

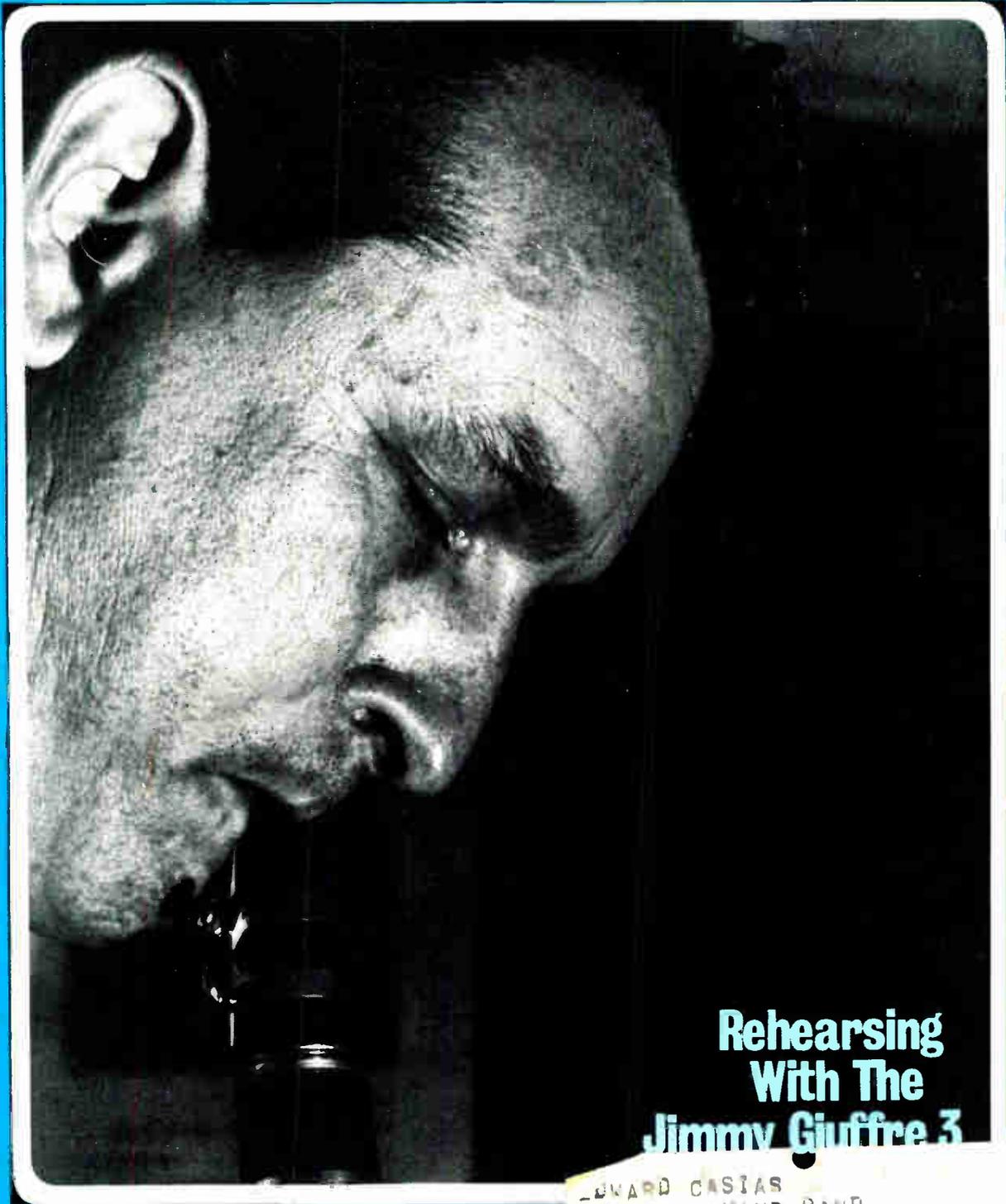
MARCH 12, 1964

35c

down beat

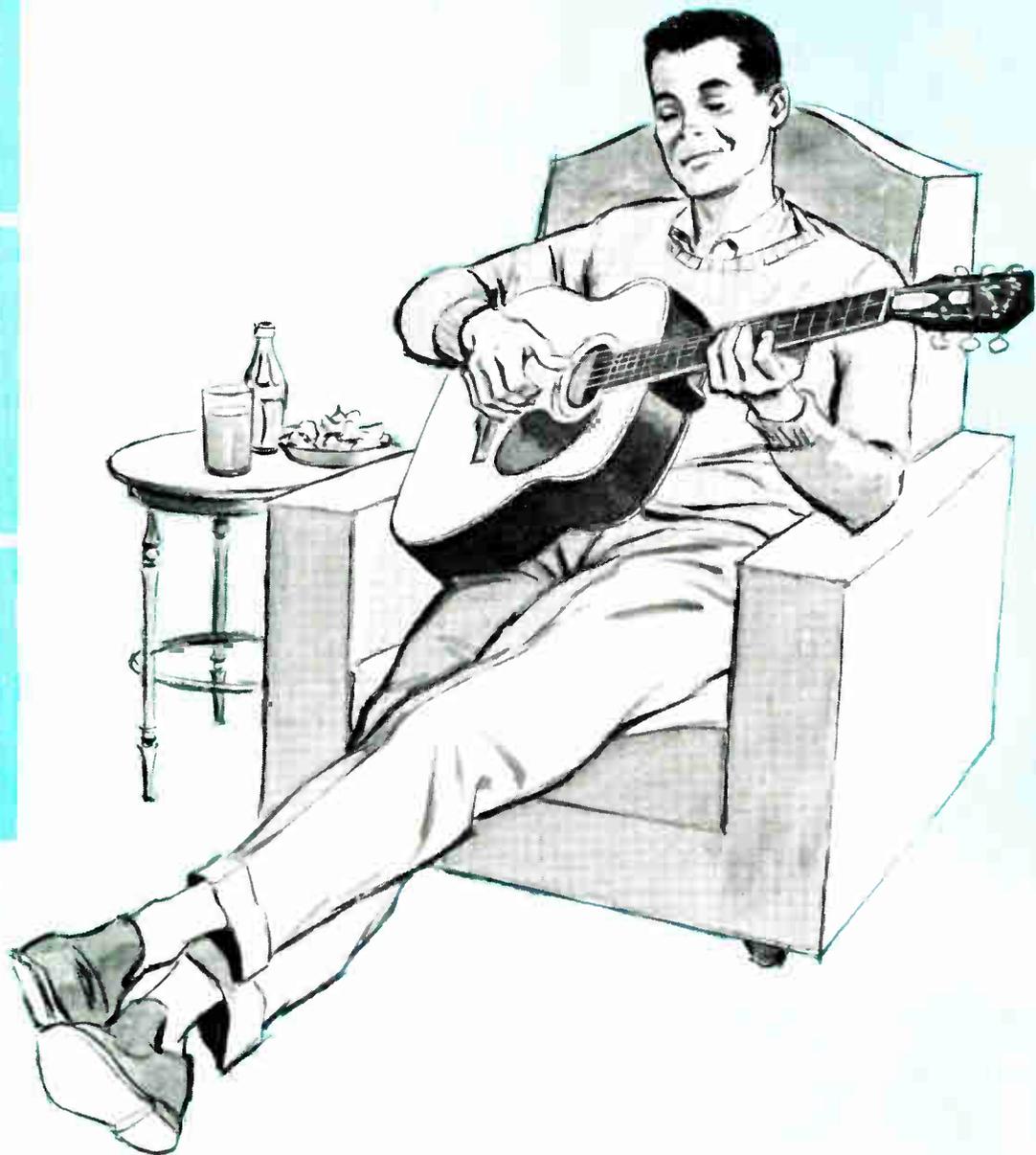
THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

Lalo Schifrin
Antonio Carlos Jobim
Gary McFarland
Paul Bley



Rehearsing
With The
Jimmy Giuffre 3

EDWARD CASIAS
NORAD COMMAND BAND
BOX 1545
ENT AFB, COLO
-013 -162518-0430500



how Harmony craftsmanship promises wonderful hours of enjoyment for you!

You don't have to be a fine musician. You don't even have to have a musical background. All you need is the desire to make music.

If you haven't a good Guitar now, examine a Harmony. See for yourself how it's designed for easy playing with its low string action and slim, thin neck and fingerboard!

Listen to its deep resonant tone. Admire its beauty of finish.

If you've never played before, you'll have real fun learning. So try a Harmony guitar, or *banjo*, soon—at your favorite music dealer. You'll find a tremendous assortment of styles and finishes—at prices from \$27.50 to \$275.00.

For **FREE** Catalog write Dept. D 34



GUITARS

ELECTRIC GUITARS
AMPLIFIERS
BANJOS
MANDOLINS
UKULELES

ESTABLISHED 1892

THE *Harmony** COMPANY

*Trade Mark Registered

World Radio History

4604 SOUTH KOLIN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILL. 60632



SO WHAT'S NEW?

Time was, a drum was a drum was a drum. Anything on which a rhythm could be tapped out. Then came the new mood in commercial music after the First World War, and with it the rise of the drum to the status of a solo instrument. The drum became sophisticated because SOUND began to matter. And with the revolution came

Premier. They organised a self-contained research and design department to study the new image of drums and percussion instruments. Premier became THE name in drums. Nearly every major advance came to the industry via the Premier research and design department. Flush base stands, floating snares, flush-bracing,

die-moulded hoops of every size, single lever thumb screws and bass drum rods, chromium plate on all equipment, tilt-action hi-hat. And so on. If there's an innovation on drums, you can bet your boots it was pioneered by Premier. Ask top British jazzman Eddie Taylor, Humphrey Lyttelton's drummer.

Premier

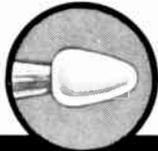
THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED DRUMS, FROM TOP DEALERS IN 99 COUNTRIES

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

FROM
Slingerland
THE FOREMOST IN DRUMS

**NYLON TIP HICKORY
DRUM STICKS IN FOUR
POPULAR MODELS!** \$1.95
per pair

The nylon tip is guaranteed not to pull off and to outlast the hickory stick. The Krupa and Bobby Morris models have a tip designed for a live, brilliant cymbal sound. The Roy Haynes and Rufus Jones models have a smaller tip that gives a less brilliant cymbal sound.



No. GKN Gene Krupa Model

No. 5N Bobby Morris Model

No. 7N Roy Haynes Model

No. 19N Rufus Jones Model

SLINGERLAND DRUM CO.
6633 N. MILWAUKEE, NILES 48, ILLINOIS



IT'S KING. IT SAYS 'STERLING BELL'

That means Solid Sterling Silver. And it means that the men who play these Sterling Bell trumpets-cornets-trombones-saxes get a richer sound with more overtones. They get quicker response, precise control. They project easier. Sterling Silver does all that. Try it for yourself. It's another 'extra' that's swinging top musicians to Kings.



THE H. N. WHITE COMPANY

5225 Superior Avenue, Cleveland 3, Ohio

King • Cleveland band instruments

March 12, 1964

Vol. 31, No. 7

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/DESIGN
PETE WELDING
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
IRA GITLER
JOHN A. TYNAN
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
LEONARD FEATHER
BARBARA GARDNER
ADVERTISING SALES MANAGER
FRED HYSSELL JR.
ADVERTISING PRODUCTION
GLORIA BALDWIN
PROMOTION MANAGER
JOHN C. WELCH

CONTENTS

ARTICLES

- 14 **Contrast:** Gene Lees surveys the musical outlooks and working methods of songwriters Gary McFarland, Antonio Carlos Jobim, and Lalo Schiffrin
- 16 **Paul Bley:** Avant garde pianist talks about his music and jazz in general in this interview by Don Heckman
- 18 **Rehearsing with the Jimmy Giuffre 3:** Informal but hardworking describe this session of the clarinetist's trio, by Martin Williams
- 22 **Jazz Basics:** Part III of the continuing survey of 40 years of jazz recording, by Don DeMicheal and Pete Welding

REVIEWS

- 24 Record Reviews
- 32 Comments on Classics
- 33 Blindfold Test: Bill Henderson
- 34 **Caught in the Act:** Gene McDaniels • Lou Rawls • Modern Jazz Quartet • Bob Harrington

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Chords and Discords
- 8 Strictly Ad Lib
- 9 News
- 36 Feather's Nest, by Leonard Feather
- 39 The Bystander, by Martin Williams
- 40 **From the Top:** Reviews of Stage-Band Arrangements, by George C. Wiskirchen, C.S.C.
- 46 **Where and When:** A guide to current jazz attractions

Cover photograph by Herb Snitzer

THINGS TO COME: When drummers talk shop, the discussion usually gets heated. Such was the case when **Down Beat** got together groups of percussionists to talk about drums and drummers. The result is **Drum Talk—Coast to Coast**, which appears in the March 26 **Down Beat**, the annual issue devoted to the art of percussion. Participants in the discussions, which were held in New York City, Chicago, and Los Angeles, include Art Blakey, Shelly Manne, Elvin Jones, Tony Williams, Cozy Cole, Mel Lewis, Joe Morello, and others.

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

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

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

Printed in U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1964 by Maher Publications, a division of John Maher Printing Co., all foreign rights reserved. Trademark registered U.S. Patent Office. Great Britain registered trademark No. 719,407. Published bi-weekly; and daily on February 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

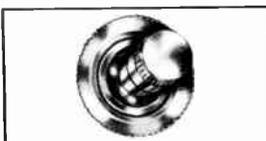
Boston, Owen Lake
Philadelphia, David B. Bittan
Washington, D.C., Tom Scanlan
Milwaukee, Bob Gruel
Detroit, Bob Archer
Cincinnati, Dick Schaefer
Cleveland, Brian Bate
Dallas, Bob Beals
New Orleans, Charles Suhr
St. Louis, Gerald A. Mandel
Seattle, Dick Niemer
San Francisco, Russ Wilson
Montreal, Henry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

CHET ATKINS SAYS:

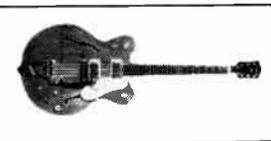
**“Look
at it
my way
and you’ll
play a
Gretsch
too!”**



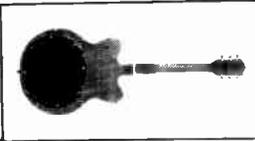
When the Gretsch people wanted to know what new guitar features the most famous guitarist in America preferred, they asked Chet Atkins. Chet suggested, Gretsch designed. The results produced a series of spectacular new guitars: the WHITE FALCON, the COUNTRY CLUB, the JET FIRE BIRD, the Chet Atkins COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, HOLLOW BODY and TENNESSEAN that incorporate special features:



STANDBY SWITCH — This Gretsch exclusive actually puts a “hold” on your tone settings enabling you to turn power on and off without losing delicate tone mix.



BUILT-IN-MUFFLER — A felt muffer placed between the bridge and pickup allow you to “muffle” your strings at the touch of a switch.



PADDED BACK — For added comfort and ease, a springy pad of foam rubber on the guitar back cushions playing pressure and eliminates fatigue.

GRETSCH THE FRED. GRETSCH MANUFACTURING CO.

60 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N.Y. Dept. AG 43

Please send me a copy of the new
GRETSCH GUITAR CATALOG

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Berklee

school of music

**A degree granting
institution offering
concentration in
American music.**

Degree Program majors in

- Music Education
- Composition
- Performance

Diploma Program majors in

- Arranging & Composition
- Performance

Summer Program

- Evaluation clinic
for high school
undergraduates
- Full credit 12 week
course

All majors include
instruction in modern harmony,
arranging improvisation,
ensemble.

For information & catalog
write to:

Dept. D
BERKLEE SCHOOL of MUSIC
284 Newbury Street
Boston 15, Mass.

CHORDS & DISCORDS

A FORUM FOR READERS

A Matter Of Opinion

This letter is for the benefit of jazz critics. Time was when I would get very angry at critics for their opinions on certain performers or records. But I've come to realize that I was wrong. It is the nature of a critic to inject his personal views, too, whether he's criticizing jazz records or house paint. Too few people seem to realize that.

The key word is opinion, and that's what a review is. To give an example, I am not at all in favor of what John Coltrane is doing, and there are many critics who would agree with me. But other people and other critics disagree because it is their opinion that Coltrane's music is great. It might be. The man evidently believes in what he is doing, but that doesn't mean everyone else has to. He is contributing to the growth of jazz, but the purpose here is not to laud a musician who represents a movement contrary to what I like to hear, but to show how personal feelings permeate every review one reads. The thing is not to let the critic buy your records for you, and I doubt if he'd be pleased if he knew he could do it.

Musicians sometimes complain that reviews aren't technical enough. Do they have to be technical? If they were, they would appear dull to the majority of us who like to listen to good jazz but don't really care about the mechanics of it. If the music is good, and it's what you like to hear, why explain it?

And then the readers complain: "Hey, *Down Beat*, you've got an anti- (put in the name of your favorite jazz musician) movement in your magazine, and I want it stopped." Small minds like that seem to think that someone's opinion will hurt their hero's career. I doubt if (substitute favorite jazzman's name) will feel the omnipotent blarings of a bunch of raving. . . . There, you see? I let my imagination go and injected what might have been my opinion if I hadn't stopped it.

Thank you, critics. Thank you for your opinions. For my part, they will always be received as such.

Ron Shearer
Lima, Ohio

Giant Step In The East . . .

I have read *Down Beat* off and on for about 20 years and find it to be the most informative music magazine I have ever come across. It is also the most broad-minded in that it covers news of musicians wherever jazz is played.

I read with much interest the article by Jack Lind, *Jazz in Hong Kong* (*DB*, Jan. 2), having wondered if there were any jazz musicians in that part of the world and what type of jazz they played. Now I know. One tends to forget that the servicemen from your country were over there during World War II and planted the

seed of jazz wherever they went. I firmly believe that if there were anything bad about the music, it would never have developed or advanced any farther than its place of origin.

Although the Hong Kong musicians are of Polynesian extraction, it means that jazz has made one giant step into the Far East. I feel that if jazz gets a few hundred fans there today, you may find them multiplied many times tomorrow. May jazz advance into the darkest corners of the world.

Bob Bright
Cedarville, British Columbia

. . . Or Is It?

Your report from Jack Lind on the jazz scene in Hong Kong may be accurate if based on the present, but I must say it seems grossly misleading if one considers past years. I was in the colony from 1959 till the end of 1962, and I find it hard to believe that the scene has changed so much, for I spent three very happy, jazz-filled years there.

During my stay there, I presented a weekly half-hour jazz record spot for Radio Hong Kong on mainstream and traditional jazz. The network also presented a weekly record program of modern jazz. Both commercial radio and local Rediffusion also presented jazz record programs. So if there are only two half-hour shows on at the moment, then I feel sure that this is a temporary state of affairs. The local television network also presented six months of weekly half-hour excerpts from one of the Newport jazz festivals.

Recordingwise, there were stacks to be had, if one knew where to look, and two of the biggest stores are on the main street on Hong Kong island. I bought an Ornette Coleman disc in 1960; Lind's statement that Coleman's discs are just reaching the colony after five years is quite inaccurate.

But Lind is correct when he says that few American jazzmen visit the colony, but when they do, even if only passing through, then a good time is generally had by all. Jack Teagarden, together with Max Kaminsky and Jerry Fuller, jammed together when they came to the colony; Percy Heath and John Lewis electrified a rather staid night-club audience when they sat in with a local group; drummer Ronnie Culver and trombonist Pete Bealman gave us some great Dixieland music; Ernestine Anderson enchanted us all; these and many other Americans have provided memorable moments of jazz in Hong Kong.

And what about the uncrowned king of Hong Kong jazz—clarinetist Tony Scott?

Several times a *Down Beat* poll winner, this jazzman, who had two lengthy stays in the colony, has had a tremendous influence on local jazz, mainly because he was always prepared to jam with local jazzmen however good or bad they were, because he was always ready to help those who could benefit from his vast experience, and because he was always ready to help those less fortunate than himself, as his concerts given for the benefit of local British servicemen and for Chinese fire victims, for instance, proved.

Have another look 'round, Lind. I'm

sure Hong Kong's not as square as you seem to think.

Alan E. Hare
Manchester, England

Rock-And-Roll 'New Thing'

I have noted a number of letters from young jazz fans, extolling the virtues of music known as the "new thing." During the past few months I have made an effort to listen to some of this music. Unfortunately, I find it a hoax and quite silly.

Then why do the young like this music?

These youngsters were brought up on rock and roll—a music without value. Thus, they never developed taste, and they look for something equally horrid in jazz. They have found it in Eric Dolphy's screams of anguish on his reed and in the nonquality sound of many other "new thing" addicts.

The older group of jazz fans were brought up on the music of the big bands, of swing and melodic jazz. This music still holds up, for it had quality. Thus, as youths, they developed taste and looked for something more mature and pleasant in jazz when they grew up. They buy Mulligan, Ferguson, Zentner, Brubeck, and Kenton but cannot stomach the "new thing."

I say do not chastise the young for liking this new "joke" jazz. Instead, blame the commercial aspects of music which gave them rock and roll but not the chance to appreciate good music.

Graham Erlacher
Allentown, Pa.

Braff's Got It!

The Martin Williams piece on Ruby Braff (*DB*, Jan. 30) was beautiful. Perhaps the reason why Ruby isn't more commercially successful (whatever that means) is because he's too good: tone, technique, heart, and something that seems a lost chord with so many bugged hippies—a little thing called taste.

Benny Goodman, Teddy Wilson, Clark Terry, Hank Jones, Zoot Sims, Urbie Green—these are the kinds of musicians who'll be remembered 50 years from now. I hope Ruby Braff will be too. Certainly he deserves to be, and we're lucky to have him in jazz today even if jazz doesn't seem to know it.

Brian Poland
Freeport, N.Y.

Digs Nostalgia

Many thanks for the article by Leonard Feather on the Sam Donahue band. It was written with great feeling, and for me cleared some of the air regarding ghost bands that try to bring back to life the music of great leaders of the past. It was a relief to get away from the "new thing" articles for a change and to explore a different type of today's music.

Martin Williams' *Bystander* column in the same issue covered Billie Holiday and Edith Piaf just magnificently. The article elevated the quality of your magazine one more notch. If your publication is raised any more notches, it will be in orbit.

Steve Eddy
La Habra, Calif.

SAVE \$122⁷⁵

FREE!
CYMBALS



with purchase
of 4-piece

Ludwig

**SUPER CLASSIC
DRUM OUTFIT**



**DRUMMERS! STUDENTS! AMATEURS!
LOOK INTO THIS SPECIAL OFFER . . .**

Here's your chance to own the drum outfit of leading professionals—and save \$122.75. Famous Joe Morello plays these drums! This Ludwig 4-drum outfit includes the all-metal Supra-Phonic 400, the world's most popular snare drum—comes in pearl and chrome finish—and you get 4 Ludwig cymbals free if you buy now. Whether you're professional, or just have a yen to play the drums, see this outfit.

See your Ludwig dealer now for
FREE autographed photo of Joe Morrello and
FREE copy of the new Ludwig Drummer.

**SUPER CLASSIC DRUM OUTFIT
NO. 980PC, INCLUDES:**

5" x 14" All-metal Snare Drum	Floor Stand Cymbal Holder
14" x 22" Bass Drum	Shell Mount Cymbal Holder
9" x 13" Tom Tom	5" Cowbell
16" x 16" Tom Tom	Cowbell Holder
Tom Tom Holder	Speed King Pedal
Hi-Hat Pedal Stand	Red Rubber Brushes
Snare Drum Stand	Orchestra Model Sticks
Folding Spurs	

Above, if purchased separately . . . **\$487.75**
Plus 4 **FREE** CYMBALS—2 15" High Hat, 16" Crash, 18" Ride, at regular prices . . . **98.50**
Total Value . . . **586.25**

ALL FOR \$463⁵⁰
Plus tax

Offer expires May 31st

SEE US TODAY! EASY TERMS!



LUDWIG DRUM COMPANY

1728 North Damen Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60649

STRICTLY AD LIB

NEW YORK

Birdland has followed the Village Gate in the Tuesday-through-Thursday closed-door policy. While this has been a yearly practice at the Gate, it is a departure for Birdland and a surprise to many. The first weekend attractions were the **Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Orchestra** and vibist **Vera Auer's** quintet, held over after their regular engagements ended Jan. 22. The following weekend spotlighted the groups of trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie** and drummer **Philly Joe Jones**. The club resumes a full-time schedule on March 26, when the Mulligan band returns. The Monday night sessions continue at Birdland, however. Two groups to appear recently were the trio of pianist **Steve Kuhn** (**Gary Peacock**, bass, and **Pete LaRoca**, drums) and the quartet of reed man **Ken McIntyre** (**Ross Townsend**, piano; **Bob Cunningham**, bass; and **Warren Smith**, drums).

Saxophonist **John Coltrane** did two weeks at the Half Note with his regular accompanists, pianist **McCoy Tyner**, bassist **Jimmy Garrison**, and drummer **Elvin Jones**. Making one of his rare recent public appearances, **Ornette Coleman** sat in with Coltrane—on trumpet! Coleman is also currently studying violin and guitar . . . Clarinetist **Pee Wee Russell** leaves for Australia on March 6 in the company of trumpeter **Buck Clayton**, tenor saxophonist **Bud Freeman**, trombonist **Vic Dickenson**,



MULLIGAN

pianist **Dick Cary**, bassist **Jack Lesberg**, drummer **Cliff Lee-man**, singer **Jimmy Rushing**, and guitarist **Eddie Condon**. They will do three or four weeks in Australia and New Zealand, appearing in Melbourne and Sydney and at the Adelaide Festival of the Arts in Australia. After that, one to three weeks in Japan is a strong possibility.

A concert and dance dedicated to the memory of **Mamie Smith** was held at the Celebrity Club on 125th St. in late January. Its purpose was to raise funds

to bring a new headstone for the late blues singer's grave to New York from New Orleans. A German blues organization, which bought the stone, shipped it to the Crescent City, but there was no money left to complete its journey. Blues singer **Victoria Spivey** presented the concert, in which saxophonist **Buddy Tate's** band played. In addition to Miss Spivey, **Jimmy Rushing**, **Lucille Hegamin**, **Hannah Sylvester**, **Alberta Hunter**, **Gertrude Saunders**, **Blue Lu Barker**, **Lillyn Brown**, **Brother John Sellers**, **Rosa Henderson**, **Grace Allen**, **Sam Theard**, **Pat Blackman**, **Jennie Dancer**, and **Jackie Lynn Wilson** also appeared on the program.



RUSSELL

On Feb. 1, clarinetist **Jimmy Giuffre** went to Huntsville, Texas, to lecture and perform at Sam Houston State Teachers College's annual Stage Band Festival. On Feb. 3 in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, the Belgrade National Symphony Orchestra played a program of jazz-oriented classical compositions including Giuffre's *Piece for Clarinet and String Orchestra*. On April 12 the Giuffre trio will play a concert in conjunction with a show of paintings by **Wassily Kandinsky** at the art museum in Worcester, Mass. The Rev. **Norman O'Connor** will be emcee.

(Continued on page 41)

LOUIS BELLSON

plays

AVEDIS ZILDJIAN

cymbals

exclusively



down beat

March 12, 1964 Vol. 31, No. 7

MUSICIANS RATIFY RECORDING CONTRACT

The new five-year recording contract negotiated by the American Federation of Musicians and the phonograph recording industry was ratified by the union membership in mid-January. In secret balloting, 1,150 of the 1,285 eligible musicians voting, the agreement was approved, retroactive to Jan. 1. (Musicians eligible to vote are those who have worked 12 phonograph sessions within a specified time.)

In addition to premium payments for Sundays, holidays, and after-midnight sessions; "doubling" (playing more than one instrument); "tracking," "dubbing," and "sweetening" (subsequent re-recording procedures), the contract provides for mandatory rest periods, hiring of music contractors, payment of cartage for transporting heavy instruments, and penalty payments for tardy salary payment.

Perhaps the most important aspect of the new agreement is the provision for the musicians who make phonograph recordings to participate directly and individually in the industry's sales. The musicians' revenues from this source will be one-half of the contributions heretofore paid by the industry to the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries, a trustee-operated agency supplying the services of musicians to worthy causes.

AFM president Herman Kenin said, "It is gratifying to see established a policy pronouncement made by me, and approved by our annual convention, in 1961. At that time I announced that it was the considered position of every member of our executive board that we stand ready to exchange any part of the trust funds' payments for a better deal for the working musician. The new contract is in line with that policy. It represents a significant break-through for musicians in our continuing struggle toward the recognition of performers' rights in records.

"At the same time, in view of constantly expanding markets for records, the agreement represents no appreciable deterrent to the trust funds' operation."

WEST BERLIN PLANS SEPTEMBER JAZZ FESTIVAL

West Berlin has entered the jazz festival scene, announcing its Jazz Days this fall. Artists ranging from the New Orleans Tuxedo Jazz Band to Miles Davis and Gil Evans are being invited to participate in the international festival.

Five programs, to be given Sept. 24-27, are being arranged to illustrate the history and development of jazz. The Tuxedo band—originally formed in 1897—will be the first group in the programs, to be held in Berlin's Philharmonic Hall.

Singer Jimmy Rushing along with tenorist Coleman Hawkins and trumpeter Harry Edison will represent the jazz style of the '30s. Another program, dedicated to Charlie Parker, will have performers such as saxophonist Sonny Stitt, trumpeter Howard McGhee, trombonist J. J. Johnson, and drummer Kenny Clarke.

The Dave Brubeck Quartet will appear with the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Herman Scherchen. The big British band of Johnny Dankworth is being offered to arranger Evans for his program with Davis.

The festival will be directed by Joachim Berendt and Ralph Schulte-Bahrenberg, both of whom were in charge of the Essen Jazz Festival in 1961.

BLUE NOTES WIN AT GROSSINGER'S

For the second year in a row, top honors at Grossinger's Intercollegiate Jazz Championship went to the Blue Notes from Harvard University. The festival, held each winter at the Cats-

Paris, and Frankfurt am Main and on the isle of Capri. In 1963 the quintet appeared at the Five Spot in New York City.

The group is led by third-year law student Dick Klein, perhaps the only jazz drummer to possess a Phi Beta Kappa key, earned when he got his B.A. degree at Amherst College.

Trombonist Sam Saltonstall, a native of Exeter, N.H., filled in for a week on second trombone with the Woody Herman Band last year. Saltonstall is the son of the head of the Nigerian Peace Corps contingent and a nephew of the U.S. senator from Massachusetts.

Pianist Brian Cooke does much of the arranging for the group. Besides piano, he also plays bass, French horn, trumpet, fluegelhorn, and most reeds.

Bassist John Voigt and trumpeter Ken Houk complete the quintet.

BIG BOY GOUDIE DIES IN SAN FRANCISCO

Frank (Big Boy) Goudie, an early-day New Orleans musician and one of the pioneering American jazzmen in Europe, died in a San Francisco hospital Jan. 9 after a lingering illness. He was 64.

Born on a farm near Royville, La., Goudie began playing music as a youngster on a home-made fiddle. When he and his brothers discovered they could earn more money playing for a country dance than by back-breaking toil in the fields, young Frank turned his back on the mules.

Subsequently learning to play trumpet, tenor saxophone, and clarinet (his brass teachers included Bunk Johnson) young Goudie attained sufficient skill to join the Tuxedo Orchestra headed



The Blue Notes

kill mountains resort, had among its judges this year Benny Goodman.

Performing together since 1961, the Blue Notes have played both in this country and Europe. In 1962 the group was chosen to play for the summer student crossings to Europe on the Holland-American Steamship Line and performed at clubs in London,

by Oscar (Papa) Celestin. This was rated one of the best bands in New Orleans in the 1910-'25 period.

A desire to travel led Goudie to leave Celestin for a medicine show; the show got as far as California, where it went broke. Goudie's itching feet carried him on to Tampico, Mexico, whence he went to Paris. He ar-

Special Report:

Recent Developments In Spanish Jazz

As with so many other cultural developments of this century, jazz has been late in coming to Spain. One has only to look into the sales of jazz records or, perhaps even more conclusively, to listen to the muscular improvisation of tenor man Pedro Iturralde, Spain's most influential jazz musician, to find that the idiom in Spain is a good 10 years behind its development in the rest of Europe.

This is not to say, however, that the country will continue to lag behind. The Spaniards are hungry for new ideas, and they catch on fast. Thus, experimentation with a cooler, more thoughtful musical expression than is current already has begun.

It is no coincidence that Barcelona, with its proximity to France, is replacing Madrid as the hub of Spain's jazz development; the traffic in people and ideas to Spain begins—and can end—in Barcelona. Nor is it a coincidence that U.S. musicians, many of them little known at home but no less professional for all of that, are deeply involved in that traffic.

The latest arrivals to Barcelona, with an open contract to swing as they will, are Don Mikiten and Maggie French, whose closely integrated tenor saxophone and flute duets are lending a cool, transcendental quality to the catacomblike Jamboree Jazz Cava under the Plaza Real.

Married in fact as well as in sound, Don and Maggie are leading a house rhythm section through new jazz paces with the patience and aplomb of musical missionaries.

Their book, every number of which has been arranged by Don, contains a number of original tunes in addition to a bevy of modern standards. Their sound is versatile but consistent, ranging from a pen-

Don Mikiten and Maggie French



sive, almost wistful, rendition of Benny Golson's *Whisper Not* to a sprightly *Out of Nowhere* to a rambling original, *Some Do, Some Don't*, which has just the right amount of funk to it.

The total effect is one of poetry: unity of sound, precision of expression, carefully articulated understatement. It is the kind of music that requires professional playing at its highest level, and they don't come much more professional than the Mikitens. In addition to tenor, Don plays a lyrical C-flute, and Maggie sings softly and inventively.

The rhythm section, consisting of Herman Breuer, Chappie Guerra, and Jack Liebezeit, will continue to need guidance, but with time and work, it should come around. The technical, intellectual, and emotional foundation has been established.

Playing opposite the Mikitens at their opening was pianist Kenny Drew. He was later replaced by trumpeter Chet Baker. Currently playing opposite the Mikitens is Swedish altoist Wage Finer.

Meanwhile, back in Madrid, entrepreneur Jean-Pierre Bourbon, whose Whiskey-Jazz Club houses Iturralde's quintet, featuring Eric Peter on trombone, is making ready to open a second jazz emporium, which will offer blues, primarily, in contrast to the hard-driving Iturralde.

It would be premature to say that a Spanish city is likely to become another European jazz center, but all in all the prospects for development are good.

With a proud musical heritage of their own—one that lends itself well to new interpretations—and with constructive influence from other countries, the Spaniards might well provide jazz musicians with a new home and new ideas. —Aaron Miller

rived in the French capital in 1924 and remained for 28 years, which were sandwiched around a four-year stay in South America during World War II.

Within a few years he became one of the popular and widely known figures in Paris' night life.

Goudie settled in San Francisco in 1956 and played with perhaps a score of different combos through his remaining years. He played only the clarinet in these appearances. Between engagements he ran a furniture-upholstering business in his home.

JAZZ CLINICS SET FOR SUMMER

Despite Stan Kenton's disaffiliation from the summer music clinics that bore his name, the workshops will continue this year. The name of the training camps has been changed from the Kenton Clinics, established six years ago, to the Summer Jazz Clinics.

The teaching staffs remain basically the same as in years past at the four camps set up for 1964 at Phillips University in Enid, Okla., July 19-25; the University of Connecticut at Storrs, July 26-Aug. 1; Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 2-15; and the University of Nevada at Reno, Aug. 16-29.

Three of the musicians who again will teach at the clinics will return from overseas: composer Russ Garcia from Germany; trumpeter Donald Byrd from France, and saxophonist Charlie Mariano from Japan. Another U.S. musician currently living in Germany, saxophonist Herb Geller, is scheduled to join the faculty this year.

In addition to the four campus clinics, Ken Morris, president of the organization, announced plans to hold two stage-band camps in the Chicago area. The first is scheduled for July 5-10 at Rich East High School in Park Forest, Ill., the second at Notre Dame High School for Boys in Niles, Ill., July 12-17. Leon Breeden, director of the Jazz Lab Band at North Texas State University, will be the camps' director. The faculty is to be made up of Chicago jazzmen, Morris said.

CANADIAN JAZZ SCHOOL CLOSES ITS DOORS

The Advanced School of Contemporary Music in Toronto, founded in 1959 by Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, Ed Thigpen, and Phil Nimmons to teach aspiring jazz musicians, has closed.

Attracting students from as far away as Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, and West Virginia, as well as several Canadian cities, the school was internationally known. Only a few months

ago, the German government approached pianist Peterson with the idea of setting up a similar school in Berlin. But by then a myriad of problems had arisen.

"Their idea was to have jazz musicians come from all over Europe to study, but we faced the same problems there," Peterson said. "When you have albums and personal appearances to make, it isn't easy."

Having found it increasingly hard to give students personal attention, Peterson said that if the school were to reopen, there would be drastic changes

made. For example, the school's four-month term would be extended to six months, and instead of being teachers, the four founders would oversee other teachers, the pianist said.

Nimmons, who taught composition and arranging, agreed that "it was just too difficult to operate as the trio became more popular."

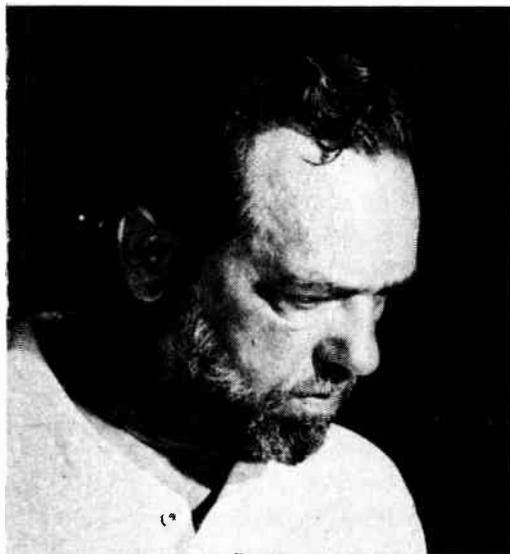
"One of the great advantages was that they were practicing musicians, yet that very fact posed a problem for us," he said.

"I feel badly that we couldn't keep it going, because there was a need for

a school such as this, but the problems at the moment were just too much."

The closing of the school, however, has given the trio a long-needed rest. For the first time in years they are enjoying a holiday, though Peterson is not idle. Currently he is working on a series of jazz etudes for the piano that he hopes will be published next fall.

He's also thinking, he said, of writing a symphony but not immediately. "I've got to investigate a lot more symphonic forms that I'm not familiar with yet," he added.



Leith Stevens

Blessings From The Avant Garde

Mounting a defense of the avant-garde composer, in Leith Stevens' view, seems more necessary these days than ever before.

The noted motion picture scorer (*A New Kind of Love*, *The Five Pennies*, *The Wild Ones*, et al.) converted pen into cudgel in behalf of the avant garde in a recent issue of the West Coast publication *FM & Fine Arts* because of what he termed "a particularly virulent rash of writings, attacking the intellectual honesty and the artistic integrity of the present-day avant-garde composer."

Plainly out of patience with such printed criticism, Stevens declared them to be "filled with carpings about lack of tonality, incomprehensible rhythmic patterns, inanities about synthetic construction, arbitrary systems, serial techniques, and such."

Without naming authors of such diverse criticism, Stevens noted a decided lack of unanimity of opinion therein. Each such critic, he wrote, seems bent on halting or even revers-

ing musical development. Further, each critic, he said, appears to harbor his own personally selected niche to which he would retire music in general.

Such reactionary attitudes, Stevens said, must come to naught.

"Music," he contended, "together with all the other arts, in order to have any validity at all, must reflect the temper, the culture, the emotional values, and the philosophical climate of the time of its writing."

The contemporary composer, Stevens said, "above all must be a humanist. He must mirror, in what he has to say, the triumphs, the failures, the victories, the disaster, the ideals, and the hope of his fellow man."

So far as dissonance is concerned as a specific target of such critics, Stevens pointed out that cries of protest have been common since the time of Beethoven whenever a new harmonic or contrapuntal concept appeared, only to fade into the silence of acceptance when the listener became acclimated to the new sound.

Pointing out that the very concept of dissonance was in itself fallacious, the film scorer went on to aver that the listener offended by a new sound derived from a combination of sounds is hiding behind a defense mechanism, in itself an admittance of the listener's unwillingness or failure to try to understand musical innovation.

Counterattacking the critics' charge that today's avant-garde composer is intellectualizing music, Stevens cited as time honored in composition such devices and frameworks as commonplace time signatures, the tempered scale, the "art of the fugue," and sonata and rondo forms. These, he pointed out, are all rigid intellectual concepts that, while never guaranteeing success in themselves, have never stifled great genius either.

Stevens labeled as "hogwash" the frequent critical implication that intuition, instinct, inspiration, and spontaneity are minimized by the "intellec-

tual" approach to composition. An attempt to compose a musical work in mental limbo, he declared, guided solely by intuition and instinct and shorn of the guidance of the intellect, "could only be musical gibberish."

Tracing the seeds of contemporary music to Richard Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, Stevens described the Wagnerian innovation of chromatic harmony, while ultimately self-destroying, as opening the door to atonality and the music of today.

Despite the influential Impressionism of Claude Debussy, termed by Stevens as probably the most important "stop on the way" to current concepts, composers advanced in theory and went away from Impressionism. Why? "The world developed a social conscience," he declared. "It began facing the facts of life."

Proceeding to discuss the responsibility of the audience in the common experience of a musical performance, Stevens expressed the opinion that this has become an accepted fact only in quite recent times. Prior to this, he wrote, somnolent release or hypnotic suggestion sufficed for most as legitimate reasons for listening to music.

Stevens described *musique concrete* and "its twin or counterpart," electronic music, as having had their share of disappointment.

In essence, he said, experiment in this area consists of "efforts by composers to arrive at that final control of sound without the interposition of the very inaccurate and, in most cases, confusing musical terminology with which we all must suffer."

He described as "rare" instances within this area where results exceed expectations.

"Music, painting, sculpture, and literature," wrote Stevens in closing, "are not a sometime thing. It is our individual responsibility to find a way to keep abreast of the progress of the arts, to learn to look forward to new developments rather than to say, 'this is my own personal ultimate—don't bother me with anything new.'"

CONTRAST

From the vantage point of collaborating lyricist, Gene Lees observes similarities and differences in the approaches and working methods of songwriters Gary McFarland, Antonio Carlos Jobim, and Lalo Schifrin.

ing of Antonio Carlos Jobim, Lalo Schifrin, and Gary McFarland.

In the last two years I have collaborated with all three on songs—my words, their music, sometimes the one written first, sometimes the other.

You get to know a man's music terribly well when you write words for it. You get to know it from the inside. You begin to look at it not from an external standpoint that reveals only the surface, but from some central part of it that reveals its heart, its soul, and its mechanical structure.

The words to a good song should not, as a rule, sound written. Actors say that lines "play well" if a piece of drama is well written. A good song is the same: the words should let the singer give the impression that he is making them up as he goes. Only a few singers, of course, have achieved mastery of this subtle art: Frank Sinatra does it best, though Peggy Lee is remarkable at it, and Tony Bennett is moving up quickly on both of them.

But even the most sensitive singer cannot overcome the stilted song, the song whose words fit its music badly—as badly, to cite the extreme example, as those of *The Star-Spangled Banner* do in that incredible phrase "the bombs bursting in air."

Ideally, words and music absorb each other. They become like a well-soaked sponge, the dimensions of water and sponge identical. No one I have known, or whose songs I have heard, understands this as well as Jobim.

The greatest pity of the corrupting of bossa nova in this country was that audiences never came to know how astonishingly appropriate are the Portuguese words to the music of these songs. Publishers wanted Tin Pan Alley lyrics.

Jobim made me understand the art of fitting words and music together in a way I never had before. He is a perfectionist. During his stay in the United States, we wrote several songs together. Doggedly, patiently, he would ask me to revise a phrase here, an image there, until it fit *flawlessly* into the music. This is part of what he taught me; God knows

THIS IS NEITHER an article nor an essay. Certainly it isn't intended as journalism. It's really a reflection, thoughts worked out at the typewriter, thoughts about three friends, three composers whom circumstances and common interests have brought close to me. I am think-

what he taught musicians, who used to trek to his apartment on E. 94th St. in New York to listen to him talk about music as if they were making a pilgrimage.

Critics generally misunderstood the nature and significance of bossa nova—not the U.S. imitation but the original. One critic dismissed it as Brazilian hotel music. But the musicians knew.

One of the people I came to know more or less through Jobim was McFarland. We often ran into each other at Jobim's place. I had met him before, but our mutual interest in Jobim's music led me to discover McFarland's gifts as a composer, and the lyrics I'd written for Jobim interested him in my words. When Jobim went back to Brazil, quietly heart-broken and disgusted with the commercial music world, we all felt the loss. McFarland and I decided to try writing some things together.

In the meantime, I had written a few songs with Schifrin. And after a time, when enough songs were completed, I realized I had written words of a different character for each of these men. The more I pondered this and realized that I had written in three styles, the better I understood that the styles were imposed on me by the music.

Lalo's music required words of direct dramatic power, the images tending to strength more than subtlety.

Gary's music required words of great subtlety and simplicity. The images were more poetic than with Lalo's, yet there was a quality of the ingenuous.

Jobim's music required words that were subtle, unobtrusively poetic, emotionally restrained, and *very* complex: Jobim writes melodic lines of astonishing length, and often a single sentence would flow through as much as eight or 16 bars.

Lalo's music was emotionally forthright; it was technically complex. Jobim was the opposite: he would achieve a complex emotion (such as joyous sadness) by extraordinarily simple means. They were almost opposites, though each had acute appreciation of the other's music.

Gary's music was closer in spirit to Jobim's than was Lalo's though both Jobim and Lalo are Latin Americans and Gary a Californian. On the other hand, the technical means of Lalo's music was closer to that of Gary's and grew out of jazz.

It made some of the sociological theorizing in jazz seem a little empty. The difference obviously lay in the men as human beings rather than in any specific cultural "roots."

Gary and Jobim, for all the similarities of poetry and subtlety in their music, come from vastly different environments. Jobim grew up amid the sensuous beauty and deep traditions of Rio De Janeiro. Gary was born in Los Angeles, a product of a place arid, sterile, and devoid of traditions. Rio is the most beautiful city I have ever seen, Los Angeles the ugliest. From the air, Rio's mountains and green forests and shining bay take



PHOTOS/VERVE RECORDS

Gary McFarland

one's breath away. From the air Los Angeles looks dismal. Why should the two men have oddly similar talents? Because ethnology ain't where it's at; talent is.

Lalo and Jobim, whose music is so dissimilar, come from backgrounds that, while not the same, are similar. Buenos Aires, Argentina, is, of course, far south of Rio De Janeiro, Brazil. Argentinians speak Spanish, Brazilians Portuguese. And whereas Rio has a softly bubbling joy in living, Buenos Aires is drab, lightless, and shabby.

Nonetheless, Lalo and Jobim come from the two main big cities on South America's east coast. Both cities are rich with tradition, and both Jobim and Lalo were extensively exposed to European classical music in their childhoods and their later studies. Gary was not. Yet there is that odd similarity between Gary and Jobim, and Lalo writes in a different vein from either of the other two men.

Part of the explanation lies in the fact that Jobim and Gary are *primarily* interested in writing songs. Although Jobim's orchestrations had the initial impact on many, and although Gary became known through his orchestrations, both men consider themselves orchestrators only secondarily. (We are into that odd semantical problem: what is the difference among an arranger, a composer, and a songwriter? For the moment, we'll skip it and refer to *songwriters* and *orchestrators*, and leave *arranger* cut of it.)

Lalo, on the other hand, is a songwriter only secondarily. He really is a composer, in the fullest European sense of the word: a man who starts with thematic material of his own and develops it into large, complex musical structures.

"I'm just a lazy songwriter," Gary says on occasion.

"I've done so much orchestration," Jobim said once, "that I grew tired of it. I made my living in Rio for so many years as an arranger. And don't you know that we often dislike to do things we know we do well?"

If you want to hear parallels of not only Jobim's and Gary's approach to writing songs but also of their approaches to orchestration, listen to the *Big Band Bossa Nova* album on Verve that Gary wrote for Stan Getz and to one of the Joao Gilberto albums available here (two on Atlantic, one on Capitol) that Jobim wrote.

Both men use the orchestra minimally, slipping in an emphasizing phrase here, a brief chord there. Note the melodic quality of the counterlines they write. To be sure, by the time of the Getz album Jobim had influenced Gary, who had heard the Gilberto albums. But simplicity and clarity have been hallmarks of his work from the time he emerged from the Berklee School of Music in Boston about four years ago.

On the other hand, when Lalo writes, he likes to have



Antonio Carlos Jobim



Lalo Schiffrin

the full resources of the orchestra at his disposal. He may range from the soft to the blasting, but he wants the power there when he needs it. Gary barely blasts, and Jobim never does. Gary's music, like Jobim's, might be described as being infused with warmth; Lalo's is a crackling open flame, punctuated by explosions, even eruptions. Gary's fundamental esthetics are similar to Jobim's; Lalo's are quite different.

Gary and Jobim are dreamers. I think that if they could figure out how to get away with it, they'd both be satisfied to sit in the sun and think music without bothering to put it on paper. Lalo is much more realistic. There is a drive in him to get the job done and get on to the next challenge.

Now, back to that term *arranger*. Jobim, Lalo, and Gary came to general attention as arrangers. All of them continue to write arrangements, of course, but all three have moved on

from it. Jobim has become primarily a songwriter, Gary intends to move his career toward being a songwriter, but Lalo is becoming a composer—again in the traditional European sense of the word.

Jobim has trimmed the essence of himself to melody lines with chord changes, and Gary is moving into that same discipline; Lalo is moving toward expansion.

Circumstances and geography ended my collaborations with Jobim and Lalo. A few months after Jobim went back to Rio, Lalo left New York for Hollywood to work on the score to the film *Rhino* and is now busy with film and television underscore work.

Nobody in New York has been able to get Jobim to write letters—and just about everybody who knows him has tried. Occasionally Gary and I telephone his home. The connection is always bad, the sound scratchy, the voice distant. He says he is "writing" and "traveling."

No doubt he sits in his living room, on the sofa, guitar in hands, softly playing chords in bossa nova figures, and wordlessly singing the melody he is composing. Gary, too, sings when he writes seated at the piano. In both cases one sees why the lines are so soft and inherently vocal.

Lalo can compose either at or away from the piano. When he does choose to work at the piano, he plays the hell out of it.

db

ONE OF THE MOST interesting aspects of the new wave of jazz players is the unusually articulate way in which they speak of their music. There have always been musicians who could discuss the elements of their art with clarity and precision, but rarely has this been characteristic of a whole cross section of musicians.

Paul Bley, a tall, soft-spoken, but supremely self-confident young pianist, is such a musician. In addition to his increasing stature as a soloist, Bley has demonstrated strong professional credentials as a sideman with leaders as varied as Jimmy Giuffre, Don Ellis, George Russell, and—most recently—Sonny Rollins. This has required a remarkable ability to adjust to playing situations of all kinds and qualities.

"Relaxation," Bley said recently, "is very important. When I was about 18 or 19, I once recorded something, and I can remember pacing the corridor between every tune, trying to figure out some kind of inspiration. When Coleman Hawkins goes in to play a date, he has his hat tilted back, and he plays great, regardless of the circumstances. If you've done enough playing and thinking about music for a number of years, you're not going to have to decide about it five minutes before you play."

Bley places emphasis on the balancing of intellect and emotion—qualities that often are at odds with each other in modern jazz. He is motivated by an almost total involvement with music, frequently to the exclusion of the more mundane elements of everyday life. Remarking on this, he said, "I guess I spend, against my better judgment, roughly 75 percent of my time actively involved in rehearsing, thinking about, and playing music. I like to approach my playing without any knowledge of what I'm going to put down—to just sit down and rely on nothing except pure music, rather than bring something prepared to the situation."

paul bley

By DON HECKMAN

The pianist refuses to believe that musical solutions lie in "great mental strain." He feels, as do many of his contemporaries, that the answers are contained in the music itself and that good players will perceive them in the music far quicker than they will through verbalization.

He explained: "Basically, the body of music that exists is like a river meeting a dam—constantly accumulating. It'll find the weakest spot, and finally it will break through and continue—but it will still be a river. The music is inevitable, and it cannot stand still; it never *has* been able to stand still. It *will* change, and it *will* flow, but the seeds of the solution always exist in the music itself. I think, by the way, that's more accurate than explaining musical progress by the emergence of a very sharp individual who, by the great force of his personality, asserts his will and drags everybody along. I don't think the real answer is as cruel as all that because there are too many negative forces that rise against the assertion of a single personality."

Bley's playing style, thoroughly original, is at the same time an unusual amalgam of the powerful forces active on the current scene. In recent years it has become unusually liberated. Unlike many players who use techniques similar to his, he produces a firm sense of organization and structure in a style of improvisation that has few of the traditional guide points.

"I'm against freedom in the wide sense," he said. "If freedom means free improvisation rather than free jazz,

that's where I draw the line. Sure, take a theme if you need one, and usually you do, and play on it—it can be at a certain tempo and maintain that tempo, it can have retards, it can leave the tempo—preferably a piece with a strong character that can be elaborated on. It may even be a shape of melody that can be elaborated on—or even the exact opposite. You can approach a piece as an anti-piece, for example. But whatever you use, there has to be a groove to get into. That's the hard part. Once you're into it, you don't have to keep deciding whether or not the next phrase is going to be good or not. A soloist can usually tell by the first phrase whether it's going to be a good solo.

"When you get into something to start with, don't worry about the rest of the set; it's going to be beautiful. If anything, just hold back, because it'll all come out eventually anyway. The important thing is getting on the right track—the right pattern—in the right way and exerting the control and practice necessary to get it."

This should not suggest that Bley employs only traditional methods in his music. He said he feels, in fact, that "the avant garde starts when you throw chord progressions away."

Yet, at the same time, he is fully aware that a large portion of his audience probably cannot tell the difference. "I've even sat with piano players next to me," he noted, "and played *I Can't Get Started*, and they couldn't tell what tune it was."

In defense of those anonymous observers, Bley's "harmonic" playing is usually compounded of such complex densities of notes that their original tonal basis is, at best, rather obscure. But this harmonic complexity, too, is a part of Bley's playing philosophy.

He explained: "There are many ways to play on changes, and you can breathe very fresh—even when playing bebop. You can even breathe that kind of music freshly and still have your line span the length of time that the drummer is counting. Sonny's done it. But it takes inspiration, and that's another line of demarcation from the player who requires inspiration to play freely but takes maybe 30 choruses before he can get going. I feel that there should be a definite line of continuity between the chart and the solo. When the chart ends, the solo starts right away and is really just a continuation of the chart."

AS A SIDEMAN with some of the major figures of the post-bop period, Bley has had to make frequent adaptations in his playing style. "It was necessary," he said, "for me to learn the in-between stages of jazz—the chronological development from lines that use changes to lines that don't need changes. I've been able to play through all styles, from playing on changes to not playing changes for one bar, for eight bars, or for a whole chorus, so that I can spin the line out with the chord deadlines or not, depending on how I hear it.

"The players I've worked with have all had their own degree of development, so, depending on what the band is, all you can do is play as well as you can. The adjustments I've made are purely in the tunes themselves. And of course there's still a lot to be done on tunes with changes. But in terms of my own interests I'm less interested in playing that way."

Even in his role as sideman, however, Bley has not hesitated to express his own musical philosophy. He points out that, in response to his own beliefs, he has always been against specific procedures in the groups he's worked with and favors a more spontaneous approach.

"I feel," he elaborated, "that you shouldn't tell anybody anything; don't make him nervous, and don't try to block him. If a person can add to the music, he will. If he can't, he won't. The general philosophy of the music can be approached as a conversational thing at some other time, but not at rehearsals."

Bley said he believes there can be as much procedural form in free solos as there can be in solos that are based on changes. "And as far as groups are concerned," he said, "the style of the strongest player has its own influence anyway. As far as the music is concerned, a good deal of what's to be said in solos is said in the piece. In fact, sometimes the more simplified the piece the better."

Bley has some crisply articulated ideas about what constitutes, for him, a valid jazz experience:

"It's pretty easy for people who are fairly sympathetic to get together and produce something musical and something of interest because they're improvisers to start with. If their styles are all sympathetic, it's pretty easy for them to get together in a room and play for any length of time, given any kind of guidelines—orders and things like that—and get them to be very musical about it. But is what they produce jazz?"

It is also typical of Bley that he does not fall back on the tired arguments that fail to define terms and propositions. When he speaks of the difference between what he calls "jazz" and "music," he is careful to make his position clear:

"That's where the problem is—in the word jazz. Jazz doesn't necessarily mean shaking your tail, but it does mean 'jazz.' The problem is that's a broad enough term so everyone can get what they want out of it, justify what they're doing, and are content to call it music. Then when they're successful, it's because they have made successful music. Now, I have made successful music, too, but I was unhappy with it. And all along I have accepted or discarded things on one critique—their validity as jazz. Most important is its utility to other players, and so, although it was jazz, it maybe didn't have enough vitality. And that's the only critique I have. I feel if it's of utility to me, then it will be of utility to other people, and I just have to keep making my own choices, deciding what is useful, and how far I can take it."

HOW FAR BLEY "can take it" seems, at this point in his career, to have few clear limits. His technical proficiency leaves little to be desired; his melodic conception is superior; his sense of time is superb; his musical experience has been remarkably broad.

Predictably, Bley has strong ideas about his own leadership of a group: "As a leader, you have to start with extremely talented people, regardless of what style they play in. Just because someone plays in a style similar to yours doesn't mean that you should use him. The best way to find out what he can do is to present him with the music. With good players the music usually will provide a thousand ideas; it should fill them with enthusiasm and give them a way to play that they've always wanted to play."

One of the major difficulties that many listeners have experienced with the jazz avant garde has been the problem of establishing a standard of quality, a point of reference from which to estimate the relative excellence of a player. With Paul Bley the difficulties are considerably reduced; quality is a word that comes easily to mind when hearing him play. Taciturn and occasionally obtuse though he may seem, his music clearly expresses the full breadth of emotion one hopes to experience in the jazz happening. 

BUCK HOFFLER



REHEARSING

WITH THE JIMMY GIUFFRE

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

3

JIMMY GIUFFRE's current music involves the sort of improvisation that is called by that graceless and ambiguous name, the "new thing." And like many musicians working on such free and spontaneous playing, Giuffre rehearses often. It is partly a matter of keeping himself and his music well practiced, of course, and of trying out new pieces. But it is also a matter of personal pleasure and of esthetic adventure, for Giuffre and his associates are discovering a new musical idiom. Each rehearsal will probably fulfill new possibilities for the music, rejecting some approaches and affirming or suggesting others.

Giuffre's rehearsals take place informally in his apartment. They are also somewhat flexible as to personnel. The Giuffre 3 currently includes Steve Swallow, bass, and Don Friedman, piano. However, several players have provided the piano and bass parts at rehearsals, particularly since pianist Paul Bley, who had worked a great deal with Giuffre, joined Sonny Rollins about a year ago and since



ALL PHOTOS/CHUCK STEWART

Swallow began working with the Art Farmer Quartet last fall.

It is gratifying to discover how many young players can contribute to a free and challenging idiom like Giuffre's, a music which does away with traditional melody forms and traditional harmonic and rhythmic guideposts and makes heavy demands for unpremeditated invention on the player. But from the first time that pianist Friedman made a session, both he and Giuffre knew that Friedman's response to the idiom was exceptional, and Friedman soon cast his lot with Giuffre for all the group's appearances.

Several bass players have made Giuffre rehearsals for the

pleasure and challenge of the music, but when Swallow is away and when Gary Peacock is not working with Bill Evans, Peacock will probably be the man playing with Giuffre.

Jimmy and Juanita Giuffre's apartment is on the upper east side of New York City. It is the kind New Yorkers call a "railroad flat," meaning that the five small neat rooms are strung out one after the other, that there is no hallway, and one room leads directly into the next. The front room has a Steinway grand and is the music room. Two rooms to the rear is Jimmy's study, with a tape recorder that usually figures as an important part of rehearsing.

Wednesday afternoons are usually rehearsal times, and on a recent Wednesday Giuffre, Friedman, and Peacock gathered to try a new extended piece called *Trio in Flux*.

THE FIRST TO ARRIVE out of the cold, slushy New York streets is Peacock. He is not carrying his own bass but plans to use an instrument Swallow leaves at the Giuffre place. In a few minutes Friedman arrives, and soon the trio is sitting around the Giuffre kitchen table variously sipping coffee, tea, or (for Friedman) a glass of water. After a quota of news and small talk, someone says, "Well, let's play," and without another word the three men move to the living room.

Giuffre begins to comment on *Trio in Flux*. It is a piece in five parts, each introduced by a written section, and lasting, in performance, roughly 15 minutes. The opening and closing parts are for the full trio; the second part is a duo for bass and piano; the third is a duo for clarinet and bass; the fourth for clarinet and piano.

Thus all the combinations and textures for the trio are explored. The score is marked "no tempo (moderate)," and no steady tempo should be set up in performance—the player tries to let each of his musical phrases find its own best tempo.

As with most of the Giuffre 3's current pieces, the themes don't set up chord structures on which to improvise and don't necessarily establish keys or modes for the players to improvise in. The written part suggests musical ideas—and moods, if you will—upon which the players build their melodies. Furthermore, although one player may predominate for a given moment, all three are equal melodic participants, and the music is a collective melodic effort as it unfolds.

However, *Trio in Flux* itself has a further aspect: even in the written parts, the players take the phrases one at a time, each man playing off each of his lines as he feels it. Each man should listen to the others, and make his part fit in properly, and no player should get too far ahead or



Don Friedman

behind. Thus the written parts of the piece will also sound different in each performance.

"It is like three actors, three comedians," Giuffre explains. "Each man knows his own lines and his own movements. But each time they work, each man has to hear the others and allow for their lines and movements, and each allows for the special timing of the others. For instance, in playing my one phrase here [he points to the score] I allow the piano part to come off before I go into my next phrase here. But one time Don may not play this as fast or slow as the next time or give the notes exactly the same kind of accents, so my pause and response will be different each time too. Stretch or condense as you want to.

"First, let's work on the written parts, and we'll improvise later."

The musicians begin. As they play the first section, three interdependent lines seem to be moving in an enormous musical space. The movements of the lines are personal, but each responds to the other.

At the end, Giuffre, who has been standing in the curve of the piano, turns to Friedman.

"Just to pick on you a little about the last part," he says and moves toward the keyboard and Friedman's music sheet, "I think it would be better if you break these phrases up with more space in between them."

Friedman nods.

They play the opening section again. It is familiar, yet different.

"That was perfect," says Giuffre. "I would say, let that last note lay there for a long time. Now let's go to the next part."

It is for Friedman and Peacock and is like a discourse, with Friedman asserting high notes and Peacock replying with "yes, but . . ." notes from below. Then the argument reverses, with Peacock moving upward, Friedman downward. At the end, Peacock's instrument reverberates.

"This has to be very strong," says Giuffre, pointing to

Peacock's part. "That G-flat has to ring with everything you've got."

The duo starts again as Giuffre moves into the next room to catch the balance of the two instruments.

"What do you have in the third bar?" Friedman asks the bassist, apparently puzzled by what he has heard.

The two men play the section again. As its last notes hang in the air, they seem to plea for the improvisation that would normally extend and finally resolve the written section.

Next, the duo for clarinet and bass.

"Keep the drive up without going into a steady tempo," says Giuffre after the first try. And again, "Good, but can you do it just a little slower, because my part needs stretching out. No, wait—that sounds in tempo. It sounds like quarter notes."

They try it again, and Giuffre pronounces it good: "Once more and we've got it."

The next section is for piano and clarinet, and after they have run it through once, Giuffre says, "It's working out well, but you were just a bar ahead of me. The good thing is that we were working together so that the audience could hear everything each of us does. There's no part being wasted."

Friedman's bass notes are moving upward now. Giuffre re-enters high. At the end, he lowers his clarinet, smiling, "I beat you out that time. But that doesn't matter, of course."

Peacock looks at Giuffre, saying, "The idea is to get each part to have its own movement."

"Yes, I don't want it to be symmetrical horizontally. Okay, Letter E. This part here"—he holds up his part to the others—"is very complex, so we will stretch it out."

About a third of the way in, Peacock plays a wrong note, emits a heavy groan, and follows it by a Bronx cheer. Laughter by the three then assents to a new start.

"The pace you play at is your own, plus what the other guys are doing—I just think of giving it movement," Giuffre says to the room in general, gesturing with a sweep of his right arm. Then he turns to Friedman and continues, "Gary's got the most busy part in this." Peacock solicits Friedman's help in tuning up the slightly seamy bass, after which he begins working on his part.

Soon Friedman says, "Let's try Letter E again."

Giuffre agrees with "Take some time on these cadenzas." They begin, Giuffre playing with loose fingering and loose embouchure to get the sound he wants. Suddenly he stops in midphrase.

"Hey! My horn fell out of my mouth," he says with a laugh. "You know that happened to me onstage once."

They begin once more. "No, wait!" It is Giuffre, laughing again. "I was trying to play your part." He is looking up at Peacock.

The ending is played with such unity that Friedman's smiling notes seem to echo inside Peacock's bass, and Peacock's broad sound inside the piano's sounding board.

"Now," says Giuffre. "I think we've got that, so let's try it all the way with the, ahem. . . ." He pauses, coughs officiously, and then says very carefully, smiling, "Im-prov-i-ZA-tion."

As Peacock scat-sings a fragment of his part to try it rhythmically, Giuffre heads toward the tape recorder. He

has a second thought, however, and returns, saying, "I remember this now—during the duets, the other fellow could add some color, from the theme material maybe, while the other two are improvising. But not if it sounds contrived. A figure maybe."

There is some discussion of the idea, and Peacock suggests, "Maybe I should play something pianistic or clarinet-ish."

"No. Maybe just a phrase if it fits, but your own. Well, let's do a version of it on the tape, and see what happens."

Giuffre moves back to the recorder to switch it on. Then he announces, for the benefit of the microphone, "*Trio in Flux*"—and then laughs: "Trio influx—too many trios."

The opening is sharp and strong. Giuffre hits a long note, making it more than one by loosening his embouchure and sounding its overtones. (He has written it in the score: "overtones, loosen embouchure.") In the improvising, Friedman takes off in a humorous flutter of notes, and



Gary Peacock

Giuffre scurries behind him in imitation. Then they are both into strong melodies in the middle register. Next Giuffre darts high, then low. And at one point Friedman augments a strong chord with the additional sound of the clap of the piano top as he slams it back into place.

Friedman not only lets each piano phrase move with its own rhythm and momentum, separate from the next, and without benefit of a steady tempo, but he can let each phrase swing with real jazz rhythm. That capacity and his open wit fit this music excellently.

Giuffre gradually diminishes a note into silence, and they all know the section is over. A pause. Then Peacock leads into the next section for piano and bass. Here the busy improvisation takes on an intermittent third part, shared equally by Peacock's occasional percussive sounds thumped on the side of his bass and Friedman's discreet manipulation of his piano top. A little bit of overdoing, and these effects might become grim or even ridiculous, of course,

but the two handle them with musical taste and feeling. Then the bassist is using his bow, and Friedman occasionally strums the piano strings with his fingers and fingernails as new sounds and textures emerge.

Suddenly there is a disruptive, flapping sound as the tape runs off in the next room. Giuffre rushes in, turns off the machine, and is back for the last notes of the duo.

They are into the last session, with all three men participating. All the lines are still clear and independent but interrelated. Peacock's sustained final note and Friedman's reverberations finish it.

"Everybody ready to hear that?" the leader asks, moving toward the tape recorder in the next room.

"Yeah, I'd like to hear that," says Peacock. Friedman nods in agreement.

The tape is rolling on the playback. The three musicians listen. A crescendo followed by a pause finds Giuffre with his arms raised, shaking both his hands and thrusting out his right foot, smiling broadly. The music ends jarringly at the point where the tape had run out.

"You sure learn a lot from hearing yourself back right away," Giuffre says to mutual nods.

Giuffre returns from the kitchen with three small glasses of beer, and the musicians unwind with small talk. "Hey, do you realize we are a West Coast trio?"

AT A PAUSE, Peacock begins to speak seriously and almost formally on the music: "You know, I have the feeling that the volume of this music creates a weight, regardless of which register you're playing in. Ordinarily, the lower parts of the piano, say, are heavy, and the upper notes are light. But in this music I don't feel that at all. Here, loud in any register, high or low, is heavy. Quiet, high or low, is lightweight. Of course, I don't have the range of dynamics on bass that the other instruments have."

"Well," Giuffre contributes, "the bass in this music is definitely called upon to play three or four times as loud as in any other, and it usually takes a player a while to realize that."

"There was a very good thing that happened in our duo," Friedman says to Peacock. "When I played down, you went up high; when I played high, you went low; when I went slow, you moved faster. . . ."

"Fine," Giuffre says, "as long as it doesn't get monotonous or seem mechanical. Or as long as one man doesn't take over and dominate the music."

Peacock is back to Friedman's thought, saying:

"The point I wanted to bring out is that I can get presence—I can get the audience to hear me clearly—by playing low when you're high, high when you're low, by leaving holes, and so forth. But that in itself has nothing to do with the music necessarily. Then, I can play something that does fit musically but doesn't have presence and isn't heard. It's essentially my problem, I know, and not yours." He gestures toward Giuffre and Friedman.

"Also you are usually microphoned," says Friedman, "and here you're not. . . ."

"No, not in this music," Giuffre says, emphatically.

"I don't know whether we're playing too loud," he adds, pointing to himself and Friedman.

"No," Peacock decides, "the bass player has to hear how he is situated within the musical context and play accordingly."

The room holds a pause for a couple of beats, after which Giuffre speaks for the three of them: "Let's do some more." Peacock wiggles his eyebrows in assent. Friedman moves to the piano.

Giuffre is in the rear again to start the tape recorder. Friedman, a gleam in both eyes, slyly starts blocking out some chords. Peacock starts to walk along behind him. After about 30 seconds of this conventionality, the pianist is complaining, "I'm tired already."

Giuffre re-enters, saying, "Look, before we do the piece again, want to try playing something, just the two of you for a little bit? Want me to listen?"

Peacock turns to Friedman and says, "Let's play the duet." Immediately they go into the second part of *Trio in Flux*. Each of Friedman's crisp phrases swings its own way. And Peacock's musical logic carries its momentum in complement.

"I didn't notice any lack of presence that time," the bassist says at the end.

"I think you're right," Giuffre agrees. "But the piano has so many overtones in this room that they blotted you out sometimes. It was partly the room, partly the material, and partly the instrument. Now, after all this talk, let's do another tape."

They are into the piece. This time Giuffre has moved from the piano's curve and stands behind Friedman's keyboard, in the midst of the group and its suspended sounds.

When each section of *Trio in Flux* is over, each player knows it almost intuitively, and all three turn to the next written part together. And there is never any doubt for a listener either when the group's free exploration of a section is over emotionally or musically.

The piece is finished, and Friedman says quietly, "That was sure a lot different from the first time."

Giuffre takes a step toward the recorder in the next room, commenting, "I think we did all the things we talked about doing." CB

Jimmy Giuffre



JAZZ BASICS

Part 3 of a continuing history
of jazz on record/By Don
DeMicheal and Pete Welding

DUKE ELLINGTON, *The Ellington Era, Vol. 1* (Columbia C3L-27); *At His Very Best* (RCA Victor 1715)

If Fletcher Henderson pioneered the approach to big-band jazz that has been followed by virtually every jazz orchestra since his time, it was Duke Ellington who, from his earliest years as a bandleader-composer-arranger some three decades ago, worked out the second major orchestral jazz style.

Ellington's approach consisted of cutting across section lines to achieve the pungent and delicate orchestral voicings his impressionistic style dictated. It was a style of astonishing subtlety and infinite tonal and coloristic variety, a style that grew naturally out of the composer's conception of the orchestra as an entity (not merely a grouping of instrumental sections or soloists) and of his uniquely personal compositional approach.

At their best, Ellington's compositions are miniature tone poems, organic wholes that are either built around and support a series of solo statements or are designed to set off the improvisational talents of a single artist (and for whose special abilities the piece was individually tailored). Among the latter are such lovely and effective efforts as *Clarinet Lament* (which features clarinetist Barney Bigard), *Echoes of Harlem* and *Concerto for Cootie* (designed to spotlight the trumpet of Cootie Williams), and *Boy Meets Horn* (trumpeter Rex Stewart's showcase).

Above all, however, were the remarkably lyrical songs that Ellington has turned out with astonishing prolixity during his entire career and

whose soaring, graceful, airy melodies have so enriched the popular music of America—such delightful compositions as *Mood Indigo*, *It Don't Mean a Thing, Drop Me Off in Harlem*, *Solitude*, *I Let a Song Go out of My Heart*, *The Gal from Joe's*, *Prelude to a Kiss*, and *Sophisticated Lady*, among scores of other examples of superior popular songs that the pianist has produced and continues to do.

Ellington has been blessed with an orchestra that has responded to every challenge he has posed it, and the truly astonishing thing about his orchestra has been that so many distinctly individual solo talents have been able and willing to submerge their personalities in his music and act in concert so superbly, producing in the process performances that are masterpieces of group interaction. It has been wisely said that his orchestra is Ellington's real instrument—all his great works have been conceived as orchestral wholes and have depended for their success on a fine, delicate meshing of all the parts.

In addition to the excellence of the Ellington group achievements, a glittering array of soloists have further contributed to the band's palpable artistry; among the band's great trumpeters have been Bubber Miley (master of the growling, human-sounding horn), Williams, Freddy Jenkins, and Stewart; trombonists Joe Nanton, Juan Tizol, and Lawrence Brown; reed men Bigard, Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, and Ben Webster; bassist Jimmy Blanton; and drummer Sonny Greer.

The three-LP Columbia set is made up of 48 selections and spans a time period from March, 1927, through early 1940, when the band began recording for RCA Victor.

The progression of the orchestra from a small, ragged band of good soloists into the polished, sophisticated unit it became and Ellington's own development into the most arresting composer-orchestrator jazz has produced are handily charted in the course of the selections, which range from the *East St. Louis Toodle-oo* and *Hop Head* of the band's first Columbia recording session to *Sophisticated Lady* and *Stormy Weather* from its February, 1940, recording date. In between are some of the most delightful, vital, and viable orchestral performances jazz has produced.

The RCA Victor set continues where the Columbia album leaves off and contains some magnificent samples of the work produced during what many consider the Ellington band's golden years—1940 through '42—



such classic pieces of Ellingtonia as *Jack the Bear*, *Ko-Ko* (particularly stunning), *Concerto for Cootie* (perhaps better known in its song setting, *Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me*), *Harlem Air Shaft*, and *Warm Valley*.

Additionally, the album contains the band's 1944 recording of excerpts from Ellington's first large-scale tone poem, *Black, Brown, and Beige*; its 1927 recording of *The Mooche* (featuring the wordless vocal of Adelaide Hall and Miley's vocally inflected trumpet); and a 1946 work, *Transbluency*, containing vocal work by Kay Davis and Joya Sherrill.

Further recommendations: A pair of fine collections of the Ellington band's work from its 1940s' association with RCA Victor are currently available and nicely supplement the cited Victor set. These are *In a Mellowtone*, 1364, (heartily recommended) and the two-LP set *The Indispensable Duke Ellington*, 6009. Both sets contain music of a consistently high order of artistry, for the Ellington output has been astonishing both quantitatively and qualitatively. (Columbia, for example, has plans to issue another multi-LP set of Ellington material this year.)

The composer's earliest work is documented on *The Birth of Big-Band Jazz* (Riverside 129), which also contains samples of early Fletcher Henderson music.

BENNY GOODMAN, *Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert* (Columbia 160)

In 1936 the United States was beginning to pull itself out of the depression that crashed down in 1929. And a young jazz clarinetist, originally from Chicago but who, since the beginning of the depression, had found haven in New York's radio studios, began a cross-country tour with a big

band that was to make his name and the name given his music by a press agent household words—Benny Goodman and swing.

It was Goodman who was most responsible for making the country aware of the stimulation available to dancers and listeners from a big band. He certainly did not invent the big band or the music called swing—much of his band's popularity was hinged on Fletcher Henderson's arrangements and approach, and there were big "swing" bands before his—but it was Goodman who became the most popular figure in the big-band field during the '30s.

Neither the clarinetist nor his band (which included excellent jazzmen such as Harry James, Gene Krupa, and Jess Stacy) were innovators, but Goodman and the others built personal styles of high order from those who preceded them—Goodman had his Jimmie Noone and Frank Teschemacher, James his Armstrong, Krupa his Baby Dodds and Chick Webb, Stacy his Earl Hines; each in turn influenced many young musicians in the '30s.

In addition to his big band, Goodman displayed his prodigious talent in small-group settings also, first in trio context, then in a quartet, and later in quintet, sextet, and septet forms.

Two of the members of the first Goodman quartet were more than musicians of extraordinary talents—pianist Teddy Wilson and vibraharpist Lionel Hampton. Wilson took off where Hines had left off and developed jazz piano to a high point of sophistication. Hampton was the first to play a high caliber of jazz on vibes.

This two-record set was cut at Goodman's first Carnegie Hall concert

in December, 1937, at the peak of the band's popularity. The band tracks display the power and precision of the Goodman organization, and the presence of an audience, with the consequent crowd reactions to the music, gives the performances an excitement missing from the band's studio recordings of the same time.

But as stimulating as the big-band tracks are (at times the feeling almost becomes one of hysteria as Krupa becomes overexcited and rushes the tempo), it is the small-band performances that contain the best jazz (this despite consistently excellent playing by the leader and James, and one of the finest Stacy piano solos on record, that on *Sing, Sing, Sing*, the band's big hit of the time). The trio and quartet tracks vary from the slightly up-dated Chicago style of *China Boy* to the precision playing of *Dizzy Spells*. In most of the trio and quartet performances, as in those by the band, there is an air of tenseness, but, then, this was the way it usually was in those days with Goodman.

The album also offers two exquisite tracks by non-Goodman soloists: Bobby Hackett's touching re-creation of Beiderbecke's *I'm Comin'*, Virginia and Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, and Cootie Williams on *Blue Reverie*, a fine bit of small-band Ellington (both the Hackett and Ellingtonian performances were part of a history of jazz offered the Carnegie Hall audience). There also are some relaxed choruses on *Honeysuckle Rose*, presented as a jam session, by Lester Young, Count Basie, Hodges, and Buck Clayton.

Further recommendations: Goodman's *Jazz Concert No. 2, 1937/38* (Columbia 180) is another two-LP set, these taken from broadcasts by



the Goodman band, trio, and quartet. Many of the original Goodman records of the '30s are available on several Victor albums by the clarinetist.

COUNT BASIE, *Lester Young with Count Basie* (Epic 6031)

The Basie band, fresh from Kansas City's Reno club, lacked the spit and polish of its 1936 rivals in the big-band field—bands such as Goodman's and Jimmie Lunceford's—but Basie had something that has made the records his band cut during the swing era stand up well over the years—a flowing, graceful swing. And Lester Young.

The Basie band, then and now, has been, at root, another version of the Fletcher Henderson-Don Redman approach to the big jazz band—that is, a compartmentalized group with sections juxtaposed in antiphony, playing background to soloists, or joined in common purpose. But the Basie—or Kansas City—concept of how a rhythm section should perform was like a fresh breeze in the tensed swing world of the '30s. One need only play the records of the other bands of the time to hear in contrast the suppleness of Basie's rhythm section (made up of himself, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Walter Page, bass; and Jo Jones, drums). Added to the resilience of the rhythm was the relaxation that

(Continued on page 40)



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 initiated 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.

Ahmed Abdul-Malik

THE EASTERN MOODS OF AHMED ABDUL-MALIK: *Summertime; Ancient Scene; Magrebi; Sa-Ra-Ga Ya-Hindi; Shoof Habebe.*

Personnel: Bilal Abdurrahman, alto saxophone, clarinet, reed flute, percussion; Abdul-Malik, bass, oud; William Henry Allen, bass, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Beyond being a particularly agile and inventive jazz bassist, Abdul-Malik is a fascinating and complex musical personality, as this and his previous recordings reveal.

His far-ranging interest in music—all music—has led him to study intensively various non-Occidental musical disciplines, which he has solidified into a personal idiom that draws on the full breadth of his musical experiences. He may alarm the purists—surely he confounds them. But that's all right; his music speaks for itself.

His trio—which I had the pleasure of hearing at a Chicago club, the Alhambra, last year in one of its few appearances anywhere—embraces a wide range of moods and colors.

Abdurrahman commands several reed instruments, and while he may not be a strong jazzman, he does use them personally, sensitively, and to the best expressive ends of Abdul-Malik's music.

The disc's first side is the more jazz-related, and the two pieces that comprise it, *Summertime* and *Scene*, demonstrate the arresting blend the bassist has effected between Eastern musics and jazz. Over Abdul-Malik's pulsing, harmonically rich bass work, Abdurrahman develops the themes in a relatively straightforward manner on alto (even to a more or less "legitimate" tone) but obtains much more arresting results when he switches to reed flute, for not only is the sound nasal and ululant, but his playing becomes much more sinuous and adventurous as well.

Several moods are evoked on *Summertime* as a result of the use of the two instruments, and there are some interesting effects set up by the superimposition of the reed flute's quarter tones over Abdul-Malik's bass, which runs the tune's chord changes.

The second side of the album finds the leader switching to the Sudanese oud. Here the music is only distantly related to jazz, being as it is Abdul-Malik's personalizations of the various ethnic musics he has studied and absorbed.

The three selections on this side are even more absorbing performances than the others, I found, for they seem more natural, spontaneous, and, in a sense, unforced than the alliance of jazz and Eastern music on the other two. The leader's oud playing is, moreover, more "involved" and intense than the work of Abdurrahman.

Though this music is really not difficult of access, it is suggested that the listener

play these selections several times in order to absorb their feeling and let the musical logic reveal itself slowly. (P.W.)

Georgie Auld

HERE'S TO THE LOSERS—Philips 200-116 and 600-116: *Here's to the Losers; In the Wee Small Hours; That Old Feeling; Everything Happens to Me; Drinking Again; Blue and Sentimental; Learnin' the Blues; For Losers and Boozers; One for My Baby.*

Personnel: Auld, tenor saxophone; Larry Bunker, vibraharp; Lou Levy, piano; Johnny Gray, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

As a low-keyed, unpretentious set, this comes off very well. By its very nature, it is not exciting, but it is easygoing and pleasant.

The closest the group comes to digging into anything is in its slowly rocking, back-room treatment of *One*. The rest of the way Auld plays a heavy-toned, breathy tenor most of the time relieved by an occasional touch of contrastingly tasteful delicacy from Gray on guitar, Bunker on vibes, and Levy on piano.

This is less a follow-up to Auld's earlier *Plays the Winners* on Philips than a view of the opposite side of the coin, and, as a result, the bright, fresh, sinuously swinging quality that made *Winners* a winner is not much in evidence this time. (J.S.W.)

Miles Davis-Gil Evans

QUIET NIGHTS—Columbia 2106 and 8906: *Song 2; Once upon a Summertime; Aoi Pes Da Cruz; Song 1; Wait till You See Her; Corcovado (Quiet Nights); Summer Night.*

Personnel: Track 1-6—Davis, trumpeter. Unidentified orchestra, Evans, conductor. Track 7—Davis, trumpeter; Victor Feldman, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Frank Butler, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is a curious and not entirely satisfying album. The unsigned liner notes imply, while failing to make anything clear, that some or all the orchestral tracks could have been recorded two or three years ago—including, we are told, "most likely the first bossa nova music recorded in the country."

The Evans tone-color cornucopia, though inevitably less startlingly fresh in its impact today than in 1957, makes a superb backdrop for Davis; yet on the whole the matter of these performances falls far below the level of the manner. The first track, for instance, is a 95-second trifle that is finished before it has lasted long enough to set a mood, let alone sustain one. *Wait till You See Her* is given a strange long-meter treatment.

Of the two bossa nova tracks, *Cruz* is by far the more effective, with Davis in an assertive mood that even includes touches of Harry Edison-like bent tones. The title number, perhaps because of the very inventiveness and harmonic audacity of Evans' orchestration, loses some of the simple charm that was its essence in several previous versions.

Perhaps the most successful track, meas-

ured by the yardstick of earlier Davis-Evans collaborations and the moods they created, is *Once upon a Summertime*, a somber minor performance in which Davis, the horns, harp, and ensemble are ingeniously interwoven. The Evans flair is also in full bloom on *Song No. 1*, though this is not the best track for Miles.

The final track is played by the Brooder with a rhythm section. George Coleman, listed in the personnel, is not heard. Both Miles, muted of course, and Feldman, accompanying and soloing with his customary sensitivity, achieve a consistent level of lyrical beauty throughout the six minutes. For no good reason the mood is abruptly broken at the end because Davis' comments were not edited out of the tape.

Caveat emptor department: the entire album offers less than 27 minutes of music. Evidently half an LP cut with Evans was spread thin enough, with the help of the quartet track, to stretch it over two sides. (L.G.F.)

Tommy Dorsey

THE NEW TOMMY DORSEY ORCHESTRA—RCA Victor 2830: *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You; Opus 1; A Lot of Livin' to Do; The Best Things in Life Are Free; Song of India; On the Sunny Side of the Street; Body and Soul; Marie; Just One of Those Things; Lonesome Road; Sister Kate; My Melancholy Baby; Well, Git It!*

Personnel: Charlie Shavers, trumpeter; Larry O'Brien, trombone; Sam Donahue, tenor saxophone; Pied Pipers, Helen Forrest, Jeannie Thomas, vocals; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Recorded on location at the Americana Hotel in New York City, complete with billboard-style introductions, this set proves that what seems like a pleasant nostalgic evening in person does not stand up under the closer scrutiny of an LP.

Obviously the performance must be judged as show-biz rather than jazz or even pop music. But it is impossible to listen to a Sy Oliver arrangement or a copied Dorsey solo without judging it in terms of the original. Whatever its musical limitations, the Dorsey band was a well-oiled, well-drilled machine. In its present reincarnation O'Brien does an adequate imitation of Dorsey; Shavers is poorly represented with one brief track; the new leader, Donahue, gives a pummeling to *Body and Soul* that is excruciating—and inexcusable coming from a musician who knows better.

In numbers like *Opus 1*, which swung so beautifully in the originals, the rhythm section never quite settles down. Only in the first chorus of *Sunny Side* does the band get a good approximation of the old feeling.

The saxes are out of tune on the intro to Miss Thomas' *Lot of Livin'*. The brass section punches well at times, though the recording is not up to studio quality.

The tail that wags the dog (commercially at least) is missing: there is no appearance by Frank Sinatra Jr., which is some-

what like presenting the Will Mastin Trio without Sammy Davis Jr. Most of the second side is taken up by Miss Forrest, who never sang with Dorsey.

The notes ask for trouble by claiming that Dorsey was "one of the four giants of the Swing Era" whose music has lasted, the others being Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, and Benny Goodman. (This makes Duke Ellington, Jimmie Lunceford, Count Basie, and Woody Herman the four dwarfs of the era.) It is unfair to imply that the arrangements "have retained their freshness," since only five of the 12 numbers heard in full were part of the old Dorsey repertoire. To decide whether or not those five have indeed remained valid in the context of today's music, it would be more prudent to buy the originals. Ironically, they are available on the same label.

(L.G.F.)

Kenny Dorham

UNA MAS—Blue Note 4127 and 84127: *Una Mas; Straight Ahead; Sao Paulo*.
 Personnel: Dorham, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Anthony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Una Mas, taking up the first side, is a quarter-hour excursion on a 16-bar theme, the last two minutes being a one-more-time ensemble repeat a la *April in Paris* (hence the title). Moderately paced, with a bossa nova touch noticeable but never obtrusive, it is one of those rare performances on which the opportunity to stretch out was a welcome advantage rather than a pathway to boredom.

Dorham and Henderson extend themselves for about four minutes apiece, the

former with good sound, logical ideas, and a reasonable degree of consistency, the latter most impressively and with an even keener sense of continuity. Dorham's estimate of Henderson as one of the finest young tenor men to come up since Wayne Shorter is accurate. Henderson is impressive again on the faster 32-bar *Straight Ahead*, playing as if he knows just where he is going and has no need of strained effects or tonal gimmicks.

Sao Paulo, though thematically less interesting than the other two tracks (because of its similarity to other themes in this groove), still has the dominant characteristics of the album: an exceptionally cohesive and stimulating rhythm section and a generally convincing atmosphere.

Young Williams has a dynamic strength and flowing beat that are, coming from one his age, little short of numbing. His work in the closing ensembles on *Straight Ahead* symbolizes the togetherness of the whole set.

(L.G.F.)

Duke Ellington

THE SYMPHONIC ELLINGTON—Reprise 6097: *Night Creature; Nonviolent Integration; La Scala; She Too Pretty to Be Blue; Harlem*.

Personnel: Cat Anderson, Roy Burrowes, Cootie Williams, trumpets; Ray Nance, cornet, violin; Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, trombones; Chuck Connors, bass trombone; Russell Procope, Paul Gonsalves, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; Ernie Shepard, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums; unidentified members of symphony orchestras of Paris, Hamburg, and Stockholm and the La Scala Opera Orchestra of Milan.

Rating: ★★★★★

First it should be pointed out that both the title and subtitle of the album are misleading. *Symphonic Ellington* conjures up

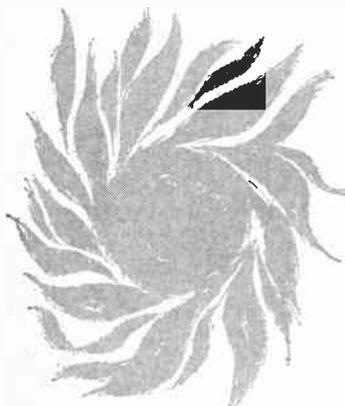
a vague and inaccurate picture of some kind of Third Stream music. This is nothing of the sort: it is one-stream music, and the stream is jazz—or rather Ellingtonia, the highest reservoir from which that stream can flow. The subtitle, *Duke Ellington and His Orchestra and 500 of Europe's Finest Musicians*, has Hollywood-quantity-before-quality overtones that are belied by the music. At no time can 500 musicians be heard; even if 500 were actually used altogether, in the course of the four performances, which is doubtful, the music never gives this impression of vastness of pretension.

What Ellington presents here is not an amalgamation of his music with a symphonic or Third Stream approach but more simply an extension of his own orchestra through the inclusion of a large string section, woodwinds, etc.

The two long works are *Night Creature* and *Harlem*. The former, first performed with the Symphony of the Air at Carnegie Hall in 1955, has never been released on records. Although the whimsical, tongue-in-cheek liner comments by Ellington give this work the stamp of program music, essentially it is a performance to be studied and enjoyed subjectively without reference to etymological overtones.

The main theme in the first movement is a simple and most attractive phrase that predates, by two or three years, a *West Side Story* melody that may come to mind.

The third movement, recorded in Paris (the other two were taped in Stockholm), makes fuller use of the orchestra and builds



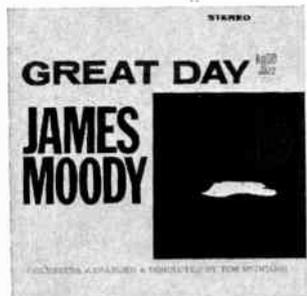
GENE SHAW
 DEBUT IN BLUES LP & LPS 726



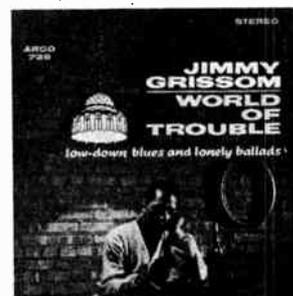
HERMAN FOSTER TRIO
 READY AND WILLING LP & LPS 727



HANK JONES
 HERE'S LOVE LP & LPS 728



JAMES MOODY
 GREAT DAY LP & LPS 725



JIMMY GRISSOM
 WORLD OF TROUBLE LP & LPS 729

ARGO'S FINE CROP OF NEW RELEASES

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

ARGO RECORDS

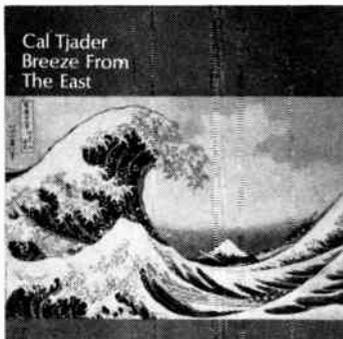
2120 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 16, Illinois

WINNERS ALL! New Sounds!

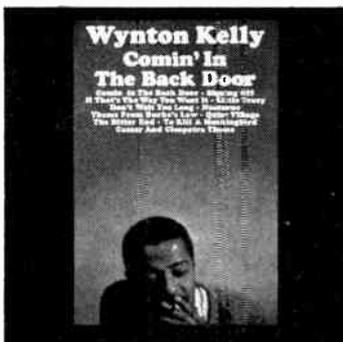


**OSCAR PETERSON
& NELSON RIDDLE**

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 Metrc-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc.

to a brilliantly explosive climax. The whole work, though by no means experimental in the Gunther Schuller sense, is a complete success in terms of its apparent objective, i.e., the incorporation of the added instrumentation into the basic Ellington concept.

Harlem was previously recorded in 1952 with the regular Ellington band. It would be difficult to improve on the original in terms of structural value and maintenance of mood. The new interpretation achieves the same ends through more ambitious means. The 14-minute composition remains what it always was—a majestic work, one in which, despite the many changes of direction, the prevailing over-all mood is one of wistfulness. As in *Night Creature*, there are enough first-rate solos by the Ellington perennials to place the stamp of the orchestra firmly on the performance.

I have heard it said that *Harlem* seems formless, but this is a matter of how many times you listen to it. Form, in the final analysis, can mean simply continuity of musical interest, and since *Harlem* never wanders and never loses sight of this central objective, it succeeds in achieving this end.

The two shorter pieces are both grounded in the blues. *Integration*, first performed under a less topical title in 1949, is a simple blues played here with the Hamburg Symphony Orchestra, with admirable contributions by Hodges, Hamilton, and Gonsalves, as well as a solo by Cooper to which a somewhat confused (because of underrecording) background is added by part of the symphony orchestra. There is also a brief solo, with poor presence, by an unidentified oboist who is not in the same league with Yusef Lateef.

La Scala is six minutes of major and minor blues, with superb solos by Procope on clarinet (New Orleans style—probably Albert system), Gonsalves, Brown, and the indomitable Williams, who happily sounds exactly as if he had never spent those 22 years away from the band.

Some of the writing for strings recalls the blues work done along these lines by Andre Previn (notably in the original he did for his tribute-to-Ellington album).

Luther Henderson, who was credited in the Carnegie Hall program for having orchestrated *Night Creature*, is not mentioned here. He deserves to be. But the power and the glory of this album still belong to one man.

These sides represent an important step forward for Ellington. It is not difficult to find areas in which writing, performance, and recording might have been strengthened (the notes point out that *La Scala* was a last-minute rush job both in writing and rehearsal), yet the results are largely successful in that they provide an exciting, provocative album different from anything we have heard before from Ellington or any of his contemporaries and emulators.

It can only be hoped that he will take time to continue building along the same lines, for no man on earth is better qualified than he to develop to optimum value the new musical dimension with which he here identifies himself.
(L.G.F.)

Dizzy Gillespie-Double Six
DIZZY GILLESPIE AND THE DOUBLE SIX OF PARIS—Philips 200-106 and 600-106: *Ow*; *The Champ*; *Emanon*; *Anthropology*; *Tin Tin Deo*; *One-Bass Hit*; *Two-Bass Hit*; *Groovin' High*; *Oo-shoo-be-doo-be*; *Hot House*; *Con Alma*; *Blue 'n' Boogie*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-8, 10, 12—Gillespie, trumpet; Bud Powell, piano; Pierre Michelot, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums; Lalo Schifrin, arrangements; Mimi Perrin, Claudine Barge, Christiane Legrand, Ward Swingle, Robert Smart, Jean-Claude Briodin, Eddy Louise, vocals. Tracks 9, 11—James Moody, tenor saxophone; Kenny Barron, piano; Chris White, bass; Rudy Collins, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is a unique and unprecedented album in two respects. It marks the first time a major jazz horn man has teamed with a bop-singing group for vocalese versions of his own works; and it is the first successful jazz record ever to confront the American listener with a language barrier.

The result is sensational. Miss Perrin deserves, at the very least, the Legion d'Honneur for her role. She worked with Schifrin on the choral arrangements and contributes in her own personal and impeccable sound the solos of Charlie Parker on *Hot House* and *Groovin' High* and James Moody's solo on *Emanon*. She, Miss Barge, and Louise sing the unison passages with Gillespie in the tracks based on small-combo arrangements. For the numbers based on big-band charts, the singers did overdubbing to fill out the voicing in an approximation of the originals.

The results impress partly as a technical tour de force, and the Double Six must be respected for its accuracy and peerless intonation, but these values are a means to an artistically complete end.

All the lyrics are based on science-fiction ideas. Unfortunately, since even Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan are incomprehensible half the time unless lyrics are printed on the back of the album, it is impossible to follow the stories even if one speaks reasonably fluent French. Too bad the French lyrics couldn't have been issued on a separate leaflet, Berlitz style. Undoubtedly this would have added an important dimension facilitating full appreciation of the resourcefulness that went into these consistently swinging renovations of a dozen Gillespie hits of the 1940s. Gillespie is part or sole composer of all but three of the numbers.

Whatever the virtues of the Double Six, musically or lyrically, these performances depend for most of their success on the interaction between Gillespie and the group. How, when, and where his contributions were made is not made clear (the listings note that the album was recorded in New York and Chicago as well as Paris), but throughout there is a delightful common feeling that ties horn and voices together. As a soloist Gillespie remains one of the wonders of the century. His first blowing chorus on *Ow*, for example, is a masterpiece of construction, ideation, and continuity, and the controlled yet seemingly effortless fluency in the blues blowing on *Boogie* is a total gas.

There are minor flaws. The two tracks with Gillespie's regular group don't come off quite as well, and the chief solo appearances by Bud Powell are by no means his best on record. By and large, though,

the Parisian rhythm section offers strong support, with Michelot in good form on *One-Bass Hit* and Clarke as dependable as ever.

This is the most important album of its kind since Lambert-Hendricks-Ross turned vocal-group work upside down in 1958. It is musical; it is clean; it has a strong element of humor; and it is never unnecessarily diffuse—in fact, this is one of those occasions when it is a pleasure to find a dozen tracks in an album. Felicitations to tout le monde. (L.G.F.)

Vince Guaraldi-Bola Sete

GUARALDI, SETE, AND FRIENDS—Fantasy 3356: *Days of Wine and Roses*; *Star Song*; *Mambossa*; *Moon Rays*; *Casaba*.

Personnel: Guaraldi, piano; Sete, guitar; Fred Marshall, bass; Jerry Granelli, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The recorded meeting of Sete, the brilliant Brazilian guitarist, and Guaraldi, a muscularly lyrical pianist, was sure to result in music of high order. The warm, limpid, uncloying lyricism that informs this set is tribute enough to the compatibility of the two musicians.

What the disc represents, however, is a meeting on a neutral ground located somewhere between Brazilian music and jazz, with the musical result being more soothing than stimulating. Without in any way intending to slight or demean the considerable talents of both Guaraldi and Sete, I cannot help but look upon this recording as something of a misalliance that has had the happy result of producing a superior brand of Latin-tinged mood jazz.

The music the pair have produced is enjoyable in the extreme: certainly it has afforded me much pleasure. Bright, dancing, airy, joyous, and done with impeccable taste and musicianship—yes. Profound—no. This set is a stunning example of light music performed superbly and can be recommended unreservedly on those grounds.

The two principals play beautifully, the soaring, transparent decorations of Sete being offset and then amplified by Guaraldi in his supporting and solo work. The two men work well together; would that they had chosen more challenging material. Still, it's the nature of a compromise. . . . Bassist Marshall, who has a fine solo on Guaraldi's *Casaba*, and drummer Granelli are decided assets.

I found the brittle, piercing sound Guaraldi's piano was given in the recording process disturbing. But perhaps that's how he and Fantasy's a&r staff hear piano.

Now, when is Fantasy going to present Sete in another collection of the bossa nova material he performs so magnificently? (P.W.)

Woody Herman

WOODY HERMAN, 1964—Philips 200-118 and 600-118: *Hallelujah Time*; *Deep Purple*; *Jazz Hoot*; *A Taste of Honey*; *Satin Doll*; *After You've Gone*; *The Strut*; *My Wish*; *Cousins*.

Personnel: Bill Chase, Billy Hunt, Paul Fontaine, Gerald Lamy, Danny Nolan, trumpets; Phil Wilson, Henry Southall, Kenny Wenzel, trombones; Herman, clarinet, alto saxophone; Sal Nistico, Carmen Leggio, John Stevens, tenor saxophones; Nick Brignola, baritone saxophone; Nat Pierce, piano; Chuck Andrus, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The current Herman Herd continues on its rampage in this set, although there are moments when the sound and fury tend to

signify little more than an effort to follow a train of thought that has proved effective on previous Herman discs.

The big item this time is a delightfully imaginative arrangement by Bill Holman of—of all things—*After You've Gone*. Starting (and ending) with a deceptively seductive Herman subtone clarinet with celeste accompaniment, the arrangement roars through some fascinating voicings and maintains a gloriously happy feeling all the way. It is one of the most effective up-datings of a standard that anyone has achieved.

Trombonist Wilson is just along for the ride on *Gone*, but his horn is, as it has been before, the most distinctive sound on most of the disc. He has a wildly growling bit on *Strut*, a beautiful, leisurely, yet gutty solo on *Wish*, and some soaring, high, wide, and muted playing on *Cousins*.

Leggio and Nistico have a number of tenor solos—*Hallelujah* is a chase between them—with Leggio maintaining a light, fluent, Lesterian attack while Nistico holds to a harder, darker style that is more limiting.

Herman's alto turns up on *Purple*, which has a Jimmie Lunceford type of opening, from which Herman emerges with a tonal texture that is reminiscent of Willie Smith. The richer, Johnny Hodges side of his alto takes over on *Wish*.

The band, as usual, has a tremendous rhythmic wallop and produces ensembles that are consistently clean and bright. (J.S.W.)

Elvin Jones-Jimmy Garrison

ILLUMINATION—Impulse 49: *Nuttin' Out Jones*; *Oriental Flower*; *Half and Half*; *Aborigine Dance in Scotland*; *Gettin' on Way*; *Just Us Blues*.

Personnel: Prince Lasha, flute, clarinet; Sonny Simmons, alto saxophone, English horn; Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Garrison, bass; Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Provocative ensemble statements are scattered through this set—notably on *Half*, *Aborigine*, and *Way*—but the solos are so consistently aimless that the merit of the ensemble work is wasted.

Simmons gets most of the solo space (or maybe it just seems as though he is always playing), which he devotes to harsh flutters, bleeps, and sudden runs in a sort of modified Eric Dolphy manner.

Davis has a couple of solos, which are generally capable if not particularly stimulating. Tyner does a pleasant job on his own exotic *Flower*, but what might be a good solo is jarred by the intrusion of Jones' overrecorded brushes. Lasha stays in the background most of the time. Jones has one long solo (*Aborigine*).

It's amazing that a group that can dream up as attractively imaginative ensemble statements as some of these seems to be reduced to triteness once the ensemble is past. (J.S.W.)

Gary McFarland

POINT OF DEPARTURE—Impulse 46: *Pecos Pete*; *David and Lisa*; *Sandpiper*; *Amour Tormentoso*; *Schlock-House Blues*; *I Love to Say Her Name*; *Hello to the Season*.

Personnel: Willie Dennis, trombone; Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone, oboe; McFarland, vibraharp; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

After making a strong impression in his

BLUE NOTE

1st Name in Jazz

Exciting . . . Original
ONE STEP BEYOND

A new album by
JACKIE McLEAN



With Grachan Moncur III, trombone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Eddie Khan, bass; Anthony Williams, drums.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY/FRANKENSTEIN/
BLUE RONDO/GHOST TOWN.
BLP 4137 (BST 84137)

OTHER RECENT RELEASES

KENNY DORHAM UNA MAS	BLP 4127
DEXTER GORDON OUR MAN IN PARIS	BLP 4146
GEORGE BRAITH TWO SOULS IN ONE	BLP 4148
DONALD BYRD AT THE HALF NOTE CAFE—Vol. 2	BLP 4061
STANLEY TURRENTINE NEVER LET ME GO	BLP 4129
FREDDIE HUBBARD HUB-TONES	BLP 4115
GRANT GREEN FEELIN' THE SPIRIT	BLP 4132
JOE HENDERSON PAGE ONE	BLP 4140
JIMMY SMITH ROCKIN' THE BOAT	BLP 4141
HERBIE HANCOCK MY POINT OF VIEW	BLP 4126
SOLOMON ILORI AFRICAN HIGH LIFE	BLP 4136
HORACE SILVER QUINTET SILVER'S SERENADE	BLP 4131
JOHN PATTON ALONG CAME JOHN	BLP 4130
FREDDIE ROACH MO' GREENS PLEASE	BLP 4128
ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS BUHAINA'S DELIGHT	BLP 4104
JACKIE McLEAN LET FREEDOM RING	BLP 4106
KENNY BURRELL MIDNIGHT BLUE	BLP 4123

NEW ALBUMS

GERALD WILSON ORCHESTRA PORTRAITS



PACIFIC JAZZ RECORDS

PJ80/ST80 PORTRAITS/GERALD WILSON ORCHESTRA



PJ78/ST78 SOUL HITS/LES McCANN and JOE PASS

JIM HALL



PACIFIC JAZZ RECORDS

PJ79/ST79 JIM HALL (FEATURING CARL PERKINS)

PACIFIC JAZZ

8715 WEST 3RD STREET/LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

arrangements for a variety of studio groups, McFarland has formed his own sextet, which makes its debut on this disc.

Maybe he should have waited a little before committing his group to anything as permanent as an introductory recording. Not that, by most standards, this is a poor collection. It is, however, one of the less distinctive sets that McFarland has been associated with.

Aside from *Lisa*, it is made up of McFarland originals, which, in themselves, maintain a high level of interest. *Amour*, *Schlock*, and *Season* are particularly worthwhile ideas. But despite having provocative bases, the only one of the seven pieces that holds together all the way through is *Season*, on which, significantly, Raney has one of his few real solo chances, and Kamuca rises above the rather wan level that he displays on other pieces.

The only really distinctive voice that emerges is Dennis, who towers over his colleagues in everything he does, soloing with great imagination and giving ensemble passages a fine sense of body. McFarland is a serviceable vibraphonist who seems to know his own limitations and does not try to reach past them. His best contribution instrumentally is in a moving vibes-and-bass passage with Swallow on *Sandpiper*.

A more judicious use of Raney might help the group considerably and might contribute toward the development of a distinctive group approach that is one thing the sextet seems to need at the moment.

(J.S.W.)

McCoy Tyner

LIVE AT NEWPORT—Impulse 48: *Newport Romp*; *My Funny Valentine*; *All of You*; *Monk's Blues*; *Woody'n You*.

Personnel: Clark Terry, trumpet; Charlie Mariano, alto saxophone; Tyner, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Willis Conover's liner notes would have us believe that Tyner's condition when he arrived onstage at the Newport Jazz Festival last summer—tired and unprepared—somehow stimulated him to some remarkable performances. From this recorded report, it would seem the stimulation came less from his being tired and unprepared (the two trio selections with which Tyner opened his program—*All* and *Blues*—have the mechanical, whacking-away attitude of someone who was tired but, prepared or not, was determined to fulfill a commitment) than from the presence of Terry and Mariano.

When they join him on the other three selections, excellently supported by Roker and particularly by Cranshaw, they stir up a storm in which Tyner unleashes some strong, driving playing (although he seems to wear out on his long solo on *Woody'n*).

Terry, playing a borrowed trumpet, is crisply assertive as he showers his special brand of sparklers through *Romp*, while his work on *Valentine* has a gorgeous texture. Mariano is equally effective on these two pieces, but, like Tyner, he bogs down on *Woody'n*.

Maybe it's too much to expect tiredness and lack of preparation to carry an entire album at top level, but if that was the key, it certainly worked here on *Romp* and *Valentine*.

(J.S.W.)

Various Artists

DUKE ELLINGTON'S "MY PEOPLE"—Contact 1: *Ain't but the One*; *Will You Be There?*; *99%*; *Come Sunday*; *David Danced*; *My Mother*; *My Father*; *Montage*; *My People*; *The Blues Ain't*; *Workin' Blues*; *My Man Sends Me*; *Jail Blues*; *Lovin' Lover*; *King Fit de Battle of Alabama*; *What Color Is Virtue?*

Personnel: Bill Berry, Ray Nance, Ziggy Harrell, Nat Woodard, trumpets; Britt Woodman, John Sanders, Booty Wood, trombones; Russell Procope, Rudy Powell, Bob Freedman, Harold Ashby, Pete Clarke, reeds; Jimmy Jones, piano, conductor; Billy Strayhorn, piano, celeste; Joe Benjamin, bass; Louis Bellson, drums; Juan Amalbert, conga; Jimmy McPhail, Joya Sherrill, Lil Greenwood, Jimmy Grissom, the Irving Bunton Singers, vocals; Bunny Briggs, dancing.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Ellington conceived, wrote the music and (presumably) the lyrics for, and staged *My People* for the Century of Negro Progress exposition in Chicago last August. Derived to some extent from his *Black, Brown, and Beige*, written 20 years ago, *My People* includes two pieces taken directly from *B, B & B—Sunday and Blues*—along with spirituals, blues, a bit of preaching by Ellington himself on the title track, and a socially significant ballad.

This is primarily a vocal album, but one of its most significant and exciting revelations has to do with the band that is heard here: it is actually possible for a band that is not, technically speaking, the Ellington band to capture the Ellington sound, attack, and aura. I throw in that "technically speaking" to cover the pertinent circumstance that the band is made up almost entirely of onetime Ellingtonians along with two for-real contemporary Ellington men as added flavor. Even so, the fact that there could be such a thing as a second-string Ellington band (or possibly "alternate" would be a more gracious word) that is as Ellingtonesque as this one certainly brightens future musical horizons.

The orchestra, as noted, has a secondary role in this situation while McPhail, Grissom, and Miss Sherrill take over.

McPhail is impressively moving on *Sunday*, while Miss Sherrill is brilliant on *Blues* and gives a wonderful reading of a quixotically Ducal quatrain that introduces *Virtue*.

Battle, which Ellington recited at the Newport Jazz Festival last July, is delivered with crisp potency by the Bunton singers, who do a splendid job all through the set. Miss Greenwood has only two very brief singing spots, but she makes them count with a delivery that sparkles with lusty humor.

Ellington's normal suavity (plus the quality in his voice that often makes him sound somewhat like Franklin D. Roosevelt) makes it difficult for him to bury his distinctive personality in the unlikely role of a shouting preacher, but since he is leading into a tongue-in-cheek introduction, it works out all right.

As a lyricist (presuming these are his lyrics) Ellington has enough competence to assume that, like Richard Rodgers, if he could devote his full time to lyric writing, he might do quite well. But, as with Rodgers, his value as a composer is so great that it deserves his primary attention, and let the lyrics develop as they may.

(J.S.W.)

SONGSKRIT

A COLUMN OF VOCAL ALBUM REVIEWS

By JOHN A. TYNAN

Jeannie Hoffman

The premise of *The Folk-Type Swinger* (Capitol 2021) presumably is that folk songs can be swung, which is no news at all. Nonetheless, pianist-vocalist Jeannie Hoffman does a more than creditable job with some familiars and a few obscure items of The Folk.

Miss Hoffman is most effective and convincing in the jazz sense (which is what the treatment is all about) as she delivers her interpretations of such as *Sourwood Mountain*, *Jamaica Farewell*, and *Frankie and Johnny*.

She fares less well with such incongruities as *The Riddle Song*, *Lass from the Low Country*, and, of all things, *Christopher Robin Is Saying His Prayers*, which is about as far from a folk song as one can get.

An excellent and quite swinging jazz pianist, Miss Hoffman sings much more than she plays in the set. This is a pity. But she is backstopped by some lissome woodwinds and a rhythm section, all under the leadership of guitarist Jack Marshall, who wrote, produced, and played on the date.

The accompaniment is appropriate in the context of the total effect, which is to say the album makes for pleasant, light listening.

The rest of the songs are *Sing Hallelujah*; *Waltzing Matilda*; *Billy Boy*; *Come, All Ye Fair and Tender Ladies*; *I Love Little Jimmy*; and *Hush, Little Baby*.

Ruth Olay

This debut of Miss Olay on the Everest label, *Olay! O.K.!!* (Everest 5218) puts one in mind of the old story about the Texan at the funeral service. When the preacher asked the assembled mourners whether any had something to say of the deceased, there was dead silence. Then the Texan rose and broke the hush as he drawled, "Waal, in that case, ah'd like to say a few words about Texas."

In any event, and in similar spirit, this reviewer would like to say a few words about Miss Olay. For some reason Miss Olay's singing seems to get on certain persons' nerves—particularly on the nerves of jazz critics, it would appear.

A jazz singer she's not, although her time is excellent, and she can swing like mad when called upon. But Miss Olay has one of the most impressive voices on tap; it is big and throbbing, with a range that can dip or soar effortlessly. One of her distinctive characteristics is a mad, emotional vibrato that grabs you by the lapels and slaps you against the wall on occasion. One suspects it is the vibrato, so naked, so unconcealed and honest, that most irritates nonfans held over from an era raised on cool, cool unemotional singers of jazz.

In any event, she projects with considerable force of musical personality in this

LP's dozen songs. At times she permits her exuberance to get the better of her judgment and roughs up an ending with all the inhibition of a longshoremen's brawl.

For the most part, though, the album is a good expression of her considerable and highly individual talent.

The arrangements are by Bill Reddie, and the songs are *I Concentrate on You*, *I'll Be Around*, *I Wanna Be Around*, *How Did He Look?*, *Gonna Build a Mountain*, *Invitation to a Dance*, *All by Myself*, *Scarlet Bird in a Yellow Tree*, *The 12th of Never*, *He's My Man*, *Wind and the Sea*, and *Under a Blanket of Blue*.

Marian Montgomery

No shrinking violet is Marian Montgomery, whose second album, *Let There Be Love, Let There Be Swing, Let There Be Marian Montgomery* (Capitol 1982), is a good example of custom-tailored musical accompaniment for a performer's personality. Just as Miss Montgomery seems happiest belting out a lyric full-piped and lusty, the background band is away and romping most of the time to the arrangements of Bob Bain, Gerald Wilson, Dave Cavanaugh (who also produced the session), Jack Marshall, and Van Alexander. No individual arranging credits are listed, however.

On the negative side, there are several very busy scores that are busy for their own sake rather than for the sake of the singer. But on the whole the writing is creditable and certainly pulsating.

The sidemen perform in exemplary fashion. They are Dave Wells and Lew McCreary on trombones and bass trumpets; Manny Klein, fluegelhorn, trumpet; Plas Johnson, tenor saxophone; Mike Melvoin, piano; Jack Marshall, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar, bass (whose performance is a standout); Ray Johnson, organ; Earl Palmer, drums (a great teammate for Vinnegar); and additional percussion by Victor Feldman and Jack Sperling.

Miss Montgomery is an impressive singer, albeit not a very subtle one. She possesses a somewhat nasal quality that occasionally tends to grate but at other times proves effective on a particular song, given her treatment of the number.

In her rendition of *Danke Schoen*, for example, the nasal quality is oddly suited somehow to the "Third Man-ish" cast of the melody, with its singular mid-European tonal personality.

For all her vigor and drive and abundance of youthful zest and ginger, Miss Montgomery exhibits a sameness of appeal from track to track. She is a jazz-oriented singer who in a curious way lacks the true nature of jazz.

The other tracks in the album are the hoary *Bill Bailey*, *Won't You Please Come Home?*; *Hum-Drum Blues*; *There'll Be Some Changes Made*; *Romance in the Dark*; *Kansas City* (which rocks from Bar 1); *They Can't Take That Away from Me*; *Candy* (which Mel Torme wrote to be sung as a ballad but is taken too fast here); *I Wonder*; *All Right, Okay, You Win*; *The Good Life* (taken as a fast waltz, it is one of the best tracks in the set); and *Let There Be Love*.

FROM

Regina

RECORDS

"portraits in jazz" series



a jazz portrait of
CHARLIE MARIANO
I Feel Pretty/The Wind/To Taino/
Goodbye/The Shout/Portrait of an Artist/
Deep in a Dream/Pretty Little Niede/
The Song Is You

R-286

RS-286



a jazz portrait of
ROGER KELLAWAY
Step Right Up/And Elsewhere/Some Old,
Some Old/Cinderella/Broken Wind Mill/
Block Wall Tunnel Blues/Crazy She Calls Me/
Here Today, Gone Tomorrow/Double Fault

R-298

RS-298



a jazz portrait of
EDDIE THOMPSON
Cherry/How Are Things in Glocca Morra?/
Shepherds Pie Time/Mood for Teachers/
Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out To Dry/
Baby Mine/Home Brew/Bread for Ed/
Chile Con Carne

R-299

RS-299

Available on Regina Records

■ Mono \$3.98 ■ Stereo \$4.98

Prepaid — Check or M.O. No CODs
Mail orders accepted by

Triumph Record Club

Dept. DB

80 East 11th St., New York, N.Y. 10003

"Hello, Ben

Snare drums and sock stand were received. I'm crazy about the snare—it's such a great improvement I can't tell you enough how much I like it. As for the sock pedal, I take back what I said. Now that I've used it, I do think it's better than anything around today! My best to the boys at Rogers.



Thanks!"

**IRV
COTTLER***

*TV staff and studio drummer, Hollywood

There's a reason why the big swing's to Rogers. Have you tried Rogers PowerTone or Dyna•Sonic Drums?



740 Bolivar Rd. • Cleveland 15, Ohio

"BUY THE REED WITH THE GROOVES"

Vibrator

uniform grading
easier response
better intonation
longer lasting

MADE IN PARIS OF
FINEST FRENCH CANE

A DIFFERENT KIND OF RECORD CLUB



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

CITADEL RECORD CLUB

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

RECORDS FROM YOUR TAPES

Concerts, recitals, training aids, etc.
economically re-recorded on perma-
nent hi-fidelity discs. For resale, gifts,
mementos. All speeds, any quantity.
Write for Free Folder and Prices

RECORDED PUBLICATIONS LABS.
1332-1344 Pierce Ave., Camden 5, N. J.

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

A COLUMN OF JAZZ REISSUES

By HARVEY PEKAR

Though no revolutionary movement, such as bop, burst upon the jazz scene between 1951 and 1959, there was a steady evolution taking place. Many excellent albums were recorded then, as a recent group of reissues certainly attests. All are on Prestige, a label that must be commended for its outstanding reissue program.

Probably the most important record of the four is the *Clifford Brown Memorial* (Prestige 16008), which contains performances from two 1953 sessions. Brown is featured on one side with Art Farmer and a group of Swedish stars, with Quincy Jones providing the arrangements and two originals. The opposite side has Brown in a nine-piece band playing the compositions and arrangements of Tadd Dameron.

The Dameron-Brown meeting proved a fruitful one, since both Dameron's richly voiced compositions—*Philly J.J.*, *Theme of No Repeat*, and *Choose Now*—are excellent vehicles for improvisation, and they apparently inspired Brown, for he improvises magnificently.

His solo on *Philly* is interesting from several points of view. The ensemble backing given him in his first chorus sends him off beautifully, and he responds with one of his most forceful recorded efforts. His upper-register work is accurate and tasteful. Another thing worth noting about the solo is the boppish flavor that clearly shows the influence Fats Navarro had on Brown. On both takes of *Choose*, Brown also blows heated solos that are logically constructed.

No Repeat is distinguished by the trumpeter's fine muted work and the composer's wry piano. Always the imaginative writer, Dameron introduces a new melody at the end of the selection.

Dial B for Beauty, an extended composition, is one of Dameron's finest achievements. After the introduction, he holds forth on piano, playing introspectively and stating one lovely phrase after another. This is followed by an emotional ensemble section, which offers a stunning contrast to Dameron's piano part. The bursting entrance of the ensemble is particularly compelling.

This side also offers early examples of Philly Joe Jones' drumming, which was authoritative at the time but was to become much more supple. Benny Golson was also on the date, and his tenor saxophone suggests a strong Lucky Thompson influence.

The tracks with Brown and trumpeter Farmer were made when both were members of Lionel Hampton's band. It was more of a blowing session than the one with Dameron, but Quincy Jones' warm, relaxed arrangements add to the interest of the selections, and his original, *Stockholm Sweetnin'*, is lovely.

Brown is in fairly restrained form here and is extraordinarily inventive. His *Stockholm* solo is so rich melodically that Jones was later inspired to orchestrate it for a big band in a subsequent recording. Even at the fast tempo of *Lover, Come Back to Me* Brown plays melodiously.

Farmer is at the top of his game. His tone is drier than Brown's but his work is quite lyrical in its way, as his *Stockholm* and *Falling in Love with Love* solos illustrate. He paces himself well and consistently employs fresh intervals. On *'Scuse These Blues* he holds his own in trading with Brown.

Next to Brown and Farmer, the most impressive soloist is pianist Bengt Hallberg, the Swedish equivalent of Hank Jones. Hallberg spins some lovely lines in the upper octaves. The other soloists also play well. Alto saxophonist Arne Domnerus, who appears to have been impressed with Lee Konitz at the time, and baritone saxophone player Lars Gullin, whose light tone and restrained approach suggest the influence of Lester Young or one of his disciples, contribute pensive spots, while trombonist Ake Persson's work is outgoing and good humored.

On *Dameronia* (Prestige 16007), recorded in 1956, Dameron leads an octet that includes trumpeter Kenny Dorham, trombonist Henry Coker, and saxophonists Sahib Shihab (alto), Joe Alexander (tenor), and Cecil Payne (baritone).

Fontainebleau, a fairly brief three-part suite, is the most interesting piece. Unlike *Dial B for Beauty*, it has no sharp contrasts; the sections flow into one another. The prevailing mood is one of loneliness and melancholy.

At first hearing *Fontainebleau* may not seem to be a particularly ambitious work, but after repeated listening, one grows convinced of its excellence. It derives its strength from its simple graceful melodies and Dameron's extremely inventive orchestrating. He is able to extract all sorts of colors and textures from this comparatively small group.

The other tracks place the emphasis on improvisation.

Alexander does some good work on *Delerium*; he uses a hard-swinging approach and a thin, hard tone. Dorham also has a powerful solo here. His playing then was somewhat hotter than it is now. His strong, accurate section work throughout the album is also noteworthy. (At least since the days of his association and recording with Freddy Webster and Fats Navarro, Dameron has liked to build his voicings around a strong trumpet lead.)

Clean Is the Scene features Dameron's piano playing. He is a very good but terribly underrated soloist. His playing has much in common with that of Thelonious Monk, though it's doubtful that they've had much influence on one another. Dameron may not be an especially facile technician, but he can play what he has conceived—and his conceptions are darned interesting. Dameron gives deep thought to the vertical relationship of notes. He uses odd intervals and, at times, a chordal, rather than single-note, style of improvisation. His work is sometimes dissonant and

doesn't have a steady, flowing pulse. He uses rests effectively and punctuates his ideas with oddly placed bass chords. His touch varies from gentle to percussive.

Flossie Lou has a good example of Coker's lazy, intimate trombone playing. He sounds like an updated version of Dickie Wells or Vic Dickenson.

Bulla-Babe (called *Bula-Beige* on the label) is a slow blues containing a string of good solos, the best of which are by Dameron and Payne—who blows some choice, many-noted passages.

Kenny Burrell leads a medium-size group on *All Night Long* (Prestige 7289). It was issued around 1957 and is a rather informal session. *All Night Long*, a blues, fills one side, and the second features two pretty melodies by tenorist Hank Mobley—*Boo-Lu* and *Li'l Hankie*—plus *Flickers*, a driving composition by Mal Waldron.

The improvisation throughout is generally relaxed, unpretentious, and quite good. Mobley stands out, his mellow, imaginative tenor saxophone work highlighting every track.

Burrell, too, plays consistently well. His single-note guitar lines are cleanly and strongly articulated and his solos nicely constructed. Though his playing is in the post-bop tradition, he sometimes uses devices that are reminiscent of Charlie Christian. Like Christian, he projects a loose, unhurried feeling.

Donald Byrd's trumpeting is firm and lucid. He offers some pungent, muted work on *Hankie*. Jerome Richardson's flute playing leads one to believe that he's been much underrated on that instrument. His work is straightforward, his tone strong; his attack is forceful—sometimes even biting. Richardson also plays some gutty tenor on *All Night Long*.

The rhythm section members—Waldron, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; and Art Taylor, drums—work well together to lay down a beat that has fluid strength and is not intrusive. In addition, Waldron takes some economical, harmonically interesting solos.

Dakar (Prestige 7280) is issued under John Coltrane's name. The LP's performances originally appeared on a 16-rpm record, under Pepper Adams' name, about five years ago.

The instrumentation is unusual, containing two baritone saxophonists, Cecil Payne and Adams, with Coltrane on tenor saxophone. Again Waldron, Watkins, and Taylor are the rhythm section, and again they perform very well. In fact, almost everything about this record is commendable. The originals are at least good. Notable are two by Teddy Charles—the brooding *Dakar* and *Route 4*, a 48-bar, AAB composition.

It's interesting to follow the role of the rhythm players in the *Route 4* theme statement. They open by merely keeping time, but by the last 16 bars they're swinging violently. In the process they build and relax tension quite effectively.

Waldron's *Velvet Scene* is a lovely modern ballad with several unconventional interval skips, at some points conveying an unresolved feeling.

The arrangements are imaginatively

done; the group avoids the bottom-heavy ensemble sound that might have accompanied a two-baritone, one-tenor front line. Sometimes this is the result of skillful voicing, but also responsible is Coltrane's penetrating, individual tone; he stands out even in ensemble.

Coltrane's solo work is always satisfying; his recordings from the late '50s are of consistently outstanding quality. There wasn't anything erratic about his playing. That it was complex and harmonically advanced may have led some to think this, but his solos generally had good continuity and were quite restrained. The tastefulness of his playing is obvious on *Velvet Scene* but is also apparent on the up-tempo selections on which he swings with sinuous ease.

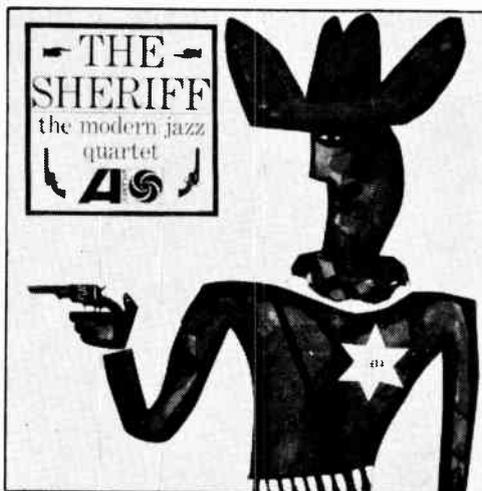
Adams and Payne supply some of the

finest recorded modern baritone saxophone playing. Both influenced by Charlie Parker, they yet have contrasting styles. Adams has a huge, Harry Carney-like tone and a tearing attack. Payne's tone is mellow, his playing more reflective than Adams'. Both are inventive musicians, and their melodic lines on this record are especially rich. Also, the technical excellence of both is sometimes astonishing.

Waldron solos strikingly. He has been influenced by Monk and Bud Powell but is certainly an individual stylist. He uses dissonance intelligently, though I think he is primarily a lyrical soloist. He has a wonderful left hand. With it he can jab percussively, establish a groove, and/or highlight his melodic ideas beautifully.



THE SHERIFF THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET



ATLANTIC 1414

THEIR GREATEST & MOST SWINGING ALBUM

AVAILABLE IN MONO AND STEREO



Write for complete LP catalogue dept. A

ATLANTIC RECORDS
1841 BROADWAY • NEW YORK, N.Y.



Eddie Locke, recording artist with famous bands like Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins says: "Formula 602 are the finest tone quality cymbals I ever played."

Send .50c for Hi-Fi Record



"CYMBAL RHYTHMS" by SAM ULANO

PAISTE—Cymbals
(In Toronto, Canada, GREEN MUSIC CO. 47 Densley Ave.)

SENSATIONAL

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



Echo and Reverb System

TRUBLE-FREE-GUARANTEED

Ask your dealer or write for information.

HALIFAX Distributing Co.

1421 S. Salina St.

Syracuse, N. Y.

* METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING

A new concept between drum and drummer that makes for a free association. Lionel Kramer writes from Selborne, East London, South Africa—

"Dear Mr. Spector:

I feel I must be very honest with you. When I first received your course I thought that I had wasted my money and that there was nothing there that I did not already know. But how wrong I was. After careful study and rereading of your recorded home study course in METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING I found that when listening to jazz records, not only can I follow the drummer and appreciate their ideas, but I can also follow the soloists and when playing along with records punctuate the phrases correctly and really feel as though I am with them. But most important of all is that I now swing everything I play. All I can add is that the favorite question among drummers i.e. who did you study with? Will in time become—How long have you studied with Stanley Spector? Getting back to business, will you please send by air mail, if possible, the tape recorded examination for Vol. One and also the details of Vol. Two, as I am very keen to carry on with your course."

This is a typical reaction of aware, mature, and experienced drummers who have come in direct contact with METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING at the STANLEY SPECTOR SCHOOL OF DRUMMING 1697 Broadway, Cor. 53rd St. Room 302 New York, New York—YU 9-4294 306 Stuart St. Dept. 83, Boston, Mass. HU 2-1468

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

New students are accepted for personal instruction on the basis of an application, interview, and an exploratory period of six lessons. An application may be obtained by calling or writing.

*Method Jazz Drumming—trade mark.

Is the manufacturer's talent less than yours?

GUITARISTS OUTGROW THEIR GUITARS WHEN THEY REACH A LEVEL OF ACCOMPLISHMENT HIGHER THAN THE QUALITY OF THE INSTRUMENT THEY PLAY. THAT'S WHY PROFESSIONAL GUITARISTS ULTIMATELY "TRADE UP" TO RICKENBACKER.



SOLE DISTRIBUTOR
RADIO & TELEVISION EQUIPMENT CO
2118 S. MAIN, SANTA ANA, CALIF.

COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

Very nearly at the moment that Paul Hindemith died, in the final week of 1962, young composer Karlheinz Stockhausen was launching himself on his first tour of the United States. In that end and that beginning are summed up one of the most important developments in this century's musical history. For these composers—both German, both highly articulate—represent two views of music so irreconcilable that it is difficult not to regard them as apostles of two separate arts.

Hindemith, by the time of his death at 68, had traveled a long road. Early in his career the pudgy little composer had written a great deal of brashly dissonant music, flirting with atonality in all but its ultimate, 12-tonal aspects. For several decades before his death, however, Hindemith had moved toward a more conservative view, so that his final works, admittedly complex and overweighted at times with cerebral detail, were nonetheless centered in a "key feeling."

In several books on harmony and composition he spelled out his conviction that attempts to avoid tonality, as in the 12-tone and serial works of Arnold Schoenberg and his followers, were futile efforts to repeal the laws of physics and the facts of human hearing.

This decision to return to a traditional theory of music was not arrived at easily or quickly.

Nor was he alone in his reluctance to accept the implications of serialism, with its ever-increasing rigidity and limitations on the composer's own will and imagination.

But Hindemith was certainly the last and most significant creative musician to hold to the older views, and now he is gone. Until shortly after World War II, Stravinsky was generally considered the leader of the opposition to the dodecaphonic New Wave, with Schoenberg, his Hollywood neighbor, as the great theoretical enemy. But Stravinsky has long since accepted the serial faith, and that left Hindemith the most eminent living holdout.

At this point, if logic ruled historical arguments, the 12-tone banner could be raised high in victory, and we could all be assured that music's future is firmly in the grip of the post-Schoenbergians. For several years now, however, it has been becoming increasingly clear that things were not going to resolve themselves that simply.

The arrival of Stockhausen on these shores points up the fact that the dialectical quarrel between the traditional tonalists and the Schoenbergians is being bypassed entirely.

Stockhausen, with his determinedly mathematical-acoustical approach to the problem, represents a whole new generation of composers, mostly Europeans, whose principles derive from the serial

idea but go so far beyond what Schoenberg may have envisioned that no plausible connection can be traced between him and them anymore.

The new element of aleatory or chance music can only be regarded as a denial of all humanly devised systems and theories. It represents an attempt to make a new beginning out of the primordial chaos of undifferentiated sound and noise.

This anything-goes approach sometimes has been strangely combined, in the work of Stockhausen and some of his more talented brethren, with an unprecedented rigidity, in which the composer gives himself into the control of a predetermined formula. In effect, once the germinal decision is made and the first few bars are notated, the music writes itself, all sequences of pitch, rhythm, expressive markings, and so on, unwinding according to the required pattern.

It was the sterility of this approach to composition, soon becoming evident to its practitioners, that drove them with such haste to the logical extreme, utter and complete chance. Released from the strait jacket, young composers have gone directly to shooting craps. It is this latter activity that splits the New Wave off so completely from the music of the past, whether that past be represented by Bach and Hindemith or by Schoenberg.

In a recent concert-lecture over which Stockhausen presided in Chicago, music of both rigid and free types was offered for the delectation of an audience that greeted everything with the polite applause that is awarded to masterpiece and hoax alike these days.

Zyklus, a percussion piece in which the performer stands surrounded by his instruments, was rich in the chance element: the score is bound in a spiral book without any indication of which page is beginning and which is end. The percussionist starts where he pleases and ends when the circle has been completed.

Kontakte, a 35-minute, continuous work for tape-recorded sound and two live performers, was no less ingeniously constructed, and the task of performing the piece at all called for a virtuosity at grasping Stockhausen's Chinese-laundry-ticket notation that assures its infrequency of presentation. Perhaps the chief significance of this work is its attempt to work out some sort of *modus vivendi* between electronic instruments and human performers, for the galloping events of recent musical history suggest that there will soon be two distinct types of music, the electronically and the humanly produced, with little or no interaction between them.

In this case, the effort to conciliate the parties did not seem markedly successful, for Stockhausen's talent—and a talent it is—lies mostly in organizational and theoretical areas, rather than in the specifically musical.

But, regardless of how we rate his composing talent, the German electronics manipulator is—like Hindemith—a major influence in his time, and we ignore his work at our own risk. That it is a risk many will gladly take, there cannot be the least doubt.



By LEONARD FEATHER

Although Bill Henderson's first substantial appearance on the jazz scene was his recording a few years ago of Horace Silver's *Senor Blues* on Blue Note, his professional career predated that disc by many years.

Born in Chicago in 1930, Henderson has much in common with Jon Hendricks, not only in personality and appearance but also in the variety of jobs he undertook to sustain himself in the early years. He has been a child prodigy (singing and dancing with the late Phil Baker in *Artists and Models* at 4); a shrimp picker, at the Gaslight Club in New York (and if you've ever picked shrimps, you know that singing is better); a disc jockey, on New York's WNCN-FM in 1960; and a chimney sweep.

Heard earlier on Vee-Jay records, Henderson earned widespread attention last year when his hip, musicianly, personable, and individual sound was blended with the Oscar Peterson Trio on a delightful Verve LP. It now seems incontestable that he has swept his last chimney. He has also taken his first *Blindfold Test* (below), for which he was given no information about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. Mose Allison. *I Don't Worry About a Thing* (from *I Don't Worry About a Thing*, Atlantic). Allison, piano, vocal, composer; Addison Farmer, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Mose does this kind of thing very well: the backwoods-bluesy kind of approach. It sounds like an original of Mose's—that kind of a flavor. I dig him doing it.

About the piano, I don't know. Nothing, really, musically about the piano or the drums or the bass. Somebody should do something else with Mose. I think trio things are not enough for him. He's got an awful lot of these clever little backwoods, soulful kind of things, but trios just don't give him that zonk he needs. I've seen and enjoyed him in clubs, and on recordings, but somebody should get behind him.

For Mose, I rate it three stars.

2. Oscar Brown Jr. *Sam's Life* (from *Between Heaven and Hell*, Columbia). Brown, vocal, composer.

I know who it was, I know that this guy is a tremendous writer, but I don't think this was one of his best efforts. At least that was my impression. I didn't get any impression at all that I could say, "Well, Sam works hard for his money."

Another thing: I don't think Oscar has to do this kind of song. If it is his own material, which is what I've heard him do many times and so well . . . but he could do better than this. There's some great material that he's got, I think from *Kicks & Co.*, that he hasn't done yet. There's some great material that I heard a long time ago in Chicago on some rinky-dinky acetate that I think he should do.

It sounds ridiculous to try to give a rating—I'll pass.

3. Mel Torme. *On Green Dolphin Street* (from *Comin' Home, Baby*, Atlantic). Torme, vocal; Shorty Rogers, arranger, conductor.

This is Mel Torme. And the band is like 90,000 pieces, overarranged. And it's not doing Mel any good, because he's singing his heart out.

I think Mel is a tremendous jazz singer. The uncluttered thing I think is much better for him, or the things Marty Paich was doing for him was the kind of effect I think he should have. This is overarranged. And yet if it could have been just an instrumental thing, trumpets, something

wild all the way, I think it could have been interesting. I give it three stars for Mel.

4. John Hammond Jr. *Mean Old Frisco* (Vanguard). Hammond, vocal.

That's beautiful. Sounds like Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry. I may have the names wrong, but I'm sure I'm on the right track. Without these guys, I don't think there's going to be any blues to be sung. With the exception of the guys who are writing their own songs today, this is the *real* blues. I don't think anybody today would be able to duplicate this, because they haven't lived in this way . . . but you get the message right away—what they're telling you. And they extend bars, and all kinds of things, to tell their story.

I think it's beautiful, and without this, we wouldn't have any kind of blues history at all. The hippies put a lot of things down, but this is the foundation. If you're going to sing the blues, or ballads, you gotta hear this.

Everybody's got blues to sing, like Billie Holiday wrote and sang them about her own life. . . . This record here could give you greater insight about their times. And there are some great times and some glum times.

So I think this is Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry. And as many stars as you can give it.

5. Joe Williams. *April in Paris* (from *At Newport '63*, RCA Victor). Clark Terry, trumpet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Williams, vocal.

Do they have second takes on live performances? . . . I'm sure this was geared for the Newport thing. I don't think this was Joe's best performance. . . . To me, if I were the guy who recorded it, I wouldn't want it released, and I'm wondering why the company didn't talk to him about it.

You know, everything you record, you want it to be great. And I don't know if Joe heard this or not, so it wouldn't be fair to even try to rate it. Sure, there were stellar people, as far as Coleman and Clark Terry . . . but nothing unusual. I wouldn't want to rate it.

6. Duke Ellington. *Hello, Little Girl* (from *Jazz Party in Stereo*, Columbia). Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Ellington, piano; Jimmy Rushing, vocal.

BLINDFOLD TEST



TED WILLIAMS



BILL HENDERSON

These guys know how to sing! Jimmy Rushing. I don't have many recordings of his, but everything I've ever heard has been great, top-flight performances. And he does blues great. And Dizzy and the Duke are both geniuses. How'd they get together? Must have been a Newport thing. Very unusual record. It was long, but it was happy, because everybody had something to do. They all contributed.

I thought it was marvelous. The band contributed, mainly as background for Jimmy and Dizzy . . . but it was important.

They got such great musical education in those days that we just don't have today—speaking for myself as a singer. I wish I could hear all the things that they did. I don't know if I could do anything with it or not, but they lived their history.

I intend to write a book about accompanying. I've only got as far as the title, and I call it *Help!* Because it's dying out. There are no Jimmy Joneses, no Hank Joneses, people like that. Most of the guys are staying in one particular area because they have traveled a great deal, and I know I miss them.

So, to hear Jimmy Rushing, with Duke Ellington and Dizzy, is a complete gas for me. Five! I should say so!

7. Mark Murphy. *Senor Blues* (from *That's How I Love the Blues*, Riverside). Murphy, vocal; Horace Silver, composer.

How do you make a hip thing even hipper? The only thing now is the feeling for the lyrical things that are happening—their interpretation. This is a very vital thing for me, lyrically and musically, to put them both together.

Singing means that you must sing like a horn, and I don't think that's what this is. If you have a tremendous range like Yma Sumac, okay, but if all you have is the words, then you try to tell that story and let the arrangement take care of the rest of it. I think it would be more effective than to try to sound like a horn and make it become self-consciously super-hip.

I'm sure there was effort in this, because I've heard Mark before and heard him do some wild things, but this just isn't his kind of material.

I don't know. I could kill myself every time I get into something like this, because I'm not a critic; I just can't give it a rating.

DB

**SET
FIRE
TO
YOUR
REED
TROUBLES!**

**INTRODUCING!
NEW FIBERCANE REED**

Looks like cane,
feels like cane
and every one plays
like the best cane!

**CAUGHT IN
THE ACT**

REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

Gene McDaniels

The Losers, Hollywood

Personnel: Mike Melvoin, piano; Pat Senatore, bass; Chuck Carter, drums; McDaniels, vocals.

Lou Rawls

Purple Onion, Hollywood

Personnel: Clifford Scott, reeds; Onzy Matthews, piano; Jim Crutcher, bass; Chiz Harris, drums; Rawls, vocals.

McDaniels and Rawls are a brace of talents strong enough individually to merit separate reviews, but when both young singers were working simultaneously in Hollywood night clubs, the temptation to catch—and compare—their acts in one evening was too sweet to be resisted.

McDaniels has matured startlingly as a singer since his *One Hundred Pounds of Clay* hit some three years ago. His voice has developed a body and a broad range extending to a show-wise but legitimate use of falsetto on the final note of *Stella by Starlight*, which he began as a ballad and then effectively double-timed with the Melvoin trio cooking behind him.

It is McDaniels' affinity for jazz that commanded close attention in such up-tempo material as Thelonious Monk's *Straight, No Chaser* with the singer's own amusing lyric. On the Monk tune and on the medium-up *On Green Dolphin Street*, McDaniels scatted extensively, creating hornlike lines that he kept under control. Like most scat-prone singers, though, he tended to overdo the device.

In repertoire McDaniels evidences shrewd judgment. In addition to the songs already mentioned, he featured on the night of review an up-tempo opener, *By Myself*; a rendition of *Misty* in which he proved his professional sagacity by pouring on more than a little commercial appeal to those in the audience who may have shied somewhat at his jazz; a grooving fast-tempoed treatment of *At Long Last Love*; and, in similar vein, *I Believe in You*.

Much of McDaniels' successful performance was certainly attributable to Melvoin, Senatore, and Carter. The pianist is a superior accompanist and a jazz soloist of fire and conviction.

With Matthews' quartet providing the backing (and, incidentally, some rousing jazz sets of its own), 26-year-old Rawls indicated he is a singer to be reckoned with.

He has going for him a personal and nonimitative vocal sound—a rough-cut, almost buzzy quality. Coupled with this is a driving, youthful vitality and a way of almost spitting out the words of some songs. He sang the seldom-heard verse of *St. James Infirmary*, and when he moved into the chorus, this intense enunciated quality stood out.

Rawls features the blues rather heavily. On the night of review he sailed into *I'd*

Rather Drink Muddy Water, romped through *Every Day*, and preached the strong social message of *Tobacco Road* with much conviction. Even his closer was indigo-hued: a medium-up *St. Louis Blues*.

Still, Rawls is not exclusively a blues singer, something indicated by his including such songs as *Black and Blue*, *Blues for the Four-String Guitar* (not a traditional 12-bar blues), a low and deeply ironic *Georgia on My Mind*, a medium-up *Ol' Man River*, and a *Stormy Weather* (on which he forgot the lyric but made a heavy impact nevertheless).

The presence of a strong jazz horn man in Scott makes a big and exciting difference in Rawls' appearances. Matthews plays an understated, background role as pianist—and most effectively, too—but Scott is featured on either alto or tenor saxophone in practically every selection, and he makes the most of it, getting off some quite stirring mainstream solos while the rhythm section digs in behind him.

Harris, incidentally, has emerged as one of the best young drummers on the West Coast, comfortable—and valuable—in either big-band or small-group setting.

—John A. Tynan

Modern Jazz Quartet

**Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center,
New York City**

Personnel: John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Milt Jackson, vibraphone; Connie Kay, drums.

With all of the MJQ's co-operative partnership arrangements, the fact should never be overlooked that this group is basically the vehicle for the musical thoughts of John Lewis. Like most jazz composers, Lewis has used his group as a continuing laboratory for the examination of his ideas.

There can be little question that this has paid off in some important music. Recognizing this, however, it is curious to note that on this program, which was planned in characteristically meticulous fashion, the best, most exciting music took place in two unscheduled encores, *I Should Care* and *Django*.

It would take considerably more space than I have for this review to try to examine why this should be so. But what I would like to point out, very briefly, is that the MJQ, in its performance of the highly structured items from its regular repertoire, such as *The Little Comedy*, *Winter Tale*, and *England's Carol*, sounds like a very bored collection of players.

Another curious fact is that this group, with its roots firmly in the bop period, seems to have become much more swing-oriented.

At this concert, Jackson, whose connection with Lionel Hampton has not always been so obvious, played many choruses that consisted of long sequences of familiar licks strung together in disjointed fashion. And Lewis, particularly in a partially satirical solo on *Donnie's Theme*, demonstrated very clearly how much he reveres Count Basie and James P. Johnson.

For this listener, the real quality of the group lies in the rhythm team of Heath and Kay. It is especially difficult for me to understand why Kay, one of the most subtle drummers in jazz, is not given more

solo space.

Since the MJQ has chosen to limit its appearances recently, we should probably be happy for the opportunity to hear its members under such excellent conditions. I can't help but wonder, however, what is left, in the limited territory of Lewis' music, for this group to explore.

—Don Heckman

Bob Harrington

Travelyn Restaurant, Sepulveda, Calif.

Personnel: Modesto Briseno, flute, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Harrington, piano; Red Wooten, bass; Fred Manton, drums; Merle Cain, vocals.

Once upon a time, and a happy time it was, jazz and dancing were as naturally married as Adam and Eve. Since all that is changed these days, this reviewer got to wondering recently if there was any jazz at all regularly being played for dancers in a normal setting.

Speculation led to a little research, which turned up the Harrington group merrily wailing every night in the far reaches of the San Fernando Valley.

Put these four musicians together, and jazz is inevitable. Harrington is a veteran pianist of the Nat Pierce persuasion who solos economically and with consistent jazz taste. Reed man Briseno has seen service with many bands and groups and is a strong soloist of the mainstream variety on all three horns. Manton's time is beyond dispute and fits in perfectly with the quartet concept, i.e., he plays unobtrusive drums for the most part, holding the pulse together and swinging.

Wooten is the high card in the hand. The former Red Norvo bassist has invested the electric bass with a genuine jazz coloring. Strongly identified with rock-and-roll groups, this instrument is given a new voice in Wooten's hands. He walks the rhythm with a bite and drive. In the medium-tempo *I May Be Wrong* he slipped into playing counterlines to Briseno's tenor solo that added another dimension to the group's character. His solos were full of humor and sly allusions, as if he enjoyed exploiting the potential of the instrument even more than the audience did listening to him do so. Wooten played fine solos on *Deep Purple*, *Walk Right In*, and *Cherry*.

The quartet's sets are divided half into playing for the dancers (who seem to dig the jazz or, at any rate, don't object to it) and half into accompanying cabaret singer Cain, a show-wise performer with currently popular repertoire (*Come Blow Your Horn*, *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*) balanced with such attractive standards as *Blue Velvet* or a razzle-dazzle version of *Up a Lazy River*.

Briseno, incidentally, played one of his finest flute accompaniments and solos on *Velvet*; he is equally proficient on clarinet and tenor.

These four jazzmen of the Harrington quartet are proving a point. They are playing good, middle-of-the-road jazz for dancing, and they are getting away with it. And, this reviewer asked himself in an optimistic glow, if it is happening here in one suburban corner of the West Coast, how often is it happening in other little corners all over the land?—John A. Tynan



Set fire to your reed troubles!

NEW FIBERCANE[®] REED

*Precision-cut of
man-made unidirectional
fiber material!*

**LOOKS LIKE CANE,
FEELS LIKE CANE,
EVERY ONE PLAYS
LIKE THE BEST CANE!**

Outlasts as many as 25 cane reeds; plays at peak performance for several months. ■ Playable instantly—requires no wetting. ■ May be sanded, shaved or trimmed. ■ Unaffected by any changes in weather or temperature; plays equally well indoors or out. ■ It's waterproof—will not go dead or soft. ■ Plays even if tip should become split. ■ Ends the major cause of squeaking. ■ All reeds play the same because Fibercane is man-made to scientifically-controlled tolerances. Takes the guesswork out of selecting.

*Set fire to your reed problems!
Ask to see, try, buy a
FIBERCANE REED
at your favorite music store!*

Distributed exclusively by

Selmer

H. & A. SELMER, INC. Elkhart, Indiana

Outside U.S.A. Vincent Bach, Inc. Box 337, Elkhart, Indiana

LOTS OF PLUCK

Guitar strings are like people. Dull ones tire easily, lack luster... Peppy people swing all day, never lose spunk.

Packed into Fender String Sets is a stubborn durability, a crisp friendly voice and a beaming, shiny countenance... three qualities worth having.

Pick the strings with pluck. A choice of three fine makes:
Mastersound Flatwound
Pure nickel wrap
Duratone

Fender
 SALES, INC.
 Santa Ana, California

FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

"Moldy fig" is a term that may be only vaguely familiar to the average reader today, though at one time it had wide currency in jazz. It was used to characterize a reactionary jazz critic or fan, and I was often credited with having coined it. Though Barry Ulanov and I gave it extensive publicity when we were editing *Metronome*, the phrase was originated by a young fan who used it in a letter published in *Esquire*.

The fig days were brought sharply back into focus when I read a series of replies to a questionnaire sent out by the Italian monthly *Musica Jazz*.

The answers, by 10 critics, including five Americans (John Hammond, George Hofer, Felix Manskleid, Martin Williams, and myself) were published in a recent issue of *Musica Jazz*.

The questions were concerned with the current state of—and outlook for—jazz; directions in international jazz; which musicians will be the next main influences; and what the experiences of the last 15 years have proved, especially with regard to West Coast jazz.

One of the respondents was an English writer, Brian A. L. Rust. Here is a fig compared with whom most of his American confreres are avant-gardists.

Today's traditionalist musicians, he declares, are colorless, mechanical, and uninventive and all copy each other. Today's mainstreamers are "neither one thing nor the other." The modernists, on the other hand, don't play jazz at all—"they merely make revolting noises."

"Cool jazz . . . can best be summed up [as] sick guys making sick music for a sick public. There have been NO worthwhile developments of jazz since the earliest '30s. There have been waterings-down, thinnings-out, interbreedings with other forms of music, and this dreary, hopeless, tuneless, depressing rubbish that Parker, Gillespie, Monk, Powell, Farmer, Adderley, Coltrane, Getz, Konitz, Tristano, Davis, Blakey, Rollins, Mingus, and the rest of them produce . . . jazz reached its limits of development within itself by 1931."

If this sounds like some rare, isolated crackpot, guess again. This man is respected in England as one of the leading critics, has written for a number of magazines, and is responsible for a discographical work with the kind of title one might expect: *Jazz Records A-Z 1897-1931*. (Why did he start so late?)

Rust was one of three who were pessimistic. One, Hammond, was non-committal; the other six were optimistic.

Of the other two pessimists, Charles Delaunay wrote that jazz, having become a more sophisticated music and addressing itself more and more to musicians and esthetes, no longer has a major appeal to the passions of young people, who find more interest in such manifestations as rock and roll.

Hofer said jazz is in a state of suspension and "could veer off into a form similar to classical chamber music; or it may retain the free improvisational format. My preference would be the latter direction; however, at present, I'm a bit pessimistic regarding the possibility."

Hammond, declaring himself "neither optimistic nor pessimistic," said, "The so-called Third Stream, an alliance of classical and popular music, seems to have died stillborn, for which I am happy, and there is no new fad that is leading away from the main stream of jazz strength. Jazz is returning to its roots, and the success of the biggest American jazz festivals shows there is a constantly growing army of fans."

My own optimistic answer was predicated on "its accelerated move . . . out of the night clubs and into the concert halls; its acceptance by intellectuals as an art and by politicians as a propaganda medium; the slow but inevitable erosion of barriers against Negro musicians."

And Williams' similar optimism was attributed to the belated breakdown of "artificial barriers between the modernists of the mid-'40s school and players of previous generations" and to "very important new discoveries" now being made under the esthetic leadership of Ornette Coleman.

On the other hand, the Belgian-born, U.S.-based Manskleid, though optimistic, said, "Since Charlie Parker, we have remained more or less at the same level, and it's about time we received a new transfusion . . . jazz no longer reflects the missionary appeal of long ago."

Reading the views of the 10 critics, one finds it hard to believe that they were all asked the same question or were all talking about the same subject. In no other art form is there a diversity of opinions that amounts not merely to a disparity of esthetic standards but an almost total lack of rapport, of common understanding of the frames of reference involved, between one critic and another as well as between critic and artist. Conditions in this respect seem to be no better than they were in the worst days of the figs.

The answers to the other three questions were no less remarkable and will be dealt with in the next column. 

THE BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

Ebony, the monthly of rather *Life*-like style and tone, is the most durable of the several successful magazines of the Chicago Negro publishing house, Johnson Publications. Last fall, there was a special issue of *Ebony* on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation.

There were accounts of Negro-American history, Negro women, the future of civil-rights leadership, the Negro press, Negroes in entertainment, Negroes in painting, Negroes in business. Undoubtedly many congratulations gathered around the issue. But perhaps now that initial responses have settled down, one may take a second look.

It is perhaps not my position to say so (it may not be my position to say any of what follows here), but I confess that Negro American life as reflected in this special issue of *Ebony* has about as little to do with the life of most Negro Americans as I have observed it—observed it in Virginia, in Los Angeles, in Philadelphia, and in New York—as I can imagine. Less to do with the grinding realities of Negro American life than, let us say, an issue of *Life* magazine has to do with the realities of American life in general, which is little enough.

Be that as it may, the rejoinder would surely be that this is a "show-piece" issue. And certainly in a publication devoted to Negro achievement, Frederick Douglass belongs, W. L. B. DuBois belongs, Mary McLeod Bethune belongs—so do all the others who are there and who are justly celebrated and famous. And so, for all I know, do the apparently affluent Negro bankers, businessmen, and lawyers pictured in the book belong, along with the chicly turned-out social worker on page 89, the conventionally busy housewife on page 90, plus Harry Belafonte, Sidney Poitier, and Sammy Davis Jr.

But I have ransacked this issue in vain for a single mention of the name Louis Armstrong. (Was it there, hidden away? Did I miss it?) For a single mention of Billie Holiday. For a mention of Charlie Parker. Or Lester Young, Count Basie, Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis. . . .

I do find a photograph of a statue of W. C. Handy, as it stands in a park in Memphis. And I do find Duke Ellington, as "Jazz Composer and Band Leader," on page 229, among "America's 100 Most Influential Negroes." Of jazz or jazzmen, that and nothing more.

What in the world impresses *Ebony*? An enormous cultural contribution like jazz, a music that has been called "America's only contribution to art"? Apparently not. And W. C. Handy's statue, plus the catch phrase "the father of the blues," is surely not much recognition for the blues, an original musical-poetic form of which an important American literary critic, Stanley Edgar Hyman, is willing to say with justice, "Yet they are true art, perhaps, with the skyscrapers, the only true art of American origin, and they are or should be our pride." They are not *Ebony's* pride apparently. Could the blues be *Ebony's* ignorance? Surely not. What then? *Ebony's* shame?

And if the opinions of American, British, and continental critics do not convince *Ebony*, what will?

Would *Ebony* like to know, then, that there is hardly a trumpet player in a U.S. symphony orchestra who has not been affected by Louis Armstrong's style—that as a result of his work almost every player now uses a slight vibrato that European brass men do not have (and, ironically, that the younger jazz players do not have either)? Or that contemporary classical composers write very differently for trumpet than did their predecessors because of the way Armstrong, and the jazzmen who followed him, have rediscovered the wider resources of the instrument?

In other words, if the superb artistry of this man does not impress *Ebony*, would the prestige of classical music impress? If not classical music, then would *Ebony* be impressed with how much watered-down Dizzy Gillespie one hears gushing from one's television set?

In short, if *Ebony* is not impressed with Negro jazz musicians, would *Ebony's* standard allow it to be impressed with the fact that, one way or another, jazz has affected almost all European and American music, top to bottom?

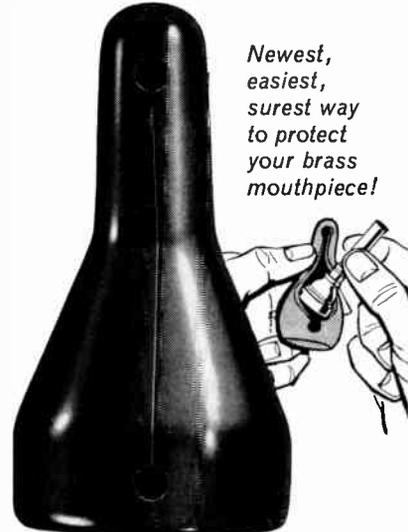
I have said that this issue of *Ebony* had little to do, in my opinion, with the realities of Negro American life. And I have indicated that I harbor the suspicion that the editorship ignores some of those realities because it is ashamed of them.

Well, I think that the white man should feel shame over many aspects of Negro American life, for his part in having brought them about, and his continuing part in keeping them as they are. But I also know that none of us is going to get anywhere until we admit to the realities of Negro life.

I further know that jazz is a reality of Negro life in America, and that all of us should be enormously proud of it.

BACH MOUTHPIECE POUCH

Completely encloses your brass mouthpiece in a 1/8-inch wall of flexible rubber-like plastic. Safely cushions even the delicate shank-tip and rim against knocks or dropping. For trumpets, \$1.10. Cornets, alto horns, mellophones and French horns, \$1.10. For trombones and bass trombones, \$1.50. Tubas and sousaphones, \$1.80.



Newest, easiest, surest way to protect your brass mouthpiece!

On sale at better music stores everywhere!

Distributed by
H. & A. Selmer, Inc.
Elkhart, Indiana

Selmer

JAZZ GOES TO COLLEGE!

The sixth annual Summer Jazz Clinics will swing with

★ **WOODY HERMAN**, Band-leader and Jazz Personality

★ **NEAL HEFTI**, Composer, Arranger, and TV Music Director

★ **TOP JAZZ MUSICIAN FACULTY**

. . . Buddy Baker, Matt Betton, Leon Breeden, Tom Brown, Donald Byrd, Clem DeRosa, Russ Garcia, Herb Geller, Derryl Goes, John LaPorta, Charlie Mariano, Jimmy Maxwell, Ralph Mutchler, Jack Petersen, Herb Pomeroy, Morgan Powell, Phil Rizzo, Ray Santisi, Bob Seibert, Johnny Smith, Marv Stamm, Jim Starkey, Art Van Damme.

● Phillips University, Enid, Okla.
July 19-25

● University of Connecticut, Storrs, Conn.
July 26-Aug. 1

● Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio
Aug. 2-15

● University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada
Aug. 16-29

Write today for details.

NATIONAL STAGE BAND CAMP, INC. (not for profit) Box 221, South Bend, Indiana
Please send me, at no obligation, complete information on the 1964 Summer Jazz Clinics.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Age _____ Instrument _____

3/12/64

FROM THE TOP

STAGE-BAND ARRANGEMENT REVIEWS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

ADVANCE: *Composed and arranged by John LaPorta; Berklee Press Publications.*

This is a fine, driving up-tempo blues placed at grade-three level (medium difficulty) by the publisher, but the arrangement could be effectively used by bands of a higher level.

Basic problems that must be overcome include the difficulty of the very fast (the faster the better) tempo, the resultant drive necessary in the rhythm section, and the need for able soloists.

The arrangement features two-chorus solos for alto saxophone, trumpet, and tenor saxophone. Written solos are provided, if needed. The first chorus of each solo is in the nature of a lead-in, with stop-time rhythm punctuations every four bars. Each solo is separated by an ensemble chorus using a bell-tone, piling-up-of-chords technique. The ending brings each soloist back for a four-bar break with the last, the tenor saxophonist, gradually slowing down the tempo, leading into a final series of dictated, full-band chords.

Ranges are moderate, and no difficult rhythm patterns are used.

BY ALL MEANS: *Composed and arranged by Sammy Nestico; Kendor Music Inc.*

Since getting the stage band to swing is one of the greatest and most prevalent problems of the director, this medium-swing-tempoed arrangement is ideally suited to help inculcate the swing feeling in young musicians. Most of the rhythmic figurations used swing readily and, with a little instruction, quite effectively.

The arrangement makes good use of ensemble passages and calls for the ability of band members to phrase together and to play softly. There is one 16-bar ensemble section in particular that will have great impact if played as softly as possible with a good swing and crisp articulation of the final eighth notes.

There are solos for trumpet and for tenor saxophone (written solos are provided).

This is excellent study and performance material to teach the "swallowing" of notes, the hinting at notes, that is so necessary for the convincing playing of a jazz line. Ranges are moderate and the rhythmic figures are not difficult. Pedagogically this arrangement is ideal

for communicating many of the basic stage-band techniques.

YOU'RE MY THRILL: *Arranged by Larry Wilcox; Sam Fox Publishing Co., Inc.*

This arrangement is part of an excellent series edited by Ray Wright, director of the Arrangers Workshop of the Eastman School of Music. One of this series' valuable aids is a set of interpretive notes for each arrangement. Another aid is the availability of a full score, as well as the single-line lead sheet.

This standard is set at a medium swing tempo and provides a good training for the use of dynamics and the avoidance of rushing consecutive quarter notes. Precision, however, will present the major challenge; there are many unison lines that demand the band think and phrase together.

Solos (well-written ones are provided if no one ad libs) are included for alto saxophone and trumpet. After the solos the score moves to an imitative canonic section that leads back to the final, punching statement of the melody.

This is a well-written, interesting arrangement that tends toward the ideal of stage-band music—good program and training material.

JIVER'S LICENSE: *Composed and arranged by Manny Albam; Famous Arrangers' Club.*

This moderately slow blues is set in a funky groove.

It opens with a delightful and fresh melody using alto and tenor saxophones in a light voicing. On the repeat of the theme there are subtle "doit" punctuations by the brass. Two choruses for trumpet provide the only solo spot in the arrangement (no written solo is given). The solo is followed by two rocking, shuffling, full-ensemble choruses made up of interlocking riffs from trombones and saxes with trumpets added on the second chorus as the trombones shift to a walking bass pattern, which, to be most effective, must lay back. The ensemble pattern at this point will take some work to achieve the proper swing feeling. The arrangement ends with the same sax line with which it began.

Jiver's License provides welcome contrast, because of its lightness, if programed between heavy ensemble numbers, particularly so if some of the humorous fills are properly treated.

There are many opportunities in this number to teach proper phrasing and to work on the most common fault of young bands—rushing.

This arrangement is available only through subscription to Famous Arrangers' Club, 1650 Broadway, N.Y.C.

JAZZ BASICS from page 23

has always been a Basie hallmark.

The band was at its height when the tracks included in this two-LP set, issued as a Lester Young memorial album, were cut in 1939 and '40.

There are several excellent Buck Clayton trumpet solos and a few by altoist Earl Warren (who also led the sax section masterfully, drawing a rich, creamy texture from its members) and by trombonist Vic Dickenson. But it is Young who dominates among the soloists.

Included in the album are titles that set a concept for a legion of young tenor men because of the non-pareil Young solos, performances such as *Pound Cake; Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie; Broadway; Taxi War Dance; Tickle Toe, I Never Knew; 12th Street Rag; and Song of the Islands.*

There are three tracks cut in 1936 in Chicago by a Basie quintet while the band was playing at the Grand Terrace Ballroom, its first date outside Kansas City. These were the first records that featured Young, and the youthful tenorist played solos on that date that have become classic examples of horizontal improvisation and utter relaxation. Included were two of the best choruses Young ever recorded, those on *Lady, Be Good.* The other titles are *Boogie Woogie* and *Shoe Shine Boy.* The album contains two other Basie small-band classics, made in 1939—the marvelous *Lester Leaps In*, which features Young and Basie, and *Dickie's Dream*, which has an excellent Dickie Wells trombone solo.

Further recommendations: Basie recorded for Decca in 1937-38, and the two LPs kept in Decca's catalog (*Count Basie and His Orchestra*, Decca 8049, and *Count Basie*, Brunswick 54012) find the band paying more attention to clean attack and intonation but lacking the looseness of the later records. At the time of the Decca recording, the band featured another tenorist, Herschel Evans, in addition to Young. Evans, who died in 1939, is heard to advantage on many of the Decca tracks, particularly *Blue and Sentimental*, which also sports some feathery Young clarinet. The Decca album includes *One O'Clock Jump, Swinging at the Daisy Chain, Panassie Stomp, Swinging the Blues, and Jive at Five*, among others. The Brunswick issue contains *Jumpin' at the Woodside, Every Tub, Out the Window, Cherokee, and Topsy* among its 11 titles. *Blue and Sentimental, John's Idea, and Texas Shuffie* are included in both albums.

(To be continued in the next issue.)

AD LIB from page 8

The duo of pianist **Don Friedman** and guitarist **Attila Zoller** played week-ends at Junior's on W. 52nd St. before adding drummer **Dick Berk** for a two-week engagement opposite **Charlie Mingus** at the Five Spot. Berk had been standing in with brushes on cardboard box at Junior's. Pianist **Walter Bishop's** trio succeeded the Friedman group at the Five Spot and on Feb. 25 was replaced by the newly formed **New Jazz Trio**, consisting of **David Izenzon**, bass; **Joe Scianni**, piano; and **J. C. Moses**, drums. Izenzon formerly was with **Ornette Coleman**. Meanwhile, bassist Mingus replaced **Illinois Jacquet** with **Booker Ervin** on tenor saxophone, and added **Richard Williams'** trumpet to that of **Tommy Turrentine's**.

The **New Orleans Symphony Orchestra** performed **Bob Prince's New York: Opus Jazz** on Feb. 18, and three days earlier in Rochester, N.Y., the **Rochester Oratorio Society** premiered his *Sonorities '63*, a composition for 250 voices and a six-piece jazz combo. The latter included **Bob Hammer**, piano, and **Bobby Thomas**, drums.

Pianist **Martin Siegel** gave a concert of his own music at Carnegie Recital Hall in late January. A trio, completed by bassist **Barre Phillips** and drummer **Charles Moffett**, played five Siegel originals in the first half of the program. Cellist **Joel Friedman** made the group a quartet for the seven originals that comprised the second half . . . Bassist **Gary Peacock**, with pianist **Paul Bley** and drummer **Paul Motian**, did four weeks at the Take Three on Bleeker St. . . . Bley's wife, **Carla**, played in **Charles Moffett's** quartet at another Village coffee house, the Porpoise . . . **Dick Kniss**, formerly the bassist with **Don Friedman**, is now with **Peter, Paul & Mary**.

Woody Herman's band has been signed to do a three-week tour of the Swedish folk parks starting June 12. There is a possibility that the band will go from Stockholm to Tokyo for a Japanese tour . . . The husband-and-wife singing team of **Jackie Paris** and **Anne Marie Moss** did three weeks at the Most, following another married duo—**Matt and Ginny Dennis** . . . Singer-organist **Joe Mooney**, who had been at the Most, switched to the Crystal Room.

Noro Morales, composer, pianist, and bandleader, died of uremia at age 53, in San Juan, Puerto Rico . . . The New School for Social Research is offering two courses of interest to jazz fans and musicians in its spring term. Writer **Martin Williams** is teaching Five Major Jazzmen, a listening course that concerns **Jelly Roll Morton**, **Louis Armstrong**, **Duke Ellington**, **Charlie Parker**,

Beware of Poorly Designed Imitations

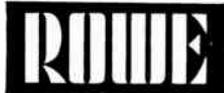
Don't settle for anything less than a DeArmond

We've been supplying DeArmond pick-ups to professionals, teachers and students for over 25 years. The number of satisfied DeArmond users runs into the hundreds of thousands. Why settle for anything less? Why take a chance on cheap imitations?



Long-time specialists in finely engineered pick-ups for guitars, mandolins, violins, ukuleles, bass viols. Also DeArmond musical instrument amplifiers. Write for literature.

FOR THOSE WHO INSIST ON QUALITY... AS WE DO



ROWE INDUSTRIES
1702 WAYNE ST. • TOLEDO 9, OHIO

ELECTRIC GUITARS



Spanish
Hawaiian
Amplifiers
Reverbs

FREE
CATALOG

**VALCO
GUITARS, INC.**

2717 N. NORMANDY • CHICAGO 35, ILLINOIS

IF YOU PLAY BASS

ask your dealer for our
newest development

**'MARI
SUPERTONE'**
Bass G and D
Nylon Wound

will not fray—unaffected
by perspiration of the hands

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

THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED DRUMS



THE BETTER DRUMMER

will want the latest on Premier.

He'll want to see why Premier Drums are demanded in 99 countries. He'll want to know just how Premier will help him. He'll try Premier. He'll realize he's playing drums with a difference. Drums which will put him in a different category. He'll play even better. We expect to hear from him.

HALL DRUM CO., 315 Decatur St., New Orleans 16, La.; PACIFIC MUSIC SUPPLY CO., 1143 S. Santee St., Los Angeles 15, Calif.; In Canada only: CANADA MUSIC SUPPLY LTD., 472 De Lauzon St., Montreal, Canada.

Send me full details on Premier Drums

Name _____

Address _____

My dealer is _____ DB/3/A

and **Thelonious Monk**, plus the relationship between the composer and the player. The other class is the Art of Jazz, a workshop course in the problems of jazz improvisation, taught by pianist-composer **Hall Overton**. Overton also teaches a course in advanced contemporary composition at the school.

Gene Hull's orchestra played a jazz festival at Loew's Theater in Waterbury, Conn., on Feb. 5, and on Feb. 9 it was featured along with singers **Mel Torme** and **Teri Thornton**, plus the **Dave Brubeck Quartet**, in a Police Benevolent Association benefit at the American Shakespeare Festival Theater in Stratford, Conn. Torme's contract had a rider guaranteeing him Hull's backing.

Radio Liberty, which beams broadcasts to the Soviet Union, gave Russian jazz buffs a treat on its weekly *This Is Jazz* series when it presented messages and New Year's greetings from *Down Beat* 1963 poll winners. Taking part were **Ray Brown**, **Dave Brubeck**, **Charlie Byrd**, **Paul Desmond**, **Duke Ellington**, **Milt Jackson**, **J. J. Johnson**, and **Herbie Mann** . . . The same poll winners and their fellow prize-winners were the subject of a special salute by disc jockey **Will Moyle** on WROC in Rochester, N.Y. . . . **John S. Wilson** dedicated an entire program in his *World of Jazz* series on WQXR to the late **Jack Teagarden**.

RECORD NOTES: Pianist **Ronnie Mathews** signed with Prestige. His first date was in a quintet format with **Fredie Hubbard**, trumpet; **Charles Davis**, baritone saxophone; **Eddie Khan**, bass; and **Al Heath**, drums.

Argo records, in a continuing spurt of recording activity, has a&r man **Esmond Edwards** traveling the country coast to coast. He taped tenorist **Budd Johnson** in New York, **Lou Donaldson** in Los Angeles, and **Sam Lazar** in Chicago all within a week's time. Argo also signed Chicago tenor man **Jay Peters**.

Tenor saxophonist **Eddie Harris** has signed with Columbia records for a reported \$50,000 . . . Trombonist **J. J. Johnson** did 12 arrangements for an album to be called *Geordie Hormel Sings*. Johnson utilized various combinations of 21 strings, two woodwinds, four trombones, and a six-voice choir in fashioning the arrangements for 12 standards. The album was produced independently by Hormel, the piano-playing meat-packing heir, who formerly was the husband of actress **Leslie Caron**.

ENGLAND

Tours by the following groups are being scheduled for this country: in March, **Ella Fitzgerald** with the **Oscar Peterson Trio** and the **Roy Eldridge**

Quintet; April, the **Modern Jazz Quartet**; May, the **Dave Brubeck Quartet**; and July, the **Ray Charles** show.

Blues singers **Muddy Waters**, **Lonnie Johnson**, **Memphis Slim**, **Sonny Boy Williamson**, **Otis Spann**, **Victoria Spivey**, **Big Joe Williams**, **Willie Dixon**, and **Matt Murphy**, and drummer **Bill Stepney** were featured on a recent British television program . . . The American folk-blues-Gospel caravan starts a seven-day tour in London on May 9. Among the artists booked are **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee**, **Lightnin' Hopkins**, **Cousin Joe**, **Blind Gary Davis**, **Sister Rosetta Tharpe**, and **John Hurt** . . . Folk singer **Pete Seeger** appeared on a TV program in February and also played two concerts . . . Singer **Dick Haymes** says he will live in England.

A recent untimely death was that of harmonica player **Cyril Davis**, who led one of the only authentic rhythm-and-blues groups in Britain. Davis, who died in Harrows Hospital, was 32. He leaves a widow and two children.

Bill Russo is planning a series of concerts and recordings featuring the **London Jazz Orchestra** this spring. The LJO will perform both jazz and classical works. Already prepared for the performances are Russo's *Music for Violin and Orchestra* and **Richard Peasley's Stonehenge**.

An all-star benefit was given for **Alex Welsh's** clarinetist **Archie Semple**, who has been in the hospital for some months. The bands of **Acker Bilk**, **Kenny Ball**, **Gerry Brown**, **Welsh**, and **Alvin Roy**, the **Tony Milliner-Alan Littlejohn Quartet**, the **Diz Disley** string quintet, and trumpeters **Kenny Baker** and **Pat Halcox**, trombonist **George Chisholm**, clarinetist **Sandy Brown**, and saxophonist **Danny Moss** appeared.

COPENHAGEN

A high school senior, **Niels Henning Orsted Petersen**, has been named Danish jazz musician of the year. The 18-year-old bass player is a fixture at the Montmartre Jazz Club. **Ray Brown** did a double take when he first heard the boy, and **Count Basie** offered Niels a job. Young Petersen has played at the Montmartre with such visiting firemen as **Dexter Gordon**, **Roland Kirk**, **Brew Moore**, **Cat Anderson**, **Sahib Shihab**, and **Kenny Dorham**—all of whom speak his praise—and he's the anchor man on nearly all Danish jazz LPs issued during the last two years . . . Shihab left Copenhagen for Stockholm when his work permit expired . . . Gordon has definite plans to return to the United States, perhaps only as a visitor, in September after he finishes his role in the Danish version of *The Connection* and a summer stint at the Montmartre. **Kenny Drew** has signed for a three-

month engagement as house pianist at the club.

POLAND

The **Zbigniew Namyslowski Quartet**, one of the discoveries of Warsaw's Jazz '63 festival, is currently flooded with offers. The group has bookings, most of them in Western Europe, that will take it through the year. Saxophonist Namyslowski is regarded among the best alto-ists in Europe, which means Poland has two jazzmen among top-line European musicians, for bassist **Roman Dylag**, who appeared in the United States in 1962 with the **Warsaw Wreckers**, is also so reckoned. (Dylag, too, is fully booked outside Poland, so much so that he hasn't played here for more than a year.) The Namyslowski quartet consists of the leader, **Wlodzimierz Gulowski**, piano; **Tadeusz Wojcik**, bass; and **Czeslaw Bartkowski**, drums.

Preparations are under way for Jazz '64, which will be held in Warsaw Oct. 24-27. Invitations have been sent to groups in the Soviet Union, Romania, Yugoslavia, France, Holland, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, and the United States. According to U.S. State Department representatives in Warsaw, it is possible that **Ella Fitzgerald** and the **Oscar Peterson Trio** will appear at the festival . . . Everything seems to indicate that the **Modern Jazz Quartet** will play in Poland during its current European tour.

JAPAN

Vocalist **Wilma Reading** appeared at the Tokyo Hilton's Star Lite Room backed by the fine quintet of **Seiji Hiraoka**, Japan's top vibist. The Hilton seems to be spearheading a concerted effort to revitalize the long-dormant local hotel entertainment scene . . . The Victor Co. of Japan is trying to bring the **Dave Brubeck Quartet** to Nippon for a two-week tour . . . The good-sounds lag at Japan's U. S. military clubs is being blamed on no-savvy club managers. Two refreshing departures are the **Eddie Iwata** big band and vocalist **Tony Kojima**. Iwata's group has been the house band for many months at the Army Med Command NCO club near Camp Zama. The handsome young Kojima is vocalist at the Sands in downtown Tokyo.

The local jazz picture is much brighter. Good, sometimes near-flawless, imitators are plentiful. Individualists are rare. The best big band in Japan, led by saxophonist **Nobua Hara**, is called the **Sharps and Flats**. Excellent smaller groups are fronted by **Matsumoto**, **George Kawaguchi**, **Hiraoka**, and drummer **Hideo Shiraki**. A **Bob Crosby** Bobcat-modeled Dixieland group is called the **Hot Peppers** and is fronted by an excellent, nearly blind

trumpeter, **Fumio Nanri** . . . Boosters say female pianist **Nobuko Fukuda** is the best to come along in pianist-shy Japan since **Toshiko Akiyoshi Mariano**. Miss Fukuda leads her own trio at Yokota Air Base on the outskirts of Tokyo.

Top big band on Okinawa is an all-Okinawan group led by **Johnny Watson**. Watson's crew holds forth nightly at the huge V.F.W. club on the Pacific isle. The personable leader is a former sideman and arranger with the **Jan Savitt** and **Vaughan Monroe** orchestras and penned *It's a Wonderful World*, *Racing with the Moon*, *720 in the Books*, and other tunes of the swing era. Clarinetist **Tony Scott** is also on Okinawa but makes infrequent appearances at clubs. Scott is now an avid flamenco guitarist and reportedly will return soon to Japan.

PHILADELPHIA

Pep's was closed for a few weeks in January, reopening with **Cannonball Adderley** and following with **Olatunji**, **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan**, **Max Roach**, and **Etta Jones** . . . Red Hill Inn is booking local trios on weekends . . . Alvin's, a Levittown club that featured jazz performers occasionally, was destroyed recently by fire. Owner **Tony Alvin** isn't certain whether he will rebuild.

Count Basie played at halftime and after a Convention Hall professional basketball game between the Philadelphia 76ers and the St. Louis Hawks . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** drew a good crowd at a concert at McCarter Theater in Princeton, which rarely presents jazz artists . . . Drummer **Buddy Deppenschmidt**, back in Bucks County after several years in Washington with guitarist **Charlie Byrd**, is playing with the **Johnnie Coates Jr.** group at Cypress Inn in Morrisville . . . Trenton arranger-bandleader **Artie Romanis** has moved to New York. He's doing freelance arranging and is working with his brother, **George**.

NEW ORLEANS

Alto saxophonist-composer-arranger **Don Lasday** died of Hodgkin's disease in January. The 34-year-old graduate of Tulane University and Boston's Schillinger House was one of the city's outstanding musicians. He was a regular with **Lloyd Alexander's** big band, a widely respected teacher, and a familiar figure to local music fans through his solo appearances with the **New Orleans Pops** and the Tulane band. His fluent alto style, a peculiar synthesis of swing and modern influences from **Ben Webster** to **Lee Konitz**, marked him as distinctive.

Al Hirt was caught in the crossfire of a Mississippi segregation controversy in late January. The bearded trumpeter

was on a March of Dimes benefit tour scheduled to play in Jackson, Miss., when a dispute arose over the segregation policy at the concert. Hirt canceled his appearance and returned to New Orleans. He has been away from Bourbon St. for some time while his club, Dan's Pier 600, is being renovated.

The Louisiana Music Educators' festival will include a stage-band category in its annual school-band ratings this year for the first time. Several promising entries are in sight. Included are **Clem Toca's** award-winning St. Aloysius High School Band and pianist-composer **Bert Brand's** 25-piece group

from Warren Easton High School. The move to include stage bands was sparked by festival chairman **Bobby Morgan**, a big-band enthusiast and bassist with the **Lloyd Alexander Band** . . . Pianist **John Probst** left **Pete Fountain's** combo. Fountain has hired **Earl Vuioovich**, an excellent **Teddy Wilson**-style pianist known for his tasteful work with clarinetist **Tony Mitchell** at the Fountainbleau. Mitchell in turn has rescued **Pete Monteleone**, a competent modernist, from a local hotel band.

Pianist **Armand Hug** is doing a single at the Top Hat, a former rock-and-roll club.

Joe Cusatis with Peter Nero



plays

Slingerland

The Foremost in Drums

SLINGERLAND DRUM COMPANY 6633 N. Milwaukee Avenue, Niles 48, Illinois

ADVERTISING SPACE SALESMAN

Down Beat is seeking a space salesman to service accounts and establish new ones in New York area. Excellent opportunity for man interested in music business. Attractive salary, commission and expenses.

Please send complete resume to
Sales Department, Down Beat
205 West Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606

Classified Ads

FOR SALE

USED WHITE ORCHESTRA COATS SINGLE BREASTED \$5.00. TUX TROUSERS NEW \$7.95. KALE UNIFORMS, 522 W. ROOSEVELT, CHICAGO, ILL.

HELP WANTED

MUSICIANS WANTED for traveling band. Write qualifications to: Bandleader, Box 226, Clinton, Iowa.

MISCELLANEOUS

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

POEMS WANTED for musical setting and recording. Send poems. Free examination. Crown Music, 49DB West 32, New York 1.

RECORDS & TAPES

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

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

**FASTER'N
A BLUE
STREAK**

HOLTON
Trombone Oil

Silk-on-lipst' slide action in SILICON. The only oil that works like cold cream for its smooth action.

Price 30¢ — 65¢ by mail
Frank Holton & Co.
Elkhorn, Wisconsin

Holton Oils for brasswinds give you the zippiest action you've ever experienced on a horn—a new performance thrill.

Made with SILICON plus other special additives, Holton oils have vastly superior spreading and staying power for lasting protection and lightning action.

Pleasant smelling, won't gum. For valves and slides. Get it!

HOLTON—Elkhorn, Wis.

**LIPS SORE?
FASTER RELIEF**
for
**COLD SORES
FEVER BLISTERS**

Blistex
for
**DRY, CHAPPED
CRACKED LIPS**

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

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

DALLAS

Ray Charles and his orchestra thrilled a large, enthusiastic audience at the Memorial Auditorium. Dallas saxophonists **James Clay** and **Fathead Newman** on tenors and **Leroy Cooper** on baritone were featured . . . **Woody Herman** brought his swinging young herd to the State Fair Music Hall two nights later . . . **Lionel Hampton** and his orchestra played a one-nighter at the Longhorn Ranch . . . **Cannonball Adderley** and his group delighted the patrons of Guthrey's during a recent visit.

Dallas members of the **Stan Kenton** and **Ray Charles** aggregations, augmented by alumni of the North Texas State University school of music, played a series of Sunday afternoon jazz sessions at Louanns. In the group were **Dee Barton**, Kenton's trombonist-drummer; **James Clay** and **Fathead Newman**; **Louis Spears**, bass; **Bobbie Bradford**, trumpet; **Claude Johnson**, baritone saxophone; **Dude Kahn**, drums; **A. D. Washington**, conga; **Melba Moore**, vocals; and **Alan Marlowe**, **Johnny Desmond's** accompanist, piano. Marlowe was so impressed that he made a round trip by plane from Houston just to sit in at the second session.

ST. LOUIS

Count Basie and singer **Nancy Wilson** are due in town April 16, for a concert at Kiel Auditorium. It is being promoted by Regal Sports, which was the first social club to bring a name band to St. Louis—the Basie band, back in 1941 . . . The local jazz scene was enlivened at the first of the year by a visit from Chicago pianist **Judy Roberts**. She was well received during her too-brief stay at the Fallen Angel, working with **Gene Gammage**, drums, and **John Mixon**, bass. Gammage, who has worked with pianists **Oscar Peterson** and **Pat Moran**, is taking a trio into the Playboy Club, with **Tommy Strode**, piano, and **Mixon** . . . Organist **Sam Lazar** and tenor saxophonist **Ron Ruff**, headlining at Gaslight Square's Dark Side, spent a weekend in Chicago cutting an album for Argo.

CINCINNATI

Trumpeter **Louis Ware**, until recently on the California jazz scene, has returned to his home town and worked Monopole's in nearby Newport, Ky., with **Snooky Gibson**, piano, and **Lavell Wilkerson**, bass. He plans to form a new group with altoist **Curtis Peagler**, who has disbanded his **Modern Jazz Disciples**. Peagler; **Jimmy Jamaal**, organ; and **John Green**, drums, backed **Al Grey-Billy Mitchell** and **Benny Golson** during their stays at the Cabana Lounge. Just across the street, **Babe**

Baker's Jazz Corner countered with recent engagements by **Rufus Jones**, **Johnny Lytle**, **Kenny Burrell**, and the **Wynnton Kelly Trio**.

Dee Felice's Trio exited the Living Room after nearly two years' tenure as house group. Since then, it has worked **Babe Baker's**, with tenor man **Jimmy McGarry** and the **Jai Alai**. Felice, **WNOP** disc-jockey **Dick Pike**, and **Dale Murrison** will open a new jazz club in the Metropole Hotel in March. As yet unnamed, the club will have a capacity of some 200 . . . **Count Basie** made his first visit here in two years and drew 900 persons at Castle Farm. It now appears that June will mark the end of the Farm, originally scheduled to close its doors in January.

The Fine Arts Plaza Theater has been combining art films with live jazz concerts that have spotlighted the trios of **Jimmy Ryan** and **Dee Felice** . . . **Mahogany Hall Bookstore** has been the unique scene of Sunday evening sessions by the **Paul Plummer Quartet** . . . Bassist **Alex Cirin**, back from a lengthy stay on the East Coast, has been playing at the **Vernon Manor** and the **Executive Club** . . . Drummer **Ron McCurdy**, a fixture at the **Whisper Room** for many months, now works with the pit band at a local burlesque house. Gigs is gigs.

CHICAGO

For a while it was trombonists' paradise around town. **Si Zentner** and his big band wailed at the new **Celebrity Lounge** in the **Maryland Hotel** and were followed by **Kai Winding**, fronting a 12-piece group. During both runs, **J. J. Johnson** held forth at the **London House**, and **Benny Green** played at **McKie's** and at one of **Joe Segal's** Sunday sessions at 12 West Maple. With Green at the Segal session were pianist **Jodie Christian**, bassist **Vic Sproles** (in town while **Carmen McRae**, with whom he regularly works, took a breather), and drummer **Dorrel Anderson**, among others.

The Internal Revenue Service seized the **Gate of Horn** on Feb. 3; the owners of the folk and jazz club owed the government several thousand dollars in back taxes. The last groups to play the Gate were the **Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Quintet** and the **Bobby Gordan** combo. The Monday night Segal sessions were switched to Sundays at the 12 West Maple club, around the corner from the Gate.

Saxophonist **John LaPorta** gave one of his entertaining as well as educational clinics at the recent stage-band festival at **Oaklawn High School**. The winning band in Class A (schools of 1,500 students or fewer) was **Fenton High School**, and top band in Class AA (more than 1,500 students) was **Evans-**

ton Township High School. The event drew an estimated 1,700 listeners. The finals were taped by FM station WKRM and were broadcast Feb. 23.

The **Maynard Ferguson Band** is booked into Club Laurel for a March date. The club's recent **Count Basie** one-nighter was highly successful. The Laurel may begin featuring local jazz lights on Mondays . . . Bourbon Street has recently featured trumpeter **Don Jacoby's** group. Bassist-banjoist **Eddie (Dixie) Davis** is scheduled to play a return engagement at the Rush St. club. During the Jacoby run, **Ed Wilkinson**, bass and tuba, headed the relief trio. **Joe Johnson**, piano, and **Bob Skivar**, tenor saxophone and clarinet, were the other two-thirds of the group . . . The trio of local tenorist **John Klemmer (Larry Markwell)**, bass, **Bob Moseson**, drums) was presented in a recent concert at the Skokie Public Library.

Barrett Deems returned to his Evanston, Ill., home after the death of **Jack Teagarden**, with whom the drummer worked for some time. Before Deems joined the **Dukes of Dixieland** on Feb. 20, he worked a couple of weeks with the **Jan Scobey Band** at the Paris Show Lounge . . . **Louis Armstrong** is scheduled to play a March 14 concert at the Arie Crown Theater at McCormick Place . . . Saxophonist-pianist **Hank Crawford**, formerly with the **Ray Charles** aggregation, will follow **Roland Kirk** at McKie's. Crawford is booked in for two weeks beginning March 4 . . . Ex-Basie singer **Ocie Smith** was in a recent Playboy Club lineup.

Larry Novak now is playing Wednesdays at the Downstage Lounge of the Happy Medium. With the pianist is bassist **Cleveland Eaton** and drummer **Vernell Fournier** . . . Pianist **Judy Roberts** was the opening attraction at the Bountisa, a new cocktail lounge on S. Cicero Ave. . . Drummer **Terry McCurdy** is reorganizing the **Jazz People** with pianist-saxophonist-trumpeter **Tommy Ponce** and bassist **Ed Stemper**. The group has been playing Thursday through Sunday at the Blue Lite Lounge on N. Milwaukee. The club also has Sunday afternoon sessions.

BLUES NEWS: Walter Marion Jacobs, better known as **Little Walter** and remembered for his harmonica work with **Muddy Waters**, recently returned to the city after a long absence. He had been living in St. Louis, Mo., where he had several long engagements, including an eight-month stint at one club. The singer-harmonica player has been working with singer-guitarist **Homesick James Williamson** . . . Singer-pianist **Otis Spann** returned from a three-week tour of England, where he worked as a solo act, in time to appear with the **Muddy Waters Band** at the three-day University of Chicago Folk Music Festival, held Jan. 31-Feb. 2. Other blues performers on the festival programs were **Big Joe Williams** and **Mary Ross**, and Memphis singer-guitarist **Furry Lewis**. Williams, incidentally, was the subject of a 15-minute interview program recently taped by Fifth Army for dissemination on a 100-station Army radio network.

LOS ANGELES

Jeri Southern returns to the scene with her opening April 7 at Hollywood's Losers Club. Plagued by illness in recent years, the singer-pianist had been only sporadically active for a long time and most recently has been inactive.

Trombonist **Trummy Young**, out of the **Louis Armstrong All-Stars** since New Year's night, is winding up his business affairs here in preparation for a permanent move to Hawaii, where he resided for several years, next August. His wife, a native Hawaiian, and daughter will accompany him. Young said he intends to form his own group in the islands. He spent 11½ years with Armstrong—mostly on the road. It was that road life that caused him to quit, he said.

After some three years elsewhere, singer **Al Hibbler** re-signed with the **Lee Magid** office and may also return to the Decca fold . . . Tenorist **Hank Bagby** formed (and already privately recorded) his new group, consisting of **Chuck Foster**, trumpet; **Dave Mackey**, piano; **Gary Driscoll**, bass; and **Al Levitt**, drums . . . **Lena Horne** soon may be seen in the lead acting role of an episode in the *Eleventh Hour* series on NBC-TV. The **Ossie Davis-Orin Bornsten** story has an integration theme . . . **Dave Brubeck** addressed a conference of nearly 1,200 executives and representatives of the Insurance Co. of North America Jan. 24 at Disneyland Hotel here. Following his speech, Brubeck and his quartet entertained the conference the same evening. 



down beat
db
MARKETPLACE

REFER TO DOWN BEAT WHEN
PATRONIZING THESE ADVERTISERS.

Marketplace listings are sold for 6 consecutive, copy unchanged, issues at \$50.00 (payable in advance), or for 13 consecutive issues at \$100.00 (payable in advance). One copy change can be made with the 7th issue. Ads will be set in standard listing typography. Closing date is 6 weeks prior to issue date. All retail advertisers selling Down Beat will have the db insignia included in their listings at no extra cost. YOU CAN BUY YOUR COPY OF DOWN BEAT FROM ANY DEALER WITH THE db INSIGNIA IN HIS ADVERTISEMENT.

ARRANGEMENTS

START A KICKS BAND Good Charts for 13 men. (4 trpts, 2 bones, 4 sax, 3 rhythm). By former Berklee student (BKLE #4). Foreign orders filled. SEND \$3 for sample and list to: John E. Cieslak 18628 Buffalo, Detroit 24, Mich.

BOOKS

Jake Trussell's AFTER HOURS POETRY Now mailed into over forty countries. One of the world's most widely read poetry booklets. For your copy, send \$1.00 to Jake Trussell Kingsville, Texas P.O. Box 951

George Russell's Lydian Chromatic Concept "The most profound theoretical contribution to come from Jazz."—John Lewis, MJQ.
Price \$22.50
CONCEPT PUBLISHING CO.
121 Bank St. New York, N.Y. 10014

INSTRUMENTS

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

METHODS

1st Step to Improvisation—Rizzo \$3.50
Nat. Stage Band Camp Theory Book \$7.50
Free Catalogs: Methods, Charts, LP's etc.
NES, National Educational Services NES,
413 S. Second St. Libertyville, Ill. 60048

MISCELLANEOUS

Get "MIKE BITS" 400 COMEDY Bits, band gags, fill-in's by top TV writer—\$3 ALSO: "QUICK COMEDY" for bands. Crazy lead-in's to song titles, band bits, gags—\$3 Money back offer. Try both! Be in demand!
Vin Healy, 825-D W. End Ave. NY 25 NY

RECORDS

Jazz & Blues Headquarters
FREE CATALOGS of your type of music
Large Stock of 78's—Fast LP service
JAZZ RECORD MART
Seven West Grand 222-1467 Chicago 10

Exciting traditional folk blues albums:
THE LEGENDARY PEG LEO HOWELL
(204); Maryland songster, 12-string guitarist Bill Jackson, LONG STEEL RAIL
(201). \$4.98 postpaid. Free catalog.
TESTAMENT RECORDS
5851 Blackstone Ave., Chicago 37, Illinois

Records for sale—Private collection. Top rated db albums of recent years. Over 600 to choose from—condition as new. Send today for FREE list.
John Norris, P.O. Box 87, Station J, Toronto 6, Ontario, Canada

Ad closing date

FEBRUARY 27

for ads to begin in the

APRIL 23

issue of Down Beat

WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing by urban area of jazz performers, where and when they are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., six weeks prior to cover date.
LEGEND: hb.—house band; tfn.—till further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.—weekends.

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: Carmen McKrae, Si Zentner, to 3/7.
Birdland: name groups, wknds. Sessions, Mon.
Black Horse Inn (Huntington, N.Y.): Joe London, Dan Tucci, wknds.
Blue Spruce (Roslyn): Teddy Wilson, tfn.
Cameo Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Art Williams, tfn.
Central Plaza: sessions, Sat.
Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, Benny Aronov, Gene Bertocini, tfn.
Club Cali (Dunellen, N.J.): jazz, Mon.
Eddie Condon's: Peanut Hucko, tfn.
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.
Eighth Wonder: Danny Barker, tfn.
Embers: Joe Bushkin to 3/7. Dizzy Gillespie, 3/9-4/4.
Five Spot: Charlie Mingus, tfn. Upper Bohemia Six, David Amram-George Barrow, Mon. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Garden City Bowl: Johnny Blowers, wknds.
Gordian Knot: unk.
Half Note: Art Farmer-Jim Hall, 2/28-3/12. Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, 3/13-19.
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, tfn.
Junior's: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
Metropole: Red Allen, hb.
The Most: Matt & Ginny Dennis, tfn. Benny Golson-Don Michaels, Sun.
Open End: Scott Murray, Slam Stewart, tfn.
The Place-Oakdale Lanes (Oakdale, N.Y.): Joe Coleman, Marty Napoleon, Chubby Jackson, Mon.
Playboy: Monty Alexander, Walter Norris, Phil DeLaPena, Ross Tompkins, tfn.
Hotel Plaza (Jersey City): Jeanne Burns, tfn.
Purple Manor: Tiny Grimes, tfn.
Room at the Bottom: Wilbur DeParis, tfn.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, tfn. Marshall Brown, Mon.-Wed. Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Thur.-Sat.
Strollers: Marian McPartland, tfn.

TORONTO

Colonial Tavern: Wilbur De Paris to 2/29. Jonah Jones, 3/2-14.
First Floor Club: Modern jazz groups, wknds.
Friar's Tavern: Stan Getz to 2/29.
George's Spaghetti House: Don Thompson to 2/29.
Town Tavern: Clark Terry to 2/29. Jack Jones, 3/2-14.

PHILADELPHIA

Capri: DeLloyd McKay, tfn.
Columbus (Trenton): Tony Spair, tfn.
Cypress Inn (Morrisville): Johnnie Coates Jr., tfn.
Golden Horse Inn: The Sandmen, tfn.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims, hb.
Latin Casino: Tommy Dorsey Orchestra-Frank Sinatra Jr., 3/2-11.
Pep's Mongo Santamaria, 3/2-7.
Picasso: unk.
Pilgrim Gardens: Good Time Six, tfn.
Playmate: Del Shields, tfn.
Red Hill Inn: Jim Amadie, tfn.
Riverboat Room: Mark IV Trio, tfn.
Showboat: unk.
Sportsman's Lounge: Billy Root, tfn.
Zelmar: Jimmy Oliver, tfn.

WASHINGTON

Bayou: Eddie Dimond, hb.
Bohemian Taverns: Dorothy Ashby, tfn.
Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor Jr., tfn.
Charles Hotel: Kenny Fulcher-Silde Harris, hb., Thur.-Sat.
Eden Roc: Bill Harris, Donna Jewell, tfn.
French Quarter: Tommy Gwaltney, tfn.
Red Coach Inn: Charlie Schreier, tfn.
Showboat Lounge: Dizzy Gillespie to 3/7.
Velvet Inn: John Malachi, tfn.

NEW ORLEANS

Absinthe House: modern jazz, afterhours, wknds.
Dan's Pier 600: unk.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.
500 Club: Leon Prima, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
King's Room: Lavergne Smith, tfn.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, Snookum Rus-

sell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, Snooks Eaglin, hbs.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Top Hat: Armand Hug, tfn.

ST. LOUIS

Black Horse: Jean Trevor, Jim Becker, tfn.
Blue Note (East St. Louis): Leo's Five, tfn.
Dark Side: Ron Ruff-Sam Lazar, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Fallen Angel: Nick Nicholas-Van Harris, hb.
Gino's: Bernard Hutcherson, tfn.
Islander: Peanuts Whalum, Thur.-Sat.
Jackie Gold's Bustles & Bows: Clay's Dixie Wildcats, tfn.
Natchez Queen: Trebor Tichenor, tfn.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, tfn.
Playboy Club: Tommy Strode, Jackie Graham, hbs.
Puppet Pub: Phil Cappello, tfn.
Silver Dollar: Muggsy Sprecher, tfn.
Sorrento's: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat.
Steepchase: Ralph Sutton, tfn.
Tiger's Den: Sammy Gardner, tfn.
Tres Bien: Quartette Tres Bien, hb.
Upstream: Gale Belle, wknds.
Yacht Club: Courtney Goodman Jr., wknds.

CLEVELAND

Brothers: Bill Dinasco, wknds.
Bud's Club 77: Ray Bradley-Lindsay Tufts, wknds.
Capri: Jesters, tfn.
La Cave: name folk artists. Hootenanny, Tue.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Leodis Harris, Thur.-Sat.
Club 100: Chino Feaster-Claude Barteel, tfn.
Commodore Hotel: various folk artists, Thur.-Sat. Hootenanny, Thur.
Corner Tavern: B.B. King to 3/1. Dorothy Donegan, 3/2-8, tentative. Don Gardner, Deedee Ford, 3/9-15. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Esquire: Nat Fitzgerald-Leon Stevenson, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Faragher's: name folk artists.
Golden Key Club: Bobby Bryan, tfn. Fats Heard, hb.
Harvey's Hideaway: Jimmy Belt, tfn.
LaRue: Spencer Thompson-Joe Alexander, tfn.
Leo's Casino: Roy Hamilton to 3/1. Gloria Lynne, 3/5-15.
Lucky Bar: Weasel Parker, Thur.-Sat.
Marty's (West Park): Eddie Baccus-Lester Sykes, tfn.
Midway: Montereys, wknds.
Monticello: Ted Paskert-George Quittner, wknds.
Napoleon: Lloyd Pearson-Gaylords, tfn.
The Office: Ted Kelly-Sol Lucas, wknds.
La Porte Rouge: Bill Gidney, Wed.-Sat.
Quinn's Restaurant (Solon): Joe Howard, wknds.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb.
Squeeze Room: Sky-Hy Trio, Wed., wknds.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy, hb.
Tangiers: Judy Strauss, wknds.
Theatrical: Wild Bill Davison-Salt City Six to 2/29. Roy Liberto, 3/2-14.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, Lizzi Doyle, tfn.
Au Sable Lounge: Pete Ducherme, wknds.
Baker's Keyboard: unk.
Cork & Embers: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): George Overstreet, Stu Aptekar, tfn.
Mr. Kelly's: workshop sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Momo's: Ralph Jay, Jack Pierson, tfn.
Playboy Club: Matt Michaels, Hal McKinney, Vince Mance, tfn.
Surfside: Tom Saunders, tfn.
Trent's: Terry Pollard, tfn.

CHICAGO

Blue Lite Lounge: Jazz People, Thur.-Sun. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, tfn.
Happy Medium (Downstage Lounge): Larry Novak, Wed., Thur.
Hungry Eye: Judy Roberts-Donald Garrett, Tue.-Thur. Fred Humphrey, wknds.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington, Thur.
London House: Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina to 3/8. Larry Novak, Jose Bethancourt, hbs.
McKie's: Roland Kirk to 3/1. Hank Crawford, 3/4-15.
Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, hbs.

Old East Inn: Gene Shaw, Thur.-Sat. Various groups, Sun.-Wed.
Pepper's: Muddy Waters, Wed., wknds.
Playboy: Joe Iaco, Gene Esposito, Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, hbs. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Silvio's: Howling Wolf, wknds.

LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Beverly Cavern: Johnny Lucas, Fri.-Sat.
Black Bull (Woodlands Hills): Gus Bivona, tfn.
Blueport Lounge: Bill Beau, Bobby Robinson, tfn.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Sun.
Crescendo: Ann Richards, Shecky Greene, to 3/1. Arthur Lyman, 4/25-5/1.
Dixie Doodle (Pomona): Ken Scott, Bayou Ramblers, Fri.-Sat.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Castron, hb.
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 Guarneri, tfn.
Hunting Horn (Rolling Hills): Paul Smith, Dick Dorothy, tfn.
Intermission Room: William Green, Tricky Lof-ton, Art Hillery, Tony Bazely, tfn.
Jim's Roaring '20s Wonderbowl (Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, hb.
Losers: Sam Fletcher. Adam Wade opens 3/13.
Jeri Southern opens 4/7.
Marineland Restaurant (Palos Verdes): Big Tiny Little to 3/15.
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.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, tfn.
Purple Onion: Gene Russell, Sun.
Quail Restaurant (North Hollywood): Pete Bealman, Thur.-Sat.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Amos Wilson, Tue. Reuben Wilson, Al Barteel, Wed.-Thur. Kiltie Doswell, wknds.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pud Brown, Ray Bauduc, tfn.
Rubaiyat Room: Charlie Ross, Thur.-Mon.
Reuben's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, tfn.
Shelley's Manne-Hole: Art Blakey, 2/27-3/8. Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, 4/23-5/3. Carmen McRae, 6/11-21.
Sheraton West Hotel: Red Nichols, tfn.
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

Beehive (Atherton): Con Hall, tfn.
Bit of England (Burlingame): Lee Konitz, Sun.
Blue Mirror: Con Hall, afterhours, wknds.
Dales: (Alameda): George Stoicich Jr., wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): John Coppola, alternate Sun.
Horkey's (South Palo Alto): Bill Ervin, afterhours.
Interlude: Merrill Hoover, Don Washington, tfn.
Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders, Tony Butler, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Jack McDuff to 2/23. Horace Silver, 2/25-3/8; Art Blakey, 3/10-3/22; Jim McGriff, 3/24-4/5.
Jimbo's Pop City: Freddie Gambrell, afterhours, tfn.
Left Bank (Oakland): Buddy Montgomery, wknds.
Music Crossroads: Earl Hines, tfn.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
Ricardo's (San Jose): Lee Konitz, Fri.-Sat.
Ronnie's Soulville: Smiley Winters, afterhours.
Sugar Hill: Charlie Byrd to 2/29. Shirley Horn, 3/2-14.
The Beach: Chris Ibanez-Jerry Good, tfn.
The Clozet (San Mateo): Ed Kelly, tfn.; sessions, Sun.
The Psycho (Oakland): Norman Long, tfn.; sessions, Sun.
Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): The Henchmen, Terri King, tfn.
Trident (Sausalito): Bobby Dorough to 3/4; Joe Sullivan, Sun.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): Roy Henderson, wknds. Afterhours sessions.
Twelve Adler Place: Vernon Alley-Al Plank, tfn.

db

INCOMPARABLE DUO



CHICO HAMILTON & THAT GREAT GRETSCHE SOUND

Chico's talented hands and Gretsch's quality construction . . . one reflecting, then multiplying the creative brilliance of the other. He knows that only a Gretsch Drum evokes the "extra" from his style . . . that full, swinging sound that marks this exciting modernist. Gretsch makes his drumming soar — as it can with yours.

Chico's Gretsch "Burgundy Sparkle" outfit contains: 18" x 14" bass drum; 12" x 8", 14" x 12" and 14" x 18" tomtoms (single head); 14" x 15½" snare with exclusive Gretsch 42 Power Snare.

GRETSCHE THE FRED. GRETSCHE
MANUFACTURING CO.

60 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N.Y. Dept. A43

Please send me a copy of the following:

4-color Gretsch Drum Catalog

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

over
35?



SHE: "Wow! What a bunch of guitars."

HE: "They're all used to play folk music."

SHE: "My gosh. They're all Gibson's!"

HE: "Sure, Gibson's got over 35 folk models."

Yes, Gibson's big in folk music. 37 models from \$85 to \$450. With 18 of them under \$200.

For example. A long neck banjo and a twelve string guitar, each priced at \$179.50. A whole series of flat tops priced under \$150. A classic for only \$99.50.

Gibson leads the way in flat tops, classics, banjos and special folk instruments. And, the prices are amazingly low. All models with exclu-

sive Gibson features. Gibson quality. The pure tone and superb response that is found only in a Gibson.

With folk instrument sales surging, the line that offers the most is Gibson.

Since 1894...the frets
heard round the world

Gibson

GIBSON, INC., KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN