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Is Joe Williams *Really* Joe Williams?

Barbara Gardner Lifts The Mask
Of The Popular Blues Vocalist

Dial Days, *Part 2*

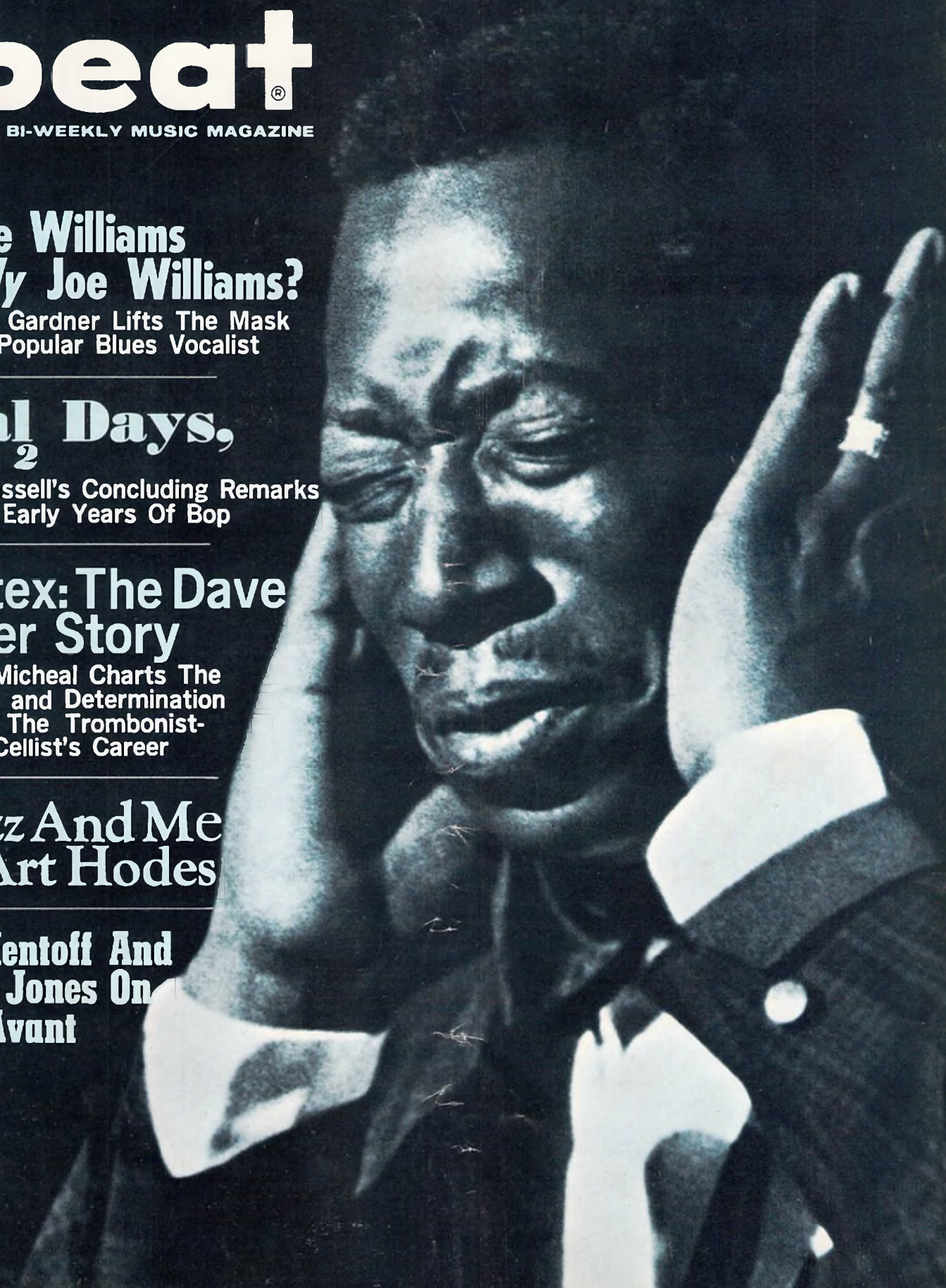
Ross Russell's Concluding Remarks
On The Early Years Of Bop

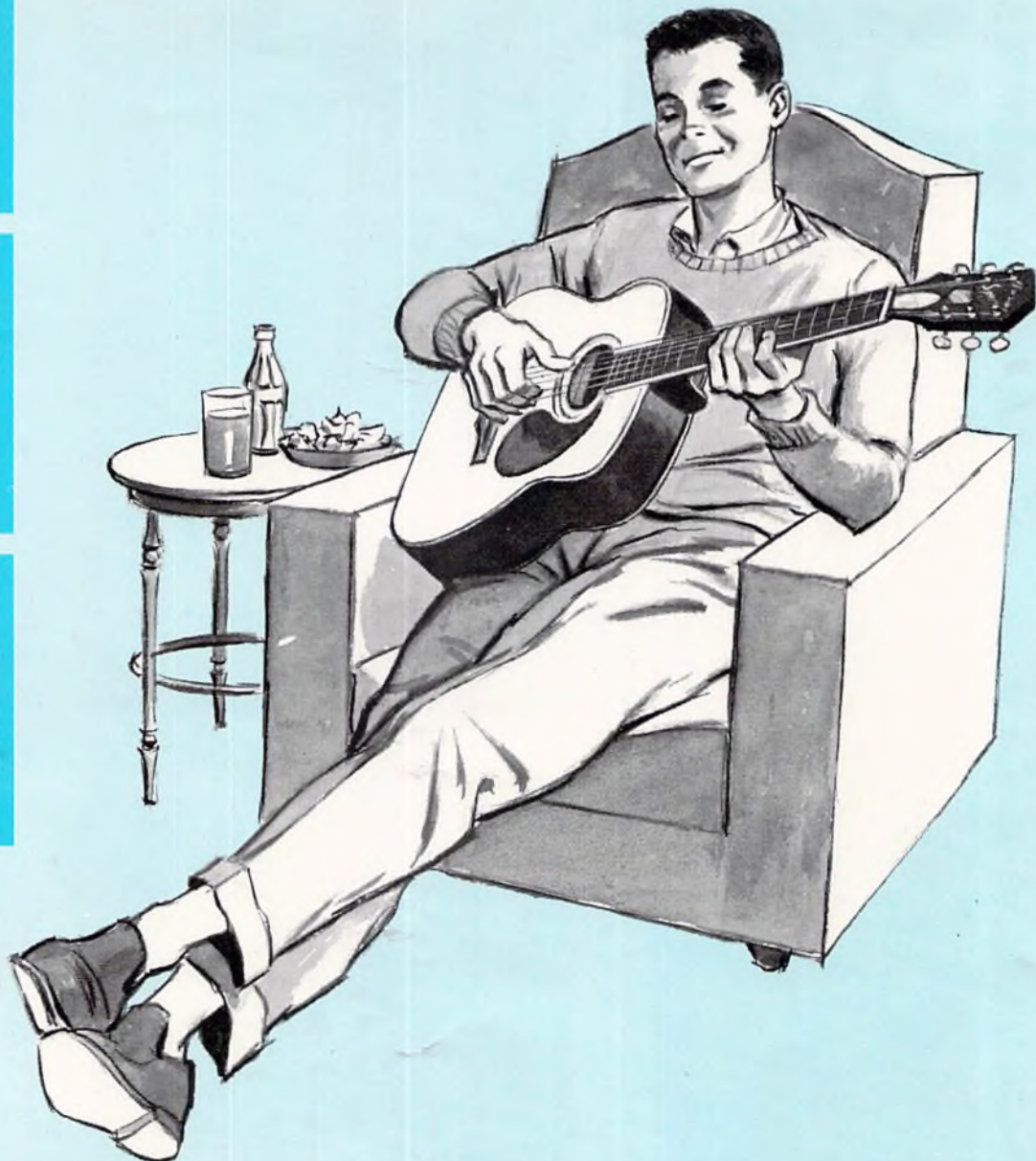
Vortex: The Dave Baker Story

Don DeMicheal Charts The
Tragedy and Determination
Marking The Trombonist-
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Mezz And Me By Art Hodes

Nat Hentoff And
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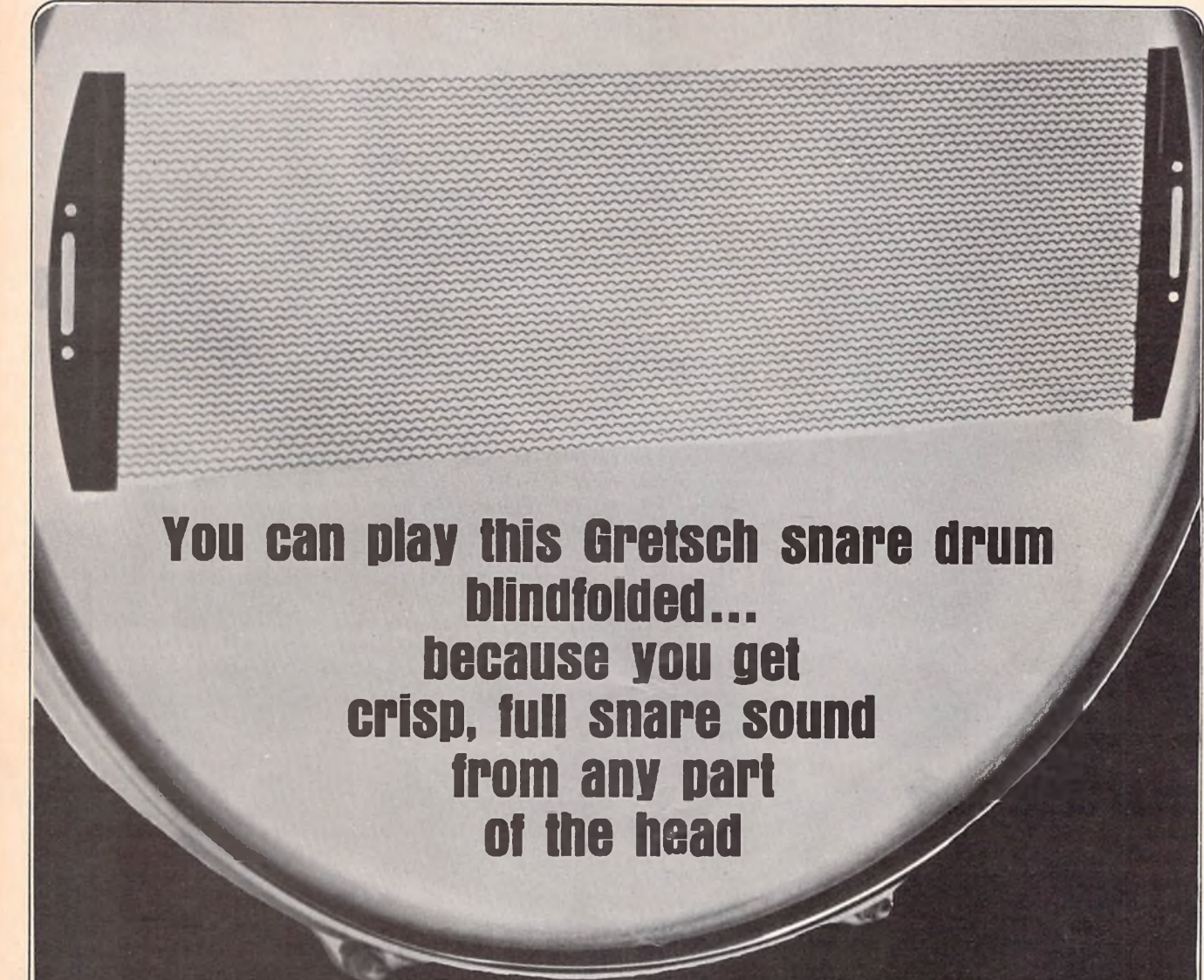
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December 17, 1964

Vol. 31, No. 32

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JOHN J. MAHER
EDITOR
DON DeMICHEAL
ASSISTANT EDITOR/DESIGN
PETE WELDING
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
DAN MORGENSTERN
JOHN A. TYNAN
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
LEONARD FEATHER
BARBARA GARDNER
ADVERTISING SALES MANAGER
FRED HYSSELL JR.
PRODUCTION MANAGER
GLORIA BALDWIN
PROMOTION MANAGER
JOHN F. WELCH

CONTENTS

ARTICLES

- 15 **Vortex/The Dave Baker Story:** Former poll-winning trombonist Baker tells why he switched to cello, comments on his association with composer George Russell, and offers views on teaching jazz as well as on the contemporary scene in an article by Don DeMicheal
- 19 **Is Joe Williams Really Joe Williams?**—Authoress Barbara Gardner probes the complex personality of singer Williams in an illuminating essay-interview
- 22 **Dial Days, Part 2:** Ross Russell, who was among the first to record bop, continues his conversation with critic Martin Williams
- 24 **Mezz And Me:** Pianist Art Hodes relates some humorous stories of his days with colorful clarinetist Mezz Mezzrow

REVIEWS

- 26 **Record Reviews**
- 34 **Blues 'n' Folk,** by Pete Welding
- 35 **Blindfold Test:** Ron Carter

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 **Chords & Discords**
- 10 **News**
- 13 **Strictly Ad Lib:** Reports from New York, Toronto, Boston, Washington, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco
- 39 **Second Chorus,** by Nat Hentoff
- 40 **Apple Cores,** by LeRoi Jones
- 46 **Where & When:** A guide to current jazz attractions

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EXECUTIVE OFFICE: 205 West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill., Financial 6-7811. Fred Hysell Jr., Advertising Sales. Don DeMicheal, Pete Welding, Editorial. Margaret Marchi, Subscription Manager.
EAST COAST OFFICE: 1776 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y., Plaza 7-5111. William H. Elliott, Advertising Sales. Dan Morgenstern, Editorial.
WEST COAST OFFICE: 6269 Selma Blvd., Los Angeles 28, Calif., Hollywood 3-3268. John A. Tynan, Editorial.

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CORRESPONDENTS

Boston, Harvey Siders
Philadelphia, David B. Bittan
Washington, D. C., Tom Scanlon
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Buffalo, Paul Wieland
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It Don't Mean A Thing...

I read with great interest the articles on Bill Evans and Don Friedman (*DB*, Oct. 22).

One curious thing about their statements is that very little was said about one of the most important elements in jazz: rhythm.

It may interest readers that in Europe a number of jazz lovers (both listeners and musicians) are, in fact, criticizing Evans' music just for this reason; they feel that he is concentrating too strongly on "sound" for the sake of "sound," so to speak. In voicing "new" inversions, chords, it is felt that he is not using these with emphasis on the beat. Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, and Charlie Parker also probed into the realm of new sounds, new melodic lines, etc.; but if we look deeper into their actual process, we will discover that all these things were actually created to fit rhythmic patterns and not vice versa.

Nonetheless, there can be no doubts as to the talents of Evans and Friedman; some of us sincerely hope that in the future they will probe further into the use of the greatest element in jazz: rhythm.

Remo Rau
Zurich, Switzerland

Correction For Pekar

I was glad to see *Down Beat* giving so much attention to Bud Powell (Oct. 22). However, I feel a correction concerning Harvey Pekar's article is in order.

First, Pekar should listen again to the version of *All the Things You Are* on the Massey Hall concert LP. This track was, in fact, recorded a week or so after the Toronto concert, with Billy Taylor on piano and Art Taylor on drums instead of Powell and Max Roach.

Second, I think he could have mentioned the eight tunes Powell recorded in January, 1947, with Curley Russell and Roach; in my opinion these belong to the finest Powell on record.

Bert Vuijsje
Bussum, The Netherlands

Beatles Bug Reader

As an Englishman, I hope Martin Williams' article (*Bystander*, Oct. 8) was meant to be amusing and was written with tongue firmly in cheek.

He seems so confused with all this talk of archetypes, "hypnotic bacchanal," and his knocking of weirdly dressed musical entertainers that his outrageous statement that he would rather read about the Beatles than Tony Bennett or Andy Williams just doesn't seem to be consistent.

Frankly, I am aghast that such a truly outstanding and respected journal as *Down Beat* should waste space on these four musicless entertainers. If it is going to devote precious space to phenomena in popular music, then I demand that space



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be given to other musical phenomena of a truly musical category such as Spike Jones, the Firehouse Five, et al.

Kevin Henriques
London, England

What's With Ornette?

The dual articles on "The October Revolution" (*DB*, Nov. 19) were great, and they raised a question in my mind which has been present for many months. It concerns Ornette Coleman.

Martin Williams states that "all that Coleman's return needs is his own decision to return. He gets offers all the time, but, for his own reasons, he chooses not to accept them." As far as I know, Coleman quit playing last January (1963), because he had nothing further to say.

I think that it would be interesting if either Williams or Dan Morgenstern, or someone else, would research this and write a story telling the reasons why Coleman isn't playing and just what he has been doing since he quit.

Richard P. Drabik
Union, N. J.

Coleman has not wished to speak for publication for some time, though there is reason to believe that he will soon.

Two Wrongs Righted

I am writing this concerning the record review of the latest Count Basie album, *Basie Land* (*DB*, Oct. 22).

First of all, let me say that although the reviewer, John S. Wilson, omitted my name from the review, it actually appears on the back of the album. Secondly, although my name appears in the liner notes, I am credited with the wrong trumpet solo. I play the trumpet solo on the opening track of side 2, *Rabble Rouser*, which was credited to Al Aarons. The solo that I am credited for (*Gymnastics*) was played by Aarons.

Don Rader
New York City

England For Britten

As a young composer active in jazz and classical music in England, I feel I must write to correct some of the impressions in Donal J. Henahan's *Comments on Classics* (*DB*, Oct. 8).

To make Benjamin Britten's position in this country a little more clear, I know that he makes every effort to encourage the more advanced young composers. Quite as many of them here are influenced by him as by Stravinsky, Webern, etc.

Henahan's statement that "to his fellow professionals he is not a stimulating artist" is really incredible nonsense. I think I speak for all professional British musicians when I say that Britten is regarded as a model of musicality, invention, and integrity.

Richard Rodney Bennett
London, England

Critics Too Critical

Nat Hentoff's *Second Chorus* (*DB*, Oct. 22) reflects on the mess that jazz is in. It wouldn't have to be that way.

If it weren't for some critics, jazz would

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be more popular. I feel that when a critic reviews a record, he should report the contents of that record as it is and let the public decide if this is what it wants to hear. If the critic insults the value of a recording, he is just as much insulting the intelligence of the person who buys it.

Or the opposite may happen. A critic might rate an album highly, and when it becomes popular, he shuns it and calls it commercial. Isn't an album or artist supposed to be liked by the public? Jazz has to be heard before it can be judged, accepted, or appreciated.

Dennis Davison
Mayville, Wis.

This Time It's Rouse

Don Nelsen's review (*DB*, Oct. 22) of the album *It's Monk's Time* does not do justice, in my opinion, to the superior work of tenor man Charlie Rouse on this inspired occasion.

His solo work throughout the album should be recognized for what it is: a moment of fine accomplishment and artistic resolution for Charlie Rouse, who has not done anything else on record quite as well, in my opinion.

John Pollard
New Haven, Conn.

Coleman's Coltrane Vocabulary

I am forced to write a contradictory outlook on Harvey Pekar's review of Miles Davis' latest album, *Miles Davis in Europe* (*DB*, Nov. 5), specifically his comments on the playing style of George Coleman.

With the Miles Davis Sextet of the '50s, Cannonball Adderley and John Coltrane both were confined to soloing in the only way a sideman can really blend with Davis' "unique" type of arranging. The question is how wide a scope do you have when playing a Davis arrangement? Is it any wonder that Coleman (as Pekar said) "should mouth some of Coltrane's vocabulary"?

George D. Moore
Washington, D.C.

Five-Star Nancy Cover

Nancy Wilson is beautiful. That statement itself is not eloquent. But what *Down Beat* has done in saying exactly the same thing is eloquent.

The cover of the Nov. 19 issue is the best ever printed. Not one of the best, but the best. Everyone involved with that cover and its publication is hereby awarded a five-star rating. I know I must speak for thousands of others who share my pleasure.

Ron Shearer
Lima, Ohio

K.C. Again On Map

Congratulations and thank you for correcting a situation that has been overlooked for years in an otherwise fine publication. I am referring to the listing (in *Ad Lib* and *Where and When*) of Kansas City, Mo., as now part of the U.S.A. music world.

Jack Moore
Alva, Okla.



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December 17, 1964 Vol. 31, No. 32

SID BERNSTEIN PLANS WORLD'S FAIR FESTIVAL

Promoter Sid Bernstein is negotiating with the New York World's Fair Corp. to stage a five-day jazz and folk festival at the fair during the first week of July, 1965.

Bernstein, whose production credits include the Atlantic City Jazz Festival of 1960, the 1961 Newport Jazz Festival, and the first U.S. appearances of the Beatles (at Carnegie Hall), the Dave Clark Five, and the Rolling Stones, as well as four recent jazz events at Carnegie Hall (Harry James-Nina Simone, Stan Getz-Astrud and Joao Gilberto, Oscar Peterson-Swingle Singers, and Gerry Mulligan-Joe Bushkin-Odetta), said he was confident that an agreement could be reached with the fair to hold the festival at either the Singer Bowl or the Aquacade on the fairgrounds.

"It looks promising," Bernstein told *Down Beat*. "If it shouldn't work out to have the festival at the fair, I'm determined to hold it somewhere in the New York City area during the Fourth of July weekend. We'll have three days of jazz and two days of folk music. I'm talking to George Wein about working out a talent exchange with his Newport Jazz Festival, which will be held at the same time."

PIANIST BUDDY COLE DIES OF HEART ATTACK

Some of the most distinguished Hollywood music figures paid a final tribute to their late colleague, Buddy Cole, at the latter's interment Nov. 9 at Forest Lawn Memorial Park in the Hollywood Hills. Cole, who died of a heart attack Nov. 5 at his North Hollywood, Calif., home, was 47.

Honorary pallbearers at the services for the late pianist-organist included drummer Nick Fatool, guitarist Vince Terri, and bassist Don Whitaker, one-time members of the quartet Cole led on radio for many years.

Other pallbearers were composer Ray Heindorf, songwriter Hoagy Carmichael, and recording executive Lowell Frank of Warner Bros. records, the firm for which Cole recorded to the time of his death.

Some hours before the fatal seizure, Cole had been working on scores for the Bing Crosby television series and on music for comedian Phil Harris' night-club act. The musician was scheduled to conduct and play with the Harris act at its projected opening shortly in Lake Tahoe and Reno, Nev. It was learned he had been advised against risking the rigors of the engagement by his doctor but had decided to go anyway.

Born Edwin Le Mar Cole in Irving, Ill., Dec. 15, 1916, the musician had enjoyed one of the most successful careers in Hollywood music. Accompanist for many years to such performers as Bing Crosby, Harris, Rosemary Clooney, Judy Garland, Marlene Dietrich, and Nat Cole, the pianist in earlier days had worked with jazzmen Frankie Trumbauer and Tommy Dorsey. He later joined Alvino Rey and the King Sisters, marrying and later divorcing Yvonne King of the vocal group.

Cole is survived by his widow, Clare; her two sons by a former marriage, Jeffrey, 21, and Jay, 20, and his two daughters by his first marriage, Tina, 21, and Cathy, 17.

SWIMMING POOL NAMED FOR DUKE ELLINGTON IN CALIFORNIA

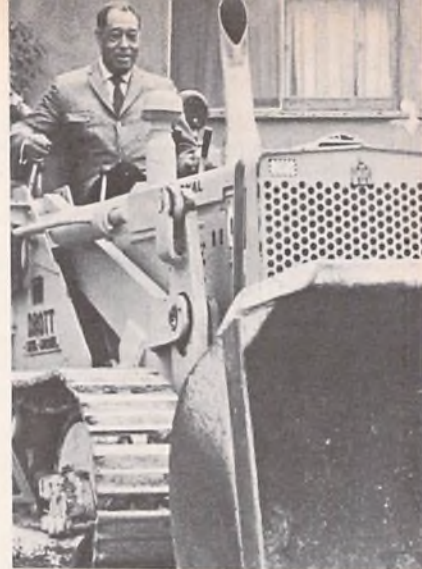
Duke Ellington recently dedicated a swimming pool in a Los Angeles suburb for a most worthy cause—rehabilitation of youth.

The pool, which will bear Ellington's name, is located at the California School for Child Training in Inglewood. The school, a nonprofit institution operated on an intercultural basis for eight years by Rabbi Isaac Yellin, currently is home to 58 boys, ages 7 to 17, all wards of the court of Los Angeles County. All are there for rehabilitation—because of mental retardation, recommendation of probation officers, or because they are homeless.

As guests of the City of Inglewood, the boys have had access to a swimming pool in a nearby park but for only one hour a day, Mondays through Fridays.

Though appreciative of this recreation time provided by the city, Rabbi Yellin said he considers swimming so important an activity for his youngsters that he investigated the cost of a pool on the schoolgrounds.

A query to Blue Haven Pools came to the attention of one of the owners, Harold R. Udkoff of Sherman Oaks, Calif., whom Ellington had counseled when Udkoff was an adolescent. (Udkoff had run away from home at the age of 16 to travel with the Ellington orchestra; the leader sent him home to his parents.)



Ellington

Breaking ground in the grand manner

The result of the query to the swimming pool company was that Udkoff and his associates donated a 20x40-foot pool, valued at \$15,000, in the name of the noted leader-composer as a tribute to Ellington's youth work and his establishment of scholarships for youngsters.

Ellington was more than happy to break the ground for the pool. And just to assure that things at the school keep swinging, Ellington presented a library of his recordings to the students.

JAZZMEN HELP JOBLESS YOUTHS IN LOS ANGELES PROGRAM

"You don't necessarily have to be a square to hold a job or increase your education."

That statement is a consensus of a group of leading Los Angeles jazz musicians who recently sought to help out-of-school and jobless young people of the largely Negro populated south-central Los Angeles metropolitan area.

At a rally of the young people organized by the Youth Opportunities Board of Greater Los Angeles last month, the musicians were on hand to autograph records and evaluate the musical performances of talented young people involved in a project of the opportunities board.

They were members of the Jazz Crusaders, the Quartet Tres Bien, and Tommy Strode, Charles Kynard, and Genghis Kyle. Jazz disc jockey Tollie Strode served as moderator.

The musicians aimed to give help and encouragement to young persons between the ages of 16 and 21 who have been unable to find jobs in the past because they lack sufficient skills and education. They encouraged the youths to develop their creative talents while they prepare for jobs. An estimated 400 persons attended the rally.

Nawab Shah, project counselor and

co-ordinator of the Youth Night program, said the musicians accepted the invitation to appear as guests at the rally because they felt the program would help young people recognize the necessity for improving their education, developing skills, and holding jobs once they get them.

Some of the musicians have already volunteered their time and talent toward helping project youth develop musical abilities, Shah noted, while disc jockey Strode has been working with the project since the first Youth Night program held in August of this year.

NOSTALGIC AFTERNOON CONCERT PAYS TRIBUTE TO TADD DAMERON

Tadd Dameron, composer-arranger, pianist, and one of the pioneers of modern jazz, has been in and out of the hospital for the last two years for treatment of a heart condition. On Nov. 8 his doctors at New York City's Roosevelt Hospital gave Dameron permission to take an afternoon off so that he could be present at a tribute to him at New York's Five Spot Cafe.

Organized by singer Babs Gonzales, an old friend and associate, the tribute was nostalgic and highlighted by Dameron's playing his own compositions *The Squirrel*, *If You Could See Me*

Now, and *Good Bait*.

Dameron was accompanied by Clifford Jordan, tenor saxophone; Al Dreads, drums; and former Duke Ellington bassist Ernie Shepard, just returned from Europe after a long convalescence from the heart ailment that forced him to leave the Ellington band while on tour in Germany last fall.

Other performers at the tribute included pianists Hank Jones, Duke Pearson, and Al Dailey; alto saxophonist Bobby Brown; bassists Nelson Boyd and Ray McKinney; singer Abbey Lincoln; drummers Max Roach and Frankie Dunlop; two tap dancers known as "Ground Hog" and "Rhythm Red"; and, of course Gonzales himself, who sang and emceed.

JUDY GARLAND ORDERED BACK TO U.S. TO ANSWER TORME SUIT

Still honeymooning in London following her recent marriage, Judy Garland found her idyll rudely interrupted by an order from Los Angeles Superior Court directing her to return to California by Dec. 15 to make a deposition by that date in a \$22,500 lawsuit filed against her by Mel Torme.

Torme is claiming the amount he says is owed him by Miss Garland for arrangements written for her tele-

vision series last season and for four guest appearances by Torme on the show. He claims he was to be paid \$3,000 an arrangement for 26 shows and \$4,500 an appearance according to an agreement signed May 2, 1963.

The legal action contends Torme is still owed \$9,000 for the arrangements and \$13,500 for the guest appearances.

NO BLUES IN DAY GIG, SAYS PIANIST JESS STACY

For Jess Stacy, swing-era piano star and winner of the *Down Beat* Readers Poll for four consecutive years (1940-'43), the music business hath few charms these days.

Now 60 years old, Stacy is semi-retired from professional playing and is steadily employed at the Max Factor cosmetics company in Hollywood, Calif. What's more, the pianist couldn't be happier about life in general and his nonmusical job in particular.

Stacy still works weekends, he told *Down Beat*, usually with musicians such as clarinetist Bob McCracken and drummer Ray Bauduc, the latter an old friend of the pianist's, dating from his three years with the Bob Crosby Band, 1939-'43. But regular, week-night professional playing is out, he said.

During the 1950s and until about

strictly ad lib

NEW YORK: Contrary to gloomy forecasts, Japan continues to be a fertile market for U.S. jazz, at least some of it. **Bob Crosby's** newly reunited Bobcats and flutist **Herbie Mann's** sextet did well in their October tours and were followed by a **Monte Kay**-sponsored package of trumpeters **Kenny Dorham** and **Freddie Hubbard**, tenor saxophonist **Benny Golson**, alto saxophonist **Jackie McLean**, pianist **Cedar Walton**, bassist **Reggie Workman**, and drummer **Roy Haynes**, who played Japan Nov. 3-12. (Golson, who has been scoring record dates in Europe for an independent producer, contributed several arrangements to a with-strings album by tenor saxophonist **Illinois Jacquet** for Argo before heading for Japan.) But if some recent Japanese tours were good, at least one was less than that—tenor saxophonist **Georgie**



Auld

Auld's two-weeker. Auld's popularity in the islands is based on his recordings with string background, and audiences were not prepared for—nor did they accept—his jazz group, which featured **Carl Fontana**, trombone; **Carson Smith**, bass; and **Eddie Pucci**, drums. Before the tour was completed, though, **Masao Yagi**, Japanese pianist and arranger, completed enough background arrangements for strings so that Auld was able to perform lushly at two Tokyo concerts before returning home . . . Scheduled for future sojourns to Japan are a drum spectacular featuring **Louie Bellson**, **Philly Joe Jones**, **Elvin Jones**, and **Joe**

Morello in January; the **Glenn Miller Orchestra** directed by **Ray McKinley** in March; and the **Thelonious Monk Quartet** in April.

Drummer **Jake Hanna's** first gig after leaving **Woody Herman** was with trumpeter **Max Kaminsky** at the Metropole. The band included trombonist **Herb Gardner**, English pianist **Dill Jones**, bassist **Bucky Calabrese**, and tenor saxophonist-clarinetist **Bob Wilber**. Wilber is rehearsing a reeds-and-rhythm ensemble, with himself on soprano and tenor saxophones, **Rudy Powell** on alto, **Pete Clark** on baritone, and **Leroy Parkins** on tenor. All the reed men double clarinets, and the rhythm section has Jones on piano, Calabrese on bass, and **Eddie Locke** on drums. (Historical footnote: Powell and Clark were sectionmates in **Teddy Wilson's** big band in 1939-'40.) Tenor man Parkins' quartet has been playing at the Gordian Knot, an off-the-beaten-path spot in Manhattan's Yorkville, for the last 10 months. Its current lineup is **Dave Frishberg**, piano; **James Giuffrida**, bass, and ex-**Stan Getz** drummer **Maurice Mark**. Tenor saxophonist **Carmen Leggio** subbed for Parkins in early November, while the leader took a two-week rest.

Tenor saxophonist **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis** again left his booking-agency job at Shaw Artists to join **Count Basie's** reed section—this time for good, he avows. Davis will

(Continued on page 42)



Kaminsky



WILLIAM CLAXTON

Stacy
After years of scuffling, sitting pretty

18 months ago, Stacy's main area of activity was as a single in cocktail lounges (he calls them saloons) in the general Hollywood area. Some five years ago he told *Down Beat* he could, if he wished, work 52 weeks a year in such places.

"But I found in the saloon business," he explained, "that weekends are the only nights that make it. The rest of the week is dead. Anyway, I got so sick of having engagements peter out around here.

"I could probably make it good if I went on the road. But I want to stay in town with my wife. I have a nice house; I want to live in it."

Home life goes out the window, he said, if a musician decides to take the touring route. This, he emphasized, is not for him.

"I'm sitting pretty now," he said of his current day gig. "It's a good job," he said. "I've been there about a year, or just over a year, and I've had three raises already and a fourth coming up. And the money is good."

With Stacy now easily locatable five days a week in one spot, the only loose end unattached to a logical answer is this: Why, in the recording center of Hollywood, is there seemingly not a record company or a producer taking advantage of his availability?

RUSSIAN JAZZMEN-DEFECTORS OFF TO A FAST START

The pace has been brisk for the two Russian jazzmen who recently arrived in the United States after defecting from the Soviet Union.

Within three weeks of their entrance into the New York jazz world (*DB*, Dec. 3), altoist-clarinetist Boris Midney and bassist Igor Barukshtis had formed a group (Russian Jazz Quartet), cut their first record, worked a weekend at the Cork 'n' Bib on Long

Island, and currently are fulfilling a two-week engagement at the Shadow Lounge in Washington, D.C.

Bob Thiele, jazz a&r man for Impulse, supervised the mid-November recording, which found the two musicians accompanied by pianist Roger Kellaway and drummer Grady Tate.

Earlier in the month, Midney and Barukshtis were welcomed into the American Federation of Musicians (Local 802) by AFM president Herman D. Kenin. H. & A. Selmer, Inc., music-instrument manufacturer, also presented Midney with a new alto saxophone and clarinet. And the two were guests on the *Today* show.

In nonmusical fields, the men also are making marked progress: both are intensively studying English.

FEATHER PREPARES JAZZ SERIES FOR WEST GERMAN TELEVISION

Down Beat Contributing Editor Leonard Feather signed an agreement with MCA-TV to mine a rich vein of film material featuring jazz artists for telecasting over a West German television network. The series also may be shown in the United States and Canada.

The contract between MCA-TV and the Germans calls for 13 films, varying in length from five to 10 minutes each, to be produced by Gil Rodin and assembled in collaboration with Feather.

In addition to functioning as on-camera narrator (in German), Feather also will record his narration in English (his native tongue) so that one and possibly two 60-minute programs can be assembled for the U.S. and Canadian markets.

Feather assembled the series from portions culled from what were originally Universal band shorts and Paramount feature films, some dating from the 1930s.

Artists seen include Charlie Barnett, Count Basie, Nat Cole, Benny Carter,

In W-2 Land, The Ways are Strange

For the segment of the TV series *Mr. Novak* titled *Let's Dig a Little Grammar*, in which comic-writer Allan Sherman plays a jazz musician, the names of 10 jazzmen hired to record the soundtrack were released to the trade papers as follows: Keith Mitchell, bass; Sheldon Manne, drums; James Zito, trumpet; Donald Fagerquist, trumpet; R. W. Cooper, sax; Richard Noel, trombone; C. E. Shank, sax; and James R. Gibbons, guitar.

The musicians are more generally referred to as Red, Shelly, Jimmy, Don, Bob, Dick, Bud, and Bobby, respectively.

June Christy, Terry Gibbs, Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, Lionel Hampton, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Stan Kenton, Red Norvo, Kid Ory, Anita O'Day, Buddy Rich, Jimmy Rushing, Maxine Sullivan, Jack Teagarden, Sarah Vaughan, and many others.

The title of the series is *Feather on Jazz*, and the films will be grouped according to subject matter into a historical perspective dealing with New Orleans, Harlem, the blues, the swing era, 52nd St., and so on, Feather said.

LOCAL 47 PRESIDENT NOTES INCREASE OF MUSIC JOBS IN L.A.

In the last two years, the employment picture for musicians in Los Angeles has improved, but jazz clubs in the area can't take any of the credit for the increase.

The brighter job picture for musicians generally would seem to present an anomaly, for there actually are fewer locations using live music today than there were two years ago. But John Tranchitella, president of AFM Local 47, has a few answers:

Hotels in particular have increased the number of musicians hired, he noted, and new hotel construction in Los Angeles County, with the consequent demand for bands, also has helped the employment picture. He also noted that many smaller rooms formerly hiring only pianists have switched to duos and trios.

The number of jazz clubs in the county has decreased from that of a decade ago, but Tranchitella noted an increase in ballroom employment recently. There are 11 ballrooms now operating nightly in Los Angeles County, he said, hiring a minimum of nine and a maximum of 30 musicians. Additionally, he said, country and folk music locations have added to musician employment.

Although Greater Los Angeles has been described as "six suburbs in search of a city," it is in suburbia, Tranchitella said, that there is a definite increase in musician hiring.

Suburbia would take in such vast areas as the thickly populated San Fernando and San Gabriel valleys, beach cities such as Hermosa, Redondo, and El Segundo, and a sprawling area due east of Los Angeles proper that extends to the Orange County boundary.

In films and television, Tranchitella said, jobs have increased too. Local 47 gets about 90 percent of TV music work and 85 percent of the work in motion pictures. Phonograph recording in Los Angeles, he noted, accounts for the local members getting some 35 percent of all such recording in the United States.

VORTEX

THE DAVE BAKER STORY/By DON DeMICHEAL

THIS IS DAVE BAKER,' the warm, somewhat high-pitched voice said over the phone. "I'm in Passavant Hospital for a while, and I thought I'd give you a call, since you and Gene Lees are the only people I know in Chicago."

I was surprised to hear from Baker, whom I'd met about six months before when Lees, then editor of *Down Beat*, and I went to Indianapolis in January, 1961, to visit George Russell. Baker was the trombonist in Russell's sextet, and the group was rehearsing at Baker's place that week.

"What happened; why are you in the hospital?" I asked.

"I've been having trouble with the left side of my face for a long time," he answered, "and the doctors brought me in for examination. The thing collapsed on me at George's record date in May."

A couple of days later, I visited Baker at the hospital.

He was cheerful, even though the doctors determined that his left jaw had been dislocated for seven years, the result of a serious automobile accident.

"You've been playing with a dislocated jaw for seven years?" I asked incredulously.

"Evidently. I got so smashed up in that accident that I guess the doctors were too busy patching the rest of me up that they didn't notice the jaw. I've been having trouble with it a long time, but I thought it was psychological, and I went to all kinds of psychiatrists, but nothing helped. And all along it's been dislocated."

He expressed great confidence in the Chicago doctor who was examining him and who would operate on the jaw.

In August, 1961, surgery was performed. There was no way of knowing if it had been successful until Baker had spent several weeks recuperating, a time during which his teeth would be locked together by a clamp. He would not be able to part his teeth for any reason; if he did, the operation would be for nothing.

While his face was healing, the doctor permitted him out at night if someone was with him. Several times during this period, we visited Chicago jazz clubs. Baker always retained his cheerfulness, even though his jaw muscles often were in spasm and he obviously was in pain.

One night at the Birdhouse, Baker began holding his face and rocking, a sign the spasms and the pain were beginning. I asked if he wanted to return to the hospital. No, he'd be all right in a minute.

But he continued rocking longer than usual, and finally, in almost a whisper, he asked to go back to the hospital.

Fortunately, the hospital was nearby. But even before we got there, he began trying to tear the clamp from his teeth, saying he couldn't stand it any longer. With one hand on the wheel and the other keeping his from his mouth, I tried to assure him that every-



thing would be all right when we got to the hospital.

After what seemed hours, we finally got to his room. A nurse thrust a hypodermic needle into his arm, and he was soon falling asleep, the clamp still firmly in place.

Not long thereafter, Baker was released from the hospital, but he had to drive from Indianapolis to Chicago once a week to see his doctor. Frequently, he would drop into my office or we would have lunch together. Though the clamp was gone, the spasms were not, and at times he had great difficulty speaking. Still, he kept the good humor he had displayed throughout his ordeal—though in his eyes one could often see fear and frustration.

He often mentioned—usually jocularly—the trouble he was having getting his chops back on trombone but that things were coming along, spasms or no spasms. I didn't know if the cheer was for my benefit or his own.

The last time Dave Baker played trombone in public, at least at an important event, was at the International Jazz Festival held in Washington, D.C., in late spring 1962, when he performed with Russell's sextet.

Ironically, that same year he tied with Slide Hampton as new-star trombonist in *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics Poll. He was proud that the three top trombonists in that year's poll (J.J. Johnson won the established-talent division) were all originally from Indianapolis.

His visits to the Chicago doctor became less frequent. It was obvious that the operation had not cured the trouble.

Finally unable to play trombone, he concentrated on private teaching and began studying cello.

LOOKING BACK today on the automobile accident, the surgery, and the aftermath, Baker, now 32, said, "I have my doubts about whether the accident had any bearing on my having to give up trombone. The doctors conjectured my jaw might have been dislocated in the accident, but what had happened was that one side of my face had begun to atrophy. They said it could have happened because of the accident. . . . Ultimately it became a psychosomatic ailment.

"I had thought it was psychological before I went to the hospital, but with all that money behind those doctors, I had to go along with them. The operations were supposed to cause the tissue to tighten and pull my face back in line, and they did—they locked my face so I couldn't get my mouth open. But it didn't cure whatever was causing the trouble. Then they tried medicine and then hypnosis . . . but finally the doctor said, 'Don't come back—see if it works itself out.'

"It ultimately did. But if I put a trombone anywhere near my face now, it's spastic again, and it will take a day or two for me to talk normally again. So I don't know what it's about, but it's not worth going through having my face locked up."

"Besides," he added with a smile, "there's not as much competition on cello as on trombone."

Baker is still in the process of learning to play the cello, he claims, though critic-composer Bill Mathieu, in reviewing a record of the Jamey Aebersold Septet made at this year's Collegiate Jazz Festival, wrote that Baker, who was in the group, "states the most convincing case yet heard for the use of [cello] in jazz."

Baker said he chose cello after he could no longer play trombone because he had always liked it and would allow him to play in chamber groups and also because there is a similarity between trombone and cello in range and basic sound.

"At this stage of my development," he said, "my playing is conceived very much in the manner of trombone. Now my playing is patterned after J.J., because I'm still playing it like a trombone—it's the only way I know how to play.

When I'm more adroit at playing the instrument, I'll probably lean to things idiomatic to cello and other string instruments.

"The real problem in playing jazz on the cello is that there's really no precedent, because so far there hasn't emerged a major voice on jazz cello. Most of the time, it's been bass players who play cello, and even if they tune the instrument like a cello (instead of as a bass, which most of them do), the conception is still that of a bass player."

His change to cello, however, is not the first time Baker has switched instruments. In high school he played tuba, but he took up trombone when he enrolled at Indiana University in 1949. He studied at IU, majoring in education with a trombone emphasis, until 1958, when he received a master's degree. During his years at IU, Baker often absented himself from the campus to play in various bands, including that of Stan Kenton in 1956.

In 1958 and '59 he had a big band made up of college students, mostly from IU. It was this band that first brought him attention from outside the Indianapolis-Bloomington area. Gunther Schuller, on tour with the Metropolitan Opera, heard the band and wrote about it enthusiastically in *Jazz Review*.

The band, which won as best big band at the first Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame in 1959, included in its ranks at various times such musicians as trumpeters Freddie Hubbard, Virgil Jones, Alan Kiger, Alan Isley; saxophonists Dave Young, Paul Plummer, John Pierce; bassist Larry Ridley; and drummer Joe Hunt. Baker, in addition to playing trombone with the band, wrote 95 percent of the arrangements.

He has a scratchy, home-recorded disc of the band. Listening to it, one is struck by the similarity between Baker's compositions and those of George Russell. Baker's band sounded like an expanded version of Russell's later sextet.

BAKER AND pianist-composer Russell met at the Lenox School of Jazz in 1959 when the trombonist won a scholarship to the Massachusetts summer music camp. It was the same year that the school had as students altoist Ornette Coleman, trumpeters Don Cherry and Kiger, vibraharpist Gary McFarland, guitarist Attila Zoller, bassist Ridley, and pianists David Lahm, Ran Blake, Steve Kuhn, and Dizzy Sal.

Soon after Lenox, Russell called Baker to come to New York City to record Russell's *Jazz in the Space Age* album for Decca. It was a large-group date, and Russell also asked for Kiger and tenor saxophonist Dave Young to round out the brass and reeds. And it was these three horn men who became the front line of Russell's sextet late in 1959. In his tenure with Russell's group, Baker made five albums with it—two for Decca and three for Riverside.

"I don't know what prompted George to have a group after all those years without one," Baker said. "My group had been playing about a year at a club in Indianapolis, and George came out there and took it over. Joe Hunt was on drums, and Ted Snyder was the bass player. Later Chuck Israels replaced Snyder.

"We used many of the things we were doing as a core for George's group. We didn't consider them avant garde by any stretch of the imagination; we were playing mainstream jazz things, post-bebop, and a lot of my originals. Because George was really the teacher of us at Lenox, we had begun to assimilate into what we were doing some of the stuff he had been teaching us—a philosophy of music, mostly, though from a technical standpoint, his Lydian concept.

"Even before composition started to mark George's group—or the group we had that became George's group—you could hear differences in our playing because of the approach. We were approaching it in a more scalar manner and were using colors and extensions of chords more than before.

"When George came into the group, he completely changed the coloring because, first of all, he had a whole area of new music, his own music. We had to adapt our playing styles to what he wrote. Then he introduced us to using some of the vast kaleidoscope of colors that were available—instead of playing just bebop, we played according to the mood of the tune or according to what was expected in a composition or just according to how we felt at the time.

"He wanted us to use all the colors—to use Dixieland, modern jazz, things borrowed from other musics. He wanted us to just play music instead of playing with a particular kind of music in mind. He encouraged us to play freely—this was the time Ornette Coleman had begun to make an impact, and George was the first to formalize the concepts Ornette had been using.

"It's hard to verbalize a concept that's so vague as playing freedom, so at first George had to use artificial methods to show us. He would say, 'Here are the changes, but instead of playing in this key, move it around to another key, even while the changes are going on at the same level.' Then instead of using chords or some kind of pre-existent idea that we might have had about what we were going to play, he had us use the tune itself—thematic development—what Sonny Rollins and Monk have been doing a long time. Then it grew into taking any idea to its logical conclusion, irrespective of what's going on in the tune, chords, key or anything."

A problem soon arose: how to reconcile taking an idea to a conclusion without regard to what else was going on in the piece. From the solution to this, Baker said, another kind of music grew, because compositions had to be specially written for playing in this manner.

"George wrote tunes that were freer," he explained. "But though there would be a general chord scheme, we would use the Lydian concept, which would have, say, nine scales. So we could color, using this or that scale, each of which has its own implied dictatorial way of playing. But even at that, with nine choices you have considerably more freedom than if you ran the four or five notes in a chord.

"Eventually the good things from playing in this free manner leaped over into the things that were restricted, as George says, very vertical structures, structures that are built solely on chords.

"I consider George one of the really giant jazz minds today—if only because of his book [*The Lydian Chromatic Concept of Tonal Organization*]. It marked the turning point in my musical life. I think ultimately it will do that for other young players, because it opens doors nobody knows about or is commonly practicing. I've tried to put it into my own book, *Practical Applications of the Lydian Concept*, which hasn't been published yet. It's a book that shows how to use George's book."

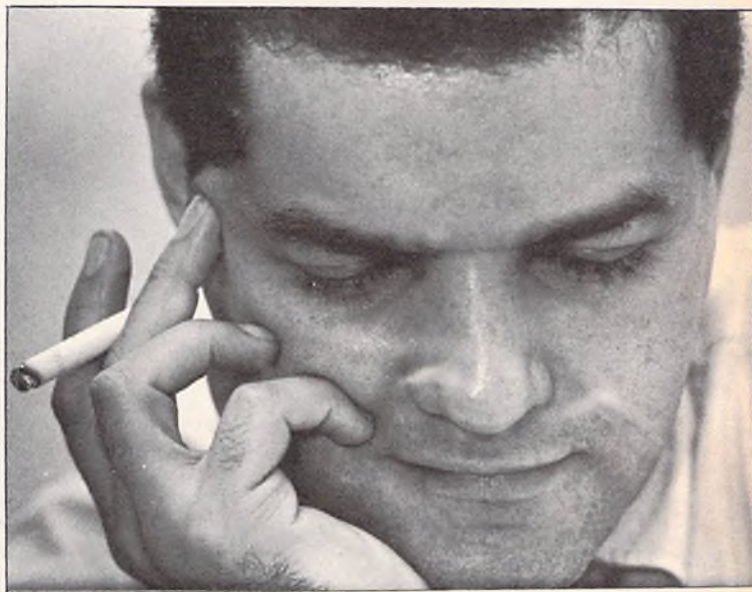
Even after Baker was no longer able to play trombone, and Russell remained close associates. Some of the musicians who have studied with Baker or who have worked with him in his big band have later been members Russell's sextet: tenor saxophonist Paul Plummer, alto saxophonist John Pierce, and trombonist Brian Trentham. This is not by accident, Baker said, and then explained, "My ideas about music, since I've been associated with him, are an outgrowth of his teaching; so when he's looking for a new player, and I can recommend one of

my students, he's got someone who's basically familiar with what he's doing."

The number of Baker's private students varies from 35 to 50, and he also teaches night classes at Indiana Central College, an Indianapolis school aimed at teachers who want to further their education. His students at the college are mostly band directors, and he teaches them dance-band phrasing and how to rehearse a dance band.

Baker expressed strong feelings about the teaching of jazz in colleges and said he believes it's misleading to call what is basically dance-band training a "jazz curriculum."

"Dance-band playing is certainly a facet of jazz," he said, "but not the thing most identifiable with jazz. The



GEORGE RUSSELL

ability to improvise, to write an exciting arrangement—these are the things that need to be taught. Reputable schools are teaching students to write, but the prime function of jazz—to improvise—is neglected.

"How many people are equipped to teach jazz? Certainly not those who have done nothing but play the lead part in a section. But these are the people most often acceptable to an administrator, because they have the discipline to be consistent, the ability to play the same note in the same way each time. The administrator equates this with academic standing—'here's a guy who's really got it up here.' This kind of musician is hired, and a jazz player—that word jazz is dirty again—won't be hired.

"I think that what is taught as jazz in most, not all, colleges should be renamed 'dance-band playing,' and then nobody's got any misconceptions about what they're going to get. Yet I don't think any student of jazz ever goes to a college offering jazz courses thinking he's going to learn how to play in a dance band. He goes there to learn jazz."

Several of his private students, he said, are disillusioned college jazz students. And it is his private students who reap the greatest benefits from his experience with Russell and from his own methods of teaching jazz improvisation.

Though his teaching methods and ideas have grown from Russell's, they differ.

"George concerns himself with the theoretical side of it," Baker said. "I put it on the practical level and devise exercises and the like. I teach a broad overview of jazz improvisation, whereas George teaches the concept to be used for improvising, that is, how to manipulate the

scales and such. I teach thematic development, use of scales and chords, things about style, about building a jazz chorus, creating excitement in a solo, plus any technical aspects of the instrument that may arise as part of what I'm teaching."

Baker uses recorded solos by such men as J.J. Johnson, Thelonious Monk, Charlie Parker, and Sonny Rollins to illustrate thematic development but also has devised other ways.

"I will restrict a student to one idea a chorus," he said as illustration, "and it's got to be an idea that's either rhythmically, harmonically, or melodically a part of the melody. I'll hold him out maybe 10 minutes and not let him use anything but that one idea. This has really just begun to take root in some of my more advanced students.

"Once they can think in terms of that one idea, I give them a method for developing it, the same techniques used in composition. The idea can be transposed to different keys; it can be stated by altering notes in the theme without changing the contour of the theme. The next thing is to think in terms of elongation. If it's a theme that's originally in eighth notes, stretch it out to quarter notes or half notes or whole notes. . . . Then diminution: close it in; instead of eighth notes, play 16th notes; if it took 12 measures to play the theme, play it in four measures.

"These things sound academic when your verbalizing them, but if a student can keep them in mind, they at least open a door."

Discussing how to put excitement into a jazz solo, Baker said that one of the things that excites him when he listens to jazz is the use of repetition.

"But instead of honking a note, a spectacular note," Baker said, "do it the way J.J. or Miles does it—just hold the note while the rhythm section's burning.

"Another thing more closely related to jazz is to combine the concept of repetition with thematic development to create excitement. State an idea, and then state it just a tiny bit different. By using the same basically familiar pattern but with the introduction of something novel each time it's stated, the crowd is soon all ears because they don't know what you're going to do with the theme next. It's the same principle used in drama and other arts. Introducing something new into something familiar creates excitement because it throws people off balance."

His students are usually of strong avant-garde persuasion, as he is himself. But Baker is not one to condone the anything-goes approach often found among young avant-garders.

"I won't criticize any specific players," he said, "but there are people who feel that everything in the avant garde should be hair-raising—and if it isn't, then it isn't avant garde. The minute you say freedom, some of them think, 'Wildness, madness, chaos . . . here I go!'"

He pointed out that many of the younger players lack discipline and that without this essential there can be no freedom.

"It's not so much training as a sense of order," he explained. "If you haven't started from an ordered way of playing, then you've got nowhere to go to get to freedom. You've got to know how to play the instrument before you can disregard the rules."

In his teaching, Baker said, he tries to make his students aware of what has gone before the avant garde—the order, if you will, of the various jazz styles and the techniques involved. This way, Baker feels, the student can make an intelligent decision about his own musical direction.

"If what's going on today is a major breakthrough," he said of avant-garde jazz, "young musicians—and I'm talking about teenagers—had better be able to handle it.

It might be their stock in trade, as bebop was for guys of my age.

"I teach my students how to play from bebop up to what's happening now, because a musician should be able to play in any way a situation calls for. If I go out on a bebop gig, I phrase like a bebopper and think like a bebopper. I don't talk about freedom. But when I'm doing a concert or anything else where I'm playing what is part and parcel of me, then I play all the influences that bear on me and make me what I am musically. I want my young players to be able to do this too, but I really do firmly believe that they will eventually be playing out of the avant-garde bag."

JUDGING BY THE EXCELLENCE and number of Baker students, his teaching methods pay off. Not all the students are natives of Indianapolis. At least one, David Lahm, an excellent young pianist who also has studied with Russell, moved from the East Coast to the Indiana city so he could study with Baker.

Another Baker student, altoist Jamey Aebersold, in whose group Baker plays ("inevitably the students become my compatriots in jazz"), lives in New Albany, Ind., about 120 miles away, but said he tries to get to Indianapolis whenever he can for a lesson, though he said he's still learning from Baker simply through their playing together.

Aebersold, who now holds a master's degree in music from Indiana University, was just beginning at IU when he first came in contact with Baker.

"He had his big band then," Aebersold said. "He was the idol. He wasn't teaching at the time, but when he did, I started going up to Indianapolis from Bloomington for lessons.

"I had been to Lenox the last year it was open and had studied with Russell. When I started taking from Dave, he cleared up a lot of Russell's theory.

"Dave's teaching was pushing toward freedom—of expression, on the horn, and from certain patterns—which I needed. He got me using the whole range of my horn and thinking differently about chords. Things I thought at first were clashes I later saw were really beautiful. I told him I didn't believe in some of the things, and he said that was good, I shouldn't believe without reasons. We went little by little; then they began making sense.

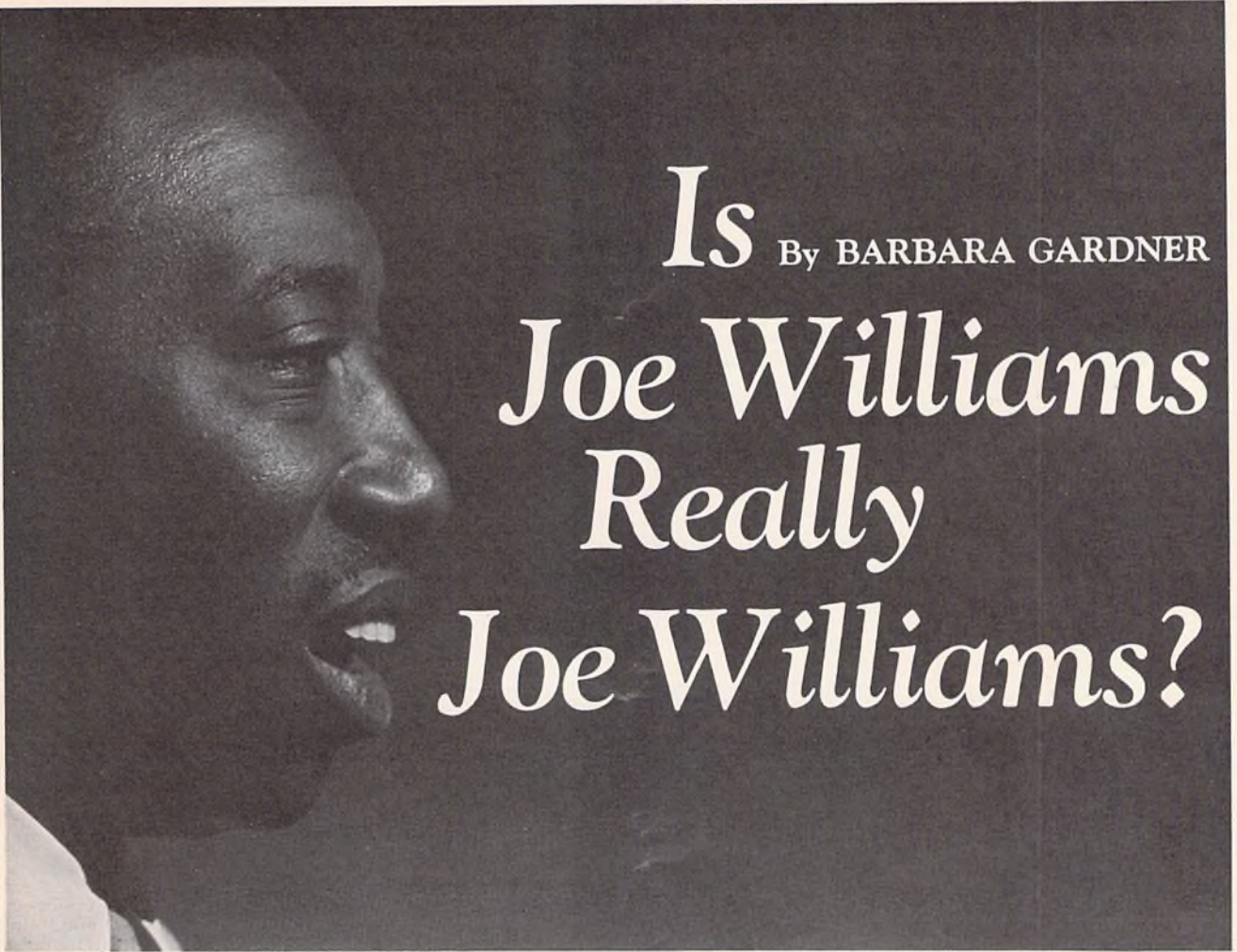
"I was playing bebop when I first came to him; my ambition was to play faster. He showed me that wasn't important—that music was.

"He's the only teacher around here for jazz, as far as I'm concerned. I think of him as a teacher, even more than as a player."

Even though he earns most of his living teaching, Baker is, at heart, a performer. He plays in several groups, including Aebersold's, the Indianapolis Civic Symphony, the Butler University Symphony, a dance band that plays "hip dance music for people to do the various animal dances to like the monkey or the bear," and two groups of his own—a nine-piecer that is essentially the same as Aebersold's group but with baritone saxophone and guitar added and a quintet that worked six nights a week for most of last summer.

"That's my baby," he said of the quintet. "Essentially we have the same ideas about what we're doing. Since I do all the writing for the group, it's a product of my own thinking."

He paused and reflected a moment before saying, "But having a group with George Russell is still in the back of mind, even though we've gone on divergent paths. I've needed all this time to get myself together musically on the cello. . . . I'm selfish enough not to have split the time between two loves."



Is By BARBARA GARDNER Joe Williams Really Joe Williams?

IT ALMOST WORKS SOMETIMES. When a man has become the toast of three continents and the heralded vocalist of the world's most exciting band, when he has sung before enthusiastic throngs in the Orient, been received by the royal families of Europe, and lavishly entertained and idolized throughout the world, he almost manages to purge the gnawing fears and insecurities.

But then he has to shave. And hidden in the recesses of those tired, drooping eyes are images not easily cast aside:

A little black boy, born in Cordele, Ga., in 1918 when it was decidedly more advantageous to be white . . . the northern trek at the age of 3 to Chicago, where the fugitives of the South piled in on one another, forming a surging, restless morass of frustration amid urban indifference.

The boy was infected with a germ often spawned in the cesspools of poverty. He wanted to "be somebody." The ghetto is filled with miserable laughs, and they laughed. The growing, gangling boy certainly didn't *look* like a somebody. So they shooed him off to work at things he seemed most suited for—errands, janitorial work, dish washing, and similar chores in which he could exercise his muscles and grow bigger and more gangling.

By the time he was 19, they had taken away much of his laughter and most of his trust, but his determination was still intact, his dreams bigger than ever. He was going to be a singer. In 1937 he made his debut with the late clarinetist Jimmie Noone. Joseph Goreed, nobody, was now Joe Williams, on his way to becoming somebody.

The entertainment world did not exactly open wide the doors in welcome. The '40s offered nothing but false starts; however, he pursued his dream with dogged singlemindedness. He plugged away in local clubs in Chicago, tasting mostly the overflow acceptance given first to the passing giants with whom he often worked.

"It was not always easy when we were growing up," Joe Williams said. (He uses the editorial "we," a disconcerting practice that often confuses his meaning and sometimes borders on affectation.) "We were not wealthy, you know. There were a whole lot of very low days." (This time he meant the plural pronoun, and he was flirting with understatement.)

His greatest family asset was an unbending sense of dignity, for theirs was a poor lot. And that early period, Williams remembers, included some nights when he washed dishes between shows just for the opportunity to sing. But he survived and shored his spirits with the fierce determination to "make it."

When economic pressures forced Count Basie to fold his big band in 1950, he took a septet into Chicago's Brass Rail. Williams sang with the unit for 10 weeks but then melted back into entertainment purgatory. The next four years were laced with odd jobs, personal conflicts, and sporadic singing spots.

But on Christmas day, 1954, Williams stepped in front of the big sound of Count Basie's 16 men and became engraved in the hearts of jazz listeners as a blues belter. Early in 1955, after 18 years of aggravation and frustra-

tion, Williams became an almost instant success after spending a little more than three minutes in a recording booth singing a Memphis Slim blues, *Every Day*.

A man of less determination would have accepted this restrictive adulation and continued to ride the crest of fortune. He received a great deal of the credit for the rising tide of popularity that swept the band across the country from one sell-out crowd to another. Overnight, the 37-year-old veteran was considered the most popular newcomer of the year. Williams, recalling that ironic period of discovery, referred to himself with characteristic subtlety as "the boy singer."

IF FANS CAME to love him as a belter it was because he is exceptionally good in that idiom. His booming voice is perfectly suited for the varying nuances of the blues. He shouts, he moans, breaks, rumbles, he roars, and the by-gone lyrics of the heyday of Memphis Slim, Joe Turner, or Jimmy Rushing jump to life. If one listens with closed eyes, the compelling message of the plain, simple, unvarnished blues comes through with fidelity and conviction, for Joe Williams is a powerful messenger. With eyes open, the mood resolves as the singer stands rooted in what seems hypnotic immobility before his audience, employing little that resembles the emotional and exciting antics of his predecessors.

He backed into the title of blues king in 1955 and remained uncomfortable the entire tenure of his reign. When pressed into a position of authority on the subject, his answers were pat and cliched or fumbling and rambling. He genuinely loved the blues, but he hated the corner they were crowding him into.

"People who write about the blues and blues singers don't seem to recognize that blues is a psychiatric treatment of a sort," he said. "People are confused by this fast world in which we live, and what blues, and people who write blues, are doing is just spelling out the problems in terms of modern-day language. Ray Charles is a master at that, you know. Like, his *Mary-Ann*—it's all about a boy, and he's asking the girl can he come over and see her tonight."

Williams hesitated briefly, searching for the bridge. He found it:

"It could be a college boy or a policeman or anybody; but he's just so blue, he feels low, and he wants to be with somebody. Well, that's all the blues really is—feeling. People make a lot of mistakes, you know, about blues. All kinds of people can sing with that feeling. Marian Anderson is *sooo* soulful . . . and Helen Morgan. Frances Langford had a great deal of feeling."

He warmed to his subject, and his need to come out of the traditional blues bag floated into the open.

"Duke Ellington plays the best blues anybody would ever want to hear," he continued. "You might say his music is a satire really. And the queen of them all for me was Miss Ethel Waters. She had more feeling than anybody. Lena Horne, Ella, Sarah—they do things wonderful with music. Of course, my favorite blues is *In the Evenin'*."

He paused and attempted to quote the lyrics in dialect. But Williams sounds unnatural dropping word endings and slurring syllables.

"—'Ain't it lonesome when your lovin' baby's not around.' You see, that can go way back—way back to when they used to sell Negro babies away from their mothers, or it could be an ordinary fellow or—there's so much."

But Williams tried to squeeze other kinds of music he loved into his act, primarily the ballad.

"I like all songs," he stated. "I guess maybe I do lean a little toward mood music personally; however, if the

story is right and the mood and the song are good, I like it."

And this constant interjection of other forms and styles of music created a musical schizoid of the man.

To argue that Joe Williams is a paragon of musical diversity and emotional perfection would be an inexcusable exaggeration. He is, as most people and particularly most artists are, sensitive, moody, temperamental, headstrong, and at times exasperating. Having experienced 18 erratic years of being a professional singer "on the brink" of the big time before finally landing plop into it on that Christmas Day, Williams is prone to be adamant and inflexible in his direction. The fact that he had become successful permits these qualities to be sugar-coated as decisive and determined or confident and unshakeable, but they still mean that Williams has paid dues, been admitted to the club, and is going to collect all the respect and homage due a member.

There is a personal awareness that at times borders arrogance. He often has been accused of being "on" both on and off the stage. It became evident after he joined the Basie band that he considered himself a professional apart from his contribution to the band. His traveling separately and withdrawing to himself after work did not endear him to all band members. The elaborate precautions he took to protect his throat and to project an artist image led to his being unfairly accused of considering himself "better" than the rest of the fellows. So there developed tacit respect and mutually tolerant feeling between the singer and his fellow workers.

The composure and finesse he exhibits at all times seems almost calculated. There is no possibility of catching Williams in an unguarded moment. Actually, the reason lies more in a sense of responsibility than in any egotism. To be a somebody implies fulfilling an obligation to present a favorable image, he maintains.

He is always impeccably groomed, for, as he said, "There is a lot to being aware of one's appearance, especially in show business, because you know you're being observed by other people all the time. I believe it was Marian Anderson's mother who told her, 'No matter where you go or what you do, remember someone is watching and wants to be like you. Don't disappoint them.' We have been called upon from time to time to deliver back-to-school messages to kids, and we're very proud of that, but it is always a responsibility. When you're called upon and used as an example, you try to improve and be a better example."

IN 1961 the Basie-Williams team was dissolved. The inside rumble had been reverberating within music-business circles months before the decision was reached by Basie and Williams. The singer was becoming more and more restless and discontent within the confines of the band. In 1960 this statement could have been accurately made about 90 percent of the band.

When Williams left, he teamed with trumpeter Harry (Sweets) Edison. What seemed to be an ideal arrangement between Williams and another ex-Basieite began to pale within months of their alliance. Edison was an old-time Basieite with more than a little disdain for the new crop of "rehearsed" musicians who didn't, in his opinion, know how to have fun and enjoy themselves safely, playing music. His generation of musicians had often worked for \$2 a night and had been glad to get it. The Basie band he remembered and loved was made up of individualists and stellar soloists. Every man was a star in his own right. Edison wanted to enjoy the privileges of celebrity as he envisioned them.

The trumpeter was not long in discovering that while

Williams was his peer, musically and philosophically as well as in age, the vocalist was, in essence, a brash, young modern. To Williams, entertainment was an industry. (He always refers to it as the business.) Success required hard work as well as talent and above all, disciplined showmanship.

Regardless of the merit that may have been inherent in Williams' argument, Edison was by far the more seasoned and renowned pro. But Williams was the boss. The relationship that had been begun in good faith and was musically sailing along was destined to founder and split over direction, recognition, and ideology.

The two men effected an amicable parting, and Williams took on the Junior Mance Trio as his accompaniment. The change eased the pressure on three fronts: the budget could be adjusted; the musicians were musically compatible; and the young men approached their profession as a business, accepting Williams as their employer.

The year 1963 was one of decision for most Negro entertainers, who were tapped to take a stand for integration or tell the reason why not. The division was clear and explosive. Heading the camps of opposition were Nat Cole, whose philosophy was that the entertainer's major responsibility is to entertain, and Dick Gregory, who believed that entertainers, as Negro citizens, had an obligation to take an active role at the grass-roots level of the freedom fight.

Williams, product of the ghetto, adopted a tolerant, clinical attitude.

"Music is an entertaining thing," he said. "People go to hear music and to be entertained. They don't go there to think about political crises or to say, 'I don't want to sit here because you're sitting a German over there' or 'Is the person you're sitting next to me Catholic?'"

When one is from the ghetto, it is sometimes easier for him to analyze the problem in terms of Germans and Catholics instead of Negroes and Baptists.

He went on:

"They come to hear the music. And this is the business we're in. We're in the business of giving music to people."

He considered his remarks in the silence that followed them. Then he continued:

"There are parts of this country where it's going to take longer because a lot of the old stereotypes are still being presented and a lot of the old lies are still being told. They're still preserving a lie and trying their best to live in the past because this gives them a certain security—and emotional security, I imagine. They must feel as though they are better than someone; otherwise they can't live. They don't want to compete. They want to be some place where they don't have to compete with people of equal education and of equal exposure to life itself. So they all go South, where they don't have to compete—where they wake up in the morning and feel as though there is somebody who isn't as good as they are."

He paused again. His voice seemed a bit weary with resignation when he went on:

"Personally, I don't see what politics or social equality has to do with it. You can't make people who have nothing in common socialize."

There was authority in the low rumbling that continued:

"You choose your friends, and there are certain people you don't hang with, you don't go out with, that you're—ill at ease around because they're not your element, so to speak."

He brightened and said:

"The people who follow music, the arts, think individually more than the people who do not. We get a chance to talk to thousands of people all over the world. We find conflicting ideas and ideas which are pretty much the



'You can't take music and make a political thing out of it'

same as ours. These people (artists) are searching. They want to grow. They won't allow themselves to become stagnant. They are the progressive element in our society. I think as the world gets smaller and people get to know each other more, people who have things in common will gravitate to each other." He shook his head and added:

"No, you can't take music and make a political thing because you come into control in politics, and the moods change too much in music to make a political thing out of it. . . . It is a personal thing. An artist's talent is one thing, and his personal feelings and his personal convictions is another thing, as much as his choice of food, choice of wearing apparel, and how he chooses to conform to society's pattern or to disagree and think as he will, which our country still, thank God, lets us do."


Exactly how much of the ghetto has managed to push its way back into the consciousness of Williams one can never know. It is evident that the big, proud man is a fascinating combination of the many forces at work in this country—prejudice, individualism, frustration, determination, status-seeking, carthy naturalism, self-awareness, self-delusion—the whole space-age American bit.

Professionally he is well off. He is endowed with a rich, bass-baritone voice that he uses flawlessly at times and disgracefully at others. In his effort to sing what he likes to sing, he often ignores his physical and emotional limitations and plunges into a tune totally unsuited to his projection. This practice has brought him heaps of faint praise.

But it is only in areas other than the blues that negative statements have been leveled at the singer. Perhaps a person less dedicated to his convictions would retreat behind that safe wall of acceptance and sing nothing but blues. But far from being discouraged, Williams is planning to venture out into even another direction.

"Oh, I don't have any definite plans now," he said. "Of course, I would like to follow the sun, so to speak, work the warm climates in the winter and the cool spots in summer and stay one place two or three months at a time, then move on. But you know—I want to do some spirituals as I remember them from when I was a lad . . . the choir, and organ possibly . . . and do things like *Deep River*, *Go Down Moses*, *Steal Away*, and *Swing Low*. Maybe do a special arrangement of *The Lord's Prayer*."

There is enough conviction there to convince one that some day he will. Some day when the ghetto is far enough behind that it no longer hurts to wade through the middle of it. Meanwhile, the popular singer trots the length of the country singing what he likes, the pretty songs sometimes, the blues sometimes, and more pretty songs. After all, that is his business. He laughed.

"There's a very simple reason why the show must go on," he said. "If it doesn't, we don't get paid." 

Dial Part 2 Days

By Martin Williams

As the owner of a jazz-record shop in Hollywood, Calif., after World War II, Ross Russell soon found himself producing records as well as selling them. He was among the first to record the then new and controversial bebop for a label he named Dial. Discussing these eventful days with Martin Williams, Russell, in Part I (DB, Dec. 3), reminisced about recording sessions with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, Dexter Gordon and Wardell Gray, and Erroll Garner, among others, as well as recounting some of the difficulties involved in recording in a pre-LP era. The discussion continues:

Russell: Why don't you ask me about the things we *didn't* do on Dial, some of the regrets. You know there was one musician around after Dial moved to New York who was not tied up to a contract that I sincerely regret not having recorded, and that is Thelonious Monk.

Williams: Why didn't you?

Russell: I just don't know. And I think that today Thelonious Monk is probably the most original, vital, traditional force in jazz.

Williams: I know of another group you might have recorded, according to your wife, before you threw in the towel and dissolved the company. In fact it might have saved the day to record them: Milt Jackson, John Lewis, Kenny Clarke, Percy Heath—the Modern Jazz Quartet, although they weren't quite using that name then.

Russell: That's right. John Lewis offered it more or less as a friendly gesture, and I said no, I'm going out of the record business.

Williams: Just at the moment that you had begun to record modern jazz in 1945, it was barely past its beginning and still a controversial music. Then, at the moment when even the best of it was beginning to be acceptable to a large public, you left it.

Russell: Actually I didn't make any jazz records after about 1948. We went into a classical program—avant garde classical music. Later on we did some folk music, calypso, Caribbean music, and that kind of thing. And we issued

some Earl Hines and Roy Eldridge records that were exchange items from European labels who issued Dial stuff over there.

Williams: There was another Dial record—a curious record. . . . It was a take of *Ornithology*, clearly by the Charlie Parker group with the same sequence of solos except for one. Charlie Parker doesn't solo on it, and in his spot, Dodo Marmarosa does play a solo. What happened?

Russell: It was an early take of *Ornithology*. When we issued it, it was not put out as a Charlie Parker record, as you know. It was used much later when we were trying to make up a Dodo Marmarosa LP.

Williams: But what happened in the studio: Charlie Parker didn't solo, so why did they even finish the piece?

Russell: I don't really know. Bird kind of turned his back and walked away or something. Everybody else went on, and Dodo just played the 32 bars where Bird would have played.

Williams: *Ornithology* reminds me that there is another Charlie Parker story currently afloat. Some people say he never would take a standard chord sequence and put his own title on a new line that he wrote to it. Of course, *Ornithology* is actually Benny Harris' version of one of Bird's old Jay McShann solo licks, expanded over the chords of *How High the Moon*. But the story has it that when Bird did this sort of thing, he would call the result by its original name, and it was only record companies that changed titles because they didn't want to pay high royalty rates for standard tunes. In other words, he would have called this piece, according to the current story, *How High the Moon*. Is that so?

Russell: I don't know what he'd do otherwise, but when that record was made, it was all set—it was *Ornithology*. He said, "We're going to cut *Ornithology* now," and this was it. There was no question at all about where it originated. He did say that it was a co-composer credit, Benny Harris and himself. But in many cases he came up with titles. *Klacktovedsedsteen* is a very good one. I understand that a lot of the things might be, oh, 16 bars from one piece and eight bars from another.

Williams: To go back to Dodo Marmarosa, you did some Dodo Marmarosa trio records.

Russell: Yes. I always thought that Dodo was a marvelous pianist. I always liked him. I thought that he was a musician who brought a lot of the technique of the classical piano to jazz and yet had become almost entirely

part of the jazz scene—he wasn't a hybrid pianist; he was a real jazz pianist.

Another thing about Dodo—he had a marvelous sense of time, and he was able to play up tempos with great facility. I used to go over to his house, and he would play Bach two-part inventions by the hour. I suppose this gave him a great deal of digital facility, but he had a wonderful jazz feeling. I remember that, instead of going to bed at 3 or 4 o'clock—which would be normal for a musician in California, where the bars closed at 2—he often used to stay up until a rather unearthly hour, until dawn. And the reason was so he could go out and stand in the front yard on the lawn and listen to the birds. He was quite serious about this. And if he were walking down the street and he heard certain noises, like church bells or something, he would just have to stop—he would be transfixed. It was rather clear to me that Dodo lived in a world of sounds—and pretty high-quality sounds too.

Another interesting thing about him was that he felt he was limited by the size of his hands. I remember on one date we made with a group, Dodo was the pianist, and he was playing terribly well, but otherwise the date wasn't going so well. I wanted to stop recording him with the band and make some Dodo Marmarosa solos with a rhythm section right away. He was almost on the verge of tears. He said, "Man, I don't have the hands for it." He held his hands up and said, "Look at these tiny little hands. They're just too small. I can't do anything with them." Of course, the records he's made give the lie to that.

Williams: I've often thought, in this current Crow Jim tendency among certain New York musicians, that, after Bud Powell, there were few pianists who played with the modern guys in the early '40s except white players. And some of their names, of course, were Al Haig, perhaps the best of all; George Wallington; Dodo Marmarosa—even George Handy at times.

Russell: Joe Albany is another might-have-then-been-great that had this same approach. Actually, both Joe Albany and Dodo came from similar homes—middle-class American homes with parents who were born on the other side, from southern European countries, and who brought a great love of music with them, with a great deal of respect for classical music. Both Dodo and Joe Albany have excellent piano training, and it certainly shows in their playing. This is a tremendously interesting thing to me—the cultural things that are handed down. It is fascinating

how our particular society and cultural attitudes try to suppress these things. For instance, the last thing that the average second-generation Italian-American wants to be is an Italian-American. He wants to submerge himself into American culture, whatever that might be—jukebox sounds and so on. And yet if you go through the list, look at all the singers and musicians who came from this particular background, where there is a great love of music, not in an intellectual way but in a really democratic way.

Williams: I think it was a sociologist who did some kind of tabulation about the ethnic and national backgrounds of jazz musicians. Of course Negroes were first. And I think next were Jews, next Italians—which, of course, are not two exclusive categories. . . . After that, things came down to such a sparsity that it didn't mean much, as I remember. . . .

Russell: It's interesting what's happening today in the jukeboxes. I've been working on my second novel, which will be about the record business and the involvement of a one-man corporation, particularly with a girl singer—who incidentally will probably be from an Italian-American background.

I have been forced to listen to a great many of jukebox favorites, and the conclusive thing that strikes me is that we're starting to level off on a lot of things—that prejudice is much, much weaker, it seems to me, than it was 20 years ago. Now the kids, the average middle-class white kids who are putting dimes and quarters into a jukebox, are listening without prejudice, without reservation, to singers who come from all kinds of backgrounds. For instance, Paul Anka I understand is of Syrian background. Ray Charles now speaks to everybody, not just the urban Negro.

Williams: I'm not so sure all around. If a Negro girl singer made a record a few years ago and a white girl covers the record for another label and follows it pretty closely (this has happened, as you know), the white girl's record will probably be the bigger hit. However, I *don't* think that necessarily we should look at that as prejudice.

I remember talking once to a couple of white truck drivers who were my age and who had grown up during the swing period. They were about as unprejudiced, I think, as any people can be; I could detect nothing of malice or superiority in their feelings. They told me that they had listened to all the swing bands the way I did. And they said they didn't like Duke Ellington. I got very specific with them. I picked

one of the white bands that was very influenced by Ellington. I said, "Do you like Charlie Barnet?" They said they liked him better than Ellington. I don't think color meant a thing to them as such. I think that the way of playing was different for them and that Charlie Barnet's way of playing appealed to them more. And I'm sure there *was* a difference in attack, in emotion, between the two bands, even on the same piece. I think that sort of thing happens still.

Russell: I think that was more true 10 years ago than it is now.

Williams: I think you're probably right. . . . I heard a white musician the other day speaking frankly about this. He said he had worked with a group—the leader was a Negro and most of the guys in it were Negroes. The trumpeter, however, was a very young white player. And my friend said . . . that in this trumpeter, for the first time in his life, he could not have told—could never have told—that he was a white musician, even after weeks of hearing him night after night. And he said, "If I'm going to be frank about this, I think I could always tell before. I talked to the trumpeter, and he . . . said, 'Oh, all the guys my age are that way. You can't tell any more.'" However, my point is that even if there were [a difference], a difference isn't necessarily a sign of something wrong.

Russell: Yes—quite the contrary. I think we need differences. . . . The essential point is that there are cultural differences, and that's important because every group has something to contribute to the total culture. And such contributions can make American culture very important, rich, varied, and democratic.

Williams: Let's go back to Gillespie for a moment. He was a major innovator. . . . On your first records, he led a small group through several examples of theme-solos-theme. What does he do now if you go to hear him? Often he will tell jokes and sing songs and be very funny. . . . What is his solution to the problem of standing up and playing for people night after night?

Russell: As a musician he has to keep playing and working in order to live. That is the big problem. And you just can't be at your best every night. As it happens, I heard Dizzy recently, and he played very well but not sensationally. I had heard him six months before, and I'd never heard him play better. I think Dizzy is probably the best musician playing today—certainly on his good nights. His articulation on a trumpet is just marvelous. He knows exactly what he's doing. . . . He's a

very vital force and a very well-adjusted person, I think.


Williams: Remarkably so. But, again, you've got this kind of a conflict. What does Dizzy Gillespie do? Well, he plays the trumpet. . . . Of course, he sings and clowns—and the clowning is perfectly natural to him. . . . But, like the majority of jazz performers, he's an instrumentalist. . . . a brilliant trumpet player. What do you do when you're just that?

Russell: Well, there's always tomorrow, you always have to make a living as well as live with yourself, and if you're a musician, you have to keep blowing. I have heard Coleman Hawkins in places which I don't think are the best settings for him. But that is his profession; he has to keep playing. Or take Jess Stacy. The last time I spoke to him he was working regularly on the coast as a piano player in a better-type restaurant-bar, where he may have to play a lot of requests. Music becomes a trade. And once your vogue is over, your creative period has disappeared, as it does for many people, then you're a craftsman at best. . . .

Williams: There is little or no tradition for a jazz musician to work within. We know a lot about what a novelist will be likely to be able to do when he's 60, although it may just be repeating himself well.

Russell: Or an attorney may get more valuable as he gets older. But jazz is probably a younger man's music. And the other big problem that we all know about is that the jazz musician is a creative artist working within a commercial framework. To many a nightclub owner, he's just a trumpet player, say. It doesn't matter whether it's Al Hirt or Dizzy Gillespie or somebody else, really—he's a trumpet player, some kind of attraction that he buys at a price. But the jazz musician is trying to be creative within this framework, and that's where the conflict arises.

Williams: Well, maybe the solution that many men follow is the best one. You're really creative maybe one night out of six—that night you really are out to prove to yourself that you can still do it. The rest of the time you entertain people the best way you can without killing yourself at it. . . .

Russell: A novelist—or any creative man—in America has many of the same problems. He writes a successful book and then he may be expected to—or may be tempted to—go to writing what the publisher and the public wants. He has to earn his living. One way or another, many other people share the jazz musician's basic problem. 

MEZZ AND ME

SITTIN' IN By ART HODES

Most readers of this column who write in ask me to write about the greats of yesteryear. "Did you know Bix?" they ask. Or Dave Tough, Tesch, Baby and Johnny Dodds, Mezz Mezzrow, et al.?

Mezzrow seems to have caught the fancy of many who never knew him but read his book, *Really the Blues*, a book I found very interesting.

Milton Mezzrow is a Chicago product who right now could well be eligible for social security. I believe his first instrument was the piano, but he switched to flute as a youngster of 14 and later to saxophone and clarinet.

When the New Orleans Rhythm Kings hit Chicago, Mezz was there. He played his music with such (future) stars as Gene Krupa, Floyd O'Brien, Bud Freeman, and others. Eventually, like most of the rest of us, Mezz made it to New York City (about 1928). Here he held forth until the late '40s, when the French writer Hughes Panassie sent for him. Since that time, Mezz has centered in France. If there ever were a controversial musician, the Mezz was it—the head of the class.

Now we all know that you have to learn from somebody. In jazz, most of us Chicago lads learned from the great Negro players who went there from New Orleans, as well as elsewhere.

MEZZ MEZZROW



They inspired us; we came, we listened, we learned. If piano was your instrument, you dug Earl Hines or Teddy Weatherford (check with Joe Sullivan or Jess Stacy). Trumpet? That's easy—Louis Armstrong. (Wingy Manone, Jimmy McPartland, and Muggsy Spanier, who also dug King Oliver, really dug Armstrong.) Clarinetists followed Johnny Dodds or Jimmie Noone. Drummers paid extra attention to Baby Dodds.

So it went, with most of us not only falling in love with the music but the race too. You could get lost out on the south side; it was a new world, with so much to see and, oh, so much to hear.

If you ask Mezz, I'm sure he'd be the first to tell you he went overboard, both for the music and the people. In New York he moved right in (Harlem). He married a Negro girl. Mezz was one of the first to attempt the mixed band in New York City. I'm sure this brought him much joy as well as countless headaches. He reminded me one time of an engagement at the Uptown Uproar, where some characters got loose and "objected." But the love for the music overcame all insults and painful experiences.

Mezz had one characteristic that stamped him; he never went anywhere without being noticed, at least for very long. I remember an engagement I had in Lawrence, Mass., during the war years, when gas rationing was here.

Tensions were sharp. Although we were fighting for democracy "over there," over here the deep-rooted old ways remained. We were made aware of this when Mezz said: "They're trying to get me to move. . . . They got another think coming." Mezz, like many a family man, had decorated his dresser with photographs of his family. Some of the help was from the South and, in cleaning his room, saw the photos. In no time Lawrence, Mass., knew of the Mezz.

He just was a noticeable guy. If he went into a tailor shop, in no time he'd have a real rhubarb going over prices or styles or just anything. Some incidents were amusing.

The Hofbrau, the place we worked, was originally a theater that played all kinds of big acts, especially circus acts and the like. It was a huge place that had been converted into a restaurant-night club. On arriving I discovered we had to play for 10 vaudeville acts (which wasn't exactly our dish). My

band was strictly a jazz band—a group to listen to. I had Kaiser Marshall, drums; Jack Bland, guitar; Jacques Butler, trumpet; George Lugg, trombone. Trombonist Georg Brunis also played in that band. Mezzrow played clarinet.

After a musical opener, we played the show (and we had our ups and downs with this bit); then, we did a band number. Naturally we tried to get as big a hand as possible. Whoever was blowing (usually it would be Butler) would make it to the center of the stage and wait. That stage was steen miles long; when you made it "front and center," you were a distance from the rest of the band.

Our best number was the blues played at a moderate up tempo. We'd do a whole bunch of choruses, and then Butler would make it out there and blow away, and pretty soon that house would come down. People dug our jazz. Sometimes we'd ensemble a few after Butler blew and take it out.

But this one time I'm recalling, Mezz followed Butler after the trumpeter had got a big hand, and Mezz started to wail away—chorus after chorus. You know, the clarinet is going to have competition following the trumpet, anyway; and in this case, you were really taking on something, following Butler. But leave it to Mezz. Chorus followed chorus, and people were beginning to fidget. There was a definite unrest in the room, but Mezz blew on and on. Man, we couldn't reach him with a 10-foot pole (talk about getting the hook). Stage whispering didn't help; he was oblivious. Finally, after playing 17 choruses, Mezz finished and walked back toward us. I still remember Jack Bland asking, "Mezz, what the hell happened? Why so many choruses?" And Mezz' reply: "I thought any minute I had 'em."

Anyone who knew Mezzrow for any given time had to accumulate "scenes." Here's one I remember.

Mezz called me up for a rehearsal. He said he had an audition for a possible job, and we had to get a few things worked up to show the boss. When I got to the hall, I found Jack Goss on guitar, Earl Murphy with his bass, Dave Tough setting up his drums—the Chicago style rhythm section.

Pretty soon Mezz came in, took out his clarinet and assembled it, applied the reed, blew a couple of notes to his

(Continued on page 41)

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record reviews

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

When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

TWO VIEWS OF ONE MAN'S INDIVIDUALISM

Gil Evans

THE INDIVIDUALISM OF GIL EVANS—Verve 8555: *The Barbara Song*; *Las Vegas Tango*; *Flute Song*; *Hotel Me*; *El Toreador*.

Collective personnel: Ernie Royal, Johnny Coles, Louis Mucci, Bernie Glow, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Tony Snudd, Frank Rehak, trombones; Gil Cohen, Bob Corado, Julius Watkins, Jim Buffington, Bob Northern, Ray Alonge, French horns; Al Block, Eric Dolphy, Steve Lacy, Bob Tricarico, Jerome Richardson, Garvin Bushell, Andy Fitzgerald, George Marge, Wayne Shorter, reeds and woodwinds; Evans, piano; Barry Galbraith, Kenny Burrell, guitar; Margaret Ross, Bob Maxwell, harp; Bill Barber, tuba; Paul Chambers, Richard Davis, Ben Tucker, Milt Hinton, Ron Carter, Gary Peacock, basses; Elvin Jones, Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The master of the exotic voicings, the stretched-out line, and the hanging sound is back, after an absence from records of three years, with a group of colorful and characteristic arrangements.

In Kurt Weill's *Barbara* he has found a composer who writes in a vein that transmutates readily to the Evans style. His arrangement has a wind-swept, other-worldly quality, with a steady rise and fall of billowing sound that takes on the inexorable, timeless quality of the ocean.

The rest of the pieces are Evans' own compositions, but the mood, the feeling is much the same even when it is penetrated by sharp bird cries and the solemnly striking dissonances of Evans' piano on *Hotel* or when it builds to shouting riffs on *Tango*.

The *Las Vegas* of this tango must be in Spain because the texture of the pieces is much like the Spain that Evans has conquered up with trumpeter Miles Davis.

There is more of this, too, in *Toreador*, which is a frame for some probingly singing trumpet work by Johnny Coles. These fantastically rich musical tapestries that Evans weaves are fascinating, but for programming purposes, it might have been helpful to have some changes of pace in the course of this LP. (J.S.W.)

Gil Evans

THE INDIVIDUALISM OF GIL EVANS—Verve 8555: *The Barbara Song*; *Las Vegas Tango*; *Flute Song*; *Hotel Me*; *El Toreador*. Personnel: as above.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

From the pen of another man, this music would not present the same issues.

Evans, in collaboration with trumpeter Miles Davis, has given us some of the best music of our time. Three of his previous records (*Miles Ahead*, *Porgy and Bess*, and *Sketches of Spain*) are important and unique jazz concertos.

I prefer to think of this record in the context of Evans' career, in the same manner as all growing jazz talent is considered. Apart from this context, the record puts one in mind of sophisticated background music (not Musak, but in the sense of a

Mozart serenade—music that pleases at every point but lacks the architecture that rewards sustained listening).

But *within* the context of Evans' career, the music here recorded seems to contain a covert philosophy, negative and hypnotic, that fascinates the listener as watching a snake can hypnotize.

This philosophy-in-music (which we must sense, not expect to understand) is most evident in *Hotel Me*. It is a long minor blues. Aside from the theme, the written content contains fragments, bits that are made intentionally to sound like bits, not things. It goes on like a musical nightmare (the kind composers have) in which every idea is recognizable but indistinct, where everything is new by virtue of being distorted, or seen through a wavy screen, in which the true pattern of the music is never formed and the listener drowns in a sea of alphabet soup.

It's dull; but Evans, with his great skill and perceptive understanding, could never be merely dull. His dullness is the dullness of the hypnotic, the stupor of fascination.

Las Vegas is of the same nature but with a more rewarding content. This level up is called mood music. The mood it induces is sophisticated, far out, very civilized, very hip—but it is nonetheless mood music. It contains a beautiful trombone solo by Jimmy Cleveland, which reminds us how convincing are Evans' collaborations.

The ending of *Vegas* is a gesture toward nihilism and despair. The ensemble is deliberately too high and sustained for the players or the piece; and just at that point when it fails to materialize as a climax, the record fades out. It's like a man disappearing after lingering on your porch and not ringing your doorbell.

Barbara is the more successful of the longer pieces. It seems overlong, but if one stays with it, it will not let him down.

Here is Evans' subtle skill shown at good advantage. Greater detail in listening reveals greater musical detail. All the players agree on phrasing (this is the seed of Evans' style), and they create the ghostly clarity that best conveys his thought. It leaves a listener with a feeling of its strangeness and uniqueness, even though nothing in it is strange or unique. Here again it is a matter of looking at what is known and familiar but through some transcendent substance.

Though *Barbara* holds one, the music moves as slowly as it is possible for music to move and still be music. It would gain by being the slow, inner section of some longer suite of related music.

El Toreador is similar to *Sketches of Spain*. It has the same stylistic excellence, the same interaction with the soloist (trumpeter Coles) the same true dialog between improviser and orchestra. It also should

be better as a connective section of a longer work.

Flute Song, a small recitative tacked on to the front of *Hotel Me*, has a similar lyric beauty. Connecting longer movements, it would take on greater meaning. Here it is an isolated, though pretty, fragment.

Evans' featured piano playing is not to be considered in the same league as his writing.

The best artists speak the truth even if it is a troubled truth. When they fall short musically, they do so with integrity. We must take such failure as seriously as success, at least during the lifetime of the artist. With that understanding, this album deserves serious listening. (B.M.)

Laurindo Almeida

GUITAR FROM IPANEMA—Capitol 2197: *Girl from Ipanema*; *Manha de Carnaval*; *Sarab's Samba*; *Winter Moon*; *Izabella*; *Choro for People in Love*; *Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars*; *Old Guitar*; *Um Abraco No Bonja*; *Twilight in Rio*; *The Fiddler's Wolf Whistle*.

Personnel: Harry Klee or Justin Gordon, flute; George Fields, harmonica; Almeida, Al Hendrickson, guitars; Jack Marshall, guitar, whistling; Djalma Ferreira, organ; Fafa Lemos, violin; unidentified rhythm section; Irene Kral, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

For all their glib expertise, these performances fail to excite. The playing generally is low-keyed and subdued—*Choro* is a good example, treated in a simple, charmingly straightforward manner—but most of the performances are marred in one way or another by extraneous gimmickry.

There are (shades of Fred Lowery!) Marshall's grating whistling on *Ipanema* and *Abraco*, the grossly unnatural sound of Almeida's new electronic guitar (especially grotesque on *Quiet Nights*), Fields' "haunting, distant" (thanks to electronics) harmonica, Lemos' overcute violin on his insipid *Wolf Whistle*, and Miss Kral's detached intoning of a pair of bland lyrics (*Winter Moon* and *Guitar*).

The musicianship is all one might ask of these top Hollywood studio men, but in the end the set is undermined by the air of commercialism that—quietly, to be sure—informs each track. After all, soft sell is still *sell*. The music rarely rises above the unexceptionably competent, and all the electronic wizardry in the world cannot alter that. (P.W.)

Claude Bolling

BOLLING'S BAND'S BLOWING—Philips 77.965: *Pee Dap*; *Nuances*; *After Lunch*; *The Flight of the Ox-Pecker*; *Ba-Bi-Ta*; *La Complainte de Lord Piquebeau*; *Bad Blues*.

Personnel: Pierre Dutour, trumpet; Claude Goussot, trombone; Gerard Badini, tenor, alto saxophones, clarinet; Bolling, piano; Jean-Pierre Guignon, organ; Bob Quibel, bass; Peter Giger, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Bolling's sextet does not work out of any particular bag. The French group has

a strong Duke Ellington orientation, but there is just as much of the Jazz Messengers in its playing, plus a cogent use of an organ that adds depth to ensembles.

Several of these pieces are simply straight-ahead blowing, an approach in which Bolling and Badini (sounding Hawkinsish on tenor) prove to be the ablest soloists.

But there are some attempts at coloration (this is where the Ellington influence shows most noticeably) on *Nuances*, a showpiece for Badini playing a strongly Johnny Hodges-oriented alto while Bolling throws in idiomatically Ellingtonian runs behind him, and *Bad* on which Badini plays a mellow clarinet and Goussset comes on with some fine Tricky Sam Nanton tromboning. (J.S.W.)

Kenny Burrell

BLUE MOODS—Prestige 7308: *Don't Cry, Baby; Drum Boogie; Strictly Confidential; All of You; Perception.*

Personnel: Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Burrell, guitar; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

SOUL CALL—Prestige 7315: *I'm Just a Lucky So and So; Mark I; A Sleepin' Bee; Soul Call; Kenny's Theme; Here's That Rainy Day.*

Personnel: Burrell, guitar; Will Davis, piano; Martin Rivera, bass; Bill English, drums; Ray Barretto, conga.

Rating: ★★★★★

Burrell must be the most recorded guitarist in jazz today. The number of albums he turns up on as leader or sideman is remarkable. It certainly indicates his stature in the eyes of the public and among his fellows. At hand here are two interesting Burrell LPs, one a vintage oldie, the other recorded this year.

The reissued *Moods* was released first in 1957 and collected four stars from *Down Beat* reviewer Don Gold. Since it is being retailed in its original jacket, it might be termed old wine in an old bottle. The taste, however, has remained, if not improved, with age, and I see no need to change the Gold score.

The two albums provide a dandy opportunity to compare the Burrells of present and yore.

Always a superior player, the guitarist even so has come quite some way. It is a more sophisticated KB that one hears now. The grasp of his art seems deeper, the command of his instrument's capabilities more certain. Maturity seems to have brought a reflective quality to his playing that is largely absent on the earlier effort. He is much more of a single-stringer on *Moods*; on *Call* he deals out his improvisations in impressive single-line and chordal combinations. He seems, too, more sensitive to dynamics on the later tracks.

Burrell's choice of assistants on both dates is admirable. In pianists Flanagan and Davis he has two first-water players, both capable of sympathetic comping and lyric solo flights. I have not heard much of Davis, but his work here demands that I remedy this. Flanagan has been for years my idea of a superb instrumentalist. This record is another reason for thinking so.

The only horn on the two albums belongs to Payne, who lays out on *All of You*. He blends well with Burrell and, together with the rest, fashions a couple of different ensemble sounds.

At times the play is in a strongly bop-

pish vein (Bud Powell's *Confidential*), while the contrapuntal byplay between Payne and Burrell on the leader's *Perception* recalls the Gerry Mulligan-Chet Baker exchanges. Through these latter passages Payne has a Mulliganesque tone.

Watkins, strong and full-toned, keeps the back humming straight through. He was a fine musician. Jones, a great musician in my estimation, shows little of his dynamic creativity here. He keeps splendid time, and his brushwork is superior; but there is little to identify him as a giant.

Rivera, English, and Barretto perform most creditably on Burrell '64, which is, for the most part, a walk on the slow side.

Four of the six tunes (*So and So, Call, Bee, and Day*) range in tempo from slow to medium slow. A few bars drag on *Bee, Call, and Day*, and the repeated opening figure on *Call* becomes slightly monotonous. But such is the lyric resource of Burrell and Davis that what might otherwise have been invitations to impatience turn out to be minor melodic gems.

Both these albums are eminently listenable and, played in succession, give the auditor at least an insight into the odyssey of a gifted musician. (D.N.)

Eric Dolphy

OUT TO LUNCH—Blue Note 4163: *Hat and Beard; Something Sweet, Something Tender; Gazzelloni; Out to Lunch; Straight Up and Down.*

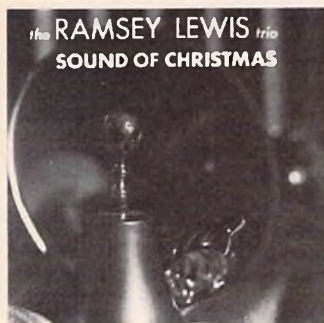
Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Dolphy, alto saxophone, flute, bass clarinet; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraphone; Richard Davis, bass; Anthony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

If the above rating were based on this album's compositions (all by the late lead-

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er) and the playing of Dolphy and his close musical associate, bassist Davis, it would have been higher, for the two men play like demons on most of the record, and Dolphy shows himself an inventive and fresh composer. But there are other, basic, things involved.

Much of the improvisation, excluding most of Dolphy's and Davis', is too clever for comfort. To play flurries of consecutive chromatics and/or segments of scales, placing them in opposition to the tempo or time signature, does not make a solo "avant garde" or an example of the "new thing." It does not spell "freedom"; it indicates lack of invention and a propensity for shucking. And as much as I usually enjoy and respect the work of Hubbard and Hutcherson, I feel strongly that they are guilty of surface playing on this record.

Williams also gets a little too tricky for the music's good, I believe, though he is more often imaginative than not. I occasionally got the feeling, however, listening to him backing the soloists, that he was playing more for himself than for anyone else. And on *Lunch*, he, Hutcherson, and Davis get so caught up in themselves while Hubbard is soloing that they leave the trumpeter out in left field.

But overriding a dependence on cleverness instead of imagination and the lack of cohesion sometimes evident, the music suffers from too much tension and not enough release, a deathly imbalance.

Still, there is Dolphy and Davis, both of whom obviously understood what the music demanded, though they, too, sometimes fail to resolve the tension they've built.

Dolphy's bass clarinet solo on *Hat* is a jagged, humorous thing—perhaps too humorous, since Dolphy offers imitations of animals (I heard pigs, crickets, and frogs), screams, and squawks more often than he does cogent lines; but it is a stirring solo, nonetheless, though perhaps for not-so-valid musical reasons.

His yearning bass clarinet work on *Something Gentle*, a bittersweetly pretty ballad, is superb in the thick-textured introductory duet with Davis' bass, in solo (parts of which are lyrically beautiful and simple, while other parts are complex structures built with ferocious speed), in the last ensemble as it buttresses Hubbard's lead, and in a final unison duet with arco bass.

Dolphy plays much the same type of solo, though with alto, on *Lunch*—lyrical sections bridged with multinote passages. His alto is much more straight-ahead—or "old-fashioned"—on *Straight Up*, a witty, rubberlegged theme.

The only track on which Dolphy plays flute is *Gazzelloni*, a sprightly 13-bar composition named, according to Dolphy, for "a really great modern flutist." Dolphy's solo is a lithe, well-constructed one that generally follows the curve of the theme, something most musicians lose sight of in the heat of improvisation.

Throughout a good part of his soloing, Dolphy gives an illusion of playing a duet with himself by alternating passages in the lower and upper registers of his horns. This device, certainly not original with Dolphy, does not always come off as well

as it could and sometimes results in disjointedness.

Davis is most notable for his section work, some of it employing well-executed double stops, both arco and pizzicato; but beyond the technical aspects of his playing lies the understanding he brings to Dolphy's music. I, for one, would like to see Davis assemble a group and record more of Dolphy's compositions, with the emphasis on the writing, not on improvisation.

For Dolphy evidenced a real gift for composition. There was a warm wryness to many of his themes, as heard in the reeling *Lunch* and lurching *Straight*. He could combine to good effect simple devices like quarter notes and a nondiatonic scale (*Hat*). And there always was at least a touch of melancholy—not weeping-forself, but melancholy.

Over-all, then, this record (made in late February, 1964) has a good deal more substance than shadow, though one should be aware of its deficiencies—serious ones, I feel—as well as its value. (D.DeM.)

Duke Ellington

DUKE ELLINGTON PLAYS WITH THE ORIGINAL SCORE FROM WALT DISNEY'S "MARY POPPINS"—Reprise 6141: *A Spoonful of Sugar; Chim Chim Cheree; Feed the Birds; Let's Go Fly a Kite; Stay Awake; I Love to Laugh; Jolly Holiday; Sister Suffragette; The Perfect Nanny; Step in Time; The Life I Lead; Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.*

Personnel: Cat Anderson, Nat Woodard, Cootie Williams, Herb Jones, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, Chuck Connors, trombones; Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, Harry Carney, saxophones; Ellington, piano; John Lamb, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

Rating: ★★½

One's credibility reels at the prospect of the Ellington band wasting its time on the score of *Mary Poppins*. And the worst seems to be in store as the first number has Hodges and Carney going through the motions in a minimal arrangement over Woodyard's clumpy-dumpty drumming.

But once that is out of the way, Ellington provides a light and airy intro for *Chim*, Williams' penetrating growl rises in the background, and Gonsalves warms to a flowing solo while the band builds behind him. *Birds* takes on an Ellington Middle Eastern aura, colored by Procope's dark chalumeau clarinet and some explosively ripe plunger trombone work by Brown.

Brown's plunger is tighter but just as brilliant on *Kite*, on which he is backed by the pungent plungering of Williams. *Awake* has rich, solid Carney over that warm Ellington saxophone ensemble sound.

And on the set goes. The tunes may be from *Mary Poppins*, but once these Ellingtonians impose their own musical personalities on them, the tunes themselves become of no consequence. This is the Duke—as vivid and glowing and individual as ever.

It should be added that even the Ellingtonians' inspiration seems to flag by the time they get to the second side, and a sameness of tempo and attack begins to leave the impression that they are working the same tune over and over. But nobody else could make as much out of nothing as the Ellington band has done on this set. (J.S.W.)

Art Farmer

THE MANY FACES OF ART FARMER—Scepter 521: *Happy Feet; Hyacinth; Ally; Minuet in G; All About Art; People; Saucer Eyes.*

Personnel: Farmer, fluegelhorn; Charles McPherson, alto saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Ron Carter or Steve Swallow, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Commensurate with the high musical standards one has come to expect from Farmer, this is a delightful album of unforced, flowing, lyrical jazz, which marks an auspicious debut in new territory for a label hitherto primarily identified with rhythm-and-blues productions.

The album is also trombonist-composer Tom McIntosh's debut effort as an a&r man. He also arranged the music and contributed three originals (*Feet*, *Minuet*, and *Ally*), and he deserves credit for a fine job all around.

The program is well chosen and well paced, and the musicians are compatible. Farmer, McPherson, and Flanagan are all melodic and lyrical players, who seem to bring out the best in each other. McPherson, previously heard on records with Charlie Mingus and Barry Harris, is steeped in the Charlie Parker tradition, but there is nothing stale or clichéd about the way he handles this heritage. He communicates with warm and unmannered directness, and his tone is full and rich and undistorted.

Flanagan, a masterly accompanist, is heard in several fine solo spots, notably on *People* and on Dennis Sandole's pretty and moody *Hyacinth*. The two bassists acquit themselves nobly; Carter contributes a fine solo to *Minuet*, which sounds like the blues. Thomas is discreetly propulsive throughout.

Farmer's work throughout is characterized by the now almost innate sense of structure and form he brings to the art of improvisation. He works within a limited instrumental area of expression, but within that area he exercises complete mastery. (To set oneself limits and to work well within them is one of the marks of artistic maturity.)

Farmer now plays the fluegelhorn exclusively, and it is easy to see why its mellow sound would appeal to him. Yet one hopes he will someday return to the trumpet, if only because he used to do such nice things with a Harmon mute.

His work here is so consistently good that it becomes difficult to choose an outstanding performance, but *People* and *All About Art* (composed by the Argentinian Sergio Mihanovich) really sing. (D.M.)

Dexter Gordon

A SWINGIN' AFFAIR—Blue Note 4133: *Soy Califa; Don't Explain; You Stepped Out of a Dream; The Backbone; Until the Real Thing Comes Along; McSplivens.*

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

Rating: ★★★★★

Recorded two days prior to Gordon's departure for Europe in 1962, and with the same fine rhythm section that backed him on *Go!* (Blue Note 4112), this album is every bit as good as its predecessor.

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(Gordon's own *Califa* and *McSplivens*, and bassist Warren's *Backbone*) are not the usual thin little "blowing lines" but real pieces. Only one, *McSplivens*, is a straight-ahead blues, which in this context sounds refreshing rather than hackneyed.

Younger players could well take a leaf from Gordon's book. He knows when to stop—having said his piece and said it well, he leaves well enough alone and never engages in aimless doodling or redundant rehashing of ideas already explored. Thus, he leaves one wanting more instead of wearing out his welcome.

Nor has Gordon found it necessary to "keep up with the times" to the degree of destroying his basic style. He remains himself, taking from younger players what appeals to him and what can be incorporated within the framework of his own vocabulary. Thus, there are traces of Coltrane's modality in *Califa* (a piece somewhat reminiscent of *The Party's Over*), but they sound natural and unforced, not like a striving for effect or an attempt to prove hipness.

In fact, there is never anything forced or contrived about Gordon's playing. It flows, sings, and jumps with graceful ease; there is no posturing, no hollow rhetoric, no histrionics. His big tone and perfect time enable him to make a straightforward melodic paraphrase sound fresh and appealing; there are no groans and grunts, no agony. Just relaxed, swinging music.

Gordon was one of Lester Young's first disciples, and the old master would have been proud of the way he handles Billie Holiday's haunting *Don't Explain*. Not that he copies Pres—not at all. Gordon is his own man. But his opening exposition of the song shows that he knows the lyrics, knows what Miss Holiday had in mind. And his improvisation is in keeping with the bittersweet mood of the song.

This track, and the warmly romantic *Real Thing*, are examples of how ballads should be played and how to improvise melodically, not just on the changes.

Among the many other pleasing things about Gordon on this album are the way he takes charge after the ensemble opening on *Backbone*, the little Lester things and the stop-time breaks on *McSplivens*, his dramatic entrance after the bass solo on *Dream*, and the moving cry on *Real*, but the thing to do with a record like this is to listen to it, not to have it described.

The late Sonny Clark adds greatly to the success of the date.

His introduction to *Real* sets the mood, and in his solo he repeats his opening phrase to telling effect. His brief solo spot on *Don't Explain* is first rate, and his comping throughout is sensitive and thoughtful as well as swinging.

Warren's *Backbone* is a fine little tune that harks back to 52nd St. days, and his solo on *McSplivens* shows his sense of humor. He has a big, fat sound and isn't afraid just to let the rhythm walk.

Higgins gives good support and varies his sound intelligently, but his cymbal sound gets a bit strident on *Backbone*. He swings from the ground up on *McSplivens*.

Gordon is supposed to return soon from Denmark and honor us with a visit. It will be nice to have him around for a

while to show the boys what a master of the tenor sounds like. Meanwhile, records such as this will assure that we won't forget. (D.M.)

James Moody

COMIN' ON STRONG—Argo 740: *In Other Words* (Fly Me to the Moon); *Dizzy*; *Autumn Leaves*; *Ole*; *Sonnymoon for Two*; *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*; *Zanzibar*; *Please Send Me Someone to Love*.

Personnel: Moody, alto and tenor saxophones, flute; Kenny Barron, piano, organ; George Eskridge, guitar; Chris White, bass; Rudy Collins, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is the Dizzy Gillespie group, with Moody at the helm and guitarist Eskridge in place of Gillespie. Since rejoining Gillespie two years ago, Moody's playing has become rejuvenated, and here he shows much of his old fire and bite.

He seems to favor the flute these days, and he can certainly play it; few could match the warmth of his sound and the agility of his fingers. Yet, to a lover of flutes in moderation, four out of eight tracks devoted to that instrument seems a bit overabundant, especially since Moody's booting tenor is only heard once (appropriately, on Sonny Rollins' *Sonnymoon*).

Moody always has had a flair for melodic balladry, and his version of *Accustomed*, featuring his big-toned alto with discreet backing from Barron's organ, ought to do well as a single during the current revival of *My Fair Lady* tunes. The elaborate closing cadenza is one of the high points of the album.

Dizzy, a sprightly blues by Moody, has some brilliant fluting and captures the effervescence of its subject. *Autumn Leaves*,

a flute showcase with the Gillespie band, is here played on alto for a change of pace. *Ole* is Gillespie's bright Latin confection, spotlighting the unusual but pleasant tonal combination of flute and organ.

Guitarist Eskridge has a few nice solo spots, but Barron (on piano on all but the two aforementioned organ tracks) is a most interesting player. His modest and almost self-effacing personality may have led some listeners to overlook his excellent work with the Gillespie group, which is a pity. His work here, though not extensive, shows him to be among the most gifted in the young brood of pianists, and he is an extremely versatile accompanist.

The White-Collins rhythm team is among the most supple and best integrated in the business, and it never lets the soloists down. This album offers good, straightforward fare, especially for the flute aficionados, but (excepting *Sonnymoon* and *Accustomed*) Moody seems to miss the inspiration of playing next to Gillespie. (D.M.)

Various Artists

25th ANNIVERSARY ALBUM—Blue Note 1001: *Tempus Fugit*; *A Night in Tunisia*; *Tin Tin Deo*; *Get Happy*; *Bags' Groove*; *Round Midnight*; *Dameronia*; *Safari*; *Easy Living*; *Message from Kenya*.

Personnel: Track 1—Miles Davis Sextet. Track 2—Bud Powell Trio. Track 3—James Moody Band. Track 4—J.J. Johnson Sextet. Track 5—Milt Jackson Quintet. Track 6—Thelonious Monk Quintet. Track 7—Tadd Dameron Sextet. Track 8—Horace Silver Trio. Track 9—Clifford Brown Sextet. Track 10—Art Blakey and Sabu.

Rating: ★★★★★

This LP is an indication that Blue Note owns some of the cream of the bop and post-bop recordings. More than half these

selections are classics.

The earliest tracks, dating from 1947, are *Round Midnight* and *Dameronia*.

Though it had been cut in 1944 by Cootie Williams, this is Monk's first recorded version of *Midnight*, and it is extremely effective. The arrangement features Monk's excellent solo work against a mournful background created by altoist Sahib Shihab and trumpeter George Taitt.

Dameron's *Dameronia* is based mostly on Monk's *Well, You Needn't*; it has a different bridge. The melody is interesting in that Dameron introduces a completely new phrase in the second eight bars instead of echoing the first eight. In addition to being—with the exception of Monk—the finest composer to emerge during the bop period, Dameron is also one of a relatively small number of great jazz arrangers. Some of the rich-textured sounds he draws from this sextet make it sound like a larger group.

The Dameron track's solo work is highlighted by Fats Navarro's melodic, effortlessly powerful trumpet. Alto saxophonist Ernie Henry and tenor man Charlie Rouse also play well here. I used to think that Rouse had been strongly influenced by Sonny Rollins, but after listening more closely to some of his late '40s work, I realized he was more original than I'd given him credit for being. It seems probable that Rouse and Rollins merely developed similar styles about the same time and didn't draw on one another much, if at all.

Moody's version of *Tin Tin Deo*, played by a nine-piece group recruited mostly




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from Dizzy Gillespie's band, has a charming vocal by the great Cuban percussionist, Chano Pozo. The underappreciated Ernie Henry contributes lyrical work, and Dave Burns plays a rather spirited but sloppy trumpet spot.

The remaining tracks are from the early '50s.

Bud Powell's driving, many-noted version of *Tunisia* is among the best on record. Silver, one of the most influential post-bop pianists, plays heatedly on *Safari*. His melodic lines are quite Powellish, and he employs a heavy, extremely powerful left hand.

The up-tempo *Tempus*, a Powell piece, boasts a crisp, nicely constructed trumpet solo by Miles Davis, and Art Blakey's fine, aggressive drumming. *Get Happy* contains punching trombone by J. J. Johnson, a building Jimmy Heath tenor spot, and Clifford Brown's brilliant trumpet improvisation. Brown exhibits tremendous warmth and imagination on *Easy Living*, one of his greatest recorded performances. *Groove* has a gracefully phrased Milt Jackson solo gem and good alto work by Lou Donaldson, whose playing isn't as stimulating these days, since he's been working in a funky context.

Finally, there is *Kenya*, an exciting drum duet by Blakey and Sabu. This piece may cause those who don't ordinarily like extended percussion work to reconsider their position. The men are sympathetic to one another and pace themselves intelligently.

Blue Note's made a fine start in their reissue series. Now maybe they'll release some of the long unavailable things they have from the early and middle '40s by men such as Ike Quebec, James P. Johnson, and Ed Hall. (H.P.)

discs underlines the difficulties it had on both the *History of Jazz* and the more recent *World of Jazz* sets: Capitol, a relatively young company when compared with Columbia and RCA Victor, simply does not have the necessary catalog that such series demand.

How does one adequately report the jazz of the '20s, say, without any vintage King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Jelly Roll Morton, or Bessie Smith? How can one cover the swing era without the period recordings by Benny Goodman or Count Basie or Artie Shaw or Bob Crosby? How does one tell the bop story without Charlie Parker or account for the recent years of jazz without Thelonious Monk or John Coltrane or Sonny Rollins or Dave Brubeck or the Modern Jazz Quartet?

The answer is, of course, that one makes do with what one has or can get.

Dave Dexter Jr., who produced *The Jazz Story*, has done an adroit job of shifting and squeezing to provide as close an approximation or representation as he could.

Goodman's band is heard playing one of the Fletcher Henderson arrangements that helped to make him the King of Swing, *Sometimes I'm Happy*—but it's a re-creation done in 1955. Earl Hines plays *Deep Forest*, the theme his band used in the '30s—but it was recorded in 1963. Jimmie Lunceford is represented by Billy May's re-creation of *For Dancers Only*; the Casa Loma Band, the Bob Crosby Band, and Red Nichols' Five Pennies are all heard in postwar re-creations of earlier successes.

In at least one respect, however, *The Jazz Story* is a vast improvement over the *History of Jazz* or *World of Jazz*.

This time Dexter has been able to draw on English and French releases by U.S. groups to plug some of the gaps in the narrative. Thus, there is a recording by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band of *Barnyard Blues* made in London in 1919. That period in the '30s—when English record companies, dismayed by the lack of jazz records coming from the States, were commissioning discs to be made in this country by American jazzmen for release in England—has yielded Gene Krupa's *Three Little Words* with Goodman and pianist Jess Stacy, clarinetist Jimmie Noone's *The Blues Jumped a Rabbit*, and two pieces by trumpeter Bunny Berigan's group (all these have been on LP before in Decca's *Gems of Jazz* series).

There is authentic Ellington (a 1933 *Sophisticated Lady*) and Henderson (*Nagasaki* and *Talk of the Town*, the latter showcasing Coleman Hawkins). Fats Waller is present, backed by an English group, and we can also hear Joe Venuti and Eddie Lang, and Benny Carter and Teddy Wilson as members of the Chocolate Dandies in 1933. From the postwar period, the overseas catalogs have provided discs by Don Byas, Kenny Clarke, James Moody, Johnny Hodges, and Django Reinhardt.

All this has served to beef up the relatively thin bill of fare that Capitol has offered in past surveys.

The current set is made up of five discs. Vol. 1, *Mostly New Orleans*, is, except for the 1919 ODJB, a backward glance at

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OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

A COLUMN OF JAZZ REISSUES

Recordings reviewed in this issue:
The Jazz Story, Vol. 1-5 (Capitol 2109)

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The Jazz Story is Capitol's third attempt to put together a jazz survey series. Superficially, one might mistake it for an updating of Capitol's earlier *History of Jazz*, a set first compiled on 78s in the '40s, later amplified and reissued on 10-inch LPs and still later reamplified and reissued on 12-inch LPs.

Running down the list of entries on *The Jazz Story*, one finds many of the same groups and/or sessions, particularly in the presentation of pre-World War II jazz styles, that were used on *History of Jazz*. There is a difference, however. The names may be the same and even the sessions may be the same, but this time the tunes are different. There are no repeats on this new set from the earlier series.

Still, the very fact that Capitol is still scratching around in a relatively empty bin for material to fill out such survey

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New Orleans from the vantage point of the '40s by such products of the Crescent City as Armstrong, Wingy Manone, Sharkey Bonano, Zutty Singleton, and Lizzie Miles.

North to Chicago (Vol. 2) is a strange melange of styles and derivations—again, with the exception of Noone's 1936 disc, all recorded in the '40s or '50s by Phil Napoleon, Blue Lu Barker, Red Nichols, Frankie Trumbauer, Julia Lee, Jack Teagarden, Johnny Hodges, and Bobby Hackett.

With Vol. 3, *The Swinging Years*, the series touches solid ground for the first time. For this disc, the foreign catalogs have provided the Ellington, Henderson, Waller, Chocolate Dandies, Krupa, Vcnuti-Lang, and Berigan selections. In addition, there is a warmly lyrical Joe Sullivan piano solo (*My Silent Love*) and an interesting juxtaposition that places a group led by drummer Sid Catlett right after Henderson's *Talk of the Town*—interesting because Hawkins' strong tenor saxophone solo on *Talk* is followed by such a thoroughly Hawkins-like tenor solo on Catlett's *I Never Knew* that one has to check the personnels to realize that the only tenor players present are Bumps Myers and Illinois Jacquet.

The Big Bands (Vol. 4) is, oddly, at its best when the focus is not on big bands—i.e., in Billie Holiday's *Trav'lin' Light*, Byas' *Blue and Sentimental*, Reinhardt's *Nuages*. The big bands are partly authentic—Benny Carter in 1943, Cootie Williams in 1945 (neither particularly impressive on the selections chosen), and Ellington in 1954 and Harry James in the '50s (both repeating pieces from their earlier years)—and they are partly studio re-creations of the Casa Loma, Bob Crosby, and Lunceford bands.

Modern and Free Form on Vol. 5 tiptoes around both areas without really getting into either one—again, a problem of available material.

The Miles Davis Octet's 1949 *Moon Dreams* is the only performance of any real significance, although there is a lively entry by the Metronome All-Stars of 1947 (Dizzy Gillespie, Nat Cole, Bill Harris, et al.), a fine bit of Franco-American small-group jazz by a Kenny Clarke group that has some stirring Gerald Wiggins piano, an *Early Autumn*-ish view of Woody Herman's 1954 Herd on *Misty Morning*, and a beautiful treatment of *I Can't Get Started* by Cannonball Adderley.

Stan Kenton, one artist on whom Capitol practically has a monopoly, is represented not by his peak period in the '40s but by one of his emptier sounds and furies from the '60s. For free form, Capitol went to England's Joe Harriott for a sample, which, whatever its merits as freedom or formlessness, is nonetheless a relatively pale derivative of what the U.S. free formers have been doing.

Looking at the set as a whole, it contains a lot of good jazz—performances that, on their individual merits, are well worth having in a collection. The set's basic weakness, however, is that it does not tell *The Jazz Story* through performances with the authentic touches that such a series should.

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BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Sleepy John Estes, *1929-1940* (RBF 8)

Rating: ★★★★★

Sleepy John Estes, *Broke and Hungry* (Delmark 608)

Rating: ★★½

Roosevelt Charles, *Blues, Prayer, Work, and Trouble Songs* (Vanguard 9136)

Rating: ★★★★★

John Lee Hooker, *The Great John Lee Hooker* (Crown 5353)

Rating: ★★½

Luke (Long Gone) Miles, *Country Born* (World-Pacific 1820)

Rating: ★★

The rediscovery of Sleepy John Estes has been, of course, one of the happiest events in the current renaissance of interest in the country blues. His recordings have fascinated collectors for years, because Estes has been among the most vividly autobiographical and individually poetic of blues men to have recorded. His songs are shot through with references to his life and those of his neighbors in the small cotton-farming community of Brownsville, Tenn. Relying little on the standard blues conceits and stock verses and situations with which many blues treat, Estes has built his own world in his songs.

The RBF set, compiled by Sam Charters, brings together a number of Estes' best performances, from the start of his recording career in 1929 (*Divin' Duck* and *The Girl I Love, She Got Long Curly Hair*) through to his last prewar recording (*Working Man Blues*), made in 1941—not '40, as the album title indicates. Thanks to the presence of excellent supporting musicians—mandolinist Yank Rachell and pianist Jab Jones on the earliest recordings, guitarists Charlie Pickett and Son Bonds and harmonica player Hammie Nixon on the later ones—there is an easy, unforced rhythm to the recordings over which Estes' high, harsh, emotion-choked singing soars powerfully, almost airily.

With his tightly constricted, grainy vocal delivery, Estes was able to impart an almost unbelievable amount of intensity to his performances. The emotion that motivates them is undeniable, though often it is fairly difficult to make out just what they deal with in all their particulars, for Estes does not enunciate too clearly, swallows words and, even, whole phrases.

Coupled with this is Estes' habit of constructing songs that make their points through indirection and obliquity rather than developing straightforward, concise narratives. Many of the references, moreover, are strictly local. Still, Estes' world

—as outlined here in such songs as *Street Car Blues*, *Milk Cow Blues*, *Floating Bridge*, *Brownsville Blues*, *Need More Blues*, *Jailhouse Blues*, and *Everybody Ought to Make a Change*—is starkly real and vividly human. It is good that these important recordings are once more readily available.

The Delmark set is the singer's second album on the label since his rediscovery and, sad to relate, is several light years away from his significant first recording for the Chicago firm. The chief fault—aside from Estes' being in rather poor voice—is the accompaniment, limply ragged throughout and seriously marred by Rachell's mandolin being horribly out of tune. It proves more than merely dis-

music plays a vital role in setting work rhythms and in furnishing the prisoner an outlet for his aggressions and resentments. (Being cut off from the rest of the world, it also tends to preserve older forms of musical expression—work songs, for example—that are all too rarely heard in the outside world these days.)

In such cante fables as *Mean Trouble Blues* and *Mule Blues*, to cite the most impressive and fully realized examples, Charles moves freely from speech to song in a flowing, natural manner; one grows organically into the other, producing an inseparable whole. They are remarkable, gripping, sustained performances, recalling Robert Pete Williams' *Prisoner Talking Blues* in a previous Oster collection. Equally arresting are such spirituals as *Keep Yo' Lamp Trimmed and Burning*, *Ship of Zion*, and *Jesus Is A-Listenin'*, on which the second voice of fellow-prisoner Otis Webster is added. Charles' voice often suggests a more subdued version of John Lee Hooker's, and the suggestion is doubly reinforced on *Freight Train Blues*, which turns out to be Charles' personal reshaping of Hooker's *Hobo Blues*.

The most recent Hooker set on Crown contains, as did the previous ones on this label, reissues of the singer's early recordings for the Modern label, dating from 1948 (*Sallie Mae*) through the mid-'50s (*Key to the Highway*). The performances range from superb solo tours-de-force to tasteless, slipshod group renditions of insipid material. A balance is struck somewhere between these extremes. Eddie Kirkland adds an unnecessary second voice on *It Hurts Me So* and *Key to the Highway*.

Considering the number of Hooker recordings available to Crown that have not turned up on LP, it is curious that the company decided to include in this set three items that have appeared in previous Hooker collections on the label (*Sallie Mae*, *She Left Me on Bended Knee*, and *Let's Talk It Over*).

Finally, it is interesting to speculate what Luke (Long Gone) Miles would sound like if Lightnin' Hopkins were not around, for the 42-year-old Louisiana-born singer has adopted in toto the vocal quality, phrasing style, and performance mannerisms of the Texas blues man. To his credit, Miles brings off his simulacrum of Hopkins in an easy, engaging, pleasant manner that is never offensive or overdone. Willie Chambers re-creates the Hopkins' guitar style to complete the illusion. Bassist Leroy Vinnegar rounds out the rhythm section.

It is common for young blues men to borrow from their predecessors, but this disc is remarkable in its utter aping of a leading stylist's approach, right down to the last idiosyncrasy. Now the question is whether Miles will transcend influence and evolve a personal approach to the blues? One seriously doubts it, for one gets the feeling that without Hopkins there would be no Miles. Lightnin' is doubtless flattered, but how about Miles? Can he spend the rest of his life drawing breath and substance from another? Now there's a question for you.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

Results Of The 29th ANNUAL DOWN BEAT READERS POLL

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tracting. Couldn't anyone at the session hear how far out it was?

Estes, moreover, has never been a particularly strong guitarist, needing the support of a vigorous group of accompanists to provide the interest and rhythmic sureness his own rudimentary guitar lacks. He is not given that support here (harmonica and mandolin, after all, are not really rhythm instruments) and for this reason this set never gets off the ground.

The song recitatives of Roosevelt Charles, a habitual criminal who was recorded by folklorist Harry Oster both in freedom (Charles was on parole) and in Angola State Prison Farm in Louisiana, are interesting examples of music that is a functional and integral part of Negro life, work, and leisure. In prison life,

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Rating: ★★

The rediscovery of Sleepy John Estes has been, of course, one of the happiest events in the current renaissance of interest in the country blues. His recordings have fascinated collectors for years, because Estes has been among the most vividly autobiographical and individually poetic of blues men to have recorded. His songs are shot through with references to his life and those of his neighbors in the small cotton-farming community of Brownsville, Tenn. Relying little on the standard blues conceits and stock verses and situations with which many blues treat, Estes has built his own world in his songs.

The RBF set, compiled by Sam Charters, brings together a number of Estes' best performances, from the start of his recording career in 1929 (*Divin' Duck* and *The Girl I Love, She Got Long Curly Hair*) through to his last prewar recording (*Working Man Blues*), made in 1941—not '40, as the album title indicates. Thanks to the presence of excellent supporting musicians—mandolinist Yank Rachell and pianist Jab Jones on the earliest recordings, guitarists Charlie Pickett and Son Bonds and harmonica player Hammie Nixon on the later ones—there is an easy, unforced rhythm to the recordings over which Estes' high, harsh, emotion-choked singing soars powerfully, almost airily.

With his tightly constricted, grainy vocal delivery, Estes was able to impart an almost unbelievable amount of intensity to his performances. The emotion that motivates them is undeniable, though often it is fairly difficult to make out just what they deal with in all their particulars, for Estes does not enunciate too clearly, swallows words and, even, whole phrases.

Coupled with this is Estes' habit of constructing songs that make their points through indirection and obliquity rather than developing straightforward, concise narratives. Many of the references, moreover, are strictly local. Still, Estes' world

—as outlined here in such songs as *Street Car Blues*, *Milk Cow Blues*, *Floating Bridge*, *Brownsville Blues*, *Need More Blues*, *Jailhouse Blues*, and *Everybody Ought to Make a Change*—is starkly real and vividly human. It is good that these important recordings are once more readily available.

The Delmark set is the singer's second album on the label since his rediscovery and, sad to relate, is several light years away from his significant first recording for the Chicago firm. The chief fault—aside from Estes' being in rather poor voice—is the accompaniment, limply ragged throughout and seriously marred by Rachell's mandolin being horribly out of tune. It proves more than merely dis-

music plays a vital role in setting work rhythms and in furnishing the prisoner an outlet for his aggressions and resentments. (Being cut off from the rest of the world, it also tends to preserve older forms of musical expression—work songs, for example—that are all too rarely heard in the outside world these days.)

In such cante fables as *Mean Trouble Blues* and *Mule Blues*, to cite the most impressive and fully realized examples, Charles moves freely from speech to song in a flowing, natural manner; one grows organically into the other, producing an inseparable whole. They are remarkable, gripping, sustained performances, recalling Robert Pete Williams' *Prisoner Talking Blues* in a previous Oster collection. Equally arresting are such spirituals as *Keep Yo' Lamp Trimmed and Burning*, *Ship of Zion*, and *Jesus Is A-Listenin'*, on which the second voice of fellow-prisoner Otis Webster is added. Charles' voice often suggests a more subdued version of John Lee Hooker's, and the suggestion is doubly reinforced on *Freight Train Blues*, which turns out to be Charles' personal reshaping of Hooker's *Hobo Blues*.

The most recent Hooker set on Crown contains, as did the previous ones on this label, reissues of the singer's early recordings for the Modern label, dating from 1948 (*Sallie Mae*) through the mid-'50s (*Key to the Highway*). The performances range from superb solo tours-de-force to tasteless, slipshod group renditions of insipid material. A balance is struck somewhere between these extremes. Eddie Kirkland adds an unnecessary second voice on *It Hurts Me So* and *Key to the Highway*.

Considering the number of Hooker recordings available to Crown that have not turned up on LP, it is curious that the company decided to include in this set three items that have appeared in previous Hooker collections on the label (*Sallie Mae*, *She Left Me on Bended Knee*, and *Let's Talk It Over*).

Finally, it is interesting to speculate what Luke (Long Gone) Miles would sound like if Lightning Hopkins were not around, for the 42-year-old Louisiana-born singer has adopted in toto the vocal quality, phrasing style, and performance mannerisms of the Texas blues man. To his credit, Miles brings off his simulacrum of Hopkins in an easy, engaging, pleasant manner that is never offensive or overdone. Willie Chambers re-creates the Hopkins' guitar style to complete the illusion. Bassist Leroy Vinnegar rounds out the rhythm section.

It is common for young blues men to borrow from their predecessors, but this disc is remarkable in its utter aping of a leading stylist's approach, right down to the last idiosyncrasy. Now the question is whether Miles will transcend influence and evolve a personal approach to the blues? One seriously doubts it, for one gets the feeling that without Hopkins there would be no Miles. Lightning is doubtless flattered, but how about Miles? Can he spend the rest of his life drawing breath and substance from another? Now there's a question for you.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

Results Of The 29th ANNUAL DOWN BEAT READERS POLL

Don't miss the exciting Dec. 31
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tracting. Couldn't anyone at the session hear how far out it was?

Estes, moreover, has never been a particularly strong guitarist, needing the support of a vigorous group of accompanists to provide the interest and rhythmic sureness his own rudimentary guitar lacks. He is not given that support here (harmonica and mandolin, after all, are not really rhythm instruments) and for this reason this set never gets off the ground.

The song recitatives of Roosevelt Charles, a habitual criminal who was recorded by folklorist Harry Oster both in freedom (Charles was on parole) and in Angola State Prison Farm in Louisiana, are interesting examples of music that is a functional and integral part of Negro life, work, and leisure. In prison life,

BLINDFOLD TEST



HERB SNITZER

RON CARTER



By LEONARD FEATHER

One of the more remarkable sidelight incidents of Tokyo, Japan, World Jazz Festival last summer occurred at Hibiya Park in Tokyo. A young fan ran backstage as soon as Miles Davis' set was over. He held an album in one hand and a pen in the other. Soon he spotted his prey and got his autograph—but it wasn't Davis he wanted. He had a Ron Carter album.

The international respect in which Carter is held can be attributed primarily to his ability and secondarily to the exposure he has enjoyed on records, first with Chico Hamilton, whom he joined in 1959, then with Davis. Born in 1937 in Ferndale, Mich., he was one of eight children, all musically inclined. He studied extensively, earning his B.M. at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N.Y.

This was Carter's first *Blindfold Test*. He was eager to take one and, as the results below show, was an exceptionally eloquent subject. He was right about the bad splice on the Gerald Wilson track. He received no information about the records.

THE RECORDS

1. Gil Evans. *El Toreador* (from *The Individualism of Gil Evans*, Verve). Johnny Coles, trumpet; Evans, composer, arranger, conductor, piano; Osie Johnson, drums; Paul Chambers, Richard Davis, Mill Hinton, basses.

That's a nice "space mood" kind of record. You know, with the drummer on the bottom and the soloist on top with the bassist standing in the middle, somewhere around E, D minor, E minor. It sounds like Gil; Gil writes some of the hardest bass parts I've ever had the privilege, or misfortune, to play. But this is the kind of composition I don't like to play, because all they do is play long notes—they could have two baritone players alternating.

But it's an interesting record because the trumpet player always plays on top of the chord, like if the chord were E minor, or E minor 9, rather than play E G B D F-sharp, he'll play G B D F-sharp, or B D F-sharp. Gives the chord a whole new flavor.

It's a nice record to listen to before or after another kind of record, because it has its own flavor. It's like eating the wrong course at a meal, without having the right thing before or after. It's good in itself, but it must have the right track on either side to enhance its value.

As I said, it sounded like Gil, and like Johnny Coles—early Johnny Coles. He's playing with much more velvety sounds is the only way I can possibly describe it. . . . It's difficult to describe the change in a person's playing over three or four years. It sounds like he was looking then, and now he's found it, or maybe he's looking in a little different direction now, and he's more at home with what he's found. . . . although there's basically the same conception still involved.

He's my favorite trumpet player. I love playing with him. We did a record with Gil, three basses, Charlie Persip, Johnny Coles; it was an excellent record.

Listening to the record cold, despite knowing who it was by, I'd only say two stars; but if I were to hear something else on either side, it would make the record have more musical meaning to me. Then it would go up to four or five. But Johnny Coles—I always listen to him.

2. Ray Brown-Milt Jackson. *Much in Common*

(Verve). Jackson, vibraharp; Wild Bill Davis, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Brown, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Bass and organ . . . kind of outnumbered by electronics . . . lot of watts involved—right? I think they would have been much happier had they not had the organ player, just the vibes and guitar and drums, give him a chance to let his lines speak through a little cleaner, rather than having to scuffle with the organ.

Sounded like Ray Brown—the school of playing that evolved from Jimmy Blanton. . . . I can still listen to that kind of bass playing. . . . I still enjoy it. But on a record like this, the bass player plays one or two choruses, and everybody else plays eight or nine, so it's kind of hard to get a feel for what he's trying to do, especially with the organ and the guitar in there. I'd like to hear this bass player with a little less highly charged background. I'd like to hear him with a few less watts; I'm sure he'd be more relaxed.

It's a nice light record. Three stars for the bass player and one star for the musical message they got across.

3. Shelly Manne. *Cherokee* (from *234*, Impulse). Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Manne, drums.

It seemed very uncomfortable for the bass player to decide which way to go. He hears the double-time in the background with the drummer, and as forceful as drummers can be, you can't really decide whether to go one way or the other. They'll pull you in their direction, you know? And with the bassist and the piano player trying to direct their attention to playing half as fast as he was, it was like a seesaw. They'd lay back about a 1/16 too much and have to play for the next measure. . . . It was a very uncomfortable record to have to listen to, despite Coleman Hawkins being the tenor player.

It felt like a record that was originally 10 minutes long that had been cut down.

Despite Coleman Hawkins, it's a fight between the drummer and the piano and bass player. So, for Coleman Hawkins, five stars. But for the rhythm section and the overcompactness of it, zero. I can't rate it.

4. Gerald Wilson. *So What?* (from *Portraits*, Pacific Jazz). Jack Wilson, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Chuck Carter, drums; Ger-

ald Wilson, arranger, conductor.

Hmm. That tune's very hard to play. The bass melody—it's difficult to play all the notes cleanly, that bright, and Miles has played it even faster than that, so I know what problem the bass player has to try to make all the notes come out, and unfortunately he wasn't completely successful. He and the drummer didn't seem to have a real feel for the time; there's just enough of what I call a "top edge" to make it feel a little hurried. I feel if they had sat on the time just a little more, the band would have had a little easier chance playing the little figures behind the soloists.

Now, I couldn't tell whether it was a bad splice, but on the first jam chorus after the melody, 16 bars, the first D minor twice, 16 bars, between the D minor and E flat minor, there was a beat lost, I thought.

Of course, just on one hearing, I may not have been listening as carefully as I should have but seems like an eighth note was lost somewhere during the course of 17 bars. An eighth or a quarter, it went by so fast, I couldn't tell which, but it didn't feel like a normal 16-8-8, which is what the tune is. More 16, 7 and 3/4.

Let me hear it again. . . . Gerald Wilson. And it sounds like Leroy playing bass, Leroy Vinnegar. Now we come against the question: what are good notes and what are bad notes for a bass player to play in a chord? Now the first chord was a D minor: D, F, A natural, you know? Maybe might add an alteration to make a seventh, but he plays F sharp, and if you call it F sharp, it's a wrong note. If you call it G flat, it's a flat 11th, and in the chord I think it's just a plain D minor. And he plays open G on the E-flat minor, which makes it a major instead of a minor chord, which creates a harmonic clash with the way the piano player is comping.

They say that in jazz no note is really a wrong note; but listen carefully, you'll find there are other, better notes to play.

If it is Leroy, it's a nice, dark sound. I've heard Gerald's band sound better than this; so, at the most, two stars for the record, and for the bass player I'll give him another try, another day. He's awful bright, though. (Continued overleaf)

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5. Charlie Mingus. "Old" Blues for Walt's Torin (Tonight at Noon, Atlantic). Roland Kirk, saxophones; Mingus, composer, piano; Doug Watkins, bass.

That was Roland Kirk. This record brings up the question of where do you draw the line between sounds and sounds that have musical validity to them. I see none in the opening of that record, the first four or five sounds.

That's a good record not to listen to too many times, because there's not too much happening with it. Roland plays so forcefully, if you don't listen to him, you don't hear anything else. He has such an overwhelmingly forceful approach you're hardly aware of the sidemen. Which is good if it's a bad record date and the musicians aren't up to your caliber, but bad if they are up to you, because they can't get across their musical ideas, which in turn will make you, as a leader, sound even better.

I won't even rate this, because to me there's no music at all; just sounds going in all different directions. It's like a big ball of taffy, with all the taffy concentrated. They've tried to get it all in one small lump when it should be spread out. It's like this is going to be their last chance to make a record, and they want to get it all in.

And I feel sorry for the bass player, because his hands are pretty much tied.


6. Bill Evans. *Nardis* (from *Explorations*, Riverside). Evans, piano; Scott LaFaro, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

An excellent record. Bill Evans. Early Bill Evans. I've heard him play this tune lots before but not this record. Scott was first getting his thing together, as they say. He's recorded with a beautiful sound, you won't find a much better recorded bass sound than that.

His intonation wasn't as good on this record as it was later on, up until he passed away, but you could see by this which direction he was trying to take. He made a record with Victor Feldman and Stan Levey, before he joined Bill, and he was playing more time, more 4/4 notes to the bar than a blur of 32nd notes, and he played that style pretty well. I was surprised when I next heard him that he had made what I considered a drastic change in style.

In reference to this record here, I think the bass today is a most rapidly advancing instrument, and there are more players involved in its development, as opposed to just Charlie Parker on alto, or Miles on trumpet, or Bud or Monk. There is always one or two, making it in different directions like Max or Kenny, but there are four or five bass players who are causing the instrument to change directions. And which way it finally settles for a while only time, and a bass player, will be able to tell!

Which ones are making a change? Well, Scotty was one; for the past three years Gary Peacock, although he's in Scotty's vein; Jimmy Garrison plays differently from either of them, and I play different from all of them—there are four names right there—now tomorrow there may be someone else who's going to take a different direction. I'm glad to see it.

That's a very good record. Four and a half, because I'm not a five-star man! 



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SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

Having conjugated some gloom about how little is actually happening for the avant-garde jazzman, I expect I have some responsibility to offer suggestions on how to cut through that gloom.

I begin with proper diffidence because my business acumen is minute (witness the short history of Candid records, of which I was a&r director). However, perhaps some minds more pragmatic than mine can create feasible variations on some of these ideas.

The sizable attendance for Bill Dixon's four-day series of avant-garde sessions ("The October Revolution in Jazz") at the Cellar Cafe in New York City confirmed my belief that there is an audience for this music. But how to reach it?

One way might be Dixon's. This would involve the leasing of a club (forget the liquor license for the time being) by a musicians' co-operative. I know most musicians have neither the temperament nor the time for business details. But occasionally one comes along who does have that particular skill; he could be the administrator of the project. If he doesn't exist in a particular avant-garde circle, it should be possible to recruit a friend or an aficionado with some business sense and a commitment to the cause.

If four or five avant-garde groups, working at scale, could keep such a room running long enough, it might be possible to build up enough of an audience to sustain the operation. At least it's worth trying. Profits would be split.

For publicity, there are some disc jockeys and columnists who will help. I think, for instance, that if a club in New York alternated Cecil Taylor and Don Cherry on three nights a week and on the other three used Andrew Hill and Freddie Hubbard's new group, it could build a foundation on which others with no "names" at all might find an audience.

The co-op approach might also be tried with regard to colleges.

There is an audience for this music in the colleges, and if a group of musicians could book themselves and offer a series of concerts from among their members at a reasonable fee, a continuing avant-garde college circuit might be possible. Part of the structure could be symposiums with the leader of the group, some jazz partisan from the faculty, perhaps a student jazz critic, and someone from the music department.

As for the recording scene, although the idea is hazardous, a co-op might also try selling the records of its mem-

bers by mail. If someone can be found to advance the capital for the sessions themselves and for a judicious advertising campaign, a co-op with no overhead but those costs might be able to make a small profit on considerably fewer sales than a regular company would need to break even. The covers need not be four-color or even two-color, and I'd be for no covers at all. Just an envelope with perhaps mimeographed notes by the leader on the date.

It will be interesting in this context to see what happens with Charles Mingus' plan to do just that with the recordings of his concert at the Monterey

Jazz Festival, which, according to all reports, was the apogee of the festival.

Mingus is issuing two 12-inch LPs, available singly. At present, there will be no covers. I would hope that by this point Mingus doesn't need slick packaging to attract those considerable numbers of people who know what his music is talking about.

Mingus plans to charge \$5.25 a record, including postage. For details, you might write to him at Jazz Workshop, Inc., 1160 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Although Mingus does not have the problem getting recorded that some of the younger avant-garde musicians do,



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
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he is taking this step partly to see what happens when he has full control over his own property and partly because, if the idea works, it could be the beginning of a kind of small annuity.

In any case, if Mingus' approach does prove viable, it's something for the Cecil Taylors and Paul Bleys to think about. So far, selling by mail is no substitute for ultimately getting an established company to record you. But it is a way to communicate before a regular company is willing to act, and it is a way to keep that putative audience out there interested in what you're doing. Eventually perhaps a co-op could sustain its own record label, but I'm talking about immediate needs and immediate possibilities.

If you're in a position in which you can't get club work and can't get a recording date, the only alternative may be doing both by yourself. And for once, there'll be no middleman. 

APPLE CORES

By LeROI JONES

The word around now is listen to Betty Carter. She's gone way past those Ray Charles duets. I heard a recent tape that was maybe more than something else. She also turned out for a benefit this summer at the Five Spot, singing with her own trio. Miss Carter now seems to hear her voice more personally, as a human extension of human feeling, rather than as, say, some formal (revived) artifact that must wade wearily through word after word of essentially vapid "popular" songs.

To say that she "uses her voice like an instrument," is to cheapen her intent. She uses her voice toward the limits of its physical (and emotional) expressiveness, past mere melody, as a constantly stated, recurring theme, to a way of collecting hidden facets of emotion by giving individual values to her notes, rests, slurs, etc.

An important young tenor player is Archie Shepp. An LP, *Archie Shepp and the Contemporary 5* (Savoy MG-12184), recently was released. Shepp is on one side, and a group led by trumpeter Bill Dixon is on the other. The Shepp side has John Tchicai, the Danish alto saxophonist; Ronnie Boykins, bass; and Sonny Murray, drums. Trumpeter Ted Curson plays as a guest on two tunes, and Don Cherry, the New York Contemporary Five's regular trumpeter, who arrived late at the session, is on only one tune, *Consequences* (which turned out to be the winner of the album).

The Shepp side contains the serious


business. Two of the tunes, *Where Poppies Bloom* and *Like a Blessed Baby Lamb*, are Shepp compositions; the other tune, *Consequences*, is Cherry's. Shepp sounds lovely throughout the entire date, but on *Lamb* and *Consequences* he really stretches out. He combines a big, wide elegant bluesiness with a rhythmic force that often has people trying to connect him with Ben Webster, which is no bad connection. Shepp, however, has something to say that is new and powerfully moving.

Tchicai makes music of a nature different from Shepp's, but it is also a moving music. Tchicai's playing, his entire approach to his horn, really fascinates me. His tone is dry, acrid, incisive, his line spare and lean, like himself, and his phrasing at times reminds one of Mondrian's geometrical decisions, or lyrical syllogisms. Where Shepp's intentions are usually immediately apparent, sweet or nasty blues, though of a wild contemporary persuasion, Tchicai's ear leads him into subtleties of expression in which the "pure" blues feeling is replaced by a constantly complicating musical/emotional tension that is soulful because the player has a great deal of soul.

The biggest hole in the public music scene continues to be caused by the absence from it of Ornette Coleman. He has, of course, been playing at home, and many of the young musicians around New York come by his place to play. For this reason, he has one of the wildest tape collections of new music. He has also been learning to play the trumpet and the violin and is already past the purely technical and going straight on out.

Ornette, burned equally by record companies, night-club owners, and jive promoters, is trying to open his own place now, where not only his music could be heard but that of a lot of the gifted, but publicly silent, younger musicians, as well. But, so far, he has had little success.

It's about time, I think, for a cooperative jazz club to open. Musicians ought to get together and "do it yourself." It would be a revolution on the jazz scene, not to mention the whole entertainment economy. Musicians playing for themselves . . . and playing exactly what they want to.

One modest stride in that direction was taken by pianist Walter Davis Jr. Unable to get a satisfactory contract out of one of the record companies, he raised some money and cut a 45-rpm record. Now he's raising money from the 45-rpm sales to make an LP and plans to distribute it himself. The label is Akbar records, 14 W. 103rd St., New York City. 

satisfaction, and called, "Let's play the blues." He picked the tempo and started blowing, chorus after chorus. I don't know how many; it seemed endless; no one else soloed. When Mezz quit blowing, he up and said "that's it" and nothing else. Just as he came in, he went out. No explanation, no rehearsal. We stood speechless and then packed up and left. Tough and I walked home together. For blocks, not one word passed between us. Finally, Dave said one word: "Damn."

You want to know about Mezz?


Maybe someone else saw him differently; no man should receive a single painting from a single brush. There was much more to the Mezz. He took part in so many scenes. There was the gig he had at the Uptown Uproar in '26. He put together a fine mixed band, but he was way ahead of the times. It didn't last, but Mezz tried. There were any number of musicians Mezz lit a candle for. He just about worshiped trumpeter Tommy Ladnier. Mezz' recordings featured some of the best jazzmen available: Sidney Bechet, James P. Johnson, etc.

He was a shining light in a dark age, beating a drum and carrying a banner for this new music, jazz. He didn't have it easy, financially; I recall him coming out to my house on Long Island and offering to do some "house finishing" he was becoming involved in. This was just about the time Panassie sent for him to come to France with a group. He's been there ever since.

It was while Mezz worked for me at Jimmy Ryan's on 52nd St. that he and Bernie Wolfe got started on his book. And let me tell you—if you haven't read it, do yourself a favor and pick up a copy. I didn't stop reading it until I'd finished it. It holds you. Of course, knowing Mezz as I do, I admit he gets carried away, enthusiastic; there's any number of musicians who were mentioned by Mezz in his book who disagree with what he had to say. But it doesn't alter the fact that it made an enjoyable bit of reading.

It's funny what you remember about a man. It's been years since I last saw the Mezz, but this scene I couldn't forget:

We were at Ryan's, and some customer dropped in to say that "Barney Bigard is next door sittin' in with Benny Goodman." Next door was the Onyx Club. Mezz heard what the man said and, without the slightest sign of a smile, real straight-faced, turned to us and said, "Man, I think I'll go in there and blow 'em both out of the room."

You know, it makes you wonder. Do you think he meant it? 



COMING SOON

down beat's MUSIC '65

The publication of *Down Beat's* 10th annual yearbook—*Music '65*—is an event looked forward to by jazz lovers the world over. Not only does *Music '65* summarize the events of 1964, it also scans the horizon for signs of things to come.

But since the course of events can appear different to observers, *Music '65* will have two reviews of the jazz events of 1964—one written from the viewpoint of *Down Beat* editor Don DeMicheal and the other by a spokesman for the mainstream, respected journalist Tom Scanlan.

For the improbable future, Nat Hentoff dreams in print of how to spend a large foundation grant—if such a thing would ever be offered for the betterment of jazz, which is highly doubtful. Stanley Dance writes wittily about the critical fraternity, while Don Heckman deals with the more serious matter of the crying need for new material for jazz, and John Tynan gathers comments from bookers and clubowners on the jazz business. Pete Welding analyzes a recent development in the blues field—the white blues men.

Jazz' sociological forces are grist for the writing mills of Malcolm E. Besom, who delves into the relations between musicians and audiences, and Marjorie Hyams Ericsson, who takes exception to social scientists who see more than she thinks there is to see in musicians' behavior.

George Wiskirchen, C.S.C., surveys the year among stage bands and suggests how shortcomings in the field can be surmounted. Also for jazz students and teachers—as well as professional musicians—is a big-band score written by one of the best-known arrangers in jazz; it will be the arrangement's first publication.

Jazz' past is represented by an illuminating interview with Bessie Smith's husband, Jack Gee, in which he recalls events from his life with the great blues singer. Forgotten jazz giants, such as tenorist Chu Berry and trumpeters Hot Lips Page and Frankie Newton, are the subjects for an essay by Dan Morgenstern. Leonard Feather comments on musicians as critics.

A roundtable discussion among some of jazz' most provocative players is another of the bright features in *Music '65*. And there is a large gallery of jazz photos taken by the best photographers in the field to enhance this 128-page publication. There are a number of other features too.

It would seem *Music '65* should cost more than \$1—but it doesn't.

Reserve your copy now by sending a check or money order for \$1 to *Down Beat's Music '65*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill., 60606.



double as music director for the band. Another returnee to the Basie fold is trombonist **Al Grey**, who replaced **Henry Coker**.

The **Bill Dixon Sextet** and the **Archie Schepp Septet** played weekends in November at the Cellar Club, rapidly becoming the New York center of avant-garde jazz activity. Dixon, Schepp, pianist **Cecil Taylor**, alto saxophonist **John Tchicai**, and many other exponents of the new jazz participated in a round-the-clock Halloween jazz party at a loft at 61 Fourth Ave., where such events are frequently held . . . Composer-pianist **Randy Weston's** sextet at the Five Spot had **Martin Banks**, trumpet; **Frank Haynes**, tenor saxophone; **Bill Wood**, bass; **Lenny McBrowne**, drums, and **Big Black**, conga drums. Opposite Weston was the trio of pianist **Walter Bishop Jr.** with **Larry Ridley**, bass, and **Al Heath**, drums. Pianist **Teddy Wilson's** trio was scheduled to return to the Five Spot Nov. 24. Bassist **Charlie Mingus' Jazz Workshop**, long incumbent at the Greenwich Village jazz club, moved uptown to Birdland for two weeks starting Nov. 3.

Trumpeter **Bobby Hackett** escaped with a split lip when his car skidded and turned over several times on the New York State Turnpike in October . . . The band led by drummer **Elvin Jones** at **Sam Ulano's** Nov. 2 Drum Fair at Palm Gardens was mostly a family affair, with brothers **Thad** and **Hank Jones** on cornet and piano, **George Duvivier** on bass, and **Pepper Adams** on baritone saxophone. It was one of the too-rare occasions to hear the studio-based **Hank Jones** and **Duvivier** in the flesh. Drummer **Roy Burns** was the fair's biggest hit . . . A Latin jazz concert at Hunter College Nov. 15 featured the groups of **Herbie Mann**, **Cal Tjader**, **Ray Barretto**, **Willie Bobo**, and—as the sole non-Latin-flavored band—multireed man **Ken McIntyre's** new octet . . . **Max Roach** (whose band at the Village Vanguard included singer **Abbey Lincoln**, trombonist **Julian Priester**, pianist **Ronnie Matthews**, and bassist **Bob Cunningham**) gave a drum exhibition at Public School 84 at 9:30 a.m. Nov. 10. Pianist **Bill Evan's** trio (**Chuck Israels**, bass; **Arnie Wise**, subbing for vacationing **Larry Bunker**, drums) followed Roach into the Vanguard for at least four weeks starting Nov. 5. Pianist **Roland Hanna's** duo (**Jimmy Rowser**, bass) was held over. The club has initiated a Sunday talent showcase, at which the first featured artist was singer **Janet Lawson**, backed by pianist **Pat**

Rebillot and bassist **Midge Pike**.

Blues singer and guitarist **Howlin' Wolf Burnett**, who recently toured England with a U.S. blues package, returned there for a two-week visit with **Chris Barber's** band, starting Nov. 25 . . . Bassist **Tommy Potter**, another recent visitor to Europe, works as a bass checker for Amppeg between music engagements . . . The **Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band** (contenders for the longest band name in jazz history) participated in a "Liturgy of Jazz" held at the Spencer Memorial Church in Brooklyn Oct. 25. The band still holds forth at **Charlie Bates' club** on Wednesdays and Sundays . . . Valve trombonist **Marshall Brown** has joined the house band at **Jimmy Ryan's** led by pianist **Cliff Jackson**. Drummer **Zutty Singleton** and clarinetist **Tony Parenti** round out the group.

TORONTO

The **Charlie Mingus Sextet**, which featured trumpeter **Lonnie Hillyer**, reed men **Joe Farrell** and **Charles McPherson**, pianist **Jaki Byard**, and drummer **Dannie Richmond**, recently taped a CBC-TV show, *Other Voices*. The program was made up of Mingus' music and an interview with the bassist conducted by **Don Francks**. Francks, a Toronto actor and singer, opens soon in the Broadway production of *Kelly* . . . Other visitors included singer **Ray Charles**, who drew more than 4,000 customers to two Massey Hall concerts; the **Dave Brubeck Quartet** and the **Stan Getz Quartet** with singer **Astrud Gilberto** at two other Massey Hall concerts; the tenor tandem of **Zoot Sims** and **Al Cohn** at the Town Tavern; and pianist **Red Richards' Saints and Sinners**, which included trumpeter **Herman Autrey**, trombonist **Vic Dickenson**, and clarinetist **Buster Bailey**, at the Colonial Tavern. Singer **Jimmy Rushing** and pianist **Teddy Wilson's** group were scheduled to follow the Richards' crew.

The big band of **Al Stanwyck** and tenorist **Don Thompson's** quintet gave a concert at the Crest Theater . . . Chicago blues singer **Robert Nighthawk** was heard in a recent six-night date at the First Floor Club.

BOSTON

Clubs top the Boston area news by virtue of opening, moving, or even using semantics.

D'Amatos in Hartford, Conn., the only jazz club there, uses the slogan "Hartford's soul home of jazz" . . . Boston's Kenmore Square has become a "jazz wonderland" with the christening of the posh Thru the Looking Glass. The **Tony Eira Quintet** is the house combo (**Jimmy Derba**, tenor sax-

ophone, flute, baritone saxophone; **Jack Petersen**, guitar, piano; **Ted Pease**, drums; **Eira**, bass; and **Dick Wright**, who doubles everything that's not nailed down), and plans call for booking name jazz vocalists soon . . . There is uplifting news from Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike (which owner **Lennie Sogoloff** refers to as "the kosher Half Note"). The entire West Peabody, Mass., jazz club has been raised on jacks and is being moved 200 feet down the pike to a location that boasts more parking accommodations. The move began Nov. 30 after guitarists **George Barnes** and **Carl Kress** helped singer **Jimmy Rushing** finish his gig. The club is due to reopen on Christmas Day. When tenorist **Ben Webster** sat in with reed man **Yusef Lateef** at Lennie's last month, Sogoloff quipped, "It resembled the defensive line of the N.Y. Giants on the stand."

WASHINGTON

Keter Betts, bass player with the **Charlie Byrd Trio** for seven years, is now on the road with singer **Ella Fitzgerald** . . . Byrd has taken over the guitar-teaching post at American University, replacing his former teacher, **Sophocles Papas**. Papas will continue his regular teaching chores at his own studios on M St. Byrd said he finds teaching "a challenge." Another former Papas student, **Bill Harris**, also has his own teaching practice here in D.C. . . . Pianist **John Malachi** also is on the road, leading a trio backing singer **Joe Williams**. Malachi has been accompanist for many nationally known singers in the past, including **Sarah Vaughan**, **Pearl Bailey**, and **Al Hibbler**.

KANSAS CITY

Vocalist **Marilyn Maye** recently opened with the **Sammy Tucker Trio** at the Colony Lounge . . . "Poetry and Jazz: From Shakespeare to Thelonious" was presented Oct. 25 at the Jewish Community Center. The program was emceed by disc jockey **Dick Martin** and featured **Arch Martin**, trombone; **Dick Busey**, tenor saxophone; **George Salisbury**, piano; **Milt Able**, bass; and **Vince Bilardo**, drums. Poetry was read by a University of Kansas City professor of English, **Dan Jaffee** . . . **Louis Armstrong** played with the Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of **Hans Schwieger** at the orchestra's 21st annual free concert.

ST. LOUIS

Most of the recent jazz activity here has been in the form of big bands. Among those making one-night stands during October were **Count Basie**, **Les Elgart**, and the **Glenn Miller Orchestra** with **Ray McKinley**. The **Tommy Dorsey Orchestra**, with **Sam Donahue**,

Charlie Shavers, and Frank Sinatra Jr., drew excellent crowds during its two-week stay at the Chase Club. Local big bands also have been busy, with **George Hudson, Buddy Moreno, and Gary Dammer** fronting their groups at various dances and concerts in the area.

The **Oscar Peterson Trio** played a concert at Missouri University in Columbia. Drummer **Ed Thigpen** passed through St. Louis to say hello to his father, **Ben**, who is drummer with the **Singleton Palmer Dixieland band** . . . Pianist **Martin Siegel**, arrived from New York City to replace **Jimmy Drew** at the **Tres Bien**. Siegel is working with **Gene Gammage**, drums, and **John Mixon**, bass.

CINCINNATI

Jazz activity in the suburbs has blossomed recently for local groups. **Cal Collins, Jack Prather, and Grove Mooney** continue at the **Whisper Room** on a six-night basis with Sunday reserved for jam sessions . . . At **Herbie's** bar are the **Modern Jazz Apostles**, a newly formed group led by normaphonist **Hickey Kelley**. Supporting him are pianist **Charlie Wilson**, bassist **Burgoin Denning**, and drummer **Slim Jackson**, while the quartet of tenor man **John Wright** holds forth at the **Kitty Kay Lounge** . . . The trio of bassist **Alex**

Cirin (Dave Mathews, piano, and Ron Enyeart, drums) has been added at the **Playboy Club**. Also working there are the combos of **Dee Felice and Woody Evans**. Drummer **Felice** has **Frank Vincent**, piano, and **Lee Tucker**, bass, and pianist **Evans** is accompanied by **Mike Moore**, bass, and **Ron McCurdy**, drums.

Business at the **Penthouse**, currently engaged in the most ambitious jazz schedule ever seen in the **Queen City**, has been excellent. Recent headliners included the **Art Farmer Quartet**, the bands of **Count Basie** and **Woody Herman**, and the trios of pianists **Oscar Peterson** and **Ramsey Lewis**. The appearances of **Peterson** and **Lewis** marked their first night-club dates in the area.

DETROIT

The **Artists' Workshop**, a new, non-commercial community venture created and operated by **Detroit** musicians, poets, painters, and other artists, presented its first public concert in November. Featured was the **Detroit Contemporary 5 (Charles Moore, cornet, flugelhorn; Ron English, guitar; Hach Grjegian, vibraharp; John Dana, bass; Danny Spencer, drums)** along with readings by poets **Robin Eichele, George Tysh, and John Sinclair** and an exhibit

by photographer **Magdalene Arndt**. The **DC5** will function as the house band for the weekly events given there by young **Detroit** artists who are attempting a total integration of the arts.

Harold McKinney delivered a lecture-demonstration titled "New Directions in Jazz" to the **Detroit Jazz Society** in November. **Sol Hartstein** of **Baker's Keyboard Lounge** donated the use of his club to the society for the evening. **McKinney** used recordings of musicians from **Jelly Roll Morton** to **Ornette Coleman**, as well as his piano, to illustrate his points.

The **Detroit Jazz Quintet** continues to draw excellent crowds to **Unstabled Theater** for weekend sessions. **Clarence Beasley** has replaced pianist **Claude Black** in the group. Drummer **Willie Brooks** and pianist **Sonny Cook**, from **Eddie Harris' band**, were frequent guests during **Harris' 10-day** stay at the **Drome Bar** in late October . . . Pianist **Bob McDonald's** trio has replaced **Jimmy Johnson's** house band at the **Hobby Bar** . . . **Vibist Jack Broken-sha** has stepped down at the **Caucas Club**, and his rhythm section now has the gig. **Howard Lucas, piano, and Jay Dana, bass, remain.**

Lee Ivory's ill-fated **Ford Auditorium** concert (**DB, Nov. 19**) knocked the wind out of a lot of jazz sails in **Detroit**. **Ivory** and his production manager, **Jim**

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Down Beat's Eighth Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

Down Beat has established two full year's scholarships and ten partial scholarships to the famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, the present home of *Down Beat's* Hall of Fame and one of the nation's most prominent schools in the use and teaching of contemporary American music.

The Hall of Fame scholarship is offered to further American music among young musicians and to perpetuate the meaning of the jazz Hall of Fame.

This year's full scholarships, valued at \$980 each, will be in honor of the Hall of Fame winner chosen by the *Down Beat* readers in the December 31, 1964, issue. The scholarships shall be awarded to the competition's winners, who will be selected by a board of judges appointed by *Down Beat*.

The ten additional scholarships will consist of four \$500 and six \$250 grants.

Who is Eligible?

Junior division: (\$3,480... one full scholarship of \$980; two partial scholarships of \$500 each; six partial scholarships of \$250 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated from high school and who has not reached his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1965.

Senior division: (\$1,980... one full scholarship of \$980; two partial scholarships of \$500 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1965.

Anyone, regardless of national residence, fulfilling the above requirements is eligible.

Dates of Competition:

Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 31, 1964. The scholarship winners will be announced in a March, 1965, issue of *Down Beat*.

How Judged:

All decisions and final judging shall be made solely on the basis of demonstrated potential as well as current musical proficiency.

Terms of Scholarships:

The Hall of Fame scholarship as offered is a full tuition grant for one school year (two semesters) in the value of \$980. Upon completion of a school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

The partial scholarships which are applied to tuition costs for one school year are in the value of: four at \$500, and six at \$250. Students winning these awards also have the option of applying for additional tuition scholarship funds at the end of the school year.

The winners of the scholarships must choose one of two possible starting dates: September, 1965, or January, 1966, or else forfeit the scholarship.

How to Apply:

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12/17/64

Semark, took a financial beating. To top it off, some of the featured musicians (including headliner guitarist **Grant Green**) had trouble with Detroit Local 5 union officials. Ivory continues his writing and playing almost undaunted. His *Around the Nation* jazz column appears in numerous newspapers and magazines across the country, and he recently recorded with folksinger **Booker Bradshaw** for Hitsville. Supporting Bradshaw were guitarist **Ted Lucas**, bassist Ivory, and drummer **Benny Benjamin**. Bradshaw has been playing the Retort lately, and Lucas played a three-week November engagement there.

CHICAGO

Composer **Bill Russo** visited his home town last month on his way to London, England, to conduct two concerts by the large orchestra he formed there. Until recently, Russo lived in London, but his home now is in New York City. While in Chicago, the composer made final arrangements for publication by the University of Chicago Press of a textbook he is writing.

Drummer **Jasper Taylor**, 70, died here on Nov. 7. During his career, Taylor played with bands led by **W. C. Handy**, **Dave Peyton**, **Fess Williams**, and **Lil Armstrong**. In the 1920s, he recorded with many jazz artists, including **Jelly Roll Morton**, **Freddie Keppard**, **Johnny Dodds**, and **Jimmy Blythe**. Born in Texarkana, Arkansas, Taylor moved to Chicago in 1917.

The **Gene Krupa Quartet**, which just closed at the London House, is set for a tour of Mexico and Japan this winter... Tenor saxophonist **Sonny Rollins'** quartet at the Plugged Nickel included trombonist **Grachan Moncur III**, bassist **Herman Wright**, and drummer **Beaver Harris**... French musicians **Guy Pederson**, bass, and **Daniel Humair**, drums, accompanied the **Swingle Singers** at a pair of Orchestra Hall concerts in November. The **Dave Brubeck Quartet** shared the bill at the concerts.

BLUES NEWS: **John Henry Barbee**, Tennessee-born singer-guitarist and a member of the most recent blues package to tour Europe, was flown back to Chicago from Manchester, England, after collapsing. A British doctor who examined the blues singer said he had a very advanced cancer... Added to the lineup at the recent **Son House** concert at the University of Chicago was another Mississippi blues man, **Big Joe Williams**, who had returned to the city after engagements in Bloomington, Ind., and DeKalb, Ill.... Members of harmonica player **Paul Butterfield's** band, now working at Big John's, include **Elvin Bishop**, guitar; **Jerome Arnold**, bass; and **Sammy Tucker**, drums.

LOS ANGELES

With the recent commitment of pianist **Phineas Newborn** to Camarillo State Hospital, jazz here lost one of its foremost figures. By action of Dept. 95 of Los Angeles Superior Court, Newborn's commitment is "involuntary" and for an "indefinite period." But an equally forceful jazzman, altoist **Frank Morgan**, recently returned to the local scene after an enforced absence of some years. Morgan's sitting in at the It Club with the **Quartet Tres Bien** had the town talking. Los Angeles is still one jazzman short, however: tenorist **Teddy Edwards** moved to New York City.

Booker **Bob Leonard** is bringing **Dexter Gordon** back here from Europe, where the tenorist has been working for 27 months. Gordon will work locally through the month of December and may remain in the United States. According to Leonard, the musician is "lonely in Europe and anxious to return to the States." . . . **Tommy Strode**, recently arrived pianist from St. Louis, Mo., is building a local reputation for himself while working Fridays through Mondays at the Rubaiyat Room of the Watkins Hotel with bassist **Leroy Vinnegar** and drummer **Bobby Sears** as cohorts . . . Singer **Lorez Alexandria** signed with General Artists Corp. and was booked into Harold's Club, Reno, Nev., with **Bob Crosby**. The booking runs until Dec. 7 and follows **Nancy Wilson's** run at the gambling casino. Miss **Alexandria** moves to Toronto's Town Tavern Jan. 4-16 . . . **Onzy Matthews** takes his big band into the Lighthouse, Hermosa Beach, for 10 days beginning Dec. 4. The new policy at **John Levine's** oceanside cafe of alternating **Howard Rumsey's All-Stars** with outside featured attractions is paying off.

SAN FRANCISCO

Veteran blues singer **Joe Turner** made his first club appearance in this area in some time with a five-night gig at the Showcase in Oakland. . . . The Top Drawer, once the site of the Black Hawk, has abandoned its restaurant-only status and begun programing name attractions. Singer **Brook Benton** and his trio inaugurated the new policy. **Dorothy Shay** followed, and the **De-Castro** sisters were booked after her.

Across the bay in Oakland, Music Cross Roads has again changed hands. Singer-instrumentalist-comedian **Slim Gaillard**, who was there briefly after pianist **Earl Hines'** departure for the east, and the club's owners subsequently sold it to partners **Tony Viscovich** and **Earl Norager**, the latter formerly of Los Angeles and Las Vegas, Nev. Baritonist-flutist **Virgil Gonsalves'** quartet and guitarist-singer **Eric Miller** were the first

attraction, and the owners plan to add lounge-type shows.

The **Stan Getz Quartet**, singer **Astrud Gilberto**, and comedian **Godfrey Cambridge** played several college concerts in this area in addition to a public concert in Berkeley . . . French jazz pianist **Martial Solal** was to make his first West

Coast appearance with a two-week engagement at El Matador here . . . Clarinetist **Vince Cattolica** and drummer **Cuz Cousineau** are playing Wednesdays with pianist **Burt Bales** at Pier 23 on the waterfront. **Bales** operates as a single Tuesdays and Thursdays, and the **Bill Erickson** combo is on stage weekends.



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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; tfn.—til further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.—weekends.

NEW YORK

Baby Grand: Joe Knight, hb.
Basie's: High Notes, tfn.
Basin Street East: Duke Ellington, 12/21-1/4.
Birdland: Dizzy Gillespie, Gerry Mulligan, 12/10-30.
Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn): Dorothy Donegan to 12/28.
Broken Drum: Wilbur DeParis, tfn.
Champagne Gallery: Steve Lacy, Sun. afternoon.
Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, tfn.
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, tfn.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.
Eleventh Hour East: Jay Chasin, tfn.
Five Spot: Teddy Wilson, tfn.
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wettling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
Gordian Knot: Leroy Parkins, tfn.
Half Note: Tubby Hayes to 12/9. Lennie Tristano, 12/10-24. Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, 12/25-1/14.
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, John Bunch, tfn.
Metropole: Henry (Red) Allen, hb. Max Kaminsky, tfn.
Open End: Scott Murray, Duke Jordan, Slam Stewart, hb.
Penthouse Club: Joe Mooney, tfn.
Playboy: Les Spann, Milt Sealy, Walter Norris, Mike Longo, Monty Alexander, hb.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, Tony Parenti, hb.
Stroller's: Marian McPartland, tfn.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Hank Duncan, tfn.
Village Gate: Herbie Mann to 12/13. Thelonious Monk, 12/12-1/22.
Wells: Buddy Henry, tfn.

LONDON

Ronnie Scott Club: Ben Webster, Ronnie Scott, Ronnie Ross, Dick Morrissey, 12/8-1/3. Sonny Rollins, Tubby Hayes, 1/8-2/7.

BOSTON

Beachcomber (Wollaston Beach): Duke Ellington, 12/3-4.
The Cave: Latin-Jazz Sextet, tfn.
Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone, Maggie Scott, tfn.
Cottage Crest (Waltham): Paul-Champ Duo, Thur-Sat.
D'Amato's (Hartford, Conn.): The New Breed, Wed-Sun.
Fenway Commonwealth: The Jaytones, tfn.
Fenway North (Revere): Glenna Gibson, tfn.
Game Bar (Lynn): Rick Kaye, tfn.
Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Oscar Peterson, 12/1-6. Freddie Hubbard, 12/7-13. Roy Haynes, 12/14-20.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike (West Peabody): unk.
Number 3 Lounge: Saby Lewis, tfn.
Starlite (Allston): Joe Riddick, tfn.
Thru the Looking Glass: Tony Eira, Gerry Reiter, tfn.
Westgate Lounge (Brockton): Lou Columbo, Tue.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Tony D'Angelo, tfn.
Bayou: Eddie Dimond, hb.
Bohemian Taverns: unk.
Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor Jr., Ann Read, tfn.
Charles Hotel: Kenny Fulcher-Slide Harris, Thur-Sat.
Fireplace: Tommy Chase, Joyce Carr, tfn.
PL's: Tommy Gwaltney, tfn.
Red Coach Inn: Charlie Schner, Keith Hodgson, tfn.
Shadow Lounge: Russian Jazz Quartet to 12/6.
Showboat Lounge: Dizzy Gillespie to 12/5. Jackie Cain & Roy Kral, 12/7-12. Charlie Byrd, 12/14-tfn.
Sixth House: Jerome Hopkins, tfn.
Stouffer's Restaurant: John Eaton, tfn.

PHILADELPHIA

Academy of Music: Dave Brubeck, 12/3.
Club 50 (Trenton): Tony DeNicola-Johnny Coates-Johnny Ellis, tfn.
Drake Hotel: Joe Derise, tfn.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims, hb.
La Salute (Trenton): Marty Bergen, tfn.
Latin Casino: Ella Fitzgerald, 12/3-16.

Market Street Opera House: DeWitt Kay, hb.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.
Old Penn Tavern: Mop Dudley, tfn.
Pep's: Jean Dushon, Herman Foster to 12/5. Arthur Prysock, 12/17-12.
Pilgrim Gardens Lounge: Good Time Six, tfn.
Red Hill Inn: Skeets Marsh, hb.
Saxony East: DeLloyd McKay, tfn.
Show Boat: Lou Donaldson to 12/5. Quartet Tres Bien, 12/7-12.

NEW ORLEANS

Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Sharkey Bonano, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
King's Room: Lavergne Smith, tfn.
Old Absinthe House: Marvin Kimball, tfn.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervalon, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Pepe's: Larry Muhoberac, tfn.
Playboy: Al Belleto, Dave West, Buddy Prima, hb.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

KANSAS CITY

Aladdin's Lamp: Pete McShann, tfn.
Colony Lounge: Marilyn Maye, Sammy Tucker, tfn.
Golden Horseshoe: Betty Miller, Milt Able, tfn.
Inferno: Fred Muro, tfn.
Interlude: Pearl Nance, tfn.
Jerry's: Charlotte Mansfield, tfn.
Leopard Lounge: Bib Simes, Fri.
Loreli: Bucky Wyzar, tfn.
Pepe's Lounge: Jerry Willis, Harold Henley, tfn.
Playboy: Frank Smith, tfn.

CINCINNATI

Apartment: Jimmy Jamaal, tfn.
Blue Angel: Amos Milburn, Sonny Cole, tfn.
Herbie's Bar: Modern Jazz Apostles, Wed-Sat.
Jai Alai (Newport, Ky.): Philip Paul, Doc Smith, tfn.
Kasbah (Terrace Hilton Hotel): Jimmy Ryan, tfn.
Kitty Kat Lounge: John Wright, Thur-Sat.
Living Room: unk.
Penthouse: Miles Davis to 12/5.
Playboy Club: Dee Felice, Woody Evans, Alex Cirin, hb.
Whisper Room: Cal Collins, Jack Prather, Grove Mooney, tfn. Sessions, Sun.

DETROIT

Artists' Workshop: Free concerts, Sun. afternoon, Detroit Contemporary 5, hb.
Caucus Club: Howard Lucas, tfn.
Chamberlain Lounge (Dearborn): Dorothy Ashby. Chit-Chat: Paul Bryant, tfn. Sessions, Tue.
Falcon Bar (Ann Arbor): George Overstreet.
Hobby Bar: Bob McDonald, tfn.
Mermaid's Cave: King Bartel, tfn.
Nancy's Bar: sessions, Mon.
Odom's Cave: Bill Hyde, tfn.
Office Lounge (Flint): sessions, Sun.
Page's Lounge: Frank Morelli, tfn.
Phelps' Lounge: name groups. Sessions, Sat.
Playboy Club: Matt Michaels, Vince Mance, Booboo Turner, hb.
Sports Bar (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, tfn.
Tropicana (Lansing): various organ trios, Tue-Sun.
Twenty Grand: Levi Mann, hb.
Unstable Theater: Detroit Jazz Quintet, hb. Sessions, afterhours, wknds.

CHICAGO

Al's Golden Door: Billy Emerson, tfn.
Big John's: Paul Butterfield, Wed-Sat. Tommy Ponce, Sun.
Gai Paris: Eddy Davis, Manny Garcia, tfn.
Dukes of Dixieland to 12/14.
Hungry Eye: Ken Rhodes, wknds.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington, Thur.
London House: Gene Krupa to 12/5. Jonah Jones, 12/8-27. Joao Gilberto, 12/29-1/11. Eddie Higgins, Dick Reynolds-Rick Frigo, hb.
Magoo's: Mike Bloomfield, Wed-Sun.

McKie's: Ramsey Lewis, 12/16-1/3.
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
Mister Kelly's: Morgana King to 12/6. Larry Novak, John Frigo, hb.
Moroccan Village: Baby Face Willette, tfn.
Olde East Inn: unk.
Olde Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Mon-Tue.
Larry Boyle, tfn.
Outhaus: Pieces of Eight, Wed, Sun.
Playboy: Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hb.
Plugged Nickel: Charlie Byrd to 12/6. Art Blakey, 12/9-13. Sessions, Mon.
Red Arrow (Stickney): Franz Jackson, Fri-Sat.
Showboat Sari-S: Art Hodes, tfn.
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.
Velvet Swing: Harvey Leon, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri-Sat.
Alibi (Pomona): Alton Purnell, tfn.
Beverly Cavern: Johnny Lucas, Fri-Sat.
Beverly Hilton (Rendezvous Room): Calvin Jackson, Al McKibbin, tfn.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Max Bennett, Nick Martinis, Sun-Mon.
Chico's (Inglewood): Gene Palmer, Fri-Sat.
Club Havana: Rene Bloch, hb.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Ben Rozet, Vic Mio, tfn.
Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, Fri-Sat.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Hollywood Plaza: Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Honeybucket (Costa Mesa): Walt Ventre's French Quarter Jazz Band, Fri-Sat.
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy Dixieland Band, hb.
Intermission Room: William Green, tfn.
International Hotel (International Airport): Kirk Stuart, tfn.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lancers (Santa Ana): Lyn Rose, Mon-Sat.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, hb. Onzy Matthews 12/4-12.
Lazy X (North Hollywood): Rick Fay, Charlie Lodice, Jack Coon, Tom Geckler, Sun. after-noon.
Memory Lane: Gerald Wiggins, tfn.
Marty's: Henry Cain, Ray Crawford, tfn.
Metro Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri-Sat.
Norm's Green-Lake Steak House (Pasadena): Joyce Collins, Monty Budwig, Mon-Tue.
Palace (Santa Barbara): Gene Bolen, tfn.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, tfn.
Plush Horse (Redondo Beach): Earl Bostic to 1/3.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Johnny Dial, tfn.
Red Chimney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Thur-Sat.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pete Bealman, tfn.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri-Sat.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Tommy Strode, Bobby Sears, Leroy Vinnegar, Fri-Mon.
Royal Lion (Ventura Blvd.): Matty Matlock, Tue-Sat.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring, hb.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Sonny Rollins, 12/10-20. Vince Guaraldi, Bola Sete, 12/22-1/3.
Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, tfn.
Strand Theater: sessions, afterhours, Fri-Sat.
Straw Hat (Garden Grove): Unquenables, tfn.
Sultan Room (Hollywood): Richard Aplan, Sun., 11 a.m.-4 p.m.
Tops Restaurant (San Bernardino): Connie Wills, sessions.
Velvet Turtle (Redondo Beach): Don Abney, Buddy Woodson, Ed Atwood, tfn.
Wilshire House Hotel (El Gaucho Room): Lennie Bluett, tfn.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Sonny Rollins to 12/3. Jazz Crusaders, 12/9-29.
Big Al's: Merl Saunders, tfn.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, Fri-Sat.
Dale's (Alameda): George Stoicich, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
Executive Suite: Chris Ibanez, tfn.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Stan Kenton Alumni, Fri-Sat.
Hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Richard (Groove) Holmes, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: unk.
Jimbo's Pop City: Freddy Gambrell, afterhours.
Parker's Soulville: Dewey Redman, afterhours, wknds.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
Sir Francis Drake: Richie Ferraris, Dan Dereck, wknds.
Trident (Sausalito): Jean Hoffman, tfn.
Twelve Adler Place: Vernon Alley, Shelly Robin, tfn.

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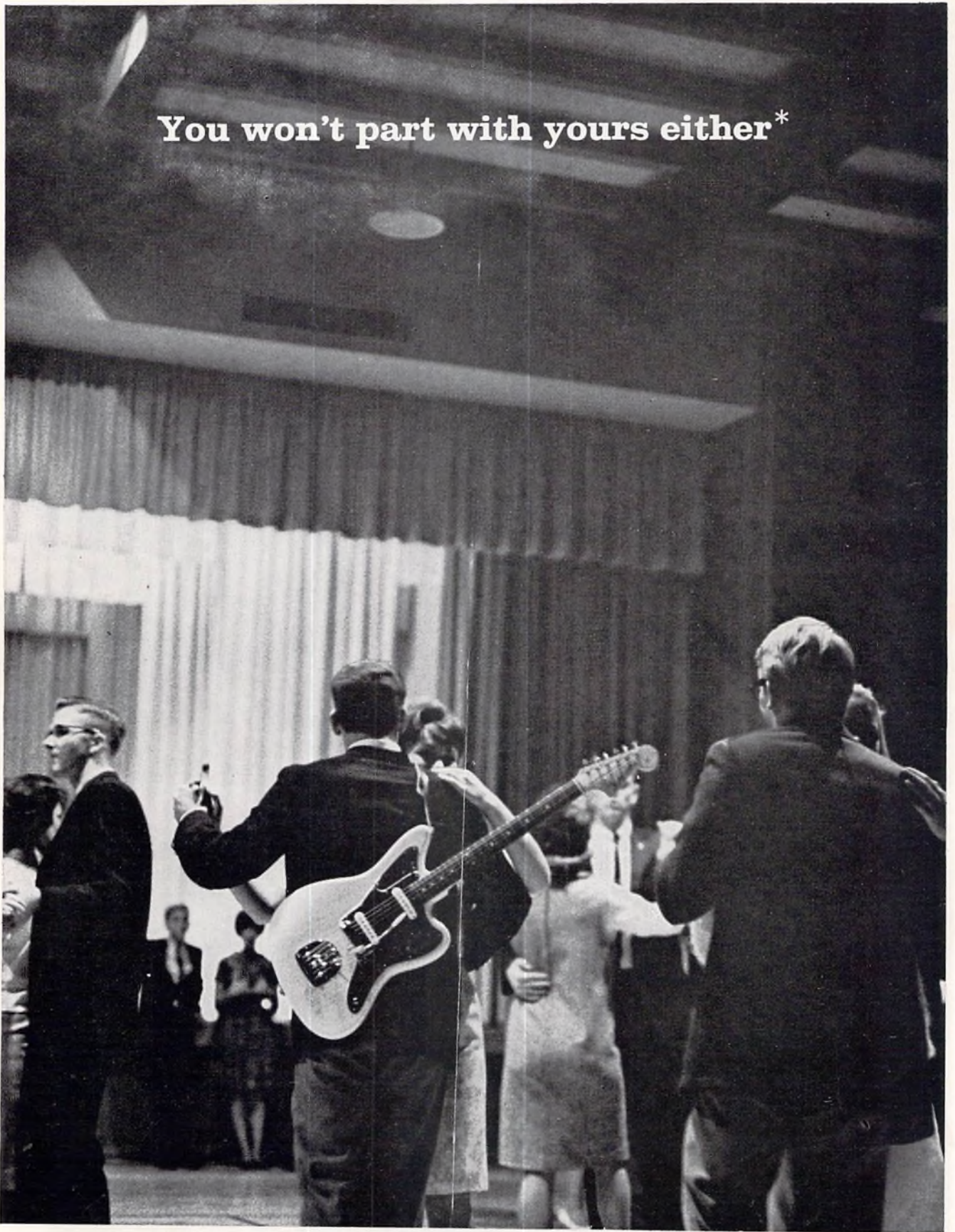


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