

APRIL 8, 1965

35c

# down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

## Ornette Coleman From The Heart

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CONTROVERSIAL  
AVANT-GARDE MUSICIAN,

By DAN MORGENSTERN

## Organ-ic Formation

THE BILL DAVIS STORY,  
By STANLEY DANCE

## Make My Getaway

THE ODYSSEY OF JIMMY  
RUSHING, By HELEN McNAMARA

## 'Experimentation' In Public: 2 Views —The Clubowner

By ART D'LUGOFF

## —The Artist

By MARJORIE HYAMS  
ERICSSON

## Commentary

## Reviews

## News

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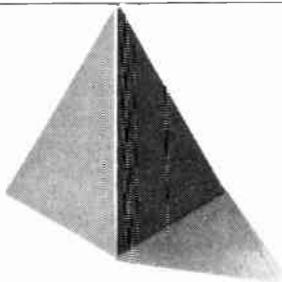
Howard Roberts has played with groups headed by Buddy DeFranco, Nancy Wilson, Shorty Rogers, Ray Charles, Peggy Lee, and Hank Mancini. Along the way he won a **Down Beat Magazine** “New Star” Award. His ability to improvise jazz guitar won him the spot as soloist to play the score of “The Deputy” starring Henry Fonda. On jazz guitar, Howard Roberts is funk and fire. His new Capitol albums, “This Is Howard Roberts, Color Him Funky,” and “H.R. is a Dirty Guitar Player” are exciting proof.

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April 8, 1965

Vol. 32, No. 8

# down beat

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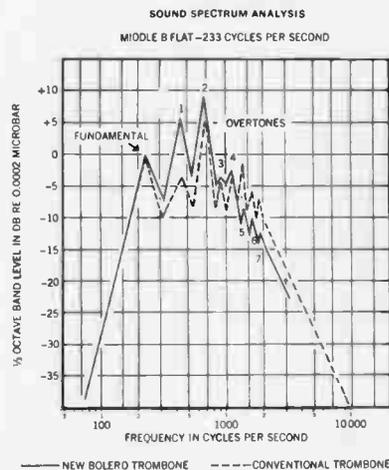


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# CHORDS & DISCORDS

A FORUM FOR READERS

## Cecil Taylor, Pt. I

Cecil Taylor's view on Bill Evans (*DB*, Feb. 25) sounds pretty much like sour grapes to me. You know, Evans is in, Taylor is out. This to me is easily understood. Just listen to Taylor's music. He not only lacks the knowledge of where it's at, that cat don't know what it is.

Chester W. Barrows  
El Paso, Texas

A "penetrating portrait" of Taylor only indicates to me that if Taylor can ever crawl out of the playpen of his psyche, he might attain to that elusive state known as manhood.

No man would allow himself to indulge in the sort of malodorous attack Taylor mounts against Bill Evans. If I recall correctly, the Evans' article was rather gentle in tone, and the ideas expressed were only Evans' approach to music—not a manifesto to the jazz scene at large. Taylor is the one who injects the word polemics into the conversation, accuses Evans of utilizing same, and then, in the deceitful method of the artful propagandist, employs the very weapon he reviles.

Through sheer survival, Taylor has proved his dedication to his music; thus he should have realized by now the conditions which prevail. He should also have accepted the fact of his decision and conduct himself accordingly.

I happen to like the music of the "new thinkers." What I dislike is being gratuitously served, along with the music, a large helping of mystico/philosophical tripe flavored by dashes of racism and overweening self-pity. It detracts seriously from the music, and if they need the security of group therapy, let them confine it to regions outside of the music hall—and the public eye altogether.

Robert O'Connor  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Cecil Taylor is amusing.

Michael L. Sugg  
Eugene, Ore.

Taylor's evaluation of Bill Evans is undoubtedly the most bizarre and inaccurate comment I have ever read about Evans.

Taylor implies strongly by his negative viewpoint that Crow Jim is sounding its bleak dissonances within his private unconscious; we would expect more from a lesser pretender to the leadership of the so-called avant garde. After all, Taylor's eclectic sense of musical direction and continuity is fastidious enough to endorse the redoubtable influence of Milt Buckner.

John Pollard  
New Haven, Conn.

## Cecil Taylor, Pt. II

I am writing this to counterbalance the mail *DB* will receive against Cecil Taylor. The article by Hentoff, the interview, was worth a whole year's subscription. It was the most exciting thing I have read in a

magazine in a long time.

The way Taylor discussed freedom was magnificent, and it is a shame that most people will gloss over it and look for holes in his other arguments because they are fans of Bill Evans. Taylor is the first jazzman I've read about in *DB* who appears to have really thought carefully about this matter. The "ordering of music" is a great idea.

Joseph A. Burke  
Haverford, Pa.

Kudos to Nat Hentoff for his article on Cecil Taylor, a too-often ignored musician whose work may still be avant garde but who is hardly new to the jazz scene. Taylor's comments on Bill Evans needed saying. It seems a shame that Evans does not work with more challenging material when working in the clubs, since he surely has demonstrated the ability.

However, Hentoff gives the impression that Taylor has made fewer recordings than he has. While all credit should be given Tom Wilson and Hentoff for their vision in recording him, there have been other albums as well.

To the best of my knowledge, Taylor's first work appeared on Wilson's Transition label, not only in *Jazz Advance* but also on the *Jazz in Transition* album. Wilson was also responsible for two United Artists albums, *Hard Driving Jazz* and *Love for Sale*. Verve released among its sets of albums from the 1957 Newport festival one which devoted a side to Taylor's group. Hentoff produced *Looking Ahead* for Contemporary and *The World of Cecil Taylor* for Candid. Taylor shares the *Into the Hot* album with John Carisi and has the *Montmartre* album on Fantasy. That makes six albums of his own, plus two half-albums and a sampler appearance.

We're fortunate that a few a&r men have always had the courage to record the less commercial and more deserving artists.

Ted White  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

## Recognition For Rod

I liked the spread on Rod Levitt (*DB*, Feb. 25), and I'm pleased to see that his talents are finally being recognized. Writer Don Heckman handled his document beautifully. Levitt's first album glows with originality and promises much to come.

Harvey L. Bilker  
New York City

## Word From The Rewrite Desk

Please bear with a few words in defense—or at least in explanation—of the "sloppy reporting" (*DB*, Feb. 11) by the undersigned guilty rewrite man in the story of the Palladium riot.

As a jazz fan for 30-odd years and a *Down Beat* reader for the same amount of time (once even the contributor of a guest editorial, circa 1945), I know the difference between jazz and rock and roll, or, anyway, my own idea of the difference, which also includes a wide divergence between jazz and bop, cool, progressive, neophonic, or whatever the hell else they call it at the moment.

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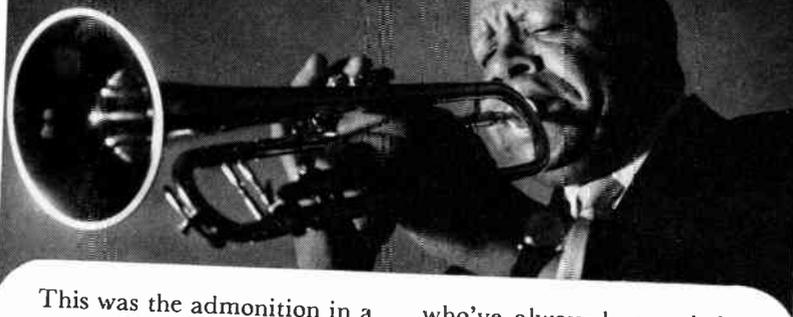
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*Mrs. Orval Allen  
Jim and Harriet Allen*

and when the story came to me 15 minutes before deadline I didn't have the time, space, or temerity to preach said own idea. After all, many rock-roll addicts call their music "jazz" too. (The decision for the headline writers was much simpler: rock & roll wouldn't fit in the headline.)

This explanation probably won't satisfy the jazzmen, and it doesn't satisfy me. I've thought of a dozen ways the story could have been better handled since turning it loose with regret and an accurate premonition of headaches to come.

Stan Leppard  
Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*

### A Reviewer's Defense

My review of Robert Gold's book, *A Jazz Lexicon* (*DB*, Oct. 8, 1964), having provoked so much discussion, I feel compelled to make some comments.

Nat Hentoff (*Second Chorus*, Feb. 25) has noticed a grudging attitude on my part in the review, echoing the temper of Gold's letter in the Nov. 5, 1964, issue. I maintained then, and I maintain now, that jazz slang is but a minor aspect of what Hentoff refers to as the gestalt of jazz life. A parallel in literature would be those academicians who, faced with the psychological insights and the swelling poetic lines of Shakespeare, set about cataloging Shakespeare's use of numbers or some other trivial phenomena.

Nevertheless, I admit to a personal bias that has possibly made the review more subjective than it should have been. I know too many people who try to show how hip they are by using jazz argot, and usually their knowledge of jazz runs in reverse proportion to the amount of argot they know (and Gold implies as much in his introduction).

Gold has complained that some of my criticism is not relevant, pointing to the concluding paragraphs. There is sloppy logic there. The prime matter for those really interested in jazz is the esthetic quality of the music; a secondary quality of importance is the significance in jazz in the current movement of the Negro toward proper freedom and dignity, and in my confusion in trying to reconcile a jazz lexicon with these things, I'm afraid the proper premise is neither stated nor implied.

Gilbert M. Erskine  
Evanston, Illinois

### Stitt, Diz, Pres—Nonpareil

Usually, reviews of albums by Sonny Stitt (regardless of the reviewer) refer to the sameness of his albums. Stitt is not searching—years of studying and playing have given him a style satisfactory to his and his fans' taste. I've seen the same criticism of Dizzy Gillespie because he doesn't strive to do something new.

There is no jazz other than what was and is being played by the innovators of the bop revolution. Until an altoist surpasses Parker and Stitt, until a trumpeter surpasses Gillespie, until a tenor player surpasses Lester Young, then there is nothing new on the jazz scene.

Ben Caldwell  
New York City



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We at G. Leblanc Corporation say welcome to our new friends and associates at Frank Holton & Co.

And to our competitors we say, watch out . . .



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# down beat

April 8, 1965

Vol. 32 No. 8

## WINNERS ANNOUNCED IN DB HALL OF FAME COMPETITION

Down Beat Publisher J. J. Maher and Berklee School of Music Administrator Robert Share this week announced the names of 12 musicians as winners in the seventh annual Down Beat Hall of Fame Scholarship competition.

Two of the three winners in the competition's senior division (for those older than 20) hail from England—Bruce R. Laird, 24, a London bassist, who won a \$980 full scholarship, and vibraharpist Brian A. Gascoigne, 22, also of London, who was awarded a \$500 partial scholarship. The second winner of a \$500 award was Roy A. Norman, 24, a tenor saxophonist currently in the 437th Army Band, Fort Riley, Kan.

A full scholarship offered in the junior division (those younger than 20) was won by trumpeter-arranger Rolf Johnson, 16, Rockville, Md. Two other trumpet players, Glenn Yeager, 17, Reading, Pa., and Larry Blake, 18, Daly City, Calif., won \$500 partial scholarships.

The other winners, all recipients of \$250 partial scholarships, are tenor saxophonist Todd Anderson, 17, Berkeley, Calif.; pianist Alan Broadbent, 18, Auckland, New Zealand; clarinetist Frank Firnschild, 18, Rochester, Minn.; pianist Elliot Honig, 18, Woodbury, N.Y.; trombonist Michael Sweeney, 18, North Ridgeville, Ohio; and alto saxophonist Ernest Watts, 19, Wilmington, Del.

This year's scholarships, all to the Berklee school in Boston, bring the total of student musicians aided by the Hall of Fame competition to 92 and the total value of the awards to more than \$32,000.

## NAT COLE'S WILL PROBATED; CANCER FUND BEGUN IN HIS NAME

Nat Cole's widow, Maria, and his five children were bequeathed the bulk of the late pianist-singer's estate, it was disclosed when Mrs. Cole filed a petition for probate of her husband's will, dated Feb. 7, 1963, in Los Angeles Superior Court. No total value was declared in the petition.

Eight bequests were made to relatives. Three brothers, Isaac, Fred, and

Eddie, were willed \$1,000 each. Three nephews are to divide \$5,000 equally; the same sum was bequeathed the singer's sister, Evelyn, and her daughter.

Cole's father, the Rev. Edward J. Coles, Evanston, Ill., was left \$5,000. The Rev. Mr. Coles died two weeks before his son.

Mrs. Cole and Glenn E. Wallichs, chairman of the board of Capitol Records, Inc., announced the establishment of the Nat King Cole Cancer Fund to further medical research into the causes and possible cures for cancer. (Cole died of lung cancer Feb. 15.)

Mrs. Cole and Wallichs were named as the first trustees of the fund, which was initiated with a contribution of \$10,000 from Capitol, the company the singer had recorded for since its inception.

Donations may be sent to the Nat King Cole Cancer Fund, c/o Capitol Records, Inc., Hollywood, Calif., 90028.

## JAZZMEN SERVE AS MODELS FOR COLLEGE ART CLASS

Sheldon Iden, an instructor in Wayne State University's art department, has begun using jazz musicians—in action—as models for his advanced drawing class at the Detroit school.

Trumpeter Pierre Rochon took his Workshop Arts Quartet (with Hach Grjegian, vibraharp; Frank Vojcek, bass; and Ron Johnson, drums) into Iden's classroom in February for the first of what Iden plans to be a series of live jazz presentations.

"I feel that there's a lot of similarity between jazz and the graphic arts," Iden said, "and not only do the musicians make excellent live models for the students, they can teach them a few lessons about their own art."

Iden said he was particularly concerned with the problem of balancing artistic freedom "with the discipline every artist must impose upon himself" and that "jazz is a vital illustration of this principle carried into action."

Iden was an art student at Cass Technical High School in Detroit when trumpeter Donald Byrd, pianist Tommy Flanagan, French horn player Julius Watkins, and other Detroit musicians studied there.

"I'm very happy with the results of the collaboration," Iden said of his current efforts, "and I definitely plan to continue using live music in my classes. I want the students to get as involved in their art as the musicians are in their music."

Iden's regular class was extremely impressed with its instructor's idea, and the band drew a number of other art students to the classroom, where they "sat in" and sketched the musicians.

## PEACE CORPS VOLUNTEERS SUCCEED WITH JAZZ IN AFGHANISTAN

Two Peace Corps musicians have been keeping the Club Khyber in Kabul, Afghanistan, jumping. The volunteers, along with a British pianist and a Vienna-born saxophonist, are bringing the first live performances of jazz to the ancient, land-locked kingdom in central Asia.

Roby Tobias of Washington, D.C., and Jack White of St. Louis, Mo., together with Paul Kriwaczek and Gordon Fletcher, comprise the quartet.

The guiding spirit behind the weekly sessions at the club has been the 29-year-old White, who has been teaching English at Kabul University for the last 19 months. White, a bass player and singer, saw jazz as one way of breaking the ice in an extremely conservative Muslim society that is beginning to show an interest in what goes on beyond its mountainous frontiers.

An earlier experiment by foreign jazz musicians had proved abortive, so White selected his group carefully.

Tobias, 29, an All-American football player from Virginia State College and a member of the Kabul University physical-education staff, was chosen to play drums. Prior to joining the Peace Corps, Tobias played professionally with a group known as Los Americanos in a number of New York and Washington, D.C., night clubs.

Fletcher, an itinerant London pharmacist who is a self-taught musician and has played throughout North America and Britain, joined the group as pianist. Saxophonist and flutist Kriwaczek made his first public appearance as a musician when the quartet appeared at the Khyber.

In recognition of the quartet's success, White received a medal made at the order of Afghanistan's King Xahir Shah. The country's minister of finance, H. E. Rishtiy, made the presentation in January.

The groundwork for the experiment in jazz was laid successfully several months earlier when musical members of the Afghan Peace Corps contingent (there are 92 volunteer teachers, nurses, accountants, telephone operators, and printers in the country) put on two folk-song concerts on successive nights in the U.S. Information Agency auditorium in Kabul.

# strictly ad lib

**POTPOURRI:** The use of jazz in the recently reformed Roman Catholic liturgy was sanctioned in a series of articles and interviews in a special issue of *Osservatore Della Domenica*, the official Vatican weekly. Asked if they approved the introduction of jazz into the liturgy, two respected modern Italian composers were enthusiastic. "At the origin of jazz," explained **Virgilio Ortari**, "there are the well-known, most beautiful Negro songs which, due to their genuine nobility, could find a legitimate place in the churches of all peoples." And, said **Goffredo Perassi**, "Jazz in itself is a religious expression, since it originated from the spirituals, the religious songs of the Negroes."

Pianist **Mary Lou Williams** entered a libel action in New York Supreme Court against WOR radio personality **Vincent Tracy**; the station's owner, RKO General; and two New York newspapers, the *Times* and the *News*. Miss Williams claims that advertisements placed in the two newspapers by the station prior to her appear-



Miss Williams

Ads "greatly injured reputation"

ance on Tracy's radio show in February, when she participated in a discussion on narcotics usage among jazz musicians, indicated that she was a drug addict. The suit denies this, further claiming that the advertisements "greatly injured her reputation," and asks for damages in excess of \$1,000,000. The defendants reportedly are pressing for dismissal of the action, asserting that the ads were published in good faith and without malice, and were essentially true at the time of publication. The misunderstanding over Miss Williams' reported addiction, it is alleged, stems from a clergyman-friend who arranged for her participation in the radio program.

At the request of Ohio's governor, **James A. Rhodes**, the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival has been moved from Cincinnati, where it has been held since its inception three years ago, to Columbus, the state capital. According to **George Wein**, the festival's producer, the concerts will take place during the Ohio State Fair at Columbus' fairgrounds. The jazz event is scheduled for Aug. 27-29. Cincinnati, however, has not been forgotten; Wein said some of the OVJF participants will play a preview of the festival in the Queen City Aug. 14.

Big business continued its increasingly

frequent use of jazz when the Pepsi-Cola Co. last month sent pianist **Randy Weston's** quintet and jazz dancers **Leon James** and **Al Minns** on a 30-day concert tour of colleges, high schools, and churches. The programs were built around a history of jazz. The tour was limited to the eastern seaboard states.

San Francisco jazz critic **Ralph J. Gleason** is to take part in a "cliche-exploding" television series for the British Broadcasting Corp. He was chosen along with 13 other Americans of widely varying backgrounds and environments to talk about this country and life here. **Robert**



Gleason

To help explode the jazz cliché

**Kitts**, a BRC director, who came to San Francisco to supervise the filming, said jazz "is one of those clichés we wanted to investigate." Others to appear in the series of 30-minute programs will be a Midwestern housewife, a Negro meat packer, and a Texas millionaire. The first program of the series is scheduled to be shown in England in May.

The **George Shearing** Quintet is being televised weekly on Los Angeles' KCOP-TV. The 26-program series began March 19 with singer **Margaret Whiting** as guest. Members of the pianist's quintet on the program are guitarist **Joe Pass**, vibist **Hagood Hardy**, bassist **Bob Whitlock**, and drummer **Johnny Guerin**. KCOP telecast another music program the day before the Shearing series began when **Stan Kenton** hosted an hour special, *Jamboree*, that featured clarinetist **Buddy DeFranco**, pianist-singer **Page Cavanaugh**, singers **Lou Rawls** and **Jennie Smith**, Latin percussionist **Jack Costanzo**, and the **Back Porch Majority** folk group.

All jazz broadcasts of the German Southwest Radio network during the week of March 7-14 were dedicated to **Charlie Parker** as a tribute on the 10th anniversary of his death. There were six programs with narration by **Joachim E. Berendt** and **Siegfried Schmidt-Joos**. In addition, the German television network telecast a program. *In Memoriam Charlie Parker*, with performances by former Parker associates trumpeter **Howard McGhee**, trombonist **J.J. Johnson**, saxophonist **Sonny Stitt**, pianist **Walter Bishop Jr.**, bassist **Tommy Potter**, and drummer **Kenny Clarke**.

A college course, the Role of Jazz in American Culture, was inaugurated at Laney Junior College in Oakland, Calif., at the beginning of the spring semester. It is the first full-semester, accredited course in jazz given in northern California for public participation. College students

who pass the course—55 are in the class—will receive two college credits. The course is taught by **Philip F. Elwood**, a high-school history teacher by vocation and a jazz broadcaster and lecturer by avocation. The course will cover the history and development of jazz, the environment from which it has come and within which it flourishes, and the styles and artists who have contributed to its growth.

Another credit course in jazz will be offered this summer at Indiana University, Bloomington. All students attending the National Stage Band Camp held there Aug. 15-21 will receive a one-hour credit upon completing the course satisfactorily. The credit, according to a camp spokesman, can be transferred to any college in the United States.

**NEW YORK:** Pianist **Earl Hines** left the United States in mid-March for a six-week European tour, his first as a featured attraction. (Hines' last overseas trip was in 1957 with trombonist **Jack Teagarden**.) The pianist will tour France for two weeks in a solo-concert series booked by **Hugues Panassie**. He arrives in England April 2 for an 18-day tour sponsored by the Manchester Sports Guild, during which he will work with British bands. Hines will end his European trip with dates in Scandinavia. Prior to his departure, Hines and tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins** worked together at the Five Spot and, with bassist **George Tucker** and drummer **Oliver Jackson**, made a pilot film for a TV series produced by **Stephen Schmidt** for Europe . . . Tucker and Jackson, with pianist **Paul Neves**, were in saxophonist **Lucky Thompson's** quartet at the Half Note in late February. The quintet co-led by trumpeter **Clark Terry** and trombonist **Bobby Brookmeyer**, followed by the **Al Cohn-Zoot Sims** Quintet, was at the downtown Manhattan club early this month. Saxophonist **John Coltrane's** quartet was set for a three-week stay scheduled to begin March 19 . . . **Robert Glenn's** play *The Legend of Charlie Parker*, based on **Robert Reisner's** book of the same title, was presented in a cabaret-theater format at the Cafe Au Go Go last month. Participating musicians, who had acting roles, were pianist **Valdo Williams** (the production's music director), alto saxophonist **Clarence Sharpe**, bassist **Bill Takas**, and drummer **Frankie Dunlop** . . . The Au Go Go's Jazz 'n' Breakfast Saturday morning sessions have been discontinued by request of city authorities, but the club was the scene of a recent Jazz and Comedy Festival that featured a house band made up of trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard**, tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Heath**, alto saxophonist **Sonny Redd**, and **The Rhythm Section** (pianist **Wynton Kelly**, bassist **Paul Chambers**, and drummer **Jimmy Cobb**), plus a bevy of comedians. **Woody Herman's** big band did a one-nighter at the club last month to SRO audiences . . . Latest addition to the Herman lineup is trumpeter **Don Rader**, replacing **Billy Hunt**. Rader also will write for the band.

The former *Down Beat* editor, **Gene**  
(Continued on page 39)

'Experimentation'  
In Public:

## THE CLUBOWNER'S VIEWPOINT

By ART D'LUGOFF

*"Where, finally, will the new musicians find to play? The clubowners, who are, at best, hip bartenders, are not really responsible. They don't know anything (except the sound of falling coin, and, recently, unable to discover 'where the jazz public went to,' they haven't even been able to hear that, since weekend-only policies, rock and roll, ragtime, comedians, literate Porgy and Bess poetry readings . . . all have added little to the kitty; wearily, they go back to their ol' jazz buddies).*

*"It's too bad, because now's the time, really, for some of these owners to start booking the newer groups and pick up on an audience that's just waiting for some place to go. Coffee shops and lofts have taken up some of the slack, but there are still too many originals walking around with just about no place to play."*

THIS EXCERPT from a column by LeRoi Jones (*DB*, Nov. 19, 1964), as well as his article *Loft Jazz* (*DB*, May 9, 1963), need, I believe, some down-to-earth talk on what is really happening to and in clubs that play jazz these days. Calling clubowners "hip bartenders . . . who don't know anything except the sound of falling coin" is way-out nonsense.

In *Loft Jazz* Jones stated, "It was Martin Williams who recently called attention to the fact that one of the reasons the New York City jazz scene has been in such bad shape is that there are simply not enough clubs that want to feature the youngest and, many times, most exciting musicians. Of course, John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins could play pretty much as they wanted. . . ."

Not so! From the start Jones puts the onus on the clubowner for not wanting to play young, exciting talent. The terrible truth is that no clubowner can afford to play an artist, jazz or otherwise, who does not draw enough to cover the operating nut. I speak from my own experience, and the experience of clubowners all over the country.

It is, after all, the clubowner who takes the risk, puts his money where his mouth is, and, as often as not, plunges into debt or bankruptcy.

Last year, Birdland filed for bankruptcy and reopened only after a new

Art D'Lugoff is the owner of the Village Gate in New York City.

investment was made. The story of the now-defunct Jazz Gallery in New York City is too well known to bear repeating. But for the record, the Jazz Gallery folded *not* because it did not play the artists that particularly excite Jones but precisely because the operators overpaid every artist who worked there, name and no-name alike.

Clubs throughout the country have paid their dues—and have folded at just about the time everyone was telling the owners how big the crowds were and how much loot they must be stashing away.

Jones' views of the current jazz scene do not conform with observable facts.

I think he is clearly mistaken when he states that Coltrane and Rollins can play pretty much as they want. The live market for their brand of music is getting smaller, not larger. In Chicago Frank Holzfiend, owner of the late, lamented Blue Note, and a really well-liked jazz-club owner, remarked that "the expectation of having large audiences in jazz has been highly overrated. There is no such thing, comparatively speaking. It's economically impossible to make a go of it. The people who will go out and pay to see a performance want names, and the few big names that will draw are overpriced. . . ."

Downtown New York clubs, Jones claims, like the Five Spot, "even the Half Note and the Village Gate—under the best circumstances, by and large, do not attract the kind of audiences that want to listen to Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan or even Dave Brubeck."

Ridiculous! Just six months after these words were printed in *Down Beat*, L-H-B played the Gate to some of the most appreciative audiences anywhere. Jon Hendricks, in the album notes for a recording made at the Gate, praised the club's personnel and attitude unstintingly.

As for Dave Brubeck, just let him play the Gate, and he'll break every attendance record since the day we opened shop.

"The fact," avers Jones, "that the Gallery lost money on Brubeck when the very next week the pianist broke all records at the uptown Basin Street East can be taken probably as substantiation for the argument that the jazz-club owner, with possibly a rare exception, is the only entrepreneur who knows absolutely nothing about the product he is peddling."

Some pertinent facts. One variable that clubowners have no control over is the weather. Unfortunately for the Jazz Gallery, Brubeck's engagement

coincided with a snowstorm and freezing weather. (You see, clubowners have to be prophets as well as "hip bartenders.") Now, Basin Street booked Brubeck through Christmas week. The weather was fine, the college kids were in town, and the club did great.

The Five Spot gets drubbed by Jones for not being more daring in its bookings, but who is at fault? Should the owner and managers go on taking a loss and subsidizing the musicians at the expense of their own families? In Jones' dream world, that's just as it should be—but how? From the nonexistent profits earned off the backs of nondrawing artists?

How silly can you get?

The sad fact is that the Five Spot *has* booked some of the very people suggested by Jones and just didn't make it with them. At least, not yet.

Jones complains that "Monk, Coltrane, and Rollins made their appearances at the Village Gate, a cavelike gymnasium where the other half of the bill was likely to be a *really* sick comedian or an African pop musician."

Yes, the Village Gate books artists of merit other than jazz artists. We plead guilty to presenting "such African pop musicians" as Miriam Makeba, jazz trumpeter Hugh Masekela, percussionist Michael Olatunji, and singer Letta Mbulu. Is Jones objecting to them?

"Really sick comedians." I thought for a while that Jones agreed with me that it is the world and its current institutions that are "really sick," not the commentators and satirists of it. We plead guilty to having presented Dick Gregory, Woody Allen, Bill Cosby, and Flip Wilson.

Jazz artists are written up and publicized out of all proportion to their actual audience. Despite all this, the audiences fail to grow. Jazz is not a mass art! How many clubowners have been fooled and led astray by friends and critics in jazz circles? Can a jazz club present the "new wave" artists as a steady diet and still stay in business? I really don't think so, unless your name is Huntington Hartford. The rest of us will just have to be satisfied with paying the rent.

This whole aspect is simply ignored or glossed over by the cult. Three years ago, against my better judgment and instincts, I played one of Jones' favorites at a price I considered outrageous at the time. I lost my shirt. Now, that very same artist approaches me through his manager and requests a return gig at almost double the money.

How crazy can you get?

Discussing the closing of so many jazz clubs in recent years, drummer Max Roach had this to say:

"All of us must share the responsibility. It's kind of a vicious thing. Agents, because they work on 10 percent commissions, try to sell us at the highest possible price. The clubowner gets caught in the middle. And we musicians have let ourselves be taken in. As soon as you get a little name, an agent will ask if you are interested in making \$10,000 a week. Any human being would be interested. In this way, we have undoubtedly contributed to the closing of clubs. All of us are involved, and all of us should stop being greedy and try to be more realistic in saving the business for ourselves." (*Variety*, Feb. 12, 1964)

As an example of the kind of establishment he endorses, Jones cites the White Whale Coffee Shop, which for a while played the new jazz. So where is the White Whale now? Closed.

"To vent bitterness and hostility," says Dan Morgenstern (*DB*, Nov. 19, 1964) "upon the jazz 'establishment,' which is far from being so well established that it can be considered a just target for such attacks, is a dead-end road for practitioners and supporters of the new jazz, which, by its own nature, is a form of 20th-century 'art music' rather than that unique blend of popular and 'true' art that has been (and is, and will be) jazz as we know it."

The new jazz artists are currently playing in lofts. There hardly seems to be any other choice now. If and when a real following is developed by these artists, it will be no problem for them to find work in clubs.

As one critic of the jazz scene, Martin Williams, has said, "By and large, then, clubs rise and fall as jazz evolves, in direct relationship to changes in the music, the gradual spread of taste for those changes, and the clubs' adaptability to those changes. Some exist to harbor new styles, some to present those styles as they become more popular, others to offer jazz as middle-brow nostalgia. If a club is flexible enough, it can find new purposes for itself, or modify its old ones, and endure." (*DB*, Nov. 8, 1962)

If LeRoi Jones thinks that the owning, running, and booking of a club is so simple and so lucrative, he's welcome to get on board and try his hand (the way Charlie Mingus and the Jazz Artists Guild did a few years ago). There are lots of empty stores—in fact, come to think of it, the Jazz Gallery is still empty and beckoning. How about it, Mr. Jones? Want to give it a whirl? 

'Experimentation'  
In Public:

## THE ARTIST'S VIEWPOINT

By MARJORIE HYAMS ERICSSON

FROM TIME TO TIME, critics of the "new thing" have suggested that experimental music be perfected in private before being performed publicly.

While from their point of view this might seem a reasonable request, upon closer examination it becomes clear that to suggest what should be played privately is to suggest what should be played publicly. Authoritarianism is no more attractive when it is audience-inspired than when it is government-inspired.

We have grown so accustomed to the fact that many good musicians have had to earn their living by playing in the commercially accredited way (creative or experimental playing relegated to "playing for kicks") that it seems logical to suggest that certain inventive musicians suspend their creative talents. Presumably, while they are experimenting privately, they can get a studio job, a day job, or starve.

Commenting in a *Blindfold Test* upon a John Coltrane solo of 25 minutes, which contained what he considered "three marvelous minutes," Andre Previn said, "I just don't think that that kind of experimentation should be public. . . . You practice at home, and when you get it down, you go and play it."

And then what do you call it—improvisation? Just what should Coltrane practice? Can there be any doubt that Coltrane knows his instrument? The uniqueness of Coltrane lies in his experimentation. Take away the so-called experiment, and you don't have Coltrane.

Part of the confusion is that the word "experimental" means different things to different people. To some it means excitement, adventure, education, and in most instances—enjoyment. To those hostile to the idea of experimentation, it means imperfection, roughness, unfamiliarity, and confusion.

To the creative musician, the "experiment" has to do with those devices necessary to produce a finished work. It can mean the harmonic structure, the instrumentation, the acoustical setup, or that particular sound that can only come to life intuitively. But while the musician may think of these as experimental, he knows what the result will be. The

Mrs. Ericsson formerly was the vibraharpist in the George Shearing Quintet.

result will be music. The experiment is not separate from the end result. The moment he performs a musical experiment, he produces music.

The critic who suggests that this music should be perfected in private implies he has prior knowledge of how it should sound and that the finished product is not measuring up to this knowledge.

But the only possible prior knowledge he can have is based upon the familiar sounds of the past. It seems difficult for some to understand that for the contemporary artist everything is possible. This means that everything must be tried, that established rules and traditions are not absolute and may be questioned and broken.

The creative person appreciates the past but not to the point of deification.

He is interested in authenticating himself, and if it means that in the process he will break the established rules, he will do so, for in giving meaning to his music and to himself he recognizes no prior esthetic values. He creates his own values.

But in creating his esthetic values the contemporary artist isn't always as successful commercially as he could be if he just simply accepted the established values.

If the artist affirms his freedom by choosing his own values, so, too, does the listener. Not all new music or art is pleasing. But what is pleasing is that we can finally decide this for ourselves. The critic who is only interested in a perfect, finished product is relinquishing his first opportunity to be personally involved in an esthetic experience.

We were all born into a world of museums and hallowed halls and Mozart handed to us on a platter. The only esthetic decision we had to make was to choose between geniuses. Someone else's geniuses. We are now in a position to decide for ourselves instead of relying on the past.

The experimental—or contemporary—is reality. There are always those who try to escape reality, either by clinging to the past or suggesting that experimentation be private. As long as this remains a personal decision, there is no problem. But the danger is that experimentation in private will become accepted procedure and that there will be no public audience.

In the last few years two well-known musicians retired temporarily to work out some new ideas. It is understood that they did this of their own volition, but if there really were a climate conducive to experimentation, would they have had to? 

**W**HEN ORNETTE COLEMAN came to New York City in fall, 1959, his decidedly unorthodox approach to music immediately became the center of stormy controversy. Some hailed him as an innovator of profound importance, one whose music signaled a new and liberated era in jazz; others dismissed him as a musical charlatan or an unformed primitive.

More than five years later, the controversy remains unresolved, but the voices of derision are no longer as sharply abrasive. After all, it has become obvious that the 35-year-old Texas-born alto saxophonist was not just a flash in the pan or the creation of critical press-agentry. A whole new music, referred to as either the "new thing" or simply avant-garde jazz, has sprung up in his wake, unquestionably influenced by his conception, though often quite unlike his own music in terms of content or execution. Though the merit of his music might still be disputed, the fact of its impact cannot.

When Coleman ended a two-year period of self-imposed exile from public performance with a three-week January engagement at the Village Vanguard in New York City, his reception indicated that his prolonged absence had not dulled public interest in him and his music. *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The New Yorker*, and the *New York Times* covered his opening, and he drew good crowds despite freezing weather.

Once again Coleman was making news, and the fact that he was now playing violin and trumpet in addition to alto did not lessen the effect of his return. Yet at the conclusion of his engagement, he had no definite plans for future appearances.

If it seems odd that such a well-known performer should not be scheduling a string of appearances in the wake of such publicity and established drawing power, it is in keeping with the rather baffling aspects of the business side of Coleman's career—aspects that are in character with the complexity of the man himself.

Superficially, Ornette Coleman has changed remarkably little during the time span that brought him from near-obscure. (Many years of his professional playing took place within the confines of rhythm-and-blues bands, and little jazz notice was taken of him until his first album appeared in 1958.) He is still the soft-spoken, somehow self-contained, and youthful man who shook up jazz with his New York debut at the Five Spot five years ago. Now as then, he is reserved but readily approachable, warm and friendly when approached, and remarkably candid and unaffected in speech and manner.

**C**OLEMAN HAS BECOME A New Yorker—a Villager, to be exact. People who judge by appearances may consider that the unusual old fur coat he has been wearing this winter, the soft felt hat similar to those worn by painters at the turn of the century, and, of course, the beard are manifestations of calculated eccentricity. Yet, he somehow looks right—and at the Vanguard, his working attire was immaculate and tastefully conservative. He is not a man to be hastily judged in any of his ways.

As soon as the following interview began, Coleman settled in an easy-chair and began to talk. Excepting a few brief interpolations, he talked for an hour and a half. The focal point was music, but he touched on many things. Some of these are perhaps not customarily discussed in a jazz magazine, but they are pertinent to the subject at hand.

(Since Coleman's thoughts move with a flow and continuity that are his own, his statement formed a whole, and excerpts may not do full justice to his words, but, though the cadences may have been changed, the meaning is retained.)

# Ornette Coleman

By DAN MORGENSTERN

## From The Heart

HENRY GROSSMAN



He said he wanted to begin with the problem of being a performer-composer.

"In America, especially," Coleman said, "people seem to confuse the composer with the player because most jazz players today write their own music. In my own playing and writing, I'm at a loss for a category, as far as the relative positions of player and composer are concerned. I'm classified as a jazzman . . . many people have it in their minds that if you improvise, you are automatically playing jazz."

This is an error, Coleman said. "Composers were improvising in the 17th and 18th centuries," he explained. "But there is something about the word jazz that identifies you more as a player than as a composer, and that's the roots of it."

Burdened with history, the music of white society, he continued, "is basically involved in challenging written music," while in a society "which allows you to express your own feelings, jazz seemed the most acceptable music. Regardless of race or nationality, if you are not trying to compare your values with those of other people, but are interested in expressing musically something that you have in your mind and not trying to get anyone's approval—then jazz seems to be the most honest and freest form of taking the opportunity to see if you can express something that has nothing to do with keeping history going or creating a new history."

History, and its effect on the present, was a subject to which Coleman often returned. Perhaps he came closest to defining the essence of his conception when he said, "It is not easy to find ways to become involved with existence in its relation to the history that one has been exposed to, to use that history to become better, and not to let it fence you in from anything else that could possibly exist. The menace in America is that everyone—black or white—is enslaved in history. This enslavement tends to make you remember history more than to think of what you could do if it were nothing *but* history."

"In music, especially, I have yet to hear a composer or performer or player who doesn't give me the feeling that he is trying to eliminate some of history or to dominate the present—as a reason for doing it, *not* because that's where he was going. For myself, I find that playing allows me to be more concerned with avoiding history than writing does."

Part of the history of American music, of course, is the popular song. "Song-form composition is the hottest form of composing in America," Coleman stated. "Whether it's Stravinsky or Mancini or the Drifters—it doesn't matter, as long as the composition can be put into song form, words can be put to that song, the song can be translated with words, and everybody can hear the melody. The composer of instrumental music sneers at this, as related to his idea of what composition should be. But somehow I never made a value distinction between writing a song to make lots of money and writing a song to have something to play. I've written lots of music and thought about it as writing to have something to play."

"Lately, I've tried writing songs, and there is one that I've written lyrics to. When we were playing it in the club, somebody would always come up and ask me what it was. That made me realize that the composer who writes a pop song has a musical outlet in which both composer and listener are striving for the same goal."

"In jazz, people seem to think that's not the thing to do—to be interested in the composition as well as the playing. But that seems to me a grave mistake. I've never heard composers of hit tunes complaining about somebody else playing their tunes. . . ."

But how does this relate to the music of a composer-

player-performer in which improvisation plays such a basic role?

"If I could learn to create instant compositions without having to worry about when I'm going to play each of them when I perform," Coleman answered, "that would be a challenge to develop. I've tried it. You really have to have players with you who will allow your instincts to flourish in such a way that they will make the same order as if you had sat down and written a piece of music. To me, that is the most glorified goal of the improvising quality of playing—to be able to do that."

"But you begin to do that before you learn about the rudiments and the laws of music. If you can learn those laws and rudiments and still do that, then you have begun to be free—if that's a good word. You've begun to learn how to give a performance without trying to satisfy your own ego, and your image of what you think your possibilities are. You don't have to worry about how good or bad you are, if the goal you are trying to achieve is to create instantaneously a piece of music as concentrated as if you were to sit down and write it."

Coleman said he feels that such a music would have no financial value in the pop-tune sense of capital gains, unless the composer-player "could find out how to emerge into the song form and make his ability fit in that same sense."

This is not the easy way. The easy way would be to play a song everybody knows.

"But the song-form music, in the last 10 or 15 years," he explained, "has caused myself and many like myself to feel like avoiding help when that help is only to make your public acceptance more easy for you."

"Yet the public can be reached. I never think about writing a piece in terms of who can remember it and who

**'I'd rather take my chances and truly play . . . than try to figure out something that people are likely to like, play that, and believe that that's what they really like.'**



can play it, because if you were performing in a place where nobody had ever heard you, and they loved your music, it would be the same as if you heard a song you had never heard before and liked it.

"I'd rather take my chances and truly play—and see if a person really liked it—than try to figure out something that people are likely to like, play that, and believe that that's what they really like."

This is the outlook of a man to whom music is more than a craft or means of subsistence.

"I have always wanted to do as many things as I could learn to do," Coleman said. "The reason why I am mostly concerned with music is because music has a tendency to let everybody see your own convictions; music tends to reveal more of the kind of person you are than any other medium of expression. It's not like painting, where all of a sudden it's there. It's unlike any other activity, and I love it because of that."

"Music has the greatest social integrity. Performer, listener, composer—music allows everyone to accept or re-

ject according to their own likes or dislikes. No other medium, to me, is that honest.

"Music has these qualities. But sometimes it isn't music; it may become all psychic ego, or personality may dominate. One of the most important things about playing or writing or doing any service that people get pleasure from is your own reason for doing it. I don't feel compelled to write or play music simply to have people remember me or to satisfy myself."

This concern for artistic integrity is, of course, considered a luxury in the market place of music where, regardless of his personal concerns, the player-performer must make his stand.

"The one thing performers in jazz have never been able to do," Coleman said, "is to exercise a choice of audience and their means of existence as related to the audience, because the player is more of a public image than the composer. You don't see composers in night clubs every night; they're at home composing. But the player is the man on the market. He is the one constantly trying to find something that will keep him on the market."

"Anytime music is being performed for anything less than the fact of the interest of the audience in it, such as the fee that you are getting, it is looked upon as a business. Music as a business means performing for an audience and yet working for the person who is giving you the opportunity to perform."

Coleman has had his share of problems with this system.

"As a Negro," he explained, "I have a tendency to want to know how certain principles and rights are arrived at. When this concern dominates my business relationships, I'm cast into schizophrenic or paranoid thinking. People tell me that all I should be interested in is playing and making money, not the principles of how it's being done. I could accept that, but when I see that a booking agent books a major artist, and then books me into the same place, and I go in behind these people and see that they are not trying to reach the same goal with me as with them, then it seems to me that they are not as much for me as they are for them."

Coleman, in other words, has no desire to be sold short. If his refusal to accept any terms not equal to the best may appear to some to be misguided, some reflection upon the careers wrecked or thwarted by inept or corrupt agents and managers, wrong bookings, and under- as well as overexposure of talent might give them pause.

"The things that are important," he said, "are the chances the individual can find of being used in such a way that his own growth, and his own reasons for wanting to get ahead, and his own purpose of existence are involved." Coleman said he does not wish "to be exploited for not having the knowledge of know-how" required for survival in today's America.

"It has gotten so that in your relationships to every system that has some sort of power, you have to pay to become part of that power, just in order to do what you want to do," he continued. "This doesn't build a better world, but it does build more security for the power. Power makes purpose secondary. But it is not important to want to be part of an organization just to have power; it is much more important to be able to be beneficial to whatever organization may exist for the simple reason of your own existence as a person with a purpose in your own life."

This dilemma, he said, is a product of our age, "the machine age, which is the greatest concentration of power. The electronic machine age doesn't allow a person to be an individual unless his intelligence is attached in a relationship to machines. The only way people have been able to

exist without being part of organized machinery has been to find ways of writing or playing or doing any service which really includes the human being in a dominant role. In America, the human person as a dominant factor is left in just a handful of these things."

SUCH A STATE of affairs drives some artists to anarchy. "I hear about people trying to destroy art," Coleman stated, "trying to destroy the melody line, trying to destroy anything that might make them become a machine. Yet I wouldn't change my attitude towards what I want to do simply because I felt unable to understand the function of the machine in relationship to my own talent. I wouldn't try to destroy my own talent just to make it seem as if I was trying to get further out than the machine. I'd rather be able to accept whatever man can create that will allow him to become more human . . . you just have to be able to accept what is affecting you and try to develop enough sensitivity to accept it without feeling that it is trying to deteriorate your existence."

Yet there are things that are unacceptable, he said: "Since man has created hostility and corruption, you have to take a certain responsibility upon yourself to reject the things you would want to see eliminated from life. I would like very much to find a principle that I could believe in, that I knew was working for the purpose of human betterment. I have nothing against being useful in a group—political or whatever—but if they were looking for the same thing I am, there wouldn't have to be a group."

"It seems to me that the conception of a possible change in human existence is still embedded in religion rather than in the making of human scales of values. It's just too bad that the religious conception is based on organization rather than principle. Organized religion has created special positions—priests, rabbis, deacons—to make others believe. It is hard to accept a power to make decisions for you. It is more beautiful to me if a person, whoever he is, is out there doing and fighting for his principles, if a person representing God is taking his chances with changing the world rather than holding a position."

"When I hear a really beautiful Negro spiritual, I feel much closer to God, hearing the beauty of someone really wanting to believe in something and to worship something, though not even in a position to be accepted in an ordinary man's life. It makes me realize that, regardless of who represents Him, God has been made known to everyone."

"That's why music is such an outlet for people's emotional problems and social anxieties. Everyone seems to want to be loved and to give love through something that eliminates fear. Fear means that people can't be what they want to be to you."

Fear—and its handmaidens, ignorance and prejudice.

"I haven't as yet spoken of anger," Coleman said, "the anger I feel as a Negro, the true anger I have to confront every day just in order to survive. When a person is exempted from having principles simply because of his origins being mixed with this or that, you tend to let anger develop within your mental framework. The greatest anger I'm constantly threatened with is caused by the values of people who accept your abilities and yet disillusion you by not accepting you as a person."

That, too, is a result of history. Earlier, Coleman had said: "Americans are so wary in giving you any sort of human respect in relationship to what you are trying to do that they would rather make you feel guilty of history than accept any pleasure they are receiving from you."

One hopes that this singularly uncompromising and impractical man will find a way for himself and his art in a world dedicated to compromise and practical know-how. 



Pianist Arvanitas with trumpeter Cat Anderson

## GEORGES ARVANITAS: CLOSING THE GAP

Though many American jazz musicians go to Europe—to play and sometimes to stay—few of their European counterparts make the trek in the opposite direction. But there are exceptions.

The most recent among these intrepid settlers is 33-year-old French pianist Georges Arvanitas, who arrived in New York City early this year (preceded by a fellow countryman, saxophonist Barney Wilen, who came last November). Arvanitas made his big move with open eyes.

"If I see that I can make a life for myself in music here, I will stay," he said. "I will give myself six months. This is the only country for jazz music. I want to *play*. Even Americans don't play the same way over there. Musicians have to fight here—and it comes out in their music. When Americans come to Europe, it's a holiday for them. For instance, I just recently heard Donald Byrd at Birdland. He played with much more power and flight than at the Blue Note in Paris. . . ."

Arvanitas should know, since he was the house pianist at the Blue Note—generally considered today's best jazz spot in Paris—for two years. There, he backed such visiting firemen as Byrd, Dexter Gordon, Sonny Stitt, Johnny Griffin (with whom he also made a North African tour), Chet Baker, Pony Poindexter, and Sahib Shihab and "had the pleasure," for a while, of drummer Art Taylor's musical company in the rhythm section.

"Ah . . . the rhythm sections are

so much better here," Arvanitas said. "I came here to learn to fight. There is no university in the world like New York City for a jazz musician. Here you can listen to and play with productive musicians. I was lucky to be at the Blue Note; I learned much there. But I couldn't have stayed there all my life. My ambition is to be a jazz piano player."

"Europe," Arvanitas continued, "is a reflection of the U.S.A. with a two-year gap . . . like the rings when you throw a stone in the water. The young audience is more interested in Ye-Ye [the French slang term for rock-and-roll and Twist music—from the English "Yeah, Yeah"] and discotheques. There are very few jazz clubs anywhere in Europe. Things are better for concerts, especially in the last two years, but the music is different—both for playing and for listening—in a concert hall. Perhaps it's habit; maybe it's easy for some. But I'm more comfortable playing in a club. Jazz was created in clubs. I don't think it will ever be the same in concerts, where you tend to rely more on what you know and have perfected."

Arvanitas, who is also an accomplished organist and an arranger ("but only when I have to—I want to play, play, play . . ."), was born in Marseilles, where he began his musical career playing with a New Orleans style of band.

He went to Paris while he was in the army, stayed on after his discharge, and worked for three years at the Trois Maillets, where he played with, among others, saxophonist Don

Byas, trumpeter Bill Coleman, clarinetist Mezz Mezzrow, trumpeter Peanuts Holland, and clarinetist Albert Nicholas, and then moved on to the Club St. Germain ("it is now a tourist spot—no more jazz"), where he led his own all-French, modern-jazz-oriented quintet for more than three years.

Arvanitas also has done a variety of recording and studio work, including dates with a small group from the Duke Ellington Band, expatriate alto saxophonist Sonny Criss, Byas, and singer Brother John Sellers. He also has appeared in a Belgian jazz film featuring tenorist Coleman Hawkins ("they asked for a few bars of music for a sound balance, and Hawk played for 20 minutes").

The pianist has done concert work with, among others, reed man Roland Kirk, drummer Kenny Clarke, altoist Jackie McLean, and French violinist Stephane Grappelly ("a beautiful musician . . . he'd have a lot to offer if he came here"), and was the regular accompanist for the Double Six of Paris vocal group.

"My first big influence," he said, "was Bud Powell. And Bud is still 'something else' to me. Today, sometimes he can be fantastic, sometimes not . . . but he always has that beautiful sound. I think he came back to the States too soon."

As for American jazzmen in France, Arvanitas said, "There can never be too many from a musical point of view, but from a financial and economic view, the money was good when only a few came over. Now, there are more good players, but they are no longer stars, but a commonplace."

Arvanitas does not feel a stranger in New York for "jazz has no nationality. I feel closer to a fellow musician born in Louisiana, Mississippi, or Florida than to many of the people I was raised with. Jazz is a language and a culture. I've played in bands where guys couldn't talk to each other and yet played together for hours. But jazz is an American language. New things will start here."

He has no desire to form his own group.

"I came here to play with as many American musicians as possible," he said, "not to bring my music here. Since I came, I've been listening to music almost every night—to all the different ways to play. I am so happy to be here. . . . I want to tell my story, and I know I can tell it better here than in Paris. There, jazz is something apart—a 10-to-4 thing. Here, you can be in a jazz feeling all day. Even if I can't find work here, it will be a great experience." 

# Organ-ic Formation

THE BILL DAVIS STORY

By Stanley Dance



**T**HE MAN who basically deserves the credit (or perhaps blame, depending on how one looks at it) for the current organ boom is Bill Davis, a serious, intelligent musician once mistakenly nicknamed "Wild," and a man who confesses that "originally, I didn't like organ—period."

"Most of the people who played it were church people," he explained, "and they played basic harmony and church music. It's wonderful in church, but outside it's a different thing. Who wants a church organist in a night club? It was a challenge to me to play it differently, but some people still won't accept it. Generally, the organ has not been accepted by the white audience as it has been by the Negro, but I always felt that if I could get it in a place with a certain category or class of people, as on the east side in New York, they would say, 'This is it!'"

Apparently, Davis has met and surmounted this challenge, for his group recently was well received at the Basin Street East. Yet even there, as in other places he plays, people come right out and tell him they don't think the organ should be played like that.

They seem to be thinking of it strictly for church use, which is not very broad, Davis said, for from the artist's view, it should be thought of as just an instrument. He says he can't go along with the critics who don't like the sound, because in the course of any one performance they'll hear several different sounds.

The difference between the instrument Davis plays and the church organ is primarily one of sound. With his it is a matter of electronics, with the church organ one of wind—and the wind instrument duplicates a reed sound.

"It's good, and it's the traditional sound," Davis said. "I'd like the opportunity to study and play the pipe organ as well. I couldn't play it the way I do the electric one, which is quicker in response and gives the crisper effect I like. My main approach all along has been from the standpoint of arranging for a band and trying to duplicate its sound. My true love was arranging, but that meant sitting up and writing all night long. On the organ, I could hear it almost instantly."

"Recently," he noted, "a lot of players have favored switching the vibrato off. I don't like the sound myself, though straight tones can have a good effect in music. For instance, when I recorded *The Love Theme from the World of Suzie Wong*, a sort of Oriental thing, the straight tone fitted and was better. It made an interesting blend in this case with the guitar and saxophone, which I had in fifths. It was about the first time I had used that switch.

"Most of the other organists do it all the time. It's become a fad and popular among the younger guys. They mostly play in single-note form, whereas most of the time I play in chord form. They play like a horn, where I play like a band, or like a reed section—or a brass section...."

**D**AVIS WAS BORN in Glasgow, Mo., on Nov. 24, 1918, and while still an infant, his family moved to Parsons, Kan. He had no interest in music, but his mother, who had taught before she married, had kept her piano and encouraged Bill to use it.

He and the next younger of three brothers went to a neighborhood teacher when they were 10 and 11, but music remained a sometime thing for young Bill until an orphaned relative came to live with the Davises. He brought his phonograph and some Fats Waller records.

"I played those records," Davis remembered, "over and over, and they

developed a new interest for me. I started to go back and practice and study in the classical books the teacher had given me. About this time, too, I began working for a drugstore and making enough to pay for more weekly lessons. As I progressed musically, I began to play at little parties to make some extra change, and all the time I was getting more interested in the classics and in the limited amount of jazz I could hear on the radio. I was in a remote area, and radio was in its infancy, but you heard actual performances then, not records. One night, by chance, I heard Art Tatum, and I couldn't believe it. He sounded like a person with four hands and two pianos. I could play enough by then to realize it couldn't possibly be!"

Tatum stimulated Davis' interest in music so much that he felt he wanted to get out and do better things, and though Parsons was a good place to grow up, there was no scope there for a professional musician. He finished high school in 1937 and won a music scholarship to Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. After a couple of years at Tuskegee, he went to Wiley College in Marshall, Texas. He had gained experience in the school bands, but found that he could express himself better in writing. So he got a couple of books and earned the voicing of instruments. This, he said, plus some knowledge of tone qualities, and simple mathematics are the basics of writing. Through his work at Wiley, he was offered a position with the Milt Larkins Band, playing guitar but principally as a writer.

This was Davis' first job with a professional band, and at that time (1939-'42) it was probably the best band in Texas, including in its personnel saxophonists Arnett Cobb and Eddie Vinson and trumpeter Russell Jacquet. The band played in Negro dancehalls and clubs throughout Texas.

"You learn to write within the limits of the musicians you have in mind, especially when you are working in a band," Davis said. "I had heard bands on the radio, and my conception had been influenced by Duke Ellington more than anyone else. I had a great respect for his voicing and what he had been able to do with his band. He seemed to use every instrument very effectively. Arranging is more of an art than some people realize. An arranger who knows the men in his band can take a musician who is really weak and put him in a position where he seems very strong. This is a characteristic of Duke's, and it was something I recognized about arranging a long time ago.

"I gained a lot of experience with

Larkins, but eventually I knew I had had all I could get there. I wasn't concerned with music altogether. I saw the need of a bachelor's degree from the point of view of social life, background, and character, and I got mine in music education when I was 22. That I was as sensible as that at that age was due, I think, to my home—not a broken home—and intelligent parents, who had long preached to me about learning and getting something in your head. So I looked forward not just to music, but to living a good life. I wasn't interested in just having a ball but in accomplishing something in life, regardless of what I did musically. I could have assumed a position as an instructor at Wiley, but I felt it was time to move again, and I went to Chicago."

**D**AVIS WORKED around Chicago with different groups for a year and a half and began to get a reputation as an arranger. He wrote music for shows at the El Grotto and the Club DeLisa, plus a couple of numbers for Earl Hines while Charlie Parker was in the pianist's band, as well as two vocal arrangements for Hines' singer, Sarah Vaughan.

Then he joined Louis Jordan, playing piano, in 1945, just after Jordan's version of *Caldonia* became a hit. Jordan and his Tympani 5 were about at their peak then. Davis started as an arranger, writing such Jordan vehicles as *Choo, Choo, Ch' Boogie* and *Don't Worry 'Bout That Mule*.

One of the first engagements Davis played with Jordan was at the Zanibar in New York City. They were there three months, on the same bill as Duke Ellington, and that was when Davis got to know Ellington, for whom he did a couple of arrangements. Davis also did quite a few big-band arrangements around that time for shows and for Jordan, who would occasionally augment his group when he had several acts with him. Davis was with Jordan until the latter part of 1947. He left when he got an organ.

"I had it in mind when I joined him," Davis said, "and the more I thought about it the more I was attracted by the idea. The Hammond company had been engaged in war contracts and hadn't been making organs. When I ordered mine in 1945, I had to wait almost two years to get it. It cost me \$2,290 and it was a gamble—absolutely. I was making \$175 a week when I left Louis, but when I returned to Chicago, where I made my home, I started out on the organ making about \$45 a week. But I was happy."

He worked in a Chicago skating

rink. He played an organ there and would practice on his own at home. Next he worked night spots in Chicago during all of 1948. Record producer John Hammond heard him and in March, 1949, made arrangements for Davis to go to New York. Davis' first record was on Mercury; then he recorded for Mercer records with Duke Ellington on piano. It didn't turn out as successfully as they hoped, because the organ was rather difficult to record without the recording techniques and equipment of today—the organist then, Davis recalled, had to be almost as much of a technician as the recording engineer.

After two years' playing such New York City clubs as Wells' and Smalls', several months on the road again with Jordan, summers in Atlantic City, N.J., at Grace's Little Belmont, and dates in Washington, D.C., where Bill Jennings joined him on guitar, and Philadelphia, Pa., where Chris Columbus joined on drums, the Davis group opened at Birdland at the end of December, 1950.

"They were very skeptical about the organ at first," the leader said, "but during the first year, we were in there 16 or 18 weeks, in and out. It was a little harsh to begin with, until the house became extremely crowded. We alternated with one or two small groups, but when there got to be a crowd in the place, the other groups seemed to be lost, whereas we were always more at home. In other words, we could really get the pulse of the crowd, command their attention and get them going. It was

a big-band sound. After we had been in there a few weeks, they called in some acoustical engineers and revamped the place rather than keep us out. Acoustical tiles and drapes went up in certain places so that it dampened and absorbed the harshness and made a good, compact sound. As a result of that, they later started putting big bands in there. Before that, they hadn't had big bands. Very few people will admit this, but I know it to be a fact, and it's very gratifying to me."

**O**NE REASON, Davis said, that he began to play organ was that he didn't like to do what everyone else was doing.

"I like a challenge," he said, "and it was a challenge to me to get on Broadway, downtown, with an organ group. Another challenge was to get into the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem. We went in there in 1953 and made a very favorable impression. In fact, I think we were the only trio that went in there and made it. We were on one bandstand, and the Erskine Hawkins Band was on the other, and we swung 'em out of there! We went back several times . . ."

Since the Birdland period, Davis has adjusted to doing a lot of one-nighters even though he'd still rather work clubs.

"You have to carry the organ around with you, as well as the rest of the group," he said, "and there is never enough money to ship it by rail. I can get a trio in a station wagon but

*(Continued on page 38)*

RCA VICTOR RECORDS PHOTOS



**R**AISE YOUR WINDOW HIGH!" sings Jimmy Rushing, and the familiar voice soars high above the band.

Nearly two decades have passed since he sang that exultant line with the Count Basie Band, yet today at 61, an imposing figure in clubs and at concerts around the world, James Rushing still brings to music, and to life, a boundless zest.

The desire to sing and to participate in life drives him with the same force that had him slipping out his bedroom window as a teenager in Oklahoma City. Out the window when the moon looked lonesome shining through the trees. Rushing always knew how to find his way to a piano and a night-long party.

Relaxed and away from music, only then does he sometimes look back over the years and nostalgically note the changes that are affecting his life. The Rushing personality then may take on a tinge of sadness, but his forbearance and good humor are never far below the surface. Reflectively, he speaks:

"The other night I told a fellow playing the piano for me to 'play the blues! Play the blues.' Well, he did, but he started adding to them, playing the big chords, and it was sounding like I was out of key. It happens all the time. I've noticed it especially in small clubs I've been in. Years ago it was never like that because everybody was thinking alike."

Then easily his memory slips back to cabaret life in California, where he made his debut in 1923, and he recalls the comradeship of Walter Page's Blue Devils as they criss-crossed the Southwest, his days with Bennie Moten's famous Kansas City band, and his meeting with a young piano player called Bill Basie, which was to make jazz history.

Rushing remembers with remarkable clarity, but he is not living in the past. Thoroughly involved in music, he is also aware of the conflicts of contemporary life. Often, he finds himself involved in lengthy discussions. As he said, "Twenty minutes after I start talking to somebody in a club, they either want to discuss jazz or the racial question, and I can talk on both."

"I never get angry because of what they say. I wait a few minutes, and if they are very critical, I try to find out why they said those ugly things—what was the reason for it."

During his formative years, Rushing sometimes felt that the only solution was physical action. But he learned to take the advice of his mother.

"She always told me hitting wasn't going to do any good," he said, "and I always held to her belief even though I was ready to fight with anyone who said one mean word. Then one day I woke up and realized that fighting wasn't going to solve anything. It was a long time before I could agree with my mother, but I learned that she had been right all along."

In Oklahoma City, where he was born on Aug. 26, 1903, Rushing's early life was also strongly influenced by the musical interests of his parents.

"I heard music in my home all my life," he said. "My mother played piano and sang in church, and my father played trumpet in the Knights of Pythias band. Sometimes I'd hear him playing in a parade a couple of blocks away, and I'd say to my mother, 'Pop's blowing now, mom.' And she'd say, 'Yes I know.'"

"How do you know?"

"Because he's so brilliant, so strong."

Jimmy became a member of church choirs, school glee clubs, and operatic companies and a devotee of vaudeville, where he managed to hear most of the great entertainers and singers, including Bessie Smith and Ethel Waters, but his biggest kick came from playing piano and

singing blues taught to him by his cousin, Wesley Manning.

"He was a honky-tonk pianist, the son of my aunt, who owned the Dixie Theater," Rushing said. "I cherish his memory because he was the No. 1 pianist for that part of the country for a long time. My father objected to him teaching me the blues mostly because he thought I'd start playing in the sporting houses like Wesley, but he was the man who inspired me the most when I was a youngster."

Jimmy longed to hear the blues for himself in the late-night haunts and finally took the chance over his parents' objections.

"After they'd go to sleep, I'd slip out my bedroom window," he said. "I was still pretty young, still wearing short pants, but I'd join my friends at a party where they'd have me playing the piano and singing all night long. When I'd get back home, that's when I'd get it! My parents would lock all the doors and windows and be waiting for me."

At his father's command, Jimmy took violin lessons, an ordeal that still causes him to shudder, but the urge to sing was too strong. At 20 he took off for California, where his professional debut was made in the Quality Night Club, a favorite meeting place for Hollywood movie stars, "who used to come in and drink cases of gin," and the late pianist Jelly Roll Morton. "I'll never forget him," said Jimmy with a grin. "He'd walk in, listen to somebody play the piano for a while, and then he'd say, 'Whenever you see me walk in, get up off that piano.'"

**T**HE CALIFORNIA SOJOURN lasted until 1925, when Jimmy returned home to help his father run his cafe, but two years later he started singing again after the late bassist Walter Page had asked him to join his Blue Devils.

"I was only with the band from 1927 until 1929, but it was a wonderful experience," Rushing recalled. "That band had a lot of spirit. We weren't making money, but we were all friends. If one of the boys needed money—like his wife needed coal or had to pay the gas bill—we'd take the amount necessary out of the gross, give it to him, and send him home and split down the leavings among the rest of us. Everybody was paid equal down to the leader."

"It was a very good band, that cut every other one around that part of the country. Mostly they played stock arrangements of hit tunes, but sometimes they'd play only the introduction and then take solos all through the rest of it. This may surprise some people, but the Blue Devils sounded to me like Red Nichols and the Five Pennies, mostly because Page used to play his bass horn similar to the bass saxophone in the Nichols band."

"We traveled in two seven-passenger Cadillacs, with a trailer carrying the instruments, through Oklahoma, Texas, Missouri, Tennessee, Colorado. We enjoyed ourselves, but it wasn't always easy traveling in the South. Some of the boys could take it, some couldn't."

When the Blue Devils went to Kansas City in November, 1928, for a recording session, it was a momentous move. On this occasion, Rushing made his first record (*Blue Devil Blues*, backed by *Squabblin'*) and caught the attention of bandleader Bennie Moten. A year later when Page disbanded, Rushing joined the Moten band, and a new world was opened to him with the return to Kansas City.

In those prohibition days, Kansas City was the jazzman's testing ground, he discovered.

"Name bands used to come out of the East to play at the Muehlebach Hotel, and they couldn't get off soon enough to come down and play at one of the clubs," Rushing remembered. "Right after their hotel jobs, they'd come down, say to the Sunset Club, and walk up on the stage and start playing. If the Kansas City musicians want-

ed to find out how good the visitor was, they would look at each other and say, 'Change the key.'

"Some nights they would run through all the keys in one number until finally you'd see a guy folding up his horn. You'd look at him and say, 'See you tomorrow night,' and he'd shake his head and pack up his horn and go out muttering to himself."

Rushing stayed with Moten until the leader's death in 1935. "I'll always remember him as a very jolly fellow who loved his band and was free with his money," he recalled. "It took me a while to get used to the band, to the Moten beat, the way they would accent, but it was something that spread all around. It's the same beat that Basie has today. The same beat."

If Kansas City attracted some of the worst elements of the underworld, it also was responsible for a wealth of opportunities for jazzmen.

"At one time there were 300 clubs in operation, most of them run by gangsters," Rushing said. "The city was filled with many good bands, good musicians, and blues singers who are forgotten today."

"I remember Thamon Hayes' Rockets, a band that used herald trumpets, although I had seen them first in George E. Lee's band. He and his sister, Julia Lee, by the way, were the toasts of Kansas City. There were so many bands—Chauncey Downs, Andy Kirk, Paul Bank, Jap Allen, Red Perkins, Clarence Love, Harlan Leonard, Jay McShann. And of course, Pete Johnson, the great boogie-woogie pianist . . . Joe Turner . . . Mary Lou Williams. There were many good women pianists—Margaret Johnson, Nellie Birrit, Deloid Mackey, Black Catharine—who could play with just as much rhythm as the men."

Proudly he recalled the comradeship among Kansas City musicians, especially in the early Basie band shortly after Moten's death. "Getting paid for rehearsals was unheard of," he said. "We would work for hours, and when we'd take a break, usually to go out and get hot dogs and Cokes, we'd be back on the stand a few minutes later, waiting to go."

Rushing had met Basie while he was still with the Blue Devils, when the band was playing at an outdoor beer garden called the Southern Barbecue in Tulsa, Okla.

"To drum up business we'd go out on a ballyhoo," Rushing said. "The band would sit on a big horse-drawn wagon, and everywhere we went people would come running to hear the band. It was on one of those days that I met Basie, who was ballyhooing, too, for a vaudeville show run by a woman called Gonzel White. I'll never forget the way he played the piano. Later when we got to talking, he said he'd like to come with our band, and a few weeks later he did when our pianist, T. B. Thomas, left. Basie was with us for about a year; then all at once he slipped off overnight and went to Kansas City. . . ."

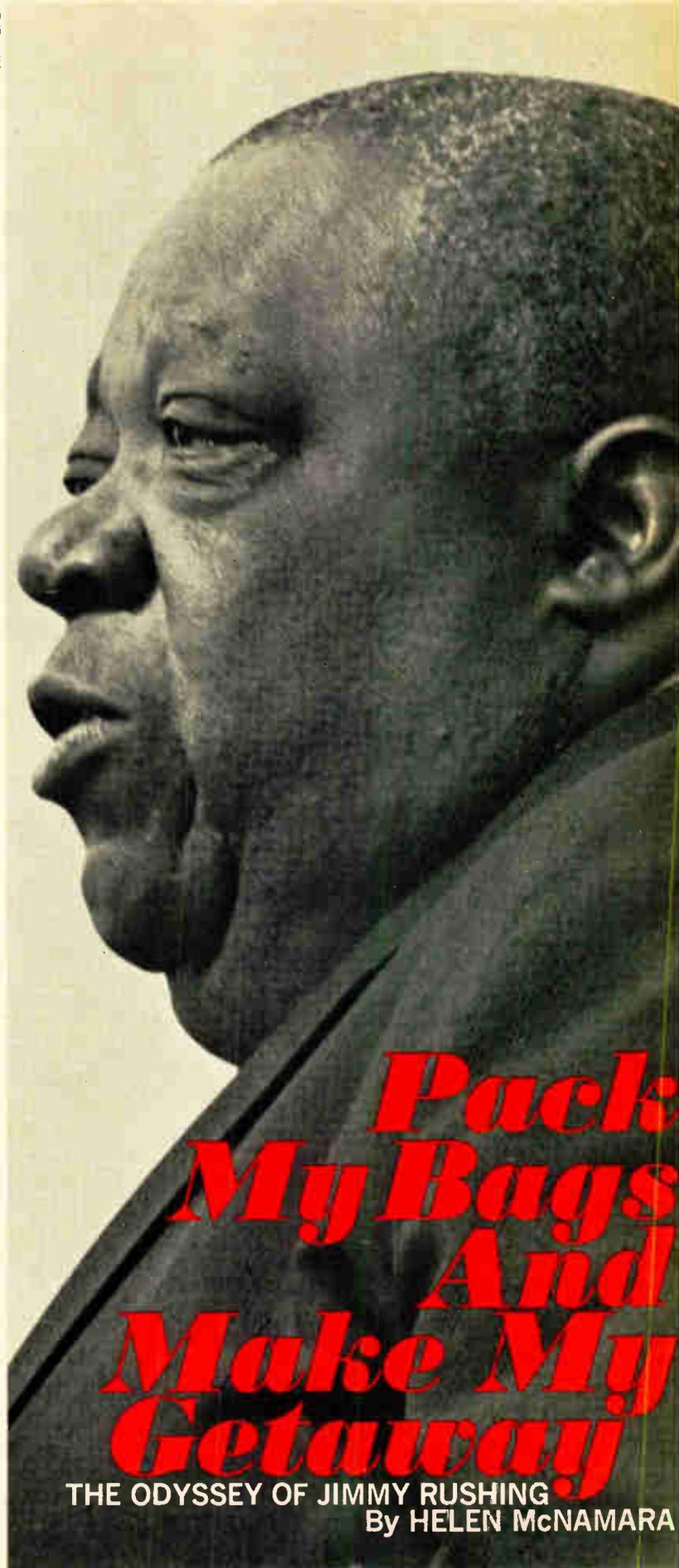
Rushing's association with Basie was long and durable, and although it is 15 years since he left the Basie band, he still speaks admiringly of the pianist. Riding high on the peak of the swing era in the late '30s, he remembers the excitement of going to New York and rocking the town and in the '40s the road tours, recordings, and movie appearances that brought the band international prominence. Best of all, the popularity of the Basie men opened up new opportunities for Negro orchestras.

"For the first time in our history we were playing places that never before had hired Negro orchestras," he said.

With the band, he recorded tunes that were to become jazz classics—*Goin' to Chicago*; *Sent for You Yesterday*; *Good Mornin' Blues*; *Do You Wanna Jump, Children?*; *Baby, Don't Tell on Me*; *I Left My Baby*; *Evenin'*; *Harvard Blues*.

Then, abruptly, Rushing's life changed, with the fold-up of the band in 1949. With fewer opportunities to sing, he

JOE ALPER



# Pack My Bags And Make My Getaway

THE ODYSSEY OF JIMMY RUSHING  
By HELEN McNAMARA

considered going into business with a relative in South Carolina, but the dream didn't last long.

"I knew the first time I heard a band come through town I'd be finished," he chuckled. "One night I told my wife we were packing our bags and going to New York."

A solo performer ever since, except for a brief attempt to run a band of his own in 1951 and 1952, Rushing prefers working on his own. "I guess I just wasn't a band-leader at heart," he said with a grin. "My wife would tell me I would jump in my sleep, and she'd scold me, saying, 'If you don't leave that band alone, you'll go crazy.'"

On his own again, Rushing spent the next few years singing in New York and Chicago areas and making a few records on obscure labels. Not until he started recording for Vanguard and Columbia and then began the festival circuit (his first, the 1955 Newport Jazz Festival) was the Rushing name once again in the forefront.

His first trip to England and France in 1957, and again in 1958, prompted British bandleader Humphrey Lyttelton to comment in his *Melody Maker* column: "Many things have happened since we last saw Jimmy. His own comeback . . . unaccompanied by ballyhoo but all the more sensational for that . . . has been completed. . . . Now his fame has spread through all generations. He scored top placings in *Melody Maker* polls, acclaimed by fans and critics alike. And his success has recently been repeated in the *Down Beat* International Critics Poll."

**T**ODAY, AS ONE of the most distinctive voices in jazz, Rushing says he believes jazz singing is instinctive.

"You can't teach it to an opera singer, for instance," he said. "I had that experience once. She had a wonderful voice, but she couldn't get the time. Maybe she could while I was there coaching. Finally, she was forced to buy a metronome, but when I came back a week later, she was still singing the same way.

"My idea of a jazz singer is a person who sings rhythm tunes. Everybody can't sing rhythm because they don't all have a conception of a beat. Anybody can come along and sing a ballad because it's so much easier than a rhythm tune, but to be a jazz singer you have to know time, and you have to know chords."

Rushing points to Jon Hendricks as "a man with wonderful ideas . . . the same as King Pleasure, only he [Pleasure] didn't catch on," and places among his early favorites Bessie Smith and Ethel Waters; his later favorites range from Bing Crosby and Perry Como to Joe Turner, B. B. King, T-Bone Walker, and Billie Holiday, but topping them all, Louis Armstrong.

"Yeah," Rushing said, "when I was singing with Bennie Moten, I used to copy Louis so much that one day I got a letter from a fan suggesting that I be myself. That was good advice, and I took it, but even to this day you might hear a bit of Louis in my singing."

His greatest problem now is finding the proper backing for his style of singing. Shaking his head, he spoke of the time he was accompanied by a group whose drummer was great, "but the bassist and pianist were awful far out."

"I was having a terrible time," he said. "Then a fellow in the audience came to my rescue. He asked if he could play piano for me. I had never heard him play, but it couldn't have been any worse than what was going on behind me, so I said yes. He turned out to be the man. He played everything I knew.

"The trouble is that now in too many clubs there are young artists who pay no attention to the music of the past. They don't like to play it because they say it's dated. Those who do play it want to add or change the chords to all the old standards, and then you are the one who is frowned upon because it sounds like you are out of key."

To Rushing, one of the worst drawbacks is the drummer who plays bombs, "plays all top and no bottom."

"It gets easy to pick up time, to increase," he added, "because he hasn't got anything to hold him, and maybe the bass player isn't heavy enough for him. You know, they give you the business that a drum is supposed to synchronize with the bass and bass with the drums. All I wish is that both of them get together some kind of way. Synchronize with somebody and get it straight!

"I can understand guys who want to create something new. Some of it has been accepted by some of the people, but by the majority . . . no. It won't do. It won't help. I think many musicians are moving away from the real jazz. That's why rock and roll is so hard to move. It's got such a terrific beat. Another thing that would help musicians is playing dances. It'd be better for them. I know if some of them played in a dance band, they would learn a lot because if they don't carry the steady beat down, they get carried away at the top."

If Rushing has his serious moments, his sense of humor remains intact. A man of considerable size for one who stands just a fraction over 5 feet tall, he is still laughing at an incident on his first trip to Australia a year ago.

Featured with Eddie Condon's band, Rushing was singing on a revolving stage in a Sydney arena when suddenly the floor collapsed. "You should have seen the news stories," he said gleefully.

The newspapers, upon the band's arrival, also had had some fun with his size. When he, together with Condon, Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman, Buck Clayton, Vic Dickenson, Jack Lesberg, Dick Cary, and Cliff Leeman, arrived at an airport, one headline read: "Nine jazz greats in 10 plane seats." His weight was tagged anywhere from 260 to 300 pounds, but Rushing took it in his stride. (He actually weighs 272 pounds.)

A tireless traveler, he enjoyed the greetings of the Australians and New Zealanders, the blare of welcoming Dixieland bands, the beer at parties with larger turnouts than had attended the concerts, but Tokyo left a more indelible impression.

"That city was the busiest I ever saw in my life," he said. "They say the population is 16,000,000, and I believe it. One day I got stuck in the traffic, trying to cross a street. Cars were going by me like shoooo! I'm movin', jumpin', and leaning!

"I think the traffic cop got tired of seeing me being humiliated by those cars because he finally came out and got me."

The young Japanese jazz fans also impressed Rushing. One night during an earnest conversation in his hotel lobby a group of young men told him that though they liked modern jazz, they were equally aware of the contribution made by traditional and mainstream artists.

"One of them named James P. Johnson as his favorite and called several people in that category," Rushing said. "I was surprised to hear it, but I told him I'd like to see a lot more of the younger musicians thinking like that.

"You see, if they forget people like Hines and Tatum and Hawkins and men of that era, then jazz as we knew it could die out. If there were more young fellows like that boy, I know jazz won't die. The roots will still be planted. You take a person like Coleman Hawkins or Ben Webster. They have done something for jazz. If we don't have somebody to pattern after them, it's going to be something else."

Today, Rushing is doing his best to keep his kind of jazz alive. His home is in Corona, on New York's Long Island, where he lives with his wife, Connie, and often plays host to their two sons and grandchildren, but happily the demand for his singing still takes him out on the road. The man who first heard the blues as a small boy in Oklahoma is still telling his story.



# LIFE WITH FEATHER

Part IV of a critic's autobiography  
By LEONARD FEATHER

**M**Y MOST DURABLE RECOLLECTION of the musicians I met during those first visits to New York between 1935 and 1939 is the memory of their unflinching hospitality and kindness. While their generosity helped make me feel at home, perhaps my deep concern for the music contributed a little to the raising of their morale, which was in dire need of help.

For example, during an evening at the apartment of Red Allen, I leafed through his book of press clippings and found that many of them were from *Melody Maker* and then glanced at some of his fan mail and found it was predominantly from Europe.

"It is amusing," I wrote in *Melody Maker*, "to see the techniques employed by fans to secure photographs, biographical details, and answers to all sorts of questions concerning records that Red forgot about years ago."

Allen had just returned from a job filling in for an absentee in the Duke Ellington Band. I commented how well he would fit with Ellington permanently and how regrettable it was that he had to make money by playing with the Blue Rhythm Band, "which doesn't send him at all."

Much of what I learned about the jazz life and about the music itself was the result of social contact with musicians. One of the most pleasantly domesticated evenings was spent at the Forest Hills, N.Y., home of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Norville (Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey).

"This delightful country house," I wrote, "complete with garden, garage, and faithful dachshunds Hans and Fritz, is as far from the hubbub of Manhattan as Twickenham is from grimy London."

The Norvos, I commented, "like nothing better than a quiet evening at home, with a little lazy xylophone tinkling, a few good records, a Tom Collins or two, and generally Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Wilson among the guests."

While I was there, the phone rang. It was a celebrated jazz violinist. A few minutes later, Mildred hung up the phone in disgust and told us he had refused to come over when he learned that Teddy would be there; he didn't approve of social mixing of the races. But incidents like this were

rare in jazz even in 1935.

The next evening Mildred, Teddy, and I gathered at a small private studio on 54th St. to commemorate my visit by recording two sides, in a very limited edition of three copies. While the extra copies were being made for the participants, we moved uptown to Teddy's place. The extraordinarily bashful Wilson, persuaded to sit down at his bedside piano—there was no room for it in the living room—played some four-hands with his wife, Irene (composer of *Some Other Spring* and several other superb songs recorded later by Billie Holiday).

I wrote, "No wonder Benny Goodman considers that the 22-year-old 'Theodocious' is not only the greatest swing pianist ever, but probably the greatest jazz artist today, irrespective of instrument." I also observed: "Goodman would give his right arm to have Teddy in his band, and also to pass off the pale-faced John Kirby as an ofay and add him to the rhythm section; but the result, alas, would only be malice and trouble."

Not long after this comment, Goodman did hire Wilson, but not for the band—he had to be used with Goodman and Krupa, the trio being accorded special-added-attraction billing so that the American public could not be shocked by the sight of a Negro as a regular member of a white orchestra.

Because of our limited numbers, most of us who studied jazz became acquainted, if only by mail. Living in Berlin in 1932, I somehow learned that a college magazine in Cambridge, England, actually carried reviews of jazz records, by one Ed Wiltz. I struck up a pen-pal relationship with him and discovered that "Wiltz" was his way of trying to sound American (i.e. sophisticated); his real name was Wiltshire. Many years later we met in New York, where he was the British vice consul.

On my first trip to New York my shipmates included Timme Rosenkrantz, the titled Dane whom we called the Barrelhouse Baron, and whose love for jazz was soon to become a Harlem legend. Soon, thereafter, in New York and Chicago, I met several other devotees of the cause. Among them was a pretty blonde named Helen Oakley, then the first and only female jazz critic (she is now Mrs. Stanley Dance); Warren Scholl, a big bluff New Yorker, who, as a hobby, corresponded for the *Melody Maker*; and Marshall Stearns, president of the Yale Hot Club (a sort of Yankee Wiltz).

It was at Adrian Rollini's Tap Room, a small and crudely furnished

cellar below the President Hotel, that I met Stearns. He had just completed plans for the reissue of some classic jazz records and had arranged for them to be distributed in the United Kingdom through another dedicated underground worker, Jeff Aldam, of *Hot News*.

The evening at the Tap Room ended abruptly when Rollini objected to an employe's sitting with the customers. The employe was Red Allen, and the customers were Red Norvo and Mildred, Stearns, John Hammond, Felix King, and I. Allen and Buster Bailey, who had opened that night, immediately quit the job, and the rest of us walked out in anger and sorrow.

Little by little, I was learning about the strange folkways of U.S. society.

I learned again when I met band-leader Andy Kirk at my hotel and invited him to join me for a drink in my room. We were shunted off to the freight elevator.

Fifty-second St. had just begun to gain a reputation as a haven for small-combo swing music. The first performers I heard there were both Italian-American trumpeter-vocalists from New Orleans, Louis Prima and Wingy Manone, and both had the



Wingy Manone

same additional instrumentation: clarinet, guitar, and bass—no drums or piano.

The Famous Door, where Prima played, was a tiny, street-level room, about 10 feet by 50 feet. At one end was a small wooden door on which were inscribed the autographs of hundreds of show-business celebrities. There was no dancing; the room was crammed with closely packed small tables.

In those days the groups played very short sets, about 20 minutes each (today John Coltrane couldn't get halfway through his first tune in 20 minutes). The Prima style at that time seemed like a shameless Armstrong imitation, yet with a certain verve and charm of his own. Especially effective was *Rockin' Chair*, for which he impersonated both father

and son, hopping across the bandstand as he changed characters with each line.

Prima's clarinetist, Pee Wee Russell, remained seated throughout the whole set, rising only at 3:30 a.m., when the quartet capped the evening by parading slowly through a narrow gangway of tables, marching themselves out with his theme, *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*. It was jazz and entertainment blended with considerable skill.

Down the street, in the oval bar of the Hickory House, every evening at 9:30 the strains of *Oh, Wingy*, the theme, brought on four figures in white dinner jackets, and the Mannone (that was how he spelled it then) quartet played its first set. Unlike Prima, who dispensed with amplification, Manone made extensive use of the microphone; like Prima, he bore a vocal resemblance to Armstrong.

Wingy was riding high; he recorded frequently and had come up with a freak hit by taking a dreary ballad, *The Isle of Capri*, and turning it into a hot jazz vocal vehicle. But he couldn't understand why the public found his treatment comical; it was simply his natural way of dealing with the tune.

His good humor shone through every number, and the quartet swung prodigiously, with guitarist Carmen Mastren and bassist Sid Weiss as a rhythm section, and the full-toned Jimmie Noone-like clarinet of Joe Marsala. Manone earnestly preached his credo during an interview: jazz, he said, need not be sophisticated to gain popular appeal. Sophistication to him, of course, meant big swing bands and the reading of music.

Leonard Feather's All-Star Jam Band recording, February, 1939: (l. to r.) Bob Hackett, Hayes Alvis, Feather, Cozy Cole, and Billy Kyle.



Farther up the street, Red McKenzie and Eddie Condon had taken a hand in helping Joe Helbock run the Onyx Club.

McKenzie was a curious fringe figure in jazz; originally known for his blue-blowing (comb-and-paper, kazoolike vocal sounds), he later became an indifferent ballad singer whose style was at odds with the jazz backgrounds he always selected. He and Condon had been intermittent partners on various records and gigs. Condon at that time was entirely unknown to the public. Because he played a four-string guitar, took no solos, and did not fit into either a big band or most small combos of the day, he was irregularly employed.

McKenzie and Condon did not lead the group at the Onyx. They had brought in Mike Riley, a trombonist-comedian who took his horn apart during solos and, at one point when I caught the group, induced a two-inch lump on the head of his partner, cornetist Ed Farley, by whomping him with a megaphone. Slat Long, a good and long-forgotten clarinetist, completed the front line. Conrad Lanoue was the pianist; George Yorke played bass; and Condon played guitar. I don't believe there was a drummer. The intermission pianist was Frank Froeba, who held the audiences of musical celebrities spellbound with a Joe Sullivanesque swinging style.

Sitting in was fairly common; there was seldom a night when Tommy Dorsey didn't drop in after his regular hotel job to adapt himself to the informal jamming style of the group (which today, I suppose, would be called a Dixieland band, though in those days "jam band" or "small swing band" were commoner terms).

The Riley-Farley group made a few records for Vocalion and Decca, backing Red McKenzie's singing; but soon, on their own, they created a comedy hit, *The Music Goes Round and Round*. This originated as a jam routine on the chords of *Dinah*, with comedy singing and talking spontaneously added.

Almost the only way to sustain a small jazz group was to luck up on a hit single record.

There were, of course, no pop albums of any kind or speed; all records were 78-r.p.m. singles. Soon after the Riley-Farley comedy song broke, the Onyx got lucky again when it brought in from Buffalo a sensational young violinist named Stuff Smith. Playing with Jonah Jones and a rhythm section, he went through a nonsense routine called *I'se Amuggin'*; its impetus kept him going as a top

name for years and even landed him in a Hollywood musical film.

A strong compensation for the confusion between art and entertainment was the happy camaraderie that existed among musicians and divergent backgrounds. In 1964 a jazzman is generally pigeonholed: Wild Bill Davison is a Dixielander; Wilber DeParis plays New Orleans jazz; Ornette Coleman is avant garde; Dizzy Gillespie plays bop and Art Blakey hard bop; Benny Goodman exemplifies swing. They all live in compartmentalized worlds that rarely overlap. In 1936 there were no such sharply drawn style lines; a musician might switch back and forth between various types of band and combo jobs.

Teddy Wilson's and Lionel Hampton's small recording bands of the late 1930s symbolized the real freedom that existed. The brand of music represented was fairly stable from one session to another, yet on one date the trumpeter might be Roy Eldridge, on another Chris Griffin or Jonah Jones, Buck Clayton, Red Allen, Harry James, or Bobby Hackett. Other sidemen on the dates might be drawn from the bands of Ellington, Basie, Goodman, James, or Calloway.

From this list it can be correctly inferred that Wilson and Hampton, like most in the inner jazz circle, did not consider the music the private preserve or exclusive creature of any ethnic group. We laughed and shrugged off the occasional Uncle Tom song concepts like *All Dark People Are Light on Their Feet*, and we never had to contend with the kind of thinking that says the light-on-feet are the only authentic blues people.

It was not a matter of complacency; on the contrary, Wilson, for example, was very militant, one of the few jazzmen with considerable social and political maturity. Even to white jazzmen, the facts of U.S. life were far clearer than to the vast majority of other white Americans. Yet in one sense there was more social pressure to draw whites and Negroes together in jazz than there was to keep them apart, for they shared the bond of the outsider.

We were all outsiders. No matter how deep one's involvement with the creation of music, it was almost hopeless to expect it to be accepted with dignity, sympathy, or understanding. In this loneliness we drew together. A fellow musician or music lover, Negro or white, was more "one of us" than the average fellow American.

It was this kind of "usness" that drew me to the United States. Though sickened by what I read, and later saw

(Continued on page 39)

# 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 initiated 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.

## SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

### John Coltrane

A LOVE SUPREME—Impulse 77: *Part I—Acknowledgement; Part II—Resolution; Part III—Pursuance; Part IV—Psalm.*

Personnel: Coltrane, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

During most of Coltrane's career, he has been admired, and damned, for various things—his technical facility and his ability to run chord changes with lightning speed, his sometimes seething emotionality that found expression through wildly cascading solos, his physical prowess to play seemingly for hours without letup . . . and so forth. Even his most ardent critics seldom denied he was an outstanding musician. His supporters called him an artist, and he was to a certain extent.

But in truth, the admiration was based more on his musicianship than his artistry, for art involves more than an ability to play a jazz solo that moves a certain number of listeners, mostly to excitement. Artistry simultaneously involves structure, forethought, revelation of self-essence, as well as a wide emotional range. These elements were not always present in Coltrane's work in the past, as excellent as it was.

This record, however, is thoroughly a work of art.

It is, according to Coltrane, a statement of his rediscovery of God—the supreme love—and is meant as praise of the Almighty.

I do not know how Coltrane's rediscovery has changed him as a man, but there is a change in his music—not a radical change, but one that has produced a peace not often heard in his playing previously, and Coltrane's peace induces reflection in the listener. It takes the form of startlingly beautiful lyricism that sometimes hovers over his accompaniment, as on *Psalm*, a most moving performance. It is evident in the de-emphasis of the fury and frustration that had become such a

part of Coltrane's work during the last three years.

Musically, Coltrane is very much together on this record. The excesses of the past are conquered. Everything counts; nothing sprawls.

His use of thematically developed motifs is excellent, particularly on *Acknowledgement* (a four-note, chantlike theme, which Coltrane also sings—"a love supreme"—after his solo). The melodicism that is such a striking characteristic of his playing on this album is more often chromatic than diatonic and, consequently, sometimes creates a bitonality that sets up a wonderful tension with Tyner's chords and Garrison's bass lines. Coltrane's artistry is evident in his never permitting tension to overcome its counterpoise, release. His solo on *Pursuance* contrasts with his other solos because it is more in the ram-paging devil-dance style he has used in recent years; but within that soaring complexity he inserts touchstones of simplicity, which, of course, is the same tension-release device he uses in a different way in the other solos.

Tyner and Jones are their usual excellent selves, and their work, both in solo and support, is of the nature and quality one expects from them. Garrison deserves special commendation for his playing on this record. His solo that bridges *Pursuance* and *Psalm* is a masterly piece of work. In it he makes subtle use of the four-note *Acknowledgement* theme (which I assume is the four-part work's main theme), uses tempo for effect rather than point of reference, and brings off beautifully a series of strummed chords and single-note lines that eventually leads into *Psalm*.

This is a significant album, because Coltrane has brought together the promising but underdeveloped aspects of his previous work; has shorn, compressed, extended, and tamed them; and has emerged a greater artist for it. (D.DeM.)

### Ahmed Abdul-Malik

SPELLBOUND—Status 8303: *Spellbound; Nerver on Sunday; Body and Soul; Song of Delilah; Cinema Blues.*

Personnel: Ray Nance, cornet, violin; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone, flute; Hamza Aldeen, oud; Paul Neves, piano; Abdul-Malik, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Exoticism is no substitute for swing. This album has its few inspired moments, but instruments such as the oud and the violin tend to inhibit the over-all drive and flow.

Aldeen captures the essential flavor of the East with his oud solos on *Sunday* and *Delilah*, but, significantly, neither is given a straightforward rhythmic backing. What results are interludes that impede the continuity. Similarly, Nance's violin graces *Spellbound* (although Status' engineering does not) and *Delilah*, adding a plaintive, lyrical dimension to each track, but failing to contribute to their forward motion. The intrinsic nature of the violin would convert the greatest rhythmic support into an exercise in futility.

Turning to the conventional aspects, the combo is fronted by a workmanlike bassist in Abdul-Malik, who is more competent than spectacular. His choice to avoid the

spotlight is wise if his one solo on *Cinema* is any criterion. Here he solos in short, undaring linear phrases. But at least his supporting bass lines are always booming and, more important, always correct.

Nance's cornet comes through with a warmth that lends full-bodied support to *Sunday* and *Cinema*. Powell scores more impressively with flute than he does with tenor, the contrast being quite apparent on *Sunday*. His best moments can be heard on *Cinema* (flute) and *Body* (tenor).

Strong comping and tasteful solos issue from the piano of Neves, who turns out to be the most consistently creative and most dependable swinger of the session. Perkins does what he's supposed to in the rhythmic scheme of things, but his brief solo on *Cinema* is destined to go down in history as one of the great percussive enigmas.

One final irritation: to have the last track end in a fade-out (even though *Cinema* is without arrangement) is most unsatisfying. Then again, the album as a whole leaves much to be desired. Maybe there are just too many strings attached. (H.S.)

### Ray Charles

LIVE IN CONCERT—ABC-Paramount 500: *Swing a Little Taste; I Gotta Woman; Margie; You Don't Know Me; Hide nor Hair; Baby, Don't You Cry; Makin' Whoopee; Hallelujah, I Love Her So; Don't Set Me Free; What'd I Say?*

Personnel: David Newman, tenor saxophone; Ray Charles, piano, vocals; the Raelets, vocals; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★½

For a summation of the merits of Ray Charles on one LP, this is the disc. It not only has Charles singing his rhythm tunes, his blues, his ballads and playing piano, but it also has just enough audience reaction to underline the effect Charles produces.

The Charles big band is here, in disciplined and swinging form; the Raelets are here. There are Charles classics—*Woman*, *Hallelujah*, and *Say*—and Charles hits. The album also reflects Charles' personality as a performer in a way that no studio recording has been able to do.

It is a distinct and extremely pleasant surprise to one whose interest in Charles has been dwindling rapidly in recent years—one who has found his concert appearances tiresomely routine and his recordings of standard ballads pretty deadly—to find not only that this recorded concert has a vitality and a communication that has been missing from his Carnegie Hall appearances but also that, in these circumstances, even Charles' *Makin' Whoopee* has a validity that it never seemed to have before.

This is one to keep. (J.S.W.)

### Bill Doggett

WOW!—ABC-Paramount 507: *Wow!; Oo-Dee; O! Mose Blues; Happy Soul Time; The Kicker; Mudcat; Ram-Bunk-Shush; Slow Walk; Fatso.*

Personnel: Doggett, organ; unidentified alto and tenor saxophonists, guitarist, and drummer.

Rating: ★★

If proliferation were proof of a musician's popularity, Doggett would be entrenched as this country's top organist. The Gospel according to Schwann will bear that out. And if enthusiasm were the prime requisite for jazz, Doggett would again rank No. 1. But there's more to swing

than exuberance. This album will testify to that.

What we have here is an excursion (to quote Doggett) "down the middle between jazz and rock and roll." What emerges is a dull potpourri of straight-ahead jazz, blues, rhythm and blues, rock and roll, spirituals, and even boogie woogie.

The title tune and *Oo-Da* (the latter a jazz waltz) romp merrily over a heavy-handed rhythmic foundation. *Ol' Mose*—a relaxed blues—offers the only extended solo work in the album, and the unidentified altoist and guitarist (ABC provides much technical data on the jacket but assumes a low-fidelity approach when it comes to naming sidemen) match Doggett with exciting solo statements. *Happy* is just that, in terms of a pulsating, Gospel-oriented rocker, replete with the clipped phrasing of the tenorist.

*Kicker* takes off immediately, boosted and sustained by a relentless Charleston beat. Doggett shows a fine sense of dynamics in his sweeping solo. At a slower tempo, *Mudcat* serves as an extension of *Kicker*, with another unyielding riff setting the pace.

*Ram* is an obnoxious rock-and-roll offering that finds the drummer shuffling, the tenorist bellowing, and the guitarist playing with a boogie-woogie figure. More of same festers *Slow Walk*, with guitar and drums obviously reading from the *Ram* chart.

The final track reverses the trend toward vulgarity. *Fatso* sheds some fine solo comments by alto, guitar, and organ over the

grooviest rhythmic feeling among the nine tunes.

If the album offers something for everybody, there's not enough of any one type to please any one audience. Its most glaring weaknesses are the lack of unity and the hastily conceived arrangements. (H.S.)

#### Ella Fitzgerald

ELLA AT JUAN-LES PINS—Verve 4065: *Day In, Day Out; Just Asittin' and Arockin'; The Lady Is a Tramp; Summertime; St. Louis Blues; Honeysuckle Rose; They Can't Take That Away from Me; You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To; Somewhere in the Night; I've Got You under My Skin; The Cricket Song; How High the Moon.*

Personnel: Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Bill Yancey, bass; Gus Johnson, drums; Miss Fitzgerald, vocals.

Rating: ★★½

This recording is apparently the compiled and edited work from two performances at the 1964 jazz festival at Juan-Les Pins, France, and consequently, the level of performance drifts a bit, as one would expect when going back the next night to hear an artist.

The session that produced *They Can't Take That Away through Moon* is one of the most consistently engaging and artistic sets of performances of Miss Fitzgerald's recording career. The material is old hat, (with the exception of the improvised *Cricket Song*), and the pace is not particularly attractive; but the vocalist turns in an outstanding technical feat. The tonal color is warmly dark and rich; shading within the musical patterns is tasteful, suspenseful, and accurate; modulations and transitions are steady, confident, and imagi-

native. There is exhibited here the creativity of a truly great artist.

On the other tunes, she sings with more abandon and less attention to technique.

The relaxed, natural flow of both sides more than compensates for whatever mechanical improvement there might have been if the set had been planned, rehearsed, or recorded indoors. The rapport between Miss Fitzgerald and her audience is immediately recognizable and is a tremendous incentive to the singer.

Another notable exception to the usual Ella album is her demonstration of ability to improvise and create extensively at a leisurely, almost hypnotic pace. All too often her prowess has been flashed about at breakneck speed and screeching levels. Her ballads have been reserved for interpretation and phrasing. On many of these tunes, she confirms that she is capable of combining technique and sensitivity and developing both to the highest level of proficiency. (B.G.)

#### Clancy Hayes-Salty Dogs

OH! BY JINGO!—Delmark 210: *Oh! By Jingo; Rose of Washington Square; Oriental Strut; I'm Comin', Virginia; Wise Guy; Beale Street Blues; Cakewalking Babies; Tin Roof Blues; King Chanticleer; Michigan Water Blues; New Orleans Stamp; My Little Bimbo.*

Personnel: Lew Green, Jim Dapogny, cornets; Jim Snyder, trombone; Kim Cusack, clarinet; Johnny Cooper, piano; Mike Walbridge, tuba; Wayne Jones, drums; Hayes, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

If I hadn't heard this record, I wouldn't believe it. The Salty Dogs make up a brash and brassy ensemble band that struts and swings the way a band of this sort should

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but, in recent decades, almost never has.

The Dogs are strong where most such bands are painfully weak—in the rhythm section. Cooper is a tremendously enlivening pianist who frolics through the backgrounds scattering bright, sparkling accents; Walbridge is vigorously authoritative on tuba; Jones is a deft drummer who gives the section solidity without resorting to heaviness.

The four-man front line makes a superb ensemble even though as soloists the horn men are undistinguished (although Snyder has moments of rough-and-ready tromboning). This is of no great importance, however, since there is relatively little soloing (Cusack, the weakest of the lot, takes most of what there are—or maybe it just seems that way).

The band has only three selections to itself—*Strut*, *Stomp*, and a magnificent treatment of *King*—but there's lots of it to be heard between (and behind) Hayes' singing on the other piece.

Hayes' casual, easygoing, slightly mannered vocal work is sufficiently in keeping with the band's playing so that it does not interfere, and in *Rose* and *Wise*, he adds an interesting period flavor.

This is such a promising sample that I trust these Dogs will be let loose by themselves. (J.S.W.)

#### Willis Jackson

**BOSS SHOUTIN'**—Prestige 7329: *Boss St. Louis Blues*; *Que Sera*, *Sweetie*; *Shoutin'*; *Nice & Easy*; *Your Wonderful Love*.

Personnel: Frank Robinson, trumpet; Jackson, tenor saxophone; Earl Wilson, organ; Pat Azzara, guitar; George Tucker, bass; Joe Hadrick, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Rhythm and blues don't always add up to rhythm-and-blues. In this album, a typical r&b tenor-organ combo demonstrates how to lay down a variety of blues over a riff-dominated rhythmic base. The results are gratifyingly atypical: four of the five well-contrasted numbers swing with relaxed, meaningful solos and refreshingly clean rhythmic support. The fifth—*Wonderful*—provides Jackson with a showcase for the pensive, full-bodied, romantic side of his tenor.

*St. Louis* and *Que Sera* flow expansively against a busy, pulsating background (the spirit of *St. Louis* conjures up a swinging cha-cha) that derives from tasty percussive figurations by guitarist Azzara and the restrained comping of organist Wilson.

*Shoutin'* moves ahead at a bright tempo—a themeless swinger with a closing fade-out that resembles an old-time jam session. *Nice & Easy* lives up to its title: a medium bounce that boasts a happy groove.

The solo excursions are enjoyable but less than outstanding. Jackson's earthy tenor dominates the album with a tone that belies his straightforward approach to improvising. His best moments can be heard on *Que Sera*, *Shoutin'*, and *Wonderful*. Robinson, who excels on *St. Louis* and *Shoutin'*, has a tone as clean as Jackson's is gutsy.

The most satisfactory soloist is Azzara, especially on *Que Sera* and *Shoutin'*. He develops his lines with a clear logic and controlled intensity reminiscent of Herb Ellis. As for drummer Hadrick and bassist Tucker, their contributions are adequate

(Hadrick breaks the fourth beat of each measure into two eighth notes with irritating consistency), but they do nothing to distinguish their presence. (H.S.)

#### Harry James

**IN A RELAXED MOOD**—MGM 4274: *I Surrender, Dear*; *Spring Can Really Hang You up the Most*; *My Funny Valentine*; *For All We Know*; *I Cover the Waterfront*; *Rockin' Chair*; *That's All*; *Lazy River*; *Don't Blame Me*; *Time on My Hands*.

Personnel: James, trumpet; Ray Sims, trombone; Corky Corcoran, tenor saxophone; Jack Perciful, piano; Guy Scalise, guitar; Red Kelly, bass; Buddy Rich, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The idea of this LP is to show James' ballad-playing ability on a collection of standards, none of which is taken faster than medium. The result is an album that has to be one of the worst the trumpeter has made since his comeback several years ago.

Although he can perform excitingly when the emphasis is on swinging, James has a tendency to play oversentimentally and, consequently, is at his worst on ballads. For the most part, he stays close to the melody, sometimes ornamenting unimaginatively with grace notes and runs. His tone seems sticky sweet to me, though I realize that many dance-band fans regard it as beautiful. James' best work is on *I Surrender* when he gets away from the theme to double-time powerfully.

Corcoran contributes some good solos, displaying a virile style that seems to have been drawn from several members of the Coleman Hawkins school but isn't reminiscent of any particular one. (H.P.)

#### Charles Lloyd

**DISCOVERY! THE CHARLES LLOYD QUARTET**—Columbia 2267: *Forest Flower*; *How Can I Tell You?*; *Little Peace*; *Bizarre*; *The Days of Wine and Roses*; *Sweet Georgia Bright*; *Love Song to a Baby*; *Ol' Five Spot*.

Personnel: Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; Don Friedman, piano; Eddie Khan or Richard Davis, bass; J. C. Moses or Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

I'm told that this record was made two years ago (it is Lloyd's first as a leader), and I have never heard Lloyd in person. So the Lloyd of today (assuming that his playing is two years older and that he plays differently in person) is unknown to me, and the following remarks are to be taken accordingly.

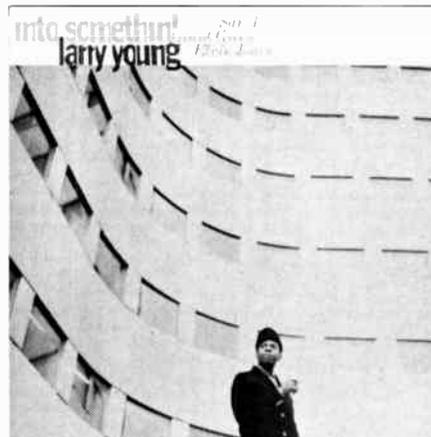
First, it is true that Lloyd is a discovery. He is a strong player who sounds to be in the first stage of his public career with a world of change before him. On this record he leans so heavily toward John Coltrane that sometimes there is absolute duplication. The least to be said of this is he's one of the best Coltrane derivatives and drop it at that. But I think there is more to be said—aside from observing that there is room for more than one Coltrane.

There are seeds of Lloyd individuality scattered here and there on this LP. The best track for me, *Ol' Five Spot*, is the most free and revealing. Here Lloyd's particular fire burns. True, there is often more frenzy than music; but there also are long and exciting moments of musical coherence.

Lloyd knows his horn. He plays real pitches, heard dead-center both individually and collectively (he doesn't play runs), and though he seems to be finger-hung on

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flute, he has rare pitch control.

After *Five* the best track is *Bizarre*, which, according to the liner notes, is "really improvised all the way" but is very modal and harmonically repetitive and not at all bizarre.

After one has heard true *group* improvisation, this kind of "free" playing leaves something to be desired. Technical matters aside, the missing factor has to do with the relationship of the musicians to one another. One strains to hear that breakthrough into non-soloism (which would be an apocalyptic leap, to be sure) into a plane of being where everybody is together. Lloyd's group does get close enough to illustrate what he has pointed at.

Almost as much to the point here is Friedman, a gifted musician, who, on *Forest*, plays a few well-placed fast notes to create the most arresting moment I've heard from a pianist in a long, barren time (Fred Kaz has furnished many similar ones). He plays well on *How Can*, too, and plays a nutty solo on *Wine and Roses*. How well he strikes one single tone. His brilliance appears, however, mostly in flashes.

Davis also plays well (hear his high sound in *Little Peace*), and Haynes, who is always new to me, is new again. He always matches his fellow musicians.

The rating is almost entirely for the freer blowing. (B.M.)

**Karin Krog**

BY MYSELF—Norwegian Philips 631.062: *By Myself*; *Lover Man*; *Karin's Kicks*; *I Fall in Love Too Easily*; *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?*; *Mood Indigo*; *'Deed I Do*; *I Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry*; *All Blues*.

Personnel: Egil Kapstad, piano; Kurt Lindgren or Per Loberg, bass; Jon Christensen, drums; Miss Krog, vocals.

Rating: ★★½

Ask long and loudly enough for someone please to try something different in singing, and you may get Norway's Karin Krog. The first thing one is tempted to say upon listening to this hip Scandinavian is: "The gal's got guts." Then: "She sings." That is a high compliment now that so many vocalists imitate instruments.

There is no question that this young vocalist is prepared to throw away the book about "jazz singing" and approach her material with a distinctive and unique styling. The results vary from astonishing to atrocious. She is refreshingly free of influences both from other singers and from instruments.

Miss Krog so completely alters the melody line and tempo that she goes beyond improvisation. She creates new concepts out of standard themes.

To evaluate her singing strictly within the rigid confines of the vocal analysis used today would be seriously misleading. The above rating means the sound that comes from her combining instrumental and vocal creativity produces a definitely superior effect—but with a certain reservation.

There are extremes here. *Lover Man* is almost wholly divorced from its original form. The singer has created an entirely different structure on the familiar foundation. Aside from the building, whirling improvisation in the first 16 and last 8, she creates a fascinating contrast in the bridge. On the other hand, *I Fall in Love*

is sung with plaintive simplicity and just the barest liberties.

Even within the same song, sometimes her ramblings go so far afield that the entire tune collapses. This is the case with *Gee, Baby*. The tune begins well, develops beautifully, and then comes apart.

Because her approach is so unique, each tune (all sung in English, by the way) in the album provides a special insight, and each one could undergo special and exclusive analysis.

Miss Krog is the most interesting vocalist to appear in some time, and her uniqueness and her unqualified confidence in her direction suggest that she will be seriously listened to. (B.G.)

**Thelonious Monk**

MONK—Columbia 2291: *Liza*; *April in Paris*; *That Old Man*; *I Love You*; *Just You, Just Me*; *Pannonica*; *Teo*.

Personnel: Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Monk, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★★½

As Monk rattles over familiar territory, we recognize an old friend serious in his humor, predictable in his unpredictability, comfortable in his discomfort.

This album contains a cache of Monkish moments; it is his personality rather than the explicit content of his music that the listener retains. (This is not always true of Monk at his best.)

Rouse plays with consistency and competence, but little more.

*Teo* is the best track, the most inventive. Here Monk and his music don't seem to be fish-eying one another. Rouse also is at his best here.

Other moments: Monk's nice comping in *Just You*; the rightness of his eight-bar silence in the sixth eight-bar phrase of his solo (Monk knows absolutely the value of silence); the deliberate humor of *That Old Man*.

It takes a little careful listening to realize that *I Love You*, a piano solo, is not being played by the man next door at a party. If one listens closely enough, though, he says to himself, "That's Thelonious Monk."

Here's a nice quote from the liner notes by Bill Evans:

"Monk approaches the piano . . . from an 'angle' that is just the right 'angle' for him. Perhaps this is the major reason for my feeling the same respect and admiration for his work that I do for Erroll Garner's. . . . Each seems to me as great as any man can be great if he works true to his talents, neither over- nor underestimating them and, most important, functions within his limitations."

For Monk fans. (B.M.)

**Oscar Peterson**

WE GET REQUESTS—Verve 6-8606: *Quiet Nights*; *The Days of Wine and Roses*; *My One and Only Love*; *People*; *Have You Met Miss Jones?*; *You Look Good to Me*; *The Girl from Ipanema*; *D & E*; *Time and Again*; *Goodbye, J.D.*

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

Rating: ★★★★★

Most of the best action here takes place on the second side of the record—from *You Look Good* through *Goodbye*. Of these, *D & E* is the best, thanks to Brown's

superb bass work and Peterson's tasteful playing that gradually evolves from a John Lewis-like delicacy into a surging mass before receding to gentleness at the end.

In fact, there is more delicacy than usual displayed by Peterson throughout the album. He uses finely wrought, light-wine lines on *Quiet Nights, You Look Good, Ipanema, and Time*. On *Only Love* he pays his respects to Art Tatum, who had his own brand of delicacy, with flashing runs and Tatumesque voicings of some of the left-hand chords (the performance suffers, however, by Peterson's extensive interpolation of *Someone to Watch Over Me*). On *Wine and Roses* and *People*, both done in the same manner, his playing is buoyantly light but essentially vacuous; on both tracks, though, Brown, who seemingly never has a bad day, plays crafty bass lines, particularly in the first choruses.

*You Look Good* stands out from most of the rest mainly because of Brown's solo, in which he pays his respects to Oscar Pettiford by quoting directly and indirectly from the nonpareil solo played by Pettiford on Coleman Hawkins' mid-'40s recording of *The Man I Love*. Peterson also contributes a fine solo to the performance, one that is constructed in the manner of his D&E work.

The hard-driving, jabbing Peterson most listeners know is in full flower on the fingers-aflying *Goodbye*, which is dedicated to a&r man Jim Davis and, thus, probably indicates that this was Peterson's last session for Verve.

As is the case with all Peterson's albums in the last few years, this one shows how well these three men work together, whether or not the over-all performance is of the quality they are able to achieve when at their best. Thigpen, who seldom draws attention to himself in his playing, is all the more vital to the group's excellence for his back-seat driving. (D.DeM.)

#### Bud Powell

THE RETURN OF BUD POWELL—Roulette 52115: *I Know That You Know; The Best Thing for You; On Green Dolphin Street; Just One of Those Things; I Remember Clifford; Hallucinations; Someone to Watch Over Me; If I Loved You*.

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

Rating: ★★ ★

This LP, apparently cut shortly after Powell returned to the United States last August, is a disappointment—especially considering that his playing on a recent Dizzy Gillespie-Double Six album indicated he might be regaining his 1950 form.

Little here sticks to the ribs. Powell has trouble with the very fast-tempoed *I Know* and *One of Those Things*. His phrases don't flow into one another the way they once did; they're often short and/or abruptly and inconclusively broken off. When the pianist rests, it's almost as if he's trying to catch his breath before playing the next lick. His sense of time is also none too sharp.

On *Best Thing*, taken at a loping up-tempo clip, Powell improvises inventively. His *Green Dolphin* and *Hallucinations* solos are pleasant but a bit too conservative. "Conservative" also describes his version of *Clifford*; he gives it an almost straight reading.

Last and best: *If I Loved You* and *Someone to Watch Over Me* are both quite interesting. On the former, Powell uses space imaginatively and contrasts heavy, dissonant chords with tricky runs.

He employs the same kind of device for contrast on *Someone*. This selection is only one chorus long but is packed with surprises. It's extremely difficult to follow Powell's playing from a point just before he goes into the bridge until he emerges with the final statement of the melody's primary motif. Between these points he seems to be on another planet, demonstrating a harmonic sense as advanced in its way as that of any "new thing" musician, and conveying a feeling of great poignancy.

Even on a substandard (for him) album, Powell still has the ability to shake up his audience. (H.P.)

#### Archie Shepp

FOUR FOR TRANE—Impulse 71: *Syeeda's Song Flute; Mr. Syms; Cousin Mary; Naima; Rufus (Swung, his face at last to the wind, then his neck snapped)*.

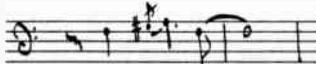
Personnel: Alan Shorter, fluegelhorn; Roswell Rudd, trombone; Shepp, tenor saxophone; John Tchicai, alto saxophone, Reggie Workman, bass; Charles Moffett, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★ ½

One of Shepp's values is that he sustains powerful musical potency without overt recourse to triadic harmony or metric regularity. When at his best, he forms a texture that is newly born every moment. It relies on musicians who are unafraid, every moment, to abandon all they know.

The debt Shepp owes to certain influential players is implicit in every note he plays. His closeness to Ben Webster and John Coltrane, for instance, is clearly present. This album greatly emphasizes the relation to the latter. In so doing, however, the very freedom that to me is at the center of Shepp's music is, I assume, voluntarily denied. The result does not cohere.

For instance, left to himself, without this particular "historically important" idea to work out, I doubt if Shepp would ever score the following background (very Coltranish in its use here) behind one of his solos:



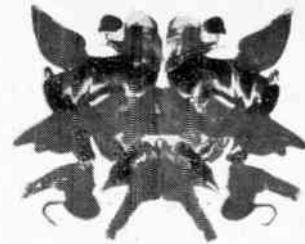
Yet there it is, and there is Shepp, playing on Coltrane's changes and using Coltrane's melodic phrases.

(I was particularly surprised to find



stuck in the middle of some hollering somewhere. Not only that, but he feels somehow obliged to repeat it up a half-tone a moment later.)

Shepp is the post-Coltrane tenor who is most clearly his own man. I believe his indebtedness to Coltrane would have been better expressed had there been less effort on someone's part to force the issue by having him record four Coltrane compositions. This deliberate act of "tribute" to Coltrane obscures, for me, Shepp's essence. The one non-"tribute" track on the record



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# ANNUAL BIG-BAND ISSUE

## *The Days With Duke*

REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES

By REX STEWART

## *Harry James: Happiest Band On The Road*

By JOHN TYNAN

## *Portrait Of The Count*

A PENETRATING STUDY OF THE  
BASIE BAND, By HSIO WEN SHIH

ON SALE THURSDAY, APRIL 8

# down beat

(*Rufus*) is far and away the most exciting. It brings us home.

Still—with all the foregoing—this is the best album I've heard in a long time.

The finest moments for me are the overlapping of Tchicai's and Shepp's solos on *Rufus*; the extraordinary musical relationship between Shepp and Rudd in *Syedda's*; Rudd in *Naima*.

Rudd is, in fact, a trombonist of the very highest quality, the most original and creative I've heard recently. Liner-note writer LeRoi Jones calls his sound "muscular" and adds, "The horn sounds, for a change, like there's a human agency behind it."

The notes by Jones are typically his, poetic, revealing, rangey, worth it.

Bassist Workman, for this date, for these men, is the perfect bass player—he has great freedom, absolute precision. Moffett, though a steady and sensitive drummer, does not seem to share with the others (especially Shepp and Rudd) the joy and wonder of the unknown. His solo on *Rufus* is in the wrong piece. Shorter, on *Syms*, promises us.

Now for a word about record companies.

Impulse says of their product, "An historically important jazz album. . . . This album created by Impulse Records helps chart the musical progress of American jazz music" (italics mine). You have to be unconscious to bill yourself seriously that way. Congratulations to Impulse for recording Shepp, for taking such care, etc., etc., but let's leave history to history.

I feel that Shepp has a parallel in letters—James Baldwin—at least in this sense: each man totally confronts his audience in direct and personal address. Each man says, "Here I am whole. Until you see me, and your relationship to me, you cannot see yourself." Each man is saying in his own way the only pertinent thing to be said today. Each man leads his field.

Shepp is one of the most important jazz musicians today. Not to be missed. (B.M.)

### Various Artists

THE DEFINITIVE JAZZ SCENE, VOL. 2—Impulse 100: *Without a Song* (Ray Charles); *The Blues Ain't Nothin' but Some Pain* (Shirley Scott Trio); *Moon over My Annie* (Lionel Hampton Sextet); *Night Lights* (Oliver Nelson Septet); *Gloria* (J. J. Johnson Quartet); *Dear Old Stockholm* (John Coltrane Quartet); *You'd Be so Nice to Come Home To* (McCoy Tyner Trio); *Blues Company* (Manny Albam Orchestra); *Anything I Do* (Tommy Flanagan Trio).

Rating: ★★ ★★

This second album in a series culled from previously unissued material in the Impulse files, while perhaps not quite as distinguished as the first, presents an impressive array of talent in generally excellent performances. Recordings date from January, 1962, through November, 1964.

Though the selections range from popular (Charles) to avant garde (Coltrane), the emphasis is on solid modern-mainstream jazz.

Charles is in fine form on the old Vincent Youmans standard, his earthy, declamatory style contrasting effectively with soupy strings and ooh-aaing voices.

Miss Scott is restrained and expressively somber in a bluesy ballad of her own, slightly reminiscent of *You Don't Know*

*What Love Is*. Even objectors to the organ will find this track quite palatable.

At the helm of a swinging little band including Clark Terry's fluegelhorn, Ben Webster's tenor saxophone, Hank Jones' piano, Milt Hinton's bass, and Osie Johnson's drums, Hampton successfully re-creates the informal, free-swinging atmosphere of his great Victor studio sessions from the swing era. A nice line by Manny Albam gives the grand old man of the vibraharp a chance to shine, Webster emerging as the other standout soloist.

Nelson's scoring of an attractive ballad, *Night Lights*, features a lyrical, singing alto saxophone solo by Phil Woods and effective use of Phil Bodner's English horn. The arranger gets a big-band feeling from four horns and three rhythm.

Johnson's *Gloria* consists of a single chorus at slow tempo. The trombonist makes the minor-hued line sing; his impressive use of the lower register brings to mind the fullness of a bass trombone.

Coltrane's 10½-minute version of *Stockholm* is perhaps the musical peak of the album. Recorded in April, 1963, with pianist Tyner, bassist Jimmy Garrison, and drummer Elvin Jones, it features a long but well-constructed tenor saxophone improvisation on a melancholy, romantic theme well suited to Coltrane's melodic predilections and climaxed by an impressive cadenza. (The tune, by the way, is credited to Stan Getz. To be sure, it was introduced to jazz by Getz, but when this reviewer was a child, he knew it well as a Swedish folk song named *Varmeland, Du Skona*.)

Tyner and Garrison show up again on the following track, a sprightly version of a Cole Porter standard. Aided by drummer Albert Heath's effervescent brush work, Tyner here shows a less introspective side of his musical personality than in his work with Coltrane. Nothing complex or "far out" here.

A 13-piece studio band directed by arranger-composer Albam gets into a Basie groove on a medium-rock blues, featuring tenorist Oliver Nelson and altoist Phil Woods. In tandem and in solo, the duo perform in a vein similar to Basie's former Frank Foster-Frank Wess team.

The final track is an unexpected treat, recorded by pianist Flanagan, bassist Richard Davis, and drummer Connie Kay during a lull at a recent Milt Jackson recording session. Flanagan is superb, his touch, taste, and imagination reminding the listener that Ella Fitzgerald's current accompanist is easily one of the top jazz pianists of today, and that it has been far too long since he was adequately showcased in an album of his own. An a&r man looking for a worthy competitor to Bill Evans would do well to seek out Flanagan.

"This album is . . . more than a varied entertainment, for it can give a whole new perspective on today's tumultuous jazz scene," says Stanley Dance in his candid and well-written notes. Other companies might do well to follow the lead of Impulse in presenting such varied collections—as long as they keep in mind that the point is to make use of previously unissued material. (D.M.)

# BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Several recent books on folk music are deserving of more than passing attention by the blues fan.

There is Chris Strachwitz' long-awaited *American Folk Music Occasional, No. 1*, a generally provocative compendium of articles by several writers on a variety of subjects related in one way or another to U.S. folk music and lore. A mixed bag, it has all the virtues and drawbacks of such an approach: little organization, cohesion, or organic unity of thought (which can be good, by the way), but more than offsetting this by its enthusiasm, excitement, and—for the most part—knowledgeability (and it *does* take the incentive from the professional folklorists, thus giving a fresh approach).

The book offers the blues enthusiast a good deal, for—quite by accident, the editor says—there is strong emphasis on traditional Negro music. The two pieces by Mack McCormick are by far the most stimulating and sensitive contributions to the collection. His in-depth study of Texas songster Mance Lipscomb is excellent and might serve as a model of its type for future monographists; the second, *The Damn Tinkers*, dealing with the efforts to bowdlerize and whitewash folklore texts by timorous, hypocritical scholars is a devastating indictment and necessary reading for would-be collectors.

Roger Abrahams' *Playing the Dozens* is an interesting—if somewhat fussy—academic study of Negro adolescent verbal play; the reader who perseveres will be rewarded with fascinating insights into the Negro psyche. There is a wealth of information—and even more hinted at—in Leonard Feather's warm, folksy interview with Gospel singer Mahalia Jackson, but little that is new or meaningful is developed in Strachwitz' interview with the Staple Singers. Likewise, Sam Charters' *Meeting the Blues* is a rather slight, cursory treatment of the folk-blues revival. Paul Oliver's *Eagles on the Half*, though, is a wry, colorful discussion of the problems and joys of collecting Negro folk music in the United States. A pictorial section rounds out the blues coverage, and the captions offer the reader a series of concise biographies of the photo subjects.

Among the other articles, Strachwitz' study and discography of J. E. Mainer's Mountaineers is valuable, as are Hugh Leamy's somewhat ingenuous 1929 *Collier's* profile of Carson J. Robison and Charles Todd's and Robert Sondkin's 1940 *New York Times* article on the songs of the dust-bowl migrant workers.

The soft-bound book is obtainable from P.O. Box 4073, Berkeley 5, Calif., at a cost of \$2.95.

Oak Publications, the publishing wing of Folkways records, has reprinted in paperback Big Bill Broonzy's 1955 biography (as told to Belgian blues writer Yannick Bruynoghe) *Big Bill Blues* (\$2.95). A new foreword has been furnished by the redoubtable Charles Edward Smith, and it

is the most valuable section of the book.

Broonzy's reminiscences are, for the most part, rather superficial, filled with errors, and just plain expendable. They tell us little of the essential nature of either the music or the man, and the book is further marred by a specious folksiness that almost makes one choke. Blues singers, like all humans, are subject to lapses of memory and it seems to me that Broonzy's many factual errors—dates, ages of blues singers, etc.—could have been remedied in this new edition without destroying the flavor or flow (such as it is) of his narrative.

Because of the dearth of blues literature, however, this book must assume an importance it might not possess were more available. What is most distressing about the book is its failure to achieve what it might have been, for this was potentially an exciting and significant project.

Another Oak offering is *The New Lost City Ramblers Song Book* (paperback, \$4.50), which, while not dealing specifically with blues, contains quite a bit of solid information on early location recording, the interaction of white and Negro musicians in the formative years of U.S. folk music, and so on, in a series of prefatory essays to the song book itself.

John Cohen's thoughtful article on copy-righting traditional folk songs is one of the most lucid and intelligent discussions of a thorny subject I've read in some time. Hally Wood's transcriptions of the songs are marvelous.

This is an excellent book that could not be bettered in any way.

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# BLINDFOLD TEST



LARS SWANBERG

By LEONARD FEATHER

Almost a year has passed since the dissolution of one of the stablest groups on the scene, the Horace Silver Quintet, and the prompt organization by Silver of a new group along basically similar lines.

Silver's career has had a constancy rare in jazz. During his decade as a recording bandleader he has retained the same instrumentation, has remained with the same record firm (Blue Note), and has only twice made any substantial changes in personnel.

Most of the records selected for the *Blindfold Test* below involve artists who have had a direct or indirect bearing on his career. Record No. 2 is actually played by the Horace Silver Quintet with a different pianist. Like most of the men on Record No. 1, Silver is an alumnus of the combo led by Art Blakey, who is heard on No. 5. As a pianist, he was inspired by Bud Powell (No. 4); as a composer he owes a measure of his success to records of his tunes by Woody Herman (No. 7).

Silver is a willing and capable blindfoldee. The following is his fifth test in the last 10 years. He received no information about the records played.

## HORACE SILVER

### THE RECORDS

1. Wayne Shorter. *Black Nile* (from *Night Dreamer*, Blue Note). Shorter, tenor saxophone, composer; Lee Morgan, trumpet; McCoy Tyner, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Sounded like Wayne Shorter on tenor . . . not sure of the trumpet player. It could have been Lee Morgan. . . . The tune was kind of a cute little thing, but I have no idea who might have written it.

All in all, it's a nice little relaxed side. I'd give it 3½ stars. Rhythm section sounded very good—nice and relaxed too.

2. Blue Mitchell. *Turquoise* (from *The Cup Bearers*, Riverside). Mitchell, trumpet; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Gene Taylor, bass; Cedar Walton, piano, composer; Roy Brooks, drums.

I'm sure that was 50 percent of my old band! Blue Mitchell on trumpet and Junior Cook on tenor; Gene Taylor on bass. I presume it's Al Foster on drums and Chick Corea on piano. Very fine pianist he is too. The tune I'm not sure of. I've heard it somewhere before . . . it's a very nice little waltz.

Never wrote a waltz myself until just very recently . . . never felt it. I don't like jumping on bandwagons. Just wrote a bossa nova from a little melody line. . . . You know, when I was a kid, my father played violin, folk music and all, and he'd say, "Why don't you take one of these tunes and make it into jazz?" And I'd say, "Aah, that's square," because all the tunes are two or three chord changes, and, to me, it was kind of harmonically boring. But anyway I was fooling around on the piano, and I came across this little melodic thing that reminded me of the flavor of those old Portuguese folk songs they played, so I got it together and gave it a bossa nova beat, and I dedicated it to my father.

But I don't like to do a thing just because it's popular—I like to wait till I feel it. Three stars for this.

3. Terry Gibbs. *Main Stem* (from the *Exciting Terry Gibbs Big Band*, Mercury).

Gibbs, vibraharp; Pat Moran, piano; Duke Ellington, composer; Manny Albam, arranger.

Well, you gave that one away, Leonard, when you played the first part of the record where the bandleader counts out, "One, two, three, four!" I couldn't help but recognize Terry Gibbs' voice there. And I could hear him throughout the record, talking in the background.

That was a nice side, very clean-sounding big band. Nice arrangement—one of Duke's tunes, wasn't it? *Main Stem*. I thought the solos might have been a little lacking, but the band was swinging.

I can't find anything particular to say about the piano solo; it sounded good but not exceptional. I couldn't recognize any identifiable style. Three stars.

4. Bud Powell. *Little Benny* (from *In Paris*, Reprise). Powell, piano; Gilbert Rovere, bass; Kansas Fields, drums.

Funny you should play that particular record for me, Leonard. I heard it in New York before I came out here, and I was saying to myself how this particular record sounded more like the old Bud Powell than any other one I'd heard by him recently.

Of course, we all know the sicknesses and problems he's had. . . . The way I feel about Bud Powell—of course, I might be a little prejudiced in his favor—but I feel if he never plays any more piano in his life, he's played enough—more than enough. We should make a monument or something to him, along with Lester Young and Tatum and Bird and all those guys.

He's given a lot of music to the world, and although a lot of what he's done in the past few years might not have been up to his old standard, this one was very nice.

The rhythm section was fine. The drummer might have been Arthur Taylor and the bass player—I presume it was made in France—I'd just be guessing, but it sounded like it might be Pierre Michelot. But they sure were swinging. Nice solo the bass took, too. Three-and-a-half stars.

5. J. J. Johnson. *Get Happy* (from *25 Years*, Blue Note). Clifford Brown, trum-

pet; Johnson, trombone; Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; John Lewis, piano, Percy Heath, bass; Art Blakey, drums. Recorded Aug. 28, 1953.

That's an easy one. I have that record myself, and I play it a lot. That's J. J. Johnson and the group, with Jimmy Heath on tenor, Clifford Brown, trumpet, Kenny Clarke on drums, Percy Heath on bass, and John Lewis on piano. *Get Happy*. On Blue Note. I don't know the album number, though!

That's a hell of an array of talent. Really what you call all-star of all-stars. Can't say anything but good about that. I'll give it four stars. (After listening to all these others, I think I'd like to bring that Wayne Shorter record up to four, instead of 3½.)

6. McCoy Tyner. *Night in Tunisia* (from *Today and Tomorrow*, Impulse). Tyner, piano; Al Heath, drums.

The tune was *Night in Tunisia*. I think that was McCoy Tyner. The drummer sure played a very interesting brush solo—you don't hear too many of those today.

I think he's one of the great young pianists of the day, but if this was McCoy Tyner, I've heard records by him that I liked better than this one. I think he plays the hell out of the piano—he covers his instrument. Harmonically, of course, he's strongly influenced by Coltrane. He's the only one I know playing piano out of the Coltrane bag—it's a good approach. Three stars.

7. Woody Herman. *Sister Sadie* (from *Herman—1963*, Philips). Sal Nistico, tenor saxophone; Horace Silver, composer.

I remember I was out here in San Francisco, riding home in somebody's car, and they had the FM on and I heard this. It really knocked me out. Woody Herman. I was very impressed with the tenor player. What's his name, Sal something? Really enjoyed him.

I like the way this one swings. Three-and-a-half stars.

### Afterthoughts By Silver

**Feather:** Have you heard any five-star records lately?

**Silver:** Tell you the truth, I've been so busy lately I haven't had much chance to listen to any records, and then, again, my listening has been sort of one-sided. I have listened to the recent Blue Note things—it's so convenient for me to go over there—and I haven't even had time to listen to any of the jazz shows. I've been getting set with this new band and have had so many business details to attend to. . . . I'm very impressed with that new Freddie Hubbard thing, though—*Breaking Point*—well played, some nice tunes on it.

**Feather:** What do you think of Phineas Newborn?

**Silver:** I think he's great, very underrated. The public hasn't had a chance to hear him. He's been out here on the West Coast a lot, and then he's been sick on and off. . . . Records only show a bit of what you do. Last time I was out here, he came in and played a set, and he broke it up. 

# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

## Gerry Mulligan

London House, Chicago

Personnel: Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Mulligan, baritone saxophone, piano; Bill Crow, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

At its best, most intense and exploratory, jazz is ever new, an act of discovery that holds both player and listener in thrall. Jazz improvisation of the highest order, fired with the incandescent fury of self-revelation, strong and truthful playing that siezes and sustains the heart and mind, is, perhaps of necessity, a sometime thing, a happy accident in which all the elements—

the quartet offered many of its repertoire standards: *Lullaby of the Leaves*, Brookmeyer's ebullient *Open Country*, *Stardust*, Mulligan's *Walking Shoes*, et al.—and such new confections as the leader's *Blues for Lynda*, an attractive piano piece into which Mulligan stirred some appealingly stride-like playing.

On baritone, Mulligan was in good form, taking a strongly resilient solo on *Country* and offering a particularly warm and limpid development of *Stardust*, in which he reduced the ballad to its simplest elements, his horn singing with compelling ardor.

Brookmeyer, too, was in fine fettle, his sly, puckish comments admirably offsetting the leader's and his solos graced by a sense of solidity and the lumbering swing of a skilled clog-dancer. The interaction of the two horns, both in noodling behind solos and in the exchanges at the conclusion of tunes, is too well-known to bear



Mulligan and Brookmeyer

*The company delightful, the musical dialogue relaxed, humorous, charming*

time, place, players, audience, anything and everything—combine to ignite the spark.

You know it when you hear it. But most often what one hears in clubs and on recordings is "average" playing, the end product of discipline and imaginative ordering of the stylistic elements the artist has evolved during his playing career. In this sense, his music is a process of rediscovery. He's been over the road countless times in the past and knows the way well. The journey for the audience is an enjoyable one—the terrain vaguely familiar, the trip well mapped, the signposts pointing the way, the destination sure; and the listener is in the hands of a capable guide.

It is this easy process of rediscovery that the Mulligan group offers for the most part, both on records and in its club appearances. All the chances have been taken in the past, and the listener settles down to a pleasant, comfortable journey on the Mulligan express. The company is delightful, the musical dialog between the baritone and Brookmeyer relaxed, humorous, charming. In fact, one feels himself in the company of a pair of graceful and urbane conversationalists whose witty, freewheeling repartee has the ring of ease that only long usage brings.

During its work at the London House,

repetition here.

Bailey has become, I feel, a particularly sensitive accompanist in recent years. It had been some time since I heard him play in public, and the contrast was striking. Where he was deft and skillful before, he is masterly now, unobtrusive yet always strongly *there*. —Pete Welding

## John Eaton

Stouffer's Restaurant, Washington, D.C.

Personnel: Eaton, piano.

A good many jazz pianists, including some who rank high in the polls, would find it most difficult to work a solo-piano job steadily.

Solo piano, meaning good solo piano—not to be confused with what is commonly called "cocktail lounge" piano, which seems only a step away from sheet music—remains a challenge.

The solo pianist has no bass player to "fill holes," and laying out a few bars won't make it. Nor will a reliance upon block chords combined with nifty, horn-imitating, right-hand figurations. And there is no reason to comp, no matter how fine a comp you may be.

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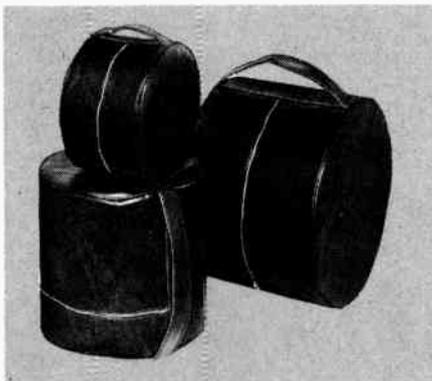
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not depend on anyone for rhythmic inspiration.

Eaton, one of the finest jazz pianists in Washington, and the youngest of the good ones I have heard here, is a much better pianist this year than he was last year. And he is five times as good as he was five years ago, when he recorded with the great violinist Stuff Smith. A self-critical sort, Eaton is continually improving.

And he has never sounded better than he does in this candlelit room of a many-roomed restaurant next door to the Statler Hotel in Washington. The piano is a good one, the diners are not noisy, and—as Eaton explains—"I can play anything I want to play."

A few years ago there was a tense, seemingly mechanical approach in Eaton's work that was sometimes disturbingly apparent in an oompah left hand when the tempo was up. It was plain that this was no ordinary young piano player, but the occasional tenseness and strain interfered with the jazz spirit. That tenseness is no longer apparent.

Eaton is now relaxed and self-confident. He no longer fights the piano—he commands it.

A classically trained player, he learned a long time ago that a piano is not a drum. He does not pound the piano; he plays it. Like Teddy Wilson and Bill Evans, he is a thinking man's pianist.

The Eaton set I heard began with Fats Waller's picturesque and amusing *Jitterbug Waltz*, played with loving care. A bouncy *You Took Advantage of Me* and *I'll Take Romance*, demonstrating Eaton's concern with pianistic touch and tone, followed.

*In the Dark*, which Eaton considers "the best of the four" Bix Beiderbecke piano pieces, was next. It seldom has been played as well. Four standards by Richard Rodgers, including a romping *Mountain Greenery* and a classically pure but never cloying *My Romance*, followed.

The set ended with a piece by Willie (The Lion) Smith, *Conversation on Park Avenue*. On this one, not played mechanically, as some well-meaning revivalists of traditional jazz piano styles would so honor it, proved that stride piano isn't dead yet.

Eaton has a rare appreciation of jazz-piano history, but he is no mere re-creator of things. He is, instead, the kind of "modern" jazz musician who knows there are many timeless musical lessons to be discovered in the music of past jazz giants. Eaton digs James P. Johnson, for example, and Herman Chittison, for example, and Oscar Peterson and Bill Evans, for example.

He works from 5 to 10 p.m. at this restaurant. Visitors to Washington who are interested in music are advised to hear him for proof that solo piano is very much alive in Washington.

He is not to be confused with the pianist of the same name who works with clarinetist Bill Smith and has a wider national reputation. To some, Washington's John Eaton may be "the other" John Eaton. To many in Washington, "the other" John Eaton is the one who works with Bill Smith.

—Tom Scanlan

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# BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

The Beatles aren't likely to be reviewed in this magazine, and after contemplating what a distinct loss this will be to many *Down Beat* readers, I have decided to offer impressions of how the next Beatles LP—whatever it contains and whenever it appears—*might* be received elsewhere by certain commentators:

**Gene Lees (in *HiFi/Stereo Review*):** I did not realize what a fine composer Paul McCartney was until I heard his pieces, *And He Loves Her*, *And She Loves Him*, and *Does She Love You?*, performed for me by a group consisting of Stan Getz, Bill Evans, Cal Tjader, and the Oscar Peterson Trio (Ray and Ed sat in with the other guys besides playing with Oscar as usual). Now I know that McCartney is the greatest writer of popular melodies since Gershwin, an honor I have previously bestowed on Henry Mancini and Antonio Carlos Jobim. What McCartney's tunes deserve is recordings by singers like Vic Damone and Chris Connor, whose work does not reflect the angry nihilism of so much of today's jazz, who do not receive the arid support of foundation grants and hence are not put out of touch with their audiences, and who are generally acknowledged by people in the business to be tireless perfectionists with matchless voices. This will come about unless the business boys of the record industry have all lost their minds, as I said they had last month. When I think about all this, it makes me want to punch them right in the ears.

**Nat Hentoff (in *The Reporter*):** While admiring the penchant for meatily satiric rebelliousness encountered in these four young men from Liverpool, I increasingly deplore the fatuous, egregiously minimal American ability to accept this basically rhythm-and-blues music as seminally performed by such arcane, burning blues men as Howlin' Mudbelly and such bracingly acid younger bards as Bobby Dilly. The album cover is a tonsorial gas.

**Whitney Balliett (in *The New York-er*):** The Beatles, a rumple-headed British rock-and-roll quartet whose



members look as self-contained as four, neat bowls of sour cream in mid-February, clang, bang, blat, bleat, and bellow their way through a program of twelve mewling blues and ballads with a let's-put-on-some-agony air. The group's vocalist, a moon-faced, callow-voiced youth named Paul McCartney, sings as if he half expected a shrewish mother to scold him for paying too much attention to the girls; when the other three join him in chorus, he seems as relieved as a timid ball-carrier whose perilous, unpending broken-field run is suddenly abetted by a team of blocking backs. The Beatles' drummer, who deploys the racy name of Ringo Starr, has all the verve of a rusty automaton, except for an exemplary split-second on *What If She Does Love You?* when one of his cymbal strokes shimmers with a sshhZZzz that faintly echoes the non-pareil style of Sidney Catlett.

**John S. Wilson (in the Sunday New York Times):** The youthful, shaggy-top Beatles, strident progenitors of the so-called Mersey Sound and the ones who pungently started it all, are still the best of the English export rock and rollers. Perhaps that is because their roots lie among American blues men. Their early hit was Chuck Berry's winning, irreverent *Roll Over, Beethoven*, and they were once known as the British Everley Brothers. The group has a propulsively rocking beat, and lead man Paul McCartney sings with cleanly mellow melodiousness on *She Couldn't Love You Less*. However, several long-winded numbers are extended to the point of tedium on this disc.

**Eric Larrabee (in *Harper's*):** Fortunately for future aesthetics, no one can be quite certain at the time what will turn out to have been consequential. To our young people, the Beatles quartet is important now, but to our jazz and popular-music critics they are not. Jazz has been remarkable from its beginnings for its variety if only because of the diversity of elements that contributed to it. There seems no reason to argue that the Beatles, although they are not jazzmen, are unworthy, for, labels aside, they are a part of what our music in the over-all subsumes. And that music is now international chiefly because so many people in other countries can perform it. The Beatles come from the Liverpool (England) docks, and their musical leader, Paul McCartney, professes to having been musically nourished on American stylists Bill Haley, Frankie Laine, and Elvis Presley. According to the liner notes half the numbers in their remarkably energetic new album are traditional blues, the other half being bluesy ballads. But it's a long way from the Mississippi Delta.



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## BILL DAVIS

(Continued from page 21)

not a quartet. A trailer not only slows you up but costs extra money in tolls, plus inconvenience. If you're traveling 500 or 600 miles with a single car and a few pieces, you can do it so much better. You can afford to give the promoter a break, maybe play for more promoters, and still come out further on top. This is the economics of the business. . . ."

At one point, Davis had an interest in a Los Angeles club called the Wild Bill Davis Morocco, where he opened

in February, 1957, for seven or eight months. But after that, he decided to work as a single and pick up musicians as needed.

Apart from his own albums, those of other artists have benefited from the organist's talent. His collaborations with Johnny Hodges, for instance, have proved singularly popular.

"I don't suppose there is anybody in the business," Davis said, "who can do more with a melody than Johnny Hodges. Although I'd known and admired him for a long time, I'd never had the pleasure of working with him before we made that *Blue Hodge* al-

bum for Verve. You find out so much more about a musician when you work with him, and I soon realized this was one time when melody wasn't going to be neglected. . . ."

The Davis arrangement of *April in Paris* gave Count Basie one of his biggest hits. Its genesis was unusual.

"When I first recorded it," Davis remembered, "I paid for the session and the engineering myself. Then I had a change of personnel and wasn't ready to record when the recording company called, so I offered them the version I had on the shelf. They put it out, but it wasn't any great big thing and didn't have the one-more-time bit that we started to do later. Then we were playing Birdland opposite Basie, and some of his musicians had been at Tennessee State at Nashville and had played some of my arrangements that had gotten around up there from Texas, Tuskegee, and Chicago. They knew I used to do a lot of writing, so they—not Basie himself—said, 'Why don't you do *April in Paris* for us?' I felt this was a good chance for me to try to adapt an arrangement from the organ to a band, and I really did it without any thought of monetary gain but rather as a challenge. So I went home one night when we finished work at 3:30 and sat up until 7. When I went to work the next night, the fellows had talked to Basie about it.

"'You got it ready, Bill?' Basie asked.

"'Yeah, let's make it.'

"One of those things. No rehearsal. We sat down and played it in the next set and everybody liked it. So we played it again. We were there three weeks together, and every night of the last two weeks we did it three or four times. I played organ with the band, and I was supposed to record it with them, but my recording company wouldn't let me. After Basie's was issued, they put mine out again, but this time with 'One more time!'"

Davis the musician has met most of the challenges he has seen in the music business and now, "if I had time to study," would like to be an engineer. He said he loves anything to do with electronics and engineering. He works on his organ and his automobile. He has his own airplane and works on that too. He uses it for pleasure and business and has flown it, he said, to every big city in the country.

"I don't like flying—I love it!" he said. "I have enough experience for a commercial license, and if I could make a good living out of it, I'd be in that instead of music. No joke. I like outdoor life." With that, he went back to his job in the smoky night club. 

# RUFUS JONES

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## FEATHER

(Continued from page 26)

and heard, of Jim Crow, I found among the U.S. musicians I came to know in those early years a special feeling of brotherhood. I was no longer English, no longer a young eccentric viewed with amused tolerance of my involvement with a foreign culture. (This was the attitude of family and friends at home, where the conversion of my avocation into a vocation gained acceptance only after I had demonstrated the ability to make at least a modest living at it.) Instead, I was a fellow rebel, bucking a social structure and system that denied not only to Negro musicians but also to all jazz artists the simple rewards of self-respect and a chance to make a career for themselves playing whatever they wanted to play.

Jazz was a disenfranchised music, the origin and character of which were determined not by inherently racial but by social forces. The extent to which a musician could develop as a jazzman depended not on his color or racial background and environment per se but rather on the degree to which he was exposed to any kind of genuine jazz.

The interaction between musicians was continuous and unselfconscious. It was pathetic to read in a recent *Down Beat* how Archie Shepp at one point was shamed out of his admiration for Brubeck and Getz; for as far back as the prohibition era there was a since-departed unity and a pervasive mutual respect among jazz artists. Bud Freeman dug Coleman Hawkins; Prez listened to Trumbauer and Bud; Bix heard Louis, and Rex dug Bix; Teagarden and Jimmy Harrison exchanged ideas; Billie was inspired by Bessie and Ella by Connee Boswell.

A small minority like Nick La Rocca, Joe Venuti, and Adrian Rollini accepted the status quo happily. But most white musicians, when they thought about race at all, deeply regretted the lack of professional integration; and for the Negro there was the double jeopardy of being part of an outcast race and an outcast art.

Many musicians gained international acceptance during the swing era, but the scale at the Savoy remained at \$35 a week, and Jimmie Lunceford bought some of Sy Oliver's most famous arrangements for \$2.50 a week. Moreover, even in the peak years of the big bands, as far as the press and the mass public were concerned, the music remained a subculture, a medium for dancing, almost never presented in a concert hall, never separated from showmanship.

U.S. society simply was not ready to accept as an art any development to which the Negro had made a dominant contribution.

To some degree, these problems were accepted as part of a way of life. The very rare occasions when jazz might become the subject of a lecture, concert, or national magazine piece were freak exceptions to a rule by which one learned to live. Never in my insanest dreams would the idea have crossed my mind that one day a jazz orchestra (and an interracial one at that) would be sent overseas under the official auspices of an arm of the U.S. government.

Slowly and gratefully absorbing those aspects of the American ethos that seemed sympathetic, I became a small cog in the machinery of music. I learned a little about arranging just from hanging around arrangers (who knew of any other way?) and kept busy on either side of the Atlantic with songs, articles, occasional broadcasts and record dates. In 1938 and 1939 I produced my first two U.S. recording dates.

The premise on both occasions was simply British Jazz Critic Picks Favorite Musicians for All-Star Session. No thought was given to race or idiom; jazz was just jazz.

On both occasions the sidemen (scale was then \$20) included three of my 52nd St. idols: Joe Marsala on clarinet, Pete Brown on alto saxophone, and Bobby Hackett on cornet and guitar.

The first date featured a couple of brief but magnificent scat vocals by Leo Watson. (Vocalion didn't think these worth releasing, and I had to prevail on Milt Gabler to put them out on his Commodore label.) On the second date, Benny Carter, by now an old friend through collaborations in London, played trumpet. The rhythm sections, too, were chosen haphazardly: Joe Bushkin, Artie Shapiro, and George Wettling on the first (plus guitarist Remo Biondi), Billy Kyle, Hayes Alvis, and Cozy Cole on the second.

On paper, today, both groups look like a mishmash. To draw an analogy in present-day terms, one would have to imagine a date with Don Cherry, Buddy DeFranco, J.C. Higginbotham, Cecil Taylor, Joe Pass, Pops Foster, and Nick Fatool.

Yet the men established an immediate rapport, and the results were—and to me still are—beautiful. The most remarkable product of these sessions was *Jammin' the Waltz*. But that, and the story of my embattled relationship with the metric system in jazz, is another story. 

## AD LIB

(Continued from page 13)

Lees, now a full-time lyric writer whose efforts are currently represented on more than 50 recordings, went to Paris in February to work with Charles Aznavour on English lyrics for the French singer's next album . . . Flutist Herbie Mann's new group, billed as the Latin Blues Band, made its debut at the Village Gate March 2. In the front line are two trombonists Jack Hitchcock and Mark Weinstein. The rhythm section includes pianist Chick Corea and bassist Earl May, with vibraharpist Dave Pike and drummer Bruno Carr remaining from Mann's previous group. Arrangements are by Frank Foster, Arif Mardin, and Oliver Nelson. The club's upstairs room, Top of the Gate, was opened at the same time . . . A new Village jazz club, La Dolce, opened with pianist Billy Taylor's trio (Ben Tucker, bass, Grady Tate, drums), which was followed by pianist Eddie Thompson's threesome . . . The Harlem YMCA gave Nina Simone its annual award for "good and charitable works" when the singer-pianist performed at the benefit concert at Harlem's Alhambra Theater Feb. 28. Pianist Walter Bishop Jr.'s trio and veteran singer-bandleader Noble Sissle were also on the bill.

Poet-playwright and jazz critic LeRoi Jones began a series of scheduled benefit shows for his projected Harlem Black Arts Repertory Theater School with a jazz dance party at Polish National Hall March 1. Among the participating artists were multi-instrumentalist Giuseppe Logan's group, singer Dionne Warwick, and saxophonist Farrell (Pharaoh) Sander's quartet . . . Pianist Cecil Taylor gave a Sunday afternoon recital at Town Hall early this month . . . Alto saxophonist Gene Quill currently leads the reed section of society pianist Peter Duchin's big band . . . Drummer Eddie Locke replaced Bill English in Coleman Hawkins' quartet at the Five Spot.

**MONTREAL:** The Nick Ayoub Quintet finally had its RCA Victor LP issued around the beginning of March. At the end of February, Ayoub gave a concert at 1301 Sherbrooke Street East. Personnel consists of leader Ayoub, tenor saxophone; Al Penfold, trumpet; Art Roberts, piano; Michel Donato, bass; and Cisco Normand, percussion . . . Le Jazz Hot, the club run by Andy Cobetto, has booked in such attractions as the Marian McPartland Trio, the Clara Ward Gospel Singers, Mongo Santamaria, Bernard Peiffer, Carmen McRae, Sonny Stitt, Yusef Lateef, Roland Kirk, and Wes Montgomery since the end of January. While in town, Mrs. McPartland taped a 55-minute jazz discussion for CBM-FM which will be heard on *Jazz at Its Best* during April.

**BOSTON:** The North Shore Committee for Equal Opportunity is staging a fund-raising jazz concert at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike March 27 featuring Benny

Golson's quartet, Stan Monteiro's group, and other jazz artists appearing in the area . . . Altoist Phil Woods interrupted a busy teaching and recording schedule for a week's stay at Lennie's. With Woods were drummer Alan Dawson, bassist Tony Eira, and former Chet Baker pianist Hal Galper. The club has signed Jimmy Rushing to appear with Woody Herman's band for three nights in May . . . Trumpeter Bobby Hackett played at a recent Sunday matinee for children at the Village Green Motel in Danvers. Also featured was Dick Creedon's traditional-jazz sextet . . . Trombonist Ken Wenzel and tenor saxophonist Jackie Stevens have joined Si Zentner's orchestra . . . Clara Ward's Gospel singers broke it up during their appearance on Herb Pomeroy's televised jazz show . . . Organist Joe Bucci, with drummer Neal Bernson, saxophonist Nate Peterson, and vocalist Carole Renee will do a six-week tour of military bases in Greenland . . . Bassist Phil Morrison, formerly with tenor saxophonist Sam Rivers' quartet at the old Jazz Workshop, is back from an extended tour in Hawaii.

**CHICAGO:** Two memorial services for Nat Cole were held here the week the singer died. The Dukes of Dixieland played at one conducted by the Rev. Robert Owen, Rush St.'s Night Pastor, in the Episcopal Cathedral of St. James. The band performed three songs associated with Cole: *Sweet Lorraine*, *Mona Lisa*, and *Paper Moon*. The other memorial was held at Tabernacle Baptist Church; the service was conducted by the Rev. Louis Rawls, father of singer Lou Rawls . . . Cornetist Bobby Hackett was added to the Ralph Sharon Trio for singer Tony Bennett's engagement at the Palmer House Hotel's Empire Room . . . Young drummer Les DeMerle was featured in the band backing singer Billy Williams at the Celebrity Lounge . . . Latin percussionist Mongo Santamaria and his band played an engagement early this month at the Boom Boom Room . . . Singer Dakota Staton subbed for The Ionious Monk when the pianist failed to show for his Plugged Nickel engagement. Multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk came into the club after Miss Staton . . . With tenorist Eddie Harris during the first part of his engagement at the Olde East Inn were pianist Jodie Christian, bassist Richard Evans, and drummer George Hughes. After the first two weeks, Evans returned to the London House with pianist Eddie Higgins' trio. (The Higgins group, the main relief band at the London House, did not work opposite pianist Erroll Garner, who stipulates in his contracts that relief bands shall not include a piano during his club engagements.) Higgins, by the way, has signed a five-year contract with George Marenthal, owner of the London House and Mr. Kelly's . . . Pianist Allan Swain's trio at the Across the Street on N. Wells has Danny Shapero, bass, and Harry Hawthorne, drums . . . The Three Souls (organ, alto saxophone, and drums) are at the Hungry Eye on Wells St. till May 8 . . . A royal battle of bands was to take place March 22 in Gulfport,

Ill., when Duke Ellington and Count Basie played the same night at Grandinetti's supper club there . . . Banjoist Emanuel Sayles replaced Mike Kendrick, whose recent foot operation and subsequent convalescence has kept him out of action, with Bill Reinhardt's band at Jazz, Ltd. . . . Blind John Davis, long a familiar figure to blues and jazz buffs in the Windy City, has been playing solo piano on the Showboat Sari S . . . Following its highly successful pair of evolution-of-Chicago-jazz concerts last year, the Chicago Historical Society is offering Sunday afternoon jazz performances this year on May 2 and 9 . . . The band of blues singer-harmonica player Junior Wells replaced that of Paul Butterfield at Big John's while Butterfield was in New York recently to record for Elektra.

**MILWAUKEE:** The Dick Ruedebusch Five and the Zig Millonzi Trio presented a concert titled Jazz Impressions at Marquette University in February. The Ruedebusch group left the Tunnel Inn, its home base for some five years, as the result of a switch in format by the club . . . The Milwaukee Boys' Club held its annual stage-band clinic in March, with 16 bands participating and the Jim Robak Concert Band as special guests . . . The University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee stage band held two noon-hour concerts at the university's Fine Arts Building in March . . . The Wauwatosa Women's Club will have its annual fund-raising jazz concert on April 23. No artists have been signed yet . . . WUWM-FM has added another jazz program to its schedule; it runs from 2:30-4:30 p.m. Sundays.

**CLEVELAND:** A recent jazz concert at the Hermit Club drew an overflow crowd to hear new compositions and arrangements by Bud Wattles and Dick Lezius. Coming up on the big-band agenda at the club is a presentation of Wattles' extended arrangement of the music from *The King and I* . . . Pianist Teddy Wilson was accompanied by local bassist Lamar Gaines and drummer Eugene "Fats" Heard for his two weeks at the Theatrical Grill . . . Dave O'Rourke has been playing piano in addition to reed instruments at the Brothers Lounge, where his rhythm section includes bassist Mike Charlillo and drummer-pianist Harry Damas. O'Rourke also appears on KYM-TV's *The Mike Douglas Show* in pianist Ellie Frankel's quintet, with bassist Ken Siefert and drummer Bob McKee . . . Miles Davis failed to show up for his scheduled engagement at Leo's. Davis reported that his failure to appear was due to recurring trouble with painful calcium deposits in his hip.

**DETROIT:** Two giant steps in the current rejuvenation of jazz in Detroit were taken recently by the remodeled Grand Lounge and Baker's Keyboard Lounge when both clubs resumed jazz booking policies. The Grand re-entered with Miles Davis and was to follow Davis with vocalists Jean DuShon and Lou Rawls, who a few weeks earlier had initi-

ated Baker's spring jazz series. Baker's owner, Sol Hartstein, said he will bring in such names as George Shearing, Ahmad Jamal, Dizzy Gillespie, Oscar Peterson, and Jonah Jones . . . A third Detroit club, the Chessmate Gallery, formerly a successful folk house, has added jazz to its regular folk-group lineup. The Workshop Arts Quartet opened there last month, alternating sets with folk attractions and functioning as the houseband for afterhours sessions Fridays and Saturdays. Morrie Widenbaum, Chessmate's owner, said he "would like to see jazz and folk music become more closely allied than they have been. One of the most exciting things about our new format has been the way the jazz musicians have accommodated themselves to the folk crowd." . . . The Detroit Jazz Society presented the second concert in its 1965 program March 9. Music was by Eddie Santini's Dixieland group. The society's third concert, in April, will feature the George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields Quintet . . . The Workshop Music Ensemble of the Artists' Workshop played its first concert March 7 with a program comprising poet-composer Jim Semark's long piece *Concerto for Charles Moore*. In the ensemble were Charles Moore, cornet; Pierre Rochon, trumpet; Brent Majors, reeds; Bohanon, trombone; Lyman Woodard, piano; John Dana, bass; and Danny Spencer, drums, plus a 14-voice speaking chorus . . . The Wayne State University chapter of Delta Chi fraternity sponsored a Jazz for Dimes concert at the University in February, with proceeds from the event going to the March of Dimes campaign. Ross Mulholland's sextet, with vocalist Sue Childs, provided the music . . . Baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams was in town for 10 days at the Drome Bar, where he worked with a trio of Detroiters, pianist Will Davis, bassist Ron Brooks, and drummer Danny Spencer. Brooks' "Function 65" at the Sabo Club in Ann Arbor has been drawing more and more musicians and listeners each Saturday afternoon. The sessions have played to full houses for the last month.

**MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL:** Max Morath and his Original Rag Quartet shared the bill with the Hall Brothers Jazz Band in a special one-nighter for Minnesota Jass, Inc. Jim McDonald recently was elected president of MJJ . . . The arts council of Walker Art Center has been scheduling ballad, bluegrass, blues, and Gospel singers as well as old-time string bands. The Rev. Gary Davis, Elizabeth Cotton, and one-man band Jesse Fuller were booked for April 3 at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre adjacent to the center . . . The Percy Hughes Quartet and singer Judy Perkins have been broadcasting live on WAYL-FM . . . Pianist Claude Thornhill and cornetist Paul (Doc) Evans officially inaugurated St. Paul's new Arts and Science Center recently.

**INDIANAPOLIS:** This year's 500-Mile Race Festival in Indianapolis at the end of May will include an "arts festival,"

one part of which is to be a cabaret on downtown Monument Circle with a Dixieland band. If permission of church trustees can be secured, Christ Church Cathedral will hold a jazz service as part of the festival activities. Long-time auto racing fan Mel Torme has been booked to play the main room of the Embers starting the day of the race, May 31 . . . The Hungry Eye, a suburban Twist club at night, is experimenting with Saturday jazz matinees. The Dave Baker Quintet has been featured during March . . . The Pink Poodle was scheduled to reopen in mid-March under new management and use local musicians instead of name attractions. The Count Fisher Trio and singer Eve Rene are opening acts. Heart of the trio is blind organist Earl Grandee, who provided a great deal of the early training for the better-known jazz musicians who have come from Indianapolis including trombonist J. J. Johnson and guitarist Wes Montgomery . . . Louis Armstrong played for Purdue University's annual Student Union dance at the school in West Lafayette . . . Home-town favorite Pete Brady is singing at the Embers Lounge, backed by jazz pianist Tom Hensley.

**MIAMI:** Ron Miller, piano, and Red Hamilton, bass clarinet, flute, tenor and alto saxophones, played two sessions of avant-garde jazz that mystified audiences at the Hut in Miami . . . The Bill Black Combo played an engagement at Teeb's in Miami Beach . . . Preacher Rollo and his

Dixieland jazz band opened Feb. 18 at Monseigneur's . . . The trio of West Coast pianist Bill Davis (who formerly played with Virgil Gonsalves, Lee Konitz, and Jerry Coker) is in its sixth month at Hayes Lounge in Jacksonville . . . Singer Joe Williams was featured at the Tack Room of the Diplomat in Hollywood last month. The club also has had vocalists Peggy Lee and Felicia Sanders as recent headliners. Arthur Godfrey and an eight-piece Dixieland band opened there March 8 . . . Last month the Paul Winter Sextet was heard in concert at Florida Atlantic University in Boca Raton.

**NEW ORLEANS:** Chris White, bassist with Dizzy Gillespie, was a guest speaker at Dick Allen's jazz course at Tulane University during Gillespie's three-week engagement at Al Hirt's club here . . . A group of local jazzmen was organized to back singer Don Cornell's show at Hirt's club in March. Included in the lineup were trumpeter Mike Serpas, tenor saxophonist Rene Netto, bassist Billy Joe Dunham, and drummer Lou Dillon . . . Traditional trumpeter Kid Thomas played a concert at the Liberal Arts Auditorium at Louisiana State University at New Orleans in February . . . The steamer *President* resumed its Saturday night dance-cruises after having closed for a short period. Performing in recent weeks were the Crawford-Ferguson band and Stu Bergen's Dixielanders . . . Pianist Armand Hug began his second year at the Golliwog . . . The Devil's Den booked Lee Cas-

tle and the Jimmy Dorsey Band for a May engagement.

**DALLAS:** Gunther Schuller conducted a two-day composers' workshop at the North Texas State University School of Music. The school's lab band also performed Schuller's *Passacaglia* . . . The Al Hirt Sextet and Dave Brubeck Quartet drew SRO crowds of 4,000-plus on consecutive Saturday evenings at the Music Hall. The Ramsey Lewis Trio will appear at the hall April 2 . . . Guitarist Johnny Smith conducted a one-day guitar clinic in Arlington, Texas. More than 700 persons attended, including 200 guitarists . . . Texas Christian University sponsored a stage-band and drum clinic that featured the Air Force's Airmen of Note and the TCU stage band. The festivities were dampened, though, when drummer Louie Bellson had to leave before his performance to be with his wife, singer Pearl Bailey, who was hospitalized in Los Angeles with a heart condition.

**LOS ANGELES:** Two Swing, Inc., alumni are branching out. Reed man Chick Carter joined the Harry James Orchestra at Harrah's Club, Lake Tahoe, Nev., and drummer Mike Whited is to travel with the Johnny Mathis show through the summer months . . . During the engagement of Brasil '55 at Shelly's Manne-Hole, altoist-flutist Bud Shank was featured as guest with the group. In addition to Shank and singer Wanda de Sah, the group comprised female guitarist

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Rosinha de Valenca and pianist Sergio Mendez, with bass and drums . . . Composer Ralph Carmichael wrote a new work, *Color It Green*, for the March 1 Neophonic Orchestra concert at the Music Center here. Nelson Riddle contributed a four-part work, *Il Saltimbocca*, that featured Buddy DeFranco on bass clarinet as well as B-flat clarinet. Other composers represented at the third Neophonic concert were Shorty Rogers, Clare Fischer, Dee Barton, and Jim Knight . . . Pianist Mike Melvoin, late of the Terry Gibbs Sextet on the now-defunct *Regis Philbin* TV show, signed to conduct a new George Chakiris single for Capitol—and an album later . . . Serving on the Los Angeles

Citizen's Committee for Music Education in the Schools are such figures as Henry Mancini, Stan Kenton, Andre Previn, Calvin Jackson, Steve Allen, and Gerald Wilson.

**SAN FRANCISCO:** Singer Jon Hendricks' engagement at the Trident in Sausalito was extended to March 20. Appearing with him was a quartet made up of tenorist Nole Jewkes, pianist Flip Nunez, bassist Fred Marshall, and drummer Jerry Granelli . . . Singer King Pleasure is back in the bay area appearing at the Showcase, in Oakland, along with singer-organist Charles Brown's combo . . . A blues festival produced by

Chris Strachwitz was scheduled for the Berkeley Community Theater. Participants were to be Chuck Berry, Fred McDowell, the Chambers Brothers, Long Gone Miles, and Big Mama Thornton.

**RECORD NOTES:** Trombonist Al Grey recorded an album with fellow Basieites and altoist Vi Redd for Ray Charles' Tangerine label. Miss Redd was featured on alto on four tracks . . . Harmonica player Paul Butterfield signed a contract with Elektra records. He recorded for the folk-music label while fulfilling engagements in New York City and added guitarist Mike Bloomfield to his regular group (Elvin Bishop, guitar; Jerome Arnold, bass; and Sammy Lay, drums) for both the recordings and the New York appearances . . . Reprise will record Billy Eckstine in an album with the Count Basie Band. The label also recently recorded a new Basie band LP. In addition, there are new Duke Ellington Reprise albums due soon . . . Alto saxophonist Bobby Brown recorded for Columbia in January with Jaki Byard, piano; Bob Cunningham, bass; Horace Arnold, drums; and Willie Bobo, Latin percussion.

## DOWN BEAT MUSIC EDUCATOR SCHOLARSHIPS to the EASTMAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC SUMMER SESSION June 28 to July 16

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- Music Education 230.** Developmental Techniques for High School  
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- Composition 228.** Basic Techniques for Arrangers.  
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Music Education 230 conducted by GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C., noted educator, author, and Down Beat columnist. Composition 228 conducted by RAYBURN WRIGHT.

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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.**

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**THE OTHER SIDE:** Electronic-music composer Karlheinz Stockhausen is developing plans for a new studio of electronic music in Cologne, Germany, which will have facilities for several composers to create and develop their music at the same time. At the old electronic studio, it was possible for only one composer to work at one time. The new studio will be completed by this fall . . . Hans Werner Henze's newest opera, *Der Junge Lord*, will be premiered in April at the Berlin Opera . . . A new composers' forum was established in Berlin to help contemporary and serial composers. Composer-author Marica Kagel is one of the driving forces behind the group . . . In Vienna, Austria, Merce Cunningham and his American Dance Company created a pop-art ballet, danced to the music of John Cage's *Atlas Eclipticalis* . . . Among premieres of new works that have recently been heard in Zurich were a piano concerto by Max Kuhn; *Fantasia for Clarinet, Harp, and String Orchestra* by Robert Suter; and Klaus Huber's oratorio, *Soliloquia* . . . Pierre Wismer's *Fourth Symphony* was performed in Bern, Switzerland by an orchestra conducted by Paul Klecki . . . Among compositions selected for performance at this year's International Company for New Music's festival, to be held in Madrid, Spain, May 20-28, is Norwegian composer Arne Nordheim's *Epi-taffio* . . . Compositions by student composers from three music schools—Eastman, Juilliard, and the Royal Conservatory—were presented in two concerts at the first Student Composers' Symposium held at the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto Feb. 27. The conservatory handled all expenses, including the rehearsal and performance fees for the compositions, which were selected from ones submitted from all over Canada and the United States.

# WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606, 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.  
Basin Street: Peggy Lee to 3/31.  
Birdland: Johnny Richards to 3/31. Joe Cuba, 4/1-6.  
Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn): Teddy Wilson, 4/1-30.  
Broken Drum: Fingerlake Five, Fri.-Sat.  
Charlie Bate's: Stan Levine, Sun.  
Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, tfn.  
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.  
Contemporary Center: Jazz Composers Guild, wknds.  
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): Jazz, wknds. Sessions, Mon.  
Eddie Condon's: Eddie Condon, tfn.  
Five Spot: Coleman Hawkins, Cedar Walton, tfn.  
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wettling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.  
Gordian Knot: Dave Frishberg, Carmen Leggio.  
Half Note: John Coltrane to 4/1. Horace Silver, 4/2-15. Cannonball Adderley, 4/16-28.  
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, John Bunch, tfn.  
Kirby Stone Fourum: Joe Mooney, tfn.  
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Sonny Dallas, tfn. Lee Konitz, Warne Marsh, Sun.  
Metropole: Henry (Red) Allen, hb.  
New Colony Inn: Howard Reynolds, tfn.  
Open End: Scott Murray, Duke Jordan, Slam Stewart, tfn.  
Page Three: Wolfgang Knittel, hb. Shelia Jordan, Mon., Tue.  
Playboy Club: Les Spann, Milt Sealy, Walter Norris, Mike Longo, Monty Alexander, tfn.  
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zatty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn. Don Frye, Sun.  
Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, tfn.  
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.  
Village Gate: Nina Simone, Hugh Masakela, to 4/7.  
Village Vanguard: Charles Mingus, tfn.  
Your Father's Moustache: Souls of Dixie, Sun.

## WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Tony D'Angelo, tfn.  
Bayou: Eddie Dimond, hb.  
Blues Alley: Tommy Gwaltney, hb. Lurlean Hunter to 4/3.  
Bohemian Caverns: Jean Bonnano, Bobby Timmons, tfn.  
Cafe Lounge: June Norton, Billy Taylor Jr., tfn.  
Charles Hotel: Kenny Fulcher-Slide Harris, Thur.-Sat.  
Fireplace: Tommy Chase, Joyce Carr, tfn.  
Red Coach Inn: Charlie Schnee, Keith Hodgson, tfn.  
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, tfn.  
Stouffer's: John Eaton, tfn.

## BOSTON

Barn: 1200 Jazz Quartet, Mon.  
Chez Freddie: Maggie Scott-Eddie Stone, tfn.  
Eliot Lounge: Al Drootin, tfn.  
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.  
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.  
Jazz Workshop: Herbie Mann to 3/28. Dexter Gordon, 3/29-4/3. Muddy Waters, 4/4-10.  
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Benny Golson to 3/28.  
Jimmy Witherspoon, 3/29-4/4. Zoot Sims-Al Cohn, 4/5-11.  
Logan International Airport: Dave Stuart, tfn.  
Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega, tfn.  
Through the Looking Glass: Clarence Jackson, Dick Johnson, tfn.

## CLEVELAND

Brothers: Dave O'Rourke, wknds.  
Club 100: Rudy Johnson-Dick Gale, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.  
Corner Tavern: name jazz groups.  
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro, tfn. Johnny Trush, wknds.  
Esquire: Eddie Baccus-Lester Sykes, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.  
Fagan's Beacon House: Alley Cats, wknds.  
Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.  
King's Pub: King Obstinate, tfn.  
Leo's Casino: Jimmy Smith, 4/8-11.  
LaRue: Spencer Thompson, Joe Alexander, tfn.  
Lucky Bar: Joe Alexander, Thur.-Sat.  
Monticello: Ted Paskert-George Quittner, wknds.

Punch & Judy: Eddie Nix, hb.  
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb.  
Shakey's Pizza (North Olmstead): various Dixieland groups, tfn.  
Squeeze Room: Ronnie Bush-Bob Fraser, wknds.  
Theatrical Grill: Fabulous McClevertys, 4/6-17.  
Bob McKee, Nancy Ray, hb.

## CHICAGO

Across the Street: Allan Swain, tfn.  
Big John's: Mike Bloomfield, tfn.  
Bourbon Street: Dukes of Dixieland, tfn.  
London House: Cannonball Adderley to 4/11.  
Ramsey Lewis, 4/13-5/2. Peter Nero, 5/25-6/13. Eddie Higgins, Paul Serrano, hbs.  
McKie's: unk.  
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.  
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.  
Olde East Inn: Jodie Christian, tfn.  
Outhaus: Sandy Mosse, Wed., Sun.  
Pepper's Lounge: Muddy Waters, wknds.  
Playboy: Harold Harris, Willie Pickens, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.  
Plugged Nickel: Chet Baker to 4/4. John Coltrane, 4/7-18. Herbie Mann, 4/21-5/2. Modern Jazz Quartet, 5/6-16. Bill Evans, 6/2-13.  
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.  
Velvet Swing: Harvey Leon, tfn.

## MILWAUKEE

Ciro's: Bob Erickson, Fri-Sat.  
Column's Room: Les Czimmer, tfn.  
Dimitri's: Frank Vlasis, Thur.-Sun.  
English Room: Tom Marth, Fri-Sat.  
Layton Place: Frank DeMiles, Fri.-Sat.  
Leilani: Buddy Greco, 6/8. Frank D'Rone, 7/20.  
Ma's Place: Tom Marth, Wed., Thur., Sun. Four Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.  
Music Box: Bev Dean, wknds.  
New Flame: Loretta Whyte, wknds.  
Sardino's: Les Czimmer, Sun. Dan Edwards, Mon.-Sat.  
Tina's Lounge: Will Green, tfn.  
Tumblebrook Country Club: Zig Millonzi, tfn.

## MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL

Big Al's: Dave Rooney, tfn.  
Blue Note: Bobby Lyle, tfn.  
Davy Jones Locker: Mavis Rivers to 5/8.  
Earl's Valli Pizza (Dinkytown): Herb Schoenbohm, tfn.  
Embassy (Bloomington): Ray Evans, Jean Farrell, tfn.  
Hoagie's (Robbinsdale): Bobby Williams, wknds.  
Lighthouse Gallery (Orono, Lake Minnetonka): Dixie 5, Sun.  
The Peacock: Hall Brothers, Sun.  
The Point (Golden Valley): Percy Hughes, Judy Perkins, tfn.  
The Sherwood Supper Club (St. Paul): Rio Pardo, tfn.

## DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Artists' Workshop: free concerts, Sun. afternoon. Detroit Contemporary 5, Workshop Arts Quartet, hbs.  
Baker's Keyboard: Eddie Hazel to 4/3. George Shearing, 4/19-24. Ahmad Jamal, 4/26-5/1.  
Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanston, tfn.  
Brass Rail: Armand Grenada, tfn.  
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.  
Caucus Club: Howard Lucas, tfn.  
Chessmate Gallery: Workshop Arts Quartet, Fri., Sat.  
Chit-Chat: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, Tue. Don Davis, Thur.-Sat.  
Checker Bar-B-Q: Dave Vandepitt, afterhours, Mon.-Thur. Mel Ball, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.  
Drome Bar: Roland Kirk to 3/28.  
Falcon (Ann Arbor): Max Wood, Mon., Wed., Sat. George Overstreet, Tue., Thur., wknds.  
Fat Black Pussycat (Lansing): Detroit Contemporary 5 to 3/28.  
Frolie: Norman Dillard, tfn.  
Grand Lounge: Lou Rawls, tfn.  
1/2 Pint's: Keith Vreeland, Thur.-Sun. Sessions, Sun.  
Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, Wed., wknds.  
LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.  
Linford Bar: Emmitt Slay, tfn.  
Mermaid's Cave: King Bartel, tfn.  
Midway Bar (Ann Arbor): Benny Poole, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat.

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Momo's: Jack Brokensha, tfn.  
Odom's Cave: Bill Hyde, Fri.-Sun.  
Office Lounge (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, hb. Sessions, Sun.  
Paige's: Frank Morelli, James Hawkins, Fri., Sat.  
Playboy Club: Vince Mance, Matt Michaels, hbs. Lenore Paxton, Thur.-Sat.  
Sabo Club (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, sessions, Sat. afternoon.  
Scotch & Siroin: Joe Thompson, tfn.  
Sports Bar (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, tfn.  
S-Quire: Carolyn Atzel, Lewis Reed, tfn.  
Village Gate: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, Thur.-Sun.

### INDIANAPOLIS

Embers: Jonah Jones, 4/5-10. George Shearing, 4/12-17.  
Embers Lounge: Pete Brady, Tom Hensley, tfn.  
Jeff's Lounge: Dick Laswell, tfn.  
Hub-Bub: various groups.  
Mr. B's Lounge: Shirley Scott-Stanley Turrentine to 4/3. Jazz Crusaders, 4/5-17. Yusef Lateef, 4/19-5/1.  
19th Hole: Earl Van Riper, Mingo Jones, tfn.

### MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Beach Club (Ft. Lauderdale): Billy Maxted to 4/18.  
Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, tfn.  
Carillon: Mel Torme, 4/10-25.  
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, wknds.  
Harbour Towers: Big Six Trio, tfn.  
Hayes Lounge (Jacksonville): Bill Davis, tfn.  
Knight Beat: Blue Mitchell-Junior Cook, 4/2-4. Wyman Reed, Dolph Castellano, tfn.  
Monseigneur's: Preacher Rollo, tfn.  
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, tfn. Sam DeStefano, hb.  
Roney Plaza: Phil Napoleon, hb.

### NEW ORLEANS

Al Hirt's: Lionel Hampton to 4/18.  
Congress Inn: Ronnie Dupont, Wed.-Fri.  
Devil's Den: Si Zentner, 3/31-4/2.  
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.  
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.  
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.  
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.  
Al Hirt's: unk.  
King's Room: Lavergne Smith, tfn.  
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.  
Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervalon, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.  
Pepe's: Larry Muhoberac, tfn.  
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Buddy Prima, hbs.  
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

### DALLAS

Arandas: Red Garland, tfn.  
Blue Chip: Juvey Gomez, Jac Murphy, tfn.  
Fink Mink: Banks Diamon, Terry Henry, tfn.  
Gala: Ira Freeman, tfn. Sessions, alternate Sun.  
Leevee: Ed Bernet, tfn.  
Music Box: Shirley Murray, Jack Peirce, tfn.  
Pompeii: Bernie Schmidt, tfn. Sessions, after-hours, Mon.-Sat.  
Red Garter: Phil Rubin, tfn.  
Roadrunner (Ft. Worth): Dick Harp, tfn.  
Savoy: Roger Boykin, James Clay, tfn. Sessions, Sun., Mon.  
Skynight: Derek Kirky, tfn.  
Speakeasy: Dixie High Five, tfn. Sessions, Sun.  
Squires Club: Richie Salico, tfn. Sessions, alternate Sun.  
20th Century: Bobby Samuels, tfn.  
21 Turtle: Kelly Hart, Ralph Gibbs, tfn.  
Venetian Room (Ft. Worth): Irma Brown, tfn.  
Village Club: Monica Maris to 4/2. Joe Davis, hb.

### LAS VEGAS

Black Magic: Rick Davis, Sessions, Sun. Billy Tolles, tfn.  
Desert Inn: The Cousins, Mafalda, Phil Case, tfn.  
Duffy's: Sherry Kirk, tfn.  
Dunes Hotel: Earl Green, tfn.  
El Cortez: Cathy Ryan, Bill Rossi, tfn.  
Flamingo Hotel: Bob Sims, Nita Cruz, Buddy Sarkissian, tfn.  
Fremont Hotel: Joe Geremia, Sun. Charlie Spivak, tfn.  
Guys & Dolls: Ann Hagen, Bill Kane, tfn.  
Hacienda Hotel: Johnny Olenn, Kay Houston, Danny Owens, Paul Dino, tfn.  
The Mint: The Dixielanders, Wed. Tommy Cellie, tfn.  
Nevada Club: Herb Day, tfn.  
Quorum: Bob Sullivan, Guy Scalise, tfn.  
Riviera Hotel: Sarah Vaughan to 4/6.  
Sahara Hotel: Sam Melchionne, Jack Kent, Cliff Duphiney, tfn. Peggy Wied, Wed.

Sands Hotel: Ernie Stewart, Red Norvo, Dave Burton, tfn.  
Showboat Hotel: Leo Wolf, Sunny Spencer, Pat Yankee, Jeannie Mack, tfn.  
Sneak Joint: Marvin Koral, Tue.  
Stardust Hotel: Jimmy Blount, Irv Gordon, tfn.  
Thunderbird Hotel: Peter and Hank, tfn.  
Tropicana Hotel: Al DePaulis, Don Ragon, Gloria Tracy, tfn.

### 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.  
Clouds Restaurant (San Fernando): Rick Fay, tfn.  
Club Havana: Rene Bloch, hb.  
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Ben Rozet, Vic Mio, tfn.  
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.  
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): Jack Langlos, The Saints, Fri.-Sat.  
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.  
Hollywood Plaza Hotel (Golden Eagle Room): Johnny Guarneri, tfn.  
Hour Glass: Karl Baptist, tfn.  
International Hotel (International Airport): Kirk Stuart, tfn.  
It Club: Various groups, Sun. morning sessions.  
Jazzville (San Diego): 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.  
PJs: Eddie Cano, tfn. Jerry Wright, tfn.  
Red Chimney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Chuck Berghofer, Nick Martinis, Thur.-Sat.  
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri.-Sat.  
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): unk.  
Rusty Rooster (Bellflower): Joe Swift, hb.  
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Modern Jazz Quartet to 3/28. Mose Allison, 3/30-4/11. Bill Evans, 4/13-25. Victor Feldman, Mon.  
Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.

### SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Lenny Bruce, 3/31-4/11.  
Louis Jordan, "Big Mama" Thornton, 4/14-24.  
Francis Faye, 4/28-5/9. Stan Getz, 5/12-23.  
China Doll: Fred Washington, tfn.  
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, hb.  
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.  
El Matador: Cal Tjader to 3/27. Charles Byrd, 3/29-4/10. Vince Guaraldi, Bola Sete, 4/12-tfn.  
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Stan Kenton alumni, Fri.-Sat.  
Hungry 1: Eddie Duran, hb.  
Jazz Workshop: Gerry Mulligan to 3/28. Ahmad Jamal, 3/30-4/11. Mose Allison, 4/13-25.  
Parker's Souville: Dewey Redman, afterhours.  
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.  
Trident (Sausalito): Denny Zeitlin to 3/28. Bill Evans, 4/27-5/23. Pete Jolly, 5/25-6/6. Howard Roberts, 6/8-7/27.

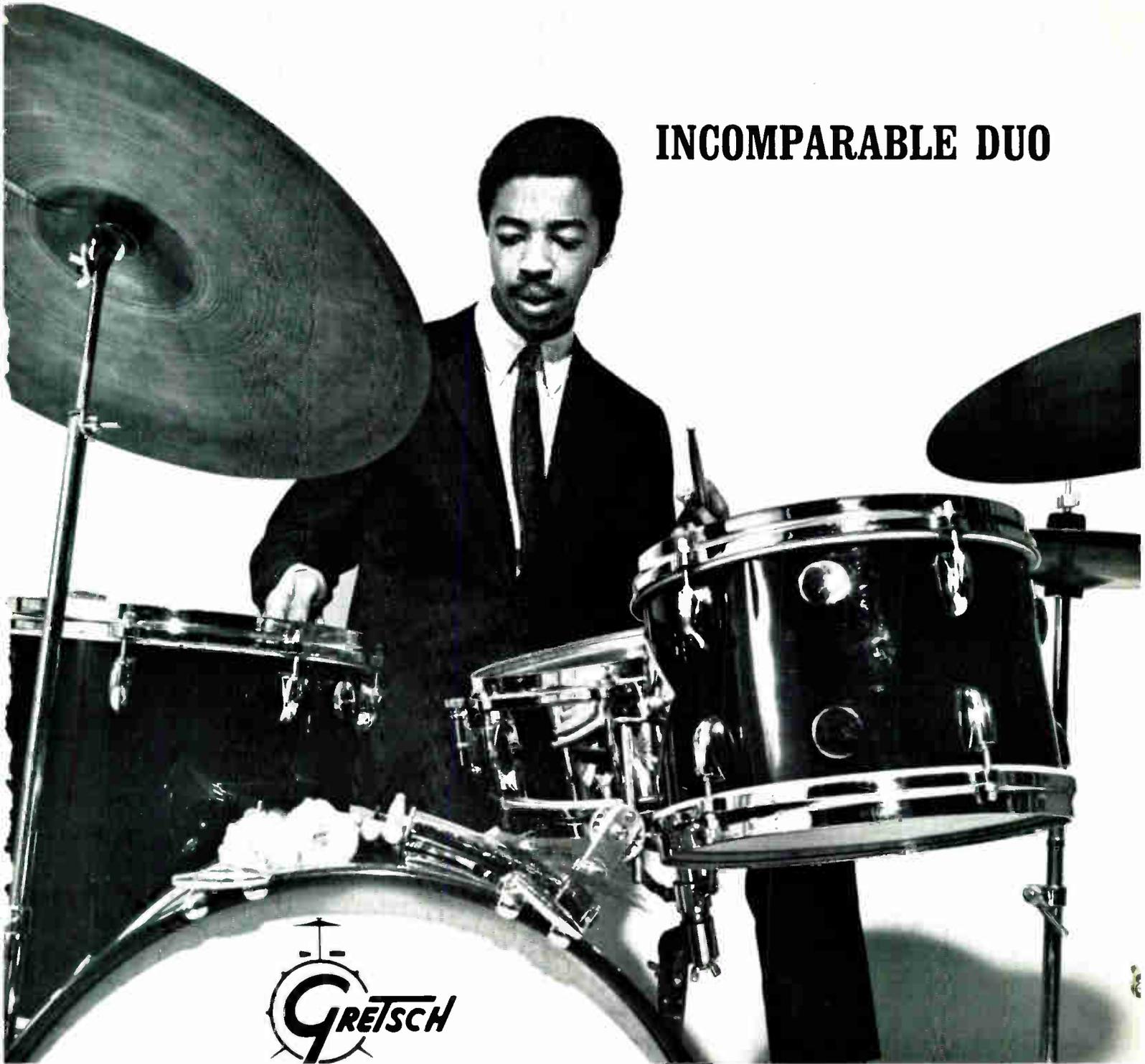
### WEST BERLIN

Blue Note: Lou Bennett, 4/1-27.

### TOKYO

Ciro's (Ginza): Ray Conde, tfn.  
Club Lee (Shinjuku): Smiley Ohara, tfn.  
Club Tokyo (Shinjuku): Jun Toshiya, hb.  
Elysee Cabaret (Shinjuku): Takashi Ono, hb.  
Ginza Crown: Yasushi Ashida, Junichi Nakamura, hbs.  
Ginza Grand Palace: Hisashi Ozaki, hb.  
Grand Kintoki: (Haneda): Jimmy Terada, tfn.  
Hotel Hilton: Dan Ikeda, tfn.  
Hotel Okura: Hideki Haniwara, tfn.  
Kokusai Kaikan (Shinjuku): Akira Sahara, hb.  
Las Vegas (Kiebukuro): Tetsuya Shinozaki, hb.  
Moulin Rouge (Shinjuku): Harumitsu Kangetsu, tfn.  
New Japan Hotel: Ryo Nomura, tfn.  
New Latin Quarter: Keiichi Ebihara, hb.  
Odeon (Shinjuku): Saburo Matsuo, tfn.  
Princess Cabaret: Shinichi Ueno, hb.  
Queen Bee (Ginza): Tokyo Cuban Boys, tfn.  
Shinjuku Chinatown: Masami Kishikawa, hb.  
Shockiku Center (Iidabashi): Charlie Ishiguro, tfn.  
Sukisekai (Akasaka): Hiroshi Watanabe, tfn.  
Star Cabaret: Tsuru Imura, hb.  
Tokyo Prince Hotel: George Kawaguchi, hb.  
Ueno Chinatown: Tomohisa Ichikawa, tfn.

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