

JANUARY 12, 1967 35c

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

Focus On The Jazz Record Industry

Musings Of A Jazz Critic

By Dan Morganstern

Liner Notes: An Apologia

By Stanley Dance

Inside The Recording Booth

By Orrin Keepnews



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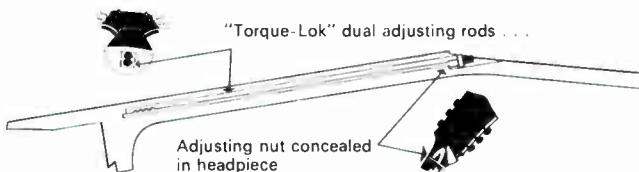
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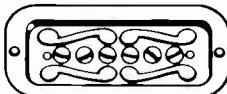
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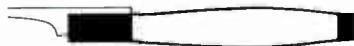
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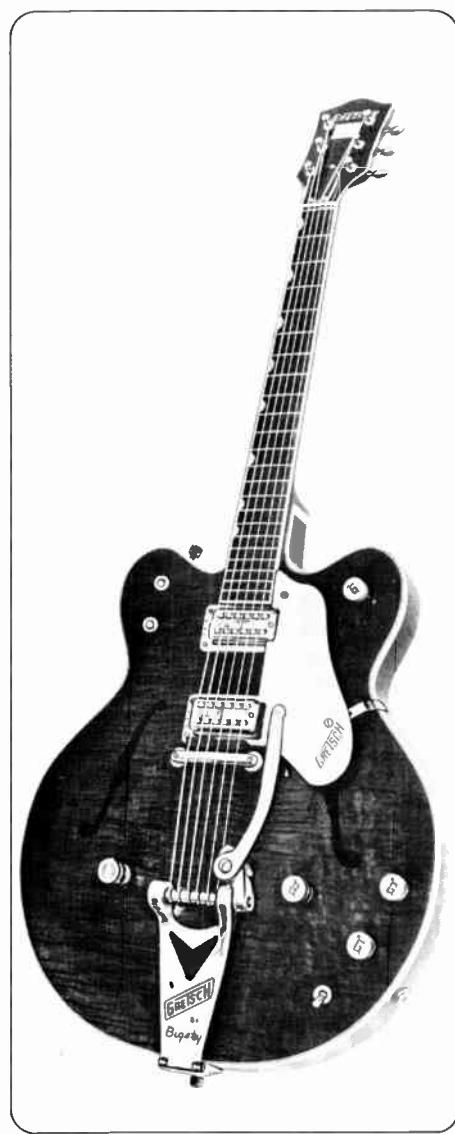
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Those Coltrane Reviews

I was sorry to see that two people reviewed John Coltrane's *Meditations* album (*DB*, Dec. 1). The fact that bothers me is that the two reviewers were entirely in opposition in regard to the music of today.

Don DeMicheal's review was simply provocative; however, it wasn't as deep as I thought it would be. On the other hand, William Russo's review was very revealing as to how stagnant his views are on music.

Was it because *DB* is afraid of supporting men like Coltrane? If that's the reason, pity *Down Beat*, because in past issues, I've noticed articles (favorable ones) on rock-and-roll without any negative articles offsetting them as you did in regard to the Coltrane review.

Robert Kopulos
Chicago

The reviews of *Meditations* by Don DeMicheal and William Russo were, unfortunately, disappointing for one who has been waiting for two months to see what your critics had to write about Trane's highest recording achievement.

DeMicheal never attempted to tell the prospective buyer how wonderful and full of life the music was. By explaining his confusion, he merely gives the reader to doubt his competency in reviewing this record—quite a comedown from his review of *A Love Supreme*. There should be little trouble understanding this music. To anyone who has really listened, the beauty is clear.

As for Russo, he should be confined to reviewing Stan Kenton records. He seems concerned only with the technical aspects of the music; he listens with part of his mind, none of his heart.

Jack Lefton
Columbus, Ohio

Although the sophisticated naivete of his personna may remain questionable to the hard-core listener and reader, Don DeMicheal's review of Coltrane's *Meditations* is a step in the direction of valuable criticism. It has the certainty of sunlight and rain.

Ever since the time that Trane stopped playing "music" and started building his explosive latticework of tiny monstrosities, we have been made more and more aware of the beautiful dark playground of existence.

Now, in his review, DeMicheal apparently has been taught that humanity is confined by infinity, a lesson the best and the worst of us eventually learn. Let us hope that this review will spread the word. It shouldn't be that big a secret.

Ronald D. Kan
Iowa City, Iowa

Yesterday I raised a window in an unused room; and the screech told me it was Coltrane's music. Distracted by other concerns and thus anticipation-free, I heard the tones of wood on wood as living sounds with all the lift of inspired recall.

The event was both subject and object: subjective in me because I had listened just long enough to *Ascension* and *Meditations* for the ear to be ready for the meaning. To the others in that room the event was an object of no importance.

Sounds strike chords of recognition that go beyond themselves because we subjectively interpret. So perceptive is the human spirit that it is capable of finding the palpable tactile meaning in the artist's subjectivity, however complex. In this case even a natural sound evoked the unconscious memory, since it had been made ready by a period of collective listening. Disinterest as a purity of attitude in musician and listener is more than incidental to its effect, as Proust never tired of defining. Purposelessness might be a better word.

Any advanced form—and I am a believer that Coltrane is a supreme artist who is taking his place among the foremost creators of our time—awaits an audience.

Coltrane has achieved a major breakthrough in music without reference or analogy to forms, since sounds do not categorize themselves into an anthropomorphia of jazz or symphony or chamber, and we may be privileged to spell out a future to which the patterns of today will be repetitive, incomplete, and wane: beautiful but unsatisfying and in reality inappropriate to an age near the apex of an interiority which has evolved from object to subject in the past 200 years.

Coltrane's poems to a higher power are massive, messianic, Bachian, each integral and inseparable composts of his creation, sincerity, and fierce but humble dedication. Every phase of his work is an approach to a spiritual transcendence which opens up enormous vistas. Through the benefit of a long period of mastering his instrument, of great blocks of development, his present music is not experimental. It is an entity of its own.

The viscosity of this music is very dense. It is laid on with huge house-brush strokes and exposed like raw viscera on a depth canvas. These vast dimensions and complexities are built up of tactile images, piled on until the meaning and coalescence come true.

Conflict and tension are a body to the plumbing of the inner spirit where good, evil, horror, beauty are handles for something vastly more mysterious and meaningful. Limpid fluidity, even of the complexity of Parker, cannot express it. As fast and as frenetic as it sounds, it is recalled as slow, grueling, grinding, indestructible, inevitable, and finally as existing on its own, something given. In *medias res*, the heavy viscous layers explode in one's consciousness in a way that reveals creation carries with it its own perfect form.

George Moran
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Rex And Hodes For The Ages

I just finished reading *My Man, Big Sid* by Rex Stewart (*DB*, Nov. 17) and enjoyed it very much. Also articles by Art Hodes are always welcome. It seems that in centuries to come, historians are going



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to have to refer to articles written by Stewart and Hodes and others in order to find the facts about this century of jazz.

Congratulations to *Down Beat*, Stewart, Hodes, and others for your contribution to history.

Ken Engel
San Diego, Calif.

The Aylers Are Right!

I think every music listener should read *The Truth Is Marching In* (*DB*, Nov. 17). It said a lot more than some of the things that are being said musically and socially today. The Ayler brothers were right—there are guys all over the States like myself who hear the sound and are looking for newer and freer roads to venture.

Charles Hazelwood
U.S. Navy Band
Mayport, Fla.

Cosby Si . . .

The Bill Cosby *Blindfold Test* (*DB*, Dec. 1) was indeed a pleasant change of pace. It may surprise some to find that some laymen can do as well or even better in a *Blindfold Test* than many musicians and so-called critics. Cosby, with no pretense to being a jazz critic, is at least interesting.

Vince Mason
Rochester, N.Y.

. . . Cosby No

Bill Cosby's *Blindfold Test* was ridiculous in regard to what may be referred to as a jazz standard. Is *Down Beat* so low on record critics that it must take a "hip" comic and let him review records?

Richard Cannito
Havertown, Pa.

Baker As Breadwinner

Your Dec. 1 issue just arrived, and for an hour I've been sitting here doing a slow burn over Pete Welding's review of two albums by Chet Baker.

Although I live in the same town as Baker, I've never had the honor of meeting him, so I have no ax to grind. However, it would seem to me that whether or not "artistic compromise" is justified for purely mercenary reasons would depend on how full your belly or how badly your kids needed new shoes.

Baker has had his troubles, certainly, and perhaps many were of his own making. But he also has, so I am told, a charming wife and some lovely children for whom he's trying to be breadwinner, despite harassment by the law, sensationalism by the press, and a noticeable lack of help or understanding by many of his fellow musicians.

These records made no pretense of being jazz records. They were frankly commercial and ordinarily wouldn't even have been reviewed by *Down Beat*. Why, then, did Welding find it necessary to go so far out of his way to put the knock on them?

Had he spent the same amount of time picking up the phone and trying to arrange a jazz gig for Baker, it would have been a hell of a lot more constructive.

Jack R. Swartz
Redondo Beach, Calif.



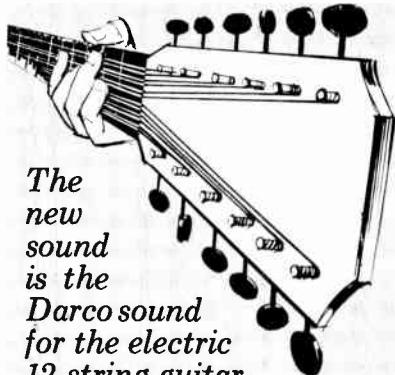
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Duke's Sacred Music Blasted By Baptists

The life of Duke Ellington "is opposed to what the church stands for," decreed the Rev. John D. Bussey, a spokesman for the Baptist Ministers Conference of Washington, D.C., when asked why his organization had passed a resolution refusing to endorse the Ellington orchestra's Constitution Hall performance of the maestro's *Concert of Sacred Music*.

Though he admitted he never heard the music, the Rev. Mr. Bussey said that he had read the lyrics of *In the Beginning God*, the main theme of the concert, and found them "all right, but the purpose is not necessarily Christian." He cited Ellington's "night-club playing and the fact the music is just considered worldly" as reasons



ELLINGTON

'Doesn't God accept sinners anymore?'

why the conference, representing nearly 150 Washington-area churches, had refused to endorse the event.

In reply, Ellington said, "I'm just a messenger boy trying to help carry the message. If I was a dishwasher . . . in a night club, does that mean I couldn't join the church? No, man, I'm just another employee. . . . Doesn't God accept sinners anymore?"

The Rev. Wendell C. Summerfield, whose Social and Civil Action Committee considered the resolution refusing the endorsement, said, "Duke Ellington represents the kind of service that we as Baptist ministers didn't feel represented the Christian impact." He further stated that the Interdenominational Church Ushers Association, the sponsoring group for the concert, was "an organization bent on making money out of the concert, rather than developing cultural or spiritual matters."

The annual charity concert, at which other music celebrities such as Mahalia Jackson have performed in previous years, was held as scheduled on Dec. 5, despite the theological criticism, but the 3,800-seat hall was 1,600 seats shy of capacity. Mrs. William E. Fowler, a spokesman for the sponsors, said that some tickets had to be given away as a result of the ministerial boycott, and the hoped-for proceeds, to be

distributed among the needy, were greatly diminished.

With ducal insight, Ellington remarked that "wisdom is something that man partially enjoys—One and only One has all the wisdom . . . every man prays in his own language, and there is no language that God does not understand."

"Communication itself is what baffles the multitude. It is both so difficult and so simple. Of all man's fears, I think men are most afraid of being what they are—in direct communication with the world at large."

Mingus And Landlord Have N.Y. Go-Round

Bassist, composer, and record-company executive Charles Mingus had a busy day Nov. 22. He took his German shepherd for a walk in the morning, and when he returned to his loft apartment at 5 Great Jones St. in downtown Manhattan, he found a reception committee of policemen, city marshals, and garbage collectors.

The marshals slapped an eviction notice on his apartment door, and the garbage men began to haul his belongings away.

The action was the outcome of a dispute of long standing between Mingus and his landlords, the Rosemary Holding Corp. According to Rosemary, Mingus owes six months' rent. According to Mingus, he sublet the loft from the previous tenant, a girl, who cannot be located.

Mingus became upset when the sanitation men carried his 70-year-old bass into their truck. "How can you do this?" he asked. He was told that he could reclaim the bass, along with his other possessions, at the sanitation department's pound, and the garbage men promised to handle it with care.

Among the things found in the apartment were a box of hypodermic needles and a shotgun. So Mingus had to go to the police station, where he produced a doctor's prescription for vitamin B injections and a permit for the gun. He was allowed to leave with the items.

At this point the bassist quipped to reporters, "It isn't every day that you see a Negro walk out of a police station with a box of hypodermic needles and a shotgun."

Religious TV Show Programs Jazz

Jazz and religion have intertwined so often in the last few years that it hardly is news when another such merger is announced. Yet in all the activity, seldom have church sessions been telecast, at least to the extent that *Look Up and Live* plans for January.

The CBS Sunday morning series will present three consecutive programs (Jan.

8, 15, 22) devoted to religious jazz as interpreted by the Ed Summerlin-Don Heckman Quintet. Summerlin, who has toiled in the jazz-religion field for the last eight years, has written the music for the programs. Titled *Celebrations*, the composition is divided into three parts, *Love*, *Work*, and *Leisure*, each of which is the subject of an individual show.

In addition to tenor saxophonist Summerlin and altoist Heckman, the quintet is scheduled to include pianist Steve Kuhn, bassist Ron Carter, and drummer Marly Morell.

Garner For Basie In Carnegie Series

A change in programming has been made in the Jazz in the Great Tradition concert series, co-sponsored by the Carnegie Hall Corp. and the Institute of Jazz Studies. Count Basie's band, which will be featured in the John Hammond-produced *From Spirituals to Swing—1967* concert that opens the series Jan. 15, will not perform at the Feb. 18 concert, as previously announced. On this date, pianist Erroll Garner will be showcased with his trio and guest artists.

The Salute to Louis Armstrong will take place on March 28, and the final concert in the series, with Duke Ellington, his orchestra and alumni, will be held as scheduled on April 13.

In addition to Basie, the *Spirituals to Swing* program will present the groups of alto saxophonist John Handy and guitarist George Benson, singers Joe Turner, Helen Humes, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, pianist Pete Johnson, and other artists not signed at presstime.

Lab Band Concert Swings In Texas

The North Texas State University Lab Bands' biannual concerts, with original compositions by the students, are beginning to take on aspects of a jazz festival.

Five of the six bands performed in the fall concert presented Nov. 29 in Denton, Texas, the school home, north of Dallas.

The special guest, bassist Ralph Pena, was the featured artist at this fall's concert. He organized eight members of the bands into an ensemble that played four of his compositions, a Thelonious Monk piece, and a folk-song adaptation.

Members of the Pena ensemble were Larry Ford and Bill Stapleton, trumpets; fluegelhorns; Mike Heathman, trombone; Joe Randazzo, tuba; Tim Bell and Louis Marini, reeds; Bill Farmer, piano; Paul Guerro, drums; and Pena, bass.

Leon Breeden, director of the Lab Bands, conducted the 1 O'Clock Band, the

Such Sweet Thunder

THE publishers of Whitney Balliett's *Such Sweet Thunder* invited us to a party at the Five Spot last month for the purpose of celebrating the book's publication.

Entering the club, we were confronted by a number of familiar faces on the stand. The leader of the band turned out to be Buddy Tate, a tall, handsome tenor saxophonist from Texas via Amityville on Long Island, and upper Manhattan. His pianist was George Wein, an impresario more accustomed to employing than being employed.

Tate's other musicians were his regular bassist, Tommy Potter; the youthful cornetist, Ruby Braff; and that paragon of the drums, Jo Jones. As the night and the party wore on, Mr. Jones was replaced by a fellow paragon, the celebrated Buddy Rich, who performed with remarkable energy and precision. The trumpet player Henry (Red) Allen also mounted the stand for several numbers, singing and jamming, as our man Stanley put it, with splendid spirit.

A lover of jazz for many years, Stanley was more than a little fascinated by the fact that this was the first jazz club he had ever been in where liquor was issued without payment. Before he became too deeply involved in socialistic theories for the propagation of similar clubs throughout the nation, he had introduced us to Mr. Balliett, a tall, be-spectacled man of a serious mien befitting a member of *The New Yorker's* staff, and to Mrs. Balliett, a slender, attractive girl, wearing a lemon-colored dress with a bright floral motif. He also introduced us to Nat Hentoff with, we felt, a rather ambiguous remark ("he writes better liner notes"); to Willis Conover ("the Voice of America to all the Russias"); and to Mike Zwerin ("the Village Voice in the Caucasus").

Stanley excused himself at this point, but when we later discovered him at the bar, he was insisting that the bartender buy Balliett's book ("well written, perceptive, and independent").

Circulating, meanwhile, among the happy throng, we had found the jazz folk exceedingly hospitable and friendly. In the half-gloom, we had an enjoyable experience of mistaken identity and accepted without misgiving an invitation to dance from an agile, dark-eyed young woman. As we rotated on the minute piece of available floor, Mr. Allen earnestly implored us to take all of him.

"Notice how warm it is getting in here?" our partner asked.

We told her that we had indeed, but we also began to feel that we were getting out of our depth. So we left while the thunder was still sweet.

traveling band, in several pieces, including a Johnny Richards arrangement of *Begin the Beguine* in honor of the band's upcoming tour of Mexico, sponsored by the U.S. State Department.

April 4 is the date of the bands' spring concert, expected to contain a series of Latin-flavored compositions and arrangements developed on the Mexican tour.

Potpourri

Vibrapharpist Gary Burton has left tenor saxophonist Stan Getz' quartet. He intends to freelance as a single attraction after having completed several scheduled recordings and an instruction manual for vibrapharists. Burton's third such book. Burton told *Down Beat* he does not have plans to form a group of his own at this time. His place in the Getz group was taken by pianist Chick Corea, whose chair with drummer Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers was filled by Bobby Timmons, at least for the duration of the group's tour of Japan, which began in late December.

Before Congress adjourned, a debate in the House on an appropriations bill, which included costs of the U. S. State Department's cultural presentations program, found Rep. Mark Andrews (R.-N. D.) grumbling about a Woody Herman Band tour of Africa. Andrews said, "The point I want to make is that while we are cutting back to \$95,000 the funds for the international farm youth exchange, I see in just one item, for instance, the Woody Herman show, that they are sending to Africa, that it is costing \$196,325, twice as much. It costs twice as much for a tour of the Woody Herman show through Africa as we spend on the entire international farm youth exchange, and I think the farm youth exchange should have the priority, and I want to call that to the attention of the members of the House."

Working all night left him no time to enjoy the sunshine, said drummer Kenny Clarke, so he has given up his six-year residency at the Blue Note in Paris. The U.S. expatriate was a mainstay of the city's jazz activities, but now he says he will devote more time to teaching his more than 200 percussion students and to composing for and playing with the big band he and pianist Franey Boland co-lead.

Alto saxophonist Ed Curran has formed an organization of jazz musicians, the New Jazz Spirits, which will present concerts at New York's Gate Theater at 162 Second Ave. The first event, on Jan. 7 at 2:30 p.m., will introduce groups led by all charter members of the organization, who subsequently will be featured in concerts of their own. The groups are alto saxophonist Sonny Simmons' Phantom Five (Jan. 28), drummer Sunny Murray's Acoustical Unit (Jan. 21), pianist Valdo Williams' New Advanced Jazz Trio (Feb. 4), and Curran's quartet (Jan. 14).

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz unveiled a new quartet at the Five Spot. He used Marshall Brown, valve trombone (and arranger); John Beal, bass, and Ronnie Bedford, drums. The quartet's one-week stand was followed by a fortnight of fluegelhornist Art Farmer's quintet, with Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Walter Booker, bass; and Mickey Roker, drums. Prior to the Five Spot gig, Heath joined forces for a week at Slug's with fellow tenorist Hank Mobley . . . A new club, Hilly's, on W. Ninth St., recently had weekend jazz by pianist Bobby Timmons, guitarist Attila Zoller, and bassist Charlie Haden. The three also were heard on Sunday afternoons . . . Clarinetist-tenor saxophonist Jimmy Giuffre, vibrapharpist Teddy Charles, bassist Barre Phillips, and drummer Arnie Wise provided musical backgrounds and interludes for the Broadway production of the Czech Apparition Puppet Theater during November . . . Pianist Randy Weston unveiled a new sextet at his Carnegie Recital Hall concert Dec. 5, the second in the Personal Dimension concert series co-sponsored by the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers University. Weston had Ray Copeland, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Clifford Jordan, tenor saxophone; Bill Wood, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums; and Montego Joe, conga. The concert was followed by appearances at the Rutgers campuses in Newark, New Brunswick, and Camden, N.J. Weston also was scheduled to begin a month's run at Top of the Gate Dec. 20, heading a trio opposite solo pianist Jaki Byard, following pianist-singer Mose Allison's trio . . . Downstairs at the Village Gate, singer Morgana King, flutist Herbie Mann's group, and comic Godfrey Cambridge hold forth through the year-end holidays . . . The much-acclaimed trio co-led by pianist Hampton Hawes and bassist Jimmy Garrison made its New York debut at the Village Vanguard in early December, following the quintet co-led by trumpeter Thad Jones and baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams, which came in for a week after trumpeter Miles Davis' one-week stand in mid-November. Saxophonist John Coltrane's quintet was added as a weekend attraction during the Jones-Adams run . . . Recent Jazz Interactions Sunday sessions at Top of the Gate have featured trumpeter Joe Newman (with Oliver Nelson, tenor saxophone; Ross Tompkins, piano; Russell George, bass; Ron Lundberg, drums); pianist Burton Greene (with Byard Lancaster, reeds; Steve Tintweiss, bass; Shelly Rusten, drums); bass trumpeter Mike Zwerin (with tenor saxophonist Joe Farrell, pianist-singer Bob Dorough, bassist Bill Crow, and drummer Mickey Roker) . . . Composer-reed man Ed Summerlin has been keeping busy the last two months. A recital of his compositions was held at Erskine College, in One West, S. C. He played two specially commissioned works. His new cantata, *The Coming of Christ* (for jazz sextet and chorus), was performed under his direction at the University of

Wisconsin. And a concert of his compositions was given at Vassar College. In addition, the Summerlin-**Don Heckman** Improvisational Ensemble (Summerlin, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Heckman, alto saxophone; Lew Gluckin, trumpet; Bob Norden, trombone; Ron Carter, bass; Marty Morell, drums) performed at Drew University, in Madison, N.J., and at the Interchurch Center in New York City (with Steve Swallow substituting for Carter at Drew) . . . New Orleans alto saxophonist Capt. John Handy performed at a Connecticut Traditional Jazz Society event at Moose Hall in Stamford with trumpeter Sidney DeParis, trombonist Jimmy Archey, clarinetist Sammy Rimington, bassist Hayes Alvis, and local musicians . . . A midnight recital of contemporary jazz was held Dec. 2 at Sheridan Square Playhouse with Ric Colbeck, cornet; Byard Lancaster, reeds; Nick Evans, bassoon; Joe Blair, violin; Calo Scott, cello; Bob Cunningham, bass; Sonny Sharrock, guitar; and Frank Clayton, percussion . . . Alto saxophonist Ed Curran's quartet (Mare Levin, cornet, fluegelhorn, mellophone; Kioshy Tokunaga, bass; Bob Ponzar, drums) gave a concert at St. Mark's

Church . . . Cornetist Don Cherry has been the Monday night feature at the Five Spot . . . Drummer Jual Curtis' group (with Curtis Fuller, trombone; Frank Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Jane Getz, piano; Henry Grimes, bass) performed at the Rev. John Gensel's jazz vespers services . . . Drummer Al Drears headed a quartet of tenor saxophonist John Gilmore, pianist Lamont Johnson, and bassist Ray McKinney at the Prelude on 129th St. and Broadway for a month . . . Sundays are now "jazz improvisation" nights at Charlie Bates' Saloon on First Ave. . . . Clarinetist Benny Goodman and his sextet performed at the swank midnight coming-out party for the facsimile edition of *Vanity Fair*, held at the penthouse atop Bergdorf-Goodman in a 1920s atmosphere.

LOS ANGELES: Because of recent teenage disturbances along Hollywood's Sunset Strip, clubs there are having miseries. Traffic has been hopelessly snarled, especially on weekends; demonstrations have started at the slightest provocation; wholesale arrests have been made. The Playboy Club reported a 25 percent

drop in business, and Dino's Lodge received permission from Local 47 to lay off its house duo of pianist Jack Elton and bassist Steve LaFever. Also singing the blues are the Villa Frascati, the Melody Room, the Continental Hotel, Sherry's, and the Living Room . . . Gerald Wilson now has a "semiannual home" in Hermosa Beach. His recent gig at the Lighthouse there turned out so well that he has been signed to bring in his band twice a year. After leaving the Lighthouse, the Wilson band did a one-nighter at Memory Lane and will return there Dec. 29-Jan. 10. After Wilson, there were Montgomery brothers all over the Lighthouse. And, again, there was a line outside. Wes was on guitar, Monk on bass, and Buddy on piano. Billy Wilson played drums with the brothers. Remaining at the Lighthouse on Mondays and Tuesdays is bassist Howard Rumsey fronting his all-stars: Bob Cooper, reeds; Frank Strazzeri, piano; and Donald Bailey, drums . . . At Shelly's Manne-Hole, guitarist Gabor Szabo used a second guitarist, Jimmy Stewart, plus bassist Albert Stinson and drummer Jim Keltner. Szabo is leaning toward Eastern

(continued on page 41)



A COUPLE OF GOOD CLUBS

A State Of Mind

By MICHAEL ZWERIN

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER and more innocent, I used to dream of opening my own jazz club someday. It would be a perfect club, relaxed, with moderate prices, yet chic. No cons, warm decor, and I would play there with my own group.

I've since become aware of the Grand Army of the Republic—as one Greenwich Village coffee-shop owner referred to the cops he was paying off—and all the other devious but necessary operations that make owning a cabaret in New York City basically an insensitive occupation.

Yet there remains a certain romance about jazz, and some entrepreneurs who open clubs seem to like the idea of employing jazz musicians, listening to their music as they work, and, hopefully, making a profit.

Nobody would open a club unless he expected to make money at it. Romance goes only so far, and that's okay. It's a fact, whether you like it or not, that everything in the free-enterprise system comes to the marketplace sooner or later. New clubs provide work, and since I play jazz, I am interested in their welfare. So please excuse me if I seem presumptuous, giving unsolicited, and per-

haps unwanted, advice.

Pookie's Pub used to be a saloon near the Holland Tunnel. Recently, though, Marty Koch, fresh out of the Brooklyn College classics department, took it over. He has been placing big ads in the *Village Voice* headlined Hip Jazz Weekend. His attraction has been Jay Colantone, an attractive and talented girl singer, accompanied by piano and bass. The place is plain and honest and reminds me of the old Five Spot.

When I called Pookie's to check its prices, Marty's partner, Neil, said beer cost 90 cents a bottle and harder stuff anywhere from \$1.10 to \$1.25. He also said they were negotiating for John Coltrane and, if they got him, would, of course, have to raise these prices.

"But, I mean, that's only logical," he said.

Because I do have a selfish if somewhat tangential interest in Pookie's welfare, I would like to remind Marty and Neil that the classic way to go out of business is to build a high nut before there are enough reserves to carry you through one or two rainy nights. This is a bit of expensive experience I obtained eight years ago by investing \$2,000 in a total-loss operation called Five Spot East, in Watermill on Long Island.

I'd hate to see the same thing happen to Pookie's. You get a big act, charge too much, nobody comes, and then people conclude that jazz is dead because they lost money.

Charlie Mingus was in Pookie's one night, wearing a safari shirt and playing bass. He said he was just doing it to help a new place get started. Beautiful! I would like to help too. But what kind of place are we helping? Another expensive joint where they grab your coat and \$3 as you walk through the door, with overpriced drinks, badly balanced sound sys-

tem, and salty waiters? I don't think I want to help another place like that.

Except for Slug's Saloon, there is no club in New York City where one can hear live jazz cheap. There's room for another place like that. Marty and Neil, for your own sakes, as well as for the scene, I beg you to keep Pookie's plain and reasonable and wait a while for the "big time." You will have done a beautiful job if you are still open as you read this.

So as not to be completely negative, here are a few people I think might be good for you right now—they all have some kind of name and are not heard enough. Howard Johnson, Garnett Brown, Paul Bley, Roswell Rudd—more, too many more. Or how about Tony Fruscello?

L'Intrigue, at 35 W. 56th St., is plusher and dearer but more like my youthful fantasies. The Joe Beck Trio has been there for some months. Beck, guitar; Don Payne, bass; and Don MacDonald, drums, make up a together group, playing soft music close enough to the melody to appeal to the great unwashed but still plentifully subtle in content.

The acoustics are soft and padded, the lights romantic, and the atmosphere good for listening. I don't know what the policy was previously, but Nancy Steele, the current owner, likes to have jazz in her club, and she seems to be going about it in the right way—at least it grooves me.

Blossom Dearie was there a few months ago, and Jackie Cain and Roy Kral did two weeks in November. The Beck trio is the house band.

L'Intrigue seems the kind of place where a group can get itself together while making a living and a reputation. Pookie's is a downtown version. I hope it stays that way.

cb

Inside The Recording Booth

THE NEW DRUMMER!

By Orrin Keepnews

Let us consider the least understood figure on the jazz recording scene—even though his function is unquestionably one of the most important. He is known by a variety of titles, of which the most common (and perhaps the most confusing) is a&r man, a set of initials that means “artist and repertoire,” which in turn means nothing much to most people.

As it happens, I know a good deal about this subject, having by now functioned in this particular capacity for more than a decade. For this very reason, however, it is quite easy for me to understand why this is an area of more than a little mystery and confusion. I won't really go so far as to say that even I don't always know exactly what an a&r man is supposed to be up to—but there *are* moments. . . .

To put the problem into a specific setting: if the average jazz fan were to visit an average record session (for present purposes, I allow myself the thoroughly unlikely assumption that either of these “average” items exist), he'd have little difficulty identifying practically everyone present.

In the high-ceilinged, microphone-and wire-cluttered recording studio



jazz, one can stay home and hear a dozen or more groups in a single evening, thanks to records.

And just about all those records exist because of the decisions and production activities of those men described as, among other things, "a&r."

I began by noting that there are several different descriptive titles and catch-phrases in use—and actually this variety of nomenclature offers a few helpful clues as to what it's all about. This fellow, then, is at times listed in the credits on the back of an album as a "producer." On other occasions the credit may read that a recording was "supervised" by him. Sometimes he is referred to as a recording director, more rarely as a musical director (although that usually means something closer to the realm of arrangers and conductors). Combinations of terms evolve as well: one major label describes these men as a&r producers. And I have noted gradations of titling all the way from associate producer up to executive producer without really knowing what significant meaning was intended (except perhaps to indicate smaller or larger salaries).

I know of one colleague who, during a between-engagements period, threw the state unemployment insurance office into complete turmoil. The clerks couldn't complete his file, because they couldn't figure out what his job classification was. He always referred to himself as a record producer, which didn't seem to help them at all; finally they listed him as "director, recording," along with the code number used for "director, stage and motion picture."

would be anywhere from a handful of persons to a small crowd. There would be musicians, some of whom he would recognize because he had seen their faces in clubs or on album covers. Others on hand could be deduced on a simple functional basis (the man playing the drums is a drummer; the one in the control room fussing with a multitude of dials is likely to be the recording engineer; etc.). Even the few who might plainly be doing nothing at all would therefore be identifiable as friends of the musicians, or maybe as the star performer's manager.

But one participant would undoubtedly defy analysis or categorizing: a man scurrying from control room to studio and back again, with something to say to practically everyone, and later perched in the control room listening intently while the music is being recorded and then out in the studio listening intently while it's being played back over the loud-speakers there—but probably talking to someone most of that time, too; a man whose reactions vary from anguish to pleasure (and back

again); a man who seems to be overseeing everything from the ordering of sandwiches to the sequence of solos. . . . In short, this man is clearly a person in some position of authority but one whose precise function would appear virtually impossible to determine.

For me to call this mysterious creature the key figure at this "average" recording session would seem immodest, but to be honest this is exactly what I must do. *Not* the most important figure, mind you; that role does have to be reserved for the soloist, leader, group, or singer whose performance will be what the record produced here is all about. But the *key*—the glue, the guide, the catalytic agent, often the instigator of the whole thing and usually the one who, at the end, puts it into suitable shape for presentation to the world. Something like father, mother, foreman, and scoutmaster all in one. Small wonder that it's difficult for anyone (including myself) to define the nature or spell out the details of the job.

TO UNDERLINE the importance (for better or worse) of this key man, let me pause for a moment to note the fact that, in our time, jazz records have been coming into existence at an overwhelming rate. Clearly the phonograph record has become far and away the main method of disseminating jazz. Even in a city that offers virtually no in-person

Inside The Recording Booth

It also seems relevant to note that another colleague likes to compare us all, rather sardonically, with baseball managers. What he has in mind, it turns out, is a long-standing baseball-fan bromide to the effect that managing is a negative art: a manager can never really win a game, but he can be responsible for losing it. The best manager, therefore, is the one who loses up least often, who loses the fewest ball games.

One additional set of general observations may be called for:

I cannot describe for you a "typical" jazz a&r man, or even indicate any sort of basic-minimum attributes or qualifications. Because there is *no* typical producer, there is actually little or no similarity of techniques or attitudes between any two of us. There is no school at which a person can get formal training for this occupation, no set of generally accepted ground rules in existence. Some of the best, best-known and/or most active are not musicians. This is quite uncommon among producers in other types of music, but in jazz there is a fairly prevalent theory that it helps to be a nonmusician, since one thereby supposedly avoids the dangers of overdirecting, of (perhaps subconsciously) trying to get the musicians to play the material exactly the way the a&r man would if he were playing.

Today's jazz a&r men do include an increasing number of working musicians; it would appear that playing is no more of a barrier to a would-be producer than not playing. On the other hand, there are many who turned to producing from quite unrelated ways of making a living—I can readily think of a former publicity agent, a onetime movie director, an ex-editor. And merely being thoroughly steeped in the subject is not necessarily adequate training; I know of more than one retail record salesman who made the transition, but I also know a celebrated jazz writer and a top-rated jazz disc jockey both of whom readily admit that they flopped rather completely in a&r roles.

Fortunately or unfortunately, it's a skill that can only be learned on the job—which makes for expensive apprenticeships and usually means that a man must get his first assignment through some combination of luck, pull, or accident. It really isn't too surprising, then, that more than a few began by the simple process of starting their own record companies. This, however, does not necessarily mean one is going to stay in business long enough to get the hang of it before the money runs out. It does serve to indicate, though, that the real common denominator is a deep love of jazz. Putting this the other way around, I'd say that a man has to

be insane to get involved in producing jazz records *unless* he loves the music deeply.

However, one man's love may, in someone else's view, look more like commerce. A great many of those most heavily concerned with recording the jazz of the '50s and '60s happen to be men who started out as devout traditionalists, what were once called "moldy figs." The list would include, in no particular order, men like Alfred Lion, John Hammond, George Avakian, Les Koenig, Bob Thiele, Nesuhi Ertegun, and myself. I would consider all of us sufficiently sensitive and flexible and alert to have managed a difficult change-over in fine style and with sincere motivation; yet I am sure that each of us was on at least one occasion vilified as an unprincipled, commercialized turn-coat. (Undoubtedly the only lesson to be learned from this is the very broad one that you can't possibly please everyone all the time anyhow, which I consider a very valuable lesson for record producers to learn early in life.)

I HAVE VERY PROBABLY given a rather exaggerated impression of the degree of chaos and individualism in the world of the jazz a&r man. To balance the picture, let me take you on an explanatory journey through the steps involved in the creation of what can at any rate be called a representative jazz album (even though it obviously can't be called a "typical" one, in view of my insistence that *nothing* in this area is typical):

To begin with, long before even approaching the recording studio, there is the original coming together of label and artist. In the case of an established star or a performer who has at least been around and making records for a while, the process is simple enough: you discover, or are informed, that he is available, and after negotiating terms, a contract is signed, usually one giving the company exclusive recording rights for a period of time. The customary exclusive contract makes basic sense to both parties: the company knows it will have the artist's new work in its catalog for the next couple of years, which can mean that just one best-seller can counterbalance the red ink of several LPs that are, either intentionally or unavoidably, merely artistic successes—or maybe no kind of success at all. Consequently, the company feels more able to give the artist that big-band date he wants, more able to concentrate its thinking and planning and promotion activities on him than if it were only going to have the benefit of an isolated one-shot album from him.

This same theory applies in the case of a new artist, but here the company's

risk is much greater, for most newcomers don't attract appreciable public attention and record sales for several years—and many turn out to have been permanent wrong guesses, artistically or commercially, or both.

And it *is* a guess, for in the discovering of new talent the producer is certainly playing a game with no rules. He may hear someone in an obscure club or catch a newly arrived sideman in some star's band. He might even be impressed by the unknown musician who showed up at the company's office with a demonstration record or tape nervously (or aggressively) tucked under his arm. More frequently than he might like to admit, the producer is steered in the right direction by the recommendation of an established musician. (Fellow performers, obviously, are likely to become aware of new talent most quickly. In order of alertness, musicians generally come first, followed by record companies and a few very attentive hippy listeners. Then come the critics, with—as has been observed more than once—the general public last, if at all, and clubowners practically never.)

In my own experience, the recording careers of Bill Evans and Wes Montgomery began when and as they did because musicians tipped me off, when Bill was an obscure sideman and Wes was still self-confined to his home town of Indianapolis.

Anyway, assume contact has been made in one of these ways, a spark has been touched off, a decision has been reached. The a&r man will introduce the performer to the world.

At this point, a word about what I believe to be a fairly prevalent point of confusion. It is true, in a sense, that this young musician—and most older ones, too—will "pay for" his record date. But it is only true in a rather misleading and often meaningless way. The actual paying out of recording fees to the leader, the various sidemen involved, arrangers, etc., is done by the company. These costs are charged against that leader's royalty account—that is, he will receive additional royalty payments only when enough copies of his record have been sold to enable his earned royalties to "pay back" those company expenditures. If, as so often happens, the record never sells that much, the leader's negative royalty account "owes" a hypothetical and uncollectable balance; the real cash loss is the company's.

So much for high and low finance, which at this early stage undoubtedly concerns neither the artist nor the a&r man. They are probably busy figuring out the nature of the upcoming record date. Will it be a small group or some-

thing large, will there be formally scored arrangements, normal instrumentation, or something far out? Some of these points will be answered by decisions as to repertoire—whether for some reason it seems best to do a jazz album of Beatles hits with strings or whether (as is most often the case with a new artist) presenting the man in a program designed to showcase his strong points seems better than a gimmicked approach the first time around.

Even in the simpler cases, repertoire must be mulled. The a&r man has some material that to him sounds right for the artist, who in turn has some original tunes of his own (and a couple by a talented friend), and there is discussion for and against various old standards and recent pop hits and a Monk tune that hasn't been recorded in five years (and hasn't been recorded accurately in 10). The producer may be dictatorial, subtle or permissive, but eventually the selections are made.

Up to now the a&r man has functioned fairly directly in the areas of artist and of repertoire. At about this point he begins to be a producer in something of the Broadway-David Merrick sense.

There are musicians, and perhaps an arranger or so, to be hired. The featured artist's preferences will probably be respected to a substantial degree, but unless this is an album by a working group, the producer will very likely want to choose most of the sidemen from his own rather substantial roster of the tried-and-true—men who can be depended on to show up on time, sight-read swiftly if necessary, and in general take care of business. There are enough unavoidable imponderables in a record date; it's best to avoid what you can.

A mutually feasible time must be decided on for recording; a studio must be rented, and there is the sometimes agonizingly tricky business of getting the timetables of all concerned to dovetail properly.

Finally, we can assume that everyone is in the recording studio at the appointed time, whereupon the basic role of the a&r man-producer shifts to something best described by such other terms as director and supervisor (*and amateur psychologist*).

As I described earlier, the hectic nature of the recording date makes it a place of tension. Well, perhaps the most important function of the producer-etc. at this point is to keep that tension from being generally felt. He is working within fairly rigid limits of time, circumstance, and practicality. The musicians' union measures the time on which the pay scale is based in three-hour units; it is most uneconomical not to shape a session around that fact. And within



ORRIN KEEPNEWS

the given period, the proper recorded sound must be achieved (which involves the microphone-placing and dial-setting abilities of recording engineers, a class of men who are generally quite talented but on occasion temperamental), the music must get to be played right (on big-band dates, the general situation is that it has been physically impossible to have any rehearsal, which can make things rough), and it must—obviously—be performed with the proper jazz feeling. The key to all this, as I've noted, is to keep the feeling of tension and pressure from spilling over: be a clock-watcher if you must, but don't let anyone know you're watching it.

Above all, that feature performer must be kept in the best possible form. It is unfortunate, although certainly not surprising, that there are no over-all rules whatsoever for accomplishing this. Just about every jazz artist I can think of calls for a different approach. If you are lucky enough to be working with someone you have had experience with, you'll know whether he needs to be pep-talked or left alone (at that extreme end of the scale, there is the famous trumpet player who refused to allow the producer to leave the control room and enter the studio during an entire session), whether he is really as calm as he looks or a bundle of concealed nerve-ends, whether one more attempt to do a better job with that last tune will probably do the trick or make everyone blow sky-high. If you don't know your man, a producer is likely to find a record session largely a matter of fast verbal footwork and guesswork. And better luck next time.

Under any circumstances there will be much on-the-job adjustment. What do you do when the blues that you wanted to keep under three minutes (to get lots of air play) turns out to run twice as long, largely because everyone

stretched his solo a bit—and they all played great? You might want to raise that tempo, get rid of that corny ending, eliminate that piano solo, or simply scream out loud at the one bad note that loused up the only decent ensemble chorus recorded on that tune all day. Well, you'll either speak up or not, you'll either ruin everybody's mood or come up a hero ("Why didn't I think of doing it that way?"), but it all has to be done according to your personal evaluation of the situation, your temperament, your a&r philosophy: are you a frustrated musician at heart, or do you subscribe to that baseball-manager theory?

Let me draw a curtain of silence over certain post-recording woes and glories. These would include both the number that never sounded right in the studio and is saved by a brilliant stroke of editing and the album that you love but can never get the promotion department to do anything for. They include the artist who thanks you for your help in his career and the one whose wife hates you because you didn't prevent the use of that awful picture on the album cover. And they most certainly include the reviewer who entirely misses what you were trying to do and puts the album down because he doesn't think the flute is really a jazz instrument anyhow.

HOPEFULLY, I have done something in this article to push aside at least some of the mystery and confusion surrounding this peculiar but honorable craft of which I am one of the practitioners. If I have, the reader will perhaps understand the full meaning of an old saying heard frequently at recording studios: "It's good enough for jazz." This sounds like a put-down but is actually quite the opposite. It refers to that optimum "take," when the ensemble may perhaps still be a little ragged but the solos sound just lovely and the over-all pace and feeling is *right*. It's a moment when you sense that further work might improve the precision but will certainly drag the high spots down from their present level and lessen the total impact. So you decide to stop right there and keep that as *the* performance of the number. Right or wrong, it is a good feeling, for it involves the realization that jazz is not concerned with perfection but with something much more desirable and rarer. To all of us to whom jazz really means something, it is a very reassuring phrase. It applies, of course, to a lot more than just the recording scene; it is really a very valid sort of all-purpose tag line, referring to anything that is still a little rough and fouled-up around the edges but has its soul in shape.

Despite its merits, this music suffers from repetitiveness, especially harmonically. . . .

The flow of feeling sometimes sounds like an exercise in scales and chord runs, and the ending, with those tired riffs, is a disappointment. . . .

The other two numbers are routine, unexciting blues pieces, meant for dancing rather than listening. . . .

Among the imperfections are a difference of opinion on a chord change and a moment of indecision. . . .

His work is fluent, and he plays some nice lines, but his solos are often marred by cliches. . . .

LINER NOTES: AN APOLOGIA

By STANLEY DANCE

YOU NEVER READ statements like the above in liner notes, because liner notes are a form of advertising. No record company in its right mind is going to pay anyone to make unkind remarks about its products. That should be obvious to the meanest intelligences; yet year after year objections are raised by people who know better.

Liner notes have been a godsend to jazz critics in many countries. The

foundation for them was laid in annotated albums of three and four 78-r.p.m. records during the early '40s, but the business did not get into full production until the advent of the long-playing record.

When that occurred, I was still living in England, where the head of one label was very serious about his liner notes. He paid the same 5 guineas (\$15) as the other companies then did, but by using small type he managed to crowd about 2,000 words on the backs of his sleeves. These notes were mostly extracts from books and magazines (U.S., English, and French), and they were made by diligent scribes who added a few warm theories of their own. The record chief held that such compilations were of greater value than most of the criticism then being printed.

After listening to him declaim to this effect on one occasion, I suggested that histories were still basically blurbs. When he resisted this idea angrily, I asked if I could write (for free) the notes on the next album by whatever group it was that I particularly hated at the time—with the stipulation that I could write what I felt about the music. I didn't get the gig, or ever any

others from him.

A few years later, I was present at a somewhat comic panel discussion at a Newport Jazz Festival. A number of music-business personalities, who like to display themselves before their public, had a lot of negative remarks to make about critics. Critics were ignorant of industry problems. Critics were technically ill-equipped. Critics did not sell records. And worst of all, critics wrote liner notes! Coming from some of the mouths they did, the various implications of venality and corruption were not a little humorous.

The jazz critic is, of course, the logical person to write liner notes on jazz albums. The musicians and the a&r men seldom have the time or the inclination. With one or two notable exceptions, the disc jockeys and radio voices are masters of the spoken word but not of the written, their employment as writers usually being an expression of gratitude for favors received or favors to come.

Some jazz critics write liner notes anonymously or under pseudonyms. Some take pains to disguise their normal style; others do not, or are incapable of doing so. There is no doubt,

however, that the critic suffers a fall from grace when his name appears on an album that does not contain music of the kind he normally approves. This would seem to restrict his venality, but it is popularly assumed that he modifies his critical stand to escape such restriction.

So far as I can see, there is little evidence to support this. Most critics participate in annual musician and record polls, which serve as excellent barometers to corruption and compromise, if and where these sorry qualities exist. Two of the best and most prolific annotators are Nat Hentoff and Leonard Feather. Although we may disagree with them as critics, they can explain the concept of a record and give the relevant facts on a liner. Yet both of them are still taking their stands and sticking their necks out elsewhere, rightly or wrongly, just as determinedly and just as far as anyone else.

Knowing the critic's taste, it is not hard to distinguish between the liner note written for love and money and that written for money alone. This is not to say that the former is necessarily the better. Bearing in mind that the liner note is essentially a blurb—not a critique—it is easy to see why the straight money job is usually more difficult and more of a challenge. Because of this, paradoxically, it often exacts more care and a higher standard of writing.

Record companies obviously employ critics as writers rather than as critics, but this is not conceded by those, perhaps of independent means, who are so ready to utter the charge of prostitution. If prostitution, it is the same kind as that which has some of the world's finest jazz musicians working in the rock-and-roll mines every day. Just as the musician is equipped to play, so is the critic equipped to write, and both want to make their livelihood by the exercise of their skills.

There are simply not enough work opportunities for either jazz critics or jazz musicians, but both have a common interest in making more. Apart from this country's two syndicated columnists and a handful of magazine editors, it is difficult to think of more than a dozen persons throughout the world who exist solely by writing about jazz. To some of these, too, liner notes are a means of survival—or the difference between a jazz life and a return to the farm.

Plainly, there is good and bad in the current situation. With the help of liner notes, a critic can preserve a kind of professional status in the music business. His experience of it is more constant, his view of its many aspects broader. If he worked on the farm or

in the factory by day, would he be better equipped to function as an amateur critic by night?

This may sound like special pleading, but having operated in both an amateur and a professional capacity, I can be objective as well as subjective.

My sympathies are fairly well known, and usually I am asked to write liners for albums by the musicians I admire. I also have annotated albums of reissues from the era of what Andre Hodeir rightly termed "classic" jazz. Regardless of any question of ability, I can claim to have enthusiasm for projects of this kind, since they involve music that I especially enjoy.

Other critics would obviously be happier writing about George Lewis, Sonny Rollins, Bill Evans, or Ornette Coleman, but there are also border-line cases that require a certain amount of soul-searching. The producer of an album by Duke Ellington and John Coltrane wore a decidedly quizzical look as he asked if I would care to do the notes.

Ideally, of course, the annotator should attend the recording sessions. He can then give impressions of the action in the studio above and beyond those provided by the photographer. This, in my opinion, can add considerably to a listener's interest and pleasure in the music. It can also help to fill the big, empty white space of a liner when the music is primarily a repeat of a successful formula by a popular, established group. Assignments of this latter kind are among the more exacting, but credit is seldom given for their successful completion.

It always must be remembered that the customer at the browser box is a customer of much importance. If he buys the record, he may or may not be in the mood to digest 2,000 words of solemn prose as he plays it, but as he stands in the store he wants to be able to get a fairly quick impression of what the music is about.

Some jazz artists really need no liner notes at all, because everybody knows what they do and how they do it. But for others, notes are vital. In both cases, the provision of accurate data concerning personnel, arrangers, composers, and soloists should be obligatory. With this in hand, the buyer can listen to his record with minimal confusion, but such information is often not given, and it falls to the annotator to ferret it out if he can.

Here he can run into problems within companies that regard jazz not as an art, but as a subdivision of pop music. Its importance in the eyes of the industry as a whole is indicated by this year's revised National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences schedule

for Grammy awards. Country-and-western music will get four, rock-and-roll three, rhythm-and-blues three, and jazz two.

Manufacturing problems are also often directly responsible for errors, omissions, and inadequacies. To correlate the recording session with editing, mixing, pressing, label copy, liner copy, liner printing, and a release date fixed a long way in advance is far from easy. The annotator, as a result of this complicated process, is frequently obliged to write in a hurry.

I remember going to Sy Oliver on one occasion for information on an album to which he had contributed and explaining that the notes had to be completed within 24 hours. He laughed. "It's the same with arrangements," he said, "except that they'd like you to have them ready yesterday."

There is commonly not enough time to check out facts with either the record producer or the artist. The one may be in Hollywood, the other in Europe. Sometimes the notes are needed in such a rush that the writer is not even provided a tape or an acetate, album title, song titles, or background on the artists, who happen to be living in France at the moment! In such cases, it is better not to sign your name. Sometimes the title of a composition is changed, or the title sequence switched around, after the notes have been submitted, with confusing results, since the company seldom edits the liner-note copy.

There are so many possibilities for error that it is amazing more mistakes do not occur, but liner notes, in the final analysis, do provide valuable documentation to jazz history.

In their reissue programs, the record companies have effectively subsidized a great deal of research. A particularly good example of this is George Hoefer's exhaustive guide to Harlem night spots in Columbia's *The Sound of Harlem* package. This is a reference work that undoubtedly will be made good use of in the future but with probably little credit ever being given either the researcher or the company that made it possible.

As for the constant flow of new jazz albums, the liner notes—at their best—provide an immense amount of factual information that is of instant assistance to the hard-pressed reviewer.

The jazz historian of the future is also likely to find this additional running commentary—attuned as it is to the sentiments of the time—a rewarding and often amusing source of material, amusing because from the vantage point of time he may be able better to determine when the album annotator was writing tongue in cheek.



It is well known—at least to those familiar with the jazz community—that the jazz critic is at best tolerated and at worst despised by the great majority of jazz musicians.

Several factors—some general, some specific—underlie this regrettable state of affairs. Perhaps the most glaring is that all writers whose subject is jazz are called “critics.” The term itself implies a general attitude toward the creative artist and his work that the artist has learned to fear and disrespect, by no means only in jazz but in every field of art.

A much-used dictionary defines critic as “one who expresses a reasoned opinion on any matter, involving a judgment of its value, truth, or righteousness, or an appreciation of its beauty or technique,” which seems reasonable. But the second definition given is, unfortunately, the one most generally applied: “One given to harsh and captious judgment; a caviler or carper.”

To understand the artist’s attitude toward the critic fully, one would have to survey the cultural and intellectual history of the world, with special attention to Western civilization in the last two centuries.

This would involve discussion of the rise of a literate mass audience with sufficient leisure time for cultural pursuits; the growth of media of information; the proliferation of the printed and publicly spoken word; and the establishment of a culture that consumes huge quantities of real and pseudo-art, both high and low, serious and popular.

In terms of antecedents, the critic today has assumed an importance out of all proportion with his substantive qualifications and authentic function.

Ideally, the critic, in the true sense of one who applies rational judgments to works of art, should be an arbiter of taste, one who defines and maintains standards of excellence, and whose utterances furnish a balanced, calm, and lucid perspective on the field in which he specializes.

The ideal critic should provide insight; he should be the agent through whom the artist’s audience can be increased, both quantitatively and qualitatively; he should be committed to the art.

Such a critic is outstandingly rare. He is even rarer today than in previous ages, because the problematic nature of modern existence impinges itself on every area of life, including the supposedly lofty heights of artistic creation.

Since not even the artist is free from such intrusions, how could the critic be? And the working critic, the journal-

ist-reviewer, who is the kind of critic the jazz artist and audience most often are confronted with, is even less able to think and write and publish in an intellectually uncontaminated atmosphere.

In relation to the nonverbal arts (and even to one verbal art—perhaps the highest—poetry) the critic is confronted with yet another obstacle. That is the nature of verbal communication, and its relationship to nonverbal conceptualization. Words have a way of limiting things, of pinning them down, of robbing them of dimensions and aspects not readily definable in logical terms.

Art, by its very nature, contains elements that are literally indescribable in mere words. A description of a poem is not the poem itself at all; a description of a painting can only, at best, conjure up a vague shadow of what the painting is really like. And a piece of music is even less subject to translation into words. It is a language of sounds, like speech, but utterly unlike speech in structure and purpose.

Musical notation is only a poor tool, since it cannot communicate sound and actual rhythm, and when it comes to jazz, which lends itself to notation even less than composed music, it is only a means of indicating, never of describing.

It is, of course, possible to describe, in words and notes, the basic characteristics and essentials of jazz. This, however, is not the task of the critic but of the musicologist (though these can be one and the same person). And what is required of the jazz critic, in his practical function, is not that at all.

The jazz writer, when he functions as a critic (he is just as often reporter, historian, biographer, publicist, or proselytizer), is asked to apply judgment to selected works or performances under specific and circumscribed conditions. Unless he is given an assignment of very broad scope, such as a long piece on the total work of a given artist, his subject will be a concert, a series of night-club sets, or a record, and he will be required to be fairly brief and to the point.

But what is a record or a concert or a night-club performance? It is an isolated incident in the career of a work-

ing jazz musician, often severely restricted in terms of opportunity for expression. Thus, when the eager critic applies the full force of his judgment to so slender a target, he may incur resentment from the artist—often rightly so.

Sometimes the critic—if he is inexperienced—doesn’t know better. But mostly he does, and the musician knows he does. In order to deliver a lofty judgment, the judge must be unimpeachable. But when many a critic dons his judicial robes, he has just slipped out of his working clothes, which may be soiled with the not-at-all-lofty traces of his other past and current pursuits.

Furthermore, his qualifications to deliver judgment at all may well be questioned by his subjects.

He must prove his right to be heard by being able to back up his opinions with sound experience, drawn from long and intimate involvement with the music, and based on thorough understanding of its nature and history.

Too often, a writer becomes invested with the critical mantle without these necessary qualifications. The jazz press, at home and abroad, is often semiprofessional at best, and the pages of most jazz magazines bulge with ill-informed, ill-expressed, and otherwise amateurish “critical” opinion.

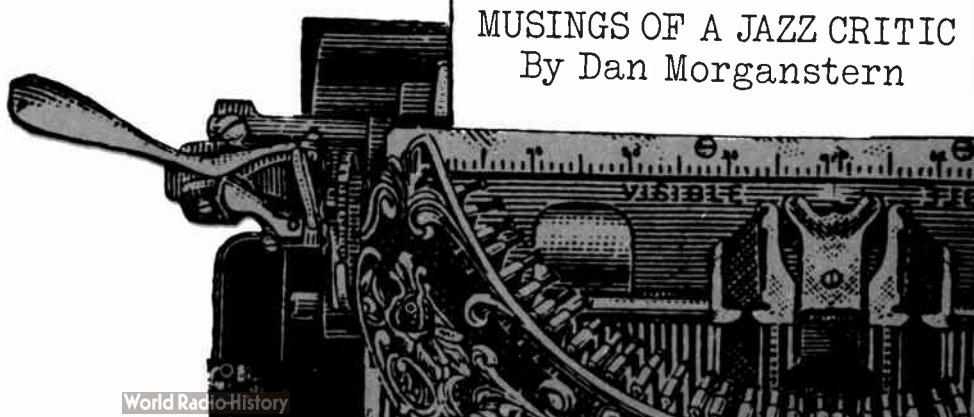
Is it any wonder, then, that “critic” has become a dirty word to so many jazz musicians?

Yet, this state of affairs does a great injustice to the honest, well-qualified, and perceptive critics, of which there are a number, as well as to the sincere, dedicated professional journalists and writers who are sometimes also required to perform as reviewer-critics.

These writers have acquired the tools of their profession without benefit of the aids existing in other fields. Jazz is an elusive subject; there are, as yet, no serviceable jazz libraries or research centers; the body of jazz literature that does exist is often difficult to locate, and its most useful component, the periodical, has not been indexed and classified.

No study grants are given to would-

MUSINGS OF A JAZZ CRITIC By Dan Morganstern



be jazz critics, no foundations are interested in their work, no academic teaching positions exist in which they could find fulfillment, plus peace and time to pursue further studies.

No, the jazz critic is a self-made man, who has acquired his knowledge on his own and often at great cost. Moreover, a real acquaintance with jazz requires field work; one cannot sit at home or in a library with books and records and hope to get the full picture. Going out into the field, where jazz is concerned, requires night work and funds, as well as strong constitution and the inclination to partake in the world of entertainment and show business, for which the critical temperament is not always well suited.

Given these prerequisites, it isn't strange that there should be so few really qualified jazz critics. It is a relatively thankless and anything but lucrative task. With exceptions so rare that they only prove the rule, the critic can expect to earn only a fraction of the income of even the moderately successful musician from his jazz work.

Not unexpectedly, a number of musicians hold the opinion that only musicians are qualified to be music critics. This is a fallacy, however, and for good reasons. If the musician-critic is a creative artist in the true sense, his tastes in music will of necessity be much more circumscribed than those of a nonmusician. He will have strong likes and dislikes, conditioned by his outlook on his own work; things that may seem valid and significant to others will to him seem uninteresting and useless, since they seem so for his own purposes. Nor is he likely to have a balanced perspective on the art as a whole.

If the musician-critic is a hack musician, however, he may take out his frustrations and inferiority feelings when confronted with the work of those more gifted than he—or more lucky.

This is not to say that the critical opinions of musicians aren't interesting. They are, very much so, but they often reveal more about the critic than about what he is criticizing, as regular readers of *The Blindfold Test* and similar fea-

tures will know. There are notable exceptions, in jazz as in classical music. Hector Berlioz, for example, was a brilliant critic, and several jazz musicians have shown great critical insight.

By and large, though, the artist's work is much safer in the hands of the professional critic than in those of his colleagues—unless they are making an effort to be kind.

The nonmusician critic will be much more aware of the total picture of jazz, from beginnings to present. He will have heard a much greater variety of music than the working jazzman, whose listening experience is, generally, circumscribed by his musical environment.

Today, especially, opportunity to listen to other musicians is limited for the working professional. There are no centers of varied jazz activity, such as 52nd St. was; no musician's hangouts (with a few exceptions); and no real jam sessions. Thus the critic, if his opinion is respected, can serve the working musician well by attracting attention to what the musician should listen to, on records and in person.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE, records today constitute the chief medium for the dissemination of jazz, often as played on the radio. That this is not a healthy state of affairs for the music goes without saying, but it is a situation that is unlikely to change.

Obviously, then, record reviewing is a critical task that requires special care. The first requirement, it seems to me, is not to judge each of the multitude of varied records one is confronted with by some absolute, abstract standard.

Too many intangibles enter into the making of contemporary record albums to allow the critic such ideal freedom. Records, after all, are a commercial commodity, produced and manufactured to make a profit. More than the poet, the painter, or even the actor, the jazz musician is at the mercy of those who grant him the opportunity to be heard, and he often has to do as they "suggest," rather than follow his own predilections.

In addition, jazz recordings fall into different categories. There is the "pure" or hard-core jazz album, designed for a relatively small, specialized audience. There is the compromise album, in which the artist is permitted a certain freedom of expression but is not free to choose his repertoire and musical surroundings. And there is the out-and-out commercial jazz record, designed to "hit" in the highly competitive mass market for popular music.

The critic, therefore, must first ask

himself into which of these categories and their many subdivisions the album at hand falls and then direct his remarks accordingly. In other words, it is his obligation first to decide what the task that confronted the artist was and then to judge if he has done his job well under the circumstances.

That this is hardly ever done becomes clear when one reads reviews in which the artist is blamed for things that were not of his doing: recording effects, arrangements, material, etc. Only rarely does a critic lay the blame where it belongs—at the feet of the producer, or so-called a&r man, whose power is greater today than ever, though even the jazz past, in some measure, was determined by the a&r man's predecessors.

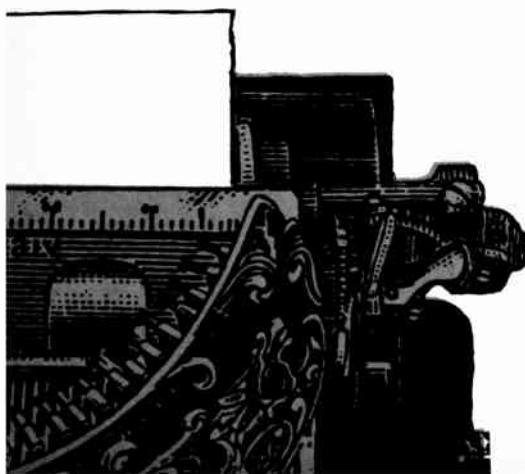
Other things must be taken into critical consideration as well. It is a fact that some labels, especially the smaller ones, do not have budgets that allow for adequate rehearsal, music-copying, and other preparations for a record date. Nor are the companies willing, once the session is in progress, to call the whole thing off when it becomes evident that one (or more) of the artists involved is not having a good day.

Thus, a good man may have had a bad day in the studio, and the critic uses the record to support his thesis that the man is either a has-been or a never-was. The practice of using a record as a jumping-off point for generalizations about an artist's work is not good critical practice.

Next comes tempered judgment. While the critic is expected to render a judgment—that is his function—he ought to modify his opinions and not present them as Gospel. Arbitrary judgments expressed in pontificating absolutes are not good criticism.

This brings up the matter of tone and nuance—aspects of writing that music critics, of all people, could be expected to be aware of. Yet, the adoption of a wrong tone in writing has been one of the major weaknesses of jazz criticism, which often adopts an all-knowing pose and says things in a didactic, patronizing manner. The critics, while setting themselves up as arbiters of taste, have often exhibited abominable taste in their own work.

There are times, of course, when a critic must come on strong. He may honestly feel that a musician is a charlatan or faker, that his music is alien to what the critic considers to be essential, or that a musician has deliberately lowered his own standards for an extra-musical purpose. In such cases, an opinion stated in the strongest terms may be justified.



Far too often, however, such stands by jazz critics appear ludicrous in retrospect. What has lasted in jazz criticism generally has been the thoughtful, qualified, and moderate opinion, modestly stated. (An exception is that body of deliberately propagandistic criticism and journalism that served a purpose when jazz was not to any extent a recognized art form.)

Happily, the jazz world as a whole and the jazz critic in particular have become increasingly aware of the music as a totality, and the crusading tone of much early and middle jazz writing is now rare. And so is the intramural warfare between traditionalists and modernists, which poisoned the atmosphere of the mid-'40s, doing immeasurable harm to the standing of the critic in the jazz community.

Recently, however, self-styled spokesmen for avant-garde jazz have taken up the hostile, combative tone of the past, by which, though intending to defend their favorites, they mainly succeed only in alienating potential converts. (It is interesting to glance at the case of Ornette Coleman. Now accepted by all but the most reactionary critics as at the least a gifted and interesting musician, he at first became a political football, tossed between factions of critics who either made premature and overly grandiose claims for his genius or belted him with insults. As a result, the broad acceptance that Coleman's music now has was considerably delayed. Significantly, many musicians lent their voices, pro and con, to the fray. They didn't come off any better than the critics.)

Of course, measured and reasoned opinion must not be taken to equal blandness and lack of conviction. Non-committal statements are invalid criticism and can serve no purpose. But the critic must always keep in mind a balance between the particular and the general and must learn to express his views in such a manner that they make sense.

ONE OF THE most pointed and apt criticisms ever leveled at jazz critics was voiced by a well-known musician who, during a brief tenure as a disc jockey, read an unusual amount of their work. (Most musicians are inconsistent readers of the jazz press and concentrate on what concerns themselves, their friends, and their idols.) He said, "Most of these guys write as if they didn't really like jazz."

If that was the effect of the writing on a literate jazz musician, something

had to be wrong. If a man has no genuine liking for what he writes about, he is in the wrong profession. And if his writing unintentionally gives off such an odor, he is in need of some prolonged soul-searching or a quick refresher course in writing techniques.

A clue to the attitude that produces such writing may be found in the condition of jazz as a stepchild of the arts. Because jazz is still not completely "respectable" as an art, jazz criticism is not a respected branch of contemporary writing.

Thus, the jazz critic suffers from a feeling of what sociologists call status inferiority and tends to overcompensate by emphasizing in his work all the things that contribute to the respectability he craves for the music and for himself.

In terms of the academic norm, such things as complexity of structure and sophistication of techniques count for more than emotional power and directness and immediacy of expression, and the jazz critic tends to overvalue the former, which are, by and large, of secondary importance to jazz, while neglecting or denying the latter, which are essential to it.

The jazz critic is justified in seeking equality of status for the music and himself within the intellectual community of which he so much would like to be a member in good standing. But he is right only insofar as the qualifications of the music (and sometimes himself) are concerned and not right about his motives. Should he want to belong to a group so narrow that it has not long since awakened to the importance of jazz and to its overwhelming significance in American cultural life and history?

As long as he insists on being an apologist for jazz, this awakening will never come, and as long as the critic remains a snob about the ancestry and nature of the music, he will continue to attempt to make it appear respectable by applying standards not its own.

He frequently is an apologist but often refuses to make excuses for jazz when they are warranted. It behooves those of us who write about jazz to approach our task with dedication, devotion, and great care and not to ride roughshod over the music and its practitioners in order to prove our own presumed intellectual superiority or to contemplate some abstract artistic ideal that has no relation to the problematic circumstances in which the creation of jazz takes place.

The true critic, who writes only treatises on the art and is not con-

cerned with practical, day-to-day criticism, can afford to concern himself solely with esthetic and philosophical questions, though he, too, is obliged to take some cognizance of the particular nature and situation of jazz. Others must never lose sight of the particular environment in which the art is created.

A critic's outlook and opinion, of course, will be highly colored by his view of the future of jazz. Some firmly believe that this future lies in increasing complexity and abstraction, in jazz on the concert stage (i.e., as "high culture" in the Western sense), and in jazz as a branch of "serious" music.

Ironically, these champions of progress and social acceptance have a perspective circumscribed by 19th-century attitudes toward art. Other modernists champion jazz as social protest and see its future in terms of the revolutionary society. It does not seem to bother them much that such theories of art have been greatly discredited, especially in the realm of literature, by the experience of the '20s and '30s. What percentage of "protest" literature has survived as art, even in so short a time span?

Others, myself among them, believe that the greatness of jazz, and the best hopes for its future, lie in its nature as a broadly based popular art as well as a "high" or "serious" art, seeing no dichotomy in this relationship.

In terms of precedent, the film in our times; opera and the novel in the 19th century; theater, painting, and sculpture in all ages but our own; and even music in all ages but the 19th and 20th centuries, have shared this status of popularity without concomitant decline in "importance."

There is room for the dissenting views in jazz criticism, but it is the duty of the critic, if he wishes to be taken seriously, not to judge the music according to irrelevant standards.

While the critic must insist on maintaining certain criteria of excellence, it has far too often been true, in jazz criticism, that popular acceptance has been equated with artistic decline, though past experience hardly bears out such an attitude.

Until more jazz critics begin to act as members of the jazz community rather than observers, and until they set their sights on creatively assisting the musicians in gaining wider acceptance and understanding of their work, they have failed in their calling and will continue to be, at best, grudgingly accepted by their peers. And the creative musicians are our peers—we had better not forget that.

Earl Hines/Ella Fitzgerald

Mark Twain Riverboat, New York City

Personnel: Al Bryant, George Triffon, Emmett Berry, Dud Bascomb, trumpets; Elmer Crumbley, Mike Zwerin, James Cleveland, Jackie Jeffries, trombones; Eddie Barefield, Bobby Donovan, alto saxophones, clarinets; Budd Johnson, Arthur (Babe) Clark, tenor saxophones; Howard Johnson, baritone saxophone; Hines, piano; Howard Johnson, baritone saxophone; Hines, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

When a big band is organized for a single engagement, with no prospect of staying together, one can't expect the polish and conviction of a permanent ensemble. Such was the case with Hines' band. But while the band had weak spots, it was nevertheless kicks to see Hines at the helm of a big swinging crew again, after all these years.

At the Riverboat, the bands play dance sets and show sets. In this case show time was mainly devoted to Miss Fitzgerald, but Hines opened with a few bars of *Deep Forest* and his most famous feature, *Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues*. Mostly piano pyrotechnics but also some good riffing from the band.

For his dance program, Hines wisely chose moderate and slow tempos, bringing a crowd out on the floor. Contrary to what one might expect from a place like the Riverboat, which sells nostalgia for big bands, there were many young people present, and they seemed to enjoy themselves as much as the middle-aged group.

Hines began with *A Sunday Kind of Love* at a relaxed tempo, playing the melody with full, rich voicings. Mellow saxophones took over from the piano, and there was a spot for Budd Johnson, the featured soloist of the band. Next, Donovan's clarinet was showcased on *At Dawn*, the Tom Whaley piece that had been Donovan's feature on the Hines Russian tour. At times, there was a Lester Young feeling and sound to Donovan's clarinet.

Hines, playing sprightly, and Cleveland were heard in solos in an original with a sound reminiscent of Hines' mid-'40s band. This was followed by a long blues that was the best vehicle for the band on the night of review.

Rolling ensembles had the Midwestern flavor of the vintage Hines orchestra, and there were plenty of good solos, backed by riffs with an occasional boogie-woogie motif.

Budd Johnson's solo opened with moaning upper-register phrases, perfectly placed for maximum swing, and built to a telling climax. Crumbley's plunger trombone got into the blues, and Berry's two trumpet choruses reminded the listener once again what a fine, original player this veteran is. Clark's tenor was righteous, with a rocking beat, and Hines' piano fills lent a distinctive character to the performance throughout.

Johnson also shone in a ballad feature, *I'll Follow You*, well arranged by Donovan and soulfully played by the soloist, who clearly belongs in the first rank of tenor players.

The band's chief weakness was a raggedy trumpet section. The men had the power but not the control, and the absence of a firm, commanding lead was notable. The trombones (Jeffries was subbing for Benny Powell) were in tune and

together, achieving a big, smooth sound. The rhythm section was steady but not quite firm enough to carry the band (Williams, who has excellent time, is a subtle drummer with little big-band experience, and he played hardly any fills).

The mainstay of the band was the first-class reed section, led by Barefield and anchored by Howard Johnson's full-sounding baritone (it was fun to see Archie Shepp's tuba player in this mainstream role).

When Miss Fitzgerald took over, the band improved considerably; Marty Paich's arrangements are excellent, and pianist Jones had rehearsed the band with his customary skill. Thigpen is a first-class big-band drummer. But perhaps it was most of all the singer who lifted the group; it was quite obvious that the musicians loved to play for her. Bascomb contributed some fine obligatos—his only "solo" spots.

Miss Fitzgerald was a little hoarse that night, but that didn't deter her from giv-

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

ing her all. Her program of 12 songs was excellently paced and superbly performed, ranging from new tunes (*These Boots Were Made for Walking*—look out, Nancy Sinatra!) through famous standards (a lovely *You've Changed*, with the rarely heard verse; *Sweet Georgia Brown*, in a kicking arrangement; *Let's Do It*, full of humor; *Misty*, for Erroll Garner, who was in the house) to specialties like *Lorelei* (backed by the rhythm trio only).

Standouts were the remarkable *So Dança Samba*, with marvelous scatting and an inspired duet with drummer Thigpen (cymbal swooshes and bent notes), a tour de force on *Mack the Knife*, and the grand finale, *Cotton Tail* (which came off even better than her recorded version with Duke Ellington), with expert saxophone section work and broiling rounds of fours with Budd Johnson, whose rapport with the singer was delightful.

To hear Miss Fitzgerald sing is a rare treat, and those who cannot appreciate her beautiful sound, astonishing control, superb musicianship, and emotional range are to be pitied.

The band finished the night with a brief dance set including some liquid, full-toned Barefield clarinet on *I Want a Little Girl*; a bit of *Satin Doll*, featuring Hines at the keyboard, and a gentle Hines vocal on *It's a Pity to Say Goodnight*, his traditional closer.

—Dan Morgenstern

Berlin Jazz Festival

If anyone bothers to trot out the cliche about the Germans being cold, he's likely to stir up the choicest expletives from this reviewer. The recent Berlin Jazz Festival, which, like most such events, included moments of mediocrity, creativity, and excitement, demonstrated a warmth and taste that was on the highest plane.

The first day offered the Kurt Edelhagen Band, Willie (The Lion) Smith, and the new Albert Ayler Quintet, but unfortunately I missed that concert. I gather though, from conversation, that Ayler's group, which featured brother Don on trumpet and the Dutch violinist Michel Samson, was the high spot of the weekend. My own high spots happened later.

The second concert was held, like the opener, at the Philharmonie, a masterpiece of modern architecture, in visual terms. Acoustically, the hall leaves much to be desired, and Swiss composer Georg Gruntz' harpsichord work suffered dismally. Altoist Leo Wright, baritonist Sahib Shihab, and drummer Albert Heath were included in Gruntz' three jazz-goes-baroque items, but it was a dull excursion.

Stan Getz followed, immediately telling a different story. After a casual *Green Dolphin Street*, vibrapharpist Gary Burton led off into one of his own compositions, and the mood was set. *The Shadow of Your Smile* followed, notable for two out-of-tempo choruses that had the audience spellbound.

This was beauty; but Getz, like Johnny Hodges, has merely to breathe down his horn to reach the realms of lyricism, and for a while he was all too obviously only casual. He redeemed himself with an incredible *When the World Was Young*, reaching near perfection. Burton then took an unaccompanied fast-tempo number, almost but not quite slipping into 3/4, which had him coming on like a Swiss music box. What a beautiful sound, and what a talent.

The Getz quartet did 16 numbers in all, including seven by the hopelessly off-key Astrud Gilberto. She foolishly sang *Shadow*, on which Getz had said the last word 15 minutes previously; her best was a bossa nova version of *It Might as Well Be Spring*. The singer was well received, but when she left the stage, the audience revealed its relief in the applause that greeted an impeccable drum feature by Roy Haynes.

The second half of the evening's performance was devoted to *Folklore e Bossa Nova do Brasil*, which, though colorful and entertaining, had little to do with jazz.

Saturday's concert at the Sportpalast was another matter. This time it was driving jazz all the way, opening with the Berlin All-Stars, a dynamic combo headed by altoist Wright and starring American Carmell Jones, trumpet; Germany's Helmut Brandt, baritone saxophone; and a sensational guitarist from Martinique, Andre Condouant.

Beatnik, the opener, had a Herbie Hancock feel, and *Lullaby of Guzzooki*, after an attractive Mexican-flavored guitar introduction, turned out to be a smooth ballad feature for Brandt. On this, Hajo Lange's



Harlem tap dancers Jimmy Slyde, Baby Laurence, and Chuck Green in Berlin

VALERIE WILMER

bass rang out deep and round, a distinguishing characteristic of all the bassists at the festival. *Parisifal*, a Horace Silver-ish composition, had some stomping guitar from Conduant, who is quite a discovery. Jones followed, still cooking, and then there were solos from the rhythm team before it was taken out.

The Max Roach Quintet, a hasty replacement for John Coltrane's group, was next, starting out with a punchy Freddie Hubbard original, *For BP*. Pianist Ronnie Mathews contributed something called *Dorian* for instant boredom's sake, and then the group went into an untitled bit of fashionable blowing, that had altoist James Spaulding coming on like an updated Oliver Nelson throwing out jagged phrases.

Hubbard slipped into his unforgivable habit of playing to the gallery whenever he senses a gullible audience, and this time the usually discriminating audience was swayed by the pseudo-excitement, failing to recognize a put-on by one of the great trumpeters. Applause, stombs, whistles. Then the horns left the stage to tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins and his heralded reunion with Roach.

Although he was a fraction below form, Rollins' 15-minute version of *There Will Never Be Another You* was an exhausting essay in wringing the last drop of strength from a tune. Roach cooked, never letting up for a second, and the saxophonist stood out as a man among men. "Beautiful, Max, beautiful—thanks," muttered the taciturn Rollins, who, regrettably, decided this was his night for giving short measure.

The second half was given over to the quartets of Rolf Kuhn and Dave Brubeck. The former played reasonably competent avant-garde music, with propulsive drums from Ralf Huebner, resilient work from Gunther Lentz, and some sprawling piano a la Andrew Hill from young Joachim Kuhn, a recent defector from the Eastern zone. Brother Rolf's clarinet was too cold and piercing for my liking, but the crowd applauded so fanatically that the group returned for an unscheduled encore.

The audience, incidentally, was neatly divided in two: those who booed the German group cheered Brubeck and vice versa.

At the hastily organized jazz party, at midnight in the Neue Welt Restaurant, Dexter Gordon blew some unfashionable tenor, that is funky, stomping, and gutsy while remaining lyrical. He was followed by the festival's No. 1 surprise, the aimable Rufus Harley. When I heard that

there was someone who assertedly played jazz on the bagpipes, my first reaction was to turn tail. So warm was the room's ambience, though, that I gave him a chance, and—wow!—the man can swing.

The highlight of the night, though, was a series of violin duets between veteran Stephane Grappelli and the younger Jean-Luc Ponty. The latter is the first person really to sound up to date on the difficult instrument, and his dynamism and inventiveness spurred Grappelli to great things.

Sunday, the final night, saw us in a nondescript concert hall at the Urania, where trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff and quintet led off. Though surprisingly confident in the avant-garde idiom, that night they were only boring, apart, that is, from the odd, sinewy solos from tenorist Heinz Sauer and some full trombone from the leader.

It was a relief to welcome back Harley, who began by playing tenor saxophone on *Some Day My Prince Will Come*. Although cast vaguely in the Coltrane mold, his tenor owes plenty to the Don Byas school with its full, resonant sound. Harley then switched to his main horn and indicated that however well he may handle the saxophone, he just can't wait to get his hands on those maverick pipes. His proficiency and capacity for swinging made me wonder why no one hit on the instrument before as a jazz vehicle. Since on the pipes he sounds uncannily like Coltrane on soprano, it seems safe to surmise that this was the influence. Harley was wailing, snatching up bassist Lentz and drummer Joe Nay for a trip to Yeahsville and back and then slowing it down a bit for a heartfelt *Motherless Child*.

The Uptown Swing All-Stars, up next, roared out with choruses all round on *Perdido*. Tenorist Illinois Jacquet was outstanding, before trumpeter Roy Eldridge, having a peak day, did a poignant version of *I Can't Get Started*, which remains with me yet. Jacquet then blew impeccably on *Ghost of a Chance*, with sympathetic backing from pianist Milt Buckner and driving drums. This was, in many ways, a drummers' festival, for the All-Stars' Jo Jones, together with Roach and Haynes, represents the cream. Jones did *Caravan* as a feature, complete with the timeless mugging and grimaces that made him crowd-pleaser No. 1.

Last out were the Harlem tap dancers, backed by the All-Stars. Jimmy Slyde, James (Buster) Brown, Chuck Green,

Patricia Jay, and the master of them all, Baby Laurence, were featured.

Bob Messinger introduced a capsule history of tap dancing, illustrated individually by the dancers, which was wholly fascinating, particularly for those with no knowledge of the genre. It was left to Laurence, however, with his incredible version of *Billie's Bounce*, really to tell it all.

Altogether, this was a memorable weekend, almost as much for the varied and expert programming as for the performances. Credit for the former goes to the organizer, Joachim-Ernst Berendt, who is already booking for next year.

—Valerie Wilmer

Muddy Waters

The Troubadour, Los Angeles

Personnel: Waters, vocals, guitar; Sammy Lawhorn, George Boy, guitars; George Smith, harmonica; Otis Spann, piano; Mack Arnold, bass; Francis Clay, drums.

There was a general shake-up in the Waters band in the early summer, when Jimmy Cotton, for many years the band's featured harmonica player, left to form



Muddy Waters in Los Angeles

a group of his own. The current Waters unit was assembled at about the time Smith was brought in from the West Coast to replace Cotton.

It opened at Big John's in Chicago in early June. Hearing the band during its first week at that club, I found it loud, ragged, and perhaps considerably more modern in orientation than befitted Waters' visceral music. However, during the weeks that followed the group gave every indication of developing into one of the better bands the singer has had.

Recently I heard the group in Los

Angeles and can report that as a result of several months' regular work, it is now the finest, most sympathetic group of musicians with which Waters has surrounded himself in years. Accordingly—and this is crucial—the singer is performing as he hasn't in years, with force, conviction, and obvious pleasure.

First off, the musicianship of the band is uniformly high. But more important, it works as a unit. As a result, Waters' numbers come over with burning force and intensity, qualities often lacking in his performances over the last few years.

Lead guitarist Lawhorn possesses technique in abundance, but he also has the taste and restraint to use it discreetly, as the music demands.

He is most sympathetic to the imperatives of Waters' music, and he suffuses his playing of the staples of the band's repertoire with excitement and inventiveness. He brings the arrangements—set by Waters' recording successes—to vibrant life, as his joint work with Waters on *She Moves Me* demonstrated.

Lawhorn is a good soloist, who constructs his lines carefully, often using the clichés of the genre to witty advantage. If he has one weakness, it is that his proficiency often hinders his really digging in and playing. That is, things come too easily to him, so he rarely challenges himself in his playing, but when he does, he is capable of spinning out spellbinding solos.

In the thinking of many, Smith is one of the finest harmonica players Waters has had since the early days, when harp player Little Walter was writing blues history with the band. Smith possesses that same swooping, expressive sound, and he phrases with the same hornlike fluency. On *Blow, Winds, Blow* he gave a stunning demonstration of blues harmonica, setting into motion rich, soaring lines that cut across Lawhorn's guitar figures in a fascinating, excitingly complex contrapuntal manner, creating constantly shifting textures.

Moreover, Smith is a hearty, full-throated singer in his own right. On the night of review he offered a hilarious, and quite effective, burlesque of the late Dinah Washington, singing in an unforced falsetto that he controlled beautifully, and with which he contrasted his hefty baritone. Even Waters got into the spirit and attempted a falsetto chorus on the number. It brought down the house.

In Waters' band everyone gets a chance, and guitarist Georgie Boy and bassist Arnold had their vocal innings, too, both revealing competent singing styles solidly based in the taut, shouting approach made popular by the influential B. B. King. Boy's instrumental style is a harder, simpler version of King's, and his solo in this vein on *High-Heel Sneakers* was telling.

For most of the evening the piano chair was unoccupied. Earlier in the week Otis Spann, Waters' half-brother and pianist for more than a decade, had suffered a mild coronary attack and had been hospitalized for a few days. He was eager to play, despite his weakened condition, but Waters forbade it—except for one feature, *Five Long Years*, and Spann, though ob-

viously shaky, turned in his usual impeccable job. It may be a long time, however, before he will be able to rejoin the group on a full-time basis.

By far the greatest share of the evening's honors fell to Waters himself.

In more than five years of catching his live performances, I've never heard him in better form. His singing was a revelation—strong and direct, refreshingly free of the artifice and gimmickry that has marred a good bit of his vocal work over the last few years. He just stood up and sang, and it was suddenly like the Waters of old.

His voice is still full of dark, smoldering power, bristling with emotion, with a sharp edge of pain to it. At the end of a superbly sensitive *Blues before Sunrise*, he surprised his listeners with two choruses straight out of Robert Johnson—sung in the high, aching falsetto of that master of the delta blues. They were a vivid reminder of Waters' own deep roots in the music of his native Mississippi. There were to be many such reminders this night.

If his singing was exhilarating, Waters' guitar work can only be described as electrifying.

His bottleneck playing was excellent, recalling his prototypical work in this genre on his early commercial recordings in the late 1940s and early '50s. It is undeniable that the slide technique adds an exceptional degree of emotional power to his music, giving it much of its unique sound, its whining insinuations cutting across the rhythmic thrust of the band to set up tensions and textures that are exciting and intense.

Waters' playing in this style improved greatly during the course of the evening. On the first set there were occasional rough spots, and the bottleneck work was sometimes sloppy or used affectedly. His playing on *Country Boy*, for example, was generally effective but was at times a bit excessive and undisciplined. This same sloppiness and excessiveness cropped up on *Mean Black Spider*, a piece that otherwise was excellent, with strong, tight ensemble playing.

By the time he got to *She Moves Me*, in the second set, Waters had the slide fully under control and the slower tempo of this number permitted him to use to fullest advantage the crying insistence of the bottleneck technique.

His great *Louisiana Blues*, taken at a faster pace, started off a bit raggedly but by the end had settled into the strong and driving piece it is, with Smith's wailing harmonica taking the role originally set by Little Walter.

The high point of the evening, however, was Waters' solo performance of *Country Blues*, his personalized adaptation of Robert Johnson's *Walking Blues*.

On this piece the bottleneck playing, in open tuning, was by far the most compelling of the evening, harking back as it did to Waters' earliest and most expressive use of this old delta technique. The performance was beautifully controlled, the guitar setting up deliciously shifting patterns of rhythm and sound texture beneath Waters' gripping, majestic singing.

The numbers that followed, while up to the high standards of the band's best playing, were for me anticlimactic in comparison with this magnificent performance. By itself, it demonstrated conclusively that Waters is nonpareil, still the most exciting, original, and rewarding artist in the postwar blues.

—Pete Welding

Prague Jazz Festival

The passage of time has brought many a jazz festival, in this country and abroad. At home, there are the widely publicized Monterey and Newport yearly outings, among other, sporadic extensions. Europe is in full bloom now, with festivals at Antibes (France), Molde (Norway), Lugano (Switzerland), Stockholm, Barcelona, Berlin, and many others. Recently I was invited to participate in an unusual festival, one held behind the Iron Curtain.

Prague's third International Jazz Festival was truly international, featuring musicians not only from Czechoslovakia, but also from England, Sweden, Russia, Aus-

LUBOS SVAZEK



Cleo Laine in Prague

tria, Poland, and, of course, the United States. The jazz played ranged from traditional to avant-garde, with no one country being confined to any particular extension or style. For instance, the three British groups presented a potpourri of styles, including traditional, mainstream, and modern. Before delving into the cornucopia of music as presented by 30 or so groups, a few comments on the scene. . . .

This was my first visit to Eastern Europe. Arriving from Paris on a Czech plane, I was pleasantly surprised to find that the festival committee had sent a charming, 21-year-old, English-speaking Czech miss to the airport. She had been assigned to escort, advise, and cut the customary red tape encountered when entering a foreign country.

First impressions tend to be faulty, but from where I sat in Prague's 5,000-seat Lucerna Hall, where the festival was staged, the words of Satchel Page seemed most appropriate. Page, the baseball phenomenon, when asked the secret of his success replied, "Don't ever look back. If you do, someone may be catching up with you." So I say to other festivals: don't look back—Prague is on the move.

The concerts were held in midcity Prague. A large building housed the con-

certs three levels below the street (no elevators). The two upper levels are balconies, with the main floor, on the lowest level, being the auditorium proper and podium. Not being air-conditioned, Lucerna Hall tended to get a bit sticky, and since this room is also used for ballroom dances, skating, fashion shows, etc., the seats were wooden fold-ups and none too comfortable.

Because of previous commitments, I was unable to attend the first concert Oct. 5. The next night's program featured an all-star septet from Czechoslovakia with vibraphone, trumpet, trombone, alto saxophone, bass, drums, and piano, with the vibist doubling tenor saxophone and the trumpeter doubling harp, certainly an unconventional instrumentation.

All the music was composed locally. It was of an experimental nature and sounded as if Shostakovich or Prokofieff might have written it after hearing a couple of Charlie Parker records. Most of the time, there was a steady four-beat rhythm, which was the only clue that it was intended to be jazz. The riffs were played in unison and were cacophonic. Every note of the score was written, including most of the solos. This must have been a very difficult score to read, and I have to be impressed with the technical proficiency of the men. When a member of the front line did take an occasional solo that was not written, it was modern in feeling and had more of a jazz sound. The theme started as an out-of-tune, slow dirge played against a fast 2/4 rhythm. But there were many changes of tempo, and the whole thing was overlong. While I appreciated the attempt to be original, the effort still missed (for me), and I could not call it jazz.

The next group, also Czech, was the Gerhardt Trio and featured a girl singer, Suska Lonska, who is attractive, has a good range and pleasant tone quality, and sang only American tunes (*Gone with the Wind*; *Willow, Weep for Me*; *Love for Sale*; etc.) in excellent English. Here again, what the young woman sang was not jazz, in my estimation, but she was a good song stylist.

The Kleinschuster sextet, an Austrian group, followed. Trombone, tenor saxophone, trumpet, piano, guitar, and drums made up this great group. They had good rhythmic feeling, a gutsy trombone, rippling saxophone, and nice-toned trumpet. They performed only originals. Nevertheless, I found their work enjoyable.

After intermission, Bill Ramsey, a blues singer from the United States sang with a good trio backing him (including bassist Jimmy Woode). The Czechs loved him, which proved to me how much appeal the blues have for the masses, since Bill, a Caucasian, is not in the league with the great Negro blues singers.

Last on the program was the Ronnie Ross Quintet from England, whose performance unfortunately came to an abrupt halt when the leader became ill.

Friday night's concert was poorly attended, perhaps because it featured only local talent. Karel Krautgartner's small and large groups were featured, but I did not feel a jazz mood, for their efforts smacked of modern chamber music. I was

interested to note that the music was treated like a classical composition, with short pauses between the "movements." During some of these, a number of musicians left the stage and were replaced by others. (The second team getting a chance to play?)

Saturday afternoon featured one of the highlights of the festival, the Swedish group of Georg Riedel, which was truly great and really swung. The guitar player, Rune Gustavson, had a long face and reminded me of the Melancholy Dane, but his guitar playing was straight out of Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt.

The afternoon stint also had the Manfred Schoof Quintet, from Germany, and the Prague Dixieland Band backing Beryl Bryden, an English Sophie Tucker type of singer.

Saturday night, the hall was packed. The evening started out leadenly with another overarranged Czech group. Then a fine Polish quartet, that of Ptaszyn Wroblewski came on, consisting of tenor saxophone, piano, bass, and drums. The tenorist (leader) was featured throughout and had a nice sound, between modern and mainstream. This group, too, featured original tunes with names like *Promenada Pustymi Ulicami* and *Dookota Wojtek* that still had an American jazz flavor.

The pianist played one solo, very Thelonious Monk in feeling, and the bowed bass solo brought much applause. These were young men, 22 to 30 years old, in contrast to many of the jazzmen from Czechoslovakia who were middle-aged. This fact made me wonder if the reason the Czechs somehow miss the real jazz feeling is that they grew up in the classical tradition, with jazz as an afterthought, a new medium never completely grasped, while the younger men, even behind the Iron Curtain, were brought up hearing both forms.

In any case, the Polish quartet had a smooth presentation, and its works were unusual enough to have required (and to have had) much rehearsal. Their encore, *Bye, Bye, Birdie*, had a long tenor solo, which I did not find nearly as exciting as the tenor playing on the original works. He phrased the melody straight and then went too far out musically for my taste. The bass man plucked his solo, but I preferred his bow work.

Then, seemingly, the stagelights grew brighter and an expectant hush fell over the hall, as yet another star emerged. This time, it was the First Lady of Song on the Continent, Cleo Laine, who sang backed up by her husband, British alto saxophonist Johnny Dankworth and a pick-up rhythm section.

Miss Laine came on strong, displaying not only excellent taste in programming and a phenomenal range but also wit and humor that had the crowd thundering applause. She sang some Gershwin (*Our Love Is Here to Stay*), some Vincent Youmans (*I Want to Be Happy*), and also bits and snatches of newer material, such as *Woman Talk*. Anyway one regards this scene, Cleo Laine was tremendous and Johnny Dankworth was a fitting consort for his queen.

Following this tremendous crowd-pleaser was the Kvartet KM (Young People's

Quartet) from Russia. This was another modern-sounding combo that performed both blues and an American song, *The Man I Love*, plus a few originals.

The official host and emcee for the festival was an unusual gentleman, Dr. Jan Hammer. The good doctor is a keen Duke Ellington fan, possessing thousands of recordings by Duke and other greats. Dr. Hammer's specialty is heart-disease diagnosis, but he also finds time to play good jazz bass and to act as president of Prague's jazz club. His wife is a famous singer in Europe, and the son and daughter perform creditably on various instruments, playing jazz, of course. Jan Jr., 18, is an up-and-coming pianist. He, bassist Woode, and drummer Pierre Favre joined in providing wonderful support for my turn on the Saturday program.

Winding up the night's doings was the Monty Sunshine outfit from England, a traditionalist group that sounded as if it had just stepped off that King Oliver phonograph record I have been hoarding for so long. Pip, pip and another cheer for jolly old England.

Flowers were presented to each group upon completion of its turn, and each bouquet carried the colors of the flag of the homeland on a streamer that read Prague Festival 1966. A nice touch and a charming memento of the occasion, although there is no question that some groups deserved a bouquet a lot more than others.

Each night after the concerts, jam sessions were presented in a pleasant restaurant with a bandstand, on another level of the building in which Lucerna Hall is housed.

These were intended to be free and easy, with musicians from various groups intermingling and playing with one another, but that was not the case. On the occasions that I attended, each combo would take the stand and play what were obviously rehearsed arrangements. By and large, I enjoyed the groups more in this casual, intimate setting than in the concerts and felt that they played with greater warmth and jazz feeling than in the big hall, even though the jam session get-together idea was defeated.

At these events I had an opportunity to catch the Ronnie Ross Quintet, which had not completed its appearance Thursday night. Ross, a baritone sax man a la Gerry Mulligan, played tete a tete with tenor saxophonist Art Ellefson. Although at the beginning of this "impromptu" set the warp and woof of whatever tune they were playing was nobly held together by Tony Carr's drums, Spike Heatley's bass, and Bill Le Sage's piano, it still turned out to be a pretty good way-out ensemble.

It is unfortunate that so many festivals held in outdoor settings only freeze both jazz buffs and performers, while this festival, held indoors, would have benefited greatly from being al fresco. The weather in Prague was balmy and ideal for shirt-sleeves. I was sorry to leave this warm clime for the chill of Scandinavia, and was especially disappointed to have to miss the last concert Oct. 9. Among those scheduled to play was the Paul Bley Trio. After talking with him at dinner, we dis-

(Continued on page 40)

RECORD REVIEWS

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

Reviews are initiated by the writers. When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

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

Sidney Bechet

THE BLUE BECHET—RCA Victor 535; *I've Found a New Baby; Lay Your Racket; Shag; Sidney's Blues; One O'Clock Jump; Indian Summer; Nobody Knows the Way I Feel This Morning; Old Man Blues; Blues in Thrids; Ain't Misbehavin'; Strange Fruit; I'm Comin', Virginia; Limehouse Blues; The Mooche; Blues in the Air; Mood Indigo.*

Personnel: all tracks—Bechet, soprano saxophone, clarinet. Tracks 1-3—Tommy Ladnier, trumpet; Teddy Nixon, trombone; Hank Duncan, piano; Wilson Myers, bass; Morris Moreland, drums. Tracks 4-6—Sonny White, piano; Charlie Howard, guitar; Myers; Kenny Clarke, drums. Tracks 7-8—Sidney DeParis, trumpet; Sandy Williams, trombone; Cliff Jackson, piano; Bernard Addison, guitar; Wellman Braud, bass; Sid Catlett, drums. Track 10—Rex Stewart, cornet; Earl Hines, piano; John Lindsay, bass; Baby Dodds, drums. Track 9—Hines, Dodds. Track 11—Willie (The Lion) Smith, piano; Everett Barksdale, guitar. Tracks 12, 13, 16—Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Smith; Barksdale; Braud; Manzie Johnson or Catlett, drums. Tracks 14, 15—Henry Goodwin, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Don Donaldson, piano; Ernest Williamson, bass; Johnson.

Rating: ★★★★

This, the second Bechet set in the Vintage reissue series, is an outstanding compilation. With the exception of the first three tracks, made in 1932 by the great relief band Bechet was then leading at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem, the selections date from 1940 and '41—a peak period, both creatively and in terms of recording, in Bechet's career.

The album's title is somewhat misleading, since only four of the 16 pieces are true blues, and only a few reflect a blue mood. Bechet was an amazingly consistent player (until the very last years of his life, when his health was declining—but even then, he still had his moments), and on these records he surrounded himself with outstanding companions.

In the 1932 band, there were trumpeter Ladnier and pianist Duncan, who, along with less-well-known but capable colleagues, kept up the terrific pace set by the leader. *Shag*, a variation on *I Got Rhythm* (which turns into *Weary Blues* for the finale), is among the most driving jazz performances ever put on wax, and *Baby* isn't far behind. Bechet plays his soprano with such vehement power that the trumpet, though playing lead in the ensemble,

is almost drowned out (and the recording balance favors Bechet). This is anything but "Dixieland" music.

The next three selections are by another working group (as opposed to studio group), with Kenny Clarke on drums. Apparently, Clarke's style, which was too "modern" for Teddy Hill's swing band, didn't bother Bechet (whom swing-oriented critics then called "old-fashioned"). Bechet takes a humorous vocal on *Sidney's Blues*; this is a previously unissued take, not quite as good as the release on 78-rpm but good enough.

One O'Clock features Bechet's clarinet, and his sound on this instrument equals the dark warmth of Johnny Dodds. *Summer* is a typically lush romantic ballad performance, played on soprano. Pianist White plays nicely on these tracks.

Morning and *Old Man* represent half of one of Bechet's greatest sessions (the other two tracks are on RCA Victor's 510; it would have been preferable to have them all in one album). Catlett's drumming is brilliant, particularly on the fast-paced Ellington piece (*Old Man*), which also has sterling solos by Williams (one of the great trombonists of the day, the equal of J. C. Higginbotham and Dickie Wells) and trumpeter DeParis, who had (and has) his own style, muted and open.

Morning is a haunting performance, with Bechet on clarinet and soprano. The reiterated background figure is very effective, and Braud's bass makes a definitive contribution. These are classic performances.

Blues in Thrids, Earl Hines' most charming composition, is beautifully played by a trio of the composer, Bechet on clarinet and Baby Dodds' drums. Hines' solo is pure Armstrong, matchlessly translated to piano music, and Dodds' off-beat accents are unusual.

Cornetist Stewart and bassist Lindsay, a veteran of the Original Creole Jazz Band, join the trio for *Misbehavin'*, also presented here in a previously unissued take. Since there is a great deal of spontaneous interplay, especially between Hines and Stewart, who take fours and twos, with the pianist in top form, it would have been a good idea to have issued both masters together.

Fruit, issued in this country only on a short-lived 10-inch LP, is a remarkable piece. Again, it is a trio: Bechet's soprano, Willie (The Lion) Smith's piano, and Everett Barksdale's sensitive guitar. Bechet brings out the full drama and pathos of the song, without benefit of lyrics, playing in his most passionate manner. His break is Billie Holiday (a bow to the song's owner), his coda pure Bechet.

Virginia, *Limehouse*, and *Indigo* feature Smith and Shavers as well as the leader. Shavers used more vibrato then than now, especially on *Limehouse*, on which Bechet's soprano trills are something else. Smith has a typical spot on *Virginia*; it could be no one else. *Indigo* is properly atmospheric, evoking Ellingtonia without copying and showing how restrained Bechet could be when he wanted. Barksdale plays lovely fills.

Another Ellington piece, *The Mooche*, is heard in a mainly ensemble performance, with Dickenson's fills and asides outstanding. The three horns produce a remarkably full sound, and Johnson's use of tom-toms is most effective.

The other piece from this session, a Bechet original, *Blues in the Air*, is one of my favorite Bechet records of all time. His solo, beginning with a quote from Verdi, is ravishing, his sound pure and singing. The solo introduces a second strain, not a blues; the first is handled by full ensemble and by trumpeter Goodwin's eerie muted solo.

Bechet has been hailed by no less a master than Duke Ellington as one of the greatest players of all time. This album proves the point: Bechet was a man with a big sound and a big soul whose music will never date.

—Morgenstern

George Braith

LAUGHING SOUL—Prestige 7474: *Hot Sauce; Chop Sticks; Chunky Cheeks; Crenshaw West; Please Let Me Do It; Coolodge; With Malice toward None; Little Flame; Cantelope Woman*.

Personnel: Braith, tenor, soprano, and C-melody saxophones; John Patton, organ; Grant Green, Eddie Diehl, guitars; Victor Sproles, bass; Ben Dixon, drums; Richard Landrum, conga.

Rating: ★★½

No rest for the weary listener here. How this group could use a few meaningful silences.

Each track finds a constant layer of sound or incessant percussive comping behind Braith's solos. And to make sure the sound continues unabated, Braith sometimes picks up an extra horn and blows two simultaneously. Patton's organ comping is quite tasteful, but an organ is heavy to begin with. The guitars add to the stretched-out, sustained background, and Dixon's drums have too much of a hard-rock flavor. The result is extremely busy.

Perhaps the nonstop support could be looked upon more generously if the solo voice (or voices) had something to say. But Braith is disappointing, both in ideas and in over-all sound. His Roland Kirk-inspired quirk is impressive and deserves praise as a tour de force, but ingenuity is no guarantee of musical gratification. Thus *Chopsticks*, *Crenshaw West*, *Let Me*, and *Little Flame* are neat tricks but not neat tracks. Braith's tonal quality suffers in playing two horns. Playing one, he reveals a robust, funky style.

Cheeks offers the best writing and playing. It's a lilting swinger in 5/4 with Braith and Green in unison and then a sixth apart.

Coolodge is such an effective put-on of a straight-laced tango that one can almost see George Raft with flared nostrils. *Malice* is a beautiful tune and has Braith at his reflective best. Sproles is finally heard to good advantage in this ballad. Elsewhere, the stereo separation is not too kind to his bass.

There seems to be an increasing market for this brand of jazz, ever since rock-and-roll established a beachhead. But for those who prefer their jazz on the subtle side, all I can say is Braith you'reself.

—Siders

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Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis

LOCK, THE FOX—RCA Victor 3652: *Nina Never Knew; Speak Low; Midnight Sun; Green Dolphin Street; Save Your Love for Me; On a Clear Day; West Coast Blues; The Days of Wine and Roses; The Good Life; Oh! Gee!*

Personnel: Davis, tenor saxophone; Ross Tompkins, piano; Les Spann, guitar; Russell George, bass; Chuck Lampkin, drums; Ray Barretto, conga drums.

Rating: ★★½

Though Davis has recorded prolifically, it has been some time since he has made an album under his own name, and it is good to hear his honest, direct, and individual tenor voice again.

In his liner notes for this album, Davis writes: "I was not experimenting or 'extending' myself, but trying to reach the public's ear through simplicity—through melody with a simple line of improvisation in performances that are not too long."

This he has accomplished well. The selection of tunes is intelligent, combining new and old songs of good melodic value with two pleasant jazz originals (Wes Montgomery's *Blues* and Matthew Gee's *Oh!*). The rhythm section is functional, and has two good soloists in Tompkins and Spann. The sole weakness, to my ears, is the presence of Barretto, who is an excellent Latin percussionist but doesn't really fit into this format.

Davis has a sound and style all his own. He is a strong player with a rough edge to his tone (though he can smooth it out when he wants), and his characteristic slurs lend an almost vocal inflection to his music. He has his own way of phrasing too— influenced by Ben Webster, but not in any sense derivative. It is an earthy, robust style with touches of brusque humor. And he knows how to expose and develop a melodic line.

Davis has picked unusual tempos for his versions of the too-seldom-heard *Nina* and the more recent *Clear Day*. Both are played with a jaunty bounce rather than as ballads, and Davis is particularly fluent on *Day*. The ballad treatment is reserved for *Good Life* and *Midnight Sun*.

West Coast has an inventive, pleasant Spann solo. Tompkins' articulate piano (he has a good touch and technique to spare) is also heard on this track, as well as on *Dolphin* and *Day*.

Davis' warmest and most creative playing comes on *Speak Low* (which has a Sonny Rollins type of tag ending), on Buddy Johnson's fine *Save Your Love* (a Davis staple from the days of the Lockjaw-Johnny Griffin team), and on *Wine and Roses*.

Now that Davis is on his own again, having recently left Count Basie, his welcome association with a major label might help him find a wider audience. This album is a good start. —Morgenstern

Erroll Garner

CAMPUS CONCERT—MGM 4361: *Indiana; Stardust; Mambo Erroll; Lulu's Back in Town; Almost Like Being in Love; My Funny Valentine; These Foolish Things; In the Still of the Night.*
Personnel: Garner, piano; Eddie Calhoun, bass; Kelly Martin, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Long live Garner! And phooey to those who cannot discern between repetition and consistency.

This concert—before 6,000 zealous undergraduates at Purdue in 1964—is more

of Garner's inexorable left hand, more of his muscular right, more of the pixieish humor, more of the impressionistic ballad, more happy swing. And when the record was over, I still wanted more.

There are many who complain that Garner hasn't said anything new for two decades. Such a statement is based on a half-truth: his left hand is a Freddie Green, but his right has a mind of its own—*Mambo* and *Almost Like Being in Love* bear that out.

As for ballads, Garner's ear is constantly experimenting. The rubato wanderings of *Valentine* and the sophisticated reharmonization of *Stardust*'s verse support that contention.

For humor, listen to the "cracks" Garner plays before *Lulu* comes back to town. You can't help chuckling—any more than Garner can help grunting.

Defense rests.

—Siders

Joe Harriott-John Mayer

INDO-JAZZ SUITE—Atlantic 1465: *Overture; Contrasts; Raga Megha; Raga Gaud-Saranga.*

Personnel: Kenny Wheeler, trumpet; Harriott, alto saxophone; Pat Smythe, piano; Coleridge Goode, bass; Allan Ganley, drums; Chris Taylor, flute; John Mayer, violin; Diwan Motihar, sitar; Chandrasas Paiganka, tambura; Keshan Sathe, tabla.

Rating: ★★★★

This wears well: repeated sessions with it are rewarding.

At first, I was put off by all the technical talk in the liner notes—pointing out the various places where the rhythm was subdivided or the melodic form intricate. Interesting as it may be for scholars, that sort of obscurantism is doing a lot of harm to jazz, in my opinion—the idea that the harder the listener has to work to understand what is going on, the more complicated it is, the better the music. But the *Indo-Jazz Suite* transcends that. The fusion is intelligent, and it works on all levels.

Three of the pieces are based on ragas. It is worth quoting Mayer's explanation of what that is: "An Indian raga is an Indian scale which utilizes varying ascending and descending patterns—certain notes on the way up and certain notes on the way down—but always in the set sequence. A raga never has fewer than five notes.... Harmony, in the sense that it is used in European music, does not exist in Indian music. But the raga always returns to the tonic, the starting note. The rhythm is provided by the tabla player (or drummer), while the tambura—with either three or four strings, two of them tuned to the tonic—supplies a drone which is a bass for the soloist to relate to."

Although the form of the raga is, it seems to me, more restricting than chord changes, Harriott breaks through the restrictions, with responsibility, into an area that, for lack of a more precise word, I'll call "free." He gets a full sound and is strong. He is by far the most interesting thing happening, although the harmonic setting is probably partially responsible for that. There's a lot of interaction.

The sitar is no longer new to Western ears, the way for it in popular music having been forged, ironically, by the likes of George Harrison. In this respect, jazz is much less avant-garde than rock-and-roll.

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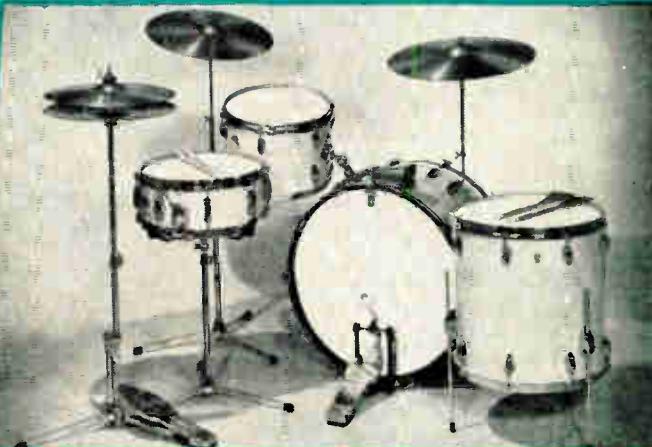
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As a matter of fact, the opening of *Gaud-Saranga* is similar to but somewhat paler than that on *Tomorrow Never Knows*, one of the best, and least played, tracks on the Beatles' *Revolver* album.

The other soloists do nothing wrong or memorable. However, the ensembles are extremely tight, in tune, and swinging. It is interesting to hear this example of how universal swing is. All folk music—Russian, Israeli, Indian, African (of course), almost any ethnic or racial division—has that one thing in common: the pulse of life, the beat. I like the way this particular combination of them meshes.

—Zwerin

Giorgio Gaslini

"NEW FEELINGS" SUITE—Italian EMI 8154; *Recitative e Aria; Marcia Dell'uomo; Nuovi Sentimenti; Rotazioni*.

Personnel: Don Cherry, Enrico Rava, trumpets; Gianni Bedori, alto saxophone, flute; Gato Barbieri, tenor saxophone; Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; Gaslini, piano, composer; Jean Francois Jenny-Clark, Ken Carter, basses; Franco Tonani, Al Romano, drums.

Rating: ★★★★☆

You don't have to know that this is a European-American hybrid to experience its high musical value. The music is self-contained. In fact, to an unusual degree, it transcends the conditions of its inception.

So the critical question becomes instantly apparent to the critic: what has allowed this music to rise above the passions of the men who produced it into another more rarefied realm? How has it been purified?

The Atlantic Ocean did it. Although this music doesn't ask to be compared to its New York counterpart, the presence of the water between us and it makes certain things clear.

With rare exceptions, U.S. free music is characterized by narrowness and intensity. The intensity is good. The narrowness is not bad. The narrowness of a knife is not bad. Narrowness is merely a shape. Perhaps singleness-of-purpose is a better term (though few would concur on the "purpose"). When a man is screaming, he does not need a large or varied vocabulary.

Now with the help of some of its best inventors, the music has jumped the water. Some of the intensity has been lost in the leap. The brute force is less. But the music is not so single-minded. Europe has a developed intuition for composition. Cerebral yet instinctive possibilities for organization have been explored. Evolved Intellect has married Screaming Man.

The union is no surprise. We have all been waiting expectantly while enough failed so a few could succeed. The cerebralization of free music will certainly take place. This album is, to me, the most successful sign of this to date.

The music sounds like it was expected to. The vocabulary (though still sparse) is relatively vast. Textures are constantly revolving and contrasting. The whole style strains toward contrapuntal clarity and organizational integrity. The players have a wide range of modes-of-being, and their permutations are beautiful to the ear.

It is difficult to discuss the players, because often they sound like one big person with many arms and legs and mouths. Cherry does stand out a little; Gaslini is

not a remarkable pianist, though he is a remarkable musician; Lacy, in moments, soars over everyone. But there is nary a lapse in taste. Everyone has everything working.

If anyone is to be singled out, it is Gaslini as composer, not only for the quality of his compositional thought but also because he has mobilized a style at once contrived and pure.

We have all known that not the passions or the mind, or the peaceful place

This is a good record. The aim of the producers is not only clear—it's accurate.

—Siders

Paul Horn

MONDAY, MONDAY—RCA Victor 3613: *Monday, Monday; Norwegian Wood; Acapulco Gold; Girl; Paramahansa; (I Can't Get No) Satisfaction; Karen's World; You've Got Your Troubles; Elusive Butterfly; Guv-Gubi; Eight Miles High*.

Personnel: Horn, flute; Oliver Nelson, arranger, conductor; others unidentified.

Rating: no stars

It isn't interesting, I wouldn't groove dancing to it, it's generally too loud for Muzak, and there certainly isn't much jazz. I can't believe that either Horn or Nelson are seriously trying to prove anything. At least they don't to me.

Their product is really commercialized rock-and-roll—though certainly more Henry Mancini than John Lennon or Cass Elliott.

The sound gets close to something meaningful and creative when the band is pounding out figures over Horn's flute. But even that happens too often, and so the formula defeats itself.

There are a lot of gimmicks with vibes and supposedly weird-sounding percussion instruments. Personality and originality are painfully missing, though.

Satisfaction is particularly insipid, especially if you've ever heard Otis Redding do it.

The personnel is anonymous, and that's just like the record.

—Zwerin

Bobby Hutcherson

COMPONENTS—Blue Note 4213: *Components; Tranquillity; Little B's Poem; West 22nd Street Theme; Movement; Juba Dance; Air; Pastoral*.

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Hutcherson, vibraphone, marimba; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

Rating: ★★☆

With its changing moods, tempos, and varied forms, the music in this album shows the many facets of Hutcherson's thinking.

The title is well chosen, for the entire album consists of contrasting parts of a musical scheme, which, when fitted together, present a descriptive, diversified musical picture.

Hutcherson's playing has a delicate sound that is completely individual—he seems able to produce a timbre that is pure and crystalline—at times almost like tinkling glass. Whether he is playing background accompaniment or soloing, this quality comes through.

The album consists of eight originals, four by Hutcherson on the first side and four by drummer Chambers on the other, each one telling a different story.

The swinging, surging rhythms of *Components*, the title tune, give way to a luminous, reflective piece, *Tranquillity*, on which Hubbard solos first, followed by Hutcherson and Hancock. All play with much feeling for the beauty of the music, which, like the soft glow from a nightlight, gives off and aura of peaceful joy. A waltz follows, and then a slow blueslike tune. All of Hutcherson's compositions have a well-defined theme. They are not complex, and they are interestingly put together, and the high caliber of the solos holds one's attention and interest throughout.

above them, need be denied in free music. It's satisfying to hear the emerging forms. It's like being on swelling ground.

—Mathieu

Red Holloway

RED SOUL—Prestige 7473: *Making Tracks; Movin' On; Good and Groovy; Get It Together; Big Fat Lady; A Tear in My Heart; Eagle Jaws; I'm All Packed; The Regulars*.

Personnel: Holloway, tenor saxophone; George Benson, guitar; Lonnie Smith, organ, or Norman Simmons, piano; Charles Rainey or Paul Breslin, bass; Ray Lucas or Frank Severino, drums.

Rating: ★★☆

Intelligent premise here: the first side (Tracks 1-5) features Holloway and Benson with an organ-rock trio; the second side matches the same front line with a conventional jazz trio.

Both sides swing, making it a salable disc for two markets, but Holloway lavishes more thought on his improvisations for the second side.

Paradoxically, the better writing is on the rock side—in particular, the unison tenor-guitar figures on *Groovy* and *Together* and the two-part voicings on *Movin'*. *Fat Lady* moves with all the humor implicit in the title.

Holloway's solos are not the only highlights of the second side. Benson's finest moments come on *Jaws*; Simmons shows much inventiveness on *Regulars* and on his own beautiful ballad, *A Tear*, which is also the leader's best track. Holloway prefers the upper register of his tenor and gets a light, airy alto quality that swings without resorting to overstatement.

Chambers' writing, on the other hand, is more intricate, more free in its approach, permitting collective improvisation of a high order that is held together loosely by small segments of arranged parts. The sound of the vibes is like a silver thread running through the complex interlacing of the different voices, and its pure sound contrasts with the sometimes harsh dissonances.

Chambers is an authoritative drummer, but he does not overplay. He can be forceful, but he is sensitive to the use of dynamics, and his solos and interpolations have substance and meaning. Carter's deep tone complements each piece. He is so relaxed that every note he plays seems to hover, motionless, giving a feeling of space, as if lost in time. Hancock, Spaulding, and Hubbard play impeccably. (This combination of musicians is heard so frequently on Blue Note that one is tempted to call it the Blue Note Sound.)

While Hutcherson's compositions are like tone poems, Chambers' are more introspective excursions into the free interplay of ideas. They are, with the exception of *Pastoral* (an exquisite gem), disturbingly somber, reminding one, particularly on *Air*, of the myriad noises of a big city with its honking horns, the whine of a siren, the whistle of a tugboat, but above all, conveying the sense of loneliness of life alone in a strange place, hard, unyielding, and cold.

There seems to be a preoccupation by some of the young writers with this kind of music. Perhaps it is planned to delineate a specific life situation or condition in musical terms. Taken this way, it is imaginative, giving the listener free rein to let his thoughts roam. But it can lead one to retreat into the dark places of one's mind, so dark and brooding is the music at times. But perhaps this is the effect Chambers wishes to convey.

There is much of interest in the music, but for me, the high points are Chambers' warm, simple *Pastoral* and Hutcherson's *Tranquillity*. In their calm beauty, they say more than all the other pieces put together.

This is a well-recorded, well-put-together package with informative notes about the music and the personnel. —McPartland

The Jazz Crusaders

TALK THAT TALK—Pacific Jazz 10106: *Walkin' My Cat Named Dog; Studewood; I Can't Believe You Love Me; There Is a Time; Hey, Girl; Up Tight (Everything's All Right); Arrastao; Mabair Sam; Walk on By; 1-2-3; The Shadow Do; Turkish Black.*

Personnel: Wayne Henderson, trombone; Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, piano, organ; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Stix Hooper, drums; unidentified big band.

Rating: ★★★

The Crusaders play a straight-ahead, swinging brand of unpretentious jazz. On this album they attempt to meet current trends in popular music halfway, joining forces with a brassy big band in a program of hits (and near-hits), spiced with a few originals in the vernacular.

Sample and Henderson wrote the functional arrangements, which leave solo space for tenor saxophone, trombone, and, occasionally, piano. Taken in one gulp, the album is a bit relentless in its emphasis on medium tempos with a rock-tinged beat

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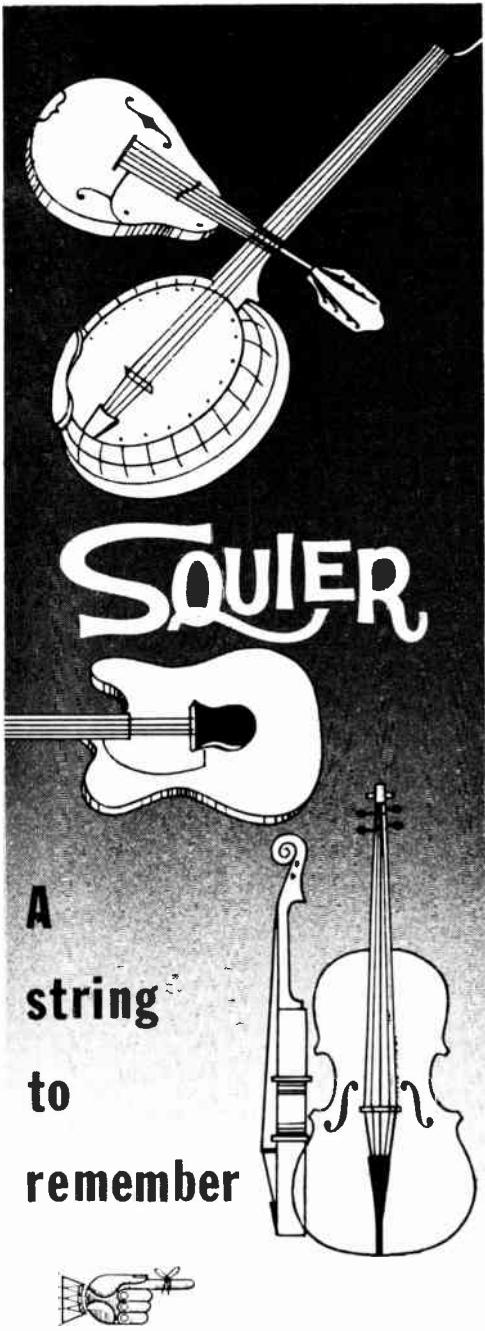
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and blaring brass, but it should be good for dancing, and there are nice moments, mainly from the soloists.

Time, by the French singer Charles Aznavour, has a hint of 3/4 and good Henderson (his big, burry sound is always nice to hear). Felder, who plays middle Coltrane with conviction but also has some ideas of his own, is heard to advantage on *Dog*, *I-2-3*, and *Shadow*. The last-named track, without the big band, is a welcome change.

Things get too heavy on *Arrastao* to create a bossa nova atmosphere, though Vinnegar tries hard to save the buoyancy. The most attractive melodic material is found on *I Can't Believe*.

There is nothing wrong with making "commercial" jazz records; in this case, the Crusaders haven't overdone it and have preserved some of their identity. If this wins over some of the kids, more power to the group.

—Morgenstern

Shelly Manne

BOSS SOUNDS—Atlantic 1469: *Margie*; *Idle One*; *The Breeze and I*; *Frank's Tune*; *Wandering You Name It*.

Personnel: Conte Candoli, trumpet; Frank Strozier, alto saxophone; Russ Freeman, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Manne, drums.

Rating: ★★☆

This is a good album, but it doesn't grab me. The soloists are okay, the rhythm section excellent, the lines lyrical and beautifully executed. Somehow, though, I can't get myself to care about the sum total.

Intellectually, I know these guys are honest and are having a ball playing their music—and that's a lot. It does nothing for me physically, however—and that's a lot too.

Strozier plays post-bop, on the free side. Candoli . . . well, we already know how he sounds. He hasn't really changed too much over the years—a little Miles, a bit of Chet Baker, plenty of musicality, but not enough of himself. They are both well-woodshedded, but on a *Blindfold Test*, I couldn't tell either of them from maybe a half-dozen others. I don't learn anything from them on this record.

I have absolutely no reservations about Budwig and Manne. Budwig gets a big in-tune sound at the bottom, and he plays interesting and ringing notes all over his instrument with good time. He and Manne are together, and swinging with variety, the whole way. Manne is a perfect drummer for my taste. He listens and responds to the soloist without overpowering him. He dominates things but with musicality alone.

There is something missing in total, though. Maybe I expect too much. Possibly I'm too fussy.

—Zwerin

Sergio Mendes

THE GREAT ARRIVAL—Atlantic 1466: *The Great Arrival*; *Monday*; *Carnaval*; *Cancão do Amanhecer*; *Here's That Rainy Day*; *Boranda*; *Nana*; *Bonita*; *Morning*; *Don't Go Breaking My Heart*; *Tristeza De Amar*; *Girl Talk*.

Personnel: Mendes, piano, harpsichord; unidentified orchestra, vocal group.

Rating: ★★½

In previous albums, Mendes has laid out his credentials as the most fluent, engaging, and inventive of the bossa nova pianists, as well as the one with the most thorough command of jazz. In this at-

tractive set of what is usually called mood jazz, he is taking it easy, his piano skittering across the surface of the lush arrangements for various ensembles of strings and brass.

Mendes, on such numbers as *Nana* and *Carnaval*, among others, plays with his usual grace and impeccable rhythmic sense, but since the music never poses any significant challenges, he never rises to the kind of strong, resourceful playing that represents his music at its most successful.

The arrangements here are by Clare Fischer (*Carnaval*, *Boranda*, *Morning*, *Girl Talk*), Bob Florence (*Arrival*, *Monday*, *Nana*, *Breaking*), and Dick Hazard (*Amanhecer*, *Rainy Day*, *Bonita*, *Tristeza*), and they are the flowing, romantic things they should be, for the most part.

Some wordless, pseudo-ethereal vocalizing mars *Bonita* for me (and the anonymous singer is distractingly flat on her final notes). Too, the brashness of the arrangement of *Monday* strikes a discordant note in the general lush tone of the proceedings. And one might carp with the brass' execution on the Fischer arrangements. It seems at times more than a bit shaky on *Carnaval*, *Boranda*, and *Morning*.

The arrangements, however, are delightful, especially the lovely *Carnaval* and *Morning*, the latter of which has Mendes playing harpsichord. One should also comment on the general loveliness of Hazard's subtle and knowledgeable string writing.

Perhaps the most notable aspect of the album, though, is its introduction of three new compositions by Edu Lubo—*Arrival*, *Amanhecer*, and *Boranada*—all of which reveal a strong, lyrical influence from that master bossa nova artificer, Antonio Carlos Jobim. The compositions are sure to become bossa nova standards. —Welding

New York Art Quartet

MOHAWK—European Fontana 681009: *Rufus 3rd*; *Mohawk*; *Banging on the White House Door*; *No. 6*; *Everything Happens to Me*; *Quintus T.*; *Sweet V.*

Personnel: Roswell Rudd, trombone; John Tchicai, alto saxophone; Reggie Workman, bass; Milford Graves, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★½

This record was made in July, 1965, nearly a year and a half ago, and subsequently released in Europe. It is not easily available in the United States but is important and should be known.

Free music is forming and crystallizing so quickly that it is best to consider this album as not a strictly contemporary statement. Odd, isn't it, that a sense of historicity comes in so little time?

The New York Art Quartet was a unique, short-lived group that disbanded on the crest of its own wave. With some ironic hindsight, one notes that the group with the most stylistic promise didn't cohere long enough to realize that promise. The forces that failed to bind these men fail also to bind many more. But the spirit that made their music good has rarely appeared so clearly.

The most striking thing is the scope of the stylistic vocabulary. It is greater than anything with which it was contemporaneous.

The counterpoint, especially, is more controlled. The textures change often and

are mainly lean, often ascetic. There is a wide dynamic range; conscious use of natural repetitions as an organizing force, complete reception and response on everybody's part, and a delicate sense of proportion that sustains throughout.

It's the clarity of the counterpoint, however, that most reveals the general spirit of affirmation. Clarity means (here) efficiency—few notes wasted. Almost like the beginnings of jazz, this surely was the beginning of something.

The album seems uneven. At best, as in *No. 6*, there is collective improvisation of the greatest beauty. At its least good, the music is rougher and more narrow—pieces that sound like etudes, that is, studies, musical examinations of a restricted range of possibilities. *Sweet V.*, for example, could be a study in tonal reference; Tchical's solo in *Everything*, a study in how to use that-thing-which-wants-to-repeat; *Quintus T.*, a study in ornamentation.

Yet even when the range is narrow, it still seems broader than the loud and purposeful music being made at that time in New York City.

The fact is, I think, that these four men are natural players, that the music is audibly passing through their bones *unimpaired*. We begin to understand here (for the first time) that the "freer" music is, the more it is "organized," because it is more purely *us*, and *we* are organized. Nothing could better affirm what the Aylers call "our right to breathe."

As more and more people experience this new esthetic, more and more people will be curious about the freakishly pure meeting of these four men. Recommended.

—Mathieu

Oscar Peterson

PUT ON A HAPPY FACE—Verve 8660: *Put on a Happy Face; Old Folks; Woody'n You; Yesterdays; Diablo; Soon; The Lonesome One.*
Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

I've heard Peterson on better pianos, but I've seldom heard him play better. The same goes for the trio—one of the last times Brown and Thigpen recorded as part of Peterson's trio.

Their combined efforts are especially rewarding here because they were captured live, at Chicago's London House. And "live" has added significance for one of the tracks: *Soon*. It rushes slightly, but it rushes understandably. Orrin Keepnews, in his liner comments, points out so correctly that under studio conditions, "someone would have called for another crack at it." Fortunately, what's been preserved here is the genuine excitement generated by a swinging trio, plus the rapport with a receptive audience that bounces back to the stand and creates a renewed energy.

There is an excellent cross section of tempos and moods in the collection: from the rousing Latin flavor of *Diablo* to the contemplative explorations of *Lonesome*, the latter enriched by Brown's sensitive bowing. Even within certain tunes, such as *Soon* and the title track, Peterson's sense of dynamics underscores the change from polite to pulsating.

One of the most satisfying tracks is *Yesterdays*. It shows Peterson's idolatry of Art Tatum handsomely.

—Siders

Bola Sete

AUTENTICO!—Fantasy 8375: *Brejeiro; Consolacao; Quindim de Yaya; Soul Samba; Baion Blues; Pau de Arara; Coisa; Odeon; Mulher Rendeira.*

Personnel: Sete, guitar; Sebastian Neto, bass; Paulinho, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Vince Guaraldi-Bola Sete

LIVE AT EL MATADOR—Fantasy 8371: *I'm a Loser; El Matador; People; Nobody Else; More; Favela; Black Orpheus Suite.*

Personnel: Guaraldi, piano; Sete, guitar; unidentified bass, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This is pleasant, lightweight, easy-to-listen-to music and, when Sete gets into a groove, occasionally a bit more than that.

The Brazilian guitarist is an excellent musician, and the sound of his full-bodied, unamplified guitar offers welcome contrast to the electrified sounds that surround us. But if the rave reviews of his recent Monterey Jazz Festival appearance are to be trusted, his trio must have been more inspired there than when the *Autentico* album was cut.

The most rewarding tracks are the minor-hued *Soul Samba*, on which Sete's octave effects are sometimes reminiscent of Wes Montgomery; the relaxed *Coisa*, with fine interplay between guitar and bass; and the charming, melodic *Odeon*, a Brazilian pop-tune of the Joao Gilberto variety.

Yaya, a happy piece, features drumming that is almost traditional (in the jazz sense), and on *Brejeiro*, in a similar mood, Sete sounds as if he is playing a lute. *Consolacao* (with a good bass solo), *Baion*, and *Mulher* show the influence of contemporary jazz in their modal quality, which tends to engender monotony. On the latter piece, this is blended with folk and flamenco elements.

The trio is very well integrated and has an ensemble sound of its own.

The title of the Guaraldi-Sete album is a little misleading, since the entire first side of the record is taken up by the pianist and his trio alone. Sete is featured only on the two pieces on the second side; the somewhat pretentiously titled "suite" is just *Morning of the Carnival* and *Samba De Orfeu*, played medley fashion.

Guaraldi is a quite competent pianist, and it must be nice to listen to him in a club—he plays the kind of music that doesn't demand total attention. He has the currently fashionable pianistic vocabulary at his fingertips, and his chord voicings, phrases, and runs fall pleasantly and unsurprisingly on the ear.

The total effect, however, is a bit boring, especially so since the pianist seems intent upon copying his big hit (*Cast Your Fate to the Wind*) whenever the opportunity arises.

Things pick up considerably when Sete joins the group. Perhaps because this was a live performance, the guitarist plays with more fire and abandon than on his own studio date. His sound is much better captured too. (On the other hand, the piano has a distinct wow, seemingly in the tape, since my copy wasn't warped or off-center.)

Samba De Orfeu has beautiful work by Sete and Guaraldi's liveliest solo, but the album as a whole is less than stimulating.

—Morgenstern

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BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Various Artists, *Rare Blues of the Twenties*, Vol. 2 (Historical Jazz 2)

Rating: ★★

Various Artists, *Rare Blues of the Twenties*, Vol. 4 (Historical Jazz 4)

Rating: ★★★½

Various Artists, *Rare Blues of the Twenties*, Vol. 5 (Historical Jazz 5)

Rating: ★★

Blues reissues fall into at least two categories: those organized by a unifying concept—i.e., the work of a single artist or of a geographic or stylistic determination—and those that are eclectic compilations of the work of disparate artists. The success of the latter depends to a large extent on the criteria by which the compiler selects the material.

Rarity seems to be the determining factor behind the Historical Jazz sets; esthetic or historical considerations seem to weigh far less heavily, and this is reflected in the unevenness of the blues sets the company has given us thus far.

Most material in *Rare Blues of the Twenties*, Vol. 2 (even the title is a misnomer, for half the material dates from the '30s) will be of slight interest to today's blues collector, who is primarily interested in the more germinal country blues styles. The urban blues of this era, of which this set largely is composed, interest him only insofar as they reveal rural influences or possess extraordinarily high performance standards, which is true of few in this album.

Of primary interest are Memphis Minnie's superb singing and playing (with her guitarist husband, Joe McCoy) on *Bumble Bee* and *I'm Talkin' About You*, which offer a striking illustration of the pair's magnificently empathetic guitar work. These are the album's only instances of true country blues style and are excellent by any standards.

Ivy Smith's strong *Sad and Blue* and *Third Alley Blues* are by far the most persuasive samples of the work of the urban female blues singers included here.

Lil Johnson's thin, tense voice and awkward phrasing mar her two pieces, and much the same is true of St. Louis Bessie's (Bessie Mae Smith) harsh, inflexible work on her two-part *Sugar Man Blues*, with a suitably wooden accompaniment by pianist Peetie Wheatstraw and guitarist Charlie Jordan (not Thomas Dorsey and Tampa Red, as Historical's data sheet indicates).

The selections by two male singers, Hound Head Henry and guitarist Gene Campbell, are notable more for their texts than for any excellence of performance, and Jake Jones' only known recordings, *Monkeyin' Around* and *Southern Sea Blues*, with Dallas' Gold Front Boys, are important solely for that fact.

Vol. 4 offers more palatable fare and, in fact, with the exception of two dull, static performances by Alura Mack (*Wicked Daddy Blues* and *West End Blues*) and the two nagging vocals by

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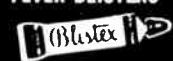
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Hazel Smith (*West End* and *Get Up off Your Knees*, a rather insipid sample of novelty blues), the general level of the set is fairly high. (There are some fine accompaniments by King Oliver on the Smith tracks.)

The set's high point is the magnificent vocal by Bessie Tucker on *Bessie's Moan*, a strong, earthy performance by one of the very finest female country singers.

Not far behind in interest are *Reckless Woman* by Bessie Jackson (i.e., Lucille Bogan), with fine Walter Roland piano accompaniment, and the beautiful (there's no other word) *Tired as I Can Be*, with a two-guitar accompaniment by Teddy Moss and John White that is a superb example of the kind of total rapport that occasionally could be achieved by blues instrumentalists.

Two exuberant 1935 performances by Leadbelly are included—*Pigmeat Papa*, with a stunning 12-string guitar accompaniment, and *Becky Deem*. They catch the legendary folk artist at the peak of his powers.

Another 12-stringer, Laughing Charley Lincoln, brother of Barbecue Bob Hicks, offers a pair of interesting numbers, *Hard Luck Blues* and *Chain Gang Trouble*, in the highly individual and generally satisfying style the brothers perfected.

There is a decided jug-band flavor to the antiphonal *Bed Slats*, performed by Stove Pipe No. 1 (Sam Jones) and David Crockett. The sly, humorous sound of their music is particularly welcome, reminding us of a curious byway of American Negro music that has disappeared.

The Memphis Sanctified Singers (comprising lead vocalist Bessie Johnson, singers B. Taylor and Sally Sumler, and guitarist Will Shade) define the contours of the then emergent Gospel music style in their *The Great Reaping Day* and *He's Got Better Things for You*, recorded in October, 1929. Their work is fascinating and Miss Jackson's voice throaty and compelling.

There is a diminution of interest in the material comprising Vol. 5. The chief fault of the set is the inclusion of far too much novelty material.

There is some fine piano by Spencer Williams on his performances with guitarist Teddy Bunn, *Pattin' Dat Cat* and *It's Sweet Like So*, but the two numbers are so heavily indebted to Georgia Tom-Tampa Red's *It's Tight Like That* that they reveal no original thought. It would have been more meaningful, it seems to me, to have issued the much more influential work by Georgia Tom and Tampa Red, on which most of the subsequent work in the genre was patterned.

Even more expendable are *Do It Right* and *The Gin Done Done It*, broadly—even embarrassingly—performed by Socks Wilson and Harry McDaniel under the recording names Pigmeat Pete and Catjuice Charlie. Likewise, Bo Carter's *Ram-Rod Daddy* and *Ants in My Pants* are both larded with clumsy double-entendre. The performances simply fail to convince.

A little bit of singer-guitarist Billy Bird's wearying vocalizing goes a long way, though I suppose the texts of his two-

part *Alabama Blues* (obviously patterned on Jim Jackson's popular *Kansas City Blues*, recorded a year earlier) provide some compensation. Jackson's singing and playing are decidedly acquired tastes, though one must admit that his *This Mornin' She Was Gone* and *This Ain't No Place for Me* are representative of his doughty approach.

The best pieces in the album are pianist-singer Roosevelt Sykes' phenomenally influential 1929 recording of *44 Blues* (which has become a repertoire staple of every blues pianist since) and *Boot That Thing*. One tends to forget Sykes' enormous impact on blues style, but these two recordings do much to remind one how impressive and exciting an artist he was.

Lewis Black is a Texas singer-guitarist, whose *Rock Island Blues* is full of a state-like, restrained power and low-keyed emotionalism, but his *Spanish Blues*, which consists of humming and disconnected verses over an out-of-tune accompaniment, is scarcely a fit companion piece.

Rarity, without excellence, is not a sufficiently valid basis for selection of material for reissue.

There's probably a good reason for the scarcity of many rare records—they weren't artistically good enough to sell many copies when they came out. The passage of time has given them the only relative worth they possess. Historical Jazz would do better to select material on the basis of artistic worth. —Pete Welding

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DON LOCHTE

1. STAN KENTON. *Septuor from Antares* (from *Adventures in Time*, Capitol). Marv Stamm, trumpet; Johnny Richards, composer.

Well, that was Stan Kenton and his mellophones, and it's from the album that he did where they were experimenting with different time pieces, this piece being 7/4. The 7/4 pattern, when you do it in 4 rather than 7/8, is much easier to feel, as far as being able to play a solo over it, but it is much harder to keep your place when you are soloing, because it's similar to two bars of 4/4.

That's why I noticed the trumpet soloist was mostly floating over the time, and would usually come out a beat late in his phrase. He would come out to end on 1 but would end on 2, because the measure was only seven beats long. I think it was probably Marv Stamm; he's a good player, but you could tell he wasn't exactly sure where I was.

I was talking to some of the guys that made this album, and they were saying how much they scuffled with it to learn these times, because I don't think they had much of a chance when they made this album to go out on the road and play it; they just came in the studio and recorded it.

From experience, I know it has taken my band about a year to get comfortable in these different times. Now I can bring in any time signature, and once they learn the pattern, they've got it. They can sight-read it almost immediately.

I know at first when a guy comes into the band and tries to sit in with us, he has a terrible time. It shouldn't be that hard; we should be used to it, but the sad fact is that jazz has been boxed up in 4/4 and 3/4 time for so long that it just seems very unnatural.

In other cultures 7/4, 9/4, and 5/4, those are the basic patterns. There is nothing really intrinsically hard about this—it's just that learning it is a slightly different feeling. I think Stan is to be congratulated for being one of the first to really explore the time-signature thing in terms of big band.

I get sort of oppressed. I like—and I find it very exciting to have—heavy brass and screaming trumpets; I like that a lot, but when you hear it from beginning to end of the track, with no variation in dynamics particularly, it gets very oppressive.

BLIND-FOLD TEST

DON ELLIS PT. 1

BY LEONARD FEATHER

That's one slight criticism I've always had for a lot of Stan's work. When you have a big band, especially with as many brass as there is on this record, it's very easy to get that oppressive heaviness going with the brass. It is much more of a challenge to get something light happening.

From playing in a section, I know when you have five trumpets and five trombones, and other horns, just to be heard, there's a tendency to play out as loud as you can and forget the dynamics.

All and all, I thought it was a step in the right direction. It rates four stars.

2. BOBBY HUTCHERSON. *Juba Dance* (from *Components*, Blue Note). Hutcherson, vibraphone, marimba; Joe Chambers, drums, composer; James Spaulding, flute.

The over-all concept of this reminds me of a couple of very effective things I have heard recently, one by Yusef Lateef. I don't know what the name of it was; he had a very simple background and over sort of a drone, and the rest of the group was playing very pointillistic things over it. It was very charming, very effective, and just recently I heard Charles Lloyd doing very much the same thing. They set up sort of a drone and do all sorts of things above it. This seems to be the same type of conception.

In this case, I didn't have a feeling that the piece got anywhere. It didn't develop one particular mood to any great length. There was no real unity between the piece and the solos, aside from the background, which just kept on and on.

It reminds me of a sort of stream-of-consciousness writing; this is the analogue in music, and to me this is the least interesting type of jazz improvisation, because that is the easiest thing to do—just to sit up there and let your thoughts come out. The hardest thing to do is to sit there and organize your thoughts on the spur of the moment and come up with a beautifully constructed, well-organized solo or group improvisation.

It happens so rarely; only a handful of jazz masterpieces ever achieved this.

Also, the head, the form of the piece—where everybody blows the head, then everybody solos and then you take the head out again—is ancient bebop. In this context, you would hope to hear something

When Don Ellis first took the *Blindfold Test* (DB, Nov. 8 and 22, 1962), he was introduced as a leading figure in the New Wave.

After a few years of name-band sideman work, notably with Maynard Ferguson, he branched out on his own for a while with various groups and worked with George Russell.

Not until 1964, when he returned to his native Los Angeles, did a significant pattern emerge. It was then that he displayed the fruits of his studies with Indian percussionist Hari Har Rao, who played with him in the Hindustani Jazz Sextet. About the same time, Ellis' big band started as a workshop group, began playing one night a week publicly in a club, and established itself beyond cavil as the hit of the '66 Monterey and Pacific festivals.

In Ellis' latest *Blindfold Test*, as I expected, he was characteristically articulate.

a little more imaginative than that.

All in all, I wasn't too impressed with it—it was fair. I kept thinking something was going to happen; it's too bad.

I won't hazard to guess who it was, because a lot of guys now are doing this type of thing. It's like when bebop got all its imitators, everybody sounded alike. Now all the guys that are doing this type of thing sound alike, with the exceptions of the ones that are really developing a personal style, like Charles Lloyd and John Handy and people like that.

3. GIL EVANS. *El Toreador* (from *The Individualism of Gil Evans*, Verve). Johnny Coles, trumpet; Evans, piano, composer.

Well, it was Gil and Johnny. I was talking with a well-known arranger about Gil a few months ago; he had been back in New York and had heard him, and he thought that Gil sounded like he was re-writing *Sketches of Spain* in as many different ways as possible and that what he heard was all these long, drawn-out sounds but not too much happening. I think that is what is going on in this particular track.

Gil is one of the great masters of jazz orchestration. But this particular period that he seems to be in right now is one of his least interesting from the standpoint of listening, because, well, I'm not particularly interested in hearing long, sustained sounds forever and ever.

My main interest in jazz and in any music is rhythmic interest, and, of course, there is practically none in tracks like this. The mood that it gets could be very effective as part of a larger piece. But even then I didn't feel that it had the intensity that it should have had.

It should have been much more dramatic, much more gripping than it was; it started to get into something, but it couldn't quite make it. I would like to hear Gil, instead of getting bogged down in all these drones and this particular thing that he is in now, get into more rhythmic things, using his beautiful sensitivities for orchestration but put it to a more exciting use than he has in the last few months—I guess . . . I don't know how long this has been going on.

As far as rating goes, here again it was good—I would say three stars.

(Continued in next issue)

BOOK REVIEWS

Ain't Misbehavin': The Story of Fats Waller. By Ed Kirkeby, in collaboration with Sinclair Traill and Duncan P. Schiedt. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., 248 pp., \$5.

The life and times of Thomas Wright (Fats) Waller, that uniquely gifted pianist, composer, singer, entertainer, and bon vivant, could have been the basis for a very interesting and revealing book. Unfortunately, this sprawling biography does not measure up to its subject.

Only the surface of Waller's personality emerges, and even that is not well defined. A string of anecdotes and incidents does not make a book, and that, sad to say, is nearly all there is here. Moreover, many of the tales are thrice told; little that is fresh and significant is revealed.

The sole exceptions are the opening passages, dealing with Waller's childhood and early career, and the closing chapters, told by Kirkeby in the first person and drawn from direct experience. Though these sections are hardly revelatory, they do contain some fresh information. But the bulk of the book is lacking in perspective and a well-defined point of view.

The authors seem content with telling stories of Waller's prowess as a drinker, eater, and *enfant terrible*, without taking the trouble to inquire about, or supply any real clues to, what motivated the man behind this activity. That is more the pity, since Waller was certainly a complex hu-

man being and since his career in so many ways typified the fate of the gifted Negro artist in a rapaciously commercial white society.

Kirkeby, a veteran record producer, band manager, and sometime lyricist, shows, in those pages clearly contributed by him (they deal with the final years of Waller's career, when Kirkeby was his manager, from 1938 to 1943) that he had great affection, even love, for his client but that their relationship, while close in certain ways, was never that of equals.

In fact, there are passages in which Kirkeby inadvertently exposes himself as a man of the old school. He resented the discrimination and prejudice that haunted Waller to the end of his days, even when he had become a nationally famous show-business figure. Kirkeby fought it and tried to make things better for Waller, and in many ways he succeeded. Yet Waller was "Fats" to Kirkeby, a gifted problem child who could be scolded when he became exasperating. He was "Mr. Kirkeby" to Waller, and the clear implication is that this was the way things *naturally* had to be. Kirkeby meant well and was certainly the best manager Waller ever had, but, sadly, one realizes that he never truly knew the man whom, he says, he "would love to the end of my days."

Kirkeby is not a professional writer and should not, therefore, be charged with the literary shortcomings of the book, which alternates between old-fashioned, leisurely biography and condensed reportage, never achieving a cohesive style or fluid narrative.

Obviously, much laborious research went into the book, and Waller's survivors contributed heavily to the opening segments. But here, too, there is an emphasis on surface, a lack of reflection and insight, which prevents the character of young Waller from emerging in more than rather shadowy dimensions.

An almost infuriating aspect of the book is the fairly consistent reproduction of Negro speech as ungrammatical and quaint. Reproducing dialog that the author(s) never heard is always a biographer's problem. Here it has been dissolved rather than solved. Did James P. Johnson really speak like an uneducated man? Having had the pleasure of conversing with the great pianist, I can say that he definitely did not.

Of course, everyday speech is idiomatic and should not be represented as stilted and "correct," but there are signs here of patronization of the people described.

Such an attitude manifests itself even with regard to the central figure himself. Waller emerges—to the extent he emerges at all—as "lovable," irascible, undependable—but also as capable of working as hard as any man in his field, while subjected to exhausting schedules, thieving promoters, grasping song publishers, and, except for periodic walkouts or sudden bursts of temperament, bearing it all with the patience and endurance of an angel.

We learn quite a bit about the basic facts of Waller's career (though only sketchily and never in depth) but nothing about his thoughts; we see that he was a man of gargantuan appetites as well as remarkable sensitivity, but the two ex-

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tremes are never brought into a meaningful relationship. We hear about Waller's great gift for composing, and the titles of records and tunes are paraded forth, but there is no meaningful description or analysis of this music and its nature and content.

We find, in passing, that Waller was deeply religious, but only a brief anecdote attempts to indicate how he integrated this aspect of his personality into his daily existence.

It is known from other sources that Waller was aware of and familiar with music of all kinds, but no mention is made of this in the book, except in passing, in an anecdote about Waller and conductor Dmitri Mitropolous.

There are 16 pages of photographs, some previously unpublished, and an authoritative discography but no index, no list of Waller compositions, and no correction of the Anglicisms in the original British edition ("kerb" for curb, "whilst" etc.).

In short, this is a sketch of Waller's career, not a true biography, and that is regrettable. It would have been better if Kirkeby had related his firsthand experiences with Waller in more detail; a full picture of part of the man's life would have been more rewarding than fragments of the whole.

To be sure, there are a lot of amusing stories here, and the Waller admirer familiar with other biographical material and the legacy of Waller's music will find interesting reading in the book. But as a record of a great artist's hectic, jumbled life, it is superficial at best.

The enigma that was Fats Waller remains unexplained, perhaps forever. Let us be thankful that we have the music.

—Dan Morgenstern

And Sleep Until Noon, by Gene Lees. Published by Trident Press, 243 pages, \$4.95.

"What really knocks me out is a book that, when you are all done reading it, you wish the author that wrote it was a terrific friend of yours and you could call him on the phone whenever you felt like it."

I thought of this passage from *Catcher in the Rye* after reading Gene Lees' *And Sleep Until Noon*, which is written by a guy who seems to be loose, intelligent, and knowledgeable in his subject matter. But I was sorry that, while I did have a more adult version of this feeling toward the author, I was not so drawn to his characters.

Jack Royal, the hero, starts playing jazz and smoking pot in his teens. His story is told in the third person, and the atmosphere is authentic. Jack becomes a big singing star, a career he pursues to the neglect of his talent as a jazz piano player.

He eventually loses favor with the U.S. public and moves to Paris, where his popularity rises to heights even greater than it had in his homeland. In addition to making one hit record after another, he is also a tough-guy star in French movies, a songwriter of importance and taste, drives a Mercedes 300 SL, has a couple of houses

around the Continent and all the women he can handle.

Jack's awakening to the emptiness of his life of money, ego, and women takes place in Stockholm, through a Swedish girl he meets there. It is a well-drawn relationship and, for me, the best part of the novel.

However, I may not be objective, because I have always had a weakness for Swedish girls, and my fantasies along these lines are apparently similar to Lees'. Another thing I found I have in common with him is relating jazz to Japanese Sumiye painting: "A piece of delicate rice paper is stretched out on a frame. You paint on it with a very wet brush. If you try to erase anything, you go through the paper. Even if you move too slow, the paper will soak and tear. So you move fast, and if you make a mistake, you have to turn it into something that isn't a mistake."

I've often thought of that analogy. As did Bill Evans when he wrote the liner notes for Miles Davis' *Kind of Blue* album in 1959.

Jack's trumpet-player friend, Bud Weston, starts tutoring him in the ways of the jazz world after Jack moves in with him following his parents' death when he is 17. Eventually, Bud is awakened to his own destiny during a State Department tour of Latin America. He falls in love with a prostitute in San Jose, Costa Rica, takes her away from all of that, goes to medical school, marries her, and becomes a kind of bebop Dr. Schweitzer in the jungles of South America.

The relationship between Bud and the hooker, like that between Jack and his Swedish girl, is fine. But outside of this, I find little memorable in the book. I can't get myself to care much about the whole story, particularly Jack's.

Maybe it is because he is too much an obviously marketable character. The big star. There's been enough written about the evils and pitfalls of success—at least I feel saturated with that subject.

This is Lees' first novel, and writing a novel is a hard thing. It did not bore me, and it is one of the first pieces of fiction I've read dealing with jazz—it is not *about* jazz, but the music is important to the story—that is true to the atmosphere. So it's worth reading, and I'm looking forward to his second. —Michael Zwerin

Jazz: The Transition Years, 1940-1960, by John S. Wilson. Published by Appleton-Century-Crofts, 185 pages, \$4.95.

In the foreword to this commendable book, Wilson states, "The story of jazz up to World War II has been told and retold from a variety of viewpoints. But most jazz histories cover the war years and the immediate postwar years hurriedly and briefly, leaving the years since then in limbo. The purpose of this book is to fill in some of the details of these missing years—the two explosive decades of jazz history between 1940 and 1960."

Much more than merely filling in some details, Wilson deals with the entire flow of events. The main torrents, the cross-currents and whirlpools, and all of the

attendant ripples and counter-ripples are described in fast-paced prose. Nothing of significance seems to have escaped Wilson's eye and ear.

His approach is essentially that of a journalist or historian. Wilson is not lacking in the critical boldness and judgment that a work of this nature demands (what events supersede? who takes preference of place and weight?), but he does, as a journalist should, record the reactions of critics to the rapidly changing conditions in jazz, and he quotes critics and musicians to buttress his own positions.

Beginning with the situation in jazz at the onset of World War II, Wilson centers his attention on four transitional figures (Lester Young, Roy Eldridge, Jimmy Blanton, and Charlie Christian) as jazz moves into the bop era. The revolutionists, nurturing for several years with their experiments in Harlem, are caught in their activity. The agonies of the old guard, and the new, when bop finally came downtown and then burst across the nation in the postwar years is humorously described.

Tracing the substructures of the "cool jazz" movements of the late '40s and early '50s, Wilson is excellent in showing the salient differences between "cool jazz" and bop. The return-to-the-roots movement of the late '50s that was characterized by an emotional, hard-swinging, Gospel-tinged approach (Horace Silver, Art Blakey, Milt Jackson) is examined, as is the work of Charlie Mingus, Jimmy Giuffre, and Ornette Coleman.

Concurrent with these movements was the growing interest in traditional jazz and early blues, and Wilson tells of the activity of these musicians. There is a chapter on the "intellectual" approach of Stan Kenton, Dave Brubeck, and the Modern Jazz Quartet. The pertinence of musicians who were shaped by, and play in the idiom of, the swing era also is discussed.

The two final chapters are extremely interesting.

Chapter 7 is a concise summary of jazz activity in foreign countries, and there are overtones implying that foreign musicians may soon eclipse U.S. musicians. Chapter 8 describes the shifting conditions under which jazz is presented, and Wilson gives a history of the important jazz festivals (several complete with profit-and-loss statements), discusses jazz-and-poetry, jazz-and-religion, and jazz on television, in movies, and in plays.

One reason this book is so readable is that Wilson's humor prevails throughout. For example, of Jimmy Giuffre he says, "One critic compared his efforts to play everything exclusively in the [clarinet's] lower register to mowing a lawn with an electric razor. When it was announced that [he] had been engaged to teach clarinet at the School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass. . . . a listener . . . asked, 'Who will teach the upper register?'"

This study is heartily recommended. The historical emphasis of those 20 years will change as events in jazz change in the balance of this decade, but it is difficult to see how anyone can write of those years without using this work as a starting point.

—Gilbert M. Erskine

FROM THE TOP

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

Boss Lady, composed and arranged by Louis Smith; Robert Ferguson Music Co.

Ferguson's publications to date have shown a commitment to a funky big-band style. *Boss Lady* is a medium-tempo, fairly difficult minor blues that oozes soul.

The line, complete with traditional turns, is first stated by saxophones over a trombone ostinato drone. A brass solo chorus follows that is rather demanding in range. The brass section will have to lay back, crescendo, and hit the release notes precisely.

One open chorus for a tenor-saxophone solo is provided. This section could well be extended. The trumpets next have an embellished version of the opening line with a rocking, idiomatic saxophone accompaniment.

Things get even more fundamentalist and back-beatish before the trombone section has a riffing background for a solo chorus (guitar solo is marked optional, but any horn could be used). There is a recapitulation of the opening line and a rather traditional coda.

Boss Lady is a fun type of arrangement that can be adapted and personalized by a good band. The basic difficulties are going to be found pre-

cisely in getting the proper, behind-the-beat feeling.

Simpatico, composed and arranged by Mark Azzolina; LeBlanc Publications, Inc.

This is one of the better cha-chas to be published. It is not a jazz arrangement—there are no solos—but it is a good, solid dance arrangement. Beyond this, it is an excellent addition to the stage-band repertoire because of its usefulness as a teaching tool.

For the director just beginning a stage band, it is ideal. The band will sound authentic from the first reading. There are few note problems, but no phrasing difficulties will be encountered. The even-beat division required (same as in a concert band) allows the director to develop an ensemble sound before moving into the idiomatic (12/8) swing-beat division.

The line is simple and employs effective antiphonal work between sections. The student must tongue in a detached style and use a legato attack.

The bridge, using trombones and saxophones, should not be slurred but articulated legato with no separation between notes. This is a good spot to emphasize the "continuous air-flow" concept.

More sectional exchanges and interchanges are piled up before the final fermata. The arrangement is easy and yet effective, undemanding but interesting.

Rhapsody for Trumpet, composed and arranged by John LaPorta; Kendor Music, Inc.

Written for and dedicated to Doc Severinsen, this fairly difficult trumpet feature opens with a typical cadenza.

The first section of the piece is slow and displays the rich, low register of the horn. An interlude leads to a driving, punching, double-time section with a composed solo line and ensemble bridge. An improvised solo section follows (a written solo is provided) with a lyrical, composed bridge.

The full ensemble comes in, the solo trumpet playing fills. Throughout the number, the band has to play with plenty of punch and bite—accented eighth notes must be clipped, clean and precise.

Another interlude section with the band punctuating, comping, and building dynamically leads to a restatement of the lyrical, modal solo, dramatically climaxing in the final cadenza.

This is a good arrangement to showcase an advanced trumpet player. As might be expected, the solo part is considerably harder than the band part. An optional part is provided to relieve some of the range problems, but endurance and projection remain a challenge.

For full effect, a well-rounded player is needed, one who can play with bravura, with a lyric quality, improvise well, and project.

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 26)

cussed trends, heroes, and villains in music. I was intrigued with the original titles of the compositions he had programmed, such as *Fig Foot* and *Mazatlan*. Someday, I hope to catch him.

With the aid of an interpreter, I spoke to some of the young men from behind the Iron Curtain. They are unable to buy our records but can pick up the Voice of America broadcasts by short-wave radio. The countries, themselves, however, hear our broadcasts, reproduce some of the music on tape, and then rebroadcast it on their own radio stations. A young man from Russia said he particularly likes Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, and Ben Webster. Many of the young people have tape recorders and utilize smuggled discs to form a collection.

The festival committee labored hard, working out rehearsal schedules efficiently. Its careful planning was evident in the following ways:

- The artists were brought into Czechoslovakia as early as their working schedules permitted so that all traces of travel fatigue were erased before performance.

- The Prague officials encouraged at least two rehearsals prior to the appearance and saw to it that studios were available.

- Someone from the festival committee met artists at the airport, making them welcome, getting them through customs, escorting them to a waiting limousine, and getting them checked into their hotel

rooms. Local currency was provided so that there was no exchange hassel. These attentions were particularly welcome in a country where few people speak English and few of the guest musicians spoke Czech.

- Printed instructions were handed out, telling when one played, where, and at what time, along with free tickets for each performance.

- Artists were treated with great dignity, and the festival committee was available all day to take care of any problems that might come up.

- The physical co-ordination of changing sets and moving pianos and drums was carried out to perfection.

Missing at the festival were some of the far-out people and get-ups that usually proliferate at jazz festivals. Beards were scarce, long-haired boys and booted females were not to be seen, and the off-beat couples that usually turn up at Monterey and Newport evidently considered Prague too far off the beaten track. As a matter of fact, the concerts were treated as concerts. The Czechs arrived in their best (though not haute couture by U.S. standards), were well groomed, and quietly settled in their seats to listen. The comings and goings for a hot dog or a beer, which disrupt other festivals, were not a part of the scene.

All the Western musicians knew that the festival must be regarded either as a labor of love or perhaps a dubious prestige medium, since only a small portion of one's fee was paid in dollars—the balance in Czech crowns, which are not ne-

gotiable. The object, of course, was to try to spend the crowns there, but the lack of anything most of us felt worthwhile to buy as a souvenir was disconcerting. While the stores were fully stocked, prices were high, quality low, and the styles a bit old hat.

Most of the musicians were offered all sorts of other work, once in Prague, such as television shows, making records, etc. None of this extra work could be paid for in dollars, and while I think we musicians like to be co-operative and friendly, especially when we have been treated so well, I did only one of the extras (a TV show), which was in essence for free, since I still have the unspent Czech money.

Any way one looks at it, the festival and the scheduled jam sessions were excellent. For five days musicians and their fans enjoyed each other's company and artistry. The over-all quality of the music was fantastic, and the diverse sources of musicians from both sides of the Iron Curtain made it even more unbelievable. As for politics and racial schisms, they just do not exist here, as they rarely do for musicians, anywhere. The program was long and varied, and we musicians were treated by everyone with the dignity accorded to a professional man. Actually, as far as jazz is concerned, there has to be a sharing of the honors between the British (who really came on with enthusiasm and know-how) and the Prague Jazz Festival Committee, whose behind-the-scenes work contributed so much to the success of the occasion. Barring a few isolated goofs, it was a most pleasurable experience. Long live the Prague Jazz Festival.—Rex Stewart



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(Continued from page 13)

music. "I'd like to add some Eastern percussion if I could," he said, "maybe tablas." . . . Coming into Donte's in January will be the **Pete Jolly Trio** . . . **Leonard Feather's** two-day "The Seven Ages of Jazz," scheduled for Jan. 21-22 at Beverly Hills High School, will be divided into two concerts. The first is traditional and includes **Wild Bill Davison**, cornet; **John (Streamline) Ewing**, trombone; **Barney Bigard**, clarinet; and **Marvin Ash**, piano. The second is devoted to modern jazz and will feature **Don Ellis**, trumpet; **Benny Carter**, alto saxophone; **Buddy Collette**, various reeds; **Roger Kellaway**, piano; **Barney Kessel**, guitar; **Ray Brown**, bass; and **Shelly Manne**, drums . . . **Count Basie** and singer **Shirley Bassey** will star in the second of Four Star's *Celanese Center Stage*. A dozen hour-long specials have been purchased by the Celanese Corp. The first program features **Duke Ellington** and **Barbara McNair** and is due in March . . . **Bud Shank** and his combo have finished a series of Monday nights at Shelly's Manne-Hole. In the altoist's group are **Gary Barone**, trumpet; **Ron Anthony**, guitar; **Bob West**, bass; and **Tom Albering**, drums. Shank is doing most of the writing.

CHICAGO: Pianist **Ramsey Lewis** was featured with a big band Christmas night at an Orchestra Hall concert. The 18-piece group was conducted by **Richard Evans**, who also wrote the arrangements. Some numbers were augmented by a vocal quartet under the direction of **Marshall Gill** . . . The Plugged Nickel closed for the first two weeks of December but reopened for the **Horace Silver Quintet's** engagement, currently in progress. The club closes again for two weeks following Silver's stand . . . Altoist **Roscoe Mitchell** gave a midnight concert Dec. 4 at the Harper Theater. In his group were trumpeter **Lester Bowie**, bassists **Charles Clark** and **Malaehi Favors**, and drummers **Leonard Smith** and **Philip Wilson** . . . The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians presented a group calling itself **Ajay's Members** in a Dec. 5 concert at Robin's Nest . . . Sessions are held each Friday at the University of Chicago's Mandel Hall. Saxophonist **Joseph Jarman** is usually on hand. The sessions, which are held in the hall's Reynolds Club, begin around 7:30 p.m. and are free to the public . . . Another spot for jamming is the Clock, 79th St. and S. Chicago Ave.

SAN FRANCISCO: Maynard Ferguson's big band played a three-night engagement at the Gold Nugget in Oakland . . . After the departure of guitarist **Jerry Hahn**, the **John Handy Quartet** was struck by the resignation of violinist **Michael White**. White left the group at the beginning of its last week in Vancouver, British Columbia . . . In a change of booking, the Both/And Club brought in singer **Lorez Alexandria** for the date originally announced for African vocalist **Mbulu** . . . Pianist **Jack Wilson's** trio (with **Don Garrett**, bass, and **Eddie**

Moore, drums) accompanied singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** for his engagement at the Jazz Workshop here . . . The **Three Sounds** followed **Willie Mae (Big Mama) Thornton** into the Jazz Workshop . . . Guitarist **Eddie Duran**, who for some 10 years headed the house band at the hungry i club here, has formed what he calls a bossa nova brass quintet, which made its debut at the Trident, the Sausalito waterfront club across the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco.

PHILADELPHIA: WHAT-FM has started a new series of Monday broadcasts (10 p.m. to midnight) from the Showboat. **Joel Dorn** is the emcee, but alto saxophonist **Cannonball Adderley** did most of the talking during his quintet's stint, which opened the series . . . Showboat owner **Herb Spivak** is planning a jazz extravaganza March 25 at Convention Hall; it will feature flutist **Herbie Mann** and a 20-piece orchestra, singer **Carmen McRae**, congaist **Mongo Santamaria**, and organist **Richard (Groove) Holmes** . . . The late **Nat Cole's** younger brother, pianist-singer **Freddie Cole**, did a week at the Starlite Lounge . . . Singer-pianist **Nina Simone** and reed man **Rufus Harley** were scheduled to star in a CORE Freedom concert at the Uptown Theater . . . Saxophonist **Stan Getz** recently played college dates at the University of Pennsylvania, Haverford College, and Trenton's Rider College . . . **Freddie Miles** presented tenor man **Dave Shrier's** quartet at a Sunday afternoon meeting of the Abundant Sounds Swing Club . . . Guitarist-banjoist **Elmer Snowden**, visiting from San Francisco, attended last month's Swing Club meeting . . . The Philadelphia College of Art resumed its monthly Friday night jazz sessions. Pianist **Jaki Byard** opened the series and was followed by vibist **Walt Dickerson** and the tenor tandem of **Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims**.

WASHINGTON: Veteran singer-pianist **Gene Austin**, now 66, drew capacity crowds—and then some—to Mr. Smith's in Georgetown. He was held over for another week in late November. It was Austin's first night-club engagement in Washington in decades . . . At the same time, around the corner, trumpeter **Buck Clayton** and trombonist **Vic Dickenson** were playing to capacity crowds in Blues Alley. Capacity crowds are not uncommon at the club, but clarinetist-owner **Tommy Gwaltney's** wife, **Betty**, club co-manager and bookkeeper, said the Friday night of the second week of Clayton-Dickenson was the club's biggest night in its two-year history. Singer **Marge Dodson**, a success at Blues Alley last spring, returned in early December, followed by trumpeter **Henry (Red) Allen** . . . **Charlie Byrd** was rapped by classical-music newspaper reviewers for using an amplifier with his open-hole guitar for his Vivaldi concerto solo performance with the **National Symphony Orchestra**. One reviewer found other things wrong with Byrd's performance, a startling thing in Washington, where Byrd has received glowing reviews from one and all for years . . . Pianist **John Eaton** continues to win new ad-

mirers at the Fox's Den in the Silver Fox Restaurant. Eaton is accompanied by bassist **Billy Taylor Jr.**, son of the former Duke Ellington bass player . . . Pianist **Toshiko Akiyoshi's** first night-club date in Washington in seven years, at the Hamilton Hotel's Purple Tree Lounge, was a success. She was the first jazz performer the lounge had featured in several years.

BALTIMORE: Fluegelhornist **Art Farmer** and his group shared the stage with the **Woody Herman Herd** in a Nov. 28 concert at the Lyric Auditorium. Herman was honored with the Left Bank Jazz Society's Hall of Fame Award for distinguished merit in the field of jazz . . . The LBJS resumed its concert-cabaret series Dec. 4 at new headquarters, the Famous Ballroom, with a quintet led by pianist **Herbie Hancock** and including trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard**, tenorist **Wayne Shorter**, bassist **Ron Carter**, and drummer **Jack DeJohnette**. The quintet of baritonist **Pepper Adams** and trumpeter **Donald Byrd** and altoist **Jackie McLean's** quartet were scheduled to conclude the year's calendar through Dec. 18. There will be no performances during the year-end holidays . . . Crosstown, vibist **Walt Dickerson** has been held over indefinitely at Peyton Place. Beginning his seventh week, Dickerson has bassist **Phil Harris** and drummer **Harold White** as sidemen.

PITTSBURGH: Crawford's Grill had some of its biggest crowds during the Thanksgiving weekend with guitarist **Kenney Burrell** and his combo . . . The Loendi Club has begun a series of Tuesday celebrity nights, which feature a combo fronted by guitarist **LeRoy Brown**, who had been one of Pittsburgh's best saxophonists until he changed instruments . . . Two big downtown hotel rooms are having different reactions to jazz. The Riverboat Room of the Penn Sheraton, a mainstay for Dixieland combos, says it will switch to bigger groups—not necessarily jazz—and institute a dance policy. The King's Garden at the Hilton, however, has been doing good business with the jazz quintet of pianist **Walt Harper**. Harper, booked in for a short stay in the fall, has been held over until the end of the year . . . Drummer **Chuck Spatafore's** trio (pianist **Bob Negri** and bassist **Bob Boswell**) continues to lure jazz buffs to the Holiday Inn near the Pittsburgh airport.

CLEVELAND: Organist **Richard (Groove) Holmes** was featured at the House of Blues Dec. 6-12 . . . The **Jazz Clique** did its second concert at Cathedral Latin High School on Dec. 20 . . . In town for one night were groups headed by organist **Bill Doggett**, Nov. 26 at Convention Center, and blues man **B. B. King**, Dec. 4 at the Circle Ballroom . . . La Quintette has moved into the Mardi Gras Lounge . . . The list of headliners at the Theatrical Grill now includes the **Saints and Sinners** Dec. 27-Jan. 7, congaist **Mongo Santamaria** Jan. 9-28, and drummer **Gene Krupa** Jan. 30-Feb. 13 . . . The Carlisle-Allen Co. and the American

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House of Painsville, Ohio, are sponsoring big bands in concert and for dancing. Featured will be the bands of Si Zentner on Jan. 12, Woody Herman on Feb. 22, and Stan Kenton on April 12.

DETROIT: The Drome featured the McCoy Tyner-Joe Henderson Quartet last month. The group opened without Tyner, who was in Japan, and Kenny Cox filled in the first night. The group included two former Detroiters (Henderson and drummer Freddy Waits), plus bassist Herbie Lewis. A guest one night was bassist Ernie Farrow. The Tyner-Henderson group also shared the bill at an Ed Love concert with Farrow's quintet (John Hair, trombone; Joe Thurman, tenor saxophone; Teddy Harris, piano; Bill Hardy, drums) . . . Farrow hosted some famous guests himself recently when pianist Wynton Kelly and drummer Roy Brooks sat in together to back his group, plus singer Benita Drake, at Paige's. Farrow's group also joined forces with trumpeter Donald Byrd and alto saxophonist Sonny Red for a concert at Masonic Temple Dec. 4. Others on the bill included singer Irene Reid, organist Jack McDuff, pianist Les McCann, and comic Flip Wilson . . . Pianist Kirk Lightsey, with bassist James Hankins and drummer Doug Hammom, opened at Scotch and Sirloin, a club that had previously featured only solo pianists . . . Lightsey's former leader, reed man Bob Pierson, who had been appearing nightly at the London Chop House, afterhours at the Pontchartrain Hotel, and Sunday nights at the Pier 500, has quit all these jobs and is reportedly considering rejoining Woody Herman's band. Pierson's group at the Pier 500 was not his regular crew but included pianist Tim Tonke, bassist Dick Wigginton, and drummer Art Mardigan . . . Mardigan is now working at the suburban Wilkins Lounge with pianist Billy Stevenson . . . Pianist Bob Elliott with bassist Jim Bunting can be heard at the Grapevine in Dearborn and afterhours at Checker Bar-B-Q's Livernois location, marking Checker's return to jazz. A surprise guest at Checker recently was pianist Don Shirley . . . The Artists' Workshop continued its series of exchange programs with Chicago-based avant-garde jazzmen by presenting alto saxophonist Roscoe Mitchell's group Dec. 1 at Lower Dery Hall on the Wayne State University campus. A week later it presented Detroit pianist-organist Lyman Woodard at Community Arts Auditorium.

MIAMI: Gene Roy's 16-piece band continues a successful string of weekly concerts at the Seven Seas in Fort Lauderdale . . . The Rhumcay Lounge at the Harbour One recently featured vocalist Helen Glover, with the Pirates 3, a jazz combo . . . Disc jockey Alan Rock's Jazzville showcased the Herbie Brock Trio at the Nov. 13 concert. Playing opposite the pianist's group was the Charlie Austin Quartet. The next week trumpeter-saxophonist Ira Sullivan's quartet cooked opposite Dave Akins' trio . . . A creative workshop at the University of South Florida recently featured the synthesis of three art forms in the University Center Music

Committee's "Jazz, Poetry, and Paint." While Dr. Robert Gelinas, professor of art, painted a large nonobjective work, students and professors from the department of English read poetry, and the MK III jazz group played a number of original selections . . . The Museum of Science sponsored an outdoor jazz concert with the Ira Sullivan Four and the Dixieland group of trumpeter Phil Napoleon. The latter opened his Napoleon's Retreat on Dec. 15 . . . Trombonist Pee Wee Hunt closed Nov. 26 at the Oceania in Fort Lauderdale. He was featured with Andy Bartha's Deep South Dixieland Jazz Band . . . Vocalist Johnny Hartman recently closed a successful run at the Fontainebleau's Club Gigi . . . The Dave Brubeck Quartet will be featured at the Miami-Dade Junior College north campus Jan. 19. The concert is free to the public . . . The Nov. 27 Sunday service at Holy Cross Episcopal Church presented a jazz offering, 20th Century Folk Mass, written by the Rev. Geoffrey Beaumont of London. Rafael Heaston, pianist and organist-choir director at the church, was assisted by Gerard Morgenroth, saxophone, clarinet, and flute, and Pedro Martinez, drums. Edith Crain was the guest organist . . . Disc jockey China Valles is promoting Monday night sessions at the Mr. James Club. A recent one featured the Jazz Scope Septet, pianist Bobby Kendricks' trio, and Mop Dudley's band.

NEW ORLEANS: Saxophonist Rene Neto has been added to Paul Ferara's group at Caesar's Palace . . . The sidemen who recently joined singer Cab Calloway at Al Hirt's club included trumpeter Herb Tassin, trombonist Ted Demuth, altoist Warren Bell, pianist Ellis Marsalis, bassist Walter Payton, and drummer Sam Cohen . . . Pianist Armand Hug appeared in Tulane University's Concert of American Music organized by Dr. Hans Nathan . . . More jazz on campus is coming from Louisiana State University, where a new group called the Improvisations Unlimited Chamber Quintet is playing sessions at the student union. Joe Brocato, trumpet; John Berholot, tenor saxophone; Happy Hallman, piano; Mike Cottingham, bass; and Jim Atwood, drums, make up the new enterprise . . . Al Hirt and his band returned to the trumpeter's club for a week in December. Hirt is spending less and less time in town and more on tour.

DALLAS: Clarinetist Pete Fountain played a concert at the State Fair Music Hall Dec. 2 . . . The Club Lark will continue reed man David (Fathead) Newman's stay until after the first of the year. The club had to take up part of its dance floor to accommodate its increased audience. Pianist Red Garland recently left the Lark to play at the Fink Mink Club. The Fink Mink also continues with vocalist Betty Green and announced a name policy—trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie's quintet is scheduled to begin it in January . . . The Southern Methodist University jazz concert with the Paul Gurro Jazz Ensemble was canceled and tentatively rescheduled for next spring . . . WRR re-

cently doubled the hours of *Jazz Unlimited* on weekends and continued its music-interview format with appearances by **Red Garland** and **David Newman** . . . The **Juvey Gomez** Trio recently celebrated its 14th month at the Club Villager . . . Singer **Aretha Franklin** recently played at Louann's.

DENVER: The Embers recently hosted successful engagements by the **Gene Krupa** Quartet and the **Oscar Peterson** Trio. Appearing for a week starting Nov. 21 were the **Three Sounds**, followed Nov. 30 by pianist **Ahmad Jamal** . . . Guitarist **Johnnuy Smith** is a weekend regular at Shaner's After Dark, along with the **Neil Bridge** Trio (Bridge, piano; **Buddy Smith**, bass; **Derryh Goes**, drums). Smith's trio also did a benefit concert Dec. 8 for the Colorado Springs Opera Guild . . . The **Queen City Jazz Band** performs Friday and Saturday nights at Mon-Vue Village . . . Jazz is featured Sundays at the Piccadilly Pub Lounge with the **Bill Sloan** Trio . . . Trumpeter **Al Hirt** played to a packed house at the University of Colorado recently . . . The Denver Jazz Club began its winter concert series in mid-November and will soon present pianist **Don Ewell** and singer **Barbara Dane**.

LAS VEGAS: With pianist **Bobby Tucker** and drummer **Charlie Persip** as part of his regular traveling crew, **Billy Eckstine** returned to Las Vegas after a lengthy absence caused by illness. For his December season at the Alladin, the singer added trumpeter **Gil Lindsley**, trombonist **Bill Rogers**, saxophonists **Buck Skalak** and **Don Davidson**, and bassist **Charles Pearson** . . . The Black Magic had pianist **Ron DiFillips**' trio on the late shift with occasional guest groups. **Abe Noles' Sliding Boneheads**, featuring six trombones and a rhythm section, returned there by popular demand . . . Pianist **Page Cavanaugh** closed a long stand at the Tropicana's La Fontaine Lounge. **Maynard Sloate** signed Cavanaugh for a May booking with his septet in the larger Blue Room.

TORONTO: Singer **Jimmy Rushing** did two weeks at the Colonial, backed by altoist **Earle Warren**'s group (**Roy Burrowes**, trumpet; **Paul Weidman**, bass; **Harry Whittaker**, piano) . . . **Matt and Ginny Dennis** were featured at the Town Tavern recently . . . Tenorist **Stanley Turrentine** led a quartet at the Park Plaza . . . **Moe Koffman**, playing two amplified saxophones, appeared on NBC-TV's *Tonight* show, along with organist **Art Ayre**, sitarist **Gary Benstead**, and drummer **Andy Cree** . . . **Norman Symond's Concerto Grosso for Jazz Quintet and Orchestra** was performed by the **Toronto Symphony Orchestra** and the **Ron Collier** Quintet. **Seiji Ozawa** conducted. . . . Jazz critic **Leonard Feather** was a guest lecturer at the McMaster University's fifth annual Festival of the Arts . . . The Park Plaza Hotel is continuing its jazz policy with some success. Latest to appear was the **Donald Byrd** Quintet with **Sonny Redd**, alto saxophone; **Albert Daley**, piano; **Wilber Little**, bass; and **Jimmy Cobb**, drums . . . **Junior Mance**, a recent Park Plaza

performer, reappeared at the Colonial with **Gene Taylor** playing bass and **Bobby Thompson** drums . . . Singer **Mark Murphy** was booked into the Town for a week, followed by pianist **Horace Silver's** quintet.

LONDON: Veteran clarinetist **George Lewis** collapsed, suffering from nervous exhaustion, at the end of his British tour in October . . . Tenorist **Bud Freeman** subbed for multi-reedist **Roland Kirk**, who missed opening night at Ronnie Scott's because of passport formalities. Before Freeman left Britain, he recorded his second album for Fontana. He may be back next year to play Scott's. Kirk was followed into the club Nov. 28 by the

Tony Kinsey-Alan Haven Duo and vocalist **Aunie Ross**. Kirk was to make a six-day tour after his engagement at Scott's. His accompanists were pianist **Johnny Burch**, bassist **Dave Green**, and drummer **Phil Seamen**. Tenorist **Ben Webster** and singer **Blossom Dearie** followed Miss Ross and Kinsey for a month beginning Dec. 12. Meanwhile, Scott's former premises, the Old Place, continues to present the best in British avant-garde jazz. **Peter King**, pianist **Chris McGregor**, **Johnny Marshall**, and tenorist **Mike Westbrook** are among the musicians who have appeared there. McGregor also continues to appear at the Little Theater Club two nights a week . . . Trumpeter **Roy Eldridge** began a tour of Ilford on Dec. 2.

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WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to Down Beat, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf, Jimmy Neely.
The Apartment: Marian McPartland.
Basin St. East: Charlie Barnet to 1/1.
Basie's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon. George Benson to 1/1.
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.
Dom: Tony Scott, Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Eddie Condon's: Bob Wilber, Yank Lawson.
El Carib (Brooklyn): Johnny Fontana.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six.
Five Spot: Donald Byrd to 1/8. Sessions, Sun. afternoon, Mon.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
Half Note: Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, Jimmy Rushing to 1/6.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Hugo's: sessions, wknds.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
Jilly's: Monty Alexander, Link Milman, George Peri, Sun.-Mon.
Kenny's Pub: Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Thur.-Fri.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Art Williams, wknds.
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
L'Intrigue: Joe Beck, Don Payne, Don McDonald.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Count Basie to 12/31.
007: Donna Lee, Mickey Dean, Walter Perkins.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolf Knittel, Ted Kotick, Paul Motian.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Joe Farrell, Bill Crow, Frank Owens.
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb, Don Frye, Sun.
Slug's: Jackie McLean to 1/10. Sessions, Sun. afternoon, Mon.
Steak Pit (Paramus, N.J.): Connie Berry.
Summit Hotel: Jimmy Butts.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Top of the Gate: Randy Weston, Jaki Byard to 1/15. Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun.
Tremont Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Jazz Vangards, Tue.
Village East: Larry Love.
Village Gate: Nina Simone, Montego Joe, 1/6-7.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
White Lantern Inn (Stratford, N.J.): Red Crossett, Sun.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

BALTIMORE

Buck's: Bill Byrd.
Famous Ballroom: Left Bank Jazz Society, name groups, Sun.
Grand Prix: Milt Garland.
Jones': Leroy Hawthorne.
Kozy Korner: Ed Birdsong.
Krazy Kat: Dan Brown.
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hataz.
Marticks: Joe Clark.
Peyton Place: Walt Dickerson.
Place in the Alley: Fred Weiner.
Playboy: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.
Prime Rib: Dick Aitken, Jerry Clifford.
Roosevelt Hotel: Otts Bethell.
Wells': George Jackson.

MIAMI

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.
Chateau Madrid (Fort Lauderdale): Louis Armstrong, 12/29-1/4. Benny Goodman, 1/19-25.
Sarah Vaughan, 1/26-2/1.
Deauville: Bobby Fields, hb.
Dino's: Chubby Jackson, hb.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, wknds.
Harbor Lounge: Guy Fasciani, Donn Mast, George Peri, Lenny Perna, 1/10.

Jazzville (Rancher): Ira Sullivan, Dolph Castellano, Concerts, Sun. afternoon.
Miami-Dade Jr. College: Dave Brubeck, 1/19.
Mr. James Club: jazz, Mon.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.
700 Club: Herbie Brock, hb.

PHILADELPHIA

Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Johnny Ellis-Tony DeNicola.
Jack Hansen's (Morrisville): Dixieland, Thur.
Latin Casino: Peggy Lee, 2/27-3/12.
Showboat: Arthur Prysock, 1/16-21. Sonny Stitt-Don Patterson, 1/23-28.
Tremont (Trenton): Dick Braytenbah.

TORONTO

Colonial: Buck Clayton to 1/14.
George's Spaghetti House: Art Ayre, Moe Koffman.
Penny Farthing: Jim McHarg.
Town Tavern: Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, 1/2-14.
Zoot Sims-Al Cohn, 1/16-21.

CLEVELAND

American House (Painsville): Si Zentner, 1/12. Woody Herman, 2/22.
Americana Lounge East: Hugh Thompson.
Blue Chip Inn: Duke Jenkins.
Brothers Lounge: Harry Damus.
Copa: Wayne Quares.
Esquire Lounge: Eddie Baccus.
House of Blues: name jazz groups.
Leo's Casino: Winston Walls.
Mardi Gras: La Quintette.
Tally-Ho: Joe Dalesandro.
Theatrical Grill: Saints and Sinners to 1/7.
Mongo Santamaria, 1/9-28. Gene Krupa, 1/30-2/13. Bob McKee, hb.

CHICAGO

Bungalow Inn: Jimmy Burton.
Bernard Horwich Center: Cy Touff, 1/18. Sandy Mosse, 2/16.
Havana-Madrid: Bunk Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed. Jazz Organizers, Thur.-Sun.
Jazz Ltd: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Cannonball Adderley to 1/8. Gene Krupa, 1/10-29. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, hbs.
Meadows Club: Oscar Brown Jr.
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, wknds.
Old Town Gate: Eddie Davis, Mon.-Thur. Franz Jackson, wknds.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Horace Silver to 1/1.
Pumpkin Room: John Young, Paula Greer, wknds.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page.
Caesar's Palace: Paul Ferrara.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Bill Kelsey, Santa Pecora.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.
Goliwog: Armand Hug.
Haven: Keith Smith, wknds.
Hollie's: George Davis, afterhours, wknds.
Joe Burton's: Joe Burton.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelsson.
Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reedy.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. afternoon.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun. afternoon.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, Lenore Paxton.
Baker's Keyboard: Kenny Burrell, 1/20-29.
Big George's: Romy Rand.
Blues Unlimited: Slide Hampton, Thur.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton.
Checker Bar-B-Q (Livernois): Bob Elliott, Mon.-Sat., afterhours.

Chessmate Gallery: Harold McKinney, Fri.-Sat., afterhours.
Diamond Lil's: Skip Kalich, Tue., Thur.
Drome: Quartette Tres Bien, 12/30-1/8.
Frolic: Don Davis, Thur.-Sat.
Grapevine (Dearborn): Bob Elliott.
Hobby Bar: Dezile McCullers, Mon., Tue., Thur.
Jack Brokensha: Jack Brokensha.
Momo's: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.
New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.
Paige's: Ernie Farrow, wknds.
Pink Panther: Tony Thomas, Frank Morelli, Sun.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Mance, Mon.-Sat. Jack Pierson, Sat.
Roostertail: Chuck Robinett.
Shadow Box: Wade Boykin, Tue.-Sat.
Side Door (Kalamazoo): Dave Ferguson, Sun.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Topper: Ted Sheel.

Twenty Grand: Levi Mann, hb.
University of Michigan (Ann Arbor): Jack Brokensha, Joseph Jarman, Detroit Contemporary 5, 1/5. Andrew Hill, 1/21.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd.
Webbwood Inn: Rudy Robinson, Sun.
Wilkins Lounge: Billy Stevenson.

MILWAUKEE

Avante Garde: occasional blues and jazz groups.
Crown Room: Lou Lalli.
De Salvo's: Frank DeMiles.
Dimitri's: The Jazzmen.
Green's Living Room: Will Green.
Holiday Inn (Central): Dan Edwards.
Kg's: Sig Millonzi, Fri.-Sat.
Ma's: Four Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.
Sardino's: Joe Gumin, Sun.
Someplace Else: Don Nedobeck, Sun., Tue., Thur.

LOS ANGELES

Bonesville: Don Ellis, Mon. Thur.-Sun. Dave Mackay, Vicki Hamilton, Tue.-Wed.
Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Dave Miller, Sun.
Charley Brown's (Marina del Rey): Dave Miller.
Chez: Woody Herman to 1/12.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Mike Melvin, Tue. Thur. Ruth Price, Dave Grusin, Sun. Jack Sheldon, Mon.
Elks Club (Santa Ana): Wild Bill Davison, 1/1. Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
Jazz Corner: Charles Kynard, Jimmy Hamilton.
La Duce (Inglewood): name groups nightly.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Dizzy Gillespie to 1/7. Jimmy Smith, 1/8-21. Richard Holmes, 1/22-2/4. Willie Bobo, 2/5-3/4.
Living Room: Kirk Stuart.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Bobby Bryant. Plas Johnson, Tue.
Memory Lane: name groups nightly.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.
Pied Piper: Ocie Smith, Ike Isaacs, Dolo Coker, Sun.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Vince Saunders.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Bob Corwin, Ron Anthony.
Reuben's (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Fri.-Sat. (Whittier), Tue.-Thur.
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Jackie Coon, Tue.-Sat. Edgar Hayes, Sun.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Joe Williams to 1/22. George Shearing, 1/24-26. Art Blakey, 2/7-19. Shelly Manne, wknds.
Sherry's: Mike Melvin, Sun.
Sportsmen's Lodge (North Hollywood): Stan Worth, Al McKibbon.
Tropicana: name groups nightly.
Villa Frascati: Calvin Jackson.
White Way Inn (Reseda): Pete Dailey, Thur.-Sun.
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): D'Vaughn Pershing, Chris Clark, Tue.-Wed.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Joe Williams, Redd Foxx, 12/29-1/8. Dizzy Gillespie, 1/11-22. Jimmy Smith, 2/7-19. Carmen McRae, 2/21-3/5.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes.
El Matador: Cal Tjader, 12/30-1/21. Charlie Byrd, 1/23-2/11. Joao Donato, 2/13-25.
Half Note: George Duke.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): Merrill Hoover.
Hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders.
Jazz Workshop: Les McCann, 12/30-1/8. Richard Holmes, 1/10-22. Roland Kirk, 1/24-2/5. Art Blakey, 2/21-3/5.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson.
Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
Trident (Sausalito): Bola Sete, 1/3-2/10.

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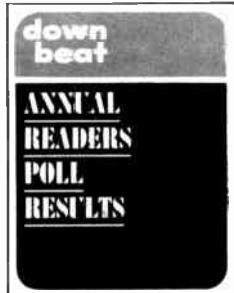
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