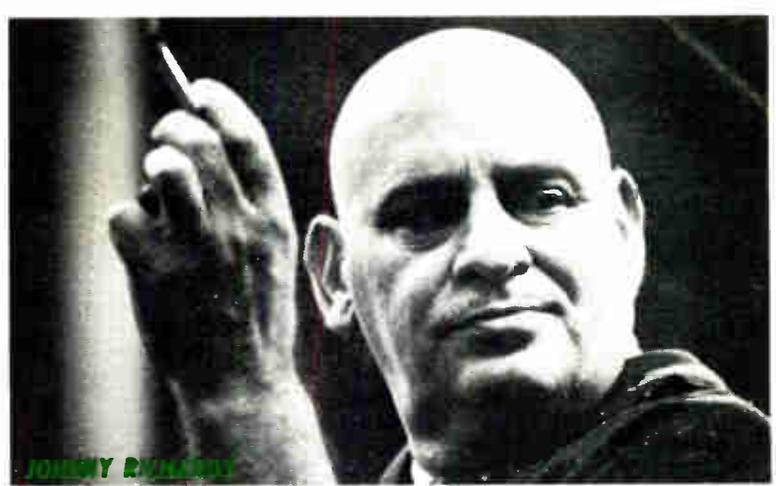


JUNE 4, 1964

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE



JOHNNY RICHARDS

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

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Cover photograph of Buck Clayton by Claude Miles

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EAST COAST OFFICE: 1776 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y., Plaza 7-5111. William H. Elliott, Advertising Sales. Ira Gitler, Editorial.

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

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CORRESPONDENTS

Boston, Owen Lake
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Washington, D.C., Tom Scanlon
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STANLEY SPECTOR writes —

In my opinion, the drummer comes close to the level of an autonomous artist only in the improvised drumming of the African Continent and in the American Jazz. I'm fully aware of the "bombs" that Beethoven dropped in the 9th Symphony, but while Beethoven could well function without the drummer, the tympanist could not long survive without Beethoven. I do not wish to appear as belittling the tympanist, his role, or his music. He is certainly a sensitive interpretive musician requiring the highest degree of musicianship. But while he is concerned with interpretive problems, the jazz drummer is concerned with seeking out a creative identity. Outside of the tympanist, the percussionist's role in the symphony is analogous to a violinist's role in the jazz band. Both are only interesting novelties that are introduced from time to time.

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Big-Band Issue Kudos

Congratulations to all concerned for the April 23 issue. Buddy DeFranco's article on stage bands is certainly true. I've heard several stage bands, and his comment about those imitators of the "freedom school" and their sloppy playing is certainly true. John Tynan's article on the Gerald Wilson band was fine, but it is Ira Gitler who should get a gold star for his review of the Gerry Mulligan band.

Ed Mulford
Monroe, Conn.

Congratulations on your interesting big-band issue (April 23) and especially to Harry Frost (*Big Band, Soft Sell*) and Ira Gitler (*Caught in the Act*) for their excellent remarks concerning Gerry Mulligan's Concert Jazz Orchestra.

To my ears, this remarkable band produces the greatest big-band sound of any jazz band of the 1960s. It is "young" bands such as those of Mulligan, Terry Gibbs, and Woody Herman that make the future for big-band jazz look so very, very rosy.

Dennis R. Hendley
Milwaukee, Wis.

Bread Is The Staff

Perhaps Martin Williams is in error in wondering why Negroes are underrepresented in the jazz audience (*The Bystander*, April 9).

I've noticed that among the economically and educationally underprivileged, music is almost always accompanied by words and has a more direct content. Jazz music implies, and much more of the meaning is left to the listener. So, if Negroes are proportionately rarer in the economically stable groups, one would not expect them to be jazz listeners. Perhaps it should be asked, "Why are the poor not jazz listeners?"

It might be added that as long as listening is so expensive, a change in form by those artists wishing to reach the poor will be of no help.

Raymond Pfeuffer
Bay Head, N.J.

America The Beautiful

I have been a citizen of the United States for only five years, but since arriving here I have become a big fan of jazz music and have collected hundreds of LPs.

I love jazz and have studied it very hard these five years, but I am stunned that people here, for the most part, do not even listen to jazz, much less understand it. It is a great country, but the lack of respect for jazz is fantastic. Overseas we think it is your greatest export.

Haran Graepalis
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Jazz Finished?

When I listen to the music of John Coltrane, I feel terrifically close to him as a person. Relating this to *Kenton Declares Jazz Is Finished*, I wonder if jazz is finished or if only the audience is finished. I was enjoying the music of Coltrane and Cecil Taylor long before anyone ever told me that they were avant gardists.

As musicians, they are doing nothing more than searching for the most personal way of expressing themselves. With a little patience, I believe the average listener could gain a feeling for their struggle.

Frederick Tompkins
St. Louis, Mo.

Jazz Basics

I would like to add my small bit and say thanks so much for the *Jazz Basics*. There are a few I would still like to add to my collection.

Jimmy Crawford
Pine Bluff, Ark.

Feather, Yes . . .

Leonard Feather's negative views on "anti-jazz" have been presumptuously assaulted by Frank Kofsky (*Chords*, April 23), who charges that Feather "considerably falsifies the history of bop's reception at the hands of the established musicians of the 1940s."

Considering the unique critical function performed by Feather during the bop revolution, one can only marvel at Kofsky's breathtaking *chutzpah*.

Prior to the bop era, Feather had already established his reputation as a perceptive jazz critic. From the earliest days of the Parker-Gillespie revolt, he stood alone among recognized jazz authorities in proclaiming bop as the jazz of the future, facing the pitiless ridicule of reactionary critics and fans (this writer included), most of whom eventually reversed their positions and conceded openly or surreptitiously that he had been correct all along.

Feather was uniquely qualified to perform this vital service due to a practicing knowledge of music and jazz theory unprecedented among jazz writers of that period and by his eagerness to talk with a formidable number of Young Turks attached to the bop movement, with the established artists in sympathy with the new music, such as Coleman Hawkins, Red Norvo, Sidney Catlett, and Clyde Hart, and with the founding fathers themselves—Parker, Gillespie, Kenny Clarke, and Tadd Dameron. His was the highest function a critic is privileged to perform, and everyone associated with the jazz world is deeply in his debt.

Kofsky's attack springs from his bizarre *idee fixe*, which he has been rash enough to put into print, that the innovations of John Coltrane are fully as consequential as those of Parker and Gillespie in the '40s and those who oppose this notion are motivated by a vested economic interest in the status quo.

Conversely, Feather realizes that the sweeping innovations of the bop era and the fevered search for a musical identity

of the Coltrane-Ornette Coleman school are in no way comparable. In the words of critic-musician-composer Robert Crowley, "... few are born to really innovate. The frenzy towards innovation that seems to characterize self-styled 'progressive' jazzmen is an unhealthy thing. If we had plenty of honest jobs for all kinds of musicians, the innovations would come unsought via the truly original minds."

In view of Feather's long and estimable career, it is unseemly that he should be disrespectfully attacked by Frank Kofsky, whose brief foray into the realm of jazz criticism—where one would have thought that original possibilities for bad writing had long been exhausted—has produced a memorable series of shrill jeremiads and eye-popping absurdities, couched in a style of unreadable pomposity.

Grover Sales Jr.
San Francisco, Calif.

Feather, No...

I think Leonard Feather worries too much. I do not think Thelonious Monk worries nearly as much as Leonard. Feather says, "Barry Farrell's *Time* cover story of Thelonious Monk was one of the best pieces of writing about a jazz personality ever printed in that publication. It was, as far as one could tell, an accurate, well-rounded portrait in depth of a complex personality. It was as far from square as *Time* is ever likely to get." Solid. I agree with the whole chorus. The key word in it, of course, is "accurate." If Farrell blew straight life, why the dog tune from Feather?

The nitty gritty of the whole bit is not—as Feather puts it—imagining oneself "a typical householder or housewife in South Bend or Tucson or Baltimore, an average square—Negro or white—who reads *Time* as if it were a complete reflection of the contemporary social scene." The nitty gritty is, and always has been, truth—the stone, down-to-the-bone truth. Barry Farrell laid it out. And not in purple prose, either.

"Monk has arrived at the summit of serious recognition he deserved all along, and his name is spoken with the quiet reverence that jazz itself has come to demand." How's that for a staid South Bender?

"His music is discussed in composition courses at Juilliard, sophisticates find in it affinities with Webern, and French critic Andre Hodeir hails him as the first jazzman to have 'a feeling for specifically modern esthetic values.'" How about that for the Tucson tyro with eyes for a career in music?

"The complexity jazz has lately acquired has always been present in Monk's music, and there is hardly a jazz musician playing who is not in some way indebted to him." How's that for Monk? And, at the piece's end: "He [Monk] never lies. He never shouts. He has no greed. He has no envy." They don't make people like that anymore!

It distresses me to hear Feather's moan about "the main motif of the piece" being "the familiar refrain that 'musicians are characters.'" That particular moan is as

familiar as that particular refrain. Garner, Basie, and Peterson "do not get up and dance in the middle of their performances," and Gillespie "does not arrive every day at a brand-new pharmaceutical discovery." But Garner, Basie, and Peterson do grunt like mad in midflight. Would Feather object to any writer telling this to readers? And how could Feather forget Dizzy's choice of chapeaux over the years? And the shape of Dizzy's horn... how about it in the context of "character development"?

I have heard almost every musician I've experienced referred to, at some time or other, as "a character." The list would include the major musical minds of all time. The same is true for novelists, playwrights, ball players, and you name it. What does it mean? Nothing at all.

What remains, what is important, is the truth of the man, the breadth of his achievement. As Nellie Monk said, "Monk is something special."

Elliot Horne
New York City

And Yes And No

We who love jazz often berate the lay press for its ignorance and mishandling of jazz. Once in the well-known blue moon, a nonmusic magazine prints an article on jazz or a jazz artist and handles the subject with some sensitivity. *Time's* recent cover story on Thelonious Monk is a case in point.

Upon seeing the cover and reading the story, I felt proud and happy to see that a man whose music I enjoy and respect was accorded such lengthy, intelligent coverage in a news magazine whose editorial style *could* have made him out to be nothing more than a harmless eccentric. I found the story to be well researched and written by a man who, it is evident, loves and respects jazz and its musicians.

Leonard Feather's column in the April 23 *Down Beat* took the position that the article should not have been published in *Time*. I disagree but concur with Feather on a couple other points.

Jazz has suffered from its associations with alcohol and narcotics, but to deny that these problems exist by omitting them from such a report would be dishonest reporting. I also agree with Feather that these are sensitive times, but does a description of Monk's actions have to smack of racial condescension?

There are probably a number of people who will not understand an article about Monk, but there are people who will misunderstand actions and utterances of any figure in the public eye. The number of people—average squares—who might gain increased insight into, and respect for, Monk and jazz through the article far outweighs any damage that might be done.

Feather's attitude, it appears to me, is one of "we who appreciate Monk can read an article like this with understanding, but it shouldn't be in a magazine where it might be interpreted incorrectly." Insular thinking of this nature does not do jazz any good.

John Birchard
Hartford, Conn.

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NEW YORK

Top jazz groups continue to take off in two directions—east and west. On May 29 the **Dave Brubeck** Quartet, fresh from Japan, opens a British tour at London's Festival Hall. On the Far Eastern front, Japan is expecting the **Oscar Peterson** Trio for a June 1-14 visit. Flutist **Herbie Mann** and his group are set for three weeks of concerts in Japan in August. As reported earlier, **Duke Ellington** is to go to Nippon in June for three weeks, and, of course, there are many U.S. groups to be featured at **George Wein's** and **Jimmy Lyons'** six-day Tokyo Jazz Festival in July. **Ray Charles**, now in Europe, was to tour Japan this summer, but negotiations between bookers and the singer's manager broke down. **Harry James** is recently returned from Japan, and reed man **Roland Kirk** is set to depart.

Not content to have the visitors perform in concert only, European television stations are busily filming them on location. The **Modern Jazz Quartet** taped four shows in Sweden; **Art Farmer's** quartet did one in Stockholm, too; and **Brubeck** will be featured on the British telly via BBC.

U.S. tours are not altogether dead either. **Count Basie** did a string of one-nighters through the Midwest in April, and **Herbie Mann** hit colleges in the same area for the **Ford Caravan** during the same period. **Ray Charles'** spring tour



BRUBECK

was hugely successful at the box-office. **Erroll Garner** began what will be a series of college appearances on April 24 and 25 at West Virginia University in Morgantown and John Carroll University in Cleveland, Ohio.

Meanwhile, in another grove of academe (Cornell University at Ithaca, N.Y.), the first annual Cornell Jazz Festival was held April 18 featuring the groups of **Thelonious Monk**, **Gerry Mulligan**, and singer **Bill Henderson**. Proceeds from the concert are being donated to the **John F. Kennedy** Memorial Scholarship Fund, which was established entirely by Cornell seniors to encourage students from all parts of the academic community to enter politics or some other government-service field.

The third in a series of benefits for the Downtown Congress of Racial Equality, held at the Five Spot in April, featured a group co-led by trumpeter **Blue Mitchell** and tenor saxophonist **Benny Golson**, with pianist **Chick Corea**, bassist **Teddy Smith**, and drummer **Edgar Bateman**; bass trombonist **Benny Powell's** quartet (**Pat Rebillot**, piano; **Alex Layne**, bass; **Al Drears**, drums) with guest alto saxophonist **Bobby Brown**; singer **Helen Merrill**, backed by pianist **Dick Katz**, **Smith**, and **Bateman**; trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard's** new quintet (alto saxophonist-flutist **James Spaulding**; pianist **Ronnie Mathews**; bassist **Eddie Khan**; drummer **Joe Chambers**); pianist **Mal Waldron's** trio (**Ray McKinney**, bass; **Drears**); comedian **Jaada Harvel**, accompanied by bassist **Carma Phillips**; and reed man **Roland Kirk's** quartet. During **Miss Merrill's** set, she invited blues singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** to the stand, and he proceeded to break it up. He was in town for an engagement at the **Cafe Au Go Go**,

(Continued on page 41)



GOLSON

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CONOVER FORMS CLUB FOR OVERSEAS FANS

Responses came from such unexpected places as a school for the blind in India and Her Majesty's Prison on the Isle of Wight. Twelve groups of college students in Ghana responded. Willis Conover, who presides over *Music, U.S.A.*, a two-part jazz and popular music show beamed over Voice of America by the U.S. Information Agency to millions of listeners throughout the world six times a week, mentioned during the course of an April broadcast that he was forming a club, Friends of *Music, U.S.A.*, and if any group of 12 or more listeners would care to be a chapter, please drop him a line in Washington, D.C.

In less than two weeks, Conover had received more than 500 applications from 60 countries, including such Communist countries as Cuba, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia. The only requisite for belonging to the club was that an applying group submit at least 12 names, with signatures.

The rewards of the free membership are several: each chapter receives a charter certificate, individual membership cards, a monthly newsletter, autographed pictures of leading music figures (the first is to be of Gerry Mulligan), a subscription to *Down Beat*, and four records a year (the first, according to a USIA spokesman, would probably be *Gerry Mulligan Meets Ben Webster*).

Members of each chapter also will receive a lapel pin that is in the form of a music staff, with a quarter note in the A space. It was not clear what the Isle of Wight members would do with the pins.

ROBERT HERRIDGE FILMS AN HOUR OF ELLINGTON FOR TV

Duke Ellington fans will be able to absorb an hour of Ellingtonia from television screens in the near future.

Robert Herridge, the man who produced the award-winning *Sound of Jazz* and two other excellent television hours, one featuring Miles Davis and Gil Evans, the other with Ben Webster and Ahmad Jamal, filmed *Portrait in Music—Duke Ellington* for Metro-

media. The show, taped on April 28 and 29—the latter date Ellington's 65th birthday—will be seen on Metro-media's outlets throughout the country.

Ellington served as emcee, but his and his band's music fills the hour almost completely. *A Tone Parallel to Harlem*, the long work written some time ago, is an important part of the program, and there also is a four-minute selection called *Metromedia*, a head arrangement whipped up by Ellington and Billy Strayhorn during the filming.

Strayhorn and Nat Hentoff served as musical co-ordinators. The program was directed by Arnee Nocks.

RAY CHARLES SET FOR MOVIE ROLE IN EUROPE

Ray Charles will portray a sightless concert artist in a European film titled *Light in Darkness*, which was to start production May 15.

The picture, to be filmed on location in Dublin, London, Madrid, and Rome, will be directed by Paul Henreid. It is a Miguel Salkind production for Alsa Films of London. The screenplay is the work of Burton Wohl, author of the novel *Cold Wind in August* and playwright of the picture of the same title.

While casting Charles in the role is far from coincidental, *Down Beat* learned the story is fictionalized and not in any sense Charles' life story.

TED CURSON QUARTET HEADS FOR THE CONTINENT

Like several other American jazzmen, trumpeter Ted Curson and tenor saxophonist Bill Barron have found it easier to find work in foreign lands than in their own country. The two men, and the other members of their quartet, bassist Herb Bushler and drummer Dick Berk, left New York last month for an extensive tour of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, the French Riviera, and Spain.

Before departing, the group played a Monday night at Birdland and a benefit for the Hudson Guild. Curson left for Europe slightly disillusioned with the New York jazz world.

"I really thought I had a good thing going for me when I put together a quartet of two Negro and two white musicians," he said. "But I soon learned that jazz people—other Negro musicians in particular—are very prejudiced against white men in jazz.

"The pressure on me was very subtle, but I know my white sidemen [Bushler and Berk] haven't contributed much to my popularity on the New York scene."

The optimism he has for the European trip was occasioned by the reaction he received from overseas promoters.

"How do I know they're cool?" he asked with a laugh. "Because I made sure that every clubowner saw a black and white photograph of my band before he was given the opportunity of offering us a contract."

DISNEYLAND TO HAVE ELLINGTON, BASIE, GOODMAN SAME WEEK

Jazz and June will be bustin' out all over Disneyland (well, nearly all over) for a Big Band Week at the southern California amusement park June 13-17.

Tommy Walker, head talent booker at the playground, signed a band package consisting of the variegated bands of Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Wayne King, and the Elliott Bros. to hold forth at the park throughout the week.

The five bands will play during the week in different locations in the park, Walker said. The general admission price of \$2 covers everything.

ARCHITECT DESIGNS JAZZ SCHOOL BUILDINGS

A thought-provoking experimental study into the architecture for a proposed school of jazz was unveiled during the course of the recent Oread Collegiate Jazz Festival at Lawrence, Kans.

The study is the work of Robert Jon Napier, formerly a jazz drummer and student of Lennie Tristano but now an assistant professor with the Department of Architecture at Pennsylvania State University.

The design for his projected Conservatory of Music and Jazz Workshop complex grew out of the young architect's desire to see in the United States "a place where the jazz musician may study his chosen art and enjoy the same scholarly respectability as students in any other field." Napier's study begins to examine where such a place might be, what it would be

Model of proposed jazz school



COMES FESTIVAL TIME

SUMMERTIME is festival time, and this summer there are possibly more festivals planned than ever before. Unfortunately, most of the jazz events are not in this country, though, so far, there are four big ones scheduled.

In addition to producing those jazz marathons set for Newport and Pittsburgh (*DB*, May 7, 21), George Wein plans to present the third annual Ohio Valley Jazz Festival in Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 14-16.

The first two OVJFs were staged at Cincinnati's dusty County Fairgrounds, but this year Wein has leased Crosley Field, home of the Redlegs baseball club, which offers greater seating capacity and more parking space than the fairgrounds.

Already signed to appear are Dizzy Gillespie, Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, Louis Armstrong, Dave Brubeck, Jimmy Smith, Cozy Cole, Gloria Lynne, Sarah Vaughan, and Lou Rawls.

The fourth U.S. jazz festival, the Monterey Jazz Festival, to be held in September at Monterey, Calif., has not announced any of its artists; but who is to appear at the second annual Monterey Folk Festival is fairly well set. The event, to be staged May 30-31 at the Monterey Peninsula Fairgrounds, will feature Odetta, Virginia's Stoneman Family, Judy Collins, the teams of Bud and Travis and Canadians Ian and Sylvia, blues singer Luke (Long Gone) Miles, and Gospel singer Mahalia Jackson.

The largest and most successful of the annual folk-music events, the Newport Folk Festival, will run July 23-26. Performers include Theodore Bikel, Judy Collins, Bob Dylan, Frank Proffitt, Odetta, the Staple Singers, Sleepy John Estes' Jug Busters, Doc Watson and Family, and Peter, Paul & Mary, among others.

The third annual Philadelphia Folk Festival, held as in previous years at Wilson Farm in suburban Paoli, Pa., takes place Aug. 28-30. Performers scheduled for appearances during the three-day event include the New Lost City Ramblers, Bonnie Dobson, Bernie Krause, Hedy West, the Beers Family, Murv Shimer, Phil Ochs, Bill Thatcher, Gil Turner, John Kilby Snow, Bill Jackson, Big Joe Williams, Clarence Clay and William Scott, and the trio of John Koerner, Dave Ray, and Tony Glover.

The busiest festival season—all jazz—is Europe's, where performers and fans will shuttle from the coast

of Norway to the French Riviera and from England to Yugoslavia for the almost two dozen events planned.

The fifth Yugoslav jazz festival takes place June 4-7 in Bled; among those to play there will be the Eje Thelin Quintet of Sweden, the Polish Jazz Quartet, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and guitarist Laurindo Almeida.

The Recklinghausen, West Germany, Jazz Workshop, June 22-26, will feature trumpeters Benny Bailey, Donald Byrd, Jon Eardley, Idrees Sulieman; trombonists Albert Mangelsdorff, Ake Persson, Eje Thelin; and saxophonists Klaus Doldinger, Johnny Griffin, Rolf Kuhn, Johnny Scott, Sahib Shihab in a big band led by saxophonist Hans Koller.

Other festivals include ones at Liberchies, Belgium, July 11-14; Landskrona, Sweden, July 15-19; Antibes, France, July 24-29; and Molde, Norway, July 30-Aug. 2.

The Antibes festival will star the groups of Lionel Hampton, Horace Silver, and Paul Winter; singer Ella Fitzgerald with trumpeter Roy Eldridge; tenorist Benny Golson; organist Jack McDuff; and blues singer Jimmy Witherspoon.

The third month of festivals begins Aug. 2 at Cleethorpes, England. The following week the Staple Singers will appear in Richmond, England, Aug. 8-9, the same dates on which Comblain la Tour, Belgium, will hold its annual festival, this year featuring singer Ray Charles. Pianist Bill Evans is scheduled to play at the Knokke, Belgium, festival Aug. 14-16.

Berlin Jazz Days will be celebrated Sept. 24-27, and scheduled performers include Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck, Coleman Hawkins, Harry Edison, Jimmy Rushing, and the Original Tuxedo Jazz Band. The same artists will be featured during Zurich Jazz Days, Sept. 28-29, and Paris Jazz Days, Oct. 1-2.

Closing the festival season will be Poland's International Jazz Jamboree in Warsaw, Oct. 24-27, and a festival in Prague, Czechoslovakia, Oct. 29-31. Among artists invited to participate in both events are the French vocal group the Double Six, the Klaus Doldinger Quartet, the Gustav Brom Orchestra, and Pim Jacobs' quartet.

Two European festivals have come and gone, those at San Remo, Italy, in April where Duke Ellington, Dexter Gordon, and the MJQ were among the performers, and the German Jazz Festival at Frankfurt last month.

like, and further attempts to explore means by which architectural forms might be "infused with the spirit, vitality and complex order of jazz."

The purpose of the school, Napier explained, would be to equip gifted jazz students for mature, professional careers by enabling them to study with celebrated musicians, to examine the work of other jazzmen on record and tape, to record and practice in studios, and to play in a series of student concerts in handsomely designed concert halls and a large auditorium, all "designed specifically for jazz." Added to the plan is "modest but healthy housing nearby so that the entire architectural environment is encouraging and conducive to study, work, and expression."

"This is not," Napier explained, "a wild scheme to pick up anybody who thinks himself a jazz wonder and to give him a free ride through school but a serious plan to assure jazz of generations of healthy, well-tutored performers and to assure the country something like a fair development of its cultural resources. It is, in fact, the sort of thing the French or British would support gleefully and with all the necessary capital if they had anything like the number of young men and women with unmistakable jazz talents that we have."

PREVIN BACK WHERE HE STARTED WITH 'FAIR LADY'

When the motion picture version of *My Fair Lady* is released next fall by Warner Bros., there will be two jazz albums on the market featuring Andre Previn on piano with small-group backing. The songs, however, will be largely different.

Previn, who with drummer Shelly Manne and bassist Leroy Vinnegar recorded the trend-setting, hit album for Contemporary records in 1957, cut the second *Lady* LP for Columbia in Hollywood recently.

The Contemporary LP has remained available since it was originally recorded by Shelly Manne and His Friends (Previn and Vinnegar), and according to Contemporary president Lester Koenig, it is still selling steadily.

With the release of the picture, however, he said the company plans additional advertising and promotional push to "let the wider public know it's still very much available."

The new Columbia album, Previn told *Down Beat*, includes only two songs from the previous album—*On the Street Where You Live* and *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*.

Guitarist Herb Ellis is prominently featured in solos on the new set.

"The thing has now come full circle for me," said Previn, who scored and conducted the movie version of the Broadway musical.

He explained that after the Contemporary album, he had met *Lady* composers Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe when he scored the movie version of their *Gigi*. Then Previn plunged into their words and music once more with his work on *Camelot*. Now, he said, with his work on *Lady* as a musical film, the new jazz quartet LP, and the nonjazz soundtrack album also to be released by Columbia, he feels, in a sense, back where he started almost eight years ago.

The film is to be released Oct. 28 in Los Angeles and three days later in New York.

WEST COASTER SEES BIG SHIFT OF JAZZ TO L.A.

A major migration of modern jazzmen from New York City to the Los Angeles area is inevitable—at least that is the feeling of pianist-turned-organist Jack Wilson, a transplanted easterner himself.

Wilson said he feels that New York is rapidly becoming barren of jazz vitality and that musicians now trying to eke out an existence there will be forced to leave Manhattan and environs. He is convinced their logical goal will be Los Angeles.

"The musicians out here seem to lack a leader," he told *Down Beat*. "If there is a migration from New York, this will produce such a leader, or leaders, but the main thing is it will stimulate thought among musicians on the coast."

West Coast musicians, Wilson said, would also benefit by an influx from the East in that the new faces and horns would enliven Los Angeles jazz activity. He cited as example a recent rehearsal of his big band in which visiting jazzmen Curtis Fuller, Jackie McLean, and Lee Morgan participated.

Resident members of this workshop band include trumpeters Bobby Bryant, Freddy Hill, and Melvin Moore (the latter doubles violin); reed men Buddy Collette, Teddy Edwards, and Clifford Scott; trombonists John (Streamline) Ewing and Horace Tapscott; bassist Leroy Vinnegar; drummer Donald Dean; and Wilson on piano.

Wilson, who recently dropped his quartet to concentrate on organ, said he is entirely serious about maintaining two workshop bands, one in Los Angeles, the other in New York.

CAMPUS JAZZ I: FIRST ANNUAL OREAD COLLEGIATE FESTIVAL

MOUNT OREAD in another section of the country would probably be called a hill, but in the plains of eastern Kansas, at Lawrence, it is a mountain. It also is the site of the University of Kansas and, on April 25, of the Oread Collegiate Jazz Festival, sponsored by Student Union Activities of the university.

Beginning at 10 a.m. the judges of the collegiate festival—Creed Taylor of Verve records; Robert Share of the Berklee School of Music; Matt Betton, summer director of the National Stage Band Camps; George Salisbury, piano instructor at the Conservatory of Music at nearby University of Missouri and who has worked with Miles Davis, Sonny Stitt, and others; and this writer—heard 12 groups, ranging from big bands to trios, these ensembles having been selected by the festival committee from the 20-plus that originally submitted tapes of their work to Oread.

The judges selected five as the competition's finalists: the soaring Lab Band of North Texas State University; the Denver University Stage Band; the Mitch Farber Sextet, whose members come from the New York City and Philadelphia areas; the Chicago trio of altoist Bunky Green; and the Bill Farmer Quartet, also of North Texas State, which proved itself accomplished in both "free form" and more conventional improvising.

These five groups opened the evening concert at the school's huge auditorium and were received with enthusiasm and occasional roars of approval by an audience of students and residents of the area.

Later, the Woody Herman Band took over the large stage for a program of instrumentals, old and new, which easily ran beyond its scheduled hour.

The evening ended with the announcements by Dr. Michael Maher, faculty advisor to the festival, of the judges' final awards, which had been made this time with Herman as a panel member. North Texas State's men were in the majority.

The Lab Band was selected as the best large ensemble and was favored

with prizes by the H. & A. Selmer Instrument Co., and by Vanguard Porta-desks. The best combo award went to vibist Farmer's quartet; this group was given the Award of the Festival, a flight to Europe for a summer tour, to be preceded by a week at Jazzland at the Louisiana Pavilion of the New York World's Fair, all offered by the University People-to-People Program.

As the best brass player, the judges selected John Wilmuth, a North Texas trumpeter, who is an equally good bassist, as he proved with the Farmer group; Wilmuth received his choice of instruments awarded by the Conn Corp. As best reed man, alto saxophonist Herb Smith, a U. of K. student who had shown great promise in his work earlier in the day with the Midwestern Jazz Quintet, was given his choice of instruments by the Leblanc Corp. For the rhythm award, the judges selected Dan Hearle, pianist with both the North Texas band and the Farmer group. The choice of rhythm awards included a Harmony guitar, a Kay bass, or a set of Zildjian cymbals, but, as a pianist, Hearle received a tape recorder through Kief's, a local Lawrence music store.

A series of summer scholarships were also awarded by the Berklee School of Music, Boston, Mass., and the National Stage Band Camps. Herb Smith; Ed Soph, the young North Texas State drummer; and Lynn Zoric, trumpeter with the Denver University Stage Band, were given the Berklee prizes. The camp awards went to Brent McKesser, bassist with the Farber sextet, and Joe Fischer, who had earlier been heard on trombone with the polished brass choir of Quincy College.

A tandem event in nearby Kansas City, produced by a group of local business men, was heard in the Missouri city the following evening. It featured the large and small ensemble winners of the festival, the Woody Herman Herd, trumpeter Carmell Jones, the quartet of Bob Brookmeyer and Clark Terry, plus Kansas City jazzmen echoing the city's illustrious past in jazz history.—Martin Williams



University of Illinois Jazz Band



Jamey Aebersold Sextet

PHOTOS/WHEELER-LARSEL

CAMPUS JAZZ II: COLLEGIATE JAZZ FESTIVAL

THOUGH ATTENDANCE at the sixth annual Collegiate Jazz Festival was poorer than at last year's, the two-day event was highly successful, at least from a musical standpoint. The four sessions held last month at the echoing fieldhouse of the University of Notre Dame were sparked by big bands of high caliber and small bands notable for their adventurousness. Little that was played by the 10 big bands and 15 combos was mediocre.

The music was so good it gives rise to serious questions. Several of the musicians competing for the prizes and awards have been professionals for some time, which made for better music. Two, Dave Baker and altoist Bunky Green (who won as best saxophonist and best instrumentalist), have national reputations. There certainly is nothing questionable about professional musicians who attend college on a more-or-less full-time basis competing in a festival such as this. But a line will have to be drawn somewhere, for it is unfair to allow a veteran player who is carrying, say, only four or six hours of study to compete with a full-time college sophomore who, in reality, is just learning the fine points of making jazz.

Further, there should be a rule that members of a group representing a school must be students, full- or part-time, of that school. For example, the winning small group, Jamey Aebersold's, represented Indiana University, yet most of the members are not students there, though all but two have attended the school.

This is not meant to disparage the Aebersold septet, which played highly stimulating, searching music, but is meant to make a point. (Another point might be made about the inclusion in the Aebersold group of cellist Dave Baker, who has played trombone with Stan Kenton, Quincy Jones, and George Russell, among others, and was chosen New Star trombonist in the 1962 International Jazz Critics Poll and who taught or is teaching several of the winners of the festival's instrumental awards. This, again, is not meant as criticism of Baker, a brilliant musician, but to point out

the confusion surrounding who is eligible for this competition.)

It also should be spelled out whether or not a band will be marked down by the judges if it uses published arrangements instead of originals. One of the finalist big bands, the Northwestern University Jazz Workshop, depended on published arrangements in the Count Basie vein; the band swung nicely, played together well, and had good soloists. The University of Illinois' big band performed well-voiced originals, blended beautifully, but bogged down rhythmically. Illinois won.

One of the judges commented that Northwestern swung but that the band was merely playing Basie while Illinois was trying something different. This judge was an arranger-composer, which brings up the matter of balance on the judges panel. This year's judges included three composer-arrangers (Gary McFarland, George Russell, and Oliver Nelson), a music-college administrator who has written a book on arranging (Robert Share), and a small-group leader known for his straight-ahead improvising (Cannonball Adderley)—which, in a way, made it four against one. (Charles Suber, former *Down Beat* publisher, was chairman of the judges but did not vote.)

Still, despite what appeared an imbalance on the panel, there was heated controversy among the judges in picking the finalist bands and the winners of various individual performance awards. The panel deliberated, if that's the word, for more than three hours before finalists or winners were announced. As it was, they could not narrow the combos to the usual three, which is indicative of the stiff competition among the small groups at the festival.

IN ADDITION to the Illinois and Northwestern bands, the Michigan State University Television Orchestra was a finalist big band. The finalist small groups were the Aebersold Septet, the Belcastro Trio representing West Virginia University, the Jazz Interpreters of Crane Junior College in Chicago,

and the Billy Harper Sextet from North Texas State University, Denton, Texas.

Alto saxophonist Aebersold's group led off the finals with charged playing on two originals, one by Baker, the other by Aebersold.

Baker plays cello quite differently from most jazz cellists; it is not a small bass to him but an instrument that can slash heatedly and dissonantly. Aebersold, who won last year's competition as best saxophonist, is a promising player, one whose allegiance is more to the "new thing" than to Charlie Parker. Pianist Tom Hensley, who was chosen best pianist at this festival, is a much improved player since a couple or three years ago.

The group's other reed man, Everett Hoffman Jr., is not a student of any college but was given permission to play; Hoffman doubled on tenor and baritone saxophones and took a hard-driving solo with the latter instrument on Baker's *April B*. Dickie Washburn, the group's trumpeter, is a sometimes ragged player, but he often tries for difficult things, though when he makes them, they are generally worth the effort. He won as the festival's most promising brass man.

Aebersold's regular bassist and drummer did not perform at the competition, but they were ably replaced by Don Baldwin, bass, and Preston Phillips, drums.

The Belcastro Trio, led by pianist Joe Belcastro, is a well-knit group whose interplay was stunning on the several originals performed, one of which, *Niveous*, was chosen the best composition of the festival.

The leader's piano work was particularly well turned when he used thick-textured chords lightened by chattering single-finger passages. Drummer Guy Remonko, who was named most promising rhythm man, showed extreme sensitivity to percussive sound variation. His delicate cymbal work was outstanding. At one point he played a set of four brake drums, all of different pitch. The group was completed by bassist Bob Hackett, another sensitive musician.

The Jazz Interpreters, somewhat in
(Continued on page 38)

(TRAVELIN' MAN)

The peripatetic Buck Clayton, portrayed by Helen McNamara

I KNOW EVERY main street in every city in the United States," Buck Clayton said.

While that might be taken by some as a boast, it is actually one honest claim that sums up the life of the trumpeter more succinctly than pages of biographical data.

At 52, Clayton is in greater demand than ever before in a career that began early in his home town of Parsons, Kan. Since those days, the call of his trumpet not only has been heard in most large U.S. cities but also in many of the major cities of the world as well.

Abroad he is treated with acclaim, yet he looks upon his success with modesty. "I guess I am fortunate," he says simply.

Quiet and reserved, Clayton does not waste words. His eloquence is saved for his music, which he sums up as "straight swing." "Or maybe," he says with a smile, "I'm what they call a mainstreamer."

Clayton's ability to play with all kinds of jazz groups, from Dixieland and to an occasional modern band, has caused a certain amount of confusion.

"It all depends upon whom you're playing with," he said. "Recently I was playing with a mainstream band when one of the musicians said he had heard me five years ago with a modern group and couldn't understand a thing I was playing."

"But I always play the same," Clayton went on. "I was in the Blue Note in Paris when I learned a number of modern songs, but I played them my way. It's the same with a Dixieland band. I can flavor it Dixieland, bend the notes or growl, but I'm still playing my way."

If Clayton has a knack for blending with whatever group is at hand, he is, nevertheless, a musician with a style very much his own, the result of an apprenticeship that began in Kansas and California, the grinding succession of one-night stands with the Count Basie Band in its heyday, and a succession of small and big bands from the '50s on.

On a recent date in Toronto, where he headed a band composed of Buddy Tate, Tommy Potter, Jackie Williams, and Jimmy Green, Clayton was bowling over the audiences with solos that often reached brilliant heights. So carried away was a patron, that after an electrifying few notes of improvisation one evening, he shouted, "Buck Clayton is the greatest trumpet player in the world!"

The exuberant listener, it should be noted, was a jazz fan with fond memories of the swing era, but as the trumpeter pointed out, their numbers are dwindling.

The days when fans turned out in the hundreds to hear their favorites are disappearing except for festival gatherings, but it is in clubs that Clayton enjoys performing most of all, and these unfortunately, like the fans of old, are beginning to go.

He cites New York City, where perhaps there are a dozen clubs in which jazz can be heard. "That's not very many for a city the size of New York," he said. "There are a few cities . . . that have jazz clubs, but there are not enough."

The changing state of jazz is, in fact, a matter of some

concern to him. He is no alarmist, but he readily admits that he sometimes hates to think of the future.

"You know, I have a little boy aged 5, who loves to blow the trumpet," he said, "but I don't want him to be a professional musician unless something changes. I know too many musicians who have had to go into other professions. Some I know are driving taxicabs. That's why I say I'm fortunate. I've always been able to play. But if things keep on the way they are, I believe that maybe in 10 or 15 years jazz is going to be in a very bad state."

LIKE OTHER MUSICIANS of his generation, Clayton grew up in an era when jazz was a part of his every waking hour. As a youth, he spent many days—or, rather, nights—on Kansas City expeditions that were to shape his musical education.

Recalling those free and easy times when the jam session was the young musician's testing ground, and contrasting them with the today's move toward the secure havens of the studios, Clayton said he acquired invaluable training.

It was not only the music that spilled out of so many clubs in Kansas City but also the period itself that he recalls with pride. "It was a time when every city in the country had at least two or three big bands," he said.

"Kansas City had the most. Bennie Moten, Georgie Lee, Andy Kirk, Thamon Hayes were just a few, but don't forget that Dallas had just as many bands as Kansas City. In California it was the same.

"Today you can count on one hand the big bands that are still around: Duke, Count, Harry James, Woody, Sam Donahue. The sad part of it is that kids growing up today never get a chance to hear bands. Our 18-year-olds know nothing but Ricky Nelson. Most of the kids who could be playing jazz don't hear anything but vocals or guitars. There's no inspiration. A lot of the disc jockeys make it hard because on radio you rarely hear a jazz group unless it's backing a vocalist. I know there are a lot of little groups that get together, but I don't know if they will ever have a chance to become professional."

Looking back on his formative years, Clayton fondly remembered the jam sessions in Kansas City, "just three hours away from Parsons."

"We used to have jam sessions every day," he said. "There were so many bands to hear, and we idolized them. There were so many clubs, so many musicians, and we were like brothers."

He said he feels fortunate that he grew up in the time of the jam session. "We always used to try and practice and improve," he said and then added ruefully, "until the union banned all sessions. I think that's another thing that has hurt young musicians. No more free playing."

"I remember sessions in New York with Hawk, Lester, and Don Byas, who would sit for hours and battle each other. And Roy Eldridge and Henry (Red) Allen, who would just sit and drink and blow."

Again and again as a young musician he encountered the heady excitement of a session when a new musician

was introduced, and more than once he was the center of attention, remembering in particular his return from California en route to New York to join Willie Bryant's orchestra in 1936.

"I decided to stop off in Kansas City," he said, "and right away the word got around. Everybody was saying, 'There's a new trumpet player in town.' That night at the Sunset Club everybody was out to cut me. They were coming from under the tables and behind the walls!"

In those same Kansas City clubs he recalls battles between Hershel Evans and Lester Young that would go on until 6 a.m. or later.

"Now Kansas City is dead in comparison with those times," he said. "Of course, it was a pretty rough place. I remember at the Yellow Front somebody got killed every Saturday night, but music poured out of those places. I used to hear a trumpet player through a window. I never saw him, and I never knew his name, but he was so good.

"Kansas City was a place where all kinds of groups would arrive. I remember the circus jazz people who used to come through. All the carnivals had jazz bands, usually eight or nine pieces, and many jazz musicians started out in them. Roy Eldridge was one."

"I always wanted to play with a carnival," he added. "I guess it was the excitement. I remember a trumpeter taking 50 choruses on *Sweet Sue* while the girls danced . . . but all that is gone. The circus bands, the chorus girls have died out. In 30 years, times have changed."

IT WAS DURING his stopover in Kansas City that Clayton's decision to stay on, instead of joining the Bryant band, led to a dramatic change in his life: he joined the Count Basie Band.

In Kansas City he remembered playing in clubs from 9 p.m. to 5 or 6 a.m., and usually the pay never exceeded \$21 a week. The financial returns naturally improved when the Basie band left Kansas City and began its tour of operations in late 1936, but some aspects of his Basie days Clayton still looks upon with disfavor.

"One thing I always objected to was playing muted trumpet," he said. "I don't really like to play the mute, and I guess Basie made me sick of it because nine times out of 10 I had to do it on records. On the road I never played mute because I like to play open."

Try as he might, the trumpeter could not offer any romantic memories about life on the road: "You never get enough sleep, and there was always the bad food, the bad hotels, and the length of time on a bus might be from 8 in the morning until 6 at night. Sometimes we were so late arriving, we'd change our uniforms on the bus and go right to the job."

Today, four or five weeks is the longest he's away from his home in Jamaica, N.Y., where he lives with his wife, Patricia; Candice, his 10-year-old daughter; and his aspiring trumpeter son, 5-year-old Steven.

In spite of his distaste for one-night stands, Clayton said he still likes traveling, which partly explains his abhorrence of studio work.

"Why, if I went into a studio, I'd never see Paris again," he said with a chuckle. More seriously, he added that he feels such a move would curtail his musical freedom.

Although he sympathizes with the jazz musician's need for security, Clayton said he feels that the numbers who are now devoting their time to studio work will eventually affect jazz.

"I honestly believe that most of the good jazzmen are in the studios now," he reflected. "Eventually this will

change jazz, for I believe that working in a studio affects a jazzman. Almost all of them give up playing outside the studio. There are exceptions . . . Clark Terry and Urbie Green, who still go out and play, but most of them are content to stay inside.

"I had a chance to do studio work, but I couldn't see it. I felt it was like going to work and digging ditches. I did it a couple of times, and I hated it. I couldn't stand the routine. Coming in at 8 in the morning, sitting around drinking coffee, playing cards until it was time to play. It's nothing. I found that most of the time the conversation centered around what they were paying for their homes and their swimming pools.

"Besides, I like traveling. There's nothing like it. I haven't had to do many one-nighters since I left Basie, except in 1959 when I toured Europe and England, but over there it isn't too bad because the distances are not that far, and anyway there's always something historic to see.

"I know every main street in every city in the United States. Over there, though, it's different. You see places that were there before America was discovered."

THE TRUMPETER couldn't begin to estimate the number of miles he has traveled but admits it has been a circuitous and adventurous route, one that had its beginnings in Parsons, where he was born Nov. 12, 1911.

As a musician, fate was in favor of young Wilbur Clayton. Both his parents were musicians, his father a leader of a church orchestra, his mother the head of the choir.

At 9, Buck was leading his own band in which he played piano, "another kid banged on some kind of drums, and the others sort of hummed through tissue paper on a comb."

Clayton was 16 when he started studying trumpet with his father, who had also taught him to play piano, and soon he began playing in his father's orchestra.

He does not feel that church music had any influence upon his playing. "The good thing about playing in a church orchestra was that all the pieces were slow, and I could follow the notes easily," he said. "When I started playing jazz, I had to speed it up, but I did it in easy stages."

After a while, Clayton began to feel restricted and decided he'd like to go west. At 18 and in the company of a friend, he hitchhiked to California; then his conscience got the better of him and he returned to finish high school.

His formal education completed, Clayton once more departed for Los Angeles, where he first played taxi dances and then joined Earl Dancer's 14 Pieces from Harlem, all of them California musicians. When the leader decamped, Clayton found himself in charge, and from 1932 to 1934 he worked steadily on the coast.

It was around that time that he first heard his early idols, Louis Armstrong and Joe Smith, who was with McKinney's Cotton Pickers. Both made strong and lasting impressions upon him.

In 1934 Clayton's career took a strange turn. Teddy Weatherford, a pianist who had spent a lot of time in the Far East, returned from China and asked Clayton to take his band to Shanghai.

Clayton did and played there from 1934 to 1936, a period that he recalls as one of the most interesting in his career. The band played nightly at a posh English club in the international French settlement, where English and White Russians intermingled in the establishment's three large ballrooms and gambling rooms.

"We played both jazz and dance music, because every-

body was dancing in the '30s," the trumpeter said. He also played Chinese music but only for Chinese audiences.

Back in the United States the band broke up, and it was then that Clayton, who had been writing arrangements for Willie Bryant, decided to join forces with the bandleader in New York City. Clayton never made it. En route, he stopped over at Kansas City. . . .

His liaison with Count Basie lasted from 1936 to 1943, when he went into the Army for three years. After that sojourn came two years with the Jazz at the Philharmonic package, a visit to France under the auspices of the Hot Club of France in 1949, and then back once more to the United States.

From then on, Clayton, always a traveling man at heart, centered his activities as a freelance musician in New York City but continued to make an occasional trip across the Atlantic, where, he says, jazz fans are more appreciative.

From 1951 to 1953 he was featured with Joe Bushkin's quartet, but in late 1953 he was back in France for another tour. The next six years were spent chiefly in New York, during which he made several outstanding Columbia records in which he captured the spirit of long-ago jam sessions with the aid of such free-wheeling individuals as Buddy Tate, Trummy Young, Sir Charles Thompson, Joe Newman, Coleman Hawkins, Ruby Braff, Jimmy Rushing, Freddie Green, Jo Jones, and a host of like-minded participants.

During the '50s Clayton played in Dixieland bands and big bands, including Benny Goodman's orchestra in 1957 (following his 1956 appearance in the film *The Benny Goodman Story*), and in the fall of 1957 with Teddy Wilson.

In 1959 he was overseas again with the Newport Jazz Festival show, a tour that took him through Europe to Algeria. He returned to France in December, 1962, when he was given an ovation by 3,000 fans when he appeared at the 30th anniversary of critic Hugues Panassie's Hot Club of France. In June, 1963, he starred at Britain's Manchester Jazz Festival, an appearance that he followed with a series of concerts in Switzerland with Humphrey Lyttelton's band, and this winter he realized a long-time dream to visit Australia and Japan.

His experience with jazz groups in many parts of the world has given Clayton tolerance toward all styles of jazz, but he still maintains his own steadfast approach.

"Whatever I do I like to stick around the melody," he said. "Ten years ago the modernists didn't believe in melody. No melody, no tone, no emotion, but some of them, I see, are playing melody again."

"They were so extreme they were choosing up sides," he said with a laugh. "They'd ask, 'Hey, daddy, what school do you belong to?'"

"When I look back, it's amusing, but there were so many putting down great musicians, like Art Tatum. The trouble was they couldn't do any of the things he could. Maybe that's why they put him down.

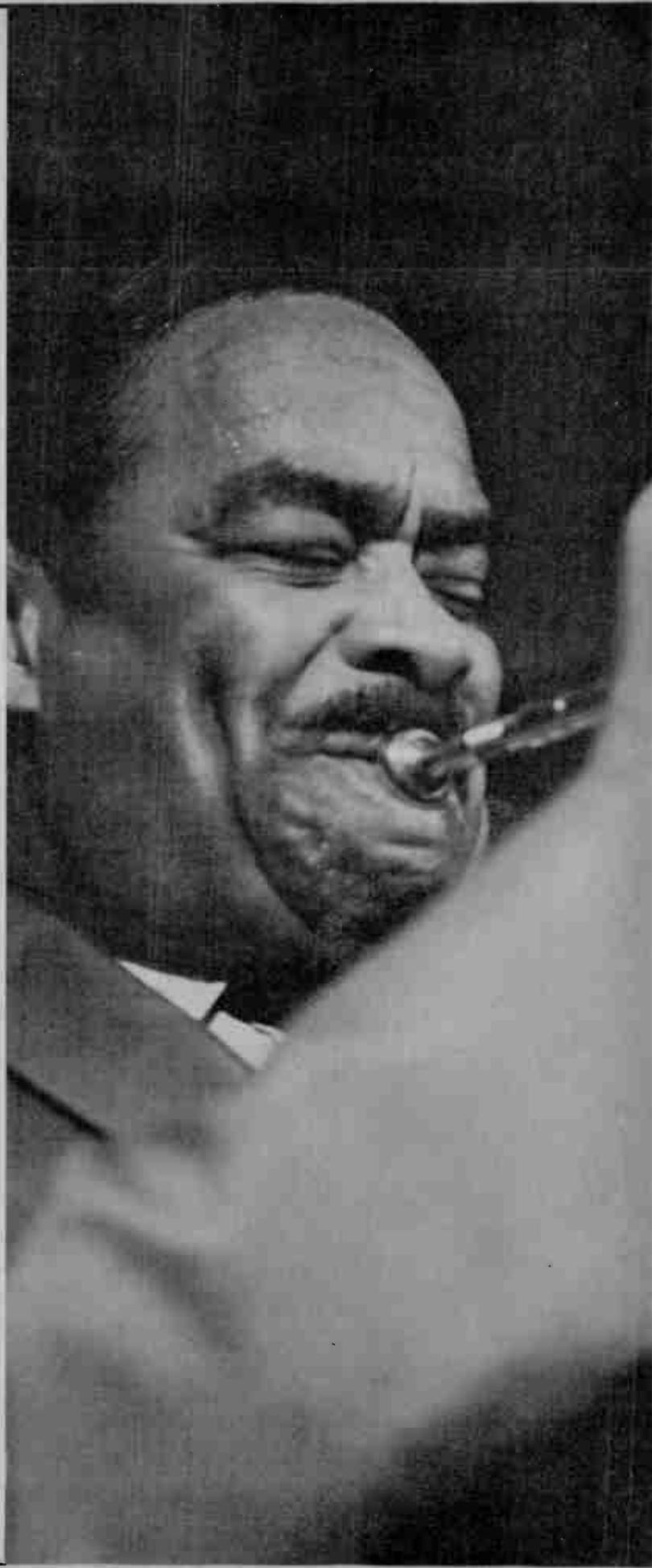
"Some musicians tried to switch to progressive, but they never sounded right. Getting on a bandwagon just because of a trend is foolish. It's like an artist painting a picture because he feels that maybe he'll get somewhere if he'll conform to the styles of the day. If he tries that, he'll never succeed."

"I don't mean a musician shouldn't progress," Clayton concluded. "Sometimes I have thought I would like to work out a solo beforehand, think it out, but it never comes out the way I expect.

"You just play what comes out of you freely. I never feel anything else, and I never want to feel anything else."



LEE TANNER



JAZZ REISSUES: AN EMBARRAS

ANYONE seriously interested in jazz must be interested in recordings. That is because anyone seriously interested in jazz must be interested in its heritage and growth, and jazz depends too much on the individual player, too much on performance, and too much on the meaning of the moment for there to be any other way of preserving the music than on records. Written compositions and orchestral scores may help, to be sure, but without actual performance, even the best of these might be almost meaningless. And for many works of jazz there are simply no scores; performance is all.

Jazz undoubtedly would exist and be passed from one generation to the next in some form without records, although surely not as rapidly or as fully as with them. But in that phrase "one generation to the next" is the key. For without recordings, a man would know only how his immediate predecessors sounded—perhaps not even them at their peak—and it would seem that a really dedicated player can benefit by knowing far more than that about his heritage.

Be that as it may, an enlightened listener should want to know about the jazz heritage if only because he can take an even greater pleasure in a current favorite like Miles Davis by knowing what Louis Armstrong sounded like in 1930-'35—not to mention what he would miss in not knowing what the greatest Armstrong sounded like.

Recordings not only show how jazz has evolved, how it has constantly answered to the esthetic needs of the moment, but they also show how jazzmen have produced performances that cut across the years and maintain an integrity and independence beyond their own time. In short, recordings show that jazz really is an art and not just a lively but perhaps transient folk culture.

Admittedly, a musician approaches the past rather differently from a critic or an enlightened listener. His knowledge does not necessarily need to be comprehensive or balanced—he may take only what appeals to him as instructive and useful in his own work. He may hear what might have been rather than only what was, and sometimes he has to battle with the past in a way that a listener does not get

it to yield its secrets.

An artist needs to break away and reinterpret that past, after all, not just know it and certainly not just copy it. At the same time, almost any knowledge of the past will help an artist find his place in jazz history and give him the sense of stability and continuity that the tough, capricious, undependable world of entertainment and public favor in which he functions cannot give him.

All of which is preliminary to saying that from any point of view, jazz has a vital and constant need that recordings of its important past be kept alive and available through reissue. It has this need in the same sense that good novels need to be periodically reprinted and that great paintings be exhibited. Or, to take an even closer analogy, that great movies be kept available to young audiences, young actors, young directors, young cameramen, and the rest of those who will make films in the future.

Record companies have not always responded ideally to the need for past recordings of jazz, but they have responded.

One of the earliest jazz reissues in this country was a Bix Beiderbecke memorial album, put out by Victor in 1936. Then came a Bessie Smith collection, released by the old Columbia company after her death in 1937. At the time these albums appeared, however, hundreds of items by Duke Ellington, Armstrong, Beiderbecke, Fletcher Henderson, and others, which had been allowed to go out of print in this country, were available in Europe and were sometimes imported.

There was obviously a need for more reissues over here, especially as record collecting became not only a hobby but a kind of scholarly pursuit for many followers of jazz. By the late 1930s two New York record shops had set up labels called (somewhat inaccurately) United Hot Clubs of America and Hot Record Society to do reissues. These labels were able to lease old material from major companies—a practice no major company is willing to allow today.

By the late '30s, however, Victor itself had jazz singles in regular release, and by 1940 Columbia records had an established reissue program, set up by John Hammond and

executed by George Avakian. Decca more or less followed suit with some *Gems of Jazz* and other albums. Then Victor did some albums during World War II.

The only one of those companies to maintain any continuity in reissues, however, is Columbia, which got old jazz records back into print again after the war. But these were not enough, and for a while during the late '40s and early '50s bootleg reissuing by small operators of material owned by Victor and Columbia was rampant.

With the advent of LP, Avakian did some more albums for Columbia. RCA Victor set up a short-lived program on a subsidiary label that was actually called by its working title, Label "X."

However, compared with the current program at Columbia under Hammond and Frank Driggs, all previous efforts have been a trickle. In his early reissue program, Avakian could put out eight titles in a 78-rpm album by Fletcher Henderson; Driggs has put out 64 Henderson titles on four LPs!

RCA Victor still does some reissuing but without real planning.

Decca allowed a two-LP Basie set to sneak through the pressing plant recently.

Under the circumstances, one might say that we should be grateful for any reissues and that we should be especially grateful to Columbia. And, frankly, the hand that feeds should not be bitten; it should be shaken. But licking it is perhaps something else.

WHAT OUGHT to be reissued is music that stands up as valid—as of the early 1960s. Anything else is not only a waste of time, money, and energy but can also make jazz, the jazz heritage, jazz criticism, and jazz scholarship look foolish and deluded. There is no room for esoterica or antiquarianism in a good program of reissues. An interest in hearing some old records that one never has heard will not do. First things—the most important things—must come first.

With that in mind let's take a look around.

The series on Verve called "Essentials" probably needs no more trouncing than it has received recently in *Down Beat* and elsewhere, but I would like to make a couple of points. When *The Essential Charlie Parker* appeared,

ASSESSMENT OF RICHES

I reviewed it, wrote a brief tribute to Parker, and dealt only with what was included. Now I wish I hadn't because not included was Parker's *Lady, Be Good* variations, one of the most brilliant solos in jazz history, a two-chorus episode that every young musician was able to whistle by heart within two months of its original issue and a solo that every musician surely should know still.

Then there is *The Essential Art Tatum*, which does include *Willow, Weep for Me* and *Tenderly* but which has several flashy but dull pieces like *Dixieland Band* and *You're Blase*. I am told that the material for this album was selected by a very well-known and highly successful jazz pianist (not Billy Taylor, who wrote the liner notes). Well, I must say I feel only sorrow for anyone who could not count *Ill Wind, Body and Soul, There'll Never Be Another You, Just a Sittin' and a Rockin'*, or *Yesterdays* among the essential Tatum performances on Verve.

Then, when Sonny Rollins returned to the scene, Verve reissued some of the duets that Rollins had done with Dizzy Gillespie but did not include *Sumphin'*, easily the best of them.

There are riches in the Verve catalog, but if any relatively recent catalog needs careful and critical editing for reissue surely it is Verve's. What credit is it to Verve's artists, past and present, to Verve itself, and to jazz, if this editing is not done well?

A recent Ellington set on RCA Victor is marked "indispensable." It includes Ellington's umpteenth, 1945 remake of *Black and Tan Fantasy*, plus some sides that he ran off in 1946 on standard tunes in order to complete a contract in a hurry before he switched companies. To call such stuff indispensable when (at a glance) *Johnny Come Lately, Conga Brava, Dusk*, and *Are You Stickin'?* are not available in any current Ellington set seems outrageous. In fact it seems outrageous (not to say bad business) that there is not available, as a beginning, a full anthology of Ellington, 1940-1942.

More?

Well, there is the most curious and difficult feat of all in an RCA Victor Jelly Roll Morton album: someone went to great pains to make composite

tapes of several different takes of three of the numbers included. That someone lifted a trumpet solo from a warm-up version of *Dead Man Blues*, one on which trumpeter George Mitchell hits a wrong note he never gets out of, and spliced it into the middle of this currently available version, thus destroying Morton's masterpiece. How do you like them apples?

More apples?

Well, there is an Armstrong RCA Victor LP called (gosharooty, dig the title) *A Rare Batch of Satch*. It is a superb album—indeed, Armstrong's reputation as a major musician could stand or fall on the versions of *I Got a Right to Sing the Blues, That's My Home, Basin Street Blues*, and *Sleepy Time Down South* in this set. But there was also available his *I've Got the World on a String*, an almost equally fine performance. It was not included, whereas some decidedly lesser Armstrong was.

And I cannot imagine that whoever selected the currently available Fats Waller albums had the slightest idea of what his best recordings were.

However, I suppose some kind of all-time prize for reissues would go to the anthology that appeared a few years ago in which Charlie Christian was represented by a Benny Goodman Sextet piece on which Christian does not solo. (Christian's masterpiece, *I Found a New Baby*, by the way, has never been on LP at all.)

IF I TURN TO Columbia records, I am sure there are some who will caution me not to criticize. It is true that Columbia has long shown a sense of responsibility about reissues, as I indicated, and continues to. For that responsibility one feels gratitude and respect.

However, take the recent *Jazz Odyssey—The Sound of New Orleans*. I will not argue with that album from the point of view of historical accuracy, although much of the music was admittedly played by men far removed in time and style from what they played down home. But I would say that, cross section or not, at least a third of this music is dreadful and could only interest an antiquarian; it is certainly no credit to New Orleans jazz, which, at its best, is glorious.

For instance, most of us have never

Martin Williams offers a reassessment of jazz reissue programs

before heard the rare *Frankie and Johnny* recorded by a Fate Marable group. Having now heard it this once in this set, I cannot imagine ever wanting to hear it again. I hope the performance is not typical of Marable, whose reputation is quite high among the men who knew him. And I wonder what eight selections by Sam Morgan's Jazz Band, a spirited and engaging group of relative amateurs, are doing in this album when there are many King Oliver sides currently out of print. Why on earth do we need so many reissues of trumpeters trying hard only to copy King Oliver and Louis Armstrong? There is even one example in the set of a man obviously trying hard to copy Muggsy Spanier and not making it! Why are we given *The Entertainer* by Bunk Johnson when *Some of These Days*, with one of his best recorded trumpet solos, was available to Columbia? Should one even mention the inclusion of two of the worst Jelly Roll Morton records ever made? Since this Columbia album does use some good Armstrong (himself!) that might better have found its way into an all-Armstrong set, it is even more puzzling.

There is another Columbia album devoted to Eddie Lang and Joe Venuti. Lang had a studied sense of harmony, which I am sure influenced many players, but he not only had little swing but could not keep time very well either. And he also had a rather limited sense of melody as an improviser—one need only compare him to his sometimes companion on records, guitarist Lonnie Johnson, to realize this. Therefore, it would seem that two LPs, 32 titles, is at least twice as much Venuti and Lang as anyone needs or ought to want.

The Epic album *Swing Street*, designed to commemorate the history of New York's 52nd St. as a center of jazz, is a kind of souvenir set, about 60 percent valid music and 40 percent yesterday's hokum and nostalgia—perhaps intended for men with a bad case of creeping middleage.

It's doubtful, furthermore, that about a third of Epic's Jack Teagarden album is much credit to Teagarden. And Fletcher Henderson's memory probably would have been better served by about 16 fewer titles

(Continued on page 39)

FOUND: FRESH JAZZ AUDIENCES

French hornist-bassist Willie Ruff is a well-traveled musician. He and his partner of several years, pianist Dwiki Mitchell, have played in many countries. As a duo, they were the first modern American jazz musicians to perform in the Soviet Union. (Ruff wrote of their experiences in Russia in Down Beat, Jan. 21, 1960.)

Now, in the wake of another European trip and subsequent tours of colleges in this country, playing before various types of audiences, the articulate Ruff presents his conclusions about the state of the jazz business, particularly in regard to audiences.

By WILLIE RUFF

I BEG TO DIFFER with those critics and experts who insist that the audience for jazz has died; there is more genuine interest in this music than there are groups to satisfy it, not only in the United States but in Europe as well.

Let's be clear that this interest is not to be found in clubs, but rather in concerts. First, take a look at the European concert audience, and by this is meant the audience that attends the regular subscription series of chamber-music, symphony, and opera performances.

The regular subscription-concert goer is generally a bit older and well versed enough in music in general to listen intelligently. There is considerable interest in contemporary music in Western Europe, and jazz is widely considered the most vital U.S. contribution to modern music.

There is, too, an ever-growing interest and awareness of all the contemporary arts; the graphic arts, design and architecture, also, are enjoying a new vitality. This is far more important to the case for jazz than might be ordinarily expected. The audiences who respond to this new vitality in art, design, and architecture also respond favorably to, and have a most healthy interest in, jazz, whether or not they have had previous exposure. This audience, by its number, is significant.

The problem of communication, too, is lessening, for the characteristics of jazz can be found to be analogous to corresponding elements in the sister arts—shapes, forms, colors. Added to this is the fact that some of us speak the languages of the countries in which we play, enabling us to give lecture-demonstration concerts.

In the early days of the Mitchell-Ruff Duo, one of our youthful concerns was whether many of the tonal combinations we hit upon sounded "modern" enough. We worked opposite the Miles Davis Quintet in New York clubs, and we recall a classic Davis response to one such question:

"Man, you dress modern, live in a modern house, drive a modern car, read modern books. . . . What the

hell do you expect to sound like? Ragtime?"

We use this little Davisian yardstick quite frequently for sizing up and anticipating the response of our European audiences . . . and it works. We watch the dress of the European concertgoer—modern; the concert-hall parking lot—advance-design automobiles; European homes—modern interior design, modern paintings and sculpture.

These signs of interest in the modern do not mean jazz should become a music only for those who own advance-design cars, modern clothes and homes. Nothing could be further from the truth. We found at least as vital an interest in jazz in the Soviet Union, where the youth had none of these things. But they did have an intense interest and the intelligence to understand.

The role of European radio and television is very important in the over-all presentation of music. Many of the fine orchestras there, for instance, are sponsored by the radio. Jazz is presented there in its rightful importance in the whole musical picture. In Germany, for example, Südwestfunk, the most important network, presents jazz television programs with all the polish and imagination (fantastic set design) of a well-planned program on natural history or a philharmonic-orchestra concert narrated by eloquent commentators.

Two of the most important groups involved in the presentation of music in Europe are Gioventu Musicale D'Italia and its French counterpart Jeunesse Musicale. The Italian organization is international in scope, and was started after World War II, dedicated to the presentation of good music to the youth of Europe at small cost to its members.

The weekly fare includes music by some of the leading symphony orchestras in the world, chamber-music groups, and soloists such as the Russian piano giant Sviatoslav Richter, as well as La Scala productions. The Mitchell-Ruff Trio counts among its proudest honors its inclusion in such company.

NOW LET'S TAKE a look at the prospects for jazz in the United States, in our own concert halls and presented to our own youth.

I maintain that the future is at least as promising here as in any other part of the world. The case, as outlined, for a bright jazz future in Europe has its counterpart in this country. The fact is that, for the most part, all possibilities have gone virtually untapped, except by a small number of groups.

Our nation now has several hundred active symphony orchestras and chamber-music groups—each a potential outlet for the right kind of jazz presentation. By "right kind" I mean those programs presenting jazz and observing the usual standards of the concert halls.

Perhaps the most important U.S. outlet, affording the most vital audience, is the university campus. Almost every campus in the United States now has a lyceum series or a concert series, in which lecturers, chamber-music groups, dance companies, and small drama groups are presented. It is in these surroundings that the Mitchell-Ruff Trio concertizes more than half the year.

The ace in the hole held by those interested in the continued development of jazz is a seemingly unlikely one—the public school, from kindergarten up.

It was mine and Dwiki Mitchell's good fortune to meet, in 1949, a remarkable woman, Mrs. Ninal Collier, the founder of the now famous Young Audiences; she shared with us the belief that the future of music in the United States would largely depend on the kind of early exposure the future adult audiences received.

At the time of our meeting, Mrs. Collier had already begun a highly successful program of demonstration concerts in the Baltimore area. The programs were done by chamber-music groups and symphony orchestras, which gave illustrated concert demonstrations, such as those done so well by Leonard Bernstein, relating to the music itself, the instruments involved, and pertinent information about composers, methods, and so on.

Mrs. Collier, at that time one of the few educators who knew the importance of jazz in relation to the U.S. music picture, was brave enough to carry over her teaching techniques into a program designed for the same young audiences but using jazz. The results were astounding. Through her guidance, we made an album, *Jazz for Juniors*, with a live public-school audience, a film for CBS television that is currently in use as a teaching tool both here and in Europe, and yearly demonstration concerts in public schools for all the grades, from kindergarten through high school.

It's impossible to describe the sense of gratification and accomplishment Dwiki and I feel today when we play college campuses and find in the audience young persons we played for and talked to in their Young Audience days—from the schools in the Baltimore area to the Indian reservations of New Mexico.

It would seem, then, that jazzmen today are called on not only to elevate the caliber of their music but also to seek outlets among more discriminating audiences—symphony, chamber-music, and college audiences.

Most important of all, a program of jazz education is essential. This should not be limited to schools and colleges; the sponsors of symphony and chamber-music series now are showing an active interest in the presentation of jazz and, in many cases, welcome programs that offer a comprehensive introduction to the music.

When one considers the current state of jazz, with an eye toward its future, it becomes apparent that, while the music itself is as alive as ever, the mediums and methods of presentation have outlived their usefulness.

The city scene the world around is common knowledge: there are not enough jazz clubs left to support any significant number of jazz groups. This says nothing about the environment of the average club.

Next, the quality of representation—the booking agents—of jazz groups stands at an all-time low.

The absence of jazz on U.S. tele-

vision attests to the lack of skill and contacts of the jazz agents in that media alone. How is it that a German network can take jazzmen like Thelonious Monk and Cannonball Adderley and build magnificent programs, while television in this country has managed to produce no more than one or two meaningful shows? The reason for the existing void is neither because the music is too advanced nor that there is a lack of audiences but rather because of inadequate representation of the music and its players.

The road, then, to a better audience and environment for jazz must bypass the existing avenues of exploitation and be redirected. The obvious answer is the classical-music concept of booking. I emphasize classical-music *concept*, because even most classical-music managers and agents are not yet prepared to book jazz groups; they've had no previous experience, and they are yet to be convinced of the validity of the music (another group to be educated).

Without a doubt, there are articulate jazzmen able to meet the challenge of this new direction. There are, too, a few managers and agents who have the intelligence, foresight, contacts, and interest to develop the new field. (Monte Kay, manager of the Modern Jazz Quartet; John Levy for George Shearing, Adderley, and Nancy Wilson; George Wein—all know the problems but are too busy with clients to whom they already have commitments to pioneer a whole new field for a new concept in jazz presentation).

After a rewarding eight years of annual concerts around the world, Dwiki and I see the fields getting greener all the time. There is room for many more groups ready to meet the challenge. And Sol Hurok isn't the only concert agent. There are smaller concert bureaus interested in the jazz field, and they might provide the answer to the problem of crashing existing barriers.

In more ways than most jazz musicians realize, it is up to us to help ourselves to the best music audiences in the world all over the world. . . . It even pays well. 

THE NEW JOHNNY

By **BURT KORALL**

A NEW 17-piece orchestra headed by composer and master orchestrator Johnny Richards has taken shape in New York City. The venture is a risky one at best, considering the nature of today's jazz/pop-music market. But, according to Richards, it is a chance much worth the taking.

"I need the therapy an orchestra of my own gives me," he said. "I feel more in touch with life and myself. I have the freedom I need as a writer of music."

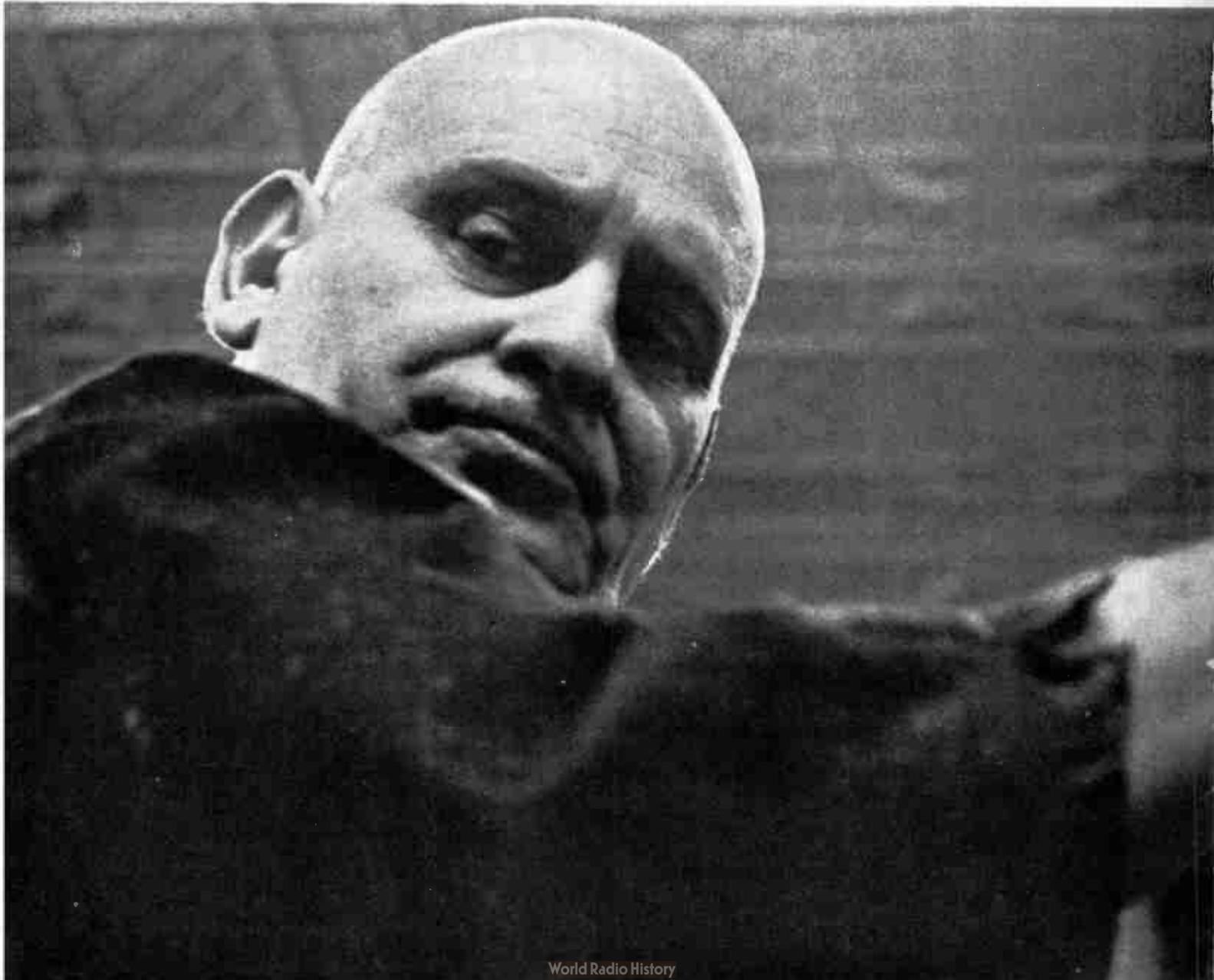
Richards, a fierce perfectionist, has an insatiable need to hear his music played to his demanding criteria. Moreover, sharing his ideas, refining them, and finally bringing them to fruition under the right circumstances are exceedingly important to him.

Richards has written for a number of jazz orchestras, including those led by Boyd Raeburn and Stan Kenton;

composed "serious" works; penned music for motion pictures, television, and radio, for singers and instrumentalists. A good part of the time, however, the music was written to specification, and only Richards the craftsman found satisfaction in it.

It is Richards' belief that music should be three things: art, craft, and means of communication. Only with his own orchestra—he's fronted several in the past—has he been able to fuse the three into a compound he considers sufficiently gratifying. All things considered, it was almost inevitable he would return to the firing line with a new orchestra.

Richards, however, is not a babe only recently let loose in the music-business jungle. He's been bitten and burned, and scars remain. He realizes that an orchestra, no matter how valid musically, must meet extramusical demands in



RICHARDS BAND

order to exist. There has to be some public demand for the orchestra's product.

"Musicians, critics, and people in the business can help get a band started," a clubowner has said, "but in the long run they don't count. They don't pay, anyhow."

Fortunately, there are commercial reasons for the re-birth of the Richards orchestra. The leader reports a growing demand for his music and an increasing interest in him in the high schools and colleges around the country. Both faculty members and students he has met as a teaching member of the Stan Kenton clinics and as a lecturer have encouraged him to make a new start with his orchestra.

Then, there is reason to believe there is a growing demand for big bands.

A note of optimism was sounded recently in *Time*:

"Despite the melancholy effort of swimming upstream against history, they [the big bands] are managing a modest renaissance."

There has been a marked growth of interest in larger units in the Far West, particularly in Nevada's gambling areas at Las Vegas, Reno, and Lake Tahoe. A February issue of *Variety* carried a story that insisted there is a "renaissance in the popularity of 'name' bands . . . much in evidence in the Reno-Tahoe area, and the revival is developing a lucrative market for the bandsmen with marquee value."

Even in cynical New York City and Chicago, where night-club and concert business is below normal, there's interest shown in big bands. There must be some indication of profit to be gained or else night-club operators and concert promoters would not consider a gamble with bands.

THE NEWS THAT Richards was going back into business moved with surprising rapidity shortly before the orchestra came into existence. The response, Richards said, proved heartening.

A number of sidemen from the 1957-'60 edition of Richards' orchestra, including trumpeters Burt Collins and Ray Copeland, reed players Bill Slapin and Shelly Russell, tuba player Jay McAllister, and bassist Chet Amsterdam, immediately returned to the fold. Musicians from out of town phoned Richards to make their availability known.

When Richards called his first rehearsal in March, he was in a position to select sidemen from a pool of interested and thoroughly capable players.

"I felt no panic about personnel," he said. "If someone I wanted couldn't make it, there always was a talented player ready to step into his place."

That first rehearsal, and the ones that followed, triggered memories for those old enough to recall the time when scenes of this kind were the rule rather than the exception. Neshui Ertegun, Atlantic records jazz head and knowledgeable commentator on jazz and its practitioners, remembered:

"Johnny's name brings back those exciting days and nights on the West Coast in the mid- and late 1940s . . . and the Boyd Raeburn Band."

"Raeburn, between 1944 and '47, made use of harmonically ambitious arrangements," critic Leonard Feather once wrote. "His band indicated a path . . . by its inclusion of modern soloists in a somewhat more cerebral orchestral framework."

Richards, one of the chief contributors to the organization's library, aptly applied his considerable training and brought new sounds and colors to the orchestra. He employed instruments and textures common to the symphony orchestra, yet retained the "feel" of jazz. The results were striking, impressionistic miniatures, such as *Prelude to the Dawn* and *Man with a Horn*.

Richards' need to augment the scope of his music further led to studious inquiry into other musical cultures. One of the more widely known expressions of his research is *Cuban Fire*, a suite written for the Stan Kenton Band in 1956, in which Richard juxtaposed Afro-Cuban rhythms against what Kenton has described as "North American music."



"We in the West," Richards said, "have been living in a cubbyhole of 12 tones and of a relatively few rhythm patterns. Yet there are so many wonderful sounds and multiple rhythms elsewhere in the world that we can make use of. . . . People in other areas swing in so many different ways. Swinging, after all, is not unique to jazz. . . . So many meters, so many tone colors have been in existence for hundreds of years, and it's about time we got around to them."

Richards has continued to experiment—through his association with Kenton and with his own orchestra—aiming at deepening the expressiveness of this work. Most often he has done so via harmonic transfusions and rhythmic variation. Though Richards says "we're not afraid of simplicity" and points out that "a good part of our current library is made up of directly stated, beautiful music," he quickly adds that "music cannot be made one way. Music is form itself. You write music, let it come out of you, and then seek a house or form for it. I'm still learning. I'm always hearing and thinking about new things. I feel you have to do this to nourish your product. Many people in music are too busy finding labels for things. Categorization is more important to them than the creation and development of music."

When one hears the Richards orchestra, it soon becomes apparent that his music crosses many so-called boundary lines. It is many things and defies instant categorization. It is well made. A variety of musical languages are melded. And the orchestral palette is intensively investigated in description of emotion.

Richards writes freely, sometimes starkly, sometimes subtly, always with discipline, employing maximum melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic color.

"This is an orchestra, not a band of sections," he emphasized.

In order to accommodate the wide range of his thoughts, emotions, and skills, the instrumentation of his orchestra is not exactly standard.

There are four trumpets—Collins, Copeland, Bob McCoy, Dave Gale; three trombones—Jiggs Wiggams, Tommy McIntosh, Jack Gale; four reeds—Jerry Dodgion (alto saxophone), Frank Perowsky (tenor saxophone), Slapin (baritone saxophone, piccolo), and Russell (bass saxophone); a mellophonium—Ray Starling; a tuba—McAllister; and four rhythm—Johnny Knapp (piano), Amsterdam (bass), Ronnie Bedford (drums), and Warren Smith (percussion).

With the exception of a mellophonium in lieu of a French horn, the instrumentation is the same as that of the 1957-'60 Richards orchestra.

RICHARDS AND HIS MUSIC do not allow for complacency. One rehearsal proved that. The sidemen started, stopped; started, stopped. There was little time for goofing. Richards stood confidently in front and firmly showed the men the way.

He moved the orchestra through each composition several times, making it unmistakably clear what he wanted. Never did he allow sloppy playing. Never did he press the men too hard. After a while, each piece began to come together.

Richards' music takes much from the player, but the returns are more than compensating. Trombonist Eddie Bert, formerly with Goodman, Kenton, Barnet, Raeburn, Herman, Krupa—you name it—who filled in one afternoon, said:

"Johnny knows what each instrument in his orchestra can do. He realizes the capabilities of his men and the orchestra as a whole. He never pulls you *too* far. But his

music makes you play. He gets things out of you that are surprising."

Richards creates orchestral pictures of various types, all of which command attention for one reason or another. His music reaches out and touches a listener because of its emotional quality, its craft, its rhythmic surge. It can hold by its sound.

The percussion, tuba, and bass saxophone provide the foundation sound of the orchestra. The mellophonium, which plays alone or with the brass or reeds, increases the music's warmth. The brass, the orchestra's most potent section, moves through a variety of voicings and moods. It either shouts, crackles and pops, or plays mellifluously. The doubling in the reed section enhances or subdues the coloring of each arrangement.

The rhythm section is not used merely for time-keeping but as a color source as well. The percussionist serves several functions. He plays solos at crucial moments, underscores accented figures, and generally colors the arrangements. He often lays out for long periods, but when he joins the fray, his strength is readily felt.

Like most fine orchestrators, Richards can and does make much of little. He also condenses the large and unwieldy, illuminating and focusing on the important, both technically and emotionally. His ballads, in particular, establish a direct link with the listener. They are simple and beautiful and reflect the romantic side of Richards.

He is reworking his old library and writing new material. In all his pieces, he provides much space for improvisation, for he counts on his soloists to add to the edifice he has built.

"A first-rate improviser can add dimensions to your work that you never expected it contained," Richards said.

Improvisatory punch is present in the Richards orchestra in several forms.

Pianist Knapp, who for too long has been on the club-date circuit, could turn out to be the aggregation's spark-plug. He plays with marvelous taste and has an exceptionally deft touch. With quiet strength he enhances ballads, adding a delight here, a bit of frosting there. Faster tempos offer him no unmet challenge; he fills his solo space with the surprise that is the essence of improvisation.

Trombonist Wiggams and mellophonium player Starling, both formerly with the Kenton band, are fiery and notable on the forte wailers. Ex-Goodman altoist Dodgion and newcomer Perowsky also are most satisfactory.

Trumpeters Collins and Copeland would be welcome additions to any solo corps. Copeland is the high-note man. Collins, more on the quiet side, plays appropriate bits and pieces to fit short spaces, but he structures long, cool lines when he is given more room.

When it comes to the music, Richards' concerns are few. His orchestras always have quality. This one is no exception.

But other matters bother Richards—the business side of things, the insecurity one feels at the beginning of any project.

He insists, however, that he learned a lot "the last time" and feels equal to clawing his way up again.

"This is something I *have* to do; there's no other way," Richards said.

He is not alone. He has support. Bookings are starting to come in. A few record companies have indicated their desire to listen. Advertising agencies have shown interest, and there are possible television projects on the fire. It's not going to be easy. But the musicians are likely to stick. They want to play Richards' music and feel it should be heard. That is not a common attitude. But this is not an orchestra that courts the ordinary. 

JAZZ BASICS

Part 9 of a continuing history
of jazz on record/By Don
DeMicheal and Pete Welding

GERRY MULLIGAN / CHET
BAKER, *Timeless* (Pacific Jazz
75)

DAVE BRUBECK, *Jazz at Oberlin*
(Fantasy 3245)

VARIOUS ARTISTS, *On Mike*
(Pacific Jazz 100)

The early 1950s saw the rise of West Coast jazz, a musical phenomenon drawing primarily on the advances of the Davis nonet records as well as those of bop. The movement centered largely in the Los Angeles area, where a group of young musicians had gathered to trade ideas and seek employment in the Hollywood film studios.

The movement received its initial impetus from baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan who, moving to the West Coast some time after his association with the Davis group, in 1952 organized a quartet with trumpeter Chet Baker that was somewhat revolutionary in its failure to employ piano in the rhythm section (as did most horn groups), using instead only bass and drums to provide the harmonic and rhythmic underpinning. The harmonic substructure normally stated by piano (or guitar) was instead implied by the interweaving horn patterns and bass lines—a supporting horn line was often provided behind each solo passage, in addition to the counterpoint or harmony of the theme statements.

The ear soon acclimated itself to the somewhat “empty” sound of the group, and it quickly gained in favor. The six selections by the Mulligan quartet that comprise the first side of the cited disc were recorded in 1952 and '53 and catch the group at the height of its powers. The contrapuntal texture is rich and uncomplicated, the rhythms sure and quietly sinuous, and the playing of the two soloists consistently good—Baker lyrically pensive, Mulligan more rhythmic than melodic.

Leaving Mulligan in 1953, trumpeter Baker struck out on his own, achieving his most notable successes

as the leader of a quartet that featured pianist Russ Freeman. The rapport between the two was very good, Freeman’s dark, jabbing, pungent piano providing a wonderful contrast to Baker’s poignant, sadness-tinged trumpet lines, as is well illustrated by such pieces as the ardent *Long Ago and Far Away* and *The Thrill Is Gone* in the *Timeless* album.

The trumpeter also was heard in larger contexts—mainly for recording purposes—and one of these, *Half Dozens*, a sextet track from 1954 with valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer and baritone saxophonist Bud Shank, has been included, as has been *Tabu*, a representative recording by the neo-bop group he formed in 1956 with tenorist Phil Urso and pianist Bobby Timmons.

If Mulligan and Baker were among the formulators of the West Coast style, the man to reap the greatest rewards and to call considerable attention to musical happenings there was Dave Brubeck, a classically-trained pianist whose quartet recordings quickly gained him a national prominence, popular recognition, a huge following, and a *Time* cover.

Certainly the group’s recordings had a strong impact. The quartet’s style was an attractive blend of jazz and more-or-less classical elements, such as the use of improvised or semi-improvised contrapuntal passages. The group’s chief claim to jazz excellence was its alto saxophonist, Paul Desmond, whose charming, blithe filigree work seemed an extraordinarily personal blending of Charlie Parker, Benny Carter, and to some extent Lee Konitz. Desmond was a lyricist of the highest order, his improvised lines soaring with a graceful, singing clarity. The pianist supported him admirably, and their collective improvisations often left one breathless, as they do here toward the end of the listed album’s *Perdido*.

This concert recording, made at Oberlin College early in 1953, preserves a series of memorable performances by the quartet. If the rhythm is a bit sluggish, Brubeck a bit ponderous and pretentious at times, Desmond is at his ardent, lyrical best, and there are moments when all meshes wonderfully. The group work has got more polished in the intervening years, but it has yet to surpass the glowing melodic charm of these performances, for all their roughness.

The *On Mike* set is a two-LP compilation of work by various performers associated over the years with the West Coast school, and it gives a fairly accurate cross section of the school’s accomplishments.

In addition to a pair of perform-

ances by the Mulligan-Baker and Baker-Freeman groups (not in the previously cited album, by the way), there are a stunning collaboration by classical guitarist Laurindo Almeida and altoist Bud Shank on *Blue Baiao*; (perhaps among the earliest recorded of bossa novas); *Shank’s Pranks* by Shank and trumpeter Shorty Rogers; Chico Hamilton’s original quintet’s recording of *A Nice Day*; a limpid version of his *Tiny Capers* by visiting trumpeter Clifford Brown with a group of West Coasters; the memorable meeting on record of tenorist Bill Perkins, pianist John Lewis, guitarist Jim Hall, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Hamilton on the lovely *2 Degrees East*; the captivating, eccentric *Albuquerque Social Swim* by the late pianist Richard Twardzik; a Gerry Mulligan big-band recording of his composition *Sextet* in a Bill Holman arrangement; and an example of Gil Evans’ arresting colorations on a big-band version of *St. Louis Blues* that features altoist Cannonball Adderley.

The second disc in the set concentrates mainly on recent happenings on the West Coast, and as might be expected there is a profusion of soul music served up by such as Les McCann, Richard (Groove) Holmes, Curtis Amy, and the Jazz Crusaders, as well as an impressive piano trio version of *Afterfact* by Clare Fisher, and Gerald Wilson’s big-band arrangement of *Blues for Yna Yna*.

Further recommendations: There are a considerable number of recordings of West Coast music currently in print. Among the better ones are *Sunday Jazz at the Lighthouse* (Contemporary 35010), recorded in performance at Howard Rumsey’s Hermosa Beach, Calif., club; *Lighthouse All-Stars, Vol. 4* (Contemporary 3520), which presents a series of oboe and flute duets by Bob Cooper and Bud Shank; *Double Play*, a set of piano duets with Andre Previn and Russ Freeman on Contemporary 3537; Shorty Rogers’ *Martians Come Back* (Atlantic 1232), which finds the trumpeter leading a delightfully unhurried sounding group; and *Hampton Hawes, Vol. 1* (Contemporary 3505).

Of the scores of discs by Gerry Mulligan, one of the better quartet albums is *Paris Concert* (World Pacific 1210), which finds Bob Brookmeyer’s blowsy trombone in place of trumpeter Baker, and a rhythm team of bassist Red Mitchell and drummer Frank Isola. Lee Konitz’ encounter with the Mulligan-Baker quartet on Pacific Jazz 38 produced arresting results, with the altoist easily taking the solo honors.

(To be continued in the next issue)

record reviews

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

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

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

Count Basie

EASIN' IT—Roulette 52106: *Easin' It; Brotherly Shove; Blues for Daddy-O; Four, Five, Six; Misunderstood Blues; Mama Dev; It's About That Time.*

Personnel: See below.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

A Basie album exhibiting the compositions of one of the most prolific and impressive writers in the band has been overdue for some time. It would be good to report that the current release has been worth waiting for, but both Frank Foster and the band came off much better on previous dates utilizing his work.

While Roulette cannot be accused of misrepresentation here, it certainly is not to its credit that it has neatly evaded several important items in the clever, circumlocutive notes.

This is not a recent recording, nor is it representative of the growth of Foster himself in the last three years. It is true the band on this record is under the direction of Basie, but this is not the 1964 aggregation. Only eight of the members of the band recorded here are still in the band. Further, the uneven and interchangeable personnel here includes the efforts of non-Basieites. Trumpeter Clark Terry, drummer Gus Johnson, and bassists Ike Isaacs and Major Holley appear from cut to cut. It might provide an interesting evening of "jazz critic roulette" to attempt to identify the guest artists.

As for the now-departed brethren heard prominently here in good solos, ear-check for tenor-saxophonist Billy Mitchell, trumpeters Joe Newman, Snooky Young, Thad Jones, and Fip Ricard; trombonists Benny Powell and Al Grey; and bassist Eddie Jones.

But a Basie album is, after all is said, a Basie album. It swings, and it is spotted with brilliant excitement and interspersed with ragged inconsistency. When all things are accounted for, the music emerges as a moving, contagious, driving force, uniquely Basie.

Foster is most adept with blues and writes particularly good reed solis. *Easin' It* and *Misunderstood* are the most representative tunes in this vein. *Brotherly Shove* is a ripping tune that shows off the tenor work of Foster, Frank Wess, and Mitchell pretty much as did Foster's *Two Franks* in a different tempo on an earlier LP.

Daddy-O is another of those numerous recordings aimed at the ego of an important jazz disc jockey. This one is too long, and Foster, the soloists, and the band run out of steam about two minutes before the tune ends. *Four, Five, Six* emerges as one of Foster's successful more-modern works. A good deal of credit goes to soloist Thad Jones. Skip *Mama Dev*, however.

Since this recording, both the tenor work and the composition of Foster have undergone a good deal of change. As usual he

has absorbed much of the spirit of the musicians surrounding him. His mastery of the orchestra has broadened; his grasp of modern chords and voicings has developed within the last two years, and his ability as an instrumentalist also has become more definite and consistent. This album does not reflect this development, but it does provide some good Basie blowing and representative midperiod Foster.

(B.G.)

Harold Betters

EVEN BETTER!—Gateway 7008: *Little Liza Jane; After You've Gone; What Kind of Fool Am I?; Havah Nagilah; Hopping Along; Slipper's; Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?; Walk with Me; The Days of Wine and Roses; Summer Time; Wabash Blues; On the Street Where You Live.*

Personnel: Betters, trombone; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Betters is a trombonist who apparently plays in Cleveland. He does almost all the work on this disc, but neither he nor the other musicians who are heard with him are the beneficiaries of any background information or, in the case of the other musicians, even identification. Instead, the entire back of the liner is devoted to a TV performer named Mike Douglas who seems to have worked with Betters on some occasions. Aside from being publicized on the liner, Douglas apparently has made no other contribution to this record.

Having got off to this discouraging start, Betters is then required to fill almost all the record with trombone solos.

He has a forthright, rough, open tone and can generate a lot of vitality, but there is little shading in his playing and practically no variety in sound. He's a good, capable trombonist who would probably shine in a big band, where he could get up and contribute an occasional solo and where his driving style could be very effective.

But two sides of trombone, relieved only occasionally by a good, two-fisted pianist, gets awfully tiresome. (J.S.W.)

Dave Brubeck

TIME CHANGES—Columbia 2127 and 8927: *Iberia; Unisphere; Shim Wha; World's Fair; Cable Car; Elementals.*

Personnel: Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Brubeck, piano; Eugene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums; unidentified orchestra conducted by Rayburn Wright added on Track 6.

Rating: ★ ★

It's difficult to imagine any but the most rabid Brubeck fan wanting to own this set, for there is remarkably little to recommend it.

First the album's virtues: there is some of Desmond's airy, charming playing on *Unisphere* and *Cable Car*; there is an attractive, infectious 3/4 piece by drummer Morello, *Shim Wha*, that is all but hammered to death by Brubeck's repetitious, unimaginative block-chord playing; and near the end of *Unisphere* there occurs one

of those pleasant demonstrations of contrapuntal improvising ("Look, Ma, no hands!") Brubeck and Desmond toss out every so often and which the first several times around were quite impressive. Then there's the fine rhythm team of Wright and Morello.

Counterpoised against these, however, are the pianist's heavy-handed playing (samples of his ponderousness are scattered through the quartet performances that comprise the first side) in solo and ensemble; a program that, despite the use of various time signatures, is not particularly adventurous; and the incredible miasma that is *Elementals*, Brubeck's first full-scale orchestral composition, taking up nearly 17 minutes and the entire second side of the album.

It's almost impossible to describe this effort, written for the quartet and the 45-piece Arrangers' Workshop Orchestra of the Eastman School of Music and premiered at the Rochester, N.Y., school in August, 1963. *Elementals*—described by Eastman conductor Rayburn Wright as combining "the best of symphonic values with those of jazz" (whatever that means)—is a pretentious, flatulent melange of just about every conceit of post-Wagnerian music, with elements of Stan Kenton and Roger Williams-with-strings thrown in for good measure, a real patchwork quilt of "serious" and jazz effects that is ludicrous.

Bombastic and top heavy, the piece plods around in its elephantine way without ever getting anywhere or making up its mind what it's supposed to be. The quartet is swallowed up almost entirely—neither Brubeck nor Desmond is impressive in his solo appearances—and, despite his manful efforts, Morello is unable to get the thing off the ground.

How 3,500 people could have given this embarrassing effort a standing ovation at its premiere last summer is beyond me.

The rating, of course, is for the first side. (P.W.)

Johnny Coles

LITTLE JOHNNY C—Blue Note 4144 and 84144: *Little Johnny C; Hobo Joe; Jano; My Secret Passion; Heavy Legs; So Sweet My Little Girl.*

Personnel: Coles, trumpeter; Leo Wright, alto saxophone, flute; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Duke Pearson, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Walter Perkins or Pete La Roca, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Much of the credit for this set can be laid at the fingers of Pearson, whose contribution is triply impressive: in addition to playing piano, he wrote the arrangements and liner notes.

The most interesting of his faster themes is *Jano*, in which the line and the blowing are based on nine-bar phrases. It is a thoroughly successful compositional and improvisational venture rather than a nu-

merological gimmick.

Coles, who did some excellent work during a long tenure in the James Moody Band, is a trumpeter who is not averse to running a G arpeggio against the first four measures of an F blues, or an E-flat arpeggio against the last four measures. His basic style, though, is firmly lodged in tonality and in swinging; his sound is somewhat cornetish and quite personal. His solo on *Passion*, a fast waltz, is a fine illustration of his chief virtues: consistency, control, and continuity. This track also has commendable solos by Wright, on flute, and Henderson.

The extra half star is for the final track. Dedicated by Pearson to his seven-year-old daughter, *So Sweet My Little Girl* is probably Pearson's finest work to date. A very slow melody played by Coles, it is simply beautiful. The beauty extends to melody, harmony, mood, playing, writing—the totality. Congratulations to everyone concerned. (L.G.F.)

Al Grey

BOSS BONE—Argo 731: *Smile; Terrible Cap; Mona Lisa; Tacos and Grits; Can't You Feel It; Sally Mama; The Give Off; Day In, Day Out; Grey Being Blue.*

Personnel: Grey, trombone; John Young, piano; Leo Blevins, guitar; Ike Isaacs, bass; Phil Thomas, drums.

Rating: ★★

Grey is an extraordinarily expressive trombonist, whose range extends from a skillful manipulation of mutes to a broadly suave expression. But a full album of trombone solos is extremely difficult to sustain, particularly when half the pieces are "originals"—i.e., based on riffs.

Grey plays with spirit, but despite some promising beginnings—*Smile, Mona, Tacos*—relatively little happens.

Young and Blevins contribute helpful moments, but, particularly in Young's case, they are all too brief. Grey's best playing has been done in a big-band context. His work since leaving Basie, including this disc, suggests that he is largely wasted in a small, solo-oriented group. (J.S.W.)

Hampton Hawes

THE GREEN LEAVES OF SUMMER—Contemporary 3614: *Vierd Blues; The Green Leaves of Summer; Ill Wind; St. Thomas; Secret Love; Blue Skies; The More I See You; G. K. Blues.*

Personnel: Hawes, piano; Monk Montgomery, bass; Steve Ellington, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Some critics have commented that in the '50s Hawes' playing paralleled Horace Silver's. But while the two pianists do hold some points in common (their work is blues-tinged and aggressive, and both were influenced by Bud Powell), it should have been fairly easy for the modern-jazz fan of the period to tell them apart. Silver drew on down-home sources much more heavily than Hawes, who remained closer to bop.

Hawes hasn't recorded much recently, but his playing here isn't too different from the way it was around 1955, though he seems to have been slightly influenced by Red Garland or Wynton Kelly recently. He shows a fondness for out-of-tempo playing and employs rich harmonies but avoids overlushness.

He also demonstrates his ability to find a swinging groove and build infectiously

from there. His work on *Vierd* is particularly well thought out. On *Green Leaves* he uses a repeated figure to give his playing impetus. *Blue Skies* has some of the pianist's most emotional work. Several times he uses triplets in a manner reminiscent of Lennie Tristano.

The accompaniment by Ellington and Montgomery is both unobtrusive and effective. (H.P.)

Bob Flanigan-John Gray

TOGETHERNESS—Capitol 1957: *Together-ness; If I Were a Bell; Moanin'; Coral Reef; It's a Wonderful World; Baubles, Bangles, and Beads; A Lot of Livin' to Do; J&B Walk; Walkin'; Putt-It; Your Theme; Work Song.*

Personnel: Flanigan, trombone; Gray and Al Viola or John Pisano, guitars; Don Bagley, bass; Bob Neel, drums.

Rating: ★★

Flanigan is a trombonist who has been with the Four Freshmen since 1948. Gray is a sort of house guitarist for Capitol, who also has been with George Shearing. Together they make the bland, commercial noises that customarily come from the Freshmen and Shearing (and, it should be added, from Capitol's Dimensions in Jazz series, of which this is a part).

The relationship to jazz is distant. However, since there seems to be an audience for Shearing and the Freshmen, there probably will be an audience for this too. One can only wonder why. (J.S.W.)

J.J. Johnson-Kai Winding-Benny Green-Willie Dennis

FOUR TROMBONES, VOL. 2—Fantasy 6008: *Nou's the Time; Trombosphere; Ow; Chazanova.*

Personnel: Johnson, Winding, Green, Dennis, trombones; John Lewis, piano; Charlie Mingus, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This is from a session at the Putnam Central Club in Brooklyn in 1953. It may have been issued on the old Debut label, from whose catalog it comes, but to the best of my recollection, this is its first time out.

It is the second volume of a set involving the same musicians; the first record was reissued by Fantasy last year. This LP, although it has its moments, does not measure up to Vol. 1.

Johnson is the most fluent and dynamic soloist of the four, as he demonstrates on *Ow*; Dizzy Gillespie's line on *I Got Rhythm*. Green also has many good moments—he builds to a swinging climax on *Ow*; plays prettily on Mingus' somberly beautiful love ballad, *Chazanova*, on which the slow tempo bogs down; and is also in good form on *Trombosphere*, a pretty, atmospheric, uncredited original that could have easily been used in Miles Davis' nonet of 1949.

On *Trombosphere*, the tempo again seems to drag. In fact, Taylor is in poor form throughout. He is leaden on *Time*, and he and Mingus, who has a good solo here, have trouble getting together during the entire number. Taylor's cymbal sound is annoying at the beginning of *Ow*.

Winding is sloppy but spirited on *Time* and is repetitive with a nagging sound on *Ow*. It is certainly not his best recorded work.

Dennis' curious combination of a rough-and-ready sound (reminiscent of some of the older trombonists like Bill Harris) with

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a multinote attack (reflecting his Lennie Tristano background) is interesting on *Time* but plodding and unimaginative on *Ow*. He is a vastly improved player today with the same brand of originality.

Lewis plays some nice blues on *Time* but is a little on the brittle side on *Ow*.

The liner notes strangely state that Green has been active in studio work in recent years, and they are either completely misinformed or wryly funny when they say, "Every epoch of jazz development has had in it a trombone player whose virtuoso playing—from Zue Robertson on down to J.J. Johnson and the avant-garde improvisation of Archie Shepp. . . ." They are signed by one Tony Jackson. Jelly Roll's contemporary? (I.G.)

Ramsey Lewis

BACH TO THE BLUES—Argo 732: *For the Love of a Princess; Why Don't You Do Right?; Misty Days; Lonely Nights; Bach to the Blues; Travel On; Dance Mystique; Sadness Done Come; You'll Love Me Yet; Peace and Tranquility.*

Personnel: Lewis, piano; Eldee Young, bass, cello; Richard Evans, bass; Red Holt, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is not another contribution to the rash of swinging Bach stimulated by the Swingle Singers. Lewis is diddling the classics in general. And even though Rimsky-Korsakov, Rachmaninoff, Tchaikovsky, Brahms, and the eminent J. S. Bach himself are scarcely improved by Lewis' stylized ministrations, they at least prove better fodder for the trio than one of Lewis' own compositions, *Sadness*.

Someone coming upon Lewis for the first time might find these performances provocative. By now, however, the trio has developed such a predictable formula that the results seem to be machine made. The products are polished and shiny, and the notes glisten as they glide through the air. This may be all very well for some types of performance, but in jazz it results in the elimination of emotion in favor of calculation.

For those who like jazz with a high gloss, however, this could prove a tasty dish. (J.S.W.)

Les McCann-Jazz Crusaders

JAZZ WALTZ—Pacific Jazz 81: *Spanish Castles; Blues for Yna Yna; Damascus; 3/4 for God & Co.; Bluesette; Big City; This Here; Jitterbug Waltz; All Blues; Jazz Waltz.*

Personnel: Wayne Henderson, trombone; Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, piano, organ; McCann, piano, electric piano, organ; Robert Haynes, bass; Stix Hooper, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Having been a member myself, I must submit my conditional withdrawal from the McCann Knockers Klub, the condition being that the West Coast disciple continue to keep company with five Texas disciplinarians, as on this album. This is a wholesome and musical combination.

The Jazz Crusaders continue to meld into a solid unit with an impressive, distinctive sound. The prominent horn is Felder's, and while the saxophonist sounds on knowledgeable terms with his instrument technically, he has a tendency to revert to cliché-ish riffs and phrases from the dregs of the rhythm-and-blues barrel. His work on *Castles* is brief but arresting. On *All Blues*, he maintains his most sustained mood, and he exhibits excellent feeling for blues while playing in the best modern tradition.

Gerald Wilson's *Yna Yna* is a lyrical

and expressive performance. McCann's electric piano playing is selective and melodic; the quiet understatement is refreshingly beautiful.

One of the weakest tunes on the album is the musical gem somehow relating to *God & Co*. In spite of its infectious little theme, it is spotty and repetitious and contains quite ordinary solo work by all hands.

It is hoped this album will serve as inspiration for McCann to surround himself on future records with artists of this caliber, put together strong or provocative arrangements, and play more unpretentious piano. Simplicity seems his best shot, and if he chooses to employ it, he won't need to shout pseudo-Gospel to be heard.

(B.G.)

Wes Montgomery

FUSION—Riverside 472: *All the Way; Pretty Blue; In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning; Prelude to a Kiss; The Girl Next Door; My Romance; God Bless the Child; Tune-up; Somewhere; Baubles, Bangles, and Beads.*

Personnel: Phil Bodner, woodwinds; Montgomery, Kenny Burrell, guitars; Hank Jones or Dick Hyman, piano, celeste; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; unidentified strings.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Laurindo Almeida

BROADWAY SOLO GUITAR—Capitol 2063: *People; My Funny Valentine; As Long as He Needs Me; I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face; Is It Really Me?; Smoke Gets in Your Eyes; Little Girl Blue; What Kind of Fool Am I?; Was She Prettier Than I?; The Sound of Music; The Most Beautiful Girl in the World.*

Personnel: Almeida, guitar.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

While starting out from entirely different directions, these two discs wind up at pretty much the same point.

Almeida is heard in a program of Broadway standards that he subjects to the full classical-guitar treatment. The pieces are harmonically enriched in the best Romantic manner, each one becoming in the process a small cameo. Still, attempting to enhance these pieces by this process is much like trying to manufacture gems from garden pebbles by cutting and polishing them the same way diamonds are.

The selections are pleasant enough, but little more than that, and what results from the guitarist's ardent, glowing reshaping of them is merely a program of enjoyable mood music. For guitar buffs, on the other hand, it might be a different matter, but for the ordinary jazz listener there is insufficient jazz content or programmatic variety to stand repeated, intensive listening.

On his set, Montgomery employs amplified guitar, playing in a spare, linear manner that only rarely departs from thematic statement or very simple variation. His playing, while pleasant enough, is scarcely venturesome, the only consistently interesting moments occurring on the appealingly rhythmic Montgomery original *Pretty Blue*.

The guitarist's work is further beefed up by the bank of strings keening in the background. Jimmy Jones' craftsmanlike writing is perfectly in keeping with the mood-music nature of the album ("Make me sound like Frank Sinatra with Nelson Riddle," Montgomery is quoted as instructing Jones).

As attractive, uninvolved background music, the disc succeeds but attempts noth-

ing ambitious. One wishes only that Montgomery, Jones, and producer Orrin Keepnews had set their sights on loftier heights. (P.W.)

Willie Rodriguez

FLATJACKS—Riverside 469; *Molindo Cafe; Serenata; Nanigo Soul; Mr. Yosso; Brasileira; One Foot in the Gutter; It Happened in Monterey; Flatjacks; Seafood Wally; After Words; Tasty; El Sueño de Frances.*
 Personnel: Seldon Powell, alto and tenor saxophones, clarinet, flute; Barry Galbraith, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Rodriguez, percussion.

Rating: ★★½

Rodriguez, long known as a leading Latin percussionist, is here heard as a conventional jazz drummer and leader of a modest quartet whose music is warm, witty, and consistently engaging. Employing an instrumentation that might ordinarily be thought monotony-prone, the Rodriguez quartet—by virtue of the sensitivity and skill of its two lead voices, multireed man Powell and guitarist Galbraith—has brought off these 12 pieces with a variety and coloristic richness that are always fascinating.

The music is low-keyed, unpretentious and delightful in its effortlessness. Unambitious and gentle, it poses no problems for either players or listeners; rather, it sails along blithely in its own sweet, swinging way. It's a happy, relaxed session, and it's good to see such fine talents as Powell, Galbraith, Duvivier, and the leader—ordinarily buried in various New York studio groups—given the chance to display their talents in such a pleasant, tasteful way as this. (P.W.)

Martial Solal

MARTIAL SOLAL TRIO IN CONCERT—Liberty 7335: *Jordu; Nos Smoking; Special Club; Dermaplastic; Aigue-Marine; Averty c'est Moi; Gavotte a Gaveau.*
 Personnel: Solal, piano; Guy Pederson, bass; Daniel Humair, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

Every new Solal LP provides additional evidence the 36-year-old Algerian-Frenchman is the most vital, most vibrantly self-dependent, best-equipped pianist to establish himself on the international scene in recent years.

Among the maverick swingers—that is to say, those not harnessed to funk, neobop, avant garde, or any other prevalent school—he is, coincidentally, the most impressive newcomer since his compatriot Bernard Peiffer.

On *Jordu*, the only nonoriginal of this set, the seemingly boundless variety of his approach is dazzlingly illustrated. Though there are momentary tributes to Erroll Garner, Art Tatum, and Bud Powell, Solal remains a tower of originality whose every chorus or segment in this seven-minute performance differs in manner from its predecessor and successor. As on every track in the album, he evidences careful and effective rehearsal with the rhythm section.

In *Nos Smoking* and most of the other originals, there is a constant aura of surprise—sometimes twofold surprise, for while the right hand takes off in some bewildering journey of fancy, the left may be indulging in some equally intriguing byplay.

As a composer, Solal does not appear to have attained the same degree of personality, possibly because the thematic passages are intended primarily as a means to an improvisational end. The most attractive works here are the slightly Ellingtonian ballad, *Aigue*, and *Averty*, which to some extent is a blues waltz.

Solal's instinct for structure, often expressed through the breaking of rhythm and changing of meter and tempo, is an important element, though there are occasions when a certain amount of tightening up might have improved the general sense of continuity.

The percussion support is excellent; there was no need, however, to allow the indulgences in *Special Club* (or does this reaction stem from the lack of a sense of Humair?). Pederson, too, impresses, as on previous Solal sets, as a sort of Gallic Brown-cum-Mingus.

As always, Solal's touch and perfect technical control are as impressive as the ideas that flow from his perpetually resourceful mind. It can only be regretted that the recording quality of these sides, cut at the Salle Gaveau in Paris in 1962, lacks the brilliant clarity and presence that a musician of his caliber deserves. (L.G.F.)

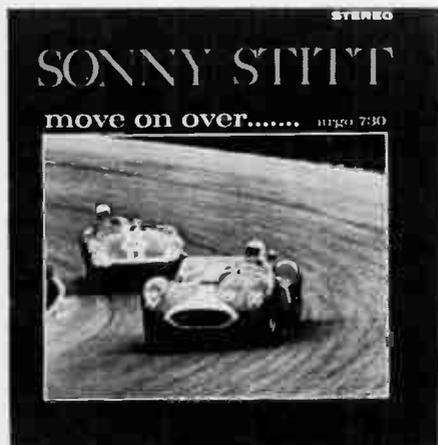
Jeremy Steig

FLUTE FEVER—Columbia 2136: *Oleo; Lover Man; What Is This Thing Called Love?; So What?; Well, You Needn't; Willow, Weep for Me; Blue Seven.*
 Personnel: Steig, flute; Denny Zeitlin, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★★½

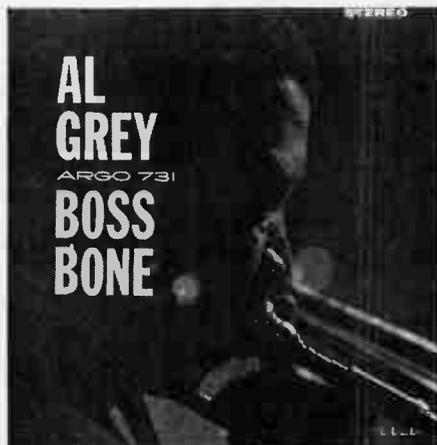
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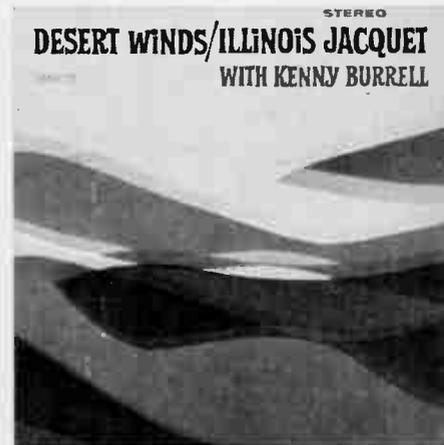
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It isn't easy to like Jeremy Steig, or rather his flute playing, because he is immature, not very well organized, and shockingly careless about fundamental considerations such as intonation and chord changes. He frequently manages to make a lovely instrument sound like a home-made slide whistle, and he exhibits signs of one who believes jazz is some kind of cathartic release of energy rather than music.

But somewhere in all his frantic phrase-grabbing, wandering off pitch, endless gasping for air, and blundering into wrong changes, Steig manages to come through as a refreshingly individual jazzman, perhaps even one who will prove a major figure in the hierarchy of jazz flutists.

For one thing, Steig has his own sound, though it occasionally adds up to little more than a noisy mixture of vocal grunts, air, and shrill overtones. But there is no mistaking him, and that's worth a lot in this age of interchangeable horn players.

For another, he appears totally involved in and committed to his special way of blowing flute. His playing suffers now from excess frenzy and the absence of self-discipline, but natural musical maturation should take care of these matters. The important thing is his tremendous vitality, for on this base he is building an exhilarating jazz style.

With the possible exception of Roland Kirk, no flutist I have heard has taken such a daring approach to the instrument.

Steig seems to demand more of the flute and himself than either can give, but by doing so he is forcing us to change our notions of what the flute can do. In his hands (and, of course, with proper amplification) it becomes a powerful, masculine instrument of attack and aggression. Listening to Steig is as yet a jarring experience, but I have a feeling he's going to make us go his way—once he begins playing in tune, that is.

A word about pianist Zeitlin. His approach is a fascinating compound of Brubeckian bombast, Evans-like ethereality, and Tristanoish economy of phrase. And then at times he sounds rather like a heavy-fingered Shearing. Yet, he is a highly original improviser and most imaginative as an accompanist. His complementary lines behind Steig are a delight. More should be heard from Zeitlin soon.

(R.B.H.)

Jack Teagarden

A PORTRAIT OF MR. T—Roulette 25243: *Portrait of Mr. T; Rockin' Chair; In the Dark; Just Friends; Up a Lazy River; Bourbon Street Parade; Handful of Keys; I Can't Get Started; Keepin' Out of Mischief Now; I'm Gettin' Sentimental over You.*

Personnel: Teagarden, trombone, vocals; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★

This set apparently goes back a few years to the Teagarden group that included Don Goldie on trumpet and Don Ewell, piano (although no personnel is listed).

It is a varied and more rewarding set of Teagarden performances than others released by Roulette. Goldie and Ewell were almost always valuable adjuncts to Teagarden's playing and singing, but in this case the group as a whole also swings

in a commendably easy and relaxed manner.

The title selection is a particularly warm and mellow bit of Teagarden tromboning to which the group contributes some strong and beautifully idiomatic supporting ensembles.

Teagarden was, like Louis Armstrong, one of the most consistent performers that jazz has known. He sings and plays here on that superior level that was his norm.

Ewell strides delightfully through a showcase on *Keys*. Goldie is more erratic, doing his skillful Armstrong copy on *Chair* but spoiling it by stretching it out too far, playing well on *Started* but singing in un-inspired fashion on *Mischief*.

A point of particular interest is Teagarden's solo on *Sentimental*, in which the basic difference between his approach to trombone and Tommy Dorsey's is brought out vividly. (J.S.W.)

SONGSKRIT

A COLUMN OF VOCAL ALBUM REVIEWS

By JOHN A. TYNAN

Ella Fitzgerald: *Stairway to the Stars* (Decca 74446)

Rating: ★★★★★

These Are the Blues (Verve 4062)

Rating: ★★★★★

The changes effected on Miss Fitzgerald's voice and style by a quarter-century of singing are graphically evident in these two LPs.

Stairway consists of the classic sides recorded by Miss Fitzgerald from 1936 to 1941, some with the Chick Webb Band. They are the title song, *I Was Doing All Right*, *All over Nothing at All*, *You Can't Be Mine*, *My Last Affair*, *Organ Grinder's Swing*, *Five O'Clock Whistle*, *You Don't Know What Love Is*, *Undecided*, *Everyone's Wrong but Me*; *Don't Worry 'bout Me*, and *If You Ever Should Leave*.

While the arrangements are unabashedly commercial in intent and performance, the early Fitzgerald sound and style commend these sides to collectors. Her straight-ahead, chug-a-lug phrasing is in phase with the rhythm sections and instrumental section writing of the period, and, of course, the youthful vocal quality is dominating.

In dramatic contrast is the blues album, which, though undated, is of relatively recent vintage. Here is the mature artist with voice fully developed and style crystallized. Ironically, for purposes of comparison, Ella is not at her best with the blues. In fact, she is not a "blues singer." Miss Fitzgerald rises above mere schools and categories. To say that she does not sing this blues material with the raw ring of, say, the late Dinah Washington or Helen Humes is merely to note her overriding quality as a vocal artist. So this set is not for blues connoisseurs; it is, however, typical and good Fitzgerald.

Notable points in the accompaniment in both sets are the strong trumpet work of Taft Jordan on the Decca sides and the excellent work of all in the group behind

the singer in the blues LP. This latter group consists of Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Herb Ellis, guitar; Wild Bill Davis, organ; Ray Brown, bass; and Gus Johnson, drums.

Ray Charles: Sweet And Sour Tears (ABC-Paramount 480)

Rating: ★★★★★

Ray Charles has the gift of making even the most inconsequential song material sound virile and valid. On this album he presents himself in two moods.

The first side, arranged and produced in New York by Sid Feller, has strings, the Gene Lowell Singers, and such torchers as *Cry, I Guess I'll Hang My Tears out to Dry, A Tear Fell, No One to Cry To, You've Got Me Crying Again*, and *After My Laughter Came Tears*. Calvin Jackson arranged the second side, recorded in Hollywood and consisting of a half-dozen tougher textured numbers reinforced by a hefty brass section and a hard-belted rhythm section. The songs are *Teardrops from My Eyes; Don't Cry, Baby; Cry Me a River; Baby, Don't You Cry; Willow, Weep for Me; and I Cried for You*.

Both arrangers fill their functions admirably in providing Charles with fitting accompaniments. Actually, Charles practically dictates the charts to his various arrangers (according to Rick Ward's liner notes), who merely elaborate on the singer's conception of how the arrangement should sound. This is not necessarily unflattering to the arrangers' talents, merely evidence of the scope of Charles'.

The songs range from fair to middling, but to Charles it doesn't matter. He gives his all in each one, and even if the arrangement of *Tears out to Dry* is fondly beholden to the Frank Sinatra version, it doesn't really matter. What does count is that it is all Charles, and it is quite unique.

Lou Rawls: Tobacco Road (Capitol 2042)

Rating: ★★★★★

There is a slight rasplike quality to Rawls' voice that commends the vocalist to this reviewer's attention unlike any new singer in years. Add to this a tasteful, intelligent manner of phrasing, good range, adequate command of his voice, and this young Chicagoan stands out as one of the more encouraging singers of his generation.

This session benefits by the presence of Onzy Matthews' no-nonsense writing and belting big band. Rawls rides right along with both, obviously having a ball.

In addition to the abrasive, socially messaged title song, he also performs *Cotton Fields, Rockin' Chair, Stormy Weather, Ol' Man River, Blues for a Four-String Guitar, St. Louis Blues, Georgia on My Mind, Sentimental Journey, and Summertime*. A varied bag, to be sure.

There is a load of promise in Rawls' singing.

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OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

A COLUMN OF JAZZ REISSUES

Recordings reviewed in this issue:
Groovy Goodies (Prestige 7298)

Rating: ★★ ★

Jazz from the Movies (Ascot 16012)

Rating: ★ ★ ½

The Jazz Greats of Modern Times
(United Artists 6333)

Rating: ★★ ★★

Folk and Jazz Wingding (United Artists 6328)

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Since it makes little sense to re-release insignificant performances, one usually expects a reissue to be fat pickings. Unfortunately, two of the three United Artists LPs listed above (Ascot is a UA subsidiary) are disappointing. Though they do have some quality tracks, their value is lessened by the inclusion of inferior material, probably the result of UA's not having a large jazz catalog.

The Prestige effort aims at the funk-oriented fan. It contains good material, but much, if not all of it, has been abridged. For example, guitarist Kenny Burrell's *All Day Long*, which originally filled the entire side of an LP, has been

chopped to approximately one-sixth this length.

One of the best Prestige tracks is the Miles Davis sextet's *Dig*, which is based on the chord changes of *Sweet Georgia Brown*. Davis takes a fine trumpet solo; his style was in transition (1951), and his playing somewhat more deliberate than when he was with Charlie Parker.

Tenorist John Coltrane's *Stardust* in *Groovy Goodies* is an excellent example of his tender ballad style. Gene Ammons blows simple but virile choruses on *Seed Shack*; Sonny Stitt's restrained, graceful tenor on *Soul Shack* is reminiscent of Lester Young. The up-tempo *Mean Ol' Frisco*, Jimmy Witherspoon's showcase, finds him singing infectiously, if not movingly. *Seventh Son* features a good-natured vocal by Mose Allison, who also contributes some down-home piano.

The album's other tracks, by organists Jack McDuff and Shirley Scott and tenor saxophonists Willis Jackson and Red Holloway, have a strong rhythm-and-blues feeling. They are all spirited performances but, aside from Miss Scott's *Satin Doll*, unimaginative.

The *Movies* album is particularly uneven. The best tracks are a John Lewis theme from *Odds against Tomorrow*, Duke Ellington's *Paris Blues*, and Gerry Mulligan's group from *I Want to Live*.

Lewis' *Main Theme* from *Odds* is a lovely, sad piece, but his *Skating in Central Park* is precious and noteworthy only for the work of vibraharpist Milt Jackson. Mulligan's group consists of trumpeter

Art Farmer, altoist Bud Shank, and trombonist Frank Rosolino. Shank stars on *Black Nightgown* and Farmer on *Nightwatch*.

Ellington's *Paris Blues* is, for the most part, dreamy and well orchestrated, but the track is marred by a raucous ending.

Johnny Mandel (*I Want to Live*), Billy May (*Johnny Cool*), and Alex North (*The Misfits*) are light on individuality but display good craftsmanship.

The *Jazz Greats* LP opens with a sensitive Bill Evans-Jim Hall duet on *Darn That Dream*. Both men solo well and create a subtle interplay. *Double Clutching*, a blues recorded by pianist Cecil Taylor's quintet, is issued here under Coltrane's name. Kenny Dorham and Coltrane take first-rate solos despite Taylor's insensitive comping; his dissonant playing, especially behind the lyrical and consonant Dorham spot, is nonsensical. The shortened track fades away during Taylor's solo.

The album also has Ellington, bassist Charlie Mingus, and drummer Max Roach performing the savage *Money Jungle*. In listening to Ellington's percussive, harmonically fascinating work, one can catch a glimpse of Thelonious Monk's origin. Billie Holiday is represented by her painfully poignant *I Cover the Waterfront*. The jumping *Frisco Club* is by the aforementioned Mulligan *I Want to Live* movie group and has good solos by Mulligan and Farmer. *Ekunda* is flutist Herbie Mann's trivial attempt to blend jazz with folk music.

Art Blakey's *Jazz Messengers' When Lights Are Low* features Curtis Fuller. The trombonist's playing, though too close to J.J. Johnson's approach, is catchy. An Art Farmer group, with tenorist Benny Golson and pianist Bill Evans, interprets *Fair Weather*. Farmer's solo is notable for its melodic freshness. Golson plays emotionally and is reminiscent of Coltrane and Lucky Thompson.

King Pleasure—one of the pioneers of lyricizing improvised instrumental solos—does *I'm in the Mood for Love* with strings. Lewis' *Main Theme* from the *Odds* movie is also in this anthology.

The *Wingding* album's appeal to dyed-in-the-wool jazz enthusiasts is diluted by five pop-folk tracks.

The remaining selections include two by the *Jazz Messengers*. *Plexis*, an unusually constructed, up-tempo tune by Cedar Walton, has slashing work by trumpeter Freddie Hubbard. Walton's piano improvising is spotlighted on *That Old Feeling*, and he responds with one of his finest recorded efforts—beautifully built and quite imaginative.

Ellington, with Mingus and Roach, also is represented on two tracks. *Fleurette African* is a beautiful, exotic ballad performance. Mingus' work is outstanding on *Wig Wise*; he pushes Ellington irresistibly, driving so hard he seems in danger of snapping the bass strings.

Dakota Staton sings powerfully on *A Good Man Is Hard to Find*, though with a lack of sensitivity. *Nightwatch* and *Black Nightgown* by the Mulligan combo are again included here. —Harvey Pekar

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BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:
Really! The Country Blues, Origin
Jazz Library OJL-2

Rating: ★★★★★

*Henry (Ragtime) Thomas Sings
the Texas Blues*, Origin Jazz Library
OJL-3

Rating: ★★★★★

Big Joe Williams, *Studio Blues*,
Bluesville 1083

Rating: ★★½

By far the overwhelming portion of the material that has resulted from the blues revival of the last few years has been recent recordings of what might be considered the second—and, in some cases, third—line of blues men. Only a handful of discs have concentrated on reissues of older blues recordings made in the 1920s, '30s, and even '40s by those artists who might legitimately be considered the progenitors of the musical form and whose song material and performance styles have been echoed (if not slavishly copied) in the years since they were first recorded.

For the young blues fan, a magnificent blues singer like Muddy Waters can have a tremendous impact, but Waters' work becomes doubly interesting if one is familiar with the men on whose work he patterned his playing and singing—such Mississippi delta blues performers as Robert Johnson (represented in a superb Columbia re-issue album) and, even more importantly, Son House.

The same is true of other recent shapers of the blues. Some—like Waters, John Lee Hooker, Howling Wolf, and Lightnin' Hopkins—are brilliantly original performers who stunningly reshape the blues traditions to suit their needs and reflect their own thoughts. Other less gifted artists merely lift from the past and re-create, more or less faithfully, older recordings to which they have responded and which they have remembered.

A handful of reissue discs are giving blues fans an opportunity to hear again these important older recordings. Among the firms issuing these recordings are Origin Jazz Library (39 Remsen St., Brooklyn Heights 1, N.Y.), operated by Bill Givens and Pete Whelan.

Origin's purpose is to explore what might almost be considered root or source music of the blues, and its six albums thus far have concentrated on the more important shapers of blues traditions.

Really! The Country Blues is a stunning collection of 14 performances by a dozen country blues men, singers and instrumentalists who were among the first to record and whose deep, intense work marked them as perfect carriers of the country traditions.

The work of such singers as Son House (*My Black Mama*, Pts. 1, 2), Tommy Johnson (*Maggie Campbell Blues*), Garfield Akers (*Cottonfield Blues*, Pts. 1, 2), Skip James (*Devil Got My Woman*), William Moore (*Old Country Rock*), Ish-

man Bracey (*Woman, Woman Blues*), and George Williams (*Touch Me Light, Mama*) are powerful, individual samples of the country blues at its most forceful and impassioned. The producers rightly remark that these men "were only incidentally commercial performers," possessors of "uncompromisingly direct and personal styles . . . not calculated to earn them national attention in their own time, but which, when taken up by more peripatetic and showmanly singers, gained considerable popularity for the idiom along with a loss of verve."

The music is necessarily harsh and undilute, but it is easily among the most vigorous, profound, and excitingly complex blues on record and is an essential album in any blues collection.

Some of the performers also reflect the broader base of Negro folk music—Sonny Boy & His Pals' *France Blues* and Buster Johnson's *Undertaker Blues* are more closely related to jug-band music, and Henry Thomas' *Don't Ease Me In* is a much "softer" performance than the rude country blues pieces.

Thomas so fully represents the taproots of Negro secular music—blues, ballads, dance music, etc.—that Origin has issued a full album by him.

This set offers a broad range of important material, which the Texas singer-guitarist brings off with the same verve and gusto with which Leadbelly performed the same kind of material. The two singers are much alike. Thomas' charging singing rides blithely over the propulsive chord strumming he most often employs on his performances. There is a simple, highly infectious joy to most of his work, some of which comes from the material, some from his vocal style. The end result is satisfying in the extreme, especially when Thomas punctuates his singing with expressive playing on a set of cane pipes (his *Fox and Hounds* is a fine example).

Prestige's latest Big Joe Williams LP is by far the most expendable by the 64-year-old singer, nine-string guitarist. The material is tag ends from one of his previous LPs for the label, *Blues for Nine Strings*, and most of these selections are inconsequential, slightly flawed performances that fail to be memorable. The best material recorded at this session is included in the earlier set.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: World Pacific's *Down South Summit Meeting* album, with Williams, Brownie McGhee, Sonny Terry, and Lightnin' Hopkins, originally issued in 1960—when it received three stars in review—has been given a bright new cover and is now available under a new title, *First Meetin'*, and catalog number, 1817. This time, however, Hopkins' name is the dominant one. Let's see, now; if memory serves rightly, this is the third time around for this set.

Another third-timer is the Hopkins-Terry collaboration on *Bluesville*. Originally issued as *Last Night Blues*, it now appears with new cover, title, and number as *Got to Move Your Baby*, 1081. As reviewed on these pages in 1962, the disc received a five-star rating. Admittedly, it's a fine set, but why the deceptive repackaging?



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DON SCHLITTEN

OLIVER NELSON

THE RECORDS

1. Charlie Mingus. *Revelations* (from *Outstanding Jazz Compositions of the 20th Century*, Columbia). Mingus, composer.

I don't know what it's called, but it's by Mingus, and I think it was one of those six or seven pieces commissioned back in maybe 1953. Now, that piece, by Charlie Mingus, and I think George Russell's piece on the same album were two of the best of the whole series.

What I hear in Mingus' music . . . it's like the man is about to explode. This man has a real gift for composition, where some of the others have a real gift for arranging, and there's a distinct difference.

I don't know how Mingus feels about composition . . . I don't know if he sits down to write something and he writes it . . . but, say, for effort, four stars. For whatever they had in mind when they put it on this album, that's something else again, but for sheer talent as a composer . . . if he ever decided to become a composer solely, it would be very simple for him if people would let him alone. So it's like all red, white, and blue for me!

2. Quincy Jones. *Birth of a Band* (from *The Birth of a Band*, Mercury). Jerome Richardson, Zoot Sims, tenor saxophones; Jones, composer, arranger, conductor.

That was Quincy. I used to play that arrangement with the band. That was Jerome, on tenor, and sounded like Zoot Sims. Can't remember what the tune is, but it's a thing out of the Basie tradition.

That's very brilliantly recorded. It sounds great. Compositionally, it's still valid; we can hear the Basie band play like this any time. What I feel now, I would only write this way if someone asked me. It's the basis from which I extend, but I can't go through life writing like Basie. But for what it is, it's quite good, a very exciting arrangement.

This is sort of a subjective interview, anyhow, but for the two saxophone soloists, and for Quincy, four stars.

3. Ken McIntyre. *Kaijoo* (from *Way, Way Out*, United Artists). McIntyre, oboe, composer.

I thought for a minute it might have been Yusef Lateef, but Yusef plays much harder. I think it must be Ken McIntyre.

Now, this is a good combination of something old and something new. The use of strings and oboe is nothing new, to be-

gin with. The melody, as stated by the oboe, this sort of angular-type construction, could be considered anti-melodic; in a sense, the walking bass sort of supports the framework, and if you had to analyze it in a classroom, you'd come out with a bunch of symbols which have meaning, the progression type of bass line.

What's so fantastic about it . . . everybody that wants to be considered modern—maybe Ken doesn't want to be considered modern—he's as honest as the next guy about trying to do what he feels he has to do. The use of strings this way as a supporting framework—it sounds like this is an a&r-type attitude, because it hasn't been done in jazz before. Remember Charlie Parker's album with the use of strings and oboe? Only they had saxophone as the lead instrument.

I don't know what the tune was, but I think it was by Ken. His direction and mine are decidedly different. But this isn't what I would do: I wouldn't try to be modern in one sense and then rely on the strings to save the melody. Ken, though, I feel he's very serious in what he's trying to do, so, three stars.

4. George Handy. *The Bloos* (from *Jazz Scene*, Verve). Herbie Steward, tenor saxophone; Handy, composer. Recorded, 1949.

That's probably the most interesting thing you've played for me. The dead giveaway was the fact that it sounded like it had been recorded in a boxcar, which indicates that it was done a pretty long time ago. I'd like to hear that same thing done today, in a great studio with a great live sound.

That band. . . . I think I was exposed to that band when I first got involved in music: Boyd Raeburn's orchestra. The use of oboe, English horn, contrabassoon, flute. . . . All this, once again, this sort of orchestration would not be considered new, but it was more in keeping with whatever it is music is supposed to do. The fact that the recording sounded terrible because it is old—that didn't mean anything. The only thing that sounded muffled was the rhythm. The piano was hardly heard at all. That composition—maybe it might have been written by John Handy—was that his name? No, George Handy! He was one of the few people I felt really capable of extending everything, but somehow he dropped

By LEONARD FEATHER

Oliver Nelson's background has a great deal in common with Ernie Wilkins'. Both were well known first as saxophonists and later as composer-arrangers; both are from St. Louis and gained early experience in George Hudson's band.

Nelson, though, is 10 years younger (he was born in 1932). His other territorial credits included the Jeter-Pillars and Nat Towles bands; his first New York experience was with Louis Jordan's enlarged orchestra in 1950-'51.

After a couple of years in the Marines, Nelson devoted several years to study of composition and theory at Washington University and Lincoln University. He has been in New York City permanently since 1958 and in that time has played with groups led by Erskine Hawkins, Wild Bill Davis, Louis Bellson, and Quincy Jones, among others.

More recently he has been intermittently active as a leader on his own record dates (such as *Full Nelson*, Verve), on the recent Billy Taylor Capitol LP, and occasionally in person. He has expanded into concert writing and was commissioned last year to compose his *Sound Piece* for contralto, string quartet, and piano. But he keeps the two streams separate.

out of sight; Boyd Raeburn dropped out of sight.

For the composition (and I think if anybody could have made Third Stream into anything, Handy could) it's strange, there was one compromise, only one, where the band had to stop whatever it was they were doing, all that interesting music, and go into the blues, with this steady rock 4/4; I think that might have been just to get people to listen.

So, for that composition, and for Boyd Raeburn's orchestra, say six stars.

5. Thelonious Monk. *Off Minor* (from *Compositions of Thelonious Monk*, Riverside). Donald Byrd, trumpet; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Monk, piano, composer.

Let's see. . . . Monk at Town Hall. Right? I never know names of tunes. Charlie Rouse on tenor, I think—he always constructs a solo, sort of out of the tune itself. I'm not sure, but it sounded like Donald Byrd, years ago. This was an easy one, because the musicians involved on this record all have a distinctive sound. Phil Woods, his sound is so unique I can tell it anywhere. Pepper Adams, I think it might have been, on baritone; I heard only a few notes of that.

This is a good example of being traditional and being modern at the same time. It's so different from the George Handy piece, and the difference, I feel, is that this piece depended mainly for its strength upon the solos. You state the melody, and then somebody plays, and it's up to them to bring it off. Whereas the Handy piece was not that way. It was unified; it was a whole. This Monk piece depended so much upon Charlie Rouse's strong approach; and Donald Byrd—he had to play the changes and as a result he came up with a very interesting solo.

But this one thing—it lacks structural unity. If they could work out of the melody. . . . But this is also a one-way street. Maybe now I understand why Eric Dolphy and a lot of guys feel like let's forget the changes. Because you're sort of hemmed in by them. . . .

So, for Monk, whatever the name of that piece was, the fact that it did come off, because it was a big effort by a lot of people, five stars. 

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

Frank Chace

Chicago Historical Society

Personnel: First concert—Lew Green, cornet; Jim Snyder, trombone; Frank Chace, clarinet; Jim Dapogny, piano, cornet; Bob Sundstrom, banjo, guitar; Mike Walbridge, tuba, bass saxophone; Wayne Jones, drums. Second concert—Johnny Mendell, trumpet; Floyd O'Brien, trombone; Chace, clarinet; Bob Skiver, tenor saxophone; Tut Soper, piano; Marty Grosz, banjo, guitar; Jim Lanigan, bass; Jones, drums.

The Chicago Historical Society and the Chicago Federation of Musicians jointly sponsored these two concerts that attempted to re-create the forms and flavors of the body of music that marked the first great flowering of jazz: the Chicago era of the '20s.

The first concert, given on Easter, demonstrated the various styles of the jazzmen who migrated to Chicago during and after World War I; the second concert, presented last month, was to show the impact these players had on Chicago musicians and on the shaping of the Chicago style itself.

The first concert succeeded remarkably well, considering the objective. The style components of most important early jazzmen are as complex and many-faceted as those of more modern musicians, and trying to duplicate something of the ensemble excitement of King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band and the New Orleans Rhythm Kings one moment, the lyrical magic of a Bix Beiderbecke cornet solo the next, then trying to get the sound of the Louis Armstrong Hot Five and of Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers is quite a job for any group of musicians under any circumstance.

This group did a workable job throughout and was excellent at times. Pianist Dapogny may have performed Beiderbecke's *In the Dark* too rapidly, but when he took the second cornet part on *Snake Rag*, there was real stomping joy in the band sound. The ensemble tightness and discipline of *Kansas City Stomps* and *Shoeshiner's Drag* would have pleased Jelly Roll Morton.

Despite a sudden snowstorm, the Historical Society's auditorium had a capacity crowd long before this concert began.

The number of persons wanting to hear the second concert was even greater, and all available seats were taken minutes after the doors opened. The overflow crowd stood in the lobby listening, and there was a number of listeners backstage.

In all important respects, this was the better of the two concerts. The musicians, for one thing, were not burdened with re-creating anything but were playing in their own manner the best they knew how. And the effectiveness of their own way of playing was noticeable from the first note.

The front line—the veterans Mendell and O'Brien especially—looking as non-

chalant as if they were on an afternoon stroll, played in a rough-and-tumble manner that was highly exciting. Most traditional bands today try this and only succeed in sounding loud and blatant, having nothing of the authority that this band had.

Mendell, craggy and white-haired, treated the audience to delicious patterns of Louis Armstrong-like phrases and was a crowd favorite.

Soper was excellent throughout, both in accompaniment and in solos. Chace played well at both concerts, having a fiery style that stems directly from Frank Teschemacher and Pee Wee Russell. Skiver played in a booting Bud Freeman manner that was very pleasing. Lanigan's bass and Grosz' guitar made the rhythm fluid, and the band had a freer, easier swing as a consequence. Grosz also wrote all the arrangements used at the concert. Jones was the epitome of good taste at both events.

Gene Krupa made a surprise appearance at the second concert and after reminiscing about his early associations with Chicago jazzmen and reminding Mendell and O'Brien about the 1929 record session they made with him and Bud Freeman, he sat in, swinging the band through *Nobody's Sweetheart*.

Don DeMicheal narrated both concerts, paced himself well, and managed to be didactic without being ponderous.

There were minor flaws, most of which occurred at the second concert (the first bars of *Nobody's Sweetheart* were played in about five keys), and all of which were corrected with much onstage and offstage amusement.

The successes of the two concerts can best be measured by two comments. In a Chicago *Tribune* interview after the first concert, Dapogny remarked that he felt that there was something strange: "There was no noise, and I could actually hear myself playing in the ensemble. Then I realized that the audience was actually listening. It is completely different from the clubs." After the second concert a man with more than 30 years of jazz listening and record collecting to his credit, and who is as hard to please as the most crusty critic, was wandering around, face flushed but smiling widely, muttering, "I've always said that the Chicago boys know how to play a good blues." —Gilbert M. Erskine

Jack Nimitz

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: Jack Nimitz, baritone, bass saxophones, contrabass clarinet; Bill Hood, tenor, baritone saxophones, bass clarinet; Mike Melvoin, piano; Bob West, bass; Nick Ceroli, drums.

With very little strain, this lively and unorthodox modern-jazz group could catch on with a wide public. The secret, of course, lies in the instrumentation—and, it should go without saying, with the considerable jazz talent involved. Nimitz and Hood are heavyweights, and when the horns employed happen to be baritone saxes, some exciting jazz happens.

The key to the group's character, though, is heard in the use made of the saxes and clarinets. Flexibility is the byword here; the writing (by Nimitz, Hood,

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34 □ DOWN BEAT

and the group's regular pianist, Jack Wilson) is attuned to this.

Intriguing is the word for the various combinations. The straight double baritone sound, with only the rhythm section supporting, may seem improbable on paper. In actuality, it turns out valid and most pleasant, not at all unwieldy or overpowering but loaded with guts. On the night of review the two baritones were employed in *Reaching for the Moon* and an untitled bossa nova, the latter at a swinging medium tempo.

In their solo capacities Nimitz and Hood are forceful agents with the former's Serge Chaloff-like sound in agreeable contrast to Hood's more earthy, full-bodied sound.

Wilson's *Outa Sight* brought on the blend of bass and contrabass clarinets; the



NIMITZ AND HOOD

Valid, pleasant, loaded with guts

effect was as electrifying as it was unusual. And that goes double for the jazz blowing by both horn men.

The instrumental combination also includes the baritone-tenor blend and, for that matter, any other permutation utilizing the horns at hand. Hence, the possibilities for the composer-arranger writing for this quintet are extensive.

The rhythm section is a healthy one. Ceroli is a thoroughly dependable time-keeper (and no showoff, incidentally), rather in the Mel Lewis manner. West is a most capable bassist. Melvoin is a stimulating pianist constantly growing in stature who pours a mess of verve into each solo and whose good taste in comping is beyond challenge.

Withal, the Jack Nimitz quintet is the freshest modern group to appear in a long time. With the obvious visual element of the interesting-looking horns going for them and their unqualifiedly gutsy jazz blowing, this reviewer doesn't see how these musicians can fail in the world of commercial jazz as well as in the realm of art.

—John A. Tynan

CHASIN' THE APPLE

THE NEW YORK JAZZ SCENE

By IRA GITLER

Musings of a bemused, weary night wanderer, who meandered into the mad whirl of Manhattan's (with a side trip to Brooklyn) late-winter tornado of a concert season that ran on into early spring:

It all started in late February at the Little Theater.

The Little Theater was the scene of a concert series produced by jazz writers Dan Morgenstern and David Himmelstein that unfortunately never ran its proposed course of six weekends. Financial setbacks incurred during the first four programs prompted the producers to stop short of the two weekends that would have featured, first, Muddy Waters' blues band, and then, a small unit to have been made up of present and past Ellingtonians.

Why didn't this series succeed at the box-office? Certainly the admission price (\$2.50 for any seat) was reasonable. The theater itself is intimate and has well-nigh perfect acoustics. The attractions were of great interest:

The two tenor saxophone giants, Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster, had each played night-club engagements in the New York City area with their own quartets prior to the concerts, but their performing together turned their theater appearance into an event; saxophonist Lucky Thompson, who fronted a septet on the second weekend, had not been heard in New York in more than five years; and Earl Hines' piano had not graced a New York bandstand since 1959.

There were three shows each weekend—two on Friday (8:30 p.m. and midnight) and one on Saturday (midnight).

It would seem the lack of a large audience that appreciates the whole jazz spectrum dooms a series of this type. Not that the newer men in jazz are breaking records at the gate, but the lack of a lasting audience, as enjoyed by other art forms, hurts the chances of older musicians to be heard.

Except for a hard core of listeners (many of them professionally involved with jazz in one way or another), most persons cast jazz aside after they reach their mid-20s. Perhaps they stay home with wife, children, television, and records, but one thing is sure: they don't support jazz, even when they don't have to buck a minimum and the night-club atmosphere.

The tenor saxophone being an especial love of mine, I attended all three Little Theater shows the first weekend.

Webster and Hawkins—particularly Hawkins—got better with each performance. Pianist Paul Neves, bassist Major Holley, and drummer Eddie Locke made up the rhythm section.

First Webster would come out and plunge into his own blues line *Randle's Island*, breathe his own brand of instrumental balladry on *Our Love Is Here to Stay*, combine his mellowness with his

rasp on *Sunday*, build intensely on *In a Mellotone*, balladize again on *My Romance*, and disinter nostalgia by delivering his original *Cottontail* solo, as recorded with Ellington, before launching into further improvisation on the tune.

Then Hawkins would come onstage and counter with *Just You, Just Me*; *Lover, Come Back to Me*; and *Talk of the Town*. The first two were swung, their out choruses of *Spotlite* and *Bean and the Boys*, respectively, reminders of Hawkins' prominence in the transitional period of the '40s. *Town* was a finely wrought piece of web-spinning as only Hawkins can spin.

The second half of each concert brought both saxophonists together to play *Disorder at the Border* forcefully, combine in a *Stardust* that would be a treat as one side of an LP, and close with a romping *Riftide*, Hawkins' line on *Lady, Be Good*.

The third concert's audience would not let the two men leave without an encore—a spirited *How High the Moon* that ended with controlled JATP-type riffing and the *Ornithology* line.

There were few changes in programing during the three concerts, but each performance was different. Hawkins' three versions of *Just You, Just Me* stand out in my mind as perfect illustrations of a master improviser at work.

The following week was a letdown. Thompson is a fine saxophonist on either tenor or soprano, and he had good men with him (Dave Burns, trumpet; Benny Powell, bass trombone; Danny Turner, alto saxophone; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Al Dreares, drums), but they were not a band. Perhaps it was a case of not enough rehearsal, but the group never got off the ground.

The second show on Friday was better (I didn't hear Saturday's), but Dreares was dreary and unable to take the helm as a drummer must. There were some lovely compositions, especially the ballads *From Dawn to Dusk* and *'Twas Yesterday* and the medium-tempo blues *Zero*, but too much of the program was bland.

The following weekend, the first of Hines' performances coincided with *Reflections in the Park*, a jazz ballet with choreography by Donald McKayle and music by Gary McFarland, held at Hunter College's Assembly Hall. The music was programatic, closely allied with the dancers, light but more than merely pleasant, not always jazz, but usually good. There were solos of note from alto saxophonist Phil Woods, guitarist Jimmy Raney, trombonist Willie Dennis, and trumpeter Bill Berry. One number, *Stalking and Sweet Talking*, contained elements of both Thelonious Monk and Bela Bartok.

After the Hunter College performance, I hurried to the Little Theater and arrived in time to hear Budd Johnson add his tenor saxophone to Hines' piano, Ahmed Abdul-Malik's bass, and Oliver Jackson's drums for a leaping *Lester Leaps In* and a soulful *Talk of the Town*. Then Hines, Abdul-Malik, and Jackson took over for *Stealin' Apples*, *Birth of the Blues*, *Black Coffee*, and *St. Louis Blues*. Thus, the first concert ended.

My appetite whetted, I sat entranced

through the second show, which included a number of masterful keyboard performances, including a Fats Waller medley, a Duke Ellington medley, a de-Garnerized *Misty*, a fantastically delicate and sly *Birth of the Blues*, followed by *Canadian Sunset*, *Someone to Watch Over Me*, Hines' own *Rosetta* and *Brussel's Hustle*, a miraculous *Tea for Two*, and on, and on, and on. In the midst of it all, Hines delivered a wistful vocal on *I'm a Little Brownbird Looking for a Bluebird*, which someone without his innate sense of phrasing would undoubtedly have made corny.

It was a triumphal return to the Apple for Hines. He played the history of jazz piano inside out, in the process offering both a lesson and an entertainment. Once described as the trumpet-style pianist, Hines is more like a whole band.

The next Friday again presented a double bill: Coleman Hawkins with Orchestra U.S.A. at the Brooklyn Academy of Music and Randy Weston at the Little Theater. Traveling to Brooklyn must be prompted by a good reason, and Hawkins provided it.

Although the Academy was not packed, there was a good crowd, perhaps because of the presence of subscribers to the Academy's concert series, of which this was part. I saw several dowagers who looked bewildered.

In the first half of the program, Hawkins was merely magnificent on *Portrait of Coleman Hawkins*, written for him by Benny Golson. Commissioned by the Monterey Jazz Festival, and played there in 1959, this was the first time the piece had been performed in New York. From a lovely, minor-key ballad setting that allowed Hawkins to display his gorgeous tone, the composition moved into an up-tempo section, with Hawkins sounding as vigorous as a man of 20, before reverting to the original mood.

Arif Mardin's minor-key blues *Duke Bey* was the second vehicle for the tenor saxophonist and the orchestra, and though it lacked the variety of the Golson composition, it still was a solidly constructed work that Hawkins did well by.

After intermission, Hawkins played three numbers with Thad Jones, cornet; Dick Katz, piano; Richard Davis, bass; and Eddie Locke, drums—*Disorder at the Border*, *Talk of the Town*, and *Stuffy*. All the players were in top form. Jones combined thought, invention, and lyricism, the end product often emerging in unexpected turns of phrase. Hawkins' *Talk* performance was even better than the ones at the Little Theater, and the only comment I jotted on my program next to *Stuffy* was "whew!"

Dashing back to Manhattan, I was just in time for the very end of Weston's first concert. The house was fairly empty, and it was even sparser for the second show. But the musicians (Ray Copeland, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Weston, piano; Bill Wood, bass; Lennie McBrowne, drums; and Big Black, conga drum) performed as if all seats were filled.

There were some excellent moments: the mellow waltz *Blues to Africa*, the tender *Sketch of Melba*, the poignant *In*

Memory Of, and *African Cookbook* (with Ervin ethereally exotic and crying like a muezzin).

Though Weston is one of jazz' most talented composers, many of the numbers were too long. Sometimes the length of a piece's introduction wearied one even before the group got into the main theme, and then the solos ran on and on.

On Saturday the hardy following that Weston has in New York turned out, and the difference in the performance was marked. If the numbers were as long, they didn't seem to be. This concert demonstrated the inspiring effect an audience can have on a group. Even *Valse Triste Valse*, a weird mood piece straight from the crypt, with Wood bowing banshee wails and Big Black intoning some mock horror poetry (at least I hope he was putting on), came off.

Beginning to feel the strain of my week-end dashings, I girded my loins for the following Friday's three promised events: the quartets of Benny Powell and Booker Ervin for the United Nations Jazz Society at the UN, Joe Bushkin at Town Hall, and Muddy Waters at the Little Theater. At the 11th hour, Waters was canceled, which left part of me sad and another part a little bit thankful.

The UN concert opened with Powell's quartet (Pat Rebillot, piano; Dave Sibley, bass; Al Dreares, drums) in a set that included *Days of Wine and Roses*, *Watermelon Man*, *Come Sunday*, and a rhythm-section rendition of *Well, You Needn't*. Dreares was as good here as he was bad with Thompson, and the whole group had a cohesion that was reminiscent of a larger band.

Ervin, playing John Gilmore's tenor saxophone (his own had been taken from him at knifepoint a few nights before), reiterated his position as one of today's most provocative musicians, one who is on the frontier—but not as a sound-effects man. He was ably accompanied by pianist Jane Getz, bassist Bill Wood, and drummer Jimmy Wormworth, the latter not heard in these parts since he left Lambert-Hendricks-Ross a few years ago.

But because the concert started late, I only heard the beginning of Ervin's set—I had to get to Town Hall and Bushkin. See Ira run.

Bushkin, assisted by guitarist Chuck Wayne, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Eddie Shaughnessy, was recording the concert for Reprise. I am sure part of the large audience was invited by the recording company.

Though Bushkin is not the deepest pianist around, he certainly swings, plays with taste, and is usually very entertaining. He did a winning Gershwin medley, played a big-band type of ride-out on *The Lady Is a Tramp*, sang engagingly on *One for My Baby* and his own *Oh, Look at Me Now*, and blew some Armstrong-oriented trumpet on *Manhattan* and *I Can't Get Started*. His horn technique is far below his pianistic prowess, making his trumpet work less florid than his piano.

It was a relaxing concert, much like sitting in a superior cocktail lounge—but without drinks. And that's what intermissions are for. Excuse me, please. . . . 

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SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

The post-Charlie Parker breakthrough in jazz instrumental playing has yet to be paralleled to any significant degree in jazz singing. Some of the more convincing blues storytellers remain, and there are still a few jazz vocalists who are capable of strongly personalizing the other traditional approach—the revitalization and deepening of standards.

Signs of a more exploratory vocal conception—which makes increased use of the expanded musical boundaries created by avant-garde instrumentalists—can be heard on occasion in the work of Jeanne Lee and Sheila Jordan, but these two singers as yet do not indicate a trend.

One theoretical design for future jazz singing involves the transformation of vocalists into literally instrumentalized parts of a band. Through the years, Duke Ellington has intermittently applied this concept with particularly evocative results. Andre Hodeir is also skillful in transmuting vocal idioms into predominantly instrumental usages.

I expect there will be a rise in experiments in this direction, but the singer who allows himself or herself to be manipulated as almost wholly a tool of the composer-arranger is greatly limiting his own individuality. There is even less chance for a vocal breakthrough in the stylization represented by what was formerly Lambert-Hendricks-Ross. Their work, however high-spirited, was essentially imitative of *past* instrumental models and was, therefore, more constricting than the Hodeir-like adaption of the voice.

The young jazz vocalist, therefore, who wants to remain essentially an improviser while also being part of the new extensions of the jazz language will have to find his place in the avant garde on his own singing and emotional terms.

For this to happen, he not only will have to achieve a demanding level of musicianship, but he also is likely to find that his material must become radically different from the popular standards and traditional blues that have formed the basic jazz-vocal repertory.

New songs will have to be created for such singers. The material will have to be sufficiently challenging musically for the instrumental accompanists of this new genre of vocalist. The lyrics, moreover, will have to deal more penetratingly with the tensions, complexities, and changing gratifications and frustrations of today's urban life than popular standards have ever done.

(George Russell and Cecil Taylor, after all, are not talking in their music about what life was like for the white upper middle class in the time of Rodgers and Hart.)

A start on this route—so far as lyrics are concerned—consists of some of the songs in Abbey Lincoln's repertory.

In London, Annie Ross has been interpreting more and more songs by young, resourceful British poets and by other jazz-oriented writers who are attuned to the preoccupations of today's most alive youngsters, from the bomb through cybernation and racial prejudice to the way we think we love.

I don't mean this new material should include pamphleteering. Many of the most well-intentioned "protest" songs in the folk field are dismayingly unmusical. But, also in the folk area, Bob Dylan and Malvina Reynolds, among others, have shown that it is possible to make acutely relevant personal and social points in ways that are *musically* convincing.

In jazz, it might be stimulating if, for example, LeRoi Jones and Ornette Coleman were to feel the need to collaborate on a series of songs. I expect Sheila Jordan or Jeanne Lee could sing them. Who'd book the performance? That alas, requires the invention of a new species of promoter. 

FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Very little has been said in print concerning what would appear to have been one of the most significant network broadcasts ever purportedly devoted to jazz, namely the final program (in mid-March) in Leonard Bernstein's latest series of television concerts for young people.

The show was titled *Jazz in the Concert Hall*. The interpretation to be inferred from this title depends on where one is standing. For the typical listener to earlier concerts in the series, it may have been intended to imply some minor shock value, to remind us that contrary to what we would all normally expect, jazz indeed is suitable material for the concert hall. This gee-whiz concept is about 20 years behind times; nevertheless, it represents an attitude to which some observers and performers in the classical field still cling.

From the standpoint of the jazz listener, the title may have connoted something else again. After all, for many years the majority of jazz concerts in this country were basically jam

sessions, presented by such as Norman Granz, or else package shows in which one or two name singers were displayed for a half-hour apiece in a show that also featured three or four combos, or perhaps one big band.

Jazz in the Concert Hall, then, has no specific meaning. But the millions of viewers who were watching the show were given the impression that it has a very firm significance. The impression conveyed by Bernstein was that jazz becomes fit for the concert hall when its musicians are sanctified by a coalescence with respectable longhair musicians.

This is a poor premise in the first place; but even assuming that it was necessary to use it as the program's basis, a broad range of material remained available.

Starting at the top, one could have approached Duke Ellington for a representation of some of the extraordinary works, such as *Night Creature* and *Harlem*, that he has written for such a combination of musicians. Or Miles Davis could have been recruited along with Gil Evans, many of whose sidemen have enough classical background to satisfy the fussiest discriminator. There are many others, of course.

For a broadcast on a subject that involved sensitive areas of understanding and frequent misunderstanding, the utmost care and selectivity was essential.

Only three works were heard during the hour. The first was *Journey into Jazz*, described by Bernstein as a sort of jazz *Peter and the Wolf*, composed by Gunther Schuller, with a narration written by Nat Hentoff.

The second was Aaron Copland's *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra*, with the composer at the piano. Written almost 40 years ago, it was described by Bernstein—I kid you not—as representing the Third Stream of its day.

The third work was *Improvisation for Orchestra and Jazz Soloists* by Larry Austin. Bernstein called it "an unusual, strange new work, with a hair-raising ending."

The Schuller and Austin works have already been reviewed (*DB*, July 9, 1962) on the occasion of their presentation in Washington, D.C., at the International Jazz Festival. Pete Welding, the reviewer, found the Schuller music "appealing" but could not figure out at what age group the work was aimed; he said Hentoff's narrative "tended to alternate between coy oversimplification and an assumption of musical sophistication on the part of the audience." The Austin work was dismissed as "an aimless, sputtering composition" that achieved some superficial excitement toward the end.

Of the Copland piece it need only be added that it was grotesquely out of place on the telecast.

Only five jazz musicians were used in the entire hour: trumpeter Don Ellis, reed men Eric Dolphy and Benny Golson, bassist Richard Davis, and drummer Joe Cocuzzo. Partly because of the limitations of the material, it was a chaotic, raggie-taggle group, though Golson provided some blessed moments of relief.

If there ever was a chance to win a few friends for jazz, here it was—blown again. I have talked to a couple of dozen persons who had their sets on that night—some musicians, some intelligent nonmusicians, and some average squares. I have yet to find the first listener who felt the show accomplished its apparent mission, either in the writing or in the performance, let alone the over-all concept.

One critic and a couple of musicians said the entire hour was a travesty.

One respected West Coast jazz arranger and leader called the show "an insult to jazz."

A typical reaction was that of the pianist Jack Wilson, who said, "It was a catastrophe. An awful lot of young people must have walked away saying, 'Well, if that's jazz, I don't like it.'"

Perhaps the most significant comments on the viewpoint represented by the program came from Miles Davis. Of Eric Dolphy, whose alto was a prominent feature, he said: "Dolphy is ridiculous. I never liked his saxophone playing. He used to copy Bird, then changed styles just to be different, or fashionable." Of Gunther Schuller, he said: "I can see why Bernstein would get along with him. It's like the difference between talking to a Spanish nobleman and talking to a gypsy. Bernstein can talk to Schuller, who's a classical musician and doesn't really play jazz; but he can't talk to Tony Williams, my drummer—they'd have nothing in common. But after all, who's Leonard Bernstein?"

Reminded that a lot of innocent people listen to Bernstein, Davis retorted, "I'm innocent, and I don't listen to him."

Human nature being what it is, one could hardly have expected Schuller to recommend that Bernstein play the works of Ellington, or Evans and Davis, rather than his own.

Personally, I felt that his writing and the Hentoff narration were more valid than anything else heard during the hour. But the inclusion of the Copland and Austin works was mysterious. Next time Bernstein is considering a jazz project, I hope he will go right to the top (i.e., Ellington) and check out the facts of jazz.

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COLLEGE JAZZ *from page 12*

the hard-bop mode, was the most showmanly of the groups. While not all the soloists were particularly sparkling, the ensemble work was. It is a very-much-together sextet. Cleo Griffin, chosen the festival's best trumpet man, and pianist Thomas Washington were the most interesting soloists.

Other Interpreters are George Paterson, alto saxophone and leader; Charles Kinnard, tenor saxophone; Donnie Clark, bass; and Willie Collins, drums, who was named most promising drummer. The group's singer, Cheryl Berdell, won as the festival's best vocalist.

Tenorist Harper, picked as the festival's most promising saxophonist, is a strong player of John Coltrane persuasion, and his sextet drove hard, in keeping with that persuasion. Drummer Stan Gage attempted to add to the Coltrane cast by emulating Elvin Jones, but his efforts sometimes distracted from the solos, and he occasionally slowed the tempo, though his playing had a great deal of spirit.

The University of Illinois Jazz Band, under the direction of John Garvey, a highly respected string teacher and classical composer, was notable for its use of dynamics and its rounded-edge brass section. The band's strongest quality is its arrangements, several of them quite Gil Evansish, but, unfortunately, no arrangers' names were announced. The outstanding Illinois soloist was guitarist Gary Johnson, with bassist Fred Atwood a close second.

Both the Michigan State and Northwestern bands emphasized swinging, the latter, however, outswung the former. On the other hand, Michigan, led by George A. West, played a wider range of material than Northwestern, directed by the Rev. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C. Both used dynamics to advantage, and each had first-rate soloists, particularly Northwestern in trumpeter-fluegelhornist Ed Sheftel.

The brass-section work of Michigan and the sax-section playing of Northwestern were outstanding; Northwestern's first trumpeter Mike Price, though, was the best lead man at the festival. Northwestern also was blessed with a strong drummer, Gary Miller, who was named best on his instrument at the competition.

But as good as the music was at the Collegiate Jazz Festival, there still remain the questions of eligibility, musical ground rules, and judges-panel balance. Certainly much thought should be given these areas before next year's event. —Don DeMicheal

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Moreover, when this sort of omnibus set is put together, it does not seem to matter if three or four of its selections duplicate what has recently been available.

A remarkable case in point is a current Woody Herman set, most of which has been recently available on LP in other forms and almost half of which was out on cut-rate \$1.98 LPs. Yet the new Herman set has sold very well. People want *all* the good music in a comprehensive album by an important artist, and occasional duplications of a title or two from one set to another don't seem to matter. As book publishers have known for more than a century, an omnibus should be an omnibus. And an omnibus will sell.

It seems obvious, then, exactly what a jazz reissue program—an established, full-time program of regularly planned releases, not a trickle of occasional and sometimes carelessly selected sets—needs in order to succeed:

There should be a careful and musical selection of performances. These must be based on the best critical judgment of the 1960s. They *cannot* be based on the record collectors' enthusiasms of 1939 or on the anti-quarians' special interests or curiosities of 1947; there is no room for sentimentality in a reissue series. (Ah, and how many men are there who are qualified to do such expert selecting?)

The recordings should be put in historical order to give a picture of an artist's development, and, granting that the selection should be limited to good music, the album should be thorough. The sound should be as good as possible, of course, but there should be no faked-up highs, no echoes, no hyped-up lows. The records should be accompanied by good critical comment—the kind that helps listeners to listen better—good photographs, good biographical notes, and careful discography.

The album itself should be well de-

signed. It should also be well promoted according to the public relations and distribution apparatus that a big record company has at its command. It should be advertised in places where the readership is interested in jazz reissues—precisely in about six magazines.

One should begin such a program with major artists (one reissue project quickly wrecked itself by rushing out with obscure blues singers and jug bands—bad esthetics as well as bad business). It would be fine to own an LP by the wonderful Savoy Sultans, for example, but I don't think Decca should issue one until it has done right by its best Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington material.

All those things being granted, one can predict how many albums will be sold and, since the cost of producing these albums is relatively small, how much profit will be made.

There is bound to be at least one man on the sales force in every major company who will throw up his hands and declare, "But we don't even consider an album unless it sells 30,000 copies." Perhaps he doesn't, but for every album that sells 30,000, his company produces at least 10 and perhaps 20 that don't even sell 2,000.

What this person also doesn't stop to think about perhaps is that with reissues, a virtually guaranteed sale at a minimum cost can be predicted and that thereby reissues are a way of introducing an element of stability into the record business. The business needs such a stability desperately, as anyone involved with it should know. It operates, always hoping for the "big hit," on the narrowest of margins and sometimes on the brink of a disaster in which 70 percent of a company's output is considered expendable.

What our salesman also doesn't realize perhaps is the prestige that accrues to his company through reissues, a prestige that comes even from people not deeply interested in jazz. A steady, well-produced reissue program is an indication that a company is taking jazz seriously and easily encourages respect for that company's current jazz releases too. And it is always a boon to a company's mail-order record club.

Finally, jazz reissues are an investment not only in the past but also in the future of jazz and jazz records, for young musicians learn from these recordings and bring up a new audience for jazz. Such an investment is a wise one for anyone involved with the presentation of any kind of music in the United States.

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FROM THE TOP

STAGE-BAND ARRANGEMENT REVIEWS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

INTRODUCING THE BAND:

Composed by John LaPorta; Berkeley Press Publications.

While this arrangement is written specifically as a specialty number with which to introduce the various sections and instruments of the band, it also can be performed as a straight concert or dance number by cutting the vamp sections over which the enclosed history and function-describing script is designed to be read.

Musically the number is in a riffing style of blues that begins with a bass solo and then adds the rest of the rhythm and the band, section by section.

In the accompanying notes the composer suggests the possibility of opening up the arrangement at several spots for solos. Most of the common rhythm problems confronting the stage band are covered in the course of the arrangement, thus providing some educational meat along with the "show" type of concert presentation.

This is an excellent number for a basic blues or a flashy show opener or assembly number.

THREE-CORNERED CAT:

Composed and arranged by Johnny Richards; Private Library, Inc.

This is an up-tempo, three-part jazz fugue that is very difficult to play but excellent and highly satisfying musically. A well-trained band and the good musicianship of its members are necessary to bring off this number.

The biggest problem to be overcome is that of the necessary and usual fugal give and take in melodic line development and shading. This presupposes that the entire band can play the unison lines with a jazz feeling.

The trumpet section provides the first voice, with the sax section and trombone section producing the other two voices. After the opening fugue section, in which endurance may prove a problem for the trumpets, there follows a series of solos for piano, tenor saxophone, trombone, trumpet, and alto saxophone.

Ranges, endurance, and interpretative problems make this tour de force a difficult work, but one most highly recommended for college and advanced high school bands, particularly if the desire is to show off the musicianship

of the band and bring crowd cheers.

The arrangement is available only by subscription to Private Library, Inc., 35 W. 53rd St., New York, N.Y.

ESSELLOBBEE: Composed and arranged by John LaPorta; Berkeley Press Publications.

Essellobbee (the accent is on the second syllable in this phonetically spelled title) is an interesting, medium-tempo blues in 6/8.

The melodies, with the exception of the trumpet line, are based on simple riffing patterns, and all have a decided Gospel flavor. The arrangement uses a piling-up-of-ideas approach, and four choruses are needed to bring the entire band in. A reverse procedure is used to end the number.

The basic tertiary rhythm of the number is broken after the tenor solo in a rather rhythmically difficult ensemble section. Ranges are moderate, which provides an excellent change of pace from the usual stage-band fare.

In the performance of this arrangement, dynamics must assume great importance in order to avoid boring repetition of some of the lines. The possibility of opening up the arrangement for solos exists, in which case the saxophone or trombone riffs could be utilized as backing for the solos.

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the Bleecker St. club where Miss Merrill has been appearing on Monday nights with bass trumpeter **Mike Zwerin's** quartet.

John Hammond, well-known discoverer of jazz talent and Columbia record producer, has suffered what was described as a mild heart attack last month. He was reported recovering satisfactorily at presstime . . . Trombonist **Grachan Moncur III** plays the part of a student in the recently opened play *Blues for Mr. Charlie* by **James Baldwin**. The role calls for him to play two of his own compositions, *Riffraff* and *Carisma*.

The Hootenanny Club has changed its name to the Broken Drum (You Can't Beat It) and is now featuring traditional jazz. The Preservation Hall Band, with clarinetist **George Lewis**, was supposed to open at the club, which is located on Second Ave. near 80th St., but the booking fell through. In the meantime, Wilbur DeParis has been working there . . . The **Rod Levitt** Orchestra gave a concert of Levitt's original compositions recently at Carnegie Recital Hall in New York. Levitt and orchestra will appear at the World's Fair on June 15 at the Federal Pavilion and in July at Newport Jazz Festival.

Writer **George Simon** produced a program for WNDT-TV's *Jazz Scene* featuring the **Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer** Quintet with tenor saxophonist **Ben Webster** as special guest. Instrumentation of the group, at the time appearing at the Half Note, is Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Brookmeyer, valve trombone; **Derek Smith**, piano; **Bill Crow**, bass; and **Dave Bailey**, drums. The Half Note was represented on the program, shown twice, on April 28 and May 9, by the **Canterino** brothers, **Mike** and **Sonny**. During the Terry-Brookmeyer run at the club, the Jazz at Home Club of Philadelphia, Pa., sponsored a bus outing to New York in order to dig the group and present its 1963 Jazz Culture Award to Terry.

Cornetist **Will Bill Davison** parted company with the **Salt City Six** and took his own group into the Metropole opposite **Woody Herman** and, later, the **Dukes of Dixieland**. Davison's men included **Kenny Davern**, clarinet; **Herb Gardner**, trombone; **Dick Wellstood**, piano; **Johnny Giuffrida**, bass; and **Al McManus**, drums.

Back from a concert tour of Germany and Scandinavia, singer **Al Hibbler** is due to open at the Apollo Theater May 29 with the **Tito Rodriguez** Orchestra and the *Symphony Sid Show*.

Le Sun Ra Arkestra gave a concert of "space age jazz" at the Studio, 20 Spruce St., in April. Personnel was **Sun Ra**, piano; **John Gilmore**, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; **Marshall Allen**, alto saxophone, Japanese flute, piccolo; and **Ronnie Boykins**, bass. In addition to the live music, **Edward Bland's** film *The Cry of Jazz* was shown.

The recording of **Quincy Jones'** score for *The Pawnbroker*, the movie that stars **Rod Steiger** and **Geraldine Fitzgerald**, has been completed. Among the musicians participating were **Freddie Hubbard**, trumpet; **J.J. Johnson**, trombone; **Jerry Dodgion**, alto saxophone; **Oliver Nelson**, tenor saxophone; **Don Elliott**, vibraharp, mellophone; **Kenny Burrell**, guitar; **Bobby Scott**, piano; **Tommy Williams**, bass; **Elvin Jones**, drums; and **Ed Shaughnessy**, percussion.

EUROPE

It was like old home week recently at the Club Montmartre in Copenhagen, Denmark; appearing at the same time in the jazz club were saxophonists **Johnny Griffin** and **Dexter Gordon**, drummer **Art Taylor**, and pianist **Kenny Drew**. Griffin and Taylor, working together, were passing through for a two-week engagement, while Gordon and Drew are living in Copenhagen . . . **Jack Geller's** *The Connection*, in which Gordon appeared and got rave reviews, was a flop and folded after a week . . . A half-hour program taped at the Montmartre with reed man **Roland Kirk** was broadcast over Swedish television recently. Altoist **Eric Dolphy** was scheduled to leave bassist **Charlie Mingus'** group, now in Europe, in Paris and settle there for a while . . . Danish pianist **Niels Jorgen Steen** planned to take a six-man group for a month's tour of Czechoslovakia . . . **Idrees Sulieman**, who is currently living in Stockholm, Sweden, and now playing alto sax, was due to play with pianist **Friederich Gulda** in Vienna, Austria.

Trumpeter **Johnny Coles**, touring with **Charlie Mingus'** sextet, collapsed during the group's stay in Paris. Coles had undergone surgery for stomach ulcers before leaving the United States, and French doctors said he went back to work too soon. The trumpeter was operated on again at Paris' American Hospital and spent three weeks recuperating there.

This year Czech musician **Gustav Brom** will celebrate 25 years as a band-leader . . . A new recording, *Jazz Soloists from Czechoslovakia*, contains some of that country's leading jazzmen playing compositions by Czech composers.

Czechoslovakia's first book on jazz was published recently. Titled *The Face of Jazz*, the book contains essays by

critics and by performers such as **Louis Armstrong** and **Billie Holiday**. The book was edited by **Lubomir Doruzka**, who is also the editor of *Melodie* magazine in Czechoslovakia.

TORONTO

Singer **Don Francks** and **Don Thompson's** quintet followed **Ben Webster** at the Town, while the **Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina** Quintet and the **Ray Bryant** Trio provided nonstop entertainment at the Friar's Tavern . . . Singer **Phyllis Marshall**, in semiretirement for the last couple years, played a one-week engagement at the Savarin . . . Promoters **Dick Flohill** and Dr. **Beverley Lewis** were so elated with the reception given **Sleepy John Estes** and the Tennessee Jug Band that they booked a six-night engagement for **Muddy Water's** group at the First Floor Club.

The High Park YMCA is sponsoring six lectures on jazz, with composers **Gordon Delamont**, **Norman Symonds**, and **Ron Collier**; *Coda* editor **John Norris**; trombonist **Rob McConnell**; and lawyer **Ron Anger** taking part.

BUFFALO

Poet-playwright-jazz critic **LeRoi Jones** will join the State University of Buffalo English Department faculty for a special session in modern literature to be conducted from June 29 to Aug. 7 . . . Local jazz disc jockey **Carroll Hardy** is doing a jazz show for a Toronto radio station on the side . . . **Joe Rico**, promoter of the ill-fated Buffalo Jazz Festival, has reduced his disc jockey chores on WUFO to one day a week. Rico's noon-to- 2 p.m. jazz show is handled the rest of the time by University of Buffalo student **Frank Crocker**. Rico is concentrating on selling commercials for the station.

One of Buffalo's two newspapers, both of which usually have acted as if jazz didn't exist, has gingerly put a foot out and is reviewing club appearances as well as concerts. This is a giant step since jazz' greatest previous press coverage was during the 1960 Buffalo Jazz Festival when police used snarling K-9 Corps dogs to "keep the crowds in order." That made the front pages; the music didn't even make the papers.

NEW ORLEANS

Loyola University music school will offer a jazz workshop this summer. Pianist **Dave West**, leader of a modern trio at the Playboy Club, will conduct the course. According to Dean **Michael Carubba**, the workshop may be followed by a broader jazz program if student interest is strong . . . **Dick Johnson**, drummer with **Leon Kelnar's** Roosevelt Hotel band, bought an interest in

the Blue Note Lounge and is currently leading a modern group there at after-hours sessions. Recent participants have included bassist **Bill Huntington**, trumpeter **Bob Teeters**, and trombonist **Leo O'Neil**. **Bill Kelsey**, former owner of the club, is playing clarinet with **Mike Lala's** band at the Famous Door.

A police campaign to padlock strip-tease clubs having long records of vice violations might well result in a major boost for jazz. **Joe Trovato** and **James Clayton**, two Bourbon St. club owners, recently declared that "stripping is dead in New Orleans" and announced plans to reopen with a live-music policy. During the '40s, strip clubs had been a boon to jazz, hiring pit bands heavily salted with modernists like **Brew Moore**, **Bruce Lippincot**, and **Mouse Bonati**. But in recent years stereo tapes and recordings or nonunion musicians have been the rule.

The **Cannonball Adderley** Quintet played a one-nighter at the Loyola Field House in late April . . . Trumpeter **Al Hirt** is negotiating a series of television specials to originate in six European countries . . . Clarinetist **Pete Fountain** was named Distinguished Salesman-at-Large by the Chamber of Commerce for publicizing the city through his activities as a jazzman . . . Pianist **Armand Hug** is drawing well at the downtown Golliwog Lounge . . . **Jerry Johnston**, from Utah, is doing double duty as bassist with the **New Orleans Symphony Orchestra** and **Ed Fenasci's** combo at the Playboy. Drummer-vibist **Joe Morton** has joined the Fenasci group, replacing **Lee Johnson**, who is part of a duo with singer-pianist **Jeannine Clesi** at the Absinthe House.

CINCINNATI

Successful two-week stints by vocalists **Marian Montgomery** and **Mark Murphy** (just back from Europe) and trumpeter-turned-comedian-vocalist **Jack Sheldon** kept the Penthouse going strong during its second month in business. SRO continues to prevail on weekends, and with formidable talent being lined up for the next months, the club's future appears bright. Probable bookings during the summer include pianist **Bill Evans**, tenorist **Stan Getz**, singer **Anita O'Day**, and reed man **Roland Kirk**. Altoist **Jimmy McGarry** has been sitting in with **Dee Felice's** house trio, and Sunday sessions continue to spotlight the **Philip Paul Trio** with **Elwood Evans**.

The Cabana Lounge, the only jazz club in the suburbs, scored with the group of tenor saxophonist **Benny Golson** and trumpeter **Blue Mitchell** and the trio and brilliant guitar of **Wes Montgomery** . . . The Living Room brought in vocalists **Ernestine Anderson**

and **Etta Jones** for their first Queen City engagements. The **Three Sounds** followed for a funky fortnight and were recorded live by Mercury records with **Quincy Jones** supervising proceedings.

CLEVELAND

The Corner Tavern recently presented the big little band of altoist **Hank Crawford**, the former **Ray Charles** music director whose octet is outstanding for its discipline and its drive. Featured with the band are **John Hunt**, fluegelhorn; **Wilbur Brown**, tenor saxophone; and **Leroy Cooper**, baritone saxophone. Trumpeter **Billy Brooks** also plays a double-belled horn . . . The week of the Crawford engagement also found **Nancy Wilson** packing Leo's Casino, where she was accompanied by the trio of her husband, drummer **Kenny Dennis**, **Ronnell Bright**, piano, and **Bill Plummer**, bass, complete the trio. Leo's also featured the big bands of **Count Basie** and **Woody Herman** during May and scheduled **Cannonball Adderley** for the first week of June.

Bud Wattle's big band presented two concerts at the Hermit Club in May, featuring compositions and arrangements by the multi-instrumentalist-leader and by pianist **Dick Lezius**. The 18-piece band also includes **Rick Kiefer**, **Healy Dowd**, **Tom Baker**, trumpets; **Herb Summers**, **Al Javorcky**, **Norm Smith**, **Rich Hamilton**, trombones; **Bill Webster**, **Norm Strachan**, **Al Billington**, **Stan Lybarger**, **Chuck Fuller**, reeds; **Bones Wattle's**, bass; and **Alan Gillmore Jr.**, drums . . . Many particularly good jam sessions have occurred recently, among them ones at the Tangiers, Esquire, Club 100, and University Lanes, where the house bands were those of trumpeter **Ismael Ali**, organists **Eddie Baccus** and **Eugene Ludwig**, and bassist **Frank Wright**, respectively. Some of the more outstanding participants were trumpeters **Ruben Wooten** and **Mickey Gregory**; tenor saxophonist **Tom Nasky**, back from two years in an Army band; tenor and soprano saxophonist **Ramon Morris**, a new arrival from Pittsburgh; pianist **Skeets Ross**; organist **Terrell Prude**; and drummers **Leon Stevenson** and **Ted Robinson**, the latter also home after an Army hitch. Also impressive were **Jerry Byrd** and **Randy Gillespie**, respectively guitarist and drummer with Ludwig's organ combo.

Bobby Few, a pianist who at his worst sounds like a Monk with technique and at his best is astonishing, and **Cevera Jeffries**, a bassist who can keep Few company, are back with drummer **Raymond Ferris's** East Jazz Trio. The group (and guests who can stand the pace) is utilizing the University Lanes Lounge

as the current launching pad for its expeditions.

CHICAGO

It seems Sunday afternoon is becoming traditional-jazz time in Chicago. Besides the two well-attended Chicago Historical Concerts by **Frank Chace** (see *Caught in the Act*, page 33), the **Windjammers**, a group of young and talented Evanston musicians, gave a successful Sunday concert in the suburbs, and **Art Hodes's** recent Sunday session at the North Shore Eagles Club, on N. Western Ave. near Irving Park, was very well attended, so well, in fact, that Hodes is set for a return engagement at the club the afternoon of May 24. Hodes will probably use the same men he had at his April concert: himself, piano; **Marty Marsala**, trumpet; **Georg Brunis**, trombone; **Jimmy Granato**, clarinet; and **Red Saunders**, drums.

The London House continues to have problems booking name groups. The club's announced summer schedule is completely changed. **Ramsey Lewis** was in then out for **Gerry Mulligan** from June 2 to 21. **Oscar Peterson** was finally booked for four weeks beginning June 30. Peterson replaces **Peter Nero**, who canceled his engagement. **Herbie Mann's** group closes at the club May 31. **Larry Novak** now is heard at the club five nights a week instead of two. The pianist's trio, with bassist **Cleveland Eaton** and drummer **Vernel Fournier**, replaces **Jose Bethancourt's** trio, which was the five-night house band for a couple of years.

Clarinetist **Franz Jackson** has a trio on the good ship Sari-S from Tuesday through Thursday and a five-piecer on the showboat every Friday and Saturday. Trombonist **Jim Beebe's** group, which worked the Sari-S for some time, is now landlocked . . . The Ravinia Festival Association has booked **Louis Armstrong** for concerts June 24 and 26, **Ella Fitzgerald** on July 22 and 24, and **Thelonious Monk** on July 29 and 31. It will be the first Monk concerts ever given in the Chicago area, though he and his group have worked clubs here.

Singer **Helen Humes** can be heard at the Playboy until May 31 . . . Pianist **Wynton Kelly's** trio played the first part of May at McKie's. Tenorist **Billy Mitchell** and group are now working the club; they close June 3 . . . **Sonny Payne**, in town with the **Count Basie** Band for a return two-nighter at Club Laurel, gave his first drum clinic; the site was Drums, Unlimited.

Ray Charles sold out the 5,000-seat Arie Crown Theater three nights running last month. The singer grossed \$60,100 for the three nights' work. Charles is scheduled to do another three-

concert stand at the same place next spring, probably in April . . . The city council passed an ordinance that allows restaurants and taverns to hire up to eight musicians without having to buy a \$700 license, as opposed to one costing \$75 (*Chicago Ad Lib*, May 21). . . . Trumpeter **Paul Serrano**, tenor saxophonist-pianist **Tommy Ponce**, and their group gave a concert last month at Roosevelt University. The Serrano-Ponce quintet has been working frequently at the Olde East Inn . . . Pianist **Ted Ashford's** trio (**Bob Blash**, bass, and **Joe Zawierucha**, drums) were recently spotlighted on *Mosaic*, a half-hour show seen on WTTW.

BLUES NEWS: Last-minute contractual confusion almost prevented **Muddy Waters'** and **Otis Spann's** participation in a recent European blues tour under the aegis of producer **George Wein**. Just prior to the scheduled departure in late April, the two Chicago blues men worked out an agreement with German producer **Horst Lippman**, with whom they have a first-refusal contract for European appearances . . . **Mike Bloomfield** is initiating Monday evening blues sessions at the north-side folk club Old Town North. It was he, it will be recalled, who took over the running of the Tuesday blues nights at the Fickle Pickle that **Bob Koester** started.

The University of Chicago Folklore Society presented a number of little-known Chicago blues artists in concert in early May. Featured at the Mandel Hall concert were blind street singers **Jimmy** and **Fannie Brewer**, blues singer-guitarist **Avery Brady**, the trio of singer-mandolinist **Johnny Young** (including harmonica player **Little Walter Jacobs** and pianist **Jimmy Walker**), and singer-bottleneck guitarist **Robert Nighthawk**. The program was organized and narrated by **Pete Welding**.

Big Joe Williams, who returned to Mississippi from Chicago some weeks ago, recently played a number of engagements in upstate New York, including a concert at Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson . . . **Howling Wolf** is back at Silvio's, and **Otis Rush** has taken his group into the 633 Club on W. 75th St. . . . Former Chicagoan **Roosevelt Sykes** has been working on Foxie's Floating Palace, a riverboat moored on the Mississippi River near Houma, Ala.

LOS ANGELES

Pearl Bailey slapped the Las Vegas, Nev., Flamingo Hotel with a \$150,000 lawsuit in Superior Court here. The entertainer claimed she cut her foot on

broken glass while performing at the hotel . . . **Freddy Martin** has taken over as booker at the Coconut Grove and is lining up such talent as the **Les Brown Band**, from June 4 backing **Lena Horne**, to be followed by **Nancy Wilson**, who opens July 7. **Peggy Lee** comes into the Grove Sept. 8.

Calvin Jackson's new jazz radio program over KBCA-FM began recently on Sundays 6-7 p.m. The show consists of guests and music recorded and live, with Jackson on piano and **Al McKibon** on bass . . . And rival jazz FM station, KNOB, recently moved offices to headquarters in the new Playboy build-

ing on the Sunset Strip . . . Trumpeter **Dick Cathcart** (he of the *Pete Kelly's Blues* soundtrack and the **Lawrence Welk** chaps) and **Peggy Lennon**, of the singing sisters, will marry this month . . . Former booking agent **Pete Brady**, now a singer, opened at the Valley's Red Plume with the **Jimmie Rowles Trio** which consists of Rowles, piano; **Max Bennett**, bass; **Nick Martinis**, drums . . . **Jack Costanzo** took his quartet into the Agua Caliente for six weeks until June 4. Besides Costanzo's bongos, there are **Lenny Stack's** piano, **Bobby Hernandez'** bass, and **Eddie Aparicio's** drums.

Rufus Jones now fronting his own group & recording for **cameo Records**



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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

Basin Street East: Ella Fitzgerald to 5/30. Trini Lopez, Smothers Bros., 6/8-7/4.
Birdland: unk.
Black Horse Inn (Huntington): Joe London, Dan Tucci, wknds.
Blue Spruce (Roslyn): Teddy Wilson, tfn.
Broken Drum: unk.
Central Plaza: sessions, Sat.
Clifton Tap Room (Clifton, N.J.): jazz, wknds.
Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, Benny Aronov, Gene Bertocini, tfn.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.
Embers: Jonah Jones, Tessie O'Shea, to 5/23.
Five Spot: Sonny Rollins, Roland Kirk, tfn.
Garden City Bowl (Garden City): Johnny Blowers, wknds.
Gold Bug: Cannonball Adderley to 5/24.
Gordian Knot: unk.
Half Note: Al Cohn-Zoot Sims to 5/21. John Coltrane, 5/22-6/4.
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, tfn.
Horner's Ad Lib (Perth Amboy, N.J.): Morris Nanton, tfn.
Jazzland (Louisiana Pavilion, World's Fair): Salt City Six, Barbara Russell, Al Beldiny, Al Morell, Danny Barker, Marty Napoleon, Sal Pace, Ella Grant, Darlin Sisters, Johnny Knapp, Phil Olivella, Max Kaminsky, Lou McGarity, to 5/30.
Junior's: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
London Fair (Newark, N.J.): Art Williams to 6/28.
Metropole: Woody Herman to 6/6.
The Most: Terry Gibbs to 6/13. Benny Powell, Sun.
Playboy: Monty Alexander, Walter Morris, Phil DeLaPena, Ross Tompkins, tfn.
Hotel Plaza (Jersey City, N.J.): Jeanne Burns, tfn.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, tfn. Marshall Brown, Mon.-Wed. Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Thur.-Sat.
Sniffen Court Inn: Judy James to 5/23.
Strollers: Marian McPartland, tfn.
Village Gate: unk.
Village Vanguard: Miles Davis to 5/24.
Wells': Herman Foster, tfn.

PARIS

Blue Note: Dexter Gordon, George Arvanitas, Michel Gaudry, Jean Luc Ponty, to 5/31. Donald Byrd, 6/1-tfn.
Blues Bar: Hazel Scott, Mae Mercer, tfn.
Calavados: Joe Turner, tfn.
Cameleon: Michel Hausser, tfn.
Caveau de la Huchette: Maxim Saury, tfn.
Lady Bird: Erroll Parker, Kansas Fields, Roland Haynes, tfn.
Living Room: Art Simmons, Aaron Bridgers, Gilbert Rovere, tfn.
Mars Club: Memphis Slim, tfn.
Riverboat: Robert Husson, Mowgli Jospin, tfn.
Slow Club: Marc Laferriere, Claude Luter, tfn.
Trois Mailletz: Dominique Chanson, tfn.

BOSTON

Barn: 1200 Jazz Quartet, tfn.
Basin Street South: Jimmy Witherspoon, 6/1-7.
Cottage Crest (Waltham): Paul Broadnax-Champ Jones, Fri.-Sat.
Fenway North (Revere): Al Drootin, tfn.
Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Wes Montgomery to 5/24. Mose Allison, 5/25-31. Toshiko Mariano, 6/8-14. Horace Silver, 6/15-21. Bobby Timmons, 6/22-28.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike (West Peabody): Pony Poindexter to 5/24. Zoot Sims, 5/25-31. Jimmy Rushing, 6/1-7.
Number Three Lounge: Sabby Lewis, Eddie Watson, tfn.
Picadilly Lounge (New Bedford): The Allegros, 5/25-31. Eddie Chamblee, 6/1-7.
Pio's Lodge (Providence, R.I.): Herbie Mann, 6/8-14.
Tic Toc: Emmy Johnson, tfn.
Village Green (Danvers): Dick Creedon, Fri.-Sat.
Wagon Wheels (West Peabody): Art Demos,

Wed., Fri.-Sat. Teddy Guerra, Thur. Woody Herman, 6/9. Count Basie, 6/30-7/1.
Westgate Lounge (Brocton): Lou Colombo, Tue. Mike Lally, Mon., Wed., Sat.

PHILADELPHIA

Carousel (Trenton): Tony DeNicola, tfn.
Columbus (Trenton): Tony Spair, tfn.
Cypress Inn (Morrisville): Johnnie Coates Jr., tfn.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims, hb.
Lambertville Music Circus: Al Hirt, 6/15. Maynard Ferguson, 6/22. Dave Brubeck, 6/29.
Latin Casino: Milt Buckner, tfn.
Marlyn: DeLloyd McKay, tfn.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.
Playmate: Del Shields, tfn.
Sportsman's Lounge: Billy Root, tfn.

NEW ORLEANS

Blue Note: Dick Johnson, afterhours, tfn.
Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, tfn.
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.
Golliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
King's Room: Laverne Smith, tfn.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervalon, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, Snooks Eaglin, hbs.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Royal Orleans: Billie & Dede Pierce, Six and 7/8 String Band, 5/24.
Sands: Santo Pecora, Paul Ferrara, Sun. after-noon.

CLEVELAND

Brothers: Bobby Brack, wknds.
Capri: Alma Smith, tfn.
Casa Blanca: Roger Bryan, wknds.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.
Club 100: Rufus Jones, tfn. Sessions, Sat. after-noon.
Corner Tavern: Tommy Tucker to 5/24. Jimmy McGriff, 6/1-7. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Cucamonga: Bob Lopez, Joe Alleandro, tfn.
Esquire: Eddie Bacucus-Lester Sykes, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Harvey's Hideaway: Jimmy Belt, tfn.
LaRue: Spencer Thompson-Joe Alexander, tfn.
Leo's Casino: Cannonball Adderley, 6/2-7.
Lucky Bar: Weasel Parker, Thur.-Sat.
Massiello's: Gigolos, wknds.
Monticello: Ted Paskert-George Quittner, wknds.
Napoleon: Lonnie Woods, tfn.
The Office: Tad Warren-Sid Berns, wknds.
La Porte Rouge: Jazz Clique, Wed. Bill Gidney-Ted Kelly, wknds.
Quinn's Restaurant (Solon): Joe Howard, wknds.
Saber Lounge: Bob Fraser, Sat.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb. Tops Cardone, tfn.
Squeeze Room: Ronnie Browning, wknds.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy.
Tangiers: Jazz Clique, wknds.
Theatrical: Wilbur DeParis to 5/30.
University Lanes: East Jazz Trio, wknds. Sessions, Sat. morning.
Vanguard: Modern Men, tfn.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: Eddy Davis, tfn. Dukes of Dixieland, 6/1-21.
Figaro's: sessions, Sat. morning.
Gaslight Room: Frankie Ray, tfn.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington, Thur.
London House: Herbie Mann to 5/31. Oscar Peterson, 6/30-7/26. Larry Novak, hb.
McKie's: Billy Mitchell to 6/3.
Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, hbs.
North Shore Eagles: Art Hodes, 5/24.
Olde East Inn: Paul Serrano-Tommy Ponce, tfn.
Playboy: Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs. Helen Humes to 5/31.
Ravinia Park: Louis Armstrong, 6/24, 26. Ella

Fitzgerald, 7/22, 24. Thelonious Monk, 7/29, 31.
Sari-S: Franz Jackson, tfn.
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trotter, tfn.

MILWAUKEE

Boom Boom Room: Greg Blando, Fri.-Sat.
Doll House: George Pritchard, Sat.
Ma's Place: Greg Blando, Wed., Thur., Sun.
Frank DeMiles, Fri.-Sat.
Motor Coach Inn: Zig Millonzi, tfn.
Music Box: Bev Pitts, wknds.
Polka Dot: Bobby Burdette, tfn.
Tunnel Inn: Dick Ruedebusch, tfn.

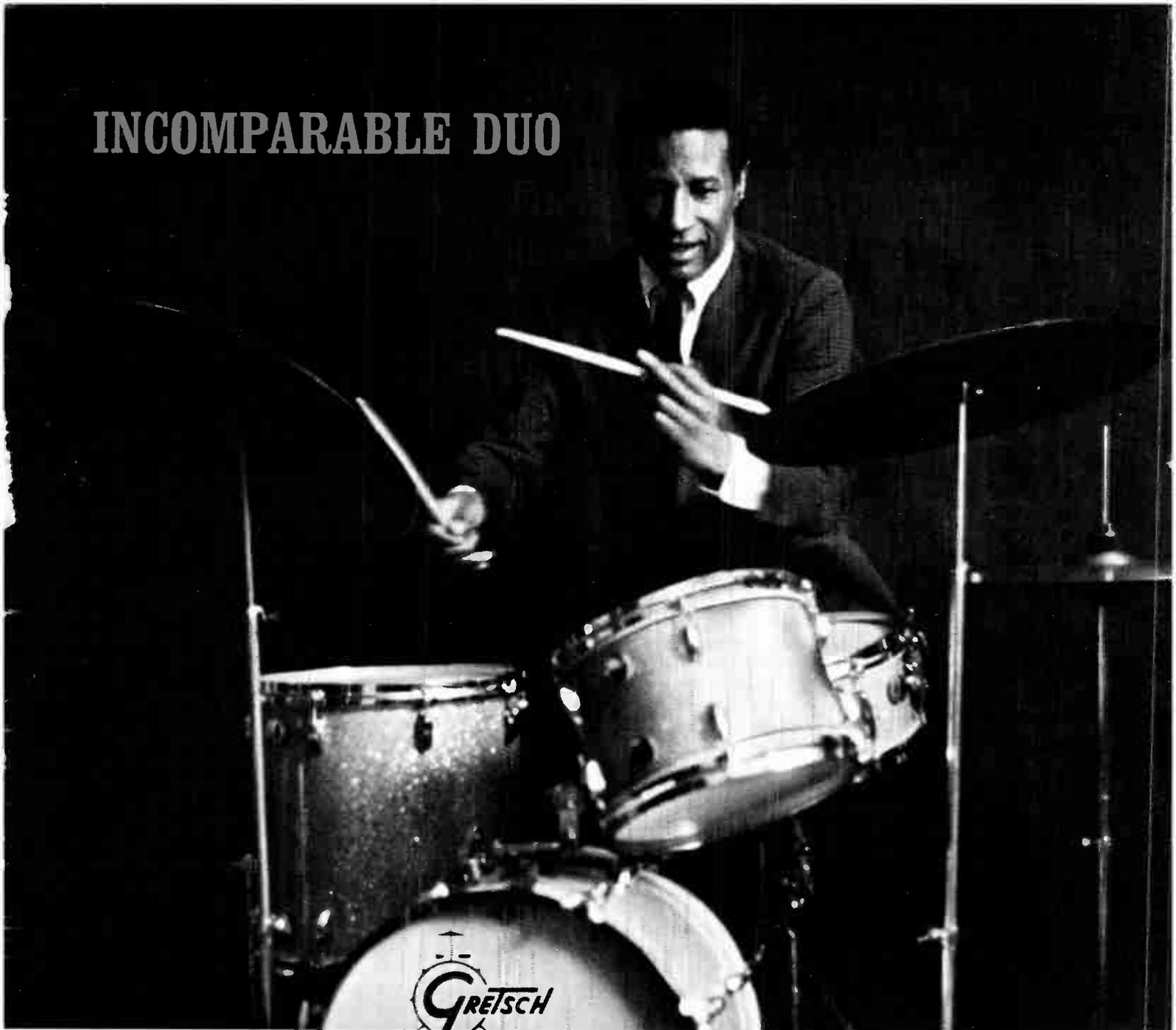
LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Agua Caliente: Jack Costanzo to 6/4.
Beverly Cavern: Johnny Lucas, Fri.-Sat.
Black Bull (Woodland Hills): Gus Bivona, tfn.
Blueport Lounge: Bill Beau, Bobby Robinson, tfn.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Sun.
Club Havana: Rene Bloch, hb.
Coconut Grove: Lena Horne, Les Brown, 6/4-7/6.
Crescendo: Clancy Bros., Tommy Makem, to 5/24.
Disneyland: Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, 6/13-17.
Dixie Doodle (Pomona): Ken Scott, Bayou Ramblers, Fri.-Sat.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Ben Rozet, Paul McCoy, tfn.
Handlebar: Wally Holmes, Fri.-Sat.
Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, The Saints, wknds.
Hudde (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Holiday Inn Motor Lodge (Montclair): Alton Purnell, Tue.-Sat.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Huntington Hotel (Pasadena): Red Nichols, 6/13-10/7.
Intermission Room: William Green, Tricky Lof-ton, Art Hillery, Tony Bazely, tfn.
International Hotel (International Airport): Kirk Stuart, tfn.
It Club: Roland Kirk, 7/9-16.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, hb.
Marty's: Charles Kynard, tfn.
Metro Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, The Standelles, tfn.
Quail Restaurant (North Hollywood): Pete Beal-man, Thur.-Sat.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Amos Wilson, Tue.
Reuben Wilson, Al Barte, Wed.-Thur. Kittle Doswell, wknds.
Red Plume: Pete Brady, Jimmie Rowles, tfn.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pud Brown, Ray Bauduc, tfn.
Reuben's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, tfn.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring, hb.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Carmen McRae, 6/11-21.
Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, 6/26-7/8. Stan Getz, 7/9-19.
Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Pete Berghofer, tfn.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.
Steak Knife (Redondo Beach): Loren Dexter, tfn.
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, tfn.
Straw Hat (Garden Grove): Greater Balboa Jazz Band, Wed.-Sat.
Tobo's Cocktail Lounge (Long Beach): Buddy Vincent, tfn.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, hb.

SAN FRANCISCO

Algiers (Redwood City): Dick Maus, tfn.
Dale's (Alameda): George Stoicich, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): John Coppola-Fred Mergy, Stan Kenton alumni, alternate Sun.
Hangover: Chris Ibanez, tfn.
Interlude: Merrill Hoover, tfn.
Jack's of Sutter: Paul Bryant, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Jazz Crusaders to 5/19. Charlie Mingus, 5/21-6/3.
Jimbo's Pop City: Leo Amadee, 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.
Shalimar (Berkeley): Harry Gibson, Con Hall, Jules Broussard, Fri.-Mon.
Sugar Hill: Carmen McRae to 5/23.
Trident (Sausalito): Jean Hoffman, tfn. 

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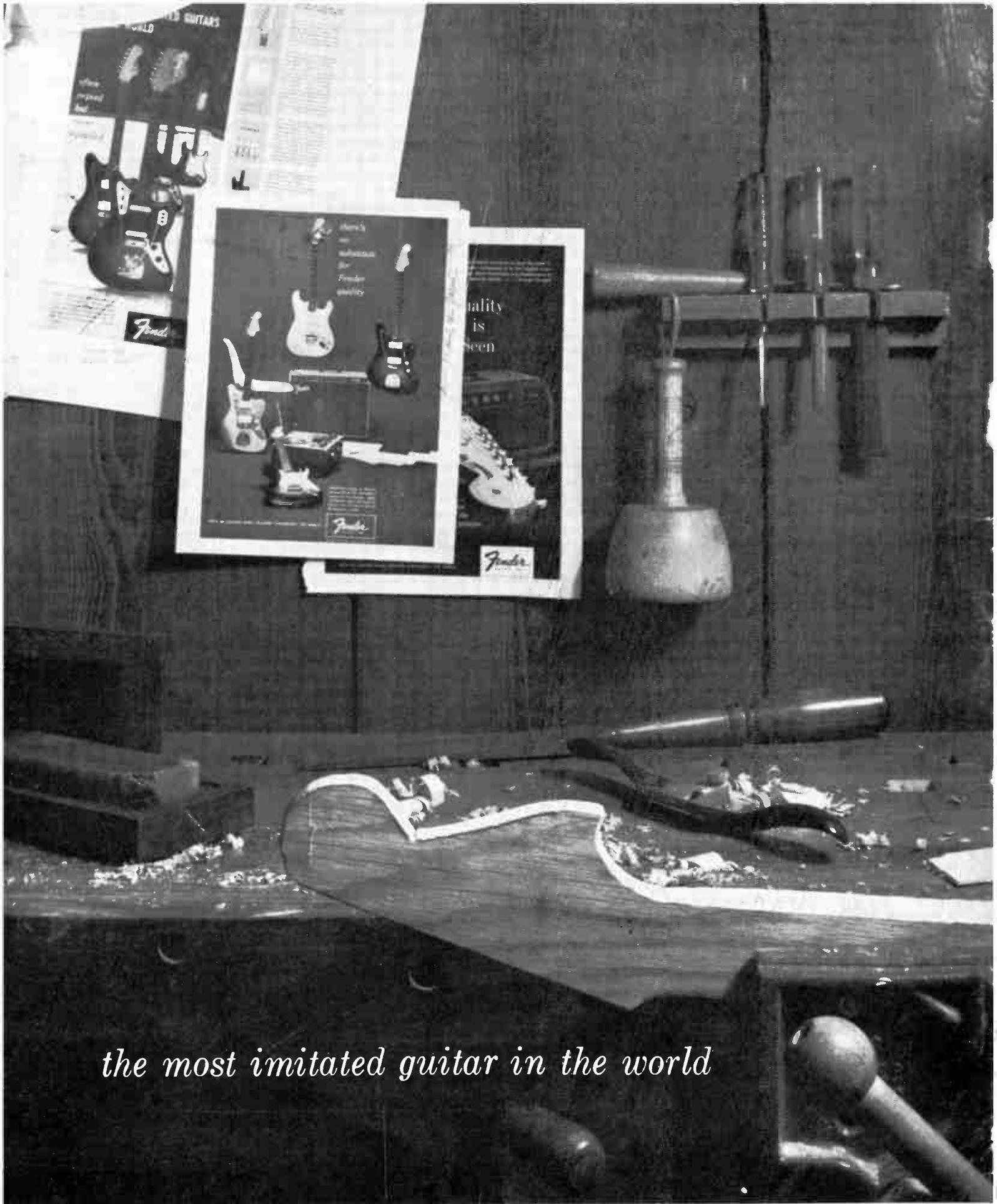
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