist was caught in

a traffic jam, Swallow made a rehearsal. He soon found himself having to choose between Bud Freeman and Giuffre, and he says, "It was a hard choice."

"At first the Giuffre book was full of simple song forms," he said, "but gradually Jimmy's ideas began to emerge, and they made sense to me. He has been a big influence, chiefly by making it clear that he would not accept common practice—although, of course, he does not want to avoid it just to be avoiding it.

"We approach a piece phrase by phrase rather than setting a tempo first and keeping it. All of my own playing is related to a tempo, but when the Giuffre trio played that extended job at the Take 3 coffee house last spring, we really managed to break through. Tempo still exists in our music but in a way that permeates—if that's the word. I still play in reference to it, not because the tempo makes the music swing—tempo doesn't—but because a consistent proportioning of the time establishes relationships. To put it another way, each musical phrase takes its own shape, and it may deny the time and the tempo.

"These things have become so fundamental to us that Jimmy didn't realize that on *Spasmodic* and *Divided Man* on our *Free Fall* LP, there are stretches in strict tempo. And of course, that's good, because it means he was thinking in terms of musical phrases."

SWALLOW FINDS a further challenge in the work of players past and present, not all of them bass players. He will mention Pete LaRoca, Marian McPartland's drummer, as having "the ideal solution for drums." And he found Art Tatum's virtuosity a fundamental personal incentive for a while.


But on his own instrument "if someone says that I remind him of Charlie Haden, I have to admit that I remind myself of Charlie Haden. I have decided to let my sources rise to the top and be obvious because that is the best way to assimilate sources. Charlie's influence is clear to me, but the others are less clear because they aren't directly related to the bass. But I know that I listen to Django Reinhardt's records for instruction as well as for pleasure. I think you can hear the effect of his sound in my playing, but I am also fascinated by the way he used triads. He used them in part to organize tonality, and I am not interested in that aspect of it, of course."

Swallow says that he used to be able to play faster than he does now, but he is not talking about rapid tempos, as will be seen. The admission brought him to some remarks on fellow bassist Gary Peacock, who, he says, has been a very big influence.

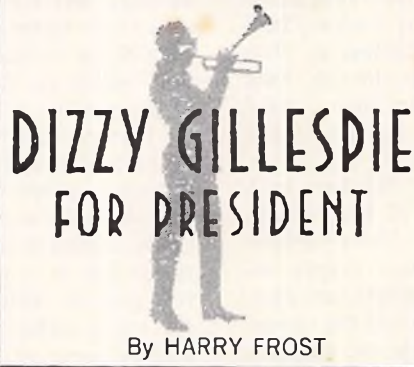
"I tried for the concentration, the density, of his playing, and I just couldn't do it," Swallow remarked. "If I hadn't been exposed as strongly to the style through knowing him and hearing him, I could have spent a long time trying to play that way and got nowhere. I am very thankful there are important differences between me and such an extraordinary player as Gary.

"His concern with velocity is fundamental to what he has to say. With Bill Evans, he will inject, in a single moment—even between Bill's rapid phrases—a finished idea. I need half a chorus to develop an idea most of the time. That's why I say I play more slowly now."

The admiration for Peacock is mutual, and the latter especially credits Swallow with exploring the range of tone and sound beyond that supposed to be legitimately possible on the bass.

A lot is said about the new jazz as a "free" music, but Swallow declared, "The word freedom is really meaningless to me—musically I don't even consider it. I am a member of an ensemble, and most of what I do is in reference to the other music being made on the bandstand." 

## DIZZY AND THE HECKLER



A MAN BEING fitted for a suit said to his tailor, "Make the waist two inches smaller than it measures."

This was Dizzy Gillespie's way of beginning a diet. He lost the weight, and these days, at 44, he looks very much like the photos that were taken of him 18 years ago along New York City's 52nd St. when he and friends were carving out the contours of bebop. Since those days in the middle '40s, Gillespie has moved toward his own middle 40s with undiminished zeal, jauntily ambling along on his clowning, yet illustrious way.

Musicianship and showmanship are not unknown bedfellows, but no one has combined such sterling qualities of artistry and antics as John Birks Gillespie of Cheraw, S.C. Moments of high creativity are often companion to buffoonery, and the nickname that has identified him for 25 years is one he was born to (in Teddy Hill's band in the late '30s, playing in a chilly theater, he sat in the trumpet section wearing gloves and overcoat).

Being dizzy is not merely an act; by nature he is robust, buoyant, and spontaneous, and the sparks that ignite his music also ignite his personality.

In a field of music studded with rejection and hardship on the way to success—and even after—this clown's exterior is like a suit of armor. Gillespie's showmanship is a means of presenting and projecting a musical product that might otherwise fall on indifferent ears. These same qualities serve him in dealing with a breed indigenous to show places where drinks are served: the heckler.

In upper-bracket rooms, usually open only to vocalists or comedians, one adroit parry often will silence the offender who, in a moment of embarrassed illumination, realizes he has selected a superior foe. In other clubs, like jazz clubs, the heckler tends to be more thick-skinned and thick-headed. Being outclassed drives him on.

On a recent Saturday night in a Midwestern jazz club, Gillespie was confronted with such a person, a white man. Gillespie immediately steered things into a racial groove, kept them there, and hammered his antagonist into silence with a routine that, while not perhaps in the best of taste, was in tune with the moment.

Gillespie's quintet had just finished *Salt Peanuts*. The leader stepped to the microphone and identified the number, commenting on its historical significance, and then remarked with a puckish smile, "This is one of my *many*

compositions, and we are about to play another of my *many* compositions. . . . I'm *soo* prolific."

From a table against the wall, half-way back in the room, came a voice: "Never mind that—just play."

Gillespie, who had removed his horn-rim glasses for a moment, put them on and squinted out over the tables. He placed his trumpet on a stand and stepped back to the microphone. There was still a smile on his face, but it covered the thoughts popping behind it. He spoke:

"You people been tellin' us what to do long enough. That's all been changed now. They changed that down at Birmingham."

The audience was mixed, almost as many white as Negro, but the laughter and applause were just about unanimous except for the heckler and his party.

Gillespie went on: "Yes, sir, we know better now. Things are changing."

The voice answered: "Play your horn. That's what you're getting paid for."

"I was just about ready to move down to Mexico," the trumpeter said, "but not now—not after Birmingham. We're on the march now, and before we're through we might change the color of the White House."

At this point Gillespie spread his arms in a grand oratorical gesture. "And *if* elected, my first appointment will be to make Gov. George Wallace chief information officer to The Congo. They'll know how to handle him over there."

"That works two ways, buddy."

Gillespie's smile was now incandescent. He bowed slightly toward the heckler's table and said:

"No offense, you understand, but if you want to take this up later. . . ."

The trumpeter reached back for his horn. He played a few experimental notes and spoke again:

"NOW—another of my *many* compositions. This one is rather recent. It's called *Kush*, and it was inspired by

the people of—[Gillespie glowered] Africa!"

The heckler, now suddenly silent, might have sensed that Gillespie was not just talking through his goatee. The lines had been delivered with that refreshingly unique combination of Gillespie good humor and conviction, and the heckler had been expertly put down.

THE ABILITY to think on his feet and speak humorously is as natural to Gillespie as his ability to think musically and play what he's thinking. His trumpet technique, prodigious as it is, is homemade. There was a time when the dam burst, and he heard things that had to be played—so he played them. The surging ideas called for execution beyond a comfortable range, and brute strength was summoned to capture these fleeting impressions. The swollen neck (he wears oversize collars to accommodate it) and the ballooned cheeks when he blows attest to the force that underlies his playing. Trumpet teachers admire the results but do not recommend the method.

Aware that his playing was basically incorrect, Gillespie once sought the help of an expert to change his embouchure. He was told it was much too late for that. So he goes on in his homemade manner, playing things that legitimate trumpet players can't begin to duplicate.

Command of the trumpet is not the extent of Gillespie's musical prowess. He is a composer and arranger, plays piano, and has a natural affinity for all percussion instruments. His tambourine playing, for instance, is imaginative in the use of fingers, palm, fist, elbow, and knees. He even can manage some intriguing dance steps while playing it.

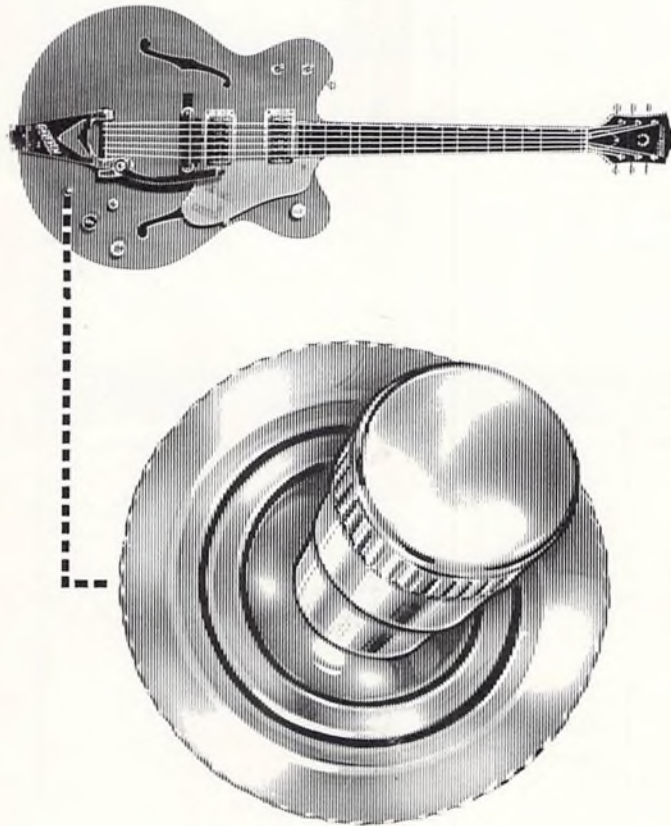
It would seem that such a person would reach a point of musical stagnation and need a layoff. Gillespie offers a vociferous denial:

"Nooo—I can't afford to lay off. A while back, I laid off for two weeks and then opened at Birdland. I'll never do *that* again. When I picked up that horn, I couldn't do half the things I wanted to. There were layers of dead skin on my lip. That's what happens when I don't play. So I *have* to play—almost every day."

He usually warms up in cabs, using just the mouthpiece to prepare his embouchure for the night's work.

"Sometimes the cabdrivers turn around and look at me like I'm crazy," he said. "They can't imagine what I'm

(Continued on page 42)



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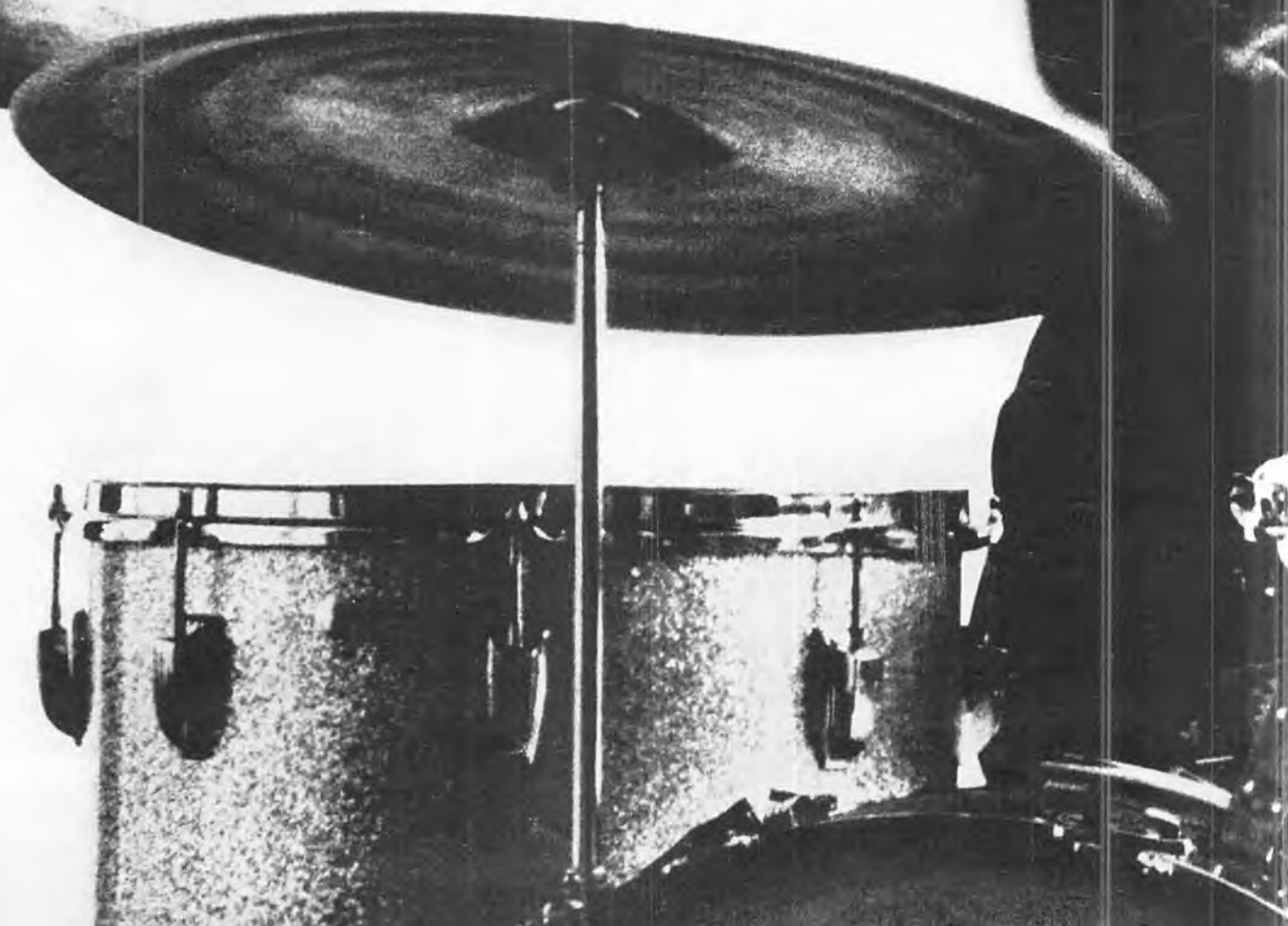
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# OUT OF MY HEAD

## George Crater offers a Caught in the Act review of an unorthodox group

### NEW THING QUARTET

Coney Island, New York City

Personnel: Orlio Ledesma, pocket trombone; Quintzy Queen, alto saxophone; Ahmad Atyu, piano; Melchior Chase, electric bass; Nesbitt Brokenshire, drums. Guests: Caleb Monsarrat, banjo; Hondo Caravel, conga; Wailin' Wanda Wonnote, vocals.

If one currently is being swept off his feet by the new wave of jazz revolutionists, then the New Thing Quintet is not a jazz group to be taken lightly. It is something different indeed.

This outdoor concert was performed at Coney Island amusement park on a hot Monday afternoon in September. The promoter, former child prodigy Rock Pablum, said proceeds from the concert will be used to establish a retirement fund for all jazz musicians not involved in the growing popularity of the avant-garde movement.

At first glance, an amusement park might seem bizarre for any type of serious musical endeavor, but the NTQ soon proved that surroundings only add to the color of a controversial musical program.

As the group approached the stand, (a bunch of upturned milk cases adjacent to the fun house), one could tell instantly that this was not to be an ordinary jazz concert. For instance, the group's spokesman, altoist Queen, waved his chartreuse horsehide horn defiantly at the audience while the others warmed up.

Before the first number, Queen told the audience that while free musical improvisation was important to the group's presentation, certain random visual effects were also necessary to pour each piece into its individual artistic mold. Then Queen gave the down beat, and the concert was under way.

The opener, entitled *Bloody Mary*, consisted of an eight-bar introduction by pianist Atyu followed by a bevy of dissonant, unrelated chord progressions by bassist Chase.

As altoist Queen prepared to solo, drummer Brokenshire produced a five-gallon jug of grain alcohol from a secret compartment in his bass drum, rushed over to Queen and began to pour the contents of the jug into the bell of the altoist's leather horn. When Brokenshire completed this, Queen blew two low Ebs that apparently were the cue for Ledesma. The trombonist took three overripe tomatoes from his orange-and-gray corduroy blazer and began squeezing them into

the alcohol. The more frantically he squeezed, the more fervently Queen blew.

When the last tomato was squeezed, Ledesma stepped aside, and Queen blew four more staggering choruses.

The audience responded emotionally with wild cheers, and during the pandemonium the entire group dipped straws into the alto horn and polished off the impromptu concoction. This was just the beginning.

The second number saw French-Canadian gypsy banjoist Monsarrat brought to the stand to perform an original of his called *Bull's-eye*. The tune itself was far more conventional than the preceding one, but it, too, had visual moments.

Halfway through a moving solo, Monsarrat stopped playing and began shooting arrows off the banjo's strings at passengers on the nearby roller coaster. Again, at the end of the number, the crowd replied with a frenetic response. (It should be mentioned that a Mrs. Alma Knack of Trenton, N.J., a roller-coaster passenger, was slightly wounded in the right hip by a Monsarrat arrow. She was rushed to the nearest copy of Stan Getz' *Theme from Dr. Kildare* and recovered fully after the fifth play.)

The third number of the set was a ballad and far less spectacular than the first two. The tune *Soft Shell*, a Queen original, featured the warm, earthy tones of Ledesma's pocket trombone, Atyu's flowing but often complex single-note statements, and percussionist Brokenshire's loud, but big-toned cracking of king-size walnuts and pecans with the pedal of his bass drum.

A jazz first was introduced on the next number as vocalist Wailin' Wanda Wonnote, billed as the only "new thing" vocalist in the world, came on stand. Her performance might have easily been the high spot of the concert had she been allowed to finish her song.

As she began the second chorus of her own composition, *I'm a Real Cool Lover*, pianist Atyu raced from his stool, snatched Miss Wonnote up in his arms, and dashed toward the Tunnel of Love. This incident brought about intermission.

The second half of the concert began with a 3/4 work called *Ode*. On this, Queen delivered a long, fiery, mysterious solo that brought the crowd to its feet with thunderous applause.

Shortly after Ledesma's solo began,

he jerked his horn from his lips, placed a clay raven on top of his head, and over the beat of the grooving rhythm section, intoned:

*I'm digging you, and you're digging me;*

*Every man is the victim of his fate. What's with the symbolism?*

*Keep off the grass and cotton candy—*

*Bring back prohibition and the Tucker.*

*Is your grandmother a fink? Bring back Sabu.*

The poetry over, Ledesma blew two choruses, put his horn in his pocket, and threw the raven at a popcorn vendor.

The next number featured guest artist Caravel on conga. Again, it was a Queen original, this one called *Italian Smorgasbord*. It was the only gimmick number of the set.

The top of Caravel's conga was made of dough, and the more he pounded it to the weird rhythmic patterns of the quintet, the larger it became. During Hondo's solo, the members of the group, one by one, passed by the congaist and dropped various herbs and seasonings on the expanding drum top. As the last man finished garnishing the dough, they all lit matches to it while Caravel continued to pound with exuberance. In 10 minutes, the six men had made the biggest pizza ever seen in New York. It took exactly four minutes for them to devour it and 15 minutes to calm the ecstatic crowd.

Although the concert finale was more or less anticlimactic, it was still something to behold.

For this last number the group moved from the stand to the amusement park grounds. Bassist Chase, who had previously moistened his fingers in a vat of tainted eggnog, jumped on the merry-go-round and sat side-saddle on one of the wooden ponies. As the group started playing its arrangement of *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, Chase plucked his electric instrument with his wet fingers and produced enough sparks from the contact to light 348 cigarets of the audience who had gathered next to the merry-go-round.

This was the first public concert for the New Thing Quintet. They are without a doubt the most exciting thing to happen to jazz in the last two weeks. If you ever have the opportunity, see them. They are something else.

—George Crater



## Spotlight on School Jazz

# Jazz At Roosevelt

**T**HE NUMBER OF stage bands in high schools increases each year. The quantity and quality of college big bands reflect this growth at the high-school level. This great activity might lead one to conclude that all is rosy in the stage-band movement. But it isn't. There is a gap in the movement that is often ignored, though it is of utmost importance to the movement. This gap is the lack of jazz training available at the college level.

There are, at last count, about 6,500 high-school stage bands; yet there have been only two secondary-level schools offering more than token training in jazz—the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., and North Texas State University in Denton.

The need for jazz training at the college level is particularly acute in the Midwest, since many of the high-school stage bands are in that part of the country and graduating students wanting to further their jazz studies have had little to choose from among the colleges in the area. That is, they hadn't until this fall when the Institute of Jazz Studies at Chicago Musical College—the college is the music department of Chicago's Roosevelt University—offered four credit courses in jazz instruction: lab band (there will be two, an A and a B band), section rehearsal, piano improvising, and commercial arranging.

The institute was conceived by and, to great extent, brought about by S. Lane Emery, an assistant professor at the university and a seemingly tireless worker and enthusiast for the institute. He and Tom M. Plank, an official of one of Chicago's largest banks and an equally enthusiastic supporter of the institute, even obtained an endorsement of the institute from Mayor Richard J. Daley's Committee for Economic and Cultural Development in Chicago, which stated, in part, that the school would "contribute to the cultural environment of the city and increase opportunities for Chicago's young men and women to develop their musician-ship and musical careers in the field of jazz studies."

But Emery had the institute rolling before the endorsement and credit courses; in October, 1962, he formed an 18-piece lab band made up of college students, not only from Roosevelt but also from other schools in Chicago. There was a scarcity of good arrangements and funds, but the enthusiasm of the instructor and band members overcame the obstacles.

Help arrived. Lyon-Healy, a large Chicago music firm, contributed music stands and lights. The Fred. Gretsch Manufacturing Co. gave a set of drums, and the Kay Musical Instrument Co. donated a bass to the cause. Later, *Down Beat* contributed \$2,000, enough to assure the addition of two credit courses to the curriculum.

The band held rehearsals every other week during the winter and spring. Then came the band's first public exposure, last March at the 1963 Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame. Though it did not win the competition, it was one of three big bands in the finals.

Plans for this fall call for the band to make several appearances on WTTW, Chicago's educational television station, as well as to give public concerts.

"We have new arrangements from a company operated by Johnny Richards," Emery said, "and we'll be working on these this fall. Stan Kenton is sending me the complete score and parts to *Adventures in Time*, and we're getting arrangements from Ralph Mutchler and John La Porta too.

**B**UT THE LAB BAND is only part of Emery's plans for the institute. The ultimate aim is to build a curriculum that leads to a bachelor's degree in commercial music. Such a program, he said, would include, in addition to standard required courses and the four jazz courses now offered, work in small-group jazz, instrumental improvisation and instruction on the student's major instrument, courses in the history and development of jazz, advanced arranging, and an analytical survey of jazz styles. Further, there would be training in all phases of commercial music,

from tenor bands to playing floor shows.

The reason he wants to see the program established, Emery said, is that music students graduating from college today are well prepared to teach classical music or to play classical recitals but that this is unrealistic training, since there are few opportunities for someone so trained to make a living playing. There are not nearly enough positions open in symphonies and other musical organizations to absorb the thousands of music-school graduates.


"Many of the finest opportunities for performing musicians are in the commercial or jazz fields," he continued. "For this type of professional work the music-school graduate has little adequate preparation. Most have had limited, if any, experience in popular music or dance orchestras and no instruction in improvising or commercial arranging.

"The institute will offer instruction and vocational experience leading to a broad education and background in jazz.

"We want to prepare the students for anything they might run across in the commercial field. Among other things, we'd like the students to get experience teaching by going to the settlement houses in Chicago and organizing stage bands. We also hope to act as a center for stage-band music.

"But whether or not the program ever materializes as a degree, only time will tell and the success of the institute will have to dictate."

The biggest problem in getting the program accepted, Emery said, is lack of funds, because there must be financial guarantee for each new course offered at a private institution such as Roosevelt. The total amount needed to establish the degree program is in the neighborhood of \$50,000, the educator said.

But the first steps have been taken, and given the determination and enthusiasm of Emery, the odds are good that the time will not be long before Roosevelt University takes its place alongside Berklee and North Texas as a center of jazz instruction. 

# 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 initialed by the writers.

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

## Bob Brookmeyer-Lalo Schifrin

**SAMBA PARA DOS**—Verve 8543: *Samba Para Dos; What Kind of Fool Am I?; I Get a Kick out of You; Just One of Those Things; Time after Time; It's All Right with Me; My Funny Valentine; But Not for Me.*

Personnel: Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Frank Rehak, trombone; Leo Wright, Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, Phil Woods, Jerome Richardson, Danny Bank, Romeo Penque, reeds; Carmelita Koehler, cello; Schifrin, piano; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Ben Tucker, bass; Dave Bailey, Jose Paulo, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Though trombonist Brookmeyer is given far greater blowing room, this disc is properly a collaboration, for Schifrin has concocted both the flowing, attractive arrangements and contributes a number of strong, meaty piano statements.

With the exception of the title track, the album is essentially a program of warm, reflective ballads played in Brookmeyer's blowsily laconic style over sinuous bossa nova rhythms. The trombonist plays with his usual pungent wit, dark and buttery tone, airy exuberance, and supple swing. The solos bear Brookmeyer's unmistakable stamp; despite his never venturing too far from the melody lines, these pieces are completely personalized interpretations, urbane, slyly humorous, propulsive, and always intriguing.

It is pianist Schifrin, however, who contributes the date's strongest solo. On his *Samba* he comes across with a lashing, urgent, continually arresting improvisation that is spellbinding in its force and power. Angular and brooding, it builds relentlessly and never once lets up. His much shorter solo on *Things* is cast in a similar mold, and both give an indication of what is in store when his trio album is released. I, for one, await it eagerly.

(P.W.)

## Buck Clarke

**THE BUCK CLARKE SOUND**—Argo 4021: *Rev. Hamp; I Can't Get Started; Night in Tunisia; Couldn't You?; Desert Sands; Feel; One Mint Julep; Rene.*

Personnel: Charles Hampton, flute, alto saxophone; Hampton or Jimmy Crawford, piano; Lennie Cuje, vibraphone, marimba; Dwayne Austin, bass; Billy Hart, drums; Clarke, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★

The use of Latin percussion in an otherwise straight swinging jazz context rarely adds anything to the music; often it proves distracting. This is what happens here. Clarke is unobtrusive on some titles but clutters the rhythm on *Hamp*, drawing attention away from the soloists. *Tunisia* and *Sands*, however, have tasteful solos by Clarke.

Hampton is the featured soloist. He is a derivative stylist; his alto feature, *Started*, finds him playing out of Charlie Parker's bag. His piano playing on *Hamp*, *Feel*, and *You* (which is based on Dizzy Gillespie's *Woody'n You*) contains many funk cliches. He has an undistinguished flute spot on *Julep*.

Cuje's solos provide most of the highlights of the album. He improvises unaffectedly, swinging in a relaxed manner.

(H.P.)

## Frank Foster

**BASIE IS OUR BOSS**—Argo 717: *Vested Interest; Why Try to Change Me Now?; May We?; Samba Blues; Kelly Blue; I've Got a Lot of Living to Do.*

Personnel: Al Aarons, trumpet; Foster, tenor saxophone; Eric Dixon, flute, tenor saxophone; John Young, piano; Buddy Catlett, bass; Phil Thomas, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The title applies only to four of the six men; naturally, Basie's pianist was not used, and the non-Basie drummer is a member of Chicago pianist John Young's trio. Both are valuable contributors to the success of the date.

It's one of those happy affairs in which the casualness of the occasion is balanced by just the right quantity and quality of writing. Foster's arrangements, such as the crisp unison of *May We?* and the resourceful voicing of the three horns at various points, give the proceedings a needed semblance of form. Never does this descend to the level of just another fast-forgotten blowing date.

*Change*, Foster's solo ballad track, is a fine example of his taste and imagination. Though there are danger signs in *Living*, it would appear that he is one tenor player who will not fight his way headlong into Coltrane's paper bag.

Dixon's flute and Aaron's trumpet are supple, swinging solo voices. Catlett is a solid, pre-avant-garde bassist, by which I mean he remembers that time is of the essence.

Three feathers in Esmond Edwards' cap for this venture: he shot the cover photo, produced the album, and composed the attractive *Samba Blues*. I'll take one 8x10 glossy, one stereo, and one lead sheet, please.

(L.G.F.)

## Curtis Fuller

**JAZZ CONFERENCE ABROAD**—Smash 27034 and 67034: *Billie's Bounce; Blue 'n' Boogie; Stolen Moments; Scapple from the Apple.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, Benny Bailey, trumpets; Fuller, Ake Persson, trombones; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Eric Dixon, tenor saxophone; Sahib Shihab, baritone saxophone, flute; Patti Bown, piano; Buddy Catlett, bass; Stu Martin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

According to the liner notes, this album resulted from a jam session following a March, 1961, Zurich, Switzerland, concert by the Quincy Jones Band, of which all the musicians on this record were members at the time. The album's front cover proclaims the session was recorded live, presumably meaning that an audience was present, but only one track, *Moments*, offers any evidence that anyone was there except the musicians and engineers.

Be all that as it may, the performances are uneven in quality, with most of the high points coming during Hubbard's and Dixon's solos and the low points occurring mostly in Bailey's and some of Fuller's. The playing of the others hangs somewhere between the extremes.

The best tracks are *Blue* and *Moments*. Hubbard solos fetchingly on both tunes,

building melodically to well-paced climaxes and bringing it all off with admirable control. His long *Moments* solo, however, might have been a bit shorter, since in parts he seems at a loss for ideas; still, it's a very good performance. Dixon is the only other soloist on *Moments*; the track fades out on his flowing, long-lined solo, which got better as it went along.

Bailey, usually an inventive and tasteful musician, seemingly was more concerned with exhibitionism at the session than with playing something of interest. His solos are marred by tasteless and wild flights into the upper register.

Fuller, who has shown himself to be one of the finest trombonists, seldom gets any of his solos off the ground here, an exception being his work on *Scapple*. His subpar *Blue* solo is further hampered by intonation trouble. Persson consistently outplays Fuller on these tracks, which normally, I believe, would not be the case. A bad night for the leader, I guess.

In addition to the unevenness of the solos, the record has a further drawback: except for *Moments*, each track is a string of unrelated, usually relatively short, solos and gives the impression that the 10 performers stood in line, got hot for a few minutes, turned it off, and sat on the sidelines until the out chorus. The only attempt at background is on *Moments*.

The notes, in attempting to describe the performances, have little to do with what is actually on the record and are of little use in identifying the trumpeters and trombonists. For the record, Hubbard precedes Bailey on all tracks, and Persson precedes Fuller except on *Scapple*.

(D.DeM.)

## Terry Gibbs

**JEWISH MELODIES IN JAZZTIME**—Mercury 20812: *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen; Papirossen; Kazochok; My Yiddish Momme; And the Angels Sing; SES; Shaine Une Zees; Nyah Shore.*

Personnel: Sam Kutcher, trombone; Ray Musiker, clarinet; Gibbs, vibraphone, marimba; Alice McLeod or Alan Logan, piano; Herman Wright, bass; Bobby Pike or Sol Gaye, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The musicians on these tracks actually belong to two bands. The first, headed by Gibbs, includes Miss McLeod, Wright, and Pike. The second, led by Gibbs' brother, Gayer, features Logan, Musiker, and Kutcher.

Gibbs' group is in the forefront most of the time; it is augmented by the Gayers when, according to the notes, "purely Jewish tempos" are called for. This turns out to be at the beginning and/or end of most tunes. The Gayer band, the liner notes go on, is a "continuation" of the old Radio Novelty Orchestra that played Jewish music under the baton of the brothers' father, Abe Gubenko.

The performance sings with a disarming humor when the Gayer group charges in with its catering-hall sound. At times, indeed, with the clarinet and trombone going,

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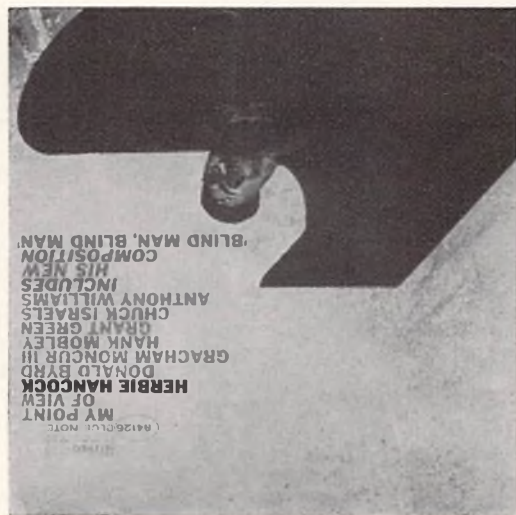
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HERBIE HANCOCK

OF VIEW

MY POINT



## MY POINT OF VIEW HERBIE HANCOCK a highly stimulating album by the young pianist and composer

After Jackson, Wilson is given the most solo space, and it's almost too much organ. Trumpeter Robinson, who plays very well in the ensembles, is given only one solo spot, a half chorus on *My Love*. Jones solos infrequently but effectively. The over-all balance of this album would have been improved by a better distribution of solo work.

(G.M.E.)

Yet he remains chained to funky blues and ballad material, and he's covered this ground on previous sessions during the last few years. Many jazzmen try to go too far too fast, but Jackson seems unwilling to try any new ground at all, and, consequently, there is no sense of growth, merely a new helping of yesterday's meal. He plays some very good passages on the ballad *Tell My Heart* and swings briskly through *Secret Love*.

Personnel: Frank Robinson, trumpet; Jackson, tenor saxophone; Carl Wilson, drums; guitar; Joe Haddock, drums.

Rating: \* \* \*

Willis Jackson  
L.OOSE—Prestige 7273: *Secret Love*; *When My Dreamboat Comes Home*; *She's My Love*; *Y'All!*  
*After Hours*; *What Will I Tell My Heart?*  
Personnel: Frank Robinson, trumpet; Jackson, tenor saxophone; Carl Wilson, drums; guitar; Joe Haddock, drums.

This is uneventful, agreeable listening. Griffin plays with his customary warm sound and old-fashioned-modern ideas (i.e. in a style that emerged in the late 1940s). Nothing of great moment happens on the first side, but the two originals on the second cook nicely, especially the fast blues *Burn*.

This would be at least a three-star album if there weren't so many hundreds of others around much like it, all completely informal and all too easy to make.

(L.G.F.)

Griffin plays with his customary warm sound and old-fashioned-modern ideas (i.e. in a style that emerged in the late 1940s). Nothing of great moment happens on the first side, but the two originals on the second cook nicely, especially the fast blues *Burn*.

Personnel: Arthur Taylor, drums; Montgomery, vibraphone; piano: Monk Montgomery, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: \* \* 1/2

Johnny Griffin  
DO NOTHING...TH, YOU HEAR FROM ME—RiverSide 462: *No Nothing 'til You Hear from Me*; *The Midnight Sun Will Never Set*; *That's All*; *Slow Burn*; *Wonder Why*; *Heads Up*.  
Personnel: Griffin, tenor saxophone; Buddy Montgomery, vibraphone; piano: Monk Montgomery, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

## Harry James

DOUBLE DIXIE—MGM 4137: *My Monday Date; The James Boys; Cornet Chop Suey; The Truth; Weatherbird; Squeeze Me; Two Deuces; I'm Coming, Virginia; My Inspiration.*

Personnel: James, Dick Cathcart, Nick Buono, Fred Koyen, Larry McGuire, Bob Turk, trumpets; Ray Sims, Joe Cadena, trombones; Jim McQuary, bass trombone; Eddie Miller, Willie Smith, Joe Riggs, Corky Corcoran, Dave Madden, Ernie Small, saxophones; Matty Matlock, clarinet; Jack Perciful, piano; George Wright, guitar; Tom Kelly, bass; Buddy Rich, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

When big bands were thriving and important parts of the nation's entertainment, it was possible not only to identify the various bands by sound, but also, because the art of dance/jazz-band arranging was vigorously growing, to date approximately the recorded performances. Benny Goodman's 1936 band was quite different from his 1939 band, and a high-school sophomore could distinguish Duke Ellington's 1938 band from his 1941 band.

The collapse of the big-band industry put an end to this. The surviving bands have been attempting to raise old ghosts (Woody Herman's band is an important exception), and it has been difficult to tell whether a performance was recorded in 1948 or 1956 or 1963.

This is one such album, but it is, nevertheless, a fairly interesting session. James has taken five tunes recorded by Louis Armstrong in the '20s (*Monday Date, Cornet Chop Suey, Weatherbird, Squeeze Me, Two Deuces*); one recorded by the Bob Crosby Band in 1938 (*My Inspiration*), which Bob Haggart had written to feature clarinetist Irving Fazola; and the Bix Beiderbecke-Frank Trumbauer *I'm Coming, Virginia* from the '20s and has featured a front line of himself, Cathcart, Sims, Matlock, and Miller playing something of a Dixieland style backed by the large band.

*Inspiration*, a haunting tune, has a ringtoned James accompanied with counter-melodies from Cathcart's muted horn. *Deuces* is played straight and warmly and lends itself so well to big-band adaption that it's surprising that it hasn't been attempted before.

Tenor man Miller shines on *Date*, and arranger Matlock has done a good job integrating the band with the soloists on the track. *Weatherbird* has good choruses by pianist Perciful and leader James.

Though the total effect amounts to little more than a rehash of the swing-band days, there are moments, such as the muted brass background passages on *Virginia*, which sing softly and lovely, that tell that the art of big-band arranging—giving a band freshness and distinction—is not entirely in the hands of an avant-garde minority. (G.M.E.)

## Antonio Carlos Jobim

ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM, THE COMPOSER OF "DESAFINADO," PLAYS—Verve 8547: *The Girl from Ipanema; O Morro; Agua de Beber; Dreamer; Favela; Inseparates; Corcovado; One-Note Samba; Meditation; Jazz Samba; Chega de Saudade; Desafinado.*

Personnel: Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Leo Wright, flute; Jobim, piano; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

As the Schweppes man would say, this is a most "curiously refreshing" album. Curious, for during the entire length of the disc, Jobim, who is the featured soloist, plays what amounts to one-finger piano.

Refreshing, because it is one of the loveliest and most deliciously lyrical albums to result from the bossa nova wave with which we've been inundated this last year.

All 12 selections are Jobim compositions, and each is so suffused with ardent, luminous grace and beauty, such soaring, uncloying lyricism, such unaffected tenderness and compassion, that one can only marvel at Jobim's superlative gifts as a melodist. Beautiful and romantic as his melodies are, and for all the deep strain of plaintive melancholy at their core, they are never saccharine or bathetic; never do they descend to the trivial or the facile. Rather, they exude a great love and humanity, to which one must respond immediately and fully.

The arrangements for string orchestra Claus Ogerman has fashioned capture perfectly the essence of lilting gaiety and wistful sadness of Jobim's music, and they further complement and second the composer's effortless, deceptively simple single-note piano lines with their wonderful rhythmic strength and melodic clarity. Each setting superbly brings out the characteristic essence of the melody to which it has been wedded.

This collection is an unabashed delight from beginning to end, offering as it does a perfectly realized celebration of pure, lambent melodic beauty without a single trace of the contrived or the labored. Jobim's melodies sing effortlessly and they sing of the human heart.

If the bossa nova movement had produced nothing more than this album, it would have been more than justified. I cannot recommend this album highly enough and only wish there were more stars to award it. (P.W.)

## John Patton

ALONG CAME JOHN—Blue Note 4130: *The Silver Meter; I'll Never Be Free; Spiffy Dilly; Along Came John; Gee Gee; Pig Feet.*

Personnel: Fred Jackson, Harold Vick, tenor saxophones; Patton, organ; Grant Green, guitar; Ben Dixon, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

On his first date as leader, Patton emerges as a musician who seems capable of a better report than this. He possesses a creditable array of equipment: a crisp articulation, a light but not limp touch, a rather fertile imagination, and, as annotator Joe Goldberg points out, an approach that is less orchestral than many of his fellow organists. He never buries the listener in sound.

Yet his work here is curiously bland, despite some cooking moments on *Gee* and *Feet* and a fine performance on *Free*. He plays the rest of the tunes agreeably enough, but he rarely seems to dig beneath the crust and spill out the innards. He seems somewhat restrained, as if reluctant to really let go and wail.

No such malaise afflicts Jackson or Vick, who supply almost all of the excitement that exists on the album. Both are forward looking tenor men, especially Jackson, and together they generate a considerable amount of heat.

Jackson can explore the harmonic possibilities of a tune with searching vigor, yet never get so absorbed that he lets the melody fly out of his grasp. His solo on *Gee* is a pip, well-constructed and well-

played in a Coltrane-ish fashion. He is far more lyrical in this vein than many saxophonists who have been affected, more or less, by the Coltrane persuasion. When either he or Vick, who is slightly more traditional in approach, command the stage, the music leaps to life; yet these breakthroughs are not sufficient to transform the album as a whole into a winning achievement.

Green, a skilled interpreter of the blues, plays well throughout, though occasionally (*Meter, Feet*) he gets hung on devices that grate the listener's nerves.

Dixon, a good drummer, shows himself a capable writer, too, with *Meter, Spiffy*, and *Feet*. Patton himself wrote two creditable efforts, *John* and *Gee*. (D.N.)

## Oscar Peterson

NIGHT TRAIN—Verve 8538: *Night Train; C Jam Blues; Georgia on My Mind; Bags' Groove; Moten Swing; Easy Does It; Honey Dripper; Things Ain't What They Used to Be; I Got It Bad, and That Ain't Good; Band Call; Hymn to Freedom.*

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

As one reader pointed out recently, the critics (who periodically protest that they are "nonpartisan" and equally interested in all forms of jazz) actually are prejudiced down to the last man. I am no exception, and I plead guilty to being an Oscar Peterson nut. That an album by an artist who already has dozens of others available can be worth five stars may seem incredible; yet my reasons for being a Peterson nut are the same as the reasons for the rating. Even by the standards of the earlier LPs this is an extraordinary set.

It's not that the material is exceptional. On the contrary, a couple of pieces, like *Night Train* and *Honeydripper*, are riffish melodic paupers. They serve, however, as framework for blues improvisation of the highest order. The dominance of the blues, which forms the meat of six of the 11 tracks, is perhaps a main reason for the success of the set; for when Peterson stretches out on the blues at any tempo, he is untouchable for imagination, beat, and soul. Even Duke Ellington's sempiternal call-on figure is used as a point of departure for some blues wailing.

Of the nonblues tracks, *Georgia* stands out as one of the loveliest examples of Peterson's ethereal way with a ballad, and *I Got It Bad* illustrates his ability to sustain interest without straying far from the melody and without unnecessary harmonic complexity—notice the apt simplicity of the straight sixth at the end.

*Hymn* is neither synthetic Gospel nor pseudo-funk; it's an earthy and churchy melody that Peterson treats with respect rather than cheap soul-condescension.

Ray Brown is Mr. Time, as ever, and has a couple of solo spots that are up to his usual level, than which no higher praise is needed. Thigpen is as well-equipped and tasty a drummer as exists in jazz today.

Unusual value for the loot here—almost 45 minutes of impeccable music. If you haven't bought a Peterson album lately, make this one your choice. It's the trio's finest hour since the *West Side Story* set. (L.G.F.)

### Bill Potts

**BYE BYE BIRDIE**—Colpix 451: *Bye Bye Birdie*; *Rosie*; *How Lovely to Be a Woman*; *Put On a Happy Face*; *One Last Kiss*; *A Lot of Livin' to Do*; *Kids*; *One Boy (One Girl)*; *The Closer*.

Personnel: Clark Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Markie Markowitz, Joe Newman, Ernie Royal, trumpets; Willie Dennis, trombone; Phil Woods, alto and tenor saxophones, clarinet; Gene Quill, alto saxophone, clarinet; Ron Odrich, flute, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; Billy Costa, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Sol Gubin, drums; Potts, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Obviously this set did not set its sights very high, but the objective was accomplished without strain and with many pleasant moments. The *Birdie* score includes some viable themes, and Potts orchestrated them with his customary craftsmanship.

There are several solos of value here and there, especially by Terry. Costa, and Woods. Woods makes his debut as a tenor soloist; while he still remains primarily an alto player, the ideas are still admirable, and the technique on the larger horn shows promise.

Potts did some pretty ballad writing for *Talk*, featuring some fine fluegelhorn by Terry. *Living* is a brisk swinger.

I could have done without the coy pseudo-Orientalisms on *Happy Face*, and the closing medley, with an out-of-tune bass clarinet ending, was entirely expendable. But the writing, performance, and solo blowing on the whole are generally clean and convincing. (L.G.F.)

### Freddie Roach

**MO' GREENS, PLEASE**—Blue Note 4128: *Gogo Mogo*; *Baby, Don't You Cry*; *Party Time*; *Nada Bossa*; *Mo' Greens, Please*; *Blues in the Front Room*; *I Know*; *Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby*; *Unchained Melody*; *Two Different Worlds*.

Personnel: Conrad Lester, tenor saxophone; Roach, organ; Kenny Burrell or Eddie Wright, guitar; Clarence Johnston, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

If you're still Twisting, this album is a must. If you're more interested in listening, there is something here for you too. As Roach explains in his liner notes, however, "we decided to do some of the tunes we do for dancing in the clubs." This is the key to the set.

Roach swings hard on organ and adds little touches of originality to the voicing in his solos that perk the interest. He plays hard, with a stabbing vitality on the faster tunes and on such medium cookers as the title number. The hymn, *I Know*, turns out to be about the most enjoyable track; what Roach does with it is not at all in bad taste; he moves it right along, never letting up for a moment.

Tenor man Lester reveals much of another Lester — Young — in his pungent solos. Burrell, who appears on only five tracks, plays adequately, but no more, as if this were but another routine date. Wright is appropriately gutsy.

Because of the nature of this dance date, drummer Johnston's time is a standout feature. He is a hard player, too, and never lets the feet forget it. (J.A.T.)

### Shirley Scott

**THE SOUL IS WILLING**—Prestige 7267: *The Soul Is Willing*; *Yes, Indeed*; *Stolen Sweets*; *I Feel All Right*; *Secret Love*; *Remember?*

Personnel: Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Miss Scott, organ; Major Holley, bass; Grasella Oliphant, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Miss Scott is among the more tasteful

of the current crop of jazz organists; she rarely indulges in grandstanding, something not to be said for most organ players. Her solos—on this record as well as on others—are well put together, unpretentious, and made up of good, though generally uninvolved, ideas. In short, Miss Scott plays musically.

In fact, taste, musicianship, and simplicity permeate this album.

The first side (*Soul, Yes, and Sweets*) is without Holley. Miss Scott's footwork providing the underpinning. It is not as interesting as the second side, being a bit less relaxed and less flowing. Still, there are Miss Scott's solos to recommend it, as well as very good Turrentine on *Yes*, during which his long phrases ride easily over the accompaniment.

But it is on the second side that things begin to move. Perhaps it's the presence of Holley's bass that makes the difference; whatever it is, each of the three tracks is very well done.

*All Right*, a blues, features a tenor solo that builds intensely and sensuously. Turrentine, who tends to use an overabundance of clichés on blues, uses fewer of them in this solo than he does on the album's other blues, *Soul*; he also stays more in the middle register of his horn, avoiding the upper register, in which his tone thins and loses some of its virility.

Turrentine, like many other musicians, seems to take more interest in what he's doing when there is more harmonically challenging material on which to improvise. Such is the case on *Love* and *Remember?* On these two tracks he constructs excellent solos, long-lined, flowing, and melodic.

The nicest track, to me, is *Love*, which has a wonderfully light-hearted and carefree air to it. In addition to Turrentine's fine work, there is a happy solo by Miss Scott and strong Holley bass. And it certainly should be pointed out that Oliphant's playing adds much to this track's relaxation, as it does to the whole album. (D.DeM.)

### Horace Silver

**SILVER'S SERENADE**—Blue Note 4131: *Silver's Serenade*; *Let's Get to the Nitty Gritty*; *Sweet Sweetie Dee*; *The Dragon Lady*; *Nineteen Bars*.

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Silver, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

If you have heard one Silver record, you have in a sense heard them all. But—and this is the kicker—you *want* to hear them all.

The situation is somewhat paradoxical: the listener knows just about what to expect as regards the group's attack and general treatment of material; but the cohesiveness and discipline of the combo as a unit are so admirable, the tunes so evocative of a dynamic and individual leader, and the soloists so regularly satisfying that the air is always ready when the needle hits the groove. Evidently the group that stays together plays together.

This chapter of the continuing Silver biography may be slightly less gripping than others preceding, but its acquaintance is nonetheless rewarding. All tunes are Silver's, which points to a reason why the

## 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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pianist's niche in the jazz hierarchy is deservedly high. He is a composer, something that the truly superior musician cannot help but be whether he works on paper, through an investment, or both. Few jazzmen have the fertile imagination that Silver owns, and if he were a slouch on his instrument, his writing alone would bring him admiration.

Fortunately, he is not a slouch but an exciting practitioner. Though he seems a mite cooler than usual on *Serenade* and *Gitty*, he resumes his customary warmth on the second side. This, to me, is the superior side, though Mitchell contributes a memorable solo to *Serenade*. Indeed, there is not a Mitchell solo on the album that is not worth rehearing. Long, lyrical lines punctuated by deft legato phrasing imbue his playing with considerable beauty.

Cook is less fiery here than I have heard him be in person. He plays definitely in the modern manner, Rollins and Coltrane being the sources, besides himself, that he most prominently draws on. He plays well on *Bars* and *Lady*. The latter suitably evokes the slinky nemesis of the good guys in the comic *Terry and the Pirates*, though, alas, its Oriental flavor is mostly lost during the solo blowing.

Taylor and Brooks remain cooks of the first water. (D.N.)

**Earl Washington**

**ALL STAR JAZZ**—Workshop Jazz 202: *Opus No. 3; Taste Time; The Swinging Jesters Blues; March Lightly; Tony's Tune; The Ghost*.

Personnel: Thad Jones, trumpet; Benny Powell or John Avant, trombone; Frank Wess, reeds; Frank Foster or John Neely, tenor saxophone; Washington, piano; Eddie Jones or Herb Brown, bass; Sonny Payne or Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Considering the participants, this is a disappointing date. The Count Basic contingent and Chicago pianist Washington are on all tracks but *March*. (Neely, Avant, Brown, and Perkins participate on this tune.)

The quality of the writing on the "Basie"-Washington set ranges from Foster's pretty *Tony's Tune* to Washington's *Ghost*—a clumsily arranged, trivial composition that sounds like background for a television production number.

Wess contributes to the interest of the album with good flute solos on *Opus* and *Taste* and a relaxed alto spot on *Jesters*.

The other front-line men don't fare as well. Thad Jones plays some nicely developed lines on *Opus* but doesn't build much on *Jesters* or *Tony's*. His solo on the latter is probably as bad as any he's recorded.

Foster's solos also don't build well, but he does conceive some attractive melodic ideas on *Taste*.

Washington plays competently, employing an aggressive, multinoted style and showing an affinity for the upper register on some tracks. In general, he does a capable job in the rhythm section, but his tasteless comping throws Powell off stride on *Tony's*.

Neely has a brief, intriguing solo on *March*. Judging him solely on the basis of this spot, he seems to be an inventive, forceful musician with a tone not unlike Don Byas'. (H.P.)

# SONGSKRIT

A Column of Vocal Album Reviews/By JOHN TYNAN

## John Coltrane-Johnny Hartman

Although tenorist Coltrane gets billing above singer Hartman in *John Coltrane and Johnny Hartman* (Impulse 40), the distinctive set is primarily the vocalist's.

The record proves, however, that a good, romantic ballad singer is by no means out of place with a modern jazz group. In fact, singer and instrumentalists Coltrane, pianist McCoy Tyner, bassist Jimmy Garrison, and drummer Elvin Jones complement one another in this high ideal pairing.

There are but a half-dozen numbers—*They Say It's Wonderful*, *Dedicated to You*, *My One and Only Love*, *Lush Life*, *You Are Too Beautiful*, and *Autumn Serenade*—and this is to the good, for it gives all concerned lots of time to relax and produce a superior album.

Hartman is a velvet-voiced crooner a little reminiscent of David Allen in total effect. He masters the tricky lyric of *Lush Life* in noble style, an achievement in itself. In all six songs, moreover, he displays good intonation, wide range, an intelligent interpretation of lyrics, and a feeling of complete relaxation of delivery.

Coltrane is lyrical and musically restrained; he blows tender obligatos and solos with disciplined taste. It is a refreshing Coltrane, to be sure; it moves one to urge more such recorded pairings.

## Billie Poole

Since Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith laid it down, there has been little to add to the heritage of the urban, vocalized blues form.

Those who came after the early geniuses in the idiom—that is, those who contributed their natural individuality to it, such as Billie Holiday, Jack Teagarden, and very few others—had but to draw from the precursors not only for inspiration but for vocal style as well. In *Confessin' the Blues* (Riverside 458) Billie Poole demonstrates this clearly.

In her second album for the Riverside label, Miss Poole discloses herself as a musical dual personality. There is her "blues personality" and what one might term her "other" or "standard" personality.

The first is unabashedly derivative of a

**VOTE!**  
**See Page 44**  
**VOTE!**



generation of blues singers active in the big-city milieu for 40 years or so. It is forceful and vibrant but quite unoriginal. Of course, one may ask, how original can a singer get within this form? Still, nobody ever had to ask the question of Billie Holiday; and even the less essentially creative Dinah Washington never had the question put to her. They made out all right. Miss Poole does not. Her blues are just pedestrian blues vocals, strongly delivered, to be sure, with conviction and elan, but as a blues singer she won't be famous. The straight-life blues numbers are the title song, *Them Blues*, *I Don't Worry 'Bout You*, *Jailhouse Blues*, *When Your Well Runs Dry*, and *Stormy Monday Blues*.

Curiously, Miss Poole exhibits another vocal personality when she essays the remaining songs in this set.

In *God Bless the Child*, *Stormy Weather*, *The Man That Got Away*, *Keep Your Hand on Your Heart*, *Ain't That Love?*, and *Alone Together*, she is far from a shouter; instead, she reveals herself as a sensitive interpreter of a ballad lyric and a warm vocalist of more romantic melody. Perhaps this is a clue to her future recording direction.

### Joe Williams

Jimmy Jones and Oliver Nelson held nothing back in their arrangements for the Joe Williams set *Jump for Joy* (RCA Victor 2713). The work throughout testifies to their high craft in setting appropriate accompaniments for a singer of Williams' power.

Williams himself continues to prove his style: that persuasiveness of delivery combined with the flat, unsentimental sound he has made his own. Though he sings some dubious intervals at times and, to this listener, leaves something to be desired in the quality of his voice, he puts these songs over with a conviction and drive seldom found in a contemporary vocalist.

Some of the material is familiar; the rest is composed of some unexpected gems. The opener, *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams*, has about been done to death, but Williams takes it at a relaxed, untroubled pace and brings it off. Similarly, *It's a Wonderful World* is a warhorse, but it swings fiercely all the way. The other familiars are *Just A-Sittin' and A-Rockin'*, plus the closer, *Jump for Joy*, long handled by singers in hell-for-leather fashion, when attempted at all. This time, though, *Jump* is taken at a medium romp; it's a refreshing change.

Listeners will hear some new material in this set, including Johnny Mercer's seldom-heard movie tune *Sounds of the Night*, Curtis Lewis' admonitory *The Great City* ("stay away from it . . . once you get in, you can't get out"), and Marvin Fisher's and Jack Segal's *A Good Thing* and *She Doesn't Know*. Also not often heard are *My Last Affair*, *I Went out of My Way*, *You Perfect Stranger*, and *More Than Likely*.

Either you dig Joe Williams or you don't when he decides to stray from the blues that made him famous. And there surely is no reason why he should confine himself to those blues. So, in this instance, Williams' admirers may enjoy the singer in one of his best albums to date.

## OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

By JOHN S. WILSON

One of the fascinating aspects of reissues is the sense of dimension they bring to musicians by reminding us of their work at various stages in their careers.

Taken as they first came out, these performances were simply contemporary representations of playing that we may have appreciated or not. A merit of the reissue is that it often brings back to our attention recordings that we knew from past listening but which we may not have had on a turntable for many years. Hearing them again may or may not change our original opin-

ions. But the passing of time places them in fresh perspective.

An exception is the meteor, the brilliant musician who flashed through the jazz sky and was gone so suddenly that there was scarcely time for either development or retrogression—a Beiderbecke, for instance, or a Parker.

In cases such as these, all we have is the flash impression, an impression that—in these two cases—remains as valid years after Bix Beiderbecke and Charlie Parker have gone as it was when they were alive.

Two recent sets of reissues involving Parker and Dizzie Gillespie illustrate the difference between the meteor—Parker—and the continuing developing musician—Gillespie.

*Once There Was Bird* (Charlie Parker 408) is the first in a planned series of systematic reissues of the recordings made by

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Parker for Ross Russell's Dial label or subsequently acquired by Dial. This particular set was originally made for Comet in 1945, a set that has achieved a deserved measure of fame not only because it served as a bridge in personnel and styles between the swing era of jazz and bop but because it also produced some brilliant performances.

Organized by Red Norvo (the recordings were issued under his name), the group was made up of Gillespie, Parker, Norvo, Flip Phillips, Teddy Wilson, Slam Stewart, and Specs Powell or J. C. Heard, drums. Four tunes were recorded—*Hallelujah*, *Get Happy*, *Slam Slam Blues*, and *Congo Blues*. This reissue is made up of two takes of the first three tunes and five takes of *Congo*, the first two incomplete.

The inclusion of the added takes makes this release primarily of interest to those who want to probe into the development of a jazz performance. And we do hear them developing—somewhat sketchily, to be sure, where there are only two takes.

But the ensemble playing on the second *Hallelujah* is much more secure than that on the first, and a drab closing riff on the first *Get Happy* is considerably improved on the second.

The five attempts to do *Congo* provide a much more illuminating example of development, for the first two dribble away in confusion, the third and fourth stagger through none too impressively, and the fifth and final one suddenly bristles with brilliance and authority. Yet despite the merits of *Congo*, it is the slow blues, *Slam*, that is the high spot in the set, a piece in which Parker (on both takes) plays a beautifully impassioned and deliberate solo. Gillespie is lazily muted, and Phillips produces a delightfully soft and furry performance.

There is superb Parker throughout the set, consistently able Gillespie, and thoroughly typical work from Norvo, Wilson, Phillips, and, Got wot. Stewart. Parker was playing as well as he ever did.

Gillespie, however, for all his merits of the moment, was on his way to a deeper, richer maturity, which can be heard on another reissue, *Dizzy Gillespie: Dateline Europe* (Reprise 6072). The record is Gillespie in 1952 and 1953 in Paris, playing with Don Byas and three groups of French and U.S. musicians.

All the recordings have been issued before on LP (Contemporary 2504 and Blue Note 5017) but have long been gone from the active catalogs. Gillespie's associates, including Byas, serve as little more than background for his trumpet (and voice—a lusty, open-voiced bit of blues shouting on *Dizzy's Blues*). Gillespie's trumpet all through the set is gorgeous—utterly lustrous on the ballads that make up most of the program and brilliantly fluent when the opportunity offers in the *Blues* and *'S Wonderful*.

While Parker flashed across the sky and was gone, while Gillespie has grown and grown, Erroll Garner, who appeared at roughly the same time as Parker and Gillespie, has frozen what was once a fresh and invigorating manner of playing into a mold that is coldly inevitable.

*The Best of Garner* (Mercury 60803), which dates back approximately 10 years,

catches the pianist at a time when the bloom was coming off his rose, when he was moving away from his early directness and swinging simplicity to the calculated, push-button set of gimmicks that have characterized his later playing.

Most of these performances are amiable, and at least two—*That Old Black Magic* and *I've Got the World on a String*—have the essential Garner vitality. But the theory, once seriously propounded, that Garner does not really need a rhythm section because his left hand is his own rhythm section, is revealed for the canard that it is on two pieces played without accompaniment—on which his playing is appallingly empty, thumpy, and static.

*Charlie Mingus Quintet Plus Max Roach* (Fantasy 6009) was recorded live at the Bohemia in New York, presumably in 1955, when the theretofore somewhat amorphous figure of bassist Mingus, the musician, was beginning to take positive shape.

These are thoughtful, probing performances by George Barrow, tenor saxophone; Eddie Bert, trombone; Mal Waldron, piano; and Mingus. Willie Jones is the drummer on all but two selections—*Drums* and *I'll Remember April*—on which he is replaced by Roach.

This was in the period before Mingus' arrogance began to affect his music, when the point at issue was the production of music and not the release of Mingus' personal furies. There is, consequently, a gentleness, a mellowness about much of it that is rarely heard in his later work. Much of it is tentative, although there are excellent sections. The best of the lot are the two pieces with Roach, particularly a saxophone and trombone passage, and Waldron's churning, low-keyed solo on *April* and the provocative use of Roach as a front-line instrumentalist on *Drums*.

A primary reaction on hearing Art Blakey's 1957 Jazz Messengers on *A Night in Tunisia* (RCA Victor 2654) is that the disc has aged much better than one might have expected.

In 1957 the Messengers were at a low ebb—the group was made up of Sam Dockery, piano; Jimmy DeBrest, bass; Bill Hardman, trumpet; Johnny Griffin, tenor saxophone; and Jackie McLean, alto saxophone. At the time it seemed a drab group, with only Griffin and Blakey as saving graces. In retrospect, Griffin is not really that good, McLean is at least as helpful, and although Hardman and Dockery are dull soloists, the group as a whole is not any more tedious than many of today's.

It may well be that, low as jazz standards had fallen in 1957, they have fallen even lower today. For example, Herbie Mann, who has fumbled his way to the top between then and now, is caught in mid-fumble on *Sound of Mann* (Verve 8527), made up of relics of a period when he was indentured to Norman Granz. There is an anticipation of bossa nova in three pieces arranged by Laurindo Almeida, the beginnings of Mann's African phase can be heard in another, and he gropes with a trumpet ensemble in two pieces, with strings in another, and mounts a fluent but futile effort to make a piping flute congruous in a fast *Strike Up the Band*.

# BLUES 'n' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

For blues fans one of the most welcome pieces of information in recent months has been the news that Mississippi John Hurt, one of the legendary singer-guitarists and a favorite of just about every guitar picker involved in the folk-song revival of the last few years, had been rediscovered and recorded anew.

Hurt's reputation was based on a series of recordings he had made for the Okeh label in 1928, among them the classics *Frankie* and *Spike Driver Blues*. Initially discovered in Mississippi by Okeh recording director Tommy Rockwell, who was in the area on a field recording trip, Hurt was recorded by Okeh for the first time in Memphis, Tenn., in early February, 1928.

Eight titles were cut, but only two — *Frankie* and *Nobody's Dirty Business* — were issued, as the other half-dozen were deemed unsatisfactory masters for commercial release. The first two titles sold well, and Hurt was brought to New York City for further recording at the end of the year; the two sessions, held Dec. 21 and 28, resulted in an additional five discs. Returning to Mississippi, John was heard of no more—the depression put an end to location recording.

Hurt's is one of the most delightful and easily assimilable of all backwoods blues approaches: warm, gentle, wistful, quietly pulsant, and wholly musical. Stylistically indebted to no one, Hurt developed his unique, complex three-finger picking style completely on his own. His ragtime-rooted music dances along buoyantly, the syncopations of the guitar providing an affective foil to his warm and direct singing. Hurt's accompaniments were rich in interplay between bass and treble figures, and this perhaps more than anything else has attracted a whole raft of folknik imitators.

The recent recording Hurt has made for the newly formed Piedmont label (*Mississippi John Hurt*, 13157) indicates that the intervening 35 years since his last recording have taken little toll of his talent. The guitar work is as stunningly complex (though occasionally a bit hesitant and stiff, as though 69-year-old fingers cannot always produce what is asked of them) and Hurt's singing as quietly ingratiating as ever.

Highlights among the 12 selections include *Avalon Blues*, *Richland Woman Blues*, *Spike Driver Blues*, *Cow Hooking Blues*, and *Candy Man Blues*, all featuring his distinctive six-string guitar approach; *Casey Jones*, which employs an effective 12-string guitar accompaniment; and two interesting harmonica-accompanied vocals, *Liza Jane* and *God's Unchanging Hand*. It is a wholly recommended recording, one that affords countless pleasures.

A second Piedmont release of more than passing interest is *Kings of the Twelve String* (13159), which brings together 14 selections by seven separate artists, the common bond being their use of the 12-

string guitar. (To these ears, however, it sounds as though Willie Baker is using the more common six-string instrument on his single selection, *No No Blues*.)

There seems to be a certain similarity in approach used by just about all the performers on the disc, leading one to the belief that the instrument might have been largely restricted to the Atlanta-East Coast area. Both Barbecue Bob and Charlie Lincoln use what amounts to the same style, and they're both probably from the same region. Blind Willie McTell was likewise from the Atlanta area. And the approaches of the other men—Seth Richard (the most primitive-sounding of all here included), George Carter, and Charlie Turner — are not greatly different, though they do vary in the technical proficiency they bring to the 12-string instrument.

Lincoln and Barbecue Bob are the most adept and interesting performers on the instrument in this collection, and they alone seem to have developed stylistic approaches that exploit to the fullest the particular tonal properties of the 12-string,

RAY FLEHLAGE



Mississippi's Big Joe Williams: one of the most powerfully persuasive delta blues men.

much more so than the other five (or four) men on the record.

Still, it's an interesting and worthwhile collection, making available as it does a number of performances that have been hard to come by for some years. Both Piedmont albums are obtainable at \$5 each from Music Research, Inc., 2023 N. Woodstock St., Arlington 7, Va.

If the music of John Hurt represents a singularly personal and highly lyrical aspect of blues from Mississippi, the music of Big Joe Williams is much more in line with the jagged, acidulous, and emotionally potent style usually associated with that state. Williams is one of the two most powerfully persuasive representatives of the stark, urgent blues style of the Mississippi delta area, the other being Robert Johnson; and the recent *Blues on Highway 49* (Delmark 604) is one of Williams' finer LPs. Certainly it is in the same class with his earlier album on this label, *Piney Woods Blues*.

On this recent effort, however, Williams is seconded by the driving, sturdy bass playing of Ransom Knowling (instead of the harmonica of the late J. D. Short as he was on the first record), and there is no loss of force or passion. It merely throws the singer-guitarist's brooding, dramatic work into even bolder relief. For those who like the raw, dolorous passion

of the country blues—of which Williams is perhaps the consummate performer now living—it is simply enough to say that this is one of Big Joe's best albums to date.

For those who would sample the blues style evolved in the postwar years, several recent collections are recommended. One extremely pleasant, listenable album is Capitol's *T-Bone Walker* (T-1958), which brings together a dozen popular blues hits recorded by the Texas-born singer-guitarist in the late 1940s for the Black & White label. Walker's vocals are a bit too smooth and urbane for these ears (but that's a question of personal taste). Most of these selections are too much of a piece (only two—*T-Bone Shuffle* and *T-Bone Jumps Again*—are out of the medium tempo at which the remainder of the pieces are taken), and the lyrics are a bit maudlin, but his guitar playing on such pieces as *I Wish You Were Mine*, *You're My Best Poker Hand*, and *T-Bone Jumps Again*, among others, is wonderfully bluesy and swings effortlessly.

A further point in the disc's favor is the excellent backing Walker is afforded by the

small band assembled behind him. In addition to the usual rhythm section are several horns, including the tenor saxophone of Bumps Meyer (and I suppose that's his supple Ben Webster-like solo on *T-Bone Jumps Again*) and the trumpet of Karl George.

Two albums on the Argo label offer a survey of postwar blues activity in Chicago, all the material, of course, taken from the Chess and Checker catalogs. *The Blues, Vol. One* (4026) and *Vol. Two* (4027) contain a total of 23 performances by such artists as Sonny Boy Williamson (Rice Miller, the second Sonny Boy), Buddy Guy, Chuck Berry, Little Walter, John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters, Lowell Fulson, Howlin' Wolf, Jimmy Witherspoon, Bo Diddley, and Otis Rush—all singers—accompanied by various combos.

Each disc contains quite a bit of merit, though the Berry, Witherspoon, and Guy selections are not particularly good. Further, few of the numbers are new to LP, most of the selections having been included in previous albums by each of the artists (the exceptions are Howlin' Wolf's *Spoonful*, which is not contained in his earlier set, and Little Walter's *Key to the Highway*). If you have the early albums by these blues men, pass up these LPs. Of the new material not much of real significance is included.



'The vibes, now . . . it's hard to identify, because it's a very mechanical thing; a lot of times it'll get away from you. I mean, it doesn't have to depend so much on how the artist plays it, as say the trumpet does . . . the sound is less personal than with most horns.'



# MILT JACKSON

By LEONARD FEATHER

For 10 years, Milt Jackson's association with John Lewis and the Modern Jazz Quartet has so strongly colored his public image, stamped his style, and assured his artistic and economic security, that it is not easy to imagine what might otherwise have happened to his career.

My own feeling is that he would have gone ahead along the more hard-swinging lines established when he worked with Dizzy Gillespie in the mid-1940s (and again in 1950-52) and with the Woody Herman Band and combo of 1949-50. At all events, the decade as an MJQ member has made fewer basic changes in his approach than might be imagined; the occasional outside albums he has made with Ray Charles, Oscar Peterson, et al., bear this out.

Meanwhile, in the last few years a swarm of new vibraharpists has arisen to crowd a field in which, at the time of Jackson's 1945 arrival in New York from Detroit, there was a grand total of four prominent exponents: Lionel Hampton, Red Norvo, Tyree Glenn, and Margie Hyams.

Each of the records selected for this interview features one of the dozens of vibes-playing newcomers. This was Jackson's first *Blindfold Test* since the issue dated July 23, 1959. He was given no information about the records played.

## BLINDFOLD TEST

### THE RECORDS

1. Gary McFarland. *Tree Patterns* (from *The Gary McFarland Orchestra*, Verve). McFarland, vibes, composer, arranger, conductor.

There was something familiar about that opening part. . . . I was trying to think who writes like that. Possibly Gunther Schuller. . . . It couldn't have been his arrangement, though. Maybe George Handy?

The vibes, now, it's very difficult . . . sometimes it's the instrument itself that makes it hard to identify, because it's a very mechanical thing; a lot of times it'll get away from you. I mean, it doesn't have to depend so much on how the artist plays it, as say the trumpet does; in other words, the sound is less personal than with most horns.

There was some very interesting writing and an unusual instrumentation. On the whole, musically, I'd rate it good—say about 2½ stars.

2. Mike Mainieri. *If I Were a Bell* (from *Blues on the Other Side*, Argo). Mainieri, vibes; Bruce Martin, piano.

That one was swinging all the way—the kind of performance I really go for. The piano player reminded me a little of the style of Andre Previn. And it could be Bobby Hutcherson or Dave Pike on vibes; his technique is excellent. Give that one 3½.

3. Johnny Lytle. *That's All* (from *Nice and Easy*, Jazzland). Lytle, vibes; Johnny Griffin, tenor saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Sam Jones, bass.

That was Teddy Edwards, I think, on tenor. I'm trying to recognize the piano player; he played very well, and the piano and bass worked well together. The vibes solo was melodic and well played.

One time I heard a couple of albums Terry had made—I guess they were fairly recent ones—and he sounded altogether

different, until I didn't even know it was him. This reminds me of those sides—sounds like him in one of his more relaxed moods. But still, I think Terry plays a lot more figurations, even on ballads. My nickname for him, you know, is "Nervous."

I don't think it's Victor, either. Victor's got a different vibrato, unless that's not his regular instrument that he's using there. Nice record; three stars.

4. Walt Dickerson. *Together* (from *A Sense of Direction*, New Jazz). Dickerson, vibes.

I didn't get any kind of message here at all—in the solos or in the ensembles. It sounded like a hurry-up record just to put on the end of an album or something. They didn't really take time to put that together. Just give that the minimum—one star.

5. Gary Burton. *One More* (from *Who Is Gary Burton?*, RCA Victor). Burton, vibes; Clark Terry, fluegelhorn; Tommy Flanagan, piano.

The recording was very badly balanced. . . . The horn sounded muddy. But I enjoyed his solo, and I heard enough to tell right away that it had to be Clark Terry! He's one soloist that has a truly individual sound. The piano, too, was Tommy Flanagan, I'm sure . . . and that could have been Eddie Costa on vibes.

The arrangement was very nice. . . . I liked the whole thing. We'll put four stars on that one. The whole arrangement had a lot of life to it, which is very important.

6. Curtis Amy. *For Ayers Only* (from *Tippin' on Through*, Pacific Jazz). Amy, tenor saxophone; Roy Ayers, vibes; Bob Whitlock, bass.

It's very easy for the vibes to be overshadowed by the horns; you can't do but so much projection with vibes. Parts of this were kind of overpowering.

Again, I don't know whether it was the

instrument or the mallets—lot of times the type of mallet you use can make a big difference. So as I say, although he didn't get a good sound, it could be the mallets. The bass player sounded good and full. I liked this on the whole; I'd give it three stars.

7. Victor Feldman. *Mosey on Down* (from *Merry Old Soul*, Riverside). Feldman, vibes; Sam Jones, bass.

That sounded more like Bobby Hutcherson, with Herman Wright on bass. This was one of the best things you've played—a nice, relaxed arrangement on that, and a pretty good groove—sounded like everybody felt right. Very nice bass player. That's worth about four.

8. Dove Pike. *Melvalita* (from *Bossa Nova Carnival*, New Jazz). Pike, vibes.

Nice bossa nova!

When we were down in South America, I got to hear some of the real authentic bossa nova, and it's a little different from some of the things they're playing up here and putting that name on; but this one was pretty good. . . . Some bossa nova I don't mind listening to, but too much of it would really get to bore me. We've been playing some bossa novas with the MJQ.

That could have been Cal Tjader on there. . . . I found it very pleasant; give it three.

9. Curtis Amy. *Gone Into It* (from *Groovin' Blue*, Pacific Jazz). Carmell Jones, trumpet; Amy, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes.

That's another case where the horns were much too loud for the vibraharp. It must have been a West Coast group of some kind; sounded like it was Carmell and Teddy Edwards. The rest of them I don't recognize, unless that could have been Larry Bunker on vibes. Actually, the ensemble was pretty nice. . . . I'd give that one about 2½.



# THE BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

The quality of the annual awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences is open to question, to say the least. Those of the television academy, more so. But not those of NARAS, the equivalent organization for the record business. The choices are so absurd that there simply is no point in discussing them. Nothing, but nothing, seems to matter to the membership except hit records. Unless, that is, the hits are disapproved r&r or r&b. . . .

I have been wondering, since this bossa nova jockeying started, just what it is about Brazilian musicians that has set reputable U.S. jazzmen to raving. Having heard Bola Sete's Fantasy LP, I now know. His is a rare combination of innate musicality and mastery of one's instrument. . . .

I was struck by the remarkable perceptiveness on the part of the Poles and Russians voting in the recent *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll to what is going on in the music—in the (you should excuse the expression) "new thing" at the moment. And by the statement, from one of them, that a poll taken in 1963 should reflect the music of 1963. Collectively, they seem miles ahead of their American, British, and French colleagues. . . .

One of the most consistently popular rhythm-and-blues saxophone players discovered his style an evening about 10 years ago when he was a sideman with a well-known trumpeter. The two of them had a falling-out, and the saxophonist, in retaliation, played a set as badly as he could: rasping tone, buzzing vibrato, loud, and with as little imagination as he could manage. He found himself an instant and complete success with the crowd, an overnight sensation, and he's been playing that way ever since. . . .

There is a rather outspoken taped interview with composer-singer Babs Gonzales in the August *Jazz Monthly*. His opinions on jazz singing include the dictum that people like Joe Carroll and Eddie Jefferson are riff or scat singers and followers of Leo Watson, that a jazz singer has to know chords, and that although Sarah Vaughan knows them, she can't swing; that O'Day-Christy-Connon are out of tune. The real jazz singers? Billie Holiday, Ella


Fitzgerald, Carmen McRae, Annie Ross. And a fellow named Babs Gonzales. . . .

Asked about certain jazz reviewers, musicians are likely to bow out with a polite, "Well, they are good writers, but. . ." A good writer, then, is someone who has skillful ways of saying wrong things. . . .

Sonny Stitt's *Blindfold Test* a few issues back was something of a shocker. His I-know-what-they're-doing-but-it's-too-much-for-the-public comments on Coltrane, et al, are almost verbatim quotes of the things said about Stitt and his fellow modernists in the mid-40s. Has everyone forgotten so soon? . . .

A book called *Variety Music Cavalcade*, compiled by Julius Mattfeld and published by Prentice Hall, is advertised as listing "all the music published in America from 1620 to the present . . . an indispensable reference." Yet its introduction almost immediately weasels that "for practical reasons only such music as is, for the most part, available in print today has been included." However, that "for the most part" not only covers a multitude of omissions of things that are in print, but (and here I am depending on John McAndrew's devastating review in the August *Record Research*) even some 11 titles touted in *Variety* editor Abel Green's introduction to the book do not appear inside. . . .

Because of its several recent jazz presentations, I have seen the inside of the new Philharmonic Hall at Lincoln Center. I am fully prepared to attest that (a) the acoustics were terrible and not at all helped by a backstage intercom whose squawking was clearly audible to the audience; that (b) the constantly shifting "mood" lighting was, aside from its vulgarity, an insult to the music and the audience; and that (c) the auditorium looks like Louis B. Mayer's idea of London's Royal Festival Hall. On second thought, give me Louis B. Mayer any day. . . .

Andre Hodeir's new book *Toward Jazz*, seems in danger of being as thoroughly ignored as his earlier *Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence* was praised. In my opinion, Hodeir functions on a level so far above that of most jazz commentary that comparisons are useless. Which is not to say that I think he is always "right" (whatever that might mean). Or that I think (any more than Hodeir would) that transcribing a solo is the essence of criticism. Let's make one comparison after all: what other jazz writer, U.S. or foreign, would be capable of the combined insight, discipline, and enthusiasm that went into his excellent essay on Count Basie's piano in *Toward Jazz*? (No "mainstream" partisans need apply.) 

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# VOTE!

See page 44

## CAUGHT from page 21

Four years passed. Miss King didn't work. Somewhere along the line, she formed a close friendship with trombonist Willie Dennis, one of the genuine gentle people in this somewhat ridiculous business, to say nothing of his excellence as a musician.

Whether Dennis' counsels altered her way of looking at life, or whether maturity simply overtook her, Miss King began to grow.

Then, a few weeks ago, came her engagement at the Sniffen Court Inn, an attractive room on New York's east side that recently converted to a moderate jazz policy.

Miss King was watched like a hawk by the business. No singer ever started the road back under more skeptical stares. When guitarist Bertoncini mentioned to a fellow musician, who had once worked with her, that he was accompanying her, the latter said, "Kick her hello for me." When people who had heard her came away raving about her singing, the stock retort was, "Yeah, but how's she behaving?"

Said Bertoncini. "She couldn't be nicer to work with."

"Wait," everybody said.

And wait everybody did. All that came of it were further reports of her deep cordiality to musicians and the club's managers. The club extended her two-week engagement to five and then tacked on some more time. She had almost turned the room into her own private recital hall.

Drawn by the continued head-shaking raves about her singing, I went by to hear her, and all I can do is add to the raves.

I had often wondered what would happen if somebody came down the pike with the chops of an opera singer and the feeling of jazz in her bones. Miss King comes very close to being such an improbable creature. Exposed by her father to opera during her childhood, she has an approach that is close to the techniques of the highly trained classical singer. But her jazz feeling is extremely strong.

Not that she tries to shake down the room with volume. On the contrary, she sometimes works extraordinarily softly. But her tone production and projection are classical: she has a way of placing her voice in the bones of the upper face that results in an exquisite purity of sound.

There has been much written and said about jazz singers imitating horns, as if they had invented this approach. (How long have coloratura sopranos been imitating the sound of flute?) Many of the hornlike jazz singers are, to me, a drag: they get a bad sound without achieving the facility of a horn. But Miss King sounds like a horn in all the right ways, particularly in the facility she draws on when working through the chords. Yet a listener always knows that this is a first-rate human voice, not a second-rate imitation of a horn.

If a comparison has to be made, her sound is mindful of Paul Desmond's, or

perhaps that of Stan Getz working lyrically in the upper register of his horn. Her technique is surprising. One singer said, after hearing her, "I feel I should quit."

Miss King's repertoire consists mostly of standards done in a highly personal way. She does Antonio Carlos Jobim's *Corcovado* in Portuguese. The group uses mostly head arrangements—many of them her own.

Bertoncini's accompaniment is a study in taste and rapport. Whereas many instrumentalists look down on singing and singers, Bertoncini doesn't—he is studying voice to improve his work as an accompanist! A staff musician at NBC at the age of 26, he is perhaps the most promising younger guitarist in the country, and the word about him is getting around the business rapidly.

Very late on the night of review, Bertoncini's onetime teacher, Chuck Wayne, came in to play duets with him that were enormously exciting. When Dennis came by to play some excellent trombone, it became a very homey sort of thing—certainly a very musical thing. This kind of joy in music-making has become too rare in jazz.

As the evening died, Miss King said, "I had a lot of private problems to work out. In the old days, I was singing because I felt I had to do it. But I hated it. Now I'm singing because I want to, because I *must*. I felt that if I didn't start singing again, I'd go out of my mind."

She has grown into one of the great stylists—individual and quite inimitable.

—Gene Lees

### HAMPTON HAWES

Mr. Konton's, Hollywood

Personnel: Roy Ayers, vibraharp; Hawes, piano; Vic Gaskin, bass; Eddie Williams, drums.

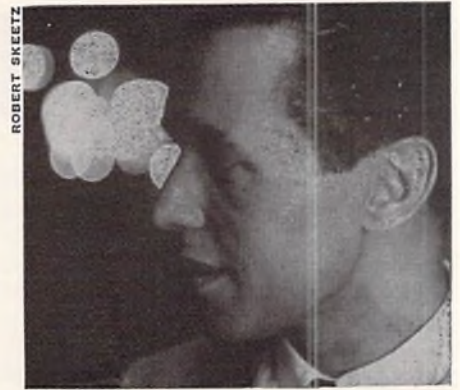
After serving more than four years of a 10-year sentence for narcotics-law violations in the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital at Fort Worth, Hawes was granted executive clemency Aug. 16 when President Kennedy commuted his sentence. The President's act was unusual; the commutation is believed to be only the third such in some 40 years.

Only a week following his return to his Los Angeles home, Hawes, now 34, played a week at Irene Sampson's Sunset Blvd. jazz club, Mr. Konton's, joining vibist Ayers' trio for the engagement.

Working with Gaskin and Williams, with Ayers joining later in each set, Hawes clearly showed his absence has not at all affected his prowess as one of the most powerful piano voices in jazz. On the contrary, because he had been permitted to practice and play frequently in Fort Worth, his execution was razor sharp.

Since Hawes confessed he is "on a ballad kick," a rendition of *Falling Leaves* was logical to open a set. He painted a solo introductory tonal picture and then doubled the tempo, slipping in sly and brilliant runs and figures until, as an observer noted happily, "the autumn leaves turned blue."

Joined by Ayers for a medium-tempo rocking blues, Hawes played pungent, slamming piano and backed the vibist's solo with considerable imagination.



HAWES

Powerful piano undiminished

*I'll Remember April* was taken up-tempo, with the vibes in the lead taking the first solo. Ayers is one of the most vital men on his instrument today, for all his youth. A genuine burner, there is much Milt Jackson influence in his playing.

One of the highlights of the Ayers-Hawes team on the night of review was the manner in which they blazed into the series of fours to showcase drummer Williams, who played with good time and with good ideas cleanly articulated in his breaks.

Hawes invested *All the Things You Are* with a rhapsodic introduction. (For old friends present the choice of song was sentimental; it was the first recorded performance by the pianist on a date with the Lighthouse All-Stars some 10 years ago.) As he worked into the number, the pianist built a series of contrapuntal lines into a defined, walking tempo, welcoming bass and drums. Ayers soloed excellently in this, demonstrating a hard, uncompromising, pizzicato sound combined with solid drive and courageous idea development.

By the time the quartet got to a Milt Jackson tune taken at a medium walk, all were afire. Ayers brought off a solo that left the audience gasping in admiration; it was an achievement shared with Hawes, whose accompaniment evoked an accolade for itself alone. When Hawes tore into his own solo, it was as if the piano had life of its own; it was a performance that scorched. Those were moments to be long remembered by those attending.

The return of Hampton Hawes to the West Coast jazz scene, first locally in Hollywood and then before a wider audience at the Monterey Jazz Festival, reaffirms the comment of a listening, well-known drummer: "It's about time we got a *real* piano player back." After an absence of more than four years, it is indeed time.

—Tynan

### SAL SALVADOR

Village Gate, New York City

Personnel: Jerry Kail, Bert Collins, Jerry Tyree, Jimmy Longo, trumpets; Jack Gale, Roy Wiegand, trombones; Dave Moser, mellophone; Richie Kamuca, Gary Kline, tenor saxophones; Pete Yellin, alto saxophone; Nick Brignola, baritone saxophone; Denny Bell, piano; Salvador, guitar; Jack Six, bass; Steve Little, drums; Sheryl Easley, Tiny Joe, vocals.

Pete Long, a producer of several of New York's jazz festivals at Randall's

Island in past years, has been putting on Monday night concerts at the Village Gate all summer. After a session featuring Salvador's 15-piece band in mid-August, entrepreneur Long, in requesting a return date, advised the bandleader, "You know . . . big bands may be coming back, because the several I've used, including a large orchestra gotten together by pianist Randy Weston, have outdrawn the small jazz groups."

The five-year-old Salvador outfit advertises "The Ultimate in Modern Music," and this concert illustrated results from the musical thought put into its presentation, as well as the long hours of rehearsals held weekly whether the band had dates to play or not. Colorful ensemble sounds played with impeccable technique emanated from all the sections.

Most of the band's repertoire is made up of arrangements by young saxophonist Larry Wilcox, together with several new scores by another recent Salvador discovery, trumpeter-arranger Dick Cone, who, like Wilcox, has not been playing with the group in order to concentrate on writing.

Outstanding were Wilcox' treatments of Horace Silver's *Juicy Lucy*; *All the Things You Are* and Pete Rugolo's *Interlude*, both scored for long solos by baritonist Brignola; *One Step Around* (a Wilcox original) with a fine trio ensemble for Salvador, Brignola, and trumpeter Tyree; *Refractions* (also by Wilcox), for Yellin's alto; *Another Page* (composed by former Salvador mellophonist Ray Starling), highlighting Moser along with piano and trumpet.

A fine example of Cone's writing was an intricate blues titled *Kid Fingers* showcasing Salvador's guitar.

There was a surprise element offered in the blues singing of Tiny Joe, a young, bespectacled, and completely relaxed miniature of Jimmy Rushing in appearance, whose easygoing singing manner was in contrast to the band's earthy wailing, as well as to more sophisticated blues presentations. He did *Moanin'* (scored by Cone), *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, and an unfamiliar but fine blues tune by Mike Korda, *Somedays It's Monday*.

Miss Easley is young, attractive, and full of enthusiasm and confidence — she also has a good voice. She was well received for her singing on *Wild Is the Wind* (scored by Cone); *Love, You Are Here* (a Salvador original); *On the Street Where You Live*; *Solitude*; and *Melancholy Baby*. Miss Easley is developing her own style of phrasing and, as she gains experience, should have a unique presentation.

The rumblings regarding the return of big bands may again spurt and fade, but if a band can develop exciting modern music using all the added musical advantages of many instruments, as this one does, there may yet be a chance for a revival.

Band booker Willard Alexander, who started in business by sending the Benny Goodman 1935 band out on the road, is interesting in pushing Salvador's orchestra beginning this autumn.

It would not be too surprising if Sal-

vador will finally be able to drop his quartet, recently featured on weekends at the Prelude on 126th St., to devote all his time fronting the big band he has fought so hard to keep going for so long.

—George Hoefler

### BENNY GOLSON/OLIVER NELSON

Philharmonic Hall, New York City

Personnel: Golson, tenor saxophone; Harold Mabern, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Al Heath, drums. Snooky Young, Jimmy Nottingham, Jerry Kail, Joe Newman, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Tom McIntosh, Tommy Mitchell, Tony Studd, trombones; Don Butterfield, tuba; Nelson, alto, tenor saxophones; Phil Woods, George Dorsey, Bob Ashton, Charles Lloyd, George Barrow, reeds; Charles McCracken, cello; Hale Smith, piano; Art Davis, bass; Stu Martin, Ed Shaughnessy, drums; Ray Mantilla, Latin percussion.

Before one can begin any review of a musical performance at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, the subject of acoustics must be brought up, just as must the discussion of ground rules before a baseball game. It seems that many reviewers, both jazz and classical, and numerous paying members of the audience are in agreement on one point: Philharmonic Hall is the Candlestick Park of the concert halls. Not that there are any high-velocity winds blowing through the comfortable seats, nor are there any cardiac hills to climb. But it seems that the same lack of foresight was employed in the construction of both places.

In the case of a musical performance, it seems reasonable to expect to be able to hear the entire performance. At Lincoln Center notes evaporate, ensemble passages are garbled, and bass players get tubby sounds except when soloing.

When the hall opened, there was much ballyhoo for the ceiling panels, which, it was said, could be adjusted to suit the needs of each particular concert. Every time I have seen them, they have been in the same position, like so many huge shields hiding warriors (who, hopefully, might descend on the neck of the architect).

Perhaps the acoustics had something to do with the failure of Golson's performance—because it seemed that every third note of the up-tempo numbers was being lost—but there were enough superfluous notes heard that I doubt it.

*Alone Together* and *Just in Time* were taken at tempos that did not do them justice; one of Golson's finest compositions, *Stablemates*, surrendered its harmonic beauty to a whip-through-it tempo; and on *Three Little Words*, the tenor

man and his rhythm section seemed to be having a race. We lost.

Although I have heard Golson play well in this multinote style, it has usually been on blues rather than ballad material. At Lincoln Center he again proved that his forte is slower tempos. Gordon Jenkins' *Goodbye* was tender, and his own *Whisper Not* contained his best playing of the night. Golson also scored with his encore, *I Remember Clifford*, another of his highly melodic compositions.

Mabern did a workmanlike job, but, again, a lot of what he played went up to the shields instead of out to the audience. Heath's solo on *Words* sounded as if it were emanating from a rain barrel. Davis' solo work showed him to be one of the best bassists playing today, his ideas modern, his technique excellent. He does not use gimmicks as do some of the "new thinkers," even the best ones. He is in the grand tradition—there is a strong link with Oscar Pettiford—but an extension.

Nelson's orchestra, 21 strong, including himself, had the same problems of sound to contend with. Either mikes were badly placed, and/or players didn't stand close enough to them at certain times, resulting in the loss of what may have been fine solos.

*Back Woods*, a minor-key swinger in 6/4 with effective chanting by the brass, ostensibly featured altoist Woods. I suggest listening to Nelson's studio version on Verve for those attendees who are still waiting to hear him. On *Message*, the first section of Nelson's seven-part suite, *Afro/American Sketches*, Woods was again "unheard," but this time there was no mike near him.

Those who were heard—the trumpeters, and the reed men who used the center stage mike—did well. The former included Newman, muted and open on *Goin' up North*, and Nottingham (with hat) on the Ellington-influenced *Emancipation Blues*. The latter numbered Lloyd on flute and Nelson on tenor and alto.

*Disillusioned*, which made use of a *Poor Wayfarin' Stranger* strain, featured a written solo played by cellist McCracken and a poignant Nelson tenor improvisation.

*Afro/American Sketches*, while not a startling piece of music, can be quite moving. Some of the parts exceed the whole, but Nelson has written an expressive work and developed it so the sections told a story and did so in a building manner.

By reutilizing themes, he establishes a continuity that ties everything together. There are some incongruities, like a Stan Kenton brass sound in places, but, in all, it is a fully realized piece that does not ramble or become pretentious. I only wish Philharmonic Hall had been as kind to the orchestra as the orchestra seemed to be to Nelson's music.

Since I am not an art critic, I won't go into Richard Lippold's metal sculpture, which hangs from the ceiling in the outer lobby, but I would add that the stage lighting during the performance was a la Radio City Music Hall and complementary to the acoustics. We should be extremely grateful that Carnegie Hall was saved.

—Giller

VOTE!  
See Page 44  
VOTE!

## CINCINNATI *from page 13*

thing not to be said of the Maynard Ferguson Orchestra that followed. The band was superficially exciting, but not a great deal of real meat-and-potatoes jazz was served up—mostly just trimmings, too rich and overseasoned.

But in comparison with the performances by Dakota Staton that followed (and seemed to go on forever), the Ferguson band was magnificent. The less said about Miss Staton's affected, embarrassing performances the better; never have I heard such cloying, mannered, tedious singing.

Trumpeter Howard McGhee was to appear with his trio (Phil Porter, organ, and Candy Finch, drums), but unexpectedly Porter's organ developed troubles and a hasty substitution was made in the form of pianist Mike Abene and bassist Linc Milliman, both from the Ferguson band. McGhee was in fine fettle, playing with flaring brilliance, reaching his high notes easily, and shaping his solos purposefully and with a sure sense of dynamics and direction. Abene played well, displaying a dark, thick-textured chordal style that he has little opportunity to show in his usual role with Ferguson.

The group plied its craft for four numbers—*Love for Sale*, *Summertime*, *Watermelon Man* (which went on a bit too long), and *Caravan*—before a shambles ensued in the form of a "jam session" that found Ferguson, Braff, McGhee, Freeman, Paul Desmond, and Dave Brubeck assembled on-stage. Just boring.

Oh, yes, the Brubeck Quartet was on hand too—and though the group played well enough, with its own particular brand of lithe fluency, nothing particularly memorable resulted. The pianist was a bit more ponderous on several of his solos than has been his wont lately.

The Sunday afternoon program was given over to a folk music "hootenanny" with Josh White, the Canadian duo of Ian Tyson and Sylvia Fricker, the neo-Bacchian Lynn Gold, and the ebullient old-timey music champions, the New Lost City Ramblers.

A number of jazz' bigger guns comprised the Sunday evening program: the Oscar Peterson Trio, the Gerry Mulligan Quartet, Nina Simone, the Thelonious Monk Quartet, and the Herbie Mann All-Stars.

The evening got under way with three generally stimulating performances by a septet of musicians primarily from the Louisville, Ky., area under the leadership of tenor saxophonist Everett Hoffman. This was the festival's only bow in the direction of the "new thing," and in the forceful, ardent, coruscating alto of Jamey Aebersold the group had

its most gripping statesman of the new. Dave Baker, formerly trombonist with the George Russell group until jaw trouble forced him to give up the instrument, was on hand with his cello and came across with some wry, epigrammatic statements. Other members of the group included trumpeter Charlie Niehoff, pianist Ron Burton, bassist Jack Brengle, and drummer Tommy McCollough.

The Peterson trio sparkled with its usual diamond-hard brilliance and fiery playing, providing in its numbers an awesome display of group empathy. The pianist's work was suffused with taste, lyricism, and that driving insistence that has always coursed through his playing. Ray Brown was, as usual, Ray Brown—and more cannot be said.

It was extremely pleasant to hear once again the warm, burry, entwining work of baritone saxophonist Mulligan and valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, whose joint playing always has held a great deal of fascination for me. The delicate, fluent swing and delightful interplay of their work has a charm all its own and is unlike anything else in jazz. The two were at peak form Sunday night, and such numbers as *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To*, *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*, and *Darn That Dream* were perfect vehicles for their brand of sly, airy noodling. Bill Crow was on bass and Dave Bailey on drums.

Mulligan was on hand to join the Monk quartet (Monk, piano; Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Butch Warren, bass; Frankie Dunlop, drums) for one teasing selection. For the most, though, Monk offered a program of his own highly original pieces, with vigorous playing by Rouse and equally stimulating explorations by the pianist himself. Warren is, I feel, one of the most underrated bassists in jazz; certainly this evening he played some of the most cogent bass lines—solo and in support—I've heard in a long time.

Nina Simone inexplicably could not get her music off the ground, though she tried hard. Instead of building in cumulative intensity (which is what the singer-pianist obviously strove for), her song renditions just seemed to fizzle out in pointless repetition.

Excitement was the chief commodity served up by the Mann outfit—both by the leader on a variety of flutes and by vibist Dave Pike, whose flowing playing was continually intriguing. Naturally, the emphasis was on the Latin-styled pieces that have been Mann's particular province lately, and after a while everything sounded alike, as though the group were playing one long number—say, the soundtrack for a *Carmen* Miranda movie. —*Welding*

## DIZZY *from page 24*

doing, and I have to explain, "This is a trumpet mouthpiece, not a duck call. I'm preparing myself for the job."

"I can make a sound like a police siren, and one night in Central Park there was a car ahead of us, and he wouldn't let us get past, and I was late for the job. So I took the mouthpiece and leaned out the window and made this sound like a siren. The car pulled right over."

Over the years, Gillespie has been known for odd headwear and for other sartorial novelties he has picked up in his world travels, such as Persian slippers with curled, pointed toes. On one of his record covers, *Dizzy in Greece*, he stands before some marble columns in full native Grecian regalia.

"I'm a fraud in that picture," he said with a laugh. "That was taken in front of Grant's Tomb in a rented costume."

The Gillespie showmanship sometimes has been criticized, the complaint often being that his antics detract from the music or even sidetrack him from playing at a fully creative level. Though there may be foundation in this, the humor is his safety valve. With artful ebullience, Gillespie has avoided the psychic pits of dammed-up rage a Negro musician of his talent might fall heir to.

The late Chano Pozo, Cuban master of the conga drum and once a vital part of the Gillespie's big band, summed up the Gillespie personality simply: "Dizzy . . . dizzy."

Who else will step to the microphone at the end of a set and announce, "Ladies and gentlemen, it is with great pleasure at this time that I turn you over"?


Who else will drop his arm in the middle of a number, stop the band cold, shout, "Union!" and then walk off the stand?

Who else can sit in a YMCA cafeteria and drink a bottle of purple grape soda while discussing rare French wines?

Who but Gillespie can come out with a line of chorus girls, trousers rolled to his knees, and dance their routine step for step when all the nights before his back was to them as he led the band?

Who, onstand, will borrow a cigaret from one of his musicians and then announce, "Man, there's no writing on this cigaret. You tryin' to get us all busted?"

Who but Dizzy Gillespie will embark on a slow blues, march deliberately toward a well-endowed girl on a bar stool, and use her bosom as a mute for his horn?

Chano Pozo said it in two words: "Dizzy . . . dizzy." 



# SITTIN' IN

By ART HODES

You sit back and think; was it worth it? If you had it to do over again, would you? Same way? You doubt it. That brings yesterday's scenes to mind; they weren't all funny or all sad. Like the riverboat—no one could have told me then that I'd just missed that scene. I was determined. . . .

When I became aware of jazz it was Louis and Bix; Bessie Smith; Hines and Jimmie Noone, the Apex Club. The music was there. The writers, the books and discographies, the jazz magazines hadn't appeared yet. Living with the boys from New Orleans I heard the tales of the Crescent City—Mardi Gras and the parades and the riverboats—and it all stuck to me. But I was content with Chicago. . . . We had Armstrong and Hines and Johnny and Baby Dodds. Ah, the grass was green; why roam? Wingy. Wade Foster (he sure blew a clarinet), McKenzie. . . . Musicians to play music with, and guys you admired who you could go to hear. So, who needs money?

Then, pretty soon—all too soon—that good sound had gone. And, oh, how we hate to let go of yesterday. Like maybe it isn't gone, not all gone; maybe it's elsewhere. I'll bet if I found me a riverboat . . . the Mississippi? Ohio? Let's see—who do I know and where could I go?

I remember — Gibby Eurton, ex-guitar player, a good guy. And how many times had he invited me down to visit him? New Albany, Ind. . . . Right smack at the Ohio. He had a saloon. Probably wouldn't cost me a dime—that's what he said. What have I got to lose?

Gibby hadn't changed. "Man, am I glad to see you—sit awhile, have a drink." We reminisced. The good ol' days at the Liberty Inn—Earl Wiley, Johnny Lane, the McGoverns (they owned the place). The many scenes came alive; we glowed. . . . Finally I got around to asking. "Gib, are there any riverboats here?" Yes, there was one that was due to take off at noon tomorrow. He didn't have to say any more. The next day I was down at the river, waiting and dreaming.

It was a beautiful day and when that boat got there, it was a beautiful sight; I couldn't wait to board. Walked it up and down, decided a beer would taste pretty good, though I hadn't come for to drink. I was inspired, a dream come true. Several whistle toots later we were off. No hurry—like five miles per; this is living. Remember about Fate Marable's band . . . Louis talking

about that . . . on the Capitol, out of New Orleans. Close your eyes . . . the real thing. You're close to the source. More whistles . . . boat churning . . . even the people looked good, festive—my day.

There goes the music. . . . Oh, no! What am I hearing? What is it? It can't be. Exactly what I ran away from. And here it is—a band trying to make like Clyde McCoy; the wah-wah mute; the business.

I better go look and see. Uh-huh—there they are. Dressed neat, nice, look like musicians—all have instruments. But it's coming out *Sugar Blues* style.

There was no tolerance in me, just pain. I ran, from one end of the boat to the other. But there was no place to run; they had me. Completely unprepared. No cotton to stuff in the ears. We were in midstream; swimming ashore was out. And we weren't due to dock for hours. I tell you, it was a day to remember.

At least a half-dozen years went by before I gave up on Chicago and headed for New York City. It was during this period that I again thought of riverboats. Only this time I wasn't looking to find something that wasn't there; I was interested in re-creating a scene that had disappeared. The time seemed right, and I got lots of good help. Rudi Blesh and Bob Arthur agreed to give a hand. We titled our promotion Jazz on the River, rented a boat (we'd sail every Friday, late) and hired the types of musicians we believed in—James P. Johnson, Albert Nicholas, Wild Bill Davison. . . . We had Sidney Bechet. Once a week we made it around the island.

We re-created an idea, but there it stopped. The musicians weren't asked to make like King Oliver, nor did we hire musicians in order to get "that sound." The banjos weren't strumming, and the tuba wasn't in evidence (I guess because our bass player, Pops Foster, didn't play it).

As I recall, the musicians enjoyed it, and so did the people; we did okay. No one was remembering to play as he did in the good old days; everybody was living the present.

A great truth comes to mind: jazz—whether played 1920, '30, '40, or '60 style—is a vibrant experience both to the listener and the player if it's played by a musician who feels the music in that way. The Bunk Johnson Band was a good example; it wasn't re-creating; this was its style, so it was refreshing. When Bunk went, the clarinet player, George Lewis, took over; the refreshing part remained. They were doing something that came naturally.

So I learned—something could be real good and still disappear. It would

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### WHERE TO STUDY

#### DRUMMERS

—Stanley Spector writes: "The major fallacy of hipsterism is in the assumption—deny the intellect and you will get closer to the emotions. Eventually every drummer must ask questions: Why do I sound good one night and terrible the next? Why can't I play what I can feel and hear? How can I develop a personal style of playing? The moment you ask such questions, the moment you attempt to find answers, at that moment you are automatically involved in an intellectual process. In this area your emotions cannot save you. On the other hand, in the emotional area your intellect cannot save you. All I believe is that neither area is all important. Both areas must be observed, recognized, respected, and brought to a fine point of balance." Some drummers have found this kind of balance in their study with Stanley Spector, teacher of METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING 13 W. 13th St., N.Y.C., N.Y., YU 9-4294 306 Stuart St., Dept. 73, Boston, Mass. HU 2-1468

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be nice (for me) to find "the living music" I came up on, alive and available, being played as I once heard it. But the facts are a lot of the old-time greats aren't here, many have retired, some have slipped by the wayside, and a number of practicing pros have chosen to keep up, both with their instrument and the changing times. One need not date himself or stick to one particular style. There are musicians who function in more than one bag.

On the other hand, I can't say jazz shouldn't be "presented." Cannonball Adderley, in my opinion, did a wonderful job drawing a sound (jazz historical) picture. I'm referring to his *A Child's Introduction to Jazz* (Wonderland 2435). I've found myself developing a presentation I use at high schools and colleges in which I present styles of various pianists, music of New Orleans, etc. I remember Ethel Waters presenting a blues "as Bessie Smith would sing it." This will always go on; you bring to mind a scene of yesteryear.

In my case—this I know—the clinging to a past that is gone is not healthy; one must embrace the present and move in the present. I've witnessed the scene wherein a couple of "experts" of yesteryear would reminisce (on my gig) about the greatness of the greats, and, in the glow, there would go today.

You respect a Kenny Ball, who spent a day of his Chicago tenure in

1962 visiting, paying homage to a memory — Bix Beiderbecke's burial place in Davenport, Iowa. Kenny and his group also took good care of the present when they were playing.

It can get miserable playing through a set with a group that has everything but the wherewithal. The banjo player with his oomp-chuck and kerplunk, the heavy on-the-beat and after-beat. You come away exhausted, feeling never again will I try this. I believe that if you dig jazz and you're dedicated to learning your instrument, it'll come out good; that goes for the banjo. I remember how good the banjo sounded on some of Jelly Roll Morton's recordings. I've heard tuba played well—no drag. The rule applies: if you're a good musician, you're gonna sound good on whatever instrument you pick to play.

We are well into the presentation era—count the gas-light clubs that are springing up. The need for musicians with the ability to function in that period piece is evident. Salaries seem attractive enough to lure old-timers, retired and semiretired music men, back into the business. Hootenannies have goosed the banjo onto the scene. The fad's here, but it won't stay forever, and when it's gone, where are you if you play "at" your instrument?

Jazz isn't something you work at like a second-class hobby. A person gets out of it what he puts into it. Don't make the mistake of believing it's possible just to sit down and play it. I remember reading a review in a Chi-

cago newspaper by the late Ashton Stevens, who'd attended a party that the great Paderewski was at. Someone mentioned jazz, and Mr. P. said, "Jazz? So what's jazz?" And with that he sat down at the piano. Stevens reported "the most miserable half-hour I've had to spend listening."

Jazz is a language, and it's not going to be learned in five minutes. To speak it well, to talk like the natives—that really takes time.

So that fad has passed . . . the public has discovered something new; you're not left holding the bag, not just an empty memory. You've got something tangible, something real inside; you've got the music, that stays with you, and no one can take it from you.

Riverboat? Something funny. I just got back from a three-day gig at a river town, Burlington, Iowa. A centennial—Steamboat Days—right smack in a river-front town that had built a replica of the riverboat for a stage. Doc Evans came with his band from Minneapolis; the Dukes of Dixieland came from the east; people came from everywhere. They were celebrating, and it worked out well for all concerned. Me? I was right there and never thought to take a ride on the Mississippi. I was so busy I didn't think of it . . . or maybe I'd got off that kick. Being a musician is a full-time job. That is, if you want to be a full-time musician. [25]

# DOWN BEAT'S 28th Annual Readers Poll

## ☆☆☆☆☆☆ VOTING INSTRUCTIONS ☆☆☆☆☆☆

The 28th annual *Down Beat* Readers Poll is under way. For the next several weeks—until midnight, Nov. 3—*Down Beat* readers will have an opportunity to support their favorite jazz musicians.

Facing this page is the official ballot. It is printed on a postage-paid, pre-addressed post card. Simply tear out the card, print your choice in each category in the space provided, and drop the card in a mailbox. It is not necessary to vote in each category. It is necessary, though, to write your name and address at the bottom of the card. Letters and other post cards will not be accepted as ballots.

1. Vote only once.
2. Vote early. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, Sunday, Nov. 3.
3. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.
4. In the *Hall of Fame* category, name the jazz performer who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz. This is the only poll category in which deceased persons are eligible. This does *not* mean living persons cannot be voted for. Previous winners are ineligible. They are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke

Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, and Jelly Roll Morton.

5. Vote only for living musicians in all other categories.

6. In the *Miscellaneous Instrument* category there can be more than one winner. The instrumentalist who amasses the greatest number of votes will, of course, be declared winner on his instrument. But those who play other miscellaneous instruments can also win: **if a musician receives at least 15 percent of the total vote in the category, he will be declared winner on his instrument.** For example, if there are 10,000 votes cast in the *Miscellaneous Instrument* category, an organist, say, with 1,500 or more votes will win also, provided there are no other organists with a greater number of votes.

**Note:** a miscellaneous instrument is an instrument not having a category of its own. Two exceptions: valve trombone (votes for valve trombonists should be cast in the trombone category) and cornet (votes for cornetists should be cast in the trumpet category).

7. Vote for only one person in each category.

Trumpeter **Don Cherry**, tenor saxophonist **Archie Shepp**, and alto saxophonist **John Tchicai** left New York in late August for six weeks in Scandinavia, including engagements in Copenhagen, Oslo, and Stockholm. Prior to the trip, the group, known as the **N.Y. Contemporary Five**, played a concert at Harout's in Greenwich Village . . . After two weeks at the Bohemian Caverns in Washington, D.C., reed man **Roland Kirk** left for England where he began a month's residence, beginning Sept. 20, at **Ronnie Scott's** club in London. Kirk has tentative engagements set for France and said he expects to be gone from New York until mid-November.

On Sept. 28 **Norman Seaman** and **Jim Harrison**, in association with Blue Note records and Buffet saxophones, will present altoist **Jackie McLean** in concert at Town Hall . . . **Charlie Mingus'** 10-piece band for his recent Village Gate appearance had the leader playing bass; **Eric Dolphy**, alto saxophone; **Booker Ervin**, tenor saxophone; **Pepper Adams**, baritone saxophone; **Richard Williams**, **Edward Preston**, trumpets; **Garnett Brown**, trombone; **Don Butterfield**, tuba; **Joe Albany**, piano; and **Dannie Richmond**, drums.

Vibist **Walt Dickerson** did two weeks at the east-side **Encore**, a place not usually given to featuring jazz, with **Andrew Hill**, piano; **Ronnie Boykins**, bass; and **Andy Cyrille**, drums . . . Drummer **Roy Haynes** played a week at the **Half Note** in late August. With him were alto man **Frank Strozier**, pianist **Ronnie Matthews**, and bassist **Larry Ridley** . . . Tenorist **Harold Ousley** was at the **Showplace** (formerly **Branker's**) . . . Reed man **Ken McIntyre** finished up the summer at the **Atlantic House** in Provincetown, Mass., with his own quartet. Backing him were **Star Cowell**, piano; **Barre Phillips**, bass; and **John Henry Lewis**, drums.

French drummer **Dave Pochonet** did a week at the **Embers** with a quartet featuring tenor saxophonist **Harold Ashby** . . . Trombonist **Benny Powell** made his New York debut as a leader in a Monday night at **Birdland** in late August. With him were his ex-**Count Basie** mate, **Billy Mitchell**, on tenor saxophone, organist **Frances Gaddison**, and drummer **Grassella Oliphant** . . . When pianist **Marlowe Morris** went to Boston to play with trombonist **J. C. Higginbotham** and trumpeter **Joe Thomas**, **Dick Wellstood** replaced him at **Bourbon Street** . . . **Woody Herman** will open at the new **Castaways** in Las Vegas, Nev., for four weeks starting Christmas Day. Tenor man **Bobby Jones**, baritonist **Frank Hittner**, and trumpeter

**David Gale** have left the **Herman** band. **Jones** was replaced by **Carmen Leggio**. The other new men were not known at presstime . . . Pianist **Barry Harris** and tenor man **Hank Mobley** co-lead a quartet in two successive Monday night sessions at the **Five Spot**. Sitters-in included altoists **Charles McPherson** and **C. Sharpe** . . . Pianist **Bill Evans** has been signed to an exclusive, long-term engagement by the **Village Vanguard**, affording him the kind of security a jazzman rarely receives.

The **Ted Curson-Bill Barron Quintet** did a week at **Crawford's Grill** in Pittsburgh in August. Sept. 27-28 the leaders will be at the **Prelude** on Broadway and 129th St. with **Jane Getz**, piano; **Ernie Farrow**, bass; and **Dick Berk**, drums . . . The **Charles Williams Trio**, which played at the **Prelude** in late August, took part in a Congress of Racial Equality benefit at the **Palm Cafe**. Other artists donating their services were the trio of pianist **Larry Willis**; tenor man **Clifford Jordan's** sextet; **Marion Cowings**, jazz vocalist protégé of **Jon Hendricks**; and baritone saxophonist **Paul Fleischer** . . . Pianist **Eddie Bonnemere** has been dividing his time between the **Prelude** and the **Gaslight Club** in Jackson Heights . . . Tenor saxophonist **Hal Singer** was at the **Baby Grand** in Harlem recently . . . Tenorist **Wild Bill Moore** played a gig at **Jazzland** on W. 50th St. . . . Veteran altoist **Pete Brown** is out of the hospital and is recuperating in his Brooklyn home. He said he is eager to start playing again.

. . .

**RECORD NOTES:** Benny Goodman will again record for **RCA Victor** with the members of his original quartet—**Teddy Wilson**, **Lionel Hampton**, and **Gene Krupa** . . . Vibist-a&r man **Teddy Charles** is producing a **Pepper Adams-plays-the-music-of-Charles Mingus** date for **Motown** records . . . **Milt Jackson** said he probably will not re-sign with **Riverside** when his contract ends in December. The vibist told **Down Beat** he hopes to freelance. His first freelance date will be with the **Oscar Peterson Trio** for **Verve** . . . **Dizzy Gillespie** recorded his quintet early this month during his stay at Chicago's **London House**. The personnel, in addition to the trumpeter, consisted of **James Moody**, alto and tenor saxophones and flute; **Kenny Barron**, piano; **Chris White**, bass; and **Rudy Collins**, drums. The program was made up of movie themes.

Capitol is repackaging the historic **Birth of the Cool** album by **Miles Davis**, et al. It will be in the stores Nov. 4 . . . Jazz singer **Lorez Alexandria** signed for two years with **Tutti Camarata's** new label, **Coliseum**. Her contract guarantees her \$25,000 a year. The singer's

first LP for **Coliseum**, to be recorded soon, will be with big-band backing arranged by **Bill Marx** . . . Other artists in the **Coliseum** corral include pianist-tenorist-flutist-vocalist **Marvin Jenkins** and trumpeter **Lee Katzman**. Jenkins recorded an album of vocals accompanied by **Richard (Groove) Holmes**, organ; **Thornel Schwartz**, guitar; **Al McKibbon**, bass; and **Donald Dean**, drums. Katzman also cut an LP with his own quintet consisting of **Teddy Edwards**, tenor saxophone; **Jack Wilson**, piano; **Leroy Vinnegar**, bass; and **Nick Martinis**, drums.

Alto man **Jimmy Woods'** second album on **Contemporary** just hit the stores. It includes **Harold Land**, tenor saxophone; **Carmell Jones**, trumpet; **Andrew Hill**, piano; **George Tucker**, bass;



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and **Elvin Jones**, drums . . . Also just released on Pacific Jazz is a **Dick Grove** band album of the composer-arranger's *Little Bird Suite* produced by **Alan Waite** . . . **Teddy Wilson** has signed with Cameo-Parkway. The pianist's first date featured strings.

#### THE NETHERLANDS

Drummer **Pierre Courbon**, of Nijmegen, was offered a month's engagement at the Blue Note in Paris backing saxophonists **Stan Getz** and **Bud Shank**. Courbon previously had played the club with American expatriate tenorist **Johnny Griffin** . . . A jazz critics poll held by the Rotterdam jazz monthly *True Note* saw the following winners: **Nedley Elstack**, trumpet; **Cees Smal**, trombone; **Herman Schoonderwalt**, alto saxophone; **Toon van Vliet**, tenor saxophone; **Henk van Es**, baritone saxophone; **Misja Mengelberg**, piano; **Ruud Jacobs**, bass; **Cees Sec**, drums. One of the most striking features of the poll was the absence of pianist **Nico Bunick's** name. He has played in the groups of **Charlie Mingus** and **John Handy III**. Bunick currently is in Fairbanks, Alaska.

One of the biggest hits of the Antibes Jazz Festival was the **Louis van Dijk** Quartet, which recently returned from the United States . . . Winners in the Loosdrecht Jazz Festival were the **Perdido Street Paraders** in the traditional division and the **Jan Roth** Trio in the modern wing . . . One of the Netherlands' leading tenor saxophonists, **Jos van Heuvelzwijn**, died recently at The Hague. He was 36 . . . Backed by the trio of her husband, **Pim Jacobs**, vocalist **Rita Reys** appeared in a television program broadcast from her home in Kortenhoeve . . . Pianist **Pia Beck** recently sailed to the United States for an extensive tour.

#### GERMANY

The success of the American Folk Blues Festival 1962 talent package that toured Europe last year has encouraged **Joachim E. Berendt**, **Horst Lippmann**, and **Fritz Rau** of the German Federation of Jazz to arrange for a similar unit to tour the last few days of this month and into October. Included in the festival roster are blues singers **Big Joe Williams**, **Sonny Boy Williamson**, **Muddy Waters** and sidekick **Otis Spann**, **Memphis Slim** and bassist **Willie Dixon** (both of whom were members of last year's package), **Matthew (Guitar) Murphy**, **Bill Stepany**, **Victoria Spivey**, and **Lonnie Johnson**. The tour will include single engagements in the cities of Konstanz, Strasburg, Zurich, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Vienna, Munich, Hanover, Muenster, Essen, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Paris, Brussels, and Copenhagen.

Formed about seven years ago, the **Michael Naura** Quintet, the oldest and

one of the best European modern jazz groups, was dissolved recently. Chief cause was the pianist-leader's hospitalization in Hamburg for treatment of tuberculosis. The other members of the group, which includes **Wolfgang Schlueter**, acknowledged one of the finest European vibraharpists, are now working at various German radio stations.

Stuttgart's Atlantic Bar, long a haven for jazz fans and musicians in Western Germany and the club at which could be heard such groups as the **Tremble Kids**, the **Michael Naura** Quintet, the **George Maycock** combo, and the **Poldi Klein** Quartet, no longer features live jazz—or any jazz, for that matter. The music policy has switched to popular records.

#### CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Jazz-and-poetry sessions have been held at Prague's Club Viola, the music being provided by a group composed of bassist-leader **Ludek Hulan**, trumpeter **Richard Kubernat**, valve trombonist **Artur Holitzer**, guitarist **Vladimir Tomek**, and drummer **Ivo Dominak** . . . A number of Czech combos and orchestras have added "new thing" pieces and practices to their repertoires. Foremost among them is the band of **Gustav Brom**, which recently returned from a successful appearance at the Manchester Jazz Festival in England. The group features *Piknik*, a 12-tone composition by **M. Rezabek**. The **S and H Quartet** has several "new thing" pieces in its book. On the big-band front, the **Karel Krautgartner** Orchestra has added some **Gil Evans**-styled arrangements in an attempt to modernize its library . . . The National Musical Publishing Co. is in the midst of preparations to publish an encyclopedia of jazz under the direction of a committee comprising five leading Czech jazz authorities . . . A new music magazine, the monthly *Melodie*, has been started and includes reportage on jazz, the first time the music has been represented in a periodical since 1949, when the magazine *Jazz* ceased to exist.

#### CHICAGO

**Duke Ellington** was presented a plaque honoring his contribution to American society through music by Dr. **Martin Luther King Jr.** during the recent Century of Negro Progress. Ellington returned the favor by presenting Dr. King with the original manuscript of one of his compositions for the show *My People*, which Ellington wrote for the exposition.

**Nancy Wilson** had customers standing in line waiting to hear her during her recent engagement at the Sutherland. The singer was backed by the **John Young** Trio during her stay at

the south-side club . . . The **Three Boss Men**—**Sleepy Anderson**, organ; **Leo Blevins**, guitar; **Harold Jones**, drums—have moved from the Algiers Club to Robin's Nest, 8557 S. Cottage Grove . . . **Eddie Harris** has been touring the country of late with a trio made up of himself on tenor saxophone accompanied by organ and drums.

It was **Morris Ellis'** 15-man group that gave that concert at Loyola Park last month, not **Red Saunders** as reported last issue. **Oliver Wilson's** Dixieland band also appeared at the well-received concert sponsored by Local 10 and the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries . . . The trust fund is sponsoring another 40 Years of Jazz in Chicago concert at the main public library on Oct. 19. The three-segment program will include **Frank Chace's** Chicagoans, a traditional Chicago-style quintet; a bebop-oriented group featuring altoist **Bunky Green**; and **Joe Daley's** avant garde trio. *Down Beat* editor **Don DeMicheal** will narrate the early afternoon concert.

The **Salty Dogs** have been working weekends at Paul's Roast Round, a suburban Villa Park club, for some time. The group includes **Lou Green**, cornet; **Doug Finke**, trombone; **Jim Cusack**, clarinet; **John Cooper**, piano; **Bob Sundstrom**, banjo; **Mike Walbridge**, tuba; and **Wayne Jones**, drums and washboard . . . The **John Wright** Trio (Wright, piano; **Corky Roberts**, bass; **Gene Fox**, drums) has settled comfortably into an extended engagement at the New Pioneer Lounge, 71st and Woodlawn. The group plays Friday through Monday . . . Singer **Bill Henderson** is working Mister Kelly's till Oct. 6. **Jackie & Roy** open the following evening at the Rush St. club . . . **Martial Solal's** engagement at the London House fell through. No replacement had been set at presstime.

#### LOS ANGELES

**Philly Joe Jones** is reported moving to Los Angeles to live . . . **Carlos Gastel** assumed personal management of Capitol records' singing find, **Marian Montgomery**, which could really be the start of something . . . **Hampton Hawes** was rebooked into Mr. Konton's on Sunset for a month (see *Caught in the Act*). Currently he is auditioning bassists and drummers for his permanent trio.

**Ray Charles**, who seemingly can't miss at concerts wherever he goes, broke another boxoffice record at a recent one-nighter in Long Beach. The gross was \$35,361, the largest for such a stand in the city's history. Charles drew 10,114 fans into the 14,000-seat Long Beach Arena, normally the location of sports events . . . **Tony Anthony**, local pianist, took his trio on a 20-

week tour of the Far East. Guitarist-bassist **Gary Elpern**, a Pittsburgher, and drummer **George Rudder** round out the group.

Pianist and Columbia records a&r man **Jim Harbert** is in Paris writing music and lyrics for a Lido de Paris show to open in Las Vegas, Nev., on Oct. 23. Harbert is the first American ever to write for a Lido show . . . Pianist-arranger **Jack Quigley** is keeping busy at NBC colortaping 13 five-minute spots featuring his playing and singing. He also wrote the charts and some tunes for a **Ralph Edwards** NBC special with **Johnny Mathis**, **Julie London**, and the **Four Freshmen**.

### SAN FRANCISCO

Traveling groups that formerly worked at the defunct Black Hawk are being booked elsewhere, principally at the Jazz Workshop. The Workshop had **Miles Davis'** quintet for three weeks in September, **Stan Getz** for a week thereafter, and has **Gerry Mulligan's** combo set from Oct. 22 to Nov. 3. **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet was around the corner from the Workshop at Off Broadway for the last two weeks of September.

While final details of the Black Hawk's transfer to its new owner are


being worked out, **Guido Cacianti**, one of the club's founders, is vacationing by working on his ranch north of here. Partner **George Weiss** has joined a real-estate agency. When transfer of the club's liquor license and ownership of its name are established, Cacianti and Weiss plan to open jazz clubs of their own. As for the old Black Hawk, it is being remodeled and will be reopened as a hofbrau.

With Davis' booking at the Jazz Workshop, the way was cleared for his participation in the Monterey Jazz Festival. The Davis group was scheduled for the night of Sept. 20. (**Art Blakey's** Jazz Messengers, originally announced for that evening, were not at Monterey.) Workshop owner **Art Auerbach** gave Davis the night off and provided a substitute combo for the club.

**Buddy Montgomery** has switched his attention from piano back to vibraharp and has formed a new quartet that made its bow at the Trois Couleur in Berkeley. His associates are pianist **Flip Nunes**, bassist **Bobby Maize**, and drummer **Jimmy Lovelace**. Buddy's brother and former musical partner, bassist **Monk Montgomery**, is working in Los Angeles with saxophonist **Curtis Amy**, and guitarist **Wes Montgomery**, the third brother, is in Indianapolis with

the combo he and organist **Melvin Rhyne** formed some months ago.

Tenorist **Curtis Lowe** and pianist **Dick Whittington** now are with drummer **Lee Charlton's** house band at the Holiday Inn in Oakland. Other members of the quintet are trumpeter **Mike Serpas** and bassist **Bill Huntington**. The **Four Freshmen** played their first club engagement in the east bay area at Holiday Inn last month and were succeeded there by **Mel Torme** . . . Drummer **Jack Taylor** took a trio (**Merrill Garner**, piano, **Ron Crotty**, bass) into the Derby in Redwood City . . . Guitarist **Bola Sete** is back in the Sheraton-Palace Hotel's Tudor Room.

Trumpeters **Conte Candoli**, **Al Porcino**, and **Stu Williamson** have been recent guests with the **John Coppola-Fred Mergy** Octet in its twice-monthly sessions at Oakland's Gold Nugget . . . Sugar Hill has signed guitarist **Charlie Byrd's** trio, which scored a big hit in its previous appearance, for a return engagement in late November . . . **Joe Batista**, former manager of Lenny's-on-the-Turnpike, the Boston-area jazz club that bills itself as the world's smallest such, has moved to San Francisco and hopes to stay. For the last two years, Batista also has been part of the stage crew at the Newport Jazz Festival. 



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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: **Woody Herman**, **Oscar Peterson**, **Teri Thornton**, to 10/5.  
 Birdland: **Cannonball Adderley**, **Joe Williams**, **Junior Mance**, to 10/2. **John Coltrane**, 10/3-16.  
 Bourbon Street: **Dick Wellstood**, **Ahmed Abdul-Malik**, *tn*.  
 Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, *wknds*.  
 Embers: **Dorothy Donegan** to 10/19.  
 Five Spot: **Thelonious Monk**, *tn*.  
 Half Note: **Ben Webster** to 9/29. **Joe Newman**, 10/1-6.  
 Metropole: **Lionel Hampton** to 10/10.  
 Playboy: **Walter Norris**, **Jimmy Lyon**, **Russ Tompkins**, **Bucky Pizzarelli**, *tn*.  
 Prelude: **Ted Curson-Hill Barron**, 9/27-29.  
 Purple Manor: **Tiny Grimes**, *tn*.  
 Jimmy Ryan's: **Danny Barker**, **Cliff Jackson**, **Tony Parenti**, **Zutty Singleton**, *tn*.  
 Town Hall: **Jackie McLean**, 9/28.  
 Village Gate: **Herbie Mann**, **Odetta**, to 9/29.  
 Village Vanguard: **Bill Evans**, *tn*.

## PARIS

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

## WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: **Vince Fabrizio**, *tn*.  
 Bayou: **Joe Rinaldi**, *hb*.  
 Bohemian Tavern: *unk*.  
 Brass Rail: **Buck Clarke**, *tn*.  
 Cafe Lounge: **Billy Taylor Jr.**, *tn*.  
 Crescent Restaurant: **Dick Bailey**, *hb*.  
 Eden Roc: **Buck Hill**, **Donna Jewell**, *Fri.-Sat.*  
 French Quarter: **Van Perry**, *tn*.  
 Place on the Hill (Dodge House): **Bill Harris**, **Helen Day**, *tn*.  
 Showboat Lounge: **Charlie Byrd**, **Tommy Gwaltney**, *tn*.

## NEW ORLEANS

Absinthe House: **Fats Pichon**, *tn*.  
 Bourbon Street East: **Blanche Thomas**, **Dave Williams**, *tn*.  
 Dan's Pier 600: **Dukes of Dixieland** to 10/5.  
 Al Hirt, 10/7-11.  
 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*.  
 Municipal Auditorium: **Kenny Ball**, 9/28. **Dance of the Year** (Al Hirt, Pete Fountain, others), 10/13.  
 Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby**, **Snookum Russell**, *tn*. **Marvin Kimball**, *Wed.*  
 Playboy: **Al Belletto**, **Dave West**, **Ed Fenasci**, **Snooks Eaglin**, *hb*.  
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.  
 Royal Orleans: **Kenny Ball**, 9/29.

## ST. LOUIS

Black Horse: **Jean Trevor**, **Jim Becker**, *tn*.  
 Blue Note (East St. Louis): **Leo's Five**, *tn*.  
 Dark Side: **Quartette Tres Bien**, *tn*. **Ron Ruff**, *sessions*, *Sat.*  
 Fallen Angel: **Billy Williams**, *tn*. *Sessions*, *Mon.*  
 Islander: **Don Cunningham**, *tn*.  
 Jackie Gold's Bustles & Bows: **Dixie Wildcats**, *tn*.  
 Opera House: **Singleton Palmer**, *tn*.  
 Playboy Club: **Murray Jackman**, **Jack Hill**, *hb*.  
 Silver Dollar: **Muggsy Sprecher**, *tn*.  
 Sorrento's: **Sandy Smith**, *Mon.-Wed.* **Herb Drury**, *Thur.-Sat.*  
 Tiger's Den: **Sammy Gardner**, *tn*.  
 Upstream: **Gale Belle**, *wknds*.  
 Zodiac Roof: **Sal Ferrante**, *tn*.

## CLEVELAND

Brother's: **Bobby Brack**, *wknds*.  
 Castaways: **Dave O'Rourke-Joe Alexander**, *tn*.  
 La Cave: **Don Paulin** to 10/6. **Hootenanny**, *Tue.*  
 Cedar Gardens: **Marvin Cabell**, *Thur.-Sun.*  
 Club 100: **Joe Burrell**, *tn*.  
 Commodore Hotel: various folk artists, *Thur.-Sat.*

Corner Tavern: name jazz groups. *Sessions*, *Sat.* *afternoon.*  
 Esquire: **Charles Crosby-Eddie Baccus**, *tn*.  
 Faragher's: **Grandison Gospel Singers** to 10/5.  
 Ron Eliran, 10/7-19.  
 Golden Key Club: **Ace Carter**, *tn*.  
 Harvey's Hideaway: **George Peters**, *tn*.  
 Jazz Temple: name jazz groups.  
 LaRue: **Spencer Thompson-Joe Cooper**, *tn*.  
 Leo's Casino: **Chris Columbus** to 9/29. **Chris Connor**, 10/1-6. **George Shearing**, 10/8-13, *tentatively.*  
 Lucky Bar: **Weasel Parker**, *Thur.-Sun.*  
 Melba: **Ski-Hi Trio**, *wknds*.  
 The Office: **Ted Kelly-Sol Lucas**, *wknds*.  
 Sahara Motel: **Buddy Griebel**, *hb*. **Tops Cardone**, *wknds*.  
 Safari (N. Royalton): **Gigolos**, *wknds*.  
 Squeeze Room: **Bud Wuttles-Rick Kiefer**, *wknds*.  
 Tangiers: **Leon Stevenson**, *Thur.-Sat.*  
 Theatrical: **Roy Liberto** to 10/5. **Phil Napoleon**, 10/7-26.  
 Tia Juana: **Orville Johnson-Jimmy Scott**, *Thur.-Sat.*  
 Virginian: **Nino Nanni** to 9/29. **Folksters**, 9/30-10/13.

## DETROIT

Cork & Embers: **Jack Brokensha**, *tn*.  
 Drome: **Dorothy Ashby**, *tn*.  
 Falcon (Ann Arbor): **Bob Pozar**, *tn*.  
 Frederick's (Garden City): **Vince Mance**, **Nick Fiore**, **Gene Stewart**, *tn*.  
 Grand Bar: **Carmen McRae** to 10/6. **Jimmy Smith**, 10/11-20.  
 Kitten Club: **Charles Rowland**, *tn*.  
 Menjo's West: **Mel Ball**, *tn*.  
 Minor Key: **Horace Silver** to 9/29. **Art Blakey**, 10/1-6.  
 Mr. Kelly's: workshop sessions, *Sun.* *afternoon.*  
 Jimmy Wilkins, *Mon.*  
 Nite Lite: **Chuck Robinett**, *tn*.  
 Shafly's Little Club: **George Primo**, *tn*.  
 Surf Side: **Juniper Berry Six**, *tn*.  
 Trent's: **Terry Pollard**, *tn*.  
 20 Grand: **Shirley Scott** to 9/29.  
 UnStabled: **Marcus Belgrave**, **Thur.** **Sam Sanders**, *wknds*.

## CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: **Art Hodes**, *tn*.  
 Fickle Pickle: blues sessions, *Tue.*  
 Fifth Jacks: sessions, *Mon.*, *Wed.*  
 Gaslight Club: **Frankie Ray**, *tn*.  
 Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**, *tn*. **Dave Remington**, *Thur.*  
 London House: **George Shearing** to 10/13. **Jonah Jones**, 10/15-11/3. **Terry Gibbs**, 11/26-12/15.  
 Ramsey Lewis, 12/17-1/5. **Larry Novak**, **Joe Bthancourt**, *hb*.  
 McKie's: *unk*.  
 Mister Kelly's: **Bill Henderson** to 10/6. **Jackie & Roy**, 10/7-27. **Marty Rubenstein**, **John Frigo**, *hb*.  
 New Pioneer Lounge: **John Wright**, *Fri.-Mon.*  
 Paul's Roast Round (Villa Park): **Salty Dogs**, *wknds*.  
 Pepper's: **Muddy Waters**, **Wed.**, *Fri.-Sun.*  
 Playboy: **Joe Iaco**, **Bob Davis**, **Harold Harris**, **Joe Parnello**, *hb*.  
 Robin's Nest: **Three Boss Men**, *tn*.  
 Silvio's: **Howling Wolf**, *wknds*.  
 Sutherland: *unk*.  
 Velvet Swing: **Nappy Trotter**, *tn*.

## LOS ANGELES

Barefoot Inn (Laguna): **Mark Davidson**, **Eddie Elston**, **Rags Martinson**, *Fri.-Sun.* *Sessions*, *Sun.*, 3-10 p.m.  
 Basin Street West: **Joe Comfort**, *hb*.  
 Beverly Tavern: **Nappy Lamare**, **Hal Peppie**,

*Fri.-Sat.*

**Black Bull** (Woodland Hills): **Gus Bivona**, *tn*.  
**Blue Angel West** (Studio City): **Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina**, *tn*.  
**Blue Port Lounge**: **Bill Beau**, *tn*.  
**Bourbon Street**: **Gospel Singers**, *tn*.  
**Caesar's** (Torrance): **Bob Martin**, *tn*.  
**Crescendo**: **Nancy Wilson** opens 10/3.  
**Dixie Doodle** (Pomona): **Ken Scott**, **Bayou Ramblers**, *Fri.-Sat.*  
**Gay Cantina** (Inglewood): **Leonard Bechet**, *wknds*.  
**Glendora Palms**: **Johnny Catron**, *tn*.  
**Grand Central Bowl** (Glendale): **The Astronuts**, **Frank Rio**, **Steve King**, **Tue.-Thur.**  
**Handlebar**: **Wally Holmes**, *Fri.-Sat.*  
**Hermosa Inn**: **Johnny Lucas**, **The Saints**, *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 Guarnieri**, *tn*.  
**Hunting Horn** (Rolling Hills): **Paul Smith**, **Dick Dorothy**, *tn*.  
**Impromptu Bowl** (Sierra Madre): **Chuck Gardner**, **Ric Bystrum**, *Thur.-Sun.*  
**Intermission Room**: **Curtis Amy**, *tn*.  
**It Club**: *unk*.  
**Jim's Roaring '20s** (Wonderbowl-Downey): **Johnny Lane**, *tn*.  
**Lighthouse**: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*.  
**Losers**: **Anita O'Day** to 10/7. **Ruth Olay**, 10/8-29.  
**MarineLand Restaurant**: **Red Nichols** to 10/20.  
**Marty's**: **William Green**, **Tony Bazely**, *tn*.  
**Mr. Konton's**: **Hampton Hawes** to 10/5.  
**New Orleans Club** (Long Beach): **Ray Bisso's Pier Five Jazz Band**, *Sat.*  
**Nickelodeon** (West L.A.): **Ted Shafer**, **Jelly Roll Jazz Band**, *Thur.*  
**Mr. Adams**: **Charles Kynard**, **Ray Crawford**, **Leroy Henderson**, *tn*.  
**Page Cavanaugh's**: **Page Cavanaugh**, *hb*.  
**Paul's Fireside Inn** (San Bernardino): **Alton Purnell**, *tn*.  
**PJ's**: **Eddie Cano**, **Donna Lee**, **Jerry Wright**, *tn*.  
**Pizza Palace** (Torrance): **Johnny Lucas**, **Wed.-Thur.**  
**Polka Dot Club**: **Lorenzo Holden**, *Wed.-Sun.* *Sessions*, *Sun.* *afternoon.*  
**Cameo Playhouse**: **Ralph Pena**, *afterhours* *concerts*, *Fri.-Sat.*  
**Quail Restaurant** (North Hollywood): **Pete Bealman**, *Thur.-Sat.*  
**Red Carpet** (Nite Life): **Laverne Gillette**, *tn*.  
**Roaring '20s** (La Cienega): **Pud Brown**, *tn*.  
**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**, *Tues.*, *Wed.*, *Sat.*  
**Shelly's Manne-Hole**: **Carmen McRae**, 9/27-10/6.  
**Cannonball Adderley**, 10/24-11/3. **Shelly Manne**, *wknds*. **Lee Katzman**, *Mon.* **Victor Feldman**, **Tue.** **Joe Gordon**, **Wed.** **Joe Pass-Bud Shank**, *Thur.*  
**Sherry's**: **Pete Jolly**, **Chuck Berghofer**, *tn*.  
**Sid's Blue Beet** (Newport Beach): **Gene Russell**, *Thur.-Sat.* *Sessions*, *Sun.*, 4-10 p.m.  
**Small's Paradise West**: *unk*.  
**Spigot** (Santa Barbara): **jazz**, *Sun.*  
**Store Theater**: **Jay Migliori**, *afterhours* *concerts*, *Thur.-Sat.*, *Mon.*  
**Storville** (Pomona): **Ray Martin**, *tn*.  
**Tender House** (Burbank): **Joyce Collins**, *tn*.  
**The Keg & I** (Redondo Beach): **Kid Kenwood**, *Fri.-Sat.*  
**Tobo's Cocktail Lounge** (Long Beach): **Buddy Vincent**, *tn*.  
**Waikiki**: **Gene Russell**, *Mon.-Wed.*  
**Zucca's Cottage** (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue**, *tn*.

## SAN FRANCISCO

**Bit of England** (Burlingame): **Davis Hoffman**, *tn*.  
**Club Unique**: **Cuz Cousineau**, *sessions*, *Sun.*  
**Derby**: (Redwood City): **Manny Duran**, *tn*.  
**Earthquake McGoon's**: **Turk Murphy**, **Clancy Hayes**, *tn*.  
**Executive Suite**: **Chris Ibanez**, *tn*.  
**Gold Nugget** (Oakland): **John Coppola-Fred Mergy**, *alternate* *Sun.*  
**Gold Rush**: **Ralph Sutton**, *tn*.  
**Holiday Inn** (Oakland): **Lee Charlton**, *hb*.  
**Jazz Workshop**: **Stan Getz** to 9/29. **Wynton Kelly**, 10/1-13. **Gerry Mulligan**, 10/22-11/3. **Cannonball Adderley**, 11/5-24; **John Coltrane**, 11/26-12/3.  
**Jimbo's Bop City**: **Jane Getz-Filip Nunes**, *afterhours*.  
**Off Broadway**: **Dizzy Gillespie** to 9/29. **Al Plank**, *hb*.  
**Pier 23**: **Burt Bales**, *tn*.  
**Ronnie's Soulville**: **Sonny Donaldson**, *afterhours*.  
**Sugar Hill**: **Lambert-Hendricks-Bayan** to 10/12. **Mose Allison**, 10/14-11/23. **Charlie Byrd**, 11/25-12/14.  
**Tin Pin Alley** (Redwood City): **Bernie Kahn-Con Hall**, *hb*.  
**Trident** (Sausalito): **Vince Guaraldi**, *tn*.  
**Trois Couleur** (Berkeley): **Willis Francis-Art Fletcher**, *Wed.-Thur.* **Buddy Montgomery**, *Fri.-Sat.* **Jack Taylor**, *Sun.* **Frank Erickson**, *afterhours*, *Fri.-Sat.*  
**Twelve Adler Place**: **Vernon Alley-Shelly Robbins**, *tn*.

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# ANNUAL KEYBOARD ISSUE

# Jake Hanna

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