JULY 16, 1964 35c

down beat

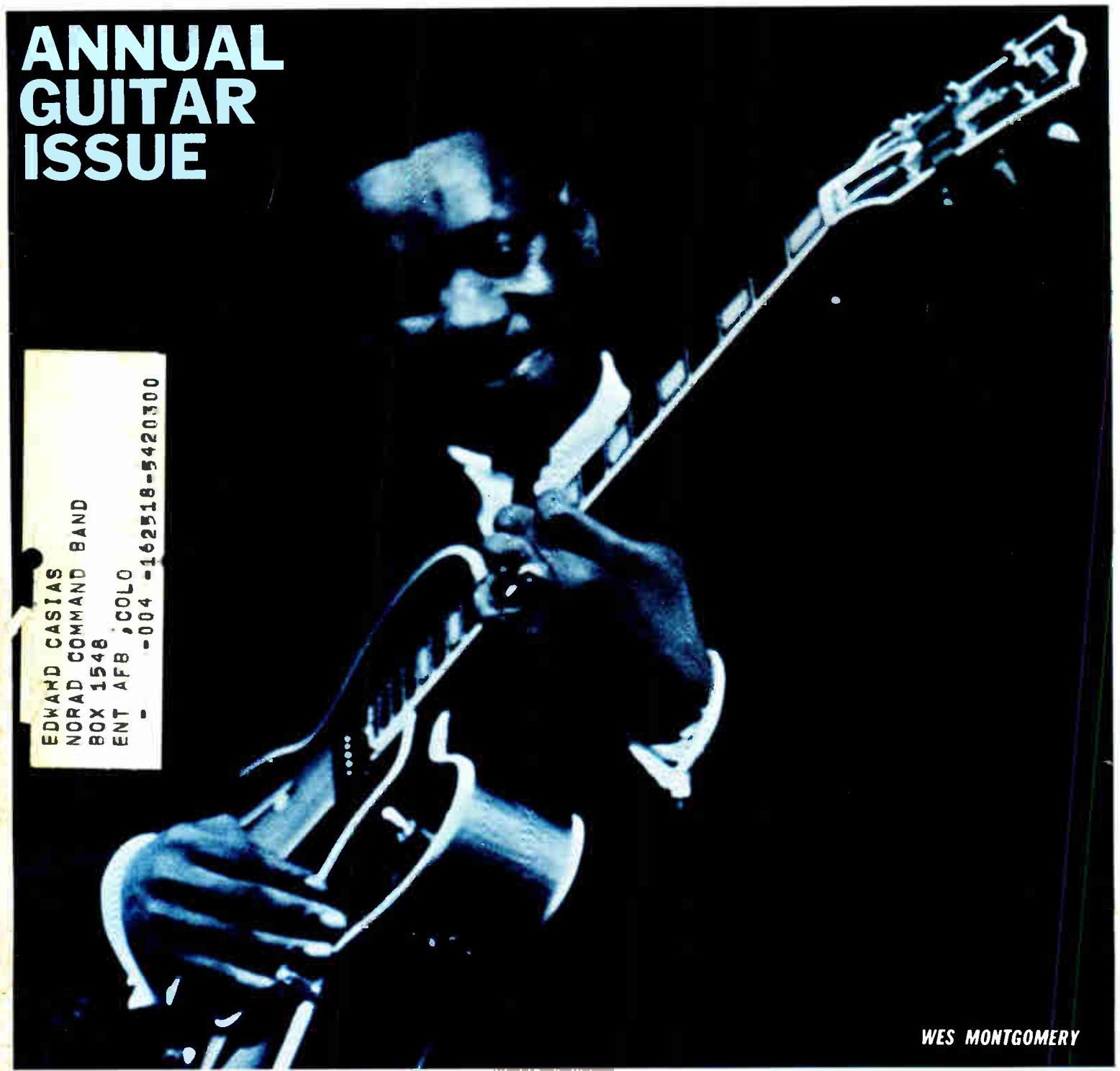
THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

WES MONTGOMERY: A Guitar-ist's Organ-ic Problems

HERB ELLIS: 'New Thing' Too Jive for Guitar

MISSISSIPPI JOHN HURT: The Folk-Blues Guitarist?

ANNUAL GUITAR ISSUE



WES MONTGOMERY

Wes Montgomery

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A FORUM FOR READERS

Jazz Reissues

This is in answer to Martin Williams' article on jazz reissues (*DB*, June 4). The selection of reissue material included in such package albums by Columbia and others will be forever subject to debate. Williams is too arbitrary on this point.

For example, most collectors who have bought the New Orleans *Jazz Odyssey* album were attracted especially by the Sam Morgan tracks. Why no sentimentality in a reissue series? That is one of the compelling reasons people buy reissue albums. Williams knows why Columbia could not include the better Jelly Roll Morton tunes in this album—Victor has the best of the Jelly Roll output.

The most convincing point Williams raises is the need for better sound quality. For some reason, almost 90 percent of reissue LPs are inferior in sound to good, clean, original 78s.

Nevertheless, the reissue effort is a commendable thing and should be encouraged. Special tribute is due John Hammond and Frank Driggs for their great work at Columbia. If the major companies get wise and put out more prestige package albums of reissues to be kept in catalog as undeleted jazz archives, the program will pay off.

George W. Kay
Washington, D.C.

Stan Gets Booster

Don DeMicheal's review of the Stan Getz-Joao Gilberto album (*DB*, May 21) raises the question of whether it isn't time for Stan Getz to "put on a straight jazz album." What's wrong with having a "real affinity and liking for this music" (bossa nova)? I like this music, and I like the way Getz and Gilberto present it. Whom should Getz serve? Critics, "progress," his public (include me), himself? Why not let him alone and let us enjoy him a while longer before chasing him to outer space.

Charles E. Fox
Azusa, Calif.

Hooray For Hentoff!

I feel Nat Hentoff has been perhaps the most constant and most sincere supporter from the ranks of the writer, critic, reporter on jazz. I have been reading *Down Beat* and most other jazz journals for about 15 years, and Hentoff has been writing and caring as well as getting out to the clubs and concert halls since then. He and Martin Williams have made one of the great supporting drives in awakening the jazz public to the blues heritage and especially bringing the too long misunderstood Thelonious Monk to the public eye.

Steve Condos
New York City

Casual Course Comic

I enjoyed Ed Sherman's *Home Course in Instant Folk Singing* (*DB*, May 7), a welcome bit of comic relief. I'd like to see more articles of such casual entertainment.

Rory Killilea
Larchmont, N.Y.

Pulitzer Judges Square

I notice that in the recent Pulitzer prizes the music award was skipped for lack of a deserving candidate. Apparently the judges have never heard of Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, or Charlie Mingus.

Gene Fiscalini
Loma Linda, Calif

Feather's Right!

Congratulations to Leonard Feather for his *Feather's Nest* in the June 4 *Down Beat*. I agree with him 100 percent; I think the show *Jazz in the Concert Hall* was a complete tragedy. Too bad it was on television, where so many people could see it.

Jazz definitely should not be put into the hands of a person who doesn't know how to handle it. Jazz is an art, not a toy. All of that noise was enough to befuddle anyone.

I doubt if anyone took the show too seriously, though. The worst part of it, however, was that it was geared toward

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young people, those who have a relatively short background in jazz. Maybe it is better to "teach 'em young," but it's also much better to "teach 'em right."

Dennis Davison
Mayville, Wis.

Webster Appreciated

The article about Ben Webster in the reed issue of *Down Beat* (May 21) was long overdue.

Jack McCaffrey
Newmarket, Ontario

Welding Distresses

Given that critics of any art form are men in the difficult and unpopular position of being arbiters of public taste, they occasionally forget that they themselves, unlike artists, create nothing. My case in point is Pete Welding's review (*DB*, June 4) of Dave Brubeck's *Time Changes*. What were particularly offensive to me were not his critical perceptions, with which I agree, but the clearly condescending remarks he used to complete the article.

Ironically enough, the very stylistic flaws he assigns to Brubeck's playing—ponderousness and pretentiousness—are in evidence in the pompous journalese he uses to review the record. Such cute ("a pretentious, flatulent melange of just about every conceit of post-Wagnerian music. . . .") and cliched ("look, ma, no hands") phrases are out of place in responsible criticism.

Bruce F. Wolfe
Atherton, Calif.

This is about so-called jazz critic Pete Welding. Either he has a personal grudge against Dave Brubeck, or someone was setting off fireworks while he was listening to Brubeck's recording of *Time Changes*. His review of this record was horrendous.

I thought that this record was fantastic, and if there was ever an award for the best composition of the year, it should be given to *Elementals*.

The inside of Welding's head is obviously an incredible miasma, and I am not, by the way, a most rabid Brubeck fan. I feel that all of Welding's metaphors in this particular review are extremely exaggerated.

Don Jacobson
Stamford, Conn.

Attention, Pete Welding: Joe Morello's drumming alone rates more than two stars for *Time Changes*.

Michael LeButt
Jackson, Mich.

Miles Impresses

Miles Davis' comments in the *Blindfold Test* (*DB*, June 18) were the best thing published in *Down Beat* in the past five years. Miles' stand, pro and con, on today's musicians was extremely interesting and informative.

Leo Cheslak
Detroit, Mich.

The Miles Davis *Blindfold Test* was a smash! Probably the most honest and greatest record interview that's ever been printed. Besides being just plain interest-

ing, it was highly amusing too. Five stars.

William J. Carroll
Spokane, Wash.

Feather brought out Miles' true talent—jazz record reviewer. Add him to the list of regular reviewers, pronto!

J. J. Isek
Chicago

Add Two For Two

I was very sorry that I neglected to mention the names of two people who helped Jeanne Lee and me considerably on our European tour (*DB*, May 7)—D. H. Carlin and Gustl Breuer (RCA international division). Mr. Carlin, our manager, in particular, spent weeks in arranging our appearances and publicizing them.

Ran Blake
New York City

A Shot From Schuller

It was very interesting to see in *Down Beat* (May 7) the *Sounds and Silences of John Cage* article. However, I should like to dissuade the author, Don Heckman, of certain notions he evidently entertains regarding my professional relationship to John Cage.

Heckman, who chooses not to identify me by name, in referring to a television show during which certain "random procedures" developed earlier by Cage had been used, states that I have "unequivocally condemned the whole thing." Quoting out of context is always a handy device, but it is not necessarily accurate. Apart from that. Heckman, who purports to be an authority on things new, as well as the "new thing," would be in a far stronger position were he occasionally to check his facts.

The implication that I dismiss the phenomenon of John Cage is ludicrous. Although I do not share Cage's basic philosophy, we consider each other friends and respect each other's work.

I have performed Cage's music (although admittedly not his most recent efforts) and last year was the first to ever conduct an extensive seminar on Cage's entire oeuvre for the composition students at Tanglewood, the Berkshire music center.

I was aware of Cage's importance and influence long before Heckman ever heard of Cage and have long ago come to grips with Cage's proposition that "one should give up the desire to control sound," etc. For reasons inherent in my background, training, and personality, I have rejected it as invalid *for me*.

I retain the privilege of not hopping on the bandwagon myself, just to be considered "avant garde" by Heckman. But such refusal does not necessarily constitute a lack of understanding or even—on a certain level—a lack of intellectual empathy for Cage's beliefs.

This is not the place to engage in the polemical pros and cons of these beliefs. I wish only to point out that improvisation is, or should be, an *art*, based on certain principles and rules. To anyone other than the player, improvisation is really only interesting when these principles and rules are known and given. Without them, it is mere self-indulgence on the part of the performer.

By what criteria and standards is such a performer to be evaluated? It is also a comfortable refuge for those who have trouble with the conventional "changes." This is not to imply that *all* musicians engaged in such activity are frauds. Far from it. But the point is: precisely how are we to know, except by the test of previous experience in a standard context? Interestingly enough, the Cage philosophy disclaims the necessity of being well grounded in the more conventional disciplines (even those of very recent vintage).

In any case, I am not exactly reduced to a quivering state of abject admiration when, in a free group improvisation, one participant manages to imitate another player's rhythmic, melodic, or sonoric ideas—as is so frequently the case in such collective ventures. This is not yet structure by a long shot. It is almost as primitive as Heckman's "extremely primitive" (his quote—you see how easy it is to quote out of context) use of chance methods.

Don Heckman—and possibly no one else—may find it useful information that I too have frequently composed music with the radio playing. This has not "raised my hackles," and I never would have thought that this might be taken as an indication of compositorial ability.

Gunther Schuller
New York City

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NEW YORK

Critic **Wilder Hobson** died at age 58 in New York at the end of May. Hobson, whose *American Jazz Music,* published in 1939, was the first book written by an American to treat the subject seriously, had continued to write on jazz for the *Saturday Review* up to the time of his death. His main job, however, was as general book critic and associate editor at *Newsweek.*

Dave Brubeck is to compose the scores for a new television series, *Mr. Broadway,* which will debut on CBS next fall. The series is written by **Garson Kanin. Oliver Nelson** will do the orchestration and conduct the studio band for the one-hour dramas. The title role will be handled by **Craig Stevens,** who used to be known as *Peter Gunn.*

WESTON

One of the earliest jazz gigs since the days of the breakfast dance was played by pianist **Randy Weston's** quintet at Judson Memorial Church in Greenwich Village at 8:30 a.m. June 7. The service, titled *The Bible Speaks to You in Word and Music,* featured Weston originals and Scripture selections read by the Rev. **John G. Gensel.** It was part of a conference on the arts and their relation to the civil-rights movement sponsored by the New York State Student Christian Movement, held at New York University June 4-7. With Weston were **Booker Ervin,** tenor saxophone; **Bill Wood,** bass; **Lenny McBrowne,** drums; **Big Black,** conga drums; and **Ruth Brisbane,** vocals. The quintet, minus Miss Brisbane, also played a weekend at the Cork 'n' Bib on June 19 and 20; on June 14 the quartet, without Big Black, did a concert at Green Mountain College in Vermont.

Flutist **Herbie Mann** disbanded in June for a vacation and will re-form in August when he and his group will tour Japan. Mann plans to vacation in Milan, Italy . . . Composer **Gunther Schuller** will be a member of the Yale University faculty come September . . . Blues singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** spent June at Ronnie Scott's in London, England. While there, he also did a session at the Marquee Club and a radio spot for the BBC Jazz Club.

WEBSTER

Guitarist **Sal Salvador** takes his big band to the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, N.J., for a week starting July 3. In late June, the band recorded for Roulette; **Al Cohn** arrangements were featured.

Tenor saxophone titans **Ben Webster** and **Stan Getz** and their respective sidemen shared the Cafe Au Go Go bandstand in late May for one night. Webster, with pianist **Dave Frishberg,** bassist **Richard Davis,** and drummer **Denzil Best,** also did two nights as the only jazz attraction at the Bleecker St. coffee house. The Au Go Go features a policy that mixes the entertainment among many elements, including jazz, folk, and comedy. **Mort Sahl** and singer **Fred Neil** are in until July 5. Owner **Howard Solomon** is reportedly dickering for **Bill Evans** and **Dizzy Gillespie** to make appearances in the fall . . . **Lionel Hampton** played at the World's Fair Custom Car Cavalcade in the Transportation and Travel Pavilion in late May. More

(Continued on page 47)

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PIANIST MEADE LUX LEWIS KILLED IN CAR CRASH

Meade Lux Lewis, the rotund and flamboyant pianist who was one of the leading lights in the boogie-woogie craze of the late 1930s, was killed in an automobile accident at Golden Valley, near Minneapolis, Minn., in the early hours of June 7. The pianist was returning from an engagement at the White House Restaurant in the Minneapolis suburb when his car was struck from behind by a speeding automobile containing four Minneapolis youths.

Lewis, born in Louisville, Ky., in 1905, studied violin as a youth, and was inspired to take up piano by the playing of Jimmy Yancey in Chicago. Self-taught, Lewis began playing in Chicago clubs in the 1920s, and first recorded his best-known composition *Honky Tonk Train Blues* for Paramount records in 1928.

After several years of obscurity, Lewis was rediscovered by critic-record executive John Hammond in the mid-'30s, at which time the pianist was found washing cars in a Chicago garage. Additional recordings established him as one of the most forceful and driving players in the boogie idiom, and appearances at Carnegie Hall and Cafe Society consolidated his fame and popularity during the late 1930s and early '40s.

HEATED CONTROVERSY ALMOST SPLITS CHICAGO AFM LOCAL

A sizzling fight between Chicago's AFM Local 10 president, Barney Richards, and some members of his board of directors (including the vice president) almost tore the union apart last month.

The trouble really began soon after Richards and the board members were elected in December, 1962. All of them had run on the Chicago Musicians for Union Democracy slate, which opposed then-president James C. Petrillo and the incumbent board. According to Richards, Rudy Nashan, the vice president, came to him the week following their taking office and asked Richards if he would approve an appeal to the National Labor Relations Board against Petrillo, an action brought by some members of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra because they said Petrillo had threatened to keep them from playing jobs outside the orchestra.

"I realized that my approval of this would be in violation of the federation bylaws," Richards told a meeting of members in June, "and also concluded that Mr. Nashan, in trying to get me to agree to this anti-Local 10 action, was either very dangerous or very stupid, so I gave him no answer."

The differences between Richards and Nashan, and the board, began to multiply. Last fall when the board voted to place the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Orchestra Hall on the unfair list—thus canceling all symphony performances—Richards overruled the board, a power written into the bylaws during Petrillo's administration.

This added much fuel to the fires, by now brightly aglow, but the capper to the split was a request from the Ambassador Hotels to install Discotheque—a room where there is dancing to stereo records. The hotel wanted musicians to play along with the records.

Richards said that he, along with members of the board, at first opposed this, partly because it was degrading to the musicians involved. (The union earlier had turned down a request from another hotel to install the operation.) But upon reflection, Richards stated, he changed his mind and affected an agreement with the Ambassador Hotels that called for the hiring of two trios, an AFM-member to play the records, and the payment by the hotel of a royalty on each record played into a trust fund. The contract was approved by the board. At the May membership meeting, however, members present voted overwhelmingly to rescind the contract.

According to Local 10 bylaws, only the president and board of directors had the right to make contracts; Richards sent a telegram outlining the situation to AFM president Herman D. Kenin, who held, in his reply, that the members had no right to "invade" the prerogative of the president and the board. Richards signed the contract with the hotel, but the following day, the board, at its weekly meeting, reversed its previous position and disapproved the contract.

At the May 21 board meeting, the members of the board changed the bylaws so that the president did not have the right to overrule it, to call strikes, or to appoint assistants and business agents without board approval.

At the June membership meeting, the members were asked to concur in the board's action. Speakers from both factions spoke to the 600-member meeting. When the vote was taken, the members strongly disapproved the board's action.

But the fight was not over. Richards still does not have his powers back, since they must either be restored by the board (which at presstime had not been done) or by the members at the next membership meeting, which is to take place July 14.

MINGUS IN EUROPE, PT. II— OR GET IT STRAIGHT

Reports of bassist Charlie Mingus' truculence during his European tour flew thick and fast. During an interview on French radio, Mingus roundly damned critics, saying, "I don't believe in critics. I don't give a damn for them all. Anyway, the only real and good critics are the ordinary people who buy my records and who like listening to jazz. That is, shopkeepers, milkmen, soldiers."

Mingus exploded when French interviewer Daniel Dorian called him Charlie. "My name is Charles, not Charlie," the bassist insisted. "That is the name of a horse and not a human being. My father called me Charles, and I don't see why other people should call me Charlie."

The interview lasted only a few minutes.

Back in the United States, the bassist fired off a verbal volley at those who commented adversely on his on- and offstage conduct during the tour. In a scathing letter to *Down Beat,* Mingus labeled as one-sided the reports of his tour misbehavior that appeared in the June 18 issue and went on to give his side of the story.

Mingus stated that in Biel, Switzerland—where the bassist had been criticized for damaging doors and phones, destroying a tape recorder, haranguing the audience from the stage, and having the film from a motion picture camera confiscated—much of the trouble was due a woman, daughter of the theater owner, whose advances he spurned. Leaving the bassist in a rage, the woman, according to Mingus, "took my Boy Scout knife, which I keep as a memento, and stabbed it

MINGUS IN GERMANY
'Concert promoters were to blame'

into my door. The only door touched by me was the sound-proof door of the conductor's room at the concert hall, which my left fist went through."

Mingus wrote that this action was the result of his anger at a remark made by the concert promoter, "You don't act like I'm told Negroes are supposed to act. Passive."

"So," Mingus went on, "I yelled and cried and rammed my hand through a metal door. Without pain, however. My right hand failed to go through the second door, as Gestapo police came at my back with drawn pistols."

A friend intervened at this point, the bassist stated, and cautioned the police not to harm Mingus. When the policemen "found out the concert promoters were to blame," he said they apologized and told the audience to leave the theater. According to Mingus, no money was refunded, and the police returned his knife.

Mingus stated that no phones were damaged by him or the woman. "But," he added, "she did admit her father had instructed her and some fellows to record and shoot movies of our concert for possible television sale. He was requested by George Wein [who booked the tour] to use this method so he would not have to pay me or my men."

JAZZ ON THE UPSWING AT THE WHITE HOUSE

It would appear jazz is becoming quite the thing in Washington political circles, particularly those around the White House. First, guitarist Charlie Byrd and his trio performed at the Executive Mansion, and then the Dave Brubeck Quartet made an appearance.

The latest jazz group to play at the big house on Pennsylvania Ave. was the Gerry Mulligan Quartet. The group played at a June tea given by President Lyndon B. Johnson in honor of high-school students who had won Presidential scholarships.

Following the tea, the Mulligan group moved outside on the White House lawn to provide musical background for Lynda Bird Johnson's hamburgers-and-pop reception.

A couple of weeks before, Duke Ellington and several other ASCAP composers played for the President, members of Congress, and 2,000 others, including the White House staff and reporters. Other composers taking turns at the piano were Harold Arlen, Jule Styne, Jerry Herman, and Richard Adler. Ellington closed the program with a selection of his better-known compositions. The event, in honor of ASCAP's 50th anniversary, was emceed by humorist Abe Burrows.

TONY SCOTT SAYS HE SHALL RETURN—SOON

After an absence of 4½ years, spent in various travels through the Near and Far East, clarinetist Tony Scott announced—from Hong Kong—his intention to return to the United States.

"I can tell I am getting ready to come back to the U.S.," Scott told *Down Beat* humorously, "as I am getting bitter and Mingus-ish. And here I thought I was learning the stoicism of the Oriental. Jazz will do it every time."

MATSUMOTO AND SCOTT
Jazz now a moneymaker in Japan

"I always swore that when Pete Fountain beat me in the polls," the clarinetist continued in the same vein, "I would charge back and regain my rating. Now I'm worried about Sol Yaged!"

Scott said he hopes to arrive from Hong Kong, where he most recently has had an extended stay, in time for an appearance at the Newport Jazz Festival July 2-5. "I saw George Wein in Tokyo a few months ago," Scott reported, "and he hired me for Newport. He claims that since I left, there had been no jam sessions after the concerts, so I guess I'll be in charge of the Newport Afterhours Jazz Festival."

Regarding the Eastern jazz scene, Scott said that although "jazz is now a moneymaker in Japan," there is only one native group that plays jazz exclusively, that of tenorist Sleepy Matsumoto. "Although jazz from the U.S. is streaming in to packed houses," the clarinetist said, "Sleepy's group works only about four gigs a month."

ARMSTRONG'S BIRTHPLACE CENTER OF CONFUSION

A hubub erupted in New Orleans last month over the fate of Louis Armstrong's birthplace, a two-bedroom cottage on Jane Alley. The cottage was one of several scheduled to be demolished to make room for a new police department complex, but Harry Souchon of the New Orleans Jazz Club initiated steps toward acquiring the cottage for preservation as a part of the Jazz Museum.

An Associated Press news story erroneously reported that the club had already purchased the house. The owner denied the story, and an avalanche of rumors followed concerning to whom, if anyone, the house would be sold, given, or loaned. A reliable source reports that a wealthy Negro leader is trying to acquire the house and set it up as a tribute to Armstrong as a major Negro artist. There are also rumblings to the effect that protests are imminent from anti-Negro politicians in neighboring parishes (counties) who look askance at preserving the Armstrong house as an artistic shrine. Another rumor is that the cottage might be sold to an interest that would exploit it commercially rather than set it up as a museum piece.

Helen Arlt, president of the Jazz Club, is still hopeful that the house will be annexed to the Jazz Museum. "There are still some details to be ironed out," she told *Down Beat*. "The Jazz Club's board is meeting with the owner, and we might still acquire the house."

The hopeful note in the confusion over the future of the house is that all the interested parties seem to have one common goal—the ultimate preservation and restoration of Louis Armstrong's birthplace.

MARK MURPHY BACK TO EUROPE IN SUMMER

Late last year, vocalist Mark Murphy headed for Paris for a few weeks to confer with arranger Michel LeGrand and writer Virginia Freeman on plans for a new musical show and also to discuss the possibility of making an album with LeGrand. Though both projects were shelved at the time, the intended brief visit snowballed into a four-month tour of the continent.

Through Miss Freeman, Murphy met Fred Burkhardt of Philips records of Holland, who arranged Murphy's tour. The singer made guest television appearances in Sweden with Harry Arnold's band, in England with saxophonist Tubby Hayes, and in Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

Radio appearances were made in Holland and Belgium, and successful engagements followed at Ronnie Scott's in London, the Golden Circle in Stockholm, and the Metropol in Oslo. While in England, Murphy recorded an album with Johnny Dankworth and Hayes.

In France, Murphy found it impossible to obtain any work in clubs, which he attributed to the "French

taste in jazz, which leans heavily toward the Negro musician. There is simply a lack of interest in white jazz."

This summer will find Murphy back in Europe for another tour. Accom-

RICHARD SCHAEFER

MURPHY
French lack interest in white jazzmen

panying him will be the Cincinnati-based trio of Dee Felice. Murphy commented that he found it was "a fascinating experience working in Yugoslavia," and he would welcome possible bookings in Poland and Czechoslovakia and a return trip to Yugoslavia if arrangements can be made.

FELLOWSHIPS GRANTED FIVE FOR UNIVERSITY CRITIC COURSE

The Project for the Training of Music Critics (*DB*, Feb. 13) initiated this year by the University of Southern California got off to a practical start last month when four young men and a young woman were selected for full-term fellowships in the two-year program.

Believed to be the first program of its kind in the United States, the project is supported by a grant of nearly $300,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation.

The fellowships of $5,000 a year were granted to Carl R. Cunningham, Los Angeles and Lancaster, Calif.; Donald A. Dierks, Portland, Ore.; Phillis Dreazen, Chicago; Thomas R. Putnam Jr., New York City; and Daniel J. Sullivan, Minneapolis, Minn.

The five fellows were chosen from 22 finalists out of nearly 100 applicants for scholarships. Interviewing the 22 were members of a National Advisory Committee consisting of Dr. Raymond Kendall, dean of the USC's school of music and the project's director; Alfred Frankenstein, music critic of the San Francisco *Chronicle*; Paul Hume, music critic of the Washington *Post*; and Halsey Stevens, chairman of the composition department at USC, assisted by Robert Marsh, music critic of the Chicago *Sun-Times*.

On the university faculty for the project are Harold Schonberg of the New York *Times*; Jay Harrison, editor-in-chief of *Musical America*; Albert Goldberg of the Los Angeles *Times*; Patterson Greene of the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*; Hume; Marsh; and Frankenstein.

Apprenticeship employment to the five winners has been promised by the project's seven faculty members. The period of apprenticeship will begin in the fellows' second year in the project; they will return to the university for a final month at the close of this period.

GAUNTLET THROWN DOWN; GAUNTLET PICKED UP

"We hear you have the best college band in the country. Well, we think we've got a better band in the same age group."

Those words thrust a challenge at the award-winning Jazz Lab Band of North Texas State University. Challenging the Texas students are two Hollywood studio musicians and bandleaders in their own right, trumpeter Ollie Mitchell and trombonist Bob Edmundson. Both are organizers and spearheads of an organization titled Swing, Inc. Said Edmundson:

"Swing, Inc., is an ideal, more than anything. We try to encompass all the top musicians we know in that ideal. It may sound mystical, and it's far from precise, but we're making it work."

Swing, Inc.'s big band won top honors last Easter at the intercollegiate jazz contest at the Lighthouse Cafe in Hermosa Beach, Calif.

The NTS band carried the first-place trophy home to Denton, Texas, where the college is located, from Kansas University's Oread Jazz Festival in April.

"If the Texans want to take us on," Edmundson said, "if they want to prove which is the best big band in this age bracket, then we can arrange for the battle to be held at the Lighthouse anytime they choose."

When asked by *Down Beat* to comment on the Californians' challenge, North Texas State's band director, Leon Breeden, said: "We're flattered that anyone ever says we're the best—we don't believe there is such a thing except by personal preferences."

"But we have hoped for a long time to be able to visit and perform in California. Two things have prevented it thus far—finances (we raise every penny of our travel money) and time away from school (the distance is so great).

"This is our first definite offer. We accept eagerly—please send 22 round-trip airline tickets.

"Our administration will consider our participating in events only if they have educational value, but they might approve of this if I am careful to point out that it does have educational value since the Californians plan to 'teach us a lesson'."

Watermelon Man

Robert Sylvester in his New York *Daily News* column *Dream Street:*

"Note to Ira Gitler of *Down Beat* magazine: A very perceptive and fair analysis of my recent bludgeoning of modern jazz. Except that I wouldn't say hello to that last cat you mentioned if he promised to eat a watermelon in Macy's window at high noon."

It is reported that Miles Davis, the last cat mentioned in Gitler's Chasin' the Apple (DB, *May 12), to which Sylvester was referring, does no business with Macy's food department, anyway.*

VILLAGE VANGUARD GOES RAGTIME

In the light of the recent upsurge of interest in folk music among the nation's youth, and a seeming re-awakening to traditional jazz in some quarters, owner Max Gordon of the Village Vanguard is adopting a rear-guard policy.

Gordon, however, said his club will be living up to its name by booking ragtime music, which he said will be the new vogue.

Gordon added that, with modern jazz, "some of the college kids felt it was the thing to do, but they weren't really enjoying themselves. They want to be entertained and are not willing to give as much to jazz as it requires."

The new policy was inaugurated by pianist-singer Max Morath and his Original Rag Quartet. "They are called 'Original'," said Morath, "because they are the first group of this type to be formed."

Morath will be at the Vanguard into August, and Gordon said he is also toying with the idea of bringing in some traditional-jazz group like the Preservation Hall band from New Orleans, La.

Although this is the course set for the immediate future, Gordon stated, "I am not turning my back on Miles Davis."

In the meantime, Gordon sold his other club, the Blue Angel, to Ed Wynn—not the comedian. Wynn said he will turn the club into a restaurant.

HERB ELLIS, a ruddy-faced Texas jazzman who is rounded in the gypsy side of jazz living but today derives most of his income as a settled guitarist in a television studio, is as vocally forthright as they make 'em down in Lone Star territory.

Why, he was asked recently, do there not appear to be as many rising young jazz guitarists today as there are on other instruments?

His reply was characteristic in its frankness:

"I'll tell you one thing—I believe it's a little harder to jive on the guitar than it is on other instruments." He grinned and then added, "Now, people are automatically going to take exception to that."

But he went on to elaborate: "If you don't have some thorough musical knowledge—meaning chordal knowledge, harmonic, line knowledge—you can't get away with it. First of all, all the other guitar players are going to know you're jiving. Immediately. Now, you can jive more on saxophones and trumpets and things, and you can blatantly say, 'This is it.' But guitar is a naked instrument. Other guitar players not only can hear you playing it—they can *see* what you're doing. And if a man is shucking, you can know it. I know the guitar players will know what I mean; I don't know if horn players will.

"So . . . if there is a scarcity of young players coming up, that might be one of the reasons—not the only one, mind you, but one of the reasons.

"I just think that as an instrument, there is more honesty perhaps in guitar playing than there is in some of the other instruments."

Ellis, at 42, is now about as settled domestically and professionally as a musician can be. While his musical home base in Donn Trenner's band on *The Steve Allen Show* makes this stability possible, the guitarist says he derives an inner satisfaction, too, from this work. The basic character of the show, as Ellis sees it, is conducive to a good psychological and musical atmosphere.

"The Allen show," said Ellis, "is about the best musical TV show going, I believe. We *do* get a chance to play some decent music. All the guys we're playing with are top-notch players, and each one is jazz oriented—Frank Rosolino, Conte Candoli, Bob Enevoldsen, Johnny Sitar, Bob Bertaux, Bob Neel, and Trenner. . . . So you're surrounded with jazz players, and there's a unity of feeling about what *is* good and what is *not* good there musically."

The band actually plays more jazz off camera and for the studio audience alone than it does on the show itself. Ellis explained enthusiastically, "Sure, that's part of the thing. When the program goes into a station break, we continue with whatever tune we're playing, and each cat takes a solo. You don't find that very often. That means there's an honesty and a desire to play in all the guys. I know that most of those type radio or TV shows and record dates I've been on, the minute the red light's off everybody stops immediately — there's no more bread coming in, so let's quit right now. That attitude. But the guys on the Allen show honestly want to play—and do."

As to jazz in general in his life, Ellis was firm:

"I'm far from through playing jazz, because that's where my heart is."

ELLIS BECAME a guitarist "because there was a guitar around the house," he said. But there was more to it than that. In addition to the availability factor there was an older brother who played guitar "a little bit." In fact, the older brother seemed to young Herb to excell in anything he undertook of a mechanical nature, whereas Herb did not and, he admits, does not to this day. This bred a spirit of competition in the younger boy.

"You know that competitive thing between younger and older brother," Ellis explained. "I thought, well, at least I'll be able to play the guitar better than *he* does. And I put every ounce of energy into that."

Unlike many jazz guitarists who have emerged from the musically fertile region of the South and Southwest, Ellis did not serve time with nonjazz groups in the area.

"I never actually played with any hillbilly or western bands," he said. "Never. I didn't necessarily play square-dance music and rural music. I didn't do that. They always want to brand me as such. I just played the guitar. I didn't play *with* anybody; just played along. I went to college [North Texas State University at Denton] and met Jimmy Giuffre and Gene Roland and Harry Babasin."

Ellis, Giuffre, Roland, and Babasin formed a potent team at college. As virtual leaders of the hip set (the term was probably "hep" at the time) in school, the four hung out together, played informally together, and formed friendships that still endure.

Today Ellis, among most top guitarists, venerates the memory and the work of Charlie Christian. Hence, he explains, Wes Montgomery is his favorite contemporary player on the instrument.

"He's got the sound that I like," Ellis said, "and he creates melodically in the vein that I like. He plays his jazz lines rhythmically in the way I like. In other words, he is an extension of Charlie Christian. He's got the same kind of feel. When I hear him play, it stirs the same type of emotion in me that Charlie Christian stirred. Just the way he places his notes."

A reference to Barney Kessel ("one of my all-time favorites") prompted a thought in Ellis with philosophical overtones. He ventured that he and Kessel have reached a similar point in their careers, though *not* regarding their playing. Bluntly, he said, "We're kind of considered old hat. And that's kind of funny.

"It doesn't necessarily mean your playing has changed, or that you haven't improved. But if you've been around for a certain number of years, like we have, like Stan Getz has . . . Zoot Sims . . . you're automatically kinda considered passe. But it doesn't have to mean there's any validity in it [the criticism] at all.

"There are a *lot* of guitar players that have been good for years. I think Jim Hall is a great player. He's a master of understatement, musical understatement. That's an art in itself, and there is not enough of it."

"Another type of guitar playing," he continued, "which is, in a general sense, jazz or modern music is heard in Johnny Smith, a great guitar player. He's not a hard swinger; and it's not the way *I* play the guitar; it's not my style, the way he does it. But he is a *great* guitarist. As is

HERB ELLIS

CHIC DONCHIN

Ellis with Donn Trenner (l.) Band

EPIC RECORDS PHOTO

'If a jive guitar player came out on a stand—as jive as some of the avant-garde horn players—the rest of the guitar players would laugh him out of the country. He'd be a joke.'

George Van Eps, who is one of the great chord stylists . . . ever. He's got his little niche of chord style which nobody has come up with like he has. So you've got to give credit where it's justified."

PINNING DOWN any musician to a general, unqualified statement about other players in his field is a tough task. But Ellis did not balk when asked flatly what two musicians in his estimation have contributed most to the advancement of the guitar in jazz (like many thoughtful musicians, the broad usage sometimes applied to the word jazz makes him a bit uncomfortable at times; he will switch to terms such as "modern music" or "American music").

"Charlie Christian and George Van Eps," he replied unhesitatingly. "If you narrowed it down to that. . . . Because what they did with the guitar has influenced directly and indirectly more guitar players than any two other guys going. Christian with the single line and Van Eps with the chord sound. Beyond a doubt, they were the two greatest influences."

He reflected a moment and then added an afterthought: "Charlie Byrd. . . . At the present time he is probably doing more for the good of the guitar than any one guy. He's a marvelous player. And Tal Farlow. . . . If you had to single out one man, Tal is probably more responsible for the change in style from Charlie Christian to the general modern conception of guitar playing."

No conversation on jazz guitar ever could be called comprehensive without including the name Django Reinhardt. Ellis agreed.

"He was a tremendous influence," he conceded. "A kind of a cross between the romantic gypsy and the jazz influence. Being raised in the type of culture he was, and with what little jazz he heard—compared with what players in the U.S. heard—Django just did amazing things."

The role of the guitar in the continuing advancement of jazz forms is of concern to Ellis, as is the over-all climate of current avant-garde thinking in jazz. Ellis is concerned—and disturbed.

"I don't believe at all in being stagnant," he declared. "I believe in progress in *anything*, whether it's in art, in music, or society. You've got to keep going forward.

"But you can't *force* new ideas into music—or into anything, for that matter. It's got to be a natural evolution, as anything has to be. Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie were natural evolutions. Charlie Christian before them was a natural growth. These people didn't say: now, I am going to make myself an immensely hip, modern player. They *were* that way, and the reason they were like that was because of all the things that had come before them. It was a *natural* evolution. And I think if you just go along with it, ride with it, everything will evolve. Music will get deeper and the scope of it will get broader. It's got to. It can't go any other way; it can't go backwards. But you cannot make it go forward faster than it *can* go."

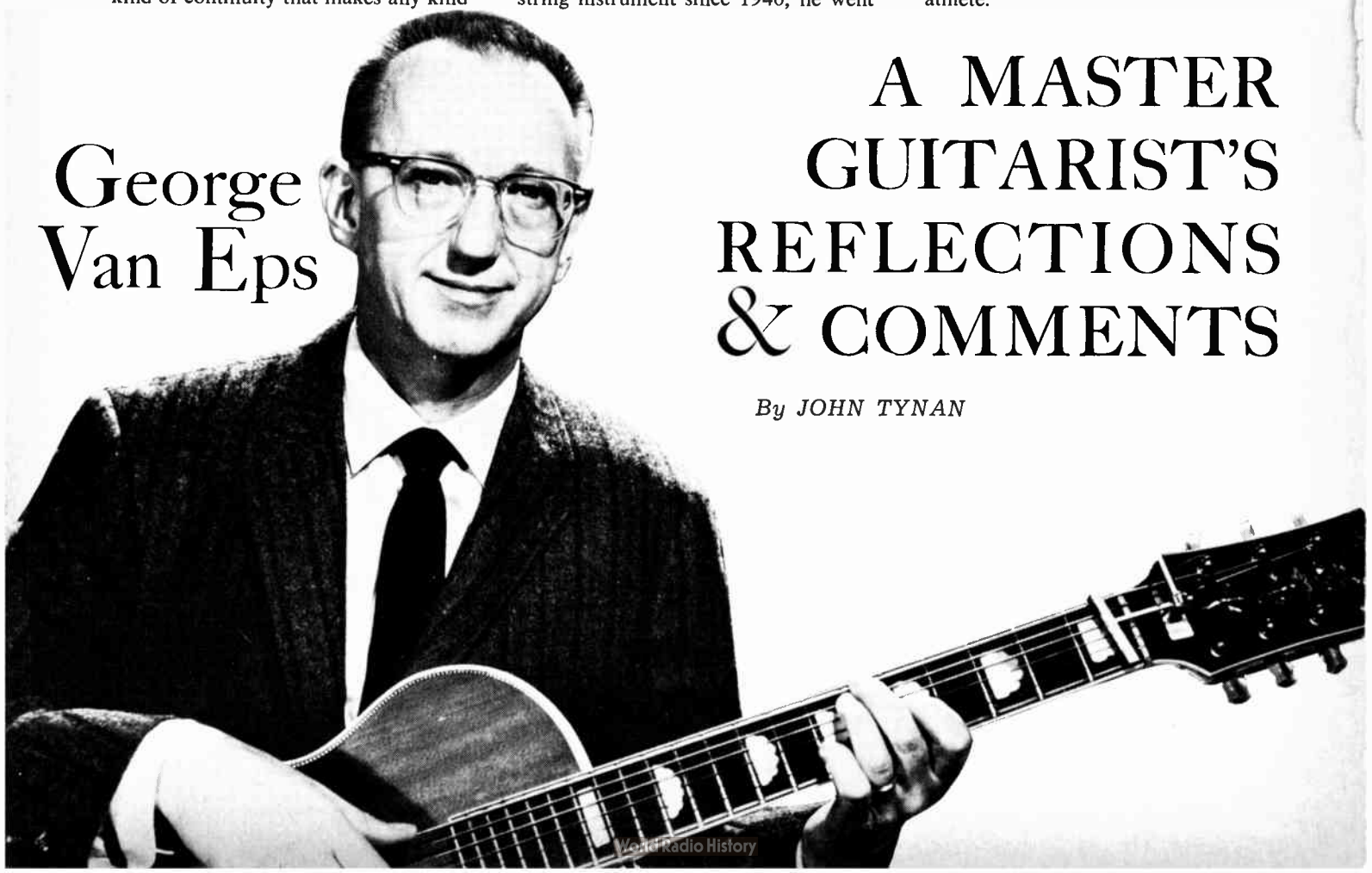
Directly referring to the avant garde, "new thing" movement, Ellis declared, "I believe that a lot of people are trying to push music too hard now. They're pushing it too fast, and, therefore, a lot of it doesn't have any artistic and musical validity."

Commenting on the apparent absence of guitarists in the "new thing" ranks, Ellis grinned and said, "Again I say you can't jive on guitar. If a jive guitar player came out on a stand—I mean a player as jive as some of the horn players who shall be nameless—the rest of the guitar players would laugh him out of the country. He'd be the joke of the guitar world. He could never play in front of Barney, and Wes Montgomery, and Joe Pass, and people like them—if he had any brains. He'd be a joke. So I think that's kinda the nature of the instrument. And I'm glad it's like that." db

George Van Eps

A MASTER GUITARIST'S REFLECTIONS & COMMENTS

By JOHN TYNAN



With 37 years of active playing behind him, George Van Eps, one of the world's most respected and accomplished guitarists, still practices nine hours a day.

Now 50 years old, Van Eps today finds a focal point for his distinguished career in solo concert work, but the bulk of his active professional playing time is spent in Hollywood recording studios.

Renowned as a so-called chordal stylist, the slight, bespectacled guitarist recently expressed a preference for a different descriptive term to apply to his conception of the guitar.

"I like to think of it," he explained, "as a harmonic line, rather than as block chords, because block chords rule out the idea of any kind of continuity with contrapuntal effect. You get the idea that it's all chomp-chomp-chomp and the chords are all different, instead of having different lines working against each other. But when they say I play 'chord-style' it doesn't really bother me."

He decried as "ridiculous" the notion that a guitarist must perforce limit himself to either single-string or chordal style.

"A little bit of everything is good," he said, "To much of anything is kind of sickening. Of course, with the six-string guitar there are very few six-string chords that can be played in any kind of continuity that makes any kind of sense—I mean in good taste. There usually are too many doubles in them. They sort of get that backwoods sound. So in eliminating a couple of the doubles, of course you eliminate the amount of notes, but I think it purifies and clarifies the sound. It gives it separation instead of everything running together. I like to hear separation, particularly in the way I play.

"I mean when I want a spread effect, the only way I can make a simile on it is that the definition and separation is lost. For instance, there are 88 keys on the piano. If you played every other one, why, you'd have one big shmear of a chord but no separation. Pick some of the notes out and let some air get in there. Let the ear get in between a few of them and it starts to take on a clarity and a meaning. That's the way I think of the guitar.

"My wife says I should play piano because I think of guitar as a piano. The guitar to me is a piano you hold in your lap. But it's so horribly difficult to play to achieve the same effect. I strive to get the effect of pedaling on guitar. But you don't have any pedal, and it all has to be done with four fingers. I don't use any thumb; I play with just the four digits because of seven strings, primarily. I never did play with the thumb anyway."

Van Eps has not played the six-string instrument since 1940, he went on to say, noting this is the reason for his emphasis on separation of tone. He added a low A string to the conventional instrument, below the E string.

"This," he said, "is because I love a bass line. As I said, I like to think of guitar as a complete instrument within itself. I don't mean that I don't get a kick out of and enjoy some of the players that are so proficient with a lyric single voice. This is an art in itself. I'm not so versatile to be good in everything, and I don't know that I'm really barking up the right tree in what I'm doing, but it satisfies me. I feel a sincerity in it. At least I know that—good, bad, or indifferent—I'm not a fish out of water. I'm in my *own* back yard. You have to like it or not like it, but I can't change it because I'm in too deep. I've spent too many years on the harmonic side of the instrument."

He smiled warmly as he discussed his singular instrument and its effect on him.

"From playing this monster," he noted, "you get musclebound from the tremendous pressure that has to be exerted. It takes a lot of strength to play this thing because the seventh string is like a small lead pencil; it looks like a piano bass string. A friend of mine, a lawyer and an athlete, an ex-Olympian, said to me, 'Gee, I never realized but you're quite an athlete.' "

The guitarist chuckled. "Well, it was a compliment," he said, smiling. "But if it came from a musician that knew anything, it would be sort of a left-handed compliment. Anyway, the seventh string sort of restricts your actions as to how fast you can go."

THE HERITAGE OF Charlie Christian with its roots in the late Oklahoman's single-string improvisatory innovations has not, in Van Eps' opinion, unduly affected guitarists who came after Christian and were influenced by him to the neglect of the harmonic facets of the instrument.

"It might be surprising to some people," he pointed out, "but several of our best-known, really fast, clean, single-string players play all the classics at home."

"After all," Van Eps said with a shrug, "we're a commodity. You have to sell yourself. If a guy can whomp up a storm and make lace doilies with single string, this is an asset, this is going to put him someplace and buy groceries. Art for art's sake doesn't go anywhere anymore. We're a commercial commodity, and if somebody doesn't buy us we're going to die.

"Behind locked doors, and on your own time, you can do what you want to satisfy your own feeling. And this has to be satisfied; otherwise, you can't go out and do what might go against your grain. I know it's necessary for *me*.

"I sort of have a happy situation because I can only play the one way I do, so I'm not very often asked to play any other way. There's a good side to having a niche. Occasionally you have to do things—everybody has to—that go against your grain. I think the important thing is to keep the proper balance. When musicians feel that they are not doing this or that because of artistic failings, then they should do it on their own time. Then they can do what the people that buy them need at the moment."

Where are the future guitarists coming from, Van Eps was asked. And did he think the players young on the instrument are developing today as rapidly as, say, 15 or 20 years ago?

Taking the second question first, he said he felt they are not developing in high percentage for the number of guitar players extant, not necessarily jazz players.

"Guitar is riding such a terrific popularity at present," he pointed out, "there are literally millions of amateurs and semipros all over the country. But I think percentage-wise the standard is lower. However, because there are so many millions more now than when I was starting, there are bound to be some that are not satisfied with just squeezing sausages, as we call it, and making 50,000 volts of noise. Out of all this we're going to get some good guitarists."

Van Eps deplores musical sobersides and what he termed the trend of sitting around and listening to music with a solemn face with no visible emotion. He is equally critical of the attitude of some musicians toward audiences who respond actively to their playing.

"When audiences start to emote to something," the guitarist pointed out, "the guys feel that they are down to the audience level. And that's bad. I've been to many concerts where they'll be playing, say, Cesar Franck and Tchaikowsky or Sibelius, and people will be grinning. This is because the wonderful sense of humor, of proportion, of sense of balance in this music tickles the funnybone. And yet it's not funny-ha-ha, it's not slapstick, but it's satisfying, and the natural reaction is to grin. Two people's eyes meet who understand the same thing, and there's got to be an exchange of some kind."

"I think that there's a serious side to jazz," he continued, "just as there's a serious side to all good music, very serious—particularly to the performer and to some of the listeners, thank God. But I *don't* think it has to be a very solemn ritual. If it can't be enjoyed in a feeling of warmth and well-being, it's not worth it—not for me, anyway."

IN A REMINISCING MOOD, Van Eps talked of his early days in jazz and of the late Eddie Lang:

"I think he influenced a lot of guitar players. He was the biggest influence on me. I was fortunate enough to know Eddie quite well. He was a wonderful man. (He loaned me one of his guitars. I didn't have a guitar; I was playing banjo at the time.) I'd go down to the Penn Grill in New York when Eddie was with Roger Kahn and listen to him. He just fascinated me.

"He was the only guitar player in an orchestra then. This was 1926. Eddie was the only one I knew of to play guitar in an orchestra full time. Of course, there had been banjo and guitar orchestras where they would switch around, but this was the Roger Kahn Band, a highly touted band of the time. It was quite a thing for a guy to play guitar all the time in such an orchestra. It had a good sound, and what Eddie did appealed to me, although I didn't copy him.

"Right from the beginning, instead of copying Eddie's single-string style, I was fascinated by the harmonic possibilities of the instrument.

EDDIE LANG

"In 1927, a year later, I bought my first guitar when I had enough money. I bought a little Martin instrument, and that was the end of the banjo, so far as I was concerned. I spent about six months on it, doubling, and then I wanted to throw the banjo away. But I still had to carry it around. It was rather funny. I'd go on a job, and the leader would look at the guitar and say, 'What do you think you're gonna do with that?' And I'd say, 'I'm gonna play it.' Then he'd say, 'We wouldn't be able to hear it.' So I'd tell him, 'You don't *hear* guitar, you *feel* it.' And he'd come back with, 'We don't want to *feel* it, we wanna *hear* it.' So I had a double case made, and I carried them both around. Finally, they got so they liked the guitar, and I was told I could leave the banjo home." Van Eps laughed.

"Eddie Lang was quite a man," he went on. "He's compared with modern guitar players, and I don't think that's fair. He died in 1933. He had only scratched the surface by then. It's not fair to compare a man whose career had short-circuited with somebody who has continued to develop and has had other good players to listen to. He had nobody to listen to. Eddie pioneered it. That's the important point. Eddie deserves a lot of credit. If he'd been around to hear all the different developments — and, mind you, he'd be progressing all through this—he'd probably be fantastic.

"Because he was flexible, Eddie wasn't style-bound. But he played what he knew best. He could play other things, mind you; he played some of Segovia's things. In 1928 or '29 Segovia made his first Town Hall concert in New York. Eddie listened to him for three or four years before he [Eddie] died. This had an effect on his playing."

Van Eps categorized guitar play-

(Continued on page 47)

Following is the first of several Leonard Feather's reminiscences of his life in jazz. No critic has spent a greater number of years than Feather as an active commentator on the jazz scene. The casual autobiography will be continued in future issues of Down Beat.

LIFE WITH FEATHER

By LEONARD FEATHER

Not long ago, in *Chords and Discords*, I read two letters. One attacked me from the left for my allegedly insufficient enthusiasm for an avant-garde musician. The other speared me from the right because of my supposedly unfair downgrading of a big band of the 1930s. Reading these angry assaults, I reflected: this is the story of my life.

Close to 31 years have passed since I began writing music and almost as long since I began writing about music. Though some of my early views look painfully naive now (as you'll see when I quote them in this series), several basic tenets have remained firm. I still love jazz, am stimulated by hearing it and discussing it, fulfilled by writing it and hearing it played. I remain ready to change my views, to accept and encourage new ideas, to help artists who have failed to achieve the success they deserve. At the same time, I remain unwilling to go along with the canonization of any musical fraud.

This has been a difficult position to maintain. It is far easier to assume a "tell-them-what-they-want-to-hear" attitude than to be a musician, a critic, *and* a politician simultaneously. I prefer to tell what I believe.

To put these backward glances in an enlightening perspective it is necessary to go briefly into my personal background, which was that of a London high-school student who became aware of jazz in the 1930s.

My piano teacher knew nothing of jazz. What I learned from him—Grieg, Bach, Chopin—had to be supplemented by self-tuition as I fumblingly acquired the rudiments of the stride left hand and, later, a feeling for the blues. Everything I was to learn about jazz composition and arranging had to be self-taught; there was nobody to teach it.

The pivotal moment in my life took place in a record shop in Kensington, where a school friend introduced me to Louis Armstrong's *West End Blues*. On the back was Eddie Lang's band playing *Freeze and Melt*, but it was the Armstrong side that captured me immediately; it had a unique warmth and beauty. From the long opening cadenza, through Louis' gentle wordless vocal, Earl Hines' driving solo, down into that gloriously conceived out-chorus with Louis' high C held for four bars (a miracle then), all the way to Zutty Singleton's little click-off coda, *West End Blues* moved me like no other sound I had ever heard.

From that moment, my interests were turned toward hot jazz, and I was immersed in it as in nothing before or since, living for the next record or the next transatlantic news item.

College being economically impractical in those post-depression years, my outlook would be "broadened," my parents decided, by sojourns in France and Germany. I spent several months in each country, apprenticed to French and German movie-trade magazines.

In London, Paris, and Berlin alike, being a jazz fan had elements in common with membership in a resistance movement. With the exception of *The Melody Maker* (then a monthly) and a French monthly called *Jazz Tango Dancing*, there was no place to read about jazz, no *Down Beat*, no U.S. publication that paid it the slightest attention, except for a rare freak article.

Records were released in England on HMV (Victor), Columbia, and Parlophone, but of the small quantity of jazz then being recorded, an even smaller proportion was made available, much of it through the Parlophone Rhythm Style Series, its issues selected from the American OKeh catalog by a dedicated critic named Edgar Jackson. This meant that every month we might get 2½ minutes of Louis Armstrong, coupled with three minutes of Joe Venuti's Blue Four, or, if we were lucky, two tunes by Duke Ellington back to back.

Had it not been for a few men like Jackson in London and Hugues Panassie and Charles Delaunay in Paris, there would have been no jazz records released in Europe at all, and the international spread of the music, which eventually boomeranged into an American jazz cult, might never have evolved.

Those of us who felt starved by this trickle of releases went to Levy's, a record shop in Whitechapel, a Jewish district in the East End of London. Morris Levy made a specialty of importing unissued American records at what seemed prohibitive prices. It was worth the bus trip to Whitechapel, the rummaging through piles of new arrivals, and the investment of four shillings, threepence (more than $1 in those days) if you could come up with a new Ellington release called *Mood Indigo*, even though on the other side you had to settle for Benny Payne, as guest vocalist with the Ellington band, singing *When a Black Man's Blue* (written, of course, by three white men).

In Berlin (this was only months before Hindenburg turned over the reins to Hitler) one shop kept a small stock of jazz items. I will never forget the thrill of coming across a disc by Ted Lewis' orchestra in which, between gobs of corn, it was possible to hear Fats Waller singing and playing *Royal Garden Blues*. (A Negro on the same record with white musicians! Wow!) Those 70 or 80 seconds of pleasure sustained many of us for a month.

Paris was no better. I lived with my hand-cranked portable Gramophone and my slowly amassing little heap of treasures by Ellington, Armstrong, Venuti & Lang, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Luis Russell, Bix & Tram, Red Nichols, Fletcher Henderson, and other heroes I hoped some day to meet.

The blues was a deep and durable fascination point: not Bessie Smith or the other "race" record artists, but mainly instrumentals and an occasional blues vocal by Armstrong or Jack Teagarden. It was after I had discovered the 12-bar blues form and written a musical analysis of it for *The Melody Maker* (presumably the first to appear in print) that I received a warm congratulatory note from Panassie, who reacted to this documentation in the manner of a man from Mars discovering a second Martian right in the middle of the Place de la Concorde.

While I was living in Paris, the news came through that Armstrong, by now a big name in Europe (thanks to Jackson, John Hammond's *Melody Maker* news columns, and the French critics), was due in at the London Palladium. Making my first plane trip, from Paris to London, I arrived airsick enough to sit groggily in my seat on opening night. The curtains parted and Louis, fronting a makeshift band of European musicians, went through the *Sleepy Time Down South* opener. It was a moment to carry through one's life: a distant legend become flesh and blood.

Through some devious connection, I contrived, at a nearby bar, to meet

(Continued on page 43)

LEE TANNER

WES MONTGOMERY

Organ-ic Problems & Satisfactions/By Ira Gitler

I TOLD MYSELF I was flying to Boston from New York on whim—you know, fly to Boston for dinner, a plutocratic fantasy. But despite my enjoyment of the prime-rib dinner at Durgin-Park (highly recommended), I really was in Boston to interview guitarist Wes Montgomery, who was playing at the Jazz Workshop.

The Workshop is located at the Inner Circle on Boylson St. Operated by affable, soft-spoken Varty Haroutunian, who was the tenor saxophonist with Herb Pomeroy when that trumpeter's band was a staple at the Stable, the club is a long, dim-lit, comfortable, low-ceilinged room, with its bar in the back and its bandstand up front.

As I was greeted and seated by Haroutunian, the Montgomery trio was in the middle of a set. (Bands start early in Boston, because the law calls for clubs to close at 1 a.m. on week nights and midnight on Saturdays.) The Montgomery guitar was supported by Melvin Rhyne's organ and George Brown's drums. This is the group he formed toward the end of 1963 while still in his native Indianapolis, where he had returned when the Montgomery Brothers group broke up in late 1962.

To go back a bit:

Montgomery had emerged from Indianapolis in 1959, after

Cannonball Adderley and Gunther Schuller had heard him and did some public raving about his ability. Riverside recorded him that fall in a trio setting and followed that album in January, 1960, with one featuring Montgomery in the company of pianist Tommy Flanagan and bassist Percy and drummer Al Heath. On the strength of his playing on these records, Montgomery placed first in the new-star division of *Down Beat's* 1960 International Jazz Critics Poll—and very nearly won the established-talent section too.

In 1961 his brothers, bassist Monk and vibist-pianist Buddy, who had been working in a quartet called the Mastersounds, joined forces with Wes to form the Montgomery Brothers Quartet. Using a variety of drummers, the group enjoyed a fair amount of success for a while but finally had to throw in the towel, and Wes went back to his home town.

IN BETWEEN SETS in Boston, he talked of this time spent in Indianapolis. "During that standstill period—it was about nine or 10 months—I didn't know which direction to go. The Montgomery Brothers really wanted to make it, but it didn't pay off for us. We really enjoyed working together, but sometimes you can't make things work—so we just accepted that. When I went back home, I didn't have any specific plans, but I knew I just couldn't sit."

In March, 1963, Montgomery came to New York City and recorded two albums—*Fusion,* in which he was backed by strings, and *Boss Guitar,* in guitar-organ-drums format. Rhyne, who also was on Montgomery's first album, came with him, and they added Jimmy Cobb in New York to complete the trio.

Later in the year, back in Indianapolis, Montgomery worked four weeks at a club called the Hubbub with Rhyne and George Brown. Brown, originally from Grand Rapids, Mich., is an energetic young drummer whose playing, in certain ways, is reminiscent of Elvin Jones.

"I had a feeling about the instrumentation, that it could be a *sound,*" Montgomery said. "That's why I worked on it, to try to get it in that direction. And I was very satisfied with the direction, because I think it's a little different. A lot of places we go, when they see the organ coming in, they're expecting rock and roll, but after they hear us play they like it."

Brown seems always listening, and Rhyne does not use a high-decibel approach. The trio gets a blend that can be a warming blanket of sound. Montgomery's playing is very relaxed with Rhyne; it is no different than it would be with a piano and bass in place of the organ. "He doesn't hog it," Montgomery said of Rhyne. "His conception is like a piano player's—a piano player's touch."

(Rhyne was—and is—a pianist. At one point in the evening, he reached over and played the nearby piano with his right hand while continuing to chord with his left on the organ.)

Montgomery continued on the subject of organ:

"It is an instrument that you can open up on, and you don't hear nobody. Melvin is not overbearing. I couldn't play with an organist who played it real full and heavy. Because I play with my thumb, the sound is round—it's a softer sound.

"And volume can't make that difference. The louder you turn it, it still has a felt [fabric] kind of sound. It won't penetrate, anyway. The kind of guitar player that plays with the usual organist would almost have to play with a pick in order to cut through. I couldn't make it like that anyway."

THE CURRENT Wes Montgomery Trio had been out on the road for about six or seven months when I saw the group in Boston. The three men had been in New York at the Half Note and Count Basie's and then had played engagements in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Detroit, Buffalo, and Rochester, before going to Boston. One of the problems encountered during traveling is the care and transportation of the organ.

"You need muscles with organ, and this is on *every* job," Montgomery said. "You know, taking it in and bringing it out."

From city to city, the organ travels in a trailer. When it comes to moving it, the whole group pitches in. "It's a co-operative thing. Melvin and George would rather do it because they don't think I can make it. They don't think I'm qualified," said the stocky, muscular Montgomery, and then he laughed.

The road presents another problem that relates, although less directly, to the organ. "I've been trying to find time to rehearse the group," Montgomery said. "I like for the group to get into things. It's hard rehearsing a group like that on the road, because when we move the organ in, it's stable. So say we open up on a Monday night, and we say we'll have a rehearsal Tuesday. So we go down to the club early, in the afternoon—maybe they open up at 11 or 12. It hasn't failed yet—when we go in, there's nobody there, but the minute we get the instruments out and start into a tune, they start floating in, two and three, and then they'll sit at the bar and have a couple of beers—you know, afternoon beers—and they can't have the jukebox on, so we draw their attention, and they come up and start asking for requests. And you just can't play like that."

What if a club isn't open during the day?

"We haven't played any like that," he answered. "Either they're open in the afternoon or they're not open at all. Or the proprietor is on the other side of town, and you have to go through some changes to get down there. That really hurts. If you want to rent a studio, they overcharge you."

How about the men wanting to relax in the afternoon?

"But that's not the biggest problem," Montgomery said. "We've had the right attiude, but. . . ."

IT WAS OPENING night and Montgomery was worried about how the group sounded out front. I had taped a couple of numbers just to see if my recorder was running all right, and I played these back for him. The balance was good, but on the stand it didn't sound that way to him, he said.

"To me, guitar cuts through—it carries more than organ," Montgomery said. "But organ has got more guts. Over-all, two electric instruments like that—I dig that. It's normal and natural to hear a quartet like piano, bass, drums, and guitar. That's automatic. But it's only really automatic to hear the kind of thing I'm talking about with organ, and I do happen to hear that type of thing."

"What are the group's immediate plans?" I asked.

"We expect to be off before opening at the Half Note," Montgomery replied. "I don't know whether the cats want to go home or go to New York. The organ has to be transported. If Melvin wants to go home, then we almost have to go home, because the organ has to go somewhere. I've got to drop it off *somewhere.* And you can't drop it off in the Half Note before time. And you can't leave it in the trailer, just sitting on the street."

"It's like having a fourth person in the group," I offered.

"Really," Montgomery agreed, "oooh, a heavy one though—overweight." db

THE BYSTANDER
BIG BANDS PAST AND PRESENT

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

We can take 1938 as a focal year of the period when jazz had the largest audience in this country that it ever has had—and quite probably ever will have. The popular jazz of that period was, of course, in the style usually called "big-band swing."

There is a rather cloying point of view about "popular" art that holds that it is always best when it is in closest touch with its audience. This view also usually holds that U.S. audiences unstintingly revere their best popular artists.

There can be little doubt that artistically the most important big bands of 1938 were Duke Ellington's and Count Basie's; neither was the biggest popular success of the year, or in any closely adjacent year, for that matter. But perhaps there is a finer tribute to the esthetic importance of Ellington and Basie in the fact that both these men not only endure but also are still important figures in their field, whereas many a figure who was big box-office in 1938 is either on the scene only sporadically (and trading on the nostalgia value of his presence rather than on any continuing creativity) or has long since disappeared.

(I know Woody Herman was around in '38, and I know he is decidedly still around. I except him because Herman really did not discover his best function as a bandleader until the mid-'40s and after. The quasi-Dixieland "band that plays the blues" Herman of 1936-'42 is not the most important Woody Herman.)

Ellington's importance is manifold. He is a great jazz composer. He is a great leader because he can get the best out of almost any sideman. He is a superb orchestrator. But it seems to me that the key to his genius is that he knows the proper function of a jazz composer: to discover and maintain the secret balance among solo improviser, individual player, group performance, and total effect.

He was, in 1938, on the verge of the highest and most consistent fulfillment his talent had seen. And he currently is experiencing a revival—a reawakened awareness in audiences of both his current abilities and his past importance and place in jazz history.

Basie's virtues in the late '30s were almost the opposite. He had succeeded in preserving the casual, informal spontaneity of the small Midwestern jump band in a setting expanded to the standard instrumentation of the large jazz orchestra. And his rhythm section was excellent; individually and collectively it reinterpreted the very function of the rhythm section. But most of all we listened, after we heard the group spirit, to the soloists—Lester Young, Basie, Harry Edison, Buck Clayton, Dickie Wells, and the rest.

This may seem an odd description of the Basie orchestra to anyone who is acquainted only with the well-oiled and sometimes semiautomated swing factory Basie manages so efficiently today, but such was the Basie band of 1938.

It is remarkable that two such diametrically opposed musical personalities as Ellington's and Basie's could maintain leadership within the outlines of recognizably similar styles of jazz. But to say the styles are recognizably similar is to blur their differences, and in those differences lie the importance and the achievements of each.

Each year, voices are still raised in the largely futile cry of "bring back the bands," all the bands. And each year the answer comes back from the bookers and trade-paper journalists that the "economics of the business" won't support them in large numbers any more.

The economics would support them if enough people wanted to hear them. But enough people don't. And perhaps it is not altogether frustrating and depressing that enough people don't. Perhaps the audiences in this case are not altogether fickle or altogether wrong.

I think the artistic truth of the matter is that by the early '40s the work of the big bands was largely done. The musical ideas that most of the bands employed had, after all, been developed during the late '20s and early '30s. And because of the great popularity of big bands, they had been quite widely spread and popularized by the mid-'40s.

Actually, the handwriting on the wall was within the big bands themselves: with the Basie rhythm section and with Lester Young, it is obvious that the business at hand for the creative musician during the next few years would have to be worked out by individual players and small ensembles.

This does not mean that I think there were no big bands with personalities of their own besides Ellington's and Basie's. But I do believe that by the mid-'40s, there was little left for most big bands to do but repeat themselves. Certainly, they could have done it, and were doing it, with even slicker and more sophisticated arrangements, with more polish. But no art—and certainly not so vital and healthy an art as jazz—can live off of slickness, sophistication, and high polish.

The passing of the booming popularity of big bands brought about many hardships, of course. Particularly, there were the many men who were able to contribute well as players in large ensembles but not as soloists in small groups; if there were no big bands for such men to play in, they found they could not play jazz at all. Then there were the many more-than-capable arrangers, some with personal ideas to offer, who had no groups of musicians to write arrangements for.

By now, there is also an accumulation of younger composer-arrangers who have something to contribute to the idiom of the large jazz ensemble, and who might function best with actively organized groups of their own rather than as staff arrangers for another's orchestra.

As things are, many of these men are stuck with studio bands, rehearsal groups, record dates, rock-and-roll writing, or perhaps nothing at all. I am thinking of men like Gil Evans, George Russell, Tadd Dameron, Gary McFarland, Oliver Nelson, Rod Levitt, Slide Hampton—of course, there are many others. (I have a feeling that, judging from some of his quintet writing, Horace Silver would also be a big-band arranger to hear.) Gerry Mulligan, Gerald Wilson, Orchestra U.S.A., and Quincy Jones, with their off-again-on-again bands do better than most.

But it is not enough to blame such hardships, past and present, on the economics of the music business or the caprice of audience taste. Art herself can be a tough mistress; she usually has business of her own to attend to, and she can be ruthless with some men's talent in getting it done. db

MISSISSIPPI JO

THE DRAMATIC REDISCOVERY OF A NEAR-LEGENDARY BLUES

Avalon's my home town,
Always on my mind.

THOSE TWO LINES, from a 1928 OKeh recording, *Avalon Blues* by Mississippi John Hurt, almost directly — although most belatedly — contributed to the rediscovery of an enigmatic figure who had fascinated blues collectors for many years.

As a result of a handful of outstanding recordings made in 1928, all of which have not only become collector's items over the years but also have stood as remarkable pieces of artistry, Hurt has acquired a near-legendary status in the vast area of the country blues and a legion of devout admirers.

Though currently living in Washington, D.C., Hurt spent almost all his life in the immediate area of Avalon, a very small town in northwestern Mississippi. And had it not been for the energetic endeavors of a young Washington blues enthusiast, Tom Hoskins, Hurt almost certainly would have remained there for the rest of what had been, until recently, a rather uneventful life.

When Hoskins finally did locate him, thanks mostly to the mention of Avalon on one recording, Hurt no longer even owned a guitar. Further, the singer was highly skeptical of Hoskins and entertained the impression that his discoverer was from the "police or the FBI or something like that."

When provided a guitar to determine whether he still could play, Hurt "strummed a bit" while muttering to himself that he "hadn't done anything wrong." Eventually he agreed to accompany Hoskins to Washington, D.C., a few days later, not really knowing what to expect but feeling that if he refused, he would be forced to go anyway. He went "voluntarily."

A man of some 72 years and a grandfather a number of times over, long-forgotten by many, assumed dead by most, he is still vigorous, spry, and talented, has achieved nationwide acclaim, and has become a meaningful symbol for a new generation of folk-blues aficionados. Hurt has seen himself become the subject of numerous articles and reviews in such periodicals as *Time*, *Newsweek*, and the New York *Times;* he has participated in television and radio interviews and performances and has had many concert and coffee-house engagements.

JOHN HURT was born in Teoc, Miss., in 1892 and, save for some occasional trips to record when he was a young man (and the events of recent months), rarely ever left the Carroll County region of his native state. When he was about 9, he started playing guitar. His first one, a "Black Annie," cost $1.50. His mother bought it for him.

"It was some guitar," he recalled. "I would put it on the bed; flies would light on the strings, and they would ring out just as if someone had been playing them."

As time went on, Hurt developed his own intricate playing style, one almost completely dissimilar to the prevailing styles of the area, a fluid, complex finger style. He played, as he himself puts it, "the way I thought the guitar *should* sound."

His reputation in the area surrounding Teoc grew; he played extensively for country dances and various other local functions. Most were solo performances, his highly syncopated style being perfectly suited to dancing, which demanded long, hard hours of work for little remuneration. "Yeah, sometimes I'd make as much as $2," he recalled.

He never had a playing partner, and many times, when he "was just about to quit, the people would get to yelling 'Where are you goin', John?' And they'd pass the bottle around again, and I'd keep on playing till I couldn't move my fingers any more, usually somewhere around daybreak. We sure had some times!"

Hurt is self-taught, uses no picks, and is stylistically indebted to no one. When talking about blues singers, he remarks, "They very rarely passed near home. It seems as if Avalon was just out-of-the-way, and no one ever got too close to it."

He does mention an older blues singer who played 12-string guitar and harmonica, Rufus Hanks, but does not appear to have absorbed much from him. Medicine shows, with their attendant singers and performers, passed through Avalon on occasion, and Hurt reflected that "one of them wanted me, but I said no because I just never wanted to get away from home." He did get to listen to various blues artists through records his niece bought in nearby Greenwood and, through records and the radio, became an admirer of the white country singer, Jimmie Rodgers.

Eventually, in 1928, he was found by OKeh recording director Tommy Rockwell as a result of the recommendation of two white country musicians he had recorded in the area, guitarist Shell Smith and fiddler Willie Narmour. The result was an early February trip to Memphis, where he recorded eight titles, of which only *Frankie* and *Nobody's Dirty Business* were eventually released. Describing his first recording session, Hurt smiled and chuckled quietly. He recalled a "great big hall with only the three of us in it: me, the man [Rockwell], and the engineer. It was really something. I sat on a chair, and they pushed the microphone right up close to my mouth and told me that I couldn't move after they had found the right position. I had to keep my head absolutely still. Oh, I was nervous, and my neck was sore for days after."

Hurt also remembers seeing "the many, many blues singers in Memphis. There was Lonnie Johnson, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Bessie Smith, and lots, lots more. We were all seated just outside the hall, each waiting for our turn. Every once in a while one of us would get up and try to look into where the recording was going on, but we were shooed back away from the place."

Hurt said he received $240 for the Memphis recording session, plus expenses. The sum is probably correct, but eight sides, rather than the six he remembers were actually cut. Fortunately, the two released sold well, and the upshot was a trip to New York City late that same year to do more recording for OKeh. In two New York sessions, Dec. 21 and 28, Hurt created some of the finest blues ever recorded, *Louis Collins*, *Spike Driver Blues*, *Stack o' Lee Blues*, and, most fortunately as it later turned out, *Avalon Blues*, among them.

In speaking of the excellent murder ballad *Louis Collins*, Hurt said he "made it up from hearing people talk. He was a great man, I know that, and he was killed by two men named Bob and Louis. I got enough of the story to write me a song."

OHN HURT

SINGER-GUITARIST / By LAWRENCE COHN

AFTER THIS, Hurt returned to Mississippi, attempted further negotiations with OKeh in an effort to record again but was lost in the depression. Thus ended Mississippi John Hurt's brief, but memorable, long-ago career as a recording artist. The few of his records that eventually were released were vivid examples of grace and beauty, characterized by a rolling guitar style and a haunting voice, both of which painted stark, unforgettable musical portraits. In the intervening years his discs became prized items, able to draw high sums from serious collectors (to which Hurt replied, in surprise, "You know, I heard about that, but I didn't really believe it—is it really true?").

During this period he worked anywhere he could in order to make ends meet. "I worked on farms, picked cotton and corn, and worked cattle," he said. "I worked on the river, on the WPA, and on the railroad."

This was to be his lot until Hoskins found him in Avalon, working cattle on a farm for $28 a month.

After his rediscovery, things moved swiftly and sweetly for Hurt. Befriended by Hoskins and Dick and Louisa Spottswood, of Arlington, Va., he was recorded again (for Spottswood's Piedmont label). The results proved that he not only had lost nothing as an artist but, to the contrary, had gained in artistic stature and maturity. His guitar playing was better than ever, and his voice was possessed of an even finer quality than it had in 1929.

Although Hurt sings in the best tradition of folk-blues minstrels, it has not been his voice but his guitar style that has been primarily responsible for keeping his name and reputation alive during his hiatus from music.

His style of guitar playing is basically a three-finger picking one (using bare fingers), highly syncopated with a smooth, clear, rolling tone that asserts mastery and finesse. Combinations of many notes, all streaming from within basic chord positions and keys, generally C, F, G, D, etc., and their relative sevenths or blue notes, and a good deal of the folk techniques of hammering-on and pulling-off are all combined in an individual manner. Deceptively simple, sans ornate or extraneous motion in execution, Hurt's timing and delivery remain not only difficult to imitate but engagingly interesting to observe and listen to because of the penetrating, yet delicate, elegance with which he plays.

Hurt, on occasion, will use open-chord tunings in place of the standard E, B, G, D, A, E. But even in these instances, his attack is a precise and subtle one that does not even come close to the typically jagged, rough style—with extensive use of open tunings, bottle necks, and jack knives—of others from the Mississippi delta region.

He is a part of the Negro tradition, and his songs, both traditional and original, are the songs of his people. Yet, in the evenness and discipline of both his vocal and instrumental presentations he is at the same time apart from the very things that typify the musical phraseology inherent in the idiom.

Hurt recently was installed as the resident blues artist at a Washington coffee house, Ontario Place, and following on this have been an appearance at the Newport Folk Festival, financial security, and extensive news coverage.

Mississippi John Hurt has surely proved he is probably the most important single rediscovery of the current interest in the blues as an art form. Many others have been found, many are still able to play and perform, but few—if any—come close to the standard of excellence Hurt has shown.

He is an infectious performer, his good humor clearly evident on his pleasantly gnarled countenance. A small man who usually performs with his hat on, his rocking motion and syncopated guitar deeply touch every audience for which he has performed. And to all this, one must add that Hurt is an excellent mouth-harp player and a most extraordinary dancer.

In his apartment in Washington, he talked a great deal about songs, about the blues, about life in Mississippi, of his new career, and of the events since he met Hoskins.

"I was right there in Avalon all the time," Hurt said. "They tell me that they were looking for me in Avalon, Ga., but I was right there in Mississippi all the time. Never moved."

He held a large Gibson guitar, and it seemed to dwarf him—until he began to play it; then there was no contest. db

DICK SPOTTSWOOD

JAZZ BASICS

Part 11 of a continuing history of jazz on record/By Don DeMicheal and Pete Welding

MILES DAVIS, *Miles Ahead* (Columbia 1041)

The 1949 Davis nonet recordings, of course, made a deep impression on musicians, listeners, and critics, but it was to be eight years before Davis and another guiding light of that memorable series—Gil Evans—were to collaborate again. In the interim each had developed his art to a high point. The result of the 1957 collaboration is this classic performance.

Evans crafted scores with care for the 18-piece band that backed Davis' fluegelhorn. There are 10 compositions included in the album, but Evans tied each to the others in such a way that the album is a whole, not a mere collection of parts.

The scores contain much of Evans' parallel-motion writing, imparting a floating quality to the performance, a quality that fits extremely well with Davis' poignant lyricism. Evans' use of brass is extremely deft, and his occasional dashes of humor are all the more delightful for their unexpectedness.

Evans reflects the essence of the Ellington approach to writing for the large orchestra in that he scores for the whole orchestra as opposed to putting together sections. Evans achieves tone colors by various combinations of instruments, particularly among the woodwinds, which also is in the Ellington spirit.

Davis plays with extreme sensitivity throughout the performance. Whether he sounds languid (*My Ship*), filled with anguished torment (*Blues for Pablo),* or pixieish *(New Rhumba* and *I Don't Wanna Be Kissed*), he proves his artistic excellence and his deserving to be called jazz' most dramatic player by his work on this disc.

Other compositions in the album are *Springsville, The Maids of Cadiz, The Duke, Miles Ahead, The Meaning of the Blues,* and *Lament.*

Further recommendations: So far, Davis and Evans have produced two other albums of artistic merit equal to that of the cited album: *Porgy and Bess* (Columbia 1274) and *Sketches of Spain* (Columbia 1480). Davis' playing on *Saeta,* a track on the *Sketches* LP, is one of his most extraordinary efforts.

Evans has two exceptional LPs under his own name: *America's No. 1 Arranger* (Pacific Jazz 28), a collection of jazz compositions, such as Bix Beiderbecke's *Davenport Blues* and John Lewis' *Django,* beautifully scored by Evans, and *Out of the Cool* (Impulse 4). On both albums Johnny Coles, a trumpeter cast in the Davis mold, is featured.

BILL EVANS, *Portrait in Jazz* (Riverside 315)

Since leaving Miles Davis in 1959, Evans has grown to be the most influential pianist since Bud Powell. The essence of his style is a highly sensitive, lyrical sense that imbues his playing with a beauty that can be devastating in its intensity and emotionality.

Evans brings to his work a great amount of facility, but unlike other extremely skilled pianists, he uses technique less as dazzlement and more as a means of expression. His touch is one of the surest in jazz, and though his work sometimes gives the illusion of being of almost cobweb delicacy, its rhythmic sureness is razor sharp.

Evans has the ability to turn overworked material into something fresh; it's as if he were exploring the material for the first time. He brings forth facets of the material that sometimes make the listener wonder if he is hearing the same tunes he's heard many times before. Examples of this can be found in this album's *Come Rain or Come Shine, Autumn Leaves, Witchcraft, When I Fall in Love, What Is This Thing Called Love?, Spring Is Here,* and *Someday My Prince Will Come.*

The pianist also is able to create the illusion of bending notes—an impossibility on the piano. He does this by moving the inner voices of the chords up or down a half step. This is only one of the several ways Evans builds tension and then releases it.

BILL EVANS

The trio on this album is the one Evans had until the death of the bassist, Scott LaFaro, in 1961. During his time with Evans, LaFaro came close to revolutionizing jazz bass, bringing to it an unparalleled proficiency and a concept that sometimes gave the impression of wind, so delicate was it. Paul Motian is the trio's drummer.

The three created with an empathy all too rare in jazz. They collectively improvised continually, first one taking the lead with comments by the other two, then the lead switching to another. One of the finest examples of modern collective improvisation—more abstract and esthetic than that of, say, King Oliver's band but basically the same—is *Autumn Leaves.*

Further recommendations: This Evans trio also recorded *Explorations* (Riverside 351), which is made up of several standards plus versions of Miles Davis' *Nardis* and John Carisi's *Israel.*

In the last year or so there have been two extraordinary Evans' releases: *Undercurrent* (United Artists 14003) and *Conversations with Myself* (Verve 8526). *Undercurrent* is a duet with guitarist Jim Hall and includes a particularly stunning version of *My Funny Valentine.* The *Conversations* album is a breathtaking triple-play album made up of Evans' grafting on two other piano parts, thanks to multirecording techniques, to unaccompanied solos.

MILES DAVIS, *Kind of Blue* (Columbia 1355)

Lyricism has been at the core of Davis' playing since his days with Parker. The several albums he made during the '50s, most of which are available on Prestige, find him bringing his songlike style to maturation. His playing with his quintet in the second half of the '50s displays him building solos developed as extensions of the tune being played rather than as fleet, multinote chord running. There was an increasing amount of stark simplicity about his work.

The melodic approach came to full flowering on this record made in 1959 by Davis and his sextet, which had altoist Cannonball Adderley and tenorist John Coltrane in the front line with Davis and, for the most part, Bill Evans playing piano. The compositions are by Davis; they are generally uncomplicated and built on modes. Before this record, Davis usually had

(Continued on page 44)

Fender

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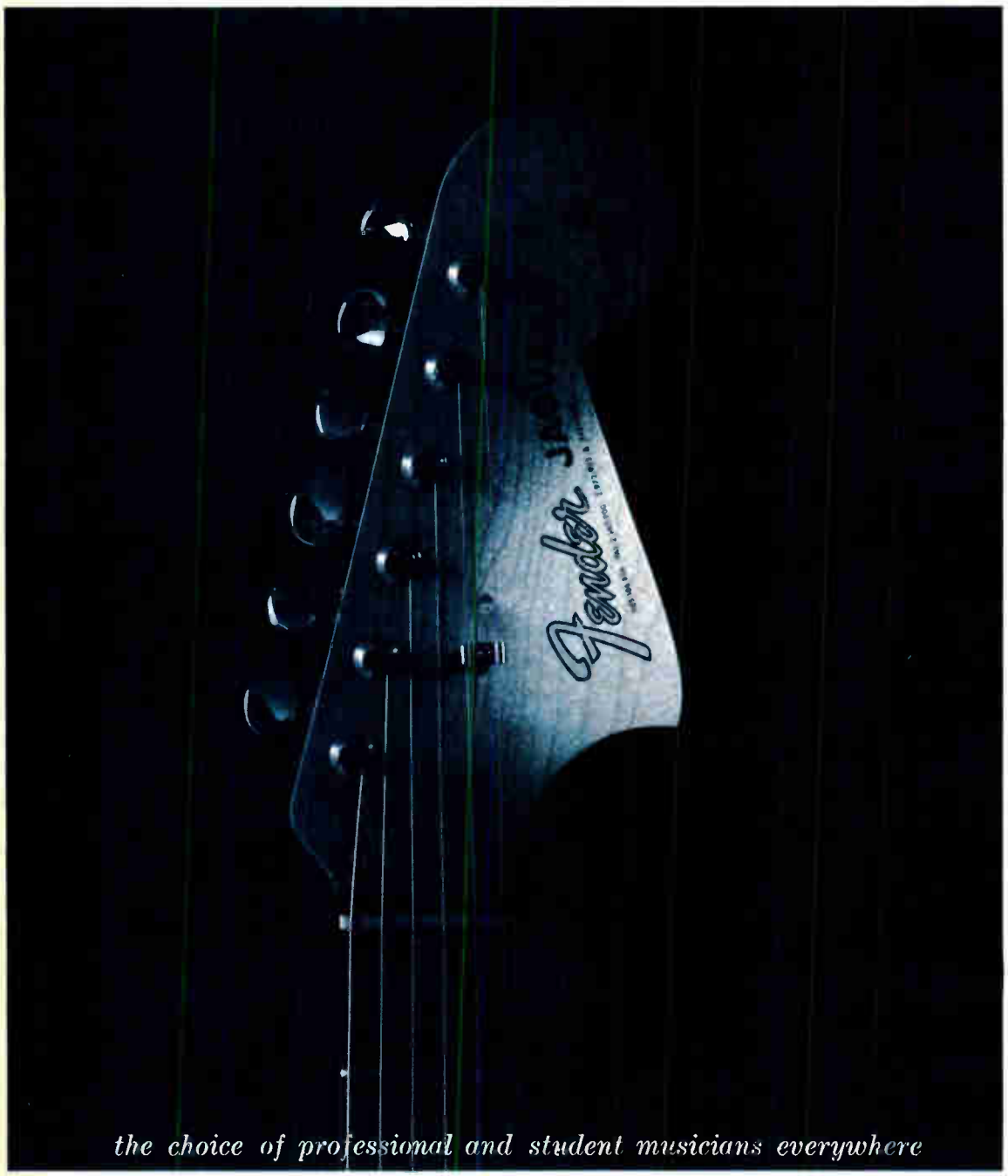

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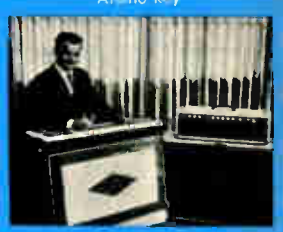
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FENDER JAZZ BASS The Jazz Bass represents the standards by which others will be compared. Two pickups have two pole pieces for each string giving excellent and true string tone response. Individual volume controls for each pickup and one tone control permit mixing for wide bass tone selection. In addition, it features Fender's faster-action neck with rosewood fingerboard and adjustable truss-rod for perfect alignment. For playing ease, the body is comfort-contoured and shaped with the "Off-set" waist design. Individual bridges are adjustable for both accurate string lengths and comfortable string heights. Bassists will find the Fender Jazz Bass is truly an artists' instrument, combining all the fine features of the original Fender Bass plus these many developments and improvements which make it the most advanced electric bass on today's market.

FENDER JAZZMASTER

There is no more convincing proof of the fine playing qualities of the Fender Jazzmaster than its rapid acceptance by guitarists throughout the world during the past few years. This remarkable guitar incorporates well-known Fender developments including the "off-set body design, smooth tremolo action plus separate rhythm and lead tone circuits. It aso offers a comfort-contoured body and truss-rod reinforced neck with rosewood fingerboard for effortless playing and faster playing technique. Every convenience is provided including the tremolo lock, adjustable master bridge channel with individually adjustable bridges and completely adjustable pickups. The Jazzmaster represents one of the fine additions to the Fender line and far surpasses other instruments in its price class.

FENDER BASS VI GUITAR

The Fender VI is the finest on today's market. It is tuned one octave below that of the Spanish Guitar. It incorporates three new pickups and a tone modification switch that can be used together or in any combination plus separate tone and volume controls. The Bass Guitar has a 21 fret, extra-slim fast-action neck with rosewood fingerboard and an adjustable truss-rod for perfect alignment. This remarkable guitar incorporates all the Fender developments including the Fender Mute, comfort-contoured "Off-set" body design, and smooth tremolo action. Every convenience is provided including the "Floating-bridge" with six individual bridges each adjustable for string length, and individually adjustable pickups. The Bass VI is a fine addition to the Fender line and answers the demand for a high quality six-string bass.

JAZZMASTER STRATOCASTER

BASS VI GUITAR PRECISION BASS JAZZ BASS

FENDER STRATOCASTER GUITAR Perfection in a solid body comfort - contoured professional guitar providing all of the finest Fender features. Choice hardwood body finished with a golden sunburst shading, white maple neck with rosewood fingerboard, white pickguard, and lustrous chrome metal parts. Three advanced style adjustable pickups, one volume control, two tone controls and a three-position instant tone change switch. The adjustable Fender bridge insures perfect intonation and softest action. The neck has the famous Fender truss-rod. The Stratocaster is available with or without the Fender built-in tremolo.

FENDER PRECISION BASS

One of the most popular of modern instrument developments, the Fender Precision Bass has rapidly become the choice of bassists in every field. Requires only a fraction of playing effort as compared with old style acoustic basses; compact in size allowing freedom of movement on stage, in addition considerably more volume is obtainable. The fast action neck facilitates playing technique, playing in tune and is extremely comfortable. Adjustable neck truss-rod assures perfect alignment. Individual bridges are adjustable for custom string heights and perfect string length between bridges and nut. Split pickups produce true bass tones. These qualities have made the Precision Bass a stock item in many of the nation's top musical organizations.

FENDER VIBROLUX/REVERB The entirely new Vibrolux/Reverb Amp is "performance in a small package." Built-in Reverb and Vibrato plus the new 2-10" Heavy Duty Speakers make this amplifier ideal for club work and for recording. The circuit incorporates the latest control and audio features to make it the finest amp of its type in its price range. Front control panel includes separate Volume, Treble, Bass Controls and Bright Switches for each of the Normal and Vibrato Channels, plus Reverb, Speed and Intensity Controls for the Vibrato Channel. The back panel includes AC Plug, Ground Switch, Extractor-type Fuse Post, AC On-off Switch, Speaker Jack, Extension Speaker Jack, Jack for Vibrato Foot Switch and Jack for Reverb Foot Switch supplied with the amp. Size: Height 18", Width 25", Depth 9½". 2-10" Heavy Duty Speakers. Fifteen tube performance.

FENDER MUSTANG The all new Fender Mustang is the latest addition to the Fender line and meets the demand for a low-priced model with Tremolo. The mustang may be classed as either a ¾ guitar or a regular size guitar inasmuch as it is available with either a 22 or 24 inch neck. Two new-high fidelity pickups are standard on each guitar with a three-position switch for each. Both the 22 and 24 inch necks are reinforced with an adjustable truss-rod maintaining perfect neck alignment. New barrel type bridges are included varied in size to conform to the fingerboard curve. String height may be varied by lowering or raising the bridge channel at either end. The two neck sizes plus the outstanding features of the Mustang make this instrument one of the most versatile available and one of the finest performing guitars in its price range.

MUSTANG & VIBROLUX/REVERB


TELECASTER CUSTOM ESQUIRE

FENDER DUO-SONIC THREE-QUARTER SIZE GUITAR This is an outstanding addition to Fender Fine Electric Instruments. It is especially designed for adult and young musicians with small hands. featuring Fender fast-action neck with adjustable truss rod, two adjustable wide-range pickups and three-position pickup selector switch. Two-way adjustable bridges assure perfect intonation and comfortable playing action. Available in white or red-mahogany finish and either a 22 or 24 inch neck.

FENDER DELUXE/REVERB WITH TREMOLO The new Deluxe/Reverb with built-in Reverberation and Tremolo assures outstanding amplification qualities and performance characteristics. The circuit incorporates the latest control and audio features to make it the finest amplifier of its type in its price range. The Deluxe/Reverb embodies the following features: Two Channels; Bright and Normal, Front Panel contains two Volume Controls, two Treble Controls, Two Bass Controls, Reverb Control, Speed and Intensity Controls and a Jeweled Pilot Light. The Back Panel includes AC Plug, Ground Switch, Extractor-type Fuse Post, AC on-off Switch, Standby Switch, Speaker Jack, Extension-speaker Jack, Jack for Tremolo Foot Switch and Jack for Reverb Foot Pedal. Size: Height, 17½"; Depth, 9½"; Width, 24½". 1-12" Heavy Duty Speaker. Fifteen tube performance.

FENDER MUSICMASTER THREE-QUARTER SIZE GUITAR The Musicmaster Guitar incorporates many outstanding features to make it the favorite in the low price field. It is beautifully finished and features the comfortable, fast-action Fender neck with adjustable truss rod and modern head design. Adjustable bridge affords variable string height and length for playing ease and perfect intonation. Ideal for students and adults with small hands. Available in white or red-mahogany finish, and either a 22 or 24 inch neck.

FENDER DELUXE AMP WITH TREMOLO The fine styling and performance of the Deluxe Amp is the same as the above Deluxe/Reverb except that Reverb is not included. Controls are identical with the exception of the Reverb Control and the Reverb Foot Pedal. Size: Height, 17½"; Depth, 9½"; Width, 22". 1-12" Heavy Duty Speaker. Seven tubes, four dual purpose.

FENDER TELECASTER AND ESQUIRE GUITARS The originals of solid-body guitars and the favorites of countless guitarists. Both feature natural blond finish hardwood bodies or are available also in custom sunburst models with white edge binding. The two pickup Telecaster and the Esquire with a single pickup afford wide tone response from ringing "take-off" to very soft rhythm tones. Cutaway body design allows comfortable fingering right up the highest fret. Two-way adjustable bridges permit custom string heights and string length adjustments. Their fast-action necks feature an adjustable truss-rod. Both the Telecaster and Esquire tone circuits employ a three-position tone selector switch. Their pickups are also adjustable for any desired string response. Each is trimmed with a white pickguard and all metal parts are heavily chrome plated for lasting beauty.

FENDER PRINCETON/REVERB AMP WITH TREMOLO The radically new Fender Princeton/Reverb is the result of much effort on the part of the Fender Engineers to combine in one instrument the desirable features which have been suggested by dealers, teachers, and studio operators. This amplifier is a composite of all these recommendations which combine to make an outstanding student amplifier with built-in reverb and tremolo. The front panel circuit contains the following controls: Volume, Tone, Reverb, Speed, Intensity and Pilot Light. The Princeton/Reverb with Tremolo is highly recommended for student and home use.


DUO-SONIC DELUXE/REVERB


MUSICMASTER DELUXE

The Choice of Leading Artists Everywhere

Fender Professional Amplifiers

FENDER DUAL SHOWMAN 15" AMP The Dual Showman 15" Amplifier is believed to be the finest amp on the musical market, producing the ultimate in musical instrument amplification. The amp is of the "piggy-back" design featuring two enclosed 15" J. B. Lansing Speakers which produce unexcelled brilliance of tone. The speakers are mounted in special design baffles making the Dual Showman distortion-free at very high volume with full tone reproduction. For additional tone modification, bright switches have been added on each channel. The chassis, or amplifier portion may be top-mounted or may be used as a separate unit. An additional feature of the Dual Showman is the use of "tilt-back" legs for better sound distribution. The Dual Showman has the following controls for each of the Normal and Vibrato Channels: Two Inputs, Bright Switch, Volume, Treble, and Bass; plus Speed and Intensity Controls for the Vibrato Channel. The Back Panel includes: AC Plug, Ground Switch, Extractor-type Fuse Post, On-off Switch, Standby Switch, Speaker Jack, Extension Speaker Jack, Jack for the remote control vibrato foot switch supplied with the amplifier. The Dual Showman 15" Amplifier is recommended for those who desire the finest in musical instrument amplification. 14 tube performance.

SPEAKERS: 2-15" Enclosed J. B. Lansings.
SIZE: Chassis Unit: Height 8", Width 26", Depth 11½".
Speaker Unit: Height 24½", Width 36", Depth 11½".

DUAL SHOWMAN 15"

FENDER SHOWMAN 15" AMP The Showman 15" Amplifier offers high performance and tone with ample volume. One of the most popular amplifiers for those who must have an amplifier capable of great distortionless power. The Showman 15" contains all the features of the above Dual Showman except that it is equipped with one 15" J. B. Lansing Speaker. 14 tube performance.

SPEAKER: 1-15" Lansing High-Fidelity Enclosure.
SIZE: Chassis Unit: Height 8", Width 26", Depth 11½".
Speaker Unit: Height 24½", Width 36", Depth 11½".

FENDER SHOWMAN 12" AMP The Showman 12" Amplifier contains all the features of the above Showman 15" and Dual Showman except that it is equipped with the J. B. Lansing 12" Enclosed High-Fidelity Speaker. The Showman 12" Amp is considered to be one of the finest amplifiers available, and is recommended to those desiring wide-range high fidelity tone at various volume levels. 14 tube performance.

SPEAKER: 1-12" Lansing High Fidelity Enclosure.
SIZE: Chassis Unit: Height 8", Width 26", Depth 11½".
Speaker Unit: Height 21", Width 32", Depth 11½".

FENDER TWIN/REVERB AMP The Fender Twin amp with built-in Reverb is an amplifier featuring the latest in electronic advances plus offering advantages of modern styling and outstanding performance. The Reverberation and Vibrato features, plus high distortionless power with wide-range characteristics make it a favorite among topflight musicians. In addition, the Twin/Reverb features two 12" heavy duty speakers and tilt-back legs for superb sound distribution. Bright Switches and Middle Controls have been added in each channel for increased tone control. Eighteen tube performance. 2-12" Heavy Duty Speakers.

SIZE: Height, 20"; Width, 26½"; Depth, 10½".

SUPER-REVERB & VIBROVERB

FENDER SUPER/REVERB AMP The entirely new Super/Reverb Amp brings back by popular demand the tonal characteristics of the old-style Bassman Amp plus built-in Reverberation and Vibrato. It features the new Fender Professional Amplifier cabinet styling with black vinyl Tolex covering and is recommended for use with guitar, accordion and microphone. Bright Switches and Middle Control for the Reverb-Vibrato channel give increased tone control. Fifteen tube performance.

4-10" Heavy Duty Speakers.
SIZE: Height 24", Width 24", Depth 10½".

FENDER VIBROVERB AMP The new Vibroverb Amplifier incorporates both Reverberation and Vibrato and surpasses other amps in tone and power within and above its price range. The Vibroverb is equipped with a double foot switch for reverb and vibrato and features tilt-back legs for greater sound distribution. Fifteen tube performance.

1-15" Heavy Duty Speaker.
SIZE: Height 19", Width 25", Depth 9½".

FENDER BASSMAN AMP The "Piggy-back" Bassman Amplifier incorporates two enclosed speakers with a separate amplifier chassis unit. The use of the enclosed 12" Heavy-Duty Custom Design Speakers with their special design baffles make the Bassman distortion-free, allowing the player to use his full bass notes and ample volume. Another new Bassman feature is the incorporation of dual channels; one a Bass channel, and the other Normal which may be used with guitar, accordion or other instruments. In addition, the Bassman is equipped with "tilt-back" legs for better sound distribution. The new Fender Bassman has rapidly become a favorite with bassists throughout the world, and is recommended to those players who desire the finest in electric bass, bass guitar and guitar amplification. Twelve tube performance. 2-12" heavy duty speakers.

SIZE: Chassis Unit: Height 8", Width 22¼", Depth 9".
Speaker Unit: Height 21", Width 32", Depth 11½".

BASSMAN

FENDER BANDMASTER AMP The Dual Channel (Normal and Vibrato) "Piggy-back" Bandmaster Amplifier is the result of much effort on the part of Fender Engineers to combine in one amplifier the desirable features which have been suggested by dealers, teachers, and players, at a moderate price. Two 12" heavy-duty enclosed speakers are utilized, mounted in a special design baffle. The use of this enclosure greatly improves tone and volume without distortion, and permits optimum performance of the speakers. The Bandmaster may be used with guitar, accordion or microphone. In addition, the Bandmaster is equipped with "tilt-back" legs for better sound distribution. Twelve tube performance.

SPEAKERS: 2 - 12" Heavy Duty Custom Design.

SIZE: Chassis Unit: Height 8", Width 24", Depth 9".
Speaker Unit: Height 21", Width 32", Depth 11½".

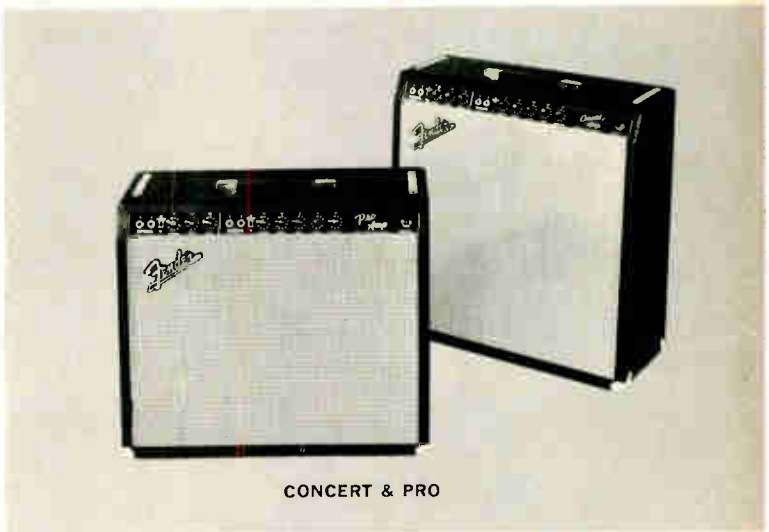
BANDMASTER

TREMOLUX

FENDER TREMOLUX AMP The dual channel Tremolux combines the tonal qualities of the "piggy-back" design with compactness. The Tremolux produces superb, distortion-free amplification for guitar, accordion and microphone. Incorporated in the Tremolux are Normal and Vibrato Channels. The Tremolux is equipped with tilt-back legs and is constructed for hardest professional use. Comparison will prove the Tremolux one of the finest amplifiers in the lower price range. Eleven tube performance.

SPEAKERS: 2-10" Heavy Duty Custom Design.

SIZE: Chassis Unit: Height 8", Width 23", Depth 8½".
Speaker Unit: Height 17½", Width 28", Depth 11½".



CONCERT & PRO

FENDER CONCERT AMP The Fender Concert Amplifier provides the musician with high quality musical amplification plus economy of operation. It features a dual channel circuit (Normal and Vibrato), with both channels capable of producing tremendous power, free from distortion. The circuit employs silicon rectifiers, vented cabinet, and single unit parts panel. It is completely modern in styling and is built to take the hardest professional use. Twelve tube performance.

SPEAKERS: 4 - 10" Heavy Duty Custom Design.

SIZE: Height 24", Width 24". Depth 10½".

FENDER PRO AMP The Pro Amp has become one of the most popular among musicians and with its modern styling and dual channel (Normal and Vibrato) circuits has proven itself to be extremely durable even when subjected to hard amplification requirements. It is capable of excellent power and fidelity and employs a heavy duty 15 inch speaker. The Pro Amp is an exceptional buy in its price class inasmuch as it offers the most up to date circuits, cabinet styling and the finest components for long trouble-free service. Eleven tube performance.

SPEAKERS: 1 - 15" Heavy-Duty Special Design.

SIZE: Height 20", Width 24", Depth 10½".

NOTE: ALL AMP MODELS UL AND CSA APPROVED. SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

Compare Fender . . . you'll agree they're the finest available anywhere!

FENDER-RHODES ELECTRIC PIANO AND CELESTE The revolutionary new Fender-Rhodes Electric Piano and Celeste are products truly worthy of the Fender name. These instruments are the culmination of years of research to bring an electric piano with fine action and tone to the music world. Immediately noticeable to the player is the fact that no matter how firmly the keys are struck there is no distortion! This feature is achieved by use of patented "shock-bars," allowing not only this dynamic action but a percussion-type effect as well. There are no reeds to break inasmuch as special tone-bars are used with an individual pickup for each. In addition, the instruments are completely tunable by use of a simple spring adjustment. A volume and tone control are conveniently mounted on the front panel.

The new Electric Piano is available in a 73 and 61 note keyboard with sustaining pedal. The Celeste contains the 37 note keyboard in three octaves. These instruments are all equipped with the Fender-Rhodes unexcelled keyboard action and trueness of tone. The instrument cabinets are ruggedly built of ¾" wood with lock-joint corners and covered in attractive and long-lasting vinyl "Tolex". The smoothly finished fiberglass action covering is easily removable for access in tuning and adjustment.

The Fender-Rhodes Pianos are equipped with an amp-stand containing power enough for any size stage and featuring four 12" heavy duty speakers. These many features of the Fender-Rhodes Electric Pianos, and Celeste make them without doubt the finest available on the market today.

FENDER 1000 AND 400 PEDAL STEEL GUITARS The New Fender 1000 and 400 in Sunburst finish are the most advanced pedal guitars on the market today. Both are designed to meet the changing requirements of steel guitarists brought about by the advances made in the music world, and are strikingly beautiful employing the highest quality materials for dependable performance. Each has a 23" string length and offers great flexibility of pedal tuning selection. The Fender 1000 double neck with 8 pedals provides as many as 30 usable tunings. Each of the 16 strings may be sharped or flatted 1½ tones. Pedals may be used singly or in combinations and in addition, the pedal tuning patterns may be partially or entirely changed at any time in only a few minutes. The Pedal 1000 also features a new mute for each neck for special effects. The 400 is available with 4 to 10 pedals and is ideal for professionals as well as students inasmuch as it provides many of the design features found on the Fender 1000. The Fender 1000 may be obtained with 9 or 10 pedals by special order.

Both models, equipped with new individually moveable bridges and roller nuts designed to prevent string breakage, ruggedly built to take the hardest use, are convenient to carry and can be set up or disassembled in 3 minutes. Working parts are of case-hardened steel, and parts exposed to the player's hands are heavily chrome plated. The Fender 1000 with its great variety of tunings and the Fender 400 offer the finest in pedal guitar performance and unexcelled tuning accuracy.

THE FENDER-RHODES PIANO BASS The revolutionary Fender-Rhodes Piano Bass used in conjunction with any heavy-duty amplifier may be used by pianists, organists, and small combos lacking a bass player in its instrumentation. In addition, the Piano Bass may be used in groups where the bass player doubles on a second instrument.

The Piano Bass is a keyboard instrument possessing the tonal characteristics and the pitch range of the standard string bass. There are thirty-two keys starting with low "E" and extending upward to "B" below "Middle C". The action is similar to that of the standard piano in that when the keys are depressed the damper releases enabling the player to achieve sustained notes. When the keys are released quickly, the player will have shortened or non-sustained notes.

Available for the Piano Bass is a heavy-duty adjustable stand that enables the player to use the Piano Bass at any level from a seated to standing position. The top of the stand tilts at any angle for maximum player convenience.

Musicians have found that by adding the Piano Bass to their instrumental group, they have achieved the complete and finished sound that is important to every musical organization.

FENDER 800 AND 2000 10-STRING PEDAL STEEL GUITARS The new 800 Single neck and the 2000 Double neck 10-string guitars are equipped with cam action individually movable bridges and roller nuts. An entirely new tuning assembly mechanism allows the player to double flat or double sharp each string. The cables connecting the pedals to the pulling levers can be changed in a moment's notice and a complete new set-up can be made by lifting the clips from the levers in use and slipping them onto those desired for the new tuning or chord arrangement. The string length of both is 23 inches. The Pedal 800 is equipped with 6 pedals and the 2000 10. By special order they may be obtained with 11. New advanced designed pickup plus the new Fender Mute will be found on both models. The guitar bodies are made of heavy white ash and set in a three inch deep al-mag frame adding a high degree of rigidity to the instrument. Temperature changes will not affect basic pedal tunings. Every steel guitarist will appreciate the numerous advantages made possible with the Fender 10-String Pedal Guitars . . . faster playing technique, fuller chords and more complete chord progressions, unexcelled tuning accuracy and the finest in steel guitar design and construction.

CONCERT & KING

FENDER ELECTRONIC ECHO CHAMBER The new Fender Electronic Echo Chamber is a precision engineered, ruggedly built unit utilizing a completely transistorized circuit. It is believed that this unit is without comparison on today's market from the standpoint of both performance and its ability to meet every musician's playing requirement. The echo delay is variable from zero to 400 milliseconds, with further modification of the signal being achieved with the separate echo and reverb controls. A high-low impedance selector switch permits matching the Fender Electronic Echo Chamber to the impedance of musical instrument pickups as well as public address system microphones.

A separate control provides adjustment of reverb "runaway" and "feedback". Individual controls provide for degree of reverb, echo and echo time delay. The tape-cartridge employs continuous tape with a service life exceeding 1000 hours. Replacement tape cartridges, easy to install, will be readily available. The cabinet is built to take hard professional use and is covered with vinyl plastic fabric. All controls and jacks are recessed so they will not be damaged when shipped or carried.


ECHO CHAMBER

FENDER STUDIO DELUXE SET The Studio Deluxe Set represents the finest of its kind on the market today. The Studio Guitar provides these outstanding features: fully adjustable bridge with swing-type bridge cover, fully adjustable high fidelity pickup, hardened steel bridge and precision grooved nut, top mount input jack, recessed one-piece patent head and three chromed inset leg flanges. Heavily chromed legs provided are adjustable to varying playing heights. The Fender Princeton Amp with Tremolo supplied with this set has the following front controls; volume, tone, speed and intensity and pilot light, and is equipped with a heavy-duty 10" speaker. The Studio Guitar case has a separate leg compartment, and is covered with the same durable "Tolex" covering used on the amplifier to make a matching set.

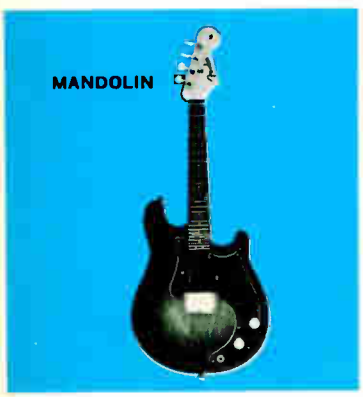

STUDIO DELUXE SET

FENDER CHAMP STUDENT SET The Fender Champ Set is one of the finest low priced guitar and amplifier combinations on the musical market. The Champ Guitar has a solid hardwood body, beautifully finished and distinctively designed. It has a replaceable fretboard and detachable cord, and tone and volume controls. It features both the adjustable bridge and high fidelity pickup. The Champ Amp is sturdily constructed on the finest cabinet design. Circuit provides extremely pleasing reproduction. Speaker is a fine quality permanent magnet type. The Champ Amp has two instrument inputs, volume control, jeweled pilot light and extractor-type fuse holder. The amp is covered in attractive black Tolex.

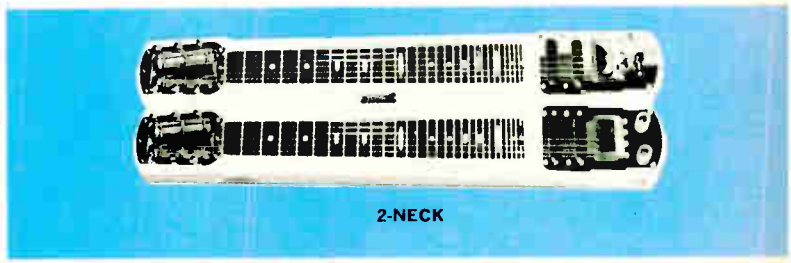
FENDER STRINGMASTER, DELUXE 6 AND 8 STEEL GUITARS Fender Steel Guitars incorporate the latest and most advanced developments in guitar design. They feature counter-balanced pickups which eliminate hum and noise and provide wide tone range by use of a switching and mixing system enabling the player to obtain any tone from low bass to high staccato. The pickups are adjustable so that any tone balance can be achieved. These instruments are fitted with adjustable bridges in order that intonation may be adjusted any time to compensate for different string gauges. On the multiple-neck models, it is possible to string one of the necks with special bass strings, allowing a tuning an octave lower than the ordinary steel guitar tuning. Available in 2, 3 or 4 necks blond or dark and in 22½" or 24½" string length.

The instruments are mounted on telescoping legs providing a variable height for sitting or standing position. All critical parts are case-hardened and designed to prevent ordinary wear from occurring.


CHAMP STUDENT SET


MANDOLIN

FENDER ELECTRIC MANDOLIN A most outstanding instrument on today's market: true Mandolin tone, graduated neck with 24 frets provides fast comfortable playing actions, plus double cutaway body design for convenient access to top frets. Solid wood body is of choice grain hardwood, beautifully finished in shaded sunburst. The body is contoured for complete playing comfort. Micro-adjustable bridges provide separate adjustment for both string lengths and height assuring perfect intonation and action. Pickup is adjustable for string balance and affords the finest Mandolin tone.


2-NECK

FENDER KING AND CONCERT ACOUSTIC GUITARS The Fender Company has recently introduced their first Acoustic Guitars. These fine instruments will set the standard to judge others. As the line of Fender Acoustics grow, each will dominate its field for fine tone, craftsmanship, durability, ease of playing and beauty. These facts will readily be seen wherever these fine instruments are displayed.

Some of the outstanding playing features of these instruments are: individually adjustable bridges: the famous removable Fender Neck of natural maple and rosewood fingerboard, recognized the world over for ease of playing and its distinctiveness, plus having an adjustable truss-rod from nut to last fret. The neck is mounted without a heel, thereby gaining up to four additional frets which are easily accessible. Strap buttons are both mounted in solid wood into the body rather than one at the neck head.

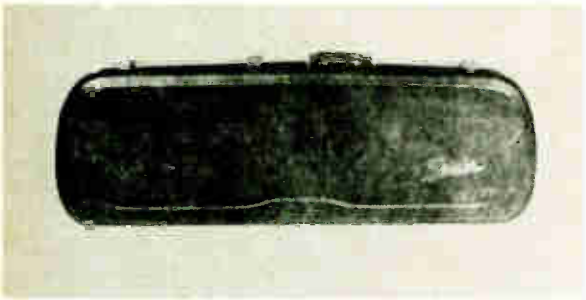
The tops of these instruments are of selected narrow grained Spruce with a choice of Indian Rosewood, Brazilian Rosewood, Vermillion or Mahogany sides and back selected for maximum in pattern beauty. Both neck and entire body are of a high-gloss finish which resists cracking. Inside braces are placed so as to produce a superior tone and give maximum rigidity of sides, top and back without influencing vibration. Each model has carefully inlaid purfling and applied binding. The finger rest is not glued but elevated to prevent rippling and loosening.

It is believed that the new Fender Acoustics are the finest on today's market. The tone ease of playing and beauty are unsurpassed.

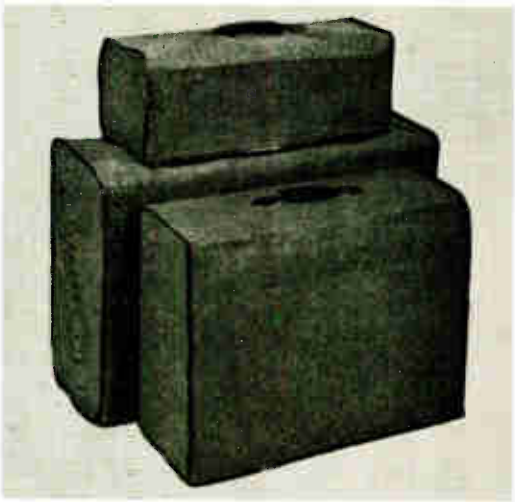

DELUXE 8


DELUXE 6

FENDER REVERB UNIT Designed for use with all amplification systems, the Fender Reverb Unit offers the finest distortion-free reverberation. It is highly portable and provides the "expanded sound" effect sought by guitarists and accordionists. In addition, it is an excellent unit for microphone, phonograph and tape recorded program material. The Fender Reverb Unit employs a professional amplifier section and the popular Hammond Reverberation adapter. It can be used with the player's existing amplifier to provide normal sound amplification to which Reverberation is added by use of the remote on-off reverberation control.



FENDER CASES Both regular and molded cases are made of the finest materials for beauty and maximum protection of the instrument. The molded cases are vacuum formed of high impact styrene. They are rust-colored with gold anodized aluminum stripping, brushed-brass hardware and have the gold Fender signature on each side. Interiors are plush-lined and simi french-fitted with two compartments for storage. Regular cases are covered in vinyl "Tolex" and leather bound. Interiors are fitted to protect the instrument at all times and lined with beautifully textured plush lining. Handles and hardware are securely mounted and will give long lasting service. Both cases are recognized for their durability and ability to stand up under hard use.



AMP COVERS These water proof, tear and abrasion resistant Fender Amplifier Covers afford protection to the amplifier and are extremely serviceable. They are made of light-weight black Tolex, lined with soft flannel and bound with a plastic binding. A neatly fitted cover is available for each Fender Amplifier . . . Prevents damage to the amplifier cabinet . . . keeps out dust.

FENDER MASTERSOUND FLATWOUND STRINGS AND FENDER PURE NICKEL WRAP STRINGS

for Electric and Acoustic Spanish Guitars, Electric Hawaiian Guitars, Electric Bass, Electric Mandolin, Banjos and the Classic Guitar

For many years, the Fender Company has continually experimented with every conceivable kind of electric, non-electric and nylon strings that would provide guitarists the finest strings on today's musical market.

Today, Fender offers a complete selection of the finest strings, both electric and non-electric fretted instruments . . . strings which offer:

- Perfect Balance for evenness of tone
- Controlled Diameters for perfect intonation
- Tightly-applied Windings preventing loss of tone
- Lasting resistance to stretch and pull
- Superior magnetic qualities for string tones that remain brilliant and alive throughout string life

FENDER ACCESSORIES AND OTHER FINE PRODUCTS

- Fender tone & volume and volume foot pedal controls
- Fender plasti-leather bags
- Fender extension speakers
- Fender polish
- Fender picks
- Regal Guitars
- Lesmann Accordio-Organ
- De Armond pick-ups and controls
- Electro-voice microphones and stands
- D'Andrea picks
- National picks
- Black Raja steels
- Nick Manoloff steels

VISIT OUR FINE STORE TO SEE AND COMPARE THE FENDER LINE OF FINE ELECTRIC INSTRUMENTS . . .

Fender SALES, INC.

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

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record reviews

Records are reviewed by Dan 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.

Spotlight On Django Reinhardt

Django Reinhardt

DJANGO, Vol. 1—Pathe 154: *I Can't Give You Anything but Love; I'se A-Muggin'; Oriental Shuffle; Limehouse Blues; After You've Gone; Star Dust; Presentation Stomp; Sweet Chorus; Nagasaki; Are You in the Mood?; Georgia on My Mind; Shine; Swing Guitars; In the Still of the Night.*

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

DJANGO, Vol. 2—Pathe 171: *Mystery Pacific; A Little Love, A Little Kiss; Runnin' Wild; Body and Soul; Hot Lips; Solitude; When Day Is Done; Tears; Rose Room; The Sheik of Araby; Liebestraum; Exactly Like You; Miss Annabelle Lee; Ain't Misbehavin'.*

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

DJANGO, Vol. 3—Pathe 174: *Charleston; Chicago; You're Driving Me Crazy; In a Sentimental Mood; I've Found a New Baby; Alabamy Bound; Oh, Lady, Be Good; Bouncing Around; St. Louis Blues; Tiger Rag; Honeysuckle Rose; Crazy Rhythm; Out of Nowhere; Sweet Georgia Brown.*

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

DJANGO, Vol. 4—Pathe 181: *Swing Guitars; Big Boy Blues; Bill Coleman Blues; Somebody Loves Me; I Can't Believe that You're in Love with Me; Interpretation and Improvisation on the First Movement of the Concerto in D Minor for Two Violins, J.S. Bach; Improvisation; Parfum; Eddie's Blues; Sweet Georgia Brown; Dinah; Daphne; You Took Advantage of Me.*

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

DJANGO, Vol. 5—Pathe 184: *Organ Grinder's Swing; Tajmahal; Serenade for a Wealthy Widow; My Serenade; Bolero; Mabel; Minor Swing; Viper's Dream; Fiddle Blues; Swinging with Django; Paramount Stomp; Japanese Sandman; Hangin' around Boudon.*

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

DJANGO, Vol. 6—Pathe 197: *You Rascal You; Tea for Two; Montmartre; Solid, Old Man; Finesse; I Know That You Know; Low Cotton; Christmas Swing; Echoes of Spain; Stephen's Blues; Naguine; Sugar; Farewell Blues.*

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Selected personnel: Quintet of the Hot Club of France, (Django Reinhardt, guitar; Stephane Grappelly, violin, piano; Pierre Ferret, Marcel Bianchi, or Joseph Reinhardt, or Eugene Vees, guitars; Lucien Simoens or Louis Vola, bass) with Eddie South and Michel Warlop, violins; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Benny Carter, alto saxophone, trumpet; Frank (Big Boy) Goudie, alto saxophone, clarinet; Fletcher Allen, alto saxophone; Bertie King, tenor saxophone; Bill Coleman, trumpet; Dickie Wells, trombone; Emil Stern, piano; Wilson Myers, Dick Fullbright, Len Harrison, Billy Taylor, Eugene d'Hellemmes, or Paul Cordonnier, bass; Tommy Benford, Jerry Mengo, Bill Beason, Robert Monmarche, or Maurice Chaillou, drums; Freddy Taylor, vocals.

With all the hoopla currently being given such groups as the Swingle Singers and the Jacques Loussier Trio, among others, for swinging the music of Bach and other baroque composers, it pretty well has been forgotten that this had been done more than 25 years ago by the brilliant Belgian-born gypsy guitarist Django Reinhardt. In November, 1937, Reinhardt and violinists Stephane Grappelly, his co-leader in the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, and visiting American Eddie South recorded a brightly swinging "interpretation" (a free adaptation) and an improvisation on the first movement of Bach's *D-Minor Concerto for Two Violins*, two glittering, wholly enjoyable performances, stunning in their fresh, coursing strength and spontaneous charm.

These two performances are among many gems to be found in the 82 selections contained in these six albums, recorded from 1934 through 1939 (and presented in pretty much chronological fashion in the albums), with by far the bulk of the numbers—say, more than 75 percent—dating from the fertile year 1937.

Reinhardt's reputation is too widespread to bear much in the way of repetition here. Suffice it to say that he is, to many minds, the most thoroughly successful of all European musicians who have turned their attention to the study and playing of jazz. Indeed, many consider him the only Continental jazzman of any real importance in the history of the music.

Certainly his background in the gypsy musical traditions, with their strongly melodic and rhythmic emphases, did much to prepare him for his career as a jazz musician. And these are the two characteristics that mark his playing throughout these selections: the singing uncloying romanticism of his flashing lines and improvisations and the strength and variety of his rhythms. Nor should his prodigious technical mastery and superb musicianship be overlooked; they stamp every phrase he plays, whether it be a brilliantly improvised passage in solo or a perfectly apt accompaniment, when his guitar recedes to the ensemble. Whatever Reinhardt did, it was marked with impeccable musical sureness and taste.

U.S. jazz fans first became aware of the guitarist after the formation in 1934 of the quintet he co-led for so many years with violinist Stephane Grappelly; it is this group (the leaders' guitar and violin singing buoyantly over the rhythm laid down by two additional guitars and string bass) that is heard on the bulk of the numbers here. The co-leaders perfectly complemented each other, for both Reinhardt and Grappelly were improvisers of the first water, possessors of the same kind of lyrical gifts that let them spin out lovely, long-lined extensions and variations on just about any melody line.

There are several pieces in the six albums that stunningly display Grappelly's gifts for extemporized lyricism; perhaps the finest demonstrations are such duet performances as *I've Found a New Baby* and *Alabamy Bound* in Vol. 3 and *Sugar* and *Stephen's Blues* in Vol. 6. In these numbers Grappelly carries the improvisational load alone, with the guitarist in a purely supporting role—though he performs superbly and most sensitively.

Reinhardt's mastery of melodic invention is a gift that never left him; it is heard on his every solo in these albums, and is particularly evident on his lovely, romantic unaccompanied solo extemporizations, *Parfum* and *Improvisation* in Vol. 4 and *Tea for Two*, *Echoes of Spain*, and *Naguine* in Vol. 6.

Eddie South was a frequent recording guest of Reinhardt's and Grappelly's, and in these albums are to be found any number of delightful moments with the three (including the aforementioned Bach piece) or with South and the guitarist, as on the strong *Eddie's Blues*, *Sweet Georgia Brown*, *Somebody Loves Me*, and *I Can't Believe that You're in Love with Me* in Vol. 4.

This is perhaps the most consistently exciting and wholly interesting album of the six, with Vol. 6 running it a close second. What set these two discs apart from the rest are the presence of a number of excellent American guests—trumpeter Bill Coleman and alto saxophonist and clarinetist Big Boy Goudie, in addition to South, in the fourth, and saxophonists

DJANGO REINHARDT

Benny Carter and Fletcher Allen, clarinetist Barney Bigard, cornetist Rex Stewart, and bassist Billy Taylor in the sixth. Coleman and trombonist Dickie Wells are present on two delightful numbers in Vol. 5. Tenorist Coleman Hawkins shows up for one 1935 number, *Star Dust*, in Vol. 1, easily the high spot of a disc that is made up for the most part of quintet numbers.

It is the quintet that is heard in the second volume, and if one complaint can be made of the group's playing it is that the straight-on, foursquare rhythm—it just barely escapes the metronomic—tends to get a bit boring over a long stretch of listening. Though the rhythm team admirably suited both Reinhardt and Grappelly, it might well be labeled unsubtle, inflexible, and unimaginative. But the pudding's proof, of course, is in the eating, and the rhythm served the two improvisers well, giving them a solid foundation over which they could soar blithely, always sure of the ground beneath them. And there is more than one way to swing, to be sure.

The playing of Hawkins and Carter (on both alto and trumpet) considerably enlivens Vol. 3, which also contains some superb work by both Reinhardt (notably on *You're Driving Me Crazy*, made with the quintet) and Grappelly, in the duets

with the guitarist.

The only really disturbing notes in the albums are sounded by the Michel Warlop Orchestra, with which Reinhardt was featured from time to time. For the most part the band's playing is ponderous and heavy-footed, sounding more like a German cabaret band of the 1920s than the jazz band it was purported to be.

In short, some very fine Reinhardt and Grappelly is to be had in all the albums, with the fourth and sixth volumes particularly outstanding.

Pathe albums, made in France, are distributed in the U.S. by Capitol records and may be found in any number of large record shops, especially those handling imports and specialty lines. (P.W.)

Ray Bryant

RAY BRYANT LIVE AT BASIN STREET—Sue 1019: *What Is This Thing Called Love?; C Jam Blues; Sister Suzie; This Is All I Ask; Love for Sale; Blowin' in the Wind; Satin Doll; Days of Wine and Roses; Blue Azurte; All the Young Ladies.*

Personnel: Bryant, piano; bassist, drummer, unidentified.

Rating: ★★★

Bryant plays here as he usually does—cleanly, positively, with an attractive rhythmic approach and frequent evidences of efforts to get away from the routine. But there is something strangely uncompelling about his work. It is pleasant to listen to. And it is not merely vapid background sound. Yet after it has been heard, the effect is evanescent. Possibly Bryant's obvious abilities could be brought out more advantageously in a large-ensemble setting.

As for this set, it is an attractive but unexciting group of performances—a reaction that is underscored by the audience at Basin Street East, where this was recorded, who carry on their conversations right through Bryant's playing. (J.S.W.)

Joe Bushkin

TOWN HALL CONCERT—Reprise 6119: *The Man That Got Away; Porgy and Bess Medley; I Can't Get Started; They Can't Take That Away from Me; The Song Is Ended; Cole Porter Medley; One for My Baby; I've Got a Crush on You; Just One of Those Things.*

Personnel: Bushkin, piano, trumpet, vocal; Chuck Wayne, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Ed Shaughnessy, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Bushkin, sometimes unfairly dismissed as a cocktail pianist, is a jazz musician with roots in Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, Fats Waller, and possibly Oscar Peterson. His touch is clean and firm, his sound warm, with an occasional tendency to the rococo.

Melodically, his style is one that might best be called authordox: that is, he respects the composers and improvises more often on the melody than simply on the changes. Rhythmically, he tends to play right on the beat. His technique, as always, is above reproach.

These concert performances make effective use of tempo changes, contrasts between accompanied and solo piano, and doubling of meter, as in the long *Man I Love* workout that closes the Gershwin medley. This track also has a solo by Wayne, whose work is as potent a factor as Shaughnessy's taste and skill, or Hinton's dependability.

A surprise to many listeners will be the one trumpet track, *I Can't Get Started*. Bushkin plays a gracefully lyrical muted solo in a style closely resembling Buck Clayton's. His technique has improved, and he can now be ranked as worthy of serious evaluation as a trumpeter.

There is also one vocal track, *Baby*, including a breakup and retake, happily left unedited. As you would expect, Bushkin swings when he sings, too, and sings in tune enough to justify the effort. (L.G.F.)

Joe Henderson

OUR THING—Blue Note 4152: *Teeter Totter; Pedro's Time; Our Thing; Back Road; Escapade.*

Personnel: Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Henderson, tenor saxophone; Andrew Hill, piano; Eddie Khan, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums.

Rating: ★★★

When words like "panegyric" and "duumvirates" appear alongside "honk" and "fizzle" on an album's liner notes, maybe some persons don't lose their cool, but when I saw them on this LP, I scurried for my dictionary.

Fortunately, everything proved favorable, including the listening experience. The album is a bop-tinged composite of several good influences. The crisp, honed-edge Dorham is the ideal balance for the full-toned, broad-based Henderson; together they produce one of the most comfortable, compatible duumvirates in current jazz. Their work in *Teeter* and *Back Road* is especially commendable; they melt in and out of their solos without the slightest rumble or disunity.

But Henderson isn't an exceptionally

original saxophonist. He sounds quite content to play logical sequences well and "natural" passages consistently. This kind of discipline may not garner accolades, but it will give him time to become fully acquainted with the technical and musical possibilities of his horn. There is enough evidence in his playing to suggest that in time the saxophonist will emerge a striking jazzman.

Pianist Hill is undoubtedly in for much attention for his lean piano work, which most often implies the melody with borderline atonality; yet he would do well to strive for consistency of style. On this date he flutters back and forth between flashy, melodic lines and sporadic, unpredictable chords. Variety is appealing, but when the approach shifts about, as on *Pedro's Time,* tightening up may be beneficial. That he is capable of successfully combining suspense and lyricism without altering the concept is beautifully demonstrated in *Escapade.*

Khan, by necessity, works closely with LaRoca, and the two provide a firm, swinging foundation from which Hill and the horns soar. LaRoca further displays here his developing sense of discretion. While relying primarily on the lightning stroke of brushes against cymbal, he alters his playing frequently to adjust to the unit, fills whatever holes are left by Hill, and holds the unit together.

Still there is a nervousness in the rhythm. This, along with the lack of originality from the horns, the uneven piano, and the fairly dull *Our Thing,* detracts from the album's quality. (B.G.)

Joe Pass

GREAT MOVIE THEMES—World Pacific 1822: *Charade; Sunday in New York; Carnival from Black Orpheus; Fall of Love; Wives and Lovers; How the West Was Won; More; It Had Better Be Tonight; Lawrence of Arabia; Love Theme of Tom Jones; Love with the Proper Stranger; Call Me Irresponsible.*

Personnel: Pass, 12-string guitar; John Pisano, guitar; Charlie Haden, bass; Larry Bunker, drums.

Rating: ★★½

The only reason for calling this unpretentious, musical quartet "Joe Pass and the Folkswingers" would appear to be Pass' use of the 12-string guitar, a folk instrument that, like the five-string banjo, is enjoying a modest renaissance.

Certainly, Pass does not play the instrument in anything faintly resembling conventional folk style; quite the contrary—what he offers here is easy and straightforward pop-jazz guitar. Nor are the tunes folk-derived or -flavored; rather, the program consists of a dozen themes from recent films.

The music is pleasant, not particularly demanding, but surely listenable (Pass could not play badly if he wanted to).

The use of the 12-string instrument imparts a pungent, somewhat acid sound to the group's music; the instrument's sonority is not unlike that of a harpsichord, as the liner notes point out. But, in the final analysis, not much really happens that is not immediately predictable.

Each tune is treated like the others: Pass' guitar states the theme and departs on a set of simple variations over the, for the most part, forthright playing of the rhythm section; each of the pieces is relatively short, and allows for little in the way of melodic development.

There are any number of tonal and coloristic effects that could have been wrested from the instrumental combination: for example, Pisano's second guitar could have carried the melody line while Pass' 12-string provided a delicate harpsichordlike continuo; the two guitars could have traded phrases (thus pointing up effectively the difference in sonority between the two instruments). But, then, this set is not characterized by any inventive daring.

A number of the themes are quite attractive and are given pleasing expositions by Pass. And occasionally he tosses in some hard-swinging, flashing lines that rise above the churning ensemble and leave one wishing that the whole album were composed of such moments.

Everyone performs creditably without ever producing anything more than pleasantry. (P.W.)

Freddie Roach

GOOD MOVE—Blue Note 4158: *It Ain't Necessarily So; When Malindy Sings; Pastel; Wine, Wine, Wine; On Our Way Up; T'aint What You Do; Lots of Lovely Love; I.Q. Blues.*

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Roach, organ; Eddie Wright, guitar; Clarence Johnston, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Despite the merit of understatement, the beauty of humility, the value of modesty and all that other nonaggressive business, when an album has one name in bigger type than the others, the listener expects the bearer of that name to assert his position beyond question. Freddie Roach is good, but Freddie Roach is timid.

There is much to be said for the organist who approaches his instrument with delicacy and taste. Roach never hammers and seldom flattens the listener with that deafening sustained-chord business so popular among jazz organists now. The sonar extremities of his instrument are left untouched. Roach stays comfortably in the middle register. And therein, perhaps, lies his hang-up. Everything about his playing is comfortable. Excitement and creativity are hinted at but left unstated. Even on *Malindy,* during which the others have a real ball, Roach allows the fire and meat of motion to taper off into a sustained level of polite swing.

Perhaps it is Roach's apparent desire to remain inoffensive that has drained his work of much color. He is an articulate musician and relies heavily on technique. As he develops more confidence, creativity hopefully will impell him to become more assertive. This does not mean he should just play louder. It means simply that the instrument should be fully utilized to exploit its sound, mood, tone-color, and dynamic possibilities.

Mitchell and Mobley are veteran jazzmen, and either could blow the Roach house down—and at varying times they threaten to with good stout playing. But mostly they stay under wraps to coincide with the reticent organist.

In the main, Johnston does an adequate job of keeping time, although at times it seems the others are not listening to him as they gallop off after Roach, who could stand to listen himself. As a result, *Ain't Necessarily So* and *I.Q. Blues* have tempo trouble. (B.G.)

Bola Sete

TOUR DE FORCE—Fantasy 3358: *Baccara; Moon River; Mambeando; Ceu e Mar; Asturias; Samba de Orpheus; Nota Triste; Tour de Force; A Noite do Meu Bem; Bouree.*

Personnel: Sete, guitar; Freddy Schreiber, bass; John Rae, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

With a program that ranges from a Bach bouree and an Albeniz sketch, through a Dizzy Gillespie blues, Henry Mancini's *Moon River,* several bossa novas, to a series of original compositions that draw equally on his Brazilian backgrounds, blues, and jazz, this Sete album more than lives up to its title. It is his second solo disc for Fantasy. On the basis of this and the previous album, Sete clearly emerges as a consummate guitarist, a master musician.

If the range of the material in this set is broad, Sete's musicianship is far broader, for he moves through this program and its varying demands with deceptive ease, giving each disparate selection its due—and then some.

The guitarist's technique is nigh flawless, as is evidenced in the singing transparency of the Bach bouree. Here the individual lines are perfectly and clearly articulated—but not at the expense of the compositional fabric. It is a finely woven whole, thanks to the strength of the separate fibers; it is Sete's conception that so beautifully unifies the elements. Likewise, the Albeniz piece, *Asturias,* with its passionate evocation of Spanish folk music, serves as a perfect vehicle for Sete's rhythmic and melodic strengths.

The bossa nova and jazz pieces are equally served. Sete's great gift, in fact, would appear to be his mastery of several disciplines—or at least the perception or intuition to penetrate into them deeply—so that he can move from one to the other with perfect ease. He treats each in its own fashion.

Sete's own *Baccara* might be described as a sort of Brazilian blues, using as it does the 12-bar form as a framework on which to hang the pungent, rhythmic Latin theme he has fashioned. Gillespie's attractive blues, the album's title tune, is put through a compelling set of variations that recall the composer's handling of it, but without ever suggesting that Sete is merely parroting the trumpeter. Rather, it is more of the guitarist's offering homage to a prime source of inspiration and direction.

Sete's penchant for more or less lush romanticism is given play in such pieces as *Moon River* and *Ceu e Mar,* and it is tribute to his rhythmic sureness and melodic inventiveness that they never pall. The bossa novas, as might be expected, are all they should be.

This is a really intriguing collection that admirably demonstrates the several facets of an impressive musician. (P.W.)

Bud Shank

FOLK 'N' FLUTE—World Pacific 1819: *Quit Your Low-Down Ways; Don't Think Twice; Bonsoir Dame; Blowin' in the Wind; Charis; Freight Train; Copper Kettle; I Am a Pilgrim; Strawberry Kisses; This Land Is Your Land.*

Personnel: Shank, flute; Joe Pass, guitar; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★

Paul Winter

JAZZ MEETS THE FOLK SONG—Columbia 2155 and 8955: *Blue Mountain; Scarlet Ribbons; Guantanamera; Greenwood Side; Lass from the Low Countrie; Aruanda; Repeat; Waltzing Matilda; The Legend of Lord Thomas; John Henry; We Shall Overcome; Gotta Travel On.*

Personnel: Dick Whitsell, trumpet; Jeremy Steig, flute, alto flute; Winter, soprano, alto saxophones; Jay Cameron, baritone saxophone; Warren Bernhardt, piano; Sam Brown, guitar; Cecil McBee, bass; Frederick Waits, drums; Jose Cigno, Latin drums.

Rating: ★★½

One of the latest musical fads has been the popularization and dilution of folk songs. These two LPs seem to be attempts at capitalizing on the commercial success of this movement, though Winter has said his interest in folk music was inspired by travel rather than by hootenannies.

Shank's album features the flutist backed by rhythm. Many of the tunes are popular, but they don't, by any means, represent the cream of the folk crop. Most of them are pleasant, however.

Shank's playing is clean, though melodically uninteresting; he relies heavily on cliches and simple, riffish figures. Even the estimable and consistent Pass doesn't fare as well as usual, but he does have several nice solos. In spots, a Spanish or Brazilian flavor spices his playing.

The Winter offering is more carefully produced and has a fresher quality, partly because not all the material is well known in the United States. *Guantanamera,* from Cuba, and *Aruanda,* from Brazil, are two tunes that should be played here more often.

Winter's group has varying personnel. Cameron replaces Brown on some tracks; Steig alternates with Whitsell; and Cigno is added on two tracks.

For the most part, the arrangements are competently written. Some *(John Henry* is one) are gimmicky. A novel track is *Waltzing Matilda,* which is actually treated as a waltz.

The solos are fair. Winter improvises primarily on soprano, and his playing is relaxed and easy to take, if unprofound. His alto work, however, is gutless.

Bernhardt, the other main soloist, has an odd style, containing elements of Bill Evans as well as of bop and post-bop pianists. He plays some good lines, particularly on *Greenwood,* but is sometimes unsubtle. He is occasionally heavy-handed, and his phrasing is a little stiff. (H.P.)

Sonny Stitt

MOVE ON OVER—Argo 730: *The Lady Is a Tramp; Stormy Weather; Dexter's Deck; My Mother's Eyes; Shut the Back Door A Natural Fox; Love Letters; Move on Over.*

Personnel: Stitt, alto, tenor saxophones; Nicky Hill, alto saxophone; Eddie Buster, organ; Joe Diorio, guitar; Jerold Donavan, drums.

Rating: ★★★

STITT GOES LATIN—Royal Roost 2253: *Are You Listening?; Amigos; My Little Suede Shoes; Ritmo Bobo; I Told You So; Chic; Senor Jones; Autumn Leaves.*

Personnel: Stitt; Thad Jones, cornet; Chick Corea, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Willie Bobo, Patato Valdes, Chihuahua, percussion.

Rating: ★★

Stitt seems to be vying for the title of most-recorded artist; he had seven albums reviewed in *Down Beat* during 1963 and possibly will top this total in '64.

No matter what the quantity of his output, he cooks here, as always; there is not a bad solo by him anywhere on these four sides. The value of the records depends, therefore, on the preparation, concept, and general level of accompaniment.

The Argo set is of special interest in its posthumous presentation of Nicky Hill, a Chicago saxophonist, who, according to the notes, was mainly known as a tenor player but is heard here playing alto. His work is interesting, with a slightly acidulous sound and a style stemming (like Stitt's) from the bop tradition. There also is some interesting Diorio guitar.

It is hard to understand why Stitt insists on continuing to record *My Mother's Eyes,* which he has already done in at least three other versions, one on Impulse and two on Pacific Jazz. The time has come for him to give it back to George Jessel.

The Roost album sounds even less prepared than the Argo effort; the original lines are casual and could have been composed on the spot in the studio. Jones, though by no means at his best, has a couple of good solos, and the Latin rhythm is contagious at times, even if a whole album of it tends toward monotony. Again it is Stitt's own blowing that offers what value there is to a largely desultory session.

Mention must be made of the exceptionally sloppy production on the Roost set. Nowhere is it stated what instruments anyone plays; both of Chick Corea's names are misspelled; *My Little Suede Shoes* is listed as *Little Red Suede Shoes,* and on the label *Are You Listening?* is changed to *Are You Listing.* The grammar and punctuation of the liner notes suggest they were written by Prof. Irwin Corey

(L.G.F.)

Two-Viewed Toots

Toots Thielemans

THE WHISTLER AND HIS GUITAR—ABC-Paramount 482: *Wives and Lovers; It's the Talk of the Town; Indian Nuts; Manhattan; Falling in Love with Love; It's Only a Paper Moon; The Valley Whistler; Deep Purple; Marionette; Star Dust; Bluesette; Duke's Place.*

Personnel: Dick Hyman, organ; Thielemans, guitar, whistling; Arnold Fishkind, bass; Don Lamond or Sol Gubin, drums. Track 11—Thielemans; unidentified Swedish group.

Rating: ★ ½

Thielemans' gimmick is whistling along with his playing, much as other jazz instrumentalists hum or scat as they improvise.

As a novelty, this might attract attention; musically, it doesn't make sense. For one thing, Thielemans' whistling doesn't blend well with the mellower sound of the guitar. Also, it's difficult to whistle complex phrases, and, possibly for that reason, his improvising here is simpler and less interesting than the work he did with, say, George Shearing. Thielemans is able to articulate more precisely with his guitar than by whistling, so his "ensemble sound" is sometimes ragged.

Hyman's playing isn't imaginative and is occasionally corny. However, he does have a redeeming quality: he is not among the legion who slavishly imitate Jimmy Smith.

(H.P.)

THE WHISTLER AND HIS GUITAR—ABC-Paramount 482.

Rating: ★★★ ½

Judged strictly in terms of its objective —entertainment for a wide audience—this venture succeeds admirably. One can only wish that all "commercial jazz" albums were as tastefully conceived and executed.

Thielemans follows the noble Slam Stewart-Major Holley-Roland Kirk tradition by playing and singing simultaneous ad lib lines. His whistling, in octave unison with his guitar, is extraordinarily adept. Everything swings; a jazz conception is even apparent in the slow ballads.

The Lowrey organ, with a sound distinctly different from that of the Hammond, is admirably handled by Hyman, whose solo verse, and harmonic concepts during the chorus, lift *Star Dust* out of its world-weary rut.

The originals (one of which, *Bluesette,* became a hit single) are pleasant, like everything else in this amiable set.

(L.G.F.)

Various Artists

THE PIANO ROLL—Folkways RBF 7: *Bubbling Spring* (Rive-King); *Southern Jollification* (Kunkel); *Beautiful Creole* (Alexandroff); *Floreine* (Schuster); *Let 'Er Go* (Will Wood); *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* (Harry Carroll); *Rag Medley* (Max Hoffman); *Sunburst Rag* (James Scott); *Floating Down That Old Green River* (Pete Wendling); *Something Doing* (Scott Joplin); *Pianoflage* (Roy Bargy); *Dardanelle* (Ted Baxter, Max Kortlander); *Sweet Georgia Brown* (Lee Simms); *Jazz Dance Repertoire* (Wendling); *Satisfied Blues* (Lem Fowler); *Dr. Jazz's Raz-Ma-Taz* (James P. Johnson).

Rating: see below

The Piano Roll is an excellent recorded documentary of the piano-roll rags cut from the early 1900s to the late '20s. The album was compiled, edited, and given a scholarly set of historical notes by Trebor Jay Tichenor, a young ragtime pianist-enthusiast from St. Louis.

The problems of rating this record are given in Tichenor's notes:

"Probably the most important problem that has not yet been fully studied is how much and in what ways the hand-played rolls were edited after the initial performances. An obvious criterion for analysis is whether all the notes or various phrases, etc., are humanly possible or probable. . . . One rarely comes upon a jazz roll performance as exciting as a piano record from the same period. . . . The basic reason is the limitation of expression in the home player piano."

It is interesting to note that the first side (tracks 1-8) consists solely of machine-cut rolls (i.e., rolls that were cut directly from the written score by machine). As a result, there are on these tracks virtuoso stunts that are humanly impossible—for examples, voicings added beyond the reach of the hand and the double-timing of prestissimo passages. The second side consists of hand-played rolls, as played by the original performer (some perhaps further edited after the rolls had been cut).

One shortcoming of this recording is the omission of several important artists, such as Jelly Roll Morton and J. Russell Robinson, for which Tichenor apologizes in the notes.

On the whole, the album is what it professes to be: a documentary—and an excellent one. There are some fine rags—by Joplin, Scott, Fowler, and Johnson. Also included is a lot of Tin Pan Alley schlock, some interesting cakewalks, and some drawing-room rags that show the influence of 19th-century classical keyboard composers.

(E.H.)

SONGSKRIT

A COLUMN OF VOCAL ALBUM REVIEWS

By JOHN A. TYNAN

Lena Horne: *Here's Lena NOW!* (20th Century-Fox 4115)

Rating: ★★★

Ever the supreme stylist, Miss Horne in this set combines social tract with vocal entertainment. The individual listener will have to decide for himself which outweighs what or if social polemic per se may be married validly with musical artistic effort.

Certainly the most celebrated track in this LP is *Now!* Freely contributed to Miss Horne, presumably for specific use in the movement for Negro rights, by Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne, the melody is none other than *Havah Negilah,* an Israeli song of stirring character which Miss Comden, Green, and Styne have little right to expropriate and donate. However, in the hands of the songwriters and Miss Horne, it emerges as a propaganda piece for democracy and as such is well rendered by the singer.

Other perorations for Negro rights are *The Eagle and Me* by Yip Harburg and Harold Arlen (sample line: "Yes, we gonna be free, the eagle an' me"); the universally appealing *Lost in the Stars;* the well-known Bob Dylan message, *Blowin' In the Wind;* and a final song of social significance, *Silent Spring.*

In the presumably prehistoric but still very appealing area of musical experience, Miss Horne sings in her unique style and manner an up-and-frantic *Great Day*; a very show-tuney *Once in a Lifetime*; a racing *Tomorrow Mountain;* a tender ballad, *Distant Melody*; a very ordinary (for Miss Horne) *Wouldn't It Be Loverly?*; a sexy *Meantime*; and a *The Best Things In Life Are Free* at a foxtrot tempo that can only be a joke (note the trumpets and their ad libs in this; Emmet Berry has got to be in there somewhere).

This is not the best of Lena Horne. But it has its moments—socially significant or otherwise.

Sarah Vaughan: *The Lonely Hours* (Roulette 52104)

Rating: ★★★½

A pleasant, if rather bland set scored by Benny Carter for conventional orchestra (i.e., woodwinds, brass, and rhythm) and strings reveals Miss Vaughan in delightfully relaxed mood at home with a repertoire of mostly familiar songs such as *I'll Never Be the Same, If I Had You, You're Driving Me Crazy, Solitude, What'll I Do?, These Foolish Things,* and *The Man I Love.* She also essays renditions of the album's title tune, *Friendless, Always on My Mind,* and *So Long, My Love. Look For Me, I'll Be Around,* also included, is not the Mills Brothers hit by Alec Wilder, incidentally, but a newer ballad of contemporary vintage.

Three of the tracks are worthy of special mention. They are *If I Had You, Solitude,* and *The Man I Love.* This is the Vaughan I love to listen to.

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

A COLUMN OF JAZZ REISSUES

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

New Orleans Jazz: The Twenties (RBF 203) two records

Rating: ★★★★

Coleman Hawkins: *Body and Soul —A Jazz Autobiography* (RCA Victor 501)

Rating: ★★★★

Jack Teagarden: *Tribute to Teagarden* (Capitol 2076)

Rating: ★★★★★

Harry James: *Twenty-fifth Anniversary Album* (MGM 4214)

Rating: ★★★½

The Essential Benny Goodman (Verve 8582)

Rating: ★★★

Dance to Artie Shaw (Decca 4462)

Rating: ★★

For more years than has seemed logical, those record companies that have concerned themselves with jazz reissues have been acting as though all early jazz recording (i.e., 1920s) took place in Chicago or New York.

Certainly, as one perused the reissues of the last dozen years, the impression has been given that nothing was going on in New Orleans then (almost the only beam of light in this area was the 10-inch Label "X" LP produced by Bill Grauer and Orrin Keepnews, *New Orleans Styles,* made up of recordings by the Jones-Collins Astoria Hot Eight, John Hyman's Bayou Stompers, and the 1925 New Orleans Rhythm Kings).

But now the whole early New Orleans discography seems suddenly to have been offered to us on a platter (several platters, actually, and not the whole discography, actually, but enough to make one wonder how it could have been passed by all this time). First there was Brian Rust's *Sounds of the Twenties* series, released in the United States on Odeon and distributed by Capitol Imports, which included some New Orleans discs. Then came Columbia's *The Sound of New Orleans.* And now Sam Charters' *New Orleans Jazz: The Twenties.*

The latter two are not quite comparable because the Columbia devotes considerable space to recordings made by New Orleans men after they had moved on to Chicago and New York, and it spreads into the '30s and '40s, while the Charters set concentrates on 1920s recordings made in New Orleans, except for two pieces recorded by A. J. Piron's orchestra during a visit to New York.

As a presentation of New Orleans groups, the Charters set gives a better and broader picture than the Columbia collection. It includes seven groups that are not heard on the Columbia (Columbia has two that Charters does not have, one of which, by Russ Papilia, is scarcely worth bothering with). Seven selections turn up in both sets.

Charters tends to choose better performances by groups that are represented in both collections. Moreover, Charters has two full LPs of New Orleans recordings while Columbia offers only 1½, one complete side of which is given over to Sam Morgan's Jazz Band.

Particular high spots in the Charters discs (these are performances not found on the Columbia) are a brilliant, driving attack on *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* by the Halfway House Orchestra; two excellent pieces by the New Orleans Owls, which show the group off to much better advantage than its one entry in the Columbia set; the graceful clarinet of Lorenzo Tio Jr. with Piron's Orchestra on *Red Man Blues;* the rich low-register clarinet of Willie Joseph and Louis Dumaine's strong trumpet lead with Dumaine's Jazzola Eight; the very Bixian horn of John Hyman (Johnny Wiggs) on *Alligator Blues;* and a pair of rugged, stomping, full-bodied essays by the Jones-Collins Astoria Hot Eight.

Charters has accompanied his selections with highly knowledgeable notes. There is no indication of how he arranged to issue these discs, all of which presumably belong to Victor or Columbia. But, under the circumstances, the best policy would seem to be gratitude that the deed has been accomplished and don't ask questions.

Turning from a geographical survey to a personal survey, we come upon *Body and Soul—A Jazz Autobiography,* a sampling of Coleman Hawkins from 1927 to 1963, which is the first release in RCA Victor's new Vintage Series (which, it should be noted, is *not* a series devoted exclusively to jazz—the first four discs in the series, besides the Hawkins, involve Isham Jones, Woody Guthrie, and Gertrude Lawrence).

Body and Soul, appropriately opens with Hawkins' classic set of variations on that tune and proceeds to a chronological display of his playing, starting with Fletcher Henderson, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, and the Mound City Blue Blowers, continuing, after his five years in Europe, with small groups led by Lionel Hampton, Hawkins himself, and Red Allen, plus a large, string-drenched orchestra conducted by Manny Albam, and winding up with Hawkins' appearances at the Newport Jazz Festival last summer with singer Joe Williams and tenorist Sonny Rollins.

Considering the time covered and the variety of circumstances in which he plays, the consistency of Hawkins' performances is almost incredible.

In this case, consistency should not be equated with sameness, for Hawkins reacts to each situation as it occurs, complementing his surroundings yet being completely himself. Although Hawkins does not let down, the general quality of his settings deteriorates in the postwar years. One notable exception to this is an excerpt from a Red Allen date in 1957 when J. C. Higginbotham uncorks a tremendous trombone solo that serves as a highly provocative challenge to Hawkins.

Tribute to Teagarden does not provide a survey of this type on Jack Teagarden but rather a choice set of recordings made by Teagarden with big bands led by Van Alexander and Harry Geller in 1956 and some good but not quite as top-drawer pieces by Teagarden's regular small group of 1958.

The big-band pieces focus on Teagarden's more famous past work—*The Sheik, Peg o' My Heart, If I Could Be with You, Beale Street Blues, Stars Fell on Alabama,* and so forth—in arrangements that capture the flavor of the originals but which give Teagarden's voice and trombone a clear field.

The recording is excellent, Teagarden is in superb voice, and his trombone playing is brilliant. The whole big-band set serves his memory exceptionally well. The small-group selections are less remarkable except for a beautifully played and sung *Casanova's Lament* and a glimpse of the delightful pianist Don Ewell on *China Boy.*

Harry James' *Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Album* is a combination of the techniques used on the Hawkins and Teagarden sets—it looks back over his 25-year career as a bandleader, but the performances are all recent ones.

One notes his latter-day dependence on the Count Basie approach (*Shiny Stockings*) and Quincy Jones (*Doodlin'*), although he seems to be able to play Duke Ellington (*A Train* and *Satin Doll*) with an individual approach (or maybe there's no point in trying to copy Ellington).

The nanny side of James' horn is present on *You Made Me Love You, Lush Life,* and *What a Woman Feels.* There's a bright Ernie Wilkins original, *The Jazz Connoisseur.* One of James' better pieces from the '40s, *Ultra,* is destroyed by extremely poor balancing. James does not remember much from his glory days on this disc, for he concentrates on more recent things and even plays a new version of *King Porter Stomp* that takes all the guts out of it. But he has a good band, he can still play as well as ever, and altoist Willie Smith adds considerable solo interest.

Like all the other entries in Verve's "Essential" series, *The Essential Benny Goodman* is not really essential at all.

It is made up of 12 selections taken from MGM's three-disc *Treasure Chest, 1937-'38,* which was made up of material left over from Columbia's earlier two-disc collection of Goodman air shots, *Jazz Concert, 1937-'38.* The recording tends to be heavy and tubby, and the spirit of the band, trio, and quartet, so evident on the Columbia set, comes through only occasionally.

The band really smacks on *Three Little Words* and *Big John's Special,* the sextet (with Charlie Christian) is in fine fettle on *AC-DC Current,* and Teddy Wilson is exceptionally bright and swinging with the quartet on *Smiles.* Otherwise, the disc consists of some of the least essential Goodman works.

But if *The Essential Benny Goodman* is not essential, what can be said of *Dance to Artie Shaw*?

Recorded by what is apparently a studio band that plays dismal arrangements with lumbering studio-band listlessness, the only creditable thing on the disc is Shaw's clarinet. No wonder Shaw got out of music.

—John S. Wilson

COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

When it was suggested not long ago in this space that composers ought to attempt some more sweeping gesture occasionally than the desiccated snufflings and hiccupings of academic post-Webern cliches, we had in mind nothing quite as sweeping as Leonard Bernstein's *Kaddish Symphony*. But here it is, all delirium and trembling at the brink of tremens, letting a listener appreciate with its superabundance of theatrical gesture exactly how it would feel to beg for a crust and then be whacked over the head with a loaf of French bread.

Dedicated with inevitable egregiousness "To the Beloved Memory of John F. Kennedy," Columbia's recording has the composer at the controls of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, his wife, Felicia Montealegre, speaking (too often ranting) Bernstein's own verses, and Jennie Tourel making futile passes in decaying mezzo-soprano voice at what is labeled a soprano part. And the Camerata Singers, the Columbus Boychoir, and what sounds like every percussion player in Local 802.

The whole show, then, sets out to outrage every canon of what somnolent concertgoers have learned to identify as "good taste."

Does it succeed? You bet. Does it matter? Astonishingly, not as much as one might guess.

Bernstein has not written the great American symphony (in fact, it is not a symphony at all but a symphonic cantata of Berliozian proportions and pretensions), but while it is being played out, it commands and deserves full attention.

Comparison with some of the most ambitiously romantic of Liszt's tone poems, such as the *Faust Symphony*, constantly suggests itself. The music of both men shares the same brazen refusal to pretend to a gentility that it despises, at bottom, and an inability to resist giving the bass drum one more big thump when the previous thump has exhausted all thumping possibilities. Even the dedication of this anti-elegiac shriek of Old Testament religiousness seems designed to affront the very Harvard that spawned both Bernstein and Kennedy. This is what happens, one can hear the Brahmins saying, when you let the Irish and the Jews in.

When this four-movement work, Bernstein's *Symphony No. 3*, received its first performances, the cries of outrage that greeted it were amazingly vituperative, especially in New York. But what proves surprising to an outlander on first hearing the *Kaddish Symphony* is its undeniable power, even if that power is weakened by a heavy current of bombast.

All the kitchenware of modern music is on display: jazz, serialism, 12-tone rows and many of the sounds of electronic experiment, even though voices and instruments are used to produce them. However, far from being the bankruptcy of talent that some reviews have proclaimed it, Bernstein's *Kaddish* is a tolerably brave step in one of several directions that U.S. music could profitably explore.

Oddly, the aspect of this work that has received most notoriety—its "blasphemous" text, which harangues God as if he were some nearly senile Jewish father whose son has discovered that he is fallible and

COLUMBIA RECORDS

LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Thump on thump but a step nonetheless

even foolish—fails to undercut the score as it seemingly should.

Much of the criticism of Bernstein's text strikes one as sanctimonious and even hypocritical. The overripe elocution style of Miss Montealegre, which gets its teeth into every rug in sight but misses some of the subtler thrusts, may have thrown some listeners off guard.

Surely more was intended by the composer than rhetorical flourish when he calls out "Amen! Amen! Did you hear that, Father?/Do I have your attention . . . ?" Or "So this is the Kingdom of Heaven, Father,/Just as you planned it./Every immortal cliche in place./Lambs frisk. Wheat ripples./Sunbeams dance."

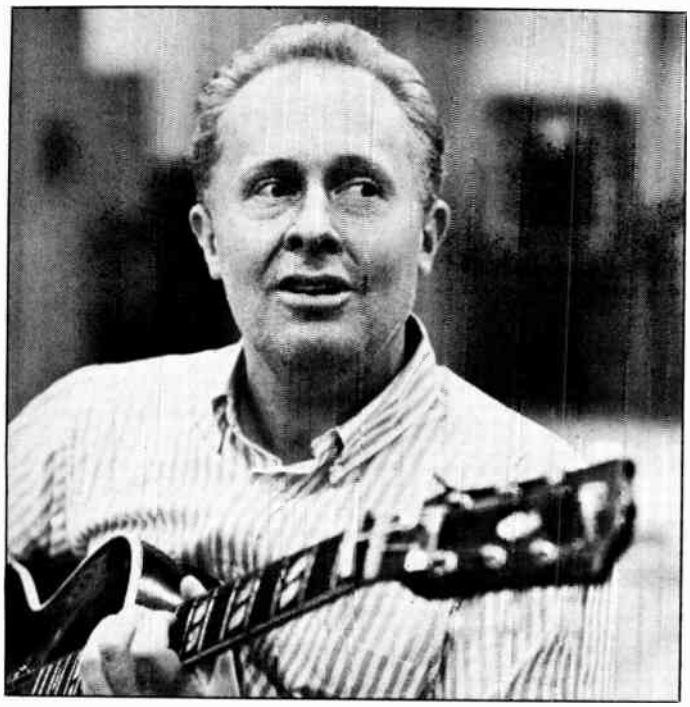
All this, one submits, is rather good of its heavily ironic kind—ham on wry, if you insist, but not by a long way the repulsive idiocy that one had been led to expect.

It seems obvious from this recording (Columbia KS-6605) that for all the ecstatic effusiveness of his own performance, other interpretations might bring out more solid qualities in Bernstein's *Kaddish*.

But he aims for a rhapsodic abandon that particularly suits one side of the Jewish temperament—the side identified with Hasidic mysticism. And he hits the target.

Musically, this is a richly intricate score. If objections can be lodged against its philosophical foundation, they should be directed not at any supposed blasphemy but at the text's lapses into the pretentious emptiness of Archibald MacLeish's *J.B.*

A work of art can support an unmeasured amount of "bad taste" if it is sincere. What can blow down even the most cunningly built structure, however, is the hot air of cant. Whatever else, Bernstein deserves credit for daring to expose his artistic convictions. Blasphemy that may be, but it also is the first step toward significance as an artist. db



EPIC RECORDS PHOTO

BLINDFOLD TEST HERB ELLIS

By LEONARD FEATHER

The titles of a couple of Herb Ellis' albums on Verve give a rather good idea of his musical derivation and direction: *Thank You, Charlie Christian* and *Nothing but the Blues.*

Although he shares his Southwestern origin with innumerable important guitarists, from Christian and Oscar Moore to Eddie Durham and Lightnin' Hopkins, Ellis was not drenched in the blues from infancy.

It was at North Texas State University that his maturing interest in jazz was encouraged by the companionship of Jimmy Giuffre, Gene Roland, and Harry Babasin, plus the presence on the faculty of a pioneering educator, Dr. Eugene Hall.

Since ending his five-year membership in the Oscar Peterson Trio (1953-'58) Ellis has toured with singers Ella Fitzgerald and Julie London, freelanced in Hollywood, and since 1962 has been on staff with the *Steve Allen Show,* as well as recording with his own groups for Epic. The following is his first *Blindfold Test;* he split one with Wes Montgomery two years ago (*DB,* July 19, 1962). He was given no information about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. Wes Montgomery. *Tune-Up* (from *Fusion!,* Riverside). Montgomery, guitar; Jimmy Jones, arranger; others unidentified.

I think that's Wes Montgomery. I've heard about that album—the one he made with Jimmy Jones; but I've never heard anything from it before. Wes sounds great, as always; but I don't particularly like that kind of writing for strings, that voicing, for jazz. Not that you shouldn't do it at all, but it tends to sound a little light, and a little synthetic. I think the background hampered him some.

Nevertheless, I'd have to give his playing four stars and the record two stars. I thought the rhythm section was pretty clumpy—that can be the way it was recorded, but it sounded like it was laboring to me.

2. Sonny Rollins. *The Night Has a Thousand Eyes* (from *What's New?,* RCA Victor). Rollins, tenor saxophone; Jim Hall, guitar.

The trouble with bossa nova, jazzwise, is that it's just too confining. You can only extend your emotions to a certain point. The rhythm section can only get so hot. So if you press too hard, or try to get some real feeling going, then it's no longer bossa nova. So you're limited.

The players were good; I liked the guitar player. I don't know who the saxophone player was—might be Sonny Rollins . . . and it might be Jim Hall—did sound like him, and then it didn't. He played the bossa nova rhythm like you're supposed to play it—which is all he can do.

I wasn't too impressed with the saxophone solo; I don't like that kind of sound, and some of the notes laid a little hard on my ear. Three stars.

3. Spirits of Rhythm. *My Old Man* (from *Swing Street,* Epic). Doug Daniels; tiple; Teddy Bunn, guitar; Leo Watson, tiple, vocal. Recorded, 1933.

I know it's an old record! The first stringed instrument that played didn't sound like a guitar—it sounded like a low-pitched ukelele or something. I have no idea who it is. But for the time it was made, it was a good record.

Sounds like it should be "Somebody and the Rhythm Boys." That record's got to be made in the '30s. The early '30s. It's still a three-star record for the time, maybe better.

Guitar sounded a little bit like Al Casey, but I don't think it is.

4. Stan Kenton. *Reuben's Blues* (from *Adventures in Blues,* Capitol). Gene Roland, soprano saxophone, composer, arranger; Kenton, piano.

That's what I'd call commercial jazz. But it's well recorded. And it's got a good feel to it. The rhythm section sounded good. And the soprano sax—I can't imagine who it would be. Oddly enough, it sounded a little like Jimmy Giuffre, but I know he wouldn't be on a date like this!

If I were rating this as jazz, I'd have to rate it two stars, but as commercial, four stars. It swung. I'd be happy if more of that went on in the Top 10 than what does.

5. Joe Pass. *Wives and Lovers* (from *Joe Pass and the Folkswingers,* World Pacific). Pass, 12-string guitar.

It could have possibly been Joe Pass, but whoever it was, was excellent. I do object to the instrument. I just played one of those things today for the first time, just fooling around with Johnny Gray, and they're hard to play. I don't see how he got it out as clean as he did.

But I thought the composition was good—the chords were interesting, it sounded good, it swung good, and it's worth four stars to me. And the player was my kind of player, whoever he was. I'd say it was Joe Pass.

6. Jimmy Giuffre. *Dichotomy* (from *Free Fall,* Columbia). Giuffre, clarinet, composer; Steve Swallow, bass.

What do they call that? A-440 with accompanying overtones? I can't rate it. It sounds like two guys got together and tried to see how many funny sounds and noises they could make. I can't find the music in it, as a total thing. However, I'd only heard him play three notes when I decided this had to be Jimmy Giuffre!

Jimmy Giuffre is a five-star musician, but that composition, in my opinion, can't be rated. I can't explain why somebody I know and respect could do something like this. It's not for me to say. After all, who knows? He might be right, and I might be wrong.

Now, they're playing this kind of music because they want to. If I had to play this kind of music, I'd have to give it up! There's no center, musically, to it. I just don't get anything from it. No stars.

Was I right? Was that Goose Grease?

7. Jimmie Lunceford. *Pigeon Walk* (Decca). Al Norris, guitar; Eddie Durham, composer. Recorded, 1937.

First of all, I'd rate it—well, you have to rate them allowing for when they were made, right? Then this has to have a good rating. I'd say it was Jimmie Lunceford, and if it was, it'd have to be a guy called Al Norris, playing guitar. Got to be made in early or middle '30s.

I thought the sax section sounded great. I'd like to hear some sax sections sound that good these days! It was an excellent record. For the era, has to be a five-star record, in my opinion.

8. Grant Green. *Come Sunrise* (from *Sunday Mornin',* Blue Note). Green, guitar; Kenny Drew, piano; Ben Dixon, drums.

I don't know who it was, but I like the guitarist—the whole record was good. Thought the drummer sounded excellent. And the piano player. It just swung along nice, from the start to finish, and they maintained a very good groove.

Let me see if I can narrow this down—he's one of the so-called modern guitar players? Offhand, I'd say it was Kenny Burrell. Four stars. db

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

Jazz at the Crest

Crest Theater, Toronto, Ontario

Personnel: Norman Symonds, Gordon Delamont, Ron Collier, composers; Don Francks, Tommy Ambrose, Kathy Collier, Greg Winkfield, Bruce Armstrong, singers; Barbara Chilcott, actress; George Feyer, cartoonist; Denis Burton, painter. Orchestra: Fred Stone, trumpet; Bob Angus, trombone; Rick Wilkins, Pat Riccio, Morty Ross, reeds; Darwin Aitken, piano; Lennie Boyd, bass; Rick Marcus, drums.

The contention that jazz composers sometimes can be a pretentious, pompous lot was dispelled one Sunday evening at the Crest.

Produced by Norman Symonds, Canada's best-known jazz composer, the program featured his music along with works by Delamont and Collier, but none of it was presented in the conventional manner.

It was one of the wildest evenings in Toronto jazz, but it also presented jazz in a fresh, provocative setting to a capacity crowd. Subtitled A Collage for Theater, the program embraced drama, poetry reading, painting, and cartoons,

To a Symonds work called *Music for an Interpreter,* originally intended for a dancer who couldn't make the gig, a substitute arrived in the person of painter Burton, who completed two large abstracts by the final downbeat.

Equipped with several pails of paint of brilliant colors, Burton used his brush and palette knife—and hands and arms—in perfect rhythm to both the slow and fast sections of the two-part work. At one point, worked up by a couple of compelling solos by tenor saxophonist Rick Wilkins and trombonist Bob Angus, Burton improvised with such fervor that conductor Delamont and members of the band were desperately ducking the flying paint. By intermission the audience had also heard a reading of Canadian love poems by actress Barbara Chilcott, while music created by Delamont (some of it in a highly abstract style in addition to the lightly swinging segments) highlighted the varying mood of the poems.

This was followed by a brilliant performance by singer Don Francks, who read, sang, and danced to quotations voiced by jazz musicians, set to a pungent score by Don Collier. At the halfway mark the mood of the evening was established. Francks' barrage of comments touched glitteringly on the blues, Bessie Smith, narcotics, race, and sex.

To top it off, the intermission crowd in the lobby was able to view the Burton abstracts, which, if nothing else, established that a painter, when he's in the mood, can improvise as fast and furiously as a jazzman.

In the second half, attention was focused on the major work of the evening, Symonds' scoring of the Mad Hatter's tea party in *Alice in Wonderland.* For the most part, the libretto (written by Francie Jones) stuck to the book's mad dialog, with appropriate jazz embellishments, but veered quite away from the expected with the instant sketches of the Cheshire Cat drawn by cartoonist George Feyer on a huge overhanging screen.

Handicapped somewhat by the lack of true jazz voices, Symonds made up for it with orchestral selections, exuberantly played by the eight-piece band offstage, that skillfully blended blues, honky-tonk, and rock-and-roll styles into a background for the whacky Lewis Carroll dialog.

Here again, Francks, as the voice of the hip Cheshire, was in his element, delivering the lines with such aplomb that one could easily understand why Alice, convincingly portrayed by the blond, sweet-voiced Miss Collier, much preferred him, oddball though he was, to such absurd characters as the Dormouse (Bruce Armstrong), the March Hare (Greg Winkfield) and the Mad Hatter (Tommy Ambrose).

Delivered mostly in recitative fashion, the best vocal moments were supplied by Francks and Ambrose. Essentially a pop singer, Ambrose, nevertheless, injected a strong jazz feeling into most of the songs, particularly a witty aria called *Time. I Knew Three Sisters Who Lived in a Well* also came across well.

As one critic stated, the tea-party scene, now 40 minutes long, is a work that would be worth stretching into a full-length pocket musical, a la *Fantasticks.*

The program, a brainchild of the Crest Theater's women's committee, was booked for one evening only, but it could have run much longer. As in the excitement a great jazz performance can generate, there was a feeling that it shouldn't have stopped. Nobody wanted to go home.

—Helen McNamara

Duke Ellington

Wollman Auditorium, Columbia University, New York City

Personnel: Duke Ellington, piano; Peck Morrison, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums. Willie (The Lion) Smith, piano; Billy Strayhorn, piano, vocal.

This Duke Ellington Jazz Society presentation had perhaps been planned as a repeat of Ellington's magisterial piano recital at New York's Museum of Modern Art in 1962. But with Ellington at the helm, each event is unique. And this evening was as unrepeatable as the first had been.

After a belated but warm welcome to the audience (the key to the piano had been mislaid), Ellington settled down at the keyboard and toyed with the introduction to *New York City Blues,* building shimmering chords into *Reflections in D,* coming to a warm climax of mood, and then softly drifting off—a tenderly evocative performance full of nostalgia and beauties of sound. Then came what Ellington called *Little African Flower,* a ripe, rich, calm flower in his relaxed hands.

The third solo selection was a rare treat: an Ellington piece never recorded by him, though Jimmie Lunceford cut it in 1935—*Bird of Paradise.* Introduced as "something I wrote in 1924 or thereabouts," it turned out to be a stately piece appropriately named. "Of course, I can't

play as much piano as I did then," Ellington had said. If anyone had played that much piano in 1924, they'd have locked him up. Then came *Single Petal of a Rose*, the calm, lucidly romantic solo interlude from a suite dedicated to Britain's Queen Elizabeth. It is the only piano solo Ellington regularly features with his band, and he played it this evening with consummate mastery.

The solo half of the program ended with *New World Acomin'* (named after the fine book by Negro writer Roi Otley), a 1945 tone-poem that Ellington also had played at the museum recital. Bristling with charming melodic ideas (some of them later independently reshaped), it is a work that one hopes the composer will return to. This was the first foot-tapping music of the evening; as moving and delightful as the previous pieces had been, here Ellington in toto was coming into view—the Ellington touch (pianistic in the grand tradition of the instrument), the Ellington palette of sound, the Ellington fancy, all now wedded to the Ellington beat.

The second half brought on Ellington's new bassist, Morrison, and tried-and-true drummer Woodyard. They joined the leader for a joyful warmup ride on *The A Train*, followed by *Satin Doll*, *Caravan* (percussive mastery from Ellington), *Mood Indigo* (lovely piano, completely relaxed), and the *Banquet Theme* and *Skillypoop* from the incidental music to *Timon of Athens*. On the latter, Woodyard gave a percussion exhibition full of whimsey and skill. Morrison's bass was always equal to the situation—a rather demanding one for a newcomer to the ranks.

Then came the medley, including *Solitude*, *Sophisticated Lady*, and *It Don't Mean a Thing*. In this new guise, the oft-criticized medley revealed how well Duke can conjure up the spirit and sound of the whole Ellington band with just piano, bass, and drums; he offered the delights of the familiar, proving that jazz encompasses durable delights. Novelty is not the sole dimension of this or any other art, as Ellington well knows. This was a celebration of a living tradition.

After swinging the blues, Ellington brought on Willie (The Lion) Smith. Though Smith at first declined to follow his old friend at the piano, he was persuaded to play and announced James P. Johnson's *Carolina Shout*. This piece de resistance of the Harlem piano battles is a tough warmup, but Smith soon found his groove, playing stride as only he can —complete with cigar and exhortations to Woodyard.

Ellington, in turn, refused to follow Smith ("an influence on *all* piano players, including Tatum"), calling instead on Billy Strayhorn to join him in what proved to be a rousing duet sounding like an abandoned version of *Tonk*. It was great fun to watch as well as to hear: Ellington sitting, Strayhorn standing, Duke handling the bass, Billy the treble.

Next, Strayhorn played and sang his own *Lush Life*—the song he had played and sung for Ellington in 1938 in Pittsburgh when the two first met. True to the tradition of composers singing their own tunes, Strayhorn's version was the perfect one, in spite of his vocal limitations.

Giving a free reading of his *Jones* closing speech, with Strayhorn, Morrison, and Woodyard swinging softly in the background, Ellington brought to a close an evening that had reflected brilliantly some lesser-known facets of his musical personality and had displayed more than usual his wit, warmth, compassion, and wisdom.

—Dan Morgenstern

FEATHER *from page 17*

Louis and his wife at the time, Alpha. That they were approachable and affable and did not treat me like scum was almost more than I could believe. Here I was standing and talking and drinking beer with Louis Armstrong, whose record had started me off on what was to be a lifelong adventure.

Though I had heard about U.S. prejudice, it was impossible for any young Englishman to grasp at gut level the enormity of the issue, to realize how Armstrong reacted to the new identity England gave him. The realities of the legal, social, and psychological subservience under which he had lived for 30-odd years were not to be grasped until I had spent several years living closer to them, 3,000 miles away.

The Negro population of England in the 1930s was negligible. Jim Crow was just a phrase I had read. Armstrong was the first American jazz musician I had ever met, the first Negro, the first personal idol. The following year, when Ellington arrived on his maiden voyage, I knew nobody close enough to him to introduce me, and I hadn't the nerve to introduce myself. But by then I had determined that England was no place to study jazz; New York had become my spiritual home. In the summer of 1935 I gave up a $12-a-week job with a Wardour St. film outfit (I was writing for *Melody Maker* on the side) and together with a pianist named Felix King, who had similar ambitions, set sail.

The day before we docked, a cable arrived from a young man I had met during one of his London visits: MEET YOU PIER TOMORROW. HAMMOND.

On July 29, 1935, a new world appeared: unreal, vast, terrifying, and fascinating, but one I knew now was the only world I wanted. As I stepped off the gangplank and shook John Hammond's hand, the reality began to sink in. New York was no longer something on a postmark; within hours Harlem would be more than just a word on a record label. The land of jazz was right here under my feet.

(To be continued)

created his lyric improvisations over standard chord changes, but here he has de-emphasized harmony by using modes and therefore set an atmosphere that would let his improvisation sail unfettered by its not having to follow a complicated chord pattern.

This album, and Davis' modal playing, had an impact on jazz that was at least as strong as that of his 1949 nonet records. Soon after this LP's release, modal jazz became prevalent —as if Davis suddenly had illumined a dark area for those not always able to find their own way.

The Davis solos are among his finest work, each one shaped with care and sensitivity. His playing, particularly on *So What?* and *Blue in Green,* is almost morose in its melancholy. The other titles are *Freddie Freeloader, Flamenco Sketches,* and *All Blues.*

Coltrane's work stands in contrast to that of the leader. The tenor saxophonist uses the modes as foundation on which to build whiplashing streams of notes between his more melodic phrases—and in the process showing another way to use the material at hand.

Adderley and Coltrane at this time influenced each other considerably, but on this record the altoist stands somewhere between the two approaches embodied in Davis and Coltrane.

Evans is closest to Davis' touching lyricism. The pianist contributes a particularly lovely introduction to *So What?* (and the effect of mist rising from the moors is enhanced by the bass of Paul Chambers). And he and Davis create a feeling of other-worldliness on the ballad *Blue in Green.* Wynton Kelly's appearance in place of Evans on *Freddie* offers a contrast in pianistic approaches, Kelly's generally a lighthearted, outgoing one and Evans' introspective and reflective.

Further recommendations: The Davis-Evans *Sketches of Spain* album contains compositions in which the modal approach also comes to the fore. Cogent examples of the *Kind of Blue* album's impact on other musicians are Paul Horn's *Something Blue* (Hifijazz 615) and *The Sound of Horn* (Columbia 1677).

CHARLIE MINGUS, *Mingus, Ah, Um* (Columbia 1370)

One of the strongest individualists in jazz is Mingus, long noted as a virile bassist and an exceptional composer. His bass playing has been a source of inspiration for many young bassists—one can hear much of it in the work of the late Scott LaFaro and LaFaro's followers. But Mingus' greatest contributions to jazz have been the sometimes boiling performances of his works by his orchestras. Mingus is able to draw in his listeners as few others can.

There is a sense of freedom in a Mingus group's emotionally charged performance. Sometimes the horns and rhythm seem to be going in several directions at once, but underlying all is form and musical organization. Mingus also has the ability to invest his music with most human emotions —there are cries of pain and passion, shouts of joy, and hilarity.

The cited record is made up of Mingus compositions that range from the rolling, tent-meeting flavored *Better Git It in Your Soul* to the tranquility of *Goodbye, Pork Pie Hat,* a touching dedication to the late Lester Young that features good tenor playing by Booker Ervin, to the satire of *Faubus Fables* and *Jelly Roll,* the first a combination of a ricky-tick theme and ominous background, the second, named for pianist Morton, a blending of old-time jazz and modernity.

In his work Mingus employs much of the jazz spectrum; there always is a good deal of Duke Ellington present, as on this LP's *Boogie Stop Shuffle* and *Open Letter to Duke,* as well as a deep blues feeling (best illustrated in his solo on *Pussy Cat Blues)* and tinges of Gospel music and traditional jazz. And, of course, there is the ever-present specter of Charlie Parker in Mingus' work.

Other musicians on the album include Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Shafi Hadi and John Handy III, alto saxophones; Horace Parlan, piano; and Danny Richmond, drums.

Further recommendations: Mingus has said that his best record is one made in 1957 and released in 1962: *Tijuana Moods* (RCA Victor 2533). In addition to the excellent Mingus compositions inspired by a trip to Tijuana, Mexico, the album has sterling trumpet work by the little-known Clarence (or Gene) Shaw.

Relatively early Mingus can be heard in *The Clown* (Atlantic 1260), which contains the remarkable *Haitian Fight Song,* as well as *Blue Cee* and *Reincarnation of a Lovebird.* The title track combines jazz and the spoken word, as improvised by Jean Shepard.

JOHN COLTRANE, *Giant Steps* (Atlantic 1311)

Coltrane is deserving of being called one of the outstanding tenor saxophonists. More than any others, he and Sonny Rollins have exercised the greatest influence on young saxophonists in the last five years.

Like other important jazz artists, Coltrane has gone through periods, times when he seemingly concentrated on one area of his playing. *Giant Steps* is the ultimate statement of Coltrane's harmonic period, or as some call it, sheets of sound. Coltrane developed this multinoted style during the time he worked with Miles Davis.

The style was based on running scalular figures through the chord changes and augmenting with more changes those being played behind him—a grafting of one chord onto another, as it were. This gave his playing a density that at times gives the illusion of blocks of sound piled one on top of the other. Coltrane's fluency made it possible to execute these runs at great speed, as exemplified on the album's title track.

Though he gained the reputation of being a harmonic player, Coltrane was always a melodist and most often tied lyrical passages together with these sheets (as on the album's *Spiral).* At other times, as on *Countdown,* there was an unmistakable curve to his solo, but the curve was buttressed by innumerable notes, much as a roller coaster is supported by a complex structure. And despite the abundance of notes, his was not an ornamented style—each note had its place in the over-all form.

His tone, then as now, is quite expressive. Never sentimental, it nonetheless can evoke tenderness on ballads. Most often, however, Coltrane's tone added to the urgency of his work with its sometimes raspy quality, not unlike that of a country blues singer.

He is supported on this record by the impeccable Tommy Flanagan, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and Art Taylor, drums. Pianist Wynton Kelly and drummer Jimmy Cobb substitute for Flanagan and Taylor on the album's one ballad, *Naima.*

All the compositions are by Coltrane; in addition to those mentioned, they are *Cousin Mary, Syeeda's Song Flute,* and *Mr. P.C.*

Further recommendations: *Coltrane Jazz* (Atlantic 1354) is from the same period but is slightly below *Giant Steps* in quality. Of more recent vintage is the excellent *My Favorite Things* (Atlantic 1361), which includes two tracks with Coltrane playing soprano saxophone.

Early Coltrane can be heard on the Miles Davis Quintet albums and in the albums under the tenorist's name, such as *Soultrane* (Prestige 7142) and *Traneing In* (Prestige 7123), the latter with the Red Garland Trio.

(To be continued in the next issue)

INNER EAR

By BILL MATHIEU

Why is jazz losing its audience? Most discussions center around the economics of jazz, the attitude of the jazz performers, the greediness and/or squareness of owners and middlemen. I would like to shift attention to the music itself and its relation to society.

The mainstream of jazz is in a peculiar position. The last revolutionary change in the musical content took place in the 1940s. From 1945 to 1960, musicians and audience alike were fully occupied with learning and absorbing the language and dialects of Charlie Parker and his associates. There were side issues of importance and many fads of little importance, but the center line has been remarkably clear.

Twenty years have passed between the time when Parker was considered an exciting revolutionary and the present, when his thought defines the foundation of the conservative status quo.

Twenty years is a long time in a life of 60 (about how long jazz has been a conscious creature). It is long enough to have incubated a subconscious unrest. This unrest says that our most immediate needs cannot be expressed by the music of Parker. Twenty years old is too old for a new language in jazz. Jazz is looking for another Parker.

If someone were to appear on the New York scene today with Parker's originality and vitality and with his same sense of history, jazz would find itself in a new world. This is unlikely, however, for many reasons. Historical conditions never repeat exactly. Parker came from a musical society that has no parallel today. Yet it would be unduly pessimistic to say the absence of such concentrated revolutionary jazz community rules out the possibility of its eventual re-emergence.

These are complex musical reasons why the new Parker has not shown himself. A glance at the state of contemporary "classical" music may give us an insight into their nature.

Classical harmonic thought passed directly from Wagner to Arnold Schoenberg. Schoenberg's earliest pieces were really super-Wagner, and they evolved gradually into the atonality of his later works. But Schoenberg and his students were largely ignored for 20 or 30 years. Though they were never actually rejected, classical music was too busy with Igor Stravinsky's stylistic development, Paul Hindemith's severe classicism, and Bela Bartok's down-home style of genius to take much notice of Schoenberg's prophetic statements.

Today, about 40 years after Schoenberg's great vision began to crystallize, the musical community is in rare agreement as to the great value of his thought.

The next step in musical progress is far enough along so that the Viennese Three (Schoenberg, Anton Webern, Alban Berg) are beginning to take the shape of history; and this next step springs as much from Schoenberg as Charlie Parker sprang from *his* roots. The new Parker of classical music has emerged. His name, Pierre Boulez, is on tongues just as in 1945 Parker's name was on tongues.

The reason Schoenberg's thought took 40 years to catch on is that its connection with the past, though direct, is not readily evident. It is a connection so complex that considerable immersion in the problem is necessary before Schoenberg can be appreciated as an "advance." It has taken 40 years of exposure before communal agreement has been reached. It has been reached, finally, and composers now see enough evolutionary possibilities with enough relative clarity that musical activity is at high tide.

Jazz, however, is at low tide. Or at least it seems to be.

I believe there are a number of avant-garde musicians who, taken together, are evolving in a way that somewhat resembles the giant steps of Schoenberg. As was the case with Schoenberg, the tonal barrier is being broken, with the resultant emergence of new states of musical organization. There is the same critical cry of "anarchy," the same accusations of ugliness, the same remonstrations that musicians are apart from society. The important difference is this: many musicians *feel* the new way of thinking, but nobody seems quite able to *do* it. Some men seem to come pretty close. (Tenorist Archie Shepp is closest in my opinion.) But though the air is vibrating with it, no one can yet say, "There it is!" We are confused by its complexity and put off by its apparent distance from ourselves.

It is no surprise that this struggling music finds only a small audience. A super-Bird would bring us home. But it is possible that super-Bird will never appear, that The Step will be an infinite series of tiny steps, and that we will awake to discover ourselves somehow changed. Meanwhile, the old Bird speaks from a greater and greater distance to our new daily selves.

In this context I am a jazz optimist. Jazz is in essence an affirmation, ceaselessly restated. In these times, when all men are painfully becoming conscious of the integrity of every man, jazz, of

all the arts, will find a way to say the immediate "yes."

The future lies with the very artists who seem to be drawn in from society, these members of the avant garde whose music scarcely pays its own way today. But the yes-struggle is inside these men. The same convictions that generate this struggle will eventually communicate their "yes" to us. db

FROM THE TOP

STAGE-BAND ARRANGEMENT REVIEWS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

THE QUEEN BEE: *Composed and arranged by Sam Nestico; Kendor Music, Inc.*

The Queen Bee, a medium-tempo number of medium difficulty, is an excellent piece of writing that is well suited for concert or training work.

In order to achieve maximum results with this arrangement, which is from the *On Stage* series, careful attention will have to be paid to dynamics, in order to bring out the contrasts in the arrangement.

There is excellent material here to train the band to play precisely with balance at a soft dynamic level. There are also loud, full, and rocking ensemble passages to provide variation.

Care will have to be paid to many consecutive eighth notes that occur so that they "lay back"—fine material to train the band not to rush. Many eighth-note patterns are used that demand the usual swing-feeling delay of the second eighth.

The musical content of the tightly written ensemble passages and of the whole arrangement is more than sufficient to warrant its use in concert or dance work. While emphasizing the ensemble throughout with strongly and very well-written sections, there is a piano solo in the middle of the arrangement. Two French horn parts in F are included.

DIMPLES: *Composed and arranged by Johnny Richards; Private Library, Inc., 35 W. 53rd St., New York 19, N.Y. (Available by subscription only.)*

Dimples is a rather subtle arrangement that goes through most of its course depending on blend, balance, and effective soloists (well-written solos are included as a guide).

The arrangement opens with an ensemble statement of the theme in dark, rich colors. This should be played as softly as possible. The style of the arrangement dictates that it be played with an almost even eighth-note feeling. Accents in the lines become very important in order to give a swing feeling to the music.

Featured soloist is the trumpeter, who is added to the repeat of the theme and then plays through the bridge to the end. Other soloists then follow—tenor saxophone, trombone, alto saxophone, trumpet again, and alto again. The arrangement closes with the trumpet again soloing over the theme.

The main function of the band in the middle section is to provide accompanying backgrounds to the solos. Sometimes it accompanies; sometimes it lays down contrapuntal lines. There are no real ensemble choruses, and the band plays up only at modulations or on the lead-ins for the soloists.

This is a difficult number that highlights the soloists, especially the trumpet and alto. It is a very worthwhile and, of course, well-written and tasteful arrangement that is well worth the effort involved in its preparation.

EMANCIPATION BLUES: *Composed and arranged by Oliver Nelson; Edward B. Marks Music Corp.*

Emancipation Blues is a section of Nelson's *Afro-American Sketches* with some of the solo space either dropped or shortened.

This excellent arrangement opens with a brass chorale or hymn tune. Tuba should be used here if available. The hymn resolves into a medium blues tempo and an interlocking riff figure in the saxes and trombones that acts as a vamp to bring in the melody in the alto saxophone and trumpets in unison. There should be no break between the hymn and the blues section, and care must be taken not to play the blues too fast.

In the solo sections, which could be opened up as they are on Nelson's recording of the piece, the rhythm section plays two choruses of a sort of arpeggiated stop-time accompaniment and then lapses into a straight swing four.

Solo space is provided for the trumpet and the alto. On the second chorus of the alto solo, the brass comes in with a marching block-chordal pattern that the composer terms "old-time march style."

This is a fine number of moderate difficulty, in which soloists can be featured and in which the band can swing and enjoy itself. It is the type of arrangement that can be played by a good high-school band and yet is musical enough to be performed by a college or professional band. The availability of Nelson's recording helps greatly.

VAN EPS *from page 17*

ers into two groups, mechanics and musicians. He explained:

"A *musician* would be good on any instrument providing he has the physical characteristics that are needed to play it. On the other hand, there are good *mechanics* who are very proficient mechanically on their instruments and can play anything, but they're not very inventive. I don't look down my nose at either one. You need both.

"One of the most wonderful examples of that is the compliment Heifetz paid Fritz Kreisler. Kreisler was a wonderful, warm musician and a fine composer, so Heifetz once told him that he didn't know what he'd do for violin literature if there weren't writers like Kreisler. Whereupon Kreisler replied that he didn't know what *he* would do without Heifetz to play the stuff.

"So I think this is important. There are good mechanics, and then there are those who get their point across because of their enthusiasm even though their performance is just a little slipshod. But you overlook that, because what they're saying is so important you have to overlook it. Now, if a good mechanic is turning in that slipshod performance, you would criticize him for it because he's not supposed to do that. He has let down someplace; he hasn't been practicing, and he's been riding on his laurels. Conversely, if a musician who is known to be highly creative, and his time is taken up creating so that he doesn't have the time to stay as proficient as he should, this factor has got to be taken into consideration in evaluating his work."

Currently engaged in writing original music for the guitar (a folio of his solos was recently published by Plymouth Music, New York), Van Eps also is preparing a solo-guitar album. Previously he recorded one LP for Columbia records; he said plans called for a second "but it got short-circuited somehow." This month he appears in solo concert at Newport Beach down the Pacific coast from Los Angeles, where he lives.

After 37 years of professional playing, George Van Eps would say this to young, up-and-coming or aspiring guitarists:

"It's the old bromide. You get out of it what you put into it. This goes for talent too. With no talent you can sit there and sit there; you're putting time into it, but you're not putting in any talent. So you're not going to get any talent out of it." db

AD LIB *from page 10*

than 8,000 persons dug Hampton. Promoter **Bob George** now wants him to come back as often as possible.

Jazz had a spate of exposure on television during the last few weeks. On the *Steve Allen Show,* which regularly features jazz stars, **Art Blakey** and the Jazz Messengers, **Roland Kirk, Count Basie,** and **Carmen McRae** have been the latest. The Basie-McRae segment of the July 1 show was in honor of *Down Beat's* 30th birthday. Pianist **Bill Evans** will be seen on the Allen show Aug. 12; he taped his appearance before setting sail for Europe for several engagements. Meanwhile, **Erroll Garner** made his happy presence known on the rather staid *Bell Telephone Hour* in mid-June. And **Duke Ellington,** with his band, were seen and heard on a recent *Ed Sullivan Show.*

Music Inn, Lenox, Mass., has announced its 10th season of concerts in its Music Barn. **Louis Armstrong** begins things on July 5 and is followed by **Pete Seeger,** July 11-12; **Olatunji,** July 18; **Lionel Hampton,** July 19; **Woody Herman,** July 26; **Carlos Montoya,** Aug. 1; **Dave Brubeck,** Aug. 2; a hootenanny with **Judy Collins** and others. Aug. 8; **Thelonious Monk,** Aug. 9; **Miriam Makeba,** Aug. 12; **Odetta,** Aug. 15; **Dizzy Gillespie,** Aug. 16; **Ian and Sylvia,** Aug. 22. **Miles Davis** and **Sarah Vaughan** are tentatively scheduled for late in the season.

Jim Harrison has been promoting a series of jazz concerts at the West Side YMCA (63rd St. and Central Park West) under the title Jazz on the West Side. The first featured tenor saxophonist **Roland Alexander** with **Gary Bartz,** alto saxophone; **Charles Tolliver,** trumpet; **Albert Daly,** piano; **Bill Davis,** bass; and **Henry Jenkins,** drums. The second was headed by tenor saxophonist **Hank Mobley** with trumpeter Tolliver, pianist **Walter Davis Jr.,** bassist **Ron Brooks,** and drummer **Clifford Jarvis.** The third spotlighted trombonist **Bennie Green** with alto saxophonist **Wilbert Dyer** and the rhythm section that played with Mobley . . . Mobley trumpeter **Tommy Turrentine** and pianist **Barry Harris** played a Jazz Perspective session at the Skyline Room of the New Hotel Theresa on Seventh Ave. and 125th St. for Harrison and vocalist-mimic **Jadaa Harvell,** who emceed and performed. Harrison also helped to co-ordinate an Art and Jazz program at the 125th St. YMCA. Alto saxophonist **Bobby Brown's** quartet played in conjunction with an exhibit of paintings. The rhythm section consisted of **Lonnie Smith,** piano; **Don Moore,** bass; and **Edgar Bateman,** drums. The same group, with

Hal Dodson in place of Moore, did a concert at the Hudson Guild on W. 28th St. in early June.

Vibist **Joe Roland** took his group into the Rainbow Grill, replacing pianist **Dudley Moore,** who returned to England. With Roland were guitarist **Ron Anthony,** bassist **Ralph Rost,** and drummer **Eddie Dell** . . . Tenor saxophonist **Joe Farrell's** quartet played opposite **Sonny Rollins** at the Five Spot. With Farrell were **Eddie Diehl,** guitar; **Don Moore,** bass; and **Edgar Bateman,** drums . . . When vibist **Cal Tjader** played the Apollo Theater, he had with him **Lonnie Hewitt,** piano; **Armando Peraza,** conga drum, bongos; **Johnny Rae,** drums, vibraharp; and **Terry Hilliard,** bass.

Veteran trombonist **Wilbur DeParis** was at the Broken Drum through the month of June with brother **Sidney,** trumpet; **Garvin Bushell,** clarinet; **Sonny White,** piano; and **John Smith Jr.,** guitar, banjo . . . Singer **Bobbe Norris,** formerly of San Francisco, appeared at the Gold Bug, opposite the **Cannonball Adderley** Sextet and then did a weekend at the club accompanied by the **Mal Waldron** Trio (Waldron, piano; **Julian Euell,** bass; **Al Drears,** drums) . . . Trombonist **Benny Powell's** quartet has shifted back to the Sunday nights at the Most. During **Terry Gibbs'** lengthy stay at that east-side club, the vibist was abetted by **Walter Bishop Jr.,** piano; **Lou McIntosh,** bass; and **John Dentz,** drums . . . Drummer **Al Beldiny's** group at Jazzland (at the World's Fair) includes **Ray Starling,** mellophone; **Bill Rubenstein,** piano; and **Jimmy Stevenson,** bass . . . Bassist **Chubby Jackson,** not so chubby now, has formed a group with singer **Judy James,** called Chubby 'n' Judy 'n' the Swingers. They recently played at the Sniffen Court Inn . . . Organist-singer **Joe Mooney** is appearing at the Penthouse Club on Central Park South.

Drummer-teacher **Sam Ulano** conducted a clinic for the Raritan Bay Drummers' Association at the Step Inn Ballroom in Sayreville, N.J. . . . Writer **Jack McKinney** started a series of weekly hour-long shows on WSOU-FM on June 18 dealing with the **Stan Kenton** Band. The series, to last all summer, will feature visits from various Kenton alumni, and special unreleased material from McKinney's private collection, including **Charlie Parker** with the Kenton band. It is being presented in conjunction with a biography of Kenton that McKinney is preparing for the leader's 25th anniversary in 1966. Any former Kentonians who have interesting stories or anecdotes that might be included in the book are invited to contact McKinney c/o the English department of Seton Hall University at Paterson, N.J.

ENGLAND

The 1964 City of London Festival will feature two jazz concerts held at the Guildhall. The first, on July 10, is to feature **Tubby Hayes** and an all-star big band, plus his regular quintet, the **Johnny Dankworth** Quintet, and the **Ronnie Ross** Quartet and Tentet. The second show, on July 17, is to be devoted to Barber, and the big bands of **Humphrey Lyttleton** and **Alex Welsh,** who will also feature their regular small groups.

Woody Herman and his band are due to visit in July for a short tour . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** cut some sides while in London. Among those recorded was the **Beatles'** international hit, *Can't Buy Me Love.* The session was co-supervised by **Norman Granz** and Beatles' a&r man **George Martin** . . . At the presentation of the national records awards organized by the Gramaphone Record Retailers Association, **Johnny Dankworth's** *What the Dickens* album was voted the best modern-jazz record. **Kenny Ball** also received an award for his *Golden Hits* album, which was picked as best orchestral record. Dankworth's *Dickens* album, one of the biggest selling jazz LPs of the year, also was voted the most outstanding jazz work at the presentation of the 1963 Ivor Novello awards.

The newly inaugurated BBC 2 television station opened with a **Duke Ellington** jazz concert. Forthcoming jazz shows will feature the **Kenny Baker** All-Stars; **Henry (Red) Allen; Mark Murphy** with **Tubby Hayes;** the **Modern Jazz Quartet** and **Laurindo Almeida; Champion Jack Dupree** with **Chris Barber; Johnny Dankworth;** the **Oscar Peterson** Trio; the **Dave Brubeck** Quartet; the **Cannonball Adderley** Sextet; **Humphrey Lyttleton,** who will lead a specially formed big band; and **Benny Golson,** who will form an orchestra of top British jazz stars to play his compositions and arrangements. BBC 2 also is to present a series of 14 shows titled *International Cabaret.* **Ted Heath's** will be the resident band, and among guest stars already booked are singers **Nancy Wilson, Mel Torme,** and **Diahann Carroll.** The programs will be produced and directed by **Buddy Bregman** . . . **Tubby Hayes** has begun a series for Rediffusion Television called *Jazz Girl.* The first four programs feature saxophonist Hayes' quintet with singers **Joy Marshall, Betty Bennett, Madeline Bell,** and **Barbara Moore.** The series appears at peak evening viewing time.

Kenny Ball, recently returned from a lengthy tour of Scandinavia and Europe, embarks on his first concert tour of Romania, opening in Bucharest

Sept. 1. This will be followed by his second Far East tour, starting at Hong Kong in November . . . **Ray Charles** undertakes his second British trek July 7 . . . **Marian McPartland** visited here recently and was on a number of radio and television dates . . . Impresario **Harold Fielding** said he hopes to fix up a tour for **Frank Sinatra** in September . . . **Erroll Garner** is due for a British tour in October.

TORONTO

Among recent Town Tavern visitors have been three tenor saxophonists of note: **Illinois Jacquet,** who brought his own quartet; **Zoot Sims** and **Ben Webster,** each of whom was backed by the **Norm Amadio** Trio. Another Town performer was vocalist **Johnny Hartman.**

At the Colonial, **Jan Scobey** brought along a Dixieland band from Chicago that featured trombonist **Floyd O'Brien,** clarinetist **Jug Berger,** and trumpeter **Rostelle Reese** . . . Prior to the Scobey stint, singer **Jimmy Rushing** with tenorist **Buddy Tate's** quartet performed for two weeks . . . During the same period **Lionel Hampton's** 13-piece band was ensconced at the Friar's, singer **Carmen McRae** at the Savarin, and **Muddy Waters'** South Side Blues Kings at the First Floor Club . . . Singer **Phyllis Marshall** went on to the King Edward's Oak Room after her Savarin engagement . . . The newest afterhours club, the Green Door, has been featuring the **Wray Downes** Trio and **Jim McHarg's** Vintage Jazz Band . . . Vibist **Peter Appleyard** returned to town for a week at the Plaza Room and then was followed by organist **Jackie Davis.**

NEW ORLEANS

Tulane University's recent Jazz Day program featured a variety of speakers and jazz groups. The **Eureka Brass Band** opened the day with a parade and concert, followed by a lecture on jazz history by **Dr. Edmond Souchon.** An avant-garde group led by pianist **Jimmy Drew,** with drummer **Jimmy Zitano** and bassist **Bill Huntington,** presented an experimental session, and a third concert by the **Crawford-Fergusen** revivalist band followed. Concluding the program was a panel discussion on jazz styles. **Dr. Gilbert Chase,** head of the Inter-American Institute of Musical Research, was moderator, and the panelists were Souchon, Drew, pianist **Ellis Marsalis,** and **Dr. Henry Kmen,** a specialist in the music history of New Orleans.

Pianist **Buddy Prima** has lined up drummer **Bob Ventrulla** and guitarist **Bill Huntington** for a modern group after his July discharge from the Army . . . The Jazz Museum recently received the clarinet of the late **John Casimir** and a number of items contributed by drummer **Monk Hazel** . . . The **George Lewis** Band made a return trip to Japan, and trumpeter **Kid Thomas** is touring England . . . The Playboy Club has changed house pianists; **John Propst** replaces **Ed Fenasci** in the Living Room.

An unusual concert sponsored by the New Orleans Jazz Club featured the **6 and 7/8 String Band** and **Billie** and **Dede Pierce.** The string band began in 1913 as a group of youngsters working out string versions of standard jazz tunes. The group had not played as a unit for more than a decade; it was reactivated for the concert. Its members are **Bill Kleppinger,** mandolin; **Bernie Shields,** steel guitar; **Dr. Edmond Souchon,** guitar; **Charles Hardy,** ukelele; and **Red Mackie,** bass . . . Disc jockey **Ken Barnes** hosts a new three-hour modern-jazz radio show on Saturday nights on WDSU . . . **Al Hirt's** plush new club finally opened after a series of postponements.

PITTSBURGH

Friday and Saturday afternoon matinees at Crawford's Grill have become quite the thing with well-attended sessions for **Horace Silver** and **Richard (Groove) Holmes.** Pittsburghers **Joe Henderson,** tenor saxophone, and drummer **Roger Humphries** are in the Silver quintet, and the college crowd seemed to dig trumpeter **Carmell Jones** . . . Fifteen-year-old blind saxophonist **Eric Kloss** has the veteran musicmakers here excitedly predicting success as a jazz musician for the youngster. Those who have shared the stand recently with young Kloss say his musical maturity is uncanny.

In Harrisburg WKBO has begun programing a two-man jazz team, **Barry Parsons** and **Toby Young.** Their 11 p.m.-to-2 a.m. *Jazz Today* recently had on the show guitarist **Kenny Burrell** and his drummer, **Bill English.** The center of the Pennsylvania state capital's jazz activity is the Lawson Hotel, where guitarists **Grant Green** and **Wes Montgomery** are scheduled for summer dates . . . The 18-piece **Ray DeFade** band got good local reception at Sewickley's Edgeworth Club just prior to a scheduled concert at the New York World's Fair.

CLEVELAND

The Hermit Club's 19-piece big band received standing ovations from two separate audiences recently for their performance of leader **Bud Wattles'** arrangement of the music from **Leonard Bernstein's** *West Side Story.* The band has just completed recording the arrangement along with others by the vibist and by pianist **Dick Lezius.** Per-

sonnel additions to the band include trumpeter **Chuck Finley** and trombonists **Mike Sweeney** and **Don Ackerman;** the lead trumpeter, **Rick Kiefer,** is also working with **Dave Ennis'** house band at the Americana.

Woody Herman canceled his scheduled date at Leo's Casino, but the Herd will appear at Cedar Point this summer. Meanwhile, **Count Basie's** orchestra was a sell-out at Leo's, who filled June with the sounds of **Les McCann, Cannonball Adderley,** and **Aretha Franklin.** Fairly recent additions to the Basie brass sections are **Wallace Davenport,** trumpet, and **Henderson Chambers** and **Grover Mitchell,** trombones.

Al Blaser's Case Tech Stage Band played a concert at Strosacker Auditorium, on the Case campus, that also featured a quintet called **Le Cinq.** Western Reserve University band director **Terry Small** conducted the Case band in a well-received rendition of **Igor Stravinsky's** *Ebony Concerto,* originally composed for the **Woody Herman** Band . . . Musicarnival, the tent-theater-in-the-round, began its summer jazz concert series with performances by **Ahmad Jamal, Cozy Cole,** and the **Dukes of Dixieland** in June. Other concerts scheduled include those by **Dave Brubeck,** July 12; **Louis Armstrong,** July 26; **Maynard Ferguson,** Aug. 9; and **Lionel Hampton,** Sept. 6.

CHICAGO

With the coming of warm weather, N. Wells St.—sometimes called the Carnival Strip of Old Town—blossomed forth with numerous bands, most of them tradition-bound. Among those working on the street, which is thronged with pleasure seekers almost every night, have been pianist **Little Brother Montgomery,** reed man **Bob Skiver,** cornetist **Ted Butterman,** trumpeter **Johnny Mendell,** clarinetist **Jug Berger,** trombonist **Larry Boyle,** pianist **Fish Johnson,** drummer **Booker T. Washington,** trumpeter **Marty Marsala,** and clarinetist **Frank Chace.** On weekends at the Old Town Gate, Boyle heads a five-piecer that has featured several of the brighter Dixie lights; Butterman also fronts a Dixie crew at the Gate. Montgomery, with Skiver and Washington, has been most often at the Touch of Olde. Pianist **Judy Roberts** can usually be heard fronting one of the few modern-jazz groups in the area. **Lionel Hampton** brought his big band into the Plugged Nickel, another Wells St. bistro, for a rousing, and successful, two-nighter. **Pepper Adams** was featured on baritone saxophone with the band.

Organist-pianist **Clarence (Sleepy) Anderson,** 37, died on Mother's Day. Anderson, who had worked with many jazz names, such as **Dinah Washington** and **Gene Ammons,** was last heard with the **Three Boss Men.** He died of a stomach hemorrhage . . . Trumpeter **Don Goldie** was held over at the London House until July 5. **Erroll Garner** comes in for two weeks, beginning July 7, and will be followed on the 21st by the **Oscar Peterson** Trio for four weeks. **Stan Getz** is supposed to open at the supper club on Aug. 18 for a two-week stand . . . **Art Blakey** and the Jazz Messengers were at McKie's for two weeks. They were followed by the **Jazz Crusaders,** who gave way to organist **Jack McDuff,** currently ensconced at the south-side club. When trombonist **Al Grey** played McKie's he had with him **Frank Haynes,** tenor saxophone; **Leo Blevins,** guitar; **Bob Cunningham,** bass; and **Candy Finch,** drums.

A new trio made its debut at the Frolic Lounge, 832 E. 47th St., last month. The group is called the **Chicago Rhythm Section** and is made up of pianist **Claude Black,** bassist **Richard Evans,** and drummer **Benny Cooke** . . . Drummer **Freddie Wacker** now fronts his own big band, which includes such musicians as tenorist **Mike Simpson,** bass trumpeter **Cy Touff,** altoist **Howard Davis,** and drummer **Bob Cousins.** Most of the book, according to the leader, is by Simpson . . . Organist **Baby Face Willette,** with **Ben White** on guitar and **Eugene Bass** on drums, continues to be featured at the Moroccan Village at 79th and Vincennes.

Pianist **Larry Novak's** trio (bassist **Cleveland Eaton** and drummer **Vernell Fournier)** moved from the London House to Mister Kelly's, replacing **Marty Rubenstein's** threesome. **Nancy Wilson** opened at the club June 15 and closes this Sunday, the 5th . . . **King Fleming** heads a trio at Chicago Heights' Long's Village Pump. With the pianist at the summer-long engagement are bassist **Malachi Favors** and drummer **William (Bugs) Cochran.**

LOS ANGELES

The final breath of the Purple Onion was one for the books. **Sid Bernstein,** apparently the legal owner of the former jazz club (there appeared to be several other individuals involved in management of the room), was arrested by federal agents at his North Hollywood home while taking a shower. The Internal Revenue contended in Bernstein's arraignment here before U.S. Commissioner **Theodore Hocke** that the clubowner reopened the Purple Onion for business after it had been padlocked for nonpayment of $8,700 in back taxes. Treasury agents had seized the club May 4 and padlocked it. Bernstein was booked at L.A. County Jail and charged with "forceful recovery of seized property."

Suddenly Monday night becomes one of the swingingest nights of the week. In addition to the goings-on at Shelly's Manne-Hole, the **Jimmie Rowles** Trio added Mondays to its regular Sunday night stand at Burbank's Carriage House, and ex-**Stan Kenton** reed man **Gabe Baltazar** took a new quartet into the Mama Lion at Western and Beverly. **Max Bennett** is the regular bassist with Rowles (Bennett recently took a month's leave to join the **Eddie Fisher** show) and **Nick Martinis** is on drums. With Baltazar (who, incidentally, is playing alto sax and flute) are **Ray Dewey,** piano; **Porky Britto,** bass; and **Chiz Harris,** drums.

Lew McCreary's new septet is making Monday nights jump at the Showcase

in Studio City. With trombonist-bass trumpeter McCreary is his similarly armed sidekick from the original **Page (Cavanaugh) 7, Dave Wells.** The Cavanaugh group split apart last November with McCreary, Wells, and drummer **Jack Sperling** taking their leave. McCreary, a big shareholder in the co-op Cavanaugh-fronted group, currently is taking legal action against the Page 7 in an attempt to recover his investment. The balance of the trombonist's new septet includes Sperling, **Gene Cipriano,** reeds; **John Gray,** guitar; **Claude Williamson,** piano; and **Morty Corb,** bass.

Philly Joe Jones, the latest jazz Californian-by-adoption, joined the Drum City staff of percussion teachers in Hollywood. The drum school at D.C. is now known as the Philly Joe Jones-**Bill Douglass** Drum School. Also teaching are **Eddie Atwood** and **Roy Harte.**

SAN FRANCISCO

Count Basie's one-nighter at the Sands Ballroom in Oakland drew 1,600 fans, a Monday night attendance that hasn't been matched for at least 20 years, according to Sands' owners **Tony** and **Ralph Martin.** Several hundred listeners spent the evening crowded around the bandstand in a scene recalling the halcyon days of the swing era. The band subsequently played a week at Harvey's Wagon Wheel at Lake Tahoe, Nev., before going to the Los Angeles area where it completed a recording session with **Frank Sinatra,** appeared on **Steve Allen's** television show, played Disneyland and a few one-nighters before flying to New York, where it was to play at the St. Regis Hotel for the wedding reception for pianist **Peter Duchin,** son of the late **Eddy Duchin.**

Bassist **Charlie Mingus** shook up the bay area with his two-week engagement at the Jazz Workshop here. Minus some 80 pounds, which he shed by dieting, and his beard, which he had shaved off, Mingus' trim figure recalled the days he first was leading his own combo here. His disposition also was improved. He conducted himself with propriety and used "thank yous" and "excuse mes" when the situations called for them. As a result, he regained some old friends and made some new ones. Mingus was accompanied by tenorist **Clifford Jordan** and drummer **Dannie Richmond.** Because pianist **Jaki Byard** was kept home in New York by family duties, Mingus filled his place here with **Jane Getz.** On his last two days at the club, Mingus recorded for his label, Debut, in sessions engineered by Fantasy records, which distributes the Debut line. Altoist **John Handy,** who now resides here and is a former Mingus associate in New York, recorded on several of the tracks.

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

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: Trini Lopez, Smothers Bros., to 7/4.
Begere's (Huntington): Jimmy Butts, Juanita Smith, tfn.
Blue Spruce (Roslyn): Teddy Wilson, tfn.
Broken Drum: Wilbur DeParis, tfn.
Cafe Au Go Go: Mort Sahl, Fred Neil to 7/5. Vaughn Meader, Jesse Colin Young, 7/10-25.
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: Leroy Parkins, tfn.
Half Note: Wes Montgomery to 7/2. Roy Haynes, 7/3-9.
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, tfn.
Horner's Ad Lib (Perth Amboy, N.J.): Morris Nanton, tfn.
Jazzland (Louisiana Pavilion, World's Fair): unk.
Junior's: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
Metropole: Dukes of Dixieland to 7/4. Woody Herman opens 7/13.
Mr. J.'s: Morgana King, tfn.
The Most: Chuck Wayne, Muriel Roberts, tfn. Benny Powell, Sun.
Playboy: Monty Alexander, Walter Morris, Phil DeLaPena, Ross Tompkins, tfn.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, tfn. Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Thur.-Sat.
Strollers: Marian McPartland, tfn.
Village Gate: Nina Simone, Jorge Morel, Ron Eliran, to 7/5. Dizzy Gillespie, 7/7-8/2.
Village Vanguard: Max Morath, tfn.

PARIS

Blues Bar: Hazel Scott, Sonny Criss, Mae Mercer, tfn.
Calavados: Joe Turner, tfn.
Cameleon: Michel Hausser, tfn.
Caveau de la Huchette: Maxim Saury, tfn.
Chat Qui Peche: Donald Byrd, Eric Dolphy, tfn.
Ladybird: Sonny Grey, tfn.
Living Room: Art Simmons, Aaron Bridgers, tfn.
Riverboat: Mowgli Jospin, tfn.
Slow Club: Claude Luter, Marc Laferriere, tfn.
Trois Mailletz: Big Jones, Dominique Chanson, tfn.

PHILADELPHIA

Barn Arts Center (Riverside, N.J.): Dizzy Gillespie, 6/28.
Carousel (Trenton): Tony Spair, tfn.
Cypress Inn (Morrisville): Johnnie Coates Jr., tfn.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims, hb.
Lambertville Music Circus: Dave Brubeck, 6/29.
Marlyn: DeeLloyd McKay, tfn.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.
Pep's: unk.
Playmate: Del Shields, tfn.
Showboat: unk.

BOSTON

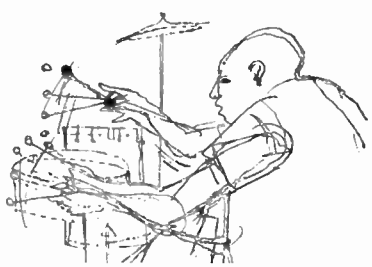
Barn: 1200 Jazz Quartet, tfn.
Basin Street South: Lovelace Watkins to 7/5.
Cottage Crest (Waltham): Paul Broadnax-Champ Jones, Fri.-Sat.
Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Herb Pomeroy to 7/5.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike (West Peabody): Joe Bucci to 7/5. Yusef Lateef, 7/6-12. Abbey Lincoln, 7/13-19.
Number Three Lounge: Sabby Lewis, Arthur Medoff, tfn.
Village Green (Danvers): Dick Creeden, Fri.-Sat.
Wagon Wheels (West Peabody): Art Demos, Wed., Fri.-Sat. Teddy Guerra, Thur.
Westgate Lounge (Brockton): Lou Columbo, Tue. Chuck Boucher, Mon., Fri.-Sat

CLEVELAND

Brothers: Bobby Brack, wknds.
Capri: Modern Men, tfn.
Casa Blanca: Soul Brothers, wknds.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.
Club 100: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Corner Tavern: Dave O'Rourk, hb.
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro-Bob Lopez, tfn. Johnny Trush, Sat.
Esquire: Eddie Baccus-Lester Sykes, tfn.
Flamingo (Youngstown): Gene Rush, Ronnie Ross, Thur.-Sat.
Harvey's Hideaway: Jimmy Belt, tfn.
Leo's Casino: name jazz groups.
Lucky Bar: Weasel Parker, wknds.
Monticello: Ted Paskert-George Quittner, wknds.
Musicarnival: Dave Brubeck, 7/12. Louis Armstrong, 7/26. Maynard Ferguson, 8/9. Lionel Hampton, 9/6.
The Office: jazz, wknds.
La Porte Rouge: East Jazz Trio, Wed.-Sat.
Quinn's Restaurant (Solon): Joe Howard-Joan Howard, wknds.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb. Tops Cardone, tfn.
St. John Masonic Temple: Weasel Parker, Sun. morning.
Shaker House Motel: Angel Sanchez, tfn.
Squeeze Room: Bob Brandt, Tue.-Thur. Gil Lieb, Fri.-Sun.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy, hb.
Tangiers: jazz, wknds.
Theatrical Grill: name jazz groups.
Vanguard: Sounds of Three, tfn.

NEW ORLEANS

Al Hirt's: Al Hirt, tfn.
Blue Note: Dick Johnson, afterhours, tfn.



Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
Golliwog: 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, John Propst, Snooks Eaglin, hbs.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

MILWAUKEE

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

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: Eddy Davis, tfn.
Figaro's: sessions, Sat. morning.
Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, tfn.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington, Thur.
London House: Don Goldie to 7/5. Erroll Garner, 7/7-19. Oscar Peterson, 7/21-8/16. Stan Getz, 8/18-30.
Long's Village Pump (Chicago Heights): King Fleming to 9/6.
McKie's: Jack McDuff, 7/1-12.
Mister Kelly's: Nancy Wilson to 7/5. Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
Moroccan Village: Baby Face Willette, tfn.
Olde East Inn: Paul Serrano-Tommy Ponce, tfn. Jazz Interpreters, Wed., Sun.
Playboy: Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Ravinia Park: Ella Fitzgerald, 7/22, 24. Thelonious Monk, 7/29, 31.
Sutherland: Roy Hamilton, 7/3-12. The Impressions, 7/17-26. Muddy Waters, 7/31-8/9.
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trottier, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Ash Grove: Mississippi John Hurt to 7/19.
Beverly Cavern: Johnny Lucas, Fri.-Sat.
Black Bull (Woodland Hills): Gus Bivona, tfn.
Blueport Lounge: Bill Beau, tfn.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Max Bennett, Nick Martinis, Sun.-Mon.
Club Havana: Rene Bloch, hb.
Dixie Doodle (Pomona): Ken Scott, Bayou Ramblers, Fri.-Sat.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Ben Rozet, Victor Mio, tfn.
Handlebar: Wally Holmes, Fri.-Sat.
Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, The Saints, wknds.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Holiday Inn Motor Lodge (Montclair): Alton Purnell, Tue.-Sat.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy Dixieland Band, hb.
Huntington Hotel (Pasadena): Red Nichols to 10/7.
Intermission Room: William Green, Dave Wells, Art Hillery, Tony Bazely, tfn.
International Hotel (International Airport): Kirk Stuart, tfn.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, hb.
Mama Lion: Gabe Baltazar, Mon.
Marty's: Charles Kynard, tfn.
Metro Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, tfn.
Quail Restaurant (North Hollywood): Pete Bealman, Thur.-Sat.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Amos Wilson, Tue. Reuben Wilson, Al Bartee, Wed.-Thur. Kittie Doswell, wknds.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pud Brown, Ray Bauduc, tfn.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): sessions, Mon.
Reuben's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, tfn.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring, hb.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Jackie Cain, Roy Kral to 7/8. Stan Getz, 7/9-19.
Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Pete Berghofer, tfn.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.
Steak Knife (Redondo Beach): Lorin Dexter, tfn.
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, tfn.
Straw Hat (Garden Grove): Greater Balboa Jazz Band, Wed.-Sat.
Tobo's Cocktail Lounge (Long Beach): Buddy Vincent, tfn.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, hb.

SAN FRANCISCO

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):
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: Stan Getz to 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 Furgeson, 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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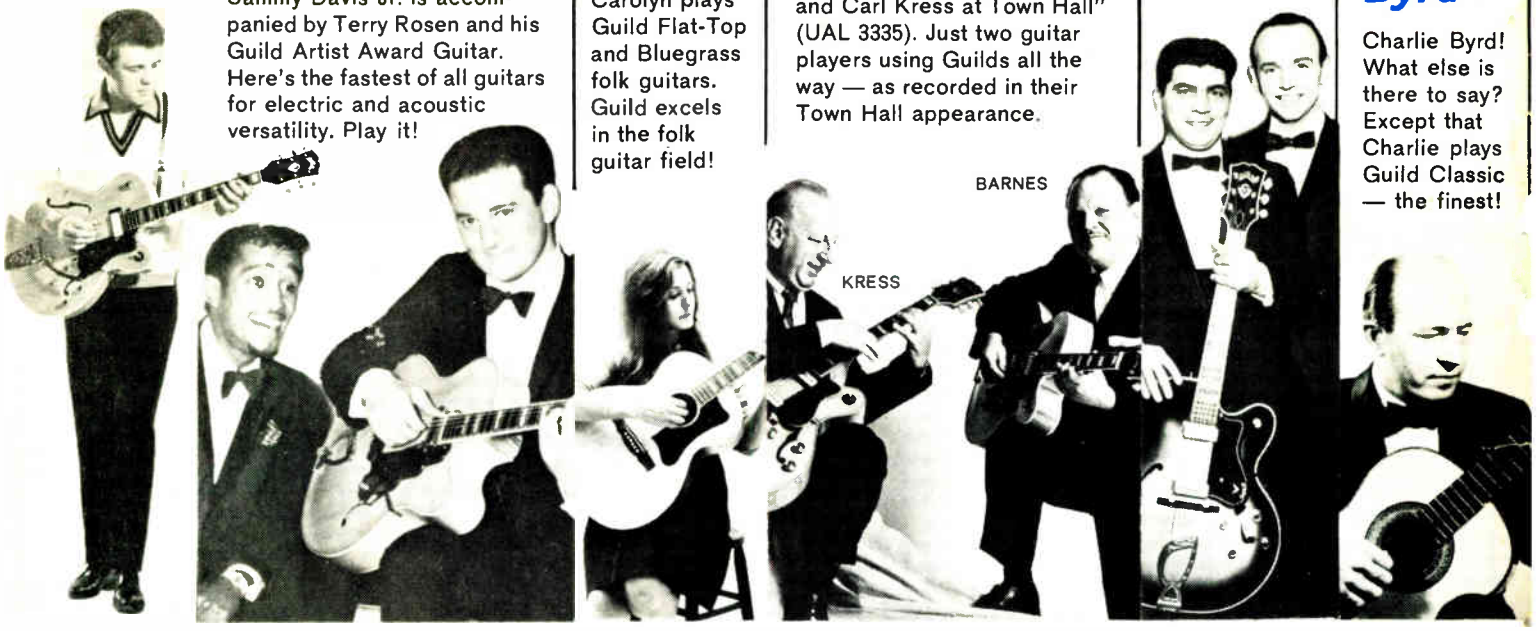

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