

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

READERS POLL BALLOT

See Page 36

BILL EVANS—MAN OF MANY PARTS

The poll-winning pianist discusses jazz piano, explains his approach, and views the work of others

DON FRIEDMAN

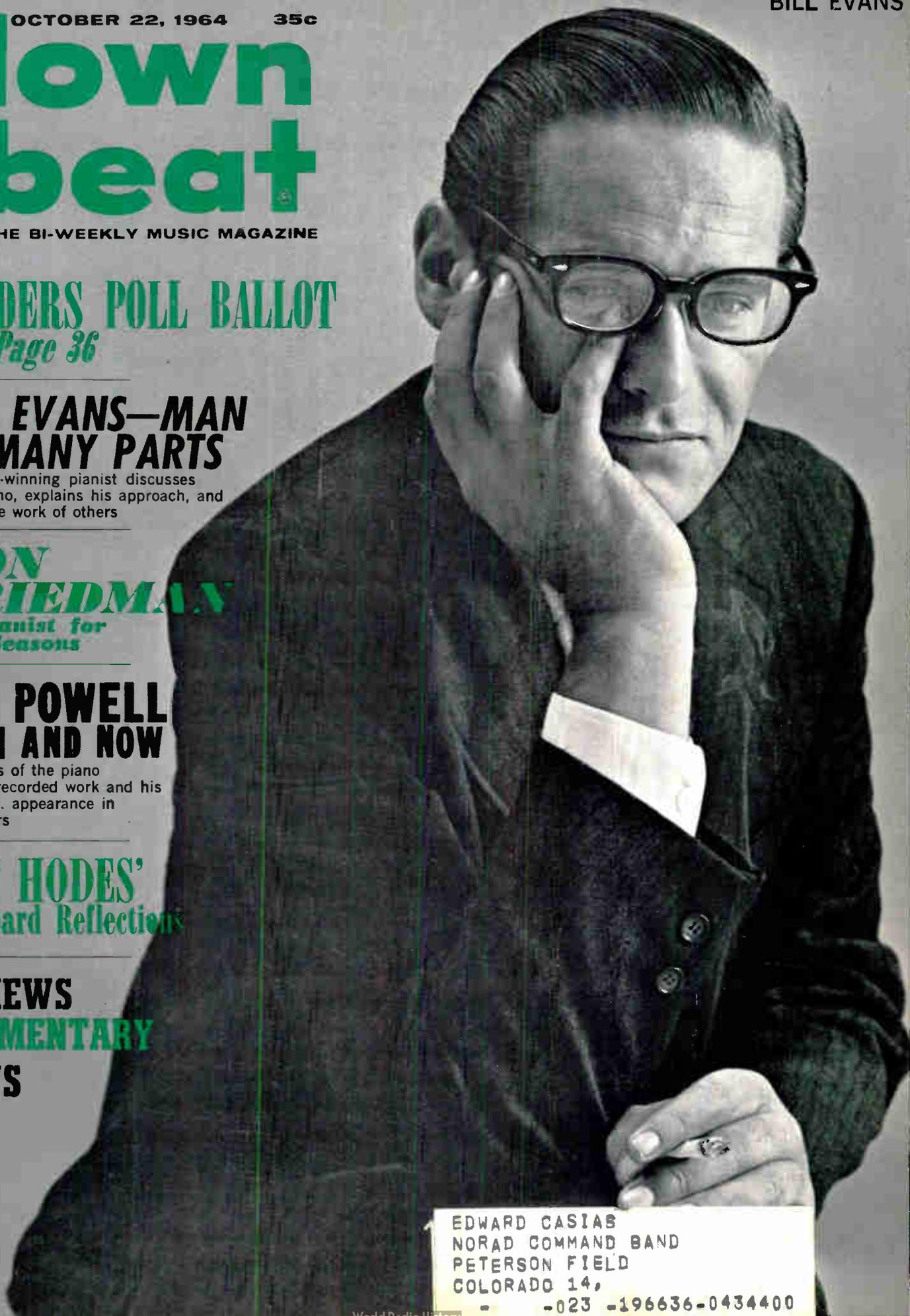
A Pianist for All Seasons

BUD POWELL THEN AND NOW

Critiques of the piano giant's recorded work and his first U.S. appearance in five years

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REVIEWS COMMENTARY NEWS



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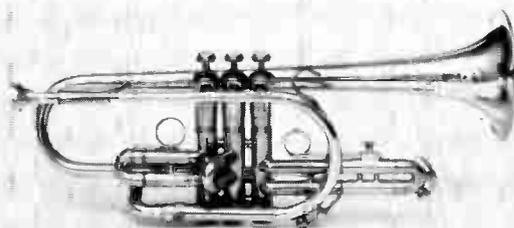
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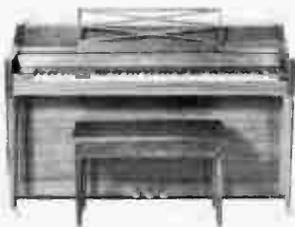
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A FORUM FOR READERS

Defection Blues

I read the article *The New Thing in Russia* (DB, Sept. 10) by Yuri Viharieff with particular interest in the light of the recent news item pertaining to Boris Midny.

Viharieff singled out saxophonist Midny for praise and, in so doing, obliquely suggested some of the problems jazz musicians face in getting their music accepted in the Soviet Union.

Midny was quoted as saying, "I believe that sooner or later we will make jazz a citizen enjoying full rights in the family of arts." This is a curiously poignant phrase to read now that Midny himself has elected to give up his own Soviet citizenship (DB, Sept. 24).

Should we conclude, then, that Midny himself has finally despaired of ever "enjoying full rights" as a creative artist in the Soviet Union?

Cleveland Moffett
New York City

One might conclude that.

A Milestone

In my estimation, Robert Peete's *Jazz and Automation* (DB, Aug. 27) was the most provocative interview to be published in the last decade.

Guy Cavalli
San Rafael, Calif.

Love Her...

Marian McPartland's profiles of Benny Goodman (DB, April 9) and Mary Lou Williams (DB, Aug. 27) are outstanding. Her writing has charm and empathy and reflects her musical sensibility. Unlike many jazz writers, she avoids the superfluous.

Doug Pomeroy
Brooklyn, N.Y.

... Can't Stand Him

The style adopted by Ben Page (*Chords*, Sept. 10) does not serve him well in his criticism of the talent of Bill Evans and the musical intelligence of the critics.

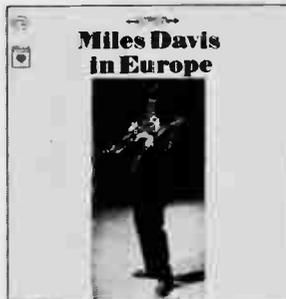
Faced with a number of ways of making himself heard, Page prefers an artificial design of unqualified name-calling and a sheer lack of common sense. He is content to advance the claim that the critics' opinions of Evans are "uninformed," "confusing," and even "bullheaded." He speculates that many are stupid, for surely how could Evans rank alongside Monk, Earl Hines, et al.?

As I understand it, Page is confusing the talent of Evans with the assessment of it by the critics. Surely, the genius of Monk, Hines, and Evans will never be settled by benchmarks established in the name of criticism. But Page's attack is as much against Evans as it is against the

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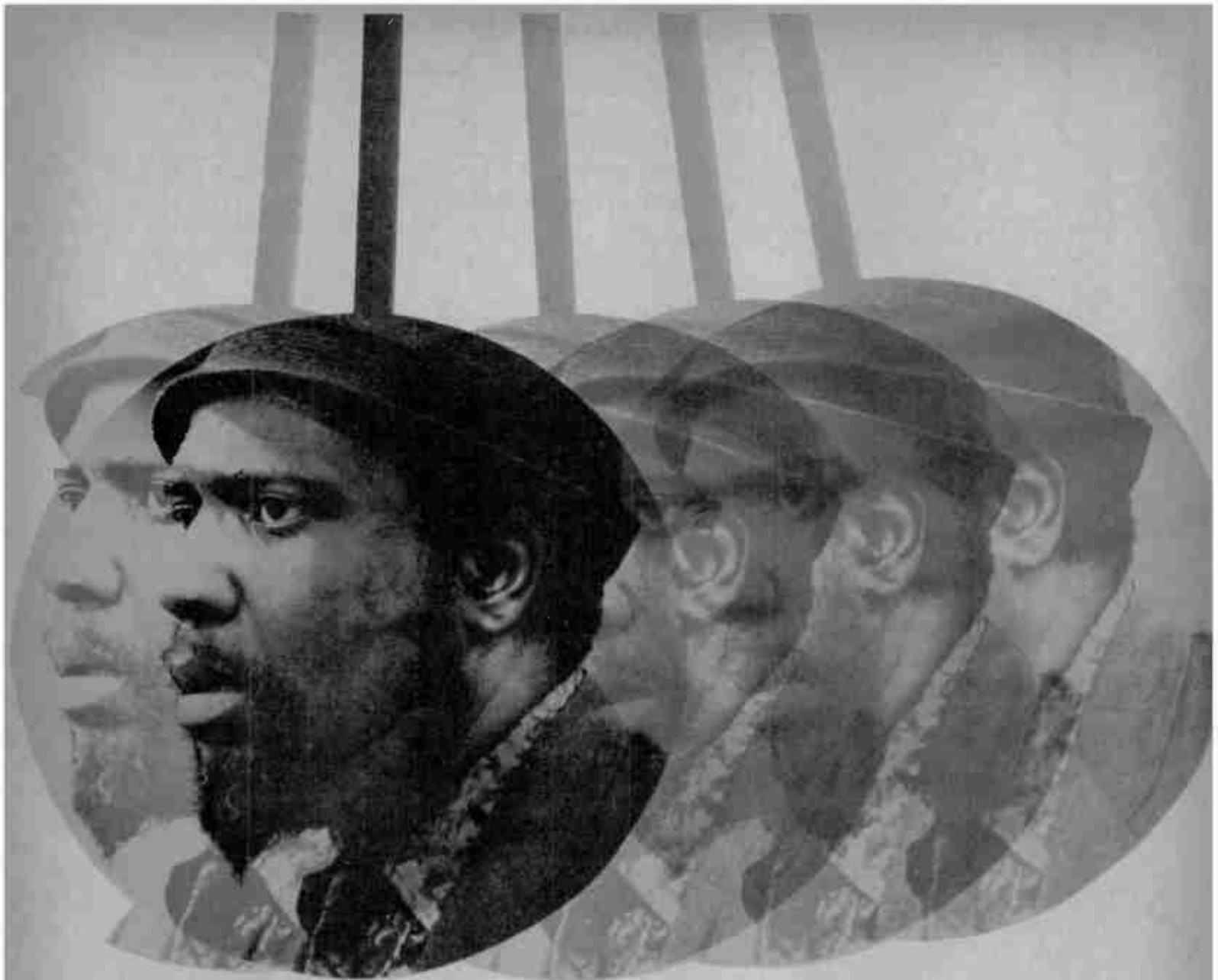


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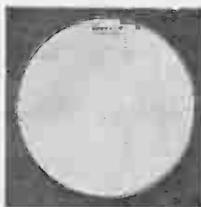
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critics, for if the latter are "confused" then the former is called into question.

This device and style is an unfortunate use of criticism; it does not serve the purposes of its author nor does it contribute to a meaningful assessment of the talent of Evans.

Robert Faulkner
Los Angeles

What I can't understand about Page's letter is how anyone who is *not* "uninformed, bullheaded, or someone's relative" could fail to realize that the beautifully diverse list of pianists Page mentioned proves beyond doubt "what jazz is, and what it's all about": it's an art form which cannot fail to find places of honor for voices of the individuality, brilliance, and beauty of Monk, Hines, Peterson, Wilson, and (captious carping notwithstanding) Bill Evans!

Charles C. Sords
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Page's heartless derogation of Evans was uncalled for.

I noticed that all the musicians cited by Page as having something worthy to offer —while, as he would make us believe, Evans does not—are Negroes. Does Page believe that only Negroes are capable of playing jazz?

True, most of the great contributions in the field of jazz have been by Negroes; but, in the case of the piano, very few Negroes (with the exception of Art Tatum and Bud Powell) have brought a quality of harmonic development to the instrument.

Is there something wrong with the excitement that is generated by such harmonic musicians as Lennie Tristano, Clare Fischer, Denny Zeitlin, and Evans?

If Page would cast off his petty prejudices, he would recognize Evans for the great musician his followers already know him to be.

Mark Doyle
Auburn, N.Y.

A Matter Of Professionalism

I am writing in regard to a matter which concerns me and my career as a professional musician earning a living as a bandleader and sideman. In the July 30 *Down Beat*, Dan Morgenstern included in his *Caught in the Act* review of the Teddy Napoleon benefit comments referring to my "unsuccessful attempt" to sit in with the Erroll Garner group, my noodling on vibes behind Dizzy Gillespie, and my continued unwelcomed backing behind Duke Ellington.

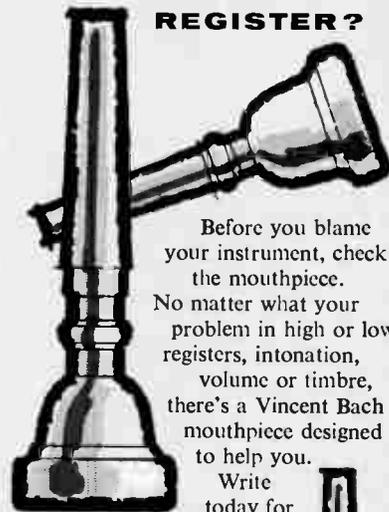
I wish to offer my sincerest apologies to these gentlemen for interfering in any way, and I do believe Morgenstern's wording casts a pretty bad reflection on me as a professional musician. And I don't think it fair.

I was at the benefit as house pianist (and played at least four sets with a bunch of great guys) and to accompany on piano. And I was there to help as best I could in making the benefit a successful one.

Shorty Allen
New York City

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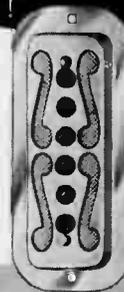


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DICK GREGORY POSSIBLE LEAD IN PARKER MOVIE

Comedian Dick Gregory told *Down Beat* he had been offered the role of Charlie Parker in the movie story based on a portion of the late alto saxophonist's life.

He completed a screen test in New York City for the part last May, Gregory said in Los Angeles. "It's a helluva script," he noted, "a rough script."

Playing the part would mark the comedian's acting debut, he said. Gregory admitted he never met Parker



GREGORY

'Charlie Parker will be a legend'

but expressed confidence in his ability to portray him, musically and otherwise.

"I imagine," said Gregory, "if the Salvation Army can teach a cat how to play a sax, I can do it for the picture."

According to the comedian, the Parker screenplay, tentatively titled *The Bird*, covers the final months of the musician's life, from his reputed "desire to die" to his death in March, 1955. The story is based on *Night Song*, a novel by John A. Williams.

Asked what Parker and the Bird legacy meant to him personally, Gregory said the musician stood for "complete individualism."

"He was a man," the comedian said, "who was totally free. And in order to be free, he shucked all obligations completely. But he was free."

"Charlie Parker," he added, "is a

myth now. But if we can survive what is going on in this country now, Charlie Parker will be a legend."

"Jazz to me," he explained, "represents the Negro in America setting himself free."

Describing the campaign for racial equality as "this great social revolution in America," Gregory said jazz is "music for the victor—after it's all over."

Plans tentatively call for the film to be directed by Herb Danska, a painter whose previous directorial effort was an avant-garde film featurette, *The Gift*, made in 1961.

GEORGE RUSSELL SENDS CALL FOR BLOOD DONORS

Composer-pianist George Russell, stricken with a duodenal ulcer attack in July, has undergone two major operations this summer. The surgery was followed by a bout with pneumonia.

Russell required massive blood transfusions and is in need of blood donations to replace the plasma. Those wishing to give blood in Russell's name can do so at New York University Hospital's blood bank in New York City or, if they live outside New York, through the Red Cross.

Russell, recuperating in a convalescent home, was forced to cancel his first European trip, scheduled for October, because of his illness.

JAZZ AID FOR THE MERIDIAN MEMORIAL COMMUNITY CENTER

A fund-raising drive for the Chaney-Goodman-Schwerner Memorial Community Center in Meridian, Miss., was given a rousing kickoff with an outdoor jazz concert at Jackie Robinson's Stamford, Conn., home in mid-September. An integrated crowd of 1,500 people enjoyed a musical program that ran from early afternoon to dusk.

Participants in the concert included the 17-piece HARYOU-ACT Youth Band, formed only 10 weeks before,

Half a Loaf, and All That

A story making the rounds recently concerned two well-known jazzmen, A and B, who came to stardom together but who since had followed separate paths. Last month, A offered B \$500 to play with his group at a reunion concert. B first agreed to work for that amount but then changed his mind.

"I should have \$1,000," B said to A. "But I'll work for \$750—and pay you the \$50 I owe you."

The reunion did not take place.

under the direction of Rhet Taylor; the Barry Miles Quintet; the Skitch Henderson NBC Band ("Clark Terry said a few words to us," the bearded Henderson remarked in explanation of their unexpected appearance); the trios of Ramsey Lewis, Billy Taylor, and Ray Bryant; the Maynard Ferguson Band; and vocalists Ruth Price, Bill Henderson, Leslie Uggams, Damita Jo, and Carmen McRae and Sarah Vaughan, who, appearing in duet, offered the crowd an unparalleled and delightful demonstration of improvised vocal art.

The affair raised nearly \$30,000, including a donation of \$1,000 from Louis Armstrong and Joe Glaser.

RECORDING INDUSTRY WORKSHOPS SCHEDULED FOR FALL AT UCLA

Many and varied aspects of the recording industry are being examined this fall at a special workshop being conducted by recording executives and technicians as part of the extension program at the University of California at Los Angeles.

The Monday evening sessions will be held from Sept. 28 to Dec. 14, and will cover, in succeeding weeks, the economic, social, and cultural influence of recordings; the search for talent, the standard record contract terms, and union commitments; repertoire selection; recording and post-recording; and manufacturing and marketing techniques.

The series will conclude with a case study of an actual album at the workshops Nov. 23 and 30 and Dec. 7 and 14. This will involve analysis of the selection of material and musical arrangements; the recording session itself; the packaging of the finished LP, and its sales, merchandising, and promotion.

FORMER SAVOY BALLROOM OWNER AND AGENCY HEAD MOE GALE DIES

Moe Gale, founder of Harlem's famed Savoy Ballroom and operator of one of the most important talent agencies of the 1930s and '40s, died in New York City Sept. 1 of undisclosed causes. He was 65.

Gale built the Savoy in partnership with Jay Faggon in 1926, and the ballroom soon became an international landmark where almost every name band played at one time or another.

A number of important bands, such as Lucky Millinder's and Erskine Hawkins', made their debuts there, and the Savoy was the site of many fabled battles of bands. The building was razed in 1956 to make way for a housing development.

The Gale agency handled talent in

all fields (opera singer Robert Merrill was among those guided to stardom by Gale), but it was best known for its imposing roster of Negro artists, including at one time or another Ella Fitzgerald, Cab Calloway, Benny Carter, the Ink Spots (the originals were discovered by Gale), Maxine Sullivan, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Tiny Bradshaw, among many others.

When the band business declined, Gale became active in the music-publishing field, starting Sheldon Music and Advanced Music Corp., both of which he later sold to the publishing branch of Warner Bros. In recent years, Gale was active mainly in philanthropy.

FIRST U.S. MUSIC ATTRACTION PLAYS EAST GERMANY, DRAWS RAVES

Despite the easing in recent years of some political tensions between East and West, no professional U.S. music attraction had appeared in Communist East Germany until a package titled "The Music Made Famous by Glenn Miller" pierced the music curtain late in August. The Miller package, made up of a band led by Tex Beneke, the Modernaires singing group, and vocalist Ray Eberle, gave a two-hour concert be-

fore an SRO audience of 4,500 in Rostock.

The troupe had completed a successful Scandinavian tour before playing the German city.

According to Modernaire Hal Dickinson, the Rostock audience seemed very jazz-conscious, and drummer Joey Preston's solos brought cheers from the listeners.

The concert was taped for television viewing as well as broadcast over local radio.

JAZZ RECORD COLLECTORS MEET; PLAN WORLDWIDE ASSOCIATION

Pittsburgh's Fort Pitt Hotel was the site of a late summer summit meeting of some of the nation's foremost jazz record collectors, who gathered to play rare discs, screen historic film shorts of jazzmen, and discuss plans for organization of an international association of jazz record collectors.

The meeting was organized by Pittsburgh civil engineer William C. Love, a collector of jazz discs for more than 25 years. According to Love, official chartering of the group will await further recruitment of members, though a possible name for the organization, International Association of Jazz Record Collectors, was chosen

by those in attendance. Among the aims discussed were the issuance of handbooks listing collectors and record valuations, increasing organization of record studies, gaining status for their pursuit, and the establishment of procedures for instigating jazz reissues through legal channels, thus obviating the necessity for "bootleg" reissues.

Highlight of the several days' meetings was the screening of film shorts of Bessie Smith singing *St. Louis Blues*, Fats Waller playing *Misbehavin' Feets*, Louis Armstrong performing *Rhapsody in Black and Blue*, and Noble Sissle playing *That's the Spirit*. Among rare recordings played were a number of allegedly unissued performances by Benny Goodman and Bix Beiderbecke.

In addition to Love, collectors in attendance included Jack Baker, Glenda Abdo, Robert Stendahl, Ken Crawford, brothers Keith and Gene Miller, Dick Raichelsen, Tom Lodge, Dick Richter, Robert Fertig, Tony Speranza, Ralph Miller, Bill Bond, Hal Hustedt, Bob Freedman, Joe Dorn, and Mac Fairhurst.

Further information may be obtained from 1140 S. Negley Ave., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

strictly ad lib

NEW YORK

Trombonist **Benny Green**, who has confined his playing mostly to the Midwest in recent years, made his first major New York night-club appearance in some time when he opened at Birdland last month for a two-week engagement. Green's quintet included tenor saxophonist **Frank Foster**. The former **Count Basie** tenorist, recently featured in **Quincy Jones'** band at the Apollo Theater, also did a Monday night at Birdland with his own group, which included fellow ex-Basieite **Don Rader** on trumpet.



MISS HARROW

The **Village Stompers** brought their folk-Dixieland to the Village Gate for a five-week stand following a Japanese tour. The group's current personnel is **Frank Hubbell**, trumpet and leader; **Dick Rath**, trombone; **Joe Muranyi**, clarinet; **Dick Speer**, guitar; **Lars Bloch**, banjo; **Ed Wilkinson**, bass and tuba; and **Bert Dahlander**, drums. Singer **Miriam Makeba** headed the bill, which ended there a few days ago.

Girl singers were much in evidence around New York during September. Aside from Miss Makeba, there were **Nancy Harrow** opposite pianist **Bill Evans** at the Au Go Go, **Sheryl Easley** at the Rat Fink Room, **Helen Merrill** enjoying a long run at the Most, and **Helen O'Connell** serving up nostalgia at the Copacabana, where trumpeter **Erskine Hawkins'** quartet holds forth in the lounge.

Lionel Hampton scored and performed the music for

NBC-TV's *Macy's Paris Fashion Show*, with a quartet composed of his own vibraharp, **Billy Mackel's** guitar, **George Duvivier's** bass, and **Osie Johnson's** drums. Cornetist **Thad Jones** is writing new material for the Hampton band, which recently added **Richard Williams** to its trumpet section, while long-time Hamptonian lead alto saxophonist and straw boss **Bobby Plater** left the fold.

Pianist **Bud Powell** took a week off from his Birdland engagement to record albums for Blue Note and Roulette . . . **Thelonious Monk** brought his piano and quartet to the Village Vanguard for a three-week stay that started Sept. 10 . . . Pianist **Paul Bley** is at a new jazz spot, Slug's Saloon in the Far East, on Third St. between Avenues B and C . . . French hornist-composer **Dave Amram** is writing the music for **Elia Kazan's** first 1965 season Repertory Theater production, *The Changeling* . . . Drummer **Morey Feld** leads a trio at the newly opened Sazarac Lounge at the World's Fair, with **Hank D'Amico**, clarinet, and **Tony Aless**, organ . . . Pianist **Hank Duncan** replaced **Norman Lester** as banjost **Lee Blair's** partner at Tobin's.



BLEY

Former **Jimmie Lunceford** pianist **Eddie Wilcox** was featured with cornetist **Jack Fein's** band at the Stonewall Inn in Greenwich Village . . . Pianist **Dick Wellstood** is doing a single at the Tower East supper club . . . Tenor saxophonist **Sam (The Man) Taylor** led a 14-piece band

(Continued on page 44)

THE ART C

By DAN MORGENSTERN

THERE CAN BE LITTLE DOUBT that Bill Evans is one of the most influential pianists—if not to say one of the most influential musicians—in jazz today. His strikingly personal conception has not only touched younger players whose styles were formed after Evans became widely known through his tenure with the Miles Davis Sextet in 1958, but it also has affected many pianists with longer roots.

At another stage in the development of jazz, there might be nothing very surprising about this, for Evans' music—lucid, lyrical, melodic, and infused with a sense of, and search for, beauty and balance—is firmly grounded in an astonishing command and organization of the musical materials in the mainstream of the jazz tradition. And his approach to his instrument reflects a firm commitment to the heritage of Western keyboard music that began with Bach and perhaps reached its final splendor in Debussy.

Such an orientation is not exactly typical of the trend in contemporary jazz, sometimes called the “new thing,” sometimes “avant garde,” and which seems more concerned with discarding tradition than with building on its foundations. The watchword of this school is “freedom”—a word open to many definitions.

Evans, too, is concerned with freedom in music. But he said recently, “The only way I can work is to have some kind of restraint involved—the challenge of a certain craft or form—and then to find the freedom in that, which is one hell of a job. I think a lot of guys either want to circumvent that kind of labor, or else they don't realize the rewards that exist in one single area if you use enough restraint and do enough searching.

“I have allowed myself the other kind of freedom occasionally. Paul Bley and I did a two-piano improvisation on a George Russell record [*Music for the Space Age*] which was completely unpremeditated. It was fun to do, but there was no direction involved. To do something that hadn't been rehearsed successfully, just like that, almost shows the lack of challenge involved in that type of freedom.”

Just turned 35, spiritually and physically refreshed after a troubled interlude in his life, Evans spoke softly but firmly, the even flow of his words reflecting not glibness but long and careful thought about his art and craft. The pianist recently returned from a rewarding European tour at the helm of a revitalized trio and seems poised on a new peak in his career.

“I'm extremely happy with the group,” he said. “Larry Bunker is a marvelous musician. [Drummer Bunker recently gave up a lucrative studio practice in Los Angeles to go with Evans.] He plays excellent vibes as well as being an all-round percussionist, and being so musical he just does the right thing because he's listening. He really knows music, feels music—and he is a superlative drummer. . . . I hope you can get to hear him at his better moments, which depend, I guess, a lot on me, because if I'm in the least falling apart, they're always so sympathetic to what I'm doing that it's hard for them to come out if I'm not. [Bassist Chuck Israels is the third member of the group.]

“We probably make a stronger emotional projection than at almost any time in the past. Maybe one criticism of

the group that could have been valid is that we didn't reach out to the people who weren't interested enough to come in, and I would like to get out to people and grab them a little. That's something that has to happen or not happen, but I think it's happening more and more.”

EVANS' DESIRE to reach out to his audience may come as a surprise to those who have overemphasized the introspective qualities of his work. His music also has been characterized as intellectual, and critic Whitney Balliett once wrote that “no musician relies less on intuition than Bill Evans.” The pianist said he was aware of Balliett's statement.

“I was very surprised at that,” Evans said. “I don't consider that I rely any less or more on something like intuition than any other jazz player, because the plain process of playing jazz is as universal among the people who play jazz correctly—that is, those who approach the art with certain restrictions and certain freedoms—as, for instance, the thought processes involved in ordinary, everyday conversation.

“Everybody has to learn certain things, but when you play, the intellectual process no longer has anything to do with it. It shouldn't, anyhow. You have your craft behind you then, and you try to think within the area that you have mastered to a certain extent. In that way, I am relying entirely on intuition then. I have no idea of what's coming next, and if I did, I would be a nervous wreck. Who could keep up with it?

“Naturally, there are certain things that we play, like opening choruses, that become expected. But even there, changes occur all the time, and after that, when you're just playing, everything is up for grabs. We never know what's coming next. Nobody could think that fast . . . not even a computer. What Balliett hears, I think, is the result of a lot of work, which means that it is pretty clear. I know this: everything that I play I know about, in a theoretical way, according to my own organization of certain musical facts. And it's a very elementary, basic-type thing. I don't profess to be advanced in theory, but within this area, I do try to work very clearly, because that is the only way I can work.

“When I started out, I worked very simply, but I always knew what I was doing, as related to my own theory. Therefore, what Balliett hears is probably the long-term result of the intellectual process of developing my own vocabulary—or the vocabulary that I use—and he may relate that to being intellectual, or not relying on intuition. But that's not true.”

Another critic, Andre Hodeir, has stated that the musical materials used by most jazz players, such as the popular song and the blues, have been exhausted and that the greatest need for jazz is to develop new materials for improvisation. Evans said he is well acquainted with these views but does not share them.

“The need is not so much for a new form or new material but rather that we allow the song form as such to expand itself,” he explained. “And this can happen. I have experienced many times, in playing alone, that perhaps a phrase will extend itself for a couple of moments so that all of a sudden, after a bridge or something, there

OF PLAYING

will be a little interlude. But it has to be a natural thing. I never attempt to do this in an intellectual way.

"In this way, I think the forms can change and can still basically come from the song form and be a true form—and offer everything that the song form offers. Possibly, this will not satisfy the intellectual needs of somebody like Hodeir, but as far as the materials involved in a song are concerned, I don't think they are restricting at all, if you really get into them. Just learning how to manipulate a line, the science of building a line, if you can call it a science, is enough to occupy somebody for 12 lifetimes. I don't find any lack of challenge there."

Along with this regard for the song form goes a commitment to tonality, Evans pointed out. It is not an abstract idea, he said, or one to which he is unyieldingly bound, but it is the result of playing experience and a concern for coherence.

"If you are a composer or are trying to improvise, and you make a form that is atonal, or some plan which has atonality as a base, you present a lot of problems of coherence," he said. "Most people who listen to music do listen tonally, and the things that give certain elements meaning are their relationships to a tonality—either of the phrase, or of the phrase to the larger period, or of that to the whole chorus or form, or perhaps even of that to the entire statement. So if you don't have that kind of reference for a listener, you have to have some other kind of plan or syntax for coherent musical thinking.

"It's a problem, and one that I have in a way solved for myself theoretically by studying melody and the construction of melody through all musics. I found that there is a limited amount of things that can happen to an idea, but in developing it, there are many, many ways that you can handle it. And if you master these, then you can begin to think just emotionally and let something grow. A musical idea could grow outside the realm of tonality. Now, if I could master that, then maybe I could make something coherent happen in an atonal area.

"But the problem of group performance is another thing. When I'm playing with a group, I can't do a lot of things that I can do when playing by myself because I can't expect the other person to know just when I'm going to all of a sudden maybe change the key or the tempo or do this or that. So there has to be some kind of common reference so that we can make a coherent thing."

Evans became emphatic.

"This doesn't lessen the freedom," he continued. "It *increases* it. That's the thing that everybody seems to miss. By giving ourselves a solid base on which to work, and by saying that this is accepted but our craft is such that we can manipulate this framework—which is only like, say, the steel girders in a building—then we can make any shapes we want, any lines we want. We can make any rhythms we want, that we can feel against this natural thing. And if we have the skill, we can just about do anything. Then we are really free.

"But if we were not to have any framework at all, we would be much more limited because we would be accommodating ourselves so much to the nothingness of each other's reference that we would not have room to breathe and to make music and to feel. So that's the problem.

JIM MARSHALL



Maybe, as a solo pianist, I could make atonal things or whatever. But group improvisation is another type of challenge, and until there is a development of a craft which covers that area, so that a group can say: 'Okay, now we improvise, now we are going to take this mode for so long, and then we take that mode with a different feeling for so long, and then we go over here' . . . and if I were to construct this plan so that it had no real tonal reference, only then could it be said that we were improvising atonally.

"What many people mean when they say 'atonal,' I think, is more a weird kind of dissonance or strange intervals and things like that. I don't know . . . I don't feel it. That isn't me. I can listen to master musicians like Bartok or Berg when they do things that people would consider atonal—although often they're not—and love and enjoy it, but here's someone just making an approximation of this music. It really shows just how little they appreciate the craft involved, because there's just so much to it. You can't just go and play by what I call 'the inch system.' You know, I could go up eight inches on the keyboard and then play a sound down six inches, and then go up a foot-and-a-half and play a cluster and go down nine-and-a-half and play something else. And that's atonality, the way some guys think of it. I don't know why people need it. If I could find something that satisfied me more there, I'd certainly be there, and I guess that's why there are people there. They must find something in it."

It was suggested to Evans that this was a charitable view, that, in fact, much of this kind of music reflects only frustration, and that the occasional moment of value was no adequate reward for the concentration and patience required to wade through all the noodling.

"Yes, it's more of an aid to a composer than a total musical product," he answered. "If you could take one of these gems and say, 'Ah, now I can sit down and make a piece. . . .' But it's the emotional content that is all one way. Naturally, frustration has a place in music at times, especially in dramatic music, but I think that other feelings are more important and that there is an obligation—or at least a responsibility—to present mostly the feelings which are my best feelings, which are not everyday feelings. Just to say that something is true because it is everyday and that, therefore, it is valid seems, to me, a poor basis for an artist to work on. I have no desire to listen to the bathroom noises of the artist. I want to hear something better, something that he has dedicated his life to preserve and to present to me. And if I hear somebody who can really move me, so that I can say 'ah, there's a real song'—I don't care if it's an atonal song or a dissonant song or whatever kind of song—that's still the basis of music to me. . . ."

What did Evans mean by song? Was it melody? "Essentially, what you might consider melody or a lyric feeling," he replied. "But more, an utterance in music of the human spirit, which has to do with the finer feelings of the person and which is a necessary utterance and something that must find its voice because there is a need for it and because it is worthwhile. It doesn't matter about the idiom or the style or anything else; as long as the feeling is behind it, it's going to move people."

But style can get in the way of hearing, it was pointed out.

"I remember discussing Brahms with Miles Davis once," the pianist commented. "He said that he couldn't enjoy it. And I said, 'If you can just get past the stylistic thing that puts you off, you'd find such a great treasure there.' I don't know if it had any effect or not; we never talked about it

again. But I think it's the same problem in jazz; if you can get past the style, the rhythm, the thing that puts you off—then it's all pretty much the same. Things don't change that much.

"That's why I feel that I don't really have to be *avant garde* or anything like that. It has no appeal for me, other than the fact that I always want to do something that is better than what I've been doing. If it leads in that direction, fine. And if it doesn't, it won't make a bit of difference to me, because quality has much more to do with it, as far as I'm concerned. If it stays right where it is at, and that's the best I can find, that's where it's going to have to be."

Evans paused and then added wistfully: "I hope it doesn't, though . . . I'd like it to change. I never forced it in the least, and so far I do think there have been some changes. Still, essentially, the thing is the same. It has followed a definite thread from the beginning: learning how to feel a form, a harmonic flow, and learning how to handle it and making certain refinements on the form and mastering more and more the ability to get inside the material and to handle it with more and more freedom. That's the way it has been going with me, and there's no end to that . . . no end to it.

"Whatever I move to, I want to be more firmly based in and better in than what I leave. What I want to do most is to be fresh and to find new things, and I'd like to discard everything that I use, if I could find something to replace it. But until I do, I can't. I'm really planning now how to set up my life so that I can have about half of it in privacy and seclusion and find new areas that are really valid. After the Au Go Go [the Greenwich Village club where Evans is currently playing] and maybe a week somewhere else, I hope to take off about a month. It will be the first time in two or three years that I will have devoted time to that."

IN THIS QUEST, Evans will be aided by what he describes as "one of the most thrilling things that have happened in my career"—a very special gift. At the Golden Circle in Stockholm, Evans performed on a piano built on new structural principles: a 10-foot concert grand designed and built by George Bolin, master cabinetmaker to the Royal Swedish Court.

"It was the first public performance on the new piano," Evans said. "One night, Mr. Bolin came in to hear me and expressed respect for my work, and before I knew it, my wife had negotiated with his representatives for me to be able to use the only such piano in the United States—it was on exhibit at the Swedish Embassy—for my engagement at the Au Go Go. It is one of only three, I think, in existence in the world right now. And after the engagement, the piano will be mine as a gift. Mr. Bolin dedicated it to me.

"It came at a perfect time, because I didn't have a piano of my own just then. It is a marvelous instrument—probably the first basic advance in piano building in some 150 years. The metal frame and strings are suspended and attached to the wooden frame by inverted screws, and the sound gets a kind of airy, free feeling that I haven't found in any other piano. Before this, Bolin was famous as a guitar maker—he made instruments for Segovia and people like that. To build an instrument like this, a man has to be as much of a genius as a great musician."

Such gifts are not given lightly and are an indication of the stature of the recipient as well as of the giver. Whatever music Bill Evans will make on his new piano, one can be certain that it will do honor to the highest standards of the art and craft of music. 

Don Friedman

A Pianist For All Seasons

By DON NELSEN

THE TALK AT Don Friedman's place turned to recognition of jazz musicians. The host sat on his piano bench and carefully dusted a new but growing paunch with his fingertips.

"Well," he observed with a smile—followed by a laugh, "if I don't win that New Star award soon, I'll be too old to carry it."

The laugh clearly showed it wasn't worrying him. But if perhaps it had, the Aug. 13 edition of *Down Beat* carried the news that the International Jazz Critics Poll had named Friedman top man in the wider-recognition piano category. He could stop worrying. And at 29, he isn't too old to carry it.

But why the delay in recognition? Did the critics think other players more deserving? There are many fine pianists around, and it isn't difficult to get lost in the shuffle. A possible explanation.

In Friedman's case, the delay is a bit harder to understand. Certainly, such critical mal de memory does not operate among his fellow musicians. The San Francisco-born pianist works more steadily than most jazzmen—and at playing jazz, not at the transcription or studio work that provides extensive moonlighting opportunities for many jazz musicians. He is one of the few white musicians whom Negro players seem to have no hesitancy in hiring. His very range of musical sidemanship—invitations to work with such differing minds as Herbie Mann, Harry Edison, Don Ellis, and Jimmy Giuffre—suggests the high repute in which he is held.

A less patent factor in this delayed recognition may be his supposed debt to Bill Evans.

"Friedman? Yeah, he plays good. Sounds like Bill Evans."

Then the talk promptly switches to Evans and his influence on jazz pianists.

This rather damn-with-faint-praise dismissal may have a modicum of justification; but anyone who has glued his ears to Friedman's recent records or heard him in person must conclude—with one reservation—that he sounds no more like Evans than does, say, Hank Jones.

The reservation concerns Friedman's approach to a ballad. He agrees that his approach is lyric and romantic, like Evans'. He says further that Evans' playing has deeply impressed him. Beyond this he sees little similarity in their playing. And rightly so, for the evidence is on record—and live, too—that in his choice of harmonics and rhythmic patterns, Friedman's IOU to Evans is for small change only.

Furthermore, Friedman differs philosophically from Evans in regard to attitude toward music. Evans has deplored an overintense involvement with music, fearing too complete a commitment to music, to the exclusion of other interests, would pervert the art and the artist. A whole man, he said, should be able to function in a whole world.

Friedman might not disagree specifically, but his outlook is more optimistic.

"I'm wrapped up in music, but I don't fear being that way," he said. "I feel I can become more and more interested in music every day. I think that my discoveries in music will force me to learn more about other things. A stimulated interest can become interested in various subjects."

A part of this wrapping—a substantial part—is practice.

"I get more enjoyment out of practicing than I ever did before because I've begun to accept it as part of my life. I've been playing since I was 5, and by the time I reached 16 I was sick of both piano and practice, and I stopped playing. Then I got with jazz, and the picture changed. Now I look forward to playing and figuring things out.

"I practice mainly two types of music—jazz and classical. Classical for my hands, not so that I'll have more technique in jazz. Classical music gives me a certain feeling in my hands that I dig. I have no practice schedule. But there is a point in every day when I feel like getting to the piano. I usually have something in mind that I want to look into. I start off and go on from there."

Friedman's practice hall is one of three first-floor rooms he rents in a tenement on Manhattan's upper east side. From the entrance, his apartment door is 30 feet down a dark, grimy hallway whose stale odor is occasionally relieved by the fragrance of freshly baked bread, which osmoses through the walls from a bakery next door. He lives there cozily by himself, preparing for the great things to come.

He weighs, in condition, 145 pounds. He is not now in condition, although he would probably deny this and explain his paunch is the result of a clean and pure life during the last couple of years.

Recently, he shaved off a mustache he considered a stylish decoration. He just got tired of it, but it was great while it lasted.

"Anyway," he observed, "I only grew it as a test to see if I could grow one. When it appeared, I liked it. My father had a mustache when I was a kid, so I guess I was always envious of the fact that he had one and I didn't and couldn't."

Thus the Friedman urge to overcome keeps revealing itself.

His musical problems are overcome—at least the attempt is made—in his living room, which contains a sagging sofa, a television set, a few books, and a scarred upright piano. There, overlooking a barren back yard that is the playground of his landlady's two rawboned cats, he invites his hand and brain to grapple with unanswered questions.

OUTSIDE, by the front door, a mailbox nameplate identifies the source of the sounds he makes as the Friedman-LaFaro apartment. The LaFaro is Scott, the muse-touched young bassist who died in an auto accident three years ago. The two, close friends, shared these quarters for about a year after LaFaro had arrived from Los Angeles. Friedman has never bothered to take the nameplate down.

"I just wanted Scotty's name up somewhere," he said.

With these two fertile imaginations in close communication, the question arises as to whether either exercised any influence on the other. "Influence" is, of course, a term indispensable to the critical lexicon, and hardly an article can be written without it. Friedman took the question with good grace, however. His answer was that he really couldn't be certain.

"I do know that I picked up on his way of voicing

chords," Friedman said. "He had a particularly beautiful way of voicing half-diminished chords. Other than that, I don't know. I do feel—although again I don't know—that in the last part of his life he might have been influenced by my thinking too. I know he got very interested in Schoenberg, Bartok, and Berg, things he wasn't into before. But I really don't know how much of a part I played in his thinking in this direction."

The pianist will also, not surprisingly, remark of saxophonists Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, and Charlie Parker in his work, primarily in the area of harmony.

"I dig the way they break up intervals," Friedman said. "They have ways of playing changes that make new things possible. I once heard Coltrane resolve a 2-5-1 in some original of his. I never heard anybody do this before, and I tried to incorporate it into my playing."

Of course, in working it out, it became less Coltrane and more Friedman. A creator always will use an idea, not be used by it. He does not copy, he transfigures.

Friedman also digs players such as Stan Getz, Miles Davis, Lee Konitz, and Lennie Tristano for their ability to build a song.

"The biggest thing I learned from studying composition," he said, "was that you could take a few notes or an idea, which consists of a rhythmic pattern, a certain series of chords, or certain intervals, and develop a whole section of a piece or a whole piece. That's what makes the great musician—the ability to build steadily to a climax, relax, then do it again and have it all hang together as one piece, as one song."

RIGHT NOW, Friedman is going through a stage that some might call musical schizophrenia. He would deny that the term is appropriate and hold that music is music, or jazz is jazz, and that there is no contradiction between playing free-form music and music with traditional chord changes and enjoying both equally. In fact, he claims that playing free-form music with such as Jimmy Giuffre and Don Ellis has enhanced his command of ideas and techniques in "traditional" jazz.

His own view vis-a-vis the direction his playing is taking is equivocal.

"I don't know yet which way I'm traveling," he said. "I sincerely enjoy playing both types of jazz. I dig playing with Herbie Mann just as much as I do with Jimmy Giuffre. As long as I get that feeling that playing jazz gives you, it doesn't make much difference which way I get it."

Possibly. But an audit of Friedman's four albums for Riverside—the last, *Dreams, Explorations, and Episodes*, was not released before the company went out of business—reveals an increasing use of nonchordal or free-form techniques. His first LP—*A Day in the City*—is built entirely on traditional structures, as is his second, *Circle Waltz*. But *Flashback*, the third, contains two free-form pieces, while *Dreams* offers four. Friedman discounts these "statistics."

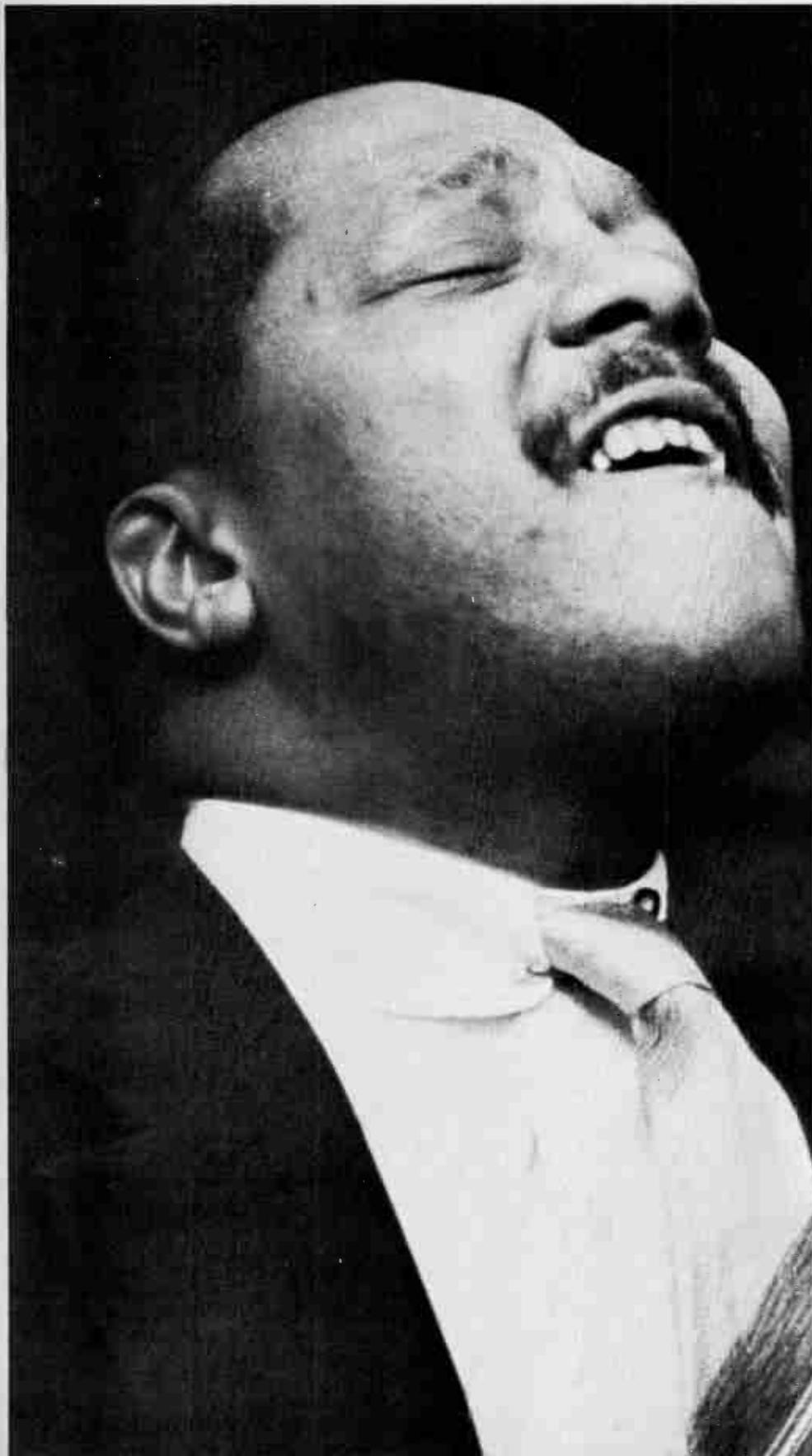
"Maybe," he said, but added, "Anyway, I'm not at the stage yet where I can consider discarding the traditional system. Frankly, I don't know if I ever will."

There is no doubt, however, that free-form music was directly responsible for Friedman's development of The System, a method designed to enable the pianist to develop his musical capacities to the fullest. But it almost defies lucid explanation in precise terms. It is . . . well . . . a way of concentrating all one's energies on the solution of a particular question. More. It treats of the problem, when playing, of putting certain notes in certain places at certain times so that everything fits just right. Further,

(Continued on page 43)

BUD POWELL THEN . . .

Harvey Pekar Offers A Critical Survey Of The Pianist's Recorded Work



THOUGH FEW KNOWLEDGEABLE observers would deny that Bud Powell ranks as one of the greatest and most influential jazz pianists, only a fraction of his career and recorded output has been discussed intensively.

Powell's style has evolved in a manner unlike that of any other jazzman. Two giants contemporary with Powell, Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie (who almost could be said to belong to the musical generation immediately preceding Powell), didn't alter their approaches significantly after about 1946. But a person comparing a Powell solo from that period with one recorded about a decade later would find it hard to believe that both were played by the same man.

The pianist's career can be seen in rather distinct periods.

During the first, which lasted from 1943 to about 1945, he played with trumpeter Cootie Williams, absorbing and synthesizing the approaches of various musicians.

The second, 1946 to 1953, found Powell at the top of his game, and on the basis of his work during this period his reputation as one of the titans of modern jazz was established.

It is the period since 1954, during which Powell's work has been extremely inconsistent, his playing quality and style sometimes varying from record to record, that bears closer examination now. Many of these records have been dismissed by critics, but as a body of work, they constitute a fascinating and high-quality output. But to see them in proper light, one must consider what came before them.

POWELL LEARNED from several pre-bop pianists. Earl Hines was an influence, directly and/or through his disciples Billy Kyle and Nat Cole. The simple, repeated left-hand figure that Powell used to establish a groove was similar to one used by Cole, as were some of his left-hand voicings. Art Tatum also influenced Powell, particularly in his approach to ballads.

The mark of these swing-era pianists is evident in Powell's first record session with trumpeter Williams in January, 1944. On *Sweet Lorraine* his solo is reminiscent of both Tatum and Hines. His spot on *My Old Flame* has an impressionistic quality. Throughout the record he plays

Tatumish runs, using them as might an accompanist, to add lushness to the performance. On Frank Socolow's *Reverse the Charges*, also cut in the mid-'40s, he improvises in a Cole-out-of-Hines style.

Parker, however, had the greatest influence on Powell, who adapted some of the altoist's language for piano. Parker's stamp on Powell is apparent on the Williams' August, 1944, recording of *Blue Garden Blues*. The pianist's spot is an example of almost fully evolved bebop.

During his stay with Williams, Powell's style was in transition, but by 1946 at the latest, it had crystallized, and he'd moved completely into the boppers' camp. He participated as a sideman on a number of all-star combo dates around this time, contributing excellent solos on *Royal Roost* (RCA Victor 3046), and *Bop-pin' a Riff*, *Fat Boy*, and *Webb City* (Savoy 12011). Trumpeters Fats Navarro and Kenny Dorham and saxophonist Sonny Stitt were among those who played with Powell on records.

The melodic content of Powell's spots is meaty and his attack powerful. He constructs intelligently, building deliberately, swinging easily.

Also recommended is his work on J.J. Johnson's *Jay Bird*, *Coppin' the Bop*, and *Jay Jay* (Savoy 12106).

Good as Powell was with combos featuring a horn front line, his greatest recorded achievements were to come as an unaccompanied soloist or leader of a trio. Featured this way, he had more room in which to stretch out and display his enormous gifts.

Easily one of his best albums is *The Genius of Bud Powell* (Verve 8115). One side of the LP is devoted to Powell's playing his own compositions unaccompanied. These distinctive pieces include the beautiful *Parisienne Thorofare*, which employs a scale in the A section; *Oblivion*, a graceful melody; the brooding *Dusk in Sandi*; and *Hallucinations* (also called *Budo*) and *The Fruit*, both of which convey a briskly cheerful feeling.

On the *Genius* album's other side—bassist Ray Brown and drummer Buddy Rich join the pianist on two selections—Powell's use of substitute chords on *Tea for Two* makes it his composition as much as Vincent Youmans'.

Aside from *Sandi*, where he is pensive, Powell displays fantastic drive. He double-times often, and some of the tempos aren't just fast—they're breakneck. Ideas pour from him in a torrent, and his solos have remarkable continuity. He generally uses his

left hand often and effectively. Sometimes he employs the Nat Coleish repeated figures referred to earlier; on *The Last Time I Saw Paris* he employs stride figures humorously. He applies his left hand sparingly on much of *Just One of Those Things*, creating a sort of stop-time effect with it.

Bud Powell: Jazz Giant (Verve 8153) is another incredible LP containing a number of up-tempo masterpieces: *Tempus Fugue-It*, *Cherokee*, *All God's Chillun Got Rhythm*, *Get Happy*, and *Sweet Georgia Brown*. Here again Powell exhibits great inventiveness, playing long, rich lines. His improvisation on the medium-tempo tunes *Celia*, *Strictly Confidential*, *Sometimes I'm Happy*, and *So Sorry Please* is many-noted but lyrical and well paced.

His ballad work on *Yesterdays* and *April in Paris* exhibits more than a touch of Tatum. He plays near the melody, ornamenting it and filling some of the rests with tricky runs. On the surface, his playing seems to be superior cocktail piano, but it is much more. What cocktail pianist could conceive harmonies as rich or as fresh as Powell's, or who could alter a theme as intelligently? Powell's ornamentation of the melody is done tastefully; sometimes it may be rather delicate, but it isn't overfrilly or exhibitionistic.

Powell's treatment of *Body and Soul* is somewhat different. He strays farther from the melody, improvising delicate lines. Whether he plays the piano heavily or caresses it, he achieves a full, lovely sonority.

Perhaps the most celebrated Powell LPs have been *The Amazing Bud Powell, Volumes I and II* (Blue Note 1503, 1504), made in three sessions from 1949 to 1953. On most tracks he performs with bass and drums. Among the selections are three takes of *Un Poco Loco*, a striking theme reflecting an Afro-Latin influence. Powell's playing here is passionate but not well sustained; in general, his phrases are shorter than usual. He uses call-and-response patterns and a rumbling bass line.

Powell improvises very well on the moderate-tempo numbers, particularly *A Night in Tunisia* and *Ornithology*.

His debt to Tatum is again evident on the ballads. Notable are two versions of *It Could Happen to You* and *Over the Rainbow*. On the master of *Happen*, included in the Blue Note 1504 collection, he rips off several electrifying double-time phrases that contrast sharply and effectively with the otherwise reflective tone of the performance. *Rainbow* abounds with

brilliant little single-note lines that fall between the main phrases of the melody.

Sure Thing and *Glass Enclosure* are unusual performances almost on the order of chamber music. On both, bassist George Duvivier figures in an important melodic role, not functioning solely as a timekeeper. Some of the passages he and Powell play on *Sure Thing* are Bach-flavored.

Enclosure is an extended-form piece, remarkable because it contains so many mood changes in so short a time and yet makes sense as a whole.

During the late '40s and early '50s Powell cut some outstanding records with small groups that included horns. Among them are the four 1949 pieces on Blue Note 1503: *Dance of the Infidels*, *52nd Street Theme*, *Wail*, and *Bouncing with Bud*. Powell is joined here by the then little-known tenor man, Sonny Rollins, and by trumpeter Fats Navarro, a man whose gifts equaled Powell's. All three improvise brilliantly, making these tracks indispensable to bop collectors.

In 1949 and 1950 Powell performed on some Sonny Stitt quartet sides (Prestige 7024). Most of them are taken at a brisk tempo, and the pianist, playing in a nonstop manner, eats up the changes. Nevertheless, his work is not as forceful as on the aforementioned Verves. One of the main reasons is that his left hand isn't used as effectively—his comping is relatively sedate.

Powell joined Parker, Gillespie, drummer Max Roach, and bassist Charlie Mingus in 1953 for an all-star concert at Toronto's Massey Hall (now available on Fantasy 6003). His playing here is first rate; he easily holds his own with Parker and Gillespie. In addition to his solos, his accompaniment on *All the Things You Are* is quite interesting. At some points he executes a walking pattern of lush chords, greatly enriching the harmonic texture of the performance.

Powell also was recorded leading a trio at Massey Hall. These performances, as well as several others from the same period, are collected on Fantasy 6006. This LP would disgrace no pianist, but Powell's playing is somewhat less fluent and forceful than usual. In addition, there are several atypical tracks. On *Jubilee (Hallelujah)* some of his eighth-note runs recall Teddy Wilson, as does his left-hand work, at times. On *I Want to Be Happy* his phrasing isn't as smooth as usual, and he tries some odd, The-lonious Monk types of intervals. This track hints at later developments in his approach, as does a 10-inch trio album, issued on Roost 412 and dating

from 1953. His theme statements on the Roost LP are, in general, more jarringly percussive than before. Discordance becomes an important element in his playing, and he shoots out double-time lines unpredictably.

IN 1954 Powell's evolution underwent a wrenching change of direction. He had been beset by emotional problems and, in that year, his playing began to reflect the culmination of these problems, as the 10-inch LP "Norgran 23" illustrates. (From this point, all records discussed, with the exception of a Dizzy Gillespie LP, feature Powell with bass and drums.) It consists of five standards and two originals. Powell's work on the standards is tremendously intense; he plays near the themes, employing dissonant chords and a brutal touch.

On *Buttercup* some of his passages indicate that he'd listened to Lennie Tristano. His up-tempo improvisation on *Fantasy in Blue* is exciting but, again, atypical; he plays rather light, upper-register runs and uses rests unpredictably.

An album made in late 1954 and early '55 but titled *Bud Powell '57* (Verve 8185) is mindful of the famous *Lover Man* session Charlie Parker made shortly before his breakdown and subsequent admission to Camarillo State Hospital. Not long before this LP was cut, Powell rehearsed at the apartment of a friend of critic Ira Gitler, and Gitler recalls that Powell was withdrawn and uncommunicative. This music certainly indicates that all was not well with the pianist.

It isn't enough to say that his lines are angular or jerky on tracks like *How High the Moon*, *Thou Swell*, and *Deep Night*—they are shattered to bits. There are weird, delayed endings to *Moon* and *Night*, but perhaps the strangest moments occur on *That Old Black Magic*. At one point Powell slows down the movement of chords as he savagely pounds the keyboard.

In the mid-'50s Powell made two LPs that clearly indicated the eclectic, eccentric path his career was to follow.

On Verve 8301, titled *The Lonely One*, Powell—previously an amazingly facile technician—seems to have lost his dexterity. For example, he takes *Hey, George* (based on *Sweet Georgia Brown*) at a fairly fast clip but not nearly as fast as on an earlier version of *Georgia Brown* (*Jazz Giant*, Verve 8153). His lines aren't cleanly articulated nor is his attack particularly vigorous.

His solos have become more economical, and his lines are fragmented unpredictably. Thelonious Monk's in-

fluence is clear in his work here. Of course, both pianists were on the scene together in the '40s, but aside from some Monkish devices that had become common property (for example, the way Monk utilizes thirds), Powell derived little from his contemporary at that time. However, about 1955 Monk's ideas finally began to have an effect on other musicians, Powell among them. His brand is most visible here on *Mediocre*, a strange piece on which Powell uses a stride left hand.

On the album *Strictly Powell* (RCA Victor 1423) Powell's solos are cleaner. His accent shifting and use of triplets again recall Tristano. His playing is easygoing for the most part, though some of his ideas are quite intricate rhythmically. He builds and releases tension with skill, reaching climaxes subtly.

Among the better selections are *Coscrane*, *Topsy Turvy*, *There'll Never Be Another You*, *Jump City*, and *Blues for Bessie*. The last track is noteworthy because Powell's playing had never been particularly funky; yet on this slow, afterhours type of piece he elicits an earthy quality reminiscent of the Parker blues classic *Parker's Mood*.

Two other interesting Powell albums of the mid-'50s are *Piano Interpretations* (Verve 8167) and *Blues in the Closet* (Verve 8218).

On the former his playing is restrained. On the fast tracks, *Ladybird* and *Bean and the Boys* (the latter based on *Lover, Come Back to Me*), he cooks tastefully and is reasonably inventive. *Stairway to the Stars* receives a lush treatment, but he improvises spare melodic lines on the chords of another ballad, *Willow, Weep for Me*.

Powell runs into technical trouble on *Blues in the Closet*. For instance, the breakneck tempo of *I Know That You Know* hangs him up badly. In spite of this, the LP has many imaginative passages, particularly on *Elogie*, *Woody'n You*, and *My Heart Stood Still*. Powell was obviously inspired when he made these tracks; if he had retained his former dexterity, there's no telling how good they might have been.

The pianist renewed his relationship with Blue Note records in the late '50s, making three more LPs there. The first, *The Amazing Bud Powell, Volume III* (1571), is quite good. He hasn't recovered the steady sense of time, facility, or drive he had in 1950, and his left hand isn't what it used to be, but his imagination is still working. His lines are sometimes jagged, and he loads his solos with a rich flow of ideas.

Some of the devices he uses are surprising. On *Some Soul*, a blues, he omits part of a chorus, connecting it to the next one in such a way that the listener is uncertain where one ends and the next begins. He employs stride figures on *Idaho*. His *Bud on Bach* begins with a finger-popping part called *Solfeggietto*—which Powell says he played as a child—and moves into a swinging section; his subtlety in making the transition between sections is notable.

Blue Note 1598, *Time Waits*, is one of Powell's worst efforts. His solos are clumsy and usually build very little. For those familiar with Powell's best work, listening to his anonymous Latin-tinged style on *Buster Rides Again* or his heavy-handed, cliché-ridden playing on the funky blues *Dry Soul* can be a painful experience.

The fifth Powell Blue Note offering, *The Scene Changes* (4009), to be released (although it was cut shortly before *Time Waits*) is characterized by freshness. Powell's articulation is much cleaner here than on *Time Waits*, and he swings relaxedly. He uses long lines; his solos have a good continuity. It's a pleasure to hear him sailing along on *Cleopatra's Dream* or *Crossing the Channel*. These two tracks don't compare with his best up-tempo work but are still very good.

A point of interest on the later Blue Note albums is the two-hand unison playing that adds variety and color to Powell's work.

In 1959 Powell settled in Paris. Several examples of his work in Europe are available, including a trio performance, *In Paris* (Reprise 6098). He is more technically assured on this record than he ordinarily was in the late '50s, if not dazzlingly fluent. He plays well on some tracks, i.e., *I Can't Get Started* and *Dear Old Stockholm*, but the album is one of his least interesting because of his conservatism. His ideas, while not clichés, are, nonetheless, commonplace, and he conveys little intensity. His albums of the late '50s may often have been marred by imprecise articulation, but they were also graced by unusual turns of phrase and unexpected intervals.

Powell's brief solos with Dizzy Gillespie and the Double Six of Paris (Philips 200-106) are reasonably clean and much more exciting than the ones on the Reprise LP. In fact, they have some of the heat and rhythmic lithe-ness of his work of 12 or 15 years ago.

Perhaps Powell's playing here heralds the beginning of a great new period in his career. If he can get himself together again, we may not have heard anything yet. 

... BUD POWELL NOW

CAUGHT IN THE ACT/Reviews of Live Performances

Bud Powell

Birdland, New York City

Personnel: Powell, piano; John Ore, bass; Horace Arnold or J. C. Moses, drums.

When Bud Powell mounted the bandstand at Birdland for his first appearance in his homeland in more than six years, the packed house gave him a standing ovation. It was a spontaneous and moving vote of confidence in a musician who has had more than his share of trouble and whose eagerly awaited return had been accompanied by persistent rumors that this once-great player was now just a shadow of his former self.

As soon as Powell sat down to play, however, it became apparent that the expression of faith was justified. For, while it would not be fair to Powell or his admirers to say that this was "the old Bud," there can be no doubt that the Bud Powell of 1964 is still a creative jazzman and pianist of the first rank. If the fire and abandon of youth are no longer, one now finds in their place a deliberate and lucid crystallization of the chief elements in the piano style that has been so enormously influential since the mid-'40s.

As might be expected from a man only recently recovered from a long and severe illness (tuberculosis), there were moments when fingers would not do the bidding of the mind, but after two weeks of steady playing, these moments had been reduced to occasional missed notes in up-tempo runs. On opening night, it was evident that the trio (with Arnold on drums) had not rehearsed long. Nor was the support given by the sidemen really adequate, though bassist Ore, who worked with

Powell some years ago, was steady and firm.

Nevertheless, from the opening *The Best Thing for Me Would Be You* (with a beautifully voiced block-chord ending) through a rhapsodic *Like Someone in Love* (with unaccompanied opening and closing choruses played in a suggestion of 3/4 time) to a delightful, romping *John's Abbey*, there were moments of inspired music-making.

Not the least moments were Powell's readings of two selections from the Thelonious Monk canon: Monk's own *Epistrophy*, and Denzil Best's and Monk's *Bemsha Swing*. Powell was among Monk's earliest admirers, and no other pianist except Monk himself can get to the marrow of Monk's music like Powell. This would seem especially true today, since Powell's approach to tempo has become more deliberate. During his third week at Birdland, when Moses had taken over the drum chair, Powell played Monk's *I Mean You* in absolutely masterly fashion, his inventions bolstered by Moses' expert phrasing and time. Powell's sense of humor (like all great players, he has one) was evident here.

On his own originals, of which there seemed to be fewer than in earlier days, Powell displayed some of the fireworks of yore, particularly on several versions of *Collard Greens and Blackeyed Peas* (otherwise known as *Blues in the Closet*). The famous hornlike right hand came to the fore, as Powell would improvise a string of blues choruses with a melodic inventiveness and swing that proved him still master of the "Bud Powell school." *Oblivion* (which sounded much gayer than its title) and the aforementioned *John's Abbey* were the only other Powell compositions heard by this reviewer.

The pianist's repertory, as always, included a number of standards. The aforementioned *Someone* seemed to be a particular favorite, the pianist obviously relishing the rhapsodic flourishes in the rubato solo passages. There also were a Latin-flavored *Old Black Magic*, a fast and very exciting *Nice Work If You Can Get It*, and a charming *I Hear Music*. A bouncy and easy-going *Just You, Just Me* and a fine-tempoed *Hot House* brought back nostalgic memories of the bebop days, with Powell's improvisations on the latter recalling Charlie Parker's in approach and feeling.

At times, the trio achieved real integration, with the proper emphasis on support for the pianist. But far too often the sidemen indulged in lengthy solos which, no matter how interesting, only served to disrupt the continuity of a given piece. An occasional solo of two or three choruses from bass or drums ought to suffice to keep the players happy, though it must be said that Ore here revealed himself to be a much more adventurous and inventive soloist than indicated during his long tenure with Monk. One longed for the kind of empathy Max Roach and George

Duvivier might have given Powell, who was a model of patience and endurance during his sidemen's solos.

Despite these drawbacks and an understandable unevenness of inspiration, it is a gratifying experience to hear Powell play. His mere presence testifies to the triumph of the human spirit over adversity and suffering, but he needs no excuses or apologies. The purity of his conception, the joy he still can find in making music, the unmistakable identity of those hornlike melodic lines and those characteristic minor sevenths, the logic, clarity, and sheer musicality of his ideas—these speak for themselves, and with moving eloquence.

—Dan Morgenstern

Erroll Garner

Berkshire Music Barn,
Lenox, Mass.

Personnel: Garner, piano; Eddie Calhoun, bass; Kelly Martin, drums.

Happiness is a concert by Erroll Garner—even to the critic who knows he will hear all the idiosyncrasies that have made Garner the most commercially popular jazz pianist since Fats Waller.

The capacity crowd that saw Garner climax the 10th season of first-rate concerts at the Berkshire Music Barn responded devotedly to every familiar nuance: the metronomic left hand, dissipating the rubato of his symphonic intros and laying down unswerving guide lines for his lagging right hand; the grunts and bleats of his eternal obbligato; the melodic and rhythmic clichés that continue to prove infectious despite their predictability; the tremolo-filled tags and codas culminating in the root tones six or seven octaves apart; and of course that pixie-like grin.

Perched atop a Manhattan phone book (one from Lenox, population 1,700, would never have raised him to such heights), Garner dominated the unusually long program of 25 numbers, allowing but one solo fling each for his rhythmic stalwarts, Calhoun, who showed a fine flair for musical satire in *All The Things You Are*, and Martin, who displayed some Jo Jones-like brush wizardry on a nameless original that Erroll later suggested might be called *Kelly's Tune*.

Garner himself was at peak form, swinging straight ahead on *One-Note Samba* but converting *Love for Sale* into an up-tempo bossa nova, following an unaccompanied *Spring Is Here* with a trio rendition of *It Might as Well Be Spring*, in which he worked in a quote from *Swingin' on a Star*.

Interpolation—a favorite Garner device—is one criterion for measuring an audience, and those on hand at this concert were hip enough to appreciate *Mairzy Doats* in the middle of an otherwise dignified *Stella by Starlight*. They also re-

(Continued on page 35)

BUD POWELL

Moments of inspired music-making



DON SCHLITZER

SITTIN' IN

ART HODES'

Keyboard Reflections

JIMMY RYAN'S ON 52nd St. was the kind of night spot best described as a tavern-club. Occupancy by more than 120 persons was not only unlawful, it was also downright uncomfortable. Yet we packed them in on Sunday afternoons—a buck admission and “hear the jazz greats.”

Milt Gabler originated the sessions, but Jack Crystal gathered the talent. On any given Sunday afternoon you could see and hear such stalwarts as Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, Mezz Mezzrow, Sidney Bechet, Max Kaminsky, Wild Bill Davison, Georg Brunis, Joe Sullivan, J.C. Higginbotham, Rod Cless, Hot Lips Page, Fats Waller, Earl Hines, James P. Johnson, Red Allen, etc. And on the last chorus of the last number (which would usually be *Bugle Call Rag*), the entire ensemble would blow. Man, that was something.

During the week, Ryan's featured a trio. I'd worked there with drummer Baby Dodds and clarinetist Cecil Scott (Chippie Hill was our vocalist) and with Mezz Mezzrow, clarinet, and Danny Alvin, drums.

Ryan's was a haven, though hardly the place you'd expect to meet Thelonious Monk, but that's where it happened. He was looking for a piano to play . . . just “to play,” not a job, not pay. He asked, “You mind if I play while you guys are off, during intermission?” The answer was “go ahead.” The jukebox was disconnected, and Monk, with his dark glasses on, made it to the stand and played, all by himself and, I'd venture a guess, to himself. This we understood; he was welcome.

Gene Rodgers. Did you ever hear that name? He's a piano man. I met him some years back, in upper New York State.

Interesting. Here I am in this northern town (forgot the name), away from New York City and on my own, doing my gig, unimpressed with the surroundings and wearing quite the big hat. I fear that the natives weren't overly fond of me. (I'm sure I earned it.) But they did tell me about this fine piano player who worked there often, a favorite. I wasn't impressed—some Gene Rodgers who I'd never heard of. And now it

was my last night on the gig and somebody introduces me to him . . . big guy . . . and it turns out he's a real nice guy who knows just about everybody I do, and we hit it off good together. But the natives had got their fill of my ego and wanted Gene to play, so finally he assented. He played. I mean he *really* played. And I had to follow that performance.

I won't forget the first time a piano man made me feel like “what's the use? I'll never make that.” It was on a record—Earl Hines playing *Sweet Lorraine*. Man, it knocked me cold. How could anyone be that good? Just one chorus, and a bit later, an extra bit. But such beauty. To this day it remains so . . . timeless. I heard it and heard myself remark, “I'll never make it.” But I kept trying.

It wasn't too many years later that I met Art Tatum. By this time I'd been heard and heard of. Art told me he'd caught me on the radio and that though “my people thought you was colored, I dug.” You couldn't have paid me a greater compliment.

Well, Tatum asked me to sit in, which was the farthest thing from my mind. But I was taught right—“don't put on shy; if you play and you're asked, get up and play.” I did, and a bit later in the evening Tatum played. He played my style as I'd have been happy to play it. I was to hear him do that many a time, for this was his big stock in trade; he could take anybody's style and go from there. . . . Don't feel hurt; join the rest of us.

It was the people at the barbecue place at 48th and State in Chicago who taught me well . . . to go on, taught me that anybody who could play, should, no matter if the fellow before you was better or the one following was a giant—and play when you're asked. Yes, sir, these people gave me a love and understanding of the music (made it all possible).

They stood for my poor efforts, kidded me. . . . “Play the blues, Art.” That was always good for a laugh, a chuckle. But—and this was of the greatest importance to me—they meant that I should play, try. They didn't walk out, and they didn't dismiss me. I felt welcome, and I learned. I loved that place, the atmosphere, the music, the singing, the dancing . . . people being themselves. And I had a front seat. You know, the day came when they didn't laugh when I played, and I was at one with them. So I had something; I had a music. No matter how much better the next player was or how much more he knew about the keyboard, he couldn't take my music from me. And I could go on . . . and go on playing.

When WNYC in New York City gave me a program (*Metropolitan Revue*), I met many a player of stature.

One of the greats I became exposed to was James P. Johnson. Duke Ellington has said, “Up in Harlem, I used to warm the seat for James P. I would sit down at the piano and play and get my kicks, but when Jimmy Johnson came in, I'd get up.” You get up for the master.

Long before I'd met him, James P. was a favorite of mine; I'd heard and reheard his recording of *Snowy Morning Blues*. It had caught my ears, and I never did get loose. And now, I was hearing him in person. From that day on, any time I got a date to play, where I furnished the band, if it was at all possible, I carried James P. as an extra player . . . and I listened.

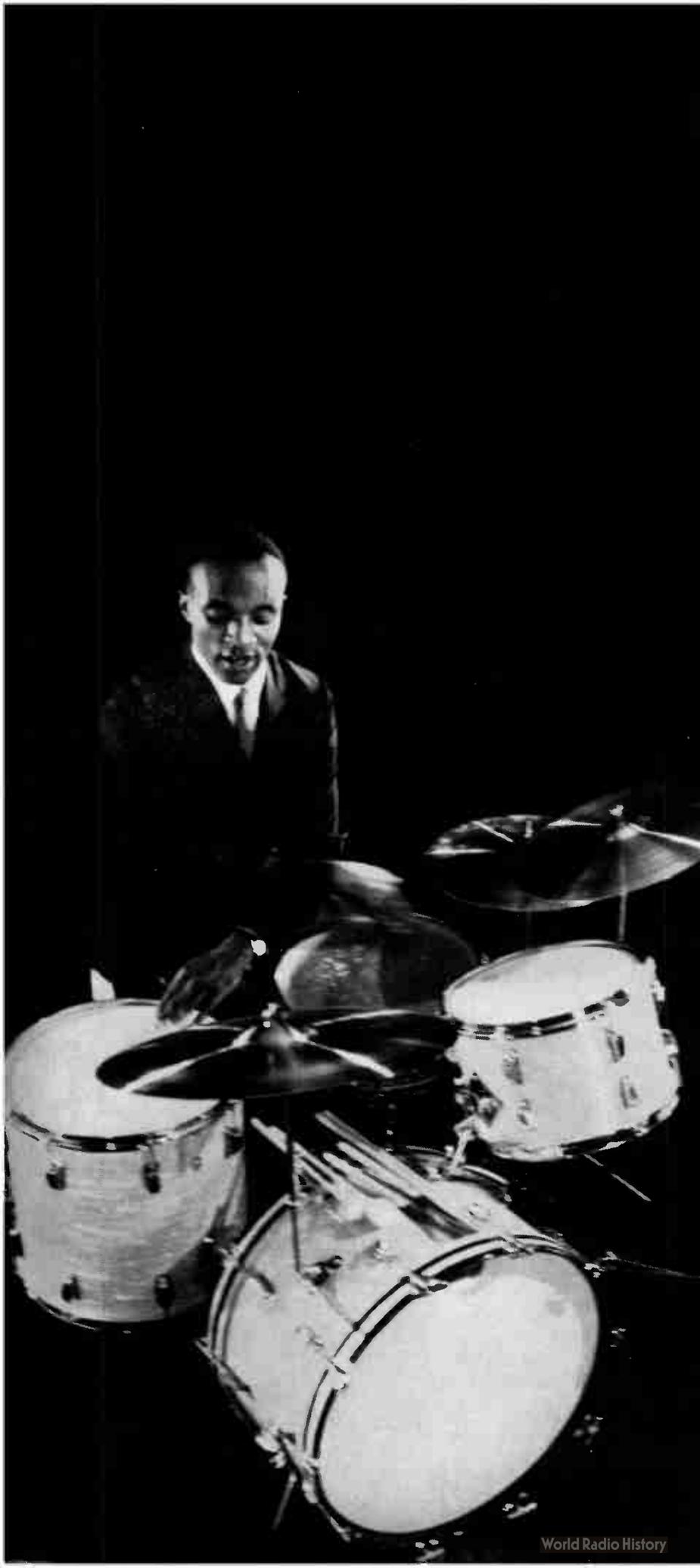
Jimmy had told me about his most famous pupil, Fats Waller, but meeting him was a long time coming.

One evening I found myself at the bar in Nick's, toying with a drink and half listening. Pretty soon the piano is cutting through, and this guy's playing up some piano. Fats Waller. What a treat. I waved a hello and sat forward, relaxed in an ain't-goin'-nowhere style. Fats waved back and beckoned to me. So I walked over to the bandstand, and with that, he got up and gave me the piano chair. Playing hadn't entered my mind, but I sat in . . . and right there and then, I found out just how great a player this man Fats Waller was.

It was a “Dixie format” combo—front line, plus drums, bass, piano. But something was missing; that rhythm section wasn't swinging. I was in for it. I can't play worth a damn if the rhythm isn't right, and that's what I had to get busy at—righting the rhythm, getting it swinging. “Come on, everybody get helping.” Then, and only then, could I think of playing for me. When it came my turn to solo, I had to work doubly hard, to keep it swinging and tell my story. I mean I was in a sweat; no wonder Fats gave me the seat.

Yeah, but what a giant player that Fats was; for, sitting up front, at the bar, it was all hitting me organized like and, oh, so good. Fats was putting it all together, bringing that rhythm up to where it belonged, and, more important, keeping it there . . . and then, when it came his turn, soloing upon this foundation he had to support. I'm telling you, try that when you feel like you're something.

I was agreeably surprised to hear that my good friend Willie (The Lion) Smith wrote a book about his life and times, because Willie is one deserving
(Continued on page 42)



Here's Ed Thigpen...

Edmund Thigpen, born in Los Angeles, started playing drums at the age of eight. A perennial jazz poll favorite, he tied for 1st place among the world's New Drummers in Downbeat's poll of international jazz critics.

In between these momentous points in his career, Ed's had wide and varied experience. It included teaching himself to play, with some help from Chico Hamilton, Jo Jones, and his father, Ben Thigpen. It spread out through engagements with the Jackson Brothers, George Hudson, Cootie Williams, Dinah Washington, Johnny Hodges, Bud Powell, Jutta Hipp and the Billy Taylor Trio.

Ed's drumming experience has culminated in his present spot as a key member of Oscar Peterson's trio. There, he's setting new standards with a technique that calls into play not only sticks and brushes, but hands, fingers and elbows.

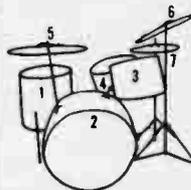
One factor has been constant throughout Ed's career: Ludwig Drums.

"I've seen Ludwigs made," Ed says, "and I think that would have decided me even if I'd never heard or played them.

"I'd have picked them on the basis of the people who make them, and the care and skill they put into the job."

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record reviews

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

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

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

Count Basie

BASIE LAND—Verve 8597: *Basie Land; Big Brother; Count Me In; Wanderlust; Instant Blues; Rattle Rouser; Sassy; Gymnastics; Yuriko; Doodle-Oodle.*

Personnel: Al Aarons, trumpet; Marshall Royal, alto saxophone; Frank Foster, Eric Dixon, tenor saxophones; Frank Wess, flute; Basie, piano; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This set sums up in very clear fashion the trouble the Basie band is in. Superficially, this LP consists of a group of highly polished performances of attractive arrangements. The difficulty is that the Basie band has covered the same limited ground innumerable times before, so often that everything on this disc seems completely familiar even though the 10 selections are all originals written and arranged by Billy Byers.

Moreover, the band's polish has become a hard shell, a cold and glistening surface that eliminates any possibility of individuality from the performances (although trumpeter Aarons manages to communicate in human terms in *Yuriko* and *Count*).

It would appear that anyone who writes for Basie now must write to a stereotype (or thinks he must) that is then given a stereotyped performance, resulting in a stereotyped disc such as this. All the surface polish in the world can't hide the essential tiredness of this set. (J.S.W.)

Dave Brubeck

JAZZ IMPRESSIONS OF JAPAN—Columbia 2212 and 9012: *Tokyo Traffic; Rising Sun; Toki's Theme; Fujiyama; Zen Is When; The City Is Crying; Osaka Blues; Koto Song.*

Personnel: Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Brubeck, piano; Eugene Wright, bass; Joe Morelo, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Brubeck has come back from his Japanese tour with a pleasant set of musical impressions that avoid the *sturm und drang* that intrudes so frequently in his performances.

Several of the pieces are light and rhythmic, and three are slow and reflective, but all are set in that low-keyed, melodic style Brubeck individually, and the quartet as a whole, handles extremely well.

There are snippets of Japanese trimmings here and there in the set, but, as Brubeck's notes indicate, most of the pieces stem from his thoroughly Occidental reactions to sights and situations in Japan. (J.S.W.)

Gloria Coleman

SOUL SISTERS—Impulse 47: *Que Baby; Sadie Green; Hey, Sonny Red; Melba's Minor; Funky Bob; My Lady's Waltz.*

Personnel: Leo Wright, alto saxophone; Mrs. Coleman, organ; Grant Green, guitar; Pola Roberts, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

It may be that women, as they are to so many frustrations, are the answer to the jazz organ.

So far, with a few exceptions, this in-

strument has been clobbered rather than played. One exception is Shirley Scott, who combines musical muscle with a delicacy of touch and a harmonic discrimination unknown but to few of her brothers. Another exception appears to be Gloria Coleman, wife of tenor saxophonist George Coleman.

Mrs. Coleman is not quite as handy as Miss Scott at the big keyboard, but this album, presumably her first, is undeniably good listening.

Of the six tunes five were composed by Mrs. Coleman. All are attractive, but a most winning item is *Minor*, dedicated to trombonist Melba Liston. The primary theme immediately recalls countless Russian folk tunes. As annotator Stanley Dance observes, the listener can imagine Grant Green fitting across the steppes in a troika, his balalaika astrum. The mood changes slightly with the introduction of a brief transitional passage, repeated at tune's end, that sounds like an adaptation of an idea John Lewis used so effectively in the Modern Jazz Quartet's *Django*. Then comes the improvising—and good it is too.

Mrs. Coleman remains tasteful throughout. Her attack is, I think, a trifle stronger than Miss Scott's with perhaps less feeling for dynamics; but she does exact a pleasing array of sonorities from her instrument.

Her most obvious shortcoming—and this may not be a shortcoming in her eyes—is a tendency to get hung up on a certain figure and repeat it till the nerves wear thin. This happens on *Waltz, Bob*, and the otherwise admirable *Que Baby*.

This album is, in a sense, a double date. For along with Mrs. Coleman and Green are another pair of swingers, drummer Pola Roberts and altoist Wright.

Miss Roberts is the other soul sister of the title. She provides fine support for the leader, her work most reminiscent of Philly Joe Jones, though in the notes she names several other drummers besides him as contributing influences.

Wright is in top shape and, along with Green, contributes some of this album's finest moments. And though each musician is individually adept, there is a musical camaraderie that glues them together and makes the group a group. Their music is the better for it. (D.N.)

Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina

THE GIRL FROM IPANEMA—Mercury 20900 and 60900: *The Girl from Ipanema; Spring Is Here; Never on Friday; Satin Doll; My Old Flame; Round Midnight; I Love You; It Could Happen to You; Lunar Lunacy.*

Personnel: DeFranco, clarinet; Gumina, accordion; Don Mamblo, guitar; Lee Burrows, bass; Dickie Borden, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Low-keyed mood music and bravura are dished up here, with little in the way of

meaty improvisation to offset them. *Midnight* and *I Love You* fall into the former category; they're given straight, "no personality" readings.

The up-tempo *Lunar* features a repetitive, exhibitionistic solo by Gumina, who proves little except that he can move his fingers fast. His playing on the blues, *Friday*, is also tasteless.

DeFranco has surprisingly little blowing room but manages to play a good darting solo on *Doll* and perform with admirable sensitivity on *Ipanema*. However, several of his other spots are bland or empty facile.

It would be good to hear DeFranco with his former sidemen Teddy Charles and Jimmy Raney (or men of similar quality) in a chamber group such as the one he had around 1949. They might inspire him to the brilliance he has too seldom shown in the last decade. (H.P.)

Duke Ellington-Billy Strayhorn

GREAT TIMES!—Riverside 475: *Cottontail; C Jam Blues; Flamingo; Bang-Up Blues; Tonk; Johnny Come Lately; In a Blue Summer Garden; Great Times; Perdido; Take the A Train; Oscalyso; Blues for Blanton.*

Personnel: Ellington, piano; Strayhorn, piano or celeste; Oscar Pettiford, cello; Wendell Marshall or Joe Shulman or Lloyd Trotman, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The musical partnership of Ellington and Strayhorn, which dates from 1939, has produced a monumental body of work. In some of its aspects, the relationship has been almost symbiotic, with Strayhorn playing a somewhat self-effacing role. Nonetheless, his individuality has clearly asserted itself from time to time (*Chelsea Bridge*, for example, is pure Strayhorn). This album offers an intriguing opportunity for an assessment of both the similarities and the differences between the two, primarily as pianists.

The material was recorded in 1950 for the long-defunct Mercer label, operated by Ellington's son. There are two sessions featuring the duo pianistics of Ellington and Strayhorn with bass accompaniment and one starring the late Oscar Pettiford on cello, supported by a rhythm section of Ellington, Trotman, and Jones, with Strayhorn added on celeste for two titles.

This was to be the first of several albums on Riverside devoted to reissues from the Mercer catalog, and it would be ironic if this LP were now, with Riverside itself defunct, to become as rare as the obscure original recordings.

On the eight duet tracks, Ellington usually has the lead in the first chorus. On *Tonk*, the piece the men often perform at informal occasions, they play parallel voicings, doubling octaves with a Latin flourish. It is musical fun of a very special and delightful kind. Customarily performed at one keyboard, it is almost tor-

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rental in this two-piano version. Ellington and Strayhorn play as one here, though those plunging basses are Ellington personified.

Both men solo on *Cottontail*, and Duke's part in the montagelike final chorus is startlingly close to Thelonious Monk. *C Jam* receives a near-surrealistic reading, featuring block chords. *Flamingo* is lush and reflective, with plenty of rubato and arpeggios. *Bang-Up* reveals Strayhorn's love for Art Tatum and Ellington's orchestral conception of the piano.

On *Johnny*, a fine Strayhorn piece, Ellington takes the melody, with offbeat comments from Strayhorn; there are some interesting breaks as well. *Summer* is all impressionism—a bit diffuse, full of Maurice Ravel and Tatum; here, as in *Tonk*, the piano parts are so entwined they merge into an entity. *Times*, again the blues, is a happy up-tempo romp, with Strayhorn the first soloist and Ellington furnishing a notable second part; there is a quote from *Dardanella*, and the piece ends with the two pianos sounding like the Basie band in full flight.

Generally speaking, these duets reveal Strayhorn as the pianist with the more delicate touch, strongly influenced by Tatum, and perhaps a bit more audacious harmonically than Ellington, who is much more flamboyant and rhythmically incisive. Both have a wonderfully developed ear, an almost intuitive reaction to each other's ideas, and closely related senses of humor.

These are not "immortal" performances, and not meant to be, but no lover of Ellingtonia will want to be without them.

The Pettiford session is a different dish: a bit more formal and organized, and designed as a showcase for the great bassist's pioneering work on cello.

It was a token of great esteem on Ellington's part to come in and support his former sideman, and Pettiford was in rare form. To him, the cello was more than a novelty; he loved the instrument and continued to work with it until his untimely death. He elicited a very big and beautifully controlled sound from the cello, and his flexibility sometimes brought to mind a guitar. However, to give credit where due, and contrary to the liner information, not Pettiford but Harry Babasin was the first jazz musician to record pizzicato cello—in 1947, with Dodo Marzosa.

Pettiford's most moving work here is on the slow blues dedicated to Jimmy Blanton. On *Perdido*, the most "commercial" track, his solo is somewhat marred by constant quoting (from *Laura*, *Louisiana*, and *I'm Beginning to See the Light*), but he certainly swings. *Train*, with celeste breaks at beginning and end, is taken at a deliberate tempo, while *Oscalypso*, with its tempo and time-signature changes, could almost be dubbed a free-jazz performance. Jones and Trotman give good support, and Ellington's stabbing chords always come in the right places.

Unfortunately, a marked "wow" mars some of the piano duets, notably the slower pieces. Other than that, the sound is somewhat tubby, though satisfactory.

(D.M.)

Booker Ervin

THE SONG BOOK—Prestige 7318: *The Lamp Is Low*; *Come Sunday*; *All the Things You Are*; *Just Friends*; *Yesterdays*; *Our Love Is Here to Stay*.

Personnel: Ervin, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

Those jazz fans who, like this reviewer, have been looking for a thoroughly modern drummer possessing the heartbeat pulse, easy grace, and perfect taste of old-timers such as Jo Jones, Sid Catlett, and Dave Tough might lend an ear to Dawson.

Dawson is a brilliant supportive drummer, and there have been remarkably few such in jazz. On this, his second LP date that I know of (the first was Ervin's *The Freedom Book*), he raises a pleasant "blowing" session to a high musical level by spurring Ervin and welding the large talents of Flanagan and Davis into a breathtakingly exciting rhythm section.

The excitement is not of the all-out variety kindled by overwhelmingly aggressive drummers like Art Blakey and Elvin Jones. It is excitement born of high-tension rhythmic thrust, a thrust that seems tight and disciplined but loose-jointed and freely improvised at the same time. Dawson's blend of rhythmic reliability, top-of-the-beat forward motion and subtle accenting—all executed with exceptional cleanness and taste—would bring out the best in any soloist.

Ervin seems to grow in stature with each new recording. His big tone and sure technique lend authority to his solos, but the quality I find most attractive, especially in this program of handsome standards, is his ability to make every note count. Like Sonny Rollins at his best, Ervin seldom runs off unnecessary fill and frill phrases. He plays each note as if it had real importance in the solo; the result is that it does.

Flanagan is his usual thoughtful self, making his best solo contributions on the ballads. No horn player could ask for a more skilled accompanist.

Davis, a superb rhythm man, works wonderfully well with Flanagan and Dawson to form what must be one of the finest pickup rhythm sections on record.

This is an outstanding session, though a second horn and a couple of scored passages might have made the whole performance even more satisfying. (R.B.H.)

Chico Hamilton

MAN FROM TWO WORLDS—Impulse 59: *Man from Two Worlds*; *Blues Medley*; *Forest Flower—Sunrise*; *Forest Flower—Sunset*; *Child's Play*; *Blues for O. T.*; *Mallet Dance*; *Love Song to a Baby*.

Personnel: Charles Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; Gabor Szabo, guitar; Albert Stinson, bass; Hamilton, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

Though they've produced an interesting LP, Hamilton and his men are capable of better.

Lloyd composed all the pieces, which, in general, do not represent his best work. Part of *Two Worlds* has the flavor of Near Eastern music while the rest is straight-swinging jazz, but the sections don't join smoothly—they merely coexist. *Medley* and *O.T.* have trite melodies. The bossa nova *Sunset* is pretty, as are the simple and charming *Child's Play* and *Love Song*.

Lloyd's tenor work is somewhat disappointing. He's made no significant progress toward a more original style in the last three years and still owes much to John Coltrane. He does play with passion and imagination, but it's about time he started developing a vocabulary of his own.

Lloyd also improvises on flute, and even with this instrument on *O.T.* his work is Coltrane-like. But his gentle flute improvisation on *Love Song*, a waltz, is one of the highlights of the album.

Szabo constructs his solos calmly and forcefully. His phrasing is precise, and he produces a full, penetrating sonority. At times he employs vibrato and bent notes to attain a vocal quality. His voicings are luminous.

Hamilton's drumming merits considerably more attention than it's received recently. He's one of the most advanced drummers on the scene; he superimposes all kinds of counterrhythms over the basic beat and does it tastefully. He uses mallets brilliantly on *Dance*.

Stinson is still another of the fine bassists who have come to the fore in the last several years. Because there are so many, some, like Stinson, haven't won the recognition they deserve. He's a powerful section man—when playing in the lower register, he shakes the room. His solos are spare and percussive, indicating that he might have been influenced, directly or indirectly, by Wilbur Ware. (H.P.)

Billie Holiday

A RARE LIVE RECORDING—RIC 2001: *Billie's Blues; Lover Man; Them There Eyes; My Man; I Cover the Waterfront; Crazy He Calls Me; Lover, Come Back to Me; Detour Ahead; Strange Fruit; You're Drivin' Me Crazy; Ain't Nobody's Business If I Do; All of Me; I Loves You, Porgy; Miss Brown to You.*
Personnel: Miss Holiday, vocals; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★

Recorded in the '50s during performances at George Wein's Boston club, Storyville, these previously unreleased performances provide a much more accurate and rounded report on Miss Holiday's singing during her last years than her studio recordings of the time, even though this recording, technically, is fairly low-fi.

Singing a program made up of standards from her repertory, there is no disguising the roughness in her voice that occasionally turns to plain weariness. Yet her artistry had reached such a level that she could project even this ghost of her onetime voice so as to convey a sense of ease and smooth-flowing gentleness. She does this on *Porgy*, a moving instance of underplaying for intensity, and on *Waterfront*, particularly in the deliberation of her approach to the verse.

She could still conjure up a fine rhythmic finger-snapper, too, on *Business Fruit*, which was practically the story of her life, reaches a peak of pinpointed emotional statement in this version, even though she misses on the ending.

Not all her performances on this album are up to these, but even the lesser ones—*All Calls*—help to fill in the details in this revealing musical portrait. The accompaniment by piano (Wein reportedly is the pianist on some tracks), bass, and drums is extremely sympathetic. A tenor saxo-

phonist, probably Stan Getz, is heard on *Calls*. (J.S.W.)

Richard (Groove) Holmes

BOOK OF THE BLUES, Vol. 1—Warner Brothers 1553: *See See Rider; Organ Grinder; I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water; Mean Old Frisco Blues; I'm Gonna Move on the Outskirts of Town; Your Red Wagon; How Long, How Long Blues; In the Dark; Roll 'Em, Pete.*

Personnel: Holmes, organ; others unidentified.
Rating: ★ 1/2

Holmes can be a tasteful, reasonably inventive musician, but on this he ain't; here his musical vocabulary is too often limited to clichés.

One explanation of his stale playing might be that the tunes themselves are simple and unchallenging. It's conceivable that his improvising might have been more inspired and imaginative if he'd taken a fresher, more varied selection of compositions.

Onzy Matthews' spare, shouting arrangements are praiseworthy. The big band gives them spirited treatment, but it's too bad that its efforts didn't produce better results. (H.P.)

Curtis Jones

LONESOME BEDROOM BLUES—Delmark 605: *Lonesome Bedroom Blues; Evil Curse Blues; Highway 51; Stackolee; Curtis Jones Boogie Woogie; Tin Pan Alley; Gut Bucket Blues; Rolling the Blues; Black Magic Blues; Love Fake Blues; Tour Blues.*

Personnel: Jones, piano, vocals.
Rating: ★★★

Roosevelt Sykes

HARD DRIVIN' BLUES—Delmark 607: *Red Eye Jesse Bell; I Like What You Do; We Gotta Move; North Gulfport Boogie; Watch Your Step; Ho! Ho! Ho!; Living the Right Life; New Fire Detective Blues; Run This Boogie; Slidell Blues; Mistake in Life; She's Got Me Straddled a Log.*

Personnel: Sykes, piano, vocals.
Rating: ★★★

The music of the current generation of boogie and blues players has crystallized into a more or less common style. The individuality of the earlier players—Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson, Meade Lux Lewis, Jimmy Yancey, Cripple Clarence Lofton, Speckled Red, Cow Cow Davenport—is not found in the players of today.

After the peak of its development in, and previous to, the '30s and '40s, the boogie and blues piano styles became more or less redundant in their thematic material. Hence individual styles became more and more homogenous.

Among a few of the latter generation who are around today are Curtis Jones and Roosevelt Sykes, both of whom play pleasantly—not excitingly, not with an intense bluesy quality—just pleasantly.

Sykes was born in Helena, Ark., in 1906. As did most blues players, he augmented his income by working on a cotton farm, in sawmills, in a cafeteria, and as a cabdriver. Sykes moved to St. Louis when still a child, and there he developed as a musician.

His style today has evolved toward the more popular one of blues playing (kind of rhythm-and-bluesy) and has steered away from the more excitingly dark, primitive, sparse style that he played in the '20s, when he backed singer Edith Johnson, or his intensely blue style that is epitomized by his *44 Blues* of the same period.

Jones was born in 1906 in Texas, where he was raised on a farm. His mother died when he was 6, and Jones had to work in

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the fields a few years. He did much traveling and consequently was exposed to many influences.

Like Sykes, he is a member of the more popular school of blues players. He does not drive like Sykes but rocks gently. His melodies are quite often arpeggiated or disjunct in a very tasteful manner.

The blues, because of its fixed form (or nearly fixed), obviously has limitations. This, added to the limitations of the more homogeneous style of today's players, makes one feel that he is hearing the same thing over and over. I think that if the best from the two LPs were combined on one LP, the material would sustain greater interest. Even so, these two albums are still very pleasant listening. (E.H.)

Hank Jones

THIS IS RAGTIME NOW!—ABC Paramount 496: *Maple Leaf Rag; The Cascades; Sunflower Slow Drag; St. Louis Rag; Bohemia Rag; Eugenia; Sensation Rag; Ragtime Nighthale; The Cannonball; Contentment Rag; Jazz Mag Rag; Bag o' Rags.*

Personnel: Jones, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

It is pleasing to see a resurgence in the interest of ragtime, but I'm not sure that everyone is telling it the way it is. Jones captures the charming melodic lines of the ragtime classics; he even makes them swing. But at times his playing is just too ricky-tick. In short, his approach is much too white.

There are any number of approaches one can take in interpreting these rags. There is the barrel-house style of a Will Ezell, the stride style of a James P. Johnson, the slick Tin Pan Alley style of a

Joe (Fingers) Carr, etc. It boils down to a matter of preference, and for my money I prefer the styles of the earlier Negro pianists to the Tin Pan Alley style.

There is one approach that has not been taken yet, and that is the treatment of the ragtime classics in a contemporary jazz setting. It would have been interesting if Jones had approached the rags from this point of view. (E.H.)

Wynton Kelly

IT'S ALL RIGHT—Verve 8588: *It's All Right; South Seas; Not a Tear; Portrait of Jenny; Kelly Roll; The Fall of Love; Moving Up; On the Trail; Escapade.*

Personnel: Kelly, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Paul Chambers, bass; Candido, congo; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Kelly's clean, full sound and his positive touch give a fine polish to these stylized but swinging performances. This is pop jazz with a bit more guts than this type of music usually contains.

Kelly is helped considerably by the presence of Burrell, who gives him strong backing and takes an occasional brief solo. The most interesting idea in the set is the Kelly-Burrell treatment of *Trail*, for which they have devised an attractively distinctive opening and closing. (J.S.W.)

Charles Mingus

MINGUS PLAYS PIANO—Impulse 60: *Myself When I Am Real; I Can't Get Started; Body and Soul; Roland Kirk's Message; Memories of You; She's Just Miss Popular Hybrid; Orange Was the Color of Her Dress; Then Silk Blues; Meditation for Moses; Old Portrait; I'm Getting Sentimental Over You; Compositional Theme Story . . . Medleys, Anthems, and Folklore.*

Personnel: Mingus, piano.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

The subtitle of this intriguing set,

"spontaneous compositions and improvisations," is a fairly apt description of its contents. Mingus' piano playing, like his compositions for his various groups, is pungent, richly colored, highly personal, and, as might be expected, totally unpredictable. Basically, the album consists of a set of free-wheeling extemporizations on standards and, even more interestingly, a number of more or less spontaneous effusions of Mingus' essential lyricism.

The debt to the late Art Tatum that Mingus notes in his playing is best evidenced in the effulgent harmonic conception and occasional fleet runs that mark the standards (and there is more than a touch of Bud Powell, too, especially on *Can't Get Started*). The texture of all the pieces, however, is thick and warm, almost fudgy; and Mingus' ardent, romantic right-hand lines are set against generally simple, dark, somnambulistic bass lines that move very slowly, droning hypnotically.

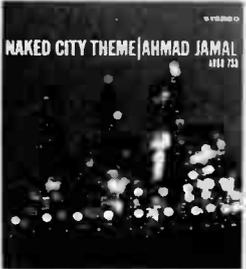
The over-all feeling of Mingus' playing, rather than suggesting Tatum especially, is of a subdued Thelonious Monk with a heavy overlay of Duke Ellington, all tempered by Mingus' rather lush, heavy lyricism. These pieces do not move easily, and their greatest interest resides in the glimpses they afford of Mingus' mind at work. The colors are dark, the moods reflective and yearning, and sometimes despondent (as an *Old Portrait*).

Because of the limited harmonic palette Mingus employs here, there is a sense of sameness to the performances, which, in the end, deprives them of the impact one

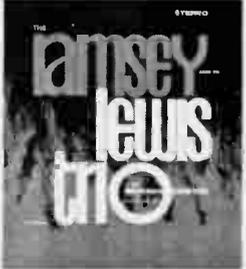
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or two selections might have had in an album of Mingus group performances.

There are two very interesting sets of improvisations that come off rather well: *Myself* and the extended *Theme Story*. These are pieces that bubble with life; the various themes that surge to the surface give a variety and interest that the other selections do not possess to the same degree. Still, these two numbers are hardly seamless wholes that move inevitably from beginning to end in any sort of logical movement or development. No, they are fragmented with odd phrases and motifs that do not especially hang together—but the numbers possess a logic of their own; they're like conversations with a brilliant storyteller who tells his tales through a succession of apparently unrelated episodes. The listener has to fill in the "gaps."

This disc is best listened to in small doses. Taken all at once, it tends to pall, but heard a track at a sitting, it comes across with power and conviction, conveying well the music of one of jazz' more interesting iconoclasts. (P.W.)

Thelonious Monk

IT'S MONK'S TIME—Columbia 2184: *Lulu's Back in Town*; *Memories of You*; *Stuffy Turkey*; *Brake's Sake*; *Nice Work If You Can Get It*; *Shuffle Boil*.

Personnel: Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Monk, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Every time seems to be Monk's time. His storehouse of ideas, particularly rhythmic ideas, appears inexhaustible.

There are some musicians one digs for their powers as innovators but to whom one doesn't enjoy listening very much. Other musicians one enjoys listening to even while knowing they are not playing that much. Monk gets one both ways and down the middle.

It seems pointless to launch into yet another description of Monk's music, in view of the countless analyses in print. And the jazz fans who are not familiar with his work must live in Tibet. A few distinctive touches bear comment, however.

Lulu, for example, is a *Lulu*. Monk solos the first three choruses, and it's obvious the girl is his. The only individuality she has is what he has given her. And a very interesting individuality it is. An old left-hand swing-bass figure, with variations and combined with Monk's singular harmonics, give the listener the impression that he is hearing a history of jazz—one in which, however, the events are unfolded not chronologically but simultaneously. One sees the whole tapestry at once.

Monk employs the same device on *Nice Work*, which is solo from beginning to end. *Memories*, another solo report, is a particularly satisfying exposition of a pretty song, though Monk's left hand becomes a bit intrusive at times.

Rouse, a very creative talent, does not seem up to the mark here, though he gets off some good stuff in *Turkey* and *Sake*. Warren and Riley, first-rate players individually, flag somewhat in the section work.

To say this is not an excellent album by Monk standards is no rap. It does not, for example, have the penetrating brilliance of *Brilliant Corners* or the many-textured

beauties of the big-band and quartet concert album released earlier this year. But it does have a personal, intense, creative force that is inimitable. If someone gave a Monk album one star, my money would still be on the counter. (D.N.)

Lee Morgan

THE SIDEWINDER—Blue Note 4157: *The Sidewinder*; *Toten Pole*; *Gary's Notebook*; *Boy*; *What a Night*; *Hocus-Pocus*.

Personnel: Morgan, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Morgan's style has changed; it doesn't resemble Clifford Brown's nearly as much as it did about three years ago. Even before that time, Morgan was considered the boy wonder of jazz trumpeters. but now he's a more original and, if this LP

is an indication, a more creative improviser. Unfortunately, he's been receiving less attention—probably partly because he's grown too old to merit the "prodigy" label.

Morgan's phrasing is more legato now. In fact, the looseness of his playing sometimes recalls Clark Terry's, a similarity that may be more than coincidental, since Morgan uses squeezed tones and certain other devices that are associated with Terry.

Characteristically, Morgan is seldom at a loss for ideas, and his solos are thoughtfully constructed. His tone is full and brassy, and he plays more economically than usual.

The tunes—all Morgan originals—are, in general, simple and catchy. Only on

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Hocus-Pocus, though, is a straight-swinging beat employed throughout. However, this doesn't mean that anything revolutionary in rhythm and meter has been attempted; the rhythm section often plays the choppy figures found in rhythm and blues or Gospel music.

This type of accompaniment doesn't bring out the best in the normally estimable Harris. Sometimes he riffs unimaginatively and utilizes tired funky intervals and chords. By contrast, however, he takes a fine, long-lined spot on *Hocus*.

Henderson, an aggressive post-bopper, improvises competently. At this point, he seems strongly influenced by Sonny Rollins. (H.P.)

Shirley Scott

GREAT SCOTT!—Impulse 67: *A Shot in the Dark; Great Scott; The Seventh Dawn; Hoe Down; Shadows of Paris; Five o'Clock Whistle; The Blues Ain't Nothin' but Some Pain; I'm Getting Sentimental Over You; Make Someone Happy*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-5—Jerome Kail, Jimmy Nottingham, Snooky Young, Joe Wilder, trumpets; Urbie Green, Quentin Jackson, Willie Dennis, Tony Struda, trombones; Bob Ashton, Romeo Penque, reeds; Miss Scott, organ; Barry Galbraith, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Johnny Pacheco, Willie Rodriguez, Osie Johnson, percussion; Lillian Clark, Jerry Graff, vocal effects; Oliver Nelson, conductor. Tracks 6-10—Miss Scott, organ, vocal; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Otis Finch, drums.

Rating: ★★

This album is a potpourri of varying degrees of competency in Miss Scott's organ work, a smattering of her brave attempt at blues writing and singing, and a whole raft of others who sing or play, according to the need. Consequently, the pervading quality here is an apprehensive sense of "what next?"

The trio tracks are superior to those by the big band, and with the exception of *Blues*, which is forced and encumbered with trite lyrics and soft, kittenish, placid singing by Miss Scott, the tunes display the leading lady in a consistently good performance at the organ. She is developing an appealing ballad presentation, a gentle mastery, perhaps best displayed on *Happy*.

More and more, the organist is expanding the variety and structure of her improvisations. Her longer, more flowing passages in *Scott* contrast interestingly with her brief, effective solo on *Shot*.

Nelson, who did the scores for the band, continues to create weighty, brassy showcases; the orchestra at times completely dominates the organist. (B.G.)

Kid Thomas-Emanuel Paul

KID THOMAS, EMANUEL PAUL & THE EASY RIDERS JAZZ BAND—Jazz Crusade 2002: *Victory Walk; Eb! La Bas; I Can't Escape from You; Just a Closer Walk with Thee; Old Rugged Cross; Bye and Bye; Sing On; Hindustan*.

Personnel: Kid Thomas Valentine, Fred Vigorito, trumpets; Noel Kalet, clarinet; Paul, tenor saxophone; Bill Bissonnette, trombone; Dick Griffith, banjo; Bud Larsen, piano; Dick McCarthy, bass; Art Pulver, drums.

Rating: ★ ½

Two New Orleans veterans, Thomas and Paul, are joined with the Easy Riders, a Connecticut trad band formed by trombonist Bissonnette, in what amounts to a fair-and-square display of the musicianship of everyone on board.

The poor recording fidelity that boggled most of the previous recordings by both Thomas and the Easy Riders has been

overcome here, and the strong and weak elements of this group are etched unmistakably.

Aided by a firm rhythm section, Paul plays much better here than on earlier records with the Thomas band. He has a curious, fluttery style, somewhat similar to Coleman Hawkins' playing with the Fletcher Henderson Band in the '20s, and if he has none of the fire of early Hawkins, he has at least structure and coherence in his playing.

Thomas is more disciplined here than on his other recordings. He is termed a rhythmic, rather than melodic player, probably because he pushes his phrases with so much force; but somehow he never has learned the trick of swinging. Careful listening can isolate places where he seems to swing, but the over-all effect that fellow New Orleans trumpeters King Oliver, Tommy Ladnier, Freddy Keppard, and Lee Collins knew so well has escaped Thomas.

Kalet is a mobile clarinetist but has some way to go both as a solo and ensemble musician. Bissonnette is awkward in his ensemble work, having trouble finding effective contra phrases, and is limited to timid melodic lines as a soloist.

The rhythm section is very good throughout, giving a solid base and direction to the horn men, most of whom might well have foundered without this support. (G.M.E.)

McCoy Tyner

TODAY AND TOMORROW—Impulse 63: *Contemporary Focus; A Night in Tunisia; T 'n' A Blues; Autumn Leaves; Three Flowers; When Sunny Gets Blue*.

Personnel: Thad Jones, cornet; Frank Strozier, alto saxophone; John Gilmore, tenor saxophone; Tyner, piano; Butch Warren or Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones or Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★★

Three of these tracks—*Tunisia*, *Leaves*, and *Sunny*—are trio selections with Tyner supported by Garrison and Heath. Tyner's modal *Focus* and his *Three Flowers*, a waltz, and Thad Jones' *T 'n' A Blues* are played by the sextet.

Tyner is a consistently fine soloist here. He phrases crisply and achieves a bright, penetrating sonority. He uses his left hand intelligently to sustain the momentum of his solos.

On most selections the pianist offers nonstop cooking, spinning long, single-note lines in the middle and upper octaves. Chordal playing spices his solos, and, as I noted in a previous review, one of his virtues is that he employs a variety of voicings. The delicacy of Tyner's touch is notable on *Sunny*, one of the more lyrical numbers he's recorded.

Thad Jones' lucidly constructed solos on *Focus* and *Flowers* rank among the album's high points. Thad is a great but inconsistent soloist, and cluttered or overheavy backgrounds tend to throw him off, but his brother Elvin's accompaniments on this album are exceptionally tasteful—he knows just when to drop his bombs.

Strozier and Gilmore improvise with vigor to spare. Gilmore has an assertive, gutty style that seems to be a synthesis of several approaches, among them John Coltrane's. His tone is hard and brittle. (H.P.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

A COLUMN OF JAZZ REISSUES

Recordings reviewed in this issue:
Fats Navarro/Miles Davis/Dizzy Gillespie, *Trumpet Giants* (New Jazz 8296)

Rating: ★★★½

Sonny Rollins, *Three Giants* (Prestige 7291)

Rating: ★★★★★

Lee Konitz/Teddy Charles, *Ezz-thetic* (New Jazz 8295)

Rating: ★★★

Bob Brookmeyer, *Revelation* (New Jazz 8294)

Rating: ★★★

Trumpet Giants is a varied bag. One of the tracks, Davis' poignant *My Old Flame*, is superb, and Navarro's work on four short performances recorded in 1949—*Stop (Pennies from Heaven)*, *Go (The Way You Look Tonight)*, *Infatuation*, and *Wailing Wall*—is quite well done, ranging from fiery, multinoted flights to lyrical passages notable for their admirable constructions. There also is some finely wrought Al Haig piano on the Navarro tracks. On the album's debit side are two dismal novelties (*Too Much Weight* and *She's Gone Now*) by a 1950 Gillespie sextet that included Jimmy Heath, alto saxophone, and Milt Jackson, piano.

Somewhere between the extremes lie Don Lanphere's tenor saxophoning with Navarro, Gillespie's *Nice Work If You Can Get It* and *Thinking of You* solos, and the 1951 Davis sextet's version of George Shearing's *Conception*, in which Sonny Rollins' sharp-angled tenor saxophone work warms the blood after a small-orbit solo by Davis, who seems unable to overcome the restrictions set up by the composition's quick tempo and chord changes.

Navarro's imaginative use of eighth-note runs spelled by lyrical passages, the somewhat sweet tone he used on ballads, and the brassy sound of his up-tempo playing can be heard in Clifford Brown's work on the Rollins album (the personnel was the quintet co-led in the mid-'50s by Brown and drummer Max Roach and which included pianist Richie Powell and bassist George Morrow in addition to the "three giants").

Both Navarro and Brown were fond of long phrases that snaked to bursting climaxes. Brown, even more than Navarro, was master of the lengthy phrase as a musical device. The younger trumpeter also had an uncanny sense of how to accent and shade these phrases for best artistic effect, as can be heard on the Rollins album's *Valse Hot*, *Kiss and Run*, and *Pent-Up House*.

Unfortunately, Brown sometimes exhibited a slight hysteria when the tempo was brisk; it was as if he couldn't get all the notes he heard in his head through his horn, though he tried desperately. And unlike his forerunners, Navarro and Davis,



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Brown seldom displayed melancholy; there was a seemingly boundless joy that permeated his playing.

Roach contributed wonderfully phrased and executed drum solos to the album's proceedings, and his backing of the soloists was, for the most part, unmarred by the busyness that he sometimes indulged in before and since 1955 when this album was made. His outstanding performance is on *I Feel a Song Coming On*, the album's most exciting track.

Powell's solos vary in quality. He sometimes took a while to get into things, as on *Valse Hot*; but when he was right, he could pull off extremely well-sustained solos, such as that on *Kiss and Run*.

Rollins was in exceptional form at this session. He constructed his solos with care, paying obvious attention to their pace and flow. Though there is great care evident in Rollins' playing, there is no hesitation; one phrase melts into another with consummate ease. His strong rhythmic sense, his ability to improvise phrases of great melodic content, his full, thick tone combined to make Rollins one of the most interesting and satisfying jazzmen of the '50s. If there is doubt of this, I recommend as uncontestable evidence his playing on this record (particularly his *Pent-Up House* solo and his embellishments on the theme of *Count Your Blessings*) and another LP from the same period, *Saxophone Colossus*, which has recently been repackaged and issued on Prestige 7326.

Another saxophonist of consequence during the '50s, at least the early years of the decade, was altoist Lee Konitz. Most of his work with Lennie Tristano—and without the pianist-mentor, as on the *Ezz-thetic* album—has retained its freshness, though the same cannot be said for the rhythm sections that accompanied him.

Miles Davis is heard on four of the six Konitz tracks in the New Jazz reissue, but he is limited to ensemble work and brief solo appearances, except for his *Hi Beck* chorus, which is not up to his usual mark. Davis' most moving playing on the four tracks is his introduction to *Yesterdays*.

The other musicians on these tracks are Sol Mosca, piano; Billy Bauer, guitar; Arnold Fishkin, bass; and Roach, drums.

Konitz' solos are superbly put together. His long-lined passages conjure up an illusion of feathers being blown by gusts of wind, so light and airy are they. His work on *Odjenar*, *Hi Beck*, and *Yesterdays* is in the dry, somewhat bloodless style often associated with him, but there is more heat and passion in his *Ezz-thetic* workout.

The other two Konitz tracks are duets with Bauer, *Indian Summer* and *Duet for Saxophone and Guitar*. On both, the empathy between the two musicians is much in evidence; Konitz plays more freely with just Bauer than he does on the four tracks with Davis. Still, for all their excellence, these duets have an air of introversion, of privacy. The listener may get the feeling that he's intruding, so personal is the music. But it is beautiful music, nonetheless.

The compositions Konitz performs are worthy material for his talent. His own *Duet* is a two-part, somewhat canonic composition; the second section, which follows an unaccompanied alto passage, is in

5/4, one of the earliest examples of jazz musicians using this meter. George Russell wrote *Ezz-thetic* and *Odjenar*; both stand up well after all these years, and though a few groups have included *Ezz-thetic* in their repertoires, *Odjenar*, otherworldly and close to atonality, is worth investigation and performance.

The second side of this album is by a quartet made up of vibraharpist Teddy Charles, guitarist Jimmy Raney, bassist Dick Nivison, and drummer Eddie Shaughnessy playing Charles' *Edging Out* and *Nocturne*, Raney's *Composition for Four Pieces*, and Dizzy Gillespie's *A Night in Tunisia*.

For the most part, the performances, recorded in late 1952, have lost most of whatever freshness they might have had. Things plod rather heavily until Raney solos, and even then, the background closes in on him. The best moment of the side comes in a duet by the vibist and guitarist on Raney's composition. And things look as if they'll perk up when Charles takes a fine, many-noted break on *Tunisia*, but his thick-textured solo bogs down before it's over.

Raney and Charles are present on the Brookmeyer LP, though they're not on the same tracks. The album is from two sessions, one made in January, 1954 (with Charles, who plays with more grace than he did at his own date), the other in June, 1955 (with Raney). The early tracks are *Revelation*, *Star Eyes*, *Nobody's Heart* (with dull speech-song by Nancy Overton), and *Loupe-Garoue*; the 1955 tracks are *Rocky Scotch*, *Under the Lilacs*, *They Say It's Wonderful*, and *Potrzebie*.

Brookmeyer divides his playing at both sessions between valve trombone and piano. The difference in the quality of his playing, on both instruments, at the two sessions, is noteworthy.

In 1954 he tended, on trombone, to run the chord changes in eighth notes, creating an air of uninvolvedness with what was going on, even though his playing was pleasant. At the later date, his trombone improvisations have the admirable qualities characteristic of his current work—balanced and melodic construction, wry humor, and subtlety.

His early piano work was sometimes excessively funky, as if he didn't mean it, as if he were putting on his listeners. For the most part, he stayed below middle C, throwing out rumbling and snarling phrases that seldom went anywhere. At the 1955 session, however, he had rid his playing of most excesses, and it was less cluttered and sloppy, his ideas clearer and more concise. In neither case, though, has his piano work the attractiveness of his trombone playing.

And while the 1955 side of the record is nicely done, as to a lesser degree is the earlier side, little of musical consequence develops during its course. An exception, and a big one, is Raney's solo on his own composition, *Potrzebie*. It's a gem, one of the finest pieces of Raney guitar work on record, a truly inspired performance. In this solo, Raney makes the difficult seem easy and the complex appear simple. Which is what separates great musicians from merely good ones.—Don DeMichael

BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:
Charlie Patton, *The Immortal Charlie Patton, No. 2* (Origin Jazz Library 7)

Rating: ★★★★★

Various Artists, *Negro Blues and Hollers* (Library of Congress 59)

Rating: ★★★★★½

As research into the origins of the Mississippi delta blues has been carried forward, it has become increasingly apparent that the solitary singer at the apex of that powerful, intense regional style is Charlie Patton.

Born in 1887 near Edwards, Miss., Patton is the wellspring of the potent delta style; from him there flows an unbroken line of great blues singers. It was he who taught Eugene (Son) House and Willie Brown, men younger than himself who were from the same locality. House, in turn, directly influenced the great Robert Johnson and, through him, Muddy Waters. Other Mississippi singers such as Big Joe Williams, Bukka White, J.D. Short, Tommy Johnson, Skip James, Howlin' Wolf, and Fred McDowell, to mention only a few, are also heirs of the style Patton almost singlehandedly fashioned.

For it was he who was among the earliest to solidify the pure delta style, developing and elaborating the field cries of the cotton pickers and the rough country religious music he heard as a youth into the complex, richly detailed, and highly introspective blues form that is heard to such excellent advantage in the Origin set (the second such reissue album devoted to his music on this label).

Certainly this album should be a cornerstone of any library of country blues recordings. It simply is a magnificent collection of 14 gripping, persuasive, wholly personal performances by Patton—one of the most autobiographical of blues men—and single performances by his wife Bertha Lee (a fine, powerful country blues singer in her own right, whose *Yellow Bee* indicates a possible origin for the style of the later Memphis Minnie) and his long-time accompanist, fiddler Henry Sims.

Every one of the Patton performances is a superb, fully realized blues, and among them are some of the best he recorded: *Down the Dirt Road*, *A Spoonful Blues* (with the bottleneck guitar figure echoing, then replacing, the sung phrase "spoonful"), *Bird Nest Bound*, *Pony Blues*, *Revenue Man Blues*, *When Your Way Gets Dark*, *Banty Rooster*, and *Tom Rushen Blues*—all magnificent.

Easily the most powerful piece in the album is *High Water Everywhere*, in two parts (originally issued on the two sides of a 78-rpm recording), a starkly dramatic recounting of the 1927 floods that ravaged the Mississippi River basin. Patton's treatment is dark, somber, and harsh-

ly dolorous, his voice keening with pain over the brushed accompaniment. His voice, in fact, is one of the most expressive instruments in all of the delta blues, and he supports it sensitively with his guitar playing. His instrumental work is never too complicated, generally being held to rhythmic chord strumming, and figures in the bass and treble used to underline (generally in unison) or provide commentary to his vocals. His rhythms are rarely complex, but they surge forward easily, carrying the listener with them.

This album cannot be recommended highly enough. It is easily superior to the previous Patton set on Origin, which at the time of review was awarded (and deservedly, too) a five-star rating.

A particularly illuminating corollary recording is the Library of Congress set, recorded in the delta in 1941 and '42 by folklorists Alan Lomax, Lewis Jones, and John W. Work. In the several recordings of field hollers and crude, vigorous church music it contains, one may glimpse the musical tradition Patton drew upon in the creation of his music. Too, one has the further opportunity of hearing several of his disciples; there are three performances by Son House (though two of them may also be heard on the Folkways set, *Blues from the Mississippi Delta*, 2467), three by Willie Brown, and single performances by Willie Blackwell and David Edwards. The disc offers a rewarding cross section of delta music and personal approaches to the basic regional style and is obtainable from the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.



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By LEONARD FEATHER

Bill Evans first came to the attention of most New York City jazz observers around 1956 as a member of Tony Scott's combo. Like Scott, he had come to Manhattan from New Jersey, but aside from this their backgrounds were dissimilar.

Evans, reared in Plainfield, N.J., spent four years living in New Orleans and attending Southeastern Louisiana College. His intellectual equipment is such that any chance incident might have turned him to some other occupation, provided that it offered enough esthetic stimulation.

As Don Nelsen observed in an acute analysis of Evans as man and musician (*Down Beat*, Dec. 8, 1960), a glance at Evans' library could provide an indication of his mental activity and capacity: "Freud, Whitehead, Voltaire, Margaret Meade, Santayana, and Mohammed are here, and, of course, Zen."

Evans is as articulate verbally, away from the keyboard, as he is musically when hunched over it. One does not have to know him long to learn how sensitively he is involved in other arts, including the art of living. It came as no surprise that his first *Blindfold Test* produced enough material to cover two installments, the first of which appears below. The second will appear in the next *Down Beat*. He received no information about the records played.

CHUCK STEWART



THE RECORDS

1. Friedrich Gulda. *A Night in Tunisia* (from *Gulda at Birdland*, RCA Victor). Gulda, piano, arranger.

Was that a harpsichord? Or just a bad piano? I don't have any idea who that was. It's somebody who gets around pretty well on a piano and has a strong physical feeling in his playing. I didn't hear a particularly individual thinker, but I think the makings are there.

The tune . . . there hasn't been anything added to it especially since Bud, or Bird; I guess those people did it up forever. But it's still nice and listenable.

About the rating—should I judge it in terms of what I would try to do, or as the artist would, or as a professional musician would, or the general audience, or myself as an audience? I hardly know how to rate things. Expressing my opinion of what he set out to do, and how well he succeeded, he probably played that as well as he could. By that standard, I would have to say between four and five stars.

Subjectively, I would have to say this person is a pretty good imitation of Bud Powell. I think this is what he'd honestly have to say for himself. So, on that basis, I would have to say two stars.

2. Don Friedman. *In Your Own Sweet Way* (from *Circle Waltz*, Riverside). Friedman, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums.

That's interesting. I don't know who that is, but I'm not as lost as I was with the last one! Might possibly be Clare Fischer—reason I say that is: Clare and a bass player were working together and occasionally got the ideas that happened with Scott LaFaro and myself—in this record I felt there was the objective to get something like this, so it might have been Clare—but that really doesn't matter.

They got a good feeling, a nice relaxed feeling. The pianist played well, got a nice tone, and was well into the feeling of the music. In fact, they all were.

I felt they might have been a little more

careful about knowing their framework, because in a couple of places they moved away from each other, in a very small way. Maybe that's only a distraction for somebody who's as schooled in thinking of those things as I am. I'll give it about three stars.

3. John Coltrane. *Tunji* (from *Coltrane, Impulse*). Coltrane, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano.

That's the simplest thing I've heard by Coltrane in a long time.

Getting back to the premise of what their intentions were and how well they succeeded, I don't know exactly what they were getting at. . . . I don't feel a strong intention in any direction except maybe repose, especially through repetition, a sort of hypnotic feeling. In that sense, I think it succeeded perhaps two stars' worth.

Other than that, I admire all the musicians, and I feel they all played very "musically" and with a common sympathetic feeling. McCoy Tyner, I guess, on piano, handles those voicings very beautifully. Harmonically, if it had gone much further, it could have been boring, but I think they wisely didn't make it too lengthy. I don't think the use of one chord need be monotonous, but the way it was handled here, it could perhaps become boring after a while.

4. Miles Davis. *I Fall in Love Too Easily* (from *Seven Steps to Heaven*, Columbia). Davis, trumpet; Vic Feldman, piano.

That's beautiful. You know, it made me think: I rated a couple of the other records a little low on account of technical roughness of one sort or another. And yet that exists in this record, but it has nothing to do with my reaction to it, because I couldn't give this anything but five stars.

I liked the piano very much. That was Wynton Kelly, I guess.

Don't know what to say about the whole record except that it moves me much. There's so much content there; no need for any framework except an old popular song.

5. Oscar Peterson. *A Wonderful Guy* (from *Very Tall*, Verve). Peterson, piano. Richard Rodgers-Oscar Hammerstein, composers.

What's the name of that tune? *Wonderful Guy!* Rodgers? He can come up with the most different melodies in each show! That was a beautiful record, I thought. Superb musicianship. Good feeling, well done, nice material.

I don't really know who it is; have a good idea but won't bother trying to guess. Its just a very, very pleasing sound. I would always enjoy hearing something like that. Four stars.

6. Cecil Taylor. *Trance* (from *Live at the Cafe Montmartre, Fantasy*). Taylor, piano.

I really got with that—it was interesting. I like it. In fact, I liked it a lot. I think that what they were going for they realized very well, and I would give it five stars except that I feel that with that wonderful beginning they could have realized a lot more with change of texture and dynamic exploration. But I was moved by it in a particular way which was unique.

But I did feel, once you're into this, what wonderful things you could do with changes of texture, or even changes of the basic motion they had going, which was a wild thing; but you feel like you want something to come in against this, sort of satirical along traditional melodic lines, you know? And some more space, and maybe a light, slow sort of feeling—things like that.

For what it is, it's realized almost perfectly, but it just didn't explore enough area of expression.

So, surprisingly enough (because of my feelings about the freedom thing in general), I reacted very well to this. But I think they should examine the possibility of widening their scope and the changes within a certain area. In other words, all dramatic effect is achieved by change: by setting up one thing and then bringing in some sort of a contrast. And that's the very thing that's lacking in this.

It's probably Cecil Taylor.



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Prima's tendency to encompass too much is most evident in his vocals on standards like *That Old Black Magic* and *I've Got You under My Skin*. He has a witty, showmanly appeal that wins an audience effectively; but his piano choruses between his vocals mark an abrupt change in gesture and musical texture as he extends himself, quite capably—if shockingly—in a meditative and penetrating Bill Evans-ish mood.

The shift is less jarring when Prima plays trumpet, as he did on *Yes Sir*, *That's My Baby*, for his warm, buoyant trumpet work affords a greater continuity with the vocal choruses.

Prima's piano style is highly eclectic, showing the influence of Oscar Peterson, Bud Powell, Red Garland, and Evans. Yet the strain toward individuality is unmistakable, especially in the paradoxical tension between ebullience and restraint that generates a peculiar excitement in his playing.

Prima's right-hand lines have a bubbling, spastic energy that reflects, at a more serious level, the extroverted Prima-on-mike, while his left hand lays down chords with transporting ease and beauty. Even when he is block-chording in the Evans groove—an all too common crutch with young pianists—his phrases tend to be more strongly accented than Evans'.

Often, as on a disjointed *I Get a Kick Out of You*, Prima fails to unify the elements in his style, and a musical pastiche results.

Prima seems to respond best to the more challenging materials in his library. His multitempo version of *Lollipops and Roses*, the lovely ballad *My Ship*, and two originals, *Miss Cottontail* and *Puddin' Tane*, were developed with fine balance and control. The originals are from Prima's *Louisiana Suite*, and they suggest a strong compositional talent. The savor of Louisiana culture is there, along with the Prima wit, rhythmic intensity, and thoughtfulness.

Huntington and Ventrulla are an excellent rhythm team.

Huntington is an extremely creative bassist. A former guitarist, he seems hell-bent on making the instrument behave as flexibly as a guitar. His strongly conceived solos on *I Believe in You* and *My Ship* were most adventurous, employing fluent technique and achieving remarkable color through use of a wide vibrato, slurs, and almost harplike effects in the thumb positions.

Ventrulla is a thinking man's drummer. He is always aware of his role as time-keeper, yet he is quite up to the challenge of entering into complex interplay with Prima and Huntington, as in the free-wheeling 12/8 patterns on *Puddin' Tane*. His sensitive mallet work on cymbals and tom-toms behind Prima's poignant vocalizing on *Lazy Afternoon* was also a fine demonstration of taste and control.

Prima's group is enthusiastic, well rehearsed, and at times highly inventive. Prima might not achieve his goal of pleasing all of the people all of the time, but he is a versatile performer who will bear watching in his development both as a pianist and as a showman.

—Charles Suhor

READERS POLL BALLOT

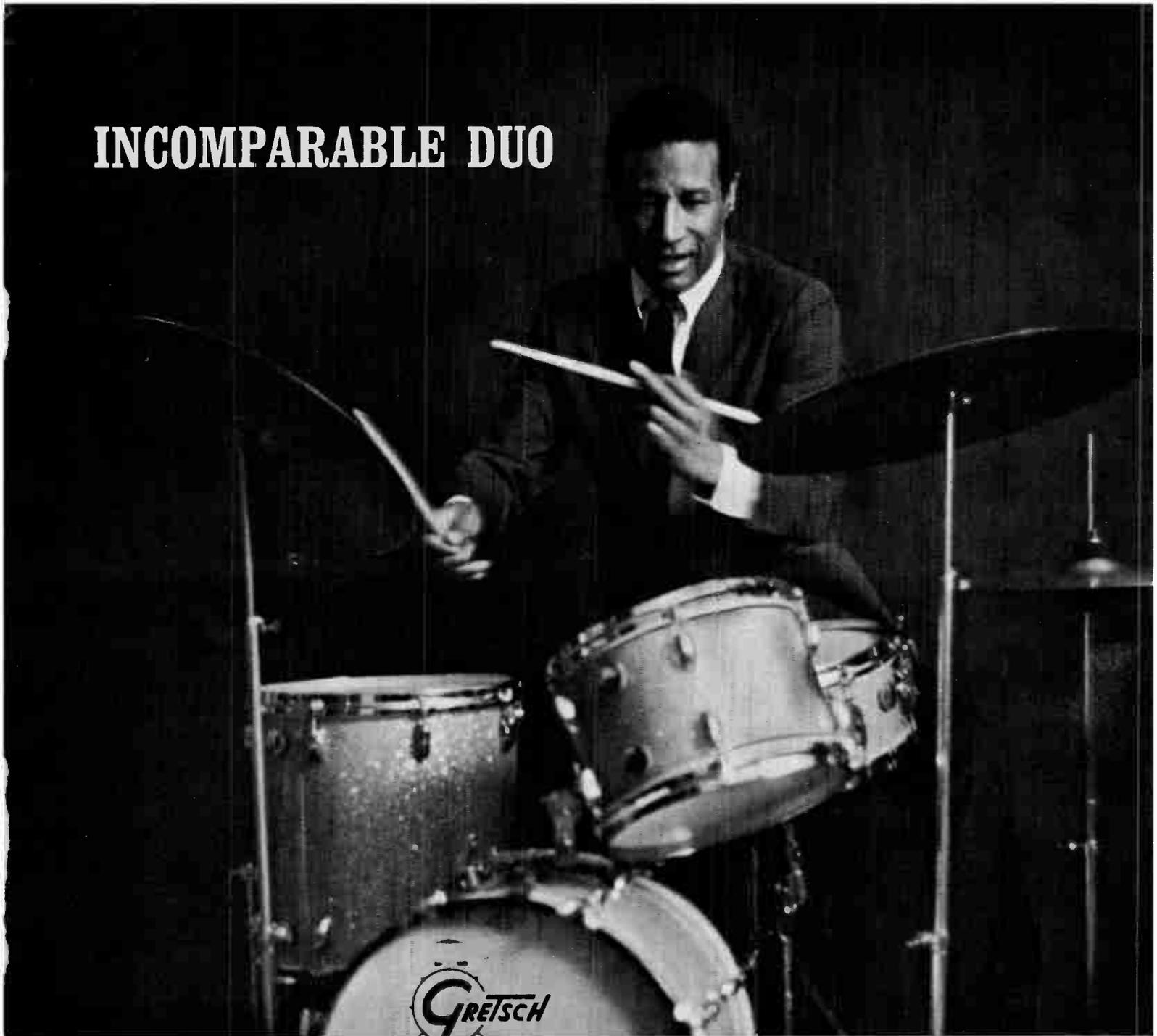
The 29th annual Down Beat Readers Poll is under way. For the next several weeks—until midnight, Nov. 15—Down Beat readers will have an opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians.

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 post-marked 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 flugelhorn (votes for cornetists and flugelhornists should be cast in the trumpet category).
7. Vote for only one person in each category.

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SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

This is an open letter to the jazz optimists who deplore those of us who claim that the jazz scene has rarely before been as bleak economically as it is now.

The optimists—George Wein is one of their most widely quoted spokesmen—assert that the evidence is against us conjugators of gloom. They point to Louis Armstrong and Stan Getz on the singles and album charts. They point to the fact that Miles Davis, Cannonball Adderley, and others remain good box-office. They point to the success of this year's Newport Jazz Festival and others of Wein's productions.

I submit, however, that theirs is a singularly selective—and thereby distorted—perspective.

How is it possible to speak of a reasonably "healthy" jazz scene economically when so firmly established a composer-leader as George Russell has been thinking seriously of moving to Europe because there is so little work for him here?

What kind of optimism is justified when such major creators as Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman, and the late Eric Dolphy have had to scuffle for so long a time? And Taylor and Coleman are still scuffling.

Jeanne Lee ties for first place in this year's International Jazz Critics Poll, but her experience on the jazz scene has discouraged her so much that she's taken a sabbatical—and it may last her lifetime. Yet Miss Lee is one of the very few new jazz singers of unusually large potential.

What kind of jazz economy exists when Don Friedman can't keep a trio—just a trio—together? Where are the new players coming up going to work? Who is going to hire Albert Ayler? If a European came to any city in this country and asked a resident to take him to hear what's happening, what clubs could one take him to? How many important musicians would he not be able to hear?

And I am not only talking of the younger men, the so-called avant garde. The U.S. jazz economy still has made so minute a provision for the older players. Ben Webster somehow survives, but it's not easy. Lucky Thompson came back from Europe, and it was as if he had been put into Coventry. What kinds of gigs do Rex Stewart, Dickie Wells, and Emmett Berry get? Edmond Hall spends a long time waiting for telephone calls.

These men, and scores more, have invested their lives in the music. But it

doesn't pay off after a certain age. Oh, there are exceptions, but that's just what they are—exceptions.

What I am saying is that so long as we tend to believe such narrow descriptions of the jazz scene as those being spread abroad by the optimists, there will be that much less attention and energy given to ways of changing the economic and social context in which jazz is played.

Of course, some clubs will continue. I wouldn't trade the Five Spot or the Half Note in New York for a hundred Lincoln Centers. But much of the "new" jazz—and some of the older jazz—is simply not geared any longer for the usual night-club audiences.

I'm convinced that much of the particular quality of rapport in jazz is in danger of being lost when the music leaves an informal atmosphere, but I see no hope of the Taylors or the Websters surviving in clubs.

Part of the answer lies in a much more imaginative and persistent utilization of the college circuit, not in the sense of having the entrenched agencies

build "packages" but rather in terms of new, hip bookers and managers finding work for jazz units as they would for chamber groups or actors or concert singers. I mean one or two units at a time on any given program, with provision also made for seminars with the musicians in not only the music divisions of a university but also among those students majoring in American history and sociology.

In addition, as more and more cities develop cultural centers, space and time should be given to subscription jazz series at those centers, hopefully in one of the smaller auditoriums. But for this to happen, local jazz partisans have to do a great deal of missionary work, because the cultural establishment, nationally and locally, still regards jazz as perhaps okay to export to alien heathens but not worthy of "serious" attention by "serious" culture consumers.

There is much more to be said about changes that can be made, but let us stop conning ourselves into a roseate view of what is actually happening. It's rough out there, and it's getting worse.

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

In the last column we discussed ways of bettering communications between the stage band and the rest of the academic community. It was a positive approach to the promotion of jazz in college. Now let's be negative.

Like it or not, we are caught up in a system. We do not exist in an artistic vacuum. We live, work, and study on a college campus in this year, 1964. Various norms, standards, and values have been established by the society in which we live, and we are expected not to depart excessively from them.

Few of us have the artistic ability and integrity required to thumb our noses at society, take our horn and a loaf of bread and depart into the desert to make it on our own. We need the society around us, and so this society has the right to expect a minimal acquiescence on our part to its demands.

Few can fight the system and survive. Does this mean that we must tender hypocritical subservience to the system, that we must accept all its tenets as Gospel and not strive for intellectual and social improvements? Of course not.

However, there is a certain acquiescence that will make life easier and enable us to function successfully. Once we learn how much to give and still maintain dignity and individuality, we

will discover that many of society's dictums are not wrong.

In our music schools we are faced with a system devised over a long period of time and experience.

I don't mean to imply that there are not problems in all music schools and that improvements can't be made. But I am attending this school, this year, and am faced with its system. Authority in the system rests in the hands of men who basically believe in it and who live and teach by it. We do our jazz programs a disservice if we are constantly in rebellion against the system.

I suppose it is natural for a jazz musician, the member of a college jazz band, to be a nonconformist and fight against restrictions. We should make a distinction at this point. Musically we are, for all our talk of free expression, caught up in the established trends of the jazz world. We are really quite conservative in this respect because of our limitations of talent and experience. With regard to our personalities, however, it is frequently a different story, and here rests one of the greatest hindrances to the cause of jazz education.

What does a person prove by dropping the social amenities under the guise of freedom? Why are students so slow to realize that the great ones in jazz are not personal slobs and that, of all people, they are perhaps the least affected by hippiness?

We laugh at the Beatles and then proceed to appear even more outlandish ourselves. More than one college teacher has condemned certain school musicians more or less out of hand because of their dress or attitudes as

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being a "jazz hound" and a "hippy."

Even more devastating to the success of a stage-band program in the school is the attitude of the members toward the other classes in the school. Frequently we will read accounts of this or that jazz great listening at length to and appreciating classical music. I doubt if there is a really successful jazz musician who would put down his symphonic brothers and their techniques.

This classical or conservatory system is the one in which most college jazz programs function. Why be a hippy and fight this system?

What about discipline at the stage-band rehearsals? Is it as firm as that of any other organization or is there a constant state of riot in progress? One of the critics of college jazz cited the blatant bad sounds produced by jazz musicians. Perhaps he was thinking of the ill-run rehearsal or the after-scheduled-hours session, when the clarinet or violin instructor is hindered in giving lessons by the out-of-place wailing.

All this constitutes one of the hindrances that cause so many concert-band directors and legitimate instructors to wonder about the advisability and value of a jazz program. It is also one of the hindrances that is most easily removed if we accept and try to follow the system as best we can. **ES**

HODES from page 23

pianist from the two-fisted school. How well I remember his "vamp till ready" . . . the Riviera in the Village.

Back when I got started in the business, the piano man usually was all the music a place featured. The last thing wanted in a night club was a lull. To hear a waiter, girl singer, bartender, or boss call out "there's a lull in the joint!" was downright embarrassing . . . like saying, "Buddy, you ain't takin' care of your job." So Mr. Piano Man learned early and well how to keep sound in a room, even when he was tired, uninspired, when there were few or no customers . . . he kept the lull out. Vamp . . . keep that left hand moving, even just a bit. That was the school Willie matriculated from.

One particular night I remember Chippie Hill was in the Riviera, and somehow, with Willie at the piano, they got to reminiscing about "back when." The talk flowed back and forth, but all the time the piano was going underneath. It was beautiful.

Sure, I go back . . . back to my old Chicago days when three of us pianists were pretty thick; where one worked, you'd find the other two. And if I was out of a job, it wasn't

unusual for one of the other two, if he was working, to take a night off and hand it to me. Frank Melrose and George Zack. And they could play. Then there was Jess Stacy, and I can't recall how many jobs he threw my way. Every time he'd leave one, he'd see to it that I got the call.

So many kindnesses have been shown me by piano men. One almost feels that here is a breed apart. And how do I say thank you for the many pleasurable hours of listening great pianists have given me? The blues pianists that have been here and gone. Pinetop Smith and his boogie woogie . . . his blues . . . "she could love everybody but still disagree with me." Bits that sing back to me as I walk along my day.

Jelly Roll Morton, who, in my book, still hasn't received the acclaim and appreciation he so rightfully deserves. And I sit here remembering *Mamie's Blues*. "This is the first blues I no doubt ever heard in my life. Mamie Desdome, she hardly could play anything else, but she sure could play this." And Jelly would play it on down, and, man, it's pure medicinal. Pretty soon I'm relaxed, untensed . . . simple, beautiful music. You tell your story . . . "Play it, Mr. Piano Man . . . you know you can do it." **ES**

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the System's ingredients form a part of an over-all attack on a problem more and more jazz musicians may come to face. Friedman said:

"My system is my solution to the problems which develop when a jazz musician, who has been playing jazz based on the traditional chord scheme, suddenly finds himself faced with a non-chordal, free-form music. The system developed as I tried to find a way to play the new music."

At first, Friedman says, he more or less groped his way in free-form music, even though "I could improvise at 5, and I didn't know a damn thing about chords then." His first nonchordal flight was, perhaps oddly, on a public bandstand while playing a song based on usual chord progressions.

"I was in the middle of a tune and suddenly discarded the frame of the tune altogether and started improvising," he said.

"I evolve my melodic ideas from classical music and try to develop them in a compositional way. But rhythmically I rely entirely on my jazz experience."

Currently, his jazz experience is much concerned with getting a quartet off the ground, the quartet that made the *Dreams* album. His partners are another new poll winner, guitarist Attila Zoller, bassist Dick Kniss, and drummer Dick Berk. Together they are investigating—mostly at home, Friedman admits ruefully—more and more the uncharted territory of free-form ideas.

A key goal of The System is, along with the solution of problems posed by free-form music, to "conscious-ize" his intuition. Like other superior musicians, Friedman can improvise intuitively, but he wants more than that.

"The finest musicians have been able to take fragments and build compositions from them," he said. "I don't know whether they've done it consciously or unconsciously, but there it is. I know I did it intuitively at first and then consciously. My greatest feeling comes from doing something intuitively and realizing it consciously at the same time."

What all this system business may amount to, however, is a recasting of a familiar story into a new mold: the story of an artist's creativity discovering itself constantly, perhaps expressed at first unconsciously but then consciously as the artist becomes aware of a new idea or feeling and tries to attain control of expression so that he can say what he wishes in just the way he wishes. Friedman appears able to do this with increasing skill. System schmystem.



Complete Details

Down Beat's Eighth Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

Down Beat has established two full year's scholarships and ten partial scholarships to the famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, the present home of *Down Beat's* Hall of Fame and one of the nation's most prominent schools in the use and teaching of contemporary American music.

The Hall of Fame scholarship is offered to further American music among young musicians and to perpetuate the meaning of the jazz Hall of Fame.

This year's full scholarships, valued at \$980 each, will be in honor of the Hall of Fame winner chosen by the *Down Beat* readers in the December 31, 1964, issue. The scholarships shall be awarded to the competition's winners, who will be selected by a board of judges appointed by *Down Beat*.

The ten additional scholarships will consist of four \$500 and six \$250 grants.

Who is Eligible?

Junior division: (\$3,480... one full scholarship of \$980; two partial scholarships of \$500 each; six partial scholarships of \$250 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated from high school and who has not reached his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1965.

Senior division: (\$1,980... one full scholarship of \$980; two partial scholarships of \$500 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1965.

Anyone, regardless of national residence, fulfilling the above requirements is eligible.

Dates of Competition:

Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 31, 1964. The scholarship winners will be announced in a March, 1965, issue of *Down Beat*.

How Judged:

All decisions and final judging shall be made solely on the basis of demonstrated potential as well as current musical proficiency.

Terms of Scholarships:

The Hall of Fame scholarship as offered is a full tuition grant for one school year (two semesters) in the value of \$980. Upon completion of a school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

The partial scholarships which are applied to tuition costs for one school year are in the value of: four at \$500, and six at \$250. Students winning these awards also have the option of applying for additional tuition scholarship funds at the end of the school year.

The winners of the scholarships must choose one of two possible starting dates: September, 1965, or January, 1966, or else forfeit the scholarship.

How to Apply:

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10/22/64

for the rock-and-roll show starring the **Animals** at the Paramount Theater. Former **Count Basie** lead altoist **Earle Warren** performed a similar task at the Brooklyn Fox Theater . . . Bassist **Don Payne's** trio celebrated its first anniversary at Chuck's Composite.

Critic **Rudi Blesh** teaches a course, "The New York Jazz Scene," at New York University's general education division, which includes field trips to clubs and recording studios . . . **Lennie Tristano's** quintet at the Half Note had a new drummer, **Roger Mancuso** . . . Baritone saxophonist **Jay Cameron** and alto saxophonist **Bobby Donovan** worked with singer **Eddie Fisher's** band at Atlantic City's 500 Club . . . **Dan Terry** is rehearsing another big band . . . Veteran trumpeter **Louis Metcalfe** leads a trio at the Ali Baba, on First Ave. . . . Guitarist **Tal Farlow** has been heard at Monday night jam sessions at the Tap Room in Clifton, N.J. . . . Drummer **Barry Miles' Jazztet** and pianist **Ran Blake** give a concert in Plainfield, N.J., Oct. 12 . . . Alto saxophonist **Don Heckman** was one of the two musicians featured in five performances of composer **Karlheinz Stockhausen's** controversial *Originale* at Judson Hall in September.

Pianist **Teddy Wilson** and trio were scheduled for an October booking at the Five Spot, a departure from that club's usual modern-jazz policy . . . Producer **Gary Keys** will present the **Count Basie Band** and the **Dave Brubeck Quartet** in concert at Philharmonic Hall Oct. 18 . . . Tenor saxophonist **Sonny Rollins' quartet** and the **Wynton Kelly Three** did a week at Birdland, Sept. 22-27. Trombonist **Bennie Green's** quintet, held over, was also on the bill . . . Pianist **Ross Tompkins** and drummer **Cliff Leaman** were new faces in clarinetist **Peanuts Hucko's** long-running quintet at **Eddie Condon's**.

RECORD NOTES: Singer-lyricist **Jon Hendricks' new group** has been signed by MGM . . . Arranger **Quincy Jones** did a single with **Louis Armstrong** for Mercury . . . Clarinetist-arranger **Bill Stegmeyer** has been appointed musical director of a new label, Carney records.

New soloists will make themselves heard in a **Gerald Wilson** album due soon from Pacific Jazz. Vibist **Roy Ayers** will be one of them. The album, according to Wilson, will consist mainly of standards "with three or four originals" . . . Also on the Pacific Jazz label is the initial LP venture of pianist-composer **Phil Moore III**, son of the voice coach-pianist. Young Moore signed a two-year contract with the company and is the first new artist

signed by PJ in some time. Personnel of the LP consists of Moore, vibist **Roy Ayers**, bassist **Lewis Large**, and drummer **Mike Romero**.

PARIS

Saxophonist **Pony Poindexter** arrived here unheralded and played two weeks at the Blue Note, accompanied by the trio of pianist **George Arvanitas (Guy Pederson, bass, and Daniel Humair, drums)** . . . The **Double Six of Paris**, after appearing at last month's Lugano Jazz Festival, went into the Blue Note for a two-week engagement. Also on the Lugano bill was the **Ted Curson-Bill Barron Quartet** and Arvanitas' trio.

Drummer **Art Taylor** and tenorist **Johnny Griffin**, usually to be found in Paris, started a month's engagement at Berlin's Blue Note Sept. 15 . . . The South African sextet led by pianist **Chris McGregor** followed the **Dollar Brand Trio** into the Africana Room in Zurich, Switzerland. Pianist Brand also is from South Africa.

BOSTON

Jazz-on-campus is on the upswing in New England. Drummer **Max Roach** and singer **Abbey Lincoln** presented their *Freedom Now Suite* at Holy Cross Sept. 25. Tenor saxophonist **King Curtis** appeared there the following day. **Thelonious Monk** was booked to play at Brandeis University on Oct. 3. Roach and Miss Lincoln will be at Colby College Oct. 10, along with cornetist **Bobby Hackett's** quintet.

Nepotism reared its syncopated head as **Al Drootin**, clarinet and soprano saxophone, and his sons—Ivan, drums, and **Sonny**, piano—closed a successful summer at the Kirkbrae Country Club in Lincoln, R. I., and prepared to return to Boston for a gig at Herbie's Cactus Room . . . Drootin's brother, drummer **Buzzy**, joined **George Wein's** Newport All-Stars for a one-nighter at the Beachcomber on Wollaston Beach, whose owner, **Jimmy McGettrick**, has revitalized Boston's south shore with a name policy that will soon bring in **Count Basie, Gene Krupa, and Duke Ellington**, the last-named having just played the club.

Don Soviero, head of the Berkshire Music Barn, assessed his recently completed 10th season of folk and jazz thusly: "Unfortunately, the folk performers—**Pete Seeger, Olatunji, Chad Mitchell, Miriam Makeba, Odetta, Ian & Sylvia, and Judy Collins**—did better business than my jazz attractions: **Louis Armstrong, Lionel Hampton, Woody Herman, Dave Brubeck, Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, Duke Ellington, and Erroll Garner.**"

While most local jazz rooms were doing little business during the Labor

Day weekend, Connolly's Stardust Room reported SRO for tenorist **Sonny Stitt** (backed by **Carl Schroeder**, piano; **Larry Richardson**, bass; and **Alan Dawson**, drums), following a good week for another Boston favorite, drummer **Roy Haynes** . . . Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike augmented its crowded fall agenda by featuring the big band of **Dick Wright** at a number of Sunday afternoon sessions.

CHICAGO

Singer **Joe Williams** was a surprise booking at Rush St.'s Bourbon Street, for years a strictly Dixie house. The former **Count Basie** vocalist was in for three weeks. Trumpeter **Don Jacoby's** Sextet followed Williams for another three weeks and is currently ensconced at the club. The **Dukes of Dixieland** are booked at Bourbon Street for a five-week run beginning Nov. 1. Banjoist **Eddy Davis' house band** plays opposite the name attractions. The club is scheduled to shut down Dec. 14 and move to what has been the Paris Show Lounge on Walton St. Bourbon Street will reopen at its new quarters around the first of the year. The club's Rush St. premises will become a show lounge.

The Northwestern University Jazz Lab Band will tour Latin America for three months next spring. The trip is sponsored by the U.S. State Department's Cultural Presentations section. The band is set to leave in the middle of March, if all goes well. The Rev. **George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.**, is the 17-piece band's director.

The Hull House Sheridan Playhouse, which enjoyed a successful run last season with **Jack Gelber's The Connection**, announced that jazz will play a major role in its upcoming fall-winter season. The theater will present jazz groups, alternating with chamber-music groups, on Monday evenings. There will be five jazz groups featured, but the only one set at presstime was the **Joe Daley Trio**, which will appear Nov. 23. The Chicago Federation of Musicians, AFM Local 10, is co-sponsor with the theater for the music portions of the playhouse's programing. Motion pictures and plays also will be seen during the '64-'65 season.

Erwin Helfer is organizing a benefit program, titled Chicago Soul in Concert, to be given at McCormick Place's Little Theater Oct. 10. The concert will raise funds for repairs needed at the Lake Park Project House, a south-side settlement house for underprivileged children. Various Chicago musicians and singers are expected to take part in the concert . . . Pianist **John Young**, bassist **Sam Kidd**, and drummer **Phil Thomas** were held over to back saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** after their stint

accompanying trumpeter **Roy Eldridge** at the *Plugged Nickel*. **Art Blakey** is not coming into the *Nickel* as thought, but the drummer and his Jazz Messengers will do two weeks at McKie's beginning Oct. 21 . . . The **Duke Ellington** Band spent several days here recording Ellington versions of music from *Mary Poppins*, the latest **Walt Disney** film.

Multi-instrumentalist **Tommy Ponce** has been heading a trio at Big John's Wednesday and Sunday nights, the same nights the **Pieces of Eight** have been packing them in at the Outhaus. Both clubs are on N. Wells . . . **Georg Brunis** staged another Sunday afternoon traditional-jazz session at the Shores Lounge on the north side. Working with the veteran trombonist were trumpeter **Bill Tinkler**, clarinetist **Jimmy Granata**, pianist **Art Hodes**, and drummers **Red** and **Chauncey Saunders** (father and son). Pianist **George Zack** also played. Brunis has begun working Fridays and Saturdays at the club, fronting a quintet. He and his sidemen also play sessions every Sunday evening . . . The **Jazz Administrators** have been working weekends at the Hungry Eye on N. Wells St. The group is made up of **John Tinsey**, tenor saxophone; **Ken Chaney**, piano; **Reggie Willis**, bass; and **Steve McCall**, drums . . . The **Stan Getz** Quartet and vocalist **Astrud Gilberto** will give a concert at McCormick Place's Arie Crown Theater on Oct. 31. The **Dave Brubeck** Quartet and the **Swingle Singers** will be featured at a pair of Orchestra Hall concerts Nov. 6 and 7.

Participants in the latest blues package to tour Europe included a number of Chicago blues artists—pianist **Sunnyland Slim**, guitarist **John Henry Barbee**, singer-washboardist **Washboard Sam**, drummer **Clifton James**, and singer **Sugar Pie Desanto**. Also in the troupe are Tennessee blues men **Sleepy John Estes** and **Hammie Nixon** and Texas' **Lightnin' Hopkins**. The blues men left the United States in late September and will play to Continental audiences through most of this month . . . **Big Joe Williams** recently returned to Chicago from a stay in East St. Louis, Ill. . . . Regular attractions at Pepper's Lounge continue to be **Muddy Waters**, who holds down the weekend slot, and the bands of **Junior Wells** and **Little Mack** during the week.

LOS ANGELES

The **Harry James** Band, with drummer **Buddy Rich** and vocalist **Ruth Price**, plays the *Hollywood Palace* ABC-TV variety show Oct. 24. James recently completed his first swing through east-coast territory in two years. There's been a change on the television show's podium, with **Mitch Ayers** taking over the baton of the staff orchestra from

Les Brown, who conducted the show last season. **Nancy Wilson** appears on the program Oct. 14.

Pianist **Marian McPartland** was featured during a recent two-week run of the Establishment, the group of British satirists who enjoyed a long run at the Strollers in New York City. Mrs. McPartland's accompanists in Los Angeles were **Jim Hughart**, bass, and **Doug Marsh**, drums. While here, the pianist filmed an appearance on the *Steve Allen Show*, and she and members of the Establishment telefilmed a program to be shown in Europe.

Gerald Wilson takes his big band into the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach for eight days and 10 performances beginning Oct. 23. The trumpeter-arranger then follows with four nights at the Hollywood Palladium in November and additional concerts with singer **Nancy Wilson** . . . Down at the Memory Lane, **Gerald Wiggins** celebrates a first anniversary at the club. His trio consists of himself, piano; **Bobby West**, bass; and **Johnny Kirkwood**, drums.

Songwriters **Jimmy McHugh** and **Dotty Wayne** are working on the book, music, and lyrics for a new musical comedy, *Operation-Emergency*, to be produced by **Bill Doll** on Broadway this fall.

SAN FRANCISCO

The **John Coppola-Fred Mergy** Tenth and the **Vince Guaraldi** Trio, plus guitarist **Bola Sete**, played a concert in the outdoor theater on Mt. Tamalpais, across the Golden Gate from here, as part of a weeklong benefit to raise funds for building an art center in the ocean community of Stinson Beach . . . Altoist **John Handy's** Freedom Band played a recent night off (Monday) at the Jazz Workshop here and was well received. **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet, which opened at the club the following night, did turnaway business.

The Matador, an intine room on Broadway where pianist **John Cooper** has held forth for years, recently changed to a combo policy, opening with Brazilian singer **Joao Gilberto** for two weeks followed by pianist **Vince Guaraldi's** group . . . A new jazz room a half-block east of the Jazz Workshop, in quarters formerly occupied by a restaurant, is being readied . . . The **Dizzy Gillespie** Quintet, the Guaraldi trio and **Bola Sete**, comedian **Bill Cosby**, and singer **Carol Sloane** took part in a recent benefit for the Congress of Racial Equality at the Masonic Auditorium . . . **Stan Getz** and **Astrud Gilberto** were at Tin Pan Alley in Redwood City, 25 miles south of here, for a week. The club has the **Count Basie** Band tentatively booked for a date this fall.



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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

Baby Grand: Joe Knight, hb.
Balcony (World's Fair): Bill Moore, Jo Jones, Thur.-Mon. Snub Mosely, Tue.-Wed.
Basie's: Phil Austin, tfn.
Birdland: Bud Powell, tfn.
Blue Spruce (Roslyn): Tyree Glenn to 10/31.
Broken Drum: Wilbur DeParis, tfn.
Castle Club: jam sessions.
Celler: jam sessions.
Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, tfn.
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.
Five Spot: Teddy Wilson, tfn.
Gordian Knot: Leroy Parkins, tfn.
Half Note: unk.
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, John Bunch, tfn.
Horner's Ad Lib (Perth Amboy, N.J.): Morris Nanton, tfn.
Metropole: Red Allen, hb.
Minton's: unk.
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, Oscar Nord, Marjorie Alexander, hbs.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, tfn.
Sazarac (World's Fair): Morey Feld, Hank D'Amico, Tony Aless, tfn.
Village Gate: Gloria Lynne to 11/1.
Village Vanguard: Thelonious Monk to 10/21.
Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln, 10/22-11/22.
Wells': Buddy Henry, tfn.

PARIS

Blue Note: Lou Bennett to 10/15. Ted Curson, Bill Barron, Herb Bushler, Dick Berk, tfn.
Blues Bar: Curtis Jones, Sonny Criss, tfn.
Calvados: Joe Turner, tfn.
Cameleon: Michel de Villers, tfn.
Caveau de la Huchette: Maxim Saury, tfn.
Chat Qui Peche: Woody Shaw, Nathan Davis, tfn.
Cigale: Jacques Butler, tfn.
Living Room: Art Simmons, Aaron Bridgers, tfn.
Slow Club: Claude Luter, Marc Laferrière, tfn.
Trois Mailletz: Peanuts Holland, Dominique Chauson, tfn.

TORONTO

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

PHILADELPHIA

Academy of Music: Dave Brubeck, 12/3.
Carousel (Trenton): Tony DeNicola, tfn.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims, hb.
La Salute (Trenton): Marty Bergen, tfn.
Latin Casino: Louis Armstrong, 10/12-28.
Market Street Opera House: unk.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.
Pep's: Cannonball Adderley, 10/12-17. Joe Williams, 10/19-24.
Red Hill Inn: Skeets Marsh, hb.
Saxony East: DeLloyd McKay, tfn.
Second Fret: folk artists, tfn.
Show Boat: Jack McDuff, 10/19-24. Les McCann, 10/26-31.

BOSTON

Barn: Ira Bates, tfn.
Beachcomber (Wollaston Beach): Gene Krupa, 10/27-28. Duke Ellington, 12/3-4.
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.
Game Bar (Lynn): Rick Kaye, Thur.-Sat.
Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, Hilary Rose, tfn.

Jazz Workshop: Jimmy Giuffre to 10/11. 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): Zoot Sims to 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: Eddie Watson, Sabby Lewis, tfn.
Saxony: Clarence Jackson, tfn.
Starlite (Lynn): Jimmy Mosher, Sun. afternoons.
Wagon Wheels (West Peabody): 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.
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
King's Room: Laverne Smith, tfn.
Old Absinthe House: Marvin Kimball, tfn.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervalon, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Buddy Prima, hbs.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

CINCINNATI

Apartment: Jimmy Jamaal, tfn.
Blue Angel: Amos Milburn, Sonny Cole, tfn.
Jai Alai (Newport, Ky): Philip Paul, Doc Smith, tfn.
Living Room: Les McCann to 10/10. Amanda Ambrose, 10/12-11/14. Lee Stolar, hb.
Olympian Club: Dixieland Rhythm Kings, Sat.
Penthouse: 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: Carl Gulla, wknds.
Blue Note: Johnny Starr, wknds.
Brothers: Joe Howard, wknds.
Capri: Modern Men, tfn.
Casa Blanca: Bill Gidney, wknds.
Club 100: Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Corner Tavern: Weasel Parker, Thur.-Sat.
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro-Bob Lopez, tfn. Johnny Trush, Sat.
Esquire: Eddie Bacucus-Lester Sykes, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.
LaRue: East Jazz Trio, tfn.
Leo's Casino: Johnny Nash to 10/18. Jimmy McGriff, Jack McDuff, 11/5-8. Roland Kirk, Ramsey Lewis, 12/10-13.
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: Sparta Sounds, Wed.-Thur. Ace Carter-Ismael Ali, wknds.
Punch and Judy's: Eddie Nix, hb.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb. Tops Cardone, wknds.
Shaker House: Angel Sanchez, tfn.
Squeeze Room: unk.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy, hb.
Tangiers: Jazz Clique, wknds.
Theatrical: Jonah Jones to 10/24. Roy Liberto, 11/2-14. Dorothy Donegan, 11/16-28. Phil Palumbo, 11/30-12/12. Billy Maxted, 12/14-1/2 (tentatively).

CHICAGO

Al's Golden Door: Eddie Buster, tfn.
Big John's: Mike Bloomfield, Fri.-Sat. Tommy Ponce, Wed., Sun.
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: Dorothy Donegan to 10/18. Dizzy Gillespie, 10/20-11/8. Gene Krupa, 11/10-12/6. Jonah Jones, 12/8-27.

McCormick Place: Stan Getz, Astrud Gilberto, 10/31.
McKie's: Art Blakey, 10/21-11/1.
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.
Orchestra Hall: Dave Brubeck, Swingle Singers, 11/6-7.
Outhaus: Pieces of Eight, Wed., Sun.
Playboy: Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Woody Herman, 10/25-29.
Shores Lounge: Georg Brunis, wknds.
Showboat Sari-S: Art Hodes, tfn.
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.
Velvet Swing: Harvey Leon, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts afterhours, Fri.-Sat. Horace Silver, 10/16-17.
Alibi (Pomona): Alton Purnell, tfn.
Arroyo Inn (Pasadena): Dick Bazzell, Tue.-Sun.
Bahama Inn (Pasadena): Loren Dexter, tfn.
Barefoot (Laguna Beach): Dave Kennedy, Eddy Elston, Sat.
Beverly Cavern: Johnny Lucas, Fri.-Sat.
Beverly Hilton (Rendezvous Room): Calvin Jackson, Al McKibbin, tfn.
Can Can (Anaheim): El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Max Bennett, Nick Martinis, Sun.-Mon.
Chico's (Lynwood): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
Club Havana: Rene Bloch, hb.
Cocoanut Grove: George Shearing, Four Freshmen, 11/3-22.
Crescendo: Mel Torme to 10/28.
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Ben Rozet, Paul McCoy, tfn.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.
Handlebar: Wally Holmes, Fri.-Sat.
Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, The Saints, wknds.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy Dixieland Band, hb.
Intermission Room: William Green, tfn.
International Hotel (International Airport): Kirk Stuart, tfn.
It Club: Horace Silver, 10/5-18.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lighthouse: Gerald Wilson, 10/23-30. Howard Rumsey, hb.
Lazy X (North Hollywood): Rick Fay, Charlie Lodice, Jack Coon, Tom Geckler, Sun. afternoons.
Mama Lion: Gabe Baltazar, Mon.-Wed.
Memory Lane: Gerald Wiggins, tfn.
Marty's: Charles Kynard, tfn.
McGee's (Westwood): Ted Shafer, Fri.-Sat.
Metro Theater: jazz concerts afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Palace (Santa Barbara): Gene Bolen, Mon.-Sat.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, tfn.
Red Carpet (Nite Lake): Johnny Dial, tfn.
Red Chimney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Thur.-Sat.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pete Bealman, Charlie Lodice, tfn.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri.-Sat.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Olivet Miller, Fri.-Sun.
Royal Lion (Ventura Blvd.): Matty Matlock, Tue.-Sat.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring, hb. Sonny Simmons, Mon.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Chet Baker, 10/8-18.
Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, tfn.
Strand Theater: afterhours sessions, Fri.-Sat.
Tiki (Hermosa Beach): Kid Kenwood, Good-time Levee Stompers, Mon.-Fri.
Tops Restaurant (San Bernardino): Connie Wills, sessions, tfn.

SAN FRANCISCO

Algiers (Redwood City): Dick Maus, tfn.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, Fri.-Sat.
Coffee Don's: Noel Jewkes-Jim Harper, afterhours.
Dale's (Alameda): George Stoicich, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Ralph Sutton, tfn.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Stan Kenton alumni, Fri.-Sat.
Jack's of Sutter: Richard Holmes, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: John Coltrane, 10/6-18. Chet Baker, 10/20-11/1. Art Blakey, 11/17-22. Yusef Lateef, 11/24-12/6.
Jimbo's Pop City: Norman Williams, Thur.-Sat.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
Shelton's Blue Mirror: Bill Parker, tfn.
The Library: Bob Clark-Bob Bryant, Sun.
Safari Room (San Jose): Tex Beneke's Glenn Miller Orchestra, 10/30-11/8. Pearl Bailey, Louie Bellson, 11/13-22.

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