

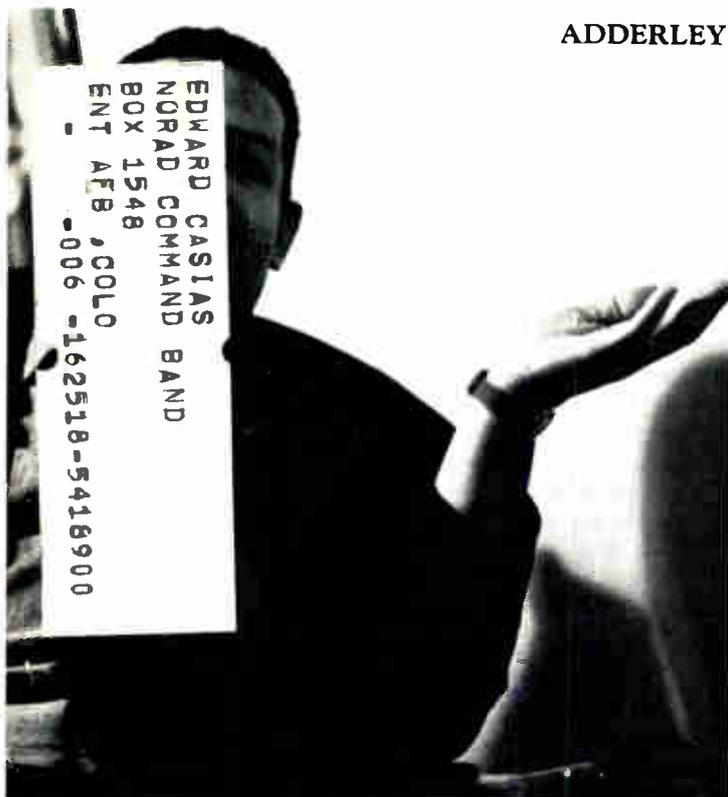
JUNE 18, 1964 35c

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

ANNUAL COMBO ISSUE

ADDERLEY



TANGENTS: THE SMALL BAND & OTHER PROBLEMS, A DISCUSSION WITH GARY McFARLAND, CANNONBALL ADDERLEY, GEORGE RUSSELL, OLIVER NELSON, and DON DeMICHEAL / TWO NEW GROUPS—HORACE SILVER and JAY CAMERON/ NEWS, REVIEWS, COMMENTARY

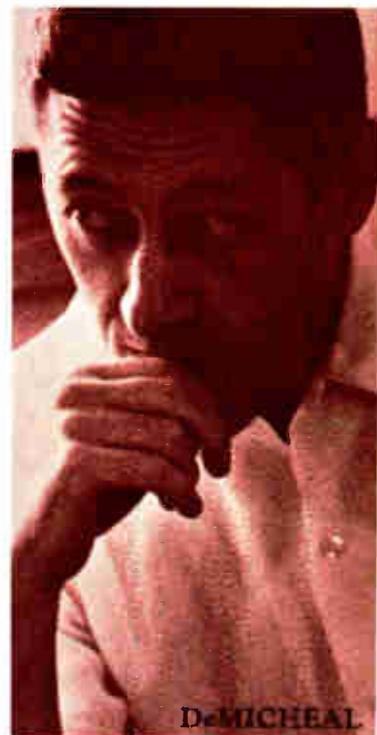
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Cover photographs by Dave Larsen

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

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

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Address all circulation correspondence to Circulation Dept., 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois. Subscription rates are \$7 for one year, \$12 for two years, \$16 for three years, payable in advance. If you live in Canada or in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 50 cents to the prices listed above. If you live in any other foreign country, add \$1.50. If you move, let us know your new address (include your old one, too) in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies, and we can't send duplicates).

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

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

CORRESPONDENTS

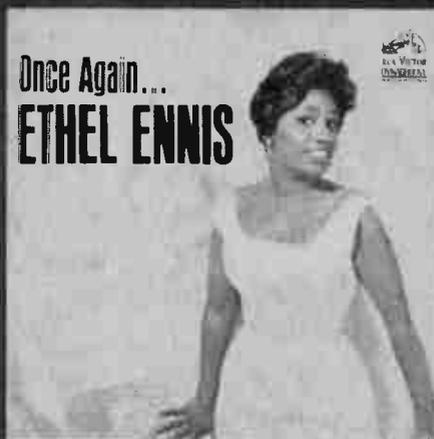
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A FORUM FOR READERS

Heckman/Saxophones Pro . . .

This is to express my appreciation for the latest in a series of fine articles by Don Heckman. His evaluation of contemporary jazz saxophonists was superb. Herb Snitzer's beautiful photograph of John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy is a masterpiece. The reed issue as a whole was entirely satisfying.

John Sinclair
Detroit, Mich.

Don Heckman should be applauded for his continued efforts to pierce the barrier of stale-joke and antimusic cliches that have prejudiced many jazz fans against the music of John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, and Ornette Coleman.

Too many jazz critics seek to confine jazz with their pens; Heckman is one of the few who lets the musicians define jazz with their horns. And that's the way criticism should be written.

Martin Jezer
Brooklyn, N.Y.

. . . And Con

Don Heckman's article *The Saxophone—Instrument of Jazz Innovation* (DB, May 21) was, by its title, very misleading. All Heckman did in three-fourths of it was to elaborate on John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, et al. Does critic Heckman feel that the future of jazz lies wholly in the hands of these men?

Stan Getz and Gerry Mulligan have been on the scene as long as Coltrane, and they were not even mentioned. Or what about Phil Woods or Paul Horn?

If an article with such a title devotes over half its space to Coltrane and Coleman, doesn't it seem possible that Mulligan, Horn, Woods, and Getz should also be mentioned?

Charles Burch
Lake Jackson, Texas

Caged Emotion

Let others wonder if John Cage produces music—I wonder if he produces art (DB, May 7).

Granted that art is purposeless in one sense; the appreciation of it will not put food on your table or get you from New York to Chicago. But a work of art has an end in itself and will produce, upon contemplation, delight in the observer. Emotion, contrary to Cage, is *not* extraneous, and consequently, I doubt that it is extramusical. Nor is logic outside the esthetic realm—not the logic of philosophy or science but a logic determined by the work itself, by which the whole has a unified sense and without which the actively participating audience Cage talks about cannot be active.

Whatever Cage creates his organized sounds and silences for, I don't believe it's for human beings. Maybe machines will

STANLEY SPECTOR writes —

Is METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING a contradiction of terms? Through years of study and verification of my teaching, I have reason to believe that the experience and ideas behind the label offers a way toward a broader kind of emotionalism and feeling in the drumming art; however, I can easily understand why an outsider might mistakenly think that I am attempting to take sex out of jazz drumming. Of course, they fail to understand that by placing METHOD (a conventional abstraction) in front of JAZZ DRUMMING (an unconventional personalization) that, in fact, I have used the word METHOD in a symbolic sense.

People, for the most part, see, hear, and believe what they have been conditioned to perceive and accept. For example, when most people who are interested in JAZZ DRUMMING see the word METHOD they automatically picture a square, calculated, intellectual, unemotional activity in the extreme. On the other hand, however, when most people not interested in jazz hear the words jazz drummer they immediately think of dope addicts and worse. It would seem that, in this respect, both interested jazz drummers and the lay public share the same inability of comprehending symbolic language and experience.

METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING, viewed as a symbol represents, then, a kind of jazz drumming which probes the emotional and personal area of performance to a degree far beyond anything yet known in the art to a point which gravitates toward the very center of experience. The METHOD has already produced responsible people in JAZZ DRUMMING who clearly see that without it JAZZ DRUMMING is about as flat as a tire without air.

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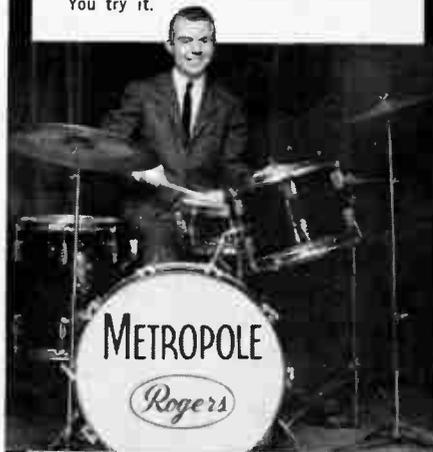
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appreciate it, and if he is "trying to restore music to its rightful place in the community," as Don Heckman notes, perhaps Cage feels human beings have become merely machines.

John E. Price
Milwaukee, Wis.

Problems, Problems, Problems

The rather cavalier treatment of Ken McIntyre at the hands of Bill Mathieu (*DB*, April 23) in regard to McIntyre's album *Way, Way Out* seems to deserve some attention.

First, I don't think it wise or, for that matter, particularly fair to clobber an artist with arbitrary thunderbolts of "counterpoint" and "decadent" coupled with the bad taste of referring to McIntyre as a "student." Mathieu, I'm sure, recognizes the fact that writing for strings in jazz terms is a thorny problem indeed; also, contrapuntal writing for small string ensembles is extremely hazardous because of the dissipation of the sound of the strings totally unlike the more aggressive brass and reeds.

McIntyre took up the gauntlet of this classic jazz problem within the context of contemporary explorations in nondiatonic materials and, I think, emerged with a rather stunning recording.

I don't envy Mathieu his task in the contemporary jazz scene with the art form in such a turmoil that the very vocabulary of ideas and attitudes, painfully evolved from the past, is hopelessly obsolescent and is hardly pertinent to more than a fragment of the activity going on today. But with so much Dada and mimicry present these days, it would seem to me that a solidly trained (technically and historically) man like McIntyre deserves a little more serious attention than he received in this review.

John Mchegan
New York City

Gitler-Sylvester-Birdland

I think Ira Gitler bum-rapped Bob Sylvester in his article *The Columnist and the Club* (*DB*, May 21). I got the definite impression that Gitler's quarrel should have been with Birdland owner Oscar Goodstein, who, it appears, merely changed his mind about a continual jazz policy at his club.

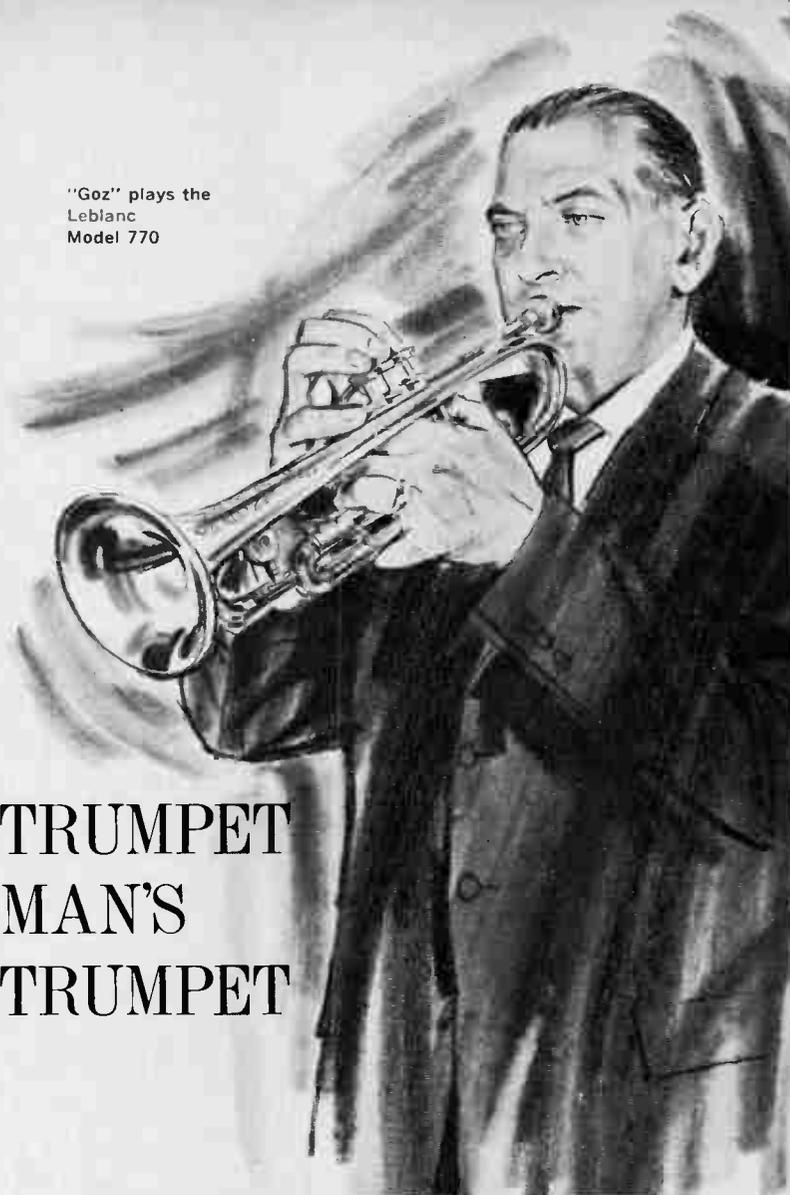
According to Gitler, Goodstein did *not* deny the quote attributed to him by Sylvester which gave Bob (and myself) the impression that Birdland had just about had it with jazz. Goodstein, as quoted by Gitler, certainly seems to verify everything Sylvester said he said.

Gitler says Sylvester used the Birdland teapot tempest to attack "modern jazz." I didn't read it that way, but what if he did? The best the jazz fraternity has been able to do is to label it the "new thing." How derogatory can you get?

Anybody who has read Sylvester knows he loves jazz; he has written hundreds of columns about it. His column has been used profusely by jazz musicians and their representatives as a free ad for years and years.

Elliott Horne
New York City

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NEW YORK

JAZZ GOES TO THE MOVIES: As previously noted, *The Cool World*, the recently opened film about a Harlem teenage gang, has a score by **Mal Waldron** and features **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Yusef Lateef** in solos. Oddly, Gillespie does not sound typically Diz. If one were not informed, his playing could be mistaken for an anonymous modern trumpeter. . . . *The Servant*, a British import starring **Dirk Bogarde** as an evil gentleman's gentleman, has a background score by **Johnny Dankworth**. In one scene, Dankworth is seen and heard playing his alto saxophone in a **Charlie Parker**-oriented blues.

JAZZ GOES OFF BROADWAY: **Al Cohn**, who wrote an original song for *Cages*, the two **Lewis John Carlino** plays that featured **Shelly Winters** last year, is again associated with the playwright. *Sarah and the Sax*, one of the two plays in Carlino's *Doubletalk*, now at the Theatre DeLys, concerns the meeting of an elderly Jewish woman and a Negro saxophonist on a park bench. When the saxophonist is called on to play, the music that comes out is prerecorded Cohn.

Tenor saxophonist **Stan Getz**' new group (**Gary Burton**, vibraharp; **Chuck Israels**, bass; **Joe Hunt**, drums) played at the Cafe Au Go Go. Brazilian singer **Joao Gilberto**, who was to open with Getz, did not, but his wife, **Astrud**, did. . . . The



COHN

last of the four Five Spot benefits for the downtown branch of the Congress of Racial Equality featured tenor saxophonists: **John Coltrane**, **Joe Farrell**, **Al Cohn**, and **Farrell Saunders**. The first two had their own group, but Cohn played with a pickup rhythm section, and Saunders combined with alto man **Bobby Brown** in a hastily improvised quintet that subbed at the last minute for **Sonny Rollins**. Vocalist **Sheila Jordan** also did a set, and drummer **Frankie Dunlop**, who played with the Farrell group, opened the program with impersonations and impressions. . . . Baritone saxophonist **Jay Cameron's** quartet, the World Beaters, with **Dusko Gojkovic** on fluegelhorn, **Ronnie McClure** on bass, and **Rick Porter** on drums, replaced **Roland Kirk's** quartet in the regular Five Spot show, opposite Rollins.



GOODMAN

Benny Goodman appeared as guest soloist when **George Balanchine's** newest work, *Clarinade*, was danced at the New York State Theater at Lincoln Center on April 29. The music was **Morton Gould's** *Derivations*, a piece for clarinet using jazz elements, which the composer wrote for Goodman in 1955. Goodman, with his original quartet (**Lionel Hampton**, vibraharp; **Teddy Wilson**, piano; **Gene Krupa**, drums) appeared as part of the program at Carnegie Hall on May 6 for the benefit of the Wiltwyck School for Boys. The clarinetist also will, as he did last year, present a series of Friday night concerts featuring various artists—such as singer **Tony Bennett**, pianist **Peter Serkin**, violinist **Walter Trampler**, and oboist **Leonard Arner**—at the Stamford, Conn., Museum, beginning June 19 and ending July 11. Goodman is scheduled to perform as both

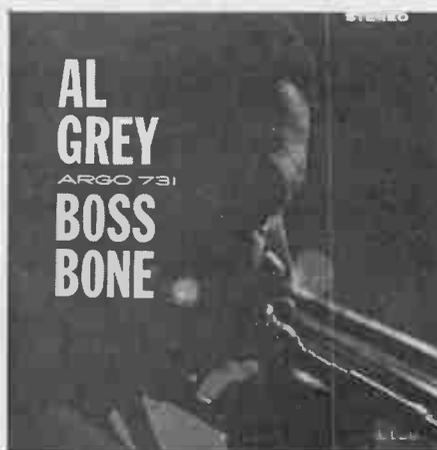
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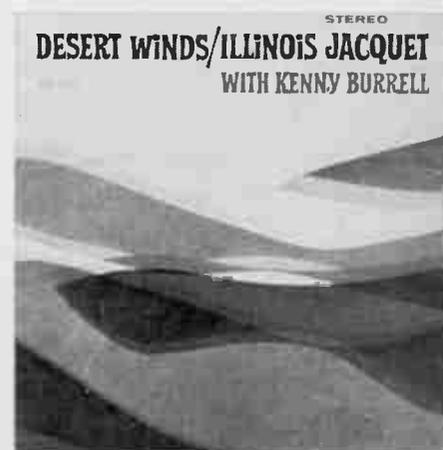
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June 18, 1964

Vol. 31, No. 14



SKEEZ PHOTO

MAINI

Doubt leads to disaster

JOE MAINI KILLED IN GUN ACCIDENT

Fate—in the form of a loaded revolver—took the life of jazz saxophonist Joe Maini, 34, in a bizarre accidental shooting early in the morning of May 8.

Police said Maini was "playing with a .22 revolver" at the home of a fellow sax player, Ray Graziano.

Graziano, who reportedly had recently bought the gun as protection against prowlers, was said to have warned Maini to be careful with the loaded pistol. Apparently doubting Graziano, Maini placed the muzzle of the gun to his head and pulled the trigger. The bullet penetrated his brain.

Rushed to Los Angeles General Hospital, Maini lay in a coma while doctors examined the wound to determine if surgery were possible. They decided it was not. Maini died without having recovered consciousness.

Born Joseph Maini Jr. in Providence, R.I., on Feb. 8, 1930, he was one of the most widely respected saxophonists in jazz. As brilliant a lead alto man as a soloist, Maini, at the time of his death, was a member of the Shelly Manne and His Men quintet. Recently he had played the lead alto chair with Louis Bellson's big band in an engagement at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood. He also had played lead in the big bands of Gerald Wilson and, during its formation, Terry Gibbs.

Maini is survived by his ex-wife, Sandra, a son and a daughter.

DOWN BEAT SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS ANNOUNCED

Two overseas winners—one from Plymouth, England, and the other from Paris, France—testified again to jazz' internationalism and to the growing mastery of the music by foreign musicians as *Down Beat* announced awards in its 1964 Hall of Fame scholarship competition.

Alan David Rowe, 31, of Plymouth, won the \$950 full scholarship in tenor saxophone and arranging, and Charlie Paris, 34, of Paris, won a \$500 partial scholarship for his alto saxophone work.

Applications, supported by tape recordings, came from all over the world in brisk competition for the \$6,900 awarded in scholarships to the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., and to its summer program.

The Hall of Fame scholarships are awarded in two divisions—junior, for student musicians under 20 years of age, and senior, for those 20 and older.

This year's scholarships bring the total of student musicians aided by the Hall of Fame program to 80 and the total value of the grants to more than \$27,000. This is the sixth year *Down Beat* has sponsored the competition. This year's winners are:

JUNIOR DIVISION

\$950 Full Scholarship—Mel Ellison, 18, Daly City, Calif., tenor saxophone.

\$500 Partial Scholarship—Jules Rowell, 18, Rodeo, Calif., trombone-arranging.

\$250 Partial Scholarships—Bruce Hier, 18, Grover City, Calif., trombone; Jeffrey Jones, 18, San Francisco, Calif., alto saxophone; Ernest Krivda, 18, Cleveland, Ohio, alto saxophone; William Lepine, 19, Waukegan, Ill., guitar; Eric Morgeson, 18, Plymouth, Mich., piano.

\$100 Special Summer School Awards—Fred Biondi, 16, Toughkenamon, Pa., drums; Dennis Dias, 17, Hicksville, N.Y., guitar; Anthony Gloster, 17, Buffalo, N.Y., clarinet;

A Word of Greeting

This is the first issue of *Down Beat* to be sent to chapters of Friends of Music, U.S.A., an international club formed by Willis Conover among listeners to his United States Information Agency radio program *Music, U.S.A.*

Down Beat greets the nearly 900 chapters and extends the best wishes of the jazz community to the club's more than 11,000 members; through you, jazz' message will become even more widespread.

David Graziotto, 19, Guelph, Ontario, drums; Warren Hantman, 17, St. Louis, Mo., piano; Robert Harvey, 18, Tacoma, Wash., tenor saxophone; Victor Licausi, 19, Syosset, N.Y., drums; Peter Loeb, 18, Woodmere, N.Y., tenor saxophone; Joseph Mastrangelo, 18, Endicott, N.Y., piano; Michael Sullivan, 17, Seattle, Wash., alto saxophone; William Teitsworth, 18, Mt. Morris, N.Y., bass; Jim Wiseman, 19, Riverside, Calif. drums.

SENIOR DIVISION

\$950 Full Scholarship—Rowe.

\$500 Partial Scholarships—Robert Hardwick, 21, Louisville, Ky., piano; John Morris, 23, Indiana, Pa., piano-arranging; and Paris.

\$250 Partial Scholarship—Dave Ressler, 22, Crawfordsville, Ind., piano.

\$100 Special Summer School Awards—Morrison Grimes Jr., 21, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., piano; Jonathan Robinson, 21, Winston-Salem, N.C., trumpet; John Shacklett, 27, Madison, Wis., guitar.

BILL EVANS, HERMAN, BASIE, RAY BROWN, WIN GRAMMYS

Jazz and jazzmen made a surprisingly good showing in the sixth annual Grammy awards presentations of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences held at simultaneous ceremonies last month in New York City; Beverly Hills, Calif.; and Chicago.

The academy awarded its symbol of artistic achievement to:

Bill Evans, for the best instrumental jazz performance (small group or soloist), *Conversations with Myself*.

Woody Herman, for the best instrumental jazz performance (large group), *Encore: Woody Herman, 1963*.

Ray Brown, for the best original jazz composition, *Gravy Waltz*. (Brown's lyricist, Steve Allen, who accepted for the bassist in Beverly Hills, told the star-packed audience, "You should be applauding the man who wrote it, Ray Brown. I just wrote the words.")

Count Basie, for the best performance by an orchestra for dancing, *This Time by Basie! Hits of the '50s and '60s*.

Quincy Jones, for writing the best instrumental arrangement, *I Can't Stop Loving You*, for the Basie band.

The Swingle Singers, for the best performance by a chorus, *Bach's Greatest Hits*.

Ray Charles, for making the best rhythm-and-blues recording, *Busted*.

Stanley Dance and Leonard Feather, for writing the best album liner notes,

for Duke Ellington's *The Ellington Era*.

Other important awards went to:

Henry Mancini and Johnny Mercer for writing the best song, *The Days of Wine and Roses*.

Barbra Streisand, for the best female vocal performance, in *The Barbra Streisand Album*.

A&R man Steve Sholes, for making the top record, *The Days of Wine and Roses*.

A&R man Mike Berniker, for making *The Barbra Streisand Album*, adjudged the year's best album (other than classical).

MINGUS SHARPLY CRITICIZED FOR EUROPEAN TOUR BEHAVIOR

On his recent European concert tour, bassist Charlie Mingus, according to reports from some cities in which his group has played, left behind a trail of anger, resentment, accusations, tantrums, damage, disorganization, chaos, and confusion in a display of petulant ill will that took continental audiences completely by surprise.

Virtually every European newspaper reporting on his concerts commented on the bassist's behavior onstage and off.

The complaints were several. Concerts consistently started late: in Hamburg and Zurich, one hour, and in Wuppertal and Frankfurt am Main, Germany, 45 minutes. In Biel, Switzerland, the musicians were observed leaving to eat when the hall was filled and the concert due to start.

Then there were Mingus' onstage antics. At the Biel concert he destroyed a tape recorder with his feet and had the film confiscated from the camera of a boy in the audience who was filming the program and who Mingus claimed was a "secret television agent."

During this program the bassist interrupted the concert to harangue the audience for 15 minutes about "criminal booking agents," a charge he repeatedly made from concert stages, though he was receiving the fees stipulated in his contracts.

In Bremen and Hamburg he told the audiences to go home because they wouldn't understand his music. Hamburg concert agent Hans Werner Funke refunded concertgoers their money. It was in this city that Mingus damaged doors in his hotel and in the concert hall, brandished a knife, and had to be restrained forcibly by police.

"I have organized more than 200 concerts in this city," Funke said, "but I never saw anything like that. Mingus' behavior is bad not only for me,

but for jazz and American artists in general. I will have to hold him responsible for all the damage, especially for the destruction of phones, doors, and microphones in the hotel and concert hall. In the future, I'll never again present jazz groups of this kind in Hamburg."

One of the most respected German newspapers, *Die Welt*, wrote, "His musicians drink schnappes and smoke on the stages of philharmonic halls where jazz, some years ago, had difficulty getting in . . ." implying that the music might once again be faced with difficulties in trying to get presentation in such halls.

When *Down Beat* asked George Wein, who set up the Mingus tour, to comment on charges leveled against the bassist, he said, "No comment."

German jazz critic Joachim E. Berendt remarked of the tour and its events:

"Mingus, on bass, was giving his audiences his message in a most convincing, overwhelming, way. But he stops being convincing when he stops playing. He might hate people in his music; if he does it as greatly as he does—fine. But if he hates them in his manners, it's not great—only painful and embarrassing. And, considering Mingus' status in jazz, it's a tragedy."

SF CLUBOWNER SAYS MILES GOOFED GIG

Art Auerbach, owner of the Jazz Workshop, and Miles Davis parted on less than friendly terms after the trumpeter's recent two-week engagement at the San Francisco club.

Auerbach said that Davis did not play a full schedule on several nights of his stay and additionally failed to appear on three other nights—once without advance notice.

During the first week, Auerbach said, Davis notified the owner he had had a tooth pulled and could not play Thursday night. The next week, Auerbach said, Davis played only one set on Tuesday night, leaving at 11 p.m.; played two sets Thursday and left at 12:30 a.m.; played three sets instead of the scheduled four on Friday night; and played four sets instead of the five scheduled for Saturday, which included a 2:30 a.m. special show.

Auerbach said Davis notified him he could not play Wednesday night of the second week, and as a result the owner kept the club closed. On Sunday night, the last of the engagement, Davis failed to appear and gave no warning of his absence, Auerbach said. As a result, the owner said, he had to close the club and refund the door

charge to customers who were inside waiting.

"No other musician has ever closed my club in the seven years I've been operating it," Auerbach declared. "I feel it was inexcusable."

Because California law prohibits the presence of minors in bars, Auerbach suspended his liquor license for the Davis group's stay in order that 18-year-old drummer Tony Williams might appear with the group.

"I did this because Miles is a great musician, has an excellent group, and I wanted them to be heard in San Francisco," Auerbach said.

The club's \$2 door charge and sale of soft drinks at \$1.25 enabled Auerbach to make what he termed a small profit. He maintained, however, that Davis overdraw his pay by \$1,000 in view of his curtailed appearances. Negotiations to settle this are under way, Auerbach said.

In between sets at New York's Village Vanguard, where he and his quintet were playing, Davis, commenting on Auerbach's charges, said, "He made a lot of money—and he's got my horn too."

NO MORE L-H-R OR L-H-B; IT'S JON HENDRICKS & CO.

Jon Hendricks & Co., the current version of the original Lambert-Hendricks-Ross poll-winning vocal trio, debuted last month to a large and enthusiastic crowd at the Royal Arms in Buffalo, N. Y.

Pat Harris is the new female singer with the group, having replaced Yolande Bavan (who was charter-member Annie Ross' replacement a couple of years ago). Miss Bavan said she will remain in New York City to work as an actress.

Miss Bavan, in giving her reasons for leaving the group, told *Down Beat*: "The group deserved much more than they were getting. They were handled badly. We never got out of the rut of the same clubs."

She also said she feels that the group was a victim of "bad scheduling, bad routing. We would drive, in a station wagon, 1,400 miles to a one-nighter; then 800 miles back to where we had been the first night. The group should have been flying."

"Musically, I'm very sad, because for me it was a lesson. The experience was invaluable. Singers like Jon and Dave [Lambert] come along once in a lifetime, but too many unnecessary dues were being paid."

The third member is Don Chastain, who has appeared in the Broadway version of *No Strings* and in the Boston, Mass., production of *Li'l Abner*.

COLLEGE JAZZ: WEST

Some half-dozen miles south of Phoenix, Ariz., in the sun-baked college town of Tempe, where shorts and flapping shirttails are quite de rigeur on male and female student alike, the first annual Western Regional Inter-collegiate Jazz Festival was held May 1-3.

When host and judge Stan Kenton announced the winners the afternoon of May 3, J.J. Jennings, pianist for a nine-piece jazz ensemble from the University of California at Los Angeles, accepted the sweepstakes trophy for director-tenorist Steve Carr and the band.

Presented a trophy for victory in the big-band (there were only two competing) category was Ted Nichols, leader of the 18-piece organization from California State College at Los Angeles.

Representing unofficially the host school, Arizona State University, the Charley Johnston Sextet, a hard-swinging, blues-oriented combo, took the third trophy as best small group.

Organized by student Garth Tallman in behalf of Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity and mightily aided by sundry fraternity brothers, the festival was highlighted by a May 2 afternoon concert by a visiting group consisting of Shorty Rogers, fluegelhorn; Paul Horn, alto saxophone, flute; Pete Jolly, piano; and Shelly Manne, drums; with Phil Pierce, bass, who was drafted from the Johnston sextet. Pierce, a student at the university, reaped probably the most prestige of anyone during the festival. He did yeoman work with the big jazz shots as well as performing extremely well with the local bands and combos.

Judging the event were Kenton; Robert C. Lamm, chairman of the university's humanities department and a former jazz musician; Jimmie Baker, television producer of the series *Stars of Jazz* and *Jazz Scene, U.S.A.*, and a bandleader-drummer in his college days; and this writer.

In all, there were five sessions of competition and concert and one morning clinic conducted for the student musicians by the visiting jazzmen. At the clinic, Kenton discoursed on arranging for big bands, and Horn instructed on woodwinds, Rogers on brass, Jolly on piano, and Manne on percussion.

Other groups participating, in chronological order, were the Arizona State University 16-piece band; the Aires, a cleanly commercial vocal quartet that had no place in such a

festival but provided some enjoyable and humorous moments; and the Johnston group. This, with the addition of featured artist Horn, and guest singer Kim Williams, constituted the opening evening's fare.

Horn played an excellent set on alto and flute accompanied by Kenton at the piano (who obviously had a ball and evidenced a singular solo jazz piano style), Pierce on bass, and a fine young drummer, Dave Cook.

Saturday afternoon fare consisted of the Kappa Kappa Psi Quartet—clarinet and rhythm section—which provided pleasant and lightly swinging music by clarinetist Gary Gregg, pianist Bob Vujkov, bassist Jeff Noble, and drummer Byron Metcalf. The vocals of Carol Richard enhanced the rather innocuous proceedings.

Following the stirring set by the all-star group and a follow-up section by Miss Williams, the UCLA men made their first appearance in the guise of a sextet.

They were effective in the context, but it became obvious later that their real strength lay in the nonet. Soloists Warren Luening, trumpet; John Mewborn, valve trombone; and Steve Carr, tenor saxophone, made their points and made them well. Appearing in the nonet were Glen Swallows, second trumpet; Jim Snodgrass, alto saxophone; Steve Steveson, baritone saxophone; Chuck Bennett, bass; and Glen Winters, drums.

Saturday evening brought on the California State College Orchestra. It was a bit top-heavy, and one could theorize that elimination of some instrumentation would not have hurt the total effort.

Dan Strawbridge, leading another Arizona group, the Phi Mu Alpha nine-piece jazz band, played interestingly, but when the UCLA nonet began to blow, it was clear which group was the champ.

The Sunday afternoon final eliminations were almost an anticlimax. Again the UCLA gang swept the decks with its suave modern arrangements and articulate soloists. The Johnston group, outnumbered as it was, was outweighed and outpunched by the boys from Los Angeles.

A lasting and ultimate joy of this jazz event on the Arizona desert—where within living memory Chiricahua Apaches fought the U.S. cavalry to the death—was found in the musical unification of student and professional jazzmen in a living experience.

—John A. Tynan

(l. to r.) J. J. Jennings, U.C.L.A.; festival organizer Garth Tallman; Ted Nichols, L. A. State



JOHN TYNAN

TANGENTS

Most jazzmen like to talk, and when a group of them is gathered to discuss a subject, the conversation often will veer in unexpected, but interesting, directions. Such was the case when *Down Beat* editor Don DeMicheal got together Cannonball Adderley, Gary McFarland, George Russell, and Oliver Nelson to talk about problems of small jazz bands. All the musicians have wide experience playing in and writing for small groups. The discussion, which follows, was held during the recent Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame, where the musicians served as festival judges.

Adderley: If I ever have to make another change in my group, I'm not going to have a sextet. I've had it with sextets. The possibilities are only things that someone else has already done.

Nelson: Three horns. . . .

Adderley: I don't think anybody ever really explored the possibilities of a quintet as far as sounds are concerned. Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker established an alto-and-trumpet thing. But Dizzy and James Moody don't sound the same as Diz and Bird, you know what I mean? But you listen to every sextet that has come along in the last few years, and they all seem to get the same voicing.

Nelson: That's what I'm talking about.

Adderley: There are infinitely more possibilities with a sextet, but they seem to have been tried. They didn't do it with two horns. A good example of that is Charlie Mariano's new album, *The Jazz Portrait of Charlie Mariano*. He's done more with a quintet in that album than has been done in a while. Same thing with Charles Mingus when he just had the two saxophones, J. R. Monterose and Jackie McLean.

Nelson: There was more happening.

Adderley: For one thing, with a sextet, you get more soloists, and the tunes get longer and longer. I think tenor players, for one thing, are longer-winded than anyone else. As a result, you really don't have the opportunity to explore possibilities of doing things.

DeMicheal: Why does everybody have to solo on every tune? Why couldn't limitations be put on the soloist so

that he would have to get said what he wanted to say in two or three choruses, like it used to be?

Nelson: It inhibits guys.

DeMicheal: It didn't inhibit Lester Young.

Adderley: It inhibited him up to a point. It was just that nobody brought out the fact that Pres complained. Basie will tell you that Pres used to complain because Basie would let Herschel Evans play longer. Pres used to say, "I'm the bridgework king." Playing bridges. Give Pres a bridge and then out-chorus.

DeMicheal: I was talking to one of the original Chicago jazzmen the other day, Floyd O'Brien. I asked him if, when he and the other members of the Austin High gang played jobs, they played for more than the usual three minutes that we hear on old records. He said, "Oh, yeah. If things got swinging, and everybody felt good, we'd play as long as 10 minutes on a tune."

Adderley: There are several reasons why that situation no longer exists. For one thing, before jazz musicians made records, even back in New Orleans, the old jazz musicians will tell you that they played tunes for long periods of time when they were playing in listening situations. But the physical taxes imposed on dancers made it necessary for the guys not to play so long. How long can you play a tune with somebody out there sweating?

DeMicheal: But the guys had themselves so much together that they could play a two-chorus solo and it would hang together. I heard John Coltrane and Elvin Jones—just the two—play for 45 minutes. Part of it was tremendous, but some of it was plain boring.

DeMicheal and Nelson



Nelson: You might have a point.

Adderley: You could've taken any part of that and made a one-chorus solo. People tend to accept what's happening. Do you know that if John Coltrane was the eight-bar type, and him a leader, a trend setter, that people wouldn't find it necessary to play so long? Because Coltrane does it that way. This is a thing that's a problem.

I'm going to do something about formula-type playing. We have been playing things for-the-love-of. Sometimes we start out playing solos and end up with the melody. Everybody's wondering what you're playing until you get to the end of the tune. It's sort of nice to do that. And, then, we do things that only one guy plays on.

DeMicheal: Would you do a thing all-ensemble, no solos?

Adderley: We would if we. . . . Ellington has done things like that. But we don't have anybody that does that much writing.

Nelson: I thought Charles Lloyd [Adderley's tenor sax-flute man] would be writing by now.

Adderley: I'd love to do an all-ensemble thing. I like to play parts. That's part of what's wrong with the young jazz players coming up—they don't have to play in jazz ensembles. They don't have to play parts, and they don't care about sound, as far as blending with other horns. Everybody's concentrating on his own individual sound; his intonation, even within what he's doing, is careless. He doesn't have to play in tune, as he would in an ensemble. It's not necessary anymore, you see? Today everybody concentrates on blowing; he wants to sound as different as he can, somewhere between John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, Wayne Shorter, and so forth.

DeMicheal: You think they really

want to sound different?

Adderley: No, they want to sound like what's happening. They want to conform.

DeMicheal: I was thinking last night, what would have happened if one of those kids came floating out of the ensemble like Pres? [The reference is to the college bands performing at the Collegiate Jazz Festival.]

McFarland: I would have jumped out of my seat, man. There's too much opposition to a tenor player playing like Pres.

Adderley: Can you imagine what would happen to an alto player that played like Johnny Hodges? He'd get clobbered. Can you imagine an alto player playing like Johnny Hodges—filling in the spaces with sound, and in tune, and so forth—but playing in the way Ornette Coleman plays?

Nelson: That would probably be the answer to music.

McFarland: It seems that the value has dropped right out of things like sound . . . blend

Adderley: Time. Time is a thing of the past. How many drummers do you know can keep time? How many guys since Buddy Rich and Kenny Clarke? Cancel Max Roach, Philly Joe Jones, Shelly Manne—guys who came up in that tradition. But think of guys who took only superficial elements from that. You have the masters of the instrument philosophizing about their being tired of the drummer taking a secondary role to the soloists. This gives guys license to say, "Yeah, later for all that time business." So now everybody . . . cancels time. What's going to happen?

Bass players don't walk anymore. Ray Brown is meaningless. What's this kid that you wrote about in *Down Beat*? Ron Carter? Ron Carter can't use anybody. He can't use Mingus on the one hand, or Ray Brown on the other, or anybody in between; he can only use elements of certain people. Think about when you came up, and you had a hero—10 heroes—and what they did was *them*, and you liked them and you did what they did. They didn't have to do all *you* wanted to do, but you just liked what they did. So here's Ron Carter, can't use any bass player.

Nelson: That's a drag.

Adderley: Ain't that something? No compleat bass players in jazz.

Nelson: No compleat bass players?

Adderley: That's what he said.

McFarland: He's a hell of a good player too.



Gary McFarland

Adderley: I can't use him.

DeMicheal: Are you kidding? Ron Carter?

Adderley: I don't like his feeling. Of course, I'm terribly limited. . . . There's an inner nervousness in his playing; it's inherent in what he's talking about.

Nelson: Why don't we define the role of the bass player? What is a bass player supposed to do?

McFarland: He's supposed to contribute music. . . .

Adderley: Listen, listen, listen, I. . . .

Nelson: He's supposed to add. Lend his support, right?

McFarland: I'll tell you. A moment ago when he was saying drummers—and I guess this includes bass players—are tired of playing a secondary role, I don't know why the hell they feel playing time is a secondary role. If you have a group, everyone is supposed to make a contribution. It's a group effort. Obviously, if Cannon is playing alto, he can't be playing the bass and the drums too.

Nelson: If he can't feel right about what's happening, he can't play as well as he should. If a guy has this happening behind him, it makes it difficult for him to be creative at all.

McFarland: They're very distracting elements when they're not performed correctly.

Nelson: I do understand the way some guys feel about not using piano. I sure hate to be boxed in by a C-minor 9th. I know all the notes I could play, but that C-minor 9th is just a little too strong. Of course, I can close my ears and play something else. But maybe this is the result of my throwing off college [academic music study]. I see where I could go, and I feel this year will be better for me than last. I see four or five streets I can go; pick

out any one of them and it'll be a step in the right direction for me.

Now, the role of the bass player. What's he supposed to do? I find I'm inspired by bass players who have something besides 4/4 to offer.

The drummer, what's he supposed to do? Somebody's got to do something. Freedom in jazz?

McFarland: A bass player keeps time and supplies notes in a certain area of sound that are necessary.

Nelson: Necessary?

McFarland: Necessary to make you feel like playing.

Nelson: I probably could do it with just a drummer now. I think this is one of the things that John and Elvin get into without a bass player. Everything is clearly outlined all the time. I don't have to worry anymore about where John is, because he builds his patterns. It's very logical. John is basically an old-time saxophone player. He happens to be a modernist, but the basis for everything he does is clearly defined.

Adderley: Did you hear Elvin with Sweets Edison? [Claps hands strongly on afterbeat as foot stomps floor.] All night long. And he didn't play it tongue in cheek; he was happy.

Nelson: Elvin's adaptable enough that if he played with Johnny Hodges, he'd have something to give. A guy has to be flexible, or else his music is only one way.

McFarland: I heard Elvin with that group J. J. Johnson had with Bobby Jaspar, and I never heard a drummer float like that in my life . . . the perfect feeling for J. J.

Adderley: It's a shame this has to be called flexibility. There's something wrong if you think I-can-only-play-alone; you should be able to play with



Cannonball Adderley

anybody else who can play well.

McFarland: What is a group? What does it mean? It means you get some people together, and you work for a common cause.

Adderley: That's where my trouble comes in. Just what has happened to small jazz groups? The only guys who're doing something groupwise are Ornette and them. Ornette's writing all kinds of things for *groups*. All kinds of ensemble things. The group has something to play that all works toward the same end. There are interludes, transitional passages. . . . He's got all kinds of ensemble things, and strict things for the drummer to do, for the bass player to do, in the ensemble. Sure, there's a lot of blowing, but there's also a lot of ensemble. There's a group, and there's Ornette Coleman. . . .

[There followed a discussion on the forces of society and how they shape the lives of people. The consensus was that this society stifles the creative mind.]

Russell: There's a book called *Growing Up Absurd* that's got me mad. It puts the finger on what's wrong with this society. It doesn't have a thing to do with jazz, but it has an awful lot to do with what our future is going to be, much more than does the "new thing."

DeMicheal: But don't you think the "new thing" reflects the era we're in?

Russell: I don't think some of the people in the "new thing" really know what it's all about.

Nelson: It will take some time to weed out the ones who don't know what it's all about.

Russell: Of course. But I don't think it's an aimless revolution.

Nelson: You mean musical revolution?

Russell: Yeah. I don't think it's aimless, and I don't think it's anarchy. It's only anarchy for those people who say, "Freedom, freedom, freedom is it." There are going to be some disciplines in this music that—

Adderley: More.

Nelson: The standards are quite high, you know.

Russell: The only problem is that there's not going to be a society for this kind of music. We're brainwashing people so fast through the communications media . . . education is dishonest from the ground up. . . .

I think the music schools can justifiably be accused of having a fairly tepid, mediocre course to offer people. They're geared not to raising the students' eyes to the stars but to mediocrity. It's a line that follows right through the culture. Because we haven't faced truths. . . . For example, we're facing a problem of integration we should have faced a hundred years ago. And we're doing that in everything; we're putting off. How long can a culture continue to put off problems that tend to crush people and crush what they are? Crush sexuality, the desire for individuality. A culture can't put that off too long. . . . Jazz fits into all this. I agree with Nat Hentoff that the way we're going, there's going to be less and less room for the creative mind to grow in.

I'd like to put this question: Do you think there was any intellectual dishonesty involved in the Ornette Coleman episode? Especially among the people who write.

Adderley: I'm convinced. Everybody conformed—all of a sudden Don Cherry couldn't play. I didn't like that. I couldn't use that; on the one hand, everything was so beautiful, but suddenly somebody said Don Cherry's the weakest link in the chain. And

then there it is. I used to see all the time: "Hank Mobley remains the least impressive member of the Jazz Messengers." Remains. . . . I could see it right down the line in reviews of the Jazz Messengers—this kind of approach. Even when it was fashionable to like the Jazz Messengers, that was the standard approach. But now, everything in the Jazz Messengers is weak. You see what I mean? It's not fashionable anymore.

DeMicheal: Conformity in criticism?

Adderley: No, lack of honesty—

Russell: Yeah, conformity is what I'm talking about.

Adderley: Honesty. It could honestly be the case. But it seems to me the first observations about Don Cherry should have been he couldn't play, not wait until everybody said, "I don't know whether I like this or not." To say all this is very exciting, and then after a year, Don Cherry is not a good player. . . .

But the new music, George, I don't know; I just can't feel it. Ornette, I think he plays natural, that that's the way he feels. . . .

DeMicheal: But why does he feel that way?

Adderley: What do you mean, why does he feel that way? Why do you feel your way?

Russell: I see what Don means. I think Don means that Ornette feels differently than Bird felt. Maybe Bird felt like—

Adderley: I think they felt the same way.

Russell: [laughing] At one time, I'm sure they did.

Adderley: What we must take into consideration is that Ornette could come along playing the way he felt, and there was a ready, tight-knit area of people who were ready just like that to accept it because they were bored with what was going on.

Russell: First, bop came along and . . . the intellectual roots of bop were in the Negro's rebelling . . . I don't know if I can say Negro intellectuals, because I don't know if they embraced bop or not.

DeMicheal: Didn't somebody write that in a book *after* 1944?

Russell: Bop was a protest against the plight of the Negro in the United States.

DeMicheal: I don't feel that Ornette had a philosophy; my point earlier was that Ornette and this small group that supported him were subject to the same b.s. society that you were

talking about.

Russell: I don't think the seeds of this new music lie in a racial protest alone—

DeMicheal: I'm not talking about racial protest.

Russell: —it's a cry against the whole social structure. It's a cry for truth. It transcends race—and that can be done, you know. As much as the racial thing is pushed, there are problems that transcend it, which have to do with all of us as human beings.

DeMicheal: There are white kids identifying with the Negro's cause for reasons that don't have anything to do with civil rights. They use it as a means of rebellion.

Russell: That's right. Not everyone on a picket line is there because he believes in equal rights for Negroes. I've heard the statement of a white college kid to a Negro college kid: "I strongly envy you because you have something to rebel against."

Adderley: We played a university in Atlanta. There was the Ku Klux Klan parading on one side of the street and CORE on the other in front of a delicatessen run by a New York Jew. Now, dig, I was wearing my SNCC button, and I thought this was my chance to go in and get some credit. A crust of credit. 'Cause I know that I would never have done what these kids are doing. When I was a kid we wouldn't a bit more thought of going and sitting in those drugstores and places knowing you're going to get whipped. . . .

Russell: With sticks.

Adderley: We would not have done it, not me or any of my friends. So I went down there just to get some credit with those people who were doing something I wish I had done. Well, I ran into white kids in Georgia who said, "Weah agonna beat 'um; weah gonna cut out all this stuff agoin' on." Meaning they were against the way things have been for Negroes in the South.

Nelson: Things sure have changed.

Adderley: And this was the South! It was something to behold. They don't need it, these white kids.

Nelson: But like we were saying, the society has robbed practically everybody of any kind of values, and I'm afraid we're the only ones who have anything to look forward to. If all music were Gregorian chant, I don't think you'd have anything to look forward to either.

Russell: We're all being brainwashed, regardless of race, creed, or color.

This book, *Growing Up Absurd*, was written in 1959 or '60, and I would have thought this would really have shocked people, but the same hypocrisy is still going on.

McFarland: And still will be going on.

Russell: Not still will be going on, man. It can't! There are things going on in the society—like the millions of dropouts. These people can't express themselves mentally and must express themselves physically.

There must be people in South Africa that are saying, "It'll always be this way," but, believe me, it isn't always going to be that way. . . .

McFarland: What I'm saying is that there won't be a big change in, say, the next five years, because things can't move that fast.

Russell: It'd better start.

Adderley: It's just got so that now there is attention focused upon things like South Africa. At one time Nigeria was the way South Africa is.

DeMicheal: Do you know there are mixed jazz bands in South Africa? And I can't get a story about them because the guys are scared of what might happen to them.

Adderley: When Tony Scott did *Blues for an African Friend*, I knew there must have been some kind of mixture down there.

My wife was reading me some things from a book where the Greek gentry, thousands of years ago, were saying, "What are things coming to?" The same thing you're saying right now. But the whole society was destroyed—that's the point. Now, the question is will mankind survive?

Nelson: It always does.

Russell: There's a possibility . . . people with all this power at their disposal. . . .

McFarland: It's like musical programming. . . . People who don't know what it's all about have the power.

Adderley: Lukas Foss, in Buffalo, did you see all that stuff he had to go through? All he did was get an art group to subsidize his bringing Karlheinz Stockhausen to premiere a work in Buffalo. And people did what they've always done as a protest against something they don't like, they walked out, catcalls, booing. . . . They were trying to run Foss out of town on a rail, tarred and feathered. But he went on two television stations at the same time. He went on like a politician. He talked about how music cannot be what any one person wants it to be or any one group wants it to be; music will find its way. He told

about when Beethoven's *Fifth* was introduced, people protested because they weren't programing enough Mozart and Haydn. Lukas Foss was *mean*.

Russell: The only thing is that in Beethoven's time the communications media weren't well organized. Now they are a power, so much so that they can force their own standards on people with the justification that this is what the people want. Which is pure jive.

Adderley: That's not strong enough to mess up the society.

Russell: In our own field you get people who write to the image of their newspaper or magazine. This drags me. The writers' coloration of what you, as a musician, are doing might be strongly affected by their writing to the image of the publication.

McFarland: Like the most important
(Continued on page 39)

George Russell





NEW LEADER IN TOWN

A Portrait of Jay Cameron and His World Beaters, by Barbara Long

IF YOU'RE GOING to interview Jay Cameron," someone warned, "wear your walking shoes; he's a busy man with lots of interests, and he moves fast and often."

At his charming loft-apartment just off the Bowery, he was coming in and leaving again, running true to form. (Unfortunately, no one had said anything about the three-wheeled Isetta in which he does much of his moving around town.)

A New York disc jockey, interested in starting a club in the basement of an off-Broadway theater, wanted Cameron to test the acoustics with his baritone saxophone. If the booming sound carried to the theater above, that particular location would be out of the question.

Cameron's horn sounded good when he blew it at the proposed site. But upstairs it would have been tough going for *Romeo and Juliet*. Cameron spent the next few minutes trying to buoy the spirits of the dejected disc jockey, and then, on his way out, reeled off the locations and floor spaces of a half-dozen other possibilities in the Greenwich Village area.

"Well," he said, grinning at the looks of surprise, "I just happen to notice things like that."

One of the most refreshing things about 35-year-old Cameron—in a field stereotyped by an image of withdrawal from the daytime world—is his unabashed enthusiasm. His joie de vivre makes his whirling-dervish activity seem more like joyful adventure than mundane scuffling.

Relaxing between errands, he said, "Jazz is unlike other art fields, in that the milieu is as important in molding it as is the music itself. You can appreciate a book without knowing anything about the writer and the way he lives and works, but both the fan and the musician have a better understanding of jazz when they are fully aware of the conditions under which we work, what we are responding to that makes us play the way we do, what we're upset or glad about.

"When I got back from Paris a few years ago, all the 'literary' jazz fans were excited about Andre Hodeir's book, *Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence*, but I was very suspicious. I had never seen him hang out in clubs in Paris, and I was wondering how he could say anything pertinent, really pertinent, to me on the basis of listening to records.

"I've been in this business for 18 years now, and when I was unmarried and younger, it was fine for me and my horn to go it alone, doing what I wanted to do, playing

whenever and wherever I wanted. All I wanted to do was to play. But when I got married a few months ago and assumed the responsibility of another person and an eventual family, I made a decision. If I was going to stay in music, I would have to take the music business seriously.

"Naturally, the thing I really want to do is to play with my group, but, like other guys, I have to go through this period of making the rounds of clubs and recording companies with my tape under my arm. After all, somebody's got to do it in the beginning, and if there's one thing I've learned, it's that you have to do things yourself if you want them to get done."

In general, the things Cameron wants are to help improve conditions in his profession and specifically to have work and exposure for his quartet.

"I've worked with lots of groups over the years, and I had a pretty good idea of the sound I wanted to get," he said. "A mellow sound. Of course, the problem now is to keep the 'first string' together, and the only way to do that is to keep working. It's very hard—unnecessarily hard—to get established with a new group."

The "first string" is made up of Yugoslavian trumpeter and fluegelhornist Dusko Gojkovic, who, after working some years in Western Europe, first came to the United States with the International Band that played at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1959, and he later returned on a scholarship to study at the Berklee School of Music in Boston. He is currently working with Maynard Ferguson. When he's on the road, he is replaced in the Cameron group by 21-year-old Jimmy Owens. Owens and Gojkovic have originals in the book, which also includes pop standards, such as *Laura*, and jazz standards, such as Dave Brubeck's *The Duke*, on which the group achieves an amazingly big-band sound.

"By a happy accident," Cameron said, "the fluegelhorn and baritone gave us that good old mellow sound."

The bassist is a promising young man, Teddy Smith, a native of Washington, D.C., who has worked with pianist Freddie Redd, trumpeter Kenny Dorham, and trombonist Slide Hampton.

Drummer Wilbert Hogan has worked with Lionel Hampton, Lloyd Price, and most recently with Ray Charles. Of the Juilliard-educated Hogan, Cameron commented, "It's always especially important to get the right drummer for a small group. You know what a drag the

wrong one can be. Wilbert's the right man for us. Plays beautifully—softly but with intensity and is a very musical guy.”

The World Beaters (“I got tired of hearing of so-and-so's quartet”) have had several successful engagements so far, and the reviews of their college concerts indicate their approach. The college audiences were struck by the group's technical skill and by its ability to communicate the joy of playing. Cameron considers this an important factor in playing, and he said he also believes in “talking things over with the audience, explaining things to them. Musicians tend to overestimate the knowledgeability of the audience and don't understand it when the fans don't follow everything they're doing and any innovations they're introducing. If the fans get left behind too many times, they reject the music. One of the greatest things I learned from playing with Paul Winter was about getting through.”

“This issue of educating the music public,” he continued, “is the vital one confronting the music business today, and I feel this can best be done through the musicians' union. The principal hope for our future is raising the level of appreciation of the young people. An organization in New York, Young Audiences, is now doing work in the classical field, but there's no reason why something similar can't be done in jazz, or any worthwhile music. A twist of our AM radio dial, and we realize that we must help determine the quality of what we play.”

In 1963 Cameron read an issue of *The Musicians' Voice*, the newspaper started by Al Gurton and Murray Rothstein, and learned that other men also were interested in stirring a revolt within the existing union framework, particularly in New York City's Local 802. Cameron now contributes a column to *The Voice* and, like other musicians, such as bassists Bill Crow and Whitey Mitchell, shows an ability to present ideas simply and directly. Cameron is optimistic, he said, about the chances of reorganizing and modernizing 802 and eventually changing the entire U.S. musical scene.

Cameron is interested especially in ways in which new groups and talents can be helped, help which he regards as the responsibility of the industry.

“I think it's the responsibility of the union to sponsor competitions so that business can tune in on new talent,” he explained. “For instance, top-liners could work five-day weeks in order to give work and exposure to newer second-groups on the bill. The business element should make a point of presenting new *good* talent; the audience will hear it and grow with it. As kids grow up they'll continue to buy the music that they associate with their youth—look at the crowds Benny Goodman still draws. And it's up to the union and its members to see to it that audiences grow up to remember good music and not garbage.”

MUCH OF CAMERON's perspective on the U.S. scene was gained through his seven-year residence abroad.

Born in 1928 in New York City, he began to play alto saxophone in ninth grade and was graduated from California's Hollywood High School in 1945. Graduating at a time when there were job opportunities because older men were in the armed services, he worked with local groups and found that he had to leave the University of California at Los Angeles after one semester because he didn't have time for practice and playing jobs.

“I wasn't playing jazz then, but when I came east for a visit that summer, I went to 52nd St. and heard Bird for the first time,” he said. “Frankly I couldn't get with it at first, but his trip west converted me—for life.”

In 1947 Cameron and a friend left for Lausanne; they planned to stay a year, during which Cameron would study oboe, but finding that not much was happening in Switzerland, they left for Paris. Cameron admitted, “I was still a fledgling in jazz, but in Paris everyone assumed that all Americans could play jazz.”

He worked with cornetist Rex Stewart and trumpeter Bill Coleman and various European bands (“sometimes I was the only guy in the band who spoke English”).

“In late '50, with so much to learn in jazz, I returned to New York,” he recalled. “It was a really dismal scene. The only club that was doing anything was Birdland. I jammed a lot and rehearsed with Gerry Mulligan's band in Central Park when he was scuffling and used to practice up there.”

After the first week, Cameron knew he wasn't ready for New York, that it still intimidated him, and after a year of working day jobs, he returned to Europe, where he joined the Jack Sels Band in Belgium. They toured Germany in a revue performed for U.S. soldiers.

“Then I went with a Danish comedian, Boyd Bachman, who used a big band to back him during his tour of England and Scandinavia. It was a very good band with guys like the Van Rooyen brothers and Rob Pronk. I was playing tenor and alto during that time, but while I was with Boyd's band, I started digging the baritone.”

Cameron's sojourn in Europe preceded the arrival of most of the now-much-discussed Americans who have gone there permanently or semipermanently. He also worked with native jazzmen from the big show bands. He said he expects to see European jazzmen develop in relation to their own cultures and folk heritages even though at the present they still are absorbing U.S. influences.

While spending a summer on the Riviera in 1954, he explored the potential of the baritone and said that at the end of '55 he knew he'd have to return to New York “where jazz was. I made up my mind to concentrate on music and try to ignore all the ugly psychological pressures which made me want to leave the States in the first place.”

He worked with Woody Herman for seven months in 1956 and then moved to New York permanently. Refusing to go on the road again so soon, despite the enticement of an offer from Dizzy Gillespie, he worked with dance band (“but during that time there were jam sessions uptown in Harlem clubs and downtown in lofts like mine”).

Then came three years with Slide Hampton, whose octet was formed in 1959, recorded for Strand, Atlantic and Epic, and worked in and out of the city.

“Slide wasn't much for business details, so I took over managing chores,” Cameron said, “Oh, yeah, we traveled all right. We got bad checks from all over.”

He then went with the Paul Winter group, but “unfortunately I didn't make the White House gig, though I did enjoy working with Paul. He decided to change instrumentation and didn't need my baritone any more. The decision to start my own group was a natural step. I couldn't go back to big-band playing and being a push button.”

He admits that prospects don't look encouraging, “but then they never do. In the 18 years I've been in the business, I've seen the same cycle of activity in musicians' employment every year, with the dead periods becoming deader, the lively ones less lively. Of course, we have the World's Fair this year, and that should stimulate things.”

Though the picture he paints with candor is hardly a jolly, ho-ho one, no one of Cameron's outlook is likely to sulk in gloom. No one with that three-wheeled automobile could.



PHOTOS/DON SCHLITTEN



JONES, HENDERSON, SILVER HUMPHRIES

NEW FACES—NEW FUSES

Ira Gitler attends a rehearsal of the new Horace Silver Quintet

THE ROOM AT Lynn Oliver Rehearsal Studios in New York was not inordinately large. Its soundproofed walls were adorned with pictures of men who had rehearsed there before: Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, Jimmy Rushing. This afternoon it was the sound of pianist Horace Silver's new quintet that was filling the air. It was Thursday about 2 p.m., and the men were in the middle of their daily 1-4 p.m. rehearsal.

As they neared the end of *Tokyo Blues*, Silver stopped the group and told his young drummer, Roger Humphries, "Don't use mallets there—sticks will sound better."

Then they went over the intricate ending a few times, the horns—tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson and trumpeter Carmell Jones—sounding their call over the suspended rhythm, and Humphries getting his final accents in the right places.

At this point, Silver guided them quietly but firmly into three new pieces he had composed during the vacation period after disbanding his last quintet (*DB*, April 23). The first was one of those good Silver blues *The Hungry Blues*, followed by a minor-key, swinging chant, *The Natives Are Restless Tonight*, on which Jones displayed his virtuosity. Though still reminiscent of Clifford Brown, he has developed his own musical personality to a great degree within this groove. He is easily one of jazz' finest trumpeters. Now that his talents will be exposed to a wider audience, his star should rise.

Henderson is another player who has his own means of expression within a general style. Unlike some of his immediate contemporaries, he is not unaware of Charlie Parker (and not through osmosis) and, like them, has listened to Hank Mobley, Sonny Rollins, and John Coltrane. But Henderson has his own way of saying something; his tone is distinctive, and his ears are open to the future.

After another new number, *Pretty Eyes*, the group ended with three Silver standards: *Silver Serenade*, *Senor Blues*, and *Sister Sadie*.

On *Serenade*, which attained a lovely, airy floating mood, Silver again turned to Humphries and said, "You played sticks before on this, didn't you? Use them again. Then you can switch to brushes behind the solos, and we'll see how that feels." So much of the success of a Silver group's delivery is in the sense of dynamics, that he makes sure it is invested in his arrangements, and throughout the rehearsal he worked at familiarizing the new men with the different contours.

Although the bass job had not been definitely filled at the time, Teddy Smith, of Washington, D.C., who has

played around New York with a variety of groups (Freddie Redd, Kenay Dorham, Jay Cameron) in the last few years, was working out with the group.

About halfway through the afternoon, J. C. Moses, Smith's onetime section mate with Redd and Dorham, and now drummer with Roland Kirk, walked in with a 3-month-old police dog on a leash. He exchanged greetings with all, told Smith of a civil-rights benefit the two were to play in Harlem that evening, and questioned Silver about Japan, where the Kirk group would be going later in the month. Then he settled down to listen to the music.

Don Schlitten, who had arrived earlier, was following his brush moustache around the room, shooting pictures from a variety of angles. The musicians went about their work, seemingly oblivious to his clicking.

Since it was a rehearsal, the soloists weren't extending themselves. Yet, at times, the atmosphere suddenly erupted with hard cooking.

After Henderson and Jones had soloed on *Sister Sadie*, the tenor man came swooping in, heatedly, to start some fours. Suddenly, Silver brought the group up short.

"The fours come after the piano solo," he said.

The room exploded with laughter, led by Moses, who leaped from his seat, when Henderson replied, "I didn't know there was a piano solo on this."

When calm returned, Silver told them, "Let's take it again, and play me some blues." They did.

A good descriptive title for the new Horace Silver Quintet might be *New Faces—New Fuses*. Even with the new material, there is no radical change in the group's format, but the presence of the new members is going to affect its leader. He has his own strong personality, but his musical moods will be influenced by the ideas of Jones and Henderson.

While the musicians were packing up to go, Moses, who, like Humphries, is from Pittsburgh, Pa., told the young drummer, "You've sure grown up to be a fine-looking young man," and, turning, added, "Roger used to hang around the gig at home, asking to sit in."

Humphries played with tenorist Stanley Turrentine and organist Shirley Scott in 1962, spent 1963 back in Pittsburgh, and had worked in Dayton, Ohio, with Cincinnati tenor man John Wright for part of 1964.

Now, after a week of rehearsal in New York, he was going home to open at Crawford's Grill with the new Horace Silver Quintet. Pittsburghers who hadn't known it before were about to learn that Humphries had grown up to be a fine-sounding young drummer. 

JAZZ BASICS

Part 10 of a continuing history
of jazz on record/By Don
DeMicheal and Pete Welding

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET, *Fontessa* (Atlantic 1231)

The acceptance of Shearing, Brubeck, and Mulligan cleared the way for the Modern Jazz Quartet, one of the handful of important permanently organized groups produced by jazz.

In the beginning, the quartet was a recording unit only, cutting its first records under the MJQ banner in December, 1950, for Prestige. It was not until 1954, after the group had won the *Down Beat* Readers Poll, that the original members—vibist Milt Jackson, pianist John Lewis, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Kenny Clarke—decided to make the quartet a working unit. The only change in personnel since that time was Connie Kay's replacing Clarke, who left after a musical dispute with Lewis, the cooperative quartet's music director. It is interesting to note that the original four were all at one time or another members of various Dizzy Gillespie bands.

Since its beginning the quartet has been a combination of seemingly opposed jazz points of view—that of the formal (composition) and the informal (improvisation). It is to the members' credit that they have admirably fused these elements. And despite the formality of some of its performances, the group retains a feeling of looseness, this brought about to great degree by the amount of collective improvisation, which is one of the cornerstones of the quartet's approach.

Lewis has shown himself to be one of the most prolific and inspired composers in jazz by his writing for the group. His early compositions often were fugal in nature, creating an aura of Bachian jazz, but in more recent years he has broadened his compositional scope, though he has retained a large amount of his early formalism. His piano work also reflects his composing orientation; his solos are like songs, delicate and subtle though they may be.

At the other end of the pole is Jackson, a blues-based musician who must be counted among the most able jazzmen of the modern era. Jackson's improvisations are often contemplative but always warmly emotional, at times bursting into a passionate sweep that is extremely moving.

The album cited, recorded in 1956, is an almost perfect example of the formal-informal character of the MJQ.

There is a Jackson blues, *Bluesology*, that finds the vibist in full flight (Lewis also contributes one of his fine blues solos). Another Jackson specialty—the ballad—is well represented in *Angel Eyes* and *Willow, Weep for Me*. There is a collectively improvised duet on *Over the Rainbow* by Lewis and Jackson, as well as a more-or-less free-blowing quartet version of Gillespie's *Woody'n You*.

There are two Lewis compositions: *Versailles* and *Fontessa*. The first-named is fleet and has a goodly amount of improvised byplay between Jackson and Lewis, with Heath occasionally providing a third voice.

But the piece de resistance is *Fontessa*, a suite based on the Renaissance's commedia dell'arte. The composition consists of an introduction and three pieces, each representative of a character in the Italian plays, each different in mood, but all inter-related.

Further recommendations: The two-LP *European Concert* (Atlantic 2-603) consists of new versions of several compositions previously recorded by the quartet, among them *Django*, *Bluesology*, *La Ronde*, *Vendome*, *Odds against Tomorrow*, *Pyramid*, and *Bags' Groove*. The album was recorded in Sweden in 1960.

HORACE SILVER-ART BLAKEY, *Horace Silver and the Jazz Messengers* (Blue Note 1518)

During the mid- and late 1950s and on into the '60s, one of the most widely popular modern jazz styles was so-called soul jazz or funky jazz. Representing a conscious return to more elemental considerations, funk was a successful alliance of neo-bop styles with a kind of earthy primitivism, a wedding of the subtlety and harmonic sophistication of the modern idiom and the direct emotional simplicity of basic blues and Negro Gospel music approaches. The juxtaposition of the two resulted in a style that was often slyly humorous, infectious rhythmically, and of sufficient musical complexity to satisfy a number of tastes. The style quickly gained favor, becoming one of the most widely disseminated of all post-bop styles.

Perhaps the most successful and

certainly the earliest of the soul groups was one led jointly by pianist Silver and drummer Blakey, the Jazz Messengers, formed in late 1954 with trumpeter Kenny Dorham, tenor saxophonist Hank Mobley, and bassist Doug Watkins rounding out the personnel. It was this group's work—and especially the sinuous Gospel and barrelhouse inflected compositions of pianist Silver—more than that of any other that was responsible for the crystallization and definition of the funk or soul approach in its classic form.

The message of the original Messengers was direct, spontaneous, and its appeal was as much to the emotions as it was to the mind. Silver's often multithemed compositions were lithe, ear-catching tunes that had the virtues of being at once both infectiously appealing to the listener and of sufficient melodic interest and harmonic density to enable the soloists to build solid improvisations on them, as witness such pieces as *Doodlin'*,



The Modern Jazz Quartet

Creepin' In, *Stop Time*, *Hippy*, *The Preacher*, and *Room 608* in the recommended set.

After the dissolution of this group, Blakey and Silver went their separate ways, Blakey to pursue a harder, more bop-oriented approach, and Silver to work in the vineyards whose boundaries are outlined in this album.

SONNY ROLLINS, *Saxophone Colossus* (Prestige 7079)

One of the first neo-bop saxophonists to assimilate fully the advances of Charlie Parker into a totally personal style was tenorist Sonny Rollins, whose work shows additional indebtedness to Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins.

Rollins' melodic conception was more angular than fluid, his tone hard, and he developed his solo lines more in terms of sheer emotional force than in light of a flowing melodic continuity. He was one of the most passionate, forceful hard swingers at this phase of his development, and his solos have a brusque, brutal directness



Thelonious Monk and Sonny Rollins at the Five Spot

to them that all but overwhelms the listener.

This harsh force is present to a degree on this 1956 set, but it has been tempered by a grace and sense of delicacy that make it all the more effective. Rollins swings hard, as usual, but there is an even greater sense of emotional intensity to his playing on this set that unites his solo statements more tightly and cogently than had been the case before.

In a sense, the disc is a summation of Rollins' work to this date, for it most fully illustrates his mastery of the device that is so closely identified with his playing—the unifying of an improvisation through a developing sense of emotional urgency rather than through a strict melodic flow.

The tenorist receives superb support throughout from his rhythm section, pianist Tommy Flanagan, bassist Doug Watkins, and especially drummer Max Roach.

Further recommendations: Among the many musicians who have come to prominence since and under the influence of bop, only a handful have managed to fashion individual approaches to the music and which have in turn left an impress upon the music. Associated briefly with Rollins was the brilliant young trumpeter Clifford Brown, co-leader of an exemplary quintet with drummer Max Roach. Bud Powell's brother, Richard, was the group's music director. This quintet was one of the most arresting post-bop units, and it took much of its character from the flaringly incendiary playing of Brown. The group's best album is Mercury 36036, containing as it does such excellent performances as *Daahoud*, *Joy Spring*, *Delilah*, and *Blues Walk*.

Another influential neo-bop unit was that of altoist Julian (Cannonball) Adderley, whose glistening emotive

work carries much of the thrust of Charlie Parker without penetrating too deeply beneath the surface. The band has enjoyed its widest successes with an amalgam of neo-bop and "soul" devices; its most successful venture in this genre is Riverside 12-311, *The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in San Francisco*.

Some of the finest of post-bop music, however, has come from the various groups of Miles Davis. Among the superior offerings in this vein are *Miles Davis and the Modern Jazz Giants* (Prestige 7150), which unites the trumpeter with vibraharpist Milt Jackson, pianist Thelonious Monk, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Kenny Clarke for three classic numbers and also features his group with tenorist John Coltrane and pianist Red Garland on a superior reading of *'Round about Midnight*.

The trumpeter's quintet sessions for Prestige are also to be highly recommended, especially the *Cookin'* (7094) and *Relaxin'* (7129) sets, and the Columbia album *'Round about Midnight* (949).

THELONIOUS MONK, *Brilliant Corners* (Riverside 12-226)

Of the two pianists developed and identified with the bop movement, Bud Powell and Thelonious Monk, the latter represents a wholly divergent, if not totally opposite, direction and stream of development. While Powell explored to the fullest the horizontal approach represented by his cascading, overspilling, and often brilliant extemporized lines, this was often achieved at the expense of a commensurate harmonic development. (It is interesting to listen to Powell's left-hand chord punctuations in the course of one of his dazzling linear displays; the harmonic element is cut to the

very bone.)

Monk on the other hand was ever an exponent of a carefully marshaled and spare melodic line; where Powell was prodigal, he was economical in the extreme. But he was one of the great harmonic innovators and one of the most original and inventive composers jazz has known. His taut, wry, epigrammatic compositions are masterpieces of construction, often surprising in their unexpected twists and turns, but always wholly united by a tight, inner logic all their own. The harmonic substructure underlying them represents a wholly original mind at work and is of such a provocative nature as to prod all but the noncreative soloists into stimulating work: they *have* to respond to the jagged, arresting power of Monk's work.

This disc is a prime example of this process of stimulation. On the LP tenorist Sonny Rollins is the most forceful soloist (after Monk, that is), for he most fully meets the challenge of the music, especially on the blues piece *Ba-lue Bolivar Ba-lues-are*. The pianist's music demands strong, individual musicians for its fullest expression, and in this regard Rollins has it well over Ernie Henry, the capable but scarcely individual altoist who is heard with him on three of the tracks. Trumpeter Clark Terry replaces Henry on *Bemsha Swing*, and the difference is palpable. Rollins, Terry, and the rhythm team of bassist Oscar Pettiford (who is replaced by Paul Chambers on *Bemsha*), and drummer Max Roach all respond beautifully to the music. *I Surrender Dear* is a Monk piano solo and is, of course, completely remade at the pianist's hands, becoming distilled Monk in the process.

Further recommendations: At present a good number of recordings by the pianist are in print. He recorded extensively during the 1950s for the Riverside label, and much of his most creative work is available on the discs made for that company. Among the better offerings are *Thelonious Alone in San Francisco* (12-312), a series of 10 unaccompanied piano solos, more than half of them Monk originals; and *The Unique Thelonious Monk* (12-209), a trio disc on which the pianist transforms a sheaf of standard tunes into virtually new compositions, turning up unexpected delights and depths in them. A recent disc on the Columbia label, *Monk's Dream* (1965), offers a highly stimulating sampling of his present quartet with tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse.

(To be continued)

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.

Louis Armstrong

HELLO, DOLLY!—Kapp 1364: *Hello, Dolly; It's Been a Long, Long Time; A Lot of Livin' to Do; A Kiss to Build a Dream On; Someday; Hey, Look Me Over; I Still Get Jealous; Moon River; Be My Life's Companion; Blueberry Hill; You Are Woman, I Am Man; Jeepers Creepers.*

Personnel: Armstrong, trumpet, vocals; Trummy Young or Russell (Big Chief) Moore, trombone; Joe Darensbourg, clarinet; Billy Kyle, piano; Tony Gottuso or Glen Thompson, banjo, guitar; Arvell Shaw, bass; Danny Barcelona, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Armstrong seemingly can overcome almost any obstacle placed in his path, be it dog tune, faulty recording, insipid violins, or uninspired sidemen—all of which he has to contend with, to varying degrees, on this album. The above rating is all for Louis.

Still, with its faults, this is a welcome LP. Armstrong is in particularly fine vocal fettle (he sings on every track), but his playing is notable too. There are few of the clams that in recent times have occasionally marred his trumpeting. Here he paces himself well, never overreaching and always playing with taste and sobriety.

His best trumpet outings come on *Dolly*, though one must concentrate on what Armstrong's doing in the ensemble, the accompaniment is so disorganized; *Long Time*, which also has a nonpareil vocal; *Lot of Livin'*; and *Look Me Over, Jealousy*, and *Jeepers*, all of which have Louis shining brightly among the ramblings of the other horns. (D.DeM.)

Charles Bell

IN CONCERT—Gateway 7012: *Green Dolphin Street; Tommy's Blues; Summertime; Prancing; Whisper Not; Memories of Home; Take Five.*

Personnel: Bell, piano; Tommy Sewell, bass; William Harris, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

With this album, Bell seems to have taken a step toward greater stylistic individuality. On an Atlantic LP I reviewed last year, his playing was considerably more eclectic.

His work is economical and often dissonant. He uses his left hand in different ways, often jabbing percussively. Roaming all over the keyboard, he employs both delicate upper-register phrases and jarring bass effects.

Bell creates varied moods. His *Green Dolphin Street* has charm and humor; on *Whisper Not* his playing evolves from ruminative to driving; he constructs very well on *Memories*, beginning with almost childish simple lines and then becoming more aggressive, moving into double-timing and employing crashing chords at the end of the solo.

Take Five is notable for the way in which Bell establishes a groove with his left hand, as well as for his subtle rhythmic approach. He paces himself so that his climaxes achieve the maximum impact.

On *Summertime* and *Prancing*, however, his work is too cute.

Sewell and Harris back the pianist

strongly, and Sewell takes a moving solo on *Tommy's*. (H.P.)

Art Blakey

THE FREEDOM RIDER—Blue Note 4156: *Tell It Like It Is; The Freedom Rider; El Toro; Petty Larceny; Blue Lace.*

Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

In light of most of their other efforts, this LP (recorded in 1961) is one of the Jazz Messengers' dullest.

Tell It, a tedious blues track, finds Blakey employing a heavy shuffle rhythm. *Petty Larceny* is about as dull; Blakey's shuffle beat again weights the performance. Morgan's and Timmons' solos are cliché-ridden, and, while he does better, Shorter is far from his best.

Despite the fact that it's stated too loudly, *El Toro*, by Shorter, is a very pretty melody. The tenor man has a good, hard-swinging spot, and Timmons, eschewing funk, contributes graceful improvisation.

Morgan's delightful, rhythmically intriguing *Blue Lace* is the best tune here. All the solos are good, and Merritt deserves special mention for his imaginative section work.

Rider is a long, usually interesting, tasteful Blakey solo. (H.P.)

Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis

SMOKIN'—Prestige 7301: *High Fry; Smoke This; Pennies from Heaven; Pots and Pans; Jaws; It's a Blue World; Blue Lou.*

Personnel: Davis, tenor saxophone; Jerome Richardson, flute, tenor and baritone saxophones; Shirley Scott, organ; George Duvivier, bass; Arthur Edgehill, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Davis rarely detonates a bomb. On the other hand, he seldom lights the sky with inventive incandescence.

His brand of fireworks features the big sound, delivered with impassioned intensity. He is a relentless swinger who sweeps the listener along by the force of his fiery time and earthy tone. If time and fervor were all there were to jazz, Davis would already inhabit the Hall of Fame.

I do not mean to suggest by this that he is insensitive to the more delicate sentiments hidden within, say, the ballad. *Blue World* proves he is very much alive to them. He interprets this with considerable loveliness in a breathy, Ben Websterish manner.

World is the only slowly paced item on this Davis agenda. The program, like many of Davis', is weighted to take full advantage of his skill with the fast time and the heated delivery.

His colleagues support him with commensurate vigor. Miss Scott's dexterity at the organ keyboard continues to bewilder me, possibly because she can make me like an instrument that, under most other hands, I thoroughly hate. That it is a musical apparatus capable of rich sonorities, I free-

ly admit. And, since jazz is a music of which it might be said that the instrument is subordinate to the personality it expresses—that it is a means rather than an end in itself—organ certainly has as much right to be heard as any other instrument.

The reason for the resistance to organ on the part of many listeners is probably the result of insufficient preparation on the part of both audience and performer.

The instrument is rather a newcomer to the jazz pantheon; auditors find it strange, and former pianists who attempt its subjection have yet to master its complexities to any considerable degree. Miss Scott comes closer than most. Her robust yet discriminating touch and her judicious use of the varied resources of this big machine provide horns with inventive, subdued comping and her own solos with rich, diverse sound textures. Her performance on *Pans* is a roaring delight.

Richardson continues his switch-hitting, exchanging flute for tenor for baritone on these sides. His one outing with the flute (*Smoke*) is something less than inspired, but his work with the bigger horns cooks straight through.

At times, such as the opening and closing choruses of *Jaws*, the interplay between his tenor and Davis' sounds something like the type of thing Al Cohn and Zoot Sims get going regularly.

Duvivier again reminds us that genuine quality cannot but improve with age. He and Edgehill serve the maestro with unflagging elan. In all, a thoroughly romping set, though nothing to keep one awake nights thinking. (D.N.)

Bobby Gordon

YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—Decca 4507 and 74507: *Young at Heart; Whispering; Nevertheless; My Melancholy Baby; How About Me?; Champagne and Tears; Little White Lies; Again; Malta; I Wish You Love; Do You Ever Think of Me?; Ain't Misbehavin'.*

Personnel: Gordon, clarinet; unidentified orchestra conducted by Joseph Darmanin.

Rating: ★

There is no law against making an elementary album for elementary tastes—in this case, a series of low-register clarinet solos over droning strings. But at least elementary clarinet solos should be played cleanly. Gordon's tone is often uncertain, but this probably won't bother the listener who would be attracted to this type of record. (J.S.W.)

Eddie Harris

COOL SAX, WARM HEART—Columbia 2168 and 8968: *Chicago Serenade; Since I Fell for You; Stom Stang; Django's Castle; More Soul Than Soulful; Everything Happens to Me; But Not for Me; Brother Ed; Hip Hopppin'.*

Personnel: Harris, tenor saxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Warren Stephens, guitar; other instrumentalists unidentified; Malcolm Dodds Singers, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This is an interesting attempt to be all things to all people.

Start with Harris' oddly flat and shrill

com'bo (n.)

(slang)...in jazz, a small integrated orch., usually 3 to 4 musicians.

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manner of playing tenor as used on his hit, *Exodus*. Add a vocal group that weaves in and out, humming, singing snatches of words. That's one bit of audience appeal. Then turn to rocking, church-oriented productions—*Soul* and *Ed*—in which saxophone, voices, and organ build antiphonal riffs with carefully calculated urgency. That's another appeal. In addition, there is a slow saxophone-and-guitar development of Django Reinhardt's tune, *Manoir de Mes Reves*, which Gerry Mulligan has retitled *Django's Castle*, and, in *Hoppin'*, an up-tempo swinger through which Harris' saxophone pipes like a gimpy leprechaun.

There is plenty of variety of material in the set, but at the same time there is the constant presence of Harris' saxophone sound so that, to some extent, the variety is negated. For Harris followers, this ought to be fine, but for those who find his style wearing, even the varied material is not enough relief. (J.S.W.)

Neal Hefti

LIL DARLIN'—20th Century-Fox 4139: *Cute; Should I or Shouldn't I?; Duets; Late Date; Lil Darlin'; Scooty; Pensive Miss; Sunday Mornin'; Nice to Be with You; Rose Bud; Repetition.*

Personnel: Hefti, conductor; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★½

Let's grant that it makes sense for Hefti to try to turn his compositions to completely commercial purposes—to play them in a way that will reach the broadest possible audience. Let's grant, too, that buyers of mood music constitute a good-sized chunk of audience. So it follows that he assembles a roomful of strings and woodwinds and plays his pieces for atmospheric effect.

But why throw in a blatant, clanging harpsichord? This is what he has done here, and, as a result, the set doesn't make it as mood music while, looking in another direction, a single harpsichord doesn't really make it thumpy and twangy enough for the thump-and-twang crowd.

As for jazz, there is nothing here at all. Some of the tunes are pleasant, notably a soaring piece called *Pensive Miss*, but Hefti's best-known song, *Darlin'*, is given the slow-death treatment—dragged by strings and beaten by harpsichord. (J.S.W.)

Illinois Jacquet

DESERT WINDS—Argo 735: *When My Dreamboat Comes Home; Desert Winds; Star Eyes; Blues for the Early Bird; Lester Leaps In; You're My Thrill; Canadian Sunset.*

Personnel: Illinois Jacquet, tenor and alto saxophones; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Wendell Marshall, bass; Ray Lucas, drums; Willie Rodriguez, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

After being one of the major irritants of the late '40s and suffering exile in the '50s as a consequence, Jacquet is now settling into a new niche as a stylist whose playing is as comfortable (and comforting) as an old shoe.

His playing in this set is as relaxed as it once was frantic. Most of the pieces are taken at a moderate tempo, and Jacquet worms his way through them with warm, sinuous blowing. The single slow entry is *Thrill*, on which he turns aptly pensive while Flanagan fills in beautifully behind and around him.

Now that he has calmed down, Jacquet's debt to Lester Young becomes apparent once more, and it has rarely been ex-

pressed more clearly than in his strong, assured treatment of Lester's *Leaps*. On Jacquet's other dedicatory bow in this set, *Bird*, he switches to alto. He is not an idiomatic Parker follower, but he changes his attack sufficiently on alto to return to some of the hard qualities that he has weeded out of his tenor. (J.S.W.)

Pete Jolly

SWEET SEPTEMBER—Ava 39: *Sweet September; Kiss Me, Baby; Yours Is My Heart Alone; I Have Dreamed; No Other Love; Any Number Can Win; Soft Winds; Oleo; Can't We Be Friends?; I'm Beginning to See the Light.*

Personnel: Jolly, piano; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Howard Roberts, guitar; Larry Bunker or Nick Martinis, drums.

Rating: ★★

Jolly treads a careful path that enables him to get the most from his polish without descending glaringly into slickness.

These performances are confident, assertive, and full-bodied. He has a strong, clean attack with a built-in rhythmic quality that makes his playing flow and sing. This is a pleasant set, neatly turned out, showing a good sense of economy and occasionally—in the rips with which he constructs part of *No Other* and the moody intro to *Winds*—suggesting some imagination.

Beyond its mature professionalism, however, it is not a set that is calculated to inflame anyone who is not a piano buff or a Jolly follower. (J.S.W.)

Jonah Jones

BLOWIN' UP A STORM—Capitol 2087: *My Monday Date; Moten Swing; 76 Trombones; Royal Garden Blues; Sleepy Time Gal; Struttin' with Some Barbecue; Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?; Ballin' the Jack; That's a Plenty; Muskrat Ramble; St. Louis Blues; Hindustan.*

Personnel: Jones, trumpet; four trombonists, pianist, bassist, drummer, unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★

Jones is working back toward a jazz groove, hanging onto the stigmata by which his mass audience identifies him while he blows ever more forthrightly.

With four trombones added to his quartet to give these pieces some semblance of big-band body, Jones goes through a program that has been chosen with an eye to jazz potential. The mute is still in his trumpet most of the time, but he goes back to his Louis Armstrong origins for his playing on many of these pieces. What's more, there are sparks of imagination here and there—the sly, slinky treatment of *Moten*; the slow and rocking approach to *Jack*; and, a relative improvement, the rational, straightforward playing of *Bailey*, which, at least, is a change from the usual jived-up hokum that this tune elicits. (J.S.W.)

Junior Mance

GET READY, SET, JUMP!—Capitol 2092: *Sweet Talkin' Hannah; Jubilation; Moten Swing; But Beautiful; Broadway; Hear Me Talkin' to Ya; She's a Little Doll; Running Upstairs; September Song; Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?; "D" Waltz; Get Ready, Set, Jump!*

Personnel: Pete Candoli, Don Fagerquist, Mannie Klein, Ray Triscari, and Al Porcino or John Audino, trumpets; Vern Frieley, Milt Bernhardt, Lew McCreary, George Roberts, Ken Shroyer, trombones; Mance, piano; Joe Comfort, bass; Shelly Manne, drums; Bob Bain, conductor.

Rating: ★★½

Mance is one of the more arresting pianists to come forth in the last five years, as anyone can hear on his best albums—*Junior*, issued some time ago by Verve,

and *Junior's Blues*, a more recent collection on Riverside. But Mance also can spew out one cliché after another, never digging beneath the surface of his material as he happily skims along. Unfortunately, on this, his first album for Capitol, he spews and skims more than he arrests.

Sure, Mance's playing is rhythmically driving on the medium and faster tempos, and he puts a good amount of emotional warmth and bluesiness into everything, but in the past he has retained these qualities while playing much better ideas. On all but one track, most of his work seems a funky put-on.

The exception is *Moten Swing*, on which Mance, seemingly buoyed by the firm two-beat of Comfort and Manne (who both perform excellently throughout the album), gets off some of his better playing, though it is certainly not up to his best.

The Bob Bain Brass Ensemble does a workmanlike job on the arrangements, some of which—particularly those written by Dave Cavanaugh (*Hannah, Doll, Running*)—are as clichéd as Mance's piano work. Bain scored the other tunes.

Mance is a better jazzman than this record would lead one to believe. I hope his next Capitol venture reveals his talent to a greater degree than this one does.

(D.DeM.)

Thelonious Monk

MONK: BIG BAND AND QUARTET IN CONCERT—Columbia 2164 and 8964; *I Mean You; Evidence; Darkness on the Delta; Osk T.; Played Twice; Four in One; Epitrophy*.

Personnel: Thad Jones, cornet; Nick Travis, trumpet; Eddie Bert, trombone; Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; Phil Woods, alto saxophone, clarinet; Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Gene Allen, baritone saxophone, clarinet, bass clarinet; Monk, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Frank Dunlop, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Buy this one—a five-star rating doesn't do it justice. It's Monk's second recorded concert with a large group playing Hall Overton arrangements. The first, done in 1959, had its memorable moments, but this surpasses it.

One reason is that Overton's arrangements are better. Particularly intriguing is his use of reeds: he sometimes achieves weird, penetrating effects, for which Lacy's biting soprano sound is partly responsible.

Jones' magnificent playing highlights *I Mean You*; his solo is lyrical, classically constructed, and rhythmically intricate. Rouse follows him with excellent work. At other times Rouse has played repetitiously, but here he's consistently inventive. Monk is good on this track but not exceptional by his standards.

The staccato ensemble backing given Rouse on *Evidence* seems to stimulate him; he takes an inspired solo. On the other hand, Jones appears unsettled by it; he starts cooking when the other horns lay out behind him. Woods' spot is typically hard-bitten, and at one point he makes interesting use of sustained notes.

Delta, an old ballad, is Monk's unaccompanied solo feature. His playing, though as modern as ever, nevertheless has an old-time quality, evoked partly by left-hand stride figures. His single-note work has rarely been better.

Osk T., a fairly recent Monk composition, enjoys Overton's best arrangement

of the set. He elicits an amazingly full sound from the ensemble, and his having the rhythm section members fill in the bottom of the arrangement is a noteworthy device. Rouse bounces along happily in his solo. Woods lacks ideas and doesn't build, but Jones carries on an imaginative dialog with the ensemble. Monk improvises one of his angular beauties.

Monk's rhythmic conception represented a startling break with tradition in the mid-'40s; he didn't swing in the same way as others. In fact, one might say that his playing didn't—and doesn't—swing much in the commonly accepted sense of the word. His music moves in fits and starts rather than flows; it doesn't have a steady pulse. But in evaluating Monk's contribution, the question of whether one thinks he swings much is irrelevant. What is important is that his rhythmic ideas are so original and interesting. His use of space, unpredictable accents, and jagged lines make his playing a thousand times fresher than that of musicians who, by employing stock devices, can swing at the drop of a request.

Monk's mastery of dynamics is in evidence on *Played Twice*, a quartet track with Rouse and the rhythm section.

Jones takes a majestic, brilliantly constructed solo on *Four in One*. Monk lays out during part of his spot, as he often does behind the soloists throughout the set. This isn't a tragedy, because Monk's section work, while interesting, is often intrusive. He plays for himself as much as for the soloists. In his own spot Monk charges ahead like a tank. Some of his convoluted figures may cause the listener to do a double take.

The brief version of *Epitrophy*, which closes the album, has no improvised solos—it functions as the theme song—but Monk lets loose behind the ensemble with pounding, almost maniacal, playing.

(H.P.)

Red Nichols

BLUES AND OLD-TIME RAGS—Capitol 2065: *Hot House Rag; Wabash Blues; Maple Leaf Rag; Tin Roof Blues; Apple Jack; New Orleans Blues; Plaintive Blues; Climax Rag; Basin Street Blues; Black and White Rag; Milneberg Joys*.

Personnel: Nichols, cornet; Richard Nelson, trombone; Bill Wood, clarinet; Bill Campbell, piano; Walt Yoder, bass; Rolly Culver, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This is not the usual Nichols fare, since he is not normally associated with blues and old-time rags. The latter aspect is built around Campbell, a pianist who is new to the Nichols group and who plays a rather stiff and tentative piano rag. Once he gets going, he sometimes develops a certain amount of momentum (*Apple Jack*, for instance), but in most instances he is a very pedestrian performer.

Another newcomer to the Nichols group is Nelson, a trombonist of prodigious conception and execution. Nelson is such an overpowering performer that he actually brought some genuine gusto to an Al Hirt LP when he was briefly entrapped with the Beard. Here his virtuosity is used largely for amusing exaggeration in some ridiculously gut-deep notes on *Wabash* and *Basin*. On the few occasions when the whole band cuts loose, he contributes great exuberance.

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BLP 4151 (BST 84151)

OTHER RECENT RELEASES

THE HORACE SILVER QUINTET SILVER'S SERENADE	BLP 4131
FREDDIE ROACH GOOD MOVE	BLP 4158
JOE HENDERSON OUR THING	BLP 4152
GEORGE BRAITH SOUL STREAM	BLP 4161
DONALD BYRD A NEW PERSPECTIVE	BLP 4124
ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS THE FREEDOM RIDER	BLP 4156
THE THREE SOUNDS BLACK ORCHID	BLP 4155
GRACHAN MONCUR III EVOLUTION	BLP 4153
JOHNNY COLES LITTLE JOHNNY C	BLP 4144
JACKIE McLEAN ONE STEP BEYOND	BLP 4137
KENNY DORHAM UNA MAS	BLP 4127
STANLEY TURRENTINE NEVER LET ME GO	BLP 4129
HAROLD VICK STEPPIN' OUT	BLP 4138
DEXTER GORDON OUR MAN IN PARIS	BLP 4146
FREDDIE HUBBARD HUB-TONES	BLP 4115
JIMMY SMITH ROCKIN' THE BOAT	BLP 4141
KENNY BURRELL MIDNIGHT BLUE	BLP 4123

But the conception of this set is so narrow that no one comes through with much credit. Nichols is pushed into the background by the nature of the programming. The band has relatively little to do as a band, which is a shame because Nichols' band almost always has character (and in its brief opportunities here it is as characteristically vital as ever even without the propulsive bottom provided by the late Joe Rushton—Nelson is a tremendous help in making up for it).

Still, there are moments when the whole group jumps, and for those who enjoy genteel rag performances, this disc may have some interest. (J.S.W.)

Andre Previn

SOFT AND SWINGING: THE MUSIC OF JIMMY McHUGH—Columbia 2114 and 8914: *A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening; I'm in the Mood for Love; I Can't Give You Anything but Love; Don't Blame Me; I Must Have That Man; Too Late, My Love; Lose Me Now; When My Sugar Walks down the Street; Diga Diga Doo; I'm Shooting High; I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me; It's a Most Unusual Day; Exactly Like You; On the Sunny Side of the Street.*

Personnel: Previn, piano; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★½

Forget about the first side of this dumping. With one exception, it is hopeless as jazz. Its formula is a familiar one: jazz trio set against a molasses string background, performing, without a trace of ingenuity, standards that have been played, replayed, and parlayed on countless occasions.

Aside from the final track, *Lose Me* (and up to this time Previn has thoroughly succeeded), there is not a tune on the first side that the string voicings do not render totally ineffectual. *Lose Me* is entirely a trio endeavor and well played at that, though rather narrow on originality.

The rest of the "swinging" advertised in the album title turns up on the other side, which is blessedly free of string intrusion.

Previn gets off some satisfying performances here, particularly *Diga Doo*, a rolling, rollicking, up-tempo handling, fashioned with generous helpings of notes from the low register. Previn seems partial to these nether regions; at least, he turns to them often for building material and, for the most part, utilizes them effectively.

The bass and drums on this offering are presumably manned by Red Mitchell and Frankie Capp, though the slickly designed album cover takes no note of their presence. In view of Mitchell's stature and the debt the trio sound owes to him, I should think Previn would have insisted on a listing.

One further note: I am not among those who automatically consign Previn to the commercial scrap heap. I think he is a good pianist who can turn out good jazz. But this isn't it. (D.N.)

Francois Rabbath

BASS BALL—Philips 200-128 and 600-128: *Desert; Creasy Course; Walpurgis; Ode d'Espagne; Impalas; Prelude a l'Archet; Kobolds; Bitume; Hesitations; Exil; Western a la Breughel; Basses en Fugue.*

Personnel: Rabbath, bass; Armand Molinetti, drums.

Rating: see below

Rating this record would be meaningless, since it consists of performances designed primarily to showcase Rabbath's virtuosity.

He wrote the selections, but while some are fairly enjoyable, they are of slight musical significance. He has drawn on classical as well as on jazz sources, and he uses multi-tracking techniques in some places.

Rabbath's primary contribution here is his display of a variety of devices that are rarely, if ever, employed by jazz bassists. Particularly intriguing is his arco playing. He uses double stops and goes into the extreme upper register to bow notes that sound like a woman's voice.

On *Ode* he plucks the bass in the manner of flamenco guitarists. His strong, clean pizzicato playing on *Exil* leads one to believe that he may be a fine bassist, but it's hard to be certain on the basis of such slender evidence.

Next time around let's hear Rabbath in a free-swinging context. He'd probably have plenty to say. (H.P.)

Charlie Shavers

CHARLIE SHAVERS AT LE CRAZY HORSE—Everest 5225: *One O'clock Jump; Man with a Horn; Back Home Again in Indiana; It Might as Well Be Spring; Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone; You Came a Long Way from St. Louis; Jada; I've Got the World on a String; But Beautiful; Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby; Fly Me to the Moon; It Don't Mean a Thing.*

Personnel: Shavers, trumpet, vocal; unidentified rhythm section.

Rating: ★½

Shavers blows some full-blooded, fairly imaginative passages, but his spots are marred by overly frantic, upper-register work, excessive loudness, and stiff phrasing. He apparently doesn't care about pacing himself; at times his playing is so tasteless as to make him sound like a caricature of a jazz trumpeter. His muted efforts, though subdued, are either colorless or corny.

On several tracks, however, Shavers sings in a warm style, a la Louis Armstrong.

The anonymous modern style of the anonymous pianist is, at best, pleasant. (H.P.)

George Shearing

OLD GOLD AND IVORY—Capitol 2048: *Ritual Fire Dance; Chopin Prelude, No. 20; Theme from Scheherazade; None but the Lonely Heart; Variations on a Theme of Paganini; Malaguena; Country Gardens; Lotus Land; Solweig's Song; Fantaisie Impromptu; Pavane.*

Personnel: Shearing, piano; orchestra unidentified.

Rating: ★½

This collection of favorites presents Shearing's piano, vibraharp, woodwinds, French horns, and numerous seductive strings. To swipe a review from the late Robert Benchley:

Hebrews 13:8.

(D.N.)

Jimmy Smith

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?—Verve 8583: *Slaughter on 10th Avenue; Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?; Pis. 1, 2; John Brown's Body; Wives and Lovers; Women of the World; Bluesette.*

Personnel: Smith, organ; unidentified big band.

Rating: ★★★★★½

This is one of the finest movie-score albums jazz artists have produced.

Smith has been consistently paring his technique through the years, and this album has reached a zenith in his use of simplicity and taste. *Virginia Woolf, Pt. 2* and *Bluesette* are the only two tracks that bear any resemblance to the organist's early cumbersome hammering of the instrument.

Excitement and an indescribable knack for getting inside a tune are becoming the personal standards by which Smith is to be judged. The organist repeatedly builds and releases excitement with cohesion and a natural flowing.

With all the liner space available, something could possibly have been said about the music in the notes or some mention made of the personnel. But there is none. And since the orchestra does an excellent job on the arrangements by Oliver Nelson and Claus Ogerman, one would like to meet the band, studio musicians or not. (B.G.)

Various Artists

A QUARTET IS A QUARTET IS A QUARTET—Atlantic 1420: *Reunion Blues; Winter Tale; Concorde; Yesterdays; Five Movements for String Quartet; Concert Medley.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-4—Modern Jazz Quartet (John Lewis, piano; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums). Track 5—Quartetto di Milano (Giulio Franzetti, first violin; Enzo Porta, second violin; Tito Riccardi, viola; Alfredo Riccardi, cello). Track 6—Hungarian Gypsy Quartet (Kalman Voros, violin; Janos Rigo, viola; Gyula Csoka, cimbalon; Jozsef Paradi, contrabass).

Rating: ★★★★★

The focus here is on the similarities, rather than the differences, among these three quartets.

The liner notes point out several concrete similarities, like "compactness . . . folk sources . . . strict rules . . . linear use . . . the extraordinary variety of unusual effects," and so on, all of these readily apparent to the listener. However, the total effect of the record transcends these, or the sum of these, into the grand realm of collective human effort.

The music itself is inconsistently rewarding; the MJQ tracks, in particular, are of uneven quality. The very-good rating is for the sweeping generality that the record successfully gets across: when talented men band together to express themselves musically, they can reach a high level of esthetic, spiritual unity; and this sense of unity is the same whatever the music, whatever the cultural heritage.

Most artists live this well-known fact as a part of their daily existence. It is uncommon, however, for this point of view to be "packaged" so effectively for general assimilation.

Discussing the music in too great detail would take the spotlight away from the record as a whole (where the value is) and focus it on the individual pieces (where the value decreases). However, here are some general observations.

The MJQ performances seem quite standard. *Reunion* is a simple riff and shows off the group's relaxed quality at best. Jackson plays superbly, as always. Lewis' touch is what one most enjoys—so very controlled and introspective—but his playing would be so much more interesting if he would acquire enough facility to play more complex music. (It must be noted, however, that this whole album is Lewis' idea, and he is perhaps most valuable to us as a musical thinker in this comprehensive vein.)

Concorde is an early piece with pleasant counterpoint in a neo-classic style. No one has ever explored this idiom better than the MJQ, but it no longer speaks to my

heart as it once did.

Winter is an interesting tribute to the Hungarian quartet, but the attempt to show the concrete musical cross-influence is forced and detracts from the album's larger scope, which is beyond the music. By itself it is not very good. The finest facets of the relationship among these three quartets is best illustrated when each group is singing its own song in its own way.

Anton Webern's *Quartet* is well played. There is no doubt that the members of the Quartetto di Milano think alike within the difficulties of this music. (Webern today is no longer considered all that difficult.) I am not familiar enough with other performances to make a critical comparison; however, Webern's thought is clearly visible. It may take a little effort to understand the artistic similarity between this quartet and the others, but the added effort defines the quality of the reward.

The Hungarian quartet takes the cake. Its music is passionate, intense, and wholly beyond my ability to describe. The group is technically superb, and violinist Voros is on the very highest level. Every musician who hears him will be turned on.

Incidentally, Hungarian gypsy music illustrates the expressive relation between harmony and tempo in European culture. The relation is nearly absent in jazz and very highly refined in tonal classical music. Here is the Rosetta stone of European Romanticism.

An instructive record.

(B.M.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

A COLUMN OF JAZZ REISSUES

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Jazz Critics' Choice (Columbia 2126)

Rating: ★★★★★

Three of a Kind (Design 907)

Rating: ★★★★★ ½

Just Jazz! (Imperial 9246)

Rating: ★★★★★

Winners All! (Verve 6-8579)

Rating: ★★★★★ ½

These four are among the better anthologies of the last year.

Columbia had each of 12 critics choose an item, from the Columbia catalog, that he thought was outstanding, and the selections are, in most cases, excellent ones. Unfortunately, some can be found on other currently available albums. Considering the wealth of Columbia's storehouse, it should have been possible to elect equally good but rarer performances.

Dan Morgenstern deserves a pat on the back for his selection of Louis Armstrong's *Lord, You Made the Night Too Long*. Recorded in 1932, it's one of Armstrong's great big-band performances. His playing builds deliberately and powerfully to some

fiery climaxes, and his singing is profoundly emotional.

Teddy Wilson's 1936 *Blues in C-Sharp Minor* evokes a melancholy mood. Among the participants here are trumpeter Roy Eldridge, tenorist Chu Berry, and clarinetist Buster Bailey. Eldridge's impassioned yet disciplined work and Wilson's direct, forceful piano highlight the track.

Two Duke Ellington combos of the '30s are represented. There is Cootie Williams' 1937 *Blue Reverie* (which, because of a mixup, was substituted for John S. Wilson's choice, *Downtown Uproar*, the tune listed on my copy of the album) and the exquisite 1938 *Blue Light*. *Reverie* is aptly titled. It has Johnny Hodges' fine soprano sax, which has an altolike quality. *Light* features lovely spots by clarinetist Barney Bigard, trombonist Lawrence Brown, and Ellington.

Lester Young makes his appearance with the classic 1936 version of *Lady, Be Good*, which, of course, contains some of his most flowing and imaginative playing. Though this was his first recording session, his style was fully developed. Carl Smith's spirited muted trumpet provides a bonus.

Bessie Smith and perhaps her greatest accompanist, trumpeter Joe Smith, are heard to good advantage on the 1926 *Baby Doll*.

The oddest item on the record may well be Claude Thornhill's jerky, sometimes dissonant, and wildly humorous *Portrait of a Guinea Farm*. It is unclassifiable, somewhat reminiscent of the things Raymond Scott's combo used to do.

Another big-band selection is Jimmie

PITTSBURGH JAZZ FESTIVAL

Civic Auditorium,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
JUNE 19-20

FRIDAY—Jackie "Moms" Mabley, Thelonious Monk 4, Art Blakey 6, Dakota Staton, Joe Williams, and others listed below.

SATURDAY—Dave Brubeck 4, Jimmy Smith 3, Sarah Vaughan, Bud Freeman, Ruby Braff, Pee-wee Russell & others.

• The following performers will appear both nights: Mary Lou Williams, Melba Liston, Ben Webster, The Alvin Ailey Dancers, Harold Baker, Snooky Young, Percy Bryce, Larry Gales, Al Grey & others.

Presented by
Catholic Youth Organization

Produced by George Wein
and Mary Lou Williams

Tickets: \$2, 3, 4, 5

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NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL

Freebody Park,
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JULY 2-3-4-5

THURSDAY—Louis Armstrong All Stars, Buster Bailey, George Brunis, Buzzy Drootin, Bud Freeman, Bobby Haggart, J. C. Higgenbotham, Edmond Hall, Jo Jones, Lou McGarrity, Max Kaminsky, Muggsy Spenser, Joe Sullivan, Joe Thomas, George Wetting & others.

FRIDAY—Count Basie Orchestra, Chet Baker, Stan Getz 4, Thelonious Monk 4, Joe Williams & others.

SATURDAY—Dave Brubeck 4, Ruby Braff, Abbey Lincoln, Gloria Lynne, Max Roach 4, Jimmy Smith 3, & others.

SUNDAY—Oscar Brown, Jr., Buck Clayton, Vic Dickenson, Dizzy Gillespie 5, Slam Stewart, Ben Webster, Sarah Vaughan, Jackie "Moms" Mabley & others.

FRI. AFT.: New Faces & the Avante Garde.

SAT. AFT.: Piano Workshop.

Produced by George Wein

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Afternoon Concerts: \$2.00

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OHIO VALLEY JAZZ FESTIVAL

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Cincinnati, O.
AUGUST 14-15-16

FRIDAY—Louis Armstrong All Stars, Count Basie Orchestra, Aretha Franklin, Dizzy Gillespie 5, Lou Rawls & others.

SATURDAY—Duke Ellington Orchestra, Chet Baker, Dave Brubeck 4, Gloria Lynne, Thelonious Monk 4, & others.

SUNDAY—Woody Herman Orchestra, Ruby Braff, John Coltrane, Bud Freeman, Jimmy Smith 3, Sarah Vaughan & others.

Produced by George Wein

Tickets: \$3.50, 4.25, 5.00

For Tickets and Information:

Ohio Valley Jazz Festival
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Lunceford's *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?* While polished and spirited, this track is commercial and doesn't even hint at the more imaginative Lunceford accomplishments.

Happy Reunion features the warm ballad playing of tenor saxophonist Paul Gonsalves backed by Ellington's rhythm section. Gonsalves exhibits a rich tone and unique harmonic conception. He certainly deserves more attention.

Benny Rides Again, a 1940 Eddie Sauter piece for Benny Goodman's band, was one of the most ambitious undertakings of its day. In parts it is dated—the quasi-African drumming and one particular “wailing” figure that was an awful cliché—but it has its interesting moments. Some of the writing for reeds remains fresh.

Miles Davis' *So What?* represents one of the trumpeter's finest modal efforts. Davis, as well as tenorist John Coltrane, altoist Cannonball Adderley, and pianist Bill Evans—all important musicians—play superbly.

International Blues, listed as being by a Martial Solal group, though it was not originally released that way, was recorded in New York City, London, and Paris, and the tapes were then combined. This may represent some kind of technical breakthrough, but while the track is good, it isn't interesting enough to merit inclusion in an album such as this. However, trumpeter Clark Terry and pianists Hank Jones and Solal play well.

The low-priced Design LP is an excellent bargain. Every track has something to recommend it.

A 1946 Ellington band plays four selections. *Magenta Haze* and *Sultry Sunset* are fine ballad showcases for Johnny Hodges' sensuous playing. Trumpeter Ray Nance and Lawrence Brown improvise very well on *Tulip or Turnip*, a charming melody with inane lyrics (which Nance sings). *Diminuendo in Blue*, first recorded in the late '30s, is one of Ellington's extended compositions—full of strong melodies and richly orchestrated. This performance has gusto to spare.

Two Design tracks, from 1946 or '47, feature a combo that included Woody Herman sidemen. *Blue Serge*, by a Serge Chaloff quintet, is based on *Cherokee*. It offers excellent work by baritone saxophonist Chaloff, one of the greats of the bop era. Despite the fast tempo, he gets into the heart of the chords to play some beautiful lines. There is also good improvisation by pianist Ralph Burns and guitarist Chuck Wayne. The graceful muted trumpet of Sonny Berman and the powerful Chaloff baritone highlight *Curbstone Scuffle*.

The remaining three tracks—*Skylark*, *Somebody Else Is Taking My Place*, and *My Little Cousin*—are by a 1941 Bunny Berigan band. These are quite commercial, with innocuous vocals and little room for Berigan to cut loose, though the drive and warm, rough tone that were identified with him still flash through.

The Imperial collection spotlights some of Lester Young's output from the mid- and late 1940s. Contrary to what some observers maintain, Young recorded much outstanding work after leaving Count Basie, some of the best of which has re-

cently been re-released (by Imperial). On *Lester Leaps In* he digs into the beat to swing forcefully, and his lines have great substance. Joe Albany, one of several brilliant and sorely underappreciated bop pianists, takes a great solo on this track. It's paced beautifully, every climax perfectly set up. His spot on *You're Drivin' Me Crazy* is in the same class. *Something to Remember You By* finds Young improvising beautiful, songlike phrases. His tone is somewhat heavier and harder than it was when he played with Basie.

Two tracks are by a 1956 Paul Chambers group. *Visitation* demonstrates bassist Chambers' imaginative solo work. He has the whole track to himself (backed by piano and drums) and never stalls.

John Coltrane, pianist Kenny Drew, and drummer Philly Joe Jones solo on the up-tempo *Eastbound* by the Chambers group. Coltrane was making his initial impact on the jazz world about this time, and, though his playing was to evolve, his style then contained its main ingredients. However, he doesn't sound confident here, and his work lacks continuity as well as authority.

Billie Holiday sings *Rocky Mountain Blues* and *Be Fair to Me*, also a blues, on the Imperial set. Both are good examples of her work. Those who are relatively unfamiliar with her singing might particularly note the subtle way in which she alters melody lines. Many people sang the blues louder than Miss Holiday, but no one sang them with more feeling.

Although the three 1945 Erroll Garner tracks included by Imperial—*White Rose Bounce*, *Night and Day*, and *Twistin' the Cat's Tail*—are marked by the pianist's buoyant good humor, none is very significant musically.

Down Beat poll winners star on the Verve presentation. It doesn't have the historical interest of the others, but it does have good material.

Frank Wess' delightful alto sax is notable on Count Basie's *I'm Shouting Again*. There's a version of *My Favorite Things* by J. J. Johnson's quartet that has good work by Johnson and pianist Hank Jones. Stan Getz and Charlie Byrd team up on a relaxed *Baia*. Both play sensitively, producing attractive sonorities.

Cannon Bilt is a Ray Brown big-band track. Bassist Brown and altoist Cannonball Adderley solo, providing an interesting contrast between their styles—Adderley excitable and playing floridly, Brown easy-going and economical.

Standstill, a Gerry Mulligan-Paul Desmond quartet track, comes from a date that saw Desmond record some of the best work of his career. His improvising is imaginative, and he swings lightly but firmly, never descending to preciosity. Mulligan solos well, too, and teams with Desmond for some delightful counterpoint.

Buddy DeFranco's flashing clarinet on *Left Field* recalls his outstanding work of the early '50s. *A Wonderful Guy* is an enjoyable, but uneventful, track by vibist Milt Jackson and the Oscar Peterson Trio. Ella Fitzgerald's effortless stop-time scatting enhances *Swingin' Shepherd Blues*. Other selections are Herbie Mann's *Frenesies*, Oscar Peterson's *Gravy Waltz*, and Jimmy Smith's *Ol' Man River*. —Harvey Pekar

SONGSKRIT

A COLUMN OF VOCAL ALBUM REVIEWS

By JOHN A. TYNAN

Anita O'Day: Incomparable!
(Verve 6-8572)

Rating: ★★★★★½

There are no really wild moments of jazz excitement in this latest O'Day set. But that doesn't matter in the least, because there are many solid-gold moments of sheer musical excitement in the combination of the O'Day voice and the pen and intellect of Bill Holman, who arranged and conducted.

It Could Happen to You is taken medium up—the favorite tempo for this set, it develops—with Miss O'Day singing the rarely heard verse (for that matter, how often is the song itself heard these days?). Holman's rich writing for the saxophones is notable.

A bass part that must have brought great joy to the unidentified instrumentalist (none in the fine accompanying orchestra is identified) is a happy feature of *Blue Champagne*. Miss O'Day handles the vocal in a light, lilting manner entirely in keeping with the song's spirit (except she turns it into a hip, instead of syrupy spirit).

A walking bass at half-time with Miss O'Day singing the first chorus at the intended tempo opens *Avalon*. The very imaginative writing for saxes and brass is a highlight.

That Old Devil Moon has a Latin feeling sandwiching an excursion into 4/4.

Slaughter on 10th Avenue grows on one after repeated hearing. Holman's treatment of the work is refreshing; his principal function, of course, is to complement Miss O'Day, a chore he handles heroically in view of the pitch problems she encounters en route.

Easy Living is at ballad tempo and serves as an excellent example of Holman's taste; he settles for a simple backing by the rhythm section for half the track, then interpolates solo tenor sax in a bridging passage before finally bringing in the band quite subdued.

The unconcealed O'Day debt to Billie Holiday is most evident in the up-tempo *If I Love Again*. *Speak Low* is notable for Holman's contrapuntal writing for saxes and brass, sans rhythm section, behind the singer, which makes for a light, delicate, floating effect.

The other tunes are medium walkers, *The Party's Over*, *Why Shouldn't I?*, *Can't We Be Friends?*, and *Indian Summer*.

Pat Thomas: Moody's Mood
(MGM 4206)

Rating: ★★★

Miss Thomas, in this mass-consumer-oriented album, sings a pretty and pleasant ballad to be sure, albeit in a most Sarah Vaughan-derived style. This set is all ballads.

I'm in the Mood for Love (*Moody's Mood*), adapted by King Pleasure from the James Moody saxophone solo of many

years ago, is probably the most interesting of the lot by virtue of the Moody improvisation on the *Mood* changes. In this, as in most of the other selections in the set, one may witness much of the early style of Miss Vaughan in Miss Thomas' vocal quality. This really is too bad, for it works against the singer's acceptance as an individualistic performer.

For the rest, she is particularly good—and personally convincing—on *Trouble Is a Man*, demonstrating a deeper sense of

feeling and greater breath of voice. She handles *Don't Wait Too Long*—a mediocre song—rather well and shows that she is capable of much more original things vocally in her phrasing on *The Nearness of You*. The rest of the songs, while nice little string-things arranged by Claus Ogerman, Lalo Schiffrin, Bill Ver Planck, and Sammy Lowe, are of little moment.

Pat Thomas is capable of more original effort. She should forget Sarah Vaughan and concentrate more on being herself.

COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

Before Charles Ives and Wallingford Riegger died, the one at 80 in 1954 and the other at 76 in 1961, both had survived long enough to see themselves accorded public honor as American composers.

Largely through the efforts of old friends who had the ear of Leonard Bernstein, Ives ultimately even found considerable acclaim with the concertgoing and record-buying public. Today his music is turning up with heartening regularity, often in acceptable performances that would have been impossible to arrange a few years ago, when the professional musical community paid little attention to Ives. (Performers, that is—for composers always valued him correctly.)

Realizing that Ives lived long enough to know some esteem, we tend to feel vindicated for ignoring him for half a century. But being ignored cost Ives dearly, cutting him off from the possibility of being an artist with a public to speak to in his most creative years. Who knows what he might have accomplished?

Even so, being an authentic individualistic genius, he achieved more than an ignored composer such as Riegger, who spent most of his best years arranging band tunes for a music publisher, plus other banal chores.

How far each man was able to go in the stifling climate of the United States in the first half of the century can be heard clearly on a new Composers Recordings, Inc., release (CRI-177). It contains the *Ives Thanksgiving* (1904), fourth of the *Four New England Holidays*, of which CRI has now released three, with *Decoration Day* yet to come.

The aboriginal date, 1904, is startling no matter how often one hears this music (performed here by William Strickland and the Iceland Symphony Orchestra and Iceland State Radio Chorus, of all people), but Ives' pioneering use of polytonality and his daring interweaving of half a dozen incongruous melodic voices have been overstressed. What makes *Thanksgiving* important music is the intense emotional impact it carries. When, after the frenzied and all but impenetrable polyphony of the first part, the hymn tunes are sung out gently by the orchestra in naive fashion, it would be a hardened case who would not be moved.

It is easy to imagine more polished per-

formances that the Icelanders give but not more welcome ones.

Ives managed somehow to do without a public. Men like Riegger needed one desperately, in proportion as their genius was less.

On the same CRI recording is Riegger's *Op. 33, a Canon and Fugue in D Minor*, dated 1941, that reflects his admiration for the age of Bach and Handel and possibly his desire to write a piece that orchestras might take up to his profit. Unlike most Riegger, which is atonal in tendency even when hovering around keys, this work is gentle, traditional, and somewhat sterile. Riegger was typical of the American composer without a direction or a real stimulus. He never knew who his listeners were or might be.

An even more unhappy case is the other composer on this disc, John Becker, an associate and friend of Ives who died at 75 three years ago.

Also with Bernstein's help (he played Becker's *Third Symphony* on a New York Philharmonic program not long before the composer's death), Becker enjoyed a few moments of honor. But hardly enough, as CRI's sample of his output shows. With Jan Henrik Kayser as soloist, Strickland and his Icelandic group give an excellent performance of Becker's *Concerto Arabesque for Piano and Orchestra* (1930), which sounds like lighthearted Alban Berg.

It is depressing to think of a man with the ability to compose so winningly being shunted off into Midwestern fresh-water colleges, struggling for a lifetime to make some impression on his hidebound neighbors.

What might a Becker have accomplished if his works had been taken up and tried out as eagerly as were the most minor works in Germany or Italy during the last century?

Becker, Carl Ruggles, Riegger, Henry Cowell, and Ives—there is enough talent there to have rivaled "The Five" of Russia's czarist musical heyday.

But something was lacking, either in the men themselves or the times, and the U.S. renaissance these men might have fathered before World War I never took place. That is the real tragedy of their lives, and whatever late-flowering recognition comes to them now or in the future will hardly make up for such squandering of talent.

The most fitting honor we can now pay this passing generation is to search out the counterparts of Ives and Becker in our own generation and listen to what they have to tell us, in sound, about the world we live in today. We need such talents more than they need us, in the long run.



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'You have to think when you play; you have to help each other — you just can't play for yourself. You've got to play with whomever you're playing. If I'm playing with Basie, I'm going to try to help what he's doing — that particular feeling.'



BLINDFOLD TEST MILES DAVIS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Miles Davis is unusually selective in his listening habits. This attitude should not be interpreted as reflecting any general misanthropy. He was in a perfectly good mood on the day of the interview reproduced below; it just happened that the records selected did not, for the most part, make much of an impression.

Clark Terry, for example, is an old friend and idol of Davis' from St. Louis, and the Duke Ellington Orchestra has always been on Davis' preferred list.

Davis does not have an automatic tendency to want to put everything down, as an inspection of his earlier *Blindfold Tests* will confirm (*DB*, Sept. 21, 1955 and Aug. 7, 1958).

The Cecil Taylor item was played as an afterthought, because we were discussing artists who have impressed critics, and I said I'd like to play an example. Aside from this, Davis was given no information about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. Les McCann-Jazz Crusaders. *All Blues* (Pacific Jazz). Wayne Henderson, trombone; Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, piano; McCann, electric piano; Miles Davis, composer.

What's that supposed to be? That ain't nothin'. They don't know what to do with it—you either play it bluesy or you play on the scale. You don't just play flat notes. I didn't write it to play flat notes on—you know, like minor thirds. Either you play a whole chord against it, or else . . . but don't try to play it like you'd play, ah, *Walkin' the Dog*. You know what I mean?

That trombone player—trombone ain't supposed to sound like that. This is 1964, not 1924. Maybe if the piano player had played it by himself, something would have happened.

Rate it? How can I rate that?

2. Clark Terry. *Cielito Lindo* (from *3 in Jazz*, RCA Victor). Terry, trumpet; Hank Jones, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar.

Clark Terry, right? You know, I've always liked Clark. But this is a sad record. Why do they make records like that? With the guitar in the way, and that sad _____ piano player. He didn't do nothing for the rhythm section—didn't you hear it get jumbled up? All they needed was a bass and Terry.

That's what's _____ up music, you know. Record companies. They make too many sad records, man.

3. Rod Levitt. *Ahl Spain* (from *Dynamic Sound Patterns*, Riverside). Levitt, trombone, composer; John Beal, bass.

There was a nice idea, but they didn't do nothing with it. The bass player was a _____, though.

What are they trying to do, copy Gil? It doesn't have the Spanish feeling—doesn't move. They move up in triads, but there's all those chords missing—and I never heard any Spanish thing where they had a figure that went



That's some old _____, man. Sounds

like Steve Allen's TV band. Give it some stars just for the bass player.

4. Duke Ellington. *Caravan* (from *Money Jungle*, United Artists). Ellington, piano; Charlie Mingus, bass; Max Roach, drums.

What am I supposed to say to that? That's ridiculous. You see the way they can _____ up music? It's a mismatch. They don't complement each other. Max and Mingus can play together, by themselves. Mingus is a hell of a bass player, and Max is a hell of a drummer. But Duke can't play with them, and they can't play with Duke.

Now, how are you going to give a thing like that some stars? Record companies should be kicked in the _____. Somebody should take a picket sign and picket the record company.

5. Sonny Rollins. *You Are My Lucky Star* (from *3 in Jazz*, RCA Victor). Don Cherry, trumpet; Rollins, tenor saxophone; Henry Grimes, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Now, why did they have to end it like that? Don Cherry I like, and Sonny I like, and the tune idea is nice. The rhythm is nice. I didn't care too much for the bass player's solo. Five stars is real good? It's just good, no more. Give it three.

6. Stan Getz-Joao Gilberto. *Desafinado* (from *Getz-Gilberto*, Verve). Getz, tenor saxophone; Gilberto, vocal.

Gilberto and Stan Getz made an album together? Stan plays good on that. I like Gilberto; I'm not particularly crazy about just *anybody's* bossa nova. I like the samba. And I like Stan, because he has so much patience, the way he plays those melodies—other people can't get nothing out of a song, but he can. Which takes a lot of imagination, that he has, that so many other people don't have.

As for Gilberto, he could read a newspaper and sound good! I'll give that one five stars.

7. Eric Dolphy. *Mary Ann* (from *Far Cry*, New Jazz). Booker Little, trumpet; Dolphy, composer, alto saxophone; Jaki Byard, piano.

That's got to be Eric Dolphy—nobody else could sound that bad! The next time I see him I'm going to step on his foot. You print that. I think he's ridiculous. He's

a sad _____.

L.F.: *Down Beat* won't print those words.

M.D.: Just put he's a sad shhhhhhhh, that's all! The composition is sad. The piano player _____ it up, getting in the way so that you can't hear how things are supposed to be accented.

It's a sad record, and it's the record company's fault again. I didn't like the trumpet player's tone, and he don't do nothing. The running is all right if you're going to play that way, like Freddie Hubbard or Lee Morgan; but you've got to inject something, and you've got to have the rhythm section along; you just can't keep on playing all eighth notes.

The piano player's sad. You have to *think* when you play; you have to help each other—you just can't play for yourself. You've got to play with whomever you're playing. If I'm playing with Basie, I'm going to try to help what he's doing—that particular feeling.

8. Cecil Taylor. *Lena* (from *Live at the Cafe Montmartre*, Fantasy). Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone; Taylor, piano.

Take it off! That's some sad _____, man. In the first place, I hear some Charlie Parker cliches. . . . They don't even fit. Is that what the critics are digging? Them critics better stop having coffee. If there ain't nothing to listen to, they might as well admit it. Just to take something like that and say it's great, because there ain't nothing to listen to, that's like going out and getting a prostitute.

L.F.: This man said he was influenced by Duke Ellington.

M.D.: I don't give a _____! It must be Cecil Taylor. Right? I don't care who he's inspired by. That _____ ain't nothing. In the first place he don't have the—you know, the way you touch a piano. He doesn't have the touch that would make the sound of whatever he thinks of come off.

I can tell he's influenced by Duke, but to put the loud pedal on the piano and make a run is very old-fashioned to me. And when the alto player sits up there and plays without no tone. . . . That's the reasons I don't buy any records. 

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

Kansas City Jazz Festival Municipal Auditorium Arena, Kansas City, Mo.

It took gluttony for punishment to commit oneself without pause to such a program as that proffered by K.C. Jazz, Inc. But a poll of the crowd revealed that many had held up for the whole eight-hour event (well, seven) right through to the last and supposed highlight, the Woody Herman Band.

In at least one sense, the musicians, businessmen, and civic leaders who master-minded the jazz marathon could not have engineered a more appropriate finale. Herman and his youthful herd's penchant for Upmanship revived a crowd grown weary. And as drummer Jake Hanna engendered a more deliberate propulsion to fidgety feet, the band launched into orbit the likes of Horace Silver's *Sister Sadie* (to which Sal Nistico's tenor provided the apogee), Bill Holman's mult textured *After You've Gone*, Charlie Mingus' *Better Git It in Your Soul*, *Jumpin' at the Woodside*, and the outstanding *Caldonia*.

From the outset of the gigantic Sunday undertaking the audience had been larger than expected. By 4 p.m., an hour into the proceedings, Jay McShann's band confronted as large a gathering as would assemble prior to the night shift.

The emergence of McShann's 14-piece group elicited no small amount of apprehension from some quarters. Some months previous, the pianist-leader had been summoned to work up a band that would become the nucleus for an hour-long television tribute to K.C. jazz. But, saddled with illusions of what he was not and an epidemic of camera fright, McShann's production quickly dissolved into an embarrassingly insipid potion. In the face of that fiasco, few supposed the pianist would renew the prescription.

Doubt was quickly dispelled, however, as he propelled the unit into a comfortable blues groove and kept it there with *Hootie Blues*, *Confessin' the Blues*, *Vine Street Boogie*, *Moten Swing*, *See See Rider*, and *One O'Clock Jump*. And he still knows when to take it off the stove.

Carmell Jones, on his leisurely way from the West Coast to join Horace Silver in New York, was obviously divorced from his supporting unit. What was essentially tenorist Jimmy Keith's group was salvaged only by the borrowed presence of pianist Frank Smith, with whose trio trumpeter Jones had worked when he lived in Kansas City.

After what seemed a prolonged finger exercise, Jones imparted pleasing form to the out-chorus of *I Hear Music*. Little that was eventful was sandwiched between the introduction and coda of *What's New?* Finally, though Jones' long, tense intro-

duction to *Cherokee* was developed skillfully and effectively released, the unrelenting four-beat figures of young drummer Chuck Grey pummeled the piece into tedium. A half-hour of little moment.

A short set by the Raytown High School stage band was no less predictable than that of the Bob Simes Band. The latter's set contained discreet baritone saxophone work by Marshall DeMuyneck, as well as the leader's vibraphone and Jack Sherman's trumpet.

Frank Smith's trio was to have supported altoist Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson, and, though not billed, the trio expected their otherwise regular tenor man, Richard White, to appear as well. Neither saxophonist showed. Despite that, there was a fiery rapport among the three—Smith, bassist Dave Williams, and the very young drummer, Jay Hearn—for the group churned out one of the most animated sets of the program. A blues attained such momentum that it appeared the crowd might at last break the stringent length of the sets (it did not). Williams used a honking underline to good effect, while Hearn displayed a mature discretion. Little more than excitement was generated, but the crowd voiced its approval.

The K.C. Kicks Band certainly proved one theorem implicit in their moniker: give the band *its* kicks, and the audience will derive its own.

Assembled by AFM Local 34 simply to avail members big-band experience, this husky unit roared into Neal Hefti's original *Shout* (Basie's *On My Way and Shouting Again* renamed), offered a sensitively shaded *Sweet and Lovely*, scored by pianist John Elliott, and then gave out with *Kansas City Shout* as scored for the band by John Pope. Bob Brookmeyer's finger-snapper, *Just Plain Meyer*, revealed the band to be replete with kicks, despite the absence of the author.

Clark Terry and Brookmeyer were to have joined the band at this point, but out sauntered the pair with Carmell Jones and Frank Smith's trio in tow. As spotlights sought out the six, they went into *Straight, No Chaser*. Except that Jones' solo was fairly flighty and too long (but not without snatches of brilliance), group timbre and continuity disclosed unity of thought. Terry's chorus was succinct but rewarding. Brookmeyer offered half-valve kisses and riffs but offered a soft relief from Jones' turn. Smith, already a crowd-pleaser, used Basieish simplicity to entice the audience. Fours and out, and the place was alive. The vibrancy continued with *Perdido*; Terry's was the best development.

The Kicks band, now with Terry and Brookmeyer in the foreground, reassembled to read through the latter's arrangement of *Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe* and another arrangement by Kicks pianist Elliott, *Pernode*, which was of firm architecture, comfortably inhabited by both horn men.

Keith's group returned to the fore stage (there were two) with George Salisbury, pianist-instructor at the Kansas City Conservatory of Music. John Lewis' *Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West* made one wonder if all hands had been given

the same co-ordinates. It came off as a rather shallow opener. Emmet Finney contributed little on either vibes or trumpet, and bassist Ike Witt did little to stabilize drummer Grey's weak pulse. Carrying the burden on Benny Golson's *Stablemates*, Salisbury contributed nothing to elevate the occasion.

Leon Breeden, still beaming from the clean sweep his North Texas State men had gleaned from the previous day's Oread Jazz Festival (*DB*, June 4), took to the stage as though he had another campaign beyond. The Texas machine was every bit as well oiled as it had been in neighboring Lawrence, Kans. Bill Farmer's quartet offered one number before the band wailed the set to completion.

Vocalist Irene McLaurian joined the Keith five to concede she had *A Lot of Livin' to Do*. But, even though Stella O'Rourke sang with the Warren Duret Band that followed, and Betty Miller and Milt Abel introduced their Jackie & Roy cocktail fare, vocal honors fell to Marilyn Maye, who was supported with elan by Sammy Tucker's trio. —Phillip Jacka

Red Allen

Manchester Sports Guild,
Manchester, England

Personnel: Allen, trumpet, accompanied by the Alex Welsh Band, the Fairweather-Brown All-Stars, and the Bruce Turner Band.

The Manchester Sports Guild is a remarkable club. Its three floors include a basement devoted to live mainstream jazz, a bar where one drinks to a background of jazz records, a modern-jazz hall with a resident big band and—obscurely titled phenomena of the current British scene—a folk lounge where variously bearded gentlemen, who a few years ago would have been jazz banjo players, mouth tuneless lyrics over the old three-chord trick.

To celebrate the club's 10th anniversary, the two managers, L. C. Jenkins and Jack Swinnerton, decided to import an American musician, and, apparently simultaneous with the original idea, Red Allen's was the first name mentioned. The choice was a wise one, for it is difficult to think of another musician who could have brought so much to the musicians and audiences.

Allen's first night was in company with the Welsh band, a polished group of advanced Condonites. From the two-hour rehearsal in the afternoon, it was obvious that no mere blowing session was to follow. A thorough professional, who knows exactly what he wants, Allen struck up an immediate understanding, with Welsh's men, who were quicker on the uptake than anyone had anticipated. Allen's eccentric codas and changes of key soon were mastered, and by the end of the rehearsal, everyone felt confident that this would be one of those good nights.

Inspired by a very with-it audience (in addition to the staffs of most of the country's jazz magazines, the listeners were fans who had traveled from points as much as 200 miles away), the Welsh band opened alone and played a set that reached peaks not normally scaled by such groups. Welsh's trumpet was particu-

larly good, and the rhythm section was much improved by the presence of pianist Fred Hunt, who had rejoined the band that day after a year's absence.

The opening *At the Jazz Band Ball*, with Allen's spotlighted and blue-jacketed entry, was a little obvious, and it was not until he bit down into *Yellow Dog Blues* and *Rosetta* that the full significance of what was happening became obvious. At the rehearsal Allen had gained the band's confidence, and now the band was responding to him and, like a cup-final football team, was pulling out unknown reserves. Allen, playing with that reedy, almost sax-like tone of his, led the ensembles, prompted the soloists, and played like an angel.

Roy Crimmins, a trombonist based in Bill Harris and Urbie Green, reacted most forcefully to the Allen stimulant and took off into a series of solos that softened some of the awe with which the audience was regarding the trumpet player.

Another liaison was set up between Allen and drummer Lennie Hastings, who, with the others, showed that English rhythm sections are not nearly as bad as some Englishmen like to think.

The second night brought Allen into the challenging company of the Fair-weather-Brown All-Stars, an unorthodox group fronted by clarinetist Sandy Brown and featuring trumpeter Al Fairweather and tenorist Danny Moss.

Brown plays in an angular and original way, somewhat like Pee Wee Russell in a Viking hat. On this night it was everybody paddle his own longboat, for Brown's men made no concessions to the additional horn.

Again, because of Allen's subtlety, a buoyant band sound and beautifully instinctive backings to soloists would have given the casual listener the impression that the personnel had been together for 20 years. The Ben Websterlike tenor of Moss was particularly potent in solo, but, after Allen, the honors went to Brown, an original and brilliant creator.

As on the two previous evenings, such Allen standards as *Biffly Blues*, *Patrol Wagon Blues*, and *House in Harlem for Sale* were given extended workouts when Allen played the third night with the Turner band. Here the pianoless rhythm section, pinned by the sensitive drumming of Johnny Armitage, provided a beautiful montage for free-blown jazz.

Turner, an altoist of world class, matched Allen's solos with his own, and the two inspired each other to jazz consummations that overshadowed everything else that had happened. Trombonist Pete Strange, very much in Allen's idiom, also played above himself. This was the finest session of the three.

Throughout his stay, Allen played with remarkable consistency and tastefulness. His eccentric style, which was ahead of its time 30 years ago, is still gilded with modernity, and it is obvious that he belongs, not in the shade of Louis Armstrong, but out front with Roy Eldridge and Buck Clayton.

Some of his extraordinary effects were on display—the heavy-vibrato growl, the

muted effects without a mute, and the intricate precision of his rapid-fire fingering.

Without pandering to his audiences, Allen involved them in his vocals and created the highly volatile atmospheres that built up at each session. It can be said that he has done more constructive work for British jazz in his short stay than several 16-man groups have done during more intensive tours.

The Sports Guild is working on the idea of bringing more musicians over. As far as this reviewer is concerned, they can keep bringing Red Allen. He's one of the timeless ones.

—Steve Voce

Calvin Jackson

Villa Frascati, Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: Jackson, piano; Al McKibbon, bass.

With Calvin Jackson at the keyboard one is likely to hear anything from an up-tempo adaptation for piano of Jimmy Guiffre's classic *Four Brothers* to a sonata-like treatment of the ballad *You Are Too Beautiful*, for Jackson runs a fascinating gamut of performance that for sheer brilliance is difficult to match.

An accomplished motion-picture composer, orchestrator, arranger, and adapter (he has ghosted more films through the years than he would care to recall), Jackson on occasion takes time out with a bassist for a spell at the piano in a local boite—four weeks in this engagement.

Certainly he could hardly have chosen a more accomplished sidekick than McKibbon. The former Dizzy Gillespie bassist, on the night of review, contributed tasteful solos to such songs as *I Remember You* and Neal Hefti's *Shiny Stockings*. The constant underpinning of his bass lines lent an admirable solidity to the duo.

It is futile to argue whether Jackson is or is not a jazz pianist. He plays jazz, yes, but refuses to accept categorization.

His technique is phenomenal, and this, in the last analysis, may be working against him in the jazz idiom. For one gets the feeling, listening to his jazz work, that with a little less technique and a more fundamental conception of improvisation he would fare better. But, withal, it is as a musical thinker at the piano that Jackson proves such a delight. He crosses all borders and acknowledges none.

In answer to a request for *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*, he turned this heavily worked ballad into a gem of personal interpretation, highly original in character. Similarly, when he moved into *Four Brothers*, he first laid out the changes in a leisurely, atempo manner, and then with the foundation established, he galloped into a churning romp through the number. (This is a fascinating adaptation of what was originally written for three tenor saxophones and a baritone sax; in Jackson's hands it turns out a tour de force.)

The Horace Silver or Thelonious Monk fan actually can find a great deal to enjoy in Jackson's infrequent night-club performances. Currently scoring for television, he appeared to wring maximum kicks out of the gig with McKibbon. So did most of his listeners.

—John A. Tynan



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BOOK REVIEWS

DANCE BAND READING AND INTERPRETATION, by Alan Raph. Published by Sam Fox Publishing Co., \$3.

Subtitled *The Basic Concepts of Dance and Jazz Rhythms*, this method, or study, book is a valuable addition to stage-band training materials.

The book follows a well-organized, accretive approach that moves from simple rules through basic patterns to extensions and combinations of patterns. After each explanation and training exercise there are

"comprehensive etudes" that present the problem areas in melodic study form.

There also are excellent sections dealing with punctuation notes, triplets, 16th-note rhythms, double-time, half-time, and special effects. The book concludes with 10 full-page studies utilizing the material covered.

While this book has a great deal to recommend it and does fulfill a definite need for study material, there are some minor problems.

The greatest shortcoming of the book does not lie in the style or material covered but in the lack of an explanatory section on the all-important subject of phrasing and the use of the legato tongue.

There also are two basic drawbacks to the pattern approach as it is used in this method. One is that the student learns patterns and not the ability to apply them to music. This danger is not intrinsic to such an approach, but the danger does result all too often, as in the case of rudimentary drummers. As long as the pattern is faithfully and accurately reproduced, there is no problem; but vary it, and difficulties begin. This shouldn't be the case, but every teacher knows it happens.

The second drawback presents the bigger problem. I feel that the issues become needlessly complicated by the one-, two- or three-bar figure, or pattern, approach. Stage-band music is composed of individual sounds or minimal groupings in almost countless variations. It is possible to reduce them to four or five basics, teach these, and then combine them in the reading of music.

I would like to have seen more phrase markings (slur lines) and accents used in the exercises and etudes after the manner of currently published stage-band literature.

I wish also that the publisher had come out with more than the treble- and bass-clef books. The ranges will be a little low for the saxes (all are playable but not too practical), and the keys will be those not usually encountered by the E-flat saxes. A transposition for E-flat instruments would have solved these problems.

The book is very good, and I highly recommend it. I just do not agree with some elements of it. It would be ideally suited as developmental exercises for the classically trained musician who wants to develop a good stage-band technique.

—George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.

A STUDY OF JAZZ, by Paul O. W. Tanner and Maurice Gerow. Published by Wm. C. Brown Co., \$4.50.

The writers have the background and knowledge to give a great amount of value to this book. It is designed as a teachers' guide or manual for general-music or music-appreciation classes on the junior or senior high-school level and as a text for a course in jazz at the college level.

As a teachers' guide it succeeds admirably in presenting the basic historical and technical facts of jazz in an orderly and (perhaps a little too) concise manner. It includes many projects that could be applied to all levels. It is well documented and gives many references for further reading. A recording of musical examples from the different periods of jazz is included.

One drawback in using the book as a college text would be the brevity of the historical and explanatory sections, plus the excess of original-score pages. Full scores would have been fine if the book were designed as a text for a music major, but they will mean rather little to the average college student.

All in all, this is a fine contribution to the teaching materials of jazz and a highly recommended work that could save the classroom teacher of a jazz course countless hours of research and work.

—George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.



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SITTIN' IN

By ART HODES

The bosses are hanging themselves. That's an old saying. As I remember hearing it explained: "When business is bad, the bosses hang themselves." Of course, the night-club bosses don't actually hang themselves; at least, I never heard of such doings.

Collectively, I've never witnessed such a sad lot. I remember once listening to an emcee relate a bit about his boss: "You know, I can always tell when the boss is unhappy. When it's good, he goes around smiling, knows you by name, cracks jokes (this I need?). But just let business fall off, and there he is, up in front, jingling his keys . . . and pretty soon I'm catching it. But can I tell the bandleader? His face will fall, and nothing will come out of the horn. How do you suppose I got this ulcer?"

I remember Nick's in Greenwich Village. Nick's gone, and so is the place, but it sure blazed while it ran. Nick was an imbibor. He drank, loved jazz music, and played piano. Nick came on strong. At 9 p.m., when you started playing, Nick was reaching a 1 a.m. tempo. I remember this night I'd decided to stay straight till about midnight—you know, kind of feel my way into the evening. Only I never got away with it. Nick expected you to "come on" . . . like Mezz (a clarinet player) would say—"come on with the come-on." After that first set, I felt so brought down, it took a few to bring me around. Nick never said anything (to me), but you felt it. You see, he felt it; he lived it.

Usually, when business falls off, owners make the rounds to see what the other clubs are doing. As long as it's bad all over, it's okay. The crisis will pass; "Cooley's Fable didn't do nuthin' las' week." You're okay. A bit uncomfortable, but . . . Of course, by now the entire operation has been scanned minutely; the manager has been asked time and again, "How long has the band been off?" Still, it's bearable; but let's hope business picks up because if it doesn't, there'll be consultations.

In baseball, there's a front office, a place where business is discussed; usually, there'll be several people on staff who are supposed to have "a head for business." In the night-club field, it's a bit different. Instead of a front office, the boss has a set of cronies, hangers-around—a discussion group. They have opinions. But in case that's not enough, the boss has a real source of advice . . .

his favorite waitress. When they get their heads together, look out!

The boss talks to this favorite waitress, and she tells him, and that's when you've got a headache. Invariably, it'll come out like this: "What we need is a new orchestra." Ah, the cure-all.

Remember the story about the fiddle player who was shedding huge tears because his boss had put him (and his group) on notice (that means in two weeks, possibly more, your engagement comes to a close)? As the story goes, the sad one had held that job for some 17 years. Between moans, he was heard to say, "I thought when I took this job, it was gonna be steady." You and I will agree that this kind of an arrangement is a nowhere thing; it's not good for either party.

But there's another side to the coin. It's my contention that our business can stand a school for bosses, a place where they can go and view pictures of their own behavior. Let's watch the screen . . .

A club in Somewhere, U.S.A. Owners are a husband and wife. There's a trusted friend whose opinion they value. These three come to Chicago and look me up. We talk, agree, have a deal.

I arrived at the club several days before my opening night. The place is quiet—10 p.m. and two couples, candlelight . . . a nowhere sight. Next evening, press night. The place is full up, but the cash register isn't ringing; drinks are on the house. But opening night and you can't get in without waiting in line outside. That friend knew his business. He went out and rang doorbells; he told the whole town that something good is coming. Business was up and stayed up for 11 weeks. Then it began to drop . . . and it wasn't too long before I was invited (I use the word loosely) to a consultation, and would I take a cut (in salary).

But long before that 11th week arrived, I'd noticed "the signs": absentee ownership, bosses out doing the town; no one (of the owners) at the cash register; anybody (of the help) ringing the till. And the service—the waitresses sitting with a party, and it was a Western Union job to get their attention. So, when it was "suggested" I take a cut, I cut out.

Let's flick the dial and get another picture—an oldy, like one of my first bosses. Money was tough to come by . . . still I was asking for what I'd earned: my pay. I wasn't alone; there were other musicians involved. We'd been waiting; it was way overdue. So, you know what our boss said? "What are you, a bunch of Reds?"

Here's another scene, a place where I'd worked 13 months with my combo,

and we'd done well. Of course, you couldn't tell it by what you heard . . . from the boss, especially when you discussed a raise. The songs he'd sing. A soprano. So, I gave my notice, and we hit the road. Years later, when it really didn't matter (just for the record), I asked and was allowed to peek at the books. We'd brought in (for the establishment) at least (any given week) six times what we were paid. I'm told that if the house takes in three times what it pays out for entertainment, it's making money.

Again, let's not be guilty of painting all owners with one brush. Jazz, Ltd., deserves a separate easel; the owners, Ruth and Bill Reinhardt, delight in telling you that "from the very first we've been in the black." They have made a habit of success and don't mind you knowing it.

In the process, the Reinhardts have furnished work for many a jazz musician. Viewing their operation makes one wonder why bosses don't come around and view it. You would think that somebody would apply for a course in How Do They Run This Place? But night-club bosses usually are a breed unto themselves. The moment one of them opens a place, they already know. A few actually do . . . but you've only to consult last year's ads to see how many are out of business.

Bosses? I've had 'em—from my first, Dago Lawrence Mangano, who gave me my first break, a steady job, a chance to break in. He had a feeling for music, owned (and played) an expensive banjo he tuned ukulele style, and played and sang tunes mother never taught me.

There was Barney, in New York City, who made you feel that entering his club was like coming into his living room. He greeted you; his musicians knew your favorite number; they had it memorized.

Mr. McGovern (dad) at the Liberty Inn (Clark and Erie) in Chicago, who "operated"; and in the process many a jazz name had a place to go—Wingy Manone, Louis Prima (he meant it then), Paul Mares (New Orleans Rhythm Kings), Dave Tough, Bob Zurke, Pee Wee Russell, Marty Marsala; Earl Wiley had the house band.

More recently, there was Louie at the Brass Rail in Chicago, the last of the hell-for-leather bosses, and if the place got too quiet, he made a big noise.

You know something? Nobody opens a night-club with a view to making money. Did you know that? Surprising, but you'd have to have holes in your head to go into the night-club business for the sole purpose of making a big buck, a fat dollar. You'd do better in the restaurant business. Sell pianos,

hot dogs, anything, but don't go into the night-club business to make money. Even musicians (and who has a better right?) open night clubs for other reasons—like having a place to work steadily without being kicked around. No, you just don't open a night club if you're looking for a way to make a big buck. Headaches! Dram shop, licenses, law, laws, employes, drunks, Lent, Jewish holidays, Christmas, weather, customers, business; they're endless, the hazards. No one, but no one, opens a night club to make money. No one but . . . the boss.

So, may I suggest the next time you go to church, any time you feel grateful, say a few words of thanks that there continue to be applicants for the position of Boss. And I don't care if they want to sing—let 'em have their blues vocals. It's their way of letting off steam. 

SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

The recent debate in *Down Beat* on *Time's* Thelonious Monk cover story overlooked a basic flaw in that magazine's jazz coverage. And since that flaw is markedly evident in much other popular magazine treatment of jazz—as well as in the jazz press itself on occasion—it should be confronted.

I mean, for example, the statement in *Time* a year or so ago that in current jazz, "there is none of the throbbing, wailing excitement that jazz grew up on." I also mean the sweeping assertion in the May 8, 1964, *Time* that "jazz has lost all its gaiety; its musicians commonly drive their listeners away by discouraging any pleasure in the act of perceiving the sounds."

This nonsense is part of the general keening that jazz is dead (so says Stan Kenton) or is becoming too abstract and cold (so say some of the older critics and "lay" listeners as well as *Time*).

No "throbbing, wailing excitement"? That three-word phrase exactly describes a Cecil Taylor set on a good night. They also describe Tony Williams, the interaction between John Coltrane and Elvin Jones, the microcosm of Charlie Mingus, and an in-person performance by Ornette Coleman (when he played clubs).

Jazz has lost all its gaiety? Which Monk was Barry Farrell of *Time* listening to? What of the wit—wry and otherwise—of Wayne Shorter, Paul Bley, Sonny Rollins, Phil Wilson, Miles Davis, Bill Evans, Gerry Mulligan, Jaki Byard? Has Dizzy Gillespie retired?

Leaving aside the question of whether

jazz and gaiety are always synonymous (all those feet out there were never all that happy), the obtuseness of those who decry the loss of the "happy sound" only reflects their own inability to recognize that humor in jazz is continually changing.

Times have changed. We're in the middle of an "unfinished revolution" in this country, and even jazzmen read the papers. So the wit is sharper, slices deeper, and while not always aggressive, it is more likely to be ironic than exultant. But to imply that *all* jazz has become dour and smoldering is to indict oneself as a most imperfect listener.

And which specific musicians "commonly" drive their listeners away by "discouraging" any signs of pleasure in the audience? To be sure, there has been a rise in the last decade of leaders telling boorishly inattentive audiences to shut up, but it is absurd to analyze this expression of self-respect as meaning that today's jazzmen prefer an audience of zombies.

I know of no jazz musician—and that includes members of the most rarefied avant garde—who is not gratified by a rapt audience. And when members of that audience are moved physically to acknowledge their participation in the music, there is no record of any musician frowning at a tapping foot or scowling at an occasional "Yeah!" from the seats out front.

I've been listening to jazz in clubs for 24 years, and the main audience difference between then and now is that there are fewer loud drunks and fewer loud waitresses. (Though not few enough.) And when something is happening on-stage, audiences still show they know and feel it's happening.

Time, with customary disregard for qualifying facts, proclaims that today's jazz audience "plays it cool, and the atmosphere that results is dire and deeply uncomfortable." Could it be that today's jazz makes *Time's* man "deeply uncomfortable" and that he projects onto others his forlornness at having been left behind? Today's jazz listeners do not come on like the "alligators" of the 1930s, but that hardly means they aren't digging the music as hard.

Actually, to generalize, today's jazz audiences are likely to be even more deeply involved emotionally in what they're hearing than were previous generations as a whole.

The jazz audience is indeed getting smaller as more of the music requires full-scale absorption if the listener is to stay with it; but those who remain are hearing musical autobiographies that are more consistently and insistently candid than were those of many jazzmen of the 1920s and 1930s.

I am not saying that Ornette Coleman

is "deeper" than Louis Armstrong or that Philly Joe Jones is more of a "serious artist" than the nonpareil Sid Catlett. I am saying that more and more of today's jazzmen have felt impelled to strip their work entirely of the vintage accoutrements of old-style "entertaining." Therefore, their playing is more *persistently* aimed at getting to the nitty-gritty. Their music, when the ambience is right, is no less visceral or spontaneous. But it can be more demanding—emotionally demanding—of the musician as well as of the listener.

Time and similar bewildered observers are still searching for the echoes of another jazz era. It's not going to come back. Jazz is still kicks. But the kicks are apt to be harder. And if it's too hot for you in today's jazz kitchen, there's always show-biz jazz. 

BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

Continuing with persistent errors in jazz lore and literature:

In 1939 I read in *Jazzmen* that the New Orleans Rhythm Kings lifted their success, *Tin Roof Blues*, from King Oliver's version of Richard M. Jones' *Jazzin' Babies Blues*. I have seen the story repeated many times since.

Having lived with both pieces on records for some 20-plus years now, I confess that the only real similarity I hear between them is that they are both 12-bar blues.

Presumably the idea is their second themes are the same. They aren't. They aren't even that close. True, Georg Brunis' trombone solo on *Tin Roof* is apparently based, in its outline, on a tuba or trombone solo (sometimes it is also played on bowed bass) that often shows up in performances of *Jazzin' Babies* as well as in *Tin Roof*.

Very much closer to *Jazzin' Babies*, not only in the main theme but also in the trombone episode, are the closing choruses of a piece recorded in 1923 by Ollie Powers called *Play That Thing* and credited to Powers. There are other blood brothers and first cousins to *Jazzin' Babies* besides *Play That Thing*, but *Tin Roof* is a distant relative at best.

To make matters more interesting, Jones had a way of retitling his own pieces: the second strain of his *Riverside Blues* and the main theme of his *29th and Dearborn* turn out to be essentially the same. So, for all I know, *Jazzin' Babies Blues* may have several authorized titles too.

Going back a bit, have you ever heard it said that early bands, particularly New Orleans bands, always used

banjo and tuba in place of the later string bass and guitar?

Well, of course I wasn't there, but I do know that to most New Orleans musicians cornetist Buddy Bolden is the semimythical, semimystical father of jazz. One of the few surviving photographs of Bolden's band, from about the turn of the century, shows a string bassist, a guitarist, cornetist Bolden, a valve trombonist, and two clarinetists. No piano, no drums.

It's possible the drummer wasn't there when the photograph was taken, but still there isn't any tuba or banjo. And this, mind you, is a shot taken outside a tent, on a job, not a studio photograph, for which the men might have picked up horns lying around the place just for a show.

There are photos of New Orleans groups from a few years later that show an occasional banjo or an occasional tuba or sousaphone, but they are not the rule.

Another idea that was popular, especially in the 1940s, was that the real New Orleans groups never used saxophones, the front line being composed of one or two trumpets, clarinet, and trombone. But the early photographs have a lot of saxophones visible, and the earliest recordings by several famous New Orleans players, including those by King Oliver and Jelly Roll Morton, have saxophones.

It is also bandied about that unison and harmonized passages were abhorrent to New Orleans musicians and they would play in the style of simultaneous improvisation, which used to be called New Orleans polyphony. (It might better have been called homophony; polyphony means several equally important melodies going at once, whereas in New Orleans jazz the trumpet melody is primary and those of the clarinet and trombone secondary.)

Except perhaps for the earliest records by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, the music has plenty of passages in unison and harmony—only 10 minutes with early Oliver and Morton records will show this.

I would say that, on the contrary, one great virtue of the best of the early jazz records is the great but uncluttered variety of effects these men used in a three-minute performance by seven or eight instruments: solo breaks and solo choruses, sometimes with rhythm, sometimes without; various combinations with two and three instruments in polyphony (oops, homophony), unison, and harmony call-and-response patterns on a variety of rhythms.

Which is another way of saying that if you don't know Morton's *Black Bottom Stomp*, you should. 

DISCUSSION from page 17

thing is to maintain the image of the publication?

Russell: Yes. Whitney Balliett writes very much to the image of *The New Yorker*. It seems his most important consideration.

Adderley: His most important consideration is *writing*; what is written is not of importance. Style and all that.

[Comment is made that a writer either is hired because he naturally flows along with the style of the publication or is flexible enough to flow along with it.]

Adderley: That should be so. It's the same as a player who plays one year with Count Basie, then a year with Duke Ellington, and then with Quincy Jones. Playing in those groups makes different demands on him, imposes various restrictions on what a player can do stylistically and still belong to the group.

Russell: But if you're Lester Young, you're going to play like Lester Young wherever you are.

Adderley: Everybody can't be Lester Young. Or Charlie Parker or Ornette Coleman or Lee Konitz.

Russell: When you're influencing people by what you write, it would seem your own integrity in what you're writing should be the most important thing. A publication is not going to hire you if you don't write its style.

Adderley: No, George, I don't mean that. I don't think he should change what he plays; he can't believe it at all if he plays in a different groove as a soloist with Ellington than he does with Quincy. That means his solos had no validity in the first place.

We got lost somewhere along the way, but we were talking about how most youngsters coming along today have no regard for basic music fundamentals—playing in time, intonation, blending, belonging to a group.

Russell: I don't think that, as a writer, whether I can or cannot write a Glenn Miller-style arrangement has any bearing on my talent as a writer.

Adderley: That's right. But as a saxophone player, if Phil Woods is playing with Ray McKinley's band, say, he has to play whatever that band plays—and he's capable of doing that. When he takes a solo, anybody who's ever heard Phil Woods will be able to identify him. But he can play in that band and sound like the band or play in anybody's band and sound like the band. You see what I mean? 

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COUNT YOUR CHANGE

Paul Horn, 34-year-old, New York City-born multi-reed man, has had a broad musical background. After receiving a master's degree from the Manhattan School of Music, he played lead tenor with the Sauter-Finegan Orchestra and later joined the quintet of drummer Chico Hamilton, with whom he remained until 1958. Since then he has been busy as a freelance musician on the West Coast, a staff musician with NBC, and as leader of his own quintet. **Count Your Change**, a Horn composition and arrangement, was the featured number on the TV documentary film, **The Story of a Jazz**

Musician, and was later recorded by the Horn quintet for his Columbia album, **Profile of a Jazz Musician**. "Basically it's the blues," says Horn of **Count Your Change**, "for the first eight bars anyway. Then the ninth and tenth bars are stretched out to six bars of 5/4, after which it returns to the 11th and 12th bars of the blues. The quarter note remains the same when going from 4/4 to 5/4 and back. The basic pulse, in other words, remains constant, and the change in time should not interfere with the flow of the piece."

Piano

MED. BRIGHT **Alto Sax**

BLOWING

COUNT YOUR CHANGES

Vibes

(2-x)

Handwritten musical score for Vibes. The score is written in treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has two staves: the top staff contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, and the bottom staff contains a rhythmic accompaniment with slurs and accents. The second system also has two staves: the top staff continues the melodic line, and the bottom staff contains a complex accompaniment with many slurs and accents. There are several circled numbers (1, 2, 3) and other markings like 'Blowing' and 'tam' throughout the score.

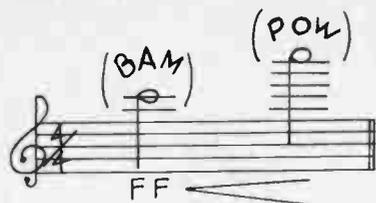
Bass

Handwritten musical score for Bass. The score is written in bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has two staves: the top staff contains a bass line with quarter and eighth notes, and the bottom staff contains a rhythmic accompaniment with slurs and accents. The second system also has two staves: the top staff continues the bass line, and the bottom staff contains a complex accompaniment with many slurs and accents. There are several circled numbers (1, 2, 3) and other markings like 'ARC'D' and 'mp' throughout the score.

Drums

Handwritten musical score for Drums. The score is written in a standard drum notation with a 4/4 time signature. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has two staves: the top staff is for Cymbal (CYMB) and the bottom staff is for Snare (SNARE) and Rim (RIM). The second system also has two staves: the top staff continues the Cymbal part, and the bottom staff continues the Snare and Rim parts. There are several circled numbers (1, 2, 3) and other markings like 'fill', 'mp', and 'fill' throughout the score.

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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

The instructors in the jazz program at Indiana University have presented a plan to the music-school administration for a degree in jazz, which would be given in addition to any listed degree in the music-school catalog and would require about a year of extra work. Such a concentration, if approved, would mark a new direction and a step forward in the legitimizing of jazz on college campuses.

IU's Jazz Ensemble is rated by its leader, faculty member Buddy Baker, as a stronger unit than last year's. Outstanding soloists returning are Jerry Greene on alto saxophone, Don Lawhead on trumpet, Fred Waring Jr. on trombone, and Gary Elliot on drums. New soloists are, on lead and solo trombone, Gary Potter, who also writes for the band, and Randy Brecker, an outstanding freshman talent on trumpet.

Roger Pemberton is teaching jazz arranging at IU and directing the second band, whose trumpet section includes Larry Wiseman Jr. and Larry Manning.

The first band played a series of concerts in Indiana high schools on its way from Bloomington to the recent Collegiate Jazz Festival at Notre Dame.

Because of the unprecedented number of applicants, the Olympic College Stage Band Festival at Bremerton, Wash., was extended an extra day. Judging took place May 8, as well as all the next day, when the afternoon was devoted to clinics and concerts.

Featured was the Norm Hoagy Orchestra, which was provided through a grant from the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries in co-operation with AFM Local 76. There also was a directors' reading session, rehearsal of the All-Star Band, and a concert by the Olympic College Jazz Workshop.

Because of the quality of the judges, this year including Stan Kenton and Matt Betton, and because of the valuable prizes awarded to the outstanding soloists, this contest for high-school bands is fast becoming the most prestigious college-sponsored festival.

The Texas Wesleyan College Student Senate presented its fourth annual "jazz college" in the student union. The TWC band was under the direction of Dean H. Sayles. Featured on the program was a local professional, Lew Gillis, as guest

trombone soloist in the performance of Bill Mathieu's arrangement of *I Loves You, Porgy*. Also featured was vibist Winston Barney.

The Northwestern University Jazz Workshop presented its annual jazz concert in Cahn Auditorium on May 23. Featured on the program were the alto saxophones of Jim Gillespie and Dave Sanborn, the tenor saxophone solos of Bob Kolb, the trumpet and fluegelhorn solos of Ed Shestel, the bass work of Henry Neubert, and the drumming of Gary Miller, this year's "best drummer" at the Collegiate Jazz Festival. Featured at the NU concert was the premiere of a 12-tone piece written for the band by Fritz Erickson.

The NU Jazz Workshop suffered a loss when lead trumpeter Mike Price, a graduate student, dropped out of school and went on the road with Johnny Palmer's band. High-note specialist Lennie Morrison is now handling most of the lead work.

Drummer Steve Ettleson of DePaul University in Chicago has been playing a few jobs on the road with Ralph Marterie's band.

North Texas State University presented its lab bands in their spring concert April 7. The program under the general direction of Leon Breeden showcased all the school's groups.

The One O'Clock Lab Band, conducted by Breeden, featured arrangements by members Dan Haerle, Jay Pruitt, and Joe Davis and solo work by John Wilmeth and Larry Ford on trumpets, Mike Hansen on baritone saxophone, and Joe Davis on alto saxophone.

The Two O'Clock Lab Band, Lanny Steele, leader, featured arrangements by students Jim Cuomo and Tony Finelli, solos by Mike Lawrence on trumpet and Bob Thomas on guitar, and Janet Wildman's vocals.

The Three O'Clock Lab Band, under the leadership of Joe Davis, performed one of his arrangements and spotlighted Bill Stapleton as trumpet soloist. The Six O'Clock Band performed a set under the direction of Bob Morgan.

A group programed as the Lab Band Woodwinds and making use of flutes, piccolo, and bass clarinet performed works that featured Noah Knepper, a faculty member, as English horn soloist and Dan Haerle on piano, Joe Davis on alto saxophone, and tenorists Mike Hansen and Billy Harper.

Contrast to the big bands was furnished by vibist Dick Sisto's quartet and by guitarist Jim Herbert's group. **db**

AD LIB from page 8

classical and jazz clarinetist.

SIDEMAN SWITCHES: Pianist **Paul Bley** left **Sonny Rollins** to form his own quartet . . . Pianist **Pat Rebillot** left trombonist **Benny Powell** to join singer **Chris Connor** at the Village Gate. **Nat Jones** is his replacement with Powell. Powell's drummer, **Al Dears**, went to Japan with tenor man **Budd Johnson** and pianist **Al Williams** . . . Philadelphia pianist **Sam Dockery** (who was with **Art Blakey's** Jazz Messengers in the late '50s) now is with drummer **Roy Haynes'** group, whose quartet, completed by alto saxophonist-flutist **Frank Strozier** and bassist **Larry Ridley**, recently played at Connolly's in Boston and Shelly's Manne-Hole in Los Angeles . . . Tenor saxophonist **Phil Urso** was reunited with trumpeter **Chet Baker**. The two played together in Philadelphia during May. This was just after Baker did his second weekend at the Cork 'n' Bib in Westbury, on Long Island, since returning from Europe. Scheduled for a week at the Village Vanguard, Baker was granted, but then denied, a cabaret card and could not appear at the cellar club. His lawyers are appealing. Meanwhile, Urso and **Al Cohn** played a Monday night at Jack's Malibar Lounge in the first of a series of sessions featuring different guest artists to be held at that Elizabeth, N.J., club.

Pianist **Ray Bryant** played for the United Nations Jazz Society at its Jazz Soiree in May at the Press Bar in the UN building. With Bryant were **Norris Turney**, alto saxophone; **Tommy Potter**, bass; and **Sonny Brown**, drums . . . The **Dudley Moore** Trio inaugurated the music policy in the Rainbow Grill, adjacent to the Rainbow Room, 65 stories up in the RCA building. Pianist Moore had previously been heard at the Village Vanguard, after leaving the cast of *Beyond the Fringe*.

WLIB disc jockey **Mercer Ellington** ran another of his Monday night jam sessions, this time at the Shalimar at Seventh Ave. and 123rd St. Participants included trumpeters **Dave Burns**, **Willie Cook**, and **Blue Mitchell**; trombonists **Al Grey** and **Melba Liston**; tenor saxophonists **Joe Henderson** and **Harold Ashby**; guitarists **Grant Green** and **Leo Blevins**; and pianist **Lloyd Mayers**.

RECORD NOTES: **Louis Armstrong's** *Hello, Dolly* knocked the **Beatles** out of first place on the popularity charts . . . Prestige is going to concentrate more heavily on rhythm and blues and pop production while continuing to issue jazz. As a result, the *Swingville* and *Moodsville* lines will be merged with the parent Prestige label . . . **Monte**

Kay's FM label has been sold to **Roulette** . . . **Bobby Hackett** did a session of **Louis Armstrong** tunes for Epic, with arrangements by **Marshall Brown**. Included are a couple of numbers never even recorded by Armstrong but dug up through research from old lead sheets. Personnel included Hackett, cornet; **Steve Lacy**, soprano saxophone; **Sonny Russo**, trombone; **Harvey Phillips**, tuba; **Al Chenett**, banjo; **Roger Kellaway**, piano; and **Ronnie Bedford**, drums.

Shelly Manne will sign with Capitol records, *Down Beat* learned exclusively. **Dave Cavanaugh** will be the drummer's producer. Manne's switch from Contemporary, the company he's been with for a number of years, was confirmed by **Lester Koenig**, president of the independent firm . . . Koenig, meanwhile, has plans to record **Art Pepper** soon, and he has another **Hampton Hawes** LP ready for release.

BOSTON

The Boston Arts Festival has decided to forgo a jazz segment this year. Thanks to promoter **George Wein**, past presentations always had been successful, but now that the Beacon Hill mossbacks who direct the event no longer have his counsel and drive, jazz has lapsed from indifference. Plans had been made to include the **Greater Boston Stage Band**, **John LaPorta's** fine group of youngsters, but they fell through at the last moment.

Benny Goodman and his pianist daughter, **Rachel**, a Boston University junior, performed together at Harvard's Sanders Theater May 5 in a program of **Debussy**, **Brahms**, and **Weber** works. The concert was staged in behalf of the **Lili Boulanger Memorial Fund**. Miss Boulanger was a sister of French composer-teacher **Nadia Boulanger**.

PITTSBURGH

Sarah Vaughan and **Dakota Staton** have been added to the list of performers for the June 19-20 jazz festival sponsored by the Pittsburgh Catholic Youth Organization at the Civic Arena . . . The closing program of educational television's channel WQED's *Jazz Performance* series is now on tape and will feature **Harold** and **Jerry Batters**, **Walt Harper**, **Bob Boswell**, and former **Dizzy Gillespie** vocalist **Tiny Irvin**. Pianist Harper and trombonist Harold Batters recently were honored by AFM Local 471 for leading jazz combos that established a high standard of musicianship in Pittsburgh. The third of the local's annual awards went to **Edgar Willis**, bass player and music director for **Ray Charles**, "for carrying the name of Local 471 to all corners of the world." Willis was in town recently for a TV

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appearance with Harper on **John Reed King's** show on KDKA-TV.

CLEVELAND

Tenor saxophonist **Albert Ayler**, a Cleveland product, returned home briefly and explained the hows and whys of his new sound, which he had been displaying in New York during the last several months. (**LeRoi Jones** described it in *Down Beat* as resembling an "electronic foghorn"; some Cleveland musicians had previously nicknamed Ayler "Bicycle Horn.") Ayler has long forsaken relating his improvisations to chord changes, he said, in order to con-

centrate on producing "his sound," which depends on a stiff plastic reed ("I destroy regular reeds"). The controversial Ayler has cut a Philips LP with fellow Clevelander **Norman Howard**, trumpet; **Henry Grimes**, bass; and **Sonny Murray**, drums. He also has played at New York's Philharmonic Hall with pianist **Cecil Taylor**, is scheduled to leave for Europe (with the aforementioned quartet) in July, and is to record another set with bassist **Gary Peacock**.

The attempt to hold jam sessions beginning at 5:30 a.m. Saturday at the University Lanes Lounge finally failed after several months of strong musician

attendance but weak audience response . . . Jamming still flourishes however. Among the many centers are the Club 100, currently housing the combo of former **Maynard Ferguson** drummer **Rufus Jones**, with tenor man **Claude Barte** featured; the Library, on Edgemoor Rd., with **Les Modes Modernes**; the Esquire Lounge, where **Marvin Cabell** is playing soprano and tenor saxophones, often simultaneously, with the **Eddie Baccus-Lester Sykes** group; and the Lucky Bar, featuring tenor saxophonist **Weasel Parker's** tight little band. Parker is now doubling cornet; he also plays drums when drummer **Glenn Graham** moves over to vibraharp. Parker's 16-piece big band also began a series of 3 a.m. Sunday concerts at the St. John Masonic Temple at E. 106th and St. Clair, and played a benefit concert at the League Park Center.

CHICAGO

Altoist **Lee Konitz**, stopping in town on his way from California to New York City, sat in with the **Wynton Kelly Trio** at McKie's and gave a concert at Roosevelt University before he took off to join **Lennie Tristano** and tenorist **Warne Marsh** for an engagement at the Half Note. Backing him at the poorly attended concert (fewer than 100 persons showed up) were **Willie Pickens**, piano; **Reggie Willis**, bass; and **Wilber Campbell**, drums. Sitters-in included tenor saxophonists **John Tinsley** and **Dick Kroll** and drummer **Gerald Donovan**. Konitz said he intends to stay in New York and not return to California.

The Sutherland is scheduled to re-open June 5. Attractions announced as coming into the club include such diverse acts as **Johnny Nash**, **Lloyd Price**, **Roy Hamilton**, and **Muddy Waters**.

Trumpeter **Don Goldie** was booked into the London House for that open space in June (*Chicago Ad Lib*, June 4). He closes on the 28th, which begins another period unfilled at presstime. **Oscar Peterson** is set for four weeks beginning July 21, not June 30 as the club first announced . . . The **Jazz Crusaders** are to open their second Chicago stand on June 3. Last year they worked the Sutherland Hotel's lounge; this trip, though, it's McKie's. Singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** did a weekend date at that south-side club late last month before the **Al Grey-Billy Mitchell** group opened.

Club Alabam, reportedly the oldest night club in the country, is using Dixieland to attract conventioners and localites. Trumpeter **Bobby Ballard's** crew began the policy last month and, according to club management, is set to continue through most of June.

Staid WMAQ now has a nightly jazz show from 1 to 5 a.m., which places it

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in competition with WCFL's popular **Sid McCoy** show, aired from midnight to 5 a.m. The WMAQ show features two albums—one vocal, the other instrumental—on each half-hour segment . . . **Art Hodes'** scheduled Sunday afternoon concert at the North Shore Eagles fell through, but the pianist is currently working nightly at the Lake-wood Club in suburban Sauk Village, near Chicago Heights. He's there until June 21. Hodes, with trumpeter **Nappy Trotter**, clarinetist **Jimmy Granato**, trombonist **Georg Brunis**, guitarist **Remo Biondi**, bassist **Earl Murphy**, and drummer **Wally Gordon**, taped a television show on Chicago-style jazz for National Education Television. The show will be seen in 86 cities later this year. Hodes also is scheduled for the annual Steamboat Days Festival in Burlington, Iowa, July 17-19. He will share the bandstand with **Louis Armstrong's** group on the 17th.

LAS VEGAS

Trombonist **Carl Fontana** currently is heading a group at the Castaways, one of two clubs here that have begun jam sessions. With him are **Gus Mancuso**, piano; **Carson Smith**, bass; and **Sandy Savino**, drums, along with guest artists such as altoist **Al Belletto**, who sat in one night on a stop here . . . At the Black Magic, drummer **Bobby Morris** runs a Wednesday night show. **Louis Armstrong**, **Sammy Davis Jr.**, and **Kay Starr** have joined in the sessions recently, along with regulars **Herbie Phillips**, trumpet; **Jim Guinn**, trombone; **Rick Davis**, tenor saxophone; **Arnie Teich**, piano; and **Moe Scarazzo**, bass. Both clubs are doing great business.

Tenor saxophonist **Vido Musso** returns to the Sands Hotel Lounge June 17 with his hard-swinging quintet . . . **Harry James** is back in the Flamingo Lounge until the end of the month . . . The Show Boat Hotel, inaugurating a new room, the Mardi Gras, and a new entertainment policy, has signed the **Les Brown** Orchestra for three weeks starting Aug. 19 and the **Dukes of Dixieland** for a four-week stand beginning Oct. 6 . . . **Earl Hines** comes into the Thunderbird Hotel Lounge June 26 for four weeks. Singing team **Jackie Paris** and **Anne Marie Moss** recently closed at the same hotel.

LOS ANGELES

Russ Morgan's new pianist is **Joe Albany**. The bop pioneer and associate of **Charlie Parker** and many other leading jazz figures of the mid- and late 1940s has been working with the Morgan band at Myron's Ballroom here. Albany has recorded (Capitol) with Morgan. Also in the unabashedly businessman's bouncy

band led by "Old Coalminer" Morgan are trumpeter **Diz Mullins** (ex-**Charlie Barnet** and others), **Frank Perry**, lead alto sax and clarinet (ex-**Les Brown**), and bassist **Bob Kindle**.

Duke Ellington and orchestra will kick off the summer season at **Herb Armstrong's Theater-by-the-Sea** with a one-night concert there June 5. The theater, located in Venice, Calif., and former site of Local 47's free summer Sunday jazz bashes, will feature a series of five plays, beginning June 23 with *The Seven Year Itch*.

Harry Klusmeyer's Promotional Productions has swung into musical action once more among high schools and colleges. The concert company is planning a series of more than 70 concerts for this coming fall featuring many jazz and folk groups. Already completed is a series of college sessions featuring such as **Shelly Manne** and His Men, the **Paul Horn** Quintet, and the **Jazz Crusaders**, along with the **Eddie Cano** Quartet and a variety of folkniks and pop groups. Cano's group will be heavily featured in the series, according to Klusmeyer. The flagship of Promotional Productions' annual series of graduation parties for high schools—an all-night dance at Long Beach, June 18, now traditional—this year will star the **Count Basie** Orchestra.

SAN FRANCISCO

Jazz activities on the continental side of San Francisco Bay continue to expand. Altoist **Art Pepper** made his first northern California appearance after his return to action with a two-nighter at the Gold Nugget. He played with a local group made up of trombonist **Fred Mergy**, pianist **Al Plank**, bassist **Al Obidzinski**, and drummer **Tom Reynolds**. So enthusiastic were the capacity audiences that clubowners **Don Mupo** and **Bob Froehm** booked Pepper for a return engagement two weeks later. This time he brought his own quartet from Los Angeles. The Gold Nugget, which went into live music about a year ago with twice-monthly Sunday sessions by the **John Coppola-Fred Mergy** small band plus guest stars drawn from **Stan Kenton** alumni, now is planning regular Friday-Saturday night bookings.

The **Vince Guaraldi** Trio and guitarist **Bola Sete**, who recently completed their 12th weekend at the Trois Couleur in Berkeley, also have been playing a good many concerts. Most recently they were on a program in Concord, Calif., with singers **Elmerlee Thomas** and **Malvina Reynolds** to raise funds to defend the state's Fair Housing Law and two nights later did a benefit for the Berkeley High School stage band's uniform and travel fund.

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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: Trini Lopez, Smothers Bros., 6/8-7/4.
Birdland: unk.
Black Horse Inn (Huntington): Joe Darmanin, Dan Tucci, wknds.
Blue Spruce (Roslyn): Teddy Wilson, tfn.
Clifton Tap Room (Clifton, N.J.): jazz wknds.
Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, Bruce Martin, Joe Beck, tfn.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.
Embers: Harold Quinn, tfn.
Five Spot: Charlie Mingus, tfn.
Garden City Bowl (Garden City): Johnny Blowers, wknds.
Gordian Knot: unk.
Half Note: John Coltrane to 6/4. Lennie Tristano, Warne Marsh, Lee Konitz, 6/5-18.
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, tfn.
Horner's Ad Lib (Perth Amboy, N.J.): Morris Nanton, tfn.
Jazzland (Louisiana Pavilion, World's Fair): Gene Krupa, Salt City Six, Barbara Russell, Al Belding, Johnny Knapp, Phil Olivella, Ella Garrett, evenings. Al Morell, Wingy Manone, afternoons. Marty Napoleon, Sal Pace, Mon.-Tue, afternoon.
Junior's: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
London Fair (Newark, N.J.): Art Williams to 6/28.
Metropole: Woody Herman to 6/6. Maynard Ferguson, 6/8-20. Dukes of Dixieland, 6/22-7/4.
The Most: Terry Gibbs to 6/13. Dave Burns-Bobby Hutcherson, 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. Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Thur.-Sat.
Strollers: Marian McPartland, tfn.
Village Gate: unk.
Village Vanguard: Ragtime music, tfn.

PARIS

Blue Note: Donald Byrd, 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 Maillets: Dominique Chanson, tfn.

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: Deelloyd McKay, tfn.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.
Playmate: Del Shields, tfn.
Sportsman's Lounge: Billy Root, tfn.

BOSTON

Barn: 1200 Jazz Quartet, tfn.
Basin Street South: Jimmy Witherspoon to 6/7. Moondog, 6/8-14.
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: Toshiko-Mariano, 6/8-14. Horace Silver, 6/15-21. Bobby Timmons, 6/22-28. Herb Pomeroy, 6/29-7/5.
Lennie's on the Turnpike (West Peabody): Jimmy Rushing to 6/7. Yusef Lateef, 6/6-11. Abbey Lincoln, 6/13-19.
Number Three Lounge: Sabby Lewis, Eddie Watson, tfn.

Pieddilly Lounge (New Bedford): Allegros to 6/7. Eddie Chamblee, 6/8-14. Jimmy Cavallo, 6/15-21.
Pio's Lodge (Providence, R.I.): Herbie Mann, 6/8-14.
Tie Toc: Emmy Johnson, tfn.
Village Green (Danvers): Dick Creeden, Fri.-Sat.
Wagon Wheels (West Peabody): Art Demos, Wed., Fri.-Sat. Teddy Guerra, Thur. Count Basie, 6/30-7/1.

CLEVELAND

Brothers: Bobby Brack, wknds.
Casa Blanca: Roger Bryan, wknds.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.
Club 100: Rufus Jones, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Corner Tavern: Lloyd Price-Slide Hampton to 6/7. Jimmy McGriff, 6/8-14.
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro, tfn. Johnny Trush, Sat.
Esquire: Eddie Baccus-Lester Sykes, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Harvey's Hideaway: Jimmy Belt, tfn.
LaRue: Spencer Thompson-Joe Alexander, tfn.
Leo's Casino: Cannonball Adderley to 6/7. Aretha Franklin, 6/16-28.
The Library: Les Modes Modernes, tfn.
Lucky Bar: Weasel Parker, Thur.-Sat.
Midway: Monterey, 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: Joe Howard-Joan Howard, wknds.
Saber Lounge: Bob Fraser, Sat.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb. Tops Cardone, tfn.
Squeeze Room: Leon Stevenson, wknds. Ronnie Browning, Sun.
Tangiers: Jazz Clique, wknds.
Theatrical: Billy Maxted to 6/13. Roy Liberto, 6/15-27. Bob McKee, hb.
University Lanes: East Jazz Trio, wknds.
Vanguard: Modern Men, 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.
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
King's Room: Lavergne 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.
Sands: Santo Pecora, Paul Ferrara, Sun. afternoon.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: Eddy Davis, tfn. Dukes of Dixieland to 6/21.
Club Alabam: Bobby Ballard, tfn.
Figaro's: sessions, Sat. morning.
Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, tfn.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington, Thur.
Lakewood Club (Sauk Village): Art Hodes to 6/21.
London House: Don Goldie to 6/28. Oscar Peterson, 7/21-8/16. Larry Novak, hb.
McKie's: Jazz Crusaders, 6/3-14.
Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, hbs.
Olde East Inn: Paul Serrano-Tommy Ponce, tfn.
Playboy: Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Ravinia Park: Louis Armstrong, 6/24, 26. Ella Fitzgerald, 7/22, 24. Thelonious Monk, 7/29, 31.
Sari-S: Franz Jackson, tfn.
Sutherland: Johnny Nash, 6/5-14. Lloyd Price, Irma Franklin, 6/19-28. Roy Hamilton, 7/3-12. The Impressions, 7/17-26. Muddy Waters, 7/31-8/9.
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trotter, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
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.
Cocoanut Grove: Lena Horne, Les Brown, 6/4-7/6.
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 Langos, The Saints, wknds.
Huddle (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 Lorton, 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 Bealman, Thur.-Sat.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Amos Wilson, Tue. Reuben Wilson, Al Barte, Wed.-Thur. Kittie 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.
Tob's Cocktail Lounge (Long Beach): Buddy Vincent, tfn.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, hb.

SAN FRANCISCO

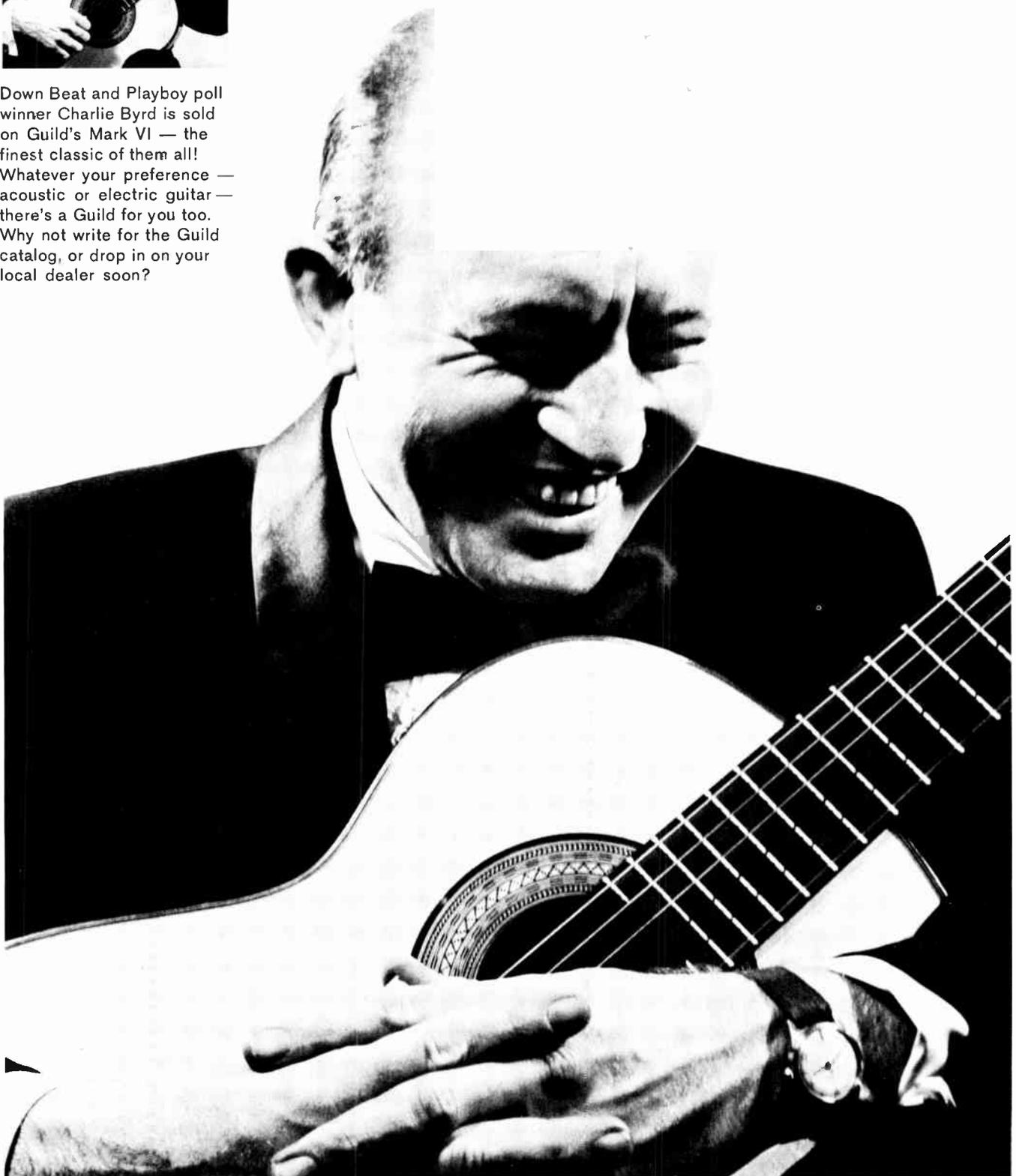
Cameo (South Palo Alto): George DiFore, hb.
Caribbean Room: Lionel Sequeira, Mon.-Thur.
Clozet (San Mateo): Sidney Staton, Thur.-Sat. Super Moreno, Sun.
Dale's (Alameda): George Stoicich, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
Embers (Redwood City): Castaways, tfn.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): John Coppola-Fred Mergy, Stan Kenton alumni, first and third Sun.
Gold Street: Bill Davis, tfn.
Hangover: Chris Ibanez, tfn.
Holiday Inn (Sunnyvale): Dick Maus, tfn.
Interlude: Merrill Hoover, Mary Stallings, tfn.
Jack's of Sutter: Paul Bryant, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Charlie Mingus to 6/3. Ahmad Jamal, 6/5-16. Stan Getz, 6/18-7/21. Cannonball Adderley, 7/23-8/4. John Coltrane, 8/6-18. Dizzy Gillespie, 8/20-9/1. Gerry Mulligan, 9/3-22.
Jimbo's Bop City: Norman Williams, afterhours.
Marco Polo (South Palo Alto): Bill Ervin, tfn.
Mesa (San Bruno): Lee Brown, Fri.-Sat.
Music Crossroads (Oakland): Earl Hines, tfn.
Eddie Smith, Mon.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
181 Club: Louie Miller, afterhours.
Shalimar (Berkeley): Bobbi Brooks-Trippi Alexander, tfn.
Shelton's Blue Mirror: Harry Gibson, Con Hall, Fri.-Mon.
Shore-Vu (San Mateo): Jimmy Ware, wknds.
Sugar Hill: unk.
77 Sunset Strip: Jimmy Mamou, Sun.-Thur. Leon Furguson, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Streets of Paris: Tommy Smith, afterhours.
Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): Duke Ellington to 6/11. Floyd Drake-Walt Jenkins, hb.
Trident (Sausalito): Jean Hoffman, tfn.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): unk. 



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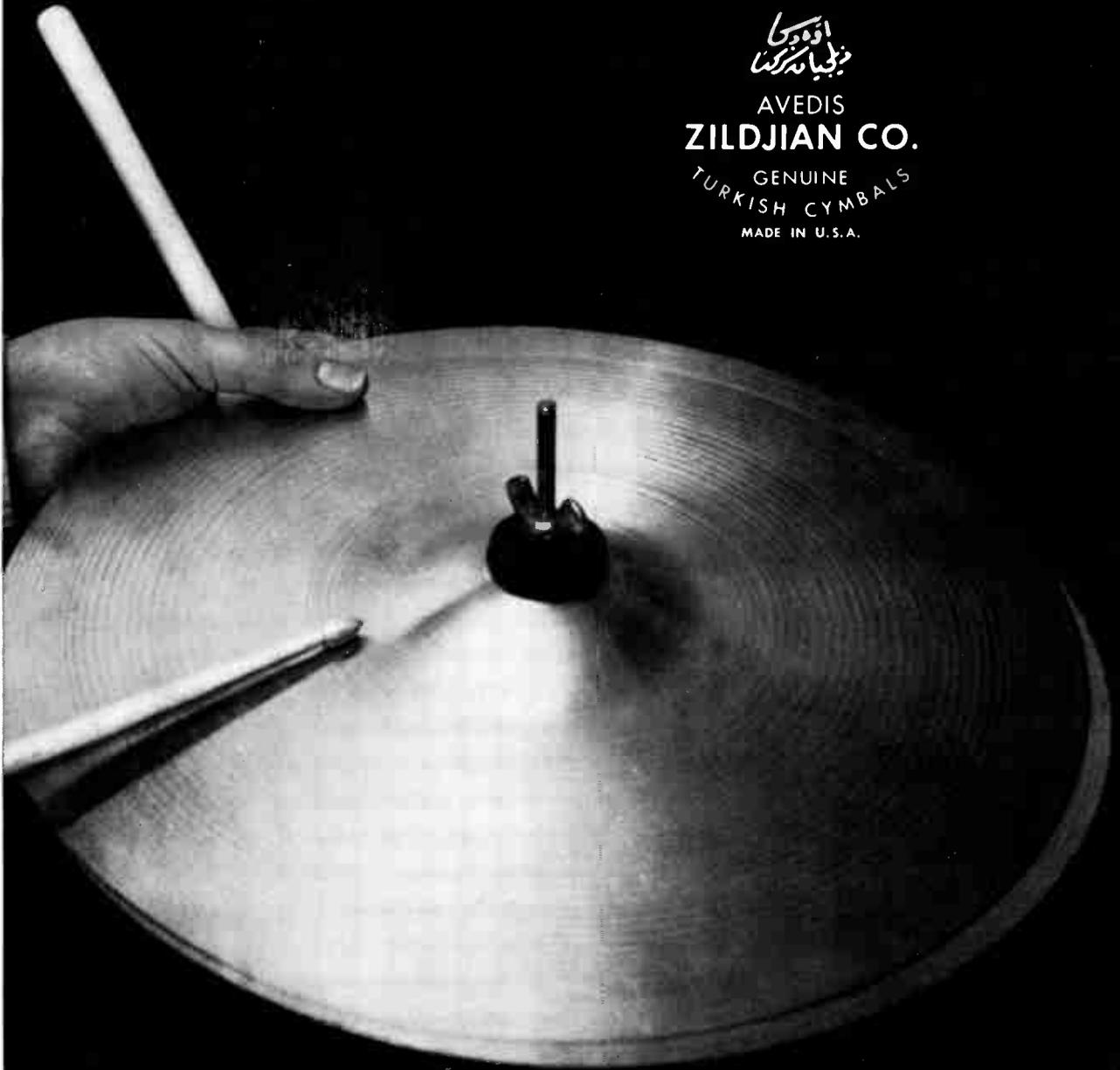
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