

JANUARY 18, 1962 35c


down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

6th ANNUAL BRASS issue

THOUGHTS ON
JAZZ TROMBONE FROM
KID ORY TO J. J. JOHNSON





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Other recent Riverside LPs that justify "great expectations" include CANNONBALL ADDERLEY, Orchestra: *African Waltz* (RLP 377; Stereo 9377); The CANNONBALL ADDERLEY Quintet *Plus* (RLP 388; Stereo 9388); WES MONTGOMERY: *So Much Guitar!* (RLP 382; Stereo 9382); BILL EVANS Trio: *Sunday at the Village Vanguard* (RLP 376; Stereo 9376).

RIVERSIDE RECORDS

education in jazz

by John La Porta

The Berklee School has honored me with the privilege of joining their auspicious faculty starting with the June session in 1962. I look forward with keen anticipation to the beginning of what I am sure will be a great experience.

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John La Porta

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If you desire to contact me after June 11, 1962, do so at The Berklee School of Music, 284 Newbury St., Boston 15, Mass.

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THINGS TO COME

The Feb. 1 Down Beat, which goes on sale Thursday, Jan. 18, features perceptive articles on the two 1961 Hall of Fame winners: Billie Holiday, who won the Readers Poll, and Coleman Hawkins, who won the International Jazz Critics Poll. Other features, of course. Plus news, record reviews, columns, and all the other good things you find in every issue of Down Beat. Reserve your copy now.



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D. 18



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...AND THE DUKES GO MARCHING ON!



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CHORDS & DISCORDS

Lovely Words from Ornette

I have read articles by the staff of *Down Beat* and some freelance writers about music. . . . This is very good for musicians and listeners.

I do believe everyone shares in the nature of music whether we like it or not, player and nonplayer. The biggest problem about music is the material it is made out of, and this seems to be brought about by the social concept of classes rather than the music itself. I guess that is why jazz music has such a beautiful meaning; it is classless, just as the art of human living is a classless way of living that gives. Music has this quality.

I wrote this letter because I believe in people and their relation to music.
New York City Ornette Coleman

Covers Up

Since I've been a subscriber I have become fascinated by each issue's cover. Each cover reveals to me the depth of the article and the person or persons written about. The covers are not just pictures of jazz artists, they are a true conception of what the artist feels, and he portrays it in his sketch.

These sketches make you stop and think. They make you picture in your mind what idea or feeling the artist is trying to get across to his viewers.

I've referred back to my old issues of *DB* 1957-58, and looking at them, I saw artists such as Dave Brubeck, Frank Sinatra, Gerry Mulligan, and others. They're great covers, but there is no message, no meaning.


I'd like to congratulate the *Down Beat* staff for its great work and especially David Stone Martin, Ray London, and Robert J. Billings for their terrific and imaginative job on the *DB* covers.
Egbertsville, N.Y. Joan Skill

East Is East, and West Is West

A few years ago, I thought rock and roll was the greatest music in the world. But as I got older, I "advanced" from the lower class of music to the supreme—jazz.

After a while, I got to know the artists by their styles of playing, but I never got to know the difference between West Coast and East Coast styles of jazz. . . . It has been bothering me for some time. I'd sure like to know the difference.
Henderson, Nev. Bob Hancy

The term West Coast jazz was one contrived as a peg on which to hang large record sales. Of the men identified with the term, few were born on the West Coast; most were from the East. Several were interested in writing, both composition and orchestration, and they applied their skills in this field to small ensembles, usually. The players, having taken up



A close look at a close-by Connstellation

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Gene Krupa



Bobby Hackett



Les Brown



Pete Fountain



Stan Kenton

residence in, generally, the Los Angeles area, were also interested in acquiring studio jobs, and to get such a position required polished musicianship. All this led to jazz of a polished and craftily arranged kind.

East Coast jazz, a term that really never caught on, was supposedly a hard-driving, bop-derived music made up of long and fiery solos backed by an equally heated rhythm section.

In essence, both terms were and are false, because jazz is not geographically definable, nor can it, should it, be stuck in neat but suffocating pigeonholes where psychic economy flourishes but art dies.

Dates and Places, Please

Why are recording dates such a big secret that they are seldom included in the liner notes of albums?

I feel that there are four things that should be a definite requirement in the writing of liner notes: the personnel, the place, the recording date, and the names of the tunes. All this should be in a separate place on the back of the record jacket and given precedence over the euphemistic jabber that so often clutters that portion of the jacket.

But, on most occasions, I am dismayed to find the recording date and place have both been eliminated, and a long involved history of how so-and-so's grandmother bought him a trumpet at the age of 4 has replaced what I consider necessary.

I don't know, maybe I'm the only guy that feels this way, and maybe I will eventually go stark raving mad one of these days. But don't you think the recording date is important? The Riverside people are the only ones I can think of that list the date and place on all their records. May they have a place in heaven reserved for them.

APO, New York City Gene Miller

Wanted: Letters to Pete

In a *Hot Box* column that appeared in 1960, George Hoefer wrote about Pete Johnson, the great Kansas City blues pianist. It was a long overdue piece of writing. In the article, Johnson's address was listed. However, Pete has just recently moved to a quieter section of Buffalo. His new address is 76 Dodge St., Apt. 5, Buffalo 9, N. Y.

It certainly would be a wonderful thing for Pete's morale to hear from his many friends. Due to illness, he has been unable to work for three years.

He and his wife are very interested in receiving any information pertaining to records that Pete cut for various labels in the '30s and '40s. If any readers have such information, they can send it to Pete. He will be most grateful.

Many of Pete's friends in Buffalo and Toronto have been awaiting word on the outcome of an alleged benefit performance held for Pete in New York City within the past few months. All that is known is that such a benefit was held, but, as yet, no accounting has been made.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Carroll Hardy

PROGRESS REPORT #2

From:

VERVE RECORDS

Subject: Poll Winners

When a jazz musician wins the coveted top spot in the annual Down Beat Jazz Poll, he reigns in his field. This is the yardstick by which today's greatness is measured. At Verve, we feel that the results of the 1961 Down Beat Poll show clearly that the slogan, "The Jazz Of America Is On Verve," is more than a catch-phrase.

These are current Verve artists who won first place awards (the latest album by each artist is noted in parentheses):

Hall Of Fame—Billie Holiday (THE ESSENTIAL BILLIE HOLIDAY V-8410)

Baritone Sax — Gerry Mulligan (A CONCERT IN JAZZ V/V6-8415)

Arranger—Gil Evans (Coming Soon! BILL EVANS, PIANIST, MUSIC ARRANGED AND CONDUCTED BY GIL EVANS V/V6-8435)

Piano — Oscar Peterson (THE TRIO V/V6-8420)

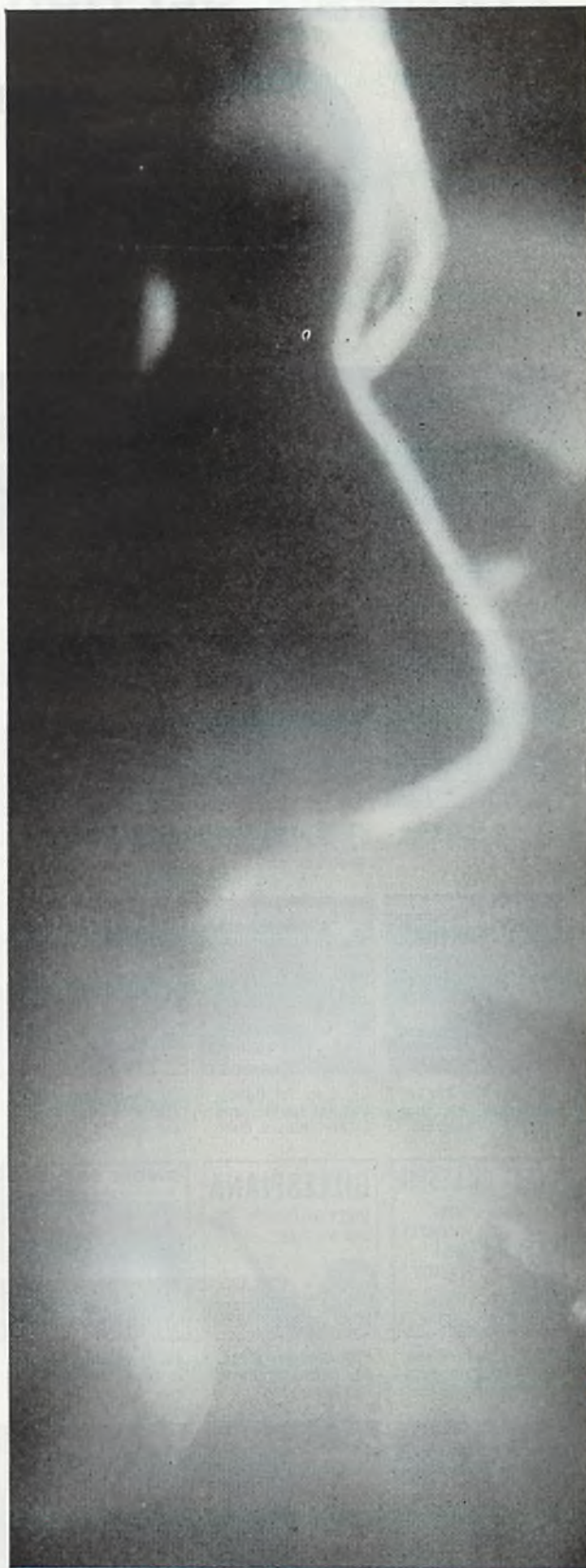
Vibes — Milt Jackson (VERY TALL, with The Oscar Peterson Trio V/V6-8429)

Bass—Ray Brown (JAZZ CELLO V/V6-8390)

Female singer — Of course, Ella Fitzgerald (CLAP HANDS, HERE COMES CHARLIE! V/V6-4053)

And also note that some of the greatest recorded jazz by other poll winners is on Verve. Dig into a catalog to dig the choice items by Buddy DeFranco, clarinet; Count Basie, best dance and jazz band; Miles Davis (with Charlie Parker), trumpet; and J. J. Johnson (JATP). There's new gold to be mined in the glistening Contemporary Music currently on release by Verve. A case in point is illustrated by the striking photo at the right. It's a sliver of the cover of one of the most provocative albums of modern music ever recorded. It features the tenor saxophone artistry of Stan Getz, the composition genius of Eddie Sauter, and the sensitive string direction of Hershy Kay. It's called FOCUS.

And the focus in jazz is always on Verve Records.



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LOUIS ARMSTRONG

STAN GETZ

OSCAR PETERSON

LIONEL HAMPTON



78. Bye Bye Blackbird, Walkin', All of You, etc.



133. Freddie Freeloader, Flamenco Sketches, etc.



85. Anything Goes, Ballad, Let's Fall in Love, etc.



138. Out of This World, I'm Gonna Go Fishin', etc.



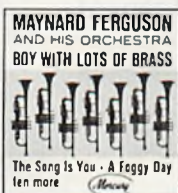
141. Let's Dance, Moon Glow, etc. Not available in stereo.



31. Clap Yo' Hands, But Not for Me, Man I Love, plus 9 more



30. Misty, Gone With the Wind, How High the Moon, 6 more



180. The Lamp is Low, Song is You, Easy to Love, etc.



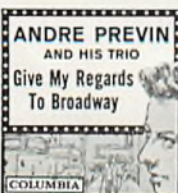
81. St. Louis Blues, My Heart Belongs to Daddy, etc.



136. Prelude, Blues, Africana, Toccata, Pan-Americana



39. Also: When I Fall in Love, Like Someone in Love, etc.



40. Sound of Music, Too Darn Hot, Take Me Along, 7 more



4. Also: I'm in the Mood for Love, How High the Moon, etc.



139. Cult Rhythm, Chant to the God of Thunder, etc.



86. "It swings, it's full of excitement" - Downbeat Magazine



27. Never Let Me Go, Jungle Fever, Down By the Riverside, etc.



87. Also: Gone With the Wind, The Breeze and I, etc.



80. Willow Weep For Me, Solitude, Where or When, 6 more



135. Squeeze Me, Stompy Jones, Big Shoe, Ruin, etc.



29. Onward Christian Soldiers, Rock of Ages, 12 in all



144. Exciting Afro-Latin rhythms in dramatic settings



181. Autumn Leaves, New Rhumba, Way Down, Trio, etc.



182. Everybody's Boppin, Charleston Alley, etc.



183. Dark Eyes, John Henry, Greensleeves, Soul Mist, etc.



124. Hot and Cold Running Tears, Imagination, 10 more



145. Close Your Eyes, Blues for Big Scotia, O.P., etc.

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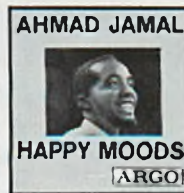
COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Terre Haute, Ind.



132. Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Orchestra, five more



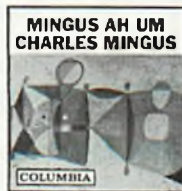
77. Take Five, Three to Get Ready, Everybody's Jumpin', etc.



82. I'll Never Stop Loving You, For All We Know, 8 more



140. Stella By Starlight, etc. Not available in stereo



184. Goodbye Pork Pie Hat, Pussy Cat Dues, etc.



179. Nature Boy, Born to be Blue, Early Autumn, etc.



17. There Goes My Heart, Love Walked In, Call Me, 9 more



13. Also: So Close, Hurtin' Inside, So Many Ways, etc.



84. Here's jazz at its best. Limehouse Blues, Wabash, etc.



137. Jubilation, If I Love Again, Fuller Bop Man, etc.



148. Just Friends, I Cover the Waterfront, etc.



1. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.

7 MORE GREAT RECORDS TO CHOOSE FROM

175 & 176. Lester Young Memorial Album (2-Record Set — counts as two selections). Not available in stereo. Here's Lester Young, with Count Basie and his Orchestra, in 24 great performances. Shoe Shine Boy; Riff Interlude; Taxi War Dance; Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie; Easy Does It; I Never Knew, etc.

149. The Bob Bookmeyer Quartet — The Blues Hot and Cold. One of our finest trombonists improvises on Languid Blues, On the Sunny Side of the Street, I Got Rhythm, Stoppin' at the Savoy, etc.

150. Clifford Brown and Max Roach at Basin Street. Not available in stereo. What is This Thing Called Love? I'll Remember April, Time, 4 more

177 & 178. The Unforgettable Lady Day (2-Record Set — counts as two selections). Not available in stereo. 24 great Billie Holiday performances — Body and Soul, Strange Fruit, You Go to My Head, These Foolish Things, Man I Love, etc.

147. Manny Albam — Drum Feast. 10 tasty tidbits — Pickled Beats, Cymbal Soup, A Sip of Drum Bouie, Tea 'n Timpani, Rare Snare, etc.

186. Dinah Washington — The Queen. All of Me, Bad Luck, Make Me a Present of You, Back Water Blues, 8 more

189. The Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet — You 'n Me. On the Alamo, Love for Sale, Awful Lonely, You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To, etc.



185. To Beat or Not to Beat, etc. Not available in stereo



47. One Mint Julep, Rib Joint, Mangos, Pink Lady, 7 more



134. Poor Butterfly, My Foolish Heart, Speak Low, etc.



79. Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, My Funny Valentine, 10 more



187. Music from the Soundtrack. Not available in stereo



142. Everybody's Blues, Caravan, Cherokee, 7 more



143. Hello, Young Lovers; What's New; 100 Proof, etc.



125. And the Angels Sing, A String of Pearls, etc.

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NEW YORK

Two clubs on this coast ran into trouble during December. Boston's Storyville, no longer really associated with **George Wein**, closed its doors last month after an engagement by **Cannonball Adderley**. Official word was that jazz fans hardly ever came to see favorites except on Saturday night. Unofficial word was that unsympathetic management had driven regular jazz fans away in favor of the weekend crowds. (In any case, **Boots Mussilli's** club in Milford, Mass., and the Fairbrook Country Club in Worcester, Mass., continue to book big-name attractions.) Storyville house-pianist **Al Vega** moved into Somerville's Jumbo, three miles from the city's center.

The Five Spot, New York's prime place for groups outside the usual public trend, was closed by police order after a minor, bearing a false identification card, was served a drink. **James Moody** and **Freddie Redd** were thereupon out of work. **Joe Termini**, owner of the club, lost several thousand dollars. Of course, nothing happened to the young man. (Mindful of the sheer unfairness of such procedure, the New York legislature is considering a bill requiring youngsters to carry identification cards complete with photographs).

Garry Burton, the youthful vibist, has been invited to play at Punta del Esta Jazz Festival to be held at Montevideo, Uruguay, Jan. 31-Feb. 6. Burton intends to take with him **Chris Swansen**, valve trombone; **Don Jones**, bass; **Don Martin**, drums. The festival, sponsored by Pena del Jazz, will also spotlight jazz groups from Argentina, Chile, Brazil, Uruguay, The Netherlands, and France.

Jazz radio continues strongly in the area. Long Island's WBAB now features *The Alan Grant Jazz Nocturne Show* Monday through Saturday night . . . WNEW's second show with live musicians featured **Duke Ellington** . . . **Les Davis** broadcasts nightly from the Jazz Gallery, part music and part interviews . . . And, away from here, **Henry Whiston's Jazz at Its Best**, a Montreal network show, now is past its 600th Saturday performance.

Erskine Hawkins is currently in Canada . . . **Zoot Sims**, back from England, hopes to return there with tenor mate **Al Cohn** . . . **Art Farmer** broke his right (playing) hand but is able to function despite the cast . . . **Nina Simone**, married a New York detective in December, before leaving for an African tour.

Trumpeter **Dick Vance**, former sideman with many name bands, has a featured spot in the current stage show at Radio City Music Hall . . . Brooklyn's new jazz club, the Show Spot, opened with a group led by **Lou Donaldson** . . . A tenor saxophone summit meeting took place at Carnegie Hall New Year's Eve when **Sonny Rollins**, **Stan Getz**, and **John Coltrane**, with their groups, were featured in concert. **Jimmy Rushing** will appear for eight weeks with **Harry James**, four each in Las Vegas and Lake Tahoe, Nev. . . . **Chico Hamilton's** quintet furnished the music for a 10-minute color film, *Litho*, "an impressionistic concept



Moody



Sims

(Continued on page 52)

down beat®

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Armstrong

LOUIS AND OTHERS SUED FOR 11½ MILLION DOLLARS

Louis Armstrong seemed caught in the hot, heavy verbal crossfire of his manager Joe Glaser (who also is head of Associated Booking Corp.) and show producer Harold Minsky, of *Minsky's Follies* fame.

Armstrong had signed a contract to appear for 12 weeks, at \$15,000 a week, in a Minsky-produced show at the New Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas, Nev. The trumpeter was scheduled to begin his run in February. But last month Glaser stated Armstrong would not appear, saying that Minsky's shows were "indecent, immoral, and obscene." Glaser went on to say he expected future shows produced by Minsky to be of the "same unsavory character." Therefore, no Louis.

Reaction was not long coming. Minsky expressed shock at Glaser's charges, and he and the hotel filed an \$11,500,000 damage suit against Armstrong, Glaser, Associated Booking Corp., and Arthur Engle, local ABC representative.

The suit asks for the hotel \$1,500,000 for anticipated loss of revenue because of Armstrong's nonappearance; \$4,000,000 general damages; \$1,000,000 punitive damages for allegations that the hotel was not providing anything but clean, wholesome entertainment. For Minsky the suit seeks \$4,000,000 general damages and \$1,000,000 punitive damages for what Minsky said were damages to his reputation.

Armstrong and Glaser could not be reached for comment. Perhaps enough had been said already.

LINCOLN CENTER FINALLY TAKES HEED OF JAZZ

Almost since the time of the ceremonial ground-breaking, the jazz world has waxed indignant because the Lincoln Center of the Performing Arts, located in New York City, had made no formal recognition of jazz. Other art forms found a warm welcome, performance dates, and support by a committee of artists.

One of the purposes of the Afro-American Musicians Eastern Seaboard Conference, headed by pianist Randy Weston, was to convince Lincoln Center officials that jazz should have a place in the center's plans. But to gain a hearing before the cultural organization, a committee must first be requested to form by the center. AAMESCO received no such request, and its aim was thwarted.

But now the Lincoln Center has made its own move, requested a committee, and chosen one of value and virtue.

Heading the committee is Russell Sanjek, public relations director of Broadcast Music, Inc., jazz writer, record collector, and once editor of such jazz magazines as *Hot Record Society Rag* and *The Needle* (both now defunct). Sanjek's jazz interests span all forms of jazz, from old to modern.

Sanjek also is a member of the planning committee for the First International Jazz Festival, Washington's spring bid for pre-eminence in the jazz field this year. (The festival, sponsored by the President's Music Committee, will present jazz in its many forms.)

Associated with Sanjek on the Lincoln Center committee are pianist Billy Taylor and composer Gunther Schuller. According to Reginald Allen, Lincoln Center's executive director for operation, the committee's function will be "to offer constructive advice to help the center evaluate and select the most qualified jazz and folk musicians."

WILL JAZZ REPLACE WESTERNS ON TELEVISION?

The romance between jazz and television has been a hot and cold affair—usually with jazz being hot up too much or left out in the cold.

There were the sometimes-lamented Timex shows of a few seasons ago, and then, of course, there's always juvenile-delinquent-infested jungles of concrete, machineguns, and boppish altos with bongo backing.

Now, the series are beginning, and chances are there will be a raft of them. First in production is Lakeside Production's *Have Jazz, Will Travel*, 39 episodes dealing with jazz abroad.

Next is *Jazz for Sale*, filmed by MGM, produced by Seven One Seven,

an independent company. The initial film features such as trumpeter Charlie Shavers, tenorist Al Cohn, and vocalist Rita Hayes.

Industry advertising men, usually first to sense a trend, believe the jazz television show is about to begin, including situation shows of all kinds. One source reported, "The market will be wide open if you can come up with ideas."

How about *Sing Along with Zoor?*

BROADWAY GOES JAZZ — OR VICE VERSA

The typical Broadway musical, often more Broadway than musical, has held a strong fascination for jazzmen, particularly those on the West Coast, during the last few years.

If what is happening so far, this early in the season, is any example, the trend is no longer confined to one coast, and there will likely be a deluge of recorded jazz versions of musicals.

Eight musicals opened before Jan. 1. *Kwamina*, an early fatality, had its score by Richard Adler translated into jazz by Billy Taylor for Mercury. Frank Loesser's music for *How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying* finds itself on Verve with jazz arrangements by Gary McFarland played by a 20-piece band. Pianist Dave Grusin has recorded Jule Styne's score for *Subways Are for Sleeping*. Jerry Herman's music for *Milk and Honey* is represented on Everest by Charlie Shavers and Wild Bill Davis. Riverside rushed out a jazz version of *Kean*, music by Robert Wright and George Forrest, arrangements by Jimmy Heath, Ernie Wilkins, and Melba Liston and played by an all-star jazz group.

That's five of eight, a healthy percentage. The three musicals not yet adapted to jazz are *Let It Ride*, *Sail Away*, and *The Gay Life*.

JAZZ AND COFFEE ON PARK AVE.

Near year's end began a unique New York City jazz concert series called *Jazz and Coffee*. The series' producer, Roy Silver, originally conceived this specialized version of the old-time breakfast dance as a Sunday morning concert presentation with free coffee served before the concert and during intermission.

Within a few weeks, the time was changed to 3 p.m. and guest stars such as Lee Konitz, Stan Getz, Bill Henderson, and George Crater appeared along with such regulars as John Neves, Jay Cameron, and Roy Haynes. The series seemed an assured success.

Now Silver has moved the whole production into the Hotel Vanderbilt, and the Park Ave. address (at 34th St.)

has interfered not a bit with the excellence of jazz, coffee, or attendance.

The cloud fallen over many small concerts this season has an obvious Silver lining.

FREE JAZZ HITS CINCINNATI SNAG

The dialog was strong and the action animated in the first two acts of what probably will be a three-act melodrama. There was much wild ado, and it signified a great deal, some of which is still to be decided in the play's third and final act.

The actors:

Ornette Coleman and his Double Quartet plus his manager, Mildred Fields, pitted against officials of Encore

Productions, producer of a Coleman concert scheduled for late fall in Cincinnati, Ohio.

The scenes:

Encore advertised in Cincinnati newspapers that Coleman would present "an unrehearsed concert," but the concert was canceled at the last minute. A "late rehearsal" was one reason given for the cancellation.

Dick Shaefer, a former correspondent for *Down Beat*, reported Encore had posters "all over town, announcing, 'Ornette Coleman—Free Jazz Concert.' People read it literally and actually went to the boxoffice looking for free tickets."

Encore voiced several complaints against Coleman, et al., one of the more serious being that \$900 was advanced

to Coleman so he and the other musicians could fly from New York City. Instead, complained Encore, most of the musicians drove to Cincinnati by car.

"We have to conclude they made money on that deal," said a spokesman for the production company.

"Nonsense," Miss Fields said later in New York. "Who ever heard of travel money with restrictions on it. The musicians decided to travel by car to enjoy themselves. That's nobody's business but the musicians'. As it was, Ornette and I got to Cincinnati the day before the concert to help with promotion, and we worked all day and the next, too.

"All these other stories are childish. Nothing contractual was ignored. The plain facts are that the concert was not promoted correctly until we got there. I

Special Report

Congress Investigates – But Will Anything Be Done?

At the end of 1961, the select subcommittee on education of the House of Representatives committee on education and labor met with scores of witnesses in New York and San Francisco on the economic conditions of performing arts and artists. In New York Rep. Frank Thompson (D-N. J.), chairman of the subcommittee, was joined by members Charles S. Joelson (D-N. J.) and Robert N. Giaimo (D-Conn.) in conducting the hearing. In San Francisco, Thompson was joined by Rep. David T. Martin (R-Neb.).

In New York:

Rep. Thompson began the hearing by saying that the investigation was motivated by the "recent difficulties of the Metropolitan Opera, the New York Philharmonic and the Philadelphia Orchestra."

AFM president Herman Kenin testified that government subsidy was absolutely imperative. He went on to contrast "governmental concern for two breeds of trumpeters threatened with extinction—the whooping crane and the musician.

"I will not comment on the comparative status of whooping cranes and musicians in official Washington," he said, "except to say that the monies our government has spent to preserve the whoopers would finance a federal arts council for a hundred years or more."

Almost all the testimony concerned itself with the deficits suffered by individuals and institutions. An example of that was a statement by Anthony A. Bliss, president of the Metropolitan Opera Association. This season's deficit would run more than \$1,000,000, he said, adding that the Metropolitan loses more than \$3,500 each performance.

Choreographer Agnes DeMille was

one of those who spoke for individual hardships. She told the subcommittee: "Only the very young, the green beginners, and those who have no tie of home or permanency will continue in the business. The maturing artist, the young man or woman of 27 or thereabouts, gets out, abandons the profession, along with his investment of time, money, and effort."

Rep. Giaimo seemed to speak for the subcommittee on the last day of the hearings, admitting the inequities that exist, and suggesting ways and means of improvement beyond government subsidy.

"Where is all the money going that Americans are spending on good music?" he asked. "Is it going to a nest of middlemen, the noncreative reproducers of music who stand between the public and the musician?"

He went on, saying, "The real subsidy for the music we enjoy in operas, ballets, or on the concert stage comes from the musicians themselves. . . ."

He was speaking of classical musicians, but the words are easily adaptable to the field of jazz. Similarly, any results wrought by the subcommittee for the arts likely will benefit jazz.

In San Francisco:

Phil Fischer, movie and television film studio representative of the AFM, bluntly sketched for the committee the employment crisis facing U.S. recording musicians. He outlined the creeping recession in movie and TV film music and urged the congressmen to support a bill now in the House of Representatives that seeks to discourage the use of foreign-made soundtracks by U.S. producers.

Although the committee was hearing testimony dealing primarily with the

so-called runaway production of motion pictures overseas, Fischer pleaded the case for musicians involved in the industry and affected by what he termed Hollywood's decline.

In 1951, Fischer said, the eight major motion picture studios guaranteed annual employment for 399 musicians. These jobs were in the permanent studio orchestra. Today they do not exist.

A more serious threat in Fischer's view is what he called the "mechanical wetback," i.e., imported soundtrack TV films recorded at considerably lower cost in foreign countries. Most of these, he pointed out, are stored in "banks" by U.S. producers for repeated use.

"The American Federation of Musicians," Fischer explained, "recognizes the need and wisdom of reciprocal trade. We seek no barriers against the import of foreign musical works of merit or against the visits here of foreign musicians of merit.

"But we term it unreciprocal trade when bits and pieces of foreign background music are brought into this country at a tariff charge of 1 cent a linear foot—this same unrealistic assessment being levied on blank tape as against the recorded product that has on it enough music sounds to displace hundreds of American musicians."

Fischer absolved "top management of the giant American merchandising companies that sponsor the programs" from either knowledge or complicity in fostering use of the cheaper foreign track. He blamed "the producers and the advertising agencies that appear to be concerned only with delivering the cheapest possible package to their clients."





Ornette

BILL ABERNATHY

what the plaintiffs charge are "unilaterally imposed wage scales and prices."

In addition, both groups are demanding a change in the federation's 10 percent surcharge collected from traveling bands. This surcharge is levied on bands playing outside their home local's jurisdiction and on bands employing one or more musicians who are not members of the band's local.

According to AFM bylaws, leaders are required to add this surcharge to their asking prices, but since this is often a final straw in breaking a ballroom operator's back, many leaders are forced to make some adjustment about it themselves.

In any case, the surcharge is hardly a help to the band business. It is estimated that the federation collects \$3,000,000 a year in this manner.

Court decisions so far generally have been in favor of the leaders, but further cases are scheduled. The future of big bands is very much at stake.

COMPOSERS AND LYRICISTS MAKE IT 100 PERCENT

The last remaining loose end has been sewed up in its contractual negotiations with the motion picture industry by the Composers and Lyricists Guild of America. The labor organization reached agreement with the United Artists group of independent producers, and it was ratified by the guild's membership at a special meeting in Beverly Hills, Calif.

The composer and songwriter labor agreement with producers now extends throughout the motion picture industry.

was the one who canceled the concert, not Encore.

"We were supposed to be paid \$1,000 before the concert began. While the musicians were rehearsing, I asked for that money. They [Encore officials] didn't have it. I called the musicians off the stage.

"This is just another example of promoters booking a concert without having the money to cover it."

Advance sales were hardly staggering, amounting to less than \$500. About 150 persons were given their money back after the concert was canceled.

Thus far, Encore refuses to pay the \$1,000 fee. Miss Fields has begun "normal legal proceedings" to collect it. The American Federation of Musicians will investigate and rule on the case in the near future.

LEADERS FIGHT AFM IN COURTS

Two groups of employers have been in law courts these past several months, and the judicial decisions already made, and to be made in the months to come, could have far-reaching effect in the world of big bands, perhaps even determining whether there will be big bands at all.

The two groups are the Orchestra Leaders of Greater New York and the Associated Orchestra Leaders of Greater Philadelphia. Both are pressing charges against the American Federation of Musicians and two individual AFM locals (Local 802 in New York City and Local 77 in Philadelphia).

The charges are several and complicated, but the basic issue involved is the orchestra leaders' demand to be recognized as employers, not as personnel managers for the union as the standard union contract now states. As employers they would be able to bargain collectively and would not be subject to

Editorial

The Role of the Jazz Lover

The other day we received a letter from a young woman living in New York City. She had just heard a jazz panel-discussion broadcast during the course of which the panelists—a jazz writer, a well-known trombonist, a record company official, a personal manager-clubowner, and a jazz disc jockey—lamented what they called the passivity of the jazz fan.

In her letter, the young woman expressed displeasure with the stone-casters, accusing them, in turn, of being apathetic to the plight of the jazz fan and telling the fan he should be active yet seldom offering him any suggestion on how to help the jazz cause. She asked how the average fan could be most effective in support of jazz.

The main thing a fan can do, obviously, is spend money. Financial support includes record purchases, but of more immediate effect is attendance at jazz performances, whether on a concert stage or in a night club. And this immediate support need not be reserved for well-known jazzmen only; there are hundreds of local groups throughout the country that deserve and need all the support local fans can give them.

Besides money in pocket, the presence of an audience does much to raise the morale of the jazzman, which can lead to inspired performance. Both musician and fan come out ahead.

But there is another less immediate, though important, way to support jazz. It may sound corny, but its effect on the powers-that-be can be astonishing. *Write letters.*

How often have you heard good jazz, perhaps only a short segment, on television, in movies, on the radio? Okay. How often have you let mass-media officials know that you heard it and whether you thought it was good or bad?

For example, there was a program telecast recently over NBC—*Chicago and All That Jazz*. We thought it was historically interesting (though we could have done without the machineguns and the implied connection between crime and jazz in the 1920s), sometimes musically very good, and generally a well-done job of research (the film clips were particularly interesting) and production. It was evident that much work had gone into the program.

We wonder how many jazz fans saw it, and of those who did, how many let the network know how they felt about the program. We would wager there was no deluge of mail or phone calls.

Then there are the State Department tours by jazzmen. Weaknesses are in the program, to be sure, and it is easy to take potshots at some of the fiascos that have happened, but this effort should have the support of all who claim an attachment to jazz. Have you written to your congressman or to the State Department recently?

The whole point is that if you can count yourself a friend of jazz, support the music whenever and wherever you can. Let voices be heard.

ES



ever-fresh bob shoffner

By GILBERT M. ERSKINE

THE TRUMPETER'S face was twisted in concentration as he executed the difficult intervals of the *Double Eagle March*. The ensemble went flawlessly. When he took his turn in the solo series, he had the same tense twist in his face, a distortion somehow resolved musically in those fleet fractions of time in which creative intellect determines the turn of a melodic line and forges the jazz improvisation. The solos gave way to a stomping ensemble, and it was only after the last note that the drawn lines of the trumpeter's face relaxed and were replaced by a look that reflected pride and satisfaction and a modest acknowledgment of the clamor from the crowd.

This was the veteran Bob Shoffner, playing one evening last November with Franz Jackson's traditional band at Chicago's Jazz, Ltd.

Shoffner, generally has been known by jazz lovers, particularly of the Midwestern variety, for his association with the great figures and events of jazz history in Chicago in the 1920s and little known for his own abilities as a jazzman. But, since the day six years ago when Jackson induced Shoffner to return to jazz, after he had been inactive in music for more than nine years, the trumpeter's stature as still-contributing player has been increasing.

Listeners in the Chicago area discovered that this was not a tired, fumbling old man, resurrected to jazz, but a musician who performed carefully and accurately, with a sustained and balanced intensity that marks only the man who has spent years striving for excellence.

In a review last March of Jackson's *A Night at the Red Arrow* album, John Wilson wrote, "Shoffner, at 60, is an absolute marvel. His trumpet work is crisp, biting, beautifully phrased, and developed with disarmingly casual ease. . . . The essential fire has never dimmed in Shoffner, for his playing jumps with a spirit and vitality that belie his age." This is an opinion that would easily be confirmed by most of those who have been able to hear Shoffner in person in the last few years.

Shoffner was born in Bessie, Tenn., on April 4, 1900. In 1902 the Shoffner family moved to St. Louis, Mo., where, as a boy of 9, he learned the rudiments of music. He was

first a drummer and then a bugler with the drum and bugle corps of the Knights of Pythias.

This group performed in various Midwestern cities during the summer school vacation, and Shoffner's ear and aptitude impressed the bandmaster so much that he was selected from all the buglers to be shown trumpet fingering. Shoffner was with this group for several years and made many of these trips, but he said he was not conscious of having heard anything that resembled jazz, ragtime, or the blues in these travels.

If Shoffner was not aware of ragtime outside of St. Louis in these years, he was easily aware of it in the city itself, and he was soon so infected with the tumbling syncopations of ragtime players at the Booker T. Washington Theater and at fish fries, that he persuaded his mother to buy a piano. He began to play ragtime himself.

"I got to the point where I thought I was pretty good," he said, "so I entered several ragtime contests at the Booker T. Theater. I didn't come anywhere near winning a prize."

Shoffner remembers that around 1913 or 1914 there were Negro orchestras formed for dances in the St. Louis area that were made up of two brass, one reed, three strings, piano, and bass and that they did not play anything resembling jazz or ragtime.

"Everyone knew what ragtime was," he said, "but no one tried to play it except piano players, and they would only play it solo, or with drummers, and never with these orchestras."

On graduating from high school in 1916, Shoffner worked as a laborer and then enlisted in the Army in 1917. He was sent to Fort Huachuca in Arizona and spent two years there with the 10th Cavalry Division.

"The Mexican border was not too safe then," he remembers. "Pancho Villa was on the sand, and things were pretty uncertain. Army discipline was strict."

Discipline was strict to the point that Shoffner, who had been in the habit of entertaining the troops with ragtime piano on Saturday nights, was threatened with court-martial if he continued the sessions. The order ended Shoffner's piano playing permanently. He was, however, placed with the division band as a trumpeter and was considered good enough to be an understudy to the division trumpet soloist.

Shoffner says that even at that time, neither he nor any other member of the large, all-Negro band had any idea about playing ragtime or blues. Nor does he remember anything that even remotely resembled jazz in that part of the country.

He was discharged from the Army in 1919 and returned to St. Louis. He soon joined Charlie Creath's band, the first band in which, he said, he remembers hearing anything like a jazz style.

"I didn't know what they were doing at first, and I was limited to playing 'straight' music, right off the sheets," Shoffner said. "Finally, Creath told me that if I wanted to continue in music, I had better learn how to make up music out of my head. After a while, I caught on and began to improvise."

Soon Shoffner was alternating between the bands of Creath and Fate Marable on the Streckfus riverboats, the *S.J.* and the *St. Paul*. Shoffner said he remembers Streckfus as a kind man who loved music and a good man to work for. The Streckfus boats made excursions up the Mississippi to Davenport, Iowa, and up the Ohio to Cincinnati, Ohio, but most of the time the boats would hover near the shore line out of St. Louis.

"One night," Shoffner said, "this boat from New Orleans tied up next to us in St. Louis. The band on that boat was playing. Louis Armstrong was in that band, and as soon as I heard him, I knew that was *it*. I also heard Freddie Keppard around this time and thought he was good. He was with

the Town Topics road show that was playing in St. Louis. Keppard was the first one I remember playing solo horn in jazz."

In 1921, Shoffner toured with Tommy Parker's band, going first to Columbus, Ohio, and then to Oklahoma. After a woman patron shot and killed a member of the band, Shoffner left, returning to St. Louis, and gigged around the city.

Late in 1921, he went to Chicago to visit an aunt—and this trip was perhaps the important step in his musical life.

WHILE IN CHICAGO, Shoffner joined Woodcliff's Orchestra at the Terrace Gardens. He quickly established a good reputation and was offered a job with May Brady's band, playing side by side with Keppard. This band had replaced King Oliver's at the Dreamland Cafe after Oliver had left for California, and while Oliver was gone, Keppard was out to prove that *he* was the real king. Shoffner was impressed.

"Keppard and Oliver were good friends," he said, "but when it came to music, that was something else. Keppard was jealous of Oliver, and he didn't want you to call him anything but king. And he could sure play his horn."

Shoffner returned to St. Louis for a short while after this but then was back in Chicago, playing with Honore Dutrey at the Lincoln Gardens. It was during this job that Oliver first heard Shoffner. When Louis Armstrong left Oliver to join Fletcher Henderson in New York, Oliver tried Lee Collins. When things didn't work out with Collins, Oliver offered the job to Shoffner and Shoffner accepted.

"We all knew why Henderson wanted Armstrong," Shoffner said. "By then, of course, all of the bands were playing the jazz and ragtime style, but no one could get the right effect. They all played 'hot,' but they didn't have anything like the New Orleans attack. With Louis in the band, it didn't take Fletcher very long to get on the right track."

Shoffner stayed two years with Oliver, making all of the King Oliver Dixie Syncopator sides with the band in 1926. During this period, he also made the fine and very rare *Plantation Joys*, *Please Don't Turn We Down*, *Sweet Muntet*, and *Dolly Mine* with Luis Russell on the old Okeh label. Earlier, he had made several sides with clarinetist Jimmy O'Bryant for the Paramount label.

According to Shoffner, there was a curious situation regarding the status of the Negro musicians from New Orleans in Chicago in these years.

"The New Orleans jazzmen were influencing everyone," he said, "but the musicians here in Chicago pretended to look down on them because many of them couldn't read or didn't have the technical mastery of their horns. So the New Orleans men hung around together. Most of them could be found after hours in a pool room around 34th and Calumet. It was true that some of the New Orleans men had a rough way of playing, but there were guys like Lorenzo Tio who were *great*. Jimmie Noone was the only one who came close to him, and he didn't come very close."

Meanwhile, Charlie Creath, in St. Louis, had become too sick to fulfill his commitments, so Shoffner went down to take his place. But that lasted only a short time, and in 1928 he was back in Chicago, with Charlie Elger's band at the Savoy Ballroom. This was one of the great bands of the period, having Emanuel Perez, Darnell Howard, Eddie Atkins, Charlie Johnson, and Baby Dodds. The engagement, however, was short-lived, and Shoffner soon was out of a job.

After playing several engagements with Erskine Tate, Shoffner left, in 1930, for Detroit, to join McKinney's Cotton Pickers. The musicians union would not let Shoffner play with the band in the metropolitan area, and for a long time he was able only to play the out-of-town jobs.



Bob Shoffner

In 1933, Shoffner went to New York to play with Fess Williams. Then there began a period of some five years that Shoffner survived by gigging with various groups in New York. These constituted long stretches between good, but short, jobs with Hot Lips Page, Fletcher Henderson, and Claude Hopkins.

In 1940, Shoffner thought it best for his family that he find more secure employment, so he returned to Chicago and got a civil service job with the State of Illinois. During the war, Shoffner played for various military service centers in the Chicago area and began studying accounting and economics at night at Northwestern University to make his daytime job more secure.

But with the death of his wife in 1946, Shoffner stopped playing and discontinued his studies, heedless of the urging of his teachers at Northwestern that he finish his requirements for a degree. That his wife's death was a cruel blow can be seen in his subsequent years of withdrawal from jazz and from his friends.

With the passing of time, however, with his remarriage in 1957, and with the stimulation of playing jazz with a good band, Shoffner again has taken on the luster of the creative jazzman.

He laughs at the prevailing attitude about a man's age in jazz. While classical musicians, writers, artists, and statesmen mellow and are most valuable late in their lives, jazzmen somehow are thought to have the useful-life span of prize fighters or baseball players, and Shoffner said, "one of the bad things is that the younger musicians won't hire, won't even listen to, the older musicians."

"What they don't realize is that the older musician can give a stability that the younger man won't find anywhere, and the new jazzman can benefit from the years of experience that the older man has. And the older man can benefit from the newness that the young jazzman can offer."

Today, in addition to his activity with Franz Jackson's band, Shoffner is rehearsing a concert brass band to play in the Chicago parks in the summer and even has persuaded George Mitchell, the remarkably individual trumpeter well remembered for his work on Jelly Roll Morton records, to get back in shape with this band.

The important thing now is that Shoffner is back, playing one of the freshest and most exciting horns in town and is planning to continue doing so.



ONCE UPON A time there was a Howard McGhee. Or, by the laws of empiricism, the scores of records made by trumpeter Howard McGhee, point to the certainty of an imposing, early bop figure, impressive in talent and all over in general circulation.

That was for 10 years, until about 1950. And, then, there were none.

For, from the early 1950s, Maggie, as his friends call him, lived a personal life with its own built-in hardships. ("I wasn't really on the scene," he says now. "You know, you get older and wiser, I hope. I wasn't taking care of business for 10 years. I was living for myself.")

So forget scene and scenes. Remember the older and wiser and recall the significant last quote. Somehow, Howard McGhee, living for himself, stopped living for the rest of us. There is hardly man, woman, or child, less than 30, who will remember McGhee, except as one of a series of names in most of the competent histories of jazz. (One historian, Hughes Panassié, whose jazz tastes are unusually truncated, remembers McGhee as "an inventive trumpeter, full of swing and feeling in the Roy Eldridge manner, who spoiled his gifts as a jazz musician when, around 1945, he started to toy with bop and imitated Dizzy Gillespie. Whenever he is teamed with real jazz musicians, he can still play very well." . . . The "spoiling of gifts" should be taken with two grains of salt.)

McGhee was born Feb. 6, 1918, in Tulsa, Okla., but was reared in Detroit from the age of 3. "I didn't pay much attention to music at first," he remembered. "One of the early things that impressed me—dig this—was the fact that my half-brother, who played guitar, used to be getting up when I was coming home from junior high. Sure, that impressed me. Musically? I heard Roy and Louis. I never heard a G so pretty as Louis played it.

"I went to the teacher and asked to play trumpet, but I got a clarinet. Now I know that was all right. It taught me a faster articulation.

"Then by the time I got to Chicago, still playing reeds (he still does today, as well as piano), I heard Roy's *Rockin' Chair*. Nobody played it that way before. That and Louis switched me to trumpet."

He first played with Leonard Gay and then Lionel Hampton in 1941 and subsequently Andy Kirk. He made his first record with Kirk in 1942: *McGhee Special* on Decca. After this, he really moved: Charlie Barnet, Kirk again, Georgie Auld, and Count Basie.

There was plenty going on aside from the moving around. In 1943, McGhee had his own 12-piece band in Detroit. Then there was much time with Coleman Hawkins in California, his own group there, Jazz at the Philharmonic in 1947-48, another big band of his own, time with Machito, and a tour of Korea in 1951-52 with Oscar Pettiford—a tour with its own built-in war among the group members.

Through it all, there were nearly countless records, including the legendary tracks with Charlie Parker in 1946-47 for Dial (*Lover Man*, *Relaxin' at Camarillo*, etc.). From 1947 until 1952, he ranged between second and fifth in all

kinds of jazz polls.

Then there were the 10 narcotics-obscured years. There were few records, some public appearances, but no one would have been wrong who thought this was just someone who sounded sort of like Howard McGhee.

Came 1961, and there were records for Bethlehem and Contemporary, an extended stay with James Moody's fine little band, and someone who sounded like the Howard McGhee of old, but new, with paid dues.

There was some reminiscing:

"Fats [the late Fats Navarro, who always said about McGhee, 'He was the influence'] and I, when we were with Kirk, used to go and hunt up Roy. He killed us. He had a style of, like, running on trumpet. He doesn't do that anymore. He was hurt by the advent of Diz. He stopped. Now, he doesn't seem to try anymore. Now it's Roy who plays gimmicks.

"You know, it's Roy and Louis who were my favorites; then Dizzy and Miles. From the older school I guess I like Red Allen the best now. He is a great. He's always trying. From the modern, it's got to be Dizzy. Diz is one of the most wonderful trumpet players I ever heard. He

has so much at his disposal. He can travel as fast as he wants. In the old days, he would turn Fats and me around every night."

There was a great deal about himself and the contemporary scene:

"Sure, I went off on a tangent, but now my sound is better. I even have more speed. But that isn't as important any more. Now, I only want to say something."

(McGhee was best known in the earlier days, after the modern took hold in him, as a master of the middle register of his horn. His chief contribution, according to many, was that he slowed down the rapid delivery common then to bop and made the characteristic augmented chords and whole-tone melodies

familiar to those who never realized they doted on Debussy.)

McGhee wants to say things that "are pretty." By that, he means things lyrical. "The lyrical sense of a tune is whether it communicates to you," he said. "The words you say through your horn.

"I know Miles wants that. It's a reason why he sticks to the middle registers. Still, he overdoes it.

"You know, I remember him when he used to play behind the bass drum. Now I know he can play. He has amazing musical ideas. In 1948 and such, he was really playing. But when most of us came up, you had to have high notes, too. He never had the chops, so he had to concentrate on sound instead. That's all right. But I remember him before. He used to play more before. I'd say he was a good commercial trumpet player today."

Such comments are likely to bring McGhee what he claims he now needs: "I need for people to know me again."

But he isn't saying them for those reasons. For him, the matter is simply a "matter of time until I get back to where I should have been. I have to do a lot of work, work in

BACK TO STAY: HOWARD McGHEE

By BILL COSS

different ways [he's worked from his own sessions, through rock and roll, and into the Duke Ellington Orchestra, where he is currently ensconced] so that I can keep myself up to where I should be. Practice doesn't do it all by itself.

"I've changed a lot. Things don't faze me the way they used to. I don't want to be the most exciting trumpet player in the world anymore. Still, I try to do the most I can. And now I'm nearer to my horn than I ever was before. Maybe it's just that change. Maybe the whole business has changed. But now I can hear the people hearing me more. It's a wonderful feeling."

There is no concern in his mind about any changes in jazz affecting him.

"I don't see any changes," he said. "Now you're trying to trap me into one of those conversations."

"I don't want to knock anyone. I don't think any kind of thing can come from this symphony and jazz. Jazz is a spontaneous thing. It's not notated. Still, I've always liked Duke. But he writes just beautiful music. I don't really know anyone who writes jazz. Well, maybe Dizzy. You can hear so many of the things he wrote being played behind singers today."

"I know Coltrane is trying to produce. But, I can't understand it yet myself. He's a fantastic technician."

"Well, I didn't want to knock anyone, but I've got to knock Ornette [Coleman]. He's not adding anything. He's

maybe hurting music. And those guys like him. They're creating that which is nothing. If that's an extension of Bird, I should stop playing."

"Now, Mingus; I know he's very talented. But what he's trying to prove is not an extension either. I haven't heard any real extensions yet. Jazz is really what a man plays on his instrument. Forget the future. It's whether a man makes it or not. All the rest so many times come down to the gimmick. I don't feel it."

McGhee is as obviously forthright in speech as in playing. Yet the comments that might offend were coupled with no resentment and seemed motivated only by a need to be understood.

THIS decade's version of Howard McGhee is slim, sharp, and sachem-wise and also is resigned about past waste: "I have no complaints about my life. You always get what you deserve." He has enthusiasm about the present and for the future: "Something happened inside me. God was good. And I always had good health. Life has been good to me."

Now he works for record companies again, for Ellington, for his audiences, and for himself. So begins the life of Howard McGhee, 1962.

db

ROGER MARSHUTZ / CONTEMPORARY RECORDS





FOCUS ON

FREDDIE HUBBARD



DON SCHLITTEN

By IRA GITLER

WHAT WOULD you say if you were told that Freddie Hubbard's first influence was Chet Baker? You might not believe it? Then take it from Hubbard himself: "I use to really go for *Chet Baker*. That's right."

It seems as if Baker's simple approach was a McGuffey Reader for Hubbard. "It was the first jazz I understood," 23-year-old Hubbard said, "because I couldn't understand what Bird and Miles were doing until I listened more."

"I used to send for his books—the ones with Mulligan—you know, the compositions."

Then, Hubbard and other teenage musicians in his native Indianapolis, Ind., would get together and play the Mulligan-Baker duets. But Baker proved to be only a phase. "After I heard Clifford and Miles—Dizzy—I forgot all about him," Hubbard said. "... But he plays pretty, though a little too related to Miles."

Hubbard, one of six children, came to the trumpet because of its popularity in his family. Both his brothers and one of his three sisters have studied the horn.

"I just picked it up and started playing it," is Hubbard's description of his introduction to his instrument. In junior high, he played mellophone in the school band, but after a year he was moved into the trumpet section.

In senior high, he continued on trumpet and also took up the French horn. His work on the latter, which he played in the Indianapolis Junior Symphony Orchestra, brought him a scholarship offer from Indiana Central College, but he declined and remained in Indianapolis for a semester at the Jordan Conservatory of Music and private instruction from Max Woodbury of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra.

He put down the French horn and concentrated on the trumpet. Professional experience was gained by working

with the Montgomery Brothers (Wes, guitar; Monk, bass; Buddy, piano and vibes) in Indianapolis and another local group called the Contemporaries.

In 1958, he went to New York City. First he worked with baritone saxophonist Jay Cameron at Turbo Village in Brooklyn. Philly Joe Jones, sitting in one night, was impressed and hired him for a Birdland date with his group.

In April, 1959, Hubbard joined Sonny Rollins for two months on the road. Back in New York, he worked with the octet of trombonist Slide Hampton, like himself, an Indianapolis product. Then he became part of the sextet led by another Indianapolis-born trombonist, J. J. Johnson, and was with him until the group disbanded in the summer of 1960.

Following this, Hubbard participated in the activities at the School of Jazz in Lenox, Mass., from which grew a series of appearances with composer-conductor Ed Summerlin on CBS-TV's *Look Up and Live*. When Quincy Jones' big band returned to the United States for a Basin Street East debut in New York, Hubbard was added to the trumpet section. Section man he was, for Benny Bailey had almost all the solos.

After two months in 1961 with Philly Joe again, Art Blakey told him, at the end of the summer, that Lee Morgan was leaving the Jazz Messengers to form his own group and offered Hubbard the trumpet spot in what was essentially a new sextet, only saxophonist Wayne Shorter and bassist Jymie Merritt remaining from the previous group. He accepted the offer.

He's happy, he says, with Blakey.

"There's more ensemble work," he said, "and you have to play harder with Art. But I'm getting a chance to write. There are three of my things in the book now—*Aries*, *Crises*, and *Down Under*."

"Art's main thing is to get to the people. With Sonny and Philly Joe, it was more adventurous—it wasn't a set thing."

Hubbard agreed that the current instrumentation (trumpet, trombone, tenor, piano, bass, drums) and format of the Messengers makes for shorter solos and hence more discipline.

"You can't play all night when there are three horns," he said. "I like it at the present time for experience, but I'd much rather play a little longer. I'd prefer it to be more spontaneous, but it's good experience."

Although he was voted the new-star trumpeter in *Down Beat's* 1961 International Jazz Critics Poll, Hubbard has not allowed himself to sink into complacency.

"Right now," he said, "I'm going to start working on my tone—sound—it's getting kinda brittle, can't use it."

"My speed is getting better," he mused. "My range is getting better, though it's still not definite. I can't do it when I want to—that's what counts. I want a rounder sound. It seems to be very sharp—biting. For instance, when I'm playing a ballad, it's got to be right."

To many ears, Hubbard has left his earlier Clifford Brown mold behind and fashioned an identifiable personality. But he is not satisfied. "I want my own sound—I'm just gonna practice," he said, adding with seriousness, "I can't make up my mind whether to go to school or not—whether I should give it up or get that degree." (He has the one semester at Jordan Conservatory to build on.)

"I've been lucky to have quite a few people show me things, but most of everything I know, I learned on my own," he continued. "Things are getting so advanced that I think you're gonna need that education in a few years."

By that, he said, he didn't mean he thinks jazz necessarily is becoming more classically oriented but only that more knowledge may become vital to playing jazz.

"Then again," he said, returning to the idea of school, "I don't know. I look at Trane, Sonny, and Dizzy, and I don't know if it's really necessary. Of course, it's a little different now than when they came up."

Hubbard has a genuine laugh, which he can introduce quickly and infectiously. Anyone who has heard his playing knows that in its soaring flights there is youthful good nature and humor in essence rather than specific quotes. This young "old married man" (he and his wife, Brenda, have been married for almost a year and a half) has definite plans for the future. Their soundness reveal a level-headed attitude.

"I would like my own group in about five more years," he said. "I don't want to jump out there until I've been through just about all I can go through."

Of some musicians who go their own way early, he said, "Well, sometimes the business part of it comes in, like if you're playing with a gimmick, you can go any time. It's like rock and roll. ..."

Hubbard is too involved with his music to travel any route but a straight one. "This is a thing I want to stay in for life," he said. "I don't want to joke about it. 'Cause if you're not doing what you really want to do, you're never going to be satisfied."

"Some guys sacrifice the money for the music. I mean I want to make money—everybody does—but I'm not going to go in any certain direction for that money."

"I'd rather go in my own direction and be happy."



THOUGHTS ON JAZZ TROMBONE

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

IT IS USUALLY said that J. J. Johnson was the first trombonist to develop a modern jazz style on the instrument.

There is more to it than that. It might be more nearly accurate to say that Johnson developed an individual style, which he plays on a trombone. There is not very much about that style that is peculiar to the instrument he uses, not much about it that uses the particular resources of the trombone. Jimmy Knepper, on the other hand, is the first trombonist in quite a while to find his style specifically in the possibilities of the instrument itself.

To say it another way, and exaggerate it a bit, you could play Johnson style on any horn, but you could play Knepper style only on trombone.

Cannonball Adderley spoke of the distinction and his opinion of it in a review of an LP featuring Knepper a couple of years ago:



"Knepper is a very good trombonist. But J. J. has spoiled me with regard to a trombone sounding like a trombone. I mean that Knepper, though he's very good, is too tied to the instrument. J. J., on the other hand, is a good soloist who happens to use the trombone. Therefore, if you call Knepper an 'original' trombonist, you may be right. If you mean an 'original' soloist, in the same sense in which I'd use the term for J. J., that's something else.

"Similarly, I think Jimmy Cleveland is an original trombonist but not the original jazz soloist J. J. is. J. J. has a style, and it's the kind of style that allows men on other instruments beside the trombone to emulate it, and they wind up sounding in part like J. J.

"I'd say Knepper is like a modern Jack Teagarden. A man like Curtis Fuller emulates J. J. from a trombone point of view, and a player like Kai Winding was originally a J. J. emulator (not in content but from the viewpoint of the trombone). Knepper's influences, however, sound more traditional—Teagarden, Urbie Green. Even his sound sounds similar to Teagarden's in some spots."

Nowadays, then, jazz trombone has a dual role. It always has had, although the distinction that is now made between an almost abstract style, like Johnson's and a more "trombone-istic" style, like Knepper's, has not always been the distinction that applied.

It is obvious enough and well established enough that jazz first began at least partly as an instrumental imitation of vocal music.

It happens that the characteristics of the trombone are very close to those of the human voice, perhaps closer than those of any other instrument. Therefore, the temptation among early jazz trombonists to imitate human sounds must have been enormous. A surviving practitioner of the early style is, of course, Kid Ory. There are trombonists who probably play the "tailgate" New Orleans ensemble style with more technique than Ory uses (Georg Brunis does), but surely that are few who can play with more expressiveness. And even when Ory is playing the simplest parade smear, he is obviously a man *singing* on a trombone.

There were some marvelously guttural (and gutter-al) trombone comments recorded in the 1920s by a man named Ike Rodgers.

It has been said that Rodgers could play only two notes but that when he played the blues, they seemed to be the only two notes anybody ought to need. There are examples of Rodgers' work on an available LP, playing with blues pianists Roosevelt Sykes and Henry Brown and commenting on the woes of

singers Edith Johnson and Alice Moore (Riverside 150). Rodgers had a trick of his own, of stuffing the end of his horn with window screening. He got a sound that words fail to describe—he still seemed to be talking away on his horn but with a different voice.

Charlie (Big) Green, who graces many an early Fletcher Henderson and Bessie Smith record, carried this vocal tradition further along.

But it reached another kind of development in the work of Duke Ellington's plunger man, Joe (Tricky Sam) Nanton. There are Nanton solos from the late 1930s and early '40s that are so uncannily like projections of the male human voice that they are nearly unbelievable.

Sidewalks of New York was a particularly striking example, because there Nanton was playing a well-known melody, and he seemed almost to be singing it wordlessly. It might be said with only slight exaggeration that Nanton had but one solo, which he put together in various ways. But Ellington used that solo, and the impact of its sound and emotion, so resourcefully and with such variety of settings that to this day there must be a capable Nanton imitator in the Ellington trombone section. He not only must play the old pieces, but he must re-create some of the old effects even on many of the new tunes.

BEFORE NANTON, jazz trombone had already taken another step that gave it its first duality.

There were trombonists in the early 1920s who were playing the horn as a brass instrument, not just using its slide in limited and obvious ways and not using its resources only to re-create human sounds. The first such men to be celebrated in jazz history, were, of course, Jack Teagarden and Jimmy Harrison, and independently they worked out rather similar approaches. (Actually, Miff Mole did the same sort of thing concurrently, if not slightly before them, and Mole was a fine instrumentalist if not quite so good an improviser.)

Coleman Hawkins, who was in the Henderson band with both Big Green and Harrison has put the story this way:

"Jimmy, he was quite a trombone player. . . . I'll never forget it. You know I used to kid Jimmy a lot. I'll never forget the first time we ever heard Jack Teagarden. It was in Roseland. This other band played the first set. I'd heard about this Teagarden . . . so I went up to hear him, you know. I went downstairs to get Jimmy and the fellows, to start kidding about it. So I said, 'Umm, man, there's a boy upstairs that's playing an awful lot of trombone.'

'Yeah, who's that, Hawk?'

I said, 'what do they call him . . . Jack Teagarden?'

I said, 'Jimmy, you know him?'

"No, I'm not gonna know him. I don't know anything about him. What's he play? Trombone player, ain't he? Plays like the rest of the trombones, don't he? I don't see no trombones. Trombone is a brass instrument. It should have that sound, just like a trumpet. I don't want to hear trombones that sound like trombones. I can't see it.'

"So I said, 'But, Jimmy, he doesn't sound like *those* trombones. He plays up high, and he sounds a whole lot like trumpets to me.'

"I'll never forget it. Jimmy and Jack got to be the tightest of friends."

So they did, and played together nightly. Sometimes they played all night long in Hawkins' apartment. They did it out of mutual respect, of course, but Hawkins adds slyly that they also did it because each was trying to find out what techniques and ideas the other had that he hadn't learned yet.

It has not been possible during the last few years to hear Harrison on currently available LPs, but Columbia's recent four-record set, *The Fletcher Henderson Story* (C4L 19), presents a great deal of Harrison, and also of Big Green. It is also possible on that set to hear Harrison, J. C. Higginbotham, and Dickie Wells all taking solos on various versions of *King Porter Stomp* during the evolution of that important Henderson arrangement.

Teagarden remains a superb instrumentalist, and he can be a first-rate improviser. Bill Russo said of him in a recent tribute, ". . . it was not until a few years ago that I realized that Jack Teagarden is the best jazz trombonist. He has an unequaled mastery of his instrument, which is evident in the simple perfection of his performance, not in sensational displays; the content of his playing illustrates a deep understanding of compositional principles. . . ."

A favorite, representative Teagarden solo is the variation he played on *Pennies from Heaven* during a Town Hall concert with Louis Armstrong (on RCA Victor 1443). It is a free invention within the harmonic framework of the piece that makes little reference to melody itself.

Once Harrison and Teagarden had shown the way, a number of trombonists followed. One of the best was Dickie Wells. Another was J. C. Higginbotham, whose style humorously carried both the vocal tradition and the trombone-instrumental tradition as one. One of Higginbotham's later heirs decidedly is Bill Harris.

Wells has been most highly praised by French critic André Hodeir as one of



KID ORY



JOE (TRICKY SAM) NANTON



JACK TEAGARDEN

J. J. JOHNSON



those who need only "blow into their instruments to achieve something personal and move the listener. Dickie Wells gets this expressive quintessence out of the most thankless instrument of all. When played without majesty, the trombone easily becomes wishy-washy and unbecarable. Dickie Wells is majesty personified, in style and particularly in tone."

Wells is also praised for his sense of balance and for the fact that he also knows how to use contrast within a solo. Among the solos Hodeir cites are those on Fletcher Henderson's 1933 version of *King Porter Stomp* and on Count Basie's *Texas Shuffle* (Brunswick 54012), *Panassie Stomp* (Decca 8049), *Taxi War Dance* (Epic LN 6031-2), and his accompaniments to Jimmy Rushing on *Nobody Knows* and *Harvard Blues* (Columbia 901).

And then there is Benny Morton. A compliment once was extended to Morton on the originality and compositional balance of his solos. It was a half-humorous remark: "I don't see why you throw them away by just playing them. You really ought to publish them, they are so lovely and complete." His modest reply was, "Well, I don't have an awful lot of flashy technique so I figured the best thing for me to do was to work on making melodies in my playing."

One of Morton's other contributions was inadvertent and came about because one of his solos happened to get orchestrated.

Even into the late '30s, the written parts and section effects for trombones, although sometimes highly effective, were likely to be rudimentary. In fact, the trombone style that still was used in many swing arrangements can be heard in scores from the mid-1920s by King Oliver's and Jelly Roll Morton's groups. However, there is included in *The Fletcher Henderson Story* a remarkable pair of pieces, originally sold back to back on a 78-rpm single, called *Hot and Anxious* and *Comin' and Goin'*. Bits of those two orchestrations were lifted by swing arrangers to make "originals" (including *In the Mood*). The most notable "borrowing" was the Count Basie arrangement *Swinging the Blues*, which comes directly from these Henderson pieces, and during the course of which Morton's trombone solo on *Comin' and Goin'* is orchestrated for the entire Basie section.

So far no mention has been made of a singular trombonist in American popular music, Tommy Dorsey. There is hardly a man on the instrument who does not look up to Dorsey as a player, and Dickie Wells recently dedicated a piece to him with a tribute-title: *Bones for the King*.

On the other hand, it is quite possible

to maintain that Dorsey was not a very good jazzman, perhaps not a jazzman at all, although he was in several respects a dedicated musician, and there was never anything phony or patronizing about his use of jazz or of jazz musicians. About Dorsey as a jazzman, one remembers the story of the *Metronome* all-star date on which both he and Teagarden appeared. Dorsey would not agree to solo with an improviser like Teagarden in the studio, but he did agree to ad lib an accompaniment, using his lovely sound, when Teagarden played *The Blues*. The result is now available on Camden 426.

Another trombonist who was celebrated in the late '30s and early '40s among musicians was Jack Jenney, who had a lovely tone and ballad style and some fine variations on *Stardust*. He recorded them with his own band in 1939, and repeated them with Artie Shaw in 1940 (the latter reissued on Victor LPM 1244).


AS WAS INDICATED, J. J. Johnson gave the trombone an almost abstract style that depended neither on the fact that a trombone can be made quite readily to imitate the human voice nor on the specific resources of the instrument.

As Johnson himself has indicated, he was inspired by one predecessor in this, Fred Beckett.

The more vocal style of trombone continues in J. C. Higginbotham, in the Ellington trombone section, in Al Grey's plunger style, in Bill Harris, and in Bob Brookmeyer, who punctuates his fluent improvising with allusions to the sighs, laughs, grunts, and other yeah!-sayings of the vocal-trombone tradition.

Brookmeyer has spoken with deep respect of Vic Dickenson. To Brookmeyer, Dickenson's horn has gone beyond being an instrument and is an extension of himself, not only of his voice but also of his whole being, so that it is hard to know which is Dickenson and which is trombone. And Dickenson also combines the instrumental tradition and the vocal tradition in a very personal way.

The trombone-instrumental style—or as it may somewhat awkwardly be called, the trombone-istic style—that reappeared in Urbie Green's and Jimmy Knepper's work may find its following again.

This discussion has not been an exhaustive treatment of the history of jazz trombone, or of all its major players in any sense, but it was intended to indicate that there long have been at least two jazz trombone traditions and that now there are three. A young player whose ears are really open to the past has a varied tradition to draw on. 

record reviews

Records are received by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Giller, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, Don Henahan, Frank Kofsky, Bill Mathieu, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, Martin Williams, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.

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

DOUBLE VIEW of a DOUBLE QUARTET

Many readers have asked that a record be reviewed by more than one reviewer, their contention being that this would give a more rounded view of the record in question. We agree that two reviews of the same record can be enlightening in some cases; when such albums are brought forth we will publish side-by-side reviews. The first double review is of Ornette Coleman's *Free Jazz*.

Ornette Coleman

FREE JAZZ—Atlantic 1364: *Free Jazz, Part One; Free Jazz, Part Two*.

Personnel: Coleman, alto saxophone; Eric Dolphy, bass clarinet; Don Cherry, Freddie Hubbard, trumpets; Scott LaFaro, Charlie Haden, basses; Billy Higgins, Ed Blackwell, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In this, his most recent Atlantic recording, iconoclast alto saxist Coleman carries to their logical (though some listeners will dispute this term) conclusion the esthetic principles present to a lesser degree—quantitatively, at least—in his previous recordings.

The entire LP—both sides—is given over to a collective improvisation by a double quartet (Dolphy, Hubbard, LaFaro, and Higgins make up the second quartet) that lasts 36½ minutes. Using only the sketchiest of outlines to guide them, the players have fashioned a forceful, impassioned work that might stand as the ultimate manifesto of the new wave of young jazz expressionists. The results are never dull.

In first hearing, *Free Jazz* strikes one as a sprawling, discursive, chaotic jumble of jagged rhythms and pointless cacophonies, among which however are interlarded a number of striking solo segments (particularly those of the two bassists). The force, intensity, and biting passion that motivate it also come across.

On repeated listening, however, the form of the work gradually reveals itself, and it is seen that the piece is far less unconventional than it might at first appear. It does not break with jazz tradition; rather, it restores to currency an element that has been absent in most jazz since the onset of the swing orchestra—spontaneous group improvisation. Yet Coleman has restored it with a vengeance; here we have better than half an hour's worth, with only a minimal amount of it predetermined to any degree.

In *Free Jazz* the soloist is free to explore any area in his improvisation that his musical esthetic takes him to; he is not bound by a harmonic, tonal, or rhythmic framework to which he must adhere rigidly. The performance (and his role in it) is

completely fluid: rhythm usually follows the soloist's lead (though he may occasionally take his cue from it), and the remaining three horns contribute as they see fit—from complex contrapuntal patterns arrived at spontaneously and independently to accidental "harmonic" riffs of a sort.

A very exciting—but equally dangerous—proposition, to be sure, and one that requires executants of an extraordinary sensitivity and ability. On these grounds, this work is not always successful.

The piece is begun by a brief polyphonic ensemble in which the horn men seek to establish the emotional climate of the piece. This determined, a short "arranged" passage leads to a gripping five-minute exploration by Dolphy in his most waspish, acerbic manner; Hubbard's graceful solo follows and is of equal length; Coleman's searing solo is next in line and consumes a full 10 minutes. It is by all odds the most successful improvisation of the lot, despite its length, and provokes the other three horns to some of their most complex and interesting contrapuntal interplay on the disc. After a terse unison figure, Cherry's flatulent, meandering solo sputters on for five minutes. It is succeeded by powerful bass statements by both Haden and LaFaro, and finally the drummers have the field before all come together for the close.

All things considered, the disc is largely successful—it certainly lives up to Coleman's dicta, at least. It is a powerful and challenging work of real conviction and honest emotion; it poses questions and provides its own answers to them; it is restless in its re-examination of the role of collective improvisation, and this is, in many respects, where the work is most successful.

Needless to say, there is nothing of smugness or complacency about it. And it is almost a total improvisation, a sort of seamless whole in which the over-all organic structure takes precedence over its constituent elements (selection of notes, etc.). As a result, Cherry's faltering solo makes little real difference in terms of the larger work—enough momentum has been established by this time to carry it right through.

Some salient points:

It seems to me that experiments ought to be presented as such—and not as finished works. This piece does have more than its share of inevitable rough spots, but how much of this results from this group having been brought together in the studio just for the purposes of recording this piece? A much fuller rapport would appear to be necessary before the maximum results could be achieved from this method and approach. Still, Coleman has

made his point with this disc, and this cannot be denied him. I, for one, have been completely won over. I look forward to more pieces of this nature—but of a less ambitious scheme. (P.W.)

Ornette Coleman

FREE JAZZ—Atlantic 1364: *Free Jazz, Part One; Free Jazz, Part Two*.

Personnel: Coleman, alto saxophone; Eric Dolphy, bass clarinet; Don Cherry, Freddie Hubbard, trumpets; Scott LaFaro, Charlie Haden, basses; Billy Higgins, Ed Blackwell, drums.

Rating: No Stars

This friendly get-together is subtitled "a collective improvisation by the Ornette Coleman Double Quartet." One might expect a "collective improvisation" by Coleman's usual crew of four to be a merry event. But here we shoot the moon. It's every man-jack for himself in an eight-man emotional regurgitation. Rules? Forget 'em.

Where does neurosis end and psychosis begin? The answer must lie somewhere within this maelstrom.

If nothing else, this witch's brew is the logical end product of a bankrupt philosophy of ultraindividualism in music. "Collective improvisation?" Nonsense. The only semblance of collectivity lies in the fact that these eight nihilists were collected together in one studio at one time and with one common cause: to destroy the music that gave them birth. Give them top marks for the attempt. (J.A.T.)

CLASSICS

Berg/Craft

MUSIC OF ALBAN BERG—Columbia M2L-271/M2S-620: *Four Symphonic Excerpts from Lulu; Der Wein; Three Movements from The Lyric Suite, for String Orchestra; Sieben Frühe Lieder (Seven Early Songs)*.

Personnel: Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Israel Baker, violin; Pearl Kaufman, piano; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Among the many services performed by this two-disc album is the first presentation on records of Berg's excerpts from his unfinished opera *Lulu*.

In these, as in the familiar *Lyric Suite*, here heard in Berg's version of string orchestra, the wide and deep streak of romanticism that the composer never was ashamed of shows up luminously. This should surprise many listeners who may have believed from their reading that *Lulu* is an ugly and forbidding work. It is too much to expect performances of the opera to result from this album, but it is entirely thinkable that some orchestral conductor may be prodded into including these excerpts on a program or two.

While the *Lulu* music dates from 1934, the *Seven Early Songs*, sung most affectingly by Miss Beardslee, go all the way to 1905-8. It is easy to tick these songs off as

imitation Debussy or Mahler, but they have the ability to create an atmosphere that is one sure mark of a master, no matter what idiom he works in.

In *Der Wein*, obvious recollections of Wagner are similarly unobjectionable.

The *Chamber Concerto* (not to be confused with the more imposing *Violin Concerto*) receives a superlative performance by Baker in the violin role. The orchestral contributions are convincing throughout these pieces. Their power may bring new understanding of Berg's stature as well as Craft's wide range as an interpreter.

(D.H.)

Haydn/Fine Arts Quartet

HAYDN—Concert-Disc CS-228: *Quartets in D, Op. 20, No. 4 and D Minor, Op. 76, No. 2 (Quinten)*.

Personnel: Fine Arts Quartet (Leonard Sorkin, Abram Luft, violins; Irving Ilmer, viola; George Sopkin, cello).

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There hasn't been a recording available of any of Haydn's *Op. 20* quartets for five years, the Schneider Quartet's versions for the Haydn Society having long since disappeared.

The Fine Arts issue, in excellent stereo, is more than welcome, therefore, and if the *Quinten* on the other side is more readily available, it, too, is handled in exemplary technical and interpretative style.

The "Witches' Minuet" movement of the *Quinten* thumps along with a marvelous tongue-in-cheek grotesquerie. The famous andante is sung out rather more slowly than usual but is sustained beautifully.

(D.H.)



Mozart/Ravel/Casadesus

MOZART: *Concerto for Two Pianos, K. 365*; RAVEL: *Concerto for the Left Hand*—Columbia MB-5674 and MS-6274.

Personnel: Robert, Gaby Casadesus, pianos in the Mozart; Robert Casadesus, piano in the Ravel; Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Robert Casadesus does not attack the Ravel concerto as athletically as either Samson Francois or John Browning, young men who also have recorded it recently. His touch is not so percussive, nor does he rattle off the scale passages with comparable bravura. Nevertheless, he gives the work a highly musical interpretation, and one finds oneself listening, for a change, to what Ravel, rather than the performer, has to say.

The Mozart is one of the famous couple's specialties, and the charming work receives its due.

Ormandy's accompaniment sometimes tends to lack the liveness that the soloists furnish, but it is adequate.

(D.H.)

JAZZ

Nat Adderley

NATURALLY! — Juzzland 47: *Naturally; Seventh Son; Love Letters; This Man's Dream; Chloe; Images; Oleo; Scotch and Water*.

Personnel: Adderley, cornet; Joe Zawinul or Wynton Kelly, piano; Sam Jones or Paul Chambers, bass; Louis Hayes or Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

In a way, this is a disappointing album. Not because of the performances, certainly, but because the shadow of Miles Davis dominates the playing of Adderley throughout.

The influence of Miles obviously is nothing to cavil about—just as Charlie Parker's influence was never to be taken lightly—but when it holds a horn man like Adderley in such obvious thrall, it gives one pause. It prompts one to stop and conjecture about individual personality and independent musical thinking. Just as Bird spawned a generation of fledglings all singing in the voice of the father figure, it would appear the same thing is happening in the area of modern trumpet (or cornet) playing.

Taken on its own merits, however, Adderley's playing is warm, lyrical, and inventive. On the title tune, for example, he embroiders the lyric line with sometimes moving simplicity reminiscent of Chet Baker's early work.

He is muted on the medium-tempoed *Seventh Son*, a track graced by an unpretentious, pleasantly grooving piano solo by Zawinul. *Love Letters* finds the cornetist in Milesish mood as he noodles through the ballad in relaxed, easy style. *Dream* has Adderley's open horn coming on hard and kind of mean.

The next four tracks are blessed by the presence of that superb rhythm team of Kelly, Chambers, and Philly Joe. (This is not to denigrate the works of Sam Jones, Hayes, and Zawinul on the other tracks. They support the cornetist admirably, too.) *Chloe*, though, is a letdown. Adderley clams repeatedly and sounds as if he couldn't care less.

Images is more Miles and the tune is strongly reminiscent of *Speak Low*. Kelly gets off an excellent solo, his best on the date. Sonny Rollins' fast and boppish *Oleo* is taken at furious pace with a lithe Kelly solo springing up and making it from start to finish. The closing dedication to a popular beverage was written by Zawinul. It is melodic, light and bright, an unambitious but infectious line.

Taken in toto, the two separate sessions, recorded a month apart in New York City last June and July, make for pleasant if not arresting listening. On the debit side, though, is that ever-looming Miles.

(J.A.T.)

Sascha Burland

SWINGIN' THE JINGLES—Riverside 7515: *What's My Line?; Sippin' In; Quincy's Quik; Flip Top; Chiquita Banana; Give Wings to Your Heart; Chippin' In; Perkily-Perk-Perk; Flittin' Out; John's Spiel*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 5, 10: Maynard Ferguson, trumpet; Frank Rehak, trombone; Jim Buffington, French horn; Hal McKusick, Bobby Jaspar, Phil Bodner, reeds; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Oste Johnson, drums. Tracks 2, 4, 7, 9 —Howard McGhee, trumpet; Jaspar, tenor saxophone, flute; Dick Hyman, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Johnson, drums. Tracks 3, 6, 8—Ernie Royal, trumpet; Rehak, trombone; Buffington, French

horn; McKusick, Jaspar, Bill Slapin, reeds; Galbraith, guitar; Hinton, bass; Johnson, drums, vocal.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is a sleeper. Issued as part of Riverside's Popular series and built around what would seem a weak premise (the album is subtitled "Unusual versions of the music of America's most famous TV and radio commercials"). The LP is nonetheless a jazz record of not a little interest.

Most of the tracks have an engaging light feel to them, the result not only of the instrumentation but also the deftness of the pens of arrangers Bill Finegan (*Quick, Wings, Perk*), Eddie Sauter (*Line, Banana, Spiel*), Jaspar (*Flittin', Chippin'*), and Hyman (*Flip, Sippin'*).

Quik, originally written by Quincy Jones to sing the praises of an instant chocolate drink, is the most interesting theme and is noteworthy for the three-flutes-with-brass voicing. The other themes, with the exception of *Spiel*, which is based on the folk song *D'Ye Ken John Peel*, are generally weak material for a jazz treatment.

Nevertheless, there are several fine solos in the collection, particularly by McGhee and Jaspar, who is excellent on both flute and tenor.

A pleasant, sometimes amusing album.

(D. DeM.)

Charlie Byrd

CHARLIE BYRD AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Offbeat 3008: *Just Squeeze Me; Why Was I Born?; You Stepped Out of a Dream; Fantasia on 'Which Side Are You On?'*

Personnel: Byrd, guitar; Keter Betts, bass; Buddy Deppenschmidt, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Byrd hits his optimum pace on one side of this disc and then goes overboard on the other side. On the first side he plays three ballads—*Me, I, and You*—on which he works in a variety of styles, parading an invigorating flow of ideas.

The suppleness of his fingering, the pure loveliness of his tone, the delicacy of the timbres he draws from his strings, and the innate swing in everything he does are constantly highlighted on these pieces.

But he overextends himself on *Fantasia*, which takes up all the second side. As far as he goes on his own in this effort, Byrd makes out all right, for he has a seemingly endless arsenal of variations in style, method, and approach that he can call on. But in stretching the piece out, he permits long solos by Betts and Deppenschmidt, which, coming after Byrd's long solo, simply serve to make the whole piece seem too long.

But there is still about half a side of lovely Byrd here in addition to the ne plus ultra pieces on the other side.

(J.S.W.)

John Coltrane

AFRICA/BRASS—Impulse 6: *Africa; Green-sleeves; Blues Minor*.

Personnel: Coltrane, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Reggie Workman, Art Davis, basses; Elvin Jones, drums; unidentified trumpet, four French horns, alto saxophone, baritone saxophone, two euphoniums, tuba.

Rating: ★ ★

Certainly no one could question Coltrane's particular skill as a tenor saxophonist. Nor that his ear for harmony, his knowledge of it, and his use of it, can

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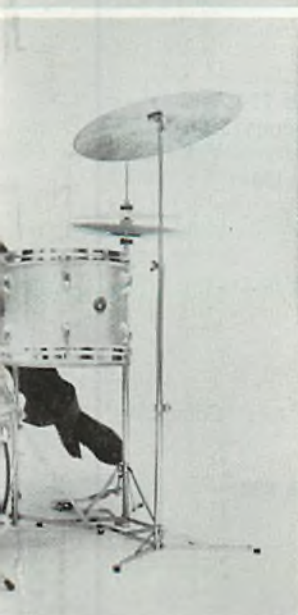




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fascinate. Nor do I question that his playing is honestly emotional, if, to me, somewhat diffusely so.

What I do question is whether here this exposition of skills adds up to anything more than a dazzling and passionate array of scales and arpeggios. If one looks for melodic development or even for some sort of technical order or logic, he may find none here.

In these pieces, Coltrane has done on record what he has done so often in person lately, make everything into a handful of chords, frequently only two or three, and run them in every conceivable way, offering what is, in effect, an extended cadenza to a piece that never gets played, a prolonged *montuna* interlude surrounded by no rumba or son, or a very long vamp 'til ready.

Africa is African by the suggestion of its rhythms. It has some brass figures that, for me, get a bit too monotonous to add variety and which are also in general too much in the background to add much of their own.

I must say that Workman and Davis, particularly when they work together, fascinated me, and that Tyner plays a good solo. These three also manage to swing, and they provide one of the few instances of real swing in this recital.

Greensleeves is converted into a 6/8 Gospel-like meter, but once you have the hang of that, after a chorus or two, you have the hang of that.

On *Blues Minor*, which seems to me uncomfortably close to *Bags' Groove*, Coltrane again begins a kind of ingenious workout on a couple of repeated chords after a chorus or so.

The point is not that it is impossible to make high art out of very simple materials. Many a blues player can make fascinating music on three chords, two chords, one chord—even no chords really. Nor that it is impossible to make fine jazz solos out of arpeggios: Jimmy Noone did it, Coleman Hawkins does it, Coltrane has done it.

Perhaps my remark in the beginning about emotion does hold an answer. After all, Noone and Hawkins both have a directness and organization of feeling within each piece and a variety of feeling from one piece to the next. (M.W.)

Joe Gordon

LOOKIN' GOOD!—Contemporary 3597: *Terra Firma Irma; A Song for Richard; Non-Vienness Waltz Blues; You're the Only Girl in the Next World for Me; Co-op Blues; Mariana; Helen; Diminishing.*

Personnel: Gordon, trumpet; Jimmy Woods, alto saxophone; Dick Whittington, piano; Jimmy Bond, bass; Milt Turner, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Gordon's quintet is patterned closely on the Miles Davis model, particularly when Gordon goes muted on *Richard* and in the comping and soloing of Whittington. But, aside from general approach, this is not an imitative group.

Gordon has a clean, crisp attack with a bright, brassy sound and a singing quality that make his solos flow easily. Woods gets a dark, hollow sound on alto and works in wailing phrases that frequently verge into bleats without quite getting into the grotesqueries of the Eric Dolphy school.

The pieces, all Gordon originals, allow for good changes of pace from the warm, balladic qualities of *Helen* to some strongly swinging things.

The main drawback to this set is that the group, despite the offbeat sound of Woods and the polished professionalism of Gordon, follows such a currently common groove that much of its work lacks an identifiable individual distinction.

(J.S.W.)

Lionel Hampton

SOFT VIBES, SOARING STRINGS—Columbia CL 1661: *Deep Purple; Stairway to the Stars; Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me; Over the Rainbow; Once in a While; Gone Again; Star Eyes; Laura; On Green Dolphin Street; The Blues I Got Comin' Tomorrow; Ruby.*

Personnel: Hampton, vibraphone; unidentified string orchestra.

Rating: ★

Since Hampton has such an authentic and quite unsentimental feel for ballads, and since it is possible to arrange respectable string backgrounds for jazz musicians (I am thinking particularly of some of Bill Russo's work, vibrato-less and sometimes augmented by guitar), this saccharine recital seems all the more deplorable.

In a sense, what we have here is not even good, tested trash, because the shattering tambourines on *Star Eyes* and the ludicrous rock-and-roll triplets introduced on *Do Nothin'* hardly seem likely

to please Melachrino fans.

As I imply, if you succeed in swamp-ing Hampton's natural exuberance and presence, you've really come on pretty strong. But except for his irrepressible swing on *Laura*, some momentarily evident good ideas on *Stairway*, and a fleeting few bars of invention on *Once in a While* (after some foolish Latin "effects"), Hampton might almost be any hack vibes player who got a studio call. And after all, no matter how thick the goo gets on Jackie Gleason's records, Bobby Hackett's moments are honorably effective. (M.W.)

Johnny Hodges

BLUE HODGE—Verve 8406: *And Then Some; I Wonder Why; Azure Te; Blue Hodge; Hodge Padge; It Shouldn't Happen to a Dream; Why Are You Blue?; Knuckles; Stand By Blues; There Is No Greater Love.*

Personnel: Hodges, alto saxophone; Wild Bill Davis, organ; Les Spann, flute, guitar; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The alliance of Hodges with organ and flute has all the surface aspects of an idea born of desperation. That it succeeds in any measure can be attributed to Hodges' ability to rise above practically anything. There are other helpfully contributing factors: Spann spends more time on his guitar than he does in fluting, and Davis has the grace and good sense to stay out of Hodges way.

The tunes run from slow ballads to

JAZZ RECORD down beat's BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of record buyers, *Down Beat* provides a listing of jazz, reissue, and vocal LPs rated four stars or more during the preceding five-issue period. LPs so rated in this issue will be included in the next listing. Use this guide as a handy check list.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

- ☐ *The Indispensable Duke Ellington* (reissue) (RCA Victor 6009)
- ☐ *Thelonious Monk with John Coltrane* (Jazzland 46)
- ☐ Charlie Parker, (reissue) *The Early Bird* (Baronet 107)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

- ☐ Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington (Roulette 52074)
- ☐ Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers (Impulse 7)
- ☐ Scrapper Blackwell, (vocal) *Blues before Sunrise* ("77" Records 77-LA-12-4)
- ☐ Teddy Edwards-Howard McGhee, *Together Again!* (Contemporary 3588)
- ☐ Benny Golson, *Gettin' with It* (Prestige/New Jazz 8248)
- ☐ Coleman Hawkins, *The Hawk Relaxes* (Prestige/Moodsville 15)
- ☐ *The Essential Billie Holiday* (vocal) (Verve 8410)
- ☐ Charlie Mingus, *Pre-Bird* (Mercury 20627)
- ☐ Anita O'Day, (vocal) *Travelin' Light* (Verve 2157)
- ☐ Charlie Parker-Dizzy Gillespie, (reissue) *A Handful of Modern Jazz* (Baronet 105)
- ☐ Martial Solal (Capitol 10261)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

- ☐ Bob Brookmeyer, 7 X Wilder (Verve 8413)
- ☐ *Gold and Fizzle Play Dave Brubeck's Jazz Ballet, Points on Jazz* (Columbia 1678)
- ☐ Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, *Afro-Jaws* (Riverside 373)
- ☐ Miles Davis in Person, *Friday and Saturday Nights* (Columbia 820)
- ☐ Ella Fitzgerald, *Get Happy* (Verve 4036)
- ☐ Grant Green, *Green Street* (Blue Note 4071)
- ☐ *The Jazz Crusaders* (Pacific Jazz 27)
- ☐ Wynton Kelly! (Vee Jay 3022)
- ☐ Oliver Nelson, *Blues and the Abstract Truth* (Impulse 5)
- ☐ Ruth Price with Shelly Manne and His Men at the Manne-Hole (vocal) (Contemporary 3590)
- ☐ Jack Teagarden, *Mis'ry and the Blues* (Verve 8416)

medium and slightly up-tempo riffs. On the ballads Hodges usually has his own way and brings them off with his customary sinuous stylishness—particularly *I Wonder Why* and *No Greater Love*. The rest are satisfactory Hodges, but they might have been much more interesting if he had had a reasonably provocative ensemble from which to emerge. (J.S.W.)

Jazztet

THE JAZZTET AT BIRDBHOUSE—Argo 688: *Junction*; *Farmer's Market*; *Darn That Dream*; *Shutterbug*; *'Round Midnight*; *November Afternoon*.

Personnel: Art Farmer, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Tom McIntosh, trombone; Benny Golson, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Tommy Williams, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

The Jazztet has never been, nor supposedly was it ever intended to be, a throw-caution-to-the-wind group. This conservatism has pervaded the sextet's records till now—the group sometimes sounded so controlled that warmth seemed sacrificed for correctness. This album, cut before an audience last year at Chicago's Birdhouse, finds the group more fiery—and relaxed—than have studio sessions.

It's still not a hell-for-leather outfit, but there were some emotional moments caught at this session. Most of them can be found in Farmer's work.

I have always been taken with Farmer's introspective way of playing; especially on ballads did he seem to be, and this is meant in a positive sense, talking to himself. Like Bobby Hackett, Farmer has the ability to pick pretty notes.

On this record, there are two brilliant examples of Farmer's ballad playing. *Dream* and *Midnight*, both played on fluegelhorn (except a short passage in the first chorus of *Midnight*), both exquisite recitations. Farmer's *Midnight* solo is even more than that; it's near-perfect, if any solo can be so-called. Nothing should have followed it, but, unfortunately, Walton had to.

Farmer is reflective in his up-tempo playing also, but he adds fire to it. His excellently constructed trumpet solo on *Market* fairly dances; on *Junction*, his trumpet is, by turn, poignant and urgent. Anywhere in the album, after Farmer solos, you know you've had a musical experience.

Golson, while not as successful in solo as Farmer, plays well, though on *Market* and *Shutterbug* his tenor solos come off as bunches of notes—not without rhyme and reason but with little emotion. Golson's best playing is on *Junction* (a rememberable theme by the tenorist) and *Midnight* (his best arrangement in the album). Unfortunately, something happens at the beginning of Golson's *Midnight* solo—the tempo drops and the mood changes quite abruptly—but I imagine the damage was done in editing and not on stand.

The best writing in the album is not by Golson, surprisingly, but by McIntosh. His *November Afternoon* is a good melody, somewhat reminiscent of the Russian folk song *Meadowlands*, and he has arranged and voiced it well. This is the only track, incidentally, that Mc-

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Intosh's J. J. Johnsonish trombone is heard in solo. The album might have been better balanced in solos if McIntosh had been given some of the space allowed Walton, who plays pleasantly but predictably.

Much of the performances' fire comes from Heath and Williams, though the time gets pretty tight on *Shutterbug*. Williams adds much to *Dream*, particularly behind Farmer's second chorus.

In several ways, this is the best Jazztet album yet. (D.DeM.)

Bud Shank

BAREFOOT ADVENTURE—Pacific Jazz 35: *Barefoot Adventure*; *Shoeless Beach Meeting*; *Jungle Cruise*; *How High the Mahaka*; *Well, 'Pon My Soul*; *Ala Moana*; *Bruce Is Loose*; *Dance of the Sea Monsters*.

Personnel: Shank, alto, baritone saxophones; Bob Cooper, tenor saxophone; Carmell Jones, trumpet; Dennis Budimir, guitar; Gary Peacock, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is background music composed by Shank for a film, *Barefoot Adventure*. In these performances it is fleshed out much more than film music usually is. Shank's themes may serve the purposes of the film, but most are rather ordinary for purely listening purposes.

The two best pieces in the set are the closing items on each side, both taken at a very fast clip and distinguished by strong, unusual opening ensembles. On one, Shank rips through a hard-driving baritone saxophone solo; on the other, he has an equally walloping set-to on alto. For whatever reasons, these are his best showings on the disc, for his other solos stay close to the pedestrian.

Performance honors go to Cooper, whose tenor solos are consistently fluent and swinging, and Jones, who plays a warm-toned, deliberately phrased trumpet.

Given somewhat more plausible material, this group shows, in spots here, that it could be quite effective. (J.S.W.)

Various Artists

CHICAGO: THE LIVING LEGENDS—Riverside 389/390: *Bugle Blues* (Lil Armstrong); *Hotter Than That* (Franz Jackson); *Sister Kate* (Earl Hines); *I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of This Jelly Roll* (Al Wynn); *Gillian Stomp* (Lovie Austin); *Downhearted Blues* (Alberta Hunter-Lovie Austin); *Somethin' Keep Worryin' Me Blues* (Little Brother Montgomery); *Things 'bout Comin' My Way* (Mississippi Sheiks); *The Santa Fe Blues* (Mama Yancey); *How Long Blues* (Blind John Davis-Al Wynn); *Boogie Me* (Lil Armstrong); *I'm Gonna Have You* (Junie Cobb); *1919 Rag* (Franz Jackson); *Cooter Crawl* (Little Brother Montgomery); *Muskrat Ramble* (Lil Armstrong); *Saturday Night Function* (Little Brother Montgomery); *Once or Twice* (Junie Cobb); *Caution Blues* (Earl Hines); *After All These Years* (Alberta Hunter-Lil Armstrong).

Personnel: Tracks 1, 15—Bill Martin, Roi Nabors, Eddie Smith, trumpets; Preston Jackson, Al Wynn, trombones; Darnell Howard, Franz Jackson, clarinets; Miss Armstrong, piano; Pops Foster, bass; Booker Washington, drums. Tracks 2, 13—Bub Shofner, trumpet; John Thomas, trombone; Jackson, clarinet; Rozelle Claxton, piano; Lawrence Dixon, banjo; Bill Oldham, tuba; Richard Curry, drums. Tracks 3, 18—Smith, trumpet; Howard, clarinet; Jimmy Archey, trombone; Hines, piano; Foster, bass; Earl Watkins, drums. Track 4—Martin, trumpet; Wynn, trombone; Howard, clarinet; Bus Moten, piano, vocal; Mike McKendrick, banjo; Washington, drums. Tracks 5, 6, 19—Archey, trombone; Howard, clarinet; Miss Austin or Miss Armstrong, piano; Foster, bass; Jasper Taylor, drums; Miss Hunter, vocals (tracks 6, 19). Tracks 7, 14, 16—Ted Buttermann, cornet; Bob Gordon, clarinet; Rufus Brown, tenor saxophone (track 16); Montgomery, piano, vocals; McKendrick, banjo. Track 8—Walter Vinson (Mississippi Sheik), vocal, guitar; Jesse Coleman (Monkey Joe), piano; Sam Hill, guitar; Foster,

bass; Watkins, drums. Track 9—Mrs. Yancey, vocal; Montgomery, piano; Hill, guitar; Foster, bass; Watkins, drums. Track 10—Davis, vocal, piano; Wynn, trombone; Martin, trumpet; Howard, clarinet; McKendrick, guitar; Washington, drums. Track 11—Miss Armstrong, piano; Foster, bass; Washington, drums. Tracks 12, 17—Fortunatus Ricard, trumpet; Harlen Floyd, trombone; Leon Washington, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Cobb, piano; Ike Robinson, banjo; Walter Cole, bass; Red Saunders, drums; Annabelle Calhoun, vocal (track 12).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Riverside has followed up its unearthing of a batch of veteran New Orleans musicians, which inaugurated the Living Legends series, with a similar recording visit to Chicago.

This two-disc set is a sampler of five days of taping done there by Chris Albertson in September. These Chicagoans—not all of them are aged veterans—are more polished than their New Orleans counterparts, which is natural since they seem to have more opportunities to work (and, of course, the inclusion of Earl Hines, who is sort of a ringer since he was just visiting Chicago, raises the general level of polish immeasurably).

For the most part, these are boisterous performances, full of high spirits that seem to have overflowed on Miss Armstrong's orchestra date. On the two pieces from that session, she has three fine trumpeters, Nabors, who gets off a blistering solo on *Bugle Blues*; Martin, who plays with strong, sure firmness on *Muskrat*; and Smith, Hines' regular trumpeter, who has a bright brilliant attack. Lil herself shows little on these two pieces (aside from thumping a bit too heavily on *Bugle*), but she gets a chance to show her vitality on her trio piece, *Boogie Me*, which has some excellent cymbal thrashing by Washington.

The high points of the collection are Hines' two entries, *Kate* and *Caution*, both with exemplary Hines solos and brief glimpses of the well-tooled, smoothly integrated band he is now leading.

Montgomery's three attractive entries, including Duke Ellington's almost-forgotten *Saturday Night Function*, show off his gutty little band, sparked by the bright, cutting cornet of Buttermann, and also spotlight Brother's own forthright, declarative singing.

Miss Hunter's voice has, understandably, grown heavier with the years, but she still phrases acutely on *Downhearted Blues*. Mama Yancey has also retained her phrasing sense, but her talk-shout effort on *Santa Fe Blues* is rather shrill. There's a good blues by Davis, and romping piece by Cobb's band, which benefits from the



wonderful drive that Robinson's banjo brings to the rhythm section.

All in all, it's a well-seasoned pudding, full of a variety of good things (and the promise of more to come when full albums by the various groups are issued) as well as some relatively routine performances, and one, by Miss Austin, that might have come off well if somebody hadn't goofed badly on the balance. (J.S.W.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Charlie Parker

THE ESSENTIAL CHARLIE PARKER—Verve 8409: *Kim*; *Just Friends*; *Bloomdido*; *Au Privave*; *Funky Blues*; *She Rote*; *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*; *Chi Chi*; *Sweetish Schnapps*; *KC Blues*.

Personnel: Track 1—Parker, alto saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Teddy Kotick, bass; Max Roach, drums. Tracks 2, 7—Parker with strings and rhythm. Track 3—Parker; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Thelonious Monk, piano; Curly Russell, bass; Buddy Rich, drums. Tracks 4, 6, 10—Parker; Miles Davis, trumpet (6, 10); Walter Bishop Jr., piano; Kotick; Roach. Track 5—Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Parker, Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter, alto saxophones; Ben Webster, Flip Phillips, tenor saxophones; Oscar Peterson, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; J. C. Heard, drums. Track 8—Parker; Al Haig, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Roach. Track 9—Parker; Red Rodney, trumpet; John Lewis, piano; Brown; Kenny Clarke, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This collection does provide a cross section of the various sorts of recording that Parker did for Norman Granz' labels, although whether it is the best one-volume collection that could be made is another question.

For example, if Parker-with-strings is present, *Just Friends* is a candidate, because it was one of his own records that Parker would concede that he liked. And for that wonderful blues-like transformation in the second chorus, one cannot help but agree with him that it was a fine performance.

However, Verve has a nearly surpassing string version of *What Is This Thing Called Love?* that would have been a better second choice than *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*. I am sure, also, that any definitive Parker collection should include his *Lady Be Good* variations, which belong to Verve, and they are not included here.

I do believe that the fluent sureness of *Chi Chi* (the springiness of Haig's accompaniment is in itself something to hear), the easy conservatism of *Schnapps*, the developed virtuosity of the fast *She Rote* (even if it is not quite a *Koko* or a *Bird Gets the Worm*), and the reunion with Gillespie and featuring Monk make these among the best things he did for the label.

I am sure that *Au Privave* is a very good Parker piece and that *Funky Blues* (ingeniously edited in this version) is very good Parker blues playing, and I am perpetually grateful for the developed fundamentals of this medium-tempo *KC Blues*. But I miss the quartet version of *Confirmation* (surely Parker's most brilliantly composed line), and I miss *Passport*, and I miss others.

In rhythm, in melody, and in harmony, this man had the most brilliantly active imagination that jazz has known. There are times when I wonder if that imagination wasn't too brilliant for its own good, for its own sense of order or resolution.

But there are few times when I would

not readily use the word *genius* in talking about him, and there are no times when I do not feel that an intimate acquaintance with his recorded work is one of the great, delightful, complex, and lasting experiences that jazz has to offer. (M.W.)

VOCAL

Lambert-Hendricks-Ross

HIGH FLYING—Columbia 1675: *Come On Home*; *The New ABC*; *Farmer's Market*; *Cookin' at the Continental*; *With Malice Toward None*; *Hi-Fly*; *Home Cookin'*; *Halloween Spooks*; *Popity Pop*; *Blue*; *Mr. P. C.*

Personnel: Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, Annie Ross, vocals; Gildo Mahones, piano; Ike Isaacs, bass; Jimmy Wormworth, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Too often in the course of this outing with L, H, and R it becomes painfully obvious to the listener that all is not well in the Department of Swinging.

At times the problem would appear to boil down to a tug-o-war between singers and rhythm section. The result is a forced, strained, and consequently plodding feeling. This is no reflection on the excellent Isaacs team; they do their best, and Mahones gets off a fine piano solo on *Hi-Fly*. Unhappily, it boils down to a struggle between labor and management: the labored vocal front line and the management of the entire enterprise just don't see eye to eye.

Basic to this contradiction, which permeates so much of the group's performances, is the insurmountable tank trap of wordiness. Too many words and too many ill-fated attempts to fit 'em all in at all costs. For an excellent illustration of this, listen to *Home Cookin'* which reveals Hendricks almost stumbling over himself to squeeze in every syllable. The result is that one constantly has the insecure feeling that the time is fluctuating.

Lest the foregoing appear too negative vis a vis this particular set, it should be positively noted that there are moments of merit.

A high point (to this reviewer, at least, who welcomes a touch of the light and zany) is the thoroughly pixilated *Halloween*, in which the three vocalists take roles approximating goblins, witches, and other creatures of spookery. It's a lot of fun. On the closing *Mr. P.C.* the tempo is up, and the feeling is brightly swinging, the vocal front line in union with the rhythm section for a change.

There is nothing really new here; it's more of the familiar L-H-R routine with some low and some high points. The half-star, incidentally, is for all that ghoulish Halloween goulash. (J.A.T.)

Les McCann

LES McCANN SINGS—Pacific Jazz 31: *Wonder Why*; *It's Way Past Supper*; *Deed I Do*; *Since I Fell for You*; *But Not for Me*; *I Cried for You*; *Sweet Georgia Brown*; *Please Send Me Someone to Love*; *Next Spring*; *Love Letters*; *On the Street Where You Live*; *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*.

Personnel: All tracks—McCann, vocals, piano. Tracks 1, 4, 6, 8—Gerald Wilson, conductor; Jimmy Zito, John Audino, Ray Triscari, Charlie Meeks, trumpets; Bob Edmonson John Ewing, Kenny Shroyer, trombones; Harold Land, Teddy Edwards, Buddy Collette, Charlie Lloyd, Jack Nimitz, reeds; Herb Lewis, bass; Ron Jefferson, drums. Tracks 2, 5, 10—Wilson, conductor; Jerome Reisler, Dan Lube, Carl Kalash, Darrel Terwilliger, Myron Sandler, Bobby Bruce, Edger Lustgarten, George Poole, Charles Gates, strings; unlisted



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flute; Dolc Coker, rhythm piano; Lewis, bass; Jefferson, drums. Tracks 3, 7, 11, 12—Lewis, bass; Jefferson, drums. Track 9—Lawrence Lofton, trombone; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Richard Holmes, organ, Lewis, bass; Jefferson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The easy thing to say about this record is that McCann is a better singer than he is piano player. But there's more to McCann's work, both vocally and pianistically, here than can be covered in such a statement.

He sings with a great amount of emotion and warmth, and while it is surely possible to hear traces of other singers' mannerisms in his vocals, it is also possible to hear individuality. His singing generally is in good taste especially on ballads, as on the lovely *Supertime*, which he helped

write. At times, though, McCann tends to phrase without regard to lyric continuity, breaking a thought in half, as on *Not for Me*, but this is a fault common to many singers. He also too often drips with honeyed sentimentality, as on *Love Letters*, which gets almost embarrassingly sweet.

The only track that completely fails vocally is *Street*. Perhaps if McCann had not done it in $\frac{3}{4}$, the vocal would not have been as choppy and unrelaxed as it is. Also, the vocal-trio ending of this track and *Sweet Georgia* are unnecessary and in bad taste. But then, it might be some sort of satire on the Raylettes that just came off heavy handed.

On the trio tracks, the accompanying McCann doesn't seem to be listening to

the singing McCann, which is strange. There seems no empathy between the two, as if the vocal were dubbed over the piano. There's also a nasty splice at the first chorus of *Sweet Georgia*, and a beat is lost in McCann's piano break. Or, at least, I suspect it is a splice and not McCann that is responsible. Most of McCann's piano work is in as good taste as his singing, and taste has often been missing from McCann's piano playing in the past.

Wilson has done an excellent job arranging and conducting the large-ensemble tracks. He uses flute well, whether with strings (*Supertime*) or with brass (*Please*).

All in all, this a good album, one that reveals McCann as a vocalist with something to say, though how he says it could do with a bit of polish. (D.DeM.)

Memphis Slim-Jazz Gillum-Arbee Stidham

MEMPHIS SLIM'S TRIBUTE—Candid 8023: *I Feel So Good; Rockin' Chair Blues; Baby Gone; Cow Cow Blues; Miss Ida B.; Forty-Four Blues; Trouble in Mind; Worried Life Blues; I Don't Want My Rooster Crowin' after the Sun Goes Down; Lonesome in My Bedroom; Diggin' My Potatoes; In the Evenin'.*

Personnel: Slim, vocals, piano; Gillum, vocals, harmonica; Stidham, vocals, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ $\frac{1}{2}$

BLUES BY JAZZ GILLUM—Folkways 3826: *The Race of the Jim Lee and the Katy Adam; A Small Town They Call Bessemer; Walkin' the Blues Away; My Last Letter; Key to the Highway; Harmonica Boogie; I Wonder Why?; You've Got to Reap Just What You Sow; Let It Be Me; I'll Always Remember You; You've Got to Me; Me Halfway; Gillum Blues.*

Personnel: Gillum, vocals, harmonica; Stidham, vocals, guitar; Slim, piano, organ.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

These two records present a revolving cycle of the talents of Memphis Slim, Jazz Gillum, and Arbee Stidham. On the Candid disc, Slim gets the bulk of the attention while on the Folkways he serves only as accompanist with Stidham singing on one side and Gillum on the other.

On the latter release, Slim plays organ on most of the pieces, which is unfortunate since it adds an element of colorless monotony to material that, by its very nature, leans to a somewhat repetitive character. Gillum tends to talk his songs, using short phrases and dropping his voice at the end of each phrase. He is a limited vocalist and is far more expressive when he picks up his harmonica. Stidham, on the other hand, has a darkly heavy voice and, in some instances, shows evidences of range so that his lines have more lyricism than Gillum's. But there is a heaviness through most of the disc that keeps it on a relatively earthbound level.

The Candid set draws on some of the classic material of the blues genre, pieces associated with Bill Broonzy, Walter Davis, Cow Cow Davenport, Roosevelt Sykes, Big Maceo, Blind Blake, Curtis Jones, Washboard Sam, and Leroy Carr. Again Gillum's thin voice and matter-of-fact projection make his two selections of less interest than the three by Stidham or Slim's seven.

Stidham makes very good use of his big, lusty voice, ranging from a plaintive, markedly vibratoed style on *Trouble in Mind* to an open, driving attack on *Diggin' My Potatoes*. Slim is consistently capable both as vocalist and pianist. (J.S.W.)

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BLINDFOLD TEST

DIZZY GILLESPIE

By LEONARD FEATHER

To conserve space, I'm putting a couple of Dizzy Gillespie's miscellaneous afterthoughts first:

"Somebody came up to me at Birdland the other night and said, 'What gasses me about your band is that the guys all listen to one another taking the solos.' Digging one another, that's a lost art with these modern guys. Most of them, especially the drummers, they're so busy, busy, busy, busy, busy, they don't augment and push what the soloist is doing. . . .

"I was talking to Benny Carter the other night about Leo Wright and what a fine musician he is. I said he's the *oldest* young musician I've seen around! I mean, he's got all the finer points of the older musicians, plus the modern things. . . .

"... a man's personal life is interwoven into his music; you can't help it from coming out; but you can't deliberately bring your personal life into your music. You have to detach yourself from your problems when you play. . . ."

Except for the remarks in the parenthetical "later," comments below were made without any information about the records played during the interview.

The Records

1. Howard McGhee. *Dusty Blue* (from *Dusty Blue*, Bethlehem). McGhee, trumpet, composer; Benny Green, trombone; Roland Alexander, tenor saxophone.

Well, I liked that. The trombone player sounded to me like Bill Harris . . . trumpet sounds like maybe Conte Candoli . . . the tenor player . . . it was in a minor key, but in the middle there he changed to a major rather abruptly, didn't he? Well, all of us make mistakes. It was pleasant, I'd say, on the whole. Two stars.

Later: What? Well, it didn't *sound* like Benny Green! He has such a distinctive sound, I usually recognize him immediately.

You know, Howard was having trouble with his mouthpiece, and I took him to this guy in a little town in Massachusetts that makes my mouthpieces; we spent a whole afternoon up there. And not only is Howard playing this new mouthpiece now, but Buck Clayton is. And he has a new approach. I was talking to John Hammond about it the other day, Buck sounds like a new man altogether. He's rounded out. The new mouthpiece makes that much difference.

2. Harry James. *Sweets' Tooth* (from *The Spectacular Sound of Harry James*, MGM). James, trumpet; Ernie Wilkins, composer; bass unidentified.

It sounded to me like the two Harrys got a little mixed up in there—Harry James played a couple of Harry Edison riffs. It sounded nice, but I didn't particularly care for the groove that the bass-player was getting. It didn't help the over-all feeling. Two stars.

3. Bing Crosby and Louis Armstrong. *The Preacher* (from *Bing and Satchmo*, MGM). Armstrong, trumpet, vocal; Crosby, vocal; Horace Silver, composer.

Well, isn't *that* something. . . . I must say that the first vocalist, who, of course, is Bing, is the classiest Gospel singer that I've ever heard!

The second singer is just out of this world, and he knows just what to do with a song. If I were a singer, I think I'd like to do every song just the way Louis Armstrong does it. His nuances are something else. You know who else gasses me singing? Stuff Smith. And playing, too, of course; he is one of the most underrated musicians around.

I wish I could sing like that. I've really gotten away from the old-time blues; I've concentrated so much on harmonies and stuff that I started to sing a blues one time, and I found I just couldn't seem to get that—that—you know, that sanctified feeling. But I like to sing sanctified blues, and when you don't get that quality into it, you're not really singing the blues.

All the stars for that one. Louis is too much.

4. Al Hirt. *To Ava* (from *The Greatest Horn in the World*, RCA Victor). Hirt, trumpet; Alfred Newman, composer; Henri René Orchestra.

That's not my particular taste in trumpet. He has a pretty fair technique. I'll say that, but there's nothing that remotely resembles jazz in this, not to me, if it's supposed to be jazz.

I don't know who it could be. Pete Candoli? I won't rate this one. Or could it be Al Hirt? I've never heard him, but I've heard about him.

5. Freddie Hubbard. *All or Nothing at All* (from *Open Sesame*, Blue Note). Hubbard, trumpet; Tina Brooks, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Clifford Jarvis, drums.

Was that Hank Mobley on tenor? . . . I liked the trumpet player; I'd give this three stars on the merits of the trumpet.

You know something? I've noticed that most young drummers nowadays don't use the bass drum to great advantage.

I come from the old school—I imagine I do sound pretty old now, saying that—but when I first started playing, the leader of the band that I played with in South Carolina was a bass drummer, and he played it not with his foot but with his hand. I

didn't think too much about it at the time, but he was the leader, and after all, there is always a certain natural anathema between a sideman and the leader; but as I grew older and I didn't hear this any more, I realized that this guy was actually great on that bass drum. He had his knee up against the bass drum, to make different sounds—yes, the same idea as the elbow on the snare the way they do it now. Of course, we had a snare drummer in the band, too.

A good example of a bass drummer is a guy like Buddy Rich. He completely integrates—I hate to use that word—the bass drum, the sock cymbal, the other cymbal, and the snare, and the bass drum rhythm keeps going along with it all. That's what I like personally, and I've had a lot of experience with it.

The drummers that have been with me—you know who I've had through the years, people like Max and Art Blakey, Al Jones, Specs Wright, Stan Levey—all the ones who have played with me seem to have come to me originally with these set ideas, the idea that the bass drum was just to accent and drop bombs.

Lex Humphries had been taught that, and I had to get him out of it. The bass drum is a separate instrument in itself, just as each cymbal is separate, and the snare, and you have to put all these things together.

I'm not trying to put anyone down; I'm only speaking about what I like personally, and what I think soloists like personally. If it gets too loud, it becomes overbearing and drowns out the bass and piano. You have to have that pulse going.

This thing didn't start with Philly Joe. Long before his time, back in the early 52nd St. days when Max played with me, the brushes and the bass drum had to go right together, and Max played that way with me.

Anyhow, as I said, I'll give this three because I like that trumpet.

Later: Tina Brooks . . . is that a lady?



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The Automobile Graveyard, a theologically scandalous Passion Play by Arrabal, is excellently acted, creatively directed by Herbert Machiz, and superbly set by Kim Swados with novel versions of the discarded obvious.

In brief, to a car junkyard come three jazz musicians, running from the police, who would arrest them for entertaining the people without charging admission.

The deserted automobiles serve as a hotel for characters never seen and are presided over by a combination owner/bell-boy (psychologically a split—sadist/masochist), who represents Pontius Pilate right down to the washing of his hands.

His assistant, Delia, played by Leila Martin, is a whirlwind of personality changes and, in the play's symbolism, veers from a hip, unrepentant Mary Magdalene to a sorrowful Veronica.

Some of the policemen are never seen, because Delia leads them astray and away from their search for the musicians. The crowd is only heard, and bitter it is because the frightened musicians hide instead of playing for them as promised.

The three musicians are more clear, their symbolism obvious, and their plight very certain. The mute clarinetist is the Apostle Peter. He makes his three denials. The guitarist is Judas Iscariot. He sells out for a government check, amount not specified. The trumpeter, played with fluid speech and movement by Gabriel Dell, is Jesus Christ. He is taken, beaten, and killed and then carried across the stage on a bicycle in the crucifixion position. Most clergymen in the audience would feel some relief at his passing, for a Christ with confusion, fears, and libido akimbo is hardly a Christ at all.

Unless the fact of existence of a play is its own reason, there seems little reason for this one. Each of the parts of its actual performance—actors, directors, sets, music (Mordechai Sheinkman), lyrics (Kenward Elmslie), and playing (no credits given, but some established jazzmen are recognizable)—is far greater than the play itself. But they are unable to add up to more than the sum of themselves except in those occasional movements when the author avoids the obvious, forsakes the tortured parallels, and lets the young people just swing.

The play was translated from the French by Richard Howard. Perhaps it lost something in the translation. Perhaps the original story was a poor choice for translation into Arrabal's terms. It's a shame. In this production everyone is to be applauded. It's just that the play is not the thing.

—Coss

KENNY DORHAM QUINTET

Black Orchid, Los Angeles

Personnel: Dorham, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Walter Bishop, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

How Bishop kept his sanity this opening night may never be known. It is possible that his defenses are constructed in depth following years of having truck with atrocious pianos, but even the most formidable breastworks are breached on occasion. The plain fact is that the keyboard



Dorham

instrument (it cannot be called a piano-forte) confronted by Bishop and his colleagues on this job was an instrument of torture worthy of Torquemada.

Miraculously, Bishop, to coin a phrase, kept his cool. The band as a whole suffered from the out-of-tune monstrosity. Still, the horn players stoically carried on—Dorham with his fine, fat tone and electrifying flights; McLean with his alto honed to a keen cutting edge, all the better to drive home those sometimes laconic, sometimes eloquent but nearly always angry statements.

Taylor's taste and burning drive is beyond question—a drummer of high distinction. Vinnegar is playing nowadays with a not-so-new-found inspiration that increases his stock as one of the most valuable anchor men in jazz.

On opening night this rather depressing saloon was full of hippies who didn't seem to mind the supreme insult to music and men embodied in the cursed keyboard. But hippies tend to bend that way. Bishop might have spared himself aggravation and frustration by simply refusing to play.

—Tynan

RED MITCHELL-HAROLD LAND QUINTET

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Los Angeles

Personnel: Mitchell, bass; Land, tenor saxophone; Carmell Jones, trumpet; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Leon Petties, drums.

It is no strain at all to state that this quintet is the most stimulating and creatively alive jazz group resident on the West Coast.

Mitchell and Land seem to have tapped the magic of the alchemist's stone and to have transmuted sheer prowess of instrumental technique into a highly imaginative blending of their respective instruments and the burgeoning trumpet of young Jones.

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okay, but they need a gimmick"? Mitchell and Land would appear to have discovered their "gimmick," except that it is not a gimmick in the accepted tawdry sense of this all-American term. It is a legitimate and logical wedding of bass with front-line horns into a sound bloc capable of striking home with the drive of Roger Maris.

Superficially, one might say the group is at its most compelling and original when playing the arrangements scored for this bass-tenor-trumpet trio. Sometimes Mitchell



Land (l.) and Mitchell

picks up the other horns on an opening line; or he will play arco in their company, revealing a sonorous bow sound worthy of any good symphony bassist. Two examples of his arco work heard on night of review were his own waltz *Hear Ye* and Land's original *Catacomb*. If he has a shortcoming, it is only that his arco sound is not as hard and biting as that achieved by, say, Paul Chambers.

Land is a tower on tenor. He is a musician of wildly creative talent. His solo on his own *Triplin'* was astonishing. On *Bloomdido* he displayed a flood of brilliant improvisation.

Jones, still in his early 20s, is a genuinely strong and eloquent trumpet voice, and the amazing quality about his playing is that it seems to improve and develop consistently. He possesses frank clarity of tone, a refreshing sense of lyricism and an utterly relaxed approach to creating, cheerfully unlike all too many of today's battalion of hypertense and jaggedly neurotic younger trumpet men. Jones, it seems inevitable at the present rate of progress, is destined to develop into an important trumpet voice.

Pianist Strazzeri is another man of significance, sure to advance to front rank. He shows qualities of simplicity and strength, an infallible time sense, and indisputable originality. In some respects, in fact, his playing is reminiscent of the late and talented Carl Perkins.

Petties fits ideally with the basic character of this group. He swings simply and without fuss. And the joy of his rapport with Mitchell must be witnessed.

The quintet appears at the Manne-Hole on Mondays only. Thursdays through Sundays the five repair to the Town Hill saloon on the south side of Los Angeles. In all events, they should be heard. They are the happiest jazz news to sing out on the coast in years.

—Tynan



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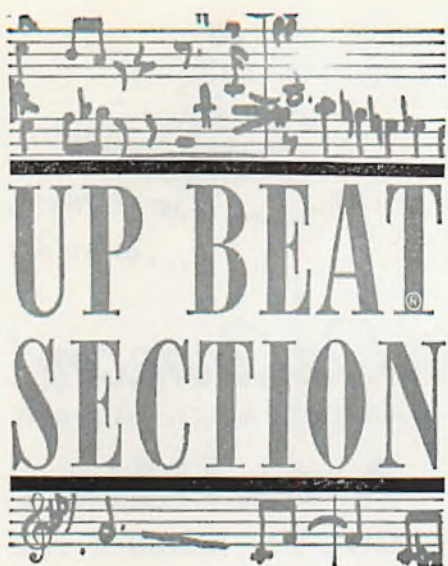
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By BILL MATHIEU

At the end of last month's column (which you need as you read this) we were in the middle of *All the Things You Are*—hanging on the last chord of the bridge.

This chord (C+, or c, e, g#) is a true pivot chord. Its function is to connect what is on either side of it. Just before this point, we have arrived at a cadence in E major. The place we are going to, if you read ahead a few bars, is Ab major. The job of C+ is to get us smoothly from one place to the other.

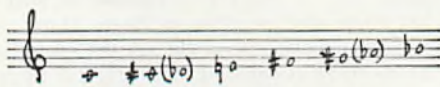
But first, why smoothly? Why not abruptly, as in other harmonic shifts we have met?

The answer lies in the fact that most tunes that are written in A B A form (as this one is) reach their dramatic high point just at the end of the B section. This is as true of rock and roll as it is of serious jazz. Somehow the impending return of the A section gives us a rejuvenation of energy, an expectation that we know will be fulfilled. Incidentally, compare this to the emotional journey of a sonata movement. This same expectancy, but more refined and more powerful, is felt at the end of the development, just before the recapitulation of the main theme.

In the same way, this C+ chord serves partly as a formal means of getting us back to familiar harmonic and thematic ground. As such, it contains elements of the music on either side of it: notes

from an E major scale, where we're coming from, and notes from an Ab major scale, where we're going.

One of the many scales that can serve this purpose is:



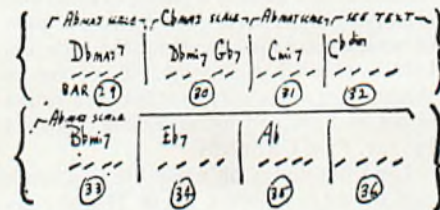
There are, however, other ways of looking at it. C+ could be considered as a dominant to the oncoming chord, Fmi7, which is altered to accommodate the common tone in the melody, g#, which becomes ab. In that case, the scale is:



A third possibility is to consider this chord as a kind of anti-harmony. If you lay a whole-tone scale upon it, starting on c, you get a mild feeling of harmonic suspension-in-air.

To my ear, the last alternative is best. But, after learning all the possibilities, let your own ear judge.

The remaining 12 bars of the tune are not difficult. The first four of these are identical to the beginning. The final eight-bar phrase is:

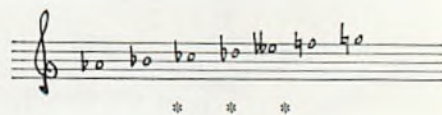


Bar 30 is a brief movement to a somewhat related area. In a more square rendition this bar would read simply Dbmi7. This is a change of mode on the IV chord (from major to minor), a fairly common occurrence. What is better is an extension of this: a brief shift of tonal area. This is a little farther out, but it derives its harmonic logic from the basic modal cliché. The scale involved is a Cb major scale (not an Fb major scale, which was erroneously indicated in last month's column). Cb major is the bIII of Ab, is related closely to the sound of the minor IV (check the common tones of Cb major and Db minor to prove it), and seems to add considerable color to the whole harmonic phrase. The device is common and useful in jazz harmony.

From here on, we start a simple downhill glide back to the tonic. Cmi7 is the III7 of Ab and involves an Ab major scale, as do the final three bars.

Bar 32 involves the special problem of diminished chords based on the tonic, or containing the tonic as one of its principal notes. (The chord in question is Cb diminished, also erroneously notated in last month's column.) This peculiar

quirk in jazz harmony is not difficult to hear. A suggested scale is



I've received letters asking if I have a correspondence course available, or if the *Inner Ear* material is available in book form. The answer to both questions unfortunately is "no."

Another group of readers asks for lists of books or source materials relating to improvisation, conceptual approaches to jazz, and other pertinent information. There are lamentably few of them. However, an *Ear* column will soon be devoted to such a list.

There is a handy little book, *Jazz Phrasing: Duets in Jazz for All Instruments*, which delves into many problems of stylistic approach in excellent detail.

It is best used by teacher and student. Two beginning students might have a tendency to compound their errors, clear though the text is. Incidentally, I think that jazz composers should feel duty-bound to produce studies of this caliber. Jazz would grow more quickly by the effort. *Jazz Phrasing* is by Fred Karlin and is published by Marshall Brown Music, Inc.

SIDEWINDER

J. J. Johnson's writing ability is fast becoming as respected as his trombone playing. Besides longer works, such as *Preceptions*, which he wrote at Dizzy Gillespie's behest, Johnson has composed many short pieces, most of which he has featured with the various sextets he has lead during the last few years.

An excellent example of his short works is *Sidewinder*, the score of which begins on the opposite page. The tune was recorded by Johnson's sextet and can be heard on the trombonist's Columbia album *Really Livin'* (CL 1383).

The score differs slightly from the record in that there are intermittent figures behind the trumpet and tenor saxophone solos ("2x only" signifies that the figure is played on the second chorus), and there is a modified ending.

The solo order also is different, there being no trombone solo space on the score. In the eight-bar horns-drums exchanges, note the order of the horn passages. In the 6/8 sections of the introduction and ending, the feeling is in "two," i.e., a dotted half-note in 6/8 equals a half-note in 4/4. The tempo is medium fast.

SIDEWINDER

The musical score is arranged in two systems. The top system contains staves for voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and instruments (Piano, Trombone, Tenor, Bass, Drums). The bottom system continues the arrangement with additional instrumental parts. The score is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The music features a mix of melodic lines and rhythmic patterns, with some parts marked 'Solo' or 'Tutti'. The instrumentation includes a full band with voices, piano, trombone, tenor, bass, and drums.

System 1 (Top):

- Voice parts: S.S., A.S., T.S., B.S.
- Instrumental parts: P.M., T.M., B.M., D.M.

System 2 (Bottom):

- Voice parts: S.S., A.S., T.S., B.S.
- Instrumental parts: P.M., T.M., B.M., D.M.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The notation includes various notes, rests, and bar lines.

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REPEAT 2 times

Handwritten musical score for a 12-part ensemble, organized into three systems (7, 8, 9). The notation is in a non-Latin script, likely Georgian, and includes various musical symbols, clefs, and dynamic markings.

System 7:

- Parts: 7a, 7b, 7c, 7d, 7e, 7f, 7g, 7h, 7i, 7j, 7k, 7l.
- 7a: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 7b: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 7c: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 7d: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 7e: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 7f: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 7g: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 7h: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 7i: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 7j: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 7k: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 7l: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.

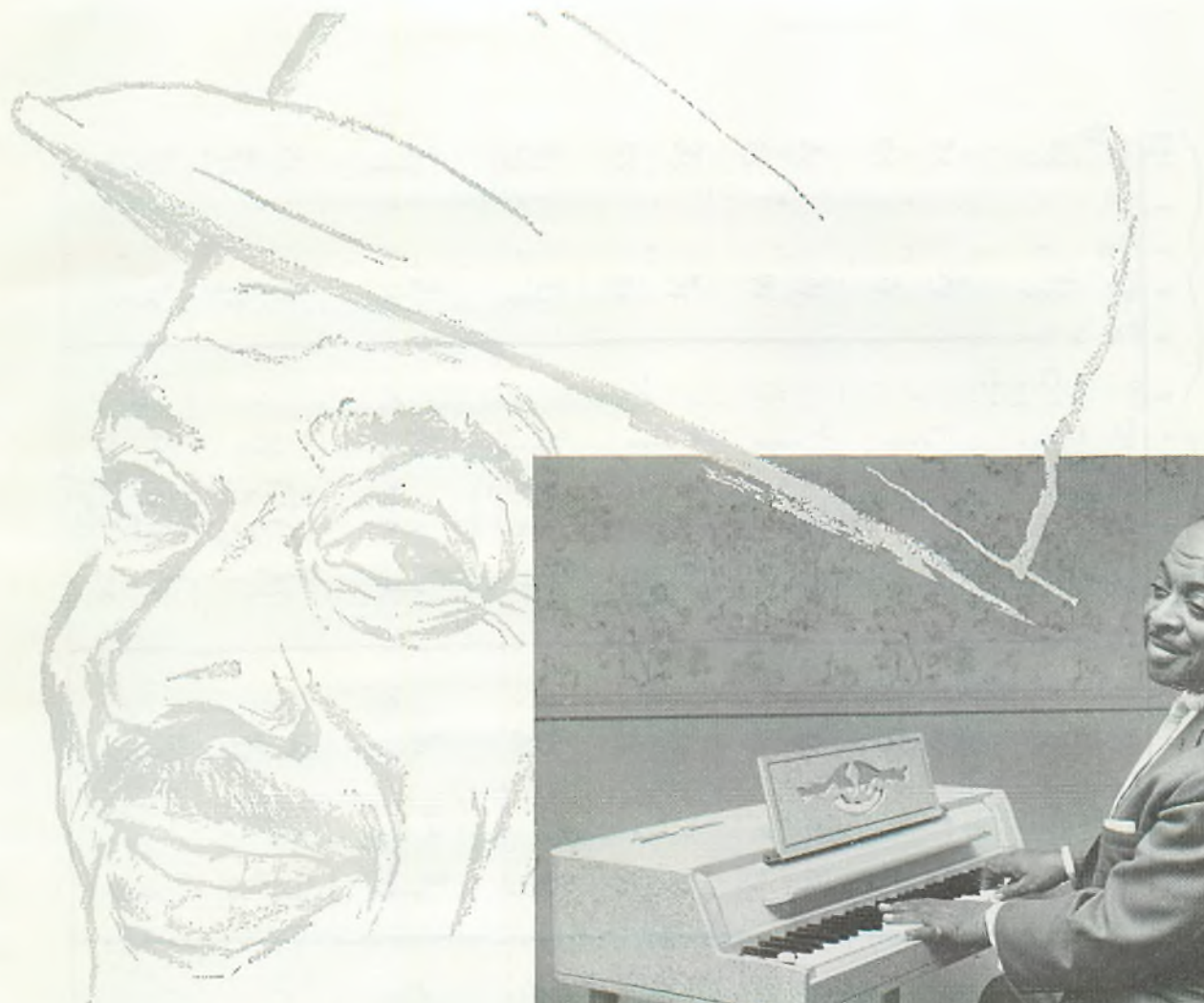
System 8:

- Parts: 8a, 8b, 8c, 8d, 8e, 8f, 8g, 8h, 8i, 8j, 8k, 8l.
- 8a: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 8b: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 8c: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 8d: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 8e: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 8f: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 8g: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 8h: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 8i: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 8j: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 8k: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 8l: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.

System 9:

- Parts: 9a, 9b, 9c, 9d, 9e, 9f, 9g, 9h, 9i, 9j, 9k, 9l.
- 9a: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 9b: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 9c: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 9d: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 9e: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 9f: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 9g: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 9h: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 9i: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 9j: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 9k: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.
- 9l: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a quarter note G4.

The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *pp* (pianissimo) and *ff* (fortissimo). The parts are arranged in a multi-staff format, with some parts having multiple staves.



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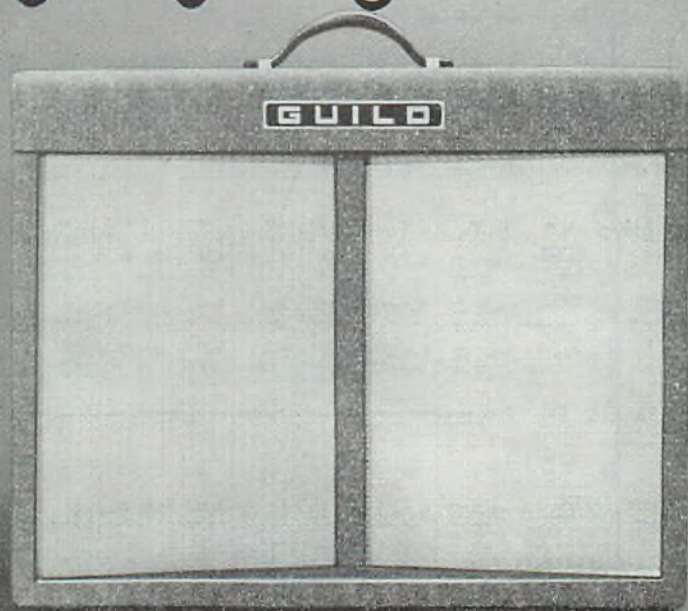
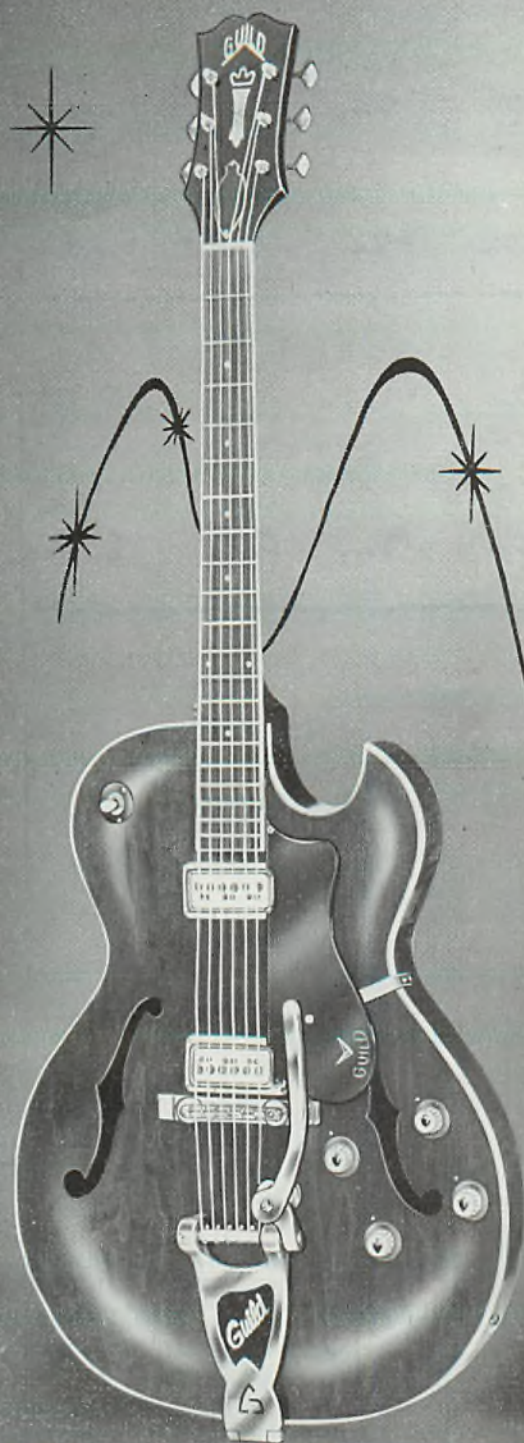
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— 10 —

Handwritten musical score on ten staves, numbered 22 through 25. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and clefs. The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

Staff 22: Includes a section labeled "Solo" and a section labeled "Col. Piano".

Staff 23: Includes a section labeled "Solo" and a section labeled "Col. Piano".

Staff 24: Includes a section labeled "Solo" and a section labeled "Col. Piano".

Staff 25: Includes a section labeled "Solo" and a section labeled "Col. Piano".

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Handwritten musical score for a choir, featuring vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a Double Bass (D.B.) part. The score is written in Hebrew and includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Section 28:

- Soprano (סופרן):** Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a series of eighth and quarter notes.
- Alto (אלט):** Also in treble clef, following a similar melodic line to the soprano.
- Tenor (טנור):** Written in treble clef, with a lower range than the soprano and alto.
- Bass (בס):** Written in bass clef, providing the lowest vocal line.
- D.B. (Double Bass):** Written in bass clef, providing a harmonic foundation.

Section 29:

- Soprano (סופרן):** Continues the melodic development.
- Alto (אלט):** Follows the soprano's lead.
- Tenor (טנור):** Provides harmonic support.
- Bass (בס):** Maintains the low harmonic base.
- D.B. (Double Bass):** Continues the accompaniment.

Section 30:

- Soprano (סופרן):** Features more complex rhythmic patterns.
- Alto (אלט):** Mirrors the soprano's complexity.
- Tenor (טנור):** Provides a steady harmonic presence.
- Bass (בס):** Anchors the section with a strong bass line.
- D.B. (Double Bass):** Provides a rhythmic and harmonic accompaniment.

The score concludes with a final double bar line and a key signature change to one flat (F).

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of modern lithographic processing," currently part of Amalgamated Lithographers of America's exhibition show at Grand Central Station.

The next Miles Davis Columbia album is titled *Someday My Prince Will Come*. In December, he recorded still another, and there seem to be plans afoot for one more, devoted to the music of Tadd Dameron . . . Gerry Mulligan and Bob Brookmeyer accompanied vocalist Carol Sloane on her recording for Columbia. Mulligan also will make a record for Jazzline with Dave Bailey now that the baritonist's Verve contract has lapsed . . . Walt Dickerson's Prestige contract was bought by Columbia . . . A new Gil Evans LP is due soon from Impulse . . . The special Count Basie-Duke Ellington package will be released soon by Columbia . . . SESAC, a radio licensing firm, has recorded albums by Bobby Hackett and Charlie Shavers . . . Columbia paired Doris Day with André Previn and also scheduled Previn for a jazz LP with Cannonball Adderley.

Bill Grauer Productions (Riverside is its best-known label) will add a Gospel line, Battle . . . Prestige has added an eighth label to its line—Prestige/Lively Arts—that will present talents in all the arts . . . Blue Note has issued LPs by Jimmy Smith, Horace Parlan, Kenny Burrell, Lou Donaldson, and Leo Parker . . . Roulette has released a Candido-Lalo Shiffrin album and one by the Perri Lee Trio.

Warwick records denied a rumor of its folding last month. Candid records, apparently defunct in November, is not so this month as the subsidiary's parent label Cadence, presided over by Archie Bleyer, announced that Candid would continue business, but on a different basis, more closely tied to Cadence. Eight unissued albums remain in the can, and Bleyer said others will be recorded.

In the meantime, former general manager of Candid, Bob Altschuler, has become director of advertising and publicity for Atlantic records. Gary Kramer, who formerly held that post, is now devoting all his time to his own management and producing company, Jubilee Artists. Jubilee currently represents Gospel arts but will later branch into jazz and pop. Kramer's first project will be to co-produce *Black Nativity*, which he commissioned poet Langston Hughes to write.

Critical Corner: Martin Jezer of 40 Buswell St. in Boston, Mass., is writing a thesis on jazz criticism and is "interested in hearing from any reader who has information concerning early jazz criticism, or any ideas concerning the study as a whole."

EUROPE

Ray Charles' arrest (DB, Dec. 21, Jan. 4) made the front pages of all Paris newspapers. The singer had captured the fancy of the French capital during his five-day October stay, during which time he drew an average of 7,000 a day to the Palais de Sport . . . Europe 1, a concert series staged with the help of jazz critics **Daniel Filipacchi** and **Frank Tenot**, was successful. Recent concerts were by the **Modern Jazz Quartet** and the **Dizzy Gillespie** and **John Coltrane** groups. Although the MJQ concerts were artistically and commercially successful, some newspapers took issue with the "noticeable developments" in the group: "lack of comportment" and "John Lewis' and **Gunther Schuller's** preoccupation with Third Stream music, giving the group a too technical and academic approach."

Pianist **Kenny Drew**, who toured Europe with *The Connection*, remained in Paris after the drama's tour. He has been playing at **Jay Journe's** La Louisiane on Rue du Sabot . . . Singer **Nancy Harrow** and pianist **Art Simmons** have been working at the Mars Club in Paris for some time . . . Tenorist **Lucky Thompson**, absent from Paris clubs for a while, recently opened at **Maurice Giroudias' La Grand Severin**. Thompson is booked for a lengthy stay . . . **Zoot Sims** went to Paris after his one-month engagement at **Ronnie Scott's** club in London. While he was in Paris, Sims was signed to play in a movie that will have a jazz scene shot at **Joe Benjamin's Blue Note**. The movie, yet unnamed, was written by U.S.-born **Al Zion**, who will also direct. Drummer **Kenny Clarke** will also be featured . . . Clarke canceled his Polish tour with tenor man **Brew Moore** and is at the Blue Note, where his group alternates with the **Bud Powell Trio**.

Baritonist **Sahib Shihab** and trumpeter **Benny Bailey** have been working in Berlin . . . Former Ellingtonian **Jimmy Woode** is still one of the most sought-after bassists in Stockholm . . . There is only one jazz club in Madrid, a city of 2,000,000. The club, called the Whisky Jazz, is run by **Jean Pierre Bourbon**, who also is editor of the Spanish jazz magazine *Aria Jazz*. Tenor saxophonist **Don Byas** and singer **Donna Hightower** have gained popularity in Madrid following their engagements at the club.

England has been fortunate in having several jazz television shows recently: **Johnny Dankworth's** series, *Strictly for the Birds*, and a series by **Tubby Hayes** among them. There have also been several shows featuring visiting U. S. artists, such as those scheduled this month and next starring **Joe Williams** . . . **Benny Carter** recently was in London, where

before the war he was a top-flight arranger for BBC . . . During his recent tour of the Isles, **Dave Brubeck**, in between sell-out concerts, panned his critics, saying most of them had a general lack of jazz knowledge . . . As Brubeck's *Take Five* began to climb toward the top of England's equivalent of the Top 40, competition was not long coming. Those who maneuver such things are pushing the **Jazztet's Blues March** toward public popularity.

Folk artist **Odetta** is now touring Europe . . . **Count Basie** and band will be in The Netherlands in March. **Ornette Coleman** is scheduled to make

several appearances there the same month. **Erroll Garner** and **Louis Armstrong** may play Dutch dates early this year.

WASHINGTON

Many of the city's jazz musicians donated their time and talent for a special Sunday afternoon benefit program at the Mayfair restaurant to help popular jazz pianist **Booker Coleman**, who is recovering from a heart attack. The place was packed. Coleman has led a Dixieland group, featuring trumpeter **Kenny Fulcher** and trombonist **Slide Harris**, at the Charles Hotel

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Lounge for years and is known to many musicians throughout the nation. Coleman's own band was present as were many other D. C. musicians, including Charlie Byrd, Buck Clarke, Eddie Phyfe, and Shirley Horn. Trombonist-actor Conrad Janis, in town with the play *New Sunday in Town*, sat in.

Argo records came from Chicago to record a new Buck Clarke LP. Lennie Cuje is now playing vibes with the Clarke group. He is the brother of Pete Cuje, bass player working in New York, and son of Fritz Cuje, German pianist-conductor-teacher best known for his leadership of the Frankfurt Symphony Orchestra. Versatile Charles Hampton remains the key member of the Clarke group, playing flute, piano, and alto saxophone.

Another jazz room closed in the red here recently. It was the Flame, which also was restaurant. Many local groups worked the Connecticut Ave. club . . . The Mayfair, where pianist Johnny Eaton headed a mainstream group for some time, gave up jazz earlier this year and now features a calypso steel band. . . . And Abart's hasn't had any big-name jazz groups since the upstairs club ran into serious union trouble concerning payment of a major tenor saxophone player who played well and drew well. Music clubs, with two or three exceptions, continue to struggle. But new "Near East" clubs, featuring bouzouki bands and belly dancers, are doing very well—whatever that proves.

NEW ORLEANS

Sidelights from the opening of the jazz museum . . . Local authorities winking at an impromptu integrated performance by trumpeter Sharkey Bonano and itinerant French Quarter hoofers Pork Chops and Kidney Stew . . . The Socialites turning out to offer perfunctory homage to jazz only to be rendered disheveled by the rain and the damn-the-formality atmosphere of proceedings . . . Harry Shields and Monk Hazel blowing some of the best jazz in town . . . *Down Beat* record reviewer Gilbert Erskine coming in for a mention as one of the originators of the museum idea in 1948 . . . Papa Jack Laine strutting alongside the Eureka Brass Band during the parade from Congo Square to the museum . . . A pre-teenage band of second-liners following the Eureka's, with Mike Raymond, young second cousin of Ray Bauduc, thumping a snare drum . . . The pros from NBC-TV, filming the proceedings for *David Brinkley's Journal*, priming the pump to get usable (i.e., commercial) interviews with mildly uninterested veterans such as Raymond Burke.

The Dallet-Jeanjacques Quintet went on the road for the first time with its

book of 12-tone jazz arrangements, taking its controversial wares to the Town Hill in Los Angeles. Leader Preston Jeanjacques was quoted in a recent New Orleans paper as saying that "jazz is suffering from an overdose of improvisation" and denying *Down Beat* columnist Bill Mathieu's contention that "atonal jazz is a long way off."

Trumpeter-promoter Tony Almerico died in early December at the age of 56. Almerico's Parisian Room was a major site in this city's Dixie revival in the late '40s. Sharkey Bonano, the late Irving Fazola, and Digger Laine were among those featured in weekly sessions there. Later Almerico brought his own Dixie crew into the room and continued to plug for jazz as a popular disc jockey.

CHICAGO

Dinah Washington found things going her way, as they usually must, during her recent Chicago stay. The Queen did good business at Birdhouse, and she sailed through a three-day recording session for Mercury, her last for that company before she went over to Roulette. The sailing was a little rougher for others connected with the date, however. In for the session, during which the singer recorded several of her earlier hits, were trumpeter Joe Newman, trombonist Billy Byers, and arranger-a&r-man-conductor-singer Quincy Jones. Also in attendance was Miss Washington's personal hairdresser.

Trombonist Dave Baker was released from Passavant Hospital where he underwent a three-month treatment for a dislocated jaw suffered seven years ago. He had not been able to play since last spring when his jaw collapsed during a George Russell recording date. By the time he left the hospital, Baker was able to play several hours a day, and the quality was "just about like it was before the jaw went."

Trombonist Georg Brunis and trumpeter Muggsy Spanier got together again in Chicago (where Spanier's Ragtime Band, with Brunis, first caught on many years ago). Brunis found himself in need of a trumpet player one night while he was working Basin Street. Someone informed him that Spanier was staying just around the corner. A phone call and a few minutes later, Spanier was on stand. It must have felt good playing together again—Brunis joined Spanier's band for a recently ended Cleveland engagement. Young Chicago clarinetist Bob Gordon was the third horn on the Cleveland job. It is not known if Brunis intends to stay with Spanier.

LOS ANGELES

The magic of Ella Fitzgerald's name continues its fantastic appeal. Recently at a concert in UCLA's Royce Hall,

the singer sold out, in advance, the 1,800-seat auditorium to the tune of a gross of \$7,000. **Irving Granz** organized the show. Miss Fitzgerald was accompanied by **Paul Smith**, piano; **Wilfred Middlebrooks**, bass; **Gus Johnson**, drums.

Mel (The Tailor) Lewis, who has logged many flying hours in recent months, was dubbed with a new sobriquet recently by pocket trumpeter **Don Cherry**—Sky King. Before Christmas the drummer flew to New York for a **Gerry Mulligan** big-band record date, making the flight an even dozen round trips to the Apple in the past 18 months . . . **Les Brown's** music for *The Steve Allen Show* on ABC-TV is all from the pen of arranger **Jay Hill**, who has been writing for Brown many years.

The **Jack Teagardens**, who have lived here for some time, pulled up stakes and moved lock, stock, and trombone to Pompano Beach, Fla. Their Hollywood Hills home had been in mothballs because of Big T's work in the East and Midwest. The trombonist and his sextet open Feb. 2 at the Beach Club Hotel, Fort Lauderdale, Fla., for a two-month stand . . . **Les McCann** launches his initial southern concert tour Jan. 5 at East Carolina College, N. C.

Cornetist **Rex Stewart** cut his first LP for **Fred Astaire's** Choreo records recently. Stewart has been settled in

L.A. for some time . . . Arranger-leader **H. B. Barnum**, solidly entrenched for years in the rock-and-roll/rhythm-and-blues fields, joined the RCA Victor fold. Barnum, proficient with every band instrument, wrote **Jimmy Witherspoon's** new Reprise album.

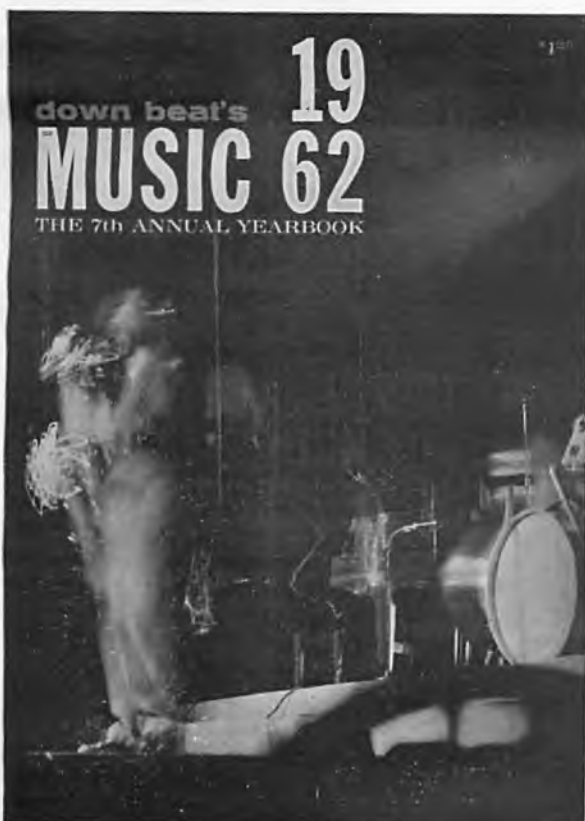
SAN FRANCISCO

When a scheduled concert in Cincinnati, Ohio, was canceled (see the news section of this issue), **Ornette Coleman** decided to continue west to visit relatives and friends in Los Angeles and the bay area. During the several days he spent here, the avant garde alto saxophonist sat in for a set at Berkeley's Tsubo Club. "It was real scary," reported bassist **Barre Phillips of The Group**, the co-op house quartet with which Ornette played . . . Pianist **Burt Bales**, whose prowess is familiar to all **Jelly Roll Morton** devotees, was returning home from his regular gig at Pier 23 on a recent rainy morning. He slipped on wet leaves only a few steps from his front door, tumbled heavily to the sidewalk, and broke his left leg—which had been shattered in February, 1960, when he was hit by an automobile. Leg in cast, Bales hopes to return to his waterfront keyboard soon . . . Veteran singer **Clancy Hayes**, home from Chicago for the yule season, kept his chops up by working opposite **Turk Murphy's**

house band at Earthquake McGoon's. The band's female vocalist, **Pat Yankee**, spent several days in Hollywood acting in a Columbia studio movie for which Murphy's sextet did three tunes.

Three former **Woody Herman** sidemen—trumpeter **John Coppola**, tenor saxophonist **Dan Patiris**, and pianist **Al Plank**—together with drummer **Tom Reynolds**, who has worked with **Allyn Ferguson** and **Dexter Gordon**, among others, constitute the house band at Moulin Rouge, the Broadway spot booking singers and dancers but featuring strippers . . . **Dick Hadlock**, former clarinetist with the **Red Onion Jazz Band** but now a San Franciscan whose activities include radio and writing as well as playing soprano and alto saxophones, has a quartet (**Al Hall**, valve trombone; **Al Dickerman**, guitar; **Walter Roberts**, bass) working Thursday nights at Trois Couleur . . . Pianist **Jane Getz**, has been creating a stir at the Jazz Workshop where she is working Monday sessions with a quartet that includes tenorist **Ray Black**, bassist **Fred Marshall**, and drummer **Paul Humphrey**. Marshall is also a member, along with drummer **Gene Williams**, of the trio led by pianist **Freddie Gambrell**. The group has started a six-day-a-week, 5 to 8 p.m. run at Station J, a new downtown night club situated in a onetime electric company power plant.

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1/18

WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing by urban area of jazz performers, where and when they are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., six weeks prior to cover date.

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

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: Louis Armstrong to 1/10.
Ella Fitzgerald, 1/11-23.
Birdland: Maynard Ferguson, 1/4-18.
Coronet (Brooklyn): Art Blakey, tentatively.
Condon's: Max Kaminsky, *tfn*.
Count Basie's: Joe Newman, *tfn*.
Embers: Lee Evans to 1/20.
Half Note: Al Cohn-Zoot Sims to 1/24.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, *tfn*.
Hotel Vanderbilt: Coffee and Jazz. Sun.
Jazz Gallery: Stan Getz, John Coltrane, to 1/14.
Olatunji, 1/16-28. Sessions, Mon.
Metropole: Cozy Cole to 1/26. Gene Krupa, 1/29-2/17.
Nick's: Wild Bill Davison, *tfn*.
Nobel's Place: Sammy Benskin, Noreen Tate, Joan Shaw, *tfn*.
Purple Manor: Ted Curson, *tfn*.
Ryan's: Wilbur DeParis, Don Fry, *tfn*.
Sherwood Inn (Long Island): Billy Bauer, wknds.
Versailles: Blossom Dearie, *tfn*.
Village Gate: Dizzy Gillespie opens 1/25.
Village Vanguard: Cannonball Adderley, Shirley Horn, to 1/14. Modern Jazz Quartet, Bill Evans, 1/16-28.
Wells: Shirley Scott, *tfn*.
White Whale: sessions, wknds.

Red Arrow: Al Wynn, wknds.
Sutherland: Three Sounds to 1/15. Montgomery Bros. 1/18-30.

LOS ANGELES

Alexandria Hotel: Russ Morgan, *hb*.
Aragon Pavilion (Pacific Ocean Park): Freddy Martin, Sat.
Ash Grove: Barbara Dane, Brownie McGhee-Sonny Terry, Milke McClellan, to 1/21. Miriam Makeba, Rose Heredia, 1/23-2/18. Rachel Hadass opens 2/20. Children's concerts, Sat.
Beverly Cavern: Kid Ory, Firehouse Five Plus 2, *tfn*.
Bit: various jazz groups.
Cascades (Belmont Shore, Long Beach): Frank Rosolino, Beverly Kelly, *tfn*.
Charlemagne Room: The Unpredictables, *tfn*.
Coachman Steak House (Riverside): Edgar Hayes, *tfn*.
Gigolo (Pasadena): Keith Shaw, Bob Molina, Gary Coleman, Dick Dorothy, *tfn*.
Hollywood Palladium: Lawrence Welk, wknds.
Hermosa Inn: The Saints, wknds.
Kent Room: Wini Beatty, Bob Bates, *tfn*.
Le Crazy Horse: Sam Butera, *tfn*.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*. Name groups, Sun.
Mel-O-Dee (Glendale): Boh Harrington, Jim Crutcher, Jack Lynde, Beverly Joy, *tfn*.
Memory Lane: Valerie Carr, *tfn*.
Nickelodeon: Sunset Jazz Band, wknds.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, *tfn*. Joyce Collins, Tues.
Playboy: Jay Corre, Paul Moer, Ruth Price, wknds.
Renaissance: Les McCann opens 1/23.
Roaring '20s: Pud Brown, Warren Smith, Ray Bauduc, *tfn*.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Kenny Dennis, Marvin Jenkins, Bob Martin, *tfn*. Sessions, Mon.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, wknds. Red Mitchell-Harold Land, Mon. Jack Shel'on-Joe Maini, Tues. Paul Horn, Wed. Barney Kessel, Thurs.
Sheraton West: Red Nichols, *tfn*.
Sherry's: D. Vaughan Pershing, *tfn*.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): sessions, Sun.
Summit: Dizzy Gillespie.
Town Hill: Red Mitchell-Harold Land, Thurs.-Sun.
Windy's Windjammer (Sunset Beach): John Alfano, Earl Treichel, Rick Mattox, wknds. Sessions, Sun.
Winners: Don Raudi, *tfn*.
Zebra Lounge: Neshert Hooper, Jazz Crusaders, *tfn*.
23 Skidoo: Excelsior Banjo Five, *tfn*.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): Tony Spalr, *hb*.
Big Bill's: Beryl Booker, *tfn*.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer, *hb*.
Latin Casino: Ella Fitzgerald to 1/10.
Open Hearth: Don Michaelson-Ted Arnold, *tfn*.
Paddock (Trenton): Capital City 5, wknds.
Second Fret: folk artists.
The Mark (Morrisville, Pa.): Don McCargar, *tfn*.
Trade Winds: Vince Montana, *tfn*.
Underground: Butch Ballard, *hb*.
Woodland Inn: Bernard Pelfer, *tfn*.

PALM BEACH

Taboo: Marian McPartland to 1/6.

MIAMI

Roney Plaza Hotel: Marian McPartland, 1/7-27.

NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *tfn*.
Dream Room: Santo Pecora, *hb*. Bobby Hackett opens 1/8.
Famous Door: Sharkey Bonano, Murphy Campo.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *tfn*.
Joe Burton's: Joe Burton, *tfn*.
Lee Roy's: Billie, Dede Pierce, *tfn*.
Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, *tfn*.
Prince Conti Motel: Armand Hug, *tfn*.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Ellis Marsalis, *hbs*.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Vernon's: Nat Perrilliat, wknds.

DETROIT

Au Sahle: Jack Brokensha, *tfn*.
Baker's Keyboard: *unk*.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Ronnie Phillips, *tfn*.
Drome: Dorothy Ashby, wknds.
52nd Show Bar: Ronnie Phillips, *tfn*.
Hobby Bar: Terry Pollard, *tfn*.
Kevin House: Roger Nivan, *hb*.
Roostertail: George Primo, *hb*.
Topper Lounge: Bobby Laurel, *tfn*.
Trent's: Danny Stevenson, *tfn*.
20 Grand: Gold Room. workshop sessions, Mon.
Driftwood Lounge, Ruth Brown to 1/7.

CHICAGO

Basin Street: Brian Shanley, *hb*. Sessions, Sun.
Birdhouse: Carmen McRae to 1/14. Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, 1/16-28.
Bourbon Street: Bob Scobey, Art Hodes, *tfn*.
Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Blanche Thomas, *tfn*.
Franz Jackson, Thurs.
London House: Don Shirley to 1/7. Red Allen opens 1/9. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, *hbs*.
McKie's: Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt-Renny Green, to 1/9.
Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hbs*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk, Cal Tjader, *tfn*.
Black Sheep: Earl Hines, *tfn*.
Pop City: Flip Nunes, *hb*, afterhours.
Burr Hollow: Frank Goulette, wknds.
Coffee Gallery: Monty Watters, *tfn*.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Pat Yankee, *tfn*.
Executive Suite: Chris Ibanez, *tfn*.
Fairmont Hotel: Tony Bennett to 1/17. Louis Armstrong, 1/18-2/7. Nat Cole, 2/8-20. Betty Johnson, 2/21-28. Frankie Laine, 3/1-22. Pearl Bailey, 4/12-5/2.
Gigi: Frank (Big Boy) Goudie, wknds.
Hangover: Joe Sullivan, *tfn*.
Jazz Workshop: *unk*.
One-Eighty-One Club: Billy Harris, *hb*, afterhours.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, *tfn*.
Station J: Freddie Gambrell, Albert White, *tfn*.
Stereo Club: Horace Benjamin, *tfn*.
Sugar Hill: *unk*.
Two C's House of Jazz: R. C. Jones, wknds.
Suite 14 (Oakland): Perry Lind, *tfn*.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): various groups, week-nights. Jack Taylor, wknds.
Tsabo (Berkeley): The Group, *tfn*.
Colonel's Ranch Wagon (Marin County): Ralph Sutton, *tfn*.
Blue Peacock (Millbrae): Russell Lee, *tfn*.
Zack's (Sausalito): John True, *tfn*.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

Intercontinental Hotel: Gregg Jones, Jackle Dariois, *tfn*.

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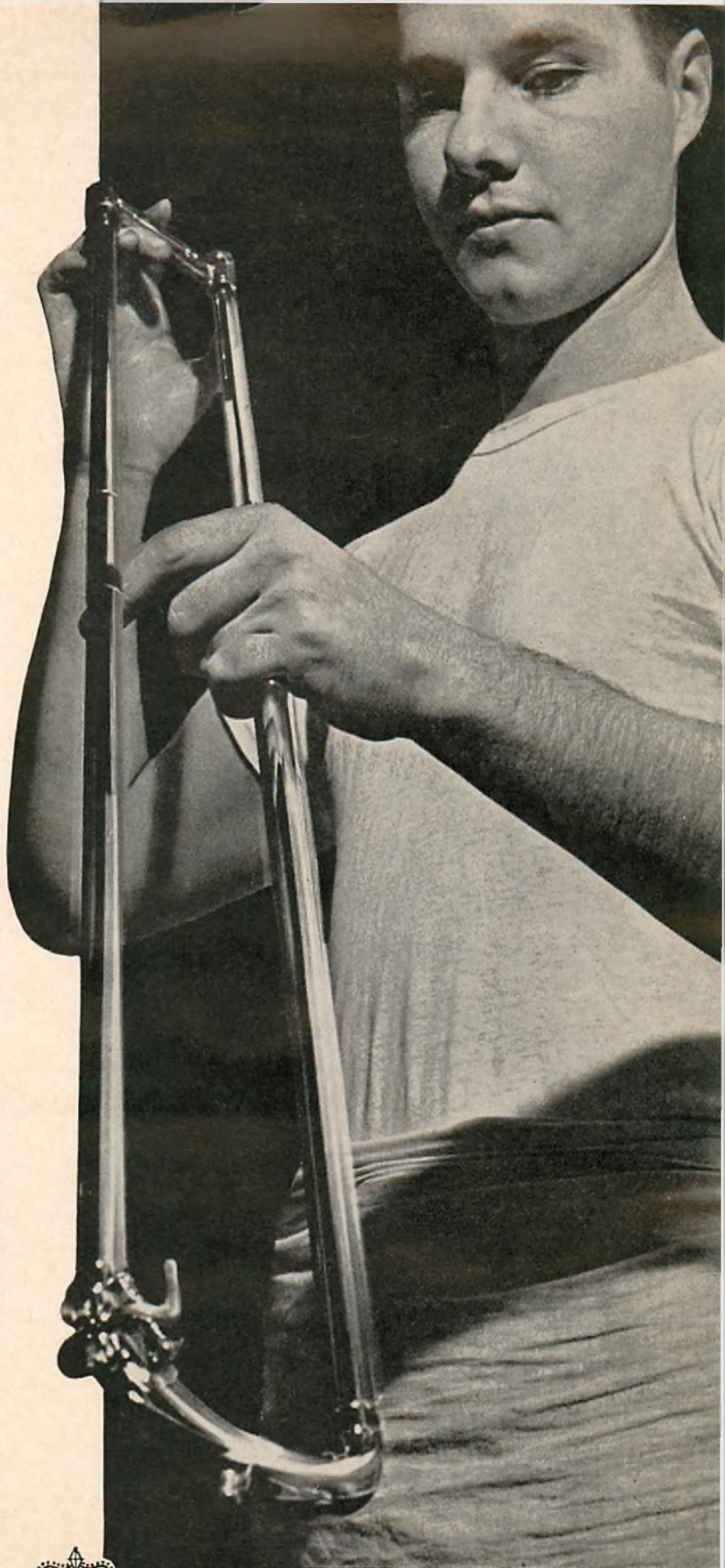
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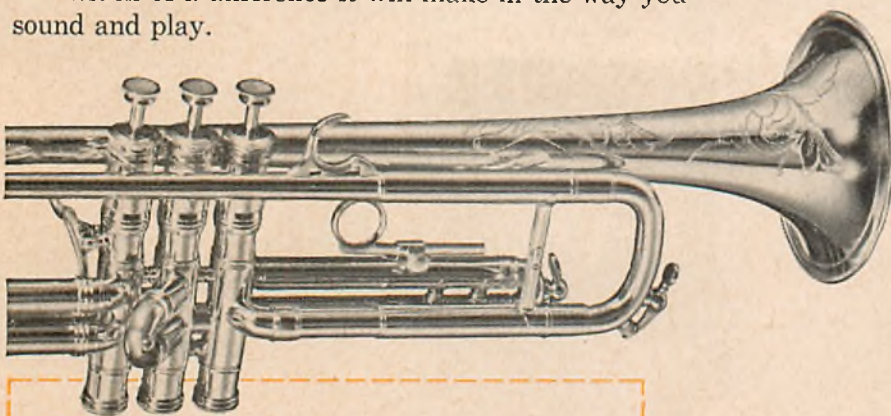
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