

MARCH 11, 1965

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down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

CHARLIE PARKER MEMORIAL ISSUE

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CHARLIE PARKER, 1920-1955



A 10th Anniversary remembrance of the altoist who altered the course of jazz with his brilliant playing and writing. Articles about the man and his music by Martin Williams, Leonard Feather, Don Heckman, John S. Wilson, and Michael Levin; transcriptions of some of Parker's most memorable solos; and his own comments on his art

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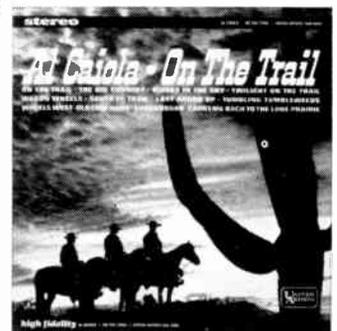
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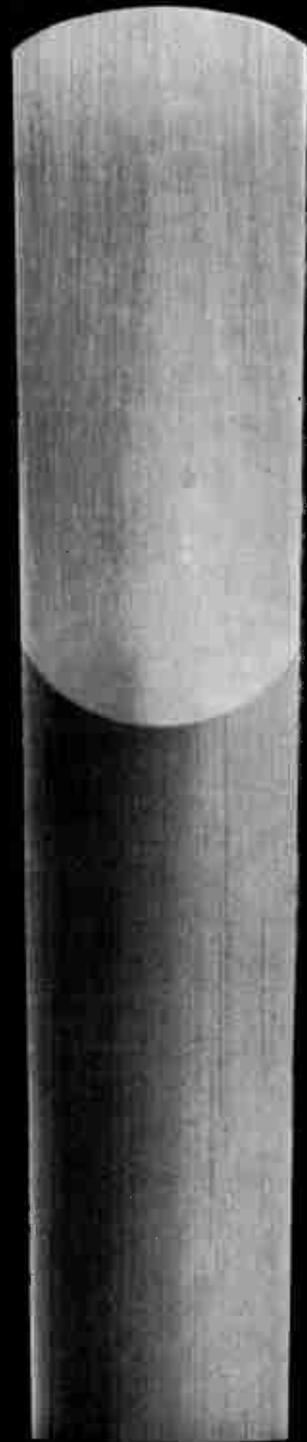
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A FORUM FOR READERS

Glad Stan's Back

I enjoyed very much the article on Stan Kenton's new Neophonic Orchestra (*DB*, Jan. 14). It's good to see Kenton's name in the news again. The only time we ever hear anything new and exciting is when Kenton forms a new orchestra.

You can keep your Ellingtons, Hermans, and Basies when Stan Kenton is active.

Tom Davis
Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England

Five stars for the article about Stan Kenton. I think it is a great chance for the world and particularly for America to have such men as Duke Ellington and Stan Kenton. Kenton is the greatest searcher, the restless ear, the Picasso of American music, as cosmological in music as Henry Miller is in literature.

Jean Verame
Brussels, Belgium

More On Lesser Knowns

Thanks for the wonderful story by George Bright on Grachan Moncur III (*DB*, Jan. 28). Let's have more stories on the unrecognized ones such as Sonny Red, Bob Cranshaw, Barry Harris, Bobby Hutcherson, and Johnny Coles.

Willie Moody Redd
Aliquippa, Pa.

Kudos For Barbara

Barbara Gardner is one of the finest writers *Down Beat* has. Her articles, such as *Harry Sweets Edison in Focus* (*DB*, Jan. 28), are always refreshing and entertaining.

Dennis R. Hendley
Milwaukee, Wis.

Barbs For Siders

In the review of Vince Guaraldi's album *Jazz Impressions of a Boy Named Charlie Brown*, why is Harvey Siders concerned about whether or not the music describes Charlie Brown, et al.? He should concern himself with the music regardless of song titles. Siders seems more interested in the reproductions of *Peanuts*.

I would give the record an average rating, but I think Siders' enthusiastic depreciation of the album is uncalled for.

Tom Butler
Washington, D.C.

Down Beat's new record reviewer, Harvey Siders, it seems to me, is guilty of writing to show his journalistic prowess but does not really give Johnny Richards' LP *My Fair Lady—My Way* its due (*DB*, Feb. 11). Richards has removed his once heavy, ponderous style for a lighter, swinging frame, and it's quite delightful.

The reviewer also complains that the solos are too short! If there is one fault that jazz has been plagued with for years, it is the fact that too many soloists have no respect for brevity.

Having been a big-band lover for over 30 years, I am realistic enough to face



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the fact that they will never come back, but I do want to see those that are alive kept that way. The Richards band is doing some work and should get credit for it.

Ed Mulford
Monroe, Conn.

Voice From The Backwoods

Of the three or four articles in every issue of *Down Beat*, most are, at best, poorly written and about near-nobodies. Outside of LeRoi Jones, it does not have what anyone would call a valid critic.

Again, outside of Jones, the reports on what really is happening in the world of jazz are pathetic. There is really much more good jazz going on outside of New York than anyone would guess from the way *Down Beat* is written. Even here in the backwoods there are three or four fine young experimental groups that would put some of New York's to shame.

Get out of your moldy offices and find out what really makes the jazz world go around. New Orleans is dead! This is the space-age jazz, not the horse and buggy.

Steve DeShazer
Milwaukee, Wis.

Two Polls?

As a reader of *Down Beat* in Germany, I want to express some of my own, and my friends', feelings about the Readers Poll. We think a poll should point out who is doing the most to cause jazz to move ahead—and not the old-timers, musicwise. Or else *Down Beat* should feature a traditional poll and a progressive poll.

Ansgar Adamini
Kaiserslautern, Germany

Hail, Red

This is an open letter to Henry (Red) Allen:

Just a few weeks ago you celebrated your 57th birthday. To be hailed as the "most avant-garde trumpet player in New York City" (*DB*, Jan. 28) was quite a birthday present, I'm sure. It gave me great pleasure to read this tribute to you.

Henry, may your iron chops blow out candles for years to come.

Leonard Masters
Chicago, Ill.

A Matter Of Opinion

Upon reading John Tynan's review of the Frank Sinatra-Count Basie LP *It Might As Well Be Swing* (*DB*, Dec. 31), my first impulse was to derogate his ability as a critic; but upon rereading the review, it is quite obvious that he never listened to the album.

I challenge Tynan to name one instance in the LP where Sinatra's voice is "off" or where his phrasing is "clumsy," since throughout the album, Sinatra phrases as only Sinatra can.

Dale Hochmiller
Nesquehoning, Pa.

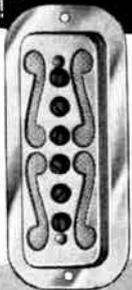
And according to Tynan, who listened to the record several times before writing his opinion of it, Sinatra can phrase clumsily, as he does on the album in question.

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March 11, 1965

Vol. 32 No. 6

TROMBONIST CURTIS FULLER ARRESTED IN JAPAN

Trombonist Curtis Fuller, touring Japan with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, was arrested Jan. 26 at Tokyo International Airport on suspicion of violating Japan's Hemp Control law. Police said they found marijuana in his possession when he arrived from Aomori, a northern port city. Fuller's arrest came less than three weeks after drummers Philly Joe Jones and Charlie Persip, who were with a four-drum-



TOM JACKSON

Fuller

Caught in a crackdown

mer tour, were picked up in Kobe on suspicion of the same violation (*DB*, Feb. 25).

A few days after Fuller's arrest, three U. S. Air Force members, stationed at Misawa Air Base, near Aomori, were arrested and charged with selling \$400 worth of marijuana to the trombonist. Police searched the airmen's homes, located off the U.S. base, and reportedly found an amount of marijuana valued at \$10,000.

Blakey, who said he would stay in Japan to see that Fuller had all the legal aid he needed, told *Down Beat* that the three airmen had befriended the musicians when they played Aomori, and as Fuller was about to board the plane to Tokyo, one of them handed him a carton containing a bottle of whisky. According to Blakey, when the musicians arrived at Tokyo's airport, police asked to search Fuller—though no one else. Blakey said Fuller agreed and lifted his arms so the officers could search his clothing, but, instead, they reached into the whisky carton and withdrew a sealed envelope containing the marijuana.

According to Japanese observers, the arrests are part of a crackdown

by the Japanese government on such violations. Indications are that even closer surveillance will be placed on future visits of U.S. jazz groups.

Japanese bookers and jazz critics fear that the arrests may irreparably damage the reputation of U.S. jazz in Japan. George Wein, who produced the four-drummer concerts, told *Down Beat* that he feels there will be fewer jazz tours in Japan because of the publicity arising from the arrests.

At presstime, the three musicians were being held in Tokyo awaiting formal charges and trial. According to Japanese sources, it is likely they will receive suspended sentences and be deported.

OFFICIAL DENIES L.A. NEOPHONIC ORCHESTRA IN FINANCIAL TROUBLE

As the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra readied for its second concert of the season Feb. 1, *Variety* carried an ominous report five days before the concert.

"Attendance must climb over its first concert," said the story, "if the L.A. Neophonic Orchestra is to continue into a second season."

With an air of everybody-into-the-lifeboats, the report of an interview with Sid Garris, secretary of the International Academy of Contemporary Music, which sponsors the Neophonic, revealed "for the first time" the financial details of the academy's relationship to the Neophonic Orchestra, Stan Kenton (who conducted the first two concerts), and the four concerts planned for the first season.

Implying that the life of the orchestra is in jeopardy if each concert does not gross "at least \$14,000," the story put the initial investment of Garris and his partner, George Greif—Kenton's managers—in the orchestra and the academy at \$12,000.

After the successful second Neophonic concert, which grossed \$14,939 and drew 3,016 into the 3,250-seat Music Center concert hall, Garris breathed easier. But on the subject of the *Variety* story he breathed hot.

"It was completely untrue from start to finish," he told *Down Beat*. "For one thing, the figures were completely inaccurate. Our initial investment was \$9,000—not \$12,000."

Questioned on the alleged necessity of grossing "at least \$14,000" a concert if the Neophonic is to play a second season, Garris was equally emphatic.

"That's untrue too," he snapped. "No matter what happens, we're going ahead. This is it. The orchestra and the academy are going to live and to grow into New York, Chicago, and every major city in the country."

Encouraged by the turnout at the second concert, Garris pointed to the increase over the \$12,627 take at the debut performance and the attendance of some 2,500.

He admitted that he had been concerned, as the *Variety* story stated, about possible competition from "a deliberately planned concert" starring singers Ella Fitzgerald and Tony Bennett, pianist Oscar Peterson, and the Count Basie Band the same evening at the Los Angeles Shrine Auditorium (see news story on page 11).

Down Beat learned that so concerned were Garris, Greif, and Kenton about this event that they sent telegrams the previous week to Norman Granz (who produced it), Miss Fitzgerald, Basie, and Bennett requesting the concert not be held on Feb. 1.

Granz replied with a scathing telegram of refusal, speaking for himself and for the artists on his show. Neither party made the telegrams public.

ORGANIZATION OF ARTISTS FORMED TO RAISE FUNDS FOR CIVIL RIGHTS

A nationwide organization of performing artists, writers, and other professionals in the arts and entertainment industry has been formed to collect funds for civil-rights projects.

Named the Artists Civil Rights Assistance Fund, it aims to provide "educational and health facilities for those deprived of their civil rights," as well as helping in registering voters "who cannot as yet effectively exercise their franchise."

ACRAF is engaged in a national drive for participants.

The organization, headquartered in New York City, is the brain child of folk singer Chad Mitchell, Mary Travers (of Peter, Paul & Mary), producer Franklin Fried, Kingston Trio manager Frank Werber, and New York attorney Michael Standard. They constitute ACRAF's executive committee. Mrs. Warren Miller, wife of the novelist, is executive director. The board of directors, still in formation, includes trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, arranger-leader Quincy Jones, Gospel singer Mahalia Jackson, vocalist Bobby Darin, folk singer Theodore Bikel, dance-troupe entrepreneur Katherine Dunham, and writer Ralph J. Gleason.

ACRAF sprang from entertainers' desires for a central organization through which they could contribute from their earnings to the civil-rights movement on a regular basis.

According to Mitchell, "A lot of artists were doing benefits that were not exploiting them properly. They would have \$15,000 to \$20,000 worth

of talent for a show, and they didn't know how to sell the tickets."

ACRAF will enable artists to donate proceeds from regular concerts or performances to a fund-dispensing organization. Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 12, was designated the first day for such donations.

The base of the organization has been broadened to enable writers, painters, film and television performers, production executives, and other persons in the arts to contribute funds. It also was pointed out by ACRAF spokesmen that the new organization does not intend to replace or compete with special benefit performances or public appearances on behalf of civil rights.

During ACRAF's first month of active solicitation, more than 300 persons pledged their support.

Among them were such figures from the music world as Louis Armstrong, Harry Belafonte, Diahann Carroll, Judy Collins, the Kingston Trio, Steve Lawrence, Gloria Lynne, Michael Olatunji, Della Reese, and Randy Weston; writers Nat Hentoff and Le-Roi Jones; Columbia records' president Goddard Lieberson, and record producer John Hammond.

Mrs. Miller, a housewife who says a trip to Mississippi generated her desire to help in civil rights, said, "Jazz hasn't as yet been thoroughly covered by ACRAF's drive. We know that many people in the jazz field would be interested in our work, but they move around so much that it is hard to get in touch with them."

ACRAF's New York office is located at 156 Fifth Ave. The organization, which is tax exempt, will make grants for specific nonpolitical purposes, not to civil-rights organizations as such.

A BUSY TIME FOR JAZZ IN THE PHILADELPHIA AREA

Philadelphia will enjoy one of its biggest jazz weeks when the city plays host to the groups of Horace Silver and Herbie Mann and the big bands of Count Basie and Duke Ellington—all scheduled to appear during the third week of March. And to frost the cake, the fifth annual Intercollegiate Jazz Festival will take place on the weekend, March 19-20, at Villanova University, located in a Philadelphia suburb.

Nearly 30 applications, including one from a Denmark duo, have been received for the festival. Festival director Eddie Bride is trying to get U.S. State Department aid to enable the Danish pair, 16-year-old tenor saxophonist Teder Esben and drummer Ole Jordy, 14, to appear at the

festival. Bride said the duo plays free-form jazz.

Among the entries are four from North Texas State University, including one from a combo that Leon Breen, jazz director at the Texas school, "never heard of," Bride said. The field was narrowed to 18 semifinalists Feb. 1 when the tapes were judged.

Six finalists, including three big bands and three combos, will compete in the finals March 20. Judges include Phil Woods, alto saxophonist; John Hammond, Columbia records producer; Bob Share, Berklee School of Music administrative director; and Dan Morgenstern, *Down Beat* associate editor. Bandleader Stan Kenton will take part in a clinic and in American Broadcasting Co.'s radio and Philadelphia television coverage.

NONCOMMERCIALISM PROVES KEY TO FOLK FESTIVAL'S SUCCESS

Campus organizations planning jazz festivals might well take a page from the book of the University of Chicago's Folklore Society, a student-run club of folk-music fans that annually sponsors a three-day festival of traditional folk music.

Like its predecessors, the society's fifth festival, held Jan. 29-31, offered a roster of folk artists who were authentic representatives of folk culture. No commercial folk-song performers were invited to perform at the festival.

Representing Negro blues and religious traditions were singer-guitarists Robert Pete Williams, Avery Brady, the Rev. Robert Wilkins—all using rural styles—and Detroit one-man band Dr. Isaiah Ross. White country traditions were illustrated by the Phipps Family, a singing group; David (Stringbean) Akeman, a singer and five-string banjoist; singer Sarah Gunning; the Stanley Brothers, a bluegrass band; and the Beers Family, performers of parlor social music. Cowboy singer-guitarist Glenn Ohrlin completed the roster of traditionalists.

"The two essential factors," said Bruce Kaplan, student president of the society, "in selecting artists are merely that their material be interesting and authentic and that the performances maintain a high esthetic standard. We try to maintain a balanced program of different traditional styles and also try to include each year one or two artists who belong to neither the mountain white or southern Negro traditions. Added to this is our desire to bring our audiences artists they might otherwise not be able to see."

The artists were featured in three major evening concerts and one after-

noon blues program held in the university's Mandel Hall. Kaplan estimated that about 4,200 persons attended the concerts.

In addition, a series of well-attended workshop sessions and lecture programs presented during the day offered students insights into the technical and esthetic aspects of traditional music. Folklorists Archie Green, Harry Oster, and Ellen Stekert offered lecture programs on the folklore of poverty, Cajun music, and protest songs, respectively, while *Down Beat*'s Pete Welding spoke on collecting folk music in urban areas.

NO FINANCIAL INTEREST, BUT THE TOUCH IS THERE

An era in American music came to an end late in 1957 when Norman Granz took his last U.S. Jazz at the Philharmonic troupe on a U.S. tour.

In the ensuing seven years the impresario has remained active in the presentation of jazz but mostly in Europe, where, as manager of singer Ella Fitzgerald and pianist Oscar Peterson, he has organized annual tours by them and other U.S. artists.

Living in Switzerland and based for business in London and Paris as well, Granz' absence from the U.S. concert scene has coincided with the death of the jazz concert tour as it previously existed and the ascendancy of teenage rock-and-roll tours.

Last month the Granz touch was once more in evidence on this side of the Atlantic, first in a tour of eastern cities and Canada (*DB*, Feb. 11), and then in an all-star "Ella Fitzgerald Show" at Los Angeles' Shrine Auditorium that packed the 6,700-seat house and grossed \$31,000 with most seats pegged at \$6 (see page 34 for a review of the concert).

"People are getting tired of all this rock-and-roll concert nonsense," the impresario told *Down Beat*. "They want shows with good music again."

Implementing this conviction, Granz said the "Ella Fitzgerald Show" will hit the U.S. road the last week in September. No Jazz at the Philharmonic—"because it's not a real JATP program"—Granz said it will not be a Norman Granz production either. The tour will travel under the banner of Salle Productions, Miss Fitzgerald's company, and will feature, in addition to the singer, the Peterson trio and either the Count Basie or Duke Ellington orchestras.

Although Granz will counsel and assist in the organization and production, he said, he will "have no financial interest" in the forthcoming tour, just as he had no such interest in the Shrine concert.

strictly ad lib

POTPOURRI: Though big bands are almost anachronistic these days, there is considerable current activity in this field in the New York City area. While the orchestra led by arranger-composer **Johnny Richards** made the first of five weekend appearances at the Village Gate Jan. 29 and 30, pianist-arranger **Gil Evans** was auditioning musicians for a 14-piece band scheduled to tour Europe later this season. Evans' instrumentation will consist of two trumpets, one trombone, four woodwinds, one saxophone (a jazz solo chair), two French horns, guitar, bass, drums, and the leader's piano . . . A 10-piece band led by bassist **Jim Gannon** was to make its debut Feb. 19 and 20 at the Cork 'n' Bib in Westbury, on Long Island. The band's lineup is two trumpets (**Lou Gluckin** and **Don Miolla**), two trombones, former **Maynard Ferguson** alto saxophonist **Lanny Morgan**, tenor saxophonist **Bruce Bernard**, one baritone saxophone, and a rhythm section of piano, bass, and drums. College bookings in the New York area are in the offing for the Gannon band . . . Saxophonist-arranger **Oliver Nelson** was slated to unveil a 16-piece orchestra at Town Hall Feb. 6 at a **Pete Long**-produced event billed as Instant Swing Jam Session No. 1. Among the scheduled participants were trumpeters **Freddie Hubbard**, **Kenny Dorham**, and **Dizzy Reece**; saxophonists **Phil Woods**, **Hank Mobley**, **Jimmy Heath**, and **Pepper Adams**; trombonists **Jimmy Knepper**, **Melba Liston**, **Tom McIntosh**, and **Grachan Moncur III**; and vocalist **Loretta Moore**. The trio made up of pianist **Wynton Kelly**, bassist **Paul Chambers**, and drummer **Jimmy Cobb**, known as the Rhythm Section, also was on the bill.

Following his appearance with the **Count Basie Band** at one of the balls celebrating President **Lyndon B. Johnson's** inauguration on Jan. 20, drummer **Sonny Payne** left the Basie fold after a stay of 10 years. The 38-year-old drummer has been succeeded by **Rufus Jones**, a three-year veteran of the **Maynard Ferguson Band** who has been leading his own group in the New York area since leaving Ferguson. Asked about the departure of Payne, Basie merely replied, "We decided to give him a rest."

For the second consecutive year, the **Paul Horn Quintet** has participated in a unique series of television programs, *Insights into Judaism*, produced under the auspices of the Los Angeles University of Judaism and televised late in January over L.A.'s KNXT. Based on an idea of Cantor **Allen Michelson** of the Valley Jewish Community Center and developed by **Fred Katz**, an ethno-musicologist and former cellist with the **Chico Hamilton Quintet**, the program featured Horn's

group, **Katz**, **Michelson**, and the **LaFontaine Chorale**.

Certainly **Muggsy Spanier** never blew his cornet under such circumstances as he did last month at Ochsner Clinic in New Orleans. While he played, doctors measured pressures around his heart and lungs through a catheter inserted through an arm vein into his heart. The tests determined if the strain of playing was too much for his health. The verdict: go slow. Spanier collapsed seven months ago while playing in Detroit and has been undergoing treatment at Ochsner since. After the examination, the cornetist returned to his Sausalito, Calif., home.

Following removal of a cancerous lung at St. John's Hospital, Santa Monica, Calif., singer **Nat Cole** was reported doing fine by a hospital spokesman who relayed the doctors' belief that all malignancy was removed. Cole and his wife, Maria, were both reported in "good spirits" after the surgery. Their spirits were dampened a few days later, however, when Cole's father, the Rev. **Edward Coles**, 78, died in Waukegan, Ill., after a long illness.

Pianist **Artie Schutt**, 62, died in San Francisco Jan. 30 after a long illness. Schutt was hospitalized Dec. 28 and treated for severe internal bleeding. During his career, the pianist played and recorded with **Bix Beiderbecke**, **Red Nichols**, **Roger Wolfe Kahn**, **Joe Venuti**, **Benny Goodman**, **Miff Mole**, **Adrian Rollini**, and **Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey**, among others. He also served as staff pianist at MGM in the '30s and '40s. His last engagement was a year ago at San Francisco's Selina's Parlor, where on Feb. 8 a benefit concert to raise funds for his funeral expenses was held. The same night another Schutt benefit took place at the city's Pier 23. Both concerts were organized by the League of Musicians' Wives.

Three New Orleans jazzmen died within a week's time in January. They were bassist **Papa John Joseph** and pianists **Joe Robichaux** and **Lester Santiago**. Robichaux and Santiago worked most frequently with clarinetist **George Lewis**. Joseph, 90, had played with **Buddy Bolden**, **King Oliver**, and other early jazzmen. He died soon after playing a job at the Crescent City's Preservation Hall. He was given a traditional funeral, including a procession led by a band composed of trumpeters **Kid Thomas** and **Punch Miller**, trombonists **Paul Crawford** and **Louis Nelson**, tenor saxophonist **Harold Dejean**, and drummer **Cie Frazier** . . . Uremia took the life of disc jockey **Alan Freed**, 43, Jan. 20 in Palm Springs, Calif. Dubbed "Father of Rock and Roll" during his five-year reign over New York radio, beginning in 1954, Freed lost his position at station WINS there following a \$300 fine for a payola conviction arising from the 1959 scandals. Freed's last radio program was a non-rock show over all-jazz FM radio station KNOB in Los Angeles . . . In Chicago bassist **Charles (Chico) Derrick**, 38, was killed when his auto was struck and crushed by a tractor-trailer Jan. 25. Derrick was returning home from an engagement with **Ardell Nelson's Jazz Prophets**. The bassist formerly worked with such Chicago musicians as drummer

Jump Jackson and tenorists **Johnny Griffin** and **John Gilmore** . . . Bassist **Fredie Schreiber** died of a kidney ailment Feb. 1 in Seattle, Wash. Because of his illness, Schreiber, who had worked with the groups of vibists **Terry Gibbs** and **Cal Tjader**, had been inactive for almost a year . . . Former bandleader **Art Kassel**, 67, died of a kidney ailment in Van Nuys, Calif., Feb. 3. Kassel led a band, mostly in the Chicago area, for 35 years . . . In London, England, theatrical producer and former bandleader, **Jack Hylton**, died at the end of January. His band gained its greatest popularity in the '30s.

NEW YORK: Jazz activity in places off the beaten path continues to mark the New York scene. Pianist **Ronnie Ball** and bassist **Sonny Dallas** hold forth at L'Intrigue on W. 56th St., where Sundays find alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz** and drummer **Don McDonald** added . . . Drummer **Chris Columbus**' jumping little band was at the Most in late January, while pianist **Eddie Wilcox** and trio play for dancing at the Garden Cafe on E. 18th St. on weekends . . . Pianist-singer **Jack Brooks**, with former **Gil Evans** bassist **Dick Carter**, can be heard at the Toast at 56th St. and First Ave. . . Alto saxophonist **Jackie McLean** was featured for two consecutive weekends starting Jan. 23 at Slug's Saloon on the lower east side, where other recent visitors have been pianist **Paul Neves**, bassist **Midge Pike**, and drummer **Jim Cappus** . . . In Brooklyn, drummer **Don Michaels** is trying to reform a Twist spot, the Crystal Room. His weekend group includes saxophonist **Joe Farrell**, vibraharpist **Jack Hitchcock**, bassist **Jimmy Stevenson**, and vocalist **Bobbe Norris**.

The avant garde has not been idle. A Friday and Saturday concert policy continues at the Contemporary Center, where a quintet co-led by pianist-composer **Carla Bley** and trumpeter **Mike Mantler**, as well as pianist-composer **Sun Ra's** group, were featured Jan. 22 and 23, respectively . . . The Jazz Composers Guild is booking the music at a new spot, the Galaxy Art Center at 52 W. 58th St., which opened Jan. 22 to the strains of the **New York Art Quartet**, co-led by alto saxophonist **John Tchicai** and trombonist **Roswell Rudd**. The room also features poetry readings (by, among others, author-poet **LeRoi Jones**) and contemporary paintings . . . Modern painting and avant-garde jazz also were wedded Jan. 26 at an opening at the Bridge Gallery on W. 56th St., where **Jimmy Giuffre** (playing tenor saxophone in addition to clarinet) and bassist **Barre Phillips** furnished the sounds . . . Giuffre recently subbed one night for guitarist **Jim Hall**, playing opposite multi-instrumentalist **Ornette Coleman** at the Village Vanguard. Coleman resumed his engagement at the Vanguard Jan. 22 for an indefinite length of time. During his brief absence, French saxophonist **Barney Wilen**, with drummer **Roy Haynes** in his group, played opposite pianist **Bill Evans'** trio. Evans departed the club Feb. 2, and pianist **Cedar Walton's** trio (**Reggie**
(Continued on page 39)

CHARLIE PARKER 1920-1955

On the 10th anniversary of Charlie Parker's death, *Down Beat* offers a tribute to the man and his music . . .

The Chili Parlor Interview

By MICHAEL LEVIN And JOHN S. WILSON

The following article first appeared in Down Beat, Sept. 9, 1949. The material has been edited to reduce its length and correct factual errors.

'BOP IS NO LOVE-CHILD of jazz," says Charlie Parker. The creator of bop, in a series of interviews that took more than two weeks, told us he felt that "bop is something entirely separate and apart" from the older tradition, that it drew little from jazz, has no roots in it. The chubby little alto man, who has made himself an international music name in the last five years, added that bop, for the most part, had to be played by small bands.

"Gillespie's playing has changed from being stuck in front of a big band," he says. "Anybody's does. He's a fine musician. The leopard coat and wild hats are just another part of the managers' routines to make him box office. The same thing happened a couple of years ago when they stuck his name on some tunes of mine to give him a better commercial reputation."

Asked to define bop, after several evenings of arguing, Charlie still was not precise in his definition.

"It's just music," he said. "It's trying to play clean and looking for the pretty notes."

Pushed further, he said that a distinctive feature of bop is its strong feeling for beat.

"The beat in a bop band is with the music, against it, behind it," Charlie said. "It pushes it. It helps it. Help is the big thing. It has no continuity of beat, no steady chug-chug. Jazz has, and that's why bop is more flexible."



He admits the music eventually may be atonal. Parker himself is a devout admirer of Paul Hindemith, the German neo-classicist, and raves about his *Kammermusik* and *Sonata for Viola and Cello*. He insists, however, that bop is not moving in the same direction as modern classical. He feels that it will be more flexible, more emotional, more colorful. . . .

The closest Parker will come to an exact, technical description of what may happen is to say that he would like to emulate the precise, complex harmonic structures of Hindemith, but with an emotional coloring and dynamic shading that he feels modern classical lacks.

Parker's indifference to the revered jazz tradition certainly will leave some of his own devotees in a state of surprise. But, actually, he himself has no roots in traditional jazz. . . . His first musical idol, the musician who so moved and inspired him that he went out and bought his first saxophone at the age of 11, was Rudy Vallee.

Tossed into the jazz world of the mid-'30s with this kind of background, he had no familiar ground on which to stand. For three years he fumbled unhappily until he suddenly stumbled on the music which appealed to him, which had meaning to him. For Charlie insists, "Music is your own experience, your thoughts, your wisdom. If you don't live it, it won't come out of your horn."

Charlie's horn first came alive in a chili house on Seventh Ave. between 139th St. and 140th St. in December, 1939. He was jamming there with a guitarist named Biddy Fleet. At the time, Charlie says, he was bored with the stereotyped changes being used then.

"I kept thinking there's bound to be something else," he recalls. "I could hear it sometimes but I couldn't play it."

Working over *Cherokee* with Fleet, Charlie suddenly found that by using higher intervals of a chord as a melody line and backing them with appropri-



ately related changes, he could play this thing he had been "hearing." Fleet picked it up behind him, and bop was born.

Or, at least, it is reasonable to assume that this was the birth of bop. All available facts indicate this is true. But Parker, an unassuming character who carries self-effacement to fantastic lengths, will not say this in so many words. The closest he will come to such a statement is "I'm accused of having been one of the pioneers."

But inescapable facts pin him down. He says he always has tried to play in more or less the same way he does now. His earliest records, which were cut with Jay McShann in 1940 (on Decca), back him up on this. They reveal a style which is rudimentary compared to his present work, but definitely along the same lines: light, vibratoless tone; running phrases, perkily turned; complex rhythmic and harmonic structures.

From 1939 to 1942, Charlie worked on his discovery. He admits he thought he was playing differently from other jazzmen during this period. Indicative of his queasiness about saying who did what before with which to whom, is his answer to our query: Did Dizzy also play differently from the rest during the same period?

"I don't think so," Charlie replied. Then, after a moment, he added, "I don't know. He could have been. Quote me as saying, 'Yeah.'"

Dizzy himself has said that he wasn't aware of playing bop changes before 1942. . . .

Despite his unwillingness to put anybody down, a slight note of irritation creeps into Charlie's usually bland mien when he considers the things which have been done by others in an attempt to give his music a flamboyant, commercial appeal. The fact that Dizzy Gillespie's extroversion led the commercially minded to his door irks Charlie in more ways than one. . . .

As for the accompanying gimmicks, which, to many people, represent bop, Charlie views them with a cynical eye.

"Some guys said, 'Here's bop,' he explains. "Wham! They said, 'Here's something we can make money on.' Wham! 'Here's a comedian.' Wham! 'Here's a guy who talks funny talk.'" Charlie shakes his head sadly.

Charlie himself has stayed away from a big band because the proper place for bop, he feels, is a small group. Big bands tend to get over-scored, he says, and bop goes out the window. The only big band that managed to play bop in 1944, in Charlie's estimation, was Billy Eckstine's. . . .

The only possibility for a big band, he feels, is to get really big, practical-

ly on a symphonic scale with loads of strings.

"This has more chance than the standard jazz instrumentation," he says. "You can pull away some of the harshness with the strings and get a variety of coloration."

BORN IN Kansas City, Kan. [Aug. 29, 1920] to a family which was in relatively comfortable circumstances at the time, Charlie moved with his parents to Olive St., in Kansas City, Mo., when he was seven. There were no musicians in his family, but Charlie got into his high school band playing baritone horn and clarinet. . . .

In 1931 Charlie discovered jazz, heavily disguised as Rudy Vallee. So that he could emulate Rudy, his mother bought him an alto for \$45. Charlie settled on the alto because he felt the C-melody wasn't stylish and a tenor didn't look good. His interest in the alto was short-lived, however, for a sax-playing friend in high school borrowed it and kept it for two years. Charlie forgot all about it until he was out of school and needed it to earn a living.

It was back in his school days, he says, that his name started going through a series of mutations which finally resulted in Bird. As Charlie reconstructs it, it went from Charlie to Yarlle to Yarl to Yard to Yardbird to Bird.

After his brief exhilaration over Vallee, Charlie heard no music which interested him, outside of boogie-woogie records, until he quit high school in 1935 and went out to make a living with his alto . . . at the age of 15. As has been mentioned, he was under the influence of none of the jazz greats. He had never heard them. He was influenced only by the necessity of making a living, and he chose music because it seemed glamorous, looked easy, and there was nothing else around.

This primary lack of influence continued as the years went by. The sax men he listened to and admired—

Herschel Evans, Johnny Hodges, Willie Smith, Ben Webster, Don Byas, Budd Johnson—all played with a pronounced vibrato, but no semblance of a vibrato ever crept into Charlie's style.

"I never cared for vibrato," he says, "because they used to get a chin vibrato in Kansas City . . . and I didn't like it. I don't think I'll ever use vibrato."

The only reed man on Charlie's list of favorites who approached the Bird's vibratoless style was Lester Young.

"I was crazy about Lester," he says. "He played so clean and beautiful. But I wasn't influenced by Lester. Our ideas ran on differently." . . .

He got his first night-club job at 18th and Lydia at either the Panama or the Florida Blossom (he can't remember which). It paid him 75 cents a night.

"The main idea of the job," Charlie recalls, "was to be there and hold a note."

Soon after this, he tried jamming for the first time at the High Hat, at 22nd and Vine. He knew a little of *Lazy River* and *Honeysuckle Rose* and played what he could. . . .

"I was doing all right until I tried doing double tempo on *Body and Soul*," Charlie says. "Everybody fell out laughing. I went home and cried and didn't play again for three months."

In 1937 he joined Jay McShann's band but left after two weeks. Later he was arrested for refusing to pay a cab fare. His mother, who didn't approve of his conduct then, wouldn't help him out, and he was jugged for 22 days. When he got out, he left his saxophone behind and bummed his way to New York.

For three months he washed dishes in Jimmy's Chicken Shack in Harlem. This was at the time Art Tatum was spellbinding late-hour Shack habitués. . . .

After he had been in New York for eight months, some guys at a jam session bought him a horn. With it

Parker (third from left) with pianist Jay McShann's band, 1940



PHOTO COURTESY LEONARD FEATHER

he got a job in Kew Gardens which lasted for four months, even though he hadn't touched a horn for 1½ years. Then he moved into Monroe's Uptown House with Ebenezer Paul on drums, Dave Riddick on trumpet, and two or three other guys. There was no scale at Monroe's. Sometimes Charlie got 40 or 50 cents a night. If business was good, he might get up to \$6.

"Nobody paid me much mind then except Bobby Moore, one of Count Basie's trumpet players," Charlie says. "He liked me. Everybody else was trying to get me to sound like Benny Carter."

At the end of 1939, shortly after his chili house session with Biddy Fleet, he went to Annapolis to play a hotel job with Banjo Burney. Then his father died and he went back to Kansas City, rejoining McShann.

Charlie cut his first records in Dallas, in the summer of 1940, with McShann. . . . He tried doing a little arranging then, but he didn't know much about it.

"I used to end up with the reeds blowin' above the trumpets," he explains.

The McShann band went from Texas to the Carolinas to Chicago back to Kansas City, headed east through Indiana, and then to New York and the Savoy. Charlie drove the instrument truck all the way from Kansas City. While they were at the Savoy, Charlie doubled into Monroe's where he played with Allen Terry, piano; George Treadwell and Victor Coulsen, trumpets; Ebenezer Paul, bass; and Mole, drums.

He left McShann at the end of 1941 and joined Earl Hines, playing tenor, in New York early in 1943. This was the Hines band which also had Dizzy, Billy Eckstine, and Sarah Vaughan. Charlie had known Dizzy vaguely before this, and it was about this time they both started getting into the sessions at Minton's. . . . Charlie left the band in Washington, D.C., in 1943, and joined Sir Charles Thompson (*Robbins Nest* composer) at the Crystal Caverns. Later he came back to New York and cut his first sides since the McShann discs—the Tiny Grimes *Red Cross* and *Romance without Finance* session for Savoy. Charlie worked off and on around New York during 1943 and 1944.

In December, 1945, Charlie went out to the coast with Dizzy to play at Billy Berg's. He stayed there after the Berg's date was finished.

On the coast he started cutting sides for Ross Russell's Dial label until his [nervous and] physical breakdown in August, 1946, landed him in a hos-

pital. His opinion of these Dial discs is low.

"*Bird Lore* and *Lover Man* should be stomped into the ground," he says. "I made them the day before I went to the hospital. I had to drink a quart of whisky to make the date."

Charlie stayed in the hospital until January, 1947, and then returned to New York. . . .

TODAY CHARLIE has come full cycle. As he did in 1939, when he kicked off bop in the Seventh Ave. chili house, he's beginning to think there's bound to be something more. He's hearing things again, things that he



Soloing with the Earl Hines Band, 1943

can't play yet. Just what these new things are, Charlie isn't sure yet. But from the direction of his present musical interests—Hindemith, etc.—it seems likely he's heading toward atonality. Charlie protests when he is mentioned in the same sentence with Hindemith, but, despite their vastly different starting points, he admits he might be working toward the same end.

This doesn't mean Charlie is through with bop. He thinks bop still is far from perfection and looks on any further steps he may take as further developments of bop.

"They teach you there's a boundary line to music," he says, "but, man, there's no boundary line to art." 

Editor's note: *Less than a year after the foregoing interview took place, Parker made his first records with strings, though, true to his belief that bop was best played by small groups, he continued to play in public with a quintet, for the most part. Later he worked some engagements fronting a string section and jazz rhythm section.*

In the years following the inter-

view, Parker suffered several illnesses, including cirrhosis of the liver and stomach ulcers. His playing was sometimes erratic, and work was not always plentiful.

On March 9, 1955, Parker stopped at the Fifth Ave. apartment of his friend, Baroness Nica DeKoenigswarter. He was on his way to Boston to play a night-club engagement, but soon after arriving at the apartment, he became ill. The baroness sent for Dr. Robert Freymann, who examined him and urged him to go to a hospital. Parker, according to the baroness, refused and stayed at the apartment, where on March 12 he died.

The cause of death has been unclear. Dr. Freymann attributed Parker's death to a heart attack and cirrhosis of the liver, but according to New York's chief medical examiner, Milton Halpern, an autopsy revealed that lobar pneumonia was the cause. Dr. Freymann refused to sign the death certificate.

Parker's death was not made known until March 15, when a New York newspaper reporter, William Dufty, received information that Parker's body lay unclaimed in the city's morgue.

Rumors of violence leading to the death, though still heard, have not been proved true.



A Fist At The World

By LEONARD FEATHER

IT TAKES A little adjustment, when you are of Charlie Parker's generation, to accept the fact that 10 years have passed since the headline on the front page of the late and unlamented New York *Daily Mirror* screamed BOP KING DIES IN HEIRESS' FLAT.

It takes even more adjustment to accept with equanimity the fact that Parker is as misunderstood in death as he was in life. When he and Dizzy Gillespie were creating a new spirit and a new form in jazz, their whole bebop movement was roundly and mercilessly denounced by almost everyone of the men who could have done the most to help them: the critics. And only recently one of these men, in the worst chapter of the worst book on jazz ever written, devoted 11 pages to a tasteless, venomous attack on Parker's memory.

Reading this vitriol, I wondered how those who loved Parker might



feel if ever they should see this desecration.

Perhaps they would take it all in stride, because during Parker's lifetime the obloquy and viciousness were an inescapable part of his scene. Nor was there relief when he died; even then, the fact that Bird was in the home of Lord Rothschild's sister at the time of his death was much more important to the headline writers than the loss of an artist whom most of his contemporaries had called the greatest jazz figure of our generation.

In the last 10 years, Parker has become the subject of a morbid, James Dean-like reverence on the part of many who had little time for him or perhaps barely knew of him alive. Yet as the filth in the aforementioned book makes clear, others, who failed to understand his music, are determined to denigrate his personality.

Obviously, Parker was a man not easily understood. The many conflicts of evidence were made clear in Bob Reisner's *Bird: The Legend of Charlie Parker*, a compilation of statements by those who knew Parker, published in 1962 by Citadel Press. All I can add to the huge bulk of testimony will be a few observations of Charlie as I knew him. (Incidentally, I never heard him call himself Bird. To me it was always Charlie or, occasionally in jest on the telephone, "Leonard? This is Yardbird.")

Not being familiar with any of the medical or pathological evidence about Parker's condition, I cannot throw around any impressive words like dichotomy or schizophrenia. Certainly, though, the Parker revealed in many pages of Reisner's book is a man strangely different from the one I most frequently saw. Perhaps I was fortunate in seeing only the happier side—and in the almost total lack of any business relationship. To me he was just a friend—and an idol.

MY PLEASANTEST and most vivid memories go back to the two or three years after his release from Camarillo State Hospital in California and return to New York City. During most of this time he seemed healthy. There were periods of dissipation, mostly alcoholic as far as one could discern, but if he was addicted to narcotics during this time, it was evident neither to me, a friend who saw him only intermittently . . . nor even to Doris.

Doris Sydnor Parker, who is still my friend, is a lanky, good-hearted girl whom Charlie had met when she was a hat-check girl in one of the 52nd St. clubs where he worked. She was taller than he by several inches.

Charlie and I originally got to know one another slightly through his combo work with Gillespie, and through just one record date he made for me—a Sarah Vaughan session, for which he showed up so late that we cut only three somewhat ragged sides, with Dizzy, Flip Phillips, and a rhythm section. He kept in the background for the ballads but took a superb solo on *Mean to Me*. This was May 25, 1945.

At that time most of us in jazz knew little or nothing about hard narcotics. Marijuana was in common use, but heroin, cocaine, and opium were just commodities we had read about in sensationalist books or seen dealt with in B movies. We had never heard such terms as "busted" for arrested, "fuzz" for police, and all the other jargon that came into common use in bop circles after a vast clique of junkies had fanned out from Bird. (Even the word junkie was unfamiliar.) Perhaps for this reason, it was not unusual for some of his admirers to observe Bird with a mixture of reverence for his music and morbid revulsion at what they had heard about his addiction.

By the time Parker had gone to California on the disastrous trip that ended with the *Lover Man* recording date, his breakdown, and the seven months in Camarillo, we knew a great deal more about the curse that had struck our profession. We had seen the headlines about Charlie and knew of the agony he had endured. But in April, 1947, he came back to New York, and some of his friends scarcely recognized him. His weight had bounced from a pathetic 127 to a rotund and happy 192.

Hoping to find the story behind this regeneration, I met him one night at one of Bob Bach's WNEW jam sessions. After the show we walked over to a bar on Sixth Ave. near 52nd St. Charlie said he was glad to be with somebody with whom he could talk freely, without the fear of being misunderstood. He talked partially off the record; these confidences, now as then, cannot be violated. Whatever comments he made for the record were accompanied by urgent pleas not to make him sound like a moralizer or reformer.

Charlie talked freely and eloquently. When not surrounded by jive-talkers, he was the most articulate of men; his English was flawless, his use of hip terms only occasional. His diction and the timbre of his speaking voice could have earned him a career on radio.

We talked about his childhood in Kansas City.

"I went through elementary school,

spent three years in high school, and wound up a freshman," he said. "I played baritone horn in the school band and started seriously on alto when my mother bought me a horn; I was about 15."

It was about that time that he was introduced to hard narcotics. He was around show people when he was very young, he said. "It all came from being introduced too early to night life," he recalled. "When you're not mature enough to know what's happening—well, you goof."

The experiments with alcohol, pills, and other stimulants began as early as 1932. Then late one night in 1935 an actor friend introduced him to heroin. On a morning very soon thereafter, Charlie awoke feeling desperately sick. He did not know it yet, but occasional indulgence had led to helpless dependency. The addiction had set in, and the panic was on—a panic from which he was to emerge only for relatively brief periods during the next 10 years.

"I didn't know what hit me," he said. "It was so sudden. I was a victim of circumstances. High school kids just don't know any better. That way, you can miss the most important years of your life, the years of possible creation."

"I don't know how I made it through those years. I became bitter, hard, cold. I was always on a panic—couldn't even buy clothes or a good place to live. Finally out on the coast last year I didn't have any place to stay, until somebody put me up in a converted garage. The mental strain was getting worse all the time. What made it worst of all was that nobody understood our kind of music out on the coast. They *hated* it, Leonard. I can't begin to tell you how I yearned for New York."

The climax was reached during the infamous night of the record date, when Parker was deeply troubled and his condition aggravated by the expense and difficulty of obtaining drugs in California. During the date, as Howard McGhee, who played trumpet at the session, and others have recalled, he seemed at times to have lost control of his movements: an arm would swing out wildly, carrying the horn with it, or he would suddenly swivel around in a circle.

Charlie told me he didn't remember anything about the next few days. Ross Russell, whose help he recalled with gratitude in 1947 though he later became embittered against him, helped to get him into the hospital. After a while there, he was given physical work to do, and his mind and body were built up to a point they had

never before been allowed to reach.

After his release, Charlie cut the *Relaxin' at Camarillo* date for Dial and soon after hastened east.

"As I left the coast," he said, "they had a band at Billy Berg's with somebody playing a bass sax and a drummer playing on the temple blocks and ching-ching-ching-ching cymbals—one of those real New Orleans style bands, that ancient jazz—and the people liked it! That was the kind of thing that had helped to crack my wig."

He went on to say (and if more musicians had paid attention when his comments were originally printed we might have incomparably fewer sick jazzmen today) that he played best when he was under the influence of nothing at all, that he felt pity and compassion for the naive youngsters whose rationale was: "So-and-so plays great, and he does such-and-such. Therefore, I should do like he does, and I'll blow great too."

Parker then talked about his plans to relax for a while at the farm owned by Bud Powell's mother in Willow Grove, Pa. On returning, he wanted to form a combo and play concerts.

"Big bands are too confining," he said. "You can do so much more with a small group." He cited a parallel: "Have you ever heard that album of music by Schoenberg with just five instruments playing while an actress recites some poetry, in German? It's a wonderful thing—I think it's called *Protee*."

His knowledge of classical music was scattered, but his listening had been intense. "Have you heard *The Children's Corner* by Debussy?" he asked. "Oh, that's so much music! . . . Debussy and Stravinsky are my favorites, but I like Shostakovich . . . Beethoven too . . . you know, it used to be so cruel to the musicians, just the way it is today—they say that when Beethoven was on his deathbed, he shook his fist at the world; they just didn't understand. Nobody in his own time really dug anything he wrote. But that's music."

Parker paid his respects to The-lonious Monk as the originator of many of the harmonic ideas of bebop.

"But let's not give it that name," he said. "Let's call it music. People got so used to hearing jazz for so many years, finally somebody said, 'Let's have something different,' and some new ideas began to evolve. Then people brand it 'bebop' and try to crush it. If it should ever become completely accepted, people should remember it's in just the same position jazz was. It's just another style. I don't think any one person invented it. I was playing the same style years



Birdland opening: Max Kaminsky, Lester Young, Hot Lips Page, Parker, Lennie Tristano

before I came to New York. I never consciously changed my style."

Of the musicians then playing in this style, he named among his preferences Sonny Stitt, Fats Navarro, Bud Powell, Monk, Miles Davis, and bassists Curly Russell (now inactive in music) and Chocolate Williams (who played at Minton's, lapsed into obscurity, and is said to have died some years ago).

Among his preferred arrangers were Jimmy Mundy, Calvin Jackson (then a staff writer at MGM in Hollywood), Ralph Burns of the Woody Herman Band, and "anybody who writes for Dizzy's band, including, of course, Dizzy himself."

Charlie added that he still had not made any records completely satisfying to him. He was relatively happy with the Erroll Garner quartet date (Feb. 19, 1947), but he was less pleased with the septet session (Feb. 26, 1947) because some of the musicians were unfamiliar to him. In retrospect, the latter stands up miraculously: it was the date that produced *Relaxin' at Camarillo*, *Cheers*, *Carvin' the Bird*, and *Stupendous*, with McGhee, tenor saxophonist Wardell Gray, pianist Dodo Marmarosa, guitarist Barney Kessel, bassist Red Callender, and drummer Don Lamond.

At 26, Charlie felt that the new life now opening up to him offered great opportunities. Before anything else, he told me, he wanted to do plenty of manual labor at the farm "because all this extra weight I'm carrying is too much for me." After that his only ambition, he said, could be expressed in one simple phrase: "Let's get *straight* and produce some music!"

THE ROAD TO HELL, then as now, was paved with good intentions. The temptations were too close and too constant; yet in the next few years there were many good stretches. There

were the days when Charlie and Doris found a normal, bourgeois happiness in conventional ways.

When my wife and I went to Long Island with them for a day at the beach, Charlie was content to eat hot dogs and drink a glass of beer while we chatted about music, politics, and mutual friends. For a while it seemed as though he had adjusted to a life he had never known before. But that was the basic problem: the normal was abnormal for Bird.

His deepest instincts, as I observed them, were grounded in the desire to love and be loved, to maintain a fruitful relationship with his art and society. His humanity and kindness were always in evidence. When my wife and I were immobilized by a serious auto accident, at a period when Charlie probably had trouble finding the cab fare, he took the long trip from his apartment to the hospital not once but several times. During those visits he found common ground for amiable conversations with my father, an Englishman in his 60s whose world was totally removed from Charlie's.

But my starkest recollection goes back to the time when it was Charlie who was in the hospital. He had suffered a violent ulcer siege. When I uttered some platitude about taking better care of himself, he sat up in the bed and said, "I can't afford not to. The doctor told me if I don't quit drinking, I'll die. I've had my last drink."

Three or four years and several thousand drinks later, he made one last effort to come to terms with reality. At a Town Hall concert in the fall of 1954 he looked well, talked well, and played superbly. He told me: "I have a new life. I come in every day from Pennsylvania to take psychiatric treatment at Bellevue." He had gone through a series of changes in his private life: the breakup with Doris, the new life with Chan, the



pride of fatherhood when Laird and Pree were born to Chan; and then, early in 1954, the death of Pree from pneumonia.

To most observers the loss of his infant daughter, more than any other factor, seemed to hasten the pattern of self-destruction.

One night at Basin Street, soon after Pree's death, I was watching the show when I felt a tugging at my pants leg. I turned to find Charlie squatting at the side of the table. He refused to get up, take a seat, or move from this awkward spot. He mumbled for a while about the need to talk to someone, about the tragedy of Pree,

work, when Birdland changed its managerial mind and put him in for two nights with Bud Powell, Kenny Dorham, Art Blakey, and Charlie Mingus. It was a dismal sight. Bird quarreled with Powell, walked off the stand after playing a few bars, and within minutes was around the corner at Basin Street (then on 51st near Broadway). Tears were streaming down his face. He begged a couple of old friends to come over to Birdland and see him.

A few days later, before leaving for a booking in Boston, he stopped off at the home of his friend Baroness Nica DeKoenigswarter. The rest is

ing Hotel Ballroom. In the hotel's basement, once called the El Grotto, Bird first shook up Chicago musicians as a tenor saxophonist with the 1943 Earl Hines Band.

In 1948 he played the room, then named the Beige Room, with his quintet of pianist Al Haig, bassist Tommy Potter, trumpeter Kenny Dorham, and drummer Max Roach. At this time I was enrolled at Roosevelt College, supposedly to further my education, but I had become immersed in the formation of the student jazz club and had instituted a program of weekly sessions. Bird appeared at two of the sessions. It was then that I began to know him personally.

The first session, in 1949, was sponsored by a student group other than the jazz club and was to feature Charlie Ventura's group. But Ventura had just completed a week's engagement at the Chicago Theater and, therefore, according to a musicians' union rule, could not appear. Luckily, Parker's manager at that time, Teddy Reig, was in the booking agent's office when the student group was trying to find a replacement for Ventura, and he booked the job for Bird.

This happened only a few days before the date, and despite phone calls and word-of-mouth advertising, only a handful of Charlie's real fans attended. The majority of the audience was from the sponsoring group and didn't really know one Charlie from the other, but they heard an afternoon of superb music, which, because Reig disconnected our tape recorder, was not preserved for posterity. We felt it was unjust at the time because we had an okay from Bird before we set up the tape machine.

The second Bird session at Roosevelt was at the time he was appearing as a single at the Bee Hive in 1953. I was working there as host and also produced Monday sessions at the club. The Roosevelt sets had become quite popular with Chicago fans, and attendance averaged between 200 and 300. I had become fairly tight with Bird during the Bee Hive engagement and had written a flattering piece about him in the university's paper, stating at its conclusion that the jazz club hoped to present Charlie at its upcoming session. When Bird read the column, he looked up at me with a benevolent smile and said, "Well, I guess I'll have to come."

Knowing of his unfulfilled promises to others, I publicized his appearance with as much bravado as I dared. As the time for his appearance that night drew near, there was but a handful in the audience, and they were so apprehensive they refused to pay



PHOTO COURTESY LEONARD FEATHER

The funeral—pallbearers are Leonard Feather (l.) and Teddy Reig (r.); Charles Mingus is in the doorway (far r.)

the cruelty of life. After a while, he edged away.

It was after Pree's death, though, that Charlie made the final attempt to straighten himself out. Had he moved away entirely from the environment of jazz and the night-club world and the pushers, perhaps he would be alive today. But he might have found such a life too demanding, too constricted to be worth living.

A few months after the Town Hall concert, early in 1955, I received a letter from Chan.

"We've moved to New Hope, Pa.," it read in part. "It's in Bucks County, and the nicest. We're on nine acres—two horses and a sheep. I adore it, and Bird is playing the commuter. 4:30 to Trenton and I pick him up at the station. Let's hear from you."

In March, 1955, I saw Charlie again. He was standing in a bar located above Birdland, raggedly dressed.

"New Hope?" he asked. "No, I haven't been back there lately." The name of the town now seemed to take on an ironic and paradoxical symbolism. Charlie's eyes looked very sad, and the bloated excess fat had returned.

There was the final weekend of

known—at least almost all of it.

One detail will never be known, however. Reflecting on those last moments, on the final torture of those 35 years, I sometimes wonder whether, at least in his mind's eye, Charlie Parker shook his fist at the world. 

Bird In Chicago

By JOE SEGAL

Joe Segal is a well-known jazz authority and producer of concerts and sessions in Chicago. Each year since Parker's death, Segal has held a memorial concert, on or near March 12, in the altoist's memory.

I DON'T REMEMBER exactly when I met Charlie Parker for the first time. I'm sure it was in Chicago in 1946 or '47. Musically, of course, I'd known of him before then: from recordings.

He played Chicago frequently, sometimes with his quintet but more often as a single, usually at the Persh-

their 25-cent admission until he actually was there, even though the "Jazz Club All-Stars" were already playing.

I had stationed someone at the entrance to the school's lobby to watch for Parker, and when Charlie came in the door, my man dashed up to the second floor, where the sessions were held, and shouted, "He's here!" Everyone's attention immediately left the All-Stars. As one, the audience turned in the seats toward the door. When Bird walked in, the applause and shouts were so thunderous students passing by looked in to see what was happening. Almost magically the hall filled with wide-eyed students as, I imagine, the study halls, cafeteria, and library emptied. I was so excited and proud that by the time I regained my wits I managed to collect only \$13 from the enraptured throng.

The only thing that spoiled the session was an inept Chicago tenor saxophonist who insisted on sitting in with Bird. He was so persistent that Charlie let him play, and he was so bad that Bird finally gave up and left long before he had intended.

Of the times Parker played in Chicago, one of the greatest was the Saturday night in August, 1948, when he was guest soloist with Dizzy Gillespie's big band at the Pershing Ballroom. *Things to Come*, 'Round Mid-

ever. The wire recording of that night—and there is one—should be cleared and released on record.

The last time Bird appeared in Chicago was in January, 1955, again at the Bee Hive. He had arrived late from Detroit for the four-day engagement. Some of us knew he had just been through a severe illness, and when he showed us the great swelling at the back of his tongue, we knew he was very ill, perhaps deathly so.

On opening night, Bird retired to a back room, spent most of his time resting, and didn't emerge very often

it? I don't do that!" When we asked what was the matter he said the owner had told him to be cool because the narcotics man was around. After we advised him to put on a coat, he said, "I don't want to see another winter—pneumonia's next for me!"

He had begun playing better Sunday afternoon, and by the time the gig was over Monday night, he was wailing as of old. Everyone felt much better. But I'll always remember the last thing he said to me as he was leaving, though I still don't quite understand what he meant—he said, "I'd tell you a joke, but you're too hip." 



With Care And Love

By MAXWELL T. COHEN

I DID NOT KNOW Charlie Parker, but as the attorney for members of the Parker family, it was necessary for me to investigate, to explore the life, works, activities, and personality of a man known to me only by reputation.

I read articles, novels supposedly based on his life, so-called biographies, scrapbooks, and innumerable letters, telegrams, and personal memorabilia. I spoke to many who knew Parker and who had worked with him.

Two pictures emerged. One crumbled under objective investigation. This was the picture created by the

With Gillespie at Massey Hall, Toronto, May, 1953



With pianist Norman Simmons and trumpeter Ira Sullivan in Chicago, January, 1955

to play. The first time he was really ready to play, African drummer Guy Warren, in full regalia, breezed in and cornered Charlie in the back room and talked about music and Africa. Bird played no more that night.

The next night, Saturday, began fairly cool because the musicians' union had warned Parker to play or he would be fined. But by midnight Bird had retired to the back room and passed out. Several of us repeatedly tried to awaken him, but every time we'd get him to his feet, he would push us away mumbling, "One moment, please," and would collapse again, one time thunderously hitting the floor before we could grab him. He was very strong and very heavy and very sick.

At the end of the night when six of us put him immobile in a car, I didn't think he would be alive in the morning. But when I anxiously arrived early for the Sunday matinee, Bird was sitting at the end of the bar with a drink, eyes sparkling and looking dapper.

On one of those nights a friend and I were catching a breath of air in front of the club when Charlie came storming out, with no overcoat, shouting, "Why does he tell me about

With Dizzy's band at the Pershing Ballroom, 1948. Ernie Henry (l.) and James Moody (r.) are the saxophonists; Dave Burns is the trumpeter.

night, *Swedish Suite*, and *Manteca* are some of the tunes in which Bird took solos. The band then included trumpeters Dave Burns and Willie Cook, drummer Teddy Stewart, bassist Nelson Boyd, congaist Chano Pozo, and saxophonists Ernie Henry and James Moody, all of whom were spellbound by Parker's playing, as were the 3,000 persons who, ostensibly at a dance, jammed in as close to the bandstand as possible, overflowing onto the stage and behind the band. The audience was transfixed, hearing yet unable to believe the music Parker superimposed on the greatest big band



novels, purported biographies, exaggerated stories with only a minor basis in fact, and a great deal of hearsay.

The novels and books were brutal in their insensitivity, false in their presentation, and shameful in their lack of respect for the man's dignity and privacy. One of these alleged biographies had even published a confidential psychiatric report obtained in some manner from the files of Bellevue Hospital.

What, then, is the other picture that arises from the intimate letters and telegrams, the agonizing cries and the unaffected attitudes of the man, Charlie Parker?

Parker was falsely portrayed as an undisciplined, uninhibited musician.

I have seen his original manuscripts. They are meticulous and reveal a composer of great restraint, lucid conception, and highly organized in his notation, harmonic structure, and orchestration.

He was not a shiftless bohemian. I quote from a letter he sent to the New York State Liquor Authority Feb. 17, 1953:

"My right to pursue my chosen profession has been taken away, and my wife and three children who are innocent of any wrongdoing are suffering. . . . My baby girl is a city case in the hospital because her health has been neglected since we hadn't the necessary doctor fees. . . .

"I feel sure when you examine my record and see that I have made a sincere effort to become a family man and a good citizen, you will reconsider.

"If by any chance you feel that I haven't paid my debt to society, by all means let me do so and give me and my family back the right to live."

He had deep and strong attachments to his family.

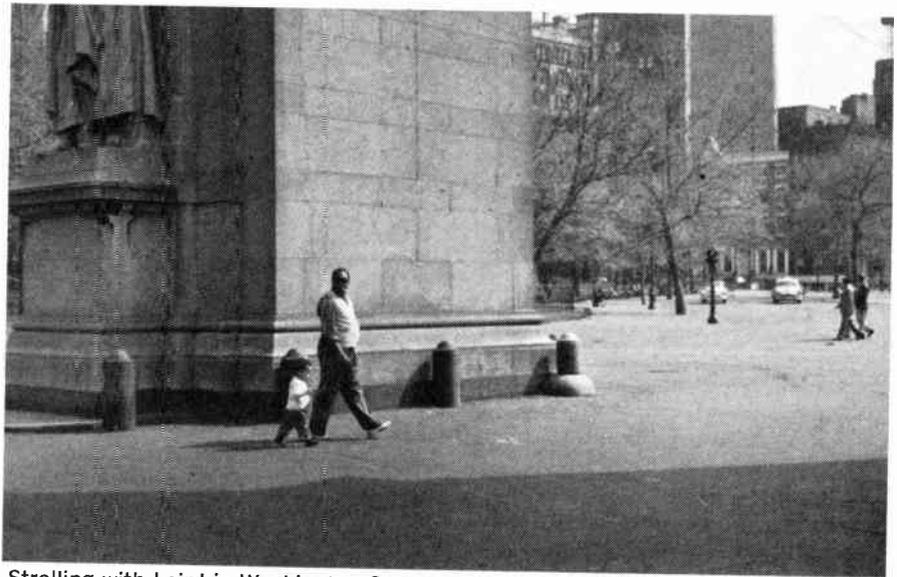
In March, 1954, when Parker was performing in California and he received the excruciating news of his beloved daughter Pree's death, he sent telegrams to Chan, Pree's mother, through that night. The true figure of a man emerges through the agony of these telegrams:

"My darling. My daughter's death surprised me more than it did you. Don't fulfill funeral proceedings until I get there. I shall be the first one to walk into our chapel. Forgive me for not being there with you while you are at the hospital. Yours most sincerely, your husband, Charlie Parker."

"My darling. For God's sake hold on to yourself. Chas. Parker."

"Chan, help. Charlie Parker."

"My daughter is dead. I know it.



Strolling with Laird in Washington Square, early 1955

I will be there as quick as I can. My name is bird. It is very nice to be out here. People have been very nice to me out here. I am coming in right away. Take it easy. Let me be the first one to approach you. I am your husband. Sincerely, Charlie Parker."

In Handel's *Messiah* there is an aria that could very well epitomize Parker's life:

"He was despised and rejected, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

Now, in death, there is recognition and not rejection. Now let there be honor and respect paid to this unfairly maligned figure.

Charlie Parker's two sons, Leon Francis and Baird, can well be proud of the giant figure who was their father.

he the perpetual victim of his own passions.

Parker was a complex being, but his personal existence was a seeming chaos in which moments of perceptive kindness vied with moments of panic or of coldness, moments of gentleness contrasted with moments of suspicious spite. The opposites were indeed far apart in him, tragically far apart, but surely individuality and personal freedom begin when the opposites come together as self-knowledge begins.

Parker's music, however, was almost opposite to his life. And for all its freshness, its expanded emotion, and its liberated feeling, its originality, its seemingly unending invention, his talent also presented an image of unexpectedly subtle order and wholeness.

Take, for example, his one-chorus improvisation on *Embraceable You*.^{*} Parker barely glances at Gershwin's melody; he begins with an interesting six-note phrase that he uses five times in a row, pronouncing it variously and moving it around to fit the harmonic contours of Gershwin's piece. On its fifth appearance the six-note motive forms the beginning of a delicate thrust of melody that comes to rest, balanced at its end, with a variant of that same six-note phrase. From this point on, Parker's solo weaves and interweaves that opening musical motive in the most unexpected places and in remarkable permutations. Sometimes he subtracts notes from it, changes notes within it, adds notes to it. It is the core of his improvisation, and, speaking personally, I have never listened to this chorus without hearing that phrase echoed anew somewhere in Parker's remarkable melody.

I think we sense such musical order

^{*}A discography of the performances cited will be found on page 38.

The Listener's Legacy

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

Portions of this essay will be included in the chapter "Charlie Parker: The Burden of Innovation," in Martin Williams' forthcoming book, *The Jazz Tradition*, to be published by Grove.

A NEGRO CELEBRITY said recently that Charlie Parker represented individuality and freedom. It is hard to know exactly what he meant, for surely there was very little individuality in the life of this man, so apparently was

even though we may not hear it directly. And that order has nothing to do with repetitiousness. It also represents a kind of organization and development quite beyond that found in popular songwriting.

It uses the sort of compositional premise that a composer might take hours to work out on his own. But Parker improvised this chorus. And a few moments later, at the same recording session, he played another solo on the same piece, quite different, differently organized, and, if not quite a masterpiece like the first, an exceptional improvisation nevertheless.

The six-note phrase is not the only principle of organization on Parker's first *Embraceable You*. The chorus



With veterans Ben Webster and Benny Carter at a recording session

begins simply and lyrically and gradually becomes more intricate, with longer chains of melody involving shorter notes, to balance itself at the end with a return to simple lyricism—a kind of curve upward and then downward. The second take on *Embraceable* has quite different contours, as Parker alternates the simple lyric phrases with more complex, virtuoso lines and variations in light and shade.

A GREAT DEAL of misinformation has been printed about the music of which Parker was a major figure—bebop, modern jazz.

It has been said that the boppers made their compositions by adopting the chord sequences of standard popular songs and writing new melody lines to them. So they did—and so had at least two generations of jazzmen before them.

It has been said that they undertook the similar practice of improvising with only a chord sequence as their guide, with no reference to a theme melody itself. But the practice was a norm and commonplace by the

VERVE RECORDS PHOTO COURTESY DAVID HIMMELSTEIN

late '30s.

Both practices are, basically, as old as the blues. Certainly King Oliver's three classic 1923 choruses on *Dippermouth Blues* have no thematic reference to the melody of that piece. One might say that jazz musicians spent the late '20s and the '30s discovering that they could "play the blues" on chords of *I Got Rhythm*; *Diga, Diga Do*; *Tea for Two*; *Lady, Be Good*; and the rest.

What Parker and bebop provided was a renewed musical language with which the old practices could be replenished and could continue. Like Louis Armstrong before him, Parker was called on to change the language of jazz, to reinterpret its fundamentals and give it a way to continue. He did that with a musical brilliance that was irrevocable. At the same time, Parker's innovations represent a truly organic growth for jazz and, of course, have nothing to do with the spurious impositions of a self-consciously "progressive" jazzman.

Today we are apt to see Parker as the most important of the pioneer modernists, chiefly because his influence has proved more widespread and lasting, and because, for most of his brief and falling-star career, his talent grew and refined itself and his invention seemed constant. Rightly or wrongly, we are likely to think of Dizzy Gillespie's influence as chiefly



PHOTO COURTESY JOE SEGAL

on brass men, Parker's on everyone. And we know that Thelonious Monk's ideas were rather different from either Parker's or Gillespie's and that their importance would emerge only later.

It is perhaps hard to realize now, 20 years after the fact, what a bitter controversy modern jazz brought about, but it is instructive to look briefly at that controversy.

Among other things, the opponents of the music declared that the modernists had introduced harmonic values that were alien to jazz. Well, once jazz has embraced European harmony in any aspect, it has by implication embraced it all, as long as the right players come along to show how it could be unpretentiously included and assimilated into the jazz idiom. But the curiousness of this argument is clearly dramatized in the fact that bop's opponents are likely to approve of both pianist Art Tatum and tenor saxophonist Don Byas, both of whom were harmonically as sophisticated and knowledgeable (if not as imaginative) as Parker and Gillespie.

But Byas does not really *sound* like a modernist, because rhythmically he is not a modernist. And rhythm is the crux of the matter.

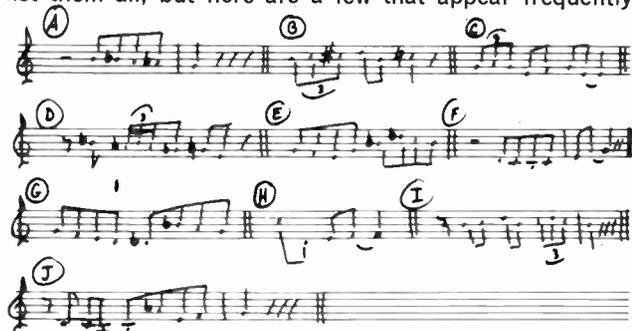
Like Louis Armstrong, Parker expanded jazz rhythmically, and, although his rhythmic changes are intricately and subtly bound up with his
(Continued on page 35)

BIRD IN FLIGHT

PARKER THE IMPROVISER, By DON HECKMAN

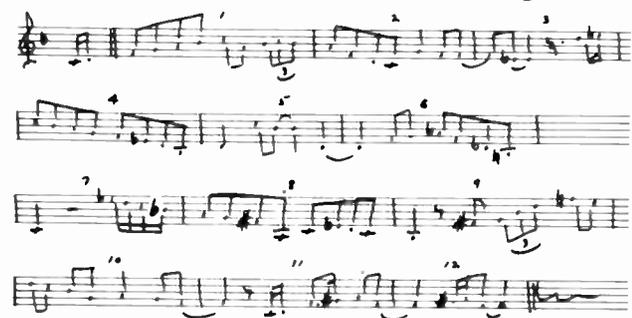
Surviving manuscript sketches show that Beethoven often started composing with a melodic idea that was almost banal and gradually molded it into a final line filled with grace, beauty, artistic complexity, and, perhaps most important, with the implicit potential for musical development. Allowing for the necessary superfluous material that is normally a part of an improvisation, Charlie Parker's development of complex musical thoughts from simple musical elements seems basically the same.

In one sense this is the key to Parker's improvisation. His fundamental motives—what might be referred to as his characteristic licks or riffs—are sometimes original, sometimes not. These motives are easily identifiable and used extensively in his solos. It would be impossible to list them all, but here are a few that appear frequently:



The familiarity of these motives to the listener is as much the result of their frequent use by Parker as their subsequent use by post-Parker jazzmen. Few improvisers, however, treat them as subtly as Parker did. He could play them starting on any beat (or up-beat) of the bar. Often he would invert them or play them backward. His ability to manipulate thematic material in and out of the flow of time while maintaining a firm, earthy swing is the essence of his music. Parker's improvisations elude definition and analysis, but in an effort to introduce some of his methods, I have notated several of his solos.

Examining Parker's choruses on *The Jumpin' Blues*, notated below, one can understand why in 1942, when it was recorded, he was thought a Lester Young imitator:



The consistent use of the fifth and sixth steps of the diatonic scale (especially in pick-up phrases such as the lead-in to the chorus, and in Bar 11), displaced rhythmic accents (as on the last beat of Bar 5), and the final bouncing lick are all from Young's style. Parker's original contribution—impossible to notate—is a thoroughly origi-

nal sense of time, one more blues-oriented than Young's.

The following is a more mature effort, his second chorus on *Just Friends*, recorded in 1949:

1st Eight Bars



3rd Eight Bars



2nd Eight Bars



4th Eight Bars



This chorus opens with a declamatory phrase, immediately answered by a similar phrase up a minor third—a splendid example of Parker's talent for improvising melodic paraphrases that far excelled the sources from which they were drawn. The solo has intentionally been notated with the first eight bars followed by the third eight, and the second eight bars followed by the fourth eight, since the chord changes follow this pattern. Parker seems to have responded to this structural fact. The first and third eight-bar segments, for example, are based on similar melodic and harmonic material, are less ornate, and use fewer 16th-note figures. The opening phrase of the first eight bars is balanced by a contrasting melodic phrase in Bars 3-6 of the second eight.

The total solo sounds like a confusing succession of random 16th-note embellishments, but it includes many repeated patterns. Notice the similarities between the 16th-note figures in Bars 5, 8, and 29. These 16th-note figures are also similar to the 16th-note run in Bar 9. Bars 13 and 29 are almost identical, suggesting that Parker's response to the chords in that location was repetitive. The same is true of Bars 6 and 28—in both cases the phrase occurs on the second, third, and fourth beat. Finally, the last beat of Bars 14 and 30 and most of Bars 15 and 31 are closely related.

Parker's lines in *Just Friends* are motivated by the chord changes, but one should also consider them in the

The Parker solos transcribed for this article can be heard on the following records: *Just Friends*—Verve 8000; *Thriving From a Riff*—Savoy 12009; *Groovin' High*—Savoy 12020; *Groovin' High*—Roost 2234; *Groovin' High*—Le Jazz Cool 101 or Charlie Parker PLP 701; *Chasin' the Bird*—Savoy 12001, 12009, or 12014; *The Jumpin' Blues*—Decca 4418; *Klactoveedsedstene*—Jazztone 1214 or Baronet 107. *Friends* is published by Robbins Music, *Riff and Bird* by Savoy Music, *Groovin' and Blues* by Leeds Music.

context of the over-all rhythmic flow. Although the second and fourth eight-bar groups consist mostly of 16th-note patterns, Parker obviously conceived them as more melodic than ornamental. The opening eight bars, for example, include first a declamatory pattern, then two bars of 16th notes, and then a rising, almost impossible-to-notate, rhythmic line. The second eight bars provide immediate contrast with a bursting series of 16th notes made more complex by the inclusion of two 16th-note triplet fragments. The second bar allows a brief pause; then Parker begins a 16th-note line that continues almost without rest until the 18th bar. Notice especially its continuing up-and-down shape; one of the consistent aspects of Parker's fast playing is the tendency toward rising and falling patterns, sometimes connected by wide interval leaps—4ths, 5ths, 7ths—but more often running diatonically or up and down arpeggiated 7th chords.

The third eight bars begin with a rapid-fire 16th-note sequence, the final spurt from the previous phrase. In the second bar, a long phrase of placid, but strongly rhythmic dotted eighth notes begins. They reveal Parker's exceptional lyricism; his simple blues line is far more appealing than the original melody of *Just Friends*. At the end of the phrase Parker plays a double-time, 16th-note pattern in which tied notes produce a tantalizing hesitation in the rhythmic flow.

The last eight bars, like the second, consist almost exclusively of 16th-note phrases. The first two have a typical rise and fall. Nearly all the phrases in the last four or five bars duplicate previous lines, appropriately summing up the chorus. The thematic motives mentioned earlier appear throughout Parker's solo on *Just Friends*. Motive B appears in Bars 24 and 26; D in Bars 20 and 30; F in Bars 6, 28, and 31; and I in Bars 5, 9, and 11.

Klactoveedsedstene (recorded in 1947) is one of the best examples of Parker's fragmentation of an improvised line. Following is a transcription of his solo:

All phrases are short; the line from the second to fifth, which is $3\frac{1}{2}$ bars long, is followed by a short $6\frac{1}{2}$ -beat phrase, a $4\frac{1}{2}$ -bar phrase, and so on. Remarkably, they all come together in a superb succession of sounds and silences. There is an unusual degree of similarity between the eight-bar sections; notice Bars 4, 20, and 21, which are almost identical. Bars 19, 27, and 32 are also

remarkably similar.

Klactoveedsedstene makes extensive use of Parker's thematic motives. Motive A appears in Bar 22; B in Bars 3, 19, 27, and 32; D in Bar 16; E in the first bar of the pick-ups; G in the second bar of the pick-ups and Bars 4, 12, and 20 of the chorus; H in Bars 23 and 33; I in Bars 2, 7, and 11; and J in Bar 14.

I have notated below two choruses from *Thriving from a Riff*—one of Parker's extended solos, recorded in 1945—since they demonstrate a consistent degree of improvisational selectivity:

1st Chorus

2nd Chorus

One of the most interesting aspects is the rising and falling pattern of Parker's lines, especially in bars that occupy a parallel position in different phrases. Notice the resemblance in flow between Bars 4, 12, and 28 of the first chorus. The same is true of Bars 2, 10, and 26; 3, 19, and 27; and 4, 20, and 28 of the second chorus. Parker treats the bridges in the same fashion; the motives

used in Bars 18 and 19 of the first chorus and Bar 19 of the second chorus are nearly identical except that they occur in different bars of the phrase. (Despite the use of similar note sequences, they are played over different chords. In Bar 18 of the first chorus, for example, the motive is played over a D7 chord. In Bar 19 of the second chorus it is played over a G7 [or a B dim.], but Parker did not choose to move to the G7 until Bar 20, technically making the F# and the Eb into altered tones.)

There is a strong similarity in nearly all phrase endings. The last two or three bars of the first eight of the first chorus and the endings of the first, second, and fourth eights of the second chorus are unusually alike; the 15th and 31st bars are identical.

More than usual, Parker introduces his material in regular phrase patterns. The first, second, and third eight bars of the first chorus and the first, second, and fourth eight bars of the second chorus are fundamentally new melodic statements that receive limited development. His use of the notated motivic fragments is not so extensive as in the previous solos. The first chorus uses Motive A in Bars 3, 12, and 22; B in Bar 1; E in Bar 18; and F in Bar 7. The second chorus uses Motive A in Bar 18; C in Bar 9; and E in Bar 19.

The solo breaks and opening eight-bar phrases of **Grooving High** have been notated below to outline the way Parker approached this tune—which uses the chord changes of **Whispering**—on three different occasions over a period of four years:

1st Version

Musical notation for the 1st version of Grooving High, showing the first eight bars of the first chorus and the first eight bars of the second chorus.

2nd Version

Musical notation for the 2nd version of Grooving High, showing the first eight bars of the first chorus and the first eight bars of the second chorus.

3rd Version

Musical notation for the 3rd version of Grooving High, showing the first eight bars of the first chorus and the first eight bars of the second chorus.

The first version uses Motive A in the first bar of the

break, Motive B in Bar 2 of the chorus, C in Bar 5, and G in Bar 8. It is a fairly direct, melodically oriented, eighth-note improvisation.

The second version uses Motive B in the second bar of the solo break. The opening phrase is deceptively melodic (it is actually from the second chorus of this particular solo). I have included it because of the lovely use of the harmonies in Bars 3, 4, and 5; its wonderful rocking motion and choice of notes once again demonstrate Parker's lyricism.

The last version includes Motive A in the first bar of the break and Motive F in Bar 6 of the chorus. The solo, recorded at a live performance, is dramatically exciting. Its exuberance is anticipated in the opening break and in the first eight-bar phrase. The explosive sequence of 16th-notes in the third, fourth, and fifth bars set the stage for a high-powered improvisation—Parker at his most fluent. Notice how the 16th notes are immediately contrasted by a rising eighth-note line that culminates in a stunning high G.

A final aspect of Parker's improvisational procedures can be observed in the following bridges from three takes of **Chasin' the Bird** (recorded in 1947):

Take 1

Musical notation for Take 1 of Chasin' the Bird, showing the first eight bars of the first chorus and the first eight bars of the second chorus.

Take 2

Musical notation for Take 2 of Chasin' the Bird, showing the first eight bars of the first chorus and the first eight bars of the second chorus.

Take 3

Musical notation for Take 3 of Chasin' the Bird, showing the first eight bars of the first chorus and the first eight bars of the second chorus.

The bridges demonstrate Parker's method of working out an idea. In the final take (the one originally released), he extracts the best elements from the two previous takes. Minimal use is made of the listed thematic motives: in Take 1, A appears in Bar 6 and D in Bar 8; in Take 2, D appears in Bar 8. Obviously, the little triplet figure was one Parker had decided to use as a lead-in back to the contrapuntal line with Miles Davis, who played trumpet at the session.

Analyses and explanations provide only minimal insights into the working methods of a jazz improviser. As with Beethoven, Charlie Parker built, from basic materials and procedures of the sort described in this article, artistic accomplishments that far surpass the humble elements from which they began. The magnitude of this accomplishment can be fully understood and appreciated only through a familiarity with the music itself. It is, after all, the conclusions and not the beginnings or the means that are the most significant aspects of a work of art.

PARKER'S MOOD

Charlie Parker, despite the complexity of his playing at times, was one of the best blues players jazz has known. Perhaps his most moving recorded performance of a slow blues was **Parker's Mood**, recorded for Savoy in 1948. Below is a transcription of Parker's three improvised choruses on the final take of the tune. Neither the introduction nor coda is included; the 10-bar rest is a piano solo, played on the original by John Lewis. The transcribing was done by Jerry Siddons, a member of the Berklee School of Music staff in Boston, Mass. The publisher of **Parker's Mood** is Savoy Music Co.

The first system of the musical score consists of ten staves. The first staff is the treble clef melody. The second through eighth staves are piano accompaniment, with the second staff being the left hand and the third through seventh staves being the right hand. The ninth staff is a ten-measure rest for the piano. The tenth staff is the bass clef bass line. The music is in 4/4 time and features complex rhythmic patterns and articulation.

The second system of the musical score consists of ten staves, continuing the notation from the first system. It includes the treble clef melody, piano accompaniment (left and right hands), a ten-measure piano rest, and the bass clef bass line. The complexity of the piano part is evident in the dense chordal textures and rhythmic figures.

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, Harvey Siders, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson. Reviews are initialed by the writers.

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

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

Art Blakey

GOLDEN BOY—Colpix 478: *Theme from Golden Boy; Yes, I Can; Lorna's Here; This Is the Life; There's a Party; I Want to Be with You.*

Personnel: Lee Morgan, Freddie Hubbard, trumpets; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Julius Watkins, French horn; Bill Barber, tuba; James Spaulding, alto saxophone; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Charlie Davis, baritone saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The Jazz Messengers have been expanded and, in the process, have been enabled to play with greater variety than is customarily their case in these pieces from *Golden Boy*. With an instrumentation that includes tuba and French horn, the arrangements by Shorter, Walton, and Fuller tend toward dark, heavy ensembles, although excellent use is made of Barber's tuba as a sonic core on *Lorna and Party*.

Aside from Morgan's trumpet on *Theme and Want* and Hubbard's on *Party*, the solo interest is centered almost entirely on Shorter, who flows through several appearances in a lithe and sinuous fashion that keeps the pieces moving.

Like practically all attempts to do a jazz album with material from a single show score, this one is of only minor interest either as jazz or as show music. But even minor interest is considerably more than such sets can usually boast. (J.S.W.)

Les Brown

LES BROWN IN TOWN!—Decca 4607: *Swamp Fire; Bluesette; Pigalle; Goodbye; Under Paris Skies; Love Theme from "La Strada"; One-Note Samba; Piccolo Pete; Domino; Stage Band Boogie; P. S., I Love You; Matilda; Matilda; Till Then; G'won Train; Summertime in Venice; Rigamarole.*

Personnel: Don Smith, Jack Laubach, Bobby Clark, Jules Vogel, Don Fagerquist, trumpets; Ron Smith, Milt Bernhart, J. Hill, Stumpy Brown, trombones; Matt Utal, Bob Davis, John Newsome, Abe Aaron, Butch Stone, saxophones; Geoff Clarkson, piano; Don Bagley, bass; Lloyd Morales, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

In this album the Band of Renown deals with 16 arrangements by Glenn Osser, and Brown has seen fit to write in the liner notes, "When approached to record an album of published arrangements by Osser, I did not favor the idea at all, inasmuch as

all of my recorded arrangements in the past have been tailor-made for my particular personnel."

By-passing speculation on the possible relationship between writing of such determined turgidity and the musical taste of the mentality that produced it, one's mind immediately reverts to Brown's last disc for Columbia—*The Young Beat!* (Columbia 2119). The association is quick and vivid inasmuch as this was a searing experience to one who was adjusted to a long-established concept that Brown's recorded arrangements were tailor-made for his particular personnel. What did one's disbelieving ears hear on this disc but rock and roll a la Nashville—lead-in beat, corny saxophones, and all. The fact that Brown would have his name and reputation associated with this, that he would allow those who thought his name and reputation stood for something to be conned into buying a record that, if not overt misrepresentation, was not far removed from it, suggested that Brown was in dire need of a fast buck, come what may. After this public display, it takes an awful lot of gall for Brown to appear to be fussy about recording Osser's published arrangements.

Osser's arrangements are competent, simple, standard big-band scores. Played by Brown's team of well-seasoned pros, they have an easy, comfortable, old-shoe swing-band feeling. There's nothing great or unusual here, but, thanks to Osser, Brown at least sounds as though he has a band once more. (J.S.W.)

Art Farmer

TO SWEDEN WITH LOVE—Atlantic 1430: *Va Da Du? (Was It You?); De Salde Sina Hemman (They Sold Their Homestead); Den Motstravige Brudgummen (The Reluctant Bridegroom); Och Hor du Unga Dora (And Listen, Young Dora); Kristallen den Fina (The Fine Crystal); Visa Vid Midsommartid (Midsummer Song).*

Personnel: Farmer, fluegelhorn; Jim Hall, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The five Swedish folksongs and one folkish composition (*Midsummer*) that make up this set provide Farmer and Hall with melodies of considerable charm and simplicity on which to develop a group of low-keyed solos. Farmer's dark-toned fluegelhorn is extremely appropriate, especially in the keening lament of *Homestead*, and Hall's gentle guitar has a suitably pastoral quality.

The only difficulty is that the selections are all too much of a piece so that by the end of one side, what had started out as simple and appealing has repeated itself into a mood of monotony. (J.S.W.)

Terry Gibbs

EL NUTTO—Limelight 82005: *Little S; El Nutto; The Nightie-Night Waltz; The Young Ones; El Flipppo; Hey, Pretty; Sleepy-Head Blues; Lonely Days; Little C; Just for Laughs.*

Personnel: Gibbs, vibraharp; Alice McCloud, piano; Herman Wright, bass; John Dentz, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Gibbs has changed a little since he was with Woody Herman around 1948, but he's as good now as he was then.

Long lines are still plentiful in his solos, but he seems more concerned with pacing than he was previously. Even at quick tempos he remains relaxed, often using

simple phrases to build tension. His *Young Ones* spot is excellently constructed; he employs a number of short, double-time figures here, returning to the original tempo each time with laudable grace.

In evolving, Gibbs has retained his old virtues. He remains an ebullient soloist and swings as much as ever. He's not the most inventive jazzman, but on this record he plays with melodic imagination, generally avoiding stock devices.

Gibbs is ably assisted here. Miss McCloud, who seems to have been influenced mainly by Bud Powell, provides more than a few surprises: she double-times unexpectedly (and intelligently) or builds on an idea when one would think her finished with it. Wright and Dentz are unspectacular but effective—real team men. Listen especially to the good groove they strike on *Little S*.

I think even those who haven't been wild about Gibbs' work in the past will find this an attractive album. The vibist seems to have gained his second artistic wind. (H.P.)

Johnny Griffin-Matthew Gee

SOUL GROOVE—Atlantic 1431: *Oh, Gee!; Here; At Sundown; The Swingers Get the Blues, Too; Twist City; Poor Butterfly; Mood for Cryin'; Renee.*

Personnel: Gee, trombone; Griffin, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones, piano or organ, or John Patton, organ; Aaron Bell, bass or tuba; Patato Valdes, conga; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This group of riff-based originals and two standards does not do much for either Griffin or Gee. Gee is a relatively dull soloist, at his best when he is working close to the melody, while Griffin, although more assertive and far broader in his range, fails to kindle any particular excitement.

There is a little atmospheric ensemble work on Gee's *Swingers* and Bell's *Mood*, though Gee's *Renee* has an attractive theme, but everything boils down to routine soloing. (J.S.W.)

Hubert Laws

THE LAWS OF JAZZ—Atlantic 1432: *Miss Thing; All Soul; Black-Eyed Peas and Rice; Bessie's Blues; And Don't You Forget It; Bimbe Blue; Capers.*

Personnel: Laws, flute, piccolo; Armando Corea, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Bobby Thomas or Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Behold, we have in our midst a jazz crusader, a proselytizer for the acceptance of the piccolo as a bona fide jazz instrument. In this album, Laws backs up his contention with persuasive piccoling as well as fine flute playing. And backing up Laws is a responsive rhythm section that seems to sparkle when Cobb replaces Thomas on drums.

Laws' technique notwithstanding, the intrinsic nature of the piccolo cannot be altered. It lacks the full-bodied warmth of the flute and as such cannot furnish what is expected from the flute.

Aside from the missionary aspect of the record, Laws and colleagues give us imaginative, well-written renditions of seven originals. Most of the tunes reveal a fondness for a busy, rhythm-and-blues beat; the exceptions are a straight-ahead, cleverly reharmonized blues pattern on *Bessie's* and a mournfully poetic flute essay, *Soul*.

Thing is prefaced by an infectious left-hand roll by pianist Corea that sets a martial pace until Laws' flute slithers into the theme.

Black-Eyed is a delightful example of down-home playing. Beneath the tongue-in-cheek, staccato statements of Laws' piccolo, Davis and Corea carry on a pulsating ragtime conversation. Paradoxically, its unabashed "corn" turns the track into one of the album's high points. *Forget, Bimbe, and Capers* are constructed on a similar format of loose-flowing theme over highly repetitious, gap-filling support from the piano. *Forget* is another splendid showcase for piccolo; *Bimbe* has the feeling of triplets superimposed over the basic four, adding a dimension of rhythmic tension. Also noteworthy on *Bimbe* are Laws' triple-tonguing on flute and Davis' double stops behind Corea's solo.

Davis, incidentally, is one of the most satisfying bassists on the current scene. Throughout this album his cello-register comments, his well-timed glissandos, his always-in-tune bowing are the height of tastefulness.

But this is Laws' moment to shine, and he makes the most of it. What he says with the flute is beyond reproach; what he exhibits with its weaker cousin offers hope for an outsider trying to break into the family of jazz horns. (H.S.)

John Lewis-Gary McFarland

ESSENCE—Atlantic 1425: *Hopeful Encounter; Tillamook Two; Night Float; Notions; Another Encounter; Wish Me Well.*

Personnel: All tracks—Lewis, piano; Connie Kay, drums; McFarland, conductor. Tracks 1, 4, 6—Nick Travis, Louis Mucci, Freddie Hubbard, trumpets; Mike Zwerin, trombone; Bob Swishelm and Bob Northern, French horns; Don Butterfield, tuba; Billy Bean, guitar; Richard Davis, bass. Tracks 2, 5—Harold Jones, flute; Eric Dolphy, alto flute; Phil Woods, clarinet; William Arrowsmith, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Don Stewart, bassett horn; Gene Allen, baritone saxophone; Jim Hall, guitar; Davis. Track 3—Herb Pomeroy, trumpet; Gunther Schuller, French horn; Dolphy, alto saxophone; Benny Golson, tenor saxophone Jimmy Giuffre, baritone saxophone; Hall; George Duvivier, bass.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The combination of McFarland's pleasant melodic gifts as a composer, his thoughtful arranging, and Lewis' skillfully selective piano solos make this a consistently interesting collection. Three different groups are used, but it is Lewis who remains the focal point, helped by the brilliant rhythmic foundations provided by bassists Davis and Duvivier and drummer Kay. Davis and guitarist Hall also move in and out of some of his solos to add coloristic accents.

The ensembles, which serve as settings for Lewis, generally have body and color, establishing a mood out of which Lewis or Hall can move readily. On *Notions*, however, the ensemble backfires. Lewis and guitarist Bean get this perky riff riding beautifully only to have the ensemble act as a depressant when it moves in. McFarland's writing for *Float* is very reminiscent of the Miles Davis nonet of 1948-'49, as well it might be since the instrumentation is similar.

In the long run, however, it is Lewis' marvelously swinging simplicity that energizes the disc and carries it over its occasional rough spots. (J.S.W.)

James Moody

RUNNING THE GAMUT—Scepter 525: *Buster's Last Stand; Paint the Town Red; Em Preatn Shore; Capers; If You Grin (You're In); Wayward Plaut; Figurine.*

Personnel: Thad Jones, trumpet; Moody, tenor and alto saxophones, flute; Patti Bown, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Albert Heath, drums. Track 2—Marie Volpe, vocal.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Normally in the jazz company of Dizzy Gillespie, reed man Moody here takes Jones as company on this blowing outing. The set is varied, well paced, and, almost despite the out-of-tune piano, maintains a high musical level.

The inclusion of Miss Volpe and the *If You Grin* track certainly bucks convention. Miss Volpe, a Philadelphian, is a distinctive vocalist and sings with great warmth. In her interpretation of *Paint the Town Red*, though, she is a bit too immersed in the Billie Holiday style as she sings this Lady Day classic (but then, it is a rare singer who can avoid this emotional and stylistic trap). *Grin* is a jape on rock and roll—no more. It could probably make it as a Top-40 single; that's the horror of it all. Naturally, it is tongue in cheek—but what's the point? It serves only to reduce the album's rating.

For the rest, however, it's hard and inventive blowing all the way, with Moody and Jones bearing the brunt—and with such grace and fire!—of the solo work.

Moody is consistently exciting on all three instruments; his wild flute on *Em Preatn* is a high point of the set. Similarly the skittish dialog sans rhythm section on *Buster's* is a delight. *Capers* is a burner with Moody playing tenor; the closing *Figurine* is another up and boppish line in tune with the balance of the fast takes here. *Wayward*, a lyric composition by Dennis Sandole, finds Moody's flute doing justice to the melodic concept in its delicacy of feeling.

There are some fine moments in this set. (J.A.T.)

Johnny Nash

COMPOSER'S CHOICE—Argo 4038: *One for My Baby; Someone to Watch over Me; Come to Me, Bend to Me; By Myself; Last Night When We Were Young; Speak Low; Smoke Gets in Your Eyes; Always; If There Is Someone Lovelier Than You; In the Still of the Night; The Inch Worm; Spring Is Here.*

Personnel: unidentified orchestra, King Fleming, Will Jackson, conductors; Nash, vocals.

Rating: ★★☆☆ ½

By backhand admission, this is a gimmick album. Thanks to the quiet sensitivity of the vocalist, it is lifted out of the mediocrity usually reserved for such obvious conniving. Only the distasteful rushing of *Always* and the dragging lull in *Spring* prevent this from being one of today's best vocal offerings.

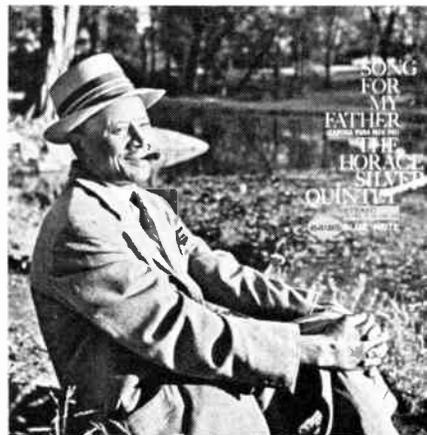
Nash has advanced under the disheartening handicap of a vocal similarity to Johnny Mathis. Hip! Hip! for good promotion; for Nash has, by far, the more reliable and flexible voice. He has, in addition, the genuine capacity for entering a lyric and singing from its depths.

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The Astrud Gilberto Album



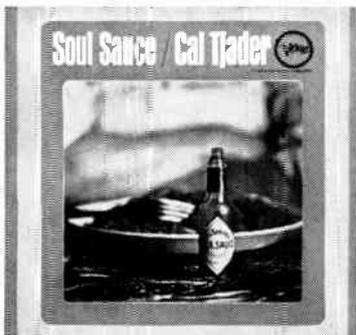
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submerged in the song, and the story pours out. It is the virtue of Nash's adherence to that simple, quiet delivery that may be construed as his vice—as far as the jazz-oriented listener is concerned. There is more interpretation than creativity here. (B.G.)

Dave Pike

MANHATTAN LATIN—Decca 4568: *Baby; Que Mal Es Querer; Not a Tear; Mambo Dinero; Montuna Orita; Aphrodite; La Playa; Latin Blues; South Sea; Sandunga; Dream Garden; Vikki.*

Personnel: Various combinations formed from the following: David Burns, trumpet; Ray Copeland, flugelhorn; Joseph Grimaldi, flute; Hubert Laws, piccolo, tenor saxophone; Pike, vibraharp, marimba; Don Friedman or Chick Corea, piano; Artita Zoller, guitar; Jack Six or Israel Lopez, bass; Willie Corea, drums; Carlos Valdes, conga; Robert Thomas, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★

The attempt to fuse Latin music with jazz encounters the same obstacle that arises when classical and jazz try to blend: the concept of "playing legitimately." In this album the merger of Latin with jazz is quite successful, mainly because Pike fronts an ensemble equally versed in the intricacies of Latin cross-rhythms and the intimacies of subtle swing.

Only in isolated cases does the cross-fertilization fail to take root. The writing for brass never really flows—it is stiffly, self-consciously Latin. Right spelling, wrong declension. Burns, particularly on *Que Mal* and *Baby*, sounds as if he were announcing a bullfight.

Another soloist out of place is pianist Friedman, whose modal excursion on *Aphrodite* and Bill Evans-like wanderings on *Tear* are too freedom-oriented for the hypnotic persistence of the Latin rhythms. Pianist Corea, however, captures all the sensuous flavor of Spanish Harlem, especially on *Playa* and *Latin Blues*.

Other high points include Zoller's well-integrated jazz choruses on *Dream Garden*, *Dinero*, and *Aphrodite*; Grimaldi's solo statement on *Baby* (demonstrating that flute is better suited for purposes of obbligato than Laws' shrill piccolo).

Pike's vibes sustain excitement throughout. Some of his finest moments can be heard on *Orita*, during which his playing in the montuna is heightened by what seems to be a spontaneous vocal riff. Even on marimba—an instrument not usually associated with drive—Pike becomes quite intense, as he demonstrates on *Aphrodite*.

This album makes fine listening. (H.S.)

Shirley Scott

TRAVELIN' LIGHT—Prestige 7328: *Travelin' Light; Solar; Nice and Easy; They Call It Stormy Monday; Baby, It's Cold Outside; The Kerry Dance.*

Personnel: Miss Scott, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Eddie Khan, bass; Otis Finch, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Decidedly easy to take at a late, late hour with the lights down, this union of the formidable Scott and Burrell proves rewarding at times. Each states his or her piece in that effortlessly swinging manner for which they are noted.

Travelin' is taken at a comfortably easy lope, with the Burrell guitar tonally full and rich. Miles Davis' variation on *How High the Moon* changes, *Solar*, has inventive Burrell and Scottie. The fade-out on

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bassist Khan's excellent solo, however, is inexplicable.

Nice and Easy is just that, hitting an easy, relaxed pace at almost a businessman's bounce. It's a pleasantly grooving if unexciting track.

Monday is taken at the only tempo in which it should be played, a very slow, dead-of-night pace with bassist Khan walking strong and steady beneath Scottie's soaring right-hand flights on the blues.

The final two tracks, *Cold Outside* and *Kerry*, are more or less potboilers, the former with good time drumming by Finch and with a close akin to pop music in a question-and-answer flirtation between Burrell and Miss Scott. *Kerry* is taken drivingly at an up tempo but without any particular sense of improvisational distinction. Again, fine for a dance party at the house.

There is some fine Burrell and some good Scott here. But not enough to write home about. (J.A.T.)

Nancy Wilson

THE NANCY WILSON SHOW!—Capitol SKAO 2136: *Fireworks; Don't Take Your Love from Me; Don't Talk, Just Sing; Guess Who I Saw Today; Ten Good Years; The Saga of Bill Bailey; The Music That Makes Me Dance; I'm Beginning to See the Light; You Can Have Him.* Personnel: Buster Williams, bass; Kenny Dennis, drums; unidentified large orchestra, Ronnell Bright, conductor; Miss Wilson, vocals.

Rating: no rating

To review Miss Wilson in any context other than jazz must indeed be a ball. She is an exciting entertainer with impeccable stage presence, a poised performer whose visual attributes are striking, a shimmering chanteuse, surrounded by sophisticated material and slick arrangements. But this simply is not a jazz album . . . thus the lack of a rating.

Although she has, and often projects, the potential to swing, she prefers to strive for effects—and apparently that's what her devoted record-buying public wants. With three albums currently high on the charts, this latest—recorded live at Los Angeles' Coconut Grove—should certainly duplicate those earlier successes. It should also underscore some of Miss Wilson's less engaging vocal mannerisms.

As evidenced on *Guess*, she tends to take liberties with tempos until melodic contours are nearly distorted. Stressing the use of rubato gives rise to another flaw: a breathy emphasis on dramatics, which all but ruins *Don't Take Your Love*. A more disturbing weakness, present in these ballads as well as in *You Can Have Him*, is her occasional thin, nasal head tone, so pinched that it tends to become piercing when the vibrato fails to emerge.

But throughout the album there is the magnetism that spellbinds audiences and makes Miss Wilson one of today's most sought-after songbirds. Especially rewarding are two earthy tracks: *Beginning*, with some inventive walking by bassist Williams, and a minor-key version of *Bill Bailey*, by far the most novel and at the same time the most soulful arrangement of this chestnut I've ever heard.

For that, as well as for the varied accompaniments that adapt to the varied moods of Miss Wilson, accolades must go to her aptly named music director, Ronnell Bright. (H.S.)

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- SOUL JAZZ VOLUME #1—RED GARLAND, John Coltrane, Donald Byrd, Frank Foster, Jackie McLean, Tommy Flanagan, Elmo Hope, Doug Watkins, Art Taylor—All Morning Long, All Day Long, Lights Out
- SOUL JAZZ VOLUME #11—GENE AMMONS, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Shirley Scott, Willis Jackson, Jack McDuff, Bill Jennings, Jerome Richardson, Mal Waldron—Blue Hymn, The Rev, Cool Grits, Enough Said
- GENE AMMONS/NOTHIN' BUT SOUL—Howard McGee, Barney Richmond, Jake Fisher, Willie Washburn—Housewarmin', Jivin' Around, Jug and McGee, etc.
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Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Various Artists, *Tenor Hierarchy* (Mainstream 56019)

Rating: ★★★★★

Chu Berry, *Sittin' In* (Mainstream 56038)

Rating: ★★★★★

Coleman Hawkins, *Meditations* (Mainstream 56037)

Rating: ★★★★★

Frank Wess, *The Award Winner* (Mainstream 56033)

Rating: ★★★★★

Various Artists, *A Look at Yesterday* (Mainstream 56025)

Rating: ★★★★★

There should be no doubt that Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young set the two directions for tenor saxophonists to follow, but if there is, the music on these five albums—the first four taken from the Commodore catalog, the last from the Sittin' In label—should dispel it.

Hawkins and his playing manner hold sway in *Tenor Hierarchy*.

In addition to two tracks by Hawkins—*I Surrender, Dear* and *Dedication*, both made in 1940 by a group that included trumpeter Roy Eldridge and altoist Benny Carter—there are a stomping version of *Sleep* that features Ben Webster, haunting Chu Berry on *Body and Soul* and *On the Sunny Side of the Street*, and silk-smooth Don Byas on *Candy* that place the album out of the ordinary. Webster, of course, grew out of Hawkins' style, as did Berry, though each man shaped a wholly personal manner of expression. Byas seemingly came out of Hawkins by way of Berry.

Hawkins' work on *I Surrender* is quite sophisticated; the first 16 bars of his improvised chorus are made up of a number of asides, tossed off, as it were, to ease things along to the bridge, during which his solo begins to climb, finally climaxing in rhapsodic runs in the last eight bars and coda. Eldridge, despite occasional clams, pulls off a stunning chorus; it, too, is notable for its bridge work. Hawkins' performance of *Dedication*, a tune by Leonard Feather, who also supervised the date, is too busy, for my tastes.

Sleep, cut in 1944 by drummer Sid Catlett's quartet, is a fine example of the raw, tortured side of Webster's playing, a side heard more often in the '40s than before or after. The performance also has a crystalline piano solo by Marlowe Morris and a typically good Catlett solo. The master used on this LP, however, is one different from that used for the original 78-rpm issue; the original is superior.

Berry, who buttered and honeyed Hawkins' style for his own purposes, is in excellent form on *Body* and *Sunny Side*, both done as ballads except for a coruscating double-time trumpet solo by El-

dridge on *Body*. On each track, Berry begins improvising from Bar 1, buttressing his main melodic line with rolling embellishments and spicing the whole with full-bodied high notes—all of which makes Berry a unique player for his time, and possibly one of greater importance than most jazz histories indicate.

Candy, a tune long associated with Byas, was cut at a 1945 Town Hall concert. The rolling embellishments of Berry and the arpeggiated phrases of Hawkins can be heard in Byas' playing here (and elsewhere), but Byas, like Berry and Webster, is his own man. Supported only by Teddy Wilson's piano and Slam Stewart's bass, Byas turns in a well-done and soothing set of choruses, but the closing cadenza is a bit too extended for comfort.

The other tracks in *Tenor Hierarchy* are *I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me* by Flip Phillips, also recorded at the 1945 Town Hall concert, and *Wess Point* and *Some Other Spring* by Frank Wess.

All the material contained in Berry's *Sittin' In* and Hawkins' *Meditations* is available in other Mainstream albums, including *Tenor Hierarchy*, and has been reviewed in *Old Wine—New Bottles* in recent months. I, for one, wish Mainstream would have put all the Berry and Hawkins wine in their own bottles to begin with, since it's pretty heady stuff and best savored without mixing.

Berry made few records as leader, and the best were the two sessions for Commodore, the first in 1938, the second in 1941.

The sidemen on the album are trumpeters Eldridge and Oran (Hot Lips) Page, pianist Clyde Hart, guitarists Danny Barker and Al Casey, bassists Artie Shapiro and Al Morgan, and drummers Sid Catlett and Harry Jaeger. The tunes are *Stardust*, *Sittin' In*, *Body and Soul*, *46 West 52*, *Blowing up a Breeze*, *On the Sunny Side of the Street*, *Monday at Minton's*, and *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?*

The Hawkins album also is from two dates, one done in 1940, the other in 1944. The first date is much the better, because the players (Hawkins, Eldridge, Carter, Catlett, guitarist Bernard Addison, and bassist John Kirby) play basically the same swing style. The later date, however, is marred by the diversity of styles represented by the participants—in addition to Hawkins, trumpeter Cootie Williams, clarinetist Ed Hall, pianist Art Tatum, guitarist Al Casey, bassist Oscar Pettiford, and drummer Catlett.

The tunes played in 1940 are *I Can't Believe that You're in Love with Me*, *Dedication*, *Smack*, and *I Surrender, Dear*. The '43 date's tunes are *Mop Mop, My Ideal*, *Esquire Bounce*, and *Esquire Blues*.

The Wess album was made in the summer of 1954 with a front line of either trumpet, trombone, and tenor or trombone and tenor. Both combinations sound good, and the arrangements for them are generally excellent, though uncredited.

On tenor, Wess most often plays out of Hawkins—barrel-chested tone and lots of notes in the right places—but occasionally he slips into a Lester Youngish guise and floats through his solo. His Hawkins side is dominant on *Danny's Delight*, a boppish

original by the leader, and Young is in the foreground on *Frankosis*, a pleasantry written by Osie Johnson, who also plays drums on the album. These two tracks are among the album's best. In fact, the only other performance that is as well done is *Romance*, which features a leaping flute solo by Wess.

There is fine trombone work throughout. Three different trombonists are heard—Benny Powell, Henry Coker, and Urbie Green—and each contributes warm solos to the proceedings. The rhythm section is a good one: pianist Jimmy Jones, bassist Oscar Pettiford, and drummer Johnson. Trumpeter Joe Wilder, present on six tracks, solos articulately and discreetly on *Danny's Delight* and *Wess of the Moon*.

The other tunes are *You're My Thrill*, *Pretty Eyes*, *Mishawaka*, *I'll Be Around*, *All My Life*, and *Basie Ain't Here*.

Lester Young was the musical father of the tenor saxophonists heard on *A Look at Yesterday*—Stan Getz, Allen Eager, Paul Quinichette, and Wardell Gray. The performances are from the late '40s, according to the album's notes.

The best of the lot are by Getz—*Diaper Pin* (based on *That Old Black Magic* chords), *Interlude in Bebop* (strong, very Pres-inflected Getz), and *As I Live in Bop* (I always thought that it was *As I Live 'n' Bop*). The tracks were recorded—very poorly—in 1948, and the personnel includes Al Haig, piano; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Clyde Lombardi, bass; and Charlie Perry, drums.

Sleepy Time Gal and *Birdland Jump* by Quinichette are close to the quality of the Getz tracks. Quinichette was the most blatant Pres imitator of all the Youngsters, but he sometimes brought off some good solos, despite their derivativeness, as he does on *Gal*. The Quinichette tracks also have no-nonsense, cleanly articulated piano by Kenny Drew. The other men on the tracks are guitarist Freddie Green, bassist Gene Ramey, and drummer Gus Johnson.

The Getz rhythm section, minus Raney, is present on *Hot Halavah* and *In the Merry Land of Bop*, which feature frantic bop singing by the late Buddy Stewart, Dave Lambert, and Blossom Dearie, backed by the horns of Eager, trombonist Benny Green, and—at least according to the notes, though not by aural evidence—baritone Gerry Mulligan. The most memorable thing about the session are the rolling, smoldering Haig solos. Haig also plays well on Gray's *Stoned*, a blues.

Raney and Terry Swope bop sing *In a Little Spanish Town* and *Talk a Little Bop*. The guitarist and Miss Swope sing more in the cool style of Jackie Cain and Roy Kral than in the less subtle, sometimes embarrassing manner of Stewart, Lambert, and Dearie.

There are some things that I find disturbing about this album: Mulligan, who cannot be heard, is given prominent billing on the cover; the liner notes lack knowledge about or sympathy for the music; no composer credits are given; and, except for *Spanish Town* and *Sleepy Time Gal*, the label reads that the material is "public domain."

—Don DeMicheal

COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL HENAHAN

What Virgil Thomson once described as "the music-appreciation racket" is a hydra-headed monster; no sooner has one of its heads been chopped off than another pops up to terrify and confuse the populace.

Just when we thought the Milton Cross-Deems Taylor approach to music was dead and discredited, here it is again. This time it comes at us from an academic source, the University of Illinois, where a three-year study supported by the federal government has been begun to develop a new curriculum for junior and senior high schools that would stress "appreciation and understanding instead of skills and techniques."

The head of the project, Prof. Bennett Reimer, argues that "too often the high-school band member graduates, sells his horn, and forgets about music."

A lie. A lie. The band member sells his horn, all right, but in 999 cases out of 1,000 he can't forget about music because high-school bands do not traffic in the stuff. Nor do any but a desperately few student glee clubs and student orchestras.

If you have the stomach and the time, drop into your neighborhood junior or senior high school some day when a music program is being put on. What you will hear will be a sleazy mishmash of pseudo-music featuring a couple of dehydrated show tunes, a coy version of *I Want to Hold Your Hand*, and a tasteless arrangement of some quasi-classical piece.

As for the band, it is full of young innocents who have been coached to tootle half a dozen notes in hopes that through some miracle of "school spirit" the communal result will sound like *Fight On, Hudson High*. That so many band members sell their horns and try to forget should give us hope for American youth.

The declared goal of the Illinois music-appreciation study is "the heightening of the quality of esthetic sensitivity of every public-school student, and, therefore, of our population as a whole." Active participation "is useful in many ways but not as an end in itself," according to Prof. Reimer. "There is too much at stake in esthetic education to depend entirely on what performance activities can offer."

Instead of actual study of musical skills, he advocates general courses that take a "humanities-oriented Great Music approach." In other words, someone who presumably knows something of how music is created and re-created will pass on his own value judgments to musical illiterates.

And so we are back again to Music Appreciation I (no prerequisites), that old familiar snap course recommended by athletic coaches to slow-witted stars.

For, no matter how the cards are shuffled this time around, the passive music course cannot help ending in sterility and frustration. Is music different from other arts in this? Quite possibly. It is certainly not

necessary to know how to write or think like Aristotle to learn from reading the *Poetics*, and art appreciation is relatively successful in teaching something about Giotto and Rembrandt.

But music is an art—let's say a craft, for the moment—of duration and movement. It is no more possible to learn about it passively than it is possible to learn to swim without jumping into the water and thrashing around. Music (and dance, to mention a more obvious example) comes alive for a spectator only as he learns to respond to its movement, to its tactile sensations.

The pathetic fallacy of much art education is the belief that "esthetic sensitivity" can be developed independently of contact with the physical world.

The fact, as most people with experience in trying to teach music will verify, is that the student who plays or struggles to play (or sing) puts down the only feasible base for a musical sensitivity.

It is arguable that whatever low estate music has fallen to in this century is tied up with the rise of a great, esthetically indoctrinated, musically illiterate public that has learned to "appreciate" music without knowing why. As a result, the relatively few who do possess any knowledge (it need not be very much, either) are able to stampede this bovine public in any direction they please. The direction is invariably in commercially profitable directions.

Fortunately, the esthetic fallacy is not yet in command of our education factories. There remain some who feel that far from being a failure in secondary schools, music has not even been tried. Tibor Kozma, a former Metropolitan Opera Company conductor who now teaches at Indiana University, has given interesting testimony on that score. He recently took a year off to visit Hungary and observe the work there by the composer Zoltan Kodaly.

"As a result of Kodaly's school-music reforms, Hungarians read music with about as much effort as we use in reading our daily newspaper," according to Kozma. "The very poverty of Hungary is a blessing in disguise, because the children have to sing instead of buying instruments and being forced into premature service in out-of-tune, ear-corrupting and taste-corrupting junior high school bands."

The fact not to overlook about music is that it must be played and sung, the conductor-teacher notes truly. "Music may at times be entertainment," he said. "Allegedly, it may even have therapeutic value." But only by trying to make music can anyone really grasp what it is all about, Kozma holds, adding, "Our average intelligent layman just sits in front of a TV or hi-fi set and says, 'Let the culture pour all over me.' If this continues, our musical culture is headed for extinction."

A man trying to fathom a Bach fugue or a Beethoven sonata while doped up with esthetically therapeutic information has as much chance as a schoolgirl has of learning what war is like from *War and Peace*. As with all great truths, music takes some shooting and some getting shot at, and you will never learn about it by staying home and rolling bandages.

[ETS]

IN THE NEXT DOWN BEAT

ANNUAL PERCUSSION ISSUE

JOE
MORELLO:
WITH A
LIGHT
TOUCH

By MARIAN McPARTLAND

JO
JONES:
TAKING
CARE OF
BUSINESS

By DAN MORGENSTERN

TONY
WILLIAMS:
MILES'
MAN

By DON DeMICHEAL

ON SALE THURS., MARCH 11

March 11 □ 31

BLINDFOLD TEST CHARLIE PARKER



CHARLIE PARKER AND LEONARD FEATHER

THE RECORDS

1. Stan Kenton. **Monotony** (Capitol). Pete Rugolo, arranger.

I like this. Very weird—marvelous idea. Is it Woody Herman? Stan Kenton? I don't know what to say about it—it's such a shock. Give it four stars—definitely.

2. Stan Kenton. **Elegy for Alto** (Capitol). George Weidler, alto saxophone.

That was some real marvelous alto work. I think I liked that better than the last record. Four stars.

3. Benny Goodman Sextet. **Nagasaki** (Capitol). Goodman, clarinet; Red Norvo, vibraharp; Mel Powell, piano; Al Hendrickson, guitar; Louie Bellson, drums.

That's typical Goodman. Is that an octet? I liked the piano; fine guitar; good drums; good vibes—Red Norvo. And Benny's always superb—that's natural. He's one of the few that never retards. I don't agree with people who think Benny's old-fashioned.

4. Sonny Stitt Quintet. **Seven Up** (Savoy). Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Stitt, alto saxophone; Bud Powell, piano.

I liked that one too. It was Bud Powell on piano, wasn't it? I didn't recognize the alto man, but he played good. Fine trumpet work too. I have to give that three stars.

5. Jay McShann. **Sepian Bounce** (Decca). Charlie Parker, alto saxophone. Recorded in 1942.

Sure, I recognize that—*Sepian Stomp*. It sounds dated, antiquated. It's all right, but you couldn't judge it by what's going on now; I mean it's another phase altogether. I guess *then* it might have been okay, but now . . .! How do I sound to myself? Nowhere—I should say not! Give it two stars.

6. George Wettling. **Heebie Jeebies** (Commodore). Billy Butterfield, trumpet; Wilbur DeParis, trombone; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Dave Bowman, piano; Wettling, drums.

You want my honest opinion? Okay. Well, that's music—that's very good Dixieland. Baby Dodds on drums, right? I forget the clarinet player's name, but I've

played with him on a couple of occasions, and I like him—and the trumpet player too. I mean as far as Dixieland goes.

I like Dixieland, in a way; I mean, I can listen to it—it's still music. There's a status of appreciation you can reach if you listen for it. Three stars.

7. Eugene Goossens-Cincinnati Symphony. **The Song of the Nightingale, Part I** (RCA Victor). Goossens, conductor; Igor Stravinsky, composer.

Is it by Stravinsky? That's music at its best. I like all of Stravinsky—and Prokofiev, Hindemith, Ravel, Debussy—and, of course, Wagner and Bach. Give that all the stars you've got!

8. Oran (Hot Lips) Page. **Lafayette** (Decca). Page, trumpet; Don Byas, tenor saxophone; Don Stovall, alto saxophone; Pete Johnson, piano. Recorded in 1940.

Ha! That's something you rarely hear nowadays, you know, That's what you call *swing!* Real swing! Who was it—Earl Hines? Roy? Lips? Alto was real nice; I liked the tenor player too. You've got to appreciate swing; music graduates. It goes from ragtime to jazz and from jazz to swing and from swing to . . . rebop.

I give it four stars, in its category.

9. Count Basie. **House Rent Boogie** (RCA Victor). Basie, piano; Buster Harding, arranger.

I'd say that's his majesty, the Count, right? That's another brand of music altogether; he gets a sound and emotion out of that band that I don't think *nobody* gets. I'll always appreciate what that band produces.

(Laughing) Basie plays some weird piano! And then when the band comes in, they get a . . . they get something—how would you describe the emotion they get out of that band? They get a groove out of that band—all the sections melt into that rhythm section. . . . That's, of course, four stars—you know that!

10. Charlie Barnet. **The Gal from Joe's** (Apollo). Barnet, alto saxophone; Duke Ellington, composer.

That was Barnet. I like Barnet's band; I like his style of music. I like Barnet as a person, though I don't know him—never

By LEONARD FEATHER

Almost 17 years ago, in the summer of 1948, Charlie Parker was interviewed for his first and only *Blindfold Test*.

The musical climate of the times was oppressive. Parker and I were involved in the boppers-vs.-moldy figs battle. Critics and fans on both sides of the argument had their ears closed to music from the opposite camp. As I pointed out in the preface when this interview was first published, in *Metronome*, Parker's own lack of bias was significant, "especially if you read it in the light of the narrow, one-track-minded opinions of most bop fans and many bop musicians. Charlie sees music as a whole, instead of looking only along the particular channel through which he has found his personal outlet."

Later, he emphasized that his high ratings were in no way based on a desire to avoid giving offense. They were his truths, and perhaps they gave pause to some of his less open-minded fans. Note: four stars, not five, was the maximum rating. The discs were all 78s. He received no prior information about the records played.

The interview was taped, but on a primitive machine (tape recorders in the home were a novelty). Sadly, the sound has been virtually obliterated by the passage of time.

have met him, in fact—but what I've seen of him I like. His ideas and taste are excellent. And he's got good *musical* ideas too.

Arrangement was real fine. I'll give it three stars for one reason; this is something that was done by Duke, and it's on the order of Duke's record. Had it been a derivative of Barnet's mind, I'd give it four, five, six, seven stars; as it is, it deserves every bit of the three stars.

11. Dizzy Gillespie. **Stay on It** (RCA Victor). Gillespie, trumpet; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Tadd Dameron, arranger.

Dizzy Gillespie . . . the other half of my heartbeat. Sure! Dizzy and the baritone did a very good job; the band sounded good, big, full, but the performance sounded a bit strained. It was kind of tense and taut. Three stars.

12. Johnny Hodges. **Passion Flower** (RCA Victor). Hodges, alto saxophone; Duke Ellington, piano.

(Parker's face lit up in a beatific grin as he recognized the alto soloist) That was Duke—featuring Johnny Lily Pons Hodges! I always took off my hat to Johnny Hodges 'cause he can *sing* with the horn; oh, he's a beautiful person. That record deserves all the stars you can muster.

Afterthoughts By Parker

You're surprised how much I liked. . . . Well, mine is a very natural, normal reaction. That's *music*, Leonard. Music, if it's presented right, is music, whether it be Dixieland, jazz, swing, or what have you. There's no way in the world you can turn your back on it; it's got to have a class and a place.

Of everything you played, I think I enjoyed Stan's record best—the second one, featuring the alto. Kenton is the closest thing to classical music there is in the jazz field—if you want to call it jazz. I mean, as far as *I'm* concerned, there's no such thing; you can't classify music in words—jazz, swing, Dixieland, et cetera. It's just forms of music; people have different conceptions and different ways of presenting things.

Personally, I just like to call it music, and music is what I like. 

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Hampton Hawes

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: Hawes, piano; Monk Montgomery, bass; Frank Severino, drums.

Hawes has a way with a ballad that makes strong men weak and women weaker. At Shelly's he turned *It Might as Well Be Spring* into a tapestry of harmonic and melodic variations, original in approach and indelibly stamped H.H. *Fly Me to the Moon* was accorded medium-up pacing, with drummer Severino demonstrating good time but also a penchant for the obtrusive and showy. A great bass solo by Montgomery distinguished the performance further. (An exponent of the electric, slung bass during his tenure with the Mastersounds group, he now uses the stand-up instrument.)

Happy and healthy-looking, Hawes currently is evidencing an optimistic outlook on jazz that is manifest in his playing. He is sounding even better today than he did immediately following his return to the California jazz scene in 1963.

On the night of review, he whimsically slipped into a contrapuntal workout on *My Darling Clementine* that moved audience and musicians to laugh in delight. And his touching treatment of *Someday My Prince Will Come* proved an interval of lingering loveliness.

Always noted for the fire of his playing, Hawes closed a set at Shelly's with a blazing excursion on *The Theme . . .* medium and grooving to the tension-laden coda.

Hamp Hawes nearly always thrilled an audience in the past. At his peak currently, he is proving still as thrilling a pianist as ever—only more so. Ask his listeners.

—John A. Tynan

Janet Lawson

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Steve Kuhn, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums; Miss Lawson, vocals.

Though this was Miss Lawson's first engagement at a major New York City night spot, she showed herself a thoroughly poised and professional young singer. She began her career as a band vocalist in her native Baltimore, Md., and has worked several of the better-known east-side clubs in New York, as well as the resort circuit.

She has an attractively husky voice, well produced and projected, and surprisingly big, with a good range. She has good time and a real feeling for jazz phrasing; the liberties she takes with her material are thoroughly musical and tasteful and do not degenerate into mannerisms. Nor does she seem to have any problems with pitch or intonation.

At the Vanguard, Miss Lawson presented a well-chosen program of standards, current favorites, and a few off-beat specialties. Her versions of *Lover Man* and

'Round Midnight—both challenging tunes for a singer—were impressive, both for the easy assurance with which the singer negotiated the changes and for the warmth and freshness of her approach.

Miss Lawson paid her respects to bossa nova with a relaxed, intimate rendition of *Corcovado* and with *The Sweetest Sounds*, dressed up Brazilian style. One of her most effective numbers was Toots Thielemann's *Bluesette*, in which an out-of-tempo verse contrasted neatly with the hard-swinging chorus, demonstrating that she can belt without becoming strident.

Her sense of humor and ability to put across the lyrics were well displayed in two unconventional songs by the gifted pianist-songwriter Dave Frishberg: *Peel Me a Grape*, and *I'm Hip* (the latter written in collaboration with Bob Dorough). On *Grape* Miss Lawson was fittingly feline and sardonic, making her interpretation easily the best of the several heard by this observer. *Hip*, a clever and genuinely funny satire on today's young swingers, was delivered with appropriate wit and was visually as well as vocally engaging.

Miss Lawson was ably supported by three-fourths of the Art Farmer Quartet, appearing opposite her at the Vanguard, with bassist Carter subbing for Steve Swallow.

Pianist Kuhn, a jazzman of uncommon ability, revealed himself to be a first-rate accompanist, who never allowed his ear for unusual chord-voicings to interfere with his obligations to the singer. LaRoca showed that he can cook as hard when playing softly with brushes as when using sticks on an up-tempo swinger with Farmer. Carter, deputized for that night only, came to the music cold but played as if he had been on the job for weeks.

—Dan Morgenstern

Shirley Horn

The Place Where Louie Dwells
Washington, D. C.

Personnel: Miss Horn, piano, vocals; Marshall Hawkins, bass; Dude Brown, drums.

Miss Horn is not a belter. She is a singer, and she sings extremely well. She is infinitely superior to almost all of the many so-called jazz singers who are much better known than she is.

She has good time. She sings in tune. She even, unfashionably, ends tunes on the tonic.

A listener will find no Christy-Connorsisms or phony funk in her work, indeed no clichés of any kind. Her vibrato is also under control, and this alone seems enough to make her an exceptional singer.

Though Miss Horn may be a "new name" to those who discovered her in 1964 because of two deservedly well-received Mercury albums, she is no newcomer to the music business. She is no slick young chick pandering to fashion, no show-bizz emulating tricks of more famous singers. Shirley Horn sings like Shirley Horn—no one else. Her approach to a pretty song is a mature one: she sings the melody, without strain, without fuss. Her singing is unpretentious and full of grace.

Unhappily, in this curious dark, dark Salon d' Blues in the Place Where Louie

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Dwells (a small room where waiters need flashlights and where one can't see other people, only their cigarets) Miss Horn was working with a loud drummer and a piano that was out of tune.

But despite these major obstacles, Miss Horn sang *That Old Devil Called Love* as well as anyone has since Billie Holiday and turned *Wouldn't It Be Loverly?* into a romping, driving delight.

I Left My Heart in San Francisco was at slow-torture tempo, necessitating a taffy-pulling dead silence between each phrase and sometimes between each syllable of each word. But she managed to pull it through, more or less, somehow.

But amid all the rimshots and cymbal crashes, one thing was clear in this dark dwelling place: Shirley Horn is one of the most pleasing and most musical singers in the business. She deserves fame, fortune, and a piano in tune. —Tom Scanlan

Ella Fitzgerald Show

Shrine Auditorium, Los Angeles

Personnel: Count Basie Orchestra; Oscar Peterson Trio; Tony Bennett, vocals; Ralph Sharon, piano; Miss Fitzgerald, vocals.

Musically this concert was an auspicious success with a sure-fire bill of talent. And it proved a happy invention to have Miss Fitzgerald act as mistress of ceremonies for the entire show. "Oh, dig me as mistress of ceremonies," she laughed, then scatted her way via *One O'Clock Jump* into introducing the Basie men section by section. When Basie's new drummer, Rufus Jones, settled down near the end of the band's set, things began to jell.

Opening the show, however, the Peterson trio set the pace for the evening, combining ballads with a medium-up *At Long Last Love* and a steaming *Yours Is My Heart Alone* with a load of burning Peterson backed by bassist Ray Brown and drummer Ed Thigpen in perfect rapport.

If Bennett was not the musical triumph of the evening, he was certainly its chief surprise to those who had never seen the singer work a club. Bennett is 100 percent show business, 100 percent heart, 100 percent drive and personality in his singing. Backed by the Basie band with Sharon accompanying with impeccable taste, Bennett ran through his records, untied his dress bowtie, and took over the stage in every way. The highpoint of his set for this reviewer was *Who Can I Turn To?*, a tender, lyric ballad.

In fine voice, Miss Fitzgerald closed the concert with a long set, accompanied by trumpeter-conductor Roy Eldridge, pianist Tommy Flanagan, bassist Keter Betts, and drummer Gus Johnson. She opened with *On the Sunny Side of the Street*; swung into *I've Got Your Number*; delivered a throbbing, vibrant *Body and Soul*; slowly smoldered to Eldridge's muted obligato on *Love for Sale*—and on and on from climax to climax, inspiring some of the blase Basieites, in strictly impromptu joy, to clap time behind her on *Take the 'A' Train*.

Roy Eldridge, besides contributing virile trumpet work, proved a conductor of gusto and genuine elan.

—John A. Tynan

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BIRD RECORDS

(Continued from page 21)

ideas of harmony and melody, the fundamental change is rhythmic.

The history of jazz—or of “Afro-American” music in general—is a history of a rhythmic evolution. The earliest minstrel tunes seem to have been based on a rhythm of one heavy beat a bar, a rhythm based on whole notes. Cakewalks have a rhythm that subdivides this, a rhythm based on half-notes, the rhythm of the high-stepping cakewalk dance. Ragtime syncretized the half-notes. New Orleans jazz moved things further along until it culminated in Armstrong’s genius, and Armstrong’s rhythms are based on quarter-notes. Parker’s idea of rhythm is based on eighth-notes.

I am speaking of melodic rhythm, the rhythm that the players’ accents make as they offer their melody, not the basic time and basic percussion pattern. Each style is more complex in the over-all than I am making it seem. Ragtime was. Certainly Armstrong’s was. And Parker, who showed that his notes and accents might land on heavy beats, weak beats, and the various places in between beats, was rhythmically the most imaginative player in jazz history—as his one dazzlingly intricate chorus on *Ornithol-*

ogy might easily attest.

What was Parker’s heritage?

Such questions are always vexing for so original a talent as his. It has been suggested that he combined on alto the two tenor saxophone traditions—presumably the sophisticated and precise harmonic sense of Coleman Hawkins and his follower, Byas, and the rhythmic originality, variety, and looseness of phrase and penchant for linear melody of Lester Young and his follower, guitarist Charlie Christian.

Parker’s early solos with Jay McShann’s orchestra clearly show a debt to Young, but the closest thing on previous jazz records to Parker’s phrasing that I know of are a handful of Louis Armstrong’s most brilliant trumpet solos—*West End Blues* from 1928, *Sweethearts on Parade* from 1930, *Basin Street Blues* from 1933—in them we clearly hear Parker’s melodic rhythm in embryo.

The best introduction to Parker’s music is probably his pair of choruses on *Lady, Be Good*, also a great solo in its own right. Stylistically, he begins rather conservatively, in a late swing-period manner rather like Young’s, and he gradually transforms this into the style that he himself offered jazz.

Melodically, these choruses are fascinating in another aspect. As *Em-*

braceable You is organized around the interweaving and permutation of one melodic fragment, *Lady, Be Good* uses several that emerge as the choruses unfold. Parker’s first few notes are Gershwin’s, but he uses these notes as the opening to quite a different melodic phrase. His second phrase is a simple riff. His third phrase echoes his opening Gershwin-esque line, but it is a kind of reverse echo reassembly of its notes, and it also has something of the character of his second riff phrase, etc.

At the same time, this brilliance was delivered in rather adverse circumstances, on stage at a Jazz at the Philharmonic concert in the spring of 1946 in Los Angeles; the solo thereby refutes what is otherwise patently true, that Parker’s playing really belonged only in the small improvising quintets he established as the norm.

The circumstances were made even more trying by the fact that, as Parker begins to swing further away from the conventions of an earlier style, moving in his own direction, he is rewarded with a wholly unnecessary background riff from the other musicians on the stage. It is likely to distract a listener, but it apparently did not distract Parker. Yet the solo is delivered with a kind

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of personal and technical strain and pressure in his alto sound that was foreign to Parker at his best.

Almost opposite to the "classic" development of *Lady, Be Good* is another public recording made with a far more appropriate group, the Carnegie Hall concert of 1947 with Dizzy Gillespie and a rhythm section. Here is Parker the daring romantic—using passing and altered chords, complex movements and counter-movements of rhythm, unexpected turns of melody—much of it is delivered with an emotional directness that itself makes the complexity necessary and functional.

The celebrated break on *A Night in Tunisia* shows Parker's intuitive sense of balance at its most complete: an alternation of tensions and releases so rapid, terse, and complete that it may seem to condense all of his best work into one melodic leap of four bars. On this occasion Parker was out to "get" his friend and rival, Gillespie, and Gillespie was playing as if he were not to be got, and this personal element influences the esthetics of the music, sometimes not ideally. There was, at times, an edge to Parker's tone and occasionally even a gratuitous showiness in his notes.

Charlie Parker was a fundamental and natural blues man. And without counting, one might guess that perhaps 40 percent of Parker's recordings were blues. The best of them are reassessments, re-evaluations, and lyric expansions of traditional blues phrases and ideas. The classic example is probably *Parker's Mood* (Ed. note: see page 25 for a transcription of this performance), but there are dozens of others. And his "written" (more properly, memorized) blues melodies are also a valid introduction to his work.

On the first record date under his own name he produced two medium-tempo blues, both in the key of F. *Now's the Time* is an obviously traditional piece (so traditional that its basic riff later became a hit as *The Hucklebuck*) given an original twist by Parker in its last couple of bars. But *Billie's Bounce* is a strikingly original, continuous 12-bar melody in which phrases and fragments of phrases repeat and echo and organize the line and in which traditional riffs and ideas leap in and out, rephrased and reaccented, formed into something striking, fresh, and unequalled.

Writing was an aspect of playing to Parker. He contributed durable pieces, melody lines, to the jazz repertory. But likely as not, he contributed most of them simply by playing them on the spur of the moment.

Parker's best piece is *Confirmation*, an ingenious and delightful melody. For one thing, it is a continuous linear invention. Most pop songs and many jazz pieces that are in the song form have two parts: a main strain and a bridge (or release or middle), the main strain repeated twice before the bridge and once after it, exactly or almost exactly. *Confirmation*, however, skips along beautifully with no repeats, though with one highly effective echo phrase, until the last eight bars, and these are a kind of repeat in summary to finish the line. In addition, Parker uses the bridge not as an interruption or interlude that breaks up or contrasts with the flow of the piece, but as part of its continuously developing melody. *Confirmation*, unlike many other Parker pieces, was not predetermined by the chord sequence of a standard tune; its melody dictates one of its own.

ONE FRUSTRATION with Parker's recorded work is that although a lot of it is still available, the brilliant records made for the Dial label in 1946 and 1947 are only partly available and in a rather scattered and

...You'd be playing a Yamaha, too!

repetitious manner. If that were not so, and if the material were edited well, we could hear *Bird of Paradise* evolving from three takes of *All the Things You Are*, and we could hear those different variations an alternate takes of *Embraceable You*, *Scrapple from the Apple*, *Klactoveedsedstene*, *Dexterity*, *Moose the Mooch*, and the other tunes he recorded for Dial.

From the Dial catalog there was a far better take of *Quasimodo* than the one now generally available, but the leaping solo on *Crazeology* tells as much as any single performance about the ease with which Parker handled harmony, rhythm, and line.

Klactoveedsedstene would be a wonder if only for Max Roach's drumming, but it has a breath-stopping Parker solo in the second chorus that at first seems built ambiguously and vaguely around a bass line until he slides neatly into the bridge. From that point, he builds form in his chorus, partly by increasing complexity, but soon what previously had seemed careless, disparate fragments of melody now take their place in a firm, logically developed line. (Ed. note: for a transcription of this solo, see Don Heckman's article *Bird in Flight*, beginning on page 22.)

There is one set available that presents the final "takes" of four pieces from a highly productive Dial recording date. There is *Moose the Mooch*, not only memorable for its writing but also for Parker's bridge in the first chorus, which seems to dangle polytonally between two keys. There is the more tender Parker of *Yardbird Suite*, lyric in both the theme and in his improvisation. There is the famous fourth take of *Ornithology*, superb in its rhythmic ingenuity and in its alternation of long/short/long/short phrases with some rests in between. There is *A Night in Tunisia* with its famous break and again, the spontaneity with which Parker juggles tension and release, complexity and simplicity.

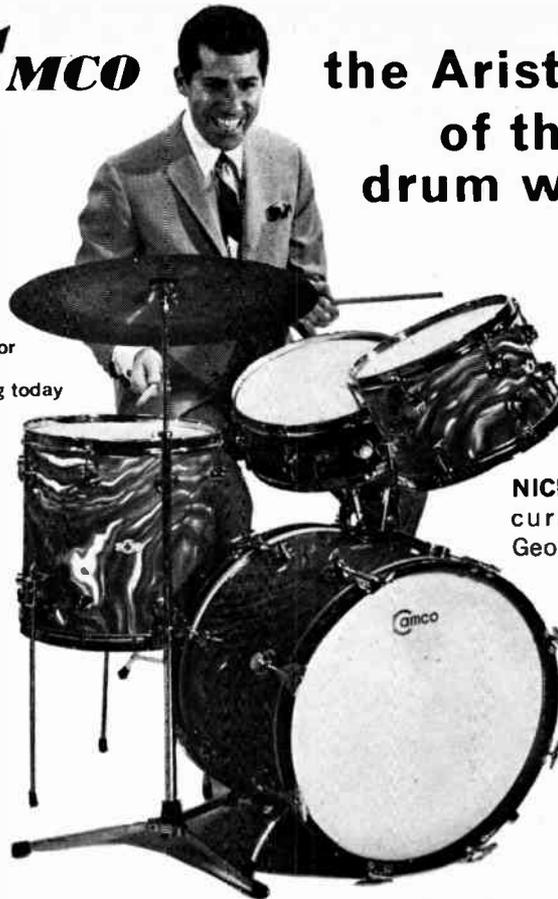
There is a different Parker on each of these pieces; he played on each in a manner he evidently considered appropriate to the piece at hand, a mark of artistic discipline.

The group that made Parker's 1947 records was, at least in its raw materials, a fine collection of foils and counterfoils to the altoist.

The talent of a then still developing and sometimes faltering Miles Davis, was, in its detached lyricism, sonority, and lack of obvious bravura effects, an excellent contrast. What is perhaps more important is that in a growing capacity for asymmetry and displacement, Davis was able to carry and refine a part of Parker's rhythmic

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message in a unique manner, almost opposite from Dizzy Gillespie's virtuoso approach. Pianist Duke Jordan was a balanced melodic player. Bud Powell or John Lewis replace him on some of the Savoy records from the same period, and with the former at least, the whole group quality changes; Powell's ideas, his touch, and his strong emotion are perhaps too much like Parker's.

Drummer Roach was at the peak of his early career in the mid-'40s. He could *play* the rhythms that Parker used and implied, and he knew exactly when and how to break up his basic pulse to complement what the soloists were doing.

Surely one of the most interesting documents in jazz is the Savoy LP that preserves all the recorded material from the 1945 record date that produced *Koko* and the two blues already mentioned, *Now's the Time* and *Billie's Bounce*.

It might be enough just to hear the various performances gradually shape and reshape themselves (there are still dubious listings of personnel shifts—could Dizzy Gillespie really be playing all that piano on *Meandering?*), but the session was one of Parker's best, and its climax was *Koko*.

Koko, based on the chords of *Cherokee*, may seem only a fast-tempo showpiece at first, but it is not. It is a precise linear improvisation of exceptional melodic content. It is also an almost perfect example of virtuosity and economy. Following a pause, notes fall over and between this beat and that beat—sundering them, removing from them any vestige of monotony—rests fall where heavy beats once came, and heavy beats come between beats and on weak beats.

The *Koko* solo has been a source book of ideas for 20 years, and no wonder; now that its basic innovations are more familiar, it seems even more a great performance in itself. And I know of no other Parker solo that shows how basic and brilliant were Parker's rhythmic innovations, nor at the same time how intrinsically they were bound to his sense of melody.

Parker's career on records after 1948 is a wondrous, a frustrating, and finally a pathetic thing.

It was perhaps in some search for larger form, beyond soloist's form, and for refuge from the awful dependency on the inspiration of the moment (as well as a half-willing search for popular success) that he took on the mere *format* of strings, the doo-wah vocal groups, the Latin percussive gimmicks. What a perver-

sion of "success" to place a major jazzman in such settings—whatever he thought about them or would admit feeling about them.

There is an arrangement of *What Is This Thing Called Love?* with strings, whose triteness is gross indeed, yet Parker plays brilliantly on it (as he usually did on that piece and on its jazz variant, *Hot House*, by Tadd Dameron)—in effect, he was a great creative musician successfully battling musical pleasantries. Then there is a *Just Friends*, with strings, that is the only one of his records he admitted liking, and an *In the Still of the Night* on which he shimmers and slithers around tritely conceived group singing like a great dancer in front of a chorus doing simple time-steps.

The Latin percussion gimmickry is not as bad, and on *Mongo Monque* Parker adjusts his own phrasing admirably, but to what end? One cannot hear Dizzy Gillespie improvise without realizing that his phrasing often depends on his experience in rumba bands, but Parker's is always a development of jazz and jazz rhythms. It was natural for Gillespie to use congaist Chano Pozo as a second drummer, but for Parker such things remain an extrinsic effect, however well he adapted himself.

What remains otherwise from those years is often an expansive and expanding excellence.

One cannot hear the fluent sureness of *Chi Chi*, the easy conservatism of *Swedish Schnapps*, the developed virtuosity of *She Rote* without knowing that a major talent is extending and perfecting his language. And there is the excitement of *Bloomdido* and *Mohawk* on the "reunion" recordings with Gillespie. (But on several of these personal successes, what a careless misunderstanding of Parker's music it was to involve him with a rhythmically inappropriate drummer like Buddy Rich!)

By this time, a high virtuosity of short notes and intricate rhythms was a finely developed and natural vehicle for Parker.

Perhaps invention sometimes came too easily to Parker or perhaps he was beset by its constancy. Perhaps, on the other hand, he did rely too completely on the intuitive impulse of the moment; it was his strong point, and he, therefore, may have come to believe it was his only point. Perhaps, when he could blow down nearly everyone else just by standing up and playing, he admitted to hearing no call to any other kind of challenge and was thereby persuaded to take on the spurious challenge of flirting with popularity and standing

in front of those strings. In his dependency, night after night, on the inspiration of the act of playing itself, he may have given himself the kind of challenge that no man of sensitivity could carry without inviting disaster.

Or perhaps Parker the man might have learned from the liberation with order and proportion that can be heard in Parker the musician.

DISCOGRAPHY

Charlie Parker's *Lady, Be Good* solo was a part of *Jazz* at the Philharmonic's *New Vol. 1*, last available on Verve 8002. It was also included in the three-LP album *The Charlie Parker Story* (Verve 8100-3), recently deleted from the catalog, but still available in some shops; that set was a cross section of Parker's work belonging to Verve and had the *What Is This Thing Called Love?* with strings.

From the Parker recordings for Dial, Charlie Parker Records 407 has *Moose the Mooch*, *Yardbird Suite*, *Ornithology*, *A Night in Tunisia*, *Bird of Paradise*, *Embraceable You*, *Scrapple from the Apple*. Roost 2210 has *Embraceable You*, *Dewey Square*, *Scrapple from the Apple*, *Crazeology*, *Klactoveedsedstene*. Two albums on Baronet have Dial recordings by Parker, Baronet 105 and 107.

The historic Gillespie-Parker quintets and sextets are on Savoy MG-12020 (except for *Shaw 'Nuff*, which was somehow not included). And the Gillespie and Parker Carnegie Hall concert, including *A Night in Tunisia* and *Confirmation*, is on Roost 2234.

There are five volumes of the original Parker series on Savoy in print. The entire *Billie's Bounce-Now's the Time-Koko* date is on 12079. Vol. 1 (12000) has a take of *Parker's Mood*. Savoy 12001 has some 1944 solos, plus some of the Parker recordings on tenor. The remaining two takes of *Parker's Mood* are on 12009. The final set is Savoy 12014. In general, the Savoy series usually has Miles Davis, Tommy Potter, and Max Roach; the pianist is either Duke Jordan, John Lewis, or Bud Powell.

From the *Genius of Charlie Parker* series on Verve, Vol. 2 (8004) is the with-strings set and includes *Just Friends*. Vol. 3 is a collection of quartets, and includes *Chi Chi* and a version of *Confirmation* (8005). Vol. 4 (8006) is the reunion with Gillespie, with Monk on piano, and includes *Bloomdido*, *Mohawk*, and *Melancholy Baby*. Vol. 7 (8009) has *In the Still of the Night*, *Cardboard*, *Visa*, and *Passport*. Vol. 8 (8010) has *Swedish Schnapps*, *Lover Man*, and *She Rote*.



AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

Workman, bass, and Albert Heath, drums) took over.

Pianists **Randy Weston**, **Ray Bryant**, and **Nadi Qamar** and clarinetist **Louis Brown** and their groups performed Feb. 6 in honor of the Hartford, Conn., Jazz Society at another new home for jazz, the International Studio on W. 28th St. Weston and his quintet (**Frank Haynes**, tenor saxophone; **Bill Wood**, bass; **Lennie McBrowne**, drums; and **Big Black**, conga) also gave a series of free concerts in New York City during Negro History Week (Feb. 7-14) and performed at two recent worship services with the Rev. **John Gensel**, at Bernardsville, N.J., Jan. 3 and at Convent Ave. Baptist Church in Harlem Feb. 2 . . . Composer-clarinetist-saxophonist **Ed Summerlin** also has combined jazz and religion in recent months, premiering his *Holy Night* for clarinet and reader on Christmas Eve in Pleasant Valley Methodist Church; lecturing on jazz and introducing three new hymns at Wappinger Falls, N.Y., Jan. 10; and performing with his *Improvisational Jazz Workshop* (co-led with alto saxophonist **Don Heckman**) Feb. 15 at Central Presbyterian Church on Park Ave. Summerlin's setting for the Wesley Order for Morning Prayer will be given a repeat performance at the University of South Florida in Tampa in March. It was first performed there last July . . . A piano-workshop concert, put together by **George Wein**, is to be heard at Hunter College auditorium Feb. 26. Inspired by last summer's Newport Jazz Festival piano afternoon, the program will feature such varied keyboard stylists as **Willie (The Lion) Smith**, **Teddy Wilson**, **Thelonious Monk**, **Jaki Byard**, **Herbie Hancock**, **Wynton Kelly**, and **Billy Taylor** (who will double as narrator). Taylor has also been named to the new board of directors for the Newport festival, which includes jazz authority **John Hammond**; the National Academy for the Recording Arts and Sciences president and Atlantic records vice president, **Nesuhi Ertegun**; the Rev. **Norman O'Connor**, C.S.J.; and attorney **Charles McWhorter** . . . Tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins** opened at the Five Spot early this month; **Jaki Byard** plays solo piano opposite Hawkins' group . . . Pianist **Erroll Garner** was seen on CBS-TV's *American Musical Theater* Jan. 30 . . . Arranger-composer **Quincy Jones** is writing the score for an upcoming **Gregory Peck** film, *Mirage* . . . Drummer **Frankie Dunlop** and his partner, dancer **Maletta**, presented their jazz pantomime specialty at the YMCA's Sloane House Jan. 20 . . . Alto saxophonist **Lennie Hambro** is now a booking agent for the Willard Alexander Agency . . . Blues singer and one-man band **Jesse Fuller** begins a British tour Feb. 27 . . . Vibraharpist-pianist **Victor Feldman** is the current visiting fireman at London's **Ronnie Scott Club** . . . Scott's club now has competition from the Cool Elephant, London's newest jazz spa. **Johnny Dankworth's** sextet is the house band. The Elephant books jazz

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conducted by RAYBURN WRIGHT, chief arranger of the Radio City Music Hall and well known editor of stage band materials.

HOW TO APPLY:

In support of your application you will be required to submit a score or recording of one of your arrangements, plus the following information:

- A detailed resume of your musical training and arranging experience.
- The titles and instrumentation of arrangements you have scored.

SCHOLARSHIP NO. 2:

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Two credit hours

Music Education 230 conducted by GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C., noted educator, author, and Down Beat columnist. Composition 228. conducted by RAYBURN WRIGHT

HOW TO APPLY:

In support of your application you will be required to submit the following information.

- A detailed resume of your musical training.
- A detailed resume of your present instrumental music program.
- An explanation of the ultimate goals you are striving for in your instrumental music program and how you feel a stage band will contribute.

ALL APPLICANTS must submit a signed statement from a school administrator verifying employment in an accredited school. A single application may be made for both scholarship programs providing all of the required materials for both scholarships are submitted.

**ALL APPLICATIONS MUST BE RECEIVED BY JUNE 1.
APPLY TO: DOWN BEAT MUSIC SCHOLARSHIPS,
205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606.**

and near-jazz singers, such as **June Christy**, who was first up at the club . . . The **Glenn Miller Band**, under **Ray McKinley's** direction, is to start a three-week tour of Japan March 23 . . . Drummer **Don Lamond** was in the group accompanying singer **Pat Boone** on his Japanese trip in January.

BOSTON: Tenor saxophonist **Sal Nistico's** new sextet, which opens at **Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike** March 15, will feature three Bostonians, altoist **Jimmy Mosher**, trumpeter **Paul Fontaine**, and bassist **John Neves**. **Springfield, Mass.**, drummer **Eddie Marshall** also will join the group. At presstime **Nistico** had not decided who

the pianist would be . . . The **Saxony**, a Boston lounge that for years provided a showcase for some of Boston's swingingest trios, has dropped live music in favor of a discotheque . . . **Herbie Mann's** new nine-man group opens at the **Jazz Workshop** March 22 . . . **Pio's Lodge** in North Providence, R.I., recently featured the group of **Cannonball Adderley**, who closed there Feb. 21. **Dizzy Gillespie** is scheduled for a May engagement.

PHILADELPHIA: The **Show Boat**, closed during the last two months for alterations, reopens in March with **Mose Allison**, while **Pep's**, shuttered as usual for most of January, reopened late

in the month with **Yusef Lateef**. A solid schedule of top names was booked to follow **Lateef** into the room. Included are guitarist **Wes Montgomery**, saxophonist **John Coltrane**, reed man **Roland Kirk**, singer **Lloyd Price** with **Slide Hampton's** band, percussionist **Mongo Santamaria**, and pianist **Horace Silver** . . . **Sonny Forrest**, former **Ray Charles** guitarist, backed jazz bagpist **Rufus Harley** for his two-week stint at the **Cadillac Show-Bar**. Also featured were trumpeter **Marcus Belgrave** and organist **Joe Whelan**.

CHICAGO: Tenorist **Dexter Gordon** was held over at **McKie's** and worked with trumpeter-fluegelhornist **Clark Terry** during **Terry's** two-weeker at the club early this month . . . Trumpeter **Bill Dixon** was in town recently. He was attempting to set up bookings for avant-garde jazzmen at local colleges . . . Vocalist **Lurlean Hunter** was a feature of the **Le Bistro** during the first part of February . . . Harpsichordist **John White**, a professor of musicology at **Indiana University**, gave a lecture-demonstration on jazz and baroque music Feb. 3 at **Northern Illinois University's** second annual **Festival of Music and Art**. The school is located in nearby **DeKalb** . . . The **Roosevelt University Jazz Lab Band** will give a concert at the university's **Ganz Hall** Feb. 25. The band, under the direction of **S. Lane Emery**, has scheduled another concert in the hall on **May 27** . . . The **Joe Daley Trio** gave a well-received concert Feb. 19 at the main branch of the **Chicago Public Library** . . . Trombonist **Georg Brunis** and trumpeter **Nappy Trottier** have been working on the showboat **Sari-S** . . . The **Playboy Club** now features its house trios in nightly jazz sessions. The groups of pianists **Willie Pickens**, **Joe Iaco**, and **Gene Esposito** have been the most recent participants.

DETROIT: **Jack Brokensha** opened at **Momo's** Jan. 21 with **Terry Bernhard**, piano; **Jay Dana**, bass; and **Dick Reardon**, drums . . . At presstime the **Unstabled Theater** had not yet resumed its jazz operation. Owner **Edith Canter** encountered difficulties getting her license transferred but expected to open by late February. The theater half of the operation opened as scheduled . . . Pianist **Carolyn Atzel** and bassist **Lewis Reed** are at the **S-Quire Lounge**, located at **Greenfield and Schoolcraft**. It is the first jazz booking for the club . . . **Wayne State University** sponsored a successful jazz concert in January. Featured were the **Russ Mulholland Sextet**, the **Martin/David Quartet**, and the 16-piece **WSU Jazz Lab Band**. All participants are students at **Wayne** . . . Trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard's** quintet (**James Spaulding**, alto saxophone, flute; **Harold Mabern**, piano; **Larry Ridley**, bass; and **Hugh Walker**, drums) played 10 days at the **Drome Lounge** in late January. **Detroit** **Johnny Griffith** filled in for **Mabern** the first two nights. **Hubbard** was followed by organist **Richard (Groove) Holmes' trio** . . . Plans to expand the **Artists' Workshop's** operation are now being completed.

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The workshop will sponsor a weekly series of concerts, film screenings, readings, art exhibitions, and the like, at the Retort, a coffee house at 8841 Woodward that has presented local and nationally known folk singers for the last three years. The Retort will now have the workshop's two house bands, the **Detroit Contemporary 5** (Charles Moore, cornet; Larry Nozero, tenor saxophone; Brent Majors, soprano saxophone; John Dana, bass; and Danny Spencer, drums) and the **Workshop Arts Quintet** (Pierre Rochon, trumpet; Bob McDonald, piano; Patrick LaNier, trombone; Frank Vojcek, bass; and Ron Johnson, drums), alternating on the stand Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights. Other plans include the formation of the **Workshop Music Ensemble**, a large group under the direction of organist Lyman Woodard . . . The DC5 joined the Workshop Arts Quintet and a number of Michigan State University groups for the MSU Union Board jazz concert Feb. 16.

CLEVELAND: Organist Jimmy McGriff's quartet was featured recently at Leo's Casino, where Nina Simone and her group are scheduled for the last week in February . . . The Corner Tavern featured a show led by singer Lloyd Price, with vocalist Erma Franklin and the Slide Hampton band for two weeks of SRO crowds. Trombonist-arranger Hampton also soloed on upright euphonium . . . The Don Shirley Trio is scheduled to appear with actress Viveca Lindfors in *An Evening with Brecht* at John Carroll Uni-

versity March 20 . . . The Theatrical Grill has been presenting a Dixie-mainstream *Who's Who* lately, with Henry (Red) Allen, Billy Maxted, Roy Liberto, Jonah Jones, and Jimmy and Marian McPartland. Teddy Wilson is to appear with his trio for two weeks ending March 6 at the downtown restaurant-nitery . . . Helen Merrill was scheduled to sing at the Virginian Restaurant in suburban Shaker Heights for two weeks . . . The trio of vibist Ronnie Bush and guitarist Bob Fraser is back with its subtle jazz sounds at the Squeeze Room in Lakewood.

INDIANAPOLIS: The Cactus Club is featuring tenorist Pookie Johnson's quartet, with Earman Hubbard (trumpeter Freddie Hubbard's brother), piano; Harold Gooch, bass; and Fran Collins, drums . . . Cellist Dave Baker gave a January concert at the Indianapolis Public Library. In the group were Dave Lahm, piano; Al Reeves, bass; and Willis Kirk, drums. Sally Waring sang.

LOUISVILLE: The city's newest lounge, Mica's, is featuring the Trademarks (Dave Klingman, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Jack Brengle, guitar; and Gene Klingman, bass) . . . Radio station WINN jazz disc jockey Lee Johns, who took a rest from her nightly show, returned last month with weekend jazz shows . . . FM station WLRS, with Mal Stephens at the helm, has been featuring jazz on part of the *Moods till Midnight* show.

MIAMI: Singer Carmen McRae began a 10-day stand at Le Bistro on Feb. 19. Featured in addition to the vocalist are Luis Varona's Latin-jazz group, Gospel Jazz Train, and the Buddy Lewis Quintet . . . Tony Castellano moves his trio to Sam Parisi's on March 3 to replace the jazz-rock group of Greg Manago . . . The Playboy Club has been featuring the Garneresque piano of Bill Rico . . . Trumpeter Don Goldie appeared on a program dedicated to his music over educational station WTHS-TV. The locally-produced program dealt with his musical experiences and featured a wide selection of his playing. The trumpeter currently is working an extended engagement in the Dutch West Indies . . . Plans are in the making for Don Vincent to write a number of jazz compositions that will feature trumpeter-saxophonist Ira Sullivan and reed man Charlie Austin. The music will be presented in a number of local concerts.

DALLAS: Henry Mancini recently conducted the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, which was augmented by drummer Paul Guerrero, trumpeter Bob Farrar, alto saxophonist Harvey Anderson, and tenor saxophonist Tom Hall, before an audience of 10,000 at the Memorial Auditorium . . . Louis Jordan and His Tympany 5 packed Nero's Nook for two weeks . . . Saxophonist Sonny Stitt played a recent one-nighter at Louanns. Saxophonist Hank Crawford and his band will ap-

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pear there March 7 . . . Blue Monday sessions have been instituted at Club Savoy. Tenor saxophonist **Billy Harper** from North Texas State University's Lab Band has been featured . . . Trumpeter-conductor **George CHERB** is rehearsing a big band on alternate Sundays at the Squires Club . . . **Dizzy Gillespie** comes to Houston on March 1 for a week's engagement at the Tidelands.

LAS VEGAS: The recent charity concert for the American Cancer Society presented by **Steve Perlow** at the Flamingo Hotel was a success both musically and financially. Trombonist **Charlie Loper** wrote arrangements for both the nonet and big band. Some highlights of the concert were provided by vibist **Tommy Vig**, trombonists **Carl Fontana** and **Bill Harris**, and vocalist **Letty Luce** . . . Eighteen-year-old tenor saxophonist **Kenny Sterns** is creating quite a stir among local musicians with his group made up of **Allan Isquith**, trumpet; **Stan Stahl**, trombone; **Paul Kardos**, alto saxophone; and **Bobby Haney**, drums, piano . . . Bassist **Bob Shorts** was injured in an automobile accident recently but is recovering satisfactorily . . . The Black Magic is becoming one of the most swinging clubs in town. Besides the Sunday night jam sessions headed by **Rick Davis**, tenor saxophonist **Billy Tolles** now has his quartet in on a six-night basis . . . Trumpeter **Charlie Teagarden** has replaced **Henry (Hot Lips) Levine** in **Louis Elias'** relief band. Levine left to take a band into the Tally Ho Hotel.

LOS ANGELES: **Gil Fuller** composed a special work for **Dizzy Gillespie** to perform as featured soloist at the second concert of the Neophonic Orchestra, which **Stan Kenton** directed at the Music Center here Feb. 1. Fuller, a long-time associate of the trumpeter, wrote for Kenton in 1955. **Buddy DeFranco** is sketching a work for performance at the orchestra's third concert at the center March 1. The work will be written to feature bass clarinet . . . **Nancy Wilson**, accompanied by husband **Kenny Dennis'** trio and **Jimmy Henderson's** 27-piecer, was the star at the annual Directors Guild of America awards dinner Feb. 6 . . . The **Stan Getz** Quartet was a feature of *Concerts at the Sea* Feb. 20 at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. Getz was the sole jazz attraction in the five-concert series, which concentrates on folk groups and singers . . . The **King Sisters'** weekly program on ABC-TV has **Mitch Ayers** directing the **Alvino Rey** Band that, in turn, has **Skeets Herfurt** and **Jack Nimitz** in the reed section . . . Singer **Nancy Wilson** made her acting debut in a recently seen segment of television's *Burke's Law*. The show was telecast Feb. 3.

SAN FRANCISCO: **Harry James** canceled his Tin Pan Alley engagement. The club's owner, **Bernie Kahn**, reported that James had to undergo oral surgery and that the trumpeter would play the club in April . . . The "Nelson Riddle Orchestra" that was heralded to play the

Hyatt Music Theater in Burlingame, 20 miles south of here, as part of the **Ella Fitzgerald** show's six-day run consisted of lead trumpeter **Shorty Sherock** from Los Angeles and 12 San Francisco reed and brass men, plus Miss Fitzgerald's group (trumpeter **Roy Eldridge**, pianist **Tommy Flanagan**, bassist **Keter Betts**, and drummer **Gus Johnson**). Even the Fitzgerald group couldn't save the half-hour instrumental band set (mainly of movie and TV themes) from dullness. During their stay in this area, Miss Fitzgerald, her quartet, the **Oscar Peterson Trio**, and the orchestra led by **Riddle** played a benefit concert in behalf of the California Council for Retarded Children . . . **Eldon Mills**, 45, a Berkeley accountant and jazz patron, died Jan. 22 of cancer. During the last six years Mills' home was the site of scores of 3 a.m. breakfasts at which visiting jazzmen were guests. Mills also provided shelter and food for many local musicians when they were down on their luck.

RECORD NOTES: *Limelight*, going hot and heavy, has signed pianist **Les McCann**, vocalist **Jon Hendricks**, trombonist **Curtis Fuller**, and pianist **McCoy Tyner**. The label also will issue reed artist **Erie Dolphy's** last date, made in June, 1964, in Europe . . . Tenorists **Sonny Stitt** and **Zoot Sims** recorded together for Argo while they were working tandem at Chicago's *Plugged Nickel*. The two were backed on the recording by the **John Young** trio.

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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

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalfe, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
Au Go Go: Sessions, Sat.
Basin Street: Peggy Lee, 3/1-31. Ram Ramirez hb.
Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn): Jonah Jones to 3/8. Dorothy Donegan, 3/9-31.
Broken Drum: Wilbur DeParis, tfn. Eddie Wilcox, Sun.
Charlie Bate's: Stan Levine, Sun.
Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, tfn.
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): Jazz, wknds. Sessions, Mon.
Duplex: Raymond Johnson, tfn.
Eddie Condon's: Eddie Condon to 3/6.
Five Spot: Coleman Hawkins, Jaki Byard, tfn.
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wetling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
Gordian Knot: Dave Frishberg, Carmen Leggio, tfn.
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, John Bunch, tfn.
Kirby Stone Fourum: Joe Mooney, tfn.
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Sonny Dallas, tfn. Lee Konitz, Sun.
Metropole: Gene Krupa to 3/5. Henry (Red) Allen, hb.
New Colony Inn: Howard Reynolds, tfn.
Open End: Scott Murray, Duke Jordan, Slam Stewart, tfn.
Page Three: Wolfgang Knittel, hb. Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.
Playboy Club: Les Spann, Milt Sealy, Walter Norris, Mike Longo, Monty Alexander, tfn.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn.
Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, tfn.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
Village Gate: Nina Simone, Hugh Masakela, 3/16-4/7.
Village Vanguard: Ornette Coleman, tfn.
VIP Room (Roslyn): Lee Shaw, Ahmed Abdul-Malik, Stan Shaw, tfn.
Your Father's Moustache: Souls of Dixie, Sun.

BOSTON

Barn: 1200 Jazz Quartet, Mon.
Beachcomber (Wollaston Beach): Ken Wenzel, tfn.
Chez Freddie: Maggie Scott-Eddie Stone, tfn.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Sal Salvador to 2/28. Herb Pomeroy, 3/1-7. John Coltrane, 3/8-14. Andrew Hill, 3/15-21. Herbie Mann, 3/22-28. Muddy Waters, 4/5-11.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Blue Mitchell-Junior Cook to 2/28. Randy Weston, 3/1-6. George Barnes-Carl Kress, 3/7. Earl Bostic, 3/8-14. Sal Nistico, 3/15-21. Benny Golson, 3/22-28. Zoot Sims-Al Cohn, 4/5-11.
Logan International Airport Hotel: Dave Stuart-Tony Eira, tfn.
Through the Looking Glass: Clarence Jackson, Dick Johnson, tfn.

PHILADELPHIA

Club Cadillac: Terri Thornton to 2/27. Jazz Crusaders, 3/22-27.
Cellar (Levittown): Chuck Wicker-John Mack-Kirk Nurock, Sun. afternoon.
Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Tony DeNicola-Johnny Ellis, tfn.
Drake Hotel: Joe Derise, tfn.
George Washington Motel (Valley Forge): Beryl Booker, tfn.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer, tfn.
Latin Casino: Nancy Wilson to 3/7.
Maitre D: Johnny April, tfn.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, hb.
Pep's: Cannonball Adderley to 2/27. Lloyd Price-Slide Hampton, 3/1-6. Mongo Santamaria, 3/8-15. Horace Silver, 3/15-20.
Pilgrim Gardens Lounge: Good Time Six, tfn.
Saxony East: DeLloyd McKay, tfn.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Tony D'Angelo, tfn.
Bayou: Eddie Diamond, hb.
Blues Alley: Tommy Gwaltney, tfn.
Bohemian Caverns: Jean Bonnano, Bobby Timmons, tfn.

Cafe Lounge: Ann Read, Billy Taylor Jr., tfn.
Charles Hotel: Kenny Fulcher-Slide Harris, Thur.-Sat.
Fireplace: Tommy Chase, Joyce Carr, tfn.
Place Where Louie Dwells: Shirley Horn, tfn.
Red Coach Inn: Charlie Schmeer, Keith Hodgson, tfn.
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, tfn.
Sixth House: Jerome Hopkins, tfn.
Stouffer's: John Eaton, tfn.

CHICAGO

Big John's: Paul Butterfield, Wed., wknds.
Bourbon Street: Dukes of Dixieland, tfn.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington, Thur.
London House: Erroll Garner, to 2/28. Neil Wolfe, 3/2-21. Cannonball Adderley, 3/23-4/11.
Ramsey Lewis, 4/13-5/2. Peter Nero, 5/25-6/13. Eddie Higgins, Paul Serrano, hb.
McKie's: Jack McDuff to 2/28.
Midus Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
Outhaus: Sandy Mosse, Wed., Sun.
Pepper's Lounge: Muddy Waters, wknds.
Playboy: Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Roland Kirk, 3/2-13. Mose Allison, 3/17-21. John Coltrane, 4/7-18.
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.
Velvet Swing: Harvey Lowen, tfn.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Artists' Workshop: free concerts, Sun. afternoon. Detroit Contemporary 5, Workshop Arts Quintet, hbs.
Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanston, tfn.
Boyne Highlands (Harbor Springs): Larry Wojcek, tfn.
Brass Rail: Armand Grenada, tfn.
Bruce's Lounge: Ron DePalma, Sun.-Mon. Don Robins, Fri.-Sat.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, tfn.
Caucus Club: Howard Lucas, tfn.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Dave Vandepitt, afterhours, Mon.-Thur. Mel Ball, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Chit Chat: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, Tue. Don Davis, Thur.-Sun.
Drome Bar: Jazz Crusaders, 3/5-14. Roland Kirk, 3/19-28.
Falcon Bar (Ann Arbor): Max Wood, Mon., Wed., Sat. George Overstreet, Tue., Thur.-Fri., Sun.
Fat Black Pussycat (Lansing): John Hammond, 3/7-21. Ron English, 3/23-28. Josh White Jr., 3/31-4/5.
Frolie Bar: Norman Dillard, tfn.
1/2 Pint's: Keith Vreeland, Thur.-Sat.
Hobby Bar: Jimmy Johnson, Fri.-Sun.
Jim's Office Lounge (Jackson): Benny Poole, tfn.
Larry's Bar (Saginaw): Kent Wilson, tfn.
LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.
Linford Bar: Emmet Slay, tfn.
Mermaid's Cave: King Bartel, tfn.
Mr. B's (Lansing): Danny Pallack, tfn.
Momo's: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
Odom's Cave: Bill Hyde, Fri.-Sun.
Office Lounge (Flint): sessions, Sun. Sherman Mitchell, hb.
Page's: Frank Morelli, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Vince Mance, Booboo Turner, Matt Michaels, hbs.
Retort: Detroit Contemporary 5, Workshop Arts Quintet, Mon.-Wed.
Rouge Lounge (River Rouge): sessions, Sun.
Scotch & Siroin: Jo Thompson, tfn.
Sports Bar (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, tfn.
S-Quire: Carolyn Atzel-Lewis Reed, tfn.
Unstable Theater: Detroit Contemporary 5, Wed. Detroit Jazz Quintet, hb., afterhours sessions, Fri.-Sat. Jack Springer, Sun.
Village Gate: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, wknds.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd, tfn.

CLEVELAND

Brothers: Dave O'Rourke, wknds.
Capri: Jesters, tfn. Angel Sanchez, Mon.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.
Club 100: Rudy Johnson-Dick Gale, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Corner Tavern: Jose Harper, tfn.
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro, tfn. Johnny Trush, wknds.
Esquire: Eddie Baccus-Lester Sykes, tfn. Ses-

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Masiello's: Nightcaps, wknds.
Monticello: Ted Paaker-George Quittner, wknds.
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Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb.
Shakey's Pizza (North Olmstead): various Dixieland groups, tfn.
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Roy Valente, Sun., Wed.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy, hb.
Tangiers: Leon Stevenson-Melvin Jones, Vicky Kelly, wknds.
Theatrical Grill: Teddy Wilson to 3/6.

ST. LOUIS

Black Horse: Jean Trevor, Sam Malone, tfn.
Blue Note (East St. Louis): Leo's Five, tfn.
Bustles & Bows: St. Louis Ragtimers, tfn.
Kings Bros. Motel: Eddy Johnson, hb.
Kings Lounge: Tony Connors, hb. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
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Silver Dollar: Muggsy Sprecher, hb.
Sorrento's: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat.
Tiger's Den: Sammy Gardner, hb.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: Johnny Lucas, Fri.-Sat.
Beverly Hilton Hotel (Rendezvous Room): Calvin Jackson, Al McKibbin, tfn.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Max Bennett, Nick Martinis, Sun.-Mon.
Club Havana: Rene Bloch, hb.
Esquire Theater: Gene Russell, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Ben Rozet, Vic Mio, tfn.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): Jack Langlos, The Saints, Fri.-Sat.
Hi-Paisano Club (Lawndale): Astronuts, Frank Rio, Steve King, wknds.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel (Golden Eagle Room): Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Hour Glass: Karl Baptiste, tfn.
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy's Dixieland Band, hb.
International Hotel (International Airport): Kirk Stuart, tfn.
It Club: Various groups, Sun. morning sessions.
Jazzville (San Diego): Jimmy Smith, 3/12-14.
Larry Galloway, hb.
Jim's Roaring '20s Wonderbowl (Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Howard Rumsey.
Memory Lane: Gerald Wiggins, tfn.
Marty's: William Green, tfn.
Norm's Green-Lake Steak House (Pasadena): Joyce Collins, Monty Budwig, Mon.-Tue.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, tfn. Jerry Wright, tfn.
Red Chimney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Pete Berghofer, Nick Martinis, Thur.-Sat.
Reuben E. Lee Riverboat (Newport Beach): Jackie Coon, hb.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri.-Sat.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Gene Russell.
Rusty Rooster (Bell Flower): Joe Swift, Direct Liners, hb.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Brazil 65 to 2/28. Oscar Peterson, 3/4-14. Victor Feldman, Mike Melvoin, Mon.
Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Jimmy Smith to 3/9. Modern Jazz Quartet, 3/10-20.
China Doll: Fred Washington, tfn.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, hb.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Joe Bushkin to 3/6. Joao Gilberto, 3/8-27. Charlie Byrd, 3/29-4/10. Vince Guaraldi-Bola Sete, 4/12-tfn.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Stan Kenton alumni, Fri.-Sat.
hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders, Tommy Butler, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Lou Rawls to 2/28. Ramsey Lewis, 3/2-14. Gerry Mulligan, 3/16-28. Ahmad Jamal, 3/30-4/11.
Parker's Soulville: Dewey Redman, afterhours.
Pier 29: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
The Grand (Oakland): Jack Taylor, tfn.
Trident (Sausalito): Jon Hendricks to 2/28.
Denny Zeitlin, 3/22-28.

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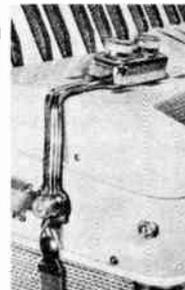
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