

JULY 29, 1965

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

JAZZ IN THE VILLAGE

A Photo Tour Of New
York's Greenwich Village
Jazz Scene

Gary Burton: Portrait Of The Artist
As A Young Vibraharpist

By Don DeMicheal

Billy Eckstine And The First
Big Bop Band

HOT BOX, By George Hofer

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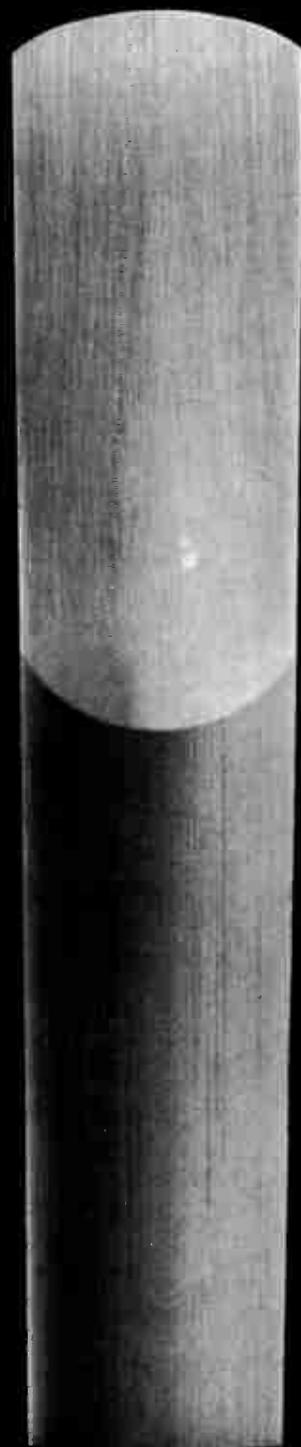
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On Newsstands Throughout the World
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Cover photograph by Jim Mazzuchi

Address all correspondence to 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, 205 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., 60606, Financial 6-7811. Martin Gallay, Advertising Sales. Don DeMicheal, Pete Welding, Jan Seefeldt, Editorial. Margaret Marchi, Subscription Manager.

EAST COAST OFFICE: 1776 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10019, PLaza 7-5111. Dan Morgenstern, Editorial. Robert B. McKeage, Advertising.

WEST COAST OFFICES: Editorial, Harvey Siders, 6269 Selma Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif., 90028, HO 3-3268. Advertising Sales, Publishers Representatives International, 356 S. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., 90005, 386-3710.

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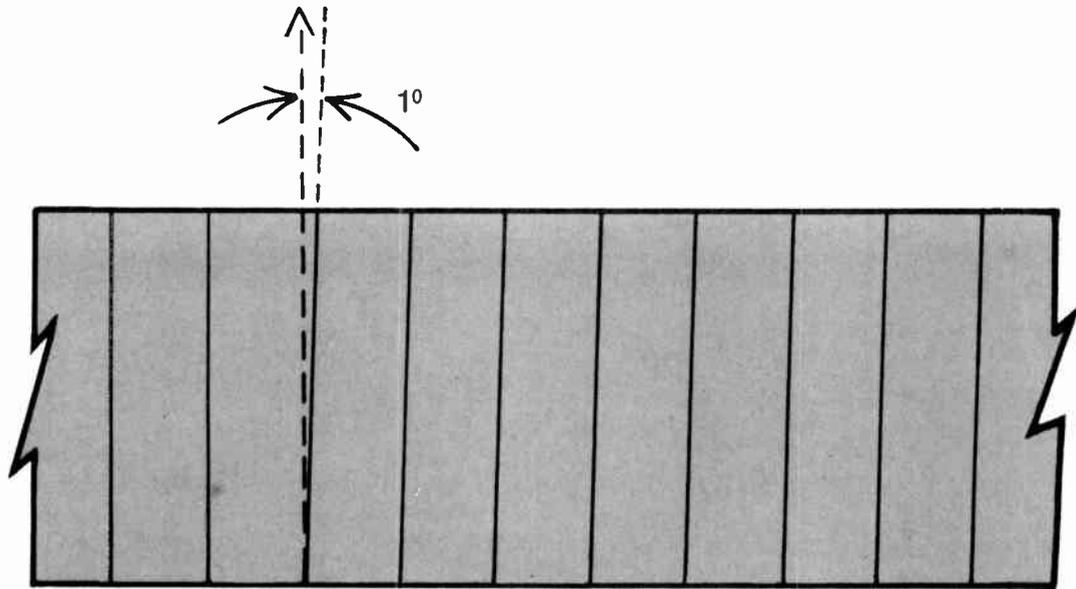
Subscription rates \$7 one year, \$12 two years, \$16 three years, payable in advance. If you live in Canada or in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 50 cents to the prices listed above. If you live in any other foreign country, add \$1.50. If you move, let us know your new address (include your old one, too) in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies, and we can't send duplicates).

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT;
MUSIC '65; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS;
N.A.M.M. Daily

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Electric Guitar's Where It's At . . .

I have just finished reading Tom Scanlan's article on rhythm guitar (*DB*, July 1). On the whole, it was an interesting article, but I resent Scanlan's many derogatory remarks about amplified guitars.

Rhythm guitar is an important instrument in big bands; however, big bands are now a scarcity. They are no longer a part of modern music. In a small group a guitar is pushed to the foreground. It can no longer be used as a straight rhythm instrument but must add color to a group, much as a piano does. A rhythm guitar could not add finesse and color to a small group the way an amplified instrument does.

So why doesn't Scanlan get with it and realize that an electric guitar is not a gimmick or a toy but an instrument developed to fit the needs of modern music?

Kenny Bennett
Oceanside, N.Y.

. . . Or Is It?

I'd like to give five stars to Tom Scanlan's article, *The Tough, Straight Art*. Articles such as this one will certainly help to focus attention on this almost forgotten art. I have been quite close to rhythm guitar and the philosophy of it (if you want to call it that), and reading the article recalled something very familiar. About the volume available from an unamplified guitar: it's a sound that pervades instead of intrudes.

Dana Mathewson
Lockport, N.Y.

He Who Waits . . .

I read with some amazement the letter in *Chords and Discords* (*DB*, June 17) in which Al Fisher comments presumptuously, if not authoritatively, on the Stan Getz-Eddie Sauter soundtrack for the motion picture *Mickey One*.

Fisher's unseemly haste to demean a work he has not heard is mystifying. Or was the letter, after all, simply another wearisome attempt to put down artists like Getz, whose chief offense seems to be that their music is lucid and comprehensible?

Fisher opines that the Getz-Sauter *Focus* album is far from the modern pulse of jazz. What is that modern pulse of jazz? The avant-garde? We know that it has become fashionable in some circles to assume that if it's atonal, it's got to be good, but actually what special merit attaches to this kind of music? Does its obscurity and frequent incoherence enhance its artistic value?

I, for one, feel that if the Getz-Sauter partnership is as felicitous as their previous collaboration, a rare treat is in store for all of us.

Eileen Hoag
Rouses Point, N.Y.

A Plea For Bud

Don Nelsen's review of Bud Powell's *A Portrait of Thelonious* (*DB*, July 1) disturbed me very much but not because it received three stars, which indicates that it is at least a decent album. What is disturbing is its perhaps unconscious revelation of the general response to Bud nowadays, a response that is disheartening.

For the jazz public, Bud seems to have died sometime in the mid-'50s, and his recent recordings are not being regarded in a friendly spirit. They are not heard as the signs of the resurgence of a vital and powerful musical personality but are dismissed as depressing evidence of a spirit and talent still wasting away. What is implied is: "Bud, unless you're going to be brilliant, please stop making records altogether. Jazz is on the move, and you're saying the same old things anyway."

I think Bud is playing brilliantly right now. He has lost some of his bite and sting, and technically I admit there is some degeneration, but his musical self is whole, and it has changed more than it has deteriorated.

Bud is one of the few living geniuses of jazz and deserves less harsh handling. I mean only this: let's not wait until he dies and start his memorial albums rolling and jacking up all the ratings. This is a plea for critics and listeners to open their ears to the beauty that is there.

Jack Shadoian
Storrs, Conn.

Peterson Right About Ornette

Although I don't care very much for the jump-and-roll sound produced by the Oscar Peterson Trio, I greatly admired Peterson's blowing the whistle on my favorite musician, Ornette Coleman (*DB*, June 17). His reference to Coleman's practicing the violin for a year or two and then crashing upon the public was simply the undiluted, Gospel truth concerning something quite ridiculous.

The pitiful fact is that Coleman is getting away with it.

Baron Johnson
Sumter, S.C.

Destructive Dollars, Part 2

Nils Young (*Chords*, July 1) speaks the truth; however, must I mention that the all-powerful consumer makes or breaks a true art? For money's sake we all eat.

Thomas R. Schoen
Toledo, Ohio

Unstrung By Johnson

It was interesting to see what surely must be Pete Welding's 319th praising of Robert Johnson in the very good *Stringin' the Blues* article (*DB*, July 1). But I'm curious. Would Welding agree with my view that the Johnson disc on Columbia is the best available blues recording in the world?

Hugh Walthall
Oakland, Md.

He would indeed.



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Vol. 32 No. 16

CHICAGO JAZZMEN ADDED TO DOWN BEAT JAZZ FESTIVAL

Some of the best modern jazz musicians in the Chicago area have been added to the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival to be held Aug. 13, 14, and 15 in Chicago's Soldier Field, according to John J. Maher, *Down Beat's* publisher. The groups will appear on the Aug. 15 afternoon program. They are Sandy Mosse's Pieces of Eight, the Bunky Green Quintet, the Joe Daley Trio, and the Joe Diorio Quartet. Cecil Taylor will head a group of jazzmen from New York City on the same program.

Maher said this program will be called "Bird and Beyond," pointing out that the Diorio group and the Pieces of Eight are more or less in the spirit of the late Charlie Parker, while the Daley, Green, and Taylor combos are either in or near jazz' avant-garde.

The publisher, who is co-producer of the festival with George Wein and Michael Butler, also announced the evening program lineups.

On Aug. 13, the groups featured will be those of Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck, and Stan Getz, plus the Newport Jazz Festival All-Stars headed by pianist Wein and including trumpeter Ruby Braff, tenorist Bud Freeman, and clarinetist Pee Wee Russell. The Aug. 13 concert also will have trumpeter Roy Eldridge and pianist Earl Hines as soloists.

The Aug. 14 evening program will be headed by the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet featuring reed artist James Moody, the Jimmy Smith Trio, Muddy Waters blues band, the Count Basie Orchestra, and vocalist Carmen McRae.

The final evening concert will spotlight the quartets of John Coltrane and Thelonious Monk, along with the Woody Herman Band, vocalist Joe Williams, and baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan.

All three evening programs will feature the 15-piece *Down Beat* Jazz Festival Orchestra conducted by Gary McFarland. Several well-known artists will appear as featured soloists with the orchestra. McFarland's quintet also will be heard at each evening concert.

Hines will play a solo set at the festival's Aug. 14 afternoon program, Maher said. The Saturday afternoon program will trace the evolution of the so-called Chicago style of jazz. Besides Hines, the concert's artists include blues singer Big Joe Williams and Muddy Waters, the Franz Jackson Original Jass All-Stars, the Original Salty Dogs, and a reunion band of original Chicago jazzmen—Freeman, Russell, cornetist Jimmy McPartland, trombonist Floyd O'Brien, pianist Art Hodes, bassist Jim Lanigan, and drummer George Wettling.

GUITARIST CARL KRESS DIES IN NEVADA

Guitarist Carl Kress, 57, died of a heart attack June 10 in Reno, Nev. At the time of his death, Kress was appearing with fellow guitarist George Barnes at the Nugget in nearby Sparks, Nev.

A native of Newark, N.J., Kress was one of the pioneers of chord-style and rhythm guitar. He gained prominence as a member of Paul Whiteman's orchestra and from 1927 through the early '30s was much in demand for jazz recording dates in New York, appearing on discs with Bix Beiderbecke, Red Nichols, the Dorsey Brothers, Miff Mole, and other prominent jazzmen of the day.

Subsequently, Kress concentrated on studio work, first in radio, then also in television. He was part-owner of the original Onyx Club on New York City's 52nd St. Several years ago, he formed a guitar duo with Barnes, and they appeared in clubs and concerts throughout the United States.

In 1964 the duo gave a successful Town Hall recital, and early this year, Kress and Barnes performed to great acclaim at a White House staff party and dance in the nation's capital.

USSR, GERMANY, HUNGARY, AND HOLLYWOOD FOCUS ON ARMSTRONG

Louis Armstrong was the center of much attention in various places of the world last month.

Late in June, Russians, for the first time, saw Armstrong playing and singing. But it was not in the flesh—Armstrong made an appearance on *Evening Meeting*, a television show seen regularly in the Soviet Union. Armstrong had filmed his guest shot some time before its showing. He did only one number, *Mack the Knife*.

The program, which included an abbreviated history of jazz, also featured film clips of Lionel Hampton, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, and Glenn Miller.

Also in Europe, during a concert tour, Armstrong left eddies of excitement behind him. A Frankfurt, Germany, concert promoter, Clara Gunderloch, entered a suit in German courts against the cultural ministry of the state of Northrhine-Westfalen, objecting to the ministry's assessment of Armstrong's talent. The promoter contends that Armstrong's recent concert should have been classified in the same category as opera, symphonic and chamber music, dance, and drama because it was a cultural and artistic event for the community. Should it be raised to this higher category, entertainment taxes added to ticket prices would be eliminated. The ministry, however, placed the trumpeter's concert in the tax classification "worthy."

But there was no doubt of the regard in which Armstrong is held in Hungary—his concert in Budapest, his first in that country, drew 80,000 persons to the city's new Stadium Bowl. Poor weather and an unprecedented six-mile traffic jam leading to the stadium were blamed for the trumpeter's failure to fill the bowl to its 100,000 capacity.

Back in the United States, a giant tribute to the 65-year-old Armstrong is sched-

uled for July 31 at the Hollywood Bowl in Los Angeles. No one seemed to know, however, who would participate in the salute, which is in celebration of the trumpeter-singer's 50 years in show business. The only musician, besides Armstrong and his group, announced for the event was clarinetist Pete Fountain.

KENTON HITS THE ROAD WITH ANOTHER BAND

Upon completing a series of appearances in California, among them Los Angeles' Gaslight Club and Tin Pan Alley in Redwood City, Stan Kenton will take a non-Neophonic band on a six-week coast-to-coast tour starting Aug. 1.

At presstime, a few remaining open dates were being filled, but road manager Jim Amlotte said the basic itinerary would include Wichita, Kan.; Chicago; Cleveland and Youngstown, Ohio; Pittsburgh, Pa.; and various bookings in the Boston-New York City-New Jersey area.

The latest list of personnel shows Dalton Smith, Ronnie Ossa, Larry Ford, Gary Barone, Bill Clark, trumpets; Bob Fitzpatrick, Jack Spurlock, Jim Amlotte, trombones; Ray Reed, Gary LeFevre, Bob Dahl, Gene Siegel, Bill Fritz, saxophones; and Phil Heine, drums. No bassist had been selected at presstime.

The band will travel by bus, but there will be one consolation for this usually irksome form of transportation: a stereophonic system installed by Amlotte, with an outlet for each seat.

"In fact, the whole idea is to provide an outlet," Amlotte said. "After a gig, the fellows are tired, all tensed up. Listening to classics, such as Debussy, will be quite soothing and relaxing."

DOWN BEAT-MUSEUM CONCERTS IN A SOGGY BUT FLYING START

Some 2,000 jazz lovers braved a heavy rainfall to open the series of jazz concerts in the sculpture garden of New York's Museum of Modern Art June 17. The crowd heard tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins, accompanied by pianist Tommy Flanagan, bassist Bob Cranshaw, and two drummers, Billy Higgins and Mickey Roker.

Clear skies prevailed for the second concert in the *Down Beat*-co-sponsored series, held June 24. Tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman's quintet performed for an audience of more than 2,400 persons with Max Kaminsky, cornet; George Wein, piano; Jack Lesberg, bass, and Marquis Foster, drums.

The series continued July 1 with pianist Earl Hines and his quartet, featuring tenor saxophonist Budd Johnson, followed by blues singer-guitarist Muddy Waters' band July 8.

RIVERSIDE RECORDS REACTIVATED UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Riverside records, one of the leading independent jazz labels before it went bankrupt last July, has been reactivated under the banner of Orpheum Productions, Inc., a new record company.

Orpheum has acquired the rights to produce and market the catalog of River-

side and its subsidiary labels—Jazzland, Battle, Wonderland, Washington, and Off-beat.

Erwin Bagley, vice president and general manager of the new firm, said, "We're shooting for our first release in August. At first, we'll concentrate on items from the existing catalog and from the backlog of unreleased material available to us. But we definitely plan to do recordings of new material, working with independent producers in the jazz and children's fields."

Bagley is a former general manager of Audio Fidelity records, has held executive positions with Liberty and Colpix records, and has been associated with Sid Bernstein in producing jazz festivals. He came to Orpheum after serving as a director of *Tape Recording* magazine and Audio Times Publishing Co.

John F. Doran is president of the new company, and Allen Jeter, a onetime professional tenor saxophonist, is vice president and treasurer.

Orpheum will have at its disposal one of the largest jazz catalogs in the business, including recordings by Thelonious Monk, Bill Evans, Cannonball Adderley, Wes Montgomery, Milt Jackson, Charlie Byrd, Sonny Rollins, Max Roach, and many others, as well as Riverside's Archive series, which comprises rare and valuable historic material from the former Gennett and Paramount labels.

The new company will retain the Riverside label names and maintain New York City offices in the former Riverside headquarters.

U. S. IMMIGRATION DEPARTMENT ALMOST SILENCES TUBBY HAYES

A right-to-work permit for Tubby Hayes, who plays tenor saxophone and other reeds, flute, and vibraphone, was held up until the day of his recent opening at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood, Calif. The English jazzman had to "prove his stature as a musician" to investigators at the U.S. Department of Immigration in Los Angeles. This he did by showing them his biography in *The Encyclopedia of Jazz*, recordings, and assorted clippings.

One of the officials remarked to Rudy Onderwyzer, drummer Shelly Manne's partner at the night club, "But these clippings are from 1961. What's he done since then?"

Hayes has played New York City and Boston during the last few years but without immigration problems.

Negotiations for Hayes' Hollywood gig were begun last March. The green light to bring him over (at the club's expense) was not given by the American Federation of Musicians until a reciprocal booking was made sending tenorist Al Cohn to London to replace Hayes at the Ronnie Scott Club.

When the Immigration Department gave its final approval, it was only a matter of hours before Hayes' West Coast debut.

Adding to the counterpoint of relieved sighs, George Shearing sat in opening night. The reunion of Britons was enhanced by the presence of Londoner Vic Feldman, whose trio (British-born Colin Bailey, drums, and Monte Budwig, bass) backed Hayes.

Random Thoughts From George Russell

When composer-pianist George Russell left the United States for Europe last fall at the helm of a sextet included in producer George Wein's star-studded festival package, he had barely recovered from a serious ulcer operation. Back in New York on a brief business trip during May, after which he returned to Stockholm, Sweden, where he has taken up residence, Russell looked robust and healthy as he told *Down Beat* of his activities in Europe during the last seven months.

"After the concert tour ended," Russell said, "the sextet was offered a two-week booking at the Golden Circle in Stockholm. After that, I decided to remain in Sweden to rest. I was invited to teach my concept of Lydian chromatics to Sweden's leading jazzmen and taught a six-week course co-sponsored by the city of Stockholm and the ABF, a federation of trade unions—somewhat like our AFL-CIO."

Subsequently, Russell formed a sextet, using three Swedish musicians (trumpeter Bertil Lovgren ["a very talented student of Benny Bailey"], trombonist Eje Thelin, and tenor saxophonist Bernt Rosengren), the Polish bassist Roman Dylag, and American drummer Al (Tootie) Heath.

"We toured," Russell said, "playing the Montmartre in Copenhagen, a club in Zurich, and doing radio work in Belgium. And I did some writing for the Danish radio. When I get back, we'll play the Molde festival in Norway July 29, then in Baden-Baden, Germany. I've also been asked to form the Stockholm Civic Jazz Orchestra, a large ensemble. The sextet has been invited to Czechoslovakia, and both the U.S. State Department and the Swedish government have expressed interest in sending us behind the Iron Curtain."

The response to his music in Europe, Russell said, has been good. He said that "there is a growing interest in new developments in jazz." But he made it clear that by this term he did not mean to endorse all that is occurring in jazz today.

"There's a lot of nonsense involved," he explained. "In some ways, the avant-garde is the last refuge of the untalented." He spoke of some of the music he had heard during his return here:

"Many people are just creating musical feelings based on their own emotions. But that isn't enough. It's not a music, in the sense that Ornette Coleman has created a music—or Guy Lombardo, for that matter; you can always tell it's Lombardo. . . ."

Many of the new players, Russell said,

have "an overevaluated sense of their ability to become instant composers. Composing is different from playing and always will be. The composer must take time to plan, to build structures and forms that will sustain interest. Much of what I hear is boring; there is a sameness to it all."

"Freedom," Russell continued, "as the term is used, is an illusion. If you impose your will on something, it is no longer 'free'; you have already set your own boundaries. It is not enough to build idea upon idea, form upon form, and expect to create a music. It's music, perhaps—but it's not distinctive and memorable, with its own character. There are feelings, yes—moments that are exhilarating—but it's not music at its best when you must wait 20 minutes to hear 30 seconds."

Russell said he feels that the composer is "the most needed person in the so-called 'new thing.' The era of the idiocy of endless improvising is coming to an end; we need greater control in the hands of people who have an understanding of improvisation and its importance.

"It's like the theater. The composer is the author-director, the musicians are the actors. They can employ all sorts of tech-

OVE ALSTROM



Russell

'Avant-garde is the last refuge of the untalented'

niques, use all kinds of forms—but there must be one mind behind it. Here, the feeling seems to be that the arranger-composer is only functional; he lays out a skeleton, and then, presumably, the musician can do something far beyond it. But I haven't heard it."

Yet, according to Russell, "there is a healthy, thriving underground in music. Perhaps the musicians are not as successful (or even as good) as they might be, but they have spirit, aggressiveness, and fire." Jazz "is blessed," he said, not to have become part of the "era of pop-art worship of familiar objects. Jazz is not part of mass culture. . . ."

About his future plans, the composer said that he "would like to commute between Europe and America. I love New York, and I love America. There are people who say they hate America, but I can't use that kind of thinking. With all its faults, I think this country is going to win its fight to become truly democratic."

strictly ad lib

POTPOURRI: Japan has been off the itineraries of U.S. jazz groups since late winter, when some American musicians were arrested on charges of violating Japanese narcotics laws. But there are indications that the once-lucrative market for U.S. jazz may revive. Tenorist **Stan Getz'** quartet (**Gary Burton**, vibraharp; **Steve Swallow**, bass; and **Larry Bunker**, drums) is currently winding up a three-week tour of the islands; drummer **Chico Hamilton** also is booked for dates in Japanese cities. Hamilton's group will include **Sadao Watanabe**, the Japanese reed man who came to this country last year to study at the Berklee School of Music and who since has worked with vibraharpist-arranger **Gary McFarland's** quintet.

One of the most stable groups in jazz, the **Oscar Peterson Trio**, had its first personnel change in more than five years when drummer **Ed Thigpen** parted company with pianist **Peter Peterson** and bassist **Ray Brown**. Thigpen joined the group in January, 1959. His replacement with the trio is **Louis Hayes**, formerly of the **Cannonball Adderley Sextet**.

New York City's **Birdland**, which has been opening and closing as regularly as its management changed entertainment policies, is, at presstime, shuttered. The club, which gained fame as a jazz club in the '50s, also closed in spring, 1964, after switching from jazz to rock and roll but then reopened in the summer as a jazz club, only to revert a couple of months ago to rock music with the added spectre of a discotheque thrown in. But as the management threw in the towel last month, a spokesman announced—or warned—that the basement club might reopen in the fall as a cabaret-theater.

In the general celebration of the recent excise-tax cut, few noted the removal of a tax that has been a burr under the saddle of the American Federation of Musicians for years—the so-called Cabaret Tax. The tax, enacted as a war-time measure and collected on food-and-drink bills at establishments that hired vocalists and other acts, will be dropped on New Year's Eve, 1965.

The fifth annual Texas Jazz Festival will be held in Corpus Christi at the Memorial Coliseum July 18. Drummer **Al (Beto) Garcia**, festival director who also will play, has chosen 15 southwestern groups to take part in the festival. Scheduled from San Antonio are the **Alamo City Jazz Band**, the **Bob Reynolds Quintet**, the **Phil Timmons Sextet**, and pianist **Ralph Duran**. Houston will send altoist **Jimmy Ford**, trumpeter **Louis Gasca**, altoist **Rene Sandoval**, and their

groups. Also appearing will be Dallas drummers **Paul Guerrero** and **Juvey Gomez**, who will bring with them pianist **Jac Murphy**, trumpeter **Nipper Murphy**, and bassist **Gil Pitts**. Corpus Christi artists to appear are pianist **Red Camp**, **Bobby Galvan** and his 20-piece band, singer **Jewel King**, and the **Naval Air Station Sextet**. Jazz accordionist **Bob Sardo** and pianist **James Polk** will come from Austin and pianist **Larry Breeze** from Fort Worth. Admission is free, thanks to the Corpus Christi Chamber of Commerce, the event's sponsor.

Among European festivals that continue to attract jazzmen from both the United States and the continent will be the fifth International Jazz Festival held at Molde, Norway, from July 29 to Aug. 1. Among artists who have been signed to appear there are the **George Russell Sextet**, tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin**, trumpeter **Donald Byrd**, pianist **Kenny Drew**, violinist **Stuff Smith**, baritone saxophonist **Lars Gullin**, bassist **Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen**, and drummer **Alex Riel**. Another upcoming festival that will be featuring several U.S. groups is the one that will be held at Antibes/Juan-les-Pins, France, on July 24-29. The **Woody Herman Band**, **John Coltrane Quartet**, **Jimmy McGriff Trio**, **Nina Simone Quartet**, and the **Staple Singers** are among those scheduled there.

NEW YORK: A benefit for the family of the late **Ed Sherman**, who wrote for *Down Beat* under the pseudonym **George Crater**, took place at the Village Gate June 14. Performers included the **Modern Jazz Quartet**; baritone saxophonist **Gerry Mulligan**; the **Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer Quintet** (**Roger Kellaway**, piano; **Bill Crow**, bass; **Dave Bailey**, drums); trumpeter **Carmell Jones**; saxophonists **Phil Woods**, **Pepper Adams**, **Charlie McPherson**, **Sonny Red**, and **Jimmy Heath**; pianists **Tommy Flanagan** and **Barry Harris**; singer **Joe Williams**; bassists **Joe Benjamin** and **Jimmy Garrison**; trombonist **Benny Powell**; drummers **Eddie Locke**, **Hugh Walker**, and **Walter Perkins**; and comedians **Henny Youngman** and **Soupy Sales**. The event, organized by critic **Ira Gitler**, drew more than 500 persons . . . **Count Basie's** band and drummer **Gene Krupa's** quartet entertained at the 10th anniversary party for NBC-Radio's *Monitor* program, held outdoors in Rockefeller Plaza last month . . . Following pianist **Erroll Garner's** highly successful one-month stay at the Village Gate, the club's owner, **Art D'Lugoff**, brought in bassist **Charlie Mingus' Jazz Workshop** and trumpeter **Roy Eldridge's** quartet. Singer **Gloria Lynne** appeared on weekends during the **Mingus-Eldridge** show. Pianist **Thelonious Monk's** and tenor saxophonist **John Coltrane's** quartets followed for a two-week stand and close July 18. **D'Lugoff** also plans to turn his Top of the Gate restaurant into a piano room, featuring jazz pianists of all styles . . . Singer **Jimmy Rushing** has been added on weekends to the **Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet** at the Half Note. The show closes July 18.

Pianist **Earl Hines** returned from a successful European tour and did two weeks at the Village Vanguard with tenor saxophonist **Budd Johnson**, bassist **Gene Ramey**, and drummer **Eddie Locke**. The Vanguard began a new Monday night jazz-for-dancing policy late in June. Flutist **Jeremy Steig's** quartet (**Pat Rebillot**, piano; **Midge Pike**, bass; **Lenny Seed**, drums) has been providing the music . . . **Tommy's**, the 52nd St. bar formerly known as **Junior's**, features pianist **Duke Jordan** and bassist **Pete Compo** on weekends . . . Trumpeter **Herman Autrey** and trombonist **Vic Dickenson** subbed for cornetist **Wild Bill Davison** and valve trombonist **Marshall Brown** at **Jimmy Ryan's** while the regulars were in Toronto with **Davison's** band . . . Alto saxophonist **Lou Donaldson's** quartet, featuring trumpeter **Bill Hardman** and organist **Billy Gardner**, returned to the Five Spot last month. Drummer **Roy Haynes' quartet**, with **Wayne Shorter**, tenor saxophone, shared the bill . . . A continuing series of Sunday afternoon jazz sessions at **Penn's Studio**, 70 W. 125th St., feature trumpeters **Willie Cook** and **Louis Ware**, trombonist **Matthew Gee**, saxophonists **Roland Alexander** and **Clarence (C) Sharpe**, cellist **Calo Scott**, pianist **Billy Greene**, bassist **John Ore**, and drummer **Walter Bolden**. **Scott, Ore, Green**, and drummer **Roger Blank** also played a concert at the YMCA's **William Sloane House**, June 23 . . . Pianist **Peppe Moreale's** trio holds forth at the Hotel Park Sheraton's **Mermaid Room** . . . Clarinetist **Sol Yaged** and pianist **John Bunch** head two groups at the **Luigi II** restaurant in **Greenwich Village** . . . Brazilian singer **Eliana Pittman**, daughter of veteran saxophonist **Booker Pittman**, followed her stay at the Phonebooth with an engagement at the **Living Room** (both clubs are intimate east-side spots) . . . The **Improvisational Jazz Workshop** quintet co-led by saxophonists-composers **Ed Summerlin** and **Don Heckman** gave a concert at the Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church in Manhattan June 20 . . . African drummer **Michael Olatunji** and his troupe perform at the **World's Fair African Pavilion**.

The **Embers West**, the new jazz club on W. 49th St., brought in trumpeter **Joe Newman** June 21, to replace trumpeter **Ruby Braff** while the latter was touring England with the **Alex Welch Band** for the **Manchester Sports Guild**. **Braff** returned to the club July 7 for a three-week stand. The house rhythm section at **Embers West** consists of pianist **Ross Tompkins**, bassist **Russell George**, and drummer **Jake Hanna**. Intermission pianist is **Joe Shulman**, formerly known professionally as **Joe Saye** . . . Tenor saxophonist **King Curtis** leads a quartet at the Hotel Taft's new discotheque room, emphasizing the current hopeful trend toward more live music and less reliance on recorded sounds at the establishments . . . A jazz mass for seven-piece combo, organ, and 50-voice choir of Boston pianist-composer **Joseph Masters** was premiered June 20 at the First Presbyterian Church in Elmira, N.Y. The combo included

(Continued on page 42)

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Pittsburgh Jazz Festival

Downtown Civic Arena, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The second annual Pittsburgh Jazz Festival was even more of an artistic and financial success than last year's festival.

Headed by a number of former Pittsburghers (Earl Hines, Mary Lou Williams, Art Blakey, Ahmad Jamal) and supplemented by show-stopping performances by three who never left home (Eric Kloss, Walt Harper, and Harold Betters), it was producer George Wein's second shot in the arm for Pittsburgh jazz and played to 17,017 fans during its three days.

The festival was held June 18-20 to help programs of the Pittsburgh Catholic Youth Organization, the event's sponsor. Each performance was concluded by a big band (either Count Basie's, Duke Ellington's, or Woody Herman's). The only advertised star not to appear was Miles Davis, who was still recuperating from a recent operation.

Two festival side events, an early morning dance with the Ellington orchestra and a Sunday afternoon piano workshop with Billy Taylor, Willie (The Lion) Smith, Ellington, Miss Williams, and others, were poorly attended. Only 120 persons attended the dance, and 495 heard the excellent workshop, which was highlighted by an impromptu duet by Hines and Ellington.

The quality of performances began on a high level Friday with the Modern Jazz Quartet. The four men wove their subtle lines through several originals and two standards (*I Loves You, Porgy* and *It Ain't Necessarily So*). The members, vibist Milt Jackson, pianist John Lewis, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Connie Kay, played superbly.

Blakey's Jazz Messengers subbed for Davis' quintet and provided the first show-stopper with a performance of *I Can't Get Started*, which featured trumpeter Charles Tolliver and altoist Gary Bartz. Soloing on a number of originals were bassist Victor Sproles, pianist John Hicks, and, of course, drummer Blakey.

The Newport All-Stars (Ruby Braff, trumpet; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Wein, piano; Larry Gales, bass; and Ben Riley, drums) played a relaxing set of standards. *Deed I Do* featured Wein; Freeman got the audience buzzing with his inimitable phrasing and ideas on *You Took Advantage of Me*; and Braff used his mute with great subtlety on *Sleepy Time Down South*. The group rode out on *Take the A Train* with Freeman and Braff standing toe to toe, shouting and punching out superb choruses at each other.

Gales and Riley then stepped back into their regular jobs when Thelonious Monk took the stand for a set of originals. Monk, sartorially and artistically bright,

had a good night, as did his tenorist, Charlie Rouse.

The Basie band crept up on the audience with *Shiny Stockings*, and then drummer Rufus Jones blasted the listeners with his big beat on *I Can't Stop Loving You*. Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis also took some exciting tenor choruses on *Can't Stop*. Two Quincy Jones originals, *Needs to Be* and *The Midnight Sun Never Sets*, featured superb Al Grey trombone and tasteful Marshall Royal alto. *L'il Darlin'* gave the band a good workout. The inevitable *One O'Clock Jump* ended the first night.

The first and most consistently exciting of the Pittsburgh combos started Saturday's concert on a high artistic level. Personable Walt Harper took over the microphone to introduce his numbers and sidemen, who seemed coolly assured that they wouldn't let the home fans down. The high spots were Harper's solo on an original composition, *Just a Little Bit More*, and his brother Nate's lyrical tenor saxophone on *People*.

Earl Hines, first of the Pittsburgh jazz musicians to leave home (in the '20s) and gain fame, was back in town professionally for the first time in 15 years, and he made an especially good showing. He was joined by Riley and Gales for a set that included *Keepin' Out of Mischief Now*, *Breezing Along with the Breeze*, *Manhattan*, and *Tea for Two*. The man who inspired so many generations of pianists and students and set up a climate of jazz interest in Pittsburgh was given an ovation at the conclusion of his regular program. He encoored with *Canadian Sunset*, *Lullaby of Birdland*, *Misty*, and *Satin Doll*.

Carmen McRae, next up, proved she is one of the few jazz vocalists worthy of the name with *Sweet Georgia Brown*, *I Wish I Were in Love Again*, a goose-pimpling *Blame It on My Youth*, and *They All Laughed*, 'Round Midnight, and *Sunday*. She was ably accompanied by the Norman Simmons Trio.

Tenorist Stan Getz followed Miss McRae with an excellent performance on *When the World Was Young*. The hushed audience then was captivated by the personable Getz, who revealed his humorous side in introducing his 22-year-old vibist, Gary Burton, whose solo rendition of *My Funny Valentine* had Duke Ellington beaming with praise backstage. The Getz quartet wrapped up its set with *Murphy's Blues*.

The audience was invited to contrast the style of Getz with that of John Coltrane, who appeared next, but Coltrane wasn't performing up to par. Even the most dyed-in-the-wool Coltrane fans seemed confused as to whether the saxophonist was kidding or not. His group finally got down to business on *My Favorite Things*, which had some exciting Indian-like sounds emanating from the leader's soprano saxophone.

The Ellington band made Saturday a memorable night. Ellington was in fine shape, and his men seemed happy to be the climax of such a generally fine program. Trumpeter Cootie Williams wailed on Billy Strayhorn's *Take the A Train*. Strayhorn, another Pittsburgher, was

coaxed onstage to play a piano version of his most famous composition. Clarinetist Jimmy Hamilton was impeccable on *Never on Sunday*; trumpeter Cat Anderson growled and screeched on *Satin Doll*; baritoneist Harry Carney repeated his definitive version of *Sophisticated Lady*; and tenorist Paul Gonsalves enthralled the audience with *Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue*.

A 16-year-old Pittsburgher, Eric Kloss, gave indication that he will develop into an exceptional altoist, judging by his playing Sunday night with the Tom McKinley Trio. Kloss, who is blind, astounded the festival's other musicians with his technical ability and improvisations. He and drummer Roger Ryan were particularly effective on *Jordu*.

The audience then got a chance to settle back for the always relaxing Mary Lou Williams. Miss Williams worked over *Ill Wind* and some of her own compositions for a well-received set.

Muddy Waters and his seven-piece blues band followed and introduced the listeners to the grass roots of jazz and *The Hoochie-Koochie Man*.

The Dave Brubeck Quartet's performance was improved over the group's showing at last year's festival. Altoist Paul Desmond presented a fine, polished *St. Louis Blues*; drummer Joe Morello and bassist Gene Wright made *Take the A Train* a success, but the closely knit group got its greatest applause for *Take Five*.

Leading off the last portion of the show, Pittsburgh trombonist Harold Betters demonstrated why he sells more records in Pittsburgh than any major jazz artist. Mixing his rock-and-roll showmanship with bonafide jazz, Betters got the audience to clap along with his music. At the end of his set, he received the greatest applause of any artist during the three days.

A quieter Pittsburgher, Ahmad Jamal, then came home for 15 minutes and pleased home-town friends with a sterling performance.

The master showman, Dizzy Gillespie, who followed, started with *Dizzy Atmosphere* and clowning, blew, and charmed his way through an extremely satisfactory set. Hard-attacking reed man James Moody was heard to good advantage on a jazz samba, and Gillespie broke it up with *My Funny Valentine*.

The Woody Herman Band wrapped up

Herman

Most enthusiastic big band



the weekend with what seemed to be the most enthusiastic performance of the three enthusiastic big bands heard at the concerts. The Herd started with *The Preacher* and then followed with a battle of tenors on *Hallelujah Times*, which featured Andy McGhee and Sal Nistico. *Watermelon Man* ended with Henry Southall's trombone humor. Then, one of the real highlights of the festival occurred when Yugoslavian trumpeter Dusko Goykevich switched to fluegelhorn for *I Remember Clifford*, one of the most moving arrangements of the festival. McGhee played a memorable solo on *Who Can I Turn To?* The band concluded with *Caldonia*, which sent thousands of persons away whistling and muttering that big bands like Herman's should neither die nor fade away.

—Roy Kohler

Frank Strazzeri

Sherry's, Los Angeles

Personnel: Strazzeri, piano; Pat Senatore, bass; Joe Vigilante or Dick Wilson, drums.

Strazzeri recently returned to his Sunday night post at this Sunset Strip lounge, where he held forth more or less regularly with bassist Red Mitchell from 1960 through 1963.

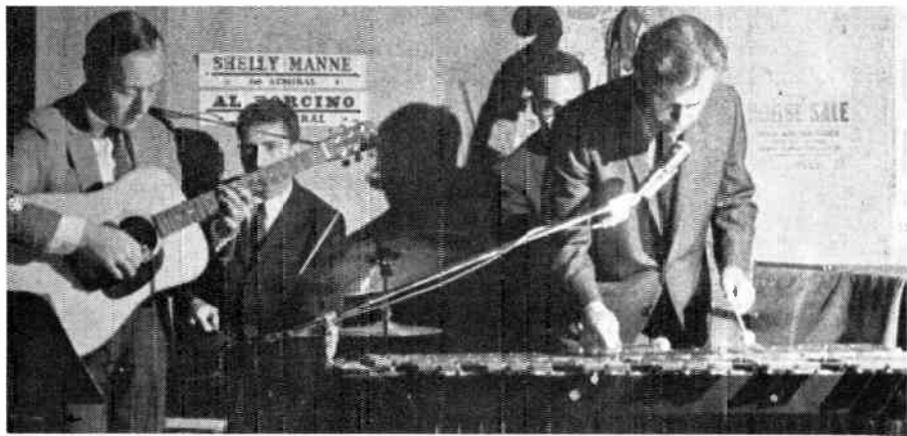
A fixture, although an oddly ignored one, on the Los Angeles jazz scene since 1960, Strazzeri was virtually house pianist for Pacific Jazz until the recent de-emphasis on jazz there and was a member of the fine Harold Land-Red Mitchell Quintet until its demise a couple or three years ago.

Strazzeri is an exciting player, with a crisp, almost hard, bright sound in medium and fast tempos. He almost always plays with an uncluttered sparseness that is about as far from cocktail-style noodlings as one could ask.

He has gathered his various influences, who include Bud Powell, Horace Silver, Carl Perkins, and Bill Evans (and perhaps Wynton Kelly), into an identifiable personal expression. Although there are occasionally blatant evidences of these influences in his work, the end result is closer to the efforts of the late Eddie Costa at the time of his Tal Farlow Trio efforts. Strazzeri, in other words, gets that hard, on-the-beat sparseness that Costa achieved, though in general Strazzeri tends to use more rapid multinote invention (like Powell) than did Costa in his early playing.

On the night of review, Strazzeri emphasized his various musical sources: he is well acquainted with the bebop songbook, takes pleasure in honoring the originals of his contemporaries (as in Jimmy Heath's *Big P*), and is a tune cat, as they say. In the latter respect, he ranks with another local, Jimmie Rowles, and consistently plays familiar-sounding standards that you have to have named for you. Sammy Fain's *Tender Is the Night*, plus the seldom-heard *Journey to a Star*, and *A Very Precious Love* (the last-named from the film version of *Marjorie Morningstar*) proved fine vehicles.

Strazzeri's accompanists were discreetly adequate and occasionally more so. Bass-



McFarland Quintet

Outstanding arrangements, inspired soloing—but impeded rhythm

ist Senatore, still developing, played here (and wisely) like a devotee of Red Mitchell. His solos were not spectacular but showed some thought and were on the whole clearly dealt.

Vigilante and Wilson (who sat in for a set) displayed contrasting methods of trio support. Vigilante stayed largely in the background and was more felt than heard. Wilson, however, is an aggressive drummer who played strong complementing rhythmic figures and pushed the others into more outspoken solo efforts.

Strazzeri is not in any way an experimentalist. He is at his best at medium-fast tempos. At tempos faster than this, his technical command bogs; at slower paces, rhythmic problems develop in the group. The art of ballad playing with the "new" richness of players like Bill Evans, Clare Fischer, and Don Friedman has made the more bebopish ballad ways of men like Strazzeri, Bobby Timmons, and, for that matter, Bud Powell less interesting by comparison. Not that Strazzeri is unaware of and incapable of such harmonically more sophisticated playing as heard in the work of Evans & Co., but it is not his second nature. Thus, when he employs an Evans-like chord voicing or sequence, it seems a little out of place in the general spectrum of his style.

It is thoroughly to Strazzeri's credit, though, that he almost completely avoids current clichés within his conservative style; this, together with lack of glibness and a total involvement with his music, make the man's improvisational efforts hold up under repeated or long listening for even jaded ears.—John William Hardy

Gary McFarland

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Los Angeles

Personnel: Sadao Watanabe, tenor saxophone, flute; McFarland, vibraharp; Gabor Szabo, guitar; Eddie Gomez, bass; Joe Cocuzzo, drums.

For a combo that had been together only a few weeks at the time of review, the McFarland quintet sounded remarkably well integrated. But the strongest initial reaction one got was visual: each member looked introspective, extremely businesslike, and preoccupied to the point of being non-communicative. It probably can be attributed to McFarland's complex arrangements and the individuals' intense desire for a collective blend.

Whatever it was, it did not affect their musical compatibility. The group was

tight knit and well disciplined. Yet its ability to swing was inhibited. That defect in the combo was a rhythmic impediment that often prevented the quintet from lifting into a relaxed orbit.

McFarland and his men fluctuated between a straight-ahead and a freer rhythmic approach that defied classification as consistently as it defied a metronomic beat. Call it perhaps abstract or fragmented. Regardless of semantics, it set up an overlapping of rhythmic phrasing that was too busy behind certain solo statements, particularly those of Szabo. His sensitive, flowing lines had to compete with Gomez' exploratory bass lines, which, in themselves, were so melodic they transcended the function of rhythm. The same pattern of fragmentation could be heard behind McFarland, who can "soft sell" with the same linear logic as Szabo.

When either McFarland or Szabo took a chorus, the hoped-for pulse was not there. And coming out of a head arrangement that was invariably fragmented, a little "walking" would have been most appropriate.

This was especially true of *Weep*, which contained some of McFarland's finest writing, particularly the explosive big-band voicings for tenor, vibes, and guitar, and on *Now's the Time*, which was distinguished by an out chorus that found guitar playing a fourth above the vibes.

Aside from the excellent soloists in the combo, the most outstanding aspect was the writing. McFarland employed a wordless vocal in unison with his vibes on many of his arrangements. It proved most effective on 3/4 treatments of *Emily* and *Climb Every Mountain* and on a Beatle-infested tune, *And I Love Her*, which even featured some whistling by the leader.

The whistling and humming combination were also used on *California, Here I Come*, which turned out to be a fine showcase for Watanabe's flute. (His tenor is too abrasive for the treble blendings conceived by McFarland.) The tune reached great intensity before the out chorus, heightened by Szabo's quoting the release of *Over the Rainbow* in riff form.

McFarland showed his liking for jazz samba by repeatedly calling for bossa novas. The bounce of Gomez' bass, the off-beat jabs of Szabo's guitar, and McFarland's airy malleting gave each set a feeling of permanent floating.

Some of the better sambas included *La*

Vie En Rose, Love Goddess, and Morning of the Carnival, the latter from *Black Orpheus*, with a slow, meaningful flute solo by Watanabe.

Whether they played bossa nova or domestic jazz, a big boost came from the imaginative stick work of Cocuzzo. He is either a much-improved or much happier drummer since this listener last heard him with the factionally split house band at Boston's Jazz Workshop.

But even his fine time-keeping was fragmented, which takes us back to the original evaluation of McFarland's quintet: outstanding arrangements and inspired soloing . . . but in its quest for a groove, it has attempted to run before bothering to "walk."
—Harvey Siders

Erroll Garner

Village Gate, New York City

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

For a night-club season haunted by dwindling attendance for jazz attractions, Garner, in his first New York club appearance in some four years, proved that a great jazz artist with a loyal following can still pack in the crowds.

No wonder—for Garner gives his listeners full value, sharing with them his joy in making music. He is one of those rare beings who is able to achieve total communication through his art. Moreover, he can do this consistently—a seasoned Garnerite will know when the pianist is really inspired. But even on an "average" night, hearing Garner is an extraordinary experience.

Because Garner has committed the sin of being accepted by the general public, certain jazz critics have attempted to dissect and downgrade his art.

Such attempts invariably fail to convince the listener who exposes himself to the music. He will then hear that what they call "mannerisms" is really style—and true style has secrets that defy dissection. What they have called his "limitations" are actually his very strength, for every note he plays bears the unmistakable stamp of his unique and personal conception. (A great jazz pianist, recently reported to admire Garner but "with reservations," because he "follows only one line of the piano's potential," is himself an object lesson in the difference between a stylist and a player who in spite of his phenomenal equipment has failed to create a music truly his own.)

First, Garner is one of the great melodists in jazz. He knows how to make a line sing. Second, he has a flawless sense of time and rhythm, enabling him to play at any tempo he chooses without loss of swing. Third, like all great jazzmen, he is an architect of sound, a master at shaping and building phrases.

Classic jazz (and Garner surely belongs among the classic players) is the art of the phrase, of concentrating a maximum of invention and emotion into a minimum of musical space. Garner doesn't waste notes, and he can tell a compelling story in one chorus or eight bars.

No windy orator, he crams an hour on

the stand (Garner never plays short sets) with as many as 16 selections, each a perfect statement, a fully explored and developed piece. When he is through—having had to beg off with a minimum of three encores—the listener has had an experience that has involved his emotions, has lifted him out of everyday existence, has given him something he can keep: in short, the kind of experience true art gives.

Sure, Garner can be unashamedly and nakedly romantic. Why not? The theory that music is not supposed to sing and laugh and cry is an invention of our death-obsessed century. Lucky the man who is not touched by it.

These points need to be made, for many self-styled sophisticates in jazz take Garner's art for granted, assuming that its popular appeal is proof that it must be lacking in the complexity they so adore. In reality, Garner is much more complex and sophisticated an artist than those who substitute obscurity for lack of invention, whose "modernism" cloaks paucity of spirit or an inability to communicate.

One could choose almost at random from several hours spent listening to Garner at work at the Village Gate:

A lovely *Moon River*, building from a misterioso introduction (Garner's introductions, in which the theme plays hide and seek with the ear, are as free as anything the "new thing" has to offer) into a softly rolling theme statement and then a series of improvised passages, each contrasting with the previous. The passages are rippling, seemingly out-of-tempo arpeggios; single-note, right-hand inventions backed by those steady "guitar" chords from the left that only Freddie Green could match for firmness of time; and then the clean, sweeping, big-band riffs that are building blocks to a climax. Finally a gentle coda, stopping the flow.

Or a *One-Note Samba*, seemingly at first just unadorned melody, until the listener discovers that each bar has a subtly different voicing, growing steadily away from the original line, until it suddenly has become dissonant—even though the melody is still present. While this is happening, the beat is changing, too—and when the song has been entirely reshaped (but always in terms of itself), it softly returns to its original form.

Or a *Where or When*, at a wild, way-up tempo that yet doesn't rob it of its song. First it is smoothed out, like a streamlined missile moving through space; then rocky and craggy, with those big, crashing chords to the fore, but still retaining its momentum; then, quite suddenly, a half-chorus of unaccompanied piano, almost surrealistic in its free gyrations; then, right on the beat, a return to the smooth opening flow.

Or a *Surrey with the Fringe on Top*, with pounding bass notes on the loose, the melody outlined in broken chords. And midway along into the fiery tempo that never gets frantic, a delightfully unexpected two-bar quote from *Lester Leaps In*, so fitting that it doesn't seem to be a quote.

And all this is performed with such



Garner

Total communication through his art

graceful aplomb, with such enjoyment, and with such a variety of dynamics and sound patterns that the piano seems transformed into an orchestra—an impression bolstered by that marvelous sound, big and strong or soft and gentle, but always a true piano sound.

A word, too, for Garner's loyal supporters, bassist Calhoun and drummer Martin. Theirs is a selfless but ultimately gratifying task, which both of them approach with all the considerable skill and musicianship they have to offer. The trio is indeed an organic entity.

To catch Garner in person, especially in a club, is one of the most gratifying and joyous experiences in jazz today.

—Dan Morgenstern

Billy Strayhorn

New School Auditorium, New York City

Personnel: Strayhorn, piano, arranger; Clark Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Willie Ruff, French horn; Bob Wilber, clarinet, soprano saxophone; Wendell Marshall, bass; Dave Bailey, drums; Ozzie Bailey, vocals.

As composer, pianist, arranger, and trusted friend and collaborator, Strayhorn has been an integral element of the Duke Ellington organization since 1939. Throughout these many years, Strayhorn has never sought the spotlight, and while knowledgeable students of Ellingtonia are well aware of his tremendous contribu-

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JAZZ IN THE VILLAGE

A photo tour of the Greenwich Village jazz scene

From the Half Note in the far west to Slug's Saloon in the far east, from the Village Vanguard in the north to the Village Gate in the south—those are the confines of the jazz world in New York City's Greenwich Village. The established confines, that is—for there are also the lofts, the pads, and the other improvised locales whose boundaries are as fluid and unsettled as the spirit of this traditionally nonconformist area itself.

But in the New York City summer, it's too hot for loft sessions and such, and jazz activity is concentrated in the air-conditioned clubs. Currently, the Village is the jazz center of New York. To

be sure, there are spots in Harlem, in Brooklyn, and in midtown Manhattan, but nowhere else is there such a concentration of activity within a relatively small area as in the Village.

The jazz clubs there are a varied lot. None puts a premium on formality, but there is a difference between the come-as-you-are casualness at Slug's, (see bottom photo on page 18) and the prototypical night-club atmosphere at the Vanguard—the newest and oldest of the Village clubs.

There are differences in size too. The Vanguard holds 125 persons, while Art D'Lugoff's sprawling Village Gate can seat nearly 500, not counting the new Top of the Gate restaurant or the club's sidewalk cafe. The Gate and its near neighbor, the Cafe Au Go Go, mix folk music and comedy with their jazz, while the other clubs have a more or less "pure" jazz policy.

During the week, the natives—people, mostly young, from every corner of the country who have settled here—make up the bulk of the clubs' audiences. But on weekends, the tourists—college kids, out-of-towners, and middle-class suburbanites—drop in to see the sights, hear the sounds, fill the cash registers.

Perhaps it is quite appropriate that Greenwich Village should be the center of jazz in New York today, for despite its increasingly bizarre and commercialized aspects, this is still a free and heterogeneous community, one hospitable to unfettered self-expression.

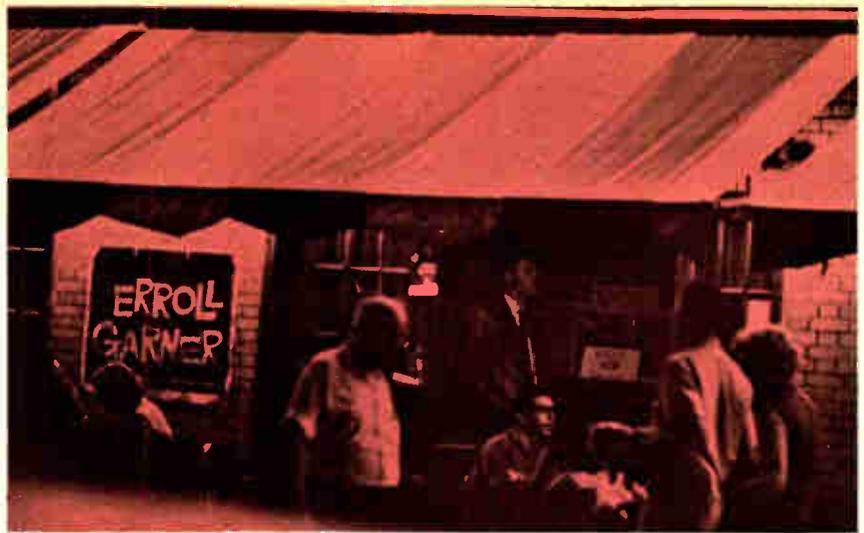


Pianist Herbie Hancock and drummer Tony Williams in action at the Village Vanguard. Miles Davis' youthful rhythm duo—with colleague Wayne Shorter on tenor saxophone, and ringer Richard Davis on bass—held forth at this intimate spot while their boss was recuperating from his recent hip-bone operation.



Veteran pianist Teddy Wilson relaxes at the bar between sets at the Five Spot, a favorite hangout for musicians off duty. Often, musicians in the audience outnumber those on the stand.





The new sidewalk cafe at the Village Gate adds color to the night life on busy Bleecker St. Owner Art D'Lugoff says he wants to make his club "the cultural center of the Village."

Slug's Saloon is the most "bohemian" of current Village jazz clubs. Drummer Billy Higgins is appropriately casual in attire, while bassist Larry Ridley is customarily dapper.



Text by Dan Morgenstern. Photos by Don Schlitten.



Again at Slug's, James Spaulding has discarded his tie for greater blowing ease.

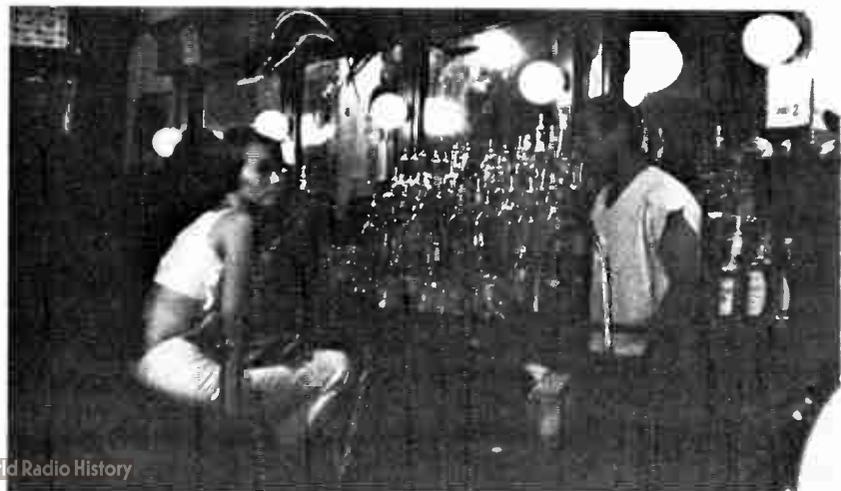


Art Blakey puts alto saxophonist Gary Bartz through his paces at the Half Note, while tenor man John Gilmore backs him up. Bassist Ben Tucker is sitting in, and co-owner Sonny Canterino takes care of business behind the bar.

At the Five Spot, Thad Jones blows his cornet with musical assistance from Ron Carter's bass, and visual aid from a painting of a Grecian urn for a backdrop.



Al the Waiter is a fixture at the Half Note, where the Italian food is excellent. "Sorry you had to wait" is Al's favorite slogan as he scurries about serving food and lighting customers' cigarettes.





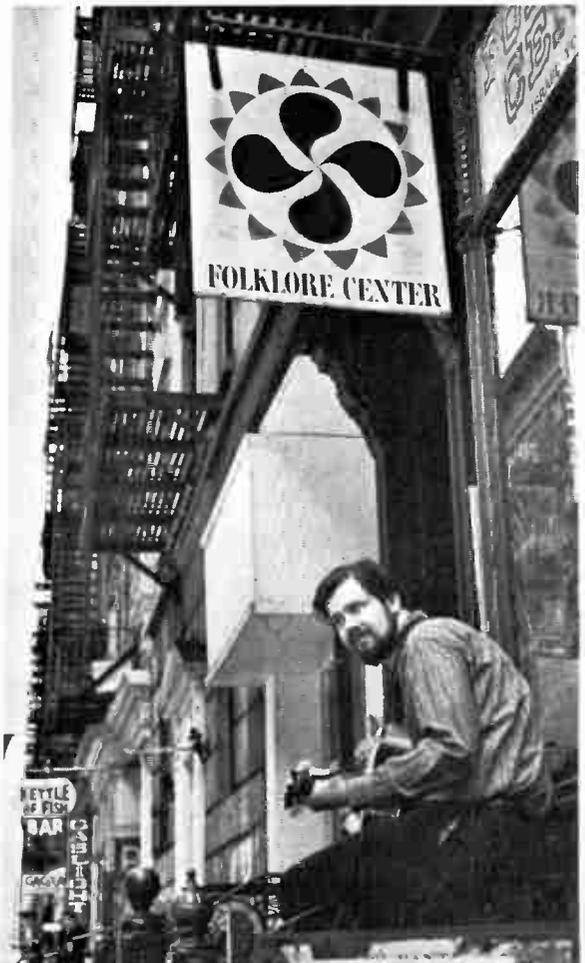
The tenor saxophone team of Al Cohn and Zoot Sims has been a fairly regular attraction at the Half Note since the club's inception.



A "free form" trio—Al Senurchio, alto saxophone; Vinnie Burke, bass; Carmen Cicero, clarinet—at the nonalcoholic Cafe Au Go Go. The club's fare is varied, and includes jazz, folk music, rock and roll, comedy, and cabaret theater.



Mose Allison at the piano at the Village Vanguard, New York's oldest jazz club, founded in 1935 by Max Gordon, who still runs it with an open-minded policy.



MacDougal St. is the Village's main street. Folk-blues singer Dave Van Ronk takes five in front of the Folklore Center.

Gary Burton:

Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Vibraharpist

By DON DeMICHEAL

STAN GETZ NEEDED either a guitar player or pianist to play three weeks in Canada with his quartet, but no one to whom he offered the job wanted to leave New York City. That was in January, 1964. Getz' bass player at the time, Chuck Israels, suggested he call Gary Burton, a young vibes player with whom Israels had recently recorded. Getz hesitated; he didn't like vibes to begin with, and he had never heard Burton. Nonetheless, he asked Burton to sit in with the quartet to see how vibes would sound with the group.

"He didn't like it," Burton recalled recently. "I didn't really care that much because I didn't like what he was doing either. Then he still couldn't get anyone, and he called me the day before the trip."

Burton said he took the job because he didn't have anything upcoming, and besides he wanted to play with Israels and Joe Hunt, Getz' drummer.

"At first it didn't happen," Getz remembered, "because vibes are not a swinging accompaniment instrument. But he knew what I wanted and taught himself how to do what I needed."

"We hated each other for about two weeks," Burton said with a smile. "Then I began to hear what he was playing in a different light. Stan plays the melody of a tune, and it sounds like he wrote it just then. I had never heard anyone do that before; I didn't have a full understanding of what it was just to play the melody or make up a line so that it sounded like a melody."

"Stan influenced my approach to music in general. . . . When he solos, sometimes the melodies he makes up sound richer than the written melody. That and his intensity toward music. He plays every night as if it's his last."

The admiration Burton expresses for Getz is reciprocated by the tenorist.

"I believe in him as a person and as a musician," Getz said. "He's basically a very good person, a person I find stimulating to be around, a person too good to be true. He's a very deep musician, which will become evident through the years. He's made music his life's study. . . . In other words, he's trying to be good."

Getz said Burton has lost a lot of the nervousness and a tendency to rush the tempo in the year and a half he's been with the quartet. "He's become very smooth," Getz commented. "His time conception is the way I like it now. His music is more cohesive, professional."

"My playing has changed amazingly," Burton said. "I hate for anyone to hear the records I made before this year, because I'm beginning at last to feel quite a bit of freedom on the instrument and in music. I feel that no matter what Stan plays I can get with it, I can respond to him. Now I can do it with anyone I play with. . . ."

BURTON HAS COME a far way, but not all the progress was made in the last year or so. He made his first record in 1960. It was a strange date. The leader was Hank

Garland, a guitarist best known for his country-and-western work. But Garland liked jazz and wanted to do a jazz record. He wanted the personnel to include Burton, who lived near Evansville, Ind., which is not too distant from Nashville, Garland's stomping grounds and site of the record date. Drummer Joe Morello and bassist Joe Benjamin were also on the date.

Burton's ability to get over his instrument with great agility was evident on that record. But his playing was stiff and sometimes lacked feeling, which is understandable in a 17-year-old who had discovered jazz barely two years before.

But at the time, Burton was going through a growing-up process.

"I was very bright as a student, and school was boring," he said. "I only went a couple hours a day the last year in high school. More and more I escaped into playing, just went home and played tunes by the hour. I taught myself how to play piano because I wanted to play, to do something to escape."

His background in music had included a few lessons on xylophone when he was a child, playing pop tunes and such Indiana favorites as *Five Foot Two* and *Darktown Strutters' Ball* at church benefits and the like. He even tap danced while he played novelty numbers. He studied harmony with a local pianist when he was 15, and his teacher lent him an Erroll Garner record—his first exposure to jazz.

"I was introverted, but I didn't let anyone else know it," he said of his teen years. "I came on like the most adult, outspoken, opinionated person around. I was considered to be very conceited. And I didn't want any friends—that was something that struck everyone in school as strange."

"But I wasn't the kind of introverted child that played quiet things; I played boogie woogie and *Flight of the Bumble Bee*. But I was using that as an escape. I was doing that for my kicks, not other things. When I was 16 or 17, I discovered something in music other than that; I found that a deeper meaning could be communicated other than just having fun."

"I felt a burning desire to get out into life and see some more things, feel some more things. I realized I knew nothing about what I was doing; I was just blindly playing. . . . I didn't really understand my own feelings."

IN THE FALL OF 1961, while he was a second-year student at the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Burton made a discovery that was to have a profound effect on his playing—he heard his first Bill Evans record.

"I wasn't influenced by anyone until I discovered Bill Evans," he said. "I started listening for hours and hours to everything of his I could find. . . . The concept struck me so much; it was so similar to the way I think. But vibes is my instrument, and I don't think of it in terms of how Bill Evans would play it. My four-mallet voicings may seem somewhat like his, but not really; the voicings I come out with are those that the vibe naturally presents. . . . I'm after richer sounds than the usual four-note voicings."

The vibraharp presents many problems to its players, Burton pointed out: "It's so limited for expression—the keyboard is fixed, you can't change the tone, you can't change the vibrato, you can't change the type of sound. But you can imply a lot of difference, just like piano. And Bill Evans probably does it better than anyone—implying phrasing. That was another big inspiration, hearing how much he could do with a piano. I decided if that

much can be done with piano, something can be done with vibes."

It took a while for Burton to do "something" with vibes. His playing on his first record as leader, a trio effort released in 1962, was even more startling than the Garland record . . . startling from a technical point of view. There were signs that he was maturing emotionally, but there still were passages filled with notes played at astonishing speed but which were artistically empty.

He left Berklee in 1962 to settle in New York, hopefully to find work there. ("I played one wedding.") He spent most of 1963 as a member of the George Shearing Quintet, his first steady job with a group.

"It turned out to be quite enjoyable, quite exciting," Burton said of his 11 months with Shearing. "I learned a lot, though I tended to be very nervous and tense with that group because you only get one or two choruses in an hour and you want to do something but usually end up doing less. But I had a ball that year—that was the best rhythm section I had played with up to that time. Bill Yancey was on bass, and Vernel Fournier was the drummer."

During this time, from his Berklee days through his stay with Shearing, the most impressive aspect of his playing was his ability to play with three and four mallets.

"I really didn't start using the four-mallet thing in jazz until around 1961," he said. "I was home for two months during the summer, and I had no one to play with, and I had gotten used to playing in a group at Berklee. I was so anxious to hear something else along with what I was playing that I began to comp with my left hand and play melodies with my right. I could only eke out a very slow

blues, but it was enjoyable because I was getting the whole effect."

Since then, especially during the time he has been with Getz, Burton has brought multi-mallet playing to a higher level of development than has any other jazz vibraharpist. And it is no mean achievement: three- and four-mallet playing is the most difficult facet of playing the instrument.

"My solos are much freer now because I can play the four-mallet thing," Burton said. "Now it's very awkward for me to play with only two mallets in my hands, I'm so used to having the third one there to balance the weight. I do all comping with four, but occasionally on solos I put one down and play with three—it gives the right hand just a little more speed. However, it's actually psychological; I know I can play as fast with four in my hands."

Burton's most expressive use of four mallets is his version of *Edelweiss*, heard in his *Groovy Sound of Music* album. He plays the piece unaccompanied, in tempo, furnishing his own bass lines as well as chords. And it is an artistic achievement, not merely a play to the grandstand.

In fact, that album, released this spring, is the most completely realized of all Burton recordings. The four Burton albums now available show a steady growth, from a sometimes-flashy player to one who uses his technique to artistic advantage, from a musician who occasionally phrased awkwardly to one who is able to use one phrase against the next to build a solo of substance and continuity, from a good player to an artist.

Composer-arranger Gary McFarland, himself a vibraharpist, conducted and arranged some of the tracks on that album. Since then he has been a leading contender for the title of No. 1 Gary Burton Fan.

"I'd rather listen to Gary than any other vibes player," McFarland stated. "Milt Jackson is my favorite blues player, but to listen to someone over the course of, say, a year, I'd choose Gary. He's the most stimulating of all vibes players."

McFarland said that Burton's musicality and creativity became evident to him at the *Groovy Sound of Music* session. "You get to test someone's consistency at a record date, because of all the takes," McFarland said. "At that date, Gary's solos were not only all damned good, they were all different. And he knew very definitely what he wanted to hear, especially in the rhythm section. He not only knew what he wanted, he knew how to achieve it. You usually don't expect this from someone so young; they usually don't have the experience to handle a complicated situation like a record session. He did."

McFarland said he feels that Burton has the best technique of all vibists, a sweeping statement, when one considers the number of agile vibes men to be heard in jazz.

"A lot of people confuse speed and technique," McFarland explained. "Speed is . . . well, speed; technique is knowing all the tools available to you and how to use them to get the maximum effect. For example, Gary knows when to use four mallets and when to use only three or two. As far as speed goes, he has that too—he can play the instrument. But he uses technique in a musical way.

"It amazes me that a guy could have all his musical stuff together at such an early age. To me, he's like the Bill Evans of the vibraharp. He makes me want to saw up my mallets and throw them away."

BURTON'S PHYSICAL APPEARANCE would hardly lead one to think he is a jazz musician, much less one of such talent that he elicits warm enthusiasm from the usually easygoing, almost blase McFarland. Burton looks like a bookish college freshman who still thinks girls are made

RAEBURN FLERLAGE



of sugar and spice. His frequent smiles are quick and nervous.

But looks are deceiving. Burton is one of the most articulate and outspoken of young jazzmen. He minces no words: his ideas are not common. For example, his comments on achieving and maintaining instrumental facility:

"I never practice. Facility is in the mind . . . very little in the muscles. Five percent in the muscles, 95 percent in the mind. The biggest thing is not the problem of getting the hands to do a certain thing but getting the mind so intricately informed of all the things that have to be done to get the hands to do that, being able to picture all those notes that fast and to figure out what movements are involved to get the notes out. . . . I constantly picture lines in my mind and how I would like to play them.

"I think it's very important that I have good facility without practicing. It must signify something other than the general belief that the only way to have chops is to practice."

His feelings about how other vibraharpists play the instrument and what they have contributed to jazz are unique:

"One of the great limitations of the vibraharp is that people don't think of the whole instrument at one time; they think of one area of it. And if they do leap [move quickly from, say, the lower part of the instrument to the upper], they pause and leap. If anyone played piano like that they'd be laughed at. Few vibes players think of, say, playing a chord that extends wider than an octave, with four mallets, but a piano player plays chords like that all the time. . . .

"I have great respect for someone who plays the instrument well and no patience with someone who has bad technique. That's why I have very little patience with most vibes players—they seem to be playing in a sandbox while everyone around them is taking things seriously.

"Take the best vibes player and put him next to Miles Davis, Stan Getz, John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, Bill Evans, Jim Hall—there's not a single vibes player in a class with those people. Not even Milt Jackson. No, because they can certainly play more than ballads and blues; they can play any kind of music. If Milt played any other instrument at the same level, he wouldn't be a name musician.

"It's not just a matter of diversity. I'm talking about a musician who really has something to say, who is really doing something—not just able to do one thing well but a total musician. Those people play music for music's sake, and they can play practically any kind of music because they don't think in terms of what they can do comfortably or can't do—they can do anything if they put their minds to it. There aren't many in that class, but there're no vibes players even close to that."

He went on to say he's never heard a vibraharpist play anything that touched his heart or provided intellectual interest for him.

But wasn't he taking the "intellectual" approach to music?

"No," he answered. "Take Miles' *Quiet Nights* album or *Sketches of Spain*. He didn't just put together something intellectual; he actually got into the feeling of the music, which is really important, not whether the notes were right or the style was correct. That's what's wild about those people; they never stop to think if it's *the* thing to do; they just do what they sense is right.

"That's one thing I got from Stan; he never stops to think that what he's playing might be corny or something no one's ever heard or whether it's new or old—he doesn't care.

"I've never heard a vibes player that could do a *Quiet*

Nights album; I don't know of one who could tackle such a challenge. Or do a *Focus* album [the performances Getz improvised over Eddie Sauter's string writing]. Most are limited musically; they don't know that much about music or what they're playing.

"You don't have to know much to get away with playing vibes. You can just play some stock, in-the-chord, Milt Jackson type of lines, and no one will say anything. They'll all say, 'Swinging vibes player' because practically no one else on the instrument is trying to do anything particularly far out or more creative or more inventive or more individualistic. Of those who are trying, no one is achieving it.

"What I'm saying is if you took the work of all the vibes players and took their exact musical conceptions and ideas and work and transposed them onto any other instrument, they'd be mediocre. Milt is possibly the only exception; he may be limited, but he does get something across—he does have something going. . . .

"But vibes players are kidding themselves if they think they're ready or that they're together. . . . And I'm not separating myself from the others. I'm not putting my playing above theirs, by any means. I'm not saying I'm doing things, but I'm saying I *want* to do them."

Burton had expressed strong sentiments, and it worried him that he might be misunderstood.

"I don't often say that about vibes players," he said. "I don't know how wise it is to let that be known. I'm saying there's no giant on vibes as there is on other instruments. I'm not one—I'm not a Stan Getz—but I get the feeling that I could be one in time. I may or may not become a musician of that caliber, but at least I'm aware that's what I should be like. I'm not making it now."

How would he like to "make" it? What is it he wants to do in music?

"It crystallizes itself in my mind little by little," he answered. "Right now, it's all fuzzy images; I can almost see what I want to do but not quite. I'm getting more able to make the music feel like I feel inside. There's a lot in me that I want to say, and I can't say it in words."

Does he know how he feels?

"No, I don't," he replied. "If I did, I would be able to play it. But I believe the feelings are there; I just don't have all the perspectives on them yet. A lot of them are still developing. A lot of it has to do with becoming aware of things, and becoming aware goes on for a lifetime. And then the ability to express them is usually a thing of removing all the obstacles you've put up in front of yourself, your problems, fears, things you let distract you. . . .

"Art comes from within you, and how it's expressed is affected somewhat by the life you lead—say, if you live an idealistic life, the music might take a turn for shallowness. A lot of people have shown great talent when they were young, but because they couldn't stand the strain of reality, they deluded themselves into not seeing it or took to other things such as narcotics to avoid seeing it or became recluses and lived in their comfortable little worlds.

"For quite a while I was under the impression that I was missing a lot because I haven't experienced a lot of things. . . . Anyone who has done anything important in art has gone through a lot of things. . . . And I wondered, 'Am I doomed to mediocrity because I don't want to experience all these hideous things?' But then I realized that's not where the art comes from. If it is, we're all in trouble. It comes from inside; we feel it if it's there. . . . getting it out is another thing. The worst thing is knowing that it's there and being scared to death that you won't be able to get it out."

When he said that, there was no fear or doubt in Gary Burton's eyes. 



Sometime trumpeter Eckstine leads his powerhouse band in a 1947 concert.

THE FIRST BIG BOP BAND

HOT BOX, By GEORGE HOEFER

IN ALL JAZZ history there rarely has been a big band as colorful, influential, and musically dynamic as the Billy Eckstine Orchestra that existed from June, 1944, to February, 1947.

The band, expressly organized to exploit the new bop style, was a training school for modern jazzmen. An impressive array of young instrumentalists, who today are well known in jazz, had a chance to prove themselves with a leader whose appreciation of jazz was conducive to musical experimentation.

Eckstine, in effect, postponed his career as a pop vocalist to keep the band going. After the group was dissolved, he rose rapidly to the top echelons of show business and made many hit records backed by studio orchestras.

The band's life-span was a period of constant frustration: lack of audience appreciation for the new music, technically poor recording, unsympathetic record firms that permitted only Eckstine vocals with a minimum of the strong bop-flavored playing for which the band was celebrated in jazz circles (its records gave only the barest hint of what the band could do), and the unavailability of class bookings with radio exposure. The band, however, worked regularly, mostly in Negro theaters and ballrooms and in the few night clubs around the country catering to Negroes.

ECKSTINE GOT his start with the Earl Hines Band in Chicago. When, in 1943, several bop-oriented musicians came on the band, Eckstine started to fool around with a trumpet for his own

amusement, with Dizzy Gillespie, a Hines sideman at the time, serving as his mentor. Hines took advantage of Eckstine's interest in the horn and encouraged him to sit in with the trumpet section, which consisted of Gillespie, Benny Harris, Gail Brockman, and Maurice (Shorty) McConnell.

Eckstine took his instrumental efforts seriously, and when he left the band in September, 1943, he included spots of trumpet playing in his act as a single. He worked opposite trombonist Trummy Young's band and later Gillespie's small bop group at the Yacht Club on 52nd St. early in 1944. Billy Shaw, then with the William Morris agency, took over Eckstine's management and billed him as "X-Stine" on 52nd St.

But the club soon folded, and Shaw offered Eckstine a touring job fronting George Hudson's band from St. Louis. Gillespie and saxophonist Albert (Budd) Johnson, an ex-Hines sideman and arranger, urged the vocalist to "get our own band. You go out with Hudson for a few weeks, and when you get back you'll be bandless."

Eckstine thought this was logical and went to Chicago to cerral all the members of the 1943 Hines band he could.

He lined up Charlie Parker, who was playing alto saxophone with Carroll Dickerson's band. Jerry Valentine was located playing trombone in King Kolax's band at Joe's DeLuxe Club and, in addition, writing floor-show music for both the DeLuxe and the Club DeLisa. The two Chicago trumpet stalwarts, Brockman and McConnell, were available, as was tenor saxophonist

Tommy Crump. One of the men Eckstine most wanted, trombonist Bennie Green, had gone into the service the previous November. Eckstine returned to New York with acquisitions in tow.

Plans for the band were built around Gillespie, who was to serve as music director, chief arranger, and featured soloist. Shaw obtained a one-shot recording deal with DeLuxe records. Eckstine was sold as a vocal star, and the three sides recorded on April 13, 1944—*I Got a Date with Rhythm*, *Good Jelly Blues*, and *I Stay in the Mood for You*—were released as by "Billy Eckstine, vocal, accompanied by the DeLuxe All-Stars." The all-stars were a studio group; 11 of the 16 men never played in the future Eckstine band. Shadow Wilson, the band's proposed drummer, was drafted before Eckstine went into rehearsal, and Tommy Crump went the same route after two rehearsals. Parker had flown the coop and was back in Chicago with Noble Sissle at the time of recording.

The records, issued in May, sold well to the jukebox trade because of the popularity of Eckstine's singing. For the jazz listener there was a noteworthy Gillespie solo on *I Stay in the Mood*. The band was signed to a one-year contract with DeLuxe before it started a southern tour in June.

Eckstine's crew was far from polished. Without a permanent drummer, Eckstine was negotiating with Art Blakey, who was then leading his own band at the Tic Toc Club in Boston. Blakey finally joined the band in St. Louis.

The original band had a trumpet section comprised of Gillespie, Brockman, McConnell, and Eckstine, who was an occasional hesitant soloist. Parker felt they needed an additional horn and on the morning of departure for the tour recruited Bernard (Buddy)

At National's studios (l to r): Art Blakey, Tommy Potter, Budd Johnson, Junior Williams, Eckstine, Fats Navarro, Chippy Outcalt, and Gene Ammons.



Anderson, an ex-Jay McShann bandmate of Parker's who was waiting out an 802 union card in New York. Valentine played lead trombone, with Howard (Scotty) Scott (ex-Hines), Arnett Sparrow, and Rudy Morrison filling out the section.

The big gun in the reeds was Parker. Sitting next to him, also playing alto, was Robert (Junior) Williams, another ex-McShann man brought in from Kansas City by Bird. Eli (Lucky) Thompson, hired when Crump went into the Army, and Gene Ammons, were the two tenors. When Parker and Gillespie felt they needed a baritone saxophone, Leo Parker, an alto saxophonist from Washington, D.C., was hired, and Eckstine got him a baritone. Charlie Parker showed him how to play his newly acquired instrument.

The incomplete rhythm section was made up of men from Washington, D.C. Pianist John Malachi had been playing with Gillespie's small unit at the Yacht Club. Guitarist Connie Wainright and bassist Tommy Potter had also been at the Yacht Club but with Trummy Young's band.

From the start, the band's big selling points were the singing of Sarah Vaughan and the leader.

When Eckstine's enthusiastic modernists first hit the road, they had but two jazz arrangements of their own, plus some ballad backgrounds devised by Valentine for the vocalist-leader. The jazz arrangements were old scores, Gillespie's *A Night in Tunisia* (originally written for the Hines band) and Valentine's *Second Balcony Jump* (another Hines special).

But before leaving town, Eckstine got arrangements from Count Basie and Boyd Raeburn.

SO STARTED the frantic odyssey of one of the most musically advanced jazz bands ever organized. One writer commented the band was so ahead of the day that it was doomed to failure. But it took three years to break it up—Eckstine's name and the curiosity of jazz listeners helped the band gross \$100,000 during its first six months.

The sideman liked Eckstine, and he, in turn, seemed inspired in his singing from the association with the musicians. He was secretly practicing valve trombone, after realizing he'd never be able to compete with his trumpeters.

In spite of a grim breaking-in tour down the east coast of Florida, across to Texas, and up to Kansas City, Mo., the band's morale was high.

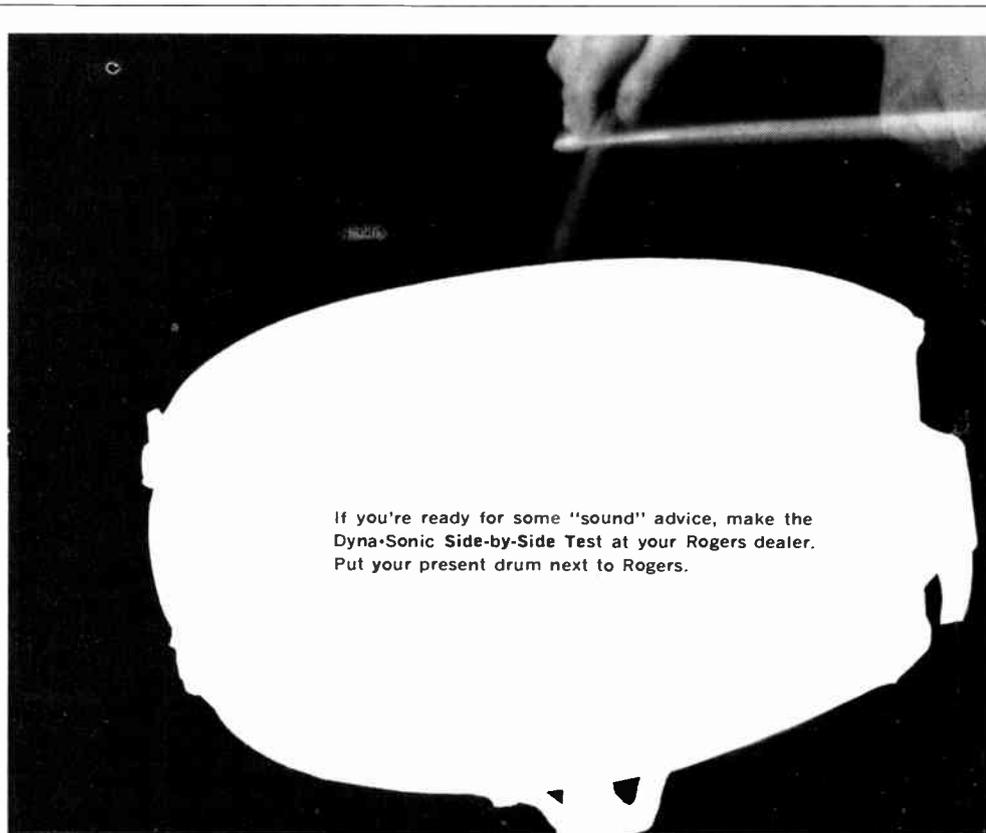
The late arranger Tadd Dameron joined the band during its short stop-over in Kansas City and went to St. Louis with it. His arrangements, in-

cluding *Cool Breeze* and *Lady Bird*, were a big help, as were the arrangements Eckstine was receiving in the mail from Walter (Gil) Fuller and Budd Johnson.

The band was supposed to settle in St. Louis for several weeks at the Club Plantation, a club for whites patronized by a gangster clientele. But some of the members got in trouble. Blakey recalled how they flaunted the rule prohibiting entering the club through the front door and how Bird went around to the tables drinking water out of the glasses. After each drink he'd throw the glass to the floor, breaking it to bits, his reason being that he wished

"to save the management the trouble." The owner canceled the band's engagement.

The Eckstine band then went into the Club Riviera, a St. Louis Negro night club, and really started to get down to business. "It was in St. Louis," Eckstine said, "that we whipped the band together." It now had the dynamic Blakey driving the rhythm section, and the band rehearsed all day and worked all night. Blakey was to say later, "It was one of the most venturesome and stimulating of all modern big bands." He, along with Ammons and Valentine, stayed with the group till the end.



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Trumpeter Anderson was taken seriously ill shortly after the band's arrival in St. Louis and was hospitalized. On the night the band opened at the Riviera, the first customer was a high-school student with a trumpet under his arm. Gillespie asked him if he had a union card, and Miles Davis, 16, of East St. Louis, said he did. The music director told him to go up on the stand and see what he could do.

"Miles," Eckstine later said, "he sounded terrible." Davis recalled, "I couldn't read the book, I was so busy listening to Bird and Dizzy." He played a few nights with the band and then headed for Juilliard in New York.

The band next went to Chicago for a week at the Regal Theater. Marion Hazel was added to the trumpet section, and Howard McGhee, then with Georgie Auld's band and waiting for a job to open up, played in the section as a guest artist. John Jackson, another ex-McShann saxophonist, had replaced Junior Williams.

That week was the peak of Parker's activity in the band. Blakey recalled, "When Sarah was singing *You Are My First Love*, Bird came out and played 16 bars that stopped the show. The house was packed, and the people applauded so long and loud we couldn't go on with the program. We had to do

the number all over again." *Down Beat* reviewer Johnny Sipple wrote, "The driving force behind the reeds was Charlie Parker. After hearing the band do six shows during the week at the Regal, your reviewer didn't hear any repeated ideas in the many choruses he took." Sipple went on to praise every instrumentalist individually. He was especially impressed by what he called the trumpets' "double-timed playing."

This writer recalls that week in August, 1944. The highlights of the show for me had been *A Night in Tunisia* and a new Gillespie composition, *Blitz*. Then there was Miss Vaughan's *I'll Wait and Pray* and the amused reaction when Gillespie did his *Salt Peanuts* specialty.

On the day the band opened at the Howard Theater in Washington (Sept. 15, 1944), Bird was in New York recording with Tiny Grimes for Savoy.

On Sept. 22 the band opened at the Apollo in Harlem. Leonard Feather did not mention Bird in his *Metronome* review, and it can be assumed he probably was not in the lineup.

Feather's write-up did mention the presence of "the Lester Youthful tenor of Dexter Gordon" and "terrific choruses by Gene Ammons." Gordon had replaced Thompson, who had gone with Basie. There also had been changes in the trombone section. Alfred (Chippy) Outcalt (who was featured on *A Night in Tunisia*) and Taswell Baird (ex-Andy Kirk) had replaced Sparrow and Morrison.

The band, with Billy Frazier on alto in place of Parker, recorded for DeLuxe on Dec. 5. They made pianist Malachi's *Opus X*, an instrumental featuring Gillespie's trumpet and Jackson's alto; the vocal blues *Blowin' the Blues Away* with a tenor saxophone battle between Ammons and Gordon (it originally had been an instrumental feature but DeLuxe insisted on vocals); Dameron's ballad *I Want to Talk About You*; Miss Vaughan's vocal, *I'll Wait and Pray*; and two other nondescript ballads written by Eckstine with lyrics by his first wife, June. This was the last date Eckstine cut for DeLuxe.

While the band was playing the Club Bali in Washington, D.C., Gillespie told Eckstine he wanted to leave and start his own orchestra. He suggested that Eckstine stop in at the Louisiana Club and listen to a young trumpeter in Andy Kirk's band, Theodore (Fats) Navarro, a young Florida horn man who had been developing a modern style inspired by his association with Howard McGhee in the Kirk outfit. Eckstine hired Navarro to take over from Gillespie after the first of the year.

The band was being praised as one of the top money-making bands of the



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Eckstine and vocalist Ann Baker

year. Vocals were emphasized in the theaters, but on one-nighters the band unleashed a musically impressive book of instrumentals, most of which were never recorded.

THE YEAR 1945 looked promising, with a February booking at the Club Plantation in Los Angeles all set. Budd Johnson, who had been arranging and sitting in with the band whenever a reed man was missing, took over as music director. Navarro, with a fuller tone than Gillespie's, worked out fine. Eckstine once said, "A week or two after Fats joined you'd never have known Diz had left. He played Dizzy's solo charts in his own way but with the same feeling and just as much swing."

At the Plantation the band was doing well; an additional month was tagged onto the original one-month booking. But then the wartime midnight entertainment curfew hit. The club, being an after-midnight oasis, had to close, and the band finished at the end of its fourth week.

While the band was touring, manager Shaw negotiated a record contract with National, a label that up to that time had enjoyed little success with jazz recordings. A young record collector, Herb Abramson, a fan of Eckstine's *Jelly, Jelly* record with Hines, helped set the deal. They talked owner Al Green into one of the best-paying setups for that era—\$2,500 for each four-side session.

After a cross-country tour back to New York, the band went into the National studio on May 2. They cut Eckstine's up-tempo original *Lonesome Lover Blues*, featuring three fine choruses by Gordon, as well as a vocal and valve-trombone solo by Eckstine

(his first on record); Johnson's *I Love the Rhythm in a Riff*, with a solo by Ammons and Eckstine's vocal-valvehorn routine; *Last Night*, a ballad; and Willard Robison's *Cottage for Sale*, on which the band was scarcely heard at all. The personnel on the records was the same as on the December DeLuxe date except Navarro had replaced Gillespie and Johnson was on alto in place of Frazier.

Miss Vaughan left the band at about this time.

A promised booking for the summer at the Hotel Lincoln fell through, and the band reluctantly took off on another tour into the Deep South. But the men were optimistic; Shaw said they'd get the Lincoln in September.

When September rolled around, they were back in New York for their second National recording date, but the Art Mooney Band was doing so well in the Lincoln's Blue Room it was held over indefinitely.

National's Abramson, a fan of the late Russ Columbo, suggested Eckstine record *Prisoner of Love* and *You Call It Madness*, both big hits for Columbo in the early '30s. Eckstine did, and even though RCA Victor covered *Prisoner* with Perry Como's version—and got it out first—it was still a big hit for Mr. B. The only other noteworthy sides cut on the date, at which seven tunes were recorded, were an instrumental of *It Ain't Like That No More*, a blues played with typical bebop brass phrases, and *Long, Long Journey* with backgrounds to the vocal played by Ammons and trombonist Outcalt, and a short solo by Navarro.

There was a shake-up in personnel prior to the date. Johnson, who had stayed on 52nd St. to lead a small combo when the band went south, returned to replace Jackson. Johnson had relinquished his musical directorship to trombonist Valentine, who held the post to the end. Brockman had left, and Raymond Orr was in the trumpet section. Walter Knox had replaced Baird on trombone. John Cobbs had the alto chair that had been Frazier's. Tenor saxophonist Arthur Sammons took over from Gordon. The baritone man was Teddy Cypron. Malachi's piano spot was filled by John Ellington. Vocalist Anne Baker had been added during the summer.

On three National recording dates early in 1946, Eckstine was able to get several more good numbers on wax. They were the old *Second Balcony Jump*, starring Ammons and Navarro; *Tell Me, Pretty Baby*, a slow blues featuring a great Navarro solo and Ammons playing tenor behind Eckstine's vocal; and Dameron's *Cool Breeze*, on which Eckstine is featured

on valve trombone and Ammons is again heard.

Eckstine's outfit was a popular attraction at Harlem's Club Sudan (the old Cotton Club) for several weeks in late spring, 1946. Reviewer Barry Ulanov took special notice of the leader's trombone work, writing, "Billy has come along to the point where his whole-tone maneuverings and breathless triplets make sense the way Charlie Parker and Gillespie do." Eckstine, himself, has averred, "My experience on the trumpet and trombone helped develop musical ideas for my voice."

After closing at the Sudan, the band was booked for the Swing Club in Oakland, Calif. Navarro preferred to stay in New York, and Eckstine sent to Chicago for trumpeter William (King Kolax) Little, who gave up his own band to join the Eckstine crew. A short time later Kenny Dorham joined the band to play the jazz book.

In September, Pittsburgh pianist Linton Garner (Erroll's brother), went to the Coast to arrange and play piano with Eckstine. Hobart Dotson was on lead trumpet; Leonard Hawkins replaced Orr; and Miles Davis, who had been on the Coast since leaving Benny Carter, replaced Dorham.

They had a National recording date in Los Angeles for which Eckstine employed a string section. He was beginning to realize the postwar trend was decidedly to vocalists rather than bands and also knew that the vocal records had caused National to renew his contract with a considerable money increase.

The band, sans strings, headed east in November. While in Detroit, Davis and Blakey heard a young trumpeter, Doug Mettome, whom they highly recommended to Eckstine. The singer hired him, and Mettome joined in Boston early in December, 1946.

The band had one more recording session in New York early in 1947. The only passable side from a jazz viewpoint was *She's Got Blues for Sale*, with a very good tenor solo and the leader's trombone. By this time the personnel was changing rapidly.

The Eckstine band was put on two-weeks' notice Feb. 5, 1947. Eckstine went to Los Angeles to perform at Billy Berg's backed by a small jazz group.

His new manager, Milt Ebbins, urged the change, since the vocalist was in the hole for \$19,000.

After Eckstine left National, his unreleased sides, including *Sophisticated Lady*, a big seller, were issued. But the band didn't even get a mention—the records were labeled by "The Great Mr. B., with orchestral accompaniment." 

RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, George Handy, Erwin Helfer, Don Nelsen, Bill Mathieu, Dan Morgenstern, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, 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.

Rating: ★★★★★ excellent,
★★★★ very good, ★★★ good,
★★ fair, ★ poor.

Count Basie

BASIE PICKS THE WINNERS—Verve 8616: *Watermelon Man; That's All; I Won't Cry Anymore; Exodus; I'll Get By; My Kind of Town; I'm Walkin'; Come Rain or Come Shine; Volare; Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out; Oh, Lonesome Me.*

Personnel: Sonny Cohn, Sam Noto, Wallace Davenport, Al Aarons, trumpets; Grover Mitchell, Al Grey, Henderson Chambers, Billy Hughes, trombones; Marshall Royal, Bobby Plater, Eddie Davis, Eric Dixon, Charlie Fowlkes, reeds; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Wyatt Ruether, bass; Irv Cottler or J. C. Heard, drums; Leon Thomas, vocal.

Rating: ★★★★★

With this set, Basie gets back on the beam. None of these pieces, all arranged by Billy Byers, is likely to be rated a jazz classic, but at least the Basie band maintains an easy, relaxed groove all through this medium-tempo program. Byers floats his arrangements on the kind of easy, riff-based phrasing that the Basie band has always handled well.

Basie's piano is graceful and immaculate (and there's quite a bit of it to be heard). Grey's wah-wah trombone adds a gummy flavor to several pieces, and Davis makes some effective contributions on tenor. The rhythm section seems a lot looser now that Sonny Payne has departed. Vocalist Thomas makes one appearance, singing *Down* in a casual, throwaway manner that turns out to build very effectively.

(J.S.W.)

Pat Bowie

PAT BOWIE/OUT OF SIGHT—Prestige 7385: *Get Out of Town; Lilac Wine; Don't Cha Go 'Way Mad; Will I Find My Love Today?; Joey, Joey, Moon and Sand; The Music That Makes Me Dance; What Is This Thing Called Love?; I'm Afraid the Masquerade Is Over; The Sounds of the Night; I've Got Your Number.*

Personnel: Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone, flute; Ray Bryant, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Miss Bowie, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★ 1/2

Miss Bowie has the potential to develop into quite a vocalist. For a virtual unknown, she has an impressive professional style and delivery; a full, mature sound; and a flexible range. Even in the upper register her notes have depth and body.

She never forces the tone, and her most unusual characteristic is her ability to create tension without substantially raising

the volume level or smashing the tone through her nose—a special failing of some singers.

Over-all, Miss Bowie utilizes the magnetic cliff-hanger approach most associated with Lena Horn (approach, that is—not sound or style).

There are areas of "underdevelopment," however. Her diction, for example, though usually good, fluctuates at times into affected, exaggerated, slovenly enunciation.

She had expert help on this album. The arrangements are well voiced and well played by a tight, swinging group that kicks up a bold, churning sound that would credit a group twice its size. (B.G.)

Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland

NOW HEAR OUR MEANIN'—Columbia 2314 and 9114: *Johnny One-Note; Night Lady; I'm So Scared of Girls When They're Good Looking; A Ball for Othello; Sabbath Message; Now Hear My Meenin'.*

Personnel: Benny Bailey, Idrees Sulieman, Jimmy Deuchar, Ahmed Muvaffak Falay, Edmund Arnie, trumpets; Ake Persson, Nat Peck, Erich Kleinschuster, Raymond Katarsinsky, Keg Johnson, trombones; Derek Humble, Carl Drevo, Ronnie Scott, Billy Mitchell, Sahib Shihab, reeds; Boland, piano; Jimmy Woode Jr., bass; Clarke, drums; Joe Harris, tympani.

Rating: ★★★★★

Clarke and Boland continue to keep the big-band flame burning with their sterling international group. The drive and power that have always characterized this band are in evidence again, riding on the magnificent rhythm section of Boland, Woode, and Clarke.

Boland's arrangements treat the band as a band, not as a group of specialist soloists, although there are plenty of solo spots for Shihab (on flute and baritone saxophone) as well as for Humble, Mitchell, Drevo, Persson, and Boland. On one piece, *Johnny*, Boland goes whole hog with an arrangement that has no solos but swings solidly all the way.

All the pieces except *Scared* are taken at strong up tempos, which allow the band to show its musical and rhythmic muscles. (J.S.W.)

King Curtis

PLAYS HITS MADE BY SAM COOKE—Capitol 2341: *Ain't That Good News?; Bring It on Home to Me; Having a Party; Good Times; You Send Me; Shake; Tennessee Waltz; Chain Gang; A Change Is Gonna Come; Cupid; Send Me Some Lovin'; Twistin' the Night Away.*

Personnel: Curtis, tenor saxophone, saxella; others unidentified.

Rating: ★

It must rankle a strong blues-jazz musician of Curtis' stature to see the legend "File Under: Sam Cooke • Instrumental" in the upper right-hand corner of this album's cover, but the fact is that the tenorist's talents are wholly subordinated to the music's claims and associations with the late singer.

Curtis is a solid, powerfully swinging worker in the vineyards of soul blues, with a big, warm tone and a vigorous attack that have occasionally been well showcased in the past. This set, however, has his talents in complete bondage to the material at hand, and, though glimpses of his personality are caught from time to time (*Shake* has good, driving blues tenor), Curtis for the most part has been effaced by the image of Cooke.

The accompanists are larded with everything: keening strings, thudding electric bass, twangy guitars, and Nashville piano. (P.W.)

Oscar Brown Jr.

MR. OSCAR BROWN GOES TO WASHINGTON—Fontana 27540 and 67540: *One Life; Beautiful Girl; Maxine; Maggie; Living Double; Glorious Tired Feeling; Tower of Time; Muffled Drums; Brother, Where Are You?; Forty Acres and a Mule; Call of the City; Summer in the City.*

Personnel: unidentified piano, bass, drums; Brown, vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★

Treading the thin line that separates jazz from folk music, Brown has managed to acquit himself eloquently in both realms.

In this recording, he goes through a dozen originals at the Cellar Door in Washington, D.C., and reveals a slick showmanship, a deft pen, a cloudy voice, and a clearly jazz-flavored conception.

Not all tunes hit the mark, but that cannot be attributed to poor aim. After all, this is part of a club routine, where conditions are not controlled and the advantages of postrecording editing and intercutting are unavailable.

The tracks that can be legitimately labeled jazz are enjoyable because Brown knows how to swing. His other offerings are worth listening to because he knows how to sing. His is a vocal gift that treats lyrics intelligently and music instrumentally. He knows how and when to inject humor and warmth and he never loses sight of dynamics.

He projects an earthy quality of blues into *Glorious* and *Living Double*, the latter revealing a Pearl Bailey fatalism. *Life and Call of the City* are wordy, yet he negotiates them with skill. *Beautiful Girl* is a typical Brown approach to a ballad: bent tones and provocative phrasing.

What little there is here for the jazz purist is done well, but for record collectors who appreciate identifications of assisting artists, Fontana is guilty of a serious disservice. The trio backing Brown (especially the pianist) is one of the best accompanying combos a singer could ask for. Whether they comp or vamp, they swing delightfully. Too bad their reward is anonymity. (H.S.)

Hank Crawford

DIG THESE BLUES—Atlantic 1436: *Dig These Blues; Don't Get Around Much Anymore; The Crazy Saloon; H. C. Blues; These Tears; Hollywood Blues; Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?; New Blues; Bluff City Blues.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3, 5—Phil Guilbeau, Oliver Beener, trumpets; Crawford, alto saxophone, piano; Wendell Harrison, tenor saxophone; Leroy Cooper, baritone saxophone; Ali Mohammed, bass; Bruno Carr, drums. Tracks 2, 7, 9—Marcus Belgrave, Jimmy Owens, trumpets; Crawford; Abdul Baari, tenor saxophone; Howard Johnson, baritone saxophone; Charlie Green, bass; Milt Turner, drums. Tracks, 4, 8—John Hunt, Julius Brooks, trumpets; Crawford; Wilbur Brown, tenor saxophone; Cooper; Edgar Willis, bass; Carr.

Rating: ★★ ★

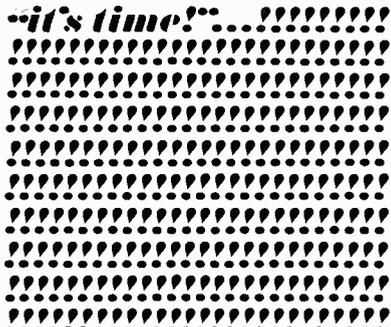
Crawford's circumscribed melodic range and his constant duplication of ideas slide the rating of this album down. He has a strong feeling for the blues and an attractive sound, but the string of phrases, sounding alike even from one track to another, amount to a tautology.

Crawford's arrangements are on the same plane: pleasant but spare and repetitive. The whole album, indeed, has more of the flavor of a conservative dance band than a jazz group.

The two tracks that feature Crawford on piano have the best moments for the

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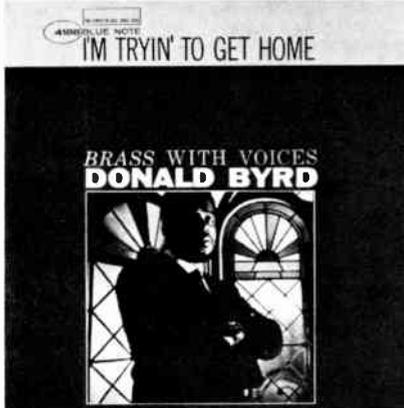
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28 DOWN BEAT

jazz listener. On *Saloon*, Crawford starts
rocking with a lyric fury, and the band
follows him with matching intensity.

Bluff has a Pete Johnson-Albert Ammons
motif running through it that is very effec-
tive. It will take more than this, though,
to brighten the landscape of a rather dull
album. (G.M.E.)

Friedrich Gulda

INEFFABLE—THE UNIQUE JAZZ PIANO
OF FRIEDRICH GULDA—Columbia 2346: *Plant
Some Flowers; I'll Remember April; Riverbed;
Lament; Quartet; I Only Have Eyes for You;
Prelude; Ineffable; The Horn And I.*

Personnel: Gulda, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass;
Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Ineffable, my foot. There are limitless
words to describe Gulda's swinging schizo-
phrenia—and they're all glowing.

One good epithet would be "dazzling,"
especially regarding technique. And that
facility comes from years of playing
Mozart, Bach, and Beethoven.

Now that he's defected to the wailing
West, Gulda grooves with authority. So
much so, in fact, that when he plays jazz,
there is no trace of accent. His back-
ground may be as Viennese as Strauss, but
his current pianistics are as American as
Tatum's.

Gulda's approach to jazz is basically
straightforward, two-handed, subtly
shaded, never overwhelming, and often
flirting with fugal ideas. He lavishes all
these qualities on this album.

Flowers blooms with hard-driving 3/4
jazz as well as a running counterpoint be-
tween Cranshaw and Gulda that seems to
grow organically from the bassist's solo
and return to the theme sprinkled with
off-beat kicks. It is definitely the best ar-
rangement in the album.

April and Eyes—the only standards in
the collection—are treated gently and in-
trospectively, but for all their sensitivity,
both tracks are rather undistinguished.
The relaxed bounce and chordal treatment
of *Riverbed* resemble Oscar Peterson to a
great extent.

On a solo level, *Lament*, by J. J. John-
son, is a contemplative excursion into var-
ious compositional cliches, with an as-
cending figure reminiscent of *Yesterdays*.
Gulda plays it well, but it seems to go
nowhere. Conversely, *Quartet* gets where
it's going with Tatumlike speed and clar-
ity. The third solo, *Prelude*, sounds more
like an etude: a study in pyramids an-
chored on a strong bass note with con-
stantly shifting harmonies and crossing
hands to build to the final triplet. It's a
device often used by Erroll Garner.

The title tune is a polite waltz that de-
rives its well-mannered groove from the
light, airy brush strokes of Heath.

Horn returns to the "hard" technique
of repeated left-hand chords by Gulda.
Sharing the solo spotlight, Cranshaw con-
tributes a highly melodic chorus, and
Heath punctuates his only solo fling with
tasty bass-drum kicks.

It's a good album, but the solo tracks
tend to obstruct the smooth flow of the
trio numbers. In combining his classical
discipline with his jazz leanings, Gulda
occasionally allows his Jekyll to Hyde
his true jazz pulse. (H. S.)

Jonah Jones

HELLO, BROADWAY!—Decca 4638: *People;
Who Can I Turn To?; Take the Moment; When
I Dance with the Person I Love; Theme from
"Golden Boy"; 127th Street March; A Wonder-
ful Day Like Today; Think Beautiful; Do You
Love Me?; Hello, Dolly!; Can It Be Possible?;
Variations on a Theme by "Bird."*

Personnel: Jones, trumpet; Andre Persiany,
piano; John Brown, bass; Danny Farrar, drums.

Rating: ★

Dismal is the only word for Jones' Decca
debut. Ordinarily, Jonah wails, but in this
collection of distinctive Broadway tunes,
he spouts an endless series of cliches that
makes them all sound alike. Except for
Dolly!, which he makes even more painful
by singing. Despite Persiany's interpolation
of a familiar Louis Armstrong figure be-
hind Jones' uninspired vocal, none of Arm-
strong's gravelly graciousness rubs off.

People is inhabited by a tonic pedal
point that proves anything but a tonic. It
is carried on ad nauseum—not for eight
bars, not for 16, but for the entire song.

The other tracks feature Jones' short,
choppy phrases, bent tones, and occasional
triple-tonguing as he sticks fairly close to
the melody. The carbon-copy endings have
Jones blasting out some high-note double
forte, regardless of what precedes it.

It's not a total loss, however—*127th
Street* swings with a surprising ferocity
and conjures up the Dixieland abandon of
High Society. On *Do You Love Me?* Jones
reveals an open-trumpeted warmth, and on
Golden Boy, his muted statements are espe-
cially effective over a constantly changing
rhythmic pattern in which Persiany pro-
vides everything from the chomp of a
guitar to the exquisiteness of a music box.

It's difficult to tell what Brown is doing
because of Decca's questionable engineer-
ing. In fact, it's difficult to tell what Decca
was doing during the transfer of tracks 7,
8, and part of 9. The sound is so wobbly,
there seems to be evidence of a tape
stretch.

Whatever the cause, the second side is
enough to make one lose faith in his turn-
table. Before I condemned mine, however,
I tested the disc on other turntables. The
inescapable conclusion is that Decca made
a bad thing worse. (H.S.)

Wynton Kelly

UNDILUTED—Verve 8622: *Bobo; Swingin' till
the Girls Come Home; My Ship; Out Front;
Never; Blues on Purpose; If You Could See Me
Now; Six-Eight.*

Personnel: unidentified flute; Kelly, piano; Paul
Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

There comes a time when mere me-
chanical finesse is not enough. This set of
Kelly performances is polished, glittering,
glib, and distressingly predictable. At me-
dium and fast tempos, the lines come
churning out, workmanlike, neatly finished,
like a string of machine-made sausages.
The two slow pieces—*Ship* and *See*—are
presented with lush, Erroll Garner flou-
rishes. It is all surface, all razzle and
dazzle, which quickly becomes monoto-
nous.

An unidentified flutist (Rudy Steven-
son?) turns up on *Bobo*, which has the
merit of providing a change of texture,
though since this is the first selection on
the first side, it is not yet evident at this
point that such a change is going to be as
welcome as it turns out to be. (J.S.W.)

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Rod Levitt

INSIGHT—RCA Victor 3372: *Vera Cruz*; *Insight*; *All I Do Is Dream of You*; *The Mayor of Vermont Village*; *Stop Those Men!*; *Oh, You Beautiful Doll*; *Holler No. 3*; *Cherry*; *Fugue for Tin horns*.

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

Rating: ★★★★★

Levitt's second album is, if anything, even better than his first, issued last year by Riverside. The imaginative writing, the ensemble precision, the combination of a deeply rooted jazz foundation and adventurous ideas, the humor that crops up again and again in Levitt's approach and in the brash, blowsy sound of his trombone are a mixture of elements that make this band unique and fascinating.

Despite its individuality, there is nothing pretentious about Levitt's group and certainly nothing stuffy or esoteric. This is a fun band that swings, rocks, laughs, and has a wonderful time through everything it plays.

Levitt has included four standards (to balance five originals), and it is a measure of his outlook and ingenuity that two of them, *Dream* and *Doll*, get a kind of treatment they probably never experienced before, while a third, *Cherry*, is founded on the Jimmie Lunceford attack but develops this approach in an original manner (particularly through Beal's amusing sliding bass).

Levitt is the most distinctive of the soloists with his broad, Tricky Sam Nanton approach, but Ericson, Renn, and Allen add charging vitality to the performances with their more conservative styles.

(J.S.W.)

Herbie Mann

THE ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT—THE SMELL OF THE CROWD—Atlantic 1437: *The Joker*; *Feeling Good*; *Where Would You Be without Me?*; *It Isn't Enough*; *Look at That Face*; *This Dream*; *Who Can I Turn To?*; *The Beautiful Land*; *My First Love Song*; *Sweet Beginning*; *A Wonderful Day Like Today*.

Personnel: Mark Weinstein, John Hitchcock, trombones; Mann, flutes; Dave Pike, vibraphone; Chick Corea or Roger Kellaway, piano; Mundell Lowe or Gene Bertonecini or Turk Van Lake, guitar; Earl May, bass; Bruno Carr, drums; Carlos (Patato) Valdes, conga; unidentified string section; Ray Ellis, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

Mann is one of today's most successful leaders. One reason is that he plays what is popular and rarely strains the imagination. He is no slavish panderer, however. He often produces very good music and invariably employs excellent musicians to help him do it.

What taxes these ears on this album is the heavy Latin flavoring of the first side. Aside from occasional (and brief) apostrophes from such as Corea and Pike, these tracks are almost entirely Mann show-cased against brass, percussion, and strings.

I realize, of course, that Mann is the star and that Atlantic obviously seeks to capitalize on his name and the type of music it implies. But I don't think Mann is a strong or creative enough flutist to carry a full side without the help of other soloists. Moreover, the string writing is vacuous and the rhythmic underscoring rather stiff.

The other side is certainly more exciting in both playing and writing. Only

Turn continues a burdensome Latin direction; the remaining tunes are 4/4 swingers, with Mann playing very well and other musicians getting a fairer cut of the solo time.

Love Song is the longest track of the date and the most satisfying in a jazz sense. Pike has an excellent outing, as does Corea, a pianist I hope to hear more of. The guitar solo is equally adept, and I'd guess it's Lowe.

Fast-tempoed *Wonderful Day* and *Sweet Beginning* also swing loose and easy, with more good work by Mann and ensemble. Too bad the entire album couldn't reach this groove. (D.N.)

Shelly Manne

MANNE—THAT'S GERSHWIN!—Capitol 2313: *By Strauss*; *My Man's Gone Now*; *Mine*; *Love Is Here to Stay*; *Summertime*; *The Real American Folk Song*; *The Man I Love*; *Prelude #2*; *How Long Has This Been Going On?*; *Theme from Concerto in F*.

Personnel: All tracks—Conte Candoli, trumpet; Frank Strozier, alto saxophone; Russ Freeman, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Manne, drums. Tracks 1-3, 5, 6, 8, 10—add Al Porcino, Stu Williamson, and Jimmy Zito and Ray Triscari or Lee Katzman and Larry McGuire, trumpets; Frank Rosolino, Mike Barone, Bob Edmondson, trombones; Vincent DeRosa, Richard Perissi, French horns; John Bambridge, tuba; Jack Nimitz, Justin Gordon, Bud Shank, reeds.

Rating: ★★★★★

This album is a pleasant surprise. It is full of the good things to be found in jazz today—great writing, tremendous orchestral performance, and outstanding solos.

The original music was written by George Gershwin, and it was rescored and interpreted by Johnny Williams for Manne with an orchestra and quintet. There were no incorrect choices made in any of the above areas.

The orchestra blows with tremendous impact; Williams has written with insight and understanding and in excellent taste. Candoli, Strozier, Budwig, Freeman, and Manne produce remarkable solos and generate wild excitement.

By Strauss has the entrance sound of very thin penetration and ponderous motion of the underpinnings; a quick statement by trumpet and alto follows, setting a light, rhythmic, and humorous mood, consistent throughout.

After many shifting harmonizations and textures, the trumpet of Candoli enters for an exciting group of thoughts, while the background continues to move around in constantly changing colors.

Pay attention to the marvelous diction of Manne, a master of punctuation in tonal prose. The emotional alteration that comes quickly at the end gives one a sudden insight into the compositional understanding of the writer.

The trumpet sound of Candoli sings plaintively to introduce *My Man's Gone Now*. Underneath his solo the ensemble speaks with great interest; yet there is more occurring at this time, for the movements of the bass and the beautiful choice of notes Williams has given him make for a trio of excellence.

One also must acknowledge the attention and care given to the music by the performers. Williams recognizes the importance of this music and chooses to speak little, yet with great understanding—and deeply, as well. This occurs only when

there is insight, ability, and love for one's work.

Mine sings through Strozier's alto and Candoli's trumpet in an easy and simple manner. The rhythm enters afterwards with thoughtful punctuation and slowly raises the pitch of exuberance with accenting cymbal and phrasing bass. The alto, as the trumpet leaves, stays for an interpretive monolog until the orchestral ensemble creates a larger body texture, from which returns the trumpet, discussing in his way the same material about which the alto had spoken. When he is done, a conversation ensues between the two.

The quintet's *Love Is Here to Stay* is done quickly, but it is far from being a throwaway. Freeman is featured—a tasty rhythmic, thoughtful solo played with swinging ease. His tonal choices are those of a sensitive and knowledgeable musician, and he carries these with him as he goes from soloist to accompanist roles, providing a precise and moving background to the horns.

Summertime is presented as the work of a great composer; this *Summertime* presents the writing of another great composer, Williams.

This interpretation shows several things at once: the respect Williams has for the music of Gershwin; the great depth of soul, which he is unafraid to lay bare; and his splendid imagination.

Williams has utilized his awareness of the sensitivity carried within the textures of the various colors, and he has used them positively. His knowledge and experience with the orchestral structure has caused him to set up certain balances here that always sustain great interest. It is also obvious that his fever has infected the entire orchestra with a desire to play—and to hear, for in this piece it is easy to ascertain that the performers are also their own audience.

Williams has written the earth, the sky, the clouds, and the wind into his opening sounds; then he has a solo soul sing—a soft, mournful singing that becomes an anxious, driving, frenzied shriek. His opposites attract; the tempos, uninhibited; the harmonies, grim . . . and somehow sad too. He has written heat and cold, cries and tears, into the composition, and the result is a brooding, but masterly, work.

A few interpretations of ragtime are to be found in *American Folk Song*. The introduction is inundated with block-Charleston rhythms in the lower brass. It would seem to be of a kaleidoscopic nature as it winds ahead; the thinking is clever, the ideas compositionally mature, not satirical; the sounds are modern, yet representationally accurate of the era, with the cliché phrases of the time interjected into the composition. This evocation of the music of the '20s overlooks nothing and is thoughtful and delightful.

Man I Love is perhaps the weakest track but only in the sense that there is really nothing of a new or refreshing nature in it. Yet it is evident that there was no intent to do anything other than just to blow the tune.

Prelude #2, a composition for piano, is taken out of its original meter and placed

in 5/4, which adds a different character to the work. Instead of a simple jazz-based song sound, a texture of tension is overlaid, and the music, being stretched by the addition of an extra pulse for each measure, contains the suggestion of emotional upheaval. The muted trumpet heard above the ensemble adds yet more emotional quality to the whole. A group of beautiful, yet somber, sounds.

The quintet again takes over on *How Long?* Swingly sounds emerge, and it seems as if everyone is having a ball. Manne boots the soloists along, and all ride crazily on the great waves he makes. A sweet groove is set—and it stays.

Concerto in F, the singing second movement of the piano concerto, is shown in modern dress. Freeman interprets the piano solo sensitively, while the intonation of the entire orchestra is beautiful. The combination of Gershwin's music with Williams' adaptation is a winning combination of theme, sound, and interpretation. It takes great insight to know when not to disturb the texture of an original composition, and once again Williams knew what to do . . . and what not to do.

To have heard the wonderful music of Gershwin handled with the understanding and competence of Williams and performed by the great collection of musicians that Manne assembled for this album, to find also the deeply gifted interpretations of the soloists in the quintet, all in the one album, is to have a combination that affords satisfaction not often found these days. (G.H.)

Jimmy McGriff

BLUES FOR MISTER JIMMY—Sue 1039: *Discotheque U.S.A.*; *Cash Box*; *Blues for Joe*; *Blues for Mr. Jimmy*; *The Dog*; *Bump de Bump*; *The Party's Over*; *Turn Blue*; *Sho' Nuff*.
Personnel: McGriff, organ; unidentified guitar, drums.

Rating: ★

Once beyond the exuberance of this disc, the party's over. Come to think of it, once beyond *The Party's Over*, it's really ended. That one track has the only collection of grooves worth listening to. It shows subtlety and dynamic shadings, two qualities not even implied elsewhere.

McGriff is a capable jazz organist who knows how to "get a thing going." That thing has a Gospel-tinged, down-home infectiousness to it. Usually, it swings with abandon, but in the syncopated sermonizing on this disc, he is surrounded by the most tasteless tambourine-topped drumming and guitar work this side of *Shindig*.

The title tune generates much light but little heat as McGriff employs Jimmy Smith's wearisome technique of holding one note or chord ad infinitum, while riffing on the other keyboard.

Blues for Joe plods interminably; *Cash Box* riffs innocuously; *Sho' Nuff* rocks unmercifully; *Turn Blue* fades mercifully; *Dog* and *Discotheque* grind away over a heavy-handed beat; *Bump* merely grinds.

As a significant footnote, it might be worth mentioning that all tunes except *Party's Over* were written by McGriff. As an added footnote, *Party's* displays McGriff's seldom-used talent (at least on this record) for weaving an interesting bass line. (H.S.)

Charles McPherson

BEBOP REVISITED!—Prestige 7359: *Hot House*; *Nostalgia*; *Variations on a Blues by Bird*; *Wail*; *Embraceable You*; *Si*, *Si*.

Personnel: Carmell Jones, trumpet; McPherson, alto saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Nelson Boyd, bass; Al Heath, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This music (bebop) is self-explanatory. It's very simple . . . until you try to play it, which is probably why it took so long to come and lived so short. All the bebop melodies are musically economical because rhythmically and harmonically they touch the finer points of chord and rhythm characters. Say, in a C7 the tonic and 7th, at least, are defined. This is a usual "jam" format that, all in all, outside the musical content, is very relaxing. But it's not easy to play this much music with restrictions—it's not bound to any kind of musical law.

Wail has good McPherson, but he has to learn to connect chords better, which comes with experience and practice. Jones' solo is better, but Harris' is best.

McPherson is simply beautiful, charming, on *Embraceable*. Bird's influence is obvious in McPherson's playing, but I hear a lot of originality too. He's definitely emoting here. And there's also a pretty Harris solo.

There are some fine cliches by McPherson on *Hot House* but original comments too. Jones is the most original soloist on this set, since he didn't get caught up in Bird's web and become accustomed to his ways. Harris, however, is the best soloist. He has never possessed the depth of Bud Powell, but, then, Powell was oriented in other types of music—Bach, Beethoven, Teddy Wilson, Monk, Mary Lou Williams, Art Tatum. Boyd is playing his usual: big sound—sluggish—plays some nice notes at times.

Heath, a real pro, sees to it that the others have the necessary drive on *Variations* (or *Visa*). After McPherson solos, Jones plays some interesting patterns, after which Harris, another pro, offers a contribution.

This record was obviously a quickie, but the personnel is well mainstreamed in the bebop-swing school that dates back to about 1939. The rating has nothing to do with the abilities of the performers, but it does reflect, tremendously, on the musical content of the album. It sounds as if they were doing piecework (by the hour).

I am well aware of these situations, and it is these occasions that are causing jazz to take its current trend: it's not what you do but how fast you can do it. It's hard to work under pressure, especially this type. It takes an artist months to paint a portrait. If fewer albums were made and more time taken in their preparation, the over-all production might then help jazz attain a deserved status that seems to be ever more remote. (K.D.)

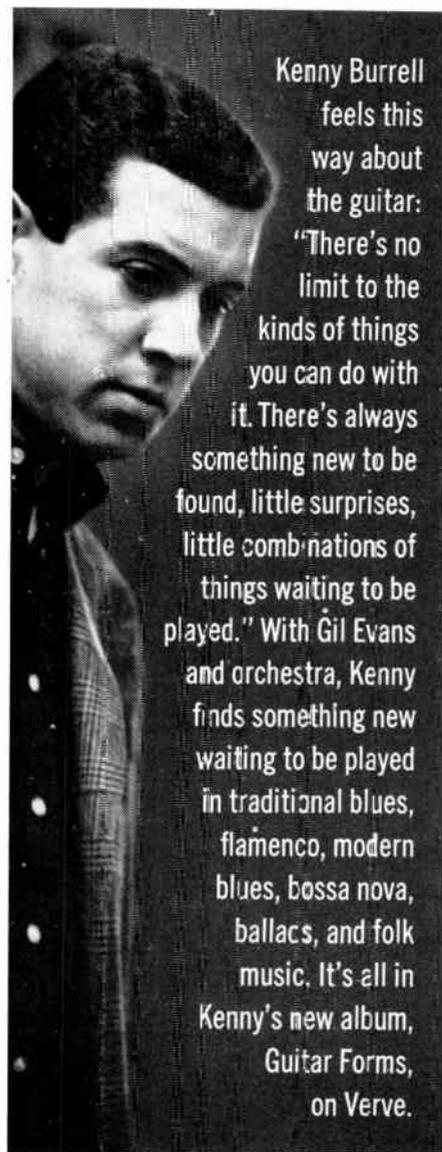
Thelonious Monk

SOLO MONK—Columbia 2349: *Dinah*; *I Surrender, Dear*; *Sweet and Lovely*; *North of the Sunset*; *Ruby, My Dear*; *I'm Confessin'*; *I Hadn't Anyone till You*; *Everything Happens to Me*; *Monk's Point*; *I Should Care*; *Ask Me Now*; *These Foolish Things*.

Personnel: Monk, piano.

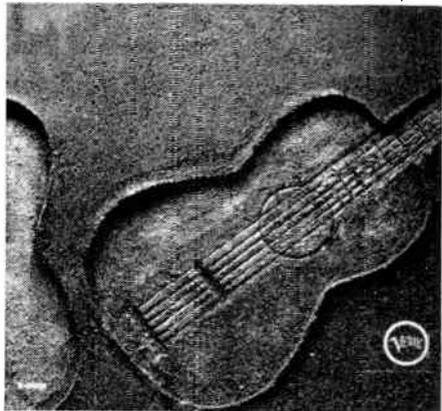
Rating: ★★★

I have profound respect for Monk—as composer and pianist. But Columbia sim-



Kenny Burrell feels this way about the guitar: "There's no limit to the kinds of things you can do with it. There's always something new to be found, little surprises, little combinations of things waiting to be played." With Gil Evans and orchestra, Kenny finds something new waiting to be played in traditional blues, flamenco, modern blues, bossa nova, ballads, and folk music. It's all in Kenny's new album, *Guitar Forms*, on Verve.

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ply should not have issued this set. The date should have been done again on a day when the pianist was up for it.

Though these performances have occasional moments of illumination, they are generally lackluster. During most of the pieces there is a feeling of lumbering, of plodding; there is no spark or crackle. Moreover, they are riddled with fumbled runs and missed notes (no snide comments, please), as on *Sweet and Lovely* and *Confessin'*, to cite the more obvious lapses from Monkish grace. And apparently Monk cannot—or perhaps does not want to—save them, to reshape his melodic lines around the mistakes. There is no attempt at redemption; the pianist just ambles along blithely, ignoring them grandly, letting chips fall where they may, as if he just didn't care.

It perhaps would not be so bad if he had not recorded many of these same pieces in markedly superior solo versions in the past. But he has, and these tired readings suffer in comparison, as though the pianist were merely playing at being Monk. A bad day in the studio. (P. W.)

Various Artists

CHARLIE PARKER 10TH MEMORIAL CONCERT—Limelight 86017: *Um-Hmm*; *Groovin' High*; *Now's the Time*; *Blues for Bird*; *Donna Lee*; *Medley (Bird Watcher and Disorder at the Border)*.

Collective personnel: Dizzy Gillespie, Kenny Dorham, Roy Eldridge, trumpets; J. J. Johnson, bass trombone; Lee Konitz, alto saxophone; James Moody, alto and tenor saxophones; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Billy Taylor or Kenny Barron, piano; Chris White or Tommy Potter, bass; Rudy Collins or Roy Haynes, drums; Dave Lambert, vocal.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

Recorded at Carnegie Hall in March, this tribute to Parker is generally quite satisfying. Most of these men were associated with Parker or were precursors (Hawkins and Eldridge) of the music he did so much to create.

Gillespie's quintet (Moody, Barron, White, and Collins) performs *Um-Hmm*, an attractive medium-tempoed blues, and *Groovin' High*, the bop classic based on *Whispering*. These are choice tracks.

Gillespie generally plays lyrically and with restraint so that when he does reach explosive climaxes, they are all the more effective by contrast. Moody's solos also leave little to be desired; he's able to play extremely intricate passages with disarming ease. His light-footed swinging reminds me of Lester Young. Barron sparkles too.

In fact, Collins provides about the only sour note: his intrusive cymbal lines suggest that he may be beating on a garbage-can cover. This may not be Collins' fault; possibly he's only following Gillespie's instructions—Dizzy has implied that he likes a heavy drummer—or it may be the recording.

Now's the Time is given a jam-session treatment and has solos by Hawkins, Eldridge, Johnson (who uses the pseudonym C. C. Siegel), and Taylor. Considering the stature of the participants, its a disappointing track.

Hawkins phrases stiffly, and his lines are only sporadically interesting. Johnson begins well, but his solo degenerates into a series of clichés. Eldridge's spot lacks coherence; his practice of putting a raw edge on his tone for relatively long periods

of time is tasteless. What substance there is on this track is provided mainly by Taylor, who builds from propulsive single-note lines to a contrapuntal style and back with laudable subtlety.

The requiem, *Blues for Bird*, an unaccompanied solo by Konitz, is, I think, the album's most rewarding track. Konitz was one of the finest jazz altoists in the late '40s and early '50s, but around 1955 he abandoned his restrained, effortless style for a more "down-to-earth" approach. Since that time his work has been disappointing, lacking its old grace and not possessing the earthy drive he sought to attain. Here, though, everything falls into place. His playing is simple and highly lyrical; he is able to suggest Parker's solos without appropriating his vocabulary. He uses the upper register well and shades his tone sensitively. Also, despite the slow pace and lack of a rhythm section, Konitz is generally successful in keeping things alive and avoiding a plodding feel.

Lambert, backed by a rhythm section, is featured on *Donna Lee*. Though not blessed with outstanding vocal equipment, he gives a spirited, infectious demonstration of scat singing.

The final track is a long jamming performance that begins with Taylor's excellent Bach-like playing. He does all sorts of things with his left hand in addition to comping conventionally—creating jarring bass effects, playing repeated rhythmic figures and melodic lines. Dorham, Konitz, and Johnson follow with good solos, and Gillespie finishes with searing improvisation before the ride-out. (H.P.)

Baby-Face Willette

BEHIND THE 8-BALL—Argo 749: *Behind the 8-Ball*; *Song of the Universe*; *Amen*; *Tacos Joe*; *Roll 'Em, Pete*; *Just a Closer Walk*; *St. James Infirmary*; *Sinin' Sam*.

Personnel: Gene Barge, alto saxophone (Track 3); Willette, organ; Ben White, guitar; Jerold Donavan, drums.

Rating: no stars

From what is happening on the first track, I sometimes wonder who selects the titles for these albums, because *8-Ball* hits the nail on the head.

Universe is an eight-bar 6/8, we'll say—sanctified, bluesy, listen-for-yourself thing. Is the universe round? If it is, it very well could be a bigger eight bars—out of sight . . . seven minutes and three seconds of it.

Amen. . . Well, let's see here. Arranged by Willette . . . that alto . . . that poor guitarist is hung up in there—a victim of circumstances or choice?

Tacos Joe is a blues with a sancti-background. Guitarist White I like—but mucho tacos, hasta luego.

Roll 'Em, Pete is listed on the cover but not on the record label. The a&r man or someone was in a hurry to get rid of this one. Wait a minute . . . Willette plays it anyway . . . guitarist just played a lick (musical phrase)—he's in trouble . . . poor fellow.

Just a Closer Walk. I don't like the idea of jazzing this. A line has to be drawn somewhere. I don't believe what I hear. He could, should be closer to thee or in . . . *St. James Infirmary*. Well, let's move on down the line to the next

one, *Sinnin' Sam*, who is also behind the 8-ball.

There is nothing of sufficient musical content here to deserve a rating; so I'm leaving it where I found it—*Behind the 8-Ball*. (K.D.)

Denny Zeitlin

CARNIVAL—Columbia 2340: *Carole's Garden; We'll Be Together Again; Skippyng; Once upon a Summertime; Carnival; The Boy Next Door; Minority; After the War; All the Things You Are*.

Personnel: Zeitlin, piano; Charlie Haden, bass; Jerry Granelli, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Garden is alive and green with spring—subtle, modal type of melody with Haden accenting with double stops (after short melody statements by Zeitlin) and filling in the rest of the bar/bars with improvisation. They disappear from the chorus with a pedal-point bass line underneath, varying the treble architecture.

Together more or less continues spring—one of those quiet and warm days when one might lie in the garden and gaze skyward . . . just plain beautiful—without a thing unusual going on.

Haden does some brisk striding on *Skippyng*. Granelli is very sympathetic to the over-all surroundings (he's listening, which is rather unusual, considering most of today's top drummers, complementing the whole with a crisp non-stereotype beat). Zeitlin does some original playing on this track. His attack, dynamics, and unusual flow are very much his own—done with the casualness of a Bud Powell in sunnier days.

Upon a Summertime . . . moon . . . spare chords . . . then gradually descending to somewhat earthlier climes. The second refrain (or second eight, so to speak) doesn't start as far out with the first chord as does the first refrain (eight). This one could be described as being just beyond the Earth's atmosphere . . . horizon, etc. I sort of consider this "out" stuff. (Get what I mean?)

After the grand promenade (intro) to the up-tempo thing on the album's title track, they are all playing together. This has a cute little circus thing on it with Granelli an integral part of the teamwork and Zeitlin doing some not too common 6/4—that is 6/8 punctuating on 2, 3, 5, and 6. Then Haden—weird—beyond the beyond. This doesn't become tiring, however. Zeitlin follows for the final say with a "Snow White and the seven dwarfs" (Sleepyville . . . hypnotic . . . time-to-put-the-kiddies-to-sleep) music; after which one of the exit high points is probably the stride bit. (I don't know if most people would call this avant-garde, but I do with precision.)

The dramatic finish goes directly into *Boy Next Door*, a slow, ad lib intro, then an even-flow 3/4 melody with a lot of piano treble ornament that's stretching the point a little. *Minority* is well stated—moving on out at a rather fast cadence with everyone opening probably three choruses down the track. There's clean octave maneuvering by Zeitlin.

After the War—I like the programing with this peaceful selection following *Minority*, the title making it quite appropriate, for the album has had quite a bit

going on up till now. Battle of the bulls—bulges.

All the Things is free and easygoing in the first part; then we get this 21st-century insertion, which doesn't sound like all the things you are, but I like it.

What I don't care for in this album is the feeling that it is cut up into too many segments that don't seem to be part of the over-all picture. There are enough segments here to construct probably two or three albums of this length considering the three- to five-minute performances of each segment. It doesn't get down to the basic element of driving and swinging different approaches, but they really get something going in spots.

For those trying to get away from this world, this could be excellent musical therapy. (K.D.)

OLD WINE- NEW BOTTLES

Reviews Of Reissues

Charlie Christian, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk: *Jazz Immortals* (Everest 5233)

Rating: ★★★★★

Oscar Peterson, Erroll Garner, Art Tatum: *Great Pianists of Our Time* (Camden 882)

Rating: ★★★★★

Stan Kenton's *Greatest Hits* (Capitol 2327)

Rating: ★★★★★

The Great Kai Winding Sound (Harmony 7341)

Rating: ★★★

The value of the tape recorder as a handy preserver of musical history in the making is underlined by *Jazz Immortals*, which was *not* recorded on tape. But because Jerry Newman, a jazz fan, was willing to lug his bulky portable recording machine up to Minton's and take down on discs what was being played there in 1941, we have some performances that could never have happened in a recording studio (nor, it should be added, in one of today's carefully planned "location" recordings).

Newman's records have previously been released on 78-rpm on Vox and in both 10-inch and 12-inch LP form on Esoteric. In this current reappearance, the sound seems to have been cleaned up a bit, although, as before, the balance is often poor, backgrounds are tubby, and there are scratchy spots.

But that is all beside the point. What we have here are several extended solos by Christian, the longest he ever made, which swing superbly and show why he completely changed the jazz-guitar concept. Besides flowing along with an easy but powerful drive and phrasing with incredible grace, Christian sustains solos that, even by today's standards, are long. Yet they never drag, never become surface figurations. He *plays* brilliantly all the time.

With him is Joe Guy, playing a crisp, crackling trumpet that is distinctly out of



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BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Various Artists, *The Blues, Vol. 3*, (Argo 4034)

Rating: ★★★½

Various Artists, *The Blues, Vol. 4* (Argo 4042)

Rating: ★★½

J.D. Short-Big Joe Williams, *Stavin' Chain Blues* (Delmark 609)

Rating: ★★★★★

Rev. Robert Wilkins, *Memphis Gospel Singers* (Piedmont 13162)

Rating: ★★★★★

Chess continues its intermittently valuable series of blues reissue anthologies with Vols. 3 and 4 of *The Blues*, issued on its Argo subsidiary. As the leading Chicago blues label of postwar years, Chess has a treasure trove of modern urban blues performances at its disposal but seems reluctant to reissue many of them.

The third volume concentrates, as did the earlier sets, on better-known blues artists such as Washboard Sam (*Diggin' My Potatoes*), Muddy Waters (*Rollin' Stone and Baby, Please Don't Go*), Little Walter (*Off the Wall*), Howling Wolf (*I Asked for Water*), Sonny Boy Williamson (*Fattening Frogs for Snakes*), Jimmy Witherspoon (*Time Brings on a Change*), Willie Dixon (*Walking the Blues*), John Lee Hooker (*It's My Own Fault*), and such powerful—but less widely known—blues men as Little Milton (*Lonely No More*), Elmore James (*The Sun Is Shining*), and Jimmy Rogers (*The World's in a Tangle*).

Half of the performances have appeared in previous Chess LP sets. The Waters, Little Walter, Howling Wolf, Williamson, James, and Rogers numbers are excellent, but the Witherspoon is among the least effective performances he's recorded; the Hooker suffers greatly from abominably tasteless echo effects in the recording; the Little Milton is merely inoffensive; and the Dixon and Washboard Sam selections are a bit too cute to be effective.

It's an intermittently interesting set, with a generally high musical level, but it's too bad about the duplications from the previous albums, for, as indicated, Chess has so much that duplication is scarcely warranted.

Vol. 4 spans a wider range than Vol. 3, from the superior to the execrable. On the positive side are Waters' fine middle-period *She's 19 Years Old*, Little Walter's feelingful *Last Night* (his *Boom Boom* is less effective, though it contains some gorgeous harmonica work), Betty James' *I'm a Little Mixed Up* (she's a Baltimore housewife and is admirably supported by her husband on guitar and 16-year-old son on bass), Willie Mabon's delightful remake of Speckled Red's *I Don't Know*, and Hooker's strange, crude *Leave My Wife Alone*.

Memphis Slim croons his way—with

doo-wah vocal backing—through an insipid *Guess I'm a Fool*, while TV Slim clowns his way through a hoked-up *Flat-Foot Sam*. Eddie Boyd's *Third Degree* is moderately interesting but hardly among his better performances, and Lowell Fulson cannot make the transition to big-band crooner in *Trouble, Trouble*. Left to his own devices and his own style of music making, this could have been a good number. Billy Stewart's *Billy's Blues*—Pt. 2 and Larry Williams' Ray Charles imitation, *My Baby's Got Soul*, are tired modern rhythm-and-blues performances that never get off the ground.

There is excitement aplenty in Delmark's exuberant *Stavin' Chain Blues*, which combines the talents of two forceful Mississippi blues men, the peripatetic Big Joe Williams and his cousin, the late harmonica player and guitarist J.D. Short. The music they so joyfully make is rough and clamorous, unsophisticated and unself-conscious, but it is full of power and simple, convincing folk poetry of a fairly high order and consistency.

Short sings two selections—the title piece and *You Got to Help Me Some*—in a harsh, dark voice of little subtlety but almost overwhelming intensity. He flails his guitar in a rudimentary manner and punctuates his singing and playing with a stabbing, cry-filled harmonica that readily suggests his deep-country origins. With his two instruments Short interacts well with Williams, the two setting up a churning rhythmic ebb and flow that is very exciting, perhaps best illustrated on the instrumental *Jumpin' in the Moonlight*.

Williams sings the remaining seven vocal selections in his characteristically tart, choked manner. The country spiritual *You're Gonna Need King Jesus on Your Bond* is particularly moving, with the pain-filled *Mean Steppfather* not far behind in its emotional impact. A certain programmatic similarity and occasional roughness in performance mar an otherwise excellent set.

Another early Mississippi blues great who was recently rediscovered is 69-year-old Robert Wilkins, found early in 1964 living in Memphis. He is now a minister of the Church of God in Christ, having put his blues days behind him. He has not given up music, however, transferring all his energies to religious song, both as performer and composer.

Just how much his religious-song performances reflect his accomplishments as a blues man of considerable power are perhaps best illustrated in the remarkable *Prodigal Son*, a long, sustained parable in song that is an updating and reworking of his 1929 *That's No Way to Get Along*, itself a 16-bar blues of great intensity (this recording is available on the Origin reissue set, *The Mississippi Blues*, OJL-5).

Wilkins' guitar playing, on this and the other selections, is beautifully detailed, delicately shaded, and rhythmically supple, a veritable definition of the Mississippi blues guitar at its most sensitive as a second voice to the human voice. *Thank You, Jesus* is a particularly stunning example of Wilkins' knife-edge playing. The whole set, in fact, affords one a gripping experience, and is highly recommended. It's just lovely music.

Roy Eldridge and doing quite well in general, though occasionally he can't quite make something he has started. Still, on the swingers, Guy holds up better than young Gillespie, who is heard here with pianist Kenny Kersey and tenor saxophonist Don Byas. The group with Christian also includes Thelonious Monk, unrecognizable as today's Monk as he swings gaily along, occasionally showing some Fats Waller derivations.

There are two versions of *Star Dust*, one featuring Byas and Gillespie, one with Kersey and Gillespie, and in each case Gillespie comes off second best. With Byas, he plays a lovely, flowing solo, but Byas cuts him with a gorgeously rich and singing treatment.

For Christian, primarily, but also for Byas and for the unusual views of Gillespie and Monk as well as for the feeling of the room that comes through on the recording, this is an LP that jazz followers of every school should have. What's more, they are all likely to enjoy most of it.

A celebrated group of names also turns up on *Great Jazz Pianists of Our Time*, a collection that Camden released some time ago and that now appears again dressed up in doctored stereo (the recordings are all from pre-stereo days). The set is a discographical oddity since the pianists—Garner, Tatum, and Peterson—had only the briefest association with RCA Victor.

Peterson's performances were actually made for Canadian Victor in 1945 and 1947, when he was still sounding like Tatum and throwing in boogie-woogie figures out of Maurice Rocco. Tatum, recorded in 1947, is heard in his mature form, full of runs and frolicsomeness and lovely, easy swing. Garner, playing unaccompanied, softens his natural percussiveness to some extent to fill in for the missing bass and drum, although he is in typical form on *Erroll's Bounce* and on a rhapsodic *Stairway to the Stars*.

Kenton's Greatest Hits, covering the years from 1943 (*Artistry in Rhythm*) to 1951 (*Laura*), surveys the pulling together and disintegration of an exciting band. The peak year is 1947, represented here by *Interlude*, one of Kenton's complete, undiluted successes; *The Peanut Vendor*, the most viable use Kenton ever made of his shouting brass; *Lover*; and *Unison Riff*.

In the earlier years the band had a gorgeous saxophone sound (something that still remained even in the tedious chorale version of *Laura*) and lots of ensemble body. But it lumbered on plodding drumming until Shelly Manne turned up and Kenton's ideas as a composer and arranger developed beyond the riff stage.

Some of the Kenton influence can be heard in the trombone ensemble led by that notable Kenton graduate, Winding, on *The Great Kai Winding Sound*. This collection is culled from Winding's Columbia LPs. The performances are mostly rhythmic but bland, though *Lower Boneville* provides a much-needed change of texture and pace with its deep, dark ensemble trombone wah-wahing that is straight out of Glenn Miller's version of *Tuxedo Junction*. Since there are several different trombone soloists, it is unfortunate that there are no liner notes to tell who is doing what.

—John S. Wilson

By LEONARD FEATHER

John Lewis has taken the *Blindfold Test* only once previously, in the March 23, 1955, *Down Beat*. At that time he commented:

"A five-star record to me would be anything by Art Tatum. Don't you think that we really don't have any new stylists? . . . There aren't any original styles any more. They sound like Bud or someone, while Bud himself didn't sound like anybody else. Who else sounded like Erroll? You can't expect everybody to be that original, but you can expect them to do something, to try to develop a style."

Undoubtedly it was with this situation in mind that Lewis became one of the first and most ardent Ornette Coleman supporters when Coleman burst on the scene in the summer of 1959 at Music Inn School of Jazz in Lenox, Mass., where Lewis was on the faculty.

In the last two or three years Lewis has been leading a rewarding multiple life as bop-rooted jazz pianist and music director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, as founder and conductor of Orchestra U.S.A., as composer-arranger for both groups, and as talent scout and occasional a&r man at Atlantic records.

Nowadays he seems to enjoy music more and criticize it less; he was reluctant to use the rating system. He was given no information about the records played.

BLINDFOLD TEST

'You can't continue to get new things out of music that has been played for the last 250-300 years . . . the classical repertoire . . . no matter how well you play it.'

JOHN LEWIS



1. Friedrich Gulda. *Veiled Old Land* (from *From Vienna with Jazz*, Columbia). Gulda, composer, piano; Pierre Cavalli, guitar.

It's Gulda. This one is called *Veiled Old Land*. As far as I know, the title is just a feeling he had—something that's personal with him.

Gulda is a very unusual phenomenon these days, because he is an extremely fine classical pianist—world renowned as a great Beethoven and Mozart player and Bach player. I've known him a little bit over the past few years; I was introduced to him by John Hammond.

His involvement with jazz seems to me very unusual, very interesting, and quite important. It is logical that someone living in this century, at this time, should be concerned with this music that has been so strong and so dominant for quite a few years.

He seems to realize that you can't continue to get new things out of music that has been played for the last 250-300 years—that is, the music of his classical repertoire—no matter how well you play it. However, that in itself is unimportant as far as what we do today and what he was doing in this record.

His serious interest—by serious I mean he has come to know the music well in addition to learning to play it—is relatively recent, compared with the rest of us who play jazz all the time. And all I can do is offer him the highest praise and encouragement for what he's doing, the effort he's making. Because jazz is so fragile these days on the economic level that it can't afford any knocks at all. Gulda, having built-in talent and other resources at his command, needs to be encouraged to keep on doing things of this kind.

The player I enjoyed best on this piece was the guitarist. He sounded as though he was familiar with what he was doing. The other players hadn't had enough time, I think, to know the music well enough.

If he were able to keep that group together and give them time enough to really know it and maybe five years from

now record it again, it would be interesting to study the difference. There's a tremendous difference between this and what our quartet does, because we have the great advantage of having played together for so long.

L.F.: Do you have some of the same problems with Orchestra U.S.A.?

J.L.: Absolutely. Any criticism I make would apply doubly to us. Our group is harder to manage in this sense, with some of the players and type of music that we have. It would take a long time to reach the performance level of most of the jazz that you hear. Some of the music is somewhat of a mystery to some of the players; maybe they understand what you're saying, but the execution of that understanding is still a long way from what you had in mind.

I didn't try to analyze this piece too much; I was just listening to it. But it does seem a little long, only because the players are not familiar enough with the material to build up high levels of attention and keep it going.

Give it all the stars! No, perhaps I shouldn't rate it.

2. John Williams. *Etude No. 8 in C Sharp Minor* (from *Virtuoso Music for Guitar*, Columbia). Williams, guitar; Heitor Villa-Lobos, composer.

Who is that—Laurindo Almeida? This is hard for me to judge, because I really haven't studied the classical guitar literature as much as I should have. The only opportunity I had was when Laurindo toured with us last year. It was well played, whoever it was, but I don't think I can really say much about it.

3. Buddy DeFranco. *Twelve-Tone Blues* (from *Blues Bag*, Vee-Jay). Lee Morgan, trumpet; DeFranco, bass clarinet; Victor Sproles, bass; Leonard Feather, composer.

Bass clarinet is unusual—there are very few good players. The piece sounded like the writer has been influenced by Monk. Otherwise, it's a blues. I enjoyed the trum-

pet player very much; and the bass player. They seemed very strong with the material; sounded very comfortable. The bass clarinet was interesting; it catches the ear because you don't hear many bass clarinet solos. I enjoyed it. I don't know quite how to rate it.

4. Bud Powell. *Off Minor* (from *Portrait of Thelonious*, Columbia). Powell, piano; Thelonious Monk, composer. Recorded in Paris.

Well, I don't know who that is. Monk's piece. Can you tell me where that was recorded? In the East or in California? It was fairly well played but a little stiff.

If I were riding along somewhere and heard it, I would listen to it. That's about all I can say.

5. Grant Green. *Django* (from *Idle Moments*, Blue Note). Green, guitar; John Lewis, composer.

Is that a Blue Note record? I haven't heard it before—but I like it.

He has his own conception, which is fine with me—I'm really not interested in hearing the same thing again. In fact, that's one of the things I have always admired about Duke Ellington. He keeps changing his own pieces around. Did you hear him on the *Bell Telephone Hour* recently? He played *Mood Indigo*, and it was not like any version he'd ever played before.

Nice guitar player—and an interesting treatment of the tune.

Afterthoughts By Lewis

Five stars? Let's see. There's a recording of Anton Weibern's *Five Pieces for Strings* that he originally arranged for string orchestra, that the Solisti di Zagreb play, which is really remarkable. But what with working, and the new baby, I haven't heard many records recently.

I heard Ornette at the Vanguard. He has grown. His influence gets bigger and bigger, more and more.

I also enjoyed hearing Denny Zeitlin, playing up there in Sausalito [Calif.] with Charlie Haden.



BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

You may have noticed that, with the rising popularity of coffee-house "folk" singers, certain of the more prolific jazz journalists have turned their attention to the idiom. Whatever their comments may reveal about our folkniks, they seem to reveal, well, something or other about or jazz writers.

Here are several quite imaginary reviews of various Bob Dylan LPs of the last few years from publications that followers of *Down Beat* might not other-

wise see.

Ralph J. Gleason, *San Francisco Chronicle*, 1965: Recognition of the fact that Bob Dylan is the greatest spokesman for freedom since Thomas Paine and the most penetrating social commentator on American life since Lenny Bruce is essential to an understanding of the current mores of our young people. Dylan's iconoclastic view of the American priorities can be heard on his new LP, called *Freedom Now for Murph the Surf*. And as expressed in his poignant *Shucks, They Persecute with Money, Ma*, they may turn out to give them a hit single. Call Dylan a passing fad and you're sadly wrong.

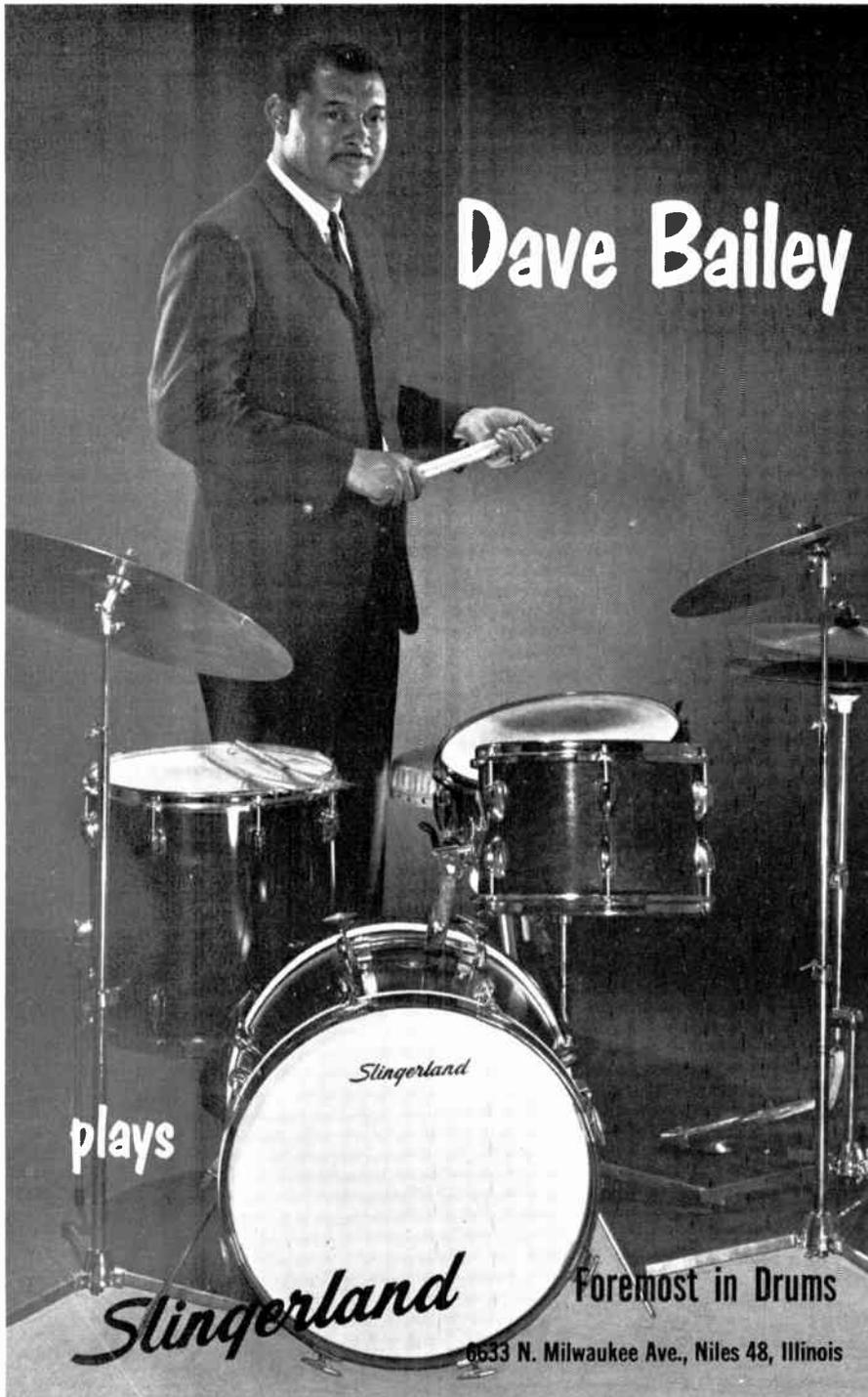
George Frazier in the Phoenix, Ariz., *Globe*: Who is this sloppy, snotnose upstart of a whinesinger, with his filthy jeans, his tangled doormat of hair, and his ugly ideas of what makes up a nice song? You don't, if you're a growing boy, speak to your elders this way—you really don't. Where was he when Lee Wiley and Mabel Mercer told the truth about it all and only Zolotow and Ferguson and I knew? Not yet in his cradle, I dare say. I tell you true, if Bix could come back, he'd show them.

LeRoi Jones in *Kulchur*: The kid's numbers seem to lie outside the Black Arts . . . which is that they have nothing whatever in common with the beautiful insane things of Saroah Thauanders or the outbursts of Aylbert Aller, which do so much to make our stopover in the U.S. bearable, or the new blues of Fisha Wawique . . . have you heard her *Lovers and Mothers*? It'll turn you over. . . . But listen to his *Mao's Got the Bomb, Mom!* . . . Where it is! Whether he knows it or not, he's on the good side. But don't expect a capricious jazz clubowner or decadent artifact white critic to know it, no matter what they say!!

Tom Scanlan in *Army Times*: Now, believe it or not, the sharp operators along Tin Pan Alley have turned over the blues and the folk idiom to the children for even more nonmusical noisemaking. Unless they bring back the swing era, and quick, when musicians were really concerned with entertaining and communicating with their audiences, good music in this country is through.

Ralph Gleason in *FM/Stereo Guide*, 1962: Bobby Dylan, the highly touted, passing fad of a "folk" artist, has unruly hair, wears disheveled clothes, and looks like he could use a good meal. He sounds like a square fugitive from a 1947 rally for the Progressive Party, right down to his garn-teed hick accent. He's in favor of the Human Race and worried about the Bomb, and I sympathize, but what I want of songs is that they be beautiful, not mournful.

Pete Welding in *Blues Unlimited Brochure #23½*: White and in his 20s, Minnesota's lanky Bob Dylan, a singer and self-accompanying guitarist and harmonica player, and a consistently favored recording artist, seems an unlikely blues bard. But he is currently universally recognized as one of the most earthy, intense, surging, memorable, impacted, restless, direct, forceful, powerful, furious, and viable of our young, deep-dish folk singers, and a perfect antidote to the sterile, banal, insipid, puerile, monotonous, grotesque, self-parodying performers that some of our formerly great urban rhythm-and-blues men have become.



SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

My incurable summer fantasy is upon me again. What if someone—a foundation, a quixotic philanthropist—were to give me a sizable sum and say, "Make a jazz festival; don't worry about the boxoffice"?

First, today's jazz young would have a prominent place—not only in the afternoon. The future is too important to be ghettoized, in the manner of "cultural" television shows on Sunday. No, there would be two nights of the revolution—Cecil Taylor, Albert Ayler, Archie Shepp, Roswell Rudd, John Tchicai, Ornette Coleman. And the others.

There also would be a night of Duke Ellington's major compositions with, of course, the Ellington orchestra. *The Deep South Suite. Harlem. Reminiscing in Tempo.* And perhaps a revival—with long-enough rehearsal time—of *Jump for Joy.*

If Ellington agreed, he also would be commissioned to have the time to prepare another program. An evening of Ellington works that have not been heard live for many years: *Black Beauty, The Mystery Song, Misty Mornin', Rude Interlude, The Sergeant Was Shy, The Flaming Sword, A Portrait of Bert Williams,* and many more.

A fourth night would be for the forgotten. Not in quick, hastily assembled combos, even more hastily dismissed after two or three numbers. But full sets with full rehearsal time for such as Joe Thomas, Hilton Jefferson, Dickie Wells, Red Allen (in a context apart from the Metropole), Emmett Berry, Danny Barker (remembrances of New Orleans and after), Claude Hopkins, Harold Baker. And more. Maybe two nights.

What of the afternoons? One afternoon would be set aside for anyone who wanted to jam. For musicians who have long wanted to play together or to renew a musical intimacy but have been separated by geography or exigency.

For another afternoon, there would be several panels. For musicians only. The dialog, the mutual learning (hopefully), would come from an exchange between the young and their elders—Cecil Taylor and Duke Ellington, Ornette Coleman and Ben Webster, Roswell Rudd and Vic Dickenson, Andrew Hill and Earl Hines.

The third afternoon would be left open. Perhaps the day of jamming would point to continuation or trans-formation of the impromptu combos.

Perhaps the day of dialog would require more talk, more mutual exploration. Perhaps everyone would like to cool it on that third afternoon.

If there was any money left over, I'd try to set up a day or two of conversations later between musicians and critics. It would not be a polemical waving of cliches but an attempt in which critics could learn what musicians find wanting in them and musicians could learn the bases for critics' judgments. Then there could be conversations between musicians and those engineers who do the bulk of jazz recording, not in the time-conscious environment of a studio but at leisure so that musicians could formulate an exposition on what bugs them about some engineers and so that engineers could tell some musicians things about the recording process that the latter may not yet fully comprehend.

And then a day's meeting on the economics of the business. In addition to musicians, those invited would include the few hip traditional booking agents in existence, representatives from classical-music booking offices, directors of civic centers and museums who contemplate adding jazz subscription series to their programs, and directors of college booking offices. The meeting would be a chance to begin constructing a bridge between the potential jazz audience (many of whom do not go to clubs now) and the musicians.

That's what I'd do, but I could be wrong. So I'd first check out all these ideas by conducting a referendum among as many jazz musicians as could be reached. I know the exceedingly difficult logistics involved in that kind of project, but remember, I'm fantasizing on the basis of a lot of bread.

What kind of festival would the jazzmen like? How would they like to be presented? Whom would they want to hear? If there were to be critics, engineers, record-company executives, and booking agents on panels, who would the musicians invite? What more preferable subjects for discussion would they suggest? In sum, I would try to adapt to a jazz coming-together those principles of "participatory democracy" that are being developed by such student groups as the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee and Students for a Democratic Society in the course of their efforts to change society.

Yes, sayeth the skeptic, but who would come to the festival? If you don't have enough big names for those night concerts, who'll draw the crowds? And none of those afternoon ideas are likely to attract more than a scattering

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of listeners. You'll wind up with just musicians—in the audience as well as on the stage.

Precisely. Oh, nonmusicians would be welcome. But this festival wouldn't be primarily for them. It would be for and by musicians. Like the Newport Folk Festival. But there, many listeners come too. And I suspect that many listeners would come to this, even if it weren't programed essentially for them. 

FROM THE TOP

Stage-Band Arrangement Reviews
By George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.

HOBNOBBIN': *Composed and arranged by Benny Carter; Repertory Stage Band Series.*

This is an easy swinger by one of the great arrangers. It is one of the best arrangements published recently for the student band. Lines lie easily, and swing is built into the figures.

The melody in the first 16 bars is carried by the saxophones in unison, with piano fills a la Count Basie ending each eight. A trombone line backs this section and is joined by trumpets in hats on the repeat. The bridge is handled by the full ensemble, with the saxophones taking the final eight.

Sixteen bars of trumpet solo lead to the ensemble bridge, this time a rhythmic and melodic variation of the line. After the conclusion of the tune by the ensemble, a tenor saxophone solo goes back to the bridge once more with the brass playing a light rhythmic variation of the melody. The saxophones recapitulate the melody to end the tune quietly.

Hobnobbin' is a real contribution to published stage-band literature.

STELLA BY STARLIGHT: *Arranged by Nelson Riddle; Kendor Music, Inc.*

Two years ago an idea for an arrangement-of-the-month club, distributing arrangements by name writers, was born. The Famous Arrangers Club failed for a variety of reasons, chief among which were probably the cost of the individual arrangements and the fact that one could acquire the arrangements only by subscribing to the entire series.

On the whole, the arrangements were excellent, and a valuable service has been performed by Art Dedrick of Kendor Music in Delevan, N.Y., in making them available again, singly and at a reduced cost, directly by order to Kendor. They cannot be bought in stores. A request for information will bring a catalog listing.

Stella is one in this renamed Famous

Arrangers Series. Riddle lays the tune out in symmetrical form with the concept of an over-all crescendo-diminuendo determining the shape of the arrangement.

A Harmon-muted trumpet obbligato over a gently rolling baritone saxophone figure serves as an introduction to the unison saxophone melody line.

Background parts in the brass are interesting and require attention to dynamics.

The second melody statement continues the over-all crescendo effect, first with a light tenor saxophone solo, then a trombone solo under the tenor, and finally exploding into the full brass climax. The opening sax line returns, and a final Harmon-muted trumpet solo in the coda brings it back to the beginning and the end of the arrangement.

The chief problems are achieving the proper blend and dynamics. This is a fine, interesting, and, of course, extremely competent arrangement. Highly recommended.

FIRST STAGE: *Composed and arranged by Bill Holman; Swing House, Inc.*

Swing House is a relatively recent arrival on the stage-band publishing scene. Published in this series are arrangements by Shorty Rogers, Marty Paich, and Bill Holman. *First Stage*, in case the name be misleading, is an arrangement of moderate difficulty. It has a modern big-band sound with a built-in swing feeling at an easy-going tempo.

Basically it is built off one theme, treated in a call-and-response manner between brass and saxophones. The saxes take the lead in the first section with brass punctuation and answers. The situation reverses on the middle eight and then reverts back to a sax lead for the final eight.

The block-chord piano introduction is repeated at this spot to set up the solo section, which features a sax soli for the first part of the chorus, Harmon-muted trumpet for the middle eight, and tenor solo for the final eight.

A half-chorus of hard-swinging, full ensemble leads to a *D. S.* back to the middle eight and then to a coda using another repetition of the piano introduction and quiet ending to wrap up the arrangement symmetrically.

This arrangement has fine, easily swung figurations that should get a band phrasing together rather easily. This alone makes it a good choice. Besides this, it is interesting and, of course, extremely well written. I personally would like to see a little more solo space, but this is no real problem since the arrangement can be easily extended.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 15)

tions, his self-effacing role has meant little publicity for him.

This concert—the fifth event in an annual series sponsored by the Duke Ellington Jazz Society—afforded a rare and welcome opportunity to hear and see Strayhorn in a full-fledged showcase of his multiple talents. It indicated, among other things, that Strayhorn is much more than Ellington's alter ego (though that in itself would be no mean accomplishment).

Strayhorn's distinctive musical personality unfolded in a well-paced program of 18 originals, including well-known as well as rarely heard pieces.

The concert began with Strayhorn in the role of solo pianist. His opening selection was a new composition, *Love Passed*, a gently romantic ballad typifying one of the characteristic Strayhorn moods: reflective nostalgia. It was followed by *Lotus*, a charming waltz ("named by a young friend of mine who leads a band and plays the piano," Strayhorn commented), and then the first recorded Strayhorn contribution to the Ellington library, the 1939 *Something to Live For*, a piece not in the least dated and still a challenge to any singer (or player). This performance included the rarely heard verse.

Strayhorn's approach to the keyboard is marked by the arranger's orchestral conception. His chords are full and rich, often suggesting more varied and sophisticated sounds and voicings than the piano is capable of reproducing—the point is that he suggests these possibilities convincingly.

His touch, however, is certainly pianistic, and while his technique is not that of a virtuoso, he is more than competent. Moreover, everything he plays is invested with a rare sense of form and development, and there is none of the empty rhapsodizing to which some of his melodies and harmonies lend themselves in lesser hands.

Other solo pieces included the bouncy *Clementine*, with a happy passage reminiscent of Willie (The Lion) Smith, the highly chromatic *All Heart* (for Ella Fitzgerald), *Orson* (for Orson Welles), and *Drawing Room Blues*, an impressionistic improvisation originally conceived for two pianos by Strayhorn and Ellington. On the latter, Strayhorn revealed a genuine gift for improvising, and his dissonances in the last chorus were striking.

Joined by Marshall and Bailey, Strayhorn picked up the tempo for a sprightly *Smada*, followed by *A-Sittin' and A-Rockin'*, a famous piece that Strayhorn did not claim, though his inclusion of it in the program spoke for itself. The trio portion concluded with a shimmering performance of the haunting *Daydream*.

Some of Strayhorn's earliest work for Ellington was done with small groups from within the band. His arrangements for the group he introduced as the Riverside Drive Five showed that years of big-band writing seem to have heightened rather than lessened his ability to produce fresh and provocative scores for small ensembles.

A clarinet lead blending with muted trumpet and soft French horn brought lovely hues to *Upper Manhattan Medical Group*, a tune with sufficient melodic profile to survive the reduction from full-band treatment. Wilber, a gifted musician, contributed a lithe and elegant clarinet solo, and Terry played a swinging, stinging two choruses with Harmon mute. Then followed chases between the two horns.

The theme statement of *Chelsea Bridge*, surely one of Strayhorn's loveliest pieces, was given to Ruff. The sound of the French horn was entirely suited to set and sustain the soft and warm mood. (In his spoken introduction, Strayhorn revealed that the piece was originally called *Battersea Bridge*, inspired by the Whistler painting—*Chelsea* was a slip of memory at the recording session.)

Raincheck, a happy tune, was introduced and concluded by a capella French horn (Ruff did not play any improvised solos, but his ensemble contributions were essential). Wilber played his curved soprano here, very much in a Johnny Hodges groove, and Terry broke loose with a rousing, shouting solo.

Singer Ozzie Bailey, featured with the Ellington band some years ago, then joined the group to do *What Else Can You Do with a Drum?* (from *A Drum Is a Woman*), followed by *Your Love Has Faded*, a pretty ballad from the late '30s with an interesting bridge and good lyrics.

Bailey, a silken-voiced singer with faultless intonation, is the ideal interpreter of Strayhorn the romantic, as he proved with *Multicolored Blue*, highlighted by an extraordinarily mean and funky Terry plunger solo. The romantic groove was maintained with *A Flower Is a Lovable Thing*, an encore for the singer.

The performance of the famous *Passion Flower* (according to the composer, "a frame of mind rather than a bloom") was a surprise.

After a flowery out-of-tempo piano introduction, Strayhorn brought in the rhythm section with a pickup into fast, bright tempo, and the solos (Wilber's frisky clarinet and Terry's joyful plunger) also jumped. Had any other arranger dared to meddle with the established groove for this piece, he would have been denounced by the critics for his lack of understanding of the composer's intentions. But the novel treatment worked perfectly, revealing this erstwhile near-decadent and ripe sensual line as excellent blowing material.

After a reprise of *Love Passed*, this time with a Bailey vocal, the famed *A Train* rolled in, with a rhapsodic piano introduction, followed by Ray Nance's recorded trumpet solo scored for ensemble, a knocked-out scat vocal from Terry, a taste (too brief) of Wilber's soprano, and a flying finish.

On these, as throughout, bassist Marshall and drummer Bailey contributed a firm and springy foundation. On the slower pieces, Marshall distinguished himself with remarkable fills and counterlines. And Strayhorn made a perfect emcee.

—Dan Morgenstern



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AD LIB

(Continued from page 10)

trumpeter **Charles Tolliver**, tenor saxophonist **Roland Alexander**, alto saxophonist and flutist **Ken McIntyre**, bassist **Paul Brown**, and drummer **Clarence (Scoby) Stroman**. A local high-school student, **John Houghtaling**, played timpani. Masters, a former house pianist at Boston's Storyville club, has been appearing at the Sugarbush Inn, Warren, Vt.

TORONTO: The Toronto Musicians' Association, AFM Local 149, lined up a busy summer schedule for Toronto musicians, with concerts slated for the art gallery and the parks. In co-operation with the Art Gallery of Toronto, free noon-hour concerts were presented in the sculpture court during June with jazz aggregations headed by **Peter Appleyard**, **Phil Nimmons**, **Ron Collier**, plus the **Hart House Orchestra**, the **Toronto String Quartet**, the **Pro Arte Orchestra** and several other groups. Outdoor concerts in July and August will feature pop symphony programs, folk singing, square-dancing, and jazz bands . . . Producer

Ron Arnold led off the first of several Jazz on the Lake cruises with a battle of bands between **Moce Koffman's** quartet and **Trump Davidson's** Dixieland band . . . Meanwhile, downtown night-club patrons have been enjoying the music of cornetist **Wild Bill Davison's** band, featuring trombonist **Marshall Brown** and clarinetist **Kenny Davern**, at the Colonial, and the songs of **Gary LeMel** at the Town Tavern . . . Pianist **Don Ewell** is expected to stay for a year at the Golden Nugget, while pianist-organist **Sir Charles Thompson** is also in for a long run at the *Chez Paree*.

BOSTON: During his early June engagement at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike, tenorist **Illinois Jacquet** was struck by a car in the club's parking lot and suffered a severe leg cut. He returned to work the next night but was unable to complete the engagement. Trombonist **Phil Wilson**, who recently left **Woody Herman's** band, filled in for Jacquet, accompanied by a rhythm section of **Ed Stoute**, piano; **Ike Isaacs**, bass; and **Charles Crosby**, drums. Trumpeter **Roy Eldridge** followed the next week, backed by pianist **Jaki Byard**,

bassist **Tony Teixiera**, and drummer **Alan Dawson** . . . The **Cannonball Adderley Sextet** was featured at the Jazz Workshop recently. After Adderley was the trio of pianist **Wynton Kelly**, bassist **Paul Chambers**, and drummer **Jimmy Cobb**. Both groups were guests on **Herb Pomeroy's** television show, *Jazz*, during their engagements. Pomeroy was the guest conductor for a 12-piece orchestra that was featured on a Canadian Broadcasting Corp. radio program broadcast July 2 . . . **Randy Weston** and his sextet appeared at Boston State College, where he presented one of his "History of Jazz" concerts.

PHILADELPHIA: As in previous summers, **George Hamid's** nearby Steel Pier in Atlantic City, N.J., has booked in a good number of big bands and jazz groups to appear at its Marine Ballroom. So far the roster has included the **Lloyd Price Orchestra**, succeeded by the **Dukes of Dixieland** and the **Johnny Austin Orchestra**, who were then followed by **Louis Armstrong** and the **Claude Thornhill Band**. The **Johnny Long Orchestra** holds forth until July 17, when it is to be succeeded by the **Gene Krupa Quartet** and the **Johnny Richards Orchestra**, July 18-24; **Les and Larry Elgart's** Band and **Tommy Rey's** Caribe Steel Band, July 25-31; the **Village Stompers** and the **Jimmy Palmer Orchestra**, Aug. 1-7; the **Ray McKinley-led Glenn Miller Orchestra**, Aug. 8-14; **Stan Rubin's** Dixieland group, Aug. 15-21; the **Lee Castle-fronted Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra**, Aug. 22-27; and the **Si Zentner Band**, Aug. 28-Sept. 3 . . . Tenor man **Stan Getz**, featuring vibes man **Gary Burton** and bass man **Steve Swallow**, drew 1,500 listeners to the Lambertville Music Circus on a recent Monday night . . . Arranger-tenorist **Jimmy Heath** is scheduled to play with vibraharpist **Milt Jackson** at a July engagement at the Show Boat . . . The West Chester State College **Criteria**, voted best big band at the Villanova Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, was featured on the *Diamond State Profile*, a half-hour show over WHY-TV, an educational television station. A week before, West Chester trumpeter **Jeff Stont** played the show with Trenton pianist **Kirk Nurock** and several other young musicians . . . **Dick Grossman's** New Music Quintet lost its bassist, **Austin Wallace**, to the Army. Grossman and his free-formers are having trouble finding a replacement because of the nature of the group's music.

CLEVELAND: At **John Lontour's** Moulin Rouge, singer **Betty Robertson** has been pleasing the patrons nightly for several months, accompanied by the trio of pianist **Dick Trotter** (**John DiPalma**, bass, and **Chuck Logan**, drums). The Trotter trio also plays for dancing . . . The **Suburban Jazz Group's** big band, which rehearses weekly at Beechwood High School, has made several appearances recently, including a concert at Case Institute of Technology for the International Students Union. Led by saxophonist **Elwood Joseph**, the band includes **George Steckler**, **Jay Apsel**, **Steve**

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

A HIPSTER'S QUIZ, By GARY A. SOUCIE

Parents try hard to pick nice names for their children, but every now and then they come up with a loser like Hezekiah. A budding musician so christened has little choice but to embrace something a little nicer. Like Stuff. Others preparing for a professional career decide to chuck the whole thing. When that happens, McKinley Morganfield becomes Muddy Waters. Still others pick a professional name that sounds a little like their real one but is shorter or more glamorous or just easier to pronounce. And to remember. See how many "new" you can find in the "old" below.

1. _____ (trumpet) John R. Lausen
2. _____ (songwriter) Andreamenentania Paul Razafinkeriefio
3. _____ (clarinet) Arthur Arshawsky
4. _____ (piano) Dennis Patrick Joseph O'Sullivan
5. _____ (cornet) John Wigginton Hyman
6. _____ (piano) Fritz Jones
7. _____ (trumpet) Donald Elliott Goldfield
8. _____ (drums) Louis Balassoni
9. _____ (piano) Anthony Alessandrini
10. _____ (flute, reeds) Herbert Jay Solomon
11. _____ (bass) Vincent Cucci
12. _____ (piano) Peter A. Ceragioli
13. _____ (reeds) Bill Evans
14. _____ (vibraharp) Julius Gubenko
15. _____ (tenor saxophone, trumpet, reeds, harmonica, etc.) Edward Shulman

ANSWERS: 1, Yank Lawson; 2, Andy Razaf; 3, Artie Shaw; 4, Joe Sullivan; 5, Johnny Wiggs; 6, Ahmad Jamal; 7, Don Goldie; 8, Louie Bellson; 9, Tony Aless; 10, Herbie Mann; 11, Vinnie Burke; 12, Pete Jolly; 13, Yusuf Lateef; 14, Terry Gibbs; 15, Eddie Shu.

Answers to the *Name's the Same* quiz that appeared in the last issue of *Down Beat*: 1, Hall; 2, Carter; 3, Williams; 4, Henderson; 5, Taylor; 6, Teagarden; 7, Hayes; 8, Harris; 9, Stewart; 10, Young; 11, Collins; 12, Green; 13, Baker; 14, Smith.

Fink, and Don Rothenberg, trumpets; Bill Gornick, Dick Moody, Leroy Gelfand, trombones; Dan Schwartz, Bert Koslen, Mark Katz, Steve Samuels, Bill Novak, saxophones; Paul Eisenberg, piano; Godfrey Dickey, guitar; Bill Weiss, bass; and Bernie Rubin, percussion . . . The seventh annual season of Sunday afternoon jazz concerts at John L. Price Jr.'s Musicarnival featured the groups of Dave Brubeck, Cannonball Adderley, and Maynard Ferguson in June, with Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong due to appear in the second half of July and Stan Kenton and Lionel Hampton in August.

DETROIT: Jazz on the Wayne University campus has been bursting out lately. Phi Mu Alpha, the national music fraternity, sponsored a series of noon concerts, including performances by the Jim Hartway Trio (Hartway, piano; Don Lewandowski, bass; Jerry Roule, drums) and a Dixieland band made up of students. The WSU Artists' Society, a new student group made up largely of Artists' Workshop members, has sponsored a number of outdoor concerts and one large indoor concert by the Workshop Music Ensemble . . . The "Jazz Spring Scene" outdoor concert in Ann Arbor was postponed a week because of rain, but when it came off a large crowd was in attendance . . . The Detroit Jazz Society sponsored a concert by the Jimmy Wilkins big band, featuring singer Sonny Carter, in its spring series . . . Promotor George Wein is planning a Detroit concert Aug. 15. The event boasts such names as Miles Davis, Jimmy Smith, Dave Brubeck, Dizzy Gillespie, Count Basie, and Carmen McRae . . . The Ramsey Lewis Trio did a couple of weeks at the 20 Grand in June . . . Betty Chmaj offered her "seminar in jazz" again this summer through the Wayne University Extension Service. The class is intended for "newcomers to jazz" and includes lectures, recordings, "field trips" to local clubs, and lectures by musicians. Last summer's seminar produced the Detroit Jazz Society when enthusiastic students wanted to continue their new-found interest in jazz on an organized level . . . The Chessmate Gallery replaced Pierre Rochon's quartet with a rock-and-roll band for the after-hours activity there weekends.

CHICAGO: Trumpeter Miles Davis' opening at the Plugged Nickel was set back from July 14 to July 28. The Nickel's Sunday afternoon sessions, which feature the artist working the club, were extremely well attended during Jimmy Smith's two-week engagement last month . . . Louie Bellson did not join Count Basie here as planned. The deal fell through . . . Drummer Joe Morello, vibist Gary Burton, pianist Marian McPartland, trumpeter Carl (Doc) Severinsen, and drummer Gene Krupa were among the well-known jazz musicians making appearances at the recent National Association of Music Merchants convention at Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel . . . Singer

Gloria Lynne has been added to the acts appearing at the Summer of Stars series being held at McCormick Place. The series ends Sept. 5 . . . Sammy Cox' Three Souls interrupted their long stay at the Hungry Eye for an early July concert engagement at the University of Cincinnati. (Cox is a native of that city.) Hungry Eye owner Tom Moody, pleased with the crowds the Souls have been drawing, extended their contract at the club through the end of the year . . . Drummer Ardell Nelson has re-formed his Jazz Prophets group with Mace Morgan on organ and Andrew Simpson on guitar. The group had been disbanded since the death of bassist Chico Derrick earlier in the year. Nelson participated in a recording session late last month for producer Willie Lee and recorded two tunes by Leroy Webb Jr., *Eula* and *Infinity* . . . Response to the Sunday afternoon sessions at the Crystal Pistol, at which guitarist Joe Diorio's group has been featured, has proved so favorable that the club's management is trying Saturday matinees as well. Diorio continues at the Centaur on Monday nights. A recent Monday evening saw bassist Wilbur Ware, trombonist Julian Priester, altoist Bunky Green, drummer Steve McCall, and vocalist Jon Hendricks (who was appearing at the Plugged Nickel) sharing the stand with the guitarist. Diorio, however, took a couple of weeks off in late June and early July to play an engagement in Puerto Rico . . . The first two of a series of six Sunday evening Dixieland programs at Four Lakes, Lisle, Ill., west of Chicago, featured Eddie Davis and his Dixie Jazzmen and the Village Stompers respectively. Third of the bi-weekly series will be held July 25 and will offer trombonist Dave Remington and his Dixie Six.

INDIANAPOLIS: A coffee house, the Eleventh Hour, aimed primarily at the under-21 group, opened on the city's north side in early June. In addition to young local blues singers Pat Dunford and Greg Hildebrand, old-time blues mandolin player Yank Rachell performed at the coffee house the weekend of June 18-20. Although Rachell has been an Indianapolis resident for many years and played the Newport Folk Festival last year, as well as in several large cities recently, it was the first time he had performed publicly in his home town in more than a decade. The following two weekends, Dave Baker played solo jazz cello at the coffee house. Baker's quintet and saxophonist David Young's quartet split a three-hour jazz concert given as part of the Art and Jazz Festival held at Flanner House June 6 to raise funds for the settlement house's PTA group. Baker also talked about the acceptance of jazz in contemporary society on a half-hour radio interview program conducted by Indianapolis *Times* newspaper managing editor Irving Leibowitz in early June . . . Singer Sheryl Shay moved from the Island Lounge in suburban Carmel to the Carousel on the city's N. Meridian St. nightclub strip in mid-June, and the Naptown

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Strugglers Dixieland band moved from the B&B Supper Club to the suburban 38th St. Bar at the same time . . . Organist **Jackie Davis** played the Pink Poodle the last two weeks in June . . . **Dottie Clark**, former member of **Ray Charles'** Raellets, sang with a trio led by **Stan Hunter**, organ (with **Chink Richardson**, drums, and **Floyd Smith**, guitar) at the Hub-Bub during June . . . Following a six-week European tour, guitarist **Wes Montgomery** stopped off in his home town to play at Mr. B's Lounge the first two weeks in June before going back to New York City. The guitarist used a pickup group of **Ial McKenny**, piano; **Roy Brooks**, drums; **Arthur Hopper**, bass, at Mr. B's. At the same club the previous week, **Roland Kirk** got into a rhubarb with a belligerent patron at the edge of the bandstand during a Saturday matinee. The listener was removed by the management after he got rapped on the head with a microphone stand.

MIAMI: Trumpeter **Ira Sullivan**, reed man **Charlie Austin**, pianist **Ron Miller**, and bassist **Robert Thomas** made a pilot teletape for the educational television station here; however, the station's review board decided against the proposed series . . . **Austin**, following a lengthy write-up in the *Miami Herald*, has been drawing large crowds to the Hampton House . . . Tenor saxophonist **Flip Phillips'** group opened at the Rum House in the Galt Ocean Mile in Fort Lauderdale, while trumpeter **Charlie Spivak's** orchestra held forth at the Chateau Madrid there . . . **Jack Woods'** Oceania in Fort Lauderdale was the site of an "original jazz festival," at which **Andy Bartha's** Deep South Dixie Jazz Band was recorded by Art records. The group featured **Billy Hagen**, piano; **Larry Wilson**, clarinet; **Joe Powers**, drums; **Larry Schram**, banjo; and **Bartha**, violin, trumpet, and vocals. Trombonist **Ed Hubble** and bassist **Gene Dragoon** also were festival participants . . . Reed man and arranger **Mike Lewis'** mainstream big band includes in its personnel **Sam Seavone**, **Duke Schuster**, **John Georgini**, **Bob Whatley**, trumpets; **Abe Dittmas**, **Dan Eddinger**, trombones; **Connie Bennitt**, tuba; **Gus Mas**, **Eddie Galka**, tenor saxophones; **Ed Monroe**, baritone saxophone; **Morris Hubbard**, piano; **Al Greenstein**, bass; **Bruce Dittmas**, drums . . . The only working jazzman in the Key West area currently is **Davy Lee**, who provides a one-man jazz show at **Michael's Airport Lounge**. Lee sings and plays piano, organ, vibraharp, bass, and percussion . . . FM-stereo radio station **WAEZ** features a weekly jazz show on Saturdays from 11 p.m. to 2 a.m. with **Dan Jones** as host.

NEW ORLEANS: The Devil's Den, which has followed a policy of bringing name groups into the area (the **Si Zentner** and **Lee Castle** bands and the **Four Freshmen**), is changing management. The new policy is not yet known . . . Pianist **Ed Feausei** is now at the Sho'Bar with trumpeter **Bob Teeters'** quartet . . . Clarinetist **Pete Fountain** will return to the French Quarter Inn in

August after a month's vacation in California . . . Veteran bassist **Sherwood Mangipane** will join pianist **Arnaud Hug** for his August concert sponsored by the New Orleans Jazz Club.

LOS ANGELES: Sunday or Monday sessions continue to draw musicians whose gigs prevent their jamming together during the week. In Beverly Hills, jazz buff **George Silva** runs a session at his Coronet Room from the antiseptic hour of 8:30 a.m. Sunday to the more civilized one of 2 a.m. Monday. And at the Parisian Room in Los Angeles, singer **Lou Rawls** and tenorist **Sonny Stitt**, who was working at the nearby It Club, recently broke things up. The Parisian's Monday night rent parties are given the more dignified label of **Celebrity Night** . . . The **Gene Russell Trio** recently completed an eight-week engagement at the Terrace Room of the Statler-Hilton Hotel. With Russell were bassist **Bill Hillman** and drummer **Batiste Woody** . . . Dixieland is definitely on the upsurge in southern California. **Larry Grover**, owner of the Pirate's Den, at Lake Winnepesaukee, N.H., unhappy with the six combos he auditioned in New England, ultimately hired the **South Market Street Jazz Band** from San Diego. The New Orleans Jazz Club of California began its second year of traditionalizing by moving into larger quarters in Santa Ana. The two-beaters celebrated the expansion with a concert featuring cornetist **Pete Daily**, the **El Dorados**, and the **SMSJB**. The **El Dorados**, replete with banjo and washboard, have been packing them in at **Leapin' Liz's** . . . A recent panel discussion on jazz on Los Angeles' educational channel **KCET** had **Keith Berwick** as host and British tenorist **Tubby Hayes**, trumpeter **Don Ellis**, pianist **Jack Wilson**, and critic **Leonard Feather** as panelists . . . The **Swingle Singers** are set for a fall appearance at **Shelly's Manne-Hole** and a concert at the University of California at Los Angeles . . . **Toni Lee Scott** returned to Los Angeles briefly to confer with her manager, **Nancy Wilson**, who handles the singer as part of her managerial partnership deal with **Jay Cooper**. Miss Scott is now at the **Playboy** in Detroit. Miss **Wilson's** other managerial project, the **Paul Horn Quintet**, spent most of June at the Scene on the Sunset Strip, sharing the bill with singer **Bill Henderson** . . . **George Braith**, who plays tenor saxophone and strich (sometimes both at once), has been living in Los Angeles for the last three months and is working at local clubs with **John Houston**, piano; **Albert Stinson**, bass; and **Donald Dean**, drums, sometimes with vibraharpist **Roy Ayers** added . . . Los Angeles' **Gaslight Club**, expanding its music policy, has booked **George Shearing's** quintet for a week, starting Aug. 2, and may follow with similar bookings for other major names.

SAN FRANCISCO: Singer **Jimmy Rushing** did an enthusiastically received two weeks at the Jazz Workshop. He was backed by a trio consisting of

pianist **Jack Wilson**, bassist **Leroy Vinnegar**, and drummer **Milt Turner**, which also played part of each set on its own. **Rushing** said he has lost 31 pounds, bringing him down to 240, and has had leg and back pains relieved through treatment for sciatica by a New York specialist . . . Altoist-flutist **John Handy's** quintet, currently working at the Both/And, a new jazz club, includes bassist **Don Thompson** and drummer **Terry Clarke** of Victoria, British Columbia. Pianist **Freddie Reed** and violinist **Mike White** are the other members of the group . . . In an effort to bolster sagging business, Basin Street West, the big, plush jazz club, instituted "topless" fashion shows as part of its programing. The topless fad, with female performers and, in some instances, waitresses, parading nude from the waist up (or wearing diaphanous jackets), has become a common feature in the rock-and-roll, big-beat, swim-dance joints that dot the Broadway area, and they have been drawing crowds . . . The **Pete Welker Sextet** has resumed playing Monday nights at the Jazz Workshop and is slated to be recorded shortly by Fantasy records . . . The **Modesto Briseno Quartet** and singer **Lynn McPhillips** are at Tin Pan Alley in Redwood City on Monday nights.

THE OTHER SIDE: Much original music, including several premiere performances, was presented at a recent concert of the Cleveland Composers' Guild at the Cleveland Music School Settlement. The new music included **Donald Erb's String Quartet No. 1**, **Leon Kirchner's Piano Sonata**, **Linda Muhler's Octet for Seven Instruments and Voice**, and **Rudolph Bubalo's Woodwind Quintet**. A highlight of the concert was *Mexico City Blues* by **Raymond Wilding-White**, performed by the Men's Glee Club and a jazz group made up of faculty members and students of Case Institute of Technology. Other performers at the concert included the Bowling Green University String Quartet, pianist **Frances Bennett**, and soprano **Jo Ann Lanier**. The conductor was **Mareel Diek**.

Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco's scenic oratorio, *Song of Songs*, received its first U.S. professional performance at Cleveland's Fairmount Temple. The production, directed by **Reuben Kaplan**, featured soloists **Gloria Shafran**, **Philip Bova**, and **Samuel Levine**, the Temple Choir, the Concert Guild Orchestra, and the **Karamu Dancers** under **Joan Hartshorne**, with choreography by **Arnoua Eisenberg** . . . Other recent Cleveland premieres included **Joseph Ahrens' Concertino for Positiv** and **Harry W. Gay's Proclamation and Judgment** for two trombones and baritone voice; Gay also conducted the dramatic oratorio *A Prophet in the Land* by English composer **Robin Milford** at Cleveland's Old Stone Church . . . **Harold Fink's** opera *Young Goodman Brown* was premiered recently in Painesville, Ohio. Fink also conducted the Concert Guild Orchestra in a Cleveland presentation of **Richard Arnall's Sonata for Chamber Orchestra**.

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.
Basi's: Willie Bobo to 7/31.
Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn): Henry (Red) Allen to 7/31.
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.
Coronet (Brooklyn): Yusef Lateef to 7/24.
Shirley Scott-Stanley Turrentine, 7/27-8/1.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Eddie Condon's: Eddie Condon, Max Kaminsky, tfn.
Embers West: name jazz groups, Joel Saye, hb. Five Spot: Roland Kirk to 8/1.
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wetling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
Half Note: Max Roach, 7/20-8/1.
Hickory House: Mitchell-Ruff, Eddie Thompson. Himself: Norman Lester, 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.
Luigi II: Sol Yaged, John Bunch, tfn.
Metropole: Gene Krupa to 7/17. Mongo Santamaría, 7/19-31.
Museum of Modern Art: Pee Wee Russell, 7/22. Roy Eldridge, 7/29. Jaki Byard, 8/5. Milt Jackson, 8/12.
New Colony Lounge: Howard Reynolds, tfn.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel, Gary 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: name jazz groups.
Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, Effie, tfn.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
Tower East: Don Payne, tfn.
Village Gate: Thelonious Monk, John Coltrane to 7/18.
Village Vanguard: Jeremy Steig, Mon.

TORONTO

Chez Paree: Sir Charles Thompson, tfn.
Colonial: Buck Clayton to 7/31.
George's Spaghetti House: Moe Koffman to 7/17.
Golden Nugget: Don Ewell, tfn.
Last Chance Saloon: Larry Dubin, tfn.
Town Tavern: Wynton Kelly, 7/19-24. Sonny Stitt, 7/26-8/7. Jon Hendricks, 8/9-21.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott, tfn.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Junior Mance to 7/18.
Maridor (Framington): Mae Arnette, Al Vega, tfn.
Tic-Toe (Salisbury): Sal Perry, tfn.

BUFFALO

Boar's Head: Sam Falzone, wknds.
Clardon: Jimmy Bucino, tfn.
Cold Spring Bon-Ton: Freddie Roach to 7/18.
Stanley Turrentine-Shirley Scott, 7/19-25. Wes Montgomery, 7/26-8/1. Johnny Lytle, 8/2-8.
Jacobbi's: Dick Fedale, tfn.
Pine Grill: Jimmy McGriff to 7/18. The Chanters, 7/20-26. Little Richard, 7/27-8/2.
Prince Edward: Sam Noto, wknds.

PHILADELPHIA

Barn Arts Center (Riverside, N.J.): Erroll Garner, 7/25.
Cadillac Sho-Bar: Maynard Ferguson to 7/17.
Bill Doggett, 7/19-24.
Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Johnny Ellis-Tony DiNicola, tfn.
Eagle (Trenton): Marty Bergen, tfn.
George Washington Motel (Valley Forge): Beryl Booker, tfn.
Lambertville Music Circus: Duke Ellington, 7/19. Ahmad Jamal, 7/26.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.

Pep's: Joe Williams, 7/19-24.
Show Boat: Milt Jackson to 7/17. Mose Allison, 7/19-24.
Steel Pier (Atlantic City, N.J.): Gene Krupa, Johnny Richards, 7/18-24. Les & Larry Elgart, 7/25-31.
Uptown: Demon Spiro, Metronomes, tfn.

BALTIMORE

Burgundy Room: Charlie Pace, tfn.
Club Casino: Winfield Parker, tfn.
Colonial House: Dixie Alley Cats, Peg Kern, tfn.
Judges: The Crossfires, tfn.
Le Coq D'Or: Donald Criss, tfn.
Living Room: Harry Steiert, tfn.
Marticks: Brad Wines, tfn.
Moe's: Claude Crawford, tfn.
Playboy: Ted Hawk, hb.
Surf Club: Earl Bostic to 7/18.
Sweeneys: The Holidays, tfn.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Tony D'Angelo, tfn.
Blues Alley: Tommy Gwaltney, hb.
Bohemian Caverns: Bobby Timmons, Eddie Harris, tfn.
Carter Barron Amphitheater: Ella Fitzgerald, Ramsey Lewis to 7/18.
Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor Jr., Bobbie Kelley, tfn.
Embers: John Malachi, tfn.
Gold Rush (Ponderosa Room): Shirley Horn, tfn.
Greenwich Lounge: June Norton, Wed.-Sun.
Mr. Smith's: Wild Bill Whelan, Thur.-Fri.
Red Coach Inn: Phyllis Cope, tfn.
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, tfn.
Stouffer's: John Eaton, tfn.

CLEVELAND

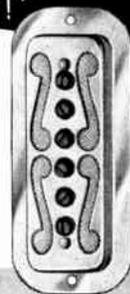
Brothers: Harry Damas, wknds.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.
Club 100: Winston Walls, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro, tfn. Johnny Trush, Sat.
Esquire: Eddie Baccus-Jack Spratt, tfn.
Fagan's Beacon House: River Rats, Wed., wknds.
Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.
Impala: Bud LaBianca-Manhattans, wknds.
Kinsman Grill: Chester High, wknds.
LaRue: Charlie Beckel-Bill Strangs, tfn.
Leo's Casino: Cannonball Adderley, 7/29-8/1.
Lucky Bar: Jose Harper, wknds.
Musicarnival: Duke Ellington, 7/18. Louis Armstrong, 7/25. Stan Kenton, 8/15. Lionel Hampton, 8/29.
Monticello: Herb Summers-George Quittner, wknds.
Moulin Rouge: Dick Trotter, Betty Robertson.
La Porte Rouge: Spencer Thompson, wknds.
Public Hall: Skitch Henderson, 7/21, 23-24.
Ahmad Jamal, 7/28.
Punch & Judy: Labert Ellis, tfn.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb. Al Serafini, wknds.
Shakey's Pizza: various ragtime groups, tfn.
Squeeze Room: Eddie Myers, wknds. Lanny Scott, Sun., Wed.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy. Tangiers: Jazz Clique, wknds.
Theatrical Grill: Bob McKee, Nancy Ray, hb.
Thunderbird: Sammy Dee, hb. Par 3, wknds.
Vanguard: Mark IV, tfn.

CHICAGO

Big John's: Paul Butterfield, tfn.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, tfn.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Art Hodes, Thur.
London House: Lionel Hampton to 7/18. Oscar Peterson, 7/27-8/22.
McCormick Place: Frank Sinatra, Oscar Peterson, Count Basie, 7/18. Stan Kenton, Four Freshmen, June Christy, 8/8.
Midus 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: Miles Davis, 7/27-8/8.
Ravinia (Highland Park): Village Stompers, Josh White, 7/14, 16. Ella Fitzgerald, 7/21, 23.
Velvet Swing: Dukes of Dixieland, Eddy Davis, tfn.

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MILWAUKEE

Black Knight Lounge: Dick Ruedebusch, tfn.
Ciro's: Bob Erickson, Fri.-Sat.
Column's Room: Lou Lalli, tfn.
Dimitri's: Frank Vlasits, Thur.-Sun.
English Room: Tom Marth, Fri.-Sat.
Green Living Room: Will Green, tfn.
Holiday House: Lionel Hampton, 7/19-31. Gene
Krupa, 10/18-25. Louis Jordan, 10/29-11/6.
Music Box: Bev Dean, wknds.
New Flame: Loretta Whyte, Fri.-Sat.
Pappy's: Ron Goldschmidt to 9/4.
The Ma's: Tom Marth, Wed., Thur., Sun. Four
Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.
Tumblebrook Country Club: Zig Millonzi, tfn.
Wisconsin State Fair: Al Hirt, 8/13-17.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Baker's Keyboard: Frank D'Rone to 7/16. Oscar
Peterson, 7/19-31.
Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanston, tfn.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, tfn.
Caucus Club: Howard Lucas, tfn.
Chit Chat: Don Davis, tfn.
Charade: Treniers to 7/22. Carmen McRae,
7/28-8/5. Four Freshmen, 8/6-22. Johnny
Griffith, Allegros, hbs.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Ronnie Phillips, afterhours.
Mon.-Thur. Mel Ball, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Danish Inn (Farmington): Pat Flowers, tfn.
Dream Bar: Willie Metcalfe, Jewel Diamond,
tfn.
Frolie: Norman Dillard, tfn.
½ Pint's: Keith Vreeland, wknds. Sessions, Sun.
Hobby Bar: Sessions, Tue. Ben Jones, wknds.
LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, 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: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, wknds.
Playboy Club: Vince Mance, Matt Michaels, hbs.
Sabo Club (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, sessions,
Sat. afternoon.
Sax Club: Charles Rowland, tfn.
Surfside Club: Tom Saunders, Wed., Fri., Sat.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, tfn.
Unstabled Theater: afterhours sessions, wknds.
Detroit Jazz Quintet, hb.
Woods Club (Jackson): concerts afterhours, Sat.

INDIANAPOLIS

Barrington Lounge: Jimmy Coe, tfn. Sessions,
Thur.
Carrousel: Sheryl Shay, tfn.
Embers: Four Freshmen to 7/24. Jonah Jones,
8/2-7.
Embers Lounge: Claude Jones to 7/31.
Marott Hotel Patio: Vic Knight's Dixielanders,
wknds.
19th Hole: Paulia Rhyne, Tue.-Sat.
Pink Poodle: Count Fisher, tfn.
38th St. Bar: Naptown Strugglers, wknds.

CINCINNATI

The Blind Lemon: Collins-Prather, tfn.
Bonneville: Chris Brown, Fri.-Sat.
Herbie's Bar: Jim Wright, Tue.-Sat. Harvey
Reed, tfn.
The Living Room: Dee Felice, tfn.
Mahogany Hall: Ed Moss, Tue.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Dave Engle, hb. Woody Evans,
tfn.
The Whisper Room: Ray Selder, Mon.-Sat.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones Trio, tfn.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin-Medina Carney,
hb.
Hayes Lounge (Jacksonville): Bill Davis, tfn.
Michael's Airport Lounge (Key West): Davy
Lee, tfn.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico-Sam DeStefano, hb.
South Seas Yacht: Matty Cortese, tfn.

NEW ORLEANS

Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo
Pecora, tfn.
Golliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.
King's Room: Lavergne Smith, tfn.
Lenfant's: Sweet Emma Barrett, Doc Souchon,
7/18.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Clem Tevalon, Snookum Rus-
sell, 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,
Sun.

Dunes Hotel: Earl Green, Bobby Sherwood, tfn.
Gelo's: Bob Sullivan, tfn.
Guys and Dolls: Bill Kane, tfn.
Mint Hotel: Tommy Cellie, Al Jahns, Red
Nichols, tfn.
Sahara Hotel: Sam Melchionne, Jack Kent, tfn.
Peggy Wied, Wed.
Sands Hotel: Keely Smith, Red Norvo, Vido
Musso, tfn.
Showboat Hotel: Leo Wolf, tfn.
Sneak Joint: Marvin Koral, Tue.
Stardust Hotel: Jimmy Blount, tfn.
Tropicana Hotel: Gloria Tracy, tfn.

DALLAS

Blue Chip: Juvey Gomez, Jac Murphy, Gil Pitts,
tfn.
Bon Vivant: Frankie Randall, 7/22-8/1. Ernie
Johnson, hb.
Fink Mink: Betty Green, Banks Dimon, Dick
Shreve, tfn.
Key Note: Billy Brooks, Jimmy Bell, tfn.
Levee: Ed Bernet, tfn.
Music Box: Jack Peirce, tfn.
Outrigger: Bubba Cobb, Louie Spears, Perry
Leverett, tfn.
Pompeii: Joe Johnson, tfn. Bobby Burgess,
Nipper Murphy, afterhours.
Red Garter: Phil Rubin, tfn.
Rondrunner (Fort Worth): Jeri Winters, tfn.
Diek Harp, hb.
Savoy: James Clay, Ted Dunbar, Billy Harper,
tfn.
21 Turtle: Mal Fitch, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Ad Lib: Ben DiTosti, hb.
Anaheim Chariot Room: Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Beverly Cavern: Hal Peppie, Fri.-Sat.
Beverly Hilton: Calvin Jackson, Al McKibbin,
tfn.
Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band,
wknds.
Caravan (Redondo Beach): South Bay Jazz
Band, Fri.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles,
Sun.-Mon.
Coronet Room: sessions, Sun.
Disneyland (Anaheim): Harry James to 7/31.
Duke Ellington, 8/6-14. Young Men from New
Orleans, Firehouse Five +2, tfn.
Gaslight Club: Jack Langlos, Duke Mitchell, tfn.
Gatsby's (Santa Barbara): Bill Dods, Red Ingle,
Fri.-Sat.
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): French Quar-
ter Jazz Band, wknds.
Holiday Inn (Montclair): Society for the Pre-
servation of Dixieland Jazz, tfn.
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy's Dixieland
Band, Fri.-Sat.
Leapin' Liz's: El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Great Society Jazz Band, Wed., Thur., Sun.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Three Sounds to
8/1. Yusef Lateef, 8/6-15.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson,
tfn.
Red Chimney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Thur.-
Sat.
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Ray Bauduc,
Jackie Coon, Wed.-Sat.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri.-
Sat.
Rumbleseat (Hermosa Beach): Good Time Levee
Stompers, Fri.-Sat.
Setting Sun: Los Angeles Jazz Sextet, tfn.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring,
tfn.
Shakey's (Hollywood): Nappy Lamare, Carlo
Duncan, tfn.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Horace Silver to 8/1. Art
Blakey, 8/3-8. Charlie Byrd, 8/10-22. Shelly
Manne, wknds.
Straw Hat (Garden Grove): The Unquenchables,
Thur.-Sat.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Cannonball
Adderley, 8/5-7.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Joe Bushkin to 7/21. Anita
O'Day, 7/22-31. Duke Ellington, 8/18-28.
Jonah Jones, 9/1-14.
Both/And: John Handy, tfn.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco,
hb.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy
Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Cal Tjader to 7/17.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Stan Kenton alumni,
Fri.-Sat.
Hungry 1: Eddie Duran, hb.
Jazz Workshop: Art Blakey, 7/20-8/1. Horace
Silver, 8/3-8. Cannonball Adderley, 8/10-29.
John Coltrane, 8/31-9/12.
Parker's Souville: Dewey Redmon, afterhours.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Ericson, tfn.
Trident (Sausalito): Marian Montgomery to
7/18. The Mastersounds, 7/20-8/15. Denny
Zeitlin, Mon.

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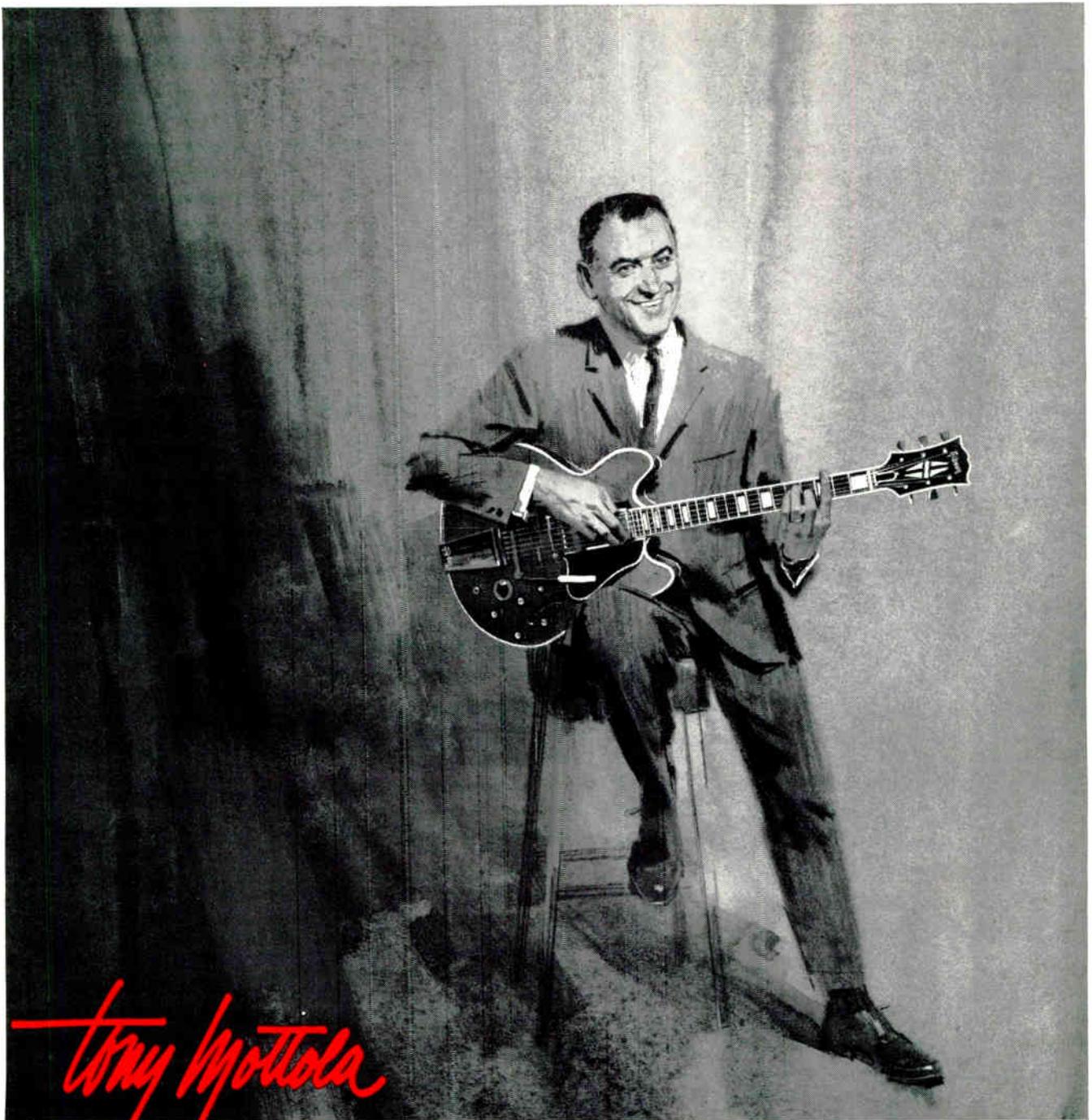


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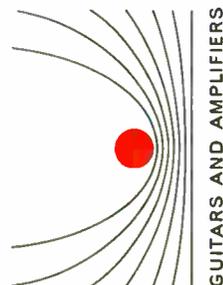
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