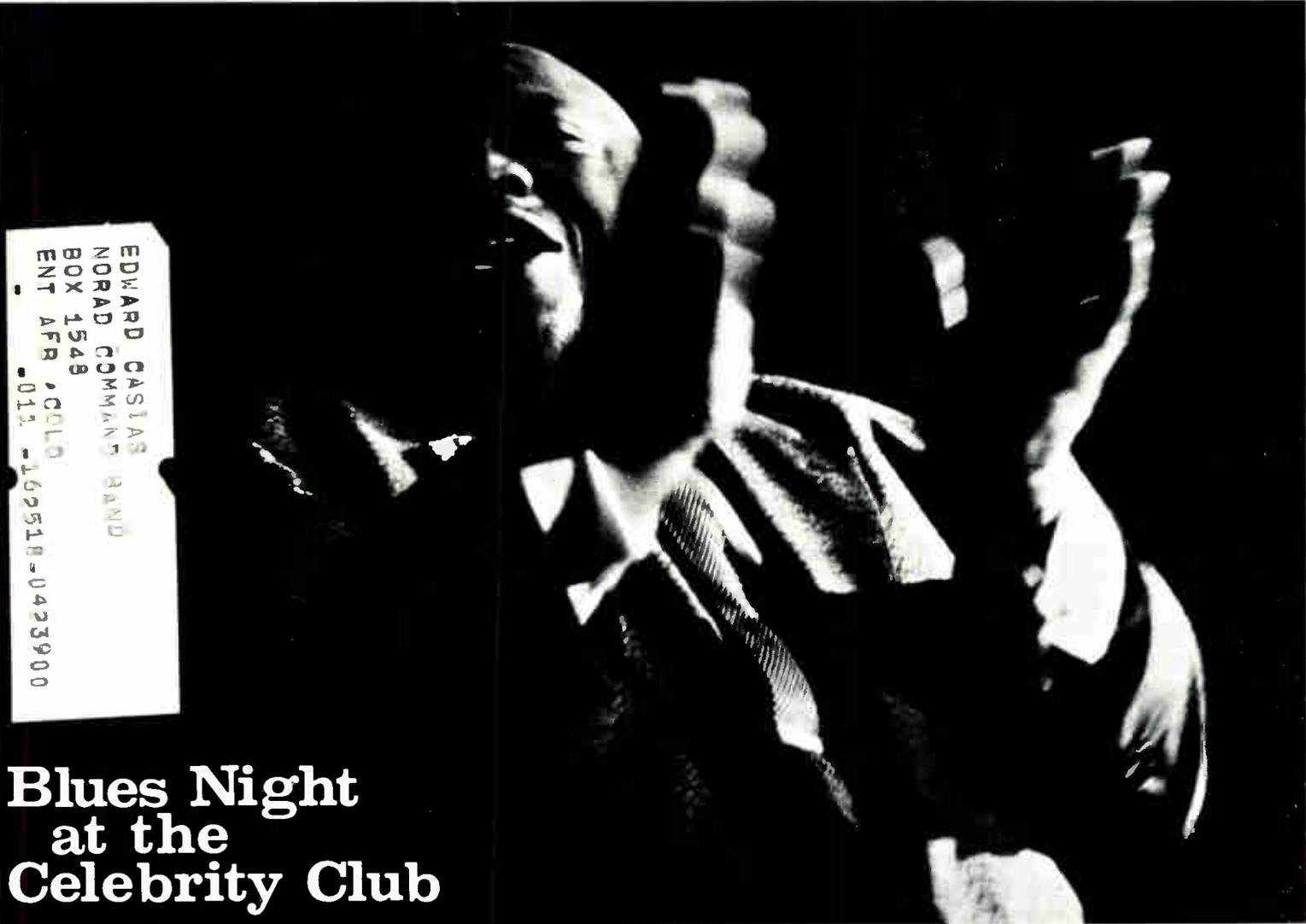


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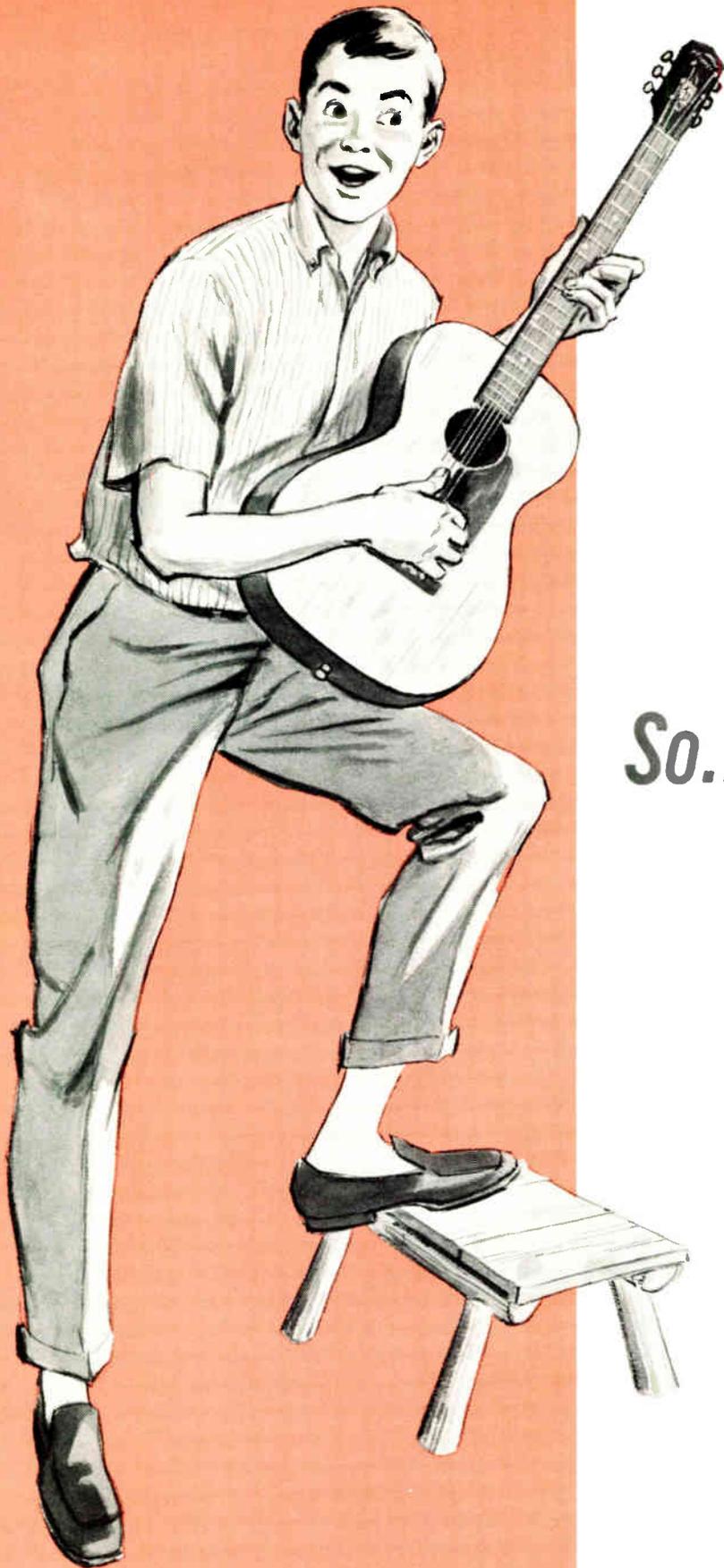
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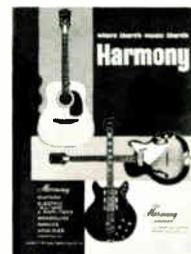
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4 DOWN BEAT

April 9, 1964

Vol. 31, No. 9

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JOHN J. MAHER
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DON DeMICHEAL
ASSISTANT EDITOR/DESIGN
PETE WELDING
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
IRA GITLER
JOHN A. TYNAN
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
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BARBARA GARDNER
ADVERTISING SALES MANAGER
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Cover photograph by Jim Marshall

THINGS TO COME: The April 23 **Down Beat** is the annual issue devoted to big bands. Gerry Mulligan and Gerald Wilson are two of the prime subjects covered in this issue, but there also will be a from-the-shoulder article by Buddy DeFranco on the good and bad in one of the most-active areas of the big-band field, the stage bands. Several new and reissue big-band records also will be reviewed. All this in addition to the regular **Down Beat** features. The April 23 big-band issue goes on sale Thursday, April 9.

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Jones From Time's Viewpoint

Much as I regret prolonging the dreary little examination of LeRoi Jones' capacities as a jazz critic, I cannot resist saying how shabby I found his most recent effort (*The Acceptance of Monk*, DB, Feb. 27).

A poet-critic (or is it critic-poet?) who devotes six opening paragraphs to braying about an article he has not read is surely in need of a poet-editor, but when he speculates on the dark motives behind the imagined article, one wonders if he couldn't use an analyst as well.

His presumption that any article about Monk in *Time* would be square, if not downright foul, shows all the intellectual content of a knee-jerk.

Still, it remains worth noting that had his nature been more generous, Jones might have reacted to the rumor that *Time* was writing about Monk with happiness for Monk's improved fortunes or even fear for Monk's imperiled reputation. But to write the whole thing off as a "wild joke" indicates a mischievous spirit, let alone a foolish mind.

Barry Farrell
New York City

Reader Farrell, Time magazine contributing editor, wrote the recent Time cover story on Monk.

For a strong reaction to Farrell's article and Time's Monk cover, read Leonard Feather's Feather Nest in the next issue of Down Beat.

Jones' Monk Excellent

Congratulations to LeRoi Jones on his excellent article *The Acceptance of Monk* (DB, Feb. 27). I agree 100 percent with his closing remarks: "But Monk now is making his way into big-time America. He hasn't given his mind away on the way; he's still 'out there' and showing no signs of becoming anything other than what he's been for quite a long time now." How true, how true!

Dennis R. Hendley
Milwaukee, Wis.

LeRoi Jones wrote with beauty, clarity, insight and understanding on Monk. I am not surprised, however, that he can elicit this caliber of writing from himself. It is just appalling that he only elects to do so on rare, rare occasions.

Ben S. Page
Philadelphia, Pa.

Weston, For The Record

The article about me in the Feb. 27 *Down Beat* is really fine, and I'm very pleased with it (and proud of the company I'm keeping in the issue), so these qualifications aren't meant in any derogatory way. I just thought the record should be set straight—and publicly.

First, it was unfortunate that Melba

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I am a self-taught drummer who, like all self-taught people in their respective areas, is hung up! I am in dire need of outside assistance and am hoping that you can fill a void that should have been filled a long time ago. Just to briefly describe my position—I have used Volume One of the ——— book. I haven't finished the book yet, and I've had it for two and a half years. I don't really know what the problem is, but anyway that you look at it, that book and me just don't groove. Realizing that you've had innumerable experience with confused, humble, object, and of course always noncommittal be-boppers, I entrust my dilemma to you. I would be most grateful for anything you can offer or suggest. I don't suppose there's anything else to say at the moment that has much to do with the question at hand. So I close with the hope that I will hear from you soon."

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Liston wasn't mentioned in any way in the article. We are long-time friends and musical collaborators, and she did the fine arrangements for three of my favorite albums: *Little Niles*, *Uhuru Afrika*, and my most recent album on Colpix. Without her tremendous help and inspiration, these albums simply wouldn't have made it; her contribution to them—and to much of my other music—has been invaluable.

Second, two minor factual points: *Uhuru* was composed and recorded in 1959, before my first visit to Nigeria. And both trips were sponsored by the American Society of African Culture, not just the first one.

Randy Weston
 New York City

Hong Kong Blues

With reference to the special report *Jazz in Hong Kong* by Jack Lind (*DB*, Jan. 2), I wish to deny the following statements attributed to me:

"We could use a better musicians' union around here." And "The Hong Kong union is a loose organization, and they don't take very good care of their members."

Rudy Suegang
 Kowloon, Hong Kong

New Thing: Effects And Affect

I think the time is ripe for all the confusion and inaccuracies concerning today's avant-garde music to be cleared up. Two recent letters in your magazine (*DB*, Feb. 13) provided the wellspring for my thoughts.

One stated that when a rock-and-roll saxophone player uses honking and screaming effects on his horn, he is criticized as being nonmusical, while the avant-garde saxophonist, employing the same sounds, is praised. This is simply dishonest argument. The rock-and-roll player honks and screams and nothing else; the avant gardist utilized these sounds, plus many, many others.

The second letter said that the new music threatens to be the death of jazz. Jazz, in all likelihood, won't expire from it; jazz is much too legitimate and healthy an art form. If it does perish, it doesn't deserve to survive.

Ronald Caro
 New York City

Big-Band Reviews Appreciated

The fine review of the latest Glenn Miller LP set by John S. Wilson (Jan. 2), the Tommy Dorsey-Sam Donahue write-up (Jan. 16) and the *Bevy of Big Bands* review by Leonard Feather (Jan. 30) give this old big-band booster new hope.

Wilson and Feather both have the background and keen awareness to write about big bands. There is a desperate need for this type of writing. Many of your younger readers don't realize it, but there are still a few bands out on the road playing good modern music. The leaders of these bands need all the support they can get, particularly intelligent evaluations of their current contributions to music.

Randy Taylor
 Dayton, Ohio

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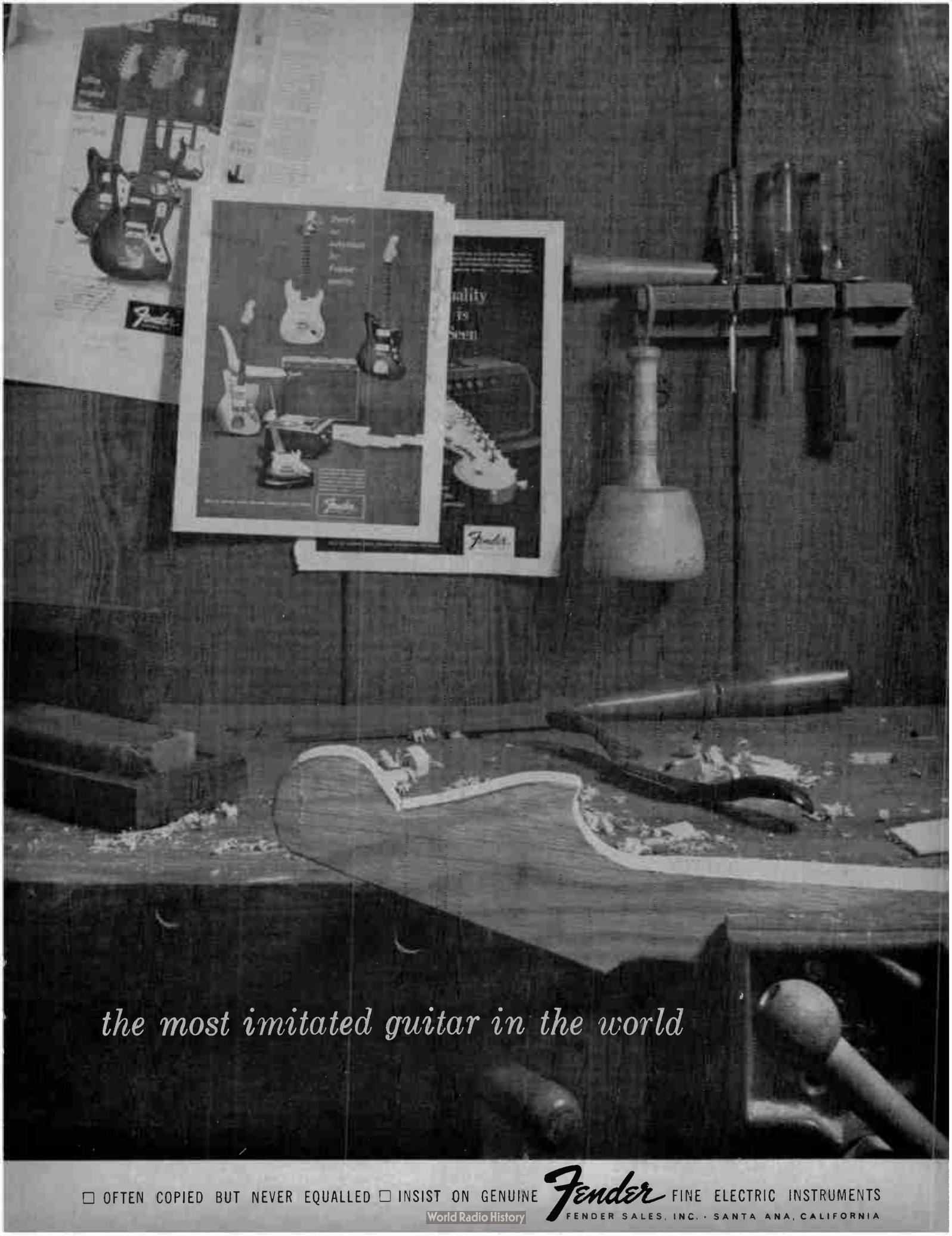
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NEW YORK

When tenor saxophonist **Paul Gonsalves** became ill at the **Duke Ellington Band's** first London concert at Royal Festival Hall, British tenor man **Tubby Hayes**, who was in the audience, filled in for him . . . Meanwhile, on the Ellington home front, WLIB disc jockey **Mercer Ellington**, Duke's son, ran the third in a series of monthly jam sessions sponsored by the Budweiser Brewing Co. The first two bashes—at Minton's and Smalls'—were quite successful. The third—at Count Basie's—was standing-room-only. Ellington the Younger was emcee, and there was a basic group of **Ben Webster**, tenor saxophone; **Dave Frishberg**, piano; **Richard Davis**, bass; and **Grady Tate**, drums. Sitters-in included tenor saxophonist Gonsalves (before his departure for Europe), **Harold Ashby**, **Big Nick Nicholas**, and **Harold Ousley**; alto saxophonist **George Braith**; cornetist-violinist **Ray Nance**; trumpeter **Willie Cook**; trombonist **Matthew Gee**; and guitarist **Kenny Burrell**. A high point was a string duet by Nance and Burrell. Tentative plans call for the next session to be at the Prelude.

Guitarist **Laurindo Almeida** is slated to join the **Modern Jazz Quartet** for an April tour of England . . . March 30 at Carnegie Hall is day and site for the second **Thelonious Monk** concert by his band and quartet within three months.



M. ELLINGTON

The program will be similar to Monk's Philharmonic Hall concert Dec. 30. The Columbia album of that concert will be released in April.

In January, veteran tenor saxophonist-clarinetist **Cecil Scott** died of cancer in New York City. He had been bed-ridden for several months. Born in Springfield, Ohio, in 1905, Scott came to New York in 1926 with an orchestra co-led by him and his brother, drummer **Lloyd Scott**. Some of the band's sidemen were trumpeters **Frankie Newton** and **Bill Coleman** and trombonist **Dickie Wells**. Scott, known for his growl clarinet playing and forceful tenor work, recorded and played with the bands of **Teddy Hill** and **Fletcher Henderson** and with many well-known figures in mainstream jazz. He was often heard at Jimmy Ryan's and at the Stuyvesant Casino and the Central Plaza sessions. He also was well known as a teacher of reed instruments.



HAMPTON

At a recent Connecticut concert, the **Gene Hull Orchestra** played a **Dave Brubeck** original that the pianist had written when he was 21. Brubeck conducted the piece, which had been gathering dust since **Stan Kenton** rejected it 22 years ago . . . **Lionel Hampton's** band is supposed to be the first attraction at **Jazzland**, located at the New York World's Fair, which opens in April . . . Songwriter **Johnny Burke**, who wrote the lyrics for **Pennies from Heaven**, **It Could Happen to You**, and **Imagination**, among others, died in New York last month of a heart attack. He was 55.

April 4 will mark clarinetist **Jimmy Giuffre's** first full evening as an unaccompanied soloist. Titled **Sound Feelings**, the recital will be held at the **Hardware Poet's Playhouse**

(Continued on page 43)

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down beat

April 9, 1964

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CHET BAKER RETURNS TO THE UNITED STATES

Trumpeter Chet Baker, whose drug addiction has kept him in and out of European jails since 1959, returned to the United States on March 3 vowing he would never use narcotics again. Baker, who recently was acquitted in a West Berlin court on the charge of illegally obtaining narcotics, spent 40 days in a sanatorium in that West German city.

At New York's John F. Kennedy International Airport, where he was detained by customs agents for interrogation and search of his luggage and person, Baker said, "I haven't had anything for 40 days. I'm cured. It is not a question of whether I can stay off it. I must stay off it. I have no more time for police, hospitals, clinics, and courts."

Baker said he was going to stay at an unidentified friend's farm near Tonka Falls, Minn., and that the friend would eventually open a Minneapolis club, where Baker would play. When asked of his plans for the future, the trumpeter replied that he intended to rest, write music, and eventually form a group.

LAMBERT EXITS L-H-B; REPLACEMENT SET

After six years, Dave Lambert, a charter member of the poll-winning vocal trio, Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan, said goodbye to the group and the road. Lambert, who was president of the corporation of which the group was a part, left late last month.

"It has been a ball," he told *Down Beat*, referring to the artistic side of working with the trio. He said his reasons for leaving were financial.

"It was a good gig for the rhythm section, the agent, the lawyer, the accountants, and the government," he remarked. "Do you realize the expense of taking six people, bass, drums, and 16 pieces of hand baggage from New York to California? And last week in Washington, I came out making \$75."

After the Washington engagement, Lambert's last with the group, the trio was scheduled for participation in

a Dick Gregory show at Baltimore's City Center and a concert of its own at New York's Queens College. For these appearances Lambert's replacement was Jon Hendricks' 18-year-old protege, Marion Cowings.

At presstime it was announced that the third slot would be taken over on a permanent basis by Don Chastain, a Californian actor-singer who has been a regular cast member of the Edie Adams television show this season and who was the second male lead in the musical *No Strings* when it was on Broadway.

He and Hendricks had planned to record a vocal version of Miles Davis' *Miles Ahead* (Chastain sings all of the trumpeter's parts) long before Lambert left. The performance will now be incorporated into the group's repertoire, according to Hendricks.

Chastain joins the group, which will be billed as Chastain, Hendricks & Bavan, on March 30 at the Royal Arms in Buffalo. Hendricks, in the meantime, will work as a single with the group's rhythm section at the Village Gate for two weekends.

Lambert, active in the New York studios as an organizer, arranger, and leader of vocal groups before he, Hendricks, and Annie Ross formed their original group in 1958, plans to return to studio work. He will not, however, limit his activities. "I want to go in all directions at once," he said. In keeping with this, he said he is writing original material, putting together a five-voice group, and trying his hand at acting.

In a recent class at Brooklyn College Lambert read a scene from Eugene O'Neill's *Desire under the Elms*, playing the role of an old New England farmer, Ephraim Cabot. Commenting on an interest in doing television commercials, the one-time Boston tree surgeon said, "They're going in for New England sea captains now."

ALL-STAR TROUPE ON THE ROAD FOR NAACP AND CORE

A high-powered concert package of jazz, spiritual, and Latin music as well as comedy has hit the California highways to raise money for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the Congress of Racial Equality.

The seven-day tour, under the banner Stars for Freedom, features the Count Basie Orchestra, singers Mahalia Jackson, Joe Williams, Loretta Alexandria, Fran Jeffries, and Ruth Olay; comedians Dick Gregory and Dave Barry; and the Latin band of Rene Bloch.

In varying combinations the performers are appearing in eight California cities. The tour opened March 24 in San Jose and played Richmond the following evening. Sacramento and Bakersfield will be the sites of twin concerts March 26. Basie, Williams, Miss Jeffries, and comedian Barry are set to appear in the state capital; in Bakersfield, farther south, there will be a concert expected to feature comedian Gregory, singers Miss Alexandria and Miss Olay, and the Bloch band.

Basie, Williams, Miss Alexandria, Gregory, Miss Jeffries, and Bloch appear in Fresno March 27 and in San Diego March 28.

Los Angeles Sports Arena is scheduled to be the site of the March 29 concert, the bill consisting of Basie, Miss Jackson, Miss Jeffries, Williams, Miss Olay, Gregory, and Miss Alexandria. All except Miss Jackson are expected to perform in San Francisco's Cow Palace the evening of March 30.

According to a spokesman for the tour's organizer, attorney Thomas Newsom, all proceeds will be earmarked by NAACP and CORE for voter education and voter registration. The spokesman said the caravan was organized at the request of California Gov. Edmund G. Brown.

200 LOCAL 802 MEMBERS PICKET LOCAL'S HEADQUARTERS

'Tis the time of the march, the demonstration, and the picket.

The latest promenade in the passing parade was an unusual one. On Feb. 26, as a culmination of a week-long picketing by small contingents, 200 members of New York City's AFM Local 802, horns in hand, converged on the local's headquarters on W. 52nd St.

The musicians planned some free-style jamming to express displeasure at the way the union officials conducted a recent bylaws meeting, but a city ordinance prevented any musical protest. The musicians who made up the orderly, moving line in front of the union building were by no means silent, however.

The placards they carried were eloquent too: LOCAL 802 OFFICIALS UNFAIR TO UNION MUSICIANS; TAXATION WITHOUT MISREPRESENTATION; WE NEED A UNION THAT'S PRO-LABOR; MUSIC IS HEARD, BUT THE MUSICIANS ARE NOT; LOCAL 802, THE UNION THAT FIGHTS ITS MEMBERS; MANUTI: YOU CAN BE REPLACED BY AN OIL PAINTING; WHEN IN DOUBT, ADJOURN THE MEETING.

Manuti is Alfred J. Manuti, president of 802, who was a prime target



DON SCHLITTE

MUSTERING STRENGTH FOR UNION PICKETING

Shawn ready to depart from Charlie's Tavern to take their places in the picket lines in front of Local 802's headquarters are, l. to r., Jahn Murtaugh, Walter Perkins, Jay Cameron, Jae Newman, and Buddy Janes.

of the demonstrating group, which called itself Musicians Against Dictatorship, or MAD.

According to a group spokesman, grievances stemming from the bylaws meeting included: "Refusal to count the hand vote which appeared to have defeated the administration-sponsored agenda; the chair ruled that the agenda had been carried. Refusal to recognize members in the order in which they requested the floor. Abuse and vilification of members by the chairman. Long-winded digressions by the chairman and other elected officials. Refusal to admit motions to continue the meeting at a later date. Failure to record the voice vote which overwhelmingly defeated the proposal to eliminate two bylaws meetings per year. Adjournment of meeting for 'lack of decorum' at a time when the members were quiet and orderly."

The latest in a series of battles between dissidents and union officials revolves around the reinstatement of the 1½ percent work tax and \$24 dues through a mail-in referendum of the union membership in November. At a September meeting, members had abolished the tax and set dues at \$80 a year.

The Musicians Voice Emergency Committee, which campaigned for higher dues, held that \$80-a-year dues would keep "part-timers" or completely inactive members out of the union.

A committee spokesman said that only a small minority of the local's 30,000 musicians are "real professionals" and that the committee opposes "indiscriminate" admission of new members to the local.

Manuti contended that the "professionals" were interested only in "cutting down the membership of the union to a small group in order to take all the jobs. They are attempting to disenfranchise people so that they can set up a nice clique of their own. But if they were to succeed, they

would find themselves members of a union so basically weakened as to be unable to function properly."

Spokesmen for the emergency committee claimed that the local's present membership policy permits "a self-perpetuating bureaucracy whose laissez-faire actions appear devoted to the interests of management and moonlighters rather than career sidemen."

On the issue of referendums by mail, which the rebels strongly oppose, a union official said, "We feel it is the essence of democracy," and added that many members were on the road and unable to participate in an election or meetings held at the local.

Another sore point with the insurgents is the 802 administration's attempts to reverse present rules allowing three bylaws meetings a year and efforts to raise the number of musicians needed to constitute a quorum at meetings from 250 to 500. They claim that fewer meetings and higher quorums are wanted by the present administration so that it can dominate union affairs.

Manuti denied the allegations. "This is a political year," he said, "and these fellows are running for office. They are trying to make political hay. We have to bear it."

1964 JAZZ DEATH TOLL RAISED BY TWO

Trumpeter Doug Mettome, highly respected for his stunning work with Benny Goodman and Woody Herman in the late 1940s and early '50s, died Feb. 17 in his native Salt Lake City. He would have been 39 on March 19.

It was reported that Mettome's death resulted from an allergic reaction to medication administered at a Salt Lake City hospital. At presstime, however, there was no official confirmation of the reported cause of death, nor was there information on why he was admitted to the hospital.

In a tribute to Mettome, his close friend bassist Whitey Mitchell said, "Doug was an extraordinary musician, capable of playing lead trumpet or jazz, and in most bands he worked with, he had the responsibility of playing both. . . ."

"I was already a confirmed Doug Mettome fan by the time I got to work with him on the short-lived Pete Rugolo Band in 1954. I'm not sufficiently expert to pinpoint the exact percentage of influence each great trumpet player since King Oliver may or may not have had on Doug's playing, but I can testify that he was that rare find—a 'mainstream' jazzman; that is, one whose playing is at home with, and is a part of, every significant era in the long development of jazz."

Mettome is survived by his former wife, Elaine; their two children, David, 8, and Nancy, 6; and his parents.

One of the few bass saxophonists in jazz and a prominent figure on the music scene from the late 1920s on, Joe Rushton died unexpectedly on March 2. At the time of death the 56-year-old musician was returning to his Los Angeles home after a trip to the San Francisco club, Earthquake McGoon's, to hear and renew friendships of long standing with clarinetist Pee Wee Russell and other members of Eddie Condon's band. The Evans-ton, Ill.-born saxophonist was apparently stricken with a heart attack while driving.

"Blizz" to friends, Rushton had heart trouble that, according to his widow, Priscilla, had been getting "progressively worse" in recent years.

The saxophonist was the musical foundation of cornetist Red Nichols' Five Pennies from 1947 until nine months prior to his death.

Originally a drummer, Rushton mastered the clarinet and all the saxophones by the late 1920s. He led his own band around Chicago from 1928, when he first concentrated on the bass instrument, to 1932. Following a brief stay with Ted Weems in 1934, he spent three years with cornetist Jimmy McPartland's group and, during the remaining years of the '30s to 1942, worked a variety of small-group jobs with many of the leading Dixieland or Chicago-school musicians of the period. For nine months in 1942-'43 Rushton was a member of the Benny Goodman Band; then he settled in Los Angeles and, until 1945, worked with Horace Heidt.

A skilled aircraft worker, the musician combined jobs in aircraft manufacture with music through 1946, joining Nichols the following year.

Blues Night at the Celebrity Club

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

BY 8:30 p.m. the vibrant sound of live music can be heard at the top of a wide staircase on 125th St. near Fifth Ave. that leads down to the Celebrity Club. The piece is a medium blues with the strong flavor of the Southwest and Kansas City, circa 1938.

At the bottom of the stairway, to the right, at the entrance to the club, there is a table that holds a couple of stacks of tickets and a change box. It is recognizably presided over by Victoria Spivey. She has on a tarnished-gold semiformal dress, a matching stole, a pair of high-heel boots, also gold; and she is sporting a new, short-clipped hairdo. The printed tickets on the table in front of her read **TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT PIONEER OF THE BLUES, MAMIE SMITH, TO HELP RAISE FUNDS FOR A MONUMENT TO HER ILLUSTRIOUS MEMORY.**

Earlier handbills and announcements for the event had said that the evening would feature, among others, Jimmy Rushing, Lucille Hegamin, Hannah Sylvester, Blue Lu Barker, Lillyn Brown, Rosa Henderson, Sam Theard—a heady history of early vocal blues recording and Negro-American cabaret is implied with those names.

Victoria Spivey had a successful blues record in 1929, *Black Snake Blues*. She made it when she was 16. She had gone to St. Louis from her home in Dallas, her head full of determination to make a record and also full of the conventional warnings about what can happen to unwary young girls at the hands of big-city slickers. When she got there, she walked boldly into the Okeh recording studios, demonstrated her singing and her piano, and soon had a record date for herself.

Miss Spivey also was a leading actress in an early and still celebrated sound film, *Hallelujah*, directed by King Vidor. In good Hollywood fashion, she did not sing in the movie, although almost everyone else in the cast did. She continued recording and singing into the '30s and '40s. She and trumpeter-singer Red Allen, then she and guitarist-singer Lonnie Johnson, were successful recording teams for a while. Recently, she has become more active again and made new recordings for Bluesville and for her own Spivey label.

And Mamie Smith. Mamie Smith was the first woman to record a vocal blues. She did so in 1920—*Crazy Blues*. It was an instant success, reportedly selling 75,000 copies in its first month, a phenomenal sale in those days, and it established the recording of blues song for once and all, the line of descent unbroken to this day.

Not that *Crazy Blues* "made" Mamie Smith; she was a highly successful and well-paid performer during the teens of this century. She carried with her a group, Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds, which, at various times, included such jazzmen as pianist Willie (The Lion) Smith, trumpeters Bubber Miley and Johnny Dunn, tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins, and clarinetists Garvin Bushell and Buster Bailey. But when Mamie Smith died in 1946, she was penniless, reportedly deprived of her money by man-

agers and hangers-on. She was buried in an unmarked, triple grave in a Staten Island, N.Y., cemetery.

The female singers on the list—Lucille Hegamin, Hannah Sylvester, Lillyn Brown, and the others—had been able to record their blues, too, once Mamie Smith had made the way.

THE CELEBRITY CLUB is a large, basement room, with a bar the length of its back wall. The main area of the club is taken up by tables and a good-sized dance floor. Against the wall opposite the bar, there is a bandstand that also is good-sized. The side walls are painted with woodland scenes dominated by birch trees, and the various pillars that reach from ceiling to floor around the room are covered in a cloth that looks like birch bark. The lighting in the club is a fairly dim amber or red. The public-address system seems to have its somewhat harsh speakers planted everywhere.

The music one is hearing is indeed Southwestern, circa 1938, for it is provided by Buddy Tate's band, a small but often highly spirited ensemble employing two reeds, trumpet, and trombone, plus guitar, electric bass, and drums.

Tate is a fixture at the club. When he isn't playing conventional ballads from conventional stock arrangements for conventional dancing, he may take out his own book of originals and play a blues or a medium- or up-tempo jump tune. Most of these are in good Southwestern style, an honorable and, with Tate's group, still robust tradition. Some of these arrangements also make effective use of the band, getting a full sound from a spare instrumentation. This evening, however, Tate is in Toronto with his fellow ex-Basicite, trumpeter Buck Clayton. Reed man Rudy Rutherford stands in his place on the Celebrity Club bandstand.

By this early hour, there are about 50 people scattered around the room at tables. Most of them are the middle-aged jazz fans of New York. And several are long-standing record collectors. Some are thereby staggeringly erudite in discography, and they do invaluable work in the field. Some are deeply responsive to music. But others are jazz antiquarians—or they are simply record antiquarians, more interested in master and take numbers than in vocal or instrumental numbers.

At the door, Mr. and Mrs. Zutty Singleton arrive, greet Miss Spivey, and take their places with a group of friends at one of the larger tables. Trombonist Dickie Wells enters, looking quite young this evening. At almost every entrance there are shouted greetings that burst across the room, accompanied by robust waves of arms and underlined by warm chuckles.

As *Stardust* finishes, Wells takes his place on the stand

Blues shouter Jimmy Rushing and Rudy Rutherford



ALL PHOTOS/BURY GOLDBLATT

beside the band's trombonist, Eli Robinson. Ah, he is here to play! Rutherford signals *A Train*, and Wells begins in his really beautiful but firm lyricism.

No one seems to be paying much attention to the music now. The audience is waiting for the blues queens and kings, who are seated to the left of the bandstand at a long table, a row of gray heads and interesting, lively faces, nodding from time to time to the music and chatting quietly. Nearly everyone in the room glances at the long table from time to time, in curiosity and expectation.

Directly across from the guests of honor, on the opposite side of the bandstand, there is a young man fascinated not only by them but by the fact that he is in New York listening to live jazz played by American musicians. His name is Karlheinz Kesten, a pianist and the secretary of the Hot Club of Iserlohn, Germany. His presence has a lot to do with the reason for this unusual benefit.

LAST FALL A GROUP of American blues singers visited Germany on a tour arranged by producer and critic Horst Lippmann. They included Miss Spivey, Rushing, Big Joe Williams, Muddy Waters, and Lonnie Johnson, among others. Miss Spivey met Gunter Boas and his wife, Lore, a German couple whose interest in the blues goes back many years and who are members of the Hot Club of Iserlohn.

Inevitably, the three spoke of Mamie Smith. The Boases were shocked to discover she was buried in an unmarked



Mamie Smith

grave. They wanted to do something about it. In late November they held a benefit concert in Germany with six groups, raised some money, and obtained a tombstone for Miss Smith. The Hamburg-American Steamship Line agreed to transport the stone to the States free of charge, and appropriately they used the *SS Iserlohn*. There was a ceremony when the ship departed, including music by musician members of the Iserlohn club. Kesten made the trip with the headstone.

The Iserlohn docked at New Orleans, and although customs allowed the stone to pass through free, there was a charge for duty, a charge for express to get it to New York City, and a charge, the highest of all, to have Mamie Smith's remains moved from the three-level grave to a plot of her own. Miss Spivey and Lennie Kunstadt decided to hold a benefit on this side of the water to try to raise the additional money, and the Celebrity Club management donated a Monday evening.

THERE ARE NOW about 100 people at the tables and bar, and there are new arrivals on the bandstand too. Trumpeter Pat Jenkins takes his place as clarinetist Tony Parenti arrives, shouts a greeting toward the bandstand, and takes his seat with a couple of friends at a nearby table. The rumor that Rushing is here hurries across the room.

The band is into a medium blues again. Jenkins finishes his solo, and then it is Rutherford. He stands there, knees bent, in a neat, conservative blue suit, looking as polished and as prosperous and almost as complacent as a stockbroker who lives quietly in the suburbs and seldom goes out in the evening. Yet he is saying things with his horn that are full of terror and love and joy and beauty. That is the way of the blues if you can play them, and Rutherford can play them. Wells musically instructs the band, setting a riff figure behind Rutherford, and the rest of the players fall in immediately.

It is 10:20 now, and suddenly a familiar voice fills the room, ringing through the loud-speakers: "I want a little girl. . . ." The crowd looks up and there is Rushing, standing in front of the bandstand, holding a hand microphone, a slight, sly smile on his face. He is a big presence of warm and easy charm. Wells starts to improvise behind him now, and suddenly it is 1939, not in a nostalgic and half-realized echo but almost in reality—one half expects to hear a Lester Young solo at the end of Rushing's chorus. As he finishes, there are shouts and loud applause. And then, of course, he goes into a blues: "She's little and low and built up from the ground. . . ."

Seven choruses later the applause is louder still, and then the emcee of the evening, Boots Marshall, is at the microphone proclaiming, "We want you to enjoy yourselves and make yourselves at home; we've got a lot of stars to come. . . ."

At the back of the room Horst Lippmann has entered with his friend, guitarist Attila Zoller. They take their places at the bar where they are greeted by Kunstadt and introduced to several patrons.

The band begins another instrumental blues on a heavy boogie-woogie bass figure. Rutherford is playing clarinet now; he has a big tone. There are three couples dancing, executing a kind of becalmed, businessman's Lindy.

"I came to sign up some people for another blues festival for next year in Germany," Lippmann is explaining to a new acquaintance at the bar, as a sudden burst of laughter rises from a nearby back table.

Danny Barker is at the entrance now, his guitar in one hand and his wife, Blue Lu Barker, by his side.

"Danny! Man! What on earth. . . . Where did you get that hair? When did you start wearing that thing?" There is broad laughter from Barker and a friend at the bar over the toupee he is sporting, and Barker protests innocently about "my rug."

It is obviously going to be a long evening, and a couple of unhardy souls give up and head for the front door.

At the bar, several heads turn to note the somewhat unexpected presence of composer-pianist Tadd Dameron.

The band has reassembled now, and, with all the sitting-in, it is almost a different group—it is certainly a larger one. The players are laying down some Kansas City-style riffs that probably remind Dameron of his youth and his days with the Harlan Leonard Band.

As the piece ends, emcee Marshall starts acclaiming "that wonderful lady who is responsible for what goes on here tonight, Miss Victoria Spivey. . . ." She marches forward to acknowledge the applause. At least half the room expects her to sing, but suddenly she is gone, and Marshall is doing a fast and loud *Just One of Those Things*. ("A trip to the moon on gossamer wings" on blues night?)

Dameron has slipped in at the piano now, and Marshall begins to introduce the guests of the evening at the table of honor to his right. "A young lady that can still make high C, Miss Rosa Henderson." She bows from her seat at the table. So does Hannah Sylvester, another who first recorded her blues in the '20s. The crowd is surprised at

this, for most of the audience had expected her to sing. Miss Sylvester had recorded again recently, after all, for Bluesville and Spivey records.

Then Lillyn Brown, a woman of nearly-white-haired dignity is at the microphone.

"You won't believe this," remarks the venerable actor Leigh Whipper to a young acquaintance standing in the rear of the hall, "but she is 79 years old."

Miss Brown is speaking with clear and fluent energy about how she came to write one of her numbers "a few years ago," and then she is into it, *I'm Blue and Rockin'*. Her voice is a big and ringingly precise as that of a woman of 30, with no aging elderly vibrato or cloudiness. And her musical drive matches its clarity.

As the audience shows its delight after her last verse, Miss Brown seems equally delighted. "I have a little short one now," she says. She was one of the first to follow Mamie Smith on records, but she is not trading on her past tonight—she is singing here and now:

*If you want me to love you,
Please don't make me cry.*

*If you want me to love you,
Please don't make me cry.*

*'Cause if you make me cry, baby,
My love just seems to die.*

As she leaves to return to her table, the audience is



Victoria Spivey

Do it again."

"I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal you . . ." he sings, and then goes into an energetic, acrobatic dance across the floor in movements that seem unlikely in the neat, tan, tweed suit he is wearing.

Then clarinetist Parenti. By invitation he borrows Ruth-erford's instrument to play a slow clarinet blues for the crowd.

"How does he sound to you, compared to me?" Rutherford asks a fan standing to the left of the dance floor.

"Your sound is fuller, I think. But, you know, all of those New Orleans clarinetists have a certain lyric thing. I don't know how to describe it, exactly, but they all have it."

"Well, you see I asked you because he is using my instrument. But I learned from him too, so. . ."

Parenti's sound is still billowing across the room as a somewhat disappointed patron consults Miss Spivey near the door. "Victoria, Queen, I didn't come here just to watch you take up money for Mamie Smith or take bows," he says with a sort of half-smile. "I came here to hear you sing."

"Well." She looks up, pausing. "My guests come first." Then with a slight laugh: "And we're so far behind now, I may not get to sing at that."

It was nearly 2 a.m. when Miss Spivey finally did sing. By then she had passed out about 200 admission tickets at the door.

John Bubbles of the old Buck and Bubbles vaudeville team had come by, spoken a song in his recitative style, and danced charmingly.

Lucille Hegamin, the first to record a blues after Mamie Smith, had sung *He May Be Your Man (but He Comes to See Me Sometimes)*.

Maxine Sullivan had arrived and had sung her extended version of *St. Louis Blues* with a voice still sounding like 1940 and with several encouragements to the band members to solo between her verses.

Rushing had come back.

And others had sung and reminisced.

When Victoria Spivey stood up at the mike, she did two numbers, and one of them was *Black Snake Blues*. As she started it, about half the room probably felt that, for the time being at least, all was right with the world. **EB**



Blue Lu and Danny Barker

again smiling broadly over its applause. And the musicians are smiling perhaps broadest of all.

"Look," says a middleaged fan at a side table, "that's Louis Metcalf on trumpet sitting in now."

The continuity of guest performers continues. Blue Lu Barker is standing front and center of the bandstand in a blue dress. Danny Barker, looking rather mild in contrast, is on her left, his right foot propped on a chair and his guitar resting across his knee. Suddenly neither of the Barkers seem mild, for they have gone into *Hot Dog! That Made Him Mad!*

During the applause at the end, half the crowd seems humorously bracing itself for their best-known number—and they anticipate correctly. It is, according to Danny's announcement "by very special request," *Don't You Feel My Leg*. Broad laughter shatters Lu's opening verses.

Then comes Sam Theard ("I'm a sick comic, you know—sick of being out of work"), who has been doing comedy and songs at least since the '20s, when he started in his native New Orleans, but who is probably best known for having written *I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You* and *Let the Good Times Roll*.

"Gimme that E-flat arpeggio," he is tossing over his shoulder in Dameron's general direction. "Ah, that's nice.

RON CARTER

Don Heckman offers an insightful view of one of the best equipped bassists in jazz today



HERB SNITZER

ONE OF THE MORE solid achievements of the tumultuous late 1950s and early '60s has been the emergence of a new generation of bass players. Scott LaFaro, Charlie Haden, Gary Peacock, Steve Swallow . . . that such a wave of unexpected talent could suddenly appear, all playing the same instrument, is little short of amazing.

Less heralded than LaFaro, Peacock, et al., but bearing credentials that suggest he may be the best of the lot, is former Detroitier Ron Carter. He is not, in any real sense of the word, a newcomer. In the nearly five years since his arrival in New York, he has played for most of the regular and irregular leaders in town.

"I came to New York in '59," Carter said, "and went with Chico Hamilton the next day. Eric Dolphy was on the band then, along with Dennis Budimir on guitar. We made a record for Warner Bros. that was so far out that they never released it.

"I had come to town on a Wednesday from Rochester, and Chico and Miles Davis were working the same week at Birdland. . . . Chico had been auditioning bass players for about two weeks. I knew Paul Chambers, because we had gone to school together, and he told me about the gig. I went up and played the book on the stand, and Chico told me I could have the gig if I wanted it. He offered me a good salary, and since I had gotten into debt in Rochester—where there was a limited financial opportunity—I sold my car and went on the road for five months.

"Then in January of '60 I enrolled in the Manhattan School of Music to work on a master's degree in bass. I worked with about 20 bands on and off—with Randy Weston for about a year and a half, Bobby Timmons for about nine months, and then just about everybody else—up until March of last year when I joined Miles."

Having managed the difficult feat of keeping himself and his family alive through the practice of music, Carter also gained an unusually inclusive view of the current scene. Playing for leaders whose abilities and interests were as disparate as those of Bobby Timmons and Jaki Byard, for example, was a demanding musical exposure for a young performer (Carter is now 27). In his student years, Carter had already experienced the other side of the coin—the frustration and rejection that await the Negro in the world of the professional symphonic musician.

"I played in the Rochester Philharmonic for two years under Pierre

Monteux, Stokowski, Martenot, and Leinsdorf," he said, "under big-name conductors with big-name soloists, so I know what's involved in playing like that. And I feel that if I can't get a job with one of the top five symphonies, I don't want a job with any of them, at least not until they're ready to hire Negro musicians as a rule rather than an exception. Unfortunately, the patrons of the arts are not ready to have their money go to an organization that has a Negro musician in it.

"When I was in the orchestra in Rochester I had a beard, and I got the word that some of the patrons of the orchestra didn't dig that colored guy in the orchestra with a beard. So when this all got back to me, I told my teacher, 'Well, they've got a choice: either they can look at me and shut up or fire me and get sued. It's as simple as that.' I guess the word got back to whoever it was, because I didn't hear any more about it. If a guy's qualified, what difference does it make what color he is—if he's orange, striped, or whatever—as long as he can play the stuff?"

Carter said he believes, as do many observers, that a quota system rigidly controls the number of Negroes who receive symphony positions, but he is not a soap-box proselytizer about such problems. His awareness of the brutal realities of the situation is usually reflected in extremely subtle, but direct, terms—a touch of irony in a word, a note of sarcasm in the description of individuals who are alleged to be "friendly" to Negro talent.

Nor does Carter hesitate to express an opinion about the state of bass playing today. "Some guys," he pointed out, "are playing up and down the G string all night now. That's not bass technique. And they don't articulate cleanly—there's always a slide from one note to another. They're just not using the instrument to its fullest potential. The F scale, starting with the first finger on the low E string, is always going to be there, whether they play it or not. Of course, it sounds as though they're playing a lot of stuff, and I notice that many of the critics have been taken in by this.

"Mingus has been using that technique properly for years and years but it has always been overlooked. Maybe it's because his political beliefs or his acts of violence on the bandstand make him inappropriate to the public image of a bassist. Other guys, who don't have the same reputation he does and who are clean livers, play high, and make the rosin move off the bass, are right up

on top. I don't understand it."

When asked to list some players who had the greatest influence on the development of his style, Carter answered, "I could name four or five guys who play the way I enjoy listening to them play, but out of these same guys I could find four or five things that each does that I disagree with. So I can't say No. 1, No. 2, and so forth. Because one guy who plays well with the bow doesn't play in tune, the guy who plays well in tune doesn't swing, another guy who swings plays some notes that aren't too cool, a guy who plays good notes has a bad sound—and it goes on and on. I would go out of my way to hear four or five guys play, but as far as patterning my playing from the way they play, I don't hear enough validity in whatever it is they're doing to make it worth my while to copy them."

He was quick to point out the qualities he admires in some bassists, however—Percy Heath: "He has a nice feeling to his playing;" Paul Chambers: "He plays some nice lines." Carter said he also likes Ray Brown and Charlie Mingus: "Mingus plays some eye-openers."

Carter then went on to describe in ironic terms the "big name" bass player who played 15 minutes of F-minor blues using an A natural in the first bar of every chorus. "It's pretty hard," he said, "to pattern yourself after a player who could do a thing like that."

AS A GRADUATE of the Eastman School of Music and the Manhattan School of Music and a serious student of both cello and bass, it almost physically disturbs him to hear the instrument played in a haphazard fashion. He feels that few bass players in jazz know how to use the bow.

"Now, I'm not saying," he explained, "that you should take the bass back to the cave-man style and just double the cello as in baroque music or just play sustaining notes under a violin obligato, but a bass player should be able to play at least one decent solo with the bow that shows some facility."

"George Duvivier is an ideal bass player. He can read, swing pretty good, plays not the most modern style; but he's an excellent section man, *arcos* very well, has almost faultless intonation and a beautiful big sound. Israel Crosby was a good bass player too. I liked the way he played. He had no special technique, but he played such crazy notes, and they were always in tune, and his lines were like little child

melodies—they always knocked me out."

Carter is bothered even more by the trend toward the adoption of cello as a second instrument for many bassists. He is especially disturbed by the widespread practice of tuning the cello to the bass pitch of fourths rather than to the conventional cello tuning in fifths.

"I have to give this the award as the most nonsensical thing for established bass players to do," he said. "If they were nobodys trying to attain a name, I might close one ear, but being a former cellist for about nine years and knowing how it should sound and after switching to bass and playing bass like it should be played, I can't understand why they can't make a similar effort. They use their own bass techniques, which are very poor; their pitch is very poor; the sound is even worse—and they become established cello players. I call it treble bass, because that's about all it amounts to. All of the major names who have played cello play it strung like a bass, so they're really not playing cello at all, they're playing treble bass. I'd rather hear Scotty LaFaro play up high."

When he was asked about the grinding wear of working week after week with leaders who play the same tunes over and over again in the same keys and about the depressingly long road trips away from his family, he replied, "It depends on how strong a person is—period. It's a very rigorous schedule physically. It drives you to juicing and getting your habits together, but I think it can be done. I think I can do it, if it came down to working 50 weeks a year under, say, the pressures of the Miles Davis band or the Sonny Rollins band. Because I try to be together off the bandstand as well as on. I think that's the secret; if you're a weak person two weeks of the year, it's enough to get you off on the wrong track."

"Take Duke Ellington as an example. He doesn't work just two weeks of the year. He works pretty often for a guy who is 65 years old. Even Louis Armstrong works all the time. And he still plays with the consistency he played with in 1927. Whether you dig his style or not is unimportant, because he's still playing very well, playing high notes loud and clear, still making trumpet shakes."

"The trouble is that most of the guys who are taking care of business aren't working. And there are a lot of guys who scuffled as sidemen for years, but then when they make it they don't even have the common

courtesy to treat their sidemen better than they were treated. The only good business men working regularly are playing such corny music that it wouldn't be worth while to join the gig."

GRANTED THE DIFFICULTIES of earning a living in the labyrinth of contemporary jazz, Carter appears to have the personal stability and outstanding musicianship to bring it off. Failing that, he is well-qualified to teach.

"I have 210 hours of practice teaching in at Eastman, which qualifies me to teach in any state so far as the hours are concerned," he said. "But I'm afraid the public-school system is not geared to my attitude. I really don't feel like making \$10,000 a year teaching and have to spend \$9,000 on medical bills—which is what's going to happen if you get stuck in something like that. If you're willing to be what I call snoopervized all the time and have no one accept your suggestions as valid, then that's your shot. And I don't know any school system that isn't like that, no matter how permissive they're supposed to be. They always have reservations when they find out that you play jazz, and then make you wait that much longer. And I'm not ready to wait that long. I'm waiting long enough as it is playing be-bop."

"What I would like to do is have a bass school—just have 30 or 40 students a month. That would be ideal. A lot of the guys who are teaching now aren't really professionals, and it's hard to teach right if you yourself haven't studied. I've seen some instruction books by jazz players that were expensive and disappointing, but I wasn't surprised. Little things like the way notes were fingered in the book—they actually could have been fingered a lot easier."

"I feel that part of this problem is that most jazz players never studied with any one cat more than a week, if that long. They stop in a town and take a lesson with the local symphony player or the fourth-chair player who happens to stop in the club one night. Then they leave town and study with somebody different the next month."

These qualifications obviously do not apply to Ron Carter, who is as well schooled in his instrument as any player in jazz. Adaptable to almost any situation, a veteran of symphony orchestras, Miles Davis, Sonny Rollins, Randy Weston, and practically every type of jazz style known, he is the very model of the modern jazz bassist. **EB**



BENNY GOODMAN: FROM THE INSIDE

The Sideman's View / By MARIAN McPARTLAND

TED WILLIAMS



ABOUT 27 years have gone by since they danced in the aisles to the music of Benny Goodman and his band at the Paramount Theater in New York City. In April, 1937, the *New Yorker* ran a profile on "one Benny Goodman." The writer commented in wonderment on "the roar of handclapping, whistling, stamping, and ardent hallooing" that greeted the band at the Paramount. This reception was undoubtedly one of the first of many high points in Benny's career, and the one that finally and irrevocably established the great reputation he still retains.

Last November I played with Benny at New York's Philharmonic Hall, and the reception he received from the packed house was not too different from the furor at the Paramount all those years ago. A shade more sedate, certainly . . . no dancing in the aisles . . . but he received a standing ovation, shouts of "bravo," and a sustained roar of applause and whistles that must have gladdened his heart. Quite possibly there were many in the audience that night who had been among the stamping, shouting youngsters who helped cheer him at the Paramount.

Nostalgia was in the air, and the majority of the audience was, as George Avakian said, "a gleamingly pink, paunchy crowd." If Benny ever doubted he could still captivate an audience in the old way, that night, and the many that followed on our subsequent cross-country tour, should have dispelled any doubt.

Benny Goodman is still a great name—a legend—and when he puts a band together and goes out on a concert tour, as he does two or three times a year, he evokes much of the same enthusiasm that he has been generating for the last 30 years. It is, however, to great extent, a nostalgic feeling that pervades the atmosphere. It's nostalgia mixed with admiration that the then-skinny, dark-haired, young man with glasses—now a trim 55 and as much a master of his instrument as ever—generates. There are still flashes of sheer inspiration; and the tone, the technique, the masterly, flawless, flowing style is unchanged. Benny represents an era, a way of life, and many who come to hear him relive youth for a brief spell as they listen to the familiar mellow sound of his clarinet, the well-known arrangements with hardly a note changed.

That hardly a note *is* changed is one cause of complaint among some of the musicians who have worked with him in recent years. Tempers flare when new arrangements are discarded in favor of the tried and true—and to some, outdated—numbers. To these men, the Goodman legend is more a "mystique," a sort of what-makes-Benny-run?, that is a never-ending source of discussion, which is always carried on with the enthusiasm one reserves for a subject that never lacks interest or curiosity.

Every time Benny takes out a band, there's a fresh flood of stories and anecdotes—some humorous, some tinged

with bitterness and anger, many that are probably exaggerated, but all with the unmistakable stamp of this paradoxical man who has confounded, infuriated, snubbed, irritated, thrilled, excited, amused, angered, and enchanted more people than one can shake a (licorice) stick at.

Now that I am an ex-Benny Goodman sideman (or rather, sidewoman) I see that it is like being in some special order or fraternity, an in-group. We smile at each other with understanding; we listen avidly to each others' stories of Benny's funny little ways; we compare notes, and those of us to whom he may have been unusually caustic, inconsiderate, or thoughtless can release any left-over resentment in laughter—or sympathy for someone else's experiences. Quite often, though certainly not always, there's an undercurrent of affection and admiration for him running through these stories, but it is mixed with the unholy glee that some musicians obviously feel when recalling and relating their adventures on the road with him.

THERE SEEMS to be a general air of incredulity regarding B.G. Why does he do the things he does? And what exactly *does* he do or say that makes some musicians want to hurl their instruments to the floor and stomp out furiously? In a way, it's like Chinese water torture—it doesn't hurt, but it drives you crazy! Benny is as many-faceted as a 10-carat diamond, and, to some, he appears as cold and hard.

It has been said that at times he doesn't show respect for the musicians who work for him, that he treats them like high-schoolers.

Teddy Wilson, who has played with Benny on and off for 30 years, sums it up with, "He doesn't know how to explain what he wants. He acts dissatisfied, yet can't put into words what he'd like to hear. He just knows that whatever they *are* doing—he *doesn't* want that."

What does Benny really want in a musician? It's difficult to know because he never says directly. His suggestions are rather oblique. He'll make an indirect reference to a chord change, emphasize a certain phrasing, give a quizical look, show sudden amusement at something you don't feel is funny. (I found his famous "ray" to be a sort of stony stare.) These, though seemingly unimportant, are, I believe, some of the things that unnerve those who play with him.

Why has Benny used this approach when a more relaxed attitude would get so much more from his musicians? The average musician is eager to play his best, and given this opportunity and a comfortable climate in which to flourish and grow, he'll produce the best music of which he is capable. But in the rarefied atmosphere of a Goodman rehearsal, so often charged with tension, it's enough to make the strongest ego wither from want of nourishment. Or else you rebel! I wonder if Benny realizes just how much these things are discussed, and if he does, whether he considers them important?

His general attitude to my queries was one of polite tolerance. He was rather guarded, evincing a sort of quiet, offhanded amusement that I should concern myself with such things. I felt that he considered any discussion of the music business—with me, at any rate—something to be avoided at all costs. But he stated definitely that he considers any discussion of his fellow musicians somewhat unethical. (Come to think of it, I never have heard him really put down anyone behind his back, except in the mildest possible way.) Not all his fellow musicians share this reticence, however.

"In 1935, I was in the front row at the Texas Centennial to hear the band," Jimmy Giuffre said. "Harry James was in it, Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton. I was in high school at the time, and this occasion was one of the most

important influences in starting me on my musical career. At that time, I could do nothing but admire Benny's playing—the great drive and projection, the fluidity, strong technical fluency, and feeling. He's had more influence on more musicians than anyone else that I can think of. Practically all clarinetists have fallen in behind him. They followed his lead, and it was a good lead.

"He's tried to open up his recent groups to new trends but usually winds up by going back to his old way of doing things. I wrote an arrangement for him once when he had that bop band with Buddy Greco. It was called *Pretty Butterfly*, but he never used it. Why didn't he use it? Well, if you applied the word 'why' to Benny Goodman, you would be in trouble. He throws curves regularly to most people. As an older musician, I think he fears a new era in music that is leaving him behind, so he tries it all for size, and if it doesn't happen to fit, he discards it and goes back to his old familiar style. What he's doing now isn't really interesting to *me* anymore because it's the same approach he's used for 30 years. Now it's the expected; *then* it was an innovation. That band he had in 1935 hasn't ever been topped—Benny really knows how to make a band swing—he had good guys, but it was his know-how that made the thing so great.

"But I can't really blame Benny for not going any other route: he picks up the horn, and that's the way he plays. Now, his playing of symphony music . . . the way it sounds is that instead of playing the music on a *personal* basis, he tries to be a legitimate clarinet player with a legitimate sound rather than being Benny Goodman. I feel that he assumes the classical player's role, whereas he should still be *himself*, because if anyone has an identity, Benny Goodman has. I feel that jazz music has an identity which is difficult to define; it's a dialect in the player, an accent. I don't know if Benny is trying to prove something to himself by playing classical music in this legitimate style, but, to me, it just doesn't come off. I don't mean that it's bad playing—he's just not in his element, not himself."

Benny's long-time friend and great admirer, composer Morton Gould, takes a somewhat different viewpoint:

"It's impossible to be objective about somebody you feel so strongly about. We would be less than human if we were machinelike in our appraisal. I think that Benny is a first-rate artist; I also feel that too often he is just taken for granted. To me, he has the qualities of a truly great artist—consistent musical integrity. He is very demanding of others, and of himself, and though at times he may be seemingly critical of another person, in my close, intimate contact with him, I have never heard him say anything derogatory, mean, or vicious about another person. He is violently super-critical of *himself*. Perhaps this is why he finds it so hard to find the right people to work with him.

"Benny, with all his world-wide success and acclaim, is actually a very shy person. He wants to be left alone. Basically, he's a simple man, with no ostentation—very honest. He has none of the superficial ornamentation that sometimes goes with the public image of a famous personality. He always has his feet on the ground. The legend is that he is unapproachable. Well, basically, he *is* an introspective person, and, to me, it's symbolic that a man who has lived through and been a part of as much jazz history as he has could have come away unscathed by the more lurid aspects of the business.

"To sum up my feelings about Benny the man, I feel that he is a very warm and compassionate human being, and I have a tremendous admiration for him. There still is a kind of vitality, virtuosity, and imagination in his music. Maybe he's not in vogue just now with the young set, but, nevertheless, his facility and command of the instrument are just as great as they ever were. All you have to do is

listen to other clarinetists—and I mean *beyond* jazz—I mean that as a *clarinetist*, not as a jazz artist, he is a fabulous performer. I've heard him play and do things on the highest level of musical art.

"Why should a man like Benny Goodman be expected to become far out or be whatever is currently fashionable? All these developments in music are exciting. Popular music, by its very nature, has to change, but somehow one doesn't expect an Elman or a Heifetz to change his style. I think it's a little unfair to expect one generation to continually remake itself in the image of the generation that comes after it. It's not in the cards."

Pianist John Bunch, who was with Benny on the 1962 State Department tour of Russia and who also was in the group with which I played, seems to have insight into some of Benny's other aspects.

"Benny always seems happier with a small group, but really he's the most complicated person I've ever met, as far as trying to explain him to anyone, or to myself," John said. "I'm sort of proud that I've been able to get along with him so well, personally and musically. I have played seven tours with him. The first one was in 1957, and the more I think about it . . . wow! . . . the more I wonder how I've managed to stay on such good terms with him."

"When we were on that Russian thing, Benny played some of my arrangements, and I wrote a couple of tunes which he played and recorded. . . . A lot of people who haven't had any experience of how he acts get pretty shook up, but I was not so disappointed—hell, I expected it! Knowing him, I know it doesn't take much to set him off, and he really was under a lot of pressure in Russia."

"But it's amazing how he seems to have changed since then. He's more relaxed, remembers everybody's name, and is generally easier to get along with. I don't agree with a lot of the people who put him down. When he's really playing—forget about it, he'll scare you to death! There's a good reason for his staying on top all these years. It's because he can play his head off, and he's had great hands."

"Anybody his age with his endurance is really incredible. He'll rehearse for hours, and *we'll* all be getting tired, but he'll just be ready to play! One night he came down to the Half Note and sat in with Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, and he cooked everybody right off the stand. He must have taken 10 or 15 choruses on every tune. We're all a bit younger than he is, but we were exhausted when he got through, and there he was, fresh as a daisy, and ready to play some more!

"Anybody that says he can't play—well, they just aren't around when he *is* playing. He practices two or three hours a day, and when we were rehearsing [for last fall's tour, which was half jazz and half classical], he would play for three hours with the Berkshire String Quartet first—and then start in on the jazz group and rehearse for about five hours straight. He's like a young kid with all that enthusiasm. It just never occurs to him to take a break, because he never gets tired. Most people practice because they have to, but he practices because he loves it."

"What's he really like? Well, I've been around a lot of characters in my life, and I can usually predict what all of them will say and do, but you can't predict what *this* guy will do from one minute to the next. When we were out with a group that had Jack Sheldon, Johnnie Markham, and Flip Phillips, Benny was in a real jovial mood the whole time. He was telling jokes. Man, he was a riot. He's got a brilliant mind for comedy, but not too many people know it."

"I feel I'm pretty qualified—more than most—to say I know him. A lot of guys have just one brush with him, and they base everything, their opinion of him, on that one experience, which isn't really fair."

"I think a guy that can play as well as he does is entitled to a few eccentricities," said Bobby Hackett, who was in the Lincoln Center group. "I've always found him to be most honorable all around. The trouble with him is that he just can't get his mind off the clarinet. He's like an absent-minded professor, mentally rehearsing all the time. That's why he comes up with these strange remarks sometimes."

"I've worked quite a few weeks with him at different times, and they've all been beautiful. I think a lot of guys that criticize him subconsciously envy his success and his musicianship. Who do you know that pays the kind of salaries he pays? People just don't pay that kind of money, no matter how much they have in the bank. He pays more than anybody and winds up getting criticized. It's like when this country lends money to another country, you make an enemy. Tony Parenti told me a marvelous story once about Benny. In 1930 Tony subbed one night for him on Ben Pollack's band, and instead of cash, Benny gave him a baritone sax! That wasn't bad pay for one night."

AS MARVELOUS a musician as Benny is. I did notice, however, his seeming lack of interest in rich harmonies. His music reflects this; he always has concentrated on the beat, rhythmic excitement, the melodic line. Lush voicings and chord changes evidently leave him cold. He seems to want the blandest possible changes behind him, and his improvisations are carried out strictly within this framework. It bothers him to hear an unfamiliar voicing—as I found out. This is his style, however, and his taste; I respect it as such.

As regards his expecting perfection, I can understand this better now, because sometimes I've found that with my own group, I will lose patience with a drummer or bass player, for not playing the way I think he should play, yet I haven't really told him what I wanted to hear—I just expected him to know.

I think sometimes Benny (I'm second guessing, as he's never actually told me this) will hire a musician and expect a great deal from him; then when he finds that he and this person don't have the rapport he thought they would have, he sort of gives up and shuts himself off. I get the feeling that he expects a musician to know certain intangible things, and if he doesn't catch on at once, then Benny mentally cancels him out.

As a teenager Benny worked harder and more consistently than most people. In fact, he has all his life, and I think he tends perhaps to have a lack of tolerance for people who don't have as great a capacity for work and study as he has, which is understandable. I feel that putting down Benny has become a national pastime, and I wonder if the contemporary jazz stars will endure half as long musically, or as people, as he has. I think that at times one tends to grow too emotional about his behavior and that it might be a good idea to examine oneself occasionally, instead of always getting mad at Benny.

In retrospect, working for him was a great experience, one from which I have derived a good deal of insight into my own playing and into working with, and playing with, others. Despite all the pinpricks that seemed so important at the time, I haven't changed my belief that Benny is a warm human being, and the paradox of it is that he also can be quite naive and gauche—in fact, at times he would make Emily Post faint. But he can be gracious and charming and fun.

Regardless of what people say in favor of, or against, Benny Goodman, his music has endured, and will endure. To quote one of Benny's favorite expressions, "the old pepper" is still there . . . the old magic is still there. 

the
hot box
GIL FULLER
by
George Hoefler

The role of the arranger in the development of modern jazz has been of considerable importance—unsung though it usually has been—through the years.

Today one hears bop figures and techniques in all sorts of scores. The music played in the radio and television studios, the orchestra pits of Broadway shows, and from the stock arrangements for dance bands clearly indicates that many of the radical departures made 20 years ago have been assimilated into American music.

Rarely are the names of the arrangers known to the general listening public. To name a few of these men and the bands with which they were identified: Eddie Sauter (Ray McKinley and Sauter-Finegan); Pete Rugolo (Stan Kenton); Ernie Wilkins (Count Basie and Harry James); Budd Johnson (Earl Hines); Gil Evans (Claude Thornhill); George Handy and Ed Finckel (Boyd Raeburn); Billy Strayhorn (Duke Ellington); Johnny Richards (Boyd Raeburn and Stan Kenton); and Tadd Dameron, Gil Fuller, George Russell, and John Lewis (Dizzy Gillespie).

The arranger for the first large Gillespie band in 1945 was Fuller, who had started to adapt the early experimental bebop ideas to ensemble playing in his contributions to the Billy Eckstine Band featuring Gillespie and Charlie Parker in 1944. Though he was a composer in his own right (*Tropicana*, *The Fuller Bop Man*), Fuller's main function with the trumpeter was to orchestrate some Gillespie compositions. He brought to the complex harmonies the basic arranging techniques that produced the driving jazz of such swing bands as Jimmie Lunceford's.

Walter Gilbert Fuller, a Californian by birth (Los Angeles on April 14, 1920), went east in the mid-1930s to study music at New York University. He is not (nor is he related to) the Walter Fuller who played trumpet for Earl Hines and later toured the jazz circuit leading a small group of his own.

When composer-arranger Fuller finished his studies and returned to the West Coast, he wrote arrangements for swing bands led by Floyd Ray and Les Hite.

The Ray aggregation—given to such swing showmanship as trucking en masse onto the stand—was enjoying moderate success on the coast. The best-known sideman was pianist Joe Liggins, who later made a name for himself in the rhythm-and-blues field as the second Honeydripper. The band went east in late 1938 with Fuller on the arranging staff although most of the book was by Dudley Brooks.

It recorded eight sides in New York for Decca, including original tunes like *Firefly Stomp*, *Blues at Noon*, and *Comin' On with the Blues*. Nothing happened for the band, and it was soon on its way back to Los Angeles.

Back on the West Coast, Fuller switched to Les Hite's band and spent several years with it on the road, during which time it recorded for the Hit and Varsity labels.

The band had considerable success with its recording of *T-Bone Blues*, done with blues singer T-Bone Walker, who was traveling with the group. It also recorded *Jersey Bounce*, *Idaho*, and such originals as *Board Meeting* and *That's the Lick*.

When it waxed Bobby Plater's *Jersey Bounce* in late 1941, Dizzy Gillespie was in the middle of a short sojourn with the band. His half-chorus on *Bounce* has been cited by Leonard Feather in his *Inside Bebop* as "probably the first example of pure bebop on records."

Fuller continued to work with swing groups—Tiny Bradshaw's and Jimmie Lunceford's—until, through his acquaintanceship with Gillespie, who was by now the music director of the Eckstine band, he began to prepare arrangements for the new bop band fronted by the famous vocalist. The band was a success through the popularity of singer Eckstine.

A year later, when personal manager Billy Shaw decided it was time for Gillespie to go out leading his own orchestra, Fuller was selected to assemble and rehearse the band and write the arrangements.

An ill-fated melange was got together, labeled Hep-Sations of 1945, to include a fine musical organization made up of top New York sidemen, vocalist June (Mrs. Billy) Eckstine, the dancing Nicholas Brothers, and two comedians.

The big mistake was routing the package to the South. This caused some of the best musicians to leave before the band crossed the Potomac River. It soon became evident that the whole idea was nowhere, and the short junket eventually ran its course with the band playing stock dance arrangements. Fuller's book of unusual ar-

rangements was hardly ever opened.

Gillespie then embarked on another trip to Billy Berg's in Hollywood with Charlie Parker and a small combo. It also proved disastrous. When the trumpeter returned to New York in early 1946, he signed a recording contract with the new Musicraft firm and on May 15 waxed four sides with a sextet using Fuller's arrangements.

The first number recorded, *One Bass Hit*, was taken from a 1943 Oscar Pettiford composition called *For Bass Faces Only*. Fuller and Gillespie switched the bass parts around (featuring Ray Brown), added some writing for a saxophone (Sonny Stitt), and Gillespie performed a double-time chorus that sounded incongruous in its setting.

Another tune made on this date, Fuller's *Oop Bop Sh'bam*, a vocal novelty, performed by Gillespie and Fuller, became involved in an amusing incident in August, when Leeds Music wanted to buy it for its catalog.

It was already in Fuller's own firm, Monogram Music, and when Leeds gave Gillespie a blank contract and a check for \$500 in Detroit, he thought Leeds wanted his new opus, titled *He Beeped When He Shoulda Bopped*. The check was cashed before the misunderstanding was cleared up.

The remaining noteworthy side on this date was *That's Earl, Brother*, on which Fuller's writing deftly handles a shift from unison to part playing in the middle of a phrase.

By June, 1946, Gillespie and Fuller had another big band assembled and ready to record. On their second date in July they produced another *One Bass Hit*, *Ray's Idea*, and a wild arrangement called *Things to Come* using brilliant interplay between the sections and Gillespie's harshly accented brass ideas taken at a break-neck tempo.

Feather, in *Inside Bebop*, wrote, "Walter Fuller's *Things to Come* showed the real possibilities of modern jazz arranging. . . . The recording caused a stir among musicians who had previously scorned bop."

In addition to working with Gillespie and his big band during 1946, Fuller also did some arrangements for several small-band recording dates, including a modern session under drummer Kenny Clarke's direction for Charles Delaunay and the French Swing label. Two of the sides, Clarke's *Epistrophe* and *Rue Chaptal* (named for the street on which French critic Delaunay lived in Paris), were later released in this country in Victor's *52nd Street* album (P 226) with the title *Rue Chaptal* changed to *Royal*

(Continued on page 34)

JAZZ BASICS

Part 5 of a continuing history
of jazz on record/By Don
DeMicheal and Pete Welding

DIZZY GILLESPIE, *Groovin' High*
(Savoy 12020)

**GILLESPIE - PARKER - POWELL -
MINGUS-ROACH, *Jazz at Massey
Hall* (Fantasy 6003)**

The early development of bebop is almost undocumented on records because of an American Federation of Musicians' recording ban in effect from late 1942 to early '44, the period when men such as Charlie Parker and Gillespie were working out their new approach to jazz. It was during the ban that the Earl Hines Band became a haven for several of the boppers, including the two main figures, Gillespie and Parker. The Billy Eckstine Band, which boasted several of the men from the Hines band, did record in 1944, but the band—probably the first big bop band—merely backed the leader's vocals.

There is evidence from 1941 and '42 that Parker was on to something new, as can be heard in his solos on the Jay McShann Band's *Hootie Blues* and *Jumpin' Blues* (also to be heard is the Lester Young influence on the altoist's work at that time). Gillespie also was recorded in 1941 at Minton's with Charlie Christian, and though he was still under the heavy influence of Eldridge, his trumpet solos show that he, like Parker, was experimenting with long, more complex lines and choosing "odd" notes with which to pepper his work.

But the evidence is sparse, and the classic records they made together in 1945 under Gillespie's name (some of

which are included in the Savoy album) find both men playing much differently from their solos heard on the earlier records. They had developed their playing in the bop fashion by 1945, though the rhythm sections on the records did not always match in concept what the two horn men played.

The Savoy album's *Groovin' High*, *All the Things You Are*, and *Dizzy Atmosphere* clearly show this difference in concepts. The performances are essentially those of bop horn men playing with swing rhythm sections. *Blue 'n' Boogie*, which has tenorist Dexter Gordon in place of Parker, suffers the same fate. Only one small-band track in the album has what could be considered a bop rhythm section—*Hot House*. The difference is attributable to the presence of pianist Al Haig and bassist Curly Russell. Sid Catlett is the drummer, and though a swing musician, Catlett was flexible and altered his playing to fit with that of the others. Still, on all the Gillespie-Parker tracks there is exemplary playing by the two fountain-heads of bop, and after these records, jazz was never the same.

Both men used what were to become hallmarks of the bop style: the running of complex chords, with abundant use of major sevenths, flat ninths, major and augmented ninths, 11ths, augmented 11ths (flat fifths), and 13ths; involved phrases that gave their solos an asymmetrical shape as opposed to the balanced construction of, say, Armstrong; great numbers of eighth and 16th notes, often preceded by, or interspersed with, an eighth-followed-by-a-triplet figure (similar to one often played by Charlie Christian) that soon became a standard lick. Both had a way of kicking themselves and others with a series of short, skipping figures to set a charged atmosphere for their improvisations (this device is similar in concept to a swing musician's playing a riff to get himself started into his solo).

Gillespie's raw but powerful 1946 big band also is heard on several of the Savoy tracks. There are solos by the leader, vibist Milt Jackson (who played quite extrovertishly then), and bassist Ray Brown. Titles include the hell-for-leather *Things to Come*, which smacks of Stravinsky; *One Bass Hit*; *Ray's Idea*; and *Our Delight*. A 1946 sextet that included Gillespie, Jackson, and altoist Sonny Stitt plays *Oop-bop-sh'bam* and *That's Earl, Brother*.

The 1953 Massey Hall concert shows how Gillespie and Parker had mellowed during the years following their first meeting on record. Gone are any excesses they indulged in on the first records, particularly Gillespie's tendency to spew forth occasional many-noted phrases that seemed more a technical exercise than music.

Parker's well-honed melodiousness is much in evidence on the later recordings, which also includes in its personnel such bop pioneers as drummer Max Roach and pianist Bud Powell, and Charlie Mingus' bass (most of it dubbed in later because the poor equipment used at the concert did not pick up bass well).

And though Parker's musical maturity is evident in his gracefully melodic improvisations, he had lost little of the fire and none of the brilliance of his youth. Gillespie is by turn humorous (*Perdido*), jubilant (*A Night in Tunisia*), and fierce (*Hot House*). Powell plays brilliantly throughout the concert, building long-lined, flashing solos that are among his best work.

The other titles are *Wee!*, *Salt Peanuts*, and *All the Things You Are*.

Further recommendations: One side of *Diz 'n' Bird in Concert* (Roost 2234) features the two with backing by John Lewis, Al McKibbon, and drummer



Joe Harris. The concert was probably held sometime after Gillespie and Parker both had returned to New York City after the well-known but ill-fated 1946 stay at Billy Berg's club in Hollywood. The second side of the album is by a later Gillespie small group and cannot compare with the excellence of the tracks with Parker.

Once There Was Bird (Charlie Parker 408) is made up of various takes from a 1945 Red Norvo session that included Parker, Gillespie, tenorist Flip Phillips, and Teddy Wilson. The development of the four tunes (*Hallelujah*, *Get Happy* and two blues) is fascinating.

The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie (RCA Victor 2398) contains further examples of his big band and his first experiments, in 1947, with Afro-Cuban jazz. Included are performances of *Cubano-Be*, *Cubano-Bop*, and *Manteca*, featuring congaist Chano Pozo. There are four 1946 small-group tracks—*52nd St. Theme*, *Night in Tunisia*, *Ol' Man Rebop*, and *Anthropology*—that have fine playing by the leader, vibraharpist Jackson, and tenor saxophonist Don Byas.

For Gillespie of more recent vintage, *Dizzy, Rollins & Stitt* (Verve 8477) offers fiery examples of the trumpeter as well as stimulating Sonny Rollins' tenor.

CHARLIE PARKER, *Bird Symbols* (Charlie Parker 407); *The Genius of Charlie Parker, Vol. 2* (Savoy 12014)

Though Parker died in 1955, his playing has remained a dominant force in jazz for almost 20 years. It has been only in the last three years or so that jazzmen have begun to escape his enveloping influence—and even those who have been most successful in finding new jazz paths retain a spark of Parker.

Perhaps Parker's ability to play many ways, his searching for—and finding—different manners of expressing himself, partly explain the pervasiveness of his music. For example, the Parker of *Yardbird Suite*, included in *Bird Symbols*, is different from the Parker of *Koko*, in the Savoy album. The first-named is reflective, almost tentative; the other is forceful, driving, impassioned.

The *Bird Symbols* LP is made up of performances recorded in 1946, in Los Angeles, and 1947, in Los Angeles and New York City, for the Dial label.

The earliest session produced *Ornithology*, *Moose the Mooch*, and *A Night in Tunisia*, in addition to *Yardbird Suite*. To a degree, the altoist maintained the reflectiveness of *Yard-*



Sculptress Julie McDonald's representation of alto saxophonist Charlie Parker

bird in his *Ornithology* solo, but he changed character on *Tunisia*, ripping off a magnificent, swirling break into his heated chorus. The rhythm section on these tracks, however, has more a swing than a bop feeling, despite the presence of pianist Dodo Marmarosa. Tenorist Lucky Thompson adds to the date's swing aura.

Two selections in the album are from a 1947 session with pianist Erroll Garner's trio, supposedly a chance meeting in the recording studio of the altoist and the others. The tracks, *Bird's Nest* and *Cool Blues*, show Parker in excellent form; the assurance of his playing and the melodic, logical construction of his choruses are exceptional.

The New York recordings include five ballad performances, all notable for Parker's tenderness and motif-filled construction. One of them, *Embraceable You*, is a masterpiece; the

others—*Bird of Paradise* (*All the Things You Are*), *My Old Flame*, *Out of Nowhere*, and *Don't Blame Me*—are of almost equal quality.

Miles Davis is the trumpeter on both the 1946 session and the tracks made in New York. Quite young at the time, Davis was no match for Parker, yet one can hear in his playing, particularly on the ballads, the forming of the highly melodic approach he was to perfect in the '50s.

The rhythm section on the New York performances is a first-class bop unit, made up of pianist Duke Jordan, bassist Tommy Potter, and drummer Max Roach.

The Savoy LP has performances from 1945, '47, and '48; it includes *Bird Gets the Worm*, *Bluebird*, *Klaunstance*, *Barbados*, *Merry-go-round*, *Donna Lee*, *Chasin' the Bird*, *Koko*, *Perhaps*, and *Warmin' Up a Riff*—all credited to Parker as composer, though some are merely Parker improvising on the chord changes of standard tunes.

The album's two versions of *Cherokee*—*Koko* and *Warmin'*, both recorded at the same 1945 session—offer contrasts in Parker's approach. *Koko*, the faster of the two, is a brilliant display of technical facility, but a facility that serves as a means to a goal, for Parker's solo is a breathtaking musical experience (there also is a Roach solo that served as a prototype of bop drumming). The *Warmin'* solo is more "melodic" in its use of fewer notes, but is nonetheless musically complex. Both Parker solos have an attractive rhythmic jaggedness to them.

The tracks from '47 and '48 find Parker slightly less volatile than he was in 1945. He more consistently mixed multinoted passages with the lyrical ones, creating tension and release, instead of going all out one way or the other, as he sometimes did early in his career. A good example of this complex-to-lyrical is his solo on *Barbados*. Parker also achieved inner contrast by alternating short and long phrases, as on *Klaunstance*.

Donna Lee, a floating line based on the chords of *Indiana*, and *Chasin' the Bird*, which consists of two different melodies played simultaneously, are sterling examples of Parker's composing.

Davis, who is listed as being present on all the aforementioned tracks, plays with more assurance on the '47 and '48 performances than he does on the *Bird Symbols* album.

Other sidemen on the Savoy LP include Dizzy Gillespie, piano and trumpet; pianists Jordan, Bud Powell, and John Lewis; bassists Potter and

(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.

John Coltrane

COLTRANE LIVE AT BIRDLAND—Impulse 50: *Afro-Blue*; *I Want to Talk About You*; *The Promise*; *Alabama*; *Your Lady*.

Personnel: Coltrane, tenor and soprano saxophones; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

If white critics can stand in any relation at all to Negro jazz of this caliber (it is not obvious that we can) then that relation must be humble, but it also may be malcontent. The dignity that propels Coltrane's music is dignity beyond the immediate grasp of the average man, especially the average white man, whose idea of dignity is born in relative peace. It is the high level of emotional sincerity that makes this music not only good music but good instruction as well.

There is one aspect of this music that leaves me dissatisfied. Though it is technical in nature, its implication goes beyond technique. A large portion of the blowing room on this record has, as its groundwork, a kind of harmonic accompaniment best described as "see-saw" harmony. This is the alternation of two chords—usually modal in flavor, often even "fourth-y" in flavor—which, by their back-and-forth motion, create hypnotic non-movement. This gives the player freedom by pre-choosing—to some degree—two simply related sets of notes to be used over large chunks of the musical ground. The result can be fruitless confinement. Miles Davis was one of the first to use this and did so successfully (it was new; solos were shorter, it seemed). But today my critical ear whispers into my receptive ear that see-saw convention is a cop-out. I wish Coltrane would use it less often. The alternative? More creative attention to harmonic thought.

Suffering most from see-saw convention is McCoy Tyner, a remarkably fine pianist. On *Afro-Blue* and *The Promise* he plays long and vivid solos which, from the harmonic point of view, become hysterically dull. But no one can doubt the honesty of his music, and, in this case, honesty wins. If his left hand were more flexible he would have little competition among pianists.

Coltrane's blowing is consistently elevating in these performances. He seems to paint a picture rather than tell a story.

Some Coltrane high points: the alternate fingerings and other graceful technical fireworks in *I Want to Talk*, which show, among other things, how well he knows his horns; the cadenza in the same piece, which gives more insight into his brain than his other blowing; his sense of vocal inflections, especially in *The Promise*; the recitative style of *Alabama*, which will be many things to many people and which, to me, is slow and deliberate instruction; and the joy of *Your Lady*.

The bass playing of Garrison makes me

want to stand up; the drumming of Jones makes me want to dance.

There also are some good liner notes by LeRoi Jones: "I didn't realize until now what a beautiful word Alabama is. That is one function of art, to reveal beauty, common or uncommon, uncommonly. And that's what Trane does." And later: "If you can hear, this music will make you think a lot of weird and wonderful things. You might even become one of them." (B.M.)

Paul Gonsalves

TELL IT THE WAY IT IS—Impulse 55: *Tell It the Way It Is*; *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*; *Duke's Place*; *Impulsive*; *Rapsallion in Rub's Canyon*; *Body and Soul*.

Personnel: Ray Nance, Rolf Ericson, trumpets; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Walter Bishop Jr., piano; Ernie Shepard, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Gonsalves' playing is one of the enduring enigmas of jazz. I know of no other instrumentalist who combines winning ways and blatant faults in so perplexing a manner.

There have been inconsistent players before—Bill Harris and Bunny Berigan are prime examples—but Gonsalves is more than inconsistent. He actually seems to be several different people, sometimes in the course of a single solo.

At his worst, he resembles a disorganized Illinois Jacquet playing a leaky saxophone. Or maybe a distracted Don Byas on an off day, which is a little better.

Gonsalves is generally at his best on ballads, which offer him time to think and to make the most of his sensuous sound. But there is no assurance that his rhapsodic style will come off each time. It might serve only to underscore his frequent lapses into faulty intonation and sloppy phrase-making.

These and other elements of the Gonsalves mystery are present on the record at hand. The romping *Tell It* is actually spoiled by his aimless writhing, despite some brave blowing by Nance. *Things Ain't* is perfunctory stuff, and Gonsalves goes out of tune on the otherwise thoughtful *Body and Soul*.

Impulsive must have been made on a different day than *Tell It*, for here Gonsalves plays coherently and with a deep, warm tone. When his ideas jell, as they do on this one, there is a quite delightful eccentricity about them that reminds me, oddly, of trumpeter Red Allen.

Along with bright flashes from Gonsalves, there are several minor delights in this set. One is Shepard's Leo Watson-like scatting on *Duke's Place* (actually *C-Jam Blues*) and another is the steel-fingered piano work of Bishop.

Hodges plays with his usual implacable authority, but his solos are brief, and his original tunes are not very original.

And so another potentially superior jazz

band turns out another mediocre work.

(R.B.H.)

Elmo Hope

SOUNDS FROM RIKERS ISLAND—Audio Fidelity 6119: *One for Joe*; *Ecstasy*; *Three Silver Quarters*; *A Night in Tunisia*; *Trippin'*; *It Shouldn't Happen to a Dream*; *Kevin*; *Monique*; *Groovin' High*.

Personnel: Lawrence Jackson, trumpet; John Gilmore, tenor saxophone; Freddie Douglas, alto saxophone, soprano saxophone; Hope, piano; Ronald Boykins, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums; Earl Coleman, Marcelle Daniels, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The title of this disc refers to the place in New York City where those picked up on narcotics charges are incarcerated. A large part of Nat Hentoff's lengthy liner notes is devoted to a discussion of the problem of addiction among musicians. While it is not directly stated that those who play on the record have been through addiction, the implication is there.

The purpose of the album, according to vibist Walt Dickerson, who was a catalytic agent in its production and who is specifically designated as one who "has not been in trouble with the law," is to "bring about a greater awareness among those people who can do something about the waste of talent now lurking in the shadow." Whether a disc such as this can accomplish such a thing is open to question since the only two performers of interest—Hope and Jones—are already well known, and one does not tend to think of their talents as having been wasted. In this sense, the Synanon LP issued by Pacific Jazz and the subsequent emergence of Synanon alumnus Joe Pass make the point in much clearer and more impressive terms.

Jones drums well in the ensembles, and Hope's piano solos often have a pleasantly airy bounce, but the rest of the performances are undistinguished. (J.S.W.)

Roland Kirk

KIRK IN COPENHAGEN—Mercury 20894: *Narrow Bolero*; *Mingus-Griff Song*; *The Monkey Thing*; *Mood Indigo*; *Cabin in the Sky*; *On the Corner of King and Scott Streets*.

Personnel: Kirk, tenor saxophone, manzello, strich, flute, nose flute, siren; Tete Montoliu, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen or Don Moore, bass; J.C. Moses, drums; Big Skol, harmonica.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Discovering real musical worth amid a tangle of unorthodox saxophones, nose flutes, sirens, and home-made gadgets, all played by one man, seems about as likely as catching a great performance on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. It can happen, but one doesn't expect it.

Kirk's battery of odd-ball horns is a familiar sight in jazz now; yet, with each of his recordings I have to be convinced all over again that his playing two or more of those horns at one time is not a mere stunt.

This record, like those before it, makes it clear that Kirk is an extraordinary jazzman and not just a jazz-minded vaudevil-

lian. He possesses a marvelous ear, fantastic energy, a good sense of humor, and fine, logical, musical ideas. His command of tenor saxophone and flute places him with the most nimble players on the contemporary scene, while his work on the altoist strich and the soprano-like manzello is both personal and compelling.

Kirk seems determined to learn everything there is to know about blowing a horn. He demonstrates here his ability to hold a note while breathing (an old trick still used by men like Harry Carney and Buster Bailey), sing while playing flute, growl, split tones, flutter-tongue, double-tongue, make corn-popping sounds—and grunt, gasp, hum, and sputter two or more notes at a time.

More important, he uses these devices to project his own emotion and wit, sometimes so fully that the listener is almost embarrassed by Kirk's nakedness. It may even approach emotional exhibitionism.

But Kirk's total involvement in his music cannot be ignored, whether one likes it or not. Personally, I like it very much, and this live performance in a Copenhagen club represents some of the best Kirk yet caught on tape. The strich solo on *Cabin*, the three-horn arrangement and flute solo on *Mood Indigo*, the country blues feeling in *Monkey*, even the excited punctuations that Kirk adds with his siren—all these are valid musical statements by the most amazing jazzman of our time.

That Kirk is backed expertly and sympathetically by European musicians such as Orsted Pedersen and Montoliu tells us much of how far along non-U.S. jazzmen have come.

A happy, witty, and often inspired set of performances. (R.B.H.)

Yusef Lateef

JAZZ 'ROUND THE WORLD—Impulse 56: *Abana; India; You, So Tender and Wistful; Yusef's French Brother; The Volga Rhythm Song; Trouble in Mind; The Good Old Roast Beef of England; Raisins and Almonds; Utopia; Ringo Oiwake.*

Personnel: Richard Williams, trumpet; Lateef, tenor saxophone, oboe, bassoon, flue, shanas; Hugh Lawson, piano; Ernie Barrows, bass; Lex Humphries, drums.

Rating: ★★½

There is implicit in this album's title and the bulk of the selections a world tour via song that is never confirmed or explained—and only vaguely alluded to, for that matter—in the accompanying liner notes. Certainly some justification is called for, since it is the very selection of tunes that seriously flaws this set. Many of them are inexcusably tasteless, others just bland.

You, So Tender is, I believe, a dismal German popular song that gained a measure of currency here a few years ago; *Yusef's French Brother* is nothing but *Frere Jacques* and is given the same simple canon treatment countless campfire singing groups have given it (there is, however, a splendid, bullying tenor solo once the theme is out of the way); *Volga Rhythm* is a short, pointless, slapdash version of—you guessed it—*Volga Boatman*, with Lateef's aimless bleatings set against Williams' somewhat hesitant, if not bewildered, recapitulation of the theme; and on it goes.

There are, to be sure, some fine moments. Lateef's oboe feature, *Trouble in Mind*, is a completely successful blues performance, and the several Eastern-inspired pieces come off with the kind of passion, sincerity, and conviction that are so patently missing in the overtly gimmicky numbers.

There are, as might be expected, a number of fine Lateef improvisations on his various instruments throughout the proceedings, and especially notable are several heated tenor excursions. None of the other men approach his level, but then they're not given much solo space, in view of this set's being designed to display Lateef's prowess.

None of the solo work, though, is able to redeem the LP from the tastelessness of the selections, which do little more than furnish the album its titular justification. What a waste all 'round! (P.W.)

Les McCann

SOUL HITS—Pacific Jazz 78: *Back at the Chicken Shack; Sack o' Woe; Groove Yard; Sermonette; Sonnymoon for Two; Bag's Groove; Shiny Silk Stockings; Sister Sadie; Li'l Darlin'; Work Song.*

Personnel: McCann, piano; Joe Pass, guitar; Paul Chambers, bass; Paul Humphrey, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Having McCann record an album of "soul hits" might seem, at first blush, to be inviting disaster, but, in fact, the result isn't too bad. As usual, his playing is cliché-ridden, but it's innocuous rather than offensive and—by his standards, at least—very restrained.

McCann can play well when he doesn't lay on a thick coat of funk, and on most of his LPs he plays a good solo or two. Here, on *Darlin'*, he is lyrical and displays a pretty touch.

The sidemen perform admirably.

Pass is a wonder. Though his style has much more in common with Jimmy Raney than with such earthy guitarists as Grant Green, this record's down-home context doesn't seem to affect him at all. His solo work is never less than good, and he has particularly well-developed spots on *Groove* and *Work Song* and cooks excitingly on *Sadie*, *Sack*, and *Sonnymoon*.

Chambers has a strong, idea-filled solo on *Work Song*. His section work is superb; he walks powerfully, and he effectively uses rhythmic figures as a booting device. (H.P.)

Jimmy McGriff

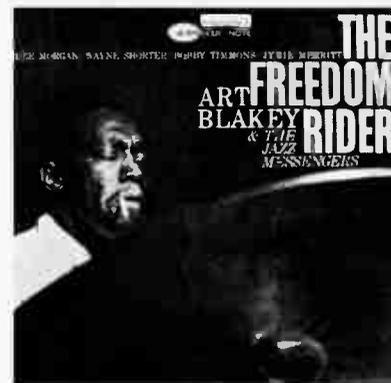
AT THE APOLLO—Sue 1017: *There'll Never Be Another You; We Four; A Thing for Jug; Red Sails in the Sunset; Lonely Avenue; Frame for the Blues.*

Personnel: Rudolph Johnson, tenor saxophone; McGriff, organ; Larry Frazier, guitar; Willie Jenkins, drums.

Rating: ★★

Poor recording balance and mediocre performances make this offering just a fair bet for most jazz buyers. Because the album was recorded live at New York's Apollo Theater, there may be extenuating circumstances. It is possible, for instance, that house acoustics demanded a heavier hand than McGriff ordinarily employs. Whatever the cause—poor engineering, theater demands, McGriff's uncontrolled ebullience, or some of all three—the album comes off top-heavy with organ.

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PACIFIC JAZZ RECORDS

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The record's most agreeable performance is *Another You*. McGriff exhibits a lighter touch here, spinning out ideas in lilting single-note lines and giving sidemen Johnson and Frazier a chance to be heard. Elsewhere, his huge orchestral sound is a tidal wave that rolls over and all but drowns the other musicians. Even on tenor and guitar solos, McGriff occasionally comes on so strong from behind that portions of these solos are muddled or lost.

Avenue is remarkable for its almost monotone—and monotonous—presentation. At times, it is as if the listener is in the center of an echo chamber with the music of a thousand organs being piped in from every side. Indeed, McGriff exhibits, on the whole, little melodic or harmonic inventiveness on these tracks, although his time is groovy.

What little exists in the invention department is supplied by Johnson and Frazier, but they do not get too much chance to make extended statements. Jenkins, a strong stroker, manages to keep his head above water most of the time. I don't imagine it was easy. (D.N.)

Modern Jazz Quartet

THE SHERIFF—Atlantic 1414: *The Sheriff*; *In a Crowd*; *Bachianas Brasileiras*; *Mean to Me*; *Natural Affection*; *Donnie's Theme*; *Carnival*.
Personnel: Milt Jackson, vibraharp; John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

This probably comes as close to a jamming date as anything the MJQ has recorded. *Sheriff* is a driving call-and-response tune, and Lewis' other compositions—*Crowd*, *Affection*, and *Donnie's*—are simple, pretty melodies. *Carnival* is Luiz Bonfá's *Manha de Carnaval*, from the film *Black Orpheus*. Heitor Villa Lobos' *Bachianas Brasileiras* is the most tightly-arranged piece, but it's performed unpretentiously, with Lewis, Heath, and Kay accompanying Jackson beautifully.

Jackson's solos are impeccable, even according to his high standards. Each note he plays sounds right—nothing is out of place. His lines aren't as heavily syncopated as those of Lionel Hampton, but when he does use syncopated patterns, he times them perfectly. Disciplined though Jackson's work is, it is also quite emotional. His attack is intense, and he achieves an ethereal effect with one of his trademarks—a lingering vibrato. His playing is extremely well paced; on *Crowd* he gives a compelling demonstration of nonstop building. Almost needless to say, his solos also have a great deal of melodic substance.

Lewis' playing is not very consistent. He is one of the more overrated of the underrated jazz soloists; he certainly has his shortcomings. Over-cuteness is one of them, and it is in evidence on *Sheriff* and *Crowd*. All his spots contain some figures that are not only simple (he's often praised for his economy) but also trivial. Lewis' excellent touch makes them seem more palatable than they might otherwise be, but it cannot completely hide his preciosity. He is an imaginative musician, however, and he does turn some exquisite phrases in his solos on *Donnie's* and *Carnival*.

Heath does a wonderful job in the rhythm section with his excellent choice of notes and his pure tone.

Kay, as usual, turns in a neat and tasteful performance. (H.P.)

Oscar Peterson-Nelson Riddle

THE TRIO AND THE ORCHESTRA WITH STRINGS—Verve 8562: *My Foolish Heart*; *Judy*; *'Round Midnight*; *Someday My Prince Will Come*; *Come Sunday*; *Nightingale*; *My Ship*; *A Sleeping Bee*; *Portrait of Jenny*; *Goodbye*.
Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums; 10 cellos; five horns; five flutes; harp; percussion; Nelson Riddle, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★½

This is basically a beautiful record. But, unfortunately, there is too much of what is basically, and in moderation, a good thing.

The star of this meeting between Peterson and Riddle is unquestionably Riddle, for he has written some gorgeous arrangements that, at their best, impose a discipline on Peterson that allows some of the pianist's good qualities—his sensitivity, his touch, the cleanliness and clarity of his attack—to be displayed without the overweening busyness that so often afflicts him (although he occasionally manages to be overly busy even here).

Almost everything is done in a slow, reflective vein that results, as Riddle candidly notes, in a rather Claude Thornhillian sound in this context of piano and orchestra. But just as Thornhill's band eventually bogged down in the monotony of too much musical somnambulism, this disc suffers from much the same harping-on-a-single-note. There's a refreshing change of atmosphere in *Judy*, which has a stronger beat, some twinkling humor, and luscious saxophone ensembles. *Bee* also is an interesting switch from the norm.

Peterson is at his best when he is moving in and out of the ensemble in very simple fashion. It puts him in a subordinate role that does not allow for much display of personality, but, all things considered, it is a worthwhile change of pace. (J.S.W.)

Django Reinhardt

THE HOT CLUB OF FRANCE—Capitol 2045: *Liebesfreud*; *Danse Norvegienne*; *Oiseaux des Iles*; *Little White Lies*; *All of Me*; *Sweet Sue*; *Douce Ambiance*; *Cavalerie*; *Oui*; *Fleur d'Enmii*; *Crepuscule*.

Personnel: Alix Combelle, tenor saxophone; Hubert Rostaing and Andre Luis or Gerard Leveque, clarinets; Django Reinhardt and Joseph Reinhardt or Eugene Vees, guitars; Tony Rovira or Jean Storne or Emmanuel Soudieux, bass; Pierre Fouad or Gaston Leonard, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Despite the title of this LP, this is not the famous Quintet of the Hot Club of France. Instead, we have several subsequent groups with which Django Reinhardt played between 1941 and 1943 and in which a clarinet (sometimes two clarinets) replaced the violin of Stephane Grappelly, which was such an important element in the Hot Club Quintet.

Django was one of those totally imperturbable performers who went his blithe way, playing with serene personal distinction no matter what was going on around him. And the surroundings on these pieces are generally quite ordinary.

Tenor saxophonist Combelle, present on *Oiseaux* and *All*, provides the only suitable complement to Django. It is rather fasci-

nating to hear Combelle, playing in 1940, sounding like a very valid predecessor of the more virile side of the contemporary Stan Getz.

Rostaing is the clarinetist with whom Reinhardt recorded most frequently, and while he manages to swing along easily at times, a great deal of his playing in these pieces is stiff and dragging. (J.S.W.)

Sonny Rollins-Gary Burton-Clark Terry

3 IN JAZZ—RCA Victor 2725: *Hello, Young Lovers; Gentle Wind and Falling Tear; You Are My Lucky Star; I Could Write a Book; Sounds of the Night; Cielito Lindo; Stella by Starlight; Blue Comedy; There Will Never Be Another You; Blues Tonight; When My Dream Boat Comes Home.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 7, 8—Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Burton, vibraphone; Monty Budwig, bass; Vernel Fournier, drums. Tracks 3, 4, 9—Don Cherry, cornet; Rollins, tenor saxophone; Henry Grimes, bass; Billy Higgins, drums. Tracks 5, 6, 10, 11—Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Hank Jones, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Willie Rodriguez, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★

Burton, Rollins, and Terry are talented modern jazz musicians, but as their approaches have so little in common, it seems senseless to have them share an LP. Modern jazz covers a lot of ground, and it's quite probable that many persons will be more interested in the performances of one particular group than in either or both the other two.

The album, however, is generally an interesting one. Surprisingly, newcomer Burton's tracks are at least as good as the ones by the giants, Rollins and Terry. Burton's solos reveal him to be an inventive musician whose technique enables him to do just about anything he might think of. He also has a good sense of construction. If he becomes a more original stylist (right now he's in the synthesizing stage), he may well be recognized as one of the finest of jazz vibists.

Sheldon solos pleasantly on the Burton tracks, but his tone sometimes has that quavery, nagging quality that characterizes the work of many West Coast trumpeters.

Burton's selections include good originals by Berklee student Mike Gibbs—*Gentle*, a pretty song, and *Blue Comedy*, a delightful, rhythmically intricate tune.

Rollins' tracks are disappointing. His solos just don't build; his conceptions are often interesting, but he doesn't pace himself well. Some of his double-time phrases are set up poorly; he doesn't build and release tension as effectively as he's shown he can.

Cherry has a plaintive spot on *Another You* but doesn't get off the ground elsewhere. Grimes solos with imagination and triphammer strength.

Terry exhibits a beautiful tone in the beginning of *Sounds* and plays with almost superhuman relaxation on *Cielito Lindo*. On *Tonight*, however, his work is inconsequential and, at times, even tasteless.

(H.P.)

Cecil Taylor

LIVE AT THE CAFE MONTMARTRE—Fantasy 6014: *Trance; Call; Lena; That's What.*

Personnel: Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone; Taylor, piano; Sonny Murray, drums.

Rating: ★★

It is very easy and not very useful to

be critical of avant-garde music. Taylor's approach to the keyboard is so radical that one must hear it as uncritically as possible, for as long as possible, before answering critical demands. The music often seems to swell with importance; other times it seems to jabber. At no time, however, is Taylor's integrity suspect. We should be just as serious in listening to him as he is in playing for us.

Certain thoughts have formed enough in my mind to set down.

First, the record date itself. New musical language implies new recording techniques. This involves new thought on every level of production, including what to leave in and what to leave out. These performances are too long. Taylor would do his listeners more service with smaller mouthfuls. They are easier to digest. The shorter pieces (*Lena* especially) seem most successful. When all the words are new, long treatises are a bit difficult all around.

The piano at the Montmartre club, in Copenhagen, where the recording was made in November, 1962, is worthy of cosmic scorn. Its sound, coupled with its lack of it, seriously impairs this music.

Taylor's piano style is partly cloying, partly miraculous. He scurries *all over* the piano carrying on three or four independent ideas within what seems to be a random cascade of notes. He can be brooding, simple, percussive. His harmonic idiom is not exactly atonal; it is more pan-tonal, seeming to cover several variously related tonal centers at once. The result is a very complicated modality that Taylor probably hears and does not figure.

In fact, it is questionable how accurately he does hear notes. The musical order is rarely the kind one associates with the accurate note-hearing of contemporary atonal classical music, nor does it pretend to be. But there is an order, and it does have subtleties. The order does not come from within the musical discipline, it seems. It is carried forward primarily by the freedom of its emotional line. One does not follow a chain of melodic, harmonic, or rhythmic associations but rather a contour of emotional states.

Altoist Lyons often speaks powerfully. More often, however, there are clichéd, Bird-like references that negate the careful departures of Taylor. (I understand that recently Lyons has come more into his own, though I have not heard him.)

The drumming of Murray as often obscures Taylor as reinforces him. But again, this is a case of a style forming, and Murray obviously has a prolific beginning.

There is no getting around the high level of random order in this music. It is disturbing. It stands to joyful expression as dexedrine-energy stands to natural energy. It is the order of fitful dreaming, not the order of deliberate consciousness.

Yet the terrific level of creativity invested in this music, especially by Taylor, cannot be underestimated. All serious modern musicians and interested laymen should hear this album at least once.

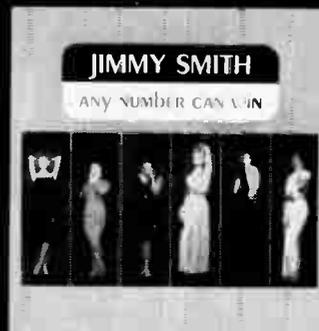
Incidentally, it would do no one harm to carefully reinvestigate Lennie Tristano of 1949-50. (B.M.)

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SONGSKRIT

A COLUMN OF VOCAL ALBUM REVIEWS

By JOHN A. TYNAN

Chris Connor: *At the Village Gate* (FM 300)

Rating: ★★★★★

Under no circumstances should this album be played before midnight. Pre-dawn is the word for Miss Connor's dusky voice and intimate style, and this set reveals the singer in exceptionally good form.

Backed by a rhythm section that lacks nothing in the playing of pianist Ronnie Ball, bassist Richard Davis, guitarist Mundell Lowe, and drummer Ed Shaughnessy, the singer begins in a notably relaxed manner with *A Lot of Livin' to Do*. In the 10 songs that follow she crosses lines of tempo and feeling but always sustains that late, late mood.

Of the good moments, several stay in memory: bassist Davis walking all over the lot in *All or Nothing at All*; a charmingly natural if nonmusical incident in *Black Coffee* when pianist Ball gets momentarily mixed up and Miss Connor laughs, "Keep going"; and certainly the intensity and naked emotion of *Only the Lonely*, the outstanding performance of the set.

The other songs are *Anyplace I Hang My Hat Is Home*; *Something's Coming*, from *West Side Story*, with some especially fine work by Ball; *You Came a Long Way from St. Louis*; *That Old Devil Moon*; *I Concentrate on You*; *Goodbye*; and a closing *Ten Cents a Dance* that oozes tired feet in high heels.

Not all in-person recordings come off as hoped; there are frequently balance problems, and the producer cannot control the session as he does in a studio. But the freshness and relaxation, the sense of spontaneity and immediacy emanating from the better in-person sessions frequently make the risk worthwhile. This album is a case in point.

Jimmy Witherspoon: *Baby, Baby, Baby* (Prestige 7290)

Rating: ★★★★★

Witherspoon, who is quite a maverick in the recording field, this time turns up with *Baby, Baby, Baby* on a Prestige album, eight tracks of which were recorded in New York, the remaining four in Los Angeles. Ozzie Cadena produced the East Coast tracks; Dave Axelrod was at the helm in L.A.

Certainly, when the roll of the great urban blues singers is called, Witherspoon's name will be among the top 10.

A master in communicating the passion of the blues, his is a throbbing, pulsating voice, convincing in its projection of emotional truth. These characteristics, evident in almost everything he sings, are present here.

In addition, there are a couple of fiery alto saxophone solos from the estimable

Leo Wright, notably on *Bad, Bad Whisky*.

Despite some excellent moments in the set, however, one catches a sense of hurry, of dashing it off, as if the object is to cut a dozen singles rather than an LP album. Witherspoon is most relaxed and gives his finest performances in a more leisurely setting in which jazz horns get to stretch out in solos; this was proved in the sides he recorded at the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1958 and, later, in Los Angeles with saxophonists Ben Webster and Gerry Mulligan in a night-club session. In this latest album it is as if he didn't have time to stretch out himself.

The good moments are there, though: in the terrific impetus generated by the rhythm section in the opening *Mean Old Frisco* behind Gildo Mahones' repeated piano riff figure; in the evocative harmonica moans on *Endless Sleep*; in the humor of *One Scotch, One Bourbon, One Beer*.

The four Axelrod sides are *Endless Sleep, I'll Go on Living, I Can't Hardly See*, and the familiar *It's a Lonesome Old World*. The musicians are Bobby Bryant, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Jimmy Allen, tenor saxophone; Ernst von Funkenstein (Ernie Freeman), piano; Herman Mitchell, guitar; Jimmy Bond, bass; Jimmy Miller, drums; and Arthur Wright, harmonica.

Blues and Trouble; Sail On, Little Girl; Baby, Baby, Baby; and Rocks in My Bed complete the Cadena session. On these tracks the musicians are Wright, who also does a little tambourine work; Kenny Burrell, guitar, who contributes tastefully; Mahones, piano; George Tucker, bass; and Jimmie Smith, drums.

Nancy Wilson, *Yesterday's Love Songs, Today's Blues* (Capitol 2012)

Rating: ★★★★★

The alliance of Miss Wilson and the Gerald Wilson Orchestra is one of the more fortuitous developments in popular music. While the singer's recorded output continues to be impressive because of its consistent quality and distinct personality (even if junior-league Dinah Washington), Wilson's writing for conventional band and strings is a definite asset for this album.

While Miss Wilson is digging into and belting home *The Best Is Yet to Come*, the band is kicking hard behind her. Solo space for the instrumentalists is limited to brief breaks, but those unidentified jazzmen who do cut loose, however scantily, are tellingly effective and complement the singer's contributions. In short, Miss Wilson is meant for Mr. Wilson's crew and it for her.

Other selections are *The Song Is You, The Very Thought of You, Satin Doll, Bewitched, Suffering with the Blues, Someone to Watch Over Me, Never Let Me Go, Send Me Yesterday, All My Tomorrows, Please Send Me Someone to Love, and Blue Prelude*.

Except for a reservation concerning the treatment of *Someone to Watch Over Me*, which this reviewer considers almost a lapse in musical taste, this is very good Nancy Wilson.

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

A COLUMN OF JAZZ REISSUES

By DON DeMICHEAL

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Diggin' with the Miles Davis Sextet
(Prestige 7281)

Rating: ★★★★★

Zoot Sims, *Trotting!* (Prestige 16009)

Rating: ★★★★★

Jim Hall Quartet (Pacific Jazz 79)

Rating: ★★★★★

Max Roach-Sonny Clark-George
Duvivier (Time 52101)

Rating: ★★★★★

I find arguments about who does and who does not swing rather specious. Certainly making a list naming who does and who doesn't, as Whitney Balliett did in a recent *New Yorker*, is ridiculous. It is not a matter of who but of how. It should be obvious that Max Roach does not swing in the same way Sid Catlett did. Miles Davis' swing is different from Louis Armstrong's is different from Dizzy Gillespie's is different from George Mitchell's. Jazz is individuals, not categories.

Good cases in point are four reissues by Miles Davis, Zoot Sims, Jim Hall, and the late Sonny Clark. There are similarities among the four men, yet each offers a different experience, a contrasting mode of expression, a unique manner of swinging.

Diggin' with the Miles Davis Sextet, recorded in 1951, offers further similarities and contrasts among its performers. All the men on the date—Davis, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Sonny Rollins, tenor saxophone; Walter Bishop Jr., piano; Tommy Potter, bass; and Art Blakey, drums—are from Charlie Parker. By the time this album was cut, though, Davis, only 25, was well into the lyrical approach he has since perfected, but his sidemen were still very much in Parker's bag; it should be borne in mind, however, that in 1951 McLean was 19 and Rollins 22, ages at which musicians rarely have left fathers for selves.

And it is Davis who provides most of the album's interest. His solos are beautifully put together, statements that swing in a most delectable manner, gliding over the sometimes heavy-handed rhythm section.

Davis achieved an even more pervading air of melancholy in his playing in 1951 than he does today. Yet there is much heat in his solos on *Dig*, *Paper Moon*, *Denial*, *Bluing*, and *Out of the Blue*—a different heat, or swing, than was evident in the classic nonet sides he made in 1949 and '50.

There also is heat-swing in the saxophonists' work, but neither McLean nor Rollins comes through with anything as musically valuable as Davis does. Neither sounds as if he had mastered his horn or himself. In

some instances Rollins falters clumsily or plays in a distressingly cautious manner. McLean, when not offering Bird calls, sounds extremely tense.

Yet, with its drawbacks, this record, these men, surely swing.

And not even the most tin-eared listener could say that Zoot Sims doesn't swing. Indeed, Sims' time—swing, heat—is one of the wonders of jazz. Take the *Trotting!* album, for example. There is a long version of *Zoot Swings the Blues*, made in 1951, in which the tenor saxophonist swings madly yet builds logically through several choruses.

Sims' swing—amply displayed on the album's title tune; a shorter version of *Blues*; a partly stop-time *I Wonder Who?*, really *Somebody Loves Me*; and *It Had to Be You*, which Sims manages to make something out of despite the rhythm section—is his own, even though his playing, generally, is in the style of Lester Young.

(It could be said Sims' swing is to Young's as Miles' concept is to Young's, and Young's swing is to Miles' as Young's concept is to Sims'; all are related, each distinct. This is not meant to establish a category—it may sound more like a syndrome outline—but is offered only as playful exposition.)

Even when Sims is unable to end something he's started, he swings, as on *East of the Sun* when he can't seem to find an out to his solo.

Sims' support on the album, which also has performances from 1950, includes pianists Harry Biss and John Lewis (who sounds like a trimmed-down Teddy Wilson at times), bassists Clyde Lombardi and Curly Russell, and drummers Art Blakey and Don Lamond. Titles other than those mentioned are *My Silent Love*, *Jane-o*, *Dancing in the Dark* (treated quite gently by Sims), and *Memories of You*.

Jim Hall is another who could be placed in that Young-Davis-Sims spider web. The same would hold for Hall as for Davis and Sims. And like Davis, Sims, and even Young, the reflections of Hall's musical fathers are in his playing, in Hall's case the legitimate father being Charlie Christian, the midfather Django Reinhardt.

Despite the excellence of the guitarist's work on *Jim Hall Quartet*, there are detractors that lower the album's over-all effect.

The LP is taken from a Hall trio record released in 1957 as *Jazz Guitar*. The original sidemen were the late Carl Perkins, piano, and Red Mitchell, bass; the music they produced was warm, relaxed, understated—nothing that would make one jump to his feet and cheer, but the music had a large amount of charm. In seven years, however, Hall's group has grown to a quartet; Larry Bunker's drums have been added.

There might be several reasons for this. One, it might have been thought that drums would add aural brilliance, which they do but which also is at odds with the original musical concept; two, in order to release the record in stereo, the drums would serve to fill up the other channel, since the original session was not recorded in stereo. The current version is in stereo; Bunker's

drums have a channel to themselves.

Be all this as it may, there is an even more serious instance of tampering: most tracks have been trimmed down, and one has disappeared. I don't know why Pacific did this, particularly in light of the good music dropped—such as Mitchell's fine solo on *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*. (True, Mitchell slows down the tempo in this solo, something that would make it difficult for Bunker, but, then what is Bunker doing there anyway?)

But back to the music. Hall is at his best—conceptually and rhythmically—on *Things* (deep-blues playing), *Stompin' at the Savoy* (fine stop-time work), *Stella by Starlight* (flowing), *9:20 Special* (delicate yet strong), *Deep in a Dream* (touching). He plays quite well on the album's other tracks too—*Tangerine*, *Thanks for the Memory*, *Look for the Silver Lining*, and *Seven Come Eleven*.

Though not as consistently interesting as Hall, Perkins has good solos, particularly on *Things*, *Savoy*, and *Seven*.

The Roach-Clark-Duvivier record, first released in 1960 as *The Sonny Clark Trio*, shows another way of swinging, one somewhat different from that of Davis, Sims, and Hall. Here, as with the Davis LP, there is a Charlie Parker cast to the session.

It goes without saying that Roach is one of the great jazzmen and that Duvivier is one of the finest bassists around, but for some reason—inexplicable when one considers this album—Clark never has received his just due.

Not a spectacular performer like Oscar Peterson, nor a contemplative one as is Bill Evans, and certainly not as interesting compositionally as Thelonious Monk, Clark, nonetheless, should be ranked at least near those four giants. He was as musical and imaginative as the others.

Clark's playing was unornamented, lean, with not a note wasted. Yet his uncluttered playing had a thickness to it, much as Monk's piano work has thickness. Clark never begged the musical question; his work was cliché free, his direction straight ahead. The way he placed strong accents not only lent his playing vigor, it also gave it pendulum swing, a driving momentum but not of sledgehammer intensity. The only criticism one might make is that Clark did not always vary the intensity of his work with the skill he might have.

Clark was a composer as well as pianist. All the tunes on this record are his, and each is well thought out and sculpted with care for balance and musicality. They are *Minor Meeting*, *Nica*, *Sonny's Crip*, *Blues Mambo*, *Blues Blue*, *Junka*, *My Conception*, and *Soma*.

A passing thought on hearing the lovely *Conception*, played by the pianist without accompaniment: the way Clark voiced his chords, the way he improvised introspectively, the way he used light and shadow puts one in mind of Bill Evans' work. Add to this the fact that one of Evans' compositions in his *Conversations with Myself* album—*N.Y.C.'s No Lark*—is an anagram for Sonny Clark, and one wonders if Clark wasn't a larger force in Evans' development than might normally be thought.

BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recording reviewed in this issue:

Muddy Waters—*Folk Singer*, Chess 1483

Rating: ★★½

All in all, this is a curious disc. On its nine selections the popular Chicago-based blues singer attempts the re-creation of a number of his old recordings, as well as other numbers, in an older, more consciously country-styled delivery than has been his wont in recent years.

On the surface it would seem an excellent idea. Waters is, after all, generally regarded as one of the finer exponents of country blues—or at least the country-based modern-city blues. A number of his recordings from the late 1940s (when he first started to record commercially) are deserved classics—dark, powerful songs that are rooted in the dramatic, near ferocious Mississippi delta blues style.

In the intervening years, however, Waters has moved further and further away from this style in a natural evolution dictated by competitive pressures (if Waters wanted to work and record, he simply had to move with the times). No matter how much one might deplore this move away from his original approach, it is a fact that cannot be ignored. Waters is still a full-throated,

lustily shouter of the blues, an expressive blues interpreter of the first rank—but, let's face it, he has mastered the current style at the expense of the old, as is well illustrated by this album.

The singer is backed by guitarist Buddy Guy, bassist Willie Dixon, and drummer Clifton James. On a number of the tracks Waters plays guitar in the whining bottleneck style of his early recordings—or comes as close now as he is capable of doing. And that's the great fault of this album: he only begins to come close to the power and unforced intensity of the original numbers and style from time to time, as on *You Gonna Need My Help* and *My Home Is in the Delta*, which are perhaps the two best (read "most closely approximating the early style") numbers in the set.

Waters' singing throughout the album is forced and artificial, more often than not a grotesque parody of his earlier broodingly intense and darkly potent delivery. Where before there was conviction and passion, now there is affected a heavy-handed histrionic that is little short of embarrassing and which turns just about every number into a self-conscious performance in which the dramatic content is exaggerated out of all proportion.

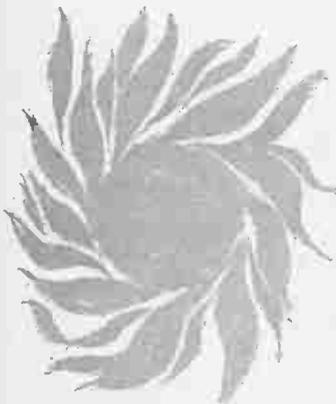
Johnny Temple's rough, vigorous, uncomplicated celebration of sensual pleasure, *Big Leg Woman*, is given a somber and over-dramatic reading totally at variance with its content and message. This is true, in varying degrees, for the bulk of the selections. The work song, *My Cap-*

tain, is strained and awkward; *Cold Weather* is simply too dramatic and the vocal effects contrived, as is *Long Distance*. *Feel Like Going Home* is marred by this same grotesquerie (needlessly drawing words into choking hums, tasteless attempts at injecting "feeling") and by the simple fact of playing mistakes.

And for an illustration of just how different Waters' style is nowadays, compare this affected performance with the singer's 1941 recording for the Library of Congress. It was recorded then as *Country Blues* and was a stunning demonstration of the pure Mississippi delta style, with a throbbing, richly textured accompaniment pulsing under the powerful, emotion-charged singing. Better yet, don't compare them; the difference might prove too great.

For another thing, Guy's essentially modern guitar style occasionally conflicts with the over-all country mood that is being striven for, though he tries to keep his pyrotechnics under wraps. Save for the bottleneck solos, Guy has the bulk of the guitar solo passages. (And to further reinforce the "folk" approach, producer Ralph Bass had Waters and Guy turn off their amplifiers, with the result that Guy's guitar sound is a most unnatural one—it was meant to be amplified. And, after all, weren't Waters' early recordings made with an electric instrument?)

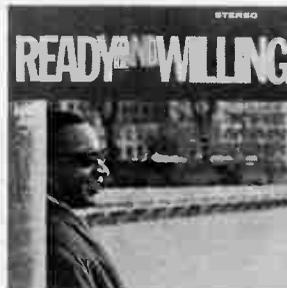
All in all, a disappointing—but interesting—collection. Disappointing on the musical side, it is interesting in that it proves that you can take the country out of the boy.



GENE SHAW
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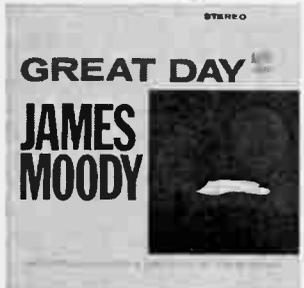
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By LEONARD FEATHER



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THE RECORDS

1. Peggy Lee. *Days of Wine and Roses* (from *Mink Jazz*, Capitol). Henry Mancini, Johnny Mercer, composers.

Beautiful. Beautiful! I liked that voice, whoever it was. I thought it was Peggy—it had that kind of whispering thing that she gets. . . . That song is one of the most beautiful things written in the 20th century; it's a masterpiece. It's so beautiful we're going to put it in our book.

They make a good team, Mercer and Mancini. Mercer has the best partner he's had since Harold Arlen. As far as my other preferences among the songwriters today, I like Lerner and Loewe, Fran Landesman and Tommy Wolf. . . . Of course, for melody Richard Rodgers hardly has any peers. In *No Strings* he showed how much he missed Hart and Hammerstein.

As far as lyricists, I have only recently come to know of perhaps one of the greatest of all—Duke Ellington! That was an exquisite lyric he wrote for *Come Sunday*, and I understand he also did the lyrics for *I Like the Sunrise*. A masterpiece; he's a genius.

2. Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland. *Sonos* (from *Clarke-Boland Big Band*, Atlantic). Idrees Sullieon, Benny Bailey, trumpet solos; Ronnie Scott, Billy Mitchell, tenor saxophone solos; Boland, piano, arranger; Clarke, drums, composer.

That sure sounded like Klook! I know he's done some things in Europe with a guy named Francy Boland. I liked all the solos—good chops and good intonation in the trumpet solos and an imaginative arrangement, like some of the best stuff that's being done in this country.

If it was Klook—or whoever it was—five for the drummer and four stars overall. There were two trumpeters; I liked them both.

3. Earl Hines. *Little Girl* (from *Earl "Fatha" Hines*, Capitol). Hines, piano; Ralph Carmichael Band.

That was *Little Girl* . . . and it sounds like the leader was the pianist. I really don't know who it was . . . except that I know there was a big-band background recently for the new debut of Fatha Hines. Sounds like it might be Earl.

Very nice. His playing style hasn't

changed at all, really. Nice ensemble work, very crisp. Altogether nice, but I wouldn't say it was inspired; I wouldn't say it was a gas, or anything like that. . . . Three stars I'd give it.

4. Sonny Rollins and Coleman Hawkins. *Just Friends* (from *Sonny Meets Hawk*, RCA Victor). Rollins, Hawkins, tenor saxophones; Henry Grimes, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums.

Sonny Rollins and Coleman Hawkins. I must say that I love Sonny Rollins, and I love Coleman Hawkins, and I love jazz music.

Now that I have said that, I will say what I *must* say: Sonny has given himself a Mohican haircut, and he has stormed down upon the citadel of jazz, right into Bean, who inspired him, and I think it's a dastardly attack. I really don't understand what it is he is out to prove. When a man is able to create a style of playing tenor saxophone that hundreds of little boys all over the world want to copy, as he has done, and then turns around and systematically attempts to destroy that himself, I think it's artistically suicidal.

I don't pretend to understand it, but it makes me a little sad, because if anyone wants to destroy the music we have, they must first take our giants and make them mad, and that's what I think is happening in this case, and I'm appalled.

Roy McCurdy on drums—very beautiful. I don't know who the bassist was but probably Henry Grimes, also very nice, and, of course, Bean is Bean. He is indestructible. He would *have* to be indestructible to play with Sonny Rollins, at this stage in Mr. Rollins' career.

I wouldn't like to rate this. If I rate it high for Bean, it's not that for Sonny. And he is capable of very great art too.

5. Jimmy Witherspoon. *One Scotch, One Bourbon, One Beer* (from *Baby, Baby, Baby*, Prestige). Gildo Mahones, piano; Rudolph Toombs, composer; Witherspoon, vocal.

Spoon! Five stars! Whenever I sing the blues, I try to sound as much like Spoon as I possibly can. He's my teacher!

Was that my rhythm section on there? Sounded like it might have been Gildo. . . . I know they did a date with him.

One Scotch, One Bourbon, One Beer—that's Amos Milburn's song, or is it Percy

Mayfield? Anyway I think it was first recorded by Amos Milburn. It's a great song for clubs.

6. Herbie Mann. *Samba de Orfeu* (from *Live at Newport*, Atlantic). Mann, flute; Dave Pike, vibraharp; Attila Zoller, guitar.

Herbie Mann. Bless his heart. Dave Pike was on vibes, I think. Attila Zoller on guitar. . . .

Herbie is someone I have a great deal of respect for, because of what he did with that music. He made it available to a wide American audience who might not have heard it. I'm not speaking of the authenticity, although he played it more authentically than most people. . . . Five stars for that.

7. Ornette Coleman. *Beauty Is a Rare Thing* (from *This Is Our Music*, Atlantic). Donald Cherry, pocket trumpet; Coleman, alto saxophone; Charlie Haden, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

That was, of course, Ornette Coleman. Whom I have met, and whom I dearly love as a person, and for whom I have the utmost respect, as a person. And also for whom I feel the utmost sorrow, because I think he has been exploited in a terrible way by people who really knew better. I mean for someone like Mr. John Lewis, who played with Bird, to call Ornette Coleman an extension of Bird, to me is charlatanism of the rankest order.

And for people like Martin Williams and Nat Hentoff, who should know better, to propound this type of thing is either rank commercialism, which is a terrible thing to do to Ornette, or *complete* musical ignorance.

I think if this man were given an opportunity to just be himself, under his own circumstances, he might have attracted some kind of an audience and been able to make a living. But when you set that kind of a goal for a man, as an extension of Bird, who inspired everybody out here, then you might as well take a hammer and hit the man in the head. It would be much more merciful.

I can't rate this, because I really don't know what it is. I like this man, and I'm very sorry he fell into the hands of these Philistines, as I'll call them, for want of a worse word!



FULLER *from page 23*

Roost in honor of the jazz club then on Broadway.

Fuller continued arranging for Gillespie's big band during the short-lived boom for bebop music and the introduction of Afro-Cuban rhythms in 1947. He orchestrated *Manteca*, composed by Luciano Pozo y Gonzales (Chano Pozo) and Gillespie, which was recorded after the trumpeter was signed to an RCA Victor contract.

The late Chano Pozo was a hit with the band on his conga and bongo drums. After a brilliant opening put together by Fuller, *Manteca* went into a power drive that sometimes, on location dates, wound up with the band screaming on the theme of Khachaturian's *Sabre Dance*.

Before Pozo's death in 1948, he and Fuller collaborated on a small-band date for Blue Note under saxophonist James Moody's name. The date highlighted Fuller's *Tropicana* and *Fuller*

Bop Man, along with such Pozo contributions as *Tin Tin Deo* and *Cu-Ba*. On this date Fuller also assisted the late alto saxophonist Ernie Henry with the composition and arranging of *Oh, Henry*.

It was Fuller who orchestrated Gillespie's Carnegie Hall concert in late 1948.

The bebop fad began to fall apart as 1949 wore on, and with it the big bands started to go. By this time Fuller and Gillespie had begun to separate—Fuller was on the arranging staffs of such new modern bands as those being organized by Charlie Barnet and Jerry Wald. Most of Barnet's early Capitol recordings were Fuller arrangements.

Fuller himself organized a large orchestra to record for the Discovery label. The most outstanding side was *The Scene Changes*, on which he went back to his conceptions (pre-Afro-Cuban rhythms) of *Things to Come*.

Down Beat began a column called *The Bop Beat* by Fuller in its Jan. 14,

1949, issue. It was the first and last column of a projected series. The reason for its discontinuance is now forgotten, but in that one column Fuller pointed out that the new jazz was "advancing to the level of contemporary classical music harmonically and melodically."

Around this time, Fuller had also prepared a bebop arranging method book that had been published and distributed by the J. J. Robbins music-publishing firm.

Unfortunately, the new music failed in its commercial appeal, and after publicists, record companies, and other fad-makers repelled the public with berets, goatees, and bebop jokes, the musicians themselves became disgusted and discouraged.

Fuller retired from music and was reported to be in the real-estate business. He came back for a short time in 1955 to furnish arrangements for one of Stan Kenton's yearly band tours, but he has been inactive in modern music since that time. 

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY OF GIL FULLER ARRANGEMENTS

- New York City, May 15, 1946
 Dizzy Gillespie Sextet—Gillespie, trumpet, vocal; Sonny Stitt, alto saxophone; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Al Haig, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums; Fuller, vocal.
 ONE BASS HIT, Pt. I (5497)
Musicraft 404, Allegro LP4017, LP3083, Rondo LP A-11
 OOP BOP SH'BAM (5498)
Musicraft 383, Allegro LP4032, LP 3083, Rondo LP A-11, Savoy LP MG12020
 THAT'S EARL, BROTHER (5500)
Musicraft 485, Allegro LP4032, LP3083, Rondo LP A-11, Savoy LP MG12020
 July 9, 1946
 Dizzy Gillespie and His Orchestra—Gillespie, Dave Burns, Ray Orr, Talib Dawud, John Lynch, trumpets; Alton Moore, Leon Comegys, Gordon Thomas, trombones; John Brown, Howard Johnson, alto saxophones; Ray Abrams, Warren Luckey, tenor saxophones; Numa (Pee Wee) Moore, baritone saxophone; Jackson, vibraharp; John Lewis, piano; Brown, bass; Clarke, drums.
 ONE BASS HIT, Pt. II (5609)
Musicraft 404; Allegro LP4017, LP 3083, Savoy LP MG12020
 RAY'S IDEA (5610).....Musicraft 487, Allegro LP4032, LP3083, Rondo LP A-11, Savoy LP MG12020
 THINGS TO COME (5611) . . . Musicraft 447, Allegro LP4017, LP3083, Royal EP-1023, MGM 10556, EP1026, Savoy LP MG12020
 Sept. 5, 1946
 Kenny Clarke and His 52nd Street Boys—Fats Navarro, Kenny Dorham, trumpets; Stitt, alto saxophone; Ray Abrams, tenor saxophone; Ed DeVerteuil, baritone saxo-

- phone; Bud Powell, piano; John Collins, guitar; Al Hall, bass; Clarke, drums.
 EPISTROPHY (D6VB2792) . . . RCA Victor 20-3144, French Swing 224
 52ND STREET THEME (D6VB2793)
Swing 224
 OOP BOP SH'BAM (D6VB2794) .Swing 224
 RUE CHAPTAL (ROYAL ROOST) (D6VB2795) . . . RCA Victor 20-3144, Swing 244
 Sept. 25, 1946
 The Bebop Boys (Ray Brown's All-Stars)—Gillespie, Burns, trumpets; John Brown, alto saxophone; James Moody, tenor saxophone; Jackson, vibraharp; Hank Jones, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Joe Harris, drums.
 FOR HECKLERS ONLY (3354)
 Savoy 976, LP MG9012, LP MG12110
 SMOKEY HOLLOW JUMP (3355)
 Savoy 902, LP MG9012, LP MG12110
 Dec. 30, 1947
 Dizzy Gillespie and His Orchestra—Gillespie, trumpet, vocal; Burns, Elmo Wright, Lamar Wright, Benny Bailey, trumpets; Ted Kelly, Bill Shepherd, trombones; Johnson, Brown, alto saxophones; Joe Gayles, George Nicholas, tenor saxophones; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Lewis, piano; Al McKibbin, bass; Clarke, drums; Chano Pozo, conga drum; Kenny Hagood, vocal.
 MANTECA (D7VB3090) . . . RCA Victor 20-3023, 4703860, 20-10146, LP LJM-3046, EPA 432
 OOL-YA-KOO (D7VB3093)
RCA Victor 20-2878, 20-10146
 1948
 James Moody and His Bop Men—Burns, Elmo Wright, trumpets; Ernie Henry, alto saxophone; Moody, tenor saxophone; Payne, baritone saxophone; Hen Gates, piano; Nelson Boyd, bass; Teddy Stewart or Art Blakey, drums; Pozo, conga and bongo drums, vocal.
 TROPICANA Blue Note 553

- THE FULLER BOP MAN Blue Note 553
 CU-BA Blue Note 554
 MOODAMORPHOSIS Blue Note 554
 TIN TIN DEO Blue Note 555
 OH, HENRY Blue Note 555
 WORKSHOP Blue Note 556
 MOOD'S ALL FRANTIC Blue Note 556
 Charlie Barnet and His Orchestra—Carl (Doc) Severinson, Tony DiNardo, John Howell, Fern Caron, Lamar Wright, trumpets; Dick Kenney, O. B. Masingill, Ken Martlock, trombones; Vincent Vittorio, Arthur Raby, Kurt Bloom, Dave Mathews, Danny Banks, Barnet, saxophones; Claude Williamson, piano; Eddie Safranski, bass; Cliff Leeman, drums; Anivar Jaminez, conga drum.
 CU-BA Capitol 15417
 March 17, 1949
 Same—except Rolf Ericson replaces Caron; John Hafer, saxophone; Bunny Briggs, vocals, added.
 EASY LIVING (3727) Capitol 57-592
 OH, HENRY (3730) Capitol 57-592
 Chicago, April 14, 1949
 Dizzy Gillespie and His Orchestra—Gillespie, Benny Harris, Willie Cook, Elmon Wright, trumpets; A. Duryea, S. G. Hurt, J. C. Tarrant, trombones; Brown, Henry, alto saxophones; Bill Evans (Yusef Lateef), Joe Gayles, tenor saxophones; Al Gibson, baritone saxophone; J. Forman, piano; McKibbin, bass; Teddy Stewart, drums; V. D. V. Guerra, conga drum.
 SWEDISH SUITE (D9VB471)
RCA Victor 20-3457, 47-2921, LP LJM1009
 New York City, mid-1949
 Walter Fuller and His Orchestra—large unidentified group.
 TROPICANA Discovery 108, 45-108
 BLUES FOR A DEBUTANTE
Discovery 108, 45-108
 THE SCENE CHANGES
Discovery 115, 45-115
 MEAN TO ME Discovery 115, 45-115

SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

Let us begin with some abrasive facts about the current jazz life. It has become a commonplace to lament the lack of working opportunities for the majority of the most vital among the direction-setters—Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman, George Russell, among them.

It also is easy enough to excoriate the booking agencies, the clubowners, most record company executives, and the radio and television power structure for being obtuse. They are. Most are also, in a fundamental sense, unaware of their responsibility to encourage important music, even at a financial loss.

The complaints about "the system" nonetheless obscure a more basic problem.

While jazz was never a "popular" music, it has been possible at various times for a few uncompromising musicians to reach a wide enough audience to live comfortably. These days, for example, there are Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck (who is true to *himself*), and, to a certain extent, John Coltrane. But even though there will be exceptions, the chances of immediately negotiable renown for the exploratory jazzman in the years ahead will continue to lessen. The reason is that more and more of the music being produced by the Colemans, Taylors, and Russells demands increasingly sensitive, aware audiences.

For all the specious talk about a "cultural explosion," this quality of audience does not exist in sufficient strength to provide moderate economic success for singularly creative classical composers or novelists, let alone jazz musicians.

If the disturbing and reawakening challenges of the best of the new jazz are ever to attract a large public, the values of this society will have to change. And achieving that millenium requires a transformation of the way we utilize our resources, economic and psychic, so that more of us can be brought into deeper contact with our feelings, our real aspirations, and our most painful frustrations.

Most of us fit Paul Goodman's description of present society:

"Our people suffer from a compulsion neurosis; they are warding off panic by repeating themselves; inevitably, they are very busy and very conformist."

For people who are "busy" in this sense, the jazz of Coleman and Taylor in particular is too dangerous to be admitted to the marrow of one's being. For the same reason, the novels of Herman Wouk and Leon Uris sell in huge quantities while Bruce Jay Friedman's *Stern* and Norman Fruchter's

Coat upon a Stick do not.

Of course, I am oversimplifying. Occasional break-throughs do happen. A Charlie Mingus may work steadily for a while, but never long enough, and he is capable of selling a sizable number of albums. A James Baldwin can be offered a million-dollar, long-term contract by a publisher. But by and large, those artists who dig unsparingly beneath our busyness have to scuffle economically.

I am not saying, however, that the scuffling has to be as severe and bleak as it is for too many of the younger musicians. It should be possible, even in the current context, to provide more exposure for the Cecil Taylors so that at least more of the minority audience

that could understand him gets to know he exists.

For this to happen, we will need a new breed of promoter-managers who can go out and find that minority while devising economically feasible ways of bringing it together with the musicians.

My point here is that a significant section of jazz has become "entertainment" on the order of, let us say, classical chamber music. Few practitioners of the latter make it big financially, and few of the more venturesome young jazzmen are going to.

Certainly the bookers and the clubowners could help much more than they do. But the main deficiency is in the audience. That's where the hangup is.

KENNY CLARKE

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THE BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

I have a proposition for the next man who does a sociological study of jazz. There are certain left-over and unanswered questions, it seems to me, in all the studies we have had, from Sidney Finkelstein's *Jazz: a People's Music* through Francis Newton's *The Jazz Scene* to LeRoi Jones' *Blues People*. The questions have to do with the jazz audience.

Modern jazz is the music LeRoi Jones favors most, I would say, and modern jazz may have been, as Jones has it, an expression of the mood of young American Negroes of Jones' generation. But it is also a fact that, by and large, most young Negroes of Jones' generation ignored it and that its audience was largely and disproportionately composed of young white men of Ira Gitler's generation. This has been true of modern jazz since the mid-1940s and is true now of the "new thing," free-form jazz of the '60s. Why?

It seems to me not enough to say merely that many Negroes were brought up with U.S. middle-class standards that scorn jazz, for so were most of the whites in the audience.

Now everyone knows, musicians themselves aside, that it has been white men, by and large, who have taken jazz seriously, written its history, cataloged its records, criticized its players, and called it an "art." One might easily say that the mode of the white man's education prepared him to treat this musical activity called jazz in that manner, since he had been trained to treat painting, architecture, literature, and other music in a similar manner. Whereas fewer Negroes have been exposed to that sort of education, to that sort of treatment of artistic endeavor, and therefore did not think in those terms. Or those who had been, again, were brain-washed against jazz by middle-class standards.

However, critics, journalists, and historians don't make an audience; they don't even make a crowd.

Of course it is always possible that modern jazz, in reaching young white men, was reaching the very people it was supposed to reach—that is, it was giving emotional instruction to these young men in how young Negroes felt because it would soon be up to these young men and their generation to sense how young Negroes felt and to act accordingly. (Which is not exactly another way of saying that it's too bad that Gov. George Wallace didn't dig Bird!)

But questions of a devoted audience do not begin and end with modern jazz. Louis Armstrong often has said that,

throughout his musical life, his work was better attended and better appreciated by white men than by members of his own race. And Duke Ellington—well, Duke Ellington did not even begin to discover the size of his talent until he started to play at the Cotton Club for audiences that were predominantly white and where Negroes knew they were not welcome.

(Aside: I am assuming here that jazz is largely of American Negro inspiration, and that most of its major figures have been Negroes. But if anybody is inclined to accuse me of believing that white men cannot play jazz and play it exceptionally, then he cannot know what I have written about

Bix Beiderbecke, Pee Wee Russell, Dave Tough, Jim Hall, Stan Getz, Paul Desmond, Jimmy Knepper, Jack Teagarden, Jimmy Giuffre—oh nuts, just look up some old critics' poll ballots or something.)

I think that probably one reason Finkelstein, Newton, and Jones have not been able to satisfy me on these questions is that they are all working out of very similar social or social-political positions which (as I implied above) are apt to treat art as a manifestation of the social structure. But ultimately, art is a manifestation of the nature of man.

And so, for that matter, is the social structure. 



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40 DOWN BEAT

JAZZ BASICS from page 25

Curly Russell; and drummer Roach.

Four tracks included in the album are from a December, 1945, date made in Los Angeles under the leadership of Slim Gaillard. The personnel includes Parker and Gillespie with the Gaillard group, in which New Orleans drummer Zutty Singleton played; but the atmosphere is Gaillard's usual lighthearted one, and little of consequence occurs, though there are some good blues-based Parker solos.

Further recommendations: All the Parker LPs on Savoy are worth investigation. Some of his finest performances are contained in them, and in addition to the versions originally issued on 78-rpm, there are several alternate takes and parts of takes.

Historical Masterpieces (Charlie Parker 701) is a three-LP set made up of broadcasts by the altoist from 1948 to '50. Personnel of his quintet varies but includes trumpeters Davis, Fats Navarro, or Kenny Dorham and pianists Powell, Al Haig, or Jordan. The level of performance is generally high, particularly Parker's playing.

Parker could fit with almost any group of jazzmen, as is clearly shown on *Funky Blues* (Verve 8486) made in the early '50s with such musicians as Ben Webster, Flip Phillips, Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter, and Charlie Shavers. The contrasts between altoists Carter, Hodges, and Parker are quite enlightening. The performances are extended; one side of the album is the title tune, a slow blues, and the other is given over to *What Is This Thing Called Love?*

The Essential Charlie Parker (Verve 8409) presents the altoist with several quintet personnels, which include, at various times, Gillespie, Davis, or Red Rodney, trumpet; and Thelonious Monk, Walter Bishop Jr., or Lewis, piano. There are two quartet tracks and two from the Parker-with-strings performances. The album also has a truncated version of *Funky Blues*. Other titles include *Bloomdido*, *Au Privave*, *She Rote*, *Swedish Schnapps*, and *K. C. Blues*.

BUD POWELL, *The Amazing Bud Powell, Vol. 1* (Blue Note 1503)

Powell learned well the lessons offered by Tatum and Wilson; he blended them with the innovations of bop and developed a wholly personal manner of playing—and chord voicing—that was to be of significant influence. Without doubt, Powell must be considered—along with Hines, Waller, Tatum, and Wilson—as one of the great jazz pianists. His style became

the basis for that of almost all pianists who followed him.

His best work is filled with dazzling and daring lines that spiral like flaming serpents. Powell often darts up what seem blind alleys, only to make a sharp turn of direction to bring to a successful conclusion, in a sometimes astonishing manner, that which at first seemed doomed to musical failure. Unfortunately, his playing is sometimes disconnected, sputtering off on tangents, but this happens seldom on *The Amazing Bud Powell*.

There are three takes of *Un Poco Loco*, and they serve to show how the pianist alters and shapes his playing till he gets the final version, one of his finest pieces of work. This 1951 trio session (with Max Roach and Curly Russell) also produced the two versions of *A Night in Tunisia* and *Parisian Thoroughfare* included in the album. An earlier trio (Tommy Potter and drummer Roy Haynes) is heard on *Ornithology*, recorded in 1949.

There are four 1949 quintet tracks—*Dance of the Infidels*, *52nd Street Theme*, *Wail*, and *Bouncing with Bud*—that feature trumpeter Fats Navarro and tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins, themselves musicians not without influence. In addition to some boiling Powell work, the tracks offer fetching examples of Navarro's long, melodic phrases and Rollins' sometimes brusque early work.

The album also includes a lovely unaccompanied Powell version of *It Could Happen to You*.

Further recommendations: *The Bud Powell Trio* (Fantasy 6006) was partly recorded at the 1953 Massey Hall concert (see *DIZZY GILLESPIE*) with the pianist accompanied by Charlie Mingus and Roach. Though Powell's playing is not quite up to his work with the quintet at the concert, there are several high points in the album—*Cherokee*, *Jubilee* (*Hallelujah*), *My Devotion*, *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, and *Embraceable You*.

The second volume of *The Amazing Bud Powell* (Blue Note 1504) is made up of trio tracks; some of the titles are *Glass Enclosure*, *Reets and I*, *Autumn in New York*, another version of *Ornithology*, *Audrey*, and *Collard Greens and Black-Eye Peas*.

Another equally rewarding Powell album is *Moods* (Verve 8154), primarily a ballad collection, with extended Powell interpretations of such romantic staples as *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, *Just One of Those Things*, *A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square*; and his own compositions *Parisian Thoroughfare*, *Oblivion*, *Dusk in Sandi*, *Hallucinations*, and *The Fruit*. Powell's playing is muscular and fluent, with his tendency towards lush

romanticism vying with the lithe, coursing urgency of his more linear style. Romanticism triumphs, save for a pair of brilliant performances on *Tea for Two* and *Hallelujah*, which are demonstrations of Powell's art at its highest. On the ballads Powell is seconded by bassist Ray Brown and drummer Buddy Rich; his originals are piano solos.

ERROLL GARNER, *Concert by the Sea* (Columbia 883)

Though Garner has not been as far reaching an influence as Bud Powell, his mark is evident on a number of pianists, and even on some organists, such as Jimmy Smith.

Like Powell, Garner came into prominence in the '40s; and, again similar to Powell, he incorporated some of the bop characteristics with devices used by older pianists, evolving something highly personal. In fact, there probably is not a more easily recognized pianist than Garner; his puckish playing laced with good humor, the four-beat left-hand offset by lagging figures in the right, and his use of tremolo are just a few well-known Garner characteristics.

Garner's sense of time is impeccable, and he is at his best on slow ballads or medium-rock tunes. He can be romantic when the occasion calls, often getting quite impressionistic, particularly when he plays ad lib passages without accompaniment. On the other hand, his playing often takes on a rhythmic jaggedness. At times he mixes rib-tickling, single-note lines, which seem pulled from the piano by brute force, with ground swells of roaring passages.

The album listed, made at a 1955 concert in Carmel, Calif., has the aforementioned characteristics in abundance. The imagination of the pianist works at fever pitch practically every moment of the playing time.

Especially noteworthy is Garner's work on *Autumn Leaves*, *Teach Me Tonight* (a strutting version of a 1955 pop tune), *They Can't Take That away from Me*, and *Where and When*.

His unobtrusive accompanists are Eddie Calhoun, bass, and Denzil Best, drums.

Further recommendations: Though no other Garner album sustains the level of inspiration evident in *Concert by the Sea*, a recent reissue titled *The Best of Garner* (Mercury 20803) contains several excellent tracks, among them *Scatterbrain*, *A Cottage for Sale* (an unaccompanied solo), and *I've Got the World on a String*.

(To be continued in the next issue.)

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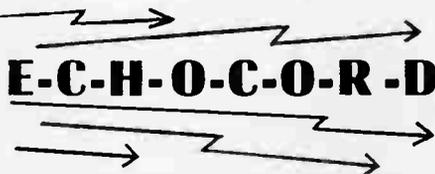
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FROM THE TOP

STAGE-BAND ARRANGEMENT REVIEWS

By **GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.**

HOE-DOWN: *Composed and arranged by Oliver Nelson; Edward B. Marks Music Corp.*

Hoe-Down, an arrangement from Oliver Nelson's *Full Nelson* album, will present any band with a real challenge to achieve a swinging, down-home style. The number will provide a fine change of concert pace.

At the arrangement's furiously bright tempo, some sections are very difficult, but the novelty of their lines makes the working out of these sections worthwhile. The first real difficulty occurs at the bridge, in which the notes will be the problem. The rhythm section isn't really challenged until the solo section, since in the opening the rhythm is playing a sort of stop-time. The backing for the trumpet solo will demand the ability to move in a very fast four. There is a piling-up ensemble section after the solo that will force the horns to play lightly, accurately, and with good driving swing. This section is interrupted by a piano (or guitar) solo on the bridge. Next follows a typical big-band out chorus.

Depth is needed in the trumpet section because the division of the section gives the third and fourth parts a bit of demanding lead work. A recapitulation takes the arrangement back to the original bridge section, and the tune ends, as it began, with a barn-dance call.

This is a driving, wild and woolly arrangement that would spark any band.

SOPHISTICATED SWING:
Composed by Will Hudson, arranged by Art Dedrick; Mills Music, Inc.

SOPHISTICATED LADY:
Composed by Duke Ellington, arranged by Art Dedrick; Mills Music, Inc.

Much of the good music available for the stage band is original material in a fairly up-tempo vein. But standard tunes can be very helpful, since the melody is usually appealing and familiar to the students. They can be especially valuable if set in a moderately slow tempo, because this will emphasize the most glaring weakness of young bands—the inability to lay back and swing easily.

All this by way of preamble to a review of Art Dedrick's two arrangements that might raise eyebrows in hip-hop circles. There are a few reservations

one might have about some of the mountain of material Dedrick has produced for the stage band—the stock voicings and the dated figures. However, much of his work can provide excellent experience for a band. If one doesn't like some of the figures, one can change them—if one is as skilled as he is hip.

Sophisticated Swing, a moderately difficult arrangement, has few questionable figurations. It is a good solid arrangement, and at the metronome marking of 100, it will be the rare band that can avoid rushing on the many common and often misplayed rhythm patterns with which the arrangement is packed. Practically every phrasing difficulty is emphasized. Solos are included for trumpet and tenor saxophone that could be improvised.

This is a worthwhile arrangement, well suited for training purposes and for dance or concert performances.

Many bands that have developed a good swing feeling tend to fall apart and be weak, from an interpretation standpoint, on a ballad. Experience is needed to establish a "long line," blend, balance, and so on.

Dedrick's moderately difficult arrangement of *Sophisticated Lady* can provide good opportunity for study and growth in these areas. Work also can be done on the legato tonguing and the continuous airflow that is so vital to good ballad playing.

These are some of the problems in an arrangement that is well suited for dancing or concert presentation.

THE PRINCIPLE IS THE THING: *Composed and arranged by John LaPorta; Berklee Press Publications.*

Berklee Press has taken some of the first really practical and successful steps in filling the gigantic void that exists for easy, yet musical, training and performance material for the stage band.

This cha-cha-cha is ideal from many points of view. It is good music—interesting enough to be used for concert and dance work by more advanced groups (solos could easily be added). It provides excellent training material to teach balance, precision, sectional intonation, and so on. Latin music makes excellent beginning material because of the similarity in phrasing between it and classical music; thus the beginner is not faced with too many problems at once. While simple, each part provides a challenge, and the interlocking of sections is interesting for the musicians.

In short, this is a fine, solid effort in an area that usually defies musical and educational success on the part of the composer.

AD LIB from page 10

on W. 54th St. Giuffre said, "The whole evening will be approached as an experience rather than as a series of pieces." . . . The first performance of **Teo Macero's Solar Cycle**, with choreography by **Anna Sokolow**, was given at Cooper Union in late February. Musicians participating included trombonist **Eddie Bert**, tubaist **Don Butterfield**, and alto saxophonist Macero . . . On the same weekend, composer-pianist **Hank Johnson** led a septet in a program of original material at International House. In addition to Johnson, the group consisted of **Bob Mitchell**, trumpet; **Rick Culver**, trombone; **Don Kretmar**, alto saxophone; **Joe Clark**, tenor saxophone; **Lee Parsons**, bass; and **Wilson Marmon**, drums.

Concerts in Contrast, a series of three concerts for children at Philharmonic Hall, has been postponed until the fall. **Gerry Mulligan's** Concert Jazz Orchestra was to have inaugurated the series (which would have included folk-song and opera programs) in late February . . . Arranger-composer **Johnny Richards**, who has led exceptional big bands in his career, is organizing an orchestra and is in the midst of rehearsals. Former Richards sidemen **Ray Copeland** and **Burt Collins**, trumpets; **Jimmy Cleveland**, trombone; **Johnny Knapp**, piano; and **Charlie Persip**, drums, are expected to be part of the organization.

Trumpeter **Lee Morgan** has rejoined **Art Blakey's** Jazz Messengers, replacing **Freddie Hubbard**. Hubbard led his own group (alto saxophonist **James Spaulding**, pianist **Ronnie Mathews**, bassist **Eddie Khan**, and drummer **Clifford Jarvis**) at the Coronet in Brooklyn for two weeks. Multireed man **George Braith** also played the Coronet recently with his trio . . . The **New Jazz Trio**, which worked opposite **Charlie Mingus** at the Five Spot, had **Stu Martin**, instead of **J.C. Moses** as first reported, on drums. Meanwhile, Mingus effected more personnel changes. **Eric Dolphy**, who had been working with Mingus' group, developed a mouth infection and was replaced by tenor saxophonist **Clifford Jordan**. (**Ben Webster** filled in for one night before Jordan joined.) **Johnny Coles** replaced **Tommy Turrentine** on trumpet.

Blues singer **Joe Turner** made some of his rare New York appearances when he did two weekends at Birdland with the **King Curtis** Band. Vibist **Vera Auer's** group played opposite them on the second weekend and alternated with pianist **Horace Silver's** quintet through February. **Mal Waldron** replaced Auer's pianist, **Harold Mabern**, who went on

the road with trombonist **J.J. Johnson's** group . . . Former **Fats Waller** bassist **Cedric Wallace** led a quartet at the Chateau in the Bronx. In the same borough ex-Dizzy Gillespie bassist **Bob Cunningham** led a duo (pianist **Bross Townsend**) at Milton's . . . Trumpeter **Shorty Baker** and tenor saxophonist **Eddie Wasserman** were in pianist **Marty Napoleon's** group at the Metropole. That club's mainstay, trumpeter **Henry (Red) Allen**, is leaving for British engagements in April . . . Former **Miles Davis** pianist **Gil Coggins** has been gigging with trumpeter **Erskine Hawkins**, as has bassist **John Ore** and drummer **Eddie Campbell**.

RECORD NOTES: Prestige recorded **Kenny Burrell** at Count Basic's. The guitarist's supporting cast was pianist **Will Davis**, bassist **Martin Rivera**, and drummer **Bill English** . . . Singer-guitarist **Eddie Hazel** has been signed by Columbia and has recorded his first session.

Long Gone Miles, a Texas blues singer and believed protege of **Blind Orange Adams**, signed with World Pacific. Miles was a blues associate of **Lightnin' Hopkins** for almost a decade in Houston, Texas. Since settling on the West Coast about two years ago, Miles has performed in various folk clubs.

Recent recording sessions supervised by **Esmond Edwards** for Chicago's Argo label include dates by tenorist **Illinois Jacquet** (with **Kenny Burrell**, guitar; **Tommy Flanagan**, piano; **Wendell Marshall**, bass; **Ray Lucas**, drums; and **Willie Rodriguez**, percussion); the trios of **Ahmad Jamal** and **Ramsey Lewis** (the latter featuring some cello tracks by **EIDee Young**, with **Richard Evans** taking his place on bass); and altoist **Lou Donaldson** . . . The Testament label has brought out *The Legendary Peg Leg Howell*, the first recordings in more than 30 years by the Georgia-born singer-guitarist who first recorded for Columbia in 1926 . . . Delmark records has issued a disc by the **John Young Trio** and a set by blues singer-pianist **Roosevelt Sykes**. Forthcoming on the label are albums by vibist **Lem Winchester** and blues man **Sleepy John Estes**.

Riverside has acquired the catalog of Mercer records, a firm headed by **Mercer Ellington** from 1950 to '52. The first release will be piano duets by **Duke Ellington** and **Billy Strayhorn**. Sessions featuring alto saxophonist **Johnny Hodges**, singer **Al Hibbler**, and bassist **Oscar Pettiford** (including his first cello recording) will be reissued subsequently . . . **Teddy Charles** supervised a Mainstream Records date by guitarist **Jimmy Raney** and **Jim Hall**, tenor saxophonist **Zoot Sims**, bassist **Steve Swallow**, and

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drummer **Osie Johnson**. They recorded songs by **Antonio Carlos Jobim** but not as bossa nova . . . Singer **Helen Merrill** recorded for the Time label and will go to England in late March to do an album based on Shakespeare material.

EUROPE

Composer **Rolf Liebermann**, who wrote the *Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra*, has written a concerto, *Les Echanges*, for two drums and piano, in collaboration with **George Gruntz**. Another version by Liebermann alone is written for 100 office machines. Both versions were commissioned by, and will be played at, the 1964 Swiss national exposition.

In Amsterdam, Holland, alto saxophonist-clarinetist **Herman Schoonderwalt** was awarded the **Wessel Icken** prize (named after the drummer who introduced modern jazz into The Netherlands) for his pioneer work with various Dutch jazz orchestras . . . The **Dutch Swing College Band** will tour through eastern and southern Africa in May . . . The recent concert of the **Max Roach Quartet** and **Abbey Lincoln** in Amsterdam was preceded by a performance of one of the few Dutch big bands, that of **Boy Edgar** . . . Tenor saxophonist **Kid Dynamite** died in Hamburg, Germany, in December. His death resulted from serious injuries suffered in an automobile accident.

The first regular jazz club opened in Prague in January. It is housed in a small theater, and programs consist of jazz and avant-garde music, plays, and poetry by young artists. An adjoining room has the **S&H Quintet** performing regularly as well as having guest performers.

TORONTO

Toronto clubs continue to do good business with a steady parade of names. The Savarin Lounge played host to **Mel Torme**; the Friar's Tavern presented the **Stan Getz Quartet**, with **Joao Gilberto**, and the **Ramsey Lewis Trio**. The **Bill Doggett** revue and **Cannonball Adderley** are booked to follow Lewis. The Town Tavern featured singer-guitarist **Frank D'Rone** and trumpeter **Clark Terry**, on leave from the *Tonight* show. At the Colonial Tavern **Wilbur DeParis'** band followed **Red Richards'** Saints and Sinners. Vocalist **Olive Brown**, who had been featured with trumpeter **Buck Clayton**, stayed on for an engagement at the Westover Hotel.

Rob McConnell's 13-piece band put on a concert at York University. This is the same band that has appeared in the successful high-school series, organized by the musicians' union, that has featured big bands led by **Don Thompson**, **Jack Feyer**, **Phil Nimmons**,

and **Ron Collier** . . . A theater-night-of-jazz is being planned for May, when composers **Norman Symonds**, **Gordon Delamont**, and Collier will combine talents . . . **Oscar Peterson's** trio played his *Canadiana Suite* on the *Wayne and Shuster TV Hour* . . . Also seen on Canadian television were singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** and trumpeter **Dizzy Reece** in one of the last *Quest* shows produced by **Daryl Duke**, who has left to direct **Steve Allen's** show in Los Angeles.

CLEVELAND

Duke Ellington, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Carmen McRae**, and local tenor saxophonist **Joe Alexander** starred in a jazz program on KYW-TV recently. The show was a tape of a concert at Karamu Theater . . . Trumpeter **Carl (Doc) Severinsen**, soloist and assistant conductor on New York City's NBC-TV staff, was an outstanding performer and clinician at the recent stage-band clinic at suburban Bay Village High School. The well-attended event drew students and educators from 70 schools and colleges in the area. Performing bands included those of Western Reserve University, **Terry Small**, director; Archbishop Hoban High School, Bro. **John Hannen**, director; and Bay Senior and Junior High School, **Rowland (Hozz) Hosmer** and **Jim Wadowick**, directors. Outstanding student soloist was altoist **Ernie Krivda**, an avant-gardish freshman at the Cleveland Institute of Music. He played with the Western Reserve band. The clinic was co-sponsored by Bay High, the Ohio Music Educators Association, and **Robert Guertin** of the Getzen Instrument Co., who emceed.

Bud Wattles' 18-piece band played a recent concert of original compositions at the Hermit Club. Wattles said he plans two more concerts for May 8 and 9 . . . Tenor saxophonist **Bill Purnell** moved into the Castaways on State Rd. with a group that includes pianist-turned-organist **Skeets Ross** and drummer **Duke Antony**, who formerly played with the **Sky-Hy Trio**.

DETROIT

Jazz lovers rejoiced at the appearance of newspaper ads announcing that **Thelonious Monk** was to be the opening act at the new Minor Key located in the Dexter Theater, almost directly across the street from the club's former site. Ten rows of seats were removed to make room for tables, and everything seemed ready to go. Then a two-week delay was announced with the promise that **Miles Davis** would be the opening attraction. When the second opening night came, first-nighters were greeted with a sign on the boxoffice, "Unable to Open Due to Technical Difficulties." Minor Key owner **Gabe**

Glantz stated that, so far, he has been unable to procure an operating license from the local police precinct . . . The University of Windsor Jazz Club and its president, **Lutz Bacher**, produced a mid-winter concert on the university's campus. Featured artists were **Marcus Belgrave**, trumpet; **George Bohanon**, trombone; **Frank Morelli**, baritone saxophone and flute; **Ronnie Fields**, tenor saxophone; **Clarence Beasley**, piano; **Bob Allen**, bass; and **Ike Daney**, drums. More than 200 listeners attended . . . Vibist **Jack Brokensha** has been named co-manager of the Cork and Embers.

The **Bob James Trio** and reed man **Eric Dolphy** were the stars of the last night of the week-long Once Festival at Ann Arbor. Dolphy played with a brass ensemble and the James trio. The crowning achievement of the performance, however, was the climax of the James trio's *Roll Off*—the young pianist hurled a brick through a five-foot-square piece of plate glass. There was a five-minute standing ovation for the performance.

CHICAGO

The benefit for trumpeter **Marty Marsala**, held March 1 at the North Shore Eagles Hall, raised \$600. Marsala suffered a severe heart attack a few months ago and just recently was released from the hospital. The benefit was organized by trombonist **Jim Beebe**, with whose band Marsala was playing at the time of the attack. Many of the city's leading traditional-jazz players contributed their services, among them the trumpeter's brother, clarinetist **Joe Marsala**, trombonist **Georg Brunis**, pianists **Art Hodes** and **Harold Benson**, bassist **Earl Murphy**, trumpeters **Dick Oakley** and **Nappy Trotter**, and drummer **Wayne Jones**.

Another Chicago jazzman on the sick list is tenor saxophonist **Jay Peters**. Late in February it was discovered that Peters had active tuberculosis, in its early stage. (Peters and his wife lost their six-month-old daughter not too long before the tuberculosis was discovered.) Peters' illness led to the breakup of the **Gene Shaw Quintet**, of which he was a key member; however, the trumpeter has re-formed a group and is scheduled to be back at the Olde East Inn. A quartet led by trumpeter **Paul Serrano** and featuring multi-instrumentalist **Tommy Ponce** filled in for Shaw's group on one weekend of its absence from the club.

Joe Segal held his ninth annual **Charlie Parker Memorial Concert** at Club Laurel early this month. Featured at the event were trombonist **Benny Green** and saxophonist **Sonny Stitt**. Others on the bill included the **Joe Daley Trio**, altoist **Bunky Green**, the **John Young Trio**, and the **Jazz People**

. . . The Sutherland closed again; the club's high tariff failed to draw many customers . . . The Playboy Club's Jazz 'n' Cocktails sessions on Sunday afternoons have, so far, featured a group led by tenor saxophonist **Mike Simpson**, a combination of tenorist **Sandy Mosse** and the **Larry Novak Trio**, and the **Joe Daley Trio** . . . The **Keith Droste Trio** (Droste, piano; **John Mason**, bass; and **Steve Edelson**, drums) recently played a Friday and Saturday at the Wild Onion on N. Devon.

The **Jazz Interpreters** will be the main attraction at something titled Concert a la Cabaret on April 4 at Chicago Music Hall. The young group is made up of **Cleo Griffin**, trumpet; **Leo Patterson**, alto saxophone; **Charles Kennard**, tenor saxophone; **Tom Washington**, piano; **Donnie Clark**, bass; and **Willie Collins**, drums. The sextet is scheduled to play at the New York World's Fair.

Maynard Ferguson followed **Louis Bellson** into the Celebrity Lounge. The Ferguson crew, the first big band to play the Celebrity that wasn't dependent on local musicians for personnel, is in for three weeks.

BLUES NEWS: Mississippi singer-bottle-neck guitarist **Fred McDowell**, his spiritual-singing wife **Annie**, and boogie-woogie pianists **Jimmy Walker** and **Erwin Helfer** were recently featured in a concert sponsored by the University of Chicago Folklore Society. The group's president, **Danny Auerbach**, is planning a giant blues concert for late spring . . . **Little Walter** is still at the Pride & Joy

despite a continually changing personnel . . . **Homesick James Williamson**, singer and bottleneck guitarist, has been working most recently at the Sham Rock . . . Street singer-guitarist **James Brewer** and pianist **Otis Spann** (**Muddy Waters** band regular) were featured in a concert program at Lake Forest College. Folk singer **Fleming Brown** also was on the bill.

LOS ANGELES

Violinist **Joe Venuti** took his quartet into Palm Springs' desert-bound Rimbucks Restaurant for a limited engagement last month . . . **Count Basic**, following the Stars for Freedom concert tour, is a bet for a short stand at **J. T. McLean's It Club** at the end of this month and the beginning of April. Such a gig would mark the first time a big band played the south-side spot . . . In between name bookings, **Shelly's Manne-Hole** set the **Hampton Hawes Trio** for Monday nights and a quartet made up of tenorist **Bill Perkins**, pianist **Frank Strazzeri**, guitarist **Joe Pass**, and bassist **John Duke** for Tuesdays through the end of March and during April. Meanwhile, the **Ralph Pena** nine-piecer plays three nights there—March 27-29.

SAN FRANCISCO

Most of the recent jazz action has been in Oakland and the east-bay area. While San Francisco offered only the Jazz Workshop (with **Jack McDuff**), Off Broadway (with **Woody Herman**), Sugar Hill (with **Charlie Byrd**) and Earthquake McGoon's (with **Turk**

Murphy) as name attractions, it was a different story across the Bay Bridge. In Oakland the Sportsman Club had **Hank Crawford's** septet; the Showcase had **Arthur Prysock** followed by **Lou Rawls**; Music Cross Roads presented the **Earl Hines Quartet**, plus **Eddie Smith's** Dixieland band on Mondays; the Left Bank featured the **Buddy Montgomery Trio** with tenorist **Harold Land** and trumpeter **Carmell Jones** as guest stars Fridays through Mondays; and the Gold Nugget has been presenting the **John Coppola Octet** with such **Stan Kenton** alumni as trombonist **Frank Rosolino** and trumpeters **Al Porcino** and **Conte Candoli** as guest stars on alternate Sundays. In Berkeley the **Trois Couleur** had the **Vince Guaraldi Trio** on weekends, with local groups other nights and afterhours. Several folk clubs, including the Cabale, whose programming includes visiting blues singers, such as the Rev. **Gary Davis** and **Bukka White**, also are active. Add to this the fact that there are no immediate plans to replace the Black Hawk and that jazz activities are growing on the peninsula south of San Francisco and in the east-bay suburban area, and it appears that San Francisco's long rule as the jazz capital of northern California is tottering.

During the **Woody Herman Band's** stay at Off Broadway, trombonist **Phil Wilson** spent an afternoon in Palo Alto rehearsing the Stanford University dance band at the invitation of student-leader **Cy Yates**, a former Wilson pupil at Phillips Exeter Academy.

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WHERE & WHEN

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

NEW YORK

Birdland: Gerry Mulligan, 3/26-4/15.
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.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Johnny Coates Jr., Sun, afternoons.
Embers: Joe Bushkin to 3/28. Dizzy Gillespie, 3/30-4/5.
Five Spot: Charlie Mingus, tfn. Upper Bohemia Six, David Amram-George Barrow, Mon. Sessions, Sun, afternoons.
Garden City Bowl: Johnny Blowers, wknds.
Half Note: John Coltrane to 4/2. Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, 4/3-16. Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, 4/17-5/7. Cohn-Sims, 5/8-21.
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, tfn.
Junior's: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
Little Theater: The Ellingtonians, 3/27-28.
Metropole: Lionel Hampton to 3/28. Woody Herman, 3/30-4/18. Dukes of Dixieland, 4/20-5/2.
The Most: Jackie Paris-Anne Marie Moss to 3/28. Benny Powell, 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: J. C. Higginbotham, Hank D'Amico, George Wetling, tfn.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, tfn. Marshall Brown, Mon.-Wed. Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Thur.-Sat.
Strollers: Marian McPartland, tfn.

TORONTO

Colonial Tavern: Bessie Griffin, 3/30-4/6.
First Floor Club: modern jazz groups, wknds.
Friar's: Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina to 3/28.
Cannonball Advertiser, 3/30-4/16.
George's Spaghetti House: Charlie Rallo, 4/6-11.
Dave Hammer, 4/13-18. Moe Koffman, 4/20-25.
Last Chance Saloon: Larry Dubin, tfn.
Penny Farthing: Don Simmons, Black Eagle Jazz Band, wknds.
Town Tavern: Joe Williams, 4/6-18. Zoot Sims, 4/20-25.

BOSTON

Barn: 1200 Jazz Quartet, tfn.
Basin Street South: Jimmy Witherspoon to 3/29.
Connolly's Star Dust Room: Yusef Lateef to 3/29.
Fenway North (Revere): Al Drootin, tfn.
Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Carmen McRae, 3/31-4/5.
Joseph's Teepee Lounge (South Braintree): Al Vega, tfn.
King's and Queen's (Providence, R.I.): Judy James to 3/29.
Lennie's on the Turnpike (West Peabody): Joe Bucci to 3/29. Roland Kirk, 3/30-4/5. Ike Roberts, 4/6-12. Pony Poindexter, 4/13-19.
Number Three Lounge: Sabby Lewis, Eddie Watson, tfn.
Tic Toc: Clarence Jackson-Emmy Johnson, tfn.
Village Green (West Peabody): Dick Creeden, tfn.
Wagon Wheels (West Peabody): Stan Kenton, 4/21-22.

PHILADELPHIA

Columbus (Trenton): Tony Spair, tfn.
Cypress Inn (Morrisville): Johnnie Coates Jr., tfn.
Golden Horse Inn: The Sandmen, tfn.
Krechner's: Billy Krechner-Tommy Sims, hb.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, hb.
Pep's: Wes Montgomery to 3/28.
Pilgrim Gardens: Good Time Six, tfn.
Playmate: Del Shields, tfn.
Red Hill Inn: Jim Amadio, tfn.
Riverboat Room: Mark IV Trio, tfn.
Showboat: unk.
Sportsman's Lounge: Billy Root, tfn.
Zelmar: unk.

NEW ORLEANS

Blue Note: Bill Kelsey, hb. Sessions, 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.
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
Jazz, Ltd.: Dave (Fat Man) Williams, tfn.
King's Room: Laverne Smith, tfn.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Clem Trevalone, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, Snooks Eaglin, hb.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Royal Orleans: Last Straws, 4/5. Sweet Emma Barrett, 4/12.

CLEVELAND

Brothers: The Jazz Clique, wknds.
Bud's Club 77: Ray Bradley-Lindsay Tufts, wknds.
Capri: Ray Raysor, tfn.
Castaways (Brookpark): Bill Purnell, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
La Cave: name folk artists. Hootenanny, Tue.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Leodis Harris, Thur.-Sat.
Club 100: Melvin Jones-Dick Gail, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoons.
Commodore Hotel: unk.
Corner Tavern: Hank Crawford to 3/29. Arthur Prysock, Red Prysock, 3/30-4/5. Ahmad Jamal, 4/13-19.
Esquire: Nat Fitzgerald-Leon Stevenson, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoons.
Faragher's: name folk artists.
Harvey's Hideaway: Jimmy Belt, tfn.
LaRue: Spencer Thompson-Joe Alexander, tfn.
Leo's Casino: Nancy Wilson to 3/29. Joe Williams, 3/31-4/5. Ramsey Lewis, 4/7-12.
Lucky Bar: Weasel Parker, Thur.-Sat.
Monticello: Ted Paskert-George Quittner, wknds.
Napoleon: Lonnie Woods, 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. Angel Sanchez, Sat.
Squeeze Room: Ronnie Browning, wknds.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy, hb.
Tangiers: Judy Strauss, wknds.
Theatrical: Jonah Jones to 4/4. Hi-Lads, 4/6-18.
University Lanes: Charles Crosby, Thur.-Sat.
Vanguard: Modern Men, tfn. Jazz concerts, Sun. afternoons.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, Lizzy Doyle, tfn.
Baker's Keyboard: Charlie Byrd, 4/14-25.
Cork & Embers: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
Drome: Terry Pollard, tfn.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): George Overstreet, tfn.
Mr. Kelly's: workshop sessions, Sun. afternoons.
Unstabled: Sam Sanders-Marcus Belgrave, tfn.
Odom's Cave: Bill Hyde-George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, tfn.
Playboy Club: Matt Michaels, Hal McKinney, Vince Mance, tfn.

CHICAGO

Bountisa: Judy Roberts, wknds.
Bourbon Street: Eddy Davis, tfn.
Celebrity Lounge: Maynard Ferguson to 4/5.
Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, tfn.
Happy Medium (Downstate Lounge): Larry Novak, Wed., Thur.
Hungry Eye: Judy Roberts-Donald Garrett, Tue.-Thur. Fred Humphrey, wknds.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington, Thur.
Le Bistro: Ann Richards to 3/25.
London House: Bobby Short to 3/29. Gene Krupa, 3/31-4/19. Joe Bushkin, 4/21-5/10. Herbie Mann, 5/12-31. Gerry Mulligan, 6/2-21. Peter Nero, 6/23-7/12. Oscar Peterson, 7/14-8/2.
Larry Novak, Jose Bethancourt, hb.
McKie's: Sonny Rollins to 3/29. Jack McDuff, 4/1-12.
Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, hb.
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, hb. Sessions, Sun. afternoons.
Silvio's: Howling Wolf, wknds.

MILWAUKEE

Boom Boom Room: Greg Blando, Fri.-Sat.
Frenchy's: Zig Millonzi, afternoons.
Holiday House: Bob Budny, Mon.-Thur. Larry Millonzi, Fri.-Sat.
Ma's Place: Greg Blando, Wed., Thurs., Sun.
Frank DeMiles, Fri.-Sat.
Music Box: Bev Pitts, wknds.
Polka Dot: Bobby Burdette, tfn.
Tunnel Inn: Dick Ruedebusch, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Beverly Tavern: Johnny Lucas, Fri.-Sat.
Black Bull (Woodlands Hills): Gus Bivona, tfn.
Blueprint Lounge: Bill Beau, Bobby Robinson, tfn.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Sun.
Crescendo: Arthur Lyman, 4/25-5/1. Clancy Bros., 5/6-24.
Dixie Doodle (Pomona): Ken Scott, Bayou Ramblers, Fri.-Sat.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, 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.
Intermission Room: William Green, Tricky Lofton, Art Hillery, Tony Bazely, tfn.
Jim's Roaring '20s Wonderbowl (Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, hb.
Losers: Jeri Southern opens 4/7.
Marty's: Charles Kynard, tfn.
Mr. Adams: Richard (Groove) Holmes, Thorne 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. Ruben Wilson, Al Barte, Wed.-Thur. Klttie Doswell, wknds.
Rimrocks (Palm Springs): Joe Venuti, tfn.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pud Brown, Ray Bauduc, tfn.
Rubaiyat Room: Charlie Ross, Thur.-Mon.
Reuben's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, tfn.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring, hb.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Ralph Pena, 3/27-29.
Hampton Hawes, Mon. Joe Pass-Bill Perkins, Tue. Paul Horn, Wed. 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): Kld Kenwood, Fri.-Sat.
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 Stoich, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): John Coppola, Stan Kenton alumni, 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: Art Blakey to 3/22. Jimmy McGriff, 3/24-4/5. Les McCann, 4/7-19. Richard (Groove) Holmes, 4/21-5/3. Jazz Crusaders, 5/5-17.
Jimbo's Pop City: Freddie Gambrell, afterhours.
Left Bank (Oakland): Buddy Montgomery, Fri.-Mon.
Music Crossroads (Oakland): Earl Hines, Tue.-Sun. Eddie Smith, Mon.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
Ricardo's (San Jose): Lee Konitz, Fri.-Sat.
Ronnie's Soulville: Smiley Winters, afterhours.
Sugar Hill: Mose Allison, 4/13-5/9. Carmen McRae, 5/11-23.
The Beach: Chris Ibanez-Jerry Good, tfn.
The Clozet (San Mateo): Ed Kelly, tfn. Sessions Sun.
Trident (Sausalito): Jean Hoffman to 5/3.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): Vince Guaraldi, Fri.-Sat.
Twelve Adler Place: Vernon Alley, tfn. 

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