

NOVEMBER 5, 1964 35c

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

READERS POLL BALLOT

See Page 36

KONITZ: NO COMPROMISE

The Return And Resurgence Of A Singular Musician

MONTEREY MOMENTS

A Report Of A Highly Successful Jazz Festival

DIZZY GILLESPIE FOR PRESIDENT

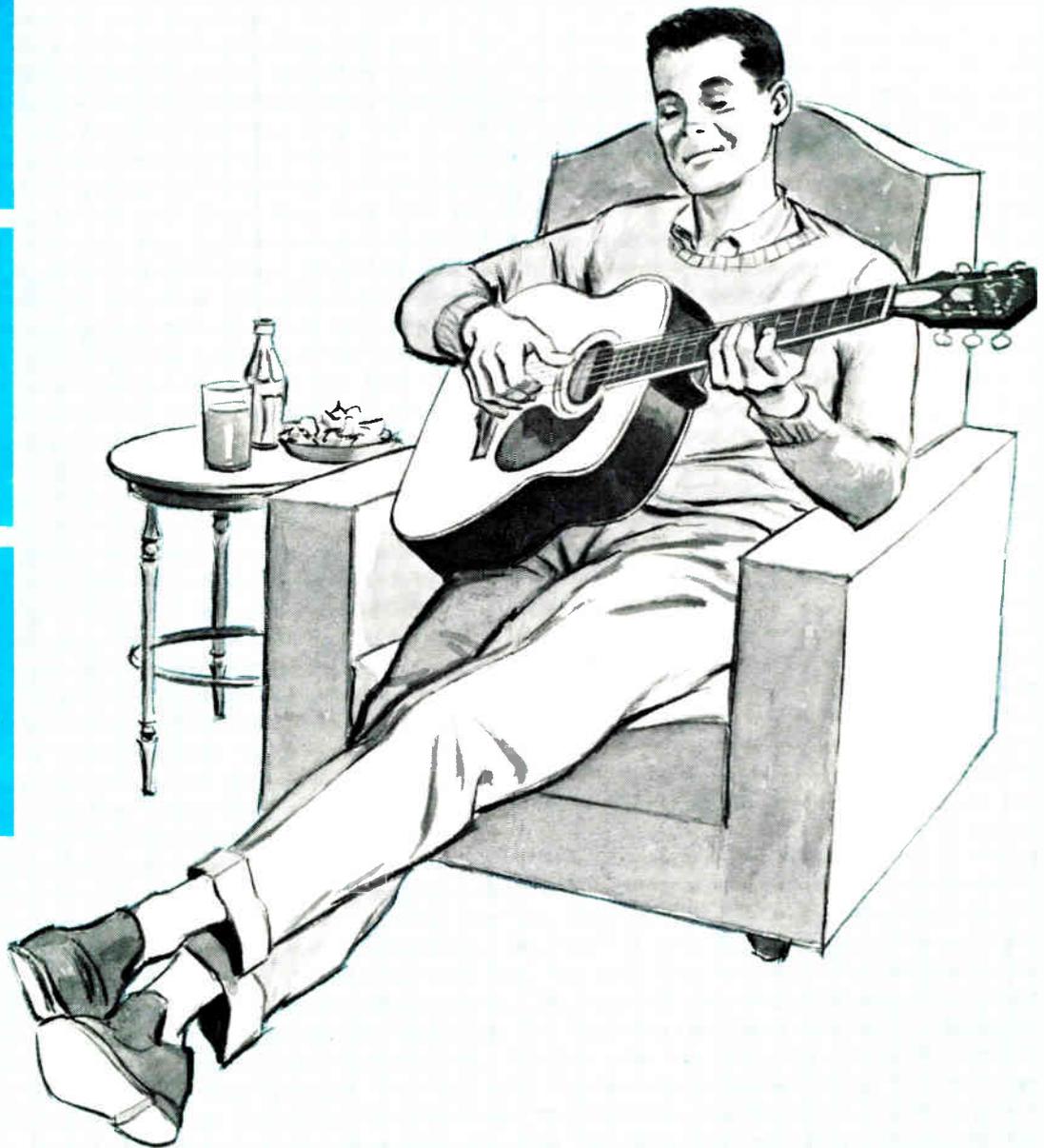
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Vol. 31, No. 29

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Cover photograph taken by Robert Skeetz: Dizzy Gillespie being sworn in as President by Chris White as Rudy Collins looks on

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Reply To A Memo

I'm afraid the knowledgeable Joachim Berendt missed a point or two in his letter (*DB*, Sept. 10) concerning the round-table discussion I conducted with four expatriate U.S. jazz musicians (*DB*, July 2).

The choice of the participants—Dexter Gordon, Leo Wright, Kenny Drew, and Ray Pitts—was purely accidental. They happened to be in Copenhagen at the same time, and all were agreeable to express their views for publication.

The discussion ranged widely, but at no time was it suggested that any U.S. jazzman coming to Europe has his fortune made.

On the contrary, not once but twice during the discussion did Dexter and Leo suggest that if the story "sounded too good," a lot more U.S. jazzmen would be coming to Europe, and then the unemployment among jazzmen might become just as acute here as it has been sporadically in the United States.

I'm fully aware that a good many American musicians living in Europe have difficulty making it financially. In fact, I think that of the four participants in the discussion, only Dexter Gordon has been steadily employed during his entire two-year European stay. This is no reflection on the others. The job possibilities are limited in Europe—even for superior jazz musicians.

Also, it ought to be made clear that even though European audiences gratefully accept U.S. jazz, there is no room for second-rate imports.

Life in Europe has its pleasant aspects, but it's no place for an American jazz musician to hang his hat unless he is good—and even if he is, there are obvious risk elements because of the limited job opportunities.

Jack Lind
Copenhagen, Denmark

Hooray For Swing, Inc.!

Swing, Inc., (*DB*, Sept. 24) sounds like a fabulous thing. Ollie Mitchell and Bob Edmondson deserve a lot of credit for starting such a wonderful program.

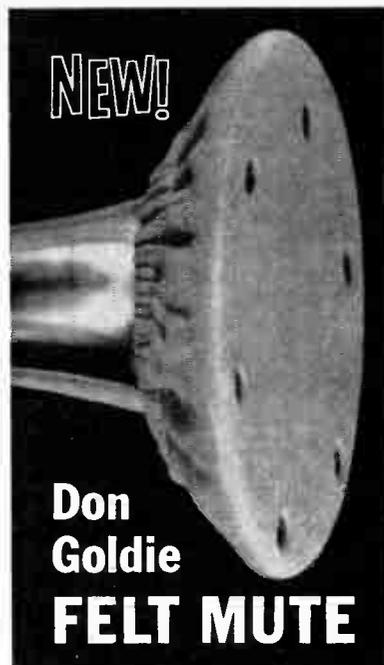
Today's big band must be adaptable enough to play many types of dates, and the charts must be geared to today's music. Commercial? Yes, but the music business is a business. I think a band can be commercial and be artistically interesting too.

Randy Taylor
Dayton, Ohio

Down With Bigotry!

I feel obliged to protest the bigotry exhibited in *Chords and Discords*. As examples, I cite the letters of Ralph Brookes and Ben S. Page (Sept. 10).

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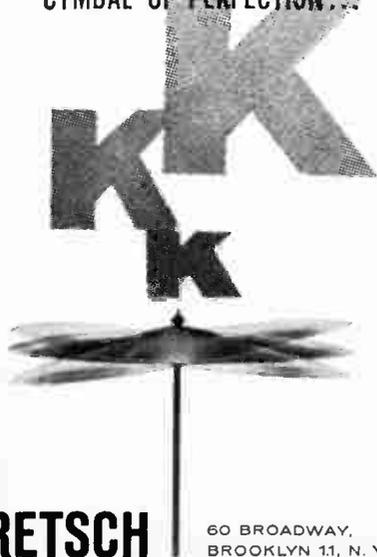
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jazz connoisseur who has such aggressively outspoken and dogmatically disparaging (to the point of insulting and ridiculing) views of the nonmainstream musician who honestly and sincerely endeavors simply to discover a personal means of expression. Their attitude is dangerous because it condemns all attempts at discovery, growth, and progress.

I do not mean to demand that everyone take up the cry of the "new thing." But why must those who do not accept the offerings of the avant garde be so negatively and aggressively outspoken against them?

This letter is not intended to pit one type of jazz against another. Rather it is a plea for a unity among jazz musicians and listeners, not with regard to esthetic taste, but with regard to a constructive dedication toward the future of jazz.

Theodore P. Shen
New Haven, Conn.

Poll Suggestions

I have three suggestions concerning future readers and critics polls: first, I would like to vote for a "Musician of the Year." Second, how about including a "Best LP" and "Best Single Track" category? It would be interesting to see which records the critics think are the best of each year and also to have a list of the best-sellers. As it is, there is no real summing up of the important record situation.

Finally, I would like to see anyone who receives a certain percentage of the votes—30 or 35 percent—placed in the Hall of Fame. My concern is primarily for such worthy old-timers as Sidney Bechet, Django Reinhardt, Charlie Christian, King Oliver, Fletcher Henderson, Earl Hines, Jack Teagarden, Bessie Smith, and others who can only fall farther behind as the passage of years dims their names, especially for modern voters. Why not put eight or 10 of these in the Hall of Fame now, where they deserve to be?

Bill Libby
Los Angeles

Words Of Gold

I'd have thought that with jazzmen's speech so consistently misrepresented in the popular media over the years, *Down Beat* would have been delighted by my (not completely successful but at least diligent) attempt to set the record straight in *A Jazz Lexicon* (which was done with the help of 15 jazzmen and five jazz writers).

Apparently Gilbert M. Erskine (*DB*, Oct. 8) wasn't impressed (*DB's* was the worst review I got anywhere!), which is his right. But the logic especially of his last three paragraphs escapes me—something about a Czechoslovakian tenor man who doesn't know a word of slang but plays well (really?!?), and something about my book failing to expose the "conditions" of the jazz life (it doesn't cure hoof-and-mouth disease, either).

I do a bit of reviewing myself, and it seems to me that criticism has the obligation (to everyone) to be relevant, n'est-ce pas?

Robert S. Gold
Jersey City, N.J.

3 New books for the performer, the listener, and the reader

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THE JAZZ STORY: From the '90s to the '60s

by Dave Dexter, Jr., *Capital Records*; foreword by Woody Herman. Intimate, often nostalgic, and highly readable accounts of the men and movements that made jazz great—King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Jelly-Roll Morton, Duke Ellington, Smack Henderson, Benny Goodman, The Dorseys, Count Basie, Stan Kenton, Thelonius Monk, and many others. Spotlights the latest happenings on the international jazz scene as well as known movements in the U. S. 1964, 192 pp., illus., \$4.95

20TH CENTURY MUSIC IDIOMS

by G. Welton Marquis, *University of British Columbia, Canada*. A logical and non-technical approach on how to compose, perform, or listen to 20th century music styles with understanding by studying their melodic, rhythmic, contrapuntal and harmonic principles. 1964, 269 pp., \$4.95

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November 5, 1964 Vol. 31, No. 29

CHICAGO LOCAL 10 PLACED IN TRUSTEESHIP BY AFM

The American Federation of Musicians finally was able to place Chicago's Local 10 in trusteeship after a seven-week delay. The international union's initial attempt was stymied when attorneys for Local 10 obtained a temporary restraining order from U.S. District Court on Aug. 14, the day Hal C. Davis, the trustee named by the AFM International Executive Board, was to take command of the Chicago organization (*DB*, Sept. 24).

On Sept. 30, District Court Judge Julius J. Hoffman ruled that the AFM was within its rights in placing the local in trusteeship for not complying with the executive board's order of merger for Local 10 and Chicago's Negro Local 208.

The merger order calls for the joining of the two locals in January, 1966, after separate elections, to be held in December, 1965, to choose officials and a board of directors, among other boards, for the combined union. The order decrees that the 1966-'68 board of directors will consist of three Negroes, elected by members of 208, and five whites, elected by members of 10. According to the order, which was approved at the AFM convention in June, the three-to-five ratio will be maintained in the election held in December, 1968, in which only former members of 208 will vote for Negro board candidates.

After Judge Hoffman's ruling, Davis took over as trustee. Phillip Reed of LaPorte, Ind., is assistant trustee, and E.V. Lewis is a federation-appointed assistant to Davis and Reed. Both Reed and Lewis were traveling representatives for the federation before their appointments. Reed told *Down Beat* that Lewis is a Negro who will work mostly with Local 208 in effecting the merger order.

In a joint statement, Davis and Herman D. Kenin, AFM president, called Judge Hoffman's ruling "most significant and important . . . for the entire trade-union movement, particularly in those areas where labor unions are attempting to effect an honorable and meaningful joining together of local unions which were formerly segregated."

The officers and, at presstime, most of the board members of Local 10 had agreed to co-operate with the trustee and, thus, have been retained in their positions by Davis, who, according to terms of the trusteeship, will approve all the local's business and have control of the more-than-\$4,000,000 Local 10 treasury. His salary and those of Reed and Lewis will be paid by the local.

Soon after the trusteeship took effect, Reed said he and Davis had received the "very highest co-operation" from Local 10 officers and termed the situation as "very harmonious."

A BIG BUSINESS RECOGNIZES GOOD THING IN JAZZ AND FOLK

Jazz has not usually been a part of big business. At least it wasn't until a year ago when the Ford Motor Co. sent such jazz groups as those led by Herbie Mann, Cal Tjader, Paul Winter, and Don Friedman, as well as several folk artists, on tours of the nation's colleges.

So successful were the '63-'64 term's tours (a total of 170,000 persons attended the concerts) that the company launched another Ford Caravan of Music—Jazz and Folk Wingding, as the packages are called, earlier this month.

Currently touring colleges in the East and Midwest for the company are the Serendipity Singers and pianist George Shearing's new quintet (Hagood Hardy, vibraharp; Joe Pass, guitar; Bob Whitlock, bass; and Colin Bailey, drums). During November, the Oscar Peterson Trio will replace Shearing's group; the tour ends Nov. 21 at Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind. A West Coast tour is scheduled to begin in February, though no artists have been signed yet.

The automobile company underwrites much of the cost of the package, which is offered to colleges for as little as \$1,500 a concert, a low price considering the talent involved, according to Frank Zimmerman, general marketing manager of the company's Ford division. Zimmerman said that his company is convinced its future lies in attracting young persons to its product and that the music package is a means of reaching the college crowd.

"The caravan sets the stage for rapport with the college's sponsoring organization," Zimmerman told *Down Beat*. "We can bring them a high-quality package without their going down the financial river. And when a guy can take a date to one of our concerts on a Saturday night for as little as \$2, the subliminal effect is,

'Ford helped me get a good buy.'"

Zimmerman went on to say that the idea of using jazz in the promotion grew out of the Ford-sponsored *Lively Ones* television show, which, in its original form, was jazz-oriented. He said that the college students interested in jazz are those seeking things not run-of-the-mill, and that these are the young persons his company is interested in reaching.

'NOTHING PERSONAL' AGAINST MANAGER SAYS NANCY WILSON

In a mollifying footnote to her recently leveled lawsuit against John Levy Enterprises, the personal management agency that has handled her business affairs since 1959, singer Nancy Wilson recently issued a statement meant "to clarify any misunderstanding which may have arisen," over her filing suit against Levy and his company (*DB*, Sept. 24). The suit seeks a declaration of rights under a previously existing contract and alleges that the contract, for "numerous" reasons, is invalid.

"Because of the inequities in the original agreement," Miss Wilson explained, "it was felt that it was in the best interest of both parties that their professional association be dissolved."

"We wish to emphasize," she concluded, "that the action deals only with the suit as a legal question which the courts will decide and in no way should be considered a personal affront against Mr. Levy."

TV SERIES ON NEW ORLEANS JAZZ BEING SHOWN NATIONWIDE

New Orleans jazz is the subject of a new television series now being produced for the National Educational Television network. The eight half-hour programs will investigate the churches, the honky-tonks, the red-light district and persons who played a significant role in the birth of jazz.

Throughout the series (see page 30 for a review of the first two programs), host Vern Cook, program director at WYES-TV in New Orleans and co-producer (with Karl Genus) of *New Orleans Jazz*, talks with many of the old-time jazz musicians such as Papa Jack Laine, Papa Tom Albert, and Papa John Joseph. Several of the programs spotlight particular places and areas well-known as jazz landmarks in New Orleans.

One of the programs is devoted to Jelly Roll Morton in which Creole George Guesnon, jazz scholar Dr. Edmond Souchon, pianist Armand Hug, and Morton's sister provide a word-portrait of the pianist. Also included on this program are remini-

scences recorded by Morton for the Library of Congress in 1938.

Scheduled to be seen on 82 NET affiliated network stations across the country, the series is already being seen by viewers in New York City, Chicago, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Boston, and Los Angeles, among other cities.

This week it began on stations in Washington, D.C.; Denver, Colo.; Phoenix and Tucson, Ariz.; Lincoln, Neb.; Chapel Hill, N.C.; Memphis, Tenn.; Urbana, Ill.; Austin, Texas; and Durham, N.H. The series will next be released to 45 more stations during the weeks of Nov. 15, Dec. 6, Dec. 27, Jan. 17, and Feb. 7.

DIXIELAND EXTRAVAGANZA DRAWS MORE THAN 20,000 TO DISNEYLAND

That Dixieland jazz continues to pay off handsomely for Walt Disney was evident when box-office receipts were totted up following last month's fifth annual "Dixieland at Disneyland" two-night show at the southern California amusement park.

Approximately \$105,000 was gathered at the park's turnstiles both nights, it was announced. Friday's event was attended by 7,377 persons, and there were 13,572 ticket-holders Saturday.

The show, most lavish ever presented at Disneyland, headlined the

Louis Armstrong All-Stars. It also featured singer Sweet Emma Barrett and trumpeter Sharkey Bonano from New Orleans, drummer Ben Pollack's Pick-A-Rib Boys, trombonist Kid Ory's combo, the Firehouse Five + Two, the Elliott Brothers big band, the Gertrude Ward Singers, and the Burch Mann dancers.

BOB CROSBY REORGANIZES BOBCATS FOR ASIAN TOUR

Bob Crosby, who for some time has been out of the music business and operating an automobile leasing agency in Hawaii, re-entered the Dixieland arena when he put together a nine-piece group for a four-week tour of Japan, Okinawa, and the Philippines.

The newest edition of the Bobcats (that was the small group within the big band Crosby led in the 1930s and '40s) is made up of Matty Matlock, clarinet; Eddie Miller, tenor saxophone; Johnny Best and Yank Lawson, trumpets; Moe Schneider and Lou McGarity, trombones; Al Pellegrini, piano; Ray Leatherwood, bass; and Nick Fatool, drums. Several of the men are veterans of the original Crosby band.

Crosby, who said he would like to keep the Bobcats together after their return from the Far East, is to appear with the group, brother Bing, and

several jazz figures on a television tribute to ailing guitarist-leader Eddie Condon. The program will be produced at Los Angeles' KHJ-TV for national syndication. It is scheduled to be shown in the Los Angeles area on Nov. 7.

HOLLYWOOD BENEFIT RAISES \$1,354 FOR CIVIL-RIGHTS CAMPAIGN

Many leading jazz stars and personalities, ranging from Steve Allen to Philly Joe Jones, took part in a jazz-laden benefit Sept. 17 at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood, Calif., to raise campaign funds for the voter registration drive in Mississippi organized by civil-rights organizations.

A total of \$1,354.65 was netted from door donations (a \$2 minimum admission), sale of wine and beer, and auctioned paintings and sundries. All the musicians' services were donated.

Lu Washington, fund-raising chairman of Los Angeles CORE, told *Down Beat* that all the proceeds—except \$29 for expenses—is going to CORE's Mississippi freedom fund but that part of the money is to be used to build a Freedom House in Meridian, Miss., as a memorial to James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner, the civil-rights workers murdered near there last summer.

strictly ad lib

NEW YORK: Pianist Billy Taylor concluded a two-year disc-jockey stint at station WNEW late last month. Taylor, whose jazz show was broadcast six days a week, said that though the program was "oversold" (i.e., commercials back to back) the station's management decided on a policy of "less jazz and less talk." The pianist has resumed his musical activities on a full-time basis, beginning with a booking at Count Basie's Lounge.



Taylor

The high point of trumpeter Harry James' Sept. 20 Carnegie Hall concert was a solo by Buddy Rich, for which the veteran drummer received a standing ovation from the audience. Prominently featured with the James band were long-time sidemen Corky Corcoran on tenor saxophone and Ray Sims on trombone, with alto saxophonist Joe Riggs capably handling the ailing Willie Smith's lead and solo assignments. The band also played a free concert at the World's Fair's Singer Bowl Sept. 18, with singer Nina Simone co-featured on both occasions.

Golden Boy, the Broadway musical starring Sammy Davis Jr., has a swinging pit band, including reed man Frank Wess, trombonists Eddie Bert and Benny Powell, bassist Aaron Bell, and drummer Jimmie Crawford. The music director is Elliot Lawrence . . . Tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin left the United States Oct. 1 for an engagement at the Montmartre in Copenhagen. He said he plans to make his home in the Danish capital with his wife and

children . . . Pianist-composer George Russell, making an unexpected quick recovery from two recent operations for ulcers, felt well enough to participate in George Wein's star-studded jazz package, which left here for Europe Sept. 24. When he left the hospital in late August, he said he would not make the trip. Russell's group included Thad Jones, cornet, fluegelhorn; Garnett Brown, trombone; Joe Farrell, saxophones; Barre Phillips, bass; and Al Heath, drums.

Vibraharpist Walt Dickerson recently returned from a four-month tour of Europe, with a quartet including pianist Robert A. Green, bassist Michael Taylor, and drummer Edgar Bateman.

The tour opened in Copenhagen and took the group to Sweden, Poland, and France. The Dickerson sojourn was the first in a proposed series arranged by producer Victor Oglevy Jr. in conjunction with three European bookers. The tours will utilize the talents of musicians with established reputations among jazz fans but who are not considered big names . . . Tenor saxophonist Ben Webster was heard in concert with the Mose Allison Trio at Stonybrook on Long Island Sept. 21. Webster will make his first appearance in Europe Dec. 8, when he opens at the Ronnie Scott Club in London . . . British tenor man Tubby Hayes returns to the United States Nov. 17, opening at the Half Note and then moving on to Boston's Jazz



Webster

(Continued on page 36)

THE CANDIDATE MEETS THE PRESS

Presidential candidate John Birks Gillespie views affairs of state with jaundiced—and jolly—eye

As the hustle on the hustings continues up to election day, with Democrat and Republican decrying one another's policies and impugning one another's honor and worse, John Birks (Dizzy) Gillespie plows his own political way in his race for the Presidency of the United States.

The 47-year-old trumpeter from Cheraw, N.C., is pursuing his political campaign, offering several solid planks: intelligence and humor about the whole business of running for office, sincere dedication to the principles of Negro rights and the fight to win them fully, and lots of the best jazz there is.

Following are excerpts from a recent press conference held in Los Angeles.

Q. In your campaign, do you have any specific criticisms of the platforms of the two major parties? If so, what are they?

A. First things come first. First, civil rights. I think that some of the major civil rights groups are on the wrong track. The real issue of civil rights is not the idea of discrimination in itself but the system that led to the discrimination. Such as the schools—the teaching in the schools. They don't teach the kids about the dignity of all men everywhere. They say that there should be education. Okay. I say education, yes; but the white people are the ones who should be educated into how to treat every man. And the system of discrimination started during slavery time—with the slaves—it's an economic thing. Of course, we don't have that slave system at the moment, but we do have something in its place, such as discrimination against people economically.

Economics is the key to the whole thing. For example, if all of my followers said that we weren't going to buy one single product for three days, think of what would happen to the stock on that one product on the stock market in one day. If it would drop drastically—boom! They would hurry up to protect the investors; they would hurry up to rectify a gross injustice.

Q. How many people do you think would be involved in this, in terms of purchasing power—20,000,000... 30,000,000?

A. There are millions and millions of right-thinking people in this country.

Q. Not just Negro people?

A. Not just Negro people. No, no.

Q. Then you'd probably get 60,000,000 to go along with you?

A. I'd like to see that... 60,000,000 people wouldn't buy a product for three days. . . . There would be *bedlam* on the stock market. And they would hurry up and do something about this . . . thing [discrimination].

The other thing is about the income tax situation. There are certain elements in our society that have better breaks on the income tax situation than others. I say we should make "numbers" legal. A national lottery for the whole country. And everybody—little grocery stores, gasoline stations—would sell books of tickets. All that money would go to the government. Do you realize that millions and millions of dollars a day are taken in "numbers" (which is illegal). Everybody is a gambler. When you come here on earth, you gamble whether you want to live to see tomorrow. So they should channel those virtues in the right direction.

Q. What about accusations that "numbers" bleed the poor and that only the rich people can back the "numbers"?

A. That's who's [the rich] getting all the loot, that's who's getting all the money now. But the government would get that money.

Q. Wouldn't you lose a lot of supporters from the church and from churchgoing people?

A. I notice in some of the churches they have bingo nights. People go to bingo night better than they would come to see me in a club where they have whisky. Of course, you would have to get the clergy behind you. And then if you hit the "numbers," if you hit for a dollar, you get \$600.

Q. We've been hearing so much for the last six months or so about the so-called white backlash. Do you have any comment on that?

A. Yes. In the first place, the people who are affected by the white backlash, we haven't had them anyway. See? If we are going to judge how to treat a human being by a bunch of hoodlums' riots in certain places, well, we don't need them anyway. I have that much confidence in the integrity of the American people that we have enough people to really do something about the situation. So the ones who are affected by the backlash—shame on 'em. We never had 'em anyway.

Q. In the interim period—while the school system is being settled and minority groups are getting equal opportunities—what do you suggest to raise the economic level of Negroes and other minority groups until they have the opportunity to have the same education and, therefore, get the same types of jobs as whites?

A. I would suggest that when an applicant for any employment . . . when an applicant comes in to take his . . . to decide on his qualifications for a job, it should be behind a screen. This system of discrimination against us is so strong that the moment a black face walks in, we know that we're going to have to do a little more than the white person to get the job. But when an applicant comes in, and he's behind a screen, his aptitudes for a job are on paper and you ask him questions or something and you won't know what you've hired until he has either flunked it or made it.

Q. Could we have your comments on the two candidates of the major parties and their programs? First, Sen. Barry Goldwater.

A. I think his program stinks. I think the senator's program is ultraconservative; I think that Sen. Goldwater

'Economics is the key to the whole thing.'



wants to take us back to the horse-and-buggy days when we are in the space age. And we are looking forward, not backward. President Johnson? He's done a magnificent job.

Q. In what area?

A. In the area of civil rights—for what he has done and with the backing he has. But I'm sure that if I don't get to be President—which I hope I shall—then I think that President Johnson would make a much, much, much better President than Mr. Goldwater.

Q. We're in an era in which we are told only a millionaire can be President. Are you a millionaire? [Laughter.]

A. Not by any stretch of your imagination. I remember some years ago when I was in Paris, I saw a headline on one of the tabloids—the New York *Mirror*—which is presently defunct, and it said in the headline: BEBOP MILLIONAIRE IN TROUBLE. There are certain spheres of our media of communication, there are certain newspapers that I don't believe anything I read in them. This one was preposterous because at that time I didn't know one bebop musician who had two quarters to rub up against one another.

Q. Seriously, how important do you consider a lot of money is in political campaigning?

A. I understand Gov. Rockefeller. . . . There will be a moment of silence when I mention that name. I understand that he spent in the primaries alone almost \$2,000,000 or something like that.

But I look at it this way: suppose I were a millionaire. (That's a very far-fetched idea.) And suppose there was a guy in trouble someplace, and I say here's \$10,000—with the television camera on me, and the radio—\$10,000 clear. [Then] if I were a poor man, say, making \$75 a week, and I see a guy who's ragged and doesn't have any shoes on and his clothes are in tatters and I walk up to him and I say, "Come here." And I go to a secondhand store and buy him \$6.79 worth of clothes. My idea of that is, I've done more by giving this guy this little gift. I call it having a respect for, and having a big heart for, the little guy.

Q. What do you think of Hubert Humphrey?

A. When we toured for the State Department the first time, in 1956, we were invited to play for the White House correspondents' ball. I had the good fortune to meet Sen. Humphrey. I walked up to Sen. Humphrey without an introduction. I said, "Do you

know one thing? I don't particularly care for politicians." He looked at me. I said, "But you are my favorite politician." He came right back and said, "If you ever come to Minneapolis, I want you to look me up." So maybe I might get some backing from Sen. Humphrey.

Q. What about the residue from the New Frontier, the men who surrounded President Kennedy and are still in Washington?

A. I can't say that I blame President Johnson about that because when he repudiated all the men that surrounded the late President Kennedy. . . . You see, President Johnson has a problem. We loved the late President Kennedy, as did most Americans; we were madly in love with him. My wife cried for weeks and weeks and weeks after his death. But you see Johnson had to do that because in history he wants to be judged by what he did, not for what President Kennedy started. He wants to identify himself with his ideas about social problems that have to be faced. He wants to live and die with his philosophy. I'll go along with that.

Q. If you were to pick a vice-presidential running mate, who would it be? Or have you done so already?

A. I was thinking of asking Phyllis Diller. She seems to have that sua-a-a-a-ve manner; she looks far into the future. She's looking into the future. So I'm a future man, I said to her.

Q. Have you approached her?

A. I sent one of my emissaries. I sent one of my emissaries to sound her on that. I understand that she is for it. She was going to vote for me, anyway, so she'd just as well get in there and work.

Q. What about your cabinet? Who would you select for cabinet officers?

A. In the first place I want to eliminate secretaries.

Q. Why?

A. In French that would be feminine gender, and we don't want anyone effeminate in our form of government. I going to make all ministers.

Minister of foreign affairs: Duke Ellington.

Minister of peace: Charlie Mingus. Anybody have any objections to that? I think it would get through the Senate. Right through.

Minister of agriculture: Louis Armstrong.

Q. Why?

A. Well, you know he's from New Orleans; he knows all about growing things.

Ministress of labor: Peggy Lee.



'All my ambassadors: Jazz musicians. The cream.'

She's very nice to her musicians, so . . . labor-management harmony. It's harmony between labor and management.

Minister of justice: Malcolm X. Who would be more adept at meting out justice to people who flouted it than Malcolm? Can you give me another name? Whenever I mention this name, people say, "Hawo-o-o-o." But I am sure that if we were to channel his genius—he's a genius—in the right direction, such as minister of justice, we would have some peaceful times here. Understand?

Ministress of finance: Jeannie Gleason. Ralph Gleason's wife. When she can put the salary of a newspaperman—you know it's not too great, you have to pinch here and there—when she can keep that money together, she's a genius. So I'm sure that she would be able to run our fiscal policy.

My executive assistant would be Ramona Swettschurt Crowell, the one who makes my sweatshirts.

Minister of defense: Max Roach.

Head of the CIA: Miles Davis.

Q. Why?

A. O-o-oh, honey, you know his schtick. He's ready for that position. He'd know just what to do in that position.

All my ambassadors: Jazz musicians. The cream.

Gov. George C. Wallace: Chief information officer in The Congo. . . . Under Tshombe.

We would resume relations with Communist Cuba.

Q. Why?

A. Well, I've been reading the newspapermen who were invited to Cuba to look at the revolution there. . . . It seems Premier Castro wants to talk about reparations. But he wants to

talk about it on a diplomatic level, which means respect. I am a man to respect, to respect a country, Cuba, regardless of their political affiliations; they are *there*, and there's no doubt about it.

And I was reading in the articles that they'll be there a while. So I would recognize that we send an ambassador, in an exchange of ambassadors, to Cuba to see if we can work out this problem of indemnity for the factories and things that they have expropriated. I think that any government has that privilege of nationalizing their wealth. It's theirs; it's just theirs. So if they want to pay for it. . . . Of course, we built it up, we were out there; it wasn't our country in the first place. But since they built it up and Mr. Castro wants to pay you for it, I think we should accept the money with grace.

Q. What about Communist China?

A. I think we should recognize them.
Q. Why?

A. Can you imagine us thinking that 700,000,000 people are no people? How much percent is that of the world's population? I think we should recognize them. Besides, we need that *business*. We're about to run out of markets, you know. All of a sudden you wake up and there's 700,000,000 more people to sell something to. And jazz festivals. Can you imagine: we could go to China with a jazz festival and spend 10 years there at jazz festivals. We'd forget all about you over here. We'd send back records.

Q. We're very deeply involved in Viet Nam; what would be your policy on this situation?

A. We're not deeply involved enough in Viet Nam. I think we should either recognize the fight or take a chance on World War—is it three? There's been so many. Either do it, or get out of there. Because every day American soldiers are walking around and—boom!—out, finished, kaput. They're being killed, and they don't even know hardly that they're even at war. We haven't declared war. So I think we should really either straighten it out—and we have the means to do that—or get out of there. I think we should do it or *don't* do it. But if I were President, I'd get out of there. I'd say, look, y'all got it, baby. Yeah, good luck. I'd get American soldiers out of there.

Q. As one of our most prominent musicians you are aware that automation has played the devil with musicians' livelihoods. What would your policy be on automation?

A. Automation will never replace the

musician himself. We would have to set up some kind of a thing to protect the musician from that. There's a bill in Congress now—oh, it's been up for a long time; I get letters from ASCAP and my Society for the Protection of Songwriters; writing letters to senators to get them to vote for this bill—to make them give us part of that money that's going into jukeboxes. As soon as the jukebox operators find out that you have to pay some money out there, a nice little taste of money, they'll start hiring live musicians again, I think. Instead of having the jukeboxes there, they'd hire some musicians.

Q. What do you think the role of the musicians' union should be in this regard?

A. Aw, the musicians' union! Why did you bring that up? Is this for publication? It *is*? Ah, the role of the musicians' union—it has been very lax in this space age. They have wallowed in the age of the horse and buggy and the cotton gin. I don't think they're doing a very good job. All they're doing is taking the money.

Q. In a recent interview, Duke Ellington said that from his personal standpoint he didn't agree with subsidies for his music. What should your attitude as President be toward federal subsidies for the arts, particularly music?

A. We need subsidies for the arts. I'm a firm believer in that. Since jazz is our prime art, that should be the first thing we should subsidize.

Q. How would you go about that?

A. I'd have to work it out with someone who is familiar with it.

Q. How about a civil-service night club?

A. Now, that's a good idea. A civil-service night club. That'd be nice. I've been speaking to Max Roach about an organization composed of jazz musicians to perpetuate our own music. This year at Newport we had a jazz festival. Also they had a folk festival, which was marvelous. I mean, it just got down at the bottom of everything.

Y'see, jazz musicians—they're so busy being jealous of one another that they can't get together, so they need some rallying point. Max told me, "You're the only one that could do it. You should call a summit meeting and have all the guys. Send them a letter; say, 'Be there!' And they would be there." So we were speaking about this. So we're probably going to get together. . . .

But musicians should be on the production end of jazz. Like Shelly Manne is here in Hollywood. He's

a musician who's on the production end of it, and I'm sure that the atmosphere in his club is different from any club in the country because he thinks like a musician. Just think of an organization of musicians who would dictate the policies of clubs where you play: "Say, look, you've got to have a piano that's in tune—that's 440—and lights and maybe little stairs going here and going there." Musicians got some ideas. I imagine if you'd turn them loose on ideas of what kind of people they should have in the clubs and how best they could present that music to people, then all of us would benefit by it because all of us would be doing it.

So the musician, with his fantastic ideas about music, if you could channel them into the production end of music, how best we could serve the public—which we are in it to do—I imagine there would be a big rejuvenation of jazz. We could put on four mammoth concerts in one year—one in New York, one in L.A., one in Chicago, and one in the Midwest. They would be in the biggest ball parks, and we'd have people who love jazz, such as Frank Sinatra, Nat Cole (a jazz musician himself), Marlon Brando, Phyllis Diller, Harry Belafonte, all of those people have been helped by jazz. All of them have been helped by it, and I'm sure they would go all out to put a little thing into it. So they would help us with these things.

And we would get an administrator to run it—and pay him, pay him to run it. And let it be run on a business-like basis, like U.S. Steel is run; we'd have an executive board, a chairman of the board, directors, president, and all that jive.

Q. On a personal level, what is your own opinion of Cassius Clay, or Mohammed Ali, as he is now known?

A. My personal opinion of him? I don't know him that well to pass a personal opinion of him. I would have to know a person very well before I would pass an opinion. . . . I'm a firm believer in: if you can't say something good about somebody, don't say anything at all.

Q. If your opponents in the presidential race start any mud-slinging . . . ?

A. Oh, that's different. A political campaign is something altogether different. And then afterward you kiss and make up.

Q. Goldwater, too?

A. I don't think we would be on too good terms, not on kissing terms anyway.

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LEE KONITZ: NO COMPROMISE

By DAN MORGENSTERN

PHOTO BY DON SCHLITTEN

LOOK UP THE NAME Lee Konitz in any significant book on jazz, and you will find the alto saxophonist's work described with terms of praise. "Subtle," "singular," "distinctive," and "original" abound, but the adjective most frequently encountered is "uncompromising."

Though Konitz is uncompromising in his dedication to music, his personality is not that of a fearsome iconoclast but rather that of a gentle, soft-spoken, direct, and wholly unaffected man with a quizzical sense of humor never far below the surface reserve.

Konitz recently returned to New York City after a hiatus of about two years in California; Carmel Valley on the Monterey Peninsula, to be exact. These were years of sporadic playing activity, supplemented by teaching.

"When I left the coast, I wanted to go to Chicago—I was born there—and get active again, but then I didn't feel ready," he said. "I tried to make it outside music but got depressed quickly. One night, I called Lennie [Tristano], and he said, 'Come right in to the Half Note with me,' and that was it. . . ."

At the Half Note, Konitz and Tristano were joined by tenor saxophonist Warne Marsh, and the threesome—reunited for the first time since 1959—has played two return engagements at the club so far, reaffirming a musical partnership that dates back to 1949 and the beginnings of so-called cool jazz.

"We got together and decided to play what we already knew," Konitz said. "Here we are 15 years later, and there still is a kind of continuity to the music."

Indeed there is. It is a warming and somehow reassuring experience to listen to these men making music together, still finding inspiration in each other, still sounding fresh and new within a context that has gained the dimension of nostalgia—and yet retains the aura of discovery.

"If we found the right drummer, there would be no limit to what could happen," Konitz stated. (This was before a new young drummer, Roger Mancuso, had joined the group.) The alto saxophonist had touched upon a problem familiar to followers of the Tristano school's music.

"People say that Lennie wants an 'old-fashioned' rhythm section, but that's not it at all," the altoist said. "Most drummers seem unable to feel the subtlety of Lennie's pulsation. It's weird. They're just not good enough to play with him. It's not a question of being old-fashioned but of finding a cat who can swing gracefully."

"Today's drummers don't seem to practice on their sets at home—just on the practice pad, which is not enough. The drummer should be able to improvise as freely as anyone else in the band, to fulfill his function in terms of group improvisation. But what seems to happen is that he either falls into a rigid pattern or else is seized with anxiety and becomes too boisterous in his playing. If you're really improvising, and some cat is pushing you all the time, it's just impossible to get the right feeling."

That Konitz was not talking about "old-fashioned" drumming became clear when he referred to an album he had made with Elvin Jones (and bassist Sonny Dallas, who is in the current Tristano quintet). "That album [*Motion*, made in 1961] came out pretty well. I had wanted Max Roach, but Max had an exclusive contract at the time, and he said Elvin was the cat to get. So we got together, and it felt real nice, though we didn't have the time to get together the way we *could* have. Elvin loves to play, and he is an extraordinary talent. That kind of enthusiasm, and that kind of ears, is something, but you must start with some kind of simplicity."

Speaking of simplicity and subtlety brought to Konitz'

mind one of his musical loves:

"I was listening to some great Lester Young tapes the other day, and I wonder whatever happened to that feeling . . . Pres with Basie . . . that was some kind of peak. And Pres with Billie! I've been listening to those records practically every day for years, and they never lose their validity."

SOME 13 YEARS ago, Konitz had been among the musicians asked by *Metronome* magazine to select their 10 favorite records. Reminded of his choices—which included *Twelfth Street Rag* by Basie with Young, *Foolin' Myself* by Billie Holiday with Young, and *Rockin' Chair* by Gene Krupa with Roy Eldridge, he was asked if he would stick by them today.

"I still feel the same about *that* music," he answered. "Some choices might be a little different now. But I feel it's possible to continue to grow as a player without getting involved with the ego thing. But it's a lifetime's work. If it gets bad, stay home and work at it."

For a musician whose playing has been characterized as cerebral, intellectual, detached, and cool (though these terms would seem to apply less than ever to his music today), Konitz speaks with remarkable frequency of feeling. It is a pity that such onetime evaluations may have kept potential listeners from Konitz' music, which is anything but esoteric and unemotional. It is perhaps a question of confusion between style and content.

If Konitz were not concerned with the communication of feeling in jazz, one would be hard put to explain his admiration for so openly emotional a musician as trumpeter Eldridge.

"I used to follow Roy on 52nd St.," the saxophonist recalled. "I really love this man. At the Village Vanguard some years ago, I went backstage to see him. He was warming up on his mouthpiece, and I started talking to him about some of his old records. He couldn't remember a certain chorus, so I sang it to him. I wanted to tell him how much I dug him, but that's always a difficult thing to do without getting hung up. Telling a man how great he used to sound just before he has to go on the stand and play may not be exactly the thing to do. But Roy still has that feeling—he can play just one note, and something happens. For a while, I think Dizzy upset him, but anyone who has that kind of contact with a note shouldn't be afraid of anything. It is a matter of not letting something affect you intellectually."

Just as Gillespie (or the sudden changes in taste brought on by the advent of bebop) had upset Eldridge until he found himself again, so constant comparisons to Charlie Parker had haunted Konitz at one time.

"People talked about me as coming 'after Bird,' which was a false situation to put me in," he said. "It almost made me afraid to listen to Bird's music for a while," he stated. "It became an extra-musical consideration in my life for a time, which was unfortunate."

Konitz' reaction to the music of another alto saxophonist who may well have been placed in a false light by comparisons with Parker is typically honest:

"I went to the Five Spot twice to hear Ornette Coleman. We had a conversation, and he asked me, very nicely, to play with him. I said, 'But what would we play?' And I'm afraid I may have hurt his feelings. He is a very nice person. The music was curious. It was some sort of experience for me, if not exactly a pleasurable one. I heard he's playing violin now. I'd like to hear that. . . ."

Teaching has been a part of Konitz' life for a number of years, and he is still taking students. "I dig teaching,"

he said. "I enjoy going over the fundamentals again and again, and to hear someone developing is a good feeling."

He continues to teach some of his California students via exchange of tapes. "I've tried it, and it can work," he said. "It will help me expand my teaching activities, and it's a nice touch. It keeps the relationship simple—you can make comments without getting too involved. It's only next best, though. The best thing is to sit and play together."

Asked if he had any advice for student musicians, Konitz said, "Listen to everything that is happening and everything that has happened and really get familiar with it."

But it is playing that is uppermost in Konitz' mind.

"When we played in Toronto," he said referring to a recent Tristano quintet engagement, "the press coverage was ridiculous. We had six reviews! One writer had called Warne and myself 'transvestites,' saying that Warne was sounding like an alto, and I like a tenor . . . whatever that means."

Konitz grew serious. "Warne is a very neglected player," he said. "He is a real improviser. He's never been appreciated sufficiently."

Hearing Konitz and Marsh execute their unique unison lines and then engage in collective improvisation is, if anything, more exciting today than when they first did it on record in 1949. At that time, a critic stated that Konitz' alto sounded "like a flute" and Marsh's tenor "like an alto."

With the coming of the "new thing," it is possible there has developed an atmosphere more conducive to the music of Tristano, Konitz, et al., than during the period of "hard bop" and "soul music." Comments that such pieces as the 1949 *Intuition* were in fact forerunners of today's "free jazz" are heard with increasing frequency, and Konitz does not disagree:

"We did do something along those lines—and rather effectively."

The interest of younger musicians in the new Tristano group testifies to this. A few always seemed to be on hand at the Half Note, and Konitz was pleased when trumpeter Carmell Jones and saxophonist Joe Henderson dropped by at the Cork 'n' Bib to hear him. "We had a nice talk, and Joe told me he knew the old records," Konitz recalled. "That made me feel happy."

There should be new records to hear alongside those old ones, but Konitz has not recorded since August, 1961, when the *Motion* album was cut. A return to the recording studio seems long overdue for the saxophonist, for he has not stood still—though even if he had, he would be well worth hearing.

Konitz' plans are characteristically modest: "To have the band settle down, get into a club in New York, and play four or five days a week for the rest of my days—that would be great," he said. "To have a home base to work from, to function as a sideman, not as a star. The idea of the sideman seems to have left jazz, but I like to be a sideman in a democratic group. The responsibility to play for the audience is the prime motivating force in my playing."

The feeling to play has returned for Konitz. He was a player to reckon with 15 years ago; today he must surely be counted among the handful of truly outstanding improvisers in jazz. Konitz has always told his own story, has always gone his own way. He hasn't made it "big," but he has made a big achievement. It is a continuing achievement, and one hopes the time will come—soon—when it will be duly recognized. 

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

Lennie Tristano Quintet

Half Note, New York City

Personnel: Lee Konitz, alto saxophone; Warne Marsh, tenor saxophone; Tristano, piano; Sonny Dallas, bass; Roger Mancuso, drums.

The reunion of Tristano with Marsh and Konitz is an event that has, aside from its nostalgic elements, contemporary importance as well.

Tristano and the members of his "school" were the leaders of one of the more important jazz movements of the late 1940s and early '50s. Hearing them in the radically changed jazz world of the '60s brightens our understanding of the original Tristano music and of the nature of avant-garde movements in general.

Tristano, Marsh, and Konitz are all, for the most part, diatonic players. Even their most unusual improvisational ventures are conducted within the framework of a diatonic tonal system. Konitz (and, to a lesser degree, Marsh) tends to produce long, sinuous lines that are colored by a relatively free chromaticism. But they rarely permit this chromaticism to lead them very far away from the fundamental harmonic changes.

In one sense, this places them diametrically opposite to today's "free" players. At the same time, they provide an artistically valid alternative for the jazz improviser that allows an unusually wide range of musical possibilities. Such an alternative—often lacking in recent years—can help to fill in some of the gaps in the kaleidoscope of today's jazz.

The strongest impression I retained after an evening at the Half Note is of the exceptional character of Konitz' playing. There is little doubt in my mind that he has quietly become—within the tonal style of improvisation—one of the most consistently creative alto players on the scene.

On the night I heard the group, Konitz demonstrated remarkably disciplined control of the instrument. Many of his improvisations were limited almost exclusively to the bottom register, the most difficult areas of the saxophone to control. Konitz' ability to produce a warm, cellolike sound in this register offers strong refutation to those commentators who have found a lack of emotion in his music. (His lovely

MARSH, KONITZ, TRISTANO: Exceptional musicality... great improvisational ability

variation on the changes of *You Go to My Head* further indicated the increased emotional range that has come with maturity.) That Konitz' star should have been eclipsed for so many years seems little short of astonishing.

Marsh's peculiarly constricted tone is alternately attractive and repellent. In ballads it tends to grate on the ears, but its bassoonlike edge cuts through nicely in the faster tempos.

The minor annoyance of Marsh's sound, however, is more than compensated for by his exceptionally complex rhythmic lines. I found myself continually feeling that Marsh had lost control of the meter or the harmonic sequence and then suddenly surprised to find that he had turned the time around or delayed or anticipated but always came out perfectly in the end. Again, as with Konitz, one can only regret that Marsh has been heard so much more rarely than many lesser players.

Tristano's playing showed no marked changes since his last two recordings. His block-chording on some of the ballads, in fact, was almost too familiar. Certain phrases that he commonly used in the recordings made nine years ago at the Confucius Restaurant kept recurring.

More attractive in Tristano's ballad style is the stark formality with which he approaches his solos, playing a softly chording left hand and contrasting this with extremely declamatory right-hand melodies that build higher and higher until, at their peaks, they achieve an arrhythmic intensity that gradually subsides as the line descends to lower levels.

Tristano balances these melodic forays with sections of enormous two-handed orchestral block chords. I doubt that any other piano player today, with the possible exception of Cecil Taylor, uses the complete potential of the instrument so consistently. Curiously, Tristano's roots in the pre-bop era are far more clear now than they were in the days when he was considered one of jazz' iconoclasts.

Tristano's comping, although similar to the style he always has used, was—for me—a bit overbearing. Players like Marsh and Konitz range so freely through the harmonic complexities of their material that the kind of chords Tristano plays—thick and ringing with basic triads—just get in the way. This is especially so since his accompaniment figures leave few open spaces. In the few instances when Tristano laid out, Konitz appeared to reach into more exploratory areas, both rhythmically and harmonically.

When Tristano got loose on his better solo choruses, he demonstrated remarkable technical control. In one especially stunning sequence, he played, at fast tempo, a series of gradually expanding rhythmic fragments—triplets to 16ths to five and six notes on a beat—that had tremendous metric drive. Although I sometimes find his quasi-Baroque use of regular eighth notes too boring, there can be no denying the rhythmic potency that infuses nearly every note Tristano plays.

As of the moment, there is a possibility that Tristano can keep this group together, if only for irregular appearances. Its members' affinity for each other produces a

well-integrated ensemble sound, even though they work only intermittently. Certainly their exceptional musicality as a group and their great improvisational ability as soloists warrant the continuing attention of the jazz audience.

—Don Heckman

Bill Evans Trio

Cafe Au Go Go, New York City

Personnel: Evans, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Larry Bunker, drums.

His narrow back hunched over the piano, Evans, after a few minutes, gives the impression of having entered the instrument. The body we see is simply a husk waiting to be filled again when the set is over.

It is the distilled quality of Evans' intensity that I am trying to convey—the utter concentration on annealing the self with the instrument so that the resultant music can be protected from any of the cracks in private conception that are so possible in a public place.

Those who complain that Evans is too removed from his audience, that he makes no overt signs to draw them into his music, are simply not willing to give that music at least a tithing of the concentration Evans does. Communication is there, and don't shoot the piano player if you're blocked.

The particular Evans qualities are long since familiar in the telling but continually mesmeric each time they're heard—the singing clarity of the tensile lines, the crystalline exactitude and resilient freshness of the harmonies, and the organic cohesion of the performance as a whole.

This trio, moreover, is indeed a trio. Israels and Bunker are acutely sensitized to Evans and to each other, and there is a continual interweaving texturally—and sometimes linearly—that makes for a three-in-one unfolding of moods and ideas. The resultant level of *collective* improvisation is as rare a phenomenon in jazz as it has always been.

The beat, always firm, is never predictably constricted. In *Some Other Time*, for example, the collective pulse is lithely pliable and seems to breathe. Israels, in addition to his fundamentally rhythmic function, has grown into an absorbing soloist with stories to tell rather than just technique to display.

Bunker is especially masterful with brushes on ballads, creating a compass of shifting accents and textures that in subtlety and relevancy are reminiscent of the work of Connie Kay. I find him sometimes overstrong when the tempo rises, but that may be the result of insufficient listening time. It is impossible to judge a man in a new context in only one night.

Although the set throughout was provocatively satisfying, I remember particularly the rueful tranquility of *My Foolish Heart* and the new dimensions of melodic possibilities in *'Round Midnight*.

I should also mention—because Evans considers it important—that he was playing one of the pianos designed and constructed by Georg Bolin of Stockholm,

(Continued on page 31)



TORONTO GLOBE & MAIL



MINGUS: Introspection to chaos and back again

to such a point that it must be favorably compared with the Red Garland-Paul Chambers-Philly Joe Jones juggernaut of several Davis quintets ago. Hancock, Carter, and Williams worked beautifully together at Monterey; the three continually tossed ideas back and forth among themselves, all the while driving and inspiring the soloists. Carter and Williams, though soloists of the first rank, were especially adept in building a rhythmic and coloristic springboard for the others. Davis was quite susceptible to the adventures of his accompaniment, something shown throughout the program of *Milestones*, *Autumn Leaves*, *Walkin'*, *My Funny Valentine*, and *So What?*

Hancock's solos were even more adventurous than his section work. He has touches of other pianists in his playing, of course, but he has made his own way, one harmonically oriented but also one that bursts with brilliantly executed lines that reveal a fine sense of conception and

MONTEREY MOMENTS

A Report On The Highly Successful Monterey Jazz Festival/By DON DeMICHEAL

SOME JAZZ FESTIVALS settle immovably in one's memory. Usually they have that rare and delicious moment when the intensity of a performance, its inspiration, is so overwhelming it sets off something akin to an electric shock that streaks through the audience. When it happens, it is as easy to recognize as a tidal wave, and as inescapable. Such a performance roused the Sunday afternoon audience to a cheering, standing ovation at last month's Monterey Jazz Festival. The tidal wave was a 12-piece Charlie Mingus group performing the leader's *Meditations*, a long work that ran the gamut from tender reflection to mankind-gone-mad chaos.

There were other performances at the seventh annual Monterey festival that almost reached the level of the Mingus magic: Miles Davis' gripping work on *My Funny Valentine*, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell's moving blues playing, and Milt Jackson's vibraharp wizardry that fired the Modern Jazz Quartet to an extraordinary set.

And though these and the Mingus performance were outstanding, the general level of the music played during the weekend was quite high, several notches above what one usually gets at jazz festivals. In addition to its artistic triumph, the festival, held Sept. 18-20 at the Monterey, Calif., Fairgrounds, set attendance and income records: about 30,000 tickets were sold, and the gross was a little better than \$121,000.

There were two innovations introduced at Monterey this year—after-concert sessions Friday and Saturday and closed-circuit TV for Saturday night's overflow crowd. Both were held at the fairgrounds' exhibition hall.

Approximately 700 persons paid \$4 apiece to watch the proceedings on tele-

vision, and each session drew about 300 insatiates, at \$3 a head, to hear such men as Russell, fluegelhornist Art Farmer, trombonist Vic Dickenson, pianist John Lewis, bassist Mingus, drummer Earl Palmer, trumpeter Carmell Jones, and tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson play in more intimate surroundings than offered by the large festival stage. The sessions were organized by Gerry Mulligan, who acted as "musician at large" during most of the weekend, sitting in with a variety of performers at both the formal and informal concerts.

(The most interesting group at the after-hours sessions was one composed of Mulligan, Lewis, Mingus, and Palmer. After some petulant behavior by the bassist, who responded slowly to Mulligan's on-mike entreatments to come to the stage, Lewis wandered into—of all things—*How High the Moon*, which came to an abrupt halt when Mingus stopped playing in mid-chorus. The bassist then launched into *I've Got It Bad* and played a couple of fine choruses before Lewis, with Mingus urging him on, built a solo that was probably one of the best he's ever played.)

FRIDAY NIGHT'S CONCERT got off to a flying start as the Miles Davis Quintet tore into *Milestones*.

Wayne Shorter is the trumpeter's new tenor man, and judging by Shorter's playing this night, he is the most compatible Davis horn mate since John Coltrane. Shorter's playing had a passion and a fire that nicely offset Davis' melancholy turn of mind, and the tenorist's lyricism, when he chose to use it, complemented well the leader's own highly developed sense of melodicism.

The Davis rhythm section—pianist Herbie Hancock, bassist Ron Carter, and drummer Tony Williams—has developed

tension-release construction.

But as excellent as his sidemen are, Davis is still the main show. His running solos on such tunes as *Milestones* and *So What?* are fire-filled for the most part, but it is his pensive ballad playing that remains the most soul-wrenching aspect of his artistry. And it was in full flower on *Funny Valentine*; his loving, lonely lyricism led at least one listener to think of far-away, peaceful places where air is sweet, love gentle . . . and Miles Davis plays ballads all night long.

Joe Williams came on stage after the Davis set and sang some blues with accompaniment by the Davis rhythm section with Mulligan sitting in. Williams was in fine fettle, his utter self-confidence and humor much in evidence.

The Art Farmer Quartet, which followed, was something of a disappointment. Not that the members—Farmer, fluegelhorn; Steve Kuhn, piano; Steve Swallow, bass; and Pete LaRoca, drums—did not play well, but in light of the Davis performance (the two groups' rhythm sections are similarly oriented) and the previous Farmer quartet with guitarist Jim Hall (possibly the finest group of its kind to emerge since the Modern Jazz Quartet), the performance was left wanting.

Friday night came to a grand climax with the playing of a group made up of Buck Clayton, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Dick Carey, piano and alto horn; Red Callender, bass; and Earl Palmer, drums. The men offered a warmly played set of standards that included a gentlemanly, though sly, set of variations of *S'Wonderful* by Freeman, Dickenson's humorous but plaintive *Basin Street Blues*, a flowing *Lullaby of the Leaves* by Mulligan, and Russell's outstanding *Pee Wee's*

Blues, during which he worked his way from soft, low-register murmurings to a wailing, squirming set of choruses that brought a number of the listeners to their feet in acclamation.

JON HENDRICKS put together the Saturday afternoon program, "The Blues—Right Now!" Hendricks explained that the concert was a continuation of his "Evolution of the Blues Song" concert presented at Monterey five years ago. While this year's program was generally interesting and entertaining, it was too long (after all, how long can one listen to three chord changes without growing a bit weary?).

The least satisfying singer of the afternoon was Homesick James Williamson. His 13-bar blues had a proper country air to them but unsettled his urban accompanists—pianist Gildo Mahones, bassist Don Moore, and drummer Sonny Brown, the Hendricks accompanying group. Williamson's bottle-neck guitar stylings were fairly well done, but the steel-guitar effect such a technique produces was nagging.

Guitarist-singer Roy Gaines, a youngster among blues artists (he's 30 and a student at Monterey Peninsula College), gave a moving performance. Though his singing voice is pleasant and his lyrics well put together (both owe more than a little to

Lonely, a slow blues during which she told a fascinating story about a red rooster and some hens.

To follow such tumultuous response as engendered by Miss Thornton was a tough spot to be in, but Joe Turner did all right for himself. He maintained the crowd's elation with a strong set that included such well-known Turner items as *Roll 'Em, Pete*; *Shake, Rattle, and Roll* and its sequel, *Flip, Flop, and Fly*; *Cherry Red*; and *Yackety Yack*.

Mulligan wandered on stage, baritone in hand, during Turner's program and played some satisfying solos. It did seem strange, however, to see and hear Mulligan and Homesick James playing together.

The seven-piece Hank Crawford Band gave the audience some instrumental relief from the vocalists. Crawford, the for-

blues, during which he was joined, first, by Hendricks and then by Dizzy Gillespie, who topped both singers at their own game.

SATURDAY NIGHT began with a good, though not exceptional, set by the Duke Ellington Orchestra. Besides such staples as *Afro-Bossa*, *Happy-Go-Lucky Local* and *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*, Ellington offered excerpts from his and Billy Strayhorn's suite-in-the-working, *Impressions of the Far East*. It would appear the two composers have not made much progress on the piece, since this concert's portions were the same ones the band has been performing since this spring. Nonetheless, the excerpts are fine Ellington, particularly Johnny Hodges' vehicle *Isphanon*.



DAVIS, CARTER, WILLIAMS: Trumpet improvisations susceptible to a strong rhythm section

mer Ray Charles arranger-pianist-altoist, and his band deserve more recognition from the jazz audience than they get. His relaxed group is excellent and harbors exceptional soloists in fluegelhornist John Hunt and Crawford, on alto. Crawford has a way of scoring for the horns (trumpet, fluegelhorn, alto, tenor, baritone) that gives the illusion they are drawing in rather than blowing out. His arrangements—and his playing—have a somber and dark quality that is haunting. More attention to intonation, however, would add to the band's appeal.

Lou Rawls followed the Crawford group, but his depth of feeling seemed shallower than that of the others on the program. His singing rang hollow, as did his plug-ging of his albums.

Joe Williams, accompanied by pianist Mike Melvoin, bassist Al McKibbin, and drummer Colin Bailey, concluded the afternoon with a rousing set that, thankfully, contained such tunes as *Work Song*, *Jump for Joy*, and *Summertime*. When Williams did get into the blues, the contrast with the nonblues enhanced his performance. The singer ended with some scat

Even though the Ellington crew was not at its most stunning, it is still difficult to follow, particularly before a huge Saturday night crowd, and more particularly if one is a relatively unheralded young singer backed by only a rhythm section, but Carol Sloane pulled it off with consummate ease. She did, however, have the foresight to begin her program with Ellington's *Love You Madly*, followed by his *Mood Indigo*, during which the ubiquitous Mulligan joined her onstage.

Miss Sloane's fur-lined voice is compelling, but it is the way she takes chances with the melody and meter that makes her an outstanding performer. She has fine control and excellent intonation, best displayed in her unaccompanied verse of *Little Girl Blue*; this tune was the emotional high-point of her set. She and Mulligan did some delightful two-part improvisation on *Them There Eyes*, but Miss Sloane's a cappella version of Bach's *Bourée* from *English Suite, No. 2* was pointless.

The Modern Jazz Quartet set, which came after Miss Sloane's, was a Milt Jackson triumph. Rarely has the vibraharpist,



RUSSELL: Blue murmurs give way to heated wails

Joe Turner), it is his guitar work that stirs the emotions. He played chorus after chorus of guitar that not only had a deep-blues feeling but were done in a highly musicianly way. Few musicians have so admirably welded these two qualities, which are often at odds.

Big Mama Willie Mae Thornton, who followed, had some meter trouble on her first song, but she soon got things straightened out and by the time she had completed her part of the concert had sent the crowd into wild applause for her renditions of *Houn' Dog* (she wrote it, though Elvis Presley made it famous) and *I'm*



MODERN JAZZ QUARTET: Vibe wizardry leads to stunning set

or the group, sounded better. That Jackson was in a mood to play was unmistakable when he laid into his solo on *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*, played first in triple meter, and then in a loping 4/4. He continued in excellence on his own *Monterey Mist*, a blues written expressly for this performance. But Jackson really bent to his task on a *Porgy and Bess* medley made up of *I Loves You, Porgy*; *My Man's Gone Now*; and *There's a Boat That's Leaving for New York*. Jackson gave *My Man's Gone Now* such blue hell that bassist Percy Heath, usually the picture of dignity onstage, turned his head from his written part and stared, smiling but as if awestruck, at Jackson flailing his vibraharp.

John Lewis' sensitive and imaginative playing should not go unmentioned. He, too, played better than usual on the fresh material. And the support of Heath and drummer Connie Kay was superb—firm and driving but not overbearing.

Jon Hendricks & Co. followed the MJQ. The new group, completed by Pat Harris and Don Chastain, sounded well rehearsed but just as much out of tune as its predecessors, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross and L-H-Bavan. Of the three, Chastain has the most trouble with intonation. Miss Harris, however, is highly flexible and has a wide range. Actor-singer Chastain sounded better on his solo number, *God Bless the Child*, than he did with the group, perhaps because he could indulge more in theatrics and drama, his true metier. He went into a sort of James Cagney parody—thumb pointing at chest, fingers poking the air—on the last chorus of the tune, but it was probably unconscious.

(The singing trio did yeomanlike service introducing acts Friday and Saturday nights, and the Gildo Mahones Trio played between acts on Sunday night, though to hardly anyone's attention. Hendricks, in addition to his hosting the blues afternoon, also acted as emcee occasionally during the weekend. All concerned should be congratulated on doing thankless jobs well.)

Pianist Horace Silver's quintet—Carmell Jones, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Teddy Smith, bass; and Roger Humphries, drums—ran through a typical Silver set, climaxing in *Filthy McNasty*. Jones was brassy and bushy-tailed on Henderson's *The Kicker* and the leader's *Pretty Eyes* but ineffective on *McNasty*. Henderson played heatedly on all the numbers

and was particularly virile on *Eyes*, during which he used to advantage double-note passages, a la John Coltrane. Silver built such a fire when he soloed and brought such spirit to what he played that his lack of invention—it seemed all had been heard before—can be overlooked somewhat, though not completely.

Ellington and men returned to the stand to close the concert, but they played the Ducal warhorses heard, and enjoyed, so often before.

AS HAS BEEN the case for most of Monterey's seven years, the Sunday afternoon program proved the festival's pinnacle. Only two artists were scheduled for this year's Sabbath outing—Charlie Mingus and Thelonious Monk. It was enough. The two were presented not only in their usual group contexts but also with a larger group assembled by reed man Buddy Collette.

Mingus' small-group portion consisted largely of a Duke Ellington medley. The bassist featured himself on *I've Got It Bad*, altoist Charlie McPherson on *In a Sentimental Mood*, pianist Jaki Byard on *All Too Soon*, trumpeter Lonnie Hillyer on *Mood Indigo*, and himself again on *Sophisticated Lady*, during the climax of which he reached into the piano to strum the piano strings as he sustained an open string on his bass—a signal to change tempo and segue into *Take the A Train*. The five men (Dannie Richmond was the drummer) were joined by tenorist John Handy III for *A Train*, a heated and exciting romp with a slashing solo by McPherson, leaping Handy tenor, and tongue-in-cheek stride piano by Byard—all driven hard by Mingus and Richmond.

Byard and McPherson also played well on *Orange Was the Color of Her Dress, Then Blue Silk*, a many-faceted, multi-tempoed Mingus composition. Byard's solo was especially well conceived, going as it did from a strong blues feeling, with excellent left-hand work, to gentle introduction.

But it was Mingus' *Meditations*, played by his sextet augmented by two more trumpets, a trombone, tuba, and two more reed instruments, that proved a blockbuster.

The composition, which lasted almost 30 minutes, began with a melancholy theme, reminiscent of Jackie Gleason's television theme, bowed by Mingus before the other

instruments entered. The tempo then shifted to fast 3/4 for a coursing, fiery solo by McPherson. While this was going on, the brass section played a figure from the first section at a very slow, unrelated tempo while the fast tempo accelerated. (Bobby Bryant's strong lead trumpet work saved the day here.) The next section featured a Collette flute solo in still another tempo, while both Mingus and Byard played piano. The two pianists then introduced another theme before returning to the first section, during which Byard and Mingus, now back on bass, wove impressionistic passages before Byard soloed. Then Collette and Byard improvised an idyllic duet; later the two were joined by Mingus for some self-indulgent, but interesting, three-way musical conversation. Other instruments joined the fray one by one, building to a lumbering, giant-stalking section that climaxed in screaming, utterly mad, but wonderful, cacophony. The piece ended with a brief recapitulation of the main theme.

When it was over, the large audience went wild with enthusiasm. Certainly Mingus seldom has received such an ovation as he did this afternoon. And he deserved it; Mingus is an artist of large proportions, something he proved beyond doubt at this concert.

It was a hard act to top, and Monk's quartet, though it did well, paled in comparison with what had preceded it. The Monk group was working under another handicap: it arrived without its regular bass player. (The pianist has used so many bassists this year that it's not clear who the regular man is—the program listed Butch Warren, and it was said afterwards that Bob Cranshaw was supposed to have come to California with the group but had accidentally cut his arm soon before departure.) Steve Swallow filled in, much to his delight and credit.

Tenorist Charlie Rouse played competently but not up to his capabilities, and Monk offered his usual high-quality pianistics—pungent, thorny, probing, melodic.

The Monk quartet (Ben Reilly was the drummer) was joined by Collette's group to perform Collette scores of Monk's *Think of One* and *Straight, No Chaser*. Actually, Collette's scores were sketches, not full-blown arrangements.

The pianist responded to the writing with well-turned piano work, but the outstanding soloist was trumpeter Bobby Bryant, a soloist of depth, one not content merely to run chord changes but one who constructs a solo on the theme and in keeping with his musical surrounding.

In all, it was a most satisfying afternoon.

AFTER THE EXCITEMENT of the afternoon's concert, Sunday evening's program was anticlimactic, though there was some fine music played, most notably by the Woody Herman Band and Brazilian guitarist Bola Sete.

The Herman band's rhythm section (Nat Pierce, piano; Chuck Andrus, bass; Jake Hanna, drums) is something to marvel at, particularly Hanna, one of the few truly great big-band drummers. Much

(Continued on page 32)

record reviews

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

Miles Davis

MILES DAVIS IN EUROPE—Columbia 2183: *Autumn Leaves*; *Milestones*; *Joshua*; *All of You*; *Walkin'*.

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Cut at the 1963 Antibes Jazz Festival in France, this album finds Davis playing with great abandon. He takes a bushel basket full of chances: blowing flurries of notes, making unusual choices of notes, fragmenting his lines by laying out often or for so long that the continuity of his lines is threatened. He builds considerable tension with rests, but he usually releases it successfully.

One of the most exciting moments occurs on *Joshua*. Davis stops playing, and Hancock—who seems somewhat confused—waits and then begins filling in the space. Before he's completed his figure, Davis jumps back in, taking the play from him and rocketing ahead.

Davis moves all over his horn, screaming in the upper register and also playing effectively in the lower. His muted work on *All of You* and *Autumn Leaves* is quite economical. It's amazing that he can play so few notes and still create those flowing, well-sustained solos. His phrases are of unpredictable length but fit together like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. He blows both long, suspended-in-space tones and perky, syncopated phrases.

Finally, Davis waxes extremely imaginative, even by his own high standards. After listening to the record a few times, one may find several dozen of his distinctive ideas lodged in memory.

Coleman swings compellingly, and he, too, is inventive. The catch is that he's often mouthing John Coltrane's vocabulary, and he even blows Coltrane-like harmonics. I was a little let down by his performance because I'd recently reviewed a 1961 Max Roach LP on which Coleman, in addition to the virtues he displays here, showed much more originality. He has the equipment to become a wonderful soloist. A striking effect is achieved during a section of his *Walkin'* solo when, at various points, the pianist and/or drummer lay out.

I've never before heard Hancock play as impressively. His style still contains elements of Bill Evans, Wynton Kelly, and Red Garland; nevertheless, he has become his own man. On the fast selections (and they are taken way up), he makes the tempo with long, rich lines and, on *Milestones* and *Joshua*, alternates these lines with impressionistic passages.

The rhythm section functions superbly. Williams plays a myriad of choice counter-rhythms and sensitively varies the timbre and volume of his accompaniments. Mod-

ern drummers have been criticized by older critics and listeners for dominating the soloists, but this charge is often groundless. In all probability, Williams inspires the soloists more by accenting and playing figures over the basic pulse than he would by confining himself mostly to keeping straight time.

Carter pours the coal on during the up-tempo pieces, but I get a bigger kick following his supple, secure section work on the bounce-tempoed standards. Here, his lively sound and melodic rhythmic ingenuity are heard to better advantage.

Davis has often recorded with musicians more famous than these sidemen (although they may become quite well known in the next few years), but this LP is still one of the better ones he's made—and that's saying a lot. (H.P.)

Joao Gilberto-Antonio Carlos Jobim

GILBERTO & JOBIM—Capitol 2160: *Samba de Uma Nota So*; *Doralice*; *So Em Teus Bracos*; *Trevo de 4 Folhas*; *Se E Tarde Me Perdoa*; *Um Abraco No Bonfa*; *Meditacao*; *O Pato*; *Corcoado*; *Discussao*; *Amor Certinho*; *Outra Vez*.

Personnel: Gilberto, guitar, vocals; unidentified orchestra, Jobim, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is the largely ignored album that first introduced Brazilian bossa nova to American audiences. Originally issued in this country by Capitol some years ago as *Brazil's Brilliant Joao Gilberto*, the album was slightly ahead of its time and was overlooked when the bossa nova boom (and the deluge of authentic and ersatz recordings) began. Now that all the hullabaloo has died down, Capitol has repackaged the set, and it is hoped it will now receive some of the attention it deserves.

Gilberto is a delightful, captivating singer who entices with the soft, burry warmth of his voice, supple ease of his phrasing, insinuating swing of his rhythm, and the over-all understatement of his approach. He is masterly in his placement of every note, accent, nuance; each is exactly where it is most needed to be utterly effective. As a result, his vocals possess a refreshing fluidity that is deceptively easy and uncontrived. And he's a fine guitarist to boot, as witness his *Um Abraco No Bonfa*, an instrumental tribute to Brazil's leading guitarist, Luiz Bonfá.

The warm, ingratiating arrangements are the work of Jobim, and they are perfectly tailored to point up the lyric charm of Gilberto's singing and the melodic grace of the compositions, six of which are Jobim originals. A number of the same arrangements, incidentally, were reused in Jobim's instrumental album on Verve, recorded a few years later than this set.

The only reservation one may have about the performances is their brevity. Each is less than two minutes long, making a total playing time of 20 minutes and

32 seconds, normally the length of one side of an LP. (P.W.)

Benny Goodman

HELLO, BENNY!—Capitol 2157: *Great Day*; *La Bohem*; *Call Me Irresponsible*; *People*; *Hello, Dolly!*; *The Girl from Ipanema*; *The Pink Panther Theme*; *The Lamp Is Low*; *Hallelujah*, *I Love Her So*; *Them There Eyes*.

Personnel: Tony Terran, Ray Triscari, Jimmy Zito, trumpets; Bob Edmondson, Vern Friley, trombones; Skeets Herfurt, Herb Steward, alto saxophones; Teddy Edwards, Bob Hardaway, tenor saxophones; Goodman, clarinet; Pete Jolly, piano; Benny Garcia, guitar; Monty Budwig, bass; Colin Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

This is an instructive album that also has its moments of pleasure.

It is made up of three arrangements written for the old Goodman band by Fletcher Henderson (*Day, Low, and Eyes*) and new material by Bill Holman, Gerald Wilson, Joe Lippman, and Tommy Newsom. The juxtaposition of arrangers illustrates vividly why big bands and, more particularly, big-band recordings have generally failed to generate any excitement in the last 15 years.

Henderson's three entries in this collection swing, almost as though by instinct, while those by Holman and Wilson, who have been among the busier arrangers for big bands in these later years, don't. It's that simple.

But this doesn't mean that the art of writing good big-band material has been lost. Newsom, who is not often offered an opportunity to write such arrangements, has contributed three pieces that are not at all like Henderson's, but they have style, taste, imagination—and they swing. They are somewhat in the vein of the writing Eddie Sauter did for Goodman in the early '40s—lighter and a bit more challenging than Henderson's relatively simple, straight-ahead writing.

Goodman plays well in this context—better, in fact, than he does on the old Henderson pieces. There are a few solo spots for the sidemen, but none is particularly impressive. (J.S.W.)

Freddie Hubbard

THE BODY AND THE SOUL—Impulse 38: *Body and Soul*; *Carnival (Manba de Carnival)*; *Chocolate Shake*; *Dedicated to You*; *Clarence's Place*; *Aries*; *Skylark*; *I Got It Bad*, and *That Ain't Good*; *Thermo*.

Personnel: Hubbard, Ed Armour, Richard Williams, Al DeRisi, Clark Terry, Ernie Royal, trumpets; Julius Warkins, Bob Northern, French horns; Melba Liston, Curtis Fuller, trombones; Robert Powell, tuba; Eric Dolphy, flute, alto saxophone; Wayne Shorter, Sheldon Powell, tenor saxophones; Jerome Richardson, Charles Davis, baritone saxophones; Cedar Walton, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Philly Joe Jones or Louis Hayes, drums; Harry Cykman, Morris Stronck, Arnold Eidus, Sol Shapiro, Charles McCracken, Harry Katzman, Harry Lookofsky, Gene Orloff, Julius Held, Raoul Poliakin, violins; Shorter, conductor, arranger.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

If this album showed as much originality as care in preparation, it would be five-

star stuff. As it is, Hubbard and arranger Shorter have produced many excellent moments; but, in doing so, personalities other than their own have come too much to the fore. Only on the Hubbard originals (*Clarence's Place*, *Aries*, *Thermo*) do their individual identities assert themselves as forcefully as they should.

The music as a whole has a strong Miles Davis-Gil Evans flavor. In pieces like *Carnival*, *Chocolate*, and *Soul*, Shorter's manner of showcasing Hubbard against the band and his use of certain tonal colors recall the way Evans handled things on *Miles Ahead* and *Sketches of Spain*. To continue the parallel, Hubbard himself plays in a Milesish vein for the most part, even, at times, using some favorite Davis devices.

To dip into another bag, Shorter's arrangements occasionally evoke a combination of classical composers.

The opening bars of *Skylark*, for example, resemble a Claude Debussy piece scored by Bela Bartok. Further, his string writing shows no particular ingenuity, though, unlike most jazz-with-strings arrangers, he does not make the violins seem superfluous.

Despite this, the record is a good one indeed. It has more than enough on it to prove that Shorter has an acute orchestral ear and that Hubbard is an improviser of the first rank. This is, I should think, more of an introduction to better things to come from these two men than any landmark. The Hubbard originals demonstrate fine creative talent afoot, because on these Hubbard and Shorter are much less beholden to anyone.

Hubbard, while certainly the star soloist, is not the only one. Pianist Walton and the late Eric Dolphy also contribute some personal commentary. Walton posts some dandy solos and comping, both graceful and gutsy.

Dolphy checks in with a couple of flute interludes and a "new thing" type of alto passage on *Clarence's* that seems rather out of place considering its more traditional surrounding. To me, Dolphy, although a good player, never had the compositional strength of a Coltrane or a Rollins, and so, when he dug into the avant-garde bag, he was often at a loss. Many of his explorations seemed mere meanderings because he did not seem up to sustained development of an idea.

Clarence's also offers the only solo by Shorter, a workmanlike job of building a statement from one phrase.

The music here is actually played by three bands—two big ones and a small one. The largest outfit plays *Skylark*, *I Got It Bad*, and *Chocolate* and features Hubbard, Northern, Watkins, Walton, Jones, Workman, Miss Liston, Fuller, Richardson, Dolphy, Armour, Williams, and the strings.

Carnival, *Thermo*, and *Aries* are played by Hubbard, Fuller, Miss Liston, Robert Powell, Seldon Powell, Dolphy, DeRisi, Terry, Royal, Richardson, Davis, Walton, and Jones. A septet consisting of Hubbard, Shorter, Dolphy, Fuller, Walton, Workman, and Hayes deal out *Clarence's*, *Dedicated*, and *Soul*.

What is missing from their music is that peculiarly individual inspiration that could have made it a signal performance.

But fine it undeniably is.

(D.N.)

Bob Hammer

BEATLEJAZZ!—ABC-Paramount 497: *I Want to Hold Your Hand; And I Love Her; Ain't She Sweet?; I'm Happy Just to Dance with You; Twist and Shout; Anytime at All; Hard Day's Night; Things We Said Today; Beatlejazz; Roll Over, Beethoven; When I Get Home; Can't Buy Me Love.*

Personnel: Joe Newman, Rolf Ericson, trumpets; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Hammer, piano; Gene Bertocini, John Pizzarelli, guitars; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★

Beatlejazz? Well, it is aptly played by a group of cornborers. Don't be misled by the personnel listing. Those celebrated musicians are actually present, but they are working off the cob—Newman's familiar chicken call is given the ultimate exaggeration while Woods clucks his way through his solos.

This disc is a contemporary equivalent of the celebrated *Shirt Tail Stomp* perpetrated in 1928 by B. Goodman, J. McPartland, T. Dorsey, G. Miller, and friends. (J.S.W.)

Sonny Stitt

STITT PLAYS BIRD—Atlantic 1418: *Ornithology; Scrapple from the Apple; My Little Suede Shoes; Parker's Mood; Au Privave; Ko-Ko; Confirmation; Hootie Blues; Constellation.*

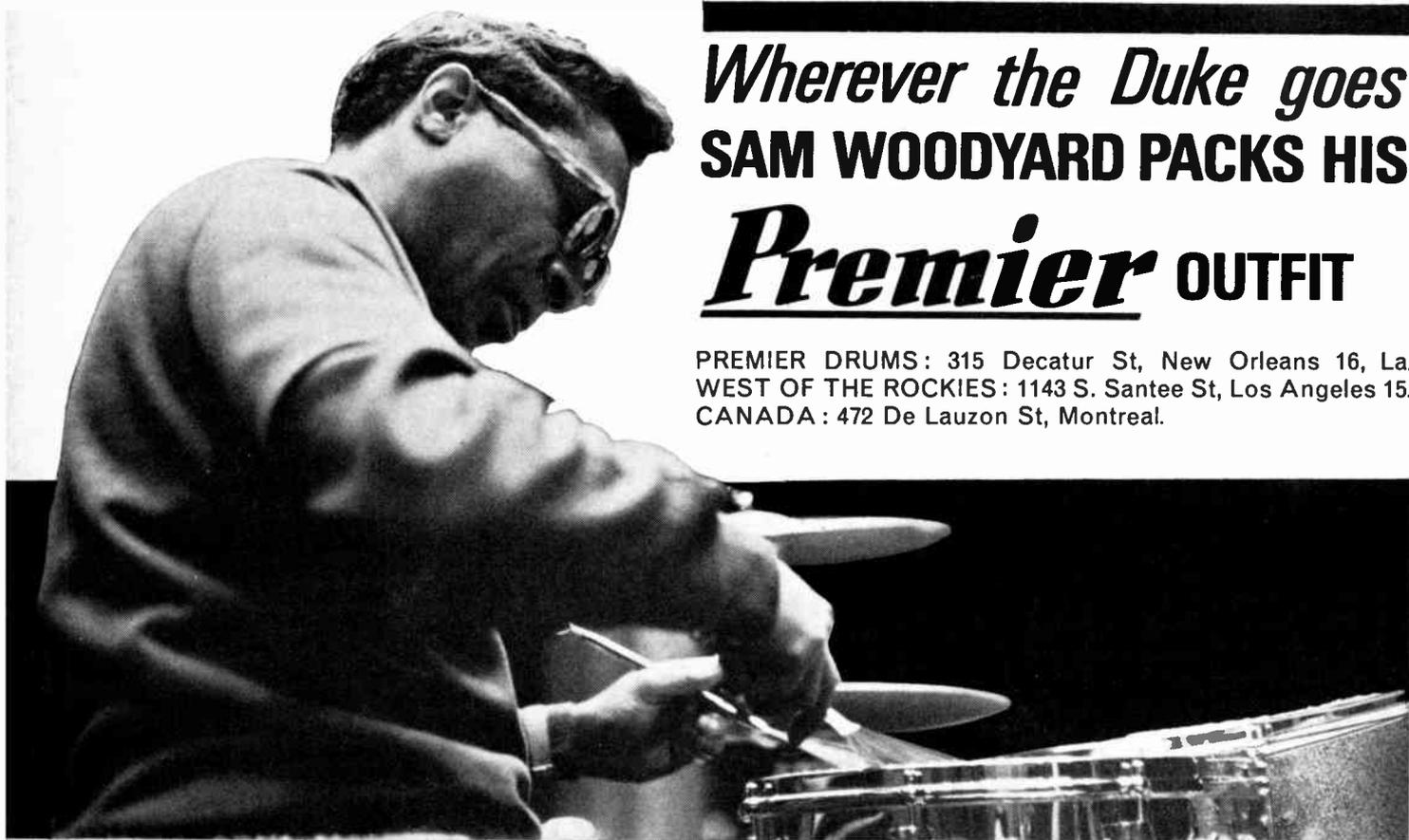
Personnel: Stitt, alto saxophone; John Lewis, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is easily the finest collection by Stitt in some time, fully on a par with his most creative work of the last several years. So closely tied is Stitt's conception to that of the late Charlie Parker that a program of Bird tunes and standards associated with him is perhaps the very best possible setting for Stitt's alto. Certainly

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it is here, at any rate.

Stitt plays with unbridled passion, thrusting intensity, and consistent melodic invention all the way through a wholly satisfying collection. The freshness of that conception is, of course, another matter, and critical nitpickers will have a field day tracing the phrases Stitt plays back to the Parker performances from which they have been excerpted and restrung.

Stitt, however, is not offering mere carbons of Parker solos; no, what he does is far more dynamic and creative than that. Stitt is, in a sense, reinterpreting Parker—playing in the Parker manner, but not merely playing Parker solos. So perfectly has he assimilated the Parker vocabulary that he speaks it naturally, and with his own particular point of view, rush of ideas, and individual accent. Stitt has made the Parker language his own, has added to it, and there is, of course, no danger of mistaking one for the other. Working from the same base or axis, each has gone out in a slightly different direction. The personality of each flavors his work distinctively.

Stitt brings incisive power and a constant flow of invention to his playing in this set, qualities not always present in his work of recent years, when he often appeared merely to be running changes methodically, at best. But here there is force, swing, and conviction to spare (listen to the stunning *Ko-Ko*).

Much of the credit for the success of the set is due to the magnificently sensitive and prodding support Stitt is furnished by Lewis, Hall, Davis, and Kay. Lewis especially turns in a yeoman's job, playing with resilient strength and rhythmic pungency in both solo and, more importantly, accompaniment roles. His accompaniments, in fact, give these performances an added dimension of excitement, imparting a roiling, churning intensity to the ensembles.

The whole album is characterized by an air of inevitability that makes it some of the best Stitt on record. (P.W.)

Various Artists

THE DEFINITIVE JAZZ SCENE, VOL. I—Impulse 99: *Solitude*; *Trey of Hearts*; *Single Petal of a Rose*; *Tippie*; *Lisa and Pam*; *Big Nick*; *Avalon*; *Freedom*; *Hammer-Head Waltz*; *Flapstick Blues*.

Personnel: Track 1—Duke Ellington Quintet. Track 2—Count Basie Sextet. Track 3—Ben Webster Quartet. Track 4—Terry Gibbs Quintet. Track 5—Shirley Scott Trio. Track 6—John Coltrane Quartet. Track 7—Shelly Manne Quartet. Track 8—Charlie Mingus Orchestra. Track 9—Clark Terry Sextet. Track 10—McCoy Tyner Trio.

Rating: ★★ ★

These previously unissued selections were recorded during the last two or three years, and while they might not merit the collective label *Definitive Jazz Scene*, most have something to commend them.

Solitude is interpreted by an unusual Ellington quintet featuring a front line of Ray Nance's violin and Coleman Hawkins' tenor saxophone. Nance's work is naggingly sentimental, but Hawkins, using a softer-than-usual tone, plays beautifully.

Tenor man Webster plus rhythm section performs Ellington's *Rose*. Webster is at his best, contributing an extremely warm theme statement and simple but exquisite improvisation on the chords.

Big Nick, to quote the notes, is "a light,

skipping melody." Coltrane's soprano saxophone work, though, is anything but that—it's slashingly intense.

Manne's *Avalon* has typical, lunging, up-tempo Coleman Hawkins. Hank Jones plays a graceful piano solo over the springy beat laid down by drummer Manne and bassist George Duvivier.

Clark Terry plays a relaxed gem of a solo on *Hammer-Head*. For most of the period Terry spent in Ellington's trumpet section he was ignored, and now that he's freelancing he's taken for granted. It should be remembered that he's one of the most original and lyrical of improvisers.

The Basie sextet's *Trey*, with a two-flute, muted-trumpet front line, is highlighted by Thad Jones' delightful trumpet spot.

Gibbs' playing on the bright-tempoed *Tippie* is good but different from his ebullient work of the past. He's economical and paces himself carefully.

After a narration by Mingus and some choral singing, *Freedom* features Booker Ervin's sinewy tenor saxophone. The arrangement with its wailing effects is quite Ellingtonish.

Miss Scott provides tasteful, high-spirited organ on *Lisa and Pam*.

Pianist Tyner's *Flapstick* never should have been released. It's one of the worst things he's recorded; his lines are burdened with clichés, and the theme is a funky drag. (H.P.)

Lu Watters

BLUES OVER BODEGA—Fantasy 5016: *San Andreas Fault*; *See See Rider*; *The Villain*; *Some of these Days*; *Blues over Bodega*; *Willie the Weeper*; *Pork & Beans*; *San Francisco Bay*; *Emp'ror Norton's Hunch*.

Personnel: Watters, trumpet; Bob Helm, clarinet; Bob Mielke, trombone; Monte Ballou, banjo; Bob Short, bass and tuba; Wally Rose, piano; Thad Vandan, drums; Barbara Dane, vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Watters started the revivalist movement in the late '30s with his San Francisco-based Yerba Buena Jazz Band. He did much to awaken interest in traditional jazz throughout the '40s but retired from music early in the '50s, feeling, as he said, that he had outlived his usefulness.

This new album by Watters does not show any essential change in his style, but it does expose the fact that he is a consistently good musician. He does not have any of the mannerism of most of the other revivalist musicians; he plays hot in a singular and convincing way, and, above all, he drives his band with heart and head, avoiding the frantic noise affected by most traditionalist groups.

Pianist Rose, a member of the original Yerba Buena band, does not have the sense of jazz that Watters has but strides through *Pork & Beans* cleanly in a ragtime style. Trombonist Mielke is in good form, playing dirty smears in the ensembles of *Weeper* and *Norton* and making some inventive efforts on his short solos on both of these tracks.

Ballou (who, 20 years ago, found the only known existing copy of King Oliver's Gennet recording of *Zulus Ball*) plays crisply and unobtrusively, as does drummer Vandan. Clarinetist Helm plays competently but without distinction, having his best moments on *San Andreas*. (G.M.E.)

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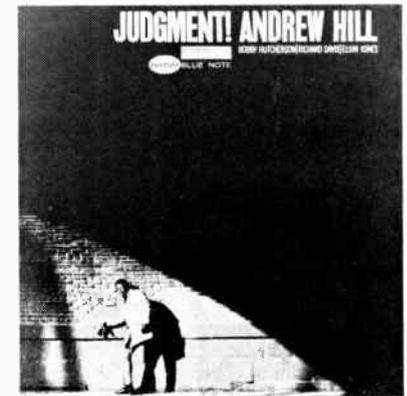


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SONGSKRIT

A COLUMN OF VOCAL ALBUM REVIEWS
 By JOHN A. TYNAN

Ray Charles: *Have a Smile with Me* (ABC-Paramount 495)
 Rating: ★★★★★

Johnny Parker, Benny Carter, and Gerald Wilson are the contributing arrangers to this collection of novelty tunes sung by the reigning maestro of Soulville. Inasmuch as Charles calls the turns on all his arrangements, relegating the writers merely to the role of mechanics, the set sustains the same salty, swinging big-band feeling throughout. This is certainly all to the good, for it is all in Charles' unique groove.

The tunes are *Two-Ton Tessie*, *I Never See Maggie Alone*, *The Thing*, *The Man with the Weird Beard*, and *The Naughty Lady of Shady Lane* (all by Parker); *Smack Dab in the Middle*, *Feudin' and Fightin'*, and *Ma, She's Makin' Eyes at Me* (all by Carter); *Move It On Over* and *Who Cares for Me?* (both by Wilson).

In all the selections Charles remains his raunchy self, belting home the inconsequential lyric content with vigor and huge humor. In six of the numbers, the singer is joined by his regular concert and recording standbys, the Raelets, as abrasively grooving a trio of young ladies as may be found.

Though the rating is strictly for the Ray Charles approach and sound (he'd make even *God Save the Queen* sound good), it must also stand to honor the sheer nerve and great sense of fun involved in Charles' performance of those classics, *The Thing* and *The Man with the Weird Beard*. Does nothing faze this man?

Carmen McRae: *Bittersweet* (Focus 334)
 Rating: ★★★★★

Rarely is that blend of intimacy, warmth, freedom, and exalted level of musical quality achieved in any album, instrumental or vocal. In this latest set from singer McRae, the synthesis is there for all to hear. It is certainly one of her best albums, if not her unqualified best on any terms.

The mood is predominantly subdued, as is the instrumental accompaniment consisting of Mundell Lowe's guitar, Norman Simmons' piano, Victor Sproles' bass, and Curtis Boyd's drums.

Throughout, Miss McRae is in almost metaphysical communication with the group. The selections are superior ballads, for the most part—*When Sunny Gets Blue*; *How Did He Look?*; *Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry*; *The Meaning of the Blues*; *If You Could Love Me*; *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most*; *Second Chance*; *If You Could See Me Now*; *Here's That Rainy Day*; *I'm Gonna Laugh You Right Out of My Life*; *Ghost of Yesterday*; *I'm Lost*; and *Come Sunday*.

The highest reward in listening to Miss McRae's singing is, of course, the experience of hearing a musician at work and the realization that the conscious artistic

method is dominant over the intuitive. Not only does Miss McRae possess the technical wherewithal, but she also employs it with such expertise and maturity, artistically speaking, that it is a triumph of this blending of feeling and training.

All in all, *Bittersweet* is a most aptly titled album, the very feeling invoked by the singer and her musical aides in harmony with the title. In the liner notes Ralph Gleason writes of Miss McRae as "the greatest interpreter of ballads and the greatest woman singer of jazz of our time." He'll get little argument from this quarter.

The Fabulous Sylvia Syms (20th Century-Fox 4123)
 Rating: ★★★★★ 1/2

When all is said and done, the only really effective way to present a jazz singer is with the backing of a small, relaxed jazz group. This set proves the contention.

The throaty-voiced Miss Syms is in ideal company with three quintets assembled for the sessions by pianist Bernie Leighton. One group is made up of the pianist; Joe Newman, trumpet; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; and Mel Lewis, drums, and accompanies Miss Syms on *I'm a Sucker for a Sentimental Song*, *Keepin' Out of Mischief Now*, *I Can't Face the Music*, and *An Old Piano Plays the Blues*.

On *I Don't Want to Walk without You*, *Skylark*, *There Is No Greater Love*, and *Here's That Rainy Day*, the musicians are Leighton; Burrell; Lewis; Urbie Green, trombone; and Art Davis, bass.

The third group comprises Leighton; Burrell; Hinton; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; and Osie Johnson, drums, on *It's Funny to Everyone but Me*, *You've Changed*, and *Goodnight, My Love*.

With such mighty men around the studio, Miss Syms has got to be ahead from in front. Newman is the epitome of lyrical contentment in his solo on *Mischief*, and Burrell shines throughout, especially in his accompaniment to Miss Syms' sensitive singing on *In a Sentimental Mood* (just he and she), *Skylark*, and others. And Webster really belonged in that studio that day.

In common with Lee Wiley, Mary Ann McCall, and few others, Sylvia Syms has that singular quality that stamps her as a being apart in the world of jazz song. This is much more than mere style; it is sound, too, and an approach to a song that encompasses true taste for material (witness *Sentimental Song* here) and much, much more.

There are times when Miss Syms tends toward harshness; it is also true that occasionally, as in *No Greater Love* in this set, she veers tonally all over the studio; but for the very most part she is superb in feeling, in delivery, in musicianship.

Jimmy Witherspoon: *Evenin' Blues* (Prestige 7300)
 Rating: ★★★

Jimmy Witherspoon: *Blues around the Clock* (Prestige 7314)
 Rating: ★★★★★

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tion with Prestige last year produced a group of sets in which the blues giant was backed by a variety of small groups.

All have one thing in common: the appositeness of the musicians selected for the supporting groups. There were no "stars" in any of the sessions, just down-to-earth, mostly unhonored blues-jazzmen who fit the Witherspoon philosophy of song to a T.

For the *Evenin' Blues* album (entitled simply *Evenin'* on the record label), there is a tenor saxophone-and-organ format (Clifford Scott and Bert Kendrix, respectively), with a formidable ringer thrown in—T-Bone Walker, whose guitar has graced more blues bandstands than you can shake a pick at. The choice of Walker was excellent, as is attested by his gutsy solo in *Cane River* and his yeoman work behind Witherspoon in *Baby, How Long?*

Most of the solo burden falls on Scott, who plays well and consistently in his virile, no-nonsense manner on *Money's Gettin' Cheaper*, *Grab Me a Freight*, *Cane River*, *Good Rocking*, and *Kansas City*.

Yet this set never quite seems to get going. The men are good and true; Witherspoon is in tolerable voice (this reviewer has heard him sound much better on record); but as a whole, the set is devoid of the fire and brimstone of which this blues belter is so capable.

For the *Clock* album, the singer is backed by an organ and rhythm section—Paul Griffin, organ; Lord Westbrook, guitar; Leonard Gaskin, bass; and Herbie Lovelle, drums. Lovelle is the tower of strength here, a superior drummer for this blues material who sparks the entire session and the singer in particular.

I Had a Dream is slow and rolling in that unique Witherspoon sonority. *Goin' to Chicago* (apparently intended as the original album title and printed as such on the label) is the familiar Jimmy Rushing blues. Lovelle lays down an up-and-snapping beat like train wheels clacking north, and Witherspoon is off to the races, bidding farewell to that monkey woman.

Westbrook's obligato to Witherspoon's zesty lyric on loving in *No Rollin'* is fittingly grooving, as it is behind the singer on Saunders King's old *S. K. Blues*. This last named, incidentally, has an excellent example of empathy between singer and drummer when Lovelle builds the pulse under Witherspoon and Westbrook as the number comes to a close.

He Gave Me Everything is a rather saccharine, inconsequential effort, and *My Babe* is a take-off on *This Train*, the well-known Gospel song; neither is much to write home about. *Whose Hat Is That?* only goes to show that a jealous lover is not to be trifled with, particularly if there's a baseball bat in his hands. *Around the Clock* is the old faithful erotic rocker of rockers.

When it starts out, *You Made Me Love You* provokes a faint shudder of incredulity in the listener. You wonder whether Witherspoon's lost his mind to take on the torcher Judy Garland sang to Clark Gable. Then comes the final chorus, and it's wow-wee and gee-whiz and everybody's riding with Spoon. Suddenly the listener knows what Jimmy Witherspoon is all about.



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OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

A COLUMN OF JAZZ REISSUES

Recordings reviewed in this issue:
Louis Armstrong, *Satchmo, 1930-34* (Decca 4331, 74331)

Rating: ★★★★★½

The Best of Louis Armstrong
(Verve 8595, 6-8595)

Rating: ★★★

The Best of Count Basie (Verve
8596, 6-8596)

Rating: ★★★½

Marian McPartland, *West Side Story* (Time 52129, 2129)

Rating: ★★★½

Manny Albam and His Jazz Greats,
West Side Story (Decca 4517, 74517)

Rating: ★★★

There is an aura of wonderful nonsense about reissuing latter-day copies of jazz records that are still available in their original form.

In the case of *Satchmo, 1930-34*, however, even if the idea of reissuing copies may seem nonsense, the results are unquestionably wonderful. This disc is extracted from Decca's multidisc package of several years ago, *Satchmo, a Musical Autobiography*, from which two other

discs covering the years 1923 to 1929 already have been reissued.

The performances on this new disc were made late in 1956 (except for one, *Sleepy Time Down South*, made early in 1955) with an expanded version of Armstrong's regular group of that time.

The expansion consists of three saxophones (Lucky Thompson, George Dorsey or Hilton Jefferson, and Dave McRae) to play the lush saxophone ensembles that Armstrong was fond of in the early 1930s when he was in the throes of his Guy Lombardo influence, and Everett Barksdale on guitar. The regulars are Trummy Young, trombone; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Billy Kyle, piano; Squire Gersh, bass; and Barrett Deems, drums.

The program centers on those durable standards that Armstrong recorded in the early '30s when they (the songs) were new and fresh and just being discovered (*If I Could Be with You; Body and Soul; Memories of You; I Surrender, Dear; Them There Eyes; Up a Lazy River; Georgia on My Mind; and Sunny Side of the Street*) along with such Armstrong specialties as *That's My Home* and *Hobo, You Can't Ride That Train*.

Armstrong in the middle '50s was a more mannered and calculating singer than the still-developing, still-young (in his early 30s) singer on the original recording. But the Armstrong vocal presence is electric on these later performances, his trumpet playing is still something to marvel at, and these journeys into the past seemed to serve as a vitalizing influence on both Armstrong and his All-Stars, a relief from the nightly repetition of the program they went through regularly in 1956.

The bands with which he made the original recordings were essentially background ensembles that offered little more than stage waits when Armstrong was not playing or singing. The band on these later versions is, naturally, relegated to the same position, but there are no stage waits, for there is always Hall or Young (the latter playing up to his potential) to take occasional solos and to fill in beautifully behind Armstrong.

All the selections are introduced in historical perspective and with inimitable charm by Armstrong.

To go from this disc to Verve's *The Best of Louis Armstrong* is a rather depressing experience.

Armstrong, as always, gives it the big try no matter what the circumstances. Here he is surrounded by Russ Garcia's studio band playing ostentatious arrangements on four selections, and he is accompanied unobtrusively by the Oscar Peterson Trio plus drummer Louie Bellson on three.

Armstrong can blow his way out of any situation with his trumpet, but when he has to sing at droning tempos through long sets of lyrics, hissing and dragging his S'ssss over the gargling vibrato that he has affected in later life, the effect is enervating. Not even Cole Porter's *Let's Do It* can survive this treatment. The set includes *Body and Soul* (with Garcia), which, when compared with the loose and rhythmic version in the Decca set, shows how good material can lose in these pre-

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tentious presentations.

And speaking of pretentiousness, this disc is one of a "the best of..." series in which Verve apparently plans to offer the same kind of collections of odds and ends it did in its recent and equally mistitled "the essential..." series.

Possibly because Verve has a larger and better catalog of Count Basie material to choose from than it has of Armstrong, *The Best of Count Basie* is several notches above the Armstrong set. It at least has the virtue of offering Basie in his proper milieu—with his band. It also includes remakes of a pair of sturdy old Basie favorites, *Jumpin' at the Woodside* and *One O'Clock Jump*, neither of which measures up to the versions played by the prewar Basie band.

Two latter-day Basie hits, *April in Paris* and *Shiny Stockings*, are here in their definitive versions, along with four of Joe Williams' most successful efforts with the band—*Every Day*; *All Right, Okay*; *The Comeback*; and *In the Evening*. It is as much a Williams set as a Basie set and, in the long run, is better representative of his work than of Basie's.

There does not seem to be any immediate reason for reissuing jazz versions of Leonard Bernstein's *West Side Story* score—it has not just reached the movies or television or been launched on a new, long stage run. But even if no merchandising tie-in is discernible, it is still good to have the sets by Mrs. McPartland and Albam back in circulation.

The titling of Mrs. McPartland's disc is a bit deceptive—it is *not* devoted to *West Side Story*; rather, it includes some selections from that score along with others by Bernstein from *On the Town* and *Wonderful Town*. Mrs. McPartland's lean, rhythmic attack is given tremendous backing by Jake Hanna, drums, and Ben Tucker, bass, when the tempo is up, as it is on *Ya Got Me*, and the whole group catches the soaring life of the more romantic side of Bernstein. This was an exceptionally cohesive trio, which found an appropriate source of material in Bernstein's show tunes.

One of the less essential merits of Bernstein's *West Side Story* score was that it came along at a time when the recording of jazz versions of Broadway scores was almost as de rigeur as preserving the original-cast version. That these jazz versions were almost uniformly disasters reflected on neither the scores nor the jazz musicians involved. It was the natural consequence of trying to force material into a context to which it was not suited.

The music of *West Side Story*, on the contrary, was eminently suited to jazz treatment, and Albam gave the first and probably most capable demonstration of this in the set that Decca has now reissued. Albam's arrangements are played with gusto by the cream of the New York studio clique (which has changed remarkably little in the five years or so since this recording was made), and there are fine solo spots by Bob Brookmeyer, Gene Quill, Nick Travis, Joe Newman, Milt Hinton, and the late Ed Costa.

—John S. Wilson

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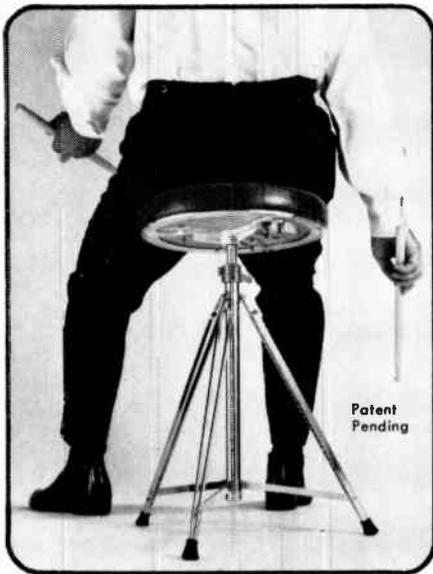
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COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

One of the peculiarities of much recent music is that the experience of being present at a live performance differs radically from that of merely listening to a record of the same music.

To a great extent that statement can be made about music of any period, for the immediacy and tension in a concert performance (who knows when there is a horrible memory slip waiting around the next bend, for instance?) makes a concert qualitatively different from a reproduction. But in the works of today's avant-garde composers something else is often present, something that may be called vaudeville, for lack of a more precise term.

Not long ago, the German electronic expert, Karlheinz Stockhausen, introduced to New York a work entitled *Originale*, a Dada-ish experiment in confusion in which there was considerably more eye interest than ear appeal. Having followed the long, logical trail from diatonicism to chromaticism to atonality to serialism to electronics, Stockhausen has come to the point at which the circle closes. Having followed form to where it becomes rigidity, he has felt impelled to begin all over with the raw materials of random sound, sheer chance, and pure monkey business.

To be successful, this kind of thing requires a high sense of fun and the tongue-in-cheek of a John Cage; but Stockhausen's humor is hopelessly heavy.

If we are going to have a period of musical vaudeville again, as we did in the heyday of the Dada movement, let it be good vaudeville at least. And let it be vaudeville that promotes understanding of the music, not obscures it, as so much contemporary activity does.

There is a strong case to be made in favor of putting new music to work as an accompaniment to a "happening" of some sort, whether film, ballet, play, or, even more modestly, social gathering. It is no accident that Igor Stravinsky's latest music has found its only wide public as accompaniment for George Balanchine's ballets and that scores by Anton Webern, Charles Ives, Gunther Schuller, and other moderns are more familiar to theater audiences than to concert-hall regulars.

It is likely that any new development in music needs to go through this practical vaudeville stage, in which the audience hears the music as part of some more diffuse experience, before the ear can grow used to the idiom enough to savor the score in the abstract, as must be done in a concert hall or on records. The practice of sitting solemnly and listening to music, sans diverting events, is a relatively recent development in our society. The great symphonies, sonatas, and string quartets of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven grew out of an earlier time's innocent serenades and divertimentos, few of which enjoyed the total attention of their listeners.

It seems likely that much of the frustration of new music in our century can be

blamed on our composers' tendency to write abstractly in difficult idioms without having trained a large public to understand the language. So, if vaudeville can help change that, long life to it.

On this side of the Atlantic, we have Cage and his followers, who insist their vaudeville has no meaning and that it hopes to accomplish nothing—least of all is it intended to illuminate music. No hope in that quarter, obviously. But there is a more promising younger group that dabbles in theatricality with purpose.

Among the best is Lukas Foss, two of whose best recent works have been recorded, with the help of the Fromm Foundation, on Epic's BC-1286: his chamber version of *Time Cycle* and *Echoi*. Neither is entirely successful, but as efforts to work out of the creative trap in which so many composers find themselves, both are fascinating and worth close study.

As it happens, this writer witnessed a live performance of *Echoi* but knows *Time Cycle* only through records, and although intellect insists that the latter is the better work, the live performance sits in memory, making *Echoi* far more enjoyable. How, on records, could one appreciate the climax of the work, in which a madly whirling percussionist, having run out of anything more to hit within his prescribed circle of instruments, dashes to the open piano and begins pounding on the strings with his mallet? How, too, can any listener relish to the fullest another moment, when a dramatic build-up of tension is dissipated hilariously by a thunk on a garbage-can cover?

Visual jokes aside, *Echoi* makes its points expertly, in the post-Webern manner primarily, but with individual Foss touches such as a rhythmic pulsation that looks straight back to Bach's partitas and their tick-tock quarter notes in the left hand.

Both these pieces, with their strong motor impulse, would make extraordinary ballet material for some Balanchine to exploit.

Time Cycle, which won the 1961 New York Music Critics Award in its orchestral version, employs a soprano (Grace-Lynne Martin on this record), cello, clarinet, percussion, celesta, and piano. *Echoi* is for the same combination without celesta.

Time Cycle is built around poems by W. H. Auden, Alfred Housman, and Friedrich Nietzsche, and an excerpt from Franz Kafka's diary, all of which allude to clocks, bells, or time in various ways. Unlike *Echoi*, which makes room for a certain amount of improvisation within closely defined limits, *Time Cycle* is notated in every detail.

But, it is significant to note, the composer firmly insists that there is no element of chance in either score. That seems to be last year's fancy in composing circles. After a brief, frightening look over the cliff into aleatory chaos, all but the professional poseurs seem to be reconciling themselves with the fact that music must be composed, that it just does not "happen."

Perhaps the death of music, like the death of vaudeville, has been exaggerated.

BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

The graph of Bill Evans' rise from obscurity to his current level of artistic recognition and accomplishment has several parallels in the history of jazz piano.

Every time an important new style emerges, the word filters through the New York grapevine; the pianist, now a sideman, is compared with others. Within a few years he is a leader; others are compared with and likened to *him*. This was the pattern for Earl Hines in 1928, for Teddy Wilson in the late 1930s, for Bud Powell in the 1940s.

Evans' peak as a sideman was reached during his eight months with Miles Davis in 1958. He quit that job. "At the time," he said, "I thought I was inadequate, and I had no real direction; but the experience was unique and did me a great deal of good." He has had his own trio since 1960, originally with bassist Scott LaFaro and drummer Paul Motian, more recently with Chuck Israels, bass, and Larry Bunker, drums.



BILL EVANS Part 2

'I am not only willing to accept something new; I desire it more than anything else. But it has to be better than what preceded it.'

THE RECORDS

1. Jeremy Steig. *What Is This Thing Called Love?* (from *Flute Fever*, Columbia). Steig, flute; Denny Zeitlin, piano.

I've heard this before. I met Jeremy in Daytona Beach when he came down with Paul Winter. Warren Bernhardt played me this record, and I was struck by the fierce intensity of this flute playing. In fact, the energy of it was so overwhelming that I couldn't listen to more than about two tracks. First of all, flute is so delicate an instrument you have to take it in small doses, and when he comes on this intense with it, I can hardly take it.

Anyhow, I think a lot of his talent and his ability already. I played flute myself for quite a few years, and I know how difficult it is. He plays the flute well and naturally. He has some interesting ideas there, with children's melodies and all; he's very sensitive.

The pianist on that record is also great. Denny Zeitlin, right? We got together one afternoon, and he played me a trio record of his own, which is very interesting also. He gets a very original type of format going. He almost tells a story, sort of a programmatic thing, but in jazz—very free.

But back to the record. As far as rating it, I think Jeremy probably could be represented better on record. This is a good first record, and I think it is going to do a lot for him; but I think if he could handle a project completely and be given a sympathetic environment in which to record—not that this wasn't—but I think he just went in and did the date, rather than preparing a sort of a project that would reflect his own ideas.

For potential, I'd give it a full rating and for what it really attained, perhaps three stars.

2. Thelonious Monk. *Darkness on the Delta* (from *Big Band and Quartet in Concert*, Columbia). Monk, solo piano.

Sounded like *Concert by the Sea* there for a minute at the end! That is completely entertaining, but it doesn't show Monk the composer. It does show a lot of humor and . . . there he is! There's nobody like that.

Using the standards we started out with, I'd give this five stars. It was perfectly realized.

Pianistically, I don't think Van Cliburn

has anything to worry about, but if he (Monk) gets that stride going a little faster, I don't know . . . maybe Art Tatum will have to come back.

Pianistically, he's beautiful. (A promoter I know uses that phrase; I guess he likes the way it rolls off his tongue.) But Thelonious *is* pianistically beautiful. He approaches the piano somehow from an angle, and it's the right angle. He does the thing completely and thoroughly. That's all you can say. He hasn't been influenced through the traditional keyboard techniques because he hasn't worked through the keyboard composers and, therefore, has his own complete approach of musical thinking.

But he is such a thinking musician, and I think this is something a lot of people forget about Monk. They somehow feel he's eccentric, but Monk knows exactly what he's doing. Precisely. Structurally, and musically, he's very aware of every note he plays. . . . I'm sure you're aware of that.

3. Bill Evans. *More* (from *Theme from the V.I.P.s*, MGM). Evans, piano; Claus Ogerman, arranger.

You know, I didn't recognize this at first. I've only heard a couple of tracks out of this entire album. I believe I heard a couple on the radio and wondered who the pianist was. Then I realized.

It's pleasant, though; something I might listen to going down to the beach in my convertible. Most of the melodies are pretty, and the arrangements are certainly well done, played well. . . . There's just not much room for creative work. I think there was one sort of improvised blues.

This came about when Creed Taylor said, "Maybe we can work in an album where you work with a larger group." And I said, "Fine." So, the next thing I knew, the date was scheduled, and he said that Claus Ogerman had done the arrangements and that he was a very fine, capable arranger, which he is, and that we were going to do some of the better movie things.

I thought "fine," because as long as the tune is good and there's room for me to play, it's material for me. But as it turned out, as you can see, there was no room for me. So I just read the part, and it was really very pretty. In other words, I didn't

know until I got to the studio that it was going to be this kind of an album, in the pop field.

I really felt so sort of funny about it I wanted to use my Russian name on it—Gregorio Ivan Ivanoff—that's William John Evans in Russian. Then I thought, well, what the hell, I've played a lot of lousy jobs, and lousy music; certainly this is nice, and pleasing, a lot better than the things I'm referring to, and as long as I know where I'm at, know that it's commercial, I'm okay. If I didn't know, I'd be very worried! But I always know, when I'm playing a polka, it's a polka; when I'm playing a bar mitzvah, that's what it is, and so on.

If this record could have done something for widening my audience, getting better distribution for my other records, I'm all for it. Because it's a cold, hard business.

I don't know whether this sold better than my others, but the thing was: the distributors accepted this album because it's a pops album, whereas when I was strictly a jazz artist they wouldn't even distribute the thing. Now, even my jazz records, like, say, *Conversations*, go fine in places where you will find no other jazz records—because of *this* record.

It was wonderful, incidentally, getting the Grammy for *Conversations with Myself*. I just couldn't believe it.

Afterthoughts By Evans

I am not only willing to accept something new; I desire it more than anything else. But it has to be better than what preceded it. Some of the expressionism that is around now, the kind that becomes very subjective and says that any emotion, just because it is real, must be worthwhile—I'm not too much with that. You could use those standards to say that a belch is as beautiful and esthetic as Bach.

Art is selective; the feeling should be selective and should represent something we want to preserve and perpetuate, not just reflect the mud and mire of society.

Freedom can be a misleading term. Playing takes a lot of time and work and patience, and there are no short cuts; perhaps that's why some people choose this other philosophy, because it eliminates the necessity for dedication. 

The Baby Grows Up



Nancy Wilson has often been referred to as "Sweet Nancy" and "The Baby," but the lovely singer may be undergoing a significant evolution, according to *Down Beat* Contributing Editor Barbara Gardner. In her essay-interview, *The Baby Grows Up*, Miss Gardner relates the startling changes in the singer's life, circumstances, and outlook that her rapid rise to national prominence have brought about.

Two-Career Man

Last year earthy tenor saxophonist Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis gave up his life as a full-time jazzman to sit on the business side of a booking agent's desk. In an interview with Stanley Dance, Davis relates the problems and satisfactions he has encountered in his new life.

PLUS: Iconoclastic critic-poet Le-Roi Jones initiates a scathing column, *Apple Cores*, about the little explored byways of jazz life in New York City; Nat Hentoff sounds the cry for more incisive jazz fiction writing; Dan Morgenstern calls on the perennially vigorous Eddie Condon, recently returned to activity after major surgery; and Leonard Feather continues the chronicle of his years as a jazz enthusiast fresh from England—all this, of course, in addition to the penetrating reviews, commentary, and jazz reporting in the next issue of

down beat

MOVIE REVIEW

The Cool World, produced by Frederick Wiseman; directed and edited by Shirley Clarke. Screenplay by Miss Clarke and Carl Lee; photography by Baird Bryant; music composed by Mal Waldron. Jazz played by Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Yusef Lateef, tenor saxophone; Aaron Bell, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums. Rock and roll played by Hal Singer, tenor saxophone; Charles Jackson, piano; Julian Euell, bass; Herb Lovell, drums.

The Cool World, as seen by Miss Clarke, is a savage, merciless jungle inhabited by two-legged animals preying on one another on the one hand and preyed upon by disparate forces on the other. *The Cool World* is the Harlem of a black teenager; it is his triumph and tragedy, his fenced-off playpen where he toys daily with evil in an existence where human dignity is unknown.

Miss Clarke's story (set off with telling effect by the music of Mal Waldron and executed with brilliance by the instrumentalists) is a simple one. It is of Duke, a black 14-year-old Harlem boy, whose dream is to own a "picce" (a revolver) and thus boss the teenage gang to which he belongs. He becomes boss, gets the girl (a teenage prostitute who later runs away), gets caught in the inevitable act of violence endemic to his world, is beaten by cops who throw him into a squad car and remove him from the *Cool World*.

This is what a human life is worth in Harlem, Miss Clarke seems clearly to be saying, and she says it with such force and dynamic intensity that one is left numbed at the final frame of film.

At this particular time in U.S. history, a time of violence and Negro revolt, Miss Clarke's film takes on an almost frightening topicality. Her cameras spare no feelings, shrink from nothing. She shows Harlem as it is.

If there remains any question in the mind of any white on the major causes of the recent riots in Harlem and Brooklyn (or for that matter in any northern Negro slum), this picture gives eloquent answer. Yet Miss Clarke is obviously not in the answer-giving business; she is in the business of making motion pictures. But her artistic effort in and of itself holds truth as art is supposed to; in *The Cool World* this truth speaks clearly.

Duke is acted simply and with sometimes brutal effectiveness by Hampton Clanton; Carl Lee plays a Harlem gangster later murdered by the white crime syndicate that controls him; Yolanda Rodriguez is at once provocative and pathetic as the young prostitute.

Waldron's music is ideally fitted to the subject. Not because the subject is filthy, vice-ridden Harlem and the music is jazz (there is a modicum of rock and roll there, too), but because the drama of jazz, its virility, its validity as music is highly applicable in this film, just as it would be

inapplicable in another.

Waldron has written a tight, emotionally charged score for a film that sears the emotions. Dizzy Gillespie's horn is first heard in an early scene depicting a purse-snatching and flight. The music paces the frantic flight, the dash to escape, and then jolts the listener in conjunction with a climactic stabbing of the purse snatcher by members of a rival gang, who make off with the spoils he stole. After that, the blues.

In its simplicity lies the music's success. Other more sophisticated movie scorers might well pay attention to Waldron's use of jazz.

Leaving the theater after the screening, this reviewer overheard a smartly dressed white woman declare in what appeared to be a state of shock that this picture should not be shown in light of today's racially seething atmosphere. At that, her companion—also white—said sweetly, "But, my dear, that is precisely why the picture was made."
—John A. Tynan

TELEVISION REVIEW

New Orleans Jazz; National Educational Television. Eight half-hour programs, the first two, *The Red Light District* and *Glorlyland* and *Papa Jack, the Patriarch*; produced by Karl Genus and Vern Cook.

The first two installments in the NET jazz documentaries, filmed entirely in the New Orleans area, were so different in conception that it is difficult to think of them as part of the same series.

The red-light district and glorlyland film is embarrassingly overproduced and insists excessively on the connection between early jazz and the underworld. Of course, it would be dishonest to deny the existence of such associations, but the viewer is confronted with an avalanche of references to the bawdy that becomes first tiresome, then annoying, and then ludicrous.

For example, a sultry thing in a negligee strokes Armand Hug's back as he rips through Jelly Roll Morton's *Sweet Substitute*. Shortly afterwards, faces of models made up to suggest looseness of character (the makeup and hair styles are of 1960s vintage) are superimposed over photo-

Papa Jack Laine

Keen mind, sharp memory, colorful manner



graphs of various sporting houses in old Storyville while jazz bands and ragtime pianos furnish alternating fragments of background music.

To heighten the effect, an excellent jazz trio of Hug, clarinetist Raymond Burke, and drummer Monk Hazel are shown competing with the noise in a speakeasy, protected by a chicken-wire fence from bottles and glasses that crash rhythmically in the background.

Finally, two blues singers perform—again in the inevitable negligee, and this time at the top of staircases. Joyce Mayo's rendition of *Hip-Shakin' Mama* might have been omitted completely, and Lavergne Smith's ill-advised theatrics on *Come Back Blues* turn a soulful vocal into a study in bathos.

On the positive side, the film has some excellent music. Hug's piano bristles with the richly rococo feeling of the best ragtimers. The funeral scene with the Eureka Brass Band is given a unique treatment by offering the entire dirge on the way to the cemetery and limiting the didn't-heramble type of shenanigans on the way back to a few bars. Hug's singing is a pleasant surprise on *Mamie's Blues*, and the throaty vigor of Sister Williams' Gospel Singers on *This Little Light of Mine* is a refreshing reminder that genuine Gospel singing is still very much with us.

The Papa Laine program is totally free of the gimmickry that mars the Storyville film. It consists mainly of an interview with Papa Jack, with a few photographs of jazzmen whom he groomed at the turn of the century and some tastefully integrated background recordings of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band.

Laine is looked upon by many New Orleans musicians and historians as a neglected figure in the jazz histories published to date, and this film should do much to enhance his reputation.

At 91 he shows a keen mind, a sharp memory for details of the past, and a sincere, colorful manner that makes the interview a sheer delight. His anecdotes about cornetist Nick LaRocca, humming of *Plarine* (later *The Original Dixieland One-Step*), and charming description of his invention of the foot pedal embody the diction, vocal inflections, and artless wit that are evident in so many of the early jazzmen. Like Jelly Roll Morton, he claims with perfect aplomb to have invented jazz personally; but his role as a leader and developer of a host of important white jazzmen (LaRocca, clarinetist Yellow Nunez, and trombonist Eddie Edwards, to name a few) and as leader of kid "spasm bands," marching bands, and ragtime bands is brought out subtly through the penetrating questioning by co-producer Cook.

The Laine program was an unqualified success; the Storyville program was entertaining and, for the most part, musically interesting—for all its staginess and over-emphasis on extra-musical aspects of the early jazz scene.

If the quality of the rest of the series lies somewhere between these two first endeavors, NET will have made a valuable contribution to the all-too-slim library of jazz film documentaries. —Charles Suhor

CAUGHT from page 17

Sweden. But its particular structural virtues, which lead to what Evans describes as "more freedom of sound," are beyond the limitations of this review and this reviewer's competence. —Nat Hentoff

David Allen-Count Basie

Basin Street East, New York City

Singer Allen is much admired within the inner circle of the entertainment business. For too long, however, he has been the darling of the few, while remaining essentially unknown to the mass. His gifts should be widely shared, not savored like vintage wine by "in" groups on special occasions.

Allen brings a wealth of experience to what, in essence, is a new career. He is warmly remembered by veteran jazz fans for his work with the avant-garde Boyd Raeburn band in the 1940s. Younger listeners know him through the albums he has cut in recent years for World Pacific, Warner Bros., and Everest.

Though he had only six songs in the Basie book for the Basin Street engagement, Allen provided telling testimony of his quality and consistency. He opened with *Change Partners* in a gently pulsing tempo and followed with a well-mixed bag—a swinging treatment of *I've Got My Eyes on You*, the ballad *I Should Care*, a lilting *Dream a Little Dream of Me*, then *The Folks Who Live on the Hill*, a re-working of *I Can't Believe That You're in*

Love with Me, and his own arrangement of *Here's That Rainy Day*, a song from the Broadway show of a few seasons back, *Carnival in Flanders*.

Allen showed to particular advantage on the ballads—I *Should Care*, *Folks*, and *Rainy Day*—applying his deep, resonant, and strikingly attractive baritone to the contours of the melodies in a manner that illuminates their basic beauty and their subtleties.

Lyric writers should be thankful for what he does with words. Each line is clearly stated and logically shaded. A sense of truth and design fills the parts as well as the lyric as a whole. Allen is not a surface singer. He digs into a song, emphasizing the grist, judiciously avoiding the chaff.

Because he breathes and sings correctly, because his phrasing is so musical, the flow of each song is uninterrupted. Climaxes are reached and then pinpointed without the theatrics common to singers of lesser talent. His time is firm; and, flexible, he moves within a song with ease. Whatever the tempo, he meets the challenge. And he obviously knows how to work with a band.

For all this, it is Allen's touching sound that should grab that large, untapped audience. It remains with one long after his performance has been concluded.

Allen is special; he's a musical storyteller who favors the freedom and originality of jazz, yet eludes the circumscription of tags of any kind. He provides insight into experiences common to us all.

—Burt Korall



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I'm going to play
one of those things!"

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MONTEREY from page 20

of the current Herd's vigor and drive is the result of the rhythm section's omnipresent head of steam. And seemingly the faster the tempo, the better, as was evident on *Caldonia* and *After You've Gone*, both taken at astonishing tempos.

Trombonist Henry Southall played with great humor, though at times it got a bit broad. His section mate, Phil Wilson, while not a particularly inventive musician, nonetheless was ear-catching in his by-now well-known version of *Lonesome Old Town*.

The outstanding Herman soloist was, however, tenorist Andy McGhee, a worthy successor to Sal Nistico; McGhee took an eat-'em-up solo on *After You've Gone* that was especially strong.

Joe Carroll, the new Herman vocalist, sang a set that included *I Got Rhythm* and *Lady, Be Good*. His scat singing made the other scatters at the festival—it seemed every vocalist, including the blues artists, tried his hand at it at least once—sound like little boys, Dizzy Gillespie excepted.

Pianist Vince Guaraldi followed the Herman band with a tepid trio set that displayed the leader's humor more than his imagination.

But when Guaraldi brought Bola Sete to the stand, things brightened considerably. The guitarist offered several classical and bossa nova pieces that were done with great taste and skill. He played unaccompanied on the classical works and with Guaraldi's bassist (Tom Beeson) and drummer (Benny Barth) on the bossa novas. Sete captured the fancy of the large audience, which demanded encores. But the most exciting moment came when Sete finished a chorus on one of the themes from *Black Orpheus*, and Guaraldi, who had been off the stage, rushed to the piano in time to take the break and throw the group into a driving 4/4.

After the Guaraldi-Sete set, Jon Hendricks announced the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet. About eight people then began a short political-convention demonstration, complete with signs, for the trumpeter's candidacy for President. After a few appropriate and humorous remarks by the candidate—who seemed nonplussed when an unidentified man seated in the front row shouted, "We want a putsch!"—the quintet went into *Dizzy's Atmosphere*.

But the group—James Moody, flute, alto and tenor saxophones; Kenny Barron, piano; Chris White, bass; and Rudy Collins, drums—didn't have it this night. It could have been one of those times when nothing goes right, or the chilly Monterey air, but it might also have been that the leader's humor, aided and abetted by his sidemen, was a bit overdone, to the point of getting in the music's way.

The Herman band returned to close the festivities; by the time the last note had sounded, however, all except a handful of listeners had dispersed.

But it was time to go home; if one had been at Monterey all weekend, he'd heard enough musical excellence to last through the winter, at least.



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SEE PAGE 36

BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

"I'm goin' down to the railroad," wails the blues singer, "and lay my head on the track."

"But when that train comes in," he decides, "I'm going to pull it right back."

That kind of wit, with its implied self-criticism, is typical of the blues. The blues have an opposite kind of humor too:

"Don't you leave me here," sang Jelly Roll Morton. "Don't you leave me here." But then he sang, "If you just must go, sweet babe, leave me a dime for beer."

In the middle 1930s, when the men who wrote about jazz and other popular music began to discover blues singers, it was generally said that they expressed "social protest." A lot of blues do that. They are about hard labor, poverty, a mean straw boss, and sometimes segregation.

But there are many more blues about men dealing with nature. "The river has gone to rising and spreading all over the land," goes one lament from the '20s.

But most blues are about men, dealing with other men. Or dealing with women. And sometimes dealing with themselves: "I just have to holler, because I'm just too mean to cry." Or "I tossed and turned and cried the whole night long. When I woke up this morning, well, I didn't know right from wrong."

The words of the blues are sometimes movingly poetic, and they can be moving when they are quite simple:

*Woke up this morning with the
tears standing in my eyes.*

More than likely, the singer had tears standing in his eyes because he had been badly treated by his girl friend. The courtship of man and woman is the main subject of the blues. Sometimes a courtship includes love:

*I was in love with you before I
learned to say your name.*

But, sometimes, there doesn't seem any love involved:

*Give your woman a dollar bill,
And the next time, she'll ask you
for five.*

*Women don't give you nothin' back
But a whole lot of jive.*

Traditional blues, though, are sometimes beautifully poetic, and sometimes their poetry has a wonderful air of mystery: "The sun's going to shine in my back door some day" is a line that can be heard in a dozen older blues and even some new ones.

But besides the individual lines, and pictures of life they conjure up, blues tell us about experience. This is the way Joe Turner sang about a youngster's first love. The following is from Turner's and Pete Johnson's *Wee Baby Blues*, as it is published in *The Book of the Blues*. The singer is talking about the first time he saw his girl and broke away from apron strings of childhood:

*It was early one Monday morning,
And I was on my way to school—
Early one Monday morning;
I was on my way to school.
That was the morning
That I broke my mother's rule.*

Turner continues to sing good blues today, and younger men continue to sing them and write them too. Muddy Waters introduces himself with this wonderful spell on the blues he calls *Hoochie Coochie Man*:

*On the seventh hour
Of the seventh day
Of the seventh month
The seven doctors say,
"He was born for good luck, and
that you'll see."*

*I got seven hundred dollars—
Don't you mess with me.*

Then there is a recent blues, written for Ray Charles by Jesse Stone, under his pen name of Charles Calhoun. It is called *Losing Hand*:

*I gambled for your love, baby,
and held a losing hand.*

The singer describes his love affair all through the song as if it were a card game that fate lost for him.

They still do new funny blues too. If you've ever heard the Coasters sing things like *Yackety Yack* a couple years ago, and *Charlie Brown* ("Why is everybody always picking on me?")—if you've heard those, then you know they still write humorous blues.

There is one blues I have saved for the end because some of its lines and images are so haunting. It was sung by Robert Johnson and is called *Hell Hound on My Trail* (reissued on Columbia LP 1654). It is a chant about spiritual torment, of a man pursued by a demon:

*I got to keep moving, I got to
keep moving.*

*Blues falling down like hail,
blues falling down like hail.*

*I can't keep no money—
hellhound on my trail.
Hellhound on my trail,
hellhound on my trail.*

*I can tell the wind is running—
leaves shaking on the tree,
shakin' on the tree,*

*I can tell the wind is running—
leaves shakin' on the tree.*

There is a remarkably effective and moving blues by Bessie Smith called



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Young Woman's Blues ("I'm a young woman, and I ain't done running around"). Miss Smith, in the '20s, was "the empress of the blues." Surely she was the most remarkable woman blues singer. *Young Woman's Blues* (which she sings on Columbia LP 857) is sometimes printed in books of American poetry. It certainly belongs there, for *Young Woman's Blues* is real poetry, and it is American. [45]

FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Though it had nothing to do with jazz, a review of *The New Equality* (Viking Press) appeared in the Oct. 8 *Down Beat*, presumably because (1) anyone interested in jazz is likely to be interested in civil rights, (2) *Down Beat* is expanding its horizon of interests, (3) Nat Hentoff, who wrote it, is well known to readers as a jazz critic.

The reviewer was Gloria Oden, who has a certain advantage over Hentoff as an authority on the subject: she has been a Negro all her life. Her points concerning the establishment of Hentoff as an "expert" could just as well be made against many other white writers, myself included, who have tried our hands along the same lines; but one important reservation must be made.

Commenting on the publisher's suggestion that Hentoff's work in jazz gave him "a very special opportunity to observe Negro-white relationships from close up," she says, "The southern white was saying much the same thing for years until the southern Negro undertook to show him how wrong he was."

By implication this puts the white intellectual working in jazz, whose interracial relationships are based on social equality and mutual friendship, on a level with the southern cracker who says, "Don't tell me about them niggers; I've worked with 'em; I understand 'em."

This is as unfair as it is unrealistic.

Moreover, to imply that a Hentoff has the wrong background and is therefore not entitled to pontificate on the Negro is only a step or two from asking, "What business did Michael Schwerner and Andrew Goodman have going down to Mississippi and interfering with the Negroes' private lives by urging them to register to vote?" And from there it is only a couple of steps more to the blanket condemnation of 170,000,000 Americans as white devils.

As it happens, out of a fat pile of books I have been reading on the civil-rights crisis, two of the most enlightening and valuable were written by whites,

and both can be recommended to the kind of man I believe to be the average *Down Beat* reader, Negro or white.

One is *The Negro Revolution in America* (249 pp., Simon & Schuster, paperback, \$1.49), compiled by William Brink and Louis Harris from the surveys of Negro and white opinions taken last year for *Newsweek*.

This is at once the most factual of all books on the subject, since it is based on statistics and analyses of them. It also is the most depressing, since the figures bear out what many of us have long suspected: that by and large the average white American is prejudiced. The only hopeful note is that the prejudices, and the belief in stereotypes, are generally far less common and less violent among whites who have had social contact with Negroes.

But the over-all impression, with its long individual quotations from subjects interviewed, is that the social revolution is decades, perhaps centuries, from achievement.

Harry Golden's *Mr. Kennedy and the Negroes* (319 pp., World, \$4.95) has all the advantages that a sensitive southern white can gain over a white eastern intellectual in appraising the scene. Despite its title, the book is about all the issues involved. Golden is not only an eminently readable social

scientist; he is a philosopher, a humanist, and a pragmatist.

For those who still insist that the right to speak authoritatively is determined by race, there is inspiring reading in Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s *Why We Can't Wait* (178 pp., Harper & Row, \$3.50), the testimony of a man of incredible patience. And for a comprehensive view by an objective Washington reporter, there is Simeon Booker's *Black Man's America* (230 pp., Prentice-Hall, \$4.95).

If you are concerned mainly with the subject of school integration, Benjamin Muse's *Ten Years of Prelude* (308 pp., Viking, \$5) makes an admirable textbook. For a less deep but concise picture of the whole crisis, try *Fire-Bell in the Night* by Oscar Handlin (110 pp., Atlantic, \$3.50).

If jazz, as a profession or an avocation, can lead to the reading and intelligent absorption of books like these by the previously unconcerned white layman, then Miss Oden's assumption ("one can't come into the field of civil rights by any but the front door") may become less and less valid.

Nevertheless, her original premise will remain inviolable—for a full comprehension of the nature and dimensions of the American tragedy, no qualification can top just being a Negro. [45]

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code).

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7. OWNER (if owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address as well as that of each individual must be given).

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A. Total no. copies printed (Net Press Run)	82,211	85,961
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C. Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier delivery or by other means	1,173	1,436
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FROM THE TOP

STAGE-BAND ARRANGEMENT REVIEWS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

ON THE MOVE: *Composed and arranged by John LaPorta; Berklee Press Publications.*

This lightly swinging, up-tempo number is written in a somewhat boppish vein and features the sax section. While not too difficult, it is challenging and interesting.

The first eight measures of the tune feature the saxophones with brass punctuation. The bridge makes use of the full ensemble. The introduction uses the bridge melody in the brasses with an equally important line in the saxes. The brass figures in the introduction and the full ensemble at the bridge should take the cue for their interpretation from the saxes.

Tenor saxophone and trumpet soloists split the next chorus. Suggestions are made by the composer for opening up the arrangement.

The final chorus highlights the full ensemble on the first eight with a variant melody based, in part, on the bridge. In the bridge of this chorus there is a duplication of the introduction with

some changes. The trombones carry the original brass melody, and the saxes play their same counterline but this time reinforced by the trumpets in a simplified line.

This is worthwhile music with enough challenge to make it valuable as an educational tool and of enough interest to make it worthy of performance.

TRIBUTE TO BASIE: *Composed and arranged by Carroll DeCamp; Kendor Music, Inc.*

An epitome of the swing style can be heard in the playing of the Count Basie Orchestra, and it makes good sense for a school bandleader to emulate the Basie style if he wants his band to swing.

This blues tune of medium difficulty is an excellent arrangement in the moderate-tempo, blues swing style. The lines and the interweaving of the brass and saxes are typically Basie.

The brass has the opening chorus, with answering patterns in the saxes. Tenor saxophone and trumpet solo choruses follow (written solos are provided). A full ensemble chorus leads to a sax soli chorus, and the arrangement ends with a repeat of the opening line.

This arrangement marks the published debut of writer DeCamp, and it

is most auspicious. The lines and figures in this arrangement all lay well and almost play themselves, thus leaving the director and the student free to concentrate on interpretation.

PICNIC: *Arranged by Ralph Burns; Famous Arrangers' Club.*

Picnic is a dance-based arrangement of moderate difficulty. There are not too many technical problems in this arrangement, for emphasis is placed on the beauty of the sound texture. Blend and tone quality are highlighted. Brass ranges are very moderate.

The biggest interpretational problem will occur in getting the quarter notes of the brass-backing figure played squarely on the beat; the average student band will tend to push ahead.

The arrangement opens with a unison statement of the melody by the saxes. A short ad lib trumpet solo (a written solo is provided) occurs in the middle and is bracketed by short melodic solos by the piano and trombone. The arrangement ends quietly, as it began.

This well-written arrangement is fine for concert or dance performance. It is especially well suited to emphasize musicality, since it does not place any great pressure on the technique of the band.

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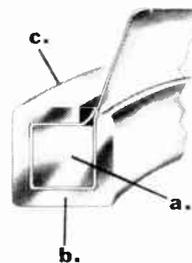
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November 5 □ 35

Workshop Nov. 23 and Toronto's Town Tavern Nov. 30 . . . Drummer **Joe Morello** recently visited England, conducting a series of drum clinics in London, Manchester, Glasgow, and Liverpool.

Ernest (Bass) Hill, 60, who had played tuba and string bass with the bands of **Luis Russell**, **Willie Bryant**, **Benny Carter**, **Sam Price**, **Hot Lips Page**, and **Eddie South**, died Sept. 16 of cancer. In his later years, Hill was employed at AFM Local 802.

Work began in September in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, on a film version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, starring singer **Ella Fitzgerald**, actor **John Kitzmiller**, and actress **Juliette Greco**. The Yugoslav-German-Italian production has been sold in 11 countries but not as yet in the United States.

American soprano saxophonist **Booker Pittman**, who has made his home in Brazil for many years, was seen on the **Jack Paar** television show Oct. 2, with his singing daughter **Eliana** . . . **Otto Hardwicke**, former long-time **Duke Ellington** lead alto saxophonist, was reported seriously ill at his home in Maryland . . . Clarinetist **Eddie Barefield** is subbing for **Garvin Bushell** in **Wilbur DeParis'** band while Bushell is in Africa with the **Paul Taubman Concert Band** . . . Pianist-singer-composer **Bobby Scott** was heard in concert at Town Hall Oct. 17 . . . Latest addition to the New York jazz scene is the **Sonia Ballroom** in Brooklyn, where Tuesday night jazz dances are being presented. Tenor saxophonist **Roland Alexander** and his quartet, trombonist **Grachan Moncur III**, and the **Frankie Dunlop-Maletta Davis** jazz pantomime act started the series Sept. 29.

Pianist **Randy Weston** and his sextet performed at a worship service at the Interchurch Chapel on Riverside Drive Sept. 24, prior to their Oct. 6 opening at the Club Coronet in Brooklyn. Weston's current lineup includes **Ray Copeland**, trumpet; **Bill Wood**, bass; **Lennie McBrowne**, drums; and **Big Black**, conga . . . The **Mike Grant-Farrell Sanders Quartet** gave a concert at Pratt Institute Sept. 25 . . . Other recent avant-garde activities included a recital for high school students in Carmel, N.Y., by the **Ed Summerlin-Don Heckman Improvisational Workshop**, with **Ron Carter**, bass; **Bob Norden**, trombone, piano; and **Angelo Bruckier**, drums . . . Trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard's** quintet subbed for **Charlie Mingus' Jazz Workshop** at the Five Spot while the bassist was at the Monterey Jazz Festival . . . Pianist **Dick Wellstood** joined the **Gene Krupa Quartet** in September.

Larry Gales was the bassist with pianist **Thelonious Monk's** quartet at the Village Vanguard. Pianist **Roland Hanna's** duo, with **Major Holley** on bass, played opposite Monk . . . A new jazz spot, the **Celebrity Room**, opened Sept. 25 in Great Neck on Long Island. The opening bill featured singer **Sheila Jordan** and pianist **Mal Waldron's** trio (**Peck Morrison**, bass, and **Al Drears**, drums) . . . **Orchestra U.S.A.** has commissioned works from composers **Hall Overton**, **Jimmy Giuffre**, **Teo Macero**, and **George Russell**. The ensemble recently expanded its string section.

PHILADELPHIA

Just when Philadelphia appeared to be facing the bleakest jazz fall-winter ever, the whole picture changed. The **Show Boat**, supposedly closed permanently, reopened after **Labor Day** with drummer **Art Blakey's** group. The owner, **Herb Spivak**, a local hotel-restaurant man, vowing to give jazz a strong try at least through December, followed Blakey (who featured Philadelphia **Lee Morgan** on trumpet) with a solid lineup including singer **Carmen McRae**, pianist **Wynton Kelly**, and other big jazz names . . . And **Manny Rubin**, successful with folk artists at the **Second Fret**, is opening a midcity club that will feature some jazz artists. Early bookings include singers **Carol Sloane** and **Ethel Ennis** . . . The reopened **Red Hill Inn** presented singer **Ernestine Anderson**, along with the **Creole Follies**, in its first fall show. Ex-**Count Basie** drummer **Skeets Marsh** leads the house band.

The Penn State (University) Jazz Club presented two concerts by pianist **Thelonious Monk** Oct. 3 . . . **Mercer Ellington Jr.**, **Duke's** grandson, sat in on drums at the last jazz concert of the season at **St. John Terrell's** Lambertville, N.J., Music Circus. The Ellington session ended another successful season—financially and artistically—for Terrell . . . Organist **Jimmy Smith**, who broke the house record at the **Barn Arts Center** this summer, escaped injury with his son, **Jimmy Jr.**, when their sports car hit a pole near Norristown.

WASHINGTON

A visitor to the nation's capital can hear a good many of the city's best musicians without ever leaving Connecticut Ave. Starting close to Dupont Circle, one can hear singer **Ann Read** and the trio of bass player **Billy Taylor** (son of **Duke Ellington's** former bass player) at the **Cafe Lounge**, and the **Tony D'Angelo** group two blocks away at **Anna Maria's**. Then, moving on out the avenue, there is the **Tom Gwaltney Trio** at P.L.'s, and finally, almost to
(Continued on page 44)

READERS POLL BALLOT

The 29th annual **Down Beat Readers Poll** is at its midway point. For the next few 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. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Nov. 15.
3. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.
4. In the **Hall of Fame** category, name the jazz performer—living or dead—who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz. This is the only poll category in which deceased persons are eligible. Previous winners are ineligible. They are **Louis Armstrong**, **Glenn Miller**, **Stan Kenton**, **Charlie Parker**, **Duke Ellington**, **Benny Goodman**, **Count Basie**, **Lester Young**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Coleman Hawkins**, **Billie Holiday**, **Bix Beiderbecke**, **Miles Davis**, **Jelly Roll Morton**, **Thelonious Monk**, and **Art Tatum**.
5. Vote only for living musicians in all other categories.
6. In the **Miscellaneous Instrument** category there can be more than one winner. The instrumentalist who amasses the greatest number of votes will win on his instrument. But if a musician who plays another instrument in the miscellaneous category receives at least 15 percent of the total category vote, he will win on his instrument. A miscellaneous instrument is defined as one not having a category of its own. There are three exceptions: valve trombone (votes for valve trombonists should be cast in the trombone category), cornet and fluegelhorn (votes for cornetists and fluegelhornists should be cast in the trumpet category).
7. Vote for only one person in each category.

For 11 years, Frank Foster not only was a featured tenor saxophonist with the Count Basie Band, but he also was the group's arranging mainstay. When he left the band at the end of July, he established himself as one of the most adroit freelance arranger-composers in New York City.

About this score, written especially for the Basie band earlier this year, the composer said, "I chose it [for **Down Beat**] over many others because I happen to like it better than the others.

"There are no particularly difficult passages; however, close attention should be given to dynamics, especially from letter G to the end, for total effectiveness. The first 11 bars of letter G should be loud and strong as possible, with a definite decrescendo from there to two bars after letter H, from where it builds gradually from very soft to very loud in the last two bars. The tempo is medium—a little faster than a normal ballad tempo and by no means too swift."

Tomorrow's Blues Today is published by Don Tone Music and is reproduced by permission. Foster said he hopes to record the arrangement this year, probably under his own name.

The musical score is a handwritten arrangement for a jazz ensemble. It includes the following parts and markings:

- Bass:** Four staves with rhythmic notation and dynamic markings of mf .
- Trumpet:** Two staves with notes and rests. Includes the marking "COL 1st TRPT".
- Trombone:** Two staves with notes and rests. Includes the marking "COL 2nd TRPT".
- Saxophone:** One staff with notes and rests.
- Piano:** One staff with chord notations: $F-7(b9)$, $G-7(b9)$, $D-7(b9)$, $C-7(b9)$.
- Double Bass:** One staff with rhythmic notation and dynamic markings of mf .

Handwritten annotations include a large "4" with an arrow pointing to a section, a "12" with an arrow, and various fingerings and dynamics throughout the score.

TOMORROW'S BLUES TODAY

B

Handwritten musical score for section B. It includes staves for Horns (with a '12' measure marker), Trumpets (with a '11' measure marker), Trombones, and Guitar. The guitar part is marked 'REPEAT LETTER [A]'. The score contains various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

C

Handwritten musical score for section C. It includes staves for Horns, Trumpets (with '1st TRPT' marking), Trombones, and Guitar. The guitar part is marked 'PLAY 10 BARS'. The score contains various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Handwritten musical score for section D. It includes staves for Horns, Trumpets (with '1st TRPT' marking), Trombones, and Guitar. The guitar part is marked 'GUITAR'. The score contains various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

TOMORROW'S BLUES TODAY

E1

Trumpet
Trombone
Alto Sax
Piano
Bass

F

Trumpet
Trombone
Alto Sax
Piano
Bass

Trumpet
Trombone
Alto Sax
Piano
Bass

World Radio History

6

The image displays a handwritten musical score for guitar and voice, organized into four systems. Each system consists of multiple staves. The top staves in each system contain vocal lines with lyrics and melodic notation. Below these are guitar-specific staves, including a 'COL' (chordal) staff and a 'GUITAR' staff. The score is filled with musical notation, including notes, rests, and various chord symbols such as C-7, F-7, D-7, and G7. Performance markings like 'Cresc', 'Decresc', and 'Solo' are interspersed throughout. The notation is dense and appears to be a working draft or a detailed manuscript.

TOMORROW'S BLUES TODAY

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:

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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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11/5/64

Chevy Chase Circle and the Maryland border, will be found the trio of vibraharpist **Lennie Cuje** at Dante's Inferno.

Singer-guitarist **Joao Gilberto** drew large crowds to the Showboat Lounge in August, and clubowner **Pete Lambros** promptly signed him for a return engagement... Singer **Chris Connor** also did a week at the Showboat while the club's regular guitarist, **Charlie Byrd**, was on tour. It was Miss Connor's first D.C. night-club appearance in eight years. That previous appearance was at **Olivia Davis' Patio Lounge**, which long ago stopped hiring name jazz groups and became a no-name strip-tease joint.

CINCINNATI

Lee Stolar, piano; **John Parker**, bass; and **Jim Seward**, drums, backed the **Billy Mitchell-Howard McGhee** duo and vocalist **Ethel Ennis** in recent engagements at the Penthouse. Miss Ennis also was accompanied by her guitarist, **Walt Namuth**. Newly installed at the club is a "Quiet Please!" sign over the bandstand, that is lit when patrons become overly noisy... Pianist **Les McCann's** trio was showcased at the Living Room during a four-week stay... Pianist **George Shearing's** quintet is booked for an Oct. 29 concert at Xavier University's fieldhouse... The Olympian Club is doing well with Saturday sessions that feature **Gene Mayl's** Dixieland Rhythm Kings.

CLEVELAND

While in Cleveland for her engagement at Leo's Casino, singer **Gloria Lynne** was accidentally wounded in the lower leg by a pellet from a police detective's shotgun; the officer had fired to halt a fleeing thief. After treatment, however, she was back on the stand... **Anthony A. (Tony) Carlone**, president of AFM Local 4, died in Cleveland Clinic. As a drummer-bandleader, he was instrumental in the national success of his discoveries, singers **Perry Como** and **Frankie Laine**.

The **Modern Men**, a versatile quartet, have been going strong at the Capri for the last several months. The group includes **Jesse Dawkins**, piano; **Cooper Lira**, trumpet, tenor saxophone; **Arnold Langosh**, bass; and **Rudy Herrera**, drums. Among them they double a half-dozen instruments... Pianist-vocalist **Jimmy Belt** left after nearly a year at Harvey's Hideaway; his trio was followed by that of **George Peters**, who is accompanied by **Jimmy Dorough**, drums, and **Lamar Gaines**, bass... At the Punch 'n' Judy Lounge on Shaker Square for a year and a half, the trio of drummer **Eddie Nix** also features pianist **Lanny Scott** and bassist **John Wright**.

CHICAGO

The Plugged Nickel is going full steam ahead into modern jazz. **Art Farmer's** quartet played two weeks there earlier this month, and **John Coltrane** currently is ensconced at the N. Wells St. club. Set to follow the tenor saxophonist is **Woody Herman's** big band for a week. **Miles Davis**, **Charlie Byrd** (it will be his first Chicago appearance in more than four years), and **Art Blakey** are scheduled for November and December appearances (see *Where & When*, page 46, for dates). The club continues to present **Joe Segal's** Modern Jazz Showcase on Mondays; tenorist **Joe Daley's** trio was a recent feature at the sessions. With the Nickel on the north side, McKie's on the south side, and the London House somewhere in between, Chicago is getting a good variety of name jazz groups, at least for the time being—it's a city of shifty winds.

Singer **Mahalia Jackson** was hospitalized here last month, suffering from what her doctors described as "exhaustion due to overwork." Other sources said it was heart trouble. Miss Jackson's illness forced her to turn down a White House dinner invitation . . . The **Harry James Band** played an Oct. 7 concert at McCormick Place's Arie Crown Theater . . . Brazilian singer **Joao Gilberto** will play the London House Dec. 28-Jan. 10 . . . **Tom Hilliard's** Metropolitan Jazz Octet was the first jazz group featured at the fall series at Hull House Sheridan Theater (Chicago *Ad Lib*, Oct. 22) . . . **Sid McCoy**, popular jazz disc jockey, will present singer **Nancy Wilson** in concert Nov. 22 at McCormick Place.

LOS ANGELES

Jack Sheldon's debut as Fletch in the new *Cara Williams Show* was a comedy triumph for the jazzman and a decided asset to the CBS-TV series. The trumpeter's acting career does not mean the end of his playing, however; Sheldon's quintet recently played three days at San Francisco's Golden Nugget, the group including pianist **Victor Feldman**, guitarists **Jack Marshall** and **Howard Roberts**, and bassist **Joe Mondragon**.

The **Harry James Band** is back at the Las Vegas (Nev.) Flamingo Hotel until Nov. 17, following its recent tour of the East, Midwest, and Canada . . . The **Duke Ellington Orchestra** plays two dances at the Hollywood Palladium Oct. 25 and Nov. 10 . . . Between Oct. 29 and election day Nov. 3, Sam's Record Shop here, southern California headquarters of the **Dizzy Gillespie** for President campaign, will give away to album buyers campaign stickers and balloons and copies of **Jon Hendricks'** lyrics to the campaign song *Vote Dizzy*,

set to the tune of Gillespie's *Salt Peanuts* . . . Former **Ella Fitzgerald** accompanist **Don Abney** debuted a new trio with **Buddy Woodson**, bass, and **Eddie Atwood**, drums, at the Velvet Turtle in Redondo Beach.

GREATER-LOVE-HATH-NO-FAN DEPT.: For his birthday party Oct. 26 (his 51st) **Charlie Barnet** decided to surprise his friends in attendance. So he flew the entire **Duke Ellington Orchestra** from San Francisco to the San Jacinto Country Club in southern California to provide music for the evening.

SAN FRANCISCO

The state of jazz took a turn for the better here Sept. 30 with the opening of Basin Street West. Originally slated to program top popular acts as well as jazz (*DB*, Sept. 24), a pre-opening change of ownership brought announcement of an all-out jazz policy. Pianist **Hampton Hawes'** trio and pianist **Eddie Cano's** quartet were the debut attractions. The new club is on Broadway, in the same block as the Jazz Workshop. Advent of Basin Street West and the earlier shift of El Matador from cocktail piano to "gentle" jazz (**Joao Gilberto** was the opening attraction, followed by the **Vince Guaraldi-Bola Sete** combo) takes up the slack occasioned by demise of the Black Hawk last year and Sugar Hill last month.

A flock of local jazz musicians joined in a benefit for clarinetist **Bill Napier**, who faces long hospitalization and heavy medical expense as result of a motor accident. Staged at Pier 23, a waterfront jazz club, the benefit participants included trombonist **Bob Mielke's** swing band, bassist **Dick Oxtot's** traditional band, singer-banjoist **Clancy Hayes**, and pianists **Joe Sullivan**, **Ralph Sutton**, **Wally Rose**, **Burt Bales**, and **Bill Erickson**.

The Claremont Hotel in Oakland, which had a brief fling with big bands last year, currently is sampling combos. Following a Guaraldi-Sete capacity weekend, the hotel booked vibraharpist **Cal Tjader's** quintet for two weekend appearances . . . **Duke Ellington's** orchestra filled the time between engagements at the Safari Room in San Jose and Tin Pan Alley in Redwood City with a series of one-nighters, including concerts at San Francisco State, Contra Costa, and Foothill colleges.

The **Modern Jazz Quartet** was presented in concert by the University of San Francisco and a few nights later was the opening attraction of the 1964-'65 Walnut Creek Art Forum, an annual cultural series presented by the small city, which lies inland from Oakland . . . Clarinetist **Darnell Howard** is playing weekends at the Blue Rock Inn in Larkspur, south of San Francisco.

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Stanley Spector writes:

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WHERE & WHEN

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

NEW YORK

Au Go Go: Oscar Brown Jr. to 10/31.
Baby Grand: Joe Knight, hb.
Basie's: Billy Taylor, tfn.
Basin Street: Buddy Greco to 10/29.
Birdland: Miles Davis, Bud Powell to 10/25.
Blue Spruce (Roslyn): Tyree Glenn to 10/31.
Marian McPartland, tfn.
Broken Drum: Wilbur DeParis, tfn.
Celebrity Room (Great Neck): Sheila Jordan, Mal Waldron, tfn.
Celler: jam sessions.
Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, tfn.
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.
Eleventh Hour East: Jay Chasin, tfn.
Five Spot: Teddy Wilson, tfn.
Gordian Knot: Leroy Parkins, tfn.
Half Note: unk.
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, John Bunch, tfn.
Hornor's Ad Lib (Perth Amboy, N.J.): Morris Nanton, tfn.
Metropole: Red Allen, hb.
Minton's: unk.
Mr. J's: Charles Cochran, tfn.
Open End: Scott Murray, hb.
Penthouse Club: Joe Mooney, tfn.
Playboy: Les Spann, Milt Sealy, Walter Norris, Mike Longo, Oscar Nord, hbs.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, tfn.
Village Gate: Gloria Lynne, Hugh Masakela to 11/1. Gerry Mulligan, wknds.
Village Vanguard: Max Roach-Abbey Lincoln, 10/22-11/19.
Wells': Buddy Henry, tfn.

BOSTON

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.
Fenway: Gerry Reiter, tfn.
Fenway-Commonwealth: The Jaytones, tfn.
Fenway North (Revere): Glenna Gibson, tfn.
Game Bar (Lynn): Kiek Kaye, tfn.
Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, Hilary Rose, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Muddy Waters to 10/25. Shirley Horn, 10/26-11/1. John Coltrane, 11/2-8. Mose Allison, 11/9-15. Modern Jazz Quartet, 11/16-22. Tubby Hayes, 11/23-29. Oscar Peterson, 12/1-6.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike (West Peabody): Yusuf Lateef to 10/25. Jon Hendricks, 10/26-11/1. Rev. Gary Davis, Phil Ochs, 11/2-8. Dizzy Gillespie, 11/16-22.
Number 3 Lounge: Eddie Watson, Sabby Lewis, tfn.
Saxony: Clarence Jackson, tfn.
Wagon Wheels (West Peabody): Count Basie, 11/10-11.

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 to 10/28.
Market Street Opera House: unk.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.
Pep's: Mongo Santamaria, 10/26-31.
Red Hill Inn: Skeets Marsh, hb.
Saxony East: DeLloyd McKay, tfn.
Second Fret: folk artists, tfn.
Show Boat: Les McCann, 10/26-31.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Tony D'Angelo, tfn.
Bayou: Eddie Diamond, hb.
Bohemian Caverns: Bill Evans to 10/25.
Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor Jr., Ann Read, tfn.
Charles Hotel: Kenny Fulcher-Slide Harris, Thur.-Sat., hb.
Dante's Inferno: Lennie Cuje, tfn.
Fireplace: Tommy Chase, Joyce Carr, tfn.
PL's Cafe: Tommy Gwaltney, tfn.
Red Coach Inn: Charlie Schner, Keith Hodgson, tfn.
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd to 10/24. Oscar Peterson, 11/23-28. Dizzy Gillespie, 11/30-12/5.
Stouffer's Restaurant: John Eaton, tfn.

NEW ORLEANS

Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
Golliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
King's Room: Lavergne Smith, tfn.
Old Absinthe House: Marvin Kimball, tfn.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervalon, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belleto, Dave West, Buddy Prima, hbs.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

KANSAS CITY

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

CINCINNATI

Apartment: Jimmy Jamaal, tfn.
Blue Angel: Amos Milburn, Sonny Cole, tfn.
Jai Alai (Newport, Ky.): Philip Paul, Doc Smith, tfn.
Living Room: Amanda Ambrose to 11/14. Lee Stolar, hb.
Music Hall: Don Shirley, 11/13.
Olympian Club: Gene Mayl's Dixieland Rhythm Kings, Sat.
Penthouse: Ramsey Lewis, 10/22-31. Joe Williams, 11/5-14. Thelonious Monk, 11/19-28.
Playboy Club: Dee Felice, Woody Evans, hbs.
Whisper Room: Cal Collins, Jack Prather, Grove Mooney, Tue.-Sun. Sessions, Sun.
Xavier University: George Shearing, 10/29.

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: Butch Strong, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Corner Tavern: Weasel Parker, Thur.-Sat.
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro-Bob Lopez, tfn. Johnny Trush, Sat.
Esquire: Eddie Bacuss-Lester Sykes, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.
LaRue: East Jazz Trio, tfn.
Leo's Casino: 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: Ace Carter-Ismail Ali, wknds.
Punch and Judy's: Eddy Nix, hb.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb. Tops Cardone, wknds.
Shaker House: Angel Sanchez, tfn.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy, hb.
Tangiers: unk.
Theatrical: Jonah Jones to 10/21. 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: Dizzy Gillespie to 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. Sonny Stitt,

11/18-22. B. B. King, 11/27-29. Ramsey Lewis, 12/16-1/3.
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
Moroccan Village: Baby Face Willette, tfn.
Olde East Inn: unk.
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: John Coltrane to 10/24. Woody Herman, 10/25-29. Miles Davis, 11/11-22. Charlie Byrd, 11/24-12/6. Art Blakey, 12/9-13.
Shores Lounge: Georg Brunis, wknds.
Showboat Sari-S: Art Hodes, tfn.
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.
Velvet Swing: Harvey Leon, tfn.

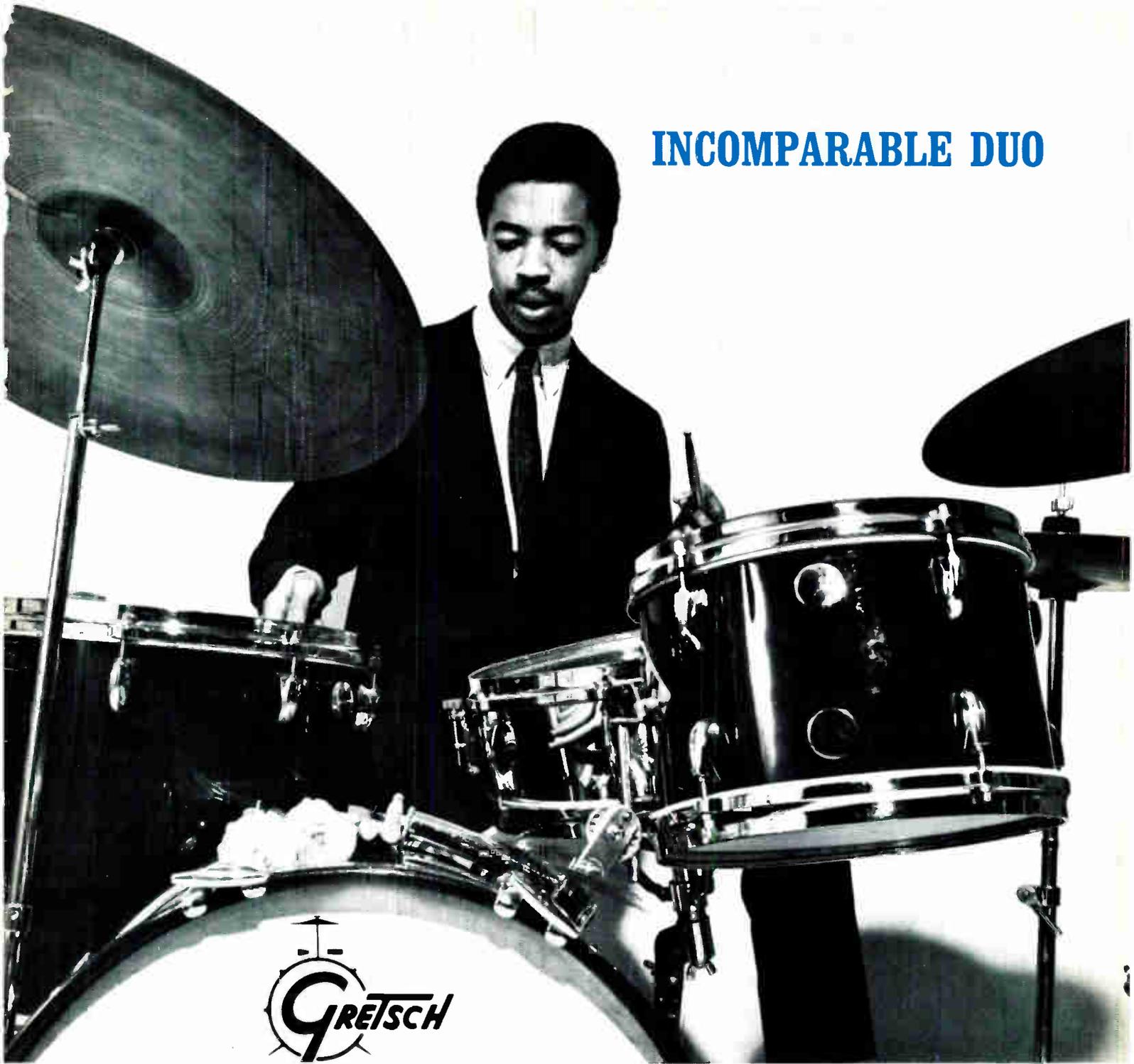
LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Alibi (Pomona): Alton Purnell, tfn.
Bahama Inn (Pasadena): Loren Dexter, tfn.
Beverly Cavern: Johnny Lucas, Fri.-Sat.
Beverly Hilton (Rendezvous Room): Calvin Jackson, Al McKibbin, tfn.
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.
Holiday Inn (Montclair): Society for the Preservation of Dixieland Jazz, 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: unk.
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 Life): 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: Modern Jazz Quartet to 10/25. Yusuf Lateef, 11/5-15.
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.
Velvet Turtle (Redondo Beach): Don Abney, Buddy Woodsen, Ed Atwood, tfn.

SAN FRANCISCO

Algiers (Redwood City): Dick Maus, tfn.
Rustles & Beaus: Virgil Gonsalves, tfn.
Basin Street West: Ahmad Jamal to 11/2.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, Fri.-Sat.
Coffee Don's: Noel Jewkes-Jim Harper, afterhours.
Dale's (Alameda): George Stoichev, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, tfn.
El Matador: Vince Guaraldi, Bola Sete, tfn.
Golden Cask: Byron Berry, tfn.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Stan Kenton alumni, Fri.-Sat.
Jack's of Sutter: Richard (Groove) Holmes, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Chet Baker to 11/1.
Jimbo's Bop City: Norman Williams, Thur.-Sat.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
Safari Room (San Jose): Tex Beneke's Glenn Miller Orchestra to 11/8. Pearl Bailey, Louie Bellson, 11/13-22.
Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): Duke Ellington to 11/6.
Trident (Sausalito): Bob Dorough to 10/30.

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