

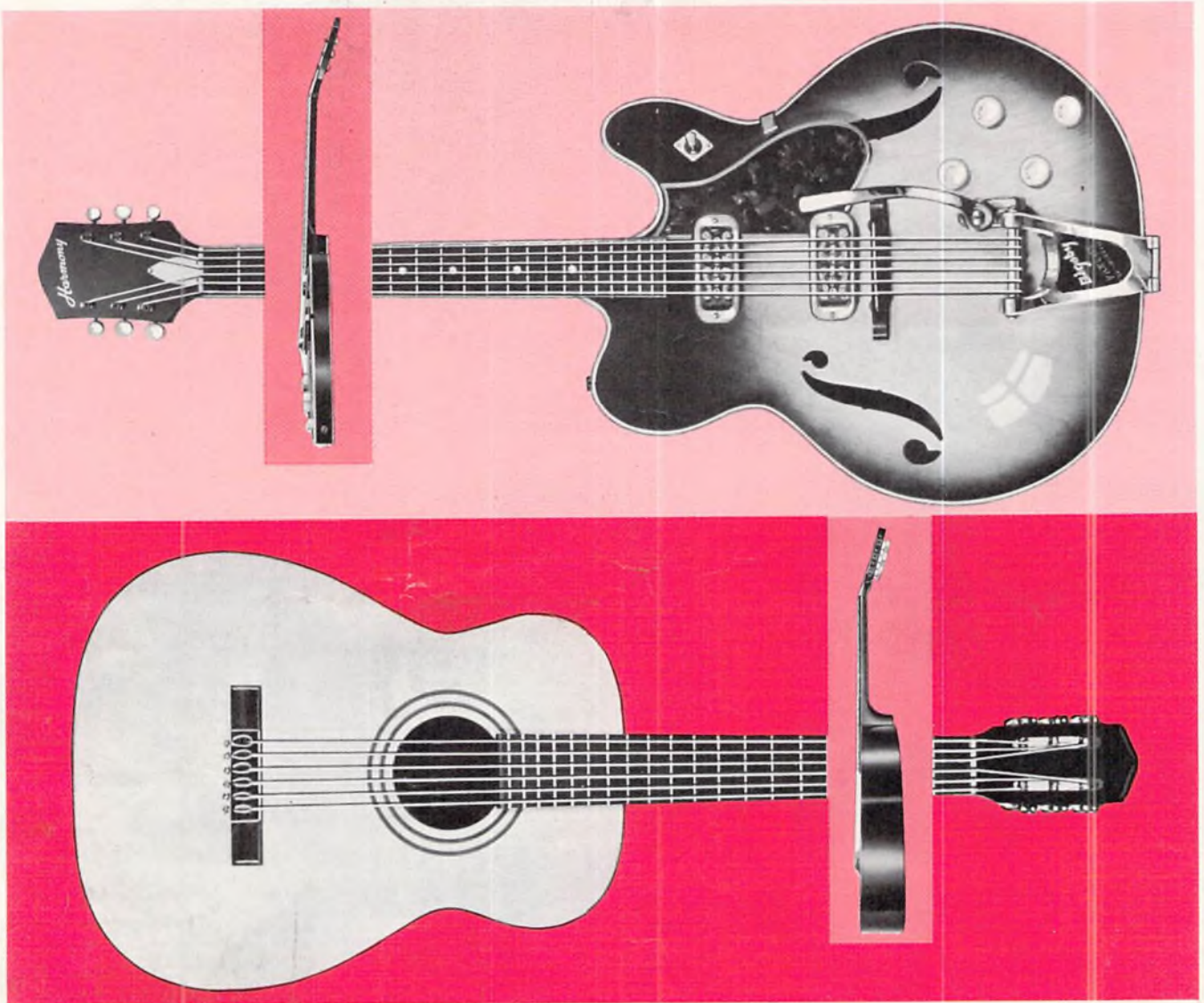
# down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE



**Kenny Clarke**  **Jackie Cain & Roy Kral**  **Art Hodes' Tribute To Bob Scobey**  **Tal Farlow**   
**Jazz In Yugoslavia**





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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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## CONTENTS

### ARTICLES

- 15 **Tribute To A Trumpeter:** Art Hodes offers an affectionate memorial to his late friend and associate Bob Scobey.
- 16 **View from The Seine:** Burt Korall reports the fruits of several hours' conversation with expatriate drummer Kenny Clarke.
- 18 **Whatever Happened To Tal Farlow?:** The answer to this, and a survey of the career of one of jazz' important guitarists, is provided by Ira Gitler.
- 20 **Jazz In Yugoslavia:** European jazz critic Joachim E. Berendt offers a penetrating look at the past, present, and future of jazz in this Balkan country.
- 22 **Duo:** The life and times of the Jackie Cain-Roy Kral vocal team are set forth by Harry Frost.

### REVIEWS

- 22 **Record Reviews**
- 34 **Blues 'n' Folk**
- 35 **Blindfold Test: Harry Edison**
- 36 **Caught in the Act: 40 Years of Jazz in Chicago**
- 37 **Book Reviews: Laughter From the Hip • Esquire's World of Jazz**

### DEPARTMENTS

- 6 **Chords & Discords**
- 12 **Strictly Ad Lib**
- 13 **News**
- 40 **The Bystander**
- 46 **Where & When: A guide to current jazz attractions.**

Cover photograph of Jackie Cain and Roy Kral by Richard Schaefer; of Tal Farlow courtesy Chicago Musical Instrument Co.; of Kenny Clarke courtesy Atlantic records.

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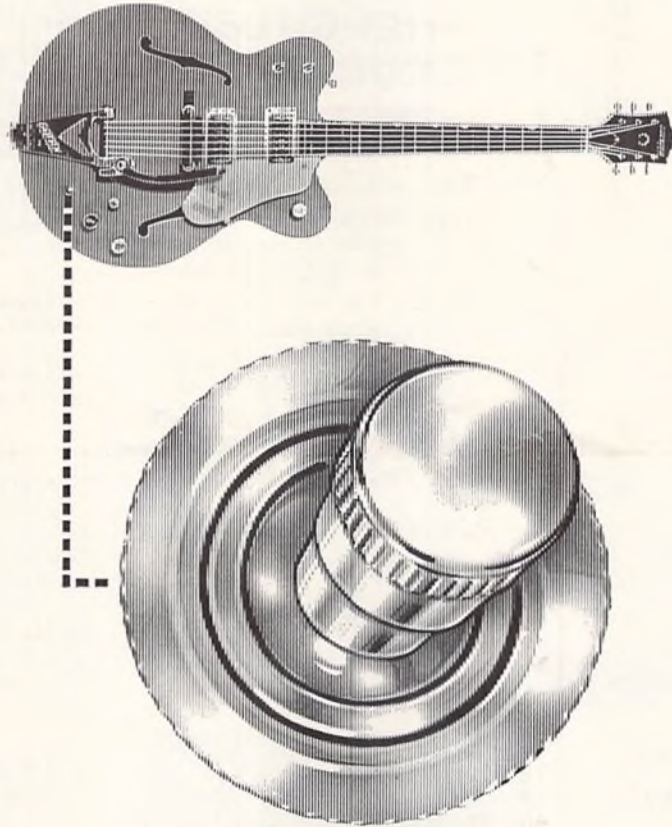
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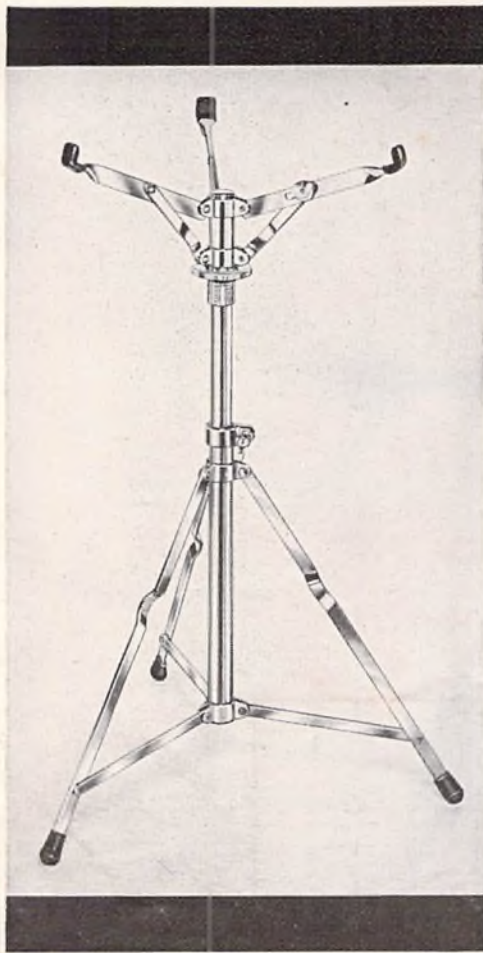
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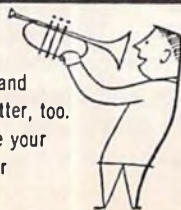
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# Chords & Discords

## More Big-Band Coverage

I have enjoyed George Hoefler's *Hot Box* for many years and was very pleased to read his fine review of the Sal Salvador Band in the Oct. 10 *Down Beat*. I think it was one of the best big-band write-ups I have read in a long time.

For a long time I have felt that there is not enough band coverage in *Down Beat*. The annual big-band issue is fine, but we need some news and views in every issue. Contrary to popular conception, there is still a big-band scene, and there are many big-band fans around. We are desperate in trying to find out where anybody is playing, who is playing with whom, and what the latest albums are. I think it is a terrible situation.

Again, hearty thanks for a fine piece of writing. I'd like to see Sal Salvador make it. He's tried so hard so long.

Randy Taylor  
Dayton, Ohio

## Hanna Praise Overdue

I just read the article *Just Swinging: Jake Hanna* by Marian McPartland in the Oct. 10 *Down Beat*. I really loved reading an article about a big-band drummer. It's a rare thing, because drummers such as Hanna don't get the recognition they deserve. I am glad Hanna is becoming noticed more and getting praise.

Bill Norman  
Atlanta, Ga.

## Gremlin Bugs Williams

In my article in the Nov. 7 *Down Beat* on the Art Farmer-Jim Hall record date, a gremlin seems to have crept in, and my original meaning reversed, in the clause, "or dispense entirely with the novelty tune."

Since I'm not sure whether the gremlin was mine or somebody else's, I won't quote my original sentence, but I would like to explain my intention. What I meant to say was that, whereas another player may do a novelty tune with no effort at interesting musical adventure (Dizzy Gillespie is a good example), Art Farmer will play his best, with real musical effort, on any material he undertakes—viz., *Loads of Love* on the date in question, which might have encouraged coasting in many a player but didn't in Farmer.

Martin Williams  
New York City

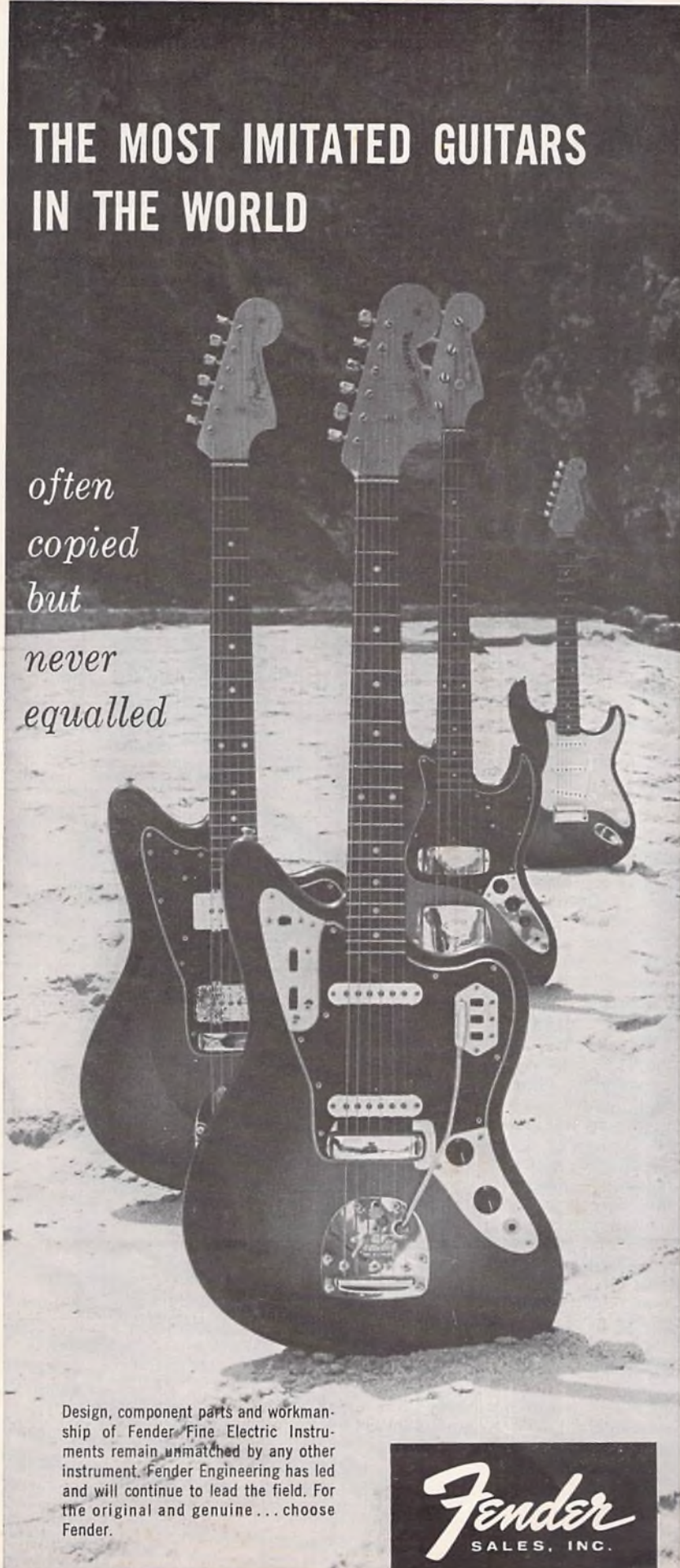
## Critics' Critic Criticized

Bassist Buell Neidlinger's letter (*DB*, Oct. 24) was typical of the grossly unfair prejudice harbored by too many musicians against so-called jazz critics. God knows that our profession, such as it is, has its obvious shortcomings, and I'd be the last to complain against informed, reasonable put-downs by musicians of what they feel to be errors of taste and perception.

But the loose charges of "wagon-climbing" and especially "buck-making" are rank and errant nonsense in 99 percent of the cases. I'd be greatly obliged to the first musician who wants to show me how to

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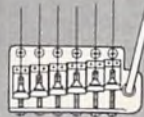
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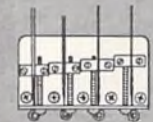
This modern head design has been the identifying mark of Fender Guitars since their inception. Distinctive and attractive on the bandstand, yet functional with its ease of tuning and straight string pull.



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



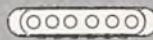
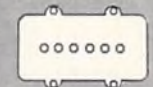
Fender "Micro-adjustable" bridges are completely adjustable on all Guitars and Bases. All models are fully adjustable for string length and height. In addition, on some models, the entire bridge as well as each individual string may be adjusted for height by the master bridge adjustment screws on either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



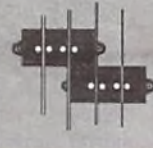
The contoured body design with the "Off-Set" waist is another Fender First. This unique design is unequalled in comfort and is accomplished by curving and relieving the guitar body so that it snugs into the body of the player. Also, the front of the guitar is dressed away, providing a firm comfortable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



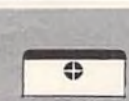
Patented pickups are designed and built by the Fender Company for each instrument. Pickups are wound for maximum wide-range tone benefits and reflect many hours of testing by the Fender Engineers. Fender tonal qualities remain unmatched by any other guitar in their field. Patent Numbers..2,968,204 -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



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make "bucks" through jazz criticism. There is practically no demand for this commodity, as those of us who try to eke out a living by writing about jazz know all too well.

I'm getting sick and tired of hearing about how critics are "getting rich" from the musicians' labors, especially as such charges mostly come from sore-headed, embittered jazzmen who have grudges against the world but in most cases are personally responsible for whatever corner they find themselves in. Fortunately, the great majority of musicians are mature and responsible people who know better than gratuitously to insult the people who are trying, as best they know how, to further their cause.

Does Neidlinger really believe that there is a dollar syndicate backing publicity for musicians of the commercial stature of a Gary Peacock? Come now. It's an absurd proposition. And it is particularly absurd of Neidlinger to bring up the name of Cecil Taylor in his diatribe against Martin Williams and LeRoi Jones—these two being among the few critics who have tried to stir interest in Taylor's music.

It might be instructive to compare the annual income of critics and musicians, though I imagine that most of my colleagues would hesitate to reveal to the world just how badly paid a profession we are in.

There may be people around who are getting rich from "exploiting" jazz, but writing about the music is about as subtle a scheme for "buck-making" as robbing piggy banks. Neidlinger's charges are just so much Buell.

Dan Morgenstern  
New York City

### More On The B. N. Origins

In your issue of Aug. 29, I read an interview given by Charlie and Ginny Byrd to Leonard Feather.

Mrs. Byrd made reference to the first time they heard *Desafinado* in Bahia, where a judge, a jazz fan, gave them Joao Gilberto's recording of it. This is true; I am that judge. I had attended a concert the Byrd trio gave here in Salvador, capital of the state of Bahia, Brazil, afterwards inviting the group for drinks at a private club. There we played and sang the bossa nova, interesting the trio in it so much that they joined us, making a kind of bossa nova jam session. We also met and played the next day at my home.

Later that same year, invited by your State Department, I visited the United States and met Charlie at the Showboat in Washington, D.C. *Jazz Samba* had just been released and was not yet the hit it was to become. Nevertheless, he told me that he believed in the eventual success of the bossa nova, especially the music of Gilberto, doubtless Brazil's greatest musician.

Everything we foresaw has happened, and we, here in Brazil, owe the great success of our music to Charlie Byrd, as I had the chance to tell Stan Getz personally when I saw him at the Blue Note in New York City.

Carlos C. Costa  
Salvador, Brazil.



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## NEW YORK

New York jazz fans' Thanksgiving turkey will be stuffed with special concerts. On Nov. 27 at Philharmonic Hall, **Count Basie's** band, **Stan Getz'** quartet, and singer **Jimmy Rushing** will appear. Getz will also play with the Basic band, and Basie will sit in with Getz' group. Two nights later, on Nov. 29, at the same location, **Thelonious Monk** is to be presented with his quartet and an 11-piece band. The latter will include the members of his quartet (**Charlie Rouse**, tenor saxophone; **Butch Warren**, bass; **Frankie Dunlop**, drums) and such soloists as soprano saxophonist **Steve Lacy** and trumpeter **Dizzy Reece**. Special arrangements of Monk's material are being done by **Hall Overton**.

The same night that Monk is at Philharmonic Hall, **Orchestra U.S.A.** makes its seasonal debut at the Hunter College assembly hall. **Gunther Schuller** will conduct, and **Gerry Mulligan** is to be guest soloist on clarinet as well as baritone saxophone. The orchestra will play selections by **John Lewis**, **Gary McFarland**, and a young Yugoslavian composer, **Miljenko Prohaska** . . . After **Woody Herman** finishes at the Metropole on Nov. 26, he and his band will give a concert at the Paramount Theater in Plainfield, N.J., on Nov. 27.

**Benny Goodman** played in both jazz and classical con-



SCHULLER

texts at Philharmonic Hall in early November. Vibist **Red Norvo** and pianist **Marian McPartland** are part of his jazz unit. The package, titled **Worlds of Benny Goodman**, currently is on tour . . . The **Rhythm Section** is the name of the new trio formed by drummer **Philly Joe Jones**, pianist **Red Garland**, and young Philadelphia bassist **Skip Johnson**. **Shaw Artists** is booking the group . . . **Jazz Action Movement (JAM)**—a new society dedicated to the improvement of conditions for jazz musicians, with emphasis on social, spiritual, and psychological factors—has been formed in New York. Those interested in joining should contact the Rev. **Norman O'Connor** or **Stanley Dance**.

**Seymour Osterwall**, head of the music department of **Folkparkernas Central-organisation**, the group that books talent for the Swedish folk parks, was in New York recently to make contact with American jazzmen for next season. In the past, men such as **Duke Ellington**, **Louis Armstrong**, **Count Basie**, **Frank Sinatra**, **Quincy Jones**, **Maynard Ferguson**, and **J. J. Johnson** have made the summer tour . . . On Nov. 11 multireed man **Eric Dolphy** played at the opening of abstract artist **Nora Jaffe's** one-woman show at the Village Art Center, 39 Grove St. The exhibit will continue through Nov. 29, but jazz fans will have to seek out Dolphy in other locales.

Pianist **Randy Weston**, his quartet and quintet, have been quite active lately. The quartet includes **Booker Ervin**, tenor saxophone; **Bill Wood**, bass; and **Sonny Brown**, drums. Trumpeter **Ray Copeland** is the fifth member of the quintet. On Oct. 24 Weston played solo piano at a United Nations 18th Birthday Party Salute held at the Afro Arts Cultural Center

(Continued on page 43)



DOLPHY

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# down beat

December 5, 1963 / Vol. 30, No. 31



GORDON

Third-degree burns over 85 percent of body

## TRUMPETER JOE GORDON FATALLY INJURED IN FIRE

Joe Gordon, highly regarded modern jazz trumpeter who had been staging a comeback in recent months, died in Santa Monica Hospital in Santa Monica, Calif., on Nov. 4.

On Oct. 31 the 35-year-old trumpeter suffered third-degree burns over 85 percent of his body, the result of a fire in the rooming house in which he was staying in Venice, Calif. The blaze was apparently started by a burning cigarette dropped in Gordon's bed; the trumpeter was carried from his burning room on a still-smoldering mattress.

Born in Boston, Mass., May 15, 1928, Gordon studied at the New England Conservatory with Fred Berman, formed his own combo in 1947 for an engagement at the Savoy in his native city, and later worked in the city with Sabby Lewis and Georgie Auld. Before joining Dizzy Gillespie's big band for a tour of the Middle East in spring, 1956, Gordon played with Charlie Parker, Charlie Mariano, Lionel Hampton, Art Blakey, Jimmy Tyler, and Don Redman. After leaving Gillespie in summer, 1956, the trumpeter returned to Boston to form his own group again, and then joined Herb Pomeroy's band at the Stables, remaining until May, 1958.

Moving to the Los Angeles area, Gordon soon became a valued member of the West Coast jazz scene, working

with such as Harold Land, Dexter Gordon, Benny Carter, and Barney Kessel, finally becoming a member of drummer Shelly Manne's quintet.

In recent months, Gordon had been working casuals in the Los Angeles area with his own quartet.

## TRAGEDY LEADS RED RODNEY BACK TO JAZZ FULL TIME

Trumpeter Red Rodney, a brilliant figure in the early bop era, said he plans a full-scale return to jazz, a return that would follow a series of personal tragedies.

In September Rodney's father, who headed an international investment firm, died at his home in Philadelphia. A few weeks later Rodney's wife and 14-year-old daughter were killed in an automobile accident in which the trumpeter was injured. The family was returning to San Francisco from Las Vegas, Nev., when Mrs. Rodney lost control of the car, and it plunged down an embankment on a lonely, mountainous stretch of Nevada highway.

Rodney, who was sleeping in the back seat, suffered a broken wrist and hip. He was hospitalized for five weeks. The Rodneys, who had been married 19 years, were parents of another daughter, 17, who lives in the East.

Mrs. Rodney, who played cello and string bass, was a member of the popular commercial dance orchestra her husband led in Philadelphia in the '50s after retiring from the jazz scene. Last year the family moved to San Francisco, where Rodney was in the investment business and played occasional club dates.

Mrs. Rodney, who continued her musical activities, had been playing with a group in Las Vegas for several weeks prior to the fatal accident. Her husband and daughter went to Las Vegas to drive Mrs. Rodney home on what was to have been a holiday.

## TWO RECORDING INDUSTRY FIGURES DIE ON SAME DAY

Jack Crystal of Commodore records, described by friends as "an unselfish guy who devoted his life to jazz," died unexpectedly of a heart attack Oct. 15 at the age of 54.

On the evening of that same day one of the pioneers in phonograph recording, developer of talent, and one of the first recording officials to roam the rural south in search of talent, Frank B. Walker, 74, died quietly in his sleep at his home in Little Neck, N.Y.

Crystal became associated with the Commodore Music Shop, the onetime haven for record collectors on Manhattan's E. 42nd St., in 1941. When the store closed in 1958, he moved his base of operations to the Yonkers, N.Y.,

pressing plant, where the record company bearing the Commodore name had its headquarters.

As a promoter, Crystal ran sessions at Jimmy Ryan's in the 1940s, and for the last seven years had been in charge of the Friday and Saturday concerts at the Central Plaza. Even this season, when they were reduced to Saturdays only and taken over by the Musicians Aid Society, for benefit concerts, he was there to help.

Known among musicians as "the iron lung of jazz" because of his many efforts on their behalf, Crystal was instrumental in organizing benefit concerts for the families of Hot Lips Page, Frankie Newton, and Gene Sedric, when those men died.

A demonstration of the regard in which he was held was seen in the turnout of more than 30 musicians for his funeral in the Bronx on Oct. 17. A partial list included Red Allen, Buck Clayton, Zutty Singleton, Jo Jones, Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell, Willie (The Lion) Smith, Jimmy McPartland, Sonny Greer, Louis Metcalf, Tyree Glenn, Benny Morton, Dickie Wells, Russell (Big Chief) Moore, Eddie Barefield, and Sandy Williams.

Walker had been associated with a number of record companies during a long and varied career and at the time of his death was a consultant to MGM records, a firm he had organized in 1945 and of which he was general manager until his semiretirement in 1958. Prior to that time he had been a vice president and general manager of RCA Victor records and had also served as vice president of Columbia.

In the early 1920s Walker was Enrico Caruso's agent and personal manager. After a brief stint in the brokerage business, Walker then turned to the growing phonograph industry, first serving with Columbia, for whom he discovered and developed blues singer Bessie Smith, one of many artists he discovered on his periodic recording trips to the South. For Columbia he developed the low-price OKeh popular record series, which is credited with helping the firm weather the lean depression years. He also set up RCA Victor's budget label, Bluebird, during his tenure with the company.

During World War II Walker, at the request of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, marshalled the record industry for the war effort, establishing the V-Disc program.

Walker also was instrumental in the development of sound-track recordings, and is credited with sparking the custom record pressing business. He was one of the organizers of the Record Industry Association of America, with which he held at various times the

positions of president, treasurer, and honorary chairman.

Walker is survived by his widow Laura, a son, two daughters, and nine grandchildren.

## EIGHT MEN IN PIT FOR PLAY USING DAVIS-EVANS RECORDING

By standing union edict, a new play, *The Time of the Barracudas*, with background music recorded by Miles Davis and arranged by Gil Evans (*DB*, Nov. 7), has eight musicians in the pit who were not originally planned for by the producers. The Davis-Evans recording is played during the performance in Hollywood's Huntington Hartford Theater.

John Tranchitella, president of Los Angeles' AFM Local 47, denied the musicians constitute a stand-by band.

## THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SINGER CLARA WARD

In Gospel singer Clara Ward's eyes it's not the location—it's the spirit that counts.

The leader of the celebrated Clara Ward Singers, who have been performing their sacred songs for a year now at the New Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas, Nev., sees nothing even remotely sacrilegious singing church music in saloons. In this attitude she is necessarily at odds with Mahalia Jackson. Miss Jackson has heatedly condemned what she terms the "blasphemy" of marrying Gospel to booze-selling commercialism (*DB*, Aug. 15).

But Miss Ward does not intend to invite a feud with Miss Jackson. "I don't even want to discuss that," she said.

Her attitude is a live-and-let-live show-business philosophy. "They do what they want," said she of those opposing saloon-singing Gospelers. "I do what I want."

What Miss Ward apparently wants, and has been quite successful in achieving, is to make the Clara Ward Singers the world's best-known Gospel group.

Certainly the Ward singers are no strangers in the jazz field. They have appeared three times at the Newport Jazz Festival, and last July they starred with Dizzy Gillespie and Jimmy Smith at the Antibes jazz festival at Juan-les-Pins on the French Riviera. In 1959 they also were a hit at the Ravinia festival near Chicago. And in their latest album on Columbia the Ward singers teamed with the Dukes of Dixieland in lively, if unlikely, alliance.

Yet, within the last five years — previous to the Las Vegas contract, that is — the singers performed "most-ly in churches," Miss Ward said.

The group then was headed by Miss

"Forget the word 'stand-by,'" he told *Down Beat*. "We want—and always have wanted—musicians hired who are ready, willing, and able to play."

"And they will play," he added, "—at least the overture."

Tranchitella pointed out that the AFM's international by-laws demand that local union permission be granted to play a pre-recorded musical tape as part of a theatrical production. The premise of this rule is that, by using such a tape, musicians are being denied work in such a production.

According to Tranchitella, Frederick Brisson, the play's producer, did not request such permission from Local 47.

The jazz background score, which is believed to mark a first for both Davis and Evans, was recorded in the Holly-

wood studios of Columbia records, the label for which Davis records.

In addition to Davis and three members of his quintet—Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; and Anthony Williams, drums—the recording for the play was made by top Hollywood studio musicians. Contracted by Paul Horn, the larger group consisted of himself and Buddy Collette, flutes; Gene Cipriano, oboe; Fred Dutton, bassoon; Richard Perissi, Bill Hinshaw, and Art Macbe, French horns; Dick Leith, bass trombone; and Marjorie Call, harp.

*The Time of the Barracudas*, a comedy starring Laurence Harvey and Elaine Stritch, is due to open on Broadway soon following break-in runs in San Francisco and Hollywood.



MISS WARD  
Night clubs or not—church music

Ward's mother, Gertrude. As booking commitments steadily increased, Miss Ward said, a splinter group led by her mother was formed to fill those engagements. Now the splinter group is a full-time entity. This summer the Gertrude Ward Singers spent the season at California's Disneyland amusement park; they will return next year.

Clara Ward, who began singing with her mother's group at the age of 9, some 25 years ago, is adamant in stressing that the singers' success in Las Vegas has not at all influenced repertoire.

"Everything we do in church," she declared, "we sing at the New Frontier. Every kind of religious song there is."

"As a matter of fact," she added, "ministers—white and colored—come in and request songs like *The Old Rugged Cross*. Oh no, we do nothing but strictly church music."

There are more than 200 songs for group numbers in their repertoire, she said, and "hundreds more for solos."

Las Vegas is, of course, a town where overindulgence in liquor is as

common as crapping out. Miss Ward, however, is evidently unaffected by the over-all Sodom and Gomorrah atmosphere.

"We don't have any trouble with drunks," she said. "People come to listen. Before we opened there, we were told, 'People in Las Vegas won't listen to anything.' We found out they listen to us."

"The hotel was dead before we came. Now we have people standing all around the walls. And when we do *The Saints* and march around the room, a lot of the people get up and march with us."

In addition to Miss Ward, the group includes an organist, Al Williams, and five other women — Mildred Means, Viola Crowley, Madilyn Simpson, Geraldine Jones, and Vermetta Royster. A local bassist and drummer augment the group.

"Every big star that comes to town makes it to our show," Miss Ward said with evident pride. "All the movie stars come to hear us. They've all been in—Peter Lawford, Dinah Shore, Jimmy Durante, Judy Garland, Jack Benny used to come in all the time."

So taken was Benny with the Ward Singers that he signed them to tour with his own show, a stint that culminated with six weeks at New York's Ziegfeld Theater last spring. During their absence at the New Frontier, Miss Ward said, her mother's group filled in for them.

Currently, the Clara Ward Singers are taking a second leave of absence from their 40-week Las Vegas contract. They constitute one of the highlights in Langston Hughes' new Broadway show, *Tambourines to Glory*, that opened Nov. 2.

It makes no difference where the Gospel is sung, Miss Ward repeated, the important thing is singing the message loud and clear.

# TRIBUTE TO A TRUMPETER

By ART HODES

It can get bitter cold in Chicago. I mean you can have it. It's driven every one of its favorite sons elsewhere. So, why do we come back? Hard to figure. The town's been rough, and today the story is the same. The modern cats can't make it and finally leave, just like their traditional older brothers did.

Something may bring us back . . . to find the best jazz work reserved for the out-of-town attraction, the name that plays a couple of weeks and moves on. Stick around, and you're faced with a few choices. You get a gig, and it soon runs out; play the club-date routine; get a day gig, and club when you can; sell insurance. It's like Bert Williams would say: "The man who stays behind, a hero shall be . . . somebody else, not me."

So this is the setting; this is the town that Bob Scobey came to and decided to make a go of. I never questioned him. I don't know what entered his figuring. I know he dug in, bought a home in a suburb, opened with his band at (what was then) the Continental on Walton St., near north side, and played there a good two years to many a capacity crowd.

Maybe he heard that if you can't make it in Chicago, you can't make it anywhere, and it's true—no one need fall apart in the town. Somehow you can get by. . . . We always have. But Bob was a top-of-the-heap man. So it could have been any number of things, possibly the challenge. But whatever it was, believe me, for the boys who played it trad style, it was a blessing.

Suddenly Dixieland became a fashionable word, and clubowners were using the same format. Scobe proved to be a shot in the arm for dear ol' Chi. Gave the newspaper guys a new something to write on. Bob was a first-rate promoter, and he kept his name and his music in the foreground.

Funny how we met. It was '59, and I was visiting my daughter Janet in Chicago. (I live 32 miles south of the big town. It's an armed truce. I need a big town to support my profession, but I'm not fixin' to live in it.)

The phone rang. "It's for you, dad," Janet said. (Always leave a number when you're out of the house—it may be a gig.)

"Who?" I said. "Bob Scobey?" I was surprised. I knew he was in town, but I'm not much on "openings," and I hadn't dropped in. Besides, I didn't know the man.

"Art, whatcha doing—I mean tonight?"

Friday, and I haven't got a gig.

"Nothing. What's on your mind?"

Well, he was stuck, and would I come in and play? I made my usual objections. . . . Haven't played for days. . . . Won't have time to warm up. . . . Fingers are stiff. . . . Not sure I can

cepted a record date on Victor (*Rompin 'n' Stompin*) and turned down the piano chair in the band but accepted a job playing opposite Bob's group, with a quartet of my own. For four of the next five years I worked opposite Bob, either as a single or producing a band on his nights off. The guy was good for me. In fact, I'd have to go back to my Wingy Manone days to find any one musician who had been so helpful.

Working in the same room with Bob was a liberal education for me. The way he handled people . . . over the mike, he never got involved . . . he stuck to his program (he played lots of requests—if the band could play a chorus, the tune got played) . . . he never acted



handle your book. . . . Haven't done anything like that for years. It was all true . . . but not all the truth. The thing was that I'd been a leader so long I found it hard to work under someone else. Scobe brushed aside all my objections, letting me know he wanted me "even if you just sit there."

Then something funny happened. From out of me came this voice: "Okay, I'll be there." It was something I've never regretted doing. Every one of the band was so nice, understanding. Even the girl vocalist made me feel wanted. So I wailed . . . and enjoyed the gig.

This Scobe sure had a formula, had those customers eating out of his hand, and they were waiting to get in. Man, I hadn't seen anything like that in the town for ages.

But you worked; when we hit that stand, we were on for more than one hour, also unheard of in jazz circles. I'm telling you—I was surprised. And to see people stand up and applaud and don't want you to quit. I was impressed, and it was the same Saturday night, only more so. I couldn't understand it, but I had to admit the evidence of what I saw . . . the Bob Scobey presentation was a success story.

Before we parted that weekend, I ac-

like the emcee . . . I never heard him make like a comedian . . . short comments, announcements, etc.

It was a fast-moving show, not a "set." For at least the first two intermissions, Scobey mingled with the customers. He said hello (plus a few words) to approximately 350 people a week. Multiply that by four years, and you've got a lot of people who "knew" him. With musicians, I believe, he was generous; with few exceptions perhaps none), he paid them more than they'd earn with any similar group—or earned after they left him. If you had something to say musically, you got your chance (within the confines of the formula he had devised for the band).

Bob admitted he wasn't playing for the small audience, although much of his book contained such jazz gems as *The Chant*, *Black-Bottom Stomp*, *Sidewalk Blues*. He also was great on "rousers" . . . *Col. Bogie*, *Alabama Jubilee*, *Cotton Town*.

"Aw right, men" . . . and they were onstage. . . . There goes Clancy Hayes . . . and one wonders why the current crop of banjo-pluckers don't copy his work. Dave Black (drums) was a big

(Continued on page 38)

**T**IME IS NOT of the essence in Paris; it passes, unimpeded by those who would engage it in combat. The French develop little acid over deadlines. They value life. They are proud, patriotic, untamed. They love their own and those they take for their own.

Jazz drummer-composer-pioneer Kenny Clarke has been warmly embraced by Lady Paris and seems little inclined to be free of her. He has structured "a fulfilling life," he says, in the seven years since he left the frenetic New York City scene to live in Paris.

In many ways he is a new man.

Clarke appears satisfied with his lot; he does well, he feels well, and he looks happy. A smile seldom left his face during a recent few hours of conversation.

He is something of a celebrity in Paris, particularly so in St. Germain, the students' quarter. And he's most accessible to his admirers.

People of all kinds waved, shouted greetings, or stopped to speak with "Kennee" at a sidewalk cafe facing Club St. Germain, the night club where the Clarke group appears six nights a week, to the delight of Parisian jazz fans and visiting tourists.

First an African engaged the drummer in conversation about his work problems. A little later, a svelte, well-formed young woman slowed down for a "hallo" before continuing on her undulating way.

Another passer-by paused, whispered something into Clarke's ear and apparently amused him; both men smiled, shook hands, and the man took a seat at another table.

A French musician stopped to question Clarke about a forthcoming recording session and then inquired where the drummer planned to spend his next four-week vacation.

It all struck a familiar chord.

The scene was out of a typical Warner Bros. picture, vintage 1930s, when the show-business celebrity or champion boxer or top-level hood or successful trial lawyer returns to "the old neighborhood," usually on New York City's lower east side. The only difference was the locale—and that the people treat Klook this way all the time.

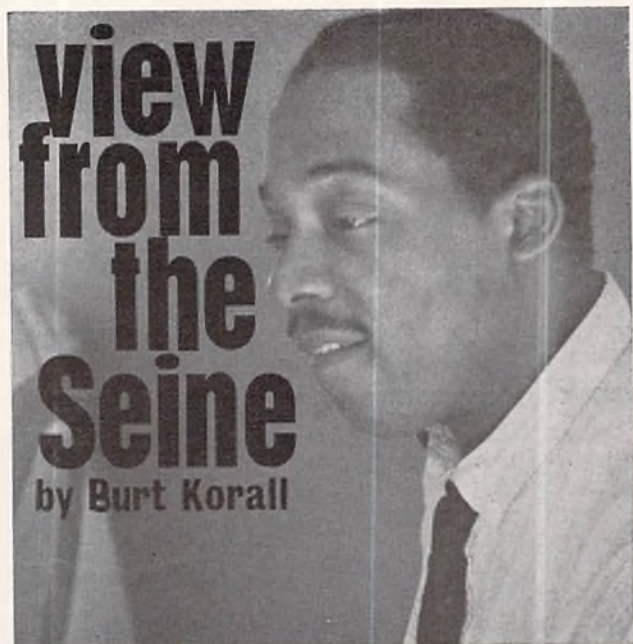
"It would take a *terribly* exceptional opportunity to get me away from here," the drummer said. "I'd like to return to New York for a visit—and probably will later this year—but certainly won't stay on permanently. Why should I? I have what I want. Besides, I've spent too much time and effort creating something here."

He paused and then explained: "Recently I brought my son over and have enrolled him in school. This is a good environment in which to grow up. It's relaxed and *real*. The French understand the human being. Problems are discussed. Americans don't take the time."

Clarke said he feels that the family structure in France is sounder than in the United States.

"There's a closeness," he said. "When someone in the French family unit goes wrong, he's not rejected. All the members of the family try to find the reasons for it so that they can help straighten things out." Living among the French, Clarke said, one comes to terms with oneself and is better able to deal with situations and with people. Each person one meets is given "the benefit of the doubt"; the hand of friendship is extended.

"I try to be a good person," he said. "I mind my busi-



ness, but when it comes to my professional life, I take care of business."

The conversation changed course. Familiar names and places in jazz were mentioned, and Clarke warmed to the subject closest to his heart.

"The new generation of American musicians is killing jazz," the 49-year-old musician declared. "The richness in the music is fast disappearing. I question the ambition of the younger jazzmen: their level of musicianship is far lower than what was common when I was breaking in."

It is Clarke's opinion that there is an unsettling feeling and undue aggression in the "new" music he has heard on recently released U.S. recordings. What is more, he said, he finds much of the "new" music "formless, empty, and meaningless."

"Of course, I'd rather say nice things about today's jazz and jazzmen," he said, "but, frankly, I don't think the compliments are deserved. The youngsters are looking for gimmicks, the easy roads, when there are none!"

The drummer cast some of the blame on recording companies hungry for the quick dollar. He cited the practice of recording "inferior" talent and was vehement that several "extremely promising" musicians had been taped before they had earned that privilege. "Recognition that comes too early is often worse than none at all," he said.

"When I was coming up in the 1930s," he pointed out, "a recording date was a privilege. You had to be ready or you weren't called. It was as simple as that."

"All the musicians I knew tried to get as much experience as possible so as to be ready when the time came—for a recording session or joining an important band."

Clarke recalled with particular warmth the young John Birks Gillespie:

"Diz got into everything! He couldn't stay still, the man always was reaching out. You know, before he joined Cab Calloway, he came down to the Cotton Club as a 'replacement' every night and played a different trumpet

book. One night, he would play lead; the next, second trumpet, and so on."

"It was the same in Teddy Hill's band," he remembered. "I'd write out little things and hand them back to my man—Diz always sat right behind the drums. He would play them; then we'd play them together. We had the fire. There was an excitement inside us; we knew we were moving into something."

Teddy Hill had difficulty understanding what Clarke and Gillespie were brewing and eventually fired the drummer. The bandleader later told an interviewer: "Kenny Clarke kept playing those off-beats and little rhythmic tricks on the bass drum. I used to imitate him and ask him, 'What is that kloop-mop stuff?' That's what it sounded like—kloop-mop—and that's what we called the music they were playing. Later we called it bebop."

The juices flowed full for Clarke in those days of experimentation and discovery. But it all started a bit earlier than is generally assumed, according to Clarke, when he began playing rhythmic patterns against the basic 4 or 2 in the Lonnie Simmons Band in 1935.

"Freddie Green and I got something new going with Lonnie's band at a Greenwich Village club long before the new rhythmic approach to playing drums was noticed," Clarke said. "We'd come to the job early—at least 45 minutes before the other players—and work out patterns. The results were swinging; you could tell. Even the waitresses enjoyed what we were doing."

Clarke spoke with great relish of his yesterdays. The excitement in his voice revealed a feeling of satisfaction about what were for him great and fruitful years. Minton's, his associates during the interval when bop was going through labor pains before its difficult birth, names, places, memories were brought into focus, all of which are familiar to those who have followed the course of modern jazz.

"Everyone came up to Minton's to listen," he reported. "All the fine musicians sat in—Pres, Charlie Christian. There's no truth to the story that we purposely played weird things to keep musicians outside the clique off the stand. All we asked was that the musician be able to handle himself. When he got up on that stand, he had to know. . . ."

**T**HE MAN who brought a new, looser, more creative kind of drumming to jazz lost some of his conversational fervor when speaking of the current U.S. scene; it obviously was a letdown for him.

"Something unhealthy is happening to jazz in America," Clarke insisted. "I hear a lot about Crow Jim, reverse segregation. . . . How can any musician in his right mind put down Stan Getz and people like that? It's a bunch of you know what. One race can learn from another. No one race has everything. This attitude could do jazz a lot of damage."

Clarke was angry, no doubt about it. He looked around the cafe and then exploded: "I may be put down for this . . . but I must admit that I'm not interested in allying myself with causes. I'm a Negro; I know what's happening. I don't turn my back on the realities because I'm 3,000 miles away. I do what I can as I move through my life. But . . . as far as I'm concerned, it's the music that's important. That's the legacy we leave behind."

The drummer maintains that a musician has to be

responsible, that he must have some idea of the consequences when he acts musically—and personally. He said a professional should be concerned about the future, not just today.

Bad times and bad music, by his definition, grow out of uneasiness and upset rather than merely lack of material things. As far as Clarke is concerned, the confusion over the race question, in general, as well as the uncertainty about where jazz is going, have had a great effect on the music itself.

At the outset of any revolution or change, there is turmoil. For an example, one has only to look back to the 1940s when the face of jazz underwent a few alterations in the hands of Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, and, not least of all, Kenny Clarke.

Today, jazz is again going through a change—for better or worse. One thing is certain, however; it cannot



Clarke and Roland Kirk on German TV

stay the same. Art—and jazz is art in its best moments—is in constant evolution.

Jazz musicians also must move with the times. As one young musician put it, "You get old mighty fast in this business."

Has Kenny Clarke, onetime member of the jazz vanguard, fallen into reaction and become a musical conservative? Perhaps yes, perhaps no. But to hear him any night at Club St. Germain, the outrageously priced cafe-bar in the heart of the students' quarter, is to get a lesson in jazz drumming.

His imagination has not dulled. He has great authority; the easy manner in which he extracts sounds from his instrument is that of the complete professional. He states the time in an insinuating manner while playing cross-rhythms and figures—simple to complex—that enhance the rhythmic line in a judicious yet exciting manner. Clarke remains a major drummer who refuses to rest on his laurels, because for him drums are a life-long matter. "I never stop studying, listening, or practicing," he said.

One hears him in young drummers, though many of them, including his favorites, Billy Higgins and Louis Hayes, probably do not realize how responsible the converted Parisian is for the way they respond to music.

Despite his negative attitude toward much of the new music from the United States, the drummer doesn't

*(Continued on page 38)*

# WHATEVER HAPPENED TO TAL FARLOW?

By IRA  
GITLER

IT WAS A HOT and hectic day in July when it happened. The *Down Beat* editorial staff was assembled in a Chicago hotel to cover a music-merchants convention being held there, when a representative of the Gibson guitar company casually mentioned to one of the staff members that there was to be a concert given by the company to introduce some of its new instruments, one of which was to be a Tal Farlow model.

"Tal Farlow," the staff man said, mulling the name of one of the great jazz guitarists who had not been heard on the jazz scene for five years. "Whatever happened to him, anyway?"

"Why don't you ask him?" replied the company representative. "He's coming in this afternoon."

After the initial shock had worn off, the staff man set up an appointment to interview the guitarist in the short time between Farlow's rehearsal and performance. But conventions being what they are, there was no opportunity to get into a lengthy discussion with Farlow. A promise of another get-together in New York was agreed upon.

Last month in New York, Farlow was more relaxed and

voluble than he had been in Chicago. He had driven up from his Sea Bright, N. J., home on the Atlantic coast, where he has lived since his marriage in 1958. That year also had marked his last important public appearance, at the old Composer club on Manhattan's W. 58th St., with the late pianist Eddie Costa and bassist Vinnie Burke.

Farlow had been voted new-star guitarist in the 1954 *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll, won a similar award in a poll of musicians conducted for the 1956 year-book edition of Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, and had taken first place in the "established" division of the 1956 and 1957 critics polls. Yet, with all this recognition, he had chosen to remove himself from the scene.

Farlow, a shy, yet warm, person whose appearance has accurately been described as Lincolnnesque, said of his attitude toward seeking jobs in music, "I don't push very hard." Perhaps even more telling is his statement: "I never really have thought of myself as a 100 percent professional musician. There were times when I would stop and do sign painting."

In Greensboro, N. C., where Talmadge Holt Farlow was born in 1921, he worked in a sign shop when he was about 20 years old.

His father played guitar, mandolin, violin, and "even some clarinet." Tal had started playing guitar, too, but it was mostly "sort of North Carolina style—until I heard Charlie Christian," he explained. "These fellows had a music store opposite the sign shop, and I used to go over there and wear out the records. I didn't have a player of my own."

Farlow did have a radio though, and he heard Christian on remote broadcasts of the Benny Goodman Band.

"They'd let him stretch out and give him a whole fistful of choruses," Farlow reminisced. "First I couldn't figure out what kind of instrument it was. It was a guitar of some kind, but at that time electric guitars were mostly all Hawaiian guitars. It had a little of that quality, but it was not that slippin' and slidin' business of a Hawaiian guitar. That was the first time I had heard an electric Spanish guitar."

As he did with countless other guitarists, Christian soon had exerted a tremendous influence on Farlow. "I copied his choruses—I learned how to play them," Farlow said. "Then I started listening to other jazz groups. One of them was Count Basie's little band with Lester Young, and I found out there was a lot of similarity between some of the things Charlie was playing and some of the things Lester was playing. Also, Lester's style was pretty easily adapted to the guitar. It sort of fell in place."

Farlow didn't limit his listening to records and radio. Through his first profession he was able to hear live music. He explained: "They had these dances for colored only, and white people couldn't get in except for an area reserved for spectators. I did all the signs for these dances, so I could get a couple of passes—heard Hampton, Basie, Andy Kirk. The Trenier twins had a band that sounded like Jimmie Lunceford's. I think Lunceford played there too. I heard a lot of good music that way. Except I know that a lot of the fellows we'd read about in *Down Beat*—like Lester—he'd never be in the band down there because he had other places to be when the band made the southern scene, I guess. I did meet guitarist Irving Ashby when he was with Hampton."

**D**URING THE WAR Farlow started playing with dance bands around Greensboro. Pianist Jimmy Lyon, who in later years was a fixture at the Blue Angel and who recently has been holding forth at New York's Playboy Club, was stationed at a nearby air base, and he and Farlow began playing together. "He has a magnificent harmonic sense," Farlow said. "It stimulated my interest."



PHOTO: CHICAGO MUSICAL INSTRUMENT CO.



Farlow is that rare bird—the natural musician who never took lessons and who still can't read. "I never did study because I don't think there was anybody in that area who could have given me what I was after," he said. "You should learn to read right away. With guitar, it's easy to play a little bit, and after you've played that much, you get to the point where it's boring to go back and learn scales and read. Even now I sit down and say, 'I'm going to brush up and see if I can't make my reading passable anyway.' You can just take so much of that and you start playing something else." He added that his reading lack makes him ineligible for studio and recording work of a certain nature, but when asked if he would like to play these jobs, he smiled and replied, "I don't believe so."

In 1942 Farlow went north to Philadelphia but soon returned to Greensboro and sign painting. After the war he returned to the Quaker City where he joined the trio of vibist Dardanella. After playing in Philadelphia, the group moved to the Copa Lounge in New York. Charlie Parker was playing on 52nd St., and whenever Tal was off he would head right for The Street.

Farlow recalled, "Every Monday I would get up there before anyone else and hope Bird would show, which he sometimes did, sometimes didn't." Of bebop, Farlow said, "That was the only thing for me then. It seemed to me that they were making a new start. Although I hadn't been listening real close for a few years, it seemed so new and so much different from what was going on before."

He did no jamming; he just listened. "As Herbie Ellis would say, I wasn't 'going out in that deep water.'"

Farlow then moved back to Philadelphia and worked at clarinetist Billy Krechmer's club in a trio that included the owner and pianist Freddie Thompson.

Since the group used no bassist, Farlow would play the bass line on guitar. "Sometimes a drummer would sit in on snare," the guitarist said. "Krechmer's was right around the corner from the Click Theater-Restaurant on Market St., where Goodman, etc., used to play. Guys used to duck down on their intermission and sit in with us."

With Jimmy Lyon and bassist Lenny DeFranco (clarinetist Buddy DeFranco's brother), Farlow came back to New York. The three intended to get their Local 802 cards and form a trio. During the first three months of waiting out his 802 membership, the applicant musician is permitted to work only one-night engagements. Lyon and DeFranco got their share, but not Farlow.

"Piano and bass are marketable in the club-date field," he said, "but they didn't care for a guitarist who couldn't read or, more than that, couldn't sing."

After working for a New York sign shop, Farlow took Mundell Lowe's place in vibist Margie Hyams' group at the Three Deuces. "We were working opposite Charlie Parker there for two weeks," he recalled. "I got to listen to him quite a bit at close range."

A Southampton society job with leader Marshall Grant followed. "By the time we [Lyon and DeFranco] got our second three months in, we were scattered all over," Farlow said. "We never got together."

**F**ARLOW DID PLAY with Buddy DeFranco, in a group that included Milt Jackson on vibes and John Levy, the bassist who is now active as a personal manager. This occurred in 1949, when Farlow was living on W. 93rd St. with fellow guitarists Jimmy Raney and Sal Salvador and alto saxophonist Phil Woods.

"Sal's father had a store in Massachusetts," Farlow recalled, "and every so often he would send down a big cardboard carton full of canned goods and things. That was for Sal, but everybody partook—the CARE package we called it.

"Jimmy and I played a lot together. Sal, too, but he was

on the road a lot. Jimmy and I were racing for last place when it came to work."

Farlow's work shortage was solved at the end of the year when he became part of the Red Norvo Trio. Almost immediately he went to California with the veteran vibist. "And after working so hard to get a New York card," the guitarist said.

Working with Norvo, he said, helped him develop speed and facility:

"Red liked to—I guess he still does—play real fast tunes, things on which he was featured with Woody Herman's band, like *I Surrender*, *Dear* and *The Man I Love*. When I first went with him, it was embarrassing because I couldn't



FARLOW KELLY NORVO  
The original Red Norvo Trio at The Haig in Los Angeles, 1950

keep up with him, and it was a question of its having to be done. I worked on my technique so I could make the tempos."

Red Kelly was the bassist with the group, but he left to rejoin Charlie Barnet, and Charlie Mingus took his place. Farlow said, "I think Mingus was carrying mail in San Francisco at the time. Red knew him, called him, and he came down." Together, the trio developed a tremendous unity, as their old Discovery records still attest.

Farlow left Norvo in 1954 to work with Artie Shaw's reactivated Gramercy Five but returned to Norvo for a while before leaving permanently in 1955. By this time he had established himself as one of the ranking guitarists of jazz; his fluidity, fire, amazing continuity, and purity of sound were the hallmarks of his style.


Farlow was in California in 1955 when Sy Barron, owner of the Composer, contacted him and persuaded him to come back to New York to play at the club in a trio with pianist Eddie Costa and bassist Vinne Burke.

"Eddie had given him the idea," Farlow said, "I hadn't known Eddie, but he was a friend of Sal's [Salvador]. Eddie and Vinnie had been playing at the Composer in a two-piano group with John Mehegan."

This was the beginning of a happy association for both players and club. When the Composer closed, Farlow lost a home. He hasn't played in a club since, except for some sitting in with Burke at the bassist's job in Long Branch, N.J., last summer.

Barron, however, is in the process of erecting a new club, the Composer-Lyricist, on W. 56th St., and he wants Farlow to open it for him sometime in December—if everything goes according to schedule.

In the meantime, Farlow has not neglected his playing completely. Periodically, fellow guitarists, such as Jimmy Raney, Jim Hall, Attila Zoller, and Gene Bertocini, make the pilgrimage to Sea Bright to play duets, talk guitar, and generally socialize with the Farlows.

And Tal Farlow keeps up with the scene, too, just as he did years ago—by listening to records and the radio. 

# Jazz In Yugoslavia

By JOACHIM E. BERENDT

Translated By ERNEST BORNEMAN



The Zagreb Jazz Quartet in concert

**Y**UGOSLAVIA IS, as far as jazz goes, what it is in politics: a sort of middle ground between East and West.

There is no other country whose jazz musicians have, on the one hand, continual contact with musicians from Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and the USSR and who, on the other, play together with equal unconcern with musicians from Italy, West Germany, France, and the Scandinavian countries. Thus the Vojislav Simic Band of Radio Belgrade—Yugoslavia's most prominent big jazz orchestra—would visit Western Germany after just having played in Czechoslovakia and then, immediately afterwards, would play in Moscow or Leningrad and could then be heard again during the jazz festival at Antibes in the south of France.

The Yugoslav Jazz Festival, which takes place every year in the beautiful Alpine resort town of Bled, is the most international in the world. This year, for example, there played together Polish, Hungarian, Czech, Yugoslav, West German, Italian, Dutch, English, French, and U.S. musicians. For next year's festival, a Russian band already has been contracted.

Yet only nine or 10 years back, jazz was as unwelcome in Yugoslavia as it was in all other Communist countries.

At that time, Mladen Gutesha, the arranger who was the first to try to transform the Radio Belgrade Light Orchestra into a proper big jazz band, had to leave his country secretly. Eight years later, in 1961, President Tito's country granted a subsidy of 1,000,000 dinars (about \$1,300 in U.S. currency) toward the organization of the Yugoslav Jazz Festival.

Yugoslav jazz musicians no longer need cross the frontiers in secret if they want to play in other countries; they are free to travel wherever they want. (Yugoslav jazz trumpeters have long become the most eagerly sought-

after musicians in the big bands of nearly all the countries of Europe. Even in the United States Maynard Ferguson has a Yugoslav trumpeter: Dusko Gojkovic.)

Only Gutesha, who now lives in Western Germany, is still on the black list. He is his country's best arranger; even Benny Goodman has recorded his arrangements. All Yugoslav jazz musicians admire and respect him but hesitate to play his compositions and arrangements. If they do so, they substitute a name for his so that Communist functionaries won't catch on.

**T**HREE THINGS are typical of Yugoslav jazz.

First, there are the many good trumpet players. While almost everywhere else in Europe good trumpet players are almost as rare as good drummers (though there are plenty of first-class sax players, pianists, and bass players), in Yugoslavia there are many fine trumpeters—so many, in fact, that one cannot mention them all. A few are Urban Koder, Mojmir Sepe, Marijan Domic, Franja Jenko, Stanko Briht, Ladislav Fidri, Alexander Korac, Matevz Strlic, Predrag Ivanovic, and Predrac Krstic.

When I presented the best Yugoslav musicians in a television program in Germany last year, I assembled a trumpet all-star band by using the nine best trumpet players of the country. German and French musicians have assured me that it would be impossible to find nine such excellent jazz trumpeters in, say, France, Germany, Sweden, or England.

Second, the prevalence of so many big bands is typical of Yugoslav jazz.

In France, for instance, it has hardly ever been possible to keep a really good big band together for any length of time. In England there exist one or two proper big jazz bands; in Western Germany there are two or three. But in Yugoslavia there are at least seven worth-

while big bands. And Yugoslavia is a country of only 18,000,000 people, as opposed to West Germany's 52,000,000. Yugoslav jazz musicians clearly love playing big-band music and possess the necessary discipline and team spirit to do it well.

Three of Yugoslavia's big bands belong among the top orchestras of Europe.

Radio Belgrade's big band under the leadership of Vojislav Simic is a solid swing band reminiscent of early Count Basie and sometimes of Quincy Jones. There is hardly any other big-band leader in Europe who has as much basic jazz feeling as Simic.

The Slovenian big band of Radio Ljubljana has been made into a somewhat more modern band by Jose Privsek, with emphasis not so much on solos as on a homogeneous, precise type of ensemble playing. Privsek has been awarded a study grant at the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., and it is, therefore, still a matter of speculation how this band will develop.

The Croatian big band of Radio Zagreb led by Miljenko Prohaska, has a completely individual style. I feel there is no other large European jazz band that is as free from U.S. influence, pursuing its own paths and developing its own ideas, as that of Miljenko. During the 1963 Yugoslav Jazz Festival, Miljenko played his *Jazz Concerto No. 2*, in three movements. It is based on Yugoslav folk-music themes and proved a highlight of the festival. Miljenko is so original that he doesn't care about any kind of accepted theories. Sometimes he uses strange kinds of instruments—a clavichord, for instance.

This leads to the third characteristic of Yugoslav jazz:

The Yugoslavs use their own folk music with almost as much ease as the Negroes of the United States use theirs. But one should not really talk about a Yugoslav folk music, for such a thing



One of the leading Yugoslavian trumpeters, Marijan Domic



Vojislav Simic, leader of Radio Belgrade's big band.

does not exist. Yugoslavia is a conglomeration of many peoples; therefore, there are Croatian, Serbian, Slovene, Bosnian, and, above all, Macedonian folk songs.

Especially important in the folk music of Macedonia is its wealth of asymmetric rhythms. Yugoslav jazz musicians who have grown up with Macedonian folk tunes have always possessed an incomparable rhythmic freedom and individuality in using such musical meters as 5/4, 7/4, 9/4, and combining such meters with each other, all devices that only in recent years have started to play a part in U.S. jazz. As far back as three or four years ago I heard Bosko Petrovic, the vibraharp player of the Zagreb Jazz Quartet, playing a solo over an 11/4 rhythm.

To be sure, it is a matter of importance for the Yugoslavs that there are typically Yugoslav elements present in their jazz. Everywhere, jazz critics are asked in Yugoslavia, "Can you hear something typically Yugoslav when listening to our musicians?" This is really a conscience question, for, even in the atmosphere of Tito's special brand of communism, jazz must not be too cosmopolitan-international-imperialist.

The Zagreb Jazz Quartet—in Croatian: "Zagrebacki Dzez Kvartet"—is one of the finest combos of the country. It has piano (Davor Kajfes), vibraharp (Bosko Petrovic), bass (Miljenko Prohaska), drums (Silvije Glojnaric) and started first of all by copying the Modern Jazz Quartet but has, in the meantime and because of a certain influence of folk music themes, found its own style.

**A**LL THIS MAY sound as if Yugoslavia were the Promised Land of Jazz. But that is not so.

Most musicians who play every year at the Bled festival are either amateurs or play commercial music for the re-

mainder of the year. Of course, there is plenty of mediocre—even bad—jazz being played in Yugoslavia. There is also to be found—as everywhere in Europe—much jazz that is an imitation of some U.S. prototype. In Ljubljana, capital of Slovenia, there is a student orchestra called Ad Hoc, whose arranger, Jamez Gregorc, and trumpet player, Matvz Strlic, correspond in a remarkable way to the team of Gil Evans and Miles Davis.

Belgrade and Zagreb, capitals of Serbia and Croatia, respectively, are the foremost jazz cities, but it is obvious that also in many smaller towns good jazz is being played. Who knows, for instance, where Novi Sad is? And yet there exist in this small place, 40 miles northeast of Belgrade, toward the Hungarian frontier, quite a few jazz combos and even a big band worth listening to. Clarinetist Tony Scott has said he heard first-class jazz being played in Sarajevo; Phil Woods said he has heard equally good jazz in such an out-of-the-way place as Banja Luka (halfway between Zagreb and Macedonia).

Perhaps it has something to do with the "rural" character of many Yugoslav combos and also with the proximity of a living folk music that most Yugoslav jazz musicians—even when they are outstanding technicians and imaginative players—play with a peculiarly hard, edgy phrasing.


Anyone who is accustomed to American jazz may not necessarily find this very intense and "basic" in the sense of modern American musicians. It's this phrasing that one can hear in nearly all Slavic and Balkan countries—in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Romania.

However, Yugoslav musicians have shown they can lose it as soon as they play for any length of time with Western European or U.S. jazz musicians. The pianist Bora Rokovic is an example

of this. Years ago, when he was still living in Belgrade, his sensitive, imaginative solos were being constantly disturbed by this "Slavonic phrasing." Now he has been living in Western Germany for a long time, is a member of the Kurt Edelhagen Orchestra in Cologne, and there are many times when his solos can hardly be distinguished from those of Horace Silver.

How hard it must have been for Yugoslav musicians to attain the high musical standard they now possess can best be realized when one knows that in the whole of Yugoslavia hardly more than 15 jazz records can be bought. For instance, I know of only one Yugoslav record on which Yugoslav and U.S. musicians play together. The Americans are "Dzerom Richardson, Dzulijus Votkins, Dzoe Heris"—Jerome Richardson, Julius Watkins, Joe Harris.

I have always held Yugoslavia to be an example to prove a theory I have: if musicians from Balkan countries—Hungarians, Czechs, Yugoslavs, Bulgarians, Romanians—had closer contact with U.S. jazz musicians, they would, within a few years, be the best jazz musicians in Europe.

They have the feeling for style of the Swedes, the individuality of the French, the musicality of the Germans, and the professionalism of the English; and, furthermore, they have something other peoples in Europe lack: the ancient musicianly vitality of the Balkans. It is certainly not accidental that it was a Hungarian—Pege Aladar—who played the Yugoslav, Polish, Czech, French, English, German, and Italian musicians off the stand during this year's jazz festival in Bled. Aladar plays bass as gypsies play violins—a Scott La Faro a la gypsy. When asked where he had learned his phenomenal style of bass playing, he smiled and said, "You know, in our country, we *all* play bass like this." 

# DUO

By HARRY FROST



PHOTOS/DICK SCHAEFER

**A**FTER THEIR first national exposure in 1947 on the Charlie Ventura record of *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles*, there were many critics of Jackie Cain and Roy Kral who said the boy-girl appeal and the boppish vocal routines that were the bulwark of J&R's repertoire hardly were adequate for modest success and never could spell stardom.

No two persons were more aware of this than the boy and girl involved. From that point on, they devoted themselves to broadening their approach and enriching their material. Their marriage in 1949 showed that no matter what others thought, Jackie and Roy were no fad to each other, and today they probably have convinced anyone who still needs convincing that their particular bubble seems puncture-proof.

Buttrussing their effectiveness as a team, Jackie went to work and made the most of her resplendent voice, to become a ballad singer of sterling quality. Roy has evolved as a sensitive and masterly accompanist and, at the same time, a blowing jazz pianist. Behind everything they have ever done lies Roy's skill and buoyancy as an arranger.

They have walked the road to maturity with few detours. Today their position in the show-business jungle is more secure, albeit less sensational, than some whose names flash on the horizon only to find eventual anonymity. Jackie and Roy are stars, not meteors.

Jackie, from Milwaukee, moved to Chicago after high school to pursue a singing career. There she met Roy, a native Chicagoan, when they both were working in a little club called Jump Town. Dave Garroway, doing a jazz record show on Chicago's WMAQ at the time, heard them at Jump Town, liked them, and began presenting them in Saturday afternoon concerts at the Morrison Hotel. It was at one of these concerts that Jackie and Roy met Charlie Ventura. They joined the saxophonist's group, and things like *Euphoria*, *Bubbles*, and *Lullaby in Rhythm* followed.

It was after a year with Ventura,

shortly before their marriage, that Jackie and Roy decided to go on their own. So it has been except for an eight-month reunion with Ventura in '53.

In the decade since, as their own bosses, J&R have taken on a luster that makes their act one that is at home both in supper clubs and jazz clubs. Beyond their acknowledged musical skill, there is a lightness and freshness that ingratiates them with most audiences and at the least makes them acceptable to *any* audience. They proved this in Las Vegas, Nev.

With two young daughters (Nicoli is now 11, Dana 7), they moved there about four years ago.

"We wanted the girls with us, and Las Vegas was the answer," Jackie related. "There we could change audiences without changing cities. With the constant turnover of people and so many clubs, we were assured of steady employment. We bought a home, enrolled the girls in school, and got off the merry-go-round for a while."

"It was a welcome change," Roy affirmed, "but when Jackie says *steady* employment, she means exactly that. The hours out there are brutal—every night until 4 or 5 in the morning."

Jackie nodded, saying, "It wasn't only the hours. The audiences for the most part are made up of people not particularly interested in music. They're loud—you have to fight to be heard—and some of the things we do just aren't appreciated in that setting. Even so, they liked us, and we had all the work we could handle."

"And there's lots of recreation—the great outdoors. This was ideal for the girls, and we enjoyed it too—plenty of sunshine, swimming, and sand."

"Lots of sand." Jackie was reflective. "Las Vegas is a desert in more ways than one. It's a cultural desert. After the swimming pools and the gambling and the night life, what is there? It's a glorified vacuum."

"Then one day Nicoli—she was 9 then—came home from school and asked me, 'Mommy, what is a stripper?'"

Roy smiled wryly and said, "It was then we started thinking about moving back to New York. After three years in Vegas, we came back last year, and we were lucky. We found a great old place—a mansion, 21 rooms, overlooking the Hudson. It's so big we live in just one wing. The place is surrounded by trees. It seems more like Connecticut than New York City."

Jackie chimed in with enthusiasm: "The house is more than 100 years old, and it just seems to put you in tune with art and tradition. All the musicians love it. They say it makes you feel like working, like creating—and it does. Alec Wilder has been there and so has Antonio Carlos Jobim."

Jackie described Jobim, the composer of *Desafinado*, as a wonderful man, and both she and Roy are strongly attracted to his music and to that of other Brazilian composers.

"Bossa nova, the *real* bossa nova, is here to stay," Roy said. "The authentic Brazilian music, like Jobim's, has melodic substance and a poetic quality that is very touching. . . . It will last."

**W**HAT JACKIE AND ROY do in their vocal routines has been described as scat-bop, vocalese, and by other verbal coinage that hardly tells the story, for there is no pat way of saying what they do. Essentially, they use their voices as instruments, and they are not the only practitioners of this, nor are they the originators. The late Buddy Stewart predated them with Ventura, and before that, Stewart and Dave Lambert were doing similar things with Gene Krupa's band, and the lineage can be followed back through Leo Watson and Louis Armstrong.

So Jackie and Roy were not innovators. Nonetheless, they are highly original. Since the Ventura days, Roy has had a gift for performing face-lifting jobs on older tunes—from *Bubbles to Lullaby in Rhythm* to things like *Thou Swell* and *Mountain Greenery* and later to the vast storehouse of almost-forgotten numbers like *Let's Take a Walk around the Block*. In addition, Jackie and Roy have an abiding interest in, and

sharp ears for, the work of unknown contemporary composers, some of whom they have helped to make not so unknown.


The best example of this is the team of Tommy Wolf (composer) and Fran Landesman (lyricist), who were given the incentive to continue when Jackie and Roy recorded one of the songwriting team's first efforts, *Season in the Sun*, on the Storyville label. Then in short order Jackie and Roy began using more Wolf-Landesman material, including *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most*, which has since become a contemporary standard with almost a dozen recorded versions to its credit.

Fresh material and fresh presentation are endemic to Jackie and Roy; their freshness is built in. The blend of their voices, dominated by Jackie's bell-pure sound, is always clean and scintillating. Their friend and long-time admirer, Alec Wilder, has summed it up beautifully:

"Not only do they work together with remarkable skill and deftness, but they make it all seem like play. Rhythmically, harmonically, and melodically they bubble, startle, break traditions right and left, and make it all seem as natural and inevitable as the sudden blooming of spring flowers."

The traditions broken by Jackie and Roy are only the stultifying ones. The valid traditions of show business and jazz are held firmly in their grasp. In a manner that is showmanly and tasteful, the ingredients of charm, humor, and sex are pleasantly dispensed. When not occupied with singing, Jackie will sometimes do a little Apple-Jack step that politely emphasizes her fine figure.

As for the jazz tradition, Roy has a special regard for two late greats as reflected in *Daahoud*, written by the late trumpeter Clifford Brown, and *Tiny Told Me*, written by Roy in tribute to the late drummer Tiny Kahn. In negotiating these pieces, Jackie and Roy demonstrate their facility in handling straight jazz.

The fact is that whatever Jackie and Roy do together, they do well. They belong together. 



# 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.

## Berklee Students

**JAZZ IN THE CLASSROOM, VOL. VII—**Berklee 7: *Lady Meg*; 905: *The Sick Rose*; *No Man's Land*; *Laughing Man*; *Bem-Basha*; *The Other Place*; *The Barley Mow*; *Macedonia*; *North Gate*; *Blue Comedy*.

Personnel: Jack Weaver, Robert Bockholt, James Castaldi, Dave Ferguson, Dusko Gojkovic, Lawrence Gildo, Skip Potter, Tony Scodwell, trumpets; Steve Devich, Michael Gibbs, Karl McDannell, Tony Salvatori, Chris Swansen, Ken Wenzel, trombones; Heinz Bigler, Errol Burke, Bennett Friedman, Richard Iannitelli, Ken Mamayek, Steve Marcus, Ralph Rayner, Sadao Watanabe, Wilford Winner, reeds; Al Feeney, Mike Noek, Mike Renzi, pianos; Gary Burton, vibraphone; Graham Collier, Leonard Harlos, Don Jones, Larry Richardson, Kiddler Smith, Dave Young, busses; Dan Martin, Fred Pease, Petar Spassov, drums; Herb Pomeroy, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This latest volume in the series by students at Boston's Berklee School of Music has some of the shortcomings and all the virtues of previous albums. It is unfortunate that the personnel listing is collective; for the most part, however, solo credits are included in the notes.

Though none of the various personnels manages to achieve the cohesion of a working road band, the performance level often approaches that of a typical New York or Hollywood studio ensemble and the four-star rating does not mean "give them four because they're very good for students." This is a four-star set because it is a thoroughly rewarding experience to listen to the music and follow it on the scores provided by Berklee.

Three names stand out among the dozen or more major contributors and all three are important both as writers and soloists. They are Gary Burton, Chris Swansen, and Dusko Gojkovic.

Swansen's *Lady Meg* is a richly textured gracefully swinging piece with admirably sensitive solo work by Burton, but the fast passage in the latter part of the piece breaks the mood needlessly; the slow mood could well have been sustained throughout.

Burton and Swansen are jointly credited with *No Man's Land*, a delightful work in which Swansen, on trombone, wails in 3/4, well backed by the vibes man. It is debatable whether, as the notes state, "a folk-like quality characterizes this piece," unless this means there is a hummable melody and such a quality is folksy. The same comment can be made concerning *Barley Mow* by British composer Graham Collier, a dramatically impressive piece with fine work by Dick Iannitelli on alto and Sadao Watanabe on flute. (There is, though, a real folk element in Gojkovic's *Bem-Basha*, thematically simpler than most of the other charts, with swinging as a main objective.)

Burton is also responsible for *Sick Rose*, which includes some sick soprano but also offers exciting interplay between the composer and Swansen. Mike Gibbs wrote *Laughing Man* and *Blue Comedy*; both are a little too complex, and the latter is

evidently hard to play, but the writing shows remarkable skill.

There are only two combo tracks: Feeney's *Other Place*, a waltz for alto, trumpet, and rhythm; and Gojkovic's *Macedonia*, which cooks in 5/4 as much as any 5/4 I've heard.

If any over-all criticism can be leveled against the entire concept, as regards soloists and writers alike, it is that most of them give the impression of having listened to little or no pre-1955 jazz. The arrangers may never have dug Billy Strayhorn or Duke Ellington, let alone Eddie Sauter or Fletcher Henderson; a saxophonist seems only to have absorbed John Coltrane (the moody waltz 905, by Adler, has a wriggling tenor solo, and the whole piece sags into modal monotony); even such relatively recent impacts as those of the Art Blakey, Horace Silver, or Cannonball Adderley combos seems to have meant little to these students.

In other words, *Jazz in the Classroom, Vol. VII* (and this is true to a large degree of earlier volumes) is representative only of present styles and current trends in jazz, with no acknowledgment of the heritage and background, no self-evident sense of the enormous body of earlier contributions that should remain a permanent part of this music. But within these self-imposed limitations the Berklee students have accomplished enough to make this a valid and viable collection. (L.G.F.)

## Johnny Beecher

**ON THE SCENE—**Charter 104: *Close Your Eyes*; *Sorrows*; *I Understand*; *She's Gone Away*; *By Candlelight*; *'Round Midnight*; *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise*; *The Mission March*; *Just Friends*; *The Madison Ave. Strut*; *Teen Groove*; *Don't Be That Way*.

Personnel: Beecher, tenor saxophone; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★

As an essay in pop jazz, this small-group set at least gives the listener a feeling that there are some basic jazz qualities at work. Tenor saxophonist Beecher gives indications that he has listened to Ben Webster. In addition, his playing has an easy amiable beat. But because of the direction the set takes, the emphasis is constantly on the obvious and the oversimplified. This is innocuous stuff that avoids the tasteless distortions that some ventures into pop jazz can produce. (J.S.W.)

## Page Cavanaugh

**AN EXPLOSION IN POP MUSIC—**RCA Victor 2734: *Putt It*; *The Swingin' Saints*; *Black Boots*; *Summertime*; *Sweet and Sassy*; *Diggin'*; *Barefoot Adventure*; *Down Home*; *The Preacher*; *Oh, Yeah*; *Slim Jim*; *Pick Yourself Up*.

Personnel: Dave Wells, Lew McCreary, trombones, bass trumpets; Bob Jung, flute, alto and baritone saxophones; Cavanaugh, piano; John Pisano, guitar; Don Bagley, bass; Jack Sperling, drums.

Rating: ★ ½

According to the notes, this group features an "unprecedented" form called "compact music." Unfortunately for avid hunters of new movements, the only impact

occurs upon finishing the laudatory notes, listening to the record, and then discovering that all that has been heard was run-of-the-mill West Coast jazz.

The arrangements are bright and pat, with the voices of Wells and McCreary often dominating the ensemble, and the originals are undistinguished. There are some especially corny rhythmic figures on *Black Boots*.

The rhythm section provides supple backing for the soloists—all of whom are capable technicians. Aside from Pisano, however, they lack individuality. Pisano lacks sufficient space, but when he does get elbow room, his guitar playing is easily the most interesting aspect of the LP.

Cavanaugh has a tasteful spot on *Pick Yourself Up*, though elsewhere his attempts to play funkily are largely unsuccessful. (H.P.)

## Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland

**CLARKE-BOLAND BIG BAND—**Atlantic 1440: *Long-Note Blues*; *Get Out of Town*; *Sonor*; *Speedy Reeds*; *Old Stuff*; *Om Mani Padme Hum*.

Personnel: Benny Bailey, Roger Guerin, Jimmy Deuchar, Ahmed Muvattak Falay, Idrees Sulie-man, Edmund Arnie, trumpets; Ake Persson, Nat Peck, Erich Kleinschuster, Raymond Kutarsynski, Keg Johnson, trombones; Derek Humble, Carl Drevo, Billy Mitchell, Ronnie Scott, Sahib Shihab, reeds; Boland, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Clarke, drums; Joe Harris, tympani; Sadi, bongos.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

The paucity of big bands today leaves one in a generally receptive frame of mind for the offerings of any group of 12 or more musicians.

The Clarke-Boland band, however, needs no special conditions under which to be accepted. This a *big* band in every sense of the word, and while it is large in membership it is never ponderous because of the excellence of the sections and Clarke's omnipresent and resilient beat—he is a veritable rock. Harris' tympani adds another rhythmic coloration, particularly on *Sonor*, which I believe should have been credited to Gerald Wiggins as co-composer with Clarke.

Boland wrote all the arrangements, as well as the originals included in the album. He does not clutter his arrangements but does use colors and masses of driving sound to exciting advantage. *Town* is an especially effective arrangement; the way the muted trumpets and trombones are used alternately to state the theme, as well as the passage for the sax section, are pointed examples. The beautifully full sax-section sound is also in evidence on *Reeds*.

The only bringdown for me was *Hum*, which is too much a production piece, sort of a poor man's *Manteca*. Bailey, an excellent trumpeter, is concerned on this track with a showy high-register display, the content of which does not match its execution. Bailey is in all-around good form on *Sonor* and *Stuff*, however.

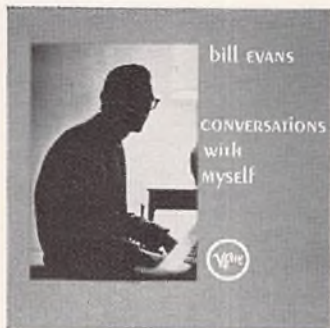
Now  
more than ever  
the Jazz of America  
is on



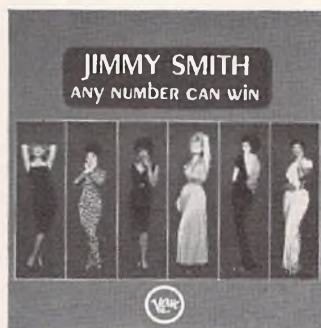
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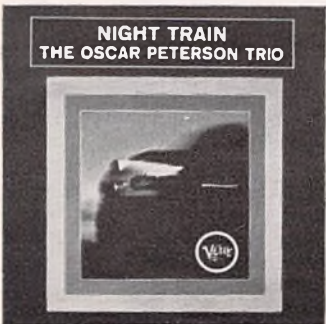
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# A Christmas Guide To The Best In Jazz On BLUE NOTE



JIMMY SMITH ROCKIN' THE BOAT	BLP 4141
GRANT GREEN FEELIN' THE SPIRIT	BLP 4132
JOE HENDERSON PAGE ONE	BLP 4140
HERBIE HANCOCK MY POINT OF VIEW	BLP 4126
SOLOMON ILORI AFRICAN HIGH LIFE	BLP 4136
HORACE SILVER QUINTET SILVER'S SERENADE	BLP 4131
JOHN PATTON ALONG CAME JOHN	BLP 4130
FREDDIE ROACH MO' GREENS PLEASE	BLP 4128
ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS BUHAINA'S DELIGHT	BLP 4104
JACKIE McLEAN LET FREEDOM RING	BLP 4106
KENNY BURRELL MIDNIGHT BLUE	BLP 4123
LOU DONALDSON THE NATURAL SOUL	BLP 4108
DEXTER GORDON GO!	BLP 4112
CANNONBALL ADDERLEY SOMETHIN' ELSE	BLP 1595
SONNY ROLLINS NEWK'S TIME	BLP 4001
MILES DAVIS VOL. 1 & VOL. 2	BLP 1501/02
THE AMAZING BUD POWELL VOL. 1 & VOL. 2	BLP 1503/04
THELONIOUS MONK VOL. 1 & VOL. 2	BLP 1510/11
JOHN COLTRANE BLUE TRAIN	BLP 1577
ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS MOANIN'	BLP 4003
HORACE SILVER QUINTET AT THE VILLAGE GATE DOIN' THE THING	BLP 4076
DONALD BYRD ROYAL FLUSH	BLP 4101

In fact, good soloists abound on all tracks: Persson, Deuchar (very melodic), Humble (Phil Woodsish on *Town*), Sulicman (throughout, though his held note on *Long-Note* does begin to wear after a few choruses), and all the tenor men on *Reeds* (with Scott and Mitchell outstanding). Clarke's only solo spot is on *Sonor*, and he makes every precise riff count as he integrates perfectly with the arrangement.

This is a superior big-band album, sparked by a spirit that perhaps could only come from a blending of international jazzmen. (I.G.)

## Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis-Johnny Griffin

BATTLE STATIONS—Prestige 7282: *What's Happening?*; *Abundance*; *If I Had You*; *63rd Street Theme*; *Pull My Coat*; *Hey, Jim!*

Personnel: Davis, Griffin, tenor saxophones; Norman Simmons, piano; Victor Sproles, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Much like previous Davis-Griffin albums, this session consists of simple originals and a standard and affords plenty of blowing room.

Davis is near the top of his game; he swings with gigantic strength on the up-tempo *Happening* and takes solos on *Jim* and *If I Had You* that just build and build. Elsewhere he is never less than inspired but is handicapped by his limited melodic imagination. He relies in his solos on certain figures, which he uses over and over again.

Griffin reaches very high and very low points—often in the course of one solo. He'll follow up a series of excellent ideas with tasteless devices. However, his restrained, insinuating first two choruses on *Coat* are noteworthy and rank among the high points of the album. His booting work stands out also on *Happening*, and he plays inventively on *Jim*.

Simmons, long an underappreciated musician, performs commendably. His playing here is restrained and lyrical, having some similarity to the work of Hank Jones or Tommy Flanagan, though funkier. Sproles is fine in the section. He lays down a live, springy beat and has a good tone. (H.P.)

## Dorothy Donegan

SWINGIN' JAZZ IN HI-FI — Regina 285: *Grieg's Rodeo*; *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*; *Sheik of Araby*; *Ill Wind*; *Bumble Boogie*; *On Green Dolphin Street*; *St. James Infirmary*; *Lullaby of Birdland*; *April in Paris*.

Personnel: Miss Donegan, piano; unidentified bass, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This disc indicates that Miss Donegan has done a terrible job of image building. You know Dorothy Donegan, of course—frantic boogie woogie, flashy, superficial piano playing designed to impress Rotarians on a toot. Right? Not entirely. In fact, mostly wrong, judging by this record.

Possibly to keep the good will of any Rotarian who might be lured to buy it because of the Donegan name, she has included two of her boogies—*Grieg* and *Bumble*. This is empty music but technically an impressively clean job of fast fingering.

The rest, however, shows Miss Donegan as a highly skilled pianist who could probably make a name for herself in jazz

if she chose to take the time to develop some creative originality. As it is, these performances tend to be pastiches, but it is darned good pastiching.

There is a strong Art Tatum influence in her playing, most notably in her beautifully relaxed treatment of *Ill Wind* and on *Dolphin*. On the latter there is also a little of Ahmad Jamal. She has a nice afterhours manner on *Things* and *St. James* and handles some George Shearing derivations nicely on *Birdland*.

Her playing is always impressively clean and crisp, and she really swings. With so much polished skill at hand, it would be nice if something individually Donegan could emerge from her work. (J.S.W.)

## Art Farmer

INTERACTION—Atlantic 1412: *Days of Wine and Roses*; *By Myself*; *My Little Suede Shoes*; *Embraceable You*; *Loads of Love*; *Sometime Ago*.

Personnel: Farmer, fluegelhorn; Jim Hall, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

There have been two exceptional jazz recordings of *Embraceable You*—the one Bobby Hackett cut in 1938 and Charlie Parker's 1947 version. With the release of this album, there now are three.

There is little I can say when faced with Farmer's work on *Embraceable*. I look at it from different angles. I try to analyze what I hear — his use of half-steps at ends of phrases, his placing certain notes off the beat, the way his phrases hang together, the curve of his solo—but I give up. Analysis I'll leave to others. For me, it is enough to sit in the presence of a thing of such exquisite beauty.

If the rest of the album had been run of the mill, the rating would have been the same. But the other tracks are of high order too, not only because of the soloists' excellence but also because of the way these four men work together, feel each other's music, support each other. As an example of modern collective improvisation, this record is perhaps unsurpassed—one can hear the music grow as the musicians reach into it, and each other.

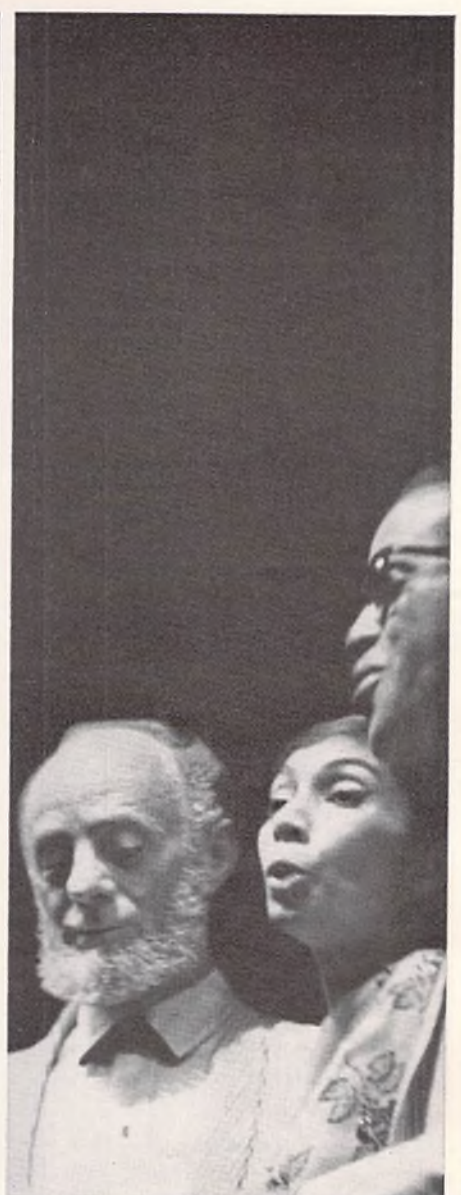
Just a few examples of this collectivity: Farmer and Hall entwining around each other in their *Wine* duet; the first chorus of *Embraceable*, as the lead shifts gently between Farmer and Hall with Swallow over, under, around them both; a brief moment on *Love* when bass and guitar become one climbing mass and continue their flirtation in what is basically a guitar solo.

The two main soloists, Farmer and Hall, have several things in common: both are gentle players, their improvisations lyrical, generally employing understatement (they sometimes give the impression of whispering in the listener's ear), and often conjuring up an air of wistfulness; neither is a cliché player or musical trickster, though both occasionally insert dry humor into their solos, as on *Shoes*; and each is a careful, musically economical musician — few notes are wasted by either.

Swallow is superb throughout the record, both as accompanist and soloist. Some of the finest and most sensitive moments of *Myself* come in his solo.

In addition to providing firm footing for the others, Perkins has a couple of



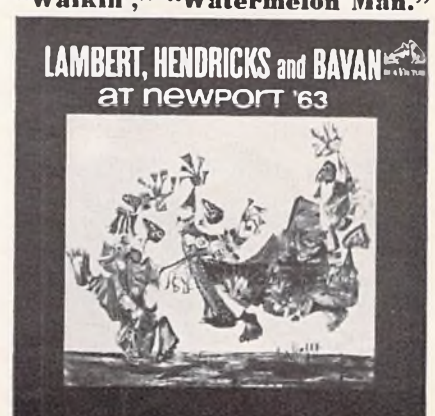
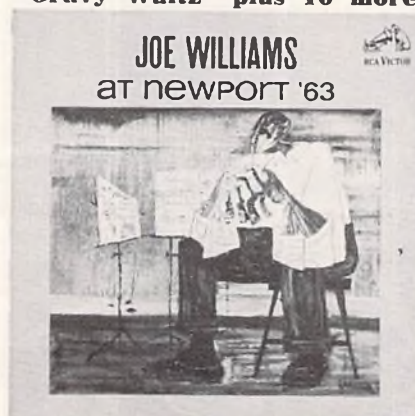


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introductions and one solo in which he shows his concern with pitch variations obtainable from drums and cymbals. The solo, on *Shoes*, is lighthearted, and the second half of it finds him getting all sorts of sounds from a cymbal by choking it with one hand, varying the pressure while playing it with a stick in the other. It's the first time I've heard a drummer get so much variance in pitch and timbre from a cymbal—it's quite imaginative.

As one might gather from all the foregoing, I wholeheartedly recommend this album. (D.DeM.)

### Grant Green

**FEELIN' THE SPIRIT**—Blue Note 4132: *Just a Closer Walk with Thee; Joshua Fit de Battle of Jericho; Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen; Go Down, Moses; Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child.*

Personnel: Green, guitar; Herbie Hancock, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Billy Higgins, drums; Garvin Mousseaux, tambourine.

Rating: ★ ★

### Gene Ammons

**PREACHIN'**—Prestige 7270: *Sweet Hour; Yield Not; Abide with Me; Blessed Assurance; The Prayer; You'll Never Walk Alone; I Believe; Precious Memories; What a Friend; Holy, Holy; The Light.*

Personnel: Ammons, tenor saxophone; unidentified organ, bass, drums.

Rating: no rating

It had to happen sooner or later: the modern jazzman's search for "roots" has finally—even logically, one might say—led to the performance of spirituals and Gospel songs in modern jazz terms. It was inevitable—it's but a short step from the injection of Gospel devices and inflec-

tions into original jazz compositions to the actual use of religious pieces as the basis for jazz improvisations. These two albums are the first to employ the reasoning that the outright employment of sacred songs as jazz vehicles would result in a kind of distilled soul music.

The Green LP is an easy, unforced set that early settles into a comfortable, low-keyed groove and stays right there. Green and Hancock treat the five spirituals respectfully and tastefully, but it must be admitted that very little of moment occurs in the course of the performances. It's just another kind of pattern playing, though this time the patterns are those of sacred songs.

Green's lines are generally spare, vocally inflected, and extremely bluesy, but rarely rise above the merely pleasant. The music poses no challenges to the musicians and, as a result, holds no surprises for the listener.

There are several places where the set rises above the routine level, one occurring in *Joshua*, where Green's statement and development set up a nice tension above Hancock's rhythmic backing, and another on *Moses*, where much the same occurs.

In several places Green uses to good effect the device of repetition; a short jabbing figure repeated at length develops quite a bit of cumulative power and intensity. And Green has the taste not to overuse it.

The Ammons' set is another story, however. This embarrassingly bathetic program of 11 pallid, cloying, "songs of

inspiration" is developed with a thick, gummy, sentimental glucosity and all-stops-out, heavy-handedness that is nothing short of emetic and reflects credit on no one.

All the set needs to complete its air of fudgy insipidity is a syrupy voice intoning the inspirational verses of James Metcalf. Poor Jug!—at least the skating-rink organist, bassist, and drummer had the good sense, or fortune, to have their names left off this set. (P.W.)

### Claude Hopkins

**SWING TIME!**—Swingville 2041: *I Cried for You; Somebody Loves Me; Stormy Weather; Love Me or Leave Me; Mitzi; Crying My Heart Out for You; On the Sunny Side of the Street.*

Personnel: Bobby Johnson, trumpet; Budd Johnson, tenor saxophone; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Hopkins, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Ferdinand Everett, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This album misses a higher rating by a hairbreadth. The low intensity of the *Stormy Weather* track, the ensemble lightness of *Sunny Side* and *Somebody Loves Me*, and the limitations of Hopkins as a soloist diminish the radiance that shines throughout the rest of these tracks.

Budd Johnson, who usually solos first, is marvelous. On *Love Me* he moves strongly from a two-bar break slot into an intense, fervent solo, setting a model for the succeeding soloists. His opening lines on *Mitzi* flutter disturbingly, but he then quickly moves onto a warm and luminous plateau, and he does this easily without straining for effect. On *I Cried* he is busy in the semiarranged ensemble and then

on the fifth day of  
Christmas my true love  
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boots into the first solo.

Dickenson is in good form throughout, though here he is not quite the pacesetter that tenorist Johnson is. Bobby Johnson is a very good jazzman, playing with control and a sense of proportion. And he has a good sound.

The whole atmosphere of this session is right. Whatever Hopkins' limitations as a soloist, he seems to have the knack of making things go with ease. There is no sense of a cutting contest and no frenzy. When the horns improvise collectively, as they do in the ensembles of *I Cried*, no one tries to dominate, and when they blend, as they do for those plaintive, wailing riffs at the end of *Love Me*, there is a unity that is all too rare in jazz these days. (G.M.E.)

#### Jazz at Preservation Hall

I: THE EUREKA BRASS BAND OF NEW ORLEANS—Atlantic 1408: *Just a Little While to Stay Here; Bye and Bye; Whoopin' Blues; Down in Honky-Tonk Town; Take Your Burden to the Lord; Joe Avery's Blues; Panama.*

Personnel: Percy Humphrey, Kid Sheik, Pete Bocage, trumpets; Albert Warner, Chicken Henry, trombones; Willie Humphrey, clarinet; Emanuel Paul, tenor saxophone; Wilbert Tilman, sousaphone; Cie Frazier, snare drum; Robert Lewis, bass drum.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

II: BILLIE AND DE DE PIERCE/JIM ROBINSON'S NEW ORLEANS BAND — Atlantic 1409: *My Bucket's Got a Hole in It; Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue; You Tell Me Your Dream; Gettysburg March; Love Song of the Nile; Shake It and Break It; Shine; San; Ciribiribin.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-4—Ernie Cagnolatti, trumpet; Robinson, trombone; Louis Cottrell, clarinet; Emanuel Sayles, banjo; Slow Drag Pavageau, bass; Alfred Williams, drums. Tracks 5-9 — DeDe Pierce, trumpet; Louis Nelson, trombone; George Lewis, clarinet; Billie Pierce, piano, vocals; John Joseph, bass; Abbey Foster, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

III: PAUL BARBARIN'S BAND/PUNCH MILLER'S BUNCH AND GEORGE LEWIS—Atlantic 1410: *Slide, Frog, Slide; The Second Line; Give It Up; Too Late; Take a Ferryboat Down to New Orleans; Corrine Corrina; Hindustan; Nobody Knows the Way I Feel This Morning; Tiger Rag; Preservation Blues.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-5 — Cagnolatti, trumpet; Waldren (Frog) Joseph, trombone; Louis Cottrell, clarinet; Lester Santiago, piano; Sayles, banjo; Placide Adams, bass; Barbarin, drums. Tracks 6-10 — Miller, trumpet; Nelson, trombone; Lewis, clarinet; Sayles, banjo; John Joseph, bass; Foster, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

IV: THE GEORGE LEWIS BAND OF NEW ORLEANS — Atlantic 1411: *Salutation March; Salty Dog; Winin' Boy Blues; Park Chops; Down by the Riverside; Linger Awhile; In the Sweet Bye and Bye; Burgundy Street Blues; Indian Sagna; Careless Love; Listen to the Mockingbird; St. Louis Blues.*

Personnel: Kid Howard, trumpet; Robinson, trombone; Lewis, clarinet; Snookum Russell, piano; Sayles, banjo; Pavageau or John Joseph, bass; Joe Watkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Preservation Hall, the showcase for New Orleans jazzmen started in 1961 by Grayson Mills, William Russell, and Richard Allen and later taken over by Allan Jaffe and his wife, Sandra, has given a whole regiment of New Orleans veterans a new lease on playing life.

Changing groups every night, seven nights a week, Preservation Hall and a similar spot on Bourbon St., Dixieland Hall, have provided these musicians with an opportunity to play regularly and to play pretty much what they prefer to play. (Preservation Hall has a \$5 charge for requests for *The Saints*, a policy that does not entirely discourage touring Saintophiles who stumble upon the hall).

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of 1962, when Preservation Hall had been going for slightly more than a year. The musicians were in good musical fettle, and the recordings were made in a first-class recording studio. The result is strongly swinging New Orleans jazz, recorded under better conditions than is usual.

For whatever reasons, New Orleans bands have a tendency to be lit by a slow fuse. Opening ensembles may be ragged, as some of these are; soloists may falter or drag, as they do occasionally here; but on the out ensemble everybody is in there digging like mad, and the piece goes out in a blaze of glory. The final ensembles are possibly the most consistent element in this set.

The Billie and DeDe Pierce side is of special interest because they have usually been heard on record by themselves or with just rhythm accompaniment.

In this group, with horns, they unleash

some really rocking, driving playing. *Nile* is a magnificent performance, starting with the deliberate, biting phrasing of DeDe's trumpet, shifting accents in Billie's shouted vocal with its overtones of both Bessie Smith and Sophie Tucker, and winding up with a final ensemble that is a masterpiece of calculated punching. Billie gets in some of her strongest piano solos on *San*, *Ciribiribin*, and *Shine*, the last of which also stresses DeDe's instinctive feeling for an Armstrong-like attack.

Robinson's group on the other side of the record, is less consistent, but on *Five* and *Dream* it jells, with Cagnolatti playing a strong, no-nonsense lead, Cottrell singing smoothly, and Robinson's big tone pushing the whole thing along.

Miller, using the same group as the Pierces, with himself replacing DeDe and Sayles' banjo in place of Billie's piano, gets off a vigorous set that is highlighted

by Lewis' unexpectedly strong clarinet playing. Miller's trumpet sounds a bit thin, which may be the result of faulty balancing, but he has some forceful moments on *Corrine* and *Nobody* and does some deft mute manipulation on *Preservation*.

Barbarin's group has a lusty, forthright attack, but the interest it arouses comes largely from the sheer momentum of that attack. Santiago has a hammer-and-tongs wallop at the piano, and Joseph is a broad, boisterous huff-and-puffer, and Barbarin is a potent and steady rhythm man.

Lewis, who plays extremely well with Miller and the Pierces, is, surprisingly, less effective on his own disc. This results largely from his habit of starting rather dimly and, like the New Orleans bands, getting stronger as he goes along. The end result is fine on *Burgundy* (once more), *Salty*, and *Mocking*, but the rest of the way the record depends on the commanding playing of Howard and Robinson.

Russell, the onetime bandleader who counts J. J. Johnson, Ray Brown, and Fats Navarro among his former sidemen, turns up on *Mocking* to play some nice piano fills behind Lewis.

The Eureka disc apparently gave the recording engineers the greatest balance problem because there is frequently confusion among the trumpets; Paul's saxophone is almost obscured when he is taking solos, and on one occasion trombones and sousaphone have a mad scramble for dominance.

With all this, however, this is a valuable record because it catches the stirring spirit of this marching band; because it gives Percy Humphrey an opportunity to show what a brilliant trumpeter he is, particularly when he can get away from strict march time and swing out as he does on *Whoopin'*; because Willie Humphrey can be heard even though in somewhat subdued fashion; and because of the captivating enthusiasm these men unleash on *Whoopin'* and *Avery's*. (J.S.W.)

#### Chink Martin-Joe Capraro

SHADES OF NEW ORLEANS--Southland 240: *Moose Parade*; *Why Should I Cry Over You?*; *While We Dance at the Mardi Gras*; *Over the Waves*; *Sensation Rag*; *Pallet on the Floor*; *Just a Little While to Stay Here*; *Now Is the Hour*. Personnel: Thomas Jefferson, trumpet, vocal; Waldren (Frog) Joseph, trombone; Raymond Burke, Louis Cottrell, clarinets; Stanley Mendelson, piano; Capraro, guitar; Martin, tuba; Monk Hazel, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The presence of two excellent clarinetists, Burke and Cottrell, playing solos and duets, raises this set above what would otherwise be New Orleans run-of-the-mill. Both have warm, woody tones and a graceful, flowing style of playing.

Burke, the most assertive, has a slightly darker and more full-bodied tone than Cottrell and tends to overshadow the latter in their duets, a situation that is helped by the fact that Cottrell is usually playing a lacy background to Burke's lead. They have lovely, lyrical passages of intertwining beauty, and Burke, who is one of the major clarinet stylists playing today, takes several distinctive solos.

Joseph adds color to the performances with his lighthearted, rasping muted trombone, but Jefferson's trumpet is erratic,



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particularly when he is playing lead. He is at his best in the low-keyed solo on *Pallet*, which also includes a neatly turned two-clarinet-and-trombone trio.

The first four selections are played by a septet led by Martin; Capraro joins for the last four and takes over the leadership. Since nothing else changes, this is presumably why the last four pieces have a looser, easier feeling than the first four. (J.S.W.)

**Don Randi**

**LAST NIGHT**—Verve 8524; *Lori Ellen; Raisins and Almonds; Tahitian Lullaby; Sherry Blue; Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise; Honeysuckle Rose; Surf Song; Makin' Whoopee; God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen; Dyanu.*

Personnel: Randi, piano; Norm McKay, bass; Eddie Rubin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Randi skims fleetly across the surface of these pieces, digging in physically sometimes to give a semblance of body to his playing. But this is not backed by any evidence of creativity. He gives the impression of a man with agile fingers but with little to say. His playing is a pastiche in which the most prominent elements are galloping single-note lines and big, fat, multihued chords, none of which leads to anything.

There are some promising ideas here and there, but they are not developed. *Honeysuckle*, for instance, starts out in inviting fashion as a lilting waltz but is soon ground down to the more obvious aspects of contemporary stereotyped piano playing. Similarly, *Whoopee* begins as though something original might happen,

but it moves quickly into standard Gospel funk. The over-all effect is glittering but empty. (J.S.W.)

**Sonny Rollins-Coleman Hawkins**

**SONNY MEETS HAWK!**—RCA Victor 2712; *Yesterdays; All the Things You Are; Summertime; Just Friends; Lover Man; At McKie's.*

Personnel: Rollins, Hawkins, tenor saxophones; Paul Bley, piano; Bob Cranshaw or Henry Grimes, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This certainly is a mixed bag. There are several excellent moments—most of them Hawkins'—but there also are times when things almost get out of hand.

Hawkins plays better than I have heard him perform for some time; the rating is mostly for his work. His most astounding solo is on *All the Things*; three choruses of heated, inventive improvisation, revealing a master at his peak, all his artistic devices ready at fingertips—the involved and sweeping phrases, the use of motifs, the sharp-edged, jutting construction. His work on *Yesterdays, Just Friends, and Lover Man* is almost on the same creative level.

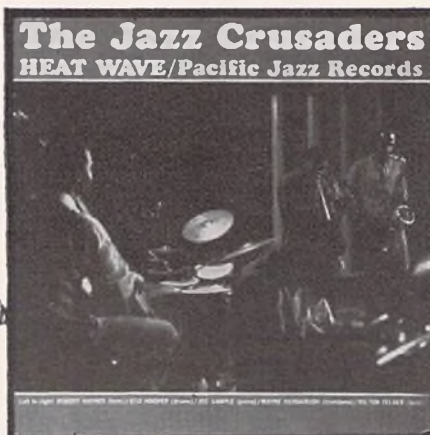
Rollins, on the other hand, plays erratically. At times, as on *Summertime*, he plays beautifully, his full tone and melodic sense in fine fettle. But at other times, as on *All the Things* and *McKie's*, his playing, while melodic and a fascinating thing to listen to as it wends its way to conclusion (his double-note ending on his *All the Things* solo is extraordinary), seems removed, detached, from its surroundings, as if Rollins' mind had gone off on a

tangent to private worlds. And on *Friends* and *Lover Man* his tone becomes more honky than full, which in smaller doses is stimulating but here a bit overdone.

Rollins also seems to be experimenting with flutters and extremely high notes (some of the notes quite flutelike in timbre). On *Yesterdays* he descends like a great sputtering bird following Hawkins' first solo; it is effective, though a mite grandstandish. The high notes — sometimes they're squeals — strike me as something Rollins has not quite decided what to do with, now that he can play them.

Bley plays several jaggedly melodic solos, attractive in their offbeat conception and use of strongly dissonant chords as well as their choppy driving rhythmic construction. But his accompanying chords are at times so dense it's difficult to tell what he's playing—perhaps this lack of clarity is the fault of the recording.

But it isn't the recording that causes the hangup on *Lover Man*. All goes well for the first chorus and a half, during which both tenor men play quite well, but as Hawkins leads into the bridge of the second chorus, giving way to Rollins, something happens. Instead of starting at the bridge, Rollins, perhaps because of Bley's chords, goes back to the beginning of the tune's chord progression and plays 32 bars. Hawkins' "dramatic pause" before re-entering after Rollins, as described in George Avakian's notes, is understandable—he probably was waiting to see



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*Walkin' Shoes / Long Ago And Far Away / My Funny Valentine / Tabu / Half Dozens / Zing Went The Strings / Freeway / 5 others* PJ-75 (NO STEREO)

**Charles Kynard/Where It's At**  
*Smooth Sailing / Wonder / Amazing Grace / I'll Fly Away / Motherless Child / I Want To Be Ready / Sport's Lament / Blue Green And Beans / others* PJ-72 & STEREO-72



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where everyone else was going.

Of the two bassists, only Grimes solos (an intense chorus on *Summertime*), but both are generally sensitive in their accompaniment, Cranshaw particularly so behind Hawkins on *Yesterdays*. Grimes, though, tries to pull ahead of McCurdy, who is sturdy throughout, on *McKie's*.

Still, with all drawbacks considered, this is a stimulating record (D.DeM.)

#### Jimmy Smith

**ROCKIN' THE BOAT**—Blue Note 4141: *When My Dream Boat Comes Home; Pork Chop; Matilda, Matilda!; Can Heat; Please Send Me Someone to Love; Just a Closer Walk with Thee; Trust in Me.*

Personnel: Lou Donaldson, alto saxophone; Smith, organ; Quentin Warren, guitar; Donald Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This is a disappointing date because in

the past both Smith and Donaldson have proved they have considerably more to offer than their playing here would indicate.

Smith seems to be coasting, though his happy organ on *Matilda* merits attention and his *Trust* solo is pleasant. But for the most part, he runs glibly through a series of stock devices (to be sure, he invented or popularized a number of these himself), and, while this kind of "signature work" probably pleases his club audiences and other fans, it merely stales his solos here.

Donaldson's melody statements on *Someone* and *Trust* are pretty, but—although his tone has remained mellow and sweet—he doesn't approach the quality level of some of the things he did in the mid-'50s.

For example, on the Art Blakey *Night at Birdland* LP (Blue Note) his playing was long-lined and inventive; here his simple figures and riffs are monotonous and predictable. (H.P.)

#### Mongo Santamaria

**MONGO AT THE VILLAGE GATE**—Battle 96129: *El Toro; Fatback; Mongo's Groove; Creole; The Jungle Bit; My Sound; The Morning After; Nothing for Nothing.*

Personnel: Marty Sheller, trumpet; Pat Patrick, Bobby Capers, flutes, saxophones; Rodgers Grant, piano; Victor Venegas, bass; Frank Hernandez, drums; Santamaria, conga drum; Chihuahua Martinez, Julian Cabrera, other Latin percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This should be regarded as a pop rather than a jazz album, and as such it succeeds in what it presumably started out to do—entertain an audience at New York's Village Gate.

Sheller's trumpet is the most interesting and successful element from the jazz standpoint; he gets a good sound, and some of his solo work reveals an effective blend of ideas and continuity. The two reeds-and-flute men (no solos are credited) are both capable.

*Morning After* is a most pleasant theme, though the ensemble is played slightly out of tune. Most of the other originals consist of soul clichés (*Groove*), simple diatonic melodies (*Fatback*), and other devices of limited interest.

*Nothing for Nothing* is not in 6/8, as the notes state; it's more like 2/4. *My Sound* is a conga solo—one-dimensional music. *Creole* is an odd, catchy theme with good work by Sheller. (L.G.F.)

#### Stanley Wilson-Benny Carter

**THE WORLD OF SIGHTS AND SOUNDS—STOP ONE: PARIS**—Charter 105: *Under Paris Skies; Don't Wake Me Up; C'Est Si Bon; The Touch; If You Love Me, Really Love Me; Comme Ci, Comme Ca; Domino; Cherchez la Femme; My Place; If You Go; Dance with Me; I Wish You Love.*

Personnel: Carter, alto saxophone; Maurice van Der, piano; Pierre Michelot, bass; Christian Garros, drums; unidentified orchestra, Wilson, conductor.

Rating: see below

In the nebulous half-world of mood music to which jazzmen have been frequent if somewhat ill-at-ease visitors, this disc must be counted a modest, delightful success—albeit a lightweight one, viewed in strict jazz terms. For this popular Gallic fare Wilson has crafted a series of arrangements that are sinuous, deft, and warmly colored, at times (especially in the several pieces that employ a choral group) suggesting the work of Les Baxter, another superior pops craftsman. The tunes and treatments are either gay and sprightly or bittersweet and yearning—making for disarming rather than demanding listening—though *The Touch* is somber and brooding (if not a bit whimpering).

Altoist Carter is deployed on nine of the dozen tracks (and this is the disc's sole jazz connection), and his airy, coursing, florid embroideries handsomely complement the unabashedly romantic mood of the charts. For serious jazz fans—no, of course. But if it be admitted that mood music has its place and function, then this set can stand as a pleasant, unpretentious, at times witty, and musically satisfying exemplar of the genre. (P.W.)

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# OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

By DON DeMICHEAL

Despite the impression given by *Billboard* and *Variety*, the "hit" jazz record is not a recent phenomenon. The very first jazz record, *Dixieland Jass Band One-Step* and *Livery Stable Blues* by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, sold more than 1,000,000 copies. In the '20s Bessie Smith records sold like hot cakes, as did some of the Louis Armstrong Hot Fives—maybe not in the millions nor to a variegated audience but sold very well indeed. Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw records made a pot full of money for someone in the '30s, as did Count Basie's *One O'Clock Jump*. George Shearing's quintet recordings in the late '40s were not duds either.

And in the '50s there were Johnny Smith's *Moonlight in Vermont*, with Stan Getz, and Ahmad Jamal's *Poinciana*, both of which have been included in recent reissues, each album bearing the name of the hit tune. The Smith LP is Roost 2251, the Jamal, Argo 719.

The two albums hold much in common: each is well controlled, cleanly played, and has a light, floating quality permeating it, and both are basically swing records.

The Smith album, in addition to the tasteful and airy title track, contains versions of *Taboo*, *Tenderly*, *Cavu*, *A Ghost of a Chance*, *Jaguar*, *Stars Fell on Alabama*, *Where or When, I'll Be Around*, *Cherokee*, *Yesterdays*, and *Villia*. Each track has the same instrumentation (four rhythm and tenor saxophone—most often Getz but on some tracks Zoot Sims or Paul Quinichette) and employs one of two approaches: on ballads, Smith's full-chorded guitar plays the melody, usually with light tenor fills, followed by short solos; and on the up-tempo tunes, the first chorus is lithe and full, with good tenor-guitar-piano voicing, followed, for the most part, by tenor and single-string guitar solos.

The best tracks are those with Getz: *Vermont*, *Taboo*, *Tenderly*, *Jaguar*, and *Alabama*. Of the others, *Yesterdays*, with a poignant Quinichette solo, stands out.

Jamal—his stylistic devices, such as overuse of space and overdependence on the upper octaves of the piano, aside—plays a refined and polished-to-a-sheen swing style, best heard on his album's *This Can't Be Love*. And like musicians of the swing era, he has an excellent sense of time: what may sound frothy at first is really quite strong rhythmically (*Poinciana* is a good example). But also like some of the swing men, Jamal tends to make the same musical point over and over, as he does on an otherwise very good *Autumn Leaves*. Jamal's best track is *A Gal in Calico*, in which he effortlessly calls forth a series of always-musical ideas.

Two other albums evidently meant to appeal to a wide audience have been brought forth by Prestige: *The Music of Richard Rodgers Played by America's Greatest Jazzmen* (Moodsville 35) and

*The Broadway Scene Played by America's Leading Jazzmen* (Moodsville 38).

The Rodgers' album is notable for Stan Getz' flowing *There's a Small Hotel*; Lem Winchester's warm and tasteful vibes on *My Romance*; James Moody's *It Might as Well Be Spring*, in which his well-constructed, sometimes pleading alto solo is backed by a full-bodied arrangement for his septet of the time; Billy Taylor's fleet *Lover*, with excellent bass by Earl May in addition to the leader's sparkling piano; Eddie Davis' humorous *People Will Say We're in Love*; and Coleman Hawkins' inventive version of *The Sweetest Sounds*, on which Tommy Flanagan's piano also shines.

Hawkins is heard on two tracks of the Broadway album too. On both, *I Believe in You* and *Climb Every Mountain*, he plays quite well, again showing himself master of the rhapsodic, heroic-tenor school. Flanagan has a well-put-together solo on *Believe*; the pianist also is heard to advantage on his trio cut of *Be My Host*.

Gene Ammons' milk-and-honey tenor is melodically attractive on *Till There Was You*; there is a thoughtful Richard Wyands' piano solo on the track also. Willis Jackson's *What Kind of Fool Am I?* is somewhat in the same vein as the Ammons track, but Jackson does not display the tenderness or invention of Ammons.

Two younger musicians also are represented in the album—vibist Dave Pike (*As Long as He Needs Me*) and trumpeter Ted Curson (*Show Me*). Both play well in their performances, but not a great deal happens on either track, sad to say.

The best track of the Broadway album is Frank Wess' joyful *Little Me*, which, in addition to a cute interplay between the leader's flute and Thad Jones' muted cornet, has dancing and imaginative solos by the two horn men and pianist Gildo Mahones.

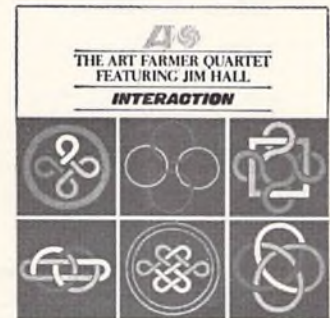
A Prestige repackaging, perhaps issued with an eye toward profiting some from Kenny Burrell's current popularity, is *All Day Long* (Prestige 7277), recorded in 1957. The personnel, in addition to the guitarist-leader, is Donald Byrd, trumpet; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; and Art Taylor, drums. The selections are *All Day Long*, a medium-tempo blues that covers the first side of the record; two Byrd tunes, *Slim Jim* and *Say, Listen*; and Foster's *A.T.*

Burrell is the outstanding soloist; his work is economical (sometimes he implies as much as he plays), seldom lacking in imagination, gutsy, unhesitating—and always warm, melodic, and swinging. Flanagan is his usual lucid self in his solos; Byrd, using more of a Clifford Brown approach than than now, though not employing as many notes as Brown, plays with strength and melodic imagination; and Foster turns in some relaxed, well-conceived tenor solos, particularly on the title track. It's a good blowing session.

Each of these five albums is fine musically, and each has something meant to reach buyers beyond the jazz audience. May the companies involved succeed in their goals; jazz will come out ahead.

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**BLUES 'n' FOLK**

By PETE WELDING

And still the rush of blues recordings continues unabated. Each month sees at least a half-dozen new LPs added to the discography; one is hard pressed to keep up with the flood of material, much of it of real value and generally fairly well documented by the producers.

From folklorist Harry Oster's Folk Lyric label comes an extremely pleasant album by Georgia-born Jesse Fuller, the one-man band who has become in recent years the darling of the folk-music set (a number of his selections have been performed by such as Bob Dylan and Jack Elliot). Recorded in November, 1962, when Fuller was appearing at the Cornell University folk-song festival, *Jesse Fuller, Greatest of the Negro Minstrels* (FL-126) is an entertaining program of a dozen selections in Fuller's by-now familiar exuberant, good-time style.

His is an approach that is not particularly deep or intense, based as it is in the traditions of minstrelsy that flourished around the turn of the century and of which Fuller has an intimate knowledge as a result of his experiences as a circus hand. There is an infectious gusto and endearing charm to Fuller's singing and playing that cannot be gainsaid and to that one must respond immediately.

It must further be admitted that his style is not particularly Negroid in character; rooted in the minstrel traditions, it is, in effect, based in white parodies of Negro styles—so in the case of Fuller we have a Negro musician building an entire approach and most of his repertoire on a white simulacrum of Negro style. There are further elements from ragtime in his guitar style, and it is easy to see how that approach, with its regular syncopations and complex bass lines, might find favor with the young white folkniks: they find it an easy and wholly satisfying style to emulate.

This album is a fine, representative collection of Fuller's direct, appealing art. On *Cincinnati Blues* and *Long as I Can Feel the Spirit* Fuller employs a simple, whinnying insinuating bottle-neck guitar style, and on the other 10 pieces his effective harmonica and kazoo work enrich the performances and provide needed contrast to his rather straightforward singing.

Oster's notes are good and offer helpful insights into both the performer and his repertoire. It's a pleasure to find understatement in a set of liner notes for a change.

In this day and age, a singer with the autobiographical and topical propensities of Sam (Lightnin') Hopkins must be counted a minor miracle. As is well illustrated in his most recent release on the Bluesville label, *Goin' Away* (1073), Hopkins draws on the substance of daily life, on the warp and woof of human relationships, on chance encounters, and happenings both near and far for the subject matter of his largely improvised blues.

This process can have some interesting results, as it does on the piece *Stranger Here*, which comments acidly (even more effective in its obliquity) on racial happenings in Birmingham, Ala. Generally, though, the results are not nearly so felicitous, and such numbers as *Wake Up, Old Lady* and *Don't Embarrass Me, Baby* suffer as a result of their improvised, fragmented, and, in the final analysis, unfinished character.

There is much to be said for completely worked-out numbers that tell a story from beginning to end. The performances here seem, for the most part, sketches for blues that Hopkins might work out more fully later on; they have a casual, tossed-off quality to them that is at the same time both admirable in its usage of improvisation and topicality and unfortunate in its incompleteness and failure to jell. *Business You're Doin'* is an interesting old country dance piece, and *Little Sister's Boogie* and *I'm Wit' It* are relatively inconsequential boogie instrumentals.

With either a little more time in planning a program of tunes or greater control in the studio, producer Ozzie Cadena might have developed a far more interesting, tighter album than this Hopkins set. It misses by a wide margin. Hopkins will doubtless never suffer for any want of material, but apparently he does have to be prodded.

Bassist Leonard Gaskin and drummer Herbie Lovelle must have had a fine time trying to follow the singer-guitarist's rather unpredictable harmonic and metric senses.

Another Bluesville disc, *My Heart Struck Sorrow* (1074), introduces a 48-year-old singer from Indianapolis. Brooks Berry, who is supported throughout the album by the guitar and occasionally the piano of the late Scrapper Blackwell, who was shot to death in October, 1962. Mrs. Berry sings in a heavy, grainy voice that occasionally suggests the timbre of Memphis Minnie's, without having any of the latter's drive, inflection, or rhythmic assurance. Mrs. Berry is an appealing, full-throated singer who has a number of good blues in her repertoire, some original, some borrowed, and some a combination of both.

Much of the album's appeal, however, resides in the ardent, sensitive guitar accompaniments Blackwell furnishes. His was an approach of great delicacy and complexity, and his lacy (but never eviscerated) linear filigrees wind sinuously in and around Mrs. Berry's rough, rather straight-on vocals, enriching them considerably.

Albums such as this clearly demonstrate that the blues is still a folk art; there are probably any number of like singers whom the album's producer, Art Rosenbaum, could have recorded in Indianapolis. An anthology set made up of unknown singers from the area fully equal in artistry to Mrs. Berry could dramatically demonstrate the broad appeal of the blues and its seepage into every nook and cranny of the community, ultimately showing that the blues is not a form reserved for a handful of professional entertainers, but a functional, living art that is part of the daily life of the folk. [RTS]



# HARRY EDISON

'I always like big bands. They just give you a different sensation than small outfits. I like to hear everything put together—like a good cake.'



BERNIE THRASHER

# BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Harry Edison has provided rewarding evidence, for at least the last 26 years, that the element of personality and recognizability in jazz is at least as valuable as the quality of improvisational surprise.

Edison's exceptionally personal sound and style were a part of the Count Basie trumpet section almost continuously from 1937 to 1950. Since then, there have been three chief phases in his career. He spent several years as a busy Hollywood studio musician, working most often with Nelson Riddle for Frank Sinatra. Returning to New York in 1958, he formed his own quintet, which later toured with Joe Williams. Edison has also worked frequently with drummer Louis Bellson and Pearl Bailey.

Recently in Las Vegas, Nev., and Los Angeles, he renewed an old association with drummer Buddy Rich, in whose band he played immediately after leaving Basie. The Edison-Rich combination is among the most buoyantly swinging sounds in what might be called post-mainstream or modern swing style. At presstime it looked as though Edison might again plant roots in Hollywood. The following is his first *Blindfold Test*. He was given no information about the records played.

## THE RECORDS

1. Count Basie. *Backstage Blues* (from *Basie in Sweden, Roulette*). Benny Powell, bass trombone; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Louis Bellson, drums.

My old alma mater, Count Basie. To me, he's always had the epitome of a good swing band. I think he's always had the greatest dance band in the world. I like his tempo; he's a master on tempo.

Particularly enjoyed the trombone solo and the tenor solo; they're a couple of my favorites—Benny Powell on bass trombone, and the little tenor player, Frank Foster.

The drummer . . . Sonny Payne, he's a good drummer . . . is one of my favorites, provides a good, solid foundation, so the trumpet player can always say, "Well, I know I'm not going to get lost in this solo." And Freddie Green, as usual, with him in the rhythm section you can't go wrong. So, four stars.

2. Louis Armstrong-Duke Ellington, *Don't Get Around Much Any More* (from *The Great Reunion, Roulette*).

That was quite a surprise—Louis Armstrong! I knew him when he first started to play; you can't ever miss him—such a distinct style of approach. He's my favorite trumpet player; I don't think there's a trumpet player living that doesn't play something that Louis has played.

Duke Ellington on piano? . . . that was what surprised me! Didn't sound like Billy Kyle, and getting into the channel there, Duke uses that left hand. He and Basie sort of use left hands alike, but it couldn't have been Basie, because the chord structure was different than Basie always plays; it had to be Duke Ellington. I notice, too, that Thelonious Monk and Duke sound quite a bit alike. I think Duke has influenced Monk.

I think that's a wonderful record. Listening to Louis is always a pleasure. I

would give it four stars.

3. Jimmy Woods. *Conflict* (from *Conflict, Contemporary*). Woods, alto saxophone; Carmell Jones, trumpet; Elvin Jones, drums.

It's pretty hard for me to define those musicians. Leonard, being a musician yourself, you know it's pretty hard to distinguish between the young crop. Dizzy and Miles, now, I can always tell them—but the other boys, seems like they kind of follow on that line, and it's hard to tell them apart.

Sounded like Charlie Persip, to me, on drums, or Elvin. Is that one of Eric Dolphy's albums? It sounded like Eric Dolphy, who is a wonderful musician. . . .

The only one I can distinguish from Charlie Parker is Cannonball — he has something going for himself — but the rest of the musicians. . . . I didn't get too much of what was happening, especially the soloists. They were good, but. . . . It was a good album, in this vein of music. I don't know what they were playing, but it sounded like an original—based on the blues, and just about anything you play that's based on the blues sounds good. I would give it three stars, because the new generation likes this type of music. Very good sound. It didn't swing as much as Basie's.

The trumpet player was good, but he didn't play enough. Probably could have gotten into something more as he went along with it.

4. Miles Davis. *Well, You Needn't* (from *At the Black Hawk, Columbia*). Davis, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

*Well, You Needn't!* That was a good record, though. That was a Miles vein—good conception—the drummer was exceptionally good. I still can't define the personnel of the group, but it sounded wonderful. Sounded like West Coast musicians — was that Carmell? Tenor, I couldn't hear too much of him, because he didn't take a solo, but I would say it

would be Teddy Edwards. Two stars.

5. Woody Herman. *Days of Wine and Roses* (from *Encore Philips*). Billy Hunt, trumpet; Herman, alto saxophone; Nat Pierce, piano, arranger.

Crazy arrangement on that! Sounded like a Gerald Wilson arrangement. The trumpet was good. I can understand that because he plays strictly melody, with good feeling, and the first alto player does exceptionally well—I like the way he leads a section.

I must mention that that's one of the most beautiful songs I've heard from pictures, *Days of Wine and Roses*.

I'd think it was Gerald Wilson's band, and I would give it four stars. I dig it. I always like big bands. They just give you a different sensation than small outfits. I like to hear everything put together—makes it just like a good cake.

6. Benny Carter-Ben Webster-Barney Bigard. *Lula* (from *BBB & Co., Swingville*). Shorty Sherock, trumpet; Benny Carter, alto saxophone, composer; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Jimmie Rowles, piano; Dave Barbour, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar, bass.

I'm crazy about Ben Webster, as you know, and Benny Carter—he's just the top echelon of his profession, and I would say that's John Anderson on trumpet . . . and Jimmie Rowles, sounds like him on piano. Clarinet, now, I didn't quite get, but I've recorded so much with Benny, Jimmie, and Ben Webster, I can always tell their styles.

Anybody that listens to tenor players can always tell Ben Webster from anybody else—and Benny Carter. Sounded like Joe Comfort on bass and maybe Herb Ellis on guitar.

Oh, I liked it. I give it four stars. Very relaxing. Sounds like one of Benny Carter's tunes; he always writes things melodic like that. And the solos are beautiful; it swung. I'd give it four stars, and I'll buy the record too.

# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

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One of several such programs illustrating the development of jazz styles in the Chicago area that have been given at educational institutions in recent months



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playing), and trombonist Floyd O'Brien, after which there would be a return to the ensemble statement (usually a bit more heated this time, though) and out.

Playing of the three was scarcely routine, however, and of them Mendel was easily outstanding (despite his momentary confusion at the beginning of *China Boy*). Employing a poignant, sadness-tinged tone, the trumpeter played with a flaring cell-like sinuosity in tightly knit phrases that were most notable for their use of space.

*Fish Peddler's Blues*, a slow, moody blues, was perhaps the best number of a fine set, for it brought forth a series of pensive, deliberate solos by the front line and spotlighted some delightful arco bass by Lanigan, who was making one of his rare public appearances in a jazz context. *I Found a New Baby*, after a hesitant start occasioned by all the group's members except Mendel thinking they were to play *Everybody Loves My Baby*, was notable for a dry, fluttery Chace solo in his best Frank Teschemacher-by-way-of-Pee Wee Russell manner. O'Brien's work throughout was blowsily effortless, and in his solos he stuck more or less closely to the melodic lines, he did play in a personal, burry, fat-mama manner.

It was in the ensemble playing, however, that this group excelled—the theme and closing statements had a full, strutting exuberance that was a living definition of collective improvisation.

The group that followed, Green's quintet, offered another brand of group improvisation, though for all its greater technical demands it rarely approached the ingratiating charm of the Chace group.

Green's is very much a Bird-derived approach, even to the sound of his alto. He played with a scorching, relentless intensity, never letting up in the heated *Confirmation* and virile and exhortatory in *Bird's Blues*, in which he incorporated some devices borrowed from the free-form players. Katz was perhaps a bit more relaxed on this latter number, though I preferred his strong, long-lined phrasing on the opener. Pickens' piano solos were as expected, clean and well executed. Drummer Jones was a model of taste.

The trio of tenorist Daley, Chicago's entry in the "new thing" derby, concluded the program with three telling, dramatic numbers. One cannot help but feel, however, that the group has been greatly weakened by the departure of bassist Russell Thorne, a truly astonishing performer. John Mason proved an adequate, but hardly outstanding replacement. Drummer Russell responded sensitively.

Daley played with his usual, swaggering, butting power, and—though I found his solos a bit more disjunct than they've been on previous occasions—with a certain sense of continuity, of unfolding. The moods of the pieces were generally pretty well sustained, and they did build dramatically. But one occasionally felt that Daley is a far less unconventional player than he lets on, and that many of his playing devices are grafted-on rather than integral parts of an approach. Still, the trio offered some interesting moments, especially in its often quietly disturbing themes, and they were well received by the audience. I felt their work a bit bland and at times forced, however.

—Welding

# BOOK REVIEWS

**LAUGHTER FROM THE HIP**, by Leonard Feather and Jack Tracy. Horizon Press, Inc., 175 pp., \$3.95.

Those who buy this offbeat anthology seeking a Joe Miller *Joke Book of Jazz* will be disappointed. It's no joke book, but it is a frequently funny collection of anecdotes by and about the music-business characters who populate its pages.

Feather and Tracy (the latter was editor of *Down Beat* for many years) have kept their ears open, their memories sharp, and their tape recorders loaded during the compilation of material. But there are also guest contributors. Hollywood publicist Pat Willard has written a well-rounded portrait of Dizzy Gillespie in a variety of whimsical settings, ranging from a 1950 foray into Mexico in the early hours to Gillespie's dashingly assuming the person of one Prince Iwo. Whitey Mitchell, that one-nighter-scarred philosopher, has penned one of the funnier accounts of band life in his description of a trip to Noshe, W. Va. There is, of course, a trio of pieces by the ubiquitous Prof. S. Rosentwig Mc-Siegel, who sometimes flirts with hernia in straining for a laugh.

Feather's "screenplay," *The Duke Ellington Story*, may be familiar to readers of *Down Beat*, in which it originally appeared. In *Laughter from the Hip* Feather also has included a brief, inconclusive but ironic short story entitled *The Class Treatment*.

The heart of the book, however, lies in the sometimes wild and wacky carryings-on as recalled by the perpetrators. There was the time, for instance, when Bill Harris and Flip Phillips caused panic in the streets when they heaved a life-size rubber dummy of a well-dressed woman out a sixth-floor hotel window onto the sidewalk. When it hit the deck it bounced, was neatly nabbed by Woody Herman bandboy Nat Wexler, who was awaiting the dive, and nonchalantly carried back into the hotel while ashen-faced spectators gaped.

Some of the best stories are told by Andre Previn and David Raksin, who dwell for the most part on the milieu they know best, Hollywood. And there is a precious collection of Oscar Levant one-liners. Sample: "I'm a controversial person. My friends either dislike me or hate me." And: "My doctor told me it was dangerous to watch the Dinah Shore programs, as I have a tendency to diabetes."

There are times when the attempted humor falls flat or when the material is so "in," it loses point for the general reader. However, it would be unreasonable to expect a breakup on every page. An exclusive rather than universal brew, *Laughter from the Hip* makes suitable reading for the musician and others equally hip.

—Tynan

**ESQUIRE'S WORLD OF JAZZ**, edited by Lewis W. Gillenson, commentary by James Poling. Published by Esquire, Inc., 224 pp., \$14.95.

*Esquire* should be congratulated for producing one of the handsomest books on jazz yet published. Or rather the kudos should go to the book's art director, Ira Teichberg. The illustrations, which include four-color reproductions of paintings as well as black-and-white photographs, are used dramatically, tastefully, and imaginatively.

But aside from its physical beauty, there is not a great deal to recommend this collection of articles reprinted from regular issues of *Esquire*, dating from 1934 to 1962, or from the magazine's 1944 and '47 *Jazz Books*, which was the first series of jazz annuals, though there were only four of them published.

The fault lies not so much in the articles as in the way they are presented. Poling's



commentary rarely indicates exactly when a particular article first appeared (in only two instances are years given). It is also difficult to tell when an article ends and Poling's comments begin again (usually there is a quote mark to indicate the end of the article, but often the articles end with direct quotes anyway, so confusion sometimes reigns).

Not letting the reader know when the article he is reading was written does disservice to both the author and *Esquire*: any perceptive points made or insight shown by the author are dulled by all that has been written or that has taken place since his article first appeared, and *Esquire's* awareness of jazz' importance since 1934, when its first jazz article was printed, is not brought out as it should be—after all, *Esquire* was the first large-circulation magazine to cover jazz with any degree of regularity.

In addition, *Esquire* has seen fit to cut many of the articles, juggle paragraphs,

substitute "jazz" for "swing" and "was" for "is" in several instances, and paraphrase.

The book is divided into seven parts plus a discography. Each part deals with a specific topic and, with the exception of one, is made up of several articles by various writers, all connected by Poling's commentary.

The first section, "The Nature of Jazz," is made up of outdated pieces by Budd Schulberg (a well-written, but hardly enlightening, account of Jelly Roll Morton recording *Tiger Rag* for the Library of Congress), B. S. Rogers (a gee-whiz! interpretation of how jazz is made, written in and reflecting the '30s), and E. Simms Campbell (an interview with Clarence Williams on the blues, along with Campbell's reflections on the idiom, which include his estimate that Williams' *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?*, a 16-bar tune, is the greatest blues of all—after he's pointed out that the blues are always 12 bars in length).

Part II, "The Evolution of Jazz," contains three good articles: Louis Armstrong's reminiscences of his days in Chicago, Ralph Ellison's perceptive account of how it really was at Minton's in the early '40s, and Arnold Shaw's piece on the Cool Generation, Dave Brubeck, and Lennie Tristano, though the article is weakened by Shaw's quasi-psychological-sociological observations on the generation.

But, in general, the evolution chapter is skimpy, and Poling's put-down, in the postscript, of what has been happening to jazz in the last two years or so is unnecessary (his obvious dislike for Third Stream music and the "new thing" crops up often in his commentary).

"The Giants of Jazz," Part III, begins, rather apologetically, with Paul Eduard Miller's choices for jazz greatness. His choices and omissions might appear laughable—unless one considers that the article was written in 1943, something not pointed out by Poling. With the Miller choices placed in proper time perspective, and keeping in mind that Miller is not a modernist by any means, his article does not seem as ridiculous as it might at first glance.

The remainder of Part III consists of articles on various famous jazzmen, the most perceptive writing being Leonard Feather's Louis Armstrong profile, Arnold Shaw's insightful study of Charlie Parker, and Nat Hentoff's articles on Miles Davis and Thelonious Monk. The other pieces in the section are generally glib and/or too short.

Part IV, "Women in Jazz," covers only seven pages, and half of those is taken up by photographs. This is the only part of the book in which no articles appear, but some of the shallow and sometimes hyperbolic commentary on female vocalists—Bessie Smith, Mildred Bailey, Connee Boswell, Lee Wiley, Ethel Waters, Billie Holiday, Anita O'Day, Ella Fitzgerald, Dinah Washington, and Sarah Vaughan—derive from a similar section in the 1947 *Jazz Book*.

The two articles of greatest worth in "Vogues in Jazz," Part V, are Bucklin

Moon's piece on Turk Murphy—a generally nonhysterical defense of what the author terms San Francisco jazz, i.e. music stemming from the traditional jazz revival—and Arnold Shaw's sober plea that jazz musicians put an end to debauchery and assume their responsibilities as members of society.

Poling's commentary in Part V is not only historically inaccurate in places but also vicious toward any jazzman with a beard. His comments are ludicrous in one part where he states that Lu Watters, who formed the Yerba Buena Band in 1939 and, thus, began the trad revival, was a rebel, as were members of his band, because they "wanted no part of this brash new sound called bop." In 1939?

The best section of the book is Part VI, "Jazzmen Speak for Themselves." It includes an amusing piece on Wingy Ma-

none by George Wettling; a somewhat interesting article on Max Kaminsky by Max Kaminsky; a 1947 article by Gene Krupa in which he rather pretentiously points out that jazz has not influenced the symphony and a companion piece by Leonard Bernstein taking the opposite stand, and quite cogently too; a still too-true article, credited to Dizzy Gillespie, on how the United States rejects jazz; and Billy Taylor's eloquent plea for understanding and appreciation of older jazzmen.

The book's last section deals with "The Future of Jazz." The infamous Jean P. LeBlanc diatribe on how the avant garde and the critics are killing jazz is included but in condensed form, which makes it less obnoxious but fails to hide its unfairness and lack of perception. In this section, John Clellon Holmes reveals musical ignorance in his article, the main premise

of which is that jazz became art when bop developed. Hentoff's original essay disparaging conformity and orthodoxy in jazz is, for some reason, paraphrased, with an occasional quote from the article thrown in. John Lewis, Thelonious Monk, Gerry Mulligan, Duke Ellington, Sonny Rollins, and Dave Brubeck give their opinions of where jazz is going—and, not surprisingly, each says, in effect, it's going where he's going. The section ends well, however, with Hentoff's excellent—and, in retrospect, objective—profile of Ornette Coleman.

The discography, compiled by John Lissner, is described as "a stand of opinion concerning much of what the editors of *Esquire* believe is very good." There are more than 200 LPs listed with brief, and sometimes inaccurate, descriptions. Few of the records are indispensable—as is little of *Esquire's World of Jazz*. —DeMicheal

## SCOBEY *from page 15*

help. Bill Napier (clarinet), Rich Matteson (bass horn) . . . good musicians. When Bob was healthy, there was always something cooking . . . new arrangements, rehearsal every week, fresh uniforms.

Naturally, certain scenes stand out. The record date at Victor with 11 tunes (out of 12) that I'd picked. Everything in readiness, worked out. . . . Like the way he put together music for Billy Carr and his "days of Jolson" routine. . . . The Harlem Globetrotters' Abe Saperstein running around at the club, Bourbon Street, excited by the band, signing Scobe for a Globetrotters' tour. . . . The way Bob handled the hosts at the door (they greeted and seated) who forgot their role and imagined themselves managers.

And none of us who was near and

saw the fight he put up to go on living (it's funny, isn't it, to see musicians throwing their lives away, and here was a guy fighting to keep his) will forget. He was on that stand blowing with nothing inside but guts. This was his life, and he lived it truthfully.

I remember his showing me a note from Lizzie Miles (she's dead too . . . one fine vocalist). She had made the church scene and wanted the same for Bob. He just kind of chuckled and remarked, "I'll make it."

Scobe was one of the most honest people I knew. Instead of griping about agents and recording companies, he got busy and did most of his own booking and produced his own album. He kept his band together between engagements by finding and producing gigs.

I guess if I were asked what hurt Bob most, I'd have to say it was his inability to talk things out, to share his innermost with someone. I had the feel-

ing he kept things way inside himself. He was rugged; he blew that way, a throwback to the Oliver-Armstrong type of blower. There are enough recordings available to illustrate this. His last was on the Ragtime label. Good Time Jazz did a job covering his recorded history in part. It has at least five albums by his Frisco Jazz Band.

I was standing outside Bourbon Street when Scobe pulled up in his car. What a shock. Looked like a prisoner of war. So thin. He said, "Art, you just don't know what hell is, but better days are coming." He said the docs had given him "five hours or five days" . . . he stretched it into that many weeks. The day before his last, he was on the phone saying yes to a proposition from Burlington, Iowa, to appear at the Steamboat Days celebration. So he's been here and gone. His widow summed it up pretty good: "After Bob Scobe, where do you go?"

## CLARKE *from page 17*

avert his ears and pretend it doesn't exist: "I'm out there listening whenever the fellows come through, and there isn't a record of any consequence that I don't play at home."

"I made sure to hear Eric Dolphy when he was in Paris," he declared emphatically. "I spent my evening off digging him. I can't say he's my cup of tea, but I was there. Why didn't I like him? He sounds the same on each instrument he plays, and there doesn't seem to be any real shape or form to his solos."

When referring to Dolphy's onetime colleague, John Coltrane, for whom, incidentally, he has respect, Clarke said, "There must be form and economy in music. You can't say everything in one song. I tell Nat Davis, my tenor man, 'Build to natural climaxes, make every note pay, then stop. The rest is superfluous.'"

His comments about Gunther Schuller and John Lewis, his confrere in the original Modern Jazz Quartet, were provocative:

"What Gunther does has nothing whatever to do with jazz as I know it. He's a fine writer of serious music and a marvelous teacher; however, when he applies jazz ideas to his composing, it just doesn't work out.

"As for John, his music is a bit too bland and pretentious for my taste. I fell asleep the last time I heard the Modern Jazz Quartet in person."

Clarke did have some words of praise, too, for musicians. His enthusiasm was as intense as his censure:

"Milt Jackson, Sonny Stitt, and Ray Brown are three men from the last generation who are equipped. Donald Byrd, Cannonball, and Nat Adderley are three of the younger men I enjoy most. The kids can find inspiration in these fellows; they qualify."


As the afternoon was coming to a close in St. Germain and dinnertime

was near, Clarke spoke of his future plans:

"I intend to augment my present quintet—Nat Davis, Raymond Fol (piano), Beke Rovere (bass), Jimmy Gourley (guitar)—with voices and hire Bob Martin, a French singer who sounds like Sinatra. Donald Byrd, who's studying composition here, will write a new library for us. And we'll perform in all media, not just in night clubs."

Some might say there's a pattern or a cycle jazzmen go through. Today's revolutionary is tomorrow's conservative. Perhaps so. In Clarke's case, the issue is in doubt; but no matter. As the man says: "It's the music that matters; that's the legacy we leave behind."

Kenny Clarke still can scare one with his playing. And it will be a long time before the electricity is turned off and his fertile mind stops sending to his hands and feet the creative impulses that have made him a definitive force in jazz for so many years.

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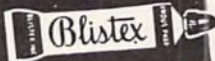
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# THE BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

A couple of years ago I was at a record date that featured a saxophonist. At one point, as he was doing a take of a blues, his girl friend walked into the control room and waved a hello to him. I judged that the saxophonist was not satisfied with the way the take was going, but in any case, in response to the girl's arrival, he began to play wild wrong notes and runs, as a kind of a mutual joke between them. At the end, when he entered the booth to give his girl friend a more direct hello, the a&r man on the date, with complete seriousness, said he thought the take had been just wonderful and wanted to use it.

I admit to having been, first, incredulous at and, finally, depressed by the event. The a&r man has been involved with jazz as a fan and producer for years. Yet he apparently did not hear the dizzy goofs the musician was making or his deliberateness in making them.

Thinking back over the incident, I realize now that it may be one-sided to judge the record producer harshly.

Perhaps, after all, he was having a basically honest and commendable response to the music. What he heard—or more properly, what he *felt*—in the saxophonist's playing was his joy at seeing his girl friend and the emotional evidence of their irreverent musical joke. In other words, the a&r man was exhibiting something valid, human, and basic in his response to music, something without which the music would not exist for anyone. But I wonder whether such a response is enough.

Before I go further, I must admit my technical vulnerability. I make musical mistakes. And I am not interested in showing up anybody else's mistakes as such.

I can imagine that, to a musician, the kind of comment that he sometimes hears can be puzzling. For example, I see in a recent record review in a national magazine that a particular performance, done by an important saxophonist of long standing, is "brilliant."

What the saxophonist did on that record was to read through an old and not very well-known ballad 1½ times, almost verbatim. He added a few decorations here and there, some embellishments and fills between phrases. And he delayed and anticipated a couple of phrases for about half a beat. These are the simple facts of the matter, and,

assuming that I have heard the record well, they are beyond dispute and not matters of opinion. Perhaps such a nearly straight reading is the saxophonist's idea of the best thing for him to do with that particular ballad.

Then again, I read from a well-known writer, in the set of liner notes for another LP, that such and such a selection on the record is a prime example of the way a leader can take a much-played standard and find new meanings in it. But a listening reveals that the body of that performance consists of solos by three sidemen and no solos by the leader. Further, the chord changes the leader assigned his sidemen are, to my ear at least, more or less the ones usually heard on that piece.

Another colleague spoke recently in print of "the usual jazz criteria." Well, what are they?

Let's go back to our first reviewer and the saxophonist's ballad, which he called "brilliant." Suppose the reviewer had said to himself, "What I am hearing here is essentially melodic paraphrase and embellishment. Now the highest standards for such melodic paraphrases of popular ballads were brilliantly established by Louis Armstrong in the early '30s and buttressed soon after by Coleman Hawkins." Such are criteria that have long been generally accepted as standards of achievement. Our reviewer might then say to himself, "This saxophonist's reading of this ballad seems brilliant to me. Why do I think so? *Brilliant*, after all, is not a cheap word. I know that Louis Armstrong has unquestionably done such paraphrases brilliantly. And Coleman Hawkins has done such embellishing brilliantly. How does this saxophonist's ballad compare with their best work? What, exactly, has this saxophonist actually done to this ballad? Now, let me ask myself again, do I *really* think that this is "brilliant"? And if so, just how and why is it brilliant?"

And what of our liner-note writer? In his case, it would be easier to say how the leader found something new in the overworked standard his group performed. The leader's contribution was simply to throw out the written melody of the standard altogether and devise a fresh one. Furthermore, the fresh melody is, by clearly defensible criteria, a more interesting melody and one certainly much more appropriate to the leader's music.

How? And why? These are the critical questions. The answers are not necessarily obscure or technical. When they are answered honestly, we all benefit; indeed, we are indebted to any man who tries to answer them as honestly as he can.

## AD LIB *from page 12*

on 125th St. On Oct. 26 the quartet took part in the March on Trenton (N.J.) and followed up by playing a post-Halloween party for Ndugu Ngoma at 20 Spruce St. on Nov. 2. Two days later, the quintet played for the Hunter College Modern Jazz Society in a cabaret setting at the college's Student Hall in the Bronx. Then on Nov. 9 the quartet was part of the Arts Festival at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, N.Y. On Nov. 23 the quartet, together with jazz dancers **Al Minns** and **Leon James** will present a concert, *The History of Jazz in Music and Dance*, at the Peddie School, Hightstown, N.J.

Bass trombonist **Benny Powell's** quintet, with pianist **Fran Gaddison**, drummer **Al Dreares**, and Ervin and Wood of Weston's group, played a concert at Adelphi Academy in Brooklyn in early November. Singer **Ocie Smith** was also on the bill. Smith, singer **Irene Reid**, and another version of Powell's quintet did a successful concert for disc jockey **Rhett Evers** of WGLI in Babylon, N.Y., a month prior to this. It marked the first time the three had worked together since leaving **Count Basie**.

The Dixieland Society of Southern Connecticut presented trombonist **Conrad Janis** and his Tailgate All-Stars last month at Frankie's Villa Pompeii Restaurant in Orange, Conn. The rest of the sextet included **Joe Muranyi**, clarinet; **Johnny Letman**, trumpet; **Dick Wellstood**, piano; **Danny Barker**, banjo; and **Panama Francis**, drums.

The impression made by the *Toccata* and *Africana* sections of **Lalo Schifrin's** *Gillespiana Suite* won the composer the assignment to do the score for a new film set in Africa, **Ivan Tor's** *Rhino*.

### COPENHAGEN

Never had the city seen so much jazz talent in a month's time: **John Coltrane**, **Don Cherry**, **Quincy Jones**, **Sahib Shihab**, **Sarah Vaughan**, **Roland Kirk**, **Archie Shepp**, **Don Byas** . . . The Montmartre Jazzhouse took the cake. First there was saxophonist **Shihab** with a fresh-sounding new group (**Alex Riel**, drums; **Ole Molin**, guitar; and **Niels Henning Orsted Petersen**, bass) and a new book written by the leader. He was followed by saxophonist **Byas** with a local rhythm section and the **New York Contemporary Five**, with saxophonist **Shepp** and trumpeter **Cherry** returning for another engagement. Then came the many-instrumented **Kirk** with **Orsted Petersen**, **Riel**, and blind Spanish pianist **Tete Montoliu**, who has been making a splash here.

While **Kirk** was at the Montmartre,

**Coltrane** and his quartet (**McCoy Tyner**, piano; **Jimmy Garrison**, bass; and **Elvin Jones**, drums) gave their annual fall concert at the Tivoli Garden concert hall and later jammed at the Montmartre.

**Quincy Jones** was in town to record with **Miss Vaughan**, and ex-drummer **Pedro Biker**, who has turned jazz disc

jockey on Danish radio, did a vocal recording session for Metronome records backed by **Shihab**, trumpeter **Alan Betschinsky**, and a rhythm section. Later **Shihab** recorded a session.

### URUGUAY

**Paco Manosa** and his Modern Jazz Sextet from the Hot Club de Montevideo recently played a concert held in



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the Nuevo Teatro Florida in Buenos Aires, Argentina. Personnel was **Daniel Lencina**, trumpet; **Horacio Pintos**, alto saxophone; **Héctor Bingert**, tenor saxophone; **Manosa**, piano, arranger; **Roberto Capobianco**, bass; and **Jorge Fattoruso**, drums. The sextet played heatedly on such tunes as *Milestones*, *Jubilation*, *Sidewinder*, *Honesty*, *Kush*, and *Scotch and Water*. Argentinian jazz was represented by the **Horacio Malvicino Quintet**. This combo performed (with **Horacio Borraro**, tenor saxophone; **Malvicino**, guitar; **Santiago Giacobbe**, piano; **Mario Fernandez**, bass; and **Rolando Piccardi**, drums) *Blues del Festival Trieste*, *What's New?*, and *Look for the Silver Lining*. The concert was sponsored by the Centro de Estudios Especializados en Jazz, with **Walter Thiers** as emcee.

### TORONTO

Students of jazz drumming here have had an opportunity to study their favorites in the last few weeks. **Chico Hamilton** brought a quartet, with reed man **Charles Lloyd**, guitarist **Gabor Szabo**, and bassist **Albert Stinson**, to the Friars Tavern; **Art Blakey** and the Jazz Messengers played at the First Floor Club; **Gene Krupa**, with saxophonist **Charlie Ventura**, pianist **John Bunch**, and bassist **Knobby Totah**, played the Savarin Lounge; and **George Wettling**, with trombonist **J. C. Higginbotham** and clarinetist **Hank D'Amico**, appeared at the Colonial.

Singer **Dick Haymes**, here for a guest appearance on a CBC television show, left for a two-month Talk of the Town engagement in London, England . . . **Mahalia Jackson** sang at Massey Hall . . . **Don Thompson's** big band was booked for a Nov. 11 concert at the Regency Towers Hotel . . . Three Toronto musicians, **Brian Westwood**, **Vic Brooker**, and **Howie Morris**, have organized Creative Music Service to assist young musicians get bookings and to act as liaison between musicians and ad agencies, radio stations, and any organization in need of musicians' advice or services.

### CLEVELAND

The city has been jumping with big bands lately. The best of the local crews, that of former **Maynard Ferguson** trumpeter **Rick Kiefer**, played a recent engagement at John Carroll University, where a concert by **Louis Armstrong** is scheduled for Nov. 24. **Kiefer** and his trombone soloist, **Al Javorcky**, are also playing with the 17-piece band led by vibist-pianist-composer-arranger **Bud Wattle** at the Hermit Club. The latter outfit played its first concert of the season on Nov. 8, the program consisting, as usual, largely of original arrangements.

**Weasel Parker's** big band recently began a series of Sunday sessions at the Lucky Bar. The tenor saxophonist is featuring **Ismael Ali** and **Tom Baker** in the trumpet section, **Willie Smith** as lead alto saxophonist, and a rhythm section including **William (Bunyan) Dowlen** on organ, bassist **Matthew (Chink) Stevenson**, and drummer **Jack Town**.

Altoist **Smith**, a composer and arranger, provided arrangements for a band led by pianist **Jimmy Boyd** in an engagement at the Akron Armory that featured singer **Aretha Franklin**, who also recently finished a week's engagement at the new Leo's Casino. The Akron septet also included **Ali**, **Town**, bassist **Joe Cooper**, and baritone saxophonist **Norman Davis**. **Smith** is also planning to organize a big band.

The large groups are also flourishing at the local colleges. Band director **Albert Blaser**, himself a jazz altoist, will lead two stage bands at Case Institute of Technology this year. His counterpart at Western Reserve University, **Terry Small**, another jazz reed man, recently led the WRU stage band at an open house at the Thwing Student Union, the year-'round site of many campus jam sessions.

### CHICAGO

Jazz activity picked up a mite on the south side when **McKie's** booked in **Howard McGhee** for a two-weeker. With the trumpeter were organist **Phil Porter** and drummer **Candy Finch**. Singer **Al Hibbler** shared the bill with the McGhee group. Trumpeter **King Kolax** brought in a group for the next two-week period and was followed by organist **Jack McDuff** for two more. The **Art Farmer Quartet**, featuring guitarist **Jim Hall**, is scheduled to play **McKie's** from Dec. 11 to 22.

Local traditional fans were saddened at the temporary withdrawal of trumpeter **Bob Shoffner** from the **Franz Jackson Band**, currently holding forth at the Red Arrow in suburban Stickney on weekends. **Shoffner** suffered a mild heart attack but was reported to be recovering rapidly in West Side Veterans' Hospital at presstime. The trumpeter's place is being taken until his return by **Leon Scott**. **Lawrence Dixon**, doughty banjoist with the Jackson band, has gone into semiretirement and now plays with the group only occasionally. This move was occasioned by a social-security ruling that limits the amount of additional income a pensioner may earn. **Carlos (Creole Charlie) Luqui** substitutes for **Dixon** on those nights the banjoist absents himself . . . Pianist **Little Brother Montgomery** heads his own group at the Plugged Nickel on N. Wells St. during the week and works

with the Jackson band on weekends.

Trombonist **Georg Brunis** began a series of Friday and Saturday appearances at the new Jam Session Club at 5100 N. Western Ave. Lineup of the **Brunis** unit includes **Bob Ballard**, trumpet; **Bob Wright**, piano; and **Booker T. Washington**, drums . . . **Frank Fried**, of Triangle Productions, presents vocalist **Barbra Streisand** in a McCormick Place concert Nov. 29. Following this, the singer goes into rehearsals for *Funny Girl*, the musical dealing with the life of the late **Fanny Brice**.

**Maynard Ferguson's** band instrument truck was destroyed in a recent accident on the Indiana Turnpike near Angola, Ind. Pianist **Mike Abene**, saxophonist **Frank Vicari**, and bandboy **Jeff Donnelly** (who was driving the truck) were shaken up, but not so much so that they couldn't rent another truck for the undamaged instruments and make that night's gig at the University of Iowa.

### DETROIT

Owner **Joe McClurg** has decided to close the Minor Key Club. There once were big plans for the club—remote broadcasts and its own record label—but things did not turn out as planned . . . The new owner of **Baker's** is jazz buff **Soly Hartstein**, new in the bar business, but who said he will continue the same policies the previous owner, **Clarence Baker**, successfully maintained for 22 years . . . **Leo Cheslak** presented the **Modern Folk Quartet** at a free concert at the University of Detroit . . . Club Stadium has instituted a jazz-oriented policy. Opening acts included **Al Hibbler** and **Aretha Franklin**. **John Walenga**, formerly of the Flame Show Bar, is the manager.

The University of Michigan's homecoming committee hired **Louis Armstrong** for a concert at Hill Auditorium early this month . . . The Wayne State University chapter of Phi Mu Alpha Music Fraternity produced a jazz concert Nov. 14. The featured group was the **Jack Brokensha Quartet**. In addition, there was a 20-piece orchestra conducted by **Ernie Rogers**, a Dixieland group that **Dave Kelton** fronted, and modern-jazz combos led by **Charles Moore** and **Tom Ploeger**. **Dr. Richard Waterman**, faculty adviser, was the emcee.

### LOS ANGELES

The jazz clubs that bloomed in the spring and summer, *tra la*, may be diminished in number by deep winter. **Small's Paradise West** is a question mark at presstime. And one Hollywood club is threatened with lawsuits that could bring it down.

Vibist **Gary Burton** flew west to make two dates at **Shelly's Manne-Hole** with a new quartet led by **Larry**



Bunker and including Mike Wofford on piano and Bobby West on bass. The group reprises with three days at Shelly's this month . . . Ralph Pena scaled down to a quartet for Monday nights at Mr. Konton's, where Les McCann signed in until the end of the first week in December. With bassist Pena are trumpeter Don Sleet, pianist Wofford, and drummer Bunker (the latter two are busy cats these days) . . . Ray McKinley's Glenn Miller Band takes off for a 22-day tour of Japan, starting Jan. 23 in Tokyo . . . The Pete Fountain group does a guest appearance on the Edie Adams television show over ABC on Dec. 5.

John Hammond is reported signing a new discovery for Columbia records, guitarist-singer Roy Gaines . . . Pianist Gene Russell formed a new quintet with Roy Brewster on trombone; Herman Riley, a New Orleans tenorist; bassist John Dukes; drummer Walter Wynn, and Russell on piano . . . The Si Zentner Band currently is playing the Midwest one-nighter trail with stands

ranging west from Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 21 to Des Moines, Iowa, Nov. 30.

Southern California's "largest folk nightery," the Hootenanny, in Canoga Park, is featuring a name booking policy with Oscar Brown Jr. and the Kingston Trio opening the room. The Kingstons played a one-nighter; Brown, with singer Rita Weill, stayed for three weeks. Owners Charles Greene and Brian Stone plan to maintain the name policy, mixing modern jazz with folk attractions.

### SAN FRANCISCO

Drummer Benny Barth and bassist Herbie Lewis supported pianist-singer Mose Allison during his four-week engagement at Sugar Hill . . . Trumpeter Louis Ware, who came here from Cincinnati last year and—like a lot of good local jazz musicians—sadly discovered he could not make a living from music in the bay area, has joined Johnny (Hammond) Smith's combo and departed for the East. Ware and his wife will live in New York City.

For the first time in its 10-year history, the Contra Costa County Concert Guild will, in 1964, include jazz in its annual subscription series. The John Coppola Octet has been booked for a March 14 concert. Heretofore the community cultural organization has presented only classical attractions, including the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and the San Francisco Ballet. Coppola, a former trumpeter with Woody Herman and Stan Kenton, has for several years been playing with the house band at the Moulin Rouge here. The octet organized by himself and trombonist Fred Mergy has been playing concerts twice a month at the Gold Nugget in Oakland.

Lightnin' Hopkins drew so well at concerts in Berkeley and Oakland (550 and 450 persons respectively at \$2 apiece) that producer Chris Strachwitz of Arhoolie records and his associates are talking of a blues festival . . . Singer Nancy Wilson and the Page 7, Page Cavanaugh's new combo, were teamed in a two-week stint at Off Broadway.

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# WHERE & WHEN

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

LEGEND: *hb*—house band; *t/n*—till further notice; *unk*—unknown at press time; *wknds*—weekends

## NEW YORK

Birdland: Maynard Ferguson, Jack McDuff, to 12/4.  
Bourbon Street: Dick Wellstood, *t/n*.  
Central Plaza: sessions, Sat.  
Club Cali (Dunellen, N.J.): jazz, Mon.  
Chuck's Composite: Richard Wyands, George Joyner, *t/n*.  
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.  
Embers: Jonah Jones to 12/14.  
Five Spot: Thelonious Monk, *t/n*. Upper Bohemia Six, Mon. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
Garden City Bowl: Johnny Blowers, wknds.  
Hickory House: Howard Reynolds, *t/n*.  
Barbara Kelly's Hat & Cane: Les Demerle, Tony Parenti, Bob Hammer, Mon.-Wed.  
Metropole: Woody Herman to 11/26.  
The Most: Chuck Wayne, Joe Mooney, *t/n*.  
Page 3: Billie Poole, *t/n*.  
Playboy: Walter Norris, Jimmy Lyon, Ross Tompkins, Bucky Pizzarelli, *t/n*.  
Purple Manor: Tiny Grimes, *t/n*.  
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, *t/n*. Tony Parenti, Zuffy Singleton, Thur.-Sat.  
Six Steps Down (Newark, N.J.): Art Williams, *t/n*.  
Village Gate: Gloria Lynn, Flip Wilson, to 12/1. Roland Kirk to 12/15.  
Village Vanguard: Bill Evans, *t/n*.  
Wells': Mary Lou Williams, Herman Foster, Joan Shaw, *t/n*.

## TORONTO

Colonial Tavern: Wild Bill Davison to 11/30. Saints and Sinners, 12/2-21.  
First Floor Club: modern jazz groups, wknds.  
Friars' Tavern: Amanda Ambrose to 11/30. Jackie & Roy, 12/2-14.  
George's Spaghetti House: Moe Koffman, 11/25-30. Doug Richardson, 12/2-7.  
Town Tavern: Eddie Hazell to 11/30. The Group, 12/2-14.

## PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): Tony DeNicola, *t/n*.  
Columbus (Trenton): Tony Spair, *t/n*.  
Cypress Inn (Morrisville): Johnnie Coates Jr., *t/n*.  
Dante's: Bernard Peiffer, *t/n*.  
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims, *hb*.  
Latin Casino: Tony Bennett to 11/26. Ray Charles, 11/27-12/10.  
Pep's: Dizzy Gillespie, 11/25-30.  
Picasso: Johnnie Walker, *t/n*.  
Red Coach (Trenton): DeeLloyd McKay, *t/n*.  
Show Boat: Oscar Peterson, 11/25-12/1.  
Zelmar: Red Garland, *t/n*.

## NEW ORLEANS

Absinthe House: Fats Pichon, *t/n*.  
Blue Note: Ellis Marsalis, afterhours, Fri., Sat.  
Cosimo's: modern jazz, wknds.  
Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *t/n*.  
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.  
Don's Riviera Room: modern jazz, wknds.  
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, *t/n*.  
500 Club: Leon Prima, *t/n*.  
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *t/n*.  
King's Room: Laverne Smith, *t/n*.  
Monteleone Hotel: Pinky Vidacovich, Sat.  
Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell, *t/n*. Marvin Kimball, Wed.  
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, Snooks Eaglin, *hb*.  
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.  
Royal Orleans: Crawford-Ferguson Band, 11/24.

## CLEVELAND

Brothers: Bobby Brack, wknds.  
Cedar Gardens: Marvin Cabell, Thur.-Sun.  
Club 100: Joe Alexander, *t/n*.  
Corner Tavern: name jazz groups. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.  
Esquire: Charles Crosby-Eddie Bacuss, *t/n*.  
Golden Key Club: Fats Heard, *hb*.  
Harvey's Hideaway: Paul Bruno-Leodis Harris.  
Jazz Temple: name jazz groups.  
LaRue: Spencer Thompson-Joe Cooper, *t/n*.  
Leo's Casino: Dizzy Gillespie to 11/24. George Shearing, 11/26-12/1. Joe Williams, 12/3-8.  
The Lounge: Jerry Lee, wknds.  
Lucky Bar: Weasel Parker, Thur.-Sun.  
Melba: Ski-Hi Trio, *t/n*.  
The Office: Ted Kelly-Sol Lucas, wknds.  
Safari (North Royalton): Gigolos, wknds.  
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, *hb*. Tops Cardone, wknds.  
Squeeze Room: Bud Wattles-Rick Kiefer, Thur.-Sat.

Tangiers: Vivien Gooden, Thur.-Sat.  
Theatrical: Heavyweights to 11/23. Phil Plumbo, 11/25-30. Billy Maxted, 12/2-14.  
Tia Juana: Orville Johnson, Thur.-Sat.  
Toast of the Town: Leon Stevenson, Thur.-Sat.

## DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, Lazzi Doyle, *t/n*.  
Baker's Keyboard: Matt Dennis to 12/1.  
Cork & Embers: Jack Brokensha, *t/n*.  
Falcon (Ann Arbor): Bob Pozar, *t/n*.  
Frederick's: Vince Mance, Nick Florre, Gene Stewart, *t/n*.  
Golden Lion: Bobby Laurel, *t/n*.  
Grand Bar: Joe Williams to 12/1.  
Menjo's West: Mel Ball, *t/n*.  
Mr. Kelly's: workshop sessions, Sun.  
Night Flight: Gene Cass, *t/n*.  
Odom's Cave: Bill Hyde, *t/n*.  
Shally's Little Club: George Primo, *t/n*.  
Surf Side: Juniper Berry, *t/n*.  
Trent's: Terry Pollard, *t/n*.

## CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: Don Jacobi, *t/n*.  
Crystal Palace: Josh White, 12/17-1/5.  
Fifth Jacks: sessions, Mon., Wed.  
Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, *t/n*.  
Happy Medium: Joe Burton, *t/n*.  
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, *t/n*. Dave Remington, Thur.  
London House: Terry Gibbs to 11/24. Ahmad Jamal, 11/26-12/15. Ramsey Lewis, 12/17-1/5.  
Larry Novak, Jose Bethancourt, *hb*.  
McKie's: Art Farmer, 12/11-22.  
Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hb*.  
Paul's Roast Round (Villa Park): Salty Dogs, wknds. Mike Walbridge, Wed.  
Pepper's: Muddy Waters, Wed, Fri.-Sun.  
Playboy: Joe Iaco, Gene Esposito, Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, *hb*.  
Silvio's: Howling Wolf, wknds.  
Yardbird Suite: Jodie Christian, *t/n*.

## LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.  
Beverly Cavern: Hal Peppie, Nappy Lamare, Fri.-Sat.  
Black Bull (Woodland Hills): Gus Bivona, *t/n*.  
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Sun.  
Dixie Doodle (Pomona): Ken Scott, Bayou Ramblers, Fri.-Sat.  
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, *t/n*.  
Handlebar: Wally Holmes, Fri.-Sat.  
Hermosa Inn: Johnny Lucas, wknds.  
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, *t/n*.  
Holiday Motor Lodge (Montclair): Alton Purnell, Tue.-Thur. New Orleans Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.  
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, *t/n*.  
Hunting Horn (Rolling Hills): Paul Smith, Dick Dorothy, *t/n*.  
Intermission Room: Curtis Amy, *t/n*.  
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, *t/n*.  
The Keg & I: (Redondo Beach): Kid Kenwood, Fri.-Sat.  
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*.  
Marty's: William Green, Tony Bazely, *t/n*.  
Mr. Konton's: Les McCann to 12/8. Ralph Pena, Mon.  
New Orleans Club (Long Beach): Ray Bisso, Sat. Nickelodeon (West Los Angeles): Ted Shafer, Thur.  
Mr. Adams: Charles Kynard, Ray Crawford, Leroy Henderson, *t/n*.  
Pal's Fireside Inn (San Bernardino): Alton Purnell, *t/n*.  
PJ's: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, Trini Lopez, *t/n*.  
Cameo Playhouse: Ralph Pena, afterhours concerts, Fri.-Sat.  
Quail Restaurant (North Hollywood): Pete Bealman, Thur.-Sat.  
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Laverne Gillette, *t/n*.  
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pud Brown, *t/n*.  
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Kenny Dennis, Al McKibbin, Roy Ayers, Jack Wilson, *t/n*.  
Reuben's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, *t/n*.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Larry Bunker, Gary Burton to 11/21. Shelly Manne, Irene Kral to 11/24.  
Clare Fischer, 11/25. Larry Bunker, Gary Burton, 11/26-28. Stan Getz to 12/8.  
Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Chuck Berghofer, *t/n*.  
Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.  
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, *t/n*.  
Storyville West (Culver City): Joyce Collins, *t/n*.  
Tobo's Cocktail Lounge (Long Beach): Buddy Vincent, *t/n*.  
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue.

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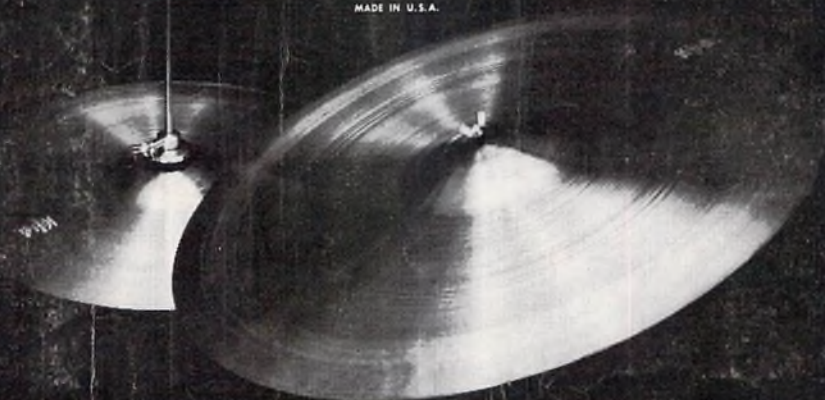
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