

AUGUST 27, 1964 35c

# down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

## Teletaping With Duke Ellington

*Martin Williams offers a view from the control booth*

## Into The Sun—Mary Lou Williams

*The many facets of jazz' leading female musician, sketched by pianist Marian McPartland*

## Jazz And Automation...

*Or, How To Stop Worrying And Live With Discotheque—A discussion*

## The World And Herbie Mann

*Or, What's Wrong With Success, Clubowners, the World's Fair, Booking Agents, the Musicians Union, Americans, and other subjects*

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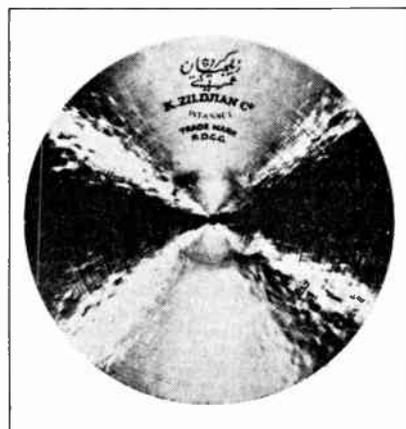
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PUBLISHER  
JOHN J. MAHER  
EDITOR  
DON DeMICHEAL  
ASSISTANT EDITOR/DESIGN  
PETE WELDING  
ASSOCIATE EDITORS  
DAN MORGENSTERN  
JOHN A. TYNAN  
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS  
LEONARD FEATHER  
BARBARA GARDNER  
ADVERTISING SALES MANAGER  
FRED HYSELL JR.  
PRODUCTION MANAGER  
GLORIA BALDWIN  
PROMOTION MANAGER  
JOHN F. WELCH

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Cover photograph by Morton Shapiro

Address all correspondence to 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.

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

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

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

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

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

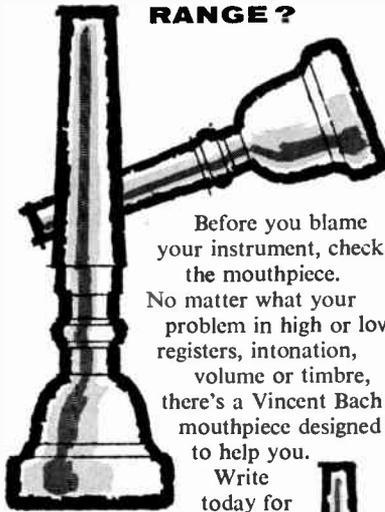
MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT;  
MUSIC '64; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS;  
N.A.M.M. Daily.

## CORRESPONDENTS

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Washington, D. C., Tom Scanlan  
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# CHORDS & DISCORDS

A FORUM FOR READERS

## Stop That \_\_\_\_\_ About Miles!

I would like to comment in reply to Raymond Jordan (*Chords and Discords*, July 30), who believes Miles Davis' abuse of the English language will set the Negro back 100 years.

Nobody is paying Davis to be a nice Negro. I've never listened to his unsurpassable genius because I like his personality. If every Negro in this country behaved in such a way that would impress upon the Caucasian what a swell fellow he is, we'd be boasting 20,000,000 black phonies who can't vote.

Donna Mae Kerr  
Seattle, Wash.

## John Bunch Letter Miffs

I feel criticism is necessary on the letter written by John Bunch in *Chords and Discords* (July 30). He nominates Miles Davis for President for his "exposing the all-time fraud in music known as avant garde."

The essence of jazz is improvisation. This leaves much room for different styles. I believe that any art form would die without evolution. Bunch has the right to dislike the newer directions of jazz, but he is definitely wrong in calling it a fraud.

Michael J. Gaines  
Miami Beach, Fla.

## DB, In A Sea Of Indifference

As a subscriber to *Down Beat*, I would like to say that it never fails to be interesting, informative, and, of most importance, inspiring. Americans' apparent lack of interest in jazz, its only native art form, is somewhat compensated for by allowing such a magazine to thrive in its environment.

Paul Watkins  
McCamey, Texas

## Reissue Tirade

For decades American jazz critics, when they could think of nothing else to write about, wrote tirades attacking the major record companies for not reissuing good classic jazz. Now that some companies are well into reissue programs, this has apparently been replaced by the carping-at-the-choices articles as recently exemplified by John S. Wilson (*DB*, July 16) and Martin Williams (*DB*, June 4).

Wilson's review of Sam Charters' apparently pirated New Orleans album is beneath contempt. I can well remember when the old *Record Changer* magazine was attacked for its support of pirate labels, but now, when a pirate issue partially duplicates legitimately reissued material, we are told, in essence, to buy the pirate material in preference to the Columbia package.

In Williams' article a major amount of the space whines about the issue of the

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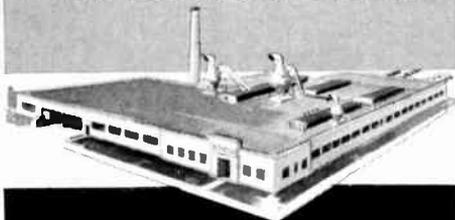
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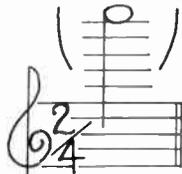
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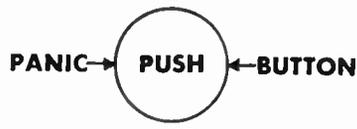
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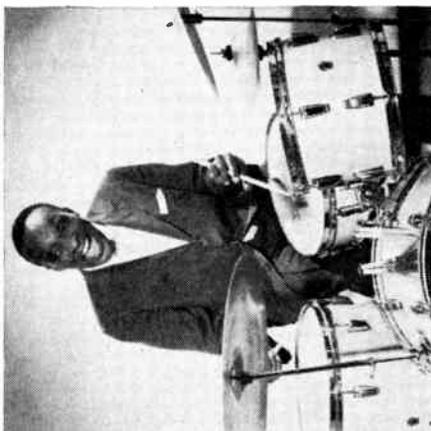


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Fate Marable item and the choice of Jelly Roll Morton items in the New Orleans album. Apparently Columbia should have pirated some of Victor's Morton items in order to gain Williams' approval.

*Down Beat* has been grossly unfair and sadly dishonest in its reviews, formal and otherwise, of the Columbia reissues.

Richard Brill  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

### Mingus News Treatment Saddens

It saddens me that *Down Beat* can waste columns of space writing about hearsay antics that Charles Mingus pulled off in Europe (*DB*, June 18, July 16). It would be better if one wrote about the beautiful music Mingus makes or the fact that no one in the world can play the bass the way he does or the fact that he is a major composer.

Because there are so few jazz publications, *Down Beat* cannot afford to waste one column—there is too much about the music to be said, and there are too many very talented unknowns who could benefit greatly from those columns.

I hope that in the future, *Down Beat* will do more to relate the beauty possessed by these jazzmen and leave the thrill-seeking reporting to the unscrupulous press.

Nancye Handy  
San Francisco, Calif.

### George Russell Gladdens

I hope that *Down Beat* will continue to print discussions similar to *Tangents* (June 18). George Russell's statement that we are all being brainwashed regardless of race, creed, or color was an important contribution.

Russell's characterization of the "new thing" as essentially a cry for truth I believe could be applied to nearly all of jazz. This music is truth in the midst of our false society.

John McLean  
Rensselaer, N.Y.

### Van Eps Appreciated

As a former guitar player, I naturally enjoyed and appreciated the annual guitar issue (July 16), especially the long-overdue recognition and appreciation of George Van Eps as one of our foremost jazz guitarists.

I have long felt that there was more to the jazz guitar than the flightful fancies over the frets of some of our modern virtuoso. Van Eps certainly proves it.

Don Jones  
South San Francisco, Calif.

### College Jazz Awards Stultify

*Down Beat* has recently contained several articles that dealt with young jazz musicians, but one question that yet remains is what can be done to weed out the false blue ribbons that are awarded to young musicians at collegiate jazz festivals.

The young musician first must travel the path of put-downs before he can formulate the criticism into self-corrective

playing methods. After this, he finds recognition through the development of technique, experience, and honesty. But when a slight amount of proficiency is achieved and he is given a first prize, the young musician often does not continue his search.

The professional criticism given at these festivals is most always helpful to the competing musicians. Yet when will this same honesty prevail from the jazz enthusiasts who are running these festivals and awarding ambiguous blue ribbons to the young jazz innovators?

Thomas V. Brenner  
Chicago

### More Respect Wanted

I can't help but take exception to many of the remarks made by Nat Hentoff in *Second Chorus* (*DB*, June 18). With few exceptions—for examples, Gerry Mulligan, Dizzy Gillespie, and Cannonball Adderley—most jazzmen today show absolutely no respect for audiences, and at times their attitude borders on contemptuous indifference. Most of the hip jazzmen on the scene are guilty of at least one if not all of the following: failing to start a set or concert on time, not introducing numbers or personnel, and walking off the stage after soloing.

The real problem with jazz is not the inaccessibility of the music but the lack of empathy between musicians and audiences caused by this hostile attitude.

If jazzmen want people to flock to the clubs and concerts, it's their responsibility to provide a conducive atmosphere. Maybe more musicians should wear bizarre hats and dance around the piano—it certainly beats turning your back and walking away.

Richard A. Waters  
Madison, N.J.

### Whatever Happened To Bebop?

What has become of bop? This is not intended to be a facetious question but represents a sincere bewilderment on my part as to the steady demise of quality bop.

There is no doubt that the various schools of music represented by many jazz groups are in some way related to bop music, but they are its extensions and not its fulfillment. At one time Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, and Miles Davis all signified bop; today they perhaps have outgrown it. The era of Charlie Parker and Bud Powell seems to have fallen into the ancient-history category.

Younger groups such as the Jazz Crusaders as well as the more established bands of Les McCann, Herbie Mann, and others are indicative of the movement away from bop, while scores of other artists whose musical styles are geared toward the fulfillment of bop per se are sorely neglected. What is worse, they have either dropped out of sight and sound or have invaded the field of commercial jazz in order to allay the threat of empty pockets.

Stuart C. Katz  
Chicago

# STRICTLY AD-LIB

## NEW YORK

Louis Armstrong's one-night stand at the Metropole in July broke all attendance records for the Times Square club. Block-long waiting lines formed outside the club. Armstrong & Co. were spelled by two groups jointly billed as the Newport Jazz Festival All-Stars. One, led by trumpeter Buck Clayton, included Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Dick Wellstood, piano; Russell George, bass; and Roy Burnes, drums. The other, headed by trumpeter Max Kaminsky, had clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman, pianist Bob Hammer, bassist Billy Cronk, and drummer Cliff Leeman. The evening's only sour note was the theft of Russell's clarinet. The two Newport groups remained on deck for the week, with pianist Marty Nanoleon replacing Wellstood.



ARMSTRONG

Birdland, back in full swing with a jazz policy, followed Miles Davis with the Cannonball Adderley Sextet and pianist Herman Foster's trio, while the Village Vanguard abandoned its ragtime policy in mid-July for the new comedy act of husband-and-wife team Ruby Dee and Ossie Davis, with jazz backing from tenor saxophonist George Coleman's quartet. The Coleman group also was featured on its own

... A new group, the Ronnie Ball-Jim Hall Trio, made its debut at the Most July 13. During its three-week stand, the pianist and guitarist (bassist George Tucker rounded out the group) also backed singer Helen Merrill, held over at the club along with pianist Muriel Roberts.

Clarinetist-composer Jimmy Giuffre was a featured guest at the Goucher College summer music festival in Baltimore. The resident Claremont String Quartet played Giuffre's 1952 *String Quartet*, and the composer joined them for a performance of his *Quintet for Clarinet and Strings*... A fund-raising concert was held at Synanon House in Westport, Conn., June 21, with Dave Allan, trumpet; Lee Grabinski, alto and baritone saxophones; Jeff Leonard, piano; Lou Cella, bass; and Sully Childs, drums. The event was a success, and more concerts are being planned.



GIUFFRE

Recent jazz activities at the world's fair included two free concerts at the Singer Bowl, one by Louis Armstrong's group, the other by Count Basie's band and a group led by Eddie Condon, with Max Kaminsky, trombonist Miff Sines, clarinetist Bob Wilber, bassist Jack Lesberg, Bob Hammer, and Cliff Leeman. Jimmy Rushing sang with both Basie and the Condonites. Teenaged drummer Les DeMerle has the house trio at the fair's Jazzland (Bob Hammer and Leonard Gaskin, bass), where recent headliners have been Gene Krupa and Maynard Ferguson. At the Balcony, a small music bar at the fair, tenor man George (Big Nick) Nicholas heads a trio of Jimmy Greene, piano, and Jo

(Continued on page 43)

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# down beat

August 27, 1964 Vol. 31, No. 24

## RIVERSIDE RECORDS GOES BANKRUPT

Riverside records, one of the leading independent jazz labels, filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in a Federal Court in New York on July 20. The company listed \$3,056,000 in liabilities and \$1,300,000 in assets. Riverside's chief creditor, the Textile Bank of New York, has taken liens on the company's various assets, including recording machinery, master tapes, and more than \$600,000 due from its distributors.

Among the company's other major creditors are recording artists Roebuck Staples of the Staple Singers (\$17,000), Milt Jackson (\$15,000), Cannonball Adderley (\$7,000), and Art Blakey (\$5,000), as well as several record pressing companies and publisher's agent and trustee Harry Fox. The Fox office had filed suit against Riverside on July 13 to protect its claim of \$12,000 in mechanical royalties.

Riverside, which has one of the most extensive catalogs in the jazz field, was co-founded in 1953 by Orrin Keepnews and the late Bill Grauer, both jazz experts whose prior collaborations had included publishing *The Record Changer* magazine, compilation of a jazz reissue series for RCA Victor's short-lived Label X, and co-authorship of a book, *The Pictorial History of Jazz*. At its peak, Riverside had several subsidiary labels, including Jazzland, Battle, Off-beat, and Washington, and the company's output took in children's records, a sports-car series, Gospel music, and contemporary chamber music.

The label's jazz catalog boasted such names as Thelonious Monk, Cannonball Adderley, Bill Evans, Milt Jackson, Sonny Rollins, Art Blakey, Max Roach, Junior Mance, Coleman Hawkins, George Russell, Tadd Dameron, Elvin Jones, Randy Weston, Philly Joe Jones, Wes Montgomery, Charlie Byrd, Chet Baker, Kenny Dorham, Johnny Griffin, and many others.

Riverside also was active in the jazz reissue field. The company early in its career released material from the old Gennett and Paramount cata-

logs in albums featuring Louis Armstrong, King Oliver, Tommy Ladnier, Bix Beiderbecke, Ida Cox and other blues singers, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Muggsy Spanier, Johnny Dodds, Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, and Jelly Roll Morton. In addition to the early Morton performances, Riverside acquired and issued the Library of Congress recordings made by the pianist, composer, and raconteur in the late '30s. These came to Riverside from Circle records, which also yielded material by Sidney Bechet, Chippie Hill, Montana Taylor, and other traditional artists recorded by Rudi Blesh in the mid-'40s.

Recently, Riverside acquired rights to the long-defunct Mercer label and issued an album of Duke Ellington-Billy Strayhorn piano duets taken from the Mercer material.

Among Riverside's more ambitious projects was the boxed-and-annotated, five-volume *History of Classic Jazz*, one of the first efforts of this kind in the industry.

At presstime, hope still prevailed that the company's catalog might remain intact under new ownership, but the future of this not inconsiderable slice of jazz history is uncertain.

## CHICAGO'S LOCAL 10 VOTES POWER BACK TO ITS PRESIDENT

At its July meeting, which was surprisingly restrained in light of those preceding it, Chicago AFM Local 10's membership voted to return the emergency powers taken from its president, Bernard F. Richards, by the union's board of directors (*DB*, July 16). In May the board revised the local's bylaw governing the president's duties so that most of his actions were subject to board approval. The action came after differences between Richards and the board had reached the boiling point.

Though the powers are restored, there is a proviso: any emergency action by the president must be approved by the membership at the monthly meeting following such action.

"I think the members, in their own way, are cognizant of the situation over here," Richards told *Down Beat* in reference to the friction between himself and other officials. "They showed it in the way they voted."

Richards went on to say that in September, 1963, he had recommended to the local's bylaw committee that some restraint be put on the president's emergency powers.

Pointing out that any organization must have one man at the top to make decisions, Richards said, "I'm trying

to run things as best as possible, and it was hard to do when being attacked."

The meeting's significance was best summed up by one member's comment: "It looks like we're beginning to grow up."

## BIG BANDS BACK AT FREEDOMLAND

Freedomland, the amusement park in New York City's Bronx, has returned to a name-band and name-singers policy after an unsuccessful experiment with rock-and-roll attractions. The new policy started July 24 with the orchestras of Peter Palmer and Bobby Vinton. The Lionel Hampton Band played the park Aug. 3, and Duke Ellington and His Orchestra appeared there Aug. 7-13. The Louis Armstrong All-Stars are booked from Sept. 1 to Sept. 7.

According to Freedomland officials, the name bands draw more teenagers than the rock-and-roll performers did, though such rockers as Leslie Gore, Johnny Tillotson, Bobby Rydell, and the Searchers were featured and gave six shows daily.

The name bands, as in previous years, do three shows a day during the week and four on weekends. Performances take place at the park's Moon Bowl, where there is dancing.

## CECIL TAYLOR ATTACKED ON STREET; WRIST BROKEN

On his way home on Manhattan's lower east side early in the morning of May 24, pianist Cecil Taylor attempted to pass a group of drunken men who were arguing in the street. One of them knocked off Taylor's glasses and told him to move on. Trying to recover his glasses, Taylor was attacked by one of the group and fought back but tripped in the scuffle, falling on his left hand and breaking the wrist.

At Beth Israel Hospital, where the fracture was set (and later reset twice), the pianist gave police a description of his assailants. "But when I passed the same corner a few hours later," Taylor told *Down Beat*, "two of the men were still there." No arrests have been made.

Some weeks prior to this incident, Taylor had met British poet-novelist-critic-mythologist Robert Graves (*I, Claudius; The White Goddess*) at a party given in Graves' honor by composer-pianist George Russell. The poet, who was the house guest of composer John Benson Brooks while in New York, has recently become interested in jazz and was instrumental in establishing the Indigo Jazz Club

on the island of Majorca off Spain.

Soon after his return to England; Graves sent Brooks a letter from an English drummer in praise of Taylor's music. In reply, Brooks related the bad news about Taylor's injury. Graves' response was prompt: a check for \$250. "It couldn't have come at a better time," said Taylor, obviously moved by the poet's gesture.

The cast will be removed from Taylor's arm in mid-August. The pianist spent his enforced vacation from music working on a collection of poems begun in Europe two years ago.

## CIVIL-RIGHTS JAZZ BENEFIT TO BE HELD IN LOS ANGELES

Television personality-pianist Steve Allen and drummer-clubowner Shelly Manne are sponsoring an all-star jazz benefit, to be held Aug. 19 at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Los Angeles, in aid of the Council of Federated Organizations, a civil-rights group. The council currently is engaged in the drive for voter registration in Mississippi.

The day-and-night benefit will feature Manne's quintet and several other to-be-announced artists and groups.

## LOS ANGELES NARAS HAS 15 NEW GOVERNORS

When the Los Angeles board of governors of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences met earlier this month in Hollywood, it was by way of welcoming 15 newcomers to the board elected by the chapter membership.

The new governors are Ken Darby, Barney Kessel, Tom Mack, Terry Gilkyson, Wally Heider, James Malloy, Bob Bain, Shelly Manne, Ernie Freeman, Joel Friedman, Ken Veeder, Mel Blanc, Irving Taylor, Morris Stoloff, and Roger Wagner. They will serve two-year terms.

With president Les Brown presiding, the full board of governors elected new officers for the Los Angeles chapter.

## ALAN FREED NOW A JAZZ DISC JOCKEY

When Alan Freed, kingpin of the rock-and-roll disc jockeys, left his turntables under a payola cloud some 2½ years ago, it was thought he might be through in radio. For a time he jockeyed a program on a Hollywood Top 40 station, but that job didn't pan out, and Freed dropped from sight.

Last month Freed returned to radio—in the postmidnight slot of all-jazz FM outlet KNOB in Los Angeles.

In his opening program the selections were blues for the most part—B.B. King, Jack McDuff, Jimmy Smith, and the like. But it was swinging, good music, a far cry from the rock fare Freed specialized with in Philadelphia and later in New York.

KNOB chief Al (Sleepy) Stein said he was glad to have Freed aboard.

"I've never been one to feel," Stein said, "that if someone does something wrong and has paid for it, that he should suffer for it all his life."

## GLOVER COMPTON, RAGTIME PIANIST, DIES IN CHICAGO

Glover Compton, ragtime pianist, friend and associate of Tony Jackson, Jelly Roll Morton, and Louis Armstrong, among other early jazz figures, died in his Chicago home early in the morning of June 11 after a long illness. He was 80.

Born in Harrodsburg, Ky., Compton was reared in Louisville, Ky., where he took up music after hearing the ragtime music of player pianos. He was largely self-taught, though he received some tutelage and encouragement from the flamboyant Jackson, at the time a resident of Louisville.

In the early 1900s, Compton traveled widely, supporting himself through his music. He worked for a period in the silver-mine region of Casper, Wyo., and also in St. Louis, Mo., where he won a number of ragtime competitions.

Settling in Chicago in 1910, Compton married actress Nettie Lewis in 1911, and the couple teamed in a cabaret act. Compton became a prominent fixture on the Chicago musical scene and worked with a number of leading jazz and entertainment figures, among them singer Sophie Tucker, clarinetist Jimmie Noone, singer-drummer Ollie Powers, and blues singer Alberta Hunter. He recorded with the last three named.

Compton was working at a south-side Chicago club, the Red Keg, in 1957 when a stroke hospitalized him and put an end to his professional career. A second attack occurred shortly before his death.

The pianist is survived by his widow, Nettie, 84.

## ARNOLD ROSS NAMED TO SYNANON BOARD

Arnold Ross, the jazz pianist whose story of finding salvation from narcotics addiction through the Synanon Foundation attracted national attention following its publication in *Down Beat*, got a new job within the narcotics rehabilitation organization.

Now located in the newest Synanon development, known as the Seawall,

in San Francisco, Ross was appointed to the foundation's national board of directors by founder and chairman Charles (Chuck) Dederich. Ross' function and title is Synanon director of arts.

Currently rehearsing a new Sounds of Synanon jazz group, Ross was welcomed to his new post by San Francisco's art commissioner, Jeremy Ets-Hokin.

"This is an event," said Ets-Hokin, "which Synanon and the people of San Francisco have long waited for. We are looking forward to an acceleration of artistic endeavor in Synanon, under Arnold's direction, that this city can take pride in sharing."

The Seawall, one of the oldest commercial buildings in the bay area, is being converted by Synanon residents (450 now, with not enough room for them in the four Synanon houses in various parts of the country, according to William Crawford, Dederich's



ROSS

His coming is a San Francisco event executive assistant) into a modern dormitory.

Plans call for development of the Seawall into a cultural art center, with theater workshops, jazz, and painting facilities. An art gallery, a recording studio, and a small concert theater are included in the plans.

Crawford, a former clarinetist and drummer, told *Down Beat* he hopes to encourage more musician-addicts to enter Synanon "before they get clobbered by the state and federal government."

"I don't want to advertise for addicts," Crawford declared, "but I would like to see some more talent be given a chance to flourish instead of having to languish in some sort of cage."

Other Synanon houses are located in Santa Monica and San Diego, Calif.; Reno, Nev.; and Westport, Conn.



## IN TRIBUTE

# ERIC DOLPHY

### 1928-1964

"It all seemed so unreal to me when I heard the news. You know how it is when you hear that a guy you knew died unexpectedly—you start thinking about what you said to him, and what he said, the things you did . . . everything like that."

Those words are Elvin Jones', but they express the reaction of many musicians when they heard that Eric Dolphy had died in Berlin, Germany, on June 29. The quiet-spoken reed artist was a warm friend to many musicians and deeply impressed almost everyone with whom he came in contact, even those who did not agree with his approach to jazz.

"Eric was warm in his personality," said Jones, who, as the drummer in the John Coltrane Quartet, played with Dolphy on several occasions when Dolphy worked with the group. "Not outgoing especially, but he always got along with everybody. He was very conscientious and almost meticulous."

"Many musicians did not understand Eric and were critical of his work," commented Gunther Schuller, who at concerts and recording dates, as well as co-conductor of Orchestra U.S.A., of which Dolphy was a member, often worked with Dolphy. "I could never understand, for example, how perfectly respectable musicians could say that Eric didn't know his changes. They could never have heard his *Stormy Weather* with Mingus or dozens of other live and recorded performances. Like any mature, creative musician, Eric was not unduly disturbed by such comments. It was his nature to turn everything—even harsh criticism—to some positive, useful pur-

pose. In the seven or eight years I knew Eric, I never heard him say a harsh word about anything or anybody connected with music. This was a sacred territory to him, and I think he sincerely believed that anything as beautiful as music could only produce more beauty in people."

Bassist Richard Davis, in tribute to his "closest friend," said, "Eric was a beautiful person. Even when he didn't have enough for himself, he'd try to help others. I remember how he once bought groceries for a friend who was out of work, though he was just as much in need himself."

George Avakian, manager of Orchestra U.S.A. and the producer of one of Dolphy's last records, *Conversations*, also commented on Dolphy's humanity:

"Eric's kindness extended to the way he faced the one big disappointment of his life: the fact that somehow he had not caught on with a big enough section of the jazz public to be able to make a decent living from his music. Lesser musicians borrowed from his bag to get jobs he couldn't get. But Eric never had a harsh word for anyone who might have given him work but didn't. He knew he had to play as he felt was right.

"Time would have given Eric his proper recognition and reasonable financial success. His day would have come as surely as the pages peel off the calendar. But Eric ran out of pages.

"As a person, he was thoughtful, gracious, and genuinely interested in others. The world has never been hospitable to such people. It may not be too romantic to suggest that Eric Dolphy, who lived in a world less kind and gentle than he, died, perhaps, of the one thing he would not admit to but which he was entitled to have—a broken heart."

As much as his personality had touched those who knew him well, it will be Dolphy's music that will have the more lasting effect on musicians.

"Although he rarely spoke about his music and what he was striving for," Jones said, "you could see what he was doing. He was just brimming over with ideas all the time. In fact, that was probably his biggest problem . . . he just had too much to say, and this occasionally would get in the way of his saying it. But he was getting to the point where he could control things; he was attaining the self-discipline necessary to get everything together, to order it, getting more logical. The last time we played together, I noticed this, that he was better organized in his musical thinking.

"I think what made him unique was the tremendous confidence in his music. I never heard him hesitate in his playing. He was always ready—if you wanted to play, he was there. Never faltered. He just had this supreme confidence, and I don't mean he was overbearing or arrogant. He

was always ready, confident, waiting."

Davis said, "He was very influential in the avant-garde movement. He was one of the forerunners in that area. I was fortunate to work with him quite a bit, and he had a definite influence on me. I rate him a genius. I knew what was inside his music; I was familiar with it and how he put it together. But I think that even people who didn't have the opportunity to get close to Eric's music could appreciate the tremendous feeling there was in his playing."

Drummer Max Roach, with whose group Dolphy had recorded and played in public, said, "It's too bad that circumstances took him away before he had fully realized his potential."

Avakian pointed out that Dolphy was a splendid musician to work with, that he was consistent, thoroughly professional, and brilliantly capable.

"Eric never stood still with his music," Avakian continued. "He constantly practiced and studied during the too-long stretches between gigs. In retrospect, Eric Dolphy will be recognized as the father of 'the new thing.'"

Dolphy's approach to music was summed up by Schuller:

"Eric was one of those rare musicians who loved and wanted to understand all music. His musical appetite was voracious, yet discriminating. It extended from jazz to the 'classical' avant garde and included, as well, a genuine appreciation of his older jazz colleagues and predecessors. He was as interested in the complex, sonic surfaces of Xenakis, the quaint chaos of Ives, or the serial intricacies of Babbitt as in the soulful expressivity of a Coleman Hawkins, the forceful 'messages' of Charles Mingus, or the experiments of 'the new thing.'

"I think Eric would have been completely happy if he could have devoted every waking minute to the performance of all these musics. As it was, circumstances did not permit him to freely explore the vast untapped resources of his talent.

"And now death has stilled this searching, questing, gentle, positive, uncompromising soul forever. There was so much he still wanted to accomplish in order to live up to his ideal of the total musician. . . .

"In time, his full contribution to music will be properly assessed. For now, we can only bemoan the loss of such a powerful musician, who even in his lesser moments never did anything with less than the maximum of intensity and devotion."

But perhaps the most heartfelt statement was made by Dolphy's long-time musical associate and close friend, tenorist John Coltrane:

"Whatever I'd say would be an understatement. I can only say my life was made much better by knowing him. He was one of the greatest people I've ever known, as a man, a friend, and a musician." DB

**S**OME CHICKS just come in to see me move. They don't know anything about music. They're stone-deaf freaks, and I'm not knocking it."

Herbie Mann is one of the most successful jazzmen in the business. He may be successful because of the way he moves, as he coyly puts it; or maybe his success stems from the voicing of his group, the over-all excellence of his sidemen; or maybe he's just another medium-sized talent who got lucky and now happily finds himself something of a musical giant to the public.

At any rate, there's no doubting his popularity. Mann recently won the *Down Beat* Readers Poll as the best flutist for the seventh year in a row. And his album, *Herbie Mann at the Village Gate*, made two years ago, has sold more than 100,000 copies and is still selling well.

So the jazz critics, he said, have written him off as commercial. "God forbid," he said, "you should be successful. If you're in jazz, and more than 10 people like you, you're labeled commercial. If Joe Yutz from Iowa likes it, you've sold out, they say. My group does more jazz than three-quarters of the groups in the jazz field."

There have been a few discordant notes sounded in the music world within the last few months. For example, Stan Kenton declared "jazz is finished" and "there are no more contributions to make."

"That's just a case of unrequited love," cracked Mann. In discussing Kenton's contributions in the last 10 years, Mann said:

"Well, you know, it's that whole West Coast thing, I've always found. It's very similar to the way they live out there. I find the whole way they live out there unreal, you know. So they're playing jazz, and the music is being written according to the whole way of life out there."

"They may disagree with New York, you know," he continued with a laugh. "But I disagree with California. I've been there a couple of times, and it's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there. So that takes care of my bookings for California. But who cares?" He laughed again.

Though Mann disagrees with Kenton's pronouncement about the death of jazz, he has a dire prediction of his own. Night clubs featuring jazz, he said, are on their way out.

"The clubs have to close across the country," Mann said. "They have to close because the successful groups would rather work concerts."

A concert used to be just another one-nighter. But the latter has been changed to the plushier term because the prices have been raised.

"We can make more in one night," Mann continued, "than in a week of work. I take off now about four months out of the year. And while you lay off, the records keep your name before the public. TV, records, and concert dates are going to kill the clubs. Well, let's face it, there are very, very few places that make the musicians feel comfortable, that make the audiences feel comfortable.

Most of the places are old-style taverns and bars.

"And most of the places wouldn't give a damn if they had hillbilly music, rock and roll, female impersonators, strippers, or jazz. And most of the places keep going back and forth anyway, you know.

"There are very few places where you can trust the food. . . . Boy, some of these places you're taking your life in your hands. . . . I know—I've been in the kitchen.

"Then, in most of the places the dressing rooms are ridiculous. Birdland has a dressing room that is about eight feet by three feet. And I once worked there with Machito's big band, Curtis Fuller, Johnny Griffin, Buddy Rich and his group, and Lambert, Hendricks, and Bavan.

"You should have seen all of us in that dressing room. It was great! It was the best show in town."

**H**ERBIE," an interrogator interrupted, "how about telling the facts-of-life story?"

"You mean," Mann said, "when I had to teach a clubowner the facts of life? Okay.

"Well, we had a week off in between the Ford concert tour and opening at the London House, so I went down Wednesday night with my wife to pick up some records that I had left at the Village Gate. Both the boss and the manager said, as we walked in, 'What'reyahdoin' here (excitedly)? 'What'reyahdoin' on the weekend?' I said, 'I have the week off and I'm doin' nothin' for the weekend.'

"Come in, come in. Please come in.'

"No, I'm very tired, and I really don't feel like working. We have plans and things.'

"You gotta come in. We've been dyin'. Business has been terrible. Please, you gotta come in.'

"So I said, 'Well, I'll come in.'

"First of all, I got the money I wanted, which was more than I usually get, and then I said to him, 'The only reason I'm coming in is I want you to admit the facts of life and stop saying that the only reason we do business is because you give the college kids a good break or you have a diversified program. How about saying the truth, you know?'

"He says, 'All right—it's because of you! For the money, you're the best attraction there is. All right?'

"Clubowners don't like to say that kind of thing, because that means I'm going to ask for a raise."

"Well, are you?'

"Yes," Mann said, "I was going to anyway."

He paused a moment and idly stirred his iced tea.

In his outspokenness, Mann also has some thoughts about the musicians' union. It has become a little bit too powerful in his opinion and isn't really needed, he said, once a musician starts getting more than scale—it's just for the scale players, a familiar argument by disgruntled union members who get overscale.

"I don't like this concept that they think they're doing

# THE WORLD AND HERBIE MANN

By BOB ELLISON



you a favor by taking money from you," he continued. "After all, it's the musicians that are paying *their* salaries. And especially when you go out of town, they're always so damn high and mighty, you know.

"On my last day in one town last year, I stopped into the union office.

"Where you been?" they wanted to know.

"Busy," I told them.

"But you're supposed to come in right away. We could pull you off the stand."

"Why didn't you then?"

"We don't like that kind of talk."

"Really? Well, you work for me! I'm *your* employer, and I pay your salary."

He plays a lot of college dates, Mann said and asked, "What are they going to do—close up the colleges?"

"This attitude, this officious attitude. . . . They should be civil servants in a small Central American republic, with ribbons and titles.

"You know, they're like all old club-date musicians who are friends of the political power and party of the union that get these jobs. In return, they do things like vote for the party to stay in."

In spite of his antagonisms toward the AFM, he said he doesn't think that the union has hurt jazz, but he won't go so far as to exonerate individual officials connected with it. "Unconsciously, because of their stupidity," some individuals may have done music a disservice, he said, but "I don't think they did it by intent. They do things like. . . . They had a thing in Chicago recently with the big bands," he said, seeking an illustration. "They kept on raising the scales and making it so ridiculous, and like, ah, Louie Bellson had to. . . . They kept on raising the scale, and they finally made it some ridiculous price.

"And also they had to hire another band for two nights, which is like union payola. You know, that's all it is. It's like they figure out a way to intimidate the people that if you want a ripe tomato, and it tastes good, you're gonna have to buy some squishy one at the bottom for the same price. For the privilege of buying that ripe tomato."

**H**AVING TAKEN CARE of the union, Mann paused to sip more iced tea and then took off after another subject—the New York World's Fair and Louisiana.

"We were being submitted to play at the Louisiana exhibition," he said. "They have a thing called Jazzland there. . . . Now, I just came back from the South, and Louisiana, and we'd had a few jolly little incidents concerning people's color and things like that.

"So when I got back to New York, I called up my manager and said, 'Forget it!' I said I'm not going to play there. I'm not going to stand myself up in front of everybody all over the world saying 'here I am!'—showing off, how jazz started in Louisiana, and how, you see, we can have a mixed group on stage *here*, and it's wonderful—while in Louisiana you can't do it!

"Probably the idea was to show how jazz is one of the things from Louisiana. Unfortunately, I don't think it's a very good thing because I get the concept that people from Louisiana think of it as like an Uncle Tom kind of thing.

"Like, 'You see how jazz started in our state; you can't stay in the same hotel, but we love . . . we love the Negro.'

"As long as it's in New York, you know.

"So I'll be damned if I'm gonna bring a mixed group on stage and play. I don't want anybody to think that I'm accepting, you know, anything from the State of Louisiana."

Mann reached for his tea again, and as he did so, a woman radio producer who was at his table jumped up

and greeted an actor who was going to be interviewed.

"Oh," she trilled, "you really scared me in the show."

He smiled back and said something polite. Mann winced and was rolling again.

"Show-business conversations," he said, "are really phony. About 90 percent of the people in the business are in it because they're too lazy to work. They don't know what's going on. The other 10 percent do, and they carry the rest. Well, you know, the problem is that there are a few very, very talented people selling acts in the business. The majority—it's the same old story: there are more positions than people to fill them. . . . So all the people that wanted to get into show biz and, you know, the hanger-on-ers, and the people who wanted to goof in life, all became agents and managers and clubowners. And they know as much about the business as, ah, well, I wouldn't say the elevator operator, because he probably knows more about it."

Mann warmed to his subject with another illustration:

"They're incompetent [the agents]. Let's say they sign up Group X. And then they call a clubowner in Philadelphia, and they sell him Group X. Now the clubowner doesn't know anything about the business, and the agent doesn't know anything about the business, and they deal for Group X *promising* [Mann's voice rose dramatically] all sorts of—'Oh, it's a new group, it's great! Oh, yeah, there's six tuba players, of course; they play Afro-Cuban polkas, of course.'

"And then when Group X gets there and they find out it's a girl trio, then the clubowner blames the agent. The agent says, 'Screw him! I'm trying to get my 10 percent.'

"And then, meanwhile, the group is stuck in the middle somewhere—and this is the way most of the business is."

Mann widened the scope of the topic to embrace phonies generally, "the people who are putting on airs and all that, like the show-biz people who are trying to continually be hip."

"Now, the hip people are really square," he continued. "And the square people, like those people from Iowa and from Ohio and all those—at least they're real. They may not be very understanding of the world and of life, you know, but they're real. I really don't have time for anybody but real people.

"Basically, I'm a snob. And when it comes to that, I should be more broadminded and understanding of squares, but I have a basic feeling that if people in Europe and around the rest of the world can better their minds, why can't they do it here?

"Especially the nouveau riche really bug me. Because they come on as if the whole world really belongs to them."

Mann drained his glass of tea.

"I really don't like Americans," he added. "Sure, write that down. You can print that. Because of lack of culture and understanding, most of the people are bores. They finish work and they go home and watch TV. They don't want to leave the security of their homes.

"And Americans in Europe are really bad."

So what's next on his itinerary? Europe.

"I want to be able to enjoy the money I'm making," he said. "I'm going to Europe and Japan this summer, and I'm taking my wife, the two kids, the maid, and the dog.

"You can be a prisoner of success. I remember when I was in Miami Beach in 1957. I was sitting in with Joe Mooney's group at the Grate, and Frank Sinatra came in. Frank sits down, and everyone gathers around and starts staring at him.

"Frank, disgusted, got up and, as he cut across the floor, looked up and said, 'And all I wanted was a sandwich.'"

(cb)

MORTON SHAPIRO



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# INTO THE SUN

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An affectionate sketch of  
Mary Lou Williams, jazz'  
leading female musician, by  
pianist Marian McPartland

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**H**ER EARLY RECORDS are collectors' items. Her writing and playing have become part of the pattern of jazz history. She has transcended the difficulties experienced by women in the music field and through several decades has held a position of eminence as one of the most original and creative of pianists. She speaks softly: "Anything you are shows up in your music—jazz is whatever *you* are, playing yourself, being yourself, letting your thoughts come through."

Her voice has the ring of authority, and well it may, for Mary Lou Williams' career, dating back to her childhood in Pittsburgh, Pa., and her Kansas City days with the Andy Kirk Orchestra, has always been one of consistent musical integrity.

Mary Lou's playing is real. Earthy. Running through all the emotions, it speaks volumes, for there is much in its creator that comes out in the music, a part of herself she cannot help revealing, so that at times one has the feeling almost of intruding on her thoughts, of hearing secrets not meant to be shared, of being able to probe the recesses of her mind. Sometimes Mary Lou's mood is dark, brooding—like a pearl diver, she searches along the depths of the lower register of the piano and then, as if triumphant at a sudden discovery, she shifts to the treble, launching into a series of light, pulsating, chordal figures.

She possesses a natural ability to generate a swinging feeling—an infallible time sense—an original harmonic concept, a way of voicing chords that is only hers. She doesn't

veer far from the blues. Whatever her mood, whatever the tempo, she weaves a pattern, a design, faint at first, like a rubbed drawing, but then appearing more strongly, until it breaks into a kaleidoscope of color.

Mary Lou has found the way to put her emotions, thoughts, and feelings to good use. They come out powerfully, and sometimes prayerfully, for the spiritual side of the blues is always strong in her work. Yet there is a mysterious air, an enigmatic, slightly feline quality about her, which contrasts strangely with her direct, down-to-earth way of speaking.

One senses the inner fires, the inner tensions, and though she keeps her voice low, at times there is in it a note of bitterness. She has none of the typical trappings of show business. She seems almost indifferent to her appearance, her hair brushed casually, her dress plain and unassuming, her only jewelry a gold cross on a chain. But Mary Lou Williams is not a plain woman; with her high cheek bones, reminiscent of the Mayans, she is beautiful. When she becomes involved in her music, her face will set in masklike concentration, her eyes closed, giving an impression of stillness, of being lost to the world, even though her foot is tapping and her strong hands are moving swiftly and surely over the keys. Then suddenly she opens her eyes and smiles, and her face lights up and reflects her spirit, her gaiety, and her lively sense of humor.

**A** RELIGIOUS WOMAN, Miss Williams was introduced to Roman Catholicism several years ago, along with Dizzy Gillespie's wife, Lorraine, (the Gillespies have long been her staunch friends), and it has evidently given her new strength and courage and a fresh purpose. Mary Lou is ready to do battle with the specters of the past. Strong in her faith, strong in her beliefs, a woman with a cause, a crusader, she rails against the injustices of a materialistic world and deplores musicians talking against each other more than they help each other. Yet she has seemed to have had difficulty finding herself too. In a sense, she is like a child who dreams of a good and perfect world and cannot quite tolerate the fact that it isn't that way.

At the Hickory House, where she has been ensconced for the last several months, the room casts a haze over her intricately voiced harmonies and, at times, blurs the impact of her changes in dynamics and clouds the clarity of her attack. But there are

choice seats around the bar close to the piano where one can almost shut out the noise of the room and concentrate on Mary Lou and her trio. She sits at the piano with a certain dignity, playing with pride and a sureness of touch. Hers is a natural showmanship, complete involvement with the music that speaks for her. But still one must listen closely to get the message.

*"Anything you are shows up in your music. . . ."*

Here is a woman who is conscientious, introspective, sensitive, a woman who, with her quiet manner, and at times almost brusque, non-committal way of speaking, has been misunderstood, thought to be lacking in warmth and compassion. The reverse is true. She feels keenly the various factions, contradictions, inequalities of the music business, wants to help people, to give of herself. A woman vulnerable. A woman hurt so many times she tends to withdraw from, and be suspicious of, others, unless she knows them well. She has an uncanny way of stripping them of any facade, of cutting through the deceit and shallowness of the sycophants. In many ways she is still confused, still searching, still figuring things out for herself, and in this she has been helped a great deal by her friend, the Rev. Anthony Woods.

"She has the beauty of being simple without any affectation—simplicity with her is a very deep thing," Father Woods said. "I have heard her discuss the esthetics of music with great penetration. She seems to have an understanding of what is good, of what is beautiful. She thinks that jazz is becoming superficial, that it's losing its spiritual feeling. She seems to be aware of a great deal of falsity and affectation, that people are not telling the truth, not saying what they really mean. In her uncomplicated way, she can't understand how anybody can't be sincere.

"To me, she is one of the greatest persons I have ever met—really a very great soul. She has exquisite taste, and where there is goodness, she gravitates to it naturally. But she is an emotional thinker, a disorganized thinker, and sometimes she has to sort out her ideas, and that's where I come in. She's simple and direct, primitive in a very good sense, and not spoiled by the sophistication around her. I don't believe that Mary is capable of producing anything except what is good."

Mary Lou has little business ability and scant knowledge of how to correlate, to direct, her ideas and plans. But her dreams and wishes for the



AVE PILDAS

betterment of musicians are logical and sound, and now some of them are just beginning to come true.

Several years ago, she started a thrift shop, the proceeds from which go into her Bel Canto Foundation, which she established to help needy musicians. Now more and more people have begun to hear about it and are giving her gifts of clothing and other donations. Besides these activities, much of Mary Lou's time is taken up with writing and arranging, plus her daily attendance at mass and care of her sister's little boy, who usually has the run of her apartment.

Being so busy does not seem to faze her, but it has been a long time since she has "come out" to play in public. She has made a few sporadic appearances in the last few years—twice at New York City's Wells' Supper Club and once each at the Embers and the Composer (where I worked opposite her), plus the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. These engagements have been of short duration and have not been too satisfying to her. She seems to feel the pressures of a mu-

sician's life keenly, to become disillusioned, and then, as she expresses it, "goes back in"—back to her other world, to her apartment, to write, teach, and pray.

During her long stays at home, Mary Lou's talent certainly has not been lying fallow. She has composed a poignant minor blues she calls *Dirge Blues*, which she wrote at the time of President John F. Kennedy's assassination. She is skillful in creating a mood—the feeling of this piece is tragic and gloomy. In its simplicity, it is very touching. She has put out an extended-play record on her own label, Mary records, consisting of three tunes, arranged for 16 voices and her trio: *Summertime*, *The Devil*, and *St. Martin de Porres*. The last tune, with a lyric by Father Woods, achieves an airy, ethereal quality by its voice blending. She has made a single, also on her own label, of *My Blue Heaven*. [Ed. Note: These are now on LP; see page 29.] She makes this warhorse like new again, with a light, witty, Latin-based treatment. Obviously she has lost none of her

powers of inventiveness. One has only to listen to her recordings of years ago, *Froggy Bottom*, *Roll 'Em*, and *Cloudy*, to realize how her style has evolved with the years and how she has kept her playing and her thinking contemporary.

She composed one of the first (if not the first) jazz waltz—*Mary's Waltz*—many years ago, yet she has never got the proper credit or recognition for this or for any of her several innovations that have been brought to the fore later by other musicians. Her importance, her influence cannot be denied. She has written many beautiful tunes that are seldom heard, seldom recorded.

IT HAS BEEN SAID of Mary Lou Williams that she plays in cliches, but she has so much to offer of her own that I feel that her occasional use of cliché is more tongue-in-cheek commentary than lack of inventiveness. She has been labeled by some a fanatic. To others, she is only an extremely dedicated musician. Yet perhaps there is something of the fanatic in her, as seen in her constant search for musicians with whom she can be compatible—in a way, she reminds one of a mother with her children, alternately scolding or praising them, trying to teach them, trying to instill her beliefs in them, expecting great things of them. Yet it is said too that she is a hard taskmistress, demanding and intolerant.

"Anything you are shows up in your music. . . ."

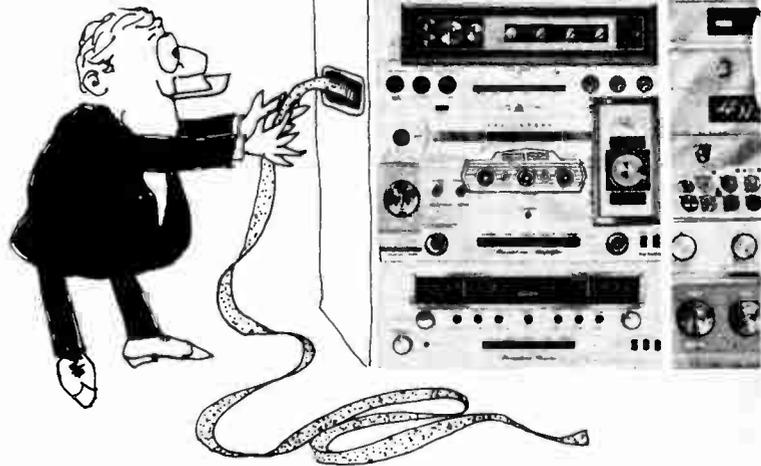
Her feelings about the new freedom in jazz cannot quite be concealed, though she tries to be noncommittal.

"I just haven't got it figured out," she said. "To each his own, I guess, but if I can't hear chords . . . some sort of melody . . . well, if they think they're giving out a good sound, that's their business. Maybe they think we're squares? Or else it's some sort of protest? Take a guy like Coltrane, he knows what he's doing, but these people without a knowledge of music, it's like—well, it's a very neurotic world. People are nervous. Seems like everyone I know is nervous. It must be the pressures of the world. Musicians are very sensitive, and they really don't know what to do about it. I don't mean they're nervous about playing, but in their lives. I try to act relaxed because that's been my training, but I'm more nervous than anyone you ever knew—inside. Oh, I get mad, sometimes, but I expel it, get it out right away."

When one is discussing Mary Lou with other musicians, her sense of  
(Continued on page 36)

# Jazz and Automation

Or,  
How to stop worrying and live with  
discotheque, a  
discussion  
By Robert Peete



Last Thursday, the first in a series of lectures, debates, and panel discussions sponsored by the Society for the Stimulation of Swinging Sights and Sounds, presented under the title of Do Your Part for Modern Art, was held in New York City.

The first topic dealt with was Jazz and Automation, a panel discussion held in the orchestra pit of the Chase Manhattan Bank. Participants in the discussion were Gimp Lymphly, gorkaphonist with the Zoot Finster Octet; Pernell Pierpont, president of National Machines, Inc.; Arnold Horde, noted jazz historian; Ferris Maharis, jazz disc jockey at WAIL in Hartford, Conn.; Clyde Sauborian, statistician from the U.S. Department of Labor; and Wailin' Wanda Wonnote, jazz vocalist. The panel moderator was well-known poet and jazz critic Mal Funkshun.

Following is the discussion in its entirety:

**Funkshun:** I think the most appropriate area in which to begin this discussion is the relationship between automation and the jazz musician. Or, more precisely, what effect will automation have on the jazz musician?

**Horde:** I'd say, speaking as a jazz historian, that it [automation] will have no effect whatsoever on the jazz musician. Don't forget, the jazz musician has come a long way. I remember the 1920s, when jazz musicians gawked in bewilderment at the mere mention of the name Leonard Bernstein.

**Lymphly:** It's like I was telling Zoot the other day. I said, "Zoot, if there's one thing we don't have to worry about it's being hired to play a gig by the CIA." And Zoot replied, "Yeah, automation is like rock and roll. Show me one guitar player without an amplifier, and I'll show you a nut with a wooden Coca-Cola bottle."

**Miss Wonnote:** I don't know about jazz musicians, but automation itself is awesome. I knew a guy named Bill who got hung up behind it. Real nice fellow too. Family and all that sort of thing. . . . Bill worked in a bakery where they made all kinds of sweet stuff. One day the company bigwigs decided to install automation and turn out bigger batches of goodies. To make a long story short, Bill really got hung up on turning out vats of cookies with the new machinery. One day, in an overzealous moment, he flips the wrong switch and ZAP—he's turned into a giant fig newton.

**Horde:** Good grief!

**Miss Wonnote:** A friend of Bill's rushed to tell the foreman. When they returned to the scene, Bill—or maybe I should say the fig newton—was gone. After Bill didn't show up at home for three weeks, his wife and kids became so overcome with fear they bought 2,000 boxes of fig newtons, hoping to find some trace of him. After this search failed, Bill's wife panicked and called the police.

**Lymphly:** I can see it all now, the fuzz alerting all cars: "Be on the lookout for a giant fig newton with curly hair and blue eyes. Was last seen abducting a vanilla wafer on Fifth Ave. for immoral purposes."

**Maharis:** What does an immoral fig newton have to do with jazz?

**Miss Wonnote:** About four months after the accident, Bill shows up at the Half Note.

**Lymphly:** Did the band turn him in?

**Miss Wonnote:** No, they ate him.

**Sauborian:** Our statistics show that in 1963 there were 18,514 employed jazz musicians in the United States.

**Horde:** Wait till Leonard Feather hears about this!

**Sauborian:** Our statistics also show that 102,443 people were put out of work by automation.

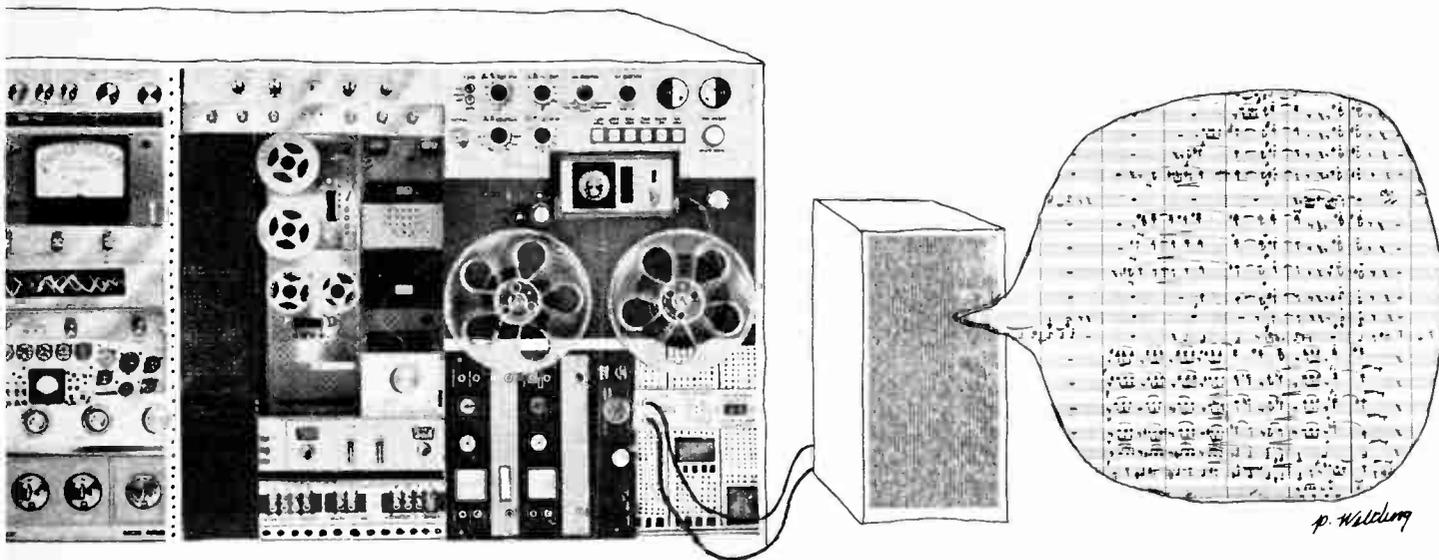
**Maharis:** If your figures are correct, then jazz musicians by the thousands will be looking for new jobs. And what will become of the Salvation Army Bands and organ grinders?

**Pierpont:** I think you're overdramatizing the whole issue. First of all, automation will create more jobs for the jazz musicians. It will not destroy jobs. For one thing, there will have to be capable musicians available to "mouth" music publicly as it is played by the machines. This is a must for the well-being of audiences. And secondly, there must be musicians hired in the first place to record the music for the machines to play.

**Miss Wonnote:** Automation and jazz. What a gas! Howard Roberts will become Howard Robots and Les McCann will be Les McCannical.

**Funkshun:** I would think that automation in jazz would tend to stifle creativity.

**Sauborian:** Our statistics show that during the first six



months of 1964, of all jazz musicians who worked on the East Coast in 1963 and moved to the West Coast in 1964, not one knew that someone had shut off the hot water in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles.

**Maharis:** Speaking of creativity, I once invented a garbage-disposal unit for sinks that couldn't flush after every peel.

**Lymphly:** On our—the octet's—last recording date, *The Jazz Soul of the Emmy Awards*, we had an arrangement of the main theme that was done by a former Kamikaze pilot. After the opening ensemble parts, the drummer and I were supposed to trade fours for 16 bars. When it was time for the drummer's first solo, the recording engineer shut off the recording equipment and shoved an IBM card into a computer. Ten seconds later the computer produced an entire album of our session called *Music Minus Eight*.

**Pierpont:** We are in the business of making machines. Our machines make man's work easier. We are not trying to destroy creativity. In fact, just the other day we crossed a small computer with a coffin.

**Horde:** And what did you get?

**Pierpont:** We're not sure. We've either got a resting place for deceased windup dolls or the only electronic brain that comes in a flip-top box.

**Lymphly:** Yeah!

**Sauborian:** Our statistics show that in fiscal 1963, American manufacturers were able to produce creativity on a mass-production basis at the rate of four per minute.

**Maharis:** Four what?

**Sauborian:** How do I know what for? I only compile the results.

**Funkshun:** How do you suppose automating jazz will affect the average jazz follower?

**Horde:** I can see it all now. The curtain is raised at the Village Gate, and instead of musicians, the stage is filled with machines. All kinds of machines. Big machines, small machines, real machines, fake machines. And out in front of all these machines there'll be one big C. K. machine with a sign saying I AM YOUR LEADER. Suddenly, the Coke machine will give the downbeat by spewing nickels and dimes all over the stage. Then the rest of the machines will react, and hundreds of tiny lights will go on and off until, out of nowhere, there comes the wailing strains of

modern jazz. Audiences will applaud, and critics will write reviews saying, "The small blue machine had a short solo and was definitely influenced by the now legendary Large Green Machine." Kids from 8 to 80 will be scribbling COMPUTER LIVES on walls all across the land. Stereo systems will become obsolete, and people will begin buying human jazz musicians who sound just like the authentic jazz machines. Once-great groups like the Zoot Finster Octet will retail for only \$300. What a bargain!

**Maharis:** Personally, I don't think that jazz audiences will ever accept automation in place of what we have today. Although one thing has to be said for the machines—they'll always be on time for a gig.

**Pierpont:** Replacing musicians with automation will also curtail rising costs. Where before you had to pay a top act a four-figure sum for a one-night appearance, you can now get a machine for the same hours for only \$500 and a can of oil.

**Sauborian:** Our statistics show that in 1963 jazz musicians were the best-oiled workers in the nation.

**Maharis:** If this automation thing spreads around the world, just think of those poor guys in India who charm snakes with an oboe. Man, are they going to be turned around!

**Funkshun:** What would be the best solution to stop the marriage between automation and jazz?

**Maharis:** I think that every musician in the country should take his instrument and a box of Kleenex down to his union headquarters and stage a blow-in.

**Horde:** Only time will tell. Could be that tomorrow AFM may have a strike. And once the government steps in, that's the solution. Round up all the music automatons in the country and have the State Department send them on a good-will tour of the Lower Nile. Maybe they'd all rust. Suppose a group of these machines were brought together to do a concert in Carnegie Hall and during the highlight of the program, a fuse blew?

**Sauborian:** Our statistics show that one of every four panel discussions come to a close by someone saying. . . .

**Lymphly:** Some of my best friends are machines, but I wouldn't want one to marry my transistor.

# VIDEOTAPING WITH DUKE

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

By 12:50 p.m. Ellington himself was moving down the hall toward WNEW-TV Studio 1. Inside, technicians were moving lights and cameras and chatting. And musicians were chatting, mostly, as usual, on the quantity and quality of last night's sleep. Tom Whaley, the Ellington orchestra's staff copyist of many years, was present, looking distinguished and carrying a home-movie camera, which he put to frequent use during the afternoon. Billy Strayhorn arrived, loaded down with a beige raincoat and the morning *Times*. Johnny Hodges was strolling around, occasionally twirling the instrument strap that hung at his neck.

The orchestra's chairs were set up, saxes on a raised platform to the left, brass similarly to the right, with Ellington's piano, Sam Woodyard's drums, and Major Holley's bass centered to the rear. The setup made a kind of inverted U, and it would allow the cameras to move in close to the sections and the individuals players. Producer Robert Herridge and director Arnee Nocks had five cameras on the floor.

Cootie Williams arrived as several of the brass men were casually taking their places at music stands. But the milling around hadn't stopped yet. Nat Hentoff was talking with Harry Carney near the saxophones' platform. And Herridge was on the studio floor now, inconspicuous except for his clothes—a rough blue denim shirt, a pair of rumpled khaki trousers, and yellow work shoes.

**A**S THE EARLY proprietor of *Camera 3*, an experimental television show done by the New York station of the Columbia Broadcasting System, WCBS-TV, Herridge had sought to discover what things would come across effectively on the small television screen and how they could be made more effective. He often presented jazz on *Camera 3*.

Subsequently, as producer of *The Lively Arts* for CBS, Herridge was responsible, with technical advisers Whitney Balliett and Hentoff, for the show called *The Sound of Jazz*, a program that had featured Count Basie, Thelonious Monk, Red Allen, Billie Holiday, Pee Wee Russell, Jimmy Rushing, Gerry Mulligan, among others. Herridge had become convinced that the best presentation of jazz was informal, with a minimum of comment and a close concentration by the cameras on the deep involvement of the musicians as they played—physical involvement that manifested psychological involvement as well.

Later, for CBS syndication to local outlets, the *Robert Herridge Theater* offered a program by Miles Davis with an orchestra led by Gil Evans, a program featuring Ben Webster and Ahmad Jamal, and a ballet on *Frankie and Johnny* for Melissa Hayden with music by Charlie Mingus and featuring Jimmy Rushing.

Currently, Herridge is taping a group of shows, some drama and some musical, for New York presentation—and

The final rundown and television taping of the show was scheduled for 1 p.m. No one was late. No one, that is, except the man who was supposed to bring Duke Ellington's suit, and he held things up considerably.

then for national syndication—on WNEW-TV, the New York City television outlet of the Metromedia Corp. One of these was to be an hour by Ellington, to be shown Sept. 2 and 6. Again, Hentoff was serving as technical adviser, and one of his first acts was to persuade Herridge and director Nocks to have the Ellington orchestra's second-in-command, Strayhorn, in the engineering booth. Strayhorn would give specific musical cues, signals on what was happening and about to happen, throughout the taping, these to be relayed by headphones to the men on the roving cameras and boom microphones on the studio floor.

**T**HINGS WERE beginning to settle down on the studio floor. One of the men was attaching a typed sheet of instructions to the side of his camera. A piano tuner was doing a final checking of the concert grand that Ellington was to use. Ellington was not on the floor now, but suddenly Harry Carney's baritone sound cut through the buzz of the room, and Cootie was warming up (using his plunger, by the way, even for this), playing *From Here to Eternity*.

Around these two sounds the Ellington orchestra gathered.

At 1:15 p.m., one of the trombonists told a joke that set the whole brass platform laughing. Over in a corner Hentoff explained to a friend that a few weeks before there had been some trouble in getting to Ellington, that is, to get through to him via agents and managers, and to get him to sit down and discuss a purely instrumental hour's presentation of his music for television. Ellington had also agreed, but with some apparent reservation, that the group could dress informally for the show. "All right," he said, "the men can wear their own suits, but we'll bring the new uniforms along just in case."

The show was to begin with a full performance of *Take the "A" Train* featuring Williams. Then four separate musical sections were to follow. And the idea this afternoon was to take things singly, to run through one section at a time and then tape it.

In the first portion would be the current Ellington medley of three of the best early Ellington-Bubber Miley pieces, *Black and Tan Fantasy*, *Creole Love Song*, and *The Mooche*, followed by a version of *The Opener* with solos by Paul Gonsalves, Buster Cooper, and Cat Anderson. In the second section, there would be a version of the extended *Tone Parallel to Harlem*.

The third section would be taped last, since its length was the most flexible. It was to include a piece Ellington worked up with the orchestra at the previous day's rehearsal, which he punningly titled *Metro-medea*, followed by *Jam with Sam*, both featuring extended soloing. Finally, they would go back to run down and tape the third section with two Hodges features, *Passion Flower* and *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*, followed by the Ellington feature *Kinda Dukish* leading into *Rockin' in Rhythm*.

"Danny, baby, up on the lights!" a man in a tweed hat shouted. Stagehands had drawn a pale blue curtain backdrop around three sides of the studio and suddenly everything looked orderly, bright, and vaguely unreal.

". . . just as soon as Duke finishes shaving. . . ." The words drifted up in reply from somewhere in the crowd.

"Fellas in the band"—it was Nocks, the director, now on the floor in the center of things—"we'd like you to be dressed the way you're going to be when we tape. We want to see about the lighting and so forth."

To his left someone was checking the sound on Ellington's voice microphone . . . "yeah, I hear you now."

And then Ellington was back in the studio, temporarily in a tan jacket and a blue knit sports shirt and no tie. (So they were still waiting for his suit.) Herridge was leaning over the piano with Tom Whaley at his side. Whaley sat down to roll out an old sentimental ballad to everyone's amusement. Then Strayhorn sat on the piano bench and did the same ballad with some fine, archaic tremolos.

Then a characteristic descending run of notes announced that Ellington himself was now at the keyboard.

The lights went down, and the tension went up. A camera man shouted, "Arty, baby . . ." and a light man heard, "Stand by with me, Danny. I'll cue you."

Ellington started to improvise on the first eight bars of "A" Train. Woodyard came in under him. The lights came up quickly as the main camera backed away, taking the whole band. Suddenly over the loud-speaker, a voice from the control room shouted, "Hold it, Duke! Hold it."

"I wasn't rehearsing," he answered calmly. "Is this mike on? You'd better test it."

There was a conference in the center of the floor on lights and camera movements. . . . "You kill the lights except on Duke. He plays. Then you bring them up fast when the band comes in. At the same time, the camera moves back fast to take in everybody."

In the background of all this, Ellington was striking a slow, broodingly impressionistic series of piano chords.

Then: "Okay, fellows. Stand by. Duke, stand by, please."

Everything went as it was supposed to. Ellington approached the finish of his introduction, the lights came up, and the camera backed away to take in the whole band. Williams stepped to the center for his solo. His sound had

a burred edge even on open horn. He began in a kind of paraphrase tribute to Ray Nance's old "A" Train solo and then went off on his own. The saxes sounded fine. Williams played his darting coda.

Then the urbane Ellington faced his voice microphone and began to announce the medley of early pieces. He didn't get far . . . "hold it, hold it. We lost a light. And if he steps up that way for his solo, he's in the way of the camera."

Another conference of technicians.

In the control room, one monitor screen showed a peaceful shot of Ellington, his head on his arms, resting across the top of the piano.

They began it again, and during the opening chorus of "A" Train, the superimposed titled flipped by: A PORTRAIT IN MUSIC/DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

"Beautiful opening!" somebody said. Nocks was cross-cutting from one camera that was close up on Williams to another trained on the saxes, as the players exchanged phrases. Nocks spoke firmly to an assistant, who in turn spoke to the camera men on the floor through their headsets: "Stand by Camera 1! Take one! Stand by three. Take three!" Then he instructed the lighting director, who in turn spoke to his men on the floor through phones. And to the sound man, who instructed his men on the mikes and the booms on the floor. In the control room, it seemed a finely controlled roar of shouts and orders. But none of this technical turmoil reached the players, and the show was coming out orderly on the monitor screen.

Williams began the *Black and Tan-Creole Love Song-Mooche* medley. Then Rolf Ericson came in, also plunger-style. Then Russell Procope on clarinet. All five cameras were trained on him from different angles: his face, his

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embouchure, his fingers . . . medium shot, full length. Nocks cued the various angles as his solo unfolded. Then there were three clarinets on *The Mooche*—Procope, Carney, and Jimmy Hamilton. (“Hal, are they all on the mike?”) Then Lawrence Brown, giving his own kind of lyric elegance to his current role as the orchestra’s plunger trombonist. Then Williams ended it, with the clarinets holding a long, impassioned note under him.

“He’s going back pretty far for those pieces,” someone remarked quietly on the sidelines.

“Well, that’s basic American music, man. What else could be? Charles Ives?”

*The Opener*—and Gonsalves, Cooper, and Anderson stepped to the center for swift solos.

**S**O THEY HAD RUN through the opening and the first section.

Ellington stepped over to consult with Cooper about a certain point in *The Opener*. Williams, somewhat aloof so far this day, joined in with a point about a change of key.

“Any problems?” a late arrival asked Heatoff.

“No, these men are all pros,” he said.

No one seemed to be in charge half the time, and no one needed to be.

“Are we having an across-the-street break?” somebody asked, as if to contradict Heatoff.

“Lock the doors!” he got in mock answer from across the room.

Whaley was at the keyboard again, joined this time by Hamilton and Hodges. Sound men and camera men were discussing what they had seen so far and hoped to capture soon during the actual taping. Ellington and Herridge were in a conference in a corner. Woodyard approached a table that held an endless and constantly renewed supply of coffee and pastries. He looked rather sad when he couldn’t find a plain glass of cold water.

Ellington’s suit still had not arrived. Well, why not run down the second section now, and then tape both in succession later?

“Let’s go! On the stand, fellows!”

Soon Ellington was speaking into the rehearsal camera with a sly half-smile: “And now Harlem, or rather our *Tone Parallel to Harlem*. . . . Harlem is very close to us. . . . A lot of nice people live there. Oh, some naughty people too. But Harlem is such a nice place it even has a minister for congressman. . . . We hear it late one Saturday night and early Sunday morning. We start this by having Cootie Williams pronounce the word ‘Harlem’ on his trumpet.”

Williams picked it up and then began to pass the phrase to the whole brass section. Ellington was at the center of

the orchestra, conducting with both arms. Then Gonsalves was soloing, and Ellington held a mike toward his horn. Woodyard, alert to the tricky tempo changes, whipped up the “Latin” section. Then Lawrence Brown, with a felt mute on his horn, stated the Sunday morning theme. Then Procope, Hamilton, and Carney, all on clarinets, wove a variation on it.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. Hold it, Duke. Cut!”

There was a pause, as Ellington asked, “What letter is that?” The technicians settled their problems in a moment.

“Duke, can we go back to Lawrence Brown’s trombone solo?” Yes. (They learned this score too in the previous day’s rehearsal it seems.)

“Yeah, what letter is that?” Ellington asked again.

Brown stood up again and restated his theme. Again the clarinets recomposed it. As they played, Ellington stood at the center, apparently examining a fingernail. Then he was waving and gesturing the group into the finale. Left arm, right arm, left arm, right. Both arms.

“Take five!”

It wasn’t exactly a break for everyone, although several players headed for the hall and the bank of telephones against a back wall. There were various conferences about camera angles, lighting positions, and the rest. To the rear of the studio, Whaley took some kidding about his movie camera: “In case their tape doesn’t come out, you can always sell them what you’re getting, I suppose?”

“You know I took some wonderful stuff on the set when we were working on *Paris Blues*,” Whaley said. “And the developer sent back some movies of a kid’s birthday party. I wrote and wrote but never did get my film back.”

Around the room one could hear: “They’re going to take longer than they planned at this.”

“When do you think they’ll wrap it up?”

“Do you know it’s Duke’s birthday today?”

“Hey, Duke’s clothes came! Now we’ll move!”

Soon, Ellington entered in a blue suit, light television blue shirt, dark blue tie, and blue suede shoes.

“Stand by, fellows! From the top of the show!”

Nocks was on the floor for a final word with the camera men.

“Let’s make this one. . . .”

“Hold your shot. Is Duke ready?”

“Hal, let us know when. . . .”

“Get ready. . . . Wait one second.”

“Okay, Arnee? Okay, roll the tape.”

Ellington’s introduction approaches its end. The camera quickly pulls back.

No lights.

“Dammit!”

“Okay, again. Fade ‘em down. Cue, Duke.”

The taping brought the music fully to life; no one was

coasting now. On the medley, the cameras caught Lawrence Brown in fine detail. One had the movement of his face muscles. Another, his hands, manipulating plunger and slide. Another, the slight but telling movements of his body in time with his phrases.

On *The Opener*, Gonsalves crouched. Cooper's em-brouchure worked rapidly. And Cat Anderson was caught by one camera in laughing amusement at his own high-pitched ending, the moment after he finished his solo.

"Beautiful ending!" someone shouted.

"There was only one little thing I didn't like in the whole segment." It was Herridge's voice; he didn't go on to say what.

Inside the studio, the assemblage was still subdued and quiet until someone shouted, "Take five!"

It seemed considerably less than five minutes later when the shout went up in the hall outside the studio door, "Okay, everybody! We're gonna tape *Harlem* now!"

The musicians re-entered the studio and moved toward the stands.

Ellington sat in a spotlight at the center of the group, awaiting his cue that the tape was running. He joked mildly with the band under his breath. Then on his cue, he did his speech about Harlem.

Two cameras catch Cootie's opening pronouncement: "*Har-lem. Har-lem. . .*"

One was suddenly aware of the careful attention to sound the crew was giving this show, a quite unusual thing for television, even on a musical program. There were seven mikes for the music alone.

Ellington conducted with no score, of course, encouraging, quieting, cuing. Woodyard's hard tom-tom produced a strong "Yeah!" from the leader.

Then, as the lyric Sunday morning theme was unfolded, first by Brown and then by the clarinets, one camera caught Ellington, suddenly in repose, with his head resting on his arms across the piano. The Duke won't church this morning; overslept.

At the end, a simple "Okay, Duke," quietly spoken through the loud-speaker, hardly gave an indication of how pleased men in the control room were with the sequence.

"Every shot came off right," Hentoff remarked, smiling, on entering the studio.

**A**t 4:35 P.M. the piano tuner had finished rechecking the instrument, and there was a cry of "Okay, fellows, let's run through the final section now."

Into the cold camera, Ellington explained that *Passion Flower* featured Johnny Hodges and that Robert Herridge felt that the meaning of a "passion flower" was better experienced than explained. Then he gestured to his right and turned. And saw no Hodges.

"Where are you going to be?"

"Well, I'm over here."

"Oh."

As Hodges segued from *Passion Flower* into *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*, Whaley sat in one corner copying out some parts for the new piece, *Metro-medea*.

When they finished *Rockin' in Rhythm*, an inside joke sent up a roar from the orchestra. As it died down, Nocks announced loudly, "Please be in your seats in exactly one hour. Then we will tape this section, time what we have, and then do the third section."

About 10 minutes later, most of the musicians had left to eat supper. But Anderson was still around, watching the tape playback on a monitor in the studio. He laughed again at his own ending to *The Opener* and at the shot of himself looking surprised.

"This is even better than the show we did in England,"



he said. "Of course, they only used three cameras."

"Hey, there's a camera showing behind Cootie in that shot!"

"Herridge doesn't care. He wants it informal, and he doesn't see any sense in pretending to the viewer that there aren't cameras around. So if one camera picks up another, what about it?"

Ellington watched the playbacks on another monitor, seated in a chair in the director's booth. His face was sober and did not give away his feelings much. Behind him, a semicircle of camera men and light men were more vocal.

"Hey, look at that shot George got!"

"Eddie, did you see that!"

"That's good, that's good. . . ."

"Sure I got the cue right. I'm old enough to know that piece for a long time."

By 6:15 p.m. everyone was back, feeling cheery and well fed. *Rockin' in Rhythm* did rock, and they finished the whole show by 8.

Then there was a birthday party.

"How old am I—55?" Ellington asked, smiling and lopping off 10 years.

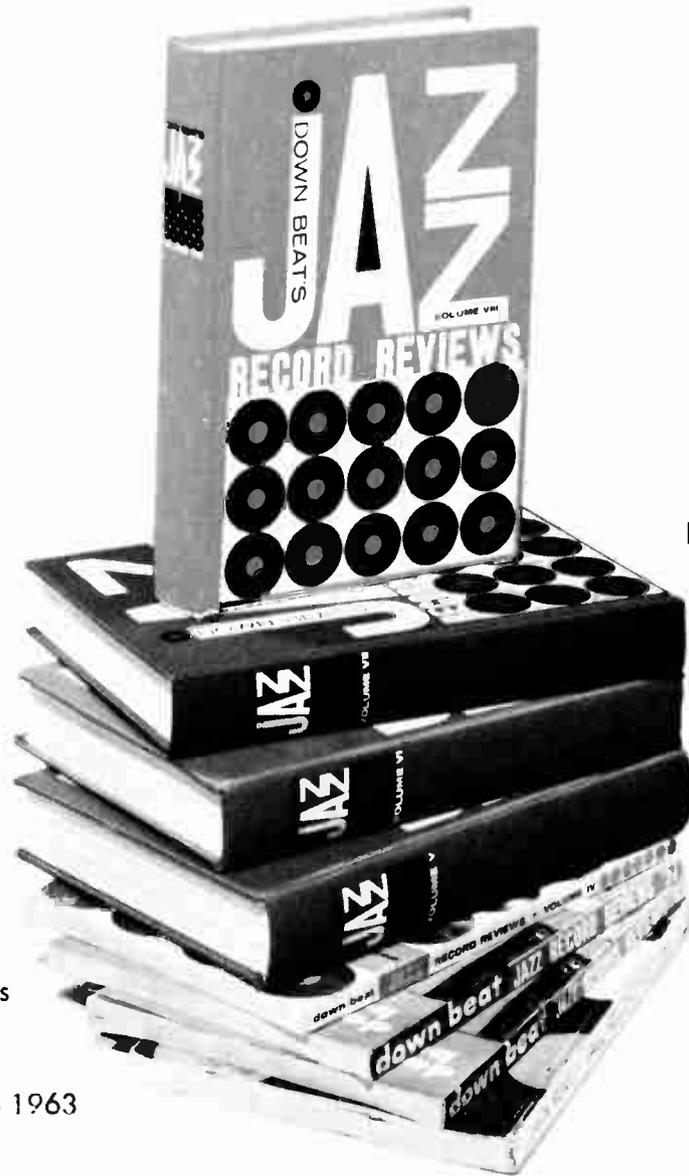
It was a surprise party; yet it probably surprised no one. Still, it was not the sort of thing one often sees in a television studio.

But then, an hour of music by a great jazz orchestra, carefully produced, well photographed and well recorded, is not the sort of thing one often sees in a television studio either.



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

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

## Tenor-Organ Groups, Forward March!

### Klaus Doldinger

DIG DOLDINGER—Philips 200-125 and 600-125: *Bluesy Toosy; Bebop; Song of Deliah; Well, You Needn't; Blues for George; Solar; Stars Fell on Alabama; Signal.*

Personnel: Doldinger, tenor saxophone; Ingfried Hoffman, organ; Helmut Kandlerberger, bass; Klaus Weiss, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

### Budd Johnson

YA! YA!—Argo 736: *Ya! Ya!; Come Rain or Come Shine; Big Al; Exotique; The Revolution; Tag Along with Me; Chloe; When Hearts Are Young; Where It's At.*

Personnel: Johnson, tenor saxophone; Al Williams, organ; Richard Davis or George Duvivier, bass; Belton Evans, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

### Clifford Scott

LAVENDER SAX—World Pacific 1825: *Lavender Sax; Sbangri-La; My Biggest Cry; Summertime; True Blue Lou; I Wish You Love; Laura; Moonlight on Ebony; Ebb Tide; Day Dream.*

Personnel: Scott, tenor, alto, and baritone saxophones; Emil Richards, vibraharp; Charles Kynard or Perry Blackwell, organ; Carol Kaye, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Wayne Robinson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There seems an endless parade of saxophone-organ units. Most lumber along with the saxophone bleating, blaring, or bellowing over a sanguine, heavy organ, an adequate bass, and a superfluous drummer who only can be heard in the cracks of the sound.

Of this batch, Herr Doldinger certainly holds a respectable edge. This album is an impressive American introduction to a young German tenor player who seems to have chosen the right people to study. Still his work is remarkably free of the current clichés, and only time will tell whether he has formed too many of his own. He leans heavily on early Sonny Rollins and Ben Webster for phrasing and tonal guidance. But it is Thelonious Monk who seems to have influenced his writing and harmonic development.

Doldinger's trio is an extremely tight and well-knit organization. Hoffman has at least two distinct approaches to the organ, one varied and pianistic, the other the same plodding, heavy organ approach that plagues his American counterparts.

The album is a good one; however, it bears the same intangible flavor of many European albums, of being a trifle behind the going trend. This is a rock on which non-U. S. musicians often founder. By the time they effectively develop one musical trend, U. S. jazzmen have moved on to something new.

There is little to recommend the other two albums to the jazz fan, except to say Budd Johnson is a fine musician and the Scott album is adequately executed. On the Johnson set, only the swiftly moving *Tag*

*Along* evokes pleasant memories of more creative Johnson sessions; the loping *Chloe* is also well done.

Richard Davis is developing into a fine bass player, and as rhythm-section contributor, he plays well on the Johnson record. As a soloist, his direction is undefined and reflects a groping for individuality and creativity.

The Scott date could be cast as a mood album except that the combination of vibes, organ, and guitar produce a saccharine sound in which even moody sensibilities drown a slow, whining death. That Scott has a fondness for Johnny Hodges and the "good ol' sound" are very much in evidence on *Biggest Cry* and *True Blue*. But there must be a better album in Scott. (B.G.)

### Roy Ayers

WEST COAST VIBES—United Artists 6325: *Sound and Sense; The Days of Wine and Roses; Reggie of Chester; It Could Happen to You; Donna Lee; Ricardo's Dilemma; Romeo; Out of Sight; Young and Foolish; Well, You Needn't.*

Personnel: Curtis Amy, tenor, soprano saxophones; Ayers, vibraharp; Jack Wilson, piano; Bill Plummer or Vic Gaskin, bass; Tony Bazley or Kenny Dennis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Ayers is worth hearing if only for his instrument's handsome sound and the tastefulness of his improvisations. I assume he will develop still further, but he seems, at 24, well on the way toward musical maturity. It is refreshing to hear a youngster play a ballad without trying to run double-time variations on every chord.

The most arresting player on the date, actually, is pianist Wilson, whose fresh, uncluttered lines are a delight. Amy's soprano is also of special interest, though his sound and style still strike me as derivative at this point.

Bazley and Plummer form an effective rhythm combination. However, the quartet performances (tracks 2, 4, 5, 7, 10) are marred by Dennis, whose drum accents seem to intrude upon the music rather than kick it along.

The program of tunes is uncommonly attractive, as debut LPs go nowadays: *Romeo*, written by Leonard Feather (who also supervised and annotated the album); Ayers' own *Sense* and *Dilemma* (the latter coming out much like a Gerald Wilson

waltz); Wilson's *Sight*; and Benny Golson's unorthodox *Reggie*—plus a well-balanced handful of standards.

This is an excellent and thoughtfully prepared showcase for an impressive newcomer. (R.B.H.)

### Chet Atkins

PROGRESSIVE PICKIN'—RCA Victor 2908: *Gravy Waltz; Love Letters; Early Times; Satan's Doll; Summertime; Kicky; Jordu; I Remember You; Bluesette; So Rare.*

Personnel: Atkins, guitar; unidentified rhythm section.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The renowned "Nashville sound" may have its merits as a commercial device, but the habits it engenders can be confining for anyone who is trying to work beyond the standard Nashville bag.

This difficulty is most evident on this set when Atkins, an old Nashville hand, tries such standard jazz material as *Gravy* and *Jordu*. *Gravy* is stiff and static, completely drained of its original qualities, while *Jordu*, which is not quite so drab, is still a mechanical, impersonal performance.

In more commonplace circumstances Atkins sometimes can rise to the occasion. His tight, resonant, single-string style achieves a pleasantly direct bounce on *Satan's Doll* and *I Remember You*, and an unidentified pianist, who uses the same square approach as Atkins, loosens up a little on *Remember*. (J.S.W.)

### Gary Burton

SOMETHING'S COMING—RCA Victor 2880: *On Green Dolphin St.; Melanie; Careful; Six Improvisatory Sketches; Something's Coming; Little Girl Blue; Summertime.*

Personnel: Burton, vibraharp; Jim Hall, guitar; Chuck Israels, bass; Larry Bunker, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is Burton's third album as leader; it is without doubt the best one. Since his first album, made when he was 18, Burton has worked with George Shearing and with Stan Getz. The experience of performing with two such musicians would broaden the musicianship of any player; but even more than the experience he's gained (he had not played with Getz when this record was made), the fact that Burton is two years older now probably accounts for the maturity evident in his playing on this set.

The one thing that has always made Burton an interesting vibraharpist has been his facility, which, before, he most often displayed in showers of notes. His technique, of course, has not diminished, but with his growing maturity he uses it in a different way. Now, instead of the note showers, Burton plays fewer, but better, notes and often breaks up his single-note lines with three- and four-mallet chords. More than any other vibist, Burton plays his instrument as if it were a piano, with more than a trace of Bill Evans' keyboard approach. (His *Summertime* and *Something's Coming* solos are especially Evans-

## NEW INITIALS

With this issue, *Down Beat* adds another well-known name to its panel of record reviewers, that of Dan Morgenstern, the magazine's new associate editor, located in New York City. Morgenstern is a former newspaper writer and has been editor of two jazz magazines, *Metronome* and *Jazz*.

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ish, slipping phrase ends and all.)

Though some of the coldness that detracted from his earlier work hangs on, Burton more often than not brings a good deal of feeling to his playing, as can be heard on this LP's *Melanie* (a ballad by Mike Gibbs), *Careful* (a 16-bar Hall blues that borders the bitonal), and *Little Girl Blue*. All Burton's solos are finely constructed, usually building to a climax and then sliding away to make room for the next soloist.

The young vibist has chosen his sidemen well; there is a delicate interplay among the musicians that bespeaks an empathy not ordinarily found in recording-studio groups.

Israels is particularly sensitive to what's going on around him, as a close listen to *Something's Coming* will show. The bassist, another of the seemingly unending string of excellent young bass players that have come up since Scott LaFaro, uses the lower register to good effect, a range others inspired by LaFaro might well explore.

Hall is Hall, an impeccable, imaginative musician of the first order. He plays well, as usual, but he is at his best in a climbing, up-from-the-swamp solo on *Careful* and a free-form section of *Six Improvisatory Sketches* (another Gibbs' composition, but one that doesn't go anywhere, though there is an attractive Bartokian flavor).

Bunker plays with taste and fervor; one can only be thankful that he recently decided to forsake his Los Angeles studio work to go full time into the jazz world with Bill Evans' trio. His work here adds much to what the others do—and he has the grooviest sounding bass drum I've heard in a long, long time. (D.DeM.)

### Bill Evans

TRIO 64—Verve 8578: *Little Lulu*; *A Sleeping Bee*; *Always*; *Santa Claus Is Coming to Town*; *I'll See You Again*; *For Heaven's Sake*; *Dancing in the Dark*; *Everything Happens to Me*.

Personnel: Evans, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

For an Evans fan—and I'm one—this is a disappointing album, as disappointing in its way as his terrible *VIP's* thing that came out last year. Here it's not trite material or ludicrous setting, as was the case of *VIP's*, but lack of sympathy among the performers.

A casual listening identifies this as an Evans trio, but the performance is almost a satire of the best Evans trio, the one with bassist Scott LaFaro and Motian. In that group, heard at its most inspired on *Portrait in Jazz*, there was such a high degree of interaction that the collective improvisations often were astonishing. But here it's more as if a contest were being held, and each man is trying to outdo the other, each going his own way.

Peacock, perhaps wanting to follow in the footsteps of LaFaro, offers more LaFaro than Peacock, and, at that, it's not the essence but the surface of the late bassist. Peacock does not underline what Evans plays, as LaFaro, among other bassists, did, but instead attempts too often to phrase the same as the pianist. Now, since Evans on this record is very much in his stop-and-start bag, when Peacock begins starting and stopping at the same time—

with Motian seemingly out of touch with them both—the result is like exaggerated Swiss cheese—too many holes.

All of which is not to say Peacock does not play well—he plays the devil out of his instrument—but to say he perhaps plays too much, his many notes becoming only a plethora thereof, to the exclusion of sufficient melodic ideas. Most of his solos on this release are like blurs and too often alternate tension (a fast upward run) and release (a slower descent) with the monotonous regularity of waves lapping a shore. That he can play with more originality and invention than he chooses to on most of the record is evident by his fine solo on *Dancing in the Dark*.

The best nonballad Evans on the record is to be heard on *Santa Claus* and *Dancing in the Dark* when Peacock unclutters his section playing and lays down the time in back of the pianist. *Heaven's Sake* and *Everything* are excellent balladic Evans, with single-note bursts of beauty streaking forth like shooting stars out of the uniquely voiced piano chords. (D.DeM.)

### Roy Haynes

CYMBALISM—New Jazz 8287: *Modette*; *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*; *Go'n Git It*; *La Palomeinding*; *Hag*; *Cymbalism*; *Oleo*.

Personnel: Frank Strozier, alto saxophone, flute; Ronnie Mathews, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Most of the rating is for Haynes, a superb drummer who is constantly pushing and inventing with exceptional taste, skill, and clarity. He copies no one, but several times in the course of listening to this LP I thought to myself, "He sounds like a civilized Elvin Jones."

Beyond the excitement of Haynes, not very much happens here. Strozier plays well, but I have heard him do much better. He frequently starts what promises to be a fine idea but then fails to follow it through. Strozier's flute work is pleasant, though not as individual or accomplished as his alto playing.

Mathews and Ridley are competent and occasionally interesting, particularly on *Palomeinding*. The tunes, except for the fine standard, *Sentimental*, are ordinary.

Quite unusual, however, are the album notes, which I take to be either a clever exercise in jabberwocky or one of the worst liner essays of all time. It's hard to tell which. (R.B.H.)

### Herbie Mann

LATIN FEVER—Atlantic 1422: *Harlem Nocturne*; *Fever*; *Not Now—Later On*; *The Golden Striker*; *Insensatez*; *You Came a Long Way from St. Louis*; *Batida Diferente*; *Nana*; *Groovy Samba*; *Influenza de Jazz*.

Personnel: Ernie Royal, Clark Terry, Pedro Paulo, trumpets or fluegelhorns; Mann, various flutes; Paulo Moura, alto saxophone; Paul Griffin, organ or Paul Griffin or Sergio Mendes or Antonio Carlos Jobim, piano; Bill Suyker or Durval Ferreira or Baden Powell, guitar; Otavio Bailly Jr. or Nabil Totah or Gabriel, bass; Bobby Thomas or Don Um or Rudy Collins or Juquinha, drums; George Devens, percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Nowhere on this album is there a claim made that this is a jazz date—so one star for integrity. Add another star for Mann and his usual articulate, sustained, quality performance. Hang on another one and a little more for the driving Sergio Mendes Sextet that pushes relentlessly in a jazz-

tinged Latin flavor. If one does that, then he arrives at the same 3½ stars he would have awarded the recording on musical merit alone.

Mann displays exceptional mastery on *Batida*, during which he relaxes the strict adherence to the heavy Latin rhythm, letting the phrases flow more smoothly, and implying the reliance of the soloist on the supporting sextet. The brief *St. Louis* offers more good Mann, this time moving with an intensity and urgency difficult to achieve with such an ethereal, airy instrument as flute.

There is an interesting inclusion in the swiftly moving, Gospel-based *Not Now*—an intense vocal group shouting accents and chants. (B.G.)

### Ronnie Mathews

DOIN' THE THANG—Prestige 7303: *The Thang; Ibcí Ban; The Orient; Let's Get Down; Prelude to a Kiss; 1239-A.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; Mathews, piano; Eddie Khan, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Mathews' first album of his own is neither outstanding enough to suggest the arrival of a significant new pianist nor poor enough to prompt outright rejection of his efforts.

Faint praise may appear to be no praise at all to an ambitious young artist, yet it seems quite in order here. Mathews displays a pleasing brand of light-fingered, clean musicianship, but most of the ideas he develops strike me as leftovers from yesterday's jazz menu.

His chording, his single-note lines, and his rhythm patterns are all quite conventional, even predictable, and the result is not really very interesting.

*Kiss* holds possibilities in its unorthodox introduction and the use of 3/4 time for the chorus, but somehow the final product is just a bit corny, closer to Cy Walter than to Art Tatum, as Mathews intended.

There is promise, too, in *Let's Get Down*, on which Mathews hints at Tristano-like long melodic lines. With his considerable technique, the pianist might find this a rewarding avenue to explore. At least it is one way out of the hall of clichés that seems to hold Mathews (and many other young jazzmen as well, of course) prisoner.

Hubbard is disappointing here, falling back on *Flight of the Bumblebee* runs and uninspired lick-playing. Only his crisp, brassy sound, a pleasure to hear, keeps him from becoming an actual detriment to the session.

Davis' flabby tone and blurred articulation—sometimes it is difficult to disentangle his fundamental notes from his spluttering overtones—hardly enhance his flow of commonplace ideas. I suspect (and hope) that this just wasn't his kind of group. Too conservative, maybe. Anyway, he sounds ill at ease to me, particularly on the title tune, which is in 5/4.

The rhythm team is an excellent one. Heath is not an impressive soloist and Khan doesn't have any solos, but the two work well together as timekeepers.

In all, it was a fairly well-played but uneventful date. (R.B.H.)

### Hank Mobley

NO ROOM FOR SQUARES—Blue Note 4149: *Three-Way Split; Carolyn; Up a Step; No Room for Squares; Me 'n' You; Old World, New Imports.*

Personnel: Lee Morgan or Donald Byrd, trumpet; Mobley, tenor saxophone; Andrew Hill or Herbie Hancock, piano; John Ore or Butch Warren, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Mobley has long been my choice as recipient of that overused word, underrated. Fellow musicians have realized his worth for a number of years, but others seemed oblivious to his talent. A trio of albums for Blue Note (*Soul Station, Roll Call, and Workout*) should have remedied this, but they did not get the recognition due them, perhaps because they were not radical statements of the avant garde.

This album, if not up to the best of the three previous sets, is on the same generally high level. Mobley, who came first from Charlie Parker, absorbed from Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane at different points in his career but long ago developed his own sound and style. *Split* is an excellent example of the heated, connective flow of his attack and the tensile muscularity of his sound; he also is in fine form elsewhere in the album.

*Step* and *Squares*, both by Mobley, are excursions into minor modes that avoid the boredom that sometimes can ensue when modality is a la mode; *Carolyn* is a minor-key ballad by Morgan that contains some pretty crying by Mobley; *You* is that kind of Latin-Gospel blues Ray Charles does so well; and *Imports*, a leaping, up-tempo line, offers cooking Hancock, and creative machinegunning by Jones.

The trumpeters are great aids throughout, especially Morgan, who does some of his best work since returning to more active recording last year. He plays a crackling solo on *Split*, which has some of the Fats Navarro-Clifford Brown kind of brilliance, and a lovely subdued statement on *Carolyn*.

Byrd (he, Hancock, and Warren appear only on *Step* and *Imports*) demonstrates his mellow tone and thoughtful construction on *Step*. Hill and Hancock play well but have been heard to better advantage on their own albums.

The bassists offer steady support, but it is Jones, with his particularly persuasive pulse and impeccable accenting, who really makes things move.

This is a well-executed, exciting album that will grow on the listener. To those unfamiliar with Mobley's brand of power, it can serve as an ear-opener. (I.G.)

### Oscar Peterson

THE OSCAR PETERSON TRIO PLAYS—Verve 8591: *The Strut; Let's Fall in Love; Satin Doll; Little Right Foot; L'il Darlin'; Fly Me to the Moon; This Nearly Was Mine; Shiny Stockings; You Stepped Out of a Dream.*

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★★

Peterson is either very, very good or very clichéd. Most of this album, unfortunately, caught him on one of his cliché days. And as Peterson goes, so goes his group, though at its least impressive it is

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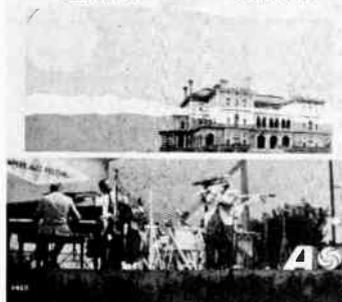
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still one of the most tightly knit groups around these days.

But even when Peterson is spewing forth one cliché after another, there usually comes a brief moment when he'll insert a phrase that is almost breathtaking in its musicality, as witness this album's first six titles, the ones in which his inspiration is most often on the wane, the ones in which he turns things on and off like a computer operator and is at his most predictable.

Still, it's all very well done, from a pianistic viewpoint; the man has few peers in the command he has of his instrument. But when he brings facility and inspiration to his music, as on the last three tracks, look out, for then there is hardly a pianist in jazz who comes close to him.

Note particularly his pedaling on the ballad *This Nearly Was Mine*; a minor point, perhaps, but one just doesn't run across many jazzmen who bother much with such things or, if they do, combine it with the degree of taste and musicianship Peterson does on this track.

Of course, no review of a Peterson trio performance can be written without mention of the empathy evident among the pianist, Brown, and Thigpen. It's there, and when it's at its most pronounced, it's as if each man were reading the others' minds, something particularly true of Brown, who is a phenomenon, period.

(D.DeM).

### Ike Quebec

IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING—Blue Note 4105: *It Might as Well Be Spring*; *A Light Reprieve*; *Easy—Don't Hurt*; *Lover Man*; *Ol' Man River*; *Willow*; *Weep for Me*.

Personnel: Quebec, tenor saxophone; Freddie Roach, organ; Milt Hinton, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

When Quebec died at 44 in January, 1963, he was, ironically, well under way on the comeback trail. This album found him at the top of his form. Blue Note does not say whether this is the last Quebec it has on hand; Nat Hentoff's first-rate notes, obviously written prior to the tenor man's death, are unamended by any indication that this is a posthumous release.

Quebec was of the big-toned school of tenor players. Sound was the touchstone of his style, and a beautiful sound it was. It had in it something of the Herschel Evans "cry," but it was fuller, with a less-pronounced vibrato. Quebec had speed as well, and forthright ideas. He was a passionate player and always told a story. Here, his sound is captured to perfection, and he seemed very much at ease with the rhythm section—the same that had backed him on *Heavy Soul*, his first LP.

The program of four standards and two Quebec originals (*Reprieve* is a minor 32-bar tune with AABA construction; *Easy* is a slow blues) is as well-balanced as a good set in a club; in fact, the playing is as relaxed and spontaneous, yet cohesive, as if these were four steady companions.

*Spring* is treated by Quebec without sentimentality but with proper romantic ambience. *Reprieve* jumps, and Roach, a sensitive, quietly tasteful organist, plays two good choruses. *Don't* is really the blues. *Lover Man* pays homage to the

Billie Holiday-Charlie Parker legacy; Quebec "sings" the song on his tenor and shows how one can play at slow tempo and still swing, the swing being in the phrasing.

The nine-tempoed *River* is almost seven minutes of uninterrupted tenor. It is a wonderfully free and stomping performance, perhaps the most exuberant Quebec on record. There is a bow to Lester Young in a recollection from *Taxi War Dance*, and Quebec demonstrates that a honk or two can be all right when the spirit is righteous. Hinton, a brick throughout, gives superb support here, and Harewood is a solid, unostentatious, and musicianly timekeeper.

The concluding *Willow* is the emotional peak of the album. Adjectives like "sincere" and "soulful" are horribly overworked it's true, but Quebec's playing here is utterly sincere and full of soul. It is a plaintive song, filled with sadness, but not for one moment is there self-pity in this performance.

It would be fitting if Blue Note were to depart for once from its non-reissue policy and put together an Ike Quebec memorial set. The company was first to record him under his own name (in 1944), and such 78-rpm classics as *Blue Harlem* and *If I Had You*, as well as *Topsy*, *Cup-Mute Clayton*, and later items such as the moving *If I Could Be with You* (issued on 45-rpm only), could be the marrow of a deserved tribute to a man who remained a fine musician to the end.

(D.M.)

### Jimmy Smith

PRAYER MEETIN'—Blue Note 4164: *Prayer Meetin'*; *I Almost Lost My Mind*; *Stone Cold Dead in the Market*; *When the Saints Go Marching In*; *Red Top*; *Picnickin'*.

Personnel: Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Smith, organ; Quentin Warren, guitar; Donald Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Everything about this album is thoroughly professional, and Smith's burgeoning army of fans should be pleased with most of these tracks.

The calypso treatment of *Stone Cold*, and the Twist-like mien of *Saints* are obvious throwouts for the pop market, and Smith, playing this music at this level, leaves many better-known pop entertainers far behind in terms of musical competency.

The rest of the material will be at least palatable for the jazz listener, provided one's in the mood for 30 minutes of straight funky blues. All Smith's albums seem prone to similar excesses, a surprising fact considering Smith's versatility and capacity.

Warren has one solo, on *Stone Cold*, and shows himself a warm and sensitive player who should certainly have been given more opportunity to be heard. Bailey's time and taste are excellent throughout.

Smith solos strongly on *Picnickin'* and *Red Top* and, playing swinging rhythmic figures, provides good accompaniment for Turrentine's horn. Playing bass parts for the unit with the organ foot pedals, Smith gets a distinctive sound but not the melodic and rhythmic variances that a bassist would have provided.

Turrentine conforms to the pattern by

playing adequately, but repetitiously, in the funky blues genre. (G.M.E.)

### Sonny Stitt

**PRIMITIVO SOUL!**—Prestige 7302: *Slave Maidens; Baion Baby; Estrellita; Blue Blood Ritual; Island Shout; Barefoot Ball.*

Personnel: Stitt, tenor saxophone; Ronnie Mathews, piano; Leonard Gaskin, bass; Herbie Lovelle, drums; Osvaldo Martinez, bongos; Marcelino Veldez, conga.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This, another album from one of today's most recorded jazzmen, is not exactly something to send one shouting from the rooftops. I am a great admirer of Stitt's work, on both tenor and alto, but this is just another date.

He plays well here (better than that on *Maidens* and *Shout*), but he has set a higher standard for himself and just does not come up to it in ideas or inspiration.

Four tunes are Stitt "originals." *Baby* sounds like *Chloe*; *Ritual* is a slow blues; *Shout* approximates *St. Thomas* but is faster; and *Ball* derives from *I Got Rhythm*.

About the lowest point in the set is a tediously slow version of *Estrellita* with some quavery, slightly out-of-tune moments from Stitt.

The rhythm section functions well, but Mathews is given precious little to do. The stage is Stitt's. He has given far better performances. (I.G.)

### Jimmy Walker-Erwin Helfer

**ROUGH AND READY**—Testament 2202: *Rough and Ready; Give Me 5 Cents Worth of Love; Goin' Back to Texas; Give Me 10 Cents Worth of Love; Sneaky Pete; Walkin' with Walker; Mama Told Me; Makin' the Changes; Ella Mae; Fringe Benefit; Sweet Patootie; Mr. Freddie; Four O'Clock Blues; On Your Way.*

Personnel: Walker, piano, vocals; Helfer, piano; Willie Dixon, bass.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The question is: Can you boogie in May as you woogie in December? And the answer, in this case, would appear to be: well, no, but you can still have a good time.

The situation is that Walker, a blues pianist in his 60s who has been playing around Chicago most of his life, is teamed with Helfer, a blues piano enthusiast in his late 20s, in a group of piano duets and solos with a few vocals by Walker thrown in for good (or at least fair) measure.

Walker appears to be a man who knows his limitations and works within them. He avoids drastic up-tempos, sticks closely to moderate and slow paces, and, within such frameworks, plays with the easy familiarity of the old hand.

The lack of this sort of ease is the most noticeable characteristic of Helfer's playing. It seems to boil down, essentially, to the difference between the natural player and the practiced copyist. In their duets, Walker, playing the bass lines, gives Helfer, working the melody, the rolling pulse that is lacking when Helfer attempts solos. The two men mesh well together on their duets and obviously have a close rapport.

Walker sings three numbers in a voice that is severely limited but which moves into the traditional blues phrasing very readily. Helfer comes off well in the slow and easy *Four O'Clock* but is otherwise a

stiff soloist. Walker, however, has a lithe and rhythmic grace that makes all his performances attractive despite the relatively restricted area in which he plays. (J.S.W.)

### Mary Lou Williams

**MARY LOU WILLIAMS PRESENTS**—Mary Records 32843: *Black Christ of the Andes; It Ain't Necessarily So; The Devil; Miss D.D.; Anima Christi; A Grand Nite for Swingin'; My Blue Heaven; Dirge Blues; A Fungus Amungus; Praise the Lord.*

Personnel: Miss Williams, piano; Percy Heath, bass (tracks 6, 7); Howard Roberts vocal chorus; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★☆☆

After some eight years of semi-retirement, Miss Williams has returned full time to her career as a jazz performer. This album marks her first recording since her re-emergence. The superb artistry of the musician—her uncanny prowess at the piano, her composing and arranging abilities—not only shows no sign of impairment but seems approaching a new level of accomplishment.

Consider the bold, lithe performance of *Ain't Necessarily*, with its tripping, suspended melody lines, and marvelous supporting left-hand figures. The flowing musical images, airy and enthralling, move with deceptive ease, the phrasing becoming stronger and more articulate as the improvisation moves into musical rapture. This is the outstanding track, a stunning jazz performance.

*Grand Nite* has powerful, fleeting figures played with rag-tag overtones of Kansas City and Harlem. On *D.D.*, Miss Williams provides embellishments for a repetitive bass line, conjuring images of elegance and sophistication. The remaining trio tracks, *Dirge* especially, are beautifully done, but do not approach the smacking creative fire of *Ain't Necessarily* or *Grand Nite*. *Fungus Amungus*, featuring solo piano, is a rambling series of semi-jazz motifs that show Miss Williams' formidable technique.

The vocal chorus tracks feature compositions of Miss Williams based on religious material. *Black Christ*, dedicated to Martin de Porres, a 16th-century Negro saint, is the most ambitious and is given the best performance. It is an elegiac hymn, with lovely weaving phrases, and is graced with an attractive piano interlude. *Praise the Lord* has skillful choir accompaniment but is rendered in a banal, hand-clapping style. With such exquisite creative gifts at hand, one wonders why Miss Williams squanders her time with performances at this level.

Percy Heath is the bassist on the *Grand Nite* and *Blue Heaven* tracks, but the bass and drum work, excellent throughout, is not otherwise identified. Further, the album lists Miss Williams as the composer of all the tunes: *Ain't Necessarily* is by George Gershwin, and *My Blue Heaven* is by Walter Donaldson.

There are no more fickle gods than the Muses, who give, and take away, the creative powers without discernable logic. There is no question that for Miss Williams the Muses have struck again, for, as most of the work here shows, she is one of the most compelling jazz musicians playing today. (G.M.E.)

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# OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

A COLUMN OF JAZZ REISSUES

Recordings reviewed in this issue:  
*Dixieland-New Orleans* (Mainstream 56003; 6003)

Rating: ★★★★★

*Dixieland-Chicago* (Mainstream 56010; 6010)

Rating: ★★★★★

*Era of the Clarinet* (Mainstream 56011; 6011)

Rating: ★★★★★

*Eddie Heywood* (Mainstream 56001; 6001)

Rating: ★★★★★

*Billie Holiday* (Mainstream 56000; 6000)

Rating: ★★★★★

During the eight years that Commodore records was actively recording (1938 to 1946), its most characteristic output was that New York variant of what was once known as "Chicago style" but relabeled "Nicksieland jazz" in honor of Nick's, the New York club where the musicians who played this music could usually be heard.

The front man and organizer for this coterie was Eddie Condon, who, during the early years of Commodore, assembled bands for many of its sessions. As a result, there is a fairly long catalog of Commodores put out under the names of various leaders on which one repeatedly finds cornetist Wild Bill Davison, trombonist Georg Brunis, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, pianist Gene Schroeder, and drummer George Wettling, as well as cornetist Bobby Hackett, trumpeter Max Kaminsky, tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman, cornetist Muggsy Spanier, and valve trombonist Brad Gowans.

On the series of reissues from the Commodore catalog now appearing on Mainstream, the work of groups drawn from this pool make up the bulk of both *Dixieland-New Orleans* and *Dixieland-Chicago*.

"Dixieland-New Orleans" may not be a particularly accurate description of the performances on that disc, since the long-expatriated Brunis is the only man of New Orleans origin heard at any length (Edmond Hall's clarinet turns up on three pieces, Pops Foster plays bass on one, Tony Spargo is the drummer on one), and the general style has more roots in Chicago than in New Orleans. But it serves as a vehicle for a group of lusty recordings made in November, 1943, released under the names of Davison and Brunis. They include Davison's classic *That's A-Plenty* and Brunis' equally well known *Ugly Chile*, and they offer several examples of Davison's astounding ability to endow an out-chorus with hair-curling ferocity.

A Condon-organization *Singin' the Blues* has a slightly subtler, more lyrical tone due to the presence of Kaminsky and

Gowans in place of Davison and Brunis. Seemingly apropos of nothing in particular, the disc also includes Jack Teagarden doing *Rockin' Chair* with Kaminsky and Ernie Caceres (playing clarinet), a performance that would add interest to any collection.

The *Dixieland-Chicago* set, aside from being a better description of what is on the disc, has a distinct focal point in Spanier, who is heard on half of the 10 selections. Four are with a more-or-less standard group of Condonites and, despite Spanier's cutting attack, have a lumbering, heavy quality. The fifth is one of those will-o'-the-wisp performances that Lee Wiley made for Commodore backed only by Spanier and pianist Jess Stacy.

Of special interest here are two of the earliest Commodore releases (1938)—*Serenade to a Shylock*, with Teagarden's superb singing and trombone work, and *Carnegie Drag*, a product of the first Commodore session (Jan. 17, 1938) that helped set the general style of the early Commodore discs. Two more Davison-Brunis pieces and another number from the Teagarden *Rockin' Chair* session fill out the disc.

There's still more from the Davison, Brunis, and Spanier bags on *Era of the Clarinet*, but the primary points here are two 1942 recordings by a group led by pianist Mel Powell that included Benny Goodman, trombonist Lou McGarity, and trumpeter Billy Butterfield. McGarity plays some magnificently Teagardenish trombone; Butterfield shows an emotional attack that one tends to forget he once possessed; Goodman was still playing with authority and direction; and Powell swings along in lilting style. What's more, the ensembles are imaginative and not at all the routine eruptions that were common with the Condon groups.

Since the hook on this album is to display a variety of clarinetists, there is a bright and bouncy bit of Edmond Hall (with quartet), a rather muffled sample of George Lewis with trumpeter Bunk Johnson in 1942, and a lovely solo by Irving Fazola on *The Breeze* with a Stacy group (this is from the Varsity catalog rather than Commodore). The other clarinetists heard are Tony Parenti, weaving his rag-ged way through a pair of Brunis performances, and Russell, rasping beautifully with Spanier.

The Powell group was only one of many instances in which Commodore departed from its Nicksieland house band. The highly successful little band that pianist Eddie Heywood led in the mid-'40s was heard on records for the first time on Commodore early in 1944. These performances are gathered on *Eddie Heywood* along with two slightly earlier recordings on which Heywood is heard with Hall's Cafe Society band (*Downtown Cafe Boogie* and *Uptown Cafe Boogie*). Hall's name is omitted from the personnel listing on the liner, and he is not mentioned in the liner notes, which is unfortunate since his group, with Emmett Berry on trumpet and Vic

Dickenson on trombone, provides some of the best moments on the disc. The tight, clipped and highly mannered style of Heywood's band is sometimes effective, particularly in its use of breaks, but the band had not yet gained the polish that it achieved on its later Decca records. However, there are some fine solos by trumpeter Doc Cheatham and Dickenson.

Heywood's band also backs Billie Holiday on four of her selections on *Billie Holiday*, and Heywood and his rhythm section accompany her on two more. The album offers Miss Holiday at the two extremes of what was probably her optimum period—1939 to 1944. The 1939 performances are, deservedly, classics—her searing *Strange Fruit*, her darkly luminous treatment of *Yesterdays*, the outgoing *I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues*, and her definitive blues, *Fine and Mellow*, all with trumpeter Frankie Newton's band with which she was working at Cafe Society at the time. In 1944 she was back at Cafe Society, this time with Heywood's band, which provides sympathetic backing to her singing (Dickenson in particular seems to sing along with her); but Heywood, bassist John Simmons, and drummer Sid Catlett are static and heavy-handed in the two selections on which they provide her accompaniment.

—John S. Wilson

## SONGSKRIT

A COLUMN OF VOCAL ALBUM REVIEWS

By JOHN A. TYNAN

**The Swingle Singers: *Going Baroque*** (Philips 200-126 and 600-126)

Rating: ★★★★★

With this successor to *Bach's Greatest Hits*, the first of the Swingle Singers' albums, the fascination deepens. Ward Swingle, a 37-year-old Alabamian who has spent several years studying piano in Paris, once again has successfully wedded a baroque musical idiom to a framework that is unmistakably jazz.

His seven gifted French singers are equally responsible for the charm and delicacy invested in the dozen selections taken from the baroque period in music that ended approximately with the death of J. S. Bach in 1750.

The singers are Jeanette Baucmont, soprano; Christiane Legrand, soprano; Anne Germain, contralto; Claudine Meunier, contralto; Claude Germain, tenor; Jean-Claude Briodin, bass-baritone; and Jean Cussac, bass-baritone.

Adapted and arranged by Swingle for his group are J. S. Bach's *Badinerie* (from the *Suite in B Minor*), *Gigue* (from the *Cello Suite in C Major*), *Largo* (from the *Harpichord Concerto in F Minor*), *Prelude No. 19* (from *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, 1st Book), *Preambule* (from the *Partita No. 5 in G Major*), *Prelude No. 7* (from *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, 2nd Book), and *Prelude No. 24* (from *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, 2nd Book); Handel's *Air* (from the *Harpichord Suite in*

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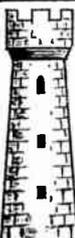
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*E Major*) and his *Allegro* (from the *Concerto Grosso*); Vivaldi's *Fugue* (from the *Estro Harmonico* arranged for organ by J. S. Bach); and one apiece by J. S. Bach's sons, Phillip Emanuel (*Solfeggietto*) and Wilhelm Friedmann (*Der Fruehling*). A rhythmic jazz pulse is provided on bass and drums respectively by Guy Pedersen and Gus Wallez.

As with *Bach's Greatest Hits*, this LP is not for the casual listener. To derive the maximum pleasure and edification from the singers, one should follow the convolution of line against line, voice against voice, and sway with the ebb and flow. We all owe a debt to Ward Swingle and his singers for proving that novelty and valid artistic effort are not mutually exclusive.

**Aretha Franklin: Unforgettable**  
*(A Tribute to Dinah Washington)*  
 (Columbia 2163)

Rating: ★★★★★

Miss Franklin is a powerfully emotional singer, steeped in the Gospel tradition, deeply committed in song to the shattering impact that can be the product of so much that is basic to Gospel music. In this tribute to the late Dinah Washington, Miss Franklin takes 10 songs from Queen D's book, has them arranged by Robert Mersey, and when she is through with them leaves this listener somewhat exhausted and certainly convinced that the power and the glory of her Gospel message might well be taken in doses smaller than offered here.

Though the Franklin treatment of the material is essentially the same, hers is an emotionally moving and truth-rooted talent. You believe Aretha Franklin. You know in your heart as you listen that she is singing from the deep reaches of her heart.

**Mel Torme: Sunday in New York**  
*& Other Songs About New York*  
 (Atlantic 8091)

Rating: ★★★★★½

This is New York in mood and motif, in words and music. And this is Torme in quite delightful, swinging tribute to that most fascinating, frightening, and unforgettable city.

Torme is flawless, which is to say he demonstrates quite the best currently heard male jazz vocalizing. He has working for him fine arrangements by Dick Hazard (*Autumn in New York*; *42nd Street*; *Harlem Nocturne*; and *Manhattan*), Shorty Rogers (*Lullaby of Birdland*; *The Brooklyn Bridge*; *New York, New York*; and *There's a Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway*), and Johnny T. Williams (*Sunday in New York*; *Broadway*; *Let Me off Uptown*; and *Sidewalks of New York*). There is no arranging credit given for Frank Loesser's *My Time of Day*.

Through all the songs and varying moods the singer glides easily, now blending with the orchestra in the manner of an additional instrument, now carrying the lead with an assurance that marks him as Boss Man.

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# BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:  
Various Artists, *The Mississippi Blues* (Origin Jazz Library 5)

Rating: ★★★★★

Charlie Patton (Origin Jazz Library 1)

Rating: ★★★★★

Bukka White, *Mississippi Blues, Vol. 1* (Takoma 1001)

Rating: ★★★★★

Son House and J.D. Short, *Blues from the Mississippi Delta* (Folkways 2467)

Rating: ★★★★★

Fred McDowell, *Mississippi Delta Blues* (Arhoolie 1021)

Rating: ★★★★★

The five albums cited above, though representing a wide range of individual performance styles, offer excellent samplings of the harsh, introspective blues approach usually associated with the Mississippi region. The great breadth of the stylistic range and variation within the general contours of the regional style is well demonstrated in the Origin *Mississippi Blues* set, which offers, on one hand, the strident declamatory blues work of Son House, Willie Brown, and William Harris and, on the other, the stately, almost elegant singing and playing of John Hurt. The span is from the crude, clamorous worksong-derived blues form to one that in its restraint and conscious formality of design and decoration shows considerable influence from white music.

"House, Brown, and Harris," it is stated in Origin's excellent notes, "are Clarksdale men, their blues as near to a mainstream style as we have—the one these men and others handed to Robert Johnson who helped set them in the form adopted to this day. . . . The guitar is conspicuous here, often harshly and stridently pulsive with work rhythms, taking over emphatically, almost impatiently, at the end of a vocal line. Lyrically, these blues are kin to field hollers, with the mainly familiar verses or variations on same strung informally together. The intoned sounds of monosyllables frequently carry more meaning than whatever signification the words may have. Usually, it is one long, free-associated lament or protest. Rarely is any connected narrative unfolded. What organic form there is depends on the development of the extraordinarily expressive guitar playing to which the words stand pretty much as chorus."

The Patton set offers corollary material from one of the most forceful Mississippi singers, whose shouting vocal delivery and plangent guitar rhythms are the prototypes of the intense, autobiographical delta style. Much of Patton's material, in fact, is based in personal experience, and the stories he relates in his songs are, as a result, often apocryphal to those removed in time and

space from the singer and his songs. Yet they ring with the uncompromising truth of utter engagement, and the unaffected language often rises to the level of strong folk poetry—to wit, *Moon Going Down*.

The influence of Patton is patent in the work of Booker T. Washington (Bukka) White, whose recent rediscovery is memorialized in his Takoma release. Like Patton, White's material is largely based in personal experience: *Parchman Farm Blues*, for example, details his two years in that prison farm for shooting a man (he was released through the intervention of the ARC recording firm, for which White recorded in 1937 and, upon his release, 1940); the two cante fables *New Orleans Streamline* and *Atlanta Special* are both personal railroad blues; and *Drunk Man Blues* and *Army Blues* are likewise based in experiences that befell the singer.

White might be considered something of a transitional figure, for in his hands the blues move from the area of the cathartic (the singer purging himself, relieving himself of his troubles and anxieties by verbalizing them) to that of performance (recounting experience to entertain listeners).

The existential Mississippi blues—call it the "pure" approach, if you will—is displayed to excellent advantage in the Son House material, all superb blues, in the Folkways set (it was originally recorded in 1942 for the Library of Congress). In House's high-pitched, anguished singing, biting complementary guitar lines, and strong, complex rhythms, one finds a living definition of the Clarksdale-delta style.

House, by the way, was recently rediscovered, appeared at this year's Newport Folk Festival, and his first LP release is expected shortly. His comments might shed considerable light on the evolution and solidification of the delta style, for he was an important shaper of the tradition and teacher of the important Robert Johnson, regarded as master of the style.

J. D. Short's music, in its brusqueness and rhythmic simplicity, is much less sophisticated than many of the other delta blues men. His choked singing is very much in the Mississippi traditions; intense and motivated by feelings almost too strong for words, it rushes over an accompaniment hammered on the bass strings and reinforced by simple chordal strumming. Many of the words are swallowed, and the lyrics are skimpily developed and fragmentary, so that one almost has to piece together his thoughts. Still, the sound of the delta pulses through his songs.

Ample evidence of the continuing virility of the style among the younger generation is given in the coursing strength of singer-bottleneck guitarist Fred McDowell, a Como, Miss., farmhand. McDowell is a performer who, while his song materials are traceable to other singers, has brought his sources together into a wholly integrated style. An expressive singer whose pinched vocal quality takes some getting used to, McDowell has evolved a magnificent guitar accompaniment style that gives his performances a vividly dramatic and gripping forcefulness. The Arhoolie set, recorded in Como, offers a number of representative performances by this remarkably moving performer.



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# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

## Toshiko-Mariano Quartet

Jazz Workshop, Boston

Personnel: Charlie Mariano, alto saxophone; Toshiko Mariano, piano; Kent Carter, bass; Joe Cocuzzo, drums.

There are many advantages to hearing a group toward the end of an appearance, the most important being that the musicians are familiar with the room—its acoustics, its patrons—and, in cases where it applies, to the house rhythm section.

The night of review for Tokyo's Toshiko and Boston's Charlie was a gratifying case in point. Just about every tangible element clicked. The sets were well balanced (Charlie and Tosh alternated calling numbers and setting tempos), and the musicianship was nearly flawless, never betraying the fact that there were a house drummer and bassist behind the headliners negotiating some of the trickiest arrangements this side of the international dateline.

As for the intangibles, a wonderful rapport was established, not only in the internal sense, among the musicians, but between the quartet and the audience, too.

This feeling can be attributed to two developments. First, Mariano is more outgoing than ever. To be sure, he is still more articulate with an alto in his mouth, but during his stay at the Workshop—a room most conducive to creative jazz—his intrinsic warmth and humor emerged as he announced and described the numbers in "his" set.

Second, Toshiko is no longer the scared, delicate Japanese doll who arrived at Boston's Berklee School of Music in 1956. The delicacy is still evident, but the pianist has gained considerable self-confidence over the years, even to the point where her high-pitched, hummed obbligatos to her improvisations are getting stronger.

The arrangements—at times tastefully flavored by the pentatonic scale often heard in Oriental music—are tight, contain frequent tempo changes, and show a big-band disdain for unfilled gaps.

Carter's sensitive solo on *Little T* was punctuated by the pointillistic jabs of Charlie and Toshiko; *Dart Game* (based on the changes of *It's You or No One*) was a frantic up-tempo number with a two-faced head—its jagged line seemed to leap from alto to piano and back again; *The Shout*, a traditional 12-bar blues, could have been three separate compositions as Charlie, Toshiko, and Carter each took extended solos, with the tempo retarding to a dead stop after each; *Autumn Leaves* was the altoist's high point of the evening, in which he blended the lucid logic of his ideas with the soulful mourning of his tone; *Count Your Blessings* and the modal *Phrygian Waterfall* provided Toshiko excellent, two-handed showcases; and *Going Home* (the seldom-swung slow movement from Anton Dvorak's *New World Symphony*) represented the finest straight-

ahead jazz by the quartet heard all evening.

The most elaborate jazz could be found in another modal piece, *Sea in Springtime*, with its occasional excursion into 5/4. Cocuzzo simulated waves with mallet rolls on one of his cymbals, and Carter, with his unorthodox, three- and four-finger plucking, ended the tune by repeating Mariano's ascending figure in the delicate manner of a koto.

Actually, delicacy is the basis for the only complaint, and it comes from Toshiko's keyboard touch: a stronger assertiveness would better support Mariano's hard-driving alto.

In the marriage of Toshiko and Charlie, East and West have not only met, but they have assimilated the best of both worlds as well, fusing them into what can be called a slightly different outlook on jazz.

—Harvey Siders

## Horace Silver

Jazz Workshop, Boston

Personnel: Carmell Jones, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Silver, piano; Arthur Harper, bass; Roger Humphries, drums.

To establish one fact at the outset, the only thing really new about the new Horace Silver Quintet is its personnel.

This was the group's third engagement (following its debut in Pittsburgh, Pa., the quintet had played a week in Buffalo, N.Y.), but it never betrayed its embryonic state in its week-long appearance in Boston. All members were extremely poised. (Henderson, Jones, and Harper looked so consistently introspective, they conjured up the funereal image of the Modern Jazz Quartet.) As for the group's sound, the newcomers seemed very much at home with the pianist's book, showing the results of painstaking rehearsals.

Yet, in some ways, the evening was a disappointment. Jones and Henderson, when playing the simple arrangements, revealed an enviable oneness of phrasing and conception. But in a solo capacity each was cliché-ridden. Jones inserted many more notes than he had to, clouding his ideas and detracting from a tone that was firm, clear, and pleasing. Henderson, whose melodic ideas had little to offer, was too busy striving for effects and resorted so much to tasteless honks and squeals that they formed an improvisational strait-Jacquet.

The worst that can be said of Harper is that he was unspectacular. Words such as "adequate" and "competent" may have negative connotations, but Harper was just that: a dependable, straightforward, at times booming, source of rhythm, at his best in numbers calling for an ostinato.

Silver was obviously inspired. His work in accompaniment was more than just chordal reminders. It was filled with two-handed, full-bodied prodding, setting a percussive pace behind trumpet and tenor. However, on long solos, the pianist's left hand tended to repetition—to the point of monotony.

The real driving force behind the quintet is Humphries (no relation to drummer Lex). He put on a dazzling display of dynamic control, building tremendous

salvos with a fierce intensity when the occasion demanded, laying down squarely on top of "one," with an equal dose of conviction and bravura, following a long roll.

Dynamics seem to be the most identifiable characteristic of the new quintet. So many combos are content to remain at one level or merely become gradually louder, but the Silver group at all times transmits a sensitively controlled crest and trough of intensity.

The best example of this could be heard in *Tokyo Blues*, with its simple minor changes and its line voiced in fourths. Humphries achieved a remarkable symmetry of dynamics, swelling to a climax in the middle of solos by Jones, Henderson, and Silver and then letting everyone back down with consummate grace.

Silver's solo vehicle, *The Natives Are Restless Tonight*, provided the only outlet for a strictly musical brand of humor that is noticeably lacking in the quintet's arrangements.

Big-band sounds wove through the fabric of *Boston Sister Sadie*, notable for its outstanding internal writing and the fine cello-like filling in of Harper. The high point of this number came in the exchange of twos by tenor and trumpet. Two measures barely allow time to execute what one feels, but Henderson and Jones pulled it off with swinging eloquence. A triplet figure in *Senor Blues*, a 12-bar minor blues, evoked the pulsating feel of a jazz waltz. And in *Nica's Dream* the quintet showed its penchant for Latin cross-rhythms.

The most uninhibited, unabashed swinging was heard in *Filthy McNasty*, the down-home blues that seems one step removed from rhythm and blues. All that was missing was a boogie-woogie pattern from Silver. It was hard-driving but lacking in finesse.

In certain respects, the quintet at this early juncture could be described as rhythmically exciting, harmonically conservative, musically uneven. But its potential is great; after all, it's on the Silver standard.

—Harvey Siders

## Various Artists

Wilton, Conn.

A not-so-miniature jazz festival took place on July 12 at Leonard Bernstein's home in Wilton, Conn., for the purpose of aiding the legal defense fund of nearby Norwalk's National Association for the Advancement of Colored People branch.

There was an impressive array of talent, and the musicians faced some 1,200 guests across the swimming pool, into which no one had the temerity to fall. The show was produced by former *Down Beat* publisher Jack Mandable, now of *Cue* magazine.

Two big bands were used to give the show pace and variety. One consisted of former students of Walt Whitman High School in Huntingdon, N.Y., under the direction of Clem DeRosa, and the other was the Bridgeport, Conn., band that Gene Hull has successfully led for several years. The arrangements were ambitious and the



Bruce Jones Warren Glenn Clayton Hinton Miss Osborne

standard of performance professional, Hull sometimes leading his ensemble on flute (on mike) to distinctive effect.

Pianist Billy Taylor, always to the fore in charitable enterprises, played a fine set with Ben Tucker, bass, and Grady Tate, drums. Taylor also accompanied singer Bill Henderson and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, both of whom were in good form.

Buck Clayton headed an excellent septet made up of himself on trumpet; Tyree Glenn, trombone; Earle Warren, alto saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Mary Osborne, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; and Red Bruce, drums. Besides *Perdido*, there were showcases for Miss Osborne, Jones, and each of the horns before Clayton brought everybody back in with *Stompin' at the Savoy*.

Singer Morgana King, singer-pianist Bobby Short (with Beverley Peer on bass), and singer Helen Merrill also entertained, the last being brilliantly accompanied by pianist Dick Katz. Another pianist, John Pullen of New Haven, age 19, made a striking impression in a set by drummer Bruce's trio.

Host Bernstein, who expressed himself as very happy to help the NAACP cause and with the opportunity to catch up on jazz again, spent most of the afternoon fraternizing with the musicians. The happy occasion also was marked by the welcome return of John Hammond to the jazz scene after his heart attack. —Stanley Dance

### Stan Getz-Astrud Gilberto

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Gary Burton, vibraphone; Gene Cherico, bass; Joe Hunt, drums; Mrs. Gilberto, vocals.

The line of customers waiting to get into the Manne-Hole during the recent engagement of Mrs. Gilberto, wife of Brazilian singer Joao, and Getz testified eloquently to the truism: nothing succeeds like success. The current success of the single record *The Girl from Ipanema* has made the Gilberto-Getz duo a hot jazz-club attraction, just as *Desafinado* did for Getz and Charlie Byrd last year. This is good news for everybody and for jazz, because anything that extends the jazz message to the general public deserves support.

Getz' current formula consists of a longish set by his quartet before Mrs. Gilberto emerges to sing her plaintive songs with subtle yet simple directness. Her presence is so subdued one feels that she materializes on the stand; it's a curious, weird feeling—now you see (and hear) her, now you don't. On the night of review she

sang two bossa novas (*Viva Soyantos* and *Ipanema*); in her encore, *It Might as Well Be Spring*, she ran into intonation trouble, possibly because of her unfamiliarity with the song. Such is Mrs. Gilberto's charm, however, that one tends to overlook her being slightly out of tune at times.

The tenorist is as Stan Getz as ever. These days, though, he seems to have grown lazy and to be coasting on his horn. One gets no real feeling of striving for creativity from his playing; it is as if he knows his personal groove so well (or has become reconciled to it) that there is no strain, creatively speaking, in achieving what he wants to or what he knows he can achieve.

Burton is a joy. A three-mallet man (one in the right hand, two in the other), he soloed brilliantly and comped tastefully behind the singer. He is quite clearly the next big gun on vibes.

Cherico and Hunt make a good rhythm team. But the drummer, to these ears, leaned more than a bit toward heavy-handedness, and in the delicate bossa nova numbers this is heresy. But as a time-keeper he is adequate. Cherico, an excellent bassist of well-grounded experience, is a rock-solid time man and an imaginative soloist.

All told, Getz and Mrs. Gilberto make for easy, relaxed—even lazy—listening. There is nothing to challenge the emotions to any provocative degree, but so what? Sometimes it feels good to sit back and just steep yourself in the pleasure of it all.

—John A. Tynan

### Yusef Lateef

Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike  
West Peabody, Mass.

Personnel: Richard Williams, trumpet; Lateef, tenor saxophone, flute, oboe; Mike Nock, piano; Ernie Farrow, bass; James Black, drums.

According to its Arabic roots, the name Yusef Lateef means "gentle, amiable Joseph." Based on the combo of the same name, Yusef Lateef means exciting, exotic jazz.

Surrounded by his assortment of reeds and woodwinds, Lateef has fashioned a close-knit quintet that weaves the hard edge of atonality through a fabric of straightforward swing.

Two recent personnel changes have added considerable drive to the combo. Replacing Lex Humphries on drums, Black has assumed his role as foundation of the rhythm section with equally spectacular authority, pacing the front line of Lateef and Williams with subtle, complex cross-

rhythms, fancy brush work, and incisive rim shots.

One of Black's favorite devices is anticipating 2 and 4 on the hi-hat—a feat that calls for excellent control at fast tempos. While extended drum solos tend to become deadly, his seven-minute soliloquy on *A Night in Tunisia* was a crowd-pleasing model of rhythmic grace and ingenuity.

Inheriting Hugh Lawson's piano bench, Australian-born Nock adds a harmonic dimension to the quintet, although he does not swing as fiercely as his colleagues. Feeling his way cautiously, Nock leans heavily, and wisely, on bassist Farrow, who builds his walking lines sequentially. The two have established a musical rapport that already has produced a oneness in linear conception. This was clearly evident in Nock's solo effort, *Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise*. Conscious of melodic continuity, Nock often begins his solo with the figure that ends the immediately preceding solo.

*I Remember Clifford* provided Williams with an ideal showcase for a firm, clear tone. His best moments all evening came in legato passages. Williams looks the least involved on the stand; not uninterested but resigned to the visual competition of Lateef's collection of exoticism. As for the aural competition, Williams is on surer ground; most of the head arrangements utilize tenor with trumpet, and the majority of these revolve about the blues.

*12-Tone Blues*—Leonard Feather's witty, angular melody written in the style of Schoenberg's serial technique but with a key center—was one of the most driving numbers heard on the night of review. The same excitement could be felt in another, less-complicated blues, *Quarantine*.

Lateef used an argol for the introduction to *Tunisia* before switching to tenor saxophone for the theme statement. The argol is a Syrian wind instrument, less than a foot long, with a double bamboo bore. Its sound is akin to that of a flute filled with phlegm.

Another foreign novelty employed by Lateef was the shannas, a seven-hole, oboe-shaped instrument from India topped by a double reed. Its quarter-tone sounds—more nasal than the oboe's—on *Sister Mamie* were greatly enhanced by Farrow's bass glissandi. Retaining the strong Eastern flavor, Lateef toyed with a tambourine behind Williams' solo.

Slowing the tempo considerably, Lateef played flute on *Angel Eyes*, a most sensitive interpretation emerging from a carefully designed, highly fragmented introduction highlighted by an excursion into atonality.

Lateef's preoccupation with atonality seems to be a logical outgrowth of his musical cross-breeding. Thoroughly steeped in Eastern, mid-Eastern, and African sounds, he stands on the threshold of harmonic freedom. Should he ultimately embrace free form, Lateef will probably still swing with the same intensity he now displays and evokes from his men.

—Harvey Siders

# JAZZ AROUND THE WORLD TODAY

Ever since 1919 when the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and Sidney Bechet, among others, found a ready audience in Europe, jazz has grown steadily in international acceptance. Today jazz is close to being a universal music. In recognition of this, *Down Beat* devotes its Sept. 10 issue to Jazz International.

**Japan: To Much Of A Good Thing?**  
Contributing Editor Leonard Feather was on board for the recent Japanese Jazz Festival and reports that the present invasion of Japan by U.S. jazz groups must soon diminish. Feather also relates his observations of what makes the Japanese audiences among the finest.

**Teutonic Tour**  
German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff led the first jazz group ever sent from his homeland as a good-will ambassador to other countries. Leading European critic Joachim E. Berendt arranged the tour and accompanied the musicians on the trip that covered the Near East, India, and the Far East. Berendt's account describes the tour's high points—including a session with a ruling monarch sitting in.

**The 'New Thing'—With Russian Dressing**  
Thanks to Voice of America broadcasts and smuggled U.S. records, Soviet jazzmen have picked up on the latest in jazz. Pianist Yuri Vihariieff writes about the men who are trying on the new jazz forms for style in today's Soviet Union.

**It Don't Mean A Thing . . .**  
Among records reviewed in the Sept. 10 International Issue will be non-U.S. releases, including those from Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Brazil, Great Britain, Canada, and Sweden.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
**down beat**

## MARY LOU *from page 17*

time always prompts admiration.

"I've heard her a few times at the Hickory House, and I'm amazed at her rhythmic approach more than anything else," said fellow pianist Billy Taylor. "She has the most consistent way of swinging; even with a rhythm section that isn't quite hanging together, she can make it swing, and this is really remarkable. It seems that no matter what's going on around her, she can get this thing going. When in doubt—swing! As a pianist, I naturally listen a lot to the rhythm section, and sometimes I'll notice that they're not together, and I'll think to myself, 'Come on!—let's give her some support,' but she'll be making it anyway. Not as many jazz pianists have this ability as do other instrumentalists, I mean this rhythmic propulsion. She's not like an Erroll Garner or an Oscar Peterson, who overpower the rhythm section. On the contrary, she plays so subtly she seems to be able to isolate herself and swing, though the others may not be. Considering all the psychological things that go into swinging, she's even more remarkable. You could wake her up out of a dead sleep, and she'd start swinging without even thinking about it.

"Mary Lou is looking for perfection. On the rare occasions when she has had this chemical thing going that can happen between three people, she's been so excited by it that she wants it all the time. Swinging is so natural to her that she can't understand why it isn't necessarily natural to everybody all the time. She figures that they can do it, but they won't; she thinks to herself, 'Anybody I hire should be able to do this, so why don't they?' Most people associate the verb 'to swing' with the degree of loudness that they attain, but she refutes it—she'll take something pianissimo and swing just as hard as if it were double forte. She's one of the very few people I know that can do this, consistently swing in any context."

"*Anything you are shows up in your music. . . .*"

"She lives in a world all her own, a dream world, and she doesn't want anything to spoil it," said her long-time friend and admirer, Hickory House press agent Joe Morgan. "She inspires a great devotion in people—she has many followers, but there are just as many people who look at her askance because they cannot understand her high artistic level. She is so dedicated, and the fact that her standards are high makes her very hard to please. In her accompaniment she

wants to hear certain changes behind her, certain lines, certain rhythms, and it's difficult for a strongly individualistic bass player or drummer, with ideas of his own, to conform to her standards. But her motive, her burning desire is for creation. In a way, she's like a little child with a doll house, setting up house in the piano, like a little girl on her own chair, not even thinking about what is going on around her. Sometimes she doesn't hear what you're saying—doesn't even see you—because her mind is a million miles away. People don't understand that if she doesn't speak to them, she doesn't mean to be rude. . . ."

Mary Lou herself said, "When people tell me that I'm playing good, and I don't think I am, I want to run away from them, not speak to them."

Being so intensely self-critical, she has scant regard for musicians who, in her opinion, lack sufficient dedication to their instruments.

"So many musicians nowadays push too hard, spread themselves too thin, doing all kinds of things when they should be home practicing," she said. "People who push that hard never really get anywhere, but if you know your instrument, well, you can lay back and let someone pick you out. If you're doing too many things, there's no chance for your creativeness to come through.

"When the rhythm section starts composing things on the stand, they'll push me into composing. But if they are not together, you must let them walk, let them play by themselves, to find out where they are. Then when they're really tight, you come in and play. But if they're still not making it, then play another tune, play a ballad. When you hear me play chimes, it's because the rhythm isn't right, and you've got to bring a section together to let them hear themselves. But if, after this, they still don't make it, then I'll start cussing!

"Now that I'm out here, I'm beginning to like it. I haven't been late for the job, and I haven't wanted to leave, and that's unusual for me. Sometimes in the past, I've got fed up, and I would walk out and say, 'You better get yourself another piano player.' But this time it's fun for me. Sometimes I'm tired, but I haven't had that feeling of wanting to give up. . . . I think this time that I'm out here to stay."

It is almost as if she sees herself emerging from darkness into the sunlight, to bask in the warmth of feeling generated by friends, admirers, and family. Gazing out over the piano, her pleasure in playing comes through clearly.

(db)

# BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

"Call me a jazz singer, if you like . . ." was one of the quotes attributed to her when the album *Marian Montgomery Swings for Winners and Losers* was released by Capitol about a year ago.

Since the determination of whether or not anyone is a jazz singer depends on a few easily weighed factors, it was no problem to detect that Miss Montgomery's claim was justified. She has a good rhythmic feeling; an edge to her timbre that lends it an unmistakable jazz flavor; and for the album in question she was surrounded by an informal group with Dick Hyman, Joe Newman, Kenny Burrell, and other jazzmen.

The second album (*Let There Be Love*) featured a more formal West Coast group, led by Dave Cavanaugh, but confirmed the early impression.

A visit from the young woman, whose home is Gainesville, Ga., revealed that she is as amiable, affable, and informal as her performances might lead one to expect. For her first *Blindfold Test* she listened to other singers' versions of tunes that (with the exception of the first) had all been recorded by her. She was given no information about the records.



CAPITOL RECORDS PHOTO

'Oh, you know!  
Ella can do  
more with one  
note than just  
about anybody  
in the world.'

## MARIAN MONTGOMERY

### THE RECORDS

1. Shirley Horn. *Second Time Around* (from *Loads of Love*, Mercury). Jimmy Jones, arranger, conductor; Miss Horn, vocal.

Oh, I think that was great. But for the life of me, I can't put my finger on the singer. I had a wild impulse to think for a minute "My God, Judy Garland's singing again."

I love the arranger. Is it Nelson Riddle? I love the sound. I think that's about the only person I've ever heard who has really done that song. You know, absolutely. So many people sing songs just to sing songs, and this sounded like she meant what she was saying.

I'm so mad I don't know who it is! I put five stars on that one, right away. Is it Carol Sloane?

2. Sheila Jordan. *Hum Drum Blues* (from *Portrait of Sheila*, Blue Note). Steve Swallow, bass; Denzil Best, drums; Miss Jordan, vocal.

Who's trying to prove a point? I think that's lousy! The bass work is interesting, the drummer's there, and the girl evidently has a nice voice, so to speak; but it reminds me of somebody who heard about a jazz singer and is going to sing jazz in spite of, or because of. I don't like that arrangement at all except the bass; it's supposed to be the blues, for heaven's sake!

I did notice that she got to sing the whole song, which I did not (I did this thing, you know), and I wish I had; but the thing is done like, well, *Marching through Georgia*, whereas, well, this is a mean, low-down, dirty, humdrum blues, and here it's done like a Christmas carol! There's no connection at all between what the song says and the way it's done. No stars.

3. Teri Thornton. *You've Got to Have Heart* (from *Somewhere in the Night*, Dauntless). Larry Wilcox, arranger, conductor; Miss Thornton, vocal.

This is a difficult one to rate, because I think the singer is *swingin'*. Beautiful style. Great feel, good phrasing, and the arrangement's a gas. . . . But I don't like the song. I think everybody's done a beautiful job working with a—not a bad song—but one

I don't particularly care about.

Three stars, I think. I'd like to hear more of her and the group.

4. Ella Fitzgerald. *Good Morning, Heartache* (from *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie*, Verve). Lou Levy, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Joe Mondragon, bass; Stan Levey, drums; Miss Fitzgerald, vocal.

Oh, you know! Ella can do more with one note than just about anybody in the world. I did this tune, as you know, and I had never heard this arrangement before. . . . As a matter of fact, I never heard Billie do it. The way I got it was: a musician said "here, you ought to do this tune" and played it for me until I learned it.

Oh, Lord, I like that accompaniment. You see, I think things like this should be left alone. Like in folk music; of course, you get so tired hearing the word "purity" in folk music, and don't misunderstand me. I'm not against big-band music, but there are certain tunes I just feel should be left alone.

And Ella is so great at that, and the people who do things for her, they give the basic necessities. . . . Five stars, of course.

5. Jeanne Lee-Ran Blake. *When Sunny Gets Blue* (from *The Newest Sound Around*, RCA Victor). Blake, piano; Miss Lee, vocal.

Well, I'll say what I wrote down, okay?

In the first part, it started out as though it was going to be rather interesting. I did this song, too, and this was an entirely different treatment; refreshing, I thought. But then the piano, I don't know *what* he was playing!

It sounds like a demo. It doesn't sound professional. It doesn't sound like it was rehearsed, ever, or that either one of them had ever met. . . . It just is awful. The piano on the first chorus, the *chords* he was trying to back her with—now we were talking before about this discordant business—it's interesting, but is it real? What is it accomplishing? And the chorus he took!

And the vocalist, after about eight or 10 bars, I thought she sounded afraid, and

she was holding back, as if she was very conscious of her enunciation, which is kind of a hang-up with a vocalist. You know, there are certain words you've got to watch out for, but the engineer generally will help you out.

Like I say, it sounds like a demo, or a rehearsal. Is it put out on a record? Gosh! I can't understand how it could get by a good a&r man, with this being out of tune. What label? You're kidding! No, no stars.

6. Mark Murphy. *Wee Baby Blues* (from *That's How I Love the Blues*, Riverside). Al Cohn, arranger, conductor; Murphy, vocal.

Of course, that's Mark Murphy. And I think the arrangement's a *driver*. I like the way it builds, and I like what he does. I think he's very good. I approve of the whole thing.

Mark is a very fine singer. Now here's the thing: he knows he can do all these things, and he tries to get them all in. Sometimes it would be better to be a little bit straighter. It's the difference in my mind between Nat Cole and Mel Torme. Of course, they don't sound anything alike, but they are the two extremes. Nat can take something and go right straight down the line, and it's absolutely like nobody else, and nobody else could ever do it that way.

Here is Mel, on the other hand—can do everything in the book. I can listen to him and think in my head, of things he could do, and he does all of those and more, but it still comes out. And I don't think Mark's gotten there yet, frankly. But I like it very much; I'd give it four.

7. Sarah Vaughan. *Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?* (from *Sassy Swings the Tivoli*, Mercury). Quincy Jones, arranger, conductor; Miss Vaughan, vocal.

I think it's marvelous. The whole thing. The rapport—the vocalist rides right on top of it. I think she's great; she's got great intonation. . . . It's just beautiful. The whole thing.

Five stars. I'm not sure who it is. . . . Is it Damita Jo? 

## SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

I heard about Eric Dolphy before I actually heard him—a customary sequence in jazz. Several musicians told me around 1958 to be sure to listen to Chico Hamilton's combo when he next came through New York. "He's got a guy who plays alto and other reeds, and he's set that group on fire," I was told.

My first impression of Eric was of fire. He was able to project a sweeping, searing intensity when he played. There was also in his work an element of explosive unpredictability. You never quite knew what was going to happen because Eric was never of a temperament to settle into any comfortably safe groove.

"There's so much to learn and so much to try to get out," he once told me. "I keep hearing something else beyond what I've done. There's always been something else to strive for."

I came to know Eric off the stand as well. Like a number of players whose music is fiercely searching and penetrating—John Coltrane, for example—Eric was gentle and soft-spoken. He was also—and this is a rarely used word these days because it indicates a rare condition—innocent. I don't mean he was particularly ingenuous or that he wasn't aware of the complexities of the way most of us now live. He was, however, remarkably innocent of malice and remarkably open to experience.

Eric really did like birds, for instance, and he really did want to sound like them at times. He was able to hear "the notes they have in between our notes." And he really was wholly immersed in music. Many musicians say they are, but Eric was—in a way, similar to Roland Kirk, in that he continually heard *musical* possibilities in the sounds around him.

For all his gentleness, moreover, Eric was determined to remain his own man musically.

I heard him often when he was with Charles Mingus. Working with Mingus is the crucial testing ground for being able to remain oneself while adapting to a leader's musical imperatives. Eric did, and in the process, he became acutely important to Mingus because Mingus could rely on him to understand what Mingus wanted while being able to fulfill that understanding in his own, strongly personal way.

I remember one night at a club when Dolphy had told Mingus he was going to leave because he had to explore himself further and that he could only do

it in a newly challenging context.

In the middle of a set, the two began to talk—Mingus on bass and Dolphy on bass clarinet. In places, it was almost a literal conversation because both men could make their instruments literally sound words. Mingus was asking Dolphy to stay, and Dolphy was explaining why he had to go. The mood shifted from irritation to brief gusts of anger to mutual understanding. I had the sense of overhearing a private conversation at which I wasn't actually entitled to be present. But it was an extraordinary experience because Eric had again made himself utterly clear in the one way he was best able to.

A few times we talked about the hostility to his work by some critics and some musicians. Eric was puzzled, not that there were those who didn't respond to his music but that there were those who doubted his sincerity. I would think it impossible to have known Eric well and to have had the least suspicion that he was trying to be "different" just for the sake of being distinctive.

"The more I grow in my music," he said, "the more possibilities of new things I hear. It's like I'll never stop finding sounds I hadn't thought existed."

I expect that what I will most vividly remember about Eric was how he could suddenly make a concert or a record date or a night-club set come overwhelmingly alive.

On one such occasion, an Orchestra, U.S.A. concert at Hunter College in New York, I wasn't able to be present. But the next morning, I knew what had happened from reading a New York *Herald Tribune* review by Eric Salzman. Dolphy had once more exploded the evening into memorability. "Mr. Dolphy," Salzman wrote, "can no doubt produce his fantastic sound and melos [sic] on anything you can blow a noise out of; he could, I'm sure, play with the same extreme expressive intensity on a pop bottle. He is, at any rate, a unique genius; you never know if he'll make it, but when he does—WOW!"

He won't make it any more, but what he was capable of is still alive on records and in memories. Like Booker Little, he died much, much too young. There is never any right age to die, but Eric went far too soon. There was so much more to come, so much more he was reaching for and would have eventually found, only then to go on to search more deeply into himself and into the world around him.

At least, while he was alive, Eric was fully alive in his music by contrast to those of us who mostly just exist and whose reactions are mostly veiled—to ourselves as well as to others. 

## BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

A friend recently criticized me for allowing my membership in the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences to lapse. He said he had renewed his own and intended to become more active in the organization, and he seemed to imply that I should too. . . .

NARAS was founded largely by professional musicians, is of fairly recent origin, and is, therefore, a late-comer among similar organizations.

It was, as far as I can discover, more or less modeled on the similarly named organizations in motion pictures and television. As with the movie academy (until the last few years) and as with the recently tottering TV academy, it is an academy only in name. It has an office; it holds open debates for the membership on subjects like the desirability and future of stereo; it sponsors courses, largely technical, in recording engineering at New York University. And it gives annual awards.

NARAS membership is open to almost anyone who works in the recording business even if in such tangential capacities as album-cover design or liner-note writing.

Mainly what NARAS does is what its model "academies" do—it holds those annual awards for the "best" in almost every conceivable category in its field. One should note in passing that even the nominations for these awards are usually made on an open, preliminary balloting of the full membership, one exception being that for the last three years NARAS has polled a number of jazz journalists among its membership for nominations in jazz.

NARAS's stated aims are what one might expect: to raise the technical and artistic level of recording and the public appreciation thereof.

Let's take a further look at the archetypal model for NARAS, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. For decades almost the only thing this pompously named organization did was hold its annual popularity contests among its membership, all of whom work in motion pictures, for the "bests." Inevitably, some of the awards have been deserved, more have not, and some few seem incongruous in retrospect. (The TV academy does have the advantage that at least the nominating is done by a board of professional specialists in the category at hand—that is, musicians do the music nominations; designers, the scenic nominations, etc.)

Suffice it to say that future generations will not conceive of movie history or

movie esthetics or movie achievement in terms laid down by the motion picture academy's annual awards. However, granted the "contest" terms in which these awards are made and the way in which they are presented, there is no reason to believe that they should turn out any other way. And there is every reason to believe that, temporarily, the publicity attendant on the awards should be just wonderful for business with the winning pictures and winning stars.

However, only now that the theatrical motion-picture business is obviously staggering and obviously has lost its position as the major popular dramatic medium, only now does the motion picture academy consider that its declared aims might be fulfilled by setting up a motion-picture museum to preserve old films and show them to people who want to see them—now, when the negatives and prints of many films that should be in such a museum have hopelessly deteriorated, or in some cases have been burned outright by the studios and are lost forever.

It is my opinion that the last way to raise the level of any enterprise is to run a popularity contest, particularly if that contest is the major activity.

Perhaps my conviction is affirmed by the kinds of awards handed out by NARAS. The NARAS membership believes that the drastically shortened "single" version of *Desafinado* by Stan

Getz was the greatest jazz record of its year, that Henry Mancini is a great jazz composer, that the jacket cover to *The First Family* by Vaughn Meader was a high example of the designer's art, and that the 14th version of a concert-



hall warhorse (by the conductor who got the most recent publicity) is the best classical recording of the year.

Not that I think one should be particularly surprised at this, however much one might be dismayed.

My friend says that he intends to work in the NARAS organization to do something about such misunderstandings of jazz and other music on the part of the membership. Fine, and I wish him well. But what I want to know is exactly what he and NARAS are going to do and how they are going to go about doing it.

Perhaps the whole thing has been approached from the wrong end.

It seems to me that one does not begin by setting up an organization with high-minded but obvious aims and then try to decide more specifically what

is to be done and how. It seems that a sounder organization would be founded out of a specific need and an exact plan for filling that need. I understand that NARAS currently complains that it does not have enough funds to do what it wishes to do. But assuming it had funds, to do exactly what? And how? I submit that NARAS might answer these questions for itself before it starts hollering for funds, perhaps even before it starts another popularity poll.

I am reminded of a recent conference held by a large group of classical performers and critics to decide why there are not more concerts held throughout the country for their performers, particularly young performers. After a whole day of talk by these gentlemen, they concluded that there were not enough concerts because there are not enough people who want to attend them. They further declared, then, that they needed a better-educated musical audience.

Which is what my friend said in effect—that jazz needs a better-educated audience, even within the record business itself. It's not a new idea exactly—I've been hearing it about jazz ever since the 1930s.

Well, if NARAS does propose that what we need is better audiences for all kinds of music, then exactly what does NARAS propose we ought to do to get them? [E]

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# JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

In the last column I discussed some of the theoretical objections against including the stage band and jazz in the college music curriculum. Unfortunately, the theories sometimes (all too often) are translated into practical and effective blocks and hindrances to the stage-band program.

In one university, the students, on their own time and initiative, have a big band, adequate players, a fair library, and lots of interest. They receive no help at all from the music department faculty—and worse, they cannot use any of the music school's facilities for rehearsals. A dangerous precedent might be set—that's the reason given. Result: they rarely rehearse, and what could be a good program achieves little and remains, through no fault of the students, mediocre at best.

The situation at another university is worse, since it pays lip service to jazz and has better than three hours' rehearsal time weekly in the music-department schedule.

Heaven on earth? Hardly, since there is great difficulty in getting undergraduate music majors to participate because of the pressures brought to bear on them. The jazz-band director uses the words "afraid to play in the jazz band."

If a student joins the group, he jeopardizes his grade and credit for concert band (which is needed for graduation) and the recommendation of the "music educators" in the school (which is needed to acquire a teaching job). As a result, usually only two or three undergraduate music majors are members of the jazz band. The pressure has proved effective.

Probably the most pathetic thing about the situation is the fact that these benighted educators are sincere. They are convinced of the evils of jazz and of its bad effect on the lives, both musically and otherwise, of the music majors entrusted to their developmental care.

How can they be convinced otherwise? How can they be helped to join the ranks of their brother teachers, concert-band and symphony-orchestra conductors, instrumentalists, and theoreticians who recognize the validity and value of jazz. Men like violist John Garvey of the University of Illinois, resident string quartet member and leader of the jazz band; like Leonard Bernstein; like Thor Johnson; like Earl Bigelow, Northwestern University mu-

sicologist; and a host of others. These men are knowledgeable about, or at least sympathetic to, the role of jazz in education.

It comes down to a problem of education and information, to a job of communicating musical facts, to the tremendously difficult job of removing the prejudice and ignorance that shrouds the light of jazz.

To state the solution in this manner is easy; to implement it is extremely difficult. I would be happy to hear any suggestions that college jazz-band directors and interested parties might have. In the next column I will outline a couple of possible approaches and solutions. 

# FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Three recent events have served as reminders of the important role played by jazz experts in the music's history.

The first event was the heart attack suffered by John Hammond. The second was the death, late in May, of Wilder Hobson. The third was the fatal automobile accident that ended the career of Meade Lux Lewis.

Hammond is the common link. It was he who, according to the introductory acknowledgements, was "constantly helpful" in the preparation of the manuscript for Hobson's *American Jazz Music*, published in 1939. And it was Hammond whose continuing search for Lewis led not just to the discovery of one pianist who had made an obscure record but also to the emergence in the period from 1936 to '40 of what was ultimately a whole national music fad—the popularization of boogie woogie.

I have been re-reading the Hobson book. When it was published, there was no other jazz book originally written in the English language anywhere in the world. There were, in fact, just two other books: the Belgian Robert Goffin's *Aux Frontieres Du Jazz*, which came off the presses in Paris May 25, 1932, and Hugues Panassie's *Le Jazz Hot*, which was published two years later.

Of the three, Hobson was the only writer with enough inside knowledge of jazz (he played trombone) to enable him to illustrate his work with a few musical examples. Today his brief volume (just over 200 pages with wide margins) seems not merely dated but positively antique.

Bunk Johnson, unknown then, is not mentioned in the index; his place in history was to be established in the next decade by a group of New Orleans revivalists. Even Jelly Roll Morton is ignored except for a passing mention.

I will not fault Hobson for either omission; what seems much more curious in retrospect is his racial attitude:

"Anyone familiar with the religious singing and the dancing of American Negroes, with the slow-motion pictures of colored track athletes, or with jazz . . . will scarcely find it difficult to believe that Afro-Americans have been the chief originators . . . they clearly have a remarkable capacity for rhythmic suspensions, coming perhaps from those same obscure factors which make for lack of bodily tension, for ease and fluidity of movement." (The same type of thinking, though on a more low-brow plane, could be found in a popular song of that day—*All Dark People Are Light on Their Feet*.)

In an appendix listing 30 records, Hobson said, "For the reader's convenience, the names of Negroes have been italicized." (Years later, in his *Dictionnaire du Jazz*, Panassie reversed the procedure by using the phrase "de race blanche" for every white musician listed.) This was one area where Hobson did not seek the advice of Hammond, who never drew racial distinctions and has always been an ardent integrationist.

It is too easy, though, to pick holes in the jazz writing of that era. What should be remembered is that men like Hobson had great difficulty in gaining access to facts, an interested publisher, or even an intelligent readership of any size. All of us, musicians and critics, are in his debt for a work that was significant and valuable—and, at that time, unique in the native land of jazz.

The case of Hammond is different in that he was never chiefly a critic. Writing was a sideline for him, usually a means to the end of publicizing some worthy new discovery or some social cause that moved him.

Hammond's importance is inestimable. It is worthwhile speculating what the course of jazz might have been without him. Benny Goodman, for whom jazz in 1934 was not a consuming passion, might have lived out his life as a house musician at NBC or CBS. The swing era, at least by that name and with that figurehead, would never have arrived. Meade Lux Lewis probably would have spent the rest of his days as a cabdriver or janitor, and we critics who have written about it with such self-righteous knowledge might never have heard that boogie woogie existed. Count Basie might have stayed in Midwestern obscurity. Teddy Wilson certainly would not have joined Goodman, and it might have been more years before the color line was broken. As for Billie Holiday, it is chilling to contemplate what her fate could have been had Hammond not sponsored her.

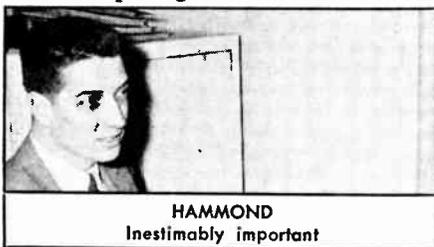
(What ultimately did happen, after she ignored his advice and then became estranged from him, was pathetic enough.)

The argument that talent will out—that if Hammond had not launched these artists, someone else would have—is glib and totally unconvincing.

It is all too easy to single out dozens of talented instrumentalists, singers, and composers dying in obscurity, or leaving the profession, because no Hammond came along to enable them to leave any substantial evidence on which posterity could assess their importance.

Today, as the growing list of participants in *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics Poll reveals, the function of a jazz critic is becoming more and more common. Though the pioneer writers must be respected for their uphill fight, and the younger authorities for their dedication to a common cause, it is to the men who *did* something about their love for jazz—men like Norman Granz, George Wein, and first and foremost John Hammond—that we owe the greatest debt. Their actions have been worth more than all our words.

Hammond currently is on the sidelines and will be for some months. It is not surprising that men like Good-



man and Basie were the first to call and visit him when he was hospitalized. Nor are his friends confined to the grateful kings of an earlier age; Hammond's continued enthusiasm, always wonderful to watch in action, has been responsible in the last couple of years for the presence on Columbia records of Aretha Franklin, Paul Winter, Ray Bryant, Jeremy Steig, Denny Zeitlin, and Herb Ellis.

When he is well enough to be able to visit it, there could hardly be a more appropriate tribute than a great concert at Carnegie Hall, with a cast including all those who are still available among the innumerable artists Hammond has helped. It could be the most impressive concert in the history of jazz. The proceeds, of course, could go to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, of which Hammond has long been a vice president.

The sooner Hammond is fully recovered, the faster this project can be set in motion. For all of us who admire and respect him, it can't happen a moment too soon. (db)

## AD LIB from page 7

Jones, drums. This threesome is relieved on Tuesday and Wednesday nights by trombonist **Snub Moseley's** trio with **Keg Purnell** on drums. Former **Duke Ellington** trumpeter **Ray Nance** is a member of **Paul Lavalle's** 50-piece World's Fair brass band, which features him on *Take the A Train*. And the Historical Institute of American Music's concert series at the American Pavilion included an evening of ragtime and jazz on piano rolls, a program of Gospel music, and the Walt Whitman High School Alumni Stage Band directed by **Clem DeRosa**. The series is produced by trumpeter-composer **Fred Karlin**.

Appearing opposite **Dizzy Gillespie** at the Village Gate was the **Rudy Stevenson** Quartet, with the leader tripling guitar, flute, and alto saxophone; **Roland Ashby**, piano; **Lyle Atkinson**, bass; and **Bobby Hamilton**, drums. All but Ashby are singer **Nina Simone's** regular accompanists . . . The **Theonious Monk** Quartet now is at the club. Monk, with **Mongo Santamaria's** septet opposite, will remain until Sept. 7. During the engagement the **Gerry Mulligan** Quartet will be added on weekends . . . Veteran banjoist **Lee Blair** (one of **Jelly Roll Morton's** favorites) and pianist **Norman Lester** (who recorded with **King Oliver** and **Red Allen**) are a duo at Tobin's at Third Ave. and 26th St. . . . The **Stroller's** Club has closed for the summer . . . A new Greenwich Village jazz spot, the **Castle Club** on McDougal St., features informal modern-jazz sessions.

Saxophonist **Dick Meldonian** played at Astoria Park in Queens on July 21, in the Department of Parks' series of free outdoor concerts. With him were trombonist **Ken Ayden**, pianist **George Syran**, bassist **Art Davis**, and drummer **Lenny Seed** . . . Tenorist **Zoot Sims** had **Dave Frishberg** on piano at the **Cafe Au Go Go**, where pianist **Bill Evans** is scheduled to open Aug. 28 . . . Pianist **Reese Markewich**, who doubles as a social worker, enters New York Medical College this fall with a career in psychiatry as his goal . . . Tenor saxophonist **Harold Ashby** has been playing weekends at the **Nag's Head** Inn.

The Progressive Investors Corp. had singer **Joe Williams** as the star of its third jazz concert and dance at St. Alban's Plaza on July 19. Other participants included trumpeters **Ernie Royal** and **Dave Burns**, trombonist **Bennie Green**, saxophonists **Al Cohn**, **Jerome Richardson**, and **Zoot Sims**, pianists **Jimmy Jones** and **Hank Edmonds**, bassists **Milt Hinton** and **Wen-**

**dell Marshall**, guitarist **Grant Green**, drummers **Osie Johnson** and **Montego Joe**, and vocalist **Azie Mortimer**. **Mercer Ellington** was emcee.

Singer **Della Reese** was robbed of an estimated \$13,000 worth of furs and jewels during an engagement in Atlantic City, N. J., in early July . . . Pianist **Mal Waldron's** trio (**Julian Euell**, bass, and **Al Drears**, drums) is appearing at Wells' on Seventh Ave. at 132nd St. . . . Another uptown spot, the **Skyline Room** in the **Hotel Theresa**, has Monday night jam sessions featuring trombonist **Benny Powell** and guitarist **Grant Green's** trio . . . Drummer **Wilbur Kirk** has rejoined his old boss, trombonist **Wilbur DeParis**, who is booked for an indefinite stay at the **Broken Drum** . . . Tenor saxophonist **Harold Ousley's** group at the 845 in the Bronx features vibist **Bobby Hutcherson** and drummer **Grasella Oliphant**.

**Ray Charles** left New York July 7 for an extensive overseas tour including stops in England, Denmark, Sweden, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Japan, Australia, and Hawaii . . . Pianist **Randy Weston's** trio (**Bill Wood**, bass, and **Lennie McBrowne**, drums) is booked through the summer at the **Avaloch** in **Lenox, Mass.** (near **Tanglewood**) . . . Also set for an out-of-town summer is multireed man **George Braith**, at **Paradise Farms** in the **Catskill Mountains**, with **Billy Gardner**, organ, and **Hugh Walker**, drums.

**RECORD NOTES:** Two "Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition" winners in *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics Poll, tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin** and trumpeter **Carmell Jones**, recorded in tandem for **Prestige** with **Gildo Mahones**, piano; **Richard Davis**, bass; and **Alan Dawson**, drums.

Trombonist **J.J. Johnson** has signed with **RCA Victor** . . . **Prestige** records signed and recorded pianist **Bobby Timmons**; his first album for the label will be titled *Little Barefoot Soul* . . . Trombonist-arranger-composer **Tom McIntosh** has formed an all-star sextet that will record for **Scepter** records and also give concerts whenever the members' busy schedules allow. The sextet is made up of **Art Farmer**, fluegelhorn; **James Moody**, alto and tenor saxophones, flute; **Tommy Flanagan**, piano; **Richard Davis**, bass; and **Al Heath**, drums. The group's first album will include material written by **McIntosh** and the **Sandole** brothers, **Dennis** and **Adolphe** . . . Veteran clarinetist **Jimmy Lytell** (a charter member of the **Original Memphis Five**) has a single, *La Nuite*, on **Ember**.

L.A. tenorist **Hank Bagby** signed with

Protone records, and his **Soultet** already recorded an album at the Nashville West studios . . . Pianist-vibist **Victor Feldman**, most recently with the Ava label, signed a four-year contract with Vee Jay records. And former drummer **Lee Young** (brother of the late **Lester**) joined Vee Jay's a&r staff. Other artists with the recently relocated (from Chicago to Los Angeles) company include pianist-arranger **Bill Marx** and singer **Georgia Carr**.

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### BOSTON

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With the Newport Jazz Festival serving as catalyst, college jazz concerts in New England are on the upswing, so report local bookers. What the collegians want for the fall are not just big names but groups that have stimulating ideas to offer.

Another healthy upswing is the business at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike, in West Peabody, which recently expanded to accommodate another 50 jazz buffs. The first attraction to squeeze into the still-intimate room was the **Woody Herman Band**. The one-nighter proved artistically and financially successful . . . Lennie's owner, **Lennie Sogoloff**, meanwhile, emceed the one-day Marblehead, Mass., Arts Festival, which included jazz for the first time. Featured were **Dick Wright's** nine-piece band, plus two combos—those of reed man **Sadao Watanabe** (**Mark Levine**, piano; **Tony Eira**, bass; **James Black**, drums) and pianist **Al Vega**, which featured vocalist **Mae Arnette**, and drummer **Alan Dawson**.

The opening of Paul's Mall, a basement night club adjacent to the Jazz Workshop, has increased attendance at the Workshop. Above the two rooms is a restaurant, the Inner Circle. All three rooms are under a single ownership, and joint advertising has proved mutually beneficial . . . Pianist **Sir Charles Thompson** and British trombonist **Hugh Watts** sat in during the closing night of **Billy Mitchell-Kenny Dorham's** week at the Jazz Workshop . . . **Tony Eira** recently became head of the creative department at Ace records, one of Boston's most consistent sources of employment for local musicians.

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### NEW ORLEANS

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The Silver Frolics is leading the new clean-up policy change on Bourbon St. Drummer **Paul Ferrara**, with **Euclid Hart**, piano, and **Don Suhor**, saxophone, are backing the shows . . . Pianist **Armand Hug** recovered from a broken hand and is back at the Golliwog . . . The **Don Jacoby Band** is a

change at **Al Hirt's** club . . . **John Propst**, piano; **Bill Huntington**, bass; and **Joe Morton**, drums, comprise the new group at the Playboy Club.

The New Orleans Jazz Club began its summer concerts in July with the **Eureka Brass Band** . . . The Gulf Coast Jazz Club gave a June concert featuring **Sigman Walker** and the **Jazz Diplomats**.

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### CLEVELAND

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The **Thelonious Monk Quartet** was featured in a well-attended concert at WHK Auditorium, another in a series of concerts produced during the last few years by Ohio Promotions, the organization headed by **Jimmy Hunter**, **Jimmy Price**, and **Don Gaines**. Jazz disc jockey **Jack Eldridge** of WCUE-WCUF was the emcee . . . The Saturday night big-band series at the Cedar Point resort already has featured the bands of **Buddy Morrow**, **Ray McKinley**, **Si Zentner**, **Lee Castle**, and **Billy May-Frankie Lester**. Next on the agenda is **Louis Armstrong** on Aug. 15, then follows **Ralph Marterie**, Aug. 22; **Skitch Henderson**, Aug. 29; and **Count Basie**, Sept. 5 . . . Trumpeter **Clyde McCoy**, the *Sugar Blues* man, took his traditional group into the Chateau in Lakewood recently . . . The Club 100 featured the organ trio of **J.W. Hall** and then brought in tenor saxophonist **Joe Alexander** for several weeks; Alexander's sidemen included organist **Ed die Baccus** and drummer **Leon Stevenson**. Scheduled to follow Alexander was the group led by former **Maynard Ferguson** drummer **Rufus Jones**.

Leo's Casino did good business with **Les McCann** and the **Cannonball Adderley Sextet** recently, but operators **Leo Frank** and **Jules Berger**, to their displeasure, have found it easier to keep the spacious club in the black by alternating rhythm-and-blues acts with the jazz names. Leo's plans to feature **Gloria Lynne** during the first two weeks in September, her third appearance within the year.

Clubs in Cleveland Heights, although hampered by laws requiring earlier closing times, recently have been pushing jazz policies. La Porte Rouge, an attractive restaurant in the suburb, began with **Bill Gidney's** solo jazz piano, soon added bassist **Ted Kelly**, and then booked larger combos, including **Le Cinq** and the **Jazz Clique**. The latter group, led by pianist **Larry Salvatore**, has bright, original, and well-rehearsed arrangements and the solo work of brother **Les Salvatore** on baritone saxophone and flute and **Al Antonini** on trumpet and fluegelhorn. The quintet is currently at the Tangiers.

Its replacement at La Porte Rouge, and settling down for a long stay, is the **East Jazz Trio**, featuring **Bobby Few** on piano.

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### CHICAGO

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The Old Orchard Shopping Center has been drawing large crowds to its series of free summer concerts, most of them jazz. The first to appear was singer **Pat Suzuki**, who was followed by the **Glenn Miller Orchestra**, directed by **Ray McKinley**, on July 20; three days later **Louis Armstrong** and His All-Stars performed; then it was **Art Hodes'** band on July 27, followed by **Frankie Masters** on Aug. 3 and the **Village Stompers** on Aug. 10. The **Stan Getz Quartet** is to appear Aug. 17, the day before the tenorist's group moves into the London House for two weeks. The Old Orchard series ends on Aug. 24 with a concert by what is called the **Old Orchard Symphony Orchestra**, which is made up of Chicago AFM Local 10 members. The shopping center's management is said to have allotted \$20,000 for the series; Local 10 will pay half the cost of the Chicago groups (Hodes, Masters, and the symphony orchestra) out of its share of the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries. At another shopping center, Park Forest, Hodes' band drew 3,000 listeners last month to a fund-sponsored concert. In another fund-sponsored event, tenor saxophonist **Joe Daley** was featured with an 18-piece orchestra conducted by **Bob Centano** and **Bob Ojeda** at a Marquette Park concert on Aug. 5. Daley's avant-garde trio also gave teaching-concerts, sponsored by the fund, at local high schools before the school term ended. Other groups in these high-school clinics for music students were led by Hodes and trumpeter **Johnny Mendel**.

**Miles Davis** did not appear at McKie's as the club's management previously had indicated he would, but **Horace Silver's** group will be there from Aug. 26 through Sept. 6 . . . The Club Alabam, which claimed to be the oldest club in the country, went out of business because of lack thereof. In its last days it tried a Dixieland policy, but the die had been cast by several years of nonjazz entertainment . . . **Freddy Williamson**, long the chief of the Chicago office of Associated Booking Corp., will leave his Windy City post to take care of ABC's business in the Caribbean area. Williamson will headquarter in Florida.

Altoist **Bunky Green** has returned from a trip to Algeria where he was featured with a six-piece college group, which grew from a trio led by pianist **Bob Thompson** at West Virginia State

College . . . Organist **Eddie Buster's** trio is working at Al's Golden Door on the south side . . . The **Dukes of Dixieland** come into Bourbon Street on Aug. 24 for 12 days; the group will return to the Rush St. club on Nov. 1 for six weeks.

**Little Brother Montgomery**, vocals and piano, took his regular group (clarinetist **Bob Skiver**, trumpeter **Leroy Nabors**, and drummer **Booker T. Washington**) augmented by trombonist **Al Wynn** into the newly opened club Hello, Dolly! (it was inevitable), next door to the Touch of Olde (located on the N. Wells St. entertainment strip), where the Montgomery group had been playing. Bassist **Ransom Knowling** may be added to the lineup if all goes well . . . Trumpeter **Gail Brockman** and the **John Young Trio** were featured at the third of **Joe Segal's** Monday night sessions at the Plugged Nickel. Young was called in when **Larry Novak** was unable to make the Monday he had been set for . . . The Plugged Nickel followed **Chet Baker's** two-weeker with singer-jamband **Clancy Hayes** for three weeks . . . Chicago's Congress of Racial Equality Freedom House held a recent Saturday night hootenanny to raise funds. Blues man **Big Joe Williams**, among others, performed. The **CORE** unit hopes to stage a jazz and blues concert at a large auditorium later in the year, but plans at presstime were still in the embryonic stage.

### LOS ANGELES

Cornetist **Rex Stewart** is nursing a smashed right wrist broken in a fall when a railing he was leaning against gave way while he was talking with friends after a recent **Duke Ellington** concert at the Royal Tahitian club in Ontario, Calif. It will be at least two months before Stewart is able to use the hand for playing, doctors estimate. Meanwhile, he hosts his own jazz radio show on **KNOB-FM** Saturdays.

Tenorist **Jerry Coker**, on the music faculty at Monterey Peninsula College for the last few years, is now living here. Coker joined the **Swing, Inc.**, large orchestra and is expected to turn the **Clare Fischer Trio** into a quartet featuring his tenor . . . Speaking of **Swing, Inc.**, the **SITA '64** (that stands for **Swing, Inc., Teen-Agers**) won first place as best dance band at the annual Battle of the Bands contest held recently at the Hollywood Bowl by the Los Angeles Department of Parks and Recreation. And the second **Swing, Inc.**, band (that's a professional crew composed of college-age players and older) is now featured every Monday night at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach.

Who said live music on radio is dead?

There are no fewer than three dance bands heard on a live **KFI** (NBC affiliate) wire every Friday evening from 9 to 11 p.m. One of the few remaining stations in the nation to keep remotes going for bands, **KFI** picks up every week **Lawrence Welk** from the Hollywood Palladium, the band at the Coconut Grove (now it's **Les Brown**; usually it's **Freddy Martin**), and **Johnny Catron's** band from the Palms Ballroom in Glendora . . . **Hank Bagby's** Soultet moved into Cindy's Doll House in Studio City Sunday afternoons, relieving **Page Cavanaugh's** little big band there. The Soultet, which recently

closed a stand at San Diego's **Shoji Jazzworld** and is expected to hold down the Doll House stint indefinitely, consists of **Chuck Foster**, trumpet; **Bagby**, tenor saxophone; **Gary Driskell**, bass; **Dave MacKay**, piano; and **Chiz Harris**, drums . . . **Gene Russell** took his trio into the New Savannah Club, where singer **Cleo Jons** is currently featured. The trio, now established as the house group there, comprises **Russell**, piano; **Marvin Williams**, bass; and **Mel Lee**, drums . . . **Miles Davis** and group have been added to the Monterey Jazz festival Sept. 18-20. 

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# WHERE & WHEN

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

## NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalfe, Jimmy Neely, tfn.  
Andre's (Great Neck): Marian McPartland, tfn.  
Au Go Go: Bill Evans, 8/28-10/9.  
Birdland: Bud Powell, tfn.  
Blue Spruce (Roslyn): Teddy Wilson, tfn.  
Broken Drum: Wilbur DeParis, tfn.  
Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, Bruce Martin, Joe Beck, tfn.  
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.  
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): Jazz, wknds.  
Embers: closed to 8/23.  
Five Spot: Charlie Mingus, tfn. Dave Amram, Mon.  
Gordian Knot: Leroy Parkins, tfn.  
Half Note: Art Farmer to 8/16.  
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, tfn.  
Horner's Ad Lib (Perth Amboy, N.J.): Morris Nanton, tfn.  
Junior's: Barry Harris, wknds.  
Metropole: Lionel Hampton to 8/30.  
Mr. J's: Morgana King, tfn.  
The Most: Helen Merrill, Muriel Roberts, tfn. Benny Powell, Sun.  
Penthouse Club: Joe Mooney, tfn.  
Playboy: Les Spann, Milt Sealy, Walter Norris, Mike Longo, hbs.  
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, tfn. Tony Parenti, Thur-Sat.  
Village Gate: Thelonious Monk, Mongo Santamaria, to 8/23. Gerry Mulligan, wknds. Nina Simone, 8/25-9/6.  
Wells': Mal Waldron, tfn.

## BOSTON

Atlantic House (Provincetown): Freddie Redd, tfn.  
Barn: Bob Chestnut, tfn.  
Berkshire Music Bar (Lenox): Odetta, 8/15. Dizzy Gillespie, 8/16. Duke Ellington, 8/23.  
Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone, Maggie Scott, tfn.  
Connolly's Stardust Room: unk.  
Cottage Crest (Waltham): Paul Champ, Fri-Sat.  
Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): Basin Street Boys, tfn.  
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, Hilary Rose, tfn.  
Jazz Workshop: Budd Johnson to 8/16. Art Farmer, 8/17-23.  
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike (West Peabody): Roland Kirk to 8/16. Joe Bucci, 8/17-9/6.  
Number 3 Lounge: Sabby Lewis, tfn.  
Wally's: George (Fingers) Pearson, tfn.  
Westgate Lounge (Brockton): George Dapper Cronwell, tfn.

## WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Buck Clarke, tfn.  
Bayou: Eddie DImond, hb.  
Bohemian Caverns: unk.  
Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor Jr., Bobbie Kelley, tfn.  
Carter Barron Amphitheater: Louis Armstrong, Dave Brubeck, 8/24-29.  
Charles Hotel: Kenny Fulcher-Slide Harris, hb., Thur-Sat.  
Crosstown Lounge: Johnny Calomeris, tfn.  
French Quarter: Tommy Gwaltney, tfn.  
Shadows: John Eaton, tfn.  
Showboat Lounge: Jose Gilberto to 8/15. Jonah Jones, 8/17-29. Modern Jazz Quartet, 8/30-9/4.

## CLEVELAND

Bird Cage: Larry Coin, wknds.  
Blue Note: Johnny Starr, wknds.  
Brothers: jazz, wknds.  
Capri: Modern Men, tfn.  
Casa Blanca: Smitty Al, wknds.  
Cedar Garden: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur-Sat.  
Cedar Point (Sandusky): Louis Armstrong, 8/15. Ralph Marterie, 8/22. Skitch Henderson, 8/29. Count Basie, 9/5.  
Club 100: Rufus Jones to 8/16. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.  
Corner Tavern: unk.  
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro-Bob Lopez, tfn. Johnny Trush, Sat.

Esquire: Sam Blackshaw-Lester Sykes, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.  
Flamingo (Youngstown): Gene Rush, Ronnie Ross, Thur-Sat.  
Golden Key Club: unk.  
Harvey's Hideaway: Jimmy Belt, tfn.  
LaRue: various jazz artists.  
Leo's Casino: Gloria Lynne, 9/3-13.  
Lucky Bar: Weasel Parker, wknds.  
Masiello's: Gigolos, wknds.  
Melba: Ski-Hi Trio, Thur-Sat.  
Monticello: Ted Paskert-George Quittner, wknds.  
Musicarnival: Lionel Hampton, 9/6.  
The Office: Harry Damas-Mike Charles, wknds.  
La Porte Rouge: East Jazz Trio, tfn.  
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb. Tops Cardone, tfn.  
Squeeze Room: Bob Brandt, Tue-Thur., Sun. Jim Orlando, wknds.  
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy, hb.  
Tangiers: Jazz Clique, wknds.  
Theatrical: Dixie Dandies, Joe Howard, Freddie Sharp, to 8/22.  
Vanguard: Sounds of Five, tfn.

## NEW ORLEANS

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.  
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.  
King's Room: Laverne Smith, tfn.  
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.  
Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervalon, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.  
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, John Propst, Snooks Eaglin, hbs.  
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

## CHICAGO

Al's Golden Door: Eddie Buster, tfn.  
Bourbon Street: Eddy Davis, tfn. Dukes of Dixieland, 8/24-9/4; 11/1-12/5.  
Figaro's: sessions, Sat. morning.  
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington, Thur.  
London House: Oscar Peterson to 8/16. Stan Getz, 8/18-30.  
Long's Village Pump (Chicago Heights): King Fleming to 9/6.  
McKie's: Jimmy McGriff to 8/23. Horace Silver, 8/26-9/6.  
Mister Kelly's: Ethel Ennis to 8/23. Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.  
Moroccan Village: Baby Face Willette, tfn.  
Old Orchard Shopping Center: Stan Getz, 8/17.  
Olde East Inn: Eddie Harris to 8/9.  
Playboy: Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.  
Plugged Nickel: Clancy Hayes to 8/30.  
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.  
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trotter, tfn.

## LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts afterhours, Fri-Sat.  
Alibi (Pomona): Alton Purnell, tfn.  
Ash Grove: Fred MacDowell to 8/16. Ramblin' Jack Elliot, 8/17-9/6.  
Bahamas (Pasadena): Rosie McHargue, tfn.  
Beverly Cavern: Johnny Lucas, Fri-Sat.  
Blueport Lounge: Bill Beau, tfn.  
Can Can (Anaheim): El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri-Sat.  
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Max Bennett, Nick Martinis, Sun., Mon.  
Club Havana: Rene Bloch, hb.  
Disneyland: various groups.  
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.  
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Ben Rozet, Paul McCoy, tfn.  
Handlebar: Wally Holmes, Fri-Sat.  
Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, The Saints, wknds.  
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.  
Holiday Inn (Montclair): Society for the Preservation of Dixieland Jazz.  
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarneri, 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. Swing, Inc., band, Mon.  
Malibu Sports Club: Jesse Price, tfn.  
Mama Lion: Gabe Baltazar, Mon.  
Marty's: Charles Kynard, tfn.  
Metro Theater: jazz concerts afterhours, Fri-Sat.  
PJ's: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, dancing, tfn.  
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Johnny Dial, tfn.  
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pete Bealman, Charlie Lodice, tfn.  
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Olivet Miller, wknds.  
Reuben's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, tfn.  
Royal Lion (Ventura Blvd.): Matty Matlock, Tue-Sat.  
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring, hb.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Charlie Byrd, Shelly Manne, to 8/16. Dizzy Gillespie, 8/20-30.  
Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.  
Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.  
Steak Knife (Redondo Beach): Lorin Dexter, tfn.  
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, tfn.  
Straw Hat (Garden Grove): The Unquenchables, tfn.  
Tobo's Cocktail Lounge (Long Beach): Buddy Vincent, tfn.  
Tops Restaurant (San Bernardino): Connie Wills, Jazz Prophets, tfn.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Algiers (Redwood City): Dick Maus, tfn.  
Cameo (South Palo Alto): George DiFore-Gerry Gilmore, hb.  
Caribbean Room: Lionel Sequeira, Mon.-Thur.  
Castie's (Redwood City): Johnny White, wknds.  
Catch 13 (Miramar Beach, Half Moon Bay): Lee Brown, Fri-Sat.  
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, Fri-Sat.  
Clozet (San Mateo): Wally Cox-John Gregory, tfn.  
Coffee Don's: Noel Jewks-Jim Harper, afterhours.  
Dale's (Alameda): George Stoicich, wknds.  
Earthquake McGoons': Turk Murphy tfn.  
Ebb Tide (Miramar Beach, Half Moon Bay): Bobby Addison, wknds.  
Embers (Redwood City): Bobby Freeman, tfn.  
Fashion Plate (Lafayette): Len Jessinger, Lynne Long, Fri-Sat.  
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Kenton alumni, Fri-Sat.  
Gold Street: Bill Davis, tfn.  
Hangover: Chris Ibanez, tfn.  
Hawaiian Gardens (San Jose): Choon Lee, tfn.  
Interlude: Merrill Hoover, tfn.  
Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders, Tommy Butler, tfn.  
Jazz Workshop: Cannonball Adderley to 8/16. Gerry Mulligan, 8/18-30. Dizzy Gillespie, 9/1-20. John Coltrane, 9/20-10/4. Horace Silver, 10/6-18. Chet Baker, 10/20-11/1.  
Jimbo's Pop City: Norman Williams, Thur-Sat.  
Manuel's: Leo Amadee-Fats Thompson, afterhours.  
Mesa (San Bruno): Jack Spiro, wknds.  
Music Cross Roads (Oakland): Escovedo Brothers, Wed-Sat. Bill Bell, Sun., Tues.  
Nick's (Brockway): Ed Duarte, hb.  
181 Club: Louis Miller, afterhours.  
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.  
Shalimar (Berkeley): Bobbi Brooks-Tippi Alexander, tfn.  
Shelton's Blue Mirror: Harry Gibson-Con Hall-Noel Jewks, Fri-Tue. Bill Parker, Mon.  
Shore-Vu (San Mateo): Lupe Sanchez, wknds.  
Streets of Paris: Tommy Smith, afterhours.  
Sugar Hill: unk.  
The Library: Bob Clark-Bob Bryant, Sun., tfn.  
Tin Pan Alley (Atherton): Al Molina-Bernie Rivera, tfn.  
Trident (Sausalito): Blossom Dearie, tfn.  
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): unk.

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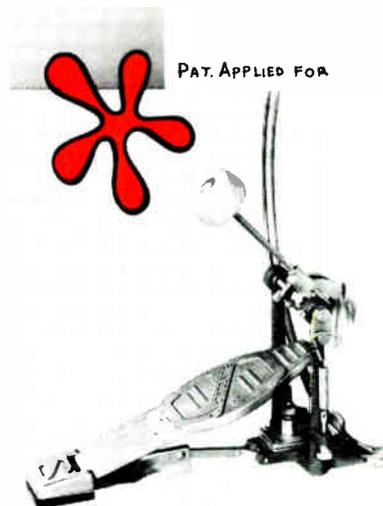
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