A Jazz Critic Looks At The Beatles

Is Muddy Waters The Last Blues King?

Readers Poll Begins—Ballot On Page 36

Woodwinds of Change

Critic-musician Don Heckman analyzes the innovations in jazz expression brought about by such men as John Coltrane, Eric Dolphy, Roland Kirk, and Steve Lacy

Eric Dolphy and John Coltrane at New York's Five Spot

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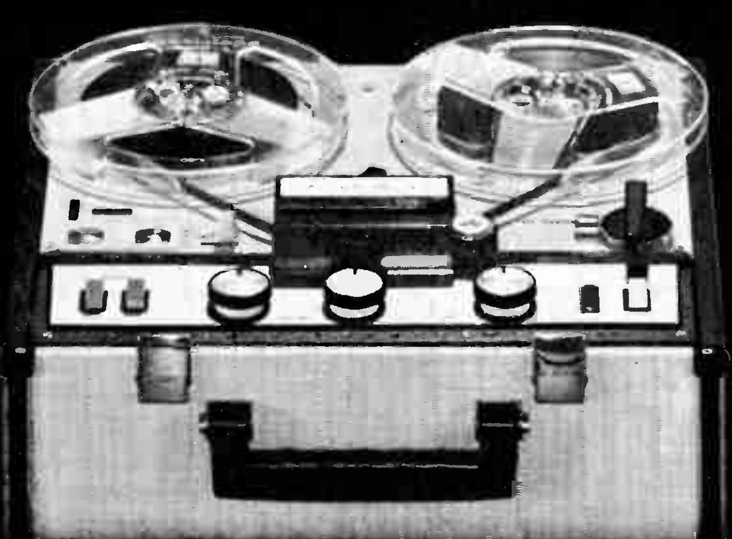

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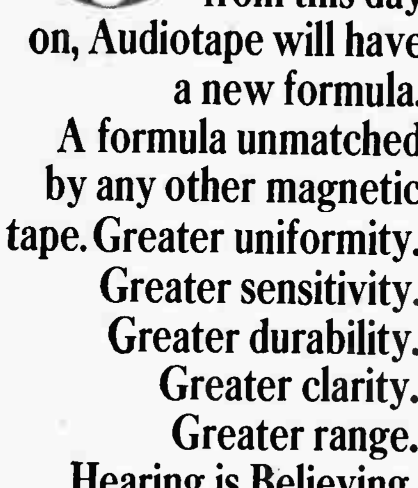

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October 8, 1964 Vol. 31, No. 27

down beat

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Cover photograph by Herb Snitzer

Address all correspondence to 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.
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EAST COAST OFFICE: 1776 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y., Plaza 7-5111. William H. Elliott, Advertising Sales. Dan Morgenstern, 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.

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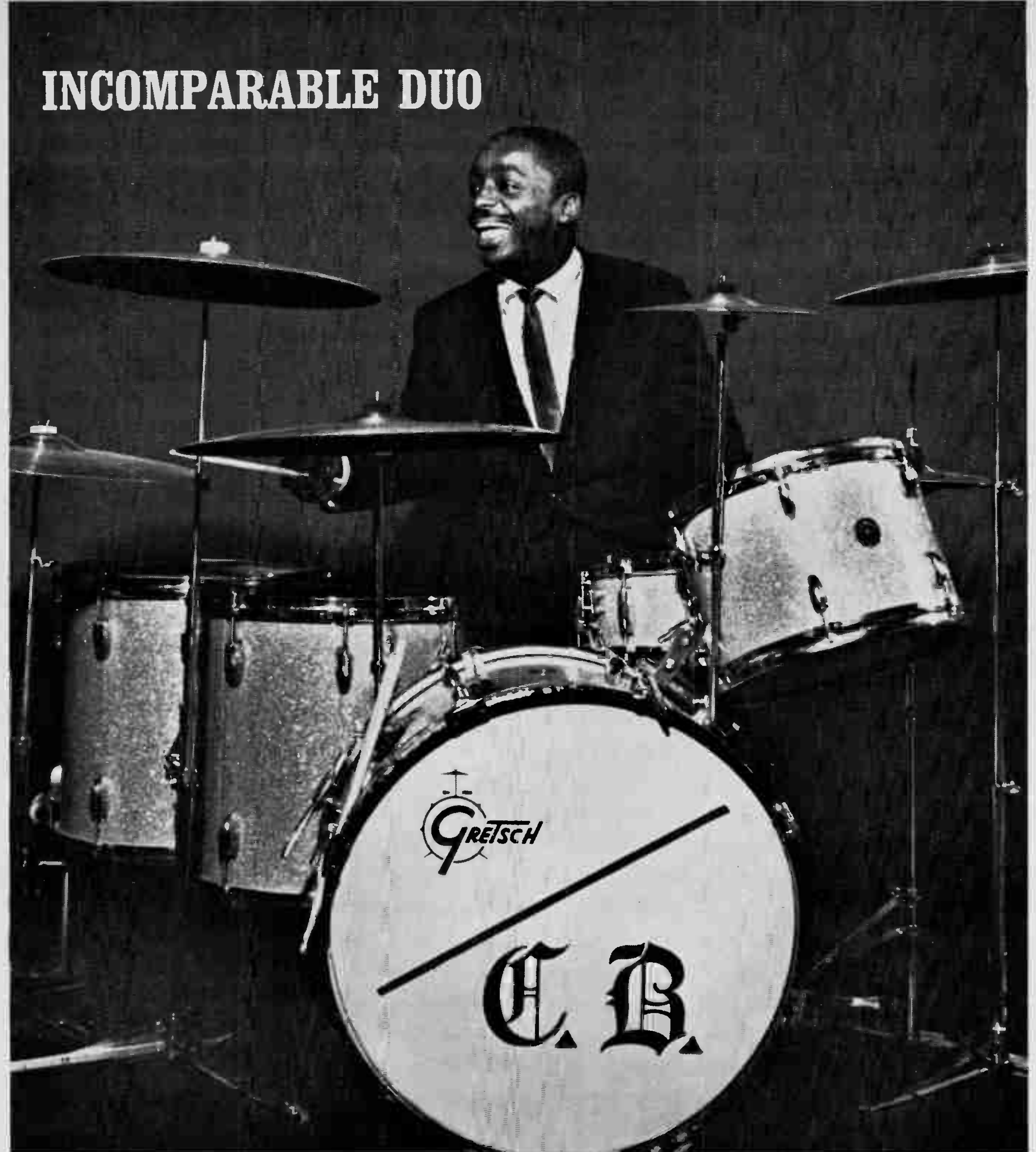

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Kudos From Herridge

Congratulations to Martin Williams for one hell of a good article (*Teletaping with Duke*, Aug. 27) on the controlled pandemonium—pandemonium it must appear; controlled it most definitely is—of a television show. There were some great pros on both sides of the camera and a lot of excitement, and this was gotten down on paper—a very, very sound piece of work on a subject that gets slopped up and slopped over by too many "drop in for an hour and out again" writers.

Robert Herridge
New York City

Stay East, Herbie!

If Herbie Mann doesn't dig California or its musicians (*DB*, Aug. 27), that's just fine. I wince at the idea that he could, in some clubowner's less enlightened moment, bump the likes of Paul Horn out of a gig.

James Fulton
Claremont, Calif.

Congratulations On Aug. 27

The Aug. 27 issue of *Down Beat* was excellent. Nat Hentoff's *Second Chorus* about the late Eric Dolphy was a moving tribute to the memory of the gifted musician.

Christopher Loekle
New York City

One For Eric

I still can't quite believe that Eric Dolphy is dead. Since I am more or less a neophyte in jazz, I had not understood the genius of Dolphy's work until recently. The intensity, depth, and beauty of his playing on George Russell's *Ezz-thetics* revealed him as one of the few ascending geniuses left in jazz.

Although he had recently been criticized as belonging to that grab-bag term, the avant garde, he was a sensitive musician first, an innovator second. I am sure he will be remembered as such.

John Perdue
New Castle, Pa.

Critics Poll Dissent

I read with interest the results of the International Jazz Critics Poll (*DB*, Aug. 13) but have two serious reservations about its value.

First of all, no one but a fanatical devotee of statistics and name-dropping could help but boggle at the format of the poll. Surely more interpretive and explanatory comment would have helped. For example, I was astounded at Pee Wee Russell's victory, especially at its wide margin. For years he was nowhere in any poll, and suddenly he's at the top. How

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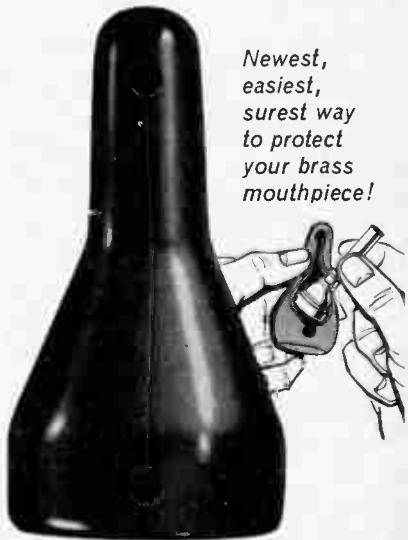

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come? *DB* provides no clues.

Second, I question the value of any poll that forces a heavy reliance on recordings. Recordings are not now, and I hope never will be, a true reflection of the jazz talent in this country.

This poll, most polls in fact, simply belabor the obvious. Who could be surprised that Miles Davis and Dizzy Gillespie beat all other trumpeters by a wide margin? With the exception of Russell and perhaps one or two others, the victors were distinctly unsurprising. Polls simply give to established names a recognition they do not need.

The deserving-talent category is a step in the right direction but only a step. *DB* would do all jazz lovers a great service if its writers would unglue their ears from recordings long enough to explore what is going on in clubs all over the country. Most people haven't the faintest idea of the talent in their own towns. Why doesn't *DB* have a series of articles along these lines?

Thomas B. Gilmore Jr.
Hollis, N.Y.

Ornette Ineligible For Poll?

It is my understanding of the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll that the musicians voted for were heard, either in person or on new records, during the preceding year. If this is true, how is it possible for some of the critics to vote for Ornette Coleman, when he has not played either on his own or with a group for the last two years?

I am confident that those critics who voted for Coleman were sincere in their appreciation, though this doesn't alter the fact that no new music has been heard from him since January, 1963. Coleman is worthy of the votes, but he certainly is not entitled for consideration for work which he has not done.

Chin Mei Kao
New York City

Please Explain

I was interested in reading Don Jacobson's remark (*Chords*, July 16) that he considered Dave Brubeck's composition *Elementals* to be outstanding, for surely to assess a composition, one must understand exactly what the composer is writing about. This title tells very little, and I do not see how it is possible to judge the full merits of the composition without conferring with Brubeck.

Ken Welch
Manchester, England

Garbage Or Genius?

In regard to Ralph Brookes' letter (*DB*, Sept. 10): It is as foolish to call music you cannot understand "garbage" as it is to call it "genius." Jazz has evolved with one essential objective—to make clearer and more musically accessible the individualism of the performer. If, by 1964, the "new thing" musicians have really succeeded in "blowing their own problems out of life," as Brookes put it, they have every artistic reason to exist.

Barry L. Velleman
Swampscott, Mass.

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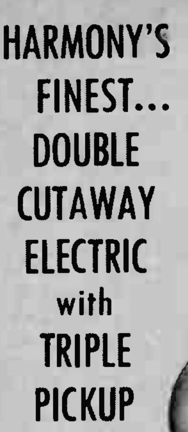

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Tenor saxophonist **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis'** return to the **Count Basie** Band was of short duration. **Sal Nistico,** who recently left **Woody Herman's** Herd, took Davis' chair in late August, and Davis went back to his job as a booking agent for Shaw Artists. Meanwhile, altoist-tenorist-flutist **Frank Wess,** with Basie since June, 1953, left the fold to settle in New York. Too much road work was the reason Wess gave for leaving.

There was a good deal of big-band activity in New York during August and September. **Benny Goodman** fronted a band at the World's Fair Aug. 22. The reed section was led by **Hymie Schertzer** and also included **Gene Quill, Richie Kamuca, Teddy Edwards,** and **Gene Allen;** trombonists were **Wayne Andre, Eddie Bert,** and **Frank Rehak;** trumpets were manned by **Jerry Kail, Snooky Young,** and **Bob Zottola;** the rhythm section was made up of **Roland Hanna,** piano; **Ike Isaac,** bass; and **Charlie Persip,** drums. In addition to standard Goodman fare, the band played **Tommy Newsom** arrangements of *Hello, Dolly* and *The Girl from Ipanema.* **Lionel Hampton's** band performed at the fair Sept. 2, splitting the bill with pianist **Erroll Garner.** Baritone saxophonist **Tate Huston** was in the Hampton chair recently vacated by **Pepper Adams. Quincy Jones** brought a 16-piece band to the Apollo Theater to play a show starring singer **Billy Eckstine,** and

Goodman

Harry James' band made one of its rare New York City appearances at Carnegie Hall Sept. 20. The James band shared the stage with **Nina Simone. Mercer Ellington** assembled a band to substitute for his father, **Duke,** one night at Basin Street East. Mercer's band included trumpeters **Rolf Ericson, Bill Berry, Dave Burns,** and **Harold Johnson;** trombonists **Benny Green** and **Britt Woodman;** saxophonists **Hilton Jefferson, Alva McCain, Harold Ashby,** and **Marvin Holladay;** guitarist **Grant Green;** pianist **Billy Strayhorn;** drummer **Bill English;** and vocalist **Jerry McPhail. Woody Herman's** band did two weeks at Birdland in September, and guitarist **Sal Salvador's** big crew gave a concert in Brooklyn's Prospect Park.

Mercer Ellington

A Congress of Racial Equality benefit concert organized by trombonist **Benny Powell** at The Scene (formerly known as the Champagne Colony) Sept. 20 featured the debut of a new group co-led by cornetist **Thad Jones** and **Pepper Adams,** as well as the Powell-**Frank Foster** Quintet; altoist **Jerry Dodgion** and his drummer wife, **Dotty;** trombonist **Quentin Jackson;** tenor saxophonist **Budd Johnson;** and singer **Toby Reynolds.**

The **Blue Mitchell-Junior Cook** Quintet made Minton's Playhouse jump in August and was booked for a return engagement. The ex-**Horace Silver** trumpeter and tenor saxophonist have former Silverite **Gene Taylor,** bass; **Chick**

(Continued on page 43)

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October 8, 1964 Vol. 31, No. 27

MILLS MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPLEX SOLD FOR $5,000,000

A $500,000 down payment on a total purchase price of $5,000,000 sealed the bargain recently when the 45-year-old publishing house of Mills Music and its 25 associate firms were bought by Utilities & Industries Corporation, a New York holding company.

Irving Mills, 70, vice president of Mills Music and president of B. F. Wood Music Co. and American Recording Artists Co., in an exclusive interview with *Down Beat,* disclosed that the price tag dates back five years, when the first bids to buy the publishing empire began to come in from such concerns as Music Corporation of America, William Morris Agency, Paramount Pictures, and the Jack Wrather Corporation.

Irving Mills
'No intention of retiring'

"We turned down all the offers," Mills said, "because none of them could come up with the sum in cash." (Utilities & Industries has until Dec. 31 to pay off the balance of the purchase price.)

Mills, co-owner of the publishing giant with his brother, Jack (its president) said reports of the sale published in trade papers erred on several counts. One such report put the Mills firm's annual ASCAP royalties at "around" $400,000. Mills said that figure was far too low. Not only do ASCAP royalties annually exceed that figure, he said, but royalty payments from societies in France, England, and other countries bring royalty income considerably higher.

Mills said he will definitely not be associated with the new management. But, he emphasized, he has "no intention" of retiring.

It is believed Mills' plans include a new recording operation.

Active in music since 1913 ("the year I got married"), Mills founded the American Recording Co. in the early 1920s and began recording the fledgling Duke Ellington small group of the period.

"I found Duke Ellington as a five-piece combo," he recalled, "then I made it into six, then seven, and so on upwards.

"Actually, I first thought of Duke's band as an accompanying group for the many vocalists we recorded during that period. But pretty soon we were recording Ellington in his own right."

The Blue Rhythm Band was another Irving Mills creation. "I had to have a band that if anything happened to Duke Ellington," he said, "the men in the other band had to be good enough to step in for him. And the Blue Rhythm Band *was* as good as Duke Ellington's."

The historic Ellington-Mills association, which resulted in a great number of Ellington songs published by the Mills house, ended in the late 1930s.

At one time, Mills had 36 dance orchestras signed with the Mills Artists (the nucleus of today's show-business behemoth, General Artists Corporation) and over the years the publishing firm bought up 54 catalogs.

During the 1930s his ARC recorded all his orchestras, and small groups drawn from them, for the other U.S. labels of the period. For 15 years Mills represented Electrical and Mechanical Industries of Great Britain before that corporation acquired Capitol records as its U.S. limb and outlet. In 1939 (". . . or 1940; I don't quite recall," he confesses) ARC was purchased by Columbia Broadcasting System and became, in toto, Columbia Records.

Mills moved the locus of his operations to California in December, 1941, where it has remained since. One reason for the move, Mills said, was his desire to break the limiting identification his firm had in the music industry as one specializing in booking Negro acts. He explained that because of his close association with Negro artists in the '20s and '30s, his firm had become known in the entertainment industry as primarily "a colored office." It was partly his desire to discontinue this identification and partly the poor state of his health that resulted in his decision to move westward, he said.

Today the Mills publishing house is one of three firms in the nation to be aligned solely with ASCAP (the other two are Warner Brothers and Dreyfus Music).

For many years Jack's and Irving's sons have assisted in the business in New York and Hollywood. With the change of ownership, said Irving Mills, the sons—Richard, Sidney, and Stanley in New York; Paul in Hollywood—will "make their own arrangements with the new setup."

The new owner—which, according to Irving Mills, "said they would retain the entire Mills organization except the heads"—is said to have a working capital of $40,000,000 and is headed by Richard Rosenthal. President Rosenthal, it is believed, intends Utilities & Industries to become "extremely active in all aspects of the music business."

UCLA TO HOLD JAZZ CONCERTS AND FESTIVALS

Committed to jazz as art, the University of California in Los Angeles lined up its most ambitious fall program in that field. Four nights of jazz at the university's Royce Hall are planned, as well as an evening of modern dance and an evening with the Indian sitarist Ravi Shankar.

First are the concerts. These, to be held under the billing Jazz at UCLA 1964, feature the Modern Jazz Quartet Sept. 26, Thelonious Monk's quartet Oct. 17, and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and the Jimmy Giuffre 3 Nov. 14.

The Blakey and Giuffre concert will be dovetailed into a second music program coincident with the final Jazz at UCLA concert performance.

Titled Improvisation Festival—1964, the second program will be held at Royce Hall Nov. 13-15 and will feature Ann Halprin and her Dancers Workshop company (Nov. 13 at 8:30 p.m.); trumpeter Don Ellis, with other musicians, artists, and technicians, in a presentation titled Experiments in Color, Motion, and Sound (Nov. 14, 2:30 p.m.).

Shankar is to be the featured artist at the final presentation of the improvisation festival (Nov. 15 at 8:30 p.m.). Shankar will be supported by Kandi Dulta on tabla and N.C. Mullick on tamboura.

The over-all fall music presentations are sponsored by the UCLA committee on fine arts productions and the student cultural commission.

Said Hugh Stocks, chairman of the programing committee of the improvisation festival:

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"With the development of machines capable of reproducing music in technical perfection, and even of creating it, many artists of our time are asserting their humanness by turning to the older, more challenging technique of improvisation. In an improvisation, the performer involves his audience in the act of creating a work of art and thus can achieve a more meaningful communication than is possible with more conventional techniques.

"Jazz was the first of the modern improvisatory arts and has shown us what a tremendous thrill it is to be present when an improviser really gets inspired and creates something of astonishing beauty.

"But the esthetic of improvisation has spread to nearly all fields of artistic creation. We now have instant theater, aleatoric music, and even 'action painting.' Dancers such as Merce Cunningham, composers such as John Cage, and painters such as Jackson Pollock have all been influenced by the improvisatory spirit and in turn have profoundly affected its further development.

"It was in an attempt to draw together some of the various threads of this new artistic trend that the student cultural commission's programing committee planned the 1964 improvisation festival."

BENEFIT FOR DOLPHY'S PARENTS IN LOS ANGELES NETS $895

A benefit concert held in Los Angeles recently for the parents of the late reed artist Eric Dolphy netted $895, according to bandleader-trumpeter Gerald Wilson, who, with reed man Buddy Collette, organized the event.

Wilson told *Down Beat* the money would be used by the musician's survivors mainly to help defray costs of transporting the musician's body from Berlin, Germany, where he died June 29 of a heart attack, and of his burial in Los Angeles July 9.

Dolphy is survived by his parents, Sadie and Eric Dolphy Sr.

Appearing at the benefit, held at the shuttered Basin Street West night club, which was opened for the occasion, were the big bands of Mike Bergman, Billy Brooks, Dick Grove, and Onzy Matthews. Also participating were a variety of small groups, among them one led by saxophonist Curtis Amy, pianist Kirk Stuart's trio augmented by altoist-vocalist Vi Redd, ones led by pianist Dolo Coker and by bassist Herbie Lewis. Singer Gene McDaniels also performed and was accompanied by pianist Mike Melvoin, bassist Chuck Berghofer, and drummer Norman Jeffries.

AN EDITORIAL:

Oread Aftermath—Cop-out In Academe

The Bill Farmer Quartet of North Texas State University was proud of itself. The members—Farmer, vibraharp, piano; John Wilmeth, bass, trumpet; Dan Haerle, piano, bass; and Ed Soph, drums—had walked off with the award as best group at the Oread Collegiate Jazz Festival, held April 25 at the University of Kansas at Lawrence.

The group's prizes were nothing to sneeze at: a playing tour of Europe with transportation to and from the Continent provided by the University Program of People-to-People, Inc., and a two-week engagement (for $500 a man) at Jazzland at the New York World's Fair.

Unfortunately, the group never enjoyed any of its prizes. The World's Fair job disappeared in a cloud of cop-out confusion raised by representatives of Jazzland, and the few playing engagements set by the festival for the group in Europe were for room-and-board and included no pay. Without funds available to pay their traveling and living costs in Europe, the four young men decided not to make the trip—they had relied on the Jazzland job and paying European engagements to offset their expenses.

There is a mass of written material—including a 14-page report by a deputy director of People-to-People, an 11-page summary by Farmer, sundry information sheets and correspondence—that pertains to what happened at the University of Kansas. But in essence, it seems People-to-People blames the debacle on the festival officials because of their inefficiency in setting up the tour. Phillip Jacka, a student member of the festival steering committee who did much of the prefestival promotion and who negotiated with Jazzland, seems to feel that there was lack of good faith on the part of Jazzland and that if this engagement had come about, the tour would have gone off without incident. Michael Maher, an assistant professor of zoology at the university and faculty adviser to the festival, is in agreement with Jacka, though he said the inexperience in handling such complex matters as booking a jazz group overseas had much to do with the trouble. Farmer blames the festival because of its inability to administer such a prize.

There was inefficiency evident at the university, judging by comments from both sides and from the material available. There also was a startling amount of naivete displayed by officials of both the festival and People-to-People—each seemingly was waiting for the other to do the work (and it can be claimed People-to-People backed out of its initial agreement to help set up engagements for the winning group).

It seems incomprehensible that a student was left in charge of making European bookings for a jazz group, as was the case. It seems the height of unawareness to offer such a group to individuals—including the Comblain-la-Tour festival head and European clubowners—on the basis of a choice between paying the musicians or giving them room-and-board, as was done, and one can easily imagine which choice would be made.

If all this were a rare case of college-festival winners not getting their prizes, it would not merit much investigation or concern, as disappointing as it might have been to those involved. But unfortunately, what happened to the Bill Farmer Quartet is not rare; it happens all too frequently to festival winners.

College jazz festivals are well enough established so that there should be no need to attract participants and press coverage by waving flags of tours and engagements when, in truth, such things have not been settled—something on paper, signed.

Instrument companies offer prizes at these festivals, and when the winner of a new horn or set of cymbals is handed his prize, he has it—there's no room for a cop-out later.

The same could be done with the engagements that festivals offer—contracts could be drawn up when winners are named. Or if a clubowner shows interest in booking a college group but wants to hear what he's buying, the festival should bring him to the competition to hear for himself—with the understanding that he will sign a contract with the group he wants (not necessarily the winner).

In sum, more responsibility on the part of their organizers is desperately needed at these festivals, for there should never again be such a botch as the Farmer-Oread affair. Never again should a leader of a winning group deem it necessary to say, as Farmer did, "We really don't feel as if we won anything. We didn't come away with anything except experience. . . ." —*Don DeMicheal*

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JAZZ RECORDS FALL OUTLOOK

Jazz record sales have been off for some time. But within the last three months there have been indications that something is in the wind, that there just might be an upswing in this all-important phase of the economic world of jazz. To gain a better understanding of what is happening in the jazz-record business, *Down Beat* interviewed several record company officials in New York City, Chicago, and Los Angeles.

"Jazz will be an important commodity in the coming year," said Teo Macero, who produces many of Columbia's jazz LPs. Macero said the amount of jazz heard on television and in films is contributing to the music's wider acceptance.

Alfred Lion, of Blue Note records, said, "We've done well. There was a night-club slump, but even that seems to be getting better." He was not as positive about the sales of Blue Note's avant-garde albums, however. "The public is way behind in accepting the new music," he observed. "We like to do as much as we can, but we can't work miracles. We are happy when we break even on an avant-garde album. . . ." Lion added, though, that his company would continue to record new jazz, as well as more easily saleable music.

There is a "definite increase in interest" in jazz records, according to Atlantic's Bob Altschuler. He said he feels that jazz-record buyers who had turned from jazz to some other music —folk or pop—are returning to jazz. Altschuler added that he believes interest in folk music is lessening and that this will, in the end, benefit jazz.

Not so optimistic was Esmond Edwards, Argo's jazz-record producer. He sees the coming year's jazz picture as "pretty dismal, as it's been for the last three or four years." He laid the blame of the situation, as he sees it, at the feet of record companies that have flooded the market with hundreds of releases.

Richard Bock, president of Pacific Jazz/World Pacific, took a stand between Edwards and Altschuler. "I haven't seen anything spectacular yet," he answered when asked if he sees an upturn in jazz sales. "So I can't say a definite yes. It looks about the same."

Randell Wood, head of Vee Jay records, which has shown signs of late of going back into jazz strongly, said there was an upturn in the sales of "a very obvious commercial, contrived type of jazz," but he was no so optimistic about "hard jazz," saying that he sees no such increase in sales in the near future. Wood added, however, that "jazz is now an integral part of our catalog. We will follow a policy of attempting to acquire established jazz artists as well as developing new artists."

Mercury-Philips, according to Jack Tracy, head of the company's West Coast operations, is "optimistic" about the future of jazz sales. He said his company would soon announce "big plans for expansion" in jazz.

Bob Thiele, jazz a&r director for Impulse, said his company had felt no slump and that there has been good acceptance of the Impulse line. "We have discovered that artists recently acquired from other labels sell better on Impulse," he said. He attributed this to Impulse's packaging and presentation. Thiele added that his company's program of releasing records en masse twice a year has paid off, though "many people seem to feel this is the wrong idea."

Creed Taylor, MGM-Verve a&r man, said he finds that when a jazz album starts to sell now, it will sell more copies than it would in previous years. He also stated that the market for jazz is expanding but that it is still difficult to sell a jazz album unless "there is one number on the album that takes off. I always try to get one single from each album and to give that one the full DJ exploitation. . . . It can be a complete take or something edited from a longer take on the album."

Taylor and Verve have been successful with jazz singles, as have other companies. This success obviously has affected the industry deeply. When the record men interviewed by *Down Beat* were asked if the success of jazz singles had colored their thinking about recording, most laughed hardily before giving an affirmative answer.

Edwards pointed out that demands by musicians for increased fees from record companies have raised the cost of producing jazz records, which, he said, ties in with the increased emphasis on making singles—producers are looking for ways of recovering the company's investment. He said this often can be done without the artist's compromising his talent, a case of giving him compatible, but commercially oriented, surroundings. "Most artists, however, realize they must make some sort of compromise if they wish to appeal to the mass market," Edwards said. "The choice is, of course, entirely up to the artist. He can either decide to make his music commercially more appealing, or he can continue going his own way."

About commercialism and art, Taylor said, "I'm trying to be less deliberately commercial and more musically logical. Some deliberately commercial efforts do attract attention to jazz artists, but if we can capture what a player really wants to do—and this catches on—we find it does better than anything we can work up. Yet the commercial albums help to establish an artist with the distributors, and this is the hardest market to crack."

Bock said, "More and more jazz artists are becoming aware of the broad market of record sales. Today they are trying consciously for a broader appeal on records. And there is less experimentation in jazz recording today."

Another phenomenon of today's jazz-record business is the large number of reissues being released. It appears there will be no slackening in this area in the coming year.

Frank Driggs, who has, in large measure, been responsible for Columbia's reissue program, said his company will continue to release multi-LP reissue sets.

RCA Victor also will continue in its reissue program. Brad McCuen, who is in charge of RCA Victor's Vintage reissue series, said there will be several jazz albums released on Vintage, and that "no major jazz artist in the catalog will be neglected."

Blue Note, the oldest jazz independent, also will begin a reissue program, the selections for which will be made by critic Ira Gitler. Vee Jay has hired Leonard Feather to select material from its catalog for reissue. Mercury-Philips, according to Tracy and other officials of the company, will reissue several albums culled from the Mercury catalog.

Bob Shad, of Time-Mainstream, said his company will continue strong in the reissue field, though it will add new artists to its roster. Shad said there will be 10 more albums of material from the old Commodore label issued on Mainstream. Material originally issued on the Time and Sittin' In labels will be reissued on Mainstream, according to Shad. He said he expects to issue "50 to 75 albums per year."

Other companies may not release such a large number of jazz albums as Shad plans, but, given the comments of the men interviewed by *Down Beat* and the recent talent acquisition by labels such as Capitol, RCA Victor, Mercury-Philips, and Columbia, the future for jazz records appears much brighter than it has been for some time. db

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Soprano saxophonist John Coltrane JOE ALPER PHOTO

The Woodwinds Of Change

By DON HECKMAN

THE TERM "miscellaneous," when applied to the woodwind instruments used in jazz, is very nearly inclusive. With the exception of the clarinet, all woodwinds—exclusive, of course, of the saxophone, which is not strictly speaking a woodwind—can be listed as "miscellaneous."

The flute—after the clarinet, probably the most commonly used woodwind—did not become an improvisational instrument of importance until the early '50s, though it had been used earlier—Wayman Carver, a saxophonist with the Chick Webb Band, made a few recordings on flute in the middle '30s, and it appeared with some frequency in the quasi-jazz studio bands of the '40s. Of the other instruments that make up the fundamental woodwind choir of the symphony orchestra, the bassoon and oboe have been used in jazz only in the most rudimentary sense.

The Bb clarinet, on the other hand, has had a long history in jazz. Like the trumpet and trombone, it was a major voice in an important jazz predecessor—the marching band. Equally significant is the fact that the clarinet is an unusually hardy woodwind; its wide range (more than three octaves) can be projected at a volume loud enough to vie with brass instruments. Although other woodwinds have attributes that might have been exploited in the early jazz bands, none combines the wide range, strong voice, and facility that made the clarinet important to jazz.

The other members of the clarinet family, if not as practical as the Bb instrument, have also stirred the interest of jazz players.

The tiny Eb clarinet, pitched a fourth higher than the Bb, has intonation problems that preclude its widespread use, but it has popped up here and there, usually for coloration purposes rather than as a solo instrument.

The Bb bass clarinet, pitched an octave below the regular Bb, also has been used for coloration, most notably by Harry Carney in the Duke Ellington Band. Its solo potential was not really examined until Eric Dolphy began his remarkable explorations of the instrument's far limits.

The contra-bass clarinet (made in two forms—Bb, an octave below the bass clarinet, and Eb, a fifth below the bass clarinet) has never been used in jazz, despite its strong potential. (There also exists an octocontra-bass clarinet, which is pitched three octaves below the regular Bb clarinet; its low D sounds C^{11}, a sixth below the bottom note of the piano. Even at such an extreme range, its ability to articulate jazz phrases in a way that stringed instruments cannot suggests its possible use in the large jazz ensemble.)

The Eb alto clarinet, roughly equivalent in general range to the alto saxophone, has been hampered by fingering holes spaced so wide apart as to make most models of the instrument difficult to play. Equipped with pads, however, it becomes exceptionally facile and undoubtedly could find use as an improvisational instrument.

Although the C flute now has its own category and cannot rightfully be referred to as a "miscellaneous" woodwind, other members of the flute family are less familiar.

The most likely jazz possibility is the alto flute in G (sometimes also referred to—inaccurately—as the bass flute). Many of the expert jazz flutists who came to prominence in the '50s used the alto flute on occasion, mostly for ballads. It is easily recognizable by its deep, rich sound. The range of the alto flute is not as great as that of the C flute, and the top register has touchy intonation.

The true bass flute, pitched an octave below the C instrument, has not been used much in jazz; its unusually low and resonant sound would probably be useful to the jazz composer-arranger.

The piccolo, usually in C or Db and pitched an octave (or minor ninth) above the C flute, has little jazz potential except in the large ensemble. A limited range and penetrating sound severely limit its interpretive powers.

The oboe's jazz history is sparse—a fact resulting as much from sheer mechanical problems as from the lack of players with adequate skills. Admittedly, few jazz musicians have had either the time or the inclination to devote hours to the tiresome process of mastering such a difficult instrument. But even granting the fact that a few players have acquired the necessary techniques, the

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vocabulary of jazz as it now exists does not include a dialect appropriate for either the oboe or its near-relative, the English horn.

The elaborate mechanical improvements developed by the 19th-century instrument maker Theobald Boehm made the oboe considerably more facile than it had been in its earlier forms, but the improvement did not completely eliminate the need for elaborate and difficult cross-fingerings. This problem, combined with the inherent articulation restrictions characteristic of all double-reed instruments has made the oboe's jazz exploitation slow and difficult. Players who have tried to make the instrument conform to the phrase patterns commonly used in jazz have had little success. Even so meticulous a workman as Yusef Lateef has been able to use the oboe only for the exposition of rudimentary jazz lines. The solution lies in the development of a jazz language that more naturally approximates the instrument's natural strengths. The problem is not insurmountable, but it does seem, at this point in time, to have little chance for early resolution.

The bassoon's jazz role, if anything, is even more problematic than that of the oboe. Its fingering difficulties exceed those of the oboe, and it too has the restrictions of the double-reed.

The oboe, English horn, and bassoon are, of course, useful for the jazz arranger-composer. In the last 10 years their appearance in various jazz-related circumstances has become increasingly common. (One interesting example is Mitch Miller's oboe and English horn playing on the Charlie Parker-with-strings recording dates.) As more jazz-oriented players develop skills on these instruments they will find more frequent use.

RAY FLERLAGE

Manzelloist Roland Kirk

Soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy

LOGICALLY ENOUGH, the "miscellaneous" woodwind instrument that has most readily adjusted to jazz has been the soprano saxophone. (The fact that the saxophone is not technically a woodwind instrument must be disregarded for the sake of this discussion.) Like the other saxophones, its jazz heritage traces from the work of a major generative figure—in this case, Sidney Bechet, who exerted an influence so powerful that it transcended even the major stylistic shifts of the bop period. Well into the early '50s it was almost unthinkable for anyone to play the jazz soprano in any style other than Bechet's.

Bechet's stylistic dominance was in part the result of his evolution of a style that minimized the intonation problems that plague the instrument. But equally important was the fact that the soprano was never really a fashionable instrument. Following the clarinet's decline in the early '40s, most jazz horn players concentrated on the bread-and-butter instruments—alto and tenor saxophone, trumpet, and trombone. Clarinet, soprano saxophone, occasionally flute, were second instruments—used only when an arranger wrote them in for some special or unusual effect.

Even in the '50s the few young soprano players—Bob Wilber is a good example—continued to emulate Bechet. The first sign of change came with Steve Lacy, but even his early work was in the Bechet tradition. As Lacy matured, he slowly worked out an original approach to the instrument, one that was compounded of influences ranging from Bechet and Charlie Parker to Lee Konitz and Thelonious Monk. Lacy made an intense and generally successful attempt to master the instrument's intonation problems, and he was also wise enough to use the natural pitch variability of the instrument as an improvisatory aid. Lacy is still not appreciated to the extent his music warrants—regardless of *what* instrument he plays. That he has reached such a level of achievement while simultaneously developing the unused resources of a difficult instrument offers testimony to his skill and fortitude.

Lacy had the soprano saxophone pretty much to himself until 1961, when John Coltrane began to divide his time between tenor and soprano. Coltrane's first efforts on the smaller instrument were largely an extension of his work on tenor. But as he familiarized himself with the soprano's special qualities—and few musicians work harder at probing the intimate workings of their instruments—Coltrane slowly discovered a style uniquely suited to its peculiarities. Coltrane's procedures and general philosophy offer an intriguing polarity to Lacy's methods, resulting in the existence of two major styles for an instrument that had, only a decade ago, been practically unused in jazz.

Roland Kirk's manzello, actually a variant of the

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soprano saxophone, is played in a style similar to that used on his other instruments—earthy, blues-based, and rooted in the Charlie Parker-Lester Young tradition. Kirk's recent work has shown a more than passing interest in the exploration of harmonics, honks, and sheer noise factors. His ability to bring these elements together into exceptionally interesting performances reflects a great interest in the communicability of *all* forms of sound. (Mention also should be made of Kirk's other unusual instruments—the nose flute and siren-whistle. Both are played with typical Kirk enthusiasm.)

The dominance of the soprano saxophone by these three players has been challenged by Lucky Thompson, playing a pleasant, post-Lester Young style, and by Gene Roland, a warm player with limited technique. Earlier this year Dan Terry led a band, playing Roland arrangements, that used four soprano saxophones.

The *Down Beat* polls, both readers and critics, provide interesting insights into the history of "miscellaneous" woodwinds. As late as 1959 the highest rating achieved by such instruments in the readers poll was by Bob Cooper on oboe. Yet Cooper's oboe playing—if ever really improvisatory—represented only a simple, if pleasant, use of the oboe in chamber-jazz recordings. The critics poll that year had no separate category for flute, so the only "miscellaneous" woodwinds listed were the flutes of Frank Wess and Herbie Mann.

The 1960 readers poll had Yusef Lateef as oboeist in seventh place in the miscellaneous-instrument category, Lacy on soprano in ninth, Kirk on manzello in 12th, Dolphy on bass clarinet in 13th, Coltrane on soprano in 14th, and Cooper on oboe in 15th.

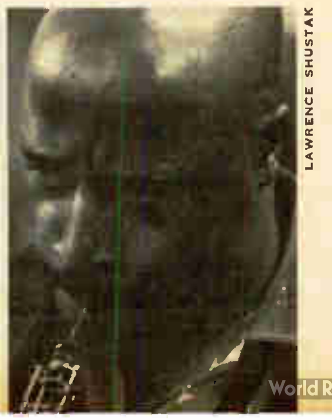
From 1961 to the present, the top positions in both polls have been dominated, in one order or another, by Coltrane, Lacy, Lateef, Dolphy, and Kirk. In the new-star or deserving-of-wider-recognition division of the critics poll, this group literally followed each other in sequence. Since a player cannot repeat in this division, over the course of five years each won this division of the poll once—Lacy in 1960, Coltrane in 1961, Kirk in 1962, Dolphy in 1963, and Lateef in 1964. As a further indication of the dominance these players have had, Dolphy won the new-star award in the flute division in 1962; Kirk won in 1963, and Lateef won this year.

No player of a "miscellaneous" instrument, of course, wants to consider it as just a sideline. Lacy, for one, refuses to discuss the special difficulties of the soprano saxophone. He says he feels that the soprano's special playing requirements must be solved in the same way that piano players or trumpeters solve the special playing requirements of their instruments. There can be little quarrel with Lacy's viewpoint; yet the unfortunate fact remains that only the flute—of all the "miscellaneous" woodwinds—has become established well enough as a solo instrument to acquire a poll category of its own. db

Lucky Thompson

DON SCHLITTEN

Yusef Lateef



LAWRENCE SHUSTAK

HEYE WASSENBERGH

THE VALUE OF ERIC DOLPHY

The great promise residing in at least two of the "miscellaneous" woodwinds was best represented in the work of Eric Dolphy. The value of Dolphy's contribution to jazz in the few years of his activity has been—and no doubt will continue to be—chronicled at length. But his role as a major force in the changing scene of the '60s cannot be separated from his importance as a player of instruments that never before had been used in jazz with such intensely personal qualities.

His most startling activities, apart from his alto saxophone playing, until his death, were centered around the bass clarinet. In retrospect, it is amazing that the instrument had been so little exploited before Dolphy. Like the small Bb clarinet, the bass instrument has a potential range of more than three octaves. But this range is more theoretical than actual.

The separation between the bottom (chalumeau) register and the middle register, which is fingered the same (with the addition of a "speaker key"), but which is a 12th higher, is considerably restricting. So much so, in fact, that the instrument is rarely called upon to use its full range.

This problem did not restrict Dolphy at all. By 1961 or 1962 when he had gained virtuosic control of the instrument, he was ranging not only throughout its complete breadth but in and out of harmonic overtone extensions as well. Another characteristic, perhaps more apparent on alto saxophone but just as startling on bass clarinet, was his continuing perfection of a speechlike vocabulary of sounds. In Dolphy's hands the bass clarinet was never an awkward instrument; it possessed, instead, a serpentine aliveness that literally coiled with vitality.

Dolphy's flute playing did not contain—for me—the pithy aliveness that was such a part of his alto saxophone and bass clarinet. It is probably accurate to say Dolphy's special skills were circumscribed by single-reed instruments. That is, his screamlike glissandos, the crisply articulated speech passages, and the blinding bursts of smeared notes were devices best expressed by single reeds. Their translation to the flute—a reedless instrument that requires a totally different method of sound production—required new technical devices and procedures.

Dolphy's splendid musical instincts provided him with a flute style that was as uncharacteristic of what one usually expects from the instrument as was his bass clarinet style. But it did seem to be a consistent enough style for the instrument; his performances ranged from astonishing inventiveness to technical exercise. There can be little doubt, however, that Dolphy was finding an original viewpoint on flute. That he came as far as he did toward this goal while performing brilliantly on two other instruments only serves to underline the great void his death has left.

—*Don Heckman*

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MUDDY WATERS—LAST KING OF TH

IN THE 1920s it was Pinetop Smith and such visitors to Chicago as Blind Lemon Jefferson; in the '30s, Tampa Red, Big Bill Broonzy, and Washboard Sam; in the '40s, Big Bill and Sonny Boy Williamson. But for the last 15 years or so the undisputed blues king of Chicago's south side has been a quiet-spoken, sad-faced Mississippian, Muddy Waters.

It was Waters who, through his influential recordings of the late 1940s and early '50s, almost singlehandedly shaped the postwar blues, restoring power and virility to a music that was in danger of emasculation at the hands of the popular-record producers. Waters brought back the sound and spirit of the strong, individualistic country blues at a time when years of urban living had taken the bite out of the blues, had reduced it to the level of self-parody, self-conscious sophistication, and often tasteless double entendre. The blues records of the early and middle '40s were cheap and tawdry; they had become stale and formulized and had lost touch with their audience.

Waters' early records, beginning in 1947 (though he had recorded earlier, Waters designates *Feel Like Goin' Home* and *Can't Be Satisfied,* released in May, 1947, as marking the real start of his recording career) had a tremendous impact. The rhythm was relentless and surged like a violent undertow. The instruments were amplified almost to the threshold of pain, and there was little of the grace and subtlety that characterized the best prewar blues. But Waters' records had a directness, freshness, and crude, overpowering intensity that swept people up.

Waters' dark-hued, powerful voice chanted the Mississippi blues of his boyhood; in his singing could be heard echoes of the great delta singers he admired—Son House, Charlie Patton, Tommy Johnson, and especially Robert Johnson, the brilliant young singer-guitarist-blues poet, to whose style Waters was wholeheartedly committed.

The songs spoke of elemental things—life and death, anguish, joy, sadness, but primarily of the emotional polarity of love. Gone were the romantic insipidities of Tin Pan Alley, replaced with a frank and brutal honesty about the frustrations and sensual pleasures of love that was much closer to the actual attitudes and behavior of those to whom Waters was singing.

The postwar years, too, were uncertain and confused, and Waters' recordings were among the few genuine touchstones of reality the record industry offered Negroes. With these songs, at least, they could identify; Waters was singing to and for them. The songs and the style perfectly mirrored the harsh, quick-tempoed, and often brutal life of the Negro ghetto, a life where hunger, poverty, illness, and death were never far away, where pleasures were quickly, often perilously, seized. With its heavy, powerful rhythm, shrilly electrified instrumentation, and shouting vocal style, Waters' music was perfect for dancing away the stark realities of ghetto life; the listener could lose himself in it, if only temporarily. Waters' star rose.

THE SINGER was born McKinley Morganfield on April 4, 1915, in Rolling Fork, Miss., a small farming community in the heart of the humid, cotton-producing delta area. (The name by which he is best known, Muddy Waters, is a childhood nickname.) His father, a cotton farmer, was an amateur singer and guitarist who entertained at country parties and suppers. While still a small child, Waters was taken by his maternal grandmother to live in Clarksdale, about 100 miles north. It was here he began to play music.

His first instrument was a harmonica. "I was messing around with harmonica ever since I got large enough to say, 'Santy Claus, bring me a harp,'" he recalled. "That's what I'd tell my grandmother. I always wanted a harmonica, and Santy Claus would bring me a harp, and I would play around with it. But I was 13 before I got a real good note out of it, before I started getting into the way of playing blues on harmonica.

"I always did want to play music. I guess I had it in me. So, I learned how to blow a few things on harmonica, and I got to be pretty good with that. No one showed me nothing; I got it myself."

Some four years later Waters began to play the guitar, inspired by the playing of a Clarksdale neighbor a few years older than himself, Scott Bohanna.

"I must have been around 17 when I got hold of a guitar," Waters said. "It was around 1932 when I commenced with the guitar, and then, instead of me blowing harmonica, we had two guitars together, me and this guy Scott Bohanna. We went to playing around with two guitars. And I got to be a better guitar player than he was. In a year's time I could beat him playing. I was playing bottleneck style 'most all the time."

The young singer-guitarist was listening to, and learning from, the great delta blues men. The artist who made the greatest impact on him and on whom he patterned his own singing and playing was Robert Johnson. Waters heard Johnson perform a number of times in 1937, and earlier he had learned much from Eugene (Son) House, who often played in the Clarksdale area.

"Son House," Waters recalled, "was an older man than Robert. I ran across Son House lots of times. Then I was just trying to begin to pick the guitar. And I liked that style a lot. I used to use a bottleneck to make the slide. Really, I think I'm closer to Robert than anybody that ever played—at least, all the ones I've heard.

"I really liked Charlie Patton's playing and singing too. I used to could play a little bit of his stuff. He was a real clown with the guitar: he'd pat on the guitar, hit the guitar, he'd whirl it over his head and. . . . He was very good, though. You can hear on some of his records how he'd be patting on the strings. They even do it on electric guitars now."

During the '30s Waters and Bohanna, sometimes along with Patton's fiddler, Son Sims, and mandolinist, Louis Ford, played throughout the Clarksdale area.

"We played all around our little town," Waters said, "in all the different things around there—Saturday night suppers and Sunday afternoon get-togethers, even played for white get-togethers, picnics and stuff. It was a cotton-farming area and, working out on the farm, why, you don't have too many 'cabaret' nights. Saturday night is your big night.

"I worked on the farms, worked in the town, worked all around. At this time I was living with my grandmother. I wouldn't say I was supporting myself exactly, but I worked. I didn't get much in the way of schooling. The schools weren't too good, and—No. 1—I didn't really have time, I thought, in those days to be bothered with it. I didn't know that you need schooling down through the

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IE SOUTH SIDE?

By PETE WELDING

years. It's one mistake I made. But the rest was great down there."

The singer made his first recordings in 1941 for folklorist Alan Lomax, who was on a recording field trip through the rural south for the Library of Congress.

"Those recordings," Waters recalled, "they were made on Stovall's plantation. I was working for Mr. Stovall. Alan Lomax, he was down talent-scouting. . . . So he came and found me. He heard someone tell I was a pretty good guitar player and could sing very, very good. He came out, and I spent the whole Saturday afternoon with him. And the next year he came back. He recorded a whole bunch of numbers, a lot of them; he was getting everything we had. I cut a whole lot of songs for him, but I think the Library of Congress only pressed those two."

(Two Waters' performances from the 1941 session, *Country Blues* and *I Be's Troubled,* have been made available on a Library of Congress Archive album, AAFL 18. They are masterful performances in the pure delta style, Waters' anguished, moving singing piercingly underlined by the shifting rhythms and whining lines of the bottleneck guitar style he was then playing.)

"I always thought of myself as a musician," Waters reminisced. "The different jobs I had back in Clarksdale and so forth, they were just temporary things. I still considered myself . . . if I wasn't a good musician then I felt that sooner or later I would *be* a good musician. I felt it in me.

"You just make up things when you're working out on the plantation. You just get lonesome and tired and hot, and you start to sing you something. And so all that stuff came to be real good. I can remember a lot of records I made, I made those songs up during my work days out on the farm."

Early in 1943 Waters moved to Chicago, feeling that opportunities for musicians were better in a big city. He found the city's musical life, however, far less healthy than he imagined.

"When I came to Chicago in 1943," he recalled, "things were very sad. It was the middle of the war. People at that time were going for Nat (King) Cole, Johnny Moore and the Three Blazes, and Billy Eckstine . . . bebop. And my music, blues, still was very sad, but the people still loved the blues. I played it a little different in them little old small taverns, and we *still* had us some blues lovers. . . . I worked on the west side in a few places, and house parties. At first I played with Eddie Boyd, but he couldn't stand my playing because he wanted me to play like Johnny Moore—you know, sweet blues—which I wasn't able to play. So then I began to build up my own little thing. I got one guy named Little Smitty and we began to play around a little bit at those unknown clubs, taverns. We had our small crowd with us, because, as I say, I don't care *what* comes out, there's gonna be somebody that likes the real blues."

In the middle '40s Waters played in clubs and juke joints all over the city, at house parties, and on occasion even on the sidewalks of Chicago's Maxwell Street open-air market area. He had switched to electric guitar, because, as he said, "If everybody's using them, what you gonna do?" He made a few records for Columbia in 1944, but they were never issued, and later for the Aristocrat label in the company of such people as Sunnyland Slim, Leroy

RAY FLERLAGE

Foster, and Little Johnny. These, however, were made in an older blues style and failed to catch on.

Leonard Chess who, with several others was operating Aristocrat, was unimpressed with Waters' music and only reluctantly allowed him and bassist Big Crawford to record *Feel Like Goin' Home* and *Can't Be Satisfied.* The numbers were recorded in the fall of 1946 and issued in May of the following year. The record became an instant hit in the r&b market.

"When it hit the ceiling," Waters recalled with a grin, "then Chess began to come close to me. Changed his tune, because I was selling so fast they couldn't make them fast enough at that time."

Later on, Waters was able to persuade Chess to record the full group with which he had been working in clubs around the city and through the South. It was these recordings, made with second guitarist Jimmy Rogers, harmonica player Little Walter, and Baby-Face Leroy Foster on drums (he also played guitar), that established the sound of postwar Chicago blues. It was a rough, crude, direct style, the amplified guitars setting up a thunderous rhythm, the harmonica, also amplified, wailing above the others like some shrill, electric banshee. It was a style that allowed for little in the way of subtlety, but it had a power and vital force that was almost singular in the blues of the day.

In explaining the group's approach, Waters stated, "We kept that Mississippi sound. We didn't do it exactly like the older fellows—with no beat to it. We put the beat

(Continued on page 42)

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Chris McGregor's Blue Notes from South Africa onstage at the International Jazz Festival at Antibes, France LARS SWANBERG PHOTO

Festival Reports/Two Balls, One Strike

INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL

It would be hard to imagine a more nearly perfect scene for a jazz festival than that of Antibes-Juan-les-Pins on France's Cote d'Azur. An idyllic setting—the scent of pine trees wafted gently by a warm night breeze, the sound of the Mediterranean lapping the shore, crickets chirping, Italian ice cream, bikinis—the works.

The organization of this year's fifth International Jazz Festival was virtually faultless. The sound, staging, and lighting were all first rate, but something was missing this year—the festival just didn't have it.

First, it was far too long. The six nights were an endurance trial for even the most enthusiastic fan. Second, the forethought that went into engaging the talent and balancing the programs was sadly lacking in conception. There just wasn't enough sense of the dramatic—or enough real jazz.

The festival is supposedly international, but its scope was reflected in the flags flying on either side of the stage—the Stars and Stripes and the Tricolor. There were seven U.S. acts (none white, incidentally) and five French. The rest of the world was represented by a trio from Holland, one from Norway, and a sextet from South Africa.

The trios from Holland and Norway were rather similar in concept and really did little more than fill up the bill. From Holland came the Jacques Van Poll Trio with the statuesque singer Leddy Wessell, who was at her best on *Runnin' Wild*. The Norwegian trio of pianist Egil Kapstad had Karin Krog doing the vocals, with *'Deed I Do* emerging as the most satisfactory performance.

Chris McGregor's Blue Notes from South Africa played just once, but their urgent, angular, unself-conscious music earned a solid reaction from the opening-night crowd. Pianist McGregor was the only white in the sextet, and he did all the arrangements for the group, the overall sound of which was not unlike that of Ornette Coleman's early combos on the West Coast. Dudu Pukwana was impressive with his hot, fragmented alto solos, and trumpeter Mongezi Feza projected well on his battered Dizzy Gillespie style of horn.

Best of the French groups was pianist Martial Solal's exceptional trio, of whom one would have wished to hear more. Solal, bassist Guy Pederson, and drummer Daniel Humair have been working together for several years and, like the Oscar Peterson Trio, have developed that integration attained so rarely; they play with a unique co-ordination, interplay, and drive. The most impressive work at the festival was his *Suite pour une Frise*, a long, complex piece with varied moods and pacing, allowing Solal to display his complete assurance and command of the instrument. With his other performances—*Billie's Bounce, Sous le Ciel,* and *Green Dolphin Street*—Solal restaked his claim to the title of Europe's No. 1 pianist.

On the same "piano contest" (it was no contest) as Solal was the trio of pianist Errol Parker (you guessed it—he plays like a combination of Garner and Charlie Parker). Parker has several albums to his credit in France and works steadily around Europe. His style owes a great deal to Garner, but he seems to be finding his way to individuality, as was made evident on his own composition *Up and Down.*

The only traditional jazz heard during the six days was provided by the Paris New Orleans band of Maxim Saury. Traditional jazz has all but died a dramatically sudden death in Europe in the face of the current rhythm-and-blues onslaught. Saury's band is one of the mere handful of currently practicing traditionalist bands in France. Saury played *New Orleans Function, West End Blues,* and *St. Louis Blues* competently but unspectacularly.

One of the future big names in European jazz is certain to be that of French violinist Jean Luc Ponty. Ponty, only 21, was featured with pianist George Arvanitas, Pederson, and Humair. Classically trained, Ponty exhibited prodigious technique, individual style, and rare and real feeling for modern jazz in his playing of *Au Privave, Spanish Castles, I Want to Talk About You,* and *Rhythm-a-ning.* Ponty lists among his influences Stephane Grappelly and Stuff Smith, but his playing clearly belongs to a different era than his models'.

The same hard-working rhythm section of Arvanitas, Pederson, and Humair backed the thoroughly professional Double Six of Paris singing group. Monique Aldebert was outstanding throughout. Mimi Perrin did Stan Getz' *Early Autumn* solo, and the group worked through *Moanin', Doodlin',* and *Blues in Hoss' Flat* before coming to rest with the flag-waving *Rat Race.* There is no questioning the feeling and musicianship of the singers, but somehow I was left with the feeling that this kind of thing went out with Lambert-Hendricks-Ross. And it doesn't sound right in French, either.

First of the U.S. acts to appear was the Meditation Singers, a run-of-the-mill Gospel group with only the personality of Laura Lee Rundless as a saving grace.

Organist Jack McDuff, on his first trip to Europe, played with his regular group made up of Red Holloway, tenor saxophone; George Benson, guitar; and Joe Dukes, drums. The uptown tenor-and-organ/rhythm-and-blues style of jazz has not had a great amount of exposure in Europe, and McDuff was virtually unknown prior to this appearance. He concentrated on tunes from his recent albums, such as *A Real Good Un', Grease Monkey,* and *Soulful Drums.* Nothing very exciting happened; all the performances were silk smooth but seemed somewhat out of context at Antibes.

The Lionel Hampton Band, headliner on two nights, was an acute disappointment. Hampton brought with him an economy-size band of eight pieces, comprising Eddie Pazant, tenor saxophone; Bobby Plater, alto saxophone; Billy

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Mackel, guitar; Martin Bands, trumpet; Cecil Payne and Pepper Adams, baritone saxophones; Lawrence Burger, bass; and Floyd Williams, drums.

Hampton himself, as usual, was superb. But the arrangements were trite, and the band sounded tired and played without swing, spirit, or cohesion. Some of the sidemen contributed well in spots—Plater on *Our Love Is Here to Stay, Stardust,* and *On the Sunny Side of the Street,* and Adams throughout, especially in an extended workout on *Sophisticated Lady.*

Hampton's ballads were his best efforts: *Midnight Sun, Sunny Side, Our Love Is Here to Stay, Tenderly, Stardust, Moonglow,* and *The Man I Love,* all played with that personal touch he has imparted thousands of times. By contrast, the old swingers, *Hamp's Boogie, Air Mail Special, Flying Home, Central Avenue Breakdown,*

LARS SWANBERG

JACK McDUFF
Silk-smooth but out-of-context performances

and *Vibes Boogie,* all fizzled out in unswinging cacophony. The band just couldn't get into a groove. On the second night, Hamp brought on trumpeter Benny Bailey (thereby doubling the trumpet section), but even Bailey couldn't save the performance.

The Horace Silver Quintet made three appearances. Alongside pianist Silver were Carmell Jones, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Teddy Smith, bass; and Roger Humphries, drums. *The Natives Are Restless Tonight, Filthy McNasty, Tokyo Blues, No Smoking,* and *Senor Blues* were part of the standard Silver fare offered.

The trumpet of Jones cut clearly through the midnight air. He played beautifully and with extraordinary control on *Tokyo* and was great on *McNasty.* The latter number was something of a highlight with wailing Henderson tenor backed by ferocious comping by Silver.

But despite the undeniably high quality of the jazz content of Silver's new band, one was left curiously unsatisfied; his quintets have a habit of sounding alike.

A two-tenor-and-organ group led by Rocky Roberts (looking and trying to sound like Ray Charles) came out and jived its way through three numbers, to the accompaniment of liberal booing from the volatile fans. Actually the band is a good one of its kind, but it has no place at a jazz festival.

Someone who does have a permanently secure place on the festival scene, though, is Ella Fitzgerald. The last two evenings belonged to her. What new remains to be said about her? She was superb. Backed by trumpeter Roy Eldridge, pianist Tommy Flanagan, bassist Wilfred Middlebrooks, and drummer Gus Johnson, she exhibited all facets of her incredible skills, and the capacity crowd loved every moment.

On the last night, during a lull, a persistent cricket, sounding loud and clear, broke the silence and tension hanging over the amphitheater. Miss Fitzgerald immediately launched into a fantastic series of improvisations on *Blues for a Cricket*—and in the process, she provided the high spot of the festival.

But unsurpassable as she is, one good act doth not a festival make. In retrospect, there were other good moments, but, all in all, it was much ado about little. Particularly so when one realizes that in Europe at the same time (and mostly available) were Dexter Gordon, Benny Golson, Johnny Griffin, the Ted Curson group, Bud Powell, Kenny Drew, Art Taylor, Sonny Criss, Memphis Slim, Curtis Jones, Champion Jack Dupree, Kenny Clarke, and a host of others—to say nothing of the fine bands and soloists from England, Germany, Italy, and Scandinavia that didn't get a look in.

Antibes '64, it is sad to note, was not a vintage year. —*Alan Bates*

OHIO VALLEY JAZZ FESTIVAL

After a dismal start (3,000 attendance Friday night). George Wein's third annual Ohio Valley Jazz Festival picked up steam Saturday and drew 10,500 (a local record) to finish in the winner's circle.

Held Aug. 14-16 at Cincinnati's Crosley Field, home of the baseball Reds, the festival attracted a total of nearly 20,000 persons. It grossed approximately $70,000 with a net profit of about $10,000, assuring its continuation next year.

This was the first time for the event at the ball park after two years at Carthage Fairgrounds. Over-all facilities were much improved, except possibly for the sound system, which proved more annoying to the musicians than to the audience. The sound was fed through two giant speakers mounted on the field. Oddly, the best place to listen seemed to be in the visiting team's dugout.

The excellent Cincinnati trio of drummer Dee Felice (Lee Tucker, bass, and Frank Vincent, piano) got Friday's festivities off to a fine start. They then backed Lou Rawls, who proved to be the most effective vocalist at the event, in a set of blues and ballads. Rawls, who possesses an Al Hibbler-like vocal quality, was at his best on a pleading *God Bless the Child* and a rocking *I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water,* which featured a rousing chorus by pianist Vincent.

Chet Baker's quintet followed. It was Baker's first local appearance in eight years. During a Phil Urso tenor solo, the microphones went wild, and from the field it sounded as if he were playing counterpoint with himself. Fluegelhornist Baker was in consistently good form and came up with a hauntingly beautiful solo on the Tadd Dameron ballad *Soul Trane.*

Count Basie was next, and it was a pity that he was not allotted more time. The band started slowly, warming up with a blues and moving into *Swinging Shepherd Blues* that spotlighted the fetching flutes of Eric Dixon, Frank Wess, and Charlie Fowlkes. Then it roared—kicked by Sonny Payne's drumming—on *Don't Be That Way.* On this number, Basie turned loose tenor man Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, who produced a biting solo as of his pre-booking office days. He also soared like a wailing eagle on *One O'Clock Jump,* as the band left to a thundering ovation.

Singer Aretha Franklin, who followed with a short, Gospelish set, would have seemed more appropriate in a night club; however, the audience loved her. Louis Armstrong closed out the evening with a much too lengthy performance that included the same warhorses he does year after year. The highlight was his playing and singing of *Hello, Dolly*—performed only three times this evening.

Musically, Saturday was the most consistent and satisfying of the three nights. When singer Gloria Lynne and saxophonist John Coltrane failed to show, each of the other groups on the program extended its playing time. Thus, Duke Ellington was on for nearly two hours, Dave Brubeck for 75 minutes, and Dizzy Gillespie for about an hour and a half.

The Ellington orchestra displayed precision section work, in addition to its outstanding array of soloists. Though standard Ellingtonia was performed, it seemed to come alive as only the leader can make it do. Showcased were the talents of

RICHARD SCHAEFER

PAUL GONSALVES
Warm, moving tenor work

saxophonists Paul Gonsalves and Johnny Hodges, trumpeters Cootie Williams and Cat Anderson, trombonist Lawrence Brown, and, of course, the piano of Ellington.

Particularly effective were Gonsalves' warm, moving tenor (*In a Sentimental Mood*) and Hodges' mellow, fluent alto (*I've Got It Bad*). Bunny Briggs was a visual delight as he tap-danced with the orchestra.

The Brubeck quartet opened with *Take the A Train* (in tribute to Ellington) and cooked through a long set that included three tunes in unusual time signatures. The group was in rare form, and the audience seemed to know it and demanded an encore. Brubeck's piano work was piquant; altoist Paul Desmond was his lyrical, in-

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RICHARD SCHAEFER

JAMES MOODY
One brilliant solo after another

ventive self; Joe Morello contributed dazzling drum solos and established strong rapport with bassist Gene Wright.

Rounding out the second evening in grand fashion was the Gillespie quintet. The comedy of Gillespie and bassist Chris White was a welcome companion to the fiery jazz they also produced. Obviously inspired by his leader's explosive trumpet, flutist-saxophonist James Moody turned in one brilliant solo after another. His booting tenor on *Enter, Priest* and his soul-stirring alto on *No More Blues* underlined the fact that Moody is vastly underrated.

Opening the final night's concert was the Louisville-based septet of altoist Jamey Aebersold and tenorist Everett Hoffman, which performed three intriguing originals in the "new thing" mold. Excellent solos were heard from the co-leaders, as well as from cellist Dave Baker.

The Newport Festival All-Stars (Ruby Braff, cornet; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Wein, piano; Alex Cirin, bass; and Philip Paul, drums) followed with a delightful set of mainstream gems. Freeman's flowing lines and Braff's liquid sound were a joy. Woody Herman on clarinet, added for two numbers, lent a subtle touch of humor to the interplay among the hornmen.

Organist Jimmy Smith followed with his usual bag of percussive blues and milked his instrument for every ounce of funk in it. This went over big with the crowd, which clamored for more.

A musically emotional experience was thrust upon the listeners when the Stan Getz Quartet appeared. Using only original material (the plaintive ballad *Sweet Rain,* the sprightly *Waltz Blues,* and others) by his vibist Gary Burton and the Southern Rhodesian composer Mike Gibbs, the saxophonist left the listeners thirsting for more. Very evident were the warmth and imagination of a truly creative musician. Astrud Gilberto joined him for two bossa nova numbers but ignored their hit, *The Girl from Ipanema.*

Thelonious Monk's set was only adequate. The most enduring moments were provided by Charlie Rouse's probing tenor saxophone. The latest Monk bassist, Oliver Jackson, seemed bewildered by the changes.

Ending a long evening (five hours) and the festival was the Woody Herman Band, which produced the most exciting big-band jazz heard. Present were four new Herdsmen, including tenor soloist Andy McGhee, and they provided the ignition spark that set the group on fire.

McGhee's big, robust tone (not unlike that of his predecessor, Sal Nistico) was demonstrated clearly on such tunes as *Sister Sadie* and *Blues Groove.* Drummer Jake Hanna took charge on *After You've Gone* and *Better Git It in Your Soul,* both flag-wavers. To wrap up an enjoyable evening, Herman introduced his first vocalist in years, Joe Carroll, who sang two of his old Gillespie-era hits.

—Richard Schaefer

NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL

Despite foul weather, this four-day presentation of folk music was by far the most outstanding of all such previous attempts at Newport, the most satisfying musically and the most representative artistically. Consisting of informal workshops, running throughout the days, and programed concerts in the evenings, there was something for all, no matter what their bent.

The workshops—casual presentations of musical styles, themes, and discussions—were the most valuable and entertaining events of the entire festival. Divided into categories, they covered much of what constitutes the spectrum loosely termed folk music.

The most heavily attended of the many workshops (approximately 16 different ones) were the two devoted to topical songs and the blues.

At the former, heavy emphasis was upon the many young artists whose energies have been directed toward creating songs based on timely, topical themes.

Phil Ochs, possibly the outstanding talent, excited the audience with a rousing pacifist tune called *I Ain't Marchin' Anymore.* Pete Seeger, Hedy West, Bob Dylan, Tom Paxton, and others also performed excellently.

Of the workshops, the blues session, with host Sam Charters, appeared to have the fullest attendance and was completely satisfying. The much-heralded appearance of the recently rediscovered Son House did not take place because of his sudden illness, but to everyone's surprise, another newly refound legendary figure appeared instead. This was Skip James, and the response to his singing was overwhelming. It was also surprising that so many in the large gathering were acquainted with the work of this artist.

Other performers at the blues project were Robert Pete Williams, a capable and introspective Mississippi blues man; Sleepy John Estes, with mandolinist Yank Rachell and harmonicaist Hammie Nixon—a rousing Rachell mandolin-inspired country string band with jug; Willie Doss, a fine singer in the Mississippi tradition; and a select group of the younger white artists active in the genre: John Koerner, Dave Ray, Tony Glover, Dave Van Ronk, John Hammond Jr., Judy Roderick, and Barbara Dane.

Country music appeared to have the largest over-all representation at the workshops, which were devoted to, at various times, the autoharp and dulcimer, the guitar, the five-string banjo, string bands, the fiddle and other string instruments.

One of the outstanding sessions was the one called, simply, Country Music, moderated by folk-scholar D. K. Wilgus of the University of California at Los Angeles, who appears to be the most knowledgeable individual in the field, and complete with discussion and musical examples by the gifted Doc Watson (a standout performer), Jimmie Driftwood (a fine country music scholar in his own right), and others (including the Phipps Family of Kentucky, who perform in the classic manner of the Carter Family). The entire presentation was informative, enlightening, and entertaining.

At the banjo workshop, Paul Cadwell, a New Yorker in his 70s, brought the crowd to its feet (one of the few times in the four days) with an almost unbelievable display of banjo-picking. Reels, Stephen Foster songs, and a magnificent group of variations on *Swanee River* captured the imagination of the onlookers. The veteran Ralph Stanley, Bill Keith, and the wonderful Frank Proffitt were some of the others at the banjo session.

At the guitar workshop Doc Watson and Clarence White (of a bluegrass group, the Kentucky Colonels) joined in a group of duets that left the crowd awestruck. Watson, in fact, appeared to be playing everywhere, and, at the dulcimer-autoharp meeting, his autoharp solo on *Grandfather's Clock* was a country-picking delight.

Other peak performances at the workshops included the banjo playing of Sonny Osborne; the guitar playing (bottle-neck and Hawaiian style) and singing of the Rev. Robert Wilkins; two uninhibited Gospel groups from the Georgia Sea Islands, the Moving Star Hall Singers and Bessie Jones-John Davis group; the bottleneck guitar stylings of Mississippi's Fred McDowell; and Hobart Smith's work on both banjo and guitar.

The evening concerts included many of the aforementioned artists and, to a degree, highlighted many of the more commercially popular folk singers.

The list was long and included Joan Baez; Bob Dylan; Theodore Bikel; Pete Seeger; the Chad Mitchell Trio; Peter, Paul & Mary; Judy Collins, and, although a day late, Johnny Cash.

All performed well, with grass-roots music generally the theme (PP&M doing Blind Lemon Jefferson's *See That My Grave Is Kept Clean*), but the real standouts were the Greenbriar Boys with their high-powered bluegrass music; the Cajun group from Louisiana, a totally infectious group of foot-stompers; the religious presentations of the Staple Singers and the Swan Silvertones; Mississippi John Hurt; the Afro-Cuban offerings of the Rodriguez Brothers; and the dulcimer-blues of Frank Proffitt.

—Lawrence Cohn

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record reviews

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

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

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

DUKE ELLINGTON: YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Duke Ellington

DAYBREAK EXPRESS—RCA Victor 506: *Echoes of the Jungle; Limehouse Blues; It's Glory; Dinah; Bugle Call Rag; Rude Interlude; Dallas Doings; Dear Old Southland; Daybreak Express; Delta Serenade; Stompy Jones; Solitude; Blue Feeling; Ebony Rhapsody; Live and Love Tonight; Troubled Waters.*

Personnel: Arthur Whetsol, Cootie Williams, Freddy Jenkins, Louis Bacon, trumpets; Juan Tizol, Joe (Tricky Sam) Nanton, Lawrence Brown, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Otto Hardwicke, Barney Bigard, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; Freddy Guy, banjo, guitar; Wellman Braud, bass; Sonny Greer, drums, vocal; Ivie Anderson, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

HITS OF THE '60s/THIS TIME BY ELLINGTON—Reprise 6122: *Hello, Dolly; Call Me Irresponsible; Fly Me to the Moon; So Little Time; Danke Schoen; More; The Second Time Around; Never on Sunday; I Left My Heart in San Francisco; Blowin' in the Wind; Stranger on the Shore.*

Personnel: Cat Anderson, Rolf Ericson, Cootie Williams, Herb Jones, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, Chuck Connors, trombones; Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, Paul Gonsalves, Jimmy Hamilton, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; Major Holley, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Johnny Hodges

EVERYBODY KNOWS JOHNNY HODGES—Impulse 61: *Everybody Knows; The Jeep Is Jumpin'; 310 Blues; Main Stem; I Let a Song Go out of My Heart; Don't Get Around Much Anymore; A Flower Is a Lovesome Thing; Papa Knows; Open Mike.*

Personnel: Cat Anderson, Ray Nance, Rolf Ericson, Herb Jones, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, Britt Woodman, trombones; Hodges, Russell Procope, Paul Gonsalves, Jimmy Hamilton, Harry Carney, reeds; Jimmy Jones, piano; Ernie Shepard, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

If the RCA Victor Vintage reissue of Ellington material makes anything clear, it is that Ellington's 1931 band should be considered on a par with his much-praised 1940 group. The album, containing performances recorded between June, 1931, and May, 1934 (a period also covered in Columbia's *The Ellington Era, Vol. 1*), has three masterpieces by the '31 Ellington band: *Echoes of the Jungle, Limehouse Blues,* and *It's Glory.*

Echoes, credited as a Williams composition, is among the finest "jungle" pieces, which were associated with the band during the late '20s and early '30s. The performance has a minor cast, with dark-hued reeds offset by the brass section waa-waaing with plunger mutes—hallmarks of the style. And, even more importantly, *Echoes* has magnificent trumpet playing by Williams, both open horn and with a plunger mute. When he plays open on these early performances, there is no mistaking his deep Louis Armstrong roots; but when he's working his plunger, he's pure Williams. *Echoes* also spots a macabre passage that has Bigard's low-register clarinet backed by Guy's banjo glisses.

The Ellington brass section shines on *Limehouse.* Hodges struts in his solo space; Bigard flutters; Carney boots; but it is the brass section that wins the day.

All sections are in good, tight form on *Glory,* a stomp that has well-constructed, heated solos by Hodges, Williams, Carney, and Bigard. Braud, who mostly contented himself with slapping his bass in "two" on most Ellington records of this era, plays with more imagination on *Glory,* and one can almost see him move the whole band. (The same thing happens on the last chorus of *Stompy Jones.*)

The other tracks in the album vary in quality.

Dinah and *Bugle Call,* both cut in February, 1932, are spirited but sloppy performances of overarranged scores. Greer's piping *Dinah* vocal is humorous, though, particularly when Williams follows it with some semi-scat singing. And there are a couple of fine musical moments in *Bugle Call*—Bigard's off-the-wall break, fielded admirably by Ellington's dissonant chords, and Williams' open-horn Armstrong dedication.

Ellington's great flair for color comes to the fore in *Rude Interlude.* The various combinations of instruments and the close voicings are like a tightly woven tapestry made of lustrous, rich colors.

There is a sarcasm to *Dallas Doings* that is highly humorous, the result of Ellington's having plunger-muted trumpet and trombone state the theme. (It is a device he uses even today, as evidenced on the Reprise album.) *Dallas* also features an Ellington piano solo that is in perfect keeping with the puckish atmosphere of the performance. Brown offers a bubbly trombone bit before the track closes.

Though the rhythm section is more stiff than usual on *Southland,* there are warm and lyrical solos by Carney on baritone and Hodges on soprano and Nanton's mocking plunger muted trombone behind Louis Bacon's deep-voiced vocal to recommend it.

Daybreak Express is filled with steam-train imitations, some of which are flagrantly obvious, though that whistle effect is great. There are some tricky ensemble passages, heavily syncopated, that the band brings off rather well; but on the whole, this track is more a novelty than anything else.

Delta, Stompy, Solitude, and *Blue Feeling* were made on Jan. 9 and 10, 1934, and though of not quite the quality of the 1931 performances, they should be numbered among Ellington's finest work in the early '30s.

It would seem the band always has suffered from unevenness—one day it's unbeatable, the next nothing goes right—but this session, as the one in '31, caught the band at its best, all sections precise, the soloists at a peak of inspiration. Williams was in particularly excellent form; his plaintive open-horn work on *Solitude* and *Feeling* is sensitive in the extreme—deep, full-toned, and with a sense of structure that made his solos like songs.

The remaining three tracks were recorded in May, 1934, when the band was in Los Angeles to make a couple of movies, one of which starred Mae West. *Waters* is from the Mae West epic, but Stanley Dance's notes do not indicate if the other two, *Ebony* and *Tonight,* are, though the same songwriters, Arthur Johnson and Sam Coslow, are given composer credit.

It's unimportant, since the material is inferior to the things Ellington played most of the time. *Ebony* is a trite novelty based on Liszt's *Second Hungarian Rhapsody* and is sung without feeling by Ivie Anderson. The other two tunes are rather dismal, too, but the band does have some bright moments here and there, and there are some brief solos by Hodges, Williams, Brown, and Nanton to perk up things.

Ellington's approach to pop tunes, those written by those other than himself, has not been noticeably inspired in past years, yet the Reprise album finds him evidently at terms with foreign material.

I must admit the idea of the Ellington band's playing *Hello, Dolly* struck me as ludicrous at first, and the thought of Duke's recording an all-pop set made me shudder. But the Reprise album is very well done, and it gives the current soloists (they seem to be mostly the same ones as 30 years ago) an opportunity to get at some new stuff—only *Sunday* stresses the ensemble. Most of the arrangements—collaborations of Ellington and Billy Strayhorn—are background sketches for the soloists, with occasional bursts and passages by the whole band—memorable occasions, I might add.

Humor is evident in the set, particularly on the waa-waaed *Blowin' in the Wind*—the same treatment used in 1933 on *Dallas Doings.* And Hodges, pixielike, spices *Second Time* and *San Francisco* with some of his Sunday-go-to-meeting comments, which should bring at least a smile to the most stone-faced listener.

For the other tracks, the featured soloists are Hamilton on tenor (more of him, please) on *Dolly;* Brown on *Irresponsible* and *San Francisco;* Williams (tart-toned now) on *Moon;* Gonsalves on *So Little;* Gonsalves (building well), Williams (he recovers well from a goofed modulation into his solo), and Hamilton (this time with clarinet) on *Danke Schoen;* Procope (playing Bigardlike, liquid-smooth, low-register clarinet) on *More;* and Carney on *Shore.*

Most of this set would be called dance music, I suppose—and it *is* quite danceable—but, in all, it's very good Ellington,

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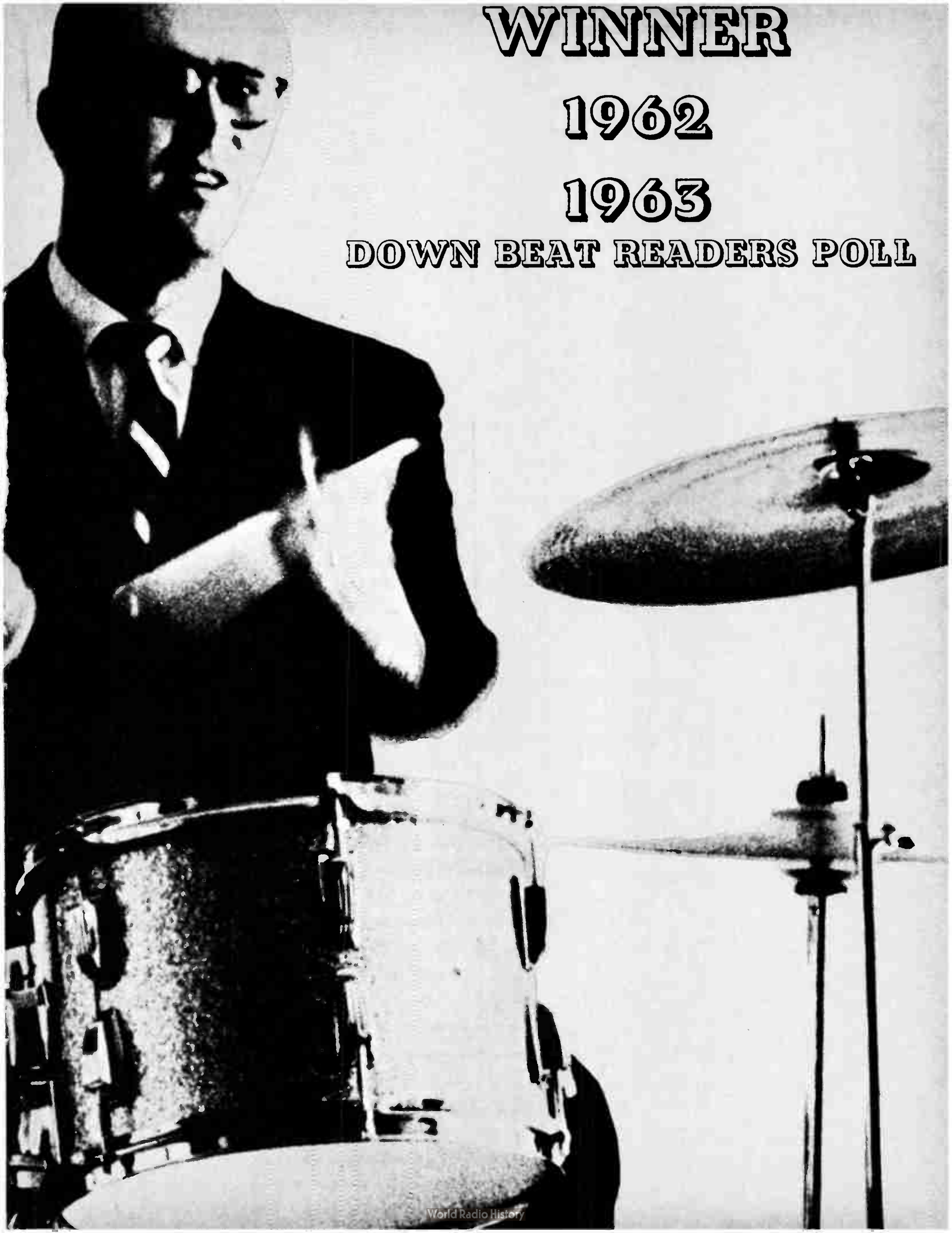

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flavored with a no-sweat, holiday atmosphere.

The Hodges album, of course, is Ellingtonia, but with no pops. Half the tunes (*Everybody, 310, Lovesome,* and *Papa*) are by an octet of Hodges, Nance, Anderson, Gonsalves, Brown, and the rhythm section. Two of the octet performances are blues (*Everybody* and *310*) on which all hands play well but not exceptionally so; room to stretch out might have brought more fruitful results. *Papa* is a 32-bar Hodges tune based on standard changes; again nothing outstanding occurs. But Strayhorn's *Lovesome* is small-group Ellingtonia at its finest. Much in the mood of *Passion Flower,* another Strayhorn ballad written for and recorded by Hodges in small-band setting, *Lovesome* allows Hodges to bring his lush tone and personal ballad phrasing to bear on superior material. Strayhorn creates a thick horn backdrop that beautifully sets off the leader's alto.

The big-band tracks are more exciting than those by the small band, though none has the precision evident on the Reprise date.

Among the soloists, Nance does well for himself in both his plunger-mute and open solos. Like Williams, his tone is more tart than full these days, but Nance has a heat and urgency to his playing that lends it handsome proportions. Hodges, Brown, and Carney acquit themselves well also; Hodges is particularly moving on *Don't Get Around.*

Special mention should be made of Shepard's strong bass playing on all tracks; his lines are sometimes more interesting than the soloists' on the octet tracks, and on *Papa* he almost overwhelms an aspirate Gonsalves solo.

Though these three LPs have their ups and downs, taken together they offer a wealth of fine music. (D.DeM.)

Nat Adderley

LITTLE BIG HORN!—Riverside 474: *El Chico; Foo Foo; Loneliness; Little Big Horn; Half-Time; Broadway Lady; Roses for Your Pillow; Hustle with Russell.*

Personnel: Adderley, cornet; Kenny Burrell or Jim Hall, guitar; Junior Mance, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Unless Adderley has developed the multiple skills demonstrated by Roland Kirk, there is some overdubbing here; nonetheless, the recording is an excellent showcase for the maturing cornetist, who has developed discipline and a respect for simplicity. There is an economy of notes and a subtle use of dynamics never before exhibited so consistently on an entire album by Adderley.

The package is misnamed. *Little Big Horn* suggests whooping Indians and much ado about muskets and covered wagons. The mood of the album, on the contrary, is serene and quiet, and even if the title is meant to suggest the size and power of Adderley's instrument, this feeling is not on parade. Except for *Russell,* most of the tunes are ballads or medium-tempo arrangements staying close to home base and calm interpretation. The guitarists, particularly Hall, contribute much to the quiet tone.

The arrangements are not especially inventive; this is the most serious weakness of the date. Certainly Adderley's sensitive handling of the material indicates he rapidly is shedding his hero-worship of major trumpeters and his tendency to rely on colorful theatrics for effect. If he turns the new-found musical maturity displayed here to strong, challenging arrangements, the results should prove rewarding. (B.G.)

Mose Allison

THE WORD FROM MOSE—Atlantic 1424: *Foolkiller; One of These Days; Look Here; Days Like This; Your Red Wagon; Wild Man; Rollin' Stone; New Parchman; Don't Forget to Smile; I'm Not Talking; Lost Mind.*

Personnel: Allison, piano, vocals; Ben Tucker, bass; Ron Lundberg, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

With all the excitement over folk singing these days, it's a shame that Allison hasn't received his fair share of acclaim. Unlike some of the slick, commercial wowers of the college crowd, he's a performer of talent and originality; the virtues of his work are solid and shouldn't be eroded by the passage of time.

As John Tynan has pointed out, Allison's intimate singing is reminiscent of Johnny Mercer's or Hoagy Carmichael's, and, obviously, he also owes a debt to southern blues singers.

Though Allison's vocal equipment isn't impressive, he makes the most of it. His alteration of melodic lines is subtle and his manner relaxed and unself-conscious. However, the listener may find his lack of timbre and volume variation becoming monotonous by about the sixth selection.

Allison is a forceful pianist. He has drawn on down-home sources (as is particularly evident on *Foolkiller*), but he's fundamentally a modern stylist—and a good one. Here he shows a fondness for triplets and a powerful left hand. His solos are nicely constructed, sometimes tastefully spiced with dissonance. (H.P.)

Dave Burns

WARMING UP—Vanguard 9143: *Day by Day; Now Ain't It?; I Can't Give You Anything but Love; Richie's Dilemma; Slippers; Warm Up; My Romance; Rigor Mortez.*

Personnel: Burns, trumpet; Al Grey, trombone; Billy Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Harold Mabern, piano; Herman Wright, bass; Otis Finch, drums; Willie Corea (tracks 4, 8), Latin percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

To put it in personal terms, Burns is one of those jazzmen I would go out of my way to hear in a club, though never bother with on records.

There are other trumpeters who affect me the same way—good men such as Joe Newman, Billy Butterfield, Emmett Berry, Blue Mitchell, Cootie Williams (away from Ellington), and many more. Like them, Burns is a skilled trumpet player and an improviser whose restraint and sense of proportion make for pleasant listening.

But I like to hear my records more than once, and that's where the trouble comes. Burns isn't really imaginative enough to be stimulating the third or fourth time around. Not on this record, anyway.

He can, however, lend his bright, sure sound and fine control to a superior arrangement or outstanding tune and pro-

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duce highly attractive, if not very profound, music. He is most successful here on Melba Liston's moody *Ain't It?* and on the ballad *Romance*.

There are rewarding moments from Burns, Grey, and Hutcherson, but by and large, it's an undistinguished session, judging by today's highest standards.

On the other hand, with the great number of witless lesser talents recording these days, maybe Burns deserves special commendation for playing run-of-the-mill jazz with so much grace and class. (R.B.H.)

John Coltrane

COLTRANE'S SOUND—Atlantic 1419: *The Night Has a Thousand Eyes; Central Park West; Liberia; Body and Soul; Equinox; Satellite.*
Personnel: Coltrane, tenor and soprano saxophones; McCoy Tyner, piano; Steve Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

CRESCENT—Impulse 66: *Crescent; Wise One; Bessie's Blues; Lonnie's Lament; The Drum Thing.*
Personnel: Coltrane; Tyner; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Jones.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Coltrane's Sound was recorded about three years ago and is representative of Coltrane's best playing of that period. *Crescent* was made in spring, 1964; it does not give the best of current Coltrane. A comparison of the two albums, then, is not entirely balanced. Both records, however, give a fairly good look at the quartet and how it functions.

The highest point in the earlier album is Coltrane's solo on *Night*, which he plays with great force and imagination. The arrangement is good, too; in fact, it would be hard to find a track anywhere that shows the quartet in finer form. But *Satellite* contains the most searching (and hence, to me, the most interesting) music on the record.

Body is pretty Coltrane and shows clearly how his harmonic thought can alter the harmonic structure of even such an old standby as this to fit his musical personality exactly.

Crescent, the title tune of the later record, is played with terrific authority. Coltrane's solo is some very far journey; solos like this give terrifying meaning to the pun on 'Trane and train. He indeed takes the listener on his screaming train, which is going very fast and which is its own master.

Lonnie's Lament contains a warm, creative bass solo by Garrison.

Thing is jazz drumming at its finest. Jones' solo is constantly imaginative, of great intuitive complexity, and, as far as I can tell, flawless. He seems to contain in his head the Absolute Rhythmic Pattern from which he extracts a plane here and a plane there. It is these pieces of the absolute that listeners are allowed to hear. Jones' *Thing* will appeal to most, I'm sure.

Though I know fully the importance of Coltrane, and though his music has given me great pleasure, there has been one musical problem that, over the years, has prevented me from becoming an all-out Coltrane fan.

The central element in Coltrane's harmonic idiom is modality. It is a particular drone type of modality in which, in exchange for a hypnotic insistence on certain tones or certain narrow harmonic areas, his melodic thinking is liberated over a considerable range. Listeners are stimulated by the melodic freedom. But the price is too great.

In the long run, the modal droning makes the music dull, and it is disturbing to have to say that about one of the world's finest musicians. These would indeed be harsh words were it not that whenever Coltrane takes his greatest chances he reaps his greatest rewards, and these rewards are greater the farther away they take us from the harmonic drone.

As the drone drones, it spells safety to Coltrane, and if Coltrane is safe, Coltrane is, alas, dull. The further out he searches, the more his music means. The reason these records do not mean more to me is that most of the time I am pinned to a fixed pedal-point. No freedom is worth such restriction, at least not in jazz, not in 1964, not for such a leader. And the more recent record is the more disappointing because it shows exactly how the issue has not been resolved. Coltrane has not yet found a way to break the harmonic stasis. One might ask why is Coltrane greatest when he departs from it furthest? Has this correlation occurred to Coltrane? Rest assured it has. (B.M.)

Bill Dixon-Archie Shepp

THE BILL DIXON 7-TETTE/ARCHIE SHEPP AND THE NEW YORK CONTEMPORARY 5—Savoy 12184: *The 12th December; Winter Song, 1964; Where Poppies Bloom; Like a Blessed Baby Lamb; Consequences.*
Personnel: Tracks 1, 2—Dixon, trumpet; Ken McIntyre, alto saxophone, oboe; George Barrow, tenor saxophone; Howard Johnson, tuba, baritone saxophone; Dave Izenson, Hal Dodson, basses; Howard McRae, drums. Tracks 3-5—Don Cherry or Ted Curson, trumpet; John Tchicai, alto saxophone; Shepp, tenor saxophone; Ronnie Boykins, bass; Sonny Murray, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

As an introduction to the work of a number of the most exciting young New York avant-garde jazzmen, this collection would be hard to beat. It offers representative performances by two of that city's better "new thing" groups and, in so doing, demonstrates two distinct branches of the new jazz expressionism.

Two performances by the septet led by trumpeter-composer Dixon take up the disc's first side. His writing is dark, brooding, and starkly oppressive and in the wide spread of the voicing (rather bottom-heavy, with the trumpet at the very high end, and with apparently no middle tones) sounds curiously like a more angular and more corrosive Gil Evans. Dixon, too, like Evans, writes in "layers" of sound, superimposing one on the other, building up thick-textured density.

The trumpeter's compositions, as heard here, are filled with an air of desolation—one might even say tense desperation—and the orchestrated segments are, to these ears at any rate, much more interesting than the improvised solos by the horn men.

The short *12th December* is wholly written, while *Winter Song*, after a repeated thematic section in which the basses play a major role, allows for extended extemporization by each of the horns in turn, but there seems little cohesiveness to the succession of solos that follows the

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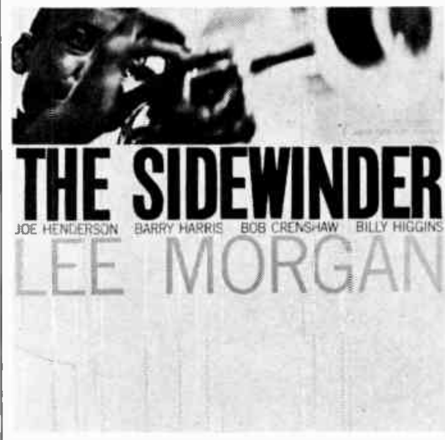

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theme and leads back to it.

The work of the two basses is particularly outstanding throughout, especially during the capitulation of the theme, where they entwine with the horn lines, creating a tremendous amount of tension.

The Shepp unit heard on the other side is a stunning continuation of the Ornette Coleman approach, with a truly breathtaking collective interplay that is undoubtedly the result of close and long association of the members, as well as a sharing of ideals.

It employs a much freer, more spontaneous approach than does the Dixon septet, and so rapid is the melodic and rhythmic ebb and flow of the group that an awesome contrapuntal complexity is set up.

Shepp's writing allows room for group improvising within the arranged sections themselves, and such a strong and natural interplay is generated (tribute enough to the way Shepp tailors his scores to the improvising styles of his co-workers) that it is often difficult to determine where the writing leaves off and the group extemporizing begins.

The improvisations by the three horn men grow naturally out of the themes (there is not the disparity one feels between theme and variation in the Dixon performances), and all three possess strong, convincing voices in the "new thing" discipline.

Tchicai's approach is the most speech-inflected of the three, and both Cherry and Shepp have evolved assertive, individual playing styles that set each other—and Tchicai—off beautifully. There is a sweep and thrusting intensity to the work of the three that imparts an air of inevitability. They complement each other and the compositions beautifully.

Trumpeter Curson replaces Cherry on the third piece, *Consequences,* and he comports himself commendably, though perhaps not with the same assertiveness that Cherry brings to his playing on the group's other two numbers.

Shepp is a highly provocative writer, on the evidence of these three compositions, with *Baby Lamb* easily the most outstanding of a trio of witty, complex, and exciting contrapuntal scores.

Savoy is to be commended for its issuance of this disc. I, for one, hope it perseveres in this direction. (P.W.)

Terry Gibbs

TAKE IT FROM ME—Impulse 58: *Take It from Me; El Fatso; Oge; Pauline's Place; 8 Lbs., 10 Ozs.; Gee, Dad, It's a Deagan; All the Things You Are; Honeysuckle Rose.*

Personnel: Gibbs, vibraharp; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★★★★½

Old campaigner Gibbs is among us again, hammering out more sound to the minute than a platoon of blacksmiths. This is, I believe, the best album Gibbs has cut for some time. It offers such a variety of musical textures, plus solo and unison achievements, that the listener cannot fail to be impressed.

Humor has always been an indispensable ingredient in Gibbs' music, but occasionally it has got out of hand and robbed the music of the depth it should have had. There is none of this failing here. He plays with a zest, originality, and tastefulness missing from most jazz records released today.

Of the eight tunes, five are Gibbs'. It is difficult to pick the best, though my nod would go to *Deagan.* It is six minutes and 14 seconds long and not a yawn in it. The track is fast—the kind of tempo Gibbs eats up—and he runs through it like vibes were going out of style; ah, but such an enviable lyricism and harmonic richness and cohesiveness.

His work behind Burrell's solo is also first rate, as indeed is all his comping on the record. *Deagan,* too, represents the finest in Burrell. His articulation clean, his imagination keen, he builds a solo of formidable proportions.

There can be no less praise for Jones and Hayes, who give a lesson here on what a rhythm section should be. The song is based on a rather hokey Gospel bit, but who cares once the improvising starts?

Select any track—with the possible exception of *Rose,* whose colors seem a mite pallid compared with the other seven—and you can't lose. *All the Things* is a delightful 3/4 investigation of a good oldie. It features a joint exposition of the melody by Gibbs and Burrell, the guitarist taking the first lead with an excellent Gibbs obbligato behind him and then Gibbs taking the bridge and handing the last eight back to Burrell.

The title tune in its first chorus evokes the George Shearing sound, while *Oge* puts one in mind of Milt Jackson and the Modern Jazz Quartet. These are but temporary distractions—if distractions they be—since the remainder of the music is pure Gibbs and Burrell.

The other tunes summon other moods with different thematic material, different time patterns, different tempos. The program has variety as well as depth.

Gibbs may have been around for a long time, but this album proves he is not old-fashioned by any means. He is still up there in the front line. (D.N.)

Sonny Stitt-Paul Gonsalves

SALT AND PEPPER—Impulse 52: *Salt and Pepper; S'posin'; Theme from "Lord of the Flies"; Perdido; Stardust.*

Personnel: Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Stitt, alto and tenor saxophones; Hank Jones, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

The merit of this recording lies in its co-leaders, two skilled, creative veterans playing cohesively and interdependently and yet emerging as musically distinct and consistent with well-developed individual styles.

There are no surprises here. Each man lapses from time to time into his own cliche rut, but these phases are mercifully infrequent and brief. What does continually impress itself upon the listener is the quality level of performance.

While drawing his connecting bridge from the preceding passages, each soloist quickly moves out to his own familiar method of expression—the contrast is marked and exciting. The cooler, more restrained Gonsalves pushes his phrases along with flowing urgency, piling state-

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ment on statement with hardly a break for air. Stitt, more pithy and earthy, hurls his phrases forth in emotional spurts, more varied in length and tonal quality.

Most of the tunes are well sustained, and all include passages of good blowing. But *Flies* is a letdown—the soloists fumble for footing over a nervous, panting rhythm —and *Perdido* opens with all the exhaustion befitting its mileage. (B.G.)

Clark Terry

THE HAPPY HORNS OF CLARK TERRY—Impulse 64: *Rockin' in Rhythm; In a Mist; Return to Swahili; Ellington Rides Again* (medley: *Don't Get Around Much Anymore, Perdido, I'm Beginning to See the Light); Impulsive; Do Nothing 'til You Hear from Me; Jazz Conversations; High Towers.*

Personnel: Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Phil Woods, alto saxophone, clarinet; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Roger Kellaway, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Terry is in fine fettle on this pleasant album—his best as a leader since the 1961 *Color Changes* and a vast improvement over the recent Cameo-Parkway attempts at commercialization. The emphasis is on brightly swinging tempos and warm, extroverted playing with a strong flavor of Ellingtonia, and the musicians—differences in age and experience notwithstanding—are a very compatible lot.

There is ample solo space for all three horns, plus several spots for pianist Kellaway, whose best moment is on *Conversations.* This track also has a rare Hinton solo, and Perkins gets a workout on *Swahili,* a trumpet-and-drums specialty dating back to Terry's first album. As a rhythm team, the three men leave nothing to be desired.

Woods' fluent clarinet is heard on *Rhythm* and *Impulsive,* but it is his alto that stands out, especially on *Conversations,* on which he adapts John Coltrane elements to his own distinctive style. At times, his happy, free-wheeling playing brings to mind the feeling Pete Brown engendered in his prime.

Webster is most relaxed on *Nothing,* seeming to inspire Terry, who follows him, to his most moving solo on the album. The tenor man also shines on Johnny Hodges' nostalgic *Impulsive,* on which his playing recalls that of the composer, and he turns in a typically "pleading" chorus of minor blues on *Conversations.*

Terry concentrates on trumpet, saving his mellow fluegelhorn for the romantic *Towers.* His command of the horns is enviable, and his well-known capacity for adapting himself to the demands of a wide variety of playing situations is the more remarkable because it has not adversely affected his own musical profile, which has remained unmistakably individual. The opposite of many young trumpeters, who seem to lack interest in tone and coloration, Terry employs the full range and potential of his instrument. His fast valve work and expert triple-tonguing can be sampled on *Rhythm* and *Swahili* (the latter also shows his range, as he leaps from low-register growls to piercing shrieks); his use of mutes fits the feeling (Harmon on *Impulsive,* plunger on *See the Light*), and his open sound can be hot (*Nothing*) or cool and pure (*Mist*). And whatever the expressive device, the music comes out as his own.

The sole drawbacks on this set are the brevity of some tracks, on which a bit of stretching out would have been welcome, and the rather uninspired arranging. Bob Hammer's scoring of Bix Beiderbecke's lovely *Mist* is a mistake. It is too episodic and destroys the unity of the composition. This piano piece can be successfully adapted for orchestra (as it was for Bunny Berigan in 1939 by Joe Lippman), but it should not be tampered with. The jerkily phrased ensemble writing on *Rhythm* is no improvement on Ellington, either.

Good as this record is, it remains a mystery why nobody as yet has released a record of the excellent quintet co-led by Terry and valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer. Within the context of this happy group, the talent of the trumpeter finds expression to a degree as yet uncaptured on records. (D.M.)

Various Artists

NEW ORLEANS RENAISSANCE—Jazz Crusade 2001: *Panama; I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover; Over in Gloryland; Sheik of Araby; You Tell Me Your Dream; Original Blues; Avalon; Stumbling; Lord, Lord, Lord; Sheik of Araby.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2—Kid Howard's Band. Track 3—Harold DeJan's Brass Band. Track 4—John Henry McNeil's Crescent City Crystals. Track 5—Cal Blunt's Brown Buddies. Track 6—Emile Barnes' New Orleans Four. Tracks 7, 8—Peter Bocage and His Creole Serenaders. Tracks 9, 10—Kid Sheik's Swingsters.

Rating: ★

Bill Bissonnette has pursued his Jazz Crusade projects with vigor and persistence and will likely come up with something lasting and valuable soon. The idea behind this album—to show a cross section of early New Orleans jazz musicians as they sound today—is good, but it only succeeds in showing groups of seemingly worn-out musicians trying to hobble aboard the New Orleans revivalist movement.

Trumpeter Kid Howard is an exception. He plays with lashing authority on *Panama* and *Four-Leaf Clover,* backed admirably by drummer Joe Watkins.

Louis Cottrell is another exception, having a startlingly combined Lester Young-Eddie Miller conception in his tenor saxophone playing on *Avalon* and some good clarinet phrasing on *Stumbling,* both with trumpeter Peter Bocage's group. Cottrell also has the advantage of Emanuel Sayles' excellent guitar backing.

The rest of the album has little to recommend. There are rushed tempos, out-of-tune playing, ensembles that convolve like a feeble man trying to walk on stilts, and quavering trumpet leads. (G.M.E.)

Various Artists

JAZZ VON GESTERN—Odeon 083347: *Sensation Rag* (Original Dixieland Jazz Band); *Rose-Marie* (Julian Fuhs Follies Band); *Charleston Baby* (Savoy Orpheans); *Black Bottom* (Dajos Bela Tanz Orchestra); *Ich Kauf' Mir 'Ne Rakete* (Weintraubs Syncopators); *Super Tiger Rag* (Billy Cotton); *Hell's Bells and Hallelujah* (Joe Venuti and His Blue Four); *H'lo, Baby* (Jack Hylton); *Blue Moon* (Coleman Hawkins and Michel Warlop); *St. Louis Blues* (Joe Daniels); *Schoene Geschlechten* (Lewis Ruth); *All God's Children Got Rhythm* (Nat Gonella); *After You've Gone* (Bill Coleman); *Willie the Weeper* (Harry Roy); *Bugle Call Rag* (Svend Asmussen); *Sweet Chorus* (Quintette du Hot Club de France); *Finesse* (Rex Stewart); *Ich Hab' eine Schwache fuer Blonde Frau'n* (Benny DeWeille); *Jeebe* (John Bjorling); *Wenn Froh ein Lied Erklingt* (Hans Rehmstedt); *Shortwave Blues* (Niels Foss); *Bye, Bye Blues* (Harlam Kiddies); *Bei*

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Mir Bist Du Schoen (Kurt Widmann).

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This album of reissues purportedly intends to demonstrate the jazz styles of the past in Europe, but it is more a collection of schmaltz designed for sentimental Germans with fond recollections of prewar days.

Issued first in Germany, it is available in the United States in large or specialty record shops.

The narrator seems his best when he comes to such items as Hylton's *H'lo, Baby*, or when he can sing-along with such tunes as *Willie the Weeper*.

Interspersed in all this, however, are items of interest to the jazz listener: an excellent Bill Coleman chorus on *After You've Gone*; a fair example of Coleman Hawkins, circa 1935 (*Blue Moon*); spots of good playing by guitarist Django Reinhardt and violinist Stephane Grappelly on *Sweet Chorus*; good playing by Reinhardt, cornetist Rex Stewart, and clarinetist Barney Bigard on *Finesse*; Benny DeWeille's very good group modeled after the Benny Goodman Quartet, as was the group headed by John Bjorling; and a good sample of Svend Asmussen's early jazz violin (*Bugle Call Rag*). (G.M.E.)

SONGSKRIT

A COLUMN OF VOCAL ALBUM REVIEWS

By JOHN A. TYNAN

Chet Baker: *Chet Baker Sings* (World-Pacific 1826)

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The timing of this re-released and repackaged album originally issued about nine years ago would appear to be a shrewd stroke of judgment on the part of World-Pacific. Baker is back in the United States, and a comeback for him would seem to be in the cards.

These songs and Baker's singing of them are, for the purposes of stereophonic sound, aided and abetted by the overdubbing of Joe Pass' guitar in the rhythm section. It adds a good stereo balance but not much beyond that, i.e., musically.

Baker fans will recall the selections with some nostalgia: *My Funny Valentine, That Old Feeling, Like Someone in Love, My Buddy, It's Always You, Someone to Watch Over Me, But Not for Me, Look for the Silver Lining, I Get Along without You Very Well, I Fall in Love Too Easily, The Thrill Is Gone*, and *There Will Never Be Another You*.

How do these vocals by the enfant terrible of the trumpet (of the middle-1950s period, anyway) stand the test of almost a decade? They are as valid now as they were then, and certainly Baker's trumpet solos on most of the tracks are lovely examples of his conception of jazz horn. There is the same gentleness verging on the sissyish (some would charge) in his voice, and, of course, it is this basic sound that provoked the pros and cons then and will probably now do the same

World Radio History

again. There is no quarrel, though, with the phrasing; this is uniquely Baker and good to listen to as jazz singing.

Shirley Horn: *Shirley Horn with Horns* (Mercury 20835; 60835)
Rating: ★★★★★

Shirley Horn is one of the most distinctively exciting singing discoveries in years. She communicates an innate feel for jazz, phrases like a dream, sings quite in tune, and has a tonal quality at once reminiscent both of Peggy Lee and Frank Sinatra.

Backed by the Quincy Jones ensemble (rhythm section plus four trumpets, four trombones, and four French horns) in this her second album, Miss Horn sings from the piano and handles the instrument most capably.

The arrangements are uniformly good. Billy Byers did *On the Street Where You Live, Let Me Love You, After You've Gone, I'm in the Mood for Love, The Good Life,* and *In the Wee Small Hours;* Quincy Jones contributed *Mack the Knife* and *Wouldn't It Be Loverly?;* Thad Jones' two rompers are *The Great City* and *Come, Dance with Me;* and Don Sebesky arranged *That Old Black Magic* and *Go Away, Little Boy.*

In ballad and up tune Miss Horn is equally at home, phrasing lightly and airily but never forgetting where the time is. In this she brings to mind Peggy Lee.

Originally a pianist, Miss Horn is now firmly established as one of the best jazz-oriented singers active today.

Freda Payne: *After the Lights Go Down Low and Much More!!!* (Impulse 53).
Rating: ★★★

Freda Payne, judging by her program in this debut set appears to be an ambitious young singer unafraid to tackle difficult material (Ornette Coleman's *Lonely Woman,* for example, is not for the timid) and totally committed to jazz expression.

Moreover, her accompaniment is ideal for the purpose; it consists of a big band with arrangements written and conducted by Manny Albam on the first side and, on the second, a jazz quintet consisting of Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Jim Hall. guitar; Hank Jones, piano; Art Davis, bass; and Walter Perkins, drums (the big band is equally star-laden with top New York jazzmen). So it is rather obvious that Miss Payne has a lot going for her from in front, as they say.

But there is nothing to point to that singles out Miss Payne as a singer of distinctiveness, much less distinction. In fact, her voice is pretty ordinary. She has a good, healthy pair of lungs and is not afraid to belt, but beyond that there is little to be said in her behalf other than the creditable fact that she does sing in tune.

Aside from the Coleman song, the selections are the title tune, *After the Lights Go Down Low; Sweet Pumpkin; Blue Piano; The Things We Love to Do; Awaken, My*

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IN THE OCT. 22 **DOWN BEAT**

FOCUS ON JAZZ PIANO

PUT THEM TOGETHER THEY SPELL EVANS

There's little doubt that Bill Evans is a pianist of far-reaching influence. But what is it in Evans' playing that lends it such appeal for other pianists? Dan Morgenstern searches for the answer by analyzing the pianist's harmonic source materials and technical approach. This article reveals why Evans is wholeheartedly committed to tonal music and makes clear the pianist's views on music today. Also in the Oct. 22 **Down Beat** Evans' reactions to the music of Friedrich Gulda, Don Friedman, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Oscar Peterson, and Cecil Taylor are recorded in the first instalment of a two-part **Blindfold Test.**

PIANIST FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Don Friedman, winner of this year's International Jazz Critics Poll as pianist most deserving of wider recognition, is not a hard-nose avant gardist, as some think of him—he says he derives equal kicks from playing "free" and with predetermined chord patterns. Friedman, according to interviewer Don Nelsen, means what he says—his piano has graced the groups of such diverse jazzmen as Harry Edison, Jimmy Giuffre, and Herbie Mann, as well as his own trio.

BUD POWELL— THEN AND NOW

Critic Harvey Pekar surveys the significant recordings made by Bud Powell from 1946 to 1963 and comes to the conclusion that if things ain't what they used to be, they're at least much different. But to bring Powell into perspective, **Down Beat** Associate Editor Dan Morgenstern writes an illuminating critique of today's Bud at Birdland, the pianist's first United States engagement in years. *PLUS:* Pianist Art Hodes reminisces about keyboard artists he's known during his long career in jazz; Nat Hentoff writes an open letter addressed to all optimists who hold that jazz business is **not** worse than it's been for a long time; albums by keyboard artists of all persuasions hold sway in the record-review section; there'll be plenty of other views, reviews, and of course the latest news in the Oct. 22 issue of:

down beat

Lonely One; Sweet September (all the aforementioned with big-band accompaniment); *I Cried for You; 'Round Midnight; Out of This World; I Wish I Knew; It's Time.* In the small group the jazzmen solo well and contribute in great measure to the grooving atmosphere.

Dinah Washington: *In Tribute* (Roulette 25244)
Rating: ★★★★

Dinah Washington: *A Stranger on Earth* (Roulette 25253)
Rating: ★★★★

Since both these albums are essentially memorial issues, there is about them a quality born of much more than a voice on a record. There is, in fact, the essence of Dinah Washington's life coupled with the tragedy of her death.

Most of both sets were arranged by Fred Norman (with Marty Manning undertaking unspecified tunes on *In Tribute*), and the similarity between them is marked. The big-orchestra-with-vocal-choir routine is quite effective in terms of the commercially oriented fare they offer. Included in the *In Tribute* set are *That Sunday (That Summer), I've Run Out of Reasons, Something's Got to Give, Funny Thing, They Said You Came Back Running, Lingering, The Good Life, Stars over My Shoulder, Icy Stone, Call Me Irresponsible, Make Believe Dreams,* and *Lord, You Made Us Human.*

A Stranger on Earth includes that title tune (arranged by Manning), *The Blues Ain't Nothin' but a Woman Cryin' for Her Man, Drown in My Own Tears* (a Howard Biggs chart), *It's a Mean Old Man's World, Nobody Knows the Way I Feel This Morning, Me and My Gin, The Man That Got Away, Soulville, Do Nothing till You Hear from Me* (arranged by Don Costa), and the classic *You've Been a Good Old Wagon.*

Though the treatment of both sets is, as noted, similar in approach, *Stranger* is grittier with more of what many like to consider the real Queen D. Miss Washington always was uniquely at home with the blues; she embodied the blues. So of the two (if a choice had to be made) this reviewer's preference leans toward *Stranger*. But there are many delightful moments on the other; *Irresponsible* is one, *Good Life* another.

Dinah Washington had her share of the good life. Lord, she lived it hard, fast, and fully; "but will death itself be a farewell?"

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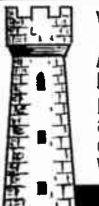

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COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

In accepting a $30,000 award recently from the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, British composer Benjamin Britten relieved himself of a number of thoughts, some true or reasonably true, others truisms of the kind institutes expect to hear uttered on such occasions.

The composer mentioned the "many dangers that hedge 'round the unfortunate composer," especially the young one. Among the perils he cited was "pressure groups that demand true proletarian music, snobs who demand the latest avant-garde tricks. . . ."

He made plain that at the door of these unspecified snobs could be laid most of the "pretentious nonsense or deliberate obscurity" in contemporary music. And, whereas in Communist countries the tune is called by commissars in the name of the people, "in the richer capitalistic countries, money and snobbishness combine to demand the latest, newest manifestations, which I am told go by the name in this country of Foundation Music."

"Foundation music" was coined several years ago by the music reviewer of *The New Yorker* to describe almost any piece that did not begin and end in C major.

As Britten certainly knows, however, U.S. tax-exempt foundations are a wildly heterogeneous lot, with guiding philosophies that range from an ineffable West Coast institution that commissions only "restful music" to the go-to-hell individualism of Paul Fromm, the Chicago wine importer who has poured a magnum of money into his personal crusade "to return the music profession to the composer." In between, there are all models of Fords and Rockefellers, not to mention the hundreds of tax-exempt subsidizers known as universities.

If he had not been understandably dazzled by the sight of that capitalistic check for $30,000, Britten might also have perceived that the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies comfortably fits into the category that he was attacking.

"Money and snobbishness" invariably seem to go hand in hand, even in the mountain fastnesses of Colorado, but if that $30,000 buys Britten elbow room in which to compose a good piece, in no matter what style he prefers to write it, the Aspen millionaires will not have spent their foundation money in vain. If you think like a Britten, "foundation music" is good and sincere if you compose it; otherwise it is a tasteless joke.

If any proof were required to refute the simplistic notion that foundations and awards are to blame for the prevalence of so much music that does not sound like Benjamin Britten's, one need only reach into the current pile of record releases.

On Columbia's MS-6597, Zoltan Rozsnyai conducts the Columbia Symphony Orchestra in first recordings of two Naumburg Award compositions, *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra* by Andrew Imbrie and *Little Symphony No. 1* by Cecil Effinger.

If there is any musical philosophy or esthetic idea shared by these two works, it does not leap out at one. It would take a deeply indoctrinated reader of *The New Yorker* music column indeed to make a persuasive list of similarities.

Imbrie's concerto was completed in 1954 under a commission from the Serge Koussevitsky Music Foundation (that places it in double jeopardy) while the 43-year-old New York native was in Rome on a Guggenheim Fellowship (damned again!).

Although it treats traditional tonality cavalierly, and seldom relaxes its insistence on what Bela Bartok and Sergei Prokofiev canonized as the prewar violin-concerto idiom, the solo instrument traces a perfectly understandable lyric line, and the orchestral accompaniment is put together with high craft and sensitivity for color.

One can hear Britten chortling: a model definition of a piece of "foundation music." Perhaps. But as a companion to Imbrie's concerto, there is Effinger's completely relaxed, diatonic, unpretentious *Little Symphony*, which won a Naumburg recording award in 1959. Effinger's model, he says, was a Mozart serenade, which is hardly aiming at the aleatory or electronic snobs. It is even in C major.

The difficulty with hanging out a slogan such as "foundation music" and trying to pass it off as an explanation of so labyrinthine a subject as contemporary music is that the money-and-snobs concept does not hold water.

Certainly, Mozart wrote serenades to be played while the Bishop of Salzburg dined in his garden, but the bishop was an arrogantly ignorant man, and Mozart took advantage of it. He wrote good serenades, as any composer worthy of the name would, ignoring his patron's lack of taste. Even more significant, his six greatest string quartets were written for no patron at all but purely as a gesture of friendship and esteem for Haydn.

The best composers today work the same way, allowing for possible differences in talent from Mozart. They take money, they live as well as possible off the snobs, and they write as they please.

No matter how strenuously Britten or *The New Yorker* may deplore the directions taken by music in this century, today's music sounds the way it does because composers hear it that way.

What possibly rankles with Britten is that younger composers, even in his own unmusical land, politely decline to look to him as a model. For all we know, Britten may one day be recognized as the only composer of the 20th century, but to his fellow professionals he is not a stimulating artist. Men such as Igor Stravinsky, Arnold Schoenberg, Anton Webern, and, even more recently, Pierre Boulez wrote the music that has been shaking the foundations of their art. That is the only kind of "foundation music" worth writing and probably the only sort worth listening to, from the highest point of view. All the rest is show business. db

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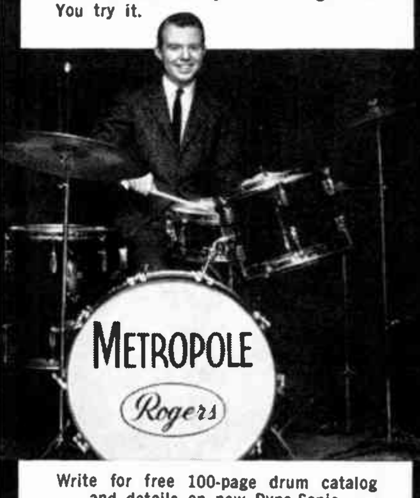

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BLINDFOLD ® TEST

LOREZ ALEXANDRIA

'Nobody's going to argue with the fact that Barbra Streisand is one of the hottest things going right now. I still say that she kind of hurts herself sometimes.'

JIM TAYLOR

By LEONARD FEATHER

For a singer who hasn't yet enjoyed the kind of lucky break that could catapult her into national prominence, Lorez Alexandria has been the recipient of a number of compliments.

She has been called "diligently word-conscious, music-conscious, free-wheeling, sparkling" (Barbara J. Gardner), "a convincing, flexible jazz singer, one of the very few *real* jazz singers to emerge in recent years" (Ralph J. Gleason), "conscientious, intelligent and musicianly" (John A. Tynan), and "a poised, vital, articulate girl, who, singing or talking, makes it clear that she is a person of strong convictions and has the courage to express them" (Leonard G. Feather).

A former Chicagoan, with a background that ranges from church singing to big-band work, she has lived in Los Angeles for the last two years. Miss Alexandria listened with intense interest and responded with rare fluency when a selection of vocal releases was played for her. She received no information about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. Ethel Ennis. *The Moon Was Yellow* (from *This Is Ethel Ennis*, RCA Victor). Sid Bass, arranger, conductor.

It's a very warm sound. It's pleasing, though there's nothing distinctive. I haven't heard her before, I don't think, but I wouldn't be able to pick her out as an individual stylist. She's just very competent, and she has good diction and control.

The arrangement didn't get in the way or clutter up anything. There are probably a lot of other things that could have been done with the tune that weren't done by this girl. On second thought, I believe I've heard her before—I think it's Ethel Ennis. On up-tempo things, Ethel tends to sound a little Ella Fitzgeraldish. On ballads, she just sounds like a capable singer. Just for this one track, 3½ stars.

2. Tommy Dorsey. *Sister Kate* (from *The New Tommy Dorsey Orchestra*, RCA Victor). Helen Forrest, vocal.

I have no idea who that is. There is nothing about it that would draw me to listening to it more than once. And then I wouldn't stop whatever I was doing to listen to it.

It's a cute thing—I can see a singer doing it in a big, upper-echelon type of room. It's not jazz. Stretching a point, I'll give it two.

3. Etta Jones. *And the Angels Sing* (from *Hollar!*, Prestige). Wally Richardson, guitar; unidentified rhythm seciton.

That's a real pro—Miss Etta Jones, who really kills me. You can never miss Etta, no matter what surrounds her, but I think she sounds better with a group this size. Big bands hamper her. She's got to have this freedom of sound, and she really swings. Even when she's doing a ballad, with a group this size, she can just stand back and relax and phrase and identify herself.

The group sounded real good, and Etta was excellent—4½ stars.

4. Al Hirt-Ann Margret. *Personality* (from *Beauty and the Beard*, RCA Victor). Hirt and Ann Margret, vocals.

This was fun. And they did it tongue in cheek, and they handled it very tastefully. It sounds a little to me like Jack Teagarden; I don't know the girl at all, but judging by what she does with this, I think she could sing other material very well.

The whole thing was cute, and this sort of thing takes a certain quality that not everybody has. They inject humor into it very effectively, and it gets across. Four.

5. Marian Montgomery. *They Can't Take That Away from Me* (from *Let There Be Marian Montgomery*, Capitol). Dave Cavanaugh, arranger, conductor.

I know I've heard her before, I'm sure, but I can't recall the name. I like the way she phrases. A little unusual; and I liked the trombone choir behind her. If the rest of the album is anything like this, that's a very good album. Four stars.

6. Swingle Singers. *Fugue in D-Minor* (from *Bach's Greatest Hits*, Philips).

That's just excellent—absolutely beautiful; the whole album is. I know it because I heard several tracks at a friend's. It's a group that has brought an absolutely new sound, even different from that French group that did some things like this.

Of course, you can't lose when you're singing the masters, and I believe this is Bach. Having done a cappella work myself, I know just how much it takes to get a sound like that; and with just bass and drums, and it's just enough. I'll have to go all the way on that one—five. Beautiful.

7. Odetta. *Chevrolet* (from *It's a Mighty World*, RCA Victor). Odetta, vocal, guitar; Bruce Langhorne, second guitar; Les Grinage, bass.

This sound is unfamiliar to me. As far as the material is concerned, it's very familiar, because the form of music is in the pure folk-blues idiom. The guitar is good old-fashioned blues guitar. The whole record, for what it sets out to be, sounds very good. It's not to my particular taste, but I'll give it three stars.

8. Barbra Streisand. *Cry Me a River* (from *The Barbra Streisand Album*, Columbia). Peter Matz, conductor, arranger.

The arrangement is an absolute gas. The band is taking care of so much business! The intro, the way she brings it in with the bass, it's very effective. Toward the end, though, the whole thing gets just a little contrived. It kills something that went on before it, and it wasn't necessary.

Nobody's going to argue with the fact that Barbra Streisand is one of the hottest things going right now. I still say that she kind of hurts herself sometimes. Nevertheless, I'd have to say two stars for the singing and three for the arrangement. She overdoes it, and it isn't really necessary, because the thing is building, and it could be done good musically without all this other jazz that she puts in there.

9. Billie Holiday. *Violets for Your Furs* (from *Lady in Satin*, Columbia).

There isn't really too much left to say about Billie Holiday. Any singer, regardless of what generation they may be from, usually gets around to listening to Billie Holiday. How was it possible for a woman to be this great?

About the tune, I've heard only one other person do this tune impressively, and that was Frank Sinatra. It's a good piece of material, and her reading of it is beautiful. This comes from a period when she wasn't supposed to be singing too well; but I've never heard anything by her that I didn't realize what she was feeling—which is very important, regardless of the shape of the pipes or what may be happening. She always got the message across; she never failed. I'd have to say seven stars—if that's possible. db

World Radio History

BOOK REVIEWS

Music on My Mind: The Memoirs of an American Pianist, by Willie (The Lion) Smith with George Hoefer. Published by Doubleday, 318 pages, $4.95.

In his outer lineaments, Willie (The Lion) Smith at first appears to be a beguiling cartoon—the cigar, the brandy, the distinctively prideful attire, the swagger. But the Lion is much more complicated and much more sensitive to the "vibrations" of others (to use a favorite term of his) than an initial impression would indicate. And he is also, of course, a strikingly individualistic and remarkably graceful pianist and composer.

Music on My Mind weaves together the public and private lifelines of the Lion and also provides insights into his music and the social milieu from which it was created.

To the considerable credit of George Hoefer, who helped shape this book, the cadences and flavor of the Lion's speech have been transformed into print with unusual accuracy. Furthermore, Hoefer's own interludes—on Harlem stride piano, pre-prohibition Harlem, Harlem during the 1920s, and Willie The Lion, Pianist—are lucid and perceptive.

The autobiography is of particular interest as a contribution to the social history of jazz. The Lion re-creates the ambiance and the imperatives of night life in Newark and Atlantic City, N.J.; Chicago; and the San Juan Hill and Harlem microcosms of New York in the early decades of this century.

He also sketches the personalities and ways of life of some of the leading "ticklers" (stride pianists) of the era as well as of the clubowners, pimps, gamblers, and anxious hoods who were also endemic to the scene. Willie had—and still retains—a shrewd judgment of people and their interrelations. As that cigar juts out, Willie's eyes miss few revealing details.

As for the Lion himself, as he emerges in these pages, his persistent independence is clearly one of his most marked characteristics.

He demands respect for himself, as himself and as a musician; and if he doesn't get it, he cuts out. "You might as well try making love to each member of a girl quartet at the same time," Willie observes, "as to try playing your music when the vibrations are wrong."

There is also the Lion's candor. Witness, for instance, this description of Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters at the Central Plaza in New York:

"Conrad . . . drove the crowd wild playing his trombone while standing on top of the piano. Yeah, he terrorized the place, everybody would stampede—Conrad's so full of emotion and nothing happens. This appealed to the younger squares. Some of them don't care as much about jazz as a monkey cares for watermelon. For their admission they were zooming for a free ride on anything and having a ball without hearing the music."

Willie also includes plain, hard talk about working conditions in night clubs. ("It's getting worse than the old TOBA days—a circuit the Lion refused to play partly because you had to make up in a toilet.")

He laments the paucity of oriented and reliable bookers and managers, and he also laments—by implication—the fact that there are still musicians who will not fight for their own self-respect. "A musician," Willie emphasizes, "has to know that he can get sick from doing a forced performance, and he is a sucker to go for a left hook just to please some agent." (Or, as Dizzy Gillespie once told a youngster leading his first combo, "You've got to remember the agency works for you; you don't work for it.")

The Lion's book also contains a list of his compositions and a discography. I regret the absence of photographs, but then again, Willie's memories are so vivid that a moderately imaginative reader should be able to see something of what Willie saw during those legions of nights.

The most vivid of all the prose in the book, however, is Duke Ellington's description of his first impression of the Lion. In the book's foreword, Ellington recalls that even before he saw the Lion, as he walked down the steps of the Capitol Palace in New York City, he felt the Lion's lope: "—actually everything and everybody seemed to be doing whatever they were doing in the tempo the Lion's group was laying down. The walls and furniture seemed to lean understandingly—one of the strangest and greatest sensations I ever had. The waiters served in that tempo; everybody who had to walk in, out, or around the place walked with a beat."

ROBERT PARENT

WILLIE (THE LION) SMITH

Individualistic, graceful pianist and composer

It should be noted—as it seldom is in a review—that no book of this kind can get itself into print without the persistence and understanding of an editor. The Lion's book is not going to add considerably to Doubleday's profits, but it is a valuable and durable addition to that company's list. And the editor who realized the worth of what Willie had to tell was Sam Vaughan.

A footnote: So far as I know, there have been no solo recordings by Willie since 1958. Record companies do not allow classical musicians of substance to go unrecorded so long in their later years. But jazz labels do. Why? As Willie says: "For the most part the music business is a jungle where dog eats dog. It's all based on money. . . ." Yet, after six years, isn't there one a&r man with the sense and sensibility to invite Willie into a studio again? It would hardly, alas, be that expensive a project; and from it, we would all gain in pleasure for years to come. Consider it, if you will, as an investment in bottling part of a particularly powerful and unique spirit. That's the way Vaughan thought of it, and music isn't even his business. —*Nat Hentoff*

A Jazz Lexicon, by Robert S. Gold. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, 363 pages, $5.95.

This dictionary is the outgrowth of Gold's article *The Vernacular of the Jazz World,* which appeared in the December, 1957, issue of *American Speech.* The words and phrases that have made up the special vocabulary used in jazz throughout this century are identified and defined, and an attempt has been made to show the etymology and the semantic development of usage.

It should be said, first of all, that the lexicon is fairly complete. Practically every term currently in widespread use is included, and Gold has made an admirable, though inconsistent, attempt to list pertinent early terms that did not seep through to succeeding eras. Thus there is an entry for "the sixteens" (16-note piano bass style of the Harlem ticklers, circa 1915) but none for "sukey-jump," a term used, according to Paul Oliver, at the turn of the century for the rural blues sessions of the southern field workers.

Next, the word and phrase definitions, in almost all cases, seem accurate, though I would argue that "second ending" does not always mean "that passage after the second eight bars which leads into the bridge passage." Alternate uses of words are given where they apply, and good quotes are given, showing how the terms are used in actual speech.

There is one objection here: Gold relies heavily on jazz and beat fiction writers (John Clellon Holmes, Lawrence Lipton, Bob Reisner, Ross Russell, and Stanford Witmore, among others), who use the vocabulary correctly but in the context of social invective that would occur to few jazz musicians. Negro musicians have suffered stinging insult, and most resolve their feelings without invective, sometimes in the heroic and manly manner that Gold describes in the formation of the term "Lady Day" for Billie Holiday:

The Reviewers

Nat Hentoff is a well-known jazz critic and a commentator on the current state of society. **G.C. Oden,** in addition to being a poetess, is editor of a technical journal on physics and former assistant editor of the now-defunct *The Urbanite.* **Gilbert M. Erskine** is a student of jazz literature; his bibliography of jazz books, which appeared in *Music '63,* is the most complete ever published. **Bill Mathieu** is a composer and arranger as well as a teacher. The Rev. **George Wiskirchen,** C.S.C., is well known for his work with high-school and college stage bands.

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". . . the other girls use to try and mock me by calling me 'Lady,' because they thought I thought I was just too damn good to take the damn customers' money off the tables. . . . Lester [Young] took it and coupled it with the Day out of Holiday and called me 'Lady Day.' "

I am unable to comment on Gold's etymological accuracy, though most roots he indicates seem logical. I recall having read somewhere that "honky tonk" was first used to describe the boxcar trains that took migrant Negro workers in Chicago back to the South for visits with their families. Gold does not mention this. Also, I've been under the impression that the word "mainstream" was introduced by Stanley Dance, and "third stream" by John S. Wilson, but Gold credits neither in his listings.

Finally, there is the question of a jazz lexicon's value.

There have been penetrating analyses of both the development of jazz and the underlying social problems faced by jazz musicians, and one does not need to know jive talk to grapple with what is significant here. Neither is it a necessary aid in understanding music. For example, M. Ulrich, a Czechoslovakian, probably does not know any English—jive, slang, or formal—but he plays tenor saxophone in a manner that would make one think he is Sonny Stitt's twin.

Certainly the existence of a jazz language gives evidence of the set of problems faced by Negro musicians in what has been a mostly hostile social environment, but the language, in itself, gives no insight into the conditions, whereas the music does, and in a very moving manner.

—*Gilbert M. Erskine*

The New Equality, by Nat Hentoff. Published by Viking Press, 243 pages, $4.95.

With all the attention showered on the Negro these days in newspapers and magazine articles, one could easily imagine that—as some have been saying—the Negro is in vogue again. Of course, it isn't true. The situation goes much deeper than that, and though foreign events frequently overshadow racial-dispute headlines in the United States, they do not end them. The change demanded of the present, and so vividly symbolized by the condition of the Negro in the United States, is such that from here on, the best minds and resources of this country are to be irrevocably joined.

The current drive for civil rights shows primarily in demands by Negroes that they be accorded the long-overdue rights and privileges that a grievous meanness, only, withholds. However, the winning of freedom now portends a vast social and economic change, the magnitude of which makes it understandable why, in reviewing Hentoff's *The New Equality,* the first hurdle to be crossed is that represented by the author.

What Hentoff proposes is a synthesis of the "Negro movement of the 1960s."

The book is not merely a simple, journalistic run-through of events that have erupted in the headlines these last several years. Hentoff attempts to interpret their causes and recommend solutions. Intelligent thought is always worth considering; but perception, even in the most aware, does not make one an authority. I, therefore, find offensive a publishing house that tries to pass its author off as an authority on the problems of Negroes on the basis that "research [?] on the jazz scene has given him a very special opportunity to observe Negro-white relationships from close up."

The southern white was saying much the same thing for years until the southern Negro undertook to show him how wrong he was.

Make no mistake about it. One can't come into the field of civil rights by any but the front door. Only a person who, day through night, one to the next, has had his energies drained in searching for solutions to the problems of Negroes—thereby gaining that highly specialized insight that comes from such unrelenting involvement—is capable of meaningfully, forcefully drawing together and sorting out the tangled threads of racial concerns. Clearly, Hentoff has no such background, and his publishers are presumptuous in presenting this book as if he did.

Hentoff has divided his book into a prolog and an epilog, with 14 chapters between that are themselves divided into three groups.

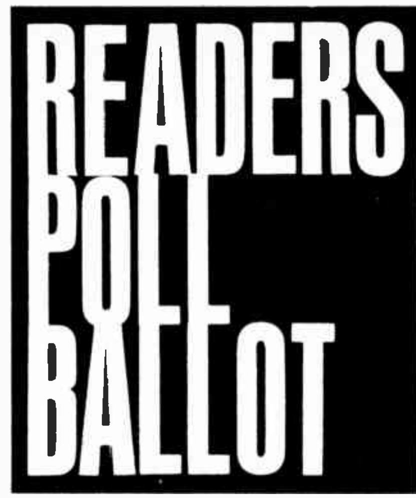
The first section covers color as identity for both Negro and white, and the roles played by whites and Negroes within the Negro community. In substance, the author's theses are (1) that the white society is going to have to suffer "the compressed accumulation of Negro anguish" *before* authentic communication can take place between the two races and (2) the Negro middle class will "intensify its involvement" with the over-all struggle of the race for equality.

I take issue with the first—and masochistic—notion. No matter how much logic there might appear to this "strikeback" philosophy, I can't foresee it as the predominating pattern of interracial behavior.

I do believe that the un-civil-rights-minded members of the white community are in urgent need of being made aware of how enormous such anguish is, but I have no doubt that when attempts are made at true and purposeful communication, the Negro community's response will be positive, not negative—out of necessity, if not out of love. The Negro wants "in" from his "outside" status. He is, more than most, cold, hungry, and underedücated. He is more eager to set these things right than he is to waste time in acting as a scourge to the guilt of the white community. The white majority will have to purge itself of guilt the best way it can without looking to the Negro to do it for him.

However, should that not be the case, then I think Hentoff's second premise will not be true. If extremists take over the civil-rights drive, the middle-class Negro is more than likely to disassociate himself from the effort.

The middle-class Negro, to be sure, is no less Negro because he has negotiated whatever rung of survival he has. If only



The 29th annual **Down Beat** Readers Poll is under way. For the next several weeks—until midnight, Nov. 15—**Down Beat** readers will have an opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians.

Facing this page is the official ballot. It is printed on a postage-paid, addressed post card. Simply tear out the card, fill in your choices in the spaces provided, and drop the card in a mailbox. It is not necessary to vote in each category. It is necessary, though, to write your name and address at the bottom of the card. Letters and other post cards will not be accepted as ballots.

RULES, ETC.:

1. Vote only once.
2. Vote early. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Nov. 15.
3. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.
4. In the **Hall of Fame** category, name the jazz performer—living or dead—who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz. This is the only poll category in which deceased persons are eligible. Previous winners are ineligible. They are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, and Art Tatum.
5. Vote only for living musicians in all other categories.
6. In the **Miscellaneous Instrument** category there can be more than one winner. The instrumentalist who amasses the greatest number of votes will win on his instrument. But if a musician who plays another instrument in the miscellaneous category receives at least 15 percent of the total category vote, he will win on his instrument. A miscellaneous instrument is defined as one not having a category of its own. There are three exceptions: valve trombone (votes for valve trombonists should be cast in the trombone category), cornet and fluegelhorn (votes for cornetists and fluegelhornists should be cast in the trumpet category).
7. Vote for only one person in each category.

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because of his half-success at living, he is aware how intricately his advancement is bound up in the lot of his poorer brother. But the middle-class Negro looks knowingly at pointless militancy. The Negro can demand, but he cannot dictate. Consequently, if his more-deprived brother should be persuaded to go for broke, the middle-class Negro, I believe, will detach himself from the drive, of which, as Hentoff recognizes, he now makes up the bulk of leadership.

It is in the third section that solutions to the problems of employment, housing, education—as discussed in the second section—are enunciated.

Placing poverty at the root of the problem, Hentoff envisages extensive federal planning as the answer and recommends a planned economy in which the nation's resources are dedicated to the real needs of the people, opening up more avenues for productive work and leisure than now exist.

But as the author notes, while the means may be at hand to wage a head-on war with poverty, the country, lacking a sufficiently educated electorate, is not now ready for it. Nothing more clearly underscores this than does recollection of the recent Republican convention. Who could believe that the majority of those in attendance could ever regard the poverty-stricken—white as well as black—with anything other than condemnation? Much has been said about the white backlash to the civil-rights drive, but few have pointed out that many of those racial pockets expected to sustain the backlash comprise whites who would stand to benefit as much from a frontal attack on poverty as the Negro would.

Such an alliance of the deprived is a possibility recognized by Hentoff. Though he does not foresee it soon, the question is whether or not the underprivileged can afford not to ally. How much longer can the similarity of the man who is being trained for a job that may not be there when he gets there to the man who learns his skills do not fit him for anything in the new technology be ignored only because one is white and the other is not?

Labor's old order has changed. Manual labor is out of style. Upon what now is society to base the worth of an individual? The drive for civil rights engages these questions. If it is that the accent now is racial, ultimately it will not be, cannot be. Some Negroes may not know it. Many whites may not believe it. In time, all will see it. The sooner, the better for all.

—*G.C. Oden*

Twentieth-Century Music Idioms, by G. Welton Marquis. Published by Prentice-Hall, 270 pages, $4.95.

"The main purpose of this book is to provide an introduction to non-tonal Twentieth-Century styles through the manipulation of contrapuntal lines. . . . [It is] directed towards five general categories of readers: the composer beginning to work in contemporary styles; the instrumental performer and singer; the conductor; the music teacher in public schools, universities, conservatories, or private studios; and the intelligent listener or amateur musician who may or may not be connected with any of the four preceding categories." So states the author. To this list may be added the jazz composer who is just beginning to investigate contemporary nonjazz music.

The text is quite good. I recommend it. The flaws are generally the flaws found in all music textbooks: the student must be burdened with a full volume of nonmusical distinctions in order to absorb musical information. Such, however, is the nature of even great textbooks, and this particular instance is well handled, smooth, clear, and filled with the kindly guidance that comes only from many successful years of teaching experience.

Small criticisms: the book is weakened to the extent the author feels it necessary to defend certain aspects of the contemporary musical literature; there is an overbalance of Hindemithian thought and Hindemith musical excerpts; examples from the existing literature are usually more valuable than those from the author's hand. These faults, however, are not crucial.

The text is not to be attempted until the student is reasonably familiar with traditional harmony or, in the case of the jazz musician, until he has a working facility with jazz harmony.

Twentieth-Century Music Idioms is among the finest attempts to organize contemporary musical thought for the serious student who finds other music literature an insufficient guide. The book would be excellent as a class text (its primary intent) or for private study, with or without a teacher.

—*Bill Mathieu*

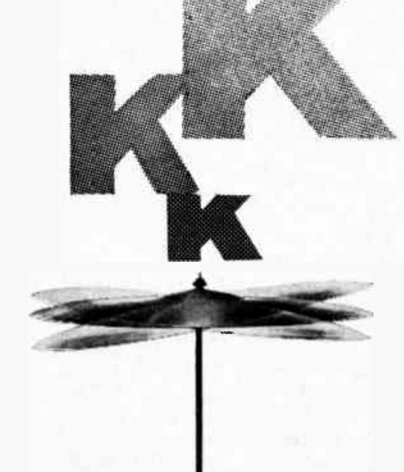
Jazz Improvisation Vol. III—Swing and Early Progressive Piano Styles, by John Mehegan. Preface by Horace Silver. Published by Watson-Guptill Publications, 176 pages, $12.50.

This is Vol. III of a proposed four-volume set. Vol. I of the series is a general explanation of Mehegan's system of analysis. It uses some analytical techniques ordinarily applied to classical music, developing a vocabulary of its own in the process. It is meant to include most of the jazz tradition in its scope and to be able to deal with every usual jazz situation. Vol. II consists of the same kind of analysis applied to rhythm, plus about 80 pages of transcribed improvisations from diverse historical and regional categories.

Vol. III concerns the history of jazz piano. The first two volumes are prerequisite to it. Vol. IV, not yet released, will be concerned with (among other things) the development of jazz piano from 1950 to the present.

Much of Mehegan's system is useful. His historical understanding of jazz evolution is coherent and illuminating. His research is thorough, his integrity beyond question.

Ultimately the only way to discover the true value of Mehegan's system is to listen to his students play. Since I cannot do this, I will give my reactions as a teacher. Vol. III, though coherent, contains a series of inexplicable condensations and rarefactions. By condensations I mean



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places where important steps are suddenly squeezed into a one- or two-sentence explanation, increasing considerably the difficulty of the work at that point. By rarefactions I mean places where obvious points are belabored.

Any student who approaches these books must have the intelligence and patience to support the ponderous weight of Mehegan's analytic thought. If he gets as far as Vol. III, he will find (for an instance of rarefaction) that page after page of written-out transpositions of important though obvious chordal positions are unnecessary.

I will not list other examples of rarefactions and condensations, because the issue is partly subjective. Nevertheless, they do exist, and they will cause wide fluctuations in the perceptive velocity of the student. It is the condensations that are most serious, for if the student misses one step in the system, the simplest of musical procedures will begin to appear unbearably difficult.

At every place where musical examples are given—and where they fit in Mehegan's analysis—the text is clear and informative. The transcriptions in Vol. II refer to living music and as such are the truly valuable pages in the three volumes. The main difficulty with Vol. III is that there is a fatal lack of examples from real music as the text progresses. The book is largely concerned with the piano styles of Teddy Wilson, Art Tatum, Bud Powell, George Shearing, and Horace Silver; the dearth of living material from their fingers is crucial.

There is seldom any real difficulty with the structure of Mehegan's analysis itself. It is the synthesis with living music that Mehegan leaves largely up to the student. This step of synthesis is where the greatest value of a teacher becomes evident. Most of us have little difficulty systematically pulling a thing apart (analysis). It takes a skilled teacher to show us how to put it back together again (synthesis). For a history of music, analysis is fine. For a practical guide, it is insufficient.

A related weakness of the text is its overemphasis of harmony and its underemphasis of melody. Harmony is susceptible to Mehegan's analysis. Melody is less so. Consequently, melody is discussed in harmonic terms and treated insufficiently in its own terms. Again, the inclusion of melodic examples in the text would have solved this problem. Vol. III is a good reference but needs to be supplemented by concrete examples, lesson by lesson.

There are some aspects of the text that are exquisite. For instance, the author has taken great care to make the long hand-stretches of Teddy Wilson available to the student with an average hand-span. (His method works!) The inclusion of typical Wilson harmonic sequences is another example of the valuable material included.

Anyone interested in teaching jazz should have this book. The method as well as the material cannot help but be of interest, and this is one of the most thorough jobs (if not *the* most thorough) ever done in the field. As for the untutored student of jazz, it does not have my full endorsement. Use with a teacher.

—*Bill Mathieu*

Improvising Jazz, by Jerry Coker, Published by Prentice-Hall, 115 pages, $4.50 (hardbound), $1.95 (paperback).

The author, with an extensive background in the performance and teaching of jazz, has set out to write a book whose purpose is to teach the beginning student the elements and essentials of improvisation. Since it is arguable whether or not improvisation can be taught, Coker clarifies his position in the first chapter when he distinguishes the five elements of improvisation—the intuitive, the emotional, the sense of pitch, the habitual, and the intellectual. Then he states: "Since the intellect is the only completely controllable factor, we will approach the problem of learning to play jazz almost solely through this factor, and hope that the other four (intuition, emotion, sense of pitch, and habit) will progress at the rate established by the intellect. . . ."

Having made clear his position, he immediately jumps into the theoretical and developmental material with a discussion of the common chords found in elementary blues progressions and the scales based on these chords.

Next he moves to the first of the two excellent chapters devoted to discussion and analysis of melody and its characteristics.

In the chapter devoted to "the first playing session" the author very carefully, logically, and methodically lays out the procedures involved in successfully bringing off the first elementary improvising. It is a very musicianly approach that is guaranteed to appal the "new thingers" and others opposed to the intellectual organization and approach to improvisation. Of special value in this chapter is the discussion of the search for, and utilization of the important notes in the chords that delineate harmonic movement.

Time is spent in a more extensive study of chords with a listing of the alternate chords available in the basic chordal families and their scales. The function and use of diminished-seventh chords and the diminished scale is discussed with reference to its enriching and substitutive qualities.

A second chapter on melody stresses the analysis and development of melody in improvisation. Coker discusses the interrelation of ideas and an improvisational approach based on the melodic contour, the rhythmic patterns, and the essential pitches of a motif.

Another very valuable chapter deals with chord superimposition in which the theory and use of chordal extensions is explored. This is approached from a polychordal point of view.

Included in the text are chapters on the functions of the rhythm section, the nature of swing and jazz interpretation or phrasing, the development of the ear with a stress on the translation of mental sounds into reality on the instrument, and a section on the theory and analysis of harmonic movement.

There is little to criticize in this work and much to praise. The book is pedagogically sound in its step-by-step approach. At the end of each chapter the author pre-

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sents a practical series of exercises and projects for student use. The theory explanations are all clear and concise. The sections dealing with melody are quite enlightening and should definitely prove helpful to the student in his solo-building. Many parts of the book are concisely summarized in chart or diagram form for easy study and ready reference.

In short, this is an excellent book that should be of great value to the student wishing to learn about jazz improvisation.

—*George C. Wiskirchen, C.S.C.*

BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

A few weeks ago an unfounded rumor scurried through New York's music circles: *Down Beat's* coverage was to go 60 percent pop music and 40 percent jazz. Not a chance, the editor assures us. Where did such nonsense get started?

While it was still being rumored, I overheard a fellow saying that he wouldn't mind so much reading about Tony Bennett or Andy Williams—but he certainly did not want to know about the Beatles.

Personally, I think I'd rather read about the Beatles, for the Beatles seem to me one of the most remarkable phenomena in popular music in the last 40 years—and among phenomena, popular music has had some doozies in the last 40 years. (Ah, there, Helen Kane and Bonnie Baker.)

For one thing, is it not curious that four young men from Liverpool, England, should be offering what is essentially a strident imitation of American Negro blues singing? Specifically, as Jim Delehant pointed out in *Rhythm & Blues*, isn't it curious that they model themselves largely on the style of Chuck Berry with perhaps touches of Jimmy Reed? Not that there is anything wrong with Chuck Berry as far as I'm concerned, but what is it that makes four English boys want to sing that way? What hold does such a style have on *them*, and why?

And what is it that makes their audiences of primarily young girls scream in a kind of sustained frenzy, or sometimes go into a catatonic trance, when these four young Englishmen perform? What are they responding to, and why?

And why is it that the same gossip columnists and Broadway types who found Elvis Presley contemptible or alarming seem to find the Beatles and their fans charmingly amusing?

In an article in the New York *Times Magazine* a few months ago, novelist David Dempsey suggested that the girls were responding to a kind of collective archetype—that the Beatles are a modern manifestation of Orpheus, and the girls were experiencing a kind of hypnotic bacchanal.

I have no doubt that they are responding to an archetype, and perhaps Dempsey has put his finger on the right one. But saying so seems to avoid as many questions as it answers. After all, today's dowagers who panted over Bing Crosby in 1932 were experiencing in their way the same sort of collective archetypal response. And so were the girls who swooned for Frank Sinatra in in the '40s or those who shrieked for Presley in the '50s.

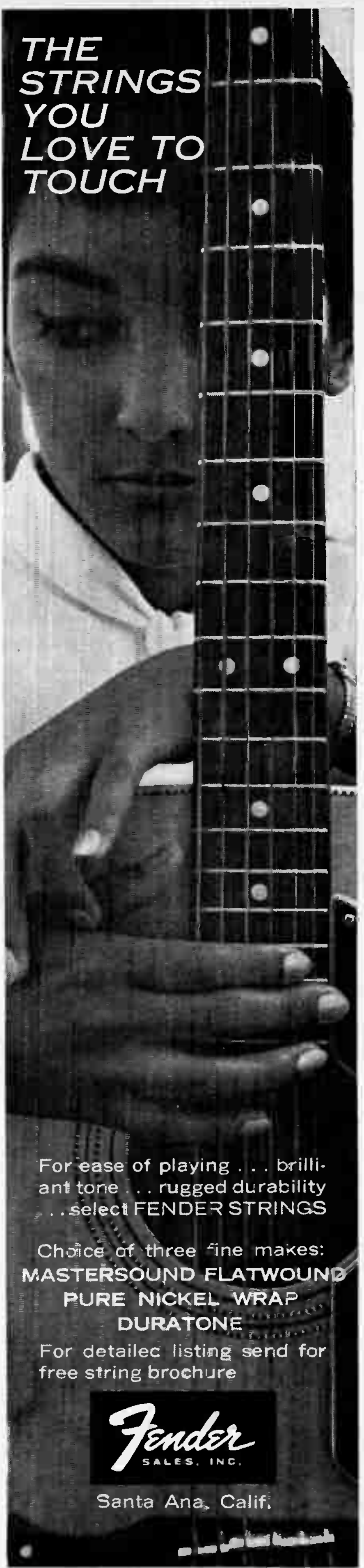
What seems much more significant would be to find out more specifically what is going on in the soul of a generation that must scream constantly throughout a performance, blocking out any possibility of even hearing what they are presumably there to hear. Or to discover the reason these young men carry these somewhat effeminate hairdos. (One group of Beatle imitators now sports hair that is easily longer than Doris Day's.)

I'm sure that one can't ask any of these questions without also asking why it is that a kind of enfrenzied version of U.S. rhythm and blues has become *the* popular music for, by now, two generations of young people in many parts of the world, Occidental, Oriental, and elsewhere—wherever American music is heard.

Make no mistake about it, the popularity of rock and roll is no product of the promotions of U.S. disc jockeys nor of the payola doled to them by the record distributors over here. The Top 40 in Sweden or Japan or South Africa (!) or Australia or France is likely to be just about the same as the Top 40 here.

And there are performers of "le rock" in France who costume and deport themselves in a manner bizarre enough to make Elvis Presley look like a 1910 British public-school boy. A couple of years ago, there was Danny Boy, "the gentleman of rock," who wore a gold-on-black shirt and trousers, had the required flat electric guitar around his neck, reared back with his knees bent and with his curly hair falling over his forehead and ears. He was surrounded by three accompanists who wore black peaked hoods, with eye slits that looked for all the world like medieval executioners' clothing or dyed Ku Klux Klan costumes. Gentleman indeed!

I have no idea what these things really mean. I asked a Jungian psychologist, who is well versed in the ways of the collective psyche; he confessed he had no idea either. But I think the question is a fundamental one and that if fully answered might reveal more about the state of man for the second half of the 20th century than the answer one would get to any other question. db



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WATERS *from page 19*

with it. You know, put a little drive to it. It's like, I would say, when Blind Lemon Jefferson was making records, they changed whenever they got ready, nothing regular about it. We went to putting time with the stuff. I think Tampa Red, Big Maceo, and them, they were very 'timed-up' people, too, but not exactly like we were. We went to putting time with our lowdown Mississippi blues.

"We put a pretty good group together because we learned the beat, we learned what the people's moving off of. Even if it's the blues, we still had to drive behind it. Another thing is you can change the blues around. Some of my records maybe have 13 bars, like the record I sing, *Just to Be with You*. I don't know myself how many bars we do. You don't count it out; you feel it."

Commenting on the present pop-music-riddled blues scene, Waters said, "I think now that everybody is trying to play something that, even if there're people dancing slow, they got a . . . you know, they can feel it with the beat. But at the time I recorded for Alan Lomax, well, you used to take up a guitar and you sit down and play for a house of people without any electric. They danced, but they didn't have all this crazy dancing they have out now—the Monkey, the Bird, and all that different stuff. It was two-step, waltz, Charleston, Black Bottom, and the slow dance that's always been."

THESE DAYS the singer wears his success easily. He has weathered well the shifting tides of the popular-music business, adapting his music to the various demands made on it over the years. His style has moved away from the rough, intense country blues to a more commercial orientation, the biggest change occurring not so much in the area of performance as in the selection of material, which is more contrived, superficial, and novelty-ridden than it was in the old days.

"I think the blues and popular music are getting closer together," he said. "Now, an old guy like Washboard Sam, he couldn't make it today, because his day has been here and gone. And the blues have to change, 'cause the people are changing so fast nowadays. And they're learning all new ideas, and if you are a blues singer you have to be right *now* in this business.

"Young Negro kids now, they're so used to what they hear on the radio, they just turn away from the old blues. Just last night I played a lot of my old songs—well, I got a very nice hand for them, but still I could feel that they don't feel that same reaction, that movement. It's not the music of today; it's the music of yesterday.

"Is it good for the blues to change like this? I don't think so. I really think that the blues—the real blues—is just what I was doing when I made my first recordings. Back in that time, that's the real blues. Lots of things I've made are commercial nowadays."

One thing of great concern to Waters is the direction the blues will take after the blues men of his generation die. "I think the blues—the old country-style blues—will die with us," he said sadly. "I don't see any youngsters coming along in that style nowadays. The Negro kids, they don't like it at all; they're more interested in the popular music. And these young white kids that are playing in the old style. Now, maybe they feel the blues like I do, and maybe they can play like I do, but they can't *sing* like I do. So, I don't think that's the answer. I guess maybe the old blues will die, but I don't like to think about that."

That there has been no diminution of Waters' power as a convincing singer of the country blues is perhaps best demonstrated by his increasing repute, his participation in three European tours in the last few years, and his recent selection in *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics Poll as the male vocalist most deserving of wider recognition. Waters has become one of the most popular blues artists in the folk-music rebirth of the last few years, appearing on such concert platforms as those of the Newport Folk Festival, Carnegie Hall, Chicago's Civic Opera House, and schools and colleges across the country.

"Now these audiences here," he noted, "want me to be a deep blues singer. That's what they want me to do, not play this commercial stuff. They don't want that; they want my old yesterday stuff."

It is tribute to Waters' continuing power as a performer that he can stand with feet planted firmly in both camps, for he brings the same aplomb and conviction to the bandstand of Pepper's Lounge on Chicago's south side, his regular stomping ground in the last few years, as he does to the concert stages of the world.

"I think we brought the blues back," he said. db

Students!

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$5,460 in Down Beat scholarships will be awarded to deserving students for study at the Berklee School of Music through Down Beat's Eighth Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program. Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer, regardless of geographic location, who will have graduated from high school by September 1, 1965 is eligible. Winners will be selected on the basis of demonstrated potential as well as current musical proficiency.

STUDENTS ARE ENCOURAGED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY. FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION, SEE THE OCTOBER 22nd ISSUE OF DOWN BEAT.

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AD LIB *from page 9*

Correa, piano; and **Al Foster,** drums. Other recent uptown sounds included drummer **Rufus Jones'** sextet at Count Basie's, tenor saxophonist **Willis Jackson's** group at Small's, and pianist **Joe Knight's** house band at the Baby Grand . . . Tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins** played at the Village Gate Aug. 28 and 29. The master had with him **Paul Neves,** piano; **Major Holley,** bass; and **Oliver Jackson,** drums. Jackson was on leave from pianist **Morris Nanton's** trio, now in its third year at Horner's Ad Lib in Perth Amboy, N.J.

Avant-garde trumpeter **Bill Dixon** presents a jazz festival at the Celler Club on W. 91st St., Oct. 1-4, from 4 p.m. to 1 a.m. daily. Those scheduled to appear include clarinetist **Jimmy Giuffre,** tenor saxophonist **John Gilmore,** saxophonist-flutist **Joe Farrell,** and the **Free Forms Quintet.** Dixon will give other fall concerts with a 10-piece ensemble at Columbia and Brown universities. He will perform works by **Cecil Taylor, Charles Rittenberg,** and **Morton Feldman.**

A young bassist from Philadelphia, **John Lamb,** has replaced **Peck Morrison** in the **Duke Ellington** Band. While in New York, Ellington scored and recorded the music for an American Airlines documentary film, *Cargo by Air* . . . Trombonist **Benny Morton** and reed man **Garvin Bushell** joined **Paul Taubman's** 30-piece concert orchestra for its State Department-sponsored tour of Africa, which began Sept. 17 . . . Guitarist **Charlie Byrd** has signed with manager **Monte Kay.**

The West Side YMCA has scheduled a fall series of jazz concerts, to begin Oct. 17 with the trio of pianist **Walter Davis Jr.** Groups to be heard in the series include those led by saxophonist **Bobby Brown** (Oct. 31), pianist **Elmo Hope** (Nov. 14), and tenor saxophonist **Roland Alexander** (Nov. 28) . . . Brooklyn's Club Coronet recently featured tenor saxophonist-clarinetist **Louis Brown's** quintet, which included **Jimmy Owens,** trumpet; **Larry Willis,** piano; **Reggie Johnson,** bass; and **Henry Jenkins,** drums.

Saxophonist **Pony Poindexter** left Aug. 21 for a one-month booking in Stockholm, Sweden. He took his own rhythm section (**Vince Benedetti,** piano; **William Benett,** bass; **Marvin Petillo,** drums) . . . **Teddy Wilson** ended a nine-month stay at the Blue Spruce Inn, Roslyn, N.Y., in mid-August. Trombonist-vibist **Tyree Glenn's** quartet took over and was followed on Sept. 22 by pianist **Marian McPartland** and her trio (**Eddie Gomez,** bass, and **Ron Lundberg,** drums) . . . Clarinetist **Sol Yaged's** quintet, with drummer **Sam Ulano,** plays afternoon sessions at the World's Fair's Louisiana Pavilion across the street from Jazzland, where a music policy still has not been reinstated.

Drum instructor Ulano also has big plans for his Drum Fair, a clinic and jazz concert to be held at the Palm Gardens Nov. 2. Three drummer-led groups will be featured: the **Elvin Jones** Quintet, the **Roy Burns** Quintet (with **Frank Strozier,** alto saxophone; **Warren Chiasson,** vibraharp; **Derek Smith,** piano; and **Art Davis,** bass), and Ulano's own sextet (with tenor saxophonist **Carmen Leggio,** clarinetist **Sol Yaged,** pianist **Marty Napoleon,** vibraharpist **Mike Mainieri,** and bassist **Ahmed Abdul-Malik**). Vibist **Harry Sheppard** also will appear.

Trombonist **Eddie Bert** flew to Carracas, Venezuela, to appear as guest star at a jazz festival there Sept. 5 and 6. It was a return engagement for the Bert, who also appeared at the '59 edition of the festival.

ITALY

The new wave in jazz has reached Italy with the appearance of the **Quartetto di Lucca;** a group led by bassist **Giorgio Buratti** with trumpeter **Sergio**

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Fanni and saxophonist **Gianni Bedori;** and pianist-composer **Giorgio Gaslini's Contemporary Jazz Quartet.** Other members of Italy's avant garde are pianist **Amedeo Tommasi,** drummer **Franco Mondini,** trombonist **Dino Piana,** bassist **Giovanni Tommaso,** and vibraharpist **Antonello Vannucchi.** Among the established leaders of Italian jazz are tenor saxophonist **Gianni Basso** and trumpeter **Oscar Valdambrini** and their quintet. . . . Two jazz schools that have opened recently are **Pupo de Luca's** Piccola Scuola del Jazz in Milan and **Claudio le Cascio's** Centro Studi Jazz in Palermo.

Though the chief forces of Italian jazz today are concentrated in Milan and Rome, where most recording companies are located, a growing interest by the public in jazz has brought increased radio and television coverage. Several jazz programs are being produced by **Andriano Mazzoletti, S. G. Biamonte,** and **G. C. Testoni.**

BUFFALO

Critic **LeRoi Jones,** a summer lecturer at the State University of Buffalo English department, has been the center of a mild controversy in recent weeks. His opinions on the race issue expressed at an off-campus meeting of the American Labor Forum resulted in several attacks by right-wing groups on the university and Jones. The university, which has been embroiled in at least a half-dozen free-speech controversies in the last year, stuck up for Jones' rights.

The Royal Arms, one of the two Buffalo clubs with a year-round jazz policy, was closed for 30 days in August and September. The State Liquor Authority suspended its license after the operators were convicted of refilling liquor bottles. **Mel Torme** opened the Arms again Sept. 7.

PITTSBURGH

Jazz continues to flourish on the Harrisburg, Pa., scene with local musicians **Ike Eisenhower** (no, not the ex-President), **John Leffler,** and **Ditty Potter** featured regularly at the Music Lounge, with a 15-minute broadcast on Thursday nights over WKBO . . . **Yusef Lateef** made a big impression during his recent appearance at Harrisburg's Lawson Hotel. He had **Richard Williams,** trumpet; **Mike Nock,** piano; **Ernie Farrow,** bass; and **James Black,** drums. Interviewed by WKBO's **Barry Parsons,** Lateef said he believed the salvation of jazz lay in the full exploitation of atonal music. Upcoming at the Lawson are the groups of guitarist **Wes Montgomery** and organist **Shirley Scott.**

The piano lounge of the Sewickley Motor Inn gets a more than usual play from jazz buffs since pianist **Dick Means** convinced the management that jazz sounds should be a big part of his repertoire . . . The **Al Grey-Billy Root** Quintet did well at Crawford's Grill in early August.

NEW ORLEANS

New Orleans lost one excellent jazz pianist this summer and gained two. **Jimmy Drew,** in residence at Tulane for the last two years, left for further graduate study elsewhere. **Larry Muhoberac** returned to New Orleans after several years with a commercial recording studio in Memphis, Tenn. Muhoberac is also a first-rate trombonist and has played his horn with **Woody Herman, Hal McIntyre,** and others. **Buddy Prima** is also back in town after a two-year stint with the *2nd Army Showmobile.* He will play piano and trumpet and sing with his new group at the Playboy Club.

The New Orleans Jazz Club sponsored three successful Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon concerts recently. Included on the programs were **Pete Fountain, Santo Pecora,** and **Chief John Brunious** and **His** Mahogany Hall Stompers . . . The Old Absinthe House is climbing on the Dixie bandwagon; **Marvin Kimball's** Gentlemen of Jazz play there nightly . . . Ched's Lounge also experimented with a Dixieland policy, swapping accordionist **Ronnie Abel** for trumpeter **Bob Teeters** and clarinetist **Rene Netto** in the **Continentals,** but within two months Abel's fleet, jazz-tinged accordion was restored to the group. Ched's intermission trio, the **Encores,** moved their polite jazz-and-cocktail combination to the Devil's Den.

KANSAS CITY

Jazz at the shopping center was featured here during August. Corinth Square featured **Les Elgart** Aug. 12, and the Landing inaugurated a week of festivities Aug. 17 with the **Count Basie** Band. It was a memorable homecoming for Basie. Before playing the outdoor concert to a crowd of 5,000 persons, he was presented a key to the city and made an honorary citizen by **J.C. Robbins Jr.,** who was acting for the mayor. **Lester Milgram,** who represented Kansas City Jazz, Inc., presented him with a scroll that named Basie the first member of the Kansas City Jazz Hall of Fame. It was announced at this time that Basie would headline the 1965 K.C. jazz festival. Following Basie at the Landing were the **Pete Eye** Trio, **Bob Simes'** All-Stars, **Jimmy Tucker's Cotton Pickers,** and the **Kansas City Kicks Band** led by **John Gilbert.**

Kansas City Jazz Unlimited, sponsored by AFM Local 627, was formed to showcase largely neglected local jazz musicians. Profits from its concerts go to further music and culture in the city. A concert held Aug. 23 featured the **Frank Smith** Trio, the 16-piece band of **Willie Rice,** and vocalist **Vicky Lynn.**

CINCINNATI

The Penthouse scored heavily with **Maynard Ferguson's** band and the **Roland Kirk** Quartet **(Horace Parlan,** piano; **Mike Flemming,** bass; and **Walter Perkins,** drums) in recent engagements. The **Al Grey-Billy Root** Quintet played to SRO crowds at the club during the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival weekend. Sitting in with the group were singer **Lou Rawls,** pianist **Gene Harris,** drummer **Ben Riley,** trumpeter **Dusko Gojkovic,** reed man **Eddie Shu,** and **Eric Kloss,** a 15-year-old blind tenorist from Pittsburgh, Pa., who astounded all with his playing. **Dale Murrison,** who became sole owner of the club after buying out his partners, drummer **Dee Felice** and disc jockey **Dick Pike,** has booked **Oscar Peterson, Ramsey Lewis, Woody Herman,** and **Thelonious Monk** for appearances.

CLEVELAND

The Music Box recently featured vocalist **Dakota Staton** and her review. Singer **Pearl Bailey** and blues singer **Ruth Brown** appeared at the spacious and attractive Americana supper club (once the Alpine Village). At the Club 100 **Rufus Jones** played three weeks. The former **Maynard Ferguson** drummer's group featured **Claude Bartee** on tenor saxophone and organist **Bill Shelby** . . . The Golden Key Club became the French Quarter, completely remodeled and billed as the town's first three-floor night club; policies for the various rooms at the downtown spot were not certain at presstime . . . Gleason's also changed its name, becoming the House of the Blues; the emphasis still rests on r&b.

CHICAGO

Trumpeter **Roy Eldridge** was the star at the Plugged Nickel during the first half of September. The veteran horn man, no longer among **Ella Fitzgerald's** accompanists, was backed by pianist **John Young's** trio **(Sam Kidd,** bass, and **Phil Thomas,** drums). The N. Wells St. club has booked the **Woody Herman** Band for five days—Oct. 25-29. Herman's will be the second big band to grace the club's stand; **Lionel Hampton's** crew played a highly successful two-nighter there in the spring.

Vi Redd was a last-minute addition to the **Earl Hines** review at the Sutherland last month; it was the first time the alto saxophonist-singer appeared

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with the pianist's troupe. Bassist **Richard Evans,** playing an electric bass, and pianist **Billy Wallace** are members of trumpeter **Paul Serrano's** house band at the club. Hines was held over for a week. Singer **Arthur Prysock** was booked into the Sutherland following the Hines engagement . . . The free jazz concerts at Old Orchard shopping center drew large and enthusiastic crowds during the summer. **Stan Getz,** with **Astrud Gilberto,** played to an estimated 16,000 listeners, and **Louis Armstrong** attracted a like number . . . The **Count Basie** Orchestra is to play a benefit for the Camp Fire Girls Sept. 26 at McCormick Place's Arie Crown Theater.

Art Hodes opened at the Sari S with trumpeter **Whitey Myrick,** clarinetist **Jimmy Granata,** trombonist **Danny Williams,** and drummer **Wally Gordon.** The pianist's group replaced **Marty Marsala's** crew . . . **Louis Armstrong** one-nights at the Arie Crown Theater on Oct. 2.

LOS ANGELES

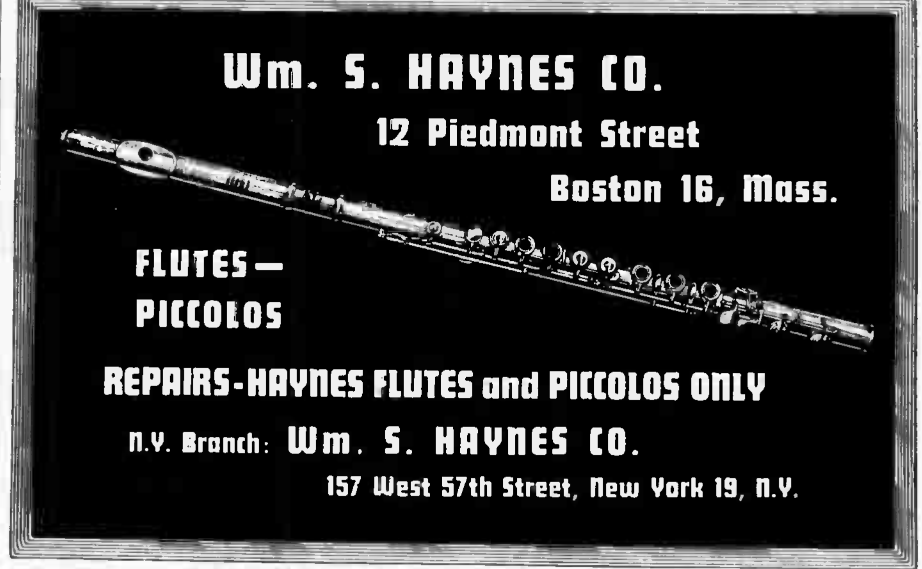
Arnold Ross' appointment, as art director, to Synanon's board of directors (*DB,* Aug. 27) has resulted in arts offices being established in each of the organization's five rehabilitation facilities. Each office has a representative, and all offices are co-ordinated through the foundation arts office in the San Francisco branch.

Disneyland is set to blast off its fifth annual Dixieland at Disneyland Sept. 25 and 26 with **Louis Armstrong** heading the bill of two-beaters . . . The extension division of UCLA includes a course "dealing with day-to-day realities of the music industry," called The Music Industry—Its Structure and Economy, as part of its fall curriculum. The instructor is **Walter E. Hurst,** author of *The Record Industry Book* and *The Music Industry Book.*

Pianist **Pete Jolly,** with **Chuck Berghofer,** bass, and **Nick Martinis,** drums, is settled in at Silver Lake's Red Chimney restaurant Thursday through Saturday . . . Newest afterhours location is the Strand Theater at Vernon and Broadway; it's open Friday and Saturday mornings.

George Shearing and the **Four Freshmen,** in the process of developing a night-club act together, move into the Cocoanut Grove Nov. 3 through 22 . . . **Sonny Simmons'** new quintet is working Monday nights at the San Francisco Club in nearby Garden Grove. In addition to Simmons on alto saxophone and English horn, the group is made up of trumpeter **Barbara Donald,** pianist **Jim Young,** bassist **Abdul Ali,** and drummer **Gene Stone.**

Stan Getz and **Astrud Gilberto** have a featured spot in an up-coming musical, *The Go-Go Set* (MGM). The tenorist and winsome singer perform their hit, *The Girl from Ipanema,* in the picture, which also features a clutch of rock-and-roll (current vintage) groups from Great Britain and the United States . . . Another MGM picture, *Joy House,* will feature a theme composed by **Lalo Schifrin** and **Peggy Lee,** subtitled *Just Call Me Love Bird* . . . **Jack Wilson** played organ throughout the soundtrack of Universal's *Bus Riley's Back in Town,* starring **Ann-Margret.** Wilson has not switched to organ full time but doubles on the manuals for money . . . Over in telefilmland **Benny Carter** is up to his ears in scoring and conducting music for such as the *Turncoat* episode of the Bob Hope-Chrysler NBC-TV series and *The Hanged Man* segment of Universal's new two-hour telefilm, *Project 120.* db



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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

Au Go Go: Bill Evans, Nancy Harrow, to 10/15.
Baby Grand: Joe Knight, hb.
Basie's: unk.
Balcony (World's Fair): Bill Moore, Thur.-Mon. Snub Mosely, Tue.-Wed.
Blue Spruce (Roslyn): Marian McPartland, tfn.
Broken Drum: Wilbur DeParis, tfn.
Chuck's Composite: Bruce Martin, tfn.
Concerto West: Jack Willis, tfn.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.
Eleventh Hour East: Jay Chasin, tfn.
Five Spot: Charles Mingus, Teddy Wilson, tfn.
Gordian Knot: Leroy Parkins, tfn.
Half Note: Lucky Thompson to 10/8.
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, John Bunch, tfn.
Horner's Ad Lib (Perth Amboy, N.J.): Morris Nanton, tfn.
Junior's: jazz, wknds.
Metropole: Lionel Hampton, 10/5-7. Red Allen, hb.
Mr. J's: Morgana King, Dick Garcia, tfn.
The Most: Bernard Peiffer, tfn.
Open End: Scott Murray, hb.
Penthouse Club: Joe Mooney, tfn.
Playboy: Les Spann, Milt Sealy, Walter Norris, Mike Longo, hbs.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, tfn.
Village Gate: Gloria Lynne, Hugh Masakela, 10/1-21.
Wells': Buddy Henry, tfn.

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TORONTO

Colonial Tavern: Wilbur DeParis, 9/31-10/19.
First Floor Club: modern jazz, wknds.
Friar's Tavern: Ramsey Lewis, 10/7-19.
George's Spaghetti House: Junior Jazz Messengers, 10/14-19. Fred Stone, 10/21-26. Charlie Rallo, 10/28-11/3.
Green Door: modern jazz, wknds.
Last Chance Saloon: Larry Dubin, tfn.
Penny Farthing: Black Eagle Jazz Band, tfn.

BOSTON

Barn: 1200 Jazz Quartet, Mon.
Basin Street South: King Curtis, 9/28-10/4.
Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone, Maggie Scott, tfn.
Cottage Crest (Waltham): Paul-Champ Duo, tfn.
Donnelly Memorial Theater: Maynard Ferguson, Josh White, Billy Daniels, Bunny Briggs, 10/11.
Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Bud Powell to 9/27. Terry Gibbs, 10/12-18. Muddy Waters, 10/19-25. Chet Baker, 11/9-15. Tubby Hayes, 11/23-29. Oscar Peterson, 11/30-12/6.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike (West Peabody): Illinois Jacquet to 9/27. Zoot Sims, 9/28-10/11. Mae Arnette, Dayton Selby, 10/12-18. Yusef Lateef, 10/19-25. Jon Hendricks, 10/26-11/1. Phil Ochs, Rev. Gary Davis, 11/2-8. Dizzy Gillespie, 11/16-22. Jimmy Rushing, 11/23-29.
Number 3 Lounge: Sabby Lewis, tfn.
Saxony: Clarence Jackson, tfn.
Wagon Wheels (West Peabody): Four Freshmen, 10/6-7. Count Basie, 11/10-11.

NEW ORLEANS

Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
Golliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
King's Room: Lavergne Smith, tfn.
Old Absinthe House: Marvin Kimball, tfn.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervalon, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belleto, Dave West, Buddy Prima, Fred Crane, Snooks Eaglin, hbs.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Royal Orleans: Chief John and His Mahogany Hall Stompers, 9/27.

KANSAS CITY

Colony: Marilyn Maye, Sammy Tucker, tfn.
Golden Horseshoe: Betty Miller, Milt Able, tfn.
Inferno: Fred Muro, tfn.
Interlude: Pearl Nance, tfn.
Jerry's: Charlotte Mansfield, tfn.
The Lamp: Pete McShann, tfn.
Loreli: Bucky Wyzar, tfn.
O.G's: Jiles Hooks, tfn.
Pepe's Lounge: Jerry Willis, Harold Henley, tfn.
Playboy: Frank Smith, tfn.

CINCINNATI

Apartment: Jimmy Jamaal, tfn.
Blue Angel: Amos Milburn, Sonny Cole, tfn.
Living Room: Les McCann to 10/3.
Olympian Club: Dixieland Rhythm Kings, Sat.
Penthouse: Count Basie, 9/24. Art Farmer to 9/27. Ernestine Anderson, 9/28-10/3. Oscar Peterson, 10/8-17. Woody Herman, 10/20. Ramsey Lewis, 10/22-31. Joe Williams, 11/5-14. Thelonious Monk, 11/19-28.
Playboy: Dee Felice, Elwood Evans, hbs.

CLEVELAND

Bird Cage: Larry Coin, wknds.
Blue Note: Johnny Starr, wknds.
Brothers: Bud Wattles, wknds.
Capri: Modern Men, tfn.
Casa Blanca: Bill Gidney, wknds.
Club 100: Butch Stone, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Corner Tavern: name jazz groups.
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro-Bob Lopez, tfn. Johnny Trush, Sat.
Esquire: Eddie Baccus-Lester Sykes, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
French Quarter: (Golden Key Club): unk.
Greenbriar: Ambassadors of Jazz, Jazz Clique, Mon. Angel Sanchez, Tue. Mickey Hoff, Wed.-Sat.
Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.
LaRue: East Jazz Trio, tfn.
Leo's Casino: Jimmy Smith, 10/1-4.
Lucky Bar: Joe Alexander, Thur.-Sat.
Masiello's: Gigolos, wknds.
Melba: Ronnie Busch-Bob Fraser, wknds.
Monticello: Ted Paskert-George Quittner, wknds.
The Office: Harry Damas-Mike Charles, wknds.
La Porte Rouge: Village Trio, Wed. Vince Mastro, wknds.
Punch and Judy's: Eddie Nix, hb.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb. Tops Cardone, wknds.
Squeeze Room: Bob Brandt, Tue.-Thur., Sun. Bob Lang, Fri.-Sat.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy, hb.
Tangiers: Jazz Clique, wknds.
Theatrical: Fabulous McClevertys to 9/26. Bob McKee, hb.
University Lanes: jazz, wknds.
Vanguard: Sounds of Five, tfn.

CHICAGO

Al's Golden Door: Eddie Buster, tfn.
Big John's: Mike Bloomfield, Fri.-Sat.
Bourbon Street: Eddy Davis, tfn. Dukes of Dixieland, 11/1-12/5.
Figaro's: sessions, Sat. morning.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington, Thur.
London House: Red Norvo to 9/27. Dorothy Donegan, 9/29-10/18. Dizzy Gillespie, 10/20-11/8. Gene Krupa, 11/10-12/6. Jonah Jones, 12/8-27.
McKie's: Lou Donaldson, 9/23-10/4.
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
Moroccan Village: Baby Face Willette, tfn.
Olde East Inn: Eddie Harris, tfn.
Playboy: Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Woody Herman, 10/25-29.
Showboat Sari-S: Art Hodes, tfn.
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.
Velvet Swing: Harvey Leon, tfn.

MILWAUKEE

Boom Boom Room: Bob Erickson, wknds.
Columns: Les Czimber, tfn.
Holiday House: Frank DeMiles, Mon.-Tue. Larry Millonzi, wknds.
Ma's Place: Greg Blando, Wed., Thur., Sun. Four Star Quartet, wknds.
Motor Coach Inn: Zig Millonzi, tfn.
Music Box: Bev Pitts, wknds.
Polka Dot: Bobby Burdette, tfn.
This Is The Place: Frank Vlasis, Wed.-Thur.
Tunnel Inn: Dick Ruedebusch, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts afterhours, Fri.-Sat. Horace Silver, 10/16-17.
Alibi (Pomona): Alton Purnell, tfn.
Bahama Inn (Pasadena): Loren Dexter, 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, Sun.-Mon.
Cocoanut Grove: George Shearing, Four Freshmen, 11/3-22.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.
Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, The Saints, tfn.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Huntington Hotel (Pasadena): Red Nichols to 10/7.
Intermission Room: William Green, Dave Wells, Art Hillery, Tony Bazely, tfn.
It Club: Horace Silver, 10/5-18.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, hb.
Mama Lion: Gabe Baltazar, Mon.
Marty's: Charles Kynard, tfn.
Metro Theater: jazz concerts afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, tfn.
Red Chimney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Thur.-Sat.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pete Bealman, Charlie Lodice, tfn.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Olivet Miller, Fri.-Sun.
Royal Lion: Matty Matlock, Tue.-Sat.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring, hb. Sonny Simmons, Mon.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: John Coltrane, 9/24-10/4. Chet Baker 10/8-18.
Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.
Strand Theater: afterhours sessions, Fri.-Sat.
Tops Restaurant (San Bernardino): Connie Wills, Jazz Prophets, tfn.

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