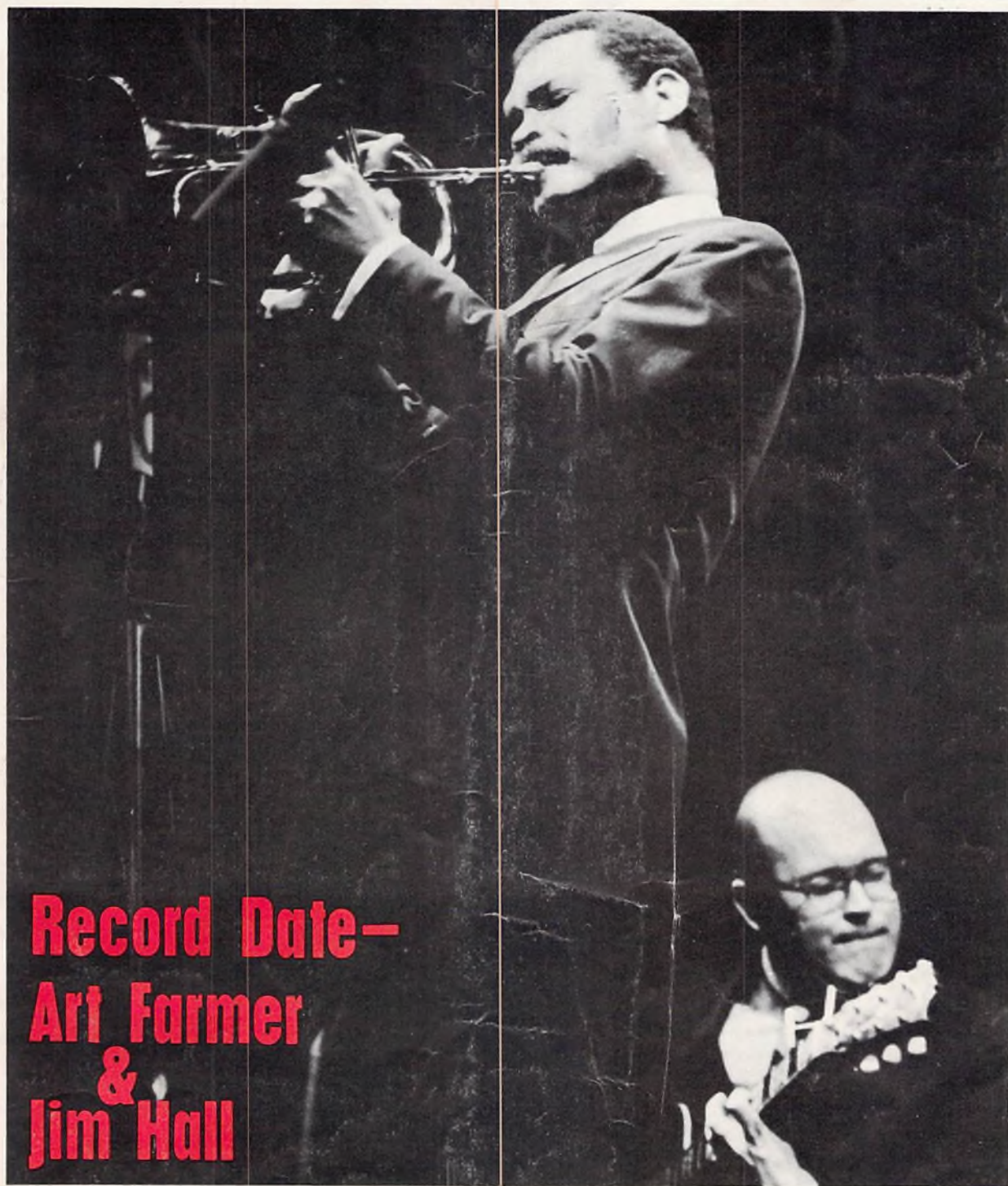


ICD NOVEMBER 7, 1963 35¢

down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

Ken McIntyre • Voice from the Avant-Garde
Monterey Jazz Festival • Complete Coverage
Andre Previn • George Mitchell • Mark Murphy
Readers Poll Ballot Inside



**Record Date—
Art Farmer
&
Jim Hall**

THE MOST IMITATED GUITARS IN THE WORLD

*often
copied
but
never
equalled*

Design, component parts and workmanship of Fender Fine Electric Instruments remain unmatched by any other instrument. Fender Engineering has led and will continue to lead the field. For the original and genuine... choose Fender.

Fender
SALES, INC.

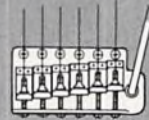
THESE ARE THE FEATURES THAT HAVE MADE FENDER FAMOUS



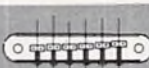
This modern head design has been the identifying mark of Fender Guitars since their inception. Distinctive and attractive on the bandstand, yet functional with its ease of tuning and straight string pull.



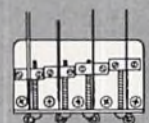
All Fender Tremolo units have been awarded patents for design and engineering including the Tremolo Arm which is movable in or out of playing position. The Tremolo units in the Jaguar, Jazzmaster and Bass VI work in conjunction with the "Floating Bridge" and feature a "Trem-lok" which stops the tremolo block permitting strings to be changed simultaneously or individually and also prevents detuning of the strings should one break during a performance. Patent Numbers2,972,923 - 2,741,146.



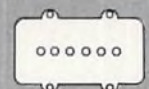
Fender "Micro-adjustable" bridges are completely adjustable on all Guitars and Bases. All models are fully adjustable for string length and height. In addition, on some models, the entire bridge as well as each individual string may be adjusted for height by the master bridge adjustment screws on either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



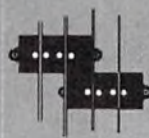
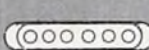
The contoured body design with the "Off-Set" waist is another Fender First. This unique design is unequalled in comfort and is accomplished by curving and relieving the guitar body so that it snugs into the body of the player. Also, the front of the guitar is dressed away, providing a firm comfortable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



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



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



Necks of all Fender Guitars and Bases are "Truss-rod" reinforced and may be adjusted should it become necessary to do so. These slender necks are of natural blond hard maple with rosewood fingerboards. Another feature making Fender preferred by musicians throughout the world.



jazz three-for-all



Desmond In the select and swingin' company of jazz friends, Paul takes ten refreshing tastes of timely topics like "El Prince," "Theme from 'Black Orpheus'."



Solal "...one of the best jazz musicians in the world," Saturday Review. His intricate improvisations on numbers like "Boplicity" and "Round Midnight" are startling!



Rollins/Hawkins
Two vital sax voices in a mutually inspired meeting. The daring duet does wonders with "Yesterdays" and 5 more!

RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound

THE BIG "K" CYMBAL OF PERFECTION K. ZILDJIAN CYMBALS

To drum greats like Art Blakey, Elvin Jones, "Philly" Joe Jones, and Charlie Persip perfection in performance and sound is important.

That's why they insist on the distinctive tone and full bodied resonance of K. ZILDJIAN cymbals as an integral part of their drum set.

For more than 300 years, K. ZILDJIAN cymbals have been made exclusively in Istanbul, Turkey, according to the famous K. ZILDJIAN process.

There is only one K. ZILDJIAN! Be sure you hear the only genuine Turkish cymbal.

Look for the big "K" stamped on every one. It's your CYMBAL OF PERFECTION...



GRETSCH

4 • DOWN BEAT

60 BROADWAY,
BROOKLYN 11, N. Y.

November 7, 1963 Vol. 30, No. 29

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

On Newsstands Throughout the World
Every Other Thursday

READERS IN 91 COUNTRIES

PUBLISHER
JOHN J. MAHER
EDITOR
DON DeMICHEAL
ASSISTANT EDITOR
PETE WELDING
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
IRA GITLER
JOHN A. TYNAN
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
LEONARD FEATHER
BARBARA GARDNER
ADVERTISING SALES MANAGER
FRED HYSSELL JR.
ADVERTISING PRODUCTION
GLORIA BALDWIN
BUSINESS MANAGER
WILLIAM J. O'BRIEN

CONTENTS

ARTICLES

- 13 Monterey Jazz Festival: Complete coverage of the three-day event.
- 16 Andre Previn: Speaking Out: Part 2 of the outspoken pianist's commentary on the state of jazz today.
- 18 Ken McIntyre — A Musician's Philosophy: Don Heckman offers a sympathetic portrait of the articulate young saxophonist-composer.
- 20 Mark Murphy — The Slow Way Up: The rigors of achieving success as a jazz vocalist are limned by Gene Lees.
- 22 Little Mitch: Gilbert Erskine chronicles the career of an important, but little known jazzman, George Mitchell.
- 24 Record Date — Art Farmer and Jim Hall: Martin Williams gives a control room view of the Farmer quartet's first recording date.

REVIEWS

- 28 Record Reviews
- 36 Blues 'n' Folk
- 37 Blindfold Test: Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina, Part 2.

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Chords & Discords
- 10 Strictly Ad Lib
- 11 News
- 40 Readers Poll Ballot
- 46 Where & When: A guide to current jazz attractions.

Cover photograph by Lee E. Tanner.

THINGS TO COME: Among the features in the Nov. 21 *Down Beat*, which goes on sale Thursday, Nov. 7, will be pianist Dave Brubeck's comments on Stan Kenton and Martin Williams' study of Zutty Singleton, plus other features.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE: 205 West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill., Financial 6-7811. Fred Hysell Jr., Advertising Sales. Don DeMicheal, Pete Welding, Editorial.

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

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

Printed in U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1963 by Maher Publications, a division of John Maher Printing Co., all foreign rights reserved. Trademark registered U.S. Patent Office. Great Britain registered trademark No. 719,407. Published bi-weekly; and daily on February 21; July 21, 22, 23, 24, 25. We cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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

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

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3570 to Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois

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



CORRESPONDENTS

Boston, Owen Lake
Philadelphia, David B. Bittan
Washington, D.C., Tom Scanlan
Milwaukee, Bob Gruel
Detroit, Bob Archer
Cincinnati, Dick Schaefer
Cleveland, Brian Bate
Dallas, Bob Beals
New Orleans, Charles Suhor
St. Louis, Gerald A. Mandel
Seattle, Dick Niemer
San Francisco, Russ Wilson
Montreal, Henry Whiston
Toronto, Helen McNamara
Honolulu, Bob Jones
Great Britain, Roy Carr
France, Alan Bates
Netherlands, Hans F. Dulfer
Denmark, Jack Lind
Sweden, Lars Resberg
Poland, Roman Waschko
Germany, Joachim E. Berendt,
Peter Rickers
Central Europe, Eric T. Vogel
USSR, Yuri Vikhariesh
Argentina, Walter Thiers
Brazil, Sylvio Cardoso
Venezuela, Jacques Braunstein
Mexico, Roberto Morales Jr.

PLAYING AROUND

with a *Harmony*

Gives Life a **LIFT**



The Guitar is the
Harmony Sovereign
Jumbo \$77.50
Other Acoustic and
Electric Guitars
\$25.00 to \$265.00.
Amplifiers \$47.50 to
\$199.50.

Whether you and your Harmony Guitar have a date with your gal—or with the gang around the corner—you'll find that a Harmony Guitar will put new fun in your life. And give you a lift that musical companionship nearly always develops.

So—play around with the many Harmony Guitars—acoustic or electric—at your dealers. You'll get a lift from the aura these professional type instruments cast. Their special features—their special finishes—their special tone qualities. And the special way they seem to make it easy for you to play.

Write for free,
full color catalog.
Address Dept. D-113



Established 1892

GUITARS • ELECTRIC GUITARS AND AMPLIFIERS
MANDOLINS • BANJOS • UKULELES

THE *Harmony* COMPANY, 4604 SO. KOLIN AVENUE, CHICAGO 32, ILLINOIS

education in jazz

By Quincy Jones

The Berklee School is my musical Alma Mater.

That's where I learned how to use the tools of my trade.

In Berklee classes and musical labs, I found many of the practical applications of musical theory, and



QUINCY JONES

learned many of the practical uses of instruments. I learned by doing. And I worked in school the way I later worked as a professional musician, and the way I'm working today.

The writing and arranging work at Berklee is especially valuable because it's a part of music that a young player either has to learn hit-or-miss by himself, or through study with private tutors, or through experience on the road.

I've run into many young musicians in cities all over the world who have not only heard of the Berklee School, but who want one day to go there. Its reputation has spread through the work of its graduates.

In these days when big bands are scarce, it's important that there is a place like Berklee for young players to go for practical musical training. If they work hard at the courses of study available, they'll be well prepared to take a place in the world of popular and jazz music. They'll find that they are equipped with the theory, and the practical experience necessary to back up that theory.

That experience is one of the most valuable assets a young player or arranger can have.

Quincy Jones

Applications now being
accepted for First Semester
Classes beginning
January 27, 1964

For information, write to:

**BERKLEE SCHOOL
of MUSIC**

Dept. D
284 NEWBURY STREET
BOSTON 16, MASS.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

A Convert

In nine years as a trombonist, I can't understand why I have never been prompted to buy an issue of *Down Beat*. In any case, now I'll be the first one in line when the new issues come out every two weeks.

One big factor among many that leads me to become a regular reader is the fact that my first copy of your magazine was the school-music issue (Sept. 26). Teenage stage and dance bands are an issue close to my heart. I play in one of the few ones here in Baltimore.

It was both depressing and consoling to learn that other stage bands are facing the same problems confronting our band (the Mello Men). One of our problems is that, although we are all high-school students, we attend six different schools. All 18 of us meet once a week to practice, but since so many schools are involved, we can never meet during the day. The band is completely detached from the schools. However, under excellent adult leadership, the Mello Men have been pleasing audiences, mostly adults, for the past two years. We hope to continue to play big-band music, old and new, for whoever wants to listen, dance, and keep the big bands alive.

Once again, let me commend you for a most interesting look at the stage bands around the country. I really enjoyed the 11th school-music issue. I'll be looking forward to the 12th and all the issues in between.

Lynn Summerell
Baltimore, Md.

Critics, Again

Thank you for LeRoi Jones' excellent article on jazz critics (*DB*, Aug. 15). To anyone who has followed the recent advent and development of the first real avant-garde movement in jazz, the shortcomings of most jazz critics are evident.

One of the major stumbling blocks in the art has been the type of critic who bases his criticism on his own idea of how he feels a Negro ought to play; this new type of moldy-fig critic uses an alleged understanding of some recent developments in jazz (e.g., bop) to oppose further developments he does not fully appreciate (e.g., "new thing").

Jazz worth the name always has been basically European-influenced Negro music: the heat, the passion, the swagger, and the rhythm form its lifeblood. By all means, employ useful elements from classical music, but do not set this up as an end in itself.

I would advise your readers to examine this passage from James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time*: "White Americans have supposed 'Europe' and 'civilization' to be synonymous, which they are not, and have been distrustful of other standards and other sources of vitality, especially those produced in America itself, and have at-

tempted to behave in all matters as though what was best for Europe was also best for them."

I also read with annoyance Lucky Thompson's charge (*DB*, July 4) that some jazz saxophonists are "distorting the character of the instrument." Would someone please inform Mr. Thompson that classical saxophonists would regard his tone as ridiculous and that there is no such thing in jazz as an "illegitimate tone." The sonorites favored by John Coltrane on the one hand and by Stan Getz on the other are equally valid in the jazz context.

The "new thing" is still in its formative stage, and as time goes on, no doubt some of its severest opponents will be won over to its cause. Meanwhile, let us hope the critics will think long and deeply—and use their ears.

Adesina Cummings-John
London, England

Correction

Hampton Hawes' beautiful 1953 recording of *All the Things You Are* with the Lighthouse All-Stars was not "the first recorded performance by the pianist," as John Tynan reported in his *Caught in the Act* (*DB*, Oct. 10).

Hawes played on the Capitol *Modern Sounds* date with Shorty Rogers' Giants in October, 1951—12 years ago.

Todd M. Selbert
Cincinnati, Ohio

Missing Poll Cats, Indeed!

Just a note to say that reader Nate Katz erred in writing that Dave Brubeck was omitted from the International Jazz Critics Poll (*Chords*, Sept. 12).

Brubeck, whose critical stature over the years seems to have diminished in direct proportion to his increasing success with the general public, has always been a swingingly gifted technician, sometimes capable of true greatness. I am happy, therefore, to be able to say that at least one critic cast a vote for him: my own choices for piano were: "Thelonious Monk, Dave Brubeck (Tommy Flanagan, Dennis Bell, Mike Abene)."

Robert Perlongo
New York City

Comment On 'Comments'

I was glad to see Don Henahan's discussion of Henry Cowell and mention made of Charles Ives and John Cage in the Aug. 29 *Comments on Classics*. But I was amazed that he did not mention the ties between the three.

Cowell was an early, if not the earliest, champion of Ives' compositions. (Though Ives began composing in the 1880s, he did not gain wide recognition until the latter years of his life; he died in 1954.) Ives was the first to use "tone clusters," later so named and widely used by Cowell. Cage was a student of Cowell's who felt that Cowell has not gone far enough in his exploitation of the piano. When he

questioned Cowell about carrying his experiments further, Cowell suggested that Cage experiment on his own. As a result, Cage developed the "prepared piano."

How about pieces on other great but neglected American composers (all seem to be so neglected that few persons are aware of the great wealth they have provided contemporary music): William Schuman, Roy Harris, Robert Ward, Douglas Moore, and Robert Kurka, whose genius was cut short at 35 by leukemia.

Jerry Demuth
Dayton, Ohio

Encroaching Senility?

It seems that Sonny Stitt and Ray Brown are showing signs of age and/or regression in recent statements they have made in your publication.

While I am not a fan of the "new thing," preferring anytime to listen to the offerings of Stitt, Brown, Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, etc., I'll wager that Stitt and Brown heard cries of "I can't hear the tune," or "There's no real beat" back in the 1940s when they were innovators and rebels themselves.

Alas, it seems that one of the quirks of human nature, maturity, and possibly financial security, is that one tends to live in the past or immediate present. Is it possible that Stitt and Brown feel a draft?

Bob Hardy
Wood River, Ill.

Mystery Dispelled

As a reader of your excellent magazine since 1947, may I express my delight that at last the air of mystery that has surrounded Gene Roland has been dispelled (DB, Aug. 29).

The most diligent searching in jazz reference books for information about him has always been fruitless. I have been looking since 1947, when Stan Kenton's *Ecuador*, written by Roland, brought him to my attention.

Incidentally, in making the statement that the fact that the Four Brothers sound was started by Roland had never appeared in print until the April 25 *Down Beat*, you are doing yourself an injustice. The story was told briefly in a letter from Jimmy Guiffre to *DB's Jazz off the Record* column in 1951.

Tony Cox
London, England

Taylor Talks True

Bravo to Billy Taylor for his comments in the Sept. 26 *Down Beat*. We need more men of Billy's standards to tell the truth about the weakness in teaching music in grade schools, high schools, and colleges.

What he says is so true—that the music teachers in our schools are afraid to speak out in favor of jazz and that it should be taught in the classroom on the same level as the classics. Taylor is right when he says that many of the teachers do not even know what jazz is. The leading schools frown upon jazz and will let only a small bit of it into their programs. The future teacher finds he is able to handle the classics but isn't prepared for the job of training dance bands or teaching jazz and other forms of music.

Sam Ulano
New York City

The most complete collection of genuine blues ever published



Here, at last, are the hard-to-get words and music of 100 haunting blues by America's all-time greatest jazz composers, from Bessie Smith to Ray Charles. Melody lines and super-size chord symbols for singers, pianists, arrangers, guitarists and banjoists. "This is what I've been singing about all my life...an invaluable book." —JIMMY RUSHING. "The heart and soul of jazz and folk music... A book to treasure." —JIMMY WITHERSPOON. 9" x 12 1/4". Filled with invaluable historical data.

THE BOOK OF THE BLUES

Edited by KAY SHIRLEY. Annotated by FRANK DRIGGS.

Preface by John Hammond. Intro. by Orin Keepnews. \$7.50, at your bookstore, or order from CROWN PUBLISHERS, Dept. B-7, 419 Park Ave. South, N. Y. 16. Save postage, remit now. Refund in 10 days if not delighted.



IF YOU PLAY GUITAR

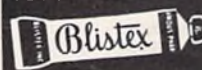
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
LA BELLA HI-FI 670

- For Acoustic and Electric Guitars.
- • 2 gauges, Light and Standard.
- FLAT WIRE WOUND • STAINLESS POLISHED • Amazingly Long Life

E. & O. MARI, INC. 38-01
23 rd Ave Long Island City 5, N. Y.

LIPS SORE? FASTER RELIEF

for
**COLD SORES
FEVER BLISTERS**



Helps promote healing fast! Early application prevents formation of unsightly cold sore or fever blister. •



for
**DRY, CHAPPED
CRACKED LIPS**

Most highly medicated lip balm... combats infection, quick healing... better moisture retention. Easy to use twist-type plastic case.

new! new! new! new!

JUST! OUT! JOE MORELLO

studies in 3/4 & 5/4 jazz



\$2.50

new
**DIRECTIONS
in RHYTHM**

Order today from your local Ludwig dealer!



1728 N. DAMEN AVE. • CHICAGO 47, ILL.

VOTE! Page 41

STRICTLY AD LIB

NEW YORK

The fall season has brought weekend sessions as numerous as autumn leaves. Disc jockey **Alan Grant** (WTFM) started his Sunday afternoon *Jazz Train* brassily at the Take 3 on Bleecker St. in September with trumpeters **Freddie Hubbard**, **Richard Williams**, and the recently-returned-to-town **Lee Morgan**. Also appearing were pianists **Mal Waldron**, **Sun Ra**, and **Freddie Redd**; tenor saxophonists **Booker Ervin** and **Harold Ousley**; alto saxophonist **Sonny Red**; baritone saxophonist **Ronnie Cuber**; bassist **Larry Ridley**; and drummers **Walter Perkins** and **Philly Joe Jones**. More recently, the Grant scene shifted to the Half Note from 4 p.m. to 9 p.m. The first session featured **Booker Ervin**, tenor saxophone; **Butch Warren**, bass, and **Frankie Dunlop**, drums (one-half of the **Thelonious Monk** Quartet); with **Pony Poindexter**, alto saxophone; **Waldron**, piano; **Charles McPherson**, alto saxophone; and many sitters-in.

Meanwhile, **Charles Schwartz** inaugurated a Sunday series at the Silhouette Club on Utica Ave. in Brooklyn with **Walter Perkins'** new version of the **MJT + 3**, comedian **Flip Wilson**, and singer **Joan Shaw**.

At the Five Spot, **Jules Colomby** began a series of Saturday afternoon folk sessions and Sunday afternoon jazz sessions. On Monday nights at the Five Spot, a unique group



WALDRON

has taken residence. Called the **Upper Bohemia Six**, it is made up of saxophonist **Larry Rivers**, trombonist **Howie Kanovitz**, bass trumpeter **Mike Zwerin**, pianist **Freddie Redd**, bassist **Richard Davis**, and drummer **Jerry Tomlinson**. The rhythm section, of course, is made up of musicians who work regularly (when they work regularly) at their profession. The horn men are ex-musicians who now play only for kicks. **Rivers**, who once played with **Herbie Fields'** band, is a leading American painter; **Kanovitz**, an alumnus of the **Gene Krupa** and **Hal McIntyre** bands, is also a painter, although not as well known as **Rivers**; and **Zwerin**, who played trombone in **Miles Davis'** original nonet at the Royal Roost, is the president of the Capitol Steel Corp. The **Bohemia Six**, under the music direction of **Redd**, plays for listening and dancing.

While **Thelonious Monk** was away at the Monterey Jazz Festival, **Charlie Mingus** subbed for him at the Five Spot with **Eric Dolphy**, alto saxophone; **Booker Ervin**, tenor saxophone; **Richard Williams**, trumpet; **Roland Hanna**, piano; and **Walter Perkins**, drums.

Bourbon Street has become a haven for guest jammers. Trumpeters **Joe Thomas**, **Taft Jordan**, and **Johnny Windhurst**, tenor man **Sam Margolis**, and pianist **Ellis Larkins** were recent playing visitors.

Pianist **John Mehegan's** Jazz Studio has opened on W. 11th St. in Greenwich Village. Mehegan said, "It is the first school of its kind, in that it is devoted to the study of the jazz art form from Gospel music to the Third Stream. It offers systematic instruction in every facet of jazz with the aim of developing professional artists." Courses of instruction

(Continued on page 38)



MEHEGAN


 AVEDIS
ZILDJIAN CO.
 GENUINE
 TURKISH CYMBALS
 MADE IN U.S.A.

SHELLY
MANNE
plays
AVEDIS
ZILDJIAN
cymbals
exclusively



down beat

November 7, 1963 / Vol. 30, No. 29

MORE ON THE UNION FRONT— LOCAL 21 MULLS DISAFFILIATION

The waves made by the dropping of the \$6-per-capita tax rock in the middle of the AFM June convention pond continue to swell. The executive board of Local 21 (Columbia, S.C.) recently voted to disaffiliate itself from the AFM. This, however, was only a recommendation. William L. Jackson, secretary-treasurer of the local, told *Down Beat*: "We are still affiliated. The board felt this way—to disaffiliate—if no other solution could be reached."

Local 21 is considering several plans should the membership approve disaffiliation. One is to raise the dues, cut the secretary's salary, and suspend publication of the local's newspaper (*The Columbia Musician*), which, according to Jackson, "costs about \$200 a year to publish."

The second plan calls for a work tax, but local officials are leery of this because it could run as high as 4 percent. "Other plans may be submitted," said Jackson. "Right now there are only two or three full-time professionals in the local. The others are part-timers. The question is: do we need a local." He added that the idea of unions in general is not strong in the South.

Prior to this, Hector DeRienzo, a member of Local 21, and a director of the National Association of Orchestra Leaders, said that the association wants the members of the local to vote to remain within the AFM. The Orchestra Leaders urged them in a letter to stay until a federal court rules on the legality of the \$6-per-capita tax. The letter said: "Do not disaffiliate from the AFM; instead recapture the AFM for democracy and for its members." They want all locals to make the necessary adjustments to stay with the AFM and make plans to assert themselves at the next convention.

Nothing will be decided in Columbia until the membership meets around Nov. 15.

Meanwhile, New York's Local 802 voted to abolish the 1 per cent local tax and raise their yearly dues to \$80. These moves were made, felt the majority who voted them in, to protect the active working musician against the "butchers, bakers, and bankers who play music in their spare time but vote

against progress at union meetings and elections."

Among those who voted against these resolutions, however, there is reported to be a growing movement to revoke the dues increase at the next by-law meeting in February.

ONE PAYS— ANOTHER GETS IT

The hardships of paying and collecting money are well known, but few persons are confronted with the problems recently encountered by trumpeter Miles Davis and trombonist Al Grey.

Davis is paying—to the tune of \$8,000. The money will be paid in installments to promoter George Woods, a disc jockey for Philadelphia's WDAS. Woods had sought \$25,000 to make up for revenue he claimed he lost when Davis failed to appear at the Uptown



DAVIS
High cost of not working

Theater last New Year's Eve and New Year's Day, the last two days for a show that also featured organist Jimmy Smith and singer Aretha Franklin. The penalty action was taken at a special meeting of the AFM's international executive board.

Grey was collecting—or, rather, trying to collect. What he got was not enough in one instance—and too much in another, unexpected development.

He had done some arrangements for bandleader Lloyd Price and had never been paid. On Sept. 23 Grey went to New York City AFM Local 802 to lodge a complaint and was told to come back the next day.

This he did, and after receiving what he felt was an insufficient check, he left the building. When he reached the street, Grey said he was set upon and beaten by Price's partner and manager, Harold Logan; a Mr. Booker; and James Arnold, formerly an employe of

Shaw Artists and General Artists Corp.

Grey escaped and phoned attorney Maxwell T. Cohen. The result is a \$100,000 suit filed against his assailants in New York Supreme Court.

VILLANOVA FESTIVAL PLANS ANNOUNCED

Plans for the fourth annual Intercollegiate Jazz Festival at Villanova University are under way. Bandleader Stan Kenton is set as chief adviser, the same capacity in which he served last year.

The judges will include Bob Share of the Berklee School of Music, Boston, Mass.; disc jockey Sid Mark of WHAT-FM, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Ira Gitler, associate editor of *Down Beat*. The other two judges will be either musicians or critics.

The festival, to be held on Feb. 7 at the Villanova Fieldhouse in suburban Philadelphia, is open to all those of college age in three categories: small combo, big band, and vocal.

Tape entries must be in by Dec. 19. They should be mailed to Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, Box 232, Villanova, Pa. The preliminary judging of the tapes, in order to decide the finalists, will be conducted at the Berklee school on Jan. 4.

GILLESPIE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN GATHERS CALIFORNIA MOMENTUM

The Dizzy-for-President bandwagon picked up momentum at the sixth annual Monterey Jazz Festival.

A huge banner hung from the lowest row of the bleachers in the concert arena. It read: "Dizzy for President." Gillespie sat directly above and behind the banner during the festival's opening concert.

Dizzy-for-President lapel buttons were everywhere in evidence at the festival. The candidate personally distributed these buttons to fans throughout the weekend. A young married couple from Chicago, Peter and Ann Bookhoff, arrived with their own supply of Dizzy buttons and sold them to Gillespie supporters.

The chief impetus for the Gillespie campaign at Monterey stemmed from an estimated 1,000-plus signatures of registered California voters on a formal petition that read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, hereby petition the Secretary of State of the State of California to place the name of John Birks "Dizzy" Gillespie as an independent candidate for the President of the United States of America on the Nov. 3, 1964, General Election Ballot in and for the State of California (candidates for electoral college to be supplied later).

"Please return to Dizzy Gillespie for President campaign headquarters, 2835

Ashby Avenue, Berkeley 5, Calif."

Visitors to the festival from other states—Washington, Illinois, New York, to list three—following conferences with Gillespie and his campaign workers, stated they intended to issue similar petitions to their respective secretaries of state.

The brains behind the Gillespie petition belong to the trumpeter's campaign manager, Mrs. Jean Gleason of Berkeley, Calif. Mrs. Gleason is the wife of the well-known jazz critic and journalist Ralph J. Gleason.

While the burgeoning campaign reached a climax of sorts at Monterey, Gillespie and his supporters have been quietly working on it during the last year. Last March a Hollywood rally in support of the trumpeter's candidacy tied up traffic on busy Benedict Canyon as motorists slowed up or stopped to read a giant banner announcing "Dizzy Gillespie for President" hung outside the residence of Pat Willard, Hollywood publicist and southern California campaign manager for the musician.

GIL EVANS AND MILE DAVIS COLLABORATE ON THEATER SCORE

Though partnered in several successful record albums (*Miles Ahead, Porgy and Bess, Sketches of Spain*), trumpeter Miles Davis and arranger Gil Evans have confined their joint efforts to records or the concert stage. Recently in Hollywood, Calif., a deal was set that changed all that. Davis and Evans, it was announced, are collaborating on the background music for a new play to open on Broadway in November.

The play, *Time of the Barracudas*, stars Laurence Harvey and Elaine Stritch and is produced by Frederick Brisson and Roger L. Stevens. It began a tryout tour in San Francisco Oct. 21.

Harvey, it was learned, flew Evans to the coast to begin orchestrating Davis' sketches for the score. The music was recorded in Hollywood, and the taped recording is being used for the play. Evans conducted and Davis played on the tape.

JAZZ ROOTS TO SHOW ON EDUCATIONAL TV

National Educational Television is preparing a series of 10 half-hour programs on backgrounds of jazz in New Orleans.

The producer of the series is Karl Genus, who has a long list of credits as a producer and director of such programs as *Studio One, Dupont Show of the Month, Play of the Week*, and several motion pictures.

A tireless jazz enthusiast, Genus di-

rected the *Sound of Jazz* program for *The Seven Lively Arts* and the Ben Webster-Ahmad Jamal session on the *Robert Herridge Theater*.

Advisers for the project are Dick Allen, Tulane University's jazz researcher, and Vern Cook, program director of WYES-TV, New Orleans' educational television station. The program will not be straight documentary, but important historical and biographical facts will come to light in the series.

"We want to take the viewer *inside* jazz," Genus said. "The approach won't be intellectual but through the emotions, since that is the way jazz itself proceeds. The result, we hope, will be a program that will neither bewilder the layman nor insult the specialist."

Genus also indicated the possibility of future programs on the growth and development of jazz after the series on backgrounds is completed.

JAZZ CERTIFICATE OFFERED AT LOS ANGELES SCHOOL

Many a jazz old-timer may scoff at the notion, but it is now possible for a student musician—young or older—to take a special three-year course of study and emerge with a "certificate of jazz" from the California Institute of the Arts in Los Angeles.

Dr. Arthur Wolfe, dean of CIA, said the jazz-certificate program started last year after the establishment of the institute when the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music merged with the Chouinard Art School. The jazz courses, he said, are now running concurrently with the regular college semester and offer students "a solid musical training as well as expert guidance in their particular field of emphasis."

Woodwind instructor William Green, who is also a well-known studio recording musician and jazz soloist, is continuing classes in jazz improvisation at the institute. Green's classes were a feature of the curriculum at the old conservatory; subsequently he offered such instruction privately (*DB*, March 14).

"We try not to be too rigid in the curriculum with the students," said Wolfe, a cellist, choral conductor, and musicologist. "In each case, we try to size up the student and see where his emphasis should be."

He pointed out that students may also apply for individual courses such as solfege, harmony, counterpoint, arranging, improvisation, jazz ensemble, or composition. In addition, Wolfe said, individual courses or a combination of courses are offered in the extension division of the institute.

Other instructors are Dick Grove, Bill Fritz, Claude Gordon, Dante Varela, and Al Chaplin.

MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL

Complete Coverage/By Don DeMicheal

FINANCIALLY, the sixth annual Monterey Jazz Festival, held at that California town's fairgrounds on the weekend of Sept. 20-22, was a success, grossing \$121,000 and drawing 29,600 paid attendance—both record figures.

Socially and scenically, no one could have asked for more; there are possibly no lovelier areas in the country than the Monterey peninsula, and the presence of the Hunt Club, located behind the stage, as a gathering place for performers, press, and others makes for a camaraderie not found at other festivals.

But artistically, Monterey was not all it could have been or was promised to be. More time should have been spent in rehearsals, and pre-festival and program promises of "new music" and combinations of artists were not always kept.

For example, advance publicity and the program notes had it that Gerry Mulligan would make "surprise" appearances with various artists playing the festival, but he made no unscheduled appearances and failed, moreover, to play on either the Saturday afternoon or Sunday afternoon programs as scheduled in the program; no explanation for his absences was offered. Thelonious Monk was to play with "festival guests" on Sunday afternoon; he played only with his own group. The discussion on "What Happened to Dixieland?" was canceled minutes before it was to be held, which was probably just as well, since most of the scheduled participants—and festival officials—displayed apathy about the whole thing. The promised reunion of Turk Murphy and Lu Watters failed to happen. Carmen McRae was announced in the program as Sunday night's emcee, but the evening was emceed by the festival's general manager, Jimmy Lyons. In pre-festival press releases it was stated that Mel Torme would be an emcee and an artist; the singer did not appear.

John Lewis was to present an afternoon of "new music" Sunday, but the program, while very good, did not present any new compositions, and most of the arrangements played by Gerald Wilson's big band had been heard on Friday's and Saturday's programs.

This lack of the new is not in the tradition of Monterey and is at variance with the festival's fine-sounding statement of policy, which boasts that the festival "avoids the hackneyed by com-

missioning new works by adventuresome composers, to be performed by the festival orchestra."

THE FESTIVAL began promisingly on Friday night with Wilson's band, which included many of the excellent jazzmen in the Los Angeles area—men such as trumpeters Carmell Jones and Freddy Hill; trombonist Lester Robinson; saxophonists Teddy Edwards, Joe Maini, Jimmy Woods, Harold Land, and Jack Nimitz; pianist Jack Wilson; and Jack Nimitz; pianist Jack Wilson; guitarist Joe Pass; bassist Jimmy Bond; and drummer Nick Ceroli.

The 18-piece band plowed through Wilson's arrangements of *Yna Yna*, *You Better Believe It*, *Viva Tirado*, and *Perdido*, with good solo spots contributed by Jones, Edwards, Pass, and Wilson.

But there was a slight feeling of uneasiness emitted by the band—there had not been much rehearsing, and opening a festival is not the most enviable spot to hold. But the band performed three more times during the weekend, improving each time, until by Sunday afternoon it was roaring.

The next set was a reunion of trombonist Jack Teagarden, trumpeter Charlie Teagarden (the brothers had not seen each other for four years), clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, and pianist Joe Sullivan, adequately supported by Bond and Ceroli of the Wilson band, with Gerry Mulligan's baritone saxophone a most important addition.

Mulligan's importance to the group was not evident to the audience, but it was he who took the older musicians gently by the hands, as it were, in the short rehearsal Friday afternoon and got them headed in the right direction; his respect and love were heartwarming.

Mulligan's joy at playing with these men was evident as he sculpted his solos to fit their musical concepts. Of the others, Sullivan, who had played little in the last year and a half, was the most inspired; the fire and vigor of his playing was as scorching as it was in the '30s and '40s, filled with slashing snarls and barbed wire.

The elder Teagarden's trombone solos

SULLIVAN TEAGARDEN MULLIGAN



were superior to his vocals this night; he couldn't quite sing his high notes on *St. James Infirmary* and *Basin St. Blues*, but his instrumental control and his conception on these numbers as well as on *Struttin' with Some Barbecue* and *Sweet Georgia Brown* were luminous.

Charlie Teagarden offered little except many notes, and Russell was not at his best, though a blues duet by the clarinetist and Mulligan, despite a what-key-are-we-in? beginning, was charming.

Japanese tenor saxophonist Sleepy Matsumoto made his U.S. premiere with the group on *Sweet Georgia Brown*. It was perhaps not the right group for him to play with, since his style seems a strange cross of Stan Getz with John Coltrane, and his phrasing is oddly



Left to right:
Williams, Foster,
Snowden, and
Howard.

unique—it is not in the older two- and four-bar manner or in the long-phrase style of some modernists; instead he breaks it at what some jazzmen would call "wrong" places.

The Modern Jazz Quartet followed with a good but generally routine set of performances that included *Pyramid*, *In a Crowd*, *Mean to Me*, *Winter Tale*, *Bags' Groove*, *I Should Care*, and a *Sister Sadie-ish The Sheriff*. The best moments came in Milt Jackson's vibraharp solo on *Mean to Me* and in John Lewis' sparkling and lean piano solos on *Bags' Groove* and *I Should Care*.

Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan, who introduced each of Friday night's groups with lyrics sung to standard jazz tunes, sang entertainingly and as out of tune as ever. Still, it's good show business, one would assume.

Miles Davis' quintet was last on the long program. The performance, particularly the leader's part of it, was not so good. Tenorist George Coleman ran through his multinoted phrases, displaying command of his instrument but little imagination. Pianist Herbie Hancock, another fine technician, played particularly well on a fast *So What?* and the set's one ballad, *Stella by Starlight*.

On all the tunes, bassist Ron Carter showed once again that he is among the most sensitive accompanying bassists in jazz. In fact, the rhythm section—Tony Williams is the drummer —

sounded much better than it did a few months ago.

Davis was quite disappointing, though, playing sloppily and somewhat disconnectedly. His open-horn work on *Stella* was embarrassingly bad, especially when he became hung up in the upper register.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON's program, judging from the performers included, probably was meant originally to show the evolution of jazz from Africa—must such things always begin there?—to Negro religious singing, blues (Muddy Waters was to be on this program but canceled his appearance), brass bands and traditional jazz, leading to swing and modernity in the form of Wilson's big band. But if this was the

idea, it was scrapped, since no connections among the different styles of music were made by the afternoon's emcee, John Hammond. However, Hammond did include interesting anecdotes about some of the artists in his narration, stories to which he was witness during his many years in jazz.

The Drums of Ghana got things started rather dismally with several African drum sequences played by Robert Ayittey, Robert Bonsu, and several of their American students. African dances were also illustrated.

The Andrews Sisters—no, not *those* Andrews Sisters—performed several Gospel songs in fervid fashion, but the program did not get rolling until the appearance of the Elmer Snowden Trio—Snowden, banjo; Darnell Howard, clarinet; Pops Foster, bass—with young Tony Williams of the Davis quintet sitting in. It was the first group really to break up the crowd.

Snowden, who was an important figure on the New York jazz scene in the '20s, plays banjo much as if it were a guitar, which is to say mostly single-string in solo. He is a warm performer, his playing quite relaxed—if a bit flat—his musical ideas clear cut.

But it was Howard who was most impressive. His ideas were sparkling, which is not always the case among clarinetists caught in the Dixieland vise; and there was no hesitation—he knew right where he wanted to go at all times—and few fluffs on his part. *That's*

A-Plenty was particularly good.

Foster and Williams, the oldest and youngest performers at the festival, got along fine musically. Williams altered and simplified his playing, reminding, to a degree, of Sid Catlett's. Asked afterwards if he felt any qualms about playing with the Snowden group, Williams said, "No, I knew it was the same thing. . . . It was music and it swings." Snowden expressed a desire to steal the drummer from Davis.

The Turk Murphy Band's set was generally heavyhanded and dull, with some of the members out of tune and a rhythm section that played one of the longest retards ever heard, on *Day-break Blues*. The band did sound lively, though, on *King Porter Stomp*, abandoning some of its mechanical quality.

The high point of the program came next, a solo set by Joe Sullivan. It was short—only three tunes—but the pianist again proved that this weekend he



SULLIVAN

was in the finest fettle. He had a spot of trouble getting *Little Rock Getaway* to go down smoothly, but he was beautiful on *Gin Mill Blues* and *I've Got It Bad and That Ain't Good*, playing in a more reflective mode than he had the night before.

Sullivan was joined onstage by the men he played with Friday night, with the exception of Mulligan and the substitution of George Tucker for Jimmy Bond on bass.

The set was highlighted by more excellent Jack Teagarden trombone and better playing by Russell and Charlie Teagarden. The set became a family reunion when Jack called his mother, Helen, to the stand to play a couple of piano rags—which brought a standing ovation. Next, Charlie called the brothers' sister, Norma Friedlander, up to play piano with the band. Mrs. Friedlander played very well, particularly in her accompaniment of Jack's lovely trombone work on *Body and Soul* and his vocal on *A Hundred Years from Today*.

In all, it was a fairly rewarding afternoon.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S program varied in quality from the excellence of the Gerry Mulligan Quartet's and the Theonious Monk Quartet's performances to the rather uninteresting singing of Helen Merrill.

Miss Merrill, long absent from this country, seemed a trifle nervous—her intonation fluctuated considerably. She was accompanied by the Wilson band wading through overbusy Gil Evans arrangements and then by a trio made up of John Lewis, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Connie Kay. Her long phrases and personal sound were more impressive with the trio than the band, but her manner of singing would better be heard in more intimate surroundings than those provided by the festival.

Jon Hendricks appeared with the Gildo Mahones Trio for a set of vocals, supposedly his first solo venture in public. His program ranged from *Secret Love* to *Come Sunday*, and while his style of singing is attractive, his flatness is not.

The Mahones trio, with drummer Jimmie Smith and bassist George Tucker, provided sparkling performances between the evening's main attractions. Many in the audience ignored the trio's offerings, which was unfortunate, because the group was in top form, particularly Tucker, who is one of the outstanding bassists around.

Mulligan's group—Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Bill Crow, bass; and Dave Bailey, drums—played a long, ever-interesting set filled with the warmth and wit for which the group is noted.

Outstanding were *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You* (flowing, easy-does-it Brookmeyer; humorous Mulligan; strong, big-toned Crow) and *Theme for Jobim* (carved-in-granite Mulligan piano and more of Crow's staunch work).

All through the set, Mulligan and Brookmeyer were at their best in joshing exchanges, tangling and twisting their horn lines around each other. It was a delightful performance.

Monk's group was not without humor, either, but it was of another sort from the Mulligan crew's, the difference indicative of the difference in approach between the two groups, surely two of the most stimulating ones working today. Monk's humor is belly laugh, Mulligan's quick chuckle.

The difference between the two approaches—both valid ones, of course—was made clear when Monk's group did one of the tunes played by the Mulligan quartet—*Sentimental Over You*. Beginning with a tongue-in-cheek unaccompanied first chorus by Monk, the tune was handed 'round the quartet—Charlie Rouse's sour-dough tenor skipping through the changes, back to Monk's sparse and rollicking piano, and then on to Butch Warren's Jimmy Blantonish

bass and Frankie Dunlop's drums.

This solo routine was generally followed on the set's other tunes, as well as those played Sunday afternoon. And while the routine showed a lack of imagination, the solos did not; each man constructed his solo with care and regard for form—even Dunlop, who played quite "melodically." Warren's solos were especially well done.

Besides musical humor, Monk also provided more overt forms of mirth. He came onstage in topcoat and hat, and in the middle of the first tune wandered around during Rouse's solo, obviously looking for something. He dashed off the stage, reappeared, spotted an unused microphone stand on the stage, took off his coat, and casually hung it on the stand.

As usual, the pianist walked around the stage during the others' solos, unintentionally causing distraction and producing laughter from the audience. He



MONK

ROUSE

later stimulated laughter by repeatedly playing a chord with his elbow, which may be an easy way to make an E-minor seventh but certainly adds an unneeded dash of the ridiculous to a good musical performance. But, then, that's Monk, isn't it?

The concert ended with the reappearance of the Wilson band, which had opened the evening's performance. The band—and Teddy Edwards—were excellent on *Moment of Truth*, a rocking, preaching performance.

Hendricks scatted through *Nancy Jo* with the band before Sleepy Matsumoto came onstage to do *You Don't Know What Love Is* and an up-tempo original. Both Hendricks and Matsumoto turned in competent performances, but not up to the quality of *Moment* or the roaring *Milestones* that followed. Jack Wilson's heated piano solo and Jimmy Woods' wild, solid-tone altoing standing out.

WHILE THERE was no new music played on Sunday afternoon, the program produced the festival's most exciting moment—when Dizzy Gillespie and John Lewis sat in with Wilson's

band near the close of the program for a boiling *Perdido*. Gillespie sparked the band with a series of electrifying choruses that had band members and audience shouting for more.

The informality of the occasion prompted singer Jimmy Witherspoon to put in an unscheduled appearance with the band. His blues shouting, sympathetically backed by Lewis, created the most relaxed atmosphere of the festival and, with Connie Kay sitting in on drums, the Wilson band reached its peak.

Before the afternoon's climax, the Wilson band had done a set of its own, notable for Jimmy Woods' building *Milestones* solo and for Teddy Edwards' fiery tenoring on *Viva Tirado* and a blues-rich Joe Pass guitar solo on the same tune. Wilson himself played a trumpet solo on *'Round Midnight*, but his lip was down.

There also had been a pleasant and relaxing Laurindo Almeida classical-guitar recital. He played pieces by Villa-Lobos, Gershwin, and Albeniz, that written by the last-named being particularly well done. Still, one wondered what all this had to do with jazz.

Almeida followed his recital with a bossa nova set with the Modern Jazz Quartet. There was sound-system trouble—the system throughout the weekend left much to be desired—causing Almeida's guitar to dominate the first tune, *One-Note Samba*. But the imbalance was corrected sufficiently by the second selection, *Manha de Carnaval*, to allow the audience to hear more of what Lewis and Milt Jackson were playing; Jackson turned his solo into a blueslike shout, and Lewis' improvisations were of the lightly tripping sort he does so well.

The most exciting playing of the set was Jackson's on a Villa-Lobos *Bachianas Brasileiras*, but the intricate interplay among guitar, piano, and vibraharp was spoiled by Almeida's being so far out of tune.

The Monk quartet swung through a set that included *Justice*, *I Mean You*, *Sweet and Lovely*, and *Bright Mississippi*. If anything, the quartet sounded better than it did the previous night, particularly the leader's piano and Warren's bass. Monk, on all his solos, but most notably on his unaccompanied *Sweet and Lovely* chorus, seemed to distill jazz-piano history in his playing—blues and boogie woogie, stride, Tatum and Bud Powell, all were contained in his roughhewn, unique work.

As it had been in 1961 and '62, the festival's Sunday afternoon program, even with its shortcomings, proved the highlight of the weekend.

THE HARRY JAMES BAND got things rolling on the festival's closing program. The band, displaying a musical togetherness developed by months of



The Gerald Wilson Band; Wilson at right.

working with basically the same personnel, drives hard and has good soloists in tenorist Corky Cochoran, trombonist Ray Sims, and guitarist Dempsey Wright, not to mention the leader, who was and remains a good jazzman and one of the best trumpet *players* in the business. There is nothing extremely modern about the band, but one should hardly expect that from James. One of the group's healthiest assets is vocalist Ruth Price, who showed a keen ability to sing in tune, with warmth and perkiness and undistorted conception.

In fact, it was a good evening for vocalists; Jimmy Witherspoon and Carmen McRae both performed in fine fashion, and Jon Hendricks appeared with the Gillespie quintet and sang, for the first time, the campaign song of the Dizzy Gillespie for President movement.

Witherspoon was accompanied by the Mahones trio, with Roy Gaines, a true blues guitarist, added. The singer's unorthodox phrasing was effective on *I'll Always Be in Love with You, Ev'ning*, *Times Are Gettin' Tough*, and *Did You Ever Love a Woman?* He cast a spell of melancholy over *Ev'ning* and created a deep blues feeling on *Times*.

When he finished *Woman*, the curtain closed, much to the singer's and the crowd's displeasure. He stepped in front of the curtain and began singing *My Babe*, his accompanying group playing out of view. By this time, however, the side stage was rising with the Norman Simmons Trio, which had begun another tune; the group, somewhat perplexed, stopped and fell in with the *My Babe* accompaniment, proving all's well that ends well.

Miss McRae showed once again that she is the most moving singer since Billie Holiday. She is particularly good on ballads, which this night included a gorgeous *'Round Midnight* and a touching *Guess Who I Saw Today?* She is at all times believable. Her ability to give lyrics a sardonic twist—much in the manner of Miss Holiday—was displayed on *Miss Brown to You*. And she can rear back and wail when it's called for, as on *Too Close for Comfort*. Hers was, as usual, a captivating performance.

The Hendricks' appearance was notable more for the words he had concocted for the campaign song than for musical reasons. The song, set to *Salt Peanuts*, contains the lines:

*Y' want'a make government
a barrel of fun?*

Vote Dizzy, vote Dizzy.

*Y' want'a make politics
a groovier thing?*

Vote Dizzy, vote Dizzy.

It's the spirit, not the letter, that matters.

The Gillespie quintet's set began with the unexpected appearance of Miles Davis and Harry James carrying Gillespie's tilted trumpet and looking about the stage for its owner, who soon strolled in nonchalantly. After some horseplay among the three trumpeters, Davis posed in leering fashion, a cigaret holder jauntily angled from his mouth, much to the delight of the audience, photographers, and Gillespie, who announced, "I'm dumfounded — not to say enthralled."

The joking over, the quintet got down to work with *Dizzy Atmosphere*, which spotted bubbling James Moody tenor and flashing Kenny Barron piano in addition to the presidential candidate's soaring horn. The set moved along nicely with the best moments coming in *The Cupbearers* (bassist Chris White and drummer Rudy Collins set up a driving background for the soloists); *I'm in the Mood for Love* (Moody's alto saxophone feature); *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?* (touching Gillespie); and *No More Blues* (fiery, building Gillespie). Matsumoto joined the group and Hendricks on *Salt Peanuts*, but nothing outstanding happened.

The Dave Brubeck Quartet also appeared Sunday night but the group performed perfunctorily, the best solos, as usual, coming from altoist Paul Desmond.

In a way, the closing night of the festival summed up the weekend's activities: some excellent music and at least as much that was mediocre, but the light moments and charm interspersed throughout the proceedings compensated somewhat for that which was lacking musically.



speaking out:

andre previn

PART 2

By JOHN TYNAN

This is the second segment of a two-part interview with multi-talented Andre Previn; the first appeared in the Oct. 24 *Down Beat*.

ANDRE PREVIN, who has packed more musical experience into his 34 years than some musicians twice his age, contends he is "too old to be the Angry Young Man."

If Previn's youth is hardly the issue, his evident anger at much in jazz today assuredly is. Recently interviewed, he spoke eloquently and at length on many aspects of the current jazz scene, peppering his comments with flashes of quiet wit.

Much of the new music hailed by critics today as revolutionary, said Previn, is not really that new, but is, in fact, derivative of 20th-century composition, some of it dating back to World War I.

"I think," he added acidly, "the only thing that is new about it is that it has reached heretofore unscathed heights of pretentiousness."

Similarly, the pretensions of record companies, liner-note writers, and jazz critics never fail to amuse him. Liner notes, said Previn, are "usually couched in terminology so serious that if the program notes of the Boston Symphony ever dared get that intellectual and stuffy, nobody would know what the hell the Boston Symphony was playing.

"Yet I keep falling for them. I keep going to a record store and I pick up at random any one of the 750 releases that week by jazz artists, and I look on the liner notes, and somebody with a big reputation like Nat Hentoff, or somebody like that, will have written notes where I think this new artist and this new music has got to be a combination of Alban Berg, Mozart, Webern, and Schweitzer. And then I take it home, and they're playing the blues! So what the hell is *that* all about?"

The only test, Previn emphasized, is in the music itself; play the record and listen to what the *music* says. "As soon as you have to distribute explanatory pamphlets for every track," he said, "you're in big trouble."

Previn expressed the opinion that the smaller jazz companies are the principal offenders. "I haven't seen that kind of verbiage on the big labels," he said.

"I must say that, for instance, Miles, who from what I gather hates any kind of liner notes, is quite right. Albums, as packaging, are getting so fancy now—with pictures of Jackie McLean suitable for framing, and all kinds of art and pamphlets and booklets and things—I think the day is going to come when they're not going to put the record in it. Just sell you the cover. So I'm all in favor of: you make the record; you put the title of the album on the cover and forget it."

PREVIN NEVER has harbored delusions of jazz greatness as a pianist. Yet it is as a pianist that he is best known to the jazz public. And it is as the thoroughly schooled, impeccable technician of the piano, equally at home with jazz and classical repertoire, that he chose to discuss The-lonious Monk.

"The biggest thing that's thrown up to me always as a pianist," said Previn, "is Monk. And the thing that saves me is the fact that so many of the pianists I admire share more or less my opinion, which is that Monk writes probably the most interesting tunes being written in jazz today.

And as soon as somebody else plays them, I'm crazy about them." He smiled slowly.

"Ray Brown said that in your magazine," he amended. "He said, 'I'm crazy about Monk's tunes when Hank Jones plays them.' Totally true.

"And I think that Monk is a *marvelous* composer. A jazz composer. But as far as being a pianist is concerned—and I use Monk only as a prototype—I probably don't understand what he's going for, but I have too much respect for the instrument—and too much remembrance of practicing and of trying to get a certain technique which then makes it possible to play what it is you're going after—to appreciate his piano playing. Of course, that may very well be due to my particular kind of training."

He shrugged and lit a cigaret.

"There is a tremendous penchant right now," Previn went on after a pause, "not only in jazz but in many art forms, to idolize the primitive.

"I don't know why that is—I think it's a phase—but right now, if I can exaggerate a blanket statement, anybody who can't really play is sensational.

"And everybody who's got a fistful of technique is a bum!

"Now that is exaggerated in both directions, but there's a grain of truth in it. It always makes people like . . . as an example . . . Oscar Peterson or Shelly Manne or myself feel like all those years we spent perfecting technique are considered idiotic. And I find that a great shame.

"I'm not saying that there are not primitive talents that are well worth hearing and well worth a place of importance, but I think by now it's gotten to be a fetish that as soon as a fella picks up a trumpet and manages three notes per three choruses, everybody says, 'Yeah, but oh boy, what he's *thinking* about!' I'm not interested; let him write essays then. But if he's gonna play in public, then dammit, play!"

ALMOST WHOLLY involved in orchestral music on the concert podium and the movie sound stage, Previn is a logical musician to discuss Third Stream experimentation. Of the Gunther Schuller-John Lewis attempts to fuse jazz and other serious music, he chose to deal with the matter first on a subjective, personal level.

"I at one time said some needlessly rash and unkind things about Gunther Schuller," Previn confessed. "I finally met him . . . about a year or so ago through Lukas Foss, who is a mutual friend. I must say that I was deeply ashamed of myself after talking to Gunther because he is a marvelous guy—very, very lucid. What he said, and what he thinks, and what his ambitions are are totally laudable as far as I'm concerned."

Previn then admitted he liked "very much" the music Schuller has written "as absolute concert music." He cited the *Paul Klee Suite* as "marvelous," said he thought an earlier concert overture was wonderful, and declared he admired wholeheartedly several other pieces of Schuller's.

"I am not totally convinced," Previn then added, "of what has happened to the so-called fusion up until this point.

"But instead of making the mistake of simply saying I don't like it and it's no good, I will have to duck that and wait and see, because I think it would be a lovely thing if it could happen.

"Again, as a personal opinion, I don't think it's happened yet. What there has been in . . . I hate labels, but for the sake of identification . . . the Third Stream, I'm not crazy about it yet—with exceptions, few exceptions.

"I like certain things that George Russell has written.

"For instance, the pieces Gunther has written for MJQ and the string quartet; I always like what the string quartet is playing, and I always like what MJQ is playing—and I *never* like when they're playing together. But that's not a composition's fault; that's simply that it is in an unfinished

stage as an art form.

"I used to be guilty of saying, 'That's a lot of nonsense.' It *isn't* a lot of nonsense, and I admire it. I just . . . again as a personal opinion . . . I don't quite get with it yet."

But Previn was quick to add, he thinks there is certainly a need to pursue the subject a little further, because "if there's going to be a new direction in jazz, it's going to have to come, I think, from the more intelligent quarter rather than from the primitive quarter."

"Gunther and people like him are, I think, the ones that are equipped to give jazz a new direction," he continued. "It may not be Gunther and his particular colleagues themselves, but I think it will be people with that kind of education and musical background who will lead jazz into some



kind of new musical stream, rather than the people who keep going farther and farther back into illiteracy."

Jazz, said Previn, is primarily an emotional art and primarily an improvisational art. Therefore, he contended, the fusion of emotional improvisations and intellectual ideals would be the answer.

"I think it's forthcoming," he said. "I don't think it's here."

WITH JAZZ in its current stage of development, one hears more and more opinion hazarded that the directions and influences in the future for jazz may lie in other musical forms, possibly from other cultures such as Eastern or Oriental modes. Previn admitted he is no expert on such music and its potential for influencing the contemporary jazz musician, but he did say he thinks the Indian music he's heard is "absolutely stunning."

"I don't quite see where it would influence jazz," he added, "simply because it is of such a different culture that it hasn't even influenced concert music. And I think it would be more likely that the concert, classical composers—having the technical wherewithal to transcribe that music into playable, Western notes—would have been influenced by it by now, were it possible."

As an afterthought, he said, "It could very well be, though. For instance, the Ravi Shankar records absolutely put me away. I think they're so marvelous. And in their own way

they swing harder than almost anything I know."

"I'll tell you something that I think is indicative," he said. "They have a time signature feeling—the Far Eastern music and the Middle Eastern music—that is so much more developed than ours. I mean they'll go in 5/8, 7/8, or whatever you like, for hours, and you will not feel any kind of strain. That's why I think it's always so almost endearingly naive when somebody on a jazz record plays something in 5/4, and in the liner notes they say, 'Oh, my God, listen to that: five beats to a bar!' Big deal. For God's sake, even the primitive musicians in other cultures have been doing that for hundreds of years, and in classical music it's been going on since the turn of the century."

"So I always think that just because jazz is finally getting out of 4/4, I think that's only normal. I don't think it's anything to be that proud about."

Speaking once more as a pianist, Previn singled out for special comment a player recently active again after an absence of more than four years.

"I think Hampton Hawes is a marvelous pianist," he said. "The thing that occurred to me is that possibly due to his absence in the last few years an awful lot of the pianists who have been categorized in print as being influenced by Horace Silver, or being Horace imitators, really come much more out of Hamp. I think that he left quite a mark on everybody."

"When I first heard Hamp, I immediately went into the worst kind of mimicry and tried to imitate him for a while; Which, of course, I think is fine—everybody goes through that at various stages, and then after a while they stop it."

"But my only point is that Hamp, I think, has been underrated a lot. Of course, he had a great many fans, and a lot of people liked his records, but in the over-all structure of current piano players I think he's left a much bigger mark than people realize. A lot of the things that he plays I find in an awful lot of records. I wish him well."

SONGWRITING is a subject about which Previn feels strongly. With his wife, Dory Langdon, he has become increasingly prolific in that area, particularly in writing songs for motion pictures. Currently—scoring chores on *My Fair Lady* permitting—the husband-and-wife team are collaborating on their first Broadway show, which is set to open in New York next season.

This type of composing, Previn said, has involved him in a much deeper recognition of songwriting than jazz musicians usually are exposed to.

"I've come to a curious conclusion," he declared, "and that is that even if you're playing an instrumental jazz version of a popular song, I don't think it's enough to know the changes and the melody; I think you should also look at the lyric."

"This is not to say that it isn't possible to change a ballad into an up tune or vice versa. But I find the similarity of treatment of any and all tunes bothers me. If one of the funk-soul-groove-hip-yeah-baby groups plays *Funny Valentine*, I don't believe they've ever *looked* at the song. I really don't. I think they know *Funny Valentine* as that-tune-that-starts-with-a-C-minor-chord."

"And I think if they ever looked at what the song said, they might not play it, or play *any* song, in the exact same groove that they've played *I Got Rhythm* in."

"I am more and more of the belief that a popular song is 50 percent music and 50 percent lyric, and I think that as soon as you overbalance in either direction, you're losing the intent of the song. That goes for jazz versions as well as vocal versions."

The jazzman, then, might risk a paraphrase of Keats:

*Heard melodies are sweet,
But lines recalled
Make them sweeter.*



KEN MCINTYRE

A Musician's Philosophy

By DON HECKMAN

WITH THREE RECORDINGS already released and one more in the works, Ken McIntyre is, even so, a newcomer, at least in the eyes of large jazz audience.

In one sense this is a telling commentary on the abandon with which jazz recordings are being issued. New issues arrive in such quantity every month that the average jazz listener finds it nearly impossible to keep track of even the most significant new releases. McIntyre's first two recordings under his own name, *Stone Blues* (Prestige) and *Year of the Iron Sheep* (United Artists), received, respectively, 4½- and four-star reviews in *Down Beat*. But even complimentary ratings from *Down Beat* cannot compensate for the practical problems of record distribution, publicity, and overproduction that confront the young jazzman attempting to find an audience.

McIntyre takes a stoic view of the situation:

"You must have an understanding of yourself and believe in what you're doing and know what you're doing. If someone is listening to your music and you're not too certain of what's happening, it can be felt. It can be used against you. There's a certain rapport that you can have even if you're playing outer-space music—planet No. 9. There are always some appreciative people who can listen to it and say 'yes,' because there's something there. They may not be able to identify it technically, but they know there's something there."

Such an analysis is not difficult to understand in one who has the kind of pragmatic approach to life that McIntyre has. Tall, bearded, and scholarly looking, it would not be difficult to mistake him for a Ph.D. candidate in some esoteric branch of old English literature. And the estimate would not be too inaccurate. McIntyre is one of a growing number of jazz musicians who are bringing solid academic backgrounds to their professional careers.

"It's all part of a master plan," he stated, "one that is not yet completed. Because I'm still studying; I feel that education can't hurt me. I'm not of the opinion that one is hindered by studying music seriously or classically. That is, of course, if you understand *why* you're studying and you're not just sitting down listening to the professor expound theories, which you're eating up. You must be selective in what you eat up—you must know what you want to do. In many instances many of us who go to school don't know what we want to do, and we come out pretty much confused, accepting everything as such and questioning nothing."

Although too modest to say so, McIntyre is not speaking of himself. An educational career that reaches nearly to Ph.D. level has had a profound effect upon his thinking.

His articulateness is obvious, but he is not a pedant. He rarely tries to explain his music, parrying technical questions with the response, "Well, just listen to the music, and you'll hear what I was trying to do."

He does not, however, hesitate to comment on those naturalists who insist that education and technical knowledge geld the strength and passion from jazz.

"To me that opinion is extremely limited," he said. "If it's natural for you to do something, you can't lose it, regardless of what happens. You may not be able to perfect it, but you won't lose it. But if you have nothing, and you go to school thinking you're going to learn how to play jazz, you'll still come out with nothing. You have to have something—many things—before you go there."

Faced with the demanding economic problem of supporting his family, McIntyre has been, for the last two years, a music teacher in New York's public schools. Characteristically, he does not view this as an unpleasant task to be dispensed with as quickly as possible but, rather, as an opportunity for the further exploration of his musical ideas.

"I'm learning a great deal about the way children of an early age will respond to music," he said. "I've spent two years in an elementary school in which I've tried various techniques and have gotten children to perform very well, and I'm very pleased with the results."

This fall McIntyre moved to junior high school teaching, a level he said he feels will provide an even greater challenge.

Like many jazz musicians who have worked with children, McIntyre has discovered the intrinsic beauty of minds that have not yet become cluttered with the paraphernalia of a civilized upbringing.

Rhythm, to the young ear, is a natural feeling that has nothing to do with rigid patterns of 2 and 3 and 4. Melody means singing—not, perhaps, in the specific pitches that soon become so important, but in the unfettered joy of spontaneity.

"One of my goals in education," McIntyre explained, "is to institute improvisation in the learning process. In our society today, we don't have that. Unless a person is involved in jazz, he doesn't know how to improvise. I know of many fine classical musicians who can play, read—play anything that's written. But if you take away the music and say, 'play something,' they can't do it. I think this is dreadful because in the 19th century all the masters were tremendous improvisers, and now no one improvises—only jazz musicians."

"Educationally speaking, if you get the children started, you will not only have better improvisers but will also help shape the teachers, many of whom have no understanding of improvisation."

McIntyre says he would like to have all musicians able to improvise—if not as jazz musicians then at least to understand the workings of improvisation.

"Take a Bach theme, for example," he said, "and improvise in that manner, or a Mozart theme—if you're thinking in a classical manner. If you're thinking in terms of jazz, go into the bebop era of Bird or into a Johnny Hodges-type thing; go into the clarinet era or the soprano sax, old school, Sidney Bechet-type thing. These are just areas with which to introduce improvisation, and it's very relaxing and amusing for the student to approach it this way. And in the long run it's very rewarding. I've run into many people much my senior who have said to me, 'Gee, if only I knew something



LEE E. TANNER

about chords—I would be able to amuse myself or my friends, but I don't know anything about them.' ”

The strength of McIntyre's feelings on the importance of improvisation does not imply that he disregards composition. He has a master's degree in composition, and a soon-to-be-released album includes string scoring by McIntyre of an excellence not usually found in jazz recordings.

LIKE MANY YOUNG musicians who have arrived on the scene after Ornette Coleman, McIntyre has been bunched into a group casually labeled “the jazz avant garde.” But even a cursory hearing of McIntyre's music reveals that his melodic and rhythmic conceptions are far removed from the work of Coleman, Eric Dolphy, Don Ellis, et al.

“I have a philosophy on music,” he said, “and if anyone will get any of my albums and listen to them, they will find that there is basically no difference in my approach from that, say, of Johnny Hodges with his small group, or any mainstream or traditional group.”

McIntyre's strongest attachment musically, he said, is to form. He says it's important, within any given form, for a musician to know where he is at all times—“don't throw caution to the winds and just blow.” He said it may *appear* that this is what he does but that at all times he knows where he is and what he's doing.

“My playing is very formalized, as is my writing,” he said. “*Cosmos*, for example (on *Year of the Iron Sheep*), might give the appearance of complete freedom. One should have this freedom, of course, since it is utterly unique and important, but everyone in the group should know what is happening at all times. If a man is playing at the piano in the key of B \flat and you wish to play in the key of A \flat , that's very good. If you feel that way and you hear that way and want to play it that way, it's fine. But don't forget the relationship with the B \flat . If you're playing the blues, for example, don't play 18 bars and say you're at the end of a chorus. Play to the end of the chorus, because the pulsation continues.”

Another strong belief—one that reflects the carefully thought-out objectivity so typical of McIntyre—is the inevitability of historic change.

“Some people were not willing to accept Bird when he came along,” McIntyre said. “That's an example of a certain type of bias that is common in history. If a man lives in a certain era, he tends to accept that era and not go beyond it. And in the rare instances when people do go beyond their era, they do it only to pan something they don't understand. . . . In today's world, things are becoming increasingly more complex. Everything is so much faster. If you have swing music, and that changes into something else, you've got to expect it's going to require a little more of your listening. When bebop came in, it required more listening, and today we're into a further extension of that, and it requires even more of the listener.”

McIntyre, like many of his contemporaries, does not hesitate to demand this attentiveness from his audience.

“The only kind of music I know,” he said, “that will hit you over the head and that you don't even have to listen to is what they call, quote, rock and roll, unquote. You don't have to listen to it because it's so trite. But with any form of art, it's different. You can look at a painting, for example, and you *have* to look at it—you can't expect it to hit you over the head and say, look, this is a masterpiece. If you don't look, you won't see anything, and if you don't listen, you won't hear anything.”



Mark The Slow Murphy Way Up

By GENE LEES

IT IS ONE of the paradoxes of American music that while run-of-the-mill popular singing has been deteriorating, the level of craftsmanship in quality pops has been on the rise.

Though in the broader fields of popular music the sound of ignorance is a distinct asset, the singers who make the better pop and/or jazz vocal albums are more often than not thoroughly trained musicians. Some, such as Nat Cole, Mel Torme, Sarah Vaughan, Ray Charles, Carmen McRae, and Steve Lawrence, are pianists. Almost all the better singers have studied voice with qualified teachers.

One of the newest examples of this breed of singer is Mark Murphy, who couldn't be less like the ill-trained lyric-numblers attached to the big bands in the late 1930s and early '40s. Murphy also is a pianist and a good one. Until a year or two ago, he often worked as a single, accompanying himself.

Today, however, he works only as a stand-up singer. More and more he is being recognized as a genuinely original performer, thanks in part to several appearances on the Steve Allen television show. Earlier this year, he was picked as talent deserving of wider recognition among male singers in *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics Poll.

But recognition is coming only after many years of dues paying, working bad rooms with incompetent musicians.

If Murphy does not play piano publicly now, the instrument is still a key to his work. When he is planning an album, he tapes a rough draft of it, accompanying himself. The piano part indicates to the arranger (usually Al Cohn nowadays) what he wants to hear in the final arrangements.

"I have to do it that way," Murphy said. "I wouldn't be able to sing to the best of my ability if I didn't, because I wouldn't know what's happening in the charts.

"Frankly, I don't know how singers do it the other way—going into the studio to face a completely new orchestration. I have to feel comfortable in the arrangement. The first time you hear an orchestration, it's distracting.

"In order to get into a song, I have to have it in a certain setting. So I sit down at the piano and try to create an atmosphere that fits the song."

Murphy approaches ballads differently from up-tempo tunes.

"In the fast ones," he said, "I emphasize the music more than the lyrics and try to bring out both the melodic character of the song and the chord changes.

"I try to isolate the melody and then bring in the changes, maybe scatting a chorus to further point up the changes.

"But in a ballad, I try to emphasize the lyrics. There are different ways of doing that. It's funny. You try to think of a way to do it so that people can't talk through it. I've learned that from working in night clubs. I hope some day I'll be able to say that I'll never work in another one."

When Murphy has pondered a tune, taped it, and turned it over to Cohn, the latter usually sticks closely to Murphy's introductions, endings, modulations, and tempo changes. There may be some variation from the chord changes the singer has set down.

"Each arranger I've worked with has been completely different," Murphy said. "Yet they've all given me great arrangements. Ralph Burns has been marvelous. He never

minded my tugging at his shoulder on the date and asking for changes in an arrangement. Bill Holman was very kind when I recorded with him for Capitol. He's such a poet with a big band. Al Cohn is wonderful. He's so relaxed on a date—such a down stud, as they say."

MURPHY WAS BORN in Syracuse, N.Y., but grew up in nearby Fulton. When he was graduated from Syracuse University, he stayed in the area, playing piano in local groups.

"Then I went to work with an itinerant trio," he recalled. "We went to Canada to work a job in Magago, Quebec. It was a disaster. The other two musicians didn't like my playing, and the feeling was mutual. They were the worst musicians I ever worked with.

"I went back to Syracuse and took a job in a toy store. I saved a few pennies and came down to New York City and dived in."

Murphy made part of his living in those days as an actor. He worked in summer stock and appeared on television in an operatic version of *Casey at the Bat*. Most of his lines in that opus were spoken.

For a time he recorded for Decca, but nothing happened—though a good many singers who heard the discs became ardent champions of the Murphy cause. Later he recorded for Capitol. Here, too, nothing happened, though the trade paid a good deal of attention. Finally, he signed with Riverside, and his LPs began to get the attention of the people who count: those who buy the records.

During his early days, Murphy elicited a mixed response from critics. Though all of them recognized his extraordinary skill in working through changes, his precise sense of time, and his general musicianship, all charged him with affectations of enunciation. This criticism has faded in the last year or two, because the cause of it has largely faded from Murphy's work.

His most recent album, an all-blues collection with arrangements by Cohn, received rave reviews almost everywhere.

"It surprises me that the blues album has been accepted the way it has, both by critics and the public—and the Negro public in particular," he said. "The critics could have thrown up their hands and said I shouldn't have done the album, but they didn't, with only one exception that I can think of.

"I wasn't trying to do an album of Negro blues. It was my conception of the blues, and it has been accepted as such."

The singer who has most influenced Murphy, by his own reckoning, is Peggy Lee. "She has such a creative approach through the lyrics," he said, "as opposed to Sarah Vaughan's creative approach through the music. Peggy is always creative: she never stops experimenting and trying out things. That's one reason she's never a bore. She's inconsistent but never dull.

"Next on my list of favorites, among the women, would be Lee Wiley. She's one of those rare phenomena, like Billie Holiday, who create a whole new way of singing without really trying.

"Betty Carter kills me when I see her, but she doesn't

record well. There's something about her voice that they just haven't captured. I think she's just about the greatest jazz singer around.

"Among the men, I'd say. . . . Well, Johnny Hartman's voice is my favorite for a male singer. As a technician, Mel Torme is my favorite. For the feeling, Ray Charles.

"You know, among the older and established stars, there are some who are beginning to bore me. I don't associate greatness with just endurance. Just because you can last, that doesn't necessarily mean that your talent is as exciting as that fact would seem to indicate. I'm thinking of Ella Fitzgerald and Frank Sinatra. I've never really been a Sinatra fan, although he has made some great records."

CURRENTLY, THE CHIEF influence on Murphy's work would seem to be a trio he discovered while working at the Living Room in Cincinnati, Ohio, composed of Frank Vincent, piano; Dee Felice, drums; Lee Tucker, bass.

Of them Murphy said:

"You know what it's like to come upon a group of people who stimulate you to a point where, in a matter of weeks, you become almost a different artist? That's what happened with this group. I was able to do things I just am not able to do with others.

"It's seldom that a singer, especially in jazz, finds even

one piano player who is stimulated by him and in turn stimulates him. (It's because of that age-old condescension and jealousy of instrumentalists toward singers.) Well, I found not one musician but a whole trio who worked that way with me.


"Then and there I said, 'Wherever I go, they're going with me.'"

Where is Murphy going?

"I'd like to be able to build a large enough name to make a good living," he said, "and then spend half my time singing, the other half acting. I love them both. From my standpoint, acting is much more difficult than singing."

When singing, Murphy said he'd like to do concerts. And there are about four night clubs in the United States that he said are nice to work in. He'd also like to do some television, "though I don't think the American public will take me to their bosom like a Perry Como, which I'm just not." And some motion-picture work would be attractive, for he might be able to combine some singing with acting, though ideally it would mainly entail acting.

All of this looks a good deal more possible for Murphy than it did a few years ago, when he was working poor rooms for little money.

"It hasn't been a matter of ups and downs," he said. "It's been more like a very painfully slow and steady up." 

PHOTO/DICK SHAEFER



Little Mitch

By GILBERT M. ERSKINE

ON THE AFTERNOON of Sept. 15, 1926, a group of musicians sat deployed around the new electrical microphone in the Victor Talking Machine Co. studio in Chicago. In the silence the recording engineer suddenly lifted his hand. The pianist-leader grinned, his diamond stickpin flashing in the light, and, nodding the beat, catapulted the band into *Black Bottom Stomp*.

Thus began one of the most celebrated recording sessions in jazz. Later that day Jelly Roll Morton and His Red Hot Peppers cut masters of *The Chant* and *Smokehouse Blues*, and these sides, together with subsequent Red Hot Pepper sessions, provided the main basis for Morton's reputation as a composer-player-arranger-leader that secured his election to the Hall of Fame in the 1963 International Jazz Critics Poll.

The band was a pickup group, composed of George Mitchell, cornet; Omer Simeon, clarinet; Kid Ory, trombone; Johnny St. Cyr, banjo; Andrew Hilaire, drums; and Morton, piano.

The instrumentation and personnel connoted a typical New Orleans group, but, aside from the new way Morton used the band, there was a striking exception. Five of these six musicians were from New Orleans, but the important lead horn part was played by Mitchell who, from Louisville, Ky., was an outsider.

In a decade that was filled with many wonders and surprises in the rapid growth of jazz, the 1926-27 Red Hot Pepper recordings loom as landmarks.

Two years earlier, Paul Whiteman had presented a jazz concert at the Aeolian Hall in New York (Feb. 12, 1924) and had set in motion forces that would affect the course of jazz. In the weights and measures of jazz value, the musical contributions of the concert were nil. But there was much national publicity ensuing, making a marked impression on jazzmen. Bit by bit, musicians began to move in Whiteman's direction by implementing, at least in part, the written score to help give "polish" to a performance.

Seven months after the Aeolian Hall concert, Louis Armstrong left Chicago to join Fletcher Henderson's large band in New York. By 1926, when White-

man's book *Jazz* was published, King Oliver had a large band; Fletcher Henderson paid tribute by recording his *Whiteman Stomp*; Duke Ellington began his recording career with some quaint orchestral experiments for the Gennett label; and Bix Beiderbecke, then in the middle of an incredible metamorphosis as a jazzman, would soon be in the Whiteman band.

But the man who showed the most genius in utilizing this new tack in jazz was Jelly Roll Morton during the Red Hot Pepper sessions.

The Morton formula was simple: written sequences would serve as keystones—showing the beauty of intricate melodies, like parts of *The Pearls*—which the band would return to frequently; but there were also plenty of openings for the horns and his own piano to spill into improvised solos and ensembles, thereby preserving the vitality and emotional impact of the traditional New Orleans style. The formula was simple, but such was the skill of Morton in choosing the right jazzmen that one has to go all the way to the Miles Davis-Lee Konitz-Gil Evans collaboration of 1949-1950 to find a comparable achievement.

In picking Mitchell for the cornet part, Morton had selected a musician who had no trouble interpreting the tricky Creole melodies and one whose cool control and effective swinging while surrounded by hot New Orleans musicians gave a balance to the Red Hot Pepper sessions that helped to make them the classics they are.

Mitchell (Little Mitch to all his contemporaries) was active in jazz in Chicago throughout the 1920s but dropped from sight with the collapse of music jobs during the depression. In the years since an interest began to center on Morton (which was after Morton's death in 1941—most collectors and writers neglected him in the '30s), a few record collectors have spoken briefly with Mitchell, but to the jazz public at large, he has been missing for more than 30 years. Mitchell is reserved and self-deprecatory about his playing and role in jazz, but considering the praise he has received over the years, the absence of his story constitutes an odd lapse in jazz reporting.

MITCHELL WAS BORN in 1899 in Louisville, Ky., and became interested in music through a boyhood friend, Leonard Fields, who had an alto horn. Mitchell got started on trumpet and by 1912 was doing so well that his parish priest got him into the congregational marching brass band of St. Augustine Church. Shortly after this, he was invited to join the Louisville Music Club Band, the top Negro band in the city.

"That was a very, very good band," Mitchell remembered. "We played overtures and marches at concerts, and occasionally at picnics we would play a kind of ragtime. We had three men who could improvise: Bobby Williams on trumpet, John Emery on trombone, and Wilbur Winstead, who doubled on violin and baritone horn. I began trying to improvise then too.

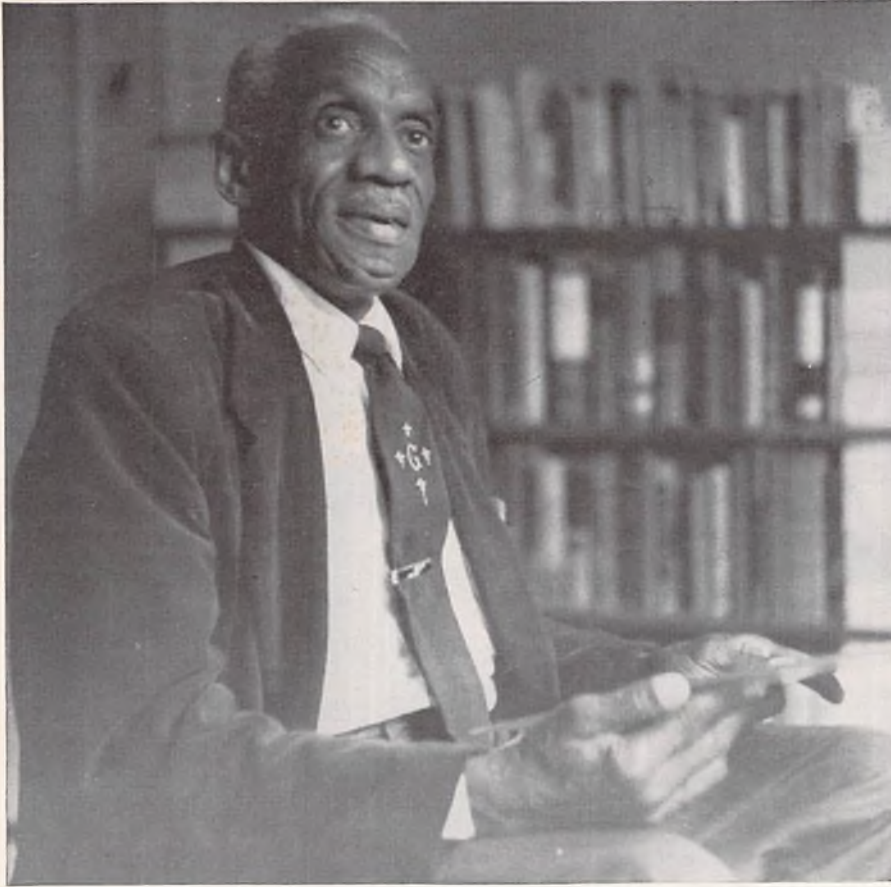
"Bobby Williams went into the Army and to Europe, where he wrote and performed *Bugle Blues*. Johnny Dunn, in New York, also had a *Bugle Blues*, but Bobby could blow rings around Dunn. And Dunn got a lot of credit."

When Williams returned from the Army, he went to Chicago to play with John Wycliff's band at the Entertainer's Cafe. Almost immediately he wrote to Mitchell, saying he had a job for him.

"I went right up," Mitchell said. "This was in 1919. When I got there, Bobby was just as excited as he could be, saying that there was a band I should hear. He took me down to the Royal Gardens, at 35th and Calumet, to hear Joe Oliver's band from Louisiana, and that was it!

"Oliver was playing the best I'd ever heard him then. He would play five or six choruses on tunes, working his mute. Each chorus was different, both in notes and in pitch, each chorus getting more exciting. How that man would work! Later, when he was playing at the Dreamland the first half of the night and at the Pekin Cafe the second half, I'd go to both places the same night to hear him."

Mitchell was supposed to have joined the Wycliff band, but this job fell through, and he went into the pit band at the Grand Theater, where he occasionally played obligato to the acts on



GILBERT ERSKINE

the stage. Chicago was awash with New Orleans musicians then, and both Mitchell and Bobby Williams, who were rooming together, spent their off nights and time after working hours listening.

"I remember hearing Emanuel Perez and Jimmie Noone," Mitchell said. "Freddie Keppard was in Wycliff's band with Bobby, and he could play plenty of horn, but Bobby and I preferred Oliver. Keppard was more powerful than Perez, but they were alike in many ways. Everything Oliver did had a strong tinge of the blues, and Keppard couldn't get close to his way of playing."

Williams left Wycliff to go with a group featuring singer Edith Wilson. He died shortly thereafter of a stomach disorder. He did not make any records, and Mitchell emphatically insists that had Williams lived—and recorded—he would have been recognized as a top jazz musician.

After the stint at the Grand Theater, Mitchell jobbed around for a long time and then spent a year with Alfred Deer's small band at the DeLuxe Cafe. In 1921 he went to Milwaukee, joining Doc Holley's band at the Castle Ice Garden. When he returned to Chicago the next year, he found that excitement was running like bolts of electricity through his musician friends: Louis Armstrong had just come up

from New Orleans to join Oliver at the Lincoln Gardens (the old Royal Gardens), and the band was playing nightly to capacity crowds.

"The Lincoln Gardens was a large place," Mitchell said, "but there were usually so many people in there that you could hardly turn around. The main floor was covered with tables, and at the far end was a raised platform for dancers. Beyond it was another platform for the band. Baby Dodds was on the left, the bass on the right; Lil Hardin was right in the middle, right behind the horns.

"Louis was marvelous, and he learned everything fast. Joe would play a tag at the end of a chorus and use the tag later in a cornet break. Louis would listen to the tag and play a harmony part right along with Joe in the break.

"Joe controlled the band with his feet. Even when everyone was playing loud and fast, you could hear BUMP, BUMP, his feet stomping between the beats, signaling another chorus or break.

"The crowds loved that band, and Joe did his best to please them."

IN THE YEARS that followed, Mitchell played in a great many of the prominent bands in Chicago, including those of Dave Peyton, Doc Cook, Luis Russell, and Carroll Dickerson.

"I joined Doc Cook right after Kep-

pard left," Mitchell continued. "Jimmie Noone was still in the band, and he and I landed an afterhours job at the Paradise Club on 31st St. Noone was a very good musician, and how he could eat! One Christmas we were to play a matinee together, so he invited me to his place for Christmas dinner. His family from Louisiana was there, and there were huge bowls of gumbo that had just about anything you could think of in it. I was all filled up and content, then found out that that was only the first course. I could only sit there and watch them eat the turkey and chicken."

He remembers white musicians coming to south-side Chicago to listen to jazz even as early as his arrival from Louisville.

"I think [clarinetist] Volly DeFaut was the first white musician I met," he said. "He was always coming around with Buster Bailey. I knew Kid Muggsy Spainer very well; in fact it was Muggsy who talked me into switching from trumpet to cornet. He left his horn, a Harry B. Jay cornet, with me one night for a few hours while he went to hear someone else. This was in 1924. I liked the tone so much that I went to the factory the next day and bought one. I used it the rest of the time I was in music. I still have it; it's beautifully plated, but it blows all out of tune now.

"Musicians were always going around to hear other bands, but there wasn't too much sitting in. The bands had a kind of balance, and another horn would have upset things.

"Bix Beiderbecke was very well known among musicians, but I can't ever remember hearing him play. He came around later when I was with Earl Hines at the Grand Terrace."

Mitchell played for a short while with Lil Hardin at the Dreamland in a small band that included Tubby Hall, drums, and Joe Walker, alto saxophone.

"Louis Armstrong then was with Erskine Tate at the Vendome Theater," he said. "He was married to Lil then and came down every night after his job to sit in. I didn't even try to play—I just sat back and listened. Later, when Lil got contracts to make records [the New Orleans Wanderers and New Orleans Bootblacks sessions for Columbia], Louis was supposed to have played, but couldn't because of his own contract [OKeh records], so they picked me."

Mitchell remembers that Johnny Dodds was a quiet and serious man—"so, in fact, were St. Cyr and Ory—but how Johnny could play that clarinet! He couldn't read music, but if you played through a thing once, he had it. He kept us all going on those

(Continued on page 38)

Record Date—

Art Farmer & by Martin Williams Jim Hall

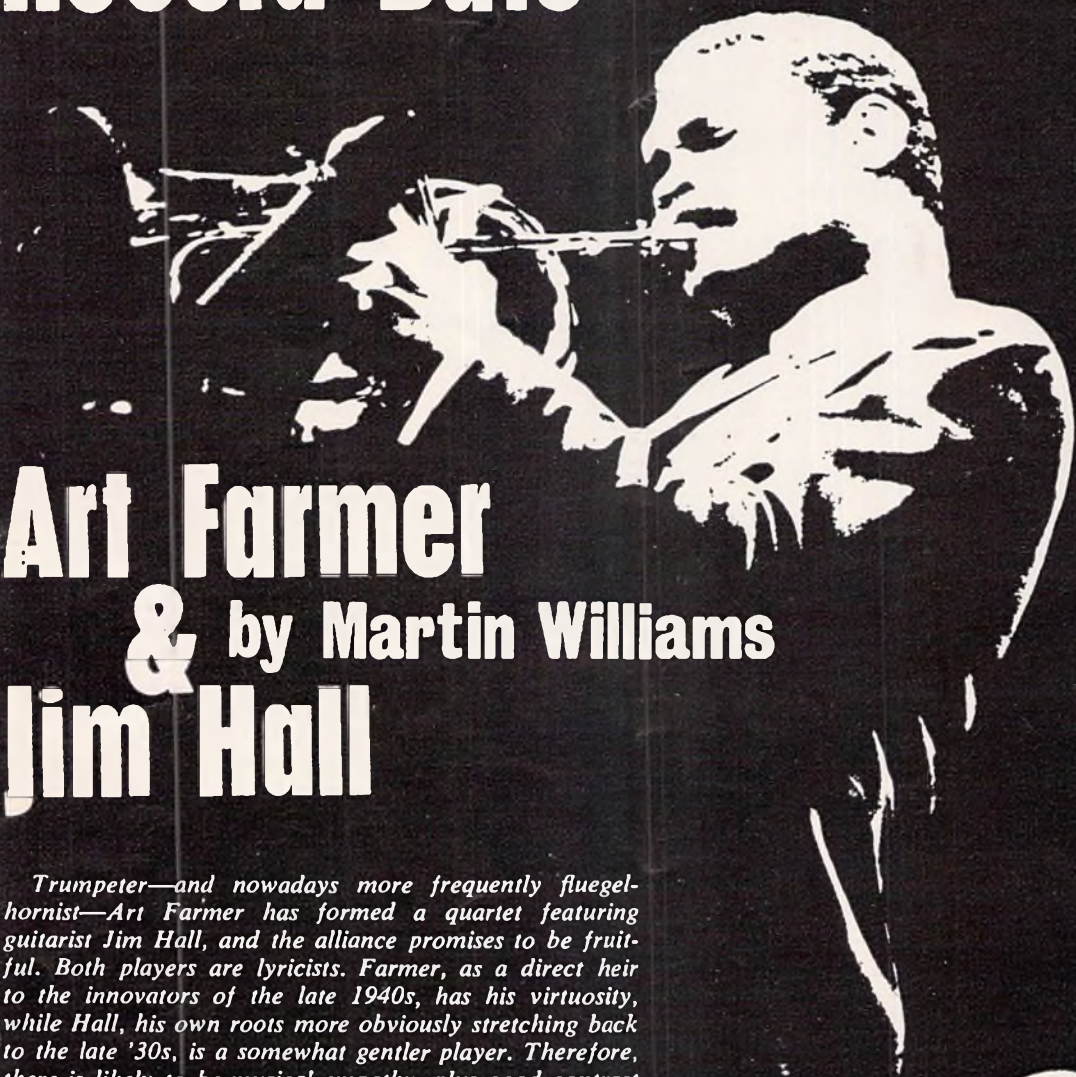
Trumpeter—and nowadays more frequently flugel-hornist—Art Farmer has formed a quartet featuring guitarist Jim Hall, and the alliance promises to be fruitful. Both players are lyricists. Farmer, as a direct heir to the innovators of the late 1940s, has his virtuosity, while Hall, his own roots more obviously stretching back to the late '30s, is a somewhat gentler player. Therefore, there is likely to be musical empathy, plus good contrast and little that is stylistically redundant in an alliance of Farmer and Hall.

Farmer, in style and temperament a modernist, is also something of the complete popular artist. That is, he can undertake almost any musical task that is not excessive—reflect any passing fancy from cool through soul and almost any Tin Pan Alley ditty—with honesty and integrity, without artistic compromise or calculation.

Another musician might tone down his style to the point of inhibition on this or that number or dispense entirely with the novelty tune. But Farmer simply does his straightaway best on whatever material he undertakes. It is a rare quality. And it should go without saying that Farmer's best is something special and personal.

Soon after its inception, the Farmer quartet was signed by Atlantic records, and its first LP was undertaken in late summer.

Farmer's determination that the record should show the quartet at its best, plus the use of some still-unfamiliar material on the LP—not to mention Atlantic's usual care in recording—led to a series of three recording dates. And before it was over, the third of them proved singularly fruitful. Following is a description of the session.



IT IS AN EVENING session, scheduled to begin at 8 p.m., in the Atlantic studios. By 7:45, drummer Walter Perkins and bassist Steve Swallow are on hand. Perkins has his set assembled, and Swallow already has been "miked"—a microphone, wrapped with foam-rubber padding, has been tucked into the bridge of his instrument by Atlantic's engineer, Tommy Dowd.

Hall is outside the studio door chatting with a friend when Farmer steps off the elevator, shakes hands all around, and turns to the studio door with the apology that he needs to warm up.

Inside, Farmer's warming up soon proves to include not only exercising fluegelhorn and lip (with some George Russell scales, by the way), but also his learning a new piece by running it over attentively on the studio piano. It is a gently appealing waltz called *Some Sweet Day*, which sounds as though it might be Jim Hall's. However, Hall explains it was written by a friend, a composer-singer from Argentina, Sergio Mihanovic, whose family comes from Yugoslavia.

Bassist Swallow complains that he can't seem to get an unwanted buzz out of his E string, as Hall, his guitar and amplifier set up and properly microphoned by Dowd, consults with Farmer.

Perkins has begun energetically demonstrating a tambourine he has hopes of using on a piece by Tom McIntosh called *Great Day*. Farmer's "I don't like the sound of that—play it on the drums" is met by an almost crestfallen look from Perkins.

"Aw, I practiced all week getting my technique down," he says.

Swallow is rehearsing the first piece (not by running over a bass part of chord changes but by playing the melody itself), and it now appears that composer Arif Mardin, assistant to Nesuhi Ertegun, jazz a&r man for Atlantic, and Ertegun himself, have arrived.

Ertegun delivers his greetings as Swallow and Farmer are running down the skeletal arrangement of McIntosh's piece. About the ending, "Make a cymbal bash on that big note," Farmer instructs Perkins, who sits at his set, surrounded by three microphones and an appalling tangle of wires. Perkins gives a sample of his best bash. Then Farmer continues talking to Swallow and Hall in his usual firm understatement: "Yeah. And y'all play the big fat chord."

So the ending is set. They go back to the first chorus, but that in turn leads to further changes. ("We're going to have to change that tag." "Let's simplify and play more unison.")

Soon they are running through *Great Day* from the top. Farmer plays a lovely solo, an example of his special unruffled sprightliness. He is undoubtedly only half trying—just running through the arrangement—and he plays as he walks across the studio to resume his place at his own microphone after a consultation with Hall. But it sounds lovely.

McIntosh arrives, entering the studio with an apology that he knows his piece needs some changes, but Farmer, smiling, immediately reassures him that they had been working on it and he thinks Tom will like what they had done.

Great Day, it turns out, evokes a happy spiritual, and thankfully proves to be without the affectations and clichés of soul music.

Farmer takes a final run-through. There are a few brush-up corrections ("Walt, do something harder on that last note") before Ertegun suggests from the engineer's booth, through the loud-speaker, "Let's try it, Art."

"Okay."

"Stand by. Here we go. Seven one three four, *Great*

PHOTOS BY JIM MARSHALL/ATLANTIC RECORDS



Day, Take 1."

The performance unfolds.

Hall, without being derivative about it, suggests a contemporary Charlie Christian.

At the end there are two further changes in the arrangement, and a two-bar break goes back in, and Ertegun voices approval of the sound and balance Dowd is getting after they hear the playback.

"Jim, you have to get out your rock-and-roll guitar to play that last note," Farmer chides. And then through his microphone he addresses Ertegun and Dowd: "Ready to try another one?"

"Any time," Ertegun responds. And as Dowd nods, he formally announces for the benefit of the tape, "*Great Day, Take 2.*"

As they play, Swallow is curved around the side of his instrument, standing on tiptoe as if he were about to climb up its side. Hall looks as unruffled as always and plays calmly but feelingly. And Farmer has taken off his loafers—undoubtedly a good sign.

At the end of the take, Ertegun encourages over the studio loud-speaker, "Very good except for the ending. A beautiful take otherwise."

But Farmer doesn't quite agree and says:

"Let's try another one on it. It's still a little tight."

After a pause he adds, "Hey, Nesuhi, could you play us back a little bit of the first chorus?"

Soon they've heard the playback, commented on the arrangement, and are about set for another take.

As he leaves the studio to re-enter the engineer's booth, McIntosh pauses and says, "Let Walt have two bars after the solo." And as Farmer thinks this over, he adds, "You got two good takes already though."

"Good," says Art—and as a sly afterthought, "they can use them in the memorial album."

During the last take of *Great Day*, Swallow adds some further toeing and dancing to his bass climbing . . . and as the last notes die, Ertegun asks for an extra ending, to make up for the one that didn't do so well. That done, the studio fills with casual conversing and a bit of laughter.

GRADUALLY THE BUSINESS at hand begins to re-emerge as Hall recalled the previous two sessions with a question to Farmer, "Did we ever get a good take on *My Little Suede Shoes*?"

"Yes, we finally did last time."

"Art"—it's Jim Hall again—"do you want to do the ballad?"

"Why don't I join in?" asks Swallow, glancing at a copy of *Some Sweet Day* on Hall's stand. "I can read off of Jim's part."

They begin slowly and quietly. Behind the glass of the booth, Dowd is readjusting his levels to fit the new dynamics. He operates his control board almost as though he were playing a piano, using several fingers of each hand simultaneously on the various colored buttons, adjusting them to raise this microphone level or lower that one.

"That buzz in the E string on the bass is still giving us trouble," he remarks to Mardin.

At the end, Hall says, "That sounded much too serious. It shouldn't be a driving waltz."

Another try. Perkins uses his brushes to much better effect.

Dowd, meanwhile, is responding to some kidding about having three mikes on the drum set. He says that, usually, little of the true quality of jazz drumming comes through on records. "All you have to do on some dates is go in the studio and hear what's really being played, then listen to how little of it the tape is picking up."

At which point Ertegun reminds him, "Tommy, we have to get that middle cymbal."

When the take is over, Ertegun says into his mike, "It could be a little faster, Art."

Farmer nods.

Another try at *Some Sweet Day*, and from the opening bars, it is obviously going to be a good one. Swallow sways widely in time to his own solo, causing Dowd to remark, "It's a good thing we've got the mike strapped inside the bass, otherwise we might not be getting but half of this."

McIntosh looks pleased at the whole performance.

In a few minutes, Farmer is in a huddle with Perkins across the studio as Ertegun calls over the loud-speaker, "Art, I think you should hear this played back!"

At the end all agree it was a beautiful take, and Farmer affirms that he is now relaxed about the way the piece is going by casually telling an anecdote about Dizzy Gillespie's fluffing a note during a performance of the *Star-Spangled Banner* at the Monterey Jazz Festival.

However, in a few moments, Ertegun suggests, "Just for safety let's do another one—and maybe we'll use the first one at that."

Hall solos with his eyes shut, embracing his instrument. And in his solo Farmer shows that on flugelhorn he gets the intimacy of a Harmon- or felt-muted trumpet with the warm sound of an open horn.

A few minutes after the final take of *Some Sweet Day*, Farmer and Perkins have begun to kid around in duo with the theme of a light and brash Richard Rodgers ditty called *Loads of Love*. The kidding comes off so well that someone is soon suggesting they record the piece as a couple of duets—first Farmer and Perkins and then Hall and Swallow. They run it down that way a couple of times, but it seems to be falling into two separate halves. Farmer and Ertegun suggest that Perkins continue his sock cymbal under a solo by Swallow and then under Swallow and Hall in duo.

"Want to try it a little faster?" Hall asks, looking up at Farmer.

"Well, if I have to start worrying about the tempo and the changes too. . . ."

Meanwhile, Dowd has made it a real evening session: he has turned out the studio lights except for a couple of pinlights on Perkins' drums and for the much softer glow through the glass of the engineer's booth. It is as if he were deliberately preparing for something.

A couple more takes of *Loads of Love* and Farmer is asking Perkins, "Can you keep the feeling of 'two' but play around it a little more? I think of it as a solo almost." After several false starts, they get a couple of good takes on the piece, and Ertegun suggests, "I think that's it. Okay?"

Farmer agrees: "Yeah. Let's do a take on *Embraceable You*—all right?"

Almost immediately, the tape is rolling, and they are into the piece. It is beautiful from the first notes: Farmer's opening solo, the sensitive interplay with which Hall supports him, Hall's own passages, Swallow as sensitive as Hall under Farmer's later chorus.

At the end there is a moment of silence as the studio reverberations whisp off. Someone says quietly, "Wow!" Then Ertegun's voice comes simply over the speaker, "A masterpiece."

The rest is anticlimax: Hall is unplugging his amplifier, Perkins is packing his cymbals, and Swallow is slipping the cover over his bass.

As all this is being done, Ertegun says, "Art, listen to the last take of *Loads of Love* again."

But Dowd, before getting to a playback of *Loads of Love*, reruns the tape of *Embraceable You*. Nobody minds. And one has the feeling that the reputation of these players and their group might stand by that one performance alone.

CTA



No. 6 Duke Ellington-Mahalia Jackson

BLACK, BROWN, AND BEIGE—Duke Ellington Orch. with Mahalia Jackson. Columbia CL 1162; Part I, Part II, Part III, *Come Sunday*; *Come Sunday Interlude*; *23rd Psalm*.

No. 7 Count Basie

DANCE ALONG WITH BASIE—Roulette 52036; *It Had to Be You*; *Makin' Whoopee*; *Can't We Be Friends?*; *Misty*; *It's a Pity to Say Goodnight*; *How Am I to Know*; *Easy Living*; *Fools Rush In*; *Secret Love*; *Give Me the Simple Life*.

No. 13 Hall of Fame

Prepared exclusively for Down Beat. Featuring Ella Fitzgerald, Count Basie, Charlie Parker, Oscar Peterson, Gene Krupa, Stan Getz, Lester Young, Max Roach, Roy Eldridge and Art Tatum take the spotlight in this tremendous galaxy of America's finest jazz artists.

No. 15 Jazz Poll Winners

Columbia CL 1610
Personnel: Les Brown, Dave Brubeck, Kenny Burrell, Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, Don Elliott, Lionel Hampton, Charlie Mingus, J. J. Johnson, The Hi-Lo's, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, Gerry Mulligan, Art Van Damme, Paul Desmond.

No. 23 Frank Sinatra

RING-A-DING-DING!—Reprise 1001: *Ring-a-Ding-Ding*; *Let's Fall in Love*; *Be Careful, It's My Heart*; *A Fine Romance*; *A Foggy Day*; *In the Still of the Night*; *The Coffee Song*; *When I Take My Sugar to Tea*; *Let's Face the Music and Dance*; *You'd Be So Easy to Love*; *You and the Night and the Music*; *I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm*.

Personnel: Sinatra, vocals; orchestra directed by Johnny Mandel.

No. 28 Stan Getz

FOCUS—Verve 8412; *I'm Late*; *I'm Late*; *Her*; *Pan*; *I Remember When*; *Night Rider*; *Once Upon a Time*; *A Summer Afternoon*.

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Hershy Kay, conductor; Roy Haynes, drums; Gerald Tarack, first violin; Alan Martin, second violin; Jacob Glick, viola; Bruce Rogers, cello; others unidentified.

No. 31 Gerry Mulligan

GERRY MULLIGAN AND THE CONCERT JAZZ BAND AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Verve 8396; *Blueport*; *Body and Soul*; *Black Nighttown*; *Come Rain or Come Shine*; *Lady Chatterley's Mother*; *Let My People Be*.

No. 38 Oscar Peterson

WEST SIDE STORY—Verve 6-8454: *Something's Coming*; *Somewhere*; *Jet Song*; *Tonight*; *Maria*; *I Feel Pretty*; *Reprise*.

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

No. 41 Sonny Rollins

THE BRIDGE—Victor 2527; *Without a Song*; *Where Are You? John S.*; *The Bridge*; *God Bless the Child*; *You Do Something to Me*.

Personnel: Rollins, tenor saxophone; Jom Hall, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Ben Riley or H. T. Saunders, drums.

No. 45 Armstrong-Brubeck-McRae-LHR

THE REAL AMBASSADORS—Columbia 5850: *Everybody's Comin'*; *Cultural Exchange*; *Good Reviews*; *Remember Who You Are*; *My One Bad Habit*; *Summer Song*; *King For a Day*; *Blow Satchmo*; *The Real Ambassador*; *In the Lurch*; *One Moment Worth Years*; *They Say I Look Like God*; *Since Love Had It's Way*; *I Didn't Know Until You Told Me*; *Swing Bells*; *Blow Satchmo/Finale*.

No. 46 Laurindo Almedia-Bud Shank

BRAZILLIANCE—World-Pacific 1412: *Ataque*; *Amor Flamenco*; *Stairway to the Stars*; *Acercate Mas*; *Tera Seca*; *Speak Low*; *Inquietacao*; *Iaa-Too-Kee*; *Carinosa*; *Tocata*; *Hazardous*; *Nono Noctambulism*; *Blue Baiao*.

Personnel: Almedia, guitar; Shank, alto saxophone, flute; Garry Peacock, bass; Chuck Flores, drums.

No. 47 Stan Getz-Gary McFarland

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

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

No. 48 Shelly Manne

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

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

No. 50 Bunk Johnson

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

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

No. 51 Dexter Gordon

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

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

No. 52 Ellington-Mingus-Roach

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

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

No. 53 Art Farmer

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

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

No. 54 Leadbelly

LEADBELLY—Capitol 1821: *Good Night, Irene*; *Grasshoppers in My Pillow*; *The Eagle Rocks*; *Rock Island Line*; *Ella Speed*; *Blackwater Blues*; *Take This Hammer*; *Tell Me, Baby*; *Eagle Rock Rag*; *Western Plain*; *Sweet Mary Blues*; *On a Christmas Day*.

Personnel: Huddie Ledbetter (Leadbelly), guitar, piano, vocals; Paul Mason Howard, zither.

No. 55 Thelonious Monk

MONK'S DREAM—Columbia 1965: *Monk's Dream*; *Body and Soul*; *Bright Mississippi*; *Five Spot Blues*; *Bolivar Blues*; *Just a Gigolo*; *Bye-Bye*; *Sweet and Lovely*.

Personnel: Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Monk, piano; John Ore, bass; Frankie Dunlop, drums.

No. 57 Pee Wee Russell

NEW GROOVE—Columbia 1985: *My Mother's Eyes*; *Chelsea Bridge*; *Red Planet*; *Pee Wee's Blues*; *Maten Swing*; *'Round Midnight*; *Good Bait*; *Old Folks*; *Taps Miller*.

Personnel: Marshall Brown, valve trombone, bass trumpet; Russell, clarinet; Russell George, bass; Ron Lundberg, drums.



TAKE YOUR CHOICE



Get a
down beat
rated 5-star album free
with a one year
subscription to
down beat

Choose from these
outstanding hits!



Mail to Down Beat
205 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill.

DOWN BEAT

205 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill.

I ACCEPT YOUR OFFER. MY CHOICE OF A FREE ALBUM IS NUMBER (indicate in box below).

HERE'S MY \$7.00 (foreign \$9.00). Start subscription for 26 issues and send record immediately.

BILL ME. Start subscription for 26 issues immediately. Reserve record and send on receipt of my remittance.

Also, I am already a DOWN BEAT subscriber; please extend my subscription.

please print

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

State _____

303

record reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ira Giller, 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.

Louis Armstrong-Duke Ellington

THE GREAT REUNION—Roulette 52103: *It Don't Mean a Thing; Solitude; Don't Get Around Much Anymore; I'm Beginning to See the Light; Just Squeeze Me; I Got It Bad; Azalea.*

Personnel: Armstrong, trumpet, vocals; Trummy Young, trombone; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Ellington, piano; bass, drums unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This second set of Armstrong-Ellington collaborations contains some of the former's most brilliant latter-day performances. Faced with good material that he does not ordinarily play, Armstrong shows he is as much the master of his horn as he ever was. He plays magnificently all through this collection.

Vocally, he is superb on *Thing* and *Solitude*, merely very good on most of the rest except the new piece, *Azalea*, which has lyrics (by Ellington?) that Armstrong can only plod through. Ellington stays in the background, taking a few very short solo spots and contributing typically Ellingtonian accompanying guidance and accents.

The group, unidentified on the liner, is presumably Louis' minus Billy Kyle. Young is a bulwark of strength throughout, warm, witty, and mellow, while Bigard varies between purposeful lines (some delightful scoops under Armstrong's horn on *Squeeze*) and the aimless doodling that, regretfully, has become increasingly prominent in his playing as the years have gone by. (J.S.W.)

Count Basie

BASIE IN SWEDEN—Roulette 52099: *Little Pony; Plymouth Rock; Backwater Blues; Who? Me?; April in Paris; Backstage Blues; Good-Time Blues; Peace Pipe.*

Personnel: Al Aarons, Fip Ricard, Sonny Cohn, Thad Jones, trumpets; Benny Powell, Quentin Jackson, Henry Coker, trombones; Marshall Royal, Eric Dixon, Frank Wess, Frank Foster, Charlie Fowlkes, saxophones; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Charles Isaac, bass; Louis Bellson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The title, *Basie in Sweden*, brings to mind an album released by Norman Granz several years ago called *Basie in London*, which turned out actually to have been recorded in Sweden. Whether this one was really recorded in Sweden—and there is no reason to think it wasn't—is beside the point so far as the music on the disc is concerned. The facts are that it is a recording of a concert, which probably accounts for the tight, tubby sound, and that it is made of a set of Basie staples played with typical Basie aplomb.

The major point of interest is the presence of Bellson on drums. He fits in beautifully with the Basie rhythm concept, for he gives the band a sinewy, propulsive strength without shattering any of the suave moments that are so essential to a Basie treatment. The set is worth hearing primarily for the shad-

ing that Bellson brings to these performances of familiar material, for Basie's impeccable solos, and for the shimmering beauty of the saxophone section.

There are brief, capable, but somewhat sketchy, appearances by Jackson, Dixon, Foster, and Wess.

The one real letdown is *Backwater*, properly a moving and tragic song but here turned into raucous comedy by the insensitive use of Jackson's plunger-muted trombone and by the inappropriate, light-hearted shouting of Irene Reid (presumably it's Miss Reid—the liner notes mention no vocalist), who seems to be showing the dire effects of hearing Dinah Washington sing this Bessie Smith song.

It should also be noted that 3½ minutes are devoted to *April in Paris*—one more time. (J.S.W.)

Al Caiola

CLEOPATRA AND ALL THAT JAZZ—United Artists 6299: *Antony and Cleopatra Theme; Temptation; Love for Sale; Mad about the Boy; Body and Soul; Cleo Baby; Caesar and Cleopatra Theme; Lover Man; I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby; Under a Blanket of Blue; All of Me; Be Mine Tonight.*

Personnel: Clark Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Tony Studd, trombone; Phil Bodner, alto and baritone saxophones, flute; Dick Hyman, piano, harpsichord; Caiola, Barry Gilbraith, guitars; George Duvivier, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Seemingly aimed at those who like their jazz watered down, these selections are tightly and dully arranged. *Lover Man* really gets manhandled with a quasi-funky introduction and ricky-tick Latin rhythm under the theme.

There is relatively little room left for soloing, and too much of it is taken by Bodner, Hyman, and Caiola, who play facelessly. Caiola is one of those *electric* guitarists who won't let you forget it. He has an edgy tone, and some of his accented notes are just plain piercing.

Terry makes the most of the space he's allowed. He plays with warmth and good humor on his *Body* feature, employing a semi-growl style.

Elsewhere his playing is confined to counterline, fills, or short solos. This is a shame because indications are that he was in excellent form and could have played some magnificent solos. He had everything going for him: ideas, continuity, and tasteful approach. So relaxed is he that his lines seem to have rubber in them. (H.P.)

Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina

POLYTONES — Mercury 60833: *The Monkey; My Ship; Gravy Waltz; My Man's Gone Now; I Remember Bird; Bus Driver in the Sky; Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year; Nica's Dream; When I Fall in Love.*

Personnel: DeFranco, clarinet; Gumina, accordion-organ; John Doling, bass; John Guerin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

One is not likely to appreciate the appalling paucity of intelligently directed exploration and invention on records until a disc such as this comes along.

Basically, there is nothing really new here — DeFranco and Gumina have used polytonality on some of their earlier recordings, and Gumina has been heard playing his accordio-organ before. But they had not developed the use of polytonality or of Gumina's unusual instrument to the extent that they do in these fascinating performances.

A crucial factor is that, although they are using devices that could very readily be injected merely as gimmicks, there is no descent to effects simply for the sake of effects. They are part of an over-all purpose. The use of polytonality extends the color possibilities to be drawn from their instruments while Gumina's perceptive use of the rich organ qualities of his instrument adds even more to the coloration.

Along with this positive approach, DeFranco and Gumina have kept their eyes on straightforward jazz performances that swing. Their means to this end may be unusual — at least different — but their performances are developed so astutely that there is no sense of being deliberately far out.

It is interesting to find that Gumina, who was somewhat tentative in the early days of his association with DeFranco, has now reached a point at which he is becoming the dominant element in the group. This is no reflection on DeFranco, who retains his highly articulate skill, but it is a measure of the growth of Gumina from the fleet-fingered accordionist of his Harry James days to a jazz musician of virtuoso talents. (J.S.W.)

Maynard Ferguson

MESSAGE FROM MAYNARD — Roulette 52101: *September Moan; Statement; Nude Mood; One for Otis; Reflection; Head Hunter; Lament for Susan; L&J; Jennifer's Boucic.*

Personnel: Ferguson, Gene Goe, Don Rader, John Gale, Nat Pavone, trumpets; Kenny Rupp, Don Menza, Lanny Morgan, Willie Maiden, Frank Hittner, saxophones; Mike Abene, piano;

VOTE!
See Page 40
VOTE!

Line Milliman, bass; Rufus Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The message from Maynard is that his band does not always play triple forte, that it has a slow, pastel, romantic side too. Accordingly, most of these pieces are in a mood vein—*September* is a close cousin of *Early Autumn*; *Statement* is a close cousin of *September*; while *Nude*, *Reflections*, and *Susan* carry out much the same feeling.

It is refreshing to get this change of pace from Ferguson, for his soloists show an aptitude for a warmer, more compelling style than they are usually permitted on records (the soloists are not identified, and even the attempt to list the sidemen on the liner faces us with such interesting revelations as that the pianist is Michael C. J. Abene and William R. Maiden plays saxophone).

For all his good intentions, however, Ferguson's change of pace founders to some extent by becoming heavy and ponderous in much the way that Stan Kenton (whose band Ferguson's has consistently resembled both in its loudness and its ponderousness) does on ballads.

Such pomposity develops in some climactic ensembles that it is a relief when Ferguson tosses in an up-tempo piece on which his saxophones can show their bright, crisp, biting attack. Nothing much happens on these fast pieces, but there is a merciful underplaying of pyrotechnics.

This is obviously such a capable band that one can only wish it could shake itself loose from the excesses that continually undermine even its best efforts. (J.S.W.)

Benny Golson

FREE—Argo 716: *Sock Cha Cha*; *Mad About the Boy*; *Just by Myself*; *Shades of Stein*; *My Romance*; *Just in Time*.

Personnel: Golson, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The significance here of the title *Free*, Golson explains, is that "It does not mean 'free' in the sense of abstraction or surrealism but rather as an opportunity to work within the framework of a quartet which offers me many more possibilities for exploiting my horn."

The program is balanced, offering three standards and three originals. Golson's *Stein* is named for Gertrude Stein and employs repetition, one of her characteristic literary devices. His other composition, *Myself*, was used by the Jazz Messengers several years ago when Golson was a member of the group. It's a good up-tempo vehicle for improvisation.

Sock Cha Cha, a striking tune, was written by Detroit pianist Will Davis. It has a 43-bar AABA line with a nine-bar A section that employs Latin rhythm, and a 16-bar bridge.

Golson's improvising is outstanding; I doubt that he's ever before played as consistently well on record. There are two things in particular that should be noted: the rich melodic content of his solos and his disciplined—though certainly vigorous—attack. His solos are beautifully constructed. Even when blowing driving and complex double-time passages on *Boy* he

Feelin' The Spirit GRANT GREEN a jazz man's own story of spirituals and blues



with Herbie Hancock, Butch Warren, Billy Higgins, Garvin Masseaux.

JUST A CLOSER WALK WITH THEE/JOSHUA FIT DE BATTLE OB JERICHO/NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN/GO DOWN MOSES/SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD.

Green is an adept story-teller and shows that it is possible to feel the spirit in one's own way and have it come out meaningfully.

BLUE NOTE 4132*

Page One JOE HENDERSON the record debut of a great new tenor man



with Kenny Dorham, McCoy Tyner, Butch Warren, Pete La Roca.

BLUE BOSSA/LA MESSA/HOMESTRETCH/RECORDA-ME/JINRIKISHA / OUT OF THE NIGHT.

After a double listen to this one, you'll be convinced that year for year, this is indubitably one of the most musical young saxophonists to show.

BLUE NOTE 4140*

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

*AVAILABLE IN MONO & STEREO

BLUE NOTE 43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

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.

Ella and Basie!



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.

THE JAZZ OF AMERICA IS ON
VERVE RECORDS

Verve Records is a division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc.

imparts an impression of classical grace.

Another interesting thing about Golson's work is that he uses Sonny Rollins-like figures and occasional low-register honks intelligently in the tension-release process. This is certainly valid, since Golson has been his own man for years.

Flanagan contributes some gemlike solos and comps brilliantly. He is one of the finest piano accompanists in jazz.

Taylor and Carter also are excellent, playing with supple strength; Carter is particularly noteworthy for his excellent bass lines and pretty tone. (H.P.)

George Guesnon

ENDLESS THE TREK, ENDLESS THE SEARCH—Icon 9: *Bugle, Roy March; In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree; See See Rider; Kid Thomas' Boogie Woogie; That's A-Plenty; Milk Cow Blues; Bill Bailey.*

Personnel: Kid Thomas, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; George Lewis, clarinet; Guesnon, banjo; John Joseph, bass; Joseph Frazier, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

This is the ninth release by Icon in Grayson Mills' New Orleans jazz series; unfortunately, the levels of performance and the faults of production that marred the other issues are manifest again in this album.

The recording balance is poor but does not quite hide the clumsiness of the ensembles, most of which toss fitfully instead of flowing and swinging. Guesnon, a sturdy player with a good sense of time, is over-recorded, and the persistent clang of the banjo soon becomes distracting. Joseph is inaudible, and Thomas' vocal on *Milk Cow* is little more than a vague background rumble.

Thomas' conception on his horn may be all right, but his ability to bring that conception to form—technique—is lacking. He stumbles through the opening ensemble of *That's A-Plenty*, and the notes he misses seem to throw both Lewis and Robinson. Lewis is in fairly good shape throughout, but much of what he does is made ineffective by the prevailing awkwardness. Robinson sounds alternately spirited and bored.

The production problems are not limited to engineering. The fourth track is identified on the record as *Kid Thomas' Double Woogie* but in the liner notes as *Kid Thomas' Boogie Woogie*. And aside from personnel listing, the liner notes give no information on recording dates or biography. (G.M.E.)

Herbie Hancock

MY POINT OF VIEW—Blue Note 4126: *Blind Man, Blind Man; A Tribute to Someone; King Cobra; The Pleasure Is Mine; And What If I Don't?*

Personnel: Donald Byrd, trumpet; Grachan Moncur III, trombone; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Hancock, piano; Grant Green, guitar; Chuck Israels, bass; Anthony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Two funky tracks, *Blind Man* and *Don't*, lower the value of this album. They have commonplace themes and, for the most part, lackluster solo work.

Hancock's other three originals (he wrote all five) are worthwhile. *Tribute* is a nice medium-slow tempo line; *King Cobra* has a stimulatingly fresh chord pattern; and *Pleasure*, a pretty melody, features a good, thick-textured arrangement.

Although there are just five tracks, Hancock is the only musician to solo on

all. Byrd and Mobley get the most space otherwise.

Byrd, an intelligent and tasteful musician, has recorded a number of very good solos in his career. In the mid-'50s he did some fine things with the Jazz Messengers and the Jazz Lab group (which he co-led with Gigi Gryce) for Columbia. And here, he plays with fluid warmth on *King*. With all his virtues, however, he's had trouble establishing his own identity. Sometimes he's been able to strike an admirable balance between Miles Davis and Clifford Brown, but at other stages in his career he's leaned too heavily toward one or the other. Davis' influence on him is apparent on this record, notably on *Tribute*. His *Don't* solo isn't well paced; he gets hot too early and most of his playing is anti climactic.

Mobley, one of the fine tenor players to come to the fore in the past decade, numbers among his attributes a dark, mellow sound; a fertile imagination; and the ability to project a relaxed, floating rhythmic feeling even at fast tempos. He plays with distinction on *Tribute* and *Don't*, but on *King* he doesn't get off the ground.

Hancock solos well, especially when he's using delicate single-note lines in the upper register, but his comping is heavy and intrusive.

Williams, the drummer who has been getting so much attention with Miles Davis, performs well most of the way—and brilliantly on *King*. Here his playing is volatile, and he shows a good deal of imagination in varying his figures and the coloration behind the soloists. (H.P.)

Solomon Ilori

AFRICAN HIGH LIFE—Blue Note 4136: *Tolawi; Ise Oluwa; Follow Me to Africa; Yaba E; Jojolo; Aiyé Ie.*

Personnel: Hosea Taylor, alto saxophone, flute; Jay Berliner, guitar; Ilori, vocal, penny whistle, talking drum, guitar; Chief Bey, conga; Josiah Ilori, sakara drum, cow bell; Robert Crowder, conga, chekere, cow bell; Montego Joe, conga; Garvin Masseur, conga, xylophone, cow bell; Ahmed Abdul-Malik, bass; Coleridge Perkinson, director.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Ilori is a Nigerian who came to the United States five years ago with the intention of popularizing African music and songs in this country. However, he found that his first task was to overcome the popular U.S. conception of African music as a loud, frenetic, and relatively pointless battering of drums. This album should make a commendable contribution toward correcting this impression, for the music that Ilori's ensemble plays, while always intensely rhythmic, is also essentially melodic.

He shows a slow and stately side on *Ise Oluwa* (*God's Work Is Indestructible*), but most selections are played in light, bright, foot-tempting tempos, developed by a percussion section and ensemble vocal that often work in a basic call-and-response pattern and are interwoven with solo lines by penny whistle, guitar, xylophone, a melodic talking drum, and alto saxophone.

Aside from the presence of the saxophone, this is an ethnic music rather than jazz (it's interesting to note suggestions of French and Irish roots in some of the melodies).

Taylor's alto, however, brings a strong jazz quality to several of the pieces. His attack is jagged and harsh, a manner that often gets quite out of hand when it is heard in normal jazz surroundings. But in as strong a rhythmic setting as Ilori provides, the rawness of Taylor's style is absorbed and made a part of the whole. It fits, and that makes all the difference. (J.S.W.)

J. J. Johnson

J.J.'s BROADWAY—Verve 8530: *Lovely; My Favorite Things; Mira; Make Someone Happy; Who Will Buy?; Sleeping Bee; Put on a Happy Face; Nobody's Heart; A Second Chance; The Sweetest Sounds.*

Personnel: Johnson, Urbie Green, Lou McGarity, Tommy Mitchell, trombones; Paul Faulise, bass trombone; Hank Jones, piano; Chuck Israels or Richard Davis, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This album represents one of Johnson's finest achievements in recent years. One of the major reasons for its success is that he chose the tunes himself. Unlike the compositions included on many Broadway types of albums, these can—in Johnson's words—"stand on their own," and they give the LP a solid foundation.

Then there's Johnson's excellent arranging to consider; he plays with just a rhythm section on four tracks, but the other selections feature him backed by a trombone section. Most of the writing is functional, designed primarily to set off his instrumental voice. But how beautifully done it is: cliché-free and with the fills and booting figures coming at exactly the right moment.

Mira may be the best arrangement of the album. The dark-toned textures have a quality of eternal solemnity.

Johnson's improvising is generally fine; I say this despite having reservations about much of his recorded work. He is a great soloist but an inconsistent one. In stressing economy he has sometimes sacrificed resolution. Some of his solos have consisted mostly of short, punching phrases that aren't resolved with the rich long lines he's capable of playing. Here, for example, his work on *Who Will Buy?* has coherence but doesn't build.

However, most of his solos on this record are satisfying. His lines are melodic, well paced, and executed with consummate ease. His elegant *Lovely* solo should be particularly noticed.

And what a beautiful tone he has! Full, warm, polished, and with relatively little vibrato. It's a pleasure simply to hear him state melodies.

The quartet rhythm section members (Jones, Davis, and Perkins) mesh excellently. Davis' part is interesting in *Things*, as he alternately lays out, walks, or plays isolated rhythmic figures, and Jones has a touching solo on *Things*. (H.P.)

Jonah Jones

AND NOW IN PERSON—Capitol 1948: *It's All Right with Me; Basin Street Blues; From This Moment On; I Can't Get Started; High Society; Undecided; All of You; Tin Roof Blues; Lullaby of Birdland.*

Personnel: Jones, trumpet; Pepe Persiani, piano; John Brown, bass; Danny Farrar, drums.
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Recorded live at the Crescendo in Hollywood, Calif., this isn't one of Jones' better sets. The main problem is his play-

ing on the fast-tempo tunes that comprise more than half of the album. He swings well but constructs carelessly and uses a number of well-worn licks.

He does have some good moments, however. Notable are his nicely timed breaks on *Basin Street* and his melodic *All of You* spot. He also contributes a pretty version of *Started*. His vibrato and use of glissandi on the slow and medium tunes is reminiscent of Louis Armstrong; Roy Eldridge's influence is evident on the fast ones.

Persiani, an interesting pianist, uses both fleet, Teddy Wilsonish single-note lines and locked-hand chords.

Maybe this is asking too much, but wouldn't it be nice if Capitol cut an album with Jones—playing mostly open horn—

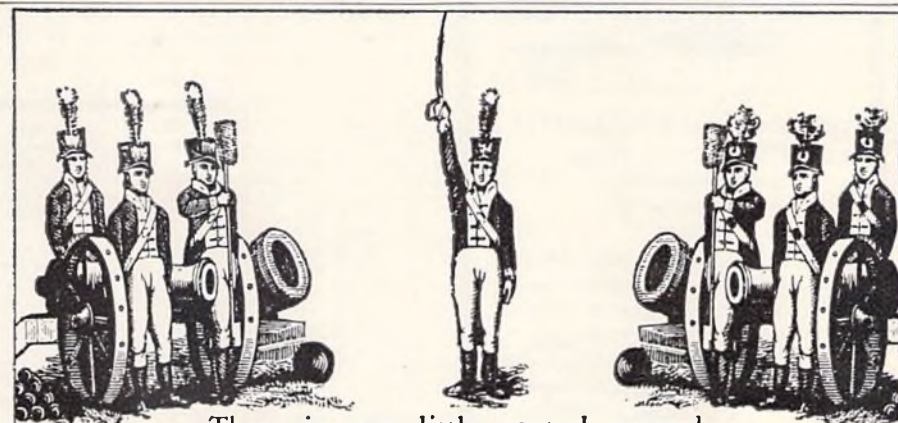
in the company of men like Tab Smith, Coleman Hawkins, and Benny Morton? (H.P.)

Robert McCoy

BARRELHOUSE BLUES AND JOOK PIANO—Vulcan 2510: *Bye, Bye, Baby; Dyin' Slow Blues; Louise Blues No. 1; Louise Blues No. 2; Bessemer Rag; Washington Heights; Let's Get Together; Pratt City Special; Call the Wagon; Church Bell Blues.*

Personnel: McCoy, piano, vocals.
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Robert McCoy was born in Aliceville, Ala., in 1908, into a family of tenant farmers. He played professionally when boogie piano players were in demand. As have most boogie and blues players, he has, in the intervening years, had to work at various nonmusical jobs, including that of construction laborer. He is now a family man,



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

SAM LAZAR • SOUL MERCHANT



SEND FOR A FREE CATALOG

ARGO LP & LPS 714

ARGO JAZZ 2120 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

ON ATLANTIC JAZZ AT PRESERVATION HALL

JAZZ AT PRESERVATION HALL

THE EUREKA BRASS BAND
OF NEW ORLEANS



- Vol.1/The Eureka Brass Band 1408
Vol.2/Billie & De De Pierce
& Jim Robinson 1409
Vol.3/Paul Barbarin &
Punch Miller 1410
Vol.4/The George Lewis Band 1411

AVAILABLE IN MONO AND STEREO



Write for
complete LP
catalogue
dept. A.

1841 BROADWAY • NEW YORK, N.Y.

JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS VOLUME VII

For record buyers everywhere! An alphabetical listing of all record reviews as printed in Down Beat during 1962.

This hard-bound edition includes an essay on the problems of the jazz critic, a commentary of the year's releases, every 5-4½-4-star Down Beat rated records for 1962 and names and addresses of record companies releasing jazz and blues records.

Send for your copy today,
only \$3.95

Down Beat
205 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF RECORD CLUB

with a Special Membership Plan...
Featuring JAZZ

Also, Popular, Folk, Classical, etc. No purchase obligations—No list price purchases. Virtually all labels and artists available. Choose from catalog of over 25,000 albums. Write for free details...

CITADEL RECORD CLUB

545 Fifth Ave. Dept. D. New York 17, N. Y.

**WORLD'S LEADER IN AUTHENTIC
FOLK MUSIC**

FOLKWAYS RECORDS
NEW HIGH FIDELITY RELEASES
EVERY MONTH

Write for a complete catalog of 700 Long play Record Albums in EPIC, AMERICAN, INTERNATIONAL, JAZZ, SCIENCE, INSTRUCTIONAL, CHILDREN, LITERATURE.
117 West 46th St., N. Y. C. 36, N. Y.

playing the piano for pleasure only.

His playing is not highly stylized but is imbued with a nice rocking quality. Much of his material he must have learned from recordings. He obviously has the capacity to reproduce the more difficult boogie standards, such as Pinetop Smith's *Jump Steady Blues*, which is here called *Bessemer Rag*. His interpretation is eclectic but good because of its driving and happy quality. I would certainly not agree, however, with the liner notes that McCoy's version is far more appealing than Smith's.

Vulcan plans a future release of McCoy's versions of boogie staples. It should prove interesting. The label should be commended for its plans for preserving and documenting U.S. Negro folk music, since the commercial value of such a project is negligible, but the music itself is perhaps one of the most exciting types of folk music in the world. (E.H.)

Charlie Mingus

TOWN HALL CONCERT—United Artists 15024; *Clark in the Dark*; *Epitaph, Part I*; *Epitaph, Part II*; *Freedom*; *My Search*; *Didn't Come Back*; *Finale*.

Personnel: Clark Terry, trumpet; Quentin Jackson, trombone; Eric Dolphy, Charles McPherson, alto saxophones; Jerome Richardson, baritone saxophone; Toshiko Mariano, piano; Mingus, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums; others unidentified.

Rating: see below

THE BLACK SAINT AND THE SINNER LADY—Impulse 35; *SOLO DANCER: Stop! Look! Listen, Sinner Jim Whitney!*; *DUET SOLO DANCERS: Hearts' Beat and Shades in Physical Embraces*; *GROUP DANCERS (Soul Fusion): Freewoman and Oh, This Freedom's Slave Cries*; *TRIO AND GROUP DANCERS: Stop! Look! and Sing Songs of Revolutions!* *SINGLE SOLOS AND GROUP DANCE: Saint and Sinner Join in Merriment on Battle Front*; *GROUP AND SOLO DANCE: Of Love, Pain, and Passioned Revolt, Then Farewell, My Beloved, 'til It's Freedom Day*.

Personnel: Rolf Ericson, Richard Williams, trumpets; Quentin Jackson, trombone; Don Butterfield, tuba; Jerome Richardson, soprano and baritone saxophones, flute; Dick Hafer, tenor saxophone, flute; Charles Mariano, alto saxophone; Mingus, bass, piano; Jaki Byard, piano; Jay Berliner, guitar; Dannie Richmond, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Enough has been written about Mingus' disastrous Town Hall concert. True, the evening was an exciting event for voyeurs of Mingus' mode of existence. But the record is embarrassingly amateurish—not because of any lack of musical thought but because of the total chaos created by the attempted expression of it.

In my opinion, only the very most uncommunicative aspects of Mingus' power are evident here. There are several moments of extraordinary brilliance (dialog between Mingus and Dolphy; some solos by Terry), but they are not worth the record.

The order of titles on the label is wrong, and I have reconstructed it to be: *My Search*; *Finale*; *Don't Come Back*; *Clark in the Dark*; *Epitaph I*; *Freedom*; *Epitaph II*.

This is nonperformance of nonmusic, and for a rating I give it no stars.

The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady is another matter, however.

If there is to be a new music, then there is to be a new music criticism. The music must dictate the rules to the critic. Mingus has painstakingly created a situation wherein the personal taste or distaste of the listener is the only possible critical criterion. We'll not discuss

whether this is good or bad. By placing himself alone in a corner Mingus has put his critics out of business.

Comparison with most of the other jazz we know will reveal Mingus' writing (not his playing) to be unoriginal and empty. But comparison with other music is not the point here, because one must be willing to understand what *he* means when he says a thing, not what *we* all agree we mean when we say that same thing.

There is no doubt in my mind that Mingus has a vision that is powerful, transcendent, and can make us discover greater power and love in ourselves if only we can meet him on his own terms. But his terms often reveal a blackness in the pit of his mind that I, for one, do not choose to enter.

It menaces, it threatens, it makes angry noises, it flags us away. Yet his ambivalence allows him to encourage these negative reactions and at the same time feel overpowering love for his fellow man.

For your own reaction, listen to the record.

Whatever it is, we can be grateful that there are men like Mingus whose desperation to expose themselves totally is greater than their repugnance over the consequences.

As for the music itself, I liked Richardson's soprano saxophone playing, the conversation between Berliner and Mariano. Mariano's saxophone playing, and the musical development (in my white, European terms) of *Group*. *Duet* is such an accurate tale of the orgasm that it is funny. I like the way trombonist Jackson speaks the truth.

Further than this it is pointless to go. Technical criticism of the music is as risible here as would be an attempt on the part of Mingus to criticize European rationality.

It is a pity that Mingus feels he has to prick the world into a frontal attack. In his liner notes he is genuinely insulting to critics, among others. I wish he had more faith in his music, so it could speak for him unmolested. (B.M.)

Oliver Nelson

FULL NELSON—Verve 8508; *Full Nelson*; *Skokiaan*; *Miss Fine*; *Majorca*; *Cool*; *Back Woods*; *Lila's Theme*; *Ballad for Benny*; *Hoe Down*; *Paris Blues*; *What Kind of Fool Am I?*; *You Love but Once*.

Personnel: Snooky Young, Ernie Royal, Joe Newman, Bernie Glow, Jimmy Maxwell, trumpets; Clark Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Urbie Green, Jimmy Cleveland, Quentin Jackson, Tony Studd, Paul Faulise, Rod Levitt, Willie Dennis, trombones; Bob Northern, Ray Alonge, French horns; Al Cohn, Phil Woods, George Dorsey, Stan Webb, Nelson, Danny Bank, Jerry Dodgion, Jerome Richardson, woodwinds; Phil Kraus, celeste, vibraharp; Jimmy Raney or Jim Hall, guitar; Milt Hinton or George Duvivier, bass; Ed Shaughnessy or Osie Johnson, drums; Harry Brewer, marimba, castanets.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Nelson proves to be a good arranger with an eclectic approach here. What he does, he does well, but some of the tunes skirt a pops-concert idiom. *Benny*, *Paris*, *Fool*, *Love*, and *Majorca*—a bolero—have little or no improvisation. I don't mean to imply, however, that they are uninteresting. *Love*, *Ballad*, and *Majorca* (the last two are Nelson originals) are serenely pretty.

The introduction to *Fool*, which em-

plays an ostinato, is striking. Nelson's orchestration of these compositions is generally fresh, his use of woodwinds being particularly noteworthy.

Nelson's alto work is featured on *Full Nelson*, *Skokiaan*, and Leonard Bernstein's *Cool*. He plays fluently and melodically, with a somewhat harder tone than he has used in the past.

Back Woods is a humorous piece, dedicated to Phil Woods and spotlighting his biting alto playing. Woods plays clarinet on *Ballad* and displays a pretty and limpid tone.

Nelson previously recorded *Hoe Down* with a smaller band, and it is possibly the best number on this album. The way Nelson uses various groups of instruments to throw the theme around is delightful. Terry has a wonderful spot on this tune—one of the happiest and most melodic he's ever recorded.

Lila's Theme is marred by a choppy beat, which Nelson describes as quasi-Latin in the album's notes. But the track has a heartfelt Joe Newman solo. The trumpeter also plays well on *Miss Fine*, a strutting tune written for Nelson's sister, Leontine LaCoste. The shout near the end sounds like something out of a Count Basie arrangement. (H.P.)

Howard Roberts

H.R. IS A DIRTY GUITAR PLAYER—Capitol 1961: *Watermelon Man*; *Smolderin'*; *Lil' Darlin'*; *Turista*; *If Ever I Would Leave You*; *One O'Clock Jump*; *Deep Fry*; *Rough Ridin'*; *Satin Doll*; *Smokin'*; *One-Note Samba*; *Dirty Old Bossa Nova*.

Personnel: Burkley Kendrix, organ; Roberts, guitar; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Earl Palmer, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

It seems strange that Jack Marshall, who produced this album, couldn't have gone all the way one way or the other. Part of the disc—a large part—is made up of very ordinary, slightly tongue-in-cheek, funk-type performances that are quite obviously aimed at a decidedly low common denominator in the record-buying audience.

But every now and then the group takes tongue from cheek, the rhythm section settles down to honest swinging, and Roberts plays bright, light, and crisp guitar. This happens on *Rough*, *Doll*, *Ever*, and *Samba* (which is not played as a samba). Very nice. But only a devoted Roberts fan or guitar enthusiast is likely to be willing to sit through the other stuff to get this. (J.S.W.)

Three Sounds

SOME LIKE IT MODERN — Mercury 20839 and 60839: *Caesar and Cleopatra*; *After Hours*; *On the Sunny Side of the Street*; *Mr. Lucky*; *I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You*; *Rat Down Front*; *Lazy River*; *Sentimental Journey*; *There's Something Nice About the Rain*; *Let's Dance*; *Elbows and Armpits*.

Personnel: Gene Harris, piano; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Bill Dowdy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

First, let's rush in with credit when credit is due. The Three Sounds, whatever else may have been said about them in the past, have not been cited for any form of originality. But on this record, in the midst of their customary grab bag of borrowings, they have actually come up with an original and entertaining idea. They have made Benny Goodman's theme, *Let's Dance*, into a waltz, returning it toward its origin in Von Weber's *Invitation*

to the *Dance*, as Gene Harris, playing piano and celeste, makes it a sprightly and swinging experience.

Otherwise, these three musical magpies serve up a mixture of the trite (*Caesar and Cleopatra*, *Mr. Lucky*), the useful (*After Hours*, *Sunny Side*), and derivative "originals" (including one bearing the most tasteless title of the year, *Elbows and Armpits*).

In the course of these wanderings, Harris produces his customary reflections of Erroll Garner and Ahmad Jamal, to which he adds Avery Parrish and Si Zentner as sources.

Aside from *Dance*, this is the kind of collection of the obvious that one has come to expect of this trio. (J.S.W.)

Cal Tjader

SEVERAL SHADES OF JADE—Verve 8507: *The Fakir*; *Cherry Blossoms*; *Horneo*; *Tokyo Blues*; *Song of the Yellow River*; *Sahib*; *China Nights*; *Almond Tree*; *Hot Sake*.

Personnel: Ernie Royul, Clark Terry, trumpets; Urbie Green, trombone; Robert Northern, French horn; Don Butterfield, tuba; Phil Kraus, George Berg, Phil Bodner, Irving Horowitz, Walter Levinsky, Stan Webb, Leon Cohen, woodwinds; Tjader, vibraharp; Arnold Eidus, Leo Kruczek, Charles McCracken, Robert Maxwell, Emanuel Yardi, strings; Lalo Schifrin, piano, conductor; Jimmy Raney, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Jack Del Rio, Johnny Rae, Eddie Shaughnessy, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is commercial music at its sophisticated best. The idea of combining Oriental and Western musical language hovers like a butterfly in the distance but is never satisfactorily explored. There is no syn-



Sam Woodyard



Gus Johnson

Premier

for Sam Woodyard, the dynamo behind Duke Ellington's orchestra. "Only Premier drums have the clarity, warmth, and depth of sound I need."

PREMIER for Gus Johnson, the man with the beaming smile and swinging style. Currently backing Ella Fitzgerald, Gus says, "Premier are the finest sound."

PREMIER for the better drummer.

DESIGNED AND MADE IN ENGLAND

FROM GOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Or write: Hall Drum Co., 315 Decatur St., New Orleans 16, La., Pacific Music Supply Co., 1143 S. Santee St., Los Angeles 15, Calif. IN CANADA: Canada Music Supply Ltd., 472 De Lauzon St., Montreal.

try new Rogers Buddy Rich Sticks

"Gold Coin"
Select Hickory



Beautifully balanced, they're made from 'Gold Coin' hickory. They've got the feel you want. They're rugged enough for the most demanding player. Try 'em. Buddy Rich Model "BR"—15⁷/₈" long, \$1.50 pair.



NEW LOUIS BELLSON STICK BRUSHES

A Rogers exclusive! Drum sticks plus telescoping brushes. Great for quick change playing. They work! No. 4671. \$3.95 pair.

Try Rogers Drum Sticks. 20 models to choose. Full range for jazz, band, parade, orchestra. See your dealer.



740 BOLIVAR, CLEVELAND 15, OHIO

34 • DOWN BEAT

thesis of musical thought here, simply amusing juxtaposition of near-truths.

As such, the album makes superior background music, unsatisfying listening music. The exception is Tjader himself, who plays with diligence and care. His musical ideas are not original, but they are pleasant.

What I don't fully understand is how Lalo Schifrin, a first-class composer-arranger, could have so consistently missed the boat in his scores. Not that there is anything offensive here; the music is full of nice colors, amusing parodies of various idioms, superior ensemble playing, but there is no sense, for me, of sustained musical commitment on anybody's part (except perhaps Tjader's).

(B.M.)

Various Artists

RAGTIME: A RECORDED DOCUMENTARY—Piedmont 13158; *Vega March*; *Whistling Rufus*; *Cupid's Arrow*; *Sounds from Africa*; *Happy Go Lucky*; *Ethiopian Mardi Gras*; *Epler's Whiskers*; *Every Ducky Had a Raglan On*; *Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?*; *Creole Belles*; *Cake-walk in the Sky*; *Dixie Girl*; *St. Louis Tickle*; *Maple Leaf Rag*; *Blaze Away*; *Whippin' the Keys*; *Nightingale Rag Blues*; *Easy Winner*; *At a Georgia Camp Meeting*.

Personnel: Track 1—Cullen and Collins. Track 2—members of Sousa Band. Track 3—Stuber and Weaver. Tracks 4-6, 10, 14—Vess L. Ossman. Track 7—Columbia Orchestra. Track 8—Arthur Collins. Track 9—Dan W. Quinn. Track 11—Victor Dance Orchestra. Tracks 12, 13—Ossman-Dudley Trio. Track 15—Mike Bernard. Track 16—Sam Goold. Track 17—Hitch's Happy Harmonists. Track 18—Nap Hayes and Matthew Prater. Track 19—Leake County Revelers.

Rating: no rating

The album title is a misnomer: *Ragtime—A Recorded Documentary* is far too broad a title to apply to this disc, dealing as it does with the more slick commercial styles of the white ragtime pianists, banjo pickers, and orchestras of the 30-year period, 1899 to 1929. The style of these musicians is not nearly so exciting as is that of the Negro school, which was much more syncopated and possessed a definite jazz—or blues—quality.

Exciting, forceful performers in the barrelhouse tradition, such as Will Ezell, Jimmy Blythe, Alex Hill, and Frank McRose, are wholly excluded from the picture this album presents. Nor are there any representatives of the driving East Coast stride school that included such men as James P. Johnson, Luckey Roberts, Willie (The Lion) Smith, Don Lambert, and Eubie Blake. And totally disregarded are such classical rag composers as Scott Joplin, Joseph Lamb, James Scott, and others.

Within these limitations and noting these considerable omissions, this album is an accurate documentary of the so-called "novelty music" played in the three-decade period covered by the album. As long as such glib, facile pianists as Mike Bernard and Sam Goold were included, others—such as Axel Christensen and Zex Confrey—could have been added to round out the picture. Further, instead of having five solo tracks by banjoist Vess L. Ossman (some of which are almost inaudible or have a great deal of wow, caused by the recording techniques of the time), Fred Van Eps—another banjoist who was perhaps even better than Ossman—might have been added.

(E.H.)

SONGSKRIT

A Column of Vocal Album
Reviews / By JOHN TYNAN

Ray Charles

As Ray Charles rolls on and on in the fascinating process of asserting himself as the most influential American singer of his generation, albums such as *Ingredients in a Recipe for Soul* (ABC-Paramount 465), for all the foolish title, tells the reason why. One merely has but to listen to Charles sing to get the message; and it doesn't matter what he sings because everything comes out shaped to his own, unique way.

In this particular album the arranging credits are split among Benny Carter, Sid Feller, Marty Paich, and Johnny Parker.

Carter sketched in some hollering brass figures behind the comic pathos of *Busted*, wisely left Charles alone with the blues *In the Evening*, and swung into a Basie-like feeling for the light ditty *Ol' Man Time*.

Feller makes the most of his strings and brass in *Born to Be Blue*, as he digs right down to the roots of the Bob Wells-Mel Torme song; reaches for the heart of another Torme ballad, *A Stranger in Town*, with some tender writing; and in the closing *You'll Never Walk Alone* skillfully backstops Charles' passionate striving for and attaining of a memorable rendition.

Paich's three arrangements are abetted by the Jack Halloran Singers, a fine Hollywood choral group heard on most commercial recordings made there for which voices are needed. They are *That Lucky Old Sun*, a raw, emotionally powerful demonstration of Charles' vocal gift, his husky delivery reminiscent of Louis Armstrong's; *Ol' Man River*, to which Charles accords an unusual, highly individual treatment; and a very commercial version of *Over the Rainbow*, less appealing to these ears than are the other selections.

Johnny Parker's sole arrangement is a most lyrical background to *Where Can I Go?*, a most moving song in its first place and one whose appeal is heightened by Charles in a distinctive interpretation worth many rehearsals.

This is not the best Ray Charles available, it's true, but second best in this case is fine.

June Christy

Always at her best in intimate setting, June Christy glows warmly in *The Intimate Miss Christy* (Capitol 1953). Accompanied only by Al Viola's guitar, Don Bagley's bass, and, occasionally, Bud Legge's sensitive flute, the singer takes a leisurely stroll through a dozen well-chosen standards—*Spring Is Here*, *Fly Me to the Moon*, *I Fall in Love Too Easily*, *Time after Time*, *The More I See You*, *Don't Explain*, *It Never Entered My Mind*, *You're Nearer*, *Misty*, *Suddenly It's Spring*, *I Get Along without You Very Well*, and *Ev'ry Time*.

Miss Christy, who has had intonation problems on record in the past, is right

as a trivet in this set. Moreover, her interpretations are all one could wish for; for example, she infuses *Don't Explain* with a simplicity achieved by its co-composer, Billie Holiday, yet without relinquishing her own personality under the immortal Lady Day interpretation.

Just as her collaboration with Stan Kenton on piano in *Duet* was successful some years ago, so also is this setting made to order for Miss Christy. As track after track unfolds, one finds oneself wondering why it took so long to hit on so perfect a blending of Miss Christy's voice, a fine guitarist and flutist, and an equally sensitive bassist in a program of ballads.

This album should do much to reassert Miss Christy's position in the hierarchy of contemporary vocalists.

Etta Jones

Miss Jones, the thorny-voiced singer whose *Don't Go to Strangers* was a hit some two years ago, deserves much credit in the courage department for including some unlikely material in her latest album, *Love Shout* (Prestige 7272).

There is, for instance, *Hi Lili Hi Lo*; the World War II pop hit, *There Are Such Things*; the Miles Davis-revived *Some Day My Prince Will Come*; and even *Some Enchanted Evening* of Ezio Pinza fame.

Sometimes it works out all right, thanks to the rough-fibered voice that unsentimentally cuts through banality to musical truth; there are times, however, when things do not go well: *Love Walked In* is taken at an ill-advised up tempo that for Miss Jones just doesn't work, to these ears, anyway.

There is a pronounced Billie Holiday quality to Miss Jones' voice that at times comes close to implying outright imitation. This impression is heightened by the singer's manner of pronouncing many words and phrasing much as did Miss Holiday—not that this is necessarily a demerit.

There is good accompaniment from a jazz group including Kenny Burrell, guitar, who solos well on *Like Someone in Love*, and Jerome Richardson, tenor saxophone and flute, whose tenor solo on Duke Ellington's *The Gal from Joe's* is one of the high points of the set.

Kenny Cox' piano accompaniment is fine throughout. The balance of the songs are *It's Magic*, *If I Loved You*, and an extremely well-done *Old Folks*, on which Miss Jones proves herself an artist of taste.

Jimmy Scott

The influence of "Little" Jimmy Scott on some of the best younger singers, such as Nancy Wilson, is a relatively seldom considered fact of life. A big popular hit when he was with the Lionel Hampton Band some years ago, Scott and his career had a difficult time getting together through the years because of the singer's personal problems.

Thanks to Ray Charles, who owns a record company, Tangerine, Scott has recorded *Falling in Love Is Wonderful* (Tangerine 1501).

With arrangements by Marty Paich and Gerald Wilson, the album is a musical success and practically a blueprint for other singers to study. For Scott is an original, an obvious delight in this day of eclecticism. True, there is more than a shade of Dinah Washington—the young Queen D—in his sound, but Scott's phrasing is all his own, and the passionate, throbbing manner of interpreting this selection of ballads is equally his personal property.

Paich arranged *They Say It's Wonderful*, *Why Try to Change Me Now?*, and *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*. Wilson's are *I Wish I Didn't Love You So*, *There Is No Greater Love*, *If I Should Lose You*, *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*, *Someone to Watch over Me*, *How Deep Is the Ocean?*, and *Sunday, Monday, or Always*. Both craftsmen leave nothing to be desired in their rich, sympathetic backgrounds.

Scott is an unusual singer with a singular style and a "female" sound that commands attention. The effect of the combination is, to say the least, arresting.

Dakota Staton

Is there a real Dakota Staton? If there is, it is a real challenge to find her in *From Dakota with Love* (United Artists 6292). For in this latest album by one of the most dynamic vocalists today there appears to be a multiplicity of Statons.

With all the jazz in the album—and Miss Staton is a jazz singer—there is some curious "vocal entertainment" too. It ranges from imitations of Billie Holiday when Miss Staton sings the Ethel Waters standard, *Supper Time*, and Louis Armstrong's theme, *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*, to a parody of blues shouting on Little Walter's *I Gotta Go* and Roy Milton's *Early in the Morning*, or more or less straight ballad singing in *There, I've Said It Again* and *My Search Is Over*.

An important part of this "vocal entertainment" to this listener is to be found in the disquieting implication of mockery in most of Miss Staton's performances here. Her deliberate take-off on the late Miss Holiday, particularly on *Sleepy Time*, is almost savage put-on, not of Lady Day, to be sure, but of the incredible lyric in that silly song.

And so it goes; from one number to the next there is this ill-concealed air of jibe and barb prodding away at shadowy symbols and obvious musical and social absurdities. Indeed, it is as though the singer's primary concern lies in subtle attack on several fronts and direct frontal assault on others.

The musical appeal of this album, therefore, is to these ears overshadowed by the disturbing put-on pervading it. Miss Staton, as always, sings impressively, and the band is blessed with driving arrangements and the instrumental jazz of Billy Root's tenor saxophone solos on *I Stood By*, *I Let a Song Go out of My Heart*, and *Reverse the Charges* and his baritone saxophone on *My Search Is Over*. The other songs are *Massachusetts*, *Hurry Home*, and *Between 18th and 19th on Chestnut Street*.



\$1.00

*Christmas is early this year!
Every day is Christmas when
you can get a superb recorded tape
for a fraction of its usual cost.
Just buy a reel of Double Recording
Audiocassette on Tempered "Mylar"
at the regular price (a great tape:
double length plus double strength).
Then add only \$1.00 and come away
with The Melody Lingers On,
featuring luxurious arrangements of
great standards like *April in Paris*,
Embraceable You, *The Song is Ended*,
I Could Write a Book and 14 other
unforgettables. 55 minutes of
music from the Everest stereo library,
long noted for the superb quality
of its recordings.
Remember, one reel of Double
Recording Audiocassette Type 2431T and
\$1.00 add up to a recorded tape
you and the women in your life
will treasure for years.
Available only in 4-track stereo.
(And Merry Christmas!)*

audiocassette
"it speaks for itself!"

AUDIO DEVICES, INC., 444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.
Offices in Los Angeles • Chicago • Washington, D. C.

BLUES 'n' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Even a small taste is, I suppose, better than nothing at all. And nothing is what we've had in the way of blues reissues from the vast Decca catalog of "race" recordings—up until now, that is. A recent album on that label, *Out Came the Blues*, (DL 4434), brings together 14 selections by some truly fine country and urban blues performers recorded between 1934 and 1953, the bulk of the performances dating from the late '30s.

The disc, with annotations by Stanley Dance and Yannick Bruynoghe (who doubtless had a hand in the actual selection of the material as well), is an excellent, finely balanced program of blues and offers a fairly accurate representation of the emotional and esthetic spectrum the form is capable of spanning. But still, despite the album's admitted superiority, these are only 14 out of hundreds of superb items in the company's backlog of blues masters.

Out Came the Blues, however, contains some powerfully expressive country blues performances. Among the most notable are Kokomo Arnold's *Wild Water Blues*, a strong, surging vocal (despite fluctuating recording that lowers the volume when Arnold sings, so that his accompaniment recedes into the background) backed by his whining, insinuating guitar; Oscar (The Lone Wolf) Woods' pinched, nasally ululant singing over an even more whining bottle-neck guitar accompaniment on *Lone Wolf Blues*; Memphis Minnie McCoy's fiercely insistent *Chickasaw Train Blues*; the taut, emotive, highly charged Sleepy John Estes vocal on *Vernita Blues*; Johnny Temple's laconic *Louise, Louise Blues*; and Texas blues bard Lightnin' Hopkins' 1953 recording of *Bad Things on My Mind*, delivered in his by-now familiar wry, vinegary style, his vocal lines almost stabs of pain so intense are they.

Very close to these performances in style and feeling, though they incorporate certain urban elements, are Peetie Wheatstraw's wonderfully eccentric singing (surely an acquired taste) and piano playing on *Crazy with the Blues*; Red Nelson's straightforward, engaging rendition of *Sweetest Thing Born* with a jabbings, rolling piano accompaniment by Cripple Clarence Lofton; and Scrapper Blackwell's *No Good Woman Blues*, recorded shortly after the death of his long-time partner Leroy Carr, with Dot Rice at the keyboard.

The urban blues traditions are represented in the persons of Trixie Smith, whose ingenuous vocal on *Freight Train Blues* is easily overshadowed by the sensitive work of the accompanying band that includes Sidney Bechet on clarinet and Charlie Shavers on trumpet; Georgia White's lusty, shouting *The Blues Ain't Nothing But???*; Rosetta Crawford, with James P. Johnson's sextet in support, on *My Man Jumped Salty on Me* (delightful trumpet work by Tommy Ladnier, and good Mezz Mezzrow clarinet); and pleasant, but hardly outstanding, perform-

ances by Joe Turner on *Little Bittie Gal's Blues* and Cousin Joe on *Beggin' Woman* (a rather trite, contrived piece).

The album is a fine start; but, let's see, there's (alphabetically) the Black Ace (B. K. Turner), Brownsville Son Bonds, Bumble Bee Slim, Cow Cow Davenport, Georgia Tom Dorsey, Jimmy Gordon, Lee Green, Rosetta Howard, Alberta Hunter, Jesse James, Lonnie Johnson, Signifying Mary Johnson, Charley Jordan, Leroy's Buddy (Bill Gaither), Alex Moore, Alice Moore, Blind Willie McTell, Old Man Oden, Charlie Pickett, Ollie Shepard, Victoria Spivey, Roosevelt Sykes, Curley Weaver, and many others, who have sides in Decca's vaults. *Out Came the Blues*, though a fine collection, just begins to scratch the surface.

Subsequent blues releases from Decca will probably be largely dependent upon sales of this album, so it is recommended on this account too.

Several recent recordings on the Bluesville label are worthy of more than passing interest. Chief among these is *Clarksdale Blues* (1064), which offers an extended sampling of the work of Robert



Curtis Smith, a 31-year-old farm laborer from the Yazoo Delta region in upper Mississippi. Smith, who was discovered and recorded by blues authority Chris Strachwitz and initially presented in four selections on Strachwitz' sampler from the region, *I Have to Paint My Face* (Arhoolie 1005), is a potent, dramatic singer and a sensitive guitarist who underlines his anguished vocals with propulsive, richly textured accompaniments in an arresting manner.

He is not a greatly original artist, however, drawing on a variety of sources—some oral, others recorded—for his material, which he does shape, it must be admitted, to his own talent and needs. "Though his personal inventiveness and grasp of life is strongly felt," remarks annotator Mack McCormick in his sensitive, feelingful notes, "Smith is not one of the individualistic giants. Rather he exemplifies the broad traditional base from which they spring, and which takes its substance from the countless singers who both borrow and contribute, unreflectively seeking personal pleasure in a music which is essentially a community pastime."

Smith does have several highly interesting, original pieces, the strongest and most significant being his *Council Spur Blues*, which paints a stark and desolate picture of his life as a tenant farmer—harsh, demanding, and unremitting in its ceaseless toil and oppression. Other compelling

pieces are *I'm Going Away*, notable for its stunningly detailed guitar accompaniment, and *Sunflower River Blues*. On most of the selections Smith reminds one forcibly of the fine Texas blues man Lil Son Jackson—their vocal qualities are much alike, and the guitar styles follow much the same patterns.


Smith is a convincing, earnest blues singer who has much to say and says it largely along traditional lines. He is so much a traditionalist, in fact, that even Jimmy Reed's *Ain't That Loving You, Baby?* becomes, in his hands, a strong, undiluted country blues.

Another authoritative representative of a continuing blues tradition is Baby Tate, a lusty exponent of the blues styles of the Carolina-Georgia arcas, who is presented in *See What You Done Done* (Bluesville 1072).

Tate was discovered and recorded in Spartanburg, S. C., by Sam Charters, who rightly remarks that the singer is heavily indebted to the late Blind Boy Fuller, the singer-guitarist who is most closely identified with the blues style of the region. Indeed, Tate performs a number of Fuller pieces in this album—*Hey, Mama, Hey, Pretty Girl* (i.e., Fuller's *Little Woman, You're So Sweet*); *Thousand Woman Blues*; and *Lonesome over There* (Fuller's *Worn-out Engine Blues*)—and performs them with power and conviction to spare, the power and conviction of a man who's been singing this way for three decades.

He likewise performs the work of other men: such as Muddy Waters' *Rollin' Stone* (here called *Baby, I'm Going*), Lightnin' Hopkins' *My Baby Don't Treat Me Kind*, Willie Love's *V-8 Ford Blues* (here titled *Baby, You Just Don't Know*), Blind Willie McTell's *Trucking Them Blues Away*—and they're all sung with force, intensity, and a fully developed personal style that unites all the song sources, no matter how disparate, bringing them pretty much in line with the characteristic Carolina approach. It is an approach that is highly musical, making greater use of passing chords and melodic bass lines than does the cruder, more direct and rhythmic Mississippi style Robert Curtis Smith works in.

Tate is a passionate, full-bodied blues performer who carries off this collection extremely effectively. He is a lusty singer who shades sensitively and who uses his excellent instrumental technique in much the same manner his mentor Fuller did. A certain lack of originality hinders his being listed in the first rank of contemporary blues men.

Inasmuch as I supervised the recording of Bluesville 1066, by Clarence Clay and William Scott, a pair of blind street singers, I cannot in conscience review it. But I did want to make mention of the fact that the disc is confusingly, if not misleadingly, titled *The Blues of Clarence Clay & William Scott*. The album, I should point out, is not a collection of blues at all but, rather, contains a dozen performances of the older-styled religious songs the pair have sung daily on the sidewalks of Philadelphia for more than a dozen years. The notes make this clear, as Prestige's album title does not. 

BUDDY DeFRANCO



By LEONARD FEATHER

Though at the moment they are busy with night-club bookings around the country, scheduled to last four or five months, Buddy DeFranco and Tommy Gumina have had all the predictable difficulties in creating a demand for their group, the Polytones, commensurate with its merit.

The instrumentation was a double barrier, since neither the clarinet nor the accordion is currently in vogue. It seems certain that if DeFranco had shown a comparable talent for the tenor saxophone and Gumina an equally fantastic ability on the organ, every bar and grill in the country would be screaming for their services. (Ironically, Gumina's box is an instrument called the accordio-organ, capable of so wide a range of sounds and stops combinations that it often does give the impression an organist is playing.)

The DeFranco-Gumina quartet was reorganized last summer, after Gumina had spent some months on the ABC staff in Hollywood and DeFranco had completed another of his regular series of college clinic appearances. This is the second of a two-part *Blindfold Test* for the pair. Neither was given any information about the records played.

TOMMY GUMINA



PART 2

BLINDFOLD TEST

THE RECORDS

1. John Coltrane. *Up 'gainst the Wall* (from *Impressions*, Impulse). Coltrane, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Tommy: I'm almost inclined to believe it's somebody desperately trying to sound like Trane, although the drums sound like Elvin Jones . . . but . . . with what Trane has been doing the past few months, I'd almost think it was he.

Buddy: Well, we're going to get a variance of opinion here, because despite the fact that he plays 45-minute solos, and some of it is repetitive, I still like what he does—his inherent ability. So if that is Trane, then it's not the best I've heard. If it's not Trane, then it's a pretty good imitation.

Tommy: It sounded like Trane to me. Elvin Jones in the background, twirling; or rather up front, I would say. Coltrane was playing an accompaniment to Elvin Jones; that's what it amounts to. Probably McCoy Tyner took off for that date.

I heard at the beginning what they were attempting, a basis of polytonality, which, of course, means two or more keys at the same time. The bass player, I had to strain to hear him because of Elvin Jones—but his tonality was completely elsewhere to where Coltrane was. Which is the beginning of it; I know when Buddy and I first got into the polytonal things, we figured, "Let's take a short cut—you play in one key, and I'll play in another." But it doesn't work. It's musically incorrect. Lot of people are doing it that way, but it's completely wrong.

Buddy, when I back him up with certain chord structures in a polytonal system, he has to edit his solos—actually in the upper register he has to play very diatonic. He can't play bebop upstairs against what I'm playing downstairs—it doesn't work. Of course, people are going to say to me, "What's correct?" According to the laws of nature, the overtone

series, there's a basis for what's correct and what's incorrect, musically.

I admire Coltrane for his great facility. But I don't admire the hysterical approach he's had lately. I heard the group here in Los Angeles, and I left the place with a headache—you can't really hear Coltrane, you're listening to Elvin Jones all night. And I have heard Elvin Jones when I enjoyed him. But I think you can get carried away with something new. When Coltrane played with Miles, it was a thing of beauty. And if he would revert and play some of the *old* things with the new incorporated, he would be the end.

Like I said before, this isn't too clean. And that doesn't seem to matter today. All that's important is the feeling. And the record companies are in on this. "Leave it alone," they say. "You've got the feeling, never mind the goofs." But I tell them I've got to live with it.

Buddy: Tommy, I think that goes back to our early training, where it was a feat to be able to execute something without a goof. It's a lot easier to play with a goof. And not only in music—in life in general today.

Tommy: Gets back to what's right and what's wrong. You have to have some basis for something, otherwise we're going to be really cooled.

Buddy: I don't think you can completely eliminate standards. If you do that, you go back to complete anarchy. . . . Well, back to the record: what are we going to rate it?

Tommy: I refuse to give it a rating. I have nothing to say.

Buddy: I feel pretty much the same way. It's not because Tommy's my partner; I just happen to feel the same way. Listen, I've heard too many of my own records I was unhappy with, that I felt deserved no rating at all, so I'm not going to hesitate with Trane.

2. Duke Ellington. *Tigress* (from *Afro Bossa*, Reprise) Ellington, piano.

Buddy: I would guess Duke Ellington. But certainly far below what I would expect from Duke. It seemed a little unresolved, tired and mixed up, and kind of with no direction. . . . Again, I would like to reserve a rating on this, because normally I would rate Duke's music very high. I don't get this record.

Tommy: Duke has been a marvelous contributor to the Americana musical scene, but in this thing, it sounds to me like a throwaway—if it is Duke. I'd like to rate it minus two, because it has nothing to say. Gee, I hope it's not Duke!

3. Oscar Peterson. *Georgia on My Mind* (from *Night Train*, Verve). Peterson, piano; Roy Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

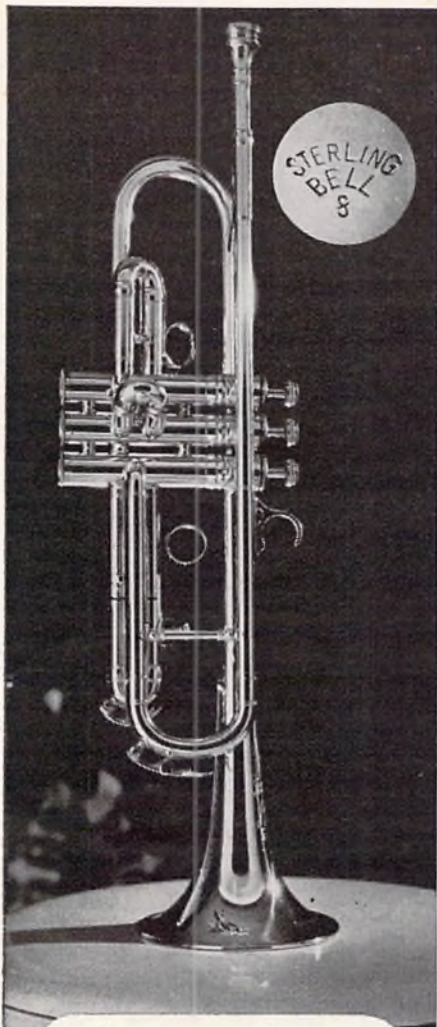
Tommy: Marvelous! Too much. That's music, in anybody's book. Technique is marvelous, good sound, good tone, good feeling, voicing. . . . You say five is the top? Eight stars!

I'm not sure—at times it sounds like Oscar, because there's very few guys on piano that get that attack that Oscar does. He doesn't play with fingers, he uses hammers, I'm sure.

Oscar Peterson is my favorite piano player. He's got everything going. He's the type of man I've always admired, and I'm hoping to get my accordion to come off like Oscar does on piano. If it is Oscar—and I'm pretty sure it is—he can do no wrong. Eight stars!

Buddy: I don't know if it's Oscar, but I feel the same way about it. I've known Oscar for a long time, but this sounds like a little more modern approach harmonically. Now, wait a minute, I'm going to take that back, because I heard Oscar not long ago in San Francisco, and he absolutely gassed me. I would say it's somewhere between Oscar—because of that clarity and technique, brilliance—and Bill Evans and Victor Feldman, because of the chord patterns and progression.

Whoever it is, I'm with Tommy. Tops.



Are You Happy With the Sound You're Getting?

If you're going somewhere musically, don't let your instrument stand in your way. Get the most from your sound with a King Symphony Model Trumpet with Solid Sterling Silver Bell. The tone has both edge and richness. It will not crack — ever. Your sound projects farther with less effort. Newly redesigned dual bore provides more power and brilliance. Try a King. Ask for the Symphony Model at your King Dealer's.

TRY A KING SILVER BELL



THE H. N. WHITE COMPANY
manufacturers of King-crafted band
instruments for more than 70 years
5225 SUPERIOR AVE. • CLEVELAND 3, OHIO

MITCHELL from page 23

records with Lil."

The Wanderers and Bootblacks records were made in July, 1926, two months before the first Morton Red Hot Pepper session.

"I don't know how I was picked for the records with Jelly Roll," Mitchell said. "I had heard plenty about him but hadn't met him and was playing regularly at night when those record dates came up. I always had an idea that I was included because they knew that they could depend on me. A lot of the New Orleans cornet men were hitting the bottle — like Freddie Keppard — and they wanted someone they knew would show up.

"We rehearsed the tunes for three or four days right in the record studio before recording. Both rehearsals and recordings were in the afternoon, since most of us had regular night jobs.


"Jelly Roll was sharp, always in good humor, and was always talking. The music parts were always ready for us. Jelly Roll wanted you to improvise a lot, and if anyone went dry on ideas, he would help you out by playing some figures on the piano. I wish I could tell you more about Jelly Roll, but at the time I didn't think too much about those records. I was so busy with my regular jobs."

In 1929 Mitchell joined Earl Hines for the Grand Terrace job and was with Hines for two years. He was on all the Hines band's early Victor records, but did not solo because Shirley Clay was the featured trumpet soloist.

By the time the job with Hines was over, the tide of the depression had broken everything loose, and jobs in music disappeared. Mitchell scuffled for a while, even trying his hand in park concert bands, but gave up playing entirely in 1935, becoming a clerk in a downtown financial firm.

For a few years Mitchell had been toying with the idea of starting to play again but, weighing his daily time available for practice against the time necessary to build his lip, decided not to try.

In talking about the early days of Chicago jazz and listening to records, the thread of enthusiasm for jazz and jazz musicians flashed quickly to the surface, and the years seemed visibly to fade from Mitchell's face, dispelling his natural reserve. His hesitancy vanished as he told about the way Johnny Dodds played clarinet or the way Joe Oliver would build his choruses.

Pride has no part of Mitchell's disposition, but there is a calm dignity in his manner that is proper to his achievements. He had had a rare chance in jazz, and he played it. 

AD LIB from page 10

consist of four, 13-week semesters with such departments as vocal, instrumental, orchestration, composition, dance, theory, lectures, and ensemble. Included on the faculty are **Zoot Sims** (saxophone), **Ken McIntyre** (composition and orchestration), **Howard Collins** (guitar), **Eddie Gomez** (bass), **Barry Miles** (drums), and **Marguerite Haymes** (voice). Mrs. Haymes, a well-known vocal coach, is the mother of singer **Dick Haymes**.

Marshall Stearns and his wife, Jean, want it known that they "were not consulted in the choice of an illustration for our piece, *Profile of the Lindy*, in the October issue of *Show*." . . . Actor **Godfrey Cambridge** is to play the lead in the movie version of *Night Song*, the **John Williams** novel supposedly based on **Charlie Parker's** life . . . Drummer **Lennie McBrowne**, back in the East, worked a Monday night session at the Village Gate with **Richard Williams**, trumpet, and **Charlie Rouse**, tenor saxophone, as members of his group.

The Musicians Aid Society has taken over the Saturday evening Jazz at the Plaza sessions at the Central Plaza and is running them as benefits. The first featured cornetist **Jimmy McPartland**, pianist **Marian McPartland**, clarinetist **Ed Hall**, drummer **Jo Jones**, trombonist-vibist **Tyree Glenn**, and the quartet of trumpeter **Louis Metcalf**.

Pianist **Thomas Vaughn**, a student at the Yale Divinity School, and drummer **Charles Smith**, known for his work with **Billy Taylor** and **Mitchell-Ruff**, recently participated in *A Musical Offering to God*, a liturgical jazz service of their own composition and arrangement, at the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Advent. The Rev. **John G. Gensel**, often associated with jazz, is the pastor of the Broadway church. Following the service, there was a discussion on jazz and the church, with Vaughn, Smith, the Rev. **John R. Peason**, and Mrs. **Christopher Stamatiou**, sister of **Duke Ellington**, as participants.

The film adaptation of novelist **Warren Miller's** brutally realistic portrayal of a Negro teenager's life in Harlem, *The Cool World*, directed by **Shirley Clarke** (who did likewise for *The Connection*) and with music composed by pianist **Mal Waldron** played by trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie** and multireed man **Yusef Lateef**, was one of two U.S. entries accepted for competition in this year's Venice Film Festival. The other was *Hud*, with **Paul Newman**. *The Cool World* was produced by **Frederick Wiseman**, a New York City lawyer, who represents his first venture in this area. The book was adapted for the screen by Miss Clarke and **Carl Lee**, an actor best known for his portrayal

of Cowboy in both the stage and screen productions of *The Connection*. Filming, using for the most part young, non-professional actors, was done entirely on location in Harlem's rundown 116th St. neighborhood.

RECORD NOTES: Albums by **Bud Powell** and **Duke Ellington** are due out soon on Reprise . . . Ellington tenor man **Paul Gonsalves** recorded for Impulse with **Ray Nance**, **Rolf Ericson**, trumpets; **Johnny Hodges**, alto saxophone; and **Ernie Shepard**, bass. The non-Ellingtonians were drummer **Osie Johnson** and pianist **Walter Bishop**. Bishop will have a trio LP for Impulse with alternating bassists (**Burton Warren** and **Ernie Farrow**) and drummers (**Jimmy Cobb** and **Ben Riley**) . . . Blue Note taped new sets with **Herbie Hancock**, **Blue Mitchell**, **Johnny Coles**, **Grant Green**, **Sonny Red**, **Stanley Turrentine**, and **George Braith**. Guitarist Green did three albums and tenor man Turrentine two—one an all-Basie session. Alto man Braith was formerly known as Braithwaite when he played tenor saxophone . . . Pianist **Elmo Hope** did a trio date with bassist **Larry Ridley** and drummer **Philly Joe Jones** for Dauntless.

MGM records released a **Pete Jolly-Ralph Pena-Nick Martinis** album that's been in the can for ages. Jolly has another LP in the works for **Fred Astaire's** Ava label, plus a single.

Herb Ellis and **Charlie Byrd** recorded an LP of standards in Washington early in September with Ellis playing amplified guitar and Byrd unamplified finger style. Ellis came to town for a two-week engagement at the Showboat Lounge while Byrd was on vacation.

Columbia is readying a **Gene Krupa** reissue package to consist of two or three LPs . . . Victor is gathering together previously unreleased **Glenn Miller** material to fill two albums . . . **Gerry Mulligan** and his regular group (**Bob Brookmeyer**, trombone; **Bill Crow**, bass; **Dave Bailey**, drums) recorded for Philips with flugelhornist **Art Farmer** and guitarist **Jim Hall** . . . Pianist **Billy Taylor** is recording for Capitol with a big band. Charts are by **Oliver Nelson**.

Jackie McLean taped for Blue Note with **Grachan Moncur**, trombone; **Bobby Hutcherson**, vibraharp; **Larry Ridley**, bass; and **Roy Haynes**, drums . . . Haynes did his own date for Prestige with **Frank Strozier**, alto saxophone; **Ronnie Matthews**, piano; and **Ridley** . . . **Sonny Stitt** also recorded for Prestige with organist **Jack McDuff**, bassist **Leonard Gaskin**, and drummer **Herbie Lovelle** . . . Arranger **Jimmy Jones** is working with **Oscar Peterson** on a to-be-recorded suite depicting impressions of the pianist's Canadian homeland.

BRITAIN

The invasion by U.S. jazz talent began in September when the **Count Basie-Sarah Vaughan** show toured. During the appearance at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, the entire performance was filmed for future television transmission. Next in line was **Erroll Garner** in October, who will be followed by **Stan Kenton** in November. Negotiations are taking place to bring over several others.

Ronnie Scott's jazz club is busy booking Americans for fall and winter. Singer **Babs Gonzales** was a recent attraction at the London club. On Sept. 20 **Roland Kirk** was to open for a

month. Also in September **Jeanne Lee** and **Ran Blake** played a short engagement. Scott said he hopes to present **Art Farmer** and **Jim Hall**, the **Charlie Byrd Trio**, and **J. J. Johnson**. Saxophonist Scott recently took his quartet to Sweden, where he played the Swedish Jazz Festival to excellent reviews.

This year marks the silver jubilee of the Jazz Jamborees, organized by the Musicians Social and Benevolent Council. The London *Daily Herald* sponsored this year's event, which comprised four concerts in two days. There was a folk festival at the Royal Albert Hall Sept. 21, the same day **Roland Kirk** headlined a modern concert at St. Pan-

DAVE BAILEY

plays Slingerland The Foremost in Drums

6633 N. Milwaukee Ave., Niles 48, Illinois

cras Town Hall. On Sept. 22 there was an all-star traditional jazz bill at the Royal Albert Hall, plus a second modern concert at the Hammersmith Town Hall.

Pianist **Brian Auger** has re-formed his trio under the title Brian Auger Trinity and features **Rick Laird**, bass, and **Phil Kinnora**, drums. The group will perform at this year's Edinburgh festival . . . **Alex Welsh** has formed a big band for special appearances and made an impressive debut with it at the Richmond Jazz Festival. The band comprises Welsh, **Johnny Chilton**, **Al Fairweather**, trumpets; **Roy Crimins**, **Tony Milliner**, trombones; **Al Gay**, **Tony Coe**, **Danny Moss**, **Ronnie Ross**, saxophones; **Bert Murray**, piano; **Tony Pitt**, guitar; **Bill Reid**, bass; and **Lennie Hastings**, drums . . . Southern Television opened its new six-week series *How to Enjoy Jazz without Really Trying* with singer **Dinah Kaye** and the **Tubby Hayes Quintet**.

The British Labor Party, in conjunction with the musicians union, is organizing a four-week nationwide jazz package that will feature **Johnny Dankworth's** orchestra with **Bobby Breen** and **Joy Marshall**, **Terry Lightfoot's** Jazzmen, and the folk team of **Dorita y Pepe** . . . **Ted Heath** and his orchestra played a second "swing session" at the Marquee Club . . . The winners of this year's National Jazz Festival contest, held during the Richmond festival, were the **Milton James Sextet**, the **Gordon Robinson Sextet**, and **Colin Kingswell's** Jazz Bandits.

DENMARK

It was a sad day for Danish jazz fans. After nearly a year on and off the Danish jazz scene, **Dexter Gordon** packed his horn and left Copenhagen. Gordon, who played to record crowds during his tenure at the Montmartre Jazz House, was off for a brief engagement in Sweden and then on to the Blue Note in Paris. He was scheduled for a return to Copenhagen in November but as an actor-musician in the local version of *The Connection*.

When Gordon returns to Los Angeles, probably at year's end, he'll take along a young Danish jazz drummer, **Alex Riel**, a bright new name on the local scene, who has played with Gordon's group during its Montmartre gig. Riel is to study with drum instructor **Murray Spivak**.

Jazz musician-turned-movie-composer **Ib Glindemann**, who in the '50s led a **Stan Kentonish** band, is putting together a band for a four-day music festival in the town of Horsens. A Czech quintet, a Dutch symphony orchestra, and conductor **Edward Strauss**, grandson of composer **Johan Strauss**, share the bill with Glindemann, who is artistic director of the festival. Glindemann has just composed a concerto for trumpet, due out on RCA Victor in the United States in the fall . . . The **New York Contemporary Five** played a two-week stand at the Montmartre. The group includes tenorist **Archie Shepp**, trumpeter **Don Cherry**, and Danish altoist **John Tchicai**, who has

been playing in New York . . . Basin Street, a new Copenhagen jazz club, opened on the original site of the old Las Vegas, home of pianist **Leo Mathisen** in the '40s and '50s, with **Arved Meyer's** group. . . **Herluf Kamp Larsen**, owner of Montmartre, is negotiating with multi-horn man **Roland Kirk** for a stay at the club. Saxophonists **Don Byas**, **Sahib Shihab**, and, possibly, **Johnny Griffin** are also in the line up for the coming months.

SWITZERLAND

The most significant jazz happenings here recently have been the occurrence within a one-month period of three large jazz festivals. In a two-day period in late summer the resort town of Ascona played host to a festival crowd for whom such artists as **Bud Shank**, **Joe Harriott**, **Jacques Pelzer**, **Lillian Terry**, and the **Chris Barber** aggregation performed.

Following this, the 13th annual Amateur Jazz Festival was held in Zurich. In addition to the nonprofessional jazz groups competing during the festival's six days, a number of guest artists were invited to perform, among them **Johnny Griffin**, **George Gruntz**, **Flavio Ambrosetti**, and **Daniel Humair**. And, finally, at Lugano was held the city's second International Jazz Festival. The three-day event was truly international with Holland's **Dutch Swing College Orchestra**, England's **Tubby Hayes Quintet**, Poland's **A. Trzaskowski Quintet**, Italy's **Reno Jazz Gang**, France's **Martial Solal Trio**, Belgium's **Rene Thomas**, and the

DOWN BEAT'S 28th Annual Readers Poll



VOTING INSTRUCTIONS



This is the last chance to vote in the 28th annual *Down Beat* Readers Poll. 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. 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.

United States' **Kenny Drew Trio**, **Donald Byrd**, and **Johnny Griffin**. All three festivals are scheduled to be held again next year.

PHILADELPHIA

Jimmy DePreist, recently married to a girl he met while recovering from a polio attack suffered during a Far East trip, plans to return to the Orient for the State Department. Meanwhile, he has been doing TV and radio work along with arranging and composing . . . **Del Shields** recently celebrated the first anniversary of his daily six-hour show over WDAS-FM. Shields, adviser to the Jazz at Home Club, has brought in several speakers to its monthly meetings, including **Clark Terry**, the **Rev. John Gensel**, **Billy Taylor**, and **Bob Thiele** . . . **Lonnie Johnson** played at the recent Philadelphia Folk Festival produced by **Gene Shay**, WHAT jazz-folk disc jockey . . . **Jack Teagarden**, in the area for a one-nighter, made an appearance on **Billy Krehmer's** WPBS-FM jazz record program.

NEW ORLEANS

Teenage musicians have enlivened the New Orleans music scene lately. The teenage Dixieland band contest sponsored by educational television WYES-TV was won by the **St. Charles Avenue Stompers**, a well-organized group that has **Al Linker**, trumpet; **Bob Smith**, trombone; **Otis Bazoon**, clarinet; **Tim Herbez**, piano; **George Schmidt**, banjo; **Hank Mackie**, bass; and **Ricky Mackie**, drums. Also impressive in the competition was a group called the **Versatiles**, paced by trumpeter **Paul Murphy** and drummer **Tom Cressione**. On the school-band scene, 14-year-old **Johnny Vidacovich**, great-nephew of veteran clarinetist **Pinky Vidacovich**, is the new drummer in **Clem Toca's St. Aloysius High School Stage Band**, which won top honors in national stage-band competition at Enid, Okla., this year. Another young drummer, 16-year-old **Lloyd Poissenot**, will take over the chair vacated by **Charlie Blancq** in **Courtland Day's** big band.

Vernon's Restaurant, long-time haven for local modernists, has changed hands and is now **Don's Riviera Room**. Owner **Don Mohr** is continuing the modern-jazz policy, using a house band led by pianist **Roger Sears** and importing name groups sporadically. The **Jazz Crusaders** are set for a Nov. 4 appearance at the club.

The late **Lizzie Miles'** scrapbook of letters, photographs and souvenirs has been given by her survivors to photographer-jazz buff **Carey Tate** . . . **Karl Genus**, producer of a series on jazz being filmed here by National Educational Television, has been taking a bus-

man's holiday after hours at the King's Room, where pianist **Armand Hug** plays . . . Two excellent rhythm men, pianist **Johnny Probst** and drummer **Paul Logos**, were victims of traffic mishaps that disabled them temporarily . . . Pianist **Fats Pichon** is back at his old stomping ground, the Old Absinthe House . . . Drummer **Gene Stone**, who has been active on gigs and recordings with **Roland Kirk**, **Don Ellis**, and **Clare Fisher**, was in town recently visiting his father, **Frank**, tympanist with the **New Orleans Symphony Orchestra**.

The final concert in the New Orleans Jazz Club's Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon series featured the **Last Straws** and honored veteran musician **Papa Jack Laine**, who celebrated his 90th birthday the day before the concert . . . Preservation Hall's **Sandra and Allan Jaffe**, off on a tour of Japan with **George Lewis'** band, left the hall under the management of **Sally Fellon** and **Resa Smolen** . . . **Papa Celestin's Tuxedo Band**, fronted by clarinetist **Albert French** since trumpeter **Celestin's** death, played a three-week engagement at a Nassau resort hotel . . . Jazz archivist **Dick Allen** is teaching the section devoted to jazz in a Tulane University night-school course on New Orleans culture . . . **Ronnie Dupont**, long-time **Al Hirt** pianist, turned down an offer from **Louis Prima** in favor of a job with an insurance firm; he has been active in spot work with **Sharkey Bonano**.

CINCINNATI

The Queen City has had a shortage of name talent recently, but local groups continue to flourish. The Living Room, the only full-time jazz club in the area, has featured a parade of vocalists including **Jackie Paris** and **Anne Marie Moss**, local favorite **Mark Murphy**, **Judy James**, and blues shouter **Irene Reid**. Former Cincinnati **Bill Berry** was in town briefly and sat in on trumpet at the club twice. The house trio of **Dee Felice** had its first personnel change since its inception in 1961, when **Lee Tucker** replaced **Jack Prather** on bass.

Lee Stolar worked a month at the **Jai Alai** and then switched to the **Whisper Room** where he performs on piano with bassist **John Parker** and drummer **Ron McCurdy** . . . **Tri-City Yacht Club** in nearby Newport, Ky., has been the scene of lengthy jam sessions in the last four months. **Curtis Peagler's Modern Jazz Disciples** continue to hold down the bandstand there. Former **Roland Kirk** sideman **Charlie Wilson** has joined the group on piano.

Benny Goodman will appear as guest soloist with the **Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra** on Dec. 6 and 7, performing classical compositions . . . **Elwood Evans'** trio is at the **Blind Lemon**, and **Tommy Wills'** quartet has been spot-



Johnny Warrington's Stage Dance Band Arr.

of
W. C. Handy's

SAINT LOUIS BLUES

Instrumentation:
Conductor, Piano, Guitar, (5) Saxes,
(8) Brass, String Bass, Tuba and Drums
Price \$3.50

BEALE STREET BLUES

"New" Dance Orc. Arr.

by
Johnny Warrington

Instrumentation:
Piano, Violins ABC, Guitar,
(5) Saxes, (6) Brass, Bass and Drums
Price \$2.00

YELLOW DOG BLUES

As Arranged and Recorded by
Joe Daransbourg and his Dixie Flyers

On Lark Record No. LS-452 (LM-0957-4)

Featuring The
"Slap Tongue Clarinet"

Instrumentation:
Solo Bb Clarinet, or 1st Eb Alto Saxophone,
Piano, Trumpet, Trombone, Bass & Drums
Scored by Fred Norman
For Additional:
Guitar, (5) Saxes, (2) Trumpets, (1) Trombone
Price \$2.00

FLORIDA BLUES

By
William "King" Phillips

As Arranged and Recorded By
Richard Malby and his Orchestra

On, ROULETTE Records
Instrumentation:
Conductor, Violins ABC, Piano, Guitar, (5) Saxes,
(8) Brass, String Bass, Tuba, Drums and Percussion
Price \$2.00

Miniature Conductor Parts
Furnished on REQUEST (No charge)

Order from Your Dealer or Direct



IN THE NEXT ISSUE

BRUBECK ON KENTON

The pianist offers a frank
appraisal of the noted bandleader

DON CHERRY ZUTTY SINGLETON

The Nov. 21 Down Beat goes
on sale Thursday, Nov. 7.

lighted at **Babe Baker's Jazz Corner** . . . It's rumored that **Castle Farm Ballroom**, a mecca for name dance bands for more than 30 years, will close its doors on Jan. 1.

CLEVELAND

The mid-September opening of the new **Leo's Casino** was a success. An opening-night party, attended by local notables and entertainers, featured singer **Gloria Lynne** backed by a band led by altoist **Willie Smith**, who also wrote the arrangements. The new location, former site of the **Dobama Theater**, has been extensively remodeled by operators **Leo Frank** and **Jules Berger**.

Local drummer **Jacktown** filled in for **Elvin Jones** on the opening night of **John Coltrane's** recent **Jazz Temple** engagement and impressed everyone . . . **Joe Alexander** left his group with **Dave O'Rourke** at the **Castaways**, being replaced by pianist **Bill Gidney**. Tenorist **Alexander** led a group at the **Club 100** for a week, after which he planned

to leave for **New York City** . . . The **Leon Stevenson Quartet** at the **Tangiers** has been attracting many regular listeners and almost as many regular sitters-in. The drummer's group features **Don Banks**, guitar; **Glenn Graham**, vibraharp; and **Lindsay Tufts**, organ.

CHICAGO

The jazz scene in the **Windy City** has been extremely quiet in recent weeks. The only club featuring name groups since the **Sutherland** closed and **McKie's** has tried other music policies has been the **London House**. One glimmer in the gloom was **Mr. Kelly's** booking in **Bill Henderson** and **Jackie & Roy** to share the bill with comedians. And the **Downstage Rom** at the **Happy Medium** hired the **Joe Burton Trio** for an indefinite engagement. The group — **Burton**, piano; **Sam Agres**, bass; **Chuck Christiansen**, drums — will be heard Sunday through Wednesday.

Stan Kenton and the **Roaring 20** played a two-nighter at **Club Laurel** last

month. While he was here, **Kenton** celebrated his 20th anniversary with **Capitol** records. He, **George Shearing**, and **Cy Coleman** were the main guests at a cocktail party given in honor of the occasion by the record firm . . . **Reed** man **James Moody** recorded a quartet session for **Argo** while he was in town with **Dizzy Gillespie**. He used the **Gillespie** rhythm section—**Kenny Barron**, piano; **Chris White**, bass; and **Rudy Collins**, drums.

Two local jazz educational ventures are under the aegis of **Joe Segal**. The first is an eight-week lecture series, **Jazz: America's True Folk Music**, currently being presented on Wednesday evenings at the **West Side YWCA**. Recordings illustrate the talks. Under the same title is a program of four lecture-concerts sponsored by **Loyola University** utilizing **Segal** and local musicians. On Nov. 13 **Little Brother Montgomery** will illustrate the blues and basic jazz forms on the school's **Lake Shore Dr.** campus; on Nov. 20 the **Eddie Higgins Trio** and tenorist **Sandy Mosse** will offer examples of swing at the downtown campus; bebop will be the subject on Dec. 4, with altoist **Bunky Green** and trumpeter-pianist **Gene Esposito** augmenting the **John Young Trio**; on Dec. 11 the **Joe Daley Trio** will take students through the intricacies of free-form jazz. The series will be initiated with a concert and dance by the **Woody Herman Band** on Oct. 27 at 7:30 p.m. on the **Lake Shore Dr.** campus.

Ken Morris, head of the **National Stage Band Camps, Inc.**, announced that the camps have signed **Woody Herman** and **Neal Hefti** as clinicians for next summer's jazz clinics and stage-band camps. **Hefti** will be on hand for the two weeks on the campus of the **University of Connecticut**, while **Herman** and his band will appear at the **University of Nevada** at **Reno's** two-week camp.

LOS ANGELES

Hampton Hawes decided on a permanent bassist, **Monk Montgomery**, and drummer, **Donald Dean**, for his new trio. He is scheduled to cut an album for **Contemporary** soon. The pianist filmed two appearances on the **Steve Allen Show** recently . . . Yet another "West" club opened. The newest, located in **Culver City**, is **Storyville West**. Pianist **Joyce Collins** opened the establishment with her trio on weekends. Monthly jazz concerts also got underway there on Sept. 29 with a group headed by **Bud Shank** and **Frank Rosolino**.

The **Composers and Lyricists Guild's** **Music from Hollywood** concert at the **Hollywood Bowl** drew 10,000 listeners to hear movie and TV compositions by **CLGA** members **Max Steiner**, **Dimitri**

Classified Ads

55c PER WORD—MINIMUM CHARGE \$8.25

DEADLINE: 30 days prior to "on sale" date of issue.

Remittance must accompany copy
Count Name. Address. City and State

MISCELLANEOUS

30,000 PROFESSIONAL COMEDY LINES! MONTHLY TOPICAL GAG SERVICE. FREE CATALOG. ORBEN PUBLICATIONS, 3536 DANIEL, BALDWIN, N.Y.

RECORDS & TAPES

FAST RELIABLE JAZZ record service—many rare items — foreign orders welcome — send for FREE I.P. sale list. MODERN MUSIC, Box 4935—4930 DELMAR, ST. LOUIS 8, MO.

DONATE JAZZ LP's FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION BEHIND IRON CURTAIN. JAZZ-LIFT, BOX 980, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

WHERE TO STUDY

LAST CHANCE TO

VOTE!

SEE PAGE 40

DRUMMERS

—Stanley Spector writes:
"Some drummers can swing, but cannot improvise or read. Some drummers can swing and improvise, but cannot read. Some drummers can read, but cannot swing or improvise. Some drummers can read and improvise, but cannot swing. Some drummers can swing in a combo, but not in a big band. Some drummers can read drum books, but cannot swing while reading jazz arrangements. Some drummers can swing at one tempo, but not at others. Such limitations result because most jazz drummers learn through fragmentary facts—a 'lick' from this record, a 'lick' from that record. This does not happen with a **METHOD JAZZ DRUMMER**, for he has learned to approach time, swing, improvisation, and reading as balanced, interrelated knowledge. I know, it all sounds too good to be true." But some drummers have found that it is entirely possible through 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. 75, Boston, Mass.

HU 2-1468

WHAT IS METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING ALL ABOUT?
For further information about our recorded home study course, write to the Boston address. Foreign inquiries are invited.

*Method Jazz Drumming—trade mark

THE TALK OF THE MUSIC WORLD!

E-C-H-O-C-O-R-D

Echo and Reverberation
TROUBLE-FREE—GUARANTEED
ECHO AND REVERB SYSTEM



Ask your dealer or write for information to:

DYNACORD of AMERICA

1421 South Salina Street

Syracuse 5, New York

Tiomkin, Hank Mancini, Alfred Newman, Elmer Bernstein, David Raksin, Johnny Green, Nelson Riddle, Jay Livingston, Bernard Hermann, Alex North, Miklos Rozsa, Franz Waxman, Alexander Courage, Hugo Friedhofer, Leigh Harline, George Duning, Ernest Gold, Bronislau Kaper, Sammy Fain, Jimmy Van Heusen, and the late Victor Young. Lyricists represented included Paul Francis Webster, Johnny Mercer, Ray Evans, and Sammy Cahn. Mahalia Jackson sang *The Green Leaves of Summer* arranged by Morton Gould. Jack Benny provided comedy with tongue-in-cheek fiddling. Red Doff produced the show, and Johnny Green was master of ceremonies at this first annual event representing no fewer than 60 academy awards for music and lyrics and 310 Oscar nominations.

FILM-FLAM: Paul Horn ad libbed a flute soundtrack to *Lullaby*, "the shortest picture ever made." It runs seven minutes, has a one-girl cast (Judy Cannon), and was produced by Robert Levy. . . . Hank Mancini returns to TV composing with his theme for the new *Richard Boone Show*. . . . Percy Faith wrote the title music for *The Virginian*, which has been arranged, conducted,

and recorded on Decca by Stanley Wilson.

Johnny Lane's two-beat band is now in for a solid five-days-a-week stand in the Roaring '20s room of Downey's Wonder Bowl. Now in the clarinetist's band are trumpeter Jerry Burns, trombonist Al Jenkins, pianist James Worley, and drummer Nick Pelico. . . . At a recent ASCAP symposium, movie composer Bronislau Kaper was asked if he got upset when his theme from *On Green Dolphin Street* was adopted by modern jazzmen. Replied Kaper: "I'm the happiest man in the world, because I love jazz. Miles Davis' version of *Green Dolphin Street* is much better than mine."

Composer George Dunning is set to score the new *Glynis* TV series starring Glynis Johns. . . . Johnny Green is on the studio podium for the underscoring of MGM's *Twilight of Honor*. . . . Van Alexander, working on the score of the new Joan Crawford picture *Strait-Jacket*, is using a souped-up theremin on the soundtrack for special musical effects. Invented by trombonist-UCLA lecturer Paul Tanner, the improved device is said to permit more definite control than the old job first used by Miklos Rozsa in *Spellbound*.

SEATTLE

Jazz in Seattle returned to strictly local-group activity after club appearances last month by trumpeter **Jonah Jones**, who played to capacity crowds at the Marine Room, and **Les McCann**, whose two-week stay at the Penthouse was a less-than-spectacular success. With the pianist were bassist **Stanley Gilbert** and drummer **Paul Humphrey**, replacing, respectively, **Herbie Lewis** and **Ron Jefferson**.

Folk singing has become the latest fad to take over here, with the greatest activity in this area taking place at the Seattle Center, site of last year's world's fair. The center instituted weekly hootenannies, held regularly all during the summer months and drawing huge crowds (often as many as 10,000 attending the weekly programs), which were also televised locally over KING-TV. Among the hoot performers have been singer-guitarists **Dave Richardson**, **Don Firth**, **Carol Page**, and **Stan Jones**; the **Gospel Voices**; and such folk singing groups as the **Cumberland Four**, the **Turkey Pluckers**, and the **Upper University District Folk Music Association Mandolin Society and Glee Club**.



down beat
db
MARKETPLACE

REFER TO DOWN BEAT WHEN PATRONIZING THESE ADVERTISERS.

Marketplace listings are sold for 6 consecutive, copy unchanged, issues at \$50.00 (payable in advance), or for 13 consecutive issues at \$100.00 (payable in advance). One copy change can be made with the 7th issue. Ads will be set in standard listing typography. Closing date is 6 weeks prior to issue date. All retail advertisers selling Down Beat will have the db insignia included in their listings at no extra cost.

YOU CAN BUY YOUR COPY OF DOWN BEAT FROM ANY DEALER WITH THE db INSIGNIA IN HIS ADVERTISEMENT.

MUSIC DEALERS

ILLINOIS-CHICAGO
Hammond Organs—Rental—Sales & Service
Distributor Leslie Speakers New & Used
HARRINGTON ORGAN COMPANY
3925 West Montrose Ave. KE 9-8252

KANSAS-TOPEKA
Quality Instruments with personalized service
HUME MUSIC COMPANY
In Fairlawn Plaza

MARYLAND-BALTIMORE
Expert guitar instruction folk jazz pop
Sales & repairs all fretted instruments
STRINGER GUITAR STUDIO
408 York Rd. 823-4896

NORTH CAROLINA-FAYETTEVILLE
Everything in music since 1923
Pianos—organs—instruments—repairs—music
McFADYEN MUSIC
118 Hay St. 433-3173

PENNSYLVANIA-PHILADELPHIA
Complete line of Holmer Accordions
Instruction for Beginners & Advanced
ARCARI MUSIC
170 Union Ave. Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.
MO 4-0770

ARRANGEMENTS

WE NEED GOOD COMPOSERS
to write melodies for excellent lyrics on
a 50-50 basis. FREE INFORMATION.
NATIONAL SONGWRITERS GUILD
Box 1987D Ormond Beach, Florida

HAVING TROUBLE LOCATING DANCE
ORCHESTRATIONS? OUR CATALOG
LISTS THOUSANDS OF STAGE
BANDS—Dixielands and Pop Tunes—
It's Free on Request.
TERMINAL MUSICAL SUPPLY INC.
113A West 48 St. New York, N.Y. 10036

BOOKS

George Russell's Lydian Chromatic Concept. The profound and far reaching jazz approach to Modern Tonality—Price \$22.50
CONCEPT PUBLISHING CO.
121 Bank St., New York, New York 10014

INSTRUMENTS

VIBES, MARIMBAS, XYLOPHONES
A complete line of Mallet Percussion Instruments
Send for FREE Catalog #23 today.
MUSSER MARIMBAS
8947 Fairview Ave. Brookfield, Illinois

INSTRUMENT REPAIRS

You can recover your drums with genuine PEARL or SPARKLING plastic. Send for free samples, prices and information.
PRECISION DRUM CO., Dept. D
2998 Deerfield Ave. Yorktown Hts., N.Y.

We make—repair—overhaul
Accordions—Piano—chromatic—semitone
concertinas—Bandolins
KARPEK ACCORDION MFG. CO.
820 So. 16th St. Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin

METHODS

NEW! Sax Chord Studies—Joe Viola, \$1
Modern Drummer Manual—DeMicheal, \$3.50
Origins—Santiso, Martino, Madrid—\$2 ea.
Free Catalogs, 40 Big Band Themes—50c
N.E.S., 621 Hinman, Evanston, Ill. 60202

MISCELLANEOUS

BE IN DEMAND! ENTERTAIN!
Get "MIKE BITS"—100 comedy bits—band jokes. Fill-ins—quizzes. Terrific material by top TV writer. Money back guarantee \$3. Be popular! Get jobs!
Vin Healy, 825-D W. End Ave. NY 25 NY

Private instruction in classical piano, coaching in boogie and blues piano style for students in the Chicago area.
ERWIN HELFER
Chicago, Ill. MU 4-5344 or ID 3-1328

ROBERTS HAND FINISHED REEDS
Clar 25c; Alto 35c; Tenor 45c; Min. 6
Reeds. Excellent tonal quality finest French Cane choice of pros everywhere.
Send to Roberts Reed Co., Box D188, Washington, N. J.

Page turner for sheet music. Step on a foot switch to turn page. Only \$15.95. Guaranteed. Order yours today or write:
PAGE TURNER
P.O. Box 25, Ames Av. Sta., Omaha 11, Nebr.

RECORDS

STOP REINING COSTLY RECORDS!
Improve your hi-fi system with a WEATHERS TURNTABLE. WRITE:
WEATHERS DEPT. DB
50 W. 44th St. New York 36, N.Y.

Jazz & Blues Headquarters
FREE CATALOGS of your type of music
Large stock of 78's—Blues, Trad. & Modern
JAZZ RECORD MART
Seven West Grand 222-1467 Chicago 10

Excellent blues and Negro folksongs by Maryland singer Bill Jackson. LONG STEEL RAIL. Testament 201 \$4.98 post-paid. Write for free catalog.
TESTAMENT RECORDS
5851 Blackstone Ave., Chicago 37, Illinois

From Sleepy John Estes to Elvin Jones
Folk Blues—Modern and Traditional Jazz
Send for Free Catalog—Dept. D
DELMARK RECORDS
Seven West Grand Chicago 10, Illinois

Ad copy closing date November 7 for ads to begin in the December 19 issue of Down Beat

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

Birdland: **Horace Silver, Terry Gibbs** to 10/30.
Ben Webster, Joe Bucci, Ada Lee, 10/31-11/13.
 Bourbon Street: **Dick Wellstood**, *tn*.
 Central Plaza: sessions, *Sat*.
 Club Cali (Dunellen, N.J.): jazz, *Mon*.
 Eddie Condon's: **Herman Chittison**, *tn*.
 Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, *wknds*.
 Embers: **Vince Guaraldi** to 11/2. **Jonah Jones**, 11/4-12/14.
 Five Spot: **Thelonious Monk**, *tn*. **Upper Bohemia Six**, *Mon*. Sessions, *Sun*. afternoon.
 Garden City Bowl: **Johnny Blowers**, *wknds*.
 Half Note: **Al Cohn-Zoot Sims** to 10/27. **Alan Grant** sessions, *Sun*. afternoon.
 Hickory House: **Howard Reynolds**, *tn*.
 Barbara Kelly's Hat & Cane: **Les DeMerle, Tony Parenti, Bob Hammer**, *Mon-Wed*.
 Kossuth Hall: jazz concerts, *Sun*.
 Metropole: **Dukes of Dixieland** to 10/31. **Jack Teagarden**, 11/1-21.
 Most: **Kenny Burrell**, *tn*.
 Page 3: **Billie Poole**, *tn*.
 Playboy: **Walter Norris, Jimmy Lyons, Ross Tompkins, Bucky Pizzarelli**, *tn*.
 Purple Manor: **Tiny Grimes**, *tn*.
 Jimmy Ryan's: **Cliff Jackson**, *tn*. **Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton**, *Thur-Sat*.
 Village Gate: **Charlie Byrd, Carmen McRae**, to 11/10.
 Village Vanguard: **Bill Evans**, *tn*.

PARIS

Blue Note: **Johnny Griffin, Lou Bennett, Rene Thomas, Kenny Drew, Michel Gaudry, Art Taylor**, *tn*.
 Au Cadran Bleu: **Joseph Reinhardt**, *tn*.
 Calavados: **Joe Turner**, *tn*.
 Cameloon: **Guy Lafitte**, *tn*.
 Caveau de la Huchette: **Maxim Saury**, *tn*.
 Caveau de la Montagne: **Irakli's New Orleans Ambassadors**, *tn*.
 Chanson Galande: **Jean Simeon Garvanoff**, *tn*.
 Chat Qui Peche: **Chet Baker, Freddy Mayer**, *tn*.
 Cigale: **Benny Waters, Jacques Butler**, *tn*.
 Folies Pigalle: **Nancy Holloway**, *tn*.
 Kentucky Club: **Dominique Sanchez**, *tn*. **New Orleans Dippers**, *Sun*.
 Living Room: **Art Simmons**, *tn*.
 Mars Club: **Aaron Bridgers, Memphis Slim**, *tn*.
 Riverboat: **Mowgli Jospin High Society Jazz Band**, *Wed-Sat*. **New Orleans Bootleggers**, *Sun*.
 Slow Club: **Marc Leferriere, Rene Franc, Claude Luter**, *tn*.
 Saint Germain: **Kenny Clarke, Jimmy Gourley, Rene Ureger, Nat Davis, Gilbert Rovere**, *tn*.
 Trois Maillets: **Champion Jack Dupree**, *tn*.

TORONTO

Colonial Tavern: **Henry (Red) Allen**, 10/28-11/9.
 First Floor Club: **Modern jazz groups**, *wknds*.
 George's Spaghetti House: **Herbie Helbig**, 10/28-11/2. **Moe Koffman**, 11/4-9. **Charlie Rallo**, 11/11-16.
 Town Tavern: **Bobby Hackett**, 10/28-11/9. **Teddy Wilson**, 11/11-23.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **Tony DeNicola**, *tn*.
 Barn Arts Center (Riverside, N.J.): **Stan Kenton**, 10/27.
 Krechmer's: **Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims**, *hb*.
 Latin Casino: **Ella Fitzgerald**, 10/31-11/13. **Tony Bennett**, 11/14-26. **Ray Charles**, 11/27-12/10.
 Pep's: **Machito**, 10/28-11/2.
 Sportsmen's Bar: **Billy Root**, *tn*.

BOSTON

Barn: **1200 Jazz Quartet**, *tn*.
 Basin Street South: **Joe Williams**, 10/28-11/4. **Soul Sisters, Tony Middleton, Dutch & Dutchy**, to 11/11.
 Beacon Club (Everett): **Bernie Miller** to 10/29.
 Connolly's: *unk*.
 Fenway North (Revere): **Al Drootin**, *tn*.
 Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): **Frank Levine, Basin St. Boys**, *tn*.
 Gilded Cage: **Bullmoose Jackson**, *tn*.
 Jazz Workshop: **Herb Pomeroy, Dave McKenna, hb. Milt Jackson**, 10/28-11/1.
 Journey's End (Hotel Touraine): **Leon Bibb, The Keynoters**, *tn*.
 Joseph's Teepee Lounge (Braintree): **Al Vega**, *tn*.
 Lennie's Turnpike (West Peabody): **Jimmy Rushing** to 10/27. **Zoot Sims**, 10/28-11/3.
 Number Three Lounge: **Sabby Lewis, Preston Sandiford**, *hb*.

Shanty Lounge: **Paul Weeden**, *hb*.
 Tic Toc: **Sir Charles Thompson-Marcus Foster, tn. Buddy Tate, Ray Nance**, to 10/28.
 Wagon Wheels (West Peabody): **Larry Valentine, Tue-Wed. Art Demos, Thur-Sat. Stan Kenton**, 10/22-23.

CLEVELAND

Brothers: **Bobby Brack**, *wknds*.
 Castaways: **Dave O'Rourke**, *tn*.
 La Cave: name folk groups. **Hootenanny, Tue**.
 Cedar Gardens: **Marvin Cabell, Thur-Sun**.
 Commodore Hotel: various folk groups, *Thur-Sat*. **Hootenanny, Thur**.
 Corner Tavern: **Madhatters** to 10/27. **Willie Bobo**, 10/29-11/10.
 Esquire: **Charles Crosby-Eddie Baccus**, *tn*.
 Faragher's: **Jo Mapes** to 11/2.
 Golden Key Club: **Ben Avellone, tn. Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tn. Jazz Temple: name jazz groups. LaRue: Spencer Thompson-Don Gregorv, tn. Leo's Casino: Jimmy Smith** to 10/27. **Oscar Peterson**, 10/29-11/3. **Aretha Franklin**, 11/5-10.
 Lucky Bar: **Weasel Parker, Thur-Sun**.
 Melba: **Ski-Hi Trio, Wed-Sat**.
 The Office: **Ted Kelly-Sol Lucas**, *wknds*.
 Sahara Motel: **Buddy Griebel hb. Tops Cardone**, *wknds*.
 Safari (North Royalton): **Gigolos**, *wknds*.
 Squeeze Room: **Bud Wattles-Rick Kiefer, Thur-Sat**.
 Tangiers: **Leon Stevenson, Thur-Sat**.
 Theatrical: **Phil Napoleon** to 10/26. **Deep River Boys**, 10/28-11/9.
 Tia Juana: **Orville Johnson**, *wknds*.
 Virginian: **Mickey Lynn** to 11/12.

NEW ORLEANS

Absinthe House: **Fats Pichon, tn. Bob's Riviera Room: Roger Sears, wknds. Jazz Crusaders**, 11/4.
 Bourbon Street East: **Blanche Thomas, Dave Williams, tn. Cosimo's: Modern jazz, wknds. Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, tn. Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups. Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tn. 500 Club: Leon Prima, tn. French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tn. Joy Tavern: Nat Perrillat, wknds. King's Room: Armand Hug, Laverne Smith, tn. Municipal Auditorium: Peter Nero, 11/1. Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell, tn. Marvin Kimball, Wed. Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, Snooks Eaglin, hbs. Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.****

DALLAS

Blackout: **Arthur K. Adams, tn. Bon Vivant: Ernie Johnson, hb. Dick Contino**, 10/24-11/3.
 Cajun Club: **Garnier Clark, hb. Castaway: Harry Jackson, tn. Gaylife: Norman Grant, hb. Anita Grant, Frank Kilgore**, to 10/30. **Johnny (Scat) Davis**, 10/31-11/13.
 King's Club: **Don Neeley, hb. Nino Nanni** to 10/26. **Bobbi Baker**, 10/28-11/9.
 Levee: **Ed Bernet, hb. Living Room: Earl Grant, tn. Louanns: Ernie Fields** to 10/31.
 Mayfair Room: **Earl Kay, tn. Montmartre: Bill Peck, hb. Melba Moore, Gay Edmond, tn. Music Box: Ira Freeman, tn. Nero's Nook: Big Beets** to 10/27. **Bobby Boyle**, 10/28-11/7.
 90th Floor: **Dick Harp, hb. Jerri Winters, tn. Vegas Club: Joe Johnson, tn.**

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: **Art Hodes** to 10/26.
 Fifth Jacks: sessions, *Mon., Wed.*
 Gaslight Club: **Frankie Ray, tn. Happy Medium: Joe Burton, tn. Hungry Eye: Judy Roberts, tn. Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tn. Dave Remington, Thur. Le Bistro: Anita O'Day** to 11/4.
 London House: **Jonah Jones** to 11/3. **Terry Gibbs**, 11/5-24. **Almad Jamal**, 11/26-12/15. **Ramsey Lewis**, 12/17-1/5. **Larry Novak, Jose Bethancourt, hbs.**

Mister Kelly's: **Jackie & Roy** to 10/27. **Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, hbs. 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, Gene Esposito, Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, hbs. Robin's Nest: Three Boss Men, tn. Silvio's: Howling Wolf, wknds.**

LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, *Fri-Sat*.
 Barefoot Room (Laguna): **Mark Davidson, Eddy Elston, Rags Martinson, Fri-Sun. Sessions, Sun., 3-10 p.m. Basin Street West: Joe Comfort, hb. Beverly Cavern: Hal Peppic, Nappy Lamare, Fri-Sat. Black Bull (Woodland Hills): Gus Bivona, tn. Bourbon Street: Gospel singers, tn. Carriage House (Burbank): **Jimmy Rowles, Sun. Crescendo: Nancy Wilson, tn. Dixie Doodle (Pomona): Ken Scott, Bayou Ramblers, Fri-Sat. Gay Cantina (Inglewood): Leonard Bechet, wknds. Giazzarri's: Victor Feldman, tn. Glendora Palms (Glendora): **Johnny Catron, tn. Handlebar: Wally Holmes, Fri-Sat. Hermosa Inn: Johnny Lucas, 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, Rick Bystrum, Thur-Sun. Intermision Room: Curtis Amy, tn. Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbow!-Downey): **Johnny Lane, tn. The Keg & I (Redondo Beach): Kid Kenwood, Fri-Sat. Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, hb. Losers: Ruth Olay** to 10/29.
 Marty's: **William Green, Tony Bazely, tn. New Orleans Club (Long Beach): Ray Bisso, Sat. Nickelodeon (West Los Angeles): Ted Shafer, Thur. Mr. Adams: Charles Kynard, Ray Crawford, Leroy Henderson, tn. Page Cavanaugh's: Page Cavanaugh, tn. Pal's Fireside Inn (San Bernardino): **Alton Purnell, tn. PJ's: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, Trini Lopez, tn. 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): **Pub Brown, Ray Bauduc, tn. Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Kenny Dennis, Al McKibbin, Roy Ayers, Jack Wilson, tn. Reuben's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, tn. Shelly's Manne-Hole: Cannonball Adderley**, 10/24-11/3.
 Sherry's: **Pete Jolly, Chuck Berghofer, tn. Sid's Blue Beet (Newport Beach): Gene Russell, Thur-Sat. Sessions, Sun., 4-10 p.m. Spirot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun. Store Theater: Jay Migliori, afterhours concerts, Thur-Sat., *Mon. Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, tn. Storyville West (Culver City): Joyce Collins, tn. Tobe's Cocktail Lounge (Long Beach): Buddy Vincent, tn. Walkiki: Gene Russell, Mon-Thur. Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, tn.***************

SAN FRANCISCO

Bit of England (Burlingame): **Dave Hoffman, tn. Celebrity Supper Club: Wilbur Stump, tn. Club Unique: Cuz Cousineau, sessions, Sun. Coffee Don's: Gerry Olds, afterhours. Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tn. Executive Suite: **Chris Ibanez, tn. Gold Nugget (Oakland): John Coppola-Fred Mergy, alternate Sun. Holiday Inn (Oakland): Lee Charlton, hb. Jazz Workshop: Gerry Mulligan** to 11/3. **Cannonball Adderley**, 11/5-24. **John Coltrane**, 11/26-12/3.
 Jimbo's Bop City: **Norman Williams, afterhours. Kellogg's (Walnut Creek): Trevor Koehler, wknds. Off Broadway: Al Plank, hb. Pier 23: Burt Bales, tn. Ronnie's Soulvie: **Ed Kelly, afterhours. Sugar Hill: Charlie Byrd, 11/25-12/14. Trident (Sausalito): Vince Guaraldi, tn. Trois Couleur (Berkeley): **Willye Francis-Art Fletcher, Wed., Thur., Sun. Red Rodney, Fri., Sat. Bill Erickson, afterhours, Fri., Sat. Twelve Adler Place: Vernon Alley-Shelly Robbins, tn.********



ART BLAKEY

that great GRETSCH sound



It's the perfect match. The blend of Art's creative drumming and Gretsch quality construction. You hear it when Art sits down at Birdland with his Jazz Messengers or cuts his newest album for Blue Note. The hard driving Blakey style comes right through solid and strong. Art knows and you'll see that a Gretsch drum gets the most from your style. Discover the Gretsch sound at your dealer.

And for an exciting experience listen to Art and the Jazz Messengers on their latest Blue Note LP Mosaic (Blue Note 4090). The first album by Art Blakey's new sextet who are an amazingly talented group.

Art's "Burgundy Sparkle" outfit contains: 20" x 14" bass drum; 12" x 8" and 14" x 14" tom toms; 14" x 5 1/2" snare; plus exclusive genuine K. Zildjian cymbals (made in Turkey).



MOSAIC BLP 4090.

GRETSCH write for the new exciting 4-color catalog. Dept. A-211
THE FRED. GRETSCH MFG. CO., 60 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

Blindfold a Clarinetist!

He'll choose the smooth, certain, lightning-like action of a new **SELMER SERIES 9** — even before sounding a note! Your first great satisfaction will come even before you play Selmer's new Series 9 clarinet because it feels better. Keys and rings have been moved or reshaped to improve your facility and increase your playing comfort. And they're all hand-fitted to a body made of grenadilla wood, aged with scrupulous care in Selmer's curing sheds at Mantes, France. On top of that, the entire key mechanism is Power Hammered — cold forged from a lifetime metal — then clad in pure nickel to stay bright after years of hard use, even with indifferent care.

John - best technician

And When He Plays...

he'll hear at once the great improvement in his performance — in his intonation and timbre, and in the response of the **SELMER SERIES 9**. On a fortissimo too loud for normal use, the Series 9 won't choke, yet it shades almost to silence without losing its singing tone color. It responds to an attack more delicate than any you are accustomed to use now. Its intonation is superior even to earlier Selmer clarinets, already notable in this respect. The Series 9 clarinet retains the character of earlier Selmers, while making the most of what continuing research has taught. Bore sizes and contours, tone hole sizes, profiles, and placement have all been improved.



THE SERIES 9 CLARINET was designed and made without regard to cost. While many other clarinets are lower in price, the best materials and most careful methods make the Series 9 less costly to maintain. It will last longer, it will be worth more if you should trade it in, and meanwhile you will be playing the best clarinet Selmer has made in 75 years!

Selmer

H. & A. SELMER, INC., Elkhart, Indiana



The Series 9 clarinet bore is .002" smaller than the famous C-T model. Tone hole placement has been altered and the keywork is new. The tone holes are straight.



The Series 9[☆] has a bore .007" smaller than that of the Series 9, and most tone holes are tapered. It is a more flexible instrument in tone and intonation and so demands more control from the player.



The Vanguard case, standard with all the Series 9 clarinets, is molded of virtually indestructible gray Royalite, and lined with burgundy plush. A French style case is also available.