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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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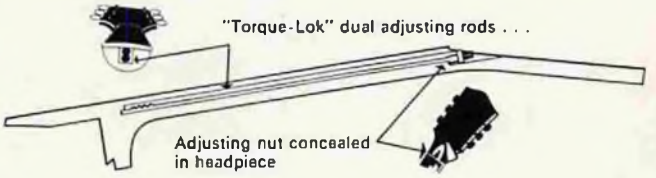

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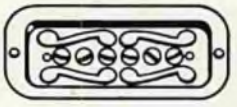

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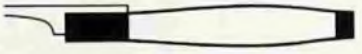

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Criss To Be Commended . . .

A word of praise for Harvey Siders' article on Sonny Criss (*DB*, May 19). Not that I think the article itself was outstanding, but it did serve to bring Criss before the public, an exposure long overdue. I don't know why he has been excluded from the limelight for so long.

The changes that have taken place in jazz may have passed him by, but as far as playing vigorous, inventive mainstream jazz, Criss could still cause a few goose bumps to rise.

Here's hoping Criss gets heard and gets rewarded for the musical integrity and personal strength with which he has held out from the temptations of security in studio and other institutionalized music, which has turned a lot of once-good musicians into yesterday's cold potatoes.

Rogers Worthington
Salina, Kan.

. . . But, On The Other Hand

Harvey Siders' interplay with altoist Sonny Criss was very interesting but somewhat vague for young musicians.

Criss brings to mind a person who would not endeavor to explore or investigate anything new or different by stretching forth to new musical horizons.

More avenues are opened in bop or the avant-garde, etc., for an alto saxophonist when the performer has some knowledge of the alto's brother saxes. Archie Shepp and others, praise their souls, are opening up more environments for Negroes to work, and Bud Shank seemed to say that it would be detrimental not to be an adequate *reedist*. Why should there be another reason not to hire us?

But we should not think just economically; there is more to being a musician than just being in the ranks of an infinite number of good jazz saxophonists. I sincerely hope that, for the young musicians still in school, Criss' statement, "I just want to play my horn," is not a recurrence of a romantic idea of the bebop days.

Byard Lancaster
New York City

Reactionary Rex

One wonders about the motivation of Rex Stewart in unleashing still another zinger into the lifeless corpus of Lester Young in his article on Coleman Hawkins (*DB*, May 19).

Young was a consummate artist who seemed to spend most of his life avoiding confrontations in which either he or his adversary might suffer injury. He had no interest in cutting sessions. His primary concern was the music, and he did not permit personal aggrandizement any leeway in his pursuit of the ideal musical situation. Pres was ready to blow with anyone, but when you talked about "competition," his inevitable answer was "no eyes."

As an outsider, I have frequently marveled at the intensity with which jazz factions discuss the comparative merits of their favorites. Until I read Stewart's contrived put-down of Young, I had had only a peripheral conception of the extent to which the traditionalists of the '30s resented the achievements of Pres and the boppers who followed him. Somehow, I had expected Stewart was a cut above the reactionary level, but it is now apparent that he chooses not to forget.

Hawkins has made his place many times over. Why seek to deny a similar place to a man whose gentle spirit and rounded legato improvisations so materially affected the course of jazz?

Al Fisher
Wantagh, N.Y.

Renewed By Rex

Rex Stewart is without a doubt the most interesting writer *Down Beat* has had since I started reading the magazine in 1960. Everything he writes is a gas. I would consider renewing my subscription 10 years in advance if you gave Stewart space in every issue.

Alan Long
West Lafayette, Ind.

Handy's Dandy

After reading Jack Lind's article *John Handy: Back Up the Ladder* and Pete Welding's review of Handy's LP (*DB*, May 19), I immediately purchased the record. I found it unbelievable.

As one seriously interested in jazz, I always look forward to *Down Beat* for new discovery. My thanks to Lind and Welding for introducing me to Handy. This is a truly remarkable discovery.

Nathaniel Hall
Brooklyn, N.Y.

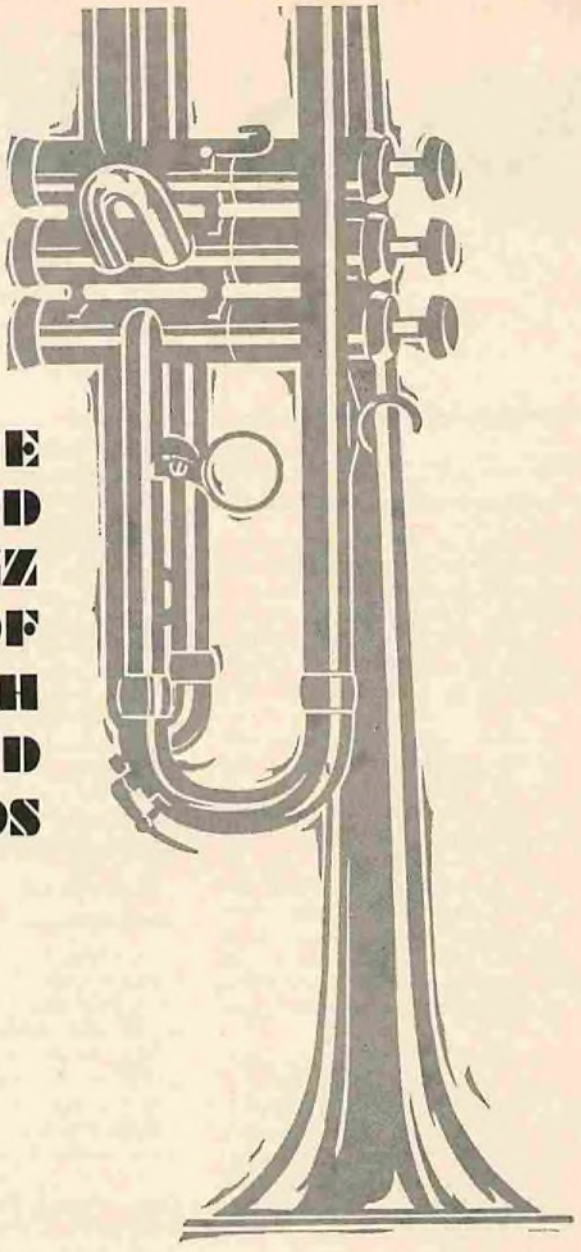
Shearing A One-Star Pianist?

I'd like to sound a discord about Michael Zwerin's review of George Shearing's latest LP, *Rare Form* (*DB*, June 2). It seems to me whenever Duke Ellington, Miles Davis, or Bud Powell albums are reviewed, they get an automatic five stars (four at least) for the name, if nothing else. Zwerin gave Shearing *one* star. One star . . . really!

Zwerin claims this record "shouldn't even be reviewed in *Down Beat* . . . how can anyone call this jazz? . . . the Byrds or Martha and the Vandellas are much closer to jazz than this music." How can Zwerin conscientiously make statements like these? The new Jimmy Smith album, *Got My Mojo Workin'*, reviewed in the same issue, received three stars—and if anything borders on rock-and-roll, it does.

I realize that jazz musicians are entitled to make some money by prostituting their talents if they have a mind to, but that's not the case with Shearing's new LP, as Zwerin would have one believe. I agree that Shearing has been contenting himself with the more commercial, watered-down brand of jazz in recent years, but the man's talent alone is worth more than one star, whether he plays *Bop, Look, and Listen* or a Beatle tune.

Ned Rodgers
Lancaster, Pa.



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news and views

DOWN BEAT: June 30, 1966

Liberty Buys Blue Note

Blue Note records, the oldest independent U.S. jazz label, is independent no more. Last month, Blue Note was purchased by Liberty records. Alfred Lion and Francis Wolff, co-founders and co-owners of Blue Note, have signed a contract with Liberty and will remain as co-managers of Blue Note.

"As far as I can see it now," Lion said, "the policy will remain the same. We are working out the details now."

Lion said he felt the move will strengthen Blue Note's position. "Liberty owns pressing plants here in the East and on the West Coast," he pointed out, "and they have their own distributing points, which is very important." In a recent move, Liberty acquired All-Disc Records, a leading eastern pressing plant, and is opening its own tape-duplicating plant in Omaha, Neb.

Blue Note, founded in 1939, has maintained an exclusive jazz policy since its inception. The high standards established with early recordings by Sidney Bechet, Frankie Newton, Teddy Bunn, Meade Lux Lewis, and other hard-core jazzmen of the time continued through the '40s, with such now-classic recordings as *Profoundly Blue*, featuring guitarist Charlie Christian.

In 1947 Blue Note issued the first recordings by Thelonious Monk as leader of his own group and soon became one of the leading bebop labels, with recordings by Bud Powell, Tadd Dameron, Fats Navarro, Milt Jackson, Howard McGhee, and many others.

Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers made their record debut on Blue Note, and Horace Silver has remained an exclusive Blue Note artist for more than a decade. Among other Blue Note artists have been organist Jimmy Smith, guitarist Grant Green, trumpeter Lee Morgan, tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine, trumpeter Kenny Dorham, and tenorists Hank Mobley and Ike Quebec.

In addition to its vast catalog of what would now be called mainstream-Dixieland (mostly unavailable now), bebop, and "soul," Blue Note in recent years has issued several well-received recordings by musicians such as reed man Eric Dolphy, drummer Tony Williams, pianists Herbie Hancock and Andrew Hill, vibist Bobby Hutcherson, trumpeter Don Cherry, and others sometimes associated with the avant-garde. In fact, soon after the announcement of the sale of the company, Lion and Wolff were conducting a Cecil Taylor recording session, the avant-garde pianist's first in some time.

"For more than a quarter of a century, Blue Note has been synonymous with great jazz products," said Al Bennett, president of Liberty, which entered the jazz field last year with the purchase of World Pacific Records. "This is true primarily because of the creativity and good business judgment displayed by Alfred Lion and Francis Wolff. For this reason, we are delighted to welcome these men to our organization."

In New York, Lion summed up the transaction: "I feel confident of the continuing future of Blue Note."

Newport Programs Set

In addition to the customary array of big names, the 1966 Newport Jazz Festival, to be held July 1-4, will present a number of new and lesser-known artists, as well as several special programs.

The avant-garde will have representation this year at an evening performance, when saxophonist Archie Shepp's quartet, featuring trombonist Roswell Rudd, performs July 1 on a program also including the Dave Brubeck Quartet, the Jimmy Smith Trio, Gerry Mulligan, Bud Freeman, Ruby Braff, Buddy Rich, singer Esther Phillips and a collegiate group, the Florida Jazz Quintet, winners at the recent college competition at Mobile, Ala.

Trumpeter Bill Dixon's foursome will represent the "new thing" on the afternoon of July 2. They will be heard in the congenial company of the John Coltrane Quintet, the Charles Lloyd Quartet, and Horace Silver's quintet. The big band co-led by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis will make its festival debut on the July 2 night program, which also will feature the groups of Stan Getz, Thelonious Monk, and Charlie Byrd, plus singers Nina Simone and Joe Williams.

The afternoon of July 3 will be devoted to the Woody Herman Orchestra in a retrospective program featuring guest alumni Getz, Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, and an adopted "brother," Gerry Mulligan. The evening show will unite the Duke Ellington Orchestra and Ella Fitzgerald, with Teddy Wilson, Clark Terry, Coleman Hawkins, and Rich also on the bill.

A double-header workshop concert on Fourth of July afternoon will be organized and hosted by Billy Taylor and bring together guitarists Byrd, Kenny Burrell, George Benson, Wes Montgomery, and Attila Zoller, followed by a cornucopia of trumpeters: Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Bobby Hackett, Howard McGhee, Braff, Thad Jones, Kenny Dorham, Terry, Freddie Hubbard, and Carl Warwick.

Heading the evening finale will be another trumpeter, Miles Davis, as well as Gillespie's quintet, the Count Basie Orchestra, the Herbie Mann Octet, and a new pianist, Father Tom Vaughn, an Episcopal minister from Midland, Mich., who recently recorded for RCA Victor with bassist Art Davis and drummer Elvin Jones.

The jazz clergy will also be represented by the Rev. Norman J. O'Connor, who will emcee opening night. Critic Leonard Feather will preside at the final evening performance. A new stage and permanent facilities will be unveiled at Festival Field, scheduled to be the annual event's official site for the next decade.

Correction

In the first part of *A Long Look at Stan Getz* (*DB*, May 19), it is stated that Bill Shiner was the student who got Getz the job with Jack Teagarden's band. This is incorrect. The student was Jerry Grosser. Shiner was Getz' teacher.

Stan Kenton Re-enters Summer Clinic Field

Stan Kenton is reorganizing his clinic in modern music, to be held July 31 through Aug. 6, at Redlands University, near San Bernardino, Calif.

While the accent will be on jazz and stage-band music, the courses will cover every aspect of modern music, from choral ensembles to small combos and large orchestras.

"The kids arrive on a Sunday and then literally take a bath in music," Kenton said. "They'll be staying right on campus all the time, and from morning 'til night they'll be exposed to every facet of playing, writing, and arranging. They'll be working and studying in a quiet atmosphere —that's why Redlands was chosen."

Set now for that faculty are Gabe Baltazar, John Bambridge, Gary Barone, Bob Fitzpatrick, Bill Fritz, Jim Jorgenson, Dr. Herb Patnoe, Don Rader, Phil Rizzo, Dalton Smith, Jack Wheaton, and John Worster.

Guest lecturers will include Frank Com-

stock, Bill Holman, Henry Mancini, Shelly Manne, Pete Rugolo, and Gerald Wilson.

Kenton will conduct a seminar on the Neophonic approach to music and help to organize a Junior Neophonic Orchestra, made up of students and faculty, to play those scores performed by the senior Neophonic ensemble, which he directs in Los Angeles.

According to Kenton, "There will also be special courses for music educators. Many of them, in previous clinics, got a better idea of how to rehearse a band, build a jazz library—in general, improved their techniques of teaching."

Latin music will be thoroughly explored, and, at the other end of the spectrum, so will electric guitar.

A thorough base in theory—harmony, composition, arranging, and orchestration —will also be provided.

"I've seen a great many kids come there having never written a note," Kenton said, "and by the end of the week, they're scoring four—maybe eight bars. It's fascinating to watch the progress."

Another area of education is handled by Kenton himself. He will give frank, informal talks to the students about the music business: what it's like to travel on the road, how to act on the stand, what to wear, how much money they can expect to make.

Students must be at least 14 and have one year of study on their instruments. The fee of $98 covers tuition, room and board, and health and accident insurance. For music educators, the fee is $49. Inquiries should be made to Jim Amlotte, the Stan Kenton Clinics, 1012 S. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90035.

Elaine Lorillard Seeks East-West Jazz Swap

Mrs. Elaine Lorillard, one of the founders of the Newport Jazz Festival, will travel to Moscow in July to propose to Soviet music authorities an exchange of jazz artists between the United States and the Soviet Union.

Mrs. Lorillard will represent the Citizens Exchange Corps, a private, nonprofit organization devoted to broadening people-to-people contact between the two nations. She will be advised by Billy Taylor, pianist and jazz spokesman, in developing her program.

"The full value of modern music as a common language of peace and understanding between nations has never been fully exploited by either side," Mrs. Lorillard said.

"Cultural exchanges in the music field have beeen far too limited to areas of only specialized interest, such as musicals, opera, and ballet companies . . . despite the fact that the broad population in both the U.S. and the Soviet Union share intense and widespread interest in modern music."

A Moscow jazz festival featuring U.S. artists in 1967 and a U.S. festival with Soviet musicians in 1968 will be proposed by Mrs. Lorillard, an advisor and cultural consultant to the CEC since 1964.

SECOND CHORUS:
By NAT HENTOFF

Jazz And The Theater: A Fruitful Alliance

As the number of jazz clubs—particularly those open to the new music—declines, the number of theaters increases. Theaters at colleges and universities, theaters off-Broadway and off-off-Broadway and their equivalent in the large cities. And slowly theaters in what the sociologists call culturally disadvantaged neighborhoods (as if those neighborhoods had no subcultures of their own).

It seems to me that an alliance between jazz and the burgeoning new theater movement could benefit both. I think particularly of those theaters that are not subsidized by universities or by foundation grants. Those are the places that require an economic base so that an unsuccessful play doesn't mean a financial crisis for the whole project.

New theaters can be built with easily movable seats—and old theaters can be rehabilitated in that direction—so that after the play is over, the setting can change into a club. And not only for jazz. Depending on the tastes of the potential audiences, jazz can be alternated with folk music and chamber music, either on separate nights or, preferably, on the same night.

Depending on the bill, there will be some holdovers from those who went to see the play, and others will come just for the music. Moreover, it is exactly the kind of audience receptive to challenging theater that can be expected—with some orientation—to respond to Albert Ayler, Cecil Taylor, or Andrew Hill.

Simultaneously, then, the fusion of the two would provide financial buttressing of the theater and sorely needed work opportunities for jazzmen. Furthermore, it is to be hoped that the best of the local theater companies would eventually engage in exchange visits with their counterparts in other cities. If that happens, there is no reason why there couldn't be a jazz circuit as a corollary to the traveling theater circuit.

The jazz-theater fusion has another dimension. Many young people committed to exploratory theater share the concern of such social critics as Paul Goodman who say that the arts can help build a sense of community.

Theater that is not geared to the largely computerized designs of Broadway can set its roots in a given community and create a mutually stimulating rapport with that community. I mean not only college communities but also theaters based in Negro, Puerto Rican, and Mexican neighborhoods.

The impersonal trend of most of our luxurious "cultural centers" is away from decentralization. They are built and funded as prestigious repositories of a whole city's white, middle-class "culture."

The result, as in New York's Lincoln Center complex, is that there is no interaction between Negro and Puerto Rican neighborhoods and the almost entirely white-dominated and largely white-attended "cultural center" for the city.

The process, furthermore, intensifies the class cleavages in our society. The poor don't go to Lincoln Center. Many would go to theaters in their neighborhoods, where tickets could be inexpensively priced and where the productions had relevance to their experiences.

In this way, moreover, the new jazz in such theaters could make contact with many other kinds of people than currently support it. And, in turn, the new jazz might well be itself enlarged and deepened through direct communication with a diversity of life styles and intersecting subcultures.

The next step then would be an intensification of the communal possibilities of the jazz-theater union by having the building open during the day—for lessons in acting and in playing jazz. A basic recording studio could benefit the actors, the musicians, and the pupils. A meeting room with a library and phonographs (with earphones) could strengthen and expand contacts among musicians, actors, and neighborhood people.

In this way, a beginning could be made to end the isolation of art from most people's daily lives. And the artist in turn could have the restorative experience of being in organic contact with a broader and more variegated group of people than his own acting company or his own jazz combo.

How is this to happen?

A start can be made by the various organizations of jazz partisans in a number of cities (like Jazz Interactions in New York City). It would require making initial contact with theater groups, bringing them together with interested jazzmen, and helping to find ways to achieve the initial financing. Money could be raised through special concerts combined with theatrical performances and through selling of subscription-series tickets that would be good both for a certain number of plays and a certain number of drinks an evening in the after-theater-hours night club.

New places for jazz must be found, and this is a direction that may prove unusually rewarding.

Potpourri

Two of the jazz world's most provocative saxophonists—**Ornette Coleman** and **Lee Konitz**—returned to New York City in mid-May after long stays in Europe. Konitz was featured at the Half Note on the last weekend in May, but Coleman has made no public appearances since his return.

Rotund trumpeter **Al Hirt** is not so rotund these days. He spent most of last month in a Houston, Texas, hospital taking off 50 pounds.

The National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences presented **Duke Ellington** with the organization's **Bing Crosby** (Golden Achievement) Award for his contributions to music. The award, which had previously been won only by Crosby and **Frank Sinatra**, was presented to Ellington on the academy's television program honoring this year's winners of NARAS' Grammy awards.

Pianist **Hampton Hawes** and bassist **Red Mitchell** were the duo at Los Angeles' Studio Club until—of all things—pool players complained about the syncopated interference (many night clubs in southern California have pool or billiard tables, and they seem to be more permanent fixtures than the musicians). Hawes and Mitchell took their cue and exited the gig.

Trombonist-arranger **Rod Levitt**, whose octet has been attracting considerable critical acclaim lately, is sporting another cap feather these days. His musical score for *The New York Woman*, a television commercial for the Chemical New York Bank in New York City, was among the award-winning entries in the American TV Commercials Festival, held in May at the New York Hilton Hotel. A more recent Levitt-scored commercial for the bank, *Where Have All the People Gone?*, features **Roland Kirk** on manzello.

A joint infringement suit has been filed in Los Angeles Superior Court by the estate of **Nat (King) Cole** and Capitol records against Sutton Record Sales and Sutton Enterprises. Claiming irreparable damage to Cole's reputation, the plaintiffs charge that an album produced by the defendants was taken from the sound tracks of film shorts made by Cole in 1951 and restricted to television use only. **Maria Cole**, the singer's widow and executrix of his estate, and Capitol claim that the album in question—titled *Nat (King) Cole's Golden Hits*—suffers not only from poor sound quality but also from shoddy packaging. The damages sought were not revealed.

BYSTANDER
By MARTIN WILLIAMS

No Work In U. S. For Ornette?

Since Ornette Coleman's Blue Note records began to arrive—the ones recorded at the Golden Circle club in Stockholm, Sweden—there have been several lamentations in the press saying, in effect: "Poor Ornette Coleman—he couldn't find work in the United States; he had to go to Europe in order to play."

Nothing could be further from the truth. Coleman probably could have worked every day for the last five years in this country if he had wanted to.

In what follows I would like to try to get a little closer to the truth, but I don't want to imply that I receive Ornette Coleman's confidences or that I am privy to his innermost thoughts and feelings. Not at all.

It is fairly common knowledge in jazz circles in New York that Coleman almost constantly turned down offers of work. Why did he turn them down? I don't think anybody knows. I know that he seemed to find one reason after another not to accept jobs. He said he didn't think a particular clubowner appreciated his music. (I suspect that the clubowner in question may not really appreciate *any* music, but he is sometimes perfectly willing to pass strong opinions on it.) Coleman said that a certain club didn't suit him acoustically. He said that, in having to meet New York night-club hours, he had to play too much and too long.

Most often, Coleman's reaction to job offers centered on money. He was not being offered enough of it. Some people concluded that he had become interested only in making money and a lot of it. I don't think so at all.

If Coleman was really interested in a particular job, and he knew that the people involved had little or no money to offer, little or no money would suffice. However, I feel that he sometimes did show an inflated and unrealistic idea of how much money he was worth to a clubowner—of how many paying customers he would bring in and how much they would spend.

But I don't think he cared, or cares, a thing about money for its own sake. I think he was suspiciously determined not to be cheated and that he sometimes gave himself and his music trouble because of his determination.

Certainly, some of the people who found their way to him, wanting to help him or manage him or promote him, sometimes encouraged this determined suspiciousness. Coleman was taken advantage of, I think, by one man whose opportunism outdistances his integrity. And he was briefly managed by another who was a quite well-intentioned idealist but who knew little about business or promotion or music.

However, I do not think any of these is the real reason he did not choose to work. I do not think I know the real reason, and I do not think the real reason is necessarily anyone's business.

But I think I can tell some of the things that bother Coleman about the scene in New York City, things that might be enlightening to both musicians and listeners. These are observations that I do not think are private ones.

He was bothered by the ignorance of some people who work in music. He discovered that one record producer, who was making an enticing offer, thought bassist David Izenzon played cello in Coleman's group.

Coleman was annoyed when pursued by would-be artists who staged "happenings" and who seemed to feel that his music somehow belonged in their deliberately disorganized events.

He was bothered by his local celebrity. He did not at all like the idea that his most casual remark might be picked up and passed around as Ornette Coleman's latest profundity by some fan or sycophant who had overheard it.

He did want, during his inactive couple of years, to practice trumpet and violin.

Of course, the pressure of the strong disapproval that his music got from certain musicians, from the press, from the disc jockeys and others was sometimes a little tough for him to take, I'm sure.

He probably also was annoyed for still other reasons by those among the writers who praised his work—I mean persons like myself.

He was highly annoyed with the kind of mindless music-biz type who would advise him to throw in a little "soul" music or "straight" versions of a couple of nice standards as crowd-pleasers.

In some ways, Coleman is a rather straight-laced man, I think. In any case, I know that he can take it very hard when he sees that one of his sidemen is acting immaturely, misconducting himself, or not taking care of personal business.

Finally, I have no direct evidence on the matter, but I would guess that Coleman has been annoyed by the black supremacists of various persuasions who have pursued him. I know that some have pursued him. However, I doubt if his feelings about the pursuit have gone much deeper than annoyance. I don't think I have known a man of less prejudice than Coleman, which is not to say that I think he is blind to foolishness or hypocrisy or treachery or outright evil, whoever commits it.

In any case, whatever Coleman believes on the subject of race is his own belief, is something he has discovered through observations, feeling, and thinking and not something someone has told him he ought to believe. And when he says "music is for our feelings," he means it. *Our* feelings. And all of them.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Avant-garde jazz concerts at the Astor Place Theater resumed in late May, this time under the auspices of producer **Muriel Morse.** Tenor saxophonist **Albert Ayler's** quintet, featuring concert violinist **Michel Sampson,** performed May 20, and the **UNI Trio (Perry Robinson,** clarinet; **Bill Folwell,** bass; **Tom Price,** drums) and singer **Barbara Kintner** were heard May 28. The UNI Trio also provided the musical score for a play *Ruth,* premiered at the 41st St. Theater in May . . . Trumpeter **Harry James'** big band, with **Louie Bellson** on drums, broke all previous attendance records at the Mark Twain Riverboat during a three-week stand in May. Singer **Cab Calloway,** leading a big band for the first time since the late '40s, followed James for two weeks . . . Tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins** made his fifth appearance in recent months at the Village Vanguard during the week of May 24; with him were pianist **Barry Harris,** bassist **Major Holley,** and drummer **Eddie Locke.** Another veteran jazzman, trumpeter **Roy Eldridge,** has been held over through June at the Embers West. Eldridge's rhythm section consists of **Ross Tompkins,** piano; **Russell George,** bass; and **Chuck Lampkin,** drums . . . Drummer **Max Roach's** quintet and singer **Abbey Lincoln** left the Five Spot in May after a stay of several months. Drummer **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers** took over for three weeks and were followed by trumpeter **Donald Byrd's** quintet. Byrd also was heard with an eight-voice chorus directed by **Coleridge Perkinson** at the WLIB-FM-sponsored Carnegie Hall benefit for the Jazzmobile concerts May 16. Pianist-composer **Duke Pearson's** big band made its concert debut at the event. Pearson's personnel included **Martin Banks, Johnny Coles, Virgil Jones, Blue Mitchell,** and **Richard Williams,** trumpets; **Garnett Brown, Jackie Jeffers, Julian Priester,** and **Mike Terry,** trombones; **James Spaulding, Al Gibbons, George Coleman, Harold Vick,** and **Pepper Adams,** reeds; **Herbie Hancock,** piano; **Bob Cranshaw,** bass; and **Joe Chambers** and **Freddie Waites,** drums. Trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet, pianist **Horace Silver's** quintet, pianist **Billy Taylor's** trio, and **Pucho's** Latin Jazz Sextet also performed . . . Tenor saxophonist-flutist **Joe Farrell** is featured with **Walter Norris'** house band at the Playboy Club, where drummer **Dick Berk** recently left **Kai Winding's** quintet to rejoin the **Walter Bishop Jr.** Quartet . . . Slug's featured tenor saxophonist **Joe Henderson's** group, with **Kenny Dorham,** trumpet and **Grachan Moncur III,** trombone, in early June, followed by alto saxophonist **Lou Donaldson** and a group co-led by guitarist **Grant Green** and organist **John Patton** (through June 19) . . .Staten Island's only jazz club, Peter's, has been featuring pianist **Michael Grant,** bassist **Don Palmer,** and drummer **Mickey Owens** since mid-March . . . The **McPartlands** (pianist **Marian** and cornetist **Jimmy**) played May 18 at the Continental in Fairfield, Conn., where different jazz artists are presented each Wednesday night. The cornetist also did a two-hour radio program with drummer **George Wettling** on WBAI-FM . . . Pianist **Randy Weston's** sextet and singer **Leon Thomas** provided the music for a fashion show and dance at the Fulton Terrace Ballroom in Brooklyn . . . Pianist **Al Williams'** trio plays Sundays at the Holiday Inn in Plainview on Long Island . . . Two famous tenor saxophonists, **John Coltrane** and **Stan Getz,** made weekend appearances at New York jazz clubs in May. Coltrane played the Village Vanguard May 20-22, while Getz held forth at the Village Gate May 13-14. Such split-week performances by name artists have become more common in New York recently.

CHICAGO: Annual summertime concert series will feature a sprinkling of jazz this year. At suburban Ravinia Park, **Ella Fitzgerald** will appear June 29 and July 1. The following week singer **Carmen McRae** and the **Dave Brubeck** Quartet in tandem (July 6) and clarinetist **Pete Fountain's** group appear (July 8). On July 20 and 22, vocalist **Nancy Wilson** is scheduled, and on July 27 and 29 pianist **Ramsey Lewis'** trio will be heard. Singer **Miriam Makeba** and **William Russo's Chicago Jazz Ensemble** on Aug. 3 and singer **Amanda Ambrose** plus the **Cannonball Adderley** Quintet round out the jazz portion of the season on Aug. 10. Meanwhile, the Summer of Stars at McCormick Place has booked the **Woody Herman** Herd and singer **Tony Bennett** for its first program (June 24-25). Singer **Andy Williams** and arranger-composer **Henry Mancini** are set for July 22-23. The Brubeck quartet and the **New Christy Minstrels** are the features of the Aug. 14 concert. The rest of the Stars programs are made up of folk and rock personalities, for the most part . . . The Saddle and Cycle Club, a private club, gave what was termed a jazz festival May 29. Included in the lineup were **Sandy Mosse's Pieces of Eight,** plus various Dixieland groupings . . . Trombonist **Georg Brunis** returned from his long stay near Biloxi, Miss., but it is unknown if the veteran tailgater plans to resume his playing career—when he left Chicago last year, he claimed he was retiring . . . Altoists **Bunky Green** and **Sonny Stitt** recorded an LP for Cadet during Stitt's recent engagement at the Plugged Nickel. The album is scheduled for midsummer release . . . The May 26 Northwestern University Jazz Workshop concert, held at the school's Cahn Auditorium, featured arrangements by **Ted Ashford** (director of the workshop and instructor in theory and composition at the school), **Bill Russo, William Horn, Benton Darda, Dennis Brandt, Charles Hawes,** and **Keith Williams.** The workshop orchestra consists of **Ronald Predl,** Darda, **Ed Sheftel,** Brandt, and Williams, trumpets; **Bill Dinwiddie, James Shanilec, James Trapp,** and **Stuart Turner,** trombones; Horn, **Marvin Eckroth,** Hawes, **Richard Jorgensen,** and **James Gillespie,** saxophones; **Victoria DeLissovoy,** piano; **Robert Chickering,** bass; **Robert Nelson,** drums; and **Julio Coronado,** drums and vibraharp . . . A new series of avant-garde jazz concerts got under way June 4 with a performance by **The Group (Avery Pittman,** trumpet; **James Whitfield,** tenor saxophone; **Louis Hall,** piano; **Bill Brown,** bass; and **Arlington Davis Jr.,** drums) at the Urban Progress Center at 64th and Green Streets. Subsequent programs in the series will feature **Philip Cohran's** Artistic Heritage Ensemble and the **Joseph Jarman** Quintet, among others . . . A June 12 concert in the Little Theater of McCormick Place featured **Gene Esposito** at the helm of a 10-piece group, plus the **Joe Daley** Trio, and vocalist **Irene Kral** . . . The **Hank Crawford** Orchestra provided the music for a late-May dance sponsored by the Modern Diplomats, a men's social club, and held at the Trianon Ballroom . . . Another social club, the Roosters, presented organist **Jimmy Smith** at the Trianon in a June 4 dance-concert in honor of jazz disc jockey **Daddy-O Daylie.**

LOS ANGELES: The relaxed atmosphere of Whittinghill's, in Sherman Oaks, has proved conducive for visiting soloists. Sitting in on recent, separate occasions with **Bobby Troup's** house trio (Troup, piano; **John Collins,** guitar; **Whitey Hogan,** bass) were drummer **J. C. Heard** and alto saxophonist **Sonny Criss.** Criss has been signed to a series of Sunday matinees at Shelly's Manne-Hole . . . Memory Lane has switched its policy and is now booking various groups, usually for two-week stands. No one seems to know how long a hiatus this means for trumpeter **Harry Edison** and the house trio fronted by organist-pianist **Gerald Wiggins.** Edison and Memory Lane have been synonymous for some time. The first group booked under the new policy was the **Afro-Blues Quintet** (plus one): leader **Joe DeAguero,** vibraharp; **Jack Fulks,** alto saxophone and flute; **Bill Henderson,** piano; **Norm Johnson,** bass; **Michael Davis,** drums, timbales; and **Moses Obligacion,** conga. A major factor in bringing about the change at Memory Lane has been the Monday Night Jazz Society events organized by KBCA disc jockeys **Les Carter** and **Tommy Bee.** The Monday night sessions, held at the club, have featured top names for almost 40 unterrupted weeks. Recently, pianist **Red Garland** (with **Leroy Vinnegar,** bass, and **Clarence Johnston,** drums) played a Monday session and then signed for two full weeks at the club. Future attractions include **Wes Montgomery** and **Wynton Kelly,** and the **Gerald Wilson** Orchestra . . . Replacing Garland at the It Club was a new trio fronted by organist **Jimmy Hamilton.** Another organist, **Shirley Scott,** with tenorist-husband **Stanley Turrentine,** followed, with **Willie Bobo** scheduled next . . . On Sunset Strip, singer **Lou Rawls** followed pianist **Phineas Newborn Jr.** into the Living Room, with **Les McCann** set to follow. Newborn stayed around the strip for a while, moving up a few doors to work the Melody Room on

(Continued on page 44)

THE JAZZ ARCHIVES AT TULANE

By CHARLES SUHOR

IN 1957 a jazz fan named Richard Allen consulted Dr. William Hogan, chairman of the history department at Tulane University, about a program for a master's degree in history. The conference resulted, indirectly, in the establishment of the Archive of New Orleans Jazz, which now boasts almost 500 taped interviews, 11,500 jazz records, 3,900 photographs, 8,700 pieces of sheet music, and innumerable magazines, posters, clippings, and other materials related to New Orleans jazz.

Hogan was impressed with Allen's idea of taping interviews with early traditional jazzmen who were still in the city, and with the help of Allen and writer Bill Russell, he formulated the idea of a collection of tapes, magazines, books, and records to be gathered at the university, cataloged, and preserved for researchers.

Hogan applied for a Ford Foundation grant to finance the project, and in March, 1958, $75,000 was granted for establishment of the archive. Russell was named curator of the archive and Allen associate curator.

Russell and Allen had been friends of jazz and each other for years. Allen had corresponded with Russell in the early 1950s when Allen was part owner, with Orin and Harvey Blackstone, of the New Orleans Record Shop. When Russell later settled in New Orleans and opened his own record store, he and Allen worked together closely. In addition to his own interests, Allen co-operated with Russell in producing albums and writing liner notes for Russell's American Music label.

Russell, of course, is well known in the jazz field as an authority on traditional jazz, having published widely and recorded New Orleans musicians at a time when serious jazz criticism was practically nonexistent and the major record record labels had little interest in recording early jazzmen.

Russell was a close personal friend of many of those whom he interviewed, and their confidence in him is reflected in the easy, spontaneous interchange of ideas and reminiscences between interviewer and subject on the tapes.

Russell's skill and unpatronizing gentleness in drawing meaningful responses from the late Alice Zeno (clarinetist George Lewis' mother), for example, is more than a display of good interviewing technique—it is an unwitting revelation of human warmth and an absorbing listening experience.

In 1959 Betty B. Rankin and Paul Crawford were added to the archive staff. Now associate curator, Mrs. Rankin is in charge of various administrative details. Crawford, an Alabama-born trombonist, prepares digests of the taped interviews. (He is co-leader of a local revivalist group, the Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls and was also co-leader, with trumpeter Mike Lala Jr., of the excellent but short-lived Michael Paul Band, a swing band that featured Crawford's strongly conceived Ellingtonian arrangements.)

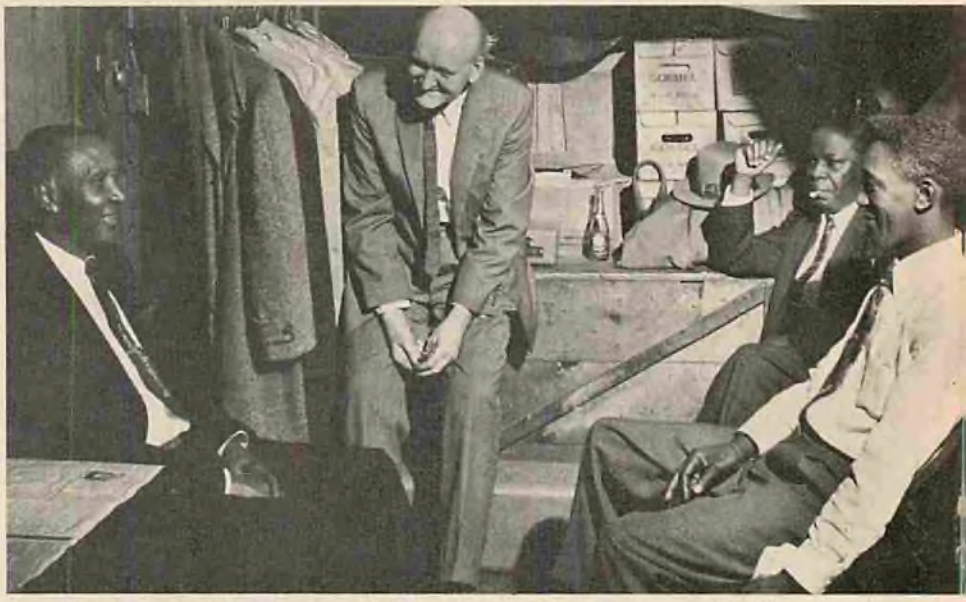
The Ford Foundation gave a supplemental grant of $25,000 to the archive in June, 1960. A final grant of $56,000 was made in September, 1962. In accordance with the original agreement between Tulane and the foundation, the university assumed operation of the archive as a division of the university library on July 1, 1965.

Allen was then appointed curator to replace Russell, who returned to personal projects, although he maintains an active interest in the archive and frequently brings in new materials.

Allen is pleased with the progress of the archive in its first eight years and optimistic about its future.

Admittedly, only the groundwork has been laid, but it is solid groundwork. He points out that the 1,500 tape recordings, representing about 500 interviews with 400 musicians, are only useful if some codification of the storehouse of information can be achieved.

"We originally planned to make word-for-word transcriptions," Allen explained, "but this proved to be very tedious and rather cumbersome to use. So in the interest of time, we make digests, or summaries, of the interviews."



New Orleans veterans Kid Howard (l) and Slow Drag Pavageau (r) discuss early jazz days with Bill Russell in the back room of New Orleans' Paddock Lounge.

After this, the names of the person interviewed and the musicians and topics discussed during the interview are indexed and cross-referenced in the master file.

The archive's main focus is on New Orleans jazz, but the taped interviews —which Allen calls "the heart of the collection"—are not limited to traditional jazzmen. Blues and Gospel singers also have been interviewed, and even modern jazzmen, such as Chris White (Dizzy Gillespie's former bassist), are included, usually in discussions of traditional jazz.

"We concentrate on New Orleans musicians—older ones—but these things are not so peripheral as they seem," Allen commented. "Musicians from other schools *are* interested in New Orleans. Often they've played together [with New Orleans musicians]."

Does the archive collect data on important nontraditional jazzmen who have lived in New Orleans—for example, Lester Young, who spent some time in New Orleans as a child, or Ornette Coleman, who played there when he was developing his current style?

Archive curator Richard B. Allen (r) interviews Jack (Papa) Laine.

In his New Orleans home, jazz old-timer Willie Parker's reminiscences are recorded by Bill Russell for deposit in the Archive.

Allen replied, "We're not seeking out that particular phase. But if it came up in an interview, we'd get it. . . . If people make donations of modern records, we keep them. Maybe someday we'll trade these things off to some other institution."

Allen laments the fact that projects similar to the Archive of New Orleans Jazz have not appeared in other cities.

"I personally had hoped that there would be more archives springing up all over the country," he said. "I thought maybe there would be one in San Francisco and St. Louis and Kansas City, but it doesn't look like that's going to happen."

He notes, though, that there is some activity on the part of individuals who are interested in preserving vital materials on jazz. "John Steiner, for example, is doing a lot on Chicago, and he'll send us copies of his tapes. . . . He worked on the Columbia album on the Chicago scene, and, as he was doing this, he was co-operating with us. Then there's the Institute of Jazz Studies in New York. Marshall Stearns [the institute's curator], has a marvelous collection."

Allen speaks of the gaps in the archive's collection of old and out-of-print books, recordings, and magazines. "We'd welcome contributions from anyone. Old jazz magazines disappear very rapidly. Early issues of *Jazz Information, Jazz Record,* and *Down Beat* are particularly rare."

Who uses the archive, and who is permitted to examine the materials in it? Allen said he believes that scholars engaged in research will ultimately be the main visitors to the archive. The most frequent requests for appointments to see the archive now come from musicians who are researching old tunes in the record and sheet-music library and from foreign visitors, especially musicians and writers.

The materials in the archive are kept in two buildings on the Tulane campus because of crowded conditions in the library, where the main office is located. However, when the new library is built (scheduled for completion in 1969), the archive will occupy a room with adequate facilities for its ever-growing materials.

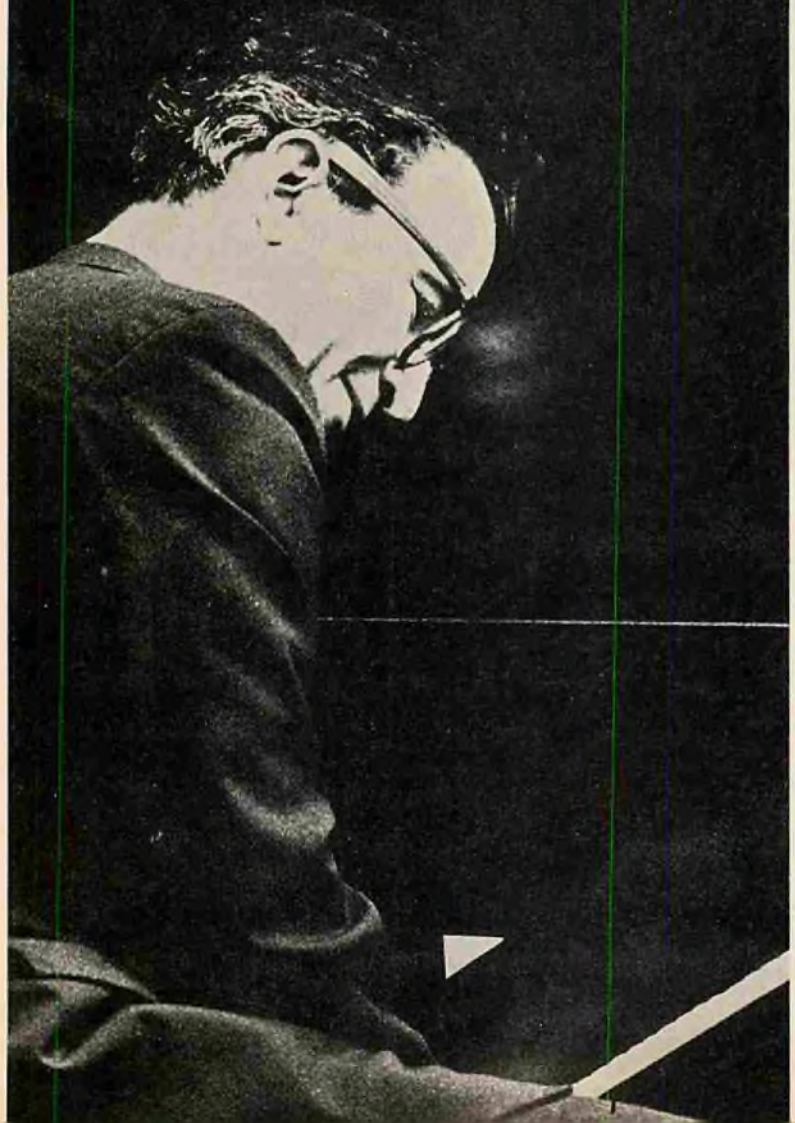
Like its popular counterpart, the Jazz Museum, the Archive of New Orleans Jazz is viewed by New Orleans musicians and jazz lovers as a major triumph for jazz.

Only two decades ago, recognition of the cultural importance of jazz by the academic community seemed nowhere in sight. Today not only scholars but civic and social leaders as well are lending strong support to jazz, calling on specialists like Russell and Allen and the jazz musicians themselves to reconstruct the city's jazz past, boost the city's jazz present, and assure the future of jazz in New Orleans.

'A man has to have a screaming compulsion and need to get something down; he must have certain doubts about whether he's up to it. There have been times when I said to myself, "No, I can't do this." You need this stimulus. I have a feeling when I listen to Gil Evans, for instance, that he suffers through each note before it goes down on the paper.'

DAVE BRUBECK, COMPOSER

By LEONARD FEATHER



THE WORLDWIDE image is vast and glamorous but one-dimensional: "Dave Brubeck, the pianist and quartet leader. . . ." So firmly established is his reputation as a performer that the day may be distant, though surely not beyond attainment, when an average man can be stopped on the street, asked to identify the name Dave Brubeck, and respond with: "Ah, yes, he's the composer, isn't he?"

For Brubeck, recognition as a composer is a major goal and has been for more years than most of his followers realize.

"I started writing very young," he said recently during an introspective session of reminiscence. "My background is quite messed up. Actually, I wrote my first tune when I was 4 or 5. Then years went by when I didn't write a thing.

"I was 21 when I seriously started composing originals. Like the thing I did for Kenton, *Prayer for the Conquered,* which he never used. Incidentally, I'd still like to hear it performed some day; I believe it would still stand up."

Brubeck continued writing while on his tour of military duty in Europe. Later, as a student, with composer Darius Milhaud as teacher, he wrote a series of works in the course of his lessons. There were plenty of originals, too, in the celebrated Brubeck octet around 1946. But as far as public performance and acceptance were concerned, this was the dry period, the beginning of almost a decade of inactivity as a writer.

Brubeck has a very simple explanation for the protracted hiatus in his composing career. A one-word explanation, in fact: starvation.

"As a senior in college in 1941 I could work any number of jobs six or seven nights a week," he said. "When I got back from the Army, I was 25, and I couldn't find a job for four years. At that time, in almost the entire United States, very little was being done in jazz; it was a very arid period. Incidentally, that's why we all had to be grateful to George Shearing when he came over here and shook us up; he showed that there is an audience if you only know how to reach it.

"I'll never forget that one year I had the distinction of being the only piano player in San Francisco out of work on New Year's Eve. I think it was 1949. Finally around 8 p.m. some guy called me up in sheer desperation—he took me because he simply couldn't find anyone else.

"I tried writing originals during those days, but for three years it failed to work, and I finally gave up. How could we push originals on a public that wouldn't even listen to standards?"

The "we" of Brubeck's reminiscenses refers to a small cadre of experimentalists in the San Francisco area who tried to instigate a new jazz movement: David van Kriedt, Jack Weeks, Dick Collins, Bill Smith, and a few others. Most were talented writers; some, like Brubeck, were students of Milhaud. Brubeck's recollections of his association with them reflects a mixture of nostalgia and soul-searching.

When one man steps out of a group and inevitably leaves his colleagues in obscurity, there is always present—among the losers and sometimes in the winner's subconscious, too—a tendency to ascribe the turn of events to luck. Though his respect for the associates of his formative years has not dimmed, Brubeck said he feels that much of his own initial

success as a performer, and consequent development as a composer, must be credited to determination.

For example, when he finally made the first hesitant step out of San Francisco obscurity by starting to record, a financial sacrifice was involved: he had to start his own record company, because no existing firm was interested in him. At this juncture he felt obliged to limit his repertoire almost entirely to standards. The first Fantasy 78-rpms in 1949 and '50, both by the Brubeck trio and the octet, comprise such workhorses as *Blue Moon, Tea for Two, The Way You Look Tonight,* and *Love Walked In.*

"Sure, I had any number of originals right from the start," Brubeck affirmed, "but I just didn't dare play them. When the quartet got under way, it was the strength of what we did with tunes they could recognize.

"We'd been playing standards with the quartet for several years when Paul Desmond asked me, one night in Rochester, N.Y., why I didn't do some originals for the group. I answered, 'Paul, I can write two originals in half an hour.' So I sat down and proved my point by writing *In Your Own Sweet Way* and a thing called *The Waltz,* within 30 minutes.

"That was the real beginning. *The Duke* and all the others followed."

THE MID-1950s marked the period of transition for Brubeck as a writer. During those years, the quartet became more and more a medium of his own personal expression, less and less exclusively a transmission belt for Cole Porter or Rodgers & Hammerstein.

The two Brubeck albums released and reviewed in 1956 both received four-star reviews from *Down Beat.* One, featuring the quartet—a "generally enjoyable collection," according to reviewer Nat Hentoff—comprised such trivia as *The Trolley Song* and (again) *Blue Moon.* The other was *Brubeck Plays Brubeck,* played without accompaniment and, according to reviewer Jack Tracy, was "the best he has ever made."

The transition was emphasized with the appearance of such albums as *Jazz Impressions of Eurasia,* a 1958 collection of programatic works, many of conspicuously greater interest than *Blue Moon.*

The next logical move was a step toward more capacious orchestral contexts. In 1959 Leonard Bernstein conducted the premiere of *Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Orchestra,* played by the quartet with the New York Philharmonic. The composer was Howard Brubeck, but the performance was a major stepping stone for the career of Howard's younger brother also, since it led directly to the start of comparable ventures on the part of Dave.

Between the date of Bernstein's introduction of *Dialogues* and the time of its release, an event of unprecedented importance in Brubeck's career took place: the release of the *Time Out* album. In the album's liner notes, British composer and critic Steve Race, always one of Brubeck's most dedicated admirers, observed: "Rhythmically, jazz has not progressed. Born within earshot of the street parade, jazz was bounded by the left-right, left-right of marching feet. Dave Brubeck . . . is really the first to explore the uncharted seas of compound time . . . exotic time signatures, and even laying one rhythm in counterpoint over another."

Whether or not Brubeck pioneered in breaking the time barrier for jazz remains debatable, but beyond question this album had a unique and far-reaching impact. It established firmly that Brubeck was a witty, resourceful, and often charming writer of original themes, that it was possible to write a jazz number in 9/8 and other "strange" meters, and that an album of originals could far outsell an album of *Blue Moons.* Basically, as Race pointed out, the Brubeck work showed the blending of three cultures: the formalism of classical Western music, the freedom of jazz improvisation, and the often complex pulse of African folk music.

Even in this album there was a curious paradox, for the most successful tune by far was *Take Five,* a minor-key melody in 5/4 that became a hit single and a jazz classic. Of the seven numbers in the LP, it was the only one not written by Brubeck. Paul Desmond, who composed it, must by now have heard credit for the tune wrongly accorded to Brubeck almost as often as the quartet has played it.

The other numbers in the *Time Out* album offered ample evidence of one compositional direction Brubeck himself was taking. A second direction, hinted at through his participation in *Dialogues,* was his expansion into extended writing for large ensembles.

His *Points on Jazz,* commissioned by the American Ballet Theater, was performed during the ballet's 1960-61 tour. "Howard orchestrated it," the composer said, "but it never came out in that form. Gold and Fizdale recorded it for two pianos."

Soon after the truncated career of *Points on Jazz* came the partial realization of a long-envisioned project. Dave and his wife, Iola, a poet and lyricist of exceptional talent, had collaborated on a musical play concerned with the use of jazz as a medium of international good will. The title was *The Real Ambassadors,* and a lead role clearly was made to order for Louis Armstrong.

The show, contrary to popular belief, has never been produced. At one point, the British music newspaper *Melody Maker* announced in huge front-page headlines that it was set for a world premiere in London, with Armstrong in the lead. Somehow the plans went awry; the project fell through.

What was seen at the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1962 was a live version of an album of excerpts from the show that had been recorded the year before with Armstrong, the Brubeck quartet, and singers Carmen McRae, Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Annie Ross (Miss Ross on the record only; Yolande Bavan sang at Monterey).

The Real Ambassadors marked a peak point in the pop-music chart of Brubeck's compositional career. Several of its melodies could have become standards, and possibly would have if the show had ever reached Broadway.

The melodic charm of the Monterey presentation emphasized the essentially horizontal character of Brubeck's writing under conditions calling for simple themes. But an in-depth inspection of his writings shows that he is not a man to be placed in any one compositional bag. For instance, the next step toward complete fulfillment in his writing career in 1962 came with the release of *Brandenburg Gate Revisited,* a fuller, orchestral version extrapolated from one of the themes contained in *Jazz Impressions of Eurasia.* Again Brubeck had the help of his elder brother, this time not as composer but as arranger and conductor. Howard's notes included a comment that seems relevant in any evaluation of Dave's career as a composer:

"From the Middle Ages to the present, it is customary to find the musical vernacular of the day making its way into the serious music of the day. (One might offer as an early example the polyphonic masses of the 15th and 16th centuries based on secular tunes such as *L'homme Arme,* a 15th century 'pop' tune, which was used by some 30 composers, including Palestrina, as the basis for masses. Or one might cite the dance forms of the 18th century which found their way into Bach suites and the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart.) Dave has expressed the belief that there is much in the popular music of our own period which has equal validity and should be used in our concert halls if such places are to be anything more than museums of the past."

After the years of small-scale or partial successes, Brubeck felt closer to a sense of full fruition with the completion of

Elementals, which he composed and arranged himself.

"This one did what I wanted it to do," he said, "and that's all any composer can ask. It's a good piece, and it's got form, and it's easy for other people to take and improvise on.

"It's loaded with little inside jokes for myself. The first theme, for instance, is based on the notes A, B, and C; but from the first A, it goes down a seventh to the B and then up a ninth to the C. The second theme is on B-C-B. The piece holds together, I believe, better than most pieces for jazz group and symphony orchestra. There are three pedals in the pieces, a pedal on A, one on B, and a third on C. It starts on a pedal and then goes into a sort of chant—like, I have written on Paul Desmond's music, 'Hebrew Chant.' I use the Aeolian mode, and I use rhythms that are perhaps the very first rhythms you associate with music: long-short and short-long.

"In fact, the whole work begins and proceeds like a history of music, moving from a two-part counterpoint to three and then four, then the secular and religious together in eight-part counterpoint, and from there you move into almost Stan Kenton-like Wagner romanticism. Then there's kind of a further development of jazz on a C pedal in the third section. And then a 12-tone row at the end. So you see, it moves through the centuries in the forms and devices it employs, and in addition, it has over-all form."

TALKING ABOUT HIS WORK, Brubeck reveals the inner urge that drives him. He wants not merely to create, not simply to document his creations, but also to effect with the listener an empathy, a comprehension of his techniques and an interest in the manner of employing them. His enthusiasm, too, projects itself to the future.

"I'll probably take time very soon to go back through a lot of things I wrote that were never published," he said. "There's a piano piece from 1946 that people might be interested in doing now. Also a suite called *Reminiscences of the Cattle Country,* which I've been asked to publish.

"There's another two-piano work, unpublished and lying around. It's called *Centennial Suite*; the inspiration for it was the 100th anniversary of the Gold Rush.

"Looking through my old papers and manuscripts, I've also found two movements of a string quartet that I'd like to get published, as soon as the third and last movements are written. Then, too, there's a lot more originals on the order of *Time Out, Time Further Out,* and *Countdown*; maybe a couple of hundred altogether. There are plenty of things from *Mr. Broadway,* too, that weren't on the first album." (Brubeck wrote the entire score for that CBS-TV series during the 1964-65 season.)

The new composition about which Brubeck is most sanguine, and to which he has been devoting whatever spare time he can find in the past few months, is a religious work, the idea for which began to brew in his mind a quarter of a century ago.

"There'll be a definite theme behind the piece," he explained. "I'll try to interpret the concept that the temptations of Christ are really the temptations of man. I'll base it on Christ's 40 days in the desert, from the first part of Matthew. This will be a work that I think can be accepted in any church. An adult choir will sing texts from the Bible, very traditional in form, sticking close to the written word. We'll move from one anthem to another, maybe with a folk group or with a young people's choir."

There are social overtones to the message of this still-untitled work. "When He says that man cannot live by bread alone," Brubeck pointed out, "this is an ambiguous remark for a jazz musician to hear, because of our interpretation of the word 'bread.' But it's true in both senses, because we've given more aid to the world than any other country in the history of civilization; but it hasn't done us much good, because love and understanding have to go along with it. We've seen power disintegrate through the centuries, we saw Hitler almost control Europe, but in the final analysis all that power didn't mean anything. It always fails. Power corrupts. Power really doesn't make it.

"My piece, then, will be a contemporary message for the world, a message that I feel is very important. No, I wouldn't call it an oratorio. In some points it will be related to jazz. Iola will contribute to it. The first performance will be given in a Unitarian Church in Westport, Conn., not far from where we live, probably next November."

Though Brubeck is eager to talk about his own music, he is never too preoccupied or self-centered to observe the work of his contemporaries.

"Gil Evans has always impressed me," he stated. "Duke Ellington, of course, has always been important in my life. Billy Strayhorn, too—I guess he gets tired of being left out—a tremendous talent. Before Duke was Fats Waller.

"Quincy Jones is a schooled musician who feels all his music. Ralph Burns, Bill Smith, J. J. Johnson, Lennie Tristano—there are so many whose music reflects their talent *and* their dedication.

"Lalo Schifrin is a great new writer; he's doing so many fine things. Oliver Nelson—there's a guy that's got everything working for him; he knows so much about music. There's just a few guys like that . . . Andre Previn, Oliver . . . the only thing that's going to hurt them is that nothing will be hard for them.

"A man has to have a screaming compulsion and need to get something down; he must have certain doubts about whether he's up to it. There have been times when I said to myself, 'No, I can't do this.' You need this stimulus. I have a feeling when I listen to Gil Evans, for instance, that he suffers through each note before it goes down on the paper. That's why he takes a long time to get an arrangement done. I've watched others who are so capable that they don't have to go through this."

IT SHOULD not surprise the listener to find in Dave Brubeck's compositions a reflection of the effort and the suffering of which he speaks. True, he is a master craftsman today; true, he has financial security and does not want for anything materially. But he has not lost touch with his background, as he explained:

"I think 250 one-nighters a year away from your wife and family is a heck of a sacrifice. I did it for years, so that we could survive as a family, and so I could have enough money in the bank some day to sit down and study some more and write some more.

"I've always been in search of time, whether time in music or time to develop. In science, in poetry, people are given time to develop. I only wish we had some system whereby we could take talented people and relieve them of the necessity to fight society, just let them develop naturally. You have to feel that what you want to do is the only possible thing for you to do. Our system only allows the very dedicated men to break through; others fall by the wayside because they don't have the willingness or ability to be uncomfortable along the way."

Brubeck's years of being uncomfortable are long past, but not forgotten. The years of major creation are upon him now. The devotion he is applying to his work may well produce a body of work that will finally make that major breakthrough for him. Perhaps the day will come at last when newspaper accounts, whether they report on his music directly or merely his presence at a party, will begin by referring to him in the manner to which he would like to become accustomed: "Dave Brubeck, composer . . ." DB

the avant-garde is NOT avant-garde!

By DON ELLIS

IF THE AVANT-GARDE constitutes those artists in the forefront of their particular art, artists blazing trails with the newest techniques, then, after some reflection, one must admit that the current avant-garde of jazz is no longer really avant-garde.

By current avant-garde I refer to those playing the type of music associated with such musicians as Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler, and most of the artists of E.S.P. records catalog.

The predominant elements of this music (such as the lack of a definite rhythmic pulse or melodic or structural coherence, the use of myriads of fast notes with no over-all direction, the at-one-time-unusual shrieks, honks, and bleats) have now become commonplace and cliched. And as for "newness" itself, these elements all date back some years.

It should be obvious that there are certain musical techniques that, although perhaps startlingly new and different when introduced by the originator, become trite and hackneyed when reiterated by others. All of the above fall into this category. (They may still be used, of course, but need to be incorporated into an original, meaningful structure.)

The current avant-garde movement began for sound musical reasons: the old (bebop) style of jazz had become stale. Most of the players—even the originators—were usually repeating overused, worn-out formulas that had lost their freshness and significance. There was need for change.

Everything had become so codified into pat rules that most were afraid to do anything else. Jazz musicians needed to lose their (musical) inhibitions—to be unafraid to try something new and different, to take some chances. If nothing else, the best of the avant-garde has succeeded in making (even rather traditional) jazzmen loosen up a bit, to reach out for some new ideas.

In the beginning the artistic need was there. Jazz sprang out in many directions at once. Every avant-garde jazzman seemed to have his own conception of the right way to make the breakthrough. It was an exciting and creative period. In view of this, it makes one all the more sad to see it degenerating into musical incoherence —with pseudo-mystical pronouncements and political nonsense thrown in besides.

If this type of avant-garde music, with its incessant chattering and stream-of-conscious meandering, is no longer avant-garde, what is?

Using the aforementioned definition of avant-garde, those artists who could be classified as truly in the forefront of the art would be playing music characterized by the following:

- Music based on solid audible structural premises (the opposite of the musical doodling now so prevalent).
- Music that is well conceived and thought out (as opposed to the "don't bother me with technical details, man; I don't need to develop my ear, artistic sensitivity, musical knowledge, instrumental technique—I'm playing pure emotion" school).
- Music with new rhythmic complexity, based on a swinging pulse with new meters and superimpositions.
- Music with melodies based on principles of musical coherence, utilizing the new rhythms along with new intervals (pitches).
- Music making use of new harmonic idioms based on principles of audible coherence (in contradistinction to the everybody-for-himself-with-12 tones-go! school).

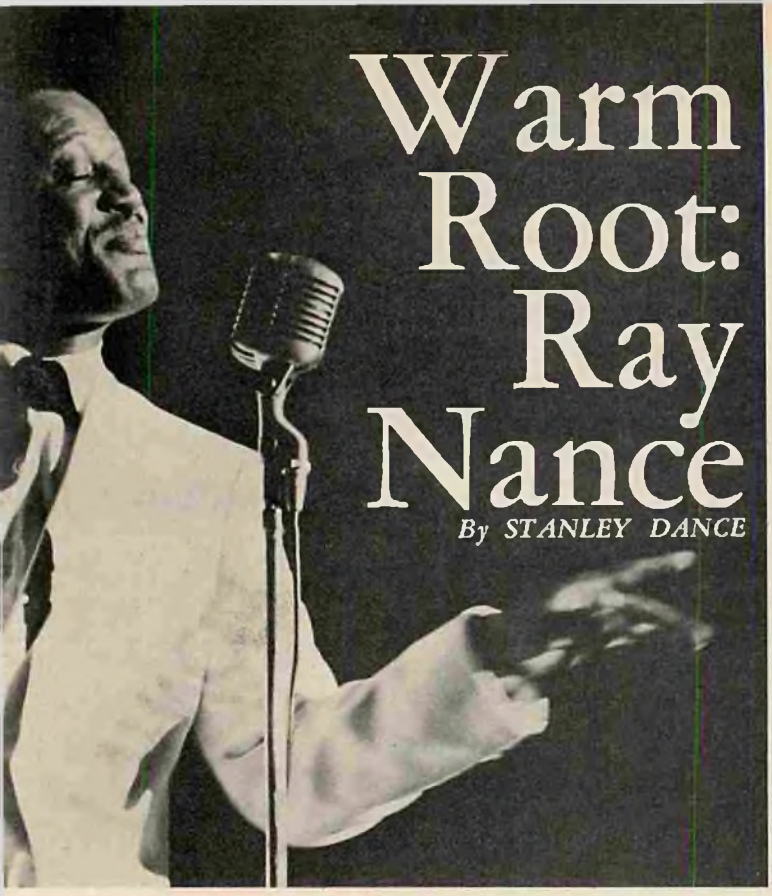
One might ask that if, with all this talk about the avant-garde, being avant-garde is really important? The answer would be: basically, musical worth or greatness is of the ultimate importance. Whether something is avant-garde or not has no bearing on this.

Being avant-garde can be of importance *if* the prevalent style of music has become stagnant. It then becomes mandatory to find *new* ways to express musical thought. The main thing, however, is to produce great music.

Speaking of the avant-garde that breaks away from the mainstream, there are two general directions it can follow: 1. it may break away and do something "new" at all costs—whether of value musically or not—thus denying the importance of musical intelligence, sensibility, or sensitiveness; 2. it may be aware of the need for a change and attempt to construct new ideas that offer a way out of a given musical dilemma, giving new meaning to music—an "enhanced" view of music that would enable the music to be more exciting and would portray profound musical intelligence on *all* levels.

An analogy would be a man who wants to build a new type of airplane. He could be in the avant-garde by doing one of two things: 1. building an airplane with a fantastic new design—the only problem being that it can't fly (don't bother him with details); 2. building an airplane with perhaps radically new principles but one that nevertheless improves or enhances the idea of airplaneness. In short, this one looks and *flies* better.

I suggest that musicians and listeners interested in being in the forefront of their art but still concerned about creating great art, rather than preaching political doctrine or expunging themselves emotionally, check carefully to see on which side of the avant-garde fence they are sitting.



LEE TANNER

Warm Root: Ray Nance

By STANLEY DANCE

"IF YOU'RE going to do what you want to do," Ray Nance said, "you've usually got to sacrifice something. I like to play, and there's no type of music I'd rather play than Duke Ellington's, but playing it involves travel and, if you're married, every time you look around you're saying goodbye. Although it's part of the business, I don't like being away from my wife and home any more than anyone else.

"The hardest thing is adjusting your mind to that road life. It's harder mentally than physically, because you really only work about four hours a day. One advantage I always had was that, being small, I could curl up in a bus seat better than most, but you ride and ride, and then you check into a hotel. And one of the big problems is sitting in a hotel room all day, waiting to go to work. I wouldn't have done what I did for 23 years with any other band than Duke Ellington's, but I've seen a lot of the world and have had plenty of kicks."

After Nance quit the Ellington band in 1963, he settled down in New York City, played club dates and two seasons at the World's Fair, rejoined Ellington for a highly successful European tour in 1965, and recorded from time to time with his old companions. His decision to leave was widely regretted, but it helped focus attention, as never before, on his great contributions to the Ellington story.

He entered it in 1940, when trumpeter Cootie Williams left Ellington to join Benny Goodman. History repeated itself, for trombonist Joe (Tricky Sam) Nanton was there to act as Nance's mentor in the art of using a plunger mute, just as he had been in 1929 when Williams took the place of the band's original specialist in plunger-growl trumpet, Bubber Miley.

"I joined at a good time," Nance recalled. "Jimmy Blanton and Ben Webster were in the band, and so was Tricky, the master. He and I had a lot in common. On the West Coast, especially around Seattle, everything was wide open then. People had plenty of money, and there was gambling and everything like that. Tricky and I used to make those joints together. I always remember him with his zipper bag full of mutes, medicines, and whisky. He was an original in every way. We'd be sitting at Frank Sebastian's Cotton Club, where Duke naturally didn't want people drinking on the stand, and Tricky would have a bottle in his inside coat pocket with a straw in it. Nobody out front would know, but he'd be sipping every now and then and getting stoned all night long."

Cornetist Rex Stewart was still with Ellington, too, and could play growl horn beautifully, according to Nance, but Stewart had his own conception and his own parts to play. So Nance tried to "continue the sound of the band," and whenever he was assigned a growl solo that Williams had played, he imitated it as best he could.

"It wasn't easy," he admitted, "because I'd never done it before. Apart from the pressure, you're blowing with one hand and manipulating the mute with the other. It isn't just a matter of blowing with the mute in there either: you've got to concentrate to produce a certain kind of sound. And you've got to *want* to do it. I like it because I think it has great descriptive quality. There's no way you can get the 'jungle' sound except with the growl."

His role as part of the trumpet section was the most important in his eyes, but all his talents were quickly utilized, and he soon found himself featured not only on trumpet and violin but also as a singer and dancer.

NANCE was born in Chicago on Dec. 10, 1913. When he was 6, his mother began to teach him piano. This went on for three years until she became interested in violin, which a friend of hers, Charlotte Page, was studying at the Chicago College of Music. She persuaded Miss Page to give her son lessons, and after five years he was so proficient that his teacher suggested he be taken where she had been taught. His mother duly enrolled him, and through Miss Page's influence he was placed under Max Fischel, considered the best teacher in the college.

"At first," Nance recalled, "it had been just a matter of doing what my mother said, but after a time I got to like it. I studied with Fischel for seven years, right through high school. When I graduated from Wendell Phillips at 18, I was playing in the school band and seriously considering becoming a professional musician. Meantime, I had picked up trumpet. I practically taught myself, with the help of a great bandmaster, Major N. Clark Smith. I wanted to hear myself on a louder instrument in a way I couldn't do with the violin in the orchestra. I guess it was a bit of an unusual double. Mostly, guys double on violin and piano, or violin and guitar, or violin and saxophone.

"By the time I graduated, I was also a drum major in the band, the shortest drum major anyone ever saw! It was funny, because Hector Crozier, the fellow before me, had been a big, strapping guy about six-foot-three, and here I come five-foot-four! I don't know how I got the job, but you've got to put on a show, doing fancy steps and twirling a baton."

Always deprecatory about his own gifts and ability, Nance was at pains to point out that he wasn't the best violinist in the school symphony orchestra. The best—and, as a result, the two lead violinists—were a girl, Matilda Ritchie, and a boy who was to make a name for himself as a bassist—Milt Hinton.

Nance enrolled in Methodist College in Jackson, Tenn. One of the prime reasons for his going was to start an orchestra there, but in one semester he got into so much trouble that he didn't go back. On Halloween, he was blamed for a firecracker thrown into the dean of boys' room, and soon afterwards, when someone kicked over a

bucket beside his bed, a large part of the contents went through the dormitory floorboards on to the luckless dean, who was asleep below.

Back in Chicago, Nance formed his own six-piece band which soon became widely known on the city's south side. All its members had gone through high school together, and the group's atmosphere was more like that of a small club. At least two of them had had no intention of playing professionally, but the others persuaded them, Jesse Simpkins even being cajoled into making the switch from piano to bass. Spencer Odon, who later arranged for the Southernaires and the vocal group on the Arthur Godfrey show, was the group's pianist. Oliver Coleman was the drummer. Leroy Harris, later with Earl Hines, played alto and clarinet.

"Claude Adams, one of my closest friends, played guitar and violin," Nance said. "He had a wonderful conception, but he died very early. He played good jazz fiddle for those days, and we'd do things featuring two fiddles and clarinet—Leroy Harris had a beautiful tone. The job that brought us recognition was at Dave's Cafe at 51st and Michigan on the south side. We were there two years, and the place was packed nearly every night. We had dancing and a floorshow, and besides playing we sang in four- and five-part harmony. This was in 1932 and 1933, and we never recorded. It wasn't so easy then. I had done a bit of dancing when they used to have Charleston contests around Chicago, and I would come out in front of the band and do a little dance even in those days.

"The guys didn't like leaving Chicago, but I persuaded them once to go to Buffalo, N.Y., where I had got a job. That was the first time I saw Stuff Smith in person. He had a *swinging* 10-piece band at the Vendome night club," said Nance, emphasizing "swinging" almost fiercely.

"We noticed that the tempos were so different from what we had been playing out West. Theirs were right in the groove, and they never played anything faster than this," he said, snapping his fingers at a medium tempo. "They played like that all night long, where we had been playing fast or slow. We were astonished.

"We got stranded up there, but it was worth it to hear Stuff, who made a big impression on me. That was the first time I missed a whole lot of meals, and finally I had to telegraph my father and mother. They sent the money for me to get home.

"Before this, I had heard Joe Venuti. I appreciated what he played, but it wasn't what I wanted to pattern my style on. He had a lot of records going for him, and Eddie South had one or two, but Stuff was virtually unknown. I used to go to Eddie South's rehearsals when Milt Hinton began playing bass for him. Milt introduced me, and it was a real thrill for me to be in the same room as Eddie. He had been taught by some of the greatest European teachers, and with his tone and technique he was a really well-rounded violinist.

"There was so much more scope for violinists then. Erskine Tate had an orchestra of 30 pieces in the pit of the Vendome Theater in Chicago, and my mother used to take me to hear him every week. Now everything is amplified, but then they used strings so that you could sit at your table, hear yourself talk, and still enjoy music.

"Well, Stuff Smith is the swing king of the instrument

DON BRONSTEIN

and he has an almost violent approach to it. Mine is more orthodox and closer, I guess, to Eddie South's. Still, I was sorry Stuff and I didn't get to make that album together in 1964, but maybe we'll do it this year."

After returning to Chicago, Nance's band operated successfully until the early part of 1937, when he began to feel he wanted "to branch out and do a little traveling." The other members, however, were against it. "They'd begun to fall in love or get married—the same old story!" he remarked wryly. "So we broke up when I couldn't persuade them to leave town."

Before this, he had had several offers to join Earl Hines' band but had turned them down. Now he joined the pianist-leader at the Grand Terrace on Chicago's south side and gained a "world of experience," traveling for the first time as part of a big band across the country to California and then to New York, where the band played the Apollo and Loew's State theaters. Jimmy Mundy was doing the arrangements, and clarinetist Darnell Howard took the violin solos.

"He played good jazz fiddle," Nance recalled, "and judging from the way he played he had had good schooling too. I don't remember ever playing fiddle in that band at all, but I recorded my first vocal with it on a Vocalion record called *Jack Climbed a Beanstalk*. Walter Fuller was the regular singer then, and he sang a lot like Louis Armstrong.

"Earl was wonderful to work for, and he's still one of my favorite pianists. I love the way he plays. To me, he's the Louis Armstrong of the piano. Working so long around Chicago, he never had the recognition he would have had if he'd been working out of New York, but he was very big all through the Middle West. Those dance halls used to be packed."

At the beginning of 1939, Nance decided he wanted to stay at home in Chicago and not go out on the road again, so he left Hines and joined Horace Henderson, who had a band at Swingland on the south side. Later, they moved north to the 5100 Club, and it was during this engagement that he recorded his first violin solo, again for Vocalion. The number was called *Kitty on Toast,* and in two 32-bar choruses he exhibited all the resources that he was to employ so successfully with Ellington a little later.

Besides his old friends Jesse Simpkins and Oliver Coleman, the band included Pee Wee Jackson, whom Nance had brought up from Cleveland with Freddie Webster when Hines needed trumpet players. Jackson played first trumpet and Nance shared the solo work with Emmet Berry. "It was hard to tell the difference between us, because we played so much alike then," he said.

When Henderson began to get ready to make a long road trip, Nance elected to stay home, much as he enjoyed the band. He got a job at Joe Hughes' club, where female impersonators were the main attractions. Nance, however, was featured in the floor show, singing, dancing, and playing both trumpet and fiddle.

"This was where I got a chance to do more dancing than I had before, but it had always been more for kicks than anything else," he explained. "I never really worked on it, because I wanted to play, not dance. [At this point of the interview, Nance's wife revealed that with the help of another dancer, Lawrence Jackson, he got to the stage where he could do no-hand back flips.]

"Most of the dances I do consist of steps taken from dances from 'way back. When we were playing the Grand Terrace, I'd see things the chorus girls, the shake dancers, and the belly dancers did. I remember Jota Cook, one of the greatest. She used to stand flat-footed, but she had such control of her muscles that what she did with her stomach would make you seasick. All that kind of thing, that show world, was beginning to fade as early as 1935. I think it had something to do with the change in conditions and people after the depression."

Various Ellington band members had been in the habit of dropping in at breakfast dances when Nance had his own band in Chicago, so they all knew him. When Williams left the band, Ellington sent Billy Strayhorn out to Hughes' club to see him.

"One morning, I'm at home," Nance recalled. "It's Strayhorn on the telephone. 'Duke wants to see you down at his hotel,' he said. I was so thrilled to think that I was even considered for the job, and that's when I joined, in November, 1940. Just to be connected with Duke Ellington was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. I'd admired the band for so long, and I used to skip school when it was at the Oriental Theater. In fact, kids all over the south side did. You couldn't find five kids in any class when that band was there."

'RAYMOND? He has perfect taste," was Duke Ellington's answer to a question about different members of his trumpet section a few years ago. Certainly, Ellington was one person who thoroughly appreciated Nance's artistic ability, as well as his modesty, dignity, and humor. Unlike many persons small in stature, Nance has no inferiority complex and, therefore, no need to adopt an outwardly aggressive personality. When he dances and sings, he may seem to resemble another predecessor in the Ellington band, trumpeter Freddy Jenkins—alias Little Posey—but the singing and dancing are an act. In what he likes to do best, playing his horn and violin, he is essentially a quiet, serious, intent artist.

Like many other jazz musicians today, he often is at his best in the recording studio. He is quick to grasp the meaning and spirit of a lyric, and when a problem of tempo arises he will sometimes insist on stomping it off at the proper speed. Very conscious of sound values, he will take off his sweater, stuff it into a derby, and blow his horn into it to get exactly the mellow quality he wants.

Sometimes Ellington used his trumpet in the reed section. Once, for example, when Jimmy Hamilton was suddenly called upon to play a clarinet lead, the leader called across the studio, "Ray, can you play a tenor part now?" At other times, the instructions were simple and instantly understood, the result of two decades of association: for *Sleepy Time Down South*—"Raymond, give me a two-bar introduction . . . and don't forget you're Louis Armstrong!" or for a remake of *Hy'a Sue*—"Ray, you be [trombonist] Tyree Glenn!"

But recording is the one area in which Nance is critical of Ellington, "If only he would say, two weeks in advance, 'What do you want to do?' Or, 'Here's the music: get yourself ready.' He doesn't operate that way, and he can catch you at a disadvantage. He must think he's right, and I believe he likes to take chances in the studio, likes the feeling of spontaneity. But we'd like to show our best, and sometimes, after you've heard the record, you know you could have done better. Take that *Afro-Bossa* album [on Reprise]. Instead of letting us work on the arrangements for two or three weeks, he sprang them on us right away. When we tried out new material at dances or on the job, it paid off. *Suite Thursday* was an example. We'd played that in a hotel in Boston and at Monterey before we recorded it.

"None of this alters my opinion that his music is the greatest jazz today, from an all-around point of view—not just from the point of view of swinging, but from that of basic musical value. Technically, you may be a great, but to play his music you've also got to feel it."

That Nance has a mind of his own was shown in 1944,

Ellingtonians Shorty Baker, Tyree Glenn, and Nance

DON BRONSTEIN

Violinist Nance recording with Duke Ellington

when he took a leave of absence for nine months from Ellington.

"We were at the Hurricane in New York, up over where the Turf was on Broadway," he said, "and all we were doing was playing shows—8:30, midnight, and 2. We were in there so long, not playing much Ellington music, that I was about ready to shoot myself. So I went out with a quartet—Ted Smith and Bill DeArango on guitars and Junior Raglin on bass—and we did pretty well, particularly at a place in Washington called the Casbah."

After his return to the Ellington fold and long engagements at the Hurricane and the Zanzibar, the band went into the Aquarium, another club in New York, and Ellington began to play Ellington. Nance was happy again.

Four years later he accompanied Ellington on an unusual visit to England, where they appeared with singers Kay Davis and Pearl Bailey, plus local musicians, at the London Palladium and elsewhere. As a singer and dancer, Nance was exempt from the British Musicians Union ruling that then prevented American musicians from working there. He and Ellington played their instruments as participant and accompanist in a "variety act." It was during this trip that he introduced Ellington to the music of Thelonious Monk.

"I had bought myself a portable gramophone," he said, humorously emphasizing the English term for phonograph. "I was on my way to Bournemouth, Hampshire, by train, and in my compartment I put on one of my Thelonious Monk records. Duke was passing by in the corridor, and he stopped and asked, 'Who's that playing?' I told him. 'Sounds like he's stealing some of my stuff,' he said. So he sat down and listened to my records, and he was very interested. He understood what Monk was doing."

One of the teammates in the Ellington band whom Nance most admired was trumpeter Harold (Shorty) Baker. They were featured together on a number called *Mr. Gentle and Mr. Cool.*

"We never did figure out who was Mr. Cool," Nance remarked. "But I love Shorty. The first time I heard him was with the Crackerjacks in East St. Louis, Mo., about 1935. I had enlarged my small band for the date, and we were alternating with the Crackerjacks in this ballroom. They had a very precise and wonderful group, and as they began to play *Stardust,* I heard this beautiful sound coming from the other side of the room. I went over and asked who the trumpet player was, and they told me and introduced us."

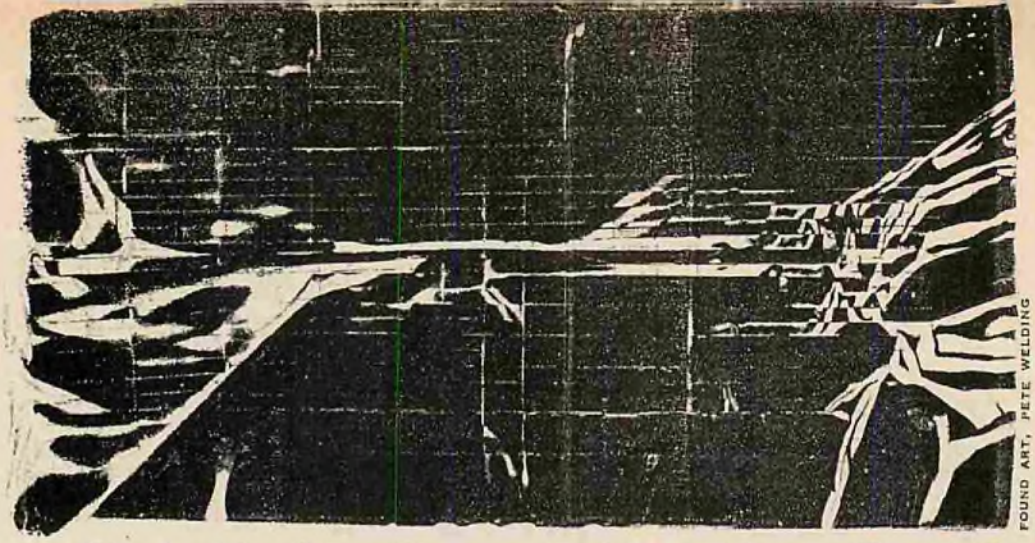
Asked about those who influenced him most as a trumpet player, Nance said he had particular admiration for Louis Armstrong, "because he was the great forerunner." But he also named Ellington, pianist Art Tatum, and bassist Jimmy Blanton. "You just put geniuses like that to one side and go on from there," he said.

"My mind doesn't run in Dizzy Gillespie's direction, although I'd like to be able to play the horn with his facility. I think I play with more of an emotional impulse than anything else, on the horn and the violin. Jazz is feeling, in my opinion. But, then, take a man like Clark Terry: he can bend any way, play any type of jazz, for he's a very unusual, well-equipped player. He can play out of his head, out of his heart, or out of his head and heart together. Besides being a wonderful musician, he's also a wonderful person, and—like Duke says—you can't categorize Clark. He can do everything well."

Nance himself does many things well, the most obvious being the way he now plays the cornet.

"I've been playing cornet since about 1960," he said. "I think it has a warmer tone than the trumpet.... A trumpet produces a more brilliant, piercing sound. Because it's shorter, the cornet is also more comfortable for me to use, since I use the plunger so much and my arms are not long. Another reason I took it up—my own idea—was because I played all the lower parts in the trumpet section and it made a better blend between the trumpets and trombones."

Back in the days of "all reet" and "all root," tenor saxophonist Ben Webster gave Ray Nance the nickname of "Root," which is still used by some of his intimates. It is curiously appropriate as an adjective for many of those qualities that distinguish him: warmth, feeling, and emotion... terms that could also conceivably be momentarily unfashionable in any art, but the heart has its reasons, and good taste is never out of season. db



FOUND ART, PETE WELDING

SOUNDS & SILENCES

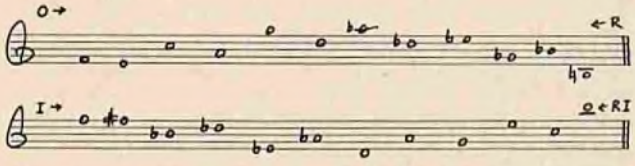
A Column By Don Heckman: 12-Tone Music

A recent *Down Beat* article (*Twelve-Tone Blues*, Feb. 24) raised some interesting questions concerning the use of the 12-note technique in jazz. Before those questions are considered, however, a basic description of the technique will be useful.

In its most rudimentary sense, the 12-note row is unlike anything else in music. It is neither scale nor mode, melody nor raga, although it includes at least some elements basic to all these forms and, like them, is a musical starting point—compositional building material.

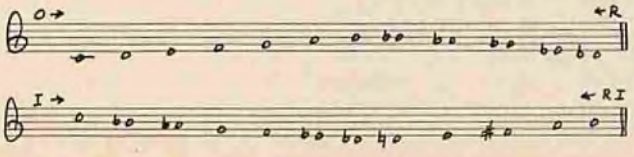
Its makeup is relatively simple, consisting of an arbitrary sequential arrangement of all 12 notes in the Western tonal system. Three further permutations are derived from this original row: 1, the row backwards, usually referred to as the retrograde; 2, the row inverted (starting with the same first note, all intervals are reversed; that is, if the first interval of the original form is a fifth up, then the first interval of the inversion will be a fifth down); and 3, the inversion backward, usually called the retrograde inversion. Each of these forms can be transposed to any other starting note, making 48 possible versions of each row.

One of the most interesting examples is a by-now classic row—often referred to as the *Mutterakord*—used by Alban Berg in his *Lyric Suite*:

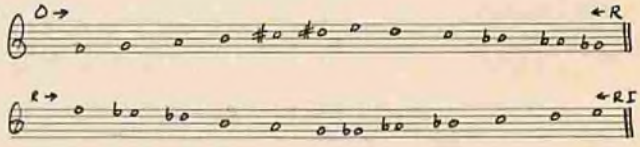


The row is structured so as to include all 11 intervals within the octave. The descending pairs of the original include a minor second, a minor third, a fourth, a sixth, and a major seventh. The ascending intervals include a minor sixth, a minor seventh, a minor fifth, a major second, and a major third. In addition, the row has obvious tonal implications in each hexachord (the first on F, the second on G♭) and in the triads outlined in both hexachords. The compositional possibilities inherent in the *Mutterakord* are apparent.

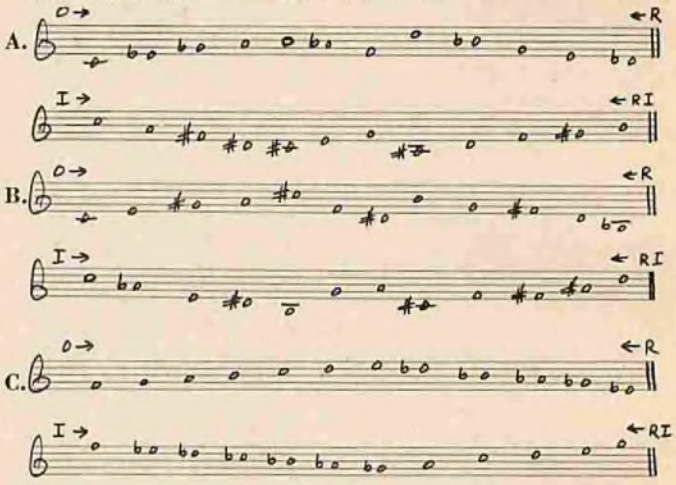
Contrary to the general misconception that 12-note music is necessarily "atonal" (Arnold Schoenberg detested the word, sarcastically suggesting that it meant "without tone"), it is quite possible to construct rows that have diatonic characteristics:



Whole tone rows are another possibility:



Rows having harmonic and modal coloration are possible:



(The construction of such rows, of course, is arbitrary and, in the most fundamental sense, violates the premise behind the 12-note technique, which is intended to take the composer *away* from tonal systems. If one wants to write modally, or with a certain intervallic flavor, then there is no particular advantage to doing so in the context of a 12-note row; giving a diatonic or whole-tone thematic quality to a 12-note row usually limits rather than expands the composer's horizons. For this reason, the composition of simple melodies—like blues—using rudimentary forms of the 12-note row with traditional harmonic accompaniment, has little significance as such. Like grafting a horse's head on a cow's body, it reveals misunderstanding of basic elements.)

Once the row is composed, its notes must be used, according to the most arbitrary interpretation of the Schoenberg technique, in their exact sequence. No note should be used until the preceding notes have appeared. Similarly, the row must be concluded; it cannot be allowed to hang suspended, some of its notes unused. Actually, even Schoenberg did not limit himself to so rigid a technique, and his disciples and followers quickly found their own ways to circumvent the more confining aspects of the row technique while still developing its productive poten-

tial. Schoenberg's idea, and probably the single most important result of the row technique, was to bring about the absolute equality of each individual note. In effect, all notes are liberated and are, thereby, equal.

The equality of notes was a necessary step in Schoenberg's attempt to evolve a form-producing technique that would provide the composer an organizational continuity and cohesion similar to that which had been provided for the previous 250 years by harmonic cadences. It was an idea that was, so to speak, in the air during the early part of the 20th century, but other attempts to work out nontonal structural schemes seemed to fragment their material, splintering it outward instead of directing it into the fundamental architectonic principles that lay at the heart of Western European music.

Schoenberg felt that the inherent formalism of harmonic groupings, cadences, and key relationships could be replaced by what he viewed as the thematic properties of the 12-note row. In order for this to happen, the "basic shape" of the row—its fundamental identifying quality—would have to remain intact; thus, the basic techniques of composing with 12 notes related only to each other were determined.

It always should be remembered that the 12-note technique is one intended for the construction of a music in which rhythm (in the sense that it is used in jazz or in the non-Western musics) is minimal and improvisation nonexistent.

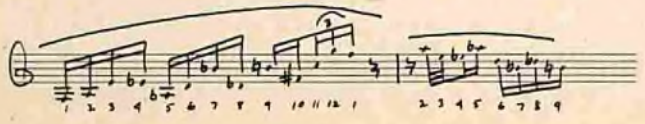
Equally important, it is a technique for the composer, not the performer. Its adaptation for use as a jazz technique, therefore, involves serious problems. As mentioned, the composition of 12-note melodies using the row technique is only one part of the problem and is not necessarily of any greater interest than is the composition of melodies made solely of thirds and fourths or of whole-tone scales, etc. More important—and more challenging—are the questions of whether it is possible to use the 12-note technique throughout *all* aspects of the act of jazz and whether such use has any more than novelty value.

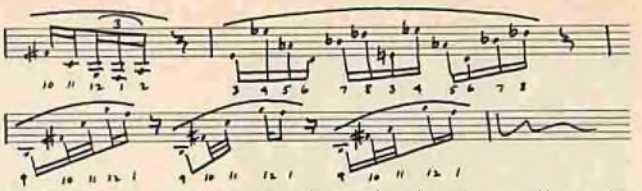
While there doubtless have been many attempts to find solutions to these questions, I am most familiar with one worked out by composer John Benson Brooks. Its special interest lies in the fact that it includes a method for improvising with 12-note rows. This seems the necessary prerequisite for the use of the 12-note technique in jazz—that it be used in improvisatory fashion.

Brooks decided that several premises were essential to the improvisatory use of the rows. First, rhythm should be free of metric restrictions. As he explained in a *Down Beat* interview (Jan. 2, 1964), "A 12-tone series, with its laws of order, possesses both movement and repose, depending upon what rhythm you give it. . . . This enables a soloist to improvise any time or tempo he feels, without having to cadence and conduct everybody else into his next mood."

Second, the use of the row by the improviser should allow for a free movement and spontaneity analogous to that provided by more traditional improvisatory methods. Third, following one of Schoenberg's original principles, it should be possible to play notes in any octave, permitting what Brooks calls "octave equivalency." Fourth, the basic shape of the row should retain its identity, so that the form-producing aspects of the 12-note technique are not lost.

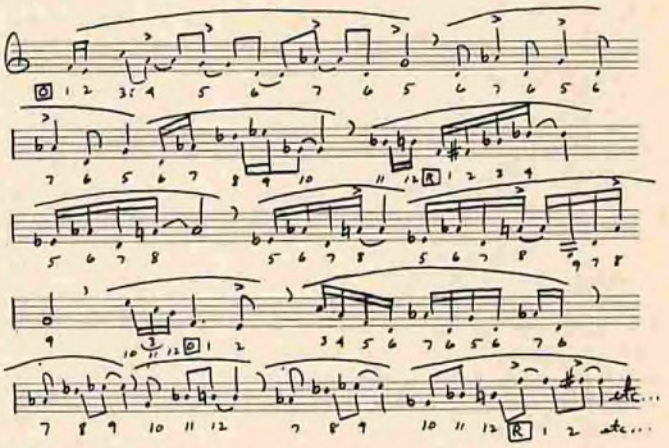
Brooks' resolution of the problem, like most fundamental ideas, appeared simpler in conception than it really was; its execution was especially difficult, since it involved not only the memorization of the rows but tended to lead the improviser into unfamiliar areas. (This, of course, has good as well as bad effects, since originality sometimes flourishes best when the performer is forced, by an unfamiliar artistic environment, to seek within himself for a personal ordering of his material.) The most important premise was one that permitted the soloist—and accompanists as well—to repeat parts of the row. Brooks calls it "conditioned repetition." This is well illustrated in a few bars from a Brooks composition titled *Ornette*; the phrase is written for the alto saxophone.





Only one form of the row is used, with the small numbers beneath the notes showing its repetition. Notice that in the third repeat of the row (beginning at the end of Bar 2) Notes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 are restated; the same is true (in Bar 4) of Notes 9, 10, 11, 12, and 1 (with this particular phrase ending on the first note of the row). Both repetitions are in the form of sequences—the most familiar kind of musical extension. The same principle applies to the improviser as well; he may at any point jump from any note in the row to any other, so long as he then continues the forward motion of the row, thereby retaining its basic shape.

For example, using the *Mutterakord*, a soloist might improvise something as shown in the next illustration. Rhythms are free; so there are no bar lines. Phrases are separated by commas and can be played freely above a metric rhythmic pulsation or simply as entities in themselves while the accompaniment finds its own direction. The numbers identify the individual notes in the row, the large capital letters the particular form of the row used. No effort has been made in this example to transpose the row; if this had been done many more possibilities would have been available.



Notice the repetitions; the soloist can play almost anything that comes into his head (although he must necessarily be aware of it as a part of the row); as he finishes, he follows the shape of the row to its conclusion. Notice, too, that the solo meets the basic criteria outlined above for the use of rows for jazz improvisation; it is rhythmically free, the line has moved freely and spontaneously throughout the row's component parts, notes having been played in any octave; and, finally, the basic shape of the row seems to have been maintained.

A few peripheral questions are worth mentioning here.

Why, one might ask, could such improvisations not be played by concert musicians? The answer is that they can, if the concert musician is willing to become conversant with an unfamiliar discipline.

What then identifies this kind of improvisation as jazz? The fact that a jazz musician (that is, one who has come to maturity with some contact with the historical tradition) can use this technique and find an expression within the framework of his own artistic expression.

If a concert musician can do the same thing, why shouldn't he? As Brooks was told by a composer-arranger friend who listened to some tapes of improvised 12-note music, "I don't understand the intellectual means by which it was done, but I do recognize a body of music that is familiar to me."

The use of this technique or, in fact, of any predetermined improvisational procedure should never be viewed as a substitute or improvement upon the more traditional kinds of jazz expression. But I do think that it is another color that can—with the proper understanding and discretion—help to brighten the wide canvas of improvisation.

RECORD REVIEWS

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

Reviews are initialed by the writers.

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

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

Nat Adderley

SAYIN' SOMETHING—Atlantic 1460: *Manchild; Call Me; Walls of Jericho; Gospelette; Satin Doll; Cantaloupe Island; Hippodelphia; The Other Side.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 4, 5—Adderley, Ernie Royal, trumpets; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone; Artie Kaplan, baritone saxophone; Paul Griffin, piano; Al Gorgoni, Billy Suyker, guitars; George Duvivier, bass; Herb Lovelle, drums; George Devens, percussion; Jimmy Wisner, arranger-conductor. Tracks 3, 6-8—Adderley; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock or John Asbury, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums.

Rating: ★★★

"I don't care who listens to this album—or who reads the notes. I don't care what they think of themselves in a musical sense. Whether they think they are jazz lovers, the avant-garde, soul people, rock-and-rollers, critics, or other musicians. I just want the music to speak for itself."

So Adderley is quoted in the notes to his album. Judging by its contents, however, he is doing his best to please these very people. There is something here for everybody—plenty of rock-and-roll, some soul, high-caliber solos by Adderley, Hancock, and Henderson, plus an occasional hint of the avant-garde in some of Henderson's work.

Manchild is a nice, easygoing, jazz-and-rock type of piece, perfect for anyone who likes to dance. This tune sounds a lot like *Watermelon Man*, with a lusty, full-bodied solo by Adderley, and a little *"In" Crowd*-like piano by Griffin. The tune ends with a fade (they all do, as a matter of fact).

Call Me starts out at the same tempo (but that's all right, since you're already dancing). This is a pleasant version of the tune written by Tony Hatch, which gets a good feeling as Adderley plays straight melody muted.

Jericho begins routinely but soon starts to swing—hard—as Adderley rips off several stinging choruses, the last notes being echoed by Henderson as he eases into his solo, during which his ideas veer in all directions, filled with vitality and exuberance. He is backed competently by Asbury, who, with chordal jabs and prods, delivered with a lightly incisive touch, contributes to the over-all liveliness of the piece.

On *Gospelette* Adderley, with his beautifully rounded tone, makes me think of the lone trumpeter of medieval times, standing on the castle ramparts as he plays the slow, reflective melody with soulful intensity. He then leads into a double-time piano solo by Griffin, and the tune ends on the same clear, authoritative note, as the sound of the trumpet fades.

Satin Doll-a-Go-Go! I don't know why but there's something preposterous about hearing *Satin Doll* played this way. Such an unabashed bid for the pop market cannot go unnoticed. It is done with cheerful impudence, and the phrasing of the horns is so corny it makes one smile. I guess that's the secret. Adderley's solo swoops and dives, weaving musical half gainers in and around the melody, rescuing the arrangement from total lack of distinction. Actually the combination of his horn and the rock backing is invigorating, in spots.

Side 2 opens with Hancock's langorous *Cantaloupe Island*. Adderley, with a deft turn of phrase, builds his three choruses to a peak as Henderson jumps in with a fire-and-brimstone attack. Hancock improvises pensively.

Hippodelphia gets under way with a percussive, staccato line that develops into a hard-swinging vehicle for the soloists, who each play one short, definitive statement. I find this a refreshing change from the overlong improvisations that are usually indulged in these days.

Other Side brings a change of tempo if not of key. (Five of the eight selections are in F-minor, including all three on the B side, giving a slightly monotonous air to proceedings.) Adderley starts in with a bold, pugnacious attack. Then he suddenly plunges into the low, low register to play some burry, bristly pedal tones. He must have a fantastically loose embouchure to be able to do that, and it certainly jolts the listener out of any torpid feelings at that point.

Henderson and Hancock again give good accounts of themselves despite a rather mechanical-sounding arrangement, which grinds inexorably along with the cold precision of a printing press to the inevitable fade-out ending.

Adderley's photograph on the cover epitomizes his feeling about the music inside, as he poses jauntily, a sly-boots smile on his face, horn held high. "I just want the music to speak for itself," he insists. It does. (M.McP.)

Mose Allison

MOSE ALIVE!—Atlantic 1450: *Smashed; Seventh Son; Fool's Paradise; I Love the Life I Live; Since I Fell for You; Love for Sale; Baby, Please Don't Go; That's All Right; Parchman Farm; Tell Me Somethin'; The Chaser.*

Personnel: Allison, piano, vocals; Stan Gilbert, bass; Mel Lee, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Allison's piano playing is the main story here; he's emerged with a distinctive, intriguing approach, seemingly part Gospel, part modern jazz, and part Bela Bartok (well, it is doubtful that Bartok influenced Allison, but their piano music has similarities). His solos are spare, jagged, percussive, and dissonant. They are often invested with a dark color, resulting from artful playing in the lower register.

Love for Sale and *Chaser* are instrumentals. The former contains relentlessly building, rhythmically varied piano work. On *Chaser*, however, he repeats certain pet devices and figures too often. This repetitiveness, in fact, flaws some of his others solos on the LP.

Though much of Allison's playing is forceful and sometimes violent, his *Fool's Paradise* is an exception; it has a graceful, lyrical quality.

The vocals are fairly good. Allison is an original stylist, the tastefulness and charm of his work hard to deny. But he has such a limited range of expression that it's difficult to listen to an entire Allison LP in one sitting. Monotony creeps in after a few tracks.

The lyrics of Allison's compositions are, as usual, clever—particularly on *Tell Me Somethin'*. (H.P.)

Ornette Coleman

AT THE GOLDEN CIRCLE, STOCKHOLM, VOL. II—Blue Note 4225: *Snowflakes and Sunshine; Morning Song; The Riddle; Antiques.*

Personnel: Coleman, alto saxophone, trumpet, violin; David Izenzon, bass; Charles Moffett, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Like its companion volume (Blue Note 4224), this album was recorded live in Sweden last year. This was the first time Coleman had recorded since 1962, and his work from that year was not made available until late 1965.

Obviously then, this is a release of great interest, not the least because it offers the first recorded examples of Coleman's trumpet and violin, both of which he plays on *Snowflakes*. (On the previous volume, he is heard on alto saxophone exclusively.)

Fortunately, it is no longer necessary to defend Coleman or to engage in polemics about his music; it has become a fact of life. But it is instructive to recall the furor caused by Coleman's first recordings, mainly because the many words—pro and con—made it difficult for many really to listen to the music and react to it spontaneously. In view of what has taken place in jazz in Coleman's wake (something, by the way, that is *not* his responsibility), it is astonishing how "traditional" his music sounds today.

This, however, is not only the result of extraneous developments, for Coleman himself has changed. He is still completely, uniquely, and inimitably himself, but his music has crystallized, matured, become more direct and stable. What we have here is the essential Coleman; all that was superfluous has been pared away.

The trio format is the perfect vehicle for Coleman. And what a compatible group it is! There is complete empathy among these three men, and their togetherness is a moving affirmation of the communal spirit so essential to jazz.

Make no mistake—this music *is* jazz: in sound, texture, and emotional effect. The departures from rules, unorthodox forms, irregular meters and rhythms notwithstanding, Coleman's music springs from and continues the jazz tradition. His music may not make the listener tap his

foot, but it "swings." It has the pattern of tension and release that is the basis of jazz rhythm.

His phrases (his music, like all jazz, is a music of phrases—the art of jazz is the art of the phrase), while often wholly original and unexpected, are steeped in the jazz vocabulary. One hears the blues, the language of Charlie Parker, the melodic-rhythmic patterns that have been labeled riffs. Moreover, Coleman is in the tradition in yet another, extremely important way. He is a melodist of great gifts; his music sings. There is none of the aridity and abstraction (in the sense of sound rather than song) of so much "new" music. It has passion; it speaks and tells stories.

Morning Song may well be the most beautiful of Coleman's recorded works, a lovely, peaceful melody, touched with sadness but not at all sad. It is sung by Coleman with a strong, sure sound, rich and full. His alto sound has never been better. The interplay between Coleman and Izenzon (and what a bassist, what a player he is) is at its most touching and remarkable here—they have so many ways of playing together. Moffet, using brushes, fits perfectly.

After the collective improvisations, just before Coleman returns to the concluding statement of the melody, and entwined with Izenzon's marvelous variation on it, a softly struck celeste (or glockenspiel?) toys with the theme. It is a moment of rare, tranquil beauty.

Snowflakes, very fast, creates a mood of abandon and celebration. It opens with violin playing a Mephistophelean invitation to the dance, and they're off. Short solo passages, separated by drum breaks, form the pattern. Sometimes the passages are duets, among them a fascinating bowing duel between Coleman's violin and Izenzon's bass. The bassist can go so far into the upper regions that at times he sounds like a violin.

Coleman alternates between violin and trumpet on *Snowflakes.* His playing of these instruments is much more unorthodox than his saxophone playing. From the standpoint of the academy, he can't play them at all. But he makes music with them. No doubt about that. He is fearless, and he knows what sounds he wants to create. In his own way, he gets them.

His violin playing is immensely energetic, full of drama, excitement, and savage joy. His dexterity with the bow, no matter how "incorrect," is remarkable.

His trumpeting has improved since last heard in this country. He no longer relies exclusively on staccato flurries but also gets off some held notes and a rousing fanfare. His attack sometimes is reminiscent of early New Orleans—unschooled but brave. It is still the least rewarding of his three instruments, but for contrast and added excitement, it serves a genuine purpose.

The Riddle, built on a pattern of acceleration-deceleration, has an Izenzon solo that displays his brand of Slam Stewart unison singing and bowing as well as some remarkable straight arco work. Moffett's solo, just right in length, makes good use of pauses. During Coleman's opening solo, there is a striking passage that echoes Charlie Parker's *Embraceable You.*

Antiques is perhaps the least exciting track, though it has a charming theme, with that south-of-the-border mariachi flavor that is a recurring element in Coleman's work. Coleman sounds a bit weary here, as if he had been playing all night. But his concluding passages have the message, and the last, long note is a perfect ending.

If you have open ears, this music will make you respond. There is about it a remarkable purity, an aura of conviction, and an emotional force that refreshes the spirit. But don't listen to it politically, or historically, or in terms of its influence, or in any kind of partisan way.

Ornette Coleman is a unique player, and his music should be heard for its own sake. It is sometimes very beautiful, often very moving, and never meaningless. And that is all that really matters. (D.M.)

Stan Getz/Joao Gilberto

GETZ/GILBERTO, VOL. II—Verve 8623: *Grandfather's Waltz; Tonight I Shall Sleep (with a Smile on My Face); Stan's Blues; Here's That Rainy Day; Samba de Minha Terra; Rosa Moreno; O Pato; Um Abraco No Bonfa; Bim Bom; Meditation.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-4—Getz, tenor saxophone; Gary Burton, vibraharp; Gene Cherico, bass; Joe Hunt, drums. Tracks 5-10—Gilberto, guitar, vocals; Keter Betts, bass; Helcio Milito, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Getz plays on one side and Gilberto on the other. Both have that same musky, warm sound and speak with similar

voices. *It's* a sweet view of life they have. Maybe just a bit too sweet, but that's okay because there is an army of jazz musicians who give us the other side these days.

After Frank Sinatra, Gilberto's records are the best to make love to. However, this is a live performance, and you might find the applause a bit disconcerting. He's done all of the songs on previous albums (which don't have the applause, lover), but he sounds as good, or better, than ever on this one.

Everybody knows that Getz knows how to play a melody. Along with Miles Davis, Lucky Thompson, Zoot Sims, Sonny Rollins, and John Coltrane (up to about a year ago), and maybe only a few others, he's tops at it. That's one thing I miss with the free jazz—they play their own melody but don't seem interested in anybody else's.

Burton is as good as anyone else after Milt Jackson on vibes. But Bags has won the pennant by 10 games, so second place is a long way back. Burton has talent and is young and is improving all the time. Cherico and Hunt, along with Burton, do the job required, but they are sidemen backing a "star" instead of an integrated unit. *Stan's Blues* gets closest to being together.

It's a good, if not particularly exciting, record. (M. Z.)

Astrud Gilberto

LOOK TO THE RAINBOW—Verve 8643: *Berimbou; Once Upon a Summertime; Felicidade; I Will Wait for You; Frevo; Maria Quiet; Look to the Rainbow; Bim Bom; Lugar Bonito; El Preciso Aprender A Ser So; She's a Carioca.*

Personnel: Mrs. Gilberto, vocals; unidentified orchestra; Gil Evans, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★★★★

I'm having trouble rating. It's not always possible to classify something by giving it some stars. There first has to be a standard agreed upon. In the case of this magazine, the standard is presumably the quality of jazz on the record. But, then, I'm not always sent jazz records to review.

For instance, I received two records in the mail on the same day. This one from *Down Beat* and a 45-rpm from Columbia records by the Byrds, called *Eight Miles High*. Now these are both basically popular, not jazz, records. I don't think either was intended to be a jazz record. But they are both a gas.

Eight Miles High, according to a recent press conference conducted by the Byrds, is the first example of something they have developed, called "Raga Rock." It is based partly on Ravi Shankar and partly on John Coltrane, they said. This is a complicated, exciting, swinging thing, which, if it makes the charts, will raise my opinion of the quality of public taste by at least three stars. I would give *Eight Miles High* five stars as a popular record, and maybe four as a jazz record.

Look to the Rainbow is also a five-star popular record. Mrs. Gilberto sounds like I wish all girls did—innocent, charming, sexy. She is like the sun coming up in the morning over a tropical beach. She just knocks me out.

Evans' arrangements are more than a joy, and they are flawlessly played by the orchestra. Trumpeter John Coles, on *I Will Wait for You*, plays the only jazz on the record. His short solo on that track is enough to give the entire record two stars. That plus Evans' voicings—Evans orchestrating a triad would be jazz—add up to a three-star jazz rating.

So, I'll solve the problem by averaging out five popular with three jazz stars, and call it four. (M.Z.)

Coleman Hawkins

THE HAWK AND THE HUNTER—Mira 3003: *Easy Walker; Traumerei; All the Time; Lazy Butterfly; Not Quite the Night; Pebbles; I Knew Dana; Lullaby; Hawk Talk; Misty Morning; Lonely Tenor; Whisper to Me.*

Personnel: Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Dick Hyman or Hank Jones, piano; Milt Hinton or George Duvivier, bass; Osie Johnson or Jimmie Crawford, drums; unidentified orchestra, Frank Hunter, conductor.

Rating: ★★★

As mood music in the Hawkins manner, this is all right, although the string-dominated backgrounds don't help much.

The set was originally recorded for Sesac, a radio transcription service that also is a licensing organization somewhat like ASCAP and BMI. The tunes, therefore, are all Sesac's (plus a couple of public-domain items in *Traumerei* and Brahms' *Lullaby*).

The originals are scarcely distinctive and, at best, tend to be reminiscent of familiar tunes. The inclusion of such things as *Traumerei* and *Lullaby* is the tipoff on the set in general. Bland. (J.S.W.)

The Interpreters

THE KNACK—Cadet 762: *The Knack; Cyclops; Our Mambo; But When It's Dark; J. I.'s ALA Freedom; Grits and Pigfoots; Sadder Days; Time Is of the Essence; Reap-Ba-Sac.*

Personnel: Cleo Griffin, trumpet; George Patterson, soprano, alto saxophones; Charles Kinnard, flute, tenor saxophone; Tom Washington, piano; John Whitfield, bass; Arlington Davis, drums; unidentified vocal chorus.

Rating: ★★½

When one considers that the average age of the Interpreters is 21, this LP becomes more impressive than perhaps the rating would indicate.

The group emphasizes a hard-driving, post-bop style similar to that of the Jazz Messengers. Some of the compositions are funkily commonplace (*Grits, Cyclops, Reap-Ba-Sac*), but others are interesting—particularly *Dark*, an unusually structured ballad, and the melodically engaging *Mambo*. The arrangements show some thought; they obviously weren't thrown together just before the recording session.

The doubling ability of Patterson and Kinnard enables the group to produce a variety of ensemble colors and textures, from heavy and rather dark (*Sadder Days*) to airy (*Knack*). The use of the vocal chorus on some tracks works fairly well; the vocal writing isn't cloying, as is often the case on jazz albums. Instead, the singing has a light, at times incisive, quality.

Griffin is an impressive soloist. His style seems influenced by Freddie Hubbard, and he has a big, brassy tone, strong chops, and good technique. Even with a mute he can play bitingly, as his *Knack* work indicates. Throughout the album he pours ideas from his horn, never stalling. If he can develop a more individual approach, he'll become a man to reckon with.

On alto, Patterson comes from the Cannonball Adderley-out-of-John Coltrane school. His improvisation is hot but not especially inventive. Coltrane has also marked Patterson's soprano playing, which has a Middle Eastern quality.

Of the horn men, tenorist Kinnard seems to have the furthest to go. His harmonic and rhythmic ideas are often stale, and his playing lacks authority and buoyancy.

All things considered, this is not a bad debut. (H.P.)

Herbie Mann

MONDAY NIGHT AT THE VILLAGE GATE—Atlantic 1462: *Away from the Crowd; Motherless Child; In Escambrun; The Young Turks; You're Gonna Make It with Me.*

Personnel: John Hitchcock, Mark Weinstein, trombones; Mann, flute; Dave Pike, vibraharp; Chick Corea, piano; Earl May, bass; Carlos Valdes, conga.

Rating: ★★★★

More honest drive and excitement emerge from this little big band than many large ensembles manage to generate. There are times when it's difficult to imagine the source of all this exuberance to be the minimal voicing of flute and trombones.

Mann has since added a fluegelhorn for more bite to his "brass section," but there is certainly no forcefulness missing here. The only thing missing is an ingredient that is impossible to define but possible to hear when it happens. (It happens when Woody Herman tries to match his sidemen for solo splendor.) The result reveals a shade more excitement than virtuosity.

Similarly, Mann gets worked up in his solos, but his ideas occasionally falter.

Crowd, a minor up-tempo swinger, features outstanding solo work by Mann (his best up-tempo efforts), Pike, and Corea. The opening and closing unison playing by the trombones is a model of togetherness.

Escambrun sounds like a fast jazz-samba take-off on Joe Sullivan's classic, *Little Rock Getaway*. Valdes' conga support dominates the track and tends to steal the play away from Mann and Pike.

The weakest track—*Young Turks*—continues the same infectious pulse and conga cross-rhythms as *Escambrun* but gets bogged down in a Mann solo that finds the flutist in a repetitious rut.

Motherless Child is an eight-minute study in Latin funk arranged by Oliver Nelson. Mann's extended solo wails mournfully, as does the unison trombone chorus that follows. A tremendous drive is carried through as the trombones jab their accompaniment to Mann's out chorus.

Writing for trombones elevates *Make* above the level of a typical small-combo swinger. What begins as a good, bop-flavored unison theme played by vibes and flute develops into an exciting climax after both instruments have their say. The call-and-response between flute and trombones builds to a peak in which the trombones come on like a four-man section.

Actually, the whole group comes on strong, and that's where this album's vitality lies. (H.S.)

Onzy Matthews

SOUNDS FOR THE '60s—Capitol 2479: *Mexicali Brass; You'll Know the First Time; Lilies of the Field; Moon River; Play Me Some Blues; White Gardenia; Ballad for Orchestra; Blues for the Reverend; I Left My Heart in San Francisco; Ray-On Blues.*

Collective personnel: Bobby Bryant, Bud Brisbois, Ollie Mitchell, Melvin Moore, John Anderson, Robert Rolf, trumpets; Dave Wells, bass trumpet, trombone; Richard Leith, Richard Hyde, Peter Myers, trombones; Curtis Amy, Clifford Scott, Gabe Baltazar, Sonny Criss, Jay Migliore, James Crutcher, Alexander Nelson, reeds; Ed Hall, Ray Crawford, guitars; Matthews, piano, arranger-conductor; Larry Knechtel, electric bass; Don Peakes, Lloyd Morales, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Jekyll-and-Hyde music like this deserves two separate ratings, but as jazz, I cannot recommend the album. And more's the pity, since so many fine jazzmen were involved in its recording. Here is an instance in which a few rockin' arrangements spoil the whole barrel.

Part of the musical schizophrenia might be attributed to the fact that Capitol changed producers in midstream. Lee Gillette started the project; Bill Miller was around when it was finished.

Who is responsible for what is hard to say, but it's not difficult to post this overall warning: stay away from *Mexicali, Lilies, Gardenia,* and *Reverend.* They're infested with the twang of countrified guitar, and a tambourine adds to the heavy chomp of 2 and 4. As plain rock-and-roll, they're tolerable; what can't be forgiven is the injustice they do to the all-but-obscured solo work of Amy, Baltazar, Criss, and Scott.

The longest and best track of the album is *You'll Know,* a restrained, soulful, blues-tinged lament. Bryant's muted solo is first rate, and the same can be said of the writing, which is somewhat reminiscent of Gerald Wilson's simplicity and eloquence.

Play Me is another relaxed swinger distinguished by Bryant's open comments. Matthews' economical piano stylings and the stratospheric sorties of Brisbois make *Ballad* a pleasure.

Moon River and *San Francisco* are played with gusto; the latter is more interesting because of Amy's solo work.

Ray-On is an average rhythm-and-blues riff with a not-so-average screech trumpet livening up the concerted passages. Sounds like Brisbois.

One could say the album provides a cross section of styles from big band to big beat, but what really must be said is that the album fails to make up its mind which way it wants to go. (H.S.)

Dwike Mitchell-Willie Ruff

AFTER THIS MESSAGE—Atlantic 1458: *Love; Young Soul; I Got Rhythm; Improvisation on "Solo for Unaccompanied Bass"; Autumn Leaves; After This Message; Chou Chou; The Prank.*

Personnel: Mitchell, piano; Ruff, bass, French horn; Helcio Milito, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

Goodness, this is an exhilarating record!

From the first notes of Ruff's four-bar introduction on *Love,* there is a joyous quality, a sort of heady elation that immediately communicates itself to the listener. The faster tunes sail along with gaiety and insouciance; the slower ones are lingering and introspective—but no matter what these men play they don't fool around. They're organized, swinging, on top of things, hot all the time.

The material they use *here is* well thought out and nicely paced, with several changes of key and a variety of moods and tempos, ranging from the highly charged *Love* to the deeply emotional exploration of *Autumn Leaves.*

Mitchell has a powerhouse drive; on occasion his approach reminds one quite strongly of Oscar Peterson's, especially on medium- and up-tempo tunes—the more so because Ruff's playing somewhat resembles that of Ray Brown (rather unsurprisingly, since Ruff has studied with Brown). When the trio gets into some of its more fervently funky grooves, the similarity is quite marked. However, there are many aspects of this group's work that are unique, and close listening reveals that they transcend any similarity to other artists.

Soul is the soul of intelligence—a good blues. Again Ruff sets up a stimulating rhythmic figure that enhances Mitchell's spirited blowing, and the whole thing is brought quickly to near boiling point.

Playing *I Got Rhythm* as a ballad is a nice idea. As a result, one can forget the million banal arrangements of this tune, but only because it is beautifully disguised with altered chords and a thoughtful tempo. Mitchell is a master of the tender ballad, and I would have enjoyed hearing him delve into something a little more profound; nevertheless, his treatment of this

tune is quite elegant.

Improvisation, written by Ray Brown, has been extended and developed to an exciting pitch, as the trio alternates Latin sections and straight-ahead blowing, with enough bass solo spots to make this a standout Ruff performance.

The drone of the bass figure on *Leaves,* its waltz tempo, and Milito's soft touch on the cymbals create a bittersweet sadness. As the tune unfolds, Mitchell seems to reflect, to ponder, as he pauses to savor each note, dwelling on the poetic aspects of the melody. He has a tremendous range of expression, from a petal-soft delicacy to a rollicking, relentlessly driving beat. The grandeur of the classics rolls off his fingertips artlessly, always with a heat and passion and plenty of ideas, which build to a climax with a thunderous roll (a Mitchell trademark) that eventually dies down as the piece is brought to its lyrical conclusion.

Message is a short, blues-based piece that swings loosely.

On *Chou-Chou* Milito plays the bossa nova-like beat with taste and delicacy; in fact, his work throughout the album is sensitive and expressive, lending perfect support. The ending of *Chou-Chou,* with its change of time-feeling, is delightful, giving an airy quality to this light, charming piece, written by Ruff for his daughter Michelle.

The Prank is well named. It must have been Ruff's idea for a title; there is a mischievous touch to this short but technically exciting example of his brilliant work on French horn (which he must have overdubbed, since he is wailing away on bass too). He skims blithely through this jazz version of a theme from *Til Eulenspiegel,* which he has put into 5/4. (So *that's* where Thelonious Monk got the idea for *Straight, No Chaser!*)

Ruff's impish humor comes through, for the last notes seem to sound a resonant "So there!" of glee.

Ruff's feeling for a ballad on the French horn is so beautiful that one wonders why he did not play one or two more on this album. His sound is so distinctive, so unmistakably Willie Ruff, that one could wish to hear it utilized more on his recordings. The horn has a majestic quality, and in a jazz context, played as only Ruff can play it, it takes on a new dimension—a dazzling, rich tone color that is unique. (M.McP.)

Don Patterson

SATISFACTION—Prestige 7430: *Bowl Full of Yok; Goin' to Meeting; John Brown's Body; Satisfaction; Walkin'.*

Personnel: Patterson, organ; Jerry Byrd, guitar; Billy James, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Bowl Full of Yok—bluesy 16 + 16 outside featuring Byrd playing fine guitar and really stretching out with even-flowing continuity of ideas—craft. Patterson plays vigorously and long, before playing the ensemble close-out with drummer James contributing.

Going to Meetin' has a blues riff melody; then the organ enters front and center, solo, chorus after chorus stacked on top of each other. Guitarist Byrd is next, and he is competent here also. Then organ and guitar do a round on *Let 'Em Roll* before Patterson grooves into a fade.

There is a light, gay introduction into *John Brown's Body,* which is a 16-bar theme. The melody is played by Patterson, and the first solo is by Byrd. Then organ solos again—it seems to take quite a while to reach a climax . . . like marking time in one spot. The organ then takes the melody with fills by guitar and a round-robin tag on the end. Quite exciting.

Pause . . . *Satisfaction* is in a sanctified groove with melody but is a little too much of the same thing.

Walkin' is a blues. They start to get into something in Byrd's last two choruses, but he bows out to the organ. Patterson plays well but doesn't quite seem to utilize the instrument, in that it will sound different from time to time, chorus to chorus. James plays a nice solo here. Then they take it out, playing the vamp in diminished intervals.

Comments: the trouble with this album is that it did not progress to any even marginal degree. It wasn't a thing of programing or presentation but one of performance and taste. Although the performers seemed adequate, they never got beyond the run of the mill, which makes for bad taste and performance. (K.D.)

Quartette Tres Bien

BULLY!—Atlantic 1461: *Bully!; I Never Knew; Caravan; I've Never Been in Love Before; Work Song; Exodus; Three O'Clock in the Morning.*

Personnel: Jeter Thompson, piano; Richard Simmons, bass; Albert St. James, drums; Percy James, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★½

If this album is representative, the function of the Quartette is to provide light entertainment.

Thompson, the featured performer, has picked up commonly used devices from a number of pianists, among them Oscar Peterson, Red Garland, and Ahmad Jamal. With his eclectic approach, he plays heavy-handedly on *Bully,* a calculatedly funky selection, and *Exodus,* a melodramatic track, but with restraint on other selections. His *Never Knew* work is quieter but also cliche-ridden. However, he does play tastefully—if not inventively—on *In Love Before.*

James' work doesn't add anything positive to the record and sometimes clutters the proceedings. He is featured on a gimmicky version of *Caravan.* (H. P.)

Della Reese

I LIKE IT LIKE DAT—ABC-Paramount 540: *Travelin' Light; If It's the Last Thing I Do; 'Tain't Nobody's Business If I Do; Ev'ry Evenin' Blues; A Stranger on Earth; I Ain't Ready for That; Fool That I Am; If I Never Get to Heaven; Drinkin' Again; Man with a Horn; In the Dark; Nobody Knows the Way I Feel This Morning.*

Personnel: Bobby Bryant, trumpet, arranger-conductor; Urbie Green, trombone; Clifford Scott, flute, tenor saxophone; Henry Cain, organ, piano; Jimmy Bond, bass; Earl Palmer, drums; Miss Reese, vocals; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★

These performances are considerably less stylized and affected than some of those I have heard Miss Reese give. The jacket splits them into two strains: "raunchy" blues and blues-ballads. Put me down as a "raunchy" customer.

The raunchies, as might be expected, are looser, gutsier, show the warts. They bring out the coarser, shouting qualities of Miss Reese's voice. She loses a good deal of mannerism or pretentiousness in singing them. Of course, some may say she puts on another kind—that of tailoring the raw blues feeling to the tastes of an effete white audience in Las Vegas, Nev.

Maybe, but I don't think so. She's still a little show biz, but it doesn't sound like a put-on to me. *Evenin'* is a good performance. So is *Dark*. They are mitigated, as are the other raunchy blues, by orthodox r&r organ types of background in front of the full band.

The ballads present a smoother, more well-modulated Miss Reese. Most are pretty, professionally done, conventional. But moments of unaffected lovliness turn up on *Fool, Drinkin', Horn,* and *Stranger.*

Make no mistake—Miss Reese's voice is of fine quality. It is strong, flexible. Her time is groovy.

Altogether, she projects a compelling force that cuts right through such stylistic folderol as the cute semispoken lines on *Ain't Ready.* She could scare a lot of people if she dropped the vocal pose, but I guess that's not the way she's getting on.

(D.N.)

Jack Teagarden

JACK TEAGARDEN—RCA Victor 528: *She's a Great, Great Girl* (Roger Wolfe Kahn Orchestra); *That's a Serious Thing* and *I'm Gonna Stomp, Mr. Henry Lee* (Eddie Condon's Hot Shots); *My Kinda Love* and *Two Tickets to Georgia* (Ben Pollack Orchestra); *Never Had a Reason to Believe in You* and *Tailspin Blues* (Mound City Blue Blowers); *Ridin' but Walkin'* (Fats Waller and His Buddies); *Nobody's Sweetheart* (Paul Whiteman Orchestra); *The Blues* and *Blue Lou* (Metronome All-Stars); *Say It Simple* and *A Jam Session at Victor* (Teagarden's Big Eight); *St. James Infirmary* (Louis Armstrong All-Stars); *I Cover the Waterfront* and *There'll Be Some Changes Made* (Bud Freeman's Summa Cum Laude Orchestra).

Rating: ★★★★½

Teagarden from 1928 to 1957, with big bands and small groups, in dire circumstances and delightful ones, are all encompassed in this entry in RCA Victor's Vintage series. No matter what the setting, Teagarden is consistently magnificent both as trombonist and singer.

He rescues what starts out to be a typically dreary Whiteman mid-'30s treatment on *Nobody's* with a superb vocal and solo. With the Kahn and Pollack orchestras, he has the help of such distinguished peers as Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang, and Benny Goodman. And from there on, things get better and better, although the inclusion of vocals by Red McKenzie (with the Blue Blowers) and Nappy Lamare (with Pollack) only serve to underline the vocal genius of Teagarden (Pollack sings, too, but one takes that in the spirit in which it is offered—"May it please you, Ben Pollack").

The fully mellowed Teagarden emerges in total form in the later pieces—the Metronome All-Star selections, a magnificent *St. James* with Armstrong, and an equally definitive *Waterfront* with Freeman.

Mike Lipskin, who produced the set, has chosen wisely in finding both rarities and familiar sides, all of which focus strongly on Teagarden's unique talents.

(J.S.W.)

OLD WINE-NEW BOTTLES

Reviews Of Reissues

The Asch Recordings, 1939-1947: Vol. 1, Blues, Gospel, and Jazz (Asch AA 1-2)
Rating: ★★★

Nat Cole at JATP (VSP-14)
Rating: ★★★

Oscar Peterson, *Stage Right* (VSP-11)
Rating: ★★★½

Piano Modern (VSP-13)
Rating: ★★★★

George Shearing, *Classic Shearing,* (VSP-9)
Rating: ★★★½

Moe Asch, currently in charge of Folkways Records, began with his Asch label in 1939 and later added Disc to his enterprises. From the beginning, he specialized in noncommercial, inner-directed recording of all kinds of music, from folk to "modern" jazz. Samples of his first eight years of work have now been compiled into two two-LP reissue sets, of which the second will be devoted to folk music.

A truly rewarding sampler could have been culled from Asch's files if the task had been approached with thought and care; unfortunately, the first set is far from ideal. The original records had rough surfaces; little has been done to remove the noise, and there is no compensating "presence." Asch's files contain gems, but only a few have been included in this set.

Moreover, the accompanying folder, while containing five pages of not always accurate lyric-transcriptions, yields no personnel or recording data whatsoever. This is not carelessness, but sloth.

Nonetheless, the set is worthwhile, for Asch recorded little that had no value. The first of the two LPs is devoted to blues and Gospel music. The blues performances include two by Leadbelly (good but not his best); *Too Evil to Cry* by Champion Jack Dupree (fine singing and wonderful barrel-house piano); Josh White's *Careless Love* (stylized but not mannered, and the man's a great guitarist); *Drifting Blues,* by Lonnie Johnson, accompanied by Blind John Davis, one of the best blues pianists; Brownie McGhee's *Pawnshop Blues* (his version of Blind Boy Fuller's *Three Balls Blues,* and in his best early [or Fuller] style); and partner Sonny Terry's *Lonesome Train,* featuring that unique blend of harmonica and hollering.

Gospel is represented by the Two Gospel Keys, with the unremarkable *Precious Lord* and the peppier *You've Got to Move,* and by the Thrasher Wonders' *Moses Smote the Water.*

Gospel joins with New Orleans jazz in two selections by Sister Ernestine Washington, backed by trumpeter Bunk Johnson's 1945 band. Sister Washington shouts, though her vocal equipment isn't of the first rank, and the Johnson band (Baby Dodds on drums) makes a joyful, if somewhat roughhewn, noise unto the Lord.

The jazz disc has more meat. It begins

with three performances involving clarinetist Pee Wee Russell. The first features Muggsy Spanier's bouncy cornet, Vernon Brown's trombone, and Nick Caiazza's tenor in *You're Driving Me Crazy*, under Spanier's leadership; Russell is the leader on *I'd Climb the Highest Mountain*, an excellent performance comparing interestingly with his current Impulse version, and *Take Me to the Land of Jazz*, on which he also sings in a unique jazz version of Sprechstimme. Trombonist Vic Dickenson, Spanier, and pianist Cliff Jackson assist on the Russell-led tracks.

A gem is *Harlem Hotcha*, by the trio of clarinetist Omer Simeon, pianist James P. Johnson, and bassist Pops Foster; but it is flawed by the use of a very poor 78-rpm copy.

Johnson also does *Hesitation Blues*, featuring his only recorded vocal and his exquisite piano. Trumpeter Frank Newton takes a gorgeous, haunting solo.

Newton also plays (but, alas, very briefly) on Mary Lou Williams' *Roll 'Em*, showcasing her boogie-woogie piano and arranging skill. Clarinetist Edmond Hall and trombonist Dickenson contribute well to the performance.

Sidney Bechet's flowing soprano saxophone joins Joe Sullivan's robust piano for *Sister Kate*, and Coleman Hawkins is in fine fettle on a ballad, *Leave My Heart Alone*, vintage 1944 (but why not *Bean Stalking* from this session?). Pianist Art Tatum (with Tiny Grimes, guitar, and Slam Stewart, bass) does *Topsy* with breathtaking ease and grace.

Stuff Smith's fine 1944 trio (Jimmy Jones, piano, John Levy, bass) does a Smith specialty, *Desert Sands*, in a manner showing that bebop wasn't the only modern jazz on 52nd St. in those days.

Dating from the same year is the concluding track, Part III of the old 78-rpm version of *Blues* from Jazz at the Philharmonic. This excerpt features the humorous interplay of Nat (King) Cole's piano and Les Paul's guitar, but the joke is pointless—this music has been, and, as we shall see, still is, available on other labels.

Not only Part III but all of that famous JATP *Blues* as well is included in VSP's *Nat Cole at JATP*—in fact, it is an album identical to Verve's *JATP, Vol. 3*.

Besides Cole, participants include a budding J. J. Johnson on trombone (he was never very inventive melodically, but what facility even then!), tenorists Illinois Jacquet and Jack McVea, and trumpeter Shorty Sherock, who replaces Johnson on *Rosetta* and *Bugle Call Rag*.

The remaining tracks are *Lester Leaps In* and *Body and Soul*. The latter offers subdued, relaxed Jacquet, in contrast to his stomping and screaming on *Blues*, the record that put him on the commercial map. Cole is brilliant here, in a set solo which he worked on often—one of his aces. *Rosetta* is rough, with Sherock in a Roy Eldridge groove, and the short *Bugle Call* ends in pandemonium. Paul is dexterous, entertaining, but not very serious.

Oscar Peterson began as a Cole disciple and is heard on *Stage Right* in six "live" performances from 1953 to 1955, when his instrumentation still was modeled on that of the Cole trio. Barney Kessel and Herb Ellis split guitar chores, and Ray Brown, of course, was on bass.

Peterson recorded a vast number of albums for Verve and affiliates, and these brisk, cheerful, and swinging performances are representative. The pianist is very consistent. In fact, this is part of his problem: he is so accomplished that his fingers often outrace his mind, which makes his work frequently predictable.

But the music certainly is enjoyable and relaxing. *Budo* and *C Jam Blues* swing up a storm, and *Tenderly* is a nicely developed tour de force. *Easy Does It* is Peterson at his best. It's good to have him around, but one goes to other pianists for lasting musical experiences.

Some of these, as well as Peterson, are represented on *Piano Modern*, a collection that would be wholly excellent were it not for one aborted track featuring John Lewis. This is his opening solo on *Blues for Bird*, a memorable piece featuring Dizzy Gillespie and Sonny Stitt in addition to Lewis and guitarist Skeeter Best. It is too obviously an excerpt, a solo designed to set the mood for what followed.

But the album includes one of Art Tatum's finest later recordings, *Trio Blues* (with Red Callender, bass, and Jo Jones, subtle drums). If anyone ever should trot out that hoary cliche about Tatum not being a blues player, put this one on. As a bonus, there is solo Tatum, in a distinctive *I'll Never Be the Same*.

Bud Powell is represented with *Cherokee*, a 1949 performance with bassist Ray Brown and drummer Max Roach. This is Powell late in his prime, but prime still and to be heard repeatedly. Peterson's *Stompin' at the Savoy* is happy, but not in the same master class.

The final entry in the piano sweepstakes is, unexpectedly, Cecil Taylor, in a performance from the 1957 Newport Jazz Festival. It is a welcome reissue (how about the rest of the date?), the more interesting since so little of the pianist's work from that period was recorded. With Steve Lacy, soprano sax, Buell Neidlinger, bass, and Dennis Charles, drums, Taylor reshapes and investigates Billy Strayhorn's *Johnny Come Lately*. It is an exciting piece of music from the Stone Age of avant-garde jazz.

The Shearing album may offer surprises to those who have forgotten why the expatriate Englishman became so popular. He was among the first to utilize the elements of bebop within a framework that had immediate appeal. Later his work became pure formula, but in most of these performances (from the 1949-54 period), the approach still had its moments.

Shearing at his best is crisp and inventive, and the ensemble sound once was original. The supporting cast includes guitarist Chuck Wayne, vibraharpists Marjorie Hyams, Don Elliott, and Cal Tjader, bassists John Levy and Al McKibbon, and the wonderful drummer Denzil Best. A previously unissued piece, *For Evans Sake*, is included, and Shearing plays jazz accordion on *Good to the Last Bop*. In all, a nice album. —*Dan Morgenstern*

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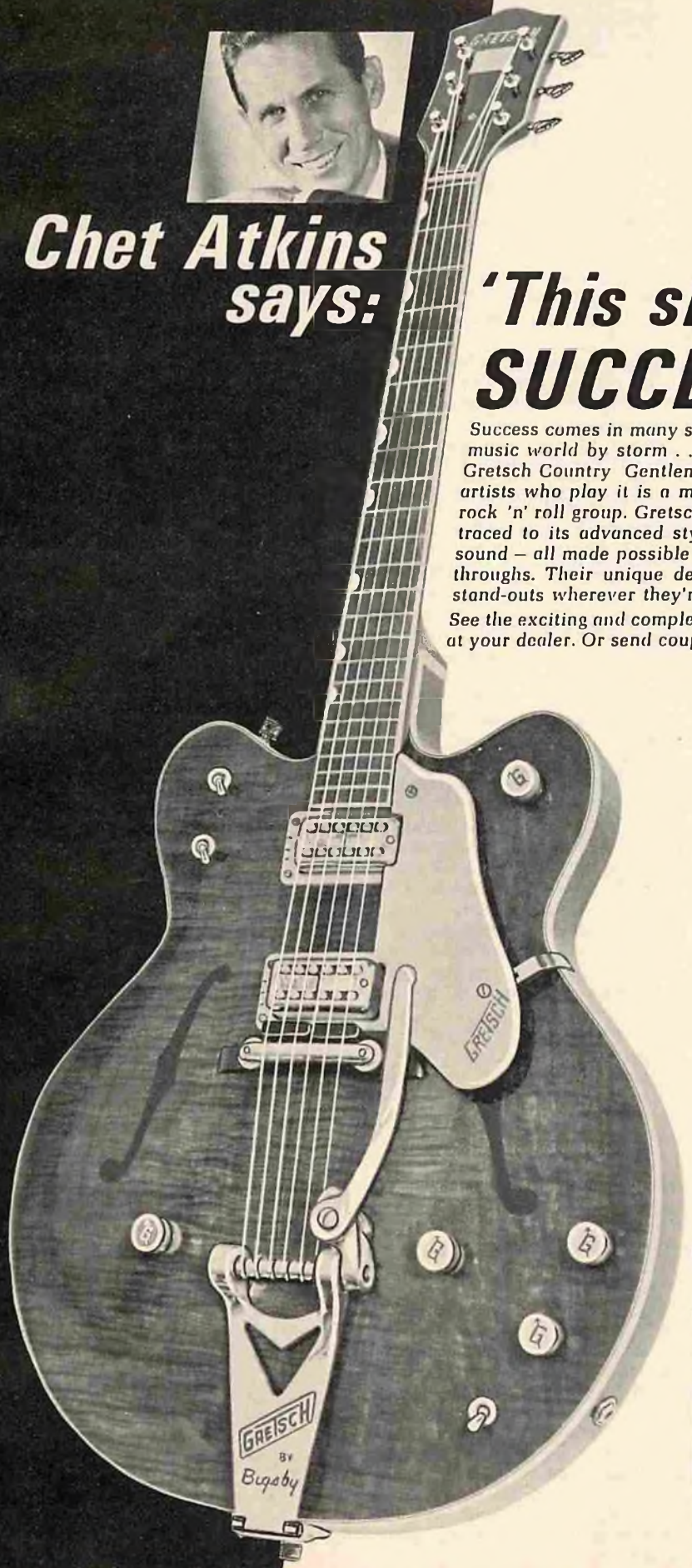

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BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Sleepy John Estes, *Brownsville Blues* (Delmark 613)

Rating: ★★★★½

Skip James (Melodeon 7321)

Rating: ★★★★★

Mance Lipscomb, Vol. 3 (Arhoolie 1026)

Rating: ★★★★

The last several years have been memorable ones for collectors of country blues. In that time the "rediscovery" of a number of venerable and highly regarded guardians of the wellsprings of traditional blues has led to a virtual rewriting of blues history. Chief among the newly found blues veterans are Estes and James, both highly personal blues performers whose vivid imagery and intense singing are, in their separate ways, tremendously moving.

Estes' most recent Delmark set is almost as exciting as his debut album for that label. In a sense, the present set—which deals entirely with persons and institutions in and around the small farming community of Brownsville, Tenn., where Estes has lived for more than 50 years—is even more "significant" as a socio-cultural document than was the singer's initial album, but it is not quite as satisfying from a performance standpoint.

Brownsville Blues does contain some powerfully emotional performances, however, the moving *Al Rawls* being particularly effective. And, as indicated, the disc is important strictly from a programatic point of view, for it pinpoints in a dramatic and meaningful fashion the unique artistry of Estes in creating imaginative and telling story-songs from the warp and woof of his own life. Estes is one of the most completely autobiographical of blues singers, and this affecting album sets out his claim to greatness in handsome order.

Bob Koester's illuminating notes do much to acclimate the listener to the locus and rationale of these songs, and, thanks to him, one is able to hear them for what they are—slices of life transmuted by the singer's poetic gifts into sharply etched portraits and episodes in which all can share and take pleasure.

On a number of the tracks, Estes is assisted by harmonica player Hammie Nixon, guitarist Yank Rachell, and bassists Ed Wilkenson and Ransom Knowling. For the most part, their accompaniments are quite helpful, but in a few cases Nixon's mouth harp seems a mite insensitive; the quietly introspective interplay between his harmonica and Estes' guitar at the beginning of *Martha Hardin* would have been much more effective had the instruments been in tune. But this is a slight quibble in an otherwise excellent and thoroughly recommended—not to say essential—blues album.

The long-awaited set by Mississippi-born James—rediscovered in Tunica, Miss., in 1964, and hounded by ill health since—is a stunning and moving tribute to this singer's mature powers. While one may lament the absence of the stinging urgency of his early recordings, I cannot help but feel that the aura of quiet resignation, gentle anguish, and powerful understatement that throb through the eight performances in this set are more than adequate compensation for the loss of the earlier flashing fire. Here, James' fires are banked, and they give off a more consistent, even warmth.

His singing in this set is almost unbearably affecting at times—so much pain and anguish, so much naked emotion are hard to take. And, like the best Mississippi blues men, his guitar serves as a perfect second voice, echoing the sadness and desolation of the singing. The playing is for the most part gentle, moving slowly beneath the crying voice, creating eddying circles of tart, dolorous chords and answering melodic phrases that interact most sensitively with the sung phrases.

Too, the songs further illustrate James' great gifts as a folk poet of real power and conviction. Two of the pieces—*Sick Bed Blues* and *Washington, D.C., Hospital Center Blues*—are recent compositions commenting on the illnesses that have beset James since his rediscovery; they more than hold their own with his older pieces here—*Hard Time Killin' Floor Blues, Devil Got My Woman,* and *All Night Long.*

It is an admirable set in every respect; the recording quality is especially effective in bringing James' ardent singing and playing to vivid life.

Navasota, Texas, songster Mance Lipscomb is, in these days, a particularly valuable bridge between the blues and the older body of Negro secular and sacred song that was largely eclipsed when recording focused on the blues, from the 1920s on. In his strong, agile playing and singing, in the breadth and depth of his repertoire, Lipscomb restores to currency the rich, pungent sound of the broad Negro song traditions that flourished in the rural South at the turn of the century.

In this largely appealing set are instrumental and vocal dance pieces, nonsense songs, popular songs, spirituals, and blues—all delivered with Lipscomb's good-natured vigor and instrumental dexterity. It is probably as a result of his exemplary instrumental facility that Lipscomb has been able to find acceptance on the folk-blues circuit. As a result of this acceptance, a body of songs long unavailable has been brought to public attention—and in performances of singular vitality and resiliency by a 70-year-old singer whose gift for song remains untarnished after six decades of wresting a living from the soil of his native Texas.

This set, recorded before an audience at the Questing Beast in Berkeley, Calif., finds Lipscomb in relaxed and commanding form. Though several of the performances are a bit rough and the guitar occasionally is slightly out of tune, the over-all effect is one of exuberance, vitality, and joy in making music. db

BLINDFOLD TEST

Anita O'Day

By LEONARD FEATHER

RAYMOND ROSS

Anita O'Day has been pleasing discriminating audiences since the early 1940s with what critic Harvey Pekar once called "her cool timbre, relaxed rhythmic conception, and graceful way of bending notes."

During those years, Miss O'Day has developed a keen ear for the music of her contemporaries, both vocal and instrumental. Unlike many girl singers, she is willing and eager to accord praise to other girl singers. Invariably, she listens with a musical ear and without any concern about where the chips fall.

Sometimes her mood can be a little sardonic, and her comments may be a bit oblique. This was one of those days. The remarks about Roy Eldridge, for instance, will be recognized as a put-on by those aware of her association with the trumpeter in the old Gene Krupa Band.

Her previous *Blindfold Tests* can be found in the *Down Beats* dated April 4, 1957, and April 11, 1963. She was given no information about the records played.

1. Barbra Streisand. **The Shadow of Your Smile** (from **My Name Is Barbra, Two,** Columbia).

Oh, there's my favorite song these days! I find myself humming it under all situations—not knowing the lyrics, so I sing a lyric according to the situation of the moment. Like if I'm washing the dishes, it will be "the foaming of your smile. . . ." and then I like the part where it goes (*sings second and third measures*). It's gorgeous. Come to find out it's a theme from a movie. And I just fell madly in love with it; and this version was neat. Most neat.

I said to myself, "It's either Eydie or 'Beb' [Miss Streisand]. I'm not too familiar with Beb's work; I did not see her television special. Did you? Good show, eh? I saw her on the awards, though, and she made a nice, relaxed appearance. Three-and-a-half stars.

2. J. J. Johnson. **Feeling Good** (from **Goodies,** RCA Victor). Johnson, trombone; Dick Hyman, arranger.

That was just about the longest introduction I ever did hear. It never did seem to get into the song. It was sort of a vamp all the way through—which can be kind of groovy if you're going that way.

It's got to be a cha cha cha. They're almost playing *Tea for Two*. It's nice, but it wasn't *Tea for Two*. Of course, I'm joshing, you know. I find that it's better to josh about things because in reality *no one* really knows. Some play it straight-faced, some play it with a smile. Who is to say he who what what?

That was kind of nice and pleasant; however, it didn't really get to me as anything—I cannot call it. I just have to say two stars.

3. Earl Hines. **Undecided** (from **Grand Reunion, Vol. II,** (Limelight). Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Hines, piano.

I get this out of it, like . . . the piano player keeps wanting to stop, and the trumpet player keeps saying, "Uh-uh, let's play another chorus." Play it again!

(*Later*) Well, I've heard it twice, now I must be sure. With the opening of the sound, the sound is in the late '30s groove, which is a pretty groovy groove. There was a tenor man around in those days—I'd just come on the scene so I just missed him and I'm not positive, but Choo-Choo or Chow Chow or something like that. And there was a trumpet player, and he—Roy was his name, Eldridge . . . he and this Chu, I understand, were like tight. Used to run around and play afterhours sessions and wrap it up. I was just about coming out of high school, just about making the scene but hadn't made the *real* scenes—just heard about it.

If that wasn't Roy, then . . . it wasn't Roy! But it brought me back to that era and that style of thing. If your reading audience has the opportunity to listen to this, perhaps they, too, will feel that as the trumpeter was driving along freely, the piano player was saying, "No, let's get outa here, because the next race has got to get on the track."

But it's the most interesting record I've talked about or heard since . . . since the last one. I mean the one before the last. Three stars.

4. Marian Montgomery. **Good Morning, Heartache** (from **For Winners and Losers,** Capitol).

That was a pretty good blues song, and I have no idea who it was. First it sounded like Carmen McRae; but I do not have a car radio and I do not have a radio in my kitchen, so sounds get away unless they are distinctive, like Billie Holiday, etc.

This was a pleasant journey, but it didn't keep me listening too closely. The sound was like Carmen McRae, who has this pleasant up-and-down sound; she has like four octaves, which is pretty good for jazz. How many people have—like, me, I have E♭ below middle C, and on good days I have an A♭ on top. Now and then I can hit a B♭.

This person is not truly, truly a complete blues singer like Dinah Washington, I felt. Let's give it two stars; I know she can do great things and will.

5. Sun Ra. **Nebulae** (from **The Heliocentric Worlds of Sun Ra,** ESP).

Well, my goodness! Having heard John Cage, I can truly say this is more melodic. How to judge a record of this sort—well, I must say, it's different . . . sometimes "Different" wins.

It wasn't bad; it wasn't jazz, it wasn't swing, it was sort of a conglomeration. Kind of cold and wintry. It put me back into the mood of an old song George Handy wrote about having a picnic in the wintertime. I've got to give it five stars. I love it.

6. Lorez Alexandria. **My One and Only Love** (from **Alexandria the Great,** Impulse). Miss Alexandria, vocal.

Five stars. A short comment.

LF: You can't think of anything else to say?

O'D: Oh, yes, many things. I was trying to think of her name. It's quite a swinging name; it's a rolling name. But rather than miscall it, I won't call it. I know her well, and I like her much, and this is the happenings today. I liked everything about it—just everything . . . the phrasing, the approach, the feeling, the shading. . . .

The accompaniment? I can only concentrate on the singer when the singer is of this caliber. Because there are few of us left! I think and sing this way when the job calls for it. Five for that, absolutely.

7. Duke Ellington. **I Want to Hold Your Hand** (from **Ellington '66,** Reprise).

And to that one I give a loud zero. Songs to me are like horse races. We're off and running, and if it lays real good in the back stretch, you try to win. I try to win. The only one I really lost was with Oscar Peterson; I lost 12 tunes consecutively.

This one started to race; it sounded like a Beatles tune for a while, which is not bad in itself. But it ran away; there was no tempo, there was no time. The band itself was kind of together, but the arrangement dissolved before it completed what it had to say. I don't put it down hard. I just say . . . what the little boy shot at—zero.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

German Jazz Festival

Frankfurt am Main, Germany

The most significant fact about the 10th German Jazz Festival was the eruption of the avant-garde into the mainstream of European jazz. There has never been a festival in Germany—and probably in Europe as a whole—with so much new jazz.

Cornetist Don Cherry, whose music was in equal measure poetic and intense, received the warmest applause. His well-integrated quintet, formed in Paris, is a symbol of the universality of the new jazz. It consists of Argentine tenor saxophonist Gato Barbieri, German vibraharpist Karl-Hanns Berger, Danish bassist Bo Stief, and Italian drummer Aldo Romano.

"It is like a miracle to me," Cherry said. "We didn't know each other but made ourselves acquainted with the melodies and folk songs of our different homelands, and our ideas are completely compatible."

Not so great was the success of the other U.S. guests—tenor saxophonist-flutist Charles Lloyd and his quartet, with the marvelous pianist Keith Jarrett, who is a more "academic" Cecil Taylor.

Lloyd's music was full of John Coltrane cliches. The fact that Lloyd was so very well received in other European countries, especially Scandinavia, during his tour, raises the point that he might have been having a bad day in Frankfurt.

Among the German avant-garde groups, trumpeter Manfred Schoof's quintet, pianist Gunter Hampel's new quartet, and alto saxophonist Peter Brotzmann's quartet attracted particular attention.

Schoof has long since outgrown the label of being merely a "German Don Cherry." Hampel has made a great discovery in the person of Javanese-Dutch trumpeter Nedly Elstak. And Brotzmann is a raging satyr of the alto, sweeping over the keys of his horn in wild arcs, producing sounds that no longer have any similarity to those conventionally associated with his instrument.

The other avant-garde groups of the festival were the Dick van der Capellen Trio from Holland (lyrical, tender, free jazz breathily played on piccolo); the Irene Schweizer Trio from Zurich, Switzerland (with a vitality quite astonishing for a young woman), and the Wolfgang Dauner Trio from Stuttgart, Germany (featured in an interesting musical conversation with pre-recorded tape background).

Clarinetist Rolf Kuhn proved that he has found a new approach to the clarinet, with an intensity the likes of which I have never heard before on this instrument. He is truly the Coltrane of the clarinet.

Another major event of the festival was the battle among the three leading German bands: those of Max Greger from Munich, Erwin Lehn from Stuttgart, and Kurt Edelhagen from Cologne.

Greger's band sometimes sounds like modern Jimmie Lunceford. He has two outstanding soloists in Americans Don Menza, tenor saxophone, and Benny Bailey, trumpet. But just two remarkable improvisers are not enough for a big band.

Lehn, very sophisticated, performed the best arrangement of the festival, written by Horst Jankowski and Bernd Rabe. It was spare and restrained, reminiscent in places of the writing of Oliver Nelson, who worked with the Lehn orchestra a few years ago. Jankowski—in spite of his *Schwarzwald Waltz*—remains a swinging jazz pianist with amazing technique.

But it was Edelhagen who rightfully received the biggest hand. Such a band, so filled with great soloists—Americans, Englishmen, Jamaicans, Yugoslavs, Austrians, Germans—Edelhagen has never had before. And he is, at least, in the process of mastering his old handicap: the conflict between academic perfection and relaxed musicianship is now more often resolved in favor of the latter.

The meeting between the groups of trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff and tenor saxophonist Klaus Doldinger—the two stars of German jazz—had been planned by the promoters as a "showdown."

But Mangelsdorff, now as always one of the few European musicians with his own style, was not in top form and picked the wrong pieces for his quintet. Thus, Doldinger's quartet, with organist Ingfried Hoffman, and more "black" and cooking than any other European group, had tremendous success. Doldinger gave evidence that he is about to free himself deftly from the cliched sounds of the ordinary organ-and-saxophone groups.

The most happy music of the festival came from the vocal duo of Annie Ross and Pony Poindexter, backed by the Berlin All-Stars. The two sang numbers by Count Basie, Louis Jordan, and Horace Silver with humor and spice. And the Berlin All-Stars, made up of the best jazzmen living in Berlin—trumpeter Carmell Jones, alto saxophonist Leo Wright, guitarist Andre Condouant, pianist Fritz Pauer, and drummer Joe Nay—provided just the right accompaniment.

Other vocal contributions were made by Christine, a young German girl who, in my opinion, sings blues as if the Sudeten region, where she was born, were located in the Mississippi delta (she was reared by a Negro family near Nuernberg).

At the opening concert, Mimi Perrin's Double Six of Paris presented a stunning performance.

Various German broadcasting networks were represented by their own jazz groups. The best of these was the Jazz Ensemble of the Hessian network in Frankfurt (which also supported the festival). Trombonist Mangelsdorff is the leader of this 10-piece group. Tenor saxophonist Joki Freund's arrangements—for example, *The Fire Next Time*—combine elements of Ornette Coleman and George Russell.

The German Jazz Festival in Frankfurt is the oldest regularly scheduled jazz festival in the world, and the knowledgeable and informed reactions of the Frankfurt jazz audiences are surely connected with this tradition. During three days, the four big concerts were nearly sell-outs. Never before has German jazz drawn so many people. —*Joachim E. Berendt*

'Missa Hodierna'

St. Charles Borromeo Church, New York City

Personnel: Allen Brown, trumpet; Jackie Jeffers, trombone; Alberto Socarras, flute; Howard Johnson, alto saxophone, clarinet; Laurance Henderson, tenor saxophone, flute; Eddie Bonnemere, organ; Roy Phelps, guitar; Joe Scott, bass; Tim Kennedy, drums; Panama Wallace, conga; Jimmy Calloway, timbales; Madeleine Peters, vocals; vocal chorus.

Eddie Bonnemere's *Missa Hodierna* was heard for the first time May 8 at the big Roman Catholic church on W. 141st St. It was skillfully and reverently incorporated into a solemn high mass celebrated by the Rev. Lawrence Lucas.

The presence and the sound of the 10-piece jazz group was, at first, unavoidably distracting, since it was so unusual in the context, but as the mass progressed, the eye and ear adjusted and accommodated. Bonnemere's choice of electric organ, from which he conducted the band and 50 voices, was a wise one. Given the organ's current popularity in jazz and its old association with church, it was as logical as it was overdue.

For the most part, the band played in an unabashed jazz idiom, but it was never strident or exhibitionistic. The Bonnemere score was obviously designed to produce a fairly mellow ensemble sound, but this did not inhibit the swinging, and there were sequences of improvised choruses that set feet tapping among the devout.

Johnson's alto playing was in the style of his old friends from Boston, Johnny Hodges and Charlie Holmes. His smooth tone and phrasing seemed appropriate to the occasion, but when the rhythm required more stress, he was audibly the same fine soloist who used to be heard in such bands as Teddy Hill's.

Phelps' guitar, discreetly amplified, was also extremely effective. It moved and told a story.

Veteran bandleader Alberto Socarras played some singularly pure-toned flute.

Brown (another capable veteran), Jeffers, and Henderson also acquitted themselves well, as did the rhythm section. Except in climaxes, where it was used for emphasis, the conga was felt rather than heard. And as an accompaniment to the choir, the band fulfilled its function creditably.

The choir was impressive. Its interpretation of the opening hymn, a new version of *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child*, imparted an "entrance" feeling to what was essentially a preparatory chant. Bonnemere's music for the *Gloria* was broad in scope and built to a brilliant and fitting climax with the phrase "Tu Solus Dominus." Jazz rhythms were boldly convincing behind the *Credo*, which was sung to a melodic line reminiscent of those in Gregorian chant.

The communion hymn (*O Lord I Am Not Worthy*) was backed by a firm Gospel beat, and the jazz influence seemed, curiously enough, perfectly appropriate at this solemn stage in the mass. The ability of

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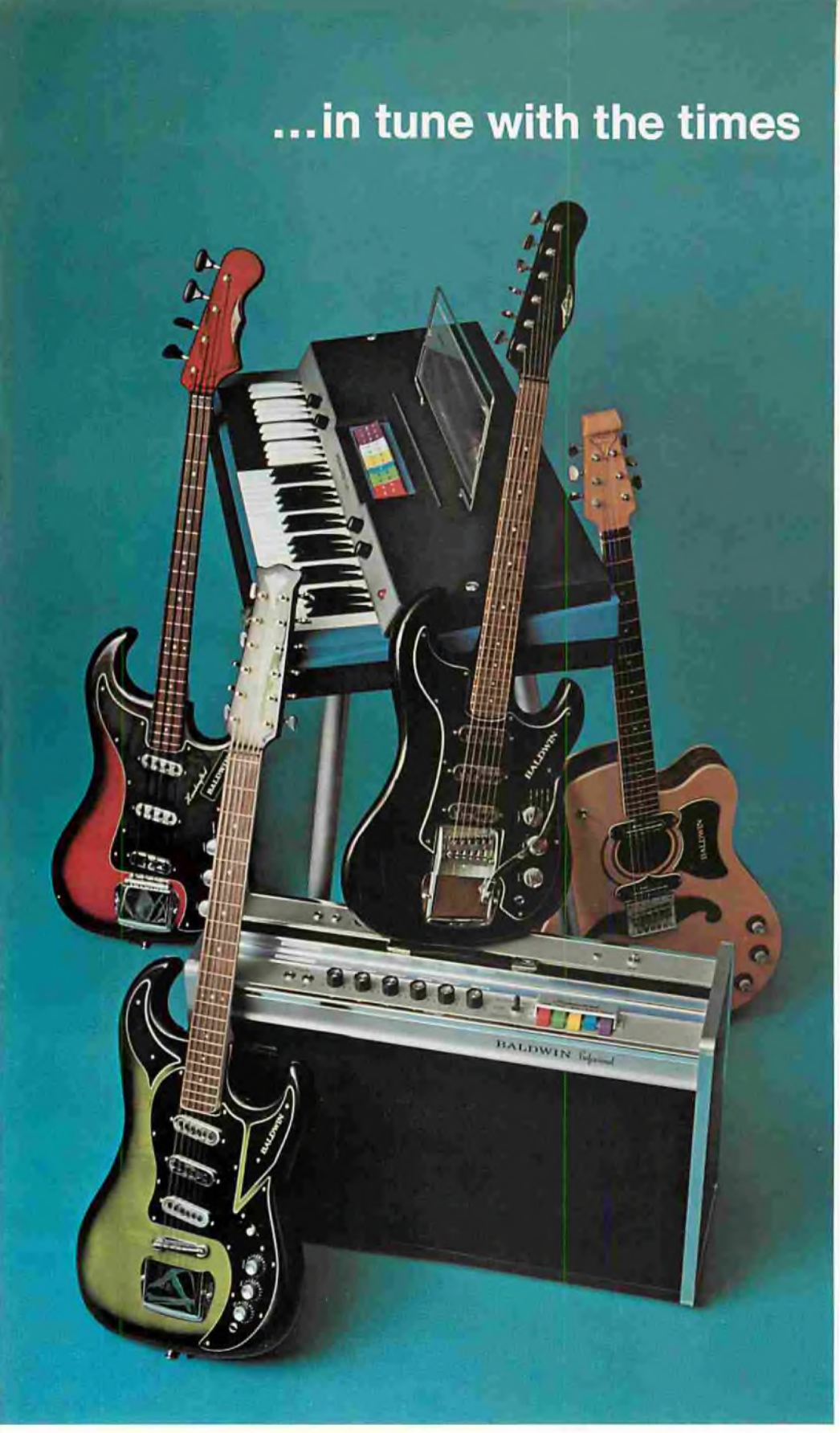

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the musicians to improvise proved valuable here, as it did in the recessional (*Go, the Mass Is Ended*), because, instead of an anticipated 500 persons, some 2,000 attended. More time, in consequence, was needed at the communion rail and in emptying the church afterwards. The recessional was played at a medium tempo somewhat like that at one time favored for *Christopher Columbus*. Perfectly suited to its purpose, it caught the fancy of an enthusiastic congregation, uplifted by the experience, and loath to disperse.

Missa Hodierna, as the Latin indicates, was a contemporary mass. Bonnemere succeeded notably in his avowed attempt to "highlight the mass text, not detract from it." There were a few uncomfortable periods, such as during the *Kyrie*, when split vowels and music were in uneasy alliance, but these undoubtedly could be ironed out in future performances. Further performances and familiarity are probably what the congregation needs, too, so that jazz ceases to be a novelty and a distraction from worship.—*Stanley Dance*

Eddie Phyfe

The Embers, Washington, D.C.

Personnel: Reuben Brown, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Phyfe, drums, vocals.

I don't know about other jazz reviewers, but this one likes to dance. Well, of course, I don't agree with the idea that you can somehow hear music better when you are sitting and staring at the musicians rather than dancing to their music.

Now, what I am talking about is that old-fashioned kind of togetherness dancing, not that monkey business. Imitators of monkeys and such don't favor wiggling to jazz. But for the togetherness folk of my generation, jazz musicians remain the best kind of dance-band musicians. And this trio of jazzmen is proving the point six nights a week in one of Washington's newest and most popular rooms. Capacity crowds have become routine since the Phyfe group moved into the Embers early this year.

Good time, ah, that's the secret of playing dance music, and this trio has good time. It should be noted, too, that the trio excels at that bright medium tempo too often ignored or forgotten by other more "serious" jazz groups, meaning those that present a steady flow of crawling torture-tempo "ballads" and race-horse stompers.

Each member of this trio is an accomplished musician. Though he has received little national attention, Brown—blessed with long fingers just right for piano playing—has been one of Washington's best young jazz pianists for several years now. He plays cleanly and with a rare concern for dynamics.

And former Thelonious Monk sideman Warren is one of the best young bass players in the nation. He has a large tone and impeccable time. There are those, including this writer, who would prefer to hear Warren take more solos with this trio, but it's not that kind of gig.

Phyfe has worked with dozens of prominent jazzmen, from Bud Freeman to Lester Young, and he has the happy habit of keeping his drums at a proper volume level, a fancy way of saying that he doesn't play too loudly, as many drummers do. He is a polished performer with sticks or brushes.

Phyfe is also singing for the first time with this new group, but the mike wasn't working properly the evening I danced to the group's music, so Eddie didn't sing. However, one of Washington's finest singers, Ann Read, says Phyfe sings very well. Of course, Miss Read may be a bit prejudiced about his singing, since she is also Mrs. Phyfe.

In any event, if it's dancing to a jazz beat you favor, dancing that is anti-frug, anti-watusi, et al., this is the place when you come to Washington to see your congressman, picket, march, convene, or whatever it is the endless number of visitors do in my home town. —*Tom Scanlan*

Lee Konitz

Jazz Land Club, Paris, France

Personnel: Konitz, alto saxophone; Rene Thomas, guitar; Henry Texier, bass; Edgar Bateman, drums.

Opened last year with the fiery tenor of Johnny Griffin, the 13th-century caves that house the Parisian Jazz Land Club on the city's left bank were ringing throughout April to the cool alto of Konitz.

On the night of review, Konitz was backed by brilliant Belgian guitarist Thomas, American drummer Bateman, and French bassist Texier, and, considering the lack of rehearsals, the quartet was reasonably well knit.

The somewhat erratic and uneven drumming of Bateman, however, was not the most satisfactory rhythmic support for such a smoothly fluent operator as Konitz.

At the beginning of the first set, Konitz was conspicuously feeling his way and playing with much less than his normal facility. *Half Nelson* was marred by Bateman's heavy bass-drum bombardment. The more acclimated Thomas, however, turned in a fleet and well-constructed solo. He gets an excellent sound from a battered old guitar, the twin of the late Charlie Christian's instrument.

And on *Darn That Dream*, Thomas produced some beautifully chorded passages in the style of Johnny Smith.

On the overworked *There'll Never Be Another You*, Konitz warmed to his task. Following a fine, flowing single-note solo from Thomas in the manner of the guitarist's idol, Jimmy Raney, Konitz set about the changes with his customarily refreshing approach.

Stella by Starlight was noteworthy for excellent solos by both Konitz and Thomas, the latter sometimes using chorus-long lines that were models of construction and finally taking seven unaccompanied choruses.

But the best number was *I Remember You*, which, with its rewarding chord changes, was an excellent vehicle for the pure-toned, probing alto of Konitz. A sure-fingered and lucid soloist, Konitz has long mastered all his scale-running homework and knows his chords well enough to bring forth something new from them.

Bassist Texier gave hard-working support, but when Thomas was not comping behind Konitz, the bass was not sufficiently loud to carry the front line.

—*Mike Hennessey*

BOOK REVIEWS

Where's the Melody?, by Martin Williams. Published by Pantheon Books, 205 pp., $4.95.

Subtitled *A Listener's Introduction to Jazz*, this book bypasses history and biography and tackles the problems of listening and understanding jazz by direct examination of the structures of performances.

The book, in Williams' words, is "for fans, for the curious, and for anyone remotely aware of how important this music and its offshoots are in our culture." As such, it is not cluttered with notations, but it does assume that the reader comes equipped with such bare essentials as the knowledge of the diatonic scale and the formation of the tonic, subdominant, and dominant chords.

Beginning with a provocative discussion of what theoretically happens when jazzmen improvise on popular tunes, and providing a good grounding in the blues, Williams moves to analyses of recorded solos by Louis Armstrong, Teddy Wilson, Coleman Hawkins, Count Basie, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, and Ornette Coleman.

This is followed by a section on the composer-arranger, in which works by Parker, Fletcher Henderson, Thelonious Monk, Jelly Roll Morton, Basie, Duke Ellington, and the Modern Jazz Quartet are scrutinized. Williams then outlines his theory of jazz evolution, and he lists a basic library of jazz recordings.

The second part of the book begins by describing the atmosphere and the attitude of musicians at several performances, including recording sessions, in New York City.

Then there are special observations on aspects of the work of George Shearing, Ahmad Jamal, Billie Holiday, Horace Silver, Oscar Peterson, Dave Brubeck, and Roy Eldridge. Finally, there is a brief survey of the procedure of "new thing" jazz.

The recountings of the recording sessions are especially well written. Blues singer-guitarist Big Joe Williams comes to life in the author's description, and the psychological tensions caused when pianist Memphis Slim suddenly appears on the scene are subtly conveyed. Milt Jackson, Melba Liston, and Clark Terry banter and play the blues at a Riverside session at which recording director Orrin Keepnews maneuvers to get A to solo before B, explaining that "otherwise B might just coast through some of his cliches."

In another report, Monk abruptly quits the piano at the Five Spot and, with dancing shuffle, shows bassist Butch Warren and drummer Frankie Dunlop some hidden accents and rhythms.

And Don Friedman, Gary Peacock, and Jimmy Giuffre talk and play at a trio session at Giuffre's apartment.

Excepting the first two chapters, obviously meant for beginners, this book can benefit the most seasoned of listeners. Williams has knowledge and insight, and he has no problems articulating his thoughts. A playing and replaying of the records analyzed will give a deeper understanding of the excellence of the jazzman's achievement, and this understanding in turn should help break the jam of provincialism that too often plagues the jazz fan.

Curiosity about jazz is widespread, and this book would be an excellent primer for diplomats, Peace Corps workers, and tourists, because it covers a broad spectrum of the music. More than that, this would be an appropriate text for college or high school courses on contemporary culture, if only because the music has touched people everywhere.—*Gilbert M. Erskine*

Blues Harp, by Tony (Little Sun) Glover. Published by Oak Publications, 72 pages, $2.95.

Glover is the harmonica player with the Minneapolis trio of white blues interpreters, John Koerner, Dave Ray, and Glover. This modest book is described as "an instruction method for playing the blues harmonica" and is generally successful in its goals.

The book is patently directed at the young, nonmusical blues enthusiast interested in gaining a measure of facility in the main styles of blues harmonica playing, and Glover has presented in simplified, nonmusical form the basic contours of the playing styles of five blues harp men he most admires—Sonny Terry, Sonny Boy Williamson, Rice Miller (Sonny Boy Williamson II), Little Walter Jacobs, and Jimmy Reed, all of whom have captured the imaginations of the folkniks.

Glover evinces an understanding of the main characteristics that distinguish the work of his models' playing and has devised a simple diagramatic (instead of a more musically orthodox) method of illustrating their playing styles. The basic elements of each of the styles are outlined, but the limitations of the methodology employed are perhaps best indicated by Glover's repeated urging to his reader that listening to the recording cited is the only way one will come to a realization of the exact, complete nature of the playing styles he discusses. In this respect, the use of standard notation would have been useful, with complete choruses and solos fully and adequately notated.

Notation would have illustrated, of course, in the most meaningful manner possible, the precise contours of the various harmonica styles under discussion but would probably have defeated the goal of this book—that is, to reach the musically illiterate.

Blues Harp, then, will doubtless serve the novice player as a ready introduction to the general areas of blues harmonica styles—provided he is able to stomach Glover's pseudo-hip writing style, which combines the worst features of Humphrey Bogart-ish tough guy with current Negro argot.

It would further help if the reader is not familiar with the author's rather painful recorded efforts at the styles discussed in the book. —*Pete Welding*

FROM THE TOP

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

ANOTHER SHADE OF BLUE: *Composed and arranged by Dick Fenno; C. L. Barnhouse Co.*

Fenno has become one of the more prolific stage band composer-arrangers. Most of his arrangements lie on the easy or medium-difficult plateau. *Another Shade of Blue* is moderately difficult because of some rather high and sustained brass passages, some phrasing and articulation problems, and the exposure of the trombone section, notoriously the weak section in the stage band. For no other reason, this is a recommended arrangement because it will force the trombones to work.

The opening melody has a riff pattern in the saxophones punctuated by trombone "pops." The writing throughout is meaty for the saxes and effective if they use crisp releases a la the Count Basie reed section.

A soft, lay-back, Basie-styled ensemble follows with some very swinging figures. This leads to a two-chorus trumpet solo (written part provided) backed, first, by trombones and, then, by interlocking sax figures with the trombones. A soft ensemble follows. A drum break sets up the final loud ensemble section, based on traditional swing shouts, leading logically through a use of thematic material to a recapitulation of the opening melody.

Care must be taken not to play this number too fast and to avoid rushing the figures and the second and fourth beats throughout.

This is a good number in the classic swing style and is well suited for instructional use by the advanced junior high or young high school band and for performance by any stage band.

MORE OR LESS: *Composed and arranged by John LaPorta; Berklee Press Publications.*

LaPorta has been having considerable success in writing for young bands. His material is eminently playable and, while being developmental, is musically valid—a hard combination to achieve. *More or Less* is a fine example, since it can teach many of the fundamentals of big-band or jazz phrasing and yet may be played by the most elementary of bands. It's also enjoyable.

There is no tempo indication in the parts, but it feels best at a medium, relaxed, lay-back tempo. Part of the arrangement is included in LaPorta's monumental method *Developing the High School Stage Band* (Berklee) and is marked there at "quarter equals 112."

At first glance it might seem to be playable at a considerably faster tempo, and there is a certain excitement that can be had by doing so, but the rhythms will tend to sound dated, and most of the learning value of the arrangement will be lost.

Emphasis is placed on rhythm patterns: the du-wah (♫ |), the du-daht (♩♫), and the du-daht-daht (♩♪♪). All are elementary, vital, and consistently misplayed by young bands. The held-back and articulated quarter-note also is featured prominently in the lines.

There are no solos as such in the arrangement, but simple, sololike unison lines are pitted against each other in the second chorus. A beautiful, gently swinging unison ensemble appears in the bridge. There is much to be said for unison writing in developing young bands, since it allows them to concentrate on phrasing, blend, and precision without being concerned with balance and the tuning of chords. The arrangement closes with a recapitulation of the first chorus.

This is one of the finest Grade 1 arrangements published and should be a must for anyone starting a stage band in the schools.

BLUE JAY: *Composed and arranged by Barry McDonald; Southern Music Co.*

Blue Jay is a medium-up blues pretty much in the traditional mold. It is well-written and will provide a good frame for soloists as well as a vehicle to get a young band to swing. Even at the fairly fast tempo it demands relaxation.

The arrangement opens with unison saxes stating the theme, punctuated by brass fills (the trumpets play with plungers on the repeat). An attractive brass-and-piano fill serves as a turnaround.

A four-chorus trumpet solo follows. It can be extended and divided among other soloists. Idiomatic trombone shouts and sax fills serve as accompaniment.

The ensemble section is in the Count Basie-Neal Hefti vein. Crisp, short riff patterns should be played as softly as possible on the first statement and then shouted an octave higher, with drum fills. This chorus leads to a D.S. and a typical coda ending.

This is a good serviceable arrangement for the younger band. The only technical difficulty lies in the range needed for the lead trumpet's part in the last ensemble chorus and in the coda, but the thick, block-style scoring gives the trumpet a good supporting cushion.

AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

Sundays. The main attraction there is pianist **Kellie Greene** and her trio (**John Worster,** bass, **Al Garibaldi,** drums) . . . In the middle of the Farmers' Market, Jack and Sandy's continues to draw well with pianist **Stan Worth's** trio (**Al McKibbon,** bass, and **Allen Goodman,** drums) . . . Out in the San Fernando Valley, the Deering Inn continues to expand its jazz policy. A recent weekend highlight featured a trio consisting of **Victor Feldman,** piano and vibraharp; **Ray Brown,** bass; and **Frank Capp,** drums. Future bookings at the Canoga Park club include pianist **Jack Wilson,** guitarist **Howard Roberts,** and vibist **Terry Gibbs** . . . **Reuben Wilson,** organist at the Caribbean, is pulling out more stops now. Working at that club Friday through Sunday, and Monday afternoons, he is now featured at the Parisian Room on Monday nights. On the other six nights at this latter club organist **Perri Lee** and drummer **Wayne Robinson** are featured and are now in their third year . . . Pianist **Andrew Hill** just completed a weekend gig at San Diego's Mardi Gras and a 10-day stint at the Living Room . . . Another pianist, **Johnny Guarnieri,** long a fixture at the Hollywood Plaza Hotel, recently began an engagement at the Charter House Hotel in Anaheim, smack dab in the middle of two huge tourist attractions: Melodyland and Disneyland . . . The **Joe Loco** Trio, with vocalist **Eddie DeSantis,** opened at the International Hotel adjacent to the Los Angeles airport. They replaced the **Kirk Stuart** Trio . . . The Sportsman featured a doubleheader for a recent one-nighter: **Don Ellis** and his **Hindustani Jazz Sextet,** plus vocalist **Ruth Price.** The house band at the Costa Mesa nitery is the **Mark Davidson** Trio . . . **Louis Armstrong** completed a week at the Carousel Theater at West Covina . . . **Lionel Hampton** worked the Tudor Inn, in Norwalk, for three nights. Trumpeter **Jonah Jones'** quartet will work there July 14-16 . . . The Royal Tahitian, in Ontario, Calif., has booked **Ray Charles** for July 12-17 and **Ramsey Lewis** (with vocalist **Julie London**) for Aug. 2-7 . . . Pianist **Dolo Coker** closed at the Ramada Inn in Pico Rivera and then brought his trio (**Harper Cosby,** bass, and **Mike Romero,** drums) into the Club Casbah, along with vocalist **Ralph Green** . . . A one-nighter featuring **Della Reese, Lou Rawls,** the **Les McCann** Trio, and a sax-less band fronted by trumpeter **Bobby Bryant** turned Shrine Exposition Hall into an evening for the blues. A down-home finale found Miss Reese and Rawls ad-libbing, McCann inspired to leap from the keyboard and offer an impromptu twist, and the Bryant band pushing the whole thing with old-fashioned riffs . . . **Nancy Wilson** will make her TV dramatic debut in *Lori,* the first segment of next season's *I Spy* series. She will headline a week-long revue at Hollywood's Greek Theater, beginning Aug. 22 and has small-screen appearances lined up for the *Andy Williams Show, Red Skelton Show,* and two *Danny Kaye Shows* . . . **Clare Fischer** took drummer **Larry Bunker** and bassist **Bob West** to his alma mater, Michigan State University, to assist in a performance of *Rhapsody for Alto Saxophone and Chamber Orchestra,* a work Fischer composed in 1955 as part of his master's thesis. While there the trio gave a concert and conducted some workshops. The two-day visit was under the auspices of the music fraternity, Phi Mu Alpha . . . **Gil Fuller** has been commissioned to compose an original score for a comedy, *The Group,* currently at the Princess Theater in Los Angeles . . . Pianist **Mike Wofford** replaced **Russ Freeman** with **Shelly Manne** and His Men when Freeman went east with actress-singer **Mitzi Gaynor** to serve as her music director. Regulars in the Manne combo are **Conte Candoli,** trumpet; **Frank Strozier,** alto; **Monty Budwig,** bass; and Manne, drums.

SAN FRANCISCO: **Lionel Hampton's** engagement at Basin Street West was his first in the Bay Area since his big band played Oakland's Claremont Hotel three years ago. This time the vibraharpist led a nonet, affording him a *lot* more blowing room—a fact that won nothing but praise from his listeners. His sidemen included trumpeter **John Hunt,** formerly of the **Ray Charles** and **Hank Crawford** bands; **Eddie Shu,** clarinet, alto saxophone, trumpet, harmonica; **Edward Pazant,** flute, clarinet, alto saxophone, oboe; and **Billy Mackel,** guitar . . . Pianist **Joe Bushkin** is making one of his sporadic returns to the scene. For his engagement at El Matador here and a subsequent stay at Harvey's at Lake Tahoe, Bushkin brought in New York drummer **Roy Burns** and bassist **Wyatt (Bull) Ruther** . . . The 19-piece rehearsal band led by **Don Piestrup** made a rare concert appearance recently at the Oakland Auditorium Theater as part of the Laney College Arts Week. Piestrup, a former football star at the University of California who forewent athletics for music, organized the band in 1962. One of Piestrup's tunes, written on commission from **Stan Kenton,** was played by the latter's Neophonic Orchestra last fall. The Piestrup band's Oakland concert was financed by the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries.

WASHINGTON: Guitarist **Bill Harris** began a two-month solo job at Osaka, a Japanese restaurant on Connecticut Ave., in mid-May. Harris also is opening a new guitar studio and releasing a new album titled *Caught in the Act,* a recording of a D. C. concert performance . . . **Tommy Gwaltney's** Blues Alley continues to draw capacity crowds. While cornetist **Jimmy** and pianist **Marian McPartland** were featured at the Georgetown club they recorded an album with Blues Alley regulars—clarinetist Gwaltney, guitarist **Steve Jordan,** bassist **Keter Betts,** trombonist **Charlie Butler,** and drummer **Dude Brown.** A piano-bass duet on *Nimbus* was one of the highlights of the afternoon recording session. Cornetist McPartland's singing also proved a hit at Blues Alley . . . **Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald,** and **Oscar Peterson** will be performing under the stars at the Carter Barron Amphitheater in Rock Creek Park July 4-10 . . . **Linda Cordray,** formerly with **Woody Herman's** band, is singing well with bass player **Billy Taylor's** duo at the Cafe Lounge, even though the piano was markedly out of tune, at least in early May. This Billy Taylor is the son of the **Billy Taylor** who played bass with **Duke Ellington, Fats Waller,** and many other prominent jazzmen in the 1930s and early '40s. The senior Taylor, now 60, also lives in Washington but is retired from the music business . . . The Bohemian Caverns had the **Modern Jazz Quartet** and **Miles Davis** on the bandstand in May . . . **Johnson (Fatcat) McRee** promoted a jazz festival at Manassas, Va., May 29. Performers were to include **Jimmy** and **Marian McPartland,** drummer **Jake Hanna,** pianist **Cliff Jackson** and his singer-wife **Maxine Sullivan,** the **Tommy Gwaltney** group, and guitarist **Doc Souchon.**

VERY MISCELLANEOUS

A HIPSTER'S QUIZ BY GARY A. SOUCIE

Most jazz polls these days have a miscellaneous-instrument category, in which most of the votes are cast for soprano saxophonists, violinists, cellists, and the like. Compared with the axes in the left-hand column below, those instruments don't seem too miscellaneous at all. To cast your vote for miscellany and nonconformity, match the instruments in the left column with the players in the right:

A. Slide saxophone	1. Yusef Lateef
B. Nose flute	2. Timmie Rodgers
C. Oud	3. Bill Loughborough
D. Utsu	4. Eddie Shu
E. Harmonica	5. Snub Mosley
F. Comb	6. Red McKenzie
G. Tipple	7. Corky Hale
H. Hot fountain pen	8. Roland Kirk
I. Boo-bams	9. Adrian Rollini
J. Harp	10. Moondog

ANSWERS: 1,C; 2,G; 3,I; 4,E; 5,A; 6,F; 7,J; 8,B; 9,H; 10,D.

BALTIMORE: The Left Bank Jazz Society has always varied its bookings by alternating name groups, local groups, and name leaders with local rhythm sections. But for its May 29 concert the society tried a new tack by presenting local tenorist **Mickey Fields** and guitarist **Walt Namuth** backed by an imported rhythm section of pianist **Ronnie Mathews,** bassist **Paul Chambers,** and drummer **H. T. Saunders.** Mathews and Chambers had performed for the LBJS on May 15 with a quintet that included trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard,** tenor saxophonist **Hank Mobley,** and drummer **Philly Joe Jones.** Tenor twins **Zoot Sims** and **Al Cohn** brought in their quintet for the Left Bank May 22 . . . The new **Jackie Blake** Quartet (Blake, alto saxophone; **Lee Hawthorne,** piano; **Andrew Rock,** bass; **Mike Sheppard,** drums) has moved into Jones' Lounge for an indefinite stay . . . For its regular concert series the Jazz Society for Performing Artists followed the trio of tenorist **Sonny Rollins** in mid-May with the group of multireedist **Yusef Lateef** (playing a return engagement) May 23, and then were to have drummer **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers** for May 30.

PHILADELPHIA: **Louis Armstrong, Dave Brubeck,** and **Maynard Ferguson** were scheduled for a one-night jazz festival May 28 in Vineland, N.J., near Atlantic City. The city's Jaycees were sponsors . . . **Lee Guber** and **Frank Ford** are skipping jazz this summer at their Valley Forge-Camden Music Circus tent theater. They had the **Duke Ellington** Band and singer **Tony Bennett** for a week last year . . . **Barry Miles,** drummer-turned-pianist, presided over a two-night Princeton University program, *Jazz: A New Approach.* He is a Princeton freshman . . . **Billy Kreehmer,** onetime **Red Nichols** clarinetist, quietly closed his downtown night spot after operating it continuously since 1938. The club will reopen as a Gay Nineties type bar. He may open another jazz spot next winter in the Virgin Islands . . . **Ben Bynum,** burned out of his Club Cadillac, is continuing jazz booking at the Starlite Lounge. Singer **Jon Hendricks** appeared for a weekend in his first Philadelphia booking as a single.

PITTSBURGH: Tenor saxophonist **Al Morrell's** current combo at the Hurricane Bar has **Don Mollica,** organ, and **Jimmy Blakemore,** drums . . . **Richard (Groove) Holmes** kept the organ wailing at Crawford's Grill and received an impromptu visit from teenage saxist **Eric Kloss,** who has recorded with Holmes . . . WAMO radio disc jockey **Bill Powell** has been conducting successful Sunday jazz shows at the Working Man's Civic Club. An early May entry featured an exciting drum battle between **Roger Humphries** and **Allen Blairman** . . . The **Norman Chaffin** Trio is doing well at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Personnel is Chaffin, trumpet; **Ray Curran,** piano; **Chick Barris,** drums.

CLEVELAND: Among headliners for the Sunday afternoon jazz concerts at the Musicarnival will be **Louis Armstrong** June 19, the **Dukes of Dixieland** June 26, and **Dave Brubeck** July 24 . . . **Mongo Santamaria** and his group provided a swinging week for patrons of the Theatrical Grill recently . . . Highlight of the Festival '66 at University Circle May 15 was the afternoon concert by the Circle's workshop band. Conducted by trumpeter **Tom Baker,** the band features local college students augmented with professional jazzmen . . . Bassist **Frank Lamarca** has joined pianist **Dick Mone** at Pinnochio's . . . The first Cleveland performance of *Concert Piece No. 1,* by composer **Donald Erb,** was presented May 13 by the Case Institute of Technology Stage Band, directed by **Albert Blaser.**

DETROIT: WCHD disc jockey **Jack Springer** is hosting a series of sessions titled "Sit in with Springer" at the Club Stadium on Sundays. A recent guest was vocalist **Aretha Franklin,** accompanied by **Teddy Harris,** organ; **Jimmy Morgan,** guitar; **James Richardson,** bass; and **George Davison,** drums. Another frequent guest has been bassist-cellist **Roderick Hicks.** The house band for the sessions is led by drummer **Hindal Butts** and includes organist **Lyman Woodard,** trumpeter **Gordon Camp,** and tenor saxophonist **Wayman Studemayer** . . . Pianist **Danny Stevenson's** group at Momo's includes **Dick Bellen,** bass; **Art Mardigan,**

drums; and **Kathy Locke**, vocals . . . Pianist **Kirk Lightsey** took a brief leave of absence from bassist **Ernie Farrow's** group at Paige's to work with vocalist **Damita Jo**. His place was taken first by **Bu Bu Turner** and then by **Gene White** . . . Crowds at the Village Gate have improved, largely because of a letter-writing campaign by group leader **George Bohanon** and his sidemen . . . Bagpiper-reed man **Rufus Harley** drew well in his first Detroit engagement at the Drome. Accompanying Harley were **Oliver Collins**, piano; **James Glenn**, bass; and **Bill Abner**, drums . . . A scheduled Mother's Day concert at the Masonic Temple featuring trumpeter **Miles Davis**, singer **Gloria Lynne**, and comic **Nipsey Russell** flopped when neither Davis nor Miss Lynne showed.

MINNEAPOLIS: The summer session of the University of Minnesota will offer "The Meanings in Music," with demonstrations by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Composer **Milton Babbitt** has been scheduled for lecture-demonstrations in the series and will participate in a five-day contemporary-music workshop that begins June 24 . . . Last month the Washburn High School stage band presented a jazz concert with five other guest combos from surrounding high schools and colleges. The program included compositions by **Johnny Richards** and **Arif Mardin** . . . **Anita O'Day** is tentatively set for the White House, a club in Golden Valley, after a European junket . . . **Maricene Costa**, formerly of the **Sambalanca Trio** and the **Monfredo Fest Group** in Rio De Janeiro, is now with **Herb Schoenbohm's** Brazilian-styled group at Davy Jones' Locker . . . **Bobby Williams**, Minneapolis schoolteacher, pianist, and composer, currently is enjoying new recognition as a result of **Ahmad Jamal's** having recorded his composition, *This Terrible Planet*.

MIAMI: Bassist **John Thomas'** quartet (**Pete Ponzol**, reeds; **Eddie Stack**, piano; **Marty Marger**, drums) opened at the Albion Hotel in Miami Beach . . . The **Gospel Singers**, a swinging jazz-vocal group, was featured recently in the Pow-Wow Room of the Thunderbird Motel . . . The Dade County Auditorium was the scene of a concert sponsored by the Phi Mu Alpha fraternity, with the University of Miami Jazz Band a featured attraction. On May 8 the U. of M. campus was the site of the school's annual spring concert by its brass choir. Dr. **Ted J. Crager** directed the 21-member group, which performed two jazz compositions—**Jimmy Giuffre's** *Pharaoh* and *City Sketches*, a new composition by **Bob Whatley**, a theory-composition graduate student . . . May 15 was a busy day for jazz; two concerts were held, which indicates the growth of jazz interest among Miamians. **Alan Rock**, WMBM disc jockey, held one at the Rancher Lounge. **Chiles & Pettiford** were featured vocalists. Pianist **Dolph Castellano** and his trio (**Don Coffman**, bass, **Bill Peoples**, drums) also were on hand. Pianist **Herbie Brock** joined the Castellano rhythm section for two extremely modern improvisations. The **John Thomas** Quintet, with trumpeter-saxophonist **Ira Sullivan**, fluegelhornist **Duke Schuster**, pianist **Tony Castellano**, and drummer **Buddy Delco**, rounded out the well-balanced program. Across town, a second concert at the Red Road Lounge emceed by **China Valles** featured **Frankie DiFabio**, piano; **Chet Washington**, tenor saxophone; **Jimmy Glover**, bass; and **Barbara Velvasco**, vocals, among others . . . Pianist **Bobby Kendrick** and his trio recently opened at the Rancher; also on hand was the vocal duo of **Rick & Rudy**.

NEW ORLEANS: ABC-TV presented a series of filmed interviews with jazz personalities to the Howard-Tilton Memorial Library at Tulane University, where the New Orleans Jazz Archive is located. The films, originally made for the recent ABC special called *The Anatomy of Pop*, include interviews with trumpeter **Punch Miller**, trombonist **Oscar Henry**, guitarist **Louis Keppard**, trumpeter **Percy Humphrey**, pianist **Billie Pierce**, trumpeter-singer **Dede Pierce**, and Preservation Hall managers **Alan** and **Sandra Jaffe** . . . The Black Knight dropped its jazz policy after 10 months, during which time the trios of **Bill Gannon** and **Fred Crane** played at the suburban club . . . Drummer **Charlie Blancq**, back in town after two years' graduate study at North Texas State University, was featured with pianist **Ronnie Dupont** at **Al Hirt's** club recently. Blancq is studying

for his Ph.D. in musicology at Tulane University . . . The **North Texas State Lab Band** was one of the featured groups at the recent Baton Rouge Jazz Festival, held at Lousiana State University.

LAS VEGAS: The Tropicana Hotel continues its jazz policy, bringing in **George Shearing** to alternate with the **Maynard Ferguson-Tommy Sands** pairing. **Joe Pass'** guitar work was outstanding in the pianist's quintet, and the group gave the oft-imitated Shearing sound a remarkable freshness. Vibist **Hagood Hardy,** bassist **Bob Whitlock,** and drummer **Johnny Guerin** were the other members. Ferguson's 12-piecer, recruited locally, consisted of **Buddy Childers, Bob Shew, Herb Phillips,** trumpets; **Al Leonard, Bill Harris,** trombones; **Raoul Romero, Rick Davis, Dave Lindner, Ernie Small,** reeds; **George Pollok,** piano; **Jorge Valadez,** bass; and **Bobby Molloy,** drums. **June Christy** was to replace Sands for the last two weeks of the six-week engagement . . . Vocalist **Freda Payne,** with arrangements by **Benny Golson,** was a surprise addition to the **Lionel Hampton** package at the Riviera . . . The Colonial House, after sporadic action during April, had jazz groups set for most nights, under the general direction of tenorist **Jimmy Cook.**

TORONTO: The concert given by **Ella Fitzgerald** and the **Oscar Peterson** Trio at Massey Hall attracted a capacity audience. The overflow drifted around the corner to the Colonial Tavern, where **Jimmy Rushing** and the **Junior Mance** Trio also were playing to full houses. An interesting sidelight to the Peterson-Fitzgerald concert: ex-Peterson drummer **Ed Thigpen,** now living in Toronto, provided backing for the vocalist, along with pianist **Jimmy Jones** and bassist **Joe Comfort** . . . Canada's 1967 celebrations of her 100th birthday will include the creation of 45 new works to be written by composers across the country. Included in the commissioned works will be compositions by Toronto jazz composers **Gordon Delamont** and **Norman Symonds.** Jazz musicians also will be invited to appear at the 1967 World Exhibition in Montreal . . . **Bill Kenny,** former lead soloist with the **Ink Spots** vocal group, heads his own variety show on CBC-TV. The program, which began May 23, originates in Vancouver where Kenny has lived since 1961 . . . Another U.S. performer who has taken up residence in Canada is blues singer-guitarist **Lonnie Johnson,** now proprietor of a Toronto coffee house, Home of the Blues . . . **Olive Brown** is back at the Golden Nuggett, where she is singing with **Henry Cuesta's** group . . . Drummer **Cozy Cole** played a week at the Savarin recently.

NORWAY: Reed man **Charles Lloyd's** quartet (**Keith Jarrett,** piano; **Cecil McBee,** bass; **Jack DeJohnette,** drums) visited for two days in Oslo, which was the last stop on its European trip. The tour was a success, and in Oslo the critics agreed that Lloyd's group was the best that played there for a long time. The group played two radio programs as well as a concert arranged by the *Club 7* . . . Trumpeter **Clark Terry** has been added to the roster of the international jazz festival to be held in Kongsberg June 30 to July 3. Also engaged for the festival is tenor saxophonist **Brew Moore** and 19-year-old Norwegian tenorist **Jan Garbarek,** who has been playing with **George Russell's** group.

AUSTRALIA: The **Northwestern University Saxophone Quartet,** under the direction of faculty member **Fred Hemke,** made several appearances in this country as part of its Far Eastern tour sponsored by the U.S. State Department. After one performance at Melbourne's Monash University, the group gave a lunch-hour recital to 2,000 enthusiastic students and later the same afternoon performed at Sydney University . . . One of Australia's most respected jazzmen, **Don Burrows,** organized the first jazz recital at the newly completed Festival Hall in the Canberra Civic Center. In April the **Modern Jazz Quartet** was the first overseas jazz group to perform at the hall. The MJQ also performed to capacity houses in Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney. The highlight of the group's Sydney appearance was a nationally televised two-hour symposium on jazz . . . Guitarist **Laurindo Almeida** performed at the Sydney Town Hall a week prior to the MJQ, using drummer **John Sangster** and bassist **George Thompson** for the bossa nova segment of the show.

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.
Basie's: Johnny Smith to 6/19. Richard Holmes, 6/21-7/10. Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon.
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.
Crystal Room: Les DeMerle to 7/2.
Dom: Tony Scott.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko.
Fairfield Motor Inn (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Mon.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern.
Five Spot: name jazz groups. Sessions, Mon.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano.
Half Note: Carmen McRae, 6/17-18. Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer to 6/19. Randy Weston, 6/21-26. Art Farmer, 6/24-26.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Jilly's: Monty Alexander, Guy Fasiciani, Link Milman, George Perl, 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.
Museum of Modern Art: Ruby Braff, Buddy Tate, 6/23.
Metropole: Dukes of Dixieland, 6/16-25.
Off Shore (Pt. Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris Larry Willis.
Prelude: Grasella Oliphant, Etta Jones.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb. Don Frye, Sun.
Slug's: Grant Green, John Patton to 6/19.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Green.
Top of the Gate: Mitchell-Ruff Duo, Dave Pike, Cousin Joe.
Village East: Larry Love.
Village Gate: Horace Silver, Gloria Lynne to 6/19. Ramsey Lewis, 6/21-26. Roland Kirk, 6/28-7/10. Herbie Mann, Lou Rawls, 7/12-31.
Village Vanguard: Thelonious Monk, Sonny Rollins to 6/26. 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.

BALTIMORE

Boar's Head: sessions, Tue.-Wed.
Buck's: Bill Byrd.
Forest Manor (Jazz Society for Performing Artists): name groups, Mon.
Heritage House: Jerry Clifford.
Jockey Club: Jerry Coates.
Jones' Lounge: Jackie Blake, Mike Sheppard.
Kozy Korner: Fred Simpson.
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatza.
Madison Club (Left Bank Jazz Society): name groups, Sun.
Martick's: Brad Wines.
Phil Burke's: Lou Isidoro.
Playboy: Ted Hawke, Jimmy Wells.
Triumph: Jack Mangus.
Uptown: Lloyd Grant.
Well's: George Jackson.
Zebra Room: George Ecker.

WASHINGTON

Blues Alley: Tommy Gwaltney, hb.
Bohemian Caverns: name jazz groups.
Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor.
Carter Barron Amphitheater: Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, 7/4-10. Jimmy Smith, Cannonball Adderley, Nina Simone, Mongo Santamaria, 8/1-3.
Embers: Eddie Phyfe.
Murphy's: Ellsworth Gibson, Lorraine Rudolph.
Osaka: Bill Harris.
Shoreham Hotel Terrace: Peggy Lee to 6/26. Pearl Bailey, 6/27-7/9.
Showboat Lounge: name jazz groups.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Albion Hotel: John Thomas.
Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.
Chez Vendome: Herbie Brock, hb.
Deauville: Bobby Fields, hb.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, hb.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.
South Seas Yacht: Harry Manian, Jeff Carlton.

CLEVELAND

Brothers Lounge: Bill Dennsco.
Black Knight: Frank Albano-Johnny Fugero.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.
Copa: Wensel Parker, wknds.
Downstairs Room: Duke Jenkins.
English Grill: Tom Baker, wknds.
Eldorado Room: Carl Gulla.
Esquire: Melvin Jones.
King's Pub: George Peters.
Impala: Ray Bradley, Wed.-Sat.
La Rue: Spencer Thompson.
Leo's Casino: Anthony Mitchell to 6/19.
Mardi Gras: Ski-Hi Trio, wknds. Dave Guinn.
Moulin Rouge: Joe Alessandro.
Pinnochio's: Dick Mone.
Squeeze Room: Joe Dalesandro, wknds.
Tally-Ho: La Quintette, Maxine Wyatt, wknds.
Tangiers: Bill Gidney, wknds.
Theatrical Grill: Bob McKee, hb.
Thunderbird: Ed McKeta. Sessions, Mon.
Versailles: Fats Heard, hb.
Thimbleys (Akron): Vikki Lynn, Vince Mastro, Bobby Brian.

CHICAGO

Big John's: various blues groups.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt. Lil Armstrong, Sun.
Imperial Inn: Judy Roberts, wknds.
London House: Ramsey Lewis to 6/19. Erroll Garner, 7/12-24. George Shearing, 8/9-28. Gene Krupa, 9/13-10/3.
McCormick Place: Tony Bennett, Woody Herman, 6/24-25. Andy Williams, Henry Mancini, 7/22-23. Dave Brubeck, 8/14.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Wed.-Sun. Jug Berger, Mon.-Tue.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Dizzy Gillespie to 6/26.
Ravinia (Highland Park): Ella Fitzgerald, 6/29, 7/1. Carmen McRae, Dave Brubeck, 7/6. Pete Fountain, 7/8. Nancy Wilson, 7/20, 22. Ramsey Lewis, 7/27, 29. Miriam Makeba, Chicago Jazz Ensemble, 8/3. Amanda Ambrose, Cannonball Adderley, 8/10.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb. Lenore Paxton.
Artists' Workshop: Detroit Contemporary 4, Lyman Woodward, Sun.
Baker's Keyboard: name groups weekly.
Blues Unlimited: name groups weekly.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
Chessmate Gallery: Harold McKinney, Fri.-Sat.
Chit Chat: Earl Marshall, Thur.-Sat.
Club Stadium: Hindal Butts, Sun.
Drome: Freddie McCoy, 6/17-26.
Frolic: Don Davis, Thur.-Sun.
Gene's (Inkster): Clarence Price, Fri.-Sun. Sessions, Thur.
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: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.
Paige's: Ernie Farrow, Thur.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Mance, Mon.-Sat. Jack Pierson, Sat.
Roxy Bar: Clarence Beasley, Fri.-Sat.
Royal Palm Hotel: Willie Metcalf, Jewell Diamond.
Showboat: Tom Saunders.
Stage Bar: Stan Chester, Thur.-Sun.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks. Mon.-Sat.
Village Gate: George Bohanon, Fri-Sat.
Viscount (Windsor): Romy Rand.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd.
Zombie: Walter Hamilton.

NEW ORLEANS

Cellar: Fritz Owens, Betty Farmer.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Bill Kelsey, Santo Pecora.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.
Golliwog: Armand Hug.
Holiday House: David Lastee, afterhours, wknds.
Joe Burton's: Joe Burton.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson.
Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Roudy, 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.

MINNEAPOLIS

Alps: Don Thompson.
Big Al's: Dave Rooney.
Crystal Coach (Robbinsdale): Irv Williams.
Davy Jones Locker: Herb Schoenbohm.
Emporium of Jazz (Mendota): Hall Brothers, Terri O'Neil, wknds.
Lighthouse (Orono, Lake Minnetonka): Howard Brown, wknds.
Magoo's: Riverboat Ramblers.
Markey Club: Buddy Davis, Carol Martin.
Prom Center (St. Paul): Stan Kenton, 6/22. Count Basie, 8/18.
Rathskeller: Bill Blakkestad, Bob Terri.
Walker Art Center: Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, 6/26. Oscar Peterson, 7/24.
White House (Golden Valley): Bola Sete, 8/10.

LAS VEGAS

Black Magic: various groups.
Colonial House: various groups.
Fremont Hotel: Lou Rawls to 6/20.
Torch Club: Bobby Sherwood.
Ruben's: Paul Bryant.
Tropicana Hotel: Mel Torme, Woody Herman, 7/22-8/18.

LOS ANGELES

Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.
Bonesville: sessions, wknds.
Caribbean: Reuben Wilson, Fri.-Sun., Mon. afterhours.
Charter House (Anaheim): Johnny Guarnieri.
Chico's (Long Beach): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
International Hotel: Joe Loco, Eddie DeSantis.
Jack & Sandy's: Stan Worth.
La Duce (Inglewood): Harold Land.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Herbie Mann to 6/18. Eddie Cano, 6/19-7/2. Willie Bobo, 7/3-23. Howard Rumsey, hb.
Living Room: name groups weekly.
Marty's: Bobby Bryant. Henry Cain, Tue.
Melody Room: Kellie Greene. Phineas Newborn, Sun.
Memory Lane: name groups weekly.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson. Reuben Wilson, Mon.
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.
Prime Rib (Newport Beach): Jan Denenu, Sun.
Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur-Sat.
Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Ray Charles, 7/14-16.
Sandpiper (Playa del Rey): Don Rader, Sun.-Mon.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Chico Hamilton to 6/19. Cal Tjader, 6/21-7/3. Les McCann, 7/5-17. Sonny Criss, Sun.
Sherry's: Mike Melvoin, Sun.
Sojourn Inn (Inglewood): sessions, Sun.
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): Bobby Troup.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Oscar Peterson to 6/19. Duke Ellington, 6/20-26. The Vagabonds, Redd Foxx, 6/28-7/11. Count Basie, 7/12-24.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes.
El Matador: Bola Sete to 7/2. Cal Tjader, 7/4-8/13.
Half Note: George Duke.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): Merrill Hoover, Mon.-Fri. Bill Bell, Thur.-Sat.
Hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders.
Jazz Workshop: Aretha Franklin to 6/26. Mongo Santamaria, 8/30-9/18. Cannonball Adderley, 9/20-10/2.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson.
Playboy Club: Ralph Sharon, Al Plank, hbs.
The Apartment (Oakland): Ted Spinola, Tue.-Sat. Escovedo Brothers, Sun.
Soho Club (Burlingame): Norman Bates, Sun.
Trident (Sausalito): Roy Meriwether to 6/26. Willie Bobo, 6/28-7/10. Joao Donato, 7/12-9/4. Denny Zeitlin, Mon.

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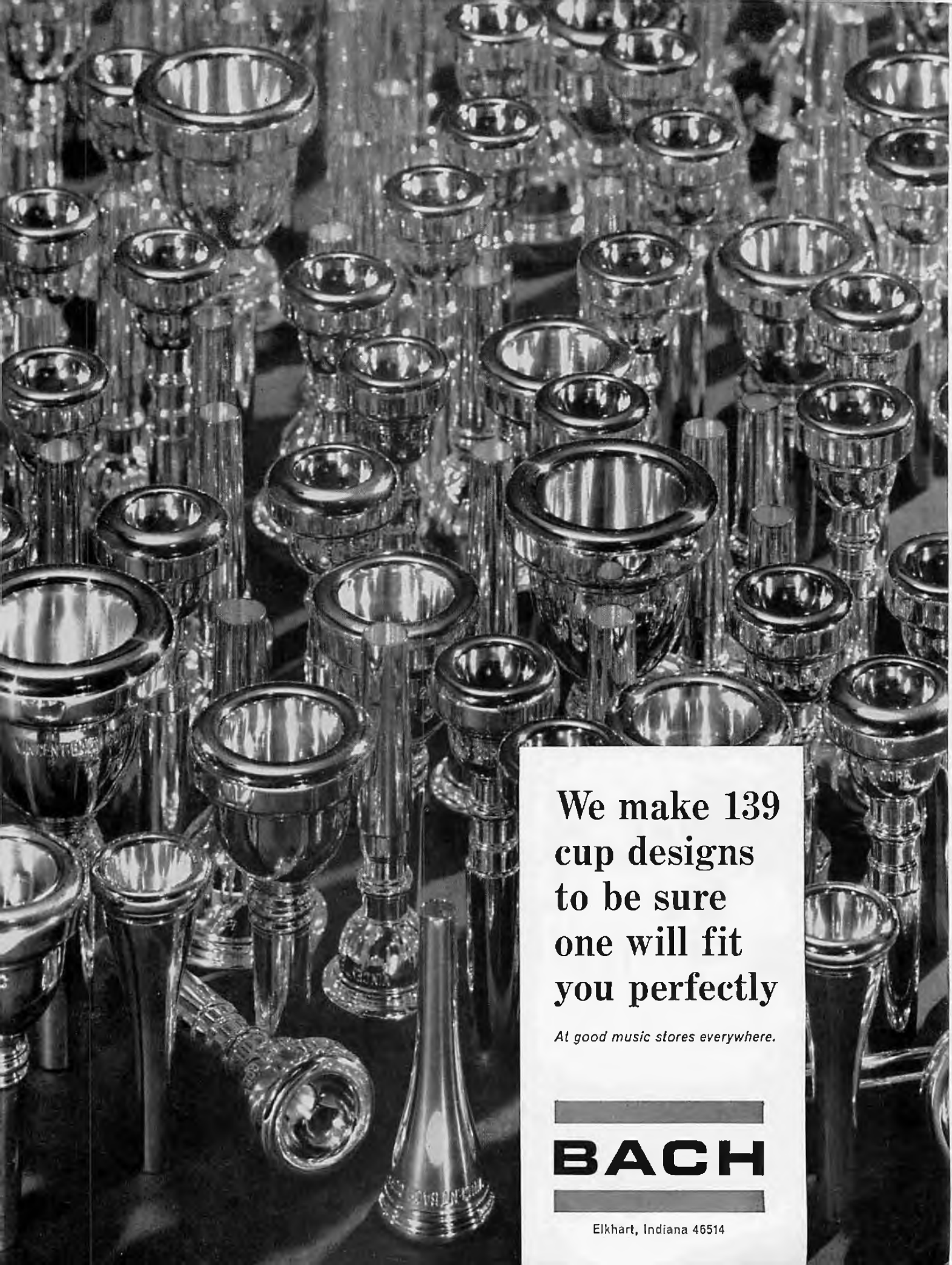

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