JANUARY 30, 1964 35c

down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

Features ■ Ruby Braff ■ Gene Shaw ■ Roswell Rudd ■ Joe Gordon ■ J.C. Higginbotham ■ ■

ANNUAL BRASS ISSUE

King puts this hallmark on every Sterling Silver Bell trumpet, cornet, trombone, saxophone

It's a mark of musical value built into these instruments that musicians and band directors have come to appreciate.

Sterling Silver Bells guarantee a richer sound, because they deliver more overtones. They project farther. They respond quicker. They will not "crack"—ever.

Are they really spun from solid sterling silver? Yes. Do they really do as much as King claims? The way to see is to hear for yourself.

It's harder to make a Sterling Silver Bell band instrument. That's why most manufacturers don't. But it's easier to create good sound with a Sterling Silver Bell. That's why King makes them.

Listen. To you on a King Sterling Silver Bell. You'll hear a difference.

KING

THE H. N. WHITE CO.

manufacturers of King and Cleveland band instruments . . . standard of excellence for over 70 years

5225 Superior Avenue / Cleveland 3, Ohio

January 30, 1964 Vol. 31, No. 3

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE
On Newsstands Throughout the World
Every Other Thursday
READERS IN 91 COUNTRIES

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

CONTENTS

ARTICLES

REVIEWS

DEPARTMENTS

Cover photograph by Lee E. Tanner

THINGS TO COME: The Feb. 13 **Down Beat,** on sale at newsstands on Jan. 30, ranges in content from a perceptive view of Third Stream music and Orchestra U.S.A. by Gene Lees to an interview with country blues man Big Joe Williams by Pete Welding. Filling in between these extremes is John Tynan's story on trombonist Lou Blackburn and trumpeter Freddie Hill. Other features are included in addition to reviews of records and live performances, news, and columns. Reserve your copy now.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE: 205 West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill., Financial 6-7811. Fred Hysell Jr., Advertising Sales. Don DeMicheal, Pete Welding, Editorial.
EAST COAST OFFICE: 1776 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y., Plaza 7-5111. Ronald E. Willman, Advertising Sales. Ira Gitler, Editorial.
WEST COAST OFFICE: 6269 Selma Blvd., Los Angeles 28, Calif., HOllywood 3-3268. John A. Tynan, Editorial.
Printed in U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Published bi-weekly; and daily on February 23; June 28, 29, 30; July 1, 2. We cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations.
Address all circulation correspondence to Circulation Dept., 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.
Subscription rates are $7 for one year, $12 for two years, $16 for three years, payable in advance. If you live in Canada or in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 50 cents to the prices listed above. If you live in any other foreign country, add $1.50. If you move, let us know your new address (include your old one, too) in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies, and we can't send duplicates).

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT; MUSIC '64; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS; N.A.M.M. Daily.

CORRESPONDENTS

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

CHORDS & DISCORDS

A FORUM FOR READERS

List Lacking?

I was pleased to read the excellent article on Zutty Singleton in the Nov. 21 *Down Beat*. However, I do not agree entirely with what was written. "The history of jazz drums," says the author, Martin Williams, "goes something like this: Baby Dodds . . . to Max Roach." but he omitted in his list of drummers Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich.

In this article not one word is printed about Krupa, yet Williams writes, "In a sense, Zutty's ideas dominated the swing period." I have always thought and will so that it was Krupa who dominated the swing period, and that for many years after, it was Krupa who was the foremost of drummers. I think Krupa has done as much for drums as Armstrong has for the trumpet and to leave him out of a list of prominent jazz drummers was a sacrilege.

My feelings about Buddy Rich can be summed up in the four words used by Billy Higgins to describe Rich—"That guy is fantastic." I agree entirely.

K. O'Neill
Kent, England

Perhaps reader O'Neill missed Williams' subtlety.

Kenny Clarke Answers A Young Man

In answer to a letter from a young reader and musician, first I'd like to thank you for your letter and your interest. I'm glad that you agree with me on some points and, too, that you disagree. You said, "Although the jazz of the 1930s and '40s was consistently sound and meaningful, I believe it lacked the quality of elevation and that the music of today contains quality."

My advice to you, Freddie Thompkins, is to enroll as fast as you can in one of the jazz clinics. There you will be able to strive for quality, by actually playing with other musicians of your age group. Playing in saxophone sections and the like.

To be a good leader one must first learn to follow. That quality we had and maintained in the '30s and '40s, as we had a number of big bands to work and experiment in. These bands are lacking today, so your best bet is the jazz clinic. You also mentioned the "new way" of playing chords by John Coltrane. Well, this may be new to you, but listen a little more to Diz. And may I recommend Rene Leibowitz's book *Twelve Tones*? If you cannot buy it in the United States, I will take it upon myself to send it to you.

Kenny Clarke
Seine, France

New Bird Is Old Bird

This letter will serve two purposes: to warn other prospective buyers and to voice a complaint.

I recently purchased a record on Savoy

Three who agree on Olds!

The man wearing the satisfied smile is Nelson Riddle, composer and arranger extraordinary—for TV, the movies, and on recordings (and a featured trombonist in Olds advertising in the '30's). He's listening to trombonist George Roberts instructing the young Christopher Riddle on his new Olds. Like father—like son—Christopher is beginning on the trombone. And Olds is his instrument. George agrees—his trombone is Olds, too. In fact, they all say—when it comes to trombone, there's really ONLY OLDS.

OLDS

F. E. OLDS & SON
FULLERTON, CALIFORNIA

(MG-12179) called *Charlie Parker—The "Bird" Returns.* The liner notes stated these are "heretofore undiscovered sides." After reading this you can imagine my surprise after buying the LP and listening to it closely to discover that two of the seven tracks have been issued previously on another label. Both *Ko Ko* and *Ornithology* (wrongly called *Thriving from a Riff* by Savoy) were issued on Le Jazz Cool and then reissued on the Charlie Parker label as *Historical Masterpieces.*

While the other five tracks are unissued material and are very worthwhile in that they feature Lucky Thompson, tenor saxophone; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; and Al Haig, piano, it still seems quite unethical to include the two reissues without saying so and to further state that they are new releases.

From reading Parker discographies it is evident that there is a great deal by Parker that has never been issued. Many air-checks, concerts, and private party tracks have been issued in France or are available on privately issued acetates which could be made available to the public rather than have record companies fool the public by claiming to be issuing new material when they really are not. I hope others won't be fooled as I was.

Peter S. Friedman
Detroit, Mich.

Tribute To A Tribute

I read with a great deal of pleasure the warm, sincere article on Bob Scobey by jazz veteran Art Hodes. It reminded me of the four times I saw Scobey at his Chicago club, Bourbon Street. Art was working intermissions then too. A warmer, friendlier music of any jazz form or period would be hard to find. Those were good evenings. The last time I talked to Bob, he was "coming along fine." He had a milk-on-the-rocks, then got up on the stand, and bit into *Sidewalk Blues.*

Most records by Bob released are securely nestled in my collection. I expect there will be a day when I have them all. The article by Hodes was a simple tribute by a gifted pianist, who, for a brief time, worked and recorded jazz with this fine musician and man. I would like to see a book written on Robert Alexander Scobey, a book with generous contributions proffered by jazzmen Bob touched in his musical rise—men like Lu Watters, Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, Jack Buck, Bill Napier, Dave Black, etc. Hodes started it. Thank you, Art.

John D. Walraven
Comstock Park, Mich.

Furthering Knowledge

Down Beat has been and will continue to be an essential element in the furthering of knowledge of jazz in our high school jazz club (the only one of its kind in the city of Edmonton).

On behalf of the club, we would like to take this opportunity to wish you all luck in the future.

Barry Sands
Wayne Kozak
Edmonton, Alberta

JIMMIE COBB

that great GRETSCH sound

IT'S THE PERFECT MATCH . . . THE BLEND OF JIMMIE'S CREATIVE DRUMMING AND GRETSCH QUALITY CONSTRUCTION. YOU HEAR IT WHEN JIMMIE, THE MOST OUTSTANDING OF THE NEW YOUNG DRUMMERS PLAYS WITH THE MILES DAVIS BAND. HIS MODERN HARD DRIVING STYLE IS KNOWN FOR ITS SUBTLE RHYTHMIC NUANCES AND JIMMIE KNOWS AND YOU'LL SEE THAT A GRETSCH DRUM GETS THE MOST FROM YOUR STYLE. DISCOVER THE GRETSCH SOUND AT YOUR DEALER.

JIMMIE'S "BLACK PEARL" OUTFIT CONTAINS: 20" x 14" BASS DRUM; 12" x 8" and 14" x 14" TOMTOMS; 14" x 5½" SNARE; PLUS GRETSCH EXCLUSIVE "FLOATING ACTION" DRUM PEDAL.

GRETSCH

WRITE FOR FREE NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG. DEPT. AD-41

THE FRED. GRETSCH MFG. CO., 60 BROADWAY, BROOKLYN 11, N. Y.

STRICTLY AD LIB

NEW YORK

The big bands are back at Basin Street East. **Duke Ellington's** first engagement after his return from the Middle East was a two-nighter at the east-side club. The band played opposite singer **Carmen McRae** and was in loose-swinging form in its homecoming performances. There were a few new faces in the ranks, some of them only temporary. **Bill Berry** was in on trumpet for **Rolf Ericson,** who hadn't yet returned from overseas; **Bob Freedman,** formerly with **Herb Pomeroy's** big band, filled in on tenor saxophone and clarinet for the vacationing **Jimmy Hamilton;** and **Herbie Jones,** who used to play with **Mercer Ellington,** was an addition to the trumpet section. In one set Jones blew **Cat Anderson's** twin-belled trumpet, so that Anderson could hear how it sounded.


ELLINGTON

After Ellington came **Count Basie** for the Christmas-New Year's holidays. **Keely Smith** was the vocal attraction. Then Ellington returned on Jan. 9, with pianist **Ahmad Jamal's** trio opposite him, and will stay until Jan. 18 . . . **Maynard Ferguson's** band was at Birdland, concurrent with the Basie Basin Street run, with former Basie singer **Irene Reid** also on hand.

Clarinetist **Buddy DeFranco** will appear with the William H. Hall High School Band of West Hartford, Conn., at the fourth annual Intercollegiate Jazz Festival to be held at Villanova University on Feb. 7. DeFranco will play with the band and demonstrate Leblanc clarinets. Composer-saxophonist **Oliver Nelson** has been added to the panel that will judge contestants at the festival. **George Wein** has announced that the winning band will be booked for the 1964 Newport Jazz Festival.

Harriet Janis, co-author, with **Rudi Blesh,** of *They All Played Ragtime*, died in November. Mrs. Janis had been ill for 14 months. Mother of trombonist-actor **Conrad Janis,** she was co-owner of the Sidney Janis Gallery and had also co-authored a book on modern art with Blesh. Mrs. Janis was one of the founders and vice president of Circle records from 1946-'52 and was vice president of Solo Art records at the time of her death.


MISS LINCOLN

Singer-organist **Joe Mooney** was held over at the Most. Instead of doing a single, as before, he now has a trio that includes bassist **Wyatt Ruther** and drummer **Denzil Best.** Sunday evening has become session night at the club and features the group co-led by tenor saxophonist **Benny Golson** and drummer **Don Michaels,** a quartet completed by vibist **Warren Chiasson** and bassist **Richard Davis,** Different guest stars are presented with the group each week.

Vocalist **Abbey Lincoln** was the holiday attraction at Wells', along with pianist **Herman Foster's** trio . . . Pianist-singer **Bob Dorough** was at the Gordian Knot with guitarist **Al Shackman,** bassist **Hal Dodson,** and drummer **Frank Gant.** Trombonist **Benny Powell** and Dorough co-led a group in a Sunday session there . . . Guitarist **Lord Westbrook** continues to lead his "trio and Friend" at the Lenox Lanes (a bowling alley) in Harlem. The rest of the trio is

(Continued on page 42)

down beat®
January 30, 1964 Vol. 31, No. 3

RECORDING INDUSTRY HIT FROM TWO SIDES

When time comes for a new contract to be signed between the American Federation of Musicians and the recording companies, the companies usually have only one adversary to worry about—the AFM. Now they are getting it from two directions.

But first worries first.

The union is asking a three-step wage-scale increase for its members during the next three-year contract period. It wants the minimum scale for recording musicians raised from $56 to $61 for a three-hour session, effective Jan. 1, 1964. Then the AFM wants the scale to increase to $65 in 1965 and to $69 in 1966.

Other demands include a 10-minute break in each hour of a recording date (musicians now get a total of 20 minutes off during a three-hour session); double scale for all dates held on holidays and Sundays and for any recordings made between the hours of midnight and 9 a.m.; an increase in pension-fund payments from 8 to 10 percent; a 5 percent penalty payment for any payment made later than five days after the time a musician's check is supposed to be at the union, plus a 10 percent penalty if the check is more than 30 days late; and a raising of fees for classical recordings to a point closer to the payment for popular-music dates.

Although there was no specific comment from the recording industry, the general undercurrent was reported to be unhappiness with the proposals, especially those dealing with the penalty fines.

Meanwhile, the Orchestra Leaders of Greater New York protested the negotiations between the AFM and the record companies by sending a letter to 20 of the companies (including Columbia, RCA Victor, Decca, Capitol, MGM, ABC-Paramount, and Mercury) through its attorney, Godfrey P. Schmidt.

The decision to challenge these negotiations stemmed from a recent U.S. Supreme Court action supporting a ruling that the leaders are employers of their sidemen (see story on next page).

The orchestra leaders' letter to the recording companies states that, by bargaining with the AFM for musicians who are employes of orchestra leaders and not recording companies, they are guilty of an unfair labor practice. The leaders add that, by overlooking their employer status, the companies are violating antitrust laws. They also claim that Section 302 of the Taft-Hartley Act is being violated because of payments made by the companies into the AFM pension fund and to the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries. They say that these payments are the obligation of the employers, and since the recording companies are not the true employers of the sidemen, they violate the law.

The letter warns that if the companies do not halt these asserted violations and end negotiations with the AFM immediately, the Orchestra Leaders of Greater New York will instruct its attorney to "take appropriate action in the courts."

GRAUER
Death comes unexpectedly at 41

BILL GRAUER, RIVERSIDE PRESIDENT, DIES

Bill Grauer, president of Riverside records, died unexpectedly Dec. 15 in New York City of a coronary occlusion.

Grauer, born in New York in 1922, was a graduate of Columbia University. Long before he and Orrin Keepnews co-founded Riverside, Grauer was well known in the jazz world as a collector and editor-publisher of *The Record Changer*. He and Keepnews also co-authored the book *The Pictorial History of Jazz*.

Keepnews, vice president of Riverside and Grauer's long-time friend and colleague, said, "As you know, Bill was intensely dedicated to this company and its progress. He and I had been associated for nearly 20 years and founded Riverside together 11 years ago. His other colleagues and I will miss him deeply. I am certain, however, that together we have built a strong organization, which will be able to continue as he would have wished along the lines he established."

The funeral was held Dec. 17 with Grauer's cousin, veteran radio announcer Ben Grauer, delivering a eulogy. Grauer is survived by his mother, his widow, a son, and a daughter.

SCALE CONTROVERSY IN SAN FRANCISCO

A controversy about wages for sidemen employed on casual engagements is bubbling in the San Francisco area. It involves orchestra leaders, sidemen, and the musicians' union and has the potential of becoming a national issue.

The dispute arose after an October membership referendum that approved an increase in the 1964 minimum-wage scale for members of AFM Local 6 and had not—at presstime—been resolved by a second referendum held just before year's end, which cut back the scale.

Local 6, whose jurisdiction includes San Francisco and parts of Alameda, Contra Costa, Marin, and San Mateo counties—adjoining areas to the north, east, and south—has some 6,400 members.

In the first referendum, a slim majority of the 420 who cast ballots voted to raise minimums in each of three categories by about $2 and to increase the premium for Saturday night jobs from $2 to $3.

In so doing they rejected the local's wage-scale committee recommendation that for 1964 only the three-hour rate be raised (from $22.50 to $24) to put it in line with the two-hour ($20) and four-hour ($30) minimums. (These minimums, established for 1962, represented about a $6 increase over the 1961 scale.)

The increases brought an outburst from a group of local bandleaders, which includes most of the biggest such employers in Local 6.

They formed the San Francisco Bay Area Orchestra Leaders Association and called upon Local 6 to negotiate with the association for wage rates and other conditions for musicians hired for casual engagements.

Should a satisfactory agreement not be reached, the leaders' spokesman, Ray Hackett, said, the association would ask the National Labor Relations Board or the courts to order Local 6 to bargain over rates with the leaders' group as an employer association.

Charles (Pop) Kennedy, Local 6 president, who, with other officers, was caught in the middle of the dispute, said there is no musicians union machinery provided for such negotiations and referred the leaders' complaints to Herman D. Kenin, pres-

ident of the AFM.

Leaders and other members had complained that the first wage-scale referendum had not—because it was held at night and had been protracted by the use of paper ballots—represented the true opinion of the local's members. Responding to these charges, Local 6 officers authorized the second referendum. Balloting was from noon to 10 p.m., and voting machines rented from the city were used.

A total of 778 members cast ballots and by a vote of 433 to 345 sustained the scale committee's recommendations to maintain the 1963 wage scale for 1964 except for the $1.50 adjustment in the three-hour bracket.

This cutback has not settled the case so far as the leaders are concerned, Hackett said.

"We're still a long, long way from resolving many situations," he said. The leaders planned a meeting to decide on a future course. Hackett asserted, "The government and the federation have been very derelict in this situation."

"What we're objecting to," Hackett had said earlier in commenting on results of the first referendum, "are the unilateral decisions of the sidemen. They have been setting wages without consulting us, and they have been pricing all of us out of work. Their wages aren't too high, but they are boosting them abruptly; we can't sell them to the public."

Hackett added that almost 70 percent of the conventions and sales meetings held in the bay area no longer use live music because of the cost.

The leaders' association has some 100 members, he said, listing some of them as Anson Weeks, Ernie Hecksher, Del Courtney, Johnny Vaughan, Dick Reinhart, Jimmy Blass, and Jack Fisher.

In an off-the-record comment to *Down Beat*, one musician who works a good many casuals said proponents of a general scale raise, of whom he is one, see no reason why the increase should raise over-all prices. The leaders, he said, could pay the raise out of their own share of the job's gross. While some small operators might be pressed by this, the musician admitted, the feeling among those who favored the raise is that the big-time leaders can afford to "share the wealth."

A top leader, also speaking anonymously, said the sidemen's ideas of a leader's take are grossly inflated. He declared: customers aren't paying as much for a job as they used to; the leader has to pay taxes and other expenses out of his share; most leaders already pay top sidemen more than scale; a leader who has spent years building a reputation that brings him top jobs is entitled to cash in on his investment.

A somewhat different view was expressed by another musician. Now working in a nonplaying day job, he takes only occasional casuals and for that reason, he said, did not vote in either referendum.

"The situation that has developed is essentially the old labor vs. management struggle," he said. "Considering that both factions are members of the same union, this is a real slice of wry."

BLUES EVOLUTION SET FOR UCLA

Jon Hendricks' *Evolution of the Blues Song*, a choral-instrumental-verse work of American Negro music, will be presented in concert with an all-star cast at the University of California at Los Angeles Feb. 15 as one of the events celebrating Negro History Week in the city.

HENDRICKS
Will narrate and sing in blues evolution

Featured in the presentation, to be held at the university's Royce Hall under sponsorship of UCLA's fine arts committee and the student cultural commission, will be Hendricks as narrator-singer, blues singer Jimmy Witherspoon, singer Hannah Dean and her Gospel group, the Hampton Hawes Trio (Hawes, piano; Monk Montgomery, bass; Steve Ellington, drums), tenor saxophonist Teddy Edwards, and San Francisco folk singer Bukka White.

Evolution of the Blues Song was first performed at the 1960 Monterey Jazz Festival; shortly thereafter it was recorded by Columbia records with the cast that presented it at Monterey.

Arangements for the UCLA concert are being made by International Talent Management agency.

Other highlights of Negro History Week at UCLA will be a lecture Feb. 11 by historian Benjamin Quarles and a Feb. 14 symposium titled *The Negro Challenge* with Rep. James Roosevelt (D-Calif.) as one of the participants.

SUPREME COURT WON'T REVIEW SURCHARGE CASE

Orchestra Leaders of Greater New York have won the final round in their three-year battle with the American Federation of Musicians and New York City Local 802 over the 10 percent traveling tax (in the past, levied against bands working outside their home locals) and the 1½ percent Local 802 work tax (paid on all engagements played within the New York local's jurisdiction).

The U.S. Supreme Court has denied the AFM's request that the court review the case. The decision of the U.S. Court of Appeals stands. This says "taxes" and "traveling surcharges . . . to the union violates Section 302 of the Labor Management Relations Act" and that "the union's demand for the 1½ percent wage tax and the 10 percent surcharge payment violates Section 302."

The decision also said that "it is clear that the 10 percent surcharge is an exaction from the leader's share. The amount is never deducted from the sideman's wages. . . ."

The ruling further affirms the fact that the single-engagement business is an industry affecting commerce and thus comes within the jurisdiction of the federal courts. It also establishes once and for all that orchestra leaders in the single-engagement field are the employers of their sidemen.

This denial of relief clears the way for the U.S. District Court to set the date for the orchestra leaders' antitrust action against the AFM and Local 802.

Although the antitrust case has been on the calendar for many months, the judge decided not to set the date for this trial until the Supreme Court made its decision. The main allegation in the antitrust suit is that orchestra leaders are employers but are compelled to belong to the union and, thus, are subject to engagement prices fixed by the union.

The antitrust action also charges that the AFM has complete monopoly and control of all musical services throughout the United States.

Joe Carroll, secretary of the orchestra leaders' group, said, "It should be evident to the AFM officials and its locals that we mean business, and we will use every legal means available to us to clean up this ugly mess that was not of our own making. The officials of AFM and Local 802 are to blame for not listening to the complaints over the past several years."

By JOHN TYNAN

THE FINAL HOURS OF JOE GORDON

WHAT DO YOU SAY of Joe Gordon? That he was one of the greatest trumpet players in jazz?

That he was the victim of an emotional disorder that led to years of crippling dependency on heroin, which stunted his career, ruined his marriage, and indirectly led to his death?

Let's get one thing clear: Joe Gordon was clean at the time of his death. Proof? There is no absolute, cast-iron proof, except the educated opinions of those who were with him in the last hours of his 35-year life the night of Oct. 30 and following morning.

The last social contact Joe had with his fellow musicians was first musical and then philosophical. On the evening before the fire that took his life, the trumpeter and a close friend, Jeff Lasky, dropped in at Shelly's Manne-Hole and sat in with the group playing there led by bassist Ralph Pena. Lasky, an unusually talented tenor saxophone player at 18, had become very close to Joe in the months preceding and had played with him on many occasions.

Pena describes the session at the club that night as "a beautiful experience. Joe played magnificently. It was one of the happiest evenings I ever spent."

Later, when the club closed at 2 a.m., the musicians headed for an all-night Sunset Strip restaurant for food and conversation. In addition to Gordon, the group consisted of Pena, Lasky, guitarist Dennis Budimir, drummer Bill Goodwin, and another bass player, Ray Neapolitan. They were later joined by another drummer, Will Bradley Jr.

"The conversation," Pena recalled, "got very philosophical. Joe was in a very thoughtful mood and expressed himself with great clarity on many subjects, including personal ones. I had to leave them about 4 a.m. I guess they stayed there talking 'til about 6."

Then everybody went his separate way.

In the dawning morning Joe's way led to the beach slum of Venice. He was driven by young Lasky to Gordon's temporary "home" there, a condemned apartment building with no electricity, owned by the mother of a fellow trumpeter friend. Joe had lived there rent-free, using candles for illumination, waiting for final notice to move before the wreckers arrived to tear it down. Brief though his stay there was, it proved fatefully too long.

"Joe and I," said Lasky later, "had planned to move into an apartment."

The exact cause of the fire that caused Joe Gordon's death probably will never be known. Firemen conjectured that the blaze probably resulted from a burning cigaret's igniting the trumpeter's bedding. Equally possible is that a lighted candle started the fire.

When firemen broke into Gordon's two-room apartment, they discovered Gordon curled on the floor of the adjoining bathroom with third-degree burns over 85 percent of his body. Rushed to Santa Monica Hospital in critical condition, doctors fought for his life.

For four days Gordon clung to life. At one point he appeared to rally and tried to speak to his ex-wife, Irma, who had flown in from New York to be at his bedside. Then he died.

Gordon's remains were buried in Boston, Mass., his home town. His mother, Mrs. Willie Gordon, who arrived from Boston after the accident, accompanied the casket on the journey home.

Mrs. Gordon said Joe had invited her to visit him on numerous occasions but that she had always put off the trip.

"Maybe he would have been out of that place," she said, "if I had come earlier. I had my bags packed when this happened." Then she said of her only son, "I don't feel so badly after learning how well thought of Joe was."

JOE GORDON was in very bad shape when he arrived in California in the early spring or summer of 1958. Behind him was a musically brilliant career and a disastrous personal life. Once on the coast he worked from time to time with the leading jazzmen, supporting his terrible heroin habit. Finally, in desperation, he turned to a newly formed organization known as Synanon in hopes of getting off and staying off drugs.

The trumpeter remained at Synanon "about four or five months," according to Charles E. (Chuck) Dederich, the organization's founder and director.

Dederich didn't attempt to conceal his anger at Gordon's death. "He had his chance here," said Dederich. "He was going great. But we couldn't keep him from going with Shelly Manne; he wanted to go." (Gordon joined Shelly Manne's group in November, 1958.)

"There's no excuse for this at all," Dederich said furiously on being told of Gordon's death. "He should be alive today. He signed his death warrant when he walked out of here."

Gordon played with the Manne group for about two years, and his trumpet may be heard with the drummer's quintet on the second album Manne recorded of music from the television series *Peter Gunn* and on four LPs recorded live at San Francisco's Black Hawk. Both sets are on the Contemporary label.

As Dederich indicated, the trumpeter's personal problems didn't end when he joined Manne, but this was no fault of the drummer's. Indeed, Manne gave Gordon money and help beyond that of an employer. Finally, when it became obvious that a steady playing job alone provided no solution to his problems, Gordon left the Manne group to work out his own answers.

Somehow, between the time he left Manne and his death, Gordon ap-

(Continued on page 33)

ROSWELL RUDD

A portrait of the poll winning trombonist by Don Heckman

FOR ALL their storied excellence, the Ivy League colleges can hardly be considered out of the ordinary for the quantity of their contributions to the jazz world. The quality of those few players who have made the jump from Mory's and Cronin's to the Five Spot and Birdland, however, has generally been exceptional.

One of the best of these is Roswell Rudd, the winner of last year's International Jazz Critics Poll award for the trombonist most deserving of wider recognition.

"In my case," Rudd said recently, "the choice of an Ivy League school may have been a wrong decision. Back in those days I wasn't really so acute about such things. My father had gone to Yale; he was a terrible student, but a good athlete. Since he had gone there, they gave me a break on the tuition and got me a job. I applied to some other colleges but wasn't accepted, although if I'd been a little better hockey player, I might have gone to Williams."

For Rudd, this means that musicians have frequently heard of his attendance at Yale before they have heard him play, making the whole topic a sensitive one to him.

"I didn't," he said, "really become a student of music until after I left college—at least not as avowedly as I am now." But jazz education began early with his father, who was, according to Rudd, "one of the best amateur drummers I ever heard." Rudd recalled listening to him play along with recordings by Jelly Roll Morton, Duke Ellington, and others. "He was crazy about jazz," Rudd noted, "and even now, when I go home I take my trombone along and we jam together. You should hear what he does with *Epistrophy*!"

That Rudd's playing style was shaped by his early listening appears certain. "Tricky Sam," he said, referring to trombonist Joe Nanton, "has always been my idol, ever since I heard *Ring Dem Bells* [by Duke Ellington], and I haven't gotten over *that* yet. That guy was born to play that way and nobody will ever do it again. That straightforward delivery—loaded with subtleties. It's like Monk."

Rudd's other professed influences run a gamut of jazz styles—Pee Wee Russell, Fats Waller, Edmond Hall, Dave Tough, Art Tatum, Bud Powell, and Louis Armstrong. His list of favorite trombonists is equally long—J. C. Higginbotham, Lawrence Brown, Cutty Cutshall, Sandy Williams, Vic Dickenson, and Henderson Chambers.

"I listened to Bird, Miles, and Diz in the early '50s," he observed. "But I didn't care much for Mulligan and Chet Baker. Teagarden's playing from the '20s and '30s knocks me out, but in the last 20 years his style has crystallized so that you go to hear what you expect to hear, and of course it's performed with consumate ease and flawlessness."

After graduating from Yale in the late '50s, Rudd came to New York City, fully realizing that his education was only beginning. Like most musicians, he has scuffled to keep body and soul together. And, like most musicians, he sees little alternative. "I feel that this really is the only way that I have to express myself," he explained, "whether it's jazz or whatever. It's the only thing I care to do. It's not the only thing I *can* do, because I know I can be a plumber or a camp counselor or a carpenter or something else—because I've done all those things."

One of the most important influences on him after his arrival in New York was the late pianist Herbie Nichols.

"Herbie used to come down to my house regularly for almost a year before he died," Rudd recalled. "He didn't think of himself as a great composer, but when he played his tunes, he could make them sound very true and very personal and very perfect. Herbie was the guy who really taught me how to play changes—which I think is a stage all players have to go through."

Rudd also said he feels that a player should always be certain of his point of reference, even if it is, in essence, negative—a point of nonreference, as in what some players call "free jazz." This is only one part of his general philosophy of musical responsibility.

"I like to feel," he said, "that whatever I play is intentional and that I'm responsible for it.

"It's what I hear in my inner ear that is most important. I don't feel that it's important for me to take a John Coltrane solo and learn every note in it. First of all, it's a terrific hazard—and I just don't hear things that way. There are little things here and there in a Coltrane solo that are right for me—little things that I can make. But mostly, when I practice, I practice rhythm, pitch intervals, and timbres, some days positively and some days negatively. In other words, I might play something rhythmically or arhythmically, with pitch or without pitch, with one timbre or with another. I apply all these approaches to whatever material I may be practicing. I also try to contrast musical ideas that are fast and slow, long and short, hard and soft, and straight and crooked. I am not especially concerned with harmony as a reference to chords or chord effects. My main interest is as it refers to intervals, shapes, and pitches. A lot of people are concerned with it without realizing it is only an outer garment; it seems to me that what it clothes is more important."

Rudd's articulateness has been gained through an enormous amount of listening and analysis. He can speak as knowledgeably about classical music as he does about jazz. "I'm interested," he said, "in Webern's early work and Stravinsky's most recent work. Most of Webern's later things are more dead than alive to me. They're beautiful—absolute gems, almost as absolute as Mozart—but they're still not right for me. I think Webern was better when he was writing haphazardly or accidently or nonsystematically—whatever you want to call it. He's a very personal composer; he had his own hangups, but he must have been a very real person. The amount of sorrow and torture and ecstasy in his music is so extreme it's amazing. The real beauty is that they're all so short. And I think that Harry Partch is really making a major contribution, too, if anybody cares to pick up on what he's done."

And, not surprisingly, in view of his own strongly lyrical bent, Rudd speaks with enthusiasm of Kurt Weill's music, especially the songs from shows like *Lady in the Dark* and *Knickerbocker Holiday*.

CONRAD WARD

A recent photograph of the Steve Lacy group with which Rudd has performed for the last two years: Lacy, bassist Don Moore, Dennis Charles, Rudd.

He also has some pointed thoughts about the music of John Cage and his associates:

"I am more disturbed by the results they achieve than by the methods used. But then, I am not as familiar with the methods as I am with the results. I want to read his book soon, because I think it might help me enjoy his music more. The pieces that I've heard are not that bad; I especially like his use of time and durations, for example."

FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS, Rudd has worked with soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy and drummer Dennis Charles in a group that has been devoted to the performance of Thelonious Monk compositions. Rudd spoke strongly about Monk's music:

"It's great music and it should be played. It's personal, true, but it's just as universal as any of Stravinsky's things." According to Rudd, Monk has many influences in his music—James P. Johnson, Duke Ellington, Fats Waller, even Tin Pan Alley songs. "But it's all added up," he said, "into something that is his and nobody else's. You hear it, and it just smacks of him. I listen to Monk's records on slow speeds, fast speeds, every way I can. He's a phenomenally uninhibited player."

Rudd and Lacy arrived at Monk's music from different, and uniquely personal, directions but soon found a common approach. Explaining their work together, Rudd said, "Doing what I've done with Steve has shed a whole new light on Monk's music for me. We practiced those things like madmen for days and days. The mystery is in Monk's procedures rather than anything else. It all follows in its own way. It's taught me to make musical decisions, and that's why I really appreciate a guy like Steve, who works very carefully, very meticulously. With someone like him, when he takes off musically, so to speak, it can be as astonishing as something by Ornette. There are a lot of people who fly off all the time, but it's not as astonishing."

For the critics who have questioned the wisdom of devoting a jazz group's repertoire to the work of a single composer, Rudd offers this succinct answer:

"If someone like Charlie Parker gets famous, and all the alto players begin playing all his tunes, his licks, his choruses and everything else, and it all becomes a language that everyone is familiar with, I can't understand why we, playing Monk tunes, don't fit into the same category that they do. Lacy and I don't play Monk's choruses. I guess what we do is in the spirit of what he's trying to do, but we don't move directly from him, anymore than we do from anyone else. All the way back to Louis Armstrong, guys have eaten and regurgitated much more than what we are with Monk. The material that we work from, first of all gives us some kind of a starting point.

"I'm not saying that I know all about Monk now, because I didn't approach his music with that idea in mind. I like to start with something when I play. I like to have a definite knowledge of, if nothing else, what the rhythm is, or the tempo, or where I should begin. I like to be a little bit rational to begin with and be as irrational as I want afterwards—if I decide to be that way—and Monk's tunes permit this."

As good as the Lacy-Rudd group is, it has, as of this writing, not yet managed to persuade any record company to record it. Although Rudd has no illusions about the future, he does feel that a recording might help the group get the jobs that would bring them before a wider audience.

"It's a tremendous frustration not to be able to play more often," he said. "I believe so strongly in the importance of live performance—just as strongly as those guys who never practice and feel that performance is the *only* thing. I believe that it's got to be live and in public to *be*. And then when I do get the chance to play it's usually with a banjo player and a piano player and a drummer all going on at once. But don't get me wrong—I've rarely if ever turned down a job. And I try to make sure that whenever I play, I'm all there. I don't force it, but I try to be very aware of everything that I'm doing."

Yet, in purely realistic terms, Rudd's future is probably no brighter than that of the other poll winners who have discovered (to their surprise) that critical recognition does not always provide them with the passport to fame and fortune. Rudd is as frustrated as any musician is by the unavailability of employment, but he is equally frustrated by his own belief in the amount of work he feels he must still do musically and, as he says, "by knowing how much music I haven't heard yet."

Undoubtedly this will not deter him. At 28 he has weighed his choices and made the adjustments that are required for his continued musical growth.

"Right now," he explained, "I'm working for the Welfare Department. I come home tired, but I still try to keep my chops up. I try to make the best of it—I guess that's a very fatalistic point of view. But I love it and so I keep at it." db

SHAVIAN PHILOSOPHY

Don DeMicheal offers an illuminating portrait of the fascinating, multifaceted personality that is trumpeter Gene Shaw

CHARLIE MINGUS doesn't give praise easily. In fact, it sometimes seems he goes out of his way to chastise. So when Mingus singled out Clarence Shaw for extensive praise in the liner notes he wrote for his own *Tijuana Moods* album, a lot of persons paid close attention to what he had to say about the trumpeter.

After saying that if the record had been issued in 1957, when it was recorded, instead of in 1962, Shaw would be as famous as "any of our current so-called jazz players," Mingus stated that he had seen the trumpeter only once since the recording, that he was rumored to be teaching hypnotism, but that his whereabouts were unknown. Mingus went on to point out that Shaw, when playing, was like a great conversationalist—"He stops and rests . . . preparing for his next idea. . . . Like a good conversationalist, he knew when to shut up."

Shaw turned up in Chicago soon after the release of the Mingus record. But he now was known as Gene Shaw. Mingus' point about Shaw's being a conversationalist, though the bassist was referring to a playing style, was well taken. In fact, after extended conversations with the 37-year-old, Detroit-born trumpeter, one is tempted to describe him as a philosopher—or, at least, a man who has done deep thinking about life, music, the world, and himself.

And as Mingus had heard, Shaw had indeed taught hypnotism. He also has been a ceramicist, a silversmith, and several other things. For some years—almost six—after leaving Mingus in 1957, he did not play; he worked at various nonmusic jobs.

"The fundamental law states that one must eat," he said in his soft, high-pitched voice. "But it doesn't state what one must do to eat."

"We are playing music right now," he said. "This conversation is playing. Music is going on continuously; sometimes we make connection with it, and sometimes we don't. But it is always going on."

When asked to define music, Shaw, a thin, wiry man who smiles and laughs easily, furrowed his brow and commented on the difficulty of the question. Then he straightened, as if all his thoughts had fallen into place, a smile lighting his face, and said:

"Scientists have come to the conclusion that at a certain point we are nothing but vibrations, vibrating at a certain point in time. These vibrations move in parallel lines, cross each other, reinforce each other; they grow stronger, grow weaker, transforming themselves into other vibrations. So we are all vibrations existing in many dimensions, of which we are cognizant of four [height, width, depth, time].

"Music is vibrations; we are vibrations. And by playing we call attention to the fact that we are vibrations and not much more. Playing calls attention to the many illusions we have as to what we are, why we are here, the structure of man, of society.

"A man is digging a ditch; he's working—it's not that he enjoys what he's doing but that he is a part of what he's doing in life at this moment, and he's making music.

"Everything has to do with time. An analogy would be to perform experiments with two-dimensional beings from a third-dimensional viewpoint. You could see how lost they would be by not comprehending the third dimension. We are three-dimensional creatures; we have hints of a fourth dimension—time. We look at this from a viewpoint of its passing, of our going through it. But we have no idea of existing right *now*, right at this moment. We have no idea how to do this. Nature drops a hint—hypnosis—that there is something right here under our noses so fantastic that it is unthinkable."

"You must work with the hands," he avowed. "With the muscles. If you don't use them they become useless. Then too, for me, there is no better way than working with my hands to be in tune with the rhythmical cycle of life: this planet moves so far, and a year, a month, a week, a minute, a second has passed.

"There was a time when I had no comprehension of this cycle of life. I was a musician, completely engulfed by music—thinking, acting, and as a result, feeling a certain way about music. The environment, my associates, gradually inculcated in me the idea that things must go this way—fraternization, hanging out. I was totally involved, identified with the idea of being a musician to the exclusion of anything else. No going for swims. No taking time for the family. Got to practice. Got to make this set.

"This is a ridiculous, an absurd way of life."

IN THE COURSE of conversation, it soon becomes apparent that Shaw is not an ordinary musician—or an ordinary man. There is an air of the mystic about him when he talks of his life, the courses it has taken, the things he has been, the way he sees himself in relation to life, his philosophy. For example, he said:

"The musician should know everything; he should be everything. Artist, poet, doctor, mathematician . . . in conformity with a morality that is more permanent than ours. So from that viewpoint, how can we have musicians running around shooting dope, and all? What is this? But compared with what he should be and what he is, the consumption of narcotics is as nothing. The musician exists at such a low level in life—and at one time he existed on a level at which he acted in the role of priest. He utilized the vibrations of music, along with symbols, mathematics—utilizing whatever was necessary to point the way to objectivity, objective knowledge, of things as they are.

"Life is not all that complex and doesn't ask that much from us. Life's beautiful. If only we knew how to love ourselves. If only we had some idea of how wonderful we really are. If we loved ourselves, we could like others much easier. We could see from the standpoint of the other's needs, not from what we thought he needed. Until one experiences this in oneself, one will only take this as so many words; but inside the human machine there are forces that, if unleashed, could turn our world upside down."

The force he alludes to is what he calls man's essence, that part of man that can work the miraculous. An example of essence in action, Shaw said, would be the case of a person's performing feats of superhuman strength in times of stress—as in the case of a father lifting a car

RON HOWARD

off the body of his child. The essence is covered over with inhibitions and the ego, according to Shaw, and only occasionally, when inhibitions are cast aside—as in hypnosis—does the essence wake up.

"The constant use of the word 'I' leads man to believe *he* can do this, do that," he said. "This is not true. 'I get up to play. I will play.' But he can't play, and he'll rationalize why he can't play at that particular time. It is within each of us to do things we never think possible until something releases the essence. The essence is revealed only by degrees in what we do, however. The only thing we have to do is work toward getting to the heart of essence."

Getting close to the heart of essence occurs in jazz, according to Shaw, when "one stumbles into where music is. Where music *is*."

He declined to say that he had ever been, for sure, where music is, but he did say there had been three or four occasions when he thought maybe he had experienced this phenomenon:

"There was a job with Lester Young back in Detroit when one night it happened that everybody played. Lester wanted everybody to play, every*thing* to play—the glasses, the floor, the wall, the ceiling, the people . . . everything. Everyone played, everyone played in a certain way that night. It was an unforgettable experience. In fact, it's indescribable. But everything was going; everybody was participating. It was a mutual tension and release. From everywhere. It was like time slowed down, as it does for someone who moves faster in time. One cannot say that he saw this over there or that over here. One was cognizant of a smile. . . . Pres would smile, or I would smile. There was no speech necessary.

"It's like waking up. All at once you become everything, at once. You understand everything. . . . And what you want to do is part of what's taking place . . . instead of you reacting, you act. I've heard the phenomenon described in all sorts of ways, but they all pertain to some sort of awakening in the human machine—something happens.

"When everybody—the audience, everybody—is playing, then we all find satisfaction to a point. When 'it' stops playing, the thing is over. This is getting close to the essence. The prime mover of everything."

SHAW LEFT DETROIT in the '50s and went to New York City. He said the reason he wanted to get to New York was because, in talking to such musicians as Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, he came to realize there were persons concerned with developing art and culture, and, he figured, New York would have many such persons.

"I got to New York and found it was full of kooks—raving nuts," he said. But this realization came only after he had lived and worked in the city for a while.

His most significant playing experience during this time was the two-year period he spent with Charlie Mingus, 1955-'57, a time he said he tried his hardest to fulfill the role of musician, as he had learned it.

"Mingus made extraordinary demands on the musicians," Shaw recalled. "But his music was beautiful. He asked for one to bring forth one's essence, and he would do anything to point the way toward the work he wanted done at the time.

"Musically speaking, Mingus was really the teacher. A fantastic creature, this fellow. He wanted everything. He insisted that his music wasn't being played. He would sing his music to me, and I learned that it *wasn't* being played. He was singing something that couldn't be written. But no matter how he tried to sing it and get people to play it, it wouldn't come out that way. It was a fascinating thing to be involved in. I could hear how the music should go, but I didn't have the strength to play it over the voices of [trombonist] Jimmy Knepper and [alto saxophonist] Curtis Porter, because they'd had more experience with Mingus and their voices were stronger—their voices said, in effect, 'We know what he wants better than you do because we've been with him longer.' I guess in a subconscious way this worked, and I was never able to do Mingus' music the justice it required. The closest I came was on *Tijuana Moods* because he made it very clear what he wanted."

Shaw left Mingus under not-too-pleasant circumstances.

"There was this record date [*Scenes of the City*], and I had the flu. I tried to call his home to let him know that I couldn't make it, but I couldn't get through. Call, call, call, call—until finally it was time for the date and I wasn't there. So he called my house and. . . . Where am I? What am I doing? Trying to ruin the record date? We

went through those changes until he threatened—he didn't threaten, he told me—'I'm going to have some cats kill you. I'm gonna get rid of you. . . . You're trying to ruin my career.'

"Up to this, I'd never had any trouble, so I was quite shocked. I wasn't going to go to that record date, no matter what. There were only two tunes left to play; he got Bill Hardman.

"Later on in the day, Celia Mingus, his wife, called up, and then the story came out—Mingus had left the phone off the hook. He does this sometimes. She told him about it, and later on that evening he calls back. He's crying on the telephone—please, put this in because he knows it's true—'Oh, Clarence,' he says, 'I love you. You know I didn't mean any of those things I said.' I say, 'Mingus, I have had it. I'm finished.'

"I stopped playing. In fact, I broke the trumpet up—physically. Music wasn't making any sense to me, my playing in music."

Shaw decided he would go into something else to make a living. He and his wife, Marge, began working in ceramics and silversmithing. They became interested in hypnosis through conversations with friends who knew something about the subject. The Shaws studied hypnosis and opened their own Greenwich Village school and taught hypnosis to doctors, dentists, psychiatrists—"and one cop."

Shaw seemed somewhat embarrassed when asked about his time as a hypnotist. He pointed out the dangers of hypnosis, that man does not yet have the knowledge to use it correctly. When asked the name of his studio, he grimaced and said, "The Institute of Hypnosis and Scientific Research." He paused and then added, "Oh, boy. . . ."

But it was at IHSR that he and his wife met a man who was to change their lives. Shaw will not reveal the name of the man, saying he would have to have the man's permission to do so, but he told several stories of the man's mystic—if one is to believe the trumpeter—powers.

"One day this guy came into our hypnosis shop. He sat down on a bench and began talking to us.

" 'You think you know what you're doing, but you don't,' he said.

"And that was the beginning. He began to show us things.

"He was working as a construction worker, and he'd get off from work and come in the shop, and he was bronzed, huge, monstrous, an Armenian fellow. He walked down the street like a giant. Later in the evening, he would go home and come out a little guy—slim, dapper, a well-groomed gentleman ready for the evening, small, petite. He eventually showed us that what we were doing was a waste of time."

IN THE TIME since that first meeting in 1957, Shaw has read widely and thought deeply, something continually revealed in his conversation.

He eventually wound up in Chicago. Then *Tijuana Moods* was released, and he decided to start playing again.

"Mingus ended it; Mingus began it again," he said.

This was in late summer, 1962. He formed a quintet and got a job playing at a Chicago club. Ralph Bass, then an a&r man for Chess records, the parent company of Argo, heard him and signed him to a contract. With the Mingus album and his own subsequent *Breakthrough* album on Argo, Shaw began to gain recognition among jazz critics and wound up second among trumpeters deserving of wider recognition in *Down Beat's* 1963 International Jazz Critics Poll. Recently Shaw was made music director of a new Chicago club, the Olde East End, and plays there with his quintet on weekends.

But the years of not playing, the years of study and thinking, and the years of struggling to make a living are the forces that guide him now, even more than music does.

"My eventual aim," he said, "is to be an expert carpenter. To me, this is one of the strongest forms of all work. It is true, there will be playing but not much, only for a while. Only enough to get certain work done in life.

"I have responsibility. The more a man knows, the more responsible he becomes for other men existing on this planet. At this time there is quite a bit of knowledge in me regarding human relationships and regarding many, many other things. This places me in a more responsible position. This responsibility must be in line with that path along which life propels me and must be carried to its completion. At the time, it is in music. At a later time, it may be in something else. But overriding all else, my aim is to be a good carpenter.

Then eventually he will again stop playing?

"Definitely. Because at a certain point, it's enough. No more is necessary. In Gene Shaw's life there must come a point when this must stop—there can be no more. Any more is excess. Excess. Look at the musicians who have played, who have *begun* to play, and they reached the maximum point of their development, and after that point we heard nothing new coming from them. It was *over*. It was finished. If, at that point, they had been aware of themselves, of their interests, if they had been aware of the resistance in life that is always there for them to push against, they would have immediately gone into the next phase of living they had thought about, made preparation for. This is what I meant when I once said that I had two or three years in which to complete my work.

"My playing is incidental, a byproduct of other factors, more important facets of my life. It's an important part of my life because something within me likes music. I won't say I always enjoy it, but something in me does.

"But playing is just a small part of my whole life. The whole thing is in my conduct in all of my living. That's why I say one day I'll open a little shop and be a carpenter; I'll be playing right along."

Shaw went on to point out that most musicians don't realize their real function in life.

"The musician should be a servant and service real needs that you can identify in yourself," he explained. "You can't see these needs; the musician must see them. He must have the ability to bring to your attention the needs that are within you in such a way that when you see it you can't repulse it. You give yourself into it and say, 'This is exactly what I need.'

"A musician is a teacher; he is supposed to be a very wise man. From a human standpoint the absence of wise musicians is a very sad situation. But from a larger viewpoint it is as it should be—everything that happens in life is as it should be.

"One should expect resistance in life, should seek it. The musician should look for it in order to hone himself on it, to sharpen all his senses, his understanding of life, so he can work in the service of life. Life only wants the best for itself, and so it has tests to which it subjects all of us. Few pass.

"When I play, it's a lie. We have to go through this lie. There are certain modes of behavior already set up. One must carry oneself in a certain way. The role of the musician—it's a lie because a role is unnecessary if a musician realizes he's a servant. If he does, and moves into the role of servant-musician in a real way, he'll be more than amply repaid. A servant in the service of *life*."

the early career of j. c. higginbotham

HOT BOX ☐ By GEORGE HOEFER

THE ORIENTATION of pre-bop trombone took a wide range of development, from the percussive tailgate of Kid Ory to the smooth, melodic playing of Lawrence Brown. Between these two extremes evolved playing styles based on the personal creativity of such men as Georg Brunis, Jimmy Harrison, Miff Mole, Tricky Sam Nanton, Jack Teagarden, and J. C. Higginbotham.

Higginbotham, who has acknowledged the influence of Harrison, once wrote, "If a man has technical ability and understands harmony (whether through formal training or sheer intuition), he should be able to express himself. But the result still depends on what is going on in his mind."

Higginbotham's most exciting and productive period came when he was a leading soloist with the late Luis Russell's Saratoga Club Orchestra between 1928 and '30. He was a blues player established in a New Orleans setting with such natives as trumpeter Red Allen, clarinetist Albert Nicholas, pianist Russell, bassist Pops Foster, and drummer Paul Barbarin; and his performances fit well into the scheme of things. His solos at fast tempos were characterized by his terrific drive, hot brassy tone, and fierce vibrato; and even on slow numbers he still played in a shout style.

To quote Higginbotham again, he has written, "The important things about a jazz musician are how he is thinking, the emotions that compel him to play, his attitude toward music, musicians, and people in general."

In his playing, Higginbotham has illustrated many of his personal characteristics, but his slap-bang, devil-may-care facade serves to hide from view his deep and sincere personal attitudes. While he could arrive in New Orleans in 1947 for an *Esquire* concert with two cases—one holding his trombone, the other containing nine bottles of whiskey—and wind up playing seated on the floor, he could write, at the same time, in a national magazine, an article entitled *Some of My Best Friends Are Enemies*, illustrating a sensitive and keen judgment of the racial situation as applying to the Negro musicians.

JACK (JAY C.) HIGGINBOTHAM was born in Atlanta, Ga., on May 11, 1906. His family owned a restaurant and was fairly well-to-do. He had an older brother, Garnet, who played trombone and was the coach of the football team at Morris Brown University. He also had a sister who was interested in his musical inclinations and bought him his first trombone. The other musical Higginbothams included, in later years, his niece, songwriter Irene, now married and living in Brooklyn.

Young Higginbotham's first instrument was a bugle he picked up for a dollar and with which he learned to play well-known tunes by ear when 13. On Sundays he played the *Poet and Peasant Overture* on his bugle in the chapel of his church.

A couple of years later his sister put $11 down on an old, caseless trombone she found in a shop in Decatur, Ga. He was now on his way, and the first tune he learned to play on his new horn was *My Old Kentucky Home*.

He was enrolled at a boarding school, connected with Morris Brown, and managed to sneak out three nights a week (he was forced to climb a gate to get back in) to play on a hotel roof garden in Atlanta with the Neal Montgomery Orchestra. The band had two girl musicians, pianist Marion Hamilton and drummer Mae Bates, one of whom wanted to marry the 15-year-old trombone player. When the girl tried to make up his mind for him by poking a pistol at his stomach, he decided to forfeit the sum of $9 that he had been making for the three nights of playing.

A short time later, he was sent to Cincinnati to study the tailoring business at the Cincinnati Colored Training School. After finishing the short course, he returned to Atlanta to finish up his education at Morris Brown, but he had taken to the Ohio city, and it wasn't long before he returned to work as a mechanic at the Cincinnati plant of General Motors. Nights he spent gigging with Wesley Helvey's band, a local territory outfit that later featured trumpeter Jonah Jones.

The young trombonist became a regular member of the Helvey band during 1924-'25 and recalls the stars of the group were trumpeters Theodore (Wingie) Carpenter and Steve Dunn. The three brass men hung around together and frequently visited with the members of the Zack Whyte Orchestra when the latter was in town.

One-armed Wingie Carpenter was the first to go farther north, and in 1926 he sent for Higginbotham to come on up and join the Gene Primus Band then playing at the Paradise Ballroom in Buffalo, N. Y.

A short time later Higginbotham went with another Buffalo band led by pianist Jimmy Harris. Then he went to New York City in September, 1928, and joined Luis Russell's band at the Club Harlem on Lenox Ave. For the next two years, the peak period of the Russell crew, they played regularly at the Savoy Ballroom, the Roseland Ballroom on Broadway, the Sunday night sessions at the Next Club uptown, and toured the circuit from New York to Washington, D.C., to Baltimore, Md.,

to Philadelphia, Pa. Finally, they settled down at the Saratoga Club, and though today Higginbotham says, "It was the swingingest band I ever played with," he began to get restless.

One of Higginbotham's favorite bands of all time was the Chick Webb aggregation, and when trombonist Jimmy Harrison's last illness took him out of the band, bassist Elmer James recommended Higginbotham to the drummer-leader as a replacement.

After several months with Webb, the Georgia trombonist switched to the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra and remained until 1933. When Lucky Millinder took over the leadership of the Mills Blue Rhythm Band in 1934, Higginbotham, with his pal from the early Russell days, Red Allen, went

(Continued on page 33)

OUTSPOKEN TRUMPETER

Martin Williams engages Ruby Braff in frank conversation

IN 1955 trumpeter Ruby Braff was a new star in the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll, with a style that was a phenomenon for a musician of Braff's age, 28 at the time. His style reflected his basic love of Louis Armstrong and of Billie Holiday, Lester Young, and other jazz artists of the 1930s, with a glance or two, chiefly in phrasing, at subsequent players.

Yet, many felt, he was not (like some of the New Orleans revivalists, for example) merely coasting on the achievements of others; he was not just having an easy time of it in a style in which most of the artistic battles had already been won by others—he had found a personal creativity and challenge in the idiom of his choosing.

Braff's subsequent associations have been mainstream, but like most of the older players of that period, men with whom he is inevitably associated, he finds himself playing the Dixieland repertory as well and, in his case, enjoying it.

We spoke in Braff's Riverdale apartment north of Manhattan, a retreat he discovered several years ago after living for some time in the stone, concrete, and asphalt atmosphere of Greenwich Village. From his windows, one can see real trees, some real grass, and open sunshine.

The conversation revealed Braff's feelings and observations on music as of now. His tone and constant chuckles also revealed his abiding sense of humor and sly irony.

Williams: How did you get interested in jazz?

Braff: Well, I don't know. I just started playing in 1935. Nobody I knew thought of it as jazz at first. We just played, you know, played tunes.

Williams: When did you start thinking about it as jazz?

Braff: Well, they were talking about it on the radio. Stations would play 15 minutes of everybody, Guy Lombardo, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, everybody. And the announcers would say "this is a jazz record" about Louis or Duke—the ones with the feeling I liked.

Williams: How old were you?

Braff: Oh, about 7 or 8.

Williams: You mean you were playing trumpet at that age?

Braff: It's true. I worked professionally in little groups a few years after that, at 9 or 10 or 11 years old. At 12 I used to sub for the cats in the Silver Dollar Grill in Boston.

Williams: Was your family musical?

Braff: No. And they just wanted it to be a little hobby for me. Some of my distant relatives were musicians, on my father's side of the family, and nobody liked them too much.

Williams: Were you playing by ear then?

Braff: Yeah. I knew all the tunes that they played, all the standards and the pop tunes of the day.

Williams: Somebody told me it was only fairly recently that you took up reading.

Braff: Yeah. When I was a kid, no teacher could explain about syncopation. Even if they could read syncopation, they couldn't explain why you didn't play it exactly the way it was written. It just became confusing to me, and I just never paid any more mind to it, you know. And I met this wonderful guy a few years ago, Ward Silloway, the trombone player. He was playing with us at Jack Dempsey's. George Wettling had the job. It could have been the greatest. We worked from about 11 to 2 in the morning. Can you believe it? That's the way it was. Ward was playing. Pee Wee Russell. And Wettling.

Ward always was afraid to play jazz. In all the bands he had played in —Bob Crosby, Benny Goodman— there was always some star trombonist there before him who would play all the solos. He became very inward about it. I used to encourage him, because he plays good. One night he heard me say that I couldn't read, and he said, "Are you serious? I can read anything—I'm very good, really. Why don't you let me show you something about it?" And he took me on, to meet him every Wednesday in the Fred Waring Building, where he had a few pupils.

I didn't know but most of the time he was going there, he was there just for me, however, and paying for the room. He would never let me know things like that. He'd say, "What's the matter? You play much more than that when you play jazz— why are you tired here? Could it be that you get so busy reading that you're doing everything wrong? Pressing and pinching that thing against your mouth too hard because you're so busy?"

He knew how to apply things to my home ground. He'd say, "That's not hard, that little thing there. You play it a thousand times a day, but you don't know it. Look."

And I'd say, "Yeah, gee."

What a patient, wonderful, wonderful person. So I'd go home and try to write out little things based on what he'd shown me. Count reading, for instance. I didn't know what that means, if you have an upbeat and a downbeat—you know, like, one *and* two *and*. In school, the teachers never showed me, but he did. He'd say, "Look, just do everything ridiculously slow." And he would write it on the exercises: "ridiculously slow."

He started me off on one of the hardest advanced trumpet books; I don't know if guys in the studio could sit down and sight read and play those things. The first page is in about six flats, and it goes into different tempos and different changes.

I said, "I can't. . . ."

And he said, "You learn it measure by measure—we'll start out right now, right like that."

And you know, after some weeks, I got to play most of the things in that book due to his beautiful patience and his beautiful outlook on things. . . . Gee, I don't believe it.

Williams: What happened to jazz at Jack Dempsey's?

Braff: After a couple of weeks they decided against it. It's too bad, because I've always loved that place, and I think it could be a great jazz room in the middle of town.

Williams: People are apt to think of you and some of the groups you play with as kind of revivalists, revivalists of swing music.

Braff: Well, people are prone to label things, and it's easy to put labels on things instead of looking for music. Why don't they learn to find out what the truths are in music instead of labeling things? Would they know what to call it when Charlie Parker played with Vic Dickinson—when they would play the *Muskrat Ramble* together at Storyville in Boston? And Erroll Garner would be on piano at the same time, with Pee Wee Russell too? I never knew any great musicians who couldn't get together and produce lovely music if they all knew the tune and agreed to play it. To me that's the test. After all, there are certain laws. No matter what style you play, you have to adhere to certain rules. And if you don't have a beat, you don't have a beat.

Williams: A few years back, it seemed that there was a new Ruby Braff LP almost every month.

Braff: No, it was never like that. For a couple of years I made albums once in a while but certainly not as often as many other people do. I haven't made my own album now in about two years. I have recorded, at the Newport festival and things like that.

This whole record industry has gone mad! Its sense of values has gone completely nutty. Companies have become greedy. And they're hurting themselves and hurting music in the long run. All they're looking for is whatever fad will sell a million records tomorrow. It's okay to record the kind of people who will sell. But you should record those people so that you can afford to record good things and be building something for the future.

Imagine the position now of men like John Hammond, a pioneer, you know, a pioneer in jazz recording, and guys like George Avakian—people who have been very daring and done many wonderful things that it took a lot of guts to do. These men are under this terrible pressure from record companies that they must produce records that will sell. When I talk to some of those guys about an album, if I have an idea for one, they might say, "Can it sell 60 or 70 thousand?" I get the idea that what they are really saying is that they don't want to record me. Because I know they record many people that don't sell 60,000 records!

On the other hand, it's indicative of the position that they've allowed the heads of companies to put them in. That's shameful. John Hammond wanted to record me for Columbia last spring, he said, and for about four months kept me on the hook talking. Finally one day, he called me up and said, "I just can't—you know how these companies are." What did he mean "how these companies are"? He's supposed to be something in that company. They respect him. He has turned out many albums for them. Certainly a company like that has money for sleepers—you know, for things that are going to sell maybe over a long time. Segovia or somebody —I don't care who it is.

Some a&r men have become lunatics; you can't even talk to them. They start to believe in the bad things that they record. They themselves, who know better, have better taste, are walking around saying, "Yes, isn't that wonderful." I look at a man like that, and I *know* that everything he's stood for in his life is dead set against this junk that he's recording, and he's trying to talk me and himself into it. That's really terrible.

Williams: Do you want to identify John Hammond specifically in what you said before? Or shall I leave the name out?

Braff: In this instance you might just use it, because I think it's important. This is not a knock against him. I just feel this is part of a social sickness that all these people are getting involved in with record companies. Where is the daring? And where is their sense of quality?

Some a&r men I have noticed wear musicians like neckties. I mean if you thought somebody was very good yesterday, certainly he ought to be very good today, unless he has changed radically. I don't know, it might be part of that record thing again, of these guys higher up exerting this pressure on these people and driving them so they lose faith in their own instincts and taste.

John Hammond has done wonderful things. That's why I'm harder on him than on someone else. He can well afford to stand up on his two feet and speak out. Instead of being a drag to a musician, let him be a drag to the man he has to answer to, higher up in the company. Or look at George Avakian. That guy was so daring. And he used to let me make any kind of thing I wanted. I was never a hit seller, but he let me. Wonderful. All of a sudden, when he was going to work for Victor, he said, "I'll tell you what we're going to do. I'm thinking of recording you with Frankie Carle." I was so shocked that I probably said something terrible to him that I didn't mean. Is this what I have come to. that I have to make a record with Frankie Carle? What has his way of playing got to do with my way of playing?

Williams: There are a couple of jazz record companies that are in trouble right now.

Braff: They're in trouble? And why do you think they're in trouble?

Williams: Well, this is your interview, not mine. But I think it's probably because modern jazz as a style has become almost commonplace, and all the companies that grew up chiefly to popularize it have now done their jobs. Some companies, now that the soul jazz thing has burned out, well, they haven't got any place to go right now—or they think they haven't.

Braff: That's what happens when you deal with gimmicks instead of dealing with the truths, with honesty in music. I always feel that great artists who are really dedicated to what they believe are truths are the people who will survive—musically and artistically. Those are the only people in the world I take seriously.

Williams: Well, that reminds me that you used to write record reviews for

RICHARD SCHAEFER

the *Saturday Review*.

Braff: That was John Hammond's idea, as a matter of fact. It helped get me in a lot of trouble.

Williams: What do you mean?

Braff: Well, a lot of people resented any comment on their records from a musician. They'd rather have had Lawrence Welk or Adolf Hitler or someone say something about their records—as long as he said something good—than someone who had something that might be constructive. Also, I didn't have much space, and my copy was cut, shortened. I worked hard. I spent all night listening to the LPs and breaking my head—I'd lean over a little backwards and then try it again tomorrow. It started to really get to me. I started worrying about it. It's hard.

Williams: Yes, it is. And it doesn't pay too good either, does it?

Braff: No. It doesn't pay good at all. But I got a lot of free records out of it. Some of them are good, you know.

Williams: As of this moment, what do you think would be your own ideal

record date?

Braff: Well, there're so many things. I would like to do an album with another trumpeter and with two rhythm sections, his and mine. His would never play when mine is playing; when he comes in, his rhythm section comes in. It would be wonderful to do that one with Clark Terry. I like his playing, and I know we could have a good time playing together. I would like to make a kind of a date with just me and Al Haig. And no other instruments. No drums, no bass. Like I did with Ellis Larkins once. Al Haig made that sound on those Stan Getz records that I love. His beautiful, tasty comping. Like the Count himself, he's got a thing that's beautiful. And his solos are beautiful. He's a great musician. And I would like to do a date with a big band, and have a lot of singing and playing—lots of comedy participation by the musicians on the date.

Williams: Your singing?

Braff: Yes. I'd like to get some of those things going of that kind and make the musicians do things like that. But it's out of the question unless I can ever have a jazz theater, where I can really get away with that every night: improvised jazz theater. Bring out all the character in about 16 guys, and have them improvise verbally and musically every night.

Williams: You mean a kind of jazz cabaret sort of like the Second City or The Premise?

Braff: Yeah, something like that. Only I think it would be more interesting because by the very nature of its setup, it would allow me to have guests coming in and out all night long. And we carry on, see, on the stage. We'd have to have movable sets that could be changed very quickly, on rollers, very light, so that immediately people could move into positions to do things, without its being noticed. You'd need a regular backing. But I can pull off similar things on a small scale on a record that would be very revealing. An improvised musical theater.

Williams: I heard you had a funny job last summer.

Braff: Yes, with the Newport festival guys, out at the Bay State race track near Boston. Bud Freeman, Zoot Sims, Dick Wellstood, Benny Morton.

Williams: I wish I had heard Zoot Sims and Bud Freeman together.

Braff: Well, the longest set we'd play was the first one of the night, about 20 minutes. From then on we'd play about two minutes at a time, between races. But we had a lot of fun watching the horses. You know, I'm beginning to believe I don't like to think in terms of jazz any more. I'm full circle back where I was when I was a kid and hadn't even heard the word *jazz*. I'm a musicmaker. I *know* who should play a chorus and when. I know how long a number should take. I know when it's dragging. I know when it should start. I know when one chorus is enough of somebody—or a half.

Williams: Well, I know you have some pretty strong thoughts about *that*.

Braff: Yes, I sure do. But you have to have. I suppose most people who've been doing something for a long time have their own feelings about it. But after all, I was brought up listening to three-minute records, where men have become immortal on four bars. They didn't need to ramble on and play exercises to let somebody know that they were there. Four well-placed bars by Pres would be enough for me, and I would be proud if any one of those four bars belonged to me. It seemed people took great pride in what they played. If they soloed at all, it was important. So they made sure that those few little things were good—like champions, they didn't waste punches.

That's what we have to learn, all our lives. To discipline ourselves, control ourselves, and be more discriminating. Not what they're saying today: "Be more free!" That word *freedom* that they use is a cop-out to get away with murder. That isn't what I call freedom. Freedom is the freedom to have control over your emotions and of music, the knowledge and wisdom to use them in a controlled and wonderful way to mean something, not to get away with choruses of exercises on the stand. That's disastrous. That would make anyone run from a joint if they had any feeling for music.

Look at how lovely Gerry Mulligan and Bob Brookmeyer play together. They get up there with their little quartet, and how much music they get out of it! Look, if you play the wrong chord, it's the wrong chord. It doesn't matter how free you think you are—that is the wrong chord. The composer did not write that chord. He stayed up all night figuring that out, and he knows much more about it than you do with the little "heads" you're writing. Those people just don't understand what goes into putting a piece of work together.

Williams: Who are "those people?"

Braff: I'll tell you who "those people" are. Those people are people who have been influenced by music from about 1950 on. It is unfortunate they came into an age of no individuality. They never heard different treatments and renditions of one piece. They have no way of comparing. Guys like us heard all kinds of styles of music, all kinds of ways to play a single song. We heard a million people do the same piece.

Furthermore, those people are people who don't recognize that jazz is only one corner, and a tiny one, and not a very popular one, of the world of entertainment in general. Without being able to recognize and enjoy and love many of the other corners of entertainment, which are just as engrossing as our own things, it's very, very hard for anyone to have a good healthy picture of music and American life, and play. And that goes for musicals, in the theater, and other great performers. I mean people like Judy Garland, who are just as thrilling to hear as an Ellington performance to me.

But all right, forgetting about other musical performers. In jazz itself, not to have heard the Frankie Newtons, the Bobby Hacketts, all such people. To have heard only this sewing-machine, eighth-note music—it makes it impossible for you ever to produce four bars of music that I want to hear. Music that will make me come away saying, "Oh! Did you hear that chorus he played! Did you hear that gorgeous four bars or that wonderful chorus he played?" I seldom come away from any joint feeling like that. I feel,"Ugh. Gee, I got to get home and turn on my Lady Day records or somebody like that, until I get back feeling normal again."

I hear nothing but a kind of stiff hatred in that music. Where's the romance? Where's the love, the caressing, of melody? Where's the caring? Where is it? Where did it go? The older cats—whatever guys are still alive, if they're in any shape mentally and physically today—are playing better than they ever played before. Ben Webster sounds tremendous. He's marvelous. Another is Johnny Hodges. And Bird! Oh, if Charlie Parker had had another 15 to 20 years to play! Lester Young—luckily you heard him in all his mellow and mature things before he passed away. And Billie Holiday.

But these people now—some of them will never get a chance to mellow and mature into anything. Because the vehicle they have chosen musically, artistically, and philosophically, will never give them one minute of peace of mind. They'll never find one note of truth. They'll have to go back and find out what it's all about in the first place.

Jazz isn't just a young man's thing as some people think. It takes years to play anything good. db

MUSIC '62 WAS GREAT...

MUSIC '63 WAS BETTER...

BUT NOW...

THERE'S EVEN MORE TO

DOWN BEAT'S

MUSIC '64

9TH ANNUAL EDITION

THE BIG BOOK IN THE JAZZ FIELD!

THE YEAR IN REVIEW: ●●●●●

a penetrating view of 1963's significant jazz activities/ jazzmen of the year — Down Beat's editors select the year's outstanding musicians/ how vested interests debase art/ a report on the year's jazz race relations/ the year in records — record company officials express their feelings about the state of the jazz market/ cream of the crop — the year's top-rated records/ basic jazz — an exhaustive survey of the music's development as heard on 57 albums!

ESSAYS AND INTERVIEWS: ●●●

the avant garde — the "new" jazzmen tell in their own words their feelings about the state of jazz today and how it will be changed/ plus many other features!

BRILLIANT COLOR: ●●●●●●●

photographs of artists as they play, think, talk/ exciting art/ life-like illustrations!

FAMOUS JAZZ WRITERS: ●●●●

Don DeMicheal/ Pete Welding/ John A. Tynan/ Ira Gitler/ Leonard Feather/ Martin Williams/ George Crater/ Gene Lees/ Don Heckman/ and more!

NOW ON SALE **PRICE $1.25**

down beat's MUSIC '64

205 W. Monroe Street
Chicago, Illinois 60606

Please send me a copy of Music '64 for me. I enclose $1.25

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

1/30

record reviews

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

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

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

A Bevy Of Big Bands

Columbia has continued its excellent series of reissues, under the supervision of Frank Driggs, by bringing back on the market some of the performances of the Gene Krupa Orchestra. The album, *Drummer Man,* composed of two LPs (C2L-29), spans a period from mid-1938, shortly after Krupa left Benny Goodman and formed his own band, until 1949, when the modern influence can be observed in Frank Rosolino's vocal and trombone on the George Wallington *Lemon Drop.*

As an ensemble, the Krupa outfit was one of the better groups of its kind in the latter days of the swing era; however, it never had any distinctive personality and was dependent for its success chiefly on the virtuosity of the leader. Since the playing of drums as part of a rhythm section and the leading of a big band as a personally popular figure are incompatible roles, Krupa was placed at a disadvantage. (It is interesting to note that this problem even led to the addition of an auxiliary drummer; on a couple of tracks, including the important *Disc Jockey Jump,* it is not Krupa but Joe Dale who plays.)

For the most part, the various Krupa bands offered a fair sampling of solo work and an interesting range of writers. The arrangements on these four sides include contributions by Chappie Willett (the band's original staff arranger, and composer of the attractive theme number *Apurksody*), composer-guitarist Remo Biondi, Earl Bostic (presumably he wrote the arrangement of his own tune *Let Me off Uptown*), Fred Norman (the title tune), Elton Hill, Budd Johnson (writer of a score used on *What's This?,* a pioneer 1945 unison quasi-bop vocal by Dave Lambert and the late Buddy Stewart), Sy Oliver (he did the score of his own *Opus No. 1*), Gerry Mulligan (represented by *How High the Moon* and *Disc Jockey Jump*), Ed Finckel, George Williams, and probably a couple of others who are not credited.

The individuals who made the band important, aside from Krupa himself and the writers, were Roy Eldridge and Anita O'Day. Eldridge plays on all eight tracks on the second side, representing the 1941-'42 period; Miss O'Day is heard on five of these, as well as the 1945 *Boogie Blues* and *Opus No. 1.* This was a definitive period for both; the choruses have stood up well and constitute the most interesting and least dated aspect of the album.

Other tracks of interest include a remarkably impressive and previously unreleased item called *I Should Have Kept On Dreaming,* featuring the alto of the vastly underrated Charlie Kennedy, who clearly was way ahead of most of his 1947 contemporaries; the Krupa trio doing *Dark Eyes,* featuring Charlie Ventura, which seems no more valid than it did 20 years ago; and items by a couple of Miss O'Day's predecessors and successors, who sound as perfunctory now as then.

A major disappointment is the lack of representation of the late Leo Watson. One of the most delightful exponents of swingingly humorous jazz singing, he toured with the band during most of its first year but evidently only got to record one track, *Tutti Frutti,* which is the sole highlight of the album's first side.

The other soloists include Sam Donahue on tenor saxophone, Shorty Sherock on trumpet, and Sam Musiker on clarinet. Inevitably, because time waits for no memory and it didn't seem so important to document everything in those days, a number of the arranging and blowing credits are either omitted or subject to occasional confusion. Aside from this, George Simon's nostalgic and carefully compiled notes are admirable. The large-size, 20-page booklet includes numerous photographs; you can even see what Joe Glaser and Jimmy Mundy looked like in 1940.

A footnote: it is hard to reconcile Krupa's comments on *Drum Boogie* ("Roy Eldridge gave this to us before he ever joined the band—he called it *Rare Back*") with the fact that Krupa is credited as sole composer.

A curious reissue is the three-record set entitled *Best of the Big Bands* (Capitol DTCO 1983). Since this is composed of hits of the 1930s and '40s re-recorded in the 1950s and reissued in the 1960s, it might best be reviewed under *Old Vintage, Middle-Aged Wine, New Bottles.*

The 12 Benny Goodman tracks were cut in 1954 with a New York band that included pianist Mel Powell and trumpeters Ruby Braff and Charlie Shavers. Goodman was in generally good form and sounds relaxed on the small-group tracks. Shavers does well in the sextet's *Get Happy;* the rhythm section, with bassist George Duvivier, Powell, and drummer Bobby Donaldson, swings the quintet in Powell's *Rock Rimmon.*

Next come a dozen Harry James 1955 items. *The Mole* is still one of the better examples of the use of strings in a swinging big-band performance. *Trumpet Blues* still sounds florid and *Cherry* pleasant, with a touch of Willie Smith's alto saxophone. Helen Forrest returned to the band to sing two tracks. As long as the original Columbia versions are still available, there seems to be little reason to recommend these examples of artists trying to imitate themselves.

The case of the Glen Gray Casa Loma Band performances, cut in 1956 and occupying the third disc, is different in one important respect: this band was by far the least valuable of the three musically, and the early versions of these tunes, except for the ballad tracks, were so stodgy that a new treatment could hardly represent anything less than an improvement.

But this band, at its peak long before the others, was a symbol in the early 1930s of the utter remoteness of many white musicians in that era from the core of jazz. The instrumentals had titles like *White Jazz, Black Jazz,* and *Maniacs' Ball;* they sounded neither black nor maniacal and were constructed from trite, boringly repeated cliches that passed for big-band jazz, in certain college circles, from 1929 through the 1930s.

The band had one outstanding soloist in trombonist Murray McEachern, who still sounds good in *Sleepy Time Gal;* it also had a ballad singer named Kenny Sargent, who on *For You* sounds as if he wishes he were Bill Kenny of the old Ink Spots. There are good solo bits by tenorist Babe Russin, clarinetist Gus Bivona, and others, but since the rhythm section seems purposely stiff—and the arrangements are unavoidably so—they are struggling against hopeless odds.

All in all, this album represents something with which the record market is unhappily glutted nowadays: secondhand versions of not always first-rate music.

Self-imitation is the keynote again in *The Best of Woody Herman* (Everest 5222). Recorded in 1958, this has a second version of *Summer Sequence,* featuring guitarist Charlie Byrd, covering one side, and rewarmings of *Caldonia, Bijou,* etc., filling out the other. For no conceivable reason the personnel details and Nat Hentoff's original liner notes have been deleted, and a bunch of uninformative press-agent pap substituted. The band sounds good, like all Herman bands, but if you are interested, I suggest you dig up the earlier issues of this material (which, together with other items by the same band, were spread over Everest 1003 and 1032) or, better still, get the genuine articles in the original Columbias (C3L-25).

More important and more valid both musically and historically is *Hey! Heard the Herd?,* a re-reissue on Verve 8558 of the sides Herman cut for his own Mars label between 1952 and '54. Personnels are given, but Jim Maher's liner notes, though his nostalgia is delightfully readable and splendidly written, contribute nothing toward the knotty problems of sorting out who plays which trumpet, trombone, or tenor solo. Herman should have been consulted, and all instrumental credits duly noted, before this repackaging job was undertaken, for the band at that point was rich in brass- and reed-section talents.

Subjectively, the album remains as exciting as when these tracks (*Moten Stomp,*

Blue Lou, Perdido, Mambo the Most, Wooftie, Teressita, Four Others, etc.) were issued 10 to 12 years ago. Two curious pieces are *Castle Rock,* featuring Sam (The Man) Taylor, and *Men from Mars,* in which Nat Pierce allegedly doubles on organ, though it sounds to me like one of those electronic gadgets attached to his piano.

Decades from now, historians looking back on the swing band years may well decide that in terms of intrinsic, lasting musical value there were four leaders whose contributions proved completely durable: Ellington, Basie, Lunceford, and Herman. A great deal of the evidence is already in. (L.G.F.)

Easy Riders Jazz Band

MY LIFE WILL BE SWEETER SOMEDAY—Jazz Crusade 1002: *Make Me a Pallet on the Floor; Over in the Gloryland; Precious Lord, Lead Me On; When You Wore a Tulip; Jazzin' Babies Blues; Walk through the Streets of the City; The Bucket's Got a Hole in It; Don't Go 'Way, Nobody; The Bells of St. Mary's; My Life Will Be Sweeter Someday.*

Personnel: Bob Fargo, cornet; Bill Bissonette, trombone; Noel Kalet, clarinet; Bill Sinclair, piano; Dave Duquette, banjo; Dick McCarthy, bass; Art Pulver, drums.

Rating: ★★★

The second LP by this amateur group in Bridgeport, Conn., is a slightly better recording job than their first, and the performances have considerably more vitality. The repertory and approach are strictly New Orleans in the Bunk Johnson-George Lewis vein.

The group has a positive and generally dependable clarinetist in Kalet and an even more positive, though somewhat erratic, trombonist in Bissonette. The cornetist, however, is a weak link, and the piano is so badly off-mike that it is frequently buried. The rhythm section has the traditional revivalists' traditional heaviness.

In general, the performances follow a remarkably similar pattern—a ragged opening ensemble, solos of varying merit, and a much more cohesive final ensemble. Kalet usually turns out to be the glue that holds the ensembles together. He takes several extremely good solos (*Jazzin', Tulip, Bucket*) while Bissonette's exuberantly splashy trombone helps liven up most of the numbers.

This disc shows progress, but the Easy Riders still have a way to go to get out of the traditionalist rut, although a capable engineering job ought to help them a lot. (J.S.W.)

Buddie Emmons

STEEL GUITAR JAZZ—Mercury 20843 and 60843: *Bluemmons; Any Time; Where or When?; Indiana; Gravy Waltz; Oleo; The Preacher; Cherokee; Witchcraft; Gonna Build a Mountain; There Will Never Be Another You.*

Personnel: Jerome Richardson, tenor, soprano saxophones; Bobby Scott, piano; Emmons, steel guitar; Art Davis, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Don't let the steel guitar scare you away—this is honest music. Emmons tries to make it on his merits as a jazzman without resorting to novelty effects. His playing sometimes has a country-and-western flavor, but, basically, it seems to be very much in the Charlie Christian tradition.

Though not an original stylist, Emmons invests his playing with a good-humored, flowing feeling. His statement of the *Witchcraft* melody proves that it is possible to make warm, pensive statements with the steel guitar.

Richardson takes some vigorous, hard-toned tenor solos, but the darting soprano work on *Another You* is probably his outstanding contribution. More of his recorded work on this instrument would certainly be welcome.

Scott's playing is fluid, but he uses a plethora of corny, quasi-funky devices.

Whether or not this record leads to more steel-guitar jazz, Emmons should be given credit for his straightforward effort in this direction. (H.P.)

Booker Ervin

EXULTATION!—Prestige 7293: *Mooche Mooche; Black and Blue; Mour; Just in Time; No Land's Man; Tune In.*

Personnel: Frank Strozier, alto saxophone; Ervin, tenor saxophone; Horace Parlan, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

"The Cooker" is certainly a most apt epithet for tenorist Ervin. He plays with a hard muscularity, strong swing, and a charging force that are most powerful, and the very definition of cooking. His compatriots on this date share these qualities; it was happily one of those days when everything fell into place for everyone on the date—a good groove was established, and everyone worked at close to his peak. The results are outstanding examples of what can happen when a blowing session jells.

This is the tenorist's second date as a leader (the first was a most impressive album on the Candid label), and it's one I'm sure he must be proud of.

Ervin is playing with a force and passion that are very gripping; his solos on *Mooche, Mour, Just in Time,* and *Tune In* are strong, meaty statements by a man who's sure of what he wants to say, of his ability to say it, and of the rightness of it. They are sweeping, churning, intense improvisations that surge forward powerfully with no letup in either idea or flow.

Listeners will note a strong similarity between Ervin's work and the so-called "sheets of sound" approach evolved by John Coltrane a few years back. The two tenorists, according to such close observers as Charlie Mingus (with whom Ervin worked for two years before leaving to go on his own), arrived at much the same approach at roughly the same time—independently of one another. Coltrane left the approach behind in his move toward modality and the much more convolute style in which he currently is embroiled. Ervin, however, chose to remain with it and develop it into the strongly personal, emotionally gripping approach that is so forcibly on display in this set.

Altoist Strozier matches Ervin in the heated intensity of his playing; the two set off each other wonderfully, each catching fire from the other (one of the things that raises the playing to such heights), exhorting and stimulating. Strozier is in fine fettle on *Mooche, Just in Time,* and especially on *Mour* (a variant on Miles Davis' *Four*), where his fleet, glistening work is sleek but never merely glib.

Parlan is a strong yet sensitive accompanist and his spare, somewhat eccentric

solo passages are ripe with a sense of whimsey and unpredictability that is particularly invigorating. Warren and Perkins are towers of strength.

Would that all blowing dates were so fruitful. (P.W.)

John Neel-Plas Johnson

BLUE MARTINI—Ava 24: *Blue Martini; Midnight Blues; Once Upon a Blues; What Would I Do?; Only the Blues; If You Don't Want Me; Who Is Wendy?; Bury Me Blue.*

Personnel: Johnson, tenor saxophone; orchestra members unidentified; Neel, conductor.

Rating: ★★

This is not a jazz album. It's really more a background-music record than anything else, and as such, it does not come up to other such albums, most notably those by Michel LeGrand, Robert Farnon, or Jackie Gleason-Bobby Hackett. In fact, the approach is much like that of the Gleason-Hackett albums, with Johnson's full-toned tenor substituted for Hackett's cornet and instead of standard tunes original compositions by Neel.

Neel's writing for the strings is competent, in the Hollywood-Muzak manner. At times he gets away from this genre and pulls off some sharp-angled, imaginative writing, especially in portions of *Midnight, Once,* and *If You Don't.* But there is a sleep-inducing sameness to the tracks—the tempos are slow, and the themes, though somewhat George Gershwinish, all have a *Harlem Nocturne* aura to them.

There is little improvisation by Johnson, who most often states the theme tastefully and then gets out of the way of the strings. His tenor sometimes sounds like a creamy alto, not unlike that of Johnny Hodges. The swooping strings swamp Johnson's tenor at several points, leaving the listener with the impression that the saxophonist is merely noodling until they get through. (D.DeM.)

Gildo Mahones

I'M SHOOTING HIGH—Prestige 16004; *Water Blues Fall; Good Morning, Heartache; The Sweetest Sounds; Stormy Monday Blues; I'm Shooting High; Bali Ha'i; Tales of Brooklyn; Hey, Girl.*

Personnel: all tracks—Mahones, piano; George Tucker, bass; Jimmy Smith, drums. Tracks 5, 6—Larry Young, organ, added. Track 7—Leo Wright, alto saxophone, Kenny Burrell, guitar, added. Track 8—Ozzie Beck, vocal, added.

Rating: ★★½

Mahones' bright, perky piano is always an added dividend for listeners who go to hear Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan, for whom he has been accompanist for some time. It goes well with the general good-time atmosphere of an L-H-B performance. This feeling of happy time also pervades this album, the first under the pianist's name.

Unfortunately, there is more glitter than gold in Mahones' piano work; but, then, one should not look for great depth in every jazz record that is issued. It is enough, I imagine, that a performance swings and is musical, relaxed, in good taste, and pleasantly enjoyable—all attributes of this album. But there is little individuality about the leader.

Red Garland evidently has had influence on Mahones, for Garland's wave-washed-shores style is a major part of Mahones' approach, which often is repetitive in its overuse of favorite licks. Still, there is an attractive polish to his work, particularly on *Water Blues, Sweetest Sounds, I'm Shooting High, Bali Ha'i,* and *Tales of Brooklyn* (which contains his most provocative playing).

Tucker and Smith match Mahones in taste, but Tucker outdoes the other two in originality and imagination. The bassist's support is often more interesting than what it's supporting. There also is a notable Tucker solo on *Water Blues.*

The second side, consisting of the last four tunes, has various guests added to Mahones' trio. Young's organ is used to fill the background on *High* and *Ha'i* but does not solo, nor do Burrell and Wright on *Brooklyn.* Beck's vocal on *Girl* consists of an occasional "Bye, bye, baby" and does not enhance Mahones' pianistics, which, in turn, do little for the track, which does nothing for the album. (D.DeM.)

Billy Maxted

THE BIG SWINGERS—K&H 103 and 303: *The Golden Bear; Savoy Blues; Cornet Chop Suey; Lazy Mood; Alley Cat; South Rampart Street Parade; Early Worm; Paducah Parade; My Inspiration; Like Young; Birth of the Blues; Royal Garden Blues.*

Personnel: Ben Ventura, trumpet; Lee Gifford, trombone; John Dengler, trumpet, tuba, bass saxophone; Dan Tracey, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Maxted, piano; Jack Lesberg, bass; Don MacLean, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

Maxted's band continues to show that a band that works out of the traditional repertory can have individuality and style without either destroying its source material or borrowing from past performances. The tightly written, lustrous ensembles and the direct, swinging attack that have been characteristic of the band's two earlier records on the K&H label are in evidence again this time. Three arrangements by Matty Matlock (*Savoy, Suey,* and *Paducah*) show that the group does not have to depend on Maxted alone for effective writing in the style that it has developed.

Maxted has an imposing list of soloists in his band—Tracey, who plays a clear, bubbling clarinet and a tenor saxophone that is straight out of Eddie Miller (he has the two solo showcases in the set—*Lazy* and *Inspiration*); Ventura, a crisp and digging trumpeter; Gifford's broad trombone style; and the invaluable Dengler, who can give the band a two-trumpet lead, engage in trumpet challenges with Ventura, or add bottom strength to the ensembles with bass saxophone or tuba.

The band has punch and polish but it carries its luck and skill too far when it tries to broaden its appeal by including such inappropriate pop pieces as *Cat* and *Young,* which deteriorate into dull riff excursions. (J.S.W.)

Antonio (Chocolate) Diaz Mena

ESO ES LATIN JAZZ . . . MAN!—Audio Fidelity 6117: *Tin Tin Deo; Pega Joso; Mambo Jazz, Opus #7; Take Five; Kush; Harlem Nocturne; Con Alma; Caravan; On Green Dolphin Street; Poinciana; Gozando el Guaguanco; What Kind of Fool Am I?*

Personnel: Tracks 1-3, 5, 6—Richard Williams, John Coles, Clark Terry, Mario Fernandez, Alfredo Armenteros, Alesandro Vivar, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Jerome Richardson, Joseph Henderson, Alfred Gibbons, Seldon Powell, Leo Wright, reeds; Duke Pearson or Felipe Yanez, piano; Frank Mercado, guitar; Frank Schifano or Bob Cranshaw, bass; Walter Perkins or Rudy Collins, drums; Diaz Mena, Ramon Sardinas, Carlos Valdez, Victor Allende, Jorge Topia, Miguel Avila, Latin percussion. Tracks 4, 7-10—Williams, Coles, trumpets; Britt Woodman, trombone; Henderson, Wright, reeds; Pearson, piano; Cranshaw, bass; Perkins, drums; Diaz Mena, Sardinas, Valdez, Latin percussion. Tracks 11, 12—Armenteros, Fernandez, Vivar, trumpets; Gibbons, tenor saxophone; Yanez, piano; Mercado, guitar; Schifano, bass; Reynaldo Fernandez, drums; Diaz Mena, Sardinas, Topia, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★

Despite the presence of a number of fine New York jazzmen and the use of arrangements by Lalo Schifrin and Duke Pearson, there is little in this set to distinguish it from any number of like albums that fuse Latin rhythms with jazz arrangements and improvised solos. For that's basically all it is—a series of somewhat routine Latin-flavored big-band arrangements with plenty of blowing room for Wright, Terry, Richardson, Williams, and Coles.

There is nothing either exceptional or unexceptionable about the writing or the playing; it's just what one would expect it to be. Schifrin takes the writing honors (for what they're worth) for his generally more interesting work on tracks 1, 2, 3, 5, and 6—more interesting, that is, than Pearson's workmanlike charts on 4, 7, 8, 9, and 10 or Yanez' arrangements on the final two selections.

Wright (cunningly disguised for contractual reasons as Lion Wrong in the liner notes) contributes a series of slashing, forceful alto and flute solos, and Clark Terry comes across with several dry, pungent statements, an especially fine one occuring in *Tin Tin Deo.* There is an attractive three-way flute exchange on *Mambo Jazz* between Wright, Seldon Powell, and Jerome Richardson.

Still, beyond the scarcely earthshaking solo work, there is little to recommend this set. The rating, in fact, is based almost wholly on the improvised segments. Pass this up, unless you're a Latin music nut. (P.W.)

Gerry Mulligan

NIGHT LIGHTS—Philips 200-108 and 600-108: *Night Lights; Morning of the Carnival; Wee Small Hours; Prelude in E Minor; Tell Me When.*

Personnel: Art Farmer, fluegelhorn; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Mulligan, baritone saxophone, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Bill Crow, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Mulligan in a low-keyed, ruminative mood is the basis of this set. The result is pleasant jazz with suggestions of an after-hours tinge in which the most consistently convincing performer is Mulligan himself.

The tone is set by *Night,* a Mulligan composition with a dreamy theme on which Mulligan plays very effective piano. Farmer and Brookmeyer catch the easy, relaxed mood. Two of the pieces are bossa novas, one legitimately so (*Carnival*), the other a surprising but quite apt adaptation of Chopin (*Prelude*).

Mulligan plays some delicately feathery baritone saxophone passages on *Carnival* and *When* that point up the great flexibility he has brought to the horn. Farmer, Brookmeyer, and Hall all have their moments, but they have a greater inclination to bog down in their solos than Mulligan has. (J.S.W.)

Bill Russo

STEREOPHONY—FM 302: *Portrait of a Count; Egdon Heath; Frank Speaking; Thisbe;*

Sweets; Bill's Blues; Ennui; Dusk; 23°N/82°W.
Personnel: Ron Simmons, Leon Calvert, Gordon Rose, Tony Mabbett, trumpets; Johnny Edwards, Keith Christie, Bobby Lamb, Don Lusher, and Jack Thirlwall or Ray Premru, trombones; Johnny Scott, Al Newman, Duncan Lamont, Art Ellefson, Ronnie Ross, saxophones; Dick Morgan, oboe; Raymond Clarke, Derek Simpson, Hilary Robinson, Jack Holmes, cellos; Ray Dempsey, guitar; Arthur Watts, bass; Kenny Clare, Dennis Lopez, percussion; Russo, composer, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★

Many of these themes will be familiar to Stan Kenton fans through earlier versions recorded during Russo's five years (1950-'55) as arranger and occasional trombonist with Kenton.

To compare them, however, places both Russo and the listener at a disadvantage. For instance, a replaying of the early *Bill's Blues* reminds one that it was an unpretentiously swinging minor blues with trumpeter Conte Candoli, Russo, and saxophonist Lennie Niehaus as soloists. But the intention of the new treatment is clearly different, and judged on its own terms it has its own validity.

Secondly, according to the listings, the works have now been arranged in the form of suites; the compositions on the first side are listed collectively as *Opus 5* and those on the second as *Opus 8*.

Thirdly, there is a major difference in terms of performance, for this is a special orchestra assembled in London, where Russo has been in residence of late.

As has often been the case with Russo's writings, the group is less an orchestra than a sometimes somber, often majestic instrumental choir. Like Gil Evans, Russo is a master of voicings; there are some especially brilliant passages in *Ennui*.

He is not primarily concerned with the relationship of his works to jazz or with the necessity for swinging. The proportion of jazz content varies greatly from track to track, but the conclusion one often reaches with regard to works of this nature must again be borne in mind: only jazz musicians could have given this writing a completely effective performance.

Though there are moments when it can be sensed that perhaps another take or one more rehearsal might have tightened things up a little, over-all the performance is excellent, both in ensemble and solo terms. The four cellos are used occasionally and discreetly; this is in no sense a "with-strings" type of album.

Duncan Lamont's tenor achieves a commendable sound and mood on *Bill's Blues* and *23°N/82°W*. Johnny Edwards handles the trombone part in *Ennui* almost as effectively as Harry Betts did in *The Kenton Era* (there we go, making unnecessary comparisons again). Leon Calvert's approach on *Portrait of Count* is somewhat different from that of the man to whom it was dedicated (Candoli) but none the less attractive.

The title and liner notes have a curious 1957 ring, as if stereo had just been discovered and this were the first orchestral album ever to use two-track sound. Nevertheless, Russo does not rely on any hi-fi gimmick.

Though his writings do not point in any directions that were clearly being indicated on Kenton records more than a decade ago, it has strength, skill, and the courage of its very firm convictions. (L.G.F.)

SONGSKRIT

By JOHN A. TYNAN

Ray Charles

For those who may want to complete their Ray Charles library, *The Ray Charles Story, Vol. 3* (Atlantic 8083) should be just what they want. It consists of more of the singer-pianist's earlier work, including *I Want a Little Girl* and *Leave My Woman Alone* and the rest of those sides recorded during his years with the Atlantic company.

These are vintage, and some are, indeed, collector's items. The songs range from moody ballads to rocking medium-up tunes, some of the earthiest vocal-instrumental popular music ever captured. The rest of the selections consist of *Sinner's Prayer; Funny (But I Still Love You); Feelin' Sad; Hard Times; What Would I Do without You?; I Want to Know; Get on the Right Track, Baby; That's Enough; You Be My Baby; I Had a Dream;* and *Tell the Truth*.

As with everything Charles does on or off record, this album is replete with an almost scalding communication of emotion through words and music.

Nancy Harrow

Pianist Dick Katz, who ought to know, remarks in his liner notes for *You Never Know* (Atlantic 8075) that Nancy Harrow possesses "the jazz sound", which quality, he adds, is something that cannot be verbalized. Perhaps that is just as well, and this reviewer will not press the point. If Katz, one of the most distinguished pianists and accompanists in modern music, is so moved by Miss Harrow's sound, that is his right.

What Miss Harrow possesses, to these ears, is a very pleasant vocal quality of the kind that one may hear daily on any radio or television singing commercial. She is the type of singer, for example, who would be perfect in the steady, featured vocalist spot on a late-night variety show. She is musicianly, her time is good, her phrasing intelligent, her vocal equipment adequate.

There are other virtues, too, such as her apparent penchant for singing fresh, new songs, and her imaginative treatment of old ones (*Lover, Come Back to Me* in this album).

But Miss Harrow sings *Confessin' the Blues* and *'Tain't Nobody's Bizness If I Do*, and these ears don't believe her. She does not convince emotionally; in fact, listening to her renditions of these two songs in particular, one doubts if she ever really *had* the blues. This is not to be considered a brief for the visceral and the crude but for what this listener prefers to consider a convincing projection of the chosen material within the musical and lyrical character of that material.

With the other songs in the set Miss Harrow does a thoroughly good and pleas-

ant job. There's that word again—pleasant—the most appropriate term to describe Miss Harrow's appeal.

The other songs in the set are *Song for the Dreamer, Autumn,* and *If I Were Eve* by John Lewis (who supervised the date, incidentally) and Margo Guryan; Miss Guryan's *My Last Man;* Bruce Phillips' haunting *No One Knows Me;* the oldie, *Just for a Thrill; No One Knows What Love Holds in Store* by Lewis and Judy Spencer, who together also wrote the title song; and Gary McFarland's *Why Are You Blue?*

Miss Harrow's accompaniment, divided among a quartet, a septet, and a 13-piece orchestra that includes a double string quartet, consists of arrangements by Lewis, Jimmy Jones, and McFarland and solos by Phil Woods, alto saxophone and clarinet; Jim Hall, guitar; and Lewis, piano. The writing is always imaginative and frequently quite stimulating.

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

By IRA GITLER

Completing the Josie repackages are three trios and a big band. (The other Josies were reviewed in the Jan. 16 *Down Beat.*)

Perhaps the most outstanding trio disc is the one on which vibraharpist Teddy Charles, pianist Hall Overton, and bassist Oscar Pettiford play the music of Duke Ellington (Josie 3505). The trio manages to invest the record with the feeling of Ellington while maintaining its own distinct personality—no small trick for a group that did not work regularly as a unit. Of course, Charles and Overton have been associated quite often musically; the late Pettiford and Charles were colleagues in Charles' earliest days in New York City (mid-'40s); and Pettiford played with Ellington from 1945 to 1948 and on many subsequent occasions.

Charles has been an erratic player throughout his career, probably because he does not always work in jazz. When he is good, however, he can be exceptional, as he is on this album. His solos have great structure, leanness of phrase and high melodic invention. His four-mallet work in ensemble demonstrates his longtime mastery of this technique.

Utilizing Charles' four-mallet ability, Overton wrote a simple, effectively swinging arrangement of the rarely heard *Sherman Shuffle* (Ellingtonia circa 1942); he also sketched *The Mooche, Don't Get around Much Anymore,* and *Do Nothing 'til You Hear from Me.* Charles arranged the clever interplay between vibes and piano in the statement of the *Main Stem* theme.

Overton's piano is warm, supple, and subtle, without the stiffness he sometimes exhibited in his first jazz recordings made about three years earlier, in 1955. Pettiford is Pettiford: one of the all-time greats—a rock in the rhythm department, a wizard at interaction, and a masterful, hornlike soloist.

Another giant of the bass, Charlie Mingus, leads a trio with pianist Hampton Hawes and drummer Dannie Richmond (Josie 3508).

The solo space is shared by Mingus and Hawes, with Richmond getting the spotlight occasionally. As such, it is not a typical Hawes' album, as are, say, his Contemporary sets. He sounds most typical on *Hamp's New Blues,* a blues with additional chord changes in the style favored by the boppers. This is not to say that he doesn't sound fine everywhere else.

This record was made relatively early in the rhythm association of Mingus and Richmond, but they were already a highly fused (in several ways) duo.

What the trio does to evergreens like *Yesterdays* and *Summertime* is completely personal and refreshing. Mingus' *Back Home Blues* (no direct kin to Charlie Parker's tune of the same name) is basic, unaffected funk that features a long, expository solo by Mingus. The bassist is heard in two separate solos on one of his continuing favorites, *I Can't Get Started.* While not the melodist Pettiford was, Mingus talks with his instrument as he utilizes its wide range, realizing its harmonic and rhythmic possibilities to the fullest. His percussive effects have been widely copied by bassists who came after him.

The high point of this excellent set comes in *Dizzy Moods,* a Mingus line written on the chords of Dizzy Gillespie's *Woody'n You.* On this track the three men work as individuals, but at the same time, the trio is a completely integrated unit.

The third Josie trio also meshes well but not to the degree of the Mingus three. This third unit is comprised of pianist Eddie Costa (he also plays vibes on *Sweet and Lovely*), bassist-leader Vinnie Burke, and drummer Nick Stabulas (Josie 3509).

The interplay between Costa and Burke is good, and the latter's solo work shows his to be a talent unduly overlooked. Burke develops his ideas logically, and his articulation is very clear. Costa was a hard-driving, percussive pianist who, before his untimely death in 1962, had developed much further artistically than his position at the time of this recording.

Though this recording takes on new importance because of Costa's passing, there is much that stands on its own; the strong, yet loose, swing of *Let's Do It* and the evident, surging power of *Yesterdays* are outstanding examples. On *Get Happy,* which he takes into the minor, Costa's distinctive unison octave work in the lower register is utilized in fashioning an exciting performance.

On the debit side is Burke's *Unison Blues* in which the blues playing is unconvincing and, because of the way Costa plays his changes, kind of corny. *It Could Happen to You* is really Burke's feature. His bowed ideas, here, are far superior to the ones he plucks.

The big band is the one led by saxophonist Med Flory on the West Coast in the late '50s. The band, organized by Flory, trumpeter Al Porcino, and bassist Red Kelly, was named the Jazz Wave. One of Flory's originals bears this title, and all but one of the selections in the album have nautical connections.

The notes for the Josie reissue (3506) do not list the personnel, but the men on the record are Porcino, Ray Triscari, Jack Hohmann, and Lee Katzman or Conte Candoli, trumpets; Dave Wells, bass trumpet, trombone; Lew McCreary, trombone; Flory, Charlie Kennedy, alto and tenor saxophones; Richie Kamuca, Bill Holman, tenor saxophones; Bill Hood, baritone saxophone; Kelly or Buddy Clark, bass; Russ Freeman, piano; Mel Lewis, drums.

This is a wailing, if not whaling, big band with rich, gusty arrangements by Holman (*Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea, An Occasional Man, Someone's Rocking My Dreamboat)* and pretty ones by Bob Enevoldsen *(I Cover the Waterfront,* featuring Wells, and *Rapture,* spotlighting Flory).

Solo credits are not given either, but it sounds like Holman on *Wave, Devil,* and *Dreamboat;* Flory on *Davy Jones* (he reminds one of Herb Geller); Katzman on Lennie Niehaus' *Ocean Motion* (no relative of Pete Brown's tune by the same name) and Hood's *Sea Chase;* Candoli on *Dreamboat;* Kennedy on *Chase;* and Flory, Candoli, and Kamuca on Sivert Johnson's *Jonah and the Whale,* written on the *How Come You Do Me Like You Do?* changes.

If you dig big bands, get this one. Not all the solos are great, but the trumpet section is exceptional, and Lewis is one of the best big-band drummers extant.

Quite apart from the Josie releases, New Jazz has put together a collection of Middle Eastern-influenced jazz under the title *The Jazz Soul of Cleopatra* (8292).

There are five previously issued tracks: *La Ibkey* by Ahmed Abdul-Malik, *Taboo* by Yusef Lateef, *Anadolu Oyunu* by Oudi Hrant, *Ackmet* by Dizzy Reece, and *Bakai* by John Coltrane. In all, it is a most amiable grouping with worthwhile solos by Abdul-Malik (oud), Tommy Turrentine (trumpet), Calo Scott (cello), and Eric Dixon (tenor saxophone) on *Ibkey;* Lateef (flute) and Wilber Harden (fluegelhorn) on *Taboo;* Reece (trumpet), Cecil Payne (baritone saxophone), Hank Jones (piano), Joe Farrell (flute), and Charlie Persip (drums) on *Ackmet;* Coltrane (tenor saxophone), Red Garland (piano), Sahib Shihab (baritone saxophone) on Calvin Massey's *Bakai.*

Hrant's *Oyunu* features a sound familiar to anyone who has ever ventured into a belly-dance emporium. The jazz is supplied by tenor man Morty Lewis, who once played with Louis Prima, hardly training for a grape-leaf diet. And if one gets tired of listening to the music, he can read the liner notes by David A. Himmelstein. There are some chortles, chuckles, and a few guffaws.

GREMLINSVILLE

It is written that 1964 will be a gremlin year. Horace, *Down Beat's* own gremlin, stakes claim for the first gremlin achievement of the year with his clever substitution of Ira Gitler's name for Gene Feehan's as author of *Chuck Wayne's Modern Banjo* (*DB,* Jan. 16).

COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

For reasons that some foundation in need of another project ought to investigate, musicians are the most deeply conservative of human beings.

Because they are dealing with ancient and apparently immutable materials (a plucked string's overtones, for instance, have been known since earliest recorded times), musicians tend to feel that nothing can really change. This instinctive reliance on the past is generally thought to be the special trait of so-called classical musicians, but despite an occasional outward show of iconoclasm, it permeates music of all breeds. No Viennese professor of the violin is more blind to the suggestion of change than a Dixieland devotee.

Knowing all this, John Backus is a brave and hopeful fellow indeed. Backus, who is becoming an outstanding iconoclast on many fronts, took the floor not long ago in the journal *Perspectives of New Music* and attacked the scientific pretensions of the whole mathematics-mad German school of composition, and the clique centering on Karlheinz Stockhausen in particular.

A University of Southern California physicist who also holds a master's degree in music, Backus ably demonstrated the Stockhausen school's ineptness in the field in which the European avant-gardists claim special competence: science and numbers.

Now Backus has attacked another sturdy myth, quixotically tilting against the whole history of instrumental acoustics as applied to woodwinds.

Having come to the conclusion that instrument makers have long been fooling themselves and musicians on important points, he made himself a clarinet out of a length of plastic garden hose simply by punching finger holes into it at the proper intervals and attaching a mouthpiece. He demonstrated it at a recent meeting of the Acoustical Society of America, and its genuine clarinet tones evidently made quite an impression.

Backus' point, of course, is not that plastic is the best material for clarinets (its flexibility, for one thing, makes tone control uncertain) but that wood is not crucial to clarinet design. There have been plastic "student" clarinets for years whose sound is so squawky and limited in some other respects that the instant reaction of musicians will be to form a united front with instrument makers against Dr. Backus and all his works and pomps.

Other experiments, however, give the theory some support. It has recently been demonstrated, for instance, that a student of acoustics and fine old violins can dismantle a $5 fiddle whose tones are painful even to the uneducated ear and so reassemble it that its new sound can fool a class of university music students into confusing it with a valuable Cremona violin.

No violinist could be fooled for a moment if given such an instrument and allowed to draw a bow across it, but the experiment does indicate that faulty design is more often the culprit than quality of materials where tonal beauty is concerned.

The Backus line of investigation may not apply too closely to instruments where vibration of materials is of prime importance. It obviously makes a great difference what kinds of woods are used in a cello or an unamplified guitar. But where moving a column of air is the method used to produce a tone, as in all reeds and wind instruments, Backus may have something.

Flutes have been made of wood, silver, gold-plated metals, and even platinum, but the chief differences between old instruments and those used today result not from materials but from more accurate boring of finger holes and more cunningly designed key mechanisms.

Every advance in instrument design has been fought, and some old battles are not yet won. Adolph Sax's inventions embraced a whole spectrum of new reed instruments, several of them immensely valuable and all but ignored by present-day musicians and orchestrators.

Resistance to change by musicians is not entirely deplorable, certainly. The chord organ, the electronic piano, the amplified guitar, and the use of synthetic sounds all need to be proved against such opposition, and no current vogue is assured of any relative permanence.

Sometimes even the most obvious and apparently logical change does not strike any roots in music. Berlioz, in his classic instrumentation book, points out at length how violinists could expand the possibilities for a composer by adopting the classic guitarist's method of plucking with thumb and fingers, rather than by confining themselves to a one-finger pizzicato. To this day, one rarely sees a symphony violinist who has bothered to move beyond the one-finger method. If so logical a step can be resisted for 100 years, one might not give Backus and his plastic clarinet much of a chance were it not that musical iconoclasts, when they do appear, tend to be a stubborn breed.

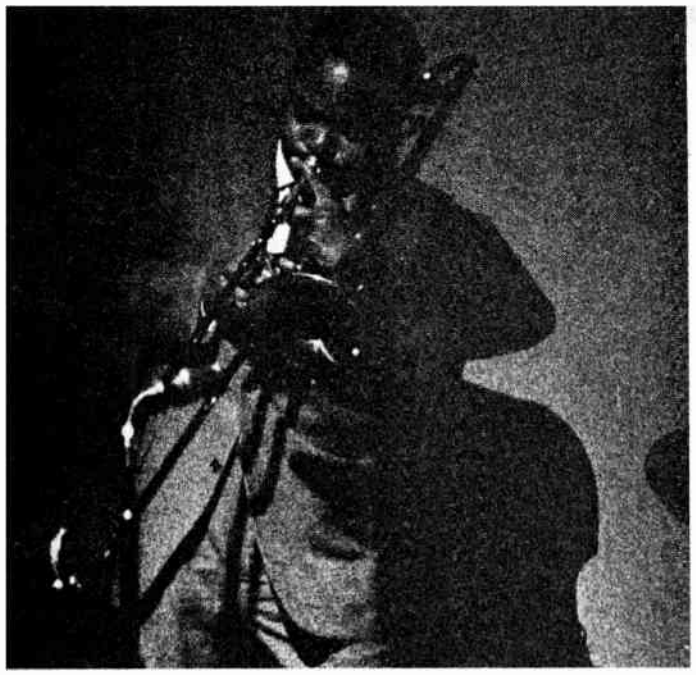
Much of the problem in instrument design lies in overcoming pure laziness.

As Backus points out, in connection with his own instrument, the bassoon: "You can't blame the musicians too much. Once you've learned the intricacies of the bassoon, you're not likely to admit that any changes would bring improvement."

One of the deepest reasons for resistance to change in musical instruments, as in anything else, is the prestige and status attached to expensive materials, especially expensive *old* materials.

The furor kicked up not long ago by Ornette Coleman's experiments with expressionistic atonality probably would not have been so bitter if fellow musicians had not somehow felt that his stubborn preference for a plastic saxophone was somehow cheapening jazz and their whole profession.

Is it any wonder that musicians are giving Backus and his garden hose the fishy eye? DB



BLINDFOLD TEST

J. J. JOHNSON

TED WILLIAMS

By LEONARD FEATHER

In the four years since J. J. Johnson last took the *Blindfold Test* (*DB*, Jan. 19, 1960), he has made a new career as a composer-arranger. In 1961 he spent six months working on special material for the Monterey Jazz Festival; one of the works performed there, *Perceptions*, featuring Dizzy Gillespie, offered ample evidence that the time was well spent.

"It's frustrating, this business of writing vs. playing," he said recently. "I have to concentrate on one at a time. After *Perceptions*, I went on the road with Miles Davis, and for a year and a half I hardly picked up a pen, because traveling makes it too hard to write.

"After Miles, there was an interim period during which I wrote the arrangements for the *J. J.'s Broadway* LP on Verve. Then I lined up my new quartet, and I've been busy playing ever since. Writing is more demanding than playing. When I'm busy on a big orchestral piece, I become incommunicado—I can carry on a whole conversation with you and not hear what you're saying."

For this test I included records of interest from the writing standpoint as well as trombone items. He was given no information about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. Gary McFarland. *Reflections in the Park* (from *The Gary McFarland Orchestra*, Verve). Phil Woods, clarinet; Bill Evans, piano; McFarland, composer.

I'm totally unfamiliar with this. It sounded at first a little like one of the MJQ orchestral-type presentations, but later on I could tell it wasn't. Then again, it sounded a little like Jimmy Giuffre on clarinet, and one of his compositions.

The piano was sparse and kind of lean and angular. . . . I thought at first it might be John Lewis. Although I'm unfamiliar with these people and can't identify the composition, I can tell that it was well put together, and the composition and interpretation came off successfully. I liked it; very interesting. Three stars.

2. Al Grey. *Through for the Night* (from *Night Song*, Argo). Grey, trombone; Trummy Young, composer.

There was a good, happy feeling on that performance, throughout. I've heard that tune a million times; not lately, though. Goes under the heading of one of those good old goodies, whatever it was.

I want to comment on that trombone soloist; it sounded like Al Grey. Al Grey's one of the few players around who can bring off this straight-mute-and-plunger effect, and this is very difficult to do. Not too many guys have tried it, and several who have tried it didn't bring it off at all well.

Whoever this was. he played a very fine plunger solo on that cut, and for that I would say four stars. In fact the whole recording had a real swinging feeling, so I'd say an over-all rating of four.

3. Dick Grove. *Mosca Espanola* (from *Little Bird Suite*, Pacific Jazz). Dick Hurwitz, trumpet; Bill Robinson, baritone saxophone; Ralph Pena, bass; Grove, composer, conductor.

Heard this before, on one of the late-hour programs here—myself and a bunch of guys were riding around and heard this. First few bars, we thought it was some new Gil Evans thing, the composer and/or arranger was obviously strongly influenced in that direction—which is not a bad influence, by the way! If you're going to copy someone, might as well copy the best. Even so, it's a good piece of writing.

As far as the jazz soloists on there, I didn't think the saxophone soloist was especially impressive. . . . The trumpet solo had some highlights. . . . There was a very fine bass player on there. I don't know who any of those people are, but, over-all, I thought it came off very well, mainly because of the writing. On that basis I would give it three stars.

4. George Auld. *You Are My Lucky Star* (from *George Auld Plays the Winners*, Philips). Frank Rosolino, trombone; Auld, tenor saxophone.

I can only make one comment on that cut. The only thing I really liked was the trombone soloist, who I believe to have been Frank Rosolino, who always plays very fine. On the strength of that very brief trombone solo, let's say 2½ stars. It just never got off the ground: no further comment.

5. Modern Jazz Quartet and Orchestra. *Around the Blues* (Atantic). John Lewis, piano; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums; Gunther Schuller, conductor; Andre Hodeir, composer.

Was that Orchestra U.S.A.? I suspect it was, or a reasonable facsimile thereof—the MJQ & Co. I would assume, then, that this was one of John Lewis' more ambitious works. I heard little telltale signs of John's writing.

Some parts of the orchestral background came off so well that, over-all, I would have liked to see John write more for the orchestra. There were times when you would expect the orchestra to take over, and they didn't. It was mostly orchestral accompaniment throughout, and it just doesn't set right with me to have that large an ensemble just to play background.

The dimensions are very wide-ranged with an orchestra of that size and scope; there are so many things you can do that simply were not done here. To compound matters, I know that John Lewis is very capable of doing these things that he didn't do.

I liked the string writing, and I thought the playing came off very well. The piece moved me as a whole, mainly because of Milt Jackson's playing, which—well, if you can't be moved by Milt Jackson's playing, you can't be moved; You're immobile! I feel I can say, as far as mood and continuity, Milt Jackson just about carried that piece on his back.

Again, I would like to emphasize the fact that John Lewis is so capable, and there are brilliant flashes of writing in the orchestral accompaniment, which makes it all the more reason why I'd like to see John make the orchestra speak—3½ stars.

6. Curtis Fuller. *In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning* (Soul Trombone, Impulse). Fuller, trombone.

Wee Small Hours of the Morning. . . . That was Curtis Fuller. Curtis Fuller has certainly developed at a faster rate than any of the other young trombonists around; he's come a long way in a very short time, but I don't think this is one of his best efforts. The selection didn't seem to ever get off the ground floor, somehow. Neither did Curtis, with that particular selection. Just seemed to bog down right through.

Curtis has been recording an awful lot lately, with the Messengers, et cetera, and he's been very impressive on many things; this was not one of those impressive performances. I'd say 2½ stars.

7. One World Jazz. *In a Mellotone* (Columbia). Clark Terry, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, first trombone solo; George Chisholm, second trombone solo; Aake Persson, third trombone solo; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone.

One World Jazz, huh? Small world. First of all, I want to say, what I said before about Curtis Fuller, about that not being one of his best efforts—the same applies to the first trombonist on this cut!

There's quite a procession of soloists on that *One World Jazz* cut. Ben Webster's and Clark Terry's solos I thought were the most outstanding performances on the whole track. I didn't recognize any of the European players, although as I recall it some of the well-known European musicians were playing dubbed-in solos, et cetera. Although I think one of the trombone players was Aake Persson, I wouldn't be able to tell which, though; I'm not that familiar with Persson's playing. I only know that first guy, that first trombone soloist wasn't up to snuff! As far as I'm concerned, Ben saved the whole cut.

I wasn't really too crazy about the other two trombones, either. I'd say about 3½ stars. DB

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Various Artists

Central Plaza, New York City

Personnel: see below.

The Central Plaza, where the late Jack Crystal had run countless sessions, was the scene of a huge benefit for his family last month. Crystal's great popularity among Dixieland and mainstream musicians was attested to by the large number of men who showed up to donate their services. Many played, but the confusion that usually reigns at events of this kind kept others from performing.

The paying audience was tremendous. The benefit was supposed to start at 7 p.m. By 6:30 there was a huge line on Second Ave., outside the entrance to the hall. In no time, all the space in the huge, fifth-floor ballroom was taken, and the overflow was directed to a smaller room on the third floor. Bands shuttled back and forth between the floors, playing for both gatherings.

One of the hits of the evening was the opening trombone duo of J. C. Higginbotham and Dickie Wells, backed by Buddy Blacklock, piano; Benny Moten, bass; and George Wettling, drums. The veteran trombonists, who did *My Buddy* and *I May Be Wrong*, had not rehearsed, but they spontaneously developed their unison and harmony and played four- and eight-bar exchanges. Their individual styles were highly complementary.

Another spirited set featured tenor saxophonists Bud Freeman and Bob Wilber, trumpeter Max Kaminsky, trombonist Cutty Cutshall, bassist John Giuffrida, and drummer Morey Feld. Eddie Condon was on stage for this one, "conducting" the group. Then he left the stand, and clarinetist Peanuts Hucko and bassist Bob Haggart replaced Freeman and Giuffrida. Dave McKenna was added on piano.

While Condon was on, the group played *I Found a New Baby* and Fats Waller's *Squeeze Me*. Freeman was fine and Wilber outstanding in a Lester Youngish attitude. Kaminsky's horn had plenty of punch and virility. When Hucko and Haggart appeared, the group did *South Rampart Street Parade*.

Between Higginbotham-Wells and Condon, there was a succession of combos beginning with trumpeter Henry (Red) Allen (Sammy Price, piano; Frank Skeete, bass; Eddie Locke, drums), continuing with the Village Stompers (including Joe Muranyi, clarinet), the Fingerlake Five (trombonist Herb Flemming and drummer Manzie Johnson added), and ending with clarinetist Sol Yaged (Warren Chiasson, vibraharp; Marty Napoleon, piano; Johnson, drums), who broke it up with *After You've Gone*, and trumpeter Pee Wee Erwin (Tony Parenti, clarinet; Tyree Glenn, Miff Synes, trombones; Hank Duncan, piano; Les Demerle, drums). Singer Beulah Bryant appeared with the Erwin group.

After Hucko's set, things degenerated with two "amateur" groups, the Easy Riders from Bridgeport, Conn., whose car had broken down four times en route to New York, and the Southampton Dixie, Racing & Clambake Society Jazz Band.

The former group, led by trombonist Bill Bissonette, at least had a spirited feel, as rough around the edges as it was. The Southampton crew was typical of the showy, soul-less, young Dixie revivalist groups that seem to perpetuate themselves in collegiate circles. The drummer was one of the worst I have ever heard. A metronome, put in his place, would have played with more heart.

It would be unfair to say the crowd did not love the Southampton aggregation, but it is also pertinent to point out that the same audience would not be quiet when trumpeter Joe Thomas began the next set with a heartfelt version of *I'm in the Mood for Love*.

With Thomas were Cozy Cole, drums; Rudy Rutherford, alto saxophone, clarinet, flute; Steve Benoric, clarinet; and Duncan, piano. Later in the set, George Wein sat in on piano, Russell (Big Chief) Moore vigorously played trombone, Victoria Spi-

vey sang, and Jimmy McPartland blew his cornet in a fine version of *When the Saints Go Marching In.*

McPartland, who served as emcee through most of the evening, announced that approximately $3,000 had been collected.

The long evening, which started well, ended up in a kind of hodge-podge. Both Benoric and Miss Spivey were guilty of some untimely mugging and body gyrations, though Miss Spivey did sing what seemed to be (the public-address system was not faithfully reproducing her words) a worthy blues tribute to Crystal.

As someone ironically said, "If Jack had been here, there wouldn't have been all this confusion. He knew how to make these benefits run smoothly." —*Ira Gitler*

Wes Montgomery

Showboat Lounge, Washington, D.C.

Personnel: Montgomery, guitar; Mel Rhyne, organ; George Brown, drums.

Even Montgomery is going along with the fashionable organ-and-guitar bit. This may be a misdirected attempt for commercial appeal.

With two of the three instruments producing electrically reproduced sound, this "live" music had an eerie, distorted, unlive character. It was something like listening to a neighbor's loud hi-fi set.

The drumming was not electrified, of course, but it was not electrifying, either. With sticks, Brown had his own monotonously predictable bang-bang-bang-bang thing going, seemingly apart from the rhythms of his electrical colleagues. And his brush work lacked articulation, being mostly a slap-slap sound.

But despite all the electricity, the music was sometimes electric because Montgomery's guitar playing was splendid. He played cleanly, all the time. He played melodically, all the time. He always knew precisely where he was and what he was doing. He did some amazing things with that large left hand of his, and he made it all seem easy, as good jazz players have a way of doing.

Montgomery's speed and clarity on *I'll Remember April* was nearly incredible. *Besame Mucho*, something of a dog tune, became more fascinating with every chorus the way he played it. *Misty* was a pristine gem.

He dug into *Yesterdays* with vigor and authority, building new rhythmic excitements with every chorus, and when he started working on the blues progression, one got the feeling that this was it, that what he was playing was what jazz improvisation is all about.

Montgomery's ability to play octaves—meaning choruses of notes an octave apart—is amazing. As perhaps only guitarists understand, playing octaves up and down the first three strings is relatively easy (little finger on the first string, middle finger on the third string, with the ring finger deadening the second string), but crossing over to play octaves on the other four strings, as Montgomery does (using the middle finger or index finger to deaden strings), is something else again, particularly on up-tempo tunes.

As for organist Rhyne, this writer is hardly the proper one to comment. Aside from Joe Mooney, I keep wishing that organ players would play piano, an instrument where touch and finger control is not only possible but most important. But I would guess that Rhyne, in many ways, is a better jazz player than a number of highly publicized organists. His solos may have a certain boppy sameness, but he comps well and plays with spirit and drive.

The trio sharing the bandstand with the Montgomery trio was the better trio, if trio means three musicians playing well together. This was Washington's Tom Gwaltney Trio (Gwaltney, vibraharp, clarinet, bass clarinet; Steve Jordan, unamplified guitar; John Eaton, piano).

Eaton's snappy treatment of Fats Waller's *Clothesline Ballet*, Gwaltney's clarinet on *I Want a Little Girl*, Jordan's work on a haunting waltz he has written that has no title as yet, and the way they swung together on *Honeysuckle Rose* helped to make this an evening to remember.

One more thought on Montgomery: he is no cool, introspective player. You need not concern yourself about what Wes Montgomery is "thinking"—you need only listen to what he plays. —*Tom Scanlan*

GORDON *from page 13*

peared to have come to terms with himself and his troubles. Through the summer of 1963 all who heard him were agreed that he was playing better than ever. For a time he organized his own quartet and worked a few jobs. But this time it was not he who failed; it was the man-eating economics of the jazz business that failed him.

Those final hours before tragedy wrote finis to the career of Gordon are recalled by bassist Pena in this tribute to the trumpeter written after his death:

"Why do people give? For reasons of selfishness? Because it makes them feel good?

"These thoughts and others like them were on Joe Gordon's mind on an evening last week. Next morning he was awakened by a holocaust, and he was gone from us a few days later.

"But his mind was in order. His spirit and manner were positive, and he was ready. He seemed to have found the means to meet life's hassels and the will to face them straight on. And win or lose, he gave the feeling that he'd found the way.

"And well he may have. For he'd long given the feeling of knowing the way when he played his horn (he was a magnificent trumpet player—ask Dizzy). It was only right, then, that he should have given the same feeling when he spoke, and he did, finally.

"His reason for giving was selfish. It made him feel good, he said. We'll all forgive him his selfishness, this special kind of selfishness. For give he did, like the great player he was, and we'll all miss him."

Some weeks following his death, a concert was held on short notice by Gordon's fellow musicians in Los Angeles. The proceeds, raised through door admissions and pledges of money, went to defray hospital, mortuary, and transportation expenses. More than $1,000 was raised. This, with the matching $1,000 AFM benefit for survivors of deceased members, is what Joe Gordon was worth in death.

Is that all we say of Joe Gordon? Perhaps it helps to know that, as a result of his destitution and the concert held to alleviate it posthumously, there is now established a permanent committee at Los Angeles' Local 47 to organize such benefits.

A talent-rich young life ends in a slum at 213 Ocean Front Walk, Venice, Calif. An artist dies, the artistic fragments of his life are deathless. db

HIGGY *from page 19*

with Millinder for several years. Then, in 1937, they both rejoined Russell, whose band at the time was fronted by Louis Armstrong.

Allen and Higginbotham finally left Russell for good in 1940 and organized a small jazz group. During most of the 1940s, some of the '50s (Higginbotham worked with his own group for long periods in both Cleveland and Boston), and occasionally today the brass team of Allen and Higginbotham has been together more often than not. db

Early Higginbotham Discography

New York City, Feb. 1, 1929
King Oliver and His Orchestra—Louis Metcalf, cornet; Higginbotham, trombone; Charlie Holmes, soprano saxophone; Greely Walton, clarinet; Luis Russell, piano; Will Johnson, guitar; Bass Moore, tuba; Paul Barbarin, drums.
CALL OF THE FREAKS (48333)
Victor V38039, Bluebird B6546, B7705
THE TRUMPET'S PRAYER (48334)
Victor V38039, Bluebird B6546, B7705

New York City, July 16, 1929
Henry Allen and His New Yorkers—Allen, trumpet; Higginbotham, trombone; Albert Nicholas, clarinet; Holmes, alto saxophone; Russell, piano; Johnson, guitar; Pops Foster, bass; Barbarin, drums.
IT SHOULD BE YOU (55133)
.....Victor V38073, Bluebird B10235
BIFFLY BLUES (55134)
.....Victor V38073, Bluebird B10235

New York City, Sept. 9, 1929
Luis Russell and His Orchestra—Allen, Bill Coleman, trumpets; Higginbotham, trombone, vocal; Nicholas, clarinet, alto saxophone; Holmes, alto, soprano saxophones; Teddy Hill, tenor saxophone; Russell, piano; Johnson, guitar; Foster, bass; Barbarin, drums.
FEELIN' THE SPIRIT (402939)
.....Okeh 8766, Vocalion 3480

New York City, Feb. 5, 1930
J. C. Higginbotham and His Six Hicks—Allen, trumpet; Higginbotham, trombone; Holmes, alto saxophone; Russell, piano; Johnson, guitar; Foster, bass; Barbarin, drums.
GIVE ME YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER (403736) .....Okeh 8772, Hot Record Society 14
HIGGINBOTHAM BLUES (403737)
....Okeh 8772, Hot Record Society 14, Columbia 36011

Oct. 16, 1933
Benny Carter and His Orchestra—Eddie Mallory, Bill Dillard, Dick Clark, trumpets; Higginbotham, Fred Robinson, Keg Johnson, trombones; Benny Carter, Wayman Carver, Johnny Russell, Glyn Pacque, saxophones; Teddy Wilson, piano; Lawrence Lucie, guitar; Bass Hill, bass; Sid Catlett, drums.
SYMPHONY IN RIFFS (265162)
.....Columbia 2898

INNER EAR

By BILL MATHIEU

I have been shocked into resuming the *Inner Ear* column by reading a record review in the Nov. 21 *Down Beat*. Without intending to, the reviewer clearly demonstrated one reason why contemporary art and contemporary audiences are estranged and why jazz is capable of lessening this estrangement.

The record in question is *Bach's Greatest Hits* (Philips 200-097) by the Swingle Singers. With wit, sensitivity, and musical virtuosity the Swingle Singers have learned to sing some of Bach's more rhythmically inclined music and have recorded it in jazz syllables with a rhythm section. There is no disagreement as to the quality of the performance: it is superior.

This music is not be construed as the Great Answer. The cover shows an old print of baroque musicians, all wearing sunglasses. Yet everyone involved in making the album must have known they were into something important because the performances glow with love and care. Below are some of the comments by the aforementioned critic:

". . . no music ever written resists such treatment so stubbornly. . . . To attempt to turn these interweaving lines into melodies over any sort of accompaniment is to misunderstand the sense and logical beauty of Bach's scores. . . . If this record finds a market, ours is a more intellectually depraved age than heretofore suspected."

It is clear that the critic did not get the record's point, but even the best critics cannot be expected to embrace every far-out pathway of musical activity. The more interesting aspect is the name this critic associated with the object of his distaste—intellectual depravity. This has disturbed me, not because I am concerned more than is usual with this critic's worth or influence, but because he fell so easily, comfortably, and (probably) unconsciously into his mode of thought. It is this lack of awareness that is dangerous. Those who think must be responsible for the implications of their thought.

In order to explain what this record means in contemporary musical life, and why it was made, it is necessary to begin with a larger problem of esthetics.

There are good reasons why contemporary art finds so small an audience and why traditional art—that is, art that has stood the test of at least a half century—finds, always, a larger audience. It is typical of our culture to derive esthetic enjoyment from art that is familiar and, hence, safe. New art is unsafe; it involves facing new and perhaps devastating problems. New art, if it is good art, makes us think in new ways, especially about ourselves. This is not a popular pastime. Old art invites us to travel secure and well-worn roads, a pastime extremely popular.

The desire to retain the familiar is sometimes for the best. More often, however, it is synonymous with a desire to live in the comfortable regions of the past, and indulgence in the past is a denial of living fully in the present. Being fully alive in the present is the most difficult human project, the one most feared by most, even though it is in the present tense where we eventually must discover ourselves. "Art lovers" and art critics are expressing this fear by their heavy predilection for tradition and their resistance to contemporary art.

An explication of what is meant by being fully alive in the present, and why we find this so difficult, is beyond the scope of this column. However, it involves fully inhabiting every new conscious moment to the extent of our physical and mental capabilities. For most this is impossible; our relationship to ourselves and to the world is too horrible, and we are not strong enough to face it all. Our sanctity consists, however, in learning how. If contemporary art is good, it instructs us toward this higher level of being by revealing new dialectics within ourselves—and between ourselves and the world.

Swing is an enormously important phenomenon in the evolution of serious art for the simple reason that it *feels good*. Jazz musicians know that swinging is a brute fact implicit in our physical selves, a manifestation of the joy all animals feel for being alive in their skins. To "understand" swing one must be enough in contact with one's organic self to partake freely of this polymorphous sensuality.

We are generally afraid of our bodies. Our cultural heritage asks us to derive joy from spiritual (i.e., nonsensual) pursuits and to inhibit our bodily instincts. Yet to be fully alive is to find a way, within society, to arm our communal physical joy, and jazz is serving that function. It is no accident that jazz belongs primarily to Negroes. They have not learned, as has the white man, to be alive in a dead body.

Many contemporary classical composers are attuned to this new esthetic and are accepting more and more the challenge of fusing their highly organized intellectualism with the sensuality of being fully alive.

Conversely, the newest jazz (the "new thing") is, by older standards, incalculably complex. Though only obliquely intellectual, the "new thing" involves a more expanded intellect. It is becoming

increasingly clear to serious musicians that intellectuality and organic awareness need not exist in archaic strife.

This profound truth is not new. Great artists of all eras have shared it. What is new is the clarity with which we are beginning to perceive it. It speaks well for the evolution of the mind that so many artists are now able to navigate within this greater consciousness and that so many laymen are sharing this esthetic insight and its implications in their daily lives.

The purpose of the Swingle Singers-Bach record is identical with the purpose of all great art: to instruct.

When I first heard it I was filled with delight because so many good musicians had come together to say that the most cerebral music of Western civilization coheres when conjoined with our new unrepressed consciousness of sensual existence. Although the independence of Bach's counterpoint is unquestionably retained (even enhanced by virtue of being sung) one must not assume that Bach could be *improved* by the force of jazz nor jazz cerebralized by Bach. Bach with a rhythm section is an anachronism which no historical musical director could bear.

But we must not confuse what this music *is* and what it *means*. (Here is where the critic missed the point.) It is an anachronistic musical joke filled with joy and knowledge. It means that if we are ready, we may learn to transcend the war between our unconscious bodies and our conscious souls to a higher ground of mutual union. The Bach-jazz project, when seen in this light, is unmistakable confirmation of our new and expanding estheticism.

And from the critic who has hastily called this journey an exercise in intellectual depravity, something can be learned: each of us, as critics, must partake of art on *its* terms, as well as our own, so as to make certain that we don't miss its essence—or our own. db

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

An excellent example of jazz on the campus, its possibilities and effects, was witnessed recently on the campus of the State College of Iowa at Cedar Falls.

The Beta Nu chapter of Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia produced its 15th edition of Dimensions in Jazz. What was significant is not so much the fact that a very creditable pair of concerts was presented or that a guest soloist, as is true each year, was imported (Ken Bartosz, a trumpeter from Chicago, performed this time).

The Cedar Falls chapter did its most significant work in the organization of a stage-band clinic as part of the Dimensions program. On the day before the concerts, it made available the facilities of the college and the services of guest clinicians Bartosz, Larry Wiseman of the Conn Corp., and myself to work with high-school stage bands and their directors from the area surrounding the college.

Thus, besides giving students an opportunity to play jazz, Dimensions in Jazz was encouraging and educating others in this art.

Another significant outgrowth of the program has been the establishment at the college of a music-education course called "stage band." The course will begin in the winter semester under the guidance of Jim Coffin and is laid out as a general course on the basics of jazz and stage-band techniques. A strictly extracurricular activity, the Phi Mu Alpha concert has given birth to two valuable educational features.

Dimensions in Jazz XV was under the general leadership of trumpeter Art Hansuld. Featured on the concert program was an excellent trio of Dean Kelsen, piano; Dick Van Arsdale, bass; and Coffin, drums. Coffin and Van Arsdale also made up the solidly swinging core of the big band's rhythm section and were to a large extent responsible for the excellence of the music performed.

The Husky Stage Band from the University of Washington at Seattle again will present a joint concert this year with the Olympic College stage band under the direction of Ralph Mutchler on Feb. 26.

The Husky band is under the direction of Bruce Caldwell and is using tuba and mellophonium as part of its regular instrumentation this year. The band currently is operating on an extracurricular basis under the auspices and budget of the Associated Students. An outstanding soloist with the band this year is trombonist Dick Robles, who also plays trombone with the Seattle Symphony Orchestra.

The Jazz Workshop of Northwestern University also has swung into high gear for this year's activities. The biggest problem facing this extracurricular group is the rebuilding of the ensemble. Returning soloists this year include Jim Gillespie, alto saxophone; Bob Kold, tenor saxophone; Henry Neubert, bass; and Ed Shefftel, trumpet. Mike Price is back in the lead trumpet chair.

Another excellent subscription series of arrangements is that published by Private Library, Inc., 35 W. 53rd St., New York City 19. It has a distinct advantage of unity in that the arrangements are all from the pens of Johnny Richards and Eddie Safranski. db

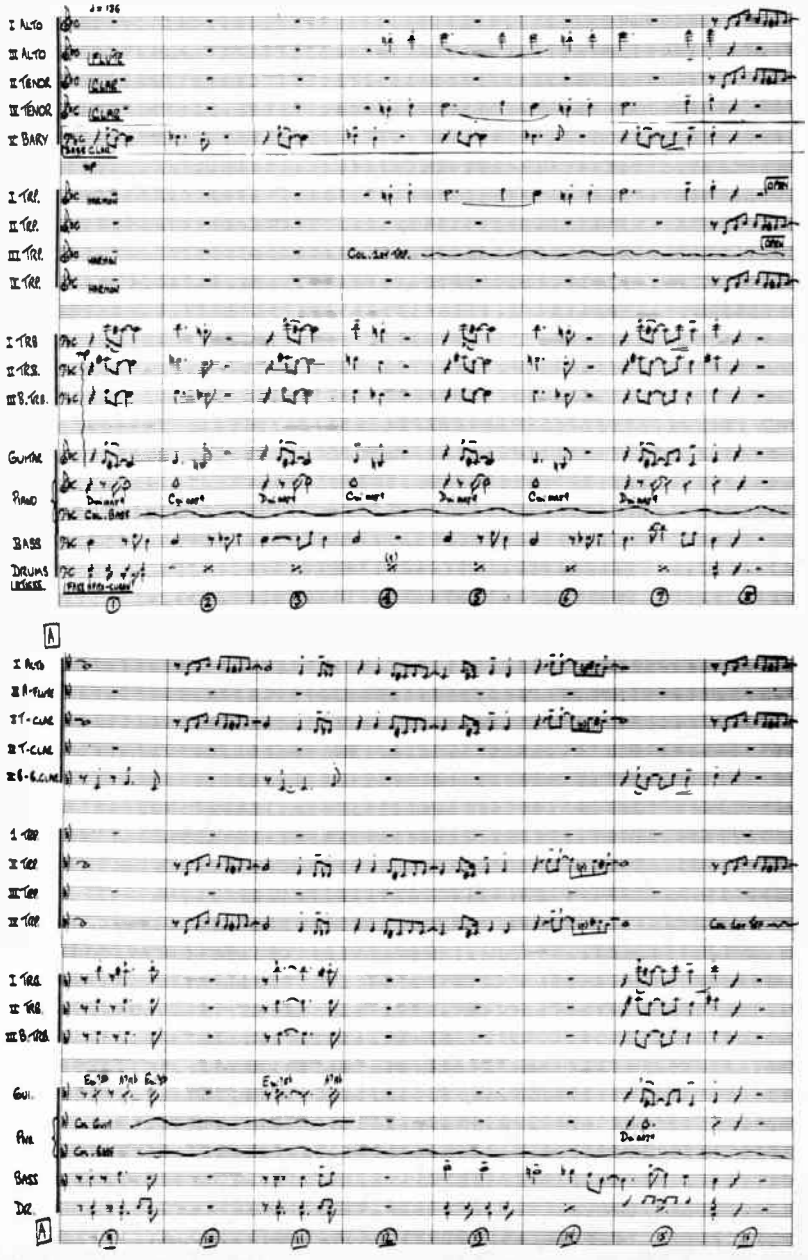
A native Hoosier (Columbus, Ind.), 36-year-old Dick Grove settled in Los Angeles in 1952. For four years he was on the faculty of Westlake College of Modern Music, where he developed the basic concept of what his band should sound like.

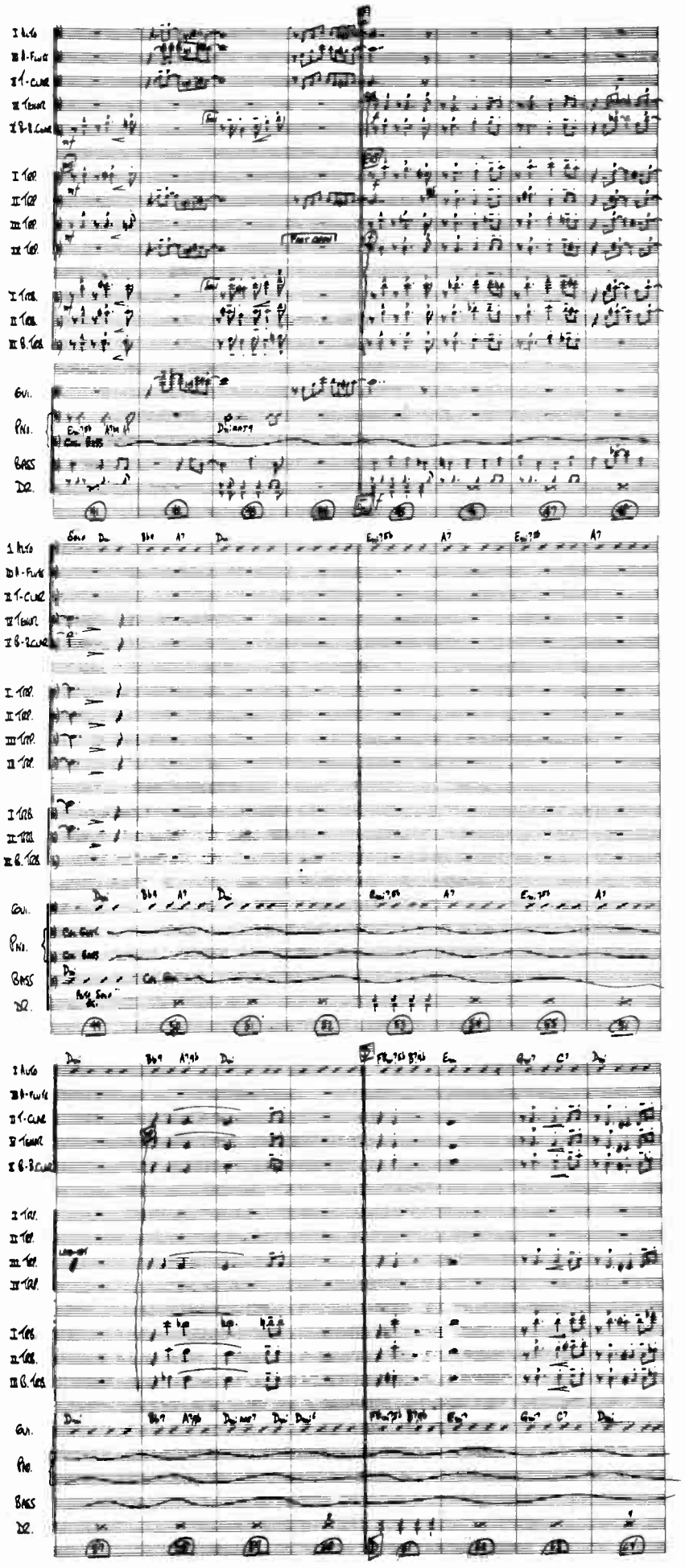
Grove's big band has been in existence for some four years and recently recorded a first album, **Little Bird Suite,** for the Pacific Jazz label, from which this composition is taken.

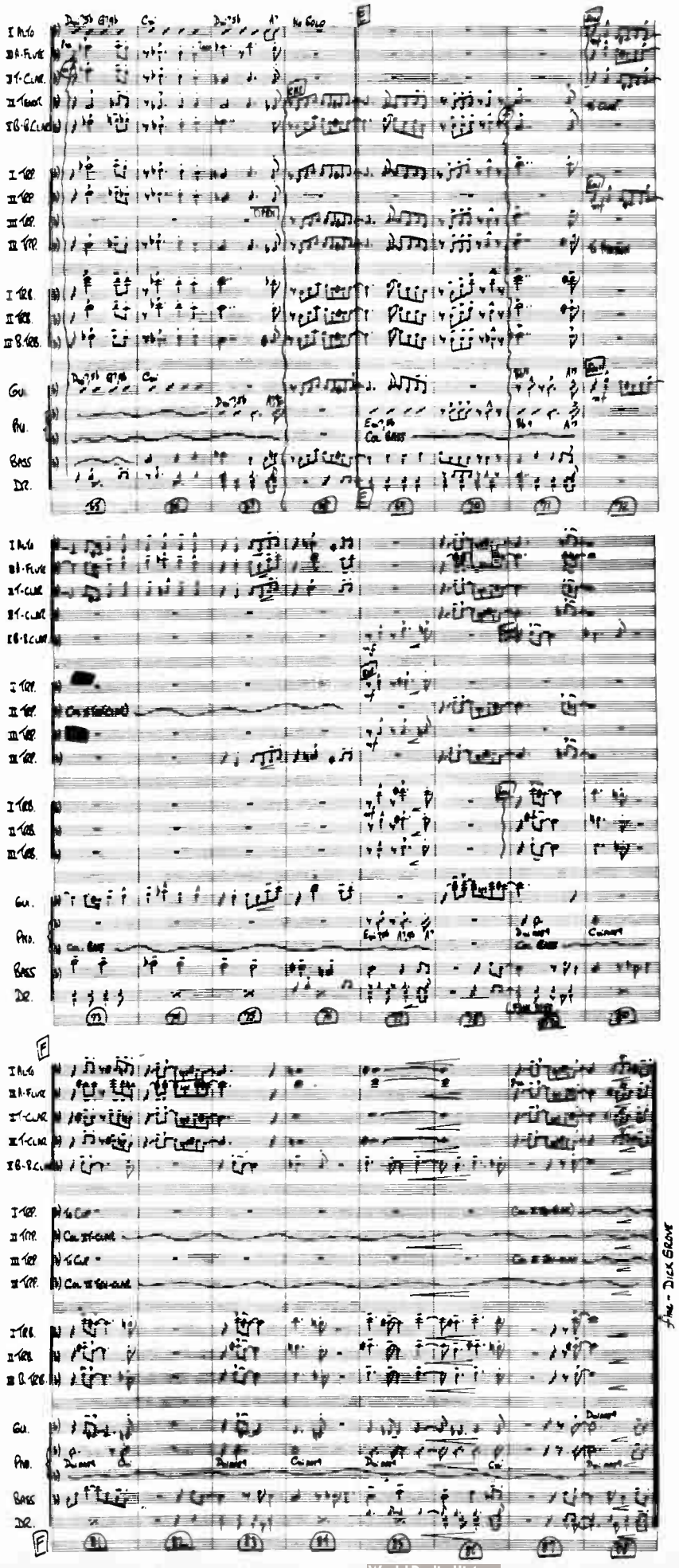
Grove describes **Doodad** as a minor composition with a conventional 32-bar chorus and a four-bar tag. The orchestral treatment of the two-part harmony sections, he says, achieves "a fresh big-band sound."

Because of the importance of the orchestration, the woodwind doubles are important.

On the recording of **Doodad,** the alto saxophone solo was played by Paul Horn.







AD LIB *from page 8*

Paul Griffin, piano, and **Leonard Gaskin,** bass. The friend is drummer **Herbie Lovelle.**

Pianist **Charlie Williams'** trio was at the Key Club in Newark, N.J., for most of December . . . Pianist **Ed Bonnemere's** group spent the last two weeks in December at the Gaslight Inn in Queens and the first two of January at the Prelude in Manhattan . . . Trumpeter **Howard McGhee's** organist, **Phil Porter,** hurt his right hand, infection set in, and he was unable to make the McGhee engagement at the Picadilly in New Bedford, Mass. Boston organist **George (Fingers) Pearson** subbed. McGhee expects Porter back shortly . . . Composer **Tadd Dameron,** expected to be in the hospital until February recovering from a heart attack, went home in mid-December.

Trumpeter **Ted Curson** and tenor saxophonist **Bill Barron,** with bassist **Gene Taylor** and drummer **Dick Berk,** played at the Lion's Den on the campus of Columbia University. The group also made a tape for the school's FM station, WCKR. Curson and Barron played 10 days at the Drome in Detroit, beginning Dec. 27.

RECORD NOTES: Columbia has released **Mahalia Jackson's** version of *In the Summer of His Years,* a tribute to the late President **John F. Kennedy** first heard on the British television program *That Was the Week That Was* . . . Time records has bought the Commodore catalog and plans to re-release several items, including an album by **Billie Holiday** . . . While vibist **Cal Tjader** was playing many eastern dates, he was recorded by Verve for an album to be titled *Breeze from the East* . . . Blue Note recorded guitarist **Grant Green** with vibist **Bobby Hutcherson,** tenor saxophonist **Joe Henderson,** pianist **Duke Pearson,** bassist **Bob Cranshaw,** and drummer **Al Harewood.**

Atlantic recorded **Art Farmer's** quartet (Farmer, fluegelhorn; **Jim Hall,** guitar; **Steve Swallow,** bass; and **Walter Perkins,** drums) at the Half Note during the group's recent stay at the New York club. The quartet, with other instrumentalists added, will record an album of seldom-heard **Kurt Weill** songs in February. Hall will do the arrangements.

Pianist **Jack Wilson** cut four sides on organ for Atlantic. Wilson will record an entire organ album next time with **Gene Edwards,** guitar; **Leroy Vinnegar,** bass; and **Donald Dean,** drums. His next quartet album (on piano again) once more will have a personnel of **Roy Ayers,** vibraharp; **Bill Plumber,** bass; and **Nick Martinis,** drums . . . Forthcoming **Lorez Alexandria** albums on the Coliseum label will include among the sidemen pianist **Wynton Kelly,** bassist **Al McKibbon,** and drummer **Jimmy Cobb** (on *Alexandria the Great* to be released this month) and an untitled LP with a jazz quintet of **Paul Horn,** reeds; **Ray Crawford,** guitar; Kelly, piano; **Paul Chambers,** bass: and Cobb, drums. Already in the can is a big-band album with the singer, which was arranged by pianist **Bill Marx** and includes such sidemen as **Bud Shank** and **Bill Perkins,** reeds, and **Victor Feldman,** vibraharp.

BOSTON

One of the last big-band bastions, the Totem Pole, in Auburndale, is to be torn down for motel development. **Maynard Ferguson,** the last name attraction to play the 40-year old ballroom revealed while he was here that he will appear at the French jazz festival at Antibes in July. He also said he will record a "new thing" album for Cameo in March . . . It was a triumphant return here for drummer **Tony Williams** when he appeared with the **Miles Davis** Quintet at Symphony Hall. Williams, son of local tenorist **Tillman Williams,** has studied since he was 9 with Berklee School of Music instructor **Alan Dawson.**

Harvard University's **Blue Notes** boasts an eight-time Japanese *Swing Journal* poll winner in flutist-altoist **Sadao Watanabe.** He is a full-scholarship student at Berklee, sponsored by **Toshiko Mariano** and the Hartford, Conn., Jazz Society . . . Tenor saxophonist **George Braith** played a recent date at Connolly's before recording a **John F. Kennedy** tribute with guitarist **Grant Green** for Blue Note . . . Vocalist **Teddi King** was held over at the end of the Number Three Lounge engagement. **Jackie Paris** and **Ann Marie Moss** did SRO business at the club in December.

PHILADELPHIA

Saxophonist **Billy Root,** who has been leading a quartet at the Sportman's Lounge for many months, features guest stars Wednesday nights. Tenorist **Richie Kamuca** began the new policy. Tenor player **Jimmy Heath** and trombonist **Al Grey** also are booked. Root cut a record recently with singer **Dakota Staton** and 35 strings . . . Pianist **Johnnie Coates Jr.,** currently at the Cypress Inn in Morrisville in Bucks County, is scheduled to make a record soon with young drummer **Barry Miles.** Coates is using a trio weekends and works solo the other nights . . . Philadelphia recording expert **Fred Miles** is publishing a new magazine called *Abundant Sounds*. Miles also is using the name for his record label, formerly called Fred Miles Presents.

Don Smith, leader of the **Pennsbury High School Stage Band,** which was heard at the 1963 Newport Jazz Festival, resigned Jan. 1 to become New England representative for Selmer, the instrument manufacturer. Smith composed a cantata for the Pennsbury Chrismas music program . . . **Del Shields,** WDAS-FM disc jockey, now is broadcasting Monday through Saturday from the Playmate Supper Club. Composer **Quincy Jones** was Shields' first guest at the new spot . . . **Dizzy Gillespie** was booked at the Red Hill Inn for New Year's Eve. Singer **Gloria Lynne** did such good business there one weekend she was brought back the following weekend . . . Trumpeter **Lee Morgan** and **Jimmy Heath** closed out the year at the Show Boat . . . Singer **Joe Williams** and pianist **Junior Mance** followed singer **Irene Reid** into Pep's . . . Tenorist-composer **Benny Golson** returned to his home town recently for a one-nighter . . . **Cab Calloway** sang two nights with the **Trenton Symphony Orchestra**—without fee.

The Pilgrim Gardens Cocktail Lounge, in nearby Drexel Hill, inaugurated a weekend traditional jazz policy. The featured band is the **Good Time Six.**

NEW ORLEANS

The Christmas season brought a number of bands and package shows to this area. The **Cannonball Adderley** Quintet was featured at Southern University's arts festival, and the Adderley group played a New Year's Eve session with singer **Dakota Staton** at the Municipal Auditorium. Gospel singer **Mahalia Jackson** returned to her home town for a December concert. The **Glenn Miller** Band with **Ray McKinley** did a one-nighter at the Dream Room on Bourbon St. The **Billy May** Band played a date in nearby Jackson, Miss., and **Julie London** and **Bobby Troup** appeared at Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge. In Shreveport, La., a **Benny Goodman-Red Norvo-Marian McPartland** package offered a classics-and-jazz program.

The Gulf Coast Jazz Club sponsored a concert recently with the **Ellis Marsalis** Quartet and **Roger Sears** Trio, plus guest instrumentalists **Harold Batiste,** clarinet; **Sam Alcorn,** trumpet; and **Earl Tureptin,** alto saxophone. A special fea-

Complete Details

Down Beat's Seventh 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 $950 each, will be in honor of the Hall of Fame winner chosen by the *Down Beat* readers in the December 19, 1963 issue. The scholarship shall be awarded to an instrumentalist, arranger, or composer to 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: ($3450 . . . one full scholarship of $950; 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, 1964.

Senior division: ($1950 . . . one full scholarship of $950; 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, 1964.

Anyone in the world fulfilling the above requirements is eligible.

Dates of Competition:

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

How Judged:

All decisions and final judging shall be made solely on the basis of musical ability. The judges, whose decisions will be final, will be the editors of *Down Beat* and the staff of the Berklee School of Music.

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 $950. 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, 1964; January, 1965; or forfeit the scholarship.

How to Apply:

Fill out the coupon below, or a reasonable facsimile, and mail to Hall of Fame Scholarship, *Down Beat,* 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606, to receive the official application form.

With the official application, you will be required to send to the above address a tape or record of your playing an instrument or a group in performance of your original composition and/or arrangement.

Hall of Fame Scholarship
DOWN BEAT
205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Illinois 60606

Date_____

Please send me, by return mail, an official application for the 1964 Down Beat Hall of Fame scholarship awards. (Schools and teachers may receive additional applications upon request.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

1/30/64

ture of the program was an experimental piece conceived by pianist-composer **Roger Dickerson.** Dickerson structured a "row" to reflect the mood of an original poem by **Marty Most,** and the Marsalis quartet used the row as a basis for improvisation behind Most's reading. Dickerson introduced the piece to the audience, explaining it as a jazz adaptation of the aleatoric music of composers such as **John Cage.**

Clarinetist **George Lewis** and the Preservation Hall All-Stars were greeted at the airport by a nine-piece band on returning from their successful tour of Japan. The traditionalists played for more than 300,000 people in live performances and made a number of television appearances. The band included **Punch Miller,** trumpet; **Louis Nelson,** trombone; Lewis, clarinet; **Emanuel Sayles,** banjo; **Joe Robichaux,** piano; **Papa John Joseph,** bass; and **Joe Watkins,** drums.

The **Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls** presented an unusual program on the final concert of the New Orleans Jazz Club's Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon series. "Forgotten jazz"—seldom played traditional tunes—was featured. Among the numbers revived by the group were *Zero, Bogalusa Strut,* and *Pelican Panic.*

CHICAGO

The London House continues to be one of the two spots to book name jazz in Chicago. **J. J. Johnson** opens there on Jan. 27, and the management has announced that **Gerry Mulligan** will play an engagement there in June, the baritonist's first club engagement with his quartet in the Windy City in several years. The other club featuring names is McKie's, which sometimes books at the last moment but usually comes up with groups well worth going to the club to hear. **Art Farmer's** quartet played there last month and, like one of the groups preceding it—**Art Blakey's**—played the week following its McKie's closing at the Garden of Eden in Gary, Ind.

Cannonball Adderley's group and singer **Nancy Wilson** played a concert at McCormick Place on Jan. 4. Disc jockey **Sid McCoy** presented the concert. McCoy, by the way, no longer has his television show in Channel 11—there was little viewer response to it this season, and the station dropped it . . . Guitarist-banjoist **Marty Grosz** has been working with the **Village Stompers,** a folk-Dixie group. The outfit played a recent engagement at the Gate of Horn, following **Mose Allison's** engagement . . . Trumpeter **Dick Whitsell,** formerly with the **Paul Winter** Sextet, returned to Chicago recently to begin studying for a degree in medicine. His father is a Chicago physician.

LOS ANGELES

Hampton Hawes took 21-year-old drummer **Steve Ellington** into his trio. Ellington, a Philadelphian, joins bassist **Monk Montgomery** in the Hawes group . . . **Bobby Bryant** quit his post as music director for **Vic Damone** to form his own sextet for touring and college dates. The group includes **Bob Hardaway** and **Clifford Solomon,** tenor saxophones; **Mike Melvoin,** piano; **Chris Clark,** bass; **Chiz Harris,** drums; and Bryant, trumpet. The new group may record soon for **Tutti Camarata's** Coliseum label, possibly live at the Lighthouse . . . The **Art Farmer** Quartet is set for a Jan. 30 appearance on *The Steve Allen Show.*

The **Joyce Collins** Trio (Miss Collins, piano; **Monty Budwig,** bass; and **Colin Bailey,** drums) returned to Basin Street West this month to work opposite singer **Brook Benton** . . . Singer **Pearl Bailey** and her husband, drummer **Louis Bellson,** are expected to dispose of their Apple Valley, Calif., ranch and move to Los Angeles permanently . . . Returned from Japan, where he monitored a tour of the **Max Roach** Quartet, impressario **George Wein** told the press he plans to return to Nippon in the spring with an all-star group including no fewer than four top drummers—Roach, **Shelly Manne, Roy Haynes,** and **Philly Joe Jones** . . . Singer **Ella Fitzgerald** even now is in the midst of a Japanese tour which is to run through Jan. 22, and another vocalist, **Anita O'Day,** just returned from a tour there.

The Original **Glenn Miller** Singers—**Tex Beneke, Ray Eberle,** and the **Modernaires,** with Beneke's band, have set up 18 dates in northern California and the Pacific Northwest beginning April 3 . . . **Ted Simpson** is one of the few jazz disc jockeys on mike these mornings with a three-hour (midnight to 3 a.m.) program over KRKD with the emphasis on "hard" modern jazz.

•

FILM-FLAM: **Hank Mancini** will score the forthcoming **Blake Edwards** picture *A Shot in the Dark,* now in production in England with **Peter Sellers** and **Elke Sommer** in the starring roles . . . **Maurice Jarre,** the French composer who scored *Lawrence of Arabia,* was signed to write an underscore for *The Train,* now being filmed in France under **John Frankenheimer's** direction. The film stars **Burt Lancaster, Paul Scofield,** and **Jeanne Moreau.**

SAN FRANCISCO

When his star-laden Jazz a la Carte touring concert dropped a bundle in Denver (with a blizzard sharing at least part of the blame) and failed to make the nut here, producer **Irving Granz** said this is the last such venture for him in the foreseeable future (*DB,* Jan. 16). Despite the presence of big names, heavy advertising, and publicity, the concert failed to fill the Masonic Auditorium, and Granz estimated he came out several hundred dollars in the red. He launched his Jazz a la Carte shows in 1954 but had staged none since 1960 until the 1963 mid-December project. In format, this year's was similar to the Jazz at the Philharmonic shows created by his older brother, **Norman,** some 15 years ago.

Illinois Jacquet brought his trio (**Ralph Smith,** organ; **Al Foster,** drums) into Sugar Hill for a three-week stay, marking the tenorist's first appearance here since his tours with Jazz at the Philharmonic. In the first-night audience was his brother, drummer **Linton Jacquet,** now a resident of Oakland. Comic **Redd Foxx** was slated to double the last week of Jacquet's stay and the first week of the **Paul Bryant** Trio engagement.

A reshuffling of the Jazz Workshop's bookings brought in pianist **Les McCann's** trio (bassist **Stanley Gilbert** and drummer **Paul Humphries**) for a week. McCann was followed by **Chico Hamilton's** combo. The New Year's Eve schedule called for drummer Hamilton's group and the **Art Farmer** Quartet to share the bandstand.

Oakland pianist **Merrill Hoover,** who accompanied singer **Nancy Wilson** during her November engagement at Off Broadway, pleased her so much she hired him for a December stay at the Safari Room in San Jose. Hoover is a former accompanist for singer **Anita O'Day** . . . Singer **Don Washington,** who came here from Brooklyn four years ago, made it back to the family hearthside for the holidays after completing a 14-week stay at the Interlude here. He's slated to return to the hungry i early this year . . . **Turk Murphy's** band played a concert in suburban Walnut Creek Public Library as part of the winter program sponsored by the town's civic arts department

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.*—till further notice; *unk.*—unknown at press time; wknds—weekends.

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: **Duke Ellington, Ahmad Jamal,** to 1/18.
Birdland: **Gerry Mulligan** to 1/22. **Allan Grant,** sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Black Horse Inn (Huntington, N.Y.): **Joe London-Dan Tucci,** wknds.
Bourbon Street: **Dick Wellstood,** *tfn.*
Central Plaza: sessions, Sat.
Club Cali (Dunellen, N.J.): jazz, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: **Richard Wyands, George Joyner,** *tfn.*
Eddie Condon's: **Peanuts Hucko,** *tfn.*
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.
Eighth Wonder: **Danny Barker,** *tfn.*
Embers: **Jonah Jones** to 2/1.
Five Spot: **Thelonious Monk,** *tfn.* **Upper Bohemia Six, Dave Amram-George Barrow,** Mon. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Garden City Bowl: **Johnny Blowers,** wknds.
Hickory House: **Howard Reynolds,** *tfn.*
Metropole: **Louis Bellson** to 1/15.
The Most: **Jorge Morel, Joe Mooney,** *tfn.*
Playboy: **Ross Tompkins, Bruce Martin, Phil DeLaPena,** *tfn.*
Purple Manor: **Tiny Grimes,** *tfn.*
Room at the Bottom: **Wilbur DeParis,** *tfn.*
Jimmy Ryan's: **Cliff Jackson,** *tfn.* **Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton,** Thur.-Sat. **Marshall Brown,** wknds.
Six Steps Down (Newark, N.J.): **Art Williams,** *tfn.*

BOSTON

Basin Street South: **Arthur Prysock,** 1/27-2/2. **Dakota Staton,** 2/3-9.
Bo-Lay Lounge (Allston): **Ben Webster,** 1/28-2/2.
Connolly's Star Dust Room: **Johnny Lytle** to 2/2. **Elmo Hope,** 2/3-9.
Ebbtide (Revere Beach): **Joe Bucci,** *tfn.*
Fenway North (Revere): **Al Drootin,** *tfn.*
Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): **Frank Levine-Basin Street Boys,** *tfn.*
Gilded Cage: **Bullmoose Jackson,** *tfn.*
Jazz Workshop: **Mose Allison,** 1/29-2/3. **Max Roach,** 2/11-17. **Gene DiStasio,** Mon. **Herb Pomeroy,** *hb.*
King's and Queen's (Providence R. I.): **Benny Golson,** 2/4-10. **Irene Reid,** 2/11-17. **Ernestine Anderson,** 2/18-24.
Lennie's Turnpike (West Peabody): **Carol Sloane,** 1/27-2/2. **Kenny Burrell,** 2/3-9.
Meadows (Framingham): **Maynard Ferguson,** 2/9.
Number Three Lounge: **Preston Sandiford-Sabby Lewis,** *hb.* **Ernestine Anderson, Rollins Griffith,** 2/3-2/17.

PHILADELPHIA

Capri: **DeLloyd McKay,** *tfn.*
Columbus (Trenton): **Tony Spair,** *tfn.*
Cypress Inn: (Morrisville): **Johnnie Coates Jr.,** *tfn.*
Dante's: **Bernard Peiffer,** *tfn.*
Golden Horse Inn: **Whoopee Makers,** *tfn.*
Krechmer's: **Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims.** *hb.*
Latin Casino: **Sammy Davis Jr.** to 2/2. **Tommy Dorsey,** 3/2-11.
Pep's: **Cannonball Adderley,** 1/20-25.
Picasso: **Johnnie Walker,** *tfn.*
Playmate: **Del Shields,** *tfn.*
Sportsman's Lounge: **Billy Root,** *tfn.*
Zelmar: **Jimmy Oliver,** *tfn.*

CLEVELAND

Algiers: **Angel Sanchez,** Tue. **Leon Stevenson-Tranquils,** Fri.-Sun.
Brothers: **Bobby Brack, Bobby Bryan,** wknds.
La Cave: name folk singers. Hootenanny, Tue.
Cedar Gardens: **Ray Banks-Leodis Harris,** Thur.-Sat.
Chuckie's Tavern: **Charles Crosby-Eddie Baccus,** *tfn.*
Club 100: **Joe Burrell** to 1/19.
Commodore Hotel: various folk singers, Thur.-Sat. Hootenanny, Thur.
Corner Tavern: **Johnny Hartman, Milt Buckner,** to 1/19. **Horace Silver,** 1/20-26. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Esquire: **Nat Fitzgerald-Lester Sykes,** *tfn.* Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Faragher's: **Dave and Wynn** to 1/25.
Golden Key Club: **Fats Heard,** *hb.*
Harvey's Hideaway: **Jimmy Belt,** *tfn.*
LaRue: **Spencer Thompson-Edward Mitchell,** *tfn.*
Leo's Casino: name jazz groups.
Lucky Bar: **Weasel Parker,** Thur.-Sun.
Melba: **Lonnie Woods,** *tfn.*
Monticello: **Ted Paskert,** Fri. **George Quittner,** Sat.
The Office: **Ted Kelly-Sol Lucas,** wknds.
Safari (North Royalton): **Gigolos,** wknds.
Sahara Motel: **Buddy Griebel,** *hb.* **Tops Cardone,** Sat.
Squeeze Room: **Sky-Hy Trio,** Wed., Fri.-Sun.
Tangiers: **Johnny Wilson,** wknds.
Theatrical: **Wilbur DeParis** to 1/18. **Andrini Bros.,** 1/20-2/1.
Toast of the Town: **Alma Smith,** Thur.-Sun.
Virginian: **Harold Betters** to 1/18. **Folksters,** 1/20-2/1.

CHICAGO

Gaslight Club: **Frankie Ray,** *tfn.*
Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt,** *tfn.* **Dave Remington,** Thur.
London House: **Cy Coleman** to 1/26. **J. J. Johnson,** 1/27-2/15. **Larry Novak, Jose Bethancourt,** *hbs.*
Mister Kelly's **Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo,** *hb.*
Moroccan Village: **Eddie Buster,** *tfn.*
New Pioneer Lounge: **John Wright,** *tfn.*
Old East End: **Gene Shaw,** Thur.-Sat. Various groups, Sun.-Wed.
Paul's Roast Round (Villa Park): **Salty Dogs,** wknds.
Pepper's: **Muddy Waters,** Wed., Fri.-Sun.
Playboy: **Joe Iaco, Gene Esposito, Harold Harris, Joe Parnello,** *hbs.*
Red Arrow (Stickney): **Franz Jackson,** Thur.-Sat.
Robin's Nest: **Bobby Buster,** *tfn.*
Silvio's: **Howling Wolf,** wknds.
Skyway Lounge: **Three Boss Men,** *tfn.*
Yardbird Suite: **Jodie Christian,** *tfn.*

LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Beverly Cavern: **Hal People, Nappy Lamare,** Fri.-Sat.
Black Bull (Woodland Hills): **Gus Bivona,** *tfn.*
Blueport Lounge: **Bill Beau, Bobby Robinson,** *tfn.*
Carriage House (Burbank): **Jimmie Rowles,** Sun.
Crescendo: **Dick Gregory, Joe & Eddie,** to 1/19. **Mills Bros.,** 1/23-2/2.
Dixie Doodle (Pomona): **Ken Scott, Bayou Ramblers,** Fri.-Sat.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): **Johnny Catron,** *hb.*
Golden Gate (Redondo Beach): **Wellman Braud, Kenny Whitson,** Fri.-Sat. **Johnny Lucas,** Sun.
Handlebar: **Wally Holmes,** Fri.-Sat.
Hermosa Inn: **Jack Langlos, The Saints,** wknds.
Huddle (Covina): **Teddy Buckner,** *tfn.*
Holiday Inn Motor Lodge (Montclair): **Alton Purnell,** Tue.-Sat.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: **Johnny Guarnieri,** *tfn.*
Honeybucket (Costa Mesa): **Ray Brewer's Tailgate Ramblers,** Fri.-Sat.
Hunting Horn (Rolling Hills): **Paul Smith, Dick Dorothy,** *tfn.*
Intermission Room: **William Green, Tricky Lofton, Art Hillery, Tony Bazely,** *tfn.*
It Club: *unk.*
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): **Johnny Lane,** *tfn.*
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey,** *hb.*
Marty's **Charles Kynard,** *tfn.*
Mr. Adams: **Richard (Groove) Holmes, Thornel Schwartz,** *tfn.*
Mr. Konton's: **Les McCann, Ltd.,** to April.
Metro Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
New Orleans Club (Long Beach): **Ray Bisso,** Sat.
Nickelodeon (West Los Angeles): **Ted Shafer,** Thur.
Page Cavanaugh's: **Page 7,** *hb.*
Palms (Fullerton): **Tommy Hearn, Sammy Lee,** Mon.-Sat.
PJ's: **Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, Trini Lopez,** *tfn.*
Purple Onion: *unk.*
Quali Restaurant (North Hollywood): **Pete Bealman,** Thur.-Sat.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): **Amos Wilson,** Tue. **Rueben Wilson, Al Bartee,** Wed.-Thur. **Kittie Doswell,** wknds.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): **Paul Brown, Ray Bauduc,** *tfn.*
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Charlie Ross,** Thur.-Mon.
Reuben's (Newport): **Edgar Hayes,** *tfn.*
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne, Irene Kral,** wknds. Various groups, Mon.-Thur. **Art Farmer** to 1/22. **Charlie Byrd,** 1/26-2/9.
Sherry's: **Pete Jolly, Pete Berghofer,** *tfn.*
Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.
Storyville (Pomona): **Ray Martin,** *tfn.*
Straw Hat (Garden Grove): **Greater Balboa Jazz Band,** Wed.-Sat.
The Keg & I (Redondo Beach): **Kid Kenwood,** Fri.-Sat.
Tobo's Cocktail Lounge (Long Beach): **Buddy Vincent,** *tfn.*
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue,** *hb.*

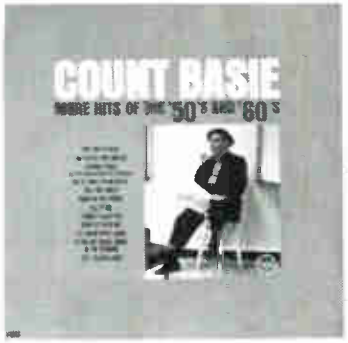
SAN FRANCISCO

Algiers (Redwood City): **Dick Maus,** *tfn.*
Bit of England (Burlingame): **Dave Hoffman,** *tfn.*
Club Morocco: **James Brown,** *tfn.*
Club Unique: **Cuz Cousineau,** Sun. sessions.
Coffee Don's **Gerry Olds,** afterhours.
Congo Room: **Earle Vann,** *tfn.*
Crossroads (Oakland): **Earl Hines,** *tfn.*
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes,** *tfn.*
Embers (Redwood City): **Rusty Carlisle-Del Reys,** *tfn.*
Esther's Orbit Room (Oakland): **Harry (Daddy-O) Gibson, Curtis Lowe,** *tfn.*
Gold Nugget (Oakland): **John Coppola,** alternate Sun.
Gold Rush (San Mateo): sessions, Sun.
Harbor Club (Belmont): **Super Moreno,** wknds.
Interlude: **Merrill Hoover,** *tfn.*
Jazz Workshop: **Jimmy Witherspoon-Hampton Hawes** to 1/26. **Modern Jazz Quartet,** 2/4-9. **Jack McDuff,** 2/11-23. **Art Blakey,** 2/25-3/8. **Jackie McLean,** 3/10-22. **Horace Silver,** 3/24-4/5.
Jimbo's Bop City: **Freddie Gambrell,** afterhours.
Kellogg's (Walnut Creek): **Trevor Koehler,** wknds.
Left Bank (Oakland): **Joel Dorham,** wknds.
Mesa (San Bruno): **George Lee,** wknds.
Miramar (Half Moon Bay): **Jimmy Ware,** wknds.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales, Bill Erickson,** *tfn.*
Playpen: **Merle Saunders,** *tfn.*
Ronnie's Soulville: **Smiley Winters,** afterhours.
Shelton's Blue Mirror: **Hi-Tones,** *tfn.*
Sportsmen's Club (Oakland): **Lou Rawls,** *tfn.*
Sugar Hill: **Paul Bryant** to 2/8. **Charlie Byrd,** 2/10-29. **Shirley Horne,** 3/2-14.
The Beach: **Chris Ibanez-Jerry Good,** *tfn.*
Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): **Bernie Kahn-Con Hall,** *hb.* Afterhours sessions, wknds.
Tonic Room (Sunnyvale): **Bill Ervin,** *hb.*
Trident (Sausalito): **Flip Nunes** to 2/5. **Bobby Dorough,** 2/7-3/4. **Joe Sullivan,** Sun.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): **Jack Taylor,** Wed.-Thur. **Buddy Montgomery,** wknds.
Twelve Adler Place: **Vernon Alley-Shelly Robbins,** *tfn.*

WINNERS ALL! Poll Toppers!

13 Down Beat poll winners in classic performances; a collector's item of jazz value! V V6-8579

A new Ella, singing the good old, great old blues. You've never heard Ella like this! V/V6-4062



Recent pop hits swing as never before when the Basie band jumps and shouts! V/V6-8563

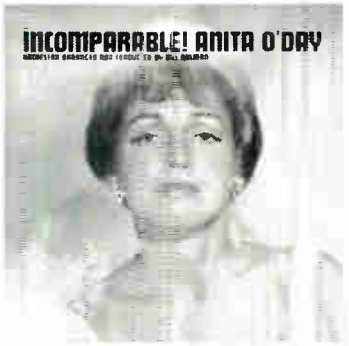
THE JAZZ OF AMERICA IS ON

VERVE

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

WINNERS ALL! Innovators!

The Getz tenor with strings in a program of simple beauty: enduring jazz value! V V6-8554



Bill Holman fashioned wild and whooping settings for fabulous O'Day improvising! V V6-8572

Classic performances by Gerry and Ben, specially picked for today's collecting! V V6-8534

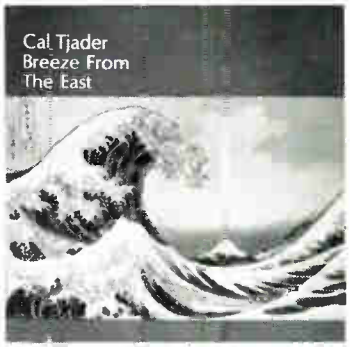
THE JAZZ OF AMERICA IS ON

VERVE

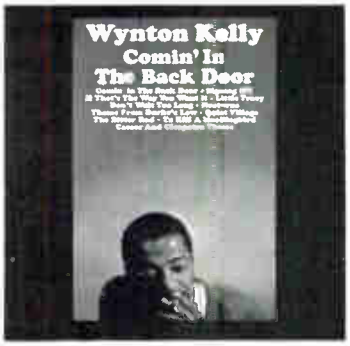
Verve Records is a division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc.

WINNERS ALL! New Sounds!

The Trio and The Orchestra with Strings mesh in a brilliant musical adventure! V V6-8562



More provocatively gentle and subtle jazz sounds from the Far East by Tjader! V V6-8575



Driving piano and rhythm in new and provocative settings today's jazz/soul groove! V/V6-8576

THE JAZZ OF AMERICA IS ON

VERVE

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

Here's why you can now make a "once-in-a-lifetime" investment in

EASIER RESPONSE, GREATER PROJECTION, BETTER TONE!

Double-Wall Valve Casings Add Years of Trouble-Free Service to the Life of Your Selmer!

Now Selmer's famed easier response, better tone and greater projection can not only become yours, but remain yours for many years.

The reason is double-wall valve casings — a Selmer exclusive!

Each Selmer trumpet and cornet valve casing has two walls. The outer wall absorbs the high temperature necessary for hard-soldering knuckles, braces and connecting tubes. The inner wall (or valve casing that actually houses the valve) retains its critical temper, smooth surface and precise dimensions for years of trouble-free valve action.

We call this Temper-Guard Construction.

But no matter what the name, Selmer's "valve-within-a-valve" feature is only one of many that contribute to the K-Modified models' life-long easier response, better tone and greater projection.

If you haven't already, you had better start thinking seriously about moving up to a Selmer with a "once-in-a-lifetime" investment that repays you every time you want to sound your best — year after year.

Write now for our FREE brochure describing the Selmer trumpet, cornet and trombone!

See! Hear!

ONE-PIECE HAND-HAMMERED BELL

Another Selmer feature that helps you to easier response, better tone, greater projection!

Selmer

H. & A. SELMER, INC., Dept. H-41, Elkhart, Indiana
Selmer (Paris), Signet and Bundy Fine Band Instruments
Outside U. S. A., address Bach International, Box 337, Elkhart, Indiana