

JUNE 17, 1965

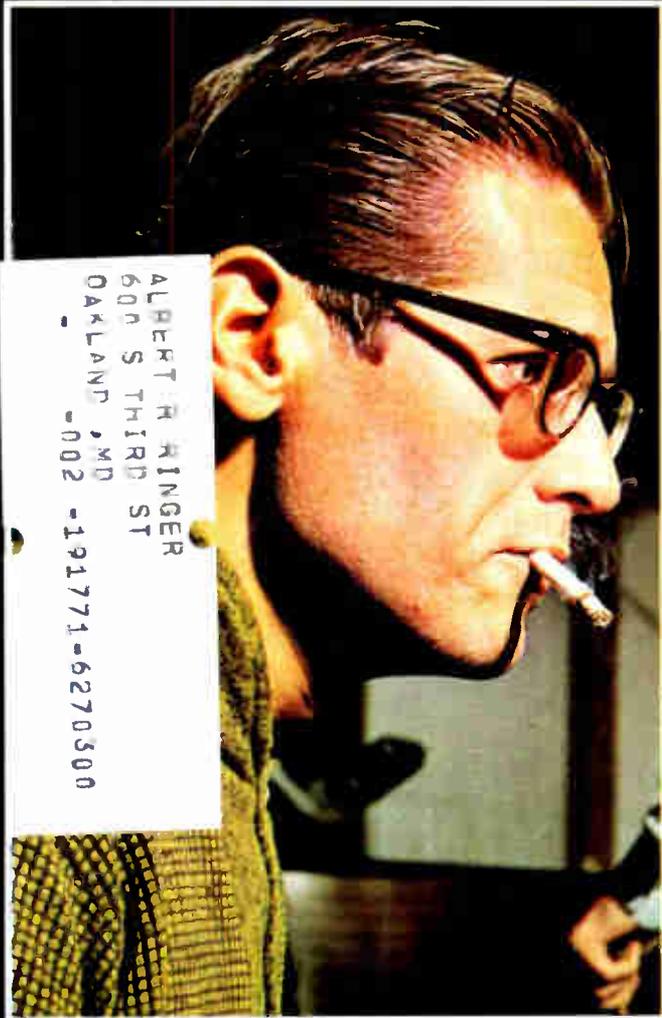
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down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

ANNUAL COMBO ISSUE

Natural Flow: Spontaneity and Simplicity of the Bill Evans Trio, by John A. Tynan



Three In One: The Oscar Peterson Trio as seen by Leonard Feather

Structure and Freedom: An Appreciation of the Modern Jazz Quartet, by Don DeMicheal





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Vol. 32, No. 13

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Gun Jumping

I think Leonard Feather jumped the gun a little in *Jazz on Television* (DB, May 6) in discounting ABC-TV's *Nightlife*.

In the few weeks the show has been on the air, its guest list has included the Modern Jazz Quartet, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Olatunji, Joe Williams, Mel Torme, Ethel Ennis, Oscar Brown Jr., Jackie and Roy, Carol Sloane, Teri Thornton, and the Cy Coleman Trio. The very capable Donn Trenner, who also provided the music on the old Steve Allen show, conducts the orchestra.

J. Butler
New York City

Feather's article was written at the beginning of the Nightlife series, before any jazz artists appeared on the programs.

Omission

I read *Jazz on Television, Pt. 1*, and was impressed to a point. I felt that Feather had failed to mention a program that once showcased jazz very intelligently, and still does, only in a more limited quantity. This is the *Today* show. Its tribute to Duke Ellington was brilliant and memorable.

D. Johnson
Sumter, S. C.

Bad Focus On 'Mickey One'

Having read a brief item in the May 6 issue of *Down Beat* about Eddie Sauter and Stan Getz collaborating on the background music for a film called *Mickey One*, I am moved to ask how this action differs from that surrounding the story line of Jack Webb's *Pete Kelly's Blues*?

As I recall, Webb's film had much the same story line as the current one, and there was much criticism in the trade press about identifying jazz musicians with crime and criminals. The relieving factor of a jazz soundtrack that was gutsy, direct, and terribly apropos was not considered in the critiques.

In today's confused world, it evidently has become permissible to prostitute the essence of jazz to the story line as long as the use of the music has no direct bearing on reality. In their present posture, Getz and Sauter (as are so many of their contemporaries), as typified by their album *Focus*, are far from the modern pulse of jazz and so, I suspect, is the movie line they are playing for.

Al Fisher
Wantagh, N.Y.

Praise From Behind The Curtain

Though until recently jazz was not heard in Eastern Europe, some may wonder how it is possible that so many people in these countries understand and are interested in modern jazz.

In the neighborhood of Czechoslovakia there is a station that broadcasts a program from Vienna, Austria, called *Jazz before Midnight*, conducted by Franz Roth. He taught me and my friends an under-

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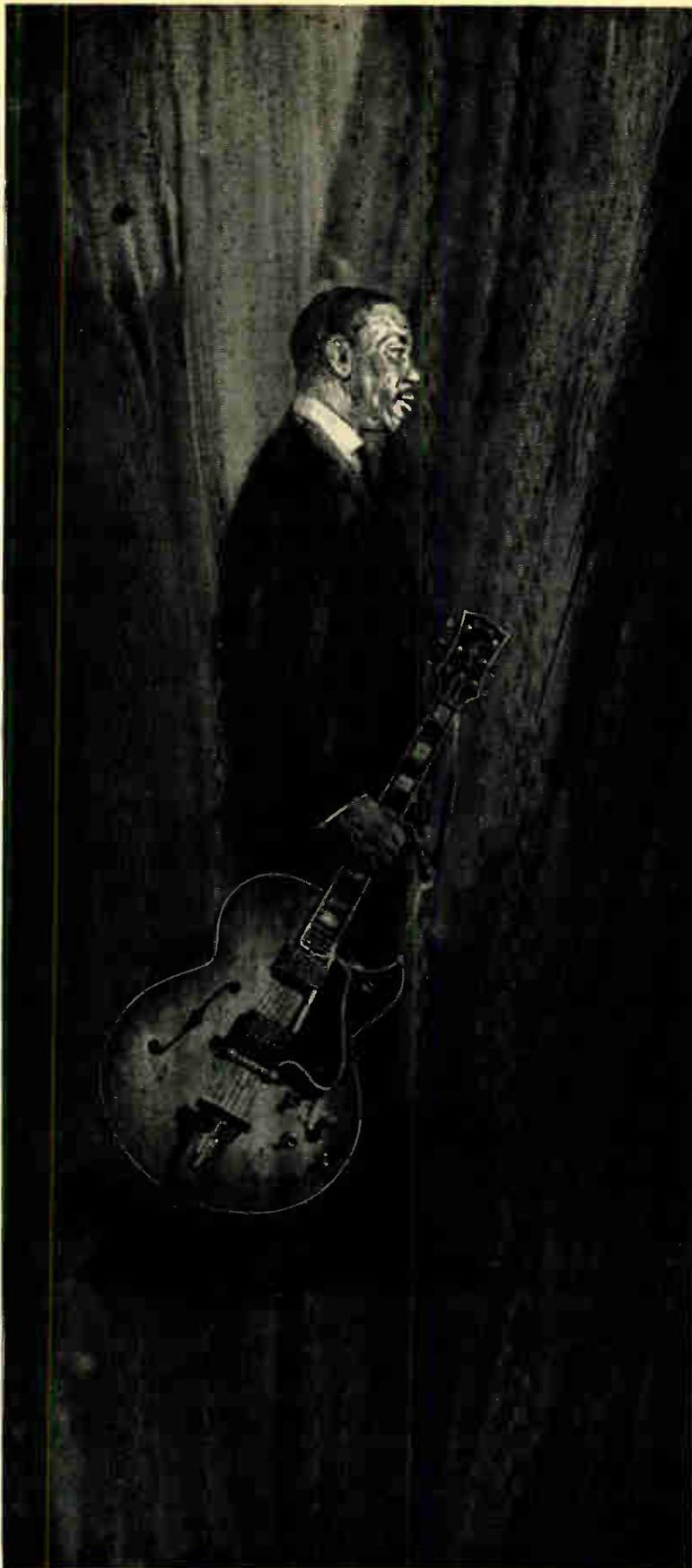
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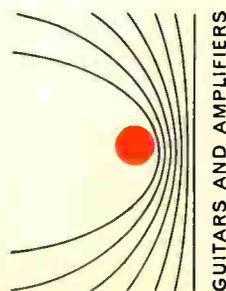
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George Prchal
Prerov, Czechoslovakia

It should also be pointed out that Willis Conover's Music U.S.A., broadcast by the Voice of America, has much to do with carrying the jazz message into Communist countries and most countries throughout the world. It has been on the air for several years.

Oops!

Just to keep the record straight, the quote from me on page 10 of your May 6 issue should have read "jazz is anything but dying" instead of "lying."

Nesuhi Ertegun
New York City

Bird Word From Ghana

I have just received the Charlie Parker Memorial Issue (March 25). Writing on Bird in Chicago, Joe Segal did Parker a real bad turn by suggesting that he behaved erratically when he played the Beehive in January, 1955. Segal said that I cornered Parker, and we talked about music and Africa all night long so that Parker did not play.

Maybe that was all Segal saw or heard. I told Parker to do exactly as he pleased and not to take any notice of the so-called friends who were urging him to play whether he was sick or not—whether he liked it or not—just like a workhorse. Parker did exactly as he pleased that night. When he felt like playing, he did so gloriously. When he felt like resting, he did so.

After many years of residence in America, I have come to learn exactly what Bird was born into and how he survived against the many odds. He lived his life, not so much as he wanted, but as the American society dictated! He was a complete misfit in that society! Somehow, I am happy that he is now free.

The true story of his life has yet to be told.

Guy Warren
Accra, Ghana

May Peace Reign

Let's call a truce and begin to promote jazz—all jazz. Let's not boost one phase of jazz and knock another. (By us I mean everyone concerned with jazz: musicians, composers, arrangers, clubowners, a&rs men, critics, and just plain jazz fans.)

What is the controversy all about? So Ornette Coleman blows something different. So what? As long as he is sincere and honest with himself, let him blow—let him blow where he wants and to anyone who will listen and appreciate. I, for one, do not understand Coleman, but regardless of whether I understand him or not, I do not kick him. This should be true of all jazz regardless of the school. Let jazz create music—not problems.

It seems to me that people concerned with jazz should be fanatic about only one thing—to stamp out fanaticism.

Jim Paulus
Lima, Ohio

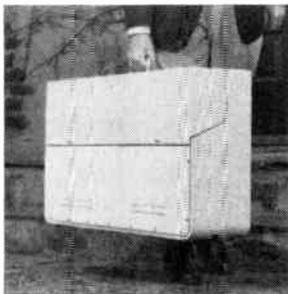
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Vol. 32 No. 13

DOWN BEAT JAZZ FESTIVAL ARTISTS ANNOUNCED

A partial list of artists contracted for the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival, to be held Aug. 13-15 at Chicago's Soldier Field, has been announced by the festival's producers, *Down Beat* publisher John J. Maher, festival and concert promoter George Wein, and prominent Chicagoan Michael Butler.

The artists are Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Count Basie, Carmen McRae, Muddy Waters, Jimmy Smith, Woody Herman, Joe Williams, John Coltrane, Thelonious Monk, and Gary McFarland.

"For several years," Maher said, "*Down Beat* has wanted to bring a top-notch jazz festival to the Chicago area. Chicago has been so important to jazz that we feel the city should have an annual jazz festival. We intend that the music at our festival will be the finest possible. We feel that the quality of the artists selected and the inclusion of an especially assembled festival orchestra, under the direction of Gary McFarland, will make this the greatest festival in the United States."

The orchestra, which will perform McFarland's compositions and also serve as musical setting for several of the name attractions, will consist of Chicago musicians, for the most part.

There will be three evening programs and two afternoon programs during festival weekend. The Aug. 14 afternoon program will trace the evolution of so-called Chicago style jazz and will feature many of the well-known musicians associated with that school, as well as a number of prominent traditional-jazz players living in Chicago. The Aug. 15 afternoon program will be given over to modern Chicago groups and the jazz avant-garde. Artists for the afternoon programs will be announced later.

For ticket information write *Down Beat* Jazz Festival, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., 60606.

DUKE AND THE PULITZER PRIZE

"It's very too bad," composer Aaron Copland was quoted as saying. The *New York Times* protested the injustice of it all. Jazz critics were highly displeased.

The only one seemingly unruined by the failure of the Pulitzer Prize advisory board to award Duke Ellington a special citation for his composing efforts during the last 40 years was Ellington himself.

The 66-year-old composer told *Newsweek*, "I've absolutely no disappointment. I feel very lucky to have been mentioned at all for such an honor. Fate's trying to keep me from becoming too famous too

young. It doesn't matter. All I do is compose music. I can't afford to get bugged. . . . I must not let it destroy my musical integrity."

Ellington told *Down Beat*, "Where music is concerned the prime factor is to hear your music. I'm lucky; there are talented composers all over the country who write all their lives and never hear their music played. As long as I can hear my music, I don't care if I ever win a prize."

The three-man Pulitzer music jury, which recommends significant works to a 14-man advisory board, decided no music produced in 1964 was worth a Pulitzer but did recommend Ellington for special citation. The advisory board rejected the recommendation.

Newsweek quoted one of the board members, name not given, as saying the jury "expressed contempt for contemporary composition and then threw in a special recommendation. If they thought Ellington was worth it, why didn't they give him the Pulitzer prize itself?"

Two members of the jury, Winthrop Sargent and Robert Eyer, resigned, protesting the remark, carried in *Newsweek*, by the anonymous board member that the jury was "a craven goddam jury." The third jurymen, Thomas Sherman, was appointed only for this year.

BILL RUSSO TO FORM ORCHESTRA IN CHICAGO

Composer Bill Russo will return to his native Chicago at the end of summer to establish the Chicago Jazz Ensemble. The orchestra will be the nucleus of Columbia College's Center for New Music, said the college president, Mike Alexandroff.

His principal aim, Russo said, is "to create a splendid orchestra. We want to give opportunity for composers to write and for players to play music. But also we want to make live music available to people."

Alexandroff said he hopes the center and the orchestra will stimulate interest in Chicago's cultural life. He said the center will "unite with the literary, theater, and visual arts in a full study of the issues, events, and culture of the contemporary world." Russo, Alexandroff added, will be composer-in-residence at the college, which specializes in the communication arts.

Both said they hope a music school would grow out of the center.

It will not be the first time that Russo has established an orchestra in Chicago; when he was 19, he founded a workshop orchestra known as An Experiment in Jazz. He disbanded in January, 1950, to join the trombone section of the Stan Kenton Orchestra. Since leaving Kenton in 1955, Russo has frequently lived abroad.

Russo returned to the United States early this year, settling in New York City. He said he will establish the new orchestra in Chicago, because "I would like to demonstrate that Chicago is worthwhile and that New York is not the hub of the universe."

He said his work in Chicago will not be limited to instrumental music. "I've written three operas," he said, "and I'd like to hear them performed."

ARTISTS ANNOUNCED FOR DOWN BEAT-MUSEUM CONCERTS

"Jazz in the Garden," the *Down Beat* co-sponsored series of 10 outdoor concerts in the sculpture garden of New York's Museum of Modern Art, will begin June 17 with a performance by tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins and his quartet.

Other groups scheduled to appear at presstime include tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman's quintet featuring trumpeter Clark Terry, June 24; pianist Earl Hines' trio plus guest stars, July 1; singer-guitarist Muddy Waters and his blues band, July 8; the Jazz Composers Guild Orchestra directed by pianist Carla Bley, July 15; and clarinetist Pee Wee Russell's quintet, July 22. The one-hour concerts begin at 8:30 p.m.

Tickets for the performances (50 cents, plus the regular museum admission charge of \$1) can be obtained at the museum boxoffice at W. 53rd St. in New York.

FRANK SINATRA TO STAR AT NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL

George Wein, producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, announced that singer Frank Sinatra will appear at the Rhode Island event on July 4. The Oscar Peterson Trio and the Count Basie Band are on the same program, and it is expected that Sinatra will sing with the Basie band, as he has on previous occasions. It is the first time Sinatra has appeared at a jazz concert since 1960, when he sang at Chicago's Urban League festival.

The Newport festival, which runs July 1-4, will be held at "festival field," located on Connell Highway. In previous years the event was staged at Freebody Park.

The July 1 evening program, titled the "Family of Jazz," will feature blues men Memphis Slim and Willie Dixon, folk singer Pete Seeger, singer Muddy Waters and his blues band, the Les McCann Trio, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet.

At the July 2 evening concert, the groups of Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Art Blakey, and Thelonious Monk will be heard, as will singer Carmen McRae.

The Duke Ellington Orchestra, the Herbie Mann Octet, and the Dave Brubeck Quartet are scheduled for the evening of July 3. On the same program, drummer Buddy Rich will lead an all-star group made up of trumpeter Howard McGhee, trombonist J.J. Johnson, clarinetist Tony Scott, saxophonists Sonny Stitt and Illinois Jacquet, and pianist Billy Taylor. Pianist Earl Hines and Japanese singer Mieko Hirota also are on the July 3 bill.

There will be three afternoon programs, but no artists have been announced.

PHILADELPHIA AUDITORIUM BANS MULTI-PERFORMER CONCERTS

Philadelphia's staid and historic Academy of Music may have played host to its last blockbuster jazz concert. Academy manager Harold Mason blamed backstage commotion during a Duke Ellington-Count Basie concert on March 14 for an edict banning programs featuring large numbers



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of performers.

While reporting that the management, "as custodians of a national landmark," had to issue the edict as a "security measure," Mason said the academy is "not against jazz" and that "any band is welcome by itself."

He noted that Ella Fitzgerald and a jazz combo have been booked for next season.

Mason complained that no-smoking regulations were violated at the March concert and that the backstage area and dressing rooms were overcrowded with performers' wives and friends. Also featured at the two-session Sunday night concert were the Art Blakey Jazz Messengers, trumpeter-fluegelhornist Clark Terry, the Jimmy McGriff organ group, singer Arthur Prysock, and comedian Slappy White.

KENTON HONORED BY MAYOR OF LOS ANGELES

Proving that neophonicism is its own reward, Samuel William Yorty, mayor of the City of Los Angeles, recently had some kind words to say publicly on the subject.

The Neophonic Orchestra, said his honor, is "a major advance in the cultural growth of the area, utilizing the wealth of musical talents concentrated in Los Angeles and attracting international attention."

Fitting the deed to the word, Mayor Yorty summoned Neophonic conductor Stan Kenton to a mayoral press conference recently, there to surprise the bandleader, who is also president of Neophonic-sponsoring International Academy of Contemporary Music, by presenting him a proclamation from the city honoring the academy for the formation of the orchestra.

Happily joining the ceremony were George Greif and Sid Garris, Kenton's managers and vice president and secretary-treasurer respectively of the academy.

Thrilled into uncharacteristic brevity, Kenton announced the Neophonic's second season will be expanded from four concerts to six in 1966. He also disclosed plans for the formation of similar resident contemporary orchestras in other U.S. cities.

LIBERTY RECORDS PURCHASES WORLD PACIFIC-PACIFIC JAZZ

Rumored about to be sold several times in recent years, Richard Bock's World Pacific-Pacific Jazz records finally went to a bidder recently when "the business and substantially all of the assets" were purchased by Liberty Records, Inc. The announcement was made jointly by Liberty president Al Bennett and Bock, president of World Pacific, in Los Angeles, home of both labels.

With the outright purchase, heavily pop Liberty acquires a catalog with a wealth of material ranging from the first West Coast jazz of the early 1950s and "soul" jazz of the '60s to ethnic folk-blues and Indian music. The purchase puts Liberty on a par with any major label with heavy jazz inventory.

In the new setup, it was announced, Bock will be vice president and general manager of World Pacific with a five-year contract with Liberty to serve on that com-

pany's a&r staff.

"From my standpoint," Bock told *Down Beat*, "it's a chance to grow, to have greater access to the sales and promotion aspects and greater potential to record." He said the World Pacific-Pacific Jazz name will be left intact because the labels function as a division of Liberty. The Pacific operation will still be housed in the West Hollywood premises it has occupied for some years, Bock said.

"The small jazz label," Bock commented, "has a hard row to hoe today. Frankly, I don't know how we made it alone for so long." Liberty, he said, "wants to build the Pacific Jazz image, not destroy it."

Currently, according to Bock and Bennett, no change is contemplated in the Pacific staff or distribution setup.

REVOLT STRANDS MUSICIANS IN SANTO DOMINGO HOTEL

Jazz intruded itself briefly into the dramatic events of the revolution in the Dominican Republic last month when members of a touring college jazz band found themselves stranded in a hotel in the heart of revolt-torn Santo Domingo, capital of the Latin American country and the pivotal area of the uprising.

Sharing the stage with history were members of the University of Michigan Jazz Band, who had arrived in the capital April 20 for a concert four days later. The group was winding up a 14-week goodwill tour of Latin America under the aegis of the U.S. State Department.

The tour had started in January, when the band left for its first performance, in Guatemala, subsequently performing throughout Central America, South America, and Caribbean islands, giving well-received concerts in halls and village squares, often in regions—such as Surinam—where American jazz had not previously been heard. Band pianist David Lewitz, 22, of Highland Park, Ill., described the band's reception as "very, very enthusiastic wherever we played."

The band was quartered, Lewitz said, in the Jaragua Hotel in the heart of Santo Domingo when the revolution broke out April 24, the date of the band's scheduled evening performance at the National Conservatory. The hotel was two blocks away from the Presidential Palace, which was under heavy fire almost continually.

"We heard shots," Lewitz said, describing events of the revolution's first day. "There were guns going off outside the hotel, people running back and forth. The waiters and most of the other hotel employes left and joined the rebels."

The band heard on the rebel-held radio station that a revolt was taking place.

"We heard there was a 6 o'clock curfew," the pianist said. "If you went out in the street, you would be shot. We canceled the concert."

About half the band's instruments, which were in the conservatory, were lost, Lewitz said.

The State Department representative who was accompanying the orchestra had left to make arrangements for a concert in

Jamaica. On Sunday night, the U.S. Embassy moved the band members to a hotel a little farther from the fighting.

"We stayed in the hotel until Tuesday, when they evacuated us," Lewitz stated. "On Monday night we got word that American military forces were coming the following day to get us out, but until then we had heard nothing. We didn't know what was going on. Bombing of a nearby air base was going on all the time. It was about a mile and a half from us."

The revolt was brought into the hotel briefly when rebels entered, shooting. "They lined us up against the walls and pointed their guns at everybody, at the women and little kids—everybody," Lewitz said. But the rebels left without harming anyone.

On Tuesday, the pianist reported, the refugees were evacuated by ship to San Juan, Puerto Rico, and from there the band flew on to its final concert appearance of the tour, in Jamaica, before returning to the United States.

"It's really curious," the student pianist mused. "Here we performed all over for 14 weeks, and were well received everywhere we played, but never received any attention until we accidentally became involved in the revolution. And that just about overshadowed all the good work we did in the three months before that."

WHY SOME MEN LEAVE HOME

"I'm tired of being in the underground. I want to play for people—lots of people—every night."

The speaker was soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy, on the eve of his departure for Copenhagen, Denmark, and a month's engagement at the Montmartre Club.

"If at all possible, I want to move my family and settle in Denmark," Lacy said. "They are tired of underground living too. I'm tired of seeing jazz fed upon by all of American music and not being fed in return."

Lacy was playing what he hoped was his last gig in the United States for some time, at Slug's Saloon on New York City's lower east side—one of the outposts of the "jazz underground."

Accompanied by bassist Louis Worrell and drummer Dennis Charles, Lacy played selections from his extensive repertoire of Thelonious Monk tunes for a small but enthusiastic audience of friends, fans, and fellow musicians who had come to wish him luck.

The saxophonist seemed relaxed and happy and wanted to make it clear that he felt he was taking a positive step.

"I'm not running away from something; I'm going toward something," he said.

In Denmark to welcome Lacy and also to play with him at the Montmartre were trumpeter Don Cherry and pianist Kenny Drew, two Americans who have found Europe to their liking. Rounding out Lacy's group is what has become known as the Great Dane rhythm section—bassist Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen and drummer Alex Riel. The group also was scheduled to appear at a late-May jazz festival in Bologna, Italy.

strictly ad lib

POTPOURRI: On May 27 drummer **Louie Bellson** joined the **Count Basie Band**, replacing **Rufus Jones**. Bellson had worked with the band during a Swedish tour a few years ago and had recorded with Basie on occasion. Bellson, one of the outstanding big-band drummers, began his new job in Rockford, Ill.

As the result of a recent incident during a concert in Germany, vocalist **Ella Fitzgerald** may greatly reduce her schedule of concert performances. "In Munich," she told British newswoman **Margaret Laing**, "I just went berserk. My drummer had to grab me and take me off. The people guessed something was wrong. But they applauded and wouldn't leave the hall." After a brief rest backstage, the singer said, "I went back and tried to sing some more." On the advice of her doctor, the singer canceled a number of planned concerts on her European tour. "I don't like this any more," Miss Fitzgerald said of the grueling schedule of concerts and travel she has maintained six months a year for the last eight years. "A concert artist would never agree to do as we do," she added. "It's too much of a hassle. You're afraid if you say 'No,' people will say you don't appreciate what they've done for you. Some people get very angry when you're ill. But, working every day on a voice, you can't expect it to be perfect. It's a God-given talent—you shouldn't abuse it. I don't think I want to any more."

In early May, newspaper wire services carried a story about a ban on further reciprocal exchanges of musicians between the United States and England because of abuse by American promoters and bookers who booked engagements other than those contracted for by British groups appearing in the United States. But no such ban was ever in effect, according to a spokesman for the American Federation of Musicians, which has conducted the one-for-one exchange with the British Musicians Union since 1956. There was, however, a weekend moratorium on further contract approvals until an agreement had been reached with the offending bookers and promoters. According to AFM president **Herman Kenin**, talks with the offending bookers resulted in a "thorough and continuing understanding" and the resumption of the exchange agreement. To end things on a happy note, British trumpeter **Kenny Ball's** traditional jazz band, which had been denied work visas by U.S. immigration officials in London for six U.S. engagements because the band did not have "sufficient status," was granted them as a result of intervention by officials of Los Angeles AFM Local 47.

A lot of jazz-club operators complain about bad business, but two who don't are **Leo Frank** and **Jules Berger**, owners of

Cleveland's **Leo's Casino**. The two announced that the club will be renovated and enlarged. Plans called for the club to close late in May so workmen can begin the expansion program. The club, according to Frank and Berger, will reopen in mid-June with a seating capacity of 350.

Jazz continues to make its way into the strange places. The latest unexpected setting for the music is in the board room of the **J. Walter Thompson** advertising agency in London, England, where various jazz groups provide background for "creative lunches" attended by the company's staff. Among groups working the lunches have been those of baritone saxophonist **Ronnie Ross** and bassist **Graham Collier**.

Drummer **Shelly Manne**, owner of Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood, Calif., was commended by the Los Angeles City Council for making a cultural contribution by opening his club on Sunday afternoons for chamber-music concerts.

Among recent additions to the June 18-20 Pittsburgh Jazz Festival, sponsored by that city's Catholic Youth Organization, are a high-school jazz band organized by pianist **Walt Harper**, tenor saxophonist **Ray DeFate**, and French horn player **Joe Kennedy** and a Sunday afternoon piano workshop featuring **Ahmad Jamal**, **Mary Lou Williams**, and **Earl Hines**, all former residents of the city, who will be joined by a number of local keyboard artists.

Soviet jazz musicians and fans, eager for official sanction of a music that has largely flourished underground there, had their hopes pinned on the recent three-day Moscow jazz festival, at which a number of the country's leading jazz groups performed in closed session for top officials of **Komosol**, the Young Communist Organization, and the Soviet Composers Union. The range of music played was broad, from Dixieland to avant garde, but when the music ended, a three-hour secret debate produced no decision on the ideological merits of jazz from the jury. Its sole declaration was that the band to represent the Soviets at the Algiers Communist Youth Festival would be announced later this year. Russian jazz fans, reportedly, are depressed by the lack of initiative in the festival jury. Some feel that without official acknowledgement of what is an underground fact, there might soon be a few jazzmen defecting to the West.

The Southwest German radio network in Baden-Baden has declared July **Louis Armstrong Month**, in honor of the trumpeter's 65th birthday July 4. All the station's programs—not fewer than 27—will feature his music. Critic **Joachim E. Berendt** is the originator of the Armstrong month. Other German jazz critics will participate in the tribute. Berendt also has produced a television film, *Jazz in Czechoslovakia*. Filmed in Prague the program features many of the country's leading jazz groups, such as the **Karel Krautgartner Band**, the **Gustav Brom Orchestra**, the **S & H Quartet**, the **Jan Hammer**

Trio, and the **Bratislava traditional group**, among others.

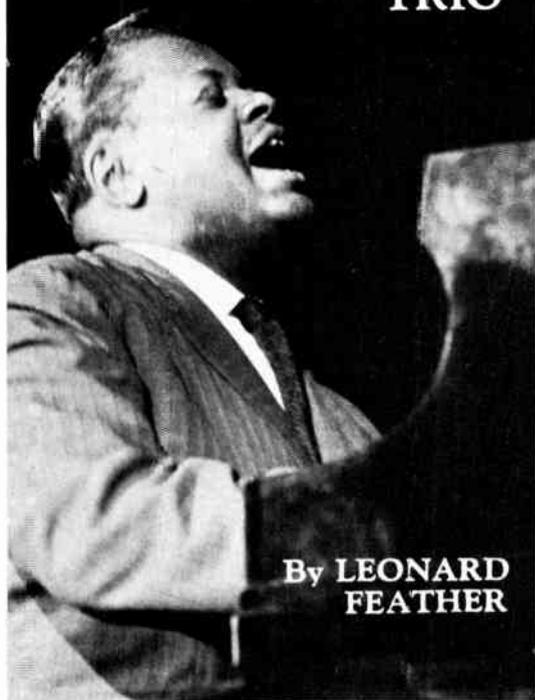
A jazz competition is being held in Vienna, Austria, that is open to young musicians, both amateurs and professionals, of all countries. Organized by pianist **Friedrich Gulda**, the competition has categories for trumpet, trombone, saxophone, piano, and drums and will offer prizes amounting to between \$500 and \$1,250. The address is Johannesgasse 4a, Vienna 1.

NEW YORK: Though Basin Street East will follow Birdland down the road to discotheque at the conclusion of singer-guitarist **Trini Lopez's** engagement in late June, jazz in New York City is far from dead. A mid-May survey of Greenwich Village found the following groups in residence at local clubs: pianist **Horace Silver's** quintet at the Village Gate; tenor saxophonist **John Coltrane's** quartet at the Half Note; drummer **Max Roach's** quintet (**Freddie Hubbard**, trumpet; **Clifford Jordan**, tenor saxophone; **Ron Mathews**, piano; **Jymie Merritt**, bass; **Abbey Lincoln**, vocals) at the Cafe Au Go Go; tenor saxophonist **Sonny Rollins's** quartet and the trio of pianist **Herbie Hancock**, bassist **Ron Carter**, and drummer **Tony Williams** at the Village Vanguard; drummer **Roy Haynes's** quartet at Slug's; and alto saxophonist **Lou Donaldson's** quartet (**Bill Hardman**, trumpet; **Billy Gardner**, organ; **Bob Thompson**, drums) and the held-over **Roland Kirk** group at the Five Spot . . . Nor was there rigor mortis in Harlem, where organist **Shirley Scott** and tenor saxophonist **Stanley Turrentine** held forth at **Count Basie's Lounge**, while pianist **Walter Bishop Jr.** headed a trio at Wells' next door, and guitarist **Paul Weeden's** quartet was at Minton's Playhouse . . . In the midtown area, the **Mitchell-Ruff Trio** (pianist **Dwike Mitchell**, bassist-French hornist **Willie Ruff**, and Brazilian drummer **Eleio Milito**) opened at the Hickory House May 5 for its first New York engagement in several years; trumpeter **Roy Liberto's** Basin Street Six were at the Metropole opposite trumpeter **Henry (Red) Allen's** house band; pianist **Cliff Jackson's** band at Jimmy Ryan's featured cornetist **Wild Bill Davison**, valve trombonist **Marshall Brown**, clarinetist **Tony Parenti**, and drummer **Zutty Singleton** (pianist **Don Frye** is Sunday's man); singer **Ella Fitzgerald** was at Basin Street East; and Birdland, which still has Monday night jazz, was the scene of a May benefit for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which featured the big band of tenor saxophonist **Frank Foster**, trombonist **Benny Powell**, pianists **Ray Bryant** and **Jimmy Jones**, tenor saxophonist **Billy Mitchell**, drummer **Frankie Dunlop**, and singers **Yolande Bavan**, **Norman Mapp**, **Irene Reid**, and **Pat Thomas** . . . In addition, jazz was to be found at numerous smaller clubs, bars, and coffee shops throughout the city, among them guitarist **Diek Garcia's** trio (**Sy Johnson**, piano; **Jaek Six**, bass) at **Chuck's Composite**; bassist **Don Payne's**

(Continued on page 42)

Three in One

THE
OSCAR PETERSON
TRIO



By LEONARD
FEATHER

JIM MARSHALL

LAST MONTH, COINCIDENTALLY, two clippings concerning Oscar Peterson came to notice. One was a review by Dick Hadlock in the San Francisco *Examiner* of the Peterson trio's *Canadiana Suite* album.

After praising the art work, the liner notes, the thematic idea of the suite, and Ray Brown's "wonderful bass playing," Hadlock proceeded:

"But that isn't enough. Peterson is, in this listener's opinion, simply a shallow improviser, one who barely escapes cocktail pianist status by showering us with plenty of robust simple swing and a lot of technique. What he does to even his own melodies is merely embellish them with strings of threadbare clichés. Maybe the pianist would have done better to have turned over his nice little pieces to someone like Duke Ellington. Or Bill Evans. They could have made of them a very special album."

The other clipping was a review by Benny Green, the English critic, who wrote in *The Observer* of a recent Peterson trio concert appearance in London.

After criticizing Ella Fitzgerald's

choice of material, he continued: "Were Oscar Peterson, who shares the bill with Ella, to sing the words of *Satin Doll*, he, too, would immediately shrink in stature. But he and his trio use only the harmonies of that Ellington trifle, and the result is some of the greatest jazz piano playing in the world today.

"Peterson is often castigated for being too good a pianist in the technical sense, which is, of course, nonsensical. This kind of attitude is a throwback to the old log-cabin approach to jazz criticism, which equated sincerity with lack of musical schooling.

"The Peterson technique, prolific though it is, never obliterates the delightful melodic content of his jazz, any more than it did in the case of his beloved idol, Art Tatum. In *You Look Good to Me* he puts to shame those who would have him go off somewhere and unlearn how to play the piano. . . . The brilliance of the Peterson trio is by no means confined to Peterson alone. . . . The musical understanding between Peterson and Brown throws up an interplay of ideas and sympathy of approach which musicians dream of but hardly ever achieve. It is very doubtful whether jazz has ever seen a better trio than this one."

An interesting aspect of the contrast between these reviews is that both reporters are musicians (Hadlock is a clarinetist, Green a saxophonist). There is no more agreement among musician-critics than among critics who have never played a note of jazz. Hadlock's is a minority view, of course, but it is one that has been expressed often, and always in similar terms (with the customary concession to bassist Brown), throughout most of the history of this group's existence.

There has always been in jazz criticism this occasional resentment of perfection, this assumption that superlative technique must have been used as an end in itself no matter how much it sounds like a means. Probably never has this point of view been less justifiable than in the case of Oscar Peterson and the various groups he has led.

One might point to the Law of Diminishing Repute that operates, sometimes cruelly and rarely with any logic, in many areas of jazz. An artist hailed as innovator and avant-gardist in the year X is merely accepted as a competent mainstream representative by X + 10, and is barely acknowledged—perhaps relegated to the role of cocktail jazzman—by X + 15. Teddy Wilson, who revolutionized jazz piano in the late 1930s, inevitably reached the point many years later at

which the identical style once saluted as the "new thing" of its day was given this condescending label.

Time works hand in hand with the Law of Diminishing Repute; if the *Canadiana Suite* had been released 10 years ago, before Peterson's genius was taken for granted, it is highly probable that the "shallow" improviser would have seemed deep, the "simple swing" would have sounded incredibly complex, and the "nice little pieces" would have been brilliant compositions. As indeed they do today to many of us.

AS A COMBO LEADER, Peterson now has almost 20 years of experience behind him. His first records were originally made for Canadian release only. During the last two or three years before Norman Granz persuaded him to go on the road with Jazz at the Philharmonic, Peterson had his own trio north of the border, with the current instrumentation—the drummer was Clarence Jones, the bassist Ozie Roberts. Peterson appeared at Carnegie Hall for Granz in September, 1949, and went on tour for him the next year.

His career in the United States has been divided into three segments. First came the duo period (early recordings feature him with Major Holley or Ray Brown on bass). Second was the trio with guitar (Irving Ashby, 1951-52; Barney Kessel, 1952-53; Herb Ellis, 1953-58). Third was the return to piano, bass, and drums (Gene Gammage for the last two months of 1958 and Ed Thigpen since January, 1959).

Ashby recalls the origin of the group as the logical outgrowth of a mutual admiration. "I was working with the King Cole Trio at the Hurricane in New York when Oscar came in to catch us," Ashby recalled. "Later on, when he and Ray were working at the Tiffany in Los Angeles, I used to jam with them. Even in those days, their repertoire was limitless and their rapport fantastic.

"Oscar liked the sound of the three of us together, so he asked me to join him. My first date was in San Francisco, and there was no rehearsal. Oscar and Ray simply stopped off at my hotel room with a tape machine and some tapes and their golf bags slung over their shoulders. Oscar said, 'All the tunes are on these tapes. See you tonight.' And off they went to the golf course.

"On the tape I found not only the music for five numbers, but verbal instructions about the arrangements. There was absolutely no margin left for error. A few days later they gave me another tape with several more tunes. This was how I eventually built

up a repertoire. It was mostly either ballads or unison-piano-guitar instrumentals."

The King Cole Trio combo concept (pianist doubling as singer, with guitar and bass) had been popular and influential through most of the 1940s, but Ashby recalls that Peterson was unhappy about being compared with Cole either as instrumentalist or vocalist. But because, as his delightful early records reveal, there was a coincidentally strong resemblance between his voice and Cole's, Peterson soon gave up singing.

Several records still in the Verve catalog at this writing reveal that the Peterson style at the outset of his U.S. career differed not too greatly in essence from what we hear today.

Two albums in which he works only with either Holley or Brown, *Tenderly* (2046) and *Keyboard* (2047), offer the best illustrations. On an original tune called *Debut* in the former, Peterson used a block-chord technique strongly recalling the George Shearing style of that time (though there is no reason to assume that one copied the other; it was a prevailing piano fashion around 1950). The single-note lines also had a Shearing-like quality, but on the freer-blowing passages there was a closer resemblance to the buoyantly facile Peterson of the 1960s.

Another track in the same album, *Lover, Come Back to Me*, shows the strong influence of the bebop movement, which was in full flower during Peterson's formative years.

Though Holley lacks Brown's power and drive, no substantial effect on Peterson's playing is discernible when one compares the Peterson-Holley numbers with the Peterson-Browns (the bassists share the billing in both albums). The Brown timbre, however, lends some of the tracks a feeling somewhat closer to that of the later combos.

Peterson's ballad style was already well on its way to maturity. The lyrical alteration of the chords in *Where or When* in the same LP and the combination of delicate sounds, clean runs, and sensitive feeling for changes can be found in *After All* on the *Keyboard* album.

The early trio albums, regardless of which guitarist was on hand, offer the hardest-swinging examples of everything that was being produced during that period by groups with this instrumentation. Peterson as trio leader now had two main aims, as he told reporters of the day: to improve his pianistic mastery and to tighten up the unity of the combo. On both levels he moved ahead, and from the start of the trio he treated the group as a

source of mutual challenges—between himself and Ray Brown or between both of them and the guitarist.

"They used to have a battle of tempos on *Air Mail Special*," recalled Ashby. "One night in Portland, Ore., Os and Ray got it going so fast that it was unplayable. After they'd torn through 20 choruses, Os turned to me and said 'Okay, you got it!' Well, what could I do? I did the only thing left to do—I went into a tap dance!"

THE COHESION, deftness, and musical excitement that has been a part of the current Peterson trio since its inception were present, despite the fundamentally different character of the group, in the five stimulating years of the Peterson-Brown-Ellis triumvirate. A situation comparable with that described by Ashby can be found in the two recorded versions of the *52nd Street Theme* riff, the first on the live set taped at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival (Verve 8024), the second a couple of years later at Newport (Verve 8239).

There is little difference in tempo between the two performances; the skeletal ensemble devices are the same; the blowing, of course, is totally different. In both, though, one can find the mutual stimulation, the striving for discovery, and the attempts to provide two teammates with musical kicks that have always been vitally important elements of the Peterson approach to jazz.

If there was a resemblance to any other trio, at this point (and *52nd Street Theme* brings it into sharp focus), the analogy should be with the Art Tatum Trio of fond memory, whose *Flyin' Home* (with Tiny Grimes and Slam Stewart) had some of the same blend of togetherness, humor, and fantastic technique.

With the exception of a brief period in the spring of 1955, when Herb Ellis was ill and Kenny Burrell subbed for a while, the Peterson-Brown-Ellis unit remained constant, and constantly coalescent, for five years.

"While Barney Kessel was with the group," Ellis said, "it was more arranged, more organized than when Os and Ray started out with Irving Ashby. By the time I came in, they had ensemble parts and interludes on almost every tune, not just opening and closing ensembles.

"Once, in November, 1956, the trio became a quartet. We had a job for a few weeks in Las Vegas, and a quartet was called for on the contract. Oscar had heard and liked Gene Gammage playing in Los Angeles with Red Mitchell and Hamp Hawes, so he was the drummer chosen.

"When I decided to leave, two years later, he sent for Gene again."

The replacement of guitar by drums was due to a combination of factors. Aside from the value of the percussive sound and the possibility of greater harmonic freedom during the blowing passages, there was the very relevant fact that it had taken Herb Ellis a long, long time to acquaint himself with the extensive library of the combo, and it would have presented an almost insurmountable problem for Peterson had he tried to go through this process all over again, even if the right man had been available. (Peterson doubted there could be such a man; he said at the time that he never wanted another guitarist after Ellis, who had spoiled him for the rest.)

Exit Ellis, enter Gammage. Though somehow Gammage did not work out this time, the ease with which Peterson had made the transition was highly impressive. (This trio can be heard on *My Fair Lady*, Verve 8581.) After a couple of months, Peterson called in Thigpen, who had been working in New York with the Billy Taylor Trio.

Peterson, Thigpen, and Brown worked together not only in the trio but also, for four years (1959-63), as teachers at the Advanced School of Contemporary Music, which the Peterson trio and composer Phil Nimmons founded in Toronto, Ontario.

It is difficult to single out any one of their albums as representative of the current trio. They are numerous, and there is not a mediocre set among them. But because of Peterson's always-strong blues affinity, it might be proper to recommend *Night Train* (Verve 8538), in which most tracks are based on the blues, and even those that are not (including Peterson's own beautiful *Hymn to Freedom*) are of exceptional merit.

WHETHER ON OR OFF the record, the members of the Peterson trio speak of one another with a happy mixture of friendliness and respect.

Talking a few years ago about the pleasure of working with Peterson and Brown, Thigpen said, "They're perfectionists. They demand a lot from you, but they demand a lot from themselves. They believe in playing—you do your job, and they'll do theirs." Working with Brown, he said, was "an education, a delight, a thrill. . . . I get the feeling from playing with Ray—Oscar, too—that there's nothing impossible to create or play, not only because of Ray's playing but because he's such a sincere person. Do you know we have rehearsals together? Just the two of us. Know what we rehearse? Time. It sounds funny to say

you rehearse time. Dynamics. It's just like we're a little band."

Brown and Peterson, after more than 15 years together, are beyond the point of expressing mutual endorsements. Peterson once said, "If I had to sum Ray up in a sentence, I'd say this: it's weird, but he's the epitome of forethought. Sympathetic forethought. As for his solos, do you remember the one on *How High the Moon* in our Stratford album? Well, that should be put in a time capsule, and sealed up. Because that's *it*."

It is difficult to single out any one factor that gives the Peterson trio its character or to pick any one track or record that will demonstrate it. Obviously, within the style it has set, the group covers too wide a range of moods and concepts to be analyzed or pinpointed in this manner.

Peterson's stature is comparable only with that of Art Tatum, whose close friend he became during the few years they knew each other before Tatum's death. It is not surprising that the jazz pianists he respects are those who, like Tatum and himself, are the most pianistic and the best equipped, such as Andre Previn and Phineas Newborn Jr. There are others whom he admires, but with reservations, because he feels they are following only one line of the piano's potential, among them Ahmad Jamal, Horace Silver, and Erroll Garner.

Don Gold, *Down Beat's* managing editor a few years ago, has said that Peterson "does not adhere to presently fashionable avant-garde rules. His playing, basic to the backbone of jazz, is never obscure. . . . The instrument provides his inspiration; the vastness of its scope moves him. He chooses not to simplify or limit that scope."

Here is a central point in the analysis of Peterson's success. When we listen to him, what we are hearing is a piano, played by a master. When we listen to one of the lesser but more eccentric pianists whose reputation has been bolstered by synthetic publicity, what we hear is Joseph Doakes, playing piano. The name comes first; the last word of the sentence could almost be changed or dropped.

Ray Brown's role in the trio has remained basically that of stimulating undercurrent and inspiring time-keeper. He saves his solos for the passages that are *supposed* to be bass solos, a procedure that has not been too fashionable lately. He once said, "I think the greatest assets a bass player can have are good time, good intonation, and a big sound."

Ed Thigpen, like Brown, works as one-third of a trio rather than as an individual trying to outdecibel his



Thigpen, Peterson, Brown: cohesion, deftness, and musical excitement

colleagues. His work serves principally to embellish Peterson's role, to lend dynamic variety, underline, add to the over-all color of the trio, and to stimulate Peterson into maximum creativity.

Herb Ellis, who has sat in with the current trio many times since he left, remarked, "Thigpen sometimes gets almost the feeling of a tonal instrument. The variety of sounds he gets, particularly his subtle use of the cymbals, makes him one of the most completely musical drummers I've ever heard."

PETERSON'S OWN ASSESSMENT of his contribution, as pianist, composer, and leader, is that of a man too well adjusted for vainglorious boasting yet too proudly contented for false modesty.

"I stand behind everything I've ever done," he said recently, "and that includes those boogie-woogie records I made for RCA before I ever came to this country.

"It should go without saying that craftsmanship is essential to creativity and to a good performance. How many really bad performances have you ever heard on the concert stage in classical music? We should apply the same standards; yet we hear of a man like Ornette Coleman practicing the violin for a year or two and then getting out and playing it in public. It takes years and years of study to learn an instrument to the point where you can go out and perform.

"Playing and writing are two entirely different things. For writing, you may not need the same degree of experience. Look how many guys on the street get an idea for a melody and get somebody to write it down for them. Thelonious Monk, to me, is one of the greatest composers alive, but when it comes to playing—forget it.

"The public is being led astray by

this cult of people like Ornette Coleman, and by these critics that write idiotic, superfluous remarks about what he is supposed to be playing."

Peterson's pride in his combo and his personal achievements has led him to a strong resentment of critical supporters of the "new thing." As a pianist who respects the instrument, and who is far more knowledgeable musically than most of the critics who have criticized him, he feels there is a great deal of hypocrisy in the air.

"Let's take a hypothetical case," he said. "Suppose Monk had to record something like *Mary Poppins*. The critics would have heart failure! Because they would have to evaluate not only the performance but *Mary Poppins*. They've either got to be honest and say it's a bad album, he's kidding, it's a put-on—or else they're going to turn around and say he's made something out of nothing. That's a good trick in this life. How do you make anything out of nothing when nothing from nothing leaves nothing?"

Peterson is doing so well that it is obvious his animus against the critics, or against other pianists, is not based on any sense of rivalry but purely on esthetic differences. He believes that a large part of the success of his trio can be attributed to the uninterrupted co-operation of three men working together over a period of years.

"It takes time and work; you can't create new geniuses, or new combos, or new miracles overnight," he said. "I don't believe in planned obsolescence, and I don't believe in overcrowding a field that's very, very big already.

"A friend of mine looked at my record collection in Toronto, and he told me, 'If you wanted to be able to say you really know your collection, you would have to listen 12 hours a day, every day, for the next 30 years.'

(Continued on page 41)

NATURAL FLOW

GOOD JAZZ, LIKE GOOD DRAMA, communicates through the inner force of

its conflicts. Art is composed of elements in conflict; good art results when these elements are synthesized by the individual artist or by a group into a creative unity.

Oscar Wilde observed that there is no art where there is no style and that there is no style where there is no unity—and unity is of the individual. Pianist Bill Evans, bassist Chuck Israels, and drummer Larry Bunker are currently demonstrating this truth with stunning consistency as the Bill Evans Trio.

Recently at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood the three musicians discussed their work and its execution.

Evans, at 35, is grave of mien and sober of dress. Inverted at the keyboard, he plays with head bent to his inventions, seemingly oblivious to all but the secret messages running among piano, bass, and drums that emerge in musical translation as some of the most memorable jazz in our time.

What gives the trio its character, Evans said, is "probably a common aim and some sort of feeling of potential. The music develops as we perform. What you hear in a set has become that way through performance." The approach is pragmatic; something works out in the execution of a certain number, and it stays in the performance because it works.

The Evans philosophy is to the point: never impose any verbal conception of the music before the performance. Let everything happen through the playing.

"We've never rehearsed," the pianist said of the current trio. "We have discussed music collectively but never the specifics of a performance. I want the other guys to feel as I do—that the object is to achieve what we want in a responsible way. Naturally, as the lead voice in the group I might shape the performance, but to attempt to dictate . . . never. If the music doesn't coax a response, then I don't want a response. And this is the most natural course for a performance to develop."

Evans has been quoted elsewhere and at length on the subject of freedom in the playing of many considered avant-gardists in today's jazz. "Freedom is not license," he emphasized. "The idea is not to say, 'I feel frustrated tonight so I'm going to play frustrated,' but to feel that the thing is to be responsible to the music itself."

Of his own playing he averred, "I couldn't be more simple. In fact, if I could be, I'd like to do it." The simplicity, he explained, lies in "the conceptions of the felt forms and felt basics."

Reminded of Bunker's skill as a vibraharpist (he was one of Hollywood's top studio men on that instrument prior to joining Evans last year), the pianist described Bunker's playing as wonderful. But, he remarked, adding vibes to the trio also would add problems. "For the same reason," he said, "this is why I haven't added a horn. You see, in this trio format the fundamental musical principles are happening. There is a bass function, a melody function, and a rhythm function. So fundamentally the trio can develop in this direction."

Israels, he said, lends a feeling of a complete trio. "Three things are happening with each other all the time," Evans said. "Yet there's no imbalance."

Following the trio's current tour, Evans said, he wants to do some "serious work at home" and seek new material for

The Bill Evans Trio

By JOHN A. TYNAN

the trio. The problem of playing and replaying a familiar repertoire, he added, is "to find freshness in it and to progress." Hence the constant desire on the part of all three musicians to find different vehicles for expression. As examples he cited *Time Remembered* and a number from his *Conversations with Myself* album, *NYC's No Lark*.

Finally, he noted the need for such new material is simply "out of consideration to the people who listen to us."

ISRAELS, 29, AND AS CONSERVATIVE of dress and demeanor as Evans if not as withdrawn a personality, has that great technical ability that has come to mark so many young bassists during the last decade and a half.

As articulate as the pianist, Israels described his role in the trio as "not a rhythm function."

"My voice is left open," he said, "because Bill doesn't play the bass in his left hand. So I mold the contour of my bass line to fit the character of the piece." Therefore, because Israels knows the harmonic nature of the piece, Evans knows he can leave out the bass voice on piano; Israels will fill it in.

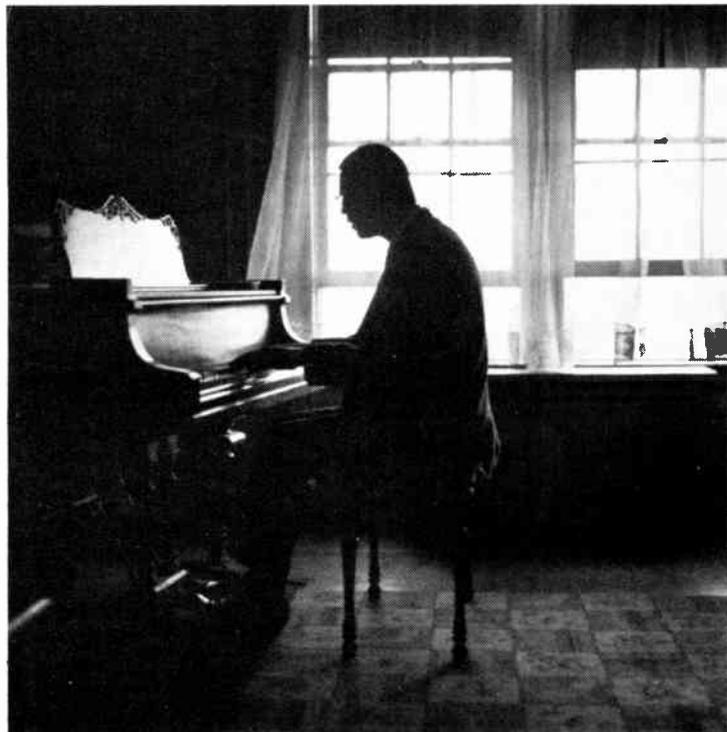
"There are only a few other groups functioning like this," Israels declared, "Gary Burton's [on records], Gerry Mulligan's, and Stan Getz'. It's a way of leaving the bass player free and giving him a part in the ensemble."

How does this role fit Israels? How, in practice, does it satisfy him musically?

"When things are going well," he said, "say, one night in 10, Bill and I have a dialog going. When things are going really well, ideally—say one night in 30—it's just perfect."

Expanding on the bassist's role in the Evans trio, Israels

CHARLES STEWART





Evans, Bunker, Israels: 'A common aim and some sort of feeling of potential'

generalized for a moment. "There is an attitude prevalent," he said, "among a large group of naive musicians that self-expression is equivalent to following every trivial impulse when in fact these trivial impulses are not the essential characteristics of a person's artistic thought and feeling. I'm concerned with expressing myself, of course, but within my general artistic philosophy, which is governed by a musical language and vocabulary that I feel will communicate my deepest and most important feelings. That means you have to educate your impulses in terms of the musical language within which you choose to express yourself."

"In relation to the group, there are moments when my rôle is secondary to Bill's. During this time there may be a breath or space or hole in the music that cries out to be filled in with two or three bass notes to complement Bill's thought."

In this context, the bassist explained, he thinks as an accompanist. "It doesn't detract from my feelings of artistic expression in a secondary rôle," he said. "Bill does what seems complementary to what I do and I to him. We try to complement each other."

"This, of course," he quickly added with a rueful smile, "is on an ideal plane. This is aside from the burden of personal problems, feelings, considerations, and so on."

On strictly a personal level he illustrated the point by confessing that that particular evening he felt his morale was sandbagged.

THE TRIMLY BEARDED BUNKER is a 36-year-old Californian, the newest member of the trio, who approached the assignment uncommonly well prepared.

"Before I ever played with Bill," he said, noting his first job with Evans was a brief spell in 1963, "I'd spent about four years listening to everything he recorded. It got to the point where if I really wanted to listen seriously—not just background for conversation or at dinner—to music at home, it'd be to him. So when I first worked with him at Shelly's, it was like playing with an old friend. It was almost as if I'd been waiting for him to come along."

Working with Evans, Bunker said, has resulted in some

remarkable empathy at times. They reached a point in their musical relationship then in which the drummer would develop a percussive pattern or response to fit something Evans might be playing, and each time the pianist hit that certain phase, Bunker would follow suit.

"After a while," Bunker said, "Bill refused to respond. We talked about it, and Bill explained why." The pianist felt such interplay impeded progress and genuine creativity by falling into a pattern, however seemingly fitting. Now, the drummer said with a shrug, if something is "happy" between him and Evans, so be it, let it happen.

Bunker's personal reaction to Evans' playing is unadulterated, unqualified enthusiasm.

"When he's really on," according to the drummer, "he's staggering. He probably makes fewer mistakes than any person I've ever heard on the instrument. I hear just about everything I want to hear in his playing. He's got everything—time, emotion, chops. He's like a computer."

Bunker confessed, however, that "in many areas I'm dissatisfied with my playing. I probably restrict myself more than Paul Motian [a former Evans drummer] did."

"Bill loves to sit down and cook," Bunker added, "and just have the time go for him. He's not interested in just being far out for its own sake. For myself, I keep trying to weed out a lot of the extraneous things from my playing. Bill can do that to you."

Bunker enjoys "generally very good" relations with Israels. "Chuck probably has certain weaknesses of his own, things that he's working on," Bunker said. "But we get along."

On the stand it's music time again. *Autumn Leaves* is whirled into a rapid interplay and fusing of sound, and the intensity of creation is almost painful. Visually, Bill Evans is a hunched mass of back and shoulders to the audience, his face barely a foot above the keys, his concentration mentally and almost physically bearing down on his listeners.

Sometimes they don't understand. A sweet young thing, visibly bemused by it all but eager to please her date, was heard to remark after a particularly trying set: "Y'know, it makes you want to rub his back." 

FRAMEWORK FOR BLOWING: THE DIZZY GILLESPIE QUINTET

By DAN MORGENSTERN

Left to right: James Moody, Kenny Barron, Rudy Collins, Dizzy Gillespie, and Chris White



LEE TANNER

THERE IS NOTHING like steady work to keep a band together." That is trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie's succinct reply to a question about his formula for successful handleading.

Few on the jazz scene are better equipped than Gillespie to answer such a question. He has been a leader of his own groups—big and small—for more than 20 years. His current quintet had its last change in personnel 31 months ago (when pianist Kenny Barron joined), and none of his sidemen has plans to leave what certainly is one of the most consistently employed jazz groups.

To a fairly constant observer, one of the most striking aspects of the Gillespie quintet is its air of togetherness—on and off the stand. When the group is on, there is no coasting. A master showman and an extraordinary musician, Gillespie heads a unit that must be not only musically alert and prepared to do its best at all times but also must be able to function as an integral adjunct to the leader's volatile and effervescent personality.

For when Gillespie and his group are at work, there is, in addition to jazz of highest caliber, a constant flow of entertainment: jokes, comedy routines, dancing, byplay among the musicians, mock arguments, and all manner of humor. Yet the comedy never becomes strained, the jokes never sound stale, and the musicians seem to be enjoying themselves as much as the audience.

Drummer Rudy Collins, who has been with Gillespie for more than 3½ years, provided a clue to the spontaneous quality of the band's comedy: "We don't rehearse those things. Dizzy comes up with something; we react; and if it goes over well, we keep it in."

Bassist Chris White, in his fourth year with the group, and the most frequent foil for the leader's humor, commented, "I'm a born ham. I'd like to try legit comedy if

I had the chance. I was on stage at the age of 4, in a community theater group in Brooklyn, so you might say I lean toward that kind of thing."

But it isn't just a question of doing what comes naturally. Even the previously taciturn James Moody, the group's triple-threat man on alto and tenor saxophones and flute, has become an accomplished humorist during his "going on three years" with Gillespie, displaying the same beautiful sense of timing in his comedy as in his music.

THE MUSIC, OF COURSE, is the main thing. And it is demanding music, of a variety in tempos, textures, and moods that few small groups can equal.

"Nowhere else could I get this kind of experience," White said. "There's no one like Dizzy to demand from you what is right at all times. And the discipline gives you the freedom to do anything you can do, in every situation. Some young players may think of discipline as something negative, but it's really constructive. It took me a year and a half just to play the book the way Dizzy wants it. I couldn't repay anybody for playing in this band. My only problem is—what next?"

White, who was discovered by Gillespie while the bassist was playing with Michael Olatunji and his African entourage, also points to one of the reasons for the band's relaxed and easygoing camaraderie.

"We all respect each other," he said. "Differences of opinion are rare; if there are any, we talk them out. And what's great is that if you want to be alone, they don't bug you. When you split, you don't feel a draft."

This is echoed by Collins, who remarked: "We stick together. There's no friction. We know each other and are used to each other. And Dizzy is a good cat."

"And a gentleman," added Barron, the youngest and

quietest member of the group. "I was in Moody's last band, and he recommended me to Dizzy. I'm very lucky to be here."

To Moody himself, the fact of having been a leader of his own groups constitutes no problem in his work with Gillespie. "Dizzy is a different type of leader, you know," he stated. "I had a blues band." And he added, "I've been with Dizzy before, in the big band. We get into something. I'll be here till Dizzy fires me."

That is not likely to happen.

"Moody is one of the most complete men I know," Gillespie said. "He has his own philosophy of treating the leader and of getting along with the sidemen and the fans. When Moody first joined the band, somebody said to me, 'Oh, you've got Moody with you now; you'll have to straighten him out.' And I answered, 'If I don't watch myself, he'll straighten *me* out.' Moody is the most underrated musician I know of, perhaps with the exception of Dud Bascombe." (Bascombe, with the Erskine Hawkins Band from 1935 to 1944, is a trumpeter of whom Gillespie said, "He's beautiful. A lot of the harmonies that Clifford Brown used to play reminded me of Bascombe.")

Moody, whose credo is "I'm trying to become a better musician," is currently engaged in improving his sight-reading technique. For this purpose, he carries with him books of fiendishly difficult exercises, from which he and Gillespie sometimes practice together between sets. "Oooh, Moody—dig this one!" the trumpeter will say, and off they go. "It makes no sense musically, but it sure is hard as hell to play," Gillespie remarked after one of these excursions.

Moody's presence in the band has given Gillespie the inspiration of the constant company of a peer. "He just thrills me," the trumpeter said.

White commented: "There is Dizzy, and there is Moody. Each demands something different. We rhythm players are players in mufti; we must adapt ourselves. It all jells because Dizzy is Dizzy. . . ."

THE BAND'S ARRANGEMENTS—and they are excellent ones—are in the main by Gillespie himself. Some were put in the book by pianist Lalo Schiffrin, and others are by his successor, Barron.

"Kenny is a gas," Gillespie said. "He's a marvelous musician. He was very quiet at first; it took him a little time to get acclimated. He plays good bass, too—all the right notes. Chris is a fine, strong player, and he really works with me; musically and otherwise. When I hired Rudy Collins, I had my choice of two or three drummers. I picked Rudy because I noticed that he played on his bass drum too. So few drummers do, nowadays. There was a guy with King Curtis I heard at Birdland; he really knocked me out. I'm a rhythm man, you know. I used to play for dancers. . . ."

"There's no underhanded stuff in this band," Gillespie continued. "Young guys don't understand a lot of things, but they learn if they stay around. You can't get your experience in two or three years. I got mine in all those bands I worked with, and I was no angel. When Teddy Hill's band [Gillespie's first major job was with Hill, with whom he took Frankie Newton's chair in 1937] was going to Europe, several of the guys in the brass section told Hill they wouldn't go if I made the trip. I made it, though—and they did too. Bill Dillard, who was the lead trumpeter, really taught me a lot. He was so nice—I'll never forget him. If there's ever anything I can do for him, I will."

Today, Gillespie listens to the advice of his wife, Lorraine. (The Gillespies celebrated their silver anniversary

May 10.) "My wife gives me the proper perspective," the trumpeter said. "She gives me the anchor I need. She has real mother wit, and besides, she knows all there is to know about show business. She used to be a dancer, you know, and I still try to phrase like that. I loved to play for that chorus line at the Cotton Club! One night—I had just joined Teddy Hill—I was playing something that really made that line step, and Bill Robinson was watching in the wings. He turned around to somebody and asked: 'Where did that little bastard come from?' I'm still a rhythm man. . . ."

Having led some of the most brilliant big bands in jazz history, one might wonder if Gillespie still yearns for a larger group. "Big band or small group, it doesn't matter," he answered. "I can play with any size of band; me and a drummer, or me and a bass player. Charlie Mingus and I want to record some improvisations together, just the two of us."

But he would like to do something special with a big band. "I'd like to rehearse one for a couple of months, all new music by good arrangers, and go on a tour, using the small group as well, plus the Double Six, and play with all three of them. It would be rough on the chops but a ball."

On the basis of current performance, however, he would not have to worry about his chops.

"You have to stay in shape to play the trumpet," he said. And he is the best evidence of this dictum. After a recent diet, 25 pounds lighter and watching his eating and drinking (though still capable of consuming both victuals and beverages with undiminished relish), Gillespie is in prime condition. And he has to be, considering the kind of schedule the band keeps, and the share of the blowing he always does.

"We play clubs, big and small, concerts, and college tours," Gillespie said. "I like the college things; we can play a couple of dates a week, have some time off, and I can still give the guys full salary for the week. And then there are the 'jelly gigs,' like the frosting on a cake, which really give everybody a nice taste."

Gillespie knows about the payroll too. Unlike most famous leaders, he makes it up himself, computing everything meticulously ("you have to be a CPA for this job").

Recording is important to a permanent group like Gillespie's. "I try to make records so that people will be buying them for some time to come, not just here today and gone tomorrow," he remarked. "But I would like to get a nice single—when you have a hit, people become more amenable to listen to all that you do."

Not that this group has problems in communicating amenably with an audience. Gillespie's standard opening line, "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your marvelous indifference," is an example of true irony, since warm and generous applause is never lacking where Gillespie & Co. are at work. "Our audiences are jazz-minded," Gillespie said, "so mostly, we play in jazz-minded places. Louis Armstrong can play in all kinds of places; maybe, when I've been around as long as he, I'll be able to do that too."

That prospect is not so unlikely when one considers the parallels between these two remarkable trumpeters: consistency of unstinting performance (no matter the circumstances), capacity for hard work, genuine gifts for entertainment, concern for the welfare of those who work with them, and ability to inspire loyalty and devotion in generations of musicians, fans, and listeners.

One thing is certain: after 30 years of professional music-making, the trumpet and personality of John Birks Gillespie still sparkle with undiminished luster. 



JOHN LEWIS

STRUCTURE AND FREEDOM

A Reappraisal Of The
Modern Jazz Quartet,
By Don DeMicheal

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET is taken too much for granted. It's time for reassessment.

It would seem that in jazz, success breeds contempt, for several musicians, a few critics, and numerous hippies have delighted in calling the MJQ sterile and stagnant, precious and prissy. They see music director-pianist John Lewis as a villain, bent on working some evil against vibraharpist Milt Jackson, a man of the people. Bassist Percy Heath and drummer Connie Kay are dismissed as either pawns of the villain or as flies caught in a spider's web. The detractors, however, base their criticisms much more in fancy than fact; there are no Simon Legrees or Little Nells in the Modern Jazz Quartet.

That is what the MJQ is not.

It is four gifted musicians who have worked hard to build what is one of the most musically varied and consistently excellent groups in jazz. It is not perfect, but it is unique.

The coming together of these men has proved to be one of the more fortunate meetings in jazz history. The combination of talents, particularly

those of Lewis and Jackson, has resulted in an impressive body of music, both composed and improvised.

It has been the contrast of Lewis' sophisticated musical conception with Jackson's basically folk-blues orientation and the fusion of those divergent approaches that have made the quartet a continually invigorating, ever-growing musical organization, a delightful blend of the formal and the informal, sobriety and wit.

Though the quartet's music has become increasingly intricate, the four men never have lost sight of the jazz essential—swing. At every performance there are ample portions of straight-ahead, cooking jazz. It is a soft, insinuating swing that rolls along as if on ball bearings, particularly when Lewis solos in his lean but strong manner. When he is right, Lewis stitches the time together as a cobbler stitches sole to boot.

The quartet today is so closely knit that if one member becomes ill, all engagements are canceled until the ailing member is well. There are no substitutes.

The musical development of the MJQ can be easily traced through the 24 albums produced by the group since its first recording session, in December, 1952. (The group, which originally included drummer Kenny Clarke in place of Kay, had recorded spontaneous blowing sessions previous to that but as the Milt Jackson Quartet.)

That first 10-inch LP, issued on Prestige in 1953 as *The Modern Jazz Quartet with Milt Jackson*, indicated the areas the group would work in: the imaginative compositions of Lewis, often in classically oriented forms (*Vendome* and *The Queen's Fancy*) but also in the accepted jazz tradition (*Delauney's Dilemma*); development of the music, bebop, with which the men were closely associated (*All the Things You Are* and *La Ronde*); ballad reworkings usually featuring Jackson (*Autumn in New York*); and updated mainstream swinging (*But Not for Me* and *Rose of the Rio Grande*). One major area not included was the blues, Jackson's forte.

Though the quartet was not a permanently organized, working unit, musicians and critics gave it unstinting praise. Nothing quite like it had been heard theretofore.

"The original idea for the quartet," Jackson said in a recent group discussion, "came from the fact that John and I played with Dizzy Gillespie in the big band, and music for the brass section was difficult sometimes, and to give them a chance to rest their lips, we would play as a quartet—John, myself, Ray Brown, and Kenny

Clarke or Joe Harris. It was successful, so we decided to form a group like that. This was '46, '47."

Jackson and Lewis left the trumpeter's band soon afterwards. Lewis enrolled in the Manhattan School of Music; Jackson worked with various groups, including a return to Gillespie's small combination in 1950, which had Heath as bassist.

"Once in a while," Lewis said, "we would go out and play. Things are different now than they were then, and we were younger. We were all friends, so naturally, whenever we got a chance, we'd go out and play, go to Minton's or some place like that, or somebody would get a dance job."

The group, when it worked, was called the Milt Jackson Quartet.

"By '53," Heath said, "we had already made the Modern Jazz Quartet album, and we were getting a few jobs

PERCY HEATH



LAWRENCE SHUSTAK

as the Modern Jazz Quartet. Philly and a few other gigs that year.”

When did the members decide to make the group a permanent combination?

“The beginning of ’54, probably,” Jackson recalled. “Actually, we decided to work when we could get jobs. In the meantime, John went on the road with Ella Fitzgerald, and I still made a few gigs with Dizzy—till August of ’54 when we started getting a few gigs.”

“We started working pretty good after the [1954] *Down Beat* critics award for that record,” Heath said. “We won the combo award for that Prestige *Modern Jazz Quartet* record.”

Lewis suggested the name for the quartet; he told the others he was not interested in building a group that used someone’s name as identification. The four men agreed to make the group co-operative, and each was assigned a portion of the work involved in running a musical unit.

IN THE BEGINNING, and to some extent now, the major drawing power of the quartet was Jackson. It was he who most often broke through the sometimes complex arrangements to create an improvisation that captured the hearts of the audience. But it was the setting—the contrast of a highly organized ensemble structure with solo freedom—that made Jackson even more effective than he normally was in a strictly improvisatory milieu.

The milieu, in turn, had its effect on Jackson. Before the quartet became a working group, the vibraharpist’s solos occasionally were marred by flashiness. In the quartet, from the beginning, his playing took on greater introspection and depth; he shaded his work more skillfully, accenting to better advantage, balancing emphasis with de-emphasis; and in recent years, there has been an intricacy that was missing in the early days.

By the time the men recorded their second album, the Modern Jazz Quartet was a working unit, and as a result, the music was more relaxed. *La Ronde*, which had been a showcase for Clarke, was now a four-part performance, with each member featured in his own segment. It was the first of many reinterpretations of the group’s repertoire. This second LP also contained Lewis’ *Django*, one of his most moving and popular compositions, one that incorporated a change of tempo, something that became increasingly frequent in the quartet’s performances.

All was not smooth sailing for the four men, however.

“I never thought we could stay together and make money,” Jackson



CONNIE KAY

said a few years ago. “A lot of people tried to crush us—the agencies. Unless you have an agency in your corner, you’re sunk. If you get one person in your corner, you can do it.”

One person who was in their corner was Monte Kaye, the group’s manager from the beginning. He helped get proper bookings. But the concept of presenting the quartet with a dignity and a formality seldom before seen in jazz was the members’ own.

But not all members saw eye to eye, and in 1955 Clarke and the MJQ parted company for various reasons. Connie Kay was selected to take Clarke’s place.

“I was working with Lester Young,” Kay remembered, “but he was on tour with Jazz at the Philharmonic at the time. He would go with JATP for six or eight weeks, and I’d stay home. Monte called me and told me he had a job for me with the quartet in Washington and two weeks in Boston and asked me if I wanted to work.”

Though he had known Jackson, Lewis, and Heath for some time, Kay was relatively unknown and unheralded in the jazz world, but he was more than an adequate replacement for Clarke. Kay’s subtlety, taste, and flexibility were perfect for what the group, and particularly Lewis, was attempting to do. His ability to alter the complexion of a piece by judicious choice of cymbal, triangle, or whatever, along with his finely honed sense of time and pacing, coalesced the group. His

presence had a significant effect, for it was not until he joined that Lewis attempted longer compositions, such as *Concorde* and the splendid *Fontessa*. In addition, Kay’s dignified bearing fit hand in glove with the MJQ plan of presentation.

A major part of the plan was to make the group a concert-hall attraction. At one point, the MJQ had limited its night-club appearances to about two a year; all other appearances were on concert stages. This has changed somewhat recently.

“We’re playing more clubs now than we ever played,” Jackson said. “It has come to the point where, when we play a club, we can more or less cater to the concertlike audience because, say, 60 percent of the audience has already seen the group, and they know what to expect. Whereas before, when we played clubs, it was sort of difficult, a constant battle between the drinks, the glasses, and things like that and the kind of music we were trying to produce. . . . Through having played concerts, we can more or less create the same atmosphere in the majority

MILT JACKSON



LEE TANNER

of the clubs we play.”

“I think we did a lot to educate night-club audiences,” Heath added. “And as to why we’re playing more clubs now, it’s good business. There’s a certain section of our audience that our managerial department felt we were neglecting by not appearing in night clubs. There’s a segment of the populace that prefers to listen in that night-club atmosphere. They feel it’s more intimate than sitting 30 rows back in a concert hall.”

Has formal attire at concerts had a salutary effect on the group’s success?

“It helps,” Kay offered.

“Yes, but I think it’s really the music,” Heath said. “It’s a good sound.”

“Also they want to come see somebody who looks clean,” Lewis said.

“At one time we had established the reputation for a number of things,” Jackson inserted. “As an example, the owner of [San Francisco’s] Black Hawk, when we first went up there, told us this was the only group of musicians he knew of that had any kind of discipline, the only group that when it was 20 minutes to 10, or whatever time they hit, he never had to go out and look for. . . . He didn’t believe this sort of thing existed in jazz.

“These things were purposely done to prove to the public that this is a respected art and profession that carries dignity and class just like any other cultural art form. It paid off. We eventually worked it out so that people could see it clearly for themselves. And I think these things, along with the music itself—that’s the whole story of the success.”

In an art-business where permanency is almost unheard of, how have they managed to stay together so long?

“Three squares a day,” Lewis answered, with a smile.

“What John is saying,” Heath said, “is that we’re together because we were successful together. Why change a good thing? If it had got so we didn’t have any bookings and there was no market for what we were doing, then we probably wouldn’t have stayed together.”

“We get along together,” Jackson said. “Plus looking around you and seeing the existing circumstances. . . . I’m talking about top qualified musicians who can’t even get a job.”

IN THE 11 YEARS of its existence as a working group, the MJQ has pared and added to its repertoire, constantly reshaping those compositions it has retained. The group has grown ever more sophisticated since it reached its first peak of artistry in 1957, when it had fully established the basic tenets of its artistic creed—ex-

position of blues and standards, interspersed with Lewis compositions that reflected his background and ranged from suites, ballet music, and movie background music to attractive original blues, ballads, and loping 32-bar songs. By then the members had solidified their individual styles and welded them into the group sound. Since 1957 the MJQ has spent most of its energies exploring its tenets, re-investigating much of the music it had produced, and, in general, developing as a musical unit.

“The music is more involved than when I first joined the quartet,” Kay said. “But for me, it doesn’t seem

more involved because I’m more relaxed now; I’m used to everybody. Now I have an idea of what John wants and how everybody plays.”

“The basic ideas have remained,” Jackson remarked. “How John always thinks ahead, always looks for something different or helpful, to more or less extend a variety to the music, is largely responsible for the success of the quartet, I think. We can play in so many different settings and surroundings without any trouble. This lends great variety to the group.”

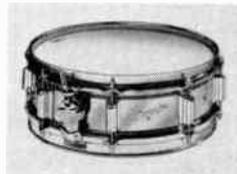
“I don’t think it’s changed so much as it has developed along the direction it started out in,” Heath stated. “It



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naturally developed. In the beginning, John may have been restricted in his writing because of the capabilities of the members—me, personally. He always wrote a little more challenging as we went along, at least he did for years. . . . Now he's better able to inject what he had in mind originally. I can do things now that I couldn't do then. I just hadn't been playing long, only about four or five years."

Lewis, who had sat quietly by as the others spoke, merely said, "I think the explanation of the other members is perfect. I mean that sincerely. . . . We put our eggs, so to speak, in the kind of music we wanted to play, and

I think that came from associations with Dizzy, Charlie Parker, and so forth, and those who preceded. We did what we seemed to like to play best."

NOTHING IN the group's repertoire remains the same. Even *Now's the Time*, a Charlie Parker blues that one might assume would offer little room for development, is now played much differently from the way it was when the four recorded it in 1957. Some listeners undoubtedly would prefer to hear, say, *Django*, performed in its original form, but this is beside the musical point—music belongs to the

players, not to the listeners. This development of its repertoire has done much to keep the quartet fresh.

"When you play a tune like that," Jackson said, referring to *Django*, "it eventually becomes spontaneous, it just automatically comes out different. You look for different ways of getting the results out of the same piece. We recorded *Django* three times, and each is different. John doesn't write a new version. . . ."

"And it'll stay that way for a while," Heath said. "And maybe next week, John may come up with an entirely new concept of that first chorus."

Though the group has kept current a good portion of its recorded repertoire, some things no longer are played.

Heath pointed out that it is impossible to perform every composition they have recorded—the number is too large. "Another thing to take into consideration," he said, "is that as long as we've been around and if we'd had the same repertoire all that time, everybody would have figured they'd heard it. Even though it's actually different, they'd recognize the melody thing and say, 'Oh, those cats are laying back; they're just jivin' now; they got it made.' That's the public's reaction. . . . This is another reason why the programs change—to keep the interest of the audience. Always give at least one thing new in every appearance."

"It takes time to keep up with all of them," Lewis said in reference to the tunes in the repertoire. "We have to rehearse them, and we have to learn new things so it's better to use the rehearsal time for the new things."

The amount of rehearsal depends on whether Lewis is working on what Jackson called a "project." Sometimes, depending on the project, rehearsals are held two or three times a week, Jackson said.

(The most recently completed Lewis project, a fetching one the quartet plays at each performance, is a group of songs from *Porgy and Bess*—*Sunmertime*; *I Want to Stay Here*; *Bess, You Is My Woman Now*; *My Man's Gone Now*; *It Ain't Necessarily So*; *Bess, Oh, Where's My Bess?*; and *There's a Boat That's Leavin' Soon for New York*. The quartet recorded the George Gershwin compositions early last month, and it marks the first time the group has done a complete album of works by a composer other than Lewis.)

Though Lewis said he has no set method for writing for the quartet, he did offer an explanation of how he approaches the matter:

"I've been living with these people
(Continued on page 41)

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RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, 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.

Monty Alexander

ALEXANDER THE GREAT—Pacific Jazz 86: *John Brown's Body; Jitterbug Waltz; Comin' Home, Baby; If I Were a Bell; The Grabber; Autumn Leaves; I've Never Been in Love Before; Blues for Jilly.*

Personnel: Alexander, piano; Victor Gaskin, bass; Paul Humphrey, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Alexander is a young (21) pianist who has, until recently, been playing at Jilly's in New York, whence have come Peter Nero and Roger Kellaway, among others. He appears on this disc under the aegis of pianist Les McCann, who introduces him to the audience at the Esquire Theater in Los Angeles assembled to hear him make this record.

The presence of McCann is quite appropriate, for Alexander has much the same combination of surface glitter and lack of substance that has been McCann's most noticeable characteristic. A difference might be that Alexander's playing is more bright and shiny than McCann's was at an equivalent stage of his career, although Alexander has to pad out his performances with hack ideas, clichés, and quotes to a greater extent than McCann ever did.

Alexander's playing revolves around the Ahmad Jamal-Ramsey Lewis approach, with steady bass and drums over which the pianist can dance lightly or erupt in rumbling runs, thumps, or teeny tinkles. Alexander uses catchy, finger-snapping rhythms that make the set consistently foot-tapping.

The audience background is sometimes noisy and includes one enthusiast with a shrill, penetrating whistle that has no place on a record that is going to be played more than once. (J.S.W.)

Hank Bagby

OPUS ONE—Protone 133: *Dee Dee; The Great Wall; Soul Sonnet; Kiss Me, Quigley; Iborian; Algerian Suite.*

Personnel: Chuck Foster, trumpet; Bagby, tenor saxophone; Dave MacKay, piano; Al Hines, bass; Chiz Harris, drums.

Rating: ★★★ 1/2

Take a tenor player who started out as a singer in the 1940s, a trumpeter whose credentials include terms with Si Zentner and Claude Gordon, a drummer who was

with both Zentner and Gordon as well as with Henry Busse, Ted Weems, Hal McIntyre, and Johnny Mathis, and what kind of a quintet would you expect by adding bass and piano?

To spare you further agonizing suspense, the answer is: a hard-driving powerhouse right out of the Horace Silver bag (or, more appropriately, bagby).

The tunes, all originals by Bagby or MacKay, have a Silverish tinge. The group's ensemble attack is forthright and bruising, and the soloists are all excellent wailers. Foster's trumpet glows with a crackling, brassy shout as he charges through his solos, while Bagby's tenor has a similarly full-bodied sound and a lifting attack, although he does not always sustain his solos as well as Foster does.

MacKay is a fascinating pianist, dancing joyously behind the solos and taking off on his own with all sorts of fresh exuberance. Harris on drums and Hines on bass provide the strong, steady, surging foundation that performances of this type need.

There's no indication in the liner notes of how long this West Coast group has been working together, but the clean, bright quality of its work gives the impression of plenty of familiarity. (J.S.W.)

Charles Brown

BALLADS MY WAY—Mainstream 56035: *Pleading My Love; Tomorrow Night; I'm Just Fooling Myself; Glory of Love; Blueberry Hill; Don't Take Your Love from Me; I Won't Cry Anymore; I Miss You So; Harbor Lights; I Know; Cottage for Sale; Night Life.*

Personnel: Seldon Powell, alto and tenor saxophones, flute; Don Elliott, vibraharp; Roger Kellaway, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Ariana Bronne, Bernard Eichen, Lou Eley, Walter Legawiec, Joe Malignaggi, David Nadien, George Ockner, Tosha Samaroff, Julius Schachter, Michael Spivakowsky, Jack Zayde, and Anthony Zungolo, violins; Brown, vocals.

Rating: ★★

The re-entry of this vocalist into the mainstream of modern music would be splendid; however, this effort leaves much to be desired.

Brown belongs to that school of velvet-throat singers who moaned out every-day situations over a sparse, twangy blues background in the '40s. Coupled with the tensions of immediate postwar existence then, this technique was most effective. Some of these vocalists moved on to develop into the Nat Cole suave mold; some dropped from sight after the period ended; then there are those who, like Brown, are attempting to hitch their wagons to today's stars.

While the evolution of style certainly does not preclude utilizing varied orchestrations and arrangements, some attention should be paid to the comfortable pairing of man and music.

In this recording, the orchestra is so overpowering and so confining that the singer is left wavering in indecision—should he fight it and try to get loose or should he roll with the punches.

To complicate matters, the lumbering arrangements attempt to play just a shade behind and complement Brown, but the results are often disastrous, as both teeter on the brink of a new phrase.

The nicest thing that happens to Brown is Burrell. At times, the guitarist gently guides the straying singer or quickly cuts underneath to support him. *I Miss You*

is a case in point.

Brown has a pleasant voice, and when he sings naturally, he sings with conviction. But all too often on this LP a listener is distractingly reminded of his exaggerated enunciation; a whole phrase will sound affected and bland—*I Know* is plagued with this problem.

Brown is most comfortable on the brief *Night Life*, in which he employs his most normal manner of phrasing, enunciating, and timing. (B.G.)

Kenny Burrell-Jack McDuff

CRASH!—Prestige 7347: *Grease Monkey; The Breeze and I; Nica's Dream; Call It Stormy Monday; Love Walked In; We'll Be Together Again.*

Personnel: Harold Vick, tenor saxophone; Eric Dixon, flute; McDuff, organ; Burrell, guitar; Joe Dukes, drums; Ray Barretto, conga.

Rating: ★★

Rhythm predominates here—very often of the heavy-handed variety but more often a happy, cooking sound behind the soloists.

Unfortunately, all the exuberant support fails to match the solo caliber of Burrell. He belongs in a more challenging, more imaginative context than that provided by McDuff. As a result, Burrell is dragged down to a surprising level of mediocrity.

One thing that must be said for McDuff is that he weaves a lively bass line throughout his playing. But his keyboard comping leaves much to be desired. The sameness of his chordal jabbing on *Love*, for example, wears rather thin. The whole track becomes boring despite the rushing tempo—a flaw that is usually overlooked because it denotes excitement.

Nica's Dream, mined from a vein of Horace Silver, not only loses its sparkle, but it even dissipates into tasteless, delayed triplets that would be eminently suitable behind a tired stripper. *Breeze* is given a full-blown injection with a Latin beat for the theme statement and features Burrell and McDuff at their best for the album.

Monday and *Together* are much too slow and tend to become muddy. *Monday* drags to the point where even its format of 12-bar blues cannot ignite anyone; and *Together* drowns in McDuff's skating-rink swells.

Vick's tenor and Dixon's flute (heard only on *Love*) contribute little quantitatively or qualitatively. Dukes' drums say even less, confined mainly to a hi-hat persistence on 2 and 4.

All in all, there's not much of a crash. (H.S.)

Kid Howard

KID HOWARD AT THE SAN JACINTO HALL—San Jacinto 1: *Collegiate; Sing On; Untitled Blues; Shake It and Break It; Bogalusa Strut; Royal Garden Blues; Old Rugged Cross; Victory Bounce.*

Personnel: Howard, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; George Lewis, clarinet; George Guesnon, banjo; Alcide Pavageau, bass; Cie Frazier, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

There is, ultimately, little that can be said about the music of this group of New Orleans veterans that hasn't been said countless times before. The tunes are as familiar as the musicians. And as familiar as the style—by now, at any rate, for we've been hearing this music for some two decades now, and from much the same men as assembled here.

But one cannot fault the playing of Howard, Lewis, and Robinson. The tart,

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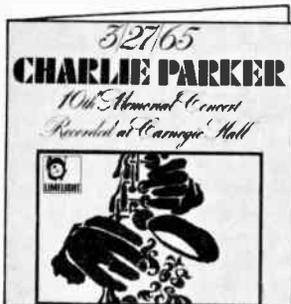
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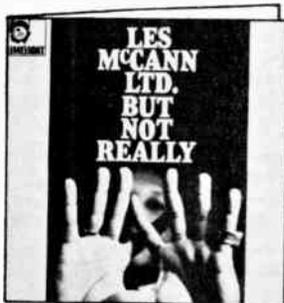


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vinegary, delightfully airy polyphonic sound of a traditional New Orleans jazz ensemble at full tilt—especially one as accomplished as this—is a sound ever fascinating. However often heard, it still has the power to stir the heart, to send the blood coursing, the foot tapping.

All this, too, despite the fact that the men are not really doing anything they haven't done countless times—in much the same manner—in the years past. In a sense what they are doing here is pattern playing—but of a consistently high order and with the expertise that comes of decades, not years, of doing it.

Howard plays with assurance and occasional flashes of thrusting intensity; Lewis retains his usual singing clarity; and Robinson is a blowsy bedrock. Everything, in fact, is as it should be; the tried and true is the yardstick here, and as the music approximates its own past joys it must be counted a minor success.

The recordings were made, as the title indicates, in the historic New Orleans' hall, the San Jacinto Social Aid and Pleasure Club, and is appropriately reverberant, if not to say slightly tubby. The disc, having limited distribution, is obtainable from T. Bethell, Woodberry Forest, Va. (P.W.)

Budd Johnson

OFF THE WALL—Argo 748: *Off the Wall; The Folks Who Live on the Hill; Love Is the Sweetest Thing; Strange Music; Baubles, Bangles, and Beads; Ill Wind; Playin' My Hunch.*

Personnel: Joe Newman, trumpet; Johnson, tenor saxophone; Al Dailey Jr., piano; Richard Davis or George Duvivier, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

If there weren't so much musical bread around, this half-loaf might be considered better than none. But one can only be distressed that as good a group of musicians as this should be so inconsistent as to produce one very ordinary LP side and one that does them credit.

Newman proves to be able to rise above material and circumstances more consistently than Johnson does. Even in the dismal rock-and-roll opener, *Wall*, Newman punches out a muted solo with authority, while in the more attractive surroundings of *Strange* he is his usual crisp self, and Johnson plods along stiffly.

The group as a whole finally comes to life on *Baubles, Wind*, and *Hunch*. Johnson and Newman open up and blow with spirit on *Baubles* and *Hunch*, and they bring exotic colors to the slinky treatment of *Wind*. Davis' bass, high and cello-like, sets the tone for this piece while Duvivier adds a bass solo to *Baubles* that springs with life. (J.S.W.)

Morgana King

THE END OF A LOVE AFFAIR—Ascot 16019: *All or Nothing at All; Let Me Love You; I Love You Much; I'll Never Smile Again; I Remember April; You Always Hurt the One You Love; The End of a Love Affair; Mad about Him, Sad without Him—How Can I Be Glad without Him Blues; That Ole Devil Called Love; Undecided; You Don't Know What Love Is; I've Found a New Baby (fast); I've Found a New Baby (slow).*

Personnel: Chauncey Welsh, trombone; Sam Most, flute; Jimmy Jones, piano; Chuck Wayne, guitar; Ernie Furtado, bass; Johnny Cresci, drums; Miss King, vocals.

Rating: ★ 1/2

The trouble with Miss King is that she is simply not a jazz singer. The trouble

with this album is that a number of fine jazz musicians—apparently aware of the first trouble—are given to lackluster performances, which in turn have been further inhibited by Willis Schafer's dismal arrangements.

It all adds up to 1½ stars' worth of uninspired listening, the extra celestial generosity going to Most for some thoughtful, gently swinging comments, and to Jones for his tasteful accompaniments.

The obsession with falling off notes, or flattening too many of them (as opposed to singing flat, for there is nothing wrong with Miss King's intonation) is interpreted by many vocalists as jazz singing. Nothing could be further from the truth. The essence of vocal swing can be found in conception, phrasing, and an instinctive rhythmic pulse. The latter, when the spirit is willing, can goose a combo or push a whole band.

Miss King reveals none of these qualities. She excels only in projecting a smooth, pleasant, rangy, at times sultry, at all times overdramatic voice with a catch or sob in her throat as dated as Ruth Etting. She tends to stick with her highest range, often defecting to falsetto (as in *Let Me*); yet her low notes (as evidenced in *Smile, Affair*, and *Hurt*) are certainly her warmest and richest.

By way of balance, mike placement leaves much to be desired. Jones' piano is the only rhythm instrument clearly heard, which makes the bare hint of Latin sound on *Affair* ludicrous. All that can be heard is Jones' tired rhumba figure.

As for the experiment of back-to-back arrangements of *Baby*, the idea is noble in intent, but the slow version tends to be vapid; the fast one never gets off the ground.

The rhythmic gaps in *All or Nothing* and in the fast version of *Baby* are unmotivated. Miss King's voice lacks sufficient interest to sustain the hiatus, and in each case the arrangement falls apart.

Perhaps a critical consensus of the entire album is reached at the end of the first track, when the fade-out repeats "nothing at all . . . nothing at all . . ."

(H.S.)

Irene Reid

ROOM FOR ONE MORE—Verve 8621: *Save Your Love for Me; More; I Wonder Where Our Love Has Gone; Who Can I Turn To?; In the Still of the Night; Room for One More; Theme from "Bewitched"; They All Say I'm the Biggest Fool; Why Don't You Tell Me So?; Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye; If Ever I Would Leave You; When Did You Leave Heaven?*

Personnel: John Frosk, Thad Jones, Joe Newman, Ernie Royal, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Urbie Green, J. J. Johnson, Tony Studd, trombones; Robert Ashton, Danny Bank, Charlie Mariano, Jerome Richardson, Phil Woods, Jerry Dodgion, reeds; Roger Kellaway, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Grady Tate or Osie Johnson, drums; Miss Reid, vocals; Oliver Nelson, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Miss Reid has grown tremendously as a performer since she left Count Basie. She obviously had plenty of voice when she sang with the band and on her first solo LP, but her use of it was rather haphazard.

In these Oliver Nelson arrangements, however, she emerges as a strong vocal personality, getting the full quality from the rich timbre of her voice even when

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she is projecting at a relatively easy level.

Her delivery owes quite a bit to Dinah Washington—she frequently falls into the Washington style of semi-recitative. But it is dressed up in a lyricism that has the sweet soaring wings you might expect from Ella Fitzgerald. Miss Reid welds these two rather disparate inclinations together with a personal warmth that shines through so clearly that she stamps every song with her own personality.

Her success in encompassing a wide range is emphasized by the fact that the two best numbers in the set are opposite in style—the reflective *Turn* and a lusty, shouting treatment of *Leave*.

Nelson's band gives her the strong rhythmic support she needs to offset the static qualities of the technique she is using, but even the band can't quite save her when she tries *Goodbye* at an agonizingly slow crawl. (J.S.W.)

Dr. Isaiah Ross

CALL THE DOCTOR—Testament 2206: *Cat Squirrel; Blues and Trouble; Freight Train; Illinois Blues; Hobo Blues; Mama Blues; My Little Woman; Dr. Ross' Rock; 32-20; Good Morning, Little Schoolgirl; Chicago Breakdown; China Blues; Blues in the Night; Going to the River; Drifting Blues; Fox Chase.*
Personnel: Ross, harmonica, guitar, drums, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

For his first LP, Dr. Ross (an honorary title which he prefers to Isaiah) has produced a program that is, in a modest way, a summation of at least one aspect of country blues.

The blues line that hit peaks in Big Bill Broonzy and John Lee Hooker feed into Ross, and he adds to this the harmonica influence of Sonny Boy Williamson (the original one). He is, in addition, a one-man band, playing guitar left-handed (but strung for right-handed playing), drums, and cymbal in addition to the harmonica, which is strapped to his neck (and which, like his guitar, he plays backwards).

One of the most impressive aspects of Ross' work is that his self-propelled instrumental accompaniment has none of the novelty sound that such efforts are likely to produce. When he gets his entire equipage going, he plays like a valid, well-integrated little combo.

At times he uses only one of his instruments for accompaniment—harmonica alone on *Schoolgirl*, for instance, or guitar on *China*. This not only contributes to variety from a programing viewpoint but also enables him to move through more types of singing than most blues singers encompass.

As is usual with assimilators, Ross is a more polished performer than most of his sources, although, as is also usually the case, he lacks the special spark that they had. Instead, by building on a broad foundation and evolving his own way of doing things, he brings to his performances an individuality that has its own particular merits.

He ranges from the plaintive (*Drifting*) to the rocking drive of *Chicago* and includes instrumental novelties such as *Freight* and *Fox*, both showcasing his harmonica, although Ross allows the latter piece to go to the dogs by overplaying the barking effects. (J.S.W.)

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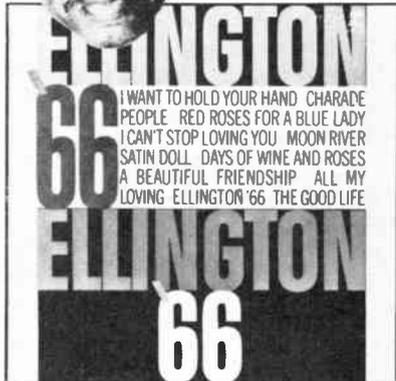
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EL PUSSY CAT—Columbia 2298: *El Pussy Cat*; *Afro Lypso*; *Ab Ha*; *Together*; *Ritmo Negro*; *La Gitana*; *Cuidado*; *Sarai*; *Hammer Head*; *Black-Eyed Peas*.

Personnel: Marty Sheller, trumpet; Hubert Laws, flute; tenor saxophone; Bobby Capers, alto and baritone saxophones, flute; Rodger Grant, piano; Victor Venagas, bass; Santamaria, bongos.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The first track, *Pussy Cat*, is obviously an attempt at satisfying the commercial market, a la sanctirock. All that's needed is a tambourine and some foot stomping—Holy Roller style—and I'd really be sad.

The trumpet player has the sound of a first trumpeter in a section rather than a soloist's sound. I'd suggest that when a man is given as much blowing room on an album as Sheller is here, a much fuller sound is necessary—or one might develop a dislike for trumpets. However, Sheller is a pretty well-rounded horn man. It's quite difficult to excel in the things he's required to do here. To play an effective first part of this type cuts down on warmth for solos.

I like *Afro Lypso* much better. The statement of the melody is in unison and then in harmony, and Sheller blends well in the groove. Altoist Capers sounds good (likes Cannonball Adderley, I hear, which is fine with me). The tenor solo by Hubert (The Law) Laws really gets in there, and Santamaria and rhythm form a pleasant backdrop. The outline of this tune, though, is practically the same as *Pussy Cat*. Very seldom would I expect more than one of this type of commercial-minded, funky-mama excursions, complete with conga navigator and jazz crew rhythm section, in one album.

Together goes right into it. Again this track is very similar to *Pussy Cat*, with one thing happening for sure. They aren't in any hurry trying to chalk this one up. . . . WHEW! . . . I'll wait. There is that *dal segno* first chorus—trumpet on top, solo style—that vamp again . . . wow!

Santamaria sets up shop on *Ritmo Negro* with a flurry of rolls. The flute enters with the melody, which is effective and pretty syncopated. Grant accompanies with surging mobility and doesn't ease up at any time from his relentless drive. This melody is by the timbale man Garcia, I presume. He drives, and Santamaria paces himself beautifully.

Flutist Laws is laying down the law for all flutists—or any other musician—on *Ritmo*. He plays some precisioned fourths and weaves them right into the chord pattern. But I hate to hear a good flute soloist play like this and not take any breaths; it jams up the silence. Sometimes silence is golden.

La Gitana is a mystic melody in a blue vein with a bit of mainstream, bullfight type of Latin refrain ending the chorus.

On *Cuidado*, Sheller steps out on trumpet again, playing with assurance and precision. He just might develop into one of the great voices of jazz trumpet. He's got to do something about that horrible sound, though. Capers is relaxing here on alto, though The Law, a well-rounded person, is the boss soloist on this album.

Sarai begins with ensemble playing together on a very misty, sultry, South American type of music, which is suggested by the bossa nova rhythm. It sounds

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like flute and alto in unison—a very fluid flute solo by someone (The Law?). This is followed immediately by a full-toned alto-flute solo. (A rapid change from C flute to alto?) Grant, Garcia, and Santamaria play very passionately here. I like the composition—not run of the mill.

Hammer Head, after a strong introduction, is a little ragged in the second half's ensemble. It has some more of the funky-mama stuff with tambourine, sanctified beat, and all.

Black-Eyed Peas is repetitious, but I liked the groove. That real Ray Charles thing, which really gets down to the thing at hand with a send-off by pianist Grant. It has flute on the top, soloing with brass sounding in the background, and they kind of funky-mama it out.

Compared with a good-quality jazz album, this is sort of repetitious, but because it contains advanced rhythm combinations seldom heard in Latin-rooted bands and because of the fine compositions of *Ritmo*, *La Gitana*, and *Sarai*, I rate the album very good. (K.D.)

The Staple Singers

AMEN!—Epic 24132: *More Than a Hammer and Nail*; *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands*; *My Jesus Is All*; *This Train*; *Praying Time*; *Be Careful of Stones That You Throw*; *Samson and Delilah*; *Nobody's Fault but Mine*; *Mary, Don't You Weep*; *As an Eagle Stirret Her Nest*; *Do Something for Yourself*; *Amen*.

Personnel: Mavis, Yvonne, and Purvis Staples, vocals; Roebuck Staples, vocal, guitar; unidentified bass and drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

As Nat Hentoff remarked in a recent *Second Chorus*, it surely would be hard to find a finer contemporary religious singing group than the Staple Singers. This superb family quartet provides one of the unique vocal experiences in all of Negro sacred music. Their vocal blend is all but indescribable, the harmonic sense that is behind it completely without parallel.

And in Mavis Staples they have one of the most richly expressive, moving voices to be heard in any form of Negro song today. Hers is a compelling, warm, throaty instrument that is vibrant with dramatic power and emotional intensity. The way she subtly displaces rhythmic emphases makes for an insinuating and an irresistible swing that is well illustrated on such numbers here as *Hammer* and *Eagle*.

She shares her gifts with her father, Roebuck, who is the group's other solo singer. The two phrase much alike; Mavis is a bit more powerful and overtly impassioned, while her father's approach is more relaxed and insinuating.

Roebuck is responsible for the group's musical direction; he is originally from the heart of the Mississippi delta, and his music reflects the strong, characteristic blues tradition of the area, an influence that is perhaps most discernible in his blues-rich guitar work. The Staples are, strictly speaking, not a Gospel group; theirs is an approach that is essentially an updating of the raw, spontaneous country spiritual singing style that grew up side by side with the blues.

Amen!, the group's first LP for Epic, signals a return to the freer, more spontaneously emotional delivery characteristic of its in-person work. The singers' Riverside recordings seem, in retrospect, to have been marked by an air of deliberate re-

straint. That has been dispelled here, and the performances have a feeling of rhythmic excitement about them.

The range of material is a bit broader than it has been in the past. *Be Careful of Stones*, for example, is a modern white country sacred song that was initially popularized by the late Hank Williams; though it is given honest treatment here, it does not really seem to be valid fare for the Staples' special talents. The lyrics of the recitative section seem too banal to be taken seriously. The album's title song, from the film *Lilies of the Field*, is a bit too cute. Especially notable, however, are two songs associated with the folk minstrel Blind Willie Johnson—*Samson and Delilah* and *Nobody's Fault but Mine*—given moving performances by Roebuck Staples that are probably the most satisfying versions of these old religious pieces since Johnson recorded them in the 1920s. (P.W.)

Stanley Turrentine

HUSTLIN'—Blue Note 4162: *Trouble* (No. 2); *Love Letters*; *The Hustler*; *Ladyfingers*; *Something Happens to Me*; *Goin' Home*.

Personnel: Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Shirley Scott, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Otis Finch, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

When you find the ideal accompanist, marry her. That's what Turrentine did in the case of Shirley Scott, and their alliance has borne fruit in an excellent series of tenor-organ recordings.

Their latest offspring wails, the way any offspring should, and in the process focuses on the splendid rapport between husband and wife.

A most welcome "friend of the family" is Burrell, whose intelligent comments add much eloquence to the domestic swing.

Trouble is anything but, built on a one-chord harmonic pattern. It swings gently with *Fever*-ish melodic overtones as Turrentine's restrained drive is prodded by Scott's crisp jabs and Finch's pulsating shuffle.

A surprise choice for jamming—*Love Letters*—is given a special delivery by the Turrentines and Burrell, with the guitarist outrelaxing them all.

Hustler hits an up-tempo groove immediately with its tenor-guitar unison head. Burrell displays some fancy fourths in his cerebral solo, Turrentine shows how to swing with warmth, and Scott reveals just how un-organic her improvising can be. Her brief solo fling is phrased remarkably like that of a tenor saxophone.

The jazz waltz *Ladyfingers* embodies the most inspired blowing in the album, particularly from Scott, who wrote the tune. She extracts the most melodic sequences from its descending harmonic phrases. Turrentine extracts all he can from the alto range of his horn. Finch lays down a tasteful 3/4 cushion, riding cymbals most effectively behind the organ.

Something Happens and *Goin' Home* continue the same solo formats as well as the same over-all atmosphere of groovy relaxation, without anything to distinguish either track in terms of solos.

If Cranshaw's name is noticeably missing, it's because his sound is conspicuously absent. How rare indeed to have to criticize an engineer as dependable as Rudy Van Gelder. (H.S.)

JAZZ INSIDE



V/V6-8613

Bill Evans digs deep into himself, picks and chooses, sifts and discards. He keeps beauty. Lets it run through his fingers and sparkle, reflecting his genius. Evans, bassist Chuck Israels and drummer Larry Bunker perform a unique jazz chemistry on *Trio '65* one of the great albums of the year.

JAZZ OUTSIDE



V/V6-8621

Irene Reid is blessed with a big, warm and wonderful voice. Within the smoky texture of that voice, the blue song becomes a frank, straight-out declaration of emotional fact. When you hear songs like *They All Say I'm The Biggest Fool* sung against the rich orchestrations of Oliver Nelson, you'll know that Irene Reid is a girl that sings it the way it is.



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OLD WINE- NEW BOTTLES

Reviews Of Reissues

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Roy Eldridge (Metro 513)

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Louis Armstrong: *Hello, Louis!* (Metro 510)

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Gene Krupa (Metro 518)

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Count Basie (Metro 516)

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Woody Herman (Metro 514)

Rating: ★ ★

Ella Fitzgerald (Metro 500)

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Metro is MGM-Verve's new low-price line, and the company should be congratulated for making available the work of major artists for less than \$2 an LP. The record surfaces are quiet, and the over-all quality of the music is good, though performances vary widely. One gripe: there is little personnel information in the liner notes, no recording dates, and no indication that this is reissue material.

Of the six albums listed above, Eldridge's is of the most consistent good quality.

The outstanding track is *Blue Moon*, made in 1954 with Dizzy Gillespie and Eldridge dueling good-naturedly over the buoyant rhythm section of Oscar Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; and Louie Bellson, drums. The performance builds from cool, tasteful, muted exchanges to driving, sometimes blistering, open combat.

There are three tracks—*JaDa*, *Black and Blue*, and *Bugle Call Rag*—from the *Swing Goes Dixie* record released under Eldridge's name in 1957. The sidemen are trombonist Benny Morton, clarinetist Eddie Barefield, pianist Dick Wellstood, bassist Walter Page, and drummer Jo Jones. Morton's solos have a strong Teagarden cast to them, and he is the most inventive of the soloists. The rhythm section, unfortunately, is sometimes muddled by Jones' overly exuberant work.

The other performances are mostly Eldridge with rhythm section (often with Peterson and Brown). The tunes are the ballads *I'm Through with Love*, *Don't Blame Me*, *Sleepytime Down South*, and *Sweet Lorraine*, on all of which Eldridge plays like a man in love, filled with warmth and passion (and, in his case, admiration for Louis Armstrong); *The Moon Is Low* (graced by assured, musicianly alto saxophone by Benny Carter); and *When I Grow Too Old to Dream* (confidential and then driving trumpet).

The Armstrong LP is split between Louis with stiff big band cum strings and Louis with relaxed rhythm section (again, Peterson, Brown, Ellis, and Bellson).

The big-band tracks, under Russ Garcia's

direction, are *Stormy Weather*, *We'll Be Together Again*, *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, *Home*, *Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me*, and *I've Got the World on a String*—on all, Armstrong sings wonderfully, but his trumpet chops are down, though even that impediment doesn't cloud the poignancy of his playing. (*Home* is an exception in the chops department—it has gorgeous trumpet.)

The tunes with Peterson—*Sweet Lorraine*, *That Old Feeling*, *I'll Never Be the Same*, and *Don't Be That Way* (excerpted from an Armstrong-Ella Fitzgerald performance) boast great vocals, and *Lorraine* has some genuinely moving trumpet, each note played as if it were his last.

Eldridge and Gillespie pop up again on the Krupa disc. They both solo well, especially Eldridge, on *I Never Knew*, played by a 1955 Jazz at the Philharmonic studio group that included tenorists Flip Phillips and Illinois Jacquet, drum partner Buddy Rich, and the ubiquitous Peterson, Brown, and Ellis. It is perhaps the LP's best track.

Almost as good in its way (the Benny Goodman Sextet's way) is *As Long as I Live* by Krupa's quartet of Eddie Shu, clarinet and trumpet; Dave McKenna, piano; and Wendell Marshall, bass. McKenna is especially fetching in his tasty Stacy-laced solo. The same group, with Shu Pres-ed into action on tenor, does *China Boy*.

Another quartet—Eddie Wasserman, tenor saxophone; Ronnie Ball, piano; and Jimmy Gannon, bass—plays an overlong *Don't Be That Way*, recorded at Chicago's London House in the late '50s, that has occasional flashes of good tenor and piano. There also is a quartet (with Shu?) version of the drummer's old Benny Goodman feature, *Sing Sing, Sing*, which sounds almost absurd in small-group setting.

The album also has *Paradise*, played by a Krupa-led studio group made up of Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Willie Smith, alto saxophone; Teddy Wilson, piano; Steve Jordan, guitar; and Israel Crosby, bass.

The other tracks—*Drummin' Man*, *Sugar*, *American Bolero*, and *Margie*—are by big bands.

Anita O'Day sings *Man*, which also sports good Eldridge and clean drumming by the leader. (Krupa plays with taste throughout the album.) *Sugar* and *Margie* are Gerry Mulligan arrangements, supposedly written when he was 19, and have lively soloists—I do not know who, though I believe it is Herb Geller on alto. *Bolero* is a boring 5/4 composition.

The Basie LP is nothing to fall out of bed about. There is a *One O'Clock Jump* recorded at the 1957 Newport Jazz Festival that deteriorates into near chaos. And it should have been better, considering that sitters-in included Lester Young (he plays a drag-foot solo that further slows drummer Jo Jones, another sit-in), Illinois Jacquet (who flies home in his solo), and Roy Eldridge (who flies to the stratosphere). The one saving grace is Basie's hard-bitten piano.

The best track—*She's Funny That Way*—is not by the full band. It is from an excellent early-'50s date Basie recorded with trumpeter Joe Newman, tenorist Paul Quinichette, guitarist Freddie Green, and

bassist Gene Ramey from his newly reformed band with himself on organ, for the most part, and Buddy Rich on drums. The track contains some quite tasteful playing by Quinichette and Newman.

Three Basie tracks are from the 1963-released *I'm on My Way and Shoutin' Again* LP, arranged by Neal Hefti: *Ain't That Right?* (precision work with humorous Al Aarons trumpet and controlled drumming by Sonny Payne), *I'm Shoutin' Again* (frothy, Benny Carterish alto by Frank Wess and well-modulated ensembles), and *Jump for Johnny* (virile Frank Foster tenor saxophone, witty Basie plinks with the brass section, and a flute duet by Wess and Eric Dixon).

The other tracks are *Softly with Feeling* (mushy rhythm but a pretty trumpet solo and Basie organ), *Second Time Around* (pleasant but sleepy), *Singing in the Rain* (bite and life behind and around Joe Williams' high-pitched vocal), *Cherry Point* (the early-'50s band with Gus Johnson on drums—the rhythm flows—and that good, heavy brass section), and *Two for the Blues* (a 1954 duet by Wess and Foster).

The Woody Herman album is quite uneven. Some of the tracks are by the Herd of the '50s that included tenor saxophonist Bill Perkins, who plays a few interesting solos, and bass trumpeter Cy Touff, who may or may not be a soloist on the tracks by this band. The tunes by this group, I think, are *Stardust*, *Tenderly*, *In a Little Spanish Town*, *I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me*, *Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me* (a small group behind Herman's vocal), and *Singing in the Rain*. The arrangements, some supposedly by Neal Hefti, are at times corny, other times brilliant, and often pallid and choppy.

Then there are the tracks that have Herman singing, rather badly, with a large studio group that includes strings. Those tunes are *Home*, *Hurry Back to Sorrento*, and *Pardon Me, Pretty Baby*.

There even is a track by the first Herd, taken from a 1946 Carnegie Hall concert—*Sweet and Lovely*, which features Flip Phillips in tender mood; it's the album's only memorable track.

Of the 10 performances contained in the Fitzgerald album, only four really make it—those taken from the extraordinary *Ella Sings the Duke Ellington Songbook*, issued in 1958: *Don't Get around Much Anymore*; *I Got It Bad*, and *That Ain't Good*; *All Too Soon*; and *Just Asittin' and Arockin'*. It is only with these that Miss Fitzgerald sounds really at ease and, thus, able to do the superb job of which she is capable. On *Soon* and *Bad* she is accompanied by the Ellington orchestra playing aptly lush scores. On the other two, she is warmly backed by the tenor of Ben Webster and the violin of Stuff Smith.

I do not want to denigrate Miss Fitzgerald's considerable talent by categorically putting down her work on the other tracks, but when one compares what she does on the Ellington tunes with what she does on *Blue Moon*, *That Old Feeling*, *I'll Never Be the Same*, *I'm Through with Love*, *Like Young*, and *Spring Is Here* the conclusion that she's going through motions more than emotions is inescapable.—Don DeMicheal

COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL HENAHAN

A follower of contemporary music, if he is at all serious about keeping abreast of the latest happenings (a carefully chosen word, that), periodically becomes giddy.

Forced to listen to so much pretentious junk by composers who obviously have ridden past their talent, one feels vertigo coming on. With no foot solidly planted in the future as yet and the footholds of the past steadily being eroded underneath him, the most sympathetic listener occasionally finds himself reaching wildly for something to hold onto. And so we accept the fads and fancies that rush in to fill the blank spaces between yesterday's music and tomorrow's—hoping, meanwhile, that there actually will be music tomorrow.

Some of our elders, such as Hermann Scherchen, have been raising serious doubts in print lately on the latter point. We console ourselves. The Elders always have doubted that music could survive the fractiousness and untalented fakery of any era.

But in moments of extreme vertigo, it always helps to go back and take a bearing. In our own time, one of the steadiest beacons is Bela Bartok, and nothing he wrote gives more illumination than his six string quartets. As the years go by, it becomes increasingly clear that these are the solid rocks of 20th-century chamber music.

These six quartets, written between 1908 and 1939, sum up 20th-century music's development outside the 12-tone stream, which Bartok never entered formally, although he wrote some of the most violently atonal or nontonal music that exists.

In these six monumental works, Bartok pushes the logic of traditional diatonically based music to the outer limits of credibility, but we never feel he is merely experimenting. After the Bartoks, there has been very little unexplored ground in the string-quartet territory, but—most important—the technique is always at the service of expression.

Looking through the scores themselves is still sobering, even in this day of apparently limitless instrumental techniques. It is hard to imagine what quantities of blood a string foursome must sweat to reach the point of simply playing a piece such as the *Third Quartet*.

There have been groups that have gone far past this elementary point, among them the Fine Arts Quartet, the Ramor Quartet, and the Juilliard Quartet. The Juilliard, however, has long owned this music in a special way, and even its monophonic recording of the complete Bartoks did not fully disclose the extent of mastery the group has attained in recent years. Concert performances have been so extraordinary in technical sheen and musical understanding that a new, stereo album of the Bartok six seemed mandatory.

Now it is here (Columbia D3S-717), and it sweeps everything else off the board, reducing most previous versions to the level of adequacy.

Tempos in almost every movement exceed the metronome markings in Bartok's score, as could be expected from the Juilliard, but there is no sense of exaggeration or sensationalism. This is Bartok, modern man, speaking to us in the language any of us understands.

The temptation, in auditioning a new collection of the Bartok six, is to jump immediately to No. 3 or No. 4, where the composer pulled out all stops and slashed away with every cutting weapon in the modern string arsenal: glassy tone at the bridge, bowing with the wood on the strings, pizzicato at every range and every tempo, glissando slurps going both ways at once, hammered strokes, harmonics at wild speeds, light brushing of the strings, guitarlike arpeggios, etc.

A jazz fancier is urged to put on the last driving movement of No. 4, which the Juilliard flies through in a hard-swinging style that is undoubtedly meant to be Hungarian but directly reflects the group's New York origin.

Even more exciting in a different way, however, is to start at the beginning, with the late Beethovenish strivings of Bartok's *First Quartet*, play through the insanely tense and dissonant middle works, and finish as the composer did, in 1939, by taking a more relaxed and humane view of the world.

When one has done that a few dozen times, nothing is so pleasant as to realize that if he played these works a thousand times, he would not exhaust their interest.

No group now active can touch the Juilliard in music of this kind, and these remarkable records show why.

The most important difference, immediately audible, is the improbably pure intonation the four instruments achieve in brutally difficult passages. All hands are called on to throw out fortissimo chords on all the strings, each man quadruple-stopping and lashing at strings violently with the bow. What the Juilliard achieves that no other group approaches in such passages is a musical, sonorous tone, identifiable in pitch, not an unclassifiable noise.

From Columbia also comes another work that once seemed a bearing point in modern music, but which one listens to now with embarrassment: the Aaron Copland *Piano Concerto*.

Copland himself plays this hopelessly dated piece, with Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic (MS-6698). Composed in 1927, this was once Exhibit A in the effort to bring jazz under classical disciplines. Even in Copland's jaunty performance, it entirely illustrates Stravinsky's Law: the interest in jazz lies in performance, not composition. Even granting that Copland's idea of jazz in 1927 was already about 20 years out of date, his choice of clichés and his manipulation of them now sounds terribly banal.

It gives one pause to think that there were critics at work in the '20s who proclaimed Copland's *Piano Concerto* the wave of the future and dismissed the *Third Quartet* of Bartok, written a year later, as gibberish. Why is it that the rear-view mirror shows things more clearly than the cleanist windshield?



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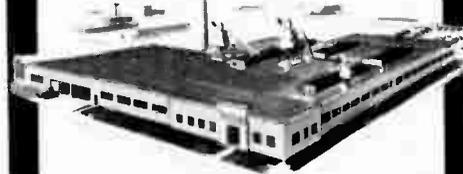
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BLINDFOLD TEST



CAL TJADER

By LEONARD FEATHER

The existence of Cal Tjader's current combo, with its stimulatingly mixed repertoire of straight jazz, Afro-Cuban specialties, and bossa nova, is the indirect consequence of a chain of events that goes back to 1947.

"That," Tjader said, "was the year Chano Pozo joined Dizzy Gillespie. He was the greatest of all the Cuban drummers. As a child, he'd been fascinated by some of the west African rhythms that survived in Havana.

"Chano's message spread. The bass player with Diz at that time was Al McKibbin, who picked up a lot of Chano's rhythmic ideas. In 1954 McKibbin and I both worked in George Shearing's Quintet. George soon became interested in the Afro-Cuban ideas. He hired Armando Peraza, who idolized Pozo."

Tjader was with Shearing for only 16 months, but Peraza remained for almost 10 years. Today he is a member of Tjader's group.

For Tjader's second *Blindfold Test* (the previous one was published Dec. 7, 1961), Tjader was removed from the Latin bag for most of the interview.

1. John Coltrane. **Big Nick** (from *The Definitive Jazz Scene, Vol. 1, Impulse*). Coltrane, soprano saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

I'm afraid I'm a little confused about whether it was John Coltrane on soprano or not. I don't think it was, although whoever it was was definitely influenced by the Coltrane style of playing. Sounded like it was Roy Haynes on drums, or maybe one of the new drummers like Elvin Jones. . . . It reminded me a lot of the old Roy Haynes conception, which is snappy, crackle, and pop all the way through.

I really got a little bored, as I find myself doing on some of these things—it just gets to be too chaotic around the third or fourth chorus. The first chorus was very nice, going into the second was kind of interesting, but after that, I get bored. Frankly, I am sort of waiting till they take it out: the release from that tension.

The piano player I wouldn't recognize . . . sounds like a lot of the young modernists. . . . Again, I'm not sure that was Coltrane; it doesn't quite sound like his improvising, although the only time I remember hearing a soprano saxophone with that sound was Coltrane. But I don't think it was John Coltrane.

I rate it about two stars.

2. Terry Gibbs. **Tippie** (from *The Definitive Jazz Scene, Vol. 1, Impulse*). Gibbs, vibraharp; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Sam Jones, bass, Louis Hayes, drums.

I think that was Terry Gibbs and Kenny Burrell. I'm not sure about the bass player; could have been Richard Davis or one of the fellows around New York . . . and I'm not sure about the drummer.

But I thought I'd just mention that Terry—I remember reading his *Blindfold Test* in *Down Beat* recently—and I agree with him on several things. I think he's one of the few honest, happy players around on the scene today. There's no shucking, or he's not trying to do anything that's not natural.

He was one of my big influences; he was sort of the link between Hamp and Milt. He's a real honest, happy, enthusiastic player. Looking back, I'm sure Milt

probably influenced more vibists than anybody else, but I think Terry was great.

I would rate this four stars, simply because it's a very honest, swinging thing. It sounded like the guys, too, had a good time on this date. Kenny Burrell, if I'm correct, is one of the great feeders on guitar, like John Lewis is on piano.

3. Herbie Mann. **Samba de Orfeu** (from *Live at Newport, Atlantic*). Mann, flute; Dave Pike, vibraharp; Willie Bobo, percussion; Luis Bonfá, composer.

That's Herbie Mann and his group, obviously in concert somewhere. *Samba de Orfeu*, from *Black Orpheus*. And I think that's Dave Pike on vibes. I don't think that's Willie Bobo on timbales, and I frankly thought the timbales solo was a little sloppy.

The balance on the whole thing bothered me quite a bit. I didn't hear enough bass, but I guess on a stage they may have had a few problems—if it was a concert date.

I love the tune. . . . Again, the thing that bothered me was the balance. Within the group there was too much drums and not enough bass. The solos were nice; I have always liked Dave Pike. I think he's one of the more melodic vibists on the scene today. Three stars.

4. Ken McIntyre. **Say What?** (from *Year of the Iron Sheep, United Artists*). McIntyre, composer, alto saxophone, flute; Jaki Byard, piano.

I don't know who that was . . . for just a second I thought it might be Brubeck or Clare Fischer, till the alto sax came in.

I think what these guys were trying to do—and what a lot of groups are trying to do, and at times very unsuccessfully—is 5/4 rhythm. It sounded to me like they weren't really used to it. I noticed a lot of flams in the rhythm section and a very plodding kind of a beat; it reminded me of a freight train trying to swing.

The soloist has been listening to Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane; but, again, the chaos to me is very boring. They were trying to get something out of the rhythm section, but the piano player kept feeding them 1-2-3, 1-2—there was no break-up of space.

Brubeck is one of the few groups that can do this kind of experimentation with time successfully, because they have a way of tempering it a little better. But this just sounded heavy-handed and plodding, and I would only rate it one star—for the effort in trying to do something in 5/4.

5. Vince Guaraldi, **Bola Sete**. **Star Song** (from *Vince Guaraldi, Bola Sete and Friends, Fantasy*). Guaraldi, composer, piano; Sete, guitar.

I'm sure that was Vince Guaraldi and Bola Sete, and I'm sure that was an original tune written by Vince, called *Star Song*. First of all, I think the mood they've established is very lovely and the whole rapport between Vince and Bola and the group. The only thing that bothered me was: Vince will have a nice line established melodically, and then he suddenly gets caught back in some of these funky clichés, which are out of context with the mood. It's like trying to play a pretty bossa nova tune and then going funky.

Although I will say Vince has improved harmonically very much in the last few years. And I think he and Bola are very complementary to each other. The whole mood had a nice empathy and a sympathy to what bossa nova should be. So I would rate that four stars.

6. Thelonious Monk. **Shuffle Boil** (from *It's Monk's Time, Columbia*). Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Monk, composer, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

That's got to be Thelonious. I guess if you don't recognize Thelonious, you better turn in your union card.

I have sort of mixed emotions. First of all, it's a very humorous record and broke me up in many spots. Monk can do that if you really listen to his ideas. Aside from some of the really serious (if that's the word to use) compositions like *'Round Midnight*, which are very beautiful, soulful, mournful ballads, he can write things like this, which are sort of like the hunt-and-peck system, but he makes a lot of sense. And I thought the rhythm section was terrific. I don't know who the drummer was, or the bass, but I loved the drum solo—lot of continuity. The whole group was great—very pleasurable.

Sometimes it's hard to know whether Monk is really putting everybody on; there's a very thin line sometimes between shucking and really honest playing.

I got a tremendous kick—you have this feeling in the first two or three choruses with Charlie Rouse, and then all of a sudden Monk's gone; you think he's getting up and getting a drink of water. . . . His first chorus kind of bothered me because it sounded like he was trying to do something contrived—that is, be so far out that nothing makes sense, but in the second and third choruses he started to get into something that he was feeling, naturally and honestly.

And I must admit that Monk, for a lot of guys, is not the great feeder, because you never know when he's going to come in and upset your ideas.

But for this group I would rate this five stars, just because it's Monk, and I really enjoyed it.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Rod Levitt

Carnegie Recital Hall, New York City

Personnel: Rolf Ericson, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Levitt, trombone; Gene Allen, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet; George Marge, tenor saxophone, flute, alto flute, clarinet, oboe, piccolo; Buzz Renn, alto saxophone, clarinet; Sy Johnson, piano; John Beal, bass; Ronnie Bedford, drums.

Jazz composition received a much-needed breath of fresh air when Levitt's octet gave its third New York concert.

The well-rehearsed group played 16 Levitt arrangements, all original compositions except for *All I Do Is Dream of You*; *Oh, You Beautiful Doll*; and *Cherry*. Levitt's creative and imaginative writing is reminiscent of Duke Ellington's earlier works in structure and approach, using to good advantage tonal blends, full ensemble voicings, and solo effects.

The flavor of Levitt's music draws from the traditional, classical, and avant-garde bags, giving standards such as *Cherry* and *Oh, You Beautiful Doll* a pleasing new sound and making Levitt's work stand out amid the current stagnation of ideas.

Levitt's orchestrations center on reeds in front of heavy rhythm, leaving his trombone and Ericson's trumpet free to shout and growl in and out of the ensemble. Rooted in the blues hollers of Big Bill Broonzy and the classic Jack Teagarden style, Levitt shouts through all his works, whether an up-tempo swinger such as *The Holler* or a blues ballad, mainly on plunger, such as *The Hue Is Blue*. To this Dizzy Gillespie alumnus, mute work is second nature.

Baritone saxophonist Allen quietly charmed the audience with soft, swinging lyricism quite in contrast to Levitt's ubiquitous shouts. Allen's solos on *The Hue Is Blue*, *The Mayor of Vermont Village*, and *Tiptoe, Please* were typical of his clean style and good taste.

Swedish trumpeter Ericson, a former Ellingtonian, was unfortunately not in good form. Relatively inactive for three months, he had just finished a 15-hour rock-and-roll show and was not as clean in his solo work as expected, yet his talent remained unmistakable. Ericson's mute work, a la Cootie Williams, on *Oh, You Beautiful Doll* and *His Master's Voice* (an Ellington tribute) and Johnson's piano playing strongly accented the Ellington influence.

Woodwind specialist Marge provided precise ensemble work with all his six horns but took no solos. His excellent musicianship lent firm support to the soloists and gave the music its intended colors.

The rhythm section was sparked by drummer Bedford, who executed Levitt's characteristic stop-time rhythms and percussion effects with precise gusto. His rim shots and bombs were powerful on the

breakaway *The Sword's Edge* and *Stop Those Men*, the two best-received numbers.

Bassist Beal was impressive with his well-integrated solo and ensemble efforts, particularly on *The Mayor* and *The Holler*. Renn was a welcome surprise; his alto wailing through most numbers, he became the most prominent soloist next to Levitt.

Textures, written for this concert, is a three-part work that explores the many sounds each instrument can achieve. Levitt's merry-go-round theme incorporates a 12-tone piano-roll effect, varied dynamics, cymbal accents, and dissonant chord changes.

Sincerity and enthusiasm come out in Levitt's writing, playing, and ebullient handling of announcements. Unlike many,

he plays for his audience, allowing the listeners to share in his satisfaction with the music.

—Don Riker

Herbie Mann

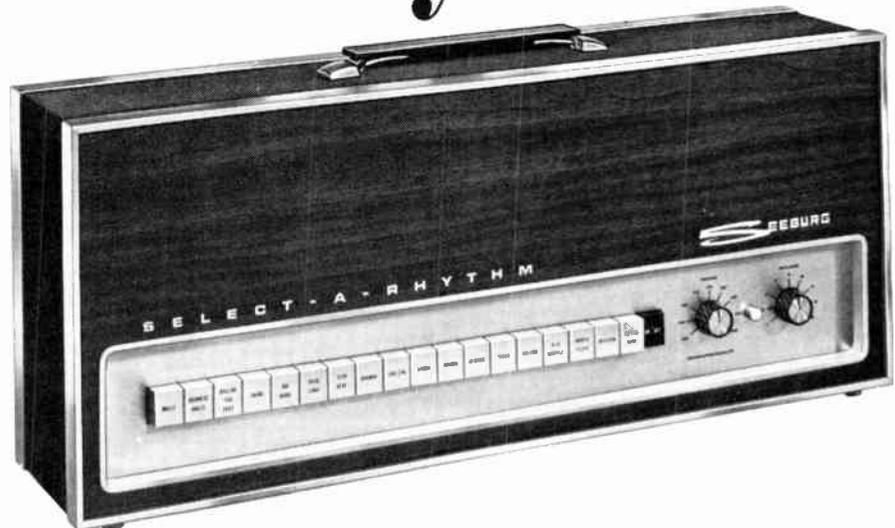
Plugged Nickel, Chicago

Personnel: Jack Hitchcock, Mark Weinstein, trombones; Mann, soprano, alto flutes; Dave Pike, vibraharp; Jane Getz, piano; Earl May, bass; Bruno Carr, drums; Carlos Valdez, conga drums

If nothing else, this group is different. And it certainly can be exciting when the brass section gets going.

Using two trombones for Latin music, Mann said, was done years ago by Cuban bands and has recently been revived among some New York groups. On some

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of Mann's wilder Latin numbers, such as *Patao* and *Mushi Mushi*, the trombones add a good deal of heat and color. The solo exchanges by Hitchcock and Weinstein, however, are more often strained and repetitious than inventive. But both have musical senses of humor (as does Mann, of course) that can be dry (Hitchcock) or earthy (Weinstein).

The lighter Latin performances—for example, *The Joker*, *Stolen Moments*, and *Who Can I Turn To?*—are graced by deft writing, some of it by Oliver Nelson, some by Hitchcock and others. The parallel voicing of flute (particularly the alto), trombones, vibes, and piano is quite attractive, strikingly so on Nelson's *Moments*. At the Nickel, though, the trombones often overrode the others. Perhaps more judicious use of mutes and a better stand arrangement would overcome the imbalance.

The group's main soloists, as has been the case for some time now, no matter Mann's personnel, are the leader and Pike. Their shared interest in Latin music makes them highly complementary. Both are competent improvisers, and what they sometimes lack in inspiration is often made up with the verve with which they approach their work. Pike is particularly passionate in his solos.

The rhythm section is excellent. Carr is one of the most solid drummers I've heard in some time. Formerly with Ray Charles, he is reminiscent, in appearance and playing, of Connie Kay. Carr's time never falters, and he and May got some really grooving things going on the nights I heard the band. Miss Getz sometimes falls into a Bill Evans approach, but, basically, her playing is straight ahead; at least it was when she had the chance to stretch out in a solo. Her comp work is unobtrusive but very much there.

The pixieish Valdez is often amusing (to the audience, if not always to Mann), but when he gets down to the business of playing, he can light a fire under the band, especially when he and Carr cook together.

The band's major drawback is that it often is not as together as it should be. At the time of review, the group was nine weeks old, ample time, it would seem, to be tighter than it was. But this surely will be overcome, and when it is, Mann may have something going for himself.

—Don DeMicheal

Don Patterson

Bohemian Caverns, Washington, D.C.

Personnel: Patterson, organ; Pat Martino, guitar; Billy James, drums.

Patterson's chief fault is his gross lack of restraint. And since such unabashed forthrightness is the rule among jazz organists rather than the exception, Patterson's hell-bent attitude seems all the more regrettable. People who play electronic instruments should have learned by now.

Patterson seems, withal, possessed of a genuine talent, but he demonstrates this all too infrequently. There even are flashes of something delightful at times. Yet his artistry is almost certain to remain buried if he continues in his theatrical bent for playing the organ with his tongue. That's

what I said. I am even surprised that it is possible. Yet he does it, and quite often, mostly amid the basketball type of cheering by the college-boy clientele.

Martino, in both his writing and playing, seems the most mature and uncomplicated of the three. His *MJK*, which the group plays, was easily the most effective vehicle of the evening. But Martino, at times, leans a bit too heavily on the Wes Montgomery type of octave playing.

A typical set included *When Johnny Comes Bashin' Home*, from the tune of practically the same name; a spirited, sprinting *Rosetta*; a rhythmically invalid *Girl from Ipanema*; and a well and freshly executed *The Good Life*.

Bashin', one of the "organ repertoire" songs, was richly laced with licks and phrases from everything from *Work Song* to ". . . a penny for a spool of thread, a penny for a needle . . ." and contained the usual drum rolls and other oddments.

Without the right kind of guidance and counsel, Patterson might well remain in the second rank of organists. It is my feeling that he certainly doesn't belong there.

—Ben S. Page

Shelly Manne

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Hollywood

Personnel: Conte Candoli, trumpet; Frank Strozier, alto saxophone; Russ Freeman, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Manne, drums.

With Candoli returned to the group, and with the recent addition of altoist Strozier plus the presence of the most consistently rewarding rhythm section on the West Coast, the Manne quintet is grooving high these nights.

Strozier, who previously served a brief term with Miles Davis and a more extended one with Roy Haynes, is an asset of platinum value; Candoli is playing at full creative strength now, exhibiting a fat sound and chops so in command it seems his every technical wish promptly becomes fact.

Reviewed on a recent weekend in between engagements of the Modern Jazz Quartet and Dexter Gordon with the Hampton Hawes Trio, the Manne quintet firmly established the fact that this particular bandstand is home ground. Each selection beaten off by the leader is never a tentative, sometime thing but from the opening is comfortable as a rocking chair.

Dearly Beloved was taken medium up with some lovely, muted Candoli leading to Strozier's solo, the altoist burning up in a long one, alternating passages of brilliantly executed multinoted forays with breathers of passionate but economical statement. This basic pattern of Strozier's style is restated in the course of many solos. Freeman, long and deservedly considered one of the most thoughtful and probing pianists in jazz, contributed a worthy solo to *Beloved*, as did bassist Budwig before a trading of eight-bar breaks between Manne and horns to coda.

Strozier took an unaccompanied lead-in of shimmering conception to *Just Friends*, followed by a Freeman solo of considered subtleties and left-hand depths and some richly open Candoli. In *Well, You Needn't*—taken at a much faster tempo than one has come to expect from the customary

Thelonious Monk performance—Strozier again revealed himself as a dedicated son of Charlie Parker, and an able one. He plays with uninhibited vigor—it is brash, sometimes violent, nearly always passionate.

Candoli, spurred by Manne's almost unbelievable drumming with its ferocious drive that never sacrifices good taste and intelligence, was in a shouting, happy frame of mind, made manifest time and again in his solo work. With so many angry young men of the trumpet around these days, how gratifying it is to listen to an unangry, not-so-young man declare himself on the horn with so much truth.

Because the bulk of his livelihood lies in the Hollywood studios, Manne chooses not to take to the road and the East with

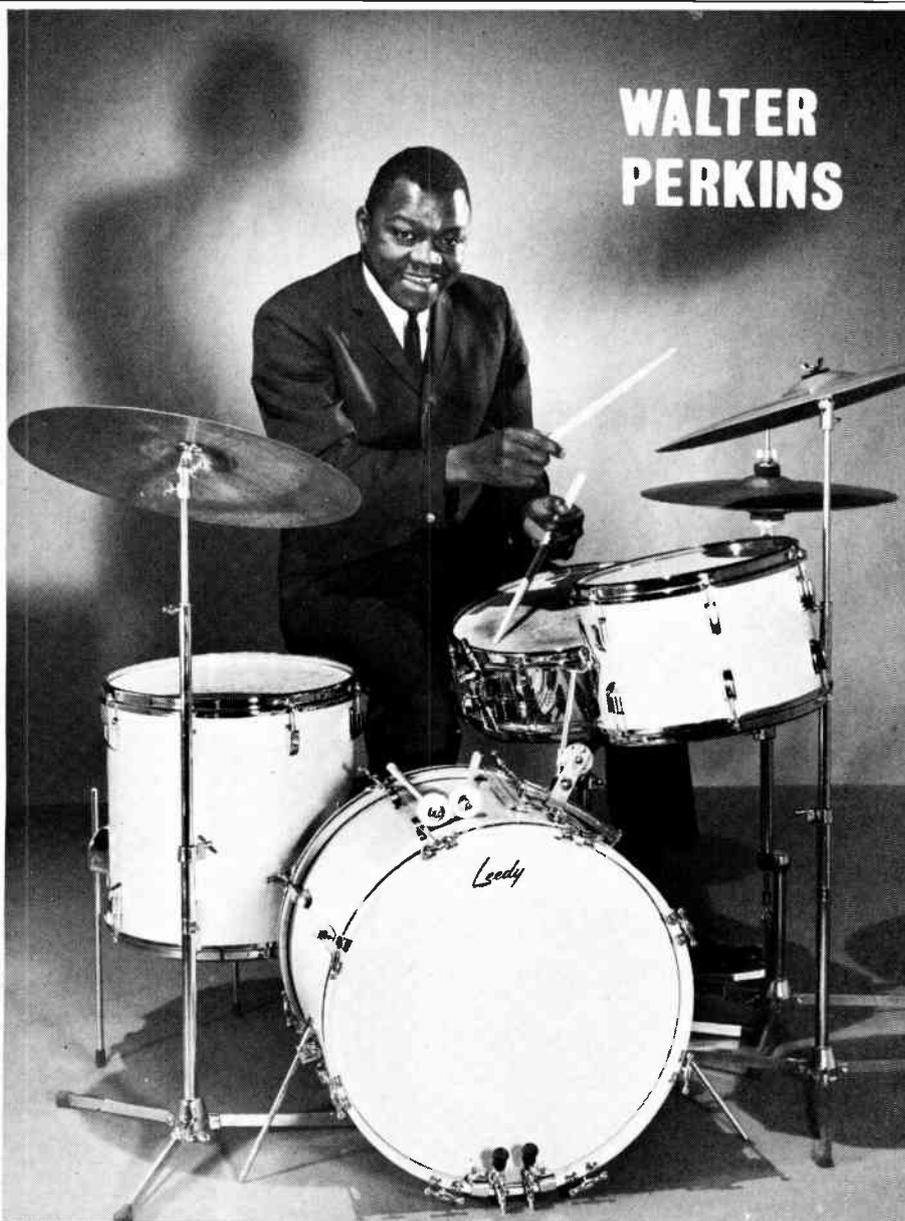
this group. To those who, therefore, are deprived, my condolences.—John A. Tynan

Maynard Ferguson

London House, Chicago

Personnel: Ferguson, trumpet, flugelhorn; Lannie Morgan, alto saxophone; Willie Maiden, tenor saxophone; Mike Abene, piano; Ronnie McClure, bass; Tony Inzalaco, drums.

Ferguson's current sextet, a splinter group from his disbanded orchestra, does not represent a significant departure, conceptually, from that of his various big bands. The trimming in size apparently has not prompted the leader or his sidemen-arrangers to investigate any profoundly new areas of orchestral expression. The music is still brash and strident, relying more on bravura musical calisthenics than



WALTER PERKINS

Leedy DRUM COMPANY Chicago 48, Illinois

ANNUAL GUITAR ISSUE



In the July 1 GUITAR ISSUE, *Down Beat* focuses attention on jazz plectrists. The widely respected Jim Hall, poll-winning guitarist most recently associated with Sonny Rollins and Art Farmer, is the subject of a revealing word portrait by Don Nelsen, while the odyssey of Attila Zoller from Budapest to Greenwich Village and international recognition is charted by Dan Morgenstern. The neglected art of rhythm guitar is incisively surveyed in Tom Scanlan's article *The Tough, Straight Art*, and Pete Welding offers random thoughts on folk-blues guitar technique

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down beat

anything else.

The group's strong point is its library. Maiden, Abene, and trombonist Slide Hampton have been the chief contributors, and the arrangements are for the most part sturdy, solidly crafted ones that effectively utilize the coloristic possibilities of the horns in ensemble and behind soloists, thus maintaining interest and momentum and occasionally creating crackling excitement. The feeling is not a little reminiscent of some of the more interesting West Coast group work of years gone by (albeit a bit harder and more muscular).

Ferguson's increasing use of fluegelhorn further varies the orchestral color and imparts a mellow tone to his playing that is in agreeable contrast to his high-register grandstanding. The leader still indulges in this aspect of his playing with far too much frequency to have real meaning (a situation that arises from a flamboyant effect's being parlayed into a whole playing style). Used in moderation for occasional dramatic impact, the high register has validity and can add quite a bit of spice to a performance (as Dizzy Gillespie tellingly demonstrates). Too much spice, however, simply ruins the recipe.

On the night of review, Ferguson apparently was having chop trouble, for much of his upper-register work broke in the air, sputtering like a wet fuse.

Maiden emerged as an attractive tenorist in the post-Lester Young tradition, a fact that often was obscured in his work with the big band. His tone and phrasing on such numbers as *Thou Swell* and *Little Girl Blue* suggested a judicious blending of Brew Moore and Bill Perkins, but though Maiden played warmly and fluently, little in the way of marked individuality was evident.

Morgan played with swagger and brio, spewing out his lines in the thick, liquid, congested alto sound currently fashionable. His sardonic, sweeping solo on *Sweet Georgia Brown* was one of the evening's high points; the improvisation was laced throughout with wry humor and incorporated well-integrated cry effects. He had another effective spot on *There Will Never Be Another You*, in which his fragmentation and restructuring of the melodic line was pulled off handsomely.

The rhythm work of Abene, McClure, and Inzalaco was crisp and unflagging. The pianist, however, shares with the leader a penchant for merely running notes in his solos, as though the sheer rush of sound can compensate for a lack of melodic inventiveness. —Pete Welding

Lightnin' Hopkins / J. B. Lenoir

Western Hall, Chicago

Personnel: Lenoir band: Koko Taylor; Mabel John, vocals; Willie Mabon, vocal, piano; Hopkins, guitar, vocals.

Sharing the bill with Texas blues bard Hopkins at this hastily organized program was the band of Chicago singer-guitarist Lenoir, a straight-on, unsubtle unit in the typical modern blues band style and which featured pianist Sunnyland Slim, tenorist Ernest Cotten, drummer Bill Stepney, alto and baritone saxophonists, second guitarist,

and bassist.

The group, though often ragged and uncertain as regards arrangements (blues bands are usually considerably smaller than this specially organized unit; its members got in each other's way, and the ensemble was so busy as to distract from the vocals), did generate quite a bit of rough, raw power at times, though rarely got off the ground for very long.

Several vocalists were featured in addition to leader Lenoir: two young women blues shouters, Koko Taylor and Mabel John, and a welcome sitter-in, Willie Mabon, who replaced Slim at the keyboard for two numbers, the highlight of which was his old hit *I Don't Know*, given an insinuating and crowd-pleasing rendition.

Miss Taylor seemed a bit uncertain with tempo and tended to rush the changes, further confounding the band. Miss John, however, was much surer, her phrasing rhythmically supple, her whole manner and delivery easier. A high point was her appealing version of *Fever*, the song popularized by her brother, Little Willie John.

Lenoir himself sang only a few numbers in a rather perfunctory manner, as though he, too, shared the audience's sufferance of the band's music in anticipation of Hopkins' more substantial fare.

After a brief intermission, the Texas blues man took over the stage and the audience—completely. Magisterial, imperturbable, a consummate artist who never had to cheapen his material or delivery to please and touch audiences deeply, Hopkins was simply superb.

Assisted only by drummer Stepney, the singer-guitarist handily outswung the entire Lenoir crew; his music, in fact, generated such a strong undertow of rhythmic power that the dance floor was soon crowded with flashing, jack-knifing couples who earlier had failed to respond to the blandishments of the band.

Hopkins' voice surely is one of the marvelous, most sensitive instruments in all the blues, a dark, supple, faintly hoarse baritone that stings, complains, supplicates, coaxes, exhorts, laments, exults, consoles, cries out in pain and joy, and ranges from the most delicate, spidery shadings to full-throated shouts of great intensity.

It can be raw as an open wound or soft as a caress, but always it is right, superbly expressive, always used perfectly to draw out the mood and focus of the song at hand, whether a rousing boogie woogie with spoken asides, the wry exultance of *Mojo Hand*, or the quiet, introspective lover's boasting of *Katie Mae*.

Hopkins' guitar lines provided the perfect second voice for his singing—flexible and resilient as a steel spring and rock-ribbed in their strength—underlining, amplifying his words with a sensitivity that turned the instrument into an extension of his voice. What a powerful swing he generated! His songs, natural and unaffected, with nothing of the trivial or contrived about them, made the often hysterically clever songs of Lenoir, et al., even more tawdry and insignificant in comparison.

It was a case of the master instructing students, a night for the real blues to be heard in Chicago. —Pete Welding

PETERSON

(Continued from page 19)

So it's a vast field, but how important can it all be? I mean, how important is the *nucleus* of the field?"

Surveying the combo scene today, one can answer without hesitation that many of the groups have relatively little unity; with rare exceptions they are subject to personnel changes that are too frequent to allow for real unification, and in many instances there are problems of temperamental adjustment that preclude a truly complete understanding among the members.

This article was written to the background of an assortment of Peterson records of all ages. Though the quality of the more recent albums may be more dependably high, not a single one fails to achieve a satisfying mood, or to swing, or to cohere. It is a remarkable, possibly a unique, record of achievement.

Guitarist Ellis, the most loyal member of the Peterson-for-Prime-Minister Society, remarked recently, "Why make qualifications about Oscar? Isn't it about time that the critics and the so-called hip jazz public all admitted that Oscar Peterson is the greatest living pianist in this field? Or is it just that the way he conducts himself in private life makes it hard for people to endorse him?"

Without a healthy private life, without the healthy enjoyment they find in one another's musical and personal company, it is doubtful that the Oscar Peterson Trio could be where it is today. Perhaps it is not coincidental that the personalities of the trio, and the quality of its performances, are matched by the type of audience it tends to attract.

Shelly Manne, in whose Manne-Hole in Hollywood the group worked a few months ago, commented, "It was an electrifying experience—and a revealing one, because they brought a different kind of crowd into the place. Smarter people, who spent more money and dressed better—the kind the MJQ pulls."

Writer John Tynan once called Ed Thigpen the thinking man's drummer. Extending the thought, this could be called the thinking man's trio. One jazz combo may appeal to the brooding man, another to the seeker of background music, a third to the follower of hip hypnosis. Peterson's group is for the listener whose music must swing, must sustain harmonic and rhythmic and melodic interest, and above all, must be the product not of hate but of love. As long as there is room in our lives for these values, there will be room in jazz for the Oscar Peterson Trio. ☞

MJQ

(Continued from page 27)

here for 14 years . . . and I want to know all there is to know about, say, Milt. Any little hint I see, or if he does something I haven't heard before, I try to include that in the next thing. But I don't think you can do music with talk; you really have to do music with music. If he plays something that's better than what we had, I"—Lewis grinned and nodded his head vigorously—"and it stays in. But no one talks."

How developed are the individual parts for a new composition?

"All the essential music is there," Lewis answered.

"Some pieces, as far as the bass part's concerned," Heath said, "are written out completely. . . . Then there are pieces that are really head arrangements, held over from the bebop days. It runs from one extreme to the other, the whole gamut."

Jackson added, "There are pieces we have that sound like John outlined the whole thing, but nothing's been put on paper. Also, when you associate with someone every day for a number of years, you eventually learn methods, habits, and all those kind of things. To me, there's no difficulty to immediately associate a habit or something like this when we play together."

In other words, the music is collective.

"I think it's as collective as you can get," Lewis said.

Did he mean collective within his framework?

"No, not in my framework—in these four people, who years ago decided how they wanted to play the framework, to play the way we wanted. If I write music for four other people, it doesn't have anything to do with this at all. I write for each man."

Sometimes the four become five when the quartet has a musical guest. Last year, guitarist Laurindo Almeida joined the quartet for a tour of Europe and, upon their return, a successful album date. For the MJQ's European tour this September, October, and November, Lewis and the others are considering asking another outstanding musician to work with them.

When asked if the addition of a fifth person was strictly a musical consideration or if there were commercial overtones, Lewis may have unwittingly summed up his and the others' long-prevailing musical attitude when he answered:

"I can't separate them. What's good is good. If it's good music, people will like it. That's the only way I can consider it." ☞

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42 □ DOWN BEAT

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(Continued from page 16)

trio (Don Friedman, piano, and Joe Beck, drums) at the Tower East on Third Ave. with early evening music; and guitarist Atila Zoller at Duke's³ in the Village, where Friedman doubles on piano.

The fifth annual concert of the Duke Ellington Jazz Society, at the New School auditorium June 6, will feature pianist-composer Billy Strayhorn, both as soloist and with a band, which will include trumpeter Clark Terry and bassist Wendell Marshall. It will be Strayhorn's first New York concert . . . When the Merv Griffin television show went off the air in 1964, jazz fans lamented the demise of one of the best studio bands on TV. Griffin returned to the air May 10 (on New York's Channel 11), again with a fine band, including trumpeter Bill Berry, trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, tenor saxophonist Richie Kamuca, bassist Art Davis, and drummer Jake Hanna . . . The music for a service of worship at the Rev. John Gensel's Lutheran Church of the Advent in April was written for four trumpets and organ by Howard McGhee, who also performed it, with horn men Joe Newman, Clark Terry, Frank Williams, and church organist Kenneth A. Hendron. The Rev. Mr. Gensel was the celebrant at a jazz service performed at the New York Hilton May 9 for a convention of American Women in Radio and Television. The Rev. Thomas Vaughn, the composer, performed at the piano, assisted by bassist Paul Brown and drummer Charles Smith . . . Pianist Earl Hines' European tour was extended in May with concerts in Switzerland and France, recording sessions in Paris, and a stint at Rome's Roma Club May 30 to June 12. Hines, who has been booked for the Pittsburgh and Newport jazz festivals, is scheduled to open at the Village Vanguard June 16 for an indefinite stay . . . Pianist Teddy Wilson's trio (Major Holley, bass, and Walter Perkins, drums) and the quintet co-led by baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams and cornetist Thad Jones (Duke Pearson, piano; Ron Carter, bass; John Dentz, drums) began a one-month engagement at the Five Spot May 18. The Adams-Jones group also gave a concert at St. Mark's Church in downtown Manhattan May 5.

Multireed man Yusef Lateef's quartet played Brooklyn's Club Coronet in May. Alto saxophonist Al Doctor, recently returned from a long stay in Canada, heads the Sunday group at the club, which includes pianist Walter Davis Jr. . . . The four-day New York Folk Festival at Carnegie Hall June 17-20 will include a program titled *The Evolution of Funk* on opening night and will be repeated at a June 19 midnight concert. Among the scheduled participants are guitarist-singers Mississippi John Hurt and Muddy Waters and clarinetist George Lewis . . . Jazz disc jockey Mort Fega, displaced from WEVD in March by Symphony Sid Torin (who now plays mostly Latin music), returned to the air waves May 17 over station WRFM. His new show, *Jazz Nocturne*, can be heard nightly except Sundays from 12:15 to 5:30 a.m.

TORONTO: Duke Ellington celebrated his 66th birthday in Toronto with a concert at Massey Hall, where the band played *Happy Birthday*, and the audience gave him a standing ovation. Following the concert, the Toronto chapter of the Duke Ellington Jazz Society held a reception for the leader and the orchestra. A special presentation was made to Ellington by Byng Whitteker of the Canadian Broadcasting Corp., who presented him with the tape of the interview he conducted with Ellington on the CBC's recent one-hour television program, *The Duke*. Radio station CKFM observed the day with a 90-minute program, *Salute to the Duke*, consisting entirely of Ellington records . . . Appearing in town at the same time were trombonist Wilbur DeParis and his band, with brother Sidney, trumpet; Sonny White, piano; Norris Turney, clarinet; John Smith, guitar; and Wilbert Kirk, drums, at the Colonial and singer Johnny Hartman at the Town . . . Singer Jimmy Rushing, with reed man Earle Warren and trumpeter Emmett Beery followed at the Colonial, and pianist Teddy Wilson opened a two-week engagement at the Town, accompanied by Lennie Boyd, bass, and Archie Alleyne, drums.

BUFFALO: Don Ellis' music research grant at the University of Buffalo ended last month. The trumpeter has been in town during the last school semester under the grant and has led a group consisting of Sam Falzone, tenor saxophone; Mike Breen, piano; Max Tyne and John Heard, basses; and Tom Scime and Clarence Becton, drums. The group had been playing weekends at the Boar's Head. Mel Hummell, the club's owner, says he will continue his jazz policy and retain the group—minus Ellis—for afterhours sessions on weekends . . . George Shearing and his quintet packed the house at Klienhaus Music Hall. Vocalist Bobby Hall, with Kenny Strothers on piano, and the Sam Noto Quintet rounded out the bill.

PHILADELPHIA: Vibraharpist Milt Jackson will play the Show Boat with a quintet in July while the Modern Jazz Quartet takes its annual vacation . . . Young drummer Barry Miles will play at the Cadillac Sho-Bar late in June with bop singer Joe Carroll and alto saxophonist Lou Donaldson . . . Singer Aretha Franklin brought a fellow Detroit, pianist Teddy Lewis, as her accompanist for her Pep's date . . . Recent attractions at Don Henderson's Club 50 Sunday night sessions in Trenton, N.J., have been trumpeters Roy Eldridge and Clark Terry, trombonists J.J. Johnson and Kai Winding, and tenor man Al Cohn. Backing is by pianist Johnny Coates Jr., bass man Johnny Ellis, and former Harry James drummer Tony DiNicola . . . Billy Krechmer's midtown jazz room was used for several scenes for the new film *Night Song*, being shot in Philadelphia featuring Don Murray, Diane Varsi, and Dick Gregory. The film is a fictionalized account of Charlie Parker's life. Krechmer played a minor role in the movie . . . The San Souci in Wilmington,

Del., where the late trumpeter **Clifford Brown** used to play and where the late vibraharpist **Lem Winchester** also was featured, is presenting groups featuring piano. Pianist **Pres Johnson**, who used to play with Brown and Winchester, is one of the attractions.

PITTSBURGH: Jazz musicians were credited with swelling the crowd at the 11th annual human rights banquet, sponsored by the Pittsburgh chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, to record proportions, exceeding 1,600 persons. They were entertained before and during dinner by tenor saxist **Jon Walton**, formerly of the **Benny Goodman** and **Artie Shaw** bands; bassist **Tom Sewell**, an occasional accompanist of **Ray Charles**; and pianist **Carl Arter**. The banquet was held in the main ballroom of the Hilton Hotel . . . Drummer **Vann Harris** has organized a quintet that is creating excitement among young jazz enthusiasts. It drew some 500 to the Hilton on Easter Sunday . . . Veteran drummer **Honey Boy** has turned up with a trio at **Dorothy Bowman's** Panther Room, a spot frequently featuring jazz. He uses **Cozy Harris** on piano and **Jimmy Morris** on bass . . . The Goode Olde Dayes, a night spot midway between Pittsburgh and New Kensington, is trying a jazz policy. Guitarist **Ron Anthony**, once a **George Shearing** sideman, has been ticketed to head the house combo.

DETROIT: Saxophonist **Ronnie Fields** and pianist **Stanley Cowles** have been heard with the **Detroit Contemporary 4** recently. The group's leader, cornetist **Charles Moore**, has been experimenting with music for two drummers (**Danny Spencer** and **Ronnie Johnson**), with exciting results. Moore and organist **Lyman Woodard** were featured with the **Workshop Music Ensemble** in its performance of poet **John Sinclair's** composition, *Adolescence*, at the Artists' Workshop in May. The contemporary quartet was featured at a benefit for the Committee to Aid the Bloomington Students, held at Wayne State University in May. Also on the bill were folksingers **Phil Esser**, **Dick Keelan**, and others . . . The **George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields Quintet** moved its Thursday night sessions at the Village Gate to Wednesday and then dropped them altogether. Their Tuesday night sessions at the Chit Chat Lounge also have been canceled . . . The University of Detroit recently brought in the **Dave Brubeck Quartet** and the **Duke Ellington Orchestra** for a one-nighter late in April. The concert was a huge success.

CLEVELAND: **Hank Gear's** club, on Lakeshore Blvd. just past Euclid Beach, features the saxophonist-turned-clubowner's own music, often played on organ; jam sessions are the usual thing, however, on Thursday through Saturday nights . . . The **Eddie Myers Trio** took over week-ends at the Squeeze Room. Myers replaces the trio led by vibist **Ronnie Bush** and guitarist **Bob Fraser** that played the club for several months. **Lanny Scott**

moved into the club's solo piano chair during the week . . . The quartet of trumpeter **Mickey Gregory** (tenor saxophonist **Ramon Morris**, bassist **James Peek**, and drummer **Leon Stevenson**) played at the LaRue Lounge recently, pleasantly breaking the room's piano-bass duo routine for a while before **Charlie Beckel's** duo came in. **Stevenson** then appeared at the **Kinsman Grill** with pianist **Bobby Few's** quartet, which also included **Don Banks**, guitar, and **Chuck Jones**, drums . . . Three of the town's best jazz-oriented singers form the vocal-instrumental trio which has been delighting the patrons of the Executive Inn in Shaker Heights lately. They are **Vince Mastro**, piano; **Vikki Lynn**, bass; and **Bobby Bryan**, drums.

CHICAGO: The Olde East Inn bit the dust last month for the usual reason—poor business . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** and the management of the **Plugged Nickel** agreed to terminate the quartet's two-week engagement at the end of the first week. The musicians complained of the long hours, and the management protested the long intermissions . . . The **Stan Kenton Orchestra** and the **Four Freshmen** will give a concert at McCormick Place Aug. 8. **Frank Sinatra** also is scheduled for a date at the exposition hall July 18. Both concerts are part of the *Summer of Stars '65* series planned for McCormick Place . . . The University of Chicago's student radio station, WUCB, and the recently formed Ad Hoc Jazz Society, made up of musicians who feel they do not get enough opportunities to

perform in public, co-sponsored a concert by pianist **Alan Perlman**, bassist **Chuck Metalitz**, and drummer **Pete Woolams** at the university's Judson Lounge . . . **Lionel Hampton** is scheduled to bring a quintet into the London House for two weeks beginning July 5 . . . **Harry James' band** recently taped two segments for the WGN-TV-produced *Big Bands* television series . . . The 22-piece Roosevelt University Jazz Band, under the direction of assistant professor **S. Lane Emery**, was presented in concert in the school's Ganz Hall recently, sponsored by the Friends of the Library of Roosevelt University . . . **George Shearing** and his quintet appeared in a mid-May concert program at D'Amico's 214 Club in nearby Joliet . . . **Down Beat's Bill Mathieu** continues to serve as music director-pianist at the Second City, his latest effort being the music for the review theater's new *The Wrecking Ball* . . . Sunday matinee sessions have become de rigueur lately, apparently sparked by the success of those of the Old Town Gate and the Plugged Nickel. Now added to the roster are the **Crystal Pistol**, which features the trio of **Joe Diorio**, guitar, and **Melvin Jackson** and **Scotty Holt**, basses, from 2-8 p.m., and the **Second Time Around**, with sessions running from 4 to 8 p.m. During the week the group of trombonist **Frank Hooks** (**Irma Thompson**, piano; **Lowell Pointer**, bass; **Walter McCants**, drums) is featured at the club.

INDIANAPOLIS: After an all-winter hibernation with local groups, the **Red Rooster Lounge** returned to a policy

JAZZ MENAGERIE

A HIPSTER'S QUIZ
By GARY A. SOUCIE

The following 23 jazz musicians bear animal nicknames; see if you know them. If you score a perfect 23, consider yourself an honorary jazz critic (if you use the *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, consider yourself a fink); 18-22 correct, call yourself a hipster; 14-17, demote yourself to jazz fan; 11-13, you'd better bone up on either jazz or zoology; 10 or fewer, forget it:

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Thomas Carey | 13. Norwood Poindexter |
| 2. Minor Hall | 14. Charles Davenport |
| 3. Roland Berigan | 15. George Williams |
| 4. Wyatt Ruther | 16. Irving Randolph |
| 5. Willis Jackson | 17. William H.J.B.B. Smith |
| 6. Michael Marmarosa | 18. Clifton Best |
| 7. Johnny Hodges | 19. William Webb |
| 8. George Haynes | 20. Lester Collins |
| 9. Ben Webster | 21. Coleman Hawkins |
| 10. Wilbur Clayton | 22. William Anderson |
| 11. Clois Lee Teagarden | 23. Joseph Bonano |
| 12. Charles Parker | |

Answers will be found in the July 1 *Down Beat*

Answers to the *Jazz Geography* quiz that appeared in the last issue of *Down Beat*: 1, Jimmy Cleveland; 2, Dakota Staton; 3, Joe Albany; 4, Dinah, Buck, or Jack Washington; 5, Israel Crosby; 6, Carl ('Bama) Warwick; 7, Ike Quebec; 8, Illinois Jacquet; 9, Panama Francis; 10, Eddie Durham; 11, Peanut Holland; 12, Memphis Slim; 13, Duke, Clifford, Louis, Steve, or Taft Jordan; 14, Tex Beneke; 15, Lorez Alexandria; 16, Tampa Red; 17, Philly Joe Jones; 18, Wes, Monk, Buddy, Tom, Marian, or Little Brother Montgomery; 19, Kansas Fields; 20, Jackie Paris.

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of name blues singers in May with **Jimmy Witherspoon**. Following him was **Jimmy Reed** and then the **Soul Sisters** . . . With the closing of **Whisky A-Go-Go**, **Paulia Rhyne**, drummer and wife of organist **Melvin Rhyne**, moved into the 19th Hole on weekends with her own trio in early May . . . The **Pink Poodle** club underwent another management change in early May, as the city's jazz club situation remains in turmoil . . . **Ray Freeman's** Crusaders moved into the 150 Club for an indefinite stay early in May . . . The **Carousel Club** held a five-hour music festival May 5 with a half-dozen local groups, led by the **Earl Van Riper Trio**, playing in uninterrupted succession.

LOUISVILLE: Trumpeter **Jonah Jones** returned to his home town for a successful Derby Week engagement at the Embers . . . Organist **Milt Buckner** concluded his solo stay at the Embers May 15 . . . Bassist **Gene Klingman** joined the **Ray Harrara** group in Louisville and has gone to St. Petersburg, Fla., with the band, where it is playing at the Outrigger . . . The **Everett Hoffman-Jamie Aebersold Sextet** was such a success at its recent performance at the Southern Indiana Studio Gallery in New Albany that the group was invited to give a concert May 13 at the University of Louisville's Coffee House, which is operated by three religious groups on the campus . . . **Bill's Lounge** has been featuring vocalist **Linda Grimes** and a quartet of **Donny Hale**, tenor saxophone; **Don Murray**, piano; **Neil Burris**, bass; and **Tommy McCullough**, drums, Thursday through Saturday.

MIAMI: Non-club jazz activity has increased here recently. **Bert Konowitz**, author, lecturer, and jazz pianist, held a jazz lecture-concert at the Binder Baldwin Co. He spoke to members of the local music teachers' association and emphasized the importance of including jazz essentials in the teaching of music to secondary-school students. Miami-Dade Junior College's stage band under the direction of Prof. **Robert Thomas** was recently featured on WCKT-TV; the band's arrangements include mostly jazz standards, and the students receive credit for their work. The Unitarian Church in South Miami held a mainstream jazz concert featuring **Don Vincent**, piano; **Charlie Austin**, saxophone, flute, oboe; **Wayman Reed**, flugelhorn; **Fred Wickstrom**, drums, **Don Coffman**, bass. The Miami Public Library was the scene of a classical-jazz musical presentation when **Stewart McKay** led a woodwind ensemble with a rhythm section.

LAS VEGAS: Arranger **Chico O'Farrill**, who recorded with his big band in the early '50s and then left New York to live in Mexico City for seven years, is back on the jazz scene. He recently finished four weeks as **Andy Russell's** music director and conductor at the Sahara Hotel. O'Farrill's swinging arrangements gave **Louis Basil's** show band a chance to stretch out. **Jack Eglash**, lead alto saxophone, and **Pete Vincent**, drums, are new

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additions to Basil's band . . . The brilliance of **Lew Elias'** relief band's trumpet section gasses all musicians who hear it. The quartet consists of **Lloyd Luhman**, **Marv Harding**, **Charles Teagarden**, and **Lu Dell** . . . Ex-**Stan Kenton** trombonist **Keith Moon** has a group that gives concerts on special occasions throughout the year—the **Las Vegas Wind Symphony**.

LOS ANGELES: For her first Hollywood night-club date in some three years, singer **Lorez Alexandria** appeared for a two-weeker in May with the **Chico Hamilton Trio** at the **Sunset Strip's Scene**. Miss Alexandria also was a guest on **George Shearing's** Friday evening television show . . . The Lake Tahoe town of **Stateline, Nev.**, will rock with a vengeance to big bands from July 23 to Aug. 5 when **Harvey's Wagon Wheel** features the **Count Basie** and **Si Zentner** orchestras in the same booking. Zentner's crew will play the early shows at the hotel casino; Basie's will cater to late-nighters . . . On the suburban concert circuit, Mayor **Richard Nichols** of **San Gabriel**, no less, sponsored a one-day jazz festival in that community's civic auditorium recently that featured three modern groups—**Tom Peltier** and the **New-Jazz Corps**, **Chauncy Locke's** quintet, and the quintet of **Don Johnson** . . . Taking a flier at a new jazz policy is centrally located **Tommy Mitchell's Studio Club** on Los Angeles' **Beverly Blvd.** The **Gene Russell Trio** began the experiment.

SAN FRANCISCO: **Count Basie's** orchestra filled two open dates preceding its **San Carlos, Calif.**, theater engagement with **Tony Bennett** by playing a one-nighter at **Basin Street West** here and starring the next night in **Oakland** in the annual scholarship benefit concert staged by the east-bay chapter of the **League of Musicians Wives**. The president of the chapter is **Mrs. Grover Mitchell**, wife of the **Basie** lead trombonist. The **Rudy Salvini Orchestra** and pianist **Bill Bell's** trio, two local groups, also played for the benefit, which was emceed by jazz writer **Russ Wilson** . . . Singer **Joe Williams** appeared two nights at **Basin Street West** recently . . . Pianist-composer **Clare Fischer** and altoist-flutist **Bud Shank** were adjudicators of the second annual **Day of Jazz** sponsored by **San Jose State College**. Some 14 college stage bands and combos were scheduled to take part in the afternoon clinic and competition. Winners, along with **Fischer** and **Shank**, and the host school's big band, presented an evening public concert in the city's **Municipal Auditorium** . . . **San Mateo College**, one of the first in the nation to include jazz in its music department curriculum, presented the 15th annual concert by its stage band. **Dick Crest**, who played lead alto in the orchestra that staged the first concert, under director **Bud Young**, now is director of the band. **Herb Wong**, an **Oakland** school principal-jazz disc jockey on **KJAZ-FM** in **Oakland**, emceed the Friday night concert, and **Al (Jazzbo) Collins** of **KSFO** the Saturday night repeat, which was further spiced by a brief set by pianist **Joe Bushkin**.

BLUES DOINGS: Among artists lined up for participation in the 1965 **American Folk Blues Festival** package to tour Europe in late September are pianist **Roosevelt Sykes**, guitarist **Buddy Guy**, bassist **Jimmy Lee Robinson**, pianist **Eddie Boyd**, Mississippi singer-guitarist **Fred McDowell**, and Detroit one-man band **Dr. Isaiah Ross** . . . In Chicago, unexpectedly, was Texas blues man **Sam (Lightnin') Hopkins**, who performed two weekends at **Western Hall** along with the band of **J. B. Lenoir** and also in

nearby **Joliet** and **Gary** . . . A **University of Chicago Folklore Society** concert had Texas songster **Mance Lipscomb**; mountain balladeer **Buell Kazee** was on the same program. Lipscomb followed this appearance with one at the **Brandeis (Mass.) University folk festival** . . . **Big Joe Williams** has been appearing at **Chicago's Yellow Unicorn** on weekends lately . . . A busy blues club to visit in **Chicago** is the **Copa Cabana**, with music every night. **Howling Wolf** appears there on Mondays, and **Ricky Allen** and **Morris Pejoe** are there other nights.

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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.
Baby Grand: Big Nick Nicholas, hb.
Basie's: unk.
Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn): Marian & Jimmy McPartland to 6/30. Henry (Red) Allen, 7/1-31.
Charlie Bates': Stan Levine, Sun.
Chuck's Composite: Dick Garcia, Sy Johnson, Jack Six, tfn.
Clifton Tap Room (Clifton, N.J.): Modern Jazz Trio, tfn. Guest stars, Mon.
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.
Contemporary Center: Jazz Composers Guild, wknds.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gam-ba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Duke's: Attila Zoller, Don Friedman, tfn.
Eddie Condon's: Eddie Condon, Max Kaminsky, tfn.
Five Spot: Thad Jones-Pepper Adams, Teddy Wilson, to 6/20.
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wetling, Mike Shifter, tfn.
Gordian Knot: Dave Frishberg, Leroy Parkins. Half Note: unk.
Hickory House: Mitchell-Ruff, Eddie Thompson. Himself: Norman Lester, tfn.
Kirby Stone Fourum: Joe Mooney, tfn.
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Sonny Dallas, Nancy Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.
Leaves: Joe Thomas, Bob LaGuardia, Tue., Thur., Sat. Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed., Fri., Sun.
Metropole: Henry (Red) Allen, hb. Gene Krupa to 6/12. Dizzy Gillespie, 6/14-28.
New Colony Lounge: Howard Reynolds, tfn.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel, Garry Newman, Eddie Caccavelli, tfn.
Page Three: Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.
Playboy Club: Milt Sealy, Vin Strong, Ross Tompkins, Harold Francis, Walter Norris, tfn.
Jimmy Ryan's: Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn.
Slug's: Roy Haynes, tfn.
Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, tfn.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
Tower East: Don Payne, tfn.
Village Gate: Erroll Garner, Leon Bibb, tfn.
Village Vanguard: Earl Hines, 6/16-tfn.

BUFFALO

Boars Head: Sam Falzone, wknds.
Blardon: Jimmy Bucino, wknds.
Cold Springs Bon-Ton: Stan Hunter-Floyd Smith to 6/6. Kenny Burrell-Grant Green to 7/3. Jimmy Smith to 7/11.
Pine Grill: Little Charles to 6/14. Daddy B, 6/15-28. Jack McDuff, 6/29-7/4.
Prince Edward: Sam Noto, wknds.

PHILADELPHIA

Cadillac Sho-Bar: Hank Crawford-Betty Carter, 6/7-12; 6/22-24.
Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Johnny Ellis-Tony DiNicola, tfn.
Eagle (Trenton): Marty Bergen, tfn.
George Washington Motel (Valley Forge): Beryl Booker, tfn.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Conrad Jones, tfn.
Lambertville Music Circus: Dave Brubeck, 6/21.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.
Pep's: Frank Foster to 6/5. Lloyd Price, 6/14-19. Cannonball Adelerley, 6/21-26.
Sans Souci (Wilmington, Del.): piano trios nightly.
Show Boat: Al Hibbler to 6/5. Wes Montgomery-Wynton Kelley, 6/21-26.
Three Chefs: Terry Sawyer-Demon Spiro. Jimmy Rankin.

CLEVELAND

Brothers: Harry Damas, wknds.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.
Club 100: Joe Alexander, tfn.
Corner Tavern: Marvin Cabell, wknds. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro, tfn.
Executive Inn: Vince Mastro, Vikki Lynn, Bobby Bryan, tfn.
Esquire: Eddie Bacuss-Lester Sykes, tfn.
Fagan's Beacon House: Dixieland, wknds.
Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.
Kinsman Grill: jazz, wknds.
LaRue: Charlie Beckel, tfn.

Leo's Casino: Dizzie Gillespie, 6/3-6. Modern Jazz Quartet, 6/24-27.
Lucky Bar: Jose Harper, wknds.
Melba: Rudy Vincent, wknds.
Monticello: Herb Summers-George Quittner, wknds.
Moulin Rouge: Dick Trotter, Betty Robertson, tfn.
La Porte Rouge: Weasel Parker, wknds.
Punch & Judy: Labert Ellis, tfn.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb. Al Serafini, wknds.
Squeeze Room: Eddie Myers, wknds. Lanny Scott, Sun., Wed.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy.
Tangiers: Bill Gidney, Vickie Kelley, wknds.
Theatrical Grill: Billy Maxted to 6/12.
Thunderbird: Karen Durnat, tfn. Sounds of Three, sessions, Mon.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Artists' Workshop: free concerts, Sun. afternoons. Detroit Contemporary 4, hb.
Baker's Keyboard: Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, 6/3-12. Gene Krupa, 6/18-26.
Belmont Hotel (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, hb. Sessions, Fri.-Sat.
Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanston, tfn.
Blues Unlimited: Jimmy Reed, Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker to 6/30. Oscar Peterson, 7/5-10.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, tfn.
Caucus Club: Howard Lucas, tfn.
Chessmate Gallery: Jim Hartway, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Chit-Chat: Don Davis, tfn.
Charade: Harold McKinney, tfn.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Dave Vandepitt, afterhours, Mon.-Thur. Mel Ball, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Danish Inn (Farmington): Pat Flowers, tfn.
Drome Bar: Wes Montgomery to 6/6.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): Max Wood, Mon., Wed., Sat. George Overstreet, Tue., Thur.-Sat.
Frolic: Norman Dillard, tfn.
Grand Lounge: name groups weekly.
1/2 Pint's: Keith Vreeland, wknds.
Hobby Bar: Sessions, Tue. Ben Jones, wknds.
LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.
Midway Bar (Ann Arbor): Benny Poole, tfn.
Mitchell's Keynote: Lawrence Vaughn, tfn.
Momo's: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
Odom's Cave: Bill Hyde-Norris Patterson, wknds.
Office Lounge (Flint): Oscar Osborn, tfn.
Paige's: Frank Morelli, James Hawkins, wknds.
Playboy Club: Vince Mance, Matt Michaels, hbs.
Sabo Club (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Sax Club: Charles Rowland, tfn.
Scotch & Siroin: Jo Thompson, tfn.
Sports Bar (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, tfn.
S-Quire: Carolyn Atzel, Lewis Reed, tfn.
Surfside Club: Tom Saunders, Wed., Fri., Sat.
Unstable Theater: afterhours sessions, wknds.
Detroit Jazz Quintet, hb.
Village Gate: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, wknds.

CHICAGO

Big John's: Paul Butterfield, tfn.
Bourbon Street: Dukes of Dixieland, Eddy Davis.
Hungry Eye: Three Souts, tfn.
Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn.
London House: Peter Nero to 6/13. Village Stompers, 6/15-7/4. Eddie Higgins, Paul Ser-rano, hbs.
McKie's: unk.
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
Moroccan Village: Frank Shea, Joe Killian, tfn.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, wknds.
Playboy: Harold Harris, Willie Pickens, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Bill Evans, 6/2-13. Jimmy Smith, 6/16-27. Horace Silver, 6/30-7/11. Miles Davis, 7/14-25.
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.

INDIANAPOLIS

Barrington Lounge: Jimmy Coe, tfn. Sessions, Thur.
Cactus Club: Pookie Johnson, wknds.
Crescendo: Dave Baker, Sat. afternoons.
Embers: Mel Torme to 6/5. The Partners, 6/17-19. Frank D'Rone, Lieux Dressler, 6/21-7/3.
Embers Lounge: Claude Jones, tfn.
Hub-Bub: various groups.
Mr. B's Lounge: Roland Kirk to 6/5. Wes Montgomery, 6/7-19. Roy Haynes, Larry Ridley, Jimmy Spaulding, 6/21-7/3 (tentative).

19th Hole: Paulia Rhyne, wknds.
150 Club: Ray Freeman, tfn.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carney, wknds.
Hayes Lounge (Jacksonville): Bill Davis, tfn.
Holiday Inn: Rickey Thomas-Rudy Ferguson, tfn.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, Sam DeStefano, hbs.
Roney Plaza: Phil Napoleon, hb.

NEW ORLEANS

Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.
King's Room: Laverne Smith, tfn.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervalon, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reudy.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

LAS VEGAS

Black Magic: Gus Mancuso, tfn. Rick Davis, jam sessions, Sun.
Desert Inn: Phil Case, Murray Arnold, tfn.
Duffy's: Sherry Kirk, tfn.
Dunes Hotel: Earl Green, Bobby Sherwood, tfn.
El Cortez: Bill Rossi, Kathy Ryan, tfn.
Flamingo Hotel: Harry James, Bob Sims, tfn.
Gelo's: Bob Sullivan, tfn.
Guys & Dolls: Ann Hagen, Bill Kane, tfn.
Hacienda Hotel: Johnny Olenn, Danny Owens.
The Mint: Tommy Cellie, tfn. The Dixielanders, Wed.
Nevada Club: Paul Dino, tfn.
Riviera Hotel: Marty Heim, tfn.
Sahara Hotel: Sam Melchionne, Cliff Duphiney, tfn. Peggy Wied, Wed.
Sands Hotel: Red Norvo, Bob Snyder, Ernie Stewart, tfn.
Showboat Hotel: Leo Wolf, Freddie Powers, tfn.
Sneak Joint: Marvin Koral, Tues.
Stardust Hotel: Jimmy Blount, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Anaheim Chariot Room: Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Beverly Cavern: Hal Peppie, Warren Smith, Fri., Sat.
Beverly Hilton Hotel (Rendezvous Room): Calvin Jackson, Al McKibbin, tfn.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Sun., Mon.
Gaslight Club: The Saints, Jack Langlos, Duke Mitchell, tfn.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.
Frigate (Manhattan): Ben Rozet, Vic Mio, tfn.
Holiday Inn (Montclair): Society for the Preservation of Dixieland Jazz.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarneri, tfn.
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy's Dixieland Band, hb.
Jazz Go-Go: Curtis Peagler, tfn.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Howard Rumsey.
Mardi-Gras (San Diego): Pete Jolly, 7/18.
Marty's: William Green, tfn. Barney Kessel, Mon.
Memory Lane: Gerald Wiggins, tfn.
Mitchell Studio Club: various groups.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, tfn.
Red Chimney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Thur., Sat.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri., Sat.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Victor Feldman, Mon. Shelly Manne, wknds.
Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): Herb Hicks, Wed.-Sun.
Statler-Hilton Hotel (Terrace Room): H. B. Barnum, Allen Ray, Gene Russell, tfn.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Three Sounds, 6/17-20. Lou Rawls, 7/15-18. Cannonball Adelerley, 8/5-7. Jeff Tyus, hb.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Gary McFarland to 6/14. Oscar Peterson, 6/15-27. Anita O'Day, 6/28-7/18. Lionel Hampton, 7/20-8/1. Duke Ellington, 8/18-25.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, hb.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Brasil 65, tfn.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Stan Kenton alumni, Fri.-Sat.
Hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.
Jazz Workshop: unk.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
Trident (Sausalito): unk.

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