

AUGUST 26, 1965

35c

# down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

## The Further Adventures of SONNY ROLLINS

A revealing conversation with  
the controversial tenor saxophonist,  
by Joe Goldberg

## TODAY'S LIFE WITH FATHA HINES

Hall of Fame-winning pianist  
discusses his art and new-found  
success with Dan Morgenstern

## FESTIVAL IN FOCUS

Jazz festival photo gallery,  
by Ted Williams



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August 26, 1965

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# down beat

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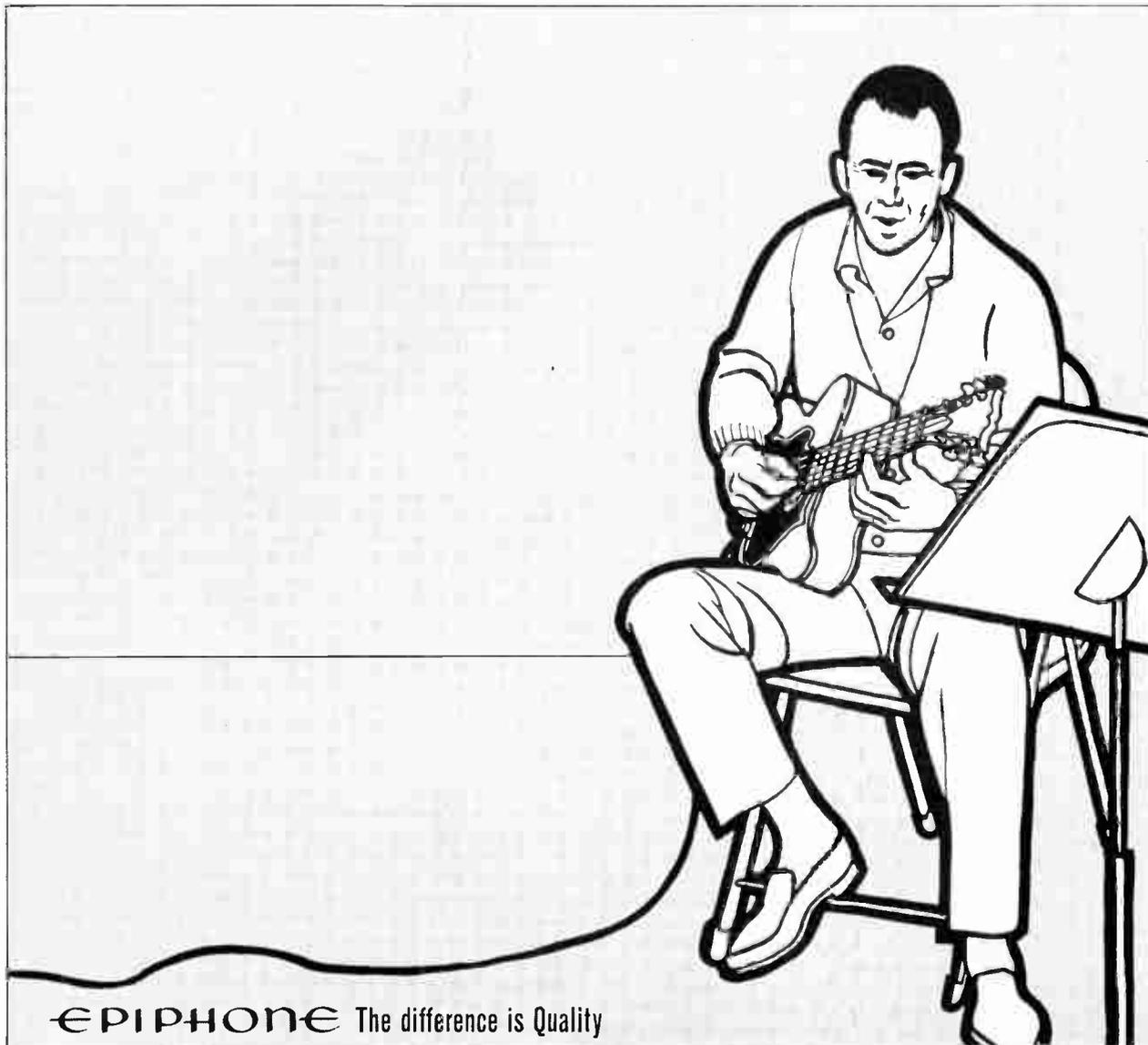
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# Jazz sounds: New Orleans to Newport

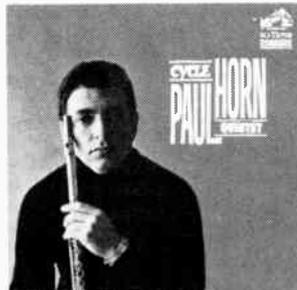
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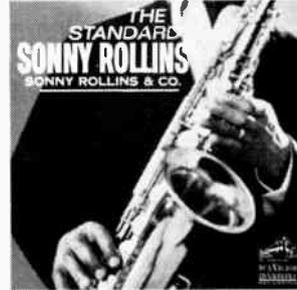
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**Bechet of New Orleans: Sidney Bechet.** Bechet plays soprano sax and clarinet on such tunes as "Muskkrat Ramble," "Save It, Pretty Mama," "The Sheik of Araby" and more.

**Two of a Mind: Paul Desmond /Gerry Mulligan.** A swinging collaboration. "Stardust," "All the Things You are," "The Way You Look Tonight," "Out of Nowhere" are four of the six.

**Bossa Antigua: Paul Desmond.** Desmond and co-star Jim Hall in a compelling bossa nova excursion. Includes "O Gato," "Samba Cantina," "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes."

**The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie: Dizzy Gillespie and his Orchestra.** A great collection of such groovy items as "Manteca," "Night in Tunisia (Interlude)," "Of Man Rebob" and "Anthropology."

**J. J.: J. J. Johnson.** J. J.'s first big-band album—and it's a gas! The tunes include "My Little Suede Shoes," "Bimsha Swing," and other goodies arranged by J. J. and Oliver Nelson.

**Tijuana Moods: Charlie Mingus.** Mingus at his most inventive doing tunes like "Dizzy Moods," "Flamingo," "Tijuana Gift Shop," and two others. A "must" for Mingus fans.

**What's New?: Sonny Rollins.** Sonny & Co. get plenty of blowing room in this collection of five great tunes: "If Ever I Would Leave You," "Bluesongo," and "Brownskin Girl" are included.

**The Great 16: Muggsy Spanier Ragtime Band.** The all-time great Dixieland tunes are represented here with such staples as "Dipper Mouth Blues," "Relaxin' at the Touro," "Black and Blue" and many more.

**Joe Williams at Newport '63: Joe Williams.** This is the "live" performance that rocked Rhode Island a couple of seasons ago. Joe sings "Without a Song," "April in Paris" and others.

**In a Mellotone: Duke Ellington.** Duke performs some of his most famous numbers including "Take the 'A' Train," "Main Stem," "Sepia Panorama," "Perdido" and "Cotton Tail."



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# CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

## From Golson To Handy

I am, by nature, a person not inclined to speak out too much about things or philosophies that are in contrast to my own because I respect, as did Voltaire, the right of man to disagree, but George Handy has gone much, much farther.

After reading his critique of my album *Stockholm Sojourn* (DB, July 15), I can only say I am very disappointed in him. If my mind serves me correctly, he himself is, or was (I haven't heard anything about him in years), an arranger.

Over a period of years, I have heard and played, as a performing musician, many of his arrangements, so I am well aware of his particular approach to orchestration. In a sense, I can understand, because of this approach, why he said what he did, but, likewise, I am disappointed because he has so completely fenced himself in. Music is much, much too broad to be channeled to one particular idiom or style. The approaches one can take are truly incalculable.

If in the course of an arrangement one hears dissonances resolving into dissonances, tone clusters milling about, or tone rows, it does not necessarily mean that Gil Evans (a great orchestrator) has inspired anything. After all, Duke did these same things back as early as the late '20s—and still does. Has Duke been inspired by Evans? It's too ludicrous to even consider answering.

Handy insinuated constantly, in his peremptory remarks, that my ability as an orchestrator was in question. Let me assure him—and the world, if need be—that I can orchestrate—in many different forms.

The approach I took when I began writing this album (in my spare time) in September, 1961, was one that I felt deeply. I might or might not ever take such an approach again, but I did—with the strongest conviction—and I feel that no apologies are necessary.

The things that I arrived at are not things that I settled for but rather things I chose. Of course, there were other possibilities—that's always true of *any* arrangement—but obviously I didn't choose any of those possibilities because I wanted something else. I did exactly what I set out to do. It's not axiomatic that an orchestrator be musically ubiquitous within an arrangement to show that he is an orchestrator. I guess it's a matter of personal taste then, isn't it?

In jazz, my first gratification is to myself, so obviously I am a mirror of my own aspirations. I can't (won't) write what the President, my mother, or even Handy might want to hear; it has to be *me*. What about the listener? Either he likes it or he doesn't; nevertheless, the music must be *me*.

About Handy's statement of my getting "hung up" in avant-garde: I've not written one note of avant-garde music to date. That's not to say, however, that I won't

(ADV.)

## education in jazz

By Quincy Jones

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QUINCY JONES

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Quincy Jones

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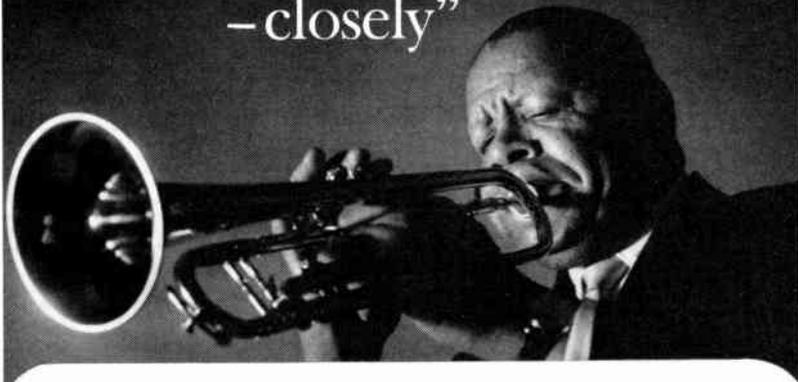


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sometime in the future. Judging from all Handy's music I've ever played or heard, I'm sure what he wanted to hear was avant-garde. And in answer to his metaphorical, closing statement, "Benny Golson, come home," I am home, Mr. Handy, because I never left.

It seems you are looking through eyes affected by "tunnel vision." Remember this: music is broad, broad, ever so broad, with myriad avenues and byways. Don't get "hung up" in one.

Benny Golson  
New York City

**The Wilson-Evans Caper, Pt. II**

Let me convey my congratulations to John S. Wilson, who, with one stroke of his typewriter, has established himself as the most knowledgeable critic in jazz with his discovery of the great Bill Evans hoax.

In one brief review (*DB*, July 15), Wilson has exposed the large group of musicians and critics who think that Evans is a pianist of great originality, subtlety, and taste as a bunch of tin-eared idiots.

Charles C. Sords  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

I am pleased to see someone of authority, such as John S. Wilson, bring the Evans hoax out into the open. I have never felt any other way after being conned into buying two Evans albums (at the same time or I would not have duplicated my mistake) by the unanimously favorable reviews of the critics.

I played them—just once. By next January I hope it becomes "Bill . . . who?" I have a suspicion the reaction has set in.

C. E. Fox  
Azusa, Calif.

Concerning John S. Wilson's review (if you'll excuse the expression) of *Trio '65* by Bill Evans, surely you jest?

Now that we have all had our chuckle over his expose of the Evans cult (which consists, Mr. Wilson, of a sizable majority of your compatriots, if we are to judge by *Down Beat's* critics' poll), perhaps we could have a review of the album by a critic with a more patient and sensitive ear.

Gerald L. Priesing  
West Peabody, Mass.

John S. Wilson's write-off of Bill Evans is certainly a flagrant example of critical irresponsibility. Why should a music critic who disparages an artist's work because listening to it requires a deliberate, directed effort be allowed to review records in the first place?

Sam Chell  
Madison, Wis.

**Word From A Participant**

Congratulations on the addition of George Handy to your staff of critics. His thoughtful and objective discussion in the July 15 issue is exactly the kind of criticism necessary to educate and develop an intelligent jazz audience.

Unfortunately, I cannot feel the same



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about the criticism written by John S. Wilson. He has been making a career of jazz criticism for some time now and has yet to come to grips with the fact that "steady listening has to be a deliberate, directed effort."

It is symptomatic of American culture that this kind of attention span is conspicuously absent from our everyday lives, and in this respect Wilson has a lot of company; however, I do expect more from a man who assumes the responsibility of being a music critic.

His attitude in reviewing Bill Evans' *Trio '65* album indicates he might fall asleep at a performance of a Chopin nocturne because of the "self-effacing quality" of the music. Perhaps a little "self-effacing" study of the objective

aesthetics of music are in order on Wilson's part.

Chuck Israels  
New York City

*Israels was the bassist on the Evans record.*

### Dorham "Out" Or "In"?

Recently Kenny Dorham, a trumpeter of considerable virtuosity and talent, reviewed three albums (*DB*, July 15) of some relatively new and fresh jazz groups—those of Giuseppe Logan, Byron Allen, and Albert Ayler.

Technical fluency is perhaps a necessity in fusing emotional by-products of the soul and a coherent manner in the musical

execution of these feelings, and maybe these men have not reached that high standard or tower of the true creative musician. Yet again it is quite conceivable that they have. In shedding the limitations of harmonics and melody and time, they may have taken the first step to an aura of artistry in a whole vast, new challenging context.

Has Dorham forgotten his first musical and emotional explorations? Are his musical concepts so cold and rigid that he can consciously object to a new form of musical creativity? Perhaps Dorham is on his way out—not in the imaginative, creative sense, but out of the jazz picture.

Al Padovano  
New York City

### That Double Review

It was an excellent idea having comparative reviews by Kenny Dorham and Bill Mathieu of three avant-garde albums. However, the comparison showed glaring contrasts in criticism.

I believe the purpose of a record review is to review and rate the music. For me, it should tell whether an album is worth buying or not. Dorham did this so well. He laid it on the line that these men, in his opinion, were having wonderful times creating mayhem. His opinion I respect, for he is a musician of stature and propriety, and he certainly is qualified to discuss the quality of any jazz.

On the other hand, Mathieu set about to discuss the motivation which made the musicians play the way they did and also the society in which we live. His word choice and sentence structure were perfect, but I still can't find a definitive opinion of the records. His review would have made an excellent feature article concerning the music of three young musicians in the field of free expression.

Dorham gives us a matter-of-fact opinion of the music's quality, not a cloudy presentation of motivations, physical manifestations, or mystical rituals.

However, I feel the comparison was a credit to the magazine. I hope Dorham and other name jazz musicians will present their opinions in the record review section in the future.

Michael J. Gaines  
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

### Misquote?

Did Don DeMicheal misquote Gary Burton in the recent article on Burton (*DB*, July 29)? Or is Burton talking through the wrong size mouthpiece?

When he said things like "I never practice. Facility is in the mind." etc., he sounds like something out of the last act of Meredith Willson's *The Music Man*. Music can be produced with a not-so-facile mind, perhaps, but it's never been produced without chops.

By the way, the review section makes much better reading since Kenny Dorham's contributions have appeared. It's good to see a review by someone who knows what it's all about.

Vincent J. Danca  
Madison, Wis.

*Burton was not misquoted.*

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## COMPOSER SPENCER WILLIAMS DIES IN NEW YORK CITY

Spencer Williams, veteran jazz pianist and singer, best known as the composer of a number of songs that have become staples of the traditional jazz repertoire, died in New York City July 14 at the age of 73.

Born in New Orleans Oct. 14, 1889, Williams was active professionally from 1907 in Chicago as pianist and vocalist. He was an early associate of pianist-composer Clarence Williams (no relation), with whom he co-authored *Royal Garden Blues* and *I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly-Roll*. Later he collaborated with Fats Waller, producing *Squeeze Me*.

In 1925 Williams went to Paris with vocalist Josephine Baker and wrote music for her shows at the Folies Bergere in the French capital. He had made his home in intermittently in England and Sweden since then.

A prolific writer, Williams composed some of the most durable of traditional jazz standards, among them *Basin Street Blues*, *I Ain't Got Nobody*, *Everybody Loves My Baby*, *Mahogany Hall Stomp*, *I Found a New Baby*, *Shimme-Sha-Wobble*, and *Tishomingo Blues*.

The composer is survived by his widow, Agnes, and two daughters.

## JAZZ MUSICIANS TOUR HARLEM BY TRUCK

The country's most densely populated Negro community, New York's Harlem, is the scene of a cultural experiment bringing top-quality jazz to its residents free of charge. The project's aim is to stimulate interest in the arts in Harlem.

On every Tuesday and Thursday evening through Sept. 2, the Jazzmobile, a large bandstand mounted on a truck bed, will move through the streets of central Harlem carrying a cargo of famous jazzmen. Each trip, which lasts from 6:30 p.m. to 9 p.m. will feature a different group of musicians and will travel a different route.

Sponsored by the Harlem Cultural Council (with the co-operation of AFM Local 802 and the P. Ballantine Co., which donated the Jazzmobile), the program is geared towards focusing attention and interest on the construction of a permanent cultural center in Harlem.

The program got under way July 20 with Oliver Nelson's big band, featuring pianist Billy Taylor. Next up was tenor saxophonist Frank Foster's 16-piece band, followed by trumpeter Blue Mitchell's quintet and then flutist Herbie Mann's group. Others scheduled to participate in

the program are the Count Basie Orchestra and the quintets of trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie and pianist Horace Silver.

A fall festival of the arts, presented by the council, is scheduled to follow the Jazzmobile's run.

## TONY SCOTT—REFLECTIONS, VIEWS, AND PROGNOSIS

After an absence of six years, clarinetist Tony Scott returned to the United States in July to play at the Newport Jazz Festival, where he was warmly received by musicians and audience.

July was the month of another happy event in Scott's life. On July 22, Scott's wife, Pauline, gave birth to a baby girl. Soon after his daughter was born, Scott dropped into *Down Beat's* New York office to discuss his past and future.

"I came back home," Scott said, "because, after six years in the Far East, where I played with good, bad, and terrible local musicians, I now want to play with—and hear—the great ones, the ones who have the tradition and the feeling."

"While I was away, I learned that I don't have to depend on any one city or country to make my way in music. It's a good feeling to know that you can just pack up and go somewhere and make a living."

Scott has no illusions about the American jazz scene.

"Nobody will help you make it, but if you make it on your own, they'll come around," he said. "About my own playing, I feel that I have a new strength. . . . I think I'm a better and stronger musician now."

He said he doesn't intend to rush things, that he wants to look at the scene, relax, and enjoy himself.

"I want my wife, who has never been here before, to enjoy America," the clarinetist said. "And I want to enjoy my newborn child."

"I'd like to form my own group—I'm looking around for the right guys. Wouldn't it be nice if I could get the band I had just before I left? Bill Evans on piano, Jimmy Garrison on bass, and Pete LaRoca on drums. They're all doing pretty well for themselves now."

The "new thing" doesn't present a problem to Scott, he said.

"It was wonderful back in 1954 when I had a group at Minton's," he remembered. "We did a thing called *Cocktail Party*, where every man was strictly on his own; and in 1958, on a TV show, Billy Taylor and I put together a thing with atonal improvisation. Old thing or new thing—it's all beautiful to me. I've done it all, and I intend to keep on doing it. . . . When I was in Okinawa, there was a coffee house with jazz records, and they had on one of Ornette Coleman's things, and some Okinawans came in and started to sing one of their folk songs, and danced along with the record. It was a very moving thing. I sent Ornette a card about it."

While in the Far East, Scott did his share of unusual and experimental playing, too, though he doesn't refer to it in those terms. One of his most treasured experiences, he said, was playing with the Japa-



TED WILLIAMS

Scott

A search for self

nese kotoist Shinchi Yuize and a Japanese flutist.

"Yuize will be in this country in 1966," Scott said. "He will be teaching at Columbia University. I made a tape with him which I am very proud of."

Aside from his musical activities, Scott, an enthusiastic photographer, will be working on two books of photographs—one consisting of his jazz pictures, the other a selection from more than 8,000 photos taken during his travels.

For his musical future, though, Scott smiled and said, "I want to be in."

## LUTHERAN CHURCH NAMES MISSIONARY TO JAZZ COMMUNITY

The Rev. John G. Gensel, pastor of Manhattan's Advent Lutheran Church for the last nine years, has been appointed by the Lutheran Church's Board of American Missions as "missionary to the jazz community."

Noting that the Rev. Mr. Gensel's jazz ministry "has developed to the point that it can no longer be carried on while he also serves a congregation," the board proposed further development of the jazz ministry toward "the exploration of forms and structures in which jazz people can find Christian nurture and fellowship."

The minister, a familiar figure on the New York City jazz scene, became interested in jazz in the early '30s, when he heard Duke Ellington's orchestra at a dance. His first parish was in Mansfield, Ohio, and he subsequently served as a U.S. Navy chaplain during World War II, and later ministered to a congregation in his native Puerto Rico. It was not until his arrival in New York City in 1956, however, that he became closely involved with jazz musicians and their spiritual and social problems.

"Jazz people comprise a unique kind of community," the Rev. Mr. Gensel said, "with New York as one of the most important locales. As people, jazz musicians have the same kind of concerns as others and many problems which others do not have. Working schedules are odd and irregular. Husbands and wives must often be separated for long periods of time. . . ."

The traditional approach of the church, he pointed out, is not sufficient to minister to the jazz community "in a meaningful way. Any effective approach must be through involvement with them where they are, working from within."

Pastor Gensel, as he is known among jazzmen, also has experimented with jazz

as part of the worship service. Original compositions by Charles Mingus, Randy Weston, and Howard McGhee have been performed at Advent Lutheran Church. He has lectured on jazz and has participated in radio and television programs about the music.

## ALL-STAR CONCERT STIRS LARGE CAPTIVE AUDIENCE

It was hot and humid, and the audience guzzled lots of lemonade. It was a jazz festival, but Frank Sinatra didn't arrive by helicopter as he had at the Newport Jazz Festival. He rode out from the airport in a rented Cadillac and did 45 minutes of songs with Count Basie's band.

Sinatra with Basie may have been the topper of this festival, but the audience probably viewed the experience as a wonderful whole because it's only once a year they get anything like that to cheer about.

The annual Lorton jazz show took place, as it has for the last 10 years, July 15 at the Lorton Reformatory, located just outside Washington, D.C., in Virginia, for some 1,500 inmates of Lorton and other D.C. area jails.

In addition to the Sinatra-Basie presentation, others who donated their talents were singer Ella Fitzgerald (who was making her sixth appearance there), pianist Ramsey Lewis, tenor saxophonist Eddie Harris, and pianist Bobby Timmons. The enthralled audience watched the all-star program from the prison's ball field (the third-base dugout served as backstage for the musicians).

## UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI TO OFFER JAZZ AND STUDIO MUSIC COURSES

The University of Miami at Coral Gables, Fla., will offer music degrees with specialization in studio music and jazz and in music merchandising beginning this fall. There will be special emphasis on the fields of radio, television, and motion pictures. The four-year programs will lead to a Bachelor of Music degree.

The curriculum offers courses in arranging and orchestration in the modern idiom as well as courses in improvisation and the history and evolution of jazz. The student also will be required to take traditional music theory and literature, applied music, and general education courses as well as to study business management and administration in regard to music publication, copyright laws, and distribution.

Students majoring in music merchandising will intern with various businesses as part of their degree requirements, and training for those majoring in studio music and jazz is expected to be gained through playing in sections of three jazz orchestras.

Dr. William F. Lee, dean of the university's school of music, said music education must be updated in terms of what is happening in the music world today.

"The purpose of the studio music and jazz major," he said, "is to equip students for employment in radio, television, and motion pictures and in performing organizations, promoting shows, popular music, and jazz."

# strictly ad lib

**POTPOURRI:** It was the last concert in a series titled *Benny Goodman Presents* at a museum in Stamford, Conn. The Duke Ellington Orchestra was the attraction. During the concert's course, Goodman was given an award, and as he was leaving the stage, the Ellington band glided into *Let's Dance*, the clarinetist's theme song. Listeners stirred in anticipation of unprogramed clarineting, but they groaned in disappointment when Ellington announced, "He didn't bring his ax." Goodman reacted to the groan as an old fire horse responds to a fire bell. He grabbed the clarinet of Ellingtonian Jimmy Hamilton, announced that he would play a new Ellington composition titled *The Nature Museum Blues*, and was off to the fire. Before it was over, Goodman was soaring in front of a wailing Ellington band. One critic described the hastily assembled ensemble as "clamorously urgent." But such are the ways of kings and dukes.

Charles Lloyd, tenor saxophonist and flutist with the Cannonball Adderley Sextet for the last year and a half, has formed his own quartet. Lloyd's group made its debut at Slug's Saloon July 27-31. Members of the group for that engagement were guitarist Gabor Szabo, a former associate of Lloyd's in drummer Chico Hamilton's quintet; bassist Ron Carter; and drummer Joe Chambers. In announcing Lloyd's departure from his sextet, Adderley said: "Charles leaves with my thanks for his fine contributions to the group, and with my best wishes for what I know will be his future successes on his own." It was the second personnel change in the Adderley group in a month's time; drummer Louis Hayes had left late in June to join the Oscar Peterson Trio.

An interesting story of jazz subsidization is connected with the forthcoming jazz festival to be held Sept. 13-19 in Zurich, Switzerland. The festival organizers have been given money by a cigaret-manufacturing firm to enlist an international jazz orchestra, to be composed of jazz musicians from 10 different European countries. Orchestra members will receive travel, food, and lodging expenses, as well as a daily stipend. The sidemen will be selected on the basis of tapes and records submitted to the festival's producers. The orchestra will be under the direction of Basel, Switzerland, pianist-composer-arranger Georg Gruntz.

**NEW YORK:** Slug's Saloon, rapidly becoming one of New York's most active jazz clubs, is presenting a jazz festival during August. A different group is featured each weekday night; other groups play weekends. Among the musicians scheduled to lead groups during the festival are trumpeter Kenny Dorham, pianists Walter Bishop Jr. and Mal Waldron,

and saxophonists Bill Barron, John Gilmore, John Jenkins, Hank Mobley, and Cecil Payne. The quintet co-led by baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams and cornetist Thad Jones was featured at Slug's July 20-31 . . . A marathon fund-raising benefit broadcast at WBAI, one of New York's most jazz-minded FM stations, featured the live music of a multitude of jazzmen, including singers Joe Williams and Dave Lambert; trumpeters Art Farmer and Freddie Hubbard; pianists Walter Bishop Jr., Herbie Hancock, Ray Bryant, Roger Kellaway, Eddie Thompson, and Randy Weston; reed men Jimmy Giuffre, Clifford Jordan, and Gary Bartz; trombonist Grachan Moncur III; bassists Bill Crow, Bob Cunningham, and Richard Davis; and drummers Dick Berk, Candy Finch, and J.C. Moses. A total of \$25,000 was raised in 36 hours of continuous broadcasting . . . Pianist Cecil Taylor made his first appearance since 1963 at a major New York jazz club when he opened at the Village Vanguard July 20. With Taylor were Henry Grimes, bass, and Andrew Cyrille, drums. Tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins' quartet was co-featured on the bill . . . The Rev. Norman J. O'Connor officiated at trombonist Willie Dennis' funeral services July 12 at St. Paul's Church in New York City. Among the mourners were Clark Terry, Phil Woods, Gene Quill, Snooky Young, Mel Lewis, and Joe Williams. According to informed sources, singer Frank Sinatra paid the funeral expenses. It was erroneously reported (*DB*, Aug. 12) that Dennis was the driver of the car in which he was killed July 8; he was a passenger.

Trombonist Brian Treutman, winner of several prizes in college jazz festivals this year, went to Stockholm, Sweden, July 16 to join composer-pianist George Russell's sextet, with which he appeared at the Molde Jazz Festival in Norway . . . Veteran clarinetist Buster Bailey joined Louis Armstrong's All-Stars at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, N.J., July 4, replacing Eddie Shu. Bailey and Armstrong first played together in the bands of King Oliver and Fletcher Henderson in 1924 . . . The newly formed Jazz Art Society of Newark, N.J., is presenting live jazz six nights a week at their studio at 20 Shipman St. Out-of-town as well as local talent will be featured . . . Alto saxophonist Jackie McLean performed at Harout's in Greenwich Village last month . . . Bassist Ahmed Abdul-Malik and cellist Calo Scott are the duo at the Pad in Brooklyn . . . Drummer Ron Lundberg joined the house rhythm section at Embers West. He replaced Jake Hanna . . . Blues singer-guitarist John Lee Hooker began a month's run at the Cafe Au Go Go July 6 . . . Singer Jimmy Rushing was held over for two additional weekends at the Half Note, July 23-25 and July 30-Aug. 1 . . . The Berkshire Music Barn's annual concert series of jazz and folk music featured the Modern Jazz Quartet July 4, pianist Thelonious Monk's quartet Aug. 1, and Dave Brubeck's quartet Aug. 8. The Stan Getz Quartet appears there Aug. 15 . . . Former *Down Beat* editor Gene

(Continued on page 42)

# The Down Beat Jazz Festival: A View From The Editor's Desk

A jazz festival doesn't just happen. It's the result of months of planning, discussion, and, most of all, doing. It takes several persons, working together toward a common goal, to bring it off. The goal of the **Down Beat Jazz Festival** (to be held at Chicago's Soldier Field, Aug. 13, 14, 15) is a presentation of jazz of the highest quality in an atmosphere conducive to bringing out the best in the performers. From the beginning, this has been the prime consideration of the festival's producers—John Maher, Michael Butler, and George Wein.

The first step in achieving the festival's goal was the establishment of a 15-piece festival orchestra to play at each of the three evening concerts. The orchestra also would serve as a setting for any of the festival's name artists who wanted to use it. And provision would be made for sufficient rehearsal time—one week.

The second step was the selection of Gary McFarland to write for and conduct the orchestra.

Step No. 3: all styles of jazz would be heard at the festival, all artists to be selected on strictly musical merits.

The fourth step toward the goal was the inclusion of two afternoon programs, each to have a meaningful theme.

The final step was to program the concerts so there would be no overcrowding, so each group would have ample performance time.

The programing and selection of artists was done by George Wein and myself.

I felt very strongly that a jazz festival in Chicago should have as many of the excellent local musicians on its programs as possible. Wein agreed. The festival orchestra includes 10 of the city's finest studio musicians—all of them, by the way, excellent jazzmen. Both afternoon concerts are predominantly Chicagoan in cast. In all, 56 local musicians will be heard at the **Down Beat Jazz Festival**, the first time such a large number of Chicago jazz-

men has been featured at any event.

Another first: no other festival has assembled an orchestra to play exclusively the compositions and arrangements of one writer. McFarland not only wrote compositions for the orchestra itself but also new compositions and arrangements for the orchestra's guest soloists: Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, and Thelonious Monk.

The diversity of approach represented by these guest soloists is reflected in the well-known performers Wein secured for the night concerts: Miles Davis, Getz, Dave Brubeck, Earl Hines, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Ruby Braff, and Wein himself on Friday; Jimmy Smith, Muddy Waters, Count Basie, Carmen McRae, and Gillespie on Saturday; Monk, John Coltrane, Woody Herman, Gerry Mulligan, Roy Eldridge, and Joe Williams on Sunday.

The afternoon programs, I feel, will offer as many moments of excellence as the evening performances.

The theme of Saturday afternoon is the evolution of the Chicago style of jazz. The concert will not be a hodgepodge of Dixieland. It is meant to show the musical influences in the '20s impinging on the group of young musicians—"The Chicagoans"—and the result of those influences.

Big Joe Williams, an exceptional country-blues performer, will play and sing older blues, to be followed by the urban blues of Muddy Waters. Waters will be accompanied only by harmonica player James Cotton and pianist Otis Spann. Spann also will demonstrate boogie-woogie piano, a style of playing of which he is a master. The various styles of band jazz heard in Chicago during the '20s will be played by the two best traditional jazz bands in Chicago: Franz Jackson's and the Original Salty Dogs. Earl Hines, who was a leading jazz figure in Chicago for 20 years, will give a piano recital, to include some of the selections he played in a series of solo recordings in the late '20s and which still stand as hallmarks of jazz piano. The climax

of the afternoon will be the reunion of men who were among the original members of the so-called Chicago school—Jimmy McPartland, Floyd O'Brien, Bud Freeman, Jim Lanigan, Art Hodes, and George Wettling. Plans call for them to play some of the arrangements they recorded in the '20s, for musical as well as historical reasons.

The Sunday afternoon concert is at the opposite end of the musical pole from Saturday afternoon's program. It will show various aspects of contemporary jazz. Much of Sunday's music will be by members of jazz' avant-garde. Cecil Taylor, one of the most provocative contemporary musicians, is on this program. Among the Chicago groups, I'm sure Joe Daley's trio will surprise a number of people with some of the most daring music of the festival, including the use of electronic devices for musical purposes. The music of Bunky Green's quintet is somewhat in the spirit of the avant-garde but with strong roots in the music of Charlie Parker; Green not only is a leading jazz altoist in Chicago but is also deserving of national attention. Guitarist Joe Diorio is another who should be heard by a larger audience; he's a hard-driving jazzman who can spin out chorus after chorus of coruscating improvisation. Sandy Mosse's Pieces of Eight is one of the finest small-large bands anywhere; the band's arrangements are in a relaxed, swing-bop vein, a style very much in keeping with the leader's approach to tenor saxophone.

Considering the diversity of the five programs, the excellence of each artist on those programs, the hard work, care, and love given to every facet of the production by all concerned, I am convinced that the **Down Beat Jazz Festival** will meet its producers' goal. But as at all jazz festivals, the final measure of excellence at the **Down Beat Jazz Festival** will depend on the artists. I am confident each will rise to the occasion.

—Don DeMicheal

# SITTIN' IN

By ART HODES



RAYMOND ROSS

Fred Moore, with washboard

Fred Moore and I were hurting for work; it was like nothing. We had a man looking after us, but he really wasn't an agent. Call him an appreciator; and he could (and would) beat a drum for you.

He was Fred Smith, and he had been around this business for some time; he saw a lot of potential in our duo. Figure it up: Moore with his comedy (just look at him and you'd laugh), stove-pipe hat, washboard, vocals ("you may be a little woman, but you snore like a great big crowd"), and drums. And, please remember—Moore was there in time for King Oliver's band. No question—he had the beat. Add my piano, and you had the makings. Smith had come up with a couple of gigs, and we showed to advantage. We could handle a set; we needed opportunity. Finally a job came through—a south-side room, way south. It could have been in Podunk—didn't matter. We were working.

One hundred and fifteenth St. is 115 blocks south of the Loop (the supposed center of Chicago). But who counts blocks when you have a gig to go to? You can bet we got there way ahead of time. We got all set up, moved the stationary piano the way we wanted it and were ready. We took that first set and the people in that room like ice cream on a hot day. Yeah, we had our first set made. It turned out to be our last set.

"Get 'em off; get 'em out of here" . . . loud enough to be embarrassing. I walked over to the voice and asked, "What's wrong?" Though he'd signed the contract, he claimed he didn't know we were a mixed duo. His patrons were southerners, he said, and he couldn't have it. I pointed out that we'd done a set for his southerners, and they weren't objecting. To no avail. "Out."

Man, dragsville . . . helping Fred pack and hurry. We dragged ourselves around the corner to the first bar (which was part of the same building) and downstairs. I bought Freddie a drink, and we were welcome. At least somebody wanted us. Must be a different type of owner.

"By the way," I asked, "who owns this bar?"

Sure, the same cat who just got rid of us. Around the corner, downstairs, we were okay.

People sometimes ask, "How come you play the blues?" Man, if you'd have been with me that night, I'd have played you some blues. See, the hardest part of our business is getting the work, and when you finally hit, to see it go up in space just like that is a drag.

I don't know; I thought . . . naw, it never entered my mind. This is Chicago, the North; these things don't happen. Down South, yes, but they spell it out. You know what you can do and what you can't do. I'd better mark the time; this happened about eight years ago.

Why did I think of it today? I was talking to a guy who'd just returned from abroad. He's involved with blues people, so he seemed like the right guy to ask.

"How do I get over there?" I asked. "How do I get asked?"

He told me, "You don't; you're the wrong color."

There it is, in reverse.

So I shut my eyes; it's about 1930. Court is in session, and the judge is talking to me; Frank Teschemacher's wife; Slim Evans, a clarinetist I will always remember as a fellow who had a bar in Cincinnati and advertised "free beer tomorrow"; Renee, a gal who liked the music; Dave Tough; and the Negro.

The night before we had been visit-

ing a barbecue place at 48th and State St., listening to the trio, and early morn we moved across the street to the apartment of Papa Couch (drummer) and listened some more; piano, records. We had a few, and when we got real hungry, this Negro lad said he would get some barbecue ribs.

He returned just in time for the ride. The police called, and we rode in the black maria; we spent hours in a crowded cell. And then feeling in need of a bath and a toothbrush, we were standing front and center and being addressed.

"What were you doing out there anyway?" the judge asked.

We told him we dug the music.

He was very empathetic. "Why don't you stay in your end of town?" he said and dismissed us.

Come to think of it, that was a very funny crack—when you think of Albert Schweitzer or the American Indians. Isn't that what they told the settlers? I got my blues the hard way, the only way I know people to get the blues. Like something happens that you wish wouldn't have . . . "I got a bellyful of nothing and a heartful of lead."

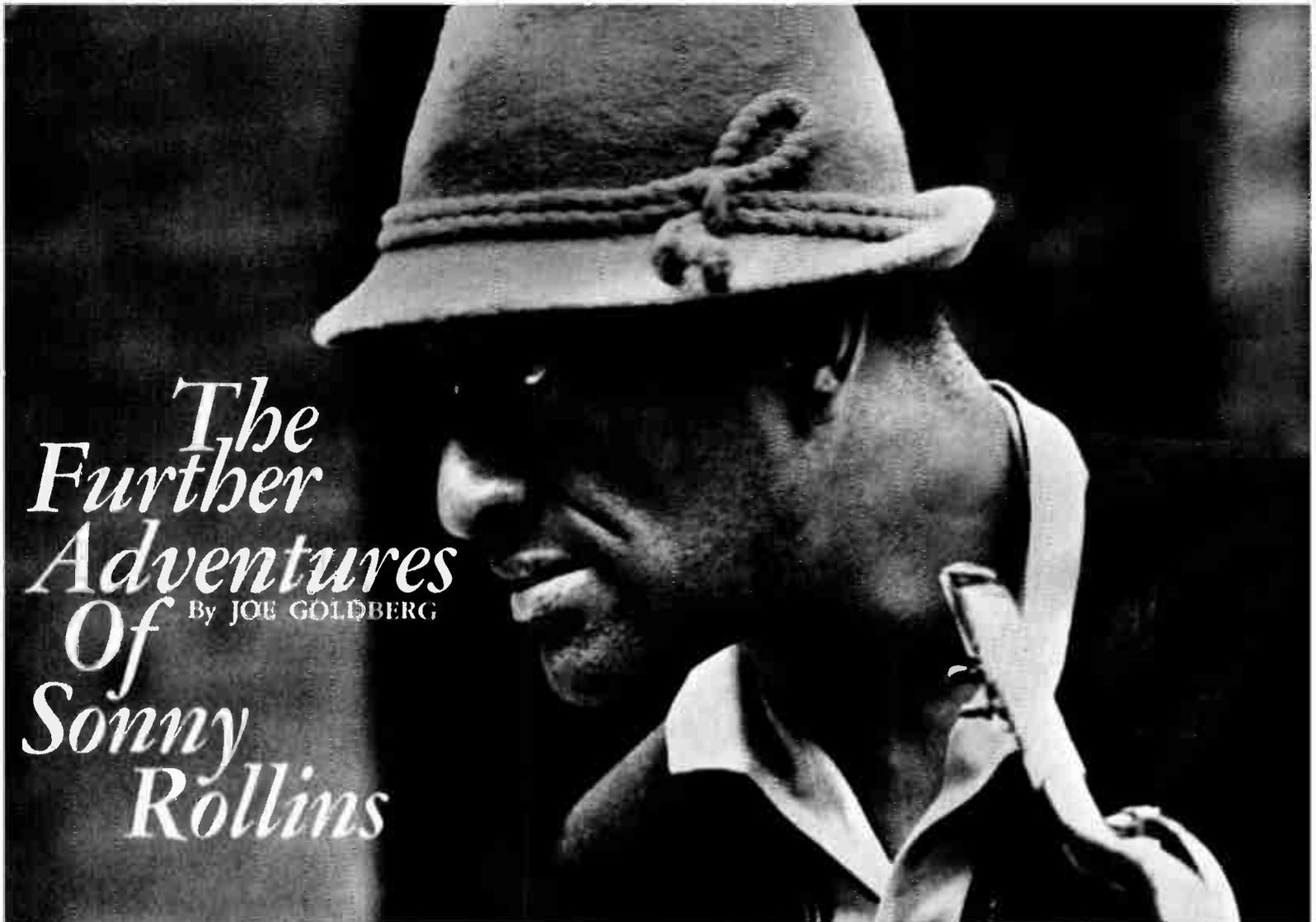
Big Bill Broonzy used to sing "When you're white, you're all right; when you're brown, stick around; but when you're black, get in back, way back." And I wish he'd stuck around. He was for real; he was deserving. But, like a lot of us, he broke ground. This music didn't arrive here on its own. A lot of people stood up and were counted.

Sometimes, appearing before a young generation, I get the feeling that they think everything happened when they arrived on the scene. Then again, some of the young musicians I play music with may envy me because I was there when it was happening. Of course, I wasn't in Congo Square, New Orleans; and I didn't hear Buddy Bolden. I picked up when I got here, in time to walk the streets of Chicago's south side, and, so, one night in the rain I saw this marquee, and it's Bessie Smith, and I hear her in person.

The slave traders brought us the Negro; the Negro brought the beat. The South supplied the white man; the mixture, one living near the other, brought us jazz. Jazz is integrated. People aren't integrated; as Greta Garbo used to say, "I want to be alone." Jazz is togetherness, a direct result of people being thrown together.

I hate discrimination; I've fought it in my way since 1940. It's been a pleasure, for the most part. Playing my music alongside Sidney Bechet, Max Kaminsky, Baby Dodds, Wild Bill Davison, Pops Foster, Rod Cless, Hot

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# The Further Adventures Of Sonny Rollins

By JOE GOLDBERG

PHOTO/DON SCHLITEN

**I**N THE SUMMER of 1961 there was this tenor player who hadn't been on the scene for two years, and everybody was wondering where he was and making up stories about him and telling each other he was crazy or something ("he rehearses on a bridge").

But Sonny Rollins came back, and while his return lacked some of the Beatlemania that attended Vladimir Horowitz' Carnegie Hall concert earlier this year (no screaming thousands, no front-page *New York Times* story, no two-LP concert set), it was certainly the jazz event of that year. Anyway, he came back, playing well enough to win the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll, and for a while there was a tremendous fuss made about him.

That was 1961, and the fuss has died down. Now Sonny Rollins is just one of the best jazz musicians around. He is settled in again, as settled as he ever gets, and the opportunity, as they say at *The New Yorker*, to see what he was up to came when Rollins played a week at the Village Vanguard in New York.

The night in question he had a quartet. At his opening the night before he had used a trumpet player (and would again). However, the next evening he was to play a concert in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art, which was to be recorded as the first album under his new contract with Impulse, and that was to be a quartet date. So even though only Tommy Flanagan played both the Vanguard and the museum with him, Rollins thought it best to spend his preconcert working night without the trumpet. He constantly changes sidemen anyway, both because he thinks it keeps him fresh and because he takes self-imposed

layoffs too often to keep a band together.

This night, Rollins was heard before he was seen. There is a square post to one side of the Vanguard stage, and he stationed himself behind it, played a few bars a cappella, and then, as the rhythm section joined him, stepped out into full public view.

His head is still shaved, but now his beard is gone, making Rollins, large and powerfully built, look rather like the Oriental extras who used to menace Jon Hall and Sabu. He walked all around the stage as he played, commenting to himself between phrases and occasionally walking back toward the rear of the bandstand to listen more closely to one of the players.

There is a door at the rear of the stage, leading to a dressing room, which is slightly bigger than an orgone box but just as hot. Rollins timed himself so that he went through the door backwards, bowing slightly, on the last note of his last solo of the set. The door opened again, just long enough for him to ask if I wanted to speak to him, and then closed.

We spoke in the dark, because he was afraid the light coming through the cracks in the door would disturb customers trying to hear the other group.

**I**T IS ALMOST impossible to talk superficially to Rollins. He has a solemn, almost courtly manner that masks one of our better dead-pan put-on artists. ("I understand you're playing a concert tomorrow night." "So do I. I signed a contract to that effect last week."), but when he talks, he talks. He examines

whatever is under discussion in much the way he examines a short phrase in one of his solos: over and over, inside out and upside down, until he has explored all possibilities.

He was concerned, this evening, with the problem of announcing numbers and personnel. It is not, he said, an easy thing for him to do, and he hoped that his music alone let the Vanguard customers know that he enjoyed playing for them. If they wanted to know the names of the musicians, he reasoned, they could ask the waiters. And his sets consisted almost exclusively of standards, as they have for some time now, so it seemed reasonable that his program required no announcing.

Also, there was the matter of applause. He had played his set almost as a medley, going from one tune to another with only a barely perceptible break. Sometimes, in his opening cadenza, a listener could hear him reject one tune for another, and one could feel the rhythm section waiting until it was sure what he had decided on. It seemed he had, by this method, deliberately killed the applause he might have got. He agreed. He said he thought numbers sounded more effective when applause didn't break them up, but he hoped that his tactic wasn't cheating the customers out of a feeling of participation. Then during the next set, timed precisely to fit four-bar breaks in his opening and closing solos, he announced his personnel twice, just to see what it felt like, and what the reaction would be.

A minor point? Not to Rollins. Anything he concerns himself with becomes important to him, and he tests his theories immediately.

For instance, a young man knocked on the door of the orgone box. He asked if he could sit in. He was embarrassed about asking and at great pains to explain that he was not just "some guy who wanted to play." He named several excellent musicians he had played with, some of whom had played with Rollins, and added that he had sat in at the Vanguard before—that Sonny could check with Max Gordon, the owner.

Rollins considered the idea for a long time. It must have been fairly disconcerting for the young man. Rollins is very concerned with physical culture, and was now involved with isometric exercises. He had recently come across some that involved the muscles around the mouth, that he thought would help his embouchure. It was helpful, he said, to do these in front of a mirror, and for this purpose, there was a full-length mirror against the dressing-room door. For quite a while, the young musician stood there and watched while Rollins screwed his face up into various unflattering positions.

Finally Rollins asked, "What do you play?"

Casually, but like a bombshell came the answer: "I play tenor."

And then the solemn, courtly put-on: "You play tenor? How dare you?"

Possibly the young man was not prepared for what happened next—a brief discourse that combined a capsule history of the practice of sitting in, current plans, and past reminiscences. Rollins told the young musician about the time, several years ago, when he had asked a well-known musician the same thing the young man had asked him and had been refused. Rollins had, he said, disliked the man for a long time because of that, until he stopped to think of reasons why he might have been turned down—obligations to the audience and the club. And so Rollins explained about the concert-record date the next day and how he was trying to prepare for it, and perhaps another time.

"Tomorrow night?"

"All right, come back tomorrow night, and we'll see."

Another set, and back to the orgone box.

"I hope he understood why I wouldn't let him sit in," Rollins said. "You know he might be very good, he might be great, and some day he'll remember the night that Sonny Rollins didn't let him play."

Another knock on the door. A man came in who was involved in the promotion of a three-night stand that Sonny was to play with vibraharpist Milt Jackson the next week at a Brooklyn supper club. He had a few advertisements for the event with him and gave me one. Rollins asked me to put it in my pocket. It was improper, he said, to have advertising for one job around when playing another.

"I'm looking forward to playing with Bags again," he said. "It will be very instructive. We had a little band about 12 years ago, and I can still remember the way the notes sounded; I can still hear it."

There were only a few people in the club now, and he thought that perhaps Max Gordon would close before the last set.

Did he want to go home early?

"I came here to work," he said. "I came prepared to play, and I can play all night."

He went out for the last set.

A few customers came in: Miles Davis, limping on a cane as a result of his recent operation, but elegant nevertheless, and drummers Max Roach and Elvin Jones.

A drunk tried to find the men's room by walking across the stage.

"He was very nice," Rollins said later. "He realized he was wrong when he saw the lights."

**A**BOUT A WEEK LATER, Rollins showed up to take me to his home. He was wearing blue jeans, a T-shirt, and a baseball cap, was smoking a cigar and driving an Impala. A cigar was all right, he explained, because you don't inhale. He negotiated the heavy traffic with the ease of the cabdriver he once was.

He lives in a Brooklyn apartment near Pratt Institute with his wife, Lucille, and two German shepherds named Major and Minor. The decor consists of paintings by the Detroit painter known as Prophet and souvenirs from overseas trips. The music on the phonograph ranged from old Basie records with Lester Young through Indian and Japanese music to operatic arias. He talked about the things that were on his mind.

The museum concert had, he thought, been a success. He had felt good playing it and was eager to hear the recording tapes, to see if his feeling came through. It had been outdoors, with statues and a fountain, and "I got a chance to stand by the water and play." It had rained, but no one had left. ("We didn't leave. We had a contract.") He felt that the natural, out-of-doors setting gave him a better chance to communicate with the audience. To that end, he walked around while he played, sometimes through the audience; and to help make his presentation more "theatrical," he said, he may one day add costumes for certain numbers ("these things may seem strange to you, but they're natural to me").

"The average Joe," he said, "knows just as much as I do—he knows *more* than I do. I'm the average Joe, and I think people recognize that. That's why I play standards. Everybody knows *Stardust*. These guys who only play their own tunes, they can cover up a lot of things, but if you play the melody of *Stardust*, everybody can tell whether you're doing it right or not. I've called tunes like that to guys who didn't know them. How can you call yourself a professional musician if you don't know all those songs?"

Had the young tenor saxophonist ever come by to sit in?

"Yes, he did, and he played his tail off," Rollins said. "He sounded better than I did. He sounded like he'd listened to some things of mine. It was very inspiring. It made me feel very good."

His major project, at the moment, is a score for the British film *Alfie*, to be produced and directed by Lewis Gilbert and starring Michael Caine in the role recently played on Broadway by Terence Stamp. Rollins never has written for films but is eager to try.

"There's a lot of guys in England who can score films," he said, "so if they called me, I guess they want some distinctive music."

Therefore, he said he feels free to write music that will be heard. The method is unusual. When the film is completed (it is in production now), Rollins will fly to London to see it and talk with the director. Then he will return to New York to write the score. Then back to London again, to record the music with himself and English musicians. He said he is especially pleased with the idea because his wife has learned to play the guitar, and the project "will enable me to utilize Lucille's talents." His wife made self-deprecating gestures behind him. He has the script but will not admit having read it, prefacing every comment on it with "Lucille tells me..."

The opportunity to write the score came when he played a London club at the beginning of this year. He was also quite gratified when the young man who came practically every night to listen intently turned out to be the noted English playwright Harold Pinter. Characteristically, Rollins is now planning a rare night on the town to see the double bill of Pinter one-acts, which are playing off-Broadway.

An earlier trip to Japan may have had even more lasting consequences. At a Tokyo airport press conference, Rollins had said, "I think of Japan as the country of Zen, not as the country of geishas." A young Japanese, a Rollins fan and a student of one of the country's foremost Zen masters, saw the item, spoke to Rollins after one of his concerts, and introduced the tenorist to his teacher.

Rollins remained in Japan for a week after his tour to see the parts of the country that have not been over-Americanized, to add to his collection of unusual instruments from around the world ("you should see the gifts they gave me, the things I brought back"), and to see the Zen master several more times. The result is a deep involvement in yoga.

Although yoga, Rollins explained, has obvious religious overtones, it is possible to use the discipline purely for reasons of health and physical fitness, which he has been doing ever since.

Some time later, the Zen master came to the United States, and he and Rollins spent a few days together at the New York World's Fair, which has become Rollins' prime recreation. He finds it affords him excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the world's peoples and their music and to add to the instrument collection. Out of the time in Japan and his teacher's subsequent visits has come a newly formed organization: the Sonny Rollins Yoga for Americans Club.

**N**OW, AFTER MORE than three years back on the scene, Rollins still does not accept all the work he might. This, coupled with the fact that most of his conversation during the evening had concerned itself with religion, philosophy, and health far more than music, could lead one to wonder if music now held a less important place in his life than it had before.

He disclaimed the idea but said he thinks he is "as good now technically as I'm going to get, so the thing to do is

work on myself, so I can play *me*. The audience can tell that. I remember one night, on the first tune, something went wrong with the rhythm section I was working with. They weren't together at all, not with me, not with each other. We were playing *Lover*, I think, and there was this shambles behind me, and all I was trying to do was keep things from falling apart. I was playing as hard as I could, but I couldn't get anything going; I didn't play a thing. Finally we got through it, and I've never heard an audience applaud like that. I thought about it later, and I decided that they felt how hard I was trying, and they responded to that.

"It's the same thing when an audience is talking and drinking while you're playing. It's a challenge to make them stop and listen. You can do it with tricks, but I've learned that it's better to do it by playing something you really *mean*. Then they'll listen. I can usually accomplish that, when I try. But I've found that right after I do it, I usually play something very corny. That's not right. I have to work on that habit, try to stop it."

Was he worried by the increasing number of clubs that are dropping a jazz policy to go-go discotheque?

"No. The public always wants to hear good jazz. If you play it, they'll come."

He said he feels that the day might come when the current stars may no longer be able to front their own bands and will begin working together as they used to.

Some may disagree with it, but it is fascinating to understand the reason for Rollins' opinion.

There were many musicians in the New York neighborhood where he grew up; his friends at the time included Thelonious Monk ("he's the average Joe, too"), Bud Powell, and Jackie McLean. He had originally wanted to be a painter, and, partly because of his surroundings, took up music almost casually. He can remember playing one of his first jobs in the late '40s, at New York's Audubon Ballroom. Miles Davis had a band with two tenors—John Coltrane and Rollins. The alternate group included Bud Powell and Art Blakey.

Rollins said he never particularly wanted to be a leader, that he would have been content to remain a sideman with none of the nonmusical worries and responsibilities that go along with leading and stardom.

"You'd be surprised," he said, "how many very famous people told me not to become a leader. You'd be surprised if I called their names."

But a circumstance in which most of the audience is present to hear a sideman can become difficult for all concerned. Thus, a fairly close-knit group of friends—the names of Max Roach, J. J. Johnson, and Milt Jackson, among others, should be added to the foregoing—became the most influential musicians of the era following the death of Charlie Parker. Most of them have worked together in various combinations. It seems only natural to Rollins that "the guys from the neighborhood" might do that again someday, since, as he sees it, only business, and not music, ever made it any different in the first place.

That was one reason he looked forward to the three-nighter he was to play with Jackson. It bothered him that the club was in an obscure section of Brooklyn, where many people might not come, might not even know of the engagement. But musically, it would be the kind of job he likes best ("I think people like to see someone who knows what he's doing, and who obviously enjoys it").

So there was Sonny Rollins, the self-proclaimed average Joe, a star by sufferance, back in the jazz life. Trying to keep time for his nonmusical pursuits, worried about how to practice in a large apartment house (he plans to sound-proof a closet), looking forward primarily to a weekend job at a neighborhood club with an old friend. 



Tenor saxophonist Archie Shepp communicated most readily with the audience during the Friday afternoon "new thing" program

# festival in focus

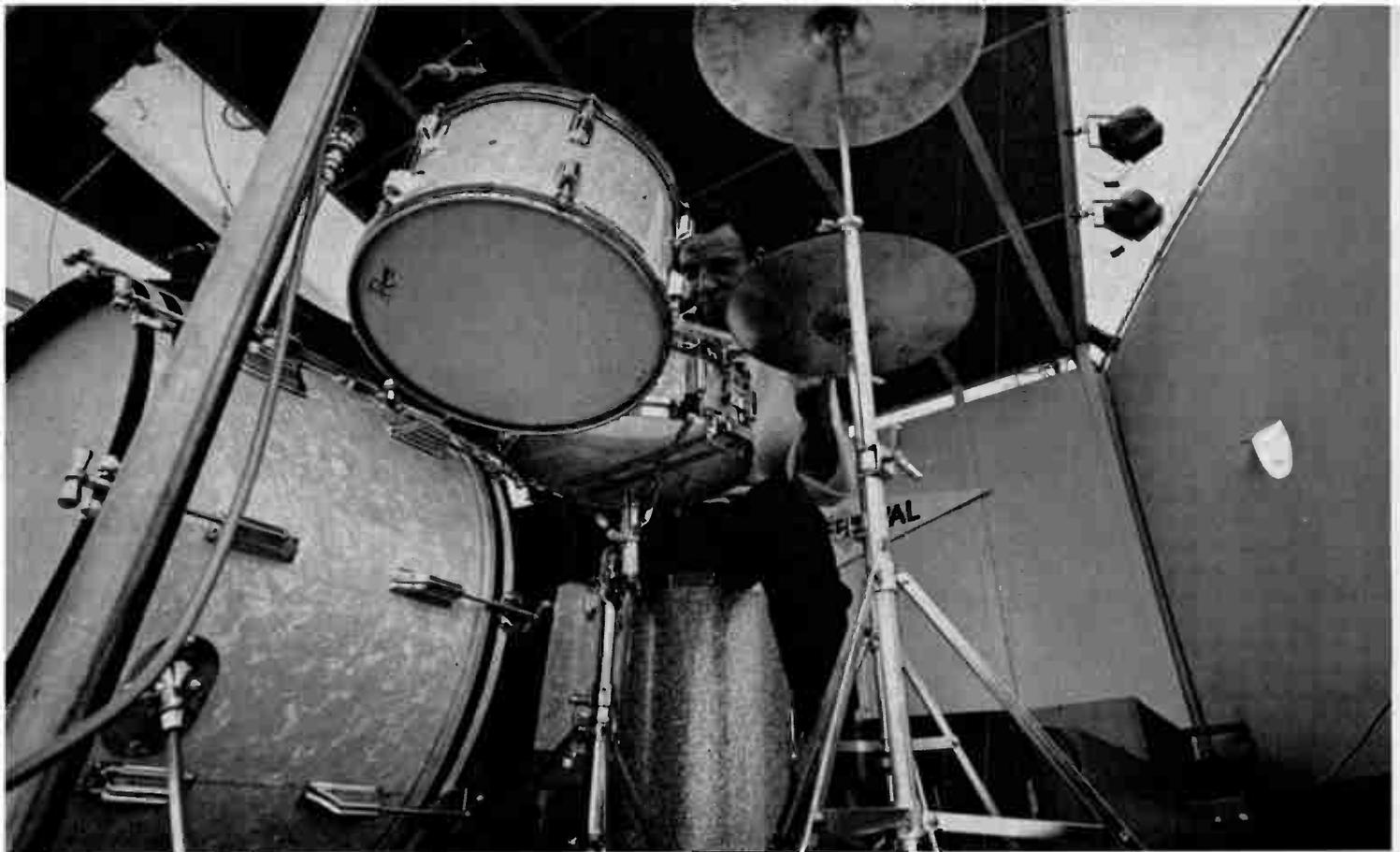
A Photographic Report on the Newport Jazz Festival, July 1-4, 1965, By Ted Williams



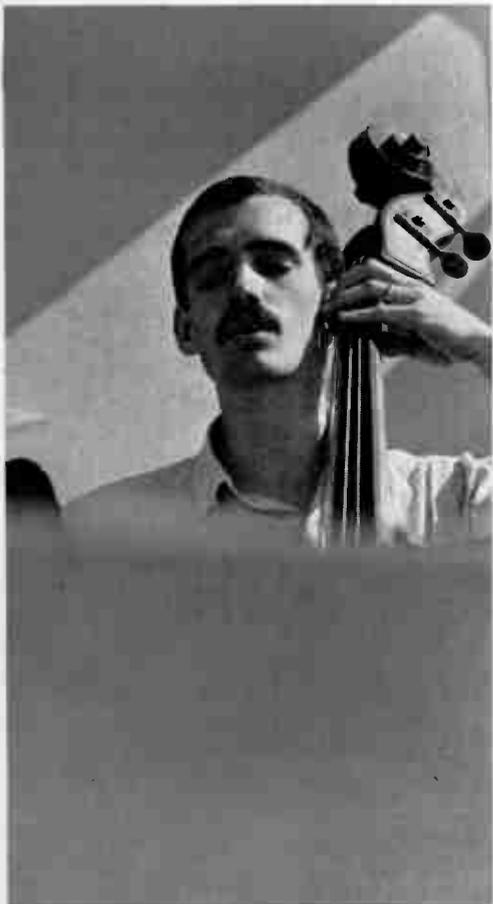
Bearded psychiatric intern Denny Zeitlin proved a crowd favorite on Sunday

Vibraharpist Milt Jackson





Buddy Rich's breathtaking solo at the Saturday drum afternoon received a standing ovation, a hug from Elvin Jones



Bassist Steve Swallow



Newport All-Stars trumpeter Max Kaminsky and tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman were heard Thursday night supporting folksinger Pete Seeger





Flutist Herbie Mann's fiery octet proved a showstopper Saturday evening



Jo Jones' Saturday afternoon solo stint was relaxed, graceful, and elegant

Louie Bellson ended his demonstration of drum pyrotechnics with a barrage of sound



Guitarist Wes Montgomery swung with unflagging inventiveness and drive

Drummer Roy Haynes, impeccable as usual, constructed a fascinating, complex rhythmic solo that was surely among the drum afternoon's high spots



Saxophonist John Coltrane pleased crowds with his and their Favorite Things



**T**HE MUSICAL CAREER of Earl Hines—pianist, bandleader, singer, and master showman—has spanned five decades. In 1928 Hines made a revolutionizing impact on jazz history with a series of astonishing piano solos recorded for QRS and OKeh records, and his no less amazing contributions to the small-band recordings made by Louis Armstrong in that same year provided incalculable inspiration for jazz pianists at the time and in the years following.

Paradoxically, 1928 was also the year in which Hines took a crucial step in a direction that de-emphasized his stature as a virtuoso pianist but brought into play his abilities as an organizer, teacher, and talent-spotter. On his 23rd birthday—Dec. 28, 1928—Hines took his first big band into Chicago's Grand Terrace Ballroom.

For the next 20 years, Hines nursed and nurtured his band. It became one of the best large jazz groups in the business (and make no mistake, bands were a business in those years), one of the first to broadcast on a regular basis, and one of the great talent incubators in jazz history.

A legion of brilliant instrumentalists, arrangers, and singers came up through the ranks of Fatha Hines' school. Among them were trumpeters Walter Fuller, Ray Nance, Freddie Webster, Benny Harris, Dizzy Gillespie, and Willie Cook; trombonists Trummy Young and Bennie Green; saxophonists Charlie Parker, Budd Johnson, Bob Crowder, Franz Jackson, and Wardell Gray; clarinetists Omer Simeon and Darnell Howard; drummer Alvin Burroughs; arrangers Cecil Irwin (an unsung early talent) and Jimmy Mundy—and last but not least, singers Ivie Anderson, Herb Jeffries, Billy Eckstine, and Sarah Vaughan.

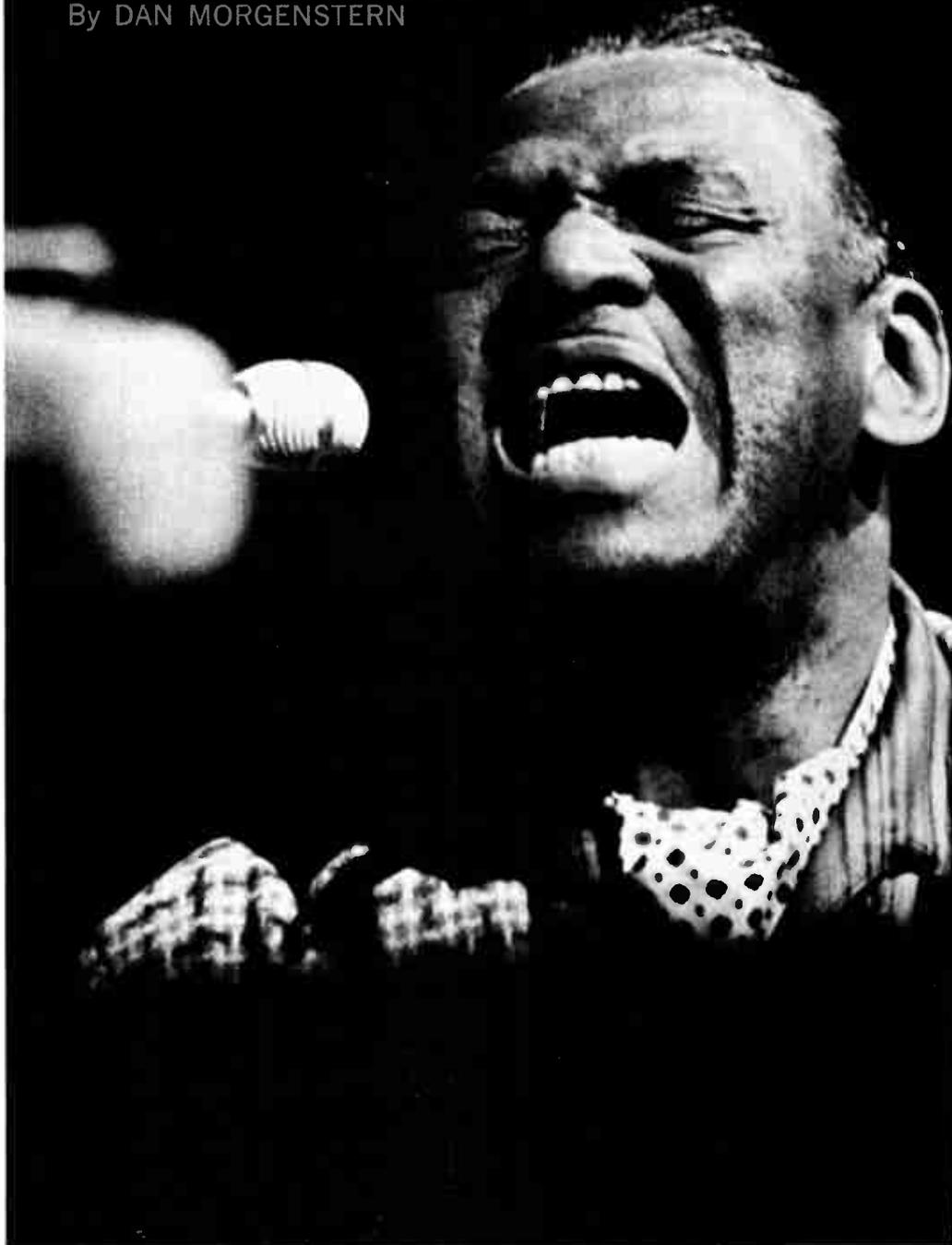
In 1943, when Parker, Gillespie, Green, Eckstine, and Harris were in the band, it became the first reasonably stable laboratory for bebop. A bit later, it was a veritable traveling revue, complete with strings, exotic instrumental doubles like oboe and French horn, and dancers and singers galore.

**T**HROUGHOUT THESE TWO DECADES, Hines gave only occasional glimpses of his own instrumental brilliance. For while his unmistakable keyboard accents gave the band its pace and stamp, an occasional chorus or two of piano was the general limit the leader set himself. There was, of course, the famous 1941 *Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues*—the band's biggest pre-Eckstine hit—or the scintillating *Piano Man*; both piano features supreme.

JACK BRADLEY

# TODAY'S LIFE WITH FATHA HINES

By DAN MORGENSTERN



And there was the occasional solo or trio record (but not one between 1932 and 1939) to remind the jazz world that there was no decline in brilliance. But to Hines in those years, the band came first.

Today, Hines can still say: "Big bands are my first love. . . . I just love to have a big band around me." It was the decline of the band business that caused him to break up his organization and to join his old comrade-in-arms, Armstrong, in the trumpeter's first (and greatest) all-star sextet.

Three years later—in 1951—Hines again became his own man, leading a series of often excellent small bands. He settled in San Francisco. As was then the lot of so many mainstream jazzmen, Hines had to turn to Dixieland for sustenance. For several years, his band at the Hangover featured cornetist Muggsy Spanier, trombonist Jimmy Archey, old alumnus Howard on clarinet, and bassist Pops Foster—and an occasional piano display in a musical orbit far removed from the norm of the band.

Every now and then, Hines would break away from the confining mold for a while. In 1958 he went to New York with a quartet featuring a modern rhythm section that included guitarist Calvin Newborn. And in that same year, he made a record (at a session organized by his staunch supporter and long-time friend, critic Stanley Dance) that once again astonished those who had forgotten what a pianist Hines was—*Brussels Hustle*.

But critical hosannas notwithstanding, the record soon disappeared, and Hines was back at the Hangover. In 1963 he was rehearsing a big band in his spare time and working with a group of young nontraditionalists. He also realized an ambition of long standing when he opened his own night club in Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco. Characteristically, it featured an international floor show starring a Japanese singer; the house-band included a tenor saxophonist, an organist, a drummer, and an occasional piano solo from the boss.

The club was still in existence in early 1964, when David Himmelstein and I produced a series of jazz concerts at the Little Theater on Broadway in New York City. The first thing we agreed upon was that we wanted Earl Hines—and we wanted him to play the piano, sans international floor show, organ, et al.

To our incredulous disbelief, we discovered that Hines never had played a concert as a featured pianist.

"Are you sure you just want me to play the piano?" he asked. "I've done concerts with my bands, but do you

think the people want to hear just me?" We assured him they would, and a compromise was worked out—Budd Johnson would be a guest soloist.

There are few undiluted moments of joy and pride in anyone's life, but I will never forget Hines' first Little Theater concert on that March night of last year. .

"A triumph," proclaimed *The New Yorker's* Whitney Balliett, a critic not given to hyperbole. And a triumph it was. From the first moment, when he invited the audience to think of themselves as guests in his "living room," to the final note, Hines held his listeners spellbound. During intermission, the conversation was studded with

superlatives. At the end of the concert, he received a standing ovation.

This pace was maintained through three concerts (one of which was recorded), and for good measure, Hines also found time to go to a studio and set down an album of superb solo piano. It was apparent that a giant of jazz, a talent too large to remain mostly unsung, had returned to its rightful place in the spotlight.

**S**INCE THOSE FIRST CONCERTS, Hines has mesmerized audiences in the United States and Europe with his virtuosity—at festivals, concerts, and in clubs. French critics, forgetting their

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notorious infighting and overlooking the fact that Hines' Continental tour was booked and organized by Hugues Panassie, standard-bearer of antimodernism, had nothing but praise for the pianist. Hines, wrote Demetre Ioakimidis in reviewing the San Remo Jazz Festival in the French magazine *Jazz Hot*, "was not content to rest on his past glory, but on the contrary showed a vitality, inventiveness, and joy in playing that was truly youthful. . . . Hines' place of honor on the program . . . was irrefutably confirmed by the ovation of the public."

In Rome, the *Daily American* proclaimed in a banner headline: FATHER OF JAZZ ENLIGHTENS ROME.

And so it went everywhere.

Back in the United States, the pattern was repeated. He stole the show at the Pittsburgh Jazz Festival, topping off his performances with a piano duet with Duke Ellington. And not one review of the Newport Jazz Festival failed to point to Hines' 20-minute set as one of the event's highlights.

Yet Hines himself, having won the *Down Beat* Hall of Fame as well as second place among pianists in the 1965 International Jazz Critics Poll and having been profiled in *The New Yorker* (a distinction shared by few jazz musicians), looking forward to appearances at the *Down Beat* and Berlin jazz festivals this year, and an

extended European tour in early 1966, besieged by requests for return engagements at all the clubs he has played, with three recent LPs on the market—two to be released this month, two more in the can, and one just issued in France—Hines himself remains oddly unimpressed.

"I never aspired to be a soloist; I didn't think I had that much to offer," he said. And he was not being coy—that is not his way.

"It seemed that every time I played with the bands," he said, "or had a record come out, the people and the writers would say they didn't hear enough of me. So I decided to feature the piano. But as far as I'm concerned, I can work solo or with three men or 12 men or 30 men—I've tried it all, I've had the experience, and whatever the public wants, I can do."

He seems a bit wistful about having had to close his club—though this might be as much due to his desire to stay home with his family, as to artistic considerations.

Not that he isn't delighted with the reaction to his current format.

"I had a wonderful trip," he said.

"I'd been planning to go to Europe again for a long time, and it was a beautiful experience." He is grateful to Panassie, "an old friend," and full of praise for the Alex Welch Band, with whom he worked in England. "I'd like to bring them over here, if it is possible. They are fine musicians."

Hines plans to form his own trio (or perhaps quartet: "people do like to hear a horn") in the fall. Of the many rhythm players he has worked with in the past 18 months, he was particularly pleased with drummers Alan Dawson and Oliver Jackson and bassist George Tucker.

"But I can work with anybody, as long as they know the music," he said. "We'll get it together." And they usually do, indeed. Hines takes command of a situation.

Some 37 years after his historic recording of *Caution Blues*, Hines is still as timelessly modern as ever. "Earl can go on for 90 years and never be out of date," said one of Hines' greatest fans, Count Basie.

IT'S TIME AGAIN TO CRY 'FATHA HINES' proclaimed a headline in the *New York Times*, alluding to the days at the Grand Terrace when the strains of *Deep Forest*, the band's theme, would rise to the accompaniment of shouts of the leader's nickname.

At the threshold of 60, Earl Hines is writing a new and brilliant chapter of his musical autobiography. Indeed it is time again to cry "Fatha Hines". But, then, it always was. 



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# 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 initialed by the writers.

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

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

## Cannonball Adderley

**DOMINATION**—Capitol 2203: *Domination; Cyclops; Introduction to a Samba; Shake a Lady; Interlude; Mystified; I Worship You; Gon Gong.*  
Personnel: Nat Adderley, cornet, trumpet; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; unidentified orchestra; Oliver Nelson, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Nelson has written a group of big-band arrangements that provide the Adderley brothers with settings in which they are relieved of the pressures that seem to pursue them in their usual small-group performances.

There are times here when they are no more inspired than when they are running through one of the long sets of standard figures that they play with the Adderley sextet. But with a big band to support them and arrangements to limit them to moderate solo lengths, even their lesser efforts become relatively attractive.

Nat responds particularly well to this situation, allowing his warm tone and singing lines to shine through on *Samba* and *Mystified* and successfully carrying off a punching, running figure on *Cyclops*.

Cannonball is more inclined to rely on his customary runs, but on *Worship* he digs in and really plays.

In the long run, however, it is Nelson's arrangements and the fine big band he leads that offer the main points of interest in this set. (J.S.W.)

## Andy and the Bey Sisters

**NOW! HEAR!**—Prestige 7346: *Willow, Weep for Me; A Taste of Honey; Quiet Nights; Sister Sadie; Since I Fell for You; Night Song; Besame Mucho; September in the Rain; The Suinging Preacher; Smiles.*

Personnel: Jerome Richardson, flute, tenor saxophone; Kenny Burrell or Barry Galbraith, guitar; Andy Bey, piano, vocals; Richard Davis or Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson or Jo Jones, drums; Salome Bey, Geraldine Bey, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ below

There is no rating because this is not a jazz vocal group but is included here because of the jazzmen and jazz material included on the album.

The Bey siblings sing with a careful, studied, close-knit sound, which is both an asset and a liability. Few groups can match their harmonic achievement. At

times their nuances and peaks are chilling in their precision. So unified is their approach that their vibratos match.

Such unity naturally implies serious restriction of the individual and limits creativity to group delivery. Whatever successful accomplishments they pull off eventually are sterile and mannered.

This is not immediately evident, and exposure to one or two selections by the group leaves the impression of tremendous musical skill and interpretation. Halfway through an album, however, one begins to wish the barriers could be lowered and the fine voices allowed to fly in individual directions.

Whenever a solo is attempted here, on *Fell for You*, for example, the solo voice is sorely missed in the harmony, and the soloist is unsteady. The singers have honed their voices to a fine, three-edged instrument, but this is the drawback of the group. (B.G.)

## Wanda DeSah

**SOFTLY**—Capitol 2325: *Ho Ba La La; Sweet Happy Life; Quiet Nights; Aruanda; The Dreamer; So Danco Samba; Once I Loved; Who Knows?; Tem Do; With Feeling; Agua De Beber.*

Personnel: unidentified orchestra, Jack Marshall, conductor; Miss DeSah, vocals.

Rating: ★ ½

Miss DeSah is the young Brazilian vocalist who was first presented to U.S. audiences in Capitol's earlier set with the "Brasil '65" troupe (guitarist Rosinha DeValenca and the Sergio Mendes Trio). Perhaps stimulated by the success of Verve's Astrud Gilberto, Capitol has here elected to give the vocalist an LP of her own, with warm, romantic, large-ensemble backing (mostly strings, though *Danco* and *Beber* employ a trombone choir) arranged by Marshall.

There are similarities between the two vocalists in that they both project a certain ingenuousness, a little-girl coyness that in small doses is pleasant—though rarely little more.

If anything, Miss DeSah is an even more wooden interpreter of songs than is Mrs. Gilberto, and her work is further marred by an almost constant out-of-tuneness. I scarcely find her slightly flat, somewhat hard delivery "seductive," as the album cover strongly claims. It's just unpleasant, and a whole LP of it is guaranteed to set teeth on edge.

In all fairness, it must be pointed out that one gets the impression that the young singer is not really at home with English lyrics. She is much more effective, for example, with the lilting *Aruanda* and *Tem Do*, and, to a lesser extent, *Danco*, all three of which are sung in Portuguese.

But a full LP, with most of the songs in English, is just too much for her to carry—and expect us to stick out the ride. That's a woman's job, not a little girl's. (P.W.)

## Aretha Franklin

**YEAH!!!**—Columbia 2351, 9151: *This Could Be the Start of Something; Once in a Lifetime; Misty; More; There Is No Greater Love; Muddy Water; If I Had a Hammer; Impossible; Today I Love Ev'rybody; Without the One You Love; Trouble in Mind; Love for Sale.*

Personnel: Miss Franklin, piano, vocals; Teddy Harris, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Beans Richardson, bass; Hindel Butts, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Recorded in a night club, with a highly

sympathetic quartet backing her, this set shows Miss Franklin's good points to much better advantage than her studio recordings do.

She has a lot of voice and a lot of rhythm going for her, both propelled by her basic Gospel shout. They combine to the best effect at what amounts to opposite ends of her repertoire—blithe, driving, up-tempo pieces such as *Start*, the mid-section of her arrangement of *More*, and *Hammer*; and her deliberate, declamatory, emotional projection of the blues on *Muddy* and *Trouble*.

Her Gospel fervor rocks these blues along, but when she applies the same technique to ballads, the results are disastrous. She plods heavily through these pieces—*Misty*, *Greater*, *Impossible*—losing whatever qualities the songs originally had and finding nothing to make up for what she has eliminated. (J.S.W.)

## Ramsey Lewis-Jean DuShon

**YOU BETTER BELIEVE ME**—Argo 750: *You'd Better Believe Me; Who Can I Turn To?; Night Time; Something You Got; He Was Too Good to Me; Goodbye, Lover, Hello, Friend; Corcovado; Ain't Nobody's Business; Let It Be Me; It Had Better Be Tonight; My Coloring Book; I'm Beginning to See the Light.*

Personnel: Ronald Wilson, alto saxophone, flute; Lewis, piano; Roland Faulkner, guitar; Eldie Young, bass, cello; Cleveland Eaton, bass; Red Holt, drums; Miss DuShon, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

It is perhaps not quite fair to rate a record such as this by jazz standards, since it is so obviously tailored as jazz-flavored popular music. On the other hand, the liner notes speak of "a point of perfection rarely touched by any jazz instrumental group," and the Lewis trio has played major jazz festivals and is, by and large, considered a jazz group.

The trio is a smoothly functioning unit with the spotlight on the leader. Lewis knows what he wants to do, and when he stays within his limitations, he brings it off well enough. If there is such a thing as cocktail-lounge funk, Lewis must be counted one of its masters.

But when he becomes ambitious, we get such things as the clumsy run in *Let It Be Me*, which is worthy of Jonathan Edwards; the Art Tatum cliches on *Coloring Book*, with its sentimental rubato opening; and the ill-fitting funk devices on *Corcovado*, to which the pianist doesn't seem to know the right changes.

Yet Lewis knows how to pick good tempos and how to establish and maintain a groove. The Latin-flavored *Tonight*, with its good rhythm, and the slow, blues-drenched *Nobody's Business* are good examples of this. Lewis' opening choruses on the latter are his best work on the album (it's a slight surprise to see this old Porter Grainger song credited to one William York—who he?). But in the main, Lewis & Co. offer slickly stylized music that contains nothing of real substance.

Miss DuShon has the first side of the record to herself, backed by the trio plus Wilson and Faulkner. A singer with considerable band experience, she performs with poise and assurance. Her tendency to overdramatize is less annoying than it might be, since it is done with a certain charm.

She is at her best on the blues-flavored

material, such as the title tune (marred by an abrupt fade) and on *Something*, which has an infectious beat. A dreadful clash between alto saxophone and piano during *Goodbye* indicates less than exacting a&r standards. (D.M.)

#### Les McCann

**BUT NOT REALLY**—Limelight 86016: *But Not Really; A Little Three-Four; Our Delight; Sweetie; We're on the Move Now; Jack V. Schwartz; Little Freak; Yours Is My Heart Alone*. Personnel: McCann, piano; Victor Gaskin, bass; Paul Humphrey, drums.

Rating: ★★

The title track is basically a jam number; it doesn't quite have a substantial melody but, instead, a combination of folk hollers and such—which are used tastefully. It could have been titled *Right into It* or *I've Heard This Before*. It climaxes with a lot of vigor and then goes back to the opening melody, which is usually the same as the going-out melody but not really. This takes me back a few years but really.

*Three-Four* has a gorgeous introduction, fashionable and fresh. The melody is deep-rooted in tradition, the kind of melody that consists of a few devices like "wade in the water/wade in the water/wade in the water/God's going to do something to the water"—which is used with bad taste. The next-to-last chorus is mostly open, wide-apart, locked-hands piano—if that's possible.

*Sweetie* consists of a pretty melody chorus followed by some more left-hand punctuations that end the second chorus with a few bars of open, locked-hand block chords, another chorus and a half, and then the going-out melody with a tag.

*On the Move* is a happy tune. After a chorus of ensemble, the trio starts to pour it on. After some slam-bang piano, bass, and drum dynamics, it's melody and out.

Les & Co. hit *Schwartz* heavily, not expanding in style very much from the previous track but not repeating much either, which is refreshing. There's a fine drum solo by Humphrey and a wild ensemble interlude before it's all over.

*Freak* is a modern folk type of tune with a four-bar bridge. It has the drive to accompany the current dance styles—the monkey, the mashed potato, etc. I like this track best of all. This kind of thing makes it with ensemble alone.

*Heart Alone* is beautiful. All told, the second side is of four- or 4½-star quality, but the first side is low. (K.D.)

#### Carmen McRae-Dave Brubeck

**TAKE FIVE**—Columbia 2316: *When I Was Young; In Your Own Sweet Way; Too Young for Growing Old; Ode to a Cowboy; There'll Be No Tomorrow; Melanctha; It's a Raggy Waltz; Ob, So Blue; Lord, Lord; Travelin' Blues; Take Five; Easy as You Go*.

Personnel: Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Brubeck, piano; Gene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums; Miss McRae, vocals.

Rating: ★★

#### Carmen McRae

**HAVEN'T WE MET?**—Mainstream 56044: *Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries; Who Can I Turn To?; He Loves Me; Sweet Georgia Brown; Don't Ever Leave Me; Gentleman Friend; Haven't We Met?; It Shouldn't Happen to a Dream; Limehouse Blues; I'm Fooling Myself; Love Is a Night-Time Thing; Fools and Lovers*.

Personnel: Miss McRae, vocals; orchestra accompaniment.

Rating: ★★

On the surface of things, a combination

of McRae and Brubeck should produce an imaginative, creative session. Both elements are present in this album, but unfortunately, neither is developed beyond the artists' most casual participation.

The listener is left with scattered bits of excellence from Miss McRae, such as her soft, wistful *No Tomorrow*, bits of charmin' Carmen on the pixieish *Melanctha*, and a brief sample of her technical mastery on *Easy*. The quartet plays with its accustomed ease and skill.

By contrast, the Mainstream album is a powerhouse of entertainment. This is one of those rare occasions when a fully creative artist is complemented, rather than hampered, by the accompaniment of a large string section.

The arrangements are often brilliant, and the musicians are attentive to the unique nuances of phrasing and shading so peculiar to this singer.

*Who Can I Turn To?* boasts a singer and orchestra perfectly attuned as they work out an exceptional arrangement. There is a display of the sample of McRae humor, which runs from bold and witty on *Cherries* to sly and sophic on *Dream*.

The drama of Miss McRae is emphasized repeatedly in her alteration of tempo and mood as she renovates old standards and familiar tunes, such as *Georgia Brown* and *Limehouse*.

This one contains some absolutely magnificent Carmen McRae. (B.G.)

#### Jack McDuff

**THE CONCERT** McDUFF—Prestige 7362: *Swedenin'; The Girl from Ipanema; Another Goodun'; 'Sokay; Save Your Love for Me; Four Brothers; Lew's Piece*.

Personnel: Red Holloway, tenor saxophone; McDuff, organ; George Benson, guitar; Joe Dukes, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This is the most impressive small-group LP that this stomping organist has recorded.

The general tone is one of relaxed but concentrated effort. Many of the annoying clichés have been eliminated, and those remaining are an appendage to, rather than the main body of, the music.

The rapport between the group and the audiences (the album was recorded "live") seems to have contributed to the excitement and moving feeling. There is a noticeable difference between this fairly genuine expression and the contrived funk the organist normally generates on records.

The presentations are arranged to give working space to each member of the unit. Holloway is especially driving on *Swedenin'*, and Benson contributes sound, loping support and well-constructed linear patterns throughout. Dukes continues to exhibit his potential to be an outstanding drummer, but he still has periods of chattering and flash, which interfere with the more important responsibilities of a small-group drummer.

McDuff injects enough restraint here to lend significance to his solo work. He stays at a respectful distance behind the other soloists and melts inconspicuously into the unit on the ensembles. The results speak well. The improved chord structure and more sensitive shading demonstrate his discretion. (B.G.)

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## Charles Mingus

**MINGUS AT MONTEREY**—Charles Mingus 001, 002: *I've Got It Bad, and That Ain't Good; In a Sentimental Mood; All Too Soon; Mood Indigo; Sophisticated Lady; Take the A Train; Orange Was the Color of Her Dress, Then Blue Silk; Meditations on Integration.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-7—Lonnie Hillyer, trumpet; Charles McPherson, alto saxophone; John Handy III, tenor saxophone; Jaki Byard, piano; Mingus, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums. Track 8—add Bobby Bryant, Melvin Moore, trumpets; Lou Blackburn, trombone; Red Callender, tuba; Buddy Collette, Jack Nimitz, reeds.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

**MINGUS REVISITED**—Limelight 86015: *Take the A Train; Prayer for Passive Resistance; Eclipse; Mingus Fingus, No. 2; Weird Nightmare; Do Nothin' 'Til You Hear from Me; Be-moanable Lady; Half-Mast Inhibition.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-3, 5, 6—Ted Curson, trumpet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Yusef Lateef, Eric Dolphy, Joe Farrell, Booker Ervin, reeds; Roland Hanna or Paul Bley, piano; Mingus, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums; Lorraine Cousins, vocals. Tracks 4, 7, 8—Marcus Belgrave, Hobart Dodson, Clark Terry, Curson, Richard Williams, trumpets; Slide Hampton, Charles Greenlee, Eddie Bert, Knepper, trombones; Don Butterfield, tuba; Harry Shulman, Robert Di-Domenica, Dolphy, Lateef, Farrell, John LaPorta, Bill Barron, Danny Bank, reeds; Charlie McCracken, cello; Hanna, piano; Mingus, bass; George Scott, Sticks Evans, Richmond, percussion; Gunther Schuller, conductor (track 8).

Rating: ★★☆☆

These two albums show Mingus in the rough (*Monterey*) and Mingus polished (*Revisited*). The major differences are the performance of the music and the compositional development of the music.

The two-LP *Monterey* set was recorded at the 1964 jazz festival held in that California community and includes everything (even the announcements and spoken comments) that went on during that stimulating Sunday afternoon session when about 5,000 listeners gave Mingus' performance a roaring ovation. It was more exciting in person than it is on record.

The *Monterey* album begins with a Duke Ellington medley, the highlights of which are Mingus' virtuosic solos on *Got It Bad* and *Sophisticated* (at one point he plays two contrary-motion lines simultaneously), Byard's lovely treatment of *Soon* and his tongue-in-cheek stride piano on *A Train*, and McPherson's rough-edged *Sentimental* and scorching *A Train* solos. Handy, a last-minute substitute for Booker Ervin, solos only on *A Train*, and his playing seems more excited than exciting, except in an unaccompanied portion, which he brings off quite well. Hillyer is disappointing in both his *Indigo* and *A Train* solos.

*Orange*, a lovely Mingus composition, is marred by some sloppy ensemble work, but McPherson and Byard are excellent in their solos.

McPherson shows clearly in this album that he probably is closer to the spirit of Charlie Parker's playing than any other altoist (with the possible exception of Sonny Stitt), for he has not only captured Parker's tone but also his concept of melodic construction—no mean task. And everything McPherson plays here is done with great feeling.

The high point of the Mingus *Monterey* concert was his multifaceted *Meditations*, played by a 12-piece band. And though the performance is not as wildly stimulating on record as it was in person (and there are some poorly played passages), it still offers an emotional experience to listeners, particularly the New Year's Eve

climax in which each member of the orchestra seemingly goes his own way before the whole squirming, shouting mass falls into place for the ending. The composition, however, could do with some tightening in places and further thematic development in others.

The performance has excellent solos by McPherson, flutist Collette, and Byard. There also is a piano duet by Mingus and Byard and a well-done trio segment by Collette, Mingus (on bass), and Byard. Throughout, Mingus is superb, either in the arco bass themes (he gets a beautiful tone from the bass he uses for bowed passages) or as the underpinning for the other musicians.

The album has two production defects that lessen the listener's enjoyment. It is poorly recorded (the big-band ensembles are quite muddy), and the performances are chopped up (the first side ends in the middle of Byard's *A Train* solo; *Orange* is split between the end of the second side and beginning of the third; *Meditations* starts on the third side and ends on the fourth). Perhaps these awkward divisions were unavoidable, but it would seem that the speeches by Mingus and festival emcee Jimmy Lyons could have been taken out so that the music would not have been cut up.

The album sells for \$10 and is available only from Mingus' record company at 128 E. 56th St., New York City.

*Mingus Revisited* was issued on Mercury as *Pre-Bird* in 1961. It is excellent Mingus.

As far as I can determine, some of the arrangements and compositions (*Inhibition*, *Fingus*, and *Lady*) were written by Mingus in the '40s, and the others were done about the time of the recording (1960). Only *Do Nothin'* and *A Train* were not composed by Mingus.

The most arresting composition is the extraordinary *Inhibition* played here by 22 men and conducted by Gunther Schuller. Some would say it is not jazz, but that is immaterial; it is engrossing music. Like most Mingus compositions, *Inhibition* is infused with changing orchestral colors, humor, melancholy, and a feeling of impending danger, of threat and dread. These same qualities, except for humor, are heard in *Eclipse* and *Nightmare*, both sung by Miss Cousins. There also is an Ellington cast to much of what Mingus writes, most notable here in *Eclipse* and *Lady*.

The blowing and spirit heard in this LP's performances communicate directly from players to listeners. The most consistently rewarding soloist is tenor saxophonist Lateef, who plays with great gusto on several tracks, particularly on *Resistance*, a composition quite similar to Mingus' *Better Git It In Your Soul* and *Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting*. Of the other soloists, Dolphy is well showcased on *Lady*; Hanna is fine on *A Train* and *Eclipse*; and Farrell and Ervin take several good solos on various tracks.

Both these Mingus albums are well worth the serious jazz listener's consideration; however, the cleaner and less sprawling performances of the *Revisited* album make it the better. (D.DeM.)

## Hank Mobley

**THE TURNAROUND**—Blue Note 4186: *The Turnaround; East of the Village; The Good Life; Straight Ahead; My Sin; Pat 'n' Chai.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard or Donald Byrd, trumpet; Mobley, tenor saxophone; Barry Harris or Herbie Hancock, piano; Paul Chambers or Butch Warren, bass; Billy Higgins or Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

During the late '50s it was commonplace for critics to rap the post-bop movement as stagnant, apparently because it didn't make the same dramatic break with bop that bop did with swing. Many of their jibes were ill-founded and have been implicitly retracted by subsequent reviews and articles, but the fact remains that, around 1958, the achievements of a number of fine musicians were greatly underrated.

Mobley is certainly one of these. His work has long been taken for granted, though he's been a top-notch improviser for years. Unfortunately, the kind of music Mobley plays doesn't receive the attention or create the controversy it once did, so his chances of gaining the recognition he deserves seem, for the time being, rather slim. Meanwhile, he goes on making praiseworthy contributions to one record date after another.

The title tune here is a 50-bar ABA tune with an 18-bar bridge. *Turnaround's* choppy melody and modified rhythm-and-blues beat are reminiscent enough of *The Sidewinder* to make me think it's an attempt to capitalize on the commercial success of the Lee Morgan hit. Mobley and Harris contribute melodic, well-constructed spots; Hubbard's solo begins well but is marred by some illogical screaming.

*Village* employs both 6/8 and straight swinging and finds Mobley ripping off some rich, multinoted passages. Hancock's spot, too, is exciting. Byrd solos well in a calmer manner than the other men.

*Life*, the only tune on the LP not written by Mobley, has pleasant, ruminative improvisation by Hancock and Byrd sandwiched between warm tempo statements.

*Sin* contains a fine example of Mobley's ballad work, his dark, Don Byas-like tone and supple phrasing being notable. There is also tender improvisation by Harris and Hubbard.

*Straight* and *Pat* are kicking, up-tempo compositions of fairly unusual length; *Straight* is a 56-bar tune, and *Pat* is 44 bars long. Mobley's work is imaginative and relaxed, he rides effortlessly over the rhythm. Hubbard's lines burst with ideas, and, happily, he displays more taste than usual. The neat, quietly cooking solos of Harris also add to the interest of these tracks.

Fresh improvisation, lively rhythm sections, and fine originals add up to a solid LP. (H.P.)

## Wayne Shorter

**JUJU**—Blue Note 4182: *Juju; Deluge; House of Jade; Yes or No; Mahjong; Twelve More Bars to Go.*

Personnel: Shorter, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★

"Relentless" would be a suitable summation of this record. Shorter is from the hard-driving school of tenor playing; ideas

shaped from the harshness of reality, a tone hewn from granite.

His is a style not devoid of beauty, but this concept of sensitivity is intensely personal. Humor also can be found in his blowing, but it, too, reveals the same hard edge.

In Jones, Shorter has found a musical alter ego. But what sounds like an artistic strength turns out to be a recording weakness.

Jones asserts himself too strongly, at times drowning out the excellent comping of Tyner and the probing bass lines of Workman.

Perhaps the title tune best exemplifies all the aforementioned elements. What might have been an interesting four-way conversation was spoiled by Jones' interruptions. *Juju* thus ends up as a dialog, with Tyner and Workman struggling to be heard. A better balance is achieved in *Deluge* and *Jade*.

An Oriental vamp, of course, lays the foundation for *Mahjong*, and Shorter's repetitious theme somehow succeeds because of its repetitiousness. Tyner's pedal points add to the East-meets-West flavor of the swing, and Jones' punctuations are his tastiest comments in the album.

*Yes or No* hits an intense groove at the start and never lets down. Particularly effective is Tyner's rhythmic duplication of the release behind Shorter.

*Twelve*—the magic number for blues—is just that, the most relaxed track and the one that boasts the finest ensemble swing. Jones is just as busy, but at a quieter level, where one can really appreciate his genius for creating rhythmic tension with complicated cross-patterns. This same track provides the best chance (along with *Jade*) to hear the linear thoughts of Workman, especially in his cello register.

One feature about the hard swingers: their efforts tend to leave the listener exhausted. This album is no exception, although it might have been had Shorter been paired with any other drummer.

(H.S.)

### Don Scaletta

**ALL IN GOOD TIME**:—Capitol 2328: *Exodus; You're My Girl; Chim Chim Cheree; Walk with Buddha; They Can't Make Her Cry; Secret Love; We Kiss in a Shadow; Here's That Rainy Day; Bitter Wine.*

Personnel: Scaletta, piano; Ted Blondell, bass; Nikki Lamkin, drums.

Rating: ★★½

In order to compete in a market surfeited with combo recordings, a new album, such as this, should contain more than polite jazz. Straight-ahead swing can be an exciting listening experience, but if the sounds are so unswervingly straight that no feeling of emotion is projected, as is the case here, the result will not transcend the cocktail-lounge level.

Another related criticism of this LP is that a new offering should be electric, not eclectic—unless the real Scaletta happens to be an amalgam of Andre Previn, Ahmad Jamal, and Vince Guaraldi.

Guaraldi can be heard in the plodding left hand of *Buddha*; Previn comes through in the chordal jabs of *Shadow*; and the treblesome tickling of Jamal can be heard on *Love*. (Even the type of bass drum punctuation that Vernell Fournier used to supply Jamal is copied by Lamkin.)

The most satisfying musical moments are on *Love* and *Shadow*. Not because these performances conjure up other stylists, but because they are the longest and give Scaletta room to develop his ideas.

For the most part, his ideas are good and cleanly executed. His technical equipment is impressive. So are some of his arrangements: *Chim Chim* is taken at a pensive tempo; *Girl* is given an unexpected ¾ treatment; and Blondell adds some poignant bowing to *Rainy*.

But a spark is missing. (H.S.)

### The Three Sounds

**THREE MOODS**—Limelight 86014: *Change Partners; Invitation; The Second Time Around; The Night Has a Thousand Eyes; You've Changed; What Now, My Love?; Hittin' the Jug; John Brown's Body; Justerini; Our Theme.*

Personnel: Gene Harris, piano; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Bill Dowdy, drums; Sam Caplan, Harry Bluestone, Leonard Atkins, Darrel Terwilliger, John Devoogdt, Alfred Lustgarten, Kurt Reher, Joseph Saxon, Louis Kievman, Alexander Neiman, strings; or Milt Bernhart, Tommy Shepard, Gil Falco, Lew McCreary, George Oliver, Kenny Shroyer, trombones.

Rating: ★ ½

First off, the title. I suppose it might refer to the fact that the Sounds are heard in three different contexts—alone, backed by strings, and supported by a trombone choir. But whatever outside support they are furnished, their own work remains basically in the same groove, a well-worn and, as a result, glossily polished one.

The trio turns out well-finished, shiny renditions of their material, almost in production-line fashion, with nice, glistening surfaces but all the same model after all. There is little or no individuality or distinctiveness to what the Sounds do—their current models turn out to be mere copies of those a few years back (the engineer whose designs they most often appropriate is Red Garland). It's certainly a safe enough proposition (all the chances have been taken long ago) but one hardly conducive to any great musical interest.

Harris is an attractive melodist; he places his notes economically and judiciously but lacks enough imagination to develop anything of strong musical interest. It is the nature of cocktail piano that it immediately please the ear, but jazz, of course, must accomplish much more than that. Harris, however well he serves his material, never transcends it, never makes anything memorable, strong, or viable of it. He just noodles pleasantly, slightly displacing the melodic lines, just enough to move the pieces along brightly, engagingly. But once they're over, that's it.

The pianist has excellent command of the resources of his models: *Second Time*, for example, leads off with a simulacrum of Erroll Garner (but generates only monotony because Harris does nothing but duplicate Garner's surface elements) and then resolves into a heavy-handed Garland imitation. Garland crops up repeatedly in Harris' playing here, and this source is combined with Nashville's Floyd Cramer on the march-tempoed *What Now?* But his borrowings, instead of being fused into a style, have resulted only in a pastiche.

Some interest is lent the disc by the addition of Julian Lee's after-the-fact arrangements for strings (the first four tracks) and a trombone section (tracks 6

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through 9). The trio recorded its performances first, and the arrangements were written around them later and recorded separately; the two were combined in the editing room. Lee's orchestrations are hardly adventurous, but they at least relieve the Sounds' sonic monotony.

The best thing about the set is Dan Czubak's imaginative, light-hearted pop-art album design. If the musicians had demonstrated the same degree of imagination and wit, the rating would have been considerably higher. (P.W.)

**Various Artists**

**MODERN CHICAGO BLUES**—Testament 2203: *My Baby Walked Out in 1954* (Johnny Young); *Married Woman Blues* (Wilbert Jenkins); *You Make Me Feel So Good* (Young); *Crying Won't Make Me Stay* (Maxwell Street Jimmy); *Everybody's Fishing* (Big Walter Horton); *Money Takin' Woman* (Young); *Blues before Sunrise* (Robert Nighthawk); *Back to Chicago* (Young); *Bad Blood* (Young); *I'm Going to Detroit* (John Wrencher); *Hanging Around My Door* (Maxwell Street Jimmy); *Tired of You Smiling* (Young); *Crawling King Snake* (Jenkins); *Let Me Ride Your Mule* (Young); *Hard-Hearted Woman* (Horton); *I Don't Feel Good* (John Lee Granderson).

Rating: ★★★★★

As a survey of contemporary Chicago blues singers whose styles derive, in general, from the prewar school of blues men, this is a revealing and unusually interesting set.

In a day when conformity is the thing, it is encouraging to find so much diversity within a relatively small area—the dark, guttural muttering of Maxwell Street Jimmy; the hoarse shouting of Horton; the smooth, light voice of Wrencher; the stolid attack of Jenkins; and the swinging phrasing of Young.

Of the lot, Young is far and away the most inviting, and, appropriately, he is represented by more performances than any of the other singers. There is a lot of Big Bill Broonzy in his singing. Rhythmically, he reflects Broonzy, and there are even some of his inflections. But Young, at this point, cannot match the tremendous conviction that Broonzy put into his singing. He gets strong support from Otis Spann on piano, and his own guitar and mandolin playing is full of life. (J.S.W.)

**Various Artists**

**JAZZOLGY POLL WINNERS, 1964**—Jazz Crusade 2004: *Lil Liza Jane*; *All of Me*; *Sheik of Araby*; *When I Grow Too Old to Dream*; *Ciribiribi*; *Rose Room*; *You Always Hurt the One You Love*; *Sentimental Journey*; *Home Sweet Home*.

Personnel: Kid Thomas Valentine, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; George Lewis, clarinet; Don Ewell, piano; George Guesnon, banjo; Alcide (Slow Drag) Pavageau, bass; Cie Frazier, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The Jazzology poll was conducted for the first time last year by George H. Buck Jr., who puts out Jazzology records and GHB records, both devoted to traditional jazz.

It was unique among contemporary jazz polls in that it had a definite focus—the voters were those on Buck's mailing list, which automatically provided a homogeneity of interest and some knowledge-ability. Thus, the Jazzology poll avoided such inanities as naming Frank Sinatra as top jazz male vocalist (Louis Armstrong won). It also came up with a group of individual winners who, like the winners in the *Metronome* polls back in the days

when jazz was just jazz, could actually play together successfully.

That's what this disc is—performances by a group made up of the Jazzology winners, with one exception—Louis Armstrong came in first on trumpet, but, as Bill Bissonette, who produced the record, points out, "Who can afford him?" So the trumpet chair is occupied by Valentine, who came in a slim 10 votes behind Armstrong and plays with such fire and drive that Armstrong might have had trouble meeting the challenge.

The winners, again with one exception, are among the regulars who can be heard at Preservation Hall in New Orleans (where the record was made), and it is only natural that they should mesh well together. Ewell is the non-Preservation Hall man. He is heard here in one of the happiest settings in which he has been recorded, and his light, striding playing brings a fresh accent to the familiar New Orleans sound.

The band as a whole is superb. Although it has that mysterious problem of getting together on a first chorus that seems endemic to these veteran New Orleans men, once they get straightened away, they roll along with a driving force that is irresistible. The ensembles move with power and glory; the soloists are strong, sure, and completely individual; and the rhythm section, a weight in so many traditionalist bands, is a marvelously propulsive force.

This is really what jazz is all about. You can refine it and adapt it all you want, but the foundation is the music and the spirit that you'll hear on this disc. (J.S.W.)

**Chuck Wayne**

**MORNING MIST**—Prestige 7367: *Goodbye*; *See Saw*; *Lil' Darlin'*; *I'll Get Along*; *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*; *Shalimar*; *Someone to Watch Over Me*; *The Song Is You*; *Alone at Last*; *Lovely*.

Personnel: Wayne, guitar, banjo; Joe Williams, bass; Ronnie Bedford, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

After so many years of guitarists who pursued the Charlie Christian will-o'-the-wisp with head-long, unshaded, plinkety-plank lines, Wayne is a refreshing change of pace and sound.

Bossa nova has provided a refuge for many guitarists (Wayne includes a couple in this set), but Wayne has taken an approach that allows for variety and considerably more interest than a strict adherence to bossa nova would give him. Most of his playing has a dark, deliberating delicacy although there is always a strong sense of swing, even on such bal-ladic material as *Darlin'* and *Someone*.

He works extremely well with Williams and Bedford and uses Williams' bass to particularly good advantage in developing *Things*. Wayne's explorations on banjo in a modern context, first heard on his *Tapestry* disc on the Focus label, is brought into play only once here—on *Lovely*, an original that, thematically, does not suit the banjo very well, though Wayne salvages the piece once he gets beyond the theme.

Altogether, this is a charming and varied set that presents a number of aspects of guitar jazz provocatively and intelligently. (J.S.W.)

# BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

1. Milt Jackson. **Sonny's Blues** (from *In a New Setting*, Limelight). Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Jackson, vibraharp.

I liked the rhythm feeling of it, right from the opening; very straight-ahead. I don't know who any of the players are. The vibe player sounded like Milt—if not him, influenced by him. At the beginning of the solo it didn't sound like Milt.

It's the type of music I like to have playing at a party. Rhythm feeling is very obvious; they get right to it, right straight down the middle. For this type of thing I would have liked to hear them all play a little more.

The tenor player sounds very strong in that idiom—it's kind of bluesy, like a modern blues type of tenor playing. I'll give it three stars.

2. Bud Shank. **Bonfa** (from *Bud Shank and His Brazilian Friends*, Pacific Jazz). Shank, alto saxophone; Rosinha de Valença, guitar; Joao Donato, piano; Joao Gilberto, composer.

That's a tune that was on the first Gilberto album that we got in this country. It was a tribute to Bonfa. You know, I can't speak any Portuguese, and Joao can't speak any English, but he liked a song of mine, *Street Dance*, and he'd call me up and say "McFarland! *La-da, da-da-da*"—humming the song, and then he'd laugh. Then I'd hum this song to him by way of reply.

It's a good tune, and that's a very good rhythm feeling there. I heard that there was an album done by Sergio Mendes' trio with Bud Shank, and it sounds kind of like that, though I haven't heard Bud in a long time. Not since that beautiful album that he and Laurindo did. Bud Shank's tone and rhythm feeling are much better in this type of music than in the other jazz things—not that I've heard him play that much.

The piano player—Sergio, if that's who it is—is probably the best in that particular groove. The rhythm conception is much different in this kind of music; you can't play like a humpty-dumpty type of eighth note over this music. The whole approach is much lighter, has much more restraint. I've talked with Cal Tjader about this, and he says it's almost as if you have to turn on a little Latin switch to change to this feeling.

I liked the guitar on this too. Is this that Brasil '65 group? I heard that they have a chick who plays the guitar. She gets a nutty sound. Very raw. I would rate this four, 4½.

3. Roland Kirk. **Django** (from *I Talk with the Spirits*, Limelight). Kirk, flute; John Lewis, composer.

John Lewis' tune. *Django*. I don't understand why they play it down. It really caught my attention at the beginning—the way they came in, it was very stark and really dramatic. But then bam—they just go into the boom-diddy. It makes me wonder: why set someone up, set a mood, and then break it? I can understand why they would want to play the melody down; it's a very lovely melody, and they interpret it very well. But then it's: now let's get into the solos.

The unpredictable pivoting of luck in the business end of music has rarely been demonstrated more strikingly than in the case of Gary McFarland.

Born Oct. 23, 1933, in Los Angeles, McFarland moved with his family to Grants Pass, Ore., in 1949. During three semesters at the University of Oregon, he began listening to jazz records. It was not until he was 21, serving in the Army at Fort Sill, Okla., that he took up vibraharp, during a three-year period trying also trumpet, trombone, and piano.

It was sometime later that he learned to read music adequately and to write it. His writing came to the attention of John Lewis, the Modern Jazz Quartet music director, who helped him get a scholarship to the Lenox School of Jazz. McFarland also attended the Berklee School of Music on a *Down Beat* scholarship.

After going to New York City in September, 1960, he recorded some musically admirable albums, all with limited popular success. It was not until recently, when he hummed and whistled his way through the *Soft Samba* LP, that he made enough of an impact on the public at large to enable him to form a small group and take it on the road.



## GARY McFARLAND

I don't see why anyone has to play a tune like that just to blow on. When they restated the theme at the end, to me it became a little more interesting again; it was into a triple type of feeling.

There's always a problem when you're doing a tune that's been done as much as that tune of John's has, and you want to give a little different presentation. But to me it sounded like they couldn't quite decide how they wanted to do it.

I personally don't like to hear that song in a medium or grooving tempo. They acknowledged the character of the piece but then went into overdrive as if to say, "Well, we got that out of the way—now let's get down to the nitty gritty." Two stars.

4. Gerald Wilson. **Los Moros de Espana** (from *On Stage*, World Pacific). Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Roy Ayers, vibraharp; Wilson, composer.

That had some very interesting things—the way they go from one tonality to another, and then they get back to the blues.

I don't know who any of the soloists were. The whole thing was a little heavy for my taste. The way it was recorded, the band is kind of smothering the soloists. The vibes played well, but the instrument or the recording had too much of a milk-bottle sound. Give it a couple of stars on the whole.

5. Andrew Hill. **Flight 19** (from *Point of Departure*, Blue Note). Hill, piano, composer.

This would come under the title of, in quotes, the "new thing"? This reminds me of someone trying to get across the Hollywood Freeway. They start to dart out, then they see a whole barrage of cars and trucks coming, and they run back, and they start again, and they run back, and start again and run back, and they never really make it across the freeway. They could just go on indefinitely playing

this thing. It kind of bores me.

A lot of this kind of music would make good music for films, for chase scenes and situations like that, but from the standpoint of just listening to it, it makes me nervous. And I'm basically a not very nervous guy.

There's a lot of humor in it, though, and I hope that's what they intended. Maybe like Charlie Chaplin trying to get across the Hollywood Freeway! I really wouldn't know how to rate this.

6. J. J. Johnson. **Stratusphunk** (from *J. J.*, RCA Victor). Johnson, trombone, arranger; George Russell, composer.

I love that song. First heard it at Lenox when George Russell was teaching there. A lot of people, like those on the record before this, who are interested in the "new thing," or—what did you call it... cosa nova?—should listen to more George Russell. He really understands this, and he's been, like, through the whole scene, graduating from the blues bands right on up to this. With him it's a very natural and logical development. George's work is really together: there is a form to it.

That was J. J. I did a couple of things for this album. This sounds like Oliver Nelson, who I think is a very good writer. He had a very good piece of music to start out with, and he stuck with it. That is a big aid—a band aid, you might say.

When I listen to Johnny Hodges, I get so hung up just from the sound that he produces, a lot of times I don't even care what he plays. Jay affects me the same way; he has such a beautiful sound.

For the over-all performance, including the composer, the orchestra, the arrangement, I'd give this five stars.

### Afterthoughts By McFarland

So it was J. J.'s arrangement? Well, I didn't mean to slight either J. J. or Oliver. What I said about Oliver applies to who-soever's arrangement it was. [E]

# COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL HENAHAN

What does American music mean? That is putting it as baldly and as naively as possible, to warn off anyone who is convinced beforehand that music is music and that national qualities are not worth discussing.

As a theory, the absolute-music notion makes powerful sense and can be supported by all sorts of studies showing that Esquimaux and Laplanders and North Dakota farmers all tend to be moved by the same pentatonic scales, or whatever.

Agreed, certainly, that no matter where one travels he will find *Louise* or *Chinatown*, *My Chinatown* being banged out by some native combo under another title; the universality of elementary pulses and melodic materials is as indisputable as that all human veins carry blood or that people everywhere find it easy to march in 2/4 time. But once the elementary stage is passed, every country and every locality has its peculiar music, and a history that is reflected in its music's peculiarities.

The only questions, then, are how to generalize profitably about national music without sliding into metaphysics, as the German philosophers did with Wagner, or without evading the issue by sticking to a bare enumeration of performance facts.

There has been very little written about U.S. music, sad to say, to suggest that an intelligent study can be made without falling into either trap. One or two books by Aaron Copland—and perhaps three or four others—no more.

Most often, the writer, if he is an American, is too close to one aspect of his nation's music to be able to hear the over-all din. So we get neatly compartmentalized little studies, which add immensely to one's understanding of Charles Ives' experiments with polytonality or of Thelonious Monk's elbow-produced tone clusters. There has been too little effort as yet made toward investigating why Ives and Monk and Henry Cowell and Ornette Coleman might feel impelled to make such antitraditional sounds.

What has been done along these lines has veered in the direction of vapid pseudo-sociology, unscholarly and too often unmusical as well.

But there is now hope of a broader view of U.S. musical history, provided by an Englishman. Wilfrid Mellers, a composer, musicologist, and U.S. music buff of long standing, calls on rather unpromising concepts to explain us to ourselves in his *Music in a New Found Land* (Knopf, \$6.95), but by force of intellect, enthusiasm, and obvious expertise he ends by producing the most absorbing book on this nation's music that has come along in many years.

Mellers' tools are purposely rather blunt, perhaps so that one can recognize them as implements to assist understanding and not

confuse them with objective truth, whatever that may mean. And so we see U.S. music and musicians illuminated in terms of the Frontier, the Lost Childhood, Innocence, Isolation, and so on. Samuel Barber, for instance, is treated with the respect his music deserves, but Mellers hears in his music a perpetual adolescence that weakens it terribly, just as it weakens Tchaikovsky's far better works. Virgil Thomson's sophisticated naivete is seen as a different aspect of the same childlike approach to the world, though Mellers

can be devastating to what he believes inferior. Neither Gunther Schuller nor Bill Russo comes off very well, for instance, and Lukas Foss emerges with the tag of "faddist."

Dozens of lesser men are consigned to perdition out of hand, sometimes simply because they cannot be cut to fit the Procrustean bed that Mellers has designed.

On the other hand, such a genuinely minor figure as Marc Blitzstein is inflated out of all proportion, even though he is demoted to the rear of the book, to the musical comedy section along with Leonard Bernstein. Probably Old Palship has overcome critical reason in these rare instances.

The important figures in Mellers' gallery of U.S. music heroes, in the half of his book devoted to European-oriented music, are Ives, Charles Griffes, Elliott Carter, Copland, Walingford Riegger, Edgard Varese, John Cage, and a very few others; and he is at his best discussing in bar-by-bar detail such a seminal piece as Griffes' *Piano Sonata* or Ives' *Concord Sonata*.

His judgments are biting and entirely personal but somehow retain a disinterested air, as if he were hearing all our music both from inside and from a great distance, as indeed an Englishman does, no matter how immersed he may become in his subject.

The second half of the book carries on the same dialectical arguments in popular, folk, and jazz, though whether his ideas will impress experts in those fields is for someone else to say.

But this reader was fascinated from start to finish by the correspondences and parallels that Mellers draws through all planes of U.S. music.

He is one of the few critics now writing whose training qualifies him to dismiss a performance by Cecil Taylor, to name one victim of his guns, with the remark that the pianist's fireworks sound rather naive coming 40 years after *The Rite of Spring*.

In spite of its overriding excellence—and what should prove to be its enduring worth as a study of U.S. music—the Mellers book is far from invulnerable.

It can be charged fairly, for example, that the Briton has caught up rather late with the economic determinism of Vernon Parrington, whose *Main Currents of American Thought* long ago tried to rationalize every word of New World literature in terms of the frontier. Such theorizing in our day has been allowed to fall into the hands of the Marxists, but Mellers proves there is life in the old dogma yet. If not as fact, at least as theory, the notion that the United States' history has been determined by the presence of a frontier still proves workable.

So, while not overlooking its obvious bias in some judgments, an occasional penchant for the hollow rhetorical phrase, and its possible ideological stance, *Music in a New Found Land* deserves to be widely read, discussed, and countered, where necessary.

Only a pitifully few books on U.S. music have deserved to be noticed, let alone argued seriously. A few bars of *The Stars and Stripes Forever*, please, for Mr. Mellers.

In the Sept. 9 Down Beat

## The Witty Paul Desmond

An interview with the urbane alto saxophonist, by Down Beat Associate Editor Dan Morgenstern

## Europe Revisited

Critic Eric T. Vogel returns to his native Europe and reports on the jazz scene

## Life With Feather

Part VI of a Critic's Autobiography

## The Nonanalytical Gabor Szabo

The guitarist talks to Down Beat Contributing Editor Harvey Siders

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finds in Thomson's music an appeal similar to that of Eric Satie.

Detailed bibliographies and discographies are offered for those wishing to test Mellers out in any area. Judging from the records listed, there is no U.S. music that he has not studied with love and respect, for he regards our music as an indivisible phenomenon, even though he, like the rest of us, finds it useful to draw arbitrary dividing lines between subspecies.

On either side of the fence, however, he

# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

## Earl Hines / Muddy Waters Jazz in the Garden

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: Hines, piano; Budd Johnson, tenor and soprano saxophones; Gene Ramey, bass; Eddie Locke, drums. Waters, vocals, guitar; James Cotton, harmonica, vocals; Otis Spann, piano, vocals; Milton Rector, bass; S. P. Leary, drums.

Hines drew a capacity crowd to the museum's statuary garden for the third concert in the weekly jazz series there. He soon had the audience in his grasp with a program that included *I've Got the World on a String*, *I Cover the Waterfront*, *Rosetta*, and his perpetually re-embellished version of *Tea for Two*.

His medley of hits by four pianist-composers—Eddie Heywood, George Shearing, Erroll Garner, and Duke Ellington—was presented with his customary brilliance.

Then he sang and played *Sweet Lorraine*, dedicating it to the memory of Nat Cole and the painter Stuart Davis, whose widow and son, Earl, were present. The influence of Hines on Cole the pianist has been remarked more often than the similarity in their singing style, which is always particularly evident on this number.

Johnson joined the trio on *Moten Swing*. He and Hines had favored and found a relaxed tempo for this when Frank Driggs recorded them the previous night for Columbia, and there were moments while Johnson was playing tenor when the Count Basie-Lester Young partnership of Kansas City Seven was evoked.

*Red River Remembered*, a slow blues that looked back nostalgically to the saxophonist's boyhood in Texas, was played with feeling and some Bechet-like inflections on soprano. He returned to tenor for Sigmund Romberg's *When Hearts Are Young*, a vehicle on which the quartet had wailed at up tempo every night of its recent two-week stay at the Village Vanguard.

To sign off, Hines sang *It's a Pity to Say Goodnight*, a sentiment with which the appreciative crowd seemed to be in entire agreement.

The next week, *Down Beat* associate editor Dan Morgenstern introduced the Waters group as "the greatest blues band in the world," and it proceeded to prove the truth of that statement to a loudly appreciative crowd, one apparently compounded equally of jazz and folk lovers.

It is an error to describe the band's music as "urban blues." The city never destroys the country that easily. The country may be contaminated, acquire a veneer of sophistication, or make concessions to please the slickers, but the deeper characteristics—the music's essence—change slowly and very reluctantly. Nobody could possibly mistake the museum's concrete-tree statuary for the country, but when

Waters, Spann, and Cotton got to whooping it up, it was easy to tell that they had forgot about the garden's high gray walls and the towers of Manhattan.

Waters sang *Hoochie Coochie Man*; *Baby, Please Don't Go*; and *Nineteen Years Old*. Then, for a change of mood, he had Cotton sing *Don't Start Me to Talkin'*; *Lawdy, Miss Clawdy*; and a number that was probably called *One More Mile*. Cotton's vocals are ingenuous, with more than a flavor of the contemporary rock-and-roll idiom, but his harmonica playing has grown tremendously in expressive and imaginative power, some of his long breaks being extremely dramatic.

Spann was featured on a shuffle boogie with lyrics that began familiarly, "If you see me comin' . . ." He had accompanied superbly throughout, but he found the deepest groove on this.

The most moving performance, however, was *Country Rule*, a slow blues. Here, at one point, Spann was playing the melody in the bass against stark treble chords to great effect. Very "down" as a singer and a player, Spann makes a striking contrast with Waters, who brought the program to an end with the ever-infectious *Got My Mojo Workin'*. —Stanley Dance

## Charles Lloyd

Modison Club, Baltimore, Md.

Personnel: Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; Joe Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Whether Lloyd is scaring any other tenor men I don't know, but judging from this hearing, he should be. No sudden luminary, he has apprenticed with several name groups (including his current tenure with the Cannonball Adderley Sextet) and now seems on the verge of really breaking out. His influences behind him, the voice is clearly his own.

More lyrical than most tenorists, Lloyd can drive with power and still coax out all the nuances. Equally deft on flute, he does not overuse the horn, as do so many others, but employs it merely to add scope. Tenor, he admits, is his horn. One of the new image-makers, his scholarly appearance and general stage presence command an attentive audience.

This group, the Adderley outfit minus the Adderleys, was polished and well knit. The date was dedicated to drummer Hayes, who was making his last appearance before joining the Oscar Peterson Trio.

All but two of the tunes were Lloyd's. Opening with *Sweet Georgia Bright*, a loose, skipping blues, Lloyd stated his and built to several fast choruses. *East theme*, with tight punctuation by the others, *of the Sun* was in the same raucous mood, giving everyone a chance to stretch out. There were some especially good cross-rhythms from Hayes. Always kicking, it is difficult for anyone to loaf in front of him. And Lloyd didn't. His solo was animated, flowing, and built with controlled energy.

The lullabylike *Love Song to a Child* was a long, fast flute line with tasty interweaving from Zawinul's piano, but it was a little too frantic to connect. With the

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exception of the piano, the ensemble sound was too cluttered and discordant.

Zawinul was a surprise. Garlandesque, he is cerebral but can be down-home when it is fitting. His tour de force, *There Is No Greater Love*, was a study in balance and clarity.

*Voice in the Night*, an eerie mood piece, was easily the afternoon's highlight.

It began with faint rumblings from deep within Lloyd's tenor. Together with Zawinul's plucking of piano strings, the framework was as intriguing as the tune's title. Progressing to a Minguslike clatter, Lloyd's impressionistic phrases remained controlled, falling after the crescendo to a palling hush. *Night* could easily be gimmicked, but it was executed with taste and imagination. Lloyd would do well to write more compositions like this.

The jaunty *Island Blues*, the ballad *How Can I Tell You?*, *I Told Every Little Star*, and two untitled numbers rounded out the program. The pianoless *Star* was prefaced by a 16-bar tenor introduction, the rhythm section following in. A loose, cooking treatment, it is in a format such as this that Lloyd's exuberant tenor has the most freedom. Without being repetitive, he is able to probe with both range and gusto.

It seems only a matter of time before Lloyd sets out on his own. Enthusiastic responses such as those received at this concert may soon produce such a move. A strong writer and performer, he bears watching.

—Don Buday

## Jimmie Rowles

Carriage House, Burbank, Calif.

Personnel: Rowles, piano; Max Bennett, bass; Nick Martinis, drums.

How many groups, aside from Art Blakey's, are there that regularly play a half-dozen originals by Wayne Shorter in the course of an evening's work? Or—and this time not excepting Blakey's group—play 10 to 15 standards but avoid *I Love You*, *All the Things You Are*, and *Green Dolphin Street* in that same evening? Or—and this is the hardest part—never stop swinging, never fall into endless jamming solos, never lack humor, never just toss one off?

In the Los Angeles area, there is one group that does all these things and has been doing them one or two nights a week since 1962—the Jimmie Rowles Trio.

Certainly, this is one of the very best small groups in jazz. It has evolved a polish and an intricacy of interplay, a vast repertoire, and an individual approach to it that finds its equal perhaps only in the Modern Jazz Quartet and Bill Evans' trio.

These impressions are based not only on two recent hearings but also on about 20 others during the group's three years of residency at the Carriage House. Throughout that period Rowles was plagued with a terrible piano—but that was the only distraction in any evening spent listening to him.

Though most critics and not a few fans are aware of the stature of pianist Rowles in the jazz community, it is clear to this



Rowles

One of the great improvisers

writer that to call him a fine musician is to understate. Rowles is one of the great improvisers; he has one of the few immediately identifiable styles; he has developed, as few others have, the phrasing flexibility of a horn man that makes it sound as if he is actually bending notes on the piano; his time and sense of solo construction are incredible; and he communicates intensely every human emotion worth musical transmission.

Although in his mid-40s and a veteran of swing bands, Rowles is completely modern. He has retained the best of his older self in his wonderfully rhythmic left hand, his knowledge of good tunes from the past, and his ability to play blues.

Bennett and Martinis have been with Rowles for more than two years, and both are as devoted to the work of the group as Rowles is. An arrangement continues to evolve for every selection the trio performs. Thus, both Martinis and Bennett support with great understanding.

Martinis seems to anticipate every nuance of the pianist's path of invention, landing on important rhythmic figures simultaneously with Rowles and providing the right fill when a hole opens.

Bennett, with a strong beat and big, mellow sound, is similarly conscious of interplay, and he is a consistently interesting soloist as well.

Each man listens to the others, and the delightful visual evidence of their successful intuitiveness is an engrossing experience for the attentive listener.

—John William Hardy

## Various Artists

Edgewater Marina Inn, Long Beach, Calif.

Personnel: Anthony Ortega, alto and tenor saxophones, flute; Emil Richards, vibraharp; Dennis Budimir, guitar; Bobby West, bass; Frank Capp, drums.

There is no avant-garde "community" of jazz players in southern California, but there is more than a handful of such musicians. Occasionally, circumstances in this area, usually unconvivial for "renewing," are right to allow some of these men to blow together in public, and when this happens, the results are worth attention.

The ninth in a series of jam session/concerts organized by the self-styled "itiner-

ant vagrant" disc jockey-jazz enthusiast Al Fox in the Galleon Room of the Edgewater provided, in mid-June, just these circumstances. To my ears, the result was the jazz event of the year in this part of the country.

Ortega, Budimir, and Richards are gifted improvisers, and each has, in addition, a personal style. Bassist West at this stage is somewhere between his first influences (Red Mitchell? Oscar Pettiford?) and Scott LaFaro. Capp, in the last two years, has loosened up remarkably and is currently a wholly acceptable drummer for a group such as this.

Probably because there had been little chance to rehearse, the men drew from the bop/neo-bop/Monk songbooks, which provided the handiest common ground for the four-hour session from 5 to 9 p.m. Thus, the program ranged mostly among tunes such as Sonny Rollins' *Sonnymoon for Two*, a Charlie Parker line or two, and Thelonious Monk's *Straight, No Chaser*. Variation from this format came in performance of several of Richards' published themes. One, a modal construction set in 7/4, was a special highlight.

Richards and Budimir have been involved with Indian music in recent months. The former was in the rewarding group led by trumpeter Don Ellis and which played both Indian music and jazz. Budimir has recorded with Indian sitarist Ravi Shankar's group and has followed the music closely. Ortega has had little opportunity to record or play jazz consistently but nevertheless has developed a fine harmonic and rhythmic ear.

The result is that Richards, Budimir, and Ortega are almost exact instrumental counterparts of one another. Each is a master of his instrument; each plays flexibly in meter and time; and each seems to find the most sophisticated harmonic and aharmonic extensions within improvisation to be second nature.

Most of the performances employed the basic jamming format, the horns alternating solo positions, followed by a bass solo, then a drum solo or an exchange of fours or eights. But frequently additional extensions occurred, in which the rhythm was gradually retarded or accelerated, two or more instruments improvised simultaneously, the selection's construction was temporarily abandoned for repetitive extension of a given sequence of chords—all accomplished intuitively, it should be emphasized.

For example, guitarist Budimir in one solo entered a section in which he halved the meter. In it he struck a figure that Richards picked up in his comping and that thereafter Ortega echoed a variation of on alto. This led to a minute or more of abandoning the tune's basic structure in a continuation of the accidentally discovered idea, after which the original harmonic structure was resumed.

Richards was especially ingenious in instigating such temporary motifs through his restlessly variable comping, which suddenly disappeared and reappeared, or swooped into a sharp divergence of mood—at times almost directing the course of the solo. On several tunes, West and Capp also got thoroughly involved in exciting

interplays that rumbled and groaned ominously but occasionally had humorous and sometimes quite moving results.

The solo styles of Richards and Budimir are products of a combination of the John Coltrane-Sonny Rollins effects on the basic Parker format. Add to this, in the case of Budimir, attention to the Lennie Tristano school and, in the case of both, familiarity with Indian music, and one has two unusual players. As for Ortega, I hear the basic Parker format overlaid with the influence of, if anyone, the late Eric Dolphy.

Ortega's sense of pitch, intonation, and tone allow him to range from delicate beauty, with an almost bursting core of fire, to a wildly leaping combination of Parker's sound and Dolphy's type of conception.

Budimir plays on a superb old Charlie Christian model of guitar (he owns two), and his tone has a clear, ringing quality that is never mushy but never harshly electronic. He executes with the flexibility and rapidity of a saxophonist, and his playing is full of soaring, long-lined sequence, broken with abrupt chording, humorous and bluesy interjections, and rhythmically jagged passages.

Richards must be the most original vibist since Milt Jackson. He plays with a hard, percussive beat and the sheets of sound that characterize Coltrane's work. Like Budimir and Ortega, his playing unexpectedly and intuitively encounters directions with abruptness and seems never to develop only a single mood in the course of an extended solo.

The quintet got surprisingly enthusiastic audience reception, considering the rarity of its music in public and considering the fact that entrepreneur Fox probably had developed in his first eight concerts an audience for more standard formats of jazz. It is to be hoped that these men will have other opportunities to be heard in the coming months.

—John William Hardy

### John Handy

Both/And Club, San Francisco

Personnel: Handy, alto saxophone; Mike White, violin; Freddie Redd, piano; Don Thompson, bass; Terry Clarke, drums.

Handy's current quintet represents a high point in the altoist's spotty career. Though he has recorded for major labels, worked with Charles Mingus, and headed his own quartet in leading Manhattan jazz spots, Handy today is something of an overlooked talent.

Part of this is of Handy's own making. He has stayed close to San Francisco in recent years, studying and making occasional appearances with an impractical, though promising, big band or with somewhat disjointed small groups.

But Handy's latest group pulls all the strings together, expressing with rare eloquence those things its leader has been trying to communicate for several years.

The spark comes from an extraordinary rhythm section, paced by the young Canadian drummer, Clarke. His playing crackles with authority and intelligence, and he is a driver. A gifted musician, his

name should become known to a much wider jazz audience before long.

Bassist Thompson, from Vancouver, as is Clarke, has worked alongside the drummer many times before. His is a full-toned anchor-man approach that suits Handy's outgoing music perfectly.

Pianist Redd is another strong-arm rhythm man. He, too, plays a large part in controlling the various levels of intensity this group reaches. Redd's solos are often fascinating in their over-all design, although he sometimes becomes sloppy or careless in execution.

Violinist White has been around the bay area for a long time, sitting in here and there and, lately, working with Handy. Until recently, most of his work consisted of stringing together rather routine bop cadences, but in this new and exciting setting he seems to be breaking into a freer, more personal style.

There is no doubt about who leads the quintet. Handy's is the dominant voice in every way. The most successful numbers are his own compositions, and his solos are generally much longer than those of his colleagues.

One particularly moving piece is *The Spanish Lady*, a long set of variations based on a single minor chord, which is used to create a drone effect not unlike that heard in some of the music of India. Handy turns that chord every way but loose, altering it with a wide variety of derivative chords, minor scales, and modal ideas. Almost unbearable peaks of emotional intensity are reached as the piece progresses through several tempo changes and scored interludes.

Handy is in fine playing form these days. He has superb flexibility and tone control through and beyond the natural range of his horn. He is a thoughtful player, an altoist who seldom falls back on convenient Charlie Parker licks.

Best of all, he has a truly individual approach to jazz. His version of *Stella by Starlight*, for example, does not become ensnared in ballad cliches. Half of his performance of the tune is usually taken up by a remarkable, a cappella saxophone prolog.

Between the unencouraging night-club scene in San Francisco and the temporary nature of Clarke's stay in the States, the prospects for this group are not very bright. If, however, it can hold together, there ought to be a line of a&r men forming at Handy's door. About time too.

—Richard B. Hadlock

### Tubby Hayes-Victor Feldman

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Los Angeles

Personnel: Hayes, tenor saxophone; flute; Victor Feldman, piano, vibraharp; Monty Budwig, bass; Colin Bailey, drums.

Hayes' arrival in Hollywood (his first visit to California but his fourth to the United States) climaxed a series of work-permit-induced delays (*DB*, July 29). After spending four days suspended by a long thread of red tape, he finally saw the tape snipped by immigration authorities and promptly fell into the Manne-Hole.

Hayes' accompanying unit, the Feldman trio, played the first part of each set on

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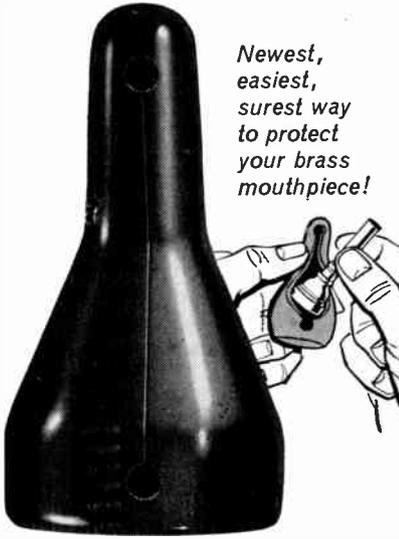
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its own before Hayes was introduced. Feldman, though a great proportion of his time nowadays is devoted to studio work, has continued to mature impressively as a jazz soloist. His segments of the Hayes sets were consistently stimulating.

Harmonically, he has moved more and more in the direction of Bill Evans. His chordal approach on *A Fine Romance* was tastefully interspersed with occasional Phineas Newbornish two-hand unison octave runs. Feldman's touch is sensitive, his style confident, and his imagination never allows him to fall into clichés.

Budwig, too, had enough of the sound of surprise in his bass lines to place him a notch above the mere accompanist's role; yet he has not gone overboard to the point of refusing to play time. A series of fours between Feldman and Bailey on *Fine Romance* indicated that there is little difference among the trio members in terms of taste, technique, and esprit de corps.

When Feldman switched to vibes for a blues, the trio cooked no less heatedly. Feldman chorded the theme in four-hammer style and then wailed with two, later using the two left-hand mallets for a sort of Garnerish comping while his right hand played ad lib lines. He returned to the piano for a *Basin Street Blues* that had all the lyricism of his memorable recording of the tune with Miles Davis.

Hayes then took over, opening with *Con Alma*. With vigorous Latin accents from Bailey, he wove around the lovely chords of the Dizzy Gillespie tune with exceptional technical ease. His main influences appear to be pre-John Coltrane; in his sense of continuity there is something of the 1957-58 Sonny Rollins in his up-tempo work.

At this writing, Hayes does not seem to have a strongly individual sound or style, though repeated hearings might very well alter this reaction. Regardless of this point, he does convey an urgently compelling rhythmic sense on medium and up numbers, and on such ballads as *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most*, he achieves a warm mood, though the effect was weakened slightly by an overlong series of cadenzas used as a finale.

On flute Hayes is more impressive. He again shows total command of the instrument, his sound is big and broad, and he made a most attractive vehicle of his own *In the Night*.

On the Manne-Hole gig, Hayes almost never played vibes, claiming that the presence of Feldman intimidated him. On opening night a unique session took place when pianist George Shearing sat in, Feldman played vibes, and the 80 percent British quintet (Bailey is English) played Miles Davis' *Nardis*. The respect in which Shearing and Hayes hold one another generated mutual, lyrical inspiration.

As Shearing, Feldman, and several visiting musicians observed, if ever Hayes decided to immigrate, there will undoubtedly be a substantial place for him here. With his doubling and his writing ability (he is also a skilled arranger) he could provide U.S. jazz with something of lasting value.

—Leonard Feather

## Festival of Contemporary Music

Museum of Art, Institute of Music,  
Severance Hall, Cleveland, Ohio

For the last 25 years, the Cleveland Museum of Art has held to a policy that all programs of music should contain at least one substantial modern work. The success of this policy at the museum's many concerts over the years led the curator of music at the museum, conductor Walter Blodgett, to propose a contemporary-music festival, in which he invited a dozen area institutions to participate.

The music for each concert was selected by the performing groups. This year's festival presented the usual wide variety of media, works, and composers, with the consistent factors from concert to concert being the high levels of composition and performance by all concerned.

The first program, presented at the museum by members of the faculty of the Baldwin-Wallace College Conservatory of Music, featured Darius Milhaud's *Sonatina* for string trio; the *String Quartet No. 2* by Frederick Koch; Walter Hasenmueller's suite for two pianos, *Three Perspectives*; and Robert Palmer's *Quartet for Piano and Strings*. The composition by Cleveland composer Koch featured the addition of soprano Peggy Anne McMurray in the second movement of the quartet, based on Carl Sandburg's poem *Wind Song*.

Titled *Homage to Charles Ives*, the second concert, at the Institute of Music, featured songs by the trail-blazing U.S. composer sung by tenor George Vassos with accompaniment by pianist Elizabeth Pastor, and the *Sonata No. 2, Concord, Mass., 1840-1860*, played by pianist Nancy Voigt.

The third program, one of the highlights of the series, featured the St. Paul's Church Choir and musicians from the Oberlin Conservatory, conducted by festival chairman Blodgett.

The unavailability of the Oberlin French horn player because of illness forced the cancellation of a scheduled Cleveland premiere of Gunther Schuller's *Quintet for Woodwinds*, but the Oberlin musicians more than made up for this by their sparkling performance of Elliott Carter's delightful *Eight Etudes and a Fantasy* for woodwind quartet.

This fascinating piece has moments calculated to distress listeners inclined to be overly serious about modern music. For instance, after the first two etudes, written in an extremely advanced idiom, Carter inserts a few bars of what sounds at first like tuning up; the four musicians slowly trade back and forth the notes of a single major triad.

Similarly, after two more incredibly complex serial movements, the sixth etude, marked "intensely," is simply a series of crescendos and diminuendos on a single G. The eighth etude is a rapid, humming presto, a bit reminiscent of the second movement of Bela Bartok's *Fourth String Quartet*; this is followed by the fantasy, which develops into a driving and technically demanding quasi-fugue.

Few groups anywhere could have matched the technical and expressive virtuosity the Oberlin quartet brought to this difficult and exciting composition.

The main work of the evening was the Cleveland premiere of Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Unicorn, the Gorgon, and the Manticore, or the Three Sundays of a Poet*.

A delightful work, it had the full house at the museum in laughter, or at least smiling, from the promenade on.

In the piece, Menotti makes a great number of satiric and stinging attacks on the mores of the "respectable people" of society.

The work was excellently performed by the choir, who finished beautifully in the rich pathos of the warm final chords, and by soloists Gretchen Garnett, Mary Eileen Fogerty, and Carol Stout—Miss Stout's marvelously moving contralto was especially outstanding.

The fourth concert of the festival featured faculty members of the Cleveland Music School Settlement in such works as Peter Mennin's *Five Pieces for Piano*; *Sonata for Clarinet and Piano* by Alvin Etler; *Introduzione e Allegro, Op. 40* for flute and piano by Luigi Cortese; and piano pieces by Bohuslav Martinu and Aram Khachaturian. Particularly outstanding were the *Five Songs* on the poetry of Garcia Lorca by Noel Lee, which were performed with the feeling and fire that the poems and the music demanded. Soloists were soprano Anita Appling, flutist Marlene Daubner, and guitarist James Luce.

The next concert, presented by the Cleveland Composers' Guild, included several world premieres, among them Julius Drossin's *String Trio No. 2*, *Sonatina for Trumpet and Piano* by Raymond Wilding-White, and John Rinehart's *Sonata for Violin and Piano*. Also performed were Rudolf Bupal's *Improvisations for Piano*; settings of three Chinese love songs by Starling Cumberworth; and poems by Francis Thompson, Robert Frost, and e. e. cummings set to music by Klaus Roy, Brian Murray, and Donald Erb.

The final concert of the series saved some of the best for last, with a performance of Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana* by the University Circle Collegiate Chorale, the Cleveland Philharmonic Orchestra, and soloists Margaret Hauptmann, Bert Kageff, and Melvin Hakola, directed by Donald Shetler.

Orff's rarely performed "profane songs" were given a joyous and high-spirited reading by all concerned, to a receptive, nearly full house at Cleveland's spacious Severance Hall. A difficult work, especially in its shifting time signatures and complex rhythms, its hazards were skillfully handled by the expressive, warm soprano of Miss Hauptmann; Kageff's amazingly high, projecting countertenor; and the strong baritone sound of Hakola.

Most outstanding of all, however, was perhaps the well-rehearsed chorus, which clearly communicated the vibrant enthusiasm and excited, staccato shouts of many of Orff's springtime songs of young lovers.

—Brian Bate

## BOOK REVIEWS

Born with the Blues, Perry Bradford. Published by Oak Publications, 175 pages, \$5.95.

Bradford, pioneer songwriter, a&r man, publisher, and pianist-singer, has waited many years for publication of his autobiographical notes. A salty and outspoken man of 70-plus (he gives his birthdate as Feb. 14, 1895, but since he was a full-fledged professional by 1906, one suspects he has shaved off a few years), Bradford has lived a full and interesting life and has a story well worth telling.

Unfortunately, his publishers have deprived him of the most elementary courtesy given to nonprofessional writers—that of a skilled editorial assistant. The resulting book is a jumble. There is no sustained attempt at chronological procedure. There is no continuous narrative. Chapter divisions are arbitrary, punctuation capricious, proof-reading nonexistent. While the book contains words and music to 11 Bradford compositions, there are no footnotes to help the novice or enlighten the serious student of U.S. entertainment history, and the many interesting photographs are heedlessly assembled, inadequately captioned, and often poorly reproduced.

Bradford is not to be faulted for these shortcomings, but Mrs. Ann Charters, who is credited with "editorial assistance," as well as the unnamed person or persons responsible for book production at Oak should hang their heads in shame. They have done a disservice to music history and to a client who deserved better.

As it stands, Bradford's unedited manuscript is a discursive diatribe against the vested interests he feels have wronged or slighted him in the past, and the "half-baked wise guys" who have failed to give him due recognition in the present. The tone of a man who feels he has been wronged soon becomes wearying, and constant repetition blunts the edge of much of what he has to say.

This is a pity, for Bradford does have something to say and does deserve more credit than has been given him, particularly for his persistent and ultimately revolutionizing efforts to open the eyes of the U.S. recording industry to the vast potential market for Negro popular music.

There can be no question that Bradford was the first man to persuade a record company to record a Negro singer (Mamie Smith) performing material aimed at a Negro audience. That was in 1920, and the record was Bradford's *That Thing Called Love*, more a pop song than a blues and with backing by a white studio band.

It did well enough, however, to set the stage for Bradford's next move: to have Miss Smith record a real (or at least, more authentic) blues, with backing from a Negro jazz band, "which would send her down the blues and jazz alley smack into jazzland and keep her in the groove."

That, of course, was *Crazy Blues*, the

record that opened the floodgates for so-called race recordings and set the stage for Bessie Smith, Ma Rainey, and a multitude of others. *Crazy Blues* sold some 3,000,000 copies—a very respectable figure even by today's considerably broader standards—and Bradford became one of the most successful publishers, entrepreneurs, and recording consultants in his field in the 1920s.

He makes no bones about what he had to go through to accomplish his breakdown of the barriers against blues recording in those early days. (Previously, such Negro band leaders as Jim Europe, Tim Brymn, Wilbur Sweatman, and W.C. Handy had made records, but they were in a style palatable to and aimed at the white dance market.)

Record companies were under open threats of boycott from southern business interests if they dared cater to Negroes, and even men of good will (such as recording manager Fred Hager of Okeh records, who took the plunge with Bradford) were dubious about the salability of such material. Of course, the boycotts did not materialize once it became obvious how much money could be made off the Negro market.

Bradford even had to fight his own people, for, as he points out at some length, "Harlem was distasteful to the blues." He claims, probably rightly, that his 1918 revue *Made in Harlem* was the first successful introduction of blues on the uptown stage, where more sedate and assimilated entertainment was then the rage.

But Bradford, born in Montgomery, Ala., and reared in Atlanta, Ga., was "born with the blues," received his early training with traveling minstrel shows, and had none of the musical prejudices of his northern brethren.

Sketchy as they are, his reminiscences of minstrel days are interesting.

He says the best musicians and singers and dancers of the day worked with these troupes and that they laid the foundation for the successes of jazz and Negro show business in years to come, though they are looked upon with scorn today.

He admits, with considerable bite and humor, that he had to Tom at times to get his point across and makes it clear that this was a strategy, not a matter of intrinsic attitude.

The stock market crash left Bradford stranded. He blames the big music-publishing houses for "tying up" his considerable catalog and hints at all manner of skulduggery.

He has some harsh words for ASCAP too. His anecdotes about earlier lawsuits, when he was at his peak, indicate that Bradford was never a man to take real or assumed injustice lightly, and he is not an advocate of the forgive-and-forget theory.

In the process of justifying himself, Bradford takes several broad swipes at jazz journalists. This section, like much of the manuscript, appears to have been written years ago.

He is incensed about *Jazzmen*, the 1939 book that started, more or less, the New

Orleans myth, calling it a "24-carat fake" and claiming, mistakenly, that it was "withdrawn from the trade" (it's still in print today). Some of his volleys miss the mark, because the record has since been set straight by researchers and historians such as Sam Charters and Len Kunstadt (in their *Jazz: A History of the New York Scene*) and some of their British colleagues.

There are certain outright errors of fact, such as the claim that Louis Armstrong made his first record with a Bradford group in 1924. Of course, Armstrong had recorded prior to this in Chicago with King Oliver and in New York with Clarence Williams and Fletcher Henderson. But the record with Bradford's group was a good one, and this and similar errors should have been corrected by the editor.

Bradford concentrates on his own experiences and does not give the reader much more than fascinating glimpses of the great people he knew and worked with: Bessie Smith, James P. Johnson, Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, Bubba Miley, etc. Sometimes, we do not even get a glimpse—just a name, mentioned in passing. But Bradford does capture the flavor and feeling of days gone by; a number of his disclosures will be of significance to future research.

And he is a personality. That comes through, for example, in the letter he wrote to a record executive who thought he was dealing with a man naive enough to waive his royalty rights in order to have yet another version of *Crazy Blues* recorded: "Please be advised that the only thing Perry Bradford WAIVES is the American flag."

He has some sound advice for young musicians, too: ". . . the square musicians are laughing up their sleeves while encouraging our Goatee Boy to get so 'far out' that his playing will keep him in a small commercial world, but the . . . musician who knows the commercial public will stick to how far [they] will follow 'way out music' and pay for it."

Bradford, in passing, sums up his vital achievement succinctly enough: "It was crude, but the sound that Mamie and my Jazz Hounds planted that February morning in 1920 had such 'down home' original corn in it that it has sprouted, grown, and thrived all down through the years."

For his labors in planting that seed, Bradford deserves the respect and gratitude of all those who have followed him down the path. —Dan Morgenstern

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**The Christian Encounters the World of Pop Music and Jazz**, by William Robert Miller. Published by Concordia Publishing House, \$1.

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Written primarily for the musical layman, this paperback book is a concise, well written treatise, the Christian or religious orientation of which is obvious (part of the *Christian Encounter Series* of the Concordia Publishing House) and whose purpose and implementation is somewhat dubious.

If its purpose is to present a history of popular music and jazz, questions can be

raised over the inclusion and omission of certain figures. If its purpose is to present critical opinion and appraisal, then the inclusion of off-handed and largely unsubstantiated deprecations and what seem to be pet and pat views of certain jazzmen and their compositions and performances is questionable. If its purpose is to place jazz and pop music in a theological context, much more could be said.

The author does, however, make many points of interest and information.

In the area of theology (primarily in the introduction and conclusion), he points out that creation and creatures are the products of God and, therefore, good; he discusses our religious and moral relationship with the "world" and our responsibilities with regard to that tonal creature, music, in the areas of participating in creation with God, of freedom, of culture and modern morality.

Chapters follow that are devoted to a survey of jazz history and the development of jazz styles and the origins and backgrounds of pop music. He stresses the development of pop music and its cross-breeding with jazz. One of the valuable aspects of the book is the clean-cut distinction the author draws between pop music and jazz.

He astutely compares and contrasts jazz and pop music with regard to each's creativity. He documents the making of a pop singer into a star and the promotion of a pop hit.

The psychological factors involved are discussed at length: the debasement of tastes and culture; the role of conformity drives in the teenage market; the classical place of cathartic fantasy in adolescence and its comparison with the neurotic day-dreaming apparent in the current pop hits; the sexual connotations in lyrics and misleading notion of love as solely infatuation and emotional kicks rather than a deeper volitional motion that seeks the good of the beloved; the banality of rock-and-roll lyrics; the manipulated popularity of Beatlemania; the comparison and relationship of the teenage neuroticism that transfers to the eroticism of adult pornography.

The creative currents of present-day jazz musicians, the role of creativity and its dangers from commercialization are also discussed. The book concludes with an excellent survey of pop religious music and liturgical jazz. Some of the problems involved in using jazz in worship are brought out; those efforts are critically analyzed, but, unfortunately, no real guidelines are laid down.

The *Christian Encounters the World of Pop Music and Jazz* can be recommended as an attempt to line up and evaluate pop music and jazz with the principles of religion. It is interesting and provocative reading. —George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.

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**Roman Joy**, by Edward Stephens. Published by Doubleday, 352 pages, \$4.95.

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"He went out into the alley behind the theater and stood shivering, not from cold but from fatigue, and leaned with both hands against the wall, relieving himself, half asleep, looking down in mid-relief to find to his horror he had not unzipped and

prepared. The relief was too profound to abort so he let it go, hurrying spraddled back to his drums, the peculiar local warmth spreading as it seeped.

"He played that way, working his legs against the wet and chafing clothes. The next day he could hardly walk. He announced he could not play, he had to go to a hospital."

Well, music lovers, the latest literary clinker to misuse a jazz background has hit the bookstalls, and it's a clinker not only because drummer-boy Roman Joy is the type of lame kitten who urinates in his pants—which is the least of his faults—but because Roman, thanks to the questionable talent of the author, is one of the dullest, most banal, ineffectual, monodimensional, nonthinking, stupid excuses for a lead character since Louisa May Alcott created Meg in *Little Women*.

Typical of the book, and the author's ineptitude, is the scene where 19-year-old Roman (full-time musician, full-time draft dodger, part-time black marketeer) goes to a brothel (the password is "Louie sent me," Page 89), thinks \$50 is too much, and reacts thus:

"This is a damn clip is what it is," Roman said. 'I'm going to call the police.'"

Why not? After all, Roman wears underwear "featuring large red ants and the repeated caption, *Ants in My Pants*."

Or how about the vignette on Pages 198-9, when a musician is introducing Apprentice Hipster Roman Joy to marijuana:

"How much do we need?" (asked Roman).

"Not much. Just take a second. You know how to smoke it? You gotta drag it."

"Smoke? I thought you took it in the arm."

Now, concerning the plot, there is less than little. It's 1942, and a cerebratonic bore named David Eckhart is starting up a big jazz band. Roman is the drummer. He wants to take over the band. Think he makes it? Who gives a . . . paradiddle.

Errors? The book is a symphony of them. And the dialog is the worst to hit print since *Horror Comics* was extant.

As to style, well the prose goes like this: "The musicians made out all right. They got along. They were all right (Page 57)." "They got along, the musicians did. They survived. They made out. They were all right (Page 60)." "They were all right, the musicians were. They got along. They were all right (Page 195)." "The musicians were all right. They had something. They got along (Page 263)."

Or, as on Page 74: "Now it was all roaring out of control: men's petty motives, looming grandly in their own small, finite ambitions (even our cruelties are absurdly small), impuissant before the headlong rush of glandular event."

The author means that the gentleman was anticipating coitus.

To say that *Roman Joy* is the worst jazz novel ever written is to tell only half the story. It is the worst book—of any kind—this reviewer has ever read.

—Bob Ellison

# FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

In Chicago, the Blue Note is long gone. San Francisco has no more Black Hawk. In New York, Basin Street East, following the short-lived example of Birdland, has gone discotheque. (In a supremely ironic touch, one of the rock-and-roll groups heard at Birdland during its last days was led by a fellow named Lester Young.)

All these events and many others like them in other cities are taken as signs of the diminution of jazz, the narrowing of its appeal, and, by a curious extension of this argument, as proof that jazz is beyond the reach of the masses.

The *cosa nova*, also known as the "new thing," is blamed for the folding of clubs. It is, we are notified, too far beyond the ears of the jazz public.

This kind of argument has gained considerable currency of late in an attempt to rationalize a trend for which there is an entirely different cause. The hard central fact is that the night club itself as a social phenomenon may be on the way to extinction.

Obviously there was music for thousands of years before there were cabarets. Even jazz existed for quite a while before the night club as we understand the term today came on the scene. The fact that musicians had nowhere else to turn for employment was inextricably tied up with the disreputable associations of the music itself.

After several decades of struggle, jazz has now outgrown that reputation—not entirely, of course, but to a point where it finds many outlets far more suitable for its performance.

I am not putting down the night clubs in toto, nor do I want to make the personal implications against their operators that are currently fashionable in extra-hip circles.

Barney Josephson of the old Cafe Society clubs in the 1940s did more good for jazz than any booking agent by presenting musicians in a setting conceived with dignity and by using integrated groups when this was considered heretical. Max Gordon of the Vanguard, Art D'Lugoff, and of course the musician-owners like Shelly Manne cannot be faulted. They are doing their best to save a leaking, if not sinking, ship.

Nevertheless, there are very few such clubs one can enter and survey with the sense that these are the ideal surroundings for the presentation of the art of jazz.

The location, of course, can make a psychological and sometimes real dif-

ference. The Lighthouse at Hermosa Beach, Calif., is always an agreeable place to visit. Still pursuing a name jazz policy after some 16 years (thanks to the initiative of owner John Levine and bassist-leader Howard Rumsey), it is only a stone's throw from the beach and makes a particularly pleasant setting for a Sunday matinee.

Recently I was introduced to a new club, in Sausalito, Calif. In this quaint town just north of the Golden Gate Bridge, there is a delightful incongruity in running across the Trident and attending one of its Sunday afternoon sessions.

The music itself was attractive—the "Brasil '65" show was on the menu—but the backdrop made the occasion doubly salubrious. The musicians performed in front of a large picture window. Listening to the show, we could also look beyond the combo to the sunshine, to a panorama of the bay (the club is situated right by the water), and to the giant seagulls hovering around a ketch moored nearby. The ketch is the property of Frank Werber, whose Kingston Trio profits (he was the



group's manager) enabled him to realize his ambition of opening a spot like this.

There were also other attributes that seldom go hand in hand with good music—like first-class food, friendly waiters, and excellent service. But I mention the Trident only to emphasize its status as rule-proving exception.

Jazz has suffered long enough from the claustrophobia of the gang-run ginmill and the smoke-filled cellar club. That it can now spread its wings and expand to concert halls and outdoor festival sites around the world, while the bistros fold up one by one, may induce a touch of nostalgia but can hardly be a cause for tears.

America will still be hearing the sounds of jazz long after the sole surviving night-club waiter has tripped over the last chair and spilled the final drink. 

## SITTIN' IN

(Continued from page 18)

Lips Page, Pee Wee Russell, Wingy Manone, Teschemacher, Edmond Hall; playing alongside the who's who in jazz (certainly, of my era) couldn't be a drag. Waiters could be a drag. When you walk into the Astor Hotel, and you're onstage and your band is white (three) and colored (seven), you can feel the animosity, cut it with a knife. But it's funny; after a while when the music circulates, the feeling changes.

You learn about discrimination on trains, when your band is in the club car and the "southern" gentleman (and he may well have been from the North) comes in and wants that certain seat. James P. Johnson is occupying it, and I'm sitting next to him. I'm honored; this is a man I owe a good part of my music to. We sit, and we continue to sit; and finally the genius gets the message; he leaves. How can you repay a race with less? You stand up and be counted; they're doing it all the time.

Just this one for-instance: I'm in Chicago, and I'm having a hard way to go (it's happening in my band). So the phone rings; it's New York. It's Willie (The Lion) Smith—and what a piano he plays—just to say, "I'm hearing about it all the way here, and if you need me I'll bring my cane [boy, that walking stick could damage you] and come arunning."

Jazz is like one family. The music you play decides your relationship. Me, I've got lots of black brothers—wouldn't want it any other way. I'm not forcing it on you, but you let me be.

So what's for sure? For sure, tomorrow will bring change. A few yesterdays ago Sidney Bechet related a story concerning his first trip abroad.

"We were playing some place in Germany," he said. "Big crowd. And after the concert, some white woman came up to me, wet her finger, and wiped it across my cheek; she had to make sure." So, in a few, short years, Bechet is here and gone, Europe mourns, names a street after him, declares a day of mourning.

So what's for sure? If you live long enough, you change your mind, you grow. Discrimination is a dirty word. What kind of United States would we have today if the Negroes discriminated? Suppose they wanted to be alone? Supposing they'd hid their gifts instead of sharing them. You think Gershwin would have written a *Rhapsody in Blue*? Just think about how this race has enriched our lives by not discriminating against us, by not keeping us out when we came to listen. This is a talented race, and if you've kept them out, you've discriminated against yourself. 

# SWINGING PRESIDENTS

A HIPSTER'S QUIZ BY GARY A. SOUCIE

The White House has had but two residents named Johnson; jazz has had about two dozen Johnsons of the first rank. Jazz also has had its Washingtons, Lincolns, Jeffersons, and Wilsons.

Below is a list of identifications of musicians who bear presidential names. They are listed in the same order as the terms of office held by their political namesakes.

How many can you name?

Watch out for those first names.

1. \_\_\_\_\_ A blues, jazz, and pop singer who became famous singing with Lionel Hampton.
2. \_\_\_\_\_ One of the most important baritone saxophonists since Gerry Mulligan.
3. \_\_\_\_\_ Singer who first set lyrics to James Moody's famous solo on *I'm in the Mood for Love*.
4. \_\_\_\_\_ New Orleans cornet player known as Kid Shots.
5. \_\_\_\_\_ Bassist, songwriter, teacher, television personality, comedian, cheerleader, Father Knickerbopper.
6. \_\_\_\_\_ With Fletcher Henderson 1926-31, he was one of the first great jazz trombone stylists.
7. \_\_\_\_\_ Band of Renown vocalist in 1950s.
8. \_\_\_\_\_ Urbane neo-bop pianist who has written several piano instruction books, numerous magazine articles, has led a trio, and had a radio show.
9. \_\_\_\_\_ Perennial Herman Herd pianist-arranger-composer.
10. \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Max Roach.
11. \_\_\_\_\_ Great stride pianist who influenced Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, and many others.
12. \_\_\_\_\_ Modern tenor saxophonist from England who also plays vibraharp.
13. \_\_\_\_\_ Fine modern drummer well known for his work with Coleman Hawkins, Bud Powell, George Wallington, Thelonious Monk.
14. \_\_\_\_\_ Trombonist with modern, highly technical style, a Hampton-Richards-Gillespie-Mulligan-Jones alumnus.
15. \_\_\_\_\_ Veteran drummer who for several years has led an official revival of Glenn Miller's band.
16. \_\_\_\_\_ Also known as the Honeydrinker.
17. \_\_\_\_\_ Armstrong-influenced trumpet man who is known for his many years with Chick Webb and Duke Ellington.
18. \_\_\_\_\_ Usually known as Buddy, his rocking blues band has been popular for many years in and around his native South Carolina.
19. \_\_\_\_\_ Renowned swing-band composer-arranger who wrote *Rockin' the Blues*, *Rusty Dusty Blues*, and other Count Basie hits.
20. \_\_\_\_\_ Once a sideman with Louis Prima and Gene Krupa, this alto saxophonist and reed man now works mainly in Hollywood studios.
21. \_\_\_\_\_ He was Count Basie's drummer till 1954.

ANSWERS: 1, Dinah Washington; 2, Pepper Adams; 3, Eddie Jefferson; 4, Louis Madison; 5, Chubby Jackson; 6, Jimmy Harrison; 7, Lucy Ann Polk; 8, Billy Taylor; 9, Nat Pierce; 10, Abbey Lincoln; 11, James P. Johnson; 12, Tubby Hayes; 13, Arthur Taylor; 14, Jimmy Cleveland; 15, Ray McKinley; 16, Roosevelt Sykes; 17, Taft Jordan; 18, Woodrow Wilson (Buddy) Johnson; 19, Buster Harding; 20, Charlie Kennedy; 21, Gus Johnson.

## AD LIB

(Continued from page 16)

Lees' first novel, *Sleep till Noon*, has been accepted for spring publication by Trident Press.

**TORONTO:** Earle Warren and his quintet returned to the Colonial for a two-week engagement with Jodi Drake as the featured vocalist . . . Eddie Hazell came in for two weeks at the Town Tavern, just in time for the tavern's new look—bunny girls now serve drinks. The new policy has caused considerable friction. When nine male waiters, with 10 to 16 years' service at the Town, were dismissed, four of them picketed the tavern . . . July was trumpeters' month in Toronto. Louis Armstrong and His All-Stars (with trombonist Tyree Glenn, clarinetist Buster Bailey, pianist Billy Kyle, drummer Danny Barcelona, bassist Buddy Catlett, and singer Jewell Brown) played a week at the O'Keefe Centre; Roy Eldridge opened at the Town Tavern the same night Buck Clayton brought his band, featuring tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate, into the Colonial; and heading local groups were trumpeters Paul Grosney at the Cava-Bob and Trump Davidson at the Radio Artists Club . . . Pianist Junior Mance played a week at the Town with George Tucker, bass, and Oliver Jackson, drums . . . Lonnie Johnson, in for a month at the Penny Farthing, stayed on for a date at Steele's Tavern . . . The second cruise in the Jazz on the Lake series featured Don Thompson's sextet, singer Jason King, and Jimmy Scott's Dixieland band . . . Pianist Brian Browne is currently performing at the Westbury Hotel.

**WASHINGTON:** Singer Maxine Sullivan, now a grandmother, proved a smash hit at Blues Alley during her two-week stint at the Georgetown club in July . . . With guitarist Charlie Byrd and his trio on the road, the Showboat Lounge's summer program featured groups led by pianist Teddy Wilson, trumpeters Maynard Ferguson and Dizzy Gillespie, pianist-singer Mose Allison and—due in Aug. 23 for two weeks—pianist Vince Guaraldi and guitarist Bola Sete. Byrd returns to the club, where he works most of the year, Sept. 6 . . . A new club on Georgia Ave., Murphy's Supper Club, has an interesting piano-and-voice combination in Ellsworth Gibson and Barbara Long. The club seats about 125, including 90 on its patio. A mural on the wall was painted by the jazz bongo player Buck Clarke. Clarke is now heading a group at Jazzland which features organist Major Gee.

**PHILADELPHIA:** Percussionist-conductor Jimmy DePreist, onetime jazz leader and drummer, conducted the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra concert featuring the final Philadelphia appearance of his aunt, contralto Marian Anderson. DePreist will be assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in the fall . . . Show Boat owner Herbie Spivak is planning a series of Sunday night jazz concerts this fall at Town Hall. Among the

artists he hopes to present are pianists **Oscar Peterson**, **George Shearing**, and **Horace Silver**, trumpeter **Miles Davis**, and singer **Astrud Gilberto**. Spivak is closing his room for the last two weeks of August and will reopen with pianist **Ramsey Lewis'** group . . . Pep's also is closing the last two weeks of August, to reopen with singer **Joe Williams**. Last month, saxophonist **Sonny Rollins**, booked to play with a quintet at Pep's, brought along a sixth man . . . **Russell Laslocky**, New Jersey veterinarian who books jazz Sunday nights at his Barn Arts Center in Riverside, had a sell-out for his opener with pianist **Thelonious Monk's** quartet . . . **Maynard Ferguson** brought in a 12-piece group for a Monday night Lambertville Music Circus concert. A number of Ferguson veterans, including tenor man **Willie Maiden**, altoist **Lanny Morgan**, and pianist **Mike Abene**, were in the group. The trumpeter then cut his group in half for a week at the Cadillac Sho-Bar. Owner **Ben Bynum** is booking some artists for eight days at the Cadillac. Pianist-singer **Nina Simone** is scheduled to appear the Friday and Saturday before Labor Day and the week of Sept. 6 . . . Vibraharpist **Milt Jackson** featured several former Philadelphians during his week at the Show Boat. They were tenorist-arranger **Jimmy Heath** and bass man **Jymie Merritt**. Also featured were pianist **Herbie Hancock** and drummer **Mickey Roker**.

**CLEVELAND:** Mel Torme followed singer **Joni James** and the **Three Suns** into the plush new Yankee Clipper Inn, located on Rt. 8 at the Ohio Turnpike, midway between Akron and Cleveland. The singer-composer-pianist was accompanied during the 10-day stand by **Billy Lang's** nine-piece, which includes trumpeter **Joe Trezinski** and altoist **Norm Strachan** . . . Pianist **Hugh Thompson** was followed by the piano-bass duo of **Bill Dinasco** and **Bob Sykora** at the Somerset Inn . . . The Jewish Community Center Stage Band, composed of high-school students and directed by **Alex Shapiro**, played a recent jazz concert at the center . . . Singer **Duke Hazlett** opened the Celebrity Lounge at the new Versailles Motor Inn. Accompanying the shows at the room is the trio of drummer **Fats Heard**, with pianist **Jimmy Boyd** and bassist **Joe Cooper** . . . The summer series of dances and shows at Cedar Point, the Lake Erie resort near Sandusky, has featured the bands of **Woody Herman**, **Ray McKinley**, **Buddy Morrow**, **Maynard Ferguson**, and **Sam Donahue-Tommy Dorsey**. The **Four Freshmen** with **Al Serafini's** Cleveland band and the Cleveland Summer Orchestra also have been featured. On the August agenda at the Point are bands led by **Les Elgart**, **Stan Kenton**, **Lionel Hampton**, **Si Zentner**.

**CHICAGO:** The Robbin's Nest recently moved to the site of the now-defunct Olde East Inn at 71st St. and Stony Island Ave. The **Jimmy Ellis Trio** performs there weekends, the leader playing alto and tenor saxophones, flute, clarinet,

and bass clarinet; **Phil Wright**, organ; and **Steve McCall**, drums . . . When the **Oscar Peterson Trio** closes at the London House Aug. 22, the group leaves for a tour of South America. Peterson's trio, with veteran bassist **Ray Brown** and new drummer **Louis Hayes**, also was on the highly successful **Frank Sinatra-Count Basie** bill that sold out the Arie Crown Theater in McCormick Place for two concerts in mid-July. The top price for the concerts' tickets was \$9.50, one of the highest prices ever charged for admission to a Chicago concert . . . Saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** worked two weeks last month at the Plugged Nickel. **Miles Davis** is now set to come into the Nickel for six days beginning Aug. 17 . . . Blues singer **Barbara Dane** was in town to supervise a **Mama Yancey** recording date. Pianist **Art Hodes** accompanied Mrs. Yancey, widow of boogie-woogie pianist **Jimmy**. Hodes also recorded some solos at the date. Miss Dane sang three tunes for the album, which will be issued on Folkways-Verve . . . Hodes headed south soon after the recording to do solo dates in New Orleans (for the jazz club there), Austin (where he played opposite a group led by pianist **George Wein** and including tenorist **Bud Freeman** and trumpeter **Ruby Braff**), and San Antonio, Texas (pianists **Ralph Sutton** and **Red Camp** also were on the bill.) On Aug. 7 Hodes was scheduled to be a member of an all-star group that played and recorded at a small jazz festival in Columbia, S.C. . . . Local favorite **Lurlean Hunter** sang for two weeks at the Playboy Club; she closed Aug. 8 . . . The **Dave Brubeck Quartet** played a one-nighter at suburban Melody Top Theater recently . . . Prior to leaving Chicago to appear at the Newport Folk Festival, singer-harmonica player **Paul Butterfield** and his band (**Elvin Bishop**, guitar; **Jerome Arnold**, bass; **Sammy Lee**, drums) participated in a benefit at Second City for a Free Southern Theater (a nonprofit repertory company presenting modern drama to audiences in Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Tennessee, Georgia, and Arkansas) with the Second City company, singer **Oscar Brown Jr.** (whose recent stint at Mother Blues was extended), and WFMT radio personality **Studs Terkel**, who was the emcee . . . A week earlier the **Staple Singers**, the **Swan Silvertones**, the **Swanee Quintet**, the **Five Blind Boys**, and the **Frost Brothers** had been heard in a benefit concert and rally at McCormick Place for the Chicago Civic Liberties League.

**MILWAUKEE:** A recent fire at the Holiday House forced cancellation of the **Lionel Hampton** engagement . . . The Melody Top Theater added more jazz to its summer programing. **Dave Brubeck** has performed, as has **Peter Nero**. The **Bob Knutzen Dixieland** group was a part of the Nero package . . . Trumpeter **Dick Ruedebusch's** combo is making a series of Wisconsin county fair appearances throughout the state. Trombonist **Sonny Sievert** has recovered from recent surgery and has rejoined the group . . . The Attic, which features rock and roll, recent-

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# GRETSCH

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ly brought in the **Count Basie Band** for a Monday night stand . . . Plans for the 1967 World Festival in Milwaukee include a jazz festival.

**INDIANAPOLIS:** Mr. B's Lounge continues to be the city's only consistent name-jazz club. The **Wynton Kelly Trio** played a return engagement at the club the last two weeks in July . . . The **Carousel** on the city's N. Meridian St. nightclub strip continues using local jazz musicians. Singer **Sheryl Shay** has an open-end contract at the club. Various groups play behind her. The **Dave Ressler Trio** played the club the last two weeks in July, followed by a new trio of **Dave Baker** (Baker, cello and piano; **Willis Kirk**, drums; and **John Strickland**, bass) the first week in August, followed by a return booking of the **Tom Hensley Trio** (Hensley, piano; **Stan Gage**, drums; and **Don Baldwin**, bass) . . . **Larry Liggett's** band moved onto the patio bar of the **Marott Hotel** in mid-July with a three-month contract, replacing **Vic Knight's** Dixieland band . . . Jazz pianist-critic-teacher **John Mehegan** played a concert at Ball State University in Muncie July 12 in connection with an Indiana Music Teachers Association convention at the school . . . Singer **B. B. King** and band played a midnight show at the National Guard Armory in Anderson July 9 . . . Blues singer **Guitar Pete Franklin** played three nights at the **Eleventh Hour Coffee House** the weekend of July 10.

**LOUISVILLE:** The **Jamie Aebersold-Everett Hoffman Sextet** is making new inroads into art-gallery jazz presentation. The group presented a concert at the recent Fourth of July New Albany, Ind., Art Festival at the Studio Gallery. The other members of the group are **Dick Washburn**, trumpet; **David Lahni**, piano; **Jack Brengle**, bass; and **Preston Phillips**, drums. The group also played at the Tell City, Ind., summer festival Aug. 11 . . . A recent visitor here was **Stan Gage**, a young percussionist from North Texas State University. He sat in with the **Aebersold-Hoffman** group at sessions at the **Blue Moon** and the **Shack**. Bassist **John Strickland** also was a welcome visitor to the group . . . The **Eddie Chamblee Band** has added local vocalist **Martha Gaye** to its ranks . . . The **Randy Sutton** combo is playing six nights a week at the **Julep Lounge** . . . The quartet of organist **Ernie Goldsmith** (**Nelson Talbot**, tenor saxophone; **Al Mitchell**, guitar; and **Vinnie Johnson**, drums) plays nightly at the **Diamond Horseshoe**.

**MIAMI:** Jack Simon's Backroom Lounge was the scene of one of Miami's recent Sunday jazz concerts. The featured attractions at the July 4 event were avant-garde reed man **Charlie Austin**; **Dolph Castellano**, piano; **Walter Benard**, bass; **Bill Peoples**, drums; **Medina Carney**, vocals. At the same sessions was the **Tony Castellano Trio**, with **Tony**, drums; **Vince Lawrence**, piano; and **Tony Mascelli**, bass. The next week trumpeter **Wayman Reed** joined the first group, and **Barbara**

**Russell** sang with the **Castellano** trio . . . Miami's newest jazz club is **My Cousin's Place**, which opened with the **Dave Akins Trio**. **WMBM** disc jockey **Alan Rock** broadcasts a jazz radio show there nightly . . . Bassist **Rickey Thomas** and pianist **Rudy Ferguson**, plus drummer "Turnip Greens," constituted the swinging, jazz-vocal entertainment in the Lounge of the **Knight Beat** . . . Pianist-composer **Ron Miller** took his trio, featuring **Tom Smith**, drums, and **Bob Schultz**, bass, into the **Golden Falcon** in Pompano Beach in mid-July . . . Singer **Damita Jo** is scheduled to appear at **Dore's** on **Sunny Isles Beach**.

**NEW ORLEANS:** The New Orleans Jazz Club sponsored a July concert at **Your Father's Moustache** with Chicago pianist **Art Hodes** and Orleanians **Raymond Burke**, clarinet; **Sherwood Mangiapane**, bass; and **Freddy King**, drums. The concert was well attended; the audience included musicians and jazz buffs such as **Danny** and **Blue Lu Barker**, **Bill Russell**, **Dick Allen**, **Paul Crawford**, **Don Perry**, **John Joyce**, **Sandra** and **Allan Jaffe** . . . **Lillian Rotolo's** Club Continental has been featuring afterhours modern-jazz sessions on Saturday nights sparked by trumpeter **Bob Teeters**, alto saxophonist **Don Suhor**, and drummer **Joe Morton** . . . Trumpeter **Sharky Bonano** was added to singer **Connie Haines' Blue Room** act in July . . . Clarinetist **Pete Fountain** broke his own attendance record at **Jazz Week** at the **New Orleans Pops** for the third consecutive year. While signing autographs after the concert, **Fountain** signed a contract for an appearance on next year's program. **Al Belletto** also appeared with the **Pops** late in the season, playing an original **Jack Martin** composition, *Divertimento for Alto Sax and Orchestra* . . . Pianist **Armand Hug's** quartet on his Aug. 15 concert will include **Raymond Burke**, clarinet; **John Chaffe**, guitar, banjo; **Sherwood Mangiapane**, bass; and **Charlie Snyder**, drums . . . Bassist **Bill Huntington** left **Phil Reudy's** trio at the **Playboy** to join tenor saxist **Phil Urso** in **Denver**. **Huntington's** replacement is **Bob Trado**, who doubles on flute and trumpet . . . Trombonist **Ted Demuth** is conducting a rehearsal band at **Tulane University** on **Sundays** . . . Pianist **Ellis Marsalis** and drummer **Lou Dillon** did a quick fill-in for two of tenor man **Jimmy Nuzzo's** sidemen at **Al Hirt's** club when the regular sidemen were injured in an auto accident . . . **Murphy Campo's** band during his recent engagement at **Pete Fountain's** **French Quarter Inn** included **Campo**, trumpet; **Joe Prejean**, trombone; **Harold Cooper**, clarinet; **Toney D'Amore**, piano; **Art Seeling**, bass; and **Donald Raab**, drums.

**LOS ANGELES:** Sunday jam sessions at the **Coronet Room** begin at the uncivilized hour of 9:30 a.m. and continue until 2 a.m. Monday. The basic unit attracting all the sitting-in consists of **Dave Mackay**, piano; **Lou Ciotti**, tenor saxophone; **Rex Thompson**, bass; and **Chiz Harris**, drums . . . Singer **Johnny Hart-**

**man** was making the scene at the **It Club** (with the **Jazz Crusaders**) before moving to the **Scene** . . . As the final bastion of jazz along the go-go-ridden **Sunset Strip**, the **Scene** is making some heroic sounds. **Quartet Tres Bien** followed **Hartman**. On Mondays the same club features pianist **Jimmie Rowles' trio** (**Max Bennett**, bass, and **Niek Martinis**, drums). Another Monday gig, at **Shelly's Manne-Hole**, finds altoist **Sonny Criss** with **John Huston**, piano; **Stan Gilbert**, bass; and **Donald Dean**, drums . . . **Brasil '65**, the jazz samba sextet, is still thriving on the promotional boost from **Capitol records**. The combo recently ended an engagement at the **Lighthouse** and headed upstate to the **Squaw Valley Lodge**, a nitery beginning to make jazz-flavored rumbles . . . Pianist **Hampton Hawes** and bassist **Red Mitchell** have a good thing going at **Mitchell's** (no relation to **Red**) **Studio Club**—an understanding owner who even rented a good piano for **Hawes**. Rounding out the trio for weekend gigs is drummer **Wayne Gioun**. The group has been together for 10 months. **Mitchell** is working on a bass book for bassist **Ray Brown's** publishing firm. **Hawes** divides his time between **Mitchell's** and the **Lighthouse**, working with **Howard Rumsey** early in the week . . . Another long-lasting gig finds **Harry Edison** at **Memory Lane**, backed by **Dolo Coker**, piano; **Buddy Woodson**, bass; and **Johnny Kirkwood**, drums. While the trumpeter was touring with **Count Basie** and **Frank Sinatra** last month, vocalist **Sam Fletcher** had the spotlight all to himself . . . A British import, with short hair (for a change), has been making the rounds with his sextet: clarinetist **Bobbie Douglas** recently closed the **Rose Marie Room** in **North Hollywood** and played at the **British Commonwealth Ball** at **Los Angeles' Ambassador Hotel** . . . Aside from its three swinging house trios led by **Joe Parnello**, **Cliff Bryant**, and **Kellie Green**, the **Playboy Club** recently played host to the Mr. and Mrs. vocal duo: **Jackie Paris** and **Anne Marie Moss**.

**SAN FRANCISCO:** **Stan Kenton's** orchestra drew a full house (about 400) for the opening night of its eight-day stand at **Tin Pan Alley** in **Redwood City**. The occasion also marked the transfer of the club's ownership from **Bernie Kahn** to **Peggy Raymond**. **Kahn**, himself a professional musician, owned the club for eight years . . . Bassist **Pops Foster** was hospitalized last month, but he is now resting at his home, though still under a doctor's care . . . Cornetist **Muggsy Spanier**, still troubled by his lung and heart ailment, is being given oxygen therapy . . . Another veteran, trumpeter **Sherman (Red) Gillham**, was hospitalized in **Concord, Calif.**, after an auto collision in which his pelvis, an arm, and a leg were fractured . . . Singer **Ocie Smith**, one-time **Basieite**, and comic **Slappy White** played the **Showcase** in **Oakland** recently . . . **Lena Horne** made her first bay-area appearance in three years when she came into the **Hyatt Music Theater** in **Burlingame** for a week in late July. Also on the show was the **Chico Hamilton Quintet**.

# 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.  
 Au Go Go: Oscar Brown Jr. to 9/5.  
 Baby Grand: Big Nick Nicholas, hb.  
 Basie's: unk.  
 Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn): unk.  
 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): Paul Weedy to 8/15. Sonny Rollins, 8/17-22. Randy Weston, 8/24-29. Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Mon.  
 Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.  
 Embers West: name jazz groups, Joel Saye, hb. Five Spot: unk.  
 Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wettling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.  
 Half Note: Wes Montgomery, Wynton Kelly, to 8/16.  
 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: unk.  
 Museum of Modern Art: Milt Jackson, 8/12. Buddy Tate, Jimmy Rushing, 8/19.  
 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: various name artists.  
 Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, Effie, tfn.  
 Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.  
 Tower East: Don Payne, tfn.  
 Village Gate: Herbie Mann, Odetta to 8/15. Dizzy Gillespie, 8/17-27. Charles Mingus, 8/17-9/8. Ramsey Lewis, 8/31-9/5.

## TORONTO

Cava-Bob: Paul Grosney, tfn.  
 Chez Paree: Sir Charles Thompson, tfn.  
 Colonial: Billy Maxted, 8/16-28.  
 George's Spaghetti House: Moe Koffman, 8/23-28.  
 Golden Nugget: Don Ewell, tfn.  
 Last Chance Saloon: Larry Dubin, tfn.  
 Town: Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, 8/23-9/4.  
 Radio Artists: Trump Davidson, tfn.  
 Westbury: Brian Browne, tfn.

## WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Tony D'Angelo, tfn.  
 Bayou: Eddie Diamond, Hal Posey, hb.  
 Blues Alley: Tommy Gwaltney, hb.  
 Bohemian Taverns: Bobby Timmons, Eddie Harris, tfn.  
 Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor Jr., Bobbie Kelley, tfn.  
 Embers: John Malachi, tfn.  
 Jazzland: Buck Clarke, tfn.  
 Murphy's Supper Club: Ellsworth Gibson, Barbara Long, tfn.  
 Red Coach Inn: Phyllis Cope, tfn.  
 Showboat Lounge: Mose Allison to 8/21. Vince Guaraldi, Bola Sete, 8/23-9/4. Charlie Byrd, 9/6-tfn.  
 Stouffer's: John Eaton, tfn.  
 XII Devils: June Norton, tfn.

## BALTIMORE

Bamboo Lounge: Jimmy McKnight, tfn.  
 Burgundy Room: Charlie Pace, tfn.  
 Club Casino: Winfield Parker, tfn.  
 Colonial House: Dixie Alley Cats, Peg Kern, tfn.  
 Green Derby: Monty Poulson, tfn.  
 Judges: The Progressions, tfn.  
 Le Coq D'Or: Donald Criss, tfn.  
 Living Room: Harry Steier, tfn.  
 Marticks: Brad Winsel, Ricky Bauer, tfn.  
 Moe's: Claude Crawford, tfn.

Playboy: Ted Hawk, tfn.  
 Sweeney's: The Holidays, tfn.

## MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Back Room: sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
 Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, tfn.  
 Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carney, hb.  
 Harbour Towers: Big Six Trio, tfn.  
 Hayes Lounge (Jacksonville): Bill Davis, tfn.  
 Michael's Airport Lounge (Key West): Davy Lee, tfn.  
 Mother's: Ott Brothers, Fri.-Sat.  
 My Cousin's Place: jazz, nightly.  
 Opus #1: various groups, Thur.-Sun.  
 Playboy Club: Bill Rico, Sam DeStefano, hb.  
 South Seas Yacht: Matty Cortese, Hammer Smith, tfn.

## PHILADELPHIA

Barn Arts Center (Riverside, N.J.): Oscar Peterson, 8/29. Astrud Gilberto, 9/5. Jimmy Smith, 9/12.  
 Cadillac Sho-Bar: Nina Simone, 9/3-11.  
 Capriotti's (Camden, N.J.): Vince Montana, tfn.  
 Cheltenham Art Centre (Cheltenham): Clark-Cohen Quartet, 8/20.  
 Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Johnny Ellis-Tony DeNicola, tfn.  
 Eagle (Trenton): Marty Bergen, tfn.  
 George Washington Motel (Valley Forge): Beryl Booker, tfn.  
 Lambertville Music Circus: Stan Kenton, 8/23. Nina Simone, 8/29. Woody Herman, 8/31.  
 Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.  
 Pep's: Joe Williams, 9/6-11.  
 Sans Souci (Wilmington, Del.): piano trios nightly.  
 Show Boat: Ramsey Lewis, 9/6-11.  
 Steel Pier (Atlantic City): Lee Castle, 8/22-27. Si Zentner, 8/28-9/3.  
 Uptown: Demon Spiro, Metronomes, tfn.

## INDIANAPOLIS

Barrington Lounge: Jimmy Coe, tfn. Sessions, Thur.  
 Carrousel: Sheryl Shay, tfn. Dave Baker to 8/14. Tom Hensley, 8/16-tfn.  
 Embers: Back Porch Majority, 8/16-21. Marian & Jimmy McPartland, 8/23-9/4.  
 Hub-Bub: various groups.  
 Marott Hotel Patio: Larry Liggett, Wed.-Sat.  
 Mr. B's Lounge: various groups.  
 19th Hole: Paulia Rhyne, Tue.-Sat.  
 Pink Poodle: Count Fisher, tfn.  
 Red Rooster: various groups.  
 38th St. Bar: Naptown Strugglers, wknds.

## CHICAGO

Big John's: Paul Butterfield, tfn.  
 Hungry Eye: Three Souls, tfn.  
 Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Art Hodes, Thur.  
 London House: Oscar Peterson to 8/22. Erroll Garner 8/24-9/5. Herbie Mann, 9/7-26. Gene Krupa, 9/28-10/17.  
 Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.  
 Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.  
 Moroccan Village: Frank Shea, Joe Killian, tfn.  
 Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, wknds.  
 Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Willie Pickens. Joe Iaco, hbs.  
 Plugged Nickel: Arthur and Red Prysock to 8/15. Miles Davis, 8/17-23. Mose Allison, 8/24-9/12.  
 Robbin's Nest: Jimmy Ellis, wknds.  
 Soldier Field: *Down Beat* Jazz Festival, 8/13-15.  
 Velvet Swing: Dukes of Dixieland, Eddy Davis.

## MILWAUKEE

Ciro's: Bob Erickson, Fri.-Sat.  
 Column's Room: Lou Lalli, tfn.  
 Dimitri's: Frank Vlasis, Thur.-Sun.  
 English Room: Tom Marth, Fri.-Sat.  
 Green Living Room: Will Green, tfn.  
 Holiday House: 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.

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## CLEVELAND

Brothers: Harry Damas, Sat.  
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.  
Cedar Point: Les Elgart, 8/14. Stan Kenton, 8/21. Lionel Hampton, 8/28. Si Zentner, 9/4.  
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.-Thur. Bourbon St. Bums, 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: unk.  
Lucky Bar: Jose Harper, wknds.  
Musicarnival: Stan Kenton, 8/15. Lionel Hampton, 8/29.  
Monticello: Herb Summers-George Quittner, wknds.  
Moulin Rouge: Dick Trotter, Betty Robertson.  
La Porte Rouge: Wayne Quarles, Players Three, wknds.  
Punch & Judy: Labert Ellis, tfn.  
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb. Al Serafini, wknds.  
Shakey's Pizza: various ragtime groups, tfn.  
Somerset Inn: Bill Dinascio-Bob Sykora, wknds.  
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. Keith Phillips to 8/14. Little Tiny Little, 8/16-28.  
Thunderbird: Sammy Dee, hb. Par 3, wknds.  
Vanguard: Mark IV, tfn.  
Versailles Motel: Fats Heard-Jimmy Boyd, tfn.

## CINCINNATI

The Blind Lemon: Cal Collins, Thur.-Fri.  
Bonnevilla: Chris Brown, Fri.-Sat.  
Herbie's Bar: John Wright, Mon.-Sat.  
The Living Room: Dee Felice, Amanda Ambrose, tfn.  
Mahogany Hall: Ed Moss, tfn.  
Playboy Club: Dave Engle, hb. Woody Evans, tfn.  
The Whisper Room: Ray Selder, Mon.-Sat.

## NEW ORLEANS

Al Hirt's: Cab Calloway to 8/27. Ronnie Kole, hb.  
Club Continental: modern jazz sessions, after-hours Sat.  
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.  
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.  
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.  
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.  
Lenfant's: Armand Hug, 8/15.  
Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.  
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.  
Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.  
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reudy.  
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

## DALLAS

Black Garter: Don Jacoby, tfn.  
Blue Chip: Juevy Gomez, Jac Murphy, Gil Pitts, tfn.  
Bon Vivant: Ernie Johnson, tfn.  
Pink Mink: Betty Green, Banks Dimon, Dick Shreve, tfn.  
Key Note: Billy Brooks, Jimmy Bell, tfn.  
Levee: Ed Bernet, tfn.  
Music Box: Shirley Murray, tfn. Jack Peirce, hb.  
Outrigger: Hap Effington, tfn.  
Pago Pago: Joe Ramirez, tfn.  
Pompeii: Joe Johnson, tfn.  
Red Garter: Phil Rubin, tfn.  
Roadrunner (Fort Worth): Jeri Winters, tfn. Dick Harp, hb.  
Savoy: James Clay, Ted Dunbar, Billy Harper, tfn.  
Top of the Square: Janie Ames, Jack Petersen, tfn.  
20th Century: Maxine Kent, tfn. Bob Wimberly, hb.  
21 Turtle: Mal Fitch, tfn.

## LAS VEGAS

Black Magic: Gus Mancuso, tfn. Rick Davis, Sun.  
Blue Heaven: Ann Hagen, tfn.  
Cal-Neva Lodge (Tahoe, Nev.): Louis Armstrong, 9/4-6.  
Desert Inn: Murray Arnold, tfn.  
Dunes Hotel: Earl Green, Bobby Sherwood, tfn.

El Cortez: Kathy Ryan, tfn.  
Flamingo Hotel: Harry James, Bob Sims, tfn.  
Fremont Hotel: Charlie Spivak, tfn.  
Gelo's: Bob Sullivan, tfn.  
Hacienda Hotel: Johnny Olenn, Danny Owens, tfn.  
Mint Hotel: Al Jahns, Tommy Cellie, Wingy Manone, tfn.  
Nevada Club: Peter Anthony, Paul Dino, tfn.  
Riviera Hotel: Marty Heim, tfn.  
Sahara Hotel: Sam Melchionne, Jack Kent, tfn.  
Sands Hotel: Keely Smith, Vido Musso, Red Norvo, tfn.  
Showboat Hotel: Leo Wolf, Candy Carlyle, tfn.  
Sneak Joint: Marvin Koral, Tue.  
Stardust Hotel: Jimmy Blount, tfn.  
Thunderbird Hotel: Peter and Hank, tfn.  
Torch Club: jazz groups nightly.  
Tropicana Hotel: Henry Levine, tfn.

## LOS ANGELES

Anaheim Chariot Room: Teddy Buckner, tfn.  
Beverly Hilton: Calvin Jackson, Al McKibbin, tfn.  
Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.  
Caravan (Redondo Beach): South Bay Jazz Band, Fri.  
Coronet Room: Dave Mackay, Sun.  
Disneyland (Anaheim): Duke Ellington to 8/14.  
Young Men from New Orleans, Firehouse Five + 2, Clara Ward, tfn.  
Gaslight Club: Duke Ellington, 8/17.  
Gatsby's (Santa Barbara): Bill Dods, Red Ingle, Fri.-Sat.  
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.  
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): French Quarter Jazz Band, wknds.  
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): Yusef Lateef to 8/15. Howard Rumsey, 8/16-19; 8/30-9/2.  
Quartet Tres Bien, 8/20-29.  
Memory Lane: Harry Edison, tfn.  
Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell, wknds.  
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, tfn.  
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Cliff Bryant, Kellie Green, hbs.  
Red Chimney: Pete Jolly, Thur.-Sat.  
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Ray Bauduc, Jackie Coon, Wed.-Sat.  
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Sarah Vaughan to 8/15. Louis Armstrong, 8/27-9/2.  
Rumblesat (Hermosa Beach): Good Time Levee Stompers, Fri.-Sat.  
Salvick (Anaheim): Jazz Greats, Sat.  
The Scene: Jimmie Rowles, Mon.  
Setting Sun: Los Angeles Jazz Sextet, tfn.  
Shakey's: Nappy Lamare, Carlo Duncan, tfn.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Charlie Byrd to 8/22. Cal Tjader, 8/24-9/5. Shelly Manne, wknds. Sonny Criss, Mon.  
Strawhat (Garden Grove): The Unquenchables, Thur.-Sat.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: George Shearing to 8/15.  
Duke Ellington, 8/18-28. Jonah Jones, 9/1-14.  
Dizzy Gillespie, 9/22-10/4. Ahmad Jamal, 10/6-19.  
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.  
Both/And: Buddy Montgomery, Mary Stallings, to 8/31.  
El Matador: Luiz Bonfá to 8/21. Bud & Travis, 8/23-9/4. Cal Tjader, 9/6-11. David Allen, 9/13-25.  
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Stan Kenton alumni, Fri.-Sat.  
Hungry in: Eddie Duran, hb.  
Jazz Workshop: Cannonball Adderley to 8/29.  
John Coltrane, 8/31-9/12. Roland Kirk, 9/14-26.  
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.  
Trident (Sausalito): Don Scaletta to 8/15.

## PARIS

Blue Note: Kenny Clarke, Jimmy Woode, Jimmy Gourley, Nathan Davis, Rene Ureger, tfn.  
Cameleon: Jean Luc Ponty, tfn.  
Caveau de la Huchette: Maxim Saury, tfn.  
Caveau de la Montagne: New Orleans Ambassadors, tfn.  
Chat Qui Peche: Don Cherry, Gato Barbieri, tfn.  
Cigale: Benny Waters, Jacques Butler, tfn.  
Jazzland: Johnny Griffin, tfn.  
Ladybird: Curtis Jones, tfn.  
Living Room: Art Simmons, Aaron Bridgers, tfn.  
Riverboat: Mowgli Jospin, tfn.  
Slow Club: Marc Laferriere, tfn.  
Trois Maillets: Mae Mercer, Stuff Smith, tfn.

# ***Down Beat Jazz Festival***

**In Festival Corner  
Soldier Field, Chicago, Illinois  
August 13, 14, 15**

***August 13  
Friday evening, 8 p.m.***

Dave Brubeck Quartet  
Miles Davis Quintet  
Stan Getz Quartet  
Newport Jazz Festival All-Stars,  
featuring Ruby Braff, Bud Freeman,  
Pee Wee Russell, and George Wein  
Earl Hines Trio  
Gary McFarland and the Down Beat  
Jazz Festival Orchestra, with guest  
soloist Stan Getz

***August 14  
Saturday evening, 8 p.m.***

Count Basie Orchestra  
Dizzy Gillespie Quintet  
Jimmy Smith Trio  
Carmen McRae and the  
Norman Simmons Trio  
Muddy Waters and His Blues Band  
Gary McFarland and the Down Beat  
Jazz Festival Orchestra, with guest  
soloist Dizzy Gillespie

***August 15  
Sunday evening, 8 p.m.***

John Coltrane Quartet  
Woody Herman Band  
Gerry Mulligan  
Roy Eldridge  
Thelonious Monk Quartet  
Joe Williams  
Gary McFarland and the Down Beat  
Festival Orchestra, with guest  
soloist Thelonious Monk

***August 14  
Saturday afternoon, 2 p.m.***

**The Evolution of Chicago-style jazz:**  
Big Joe Williams  
Muddy Waters, Otis Spann,  
and James Cotten  
The Original Salty Dogs  
Franz Jackson Original Jass All-Stars  
Earl Hines solo recital  
Austin High Gang reunion band,  
with Bud Freeman, Art Hodes,  
Jim Lanigan, Jimmy McPartland,  
Floyd O'Brien, Pee Wee Russell,  
and George Wettling

***August 15  
Sunday afternoon, 2 p.m.***

**Bird and Beyond:**  
Sandy Mosse and the Pieces of Eight  
Bunky Green Quintet  
Joe Daley Trio  
Joe Diorio Quartet  
Cecil Taylor Group



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