

SEPTEMBER 9, 1965

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

The Witty Paul Desmond

An Interview With The Alto
Saxophonist, By Dan Morgenstern

Inside Ornette Coleman

The Controversial Alto
Saxophonist's Improvisations
Analyzed And Notated
By Don Heckman

Europe Revisited

Returning To His Native
Europe, Critic Eric T.
Vogel Reports On The
Jazz Scene

Nonanalytical Gabor Szabo

The Hungarian-Born Jazzman
Talks About Jazz, The Guitar,
And His Life,
By Harvey Siders

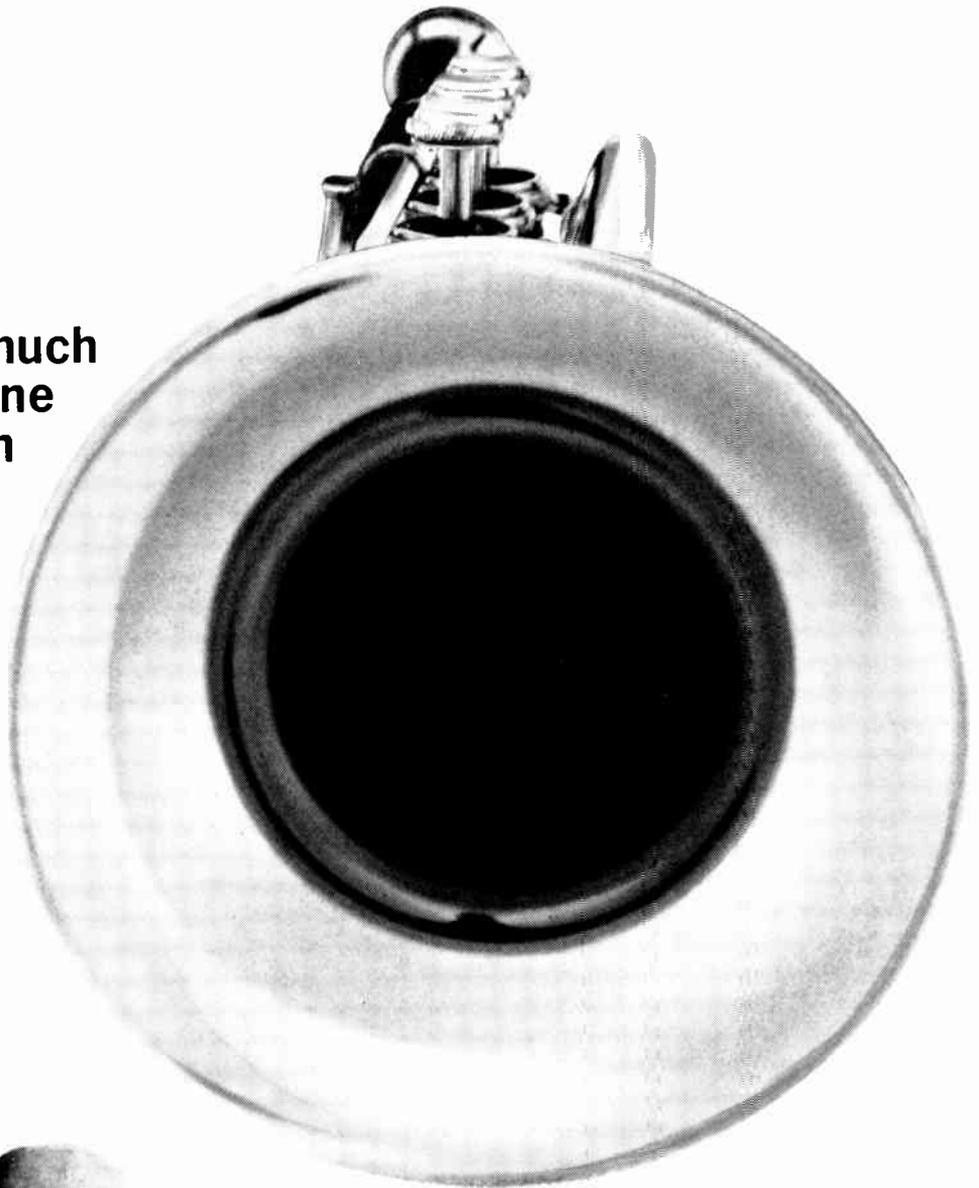
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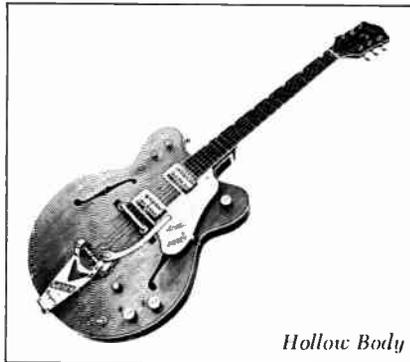
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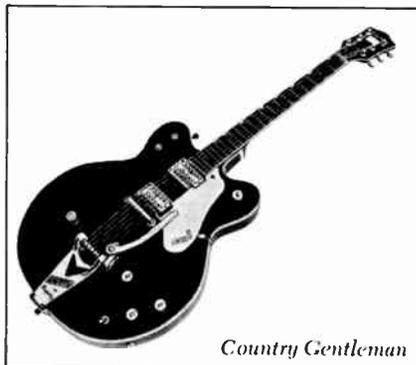
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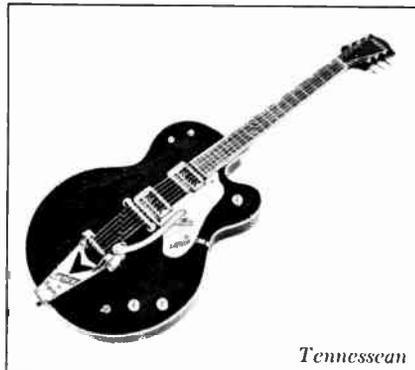
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Vol. 32, No. 19

down beat

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On Newsstands Throughout the World
Every Other Thursday
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PRESIDENT/PUBLISHER
JOHN J. MAHER
EDITOR
DON DEMICHEAL
ASSISTANT EDITOR/DESIGN
PETE WELDING
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DAN MORGENSTERN
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
LEONARD FEATHER
BARBARA GARDNER
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Cover photograph by Ted Williams

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CORRESPONDENTS

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—by Dave Brubeck

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Dave Brubeck

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

To Hentoff From Gitler

Nat Hentoff's fantasy (*Second Chorus*, July 29) calls for a jazz festival in which Cecil Taylor, Albert Ayler, Archie Shepp, Roswell Rudd, John Tchicai, and Ornette Coleman would play in the evening—two nights, mind you—and not be "ghettoized" in the afternoon.

Well, they (Shepp, Taylor, and the Jazz Composers Orchestra, which included Rudd and Tchicai) played just in the afternoon at Newport and didn't draw flies. They probably repelled a few in the process.

If Nat is so sincere about promoting the "new thing," why doesn't he put his money where his mouth is. Let him invest some of the rewards that jazz, directly and indirectly, has given him. It doesn't have to be as extravagant as a festival. Let it be a concert.

It is very strange, but the only time one sees him on the jazz scene is when he has a gig (emcee or the like), but, in print, he is always telling everyone what to do.

It seems that since he failed to understand Sonny Rollins' talent in 1954 (*Doxy*, *Oleo*, and *Airegin* with Miles Davis), anything new is automatically good. Is it his way of remaining "in" while he is off setting U.S. foreign policy or feeling guilty about being white (his parroting of the LeRoi Jones party line)? Or perhaps his immersion in politics has led him to confuse it with music, which it definitely is not.

What I'd really like to know is how many hours a week he spends listening, for pleasure, to Ayler, Taylor, and Shepp.

Ira Gitler
New York City

The Roots Of 'Fruit'

A friend of mine has called my attention to an item in the July 1 issue of *Down Beat*. It reads as follows:

"RECORD NOTES: Billie Holiday's justly famed performance of *Strange Fruit*, which she wrote in protest of lynching, has been reissued as a single by Mainstream. . . ."

The song was not written by Billie Holiday at all. I wrote the words and music of *Strange Fruit* as a protest against lynching. My name is on the copyright on file in Washington, on the song sheet published by Edward B. Marks Music, and on the record labels, etc. The song was written a year or more before Billie Holiday ever heard it, and the first time she did was at Cafe Society, where I played it for her at the request of Barney Josephson, manager of the cafe, and Robert H. Gordon, who directed the performers who appeared there in its early days.

Billie did not even know what the word "pastoral" in the song meant, and I had to explain it to her. She didn't dig the song at first because it was so different from all the other songs to which she was



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accustomed, and she was not particularly interested in it. It was only after she sang it at the opening of Cafe Society and got a tremendous ovation, and every night thereafter, that she got to really understand the song and appreciate how well it was suited to her.

What she did contribute to the song was her own personal and strikingly original styling, but that's all. If it had not been for Josephson and Gordon, she would never have chosen the song.

I can't blame Billie for thinking of it as "her" song because she was a sick girl, but I take occasion whenever it arises to correct this basic error, which seems to perpetuate itself.

Lewis Allan
Hastings on Hudson, N.Y.

Bad Night At Pittsburgh

I attended the Saturday night show of the Pittsburgh Jazz Festival and take exception to Roy Kohler's review (*DB*, July 29).

It was Stan Getz, not John Coltrane, who was below par. Getz' flat, routine soloing was anything but "captivating," and was laced with what appears to be Getz' chronic reed trouble. Coltrane, along with Earl Hines and Gary Burton, provided the artistic highlights of the evening.

It should be pointed out that the vast majority of the "confused" audience was made up of very young people, and though Coltrane's great maturity is understandably outside the reach of most teenagers, his command of the horn is unmistakable and so far superior to that of Getz as to make comparison pointless.

Barry G. Parsons
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Distressed By Critics' Choices . . .

Please tell me I'm mistaken—tell me that in the International Jazz (?) Critics Poll (*DB*, Aug. 12) that Daniel Filipacchi didn't vote in favor of the Supremes and the Rolling Stones and that Michael G. Shera didn't vote for the Supremes and Martha and the Vandellas.

Tell me I was mistaken when in last year's Readers Poll, they voted for the Beatles. What is the world of jazz coming to?

David B. Morgan
Marshfield Hills, Mass.

Who is Daniel Filipacchi and why is he a jazz critic? His choices for female singer (Sylvie Vartan) and vocal group (Rolling Stones) are an insult to the critics poll, to *Down Beat* and its readers, and to jazz. Though polls are somewhat arbitrary, his decisions were more than just extravagant, they were tasteless, but perhaps they reveal where *Down Beat* is at—after all, you must have asked him to vote and published his choices.

Andre Kaldi
New York City

. . . And Delightedly Surprised

To me—and I suppose many other *DB* readers would agree with me—one of the best results of the critics poll was the fact that Johnny Dankworth and his band from Britain placed first in the big-band

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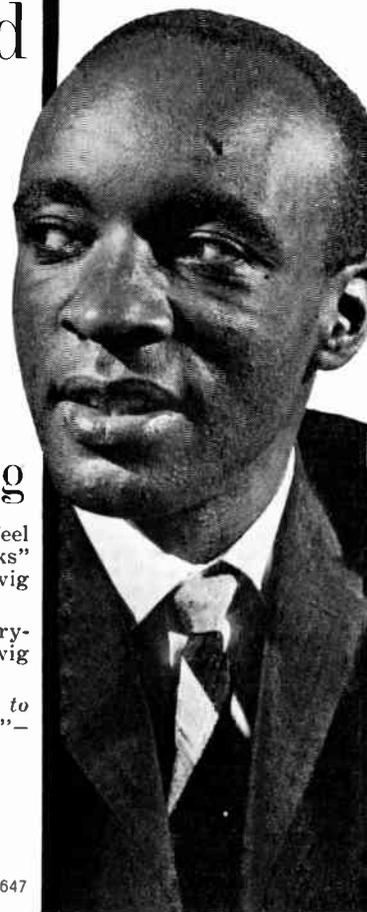
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Dennis R. Hendley
 Milwaukee, Wis.

Woodyard Slighted Through Omission

I was quite surprised to find that in this year's critics poll, Sam Woodyard, a fine drummer whom I particularly admire, was not listed in the established-talent division.

When I checked, I discovered that he had been awarded first place by Sinclair Truill and second place by Stanley Dance. Therefore, according to your point system, Woodyard received five points, the minimum necessary for listing.

James A. Kearns III
 St. Louis, Mo.

Reader Kearns is correct. Woodyard's name was omitted because of a clerical error.

George Russell And The Avant Garde

I think George Russell's attitude toward the avant-garde (*DB*, July 29) is what one could expect from many. He states that the avant-garde is the last refuge of the untalented. I'm sure this feeling is shared by many who are of the assumption that jazz must remain stationary.

The avant-garde is not the last refuge of the untalented. It would seem just the opposite. The artists of the avant-garde are the most talented in jazz. They have conquered contemporary knowledge and ideas, for they have processed this knowledge and initiative to stretch out farther and explore the outer portion. I think these explorers are to be commended for their ideas and willingness to contribute to jazz.

William Milliard Jr.
 Dyess AFB, Texas

George Russell is hardly a person to accuse of wanting jazz to remain stationary.

Collins' Chinese Cymbal

In his record review of the *Charlie Parker 10th Memorial Concert* album (*DB*, July 29), Harvey Pekar suggests that drummer Rudy Collins sounds like he is beating a garbage can cover instead of playing a cymbal for Dizzy Gillespie.

Collins is using a Chinese sizzle cymbal, which produces a unique sound because it has rivets mounted along its flanged edge. This type of cymbal, formerly used by Dixieland drummers for special effect, is now finding popularity among today's modern drummers, and Gillespie prefers its sound for his style of music.

D.C. Washington
 New York City

Dorham Delights

I think the idea of having a known jazz musician as one of your critics was a refreshing one, and *Down Beat* couldn't have made a better choice than Kenny Dorham.

His thoughts are direct and to the point, and the "hip" verbal cliches are out of sight. This should add to some of the long deserved appreciation Dorham has missed.

James Brown
 New Rochelle, N.Y.

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September 9, 1965 Vol. 32 No. 19

DUKE ELLINGTON HONORED BY CITY OF NEW YORK

"I'm really a night creature," said Duke Ellington. "It's very unusual for me to be facing the public at this time of day."

The time was a little past noon on Aug. 2, the place was New York's City Hall Park, and the occasion was the presentation of the city's Bronze Medal, a token of gratitude for outstanding contributions to New York life, to one of its most distinguished musical citizens.

It was a hot but breezy afternoon, and a friendly lunch-hour crowd of some 1,500 was on hand to hear the speeches and the music. The latter, of course, was all Ellingtonia, furnished first by a surprisingly swinging quintet from the Department of Sanitation (tenorist Frank Sasso in particular had the message), and then by a sextet of seasoned professionals: pianist Billy Taylor, flugelhornist (and Ellington alum) Clark Terry, baritone saxophonist Jerome Richardson, trombonist Benny Powell, bassist Ben Tucker, and drummer Grady Tate.

The music was bright and happy under the sun, but the most moving moment came when Joe Williams joined the professionals to sing *Come Sunday*, with the special Ellington lyrics from *My People*.

Then came the speakers, introduced by the city's Cultural Executive, Robert W. Dowling. Those who spoke were Dr. Arthur Logan, chairman of New York City's Council against Poverty (and Ellington's long-time personal physician and close friend); pianist Taylor, who said of the guest of honor that he "has been an inspiration not only to musicians of his generation, but to all generations that have followed"; the Rev. John Gensel, Lutheran missionary to the New York jazz community, who described Ellington as "truly ecumenical . . . may God continue to bless him as he has been blessing us"; and then, to make the presentation, acting Mayor Paul R. Screvane.

"You have honored your adopted city," Screvane said. "You have made us better understand the sorrows and joys of all men through the universal language of music."

Ellington's acceptance speech was gracious and modest, and he took the opportunity to call to his side from the audience on the dais the man he described as "the most essential" and further cited as composer of the band's New York City theme, *Take the A Train*, Billy Strayhorn.

Returning the many compliments, Ellington described New York as "the metropolis around which revolves the whole world." He also presented Screvane and Robert F. Wagner Jr., the mayor's son,

with gold-wrapped copies of his most recent albums.

Among the representatives of the jazz world in attendance at the ceremony were musicians Joe Benjamin, Wilbur DeParis, Jo Jones, Peck Morrison, Ed Mullens, Dickie Wells, Randy Weston, and Tom Whaley; writers Whitney Balliett and George Simon; the Voice of America's Willis Conover; record executives Neshui Artegun and Teo Macero; and disc jockey Alan Grant.

It was a happy occasion, but the sentiments of the jazz community were perhaps best expressed by one of the attending musicians. "It's wonderful," he said. "But it was about time, don't you think?"

MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL ANNOUNCES MUSIC GRANTS, MINGUS PROGRAM

An award of \$10,000 has been granted to the Monterey, Calif., Peninsula College music department by the board of directors of the Monterey Jazz Festival.

An additional \$5,000 will be given to "a young talented jazz musician" to continue his music education at a school of his choice. The recipient will be selected by a panel of five well-known jazzmen appointed by a subcommittee of the festival board.

The awards were allocated, said festival president Mel Isenberger, from net profits from the festival's 1964 season, the most financially successful in its seven-year history, with a gross revenue of \$119,813.

Monterey Peninsula College has received three previous grants from the festival. In 1961 the college was awarded \$600; in 1962, \$2,000; and in 1963, \$15,000.

For this year's festival it was announced that Charlie Mingus has been signed to appear the afternoon of Sept. 18. The festival runs Sept. 17-19. The bassist will perform with his own combo as well as with the festival orchestra under the direction of Gil Fuller, festival music director. Mingus reportedly has written music especially for the occasion.

L. A. BASH RAISES \$1,462 FOR SAN FERNANDO CORE

Thanks to the lure of jazz stars, CORE is \$1,462.25 richer. A five-hour benefit concert at Shelly's Manne-Hole July 25 produced the revenue for the San Fernando Valley chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality.

There was a minimum of harangue and a maximum of swinging sounds from 3 to 8 p.m. Steve Allen told the capacity crowd, "There's simply no need to make any speeches. You know what's happening. The very fact that you're here indicates that you dig."

Entrepreneur Shelly Manne couldn't hide his disappointment regarding the final figure. "Last year," he told *Down Beat*, "we turned over between \$2,000 and \$2,500 to CORE. Today, even though there were 319 people who paid their way in, they didn't buy too much. They were in a listening mood."

There were certainly enough jazz instru-

mentalists taking turns on the stand to inspire some intense listening. In addition to Allen and Manne, there were Curtis Amy, George Braith, Buddy Collette, Teddy Edwards, the Freedom Jazz Quintet, Chick Freeman, Terry Gibbs, Stan Gilbert, Hampton Hawes, Paul Horn, Red Mitchell, Horace Silver, Louis Smith, Milt Turner, Leroy Vinnegar, and Jack Wilson. KBCA disc jockey Tommy Bee was the emcee. All donated their services; even the club did.

The day was filled with a cross section of jazz idioms, integrating idioms in a way that must have made CORE happy. Some bop figures managed to infiltrate; at the other end of the spectrum, there were the more abstract sounds of the far-out "freedom" school.

According to a CORE spokesman, Lu Washington, most of the money raised will be used to defray bail expenses arising out of demonstration arrests and will support CORE's efforts in voter-registration drives in Bogalusa, La.

Prior to the final set, critic Leonard Feather presented Allen with a life membership in CORE's San Fernando Valley chapter. Allen lives in nearby Encino.

BERLIN JAZZ FESTIVAL SCHEDULED TO INCLUDE ORNETTE COLEMAN

The second Berlin Jazz Festival will be held Oct. 29-31, as part of the week-long Berlin festival of the arts. Produced by Joachim E. Berendt in association with David Himmelstein, the festival will present a large number of U.S. artists and, if all goes according to schedule, will also mark the European debut of alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman.

Among the highlights of the program will be a tenor saxophone workshop Oct. 29 featuring Don Byas, Booker Ervin, Dexter Gordon, Brew Moore, Sonny Rollins, and Ben Webster and a piano workshop Oct. 30 including Jaki Byard, Bill Evans, Earl Hines, John Lewis, Teddy Wilson, and possibly Thelonious Monk.

Other artists scheduled to perform at the festival include trumpeter Roy Eldridge; alto saxophonist Lee Konitz; baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan; soprano saxophonist Pony Poindexter; violinist Stuff Smith; the Modern Jazz Quartet; a special edition of drummer Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, featuring trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, tenor saxophonist Nathan Davis, and pianist Byard; and singer Annie Ross.

Byard, bassists George Tucker and Ernie Shepard, and drummers Alan Dawson and Al Heath will constitute the festival's rhythm sections.

Coleman will perform with his own trio, which includes bassist David Izenzon and drummer Charles Moffitt.

European jazz will be represented by the Albert Mangelsdorff-Klaus Doldinger Quintet from Germany and the Dutch Swing College Band. The Japanese Hideo Shiraki Quintet also will be heard.

In conjunction with the festival, a seven-day concert tour featuring most of the U.S. artists will take place; the itinerary includes Brussels, Amsterdam, Paris, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Helsinki, and Bremen.

strictly ad lib

POTPOURRI: Trumpeter Miles Davis was set to begin rehearsals of his quintet after several months of inactivity during which he convalesced from a hip operation. The rehearsals were to begin Aug. 10, four days before he was to play at the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival in Chicago. On Aug. 4, however, Davis fell in his New York City home and broke his leg. There has been no prediction of when Davis will be able to play in public.

Drummer Louie Bellson has joined the Duke Ellington Orchestra, replacing Sam Woodyard. Bellson played with Ellington for almost two years, from 1951 to 1953, but left shortly after his marriage to singer-entertainer Pearl Bailey. Bellson told *Down Beat* that he has joined Ellington "permanently."

There was plenty of fine jazz to be heard free this summer, it seems. In Indianapolis, for example, musicians of AFM Local 3 staged a second annual free public concert in Washington Park in July. The "Parade of Stars" program, paid for out of the local's recording industries performance trust fund, has proved popular, drawing large, widely varied audiences both years. The music, too, has been varied, but the primary emphasis this year, as last, has been on jazz, with the bands of Phil Marshall, Larry Liggett, Ted Lang, and Jim Edison, and the Bob Switzer combo, the Don Wilhite Quartet, and the Paul Burton Trio featured. In Los Angeles, a series of monthly Dixieland concerts has been initiated at Camarillo State Hospital. The first two-hour Sunday afternoon event elicited gratifying response from the patients in attendance. Cornetist Bob Higgins was the leader, and he doubled on fluegelhorn. Gene Bolen played clarinet; Moe Schneider, trombone; Stan Wrightsman, piano; Harry Babasin, bass; and Niek Fatool, drums. The concert was planned as therapy for the mentally disturbed.

The University of California at Los Angeles has three jazz concerts set for fall. On Sept. 25 bassist Charles Mingus will be presented, fronting both a sextet and a big band. Los Angeles reed man Buddy Collette will help Mingus select the men for the big band. The Mingus combo will feature Lonnie Hillyer, trumpet; Charles McPherson, alto saxophone; Harvey Johnson, tuba; a French horn player (probably Julius Watkins or David Aram) and drummer Dannie Richmond. On Oct. 16 the second UCLA concert of the season will feature Louis Armstrong. The third, on Nov. 16, will present the Swingle Singers.

The day of reckoning for discotheques seems to be drawing near. Only a few

major New York City clubs now rely on recorded music exclusively. Singers, dance teams, chorus lines, and bands have been brought in to beef up dwindling trade. Basin Street East, one of the most recent Manhattan clubs to convert to a discotheque operation, booked live talent throughout July. Blues singer-guitarist Bo Diddley was among the featured attractions.

Two courses in jazz will be offered by the New School for Social Research in New York City during the fall term. Critic Martin Williams will resume his "An Introduction to Jazz," and composer-pianist Hall Overton again will conduct "The Art of Jazz." The Williams course offers a musical introduction, with recorded examples, to the basic techniques of jazz improvisation, plus a survey of the evolution of the music and the contributions of its major figures. Overton will lead a workshop in the problems of jazz improvisation, designed primarily for students with musical background. Frequent appearances by prominent jazz artists will be included.

FINAL BAR: One of Europe's foremost jazz experts, Gian Carlo Testoni, editor of *Musica Jazz*, died unexpectedly July 19 of a heart attack. Born in Bologna in 1912, Testoni was responsible for introducing jazz to Italy 30 years ago, when he founded the first "hot club" in Milan. He wrote the first Italian jazz book in 1936, started *Musica Jazz* in July, 1945, and founded the Italian Jazz Federation in 1947. The author of several children's novels, two books of poetry, and two on jazz, Testoni was also a keen critic of classical music and had been engaged for a number of years on a monumental work on Handel. He was also a lyricist and music publisher, with some of his 3,000 songs attaining wide popularity in Europe. *Musica Jazz* will remain active in the hands of Arrigo Polillo . . . Veteran song writer Ted Snyder, 84, died July 16 in Woodland Hills, Calif. Snyder, among whose compositions were *The Sheik of Araby* and *Who's Sorry Now?*, is best remembered in jazz circles as the original drummer with the celebrated New Orleans Rhythm Kings in 1923 . . . Charles Beaman, 35, one of the better jazz bassists in the Boston area, died there July 27 after a long bout with cancer. A benefit concert for Beaman's widow and four children was to be held at the Carriage House in Wayland, Mass., Aug. 25, with the participating groups including the Jose Silva Quartet (with which Beaman was associated most recently), the Dick Williams Band, and the Frank Leslie Band.

NEW YORK: The Five Spot, still searching for a viable jazz policy, booked organist-singer Gloria Coleman's trio for two weeks with options Aug. 3. Tenor saxophonist Harold Ousley, guitarist Eddie Diehl, and drummer Pola Roberts were in the group . . . Clyde (Fats) Wright, a pianist with a large reputation among the cognoscenti in his native Philadelphia, who has been active for the

last few years in Virginia, made his New York debut at the Village Vanguard Aug. 3-15. He appeared as soloist opposite tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins' quartet, which included David Heywood, trumpet; Walter Booker, bass; Frankie Dunlop, drums . . . Pianist Ramsey Lewis' trio will make its first New York appearance in some time at the Village Gate Aug. 31-Sept. 15. Bassist Charles Mingus' Jazz Workshop is also on the bill. Trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie's quintet did a week's stand at the club starting Aug. 17 . . . Pianist Walter Bishop Jr. and his new quartet (Frank Haynes, tenor saxophone; Eddie Khan, bass; Diek Berk, drums) opened at the Half Note Aug. 3 after playing a week at Pythod Hall in Rochester, N.Y. The group also will be heard at Slug's Saloon Aug. 27-28 . . . A free concert, including lecture demonstrations by the musicians, was held for the benefit of underprivileged children at the Horace Mann School in Riverdale, N.Y., July 23. Pianist Don Friedman, alto saxophonist Peter Yellin, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson, bassist Tibor Tomka, and drummer Ronnie Bedford participated.

The Abraham & Strauss department store in Huntington, N.Y., on Long Island, sponsored a series of free Thursday evening jazz concerts during the months of July and August. A local high-school band directed by drummer-teacher Clem DeRosa was featured. Among the guest soloists to appear with the band were trumpeter Clark Terry, pianist Billy Taylor, and accordionist Angelo DiPippo . . . Pianist Al Haig is appearing at the Westwood Room in West Orange, N.J. . . . Former Duke Ellington bassist Ernie Shephard is a member of the staff orchestra of Radio Berlin . . . The Clifton, N.J., Tap Room closed its doors in late June; owner Amos Kahn said he plans to relocate . . . Pianist Andrew Hill began an indefinite stay at Tommy's (formerly Junior's) on 52nd St. Aug. 3 . . . Alto saxophonist Phil Woods performed at Caldwell, N.J., High School July 27 . . . Drummer Hal Grant and saxophonist John Murthang, two former jazzmen currently active in the television commercial business, did the score for Len Glasser's animated short, *Howard*, premiered here in August . . . Blues singer-guitarist Lightning Hopkins is at the Gaslight during August.

Pianist Billy Taylor's trio (Ben Tucker, bass, Grady Tate, drums) opened at the Hickory House in late July. Eddie Thompson was held over as intermission pianist . . . Singer Joe Carroll was featured with drummer Roy Haynes' quartet (Joe Farrell, saxophones and flute; Al Dailey, piano; Cecil McBee, bass) during the group's stint at the La Marchal in Brooklyn last month . . . Pianist Ellis Larkins is appearing at the Players Tavern in Westport, Conn. . . . The new quintet co-led by trumpeter Roy Eldridge and tenor saxophonist Riehie Kamuca, unveiled at the July 29 Jazz in the Garden concert at the Museum of Modern Art, completes a two-week engagement at the

(Continued on page 42)



BILL ABERNATHY

JAZZ AND IMPROVISATION are inseparable. The importance of spontaneity cannot be overestimated in an evaluation of the music. "Spontaneity," however, is a loaded word. The spontaneity of John Coltrane is obviously different from that of Zoot Sims. In part, this difference traces to environmental conditioning, to the multitude of influences and stimuli stored in the unconscious mind of the artist. But the difference also traces to choice—to artistic decisions made, on whatever level, that music should sound, pulsate, and evolve a certain way.

The definitions of an exceptional jazz improvisation are, at least in one sense, inseparable from this element

inside ornette coleman

Part I of an analysis of the resources of Ornette Coleman's music, the first of a new series by musician-critic Don Heckman, **SOUNDS & SILENCES**, examining the technical and philosophical bases of jazz of the '60s.

of artistic choice.

It would be as absurd to listen to Sims with the same aural "set" that one uses in listening to Coltrane as it would be to expect Jackson Pollack to use patterns of light and shade in the same way as Rembrandt. (I do not, however, mean to imply that an artist's intentions are the *only* elements to be considered in understanding his work. Artists can be quite wrong, even about fundamental aspects of their work. Igor Stravinsky is not always the best conductor of his music, and music that has started out with apparently modest and parochial goals—the Bach cantatas, for example—has had universal and lasting meaning.)

The difficulty lies not only in recognizing the jazz player's personal musical objectives and in perceiving how well he follows them but also in recognizing the limitations within the objectives themselves. If an artist's sole intention is to find a commercially pleasing style, it may be a satisfactory achievement to do so, but the listener must decide whether such a music provides anything more than an immediate and transitory appeal.

What I am suggesting is that fundamental artistic goals do exist for the jazz improviser and composer, that there always are standards—no matter how unusual—beyond an artist's immediate personal objectives and against which he can measure himself and can, in turn, be measured. Probably the most frequent criticism leveled against jazz in the '60s has been that it respects no such standards. But this view simply does not comprehend the music of the last five years or the artistic developments that have contributed to its growth.

IN THE BROADEST sense, two streams of thought flow through today's jazz. The first stream accepts rational principles of artistic form, determinism as implicit in the artistic act, and a structural relationship between parts or events. Its expression in today's jazz is unique only in that it has begun to use an increasingly diverse musical language. Yet the unfamiliarity of this language, with all its disquieting dialects, does not alter the fact that the contemporary jazz mainstreams and much of the avant-garde continue to examine traditional musical problems, even though the techniques of doing so have changed.

The avant-garde stream is more difficult to grasp. It questions fundamentals, asks, for example, if determinism is a necessary part of the artistic act, if the traditional Western artistic

criteria—form, logic, structure, etc.—are the only valid ones or if they simply represent one of several (or many) procedural and philosophic methods open to the artist.

This second stream of thought in jazz parallels developments in the other arts—nonobjective painting (in which the *act* of making the painting is the most significant aspect); the move away from naturalism and Freudian symbolism in the theater of happenings (and earlier in the theater of the absurd); music based on seemingly nonmusical precepts (especially as represented in the works of John Cage, Earle Brown, and Morton Feldman and in the increasing use of aleatoric and musico-dramatic methods).

Less specifically, but equally important, a correlation also exists with the artist's widening world-view, a view which finds philosophic determinism an appropriate and necessarily parochial manifestation of the technological society of the Western nations but far from adequate as the sole, unquestioned basis for artistic activity.

In the early 1950s, Bill Russo wrote a column for *Down Beat* called *Jazz Off the Record*. In it he suggested certain elements to look for in a jazz performance: 1, notes of harmonic interest; 2, the length of phrases, in themselves and in comparison with each other; 3, the ranges used, both up and down, how and where; 4, phrase placement in relationship to the contour of the chords; 5, rhythmic characteristics (is there a predominant note valuation?); 6, any similarities of any kind in different parts of the solo.

Russo's list seems adequate for an understanding of traditional jazz, since implicit in his elements is the acceptance of the historical European conception of artistic order—a conception

that was, rightly or wrongly, a major theoretical determinant in jazz until the late '50s.

For today's jazz, other criteria will have to be added. In part, their consideration in this series will be a pragmatic process, since much of today's music is so radically different in concept and execution as to make specific lists of fundamental premises meaningless. The best approach, I think, is to try to discover the principles implicit in the music as it takes place. Understanding these, we then can estimate both the relative success of the music in meeting its own goals and the value of those goals as well.

SOUNDS & SILENCES will be a continuing discussion—both technical and philosophic—of jazz in the '60s (with an occasional excursion into some of the influences that led to the contemporary scene). The lengthiness of most jazz improvisations and ensembles will usually prevent the notation of complete solos, so I will instead examine representative ideas, procedures, techniques, etc., sometimes individually, sometimes in the context of the over-all work.

As a brief example, I have started with a solo (see below) from an early performance by Ornette Coleman: *Ramblin'* (*The Change of the Century*, Atlantic 1327). It is an especially good example because it typifies one of the important characteristics of Coleman's playing style—an extremely fundamental use of basic licks, played over a freely pulsating but metrically regular rhythmic accompaniment. In its own way, the solo illuminates the connection between the old and the new jazz, at the same time underlining the vast differences.

Coleman's chorus should be viewed in reference to the thematic line. *Ramblin'* is 21½ bars (in 4/4 time)

I

II

long. It is shaped like a blues, with each of the three primary sections separated by a rhythmic vamp. The melody is fairly basic; its two most unusual elements are the wide melodic leaps at the end of the first and second phrases, and the displaced rhythm of the melody between the first and third bars. The diatonic quality of the melody and the relatively simple rhythms (quarter and eighth notes) are vividly suggestive of basic blues, and the rhythm section's shuffling, heavily accented accompaniment heightens this effect.

Coleman's solo, like the melody of the composition, makes extensive use of familiar blues fragments, but they are subjected to Coleman's special pitch production and free rhythmic placement.

Unlike some of Coleman's other works, *Ramblin'* does not permit the soloist complete freedom. Each solo is accompanied by a recurring rhythm section pattern of alternating 16- and 12-bar sections. For lack of a better name I shall refer to these sections as "choruses" and have divided the notated solo accordingly. The phrase pattern does not, however, restrict Coleman; he both ignores and conforms to its guidelines. At one point he seems to be playing two bars behind the accompaniment pattern (at the end of Chorus I); at another point he appears to be one bar behind the rhythmic flow (beginning of Chorus III); and at another point the meter is turned around, with "1" feeling like "2" and vice versa (Bars 11 and 12 of Chorus III).

It is worth noting, however, that despite this relatively free phrasing, Coleman's chorus can also be divided into successive 12-bar sections that bypass the accompaniment patterns. Divided this way, the chorus does not always conform to a *harmonic* blues progression, but it suggests, at the

very least, that Coleman's over-all improvisational conception in this work is dominated by the three-part sectionalization characteristic of the blues.

Certain consistencies in Coleman's improvisational style can be noted. A number of rhythm patterns appear frequently. The first: $\downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$

and variations thereof is marked E.

The second: $\downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$

is marked D.

Both are familiar jazz patterns. The third is somewhat more rare in contemporary jazz—repeated quarter notes: $\downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$

that produce an almost ingenuously naive quality, especially in the phrase beginning in Bar 7 of Chorus III.

Equally interesting is the frequent use of phrases and motives that begin with an anacrusis (a pickup note or notes). The first chorus includes five such phrases; the second chorus includes six; the third chorus includes four; and the last chorus includes six.

The similarity of the phrases derives not only from rhythmic repetition but from the use of similar melodic fragments as well. Rising chordal melodies, for example, are marked A. Descending chordal melodies, almost always grouped around the notes of the tonic triad with an added 6th (D, F#, A, B, D), are marked C. Notice also the regularity of Coleman's approach to altered chord tones of the lowered sixth and seventh. The lowered 6th (B^b) is nearly always approached in rising scalular fashion (Bar 7 of Chorus II, Bar 2 of Chorus III, and Bar 1 of Chorus IV). Coleman invariably slides up into the note, playing it lower than tempered pitch. The lowered 7th (C natural) is sometimes approached the same way in both rising and descending scale passages (Bars 10, 19, and 23 of Chorus

I; Bars 17 and 28 of Chorus III), but it is also used as an accent and as a tonal variation, usually with a strong declamatory attack (Bars 18 and 20 of Chorus II, Bar 15 of Chorus III, Bar 21 of Chorus IV).

Another of Coleman's punctuation devices is a held, accented note, played in variable pitch, growled, or else played with the octave key and embouchure arranged in such a fashion as to produce both notes of the octave. These are marked B in the score or else are specified as "low," in reference to their general pitch area. (I do not, of course, mean "low" in a qualitative sense; I use the word in preference to "flat" or "sharp" or "out of tune," which imply standards that are not relevant to Coleman's music.) It is certainly significant that these variable-pitch notes are generally on steps of the diatonic scale other than the octave and the fifth, possibly reflecting a tonal conception closer to "just" than "tempered" intonation.

IF A HISTORICAL parallel can be drawn, Lester Young is the most direct predecessor of Coleman. Young's frequent disregard for bar-line restrictions, his tendency to ignore cadence restrictions despite prolific use of harmonic melodies, and his flowing, Southwestern-styled rhythms all find ample reflection in Coleman's music. And as with Young's low-note honks, Coleman uses "noise elements" for accent and punctuation.

Both are superb melodists, songlike rather than percussive or harmonic in their improvisational conceptions. One might, in fact, make a further comparison of Young and Coleman's long-limbed melody/rhythm improvisations with the more architectonic and harmonically oriented music of Coleman Hawkins and the late Eric Dolphy.

Next, this series will survey some of Coleman's more recent work. 

III

IV

I DON'T LIKE to be analyzed. I don't want critics to write about me analytically. That is not the way I listen to myself when I play."

The discussion with Gabor Szabo touched on many things, but what seemed his greatest concern in music was his evident desire to grow as a guitarist not so much by dissecting someone else's playing as by soaking up influences through a sort of personal osmosis he describes as "enchantment." Szabo is not one for picking apart and then trying to patch things together again over his own work.

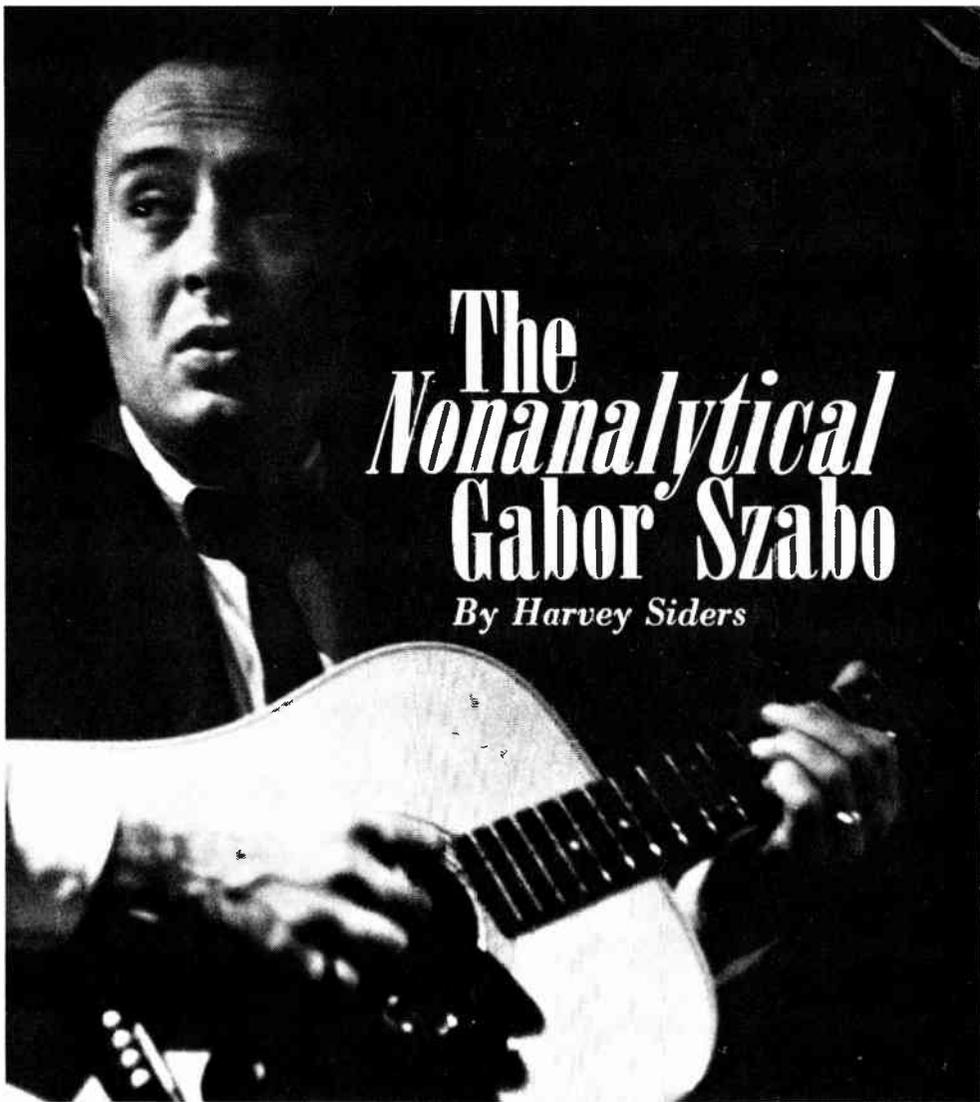
"I'll tell you frankly," he said, "the way I listen to music, I think even horn men haven't influenced me. Now, guitarists I enjoy hearing today—Jim Hall and Wes Montgomery—are not innovators, and that disturbs me. But when I listen to Miles and Coltrane, I lose myself completely in their music. I don't analyze at all. I listen like an audience listens—only with me the important thing is that the music has to completely enchant me. So I don't see how—as long as I don't analyze—their music can influence my way of playing. Knowingly I don't copy what I hear, but who knows what sticks to my memory?"

In this way Szabo seeks a musical identity in a search that began in Budapest, Hungary, where he was born in 1936, and which he nourished on Voice of America broadcasts ("I know Willis Conover like a personal relation from listening to him every night for years") and with smuggled jazz records.

WHEN HE WAS 14, Szabo received a guitar as a gift from his father, and during the next four years, he devised his own system of fingering, asked questions of other musicians about how to write down his musical thoughts, and listened and worked.

During his musically formative years in Hungary, from 1950 to 1954, he had taught himself all he could about guitar and then spent the next two years working in clubs in Budapest, recording with local groups, and writing music for radio and for film scores.

By 1956, conditions in Hungary had become less conducive for the art of self-expression. As the Communist regime imposed more restrictions on the people, Szabo was forced to "smuggle in" his copies of jazz recordings and jazz magazines. Instrumental in helping him to receive his "bourgeois propaganda" was Ernest Nagy, then vice consul at the American Legation in Budapest.



FRED SELIGO

The *Nonanalytical* Gabor Szabo

By Harvey Siders

Szabo recalled one incident that not only points up the level of suspicion that had been reached in Hungary at that time but also might make *Down Beat* readers take a closer look at this magazine. "I was coming out of the American Legation one day," he said, "when a policeman stopped me. Searching me, he discovered a copy of *Down Beat* magazine. There were a few uncertain moments, but the worst that happened was that he confiscated the magazine. It was thought 'dangerous.'"

Szabo himself might have been considered dangerous. While the political temperature was rising toward the boiling point, he became active in a youth movement related to the Freedom Fighters, but when the anti-Russian rebellion finally broke out, he did not actually participate in the bloody rioting. In fact, the Budapest uprising was Szabo's cue to ad lib some exit music. He and two friends took all the money they had saved, boarded a train headed toward Austria, and got off about 10 miles from the Hungary-Austria border.

"We had heard all kinds of wild rumors about the border guards," he recalled, "so we decided to take no

chances. After we got off the train, we asked directions of many people, and finally found a railroad worker who showed us a way over the Austrian line.

"We made our way to a refugee center on the other side of the border and were cared for by the Red Cross. As I walked into the center, I received a pleasant surprise: there were my mother, father, and brother. They had left, according to plan, when I did not return home."

Another pleasant reunion took place there when Gabor met Ernest Nagy once more. Nagy helped to minimize the red tape involved in getting to the United States, and within a short time, Gabor found himself at Camp Kilmer, N.J., again with the status of "refugee."

After securing a sponsor, Gabor and family moved to San Bernardino, Calif., where Gabor worked as a janitor for a year. "I'm not quite sure why, but I know I wanted very much to settle in California," he said.

Another thing Szabo was sure of: he wanted to attend the Berklee School of Music. He had heard about it over the Voice of America and had read about it in *Down Beat*. By 1958, when

he had saved enough money, he applied to the Boston School.

Szabo spent four semesters there, receiving his initial exposure to legitimate music training. During that time he worked around the Boston area with another illustrious foreign student at Berklee: Toshiko Akyoshi, the Japanese pianist who is now Mrs. Charlie Mariano.

Szabo might have stayed longer at Berklee, but as he reconstructed those days, "I thought I would get a scholarship, but I never did, and in the meantime more and more bills were piling up. So I left. You know, that was the only formal study I ever had—and even at that, it was more composition and arranging than guitar."

When Szabo began concentrating on guitar once again, he discovered that the prevailing sounds here were more diversified than the Voice of America programming had led him to believe.

"When I was back in Hungary," he said, "I accepted the mainstream American music as the thing to play. So I began trying to fit into that type of expression. I even began copying Johnny Smith and later Tal Farlow.

"It wasn't until I joined Chico Hamilton in 1962 that I developed my own style and really loosened up. I spent three wonderful years with Chico and found a partner in [reed man] Charles Lloyd. With him I established a very close sense of communication."

The copying of Farlow and Smith was the last time he did anything like that. Szabo today doesn't speak of influences. He speaks of liking guitarists Hall and Montgomery and what they are doing but doesn't find that they have influenced him. He said he derives more inspiration listening to other instrumentalists, especially trumpeter Miles Davis and saxophonist John Coltrane.

"You know," he said, speaking of innovations he finds lacking even in his favorite guitarists, "there are probably better trumpet players around than Miles, who do fantastic things technically, but none of them can touch Miles when it comes to communicating on an emotional level. . . ."

That brought Szabo to "my pet grudge against critics. How the heck can critics recognize something that is new and beautiful? I feel that critics can only analyze something if they have already experienced it. How can they judge new things if they apply old techniques? Maybe later on they can, once it is accepted."

"It happened to me when Charles Lloyd and I were doing some new things that the critics couldn't quite

put their finger on," he continued. "We were trying something new at the time, and as a result there was some sort of prejudice—no, not prejudice, shyness perhaps—from the critics. Shyness because the critics were afraid to express their opinions whether our music was right or wrong.

"And that is foolish. I feel that in jazz—in all of music, let's say—there is no such thing as right or wrong. Oh, there have been a few critics who supported me. In fact, Nat Hentoff was a great help to me spiritually.

"Again, I don't like to be analyzed. When I'm playing, I try to forget all I know about the instrument or about music. I have to do this in order to create something new and fresh. If I analyze what I'm playing or try to plan it out scientifically, the notes would not come out sounding fresh. If you block out your mind, you can then sort of listen to your emotions."

Related to that is another Szabo view: if a musician achieves a certain control over his instrument, he can't play wrong notes. Szabo says he doesn't believe a good musician can play wrong notes.

"The best way for me to explain what I mean," he added, "is to say that when I play, the only way I can project a feeling of emotion is to enchant myself. If I enchant myself, I usually enchant my audience. And I have found that the only way I can enchant myself is to surprise myself."

THE WORD "enchant" is one that is sprinkled throughout his conversation; it is a colorful word and conjures up the image of Szabo huddled over his guitar, lost in his work in an unusual position that looks cramped and uncomfortable. But to Szabo it's a natural way of playing.

"People are always asking me how I arrived at this method of playing guitar," he said, "and I tell them it's the only way I can express myself."

The exaggerated crouch is seen only during solos. When Szabo comps, he remains as up and down as 6 o'clock. But if the only way he can express himself when playing is in a crouch, what does this indicate about comping? Right—he doesn't like it.

"I feel when someone is taking a solo, I should be quiet unless I have something to add," he said. "There is always the risk of leading him in a direction he may not want to go. As for comping behind my own solos, I prefer collective improvisation."

As far as the Gary McFarland Quintet, the group he is playing with now, is concerned, Szabo said there are times he likes to hear bassist Eddie Gomez walking behind him or

drummer Joe Cocuzzo keeping strict time, "but only if they feel it at the time. In other words, I expect them to pay attention to me when I solo, the same way I pay attention to them."

However, in general he prefers the freer thing to straight swing because the straight thing blanks his mind, he said, adding, "You know I keep thinking, 'Okay, here we go now, we gotta swing, we gotta swing.'"

"Personally, I don't think swing, as we know it now, has a long life. Oh, it could last for a long time, but it's not getting anywhere. The way I like to hear it—swing, that is—is when it's *felt*, not when it's played out.

"I hate labels, but the way jazz is developing, this freedom thing or avant-garde or whatever you want to call it, is the next logical development. The swing you hear today is exhausted, and there are many musicians sick of being tied down to rhythm and changes."

Szabo said he thinks the avant-garde revolution still is in progress.

"The sounds you hear today—that's not the way musicians are going to play," he said. "Like every change—for example, like giving birth—the new thing is ugly, really ugly. But I welcome any change, as long as it's honest.

"Some of these so-called avant-gardists are people who pick up a horn and blow anything in order to attract attention. But the real ones—say, like Ornette Coleman—really have something beautiful to offer. You know, it's a cruel thing the way some people here reacted to Ornette, but I feel if just 1 percent of all he has contributed stays around, it will all be worth it."

Szabo said the guitar isn't really represented in the new trends.

"The two best players around today, Wes Montgomery and Jim Hall, are a crystallization of conventional playing—although Jim has reached out further," Szabo said. "Wes seems to be concentrating on everything that happened up to, let's say, the mid-'50s.

"Of course, I don't believe I'm an innovator, but I like to think that I am using a new approach. I have overtones of Hungarian music in my playing. I also have overtones of Indian music—not American Indian, but Indian Indian."

Szabo would like to explore his new approach with his own group and do some writing for it, which, if it happens, will result in two things: because of its leader, it will enchant, and, in spite of him, it will be analyzed.



EUROPE

REVISITED

BY ERIC T. VOGEL

A native of Czechoslovakia, Eric Vogel became an amateur musician and an ardent jazz enthusiast in the early 1930s and continued his music pursuits even while he was imprisoned by the Nazis during World War II. This trying, often terrifying part of his life was related in a series of articles, *Jazz in a Nazi Concentration Camp*, which appeared in *Down Beat* a few years ago. Vogel came to the United States in 1948 and now lives in the New York City area, where he performs a dual role as U.S. correspondent for the German jazz magazine *Jazz Podium* and as a contributor of European jazz news to *Down Beat*.

WHEN I LEFT EUROPE 18 years ago, the Continent was still bleeding from the wounds of World War II. During the war such a large part of the European population was cut off from jazz that after hostilities these people dedicated themselves to the music with an enthusiasm that has brought a jazz resurgence—it might be called a jazz explosion. And in 18 years, jazz has not subsided into something ordinary, as it has in the United States, but is honored and respected as a form of art.

The first jazz musician I met on a recent trip through Europe was the Swiss pianist Georg Gruntz, who is known in the United States through his participation in the International Youth Band at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1958 and by his record of baroque music played in jazz style. Gruntz today is probably one of the best and surely one of the most sought-after jazz pianists on the Continent.

He considers himself an avant-garde pianist and is one of the few Swiss musicians who is able to work as a full-time jazzman. But since Switzerland does not offer a livelihood to professional musicians, he works in other European countries.

Switzerland does have thousands of amateur jazz musicians, who may be more appropriately referred to as "involuntary amateurs," because of the difficulty of making a living at music in the country, and who belong to hundreds of jazz clubs.

When I asked Gruntz where one could hear jazz in Zurich, I was referred to the Cafe Africana. On a rainy Sunday afternoon, I went there for my first contact with live jazz on the trip. I heard a quartet with Fred Gerber, tenor saxophone; Fritz Trippel, piano; John Treichler, bass; and Carlo Capello, drums. The owner of the establishment, O. Hugentobler, said they were amateur musicians who had no chance to play anywhere else in Zurich

and who were, therefore, eager to perform at his place.

Each performance consisted of three hours of almost uninterrupted playing, for which each musician was paid six Swiss francs (\$1.50). Hugentobler said he would be willing to pay a good American musician 100 Swiss francs (\$25) a day.

The quartet played a mixture of cocktail-lounge music and swing music. Tenor saxophonist Gerber tried to play like Ben Webster and was the best one in the group. The club was well attended, and the audience, most of whom were of college age, behaved in an exemplary manner.

That evening I went back to the Africana, and I heard a much better combo, led by tenor saxophonist Freddy Meyer. The others in the group were Peter Gandiotto, alto saxophonist; Nick Bertschinger, piano; Hans Foletti, bass; and John Burrows, drums. They played a much more modern style of jazz. Meyer had played for almost a year with trumpeter Chet Baker at the Paris Blue Note and is a versatile, modern musician. But I liked best altoist Gandiotto and drummer Burrows, who, despite his American name, is a Swiss national, his parents having emigrated from Trinidad. This group also played for an hourly fee, the equivalent of 50 cents. The club was again very well attended.

FROM ZURICH, I went to Lugano and found Flavio Ambrosetti waiting for me in my hotel. It was in Lugano where, thanks to Flavio, I had my strongest experience with regard to Swiss jazz.

Ambrosetti is an amateur musician and also producer of a jazz festival in Lugano in which numerous U.S. musicians have participated. He plays alto saxophone quite excellently, and his 21-year-old son is a highly talented trumpet player. Father and son, together with pianist Gruntz, the French bass player Guy Pedersen, and the fantastic Swiss drummer Daniel Humair, form a combo called the Swiss All-Stars. I heard a number of tapes recorded by them, and this is by far the best jazz I have heard performed by Swiss musicians.

In their concept and style, they are as good as almost any U.S. combo, but they are superior in the enthusiasm and passion with which they play. The rhythm section is simply great. Humair in particular can be compared with the best U.S. drummers.

As everywhere else in Europe, Willis Conover enjoys a high standing in Switzerland, and his Voice of America programs are followed with great interest. Jazz can be heard almost daily on Swiss radio stations, particularly on Radio Zurich. This station even has its own jazz trio, which also has appeared on live jazz broadcasts, for instance with violinist Stuff Smith.

If Switzerland hardly offers a professional musician any possibility of earning a living, the situation is scarcely different in Austria. There are numerous jazz musicians in that country who have to find other means of supporting themselves.

In Vienna I was invited to a jazz cellar called Josephinum, which has room for an audience of perhaps 150. After several amateur musicians had performed, an Austrian all-star group played. It consisted of Erich Kleinschuster, trombone; Hans Salomon, tenor saxophone; Friedrich Gulda, piano; Robert Politzer, bass; and Bob Blumenhoven, drums.

Gulda is the only musician who has become famous in both jazz and classical music. At his Vienna performance,

he played better than I had ever heard him on records, and he played 100 percent swinging jazz with an incredible richness of original ideas and extraordinary technique. He was, of course, the star of the quintet.

Among the other members, trombonist Kleinschuster deserves special mention. After a few numbers, he was playing especially well, and on his own composition, *Fast Blues*, he built to a climax that could probably be reached by few contemporary trombone players even in the United States.

I HAD MY STRONGEST impressions of jazz excellence in Czechoslovakia. In contrast to Austria and Switzerland, Czechoslovakia offers a rather large number of jazz musicians a chance to make a living, and they play in numerous combos and big bands.

I attended a meeting of the Prague Jazz Club, spoke on the subject "Jazz in the USA," and answered questions (including "how much subsidy does *Down Beat* receive from the U.S. government?," to which my reply that it derives its only financial support from advertising, subscriptions, and newsstand sales was noted with great surprise, since all magazines and newspapers in Czechoslovakia are subsidized by the government).

At this meeting, I also heard the wonderful Junior Trio of the 17-year-old pianist Jan Hammer and the two Vitous brothers. Their performance put me into a dreamy mood, into which only one jazz musician theretofore had been able to put me—pianist Bill Evans.

The club played a record by Art Farmer and showed two jazz films on Cannonball Adderley and Horace Silver at Newport. These films had been made available to the club by the U.S. Consulate in Prague.

While in Prague, I also heard a band from Moscow under Oleg Lundstroem, a 17-man orchestra consisting of really excellent musicians who don't primarily play jazz but dance music, although they were trying to imitate the style of Count Basie. Only three of the soloists—altoist Georgi Garaniak, tenorist Alexei Zooboff, and trombonist Konstantin Baholdin—had some feeling for jazz, but on the whole, the performance of this band was styled on entertainment, supported by some terrific dancers.

When the band members learned that I attended the concert as an American critic, I was invited to their dressing room. To my surprise, most of the Russian musicians spoke English quite well and asked me questions that evidenced their close connection with U.S. jazz.

A woman reporter from the Moscow paper *Sovietska Kultura* also asked some questions. I stressed the technical perfection and musicianship of the band but said that in my opinion it should not call itself a jazz band. She replied that in the opinion of the Russians, this big band was playing 100 percent jazz. When I contradicted her politely and stated that the criteria for judging a jazz band should be based on American and not Russian standards, she replied that she was not interested in my negative opinion but wanted to hear only positive statements from me.

My stay in Prague reached its climax at a jam session that lasted for many hours and was held in the jazz club Redouta. The Junior Trio again proved to be the most enjoyable performers of the evening, and despite his youth, pianist Hammer is already an excellent musician who is to be ranked among the best in Europe. His father, a Prague heart specialist, Dr. Jan Hammer, an excellent

vibraharp player, and his mother, Vlasta Bruchova, also performed that evening, singing in the style of Lambert-Hendricks-Ross. Then it was Andrea Hammer's turn. She is the 10-year-old daughter of the doctor, and she sat at the drums for a few minutes, proudly playing a cymbal given to her by Louis Armstrong's drummer, Danny Barcelona, on the occasion of the guest appearances by Armstrong in Prague.

Among the numerous musicians who participated in this jam session—and made it so difficult for me to leave Prague—I wish to mention the baritone saxophone player Jan Konopasek and finally the dean of the Czechoslovakian jazz pianists, Verberger, who proved, with a few numbers, that he has not lost any of his great artistic ability. He played a mixture of Fats Waller and Earl Hines and would rank, I feel, among the best in the United States.

Summarizing my impressions in Czechoslovakia, I wish to comment that there is great interest in that country in jazz and in art as a whole, in which the population finds an outlet for their otherwise dreary life. Jazz is played with devotion and passion and treated as a precious possession, an attitude not prevalent in the United States.

Beside this attitude and the talents of such composers and arrangers as Pavel Blatny, Kamil Hala, and Jaromir Hnilicka, plus the big bands of Gustav Brom and Karel Krautgartner, Czechoslovakia is the leading continental country in modern, experimental, and Third Stream big-band arrangements.

MY NEXT STOP was Germany, where I spent a few days in Frankfurt and visited the Jazz House and the Jazz Keller. The Jazz House is a narrow building in the Tudor style, only a few feet wide, in which good jazz records are played continuously. Drinks are pulled up to the upper floors by the guests themselves by means of a box tied to a rope.

By contrast, the Jazz Keller is a real cellar with arches in Gothic style; its acoustics, however, are not too good. I heard the Albert Mangelsdorff Quartet, consisting of Mangelsdorff, trombone; Guenter Kronberg, alto saxophone; Guenter Lenz, bass; and Ralf Huebner, drums. Unfortunately, the group's saxophonist Heinz Sauer was not present, but Germany's best bass player, Peter Trunk, was and played cello. Mangelsdorff, also a former member of the International Youth Band, is Europe's best trombone player. He plays with fascinating ease, but academic coolness, in a very modern style. The other members of the band played with professional polish and really got going after a few numbers, when the performance of the quartet was most enjoyable. Kronberg is an excellent alto saxophone player, somewhat inarticulate, but with good ideas. The rhythm section was perfect. There are not many jazz clubs in Germany, but quite a number of German and also American jazz players are able to make a living there.

The last country I visited was Belgium, where I was able to hear the Belgian vibes player Fats Sadi in a Brussels jazz club called the Blue Note. However, he did not make exciting music, and I felt his performance was routine.

Finally, I wish to mention that most Europeans drive autos like crazy, so that I arrived at the conclusion that not only the best jazz musicians but also the best drivers are still to be found in the United States. 

LIFE WITH FEATHER

Part VI of a critic's autobiography
By LEONARD FEATHER

ASIDE FROM RECORDS, there were a few lifelines in the '30s that enabled us in England to maintain contact with jazz. One was radio.

The British Broadcasting Corp., then a monopoly in Britain, viewed our music with a mixture of unawareness and lofty amusement, diluted now and then by the intervention of some brash young executive who happened to be a fan.

Then, too, there were men like Alistair Cooke, a gaunt, energetic young commentator who already was spending most of his time in the United States. Cooke acted as stage and screen critic for the National Broadcasting Co. but doubled as deviser of special shows for BBC, including record recitals.

With the help of clarinetist Joe Marsala, Cooke lined up an astonishing collection of jazzmen for a memorable 40-minute special-to-London-only broadcast one day in 1938. The session was held—for shock value perhaps—in the Viennese Room of the St. Regis Hotel. It was not heard in the United States (no takers).

Cooke's cast included tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman, drummer Dave Tough, pianist Teddy Wilson, cornetist Bobby Hackett, guitarist Eddie Condon, clarinetist Mezz Mezzrow, trumpeter Hot Lips Page, drummer George Wettling, pianist Joe Bushkin, soprano saxophonist Sidney Bechet, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, trombonist Tommy Dorsey, drummer Zutty Singleton, singer Lee Wiley, and composer W. C. Handy.

A fair segment of the British public, though totally uninterested in jazz, probably listened because of the lure of Cooke's personality. Many who sat through the 40 minutes undoubtedly gained the impression that this was a characteristic slice of New York night life. But in fact, groups of this kind were almost never assembled unless some special occasion arose, such as the visit of a European critic, or on the initiative of some small local group like the United Hot Clubs of America. Half the musicians on the Cooke show were working casually around that

time, on a gig-to-gig basis; a couple were almost totally unemployed. Only Dorsey and Handy were nationally known and wealthy. Perhaps the BBC program gave Britons an unrealistically bright picture of the U.S. jazz scene, but the admirable end justified the means.

British television was far ahead of its U.S. counterpart. For a while I acted as editor of the television supplement issued with the BBC's *Radio Times* and was privy to the variety of shows then being aired publicly for a couple of hours every day.

One day in October, 1938, a half-hour of dance music was telecast from the Hammersmith Palais de Danse, with the camera moving around the floor to give intimate shots of 3,000 patrons in a display of the Big Apple, the Palais Glide, and the Lambeth Walk. At that time, U.S. TV consisted of private screenings from one floor of a skyscraper to another.

The live-music scene in London had its surface glitter, of which the Palais de Danse was typical; but there was an underground movement, where one had a better chance of hearing some meaningful music—and also of being asphyxiated. A small number of British jazzmen had managed to find jobs in name bands such as Jack Hylton's or Ambrose's, but some of the best musicians were reduced to playing sometimes on salary but often on a sitting-in basis, at the bottle parties.

The bottle party was a strange outgrowth of liquor laws that imposed harsh time limitations on the serving of drinks in pubs and restaurants. At a bottle party one paid a membership fee, bought a bottle, kept it in storage on the premises, and helped himself whenever visiting the club.

This evasion of the law was practiced at a number of cellar joints. At one such place, in Soho, I kept a supply of Gordon's for my regular diet of gin and lime. This enabled me, once in a while, to drink in also the jamming of such men as Gerry Moore, a superior pianist who clearly knew what Earl Hines was all about, yet never succeeded in rising above the bottle-party level.

The bottle parties never got going until well after midnight, and it was often daylight when I emerged. They were sleazy, ill-ventilated, small-tabled, and overcrowded, and their sales, aside from overpriced liquor, often included pot and prostitutes. But musically they had the only atmosphere remotely comparable with what I had seen and heard on 52nd St. and in Harlem.



Alto saxophonist Benny Carter

THE LIFE AND TIMES of a typical British jazzman in those days is mirrored in the case history of George Chisholm.

Born and reared in Glasgow, Scotland, Chisholm, like me, had been indoctrinated into jazz through Louis Armstrong's records. Later, when he switched from trumpet to trombone, he became a Jack Teagarden fanatic. After a few ballroom and dance-band jobs, the last of which took him to London, he found himself stranded, without friends, work, or hope, hanging around Archer St., a crowded thoroughfare near Piccadilly Circus that served as London's unofficial open-air gig exchange.

Desperate, Chisholm took a job at the Nest, an underground bottle-party place. It was a small, smoke-filled room with a bandstand especially designed for midgets.

"I had three months there," he told me, "and it was a terrific strain on my health and nerves but it was a wonderful experience in a way, a phase of musical life, and it taught me some valuable lessons."

Benny Carter and I had looked in vain for a jazz trombonist for the big band Carter had organized to play a concert under *Melody Maker* auspices. There just didn't seem to be one in all London. Months after the concert, we heard Chisholm at the Nest. Carter had just landed a contract for a summer-season location at a Dutch sea-

side resort; George, a logical choice for his brass section, jumped at the opportunity. The long Dutch summer was a treat for everyone. There were 11 men in the orchestra. British and Continental and American, Negro and white, it was the first international, interracial big band in jazz history.

A benevolent recording executive allowed me to go to Scheveningen to record it. We cut four sides with the big band and four with a smaller group.

The combo sides featured a special guest, Coleman Hawkins, who was working at The Hague with a quartet, and one of the quartet tracks included a tune of mine called *Mighty Like the Blues*. To hear men of the caliber of Carter, Hawkins, and Chisholm performing one's own composition would be a rewarding sensation at any time, but when it is happening for the first time in one's life, and when one is a novice as a composer, the joy is unique, something that can never again be duplicated, no matter how gratifying any later experience. (Within a year, though, there was to be the special thrill of hearing the same tune recorded by Duke Ellington.)

CONTINENTAL TRIPS such as the one spent with Carter provided a release from the musical stagnation of London.

England still barred all U.S. musicians except those who could come in as night-club acts; but on the Continent a person never knew to what impressive encounter he might be exposed. On one trip to Copenhagen I visited a noisy dance hall and found a Negro group dressed up as a tramp band, playing kazoos and the like. Joining in the fun with as much gusto as any of them was a gray-haired man, white at the temples, with a cheerful pink face. He wore a tramp outfit with black- and yellow-striped sweater, and as he plucked the bass and swung it to and fro, I suddenly recalled the name. It was Emile Christian, who had played trombone in the Original Dixieland Jazz Band.

Christian, who told me he had been in London with the ODJB in 1919-20, was now the only white member of Leon Abbey's Orchestra, a Negro band that had toured all Europe, made its home in Bombay, India, for a while, and now stayed eternally on the move. Later in the evening, Abbey, a sleek, moustachioed violinist whose group had broken records on supper-club jobs from Finland to the Riviera, put

aside the Tomming and offered some straight music for the second half of his show, with Christian on trombone.

A few months earlier, Abbey's group had followed Carter into the Boeuf sur le Toit in Montmartre. Paris, though not the expatriate haven it has become in recent years, could always be counted on to provide a few days of respite from Soho's underground grind.

Clarinetist Danny Polo, an American then living in Paris, provided the excuse for one Montmartre weekend. I had recorded Polo for Decca while he was working in London with the commercial orchestra of Ambrose, who rarely gave him solo breathing space. The records, featuring a pick-up British jam combo, had stirred a few warm breezes in London jazz circles, as a result of which British Decca sent me to Paris to cut another date.

Polo, now working with Ray Ventura's band at the Moulin Rouge theater, was even more tightly locked in than he had been with Ambrose. Singing French comedy numbers in a trite stage show, he had just one eight-bar solo in 50 minutes of "entertainment."

Assembling a septet of any jazz quality was an even rougher job in Paris than in London. Moreover, Montmartre night life consisted of leaving one's gig around 2 a.m. and proceeding to a small room called the Swing Club, where one could listen to a broad selection of hot records (yes, they had discotheques even then) until 7 a.m. or perhaps even noon the next day. Since our record date was due to start at 9 a.m., the

job of rounding up the musicians is better imagined than retold. Despite languid complaints of exhaustion, Garland Wilson, our American pianist, played superbly.

Wilson was the Hines of the Parisian expatriate circle.

That the session went as well as it did was substantially the result of the presence of a guitarist named Oscar Aleman. An Argentine-Indian who started on ukelele in Brazil, Aleman had been knocking around Europe for a decade and was playing tangos and rhumbas in a French dancehall.

Aleman scared us all. He played an all-metal instrument that resonated so well it could almost have been mistaken for an electric guitar. Aleman to me was more impressive than Django Reinhardt, whom he outswung by far; but Reinhardt had benefited from the publicity stemming from the Hot Club de France association and a voluminous recording output. (Reinhardt at this point was working in some Paris night club but without the Quintette of the Hot Club, which, when not touring in other countries, had a very spasmodic existence.)

Another refreshing element on the session was the presence of Una Mae Carlisle. A stunningly lovely young girl from New York who played like Fats Waller, she split the date with Wilson. I had recorded her previously, in a date of her own in London, featuring her mainly as a vocalist. On that occasion two of the sidemen were drawn from the city's then tiny West Indian population.

As a frequenter of the Soho clubs

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With Una Mae Carlisle at her 1938 London recording date: (l to r) saxophonist Bertie King, drummer Hymie Schneider, producer Leonard Feather, trumpeter David Wilkins, guitarist Anal Ferguson, and bassist Len Harrison



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Jazz Composers Orchestra— New York Arts Quartet

Jazz in the Garden

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: Orchestra—Mike Mantler, trumpet; Roswell Rudd, trombone; Ken McIntyre, John Tchicai, alto saxophones; Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; Carla Bley, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Milford Graves, drums. Quartet—Rudd; Tchicai; Workman; Graves. Guest soloist—Paul Bley, piano.

All sorts of people have been assuring me, ever since the “new thing” made its appearance on the jazz scene, that it is indeed music, though it doesn’t sound like it to me; that the musicians doing it are sincere and competent; that some people do enjoy listening to it; and that if I don’t like it, I am obsolescent and skidding relentlessly toward oblivion.

I have been hearing this prognosis ever since Ornette Coleman’s thoughts were gravely presented to the equally grave audiences at the old Five Spot in New York City. And incorrigible and hard-mouthed reactionary that I am, here I am, five years later, still waiting to hear some sense in the nonsense, still stuck fast in the mud of such passe criteria for musical pleasure as intelligibility, recognizability, coherent harmonies, and a swinging beat. Probably a hopeless case.

What I heard at the museum garden—surrounded by crew-cuts and succulent chicks spread all over the ground like hors d’oeuvres—was indubitably a thing, but whether new or not was debatable.

Nothing is older than chaos, but every little while since about 1900 (I am thinking now chiefly of longhair music, but the principle is the same), some brave soul has discovered it again and breathlessly trotted it out under the revolutionary banner of Musical Freedom.

Nothing could be more boring, to someone who has been hearing it, however unwillingly off and on, for some 50 years, than this rehash of incoherent noises. But since this is, after all, technically a “review,” I must try to describe (as well as one can describe chaos) what this set of brave souls was offering as their discovery.

Once again it consisted, to my ear, of the horns alternately mumbling, raving, and whinnying, sometimes together, sometimes every-man-for-himself (what freedom!), generally in no recognizable idiom and no identifiable key, tempo, or harmonic sequence, while the bass player ran valiantly up and down his fingerboard in an excellent imitation of a bass player accompanying jazz musicians (for all I know, he may have been plucking out legitimate chords I never heard), and the drummer banged away semper fortissimo in what can only be called an interminable solo, since there was no rhythmic pulse to mark and no in-tempo melodic rhythm to play behind.

Once in a thousand notes might come a momentary rift in the fog of sound, through which one might glimpse some recognizable phrase (from the Stone Age of recognizable tunes), but such aberrations were promptly and sternly squelched. The longest stretch of this kind, and it was only a dozen or so bars (*bars!*?), occurred at the end, when Paul Bley, fortunate consort of the radiant Carla, sat in briefly.

All this was distressing enough, but what I found really intolerable was the servile and anxious hypocrisy of the audience.

As the noises proceeded, I watched the responses of those around me: the blank bewilderment, the resigned shrug, the strained effort to discern a pattern in the jumble of notes, the boredom, even the frank smile of derision. But at the end of each block of noise came the dutiful patter of applause. I was (with one exception) the only one there who hissed and booed; the fourth time I did it, I was echoed by a small, timorous “boo” behind me. Oh, for a few hundred French music lovers!

The evening did have three points of interest, all visual.

The first was scored before a note was blown, as Tchicai appeared, conventionally garbed, but with his face decorated with warpaint and what looked like chickenbones stuck into his cheeks. The second was Graves, continually assaulting his drums and kicking at his cymbals in a manner that had, so far as I could tell, nothing to do with anything else that was going on. The third, and greatest, was Mrs. Bley at the piano in the second half, one of the most authentically ravishing women you ever clapped eyes on, with nothing lacking of slim grace and brooding intensity to complete the picture of musical genius as only a Hollywood director would have the nerve to present it—a vision that, while it lasted, almost compensated for the regrettable noises that went with it. Maybe they’ll dub in a different sound track.

I must complete my report by recording that though my two dozen or so on-the-spot queries uncovered only one listener who seriously claimed to have enjoyed it, afterwards, at Tchicai’s home, I met half a dozen such fans, including one thoroughly respectable musician—pianist Mal Waldron—who defended the genre with scholarly eloquence.

There’s no accounting for tastes.

—Ralph Berton

Pee Wee Russell

Jazz in the Garden

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: Bobby Hackett, cornet; Russell, clarinet; Dave Frishberg, piano; George Tucker, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums.

This concert, sixth in the current *Down Beat*-Museum series, was singled out as the one to receive television exposure. (It is scheduled for Sept. 4 on NBC’s *Kaleidoscope*, which is seen on NBC-owned stations.)

It proved to be a good selection, for the field of jazz has few communicators whose over-all impact can rival that of Russell

or Hackett. The former, with his excitingly unpredictable phrases and unconsciously projected visual appeal, was in this instance supplemented and enhanced by the ever-popular singing horn of Robert Leo Hackett. These two jazzmen have that indefinable something that reaches out and hooks the nonjazz listener.

A capacity crowd in the sculpture garden, in spite of intermittent showers, gave undivided attention to the alternating solos by the two stars on such familiar tunes as *St. Louis Blues*, *Pennies from Heaven*, *If I Had You*, *'Deed I Do*, *Summertime*, and *'S Wonderful*.

Hackett treated the melodies of these evergreens with his usual pretty-toned, long-lined phrases. In addition to these numbers, the cornetist was presented doing his specialty, *Man with the Horn*, and here also he gave a satisfying rendition with the original melodic line constantly in mind.

Russell’s playing on these same numbers was characterized by exploratory ideas, and he seemed to touch the melody only now and then to get his bearings. His ideas, as usual, were a joy.

One consequence of an hour-long, early-evening concert was manifested to the dyed-in-the-wool jazz listener on this occasion: an hour is a very short time in which to expect the creative juices to start to boil.

This was borne out by the fact the group seemed to make each tune sound better than the one before, and as the concert was coming to its end all the musicians sounded as though they were just getting warmed up.

Maybe, in this case, it was due to the fact that they saved two Russell originals, *Midnight Blue* and *Pee Wee’s Blues*, for the closing numbers. Russell, on *Midnight*, went through a complicated cluster of notes that caused an aural and visual reaction of surprise from the listeners. And, of course, *Blues*, as done by Russell—a classic achieved by only one jazz artist.

The rhythm accompanists are entitled to praise, both for their sympathetic handling of the two soloists and, in two cases, their own brief interludes.

Frishberg, whose work with widely disparate groups around New York indicates his adaptability, offered several short, sparkling solos during the evening.

Bassist Tucker did his solos with a deep, rich-toned sound. Jackson, who has been working with Earl Hines, turned in his usual firm rhythmic job but near the concert’s end presented a routine drum solo, an unnecessary adjunct to such a short musical evening. —George Hoefler

Art Hodes

Your Father’s Moustache, New Orleans, La.

Personnel: Hodes, piano; Raymond Burke, clarinet; Sherswood Mangiapane, bass; Freddie King, drums.

The New Orleans Jazz Club’s idea of bringing Chicago pianist Hodes together with New Orleans clarinetist Burke and a solid New Orleans rhythm section was a happy one. Despite some ragged endings and occasional uncertainty, which

(Continued on page 36)

PAUL DESMOND is perhaps the most famous sideman on today's jazz scene. For 14 years, he has been the alto saxophonist with the Dave Brubeck Quartet, from the group's early days of struggle to the notably successful present. Over the years, the quartet has often been the target of hostile criticism, but Desmond usually has been singled out for praise, even by the group's strongest detractors.

Considering these circumstances, and the common urge of jazz sidemen to become leaders, Desmond's reluctance to step out on his own is indeed an exception to the rule. But then, the tall, slender, soft-spoken altoist is an exceptional person in many ways.

He is indifferent to publicity. "I still think you should save this whole story for some significant event," he said during the course of this interview, "like when I die—you could have a picture of an alto and an empty chair and a bottle of J&B. . . . I always wanted to be a romantic jazz player."

His sense of humor—or, rather, his wit—withstanding, Desmond is a romantic player. This is evident both in the graceful, warm lyricism of his playing and in his stage personality: somewhat diffident, introspective, and slightly withdrawn. This image has given rise to frequent speculation that Desmond is detached from the rest of the quartet—though both his playing and his words belie that interpretation.

"It's weird," he said; "so few people really know or care what we are trying to do—which isn't really that complicated. The questions people come up and ask after we play run like this: 'How do you know when to come in and when to stop?'; or 'Who writes the choruses?'; or 'How many of you are there in the quartet?' . . . It gives you a feeling of futility. Only very rarely—monumentally rarely—does a person come by who realizes what we are trying to do, and when we did it and when we didn't.

THE WITTY PAUL DESMOND

An Interview With The Self-Styled

"Rapidly Aging John P. Marquand Of The Alto Saxophone,"

By Dan Morgenstern

Everybody else takes from it a number of things; there are a lot of levels on which the quartet can be enjoyed, so they go away perfectly happy, but that doesn't necessarily have any relation to what we are trying to do."

The quartet is in a position now to pick and choose jobs, and as befits its role as one of the pioneers in the jazz-concert field, it now plays concerts exclusively.

"We don't play clubs any more—for at least three years, maybe longer," Desmond said. "The last club we played was Basin Street East, which almost doesn't count. We were playing two sets a night, which equals one concert, and we just ended up with the difficulties of both situations. The club was always pretty full, so there was none of that last-set loose experimenting which is one of the fun things about working clubs, and still we had the club atmosphere. Do I miss the clubs? Musically, yes . . . but we did so much of that, for 10 years or more, and if we had continued, we probably would be disbanded by now."

The Brubecks average about two concerts a week, "and if we do go out on a week of one-nighters, we have a week or two off afterwards—it's a lot more civilized."

Among the group's concert appearances have been special events featuring Brubeck's writing for symphony orchestra and combo. The most recent was *Elementals*.

"I kind of hope it stays the last," Desmond said. "That sort of thing is more gratifying to the composer; to perform it is a kind of struggle. It's a little frustrating when you are on stage with 80 symphony musicians and succeed in functioning just about as well as you ordinarily do, and it's considered a great accomplishment—like tap dancing under water."

Not that he rejects this kind of musical experimentation, he pointed out: "The challenge will always be there to make an alliance between the two forms, and it certainly makes more sense than a lot



of current classical music—or jazz, for that matter.”

Reflecting on the current jazz scene, Desmond grew wistful.

“In the jazz world at the present moment, I get a funny listless feeling, like a graduate of a school that’s about to fold wandering around the halls,” he said. “Between the discotheques and the avant-garde and the folk scene, there isn’t much left. If jazz is really going to become increasingly a form of personal protest—which will make it difficult to listen to even for people who love jazz—then it’s hard to see how it’s going to be supported, besides as a sparetime hobby.”

But, he said, he is not at odds with all the goals of the avant-garde: “I don’t see any reason why jazz shouldn’t have a wider range of emotional expression. Charlie Mingus, for instance, covers a wide range. He can be fascinating and very moving to listen to, as well as really hitting you with something very difficult. But you can’t just do one thing and expect people to come out and pay to listen to it.”

DESMOND’S OWN listening preferences lean toward what must in the current spectrum be considered mainstream jazz. “I find myself listening to Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, Bill Evans, Miles Davis, Jim Hall,” he said. “A couple of more years of this, and I’ll have become an archconservative, the way things keep moving in jazz. But I don’t know what the alternatives are; you have to either reprogram yourself every six weeks, like Jimmy Giuffre (which I admire the spirit behind but certainly couldn’t do myself), or maybe John Lewis has the best solution—he’s always terribly involved in the avant-garde music, but it doesn’t change his own musical approach at all—he has the best of both worlds.”

The freewheeling and always swinging tenor-sax tandem of Cohn and Sims, Desmond said, “are still my favorite band to listen to. So many things you hear are like working—you feel dutifully that you should go and hear what the guys are doing, and you do, and you may enjoy parts of it or aspects of it. But after that, to go and hear Al and Zoot is like having your back rubbed. It’s pure self-indulgence, but I don’t see anything wrong with that at all. If somebody feels that way musically, that’s the way the music should be. They’re not sacrificing their integrity or doing anything they don’t want to do. . . . They enjoy it and you enjoy it, and that’s where I think it should be at.”

Desmond, however, said he sympathizes with the young players.

“It’s really incredibly difficult for anybody starting out today,” he commented. “I’m glad it’s not me. To become acceptable to the contemporary musicians—if you are a kid—you have to more or less do what they’re doing; so it’s almost compulsory that you have to be a ‘new thing’ player, or else go to Eddie Condon’s, which is practically no choice. That’s not really a good state of affairs, but I have no idea what can be done about it.”

Such matters evidently are a genuine concern to Desmond, but there are aspects of the “new thing” that his sense of the absurd responds to:

“I remember seeing a TV ‘happening’ with Don Ellis—guys on ladders and guys waving sheets and hitting the piano, and I took a look and there was Eddie Shaughnessy, and there was Lalo Shifrin, and I said to myself: ‘My God . . . they can’t be serious, running around waving sheets and climbing ladders. I’d like to do something like that with Al and Zoot and Bobby Brookmeyer, three or four guys like that, but everybody would get totally drunk first. That way there would be some justification. But if you don’t have that kind of rationale for a thing like that, you’re in terrible trouble.’”

The spectacle of discotheques also stirs the sardonic side of the Desmond wit.

“It’s almost compulsory; every party in New York for the past four years has been a gradual progression from the *Dick Clark Show* to the discotheque,” he said. “It’s one of the smaller steps of the century. There are all kinds of enforced techniques of communication, when conversation is required. It’s like one-way radio communication with Mars. You get somebody’s ear in your mouth and you give your signal, and then over and out and change position.

“It discourages small talk, because few things are worth such a massive effort to communicate—except ‘Will you come home with me?’, or something like that, but not ‘It’s certainly hot in here.’ If it edits American social conversation, the discotheque may have performed some small function.

“I still think it might be possible to have a discotheque with all the feverish animation and social mystique and yet with some kind of music that wouldn’t be all that painful: Muddy Waters, Count Basie, Mose Allison—all kinds of straight-ahead, no-problem-to-dance-to funky music. In a way, the current idiocy is part of it, but it can’t last—that quality of having your mind obliterated—because it doesn’t work like that if you have any reaction to music . . . it doesn’t banish thought; it’s more like constant fingernails on the blackboard. If anything, it makes you think too much. There must be a large number of people who just put up with it because it’s the only game in town.”

The dancing, too, leaves much to be desired, according to Desmond:

“It really seems nostalgic now to think about the days when bands were playing really beautiful arrangements, and kids were doing very fantastic and intricate dances and were totally happy with their dancing, which, God knows, was a different thing from the frug and all that. And they were enjoying the music at the same time. We didn’t realize it then, but I guess that was one of the last outposts of the vanishing elegance of this world.”

DESMOND, WHO HIMSELF could be described as one of the outposts of vanishing elegance in the jazz world, still has no plans to form his own group, though he said he feels that changes are forthcoming.

“Sometimes I get the urge,” he said about forming a group, “but in exchange for the few minor problems I have with the quartet now, I would probably inherit some very comparable ones, plus a whole raft of others I don’t have to worry about now. With the jazz scene the way it is, to start out all over again, playing clubs and going through that whole in-between period, seems pointless—though it would be fun in some ways.

“I would imagine, though, that the quartet will grind to a majestic halt in about 1½ years. . . . I’m not sure; I’ve been saying things like that since 1954, so you can’t really put too much faith in it. But it’s getting along toward that time. I could be wrong; it might go on for centuries, but I think Dave will probably want to stay home and write and do other things. I’ll pretty definitely be leaving, whether the quartet continues or not, unless some horrible disaster takes place between now and then.”

Desmond, too, wants to do other things:

“I’m working on a play (it’s too formless yet to say anything about it much) and a couple of magazine pieces, things like that. I have this great reputation as a writer, primarily because I haven’t written anything, and it almost seems a shame to spoil it, but sooner or later I’ll have to make a move. I’m interested in making people laugh, which seems like a worthy cause. Not that I’m



DRAWING BY TONY MUNZLINGER

looking for worthy causes. . . .”

In addition to the writing, Desmond plans to “go back and look at some of the places I ran through with the group, make some records, possibly even work some with a group similar to the one I’ve been recording with.”

Desmond’s own recording groups have unfailingly included guitarist Jim Hall, a musician for whom he is full of praise: “Jim, in addition to his other incredible accomplishments, is the world’s most perfect accompanist on guitar. His playing on my next album—all ballads—is among my favorite things I’ve heard him do. Jim is very success-resistant. He is very reluctant to do anything that even remotely approaches being considered crafty or being an operator. He knew all about bossa nova long before anyone here did anything with it, and he plays it so much better than anyone else has done it.”

The new album, Desmond said, will not be like an older one, *Desmond Blue*, which had a picture of a pretty girl on the cover. “Then I spent about a month or so locating her after the album had come out,” he said. “This time I found the girl first. It’s a beautiful cover. No matter what you may say about my records, the covers are great. My notes to the last two albums have been getting better reviews than the music. . . .”

For all his sometimes self-deprecating irony, Desmond is serious about his own playing, and his modesty shields a constant search for self-improvement.

“I don’t really know what I’ll be doing musically,” he said, reflecting on the future. “I still haven’t quite gotten myself together on the horn the way I would have liked. I don’t know if I ever will, and I don’t know if it will make any difference to anybody if I did.

“With our audience today, I could finally put together the perfect chorus, and the only reaction would probably be that someone would come backstage and say, ‘Reed went sour on you, eh?’, which they usually do when I think I’m playing well. When I think it’s terrible, they say, ‘Magnificent! I’ve never been so moved in my life!’ I may be totally wrong about what I think I should do; there’s always that possibility.

“But nobody else, I think, will bother with it. Everybody else is headed at top speed in the opposite direction, so my little corner of the garden is not going to be trampled down.”

And what is Desmond cultivating in that corner?

“There is so much interior room within the limitations of harmonic and melodic playing,” he answered, “you don’t have to cancel out all the rules to make progress. In some ways, it’s more of a challenge to refine one thing and find something in it that hasn’t been done.”

Chances are that Desmond won’t find himself alone in that corner, though the things he will grow will all be his. The company he will have, though, will not be the trampling kind.



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.

Gene Ammons

ANGEL EYES—Prestige 7369: *Gettin' Around; Blue Room; You Go to My Head; Angel Eyes; Water Jug; It's the Talk of the Town.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 4, 5—Ammons, tenor saxophone; Frank Wess, tenor saxophone, flute; Johnny Smith, organ; Doug Watkins, bass; Art Taylor, drums. Tracks 3, 6—Ammons; Mal Waldron, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Gettin' Around is a blues. The first solo is by flutist Wess, singing along nonchalantly and evenly. Then it's Jug's big sound—soul. It doesn't seem to climax very much, but the cadence is even. Smith follows on organ, and then there is an exchange of fours, followed by the theme and out.

Blue Room is a two-horn ensemble playing the melody with ample rhythm backing. Ammons blows again with that positive conviction bearing traces of the Dexter Gordon and Hershel Evans type of drive that is Jug's own. Smith's organ chugs along with good taste, after which Wess whistles along as if in the early morning breeze. There's a short exchange of fours before they take it out.

Waldron's piano is a relief on *You Go to My Head* after the cluttered sound of the organ on the previous tracks (it sounds simple and traditional but could have become boring if played longer). Ammons plays prettily and thoughtfully—longingly. I can find no climax, which is kind of usual for a ballad, but this guy really gets to the changes. "In," however—way in (deep in).

Angel Eyes has a beautiful intro on organ—like Bach—which, for my taste, doesn't fit too well, but Jug injects all the feeling that is his into this one. The details are heart-touching to this writer—and the whole solo is detail; there is no low spot (in points of emotion). Wess' flute is top quality, and Watkins' bass line is good when it is audible.

Water is the type of Ammons I like to hear. He's a musical economist. Nothing is wasted. It's rather difficult to comment on the track's high points, for it's nearly all on the same level, dynamically speaking . . . high for now. Do I hear some

Wess tenor near the last two or three choruses? It's hard to draw a line between the solos. Smith's organ chorus is all right. This is the old battle royal between two tenors of the same era.

Talk of Town has Jug playing the first chorus of melody with bits of improvisation in between; then there is a change of key, a last eight of melody with a short double-diminished cadenza on the end. For Jug, three stars. (K.D.)

Wild Bill Davis-Johnny Hodges

CON-SOUL SAX—RCA Victor 3393: *On the Sunny Side of the Street; On Green Dolphin Street; Lil' Darlin'; Con-Soul and Sax; The Jeep Is Jumpin'; I'm Beginning to See the Light; Sophisticated Lady; Drop Me Off in Harlem; No One; Johnny Come Lately.*

Personnel: Hodges, alto saxophone; Davis, organ; Dickie Thompson, Mundell Lowe, guitars; George Duvivier or Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

There may have been a time when it seemed that Hodges had reached a plateau and was, deservedly, satisfied with having perfected and polished a unique style—to the point where one had ceased to look to him for surprises, other than that constant surprise that perfection offers.

If proof should be needed that this impression was false, this record yields it in abundance. Hodges remains himself, of course (and who would wish it otherwise?), but his work is full of freshness, youthful invention, and surprise. It will suffice to please even those not enamored of the electric organ, though Davis is one of that instrument's most musical practitioners.

The music on this record is delightfully unforced and easygoing. There are familiar and not so familiar pieces from the world of Ellingtonia (of which *Harlem* is one of the most welcome), standards, and two originals.

Of the latter, the title tune is a straightforward blues. But *No One*, a collaboration between Hodges and Mercer Ellington, is a lovely tune and, as Stanley Dance's notes point out, made to order for a good lyric. Hodges, a master of time, is superbly relaxed on this. For another sample of how to place notes in the rhythmic stream, listen to his statement of the melody on *Light*.

Hodges' re-creation of the difficult bridge to *Lady* is worth the price of the album in itself, a pointed lesson in how much can still be done within the framework of melody, harmony, sound, and economy.

The rhythm sections are, needless to say, equipped to do the job, and Thompson, a very original player, offers several good solos, including a chorded one on *Sunny Side*. Davis, though a bit bombastic at times, swings and comps very well. He seems to stimulate Hodges, and for that alone he deserves our gratitude. (D.M.)

Eric Dolphy

ERIC DOLPHY IN EUROPE, VOL. II—Prestige 7350: *Don't Blame Me; The Way You Look Tonight; Miss Ann; Laura.*

Personnel: Dolphy, alto saxophone, flute; Bent Axen, piano; Erik Moseholm, bass; Jorn Elniff, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This album does not, of course, represent the stage of musical thinking at which Dolphy had arrived in 1964, when he died. These tracks were recorded in Copenhagen, Denmark, in September, 1961.

Though some may prefer the later Dolphy, there is no question that his playing here provides very substantial listening.

Dolphy uses alto on three tunes and flute on one (*Don't Blame Me*). This flute excursion is perhaps the most conventional of all the performances in the sense that it does not employ many "new thing" ideas; it is played fairly straight with considerable sensitivity. Dolphy's sound is full, resonant, and, in places, hauntingly beautiful.

Dolphy's alto sorties are more adventurous, more varied in terms of sound texture. Indeed, he seems to have a firm command of tonal control, varying from a deep resonance in the lower register to high, reedy yawps. For the most part, he uses these sound variations very skillfully; at least, few seem out of place.

There is also in his playing that sense of adventurousness that marks the superior musician, the introduction of the unexpected that not only surprises but also usually fits in with the basic direction of the solo. Personally, I have not been as impressed as some commentators by Dolphy's compositional powers—the art of improvising an extended structure from a number of nascent ideas—but his work here shows that he is no mediocrity.

Look Tonight follows *Don't Blame Me*, and Dolphy really ups the pace. It is breakneck and muscle-taxing, but the altoist, looking toward avant-garde territory, isn't fazed. Axen, though, seems to feel the heat. At least, he lays out for several measures when he should, to these ears anyway, have been comping.

Dolphy makes *Laura* a new experience. His avant-gardish interpretation never loses the essence of the girl herself, and he is not above some humor, as when he slips in a quote from *Pop Goes the Weasel* while stating the main theme; still, it does not seem incongruous.

The primary drawback in the performances is that there doesn't seem much rapport between Dolphy and his associates. The altoist almost sounds like a stranger among them. Guest status with a house or local trio may turn out well if all have a similar orientation; but such is not the case here. Axen, Moseholm, and Elniff function in a more traditional, conventional milieu; Dolphy is looking down another road. (D.N.)

Bunky Green

TESTIFYIN' TIME—Argo 753: *Testifyin' Time; Silver Dollar; Tamra; On Green Dolphin Street; Tweedlee Dee; My Ship; Orbit Six; When the Sun Comes Out.*

Personnel: Walter Strickland, trumpet; Green, alto saxophone; James Mayer, tenor and baritone saxophones; Billy Wallace, piano; Cleveland Eaton, bass; Marshall Thompson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Green has a clean, smooth tone and a fluent manner of filling out his lines with a multinoted attack that adds to the rhythmic strength of his playing.

He and Wallace, a pianist who is equally propulsive but in a more economical, percussive fashion, are the only soloists on these pieces, but, between them, they sustain things quite well.

On the balladic *Tamra*, Green reveals an interesting manner of floating through a melody with an attack that is busy,

like his up-tempo work, but at the same time suggests some of the lushness of Johnny Hodges.

This is a swinging group in general, although on *Ship*, taken at a plodding tempo, Green has to drag the piece along by its heels with his singing projection.

(J.S.W.)

Dave Grusin

KALEIDOSCOPE—Columbia 2344: *Kaleidoscope; Love Letters; Straight, No Chaser; What's This?; Inez; Stella by Starlight; Gozwell; Blue Monk.*

Personnel: Thad Jones, trumpet; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Grusin, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Larry Rosen, drums.

Rating: ★★

This album contains competent jazz by good musicians with easy command of all the right gestures and motions, but it's a disappointing session for those who know the potentials of Jones, Foster, and Cranshaw.

Except for Cranshaw, who plays splendidly throughout, no one here seems to try very hard. I suppose Grusin put in a lot of effort, but what comes out is music played by just another reasonably well-equipped jazz pianist.

The most successful (and longest) tracks are *Chaser* and *Monk*, on which Foster and Jones sound at least a bit emotionally involved. The highlight of the LP was almost the trumpet solo on *Monk*, which began provocatively, but Jones spoiled it by wandering into a set of obvious double-time runs.

Despite the uneventful tone of the date, there are several warm tenor solos, moments that are pleasing as sort of casual, but not flabby, jazz. Occasionally there is in Foster's work some of the kind of lithe-ness and authority I remember hearing in Sonny Rollins' early performances.

This personnel should have produced more.

(R.B.H.)

Jon Hendricks

JON HENDRICKS RECORDED IN PERSON AT THE TRIDENT—Smash 27069 and 67069: *This Could Be the Start of Something; Watermelon Man; Old Folks; Gimme That Wine; One Rose; Cloudburst; Shiny Silk Stockings; Yeh! Yeh!; I Wonder What's Become of Sally?; Stockholm Sweetin'; Jon's Mumbles.*

Personnel: Noel Lewkes, tenor saxophone; Flip Nunez, piano; Fred Marshall, bass; Jerry Granelli, drums; Hendricks, vocals.

Rating: ★★

Hendricks has a lot of things going for him—an unusually winning personality, great good spirit and charm, a magnificent feeling for rhythm, and a remarkable skill for fitting lyrics to complex instrumental lines.

Singing, however, is not one of his strong points, even though he was a vital element in the successful days of the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross (or Bavan) trio. Vocally, he has to strain for almost everything—a difficulty that quickly becomes tiresome on a disc that is primarily made up of vocal work. He can get away with it to some extent on such essentially rhythmic tunes as *Stockings* and even, by the skill of his phrasing, on a straight ballad such as *Sally* (although he overdoes the ending).

But that leaves a great deal that he cannot sustain, as he shows in this collection. Nor is he helped by his choice of material—such banal ballads as *Folks* and

Rose, the repetitious monotony of *Yeh* and *Wine*, or the tongue-twisting lyrics of *Cloudburst* (which are completely lost in rapidity). Still, Hendricks' dauntless high spirits brighten even these unfortunate efforts.

(J.S.W.)

Earl Hines

GRAND REUNION—Limelight 82020 and 86020: *Portraits of Fats Waller (Keepin' Out of Mischief Now; Two Sleepy People; Ain't Misbehavin'; Jitterbug Waltz; Squeeze Me; Honey-suckle Rose); C-Jam Blues; Broadway Medley (Baubles, Bangles, and Beads; Tea for Two); Sunday; Rosetta.*

Personnel: Roy Eldridge, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Hines, piano; George Tucker, bass; Oliver Jackson Jr., drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

UP TO DATE WITH EARL HINES—RCA Victor 3380: *Linger Awhile; Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams; It's a Pity to Say Goodnight; I've Got the World on a String; Sunday; It Had to Be You; A Cottage for Sale; Father's Freeway; The Man with the Horn; But Not for Me; Everything Depends on You; The Hour of Parting.*

Personnel: Ray Nance, cornet, violin; Budd Johnson, soprano, tenor, and baritone saxophones; Hines, piano; Aaron Bell, bass; Jimmie Crawford, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

For years no really good Hines record was issued, and it seemed that one of the most important jazz figures would remain in semiobscurity. Then came the widely acclaimed Little Theater concert in New York City last year. It took the record industry about a year to get going, but now, with the issuance of these two, there are five very good new Hines albums, plus one reissue LP, available—all of them released in the last four or five months. There is a surface similarity between these two latest LPs, since both have guest horn men; but the records are basically different.

The *Limelight* was recorded during a Hines engagement at New York's Village Vanguard, and it contains remarkably virile piano playing. The RCA Victor was done in a studio, and though Hines' work is not as overwhelmingly strong as it is on the *Limelight* release, it is more subtle and structured. Of the two, I found the *Limelight* a more moving record.

The two *Limelight* medleys (done by Hines, Tucker, and Jackson) have some magnificent Hines—*Honeysuckle* among the Waller tunes and *Tea for Two* in the *Broadway Medley*.

Hines plays the first chorus of *Honeysuckle* out of tempo, using some thick-textured substitute chords to good advantage; when he goes into tempo his almost-unbelievable sense of time allows him to pull off daringly complex rhythmic displacements. Something of the same sort, but more so, occurs on *Tea* (which he plays a couple of different ways before getting down to business at a fast tempo). This version of *Tea* is the most stunning performance he has recorded since his rediscovery.

Eldridge is featured on *Sunday* and turns in a very good, inventive performance; he uses fluegelhorn on this track, and the large horn seems to curb some of the wildness that too often bursts forth from his trumpet. Hines does not solo but offers some driving accompaniment.

Hawkins is in fairly good form on *Rosetta* and takes most of the solo room. Hines, though, plays a sparkling solo between Hawkins' turns.

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Both horn men are on *C-Jam*, but it is the album's weakest track. Nobody seems to have much to say, and the performance lasts too long.

None of the RCA Victor tracks, however, is overlong; all except *Had to Be You* run less than four minutes. The performances are more concise, and graceful, than those at the Vanguard, but some of the guts heard in the in-person performance is absent in the studio.

Johnson plays on *Linger*, *String*, *Had to Be You*, *Cottage*, *Freeway*, and *Depends*. His tenor solo on *Had to Be You* is his best work in the album, though his baritone on *Cottage* and lilting soprano on *Freeway* are delightful too. All his playing has a slight Lester Young cast to it that is quite appealing.

Nance plays cornet on *Horn* (just melody) and *Sunday* (a good muted solo, much in the manner of Eldridge) and violin on *Goodnight* and *Parting*. Nance is most imaginative when he plays violin; his sensuous, though sometimes smirking, solos on *Goodnight* and *Parting* are among the album's highlights.

Hines is best on *Wrap Your Troubles*, *Goodnight*, *Freeway*, and *But Not*; however, all his solos are quite well done, even though he's playing with a banked rather than a blazing fire. (D. DeM.)

Paul Horn

CYCLE—RCA Victor 3386: *Greensleeves*; *Chim Chim Cheree*; *Cycle*; *Shadows No. 1*; *Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo*; *In the Bag*; *Patterns*; *Shadows No. 2*.

Personnel: Horn, alto saxophone, flute; John Turnbull, James Thompson, bagpipes; Michael Lang, piano; Lynn Blessing, vibraharp; Bill Plummer, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums.

Rating: ★★

Horn seems concerned with producing exotic effects, and that's what this LP abounds with—effects; there's darned little substance. Relatively unusual (for jazz) meters are employed; pipers play on *Greensleeves* and *In the Bag*; *Shadows* is a quasi-Indian piece. All this leads to an album full of froth.

I can't be sure what his intentions were, but Horn may have mistaken novelty for creative innovation. It's one thing to push jazz boundaries forward from within, as Ornette Coleman has done, and quite another to graft obvious, and sometimes distorted, characteristics from other forms onto jazz. In fairness to Horn, it should be mentioned that *Patterns* is a delightful, pastoral piece.

Regarding Horn's improvising—I've heard him solo fairly well in the past, but he doesn't get off the ground here.

His playing, most of which is on flute, is overly romantic. He produces a warm, pretty sonority, but his melodic ideas are far from fresh (he works at getting a Middle Eastern sound, and many of his licks sound as if they're derived from John Coltrane), and he throws them together haphazardly. In addition, he uses trills so often that he sometimes runs the device into the ground.

However, this quintet has a fine rhythm team. Goodwin is an economical drummer, capable of varying the volume and coloration of his accompaniment with a good deal of subtlety.

Plummer plays countermelodies and rhythms in the section rather than laying

down a steady beat. He's got a big tone and fine technique. His *Cheree* solo work, which contains some judiciously placed bent tones, is the highlight of the album. He builds with short, sometimes repeated figures, having more in common as a soloist with Wilbur Ware than with bassists favoring a more hornlike style. (H.P.)

Willis Jackson

JACKSON'S ACTION!—Prestige 7348: *Jackson's Action*; *A Lot of Livin' to Do*; *I Wish You Love*; *Monkey Hips*; *A'w Right—Do It!*; *Five Samba*.

Personnel: Frank Robinson, trumpet; Jackson, tenor saxophone; Carl Wilson, organ; Pat Azzara, guitar; Joe Hadrick, drums.

Rating: ★★½

As one commentator has pointed out, Jackson's style is sort of a cross between a simplified hard bop and rhythm and blues.

His playing—and the group's—has an infectious rhythmic quality that, as the liner notes assert, makes it eminently danceable; however, if one is not dancing but concentrating solely on the music, he will not find much in the way of originality here.

The album was recorded live at an unidentified club, and the tunes are introduced by an unidentified emcee.

Jackson himself takes most of the solo action, though Robinson and Azzara check in with a couple of extended contributions. Robinson opens the cliché bag wide on *Livin'*, but Azzara (whom the emcee calls Martino) interprets *Love* simply and tenderly.

Wilson, perhaps because he isn't the leader, is about the least intrusive organist I've heard. At times, the listener is almost unaware of his presence.

Jackson's program offers a little something for everyone, from the bossa nova *Livin'* to the straight, gutty blowing of *Action*. Perhaps Jackson's most interesting solo is his *Hips* venture. He flows along freely and loosely, building logically, feelingly from beginning to end. His rhythm support is almost hypnotic.

In all, enjoyable, easy listening but nothing really gripping. (D.N.)

Jackie McLean

IT'S TIME—Blue Note 4179: *Cancellation*; *Das' Dat*; *It's Time*; *Revillot*; *Sunff*; *Truth*.

Personnel: Charles Tolliver, trumpet; McLean, alto saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Often the best things in McLean's albums have come from his playmates, whom he selects with considerable care. This date is no exception and attains a fair measure of distinction as a result of a splendid rhythm section, ignited by the gifted Hancock and the masterly Haynes. The record is of special interest, too, as an introduction to Tolliver, a promising young trumpet player.

The Hancock-McBee-Haynes team works beautifully here, particularly in the more "free" numbers, such as *Cancellation*.

There is in Hancock's solo lines and accompaniment an extraordinary maturity that gives more than the momentary pleasure one finds in the playing of many excited but still unfinished "new thing" musicians. However free the structure, Hancock brings

order, depth, and musical rightness to his solos.

Haynes is marvelous—always supple and driving but never overwhelming. He supports the other players, rather than trying to lead them by the nose into his own pastures. Though he has roots in the bop era, Haynes seems to be in the musical world of such contemporaries as Alan Dawson and Tony Williams. Bless him.

Tolliver needs seasoning, but his clean, Clifford Brown-like conception and the ease with which he improvises thoughtfully in either traditional or "free" frameworks suggests the budding of a first-class jazzman. His composed lines—*Cancellation*, *Revillot*, and *Truth*—are better than McLean's, and, like Hancock, he shows a concern for well-planned cadences that add up to more than mere strings of facile phrases.

McLean gets by mostly on vigor and dedication. His unlovely, raw-edged sound conveys a certain urgency, but he strikes this listener as an improviser with serious limitations. Even when his ideas flow with some logic, there is about them the scent of warmed-over stew. Though his solos here are graciously short, most of them are laced with clichés and obvious saxophone "licks."

Through the work of players like McLean we can see that, in some respects, the "new thing" movement is no different from bop or swing or even New Orleans jazz. The second-liners will eventually run the ideas of the innovators into the ground, and then everyone, McLean included, will just have to wait for a new Charlie Parker or Ornette Coleman to come along and show the way out. (R.B.H.)

Sonny Rollins

THE STANDARD ROLLINS—RCA Victor 3355: *Autumn Nocturne*; *Night and Day*; *Love Letters*; *My One and Only Love*; *Three Little Words*; *Travelin' Light*; *I'll Be Seeing You*; *My Ship*; *It Could Happen to You*; *Long Ago and Far Away*.

Personnel: Rollins, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Bob Cranshaw or Dave Izenzon and Teddy Smith, basses; Mickey Roker or Stu Martin, drums.

Rating: ★★

This is a strange record. It's made up, in great part, of snatches and pieces of performances that fade out after a few minutes. It may be that this was all RCA Victor was able to glean from several Rollins sessions and decided to issue the record anyway, since the company has a sizable investment in the tenor saxophonist.

Still, this is a disappointing record, not only because of its incomplete performances but also because Rollins is, in most instances, below par. The best Rollins solos are on *Only Love* (a complete performance) and *Long Ago* (one chorus of excellent tenor saxophone). He also begins well in *Letters* but stops in midchorus.

There are other moments of good Rollins, particularly when he bends the melody into intriguing shapes, but he most often seems to be a man searching for something unclear in his mind, a man unable to decide what to do.

Most tracks are by Rollins, Cranshaw, and Roker. Hall is added to the trio on *Letters*, *Ship*, and *Long Ago*; Hancock

replaces Hall on *Only Love* and *Happen*. Both Hall and Hancock are present on *Travelin'*, which has two bassists, Izenzon playing arco and Smith playing pizzicato.

Rollins uses the arco bass effectively on *Travelin'*, and at one point his tenor sounds like a cello, making a fetching combination of sounds with Izenzon's bass. But Rollins gropes in his improvisation, and again, the track fades out.

Rollins attempts some sonic effects on *Happen*; he evidently moved his horn in different directions as he played a repeated phrase. (Listening on earphones, one can get slightly dizzy as he does this.)

With all its drawbacks, this material might better have been left unissued. (D.DeM.)

Various Artists

THE BE-BOP ERA—RCA Victor 519: *Allen's Alley* (Coleman Hawkins All-Stars); *Mutton Leg* (Illinois Jacquet Nonet); *Boppin' the Blues* (Lucky Thompson Octet); *Epistrophy*, *52nd Street Theme*, *Op-bop Sh-bam*, *Royal Roost* (Kenny Clarke Nonet); *Ha* (Charlie Ventura Septet); *Overtime*, *Victory Ball* (Metronome All-Stars); *Rat Race* (Count Basie Octet); *Ou!*, *Op-pop-a-da*, *Stay on It*, *Cool Breeze*, *Jump Diddle Ba* (Dizzy Gillespie Band).

Rating: ★★★★★

RCA Victor owns a relatively small number of bop sides, but among them are some classics. Many of these have been out of print for years, but, happily, some are included on this excellent reissue in the Vintage series.

Allen's Alley, by a Coleman Hawkins group, features the up-tempo work of altoist Pete Brown and tenorist Allen Eager. Eager's graceful, well-paced, and relaxed powerful work is, for me, the highlight of the track. The tenor saxophonists in Woody Herman's Four Brothers sax section may have attracted more attention, but none of them could outswing Eager. Brown acquits himself well, too, displaying a bop influence in his rhythmic ideas.

Mutton Leg has a technically astonishing trombone solo by J. J. Johnson. Illinois Jacquet contributes some good strong tenor work, though he sometimes exceeds the bounds of good taste.

Boppin' the Blues is a gem of a track. Dodo Marmorosa opens the solo section with a beautifully constructed piano solo. Benny Carter's sinuous alto playing is full of interesting turns of phrase. Guitarist Barney Kessel and trumpeter Neal Hefti take very good solos, and Lucky Thompson's tenor choruses are superb; he builds irresistibly, reaching climax after climax.

The Kenny Clarke selections are highlighted by the brilliant playing of pianist Bud Powell and trumpeter Fats Navarro. Sonny Stitt does a good job on alto; in 1946 he wasn't as forceful an improviser as he is today, but his tone had a softer, more plaintive quality. There's also solid, gutty tenor work by Ray Abrams (it's reminiscent of Gene Ammons or Dexter Gordon) and fine Johnny Collins guitar on *Royal Roost*, though his style at that time was derivative, owing a great deal to Navarro. The arrangements on the Clarke tracks are well done; note particularly the startlingly dissonant background behind Stitt on *52nd Street*.

Ha is a happy thing by Charlie Ventura's fine combo; the theme is scat-sung. Trum-

peter Conte Candoli, at the top of his game around 1949 when this track was cut, has a very short solo, but it's idea-filled and quite tasteful. Ventura contributes some good, jumping tenor work. When not grandstanding, he's a more-than-competent musician. Bennie Green takes a lazy, nicely built trombone solo, and Dave McKenna provides a brief, incisive piano spot.

Both *Overtime*, based on *Love Me or Leave Me*, and *Victory Ball*, based on *'S Wonderful*, are more than four minutes long; they may very well be the finest records ever made by the Metronome All-Stars. Among the highlights:

Charlie Parker's dancing, incredibly imaginative alto solos; pianist Lennie

Tristano's dazzling, still far-out improvisation; the contrapuntal passages of Tristano and guitarist Billy Bauer; and the wild trumpet battle on *Overtime*.

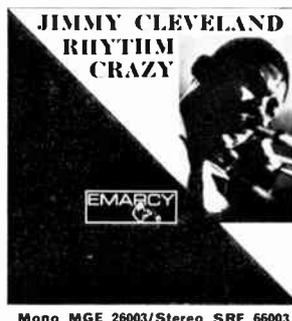
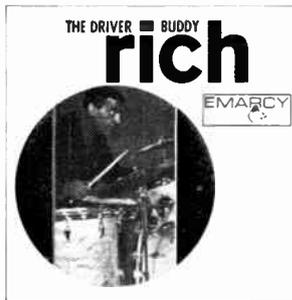
Basie's *Rat Race* features a good tenor chase by Gene Ammons and Georgie Auld. Both play in a virile, Lester Youngish manner.

Better Dizzy Gillespie selections, in a few cases, could have been made. *Jumpin' with Symphony Sid*, for example, is a better Gillespie big-band track than any of the five included here. Too much space on several of the tracks is taken up by the clever but not especially important scatting by Gillespie and vocalist Joe Carroll. But this is not to say that these selections are uninteresting. All of them contain brilliant

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trumpet playing by Gillespie and wonderfully frenetic ensemble passages.

If you like bop, this is for you. (H.P.)

Various Artists

GREAT MOMENTS IN JAZZ—RCA Victor 3369: *Sweet Georgia Brown*; *Tin Roof Blues*; *Stars Fell on Alabama*; *I've Found a New Baby*; *At the Jazz Band Ball*; *Isle of Capri*; *Relaxin' at the Touro*; *Sister Kate*; *Royal Garden Blues*; *I'm in the Mood for Love*; *Big Noise from Winnetka*; *Stealin' Apples*.

Collective personnel: Max Kaminsky, Wingy Manone, Muggsy Spanier, or Joe Thomas, trumpet; Georg Brunis or Lou McGarity, trombone; Edmond Hall or Peanuts Hucko, clarinet; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; George Wein, piano; Bob Haggart or Slam Stewart, bass; Buzzy Drootin, Jo Jones, or George Wettling, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Recorded at the 1964 Newport Jazz Festival's tribute to traditional jazz, this album captures some of the highlights of

that happy event. Though the moments aren't always "great," they are consistently warm and enthusiastic, and listening to this record is a thoroughly enjoyable experience.

The outstanding performers are clarinetist Hall, who rides through *Georgia Brown* with crackling drive and high spirits, backed by Wein, Stewart, and Jones; tenorist Freeman, who plays *Baby* (for perhaps the 1,000th time) as if he had just discovered it; trombonist McGarity, who turns *Alabama* into a soulful tribute to Jack Teagarden; and drummer Drootin, who cooks and drives on every track on which he is present.

Trumpeter Thomas' *Love* would have been a masterpiece if he had been given

the chance to warm up. As it stands, his playing, though halting at times, shows the beautiful tone and lucid conception that make him one of the greatest (and most unsung) trumpeters in jazz.

Jazz Band Ball features the splendid teamwork of Kaminsky, Freeman, Hucko, and McGarity, while *Royal Garden* has a front line of Spanier, Hall, and Brunis paced by Wettling's solid drumming. Kaminsky's *Tin Roof* is played with bite and crisp articulation. Spanier's *Touro*, a fine blues, shows that the cornetist was not in the best of health at the time, but his sincerity of feeling more than makes up for the fluffs.

Manone clowns through his old specialty, *Capri*, showing that he hasn't lost his ability to take command of a musical situation. Brunis, also a noted jazz humorist, gives out with his inimitable vocal on *Sister Kate* and contributes masterly tailgating and breaks to *Royal Garden*. More fun is provided by Haggart and Drootin on the former's *Winnetka* specialty—greater kicks to see than to hear.

Wein, who took the place of ailing Joe Sullivan as the evening's piano workhorse, contributes fine support and several excellent solos, notably on *Georgia Brown* and *Apples*. The latter, a feature for Hucko, swings up a storm in the best Benny Goodman tradition.

It is a pity that this kind of jazz is neglected by most record firms these days. This music has a message of affirmation and joy of life that should be more than welcome in today's problematic world, and the amazing durability of sexagenarians like Hall and Brunis ought to be an inspiration to all lovers of jazz. (D.M.)

Mal Waldron-John Coltrane

THE DEALERS—Status 8316: *Blue Calypso*; *Falling in Love with Love*; *Dealin' No. 1*; *Wheelin' No. 1*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2—Bill Hardman, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Waldron, piano; Julian Euell, bass; Art Taylor, drums. Tracks 3, 4—Paul Quinichette, Coltrane, tenor saxophones; Frank Wess, tenor saxophone, flute; Waldron; Doug Watkins, bass; Taylor.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Coltrane, Waldron, and Taylor are the common factors holding this disparate set together. It consists of leftovers from two Prestige albums issued in 1958: the first two numbers date from a session that was released originally as *Mal-2* (Prestige 7111); the other two are from a date that was released under Wess' name as *Wheelin' & Dealin'* (Prestige 7131). To the best of my knowledge, none of the four numbers here has been issued before; they evidently are unreleased or alternate takes from the sets originally issued seven years ago.

It's not difficult to surmise why they were not brought out at that time; the takes that were used are superior to these, which have a tentative, unfinished air about them and are often sloppy.

The Hardman-McLean-Coltrane performances are very rough, loose, poorly organized run-downs.

Hardman apparently was having a tough day in the studio. His solos never get anywhere; though they start off brightly in a modified Clifford Brown manner, they often disintegrate into blind alleys and a series of effects for effects' sake.

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There is little or no continuity.

Coltrane, though in the early stages of the style he was to discard as a cocoon for his later development, plays well here—that is, strongly for the most part, though there is a tentative air about some of his playing. But it does have fire and drive, and he more than holds his own with McLean, who plays with assurance and swagger in all of his appearances.

In the final analysis, however, little of any moment or consequence develops in the course of these two pieces, which might serve future jazz historians by allowing them to look into the exercise books of Coltrane and McLean to see what they crossed out, erased, and discarded in their move to artistic maturity.

The two numbers featuring Wess, Quinichette, and Coltrane are a bit more finished and quite a bit more rewarding in terms of musical achievement. Chief among the reasons for their success is the playing of Wess (on tenor and flute) and Quinichette, both veterans of the jazz wars and fully professional communicators.

Quinichette plays with a great deal of warmth and taste, with occasional nods in the direction of Coleman Hawkins and Don Byas in his solos. Wess is likewise impressive on tenor, and his flute forays are tasteful and full of capering grace. The two men play some strong, full-blooded jazz, and seem to inspire the younger Coltrane to more coherent playing than on performances with McLean.

Waldron also seems jarred out of the uninspired rut into which his work with the Hardman-McLean-Coltrane combine had settled, and he has a number of frisky, Bud Powell-inspired moments on *Wheelin'* and *Dealin'*.

The album hardly contains any deathless or crucially essential jazz, but its low price should make it attractive to budget-minded collectors. (P.W.)

Fats Waller

FATS WALLER: '34/35—RCA Victor 516: *Don't Let It Bother You*; *If It Isn't Love*; *Serenade for a Wealthy Widow*; *Blue Black Bottom*; *Mandy*; *You've Been Taking Lessons in Love*; *Numb Fumblin'*; *Dust Off That Old Pianna*; *Somebody Stole My Gal*; *Breakin' the Ice*; *I Ain't Got Nobody*; *Goin' About*; *Dinah*; *Whose Honey Are You?*; *Blue Because of You*; *12th Street Rag*.

Collective personnel: Herman Autrey, Bill Coleman, trumpets; Floyd O'Brien, trombone; Mezz Mezzrow, Rudy Powell, clarinets; Gene Sedic, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Waller, piano, vocals; Al Casey, James Smith, guitars; Billy Taylor, Charles Turner, bass; Arnold Bolden, Harry Dial, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Waller was one of the most remarkable figures in jazz history. He combined outstanding musical gifts—both as a pianist and a composer—with a superb talent for showmanship, and he had the rare ability to communicate his music and his personality through the medium of phonograph records. Within the restrictions of the three-minute 78-rpm disc, Waller combined the spontaneity of his great good humor with an amazing sense of form and timing, and there is hardly one of the nearly 500 sides he recorded with his fine little band between 1934 and 1943 that does not bear the stamp of his genius for living and music.

Three Waller LPs have been in the RCA

Victor catalog for some years; now this album—first in a projected series on the company's Vintage label—has happily been added to the store of available Waller material.

The album's title is a bit misleading, since the three solo piano tracks (*Fumblin'*, *Bottom*, *About*) stem from 1927 and 1929. But the remaining material dates from Waller's first year of recording with his "Rhythm," and to all of it—jazz standards, pop tunes of the day, and novelties—he brings his unique charm and vitality.

Two of the piano solos—*Bottom* and *About*—will be of special interest to Wallerites, since they are released here for the first time. *Bottom*, with its several distinct strains, is as close to ragtime as anything Waller recorded, and *About* opens with a passage that will fascinate admirers of Jelly Roll Morton, though Waller's rhythm, of course, was far ahead of Morton's rather static beat. *Fumblin'* is a classic; one of Waller's finest early solos, a marvelously relaxed blues.

On the band tracks, Waller the singer and entertainer sometimes takes precedence over Waller the pianist. Yet there is not one track that does not contain a sterling piano passage or two. Most notable, perhaps, is the chorus on *Dinah*—an invention that has no relationship to the original melody. *Twelfth Street* gives more than a hint of where Count Basie comes from, as does the opening of the solo on *Ice*. And then there is the first chorus on *If It Isn't Love*... one could cite them all.

As a band pianist, Waller had no peers. His left hand was a rhythm section in itself; his enthusiasm inspired the other players; and his accompaniment was ideal (hear him behind Autrey's solo on *Gal*).

Waller's singing was a delight. No matter how banal or inane the lyrics he had to work with, he found in them a source for satire or burlesque (though he could also sing a song "straight" and make it work). His take-off on operatic excess on *If It Isn't* is hilarious, and on *Mandy* he offers some insane scatting that is high comedy.

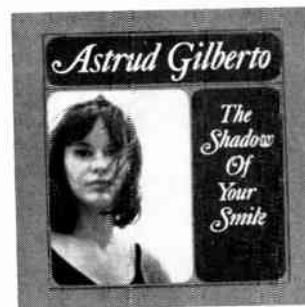
Though Waller dominates these performances, the work of the sidemen shouldn't be overlooked. Autrey, still active today, is an excellent trumpeter with good range and many facets of expression. His growl plunger work on *Widow* is original; his open horn on *Dinah* is inspired; and on *Pianna* he is in an authentic Louis Armstrong groove. Coleman, who appears on two tracks mainly in a supporting role, is a sensitive and inventive player. O'Brien's trombone stands out on *Widow*, in which Mezzrow is reminiscent of Pee Wee Russell. Casey's short solos are gems, and his section work is perfect. Taylor, one of the best bassists of the day, is especially good on *Bother*.

Most of the clarinet work is contributed by Powell, better known these days as an alto saxophonist. The album's discography lists Sedic for *Gal*, *Dinah*, *Blue* and *Rag*, but the clarinet work, reedy and with a light growl, is unmistakably Powell. Sedic is heard on clarinet only behind the vocal on *If It Isn't*, but his meaty, booting tenor shines on *Bother* and *Ice* and is very

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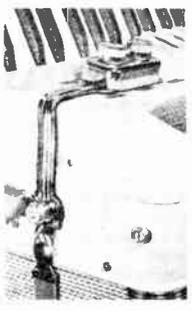
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much in a Chu Berry vein.
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since these records were made, but there
are things that stand the test of time, and
the art of Fats Waller is one of them. It
contains, in generous measure, the true
spirit and heart of jazz and will never
cease to bring joy and pleasure to those
who listen with open ears. (D.M.)

BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

- Recordings reviewed in this issue:
- Various Artists, *Bluebird Blues* (RCA
Victor 518)
Rating: ★★★★★
- Various Artists, *Country Blues Classics,
Vol. 1* (Blues Classics 5)
Rating: ★★★★★
- Various Artists, *Country Blues Classics,
Vol. 2* (Blues Classics 6)
Rating: ★★★★★½

One of the most significant aspects of
the folk-music revival has been the crea-
tion of a stable, hard-core audience for
the traditional blues. This, in turn, has
enabled a number of enterprising small
blues labels to issue valuable collections
of blues reissues. With eight reissue LPs,
the Origin Jazz Library series is perhaps
the most notable venture in this direction
thus far, though it is being seriously
challenged by the West Coast reissue
operation Blues Classics, distributed by
Chris Strachwitz' Arhoolie label, with six
exemplary sets now available.

Now RCA Victor has entered the re-
issue field with an interesting compilation
of blues recorded on its Bluebird sub-
sidiary, which for all practical purposes
operated from 1933 to 1946. (It might be
pointed out, ironically, that RCA Victor's
European affiliates have successfully op-
erated blues reissue programs on an intel-
ligent and enlightened basis for a number
of years now.)

The Bluebird set, issued in RCA Victor's
Vintage series, was compiled and annotated
by Lawrence Cohn, and it contains a
number of truly welcome items, most
notably the selections by Willie McTell
(his *Searching the Desert for the Blues* is
really delightful), Poor (Big) Joe Wil-
liams (with a raw, vigorous *Wild Cow
Blues*, on which his thick, crooning sing-
ing is magnificently accompanied by his
own guitar, a swooping one-string fiddle,
and washboard), the original Sonny Boy
Williamson, the fine Mississippi singers
Tommy McClennan and Big Boy Crudup,
and the Tennessee singer-poet Sleepy John
Estes.

Among the selections by these artists
(two each) are some excellent country-
blues performances, but the numbers by
Tampa Red and Lonnie Johnson—despite
the importance of these men to the de-
velopment of city blues—I found of decided
minor appeal.

Cohn has selected representative per-

formances by the artists chosen for pres-
entation, and his notes are informed and
readable, but one wonders why the set was
assembled as it was. Certainly a much
more valuable and representative (if the
producers really wanted to issue "a survey
of the vast expanse of material released
on Bluebird") album would have had
single performances by 16 performers
rather than two each by eight. It is to
be hoped—since this album concentrates
solely on the later Bluebird operation—
that RCA Victor will reissue older
material from the parent label, with such
country artists as Frank Stokes, Bessie
Tucker, Furry Lewis, Ishman Bracey, Jim
Jackson, Memphis Minnie, the Memphis
Jug Band, included. Perhaps if this cur-
rent set is successful, we might be graced
with further collections of one or more
important artists in each LP from the
extensive Victor vaults.

An idea of what can be done in blues
reissue sets is evidenced in the two vol-
umes of *Country Blues Classics* Strachwitz
has compiled. Each is stunning, and the
survey of artists and styles is broad and
illuminating. Most important is the span
of time represented by the recordings—
from 1928 through the mid-1950s—for it
vividly charts the continuing existence of
the older, rural blues styles. In such per-
formances as Johnny Shines' *Ramblin'*,
John Lee's *Blind's Blues*, Dan Pickett's
Baby, How Long?, Monroe Moe Jackson's
Go 'Way from My Door, and Bobo
Jenkins' *Democrat Blues*—all recorded in
the early and mid-1950s—we have a series
of selections that are all of a piece, in
spirit and style, with the numbers from
the late 1920s. The old styles have not
completely passed, you see; there is some
sort of a continuum.

The quality of the performances in both
albums is high, and any number of selec-
tions might be singled out for special
mention, but I prefer the two Frank
Stokes-Dan Sane guitar duets, *Downtown
Blues* and *Nobody's Business If I Do*;
Willie Baker's gripping delta singing and
guitar work on *No, No Blues*; John Lee's
Blind's Blues; Joe and Charlie McCoy's
Evil Devil Woman; the intriguing *Southern
Casey Jones* by singer-pianist Jesse James;
Robert Wilkins' *Dirty Deal Blues*; and
Tommy Bradley's *Window Pane Blues*,
with James Cole's slashing fiddle (all in
Vol. 1). In Vol. 2, I liked best Big Joe
Williams' *I'm Getting Wild About Her*,
Frank Edwards' *We Got to Get Together*
and *Terraplane Blues*, Bayless Rose's bot-
tleneck instrumental *Frisco Blues*, Shines'
Ramblin', and Pinetop Slim's *Applejack
Boogie*.

Strachwitz has supplied recording data—
when possible—for each of the selections
in the sets. The only thing lacking is
detailed and informative notes indicating
the bases for the selection of items and
the placing of them in proper historical
and stylistic perspective.

The next column will deal with the
Memphis Minnie, Sonny Boy Williamson,
and Kokomo Arnold-Peetie Wheatstraw
reissue sets on Blues Classics. Blues
Classics albums are obtainable from P.O.
Box 5073, Berkeley, Calif.

BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER



Rex Stewart

As any *Down Beat* reader knows, one of the most agreeable developments in recent months has been the emergence of Rex Stewart as a writer. His by-line, seen several times in these pages, will also appear shortly in *Playboy* magazine.

For anyone who has known Stewart through the years as the articulate man he is, and as one of those fortunate persons with a near-total recall, his new career should not have come as a surprise. The real surprise is that in all his 44 years as a professional musician (including a decade with the Duke Ellington Orchestra from 1934 to 1944), nobody had ever before asked him to write.

A third career has occupied his time in the last couple of years. Approached by KNOB in Los Angeles to pilot a disc jockey show, he taped a series that went on the air in 1962 and has been a popular daily local feature since.

As a cornetist, Stewart scored a memorable hit with *Boy Meets Horn*, which he co-composed with Duke Ellington and recorded with Ellington in 1938. It featured one of the most imitated devices in jazz, the half-valve squeezed-tone sound.

This *Blindfold Test* was Stewart's first since March 16, 1961. He received no prior information about the records played.

1. Maynard Ferguson. **I Believe to My Soul** (from *The Blues Roar*, Mainstream). Ferguson, trumpet; Charlie Mariano, alto saxophone; Richard Davis, bass; Ray Charles, composer; Mike Abene, arranger.

Well, it was quite interesting. It was certainly a capital idea. I heard excellent bass presence. I didn't care for the echo-chamber effect; I can imagine how they did it with sections sitting in various parts of the room, recorded from different vantage points. That kind of made it synthetic.

I think one of the tenor saxophones in the section was flat. The intonation of the alto soloist left something to be desired too. I have no idea who these people were, but they were—well, enjoyable. That's about all I can say. Two stars.

2. Duke Ellington. **Fly Me to the Moon** (from *Ellington '65*, Reprise). Cootie Williams, trumpet; Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, arrangers.

Of course, that was my band. I think it was a good arrangement, but I am sorry they didn't change keys on it. To me, that sounded like one of those things they just slapped together on the date. The trombones could have been cleaner on those bottom notes; in the beginning, around the 15th bar, they had a bass-note passage there—but I don't want to get too technical.

The reeds were beautiful, as usual. And I feel like I've arrived, because Cootie Williams did a half-valve note or two. I remember a few years ago we did an album together, and we had a chase chorus where we were exchanging four bars. And I was the most surprised person in the world when Cootie echoed what I did, half-valve. Because even though I'd played with Cootie ever since the Fletcher Henderson days, I never knew that he picked up on that sound. I don't know whether he did it as a gag or what, but it sure was a delightful surprise. . . .

Gee, those guys that so resented my joining Ellington, way back when—I wonder how they feel now (*laughs*) . . . Let's give this three. With Ellington's imaginative approach, he can do any tune he chooses, and it comes off just as well as he wants it to.

Unfortunately, he doesn't always have the same good fortune in things that he sets out to create, some of the older things that he really put a lot of time into, like *Black, Brown, and Beige*.

3. Earl Hines. **Father Steps In** (from *The Grand Terrace Band*, RCA Victor). Budd Johnson, arranger, alto saxophone; Ed Simms, first trumpet solo; Walter Fuller, second trumpet solo. Recorded in 1939.

Now there's one that threw me. It was interesting from the standpoint of nostalgia. That was either—well, two bands come to mind: Andy Kirk, and the Savoy Sultans. But with Kirk you would have had some Mary Lou Williams piano in there; and if it had been the Sultans, you would have had Rudy Williams playing that alto solo; and it wasn't Rudy.

I'm almost willing to bet that this was a New York trumpet player, because he played a lot of the clichés that I used to play back in that era. It couldn't have been Ward Pinkett because there was too much drive for Ward.

Let's give it three stars for effort and nostalgia. The arrangement sounds dated.

4. Al Hirt. **Goin' to Chicago** (from *Al Hirt at Carnegie Hall*, RCA Victor). Hirt, trumpet.

I'm pretty sure that was Al Hirt. I must confess that I do find it regrettable that a man can be blessed with such a great talent and such poor taste at the same time.

Here was a man on the horns of a dilemma. He was trying to convey a blues feeling, but with such definite overtones of conformity, in tonal approach . . . It just didn't come off. So let's give it 2½ stars, because he's still in the process of being built up.

5. Lee Morgan. **Gary's Notebook** (from *The Sidewinder*, Blue Note). Morgan, trumpet, composer; Barry Harris, piano; Billy Higgins, drums.

That's a most infectious, very well-written tune. I liked the performance too; it was truly representative of what's happening today. I have no idea who the trumpet was, but I sure liked his work. Could it have been Blue Mitchell?

I let's give a star to the trumpet player,

and one to the drummer, and one to the piano, plus a star for the tune; that's a total of four—and because I like the whole thing, let's give it five.

6. Clark Terry. **In a Mist** (from *The Happy Horns of Clark Terry*, Impulse). Terry, fluegelhorn; Bix Beiderbecke, composer; Bob Hammer, arranger.

That was a most delightful surprise. I guess I'm particularly pleased because that was a tune written by a very dear friend of mine. Bix Beiderbecke wrote that, and we were more than just friends. Let's say we were drinking buddies—at the Graystone in Detroit and the Roseland in New York; we used to always seek each other out.

I don't think I've ever heard *In a Mist* played better. At one place it sounded like a fluegelhorn; then I think the guy changed to trumpet. It puts me in mind of the kind of tone that Joe Wilder would have. And then again, it might have been my other good buddy, Clark Terry. I'm not sure.

Is there anything we could give a record that would be *more* than five stars? Let's say five stars plus, with a profound bow of thanks for something very, very musical. Wonderful treatment, wonderful arrangement. We need more stuff like that.

7. Sonny Rollins. **52nd Street Theme** (from *Now's the Time!*, RCA). Thad Jones, cornet; Rollins, tenor saxophone; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums; Thelonious Monk, composer.

Are they kidding? . . . I liked the drummer and the bass player. What was the name of that tune—one of Dizzy's tunes, isn't it?

You know, I didn't realize that they had those kind of bands on Mars. The trumpet player was very . . . ah . . . inspired. Of course, I can't go any further than that.

The tenor player reminds me of myself when I used to play tenor. Yes, I used to play tenor sax, and I sounded like this; that's why I gave it up.

Why don't we give it two stars—no, let's make 2½, because presumably they got paid. Was this a session at somebody's home or something? 

BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

"He doesn't communicate with his audience," goes the dictum. But a legitimate part of the task of a truly innovative musician may be to create a new audience, and an insightful musician may well know it.

Or, again: "the music doesn't communicate," goes the pronouncement when the reviewer may actually be copping out—when he will not or cannot face the sometimes difficult task of real criticism.

Or: "ya gotta communicate!" may be the callous manager's invitation to his client to indulge in some sort of esthetic dishonesty—in short, to sell out.

"Communication" is a slippery proposition. The word has become a part of the inflated jargon not only of our teachers colleges and our schools of journalism but also of philistine critics, a word such men may use to pound the noggin of an original artist.

But within the term communication lies a perfectly valid idea that has nothing to do with false compromise or with selling out. To convey that idea and avoid wrong connotations, let's abandon "communication" and borrow the actor's term "projection."

There are performers in every field for whom the business of projection, of communicating feeling and form outwardly, to an audience, is difficult, an ability that needs to be acquired.

It has long seemed to me that an introspective and even introverted artist like John Lewis had to struggle to get his valid musical emotion to turn outward, toward his listeners. Similarly, I think, Miles Davis. And similarly Bill Evans, whose wealth of musical experience sometimes has seemed stated privately, and, therefore, sometimes makes one dig hard—harder perhaps than a player has a right to ask his listeners to dig.

But assume one has got past the difficult task—difficult for some—of learning to project his feelings and ideas to an audience. He may still be faced with the perhaps more difficult task on his first record date of projecting to a recording apparatus. Or on his second record date. Or his third.

To some people, playing to a microphone comes naturally, to be sure, just as to some, wailing to an audience comes naturally. But not to all, and one hears new LPs by young performers that don't come off, often for the reason that the young performer hasn't found a way of letting that microphone hear what he has to say.

But suppose a player does learn to talk to that electronic gadgetry and suppose the recording engineer does get it all on tape. That still may not be all. For a number of "live" tapes can turn into dead LPs.

I was once present during the rather complex production of an LP that involved tricky multiple recording by a single musician. Each track sounded good while the musician was playing it in the studio. Then, each track sounded good as the engineer played it back off the tape. And as the engineer put the various tape tracks together and played them again, the music still sounded good.

"Fine!" we all said.

But then came a test pressing of the



LP, and somewhere along the line, in the transfer of tape to disc, and in the several mechanical intermediate steps that are involved, the life had gone out of the music.

Another example: there was a recent jazz concert by a pianist, which was a really uplifting experience for everyone who heard it. It was recorded "live" onstage. And the resulting LP somehow sounds depressingly flat. Oh, all the music is there if you dig it out. But the vitality and impact that caught up everyone present in the hall somehow is not.

Sometimes re-recording is at fault. Someone decides that the bass player was miked a little too close and that he comes through a little too loudly and that it will be a good idea to re-record the tapes and dampen the bass. Or maybe the bass player just didn't play very well and someone tries to tone him down. But in the process, everything may get toned down with him.

From one cause or another, the life sometimes does go out of originally well-taped music as it moves from tape to disc. And I know a few musicians who are so acutely aware of this possibility that they try to be present every step of the way, sitting alongside the engineers, who are sometimes co-operative and understanding or who sometimes need to be coaxed, cajoled, begged—whatever will work.

Note (not necessarily connected with

the foregoing): I would like to disclaim the final paragraph in the liner notes to *Solo Monk* on Columbia CL 2349/CS 9149. What I wrote was, "Monk is a jazzman, surely, and a great jazzman. But he is a rare artist for any music." What appears on the liner seems to me trite, banal, silly, and, under the surface, insulting to Monk and to jazz. 

SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

I was, of course, pleased by Leonard Feather's appraisal of my novel for young readers, *Jazz Country*, in the July 15 *Down Beat*. Since he and several other reviewers have speculated about the actual figures on whom some of my characters may be based, I expect I ought to indicate for the record who—at least consciously—I was thinking of as those characters took shape.

Moses Godfrey is formed on The-lonious Monk only in a few externals—the dancing during a set, the refusal to waste time in shallow conversations or with those whose sense of language is imprecise. But Godfrey is much more voluble than Monk on even one of the latter's more conversational days. And Godfrey's interests are less insular. There is some of Charles Mingus in Moses Godfrey and much of what I feel to be the spirit of Dizzy Gillespie. And some of what I remember of Frankie Newton.

He is a composite; and in him, I suppose, are fragmentary impressions of scores of other musicians I've known. And if he and the book last more than this season, perhaps he has something of himself.

Veronica in *Jazz Country* does indeed, as Leonard saw, have resemblances to the Baroness Pannonica De Koenigswarter. But here, too, I began with what I recalled as the aura of the baroness—her warmth and candor. The particulars of Veronica's conversations in the book have no conscious relationship in my mind to any of the talks I used to have with the baroness (I distilled some of those "real-life" conversations in an article on her in *Esquire* a few years ago). The baroness is a much more complex and absorbing person than is Veronica, and I hope she writes her autobiography.

As for the 16-year-old telling the story, "One wonders," Leonard writes, "how much of Tom Curtis is Nat Hentoff."

Consciously, very little. My growing up on the outskirts of jazz took place a quarter of a century ago in a markedly different climate than today's. (I wrote of it in part in an introduction

to *The Jazz Life*.) Tom is a composite of some of today's high-school youngsters I've talked to—not those already in one or another "movement" or variously hip but those who have been relatively sheltered and are just beginning to find out how many worlds within worlds there can be in any city.

Leonard also wondered why I had made "such an unpleasant character of Irving Weston, a bearded jazz critic. (Hentoff's middle name is Irving.)"

Well, maybe Leonard detects a degree of masochism of which I'm unaware. I hadn't intended Irving Weston as a self-portrait, but perhaps it is in part. In drawing the character, I was trying to think like a musician, and I know how some musicians see some critics. Actually, he's a caricature. He appears only briefly and was intended to be of little interest in himself but rather as a foil for Godfrey.

Insofar as some read *Jazz Country* as a roman à clef, I've given you all the clues I can. Oh, yes—the grim character of George Dudley. Leonard asks if there could be any of Cannonball Adderley in him? No. That's not Cannonball. Cannonball, who is one of the most rewarding and resourceful conversationalists I know, would indeed be a provocative base for a character in a novel. A character who affirms life. A yea-sayer. George Dudley is not.

A couple of reviewers observed accurately that I hardly gave a comprehensive view of the jazz life. The book has no sex and no junk and only some of the rapacious business practices that are not unknown in the jazz world.

Since this was my first novel, I wanted to concentrate on just a few themes. Like getting secure in one tempo before speeding it up. Now I'm working on an "adult" novel. Some of it is about jazz, but most of it has to do with other urban scenes, many of them smoldering and a few of them more dangerous than that.

So far the reviews of *Jazz Country* have been generally quite generous. But all I've seen have been by adults. I am most curious about younger people who may read it. It is at best presumptuous—and at worst foolish—for a man of 40 to try to see any part of the world the way a teenager might.

I'd be grateful if any younger reader of *Jazz Country* feels like taking the time to let me know what he or she thought. Be as caustic as you like. The answers, in what they reveal of how some of the young see today's jazz scene, may be worth passing on to other more-or-less adults. If they are, I'll put them in one of the columns. You can write me at 25 Fifth Ave., New York City, 10003. 

FEATHER LIFE

(Continued from page 21)

and as a representative of the *Amsterdam News*, I had met a number of British Negroes, including a minority of musicians. My reaction to the level of British Negro jazz was made clear in a column written in 1938 for a new U.S. publication, *Swing Magazine*:

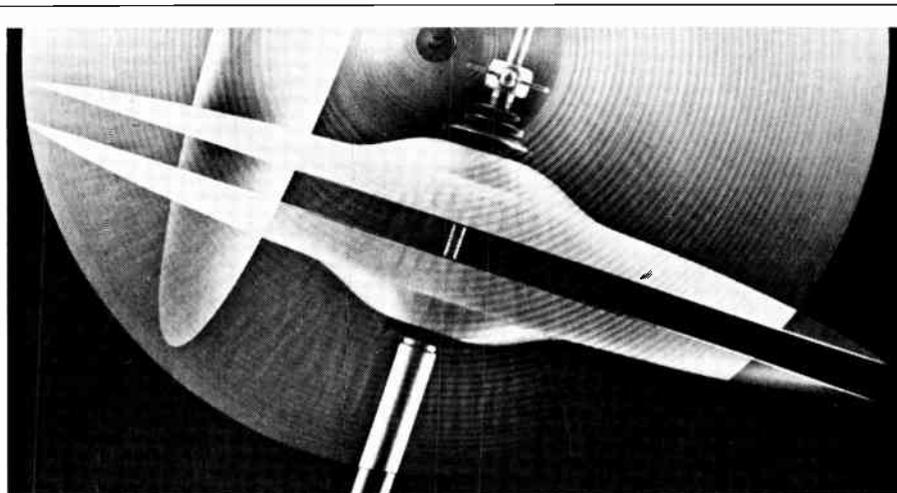
"The only colored band in England today is run by Ken (Snakehips) Johnson, a young dancer born in British Guiana, who was in the States a couple of years ago, dancing with Fletcher Henderson's stage-band show. Last year he toured the West Indies rounding up talent for an all-British Negro band, and the difficulties he had in finding men seemed to prove that the instinct for swing music is something natively American (regardless of color) rather than natively Negro, for the British colored musicians, with few exceptions, have absolutely no sense of swing."

The exceptions included Bertie King and David Wilkins. King, a Jamaican, played tenor saxophone and clarinet on Miss Carlisle's London session and with a combo I put together for a few English gigs and record dates under the name Ye Old English Swynge Band (our *raison d'être* was a reper-

toire of English folk songs). King, a quiet-mannered, inhibited young man with a gentle West Indian accent, was also in the Dutch summer band with Benny Carter. He played as if a few months' encouragement in the right milieu, around Lenox and 140th St., would have turned him into a first-rate jazzman.

Wilkins was perhaps the only trumpet player in all England who rose above that patronizing good-for-an-Englishman level to find a fluent, eloquent voice of his own. His easy legato sound adorned my Fats Waller and Una Mae Carlisle record dates in London. He never had any other exposure of consequence on records. A few years later his one steady job, with Snakehips Johnson's band, was to collapse in the tragic air raid that destroyed the Cafe de Paris and took Johnson's life.

Lesser talents who happened to be in the right place (New Orleans or New York) to get the right publicity (from critics who rambled on about them endlessly in the first jazz history books) have been assured of a niche in jazz history, while the Dave Wilkinses of yesterday and even today go through life undocumented and forgotten. Jazz is like that, because jazz imitates (or even is) art, and art imitates life. 



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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 22)

inevitably spring from jam sessions, the music produced was consistently exciting, for Hodes and Burke are highly original jazzmen, whose differing conceptions, rather than clashing, seemed to be sources of mutual stimulation.

Hodes' presence on the jazz scene for so many years has caused him to be taken for granted. He is one of the few genuine eccentrics in pre-modern jazz piano—one might justifiably call him the Thelonious Monk of Dixieland. His accompaniment, for example, is a grab-bag of approaches. Within a tune he might

play four-to-the-bar, switch to modern "broken" comping, dig in with a lusty shuffle rhythm, or break into quarter-note triplets or a haunting tremolo, somehow maintaining a sense of appropriateness, even of inevitability, throughout.

His solos, too, carry an unmistakably personal stamp. His right hand will titillate the farthest end of the keyboard while his left stretches out in search of a darkly contrasting bass line. His choruses are animated by bop licks, rococo rhythmic configurations, and arrestingly syncopated left-hand accents.

All of this seemed fine with Burke, who is accustomed to the most conservative of pianists. Burke's economical solo lines, which make most effective use of spacing

his ideas, were quite compatible with Hodes' busy style, and on *Sleepy Time Gal* the rapport was so pleasing that Hodes burst into a lilting duet on Burke's second chorus.

Only on *Mandy, Make up Your Mind* and *Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?* did Hodes' modern voicings and relatively complex rhythms disturb Burke. Most often, the clarinetist was moved to a fluency and plasticity that is quite uncommon to him. He excelled on standards like *Lazy River, At Sundown*, and *Basin Street Blues*. And on the blues, which Burke has always played superbly, Hodes' spontaneity spurred Burke to his best playing of the session.

Burke's handling of the lower register was also impressive. He has a striking manner of beginning a chorus in the upper register—perhaps with a piercing blue note or a single incisive accent—and then moving down to a rich, mellow chalumeau. Again, Burke showed his ability to sustain the quality of his lower register by playing a full chalumeau chorus on *Wolverine Blues*.

Hodes played three solo features—*Grandpa's Spells, Chicago*, and *Maryland, My Maryland. Spells*, a Jelly Roll Morton rag, was attacked with a two-fisted vigor that drew deserved applause. Hodes tore into *Chicago* with similar gusto but failed to attain the fire of the colorful *Spells*. *Maryland* was a crowd-pleaser, but it showed less of Hodes' improvisational skills than did the other solos, since it leaned on a rather self-conscious gimmick in which he played melody with one hand and the familiar countermelody with the other.

Bassist Mangiapane and drummer King furnished a solid background throughout the concert. King deserves mention as a rare phenomenon—a highly creative traditional drummer-accompanist. Instead of forcing the library of drearily predictable Dixieland contrasts and climaxes on the band, he constantly listens to the instrumentalists and responds sensitively and flexibly to the musical environment that evolves from the group. He strikes a natural, tasteful balance between snare drum and cymbals, and he is one of the few remaining woodblock artists in the Baby Dodds tradition. In fact, the freedom of his playing is reminiscent of Dodds, for he avoids the rigid role-playing of the revivalists, the tedious slickness of most Dixieland drummers, and the rawness of lesser traditional drummers.

King's solos lack the imagination of his ensemble playing, but reportedly he had been away from music since leaving New Orleans more than 10 years ago and has only become active again in recent months. The contagious honesty of his style can only be a boon to the New Orleans jazz scene.

The jazz club has promised to bring in musicians from other areas for concerts with local artists. The Hodes-Burke session proves that such combinations can be musically rewarding and that traditional jazz can indeed be played with conviction and inventiveness by jazzmen outside of the hallowed grounds of Preservation Hall.

—Charles Suhor



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Ethel Ennis

The Scene, Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: Jack Wilson, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Milt Turner, drums; Miss Ennis, vocals.

The joy of hearing and watching Miss Ennis is enhanced when it is realized how skillfully she alternates between the commercially desirable image that makes promotion-wise RCA Victor happy and the impish, yet sophisticated, humor of the jazz-oriented singer that livens and lifts an intimate lounge.

When she was making the Scene here, she inherited the Wilson trio, a compatible combo. Together, they added new life to the slick arrangements from her albums. But more important, they displayed a rapport that made their excursions into jazz vocalizing rewarding—often exciting.

Miss Ennis is blessed with a rangy soprano, impeccable intonation, flawless breathing, instinctive timing, a tone that projects with almost vibratoless clarity, and a sense of humor that knows when to assert itself.

With a standard such as *I Only Have Eyes for You*, she just swung unabashedly. With the tempo a little more moderate on *The Boy from Ipanema*, she returned to light-hearted humor she finds difficult to resist.

Next she shifted the mood radically with a pair of ballads: *But Beautiful* (the title could serve as a fair critique), and a deliciously slow 3/4 version of *Some Day My Prince Will Come*.

Miss Ennis is still getting a great deal of mileage out of her imitations.

On the night of review, she showed her uncanny ability to change vibratos from the pinched, thin quality of Billie Holiday (*God Bless the Child*) to the velvety opulence of Sarah Vaughan (*Poor Butterfly*). Her mime is a lot surer than her piano playing. She unseated Wilson for one number as she accompanied herself on *Big City*.

For an up-tempo set-closer, Miss Ennis used *Auf Wiederseh'n*.

On this number, depending on her mood, she can let loose with a volley of choruses or else, if the spirit moves her, become as silly as a schoolgirl, using falsetto the way a comedian would make use of slapstick. But either way, she never forgets to cook.

Miss Ennis deserves to be heard and seen more. Equally important, she deserves better recordings. —Harvey Siders

Ella Fitzgerald

Melodyland, Anaheim, Calif.

Personnel: Miss Fitzgerald, vocals; Nelson Riddle Orchestra; Tommy Flanagan Trio; Wild Bill Davis Trio.

Miss Fitzgerald is without peer in the art of jazz singing. There is no other vocal swinger on the scene who has her uncanny sense of time or her flawless intonation. Nor can anyone goose a combo, push a whole band, or generate as much excitement as she.

These were the elements on display at Melodyland, where for one week she headlined a straight-ahead jazz package in a

theater-in-the-round setting, singing alternately with the Riddle band and the Flanagan trio. (The Davis combo was featured in an uninspiring and unnecessary solo segment.)

Riddle also enjoyed a solo spot, and while his arrangements politely synco-pated, the highlight belonged to the Candeloli brothers, Pete and Conte, who engaged in a rare trumpet duel on *Fascinating Rhythm*.

The competitive aspect added much to the intensity of the solos, and from the view of adding up points, elder brother Pete taught Conte a few things about pyrotechnics while exchanging eights.

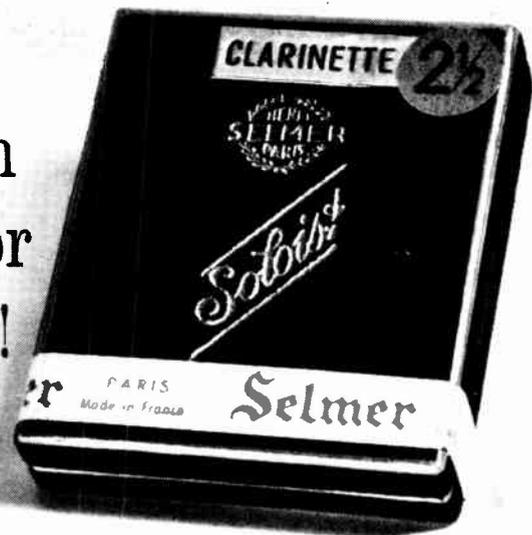
But the evening was Miss Fitzgerald's, and she taught her wrap-around audience

a few things about the discipline of improvising. She also answered her faint-praise detractors concerning her ability to project warmth and understanding on lyrics.

Those two qualities came through with particular eloquence on *Manhattan*. Taken at a medium bounce, she lavished much love on Larry Hart's witty couplets and tricky internal rhymes. Another fine tribute was reserved for Duke Ellington as she floated through *Do Nothing 'Til You Hear from Me*, lamented through *Mood Indigo*, and streaked through *It Don't Mean a Thing*.

Exuding the same old energy beneath a new blond wig, Miss Fitzgerald kept cupping her left ear to compensate for the
(Continued on following page)

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dismal acoustics on the circular stage.

For the audience, however, the sound was more than adequate, and her amazing range was heard to good advantage on some fine old tunes: *Sometimes I'm Happy* (which segued smartly into *I Want to Be Happy*); *Old Black Magic* (with the Billy Daniels tags); a funky version of *St. Louis Blues*; a groovy, non-bossa nova *Boy from Ipanema*; and, inevitably, *Mack the Knife*.

By way of ballads, Miss Fitzgerald particularly caressed *I Can't Get Started* and *The Man I Love*. She wasted no time with chatter between tunes; she just sang and put on a magnificent exhibition.

Ella Fitzgerald is still larynx and pharynx above all competition.

—Harvey Siders

Duke Ellington-New York Philharmonic Orchestra

Philharmonic Hall, New York City

Personnel: Ellington, conductor, piano soloist, narrator; New York Philharmonic, Lukas Foss, conductor; Leonard Rose, cello; John Lamb, bass; Louie Bellson, drums.

The concluding concert in the New York Philharmonic's French-American Festival was devoted to several world premieres, outstanding among which was Ellington's *The Golden Broom and the Green Apple*, a suite in three "stanzas" scored for symphony orchestra with jazz bass and drums.

A charming, lively work filled with melodic invention, the suite proved that the famous Ellington sound is capable of translation into symphonic terms. Even the strings (particularly the cellos) swung when required, and the Philharmonic's first-rate woodwinds handled the Ellingtonian colors with skill and grace. Only the trumpet solo in the second movement had a distinctly legitimate sound, though it was beautifully played.

The first movement, a delicate waltz, was meant to describe, according to the composer's program notes, "the beautiful rich city witch," while the second, a medium blues, is dedicated to "the poverty-strick' country chick." The final portion, a bright, swinging, marchlike piece with Bellson's drums in a prominent role, is titled *The Handsome Traffic Policeman*.

But this was not program music, and one suspects that Ellington's commentary was written with customary tongue in cheek. This was the kind of music that one immediately wishes to hear again and is perhaps Ellington's most valid and accomplished symphonic work. It should rapidly find a permanent place in the concert repertoire, though other conductors might be less successful in bringing it to full life than was the composer.

As a bonus, Ellington offered his 1944 *New World A'Coming*, in which he was piano soloist. A rhapsodic, rather sentimental piece, it is really a piano solo with orchestral accompaniment and not nearly as interesting as *Broom*.

Ellington also appeared as narrator in Aaron Copland's *Preamble for a Solemn Occasion*, written for the 10th anniversary of the United Nations' Declaration of Human Rights, an excerpt from which furnished the text. It was read by Elling-

ton with dignity and warmth. The performance was dedicated to the memory of Adlai Stevenson.

Also premiered on the program was Charles Wuorinen's *Orchestral and Electronic Exchanges*, combining tape recording with live orchestral performance. The electronic portions of the music would make a fine background score for a horror film, while the brisk orchestral passages, surprisingly tonal, emphasized percussion and brass. If nothing else, it proved that symphony trumpeters can't growl nearly as well as jazzmen, but on



JOE ALPER

Ellington

Charming, lively, full of melodic invention

the whole it seemed a rather sterile, though entertaining, piece of music.

A short work by Charles Ives, *From the Steeples and the Mountains*, composed in 1901 but performed here for the first time, opened the concert. Dissonant and brassy, it featured two prepared pianos to imitate the sound of chimes called for in the score. It is a bold and astonishingly "modern" piece of music.

William Schuman's *Fantasy for Cello and Orchestra: "A Song of Orpheus,"* which is basically a set of theme and variations, rounded out the program. A pleasant, well-crafted piece, it was brilliantly performed by cellist Rose.

—Dan Morgenstern

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

Two recent thought-provoking statements have relevance to the stage-band program and to the philosophy regarding the approach to and content of educational jazz programs.

The first came from a highly recognized New York professional conductor who had attended the dress rehearsal of a high-school stage band in preparation for a concert. He said he sensed a certain attitude among the students, nothing he could put his finger on, nothing expressed in so many words, but an attitude that said "artificiality," a contrived situation that the students were not really buying.

In other words, they were not really feeling or accepting the swing style of music that seemed to be imposed on them by the director. They co-operated, they played well, but they didn't really seem to put themselves completely into the music.

The second remark came from a college band director who felt rather strongly that the usual program presented in a jazz concert by the college and high-school stage band missed the boat to some extent because the programs leaned too heavily on modern compositions and did not program historically significant jazz compositions. He compared this to a concert band or orchestra programming nothing but contemporary works and neglecting significant works from the past.

Both comments bear upon a similar issue. Since music must involve emotions and feelings to be valid, can and should we program music that is supposedly out of touch with modern youth? Can the average student of 1965 relate to big-band jazz since he is so frequently indoctrinated and saturated with current forms of rock and roll? Does the modern student really like and relate to big-band jazz, or does he play it and take part in our stage bands to please us directors? Does he play this music because we tell him that he should and that this is what he should like? Is he really convinced of the music's value? Is it even possible for him to communicate with this music?

It is my opinion that the average instrumentalist today, whether in high school or college, can really be taught to appreciate big-band jazz, can really be made to relate to this form of music if it is presented properly.

It is rather self-evident that he is going to associate more with rock and roll, since this is the sound of the environment he is growing in. At the same time, unless his school stage band

is properly taught, unless there is some emotion in the music, he is not going to become involved in or committed to it.

Unfortunately, many current stage-band programs fail to generate this emotion or involvement, which is still a valid expression of feeling in a rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic area for students in 1965. This is a criticism that can be leveled with equal justification against our concert-band programs too.

Students can be quickly educated and elevated to an appreciation of jazz. They can be quickly lifted from the elemental approach of heavy rhythm and repetitious harmony to a more intellectual appreciation of improvisation and the impact of big-band ensemble.

We must beware of the artificial atmosphere that will remain sterile and emotionally and intellectually desultory. We must teach accurately and with inspiration if we are truly to convert the modern student. The old analogy of comparing current pop music to a comic book with its immediacy of contact and impact is still valid.

At the same time we can never deny our duty as educators to build and educate in the true sense of the word. Jazz in the modern swing idiom can be made enjoyable for our students, and they can come to relate to it as a music that is valid for them and not just an exercise we put them through because this is what we like.

With regard to the second statement we must be careful not to turn our concerts into museum pieces.

The past and a study of it is always useful and valuable, but we must remember that it is the past. The further we get away from today the more difficult it is to become emotionally involved. The vocabulary is different and the sociological conditions, etc., that gave rise to the music and were expressed in it are different. All this makes involvement difficult.

To draw a parallel with the viability of classics like Bach and Shakespeare is not altogether accurate since jazz is largely improvisational and as such is by nature more ephemeral than these works. And while not denying the value of these masterworks we must admit that they are less popular than current works because of the difficulty of relating.

Our goal must be the emotional involvement of our students. A real impact can be had for our modern students in the stage-band idiom if we teach properly and program our rehearsals and concerts with balance and care. Educational jazz is valid and can be an educationally and emotionally real experience for our students. 

In The Sept. 23 Down Beat

TEACHING JAZZ

New Answers To Old Problems

Articles By:

William Russo

Don Heckman

Dave Baker

Plus

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

Half Note on Aug. 29. Blues singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** joins the group on the weekend.

TORONTO: Jazz returned to the Stratford Shakespearean Festival when **Benny Goodman** appeared in a concert of classical music and jazz. During the jazz portion, Goodman was accompanied by pianist **Derek Smith** and drummer **Mousey Alexander** (bassist **Al Ferrari** missed his plane), but the highlight of the program was Goodman's performance of **Bela Bartok's Contrasts for Violin, Clarinet, and Piano**, which he had commissioned the composer to write for him in 1938. **Oscar Shumsky**, violin, and **Mario Bernardi**, piano, accompanied him in this work. **Mozart's Quintet in A for Clarinet and Strings** also was on the program, which attracted a capacity audience and was considered the best this season . . . Toronto night clubs have kept up a busy schedule this summer. **Buck Clayton's** band (with tenorist **Buddy Tate**) was back at the Colonial for three weeks, with altoist **Earle Warren** and trumpeter **Emmett Berry** slated to return in August. Trumpeter **Roy Eldridge**, pianist **Wynton Kelly**, and saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** had one-week dates at the Town, where a downstairs go-go room, featuring **Don Thompson's** trio, is attracting full houses . . . **Duke Ellington's** orchestra played a one-nighter in Bala in the Muskoka district of southeastern Ontario.

BOSTON: The Lamplighter, a club in Lawrence, Mass., has been using jazz-oriented vocalists lately. Among those who have appeared in the last few weeks have been **Arthur Prysock**, **Carol Sloane**, and **Jon Hendricks**. Hendricks also broke it up recently during an appearance at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike . . . Lennie's featured **Earl Hines**, backed by drummer **Alan Dawson** and bassist **Tony Texeira**, in late July . . . The **Junior Mance Trio** (**George Tucker**, bass, and **Oliver Jackson**, drums) recently appeared at the Jazz Workshop. The pianist's group was preceded at the club by tenor saxophonist **Eddie Harris**, who was co-featured with pianist **Bobby Timmons'** trio . . . The Carousel Theater in Framingham, Mass., has been presenting concerts on Sunday evenings. Featured have been the **Louis Armstrong All-Stars**, **Duke Ellington Orchestra**, and **Dave Brubeck Quartet**. Also this season, **Cab Calloway** appeared for a week at the Carousel in a stock production of *Porgy and Bess* . . . Cape Cod, as usual, has its share of good jazz talent during the tourist season. Pianist **Dave McKenna** has been playing at the Steak Pub in Dennisport, Mass. Also in Dennisport, organist **Joe Bucci** and drummer **Neal Bernson** have been appearing at Hennessy's . . . Singer **Pat Goodwin**, backed by pianist **Bill Clemmer**, bassist **Tommy Wright**, and drummer **Eddie Polito**, is working the Rooster in Yarmouth, Mass. There are sessions on Sunday for visiting talent . . . **Jackie Stevens**,

former **Woody Herman** tenor saxophonist, is trying to revive the Crystal Room in Milford, Mass. So far, he has been there on Monday nights but hopes to increase the frequency of appearances.

PHILADELPHIA: The singing **Franklin** sisters were at Atlantic City, N.J., night clubs the same week—**Aretha** at the Club Harlem and **Erma** at Wonder Gardens with singer **Lloyd Price's** band led by **Slide Hampton** . . . Singer **Damita Jo** also was at the shore city the same week, appearing at Le Bistro. Another recent Wonder Gardens singing attraction was **Carmen McRae** . . . Trenton drummer **Tony DeNicola** took time off from his Club 50 job in New Jersey's capital city to play with saxophonist **Charlie Ventura** in Atlantic City. Ventura noted that reports of his death were highly exaggerated. The **Charles Ventura** who died recently was a New York City society writer . . . DeNicola presented trumpeter **Clark Terry** and the Ramblerny Camp stage band in concerts at the open-air Washington Crossing Theater in the New Jersey community . . . Philadelphian **Lonnie Johnson** sang for the month of July at a Toronto, Ontario, night club . . . Jazz artists playing in the Philadelphia area expect to get dates on the **Mike Douglas** television show, which is moving

to KYW-TV in Philadelphia from its Cleveland base . . . The Rev. **John Gensel** will receive the Jazz at Home Club's top award at its annual banquet in October.

PITTSBURGH: The "Come in Bermuda Shorts" jazz sessions at the Crow's Nest on Saturday afternoons have been the musical high spots in suburban Pittsburgh this summer. Overlooking the Allegheny River at Sharpsburg, the Nest's day-time informality has attracted visits from saxophonist **Jimmy Pellow**, pianist **Reid Jaynes**, and guitarist **Ron Anthony**. Trumpeter **Hershey Cohen** leads the house group, which features vocalist **Jeanie Baxter**. Cohen has started rehearsing a big band, consisting of local jazz stars who want to play together on Sunday afternoons for their own kicks . . . Late July saw an excellent **Walt Harper**-produced jazz concert in Sewickley, Pa., sponsored by the St. James Roman Catholic Church. The Harper quintet headed the bill, which included pianist **Charles Bell** and his child-prodigy drummer son, **Poogie**; the **Bobby Negri Trio**; **Ron Anthony Quintet**; and teenage saxophonist **Eric Kloss**, who has received an offer to record for Prestige records . . . Vocalist **Sandy Staley** has been appearing around town, most recently at the Hollywood Social Club.

DIDN'T THEY RAMBLE?

A HIPSTER'S QUIZ BY GARY A. SOUCIE

Some of the great (and not-so-great) little bands of the Dixieland and Chicago and New Orleans schools were known not by their leaders' names but by such colorful appellations as the Wolverines and the Friars' Society Orchestra. But as the public got hipper, some of the leaders' names displaced the corny or colorful group names in the memories of the hot jazz buffs.

Fifteen of these groups follow, along with a scrambled list of the leaders' names. Match 'em up.

If you match all 15 correctly, you earn the title of Jazz Archivist; 10-14, Grand Master of the Mouldy Figges; 5-9, Progressive Hippie; fewer than 5. . . Well, you probably don't even know that Paul Whiteman was the King of Jazz.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| A. Mound City Blue Blowers | ___ 1. Papa Laine |
| B. Original Jass All-Stars | ___ 2. Red Nichols |
| C. Olympia Band | ___ 3. Frank, Fred Assunto |
| D. Dukes of Dixieland | ___ 4. Kid Ory |
| E. Reliance Brass Band | ___ 5. Paul Mares |
| F. Jug Stompers | ___ 6. Red McKenzie |
| G. Memphis Five | ___ 7. King Oliver |
| H. Original Dixieland Jazz Band | ___ 8. Gus Cannon |
| I. Yerba Buena Jazz Band | ___ 9. Jelly Roll Morton |
| J. Hot 5 and 7 | ___ 10. Freddie Keppard |
| K. Five Pennies | ___ 11. Phil Napoleon |
| L. Dixie Syncopators | ___ 12. Franz Jackson |
| M. New Orleans Rhythm Kings | ___ 13. Lu Watters |
| N. Original Creole Jazz Band | ___ 14. Nick LaRocca |
| O. Red Hot Peppers | ___ 15. Louis Armstrong |

ANSWERS: 1-E; 2-K; 3-D; 4-N; 5-M; 6-A; 7-L; 8-F; 9-O; 10-C; 11-G; 12-B; 13-J; 14-H; 15-I.

CHICAGO: When local socialites had passed through the receiving line at the Aug. 6 Governor's Ball in suburban Oak Brook, they and Illinois Gov. **Otto Kerner** danced to the music of **Muddy Waters'** blues band. An intriguing time was had by all . . . The first concert in a series sponsored by the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians was scheduled to take place Aug. 16 at the South Shore Ballroom. The **Joseph Jarman** Quintet played the first concert. The **Artistic Heritage Ensemble**, led by **Philip Cohran**, is set to play at the second concert, also at the ballroom, on Aug. 23. The organization is made up of local musicians, composers, and vocalists; its aim is to provide a concert showcase for original music . . . Guitarist **Wes Montgomery** played with the **Wynton Kelly** Trio for a week at the Plugged Nickel recently. The **Woody Herman** Herd did a couple of nights at the Nickel early this month . . . **Stan Getz'** quartet played a free concert at Old Orchard shopping center a few days before appearing at the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival . . . **Joe Segal's** **Charlie Parker** Memorial Concert is scheduled for Aug. 29 at Mother Blues. There will be a matinee as well as an evening performance. Trumpeter **Kenny Dorham** will be starred along with **Bunky Green**, **Teri Thornton**, **Julian Priester**, and **Billy Wallace**.

INDIANAPOLIS: Trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard** returned to his home town to play at Mr. B's Lounge the first week in August . . . As part of its summer concert series, the Butler University Jordan College of Music presented a jazz program in the courtyard of Lilly Hall on the school's campus Aug. 2. The group was made up of music school students **John Dilkey**, **James Kopernak**, **John Whittemore**, **Michael Kern**, **Michael Berkowitz**, and vocalist **Ruth Baber**. It was the first jazz program the music school has sponsored in several years. The program included arrangements by **J. J. Johnson**, **Kai Winding**, **Lee Morgan**, and **Dave Baker** . . . The name of the Pink Poodle, one of the city's off-and-on jazz clubs, has been changed to Count and Eve's Chateau, after owner-bandleader **Count Fisher** and singer **Eve Rene** . . . **Peter Aceves**, blues singer from Indiana University, and **Bill Fremount**, a 12-string guitar player, performed at the 11th Hour Coffee House the weekend of July 24.

LOUISVILLE: The Sahara night club is doing good business with the combo of trombonist **Tommy Walker**. The sidemen are organist **George Dawson**, drummer **Erwin Thompson**, and vocalist **Richard Smith** . . . The Diamond Horseshoe has the new **Billy Madison** Trio, with **Madison**, organ; **Glenn Bradley**, soprano saxophone, flute; and **Dave Morgan**, drums. Featured with the group is vocalist **Faye Adams** . . . Organist **Earl Sutton's** trio is holding forth at the Julep Lounge six nights a week . . . The Golden Barrel Lounge of the Champion Bowling Lanes is blazing with the blues of the **J. Terrill** group and singer **Jimmy Pollard** . . . Pianist **Bobby Lamb's** trio has been

doing the Sunday night cooking at **Eddie Donaldson's** Shack with bassist **John Mapp** and drummer **Tommy McCullough** . . . Organist **Ezel Wright** died following a period of hospitalization . . . The **Jamie Aebersold-Everett Hoffman** Sextet will present a concert at Cathrine Spalding College on Sept. 25. The group was featured recently at an afternoon of jazz sponsored by AFM Local 11. Also at the concert was the **Bill King** Trio. The Aebersold-Hoffman sextet will be among jazz groups performing the week of Sept. 19 during the city's "Downtown Salute to the Arts."

BALTIMORE: Recent jazz activity has created work for local musicians despite the usual summer slump. Pianist **Donald Criss** moves his quartet (**Donald Best**, vibraharp; **Sterling Pointer**, bass; and **Reggie Glasgow**, drums) across town to the North End Lounge for two weeks behind vocalist **Dolores Lynn**. Pianist **Freddie Thaxton** and his trio will replace Criss at Le Coq D'Or . . . Reed man **Ricky Bauer** returns to the scene, after a three-year sabbatical, with a new quartet (pianist **Joe Clark**; bassist **Chuck Owens**; and drummer **Mac MacFadden**) playing at Martick's plus one-nighters in the

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Washington-Baltimore area . . . Pianist **Jerry Clifford** has been invited to play a series of "free-form jazz expressions" behind the Baltimore Ballet Company on Aug. 25 . . . Tenorist **Wayne Shorter**, working with drummer **Roy Haynes** during trumpeter **Miles Davis'** recent convalescence, played a concert for the Left Bank Jazz Society last month and was joined by pianist **Sam Daley** and bassist **Larry Ridley**. Tenor saxophonist **Junior Cook** and trumpeter **Blue Mitchell**, with their group, were due to play for the society the next week . . . There's much excitement over altoist **Jackie McLean** bringing a quintet in for two engagements in late August. It is the saxophonist's first appearance in the area since 1962. Trum-

peter **Charlie Tolliver** and vibraharpist **Bobby Hutcherson** were featured with **McLean** at a concert for the Left Bank Jazz Society on Aug. 22, followed by a week's stint at the North End Lounge beginning the next day . . . All-star attractions continued at the Madison Club (the LBJ society's headquarters) with the groups of tenorist **Hank Mobley** and pianist **Ellsworth Gibson** playing on succeeding weekends in mid-August . . . Altoist **Lou Donaldson's** quartet was at the North End Lounge early in August and was followed by the quintet of trumpeter **Blue Mitchell** and tenorist **Junior Cook** . . . The Blue Dog, long a folk-singer room, is initiating a jazz policy with guitarist **Eddie Stringer** leading a trio on weekends.

given top billing at the club. Including the established niteries, the number of musicians employed in the French Quarter alone reaches well over 100—the liveliest picture in the Crescent City since the closing of Storyville in 1917 . . . **Dave Brubeck** and his quartet will appear with the New Orleans Symphony Orchestra on March 15. This will mark the third consecutive year that conductor **Werner Torkanowsky** has included a jazz or jazz-tinged program in the symphonic season. Two years ago **Robert Prince's** dance suite, *Opus Jazz*, was performed. Last season **Gunther Schuller** conducted several original works. Pianist **Brubeck** will play an as-yet-undecided selection with the orchestra, and his quartet will occupy a separate part of the program . . . Trumpeter **Sharky Bonano** played for Louisiana Day festivities at the Houston, Texas, Astrodome in late July . . . The annual police benefit show at City Park stadium on Aug. 23 was to feature trumpeter **Al Hirt**, clarinetist **Pete Fountain**, and trombonist **Santo Pecora**, and numerous other jazz groups. The president of the sponsoring group, the Police Mutual Benevolent Association, is **Alois Hirt**, the bearded trumpeter's father.

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MIAMI: As a result of the energetic endeavors of clubowner **Jack Simon**, the third and fourth Sunday afternoon jazz concerts at the Back Room were a strong indication of the increased jazz activity in the Miami area. The third successful session featured **Charlie Austin**, tenor saxophone, flute; **Ira Sullivan**, trumpet and tenor and soprano saxophones; **Dolph Castellano**, piano; **Walter Bernard**, bass; and **Bill Peoples**, drums. **Medina Carney** sang. Alternating with this quintet was the duo of **Don Davis**, guitar and vocals, and **Bill Fry**, bass. Disc jockey **Alan Rock** emceed. The fourth session added the **Vince Lawrence Trio**, with **Lawrence**, piano; **Turnip Greens**, drums; **Johnny Marelli**, bass; and **Barbara Russell**, vocals . . . The **Preacher Rollo Rebel Six**, a Dixieland band, was recently featured opposite the **Six Gospel Jazz Singers** at the Wreck Bar . . . Singer **Jack Prince** has been the featured attraction at the Apache Lounge . . . Trombonist **Pee Wee Hunt** played a week at **Jack Wood's** Oceania Lounge in Fort Lauderdale. **Andy Bartha's** Deep South Dixieland Band is the resident combo there now . . . Pianist **Wally Cirillo**, formerly with **Charles Mingus**, backed up the **Four Saints** at the Tradewinds in Fort Lauderdale . . . **Ira Sullivan** moved his quartet recently into **Napoleon's Retreat** at the Roney Plaza Hotel for two weeks . . . The American Trial Lawyers convention planners have arranged for music to suit different tastes. So far scheduled are the bands of **Ralph Flanagan** and **Phil Napoleon**.

NEW ORLEANS: The trend toward more music and less stripping on Bourbon St. continues as more clubs add jazz, blues, and folk artists. The 544 Club is featuring pop-blues favorites **Clarence (Frog Man) Henry's** trio, while **Smilin' Joe (Pleasant Joseph)** is doing a single at the Court of Two Sisters. Pianist **Ronnie Barron's** blues group, with tenor saxist **Jerry Jumonville**, is currently at the El Morroco, and a bewigged rock-and-roll group led by guitarist **Roy Barris** and flanked by indefatigable fruggers is at the Mardi Gras. At the Silver Frolics, drummer **Paul Ferrara's** quartet was recently augmented by trombonist **Sam Head** and clarinetist **Hank Borrace** and

LAS VEGAS: Saxophonist **Tommy Cellie** has two new members in his group at the Mint Hotel Lounge: **John Sterling**, guitar, and **Moe Schinck**, drums . . . Trumpeter **Peter Anthony** has been signed to a long-term contract at the Nevada Club, where he is backed by **Jack Holland**, piano; **Joe Locatelli**, drums; and **Bob Massi**, bass . . . **Louis Armstrong** followed **Nancy Wilson** into the main showroom of the Riviera Hotel for a four-week stay in August. **Sarah Vaughan** recently completed four weeks in the Riviera's Starlight Lounge . . . Trumpeter **Don Ragon** is set to bring his band into the soon-to-be-completed lounge of the Fremont Hotel . . . Organist **Paul Bryant** has taken a trio into **Ruben's** supper club . . . Vibraharpist **Tommy Vig's** 19-piece band will be presented in a free concert at the Sahara Hotel on Sept. 5.

LOS ANGELES: Wall-to-wall bands will be the order of the day in September as **Woody Herman** squeezes his herd in among the bunnies at the Playboy Club on Sunset Strip. Another tight squeeze, but less hare-raising, will be **Stan Kenton's** gig at **Shelly's Manne-Hole** for 10 nights, starting Sept. 16. Owner **Manne** reports that the piano will have to come off the stand and be placed on the floor at the sacrifice of a few customers—unless **Kenton** is willing to play with the top down so listeners can sit on it . . . The combo of the late **Red Nichols** has been reorganized under the name of **Matty Matlock** and **Eddie Miller's All-Stars** . . . **Buddy DeFranco** drew good crowds when he was teamed with singer **Johnny Hartman** at the Scene; he was promptly rebooked. The clarinetist's rhythm section for his July gig comprised **Frank Strazzeri**, piano; **Bob West**, bass; and **John Guerin**, drums . . . The Direct Line,

SEPTEMBER 23rd ISSUE
DOWN BEAT'S READERS POLL BALLOT
ON SALE SEPTEMBER 9th

normally a Watusi type of spot in Hollywood, has been experimenting with jazz under a tie-in with Ed Brown of jazz radio station KNOB. In the first of a series of Monday evening concerts, singer **Helen Humes** was honored on her return here after a 10-month sojourn in Australia. Participants included singers Hartman, **Sam Fletcher**, **Lorez Alexandria**, **Miss Humes**, and a combo consisting of trumpeter **Conte Candoli**, tenorist **Curtis Amy**, vibraharpist **Teddy Edwards**, pianist **Jack Wilson**, bassist **Leroy Vinnegar**, and drummer **Milt Turner**. A second such promotion was to be held Aug. 2 to honor the **Three Sounds** . . . Trumpeter **Shorty Rogers** and vibraharpist **Terry Gibbs** wrote a special opening for **Steve Allen's** Aug. 24 opening at the Thunderbird in Las Vegas, Nev. Gibbs went along as conductor of the Thunderbird house band . . . **Don Abney**, best known as accompanist for **Ella Fitzgerald** and many other singers, is working as a music editor for Major Management in Beverly Hills . . . **Nancy Wilson** just signed a three-year agreement to work the New Sahara in Tahoe, Nev., for a month each year beginning in 1966. The singer also signed for her first European tour. She opens with a two-night engagement at the Olympia Theater in Paris Sept. 21 and 22 . . . **Ray Charles**, who recently recorded the theme from the **Lalo Schifrin**-scored film *Cincinnati Kid*, will be heard singing same behind the movie's titles . . . **Keely Smith** had a swinging group behind her for her recent Las Vegas stint at the Sands. It included vibist **Red Norvo** and tenorist **Vido Musso** . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** is due for some TV exposure come fall. She will guest on the *Bell Telephone Hour '65-'66* season debut, hosted by **Ginger Rogers**. Shortly thereafter, Miss Fitzgerald and pianist **Andre Previn** will share guest honors on one of **Andy Williams'** shows . . . The *Dean Martin Show* of Oct. 14 (already taped) will feature **Sarah Vaughan** . . . **Harry James** and **Nancy Wilson** served as "talent scouts" for two of **Art Linkletter's** shows (taped in Las Vegas) . . . **Marty Paich** will compose and conduct for an upcoming special called *Picasso of the Big Band*, to be hosted by **John Gary** . . . **Lalo Schifrin** has been inked to score a *Bob Hope Chrysler Theater* segment at Universal called *The Castaways* . . . **Paul Horn** has been signed by the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. to perform Schifrin's *Jazz Mass* on a TV special. Going from the sublime to the ridiculous (involving another type of trinity), Horn also has been signed to score a new cartoon series starring the unsinkable **Three Stooges** . . . Singers **June Christy** and **Sam Fletcher** were recent guests on **George Shearing's** TV show on Channel 13 in Los Angeles.

SOUND TRACK: In this celluloid city, square talent could lead to a "habit." Guess who beat out **Nancy Wilson** and **Barbara McNair** for one of the featured roles in MGM's *The Singing Nun*? **Leslie Uggams**, who else? . . . **Neal Hefti** has been signed to compose and conduct the score for *Lord Love a Duck* . . . MGM's **George Gershwin** epic, *Girl Crazy*, which

suddenly became *I Got Rhythm*, has undergone another title tussle. It will now be known as *When the Boys Meet the Girls*. It features **Louis Armstrong**, and it has some nonmusical scenes, too, with **Paul Anka** . . . **Quincy Jones** will compose and conduct the score for Paramount's *The Slender Thread*, which will star **Sidney Poitier**.

EUROPE: The Dutch all-star big band led by **Boy Edgar** received financial support from the Dutch government so that the group could appear at the jazz festival at Antibes, France, held late last month. It was the first time the government had supplied such aid . . . Trumpeter **Ted Curson** gave a recent concert at the Haarlem Concert Hall and was accompanied by pianist **Misja Mengelberg**, bassist **Rob Langerijs**, and drummer **Ian Bennink** . . . Among the winners in this year's Dutch Grand Gala du Disque were young pianist **Louis Van Dijk**, and U.S. saxophonist-arranger **Oliver Nelson**, whose album *More Blues and the Abstract Truth* won in the foreign-jazz category . . . The trio of **Pim Jacobs** and singer **Rita Reys** will make appearances in Lugano, Switzerland, in September . . . The recently opened Uncle Tom Club in Rotterdam was closed by the mayor, who objected to a proposed concert by the **Peter Schoey** free-jazz group to be given at the club because it would make "noise for the neighbors" . . . Altoist **Leo Wright** has been touring Germany, backed by pianist **Ton Wijnkamp**, bassist **Victor Kaihutu**, and drummer **Klaus Weiss** . . . Composer-pianist **George Russell** has changed the personnel in his sextet; the group now has **Rolf Ericson**, trumpet; **Brian Trentham**, trombone; **Borje Fredrikson**, tenor saxophone; **Roman Dylag**, bass; and **Al Heath**, drums. The sextet appeared at the Molde, Norway, Jazz Festival in early August, as did trombonist **Jimmy Cleveland**, tenorist **Booker Ervin**, trumpeter **Donald Byrd**, and drummer **Ed Thigpen**, among others.

RECORD NOTES: **Jules Kolomy** has been named a&r and promotion director of Orpheum Productions, new owners of the Riverside label . . . **Julian Lee**, an Australian composer and pianist, has been busy with several new assignments, including an album featuring baritone saxophonist **Gerry Mulligan** with strings. Mulligan has no group at the moment but plans to make several recordings for Limelight. He already has cut one date in Los Angeles featuring **Pete Jolly**, piano; **John Gray**, guitar; **Jimmy Bond**, bass; and **Hal Blaine**, drums . . . Singer **Julie London** was backed by **Gerald Wilson's** orchestra for a forthcoming Liberty album . . . **Benny Carter** has written and conducted another Capitol album for singer **Lou Rawls**.

THE OTHER SIDE: Conductor **George Szell** announced plans for the 1965-66 season of the Cleveland Orchestra, its 48th and Szell's 20th as its music director. Especially noteworthy are three pairs of concerts to be guest-conducted by

composers **Gunther Schuller**, **Aaron Copland**, and **Lukas Foss**. Each of the guests will present some of his recent works and other contemporary compositions. Performances of **Leos Janacek's** *Slavonic Mass* and **Ernest Bloch's** *Sacred Service* are also planned, with the assistance of **Robert Shaw's** 250-voice Cleveland Orchestra Chorus and noted guest soloists. The Cleveland group has become increasingly avant-garde in its programming in the last few years; among the contemporary composers whose works were performed last season were **Alban Berg**, **Leonard Bernstein**, **Benjamin Britten**, **Pierre Boulez**, **Henri Dutilleux**, **Toshiro Mayuzumi**, **Peter Menin**, **Schuller**, **Josef Suk**, and **William Walton**.

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WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

LEGEND: hb.—house band; tfn.—till further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.—weekends.

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalfe, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
Au Go Go: Oscar Brown Jr. to 9/5. Paul Butterfield, 9/7-10/3.
Baby Grand: Big Nick Nicholas, hb.
Basie's: Willie Bobo to 9/2. Sonny Payne, 9/14-10/3.
Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn): unk.
Charlie Bates: Stan Levine, Sun.
Chuck's Composite: Dick Garcia, Sy Johnson, Jack Six, tfn.
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.
Coronet (Brooklyn): Randy Weston, to 8/29.
Hank Mobley, 8/31-9/5. Jackie McLean, 9/7-12. Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Mon.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Eddie Condon's: Closed to 9/5.
Embers West: Joe Newman to 8/29. Joel Saye, hb.
Five Spot: Gloria Coleman to 8/29.
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wetling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
Half Note: Roy Eldridge, Richie Kamuca to 8/29.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson, tfn.
Himself: Norman Lester, tfn.
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Sonny Dallas, Nancy Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.
Luigi II: John Bunch, tfn.
Minton's Playhouse: name jazz groups.
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, Milt Buckner, Ross Tompkins, Harold Francis, Walter Norris, tfn.
Jimmy Ryan's: Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn.
Slug's: Walter Bishop Jr. to 8/28. Benny Powell, 8/29.
Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, Effie, tfn.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
Tommy's Andrew Hill, tfn.
Tower East: Don Payne, tfn.
Village Gate: Dizzy Gillespie to 8/28. Charles Mingus to 9/8. Ramsey Lewis, 8/31-9/5.
Village Vanguard: Charles Lloyd to 8/29.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott, tfn.
Floral Steak House: Danny-Camacho-Bill Tanneberg-Bob Purcell, tfn.
Hennessey's (Dennisport): Joe Bucci, tfn.
Inner Circle: Keith Jarrett, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: unk.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Les McCann to 8/29.
Jimmy Witherspoon, 8/30-9/5. Woody Herman, 9/6-8. Sonny Stitt-Howard McGhee, 9/13-19.
Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega, tfn.
Rooster (Yarmouth): Pat Goodwin-Bill Clemmer, tfn.
Steak Pub (Dennisport): Joe Bucci, 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: Vince Guaraldi, Bola Sete to 9/4. Charlie Byrd, 9/6-tfn.
Stouffer's: John Eaton, tfn.
XII Devils: June Norton, tfn.

BALTIMORE

Bamboo Lounge: Jimmy Knight, tfn.
Blue Dog: Eddie Stringer, wknds.
Burgundy Room: Charlie Pace, 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 Steiert, tfn.
Madison Club (Left Bank Jazz Society): name groups, Sun.
Marticks: Brad Wines, Ricky Bauer, tfn.
Moe's: Clyde Crawford, tfn.
North End: Jackie McLean to 8/29.
Playboy: Ted Hawks, tfn.
Red Fox: Earl O'Mara, tfn.
Sweeney's: The Holidays, tfn.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Back Room: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, Grachan Moncur, Bobby Chin, tfn.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carney, hb.
Hayes Lounge (Jacksonville): Bill Davis, tfn.
Mother's: Ott Brothers, Fri-Sat.
Oceania Lounge (Fort Lauderdale): Andy Bartha, hb.
Opus #1: various groups, wknds.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, Sam DeStefano, hb.

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.
Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Johnny Ellis-Tony DeNicola, tfn.
Lambertville Music Circus: 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, N.J.): Si Zentner, 8/28-9/3.
Uptown: Demon Spiro, Metronomes, tfn.

CHICAGO

Four Lakes (Lisle, Ill.): Original Salty Dogs, 9/5.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, tfn.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Art Hodes, Thur.
London House: Erroll Garner to 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.
Mother Blues: Charlie Parker, Memorial Concert
—Kenny Dorham, Teri Thornton, Bunky Green, Julian Priester, Billy Wallace, 8/29.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, wknds.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Willie Picketts, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Mose Allison to 9/12.
Robin's Nest: Jimmy Ellis, wknds.
Velvet Swing: Dukes of Dixieland, Eddy Davis.

CINCINNATI

The Blind Lemon: Cal Collins, Thur-Fri.
Bonneville: 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.

MILWAUKEE

Black Knight Lounge: Scat Johnson, tfn.
Ciro's: Bob Erickson, Fri-Sat.
Column's Room: Lou Lalli, tfn.
Dimitri's: Frank Vlasis, Thur-Sun.
English Room: Tom Marth, Fri-Sat.
Fazio's on Fifth: Dick Ruedebsch, tfn.
Green Living Room: Will Green, tfn.
Holiday House: Gene Krupa, 10/18-25. Louis Jordan, 10/29-11/6.
Music Box: Bev Dean, wknds.
Pappy's: Ron Goldschmidt to 9/4.
Sardino's Swing Club: Frank DeMiles, Fri-Sat.
The Ma's: Tom Marth, Wed., Thur., Sun. Four Star Quartet, Fri-Sat.
Tumblebrook Country Club: Zig Millonzi, tfn.

INDIANAPOLIS

Barrington Lounge: Jimmy Coe, tfn. Sessions, Thur.
Carrousel: Sheryl Shay, Tom Hensley, tfn.
Embers: Marian & Jimmy McPartland to 9/4.
Four Freshmen, 9/6-11.
Hub-Bub: various groups.
Marott Hotel Patio: Larry Liggett, Wed-Sat.
Mr. B's Lounge: various groups.
19th Hole: Pauli Rhyne, Tue-Sat.
Red Rooster: various groups.
38th St. Bar: Naptown Strugglers, wknds.

NEW ORLEANS

Al Hirt's: Cab Calloway to 8/27. Ronnie Kole, hb.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
Golliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reuay.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Hilton: Calvin Jackson, Al McKibbin, tfn.
Bill Bailey's (Encino): Pete Daily, tfn.
Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.
Caravan (Redondo Beach): South Bay Jazz Band, Fri.
Coronet Room: Dave Mackay, Sun.
Disneyland (Anaheim): Louis Armstrong, Muggsy Spanier, 9/24-25. Young Men from New Orleans, Clara Ward, tfn.
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.
It Club: unk.
Leapin' Liz': El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri-Sat.
Great Society Jazz Band, Wed., Thur., Sun.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Quartet Tres Bien to 8/29. Howard Rumsey, 8/30-9/2; 9/13-16. Cannonball Adderley, 9/3-12. Ahmad Jamal, 9/17-26.
Memory Lane: Harry Edison, tfn.
Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell, wknds.
Newporter Inn (Newport Beach): Frankie Ortega, Gloria Tracy, tfn.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, tfn.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Cliff Bryant, Kellie Green, hbs.
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Ray Bauduc, Jackie Coon, Wed-Sat.
Roaring '20s (Beverly Hills): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Royal Tuhitian (Ontario): Louis Armstrong, 8/27-9/2.
Rumbleseat (Hermosa Beach): Good Time Levee Stompers, Fri-Sat.
Salvick (Anaheim): Warren Smith, Gene Bolen, Sat.
Scene: Jimmie Rowles, Mon.
Shakey's: Nappy Lamare, Carlo Duncan, tfn.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Cal Tjader to 9/5. Gil Evans, 9/7-12. Shelly Manne, wknds. Sonny Criss, Mon.
Strawhat (Garden Grove): The Unquenchables, Thur-Sat.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Duke Ellington to 8/28. 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: Bud & Travis to 9/4. Cal Tjader, 9/6-11. David Allen, 9/13-25.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Stan Kenton alumni, Fri-Sat.
Hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.
Jazz Workshop: Cannonball Adderley to 8/29. John Coltrane, 8/31-9/12. Roland Kirk, 9/14-26.
Monterey Fairgrounds (Monterey): Monterey Jazz Festival, various artists, 9/17-19.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
Trident (Sausalito): unk.

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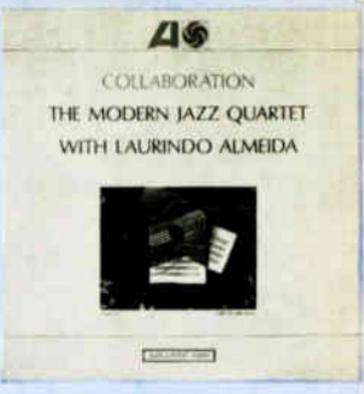
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Modern Jazz Quartet- Laurindo Almeida

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Silver; Trieste; Valeria; Fugue in A Minor; One-Note Samba; Foi a Saudade Concerto de Aranjuez.

Personnel: John Lewis, piano; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Laurindo Almeida, guitar; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

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The collaboration of Almeida with the light-rhythmed feeling of the quartet on the bossa novas (*Samba* and *Foi*) is exquisite, and Almeida is brilliant on the adagio movement of *Concierto*. (J.S.W.)

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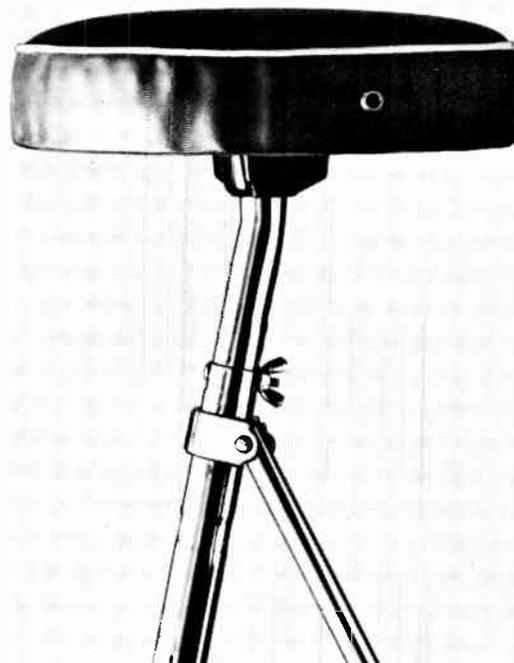
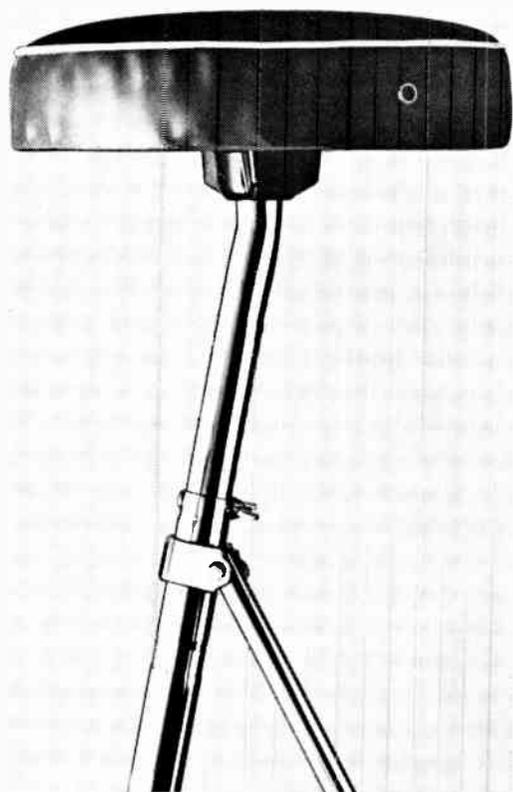
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