

JUNE 2, 1966

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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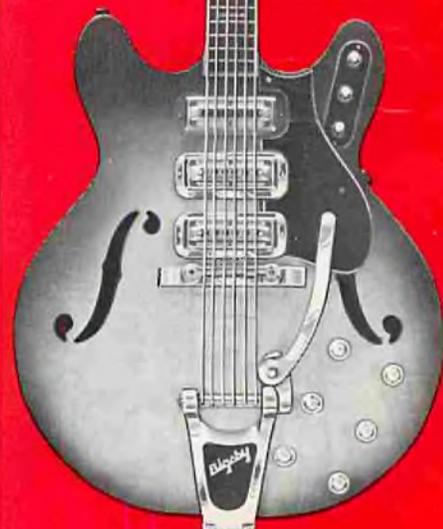
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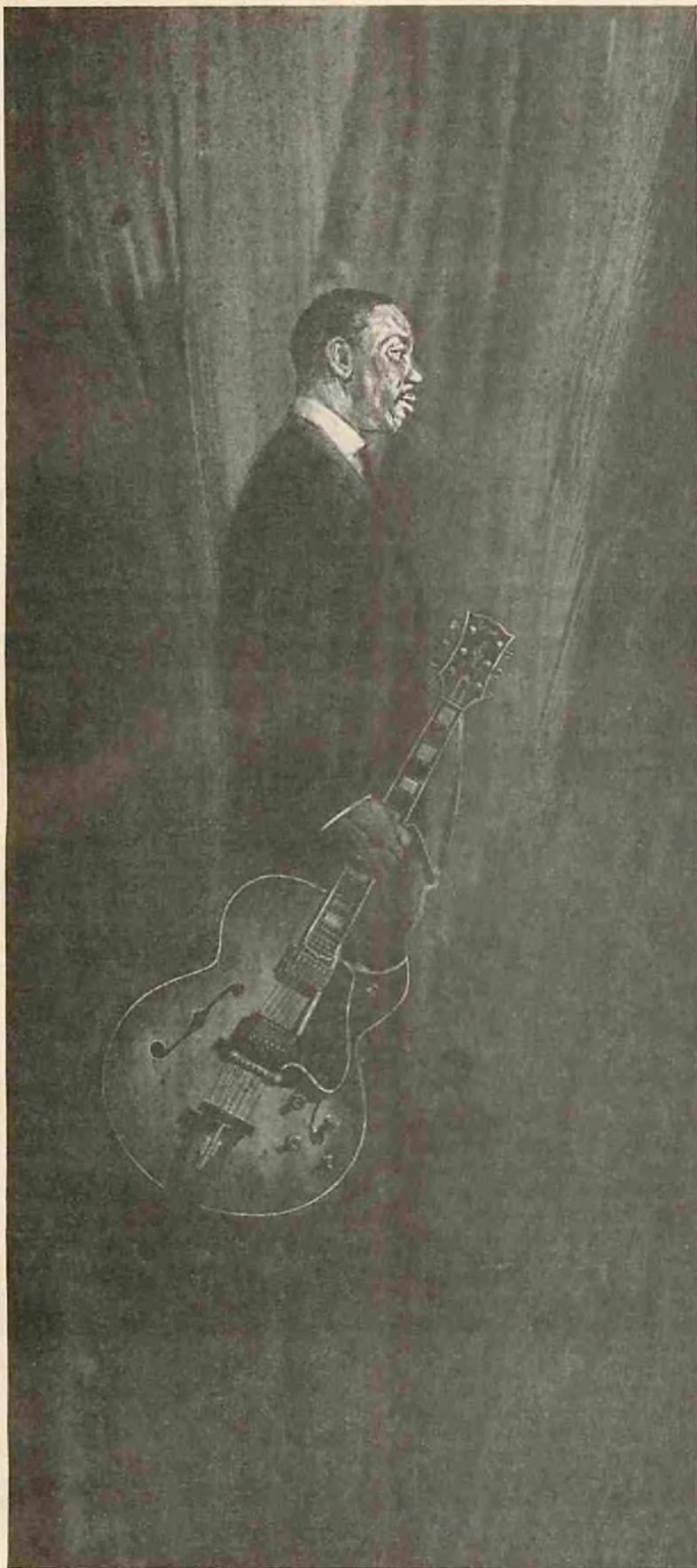
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Big-Band Issue Hits Right Note

Heartfelt thanks to Dan Morgenstern, Pete Welding, and Stanley Dance for their thoughtful and stimulating interviews under the heading of the Big Bands. The April 21 issue, for me, had a wide and exciting appeal.

C. William Platt
Wichita, Kan.

The heartiest of hearty congratulations to all for one of the greatest big-band issues in many a year. The in-depth reporting of Morgenstern, Welding, Dance, and Hoefer was strictly top drawer. I enjoyed very much the various comments made by Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, Dan Terry, Ray Starling, Buddy DeFranco, and the ever-swinging Nat Pierce. Special thanks also to Willard Alexander, a true giant in his field.

It was quite an issue. Is one issue a year enough to really cover the bands? I wish it happened more often.

Randy Taylor
Dayton, Ohio

Hodes And The Union

Art Hodes' state-of-the-union message (*DB*, April 21) was most welcome—not that it will do any good in helping to change a sad state of affairs.

Aside from recording or studio musicians in Hollywood, New York, and Nashville, or the name attractions and the people they employ, most musicians have learned long ago that their union is 1 percent perspiration and 99 percent bull. Ask the average musician who is trying to earn his living playing music—not necessarily jazz. He'll tell you that the union's main functions are to collect dues and other various tolls from its members and fine those members wherever and whenever possible.

But how can it be otherwise? If enough musicians would only realize that the musicians' union is unique, since only about 10 percent of its membership is composed of full-time, professional musicians trying to earn their living at music making. The other 90 percent play anywhere from three nights a week to one New Year's Eve job a year. It can be seen that the musicians' union (as any union) has to be set up to protect the majority of its members. In this case, an overwhelming majority.

The idea behind unions when they were first organized was their strength of bargaining power through numbers. This is still probably valid in most trade unions today. But the average working musician today knows his union's bargaining power is meaningless for him. If he's worth it as a salable commodity, he'll get scale or more. He doesn't really need the union at all. Clubowners—except Las Vegas-type showplaces—are not afraid of the musicians' union. If the union doesn't like the way clubs are running their business, they hire a nonunion band, of which, God

Preferred



Art Blakey



Mel Lewis

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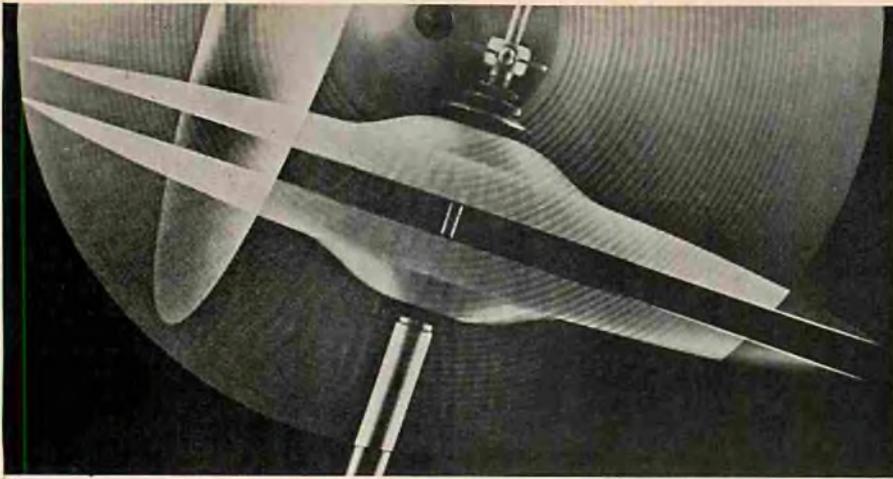
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knows, there are many.

I guess the union's main function is to fine the guy who works an under-scale job for the not-good-enough reason that he's been out of work for weeks and his kids need milk. If the union can't find him a scale job—which they never seem to—they shouldn't fine him; they should give him a medal for trying to be a good union member (for who knows what reason) and sticking it out against odds.

Don Schraier
Huntington Beach, Calif.

I could not agree more with Art Hodes' comments about the AFM. Everything he says is true.

Bruce F. Philp
Toronto, Ont.

Zwerin On Miles Delights

In answer to several readers' comments (*DB*, April 21) on Michael Zwerin's Miles Davis article, I would rather read one good story by Zwerin than reams of "serious criticism." What Zwerin wrote was a fair, accurate, and true reflection of what happens when one runs into Miles Davis.

Now, I admire Davis and so does Zwerin, which is obvious to anyone who can read English. But when you run into a Miles Davis, who is a special mixture of the simple-complex man, and you have some ability in writing about things as they are, what you end up with is a very excellent story about Miles Davis. It is not an in-depth story; it is not a complete story. But of its kind and within its limitations, it is engaging and unique in jazz reporting.

Stanley Spector
New York City

Jelly Roll Is Where It's At

Down Beat is to be commended for publishing Gus Matzorkis' well-thought-out article, *Down Where We All Live* (*DB*, April 7 and 21).

However, I wish to comment on Matzorkis' use of the often misquoted statement by Jelly Roll Morton to the effect that Morton "invented jazz back in 1902." First, Matzorkis admits Morton to be the "first great jazz composer-arranger." Second, Dave Dexter Jr., in *The Jazz Story*, correctly stated: "There most certainly wouldn't have been any jazz had there not been ragtime pianists."

Now, back in 1902 Morton was one of the great ragtime pianists going, to say the least. And he was the first person to become aware of what was happening to popular piano and band music. He could very easily have been the first to infuse blues and other elements into his ragtime playing, as his early music reflects.

So if Morton didn't invent jazz—and this is where the misquote comes in—he certainly did "discover jazz back in 1902."

P. A. Paris
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

In a letter to Robert Ripley in 1938, Morton took exception to Ripley's introduction of *W. C. Handy on the Believe It or Not* radio show as the inventor of jazz. Morton wrote: "I, myself, happened to be the creator in 1902. . . ."

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news and views

DOWN BEAT: June 2, 1966

Johnson Takes Jazz On Mexico Trip

President Johnson's good-will trip to Mexico in April will go down in history as the first presidential diplomatic mission to include jazzmen.

The Mitchell-Ruff Duo (pianist Dwiki Mitchell and bassist-French hornist Willie Ruff) played at a reception at the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City at which Mrs. Johnson and Secretary of State Dean Rusk were hosts. After a few selections, the duo found themselves in the midst of an impromptu jam session, joined by U.S. Ambassador to Mexico Anthony Powell, who plays trombone, and one of the embassy assistants, a clarinetist.

The duo joined the presidential party at the request of the First Lady's social secretary, Mrs. Bess Abell. They flew to Mexico on the official press plane but returned in style, joining Mrs. Johnson aboard the presidential plane, Air Force 1.

How did this unprecedented gig come about? "Ever since our trip to Russia," Ruff told *Down Beat*, "when we came to the attention of the State Department, we have remained in touch with Washington." [In 1959, Ruff and Mitchell, in the Soviet Union as members of the touring Yale Russian Chorus, staged several informal jazz recitals for local audiences, revealing the great interest for jazz in that country.]

When the White House expressed interest in taking a jazz group to Mexico to play for the reception, Ruff said, Mrs. Abell found out about the duo through the State Department. "I received a call at 9 o'clock in the morning, saying it was the White House, and my first reaction

Mitchell, Ruff: 'Great Society' jazz

was: 'Who's trying to put me on today?'" Ruff explained. "But in a moment I was wide awake."

The duo was asked if they could be in Washington that same afternoon.

Not much later, Ruff and Mitchell found themselves in Mexico, participating in the motorcade from the airport through Mexico City. "I've never seen so many people in my life," Ruff stated, "or shaken so many hands. . . ."

Red Lauds Jazz Shows On Voice Of America

Any doubt that prevails in U.S. governmental circles about the effectiveness of jazz as a sturdy bridge between East and West might have been allayed by a recent article in a French Communist newspaper, *La Marseillaise*.

According to *Variety*, French writer Clement Janequin praised Willis Conover's *Music U.S.A.* program for its thorough and up-to-date jazz coverage. (*Music U.S.A.* is broadcast throughout the world over the Voice of America, the United States Information Agency's radio network.) The Communist writer proclaimed Conover "the best professor of English . . . on the whole Continent" and went on to recommend "that anyone wishing to learn the language tune in daily to Mr. Conover's programs." Janequin pointed out that Conover's program also covers jazz in Communist countries and was the only Western radio program to broadcast last fall's jazz festival held in Prague, Czechoslovakia.

The article's most significant point, however, was Janequin's calling for Czech, Polish, and Hungarian musicians to "multiply the contacts with Negro-American masters [of the jazz idiom]," adding, "the Voice of America plays a capital part for these 'eastern' musicians, owing to the scarcity of American records available to them."

Final Bar

Fred Assunto, 36, trombone-playing member of the family-led Dukes of Dixieland, died of cancer in Las Vegas, Nev., April 21. He had been ill for some time and had been in and out of hospitals during the last two years.

Born in New Orleans, La., Dec. 3, 1929, Assunto grew up in a musical atmosphere and, like his trumpeter brother Frank,



Assunto: victim of cancer

studied with his father, Jacob, a former director of high school bands in New Orleans.

Fred was a charter member of the Dukes of Dixieland that Frank organized in 1949 for a Horace Heidt talent show, with which the brothers' group toured briefly before settling down to an engagement at New Orleans' Famous Door that stretched to four years.

In the late 1950s the Dukes of Dixieland achieved great popular success, particularly in colleges, as a result of numerous television appearances and records (they were heard on the first commercial stereo record in 1958). The group has since traveled widely. The Assuntos settled in Las Vegas several years ago but during the last two years worked a great deal of the time in Chicago.

The trombonist is survived by his parents, his brother, two sisters, a son, and two daughters.

Big Festival In Atlanta

Encouraged by receptive audiences at his recent Austin, Texas, jazz festival, entrepreneur George Wein is heading south again this month.

From May 27 through May 29, Wein will produce a full-scale festival at the new Braves Stadium in Atlanta, Ga. Among the artists scheduled to appear on opening night are trumpeter Louis Armstrong and his group; pianist Dave Brubeck's quartet; singer-guitarist Muddy Waters and his blues band; pianist Horace Silver's quintet; a traditional group headed by guitarist Eddie Condon; the Newport All-Stars, with cornetist Ruby Braff, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, and tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman; and a group featuring trumpeter Howard McGhee, saxophonist Sonny Stitt, and pianist Toshiko Mariano.

The second night will include the Count Basic Orchestra, tenor saxophonist Stan



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Getz and his quartet; Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers; singers Nina Simone and Red Prysock; and drummer Buddy Rich. Sunday night's scheduled performers are trumpeter Miles Davis' quintet, the quartet of pianist Thelonious Monk, singers Gloria Lynne and Joe Williams, and pianist Teddy Wilson.

On Sunday afternoon, a program for children will be presented by critic Leonard Feather, with pianists Wilson, Billy Taylor, and Mrs. Mariano among those featured. The Saturday afternoon show will be made up of local jazz talent.

Potpourri

Dave Brubeck received a distinguished-alumnus award from the University of the Pacific, Stockton, Calif., where he originally studied veterinary science. The full-day tribute, held last month, was followed by a concert by the Brubeck quartet.

The boxoffice gap closed a little bit for the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra during its second season. According to its parent organization, the International Academy of Contemporary Music, the Neophonic lost approximately \$14,000 during its first season last year but only about \$5,000 this year. Attendance for the four-concert series that ended last month showed an increase, with an average of 2,200 Neophonicians at each. Currently in the works is the Junior Neophonic Orchestra of Southern California. Playing the leading role in its formation is Cerritos College, in Norwalk. So many instrumentalists from a number of regional campuses competed at Cerritos for the various chairs in the new ensemble that Jack Wheaton, head of Cerritos' music department, remarked, "We have enough for two Junior Neophonics, plus alternates. The book is made up of scores written for the 'senior' Neophonic during the first two seasons. Things are progressing rapidly." There'll be a concert by the Junior Neophonic in Los Angeles June 3.

A concert featuring pianist Cecil Taylor's Unit will be given at New York City's Town Hall June 10 as a benefit for the New York University CORE chapter's Community Center. Tickets for the concert are available at the university's CORE office in the Loeb Student Center.

HOLLYWOOD SCORE CARD: One of the film capital's busiest composers, Lalo Schifrin, is working on a number of projects: *The Cat*, for NBC-TV; *The Doomsday Flight*, for Universal pictures; *Murderer's Row*, for Columbia pictures; and *Wall Street*, a television documentary . . . Dave Grusin just finished scoring a TV program, *Where It's At*, and will compose, arrange, and conduct the score for Columbia pictures' *Divorce, American Style* . . . Andre Previn is working on United Artists' *Anyone for Venice?* . . . Quincy Jones is tuning up *Walk, Don't Run* . . . And Gerry Mulligan is scoring the movie *Robert E. Lee*.



FEATHER'S
NEST:
By
LEONARD
FEATHER

Jazz A Victim Of Population Explosion

The theories about the current life and hard times of jazz vary greatly according to one's personal posture. To the older musician it may seem that rock-and-roll is to blame for the large-scale unemployment or insufficient exposure accorded to major swing-era names. To the younger musician there are many scapegoats: the villainous night-club operator, the indolent booking agent, the white power structure, public apathy, resistance to change.

The clubowners, on the other hand, place much of the blame on the inroads of television. Booking agents have been heard to complain that avant-garde jazz is removing the music from popular comprehensibility and that the young listener therefore is responding more readily to big-beat or folk music.

With regret, it must be admitted that in every excuse, from every side, there is more than a grain of truth. But the central fact is that jazz clubs are closing; jazz records, with rare exceptions, aren't selling; and American jazz—even in Europe—is having far more difficulty today than a few years ago (well, let's say a decade or so), when a visit from a name American group was the occasion for excitement, curiosity, and generally dependable box-office returns.

Unfortunately, despite the validity of the many copouts offered, there is another factor that outweighs them all. It is one that has been virtually ignored by the individuals responsible for it: jazz is suffering from a population explosion.

The contrast between past and present scenes is startling.

In those happy, sweet sequestered days, the proportion of big bands to combos was approximately that of today's combos to big bands. The young musician with eyes for a career in jazz was a relatively rare bird, for a vast majority of parents looked askance at such a profession; moreover, in preparing for this particular type of life in music he had no place to turn for specialized instruction. The jazzman came to his trade more often than not with no prior training in jazz as such and often little or no classical background either.

Nevertheless, he found it relatively easy to drift into the profession because of the great number of orchestras, most of them from 12 to 17 men strong, on the local, regional, and national scenes.

Compare those circumstances with today's. Jazz is taught not only at such a specialized school as Berklee and at several summer jazz clinics but also at more and more colleges. Dozens of nationally-known jazz musicians double as teachers, so that the youngster may take private lessons with one of his personal idols. (In the 1930s and even well into the '40s the concept of formal teaching along these lines was almost unknown.) College and school stage bands are in the middle of an era of rabbit-like proliferation.

So we have a situation in which the number of active aspirants has multiplied many times, a situation in which the parent is furnished with ample evidence that the son will be embarking on a "respectable" career—and we have a set of social conditions that has led to a drastic reduction of public interest in big bands. The youngster may find that the only opening for him is in a combo. Unless he happens to be a pianist, bassist, or drummer, his chances for steady employment are sharply attenuated.

True, the quality of jazz performance and composition has advanced as greatly as the quantity of participants, but this cannot alter the fact that the work opportunities, far from moving in direct ratio to the national population increase, have declined substantially.

These facts and figures refer specifically to jazz. Undeniably, if you are a guitar player under 20 with a vocabulary of three chords, or a drummer whose beat has feet of clay, your chances may have improved. What I have in mind, though, is the future for those eager young aspirants who have studied jazz as an art and who emerge, admirably equipped for a serious professional career in jazz, from the North Texas State Lab Band or one of the Berklee outfits or any of the innumerable stage bands and other young ensembles around the country.

As we have seen, the big bands in which their fathers may have played are no longer around to absorb them. There are no government or state subsidies to keep the orchestras alive. The population explosion in jazz is an ironic paradox. The very enthusiasm that led to the establishment of this music on an official academic level has been one of the chief causes of the present imbalance between supply and demand. The spirit of hope and ambition that impelled so many youths to study the music is in danger of being crushed by the existence of this same spirit in too many thousands of others. The field is simply overcrowded.

The time has come to repeat a piece of advice that is not original with this writer, one that James C. Petrillo voiced many years ago. His allusion was to music in general, but today it is particularly relevant in our special frame of reference: if you are thinking about entering jazz as a lifetime occupation, don't think twice. Think a dozen times. Move slowly. Above all, be sure to start out equipped with a huge inheritance from your jazz-loving grandfather. 

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Spring found a number of prominent American jazzmen in Europe. Pianist **Erroll Garner** and his trio (**Eddie Calhoun**, bass, **Kelly Martin**, drums) began a tour April 29 in Montreux, Switzerland, as the sole American participants in the International Television Festival, then went on to concerts and broadcasts in France, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland and will conclude with a British tour, scheduled to end in mid-June . . . Tenor saxophonist-flutist **Charles Lloyd** (with pianist **Keith Jarrett**, bassist **Cecil McBee**, and drummer **Jack DeJohnette**) began his first European tour April 19 with a 10-day engagement at the Golden Circle in Stockholm, followed by dates in Oslo and Helsinki, at the German Jazz Festival in Frankfurt, and a week of radio and TV shows in Holland, Belgium, and Paris. The tour concluded in London May 9. Meanwhile, alto saxophonist **Ornette Coleman** and his trio and pianist **Earl Hines** were scheduled to conclude extended European stays in late May . . . The **Duke Ellington Jazz Society's** annual concert will be held May 22 at the Barbizon Plaza Theater. A septet led by soprano and alto saxophonist and clarinetist **Bob Wilber**—and including **Shorty Baker**, trumpet; **Quentin Jackson**, trombone; **Pepper Adams**, baritone saxophone; **Jaki Byard**, piano; **Wendell Marshall**, bass; and **Dave Bailey**, drums—will perform Wilber's re-creations of Ellington small-group works from the '30s and early '40s. Vocalist **Flo Handy** will also be featured . . . Count Basie's Lounge in Harlem is becoming the city's leading organ showcase. Featured through May 22 is **Shirley Scott** (with tenor saxophonist **Stanley Turrentine**), to be followed by two-week stints by—in order of appearance—**Wild Bill Davis**, **Johnny (Hammond) Smith**, and **Richard (Groove) Holmes** . . . Minton's Playhouse recently featured guitarist **George Benson** with **Ronnie Cuber**, baritone saxophone; **Lonnie Smith**, organ; and **Charles Crosby**, drums . . . Singer **Marilyn Moore** was featured with trombonist **Urbie Greene's** big band at the Mark Twain Riverboat . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** begins a two-week stand at the Village Gate May 27, following five weekend appearances by harmonica virtuoso **Larry Adler** . . . A new jazz spot, the Village East, has opened directly across the street from the Five Spot. Pianist **Larry Love's** trio is in residence. At the Five Spot, drummer **Max Roach's** quintet and singer **Abbey Lincoln** continue their long engagement. An Italian documentary film based on Roach's *Freedom Now Suite* was shown at the Festival of Negro Arts in Dakar . . . Drummer **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers**, at the Village Vanguard in April, had pianist **Lonnie Smith** in place of **Mike Nock**, who had replaced **Keith Jarrett** . . . Pianist **Randy Weston's** quintet at Slug's featured baritone saxophonist **Cecil Payne**, trumpeter **Ray Copeland**, bassist

Bill Wood, and drummer **Lennie McBrow**. The group comes to the Half Note June 22 . . . Banjos at Your Father's Moustache will give way to avant-garde jazz, poetry, and dance on May 28, when alto saxophonist **Ed Curran's** quartet (**Dave Horowitz**, piano; **Bill Folwell**, bass; **Bob Pozar**, drums) takes over for an afternoon. Folwell is also a member of the **UNI Trio** (**Perry Robinson**, clarinet, **Tom Price**, drums, heard in concert at the Bridge in May . . . Trumpeter **Sy Platt**, with tenor saxophonist **Frank Wess**, pianist **Sal Moseca**, bassist **Wendell Marshall**, and drummer **Bobby Thomas**, gave a concert at Farleigh Dickinson University in April and, with **Warne Marsh** in place of **Wess**, at the Barnard School for Boys in March . . . Pianist **Eddie Bonnemere's** jazz mass for 10-piece jazz band and 50 voices, *Missa Hodierna*, was premiered May 8 at St. Charles Borromeo Church in Harlem as part of the actual Roman Catholic mass service . . . The **Dave Brubeck Quartet**, singer **Jimmy Rushing**, and alto saxophonist **Gene Hull's** big band performed at a benefit for a playhouse building fund in Bridgeport, Conn. . . . Trumpeter **Buck Clayton** was featured at a recent Wednesday jam session at the Fairfield, Conn., Continental club . . . Singer **Jeanne Lee**, accompanied by pianist **Ran Blake**, began a series of regularly scheduled Wednesday night recitals at the Astor Place Playhouse in early May . . . Vibraharpist **Bobby Hutcherson** will concertize at Hunter College May 28 . . . Tenor saxophonist **Lucky Thompson** made one of his rare night-club appearances at Slug's in May . . . Pianist **Walter Davis Jr.** and vocalist **Mayme Watts** were featured at a Newark Jazz Art Music Society concert in April . . . Vibraharpist **Vera Auer's** quintet (**Gary Bartz**, alto saxophone; **Hugh Brodie**, tenor saxophone; **Louis Worrell**, bass; **Walter Perkins**, drums) broadcast over WCKR-FM in April and did a Monday night at Slug's in May . . . Trombonist **Benny Powell's** Ben-G Enterprises will present a memorial tribute to **Fats Navarro**, **Clifford Brown**, and **Booker Little** at the Club Ruby in Jamaica May 19. Trumpeters **Bill Hardman**, **Lonnie Hillyer**, **Freddie Hubbard**, **Blue Mitchell**, **Charles Tolliver**, **Tommy Turrentine**, and **Richard Williams** will be featured.

LOS ANGELES: The first anniversary of the "Jazz in the Galleon Room" series at the Edgewater Inn found disc jockey **Al Fox** switching to a five-nights-a-week policy in addition to the usual Sunday sessions. The anniversary month of April featured an excellent line-up: the **Jazz Crusaders**, followed by trumpeter **Jack Sheldon's** Mob (**Frank Rosolino**, trombone; **Bill Hood**, reeds; **Jack Marshall**, guitar; **Mike Melvoin**, piano; **Joe Mondragon**, bass; **Stan Levey**, drums). Pianist **Hampton Hawes** came in next, with **Red Mitchell** on bass and **Donald Bailey** on drums; then came a trio consisting of guitarist **Barney Kessel**, bassist **Ray Brown**, and drummer **Shelly Manne**; closing out the month was guitarist **Herb Ellis's** trio . . . Pianist **Page Cav-**

anough's trio—minus the leader—worked the **Celebrity Room** (a recent addition to **Melodyland Theater**) at **Anaheim** last month. A broken leg that has been slow in healing forced **Cavanaugh** to the sidelines, and pianists **Dick Johnston** and ex-**Woody Hermanite Marty Harris** have filled in for him. Rounding out the trio are **Carson Smith**, bass, and **Jimmy Campbell**, drums. **Cavanaugh** will be out of the lineup until mid-June . . . Trumpeter **Don Rader** is now teaching trumpet and conducting an arranger's workshop at **Cerrito College** . . . Vocalist **Ann Richards** did a return engagement at the **Playboy Club** last month . . . The **Oregon Shakespearean Festival**, at **Rogue Valley**, will feature the **Duke Ellington Orchestra** doing his Bard-inspired suite, *Such Sweet Thunder*, June 5. **Ellington** recently was spotlighted at a **Melodyland** one-nighter, along with the **Cal Tjader Quintet** and pianist **Eddie Cano's** quartet . . . Drummer **Chico Hamilton's** group followed vocalist **Lorez Alexandria** and pianist **Jack Wilson** into the **It Club** . . . Pianist **Mike Melvoin** and his trio are at **Sherry's** each Sunday. Pianist **Don Randi's** trio is featured during the week . . . During April, pianist **Jack Wilson** used a trio for his regular gig at the **Living Room**, while on Sundays, at **Shelly's Manne-Hole**, he added vibraharpist **Roy Ayres** for the matinee. The recent booking there of flutist **Herbie Mann's** group made for an unusual weekend juxtaposition when **Shelly Manne** and **His Men** shared the stand. **Shelly** referred to it as the "Family of Man(n)(e)." . . .

CHICAGO: Singer **Ray Charles** did such good business at his two concerts last month at **McCormick Place's Arie Crown Theater** that he has been booked for a three-night stand there Nov. 18-20 . . . **WTTW** telecast **Ted Ashford's** jazz church service May 4. The show was produced by **Bob Kaiser**, who produced **Art Hodes' Plain Ol' Blues** show, which is up for a local Emmy award. **Kaiser** videotaped singers **Carmen McRae** and **Lurlean Hunter** for future viewing on **WTTW's Facet** series . . . **Miss Hunter** worked most of last month at the **Scotch Mist** on **Rush St.** . . . The **Franz Jackson Original Jazz All-Stars** were seen on a recent **ABC** television special, *This Proud Land* . . . The **Showboat Sari-S** staged a Sunday afternoon **Dixieland** session late in April. The attendance was encouraging, and the concerts may be continued. Featured at the session were pianist **Lil Armstrong** and trumpeters **Marty Marsala** and **Smokey Stover** . . . Tenorist-pianist **Eddie Harris** has been heading a trio on weekends at the **Urbanite**, 75th St. and **Michigan Ave.** . . . Pianist **Art Hodes' band** will play a benefit concert for the **South Suburban Symphony Orchestra** May 20 in nearby **Chicago Heights**. **Hodes** continues on Sundays and Mondays at **Remada Inn**, near **O'Hare Airport** . . . There is a strong movement afoot among **AFM Local 10-208** members to repeal the job "freeze," which prohibits those musicians working five-nights-a-week club jobs and those on staffs of local

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PART 2

A LONG LOOK AT STAN GETZ

By DON DeMICHEAL

WHEN STAN GETZ MET Monica Silfverskiold in 1955, he was a leading tenor saxophonist in the jazz world, but his personal life was a shambles. He had recently spent six months in jail; he had no family life; and his three children had been injured in a serious automobile accident.

Recalling the time of his meeting Monica, the tenor saxophonist said, "She was a diplomatic student from Sweden studying at the Foreign Service School at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. She had been introduced to me briefly during a concert in the spring of 1955, and somehow her refreshing, positive attitude had stayed in my thoughts for months. After finishing my part in *The Benny Goodman Story* in Hollywood that summer, I suddenly decided to take a plane to Sweden to see her. I was received by her family, and I promptly fell ill with double pneumonia."

He was treated in the hospital headed by her father, an orthopedic surgeon. Getz spent four months in the hospital, a time, he says, when his faith in the world began to be restored. His fight with the disease, while simultaneously conquering his addiction, left him 30 pounds lighter. The unhealed scar tissue on his lungs, however, caused his attending physicians to doubt that he would ever play again. They urged him to stay in a warm climate and exercise his lungs—the only remedy for healing the scars. But even if that helped, they warned, it still might be years before he could play a saxophone again.

Getz refused to accept the prob-

ability that it would be, at best, a long time before he could blow his tenor, but he did take the doctors' remedial advice and went to Kenya. He stayed in Malindi and skindived to the point of exhaustion every day. Plagued by insomnia, he walked the beaches at night.

Four months later, he returned to Sweden a different person. Not only was his health so improved that his doctors gave permission for him to return to the United States and his playing career, but his mental attitude also had changed—he was ready to begin working his way back into society.

When he came back to the United States, Monica was with him. They soon were married. He made forward strides, and during the next two years, he gained custody of his three children and became the first ex-addict musician to get a New York City cabaret card, which is necessary to work in the city's night clubs and which usually is denied anyone, particularly musicians and entertainers, who has served a prison sentence.

When Getz left for a Jazz at the Philharmonic tour of Europe in 1958, Monica, expecting their first child, decided to join him and brought the children for what was to be a three-

RAEBURN FLERLAGE



month stay. It lasted almost three years.

The Getzes took a house near Elsinore castle, about 30 miles outside Copenhagen. Getz said during his stay in Denmark that he was tired of America's overemphasis on competition and "tired of tearing around making money" for money's own sake, adding he felt there were other things in life and that money was only a means to something else. In Denmark, he said, he had more time for his music and family and enjoyed the truthful, relaxed way of living in that country.

"I wanted to find peace of mind," he told writer Jack Lind. "That's hard to do in the United States."

But by the end of 1960, he had decided to come back to his homeland.

Soon after his return in January, 1961, he observed that European musicians study jazz as they would any other art form, "but they really don't *have* to play it. Over here, the minorities—Negroes, Jews, Italians—who are most of the jazz musicians . . . it's sort of social protest. . . . But then, there's the whole boiling pot going on here. I wish there was some way that there could be a balance between the stimulation in the United States and Europe's climate for creativity."

Asked what his impressions of the U.S. jazz scene were, he said then, "Everybody is playing so many notes. So much of the beauty has gone out of the music. Too many people connected with jazz are trying to bulldoze you with it. . . . I feel embarrassed sometimes when I go into a club and hear these people playing so consciously avant-garde. You cannot hide a lack of taste or musicianship behind a barrage of notes, or by using hit-or-miss methods. Valid evolution has to come about naturally, of necessity. You can't force direction upon true music.

"I read somewhere that a Negro musician said, 'The '50s were the decade of the white musician, but now *we're* in.' I don't blame Negroes for feeling that way, but it's not true that a white man cannot play jazz . . . that's not true, just as sure as I'm sitting here.

"I wish there really were integration, so you could like or dislike anyone on his own merits."

He still feels the same today.

"A lot of it to me is still ugly, unnecessary, and unnatural," he said recently. "I guess I just have my own conception of music—that's all. Music should inspire and elevate people, give them some kind of good emotion. Sadness and anger are parts of jazz,

but anger is different from hatred. There is so much hatred in life that music should bring out more positive emotions. Hatred is destructive."

IN JANUARY, 1962, *Focus* was issued. It was a remarkable record, perhaps his finest artistic achievement. Eddie Sauter had written several pieces for a string section, over which Getz improvised. The record, which Getz says is his favorite, drew great critical acclaim, and more and more people began to pay closer attention to what Getz was doing.

Early in 1962, Getz said, guitarist Charlie Byrd asked him to help get some Brazilian songs recorded. Byrd had come across them while on a tour of Latin America and had become enamored of the music.

"I stayed at his house one night while I was working in Washington," Getz recalled, "and he played this record by Joao Gilberto, which he had brought back from South America. I thought it was lovely music. I liked the melodies, the chords, and the rhythm, and I decided to make a record."

The recording was made in March, 1962. The album, of course, was *Jazz Samba*, and the single of *Desafinado* taken from it skyrocketed Getz to a heady position in the pop-music industry. It also brought him his widest audience.

The popularity of *Desafinado* set off a wave of bossa nova recording by jazz musicians, and the market was soon flooded. At the same time, paradoxically, many were saying jazz was dead, or dying. But in his own way, Getz had shown that jazz musicians could reach persons other than jazz fans and that jazz was a long way from its grave.

Yet even with an artistic triumph and a hit record, Getz was not completely rid of his insecurity. On stages across the nation, he poked fun at *Desafinado*, often referring to it as *Dis Here Finado*. And as if to complete the picture of a man disdainful of his high place in a profession, he went through a period when he publicly made fun of his success.

One Getz sideman has observed that even when *Desafinado* was big, "you still didn't know if you were working, and if you were, how much you'd be paid—or if you'd be paid. Then Monica stepped in. . . ."

"Now we have quite an organization," Monica said recently. "I sometimes get the credit, but there are many people involved. My role is to see that Stan and the other musicians are treated with dignity and legitimacy

in the business world. It used to be accepted practice for musicians to be taken advantage of, and I have fought against it. Things are much better now. Stan enjoys playing more now, as a result."

When *Desafinado* became such a commercial success, did he feel he was facing a dilemma by being a big-selling record artist as well as one of the finest jazz musicians?

"I just felt that I was lucky enough to have had hits to bring me to a wider audience," he said, "but that I was never going to stop trying to play good music. I play what I have to play, true to what I've always believed in. . . . There's always some who feel that success makes music invalid. I have never compromised. But anybody that comes to hear me knows I'm still playing the same way I always played, with the addition of worthwhile new material.

"I don't purposely try to go in a different direction, like some people do. I just have my own idea about music. I want to play it the way I feel it. You can call it whatever you want, but that's the way I play. I've always tried to play exactly what I thought was right—that's the only reason I'm still in the business."

In 1963 his determination to do something the right way brought about another hit record.

Because he felt that *Jazz Samba* lacked some of the real bossa nova feeling, he became determined to make an album of bossa nova that would be "right." Practically everyone was against his doing it. Even officials of his record company believed it would be wasted effort because, they said, the bossa nova boom was deflating.

Getz later said he felt he hadn't said his last word on the music, and he wanted to record with Joao Gilberto and Antonio Carlos Jobim, the Brazilians usually credited as fathers of bossa nova. Getz felt Gilberto and Jobim had been largely ignored in the United States, and he wanted to make a record with them to bring them to wider attention.

"Joao can't speak English—only Portuguese—and I wanted to know what the lyrics he sang meant in English," Getz recalled. "So his wife Astrud, who was a housewife and had never sung professionally, translated the lyrics into English, and I asked her to sing them on the record, much to Joao's and Jobim's dismay."

The result was the *Getz-Gilberto* album—and the single of *The Girl from Ipanema*.

Another project that Getz is proud of is the soundtrack for *Mickey One*,

which consisted of his improvisations and Eddie Sauter's writing. It was an undertaking that caused him great anguish—stemming from, again, his concern for doing something right.

The week before Getz was to record his part of the music, Gary Burton, the Getz quartet's vibraharpist and road manager, observed:

"He hasn't taken any recording project as seriously since *Focus*. He's



Monica Getz

drinking more, eating less, not sleeping for three or four days in a row, listening to the music over and over. I wish he could do it without having to do so many things to himself before he can get down to doing it. He puts so many obstacles in front of himself to get to it."

("Before the last few years," Monica said, "he couldn't even stand to hear his own records. He has matured to the point where he's proud of where he has been musically.")

"All he wanted to do when he started out was to play," Burton continued, "and that's all he still wants to do. He feels very frustrated because he feels there is more he can do. And he has more than the normal amount of worries over imagined inadequacies of his playing. That bothers him a lot, particularly in light of his success. He hates anyone making a big thing over him—the stardom thing. But he does like playing Carnegie Hall, playing the TV shows, making the movies and records . . . he likes being important, as anyone would. But the strain is great. He's getting more and more to feel that everything he does now must be his very best and better than he did before.

"He's playing less overtly now than he used to. It's more subtle and much more interesting. But a lot of people don't understand it—the rhythm sec-

tion doesn't play a driving four, and we don't have a piano. . . . But he's playing more of those little spots of genius—that happens more often now. He's playing more freely and is more willing to go into new areas than he was, say, 10 years ago, even though new things are sometimes very strenuous for him.

"He's never really worried about what kind of music he plays, just whether it's good or bad. But if he has a bad night, he gets very upset. He feels as if he's let everybody down."

TODAY GETZ IS stronger than he's ever been. His bitterness comes out less often. His control of himself—and his music—is more firm and sure. Situations that just a short while ago would have brought forth an explosion from him he now usually takes in stride, though he still can blow up. His humor—which never left him—is in the foreground more often than before. Once he sets his mind to some-

The quartet he now leads is a congenial one, which adds to his peace of mind. There is a closeness among its members—Burton, bassist Steve Swallow, and drummer Roy Haynes—not often found in jazz groups.

Recently while simultaneously being interviewed, trying a new mouthpiece, having his horn adjusted, and getting a massage, Getz planned a surprise birthday party for Haynes. He ordered a cake, called Burton and asked him to get a present (a gold cigaret lighter), and made plans for the surprise (to Burton: "Tomorrow, after the second set, I'll act like I'm bugged and call a conference in my room. . .").

"It was like a New Year's Eve party," Haynes said later.

Though Getz is now more open about some things than he was in past years, he still finds it difficult to talk about music.

"I don't know what to tell you about music," he said. "Each person is an individual; each person is himself . . . of the greats anyway—the



Vocalist Astrud Gilberto, Getz, bassist Gene Cherico, and vibraharpist Gary Burton

thing, he is not easily swayed.

In short, he is a more complete person.

Speaking about his changed concept of music, he perhaps also reflected on his current state of being when he said:

"It's difficult to say how your concept changes, because it happens so slowly. You don't even notice it, and you shouldn't. I've more definite ideas now, and I'm sure of what I want to do—so that the music comes out sounding more sure. And I know more. I've learned a lot more about music and the saxophone and how to play it, but most of all, I've learned a great deal more about life. Whatever it is, life reflects in your music."

rest are just copies in one way or another. There are a few people everybody gets most of their things from—the greats. You hear other musicians all the way down the line not playing themselves because maybe they haven't found themselves yet. Maybe they're young. Or maybe it's an imitation of one of the true greats. And to mock, to imitate somebody else's music, makes the originator sound worse. . . .

"A lot of people are professional talkers about music; they really have affirmative ideas. That's one of the reasons I like jazz—there's really nothing to say about it. . . . But some people can talk you black and blue about this theory and that theory. But I say let music speak for itself." 

DAVID IZENZON AND THE HAZARDS OF VIRTUOSITY

By VALERIE WILMER



SOON AFTER his arrival in Europe in the summer of 1965, Ornette Coleman sent home for his sidemen to join him for a series of engagements. Bassist David Izenzon, who had been working and rehearsing intermittently with the alto saxophonist since 1962, seized this opportunity to give his recent bride a European honeymoon. He soon found himself involved in a bewildering situation.

Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., and symphonically trained, the 33-year-old Izenzon had moved to New York five years earlier. He met musicians—Coleman and the late saxophonist Eric Dolphy frequently rehearsed at his apartment on the lower east side. Yet Izenzon sought anonymity and chose not to become involved in what he describes as "New York's so-called jazz society." He worked and taught spasmodically—Sonny Rollins was one of his employers; Gary Peacock was among his students—but most of his time was spent practicing and developing technique.

Izenzon's technique is that of a virtuoso, and there lay the source of his bewilderment, for the bassist, his undoubted prowess notwithstanding, approaches music with the mind of a student. He is unaccustomed to publicity and even though Britain's critics thought highly enough of his talent to vote him a new star in *Melody Maker's* annual poll, he said he feels that the exceptionally visual aspect of his

technique has tended to blind listeners to what he is actually playing. "I realize that my technique is more than what people in Europe are used to hearing," he said, "but I believe that it's almost detrimental to realization of the music."

To illustrate, he recalled an incident when he was studying in Pittsburgh:

"I made a grimace because I had to go from here to here on the bass, and my teacher said, 'You know, people aren't interested in what you have to do; they just want to hear that beautiful phrase. That's your problem, not theirs.'

"And so I realize that most people who love music aren't going to say, 'Was it a difficult phrase?' They'll say, 'Was it played right or wrong, was it beautiful or whatever?' But as long as I play with Ornette, I can't sacrifice anything for the music. That is, if the requirements of the music state that a certain thing has to be played, that's all there is to it. Because of Ornette's strong position in terms of his acceptance—or nonacceptance, whatever that may be—I am in a very comfortable position. I only have to concentrate on the music, not on the ego thing, not on the unnecessary things that hustling musicians have to do."

The bassist stopped to light a cigaret and continued emphatically:

"Basically, I think that I stink. I really do. I don't think

that I should have played publicly for another five years. But I don't think that I ever will be satisfied, because I know more about what I don't know than about what I do know. That keeps me awake more nights than anything else I've done that is related to my satisfaction. But the world has to go on."

IZENZON is far from lacking in self-assurance, yet he is aware of his limitations and of what he has yet to achieve. Consequently, he has been somewhat bewildered by the barrage of publicity he has received in Europe, and he went on to explain how uneasy he was sometimes made to feel as a result of this.

"When I came to Europe," he said, "I gave up a very comfortable bachelor life, by which I mean that I had nothing to do outside of getting up and studying and working. Now I go someplace and I'm bugged by musicians who have stupid things to say. Many of these people feel threatened by my existence, and they make me feel very uncomfortable.

"I wish I knew why they feel that way, because there's room for many more bass players than there are around, and certainly for better bass players than me.

"You have a belief in yourself as a human being—about your abilities—but you also have some doubts about yourself. Nevertheless, if these doubts took over your existence, you wouldn't be able to play. But they don't. Now six or seven musicians came over to see me the other day, and as we talked, I realized that they had a belief in themselves.

"I started saying, 'Well, why am I not whatever they think I am?,' and it was frightening to me. I'm not used to that kind of thing. But I never have had this problem of a sincere belief in myself. When I decided that I wasn't going to commit suicide and I was born to live, I decided that the only way to live was to do something I enjoyed doing and to forget about everything else. I refuse to get hung up on material things. I gave away my hi-fi stereo set... everything... so all I have is a belief in myself.

"So now I can tell you that I stink. I think I'm terrible, but if another bass player comes up and says, 'I think you stink,' I have to ask him what can he do that I can learn from him."

When the bassist first went to New York, he chose to remain more or less anonymous in order to escape influences, "but mainly," he said, "I was working out what I thought was closely related to jazz without tradition."

Tradition, he feels, is in most cases nothing more than a bad habit.

"There are situations for it," he explained, "but for the most part it's bad for you. When I realized that the music we hear as children closely influences those of us who want to play music, I decided that I wanted to be free from these things. I wasn't anxious then, nor am I now, to get publicity in the sense of wanting to be a jazz-poll winner."

HIS ASSOCIATION with Coleman began in 1962, when the alto saxophonist was working at the Five Spot in New York City. Izenzon telephoned him there and asked to sit in, and later that night he played. After that, he recalled, "I just disappeared into the night like Cinderella, without saying a word."

Later the bassist played with Coleman again, and their mutually rewarding alliance began.

"David," the saxophonist said, "is the only bass player I'm happy with." And in reply to black racists who resentfully reproached Coleman because Izenzon had been the third in a succession of white bassists in his group (the others were Charlie Haden and the late Scott LaFaro), the leader retorted, "If you can find me a purple bass player

who plays better than David Izenzon, I'll hire him."

Izenzon's first featured public appearance was at Coleman's 1962 Town Hall concert, which took place during a New York newspaper strike. The bassist related with his customary enthusiasm how the trio went about publicizing the event:

"We had to get up early in the morning—Ornette, [drummer Charles] Moffet, and myself—with the posters and stapleguns, and we'd pile into my old car and drive. We'd go in the stores and ask people to put the posters in the window. Fortunately, enough people came to pay for the minimum of expenses, but we didn't realize any financial gain. It was purely a work of art."

Since then, the bassist has done little public performing in the United States, apart from Coleman's 1965 engagement at the Village Vanguard.

Short, stocky, and balding, Izenzon is basically reluctant to talk about music, but when persuaded to explain his attitudes to his chosen way of life, he becomes almost verbose. He rarely reads reviews, for one thing. "That's a system of wanting approval," he stated. "When an artist—painter, writer, whatever—wants approval, he has sold out his soul before he's ever started.

"I know enough to realize that publicity in any form can be helpful or detrimental to you, but after all is said and done, you still have to get up and play. I like to feel that anything that happens to me in terms of acceptance happens because of the music, not because of an image that has been created."

While in Europe, Izenzon gave a half-hour solo bass recital on Amsterdam television, which, although a relatively unusual occurrence in European jazz circles, was nothing new as far as the bassist was concerned. He had given two similar recitals at Town Hall last year, and it was while working on his improvisations to be played with an electronic composition by Joseph Scianni that he came to realize that he respected silence more than anything else in music.

"I consider it sacred ground," he said.

"In a concert hall you have silence for a moment as you get ready to play. It's when you play that first note that you start to accept the responsibility for it. Without relating to the cliches of jazz on which most critics judge you, I can improvise and think about what the jazz feeling is and not feel at all concerned about having to play what is usually defined as jazz."

Izenzon is a warm and enthusiastic person who derives the usual amount of pleasure from playing to an appreciative audience. Yet though he is something of an innovator on his chosen instrument, he would prefer, he said, to keep his ideas to himself and not record further. He has taken part in two of Coleman's albums and on a date with pianist Scianni; in London he and Moffet recorded with Jamaican tenor saxophonist and flutist Harold McNair. But that, said the bassist, is that.

"We're surrounded by people who have taken the art of a few and turned it into a science for all," Izenzon explained. "I don't want to record any more because that way I may leave something behind that someone who has a chance to think for himself may hear, and so stop thinking for himself."

Izenzon's attitudes toward music are unconventional, but, unlike some of the young revolutionaries, he has a strong enough belief in himself to be happy being unconventional.

"I haven't said one new thing that you haven't heard before, have I?" he asked. "We all have the same problems, and that's why I feel reticent about talking about music. But I never feel reticent about picking up the instrument. That's something I really know about." 

SCOTT LAFARO'S NAME almost automatically springs to mind whenever a new bassist comes on the scene. The memory of LaFaro's playing often serves as the yardstick against which the newcomer is measured. And those who admired him are prone to overlook whatever distinctiveness a new bassist has—the same cry is heard: "He sounds just like Scottie."

In a sense, LaFaro, who died in 1961, lives on in the young players who have consciously or unconsciously come under his influence, briefly or deeply.

Ron McClure and Eddie Gomez are two young bassists who often have been likened to LaFaro. They both have the ill-defined quality called "potential."

Both of them have worked with my trio on and off for the last two or three years. Though at times one or the other would leave to play with other groups, we nevertheless were together a great deal, enabling me to get to know them well, to admire and respect their talents, and to appreciate them as friends. I

Gomez is a less flamboyant player than McClure. Short in stature and serious looking, he goes about his business quietly. To the casual observer he appears detached, yet at times will surprise the listener with sound effects that seem startling, coming from such a studious-looking young man.

With Ron, it is all pent-up emotion. When he plays, he is lost to the world—eyes closed, his involvement with the music complete. He seems at one with his instrument as he plucks, strokes, flays, and strums the strings to bring out a varied assortment of sounds. He has a most unusual technique that at times involves an odd turning of his left hand, the better to achieve the particular idea he wants. He often uses double-stops, triple-stops, and what sound like quadruple-stops. Such is his ability, he apparently can play anything he hears in his head. He is a musician who obviously loves to play.

"I like to get into it," McClure said. "If you're really involved in playing, you don't think about anything else—I don't like to see someone smiling and

ever made as fast as they came out—listening to him sure warms my heart."

McClure also has admiration for Steve Swallow, whom he describes as "the best young bass player there is. He can do no wrong in my book. His ensemble playing is impeccable; if I could do it half as well, I'd be satisfied."

Swallow, in turn, has expressed his respect and liking for McClure. "He's a very adventurous, athletic, vigorous player," Swallow said, "and he plays in the middle range of the instrument, which is unusual. It is the most difficult area to play in—to make it speak clearly. Most players jump from the high to the low register to circumvent the problem. Also, I have an idea his fiddle is not set up for easy playing; he seems like the kind of musician who doesn't care to make any compromises."

Of Gary Peacock, McClure observed, "Gary's beautiful . . . he has gorgeous hands. He can put on those bursts of speed. The man plays with such conviction, there's nothing insipid about him at all. He's got something that's really his own."

In his generous assessment of the talents of others, McClure is apt to be modest about his own accomplishments. He is quite a good pianist and likes nothing better than to be left alone at the piano, experimenting with different chord changes, playing fragments of the beautiful tunes he improvises. He has managed to get a few of these down on paper, and one of them, currently titled *Nimbus*, is a tour de force every time he plays it.

McClure appears to be universally liked, not only for his talent but also for his happy-go-lucky way. He is a mixture of raffish humor, with a touch of shyness, and brashness, even saltiness, which mask his sensitivity. Most important of all is his eagerness to play at the drop of a hat. These qualities and his great endurance—gained during his many months with Ferguson's big band—make him one of today's most-sought-after musicians.

McClure's home is in North Haven, Conn. His two brothers were so much older that as a child he hardly knew them and grew up in a world of his own. When he was 5, he asked his mother for an accordion.

"It was really my idea," he said, "and I wanted to take lessons. So my mother got me a small accordion, and I started studying with a local guy."

As he became more proficient on the accordion, Ron changed to a full-size instrument and assembled a group that played at local functions. He started playing in the school band as well.

"We'd play stocks, you know—Combo Orchs, *Linger Awhile*, and things like that," he said, "then I started

RON McCLURE LOOKING TO THE FUTURE EDDIE GOMEZ

An Appreciation Of Two Promising Young Bassists, By Marian McPartland

soon became aware that though they were from entirely different environments, they were alike in aims, goals, and outlook.

McClure, 24, is of Scotch-Irish and German heritage, from a comfortably-off and conservative Connecticut background, the youngest of three brothers.

Eddie Gomez, 21, born in San Turce, Puerto Rico, of a lower middle-class Puerto Rican family, the elder of two sons, was brought to the United States before his first birthday and has lived most of his life in the uptown section of New York City.

Neither comes from a musical family; neither chose the bass of his own volition—yet both pursue the same musical course. Both want to attain perfection, to reach new peaks in the development of their instrument, to be innovators, to give of themselves, and to gain recognition. Both are succeeding in their goals; yet each remains unique. They are talented, possibly even brilliant, musicians. Each is extremely versatile and always aware of the role he plays in a group, seeming to know what is right for any particular musical situation.

looking nice, completely detached from the music. I always have to get involved."

Ron's ability on his instrument is expanding all the time as he gains insight from his various musical experiences of the last few years. Since early 1964, he has worked alternately with Maynard Ferguson and with my husband Jimmy and myself, and we have literally watched him grow musically. Though there is a certain similarity to LaFaro in the long lines he plays and in his tender lyricism, the resemblance ends there, for though he acknowledges LaFaro as one of his major influences, Ron is his own man—in technique, touch, time-feeling, and as a soloist.

In the last few months, he has changed from a young bassist of promise to a fast-maturing musician of truly enormous talent. On his clearly enunciated solos, his ideas pour out; each chorus is meaningful. He seems to release a part of himself when he plays.

"Red Mitchell is the one who is indirectly responsible for at least half my bass playing," Ron said. "He has always been my heaviest influence on solos. I gobbled up every record he

playing bass drum in the marching band too. At the time, they asked me if I wanted to play bass or the marching drum, and I chose the drum."

He later was persuaded to switch from accordion to bass, and he started studying privately with a well-known Hartford, Conn., teacher, Joe Iadone. At 15, Ron was beginning to get thoroughly immersed in music.

When he was graduated from high school, his one idea was to go to college and study music full time, but his parents did their best to dissuade him, pointing out the dissolute life they thought he would face as a jazz musician. To please them, he enrolled in a business school in Hartford, but, as his mother said, "the bass went with him." After one semester, both Ron and his parents knew that this was no good, and he insisted they allow him to enroll at the Julius Hart College of Music in Hartford. Having won their approval, he registered the next day and embarked on a full-time course of study, continuing his private lessons with Iadone, who instilled in him a solid musical background. McClure speaks of Iadone with respect and affection, and it is evident that the teacher is largely responsible for bringing out McClure's talent.

"I could see he was exceptional from the very beginning," Iadone said, "and as far as his jazz playing is concerned, I recognized this in him immediately, and I always knew that he would do well..."

McClure started playing at the Heublein Hotel in Hartford with pianist Dave Mackay, who, with drummer Joe Porcaro ("the finest musician I've ever met," McClure said), helped him gain valuable experience as a jazz player. During this time, McClure also rehearsed with different groups, sat in wherever he could, played some dates at McTriff's Bar in New Haven, and listened to as much music as possible.

There was some disapproval at the school at such goings-on, especially since an occasional rehearsal or lesson would be cut in order to make a jazz gig. But in this carefree fashion McClure managed to absorb a great deal of music.

A pianist friend, Meryl Doucette, broadened Ron's musical scope considerably by playing records for him hour after hour, and it was in this way that he learned to appreciate the long, fluid bass lines played by Paul Chambers, as he and Doucette listened to Miles Davis and Red Garland records.

"That's the way I've always wanted to play," Ron said. "I always dug the way Paul played time—it's so loose. There was one particular record, *Four* by Miles, that I liked a lot. The sound

that Paul gets is what I always strive for and have tried to get in my own playing."

In 1962 McClure graduated from the Julius Hart School. After giving a successful classical recital, at which he was accompanied by Doucette, he left—without even waiting to receive his diploma—for a date in Chicago with Porcaro, vibist Mike Mainieri, and pianist Bruce Martin, later flying to Las Vegas with Mainieri for his first important engagement, with Buddy Rich's small band. After a few months, the group broke up, and McClure went back east to start a long series of engagements with the Ferguson band. In between were dates with Don Friedman and a six-month stint with Herbie Mann, which the bassist, ambitious and bursting with creativity, found a little too restrictive (he still chafes at any sort of regimentation).

It was shortly after Ron left Mann's group last year that Eddie Gomez (who was leaving my trio for West Coast engagements with Gary McFarland) recommended him to me, speaking warmly of his ability. All last year Maynard Ferguson and I shared the talents of McClure. (And it was lucky for me that during the times Ron was

with Maynard, Gomez was available and worked with me. I would go about smugly, saying, "Happiness is having two bass players!")

We continued pretty much in this manner until a few weeks ago: Gomez flew down to Florida to work with Jimmy and me at Christmas, and he played all of January at Les Champs with Jake Hanna and me. Ron went with us to Fort Lauderdale in February and March, then rejoined Maynard for several weekends at the Village Gate. During this period, the Ferguson group worked opposite guitarist Wes Montgomery, who was impressed with Ron's playing, and invited him to take Paul Chambers' place with his accompanying group. The idea of replacing one of his idols was and is still overwhelming to Ron, and the fact that he is playing with another of his longtime favorites, pianist Wynton Kelly, is for him almost unbelievable.

Montgomery is euphoric about McClure's playing, saying, "He's beautiful—superb—his playing fits this group like a glove."

To McClure, rehearsing every day, learning new music, working with top-flight musicians he admires and respects, and being in a musical situation

Eddie Gomez



PETE WELDING

he can grow in and thrive on is one of his many dreams coming true.

THE FULFILLMENT of a dream that he never quite dared believe might actually happen came true for Eddie Gomez when pianist Bill Evans asked him to join his trio last month. For Gomez, this is the culmination of all his hopes and his striving for perfection.

"I'm ecstatic; I can hardly believe it," he said.

Ironically, if it had not been for the sharp eyes of one of his grade school teachers, Gomez might not have been a bassist.

"I wanted the cello—anything but the bass," Gomez recalled, "but I hadn't played an instrument at all till that time. [He was 11.] I used to sing in the choir—I was always a ham in class—but then one day the teacher looked at my fingers and told me I was going to play the bass. It was a half-size bass, naturally. I had no individual involvement with the instrument, but I did have a deep burning desire to play music; so when I got the bass I really dove into it. I wanted to be a good craftsman, and I rehearsed a lot. And soon I started hounding my father for lessons and a bass of my own, but I didn't get either of them until I was in high school."

At this time, the 13-year-old Gomez started taking lessons from Fred Zimmerman, the famous New York City teacher. Gomez had heard of Marshall Brown's Newport Youth Band and was determined to play with it. When he found out that Brown was auditioning musicians, he applied.

"I was just getting through for the day, when there came a knock on the door," Brown recalled. "I opened it, and there was this small kid standing there—he was unbelievably small. 'I'd like to audition for the band,' he said. Well, I was pretty spoiled—I'd had Andy Marsala and guys like that, and I said no, I didn't think he could do it. Man, he was no bigger than the main part of the bass; he was just too goddam small!"

"But he insisted that he be heard; so I took him inside. One of the kids was playing the bass, and as we listened, I said to Eddie, 'Do you really think you're ready?' and he said, 'Yeah!' So I said, 'Can you play like that fellow?' and he said, 'Yeah, sure!' And he took the bass and played 10 times better! He was totally confident. He used rather unorthodox fingering, but who cared. He was swinging already, and his time was *great!*"

"I took him on as an alternate bass player, and then he became the regular bass player six months later. He was

the youngest kid to ever join the union, and when we went out on the road playing these ballrooms, it was really illegal for him to be on the stage, but I'd sneak him on to play one number. Then later when he joined the band on a steady basis, we'd do a lot of weekends—Hershey Park, Pa., places like that—all the other kids would be roistering about and carrying on in the back of the bus and in the middle of all this chaos was Eddie, reading and smoking a pipe. He was always a grown-up, never a baby, and I never talked down to him or treated him like a hippy. But I used to kid him about being 15 going on 40.

"When I broke up the band in 1960, he was then technically one of the better bass players in town, and he was only 16. The only thing was, nobody knew it except me, but I knew it was just a question of time before Bill Evans found him. He's like another Jimmy Blanton."

In the last three years, since he started working with my trio in the Stroller's Club for the *Establishment* show, Eddie has crammed in a great deal of playing and study. When we met, he was going to Juilliard, and he continued his courses there though he was playing every night until 3 a.m. and getting up again at 7 a.m. to go to school. The previous year he had gotten married, and his wife Amy was expecting a baby. (His son was christened Scottie.)

The job at the Stroller's ended in November, 1963, and shortly after, Eddie was offered a string of dates with Gary McFarland. The chance to play with such a fine musician tempted Eddie to leave Juilliard without completing his course of study. The band went to the West Coast and also played at the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival.

Of late, Gomez has been in demand for a variety of groups. He went to Boston for a week with guitarist Jim Hall, of whom Gomez says, "He has a softness—he's such a passionate type of player. He's brought so much music to his instrument." Recently Eddie played several weekends with Gerry Mulligan at the Village Vanguard, and that is where he was heard by Evans, who was working opposite.

"When you hear a guy playing a solo on a melody that you're familiar with," Gomez said, "you can tell if he's playing the changes and playing the correct rhythm, just by using the knowledge you've been brought up on. That's why we relate to harmony and basic rhythm, but when you listen to someone like Archie Shepp, you don't have that kind of gauge to go by—it's unlike anything you've learned before. In a way, it's like listening to a poet: does

he incite beautiful feelings in you, even if he doesn't make complete sense to you from a conventional standpoint? You have to leave yourself open, to *want* to listen, to want him to give you something. . . . Chances are you'll get something from it if you have this attitude.

"People go to concerts to hear the avant-garde players with the idea of trying to find out what they are doing, but that's not why they are playing for you. They're trying to give you a musical journey, and you're not supposed to care where it takes you or why. It takes just a little more openness, trying to get with something you don't understand. But to criticize it out of hand is like talking to somebody and prejudging them, judging them on a surface level. So, instead, you say, 'I'll take a few punches from you, and see what's in you,' and it's worthwhile to do that, because you find something out about that, and something about yourself too.

"But it's hard to do, because the whole country is geared in the other direction—to take everything at its surface value. Speaking about that, once you reach that mass appeal, you can't be as creative in the same proportion as you were before you reached that level. You have to sacrifice a certain amount of fresh searching and probing to give people what they want to hear—after all, you've got farmers in Minnesota depending on you now."

It is observations like these that make Gomez a stimulating, humorous, and often profound conversationalist as well as musician. He thinks on a very high level and with tolerance, kindness, and a complete absence of malice. He loves to talk about music and musicians.

"A freer, less rigid drumming is really the secret of playing today," he maintains. "The drummer can be open, or he can freeze things up—literally stop production. With some groups, you're right in the middle of the square, where only certain moves will fit. Now, take Tony Williams: as free as he plays, the time is always there somewhere—even if it's only an eighth note. I love his playing."

"I'd like to work in as many different musical environments as possible," Gomez went on to say, "and to be given the chance to express myself within each one. I think all musicians like to feel that they have been called for a job because of their creative individuality—like, because you do your thing, and they want you because you're *you*. With Bill Evans, it's a mutual exchange. Yet, in a way, it's very demanding: because he lets me play so

(Continued on page 41)

RICHARD DAVIS: THE COMPLETE MUSICIAN



DON SCHLITEN

By DAN MORGENSTERN

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT to find a musician with a more varied background and range of experience than Richard Davis, the 36-year old Chicago-born bassist who today is unquestionably one of the busiest freelance instrumentalists on the bustling New York City music scene.

A typical work week for Davis might include television "jingle" dates in the mornings, jazz or commercial recording sessions in the afternoon and early evening—or perhaps a symphony rehearsal or the taping of a television show—and a jazz gig in a club at night. In addition, he finds time to study for a master's degree at the Manhattan School of Music. When he isn't working or studying, he puts in a few hours of practice on his instrument.

Frequently, musicians with such prodigious capacities for hard work and concentration are the earnest plodders, the reliable workhorses counted on to do the job—solid professionals but little else. Not so Davis. He is a consummate virtuoso, a player of astonishing imagination and musicality, one who already has made a considerable contribution to the development of his instrument, not least as a solo vehicle.

Davis began his musical studies while he was a student at DuSable High School in Chicago, an institution that counts among its alumni such illustrious jazzmen as the late singer-pianist Nat (King) Cole and tenor saxophonists Gene Ammons and Johnny Griffin. He attributes much of his subsequent success to the efforts of his first teacher, Walter Dyett, the band director at the school.

"He was one of the bosses," Davis said. "He really got us on the ball if he felt that we were interested. You couldn't miss if you paid attention to what he said."

There were no musicians in Davis' immediate family circle, but group singing was practiced around the house.

"I had a low voice for a kid," Davis recalled, "so I'd always take the bass part. I'd read about Jimmy Blanton somewhere, and a cousin of mine encouraged me to take up the bass."

His decision to take up the instrument was impulsive. "I decided on going to summer school on the last day of registration," he said, "and my mother got my first bass for me. I'd saved \$20, and she contributed the rest. It was a little Kay bass, and I still have it."

After the summer session, Davis recalled, he "didn't know enough to be in the concert band, but too much to be with the beginners, so Dyett put me in between. I didn't know what I was after, but I asked a lot of questions."

The questions must have been good ones, for before long Davis was taking private lessons in harmony and theory with Dyett every Saturday. "He also started to give me directions for my career," Davis said.

That career soon was in full stride. First Davis joined the Youth Orchestra of Chicago and then the Chicago Civic Orchestra, of which he became the principal bassist. (The Civic Orchestra is a training ground for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and it was with a member of that organization, Rudolf Falsbender, that Davis continued his private studies.)

Davis also attended Vandercook College of Music for four years, graduating with a bachelor's degree in music education in 1952. But his activities were by no means confined to the academic world and symphony orchestras.

DuSable had a dance band, which Davis joined. "Stan Kenton was hot then," he remembered, "and we had a lot of his things in the book—*Painted Rhythm* is one I recall. It was an exceptional band for high school, and we played a lot of booster concerts for the football team." There was also an annual musical show, *Hi Jinx*, which, ac-

ording to Davis, was on a near-professional level.

"I also played in churches a lot," Davis said, "which gave me a chance to play 'legitimate' solos. I realized that the bass was capable of doing more than the simple things, more than just the basic notes." At these church recitals, Davis often played *Clair de Lune*, "sandwiched in between an opera singer and a pianist."

The bassist's first professional jazz experience came with tenor saxophonist Harold Ousley.

"Harold told me what *Rhythm* chord changes were," Davis said, "and I remember him telling me: 'Play one third up when you get to the bridge.'" Another early associate was tenor saxophonist John Neely, who, Davis contends, was "one of the most advanced guys on the scene then."

The first time Davis went to a night club to hear jazz, he heard bassist Eddie Calhoun (now with Erroll Garner) and was impressed.

"He was really something," Davis said. "He was boss in Chicago, but Wilbur Ware was there too."

Davis was working at a burlesque house in nearby Calumet City, Ind.—a job that lasted only one week—when he first met Ware. "The rest of the band chipped in to pay my salary," Davis said. "I'd get off at 6 in the morning and had to be in school by 9 . . . so you see, I got used to those hours early." Ware was then working at a similar establishment nearby.

Davis' father, who owned a restaurant, worked all night. The bassist recalled, "I practiced all day, while he was asleep, but my parents were very encouraging. Practice was never any problem to me. If I hit a good stretch, I could go for eight hours. I had the habit of putting up my bow behind the fingerboard when I finished, and my dog got so used to this sound that he would jump up and come over to me when he heard it."

THE JAZZ SIDE OF Davis' professional career began in earnest when he joined pianist Ahmad Jamal's trio in Chicago. "He said to me, 'God told me you were going to be my next bass player,'" Davis recollected.

After a few years with Jamal, with whom he made his recording debut, Davis joined the then popular pianist Don Shirley in a duo and came to New York with him in 1954.

Bassist George Duvivier recommended Davis for a job with the Sauter-Finegan big band. "The band was on its way out then," Davis said. "I stayed on for a couple of months of one-nighters."

There followed a stint with saxo-

phonist Charlie Ventura, whose combo broke up when the leader became ill. Davis' next job was to last five years. It was with singer Sarah Vaughan's accompanying trio.

"When I first joined Sarah," Davis commented, "she had Jimmy Jones on piano and Roy Haynes on drums. I'd heard about them, of course; so I was a little nervous. I opened with them in Canton, Ohio, for a three-day stand. The first night I was just feeling my way around, but the second night I just started playing, and they noticed it. . . ."

"I had five good years with Sarah. It was a good group to work with; I felt free to do whatever I wanted, within the limits of a vocalist's format, and I couldn't have asked for a better musical environment than Jimmy and Roy. I started to really listen to them and to put my own ideas on top of theirs. I remember Jimmy asking me 'Where did you get that from?' and I answered, 'From you.'"

But five years on the road (including most of Davis' travel abroad, in Europe and Brazil) was enough.

"I decided I'd had it being on the road," Davis stated. "I wanted to play any and all types of music. The bass is what I'm really interested in, and I like to play it in all kinds of situations. I like avant-garde classical music; I like to be in a symphony orchestra with eight bass players; and I like jazz, which is where creativity comes in."

Davis credits his wife, Rose, with supporting his decision to leave the road. "She told me not to hesitate to leave a good, steady job," he recalled, "even though I didn't know what was in store for me. She has always been very inspirational and very helpful."

Ironically, Davis found himself back touring for eight weeks with Lena Horne shortly after leaving Miss Vaughan.

"It was a good experience," he said. "But after that my mind was made up that my road days were over. I may still go out for a week or so, but New York is where the variety is. Aries people need variety."

One of Davis' first jazz jobs in New York was with the late Eric Dolphy at the old Five Spot, and it marked the beginning of a close musical and personal relationship.

"Eric became one of my dearest friends," Davis said, "and one of my major influences in jazz—he still is. He and I would often rehearse together, just the two of us. The last time I saw him was just before he left for Europe with Mingus. I gave him a going-away present—a watch—and he dropped me off at my job. . . ."

"He was an unbelievable person," Davis continued. "I correspond with his parents—they have 'adopted' me as

their son—and after meeting them, I realize why he was the way he was. He had the biggest heart in the world; you could depend on him for anything. And he was an artist first and foremost. His music was well written and well worked out; he was working on a *Love Suite* for string quartet. . . ."

Davis and Dolphy both worked with John Lewis and Gunther Schuller in Orchestra USA, an experience Davis found rewarding.

"The orchestra was geared to play all types of music," he said, "and jazz and classical players were sitting side by side. We did some things with Schuller that I really enjoyed—I still have most of the scores."

Davis' exceptional talent, unusual adaptability to music of all kinds, and thorough professionalism and dependability soon came to the attention of the New York music world, and today there are few music contractors, arrangers, or conductors who do not think of him first when a good man is needed.

TO HAVE REACHED such a position in a highly competitive world is not only a reward of talent but also of self-discipline.

"Walter Dyett," he said, "made me read a book called *Mind Power*, which taught me, among other things, to mentally practice what you have to read on the job before starting to play."

"Whenever I sub in a Broadway show for somebody, I put my mind in a vacuum, so that I can feel as if I've been there before. I look at the score and notice cuts, page turns, and segues, which is a kind of discipline that comes with classical training. And if you should get momentarily lost, you can hear where you're supposed to be if you have played the book mentally first."

"This form of concentration helps with any kind of music you're up against. Most of the notes you've seen before, anyway, and you can get more into the music."

But it is not merely a matter of memory training and concentration, he emphasized:

"You have to add to the music. You see a written part, and you have to add your experience to that. I do jobs that require a lot of my areas of experience, and sometimes I don't know what it's going to be until I get there. Experience is of great benefit."

Davis has his preferences when it comes to music, of course, but he is against easy categorization. "To define a thing is to limit it," he explained. "You put a handle on it, and that limits the source. The main thing is to listen, really listen. Listening is one of the basic necessities in music."

"I have a ball playing conventional

jazz and avant-garde jazz too," Davis stated. "Both musics have their openings. You can find your way through any music—even rock-and-roll." When he plays jazz, Davis said, "I think about sound a lot of the time, over-all sound."

Of jazz in general, Davis said he feels that "the gap between jazz and classical music is getting smaller. A lot of the cats have more training now, and they can incorporate their ideas toward a common goal of playing together."

Is it difficult for a man who works in so many areas of music to adjust from one job to the other? Davis said no and gave as an example:

"I had an afternoon rehearsal with Igor Stravinsky for a TV show. My position on the stage was such that he had to pass me on his way to the podium. He stopped, put his hand on my shoulder, and shook hands with me. It was a great moment. That night, I went down to Slug's to play with Kenny Dorham. It wasn't difficult to make the switch. . . . I just thought about the job all the time on my way down to work. I'm one of those people who have a day life and a night life. . . ."

To be prepared for the job, whatever it may be, is a cornerstone of Davis' approach, and that includes the instrument as well as the player.

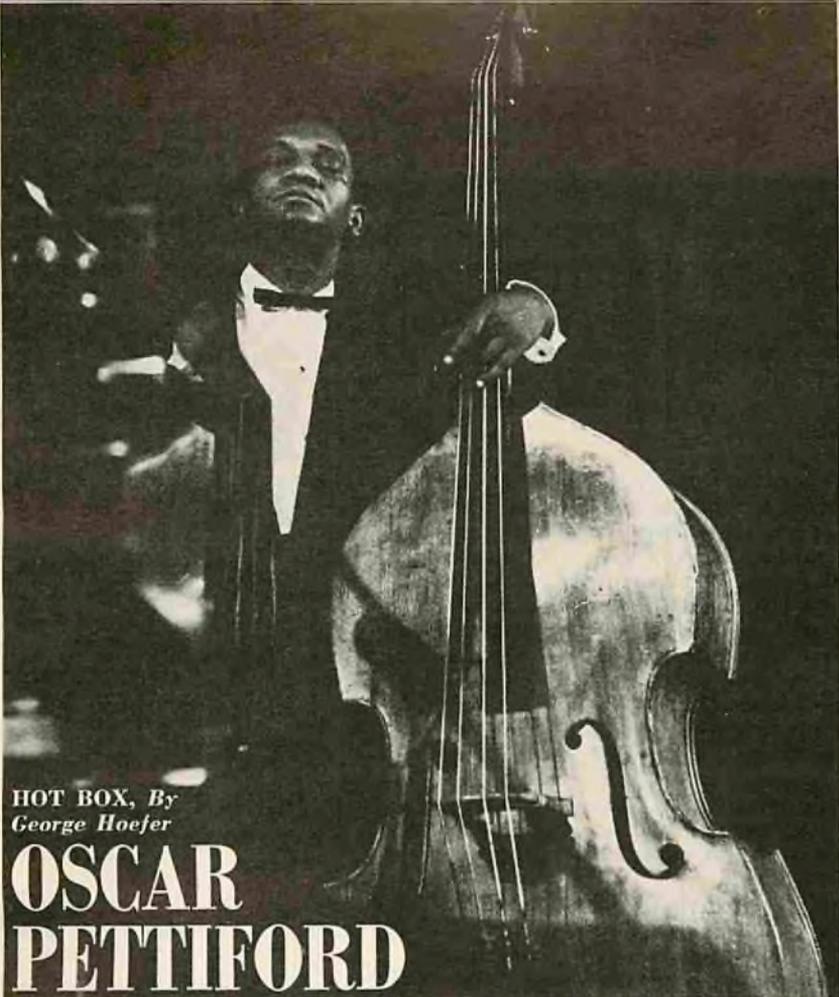
"Always keep your instrument in the best repair," he urged. "There is no time for excuses on the job."

And the other ingredient in preparation is practice.

"When I practice," Davis said, "I try to pick about eight different things to work on. You can take one exercise and stay with it for three hours, playing it with different fingering systems, transposing it up or down (Bach is very good for work in different clefs). Many times, in the studio, especially with singers, you have to adjust to looking at one note and playing another. And when you practice, all sorts of things come out of your mind."

The bassist never seems tired, despite his often-strenuous schedule. "I do get physically tired sometimes," he said, "but I manage to pace myself. I drink a lot of fruit juices, and my wife makes sure that I eat right. I always seem to manage to have a lot of energy, and sometimes, when you're very tired, you get new energy from playing. If I don't sweat at night I know that I haven't enjoyed myself to the fullest."

Equally at home under Stokowski's baton at Carnegie Hall, in the recording studio with Rise Stevens or Barbra Streisand, or working up a lather on the stand at Slug's, Richard Davis is that very rare being: the complete musician. 



HOT BOX, By
George Hoefler

OSCAR PETTIFORD

JAZZ LOST ONE of its greatest talents, an artist whose unrealized potentialities were tremendous, when bassist Oscar Pettiford died of a rare, paralyzing disease in Copenhagen, Denmark, on Sept. 8, 1960. In a sense, the U.S. jazz scene had lost Pettiford several years earlier when he elected to remain in Europe after participating in an American concert group, Jazz from Carnegie Hall, that toured England.

The last two years of Pettiford's life may have been his happiest. He enjoyed life in the Danish capital and found his European concert tours received with an appreciation he had not enjoyed in his homeland. According to Stan Getz, who at the time lived near Copenhagen and was a close musical associate of the bassist, Pettiford was greatly admired by the Danes and was treated royally by them.

Pettiford was a volatile personality, a complete individualist who, as one of his close friends once put it, "did everything head on, like a block buster." He always was extremely frank in his opinions and spared no musician, however famous, in his criticisms, which usually were fair and valid. Of Duke Ellington, whom he loved, the bassist once said, "He's an institution, that man. But he doesn't know how to lead a band!" Ellington, at the time of Pettiford's death, told columnist John McLellan, "What can you say? He was absolutely beautiful."

Pettiford could well have been summarizing his own contributions to jazz when he said of his instrument, "The bass is

one of the most important—if not *the* most important—instruments in any orchestra. You can take just a bass and somebody can sing to it. You don't need piano or drums. The bass can be much more of a horn, too, than it often has been in the past."

It is in this last respect—the bass' expansion as a solo instrument—that Pettiford has been recognized as the successor to bassist Jimmy Blanton, whom Pettiford met and heard in 1939. In 1957 Pettiford told writer Nat Hentoff, "When I heard Jimmy, I was in love with him right away. I was just with him the one night. We had a head-cutting contest right away. Our approaches were a lot alike. If he'd stayed alive, I'd probably still be in Minneapolis."

It was in that city that Pettiford's musical roots were nurtured. The least known (although he was not reticent in telling about it) facet of his career was his youthful years as a key member of the Pettiford family jazz band, a professional traveling orchestra that worked extensively during the 1930s. At its peak, it consisted of 13 Pettifords, all from Oscar's immediate family—his drummer father and pianist mother and their seven daughters and four sons.

Oscar had been born on an Indian reservation in Okmulgee, Okla., on Sept. 30, 1922. His mother, a pianist and music teacher, was a full-blooded Choctaw. His father, Harry Pettiford, a practicing veterinarian at the time, had Cherokee blood.

In 1925, the father, an amateur guitar-

ist, decided that with so many musicians around his home, he ought to form a band. So Harry Pettiford organized his musical family, got behind a set of drums (evidently the only instrument not represented within the family circle), and took to the road as an entertaining dance band. After more than two years of steady traveling, the Pettiford entourage settled in Minneapolis so that the young members might get some schooling.

Since Oscar was only 3 when the group was organized, it was some time before he was assimilated into the retinue as a playing member. At first, he fronted the band as a novelty vocalist and did a little pounding on the drums. He started to play the piano about 1933, but his mother, Leontine Bell Pettiford, remained the regular pianist with the band.

The other sidemen Pettiford family members included the oldest daughter, also named Leontine, who arranged and also performed on clarinet and alto, tenor, and soprano saxophones. Oscar was to say in later years, she was "a wailing pianist," and when he first heard Thelonious Monk, "he didn't seem at all strange to me. I had heard Leontine." Bassist Ray Brown took lessons from Leontine in Pittsburgh around 1940-41.

Harry Jr. was next in age and played both alto and tenor saxophones. (In 1950 he had his own band in Tulsa, Okla.)

Sister Cecile was adept on the clarinet and doubled on tenor and soprano saxophones.

Ira, a trumpet player who eventually worked with bands led by Earl Hines and Benny Carter, also could play guitar and bass.

Marjorie played clarinet, flute, and alto, soprano, and baritone saxophones. Later she became a member of the Sweethearts of Rhythm. "When I heard Charlie Parker," Oscar once said, "it wasn't too different. I'd been used to hearing those sounds right in the family. Margie was a real great saxophone player."

Then there was Alonzo—later with Lionel Hampton and Jay McShann—who played trumpet, trombone, and French horn. He died of pneumonia in 1947.

The youngest members of the family, all girls, were younger than Oscar. They were Rose May, who played guitar and sang, Helen, Katherine, and Alice, all of whom were singers.

Pettiford once recalled that the band worked throughout the Midwest states, Georgia, and Alabama, but its home base remained Minneapolis until the final breakup in 1941. The size of the band constantly diminished as the girls got married, and it was down to five pieces when the end came—Alonzo, Margie, Mr. and Mrs. Pettiford, and Oscar.

Regarding his own participation, the bassist said that when his father brought in an outsider to play bass horn in 1930 he really started to pay attention to the band. Young Oscar then began playing trumpet and trombone in addition to drums and piano.

His sporadic appearances in front of the band singing, dancing, twirling a baton, and occasionally drumming, came to an end in 1936, while the orchestra was play-

ing in Augusta, Ga. The bass hornist got married and returned to Texas. The elder Pettiford wanted a bassist and decided Oscar was it—although the 14-year-old played almost every instrument but bass.

A musician named Kid Chocolate, of the Chocolateers Trio that was then sharing the bill with the Pettiford family band, left his bass in the storage room of the place they were working. Oscar's father handed the youngster the bass, and Oscar just started to play it. Soon afterwards, the father bought his son a bass for \$25.

This instrument, which had been in an automobile accident with one of Cab Calloway's musicians, Oscar remembered as a real chore to play because it was not in the best of shape. "Sometimes I had to use rope instead of strings—that was when strings were hard to get—and my fingers ached before half the night was over," he recalled in an interview with *Down Beat's* Pat Harris. "That was when *White Heat* was very popular, and my sister Leontine had made an arrangement of it for the band. Trying to play that kind of music on those strings was impossible. I didn't want to play bass anyhow. I wanted to be a doctor."

While still on his first bass gig with the band in Georgia, Pettiford's sister Leontine left the band to get married. Oscar accompanied her to the railroad station with the intention of somehow stowing away on the train. He was miffed with his family because, as he said, "My dad hit me on the head with a pair of drum sticks because I didn't want to play. I'd get tired." He didn't really want to run away, he said later, but when the family caught him at the station, they told him he could leave. He went to Savannah, Ga., where he worked as a stevedore for several months. One day he heard his father had lost part of his thumb and the band was heading back to Minneapolis, so he returned there to play bass and finish school while the orchestra worked a six-night-a-week job in the Twin Cities.

Soon the young bassist began to enjoy the band, later recalling, "Musically, the band was well advanced. We played mostly our own material; we only played some standards to please the squares."

In November, 1938, *Down Beat* carried a news item from Minneapolis: "Swing City, a mad little spot at the intersection of the county crossroads on the St. Paul city limits, is still drawing the swing-bitten high school kids to hear the Pettiford family of talented musicians led by 'pa' on drums and 'ma' on piano."

The following year the bassist left the group for a short time when he had a small role with the Olsen & Johnson show in a Minneapolis theater. About this time he was impressed and influenced by a local bass player, Adolphus Alsbrook, who later played with Count Basie for a short period.

When the family band finally broke up, Oscar joined Bob Benham's quartet in Minneapolis. He also worked with various other local groups, among them one that included his brother Ira.

He once said he'd learned the tailoring trade "in case things in the music business

got too tough," but when that condition actually did arrive early in 1942, he worked in a war plant.

"You could have starved to death trying to play in Minneapolis then," he recalled. After being away from his bass for five months, he dropped in to see bassist Milt Hinton, who was in the city with Cab Calloway's band. Hinton, another early influence on Pettiford, told him, "Man, don't let talent go down the drain. There isn't anybody here playing like you. And you could more than hold your own in New York City."

SEVERAL MONTHS later, in early '43, while Charlie Barnet's band was playing at the Orpheum Theater in Minneapolis, Pettiford went backstage to say hello to his friend of several years, trumpeter Howard McGhee, who was with the band as a substitute for Peanuts Holland, then suffering a split lip. McGhee asked the bassist to play something for Barnet. It seemed that Chubby Jackson, who was the bassist in Barnet's band, was on the verge of being fired. As it turned out, according to Pettiford in later years, "My *Concerto for Two Basses* saved Chubby's job." At any rate, the two bassists played together with Barnet over a period of six months.

Pettiford liked playing in big bands and during his career worked in the bands of Barnet, Roy Eldridge, Lucky Millinder, Boyd Raeburn, Duke Ellington, and Woody Herman. In 1957 he led his own large orchestra at Birdland and recorded two ABC-Paramount albums with it.

Interspersed through the years were many small groups on 52nd St. and in California that were led, nominally and otherwise, by Pettiford. He was co-leader with Dizzy Gillespie of the first bebop unit, which played at the Onyx Club in early 1944. Pettiford has been given credit for conceiving the idea of horns playing unison lines, with the Onyx group. In explaining this to Hentoff, he said, "You know, the trumpet and tenor playing lines together [first Don Byas, then Budd Johnson, were the tenors involved with Gillespie]. The system of one guy playing the line and the other playing whole notes behind him seemed corny to me."

Of the so-called experiments at Minton's Playhouse in Harlem, where he worked four months with pianist Thelonious Monk, Pettiford was inclined to deprecate their significance. "Experimental music?" he asked rhetorically. "All I know is the guys used to come in and jam. I never saw anything experimental about it. Monk was playing then like he does now."

Pettiford's longest association with one leader was with Ellington. He was with the pianist's band from November, 1945, until 1948, with brief returns to the fold in later years. The bassist enjoyed the band when it was playing concerts, because then there would be new things to play. However, he used to complain that Ellington rarely bothered to write a bass line for the new compositions.

He said later, "I had to devise my own bass line on a new piece without knowing

what the composition was all about." But on theater and dance dates, the bassist frequently was bored by having to play the same thing over and over again.

It was while he was with Woody Herman in 1949 that Pettiford became interested in the cello, an instrument he was to use a great deal from then on. He first came upon a cello in a Newark, N.J., music store and sprung it unannounced on Herman during a stage show at the Adams Theater when it came time for his bass solo. He had just picked up the instrument and started to play it, as he had done with bass years earlier. Later, when he broke his arm playing softball with the Herman team in California, Pettiford made use of the enforced inactivity to perfect his work on both instruments.

On cello he started experimenting with playing jazz solos pizzicato. Always a perfectionist, Pettiford took his own advice, once given to young bassists: "Put all your love into your instrument." The results were showcased in 1950 when Ellington, in one of his infrequent appearances without his full band, recorded as pianist with Pettiford on cello; Billy Strayhorn, celeste; Lloyd Trotman, bass; and Jo Jones, drums, for Mercer Ellington's Mercer label.

BESIDES HIS PLAYING, Pettiford was noted for his compositions. His first notable writing was titled *Beat Me, Dimitri*, written in admiration of Dimitri Mitropoulos, conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, in 1942. At the time, Pettiford, along with drummer Sidney Smith of the University of Minnesota and pianist Kenny Green, helped to stage a Minneapolis jazz concert to which the symphony maestro had been invited. The three wrote the piece especially for the concert. Mitropoulos reportedly said, "The music was horrible, but I liked the solo work very much."

During the time Pettiford and Gillespie were at the Onyx together, the bassist composed *For Bass Faces Only*, and in later years, in a *Down Beat* interview, accusingly stated, "Diz recorded it later with Ray Brown and called it *One Bass Hit*, and I didn't get any credit for the song."

Other noteworthy Pettiford compositions include *Swingin' Till the Girls Come Home*, first recorded in April, 1951, on Mercer; *Bohemia after Dark*, in honor of the now defunct New York jazz club, Cafe Bohemia, recorded for Bethlehem in 1955; and *The Gentle Art of Love*, also introduced initially during the mid-'50s. There were many other originals that appeared on recordings in both the United States and Europe.

One of the bassist's first recordings, made in December, 1943, was possibly one of his greatest—Coleman Hawkins' version of *The Man I Love*, in which Pettiford's solo work is outstanding. It was first issued on Signature and is currently available on *Classic Tenors*, Contact CM-3.

During 1944 Pettiford made some records with a pianist (possibly Clyde Hart)

(Continued on page 40)

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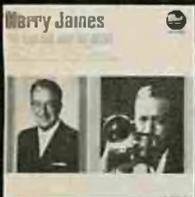
STEVE ALLEN PLAYS
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RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Erwin Helfer, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Neisen, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson, and Michael Zwerin.

Reviews are initiated by the writers.

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

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

Gene Ammons

SOCK!—Prestige 7400: *Blue Coolade*; *Short Stop*; *They Say You're Laughing at Me*; *Scam*; *Sock*; *What I Say?*; *Count Your Blessings*; *Cara Mia*; *Blues for Turfers*; *Rock Roll*.

Personnel: all tracks—Ammons, tenor saxophone. Tracks 1,2,3—Mal Waldron, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums. Track 4—Patti Bown, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Walter Perkins, drums. Tracks 5,6,7,8—Nat Woodard, trumpet; Henderson Chambers, trombone; Gene Easton, baritone saxophone; John Houston, piano; Ben Steubenville, bass; George Brown, drums. Tracks 9,10—Woodard, trumpet; Edwin Moore, trombone; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Lawrence Wheatley, piano; Ernie Shepard, bass; Brown, drums.

Rating: ★★

The first four tracks were recorded in 1963 and are issued here for the first time. The others are by Ammons' 1950 small band; they have been unavailable on LP. All of which seems to indicate that Prestige has nearly exhausted its unreleased Ammons material.

The quartet tracks are standard Ammons fare—three blues and a ballad, played with customary authority, assurance, and control. If there is no particular feeling of involvement or inspiration, Ammons' big, warm sound, his good time and relaxed approach nevertheless add up to quite satisfying music.

Coolade is a minor blues, *Short* a major blues, and *Scam* a blues with a shuffle beat. Waldron's short solos on the first two have a deft touch, but Miss Bown, with more time to get into something, impresses once again as a pianist with unusual gifts.

Compared with the earlier ballad efforts (*Blessings*, *Cara*), Ammons' treatment of *Laughing* shows the truth of the critical axiom that mature musicians make the best balladeers. *Laughing* is both tender and tough; the two others are merely schmaltzy (the doleful echo on *Cara* is no help).

The remaining small-band tracks are very much of their time, combining a basic swing style of approach with touches of bop and rhythm-and-blues. *Sock* has the most interesting arrangement, with a Tadd Dameron flavor. The front line of tenor saxophone, trumpet, baritone saxo-

phone, and trombone gives the group a dark, massive sound, and the uncomplicated rhythm section swings.

Say is a fast blues with Ammons in an Illinois Jacquet groove. *Turfers* is at a fine medium tempo of a sort rarely encountered today, and more's the pity. *Rock*, a blues with an *I've Got Rhythm* bridge, has vocal interjections by the group and an Ammons solo reflecting the influence of his first idol, Lester Young. The late Ernie Shepard's fine bass shines through here.

Aside from a brief Easton effort on *Say*, Ammons has all the solo space. He never falls to swing, and if the music isn't very complex or profound, it has other virtues.

A note on Prestige's pressings: this record, like almost every other Prestige album received by this reviewer in recent months, arrived warped. (D.M.)

Pat Bowie

FEELIN' GOOD!—Prestige 7437: *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?*; *Since I Fell for You*; *They Can't Take That Away from Me*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *Summertime*; *Why Don't You Do Right?*; *Wonder Why*; *I Wanna Be Loved*; *Lonesome Road*; *Feeling Good*.

Personnel: Charles McPherson, alto saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Al Hall, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Miss Bowie, vocals.

Rating: ★★

Miss Bowie has a good range, power to spare, and can produce a pleasantly light timbre. These attributes are wasted here, however, as her singing is quite mannered.

She seems not to have made up her mind what direction she wants to follow—Barbra Streisand's or Nancy Wilson's; she employs the mannerisms of jazz and of Broadway vocalists.

Sometimes Miss Bowie lets herself go and just hollers. Her belting is particularly strident on *Please Come Home* and near the end of *Wonder Why*. On *Wanna Be Loved* she begins quietly but lapses into tasteless shouting in places.

On every track she reveals affectations. Her attempts to use Gospel devices don't come off too well because she doesn't demonstrate the rhythmic suppleness of the better Gospel-influenced pop and jazz singers. In trying understatement on *What Love Is* she actually squeaks a few notes.

Happily, Flanagan and McPherson are given a fair amount of solo space. The work of both men is nicely structured and lyrical. McPherson, a Charlie Parker disciple, also exhibits a pretty tone. (H.P.)

Ray Charles

CRYING TIME—ABC-Paramount 544: *Crying Time*; *No Use Crying*; *Let's Go Get Stoned*; *Going Down Slow*; *Peace of Mind*; *Tears*; *Drifting Blues*; *We Don't See Eye to Eye*; *You're In for a Big Surprise*; *You're Just About to Lose Your Clown*; *Don't You Think I Ought to Know?*; *You've Got a Problem*.

Personnel: Charles, vocals, piano; unidentified orchestra; the Raelets, vocal group.

Rating: ★★

Despite the lachrymose title, this album consists in the main of pieces harking back to the "old" Ray Charles—blues and blues-based material performed with a commendable lack of production effects.

But the spirit of the earlier, and most significant, Charles efforts is often lacking. What once was style now often sounds like mannerisms, and the tendency toward the theatrical inherent in his work here sometimes gets the better of the singer.

Yet, there are good performances—notably that fine old blues classic, Jimmy Oden's *Going Down Slow*, on which Charles' singing and piano playing are poignant and very moving, ranking with the very best of Charles.

Eye and *Surprise* are by Percy Mayfield, one of the best current writers of rhythm-and-blues material. The old Charles Brown hit, *Drifting*, falls short of the original in this overly slow, overextended version.

The Raelets, a much better group than some far more famous r&b girl trios and quartets, are well featured throughout, but there are few instrumental solos, apart from the leader's piano. (D.M.)

Clare Fischer

MANTECA!—Pacific Jazz 10096 and 20096: *Manteca!*; *El Toro*; *Morning*; *Afro Blue*; *Favela*; *Marguerite (Suegra)*; *Dulzura*; *Sway (Quien Sera)*; *Negrata*.

Personnel: Conte Candoli, Bobby Bryant, Don Smith, A. D. Brisbois, trumpets; Gil Falco, Bob Edmondson, Ernie Tack, trombones; Fischer, piano, organ; Ralph Pena or Richard West, bass; Nicholas (Cuco) Martinez, timbales; Adolpho (Chino) Valdes, Carlos Vidal, congas; Rudy Calzado, cencerro and guiro.

Rating: ★★

This album has music of good craftsmanship that is listenable and danceable, but little of it rouses the imagination.

A listener might get the impression, hearing the bigger band tracks with their Kentonish trumpets, that he has heard it all before. The arrangements show little of the customary Fischer resource.

The first side has four numbers and features Fischer on organ with brass backing. The leader is by no means overbearing with either top-heavy solo space or instrumental volume; such sidemen as Candoli, Bryant, and Falco balance the solo texture nicely.

But Fischer does not, on this record at least, appear to be an organist of appreciable individual power or originality.

The piano tracks come off better, though the repetitions of *Favela* tend to make one grow faint with boredom. The second side presents Fischer in a smaller context—himself and five rhythm—and the tunes were arranged to enable one to hear a good deal more of the leader as soloist.

He makes *Marguerite* and *Dulzura*, which are originals, and *Sway* and *Negrata* most engaging performances. *Dulzura* and *Sway* particularly indicate the harmonic richness of which Fischer is capable. His *Dulzura* solo is the whole track—and it is a delight.

The percussion is skillful, but I must repeat a prejudice I have mentioned before: I find an entire program of Latin rhythms wearying. (D.N.)

Don Friedman

DREAMS AND EXPLORATIONS—Riverside 485: *Episodes*; *Exploration*; *Park Row*; *Blizzard*; *Israel*; *Darn That Dream*; *You Stepped out of a Dream*.

Personnel: Friedman, piano; Atila Zoller, guitar; Dick Kniss, bass; Dick Betk, drums.

Rating: ★★

In this collection there are three standard tunes on one side of the record and three "free" compositions on the other, so one can listen according to his particular mood and stay with it. There are worthwhile and interesting moments on both sides.

Friedman and Zoller play empathetically, but somehow all four persons together never quite seem to mesh as a unit.

Bassist Kniss gets a very good sound, especially in the low register, and on the first section of *Episodes* he lets fly with some unbelievably long glissandos.

Drummer Berk's playing, though he fills in interestingly on *Episodes* and solos well on *Blizzard*, has a somewhat heavy approach. At times the balance of the drums, though quite loud, seems to lack presence. Instead of their being clear and needle-sharp, their sound gives one the impression that they are somehow separated from the rest of the group. However, Berk is a competent, swinging drummer even though in this context—with a subtle, intimate group—I believe a lighter touch might have produced a better blend, a more pleasing over-all sound.

Zoller's *Exploration* has a vivid, colorful line, which he and the group delve into interestingly.

Friedman's *Episodes* uses different groupings of the instruments, which improvise together—first piano, bass, and guitar; then guitar, bass, and drums; followed by piano and guitar (this section is excellent); and, finally, all four improvising together. It's like a series of erudite conversations and, as such, comes off well.

In the liner notes, Friedman says he had thought of this piece as an accompaniment for various members of a dance group, an interesting idea, for the music has a feeling of movement about it that could be translated dramatically into dance.

Undercurrents of the classical treatment run through Friedman's work, as well they might, since his background and heritage are from the European tradition.

The quartet's playing of the standard pieces strikes me as being a little less inventive than in the other compositions. It's almost as though they had expended much of their enthusiasm and creativity in the latter. Perhaps the playing of "conventional" tunes might be confining after the free-blowing, wide-open originals.

The choice of bass notes on *Darn* seems—to my taste—to have little continuity in places; logical changes were bypassed. (On a ballad, I think the bassist's choice of notes can enhance the work of the soloist—or the reverse.) Friedman and Zoller nevertheless do create a mood, with tastefully interwoven ideas threading themselves in and out of the tune with a dreamy, wistful quality.

Israel is, on the other hand, almost George Shearing-esque for the first chorus and then shifts into some hard-swinging statements by piano and guitar. This and *You Stepped out of a Dream* are unadorned blowing numbers, with everyone contributing efficiently. (M.McP.)

Joe Henderson

INNER URGE—Blue Note 4189; *Inner Urge; Isotope; El Barrio; You Know I Care; Night and Day.*

Personnel: Henderson, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Henderson combines some of the best characteristics of post-bop and avant-garde

tenor men, his style falling somewhere between them. He's picked up some devices from John Coltrane, but his primary influence seems to have been Sonny Rollins. His rhythmic conception and big, hard tone are particularly reminiscent of Rollins. He's a fine technician, plays well in all registers, and makes very good use of vocal effects.

Some of his most interesting work occurs on *El Barrio*, a vaguely Latin-tinged piece based on two chords. He employs harmonics effectively here, and his playing has a speechlike quality.

On *Urge, Isotope, and Night and Day* Henderson turns in raw, forcefully swinging solos. Some of the devices that he uses on *Urge* are obviously derived from Coltrane, but the over-all effect of his playing is noticeably guttier and less exotic than Coltrane's.

Perhaps his best playing on the album is on Duke Pearson's fine ballad, *You Know I Care*. He demonstrates a mastery of dynamics and varies the color and texture of his tone quite well. And despite its complexity in places, his work is lyrical.

Tyner also is impressive. I believe he is one of the finest of modern jazz pianists. In addition to having been influenced by other pianists (Red Garland, for example), his style has been strongly marked by his long association with Coltrane. His many-noted, harmonically daring playing on *El Barrio* in particular recalls Coltrane. Also rewarding is his cascading *Urge* improvisation; he jabs away relentlessly with his left hand, heightening the intensity of his work.

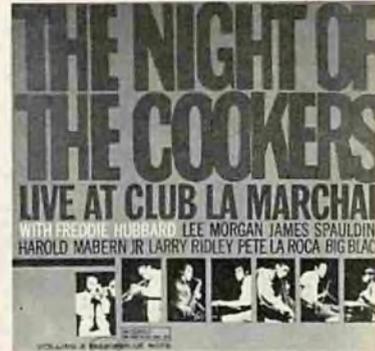
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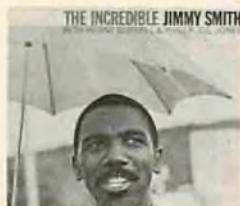
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The rhythm section does an admirable job. Jones, perhaps finding in Henderson a kindred spirit, performs explosively. Cranshaw, in addition to steady, big-toned section work, contributes a spare, imaginative solo on *Urge*. (H.P.)

Paul Horn

HERE'S THAT RAINY DAY—RCA Victor 3519: *Who Can I Turn To?*; *Here's That Rainy Day*; *How Insensitive*; *The Shadow of Your Smile*; *In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning*; *Girl Talk*; *Ecstasy*; *Laura*; *On a Clear Day*.

Personnel: Horn, clarinet and soprano, alto, bass flutes; Lynn Blessing, vibraharp; Mike Lang, piano; Bill Plummer, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums; two unidentified harps; chorus, Ralph Carmichael, conductor.

Rating: ★★

There is no reason why a jazz musician should not record a mood album. Ben Webster, Bobby Hackett, Coleman Hawkins, Stan Getz—to name a few—have done so with delightful and musically valid results. But this album is boredom from first to last note.

Horn is a competent musician, and plays his instruments with facility and clean craftsmanship. But he has nothing at all to say here—no message, no trace of originality or invention, no warmth or sparkle.

Each track has the same lugubrious tempo, the same predictable routines, the same washed-out choral touches, the same ponderous rhythm—if that's the right word to describe what passes for time here.

Horn gets a good sound from his bass flute, a rarely heard instrument. He plays it on *Hours*. His wispy clarinet is heard on *Shadow* and *Clear*, with questionable

intonation on the former. He plays alto flute on *Insensitive*, *Moment*, and *Laura* and soprano flute on the remaining tracks; This information is provided because the key to the performances on the back liner is 90 percent wrong. (D.M.)

Rod Levitt

SOLID GROUND—RCA Victor 3448: *Levittown*; *Morning in Montevideo*; *San Francisco*; *Borough Hall*; *I Wanna Stomp*; *Greenup*; *Rio Rita*; *Mr. Barrelhouse*.

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

Rating: ★★★★★

What a pleasure to hear a group that has, for its collective bag, humor and the ability to swing, both within a contemporary framework.

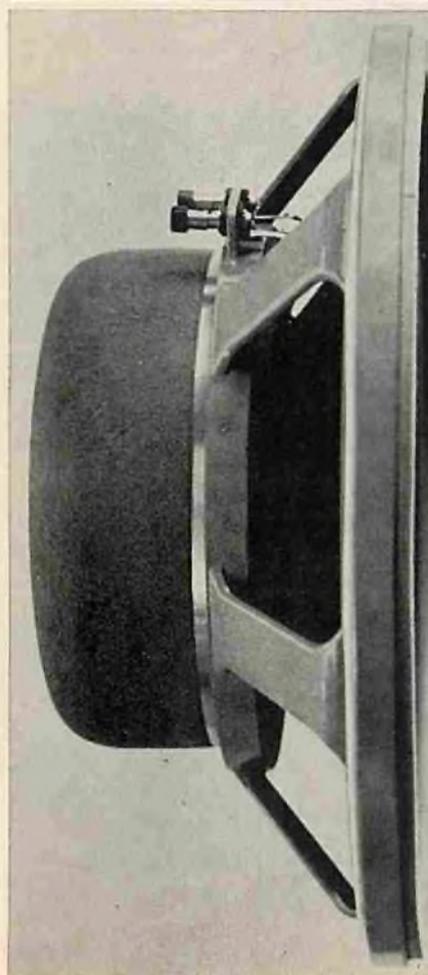
There is a healthy sparkle to Levitt's writing that seems to shout: "Forget the dialectics—let's get back to the business of just blowing!" Between the tongue-in-cheek artistry of Levitt (as writer and trombonist) and the inspired solo work of the other seven, *Solid Ground* is solid enjoyment.

The instrumental versatility of the front line makes it possible for Levitt to devise some remarkable sounds throughout: the chord clusters of flute, trumpet, and tenor that play the octave leaps in *Levittown* wail like a passing train; the unison drive of trombone and saxes on the same track build up enormous energy; the suggestion of *Rite of Spring* with unison clarinets at

the outset of *Borough Hall*; the chamber blend of Marge's oboe against flute, clarinet, and piano overlapping a martial waltz in *Greenup*, which also has an enigmatic, repetitious two-note closing fade by Levitt; the tossing back and forth of a unison figure in the release of *Rio Rita*, especially effective because of the fine stereo separation; and ditto for the fiendishly difficult unison theme toward the close of *Barrelhouse*.

Solo highlights are so numerous that there is room to mention only a few. Ericson steals the show with his exciting trumpet and fluegelhorn statements; he drives on *Levittown* and gets with the satirical flair of *Stomp*. As a trombonist, Levitt has an amazing range of colors, plunging into an Ellingtonian funk on *San Francisco*, or swinging with a vengeance on *Stomp*, and sounding positively mischievous on *Barrelhouse*. Allen's baritone conjures up the pure, tenor-range image of Gerry Mulligan on *Borough*, especially alongside Beal's sympathetic solo walk. As for Beal, he displays a great talent for mimicry on *Borough* and a penchant for bent tones on *Montevideo*.

For pure playfulness, nothing tops *Rio Rita*, which includes Levitt's put-on vocal. For uninhibited swing, *Stomp* has all the unabashed ingredients: old-fashioned riffs, Charleston proddings, even the age-old piano tremolos way up in the treble. For a witty, miniature tone-poem, *Borough* offers a montage of rhythmically variegated impressions that are captured faithfully and, above all, musically. (H.S.)



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Blue Mitchell

DOWN WITH IT—Blue Note 4214: *Hi-Heel Sneakers; Perception; Alone, Alone, and Alone; March on Selma; One Shirt; Samba De Stacy.*

Personnel: Mitchell, trumpet; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Chick Corea, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Aloysius Foster, drums.

Rating: ★★½

What should be a light, airy collection of swingers runs into interference in two areas: the unpleasant timbre of unison tenor and trumpet, and the lackluster solo work. Oddly enough, the only justification for the rating comes from solo playing—all 2½ stars belong to Mitchell. Without his consistently fine trumpet work, the album would be a complete disappointment.

Hi-Heel, Perception, and Selma are all burdened with the tenor-trumpet unison. When Cook and Mitchell blow separately, they offer a listenable quality, but together their blend is muddy, often irritating, and it spoils the opening and closing themes. Even on arrangements where they are not in unison—*Shirt* and *Samba*—they just don't make beautiful music together.

Mitchell's most plaintive solo is on *Alone*. He lavishes a big, beautiful tone on that ballad. His most exciting moments are heard on *Hi-Heel* and *Selma*, each a combination of Latin and rock-and-roll. Another Latin swinger, *Samba*, provides an up-tempo showcase for Mitchell, as well as the best solo outlet for Cook.

Taylor's bass playing is strong throughout. Melodically, he's at his best on *Alone*. His intonation is at its worst on *Samba*. Corea's playing is rather undistinguished; his only interesting contribution is made on *Shirt*, a well-constructed tune, with good changes.

On the whole, this is a fair collection of straight-ahead jazz with rock-and-roll flavors occasionally spicing the rhythm. But with a little less unison and more inspired solo work, the album would have fared much better. (H.S.)

Phineas Newborn Jr.

THE NEWBORN TOUCH—Contemporary 3615: *A Walkin' Thing; Double Play; The Sermon; Diane; The Blessing; Grooveyard; Blue Daniel; Hard to Find; Pazmuerte; Be Deedle Dee Do.*

Personnel: Newborn, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Frank Butler, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Newborn is a good pianist with outstanding technique. He often plays many-noted passages but does not descend to exhibitionism, and his double-time phrases are logically set up. On *The Sermon* he plays complex melodic lines and makes judicious use of space as well. He stays near the melody on *Diane*, ornamenting it tastefully and displaying a gentle touch.

Despite his skill, however, Newborn fails to convey a great deal of emotion, probably because he lacks a really individual approach. Not that he's a hack, but most of his ideas are rather common. The mark of Bud Powell on his playing is obvious, and he's also borrowed from other pianists, including Erroll Garner, whose influence is apparent on *Walkin' Thing*. Newborn tries hard to communicate intense feelings on *Pazmuerte*, but his work is merely melodramatic, sounding as if it could have been done by a semiclassical pianist.

Doubtless this criticism will not sit well with Newborn's admirers (there are some

who think he's one of the greatest pianists in jazz history). But imagination and fluency are not synonymous in a musician.

Butler does a wonderful job. His authoritative but sensitive drumming makes him a great asset in a piano-led trio. (H.P.)

Bud Powell

BOUNCING WITH BUD—Delmark 406: *Riff-tide; Bouncing with Bud; Move; The Best Thing for You; Straight, No Chaser; I Remember Clifford; Hot House; 52nd Street Theme.*

Personnel: Powell, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; William Schiøpffe, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

In 1953 or '54 Powell's playing suffered a decline from which it has not yet recovered for any length of time. However, he is such an extraordinary musician that even the worst of his LPs is interesting.

And this one, made in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1962, is far from that; it may be the finest record he's cut since 1953.

Powell's style here is reminiscent of the approach he employed in the late '40s and early '50s. His playing isn't as complex, fluent, daring, and powerful as it was at its best, but it's a far cry from some of the spare, jagged work he has recorded over the last 12 years. He plays long, meaty lines on this LP and makes the very fast tempos of *52nd Street* and *Move* without a great deal of difficulty. (His work on both could have been a trifle smoother, but the rough spots are barely noticeable.)

His playing at medium and medium-fast tempos is carefully paced and rather de-

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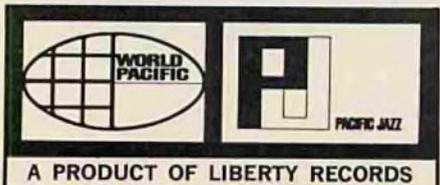


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liberate; though he's inventive, he doesn't do much double-timing. He constructs very well, resolving his ideas intelligently.

His slow, stern, majestic Clifford theme statements stand out; on them he mixes chords and single-note lines effectively.

Orsted Pedersen performs in a strong, thoroughly competent manner—and he was only in his mid-teens when this album was made.

Schiopffe's drumming is crisp and authoritative. His work reminds me of Kenny Clarke's.

I wish I could say that this LP heralded the beginning of a new period of great creativity in Powell's career, but he has not, to my knowledge, been as impressive on record since it was cut. (H.P.)

A. K. Salim

AFRO-SOUL/DRUM ORGY—Prestige 7379: *Afrika; Ngomba Ya Tempo; Kumamkia Mzulu; Pepo Za Sarari.*

Personnel: Johnny Coles, trumpet; Yusef Lateef, tenor saxophone, flute, argol; Pat Patrick, baritone saxophone, alto saxophone, flute; Philemon Hou, African xylophone, tambor drum; Osvaldo Martinez, bongo, cowbell, conga; Julio Callazo, shakers, conga; Marcelino Valdes, conga; Juan Cadaviejo, conga; William Correa, timbales; Salim, composer-arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★

The album is merely a pleasant, casual gathering of U.S. jazzmen and Latin—and one African—percussionists assembled to play around with the idea of pseudo-African rhythmic interplay. The music that results from this unplanned, spontaneous session never attains to very much, either rhythmically or melodically. With no real thematic materials at hand, the horn men bumble around for a bit without ever getting anywhere or building anything, and finally the solos peter out, submerged by the thundering rhythm.

The music never catches fire, never really develops beyond the most tentative and unformed stage. The rhythmic interplay is somewhat interesting but could have developed—perhaps with more time and playing experience among the members—much greater ensemble variety and subtlety than that generated. Here the over-all feeling is much too static.

There is a great tradition of rhythm suite playing in African music, complex and inventive rhythm playing that might best be described in light of our concepts of theme-and-variation. In African music these concepts are employed rhythmically instead of melodically and harmonically. The executants here could have profitably studied the recorded examples of this African tradition of rhythmic development, for the study might have led to far more variety and interest than the reather heavy and explicit rhythm playing in the set. (P.W.)

George Shearing

RARE FORM—Capitol 2447: *The Sweetest Sound; Look No Furber; Hallucinations; Sunny; They All Laughed; Station Break; Over the Rainbow; W'by Not?; I'll Never Smile Again; Bop, Look, and Listen.*

Personnel: Shearing, piano; Gary Burton, vibraharp; Ronald Anthony, guitar; Gene Cherico, bass; Vernel Fournier, drums; Armando Peraza, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★

The first time I listened to this record, I fell asleep. Although I stayed awake the second time, I found the first a more rewarding intellectual experience.

The only thing vaguely resembling anything interesting is Cherico's bass, but he is so wrapped up in Shearing's warm, safe, rich blanket of overstylized blandness that it doesn't come to very much.

Suave harmonies. Slick production. No imagination. No mistakes. No surprises. Isn't jazz the art of surprise? How can anyone call this jazz—it shouldn't even be reviewed in *Down Beat*. The Byrds or Martha and the Vandellas are much closer to jazz than this music. (M.Z.)

Ralph Sharon

THE TONY BENNETT SONG BOOK—Columbia 2413 and 9213: *Just in Time; I Wanna Be Around; Who Can I Turn To?; One for My Baby; The Kid's a Dreamer; Blues for a Rainy Day; The Good Life; You Came a Long Way from St. Louis; Born to Be Blue; I Left My Heart in San Francisco; Stranger in Town; Blues for Mr. T.*

Personnel: Sharon, piano; Hal Gaylor, bass; Billy Exiner, drums.

Rating: see below

This platter offers some tasty moments as a supplement to cocktails and conversation; as jazz, it's watered tea. The aim seems to be the disbursement of pretty melodies in as pleasing a manner as possible. There is little attempt at improvisation.

Sharon approaches the tunes—primarily ballads, with a smattering of blues—in slow to medium tempos. Like pianists who work the cocktail circuit, he tends to embellish a theme with a good deal of upper-register embroidery. That's about as far as he allows his imagination to go in these flights, although *Baby* and *Mr. T* show him attacking with a much groovier time feeling.

Gaylor and Exiner interfere very little, though the former—a fine talent—stirs the juices momentarily with a brief solo on *Mr. T*. Otherwise, it's just time-keeping.

A line above the album title proclaims: "Music for the Late Hours." True. Something pleasant and pretty. You will not be disturbed in the least. (D.N.)

Jimmy Smith

GOT MY MOJO WORKIN'—Verve 8641: *Hi-Heel Sneakers; (I Can't Get No) Satisfaction; 1-2-3; Mustard Greens; Got My Mojo Workin'; Johnny Come Lately; C Jam Blues; Hobson's Hop.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-4—Smith, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Ron Carter or Ben Tucker, bass; Grady Tate, drums. Tracks 5-8—Ernie Royal, trumpet; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Romeo Penque, flute, tenor saxophone; Jerome Richardson, baritone saxophone; Smith, organ, vocal; Burrell, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Tate, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Emphatically swinging and preaching, Smith gives these tunes a good working over. It's a lot of fun and will be popular with the army of organ fans, but beneath all the fuss and shouting there isn't much happening. Smith is a vigorous soloist and can play, but the veneer of funk wears thin without fresh ideas.

Taking two popular hits (1-2-3 and the Rolling Stones' *Satisfaction*), two Ellingtonian standards (*C Jam* and Billy Strayhorn's *Johnny*), and mixing in some Gospel shouts and blues, Smith makes everything sound like the same kind of funk.

Occasionally Burrell solos, but he reflects Smith's ideas instead of providing contrast.

Still, it is fun, the best of which is on

Mojo, as Smith takes a hoarse, grumbling vocal chorus, sounding much like Louis Armstrong.

Oliver Nelson has provided a skeletal framework for Tracks 5 through 8, providing points of departure, an occasional background, and brief interludes for Smith's organ. (G.M.E.)

Johnny (Hammond) Smith

OPEN HOUSE—Riverside 482; *Open House; Cyra; I Remember You; Cleopatra; Blues for DeDe; Why Was I Born?; I Love You.*

Personnel: Thad Jones, cornet; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone, flute; Smith, organ; Eddie McFadden, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Leo Stevens or Art Taylor, drums; Ray Barretto, conga.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This is a better-than-average album by one of the better jazz organists. The presence of Jones, who solos on *Cyra*, *Remember*, *Blues*, and *Love*, is particularly beneficial, and Powell, an excellent player, also is helpful.

Smith plays with taste and swing, and his three originals (*House*, *DeDe*, and especially *Cyra*) are functional. Guitarist McFadden, featured on *Born*, shows nice conception, and his comping is based on long experience with the other organ Smith, Jimmy by name.

The rhythm section moves things along smoothly; Barretto has jazz feeling and doesn't get in the way. (Taylor replaces the two regulars on *DeDe*).

Good material, good players, and a straight-ahead approach make for pleasant results, especially when Jones comes up to bat. (D.M.)

Fats Waller

VALENTINE STOMP—RCA Victor 525; *Got a Brand New Suit; Thief in the Night; Let's Sing Again; Valentine Stomp; Sweet Thing; I've Got My Fingers Crossed; Spreadin' Rhythm Around; Black Raspberry Jam; Why Do I Lie to Myself About You?; Sugar Blues; I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling; I Got Rhythm; The Girl I Left Behind Me; Love Me or Leave Me; Sing an Old-Fashioned Song; The More I Know You.*

Personnel: All tracks—Waller, piano. Tracks 1, 2, 10, 13—Herman Autry, trumpet; Rudy Powell, clarinet; James Smith, guitar; Charles Turner, bass; Harry Dial, drums. Tracks 3, 5, 9, 15, 16—Autry; Gene Sedic, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Smith or Al Casey, guitar; Turner; Yank Porter, drums. Tracks 4, 11, 14—Waller, solo. Track 12—Autry, Sidney DeParis, trumpets; Benny Morton, trombone; Powell, Sedic, Edward Inge, Bob Carroll, Don Redman, reeds; Waller, Hank Duncan, pianos; Smith; Turner; Porter.

Rating: ★★★★★

The second album in the projected Waller series on RCA's Vintage label contains three piano solos from 1929, an excellent cross section of small-group performances recorded in 1935-36, and a rare big-band selection from 1935, previously available on 78-r.p.m. only in Europe. One of the piano solos, *Feelin'*, and the small-group performance of *Raspberry* are previously unissued alternate takes.

Waller's rich legacy (he recorded more than 500 selections) has preserved for posterity a many-faceted picture of a man who was both a creative artist and a great entertainer.

Some jazz critics (and musicians) have never been able to reconcile the two elements in Waller's personality—the "serious" artist and the ebullient humorist—and persist in seeing Waller as a prime example of the tragic conflict between artistic inclination and public compromise, a conflict they see in all of jazz up to (and sometimes including) recent times.

But if there was a dichotomy in Waller, he certainly disguised it well. No doubt, there must have been times when he was tired and weary, when he would rather have played Bach on the organ than entertained the crowds. But there can be no question that the saving humor, the zest for life, the joy in bringing joy that shines through Waller's work was authentic, was a true reflection of his choice to be what he was.

To see Waller any other way, to attempt to fragment his art into the valid and the specious, is to misunderstand his genius. Waller was a great popular artist, and only those unwilling to accept the validity of popular art per se can fail to see him whole.

Even the purist, however, couldn't fault *Valentine*, one of Waller's great solo pieces in the James P. Johnson-Harlem stride piano tradition.

The structure of this piece also reflects classic ragtime piano. *Falling* and *Love* are relatively straight performances, emphasizing the melody. In the former, charming triplets dress up the song, and there is a spot in the second chorus indicating that Waller liked George Gershwin the pianist; the development of *Love* shows the Waller Art Tatum loved.

The small-group pieces demonstrate Waller's unique gifts for transformation of material that often was trivial (though several of the tunes are quite respectable). Waller's humor ranges from broad burlesque (*Behind*) to satire (*Sweet*); he outdoes himself on *Let's Sing*, during which his vocal touches include falsetto and basso profundo. This is one of Waller's most hilarious records.

Waller would not be Waller if the humor and fun were not balanced by moments of lovely music-making. His opening solo on *Thief* is a gem; so is the second piano spot on *Lie*, following one of his rare scat vocals. His trills on *Sugar* are superb, and when it came to backing soloists, Waller had few peers. As for swing, he was a one-man rhythm section.

The supporting cast's outstanding members are Sedic, Casey, and Autry. Sedic shines on tenor and clarinet on *Raspberry*, a driving instrumental, one of Waller's finest small-group records (both in this version and in the original). Casey's chorded solos are delightful, and the versatile trumpet of Autry is consistent and reliable. One of Autry's best moments, in a Louis Armstrong vein, comes on *Fingers*, which also has excellent Sedic (his tenor work often has some of Chu Berry's drive and force).

The big-band *Rhythm* (with personnel drawn from Don Redman's band and Waller's small group) is a treat. It includes a cameo "cutting contest" between pianists Duncan and Waller, complete with shouts of encouragement from band members. Duncan does his excellent best, but Waller gets him. An interesting soprano saxophonist is heard on this track; the liner notes, however, do not identify him. It certainly isn't Redman; Hugues Panassie, an expert on such matters, has credited Emmett Matthews, but this musician is not listed in the given personnel.

A most gratifying reissue. (D.M.)

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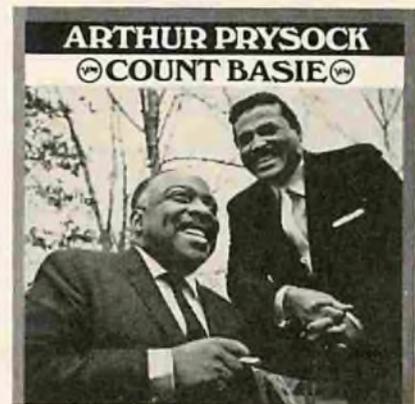
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ONE SHIRT/SAMBA DE STACY.
BLP 4214 (BST 84214)

**OLD WINE-
NEW BOTTLES**

Reviews Of Repackages

Recordings reviewed in this issue:
Count Basic, *Inside Basie Outside*
(VSP-12)

Rating: ★★★

Dizzy Gillespie, *Night in Tunisia*
(VSP-7)

Rating: ★★★★★

Woody Herman, *The First Herd at
Carnegie Hall* (VSP-1)

Rating: ★★★★★

Gene Krupa, *That Drummer's Band*
(VSP-4)

Rating: ★★★

Modern Jazz Ensemble, *Little David's
Fugue* (VSP-18)

Rating: ★★★

This batch of low-priced reissues from the Verve-MGM catalog restores to circulation an interesting concert recording, a good cross section of Gillespie's work in the mid-'50s (mainly with big bands), some typical Basie performances recorded at the Newport Jazz Festival and in the studio, performances by an all-star group assembled by John Lewis and Gunther Schuller, and recordings of Krupa at the helm of large studio bands.

The Herman album was recorded on March 25, 1946, at a Carnegie Hall concert which the bandleader once described as "the greatest night of my life." This is the famous first Herd in late bloom, with its splendid trumpet section (Conrad Gozzo, Sonny Berman, Pete Candoli, Shorty Rogers, and Irv Markowitz), featured soloists (trombonist Bill Harris, tenor saxophonist Flip Phillips, and vibraharpist Red Norvo), and caloric rhythm team (pianist Tony Aless, guitarist Billy Bauer, bassist Chubby Jackson, and drummer Don Lamond).

With well-founded pride, members of the streamlined Herd No. 2 often referred to their less sophisticated predecessors as "the *I Got Rhythm* band," and certainly much of the group's material consisted of those well-known chord changes and the blues. But what spirit and punch this band had! Even the technically poor recording (improved by remastering) can't obscure the fire and bite of the brass, the Duke Ellington-influenced reeds, and the drive of the pep section (though Lamond's foot, which hadn't the grace of Dave Tough's, his predecessor, is overrecorded).

This volume (a second, containing the rest of the concert, has been announced by VSP) has *Red Top*, *Bijou*, *Blowin' up a Storm*, and *Your Father's Moustache* (all featuring the band); *Everywhere* and *Mean to Me* (showcasing Harris at his best); *Sweet and Lovely* (a Phillips vehicle, and a good one); and Herman's blues singing (*Panacea*). Norvo has several fine solos, but Berman is unfortunately not

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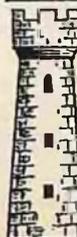
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featured, except in an almost inaudible spot on *Top* (the other trumpet work is by Candoli, liner comments to the contrary notwithstanding). This music wears its 20 years well.

The Schuller-Lewis venture, the Modern Jazz Ensemble, was one of the first significant manifestations of third-stream music (and what ever happened to that genre?). With such soloists as tenor saxophonists Stan Getz and Lucky Thompson, trombonist J. J. Johnson, and clarinetists Aaron Sachs and Tony Scott, there was plenty of meat sandwiched between the slightly effete ensembles (flute, bassoon, French horn, harp, bass, and drums).

A pleasant, airy, chamber-music atmosphere prevails. The title piece has fine Thompson and really is a fugue. *Django*, in Schuller's arrangement, is less striking than composer Lewis' original version for the Modern Jazz Quartet, but Thompson scores again, and there is sensitive work by Sachs, an unjustly neglected player. Sachs also is excellent on *Sum Dance*, with Thompson again notable. Getz is featured on *Midsummer* (a Lewis pastoral) and *The Queen's Fancy*, one of the most successful of Lewis' neo-Baroque essays. Johnson is in very good form throughout, avoiding all his clichés and really improvising.

In all, the album is an interesting document of a hybrid style that never quite made it but rarely came as close as this.

Gillespie's 1957 big band is the focal point of *The Night in Tunisia* album. On two tracks, *I Remember Clifford* and *Cool Breeze*, it is captured in one of its finest hours, at the Newport festival. The leader is superb on *Clifford*; a big band inspires Gillespie, and the tune was new and still full of meaning. *Breeze*, an extended ride, features trombonist Al Grey and tenor saxophonist Billy Mitchell, but the band is the star. Potentially, this could have been one of the greatest big jazz bands, but its life was too short to realize the promise fully.

Jordu, *Tangorine*, and *Whisper Not* are from studio sessions, and the band is not as excited or exciting as at Newport. *Whisper*, one of Benny Golson's best pieces, features a warm tenor solo by the composer. The two remaining selections are by Gillespie with a small Latin group (*Tunisia*) and a big studio band (*Manteca*) including tenor saxophonist Hank Mobley, who solos.

The Basic album, coincidentally, includes two tracks recorded at Newport on the same night Gillespie & Co. were taped. *Swinging at Newport* is a straight-ahead, uneventful piece with solos by trumpeter Joe Newman and tenorists Frank Foster and Frank Wess. The other, *One O'Clock Jump*, spotlights guest stars Illinois Jacquet and Lester Young on tenors and Roy Eldridge on trumpet. It swings, Young tries hard, Jacquet opens with Hershel Evans' original solo, and Eldridge strives mightily, but the result is strained.

The indoor efforts are better, especially *Blues Inside Out*, one of the band's most rewarding performances from the '50s. Marshall Royal's clarinet is far more impressive than his customary alto; Joe Newman takes a relaxed, well-wrought muted

solo; and Basic's piano is properly grooving. The three remaining tracks, competent Ernie Wilkins arrangements competently played, are interesting mainly for good solos by trumpeter Thad Jones (*Big Red*, *Basic's Back in Town*) and a spot for Bill Graham's Charlie Parker-styled alto on *Stompin' and Jumpin'*.

Krupa is heard with two different studio bands—a New York contingent plus Krupa's star graduates, Eldridge and Anita O'Day, and a West Coast unit playing vintage Gerry Mulligan arrangements. Recreations often fail, but Eldridge invests *After You've Gone* and *Rockin' Chair*, which he recorded when he was with Krupa in the early '40s, with crackling

new life. Miss O'Day, featured on *Boogie Blues*, *That's What You Think*, and in a duet with Eldridge on *Let Me off Uptown*, is relaxed and completely in character. Krupa is showcased on *Wire Brush Stomp*, which also has an uncredited tenor solo by Eddie Shu.

No personnel is given for the West Coast group, except altoist Herb Geller, who contributes several nice solos. A trumpet player, sounding much like Don Fagerquist and a *Four Brothers*-ish tenor saxophonist also are featured. The arrangements stand up well (there are some slightly retouched spots), particularly *Disc Jockey Jump* and *How High the Moon*.
—Dan Morgenstern

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BLINDFOLD TEST

Charlie Haden

By LEONARD FEATHER

Charlie Haden is a quiet, modest man who will be 29 in August but looks about 22. Born in Shenandoah, Pa., he had no formal musical training, but his family was active in Mid-western folk music from the 1930s on. He started in jazz with altoist Art Pepper on the West Coast.

After working with pianists Paul Bley and Hampton Hawes in the late 1950s, Haden went to New York City and made a deep impression on the jazz world as a member of the Ornette Coleman Quartet, with which he played from 1959 to '62.

For the last couple of years, Haden has lived in San Francisco. He has worked with Dr. Denny Zeitlin every Monday at the Trident, but the doctor's hospital hours and the limitations of San Francisco, where almost no records are made, have prevented him from achieving the recognition he deserves. As Zeitlin says, "He has radar ears, warmth of sound, and a basic strength that so many of the modern bassists lack."

This was Haden's first *Blindfold Test*. He received no prior information about the records played.



1. John Handy III. *Pretty Side Avenue* (from *No Coast Jazz, Roulette*). Handy, alto saxophone, composer; Don Friedman, piano; Bill Lee, bass.

I'm embarrassed that I don't recall the name of this piece, because I played it with him a year ago in San Francisco, when I was with him for a few months.

It's a beautiful ballad. . . . I've heard this album before, I know, but I never looked at it to see who was playing on it. The piano player was playing very beautiful chords behind John. I respect John's music very much. The bass I would rather have heard play a pizzicato solo. He's got a lot of courage to play with a bow—more than I would have. The bow is a completely different realm, different dimension of the bass violin. It's an art in itself.

Five stars for the composition and John's musicianship; he has a very lovely, warm, classical sound on the alto. He's a very creative person. Over-all rating, four.

2. Charles Mingus. *Celia* (from *Mingus, Mingus, Impulse*). Charlie Mariano, alto saxophone; Mingus, bass, composer.

That was a very good alto player. . . . I usually don't feel many big-band arrangements; there are so many big bands that have left a bad taste in my mouth over the years. First big band I heard was Stan Kenton, then Shorty Rogers, Woody Herman. . . . I really didn't enjoy hearing a big band perform a piece of music until I heard Duke Ellington.

This was a well-made composition and pleasing to the ear. The alto player really didn't move me that much. It sounded maybe like it might be Phil Woods—I'm not sure. As far as rating it as a piece of music, I would say three stars.

3. Paul Bley. *Ictus* (from *Barrage, ESP*). Dewey Johnson, trumpet; Marshall Allen, alto saxophone; Bley, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Milford Graves, drums; Carla Bley, composer.

I have a feeling that the composition that was stated before and after the improvising wasn't powerful enough to give the individual musicians a strong enough direction in order to really get a feeling

in creating on it.

I don't know who the musicians were. I haven't done that much listening recently to the new musicians that have been playing in New York, not since I was there with Ornette.

Music has to have a direction in order to get any kind of a creative feeling or need from it. I believe there is a big mistake in talking about the new music, as everyone calls it; people get misled very easily by labels. When I went to New York with Ornette, we didn't profess to play any kind of music other than just jazz. It was the public and the critics that put the labels on it. Avant-garde, "new thing." Everything has suffered from that.

The musician that impressed me the most, that I got any kind of a feeling from, was the pianist. The bass player, like the others, didn't have enough of a feeling from the composition. He was resorting to a lot of string noise just for the sake of string noise.

For the lack of direction, I couldn't give this more than three.

4. Modern Jazz Quartet. *Animal Dance* (from *MJQ + All Star Jazz Band, Atlantic*). Milt Jackson, vibraharp; John Lewis, piano, composer.

That was an old piece that I remember from a long time ago. There was too much writing and not enough soloing; those changes are very good to play on; the harmonies involved give me a very good, old feeling. The piano player, and the guy that was playing the vibes, didn't really get that much of a chance to play. Sounded like John Lewis. Everyone was holding back. For the suppression, I'll say two stars.

5. Mitchell-Ruff Trio. *Improvisation on Solo for Unaccompanied Bass* (from *After This Message, Atlantic*). Dwiki Mitchell, piano; Willie Ruff, bass; Helcio Milito, drums; Ray Brown, composer.

The bass player didn't have enough of a chance to play on that. He sounded like a very good bass player, and I thought it was going to be a vehicle for him, because he started it out and ended it. I don't understand why he didn't do more;

I guess they must have their own reasons.

The bass player was using metal G and D strings, which I cringe at the moment I hear them, because I have never had any luck with them, feelingwise or soundwise. Most bass players like them. I think they sound much too metallic to produce any kind of a good natural bass sound. The pianist was very competent, but I'm mad because they didn't let the bass player play. So one star.

6. Victor Feldman. *Serpent's Tooth* (from *The Arrival of Victor Feldman, Contemporary*). Feldman, vibraharp; Scott LaFaro, bass; Stan Levey, drums; Miles Davis, composer. Recorded 1958.

I remember that tune from an LP called *Miles Davis Collectors' Items*. On one side Bird played tenor. Percy Heath played bass. I don't remember the name of the piece.

That was Scotty LaFaro and Victor Feldman and Stan Levey, from an album recorded around 1958. Scotty was trying desperately to become the best bass player in the world. In fact, Scotty and I were rooming together in L.A. when he made this album.

I think one of the greatest losses to music—not just jazz—was the loss of Scott LaFaro. He was one of my closest friends, and I'm still not recovered from his death. He would have gone on to become one of the greatest bass players, greatest musicians, greatest human beings in the world.

When this was recorded, he was practicing every day for hours and hours. He was a perfectionist in everything he did—in his music and in becoming a full, more aware human being. For his age, he was really fantastic.

On this album he was struggling, as was Victor, who wasn't really together on the vibes yet. It was my pleasure to record an album with Scotty, which I'll never forget—the double quartet album with Ornette. In fact, that was the last time I saw Scotty alive. He'll always be inside of me as long as I live.

For Scotty LaFaro, I couldn't count the stars that I could give that. 

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Longhorn Jazz Festival

Disch Field, Austin, Texas

The Longhorn Jazz Festival was an unusual event: it was the first jazz festival held in a South or Southwest area; it was the first jazz festival that survived a weekend without using a single name band (the only large orchestra there was the North Texas State University Lab Band); and it was an event that placed a heavier stress than usual on music in the mainstream.

Though the over-all scope of the festival, held in Austin, Texas, April 1-2, was broad—from Lightnin' Hopkins to Miles Davis—there was a difference of accent on the important roles assigned to such gifted middle-of-the-roadsers as Bud Freeman and Ruby Braff (both members of producer George Wein's house group), Teddy Wilson (who was born in Austin and was paying his first visit home since he passed through as a Louis Armstrong sideman in 1933), Pete Fountain, and Bobby Hackett.

Gerry Mulligan was there, too, playing the role he now seems to enjoy best, as baritone-at-large, sitting in with the Wein-Freeman-Braff-Jack Lesberg-Morey Feld "Newport All-Stars" and playing a blues with the Dave Brubeck Quartet.

Each of the three concerts included at least one Texas outfit. This was not altogether a happy device, though no doubt it was politically expedient. One group was led by jazz accordionist Bob Sardo. Comping on the accordion, no matter how capable the performer, just doesn't seem able to generate any swing; however, Sardo showed promise in some John Coltrane-like modal moments on one solo.

Another of the Texas groups, used in a preconcert warmup, was a vocal group apparently patterned on the lines of the Four Freshmen but sounding more like a trio of tired sophomores.

The Blue Crew of Austin turned out to be a quartet featuring some good blues flute but faltering tenor by ex-Ray Charles bandsman David Newman, plus an unsteady drummer.

Texas redeemed itself, of course, with the performance of the North Texas band under director Leon Breeden. From the section and ensemble standpoints, this band has few equals, even on the highest professional plateau.

It is not yet as strong on soloists, though Galen Jeter clearly is a trumpeter with a lot of chops and a lot of future. The rhythm section, no less remarkable collectively than the reeds and the brass, has an outstanding soloist in pianist Don Haerle. Vocalist Janet Wildman has a little-girl sound and may have been unsettled by the pressure under which the band played its set ("we gotta make that plane to Los Angeles in 40 minutes, men—keep that tempo going"). Bill Farmer on vibraharp was fluently creative.

The Saturday evening show was notable for the warmly communicative set by blues man Hopkins. His singing, playing, and talking had a quality of total intimacy, as though the audience was being admitted sight unseen to a soliloquy. Hopkins was accompanied by Cleveland Chenier, who scratched a specially made washboard hung dickeylike around his neck.

Teddy Wilson played a trio set (with Lesberg and Feld) in a style that has aged no more than Earl Hines' and has just as valid a reason for remaining immutable: it is sui generis and is played with the grace and authority of its initiator.

The Brubeck set reached a high in the leader's intriguingly confusing off-center rhythms on *You Go to My Head*. Paul Desmond was in good form, his languid alto contrasting effectively with the extrovert alto of Sonny Stitt, who played *Autumn in New York* with an ad hoc group announced as the Longhorn All-Stars.

With Stitt in this combo were trumpeters Howard McGhee and Kenny Dorham, the latter an Austin High (Texas branch) alumnus. Both survivors of the bop era, they battled in a manner that became, in effect, a study in continuity rather than in



Hawkins with Toshiko
... and still champion

contrasts. In their rhythm section were drummer G. T. Hogan, bassist Don Jones, and pianist Toshiko Mariano. Toshiko's solo on *It Was a Very Good Year* was a trifle overarranged, with its florid Tatum-esque devices, though harmonically she becomes more interesting all the time.

Toshiko played again at the Sunday matinee, sharing a "History of Jazz Piano" workshop with Wilson and this writer.

The Fountain set Sunday evening turned out better than some skeptics might have expected. Whether his main debt be to Benny Goodman or Irving Fazola, Fountain can play with compelling warmth on a blues or on a *Mood Indigo*. Godfrey Hirsch did a padded-mallets bit in the vintage Red Norvo tradition. Cornetist Hackett joined the group, dedicating one of his numbers to an old friend in the audience, ex-Duke Ellington trumpeter Freddie Jenkins (now a successful Fort Worth businessman). Hackett's *When Your Lover Has Gone* was a distillation of all the beauty inherent in the brand of classic jazz that is essentially geared to melody.

Perhaps because of the happy feeling brought about by the unexpectedly relaxed racial atmosphere and by the extremely

responsive audience, everyone seemed to be in peak form at the Sunday evening show.

Stan Getz made *Desafinado* sound as if it were the first time he had played it. Coleman Hawkins, grizzle-bearded, looking as if he had just stepped off the set of a Biblical movie, was reunited with his quintet-mate of the mid-'40s, trumpeter McGhee, for some of that good old *Disorder at the Border*.

Singer Chris Connor, to quote her own words, was *Feelin' Good*, with some resonant, on-the-nose low notes.

Trumpeter Davis flew in as a last-minute replacement for John Coltrane. With pianist Herbie Hancock, bassist Ron Carter, and drummer Tony Williams constantly shifting rhythmic and metric gear in a spirit of total empathy, and with tenor saxophonist Wayne Shorter cooking from Note 1, Davis was fired by the spirit of the setting. Looking fit and obviously in rare good humor, he blew exquisitely.

A great mistake, as Wein himself later admitted, was his suggestion that tenor saxists Hawkins, Freeman, and Getz get together for a triple-play on *Body and Soul*.

This song being virtually Hawkins' copy-right, and Wein having neglected to suggest a blowing order, the patriarch took it from the top, blew three unbelievably wonderful choruses, and left the other two with no alternative but to run through 32 bars apiece and close out fast. Moral: let no man, not even a Getz or a Freeman, follow Hawkins on the same stage playing *Body and Soul*.

Held in the open-air Disch Field ("Home of the Austin Braves"), the Longhorn festival was financed by 25 local businessmen—or to be accurate, 24 local businessmen and Carolyn Hester, the Austin-based folk singer who also put her mouth where her money was, devoting a full week to a promotional tour. The festival was directed by Rod Kennedy, an Austin radio- and television-station vice president.

—Leonard Feather

Neophonic Orchestra/North Texas State Lab Band

Music Center, Los Angeles

Personnel: Gary Barone, Conto Candoli, Ronnie Ossa, Dalton Smith, Ray Triscari, trumpets; Jim Amlotte, John Bambridge, Lou Blackburn, Bob Fitzpatrick, Vern Friley, trombones; Vince De Rosa, Bill Hinshaw, Art Maabo, Richard Perissi, Henry Sigismonti, French horns; Bob Cooper, Don Lodice, John Lowe, Bill Perkins, Bud Shank, reeds; Ray Sherman, piano; Ron Anthony, guitar; Bob West, bass; Frank Carlson, Emil Richards, percussion; Stan Kenton, conductor, North Texas—Larry Ford, Galen Jeter, Bill Stapleton, Jay Saunders, James Scaggiari, trumpets; Mike Heathman, Connie Seidel, Ray Campbell, Joe Randazzo, Rick McCarthy, trombones; John Giordano, Tim Boll, Louis Marini, Ray Lockle, Tom Boras, reeds; Bill Farmer, vibraharp; Dan Haerle, piano; Tom Bruner, guitar; John Monaghan, bass; Ed Soph, drums; Leon Breeden, director.

This, the last concert of the season for the Neophonic, was highlighted by the guest appearance of the excellent North Texas Lab Band. I did not hear the first concert, which featured Gerry Mulligan, but of the other three, this was easily the jazziest, although I believe it must take second place in the lasting importance of its music to the concert conducted by Bill Russo, the season's third.

The Neophonic played the first half of the concert, and the Texas band held forth

after the intermission, joined in the finale performance by the Neophonic.

The concert opened with Tommy Vig's *Four Pieces for Neophonic Orchestra*. The four segments were *Freedom! Freedom!*, *The Lost Love*, *Serious Fun*, and *Fusion*. It was excellent.

The first part began at a fast tempo, with noteworthy solo contributions from Cooper, Perkins, and Blackburn. The second movement featured a nice flute ensemble section and an outstanding vibraphone solo by Richards, who, I believe, has no peers on that instrument. In the last two portions, there were more flute ensembles (well written and played), some interesting Shank clarinet work, a marvelous trumpet solo by young Barone, bold solo bass work by West, and wailing alto by Perkins.

Next was a composition by William Fritz titled *Sinfonia*, further described in the program notes as "a symphony in miniature." Fritz has good formal credentials, including study with Russo and Alexander Tcherepnin. He has worked with several big bands (including Kenton's) and currently is director of the jazz ensemble at the California Institute of the Arts.

Sinfonia was safe and polite. There were nice solos by Shank on alto and by Candoli (playing like himself and like Miles Davis, too), plus a good unison French horn passage.

Gil Melle's *Figures in Rotation* was absorbing music and, for me, was one of the three or four outstanding works per-

formed by the Neophonic in the two years of its existence. The piece was described as a "polymetric work in which the marimba is featured in an extended improvisation; an extrapolation of four themes in a single movement."

The voicings were beautiful and included lovely passages for baritone and bass clarinets, trombone ensembles, and airy but moody lines for three flutes and the guitar. Richards wove the marimba through this in masterly fashion. It obviously was very difficult music to play; it challenged the listener while remaining accessible, and it evolved with complete naturalness from part to part. At the climax, bass clarinet, flutes, guitar, and wood block melded with a light sound from the brass section. The brass then held to a merger with a dramatic and unusually effective final passage—a sighing, moaning wind effect produced by one of Carlson's pieces of equipment.

Bob Mayer is a composer of contemporary classical music and an alumnus of North Texas State, but his piece, *Rock City*—"an extension of the folk-rock idiom," according to the program notes—was based on questionable thematic material and, though lively, was, I believe, hamstrung from the beginning by the mediocrity of its starting grounds. It was a "rapid" piece that featured fast transitions, never settled into any groove, and thus never allowed the listener to become involved in any consistent intellectual or emotional way. It was nervous.

Stool Pigeon by trombonist Dick Nash

closed the first half. It was "inspired [sic] by the private life of the *Master Race*, by Bertolt Brecht and written for two trombones." It was corny, melodramatic, demonstrative concert brass-band music. Soloists Nash and Roberts played very well throughout, and their interplay was impressive. There was a pyramid to a *big ending!* I headed for the wings to get some cotton candy, peanuts, and pop.

You'll never hear a band play more *togetherness* than the North Texas band. Its sound, style, and genuineness are tributes to the validity of the entire stage band movement. This orchestra is strictly a jazz band, and it never lets down in professional quality and thoroughness. It is no criticism to say that the group's soloists are no match, by and large, for the excellence of the orchestra itself.

The Texas band's part of the program began with Billy Byers' *Rabble Rouser*, which emphasized the band's unity, followed by *The Thrill Is Gone*, which was nicely orchestrated by student Don Dimick but which had a tenor solo by Marini that, while articulate, displayed an awful sound.

Two student compositions followed. These were *Eliz* by Toby Guynn, orchestrated by Jay Pruit, and *Concertino* by pianist Haerle. Both pieces showed surprising maturity and admirable conservatism that avoided show-biz effects. Soloists were Bell on alto and Jeter on trumpet on the first and trumpeter Stapleton, altoist Giordano, and trombonist Heathman on the second. Both trumpeters failed to

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build and, instead, kind of wandered (if gracefully) through their parts. The saxophonists seemed more concerned with getting that hip sound than with construction. But all the raw materials were happily obvious.

Montage followed, and after a few words from director Breeden about the band, there ensued unprogrammed performances of *'Round Midnight*, which was routine, and a piece allowing drummer Soph to solo. He is a mature player who carried out a nonexhibitionistic demonstration.

To close the concert North Texas alumnus Jim Knight offered *Two Voices*, "a suite in three movements (a premiere work especially composed for two orchestras)." Shank had a good alto solo, and tenors Perkins and Marini exchanged solos (with the latter exhibiting improved tone for some reason). But the piece itself was a boring collection of background music effects that never got off the ground.

—John William Hardy

Jimmy Giuffre

The New School, New York City

Personnel: Giuffre, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Don Friedman, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

With this well-paced, well-attended concert, Giuffre introduced his new quartet, his program notes announcing his intention "to couch ideas in a language to which a jazz audience can relate." The warm and enthusiastic response to the music indicated he had succeeded.

There were eight Giuffre originals, most of them recent or new, and one piece by pianist Friedman. Many varieties of sound and mood were explored, always with a sense of form and organization. Giuffre presented, developed, and articulated his musical ideas with admirable succinctness, never allowing a piece to roam beyond the listeners' capacity for concentration.

There was in this program a kind of summing up of the various musical roads Giuffre has traveled, but it was never in the sense of academic re-creations of the past. Everything that was played was played with immediacy and commitment, and one never had the feeling that Giuffre was compromising.

Reminiscent of Giuffre's pastoral period was *Across the Mountain*, its serene opening motif a most charming melody. The improvised sections had agitated, upper-register clarinet work, part of it unaccompanied, before a return to the opening theme. A composer's mind was at work here.

Giuffre has tempered, but not abandoned, his allegiance to what he terms "abstract" jazz. This side of his musical personality was represented by *Variation*, a piece in which a seemingly atonal theme briefly raised its head. There was rattling of saxophone keys and some effective overblowing, as well as a Cranshaw solo replete with long slides and a well-constructed effort by Chambers. Coming as a contrast to the balance of the program, this piece was refreshing and exciting.

Cry, Want—one of the older pieces—had strong touches of the blues, and Giuffre's clarinet was warm-toned. He has come a long way as a clarinetist since the

lower-register efforts of *Martians*, *Go Home* fame, and he now masters this neglected instrument in all its facets. His work on the jaunty *Rhythmspeak* was particularly impressive.

On tenor, Giuffre has a strong, direct approach, closer in texture now to Sonny Rollins than it was in his earlier, Lester Young-touched days. On *Camel Walk*, the gait was properly stately, with excellent work from Friedman and Cranshaw. *A Jigger of Scotch*, alternating long and short meters, was modal, with effective tonguing by Giuffre during a swinging passage. The theme of *Slave Song*, stated in octaves by tenor and piano, was interestingly developed by Giuffre.

Throughout, the three supporting musi-

cians were excellent.

Friedman, a pianist with his own voice, has a highly sophisticated harmonic sensibility and considerable adventurousness. He was in good form on his own *Circle Waltz*, but his most exciting moments came on *Rhythmspeak*.

Cranshaw, though substituting, played the music with unflinching appropriateness and musicality. Chambers was discreet and tasteful, yet had plenty of sinew. There was no attempt on anyone's part to upstage the others, and the quartet functioned as a whole.

In summary, this was a remarkably well-planned and well-executed *concert*—in the too-rarely applicable real meaning of that term.

—Dan Morgenstern

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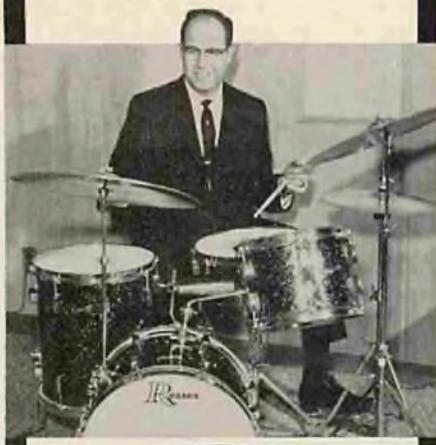
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PETTIFORD

(Continued from page 26)

that demonstrate well his then novel bass technique. The pianist transcribed the bass solos and Leeds Music was interested in publishing them in an instruction book. It never appeared, for according to Pettiford, "First they got a guy from the Philharmonic to look at them. He said nobody could play those solos. So they never put out the book."

Pettiford deeply felt he had something to offer to jazz. Sometimes his theories and ideas didn't sit too well with his colleagues. For instance, he maintained that 4/4, the basic time of jazz, came directly from the American Indian, and though 4/4 existed in European music, it was not used in the same way, and African rhythms, supposedly the important ingredient in jazz, were of a very different rhythmic nature.

He had quite a few ideological run-ins throughout his career and felt his ideas were not given a proper hearing. His highly sensitive nature could easily be hurt.

For example, for one month in 1948, he had an all-star group that included trumpeters Miles Davis and Fats Navarro, trombonist Kai Winding, tenor saxophonists Lucky Thompson and Dexter Gordon, vibraharpist Milt Jackson, pianist Bud Powell, and drummer Kenny Clarke. After it disbanded, he said, "I got so fed up with it. The guys' department was too bad. A guy'd get up to play a solo and the others would leave the bandstand. There was a lot of professional jealousy in the group. But they'd sit and laugh and talk with each other off the stand. They had a weird way of digging each other."

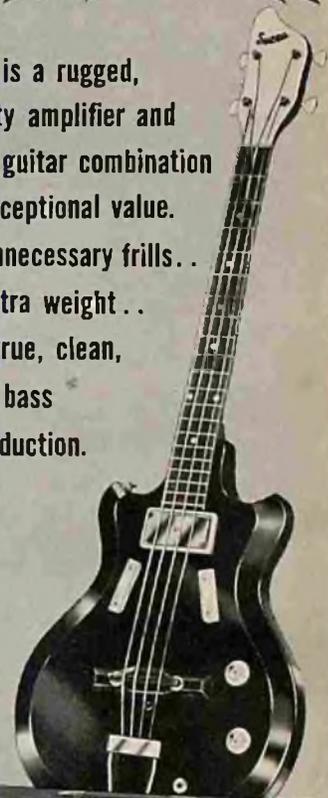
The bassist not only felt deeply the lack of interest in his own work but also resented the lack of attention other jazz musicians received. He once commented, "There are too many guys that can play that aren't being heard properly. . . ."

These things, still prevalent in jazz, were contributing factors in his eventual departure from the U.S. jazz scene. The final break came in England while he was on tour with the Jazz from Carnegie show. Max Jones, writing in the *Melody Maker* in 1960, recalled: "O.P. was not overcome with admiration for that package and expressed his views freely with vehemence." Jones mentioned one of the concerts, where "a deal of off-the-cuff action over microphones took place between O.P., Lee Konitz, and Zoot Sims. Feelings were aroused, and when the bass amplifier was silent for the final show, rumor had it that someone had removed Pettiford's valves [tubes]."

Yet a good many jazzmen who knew the bassist had a tremendous respect and appreciation for him. He was a man whose capacity for the joy of living and playing music was infectious. When he was in the right mood, he could keep a group of listeners enthralled while talking about music; regardless of mood, his expression while playing demanded rapt attention, not only from the audience but from those on the stand as well.

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McCLURE-GOMEZ

(Continued from page 22)

much, I can see I have a lot of work cut out for myself. There is a very strong musical thing between him and me—a great musical understanding.”

“We’re going to get along just fine—I’m looking forward to having a long-term development with Eddie,” said Evans, sounding unusually excited. “Having him is a tremendous thing for me. He’s doing just beautifully, and I’m extremely happy. I think being with the group has done Eddie a lot of good already, and I’m letting everybody know how I feel about him. I’m really excited. At this point I don’t know what we’re going to get into . . . he’s just bubbling over, and his ideas come pouring out. He has that same sort of quality that Scott had when I first heard him—he wanted to say so much, he almost played 12 solos at one time. When he reined in was when he really started communicating. I’m looking forward to getting together to play some with Eddie when we get to the West Coast, in the afternoons, quietly, without the strain of performances at night.”

Questioning Gomez about his influences elicits intelligent, well-thought-out responses. He is enthusiastic about his favorite players:

“Charlie Mingus was the one at the very beginning of that era of opening the bass up, furthering it along the path to be a more creative voice. Another guy I’ve always liked, too, is Ray Brown. I dig his sound and choice of notes behind the soloist—he’s into the music all the time. Of course, it was Scott LaFaro who really showed clearly what the bass was going to be doing for a long time to come.

“When anybody plays fast, they think it’s a style of playing, whereas having good-enough chops to play fast should be part of the equipment. We basically all use the same technical equipment, but it’s what a person plays that tells how individual he is. Now, Gary [Peacock] plays punctuated short lines—a singing, ringing kind of a sound, like a guitar. There are so many beautiful sounds to be gotten out of the bass. That’s what Steve Swallow’s got going. He’s another guy who has a unique way of doing things. Yet from a solo standpoint, I think Red Mitchell was one of the first bass players to have brought peoples’ ears to a bass solo by using a different technique—sort of a flamenco style. . . .”

“Among young bass players, I think Cecil McBee and Albert Stinson are two of the most promising. But there’s not that many bass players—not that many who really care—but I think the

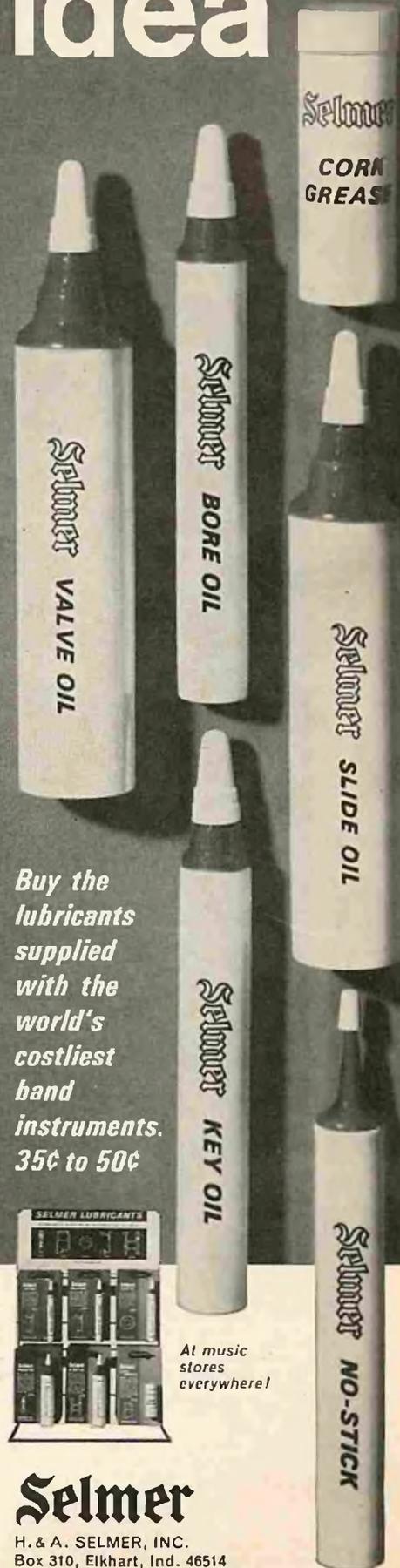
kids who are geared for being creative are around. They’re the ones who won’t bother with rock-and-roll. Bass playing has got to such a high level now that you expect more and want more from them. In fact you demand more! I want to enlarge the scope of the bass—get more sounds, more playing in the upper register, and there are so many wonderful things to do in the lower register too. It’s not easy to build a solo, but I like to play solo lines and to do things with other people—and a freer context is more conducive to that. Playing in 4, and making it swing, is hard, but there’s more to it than that.

“The young kids should listen, not only to bass players, but to all music—to be more of a musician, as opposed to being a bass player. Of course, sight reading, technique, etc., are necessary musical equipment, unless you use them as an end instead of a means. Properly used, it’s like a rug for you to stand on, so that you have a way of doing something. Lack of it is not a sign of being a creator, but having it doesn’t mean that you are a mere craftsman either. However, it’s the two combined that make an artist. It’s the trend now to have good chops, and you have to have a certain amount of aggressiveness to play.

“There’s so much to do—so much happening. At one time, I was very much involved with Ray Brown’s playing, then I heard Bill and Scottie, and the music that came after that, like Paul Bley—he’s such a romantic player—and Ros Rudd. There’s a lot of wholesome music there, but I don’t want to do just that. I dig 4/4, and I like beautiful chord progressions. There’s a lot to be done with this yet and something to be learned about adapting yourself to what the musical point is of the group you’re with, what point is being made. If you go off by yourself, you don’t have a trio, you just have the other people—and you. But if you listen to what’s going on around you, you soon get your ideas of what to do. I call it subtle individualism.

“Now, take the way the time is being played in some of the newer groups today: you’re only on the surface level of what can be done. Break that surface, and there’s a whole lot more underneath. There’s no basic rhythm to do it for you—you have to be a world within yourself. You’re using your brain, and it involves a lot more regimentation than people think, because the time is not put before your very eyes, as it is in more conventional playing. I guess the way music is today, you have to make your choice: to be a record-date player or a player. I want to play. I would go anywhere on this earth to play good music.”

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(Continued from page 14)

radio-television stations from playing other, nonconflicting engagements. A proposal to do away with the freeze is expected to be brought up for vote at the June 14 membership meeting.

BOSTON: The group of flutist Herbie Mann appeared at the Jazz Workshop with several changes in personnel since its last Boston engagement: bassist Reggie Workman was starting his second week with the group; the two trombonists were Julian Priester and Joseph Orange; vibraharpist Dave Pike was missing, but guitarist Attila Zoller was added . . . Tenorist Stan Getz and his quartet did a week at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike. The group's Sunday matinee also was a recording session before an SRO audience . . . A new coffee house has taken the jazz route. This Is It—that its name—is featuring vibist Don Moor's quintet Thursdays through Saturdays . . . Trombonist Phil Wilson led a quartet (tenorist Lennie Hochman, bassist George Moyer, and drummer Tony Sarni) in a recent Sunday afternoon worship service at the Central Congregational Church in Providence, R.I. The service was attended by about 1,100 persons. Brief addresses were given by the Rev. Ben Owens, Episcopal chaplain at Brown University, and the Rev. Philip McKean of the Central Congregational Church . . . Yusef Lateef led a quartet for a week last month at Connolly's. Appearing with the multireed player were pianist Barry Harris, bassist Ahmed Abdul-Malik, and drummer Roy Brooks.

CLEVELAND: La Cave, normally a folk-music emporium, recently presented the avant-garde jazz of Albert Ayler. The tenorist's group included Donald Ayler, trumpet; Shel Sausone, violin; Clyde Shy, bass; and Ron Jackson, drums . . . The Western Reserve University stage band and the Case Tech stage band participated in a benefit concert on April 17 for the Babies and Children's Rainbow Hospital. The concert was held at John Carroll University, which was the site of a Stan Getz-Four Freshmen concert April 29 . . . Coming back to Cleveland from the Tangiers in Akron, Ohio, were pianist Vince Mastro, drummer Bobby Brian, and bassist Vikki Lyne. Also fine vocalists, they opened at Angelo Amato's La Scala April 19.

DETROIT: The latest edition of drummer Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, which recently appeared at Blues Unlimited, included trumpeter Chuck Mangione, tenorist Frank Mitchell, pianist Chick Corea, and bassist Reggie Johnson . . . Vocalist Johnny Hartman was backed at Baker's by pianist Junior Manee's trio (Bob Cunningham, bass, Bill Moody, drums). Cunningham also was a guest at a Thursday night session with bassist Ernie Farrow's group at Paige's. The Farrow quintet (John Hare, trombone; Joe Thurman, tenor saxophone; Kirk Lightsey, piano; Bill Hardy, drums) was a last-minute replacement for trombonist

George Bohanon's quintet as a "hard sound" demonstration group at the Detroit Jazz Conference, held April 16-17 at Wayne State University . . . Vocalist Fran Jeffries and her accompanist, pianist Dick Grove, provided more than usual jazz interest at the Act IV. Unfortunately, her engagement was cut short when she fell ill . . . Crowds at the Chessmate have improved since disc jockey Jack Surrell has resumed broadcasting from the club. Still featured is pianist Harold McKinney's quintet, with trumpeter Herbie Williams, tenorist Miller Brisker, bassist Clarence Sherrill, and drummer Doug Hammon . . . The Wayne State University Opera Workshop recently performed *On a Crest*, a jazz musical.

ST. LOUIS: Oliver Nelson will be a member of Washington University's Department of Music faculty this summer. Nelson, a former St. Louisan and Washington University alumnus, will teach studio arranging and jazz improvisation during the first summer session, June 20 through July 27 . . . After a brief stint as the Goldfinger A-Go-Go, the Fallen Angel returned to its original name and music policy. It is a jazz club again, featuring saxophonist Bob Graff and his quartet. Graff is a former member of the Woody Herman and Count Basie bands . . . Trumpeter Wild Bill Davison appeared at the Crystal Palace with Sammy Gardner's Mound City Six for a few weeks in April . . . Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66 appeared here in an April 22 concert with Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass.

BALTIMORE: The Left Bank Jazz Society returned to its old headquarters at the Madison Club after a successful stay of 12 weeks at the Crystal Ballroom. The first move, necessitated by fire damage to the Madison, gained a wider audience for the LBJs at the centrally-located Crystal. Altoist Jackie McLean and a rhythm section of pianist Larry Willis, bassist Donald Moore, and drummer Clifford Jarvis played the Crystal finale. The sessions at the renovated Madison began with tenorist Lucky Thompson's quartet (Tommy Flanagan, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Walter Perkins, drums) on April 24. The following Sunday, May 1, local pianist Yusef Salim was to unveil an experimental octet on a bill that was to include jazz dancer Baby Laurence. The following Sunday featured fluegelhornist Art Farmer's new group with tenor saxophonist Jimmy Heath. On May 15 guitarist Kenny Burrell was scheduled; tenor saxophonists Al Cohn and Zoot Sims are set for May 22.

LOUISVILLE: The Moulin Rouge swings Thursday through Saturday nights with tenorist Bobby Jones' quartet (Don Murray, piano; Jack Brengle, bass; John Roy, drums) . . . Recent Sunday sessions at the Shack have featured the quartets of tenor saxophonist Everett Hoffman (Boogie Morton, piano; Jamie Aebersold, bass; and Charlie Craig, drums) and pianist George Dawson (Morton, who switched to tenor saxophone; Eddie Chestnut, guitar, bass; and Earlwin Thomp-

son, drums). Sitting in with the Dawson group were pianist Lou Forrester, bassist Brengle, drummers Dino Totani, Dave Kaufmann, and Buddy Charles, altoist Glen Bradley, and vocalist Vanilla Thomas.

ATLANTA: John Coltrane's Atlanta debut at Pascal's La Carrousel was canceled because of the saxophonist's gum trouble . . . Peyton Place continues to feature the Pioneers and vocalist Pat Green. Monday nights is freedom night at the club, featuring the music of The Group, which also plays Thursdays at the Lovin' Spoonful and Sunday nights at La Cuisine . . . New on the Atlanta scene is trumpeter Pete Minger, formerly of the Dave Burnell Quintet. Minger sat in on a recent Monday session at Peyton Place . . . The Joshua Quartet plays Friday and Saturday nights at La Cuisine and Sunday nights at the Lovin' Spoonful.

NEW ORLEANS: Pianist Armand Hug's quartet, with guitarist Edmond (Doc) Souchon, played at a jazz-and-flamenco concert sponsored by the New Orleans Jazz Club and the Music Therapy Fund in late April. The flamenco dancers were under the direction of Teresa Torkanowsky, wife of New Orleans Symphony Orchestra conductor Werner Torkanowsky . . . Last month the Eureka Brass Band and trombonist Jim Robinson's band engaged in a cutting contest at Basin and Canal Sts. and then led the crowd across the French Quarter to the Royal Orleans, where a Heart Fund benefit concert was held . . . Ched's Lounge returned to a discotheque after using a trio led by Dixieland trumpeter Mike Lala for several weeks . . . The quartet of pianist-vibraphonist Fritz Owens replaced Ronnie Dupont's trio at the Cellar. Owens' group has Don Suhor, alto saxophone, clarinet, piano; Jay Cave, bass; and Darryl Prechter, drums . . . The Encores, a jazz-tinged trio at the Devil's Den led by pianist Jack Hebert, gained a front line last month with the addition of trumpeter Paul Casabon and tenorist Rene Netto.

LAS VEGAS: After a month at the Riviera Starlite Lounge backing tenorist Georgie Auld, organist Paul Bryant returned to his steady gig of the last year at Reuben's in West Las Vegas, where his cohorts are Barney Minton, guitar, and Tommy Quigley, drums . . . The Count Basie Band moved into the first of several forthcoming stands at the Sands' Celebrity Lounge. Harry (Sweets) Edison filled in for an ailing trumpet man during part of the run. Frank Sinatra, meanwhile, packed 'em in at the Sands' Copa Room, where he performed in tandem with Dean Martin and was backed by the excellent house band of Tony Morelli . . . Si Zentner and Mel Torme returned to the Tropicana's Blue Room for their third engagement within a year and did more than satisfactory business . . . Lionel Hampton returned to leading a big band for his engagement at the usually sedate Riviera Hotel . . . Arthur Prysock worked the Fremont recently.

TORONTO: The Cellar Club followed its successful weekend presentation of the New Jazz Quartet with one week by Lennie Tristano's quartet. With the pianist were Warne Marsh, tenor saxophone; Sonny Dallas, bass; and Roger Mancuso, drums . . . Saxophonists Zoot Sims and Al Colin were back in town for two weeks at the Town Tavern, while the Dukes of Dixieland were playing around the corner at the Colonial . . . Guitarist Sonny Greenwich has been featured recently in Saturday night sessions at the Bohemian Embassy . . . Jim McHarg's Metro Stompers continue on weekends at Coq d'Or Tavern . . . Pianist Wray Downes, recently returned from Halifax, Nova Scotia, has been appearing at George's Kibitzeria.

PARIS: After fulfilling a month's engagement at the Blue Note, tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon has been succeeded by another tenorist, Nathan Davis. Gordon was set to play at the Bologna Jazz Festival in May followed by a season at a new jazz club in Lisbon, Portugal . . . Trumpeter Don Cherry returned to the Chat Qui Peche with his quintet April 9 for three weeks . . . The Michel Sardaby Trio—Sardaby, piano; Holland's Jack Sewing, bass; and America's Skeeter Camera, drums—continues in residence at the Pancake Palace . . . When the Duke Ellington Band, returning from the Negro Arts Festival in Dakar, made an unscheduled overnight stop at Paris' Orly Airport, bassist John Lamb dashed to the Living Room and sat in all night with the Art Simmons Trio. Sitting in the following night was pianist-singer Blossom Dearie, who was taking a brief holiday in Paris after a stint at Ronnie Scott's club in London. With the singer were top French bassist Pierre Michelot, recently out of the hospital after five operations, and drummer Rene Nan . . . French violinist Jean-Luc Ponty took a quartet into the Left Bank Cameleon. With Ponty were Guy Pedersen, bass; Eddie Louiss, organ; and Daniel Humair, drums.

TOKYO: Top Japanese tenor man and flutist Sleepy Matsumoto has been plucking an electric guitar with a rock group known here as the Blue Jeans between jazz gigs . . . Altoist Sadao Watanabe still plays weekends at the Jazz Gallery near the Ginza Strip . . . Three impressive young pianists, Ohsuke Yamashita, Yuji Ohno, and Mahahiko Sato, have been frequently featured at the Jazz Gallery . . . A new jazz club, called Taro, opened in Shinjuku's Kabuki-cho amusement area. The club's first acts were Hideo Shiraki and Sleepy Matsumoto, along with the Kuni Sugano Trio. Shiraki also works several months a year for the Ro-on Music Society, a subscription-fee music-appreciation group with hundreds of chapters all over Japan. Many appearances in Japan by name jazz groups from the U.S. are financed in part by this giant organization, with some 400,000 members around Japan's major cities. Therefore, many performances in Tokyo and other cities are not open to the public—only to Ro-on members.

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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**, 222 W. Adams, 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 Metcalf, Jimmy Neely.
Astor Place Playhouse: Jeanne Lee, Run Blake, Wed.
Barbizon Plaza Theater: Bob Wilbur, Shorty Baker, Pepper Adams, 5/22.
Basie's: Shirley Scott to 5/22. Wild Bill Davis, 5/24-6/5. Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon.
Carnegie Recital Hall: McCoy Tyner, Pharoah Sanders-Clifford Thornton, 5/28.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Mon., Fri.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat. Vinnie Burke, guest stars, Sun.
Dom: Tony Scott.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko.
Embers West: Roy Eldridge, Harry Shephard, to 5/22.
Fairfield Motor Inn (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Mon.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood.
Five Spot: Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln. Sessions, Mon.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano.
Half Note: Roland Kirk to 5/22. Clark Terry, 5/24-6/19. Carmen McRae, 5/27-29; 6/3-5; 6/10-12; 6/17-18.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Hunter College: Bobby Hutcherson, 5/26.
Jilly's: Guy Fasciani, Link Milman, George Peri, Sun.-Mon.
Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy Steele. Guest stars, Sun.
Metropole: Gene Krupa, 5/27-6/4.
Plantation (Asbury Park, N.J.): Vinnie Burke, Don Friedman, wknds.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Clea Bradford.
Prelude: Gracella Oliphant, Elta Jones.
Rainbow Grill: Benny Goodman to 6/8.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb. Don Frye, Sun.
Shore Cafe (Brooklyn): sessions, Sun.
Slug's: Charles Lloyd to 6/1. Guest stars, Mon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Touist: Scott Reid.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Green.
Top of the Gate: Bobby Timmons, Mickey Bass, Dave Pike, Cousin Joe.
Town Hall: Cecil Taylor, 6/10.
Village East: Larry Love.
Village Gate: Larry Adler, Felicia Sanders, 5/22-24.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon. Wells: Lee Shaw, Dodo Greene.
Western Inn (Atco, N.J.): Red Crossett, Sun.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun. Ed Curran, 5/28.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott.
Connolly's: name jazz groups, weekly.
Driftwood (Shrewsbury): Jeff-Tones.
Fantasy Lounge (Framingham): Lovey-Ann Quartet.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Dizzy Gillespie, 5/23-29. Roland Kirk, 5/30-6/5. Earl Hines, 6/6-19.
Murdor (Framingham): Al Vega.
Meadows (Framingham): Sal Perry.
Westgate Lounge: Paul Champ.

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ATLANTA

La Carrousel: Ramsey Lewis, 5/29. Joe Williams, 6/10.
La Cuisine: Joshua Quartet, Fri.-Sat.
Lovin' Spoonful: The Group, Thur.
Peyton Place: Pioneers, wknds.

CLEVELAND

Bit-n-Bridge: Carl Gulla.
Brothers: Bill Denasco, wknds.
Capelli's: Frank Albano-Johnny Fugero, hb.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.
Copa: Weasel Parker, wknds.
Dove Bar: Joe Alexander, wknds.
Downstairs Room: Duke Jenkins.
English Grill: Tom Baker, wknds.
Esquire: Melvin Jones.
Impala: Ray Bradley, Wed.-Sat.
King's: George Peters.
La Rue: Spencer Thompson.
La Scala: Vikki Lyne, Bobby Brian, Vince Mastro, hb. Giglio, wknds.
Mardi Gras: Donny Dee, Wed., Fri.-Sat. Sessions, Wed.
Moulin Rouge: Joe Alessandro.
Pinocchio's: Dick Mone.
Squeeze Room: Joe Dalesandro, wknds.
Tully-Ho: La Quintette, Maxine Wyatt, wknds.
Tungiers: Bill Gidney, wknds.
Theatrical Grill: Bob McKee, hb.
Thunderbird: Ed McKeta. Sessions, Mon.
Versailles Celebrity Lounge: Fats Heard, hb.

CHICAGO

Big John's: various blues groups.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Lil Armstrong, Sun.
Imperial Inn: Judy Roberts, wknds.
London House: Willie Bobo to 5/22. Ramsey Lewis, 6/7-19. Eroll Garner, 7/12-24.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Wed.-Sun. Jug Berger, Mon.-Tue.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Masetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Jimmy Smith to 5/29. Nina Simone, 6/1-12. Dizzy Gillespie, 6/16-26.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb. Lenore Paxton.
Artists' Workshop: Detroit Contemporary 4, Lyman Woodward, Sun.
Baker's Keyboard: Joe Williams to 5/28. Claude Black, hb.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
Chesemato Gallery: Harold McKinney, Fri.-Sat.
Chit Chat: Earl Marshall, Thur.-Sat.
Driftwood Lounge: Chris Peterson.
Drome: Johnny (Hammond) Smith, Dodo Greene, to 5/29. Yusuf Lateef, 6/3-12.
Frolie: Bob Love, Thur.-Sat.
Gene's (Inkster): Norman O'Gara, Thur. Clarence Price, Fri.-Sun.
Grand Bar: name jazz groups.
Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, Pixie Wales, Wed.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.
Momo's: Danny Stevenson, Thur.-Sat.
New Olympia: Don Davis, Thur.-Mon.
Odom's Cave: Gary Chandler, Fri.-Sun.
Palace's: Ernie Farrow, Thur.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Jack Pierson, hbs.
Showboat: Tom Saunders.
Stage Bar: Stan Chester, Thur.-Sat.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Mon.-Sat.
Viscount (Windsor): Romy Rand.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd.

MILWAUKEE

Column's Room: Lou Lalli.
Dimitri's: The Jazzmen, Thur.-Sat.
El Malador: George Pritchette, Fri.-Sat.
English Room: Tom Marth, Fri.-Sat.
Green's Living Room: Will Green.
K.G.'s: Zig Millonzi, Mon.-Sat.
Ma's: Four Star Quartet, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Mr. Leo's: Rev Dean, wknds.
Richard's Retreat: Frank DeMiles, Fri.-Sat.
Sardino's: Dan Edwards, Mon.-Sat.
The Attic: Stan Kenton, 6/20-21.
The Scene: Skip Wagner, Fri.-Sat.
Tina's: Bob Uhlenberg, wknds.

ST. LOUIS

Al Baker's: Herb Drury, wknds.
Blue Note: Leo's Five, hb.

Crystal Palace: Sammy Gardner.
Enlen Angel: Bob Graff, wknds.
Fats States Lounge: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Iron Gate: Gene Lynn, Greg Bosler.
King Brothers: Eddie Johnson.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
Playboy Club: Don Cunningham, Jazz Salerno, hb.
Renaissance Room: The Marksmen.
River Queen: Jean Trevor, Peanuts Whalem.
Silver Dollar: Muggsy's Gaslighters.
Stork Club: Roger McCoy.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet, wknds.

NEW ORLEANS

Black Knight: Fred Crane, Jan Allison.
Cellar: Fritz Owens, Betty Farmer.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
El Morocco: Ronnie Baron.
Famous Door: Bill Kelsey, Santo Pecora.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.
Goliwog: Armand Hug.
Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.
Holiday House: David Lastee, afterhours, wknds.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson.
Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reedy, hbs.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. afternoon.
Southland Jazz Club: George Finola, Wed.-Sat.
Dolly Adams, Sun.-Tue.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun. afternoon.

LAS VEGAS

Colonial House: various groups.
Fremont Hotel: Lou Rawls, 5/24-6/20.
Sands Hotel: Red Norvo, Ernie Stewart, hbs.
Torch Club: Bobby Sherwood.
Tropicana Hotel: Maynard Ferguson, George Shearing, to 5/21. Mel Torme, Woody Herman, 7/22-8/18.

LOS ANGELES

Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.
Cerritos College (Norwalk): Junior Neophonic Orchestra, 6/2.
Chico's (Long Beach): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
Cocanut Grove: Tony Bennett to 5/23.
Edgewater Inn (Long Beach): name groups, Sun.-Thur.
Florentine Room: Dave Mackay, Vicki Hamilton, Sun.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Golden West Ballroom (Norwalk): Harry James, 5/26. Duke Ellington, 6/3.
Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon.
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): Walt Ventre, wknds.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
International Hotel: Kirk Stuart.
Jack & Sandy's: Al McKibbin, Stan Worth.
La Duce (Inglewood): Harold Land, David Bryant.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Three Sounds to 6/4. Herbie Mann, 6/5-18. Eddie Cano, 6/19-7/2. Willie Bobo, 7/3-23.
Marty's: Bobby Bryant, Henry Cain, Tue.
Memory Lane: Harry Edison. Various groups, Mon.
Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell.
Officers' Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane, wknds.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.
Pasadena Art Museum: Don Ellis, 6/12.
Pen & Quill (Manhattan Beach): Clarence Daniels.
Pied Piper: Ocie Smith, Ike Isaacs.
P. J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Marv Jenkins, Bob Corwin, hbs.
Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur.-Sat.
Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed.
Rose Marie Ballroom (North Hollywood): Lionel Hampton, 6/10.
Santa Monica Civic Auditorium: Nellie Lutcher, 6/6.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Wes Montgomery, Wynton Kelly, to 5/22. Gerald Wilson, 5/24-6/5. Chico Hamilton, 6/7-19. Cal Tjader, 6/21-7/3. Ruth Price, Mon.
Sherry's: Mike Melvoin, Sun.
Sojourn Inn (Inglewood): sessions, Sun.
Ward's Jazzyville (San Diego): Leon Petties, Mon. George Semper, hb.
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): Bobby Troup.

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