NOVEMBER 21, 1963 35¢

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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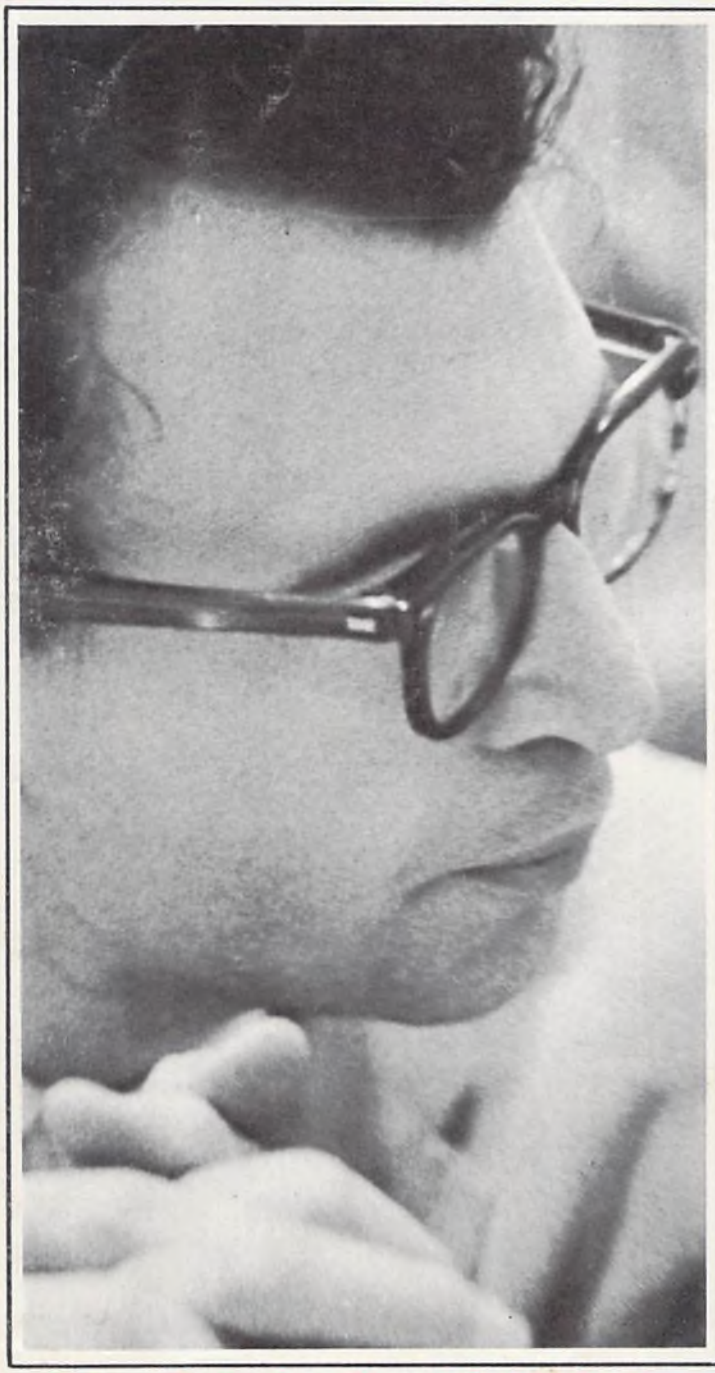

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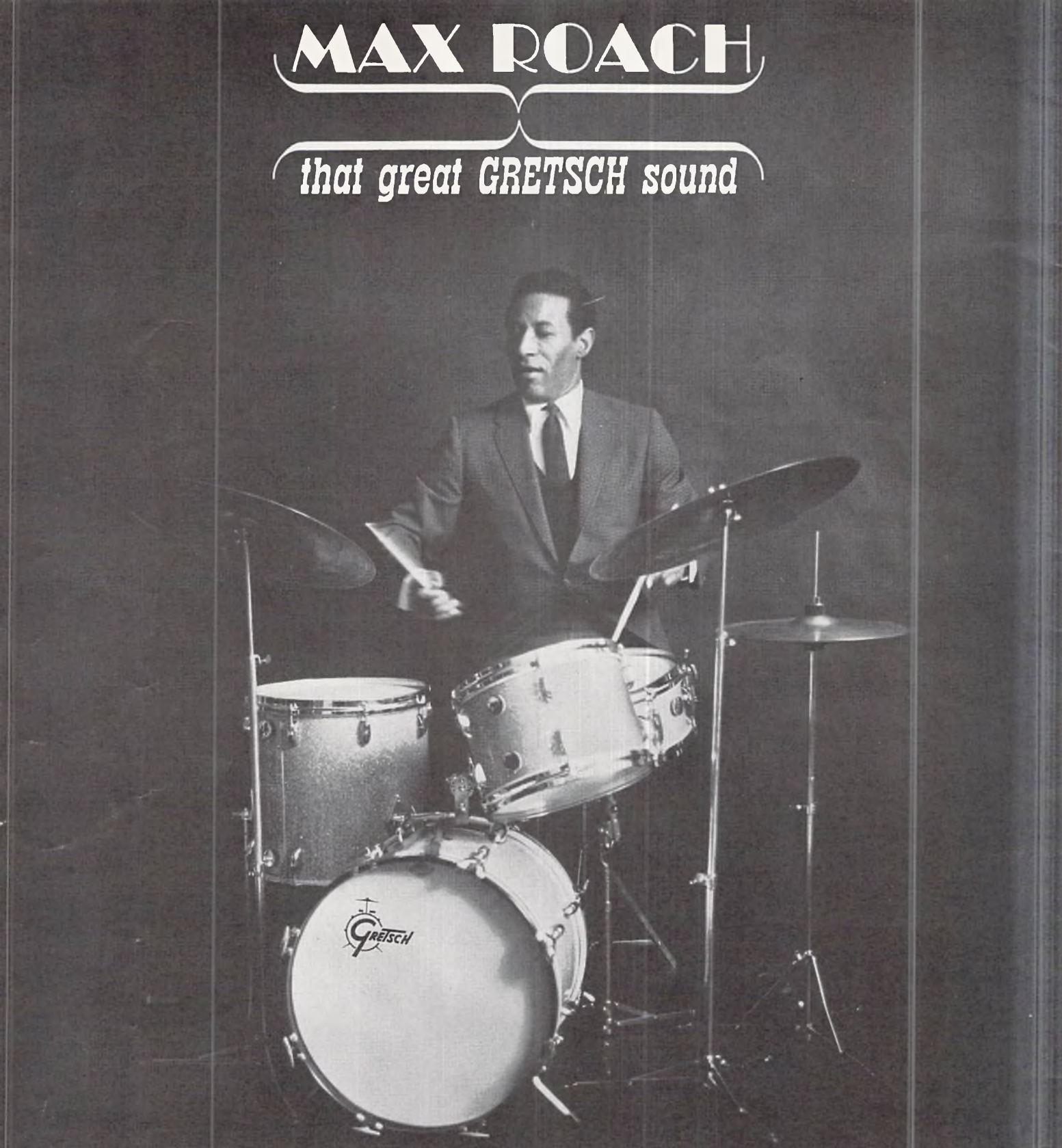

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November 21, 1963 Vol. 30, No. 30

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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THINGS TO COME: Among the features in the Dec. 5 **Down Beat,** which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, Nov. 21, will be a provocative interview with expatriate drummer Kenny Clarke; a report on jazz in Yugoslavia; the answer to the question "whatever happened to Tal Farlow?"; and Art Hodes' affectionate tribute to the late Bob Scobey.

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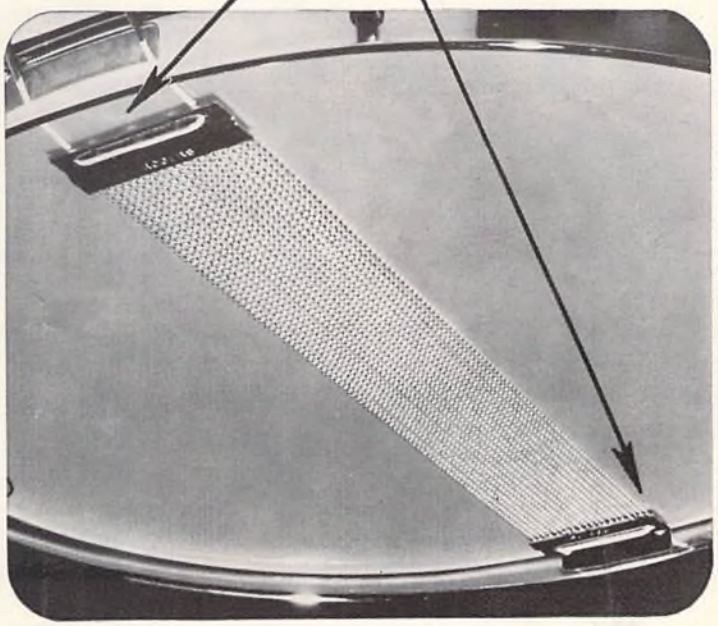

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education in jazz

by Dave Brubeck

Nothing short of amazing is the way the Berklee School of Music equips its students to achieve success and security in the competitive music field. Even the short space between recent visits to Berklee, I've seen startling improvements in individual students . . . natural talent harnessed into vital creative musicianship. Every effort is made to make the most of their inborn gifts.

On one occasion, I gave Berklee students some of my material; their sight reading and interpretation of it was equal to that of any professional musicians I have seen. Especially gratifying to me is that with all the freshness and spontaneity of their improvising, their understanding of melodic and harmonic principles is consistently in evidence.

Another important thing—the personalized faculty-student relationship is completely unique, endlessly rewarding. It's great to see students free of the usual formality of classrooms, exchanging ideas freely with their teachers. That's very exciting.

Berklee graduates that I've met have the common three vital qualities: mastery of the techniques of jazz . . . complete command of their instrument . . . the ability to create and thereby contribute to the future of jazz.

No wonder Berklee students have such an outstanding career record. I just wish there were more schools like it to fill the considerable need.

Dave Brubeck

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Ease The Crusade

As a reader for several years, I believe more attention should be extended to singers, both pop and jazz, and slightly less to unquestionably talented but nevertheless obscure instrumental artists.

Greater emphasis on talented, stable, known artists will contribute imponderably to increasing my interest in *Down Beat*. This is not to say that new talent should be neglected and remain unknown or ill-exposed—emphatically not, but the degree of coverage should be proportioned to the artist's relative worth.

I certainly am the first to agree that *Down Beat's* devotion to artists of lesser fame is admirable and the magazine is in a sense a "crusader." I further feel that *Down Beat* is the leader over its fellow publications; this, however, does not preclude the fact that improvements are warranted.

Paul T. Campana
Ft. Hood, Texas

Coltrane And Freedom

In answer to several uninformed letters by readers concerning the recent musical explorations of John Coltrane and group, I would like to open a few narrow minds to the untiring genius of this man.

While others continue to grope for their identity, John Coltrane has found his. In fact, one would think that the reason Coltrane put down his tenor in favor of the soprano saxophone a few years ago (a historic event for the "comeback" of that instrument) was that he had pushed his style to its limit and that he had fully said all there was possible to say on tenor. But again he has forged onward and has found new and exciting ways of playing by adapting what he has learned on soprano to the larger horn.

Therefore, if criticism be aimed at anyone, it is to be fired at those who are musically inhibited, for jazz is a free medium.

Bruce Birmelin
Philadelphia, Pa.

In Defense Of Pop Jazz

During the past year I have subscribed to *Down Beat* in hopes of gaining a better knowledge of good jazz, either live or recorded. I found that many of the records reviewed were given unjustified ratings. I am referring mainly to such artists as Henry Mancini, Jonah Jones, George Shearing, and Peggy Lee. Most of their recordings were given poor ratings because they did not fall into the category of true jazz. I do not defend them because I believe they are great jazz artists, but I do regard them as top performers in the pop field.

Due to the sad state of popular music, performers such as these should be encouraged instead of criticized for their work. Also, I have found that many people can progress from listening to so-called pop jazz to the more demanding. In using these performers as stepping stones, a person can eventually listen to Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Thelonious Monk, and Charlie Parker with real honesty.

Sheldon Shaver
Port Washington, Wis.

'New Thing' Self-Destructive

I was recently a witness to several performances by the advocates of "new thing" jazz. I went with open ears, ready and willing to accept anything that offered musical value and emotional inspiration common to a live jazz performance.

During the course of the evening I soon became aware that it offered very little musical value and absolutely no emotional or inspirational communication between the artists and the listeners.

It offered nothing but meaningless compositions followed by solos in the so-called free form, which can be described as undisciplined, uninteresting, nonlyrical lines rambling on with no sense of direction or value. Rhythmically, I heard nothing but frenzied, overcomplex, out-of-context patterns, played by a rhythm section seemingly unaware of each other's presence on the stand.

On the whole, it appeared to be just a great mass of cold, crude sounds lacking in every aspect of harmonic and rhythmic unity.

If it had any musical worth at all, it definitely was not evident to the majority of listeners I viewed in the audience. I watched as they restlessly fidgeted about, trying to find something to grab on to as they were submerged in this sea of nothingness.

I believe, as a musician and listener for many years, that the "new thing" will eventually prove itself more destructive than beneficial for jazz. If the devoted followers of good jazz are themselves unable to find any worth in it, these listeners will inevitably be lost, and jazz will have succeeded in bringing about its own destruction.

R. D. Morro
New York City

Pekar To The Defense

I'd like to answer some of the charges reader Nate Sassover leveled at me in his letter regarding my John Coltrane review (*Chords*, Oct. 10).

In the first place, it's obvious that Sassover didn't read the review carefully. He attributes it to Pete Welding rather than to me. More importantly, however, he paraphrases me as saying that I began "to understand Coltrane's 'honking' when listening to some of the tracks." What I really did say was that some of Coltrane's "honks and screams" on the title tune, *Impressions*, "did not make sense" in context. There's quite a difference in these statements.

Beyond this, I'd like to take issue with some of the points that Sassover tried to

make. Generally speaking, the use of honks and cries by Coltrane is certainly valid. This type of device may be as old as jazz itself. Has Sassover ever heard the muted effects of King Oliver or Bubber Miley or the cries and growls of Sidney Bechet? The question is not whether vocal effects are valid but whether they are tastefully used.

Sassover's statement that Coltrane "does not have an ounce of restraint in his music" is a fallacy that many people commit. I could refer them to many performances like *After the Rain* on the *Impressions* album, where Coltrane's playing is obviously restrained.

Sassover says that Coltrane is "still immature in his approach to contemporary music." What does he mean by "immature"? Coleman Hawkins also plays multinoted lines. Does Sassover also want to call Hawkins immature?

Coltrane is one of the most thoughtful and original of jazzmen. In that sense he is certainly mature.

Sassover says "forget it" to efforts made to explain Coltrane's work. He thinks that critics who praise Coltrane "are afraid to condemn Coltrane simply because they may be called old-fashioned or behind the times." I'd like to explain to Sassover that I've enjoyed Coltrane's work since the time I first heard it, about 1957. This was two years before I became a critic and at a time when I didn't have to be afraid of "being called old-fashioned."

Critics should try to explain and analyze the playing of musicians because that is their function. Usually a critic's conclusion is not as important as the reasons he gives to back it up. Does Sassover prefer critics who know what they like but don't know *why* they like it? Or don't give reasons for their preferences?

Harvey Pekar
Cleveland, Ohio

Dodson Appreciation

Just a note to compliment you for running Gene Lees' fine story about singer Marge Dodson in the Oct. 10 *Down Beat*. It was a very well-written piece and so very true.

Thanks for giving a deserving artist a nice plug.

Bill Buchanan
Boston, Mass.

Grant Out Of Line

With reference to your Aug. 29 Leonard Feather-Charlie Byrd interview, Felix Grant (*Chords*, Oct. 10) has indicated a feeling of being slighted because his "assistance in the area of Brazilian music" was not mentioned. Indeed, Grant would have occasion to feel slighted had the topic of the brief interview been Brazilian music, for his contributions in this area are significant.

However, the purpose of the interview, as its title implied (*Jazz Samba: The Other Side of the Record*), was to allow Byrd an opportunity to defend his position on the controversy arising from the Stan Getz-Byrd recording. The essence of the interview was a discussion of the NARAS award, Byrd's association with Getz, and the Verve record deal—all of which were mentioned because they tied in directly with the record and its aftermath.

Had Byrd been discussing the movement of Brazilian music to the United States, Grant's name and contributions would have been warranted and, I suspect, included.

I feel, as do several others, that it is an injustice to Byrd to term his memory "short" and to question his appreciativeness of Grant in this instance. Isolated truths are capable of giving distorted pictures when merged together: Byrd's interview consisted of truths as did the nonaccusing portions of Grant's letter. However, true statements do not justify their being admitted to material that does not necessarily concern them.

Jelene L. Dudd
Washington, D.C.

Changing Times?

The article concerning the Institute of Jazz Studies at Roosevelt University (*DB*, Oct. 10) came to my attention recently.

S. Lane Emery seems to think that college preparation in "classical" music is unrealistic training. Now the spotlight is on the realistic school jazz. Times certainly have changed.

I regret the futility of "those thousands of music-school graduates" who are trying to become absorbed in suitable jobs. Too bad these degree-program enthusiasts couldn't have had some of this jazz. Maybe it's time we enlightened the prospective music major.

Remember when the theory and instrumental major discovered that music education was the only realistic way? What next?

Ellis Schuman
Park Ridge, Ill.

Addition By Mark

Wouldn't you know that during Gene Lee's interview (*DB*, Nov. 7) with me I would neglect mentioning the arranger who scored my most successful album, Riverside's *Rah!*—the great Ernie Wilkins.

Mark Murphy
New York City

Missing Mooney

Leonard Feather's article, *The Organ in Jazz* (*DB*, Oct. 24), was most interesting and informative. However, I was saddened by the neglect of one Joe Mooney. When Joe put aside his accordion some 10 or more years ago, he embraced the electronic organ. Before his long absence in Florida, he was playing tasteful, lyrical organ sounds at Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook. While at his own club in Florida he developed even more, and in 1957 recorded a remarkable LP for Atlantic (*Lush Life*—reviewed in *DB*, Dec. 12, 1957).

This fall, Joe is back on the New York scene, packing The Most with a group of in-people who understand and appreciate what he is doing. Mooney fans will be happy to know that there is a new LP forthcoming.

Robert L. Daniels
Oakland, N.J.

If I, too, had been back on the New York scene I would not have been guilty of this omission, but "out of sight, out of mind" is not a good enough excuse. My apologies to Joe Mooney and Mr. Daniels.
—Leonard Feather

STRICTLY AD LIB

NEW YORK

Duke Ellington encountered stomach trouble on two separate occasions soon after beginning his State Department tour of the Middle East, but at presstime he is fronting his band with customary elan . . . When trombonist **Jack Teagarden** suffered a seige of illness after the Monterey Jazz Festival, clarinetist **Pee Wee Russell,** who had just played with him there, took Teagarden's quartet to Curly's Lounge in Springfield, Ill., and subbed as front man for the ailing leader. Plans are afoot for Russell to make a tour of Australia in March with tenor man **Bud Freeman,** trumpeter **Buck Clayton,** trombonist **Vic Dickenson,** guitarist **Eddie Condon,** drummer **Cliff Leeman,** and, possibly, bassist **Jack Lesberg.**


RUSSELL

Orchestra U.S.A., under the direction of **Gunther Schuller,** will make four appearances at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in 1964: Jan. 3, Feb. 7, March 13, and April 24 . . . Drummer **Chico Hamilton** cut his quintet to four pieces for his recent Village Vanguard appearance. Featured were the arrangements, saxophones, and flute of **Charles Lloyd** . . . **Lionel Hampton** is set to tour Japan again beginning Jan. 15. At the Metropole his band included **Wallace Davenport,** former music director for **Ray Charles,** on lead trumpet.

Birdland was packed for the annual Gretsch Drum Night. It supposedly set new attendance records for the event. Two basic groups supplied the music: **Philly Joe Jones'** quintet and **Elvin Jones'** septet. With Philly Joe were **Tommy Turrentine,** trumpet; **John Gilmore,** tenor saxophone; **Red Garland,** piano; and **John Ore,** bass. Bassists **Steve Davis** and **Jimmy Garrison** and pianist **Andrew Hill** filled in for Garland and Ore earlier in the evening. Elvin had an all-star pickup group that included his teammates from the **John Coltrane** Quartet (pianist **McCoy Tyner,** and Garrison), alto saxophonist **Eric Dolphy,** baritone saxophonist **Charles Davis,** trumpeter **Lee Morgan,** and trombonist **Frank Rehak.** Visiting Japanese tenor man **Sleepy Matsumoto,** who sat in with **Cannonball Adderley's** group the night before, did one number with the all-stars. Drummer **Mel Lewis** did a number with this group, and there was also a drum "battle" between **Rufus Jones** and a young protege of Elvin Jones', identified only as **Michael,** as well as a three-way conversation among Lewis and the two leaders.


PHILLY JOE

Dancer **Baby Laurence** failed to show for his Kossuth Hall recital in early October, and producer **Bob Messinger** was forced to refund all ticket money. The groups of pianist **Don Friedman** and vibist **Walt Dickerson** played the following week in the series . . . Pianist **Billy Taylor's** trio, with bassist **Ben Tucker** and drummer **Dave Bailey,** was augmented by guitarist **Wes Montgomery** and trumpeter **Clark Terry** for a Town Hall concert presented by Kappa Alpha Psi of New York University. Titled Emancipation Centennial Jazz Concert, the event raised funds for the NAACP, the Wiltwick School for Boys, and the New York *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund.

(Continued on page 40)

down beat®
November 21, 1963 / Vol. 30, No. 30

SHEARING
The strain is wearying

SHEARING DISBANDS; TOURING STRAIN CITED

George Shearing, for 14 years leader of one of the most popular small groups in jazz, has disbanded his current quintet and is retiring from road appearances for at least a year.

"George won't do a thing until the end of April," his wife told *Down Beat*. "They keep trying to book him, but we're fighting like mad to avoid accepting bookings." The members of the quintet, Mrs. Shearing said, have already been given notice.

Shearing, whose health had begun to suffer from the strain of recent road tours (he and the group traveled to the Far East earlier this year), will take a complete rest, his wife said. "He hasn't had as much as a day off in ever so long," she added.

Settled in the Los Angeles suburb of Toluca Lake for the last two years, the pianist early this year began a subsidiary career as a radio personality with his own weekly two-hour program over Hollywood's KNX. He is known to be interested in composing for motion pictures and television and is believed to have received many offers for such activity but has not had the time to accept such work.

At concerts and other personal appearances in the future, *Down Beat* learned, Shearing will use pickup groups.

The British-born pianist came to the United States from England in December, 1947. He spent 1948 playing clubs on New York's 52nd St. and then, early the next year, organized his first permanent quintet with Margie Hyams, vibraharp; Chuck Wayne, guitar; John Levy, (now Shearing's manager), bass; and Denzil Best, drums.

UCLA OFFERS UNIQUE COURSE IN RECORDING ARTS

Leading recording artists and top executives in the record industry are participating in a special course and a series of weekly lectures on the recording arts at the University of California in Los Angeles.

Open to "students, professionals, and the interested public," the program is being conducted by the university's extension department of arts and humanities in co-operation with the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. It is co-ordinated by Paul Tanner, lecturer in music at the university and professional arranger and trombonist.

Participating in the special course are such top executives as Goddard Lieberson, president of Columbia records; John K. (Mike) Maitland, president of Warner Bros.-Reprise records; and Lloyd Dunn, vice president of Capitol records. On the creative side are pianist-composer Andre Previn, violinist William Primrose, arranger-conductor Paul Weston, pianist Lou Busch, songwriters Jay Livingston and Ray Evans, and others.

The special series of panel discussions with illustrations and demonstrations by performers includes such participants as Alan Livingston, president of Capitol records; singers Kay Starr, Jo Stafford, and Sally Terri; and musicians Carmen Dragon, Henry Mancini, Stan Kenton, Elmer Bernstein, Johnny Green, Bronislaw Kaper, and Benny Carter.

The program can be taken for college credit.

ANNIVERSARY GIFT LIMNS IRVING MILLS CAREER

Irving Mills, a man of many parts in the music business, now can sit back and review by ear a few of the sparkling moments in which he has been involved through a 44-year career.

The amazing activity of Mills, vice president of Mills Music, is recounted in a set of 200 tapes presented to him and his wife, Bessie, on their recent 50th wedding anniversary by their sons, Sidney and Paul.

The tapes, including many of the jazz recordings with which Mills has been associated, were assembled by Sidney, and he estimated that before the project is completed, there will be some 400 of them. Each of the first 200 contains 10 tunes, and each selection runs about three minutes.

Sidney utilized his own records and enlisted the aid of such collectors as John Hammond, Brad McCuen, Frank Driggs, Milt Gabler, Jerry Valburn, and Jacob S. Schneider, who lent him items from their private files, in building the tapes.

Unlikely as it is that Mills, now 69 and hardly ready to quit, is going to sit still and listen for very long to past glories, the sons' tape project constitutes a tribute to a man who has been a performer, record producer, music publisher, magazine publisher, and talent manager.

He was born on Manhattan's lower east side (he says the ASCAP book listing his birthplace as Russia is wrong) and began his career demonstrating songs in Harrisburg, Pa., in 1913. He then worked for music publishers such as Harry Von Tilzer, Leo Feist, and Fred Fisher before forming Mills Music with his brother Jack in 1919.

He opened offices in the old Roseland building, and W. C. Handy's daughter was his secretary. The firm developed such song writers as Sammy Fain, Mitchell Parish, Dorothy Fields, Mack Gordon, Irving Kahal, Harry Barris, and Jimmy McHugh.

In the following years Mills conceived the idea of helping record companies produce his company's songs. He started the Original Memphis Five to perform them and helped Fletcher Henderson put a band together to back singers doing the songs on record.

Records were being made then for various chain stores, and at one point, Mills found himself making records for 16 different companies—as producer and/or singer.

In 1921 Mills had begun to record as a singer, and he and McHugh, who accompanied him at the piano, became known as the Hotsy Totsy Boys. He used a variety of pseudonyms as a singer, including Milton Irving, Goodie Goodwin, and Jimmy Bracken. The recent Jack Teagarden three-LP set on Epic includes his vocals on *Diga Diga Doo* from a 1928 date by Goody and his Good Timers.

Mills recorded Benny Goodman's first date under the name of the Modernists. He made all the Whoopee Makers' sides on which Goodman, Gene Krupa, Glenn Miller, the Dorsey brothers, Phil Napoleon, Jimmy McPartland, and Joe Venuti were featured. He handled the Hudson-DeLange Orchestra; he got Lucky Millinder to front the Mills Blue Rhythm Band; he thought up the "Five Pen-

nies" handle for Red Nichols; and he gave Cab Calloway and Raymond Scott their starts as leaders.

His most significant association, however, was with Duke Ellington, whom he managed from 1926 to 1939; during that time he was part-owner of the Cotton Club and producer of the shows at that New York City club.

Mills, who now lives in Beverly Hills, Calif., is still producing records. His current projects include two sets prepared by Leonard Feather (*World of Traditional Jazz* and *World of Modern Jazz*) and a series of recordings of Mills Music tunes by musicians who have been successful in the studios but are not too well known to the public, men such as trumpeter Shorty Sherock, saxophonists Harry Klee and Ted Nash, trombonist Murray McEachern, clarinetist-flutist Abe Most, and saxophonist Babe Russin.

Mills commented on the present jazz record situation: "Prices and values are all mixed up. You can't tell a new record from an old. Ray Charles is selling here for $4.98 and there for 99 cents or even 69 cents. The record people are killing the goose that laid the golden egg. Reissues are fine when they're done with class . . . but when they're just dumped on the market with no information or production values, even the people behind the counter can't figure out what's going on. There's still room for quality and originality."

BASIE, SINATRA & CO. HEADLINE CALIFORNIA BENEFIT

With California's Gov. Edmund G. Brown as honorary chairman, one of the highest-powered concerts ever planned for southern California is scheduled for Nov. 25 at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium.

Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., Dean Martin, the Count Basie Orchestra, and conductor Nelson Riddle will appear and perform in a three-hour show, box-office proceeds from which are to be donated equally to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Congress of Racial Equality, and the Southern Christion Leadership Conference.

Davis, who announced plans for the show, disclosed tickets will sell from $5 to $500. After the $1,000 rental fee has been paid for the 2,700-seat auditorium, Davis said it is expected that the gross could amount to $69,000.

As outlined by Davis, he, Sinatra, and Martin will each do a separate show in the program, concluding with a finale uniting the three onstage.

The Basie band, it is believed, also will be featured separately in addition to backing the singers. Nelson Riddle will conduct the Basie band for the singers, augmented by a string section behind Davis, Martin, and Sinatra.

SINATRA MARTIN
To do their bit for civil-rights groups

According to Davis, the concert is to be "strictly entertainment" without "messages" of any kind.

It is further believed that an edited version of the show will be released by Warner Bros.-Reprise records, proceeds from record sales also going to the Negro rights organizations.

CANDIDATE GILLESPIE LECTURES AT COLLEGE

John Birks Gillespie, who holds no academic degree but who is the dean in one area of U.S. art, was a guest lecturer last month at Raymond College, the newest adjunct to the 112-year-old University of the Pacific, in Stockton, Calif.

As such, Gillespie spoke from a podium previously occupied by the California superintendent of public instruction and to which in subsequent weeks will come nationally recognized authorities on science, philosophy, history, painting, and semantics as well as poets, preachers, and a former U.S. senator.

By its invitation to Gillespie, the college attested to its hipness as well as acknowledging that one of the world's greatest jazz trumpeters and one of the fountainheads of modern jazz is as great an authority in his field as any of the others on the Raymond program.

Gillespie's mother-wit, shrewdness, and perception, plus disarming, fragmented manner of speaking — from which thrusts of reason flashed like lightning — captivated his audience of 150 students and faculty.

The trumpeter's talk consisted chiefly of answering questions that had been written out in advance by his listeners and which were read by critic Ralph Gleason.

One questioner wondered if a foreign jazzman would need to play in the United States before his training could be considered complete.

"Not only in America, but in New York City," Gillespie answered. "Most of the important things have come out of there—with all due respect to New Orleans, Chicago, and the West Coast.

"You know, someone asked me last night if I was born in New Orleans—ha, ha. Many people seem to think that was the place everything started. I've known a lot of old jazz musicians in New York who played good and never were in New Orleans.

"I think a Japanese or any other foreign musician must come to New York to get his seasoning — and his lumps. I've met some pretty good players in Turkey, Belgium, Japan, and other countries, but it's highly improbable that an innovator will come from any such place."

Concerning creativity in jazz, Gillespie opined, "It takes you 20 years to find out what to extract from your playing—what *not* to play. Taste, that is the thing; it takes you a long time to acquire that. That's why I let young musicians go ahead and play what they will, then tell them what *not* to do."

Someone wondered if jazz is being used as a voice of protest and is losing its high spirits.

"Jazz is supposed to run the gamut of all human experiences—anger, laughter, fun, and sadness," Gillespie responded. "Some jazz gets on one plane and doesn't move; that can get boring."

Do narcotics influence a musician's playing?

"It *in*fluences them. And when they're under the influence, they play the *worst* they ever played—believe me. The same thing if they're juiced. Your mind has to be in a constant, uh, whirl all the time; when you're improvising, you need all of your mind. You can't play with just half of your mind—so you can't use stimulants like narcotics and whisky."

As to the racial situation today, Gillespie told his listeners:

"Most of the Negroes I've talked to now are tired of the inequalities in daily life. We're just *completely* tired of it! Anytime you get into conversation with a white person these days it will get around to the race problem. Most of them will tell you about gradualism. Well, it can be done *now*. All we are asking is for the white people to obey *their* laws. They're not our laws. If we are to get our freedom—and it's not a gift—we want to get it now."

As to his program if he is elected President (there were several "Dizzy for President" banners hanging in the college quadrangle), Gillespie said his first move "would be to change the name of the White House."

"Would you have a John Bircher in your cabinet?" a student asked.

"Yes, I would. You see, we'd need opposition."

Gillespie spoke on Monday night. On the following Saturday he was grand marshal of the university's annual homecoming parade.

DOLLAR BRAND

By JACK LIND

JACK LIND PHOTO

ONE EVENING last spring, when Duke Ellington was playing a concert in Zurich, Switzerland, a slender young woman came up to him backstage during intermission and asked if he would come over to a nearby night club after the concert and listen to the trio she was singing with.

Ellington, used to this sort of thing, politely brushed off the young woman and went onstage.

When he returned backstage after the concert, the girl was still there. She implored him to stop by, and Ellington, despairing of shaking her off, promised to drop over to the African Club to hear the group.

He arrived at closing time, but the trio persuaded the management to stay open another half-hour so they could play for him.

Ellington was enthralled with the music, and the result of this brief encounter was that he cut no fewer than three Reprise LPs with the group.

Thus, the South African Dollar Brand Trio and its singer, Bea Benjamin, will soon have their record debut in the United States, and it is a most auspicious one for the group that until recently was almost totally unknown in America. Unknown, that is, except to saxophonist John Coltrane, who heard the group during a stop in Zurich and encouraged the leader, Dollar Brand.

"He told us he liked what we were doing and said we should try to make a record," Brand recalled. "Little did we expect then that we'd be recorded by no less a person than Duke."

So enchanted was Ellington with the trio's performance that he not only insisted on playing with it on a couple of tracks when the discs were cut in Paris, where the group was flown for the session, but he also suggested material that he hadn't himself recorded for years because he could find no singer suitable for it.

One of the pieces on one of the LPs is Billy Strayhorn's *Your Love Has Faded*, which was last recorded with the late Ivie Anderson.

"I had never heard the song before," said Miss Benjamin, a former schoolteacher. "I knew neither the lyrics nor the tune. They gave me just 20 minutes to learn it before we recorded it. We took three takes, but Duke apparently liked the first one the best.

"Duke picked some of the material for me for one of the albums and played himself on two of the pieces—*I Got It Bad* and *Solitude*. I had never sung them before and didn't even know the words to *Solitude*. Duke asked somebody to write the lyrics on a piece of paper and hung it on a partition, where I could read them while I sang. He wanted only one take."

The improvised way in which the session was carried out—the third record consists of a trio performance of Brand's own darkly beautiful composition *Indigo*—is ample testimony to the high regard Ellington had for the trio and the young singer.

With discovery by Ellington, Brand is well on his way to the kind of recognition he deserves. The 28-year-old pianist has come a long way from Cape Town, South Africa.

The trio, which includes bassist Johnny Gertze and a remarkable drummer, Makaya Ntshoko, has been knocking around Europe for about a year, getting rave reviews from even the most hardened critics.

Brand is a tall, intense man with long, agile fingers who has quite obviously been influenced by his idol, Thelonious Monk, but whose approach is nevertheless personal and independent. He plays mostly his own compositions, nearly every one of which is a carefully constructed piece, almost in sonata form, that includes a clearly defined beginning and end.

At first listening, a Brand composition strikes one as rather a piece of boring pretense, but as he builds up a series of intensely personal statements, one becomes struck by his pianistic skill and the breadth and scope of his music. Rarely are a musician's emotions so strongly reflected in his music.

Such a reflection is perhaps not strange, stemming, as it does, from a life of humility, persecution, and conflict in a tyrannical society, but it is unusual, since he has been no part of a jazz tradition.

"I haven't grown up with the blues musically," he said. "But socially and otherwise—it's still the same thing."

THE QUIET-SPOKEN pianist, who displays occasional flashes of wry humor, started taking music lessons at 7, and heard his first U.S. "jazz" at 14 when ice cream vans rolled through Cape Town blaring the music of Louis Jordan, the Honeydrippers, and Tiny Bradshaw over the loud-speakers.

About that time he got a job playing piano with a vocal group known as the Streamline Brothers.

"I remember we used to buy arrangements in the local music shop, things like *Song of India* by Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller's *In the Mood*, and Artie Shaw's *Blues Up- and Downstairs*.

"The first overseas group that came down to play was Jack Parnell, the English drummer. Later Tony Scott came by. He had a ball playing with several penny-whistle groups.

"Then Bob Cooper and June Christy visited Johannesburg, and at about the same time, a local disc jockey, Bill Prince, began playing Bird, Diz, and the others on his programs.

"I remember the first record I bought with Bird was *Mohawk*."

Brand comes from a west-side slum in Cape Town. His father is a member of the Basuto tribe, his mother is a Bushman tribe member.

According to the "logic" of the South African government, there are three types of people living in South Africa: the South Africans—that is, the whites—the colored, and the natives.

In this scheme of things Brand is a colored (the authorities are quick and efficient to note outside racial strains), which is not quite as bad, in terms of racial inequity, as being a native, but bad enough to make the lot of most U.S. Negroes one of relative ease by comparison.

A colored or native must register and carry identity cards, is forbidden from interracial mixing in nearly all public facilities, and is subject to being thrown in jail for an indefinite stay—without a hearing or a trial—at the whim of the local constabulary.

Such is the social fabric of Brand's background. Small wonder that his music reflects alternately revolt, anger, and passion; yet he speaks of his native country with little bitterness or rancor and even talks of returning to it.

JAZZ ACTIVITY IN South Africa is spasmodic. Save for one club, the Montparnasse, in Johannesburg, there are no jazz clubs, and even the Montparnasse has a jazz policy only two days a week and plays to white audiences only.

"Nothing much happens unless you

(Continued on page 34)

ALIKE YET UNALIKE

DAVE BRUBECK and STAN KENTON

By HARRY FROST

IN 1943 a soldier passing through Los Angeles was carrying an arrangement he wanted to show to a rising bandleader. He went to the leader's house. A tall man with chisled features answered the door and was greeted by an intense, dark-haired young fellow he had never before seen. With pardonable curtness the man asked, "What do you want?"

"I want to show you an arrangement."

"All right, I'll see you tonight. I'm going to be on the *Bob Hope Show*, and I'll meet you at the stage door."

This sounded like a run-around to the soldier, but he had nothing to lose. That night he went to the stage door, and the leader was there waiting for him. He looked over the soldier's music and then handed the manuscript back. However, the leader offered encouragement to the young musician and was genuinely friendly. They have remained friends since.

A look at the careers of Stan Kenton and Dave Brubeck discloses several analogous factors, some superficial and some that go deep. They are both Californians, Brubeck by birth and Kenton by emigration from Kansas at an early age. They are both pianists and composers whose interest in jazz is built on a foundation of classical study. While Kenton has been associated with large groups and Brubeck with small groups, there is nonetheless a kindred spirit in their music and personalities.

An aura of strength and purpose surrounds these men who have become two of the most imposing figures in jazz.

The music of Brubeck, like that of Kenton, reflects the firm convictions of its creator, and the supporters of Brubeck and Kenton are equally firm in their devotion. It is characteristic of Brubeck and Kenton followers that they accept almost everything their heroes offer. It is also characteristic that those who don't like Brubeck or Kenton are vociferous in their disapproval. While Brubeck and Kenton each command hordes of faithful, there are in both cases multitudes of detractors, including critics, musicians, and fans who say Brubeck and Kenton are not *participating* jazzmen. Here we come to the heart of the matter.

Both highly individual, Kenton and Brubeck have pursued courses that, while running parallel to the currents of jazz, have moved in singular directions. This has provoked much adverse comment from those who like to see jazz move in measured steps that find all the musicians marching along together. Brubeck and Kenton have never joined this army. They are dedicated to a common artistic cause but prefer to wage separate campaigns.

Brubeck has said, "The most fortunate thing that can happen to a jazz musician is to move in his own way. Kenton is a good example because his band has always had a very individual sound, and Stan has always welcomed the efforts of arrangers who dare to experiment, fellows like the late Bob Graettinger. Stan has played

EUGENE ANTHONY

things that were *too* wild, things the audience couldn't understand, and things that hurt his band commercially; but Stan wanted to give these writers a chance to be heard. Stan refuses to sit still and settle just for public acceptance—and this takes nerve. Once the public likes someone, he will usually stick to a successful formula, but Stan is always pioneering."

Brubeck's admiration for Kenton goes back to the beginning:

"When Stan first started at Balboa, I had my own band up north in Oakland. It was a very young band—I was the oldest, and I was 19. We listened very closely to Stan's band, and ever since I've always followed Stan's music with great interest."

So it was that the young Brubeck sought out Kenton in 1943 to show him an arrangement.

"That was the first time I ever took a jazz arrangement to anyone," Brubeck said. "It was inspired by the war, and I called it *Prayer of the Conquered*. Someday I'm going to get Stan to play that thing he wouldn't play back in '43. I was only 21 when I wrote it, but I think it's far enough out to be played today.

"After the war, I went to see Stan again, but by that time Pete Rugulo was well established with Kenton."

There is more coincidence here because Rugulo had also first approached Kenton in '43 as a soldier with an arrangement he wanted the leader to see. It was one with the cryptically pecuniary title *Opus a Dollar Three Eighty*, a number fully garbed in the Kenton raiment of that period and one that Stan immediately liked and added to his library. To add to the oddity of the situation, Rugulo at the time was studying with Darius Milhaud at Mills College, where and with whom Brubeck had studied and would resume study after the war.

The fact that Brubeck's composition did not catch Kenton's eye or "ear" was undoubtedly because Brubeck, then as now, was writing what he felt and not to the dicta of a prescribed style. It is this very individuality that makes Brubeck at once like and unlike Kenton. Their

music, while having related qualities, moves along separate paths.

The best comparison of Kenton and Brubeck music is afforded by the Brubeck trio records of '49 and the Kenton output of '42; they are alike in their failure to swing.

Good specific examples are Brubeck's *Blue Moon* on Fantasy and Kenton's *Adios* on Decca. Rhythmic deficiencies are more pronounced with a band than a trio, but in both cases there is a heavy, almost ponderous feeling. At the same time there is definite musical value, and it is unlikely that anyone has ever swung less and said more than Kenton and Brubeck on those early records.

In the years since, Brubeck's touch has lightened considerably, and Kenton's bands have found an easier motion than what a former Kenton drummer, Shelly Manne, once likened to the labored movement of a long freight train.

On the subject of swinging, Brubeck said, "You'll find very often that the serious creative musician does not swing as readily or as easily as some of the others. The creative musician is interested in saying something, and trying to say something is *hard work*. It's not a tinkling, light approach which comes when you're not pushing hard to say something individual. This light approach is a matter of technique—just playing it nice and easy.

"The guys who are really saying something are often out of tune—squeaking, squawking, and struggling. Whether as an arranger, composer, or performer, it's the guys who are working hard, the guys who aren't afraid to make mistakes—those are the ones who do the real creating.

"Ornette Coleman is a good example. He works very hard and always tries to create. It's not pleasant to listen to. I don't like what he does, but he has the background —the license—to experiment. The ones you have to beware of with this 'new thing' are the unqualified guys, the ones who try to experiment without the right background of study and experience."

Brubeck pointed out that playing hard and ugly are not requisites to being creative, but he does insist that "as a rule, the hard-blowing, heavyhanded guys are leading the way." There are exceptions, he admitted, and named altoist Paul Desmond in his own group as one.

"Paul can dig in hard and still make things flow, still have a relaxed sound," he said.

While Brubeck has much tolerance for anyone who genuinely tries to create, no matter how crude the product, his own group has remarkable polish. It goes through a maze of strange time signatures with seeming ease and through concert hall after concert hall filled with enthusiastic fans.

DAVE BRUBECK and STAN KENTON

THERE ARE MANY things about Kenton and Brubeck that fall into place side by side, but, obviously, Kenton never has had it so good as Brubeck and probably never will. The 20 or so men Kenton needs to broadcast his message are infinitely more difficult to support, maintain, and control than the close-knit members of the Dave Brubeck Quartet.

There has been no change in the quartet since 1958, when the junior member, bassist Gene Wright, joined. Next to Brubeck, the senior member is Desmond, in his 12th year with the group, coming to what was a trio in 1951.

The most important single event since then was in 1956, when drummer Joe Dodge decided to leave the group, whereupon Brubeck traded in his Dodge for a Jaguar—a supple cat named Joe Morello.

Counting even short-term members, there have been fewer than a dozen musicians working in the Brubeck quartet in more than 12 years. By contrast, some hundreds of musicians have passed through the many editions of the Kenton band, and lovers of big-band music, including the leader himself, are faced with the melancholy fact that small groups like Brubeck's can pack a concert hall as well as, or better than, a band or *two* bands (there was a Count Basie-Kenton tour a few years back that was far from a roaring financial success).

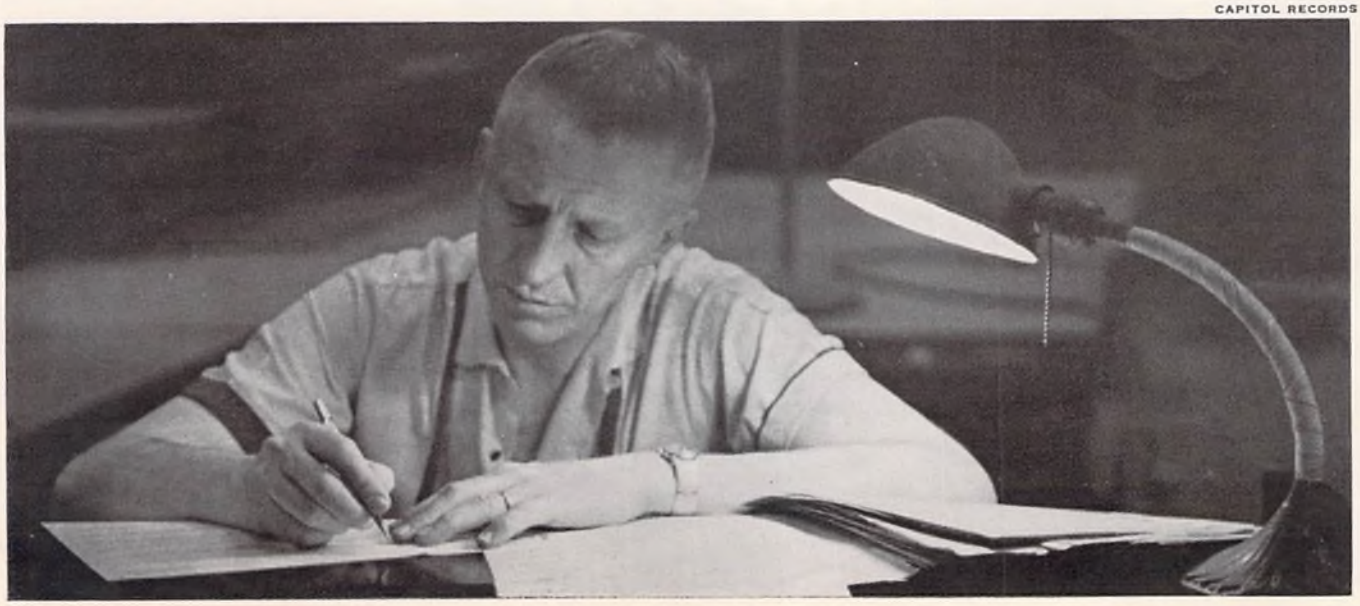
For more than 20 years Kenton has fought the battle valiantly with unquestioning expenditure of his youth, talent, and money. His bands have often been losing propositions, but Kenton remains undaunted—if a little dented. Now into his 50s, Kenton still stands proudly and resolutely in front of a band.

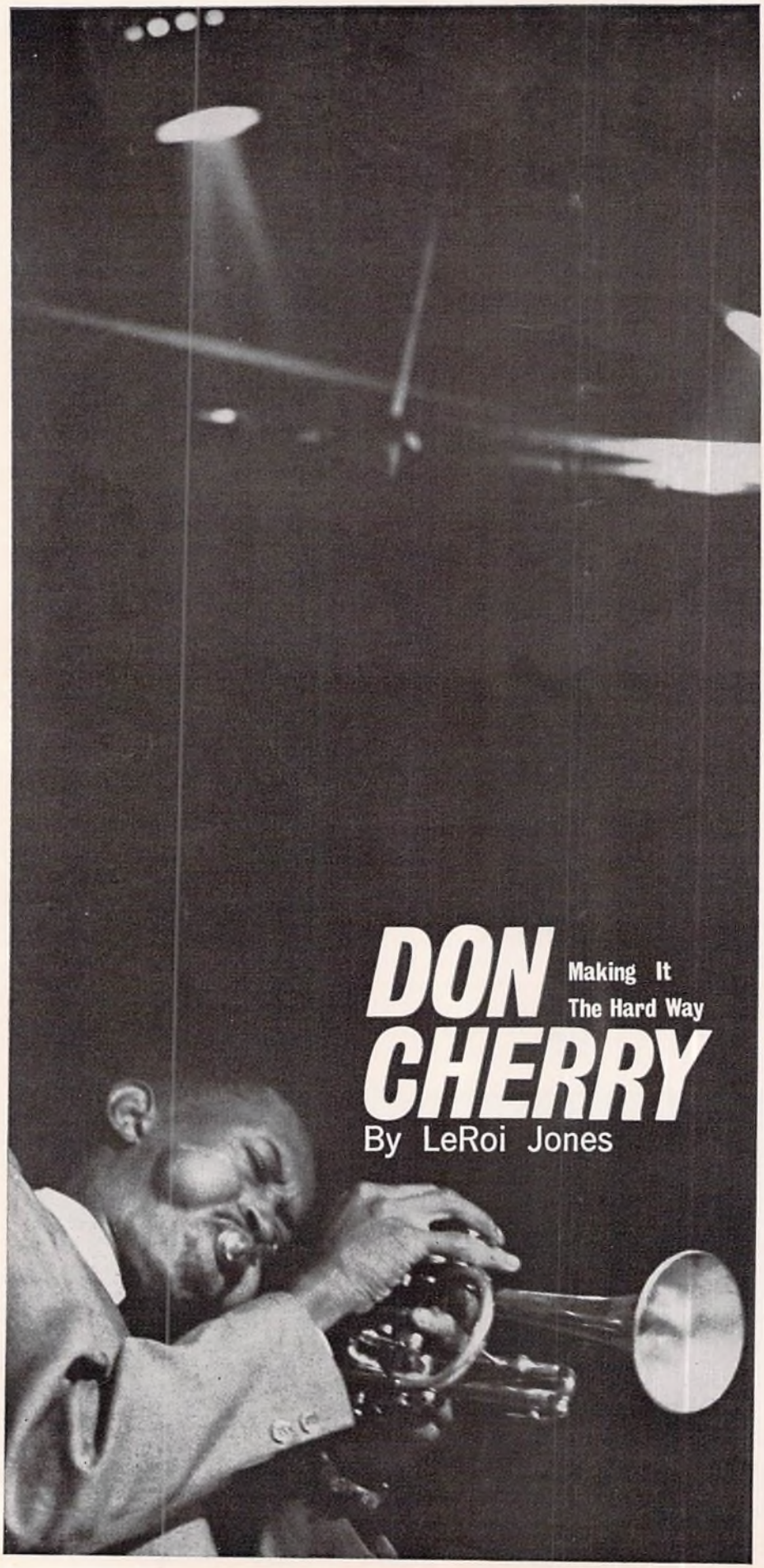
How much longer he will continue as a leader is an open question. Duke Ellington is approaching 65 and still going strong. Kenton, however, has for a long time expressed a desire to concentrate on writing, and the responsibilities of a band make this difficult.

It is not unlikely that the time will come when Kenton finally gives up his band and settles down to an intensive schedule of composing and arranging. And at length, in seeking a suitable performer for his work, it would be poetically fulfilling if Kenton would turn to one who has already done things in a symphonic context.

"Dave, I'd like you to look at this manuscript." db

CAPITOL RECORDS





PHOTO/RCA VICTOR RECORDS

DON CHERRY

Making It The Hard Way

By LeRoi Jones

THE INTERNATIONAL JAZZ CRITICS selected Don Cherry as this year's trumpet talent deserving of greater recognition. This *Down Beat* award will hardly help him find more work, now that he is no longer with the Sonny Rollins' group. Winning such an award might help Cherry find work if he *also* wanted to play like Miles Davis, et al., or maybe said he did, or at least could spin a bass on his head while holding a note (as Roland Kirk did recently at the Village Gate). But, unfortunately, all Cherry's got going for him is his musical intelligence, which mostly will lead to starvation on the New York jazz scene; clubowners do not care especially for intelligent musicians.

But since the breakup of the first Ornette Coleman group, except for the year with Rollins, Cherry has had a difficult time finding any work, even though he has been playing, and is playing now, some of the freshest music to be heard on trumpet in some time.

When Cherry was with Coleman, he worked, as did the group's other members, more or less in the leader's shadow. There also was the fact that they were all playing Coleman's music, and the rest of the group's solos could find form only as statements in contrast to, and extension of, the dominant tone and feeling, which was Coleman's.

Cherry's role, in this sense, was much the same as Miles Davis' on those early sides with Charlie Parker. In fact, listening to the recorded work of Coleman and Cherry immediately brings to mind the Parker-Davis collaborations, though we can only see them as collaborations now, from a distance. Parker set the initial pace and tone, and Davis responded as best he could, though that best seems at each rehearing even more interesting.

So perhaps it was with Cherry. His responses to, and interpretations of, the Coleman musical genius allowed his singular intelligence to blossom rather than wilt. So in listening to Don Cherry now, the one real debt to Ornette Coleman one can hear the trumpeter constantly acknowledging is the intelligence of the music. Cherry is an autonomous stylist.

But being so singular a stylist—that is, a musician who depends almost completely on his own secret ear to decide whether a solo is "right" or not—is the thing that has helped estrange Cherry from clubowners and hippies alike. The truly fresh, singular performer can only baffle the listener who demands, even unconsciously, that every "new" musician sound like somebody he's already heard and digested.

People criticized Roy Eldridge because he didn't sound like Louis Armstrong. They jumped on Dizzy Gillespie when he didn't sound like Eldridge. Miles Davis was spoken of rather derogatorily because he didn't hear up in that register in which Gillespie usually does his thing. And now a listener wants to know why Don Cherry isn't playing softer and isn't given to a purple lyricism.

But even so, too many people fail to realize that Cherry has learned from Davis, just as Gillespie learned from Eldridge and Eldridge from Armstrong and Armstrong from Joe Oliver. But it is the use made of these learnings that is and will remain important. The things Cherry got from Davis, like the things Gillespie got from Eldridge, went to make up a different song for a very different story.

CHERRY WAS BORN in Oklahoma, in 1936, and lived in Kenner, Okla., as well as Oklahoma City before moving with his parents, at age 4, to Los Angeles. His father became a bartender at the Plantation Club, which featured such performers as Billy Eckstine and Erskine Hawkins, and Don got to see the workings of a sophisticated night life very early.

"By the time I got to junior high school, my sister and I would dance at my father's parties just before we went to bed," Don recalled. "The people would throw money, and they would give us a taste. Then they'd take the rest and go out and buy a bottle.

"My grandmother married a wrestler named Tiger Nelson, who also played the piano. He used to take me with him to the various places he played. My mother had to buy me a horn. But my father didn't want me to play and get mixed up with musicians because of the dope thing. And later on, when I started getting jobs, we'd practice for the gig, and then he wouldn't let me go. Sometimes I'd have to sneak out to play."

Don learned to play almost all the brass instruments—among them sousaphone and baritone horn—during his early high-school days. He played with a few school bands, march and dance, as well as with several groups he organized with other young high-school jazzmen.

An important catalyst to his musical activities was a music teacher at Jefferson High School in Los Angeles, Samuel Brown, who also taught Art Farmer and young tenor man Charles Lloyd. Wardell Gray had gone to Jefferson earlier. Under Brown's tutelage, Jefferson High had some of the most swinging dance bands in the area. The band's book, while Cherry was there, included a few of Gillespie's tunes, such as *Things to Come* and *Manteca*, and even some John Lewis arrangements.

Cherry wasn't a student at Jefferson, so he had to ditch the last period at his own school in order to make the daily practice sessions. But truant officers caught the young trumpeter, and he was sent to a truant's detention school. It was at this school that young Cherry met drummer Billy Higgins, who was, as Cherry remembers, captain of that institution's basketball team. It was the beginning of an association that has led to some fine music.

About a year later, Cherry was playing diverse jobs in the Los Angeles area. On quite a few of the jobs, he worked as a pianist. He was working on such jobs with part of the rhythm section that helped trumpeter Art Farmer into public recognition with *Farmer's Market*: drummer Lawrence Marable and bassist Harper Cosby, who also showed Cherry how to play progressions more expertly.

Another group of which Cherry became a part about this time (mid-1950s) was the Jazz Messiahs, which featured George Newman, a young alto man whom Cherry still considers "a genius." Newman and Cherry went to grade school together, and Newman, by the time he got into high school, already had mastered most of the reeds and could play most of Parker's tunes.

Cherry and Newman were going on the road with their group when they were 17 and 18 and playing a good many of Newman's arrangements. When Newman left the group, he was replaced by James Clay. Cherry mentions that the Jazz Messiahs were, in part, inspired because these young Negro musicians could not play in the Gompers Junior High School dance band—"They were playing the *Johnson Rag*, and wouldn't let us in. . . . That's when we started playing Bird tunes."

Cherry met Ornette Coleman, as he says, "at someone's house" in Los Angeles.

"Ornette's wife had all the jazz records—hip Savoys, Dial, Prestige . . . a very good collection," Cherry said. "And she would lend us a record, but we'd have to learn both sides of the record before we could borrow another. She played a little cello."

In 1957 Coleman and Cherry played their first job together in Vancouver, Wash.

"It was Ornette's first jazz gig, and he was really beautiful," Cherry said. "I stayed there, but Ornette went back to Los Angeles." Coleman tried to find more work and/or a way to New York. He soon wrote to Cherry that he could get a record date (*Something Else!!!!*, Contemporary 3551), and Cherry went back to Los Angeles. As he puts it:

"We were studying then. . . . If we weren't playing new tunes, we were playing chromatics, intervals, the elements of music."

Finally, in 1959 Cherry went to New York and, along with Coleman, to the School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass.

The music that Cherry made, as part of the Ornette Coleman Quartet, on those first records, as well as during their initial appearances at the old Five Spot Cafe in New York City, already enrich the mythology of recent jazz history.

RECENTLY, Cherry went into some of his ideas about music. This, of course, means he was talking about the controlling passion of his life. He talked about his recent employment with saxophonist Rollins:

"I heard the group [with Jim Hall] before Billy Higgins and I started playing with them. It was a listenable group . . . but I think the quality of the improvising got a little better after we came in. The Europe group [with Cherry, Higgins, and bassist Henry Grimes] was, I think, one of Sonny's brightest groups. Everybody was playing their horns . . . and their feelings too.

"When everybody's got his mind and feelings in tune, it's separate from the presence of the audience. Everybody carries his brightness . . . it makes a sound.

"Separate yourself, and each time it'll be different. Be at the instant absolute. The music will have a quality at its instant absolute. And that will be brilliant.

"When a group first gets together, they ought to put in time learning the meaning of music. Getting control over phrases everybody's going to play together. The rhythm section has a very important thing in this. . . .

"But musicians are always talking about 'my thing,' 'your thing,' when the only thing you can talk about is when everybody's in tune. All the young musicians playing now what they call freedom have to learn it too. The group we had with Ornette was in tune. One year playing together every day did it. Playing together every day.

"It only takes two to start a group. If the two are maturely strong, and have a oneness, then the others will feel it and touch their own sound, voice, or whatever. . . . Then they add to that brightness. And the more you play together, when the group really gets in tune, the music gets brighter, more and more brilliant.

"Four people playing strong, really

(Continued on page 34)

ZUTTY

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

THE HISTORY of jazz drums, according to the version that has cropped up during the last few years, goes something like this: Baby Dodds to Sidney Catlett and Jo Jones to Kenny Clarke to Max Roach and so forth.

But from Dodds to Catlett is a big jump. Besides, this version leaves out a very important drummer, Zutty Singleton. And leaving Zutty Singleton out of the history of jazz would be almost as incongruous as leaving out Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines.

Singleton's most recent recordings have been in accompaniment to singers Victoria Spivey and Alberta Hunter on the Bluesville label, and as participant in some musical Fats Waller reminiscences, led by pianist Dick Wellstood and featuring trumpeter Herman Autrey, on Swingville. These would place Singleton, roughly, in the late 1920s and in the '30s. In one sense, that is where Singleton does belong, yet the facts are that he has also recorded with the archetypal modernist, Charlie Parker, and says of him, "He was the greatest. If you knew anything about music, you knew that right away."

For most people, Baby Dodds represents New Orleans drums. Perhaps that is as it should be, for Dodds' busy and provocative style does belong with the classic period of Crescent City music and with the style and phrasing of its great instrumentalists, such as Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver.

But Zutty Singleton sounded good with Louis Armstrong, and he was almost the first drummer who could truly complement Armstrong's new and provocative ideas of rhythm and phrasing. He, therefore, did not so much summarize the part of jazz drums—as did Dodds—as he outlined their future. So, it is doubly unfortunate that his reputation lived in Dodds' shadow for nearly 15 years.

Singleton was Armstrong's drummer, much as Earl Hines was Armstrong's pianist. And Singleton became Dave Tough's drummer, George Wettling's drummer, and Sid Catlett's drummer. In a sense, Zutty's ideas dominated the swing period, and thereby perhaps evoked the modern period too.

At any rate, it does seem particularly appropriate that Singleton should first have attracted attention playing with Louis Armstrong, should have bolstered his reputation playing with Roy Eldridge in the mid-'30s, and should have been one of the drummers to record with Parker and Dizzy Gillespie in the mid-'40s.

Singleton lives today in a comfortable, bright two-room flat at the Alvin, a favorite hotel with musicians, at Broadway and 52nd St. in New York City. His living room, appropriately if perhaps not significantly, overlooks Birdland, and his mind can range over all of jazz' history.

"No," he said, "I didn't play like the older-style drummers. When I started, I listened to Louis Cottrell—Louis, Senior—who played the Orpheum Theater; Paul Detroit, who just died; and Henry Zeno.

"They all knew how to phrase, and they always played under the band, never loud or overbearing. And they never played too much cymbal. I liked Cottrell's roll and the tone he got. I liked the way Detroit played with the theater acts. He helped me get to play the Lyric Theater in New Orleans, and I worked with Ethel Waters, Bessie Smith, and many other well-known singers."

Singleton still considers the 1928 Hines-Armstrong-Singleton recordings the best he has made—*Fireworks*, *Skip the Gutter*, and *Don't Jive Me*, through the revolutionary *West End Blues*, the superb *Muggles*, and ending with the salaciously classic *Tight Like That*. (Most of these are now available on Columbia CL 853.)

"Hines had it, too, like Louis," he said. "He has always been my favorite pianist, along with Fats Waller. Those records are my idea of jazz. We didn't call that music Dixieland or anything like that. It was just plain jazz."

And except for a few ensembles, the music on those records was the work of soloists and their accompanists, and the ideas they laid down in turn laid out the future path the music was to take.

"Of course, I had worked with Louis before, in New Orleans," Singleton continued. "You might say he had worked for me. He had just come back from the riverboats, and I got together a little four-piece group to play at the Orchard, a place owned by Butchie Hernandez. I had Johnny St. Cyr on banjo and guitar, Eudell Wilson on bass, Louis, and myself. Guitar, bass, and drums was the rhythm—it was so smooth with those three."

ARTHUR JAMES SINGLETON was born in Bunkie, La., in 1898 and attended school in New Orleans. "Zutty" is Creole patois for cute, and the name was laid on him by an aunt while he was still in the cradle.

Zutty speaks of fascination for drums that goes back to childhood:

"My mother worked for a McBride family. McBride ran a drugstore in Bunkie and played drums in the town band. I used to play with his son Raymond, and one afternoon we found the drum set in the basement. There were no sticks, but I pulled the stays out of the back of a kitchen chair and started to play on them. This was the first time I actually had my hands on any drums."

It was in his early years as a theater musician in New Orleans that Singleton made one of his most important stylistic discoveries about jazz drums. He puts it this way:

"Ethel Waters came to town to play the Lyric, and she taught me the Charleston beat—her way of doing it—for one of her special numbers. It wouldn't come off right at first. Then I found out that if I played four beats on the bass drum instead of two, that made it easy!"

In 1923 Singleton made a move that many New Orleans musicians were making. He began to work on riverboats, the St. Paul and the Capitol, which offered nightly excursions, including dancing. The boats, with their headquarters in St. Louis, were run by the Streckfus family, Capt. John Streckfus most actively, and the line made New Orleans its winter headquarters. Singleton's musical boss was pianist-leader Fate Marable.

Marable's is a fascinating and largely untold story. He was, Singleton said, "a remarkable musician." From New Orleans, for example, he hired Louis Armstrong, the Dodds brothers, Pops Foster, Johnny St. Cyr, Singleton, Red Allen, and many others. He was still an important Midwestern musician in the late '30s when his bands had saxophonist Earl Bostic and bassist Jimmy Blanton, for two examples. And he was an important teacher and disciplinarian to almost all the men he ever hired.

"When I joined him," Singleton attested, "I was replacing a drummer who not only read, but played bells, xylophone, and so forth. All I could do was try to read while I kept time. But Capt. John told Fate to get me to look up and stop keeping my head down looking at the music.

"It was like being in the service to work for Capt. John. He would buy the newest records, by Fletcher Henderson or Paul Whiteman or someone like that, and if he liked a part of the arrangement, we would have to copy it. We started with a stock arrangement and had

This article is based on material included in the forthcoming book **Jazz Masters of New Orleans** by Martin Williams, to be published by Collier Books.

to figure out how to work it in, but Fate was always musical enough to do it. I remember I had to buy a gong to play Fletcher Henderson's *Shanghai Shuffle*."

Singleton made records with Marable, incidentally, in New Orleans in March, 1924—sides that are so rare that many jazz historians have stated that the important pianist-leader never recorded at all.

From the excursion boats to the Streckfus headquarters, St. Louis, was an almost logical step. And it was the one that Zutty took next.

The history of jazz in St. Louis is another largely untold story, one that decidedly needs telling. Most jazz histories are likely to treat the city as a kind of stopping-off place along the route from New Orleans to Chicago. But long before a New Orleans style was established, St. Louis had been a center of ragtime. The St. Louis musicians, possibly because of that tradition, were in some ways more technically adept and sophisticated than the New Orleans men.

The city had fostered Marable, and it also fostered trumpeter-leader Charles Creath, whom Zutty Singleton joined in 1924. His reputation had preceded him, he recalled: "Charlie Creath heard me when we played a dance in Louisville, while I was still with Fate, and he came back saying, 'I heard the drummin'est s.o.b. in the world.' Pops Foster was playing bass with Creath then, and Creath had found out that I was from New Orleans, but Pops told him, 'Yeah I know him, but he's only a kid.'

"They played a nice kind of jazz in St. Louis, and they improvised very well, with nice melodies."

The "they" also included some highly important white jazz musicians of the time.

"We knew Frankie Trumbauer, Bix Beiderbecke, Pee Wee Russell, and those fellows," Singleton said "We used to jam with them at the Westlake Dance Pavillion, where they played with Ted Janson's band, every Wednesday night. I remember once the Creath musicians were to play a benefit at the Booker T. Washington Theater, and we got the idea to ask them to join us on the stage. They just about screamed with delight."

Creath's pianist was his sister, Margie. She was soon Mrs. Arthur Singleton—and she still is.

IN 1925 Singleton was again following the course of jazz: he and his wife decided to go to Chicago.

They packed the Model T Ford they owned and set out. It was not his first trip there. He had gone in 1916 just to see the town, and he also was there in 1917 in the Navy.

JACK BRADLEY

This time the trip was professional, and Singleton got his first job substituting for Baby Dodds in a group that included Johnny Dodds on clarinet and Natty Dominique on trumpet. But his most important job was with the orchestra of Charles (Doc) Cook—"Doc Cook and His Seventeen Interns." Cook had been the attraction at Chicago's Dreamland, and his orchestra featured trumpeter Freddie Keppard and the great clarinetist Jimmie Noone. At the same time, Singleton and Noone, with pianist Jerome Carrington, became members of a trio that Noone led at an afterhours club, the Nest, beginning each night at 1 a.m.

The job at the Nest was a particularly fruitful experience. Singleton remembers frequent visits from an attentive Benny Goodman, an appreciative Artie Shaw, and an enthusiastic Carl Sandburg. He also remembers Maurice Ravel, sitting in near-disbelief at Noone's clarinet solos. (The story goes that Ravel transcribed a few of them but found his classical players unable to reproduce them.) And it was at this period that there was a frequent visitor named Sidney Catlett, a young drummer on whom Singleton had an important influence. Catlett, in fact, did so much playing with the group that Noone used to request of him, "Let Zutty sit in for a while."

It was at this period, and a direct result of the Nest engagement, that Singleton made another of his important musical discoveries about jazz drumming. Previously, drum solos had been either brief breaks—usually a couple of beats, or a couple of bars—or they were random things, in which the player would strut out his tricks until he ran out of them, whereupon the horn men would resume.

A trio has only three players after all, and at the Nest, Noone and Carrington became used to spelling each other for long solo stretches in the early morning hours. Soon, Noone got the idea of turning also to Singleton.

"Why don't you play for a while?" he'd ask. "Take a chorus."

Zutty would do exactly that; he played a chorus to the piece they were doing, humming it over to himself, and not only finishing at the end of a 12 or 16 or 32 bars, but also marking off the four- and eight-bar internal phrases of the piece as they came along. Young Catlett must have been impressed, for many drummers attest to having first heard Catlett form drum solos in this manner.

Singleton had decided on the basic components of his drum set quite early, almost from the beginning, and they made for a more modest array than most drummers were using at the time: a bass drum; a snare; two tom-toms (the old-style, shallow ones); and two, or more usually three, cymbals. Zutty did not like the wood and temple blocks most drummers of the time employed, nor the cowbells nor the array of chimes and gongs and kettle drums that some show drummers sported.

He also had been using brushes for some years, in addition to sticks. Manuel Perez, the New Orleans cornetist, had early become intrigued with these new pieces of equipment when he saw them in Chicago before World War I, and he sent a pair back to his friend Louis Cottrell in New Orleans. Cottrell fastidiously rejected the brushes because of the way they dirtied his drumheads, and he passed them on to Singleton.

Drums had long been a problem to recording engineers. They still are, in fact, but until the very late '20s jazz and popular percussionists were encouraged to clop away on wood blocks or temple blocks and on cymbals muffled or choked by one hand while being struck by a stick held in the other. From recordings, therefore, listeners get a false picture of how the important early drummers actually played; on the job they might use snare, bass, or cymbals in a way that simply would not register properly on early recording equipment.

However, Singleton did play differently from the rest. His set was simpler. He never used the hi-hat (the pair of cymbals worked with a foot pedal)—"it interferes with the bass," he said. And even then he would play long passages, perhaps whole choruses, on a single ride cymbal sometimes slightly damping it by holding his left drumstick under it and sometimes playing the cymbal unhindered. As usual, he will not now claim to have invented the technique, but he does say, "Well, I can't remember taking it from anybody."

"Even Joe Oliver liked that beat," he added, "and tom-tom offbeats too. But different guys wanted different cymbals. Some even liked the old sizzle cymbals, the kind with rivets in them."

But of all his techniques, Singleton was especially favored for his brush work on the snare drum, and it is, therefore, particularly fitting that he should have been one of the first drummers to record that effect. And it is even more fitting that it should have been on the Armstrong-Hines sessions. The producer of the dates Tommy Rockwell, was responsible. He was determined to get Singleton's brush work on records.

"He finally tried holding my snare right on top of the microphone, while I played it with the brushes," Zutty said. "It worked."

It was a dispute over his drum set that finally provoked Singleton to leave Doc Cook.

"I had just got a new set of pearl drums, with a 28-by-16 bass drum," Singleton recalled. "He wanted a deep sound and a big drum, a 28-by-18, and we fell out over this—I was asking myself if I ever decided to leave Cook, what would I do with a big drum like that?"

By the early '30s, Singleton was well established at the Three Deuces club in Chicago, one of the first clubs in that city (or, for that matter, almost any city) that one would actually call a "jazz club," a club catering to listeners.

He was first the leader of Zutty and His Band, which recorded for Decca. And after the Deuces closed temporarily (water seepage was flooding the basement), he reopened with Roy Eldridge. His importance at the time also made him one of the subjects for an early feature story in a then-new music publication called *Down Beat*. In the mid-'30s, Art Tatum went into the Deuces, bringing his own drummer. Singleton moved on to New York.

He soon became a fixture at the late, lamented Nick's in Greenwich Village, where he might be, say, Sidney Bechet's drummer one week and lead the group himself the next. He was still busy making records, with Bechet, Lionel Hampton, Mezz Mezzrow, Pee Wee Russell, and many another.

In 1941 Zutty was appearing at Jimmy Ryan's on 52nd St. when he was approached by officials of 20th Century-Fox for a part in an all-Negro musical, *Stormy Weather*, which was to star dancer Bill Robinson and singer Lena Horne. He accepted, and for his sequence worked with one of his favorite musicians, Fats Waller.

After *Stormy Weather*, there was a brief return to Ryan's, but then Los Angeles again became Singleton's home—for several eventful and enjoyable years, as it turned out. His first job was at Billy Berg's in a group with Roy Eldridge's saxophonist brother, Joe. He soon joined Slim Gaillard's trio at Berg's during what was probably the singer-comedian's most successful period. Singleton recalled the time:

"Slim was going great! And what rhythm! There was Slim and Tiny Brown, the bass player. He had a hit record in *Cement Mixer*, and we had a Hollywood crowd almost every night—Marlene Dietrich, Oscar Levant, Betty Grable. Berg's stayed packed—you had to be somebody just to get in there. Slim's favorite trick was to do a take-off on the latest movie of anybody who came in. I remember one night he got Gregory Peck by doing a spooky version of *Spellbound*, complete with music."

It was at this time that the records with Parker and Gillespie were made—originally issued under Gaillard's name—as Gillespie brought his early modern group to Los Angeles for a turbulent stay at Berg's.

"I wish that trio of Slim's was together right now," Singleton said. "We were modern, old-time—anything."

Some of Zutty's other California gigs included a successful series of weekend "all-star" sessions conducted by the local broadcaster who called himself the Lamplighter. Singleton also worked in Ken Murray's long-continuing comedy and music show *Blackouts*. And he did a series of broadcasts with Orson Welles. For the latter, Singleton was responsible for persuading Kid Ory to come out of what almost amounted to retirement.

"I thought that people would appreciate his kind of music again," Singleton said. "In fact, I never thought it had gotten a real chance with the public. Ory was off the trombone, playing bass in a dance hall. I persuaded him to pick up his horn again. And we got Mutt Carey on trumpet, Ed Garland on bass, Bud Scott on guitar, and my old friend Jimmie Noone, who was then playing jazz clubs in Los Angeles—the Streets of Paris, places like that."

Noone died not long after the Welles broadcasts had begun, but Ory was soon into a renewed career.

After World War II Singleton was featured in *New Orleans*, one of the several attempts Hollywood has made to build a narrative around the history of jazz. Singleton, along with clarinetist Barney Bigard and Ory, was a part of the group especially assembled for Louis Armstrong in the film. They made many more musical sequences than appeared in the film and, as Singleton remembers it, spent even more time playing for the pleasure of cast, crew, visitors from nearby sound stages—and, to be sure, themselves.

A couple of years later, Zutty left California, enticed to France along with trumpeter Lee Collins, by a rather grandiose plan for bookings, imparted by clarinetist Mezz Mezzrow, who had become a Paris resident.

The initial reception at a Salle Pleyelle concert in Paris was wonderful, and Singleton said the subsequent response he got from audiences on the tour was personally gratifying. Otherwise, the less said now about this turbulent venture, the better; the recriminations were well reported in *Down Beat* at the time.

So, in the early 1950s Singleton was again in New York. For a long time, a Singleton trio, with Tony Parenti on clarinet and Dick Wellstood on piano, was responsible for drawing the people from the bustling Broadway-area streets into the Metropole every afternoon. He also often has been heard at the weekend Dixieland-mainstream "jam sessions." And currently he is working at Jimmy Ryan's, now located on W. 54th St.

Among young drummers, Singleton will single out Rufus Jones, formerly of the Maynard Ferguson Band, particularly for his speed.

He greatly admires Max Roach but confesses that he finds some of Roach's followers "a little far out for me."

"I have read so many lies about jazz," Zutty will say ruminatively. "I was a young drummer once. I took over. And everybody said they wanted to hear Zutty play."

That is as much ego as Zutty will display. They are indeed rare words for Zutty Singleton, because he is modest about his abilities, his innovations, and contributions to jazz drumming. But, then, he may demonstrate a technique, on his drums, if they are handy, or with his voice and hands and feet. At those moments Zutty Singleton still seems a young drummer taking over. db

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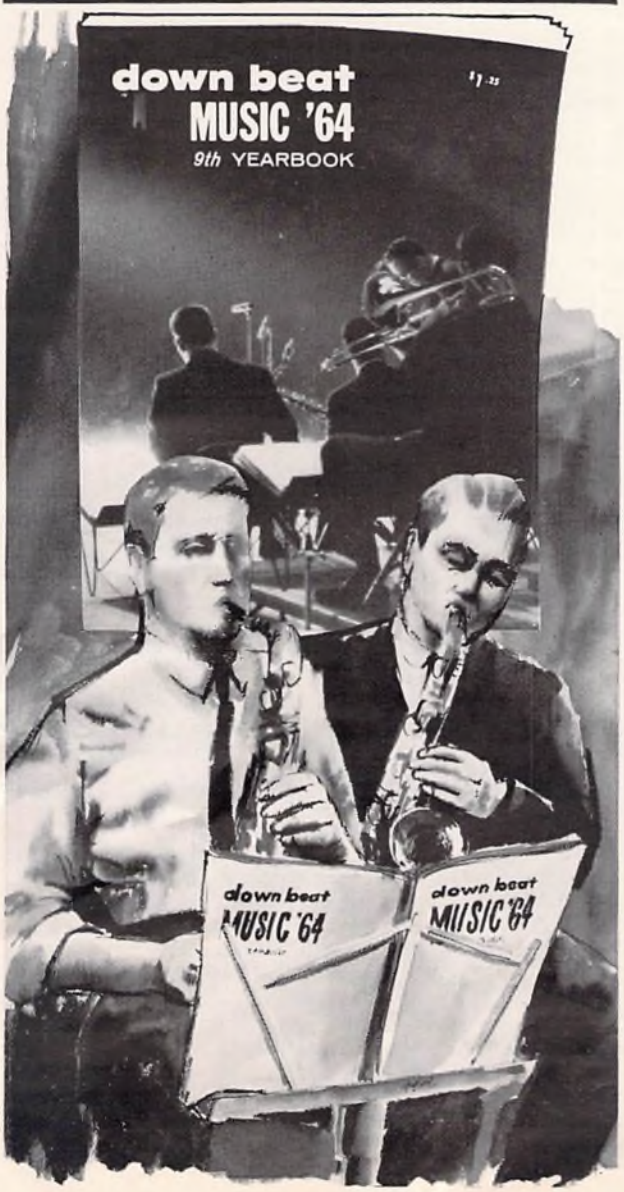

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record reviews

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

Art Blakey

UGETSU: JAZZ MESSENGERS AT BIRDLAND—Riverside 464: *One by One; Ugetsu; Time Off; Ping-Pong; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; On the Ginza.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This is not another African title; *Ugetsu*, Blakey explains in one of his announcements, is Japanese for fantasy. Blakey's own role, on the title track and throughout the album, is extraordinary. He takes no solo, and although at times he plays a role that is tantamount to a sub-solo during the horns' consistently effective blowing, he manages to drive and feed and inspire the group without ever battling or dominating it.

Shorter is still developing as soloist and writer. He wrote the relaxed *One by One*, the rhythmically alluring *Ping-Pong*, and the simple, yet colorful, *Ginza*.

Fuller blows with strength and conviction on his own *Time Off*. Walton, equally impressive in solo and comping roles, composed the title tune. The solitary standard in the set, *I Didn't Know*, is a ballad vehicle for Shorter. Hubbard continues to mature; he tears into every solo with a blend of inspiration and great technical assurance.

With Workman a sturdy replacement in the old Jymie Merritt spot, the whole group continues to impress as the most consistently exciting of its kind in jazz today. Intense, interesting themes with challenging changes; a vitally strong beat that never sacrifices harmonic-melodic to rhythmic values; soloists who never allow themselves to lapse into the rut-routine of merely going through the motions—these are among the reasons Blakey & Co. still deliver the message meaningfully.

As has always been the case with Blakey, the in-person quality is an additional advantage. (L.G.F.)

Paul Desmond

TAKE TEN—RCA Victor 2569: *Take Ten; El Prince; Alone Together; Embarcadero; Theme from "Black Orpheus"; Nancy; Samba de Orfeu; The One I Love.*

Personnel: Desmond, alto saxophone; Jim Hall, guitar; Gene Cherico or Gene Wright, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The temptation is to give this album five stars, not so much for the performances by Desmond's quartet (which are four-star quality, as noted above) but for the liner notes. Written by Desmond, they are a wonderfully witty blend of amiable humor and rapier-sharp comment.

His comment operates on several different levels—the open and apparent, the in-group remark, and some things that are stated so provocatively that the comment may reside only in the reader's mind. He writes that "I'm this saxophone player from the Dave Brubeck Quartet," a choice of words that gives one pause—"from" the Dave Brubeck quartet, not "in" or "of." Is this a revelation that, like some other observers, he thinks of himself as something apart from the Brubeck quartet? In any event, his notes set a new standard for saying some meaningful things in an interesting way in a field that has not been noted for being either meaningful or interesting.

The music is quite Desmondian—self-possessed, neatly turned, and lovely in cameo fashion. The tendency is toward understatement, a habit that suits Desmond admirably in the Brubeck quartet, where there is the counterbalance of Brubeck's tendency to overstatement. Here, however, with Hall in the counterbalancing role, the low-keyed style becomes a bit oppressive. Hall develops sinew in some of his solos, which helps, but Desmond holds almost completely to a middle area of playing that is often soothing but rarely gripping. (J.S.W.)

Herb Ellis-Stuff Smith

TOGETHER!—Epic 17039: *Skip It; Alone Together; Blues for Janet; How Come You Do Me Like You Do?; Get Acquainted Blues; Hillcrest.*

Personnel: Bob Enevoldsen, valve trombone, tenor saxophone; Smith, violin; Lou Levy, piano; Ellis, guitar; Al McKibbon, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

I must admit to a growing fondness for jazz fiddle. It might be my periodic romanticism coming on again, but I find myself going out of my way to hear Svend Asmussen, whose cool Nordic playing is bracing; Ray Nance, who arouses my naturally sensuous nature, invariably in circumstances where it must remain frustrated; Stephane Grappelly, a fellow romantic, whose effect on me I'd rather not go into here; Joe Venuti, who moves me to set fires with him—and, most assuredly, Stuff Smith, who makes me want to dance 'round in circles or do something, he swings so much.

And he does swing on this record, but hard. His time is unfettered, right out of the swing era—he uses a lot of off-beat accents, a characteristic of jazz playing in the '30s. His solos on *Skip* and *Hillcrest* are unmitigated gasses. He uses a whole-tone passage on *Get* that is not only funny but is picked up by Levy and Ellis in their solos.

The violinist's irrepressibly good-humored playing—and singing on *Janet* and *How Come*—gives the session a carefree air, a feeling mirrored in Ellis' attractive guitar work.

Ellis is becoming more and more one of the really satisfying guitar players; he seldom fails to pull off well-constructed and warm solos, though not always ones of great depth. But no matter; he, like Smith, is primarily a time player—and Ellis has time coming out his ears. His old-shoe, relaxed playing is heard to advantage on all tracks except, surprisingly, *Hillcrest*, in which he fails to get anything much going.

Levy, McKibbon, and Manne make a good rhythm team and fall right in with the good-time swing of Smith and Ellis. All three play good solos also: Manne on *Skip*, Levy on *Get* and *Hillcrest*, and big-toned McKibbon on *Get*.

In fact, the only drag about the session is Enevoldsen's work. It certainly is not bad, but it is out of place in something like this. His sometimes cold playing, on either instrument, is in contrast to the warmth of the others.

Nonetheless, this happy session is recommended to all who like their jazz unpretentiously swinging. (D.DeM.)

Joe Graves

THE GREAT NEW SWINGERS—Capitol 1977: *Danke Schoen; Lollipops and Roses; Gravy Waltz; I Got a Woman; Autumn Leaves; Yes, Indeed!; More; I Wonder; A Taste of Honey; The Birdland; Witchcraft.*

Personnel: Graves, trumpet; Plas Johnson, tenor saxophone; others unidentified.

Rating ★ ★

If the production approach on this disc were not so cut and dried, it might have provided mildly interesting listening. But the basic formula quickly becomes so predictable that the listener can quickly sketch out each number in advance as soon as it has been established as either (a) growl trumpet at a bouncy tempo sharing solos with Johnson's saxophone or (b) slow, open-horn ballad stuff. Graves does what is called for on trumpet quite well, and Johnson brings a sense of suave polish to what is, otherwise, a rather corny set. In a broad sense, this covers the Jonah Jones territory with, at times, a little more bite than Jones bothers with nowadays. (J.S.W.)

Joe Harriott

ABSTRACT—Capitol 10351: *Subject; Shadows; Oleo; Modal; Tonal; Pictures; Idioms; Compound.*

Personnel: Shake Keane, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Harriott, alto saxophone; Pat Smythe, piano; Coleridge Goode, bass; Bobby Orr or Phil Seamen, drums; Frank Holder, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Harriott and Keane, the principal soloists, are West Indian musicians now based in England. Recently they've been featuring a type of music they call "free form," which Harriott describes this way:

"Of jazz's various components—constant time signatures, a steady 4/4 tempo, themes, chord sequences, and so on—we aim to retain at least one in each piece. But we may dispense with all the others."

This may lead some to believe that Harriott's music has much in common with —and quite possibly has been influenced by—Ornette Coleman's.

There is certainly some similarity between their concepts, but there also are notable differences, the most noticeable being Harriott's use of a piano in his group. One reason that many avant-garde groups have dispensed with the piano is

that the improvisers feel its absence gives them more harmonic freedom. However, a piano need not be out of place in "free form" playing, as long as the pianist does not establish a pre-set pattern under the soloists when they don't want to improvise on one.

Smythe, who listens and responds to the alto and trumpet rather than trying to make them play his way, is a great asset to this group. He solos well and adds a wider range of color and textural possibilities to its palette.

Subject's opening theme is taken at a fast tempo. The pace slows for the improvised section, which has both solo and simultaneous improvisation. The mood of this section is haunting, with both horn men using vocal cries. However, their playing is within the bounds of good taste and is sometimes lyrical. Smythe provides rich accompaniment, and Goode lays down some good lines. His tone is pure and full.

Shadows has no steady tempo and features some not very cohesive simultaneous improvisation. Listen to the rhythm section, though; Goode has a fine arco tone, and Orr is a first-rate drummer—inventive, with a clean technique and crisp touch.

Sonny Rollins' *Oleo* is highlighted by Keane's two imaginative fluegelhorn choruses that begin with a fragment of the theme. He has an attractive muffled tone and good range. Harriott spends most of his time pulling against the beat on this track and never does get into anything.

Modal conveys a moody feeling not unlike the modal pieces on Miles Davis' *Kind of Blue* album.

Smythe has a luminous spot at the beginning of the track, and Keane plays poignantly, with Harriott blowing behind him. The alto man is featured near the end of the track, and his playing has a lovely pastoral quality. Most of his solo is built around a few simple figures.

Tonal, a joyous theme, opens the second side. Keane's solo is nicely paced—powerful but leaving no doubt that he has something in reserve. Harriott has a compelling solo, original but conveying some of the effortless drive of Charlie Parker, who was almost certainly one of his strong influences. Smythe's solo has a striking contrast; he begins with graceful single-note lines but suddenly shifts to percussive chords.

Pictures has two moods; it opens with a rather tame "menacing" section and then moves into a pretty line. Smythe is the main voice here, playing thoughtfully and at one point employing Bill Evans-like voicings. Goode plays well, both pizzicato and arco.

Idioms is a multi-themed, multi-tempoed composition by Harriott, perhaps his best written effort on the date. (He's credited with all selections but *Oleo*.) The improvising is underlain by a swinging beat. Harriott plays with great urgency; Keane is alternately serene and violent. Smythe's intriguing solo has an Oriental flavor. Also dig his comping here; he is an artist.

Excellent percussion solos and duet work by Holder and Seaman highlight *Compound*. The latter is a brilliant musician, one of the finest in Europe. (H.P.)

Joe Henderson

PAGE ONE—Blue Note 4140: *Blue Bossa; La Mesha; Homestretch; Recorda-me; Jinkrikisha; Out of the Night.*

Personnel: Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Henderson, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This is a well-done album, tastefully programed, and performed with obvious care and thought. It never hits the listener over the head with a dull thud, but it also never grabs him.

The 26-year-old saxophonist shows himself to be a facile, at times quite melodic player in this, his first album. Reminiscent of Benny Golson's thought-out approach, Henderson's playing also shows unmistakable Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane leanings, though he is not a cliche purveyor or imitator, by any stretch of the imagination.

Still, there is not a great deal of originality in his work—at least at the moment. But the careful way he builds his long phrases and his use of the tenor's full range augur a bright future for him. It will be interesting to see where he goes from here, for the caution evident in his playing here, I believe, is the result of its being a first session and perhaps his desire to make it as "correct" as possible. The heat of his playing comes closest to bursting into flames on *Homestretch*, a blues.

Dorham is his usual poignant — and witty—self. He builds his lyrical solos, often containing held notes of almost daring duration, so well that sometimes, as on *Bossa*, they're like compositions. He also wrote three of the tunes: the touching *Bossa*, the quite pretty ballad *La Mesha*, and the minor blues *Night*. (Henderson wrote the others.)

The rhythm section does its job well, reflecting the discretion of the horn men. Tyner has several light and fleet solos, neat in execution but not particularly arresting—his one on *Homestretch* is the best of them all. Warren is quite effective backing the others on *Bossa* and *La Mesha*.

Dorham's notes are very good and often quietly amusing, particularly when they describe the trumpeter's *Bossa* as "a mystic Kenny Dorham original with an authentic feeling of melancholy and buoyancy, an easy structure to follow. . . ."

Despite the album's lack of the outstanding, there's still meat to be had from it. And I certainly look forward to Henderson's succeeding albums. (D.DeM.)

Earl Hines

EARL "FATHA" HINES—Capitol 1971: *My Monday Date; I Ain't Got Nobody; Memories of You; Little Girl; Cavernism; I Want a Little Girl; Rosetta; Ann; As Long as I Live; Thou Swell; After All I've Been to You; Deep Forest.*

Personnel: Hines, piano; orchestra conducted by Ralph Carmichael.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Left to his own devices, Hines plays the pieces in this set that have special pertinence to him—*Rosetta, Forest, Cavernism, Monday*—pleasantly although somewhat superficially, with more suave polish than concerned drive. The trouble is that Hines is not left to his own devices. There is a studio band playing stereotyped studio arrangements plodding over, around, and under him, dimming even further whatever flame he might have possessed.

The performances are placid, amiable and, if they had come from someone of less stature than Hines, could be accepted as routine piano-with-band background music. But from Hines one expects considerably more than one gets in this set. (J.S.W.)

Martial Solal

AT NEWPORT '63—RCA Victor 2777: *Poinciana; Clouds; Suite pour une frise; Stella by Starlight; What Is This Thing Called Love?; 'Round Midnight; Boplicity; All God's Chillun Got Rhythm.*

Personnel: Solal, piano; Teddy Kotick, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is, seemingly, a new kind of in-person jazz festival recording—a mixture of takes actually played before the audience with others done at a sound-balance rehearsal. Fortunately, Solal takes his rehearsals seriously enough (or was told to, in this instance) so that there is no diminution in the quality of his performance when he is playing for an audience of engineers (although *Stella* apparently was played before Motian's drums were brought into proper balance).

Known for his technical virtuosity, Solal has a superb touch and produces a magnificently pianistic sound, brilliant, warm and sonorous. Most of his early influences —particularly his Garnerisms—have been winnowed out of his playing, although there still remain some fleeting suggestions of Tatum and a Waller-like feeling for rhythm.

All but one of the selections are relatively short, well-contained examples of Solal's reflective manner of developing a ballad with lines or of swinging out on a theme. The standout, however, is *Suite*, an 11½-minute performance on which Solal practically runs the gamut of jazz piano, pulling together a remarkably logical and brilliantly sustained collection of pianistic devices for developing a piece, a display that is a revelation not only of his technical skill but of the breadth of his view in structuring a performance. (J.S.W.)

Ralph Sutton

RAGTIME U.S.A.—Roulette 25232: *Eye Opener; Snowy Mornin' Blues; Alligator Crawl; Echo of Spring; Wolverine Blues; Honky Tonk Train; Hobson Street Blues; In a Mist; Checkin' with Chuck; Maple Leaf Rag; Through for the Day.*

Personnel: Sutton, piano; Jack Lesberg, bass; Buzzy Drootin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Tom Shea

CLASSIC & MODERN RAGS—Ragtime Society 1: *Spasm Rag; Hasty Pudding; Venial Sin; Johnny Walker Rag; Prairie Queen; The Storyville Sport; Black Mike's Curse; Stoptime Rag; Euphonic Sounds; St. Louis Rag; Something Doing; Pineapple Rag; Original Rags.*

Personnel: Shea, piano.

Rating: ★ ★

Sutton's album contains fine, facile, happy playing by a younger member of the stride school. Sutton has absorbed the styles of Fats Waller and James P. Johnson and has not added anything new but plays with a vibrant, good-spirited, and extremely convincing quality. Sympathetic support is furnished by Lesberg and Drootin.

Among the joys are an unusual but excellent stride rendering of *Wolverine* and a fine, swinging version of *Maple Leaf* for the classic-ragtime fans who said

it couldn't be done. On the other numbers Sutton does not stray too far from the idioms in which they were originally conceived.

The Shea set of performances is from a more conservative element of the jazz world; that is, a ragtime fan who never realized that ragtime is a part of the jazz mainstream. Consequently, there is no swing, no vibrancy.

There is in Shea's playing too much of the western-saloon concept of such piano players as Brun Campbell and not enough of the free swinging style of, say, Charles Thompson, who informs us that many of the classic rags were not played by their composers as they were originally conceived. (Scott Joplin not only altered the motifs on his piano roll versions of his rags but also altered the structure from his originally written concept. Is this not proof enough that rags can be improvised on?)

Shea's playing is stiff — better yet, starched. *Euphonic Sounds*, a beautiful Joplin number, is converted into a series of chopped-up mistakes with long breaths between phrases. Shea's own rags are eclectic, with scattered bits from *Pineapple Rag, Black and White Rag, Goofus,* and so on. (E.H.)

Randy Weston

MUSIC FROM THE NEW AFRICAN NATIONS FEATURING THE HIGHLIFE—Colpix 456: *Cuban Bamboo Highlife; Niger Mambo; Zulu; In Memory Of; Congolese Children; Blues to Africa; Mystery of Love.*

Personnel: Ray Copeland, trumpet; Jimmy Cleveland, Quentin Jackson, trombones; Julius Watkins, French horn; Aaron Bell, tuba; Budd Johnson, soprano saxophone; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Weston, piano; Peck Morrison, bass; Charlie Persip or Frankie Dunlop, percussion; Dunlop, Archie Lee, George Young, special percussion.

Ratin: ★ ★ ★ ½

This record is an expression of the mutual influence of jazz and the music of contemporary Africa on each other. Weston has familiarized himself not only with the current style of African music but also with the musical thought that lies deep underneath African soil.

Melba Liston has evidently done the same. Her arrangements are successful despite (or because of?) their extreme economy. She has an excellent sense of what comes next.

Weston is not a versatile pianist; yet within a narrow range he says a great deal, and he says it with authority. Like many blues players, it would seem he does not hear what Western music calls "harmony" but rather a single blues scale with ornamental modifications that fit in with the harmonic influence from the West.

The music is not consistently good. *Mystery of Love* is dullness its very own self, as is *Blues to Africa*. But *In Memory Of*, a funeral song "to the many great musicians who have died," is mournful and successful. *Zulu* is excellent; each musician seems to be playing from somewhere he deeply understands, and the writing titillates ears familiar with music more complicated, less direct. *Niger Mambo* has some good blowing by Copeland and Weston, and *Congolese Children* is truly joyous—I really saw those kids, innocent, noisy, and right in there, living life.

This music is partially defined by the

presence of symbolic language on many levels; and it affirms in my mind the idea that the unconscious intelligence of symbolism is understood similarly by every man. (B.M.)

Jimmy Woods

CONFLICT — Contemporary 3612: *Conflict; Coming Home; Aim; Apart Together; Look to Your Heart; Pazmuerte.*

Personnel: Woods, alto saxophone; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Carmell Jones, trumpet; Andrew Hill, piano; George Tucker, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Altoist Woods, as his first album (*Awakening*) indicated and this second confirms, is an important, vital young jazzman who has a great deal to say and who says it vigorously and excitingly.

As a soloist, he is a slashingly urgent, hard-toned practitioner of what is loosely termed the "new thing"; he uses a fully developed attack and style rooted in both John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy.

As a composer, he is even more gifted. He already is his own man, for his lines are original, stamped with inevitability, and possessed of a sinewy, tough lyricism that is pared to the bone. His are strong, rock-ribbed compositions that speak directly, forcefully—even brusquely—with no trace of rhetoric or decorative flourish.

His scoring is rich and venturesome, and the third horn (*Awakening* used a format of alto, trumpet, and rhythm) is used to excellent purpose as an integral part of the arrangements, and not just to flesh out the sound. On four of the five selections using all three horns (*Look to Your Heart* is an alto solo) the trumpet carries the lead with the saxophones in support and opposition, employed variously in unison, contrapuntally, to provide a harmonic underpinning, or to set up purely rhythmic tensions. The over-all sound of the group and the arrangements suggests a judicious blend of the best features of the Clifford Brown-Max Roach Quintet and the Cannonball Adderley Sextet over a more convolute, "sprung" rhythm. Lyrical, yes—but with guts.

The title piece is the one composition in which the Adderley influence is most evident, for the riffish line and the voicing of the horns over the strutting martial-like piano figure is markedly similar to that used by Adderley in several of his group's most recent pieces. The contrast between Woods' searing, unrestrained playing and the more conventional work of Land and Carmell Jones is noticeable, yet not disturbingly so.

Coming Home, with its wistful, sadness-tinged theme carried by Jones' bittersweet-edged trumpet, is a very affecting composition, one of the most successful in the album. There is a decided Coltrane influence in both saxophonists' solos: Woods' alto occasionally suggests the nasal, pinched ululations of Trane's soprano, while Land at times refers to Coltrane's dry tone and phrasing inflections on the larger horn.

Aim is, to my way of thinking, the most remarkable piece in the album. Again, the trumpet carries the upward spiralling theme over chordal and rhythmic saxophone punctuations. The composition is a capsule story. After the statement of the ardent motif, Woods embarks on a fervid, yearning alto solo, high-pitched, wailing, and delivered with a frenzied restlessness that suggests a moth feverishly pitching itself against the mantle of a lantern. Land's temperate tenor follows, marking a return to "reason," and Jones' even, beautifully balanced trumpet (with his lambent tone) returns to the quest freshened but more deliberate. Throughout, Elvin Jones' drums are almost majestic in their unhurried drive, and Tucker's bass is solid, ever pushing. It's a lovely, powerful piece.

Among the others, *Heart* is an ardent, reflective ballad that serves as a solo showcase for Woods' alto. His sound reminds forcibly of Ken McIntyre's—but only the sound; his phrasing in the improvised segments is quite different. There is superb support furnished by Tucker and drummer Jones throughout this number and especially in the choruses in which pianist Hill drops out. (Tucker's work on this disc, in fact, might serve as a textbook for aspiring bassists.)

Pazmuerte is notable for Land's most gripping solo of the date, a strong, flowing, seamless improvisation that seems conceived as one long, unfolding thought.

Conflict is a gripping, ever-interesting album that should be part of any representative collection of the new jazz. Woods seems destined for a very bright future indeed (and that's why I'm saving the five-star rating). Certainly the present is bright. (P.W.)

SONGSKRIT

A Column of Vocal Album Reviews / By JOHN TYNAN

Ella Fitzgerald-Count Basie

Ella and her fellas this time around constitute the cheerful and logical combination of Miss Fitzgerald with the men of the Count Basie Orchestra, the gentleman from Red Bank on piano, and arranger Quincy Jones on the podium.

Ella and Basie (Verve 6-4061) is a first meeting on LP record for the singer and the leader. It is most convivial. Being the superb rhythm singer she is, Miss Fitzgerald has a field day with such songs as *Tea for Two* and *Satin Doll*, which lope along with that astonishing ease that has become the mark of both the singer and Basie. Behind it all, there is the atomic pile of the band with arranger Jones keeping a judicious hand on the rods while the ensemble roars and subsides.

Two tracks, *Them There Eyes* and *Dream a Little Dream of Me*, are free-and-easy things with Miss Fitzgerald backed by a small group consisting of trombonist Urbie Green (a ringer for the date), Frank Foster on tenor saxophone, Joe Newman on trumpet, and the Basie rhythm section with the leader slipping in sly organ asides.

Foster and Newman get in a few nice solo comments, and Green continues to impress this listener as one of the most pleasurable trombonists around.

Dream is taken at its original ballad tempo, and Miss Fitzgerald proves once again (as if there were any need) what a superlative ballad singer she is. Another ballad, *My Last Affair*, is still great Ella but suffers from some rough handling in the uninhibited trumpet section. There are, in fact, several other instances of such roughness in a few other tracks that more rehearsal time might have rectified.

Actually, the essential charm of this set is the blending of the Fitzgerald sound with the completely masculine texture of the Basie band. There are passages written for the reeds, for instance, that are sheer delight because of this contrast.

For the rest, Miss Fitzgerald slips into a familiar role, scatting *Honeysuckle Rose* and trading phrases with Basie's piano. She turns *Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall* into a wild set-to with the wailing brass.

Irene Reid

There is an electric quality in Miss Reid's voice that could mark her for a big future. Despite the title of her first album, *It's Only the Beginning for Irene Reid* (MGM 4159), the Savannah, Ga., singer has been pursuing her star since she walked off with the first prize at an Apollo Theater amateur night in 1948.

Since then she has been vocalist with the Count Basie Band (1961-62), with which she toured Europe. So she isn't exactly a beginner. Obviously she has a future, though, and this album, arranged and conducted by George Siravo, is an impressive step toward making that future a bright one.

The set is an exceptionally good program of rhythm tunes and torchers, all concerned with lost (or fast-fading) love.

On *The Road to Heartbreak* the echo is a bit overdone, but Miss Reid surmounts the technical shortcoming to demonstrate a sure touch with a sob song. For sheer vocal excitement, though, the opening *I Love Paris* is the track. Annotator Stanley Dance writes of her "conviction bordering on passion." That says it. On *By the Bend of the River* an interesting quality in Miss Reid's voice asserts itself to these ears: her sound is not dissimilar to Nancy Wilson's, though at times she tends toward a hint of stridency (which, come to think of it, may also be discerned once in a while in Miss Wilson's singing).

Two of Miss Reid's most effective ballads are the brooding Alec Wilder song *Trouble Is a Man* and the weepy old *Heart and Soul*. On both she is superbly accompanied by Siravo's sustained phrases for strings.

Ev'ry Day (I Have the Blues) is about as un-Joe Williamsish as possible, yet it swings like mad and is further blessed by Urbie Green's trombone, used to fine, gusty effect. Dick Hyman's judicious use of laconic organ figures behind the singer on *Hard-Hearted Hannah* contributes to the pungency of her interpretation. *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, thanks again to Green, Hyman, and a rhythm team of Milt Hinton and Sol Gubin, rises to the atmosphere of a give-and-take blowing session and is enhanced by the leisurely, relaxed tempo. The other songs are *I Had Someone Else before I Had You, Through a Long and Sleepless Night, Ev'rything I Love*, and *No More in Life*.

Miss Reid is that gem, a completely unfettered singer with the necessary discipline and training in widely varied repertoire to understand essential control of communication in song. Further, she is big-voiced and doesn't hesitate to let 'er rip when called upon. Finally, she is comfortably at home in tempos up or down. She is quite a gas.

Nancy Wilson

As a logical followup to her recent album of Broadway show tunes, Nancy Wilson in *Hollywood—My Way* (Capitol 1934) takes a dozen songs from movies dating back to 1936 and delivers them in the stylish setting of Jimmy Jones' arrangements.

Miss Wilson, who frequently sounds like a young Dinah Washington, continues to develop a style of her own. She is a dynamic, very alive singer who projects both in person and on record in a positive way that lets you know "I'm *here*." Even on the lesser songs in this selection she manages to impart the same sense of immediacy and vitality that is becoming her trademark.

The singer is most effective on *I'll Never Stop Loving You, Days of Wine and Roses*, and *Dearly Beloved*. She floats into *Loving You*, establishing from the opening phrase an immediate mood of longing that she sustains throughout the song. The other tracks are *My Shining Hour, Moon River, Secret Love, When Did You Leave Heaven?, Almost in Your Arms, Wild Is the Wind, The Second Time Around, Did I Remember?*, and *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To*.

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

By DON DeMICHEAL

The term "relaxed" is thrown around quite a lot in jazz criticism. So is "melodic." A neophyte jazz listener might get the idea that those who are said to play "relaxed" and/or "melodic" sound more or less the same. No, the use of the terms merely points up the weaknesses of describing music—and perhaps a lack of imagination by us so-called critics.

Certainly Zoot Sims plays in a relaxed manner; he also plays melodically. That is, one gets the feeling from his playing that he is perfectly at ease in his work, and the result of that work—what comes out of his horn, at least most that comes out—is songlike, something that could be sung, sometimes a bit rapidly, it must be admitted. So Zoot plays relaxed and melodically, we say. So does Sonny Rollins. Clifford Brown's playing was relaxed; it was melodic. And the musicians who have passed through the Count Basic band also have these two attributes.

But each of the aforementioned is relaxed in a different way; each creates melody differently.

So there are several ways to play relaxed, many kinds of melodic improvisation, just as there are numberless ways to express love—and, if one cares to draw a perhaps strained parallel, the best jazz is love making. Well, enough of that.

All the preceding was brought to mind by five repackage albums: *Basie Reunion* (Swingville 2037) by the Buck Clayton and Paul Quinichette All-Stars, *For Basie* (Swingville 2036) under Quinichette's leadership, *Good Old Zoot* (New Jazz 8280) by Sims, *Sonny Rollins and the Stars* (Prestige 7269), and *Remember Clifford* (Mercury 20827), Brown, that is.

The two albums using Basie's name in the titles (he is present at neither session) have similar personnels, but there is a difference in the results. Of the two, both recorded in 1958, the *Reunion* is the more interesting, though *For Basie* has qualities missing from the other.

The *Reunion* is of trumpeters Clayton and Shad Collins, tenorist Quinichette, baritone saxophonist Jack Washington, guitarist Freddie Green, bassist Eddie Jones, and drummer Jo Jones—all veterans of the Basie organization. Nat Pierce, perhaps the world's outstanding Basiephile, is the pianist. It's a loose-limbed get-together.

What makes the LP of more than common interest is the work of Collins and Clayton.

A point should be made about the playing of these two men. It has been said that when one puts on a new record with Clayton, one is in for no surprises, that the man plays well and pleasantly, but, really, we've heard all this before. Such a sweeping generalization, it can be assumed, would include a musician such as Collins, since he plays in some-

what the same mode as Clayton. But a listener misses something vital by approaching these men with this preconception. They *create* in a style familiar to most jazz listeners. It is more difficult to come up with fresh ideas—and both these men do on the album—in an often-heard context than it is to *sound* fresh in an undeveloped or complex one, in either of which it is easy to play unorthodox patterns and, therefore, be termed "fresh."

Neither trumpeter leaves ideas hanging; each is a straight-ahead improviser of gracious melody; both play effortlessly. Collins' tone is bigger than Clayton's, and his ideas have a more "modern" turn (his choice of notes and rhythmic conception show the influence of the boppers); but Clayton's tart, contained-heat tone and his personal but Armstrong-touched work are none the less by comparison. Two different—though quite similar—ways of making love, you see.

The two men are best on *John's Idea;* Clayton freewheels through a beautifully constructed solo, bobbing and weaving gracefully through a heavy background figure at one point, and Collins, perhaps inspired by Clayton, follows suit with a stunning solo. Both are near this high performance level on the album's other tracks (*Blues I Like to Hear; Love Jumped Out; Baby, Don't Tell on Me;* and *Roseland Shuffle*).

The point about creating within a familiar musical context is pertinent to the playing of Quinichette too. While Clayton and Collins play themselves, Quinichette chooses to play Lester Young. As an imitator, he is fine; but as a creator, the tenor saxophonist leaves much to be desired—there is more to life than stringing together another man's thoughts. And this is what Quinichette does most of the time on this record, even to the point of using Young's latter-day watery, rattling tone. His best—and most nearly original—solo is on *Roseland.*

Washington, who had been away from the heat and blood of the New York jazz scene (he drove in from Oklahoma for the session), sounds out of practice. His fingers sometimes have difficulty keeping up with what he is trying to play, as can be heard on *Roseland.* But there is an attractive verve to his ease-along playing, though his waterlogged tone is a bit disquieting at times.

The *For Basie* LP, by a sextet of Quinichette, Collins, Pierce, Green, bassist Walter Page, and Jo Jones, is a tighter session than *Reunion.* The rhythm section, in particular, is more together (on *Reunion* Pierce sometimes pulled slightly away from the others). Quinichette also sounds as if he had himself more together on this date. And Collins . . . well, Collins is always together.

Quinichette and Pierce both play quite well on this session.

The tenor saxophonist gets away from the quavering tone so evident on the other album and plays less Pres and more Paul. He is flowing on *Rock-a-bye Basie;* is very near Young's relaxation on *Texas Shuffle* (he misses this part of the imitation by a hairbreadth—he doesn't lay quite as far behind the beat as Pres did); follows through on good, generally descendingly structured ideas on *Out the Window;* and sounds craggy on *Jive at Five* and nicely saucy on *Diggin' for Dex.*

Pierce gets off several cleancut, Basie-ish solos, sometimes falling into a Fats Waller-flavored stride that points up the influence Waller had on Basic (and Pierce, too, of course).

Collins, riding easy, plays inventively but not as excellently as he does on the *Reunion* album. But his warm and bright work is, nonetheless, one of the album's main pleasures.

Zoot Sims, like Quinichette, is a Young disciple; but where Quinichette plays *in* Pres, Sims plays *out of* the late saxophonist. Relaxation and song-building approaches are there, but they are of different sorts from those of Quinichette or Young, as can be heard on the *Good Old Zoot* album, which consists of four 1950 tracks by a Chubby Jackson 12-piece band, of which Sims was a member, and four 1954 performances by a quintet of Sims, trumpeter-valve trombonist Stu Williamson, pianist Kenny Drew, bassist Ralph Pena, and drummer Jimmy Pratt.

The small-group tracks are superior to those by the big band, despite the band's including such men as baritonist Gerry Mulligan, altoist Charlie Kennedy, trumpeter Howard McGhee, trombonist J.J. Johnson, and drummer Don Lamond. But even the quintet tracks—*Toot No. 2; Indian Summer; Howdy, Podner; What's New?*—don't quite come off. This despite some very good Sims solos. The fault lies in the overabundance of one-level music.

Williamson, blandly playing either of his instruments, is most often guilty of this climaxlessness; it's all very musical, but there are no peaks and valleys to color his work. It's like an equation—everything comes out even.

Drew also falls into this one-level coasting, but his is a different kind. The pianist usually limits his single-finger solos to about two octaves, and though he cuts a few sharp angles, there is a lack of intensity in much of his work. His sensitive playing on *What's New?* is a sparkling exception, however.

Sims also fails to come to climax on *Toot,* but the same cannot be said of his solos on the other three tracks, for on these he fills his solos with that easy swing of his, that out-of-the-earth hot-bloodedness present in almost all of his playing.

The big-band tracks, all of 78-rpm length, are not too well recorded, and the brevity of *Hot Dog* (a rather lackluster performance despite good McGhee) and *Flyin' the Coop* (more lively in a Woody Hermanish manner) leaves little room for the soloists to get going. *So What?,* a Mulligan line based on *Love Me or Leave Me* chord changes and later retitled *Apple Core* by the baritonist, spotlights Sims and Mulligan, but nothing outstanding happens. *Leavin' Town* is a short Sims ballad feature notable not only for Sims' sensitive tenor but also for the moving-voices background.

The Sonny Rollins album, made up of nine tracks from the tenorist's first sessions

as leader (1951) and four made with the Modern Jazz Quartet (1954), is uneven in quality, much as the Sims album is. But it does show to good advantage Rollins' brand of relaxation and his love of melody, particularly on the first choruses of the standards included: *Almost Like Being in Love, In a Sentimental Mood, With a Song in My Heart, Time on My Hands, This Love of Mine,* and *Slow Boat to China.* It is on these that his ability to alter the melody slightly, phrasing it in his relaxed way, adding a few embellishments, and thus turning it into a personal statement, can best be appreciated.

Though this way of handling a melody was characteristic of Rollins even in 1951, his playing was not as developed then as it was three years later, and in neither session was he as adventurous as he was to become later. His man-sized tone was there, though.

In the early performances of standards (only the first two of the aforementioned are from the MJQ session), he quite often returns to the melody during his improvisations, as if he were not sure of himself.

Nor is there much room for his 1951 support to shine, though Kenny Drew flashes through for short, to-the-point solos on *Scoops, With a Song, Newk's Fadeaway,* and *Shadrack.* Percy Heath is the bassist, and Art Blakey the drummer.

Rollins is more imaginative and loose on one 1951 track — *I Know* — but it stems from a different session than the one with Drew. Miles Davis plays piano on this track, and drummer Roy Haynes and Heath complete the rhythm section.

The session with the MJQ not only allows more solo room for the saxophonist's support (Milt Jackson turns in some excellent, extroverted vibes work, and John Lewis has a nicely relaxed, like-a-song solo on *Almost Like Being*) but Rollins digs in more, swaggering his way through with what sounds like utter confidence, all the while shaping his lines with care and thoughtfulness.

The other two titles from this session are *The Stopper* and *No Moe,* both of which have fine Kenny Clarke drumming as an added fillip.

Rollins also appears on one track, *Time,* of the *Remember Clifford* album, but he does not solo on that lovely Richie Powell ballad, which bears a resemblance to Benny Golson's later tribute to Brown, *I Remember Clifford.* The other tracks are either by a string section backing Brown's trumpet on ballads *(Yesterdays; Laura; Willow, Weep for Me; Stardust;* and *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes)* or by the 1955 Brown-Max Roach Quintet *(If I Love Again, Cherokee, Take the A Train,* and *Sandu).* The quintet, in addition to the co-leaders, included Harold Land, tenor saxophone (except for Rollins on *Time*); Powell, piano; and George Morrow, bass.

Brown's respect for melody—and his manner of phrasing a well-known song—is heard on the string tracks, arranged rather predictably by Neal Hefti. There is not too much improvisation on these tracks, with the exception of *Stardust,* but they do display Brown's warm tone and relaxed sureness.

It is the quintet performances that show what Brown really was—a musician of seemingly boundless invention and a superb technician. His flying *Cherokee* solo still is awe-inspiring—even if one has heard it many times. Faultlessly executed, it coils and uncoils as it builds to a peak, the ideas glistening and flowing one into the other. His solo on *If I Love* is filled with perky wit wrapped in long phrases, and he seems to skip along through *Train,* never pushing, never overpowering, but driving all the time.

Land's dry-toned tenor is excellent on *Cherokee* but generally is a couple of leagues behind Brown's trumpet. Powell, killed in the same 1956 automobile accident as Brown, has some rolling, snapping solos—*Train* is a good example of his work. And Roach is superb throughout, whether imaginatively backing the others or building complex, at times astonishing, drum solos, as he does on *Cherokee* and *Love Again.*

So, in these five albums it's possible to hear several types of relaxation and at least as many approaches to creating melody. The connection between a Buck Clayton's relaxed melody-building and that of a Clifford Brown's may seem tenuous at first, but when one considers that, to twist a phrase, it ain't how you do it, it's what you do, the tie between a Clayton and a Brown, a Rollins and a Sims is seen to be a strong one. It's all in how closely you look at it. DB

COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

Back in what now seems the prehistoric era when nobody but a few dedicated cranks had heard of playing the guitar with fingers instead of thumbs and picks, Andres Segovia winnowed through the sheaves of music left behind by Fernando Sor and published the 20 most appealing and instructive etudes for classic guitar that he could find.

These 20 studies, along with 12 others by Villa-Lobos, are the indispensable daily bread of the modern-day classic guitarist. Sor's pieces represent the furthest advances known to the mid-19th century, and those of Villa-Lobos stretch techniques, especially of the right hand, to meet 20th-century harmonic challenges.

To date, no guitarist has set down all 12 Villa-Lobos etudes on one disc (although Laurindo Almeida, Segovia, Rey de la Torre, and others have recorded most of them piecemeal). The 20 Sor studies have fared slightly better, though even De la Torre's old Spanish Music Center 10-inch disc omits two of the 20.

Serious students of the classic guitar may now throw hats in the air, for at long last a major record firm has thought highly enough of the instrument and its practitioners to issue the complete Sor studies, by one of the greatest technicians this century has produced. John Williams, the 22-year-old Australian protege of Segovia (and, unlike all but a handful of the claimants to that title, he really is the master's prize pupil), performs the pieces on Westminster's XWN-19039.

Compared to the old De la Torre 10-incher, a grainy-sounding release of the earliest LP days, the Williams effort is remarkably truthful in reproducing a fine guitar's tone, and his marksmanship both on fingerboard and at plucking point is infallible. At any tempo, or any degree of harmonic complexity, the Australian produces tones unblurred and remarkably even throughout the instrument's range. On few other instruments is the playing of rapid thirds so tricky as on the guitar, with its predominant tuning in fourths, but the 12th study, in A Major, is flicked off as casually and smoothly as any simple major scale.

So secure is Williams in his fingering and so precise is the co-ordination between left and right hands that a stranger to the guitar might swear that the music was being produced by a keyboard instrument. Williams, in other words, is a phenomenal technician in a time when the guitar is blessed with more than a few fine ones.

It is rathering dispiriting, therefore, to conclude, after several playings of a record crammed with so much digital finesse, that as yet Williams is not penetrating beyond the surface of the material.

These are studies, certainly—sometimes of an almost banal pointlessness—but several of the 20 deserve more than just a run-through. The B Minor (No. 5), the previously cited No. 12 in A, and perhaps a half-dozen others, including the gentle No. 1 in C Major, are both technically and musically valuable enough to permit them to be compared with only some exaggeration to Chopin's etudes. Williams rarely finds in even the best of Sor more than an excuse for fluency, and even the Chopin studies do not stand up well under that sort of faceless treatment.

As examples of the life that can be infused into these fragile pieces, compare Segovia's graceful, legato realization of No. 1 (in the *Golden Jubilee* album released by Decca) or the *brio* that Almeida brings to No. 12, which can be a delicious scherzo, one discovers, as well as an exercise in running thirds.

Williams, however, has his career ahead of him, and it is not rare for a musician to deepen his understanding of what the music is saying as well as retaining his painfully acquired flair for execution.

At any rate, for guitarists of all persuasions and for the classic instrument's devoted listeners, this Westminster release is the most valuable of the year.

Philips has done music the doubtful service of bringing out an album titled *Bach's Greatest Hits* (600-097), on which a French jazz group, the Swingle Singers, vocalize wordlessly the notes of some of that composer's better-known music, while a rhythm accompaniment is tacked on underneath. At the risk of seeming stuffy and academic, this listener must insist that no music ever written resists such treatment so stubbornly.

The pieces selected for improvement by the vocalists are some of his most economically constructed miracles of the contrapuntist's craft. Six are from Books 1 and 2 of *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, in which each note literally has its place in the web of sound. To attempt to turn these interweaving lines into melodies over any sort of accompaniment is to misunderstand the sense and logical beauty of Bach's scores.

Not surprisingly, there are inaccuracies in labeling (the *Prelude in F Minor* from Book 2 appears as the one in F Major, and the chorale-prelude *Sleeper's Awake*, from *Cantata No. 140*, is identified simply as *Prelude for Organ Chorale No. 1*).

In only one instance does the addition of a bass line come off with any justifiable success: the celebrated air from the suite in D sounds no worse here than in the transcriptions for large string orchestra of some showman conductors.

The air (better known in its violin transmutation as the *Air for the G String*) is, in fact, just the sort of free melodic line to which Bach himself might have added an improvised bass continuo line in another work. But the most elementary inspection should suggest the difference between such a melodic line and the note-against-note geometry of the preludes and fugues of Bach's "48."

Anyone of musical discernment will agree that Bach, of all composers, requires no arranging or "modernizing" to be appealing. If this record finds a market, ours is a more intellectually depraved age than heretofore suspected.

JOE PASS

'Bossa nova is kind of limited—you have to play more melodic, rather than play funky. . . .'

BLINDFOLD TEST ®

By LEONARD FEATHER

It came as a surprise to Joe Pass that he won this year's International Jazz Critics Poll in the category now known as "talent deserving of wider recognition."

Though he wound up with more than twice as many points as any other guitarist, Pass was astonished at the results, chiefly because he suffers from a striking case of modesty and is not yet completely convinced that he has any talent at all.

The victory was doubly unusual in that the 34-year-old Pass had rarely appeared in public as a jazz performer. More recently, after a couple of years spent almost entirely at Synanon and working occasional gigs with the house group of that narcotics-rehabilitation organization, Pass has been working one night a week with his own quartet at Shelly's Manne Hole in Hollywood, Calif., and has been playing weekends with Page Cavanaugh at the latter's Studio City, Calif., club. He has yet to leave southern California to take advantage of the recognition his World Pacific albums and the poll victory have brought him.

This being Pass' first *Blindfold Test*, I selected records that represent a wide range of approaches to the guitar as well as a time span covering almost four decades. He received no information about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. Herb Ellis. *Bossa Nova Samba* (from *Three Guitars in Bossa Nova Time*, Epic). Ellis, Laurindo Almeida, guitars.

Trying to figure out who it was. . . . Sounded like Mundell Lowe. It's in the bossa nova idiom. . . . I like the idea of two guitars—for some reason, two guitars playing together seem to present guitar music in a better light.

It's hard to say—from the bossa nova framework it's a good tune. I liked the balance; I'm not knocked out by the composition, but it does have interesting changes. Bossa nova is kind of limited—you have to play more melodic, rather than play funky or like that. Three stars.

2. Eddie Lang-Joe Venuti. *Stringing the Blues* (from *Stringing the Blues*, Columbia). Recorded December, 1926. Lang, guitar; Venuti, violin.

That's a strange tune! I like the idea of rhythm guitar there. Crazy! Can't imagine who it would be. I guess it was made in the '30s. Couldn't be Django Reinhardt. . . .

I think it's a good illustration of how guitar has, say, progressed since that time. There aren't too many guys playing rhythm like that now, outside of Freddie Green and a few others. I think it's a field all in itself—you have to spend a lot of time in order to play good rhythm guitar. I'm beginning to find that out!

Don't know the violinist, but I like the way he was playing. For that time it swung good. Two stars all around.

3. Paul Gonsalves. *Bluz for Liz* (from *Cleopatra Feelin' Jazzy*, Impulse). Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; George Duvivier bass; Roy Haynes, drums; Hank Jones, piano; Dick Hyman, organ.

That has a pretty good feeling to it. Don't know who the tenor man is, but the guitarist sounds like Kenny Burrell. The drummer—I don't think he was working together with the bass—seemed to be playing a lot of other figures in there. He wasn't playing time too much. Strange to have a piano and an organ! I'd give that one three stars.

I dug the tenor; I like that particular sound. One other thing: I like the idea of tenor and guitar. I've always thought that was a good sound.

4. Bill Harris. *All the Things You Are* (from *Jazz Guitar*, Mercury). Harris, guitar; others unknown.

Sounds a little bit like Charlie Byrd, but the tone isn't the same, and the recording sounds a little mushy, distorted. The tune—I think he could have done a little more with the first chorus instead of just playing it all tremolo—although I know that's very difficult to do—but he played the whole chorus that way and then went into swing. I think he could have changed that. And I don't see why he didn't have a bass—I didn't hear a bass in there. Could have done without the bongo or whatever it was in the background.

For the tremolo part I'll give him 2½, because that's very hard to do.

5. Django Reinhardt. *Honeysuckle Rose* (from *Djangology*, RCA Victor). Reinhardt, guitar; Gianni Safred, piano; Stephane Grappelly, violin.

Django! Right? I think he played with more freedom on the guitar than almost anybody I've ever heard. He utilized everything—its tone. . . . Nowadays, guys play more like a horn, follow a single line, but he employed whatever he felt—chords, arpeggios, sounds—very free playing.

Piano player had a little Teddy Wilson sound. . . . Stephane Grappelly on violin. I've always liked him.

I can give that one five, or 10 stars, just because Django's on it. He's fantastic.

6. Wes Montgomery. *Days of Wine and Roses* (from *Boss Guitar*, Riverside). Montgomery, guitar.

That was Wes Montgomery. I could tell that after the first chorus. That sound is beautiful. He's one of my favorite guitar players. Never heard him play a full chorus like that—that was great. Beautiful tune too—*Wine and Roses*—he really did it up great. Wes is one of the most melodic guitar players I've ever heard. You can give that one all the stars you've got!

7. Woody Herman. *Original #2* (from *Moody Woody*, Everest). Charlie Byrd, guitar, composer.

Is that an old swing tune? Sounded like Charlie Byrd. I think the band was a little too overpowering, but I like the idea of utilizing the guitar as a solo instrument in a large band—if you can get the right balance.

I saw Charlie when he was here [Los Angeles]; he's tremendous. But I think maybe he could have picked another tune. Seemed like he had to pick harder to get the feeling across. I'll give that one three stars anyway—for Charlie. It's a challenge to sit down with a large band like that.

8. Joao Gilberto. *A Primeira Vez* (from *The Boss of the Bossa Nova*, Atlantic). Gilberto, guitar, vocal.

Pretty tune. Can't remember the guy's name—Gilbert?—who sings and accompanies himself? I think that's the only setting for bossa nova. After it gets into groups, it gets adulterated and changed around and loses the flavor and the beauty of it.

For a bossa nova tune—you know, strictly in that idiom—I'd give it five stars. There's a certain way of playing, it has to be precise in order to get the effect, and I think the guys in Brazil have kind of grown with it. They do it correctly. db

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

DIXIELAND AT DISNEYLAND

Anaheim, Calif.

Personnel: see below.

The billing was fitting: "A Musical Mardi Gras." For its annual Dixieland extravaganza, the Disneyland amusement park in Anaheim, Calif., pulled out all production stops, literally floating a parade of two-beat bands in a two-night festival to call finis to this summer's music program there.

Despite the sentimental and flowery narration by traditionalist disc jockey (part time) and advertising executive (full time) Frank Bull, the fast-paced and faultlessly produced program, staged and directed by Tommy Walker, hit a high in showmanship and colorful pageantry but fared less well musically.

The show was staged on the wide river in the park's Frontierland-Adventureland section, where normally the huge paddle-wheeler *Mark Twain* plys its course on the Rivers of America. On a lavish set located on land between rivers, the program opened with some tepid "big-band Dixie" by the resident Elliott Brothers Orchestra followed by a Cottontown production dance number by the 23-strong Burch Mann troupe. This had to be an audience-grabber, and it was; the thousands seated on bleachers around the water squealed delightedly as the male dancers climaxed their performance by leaping off the stage into the river and swimming "off stage" water-ballet style.

Came the bands. First, an "Indian war canoe" paddled by lusty braves with a Dixie "war party" blasting away, drew howls when the bass player tumbled into the river and somehow contrived to swim to shore while pretending to play his floating instrument at the same time.

The rest of the bands were more formally presented in varying degree. Kid Ory and the Young Men from New Orleans (with the exception of Ory, all resident at the park) appeared on a motor-powered raft decorated with a blazoned slogan "Huck Finn." They played a weathered version of *Muskrat Ramble* as the raft traversed the semicircle of water and then doubled back as drummer Alton Redd commandeered the mike for a vocal on *Take Me Down the River to New Orleans* before it disappeared 'round the bend.

Teddy Buckner's crew represented "Storyville," according to narrator Bull. They hove into view on a red-hued, canopied raft playing a slow blues as a real, live fancy woman lounged above them, smoking and drinking champagne on a Cleopatra-style divan. She was identified as "Lulu White" by the narrator. Buckner and men went on playing, this time *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, just as though she weren't there. But just who "Lulu White" was—and the part she played in American commerce prior to 1917—was left unsaid, which was probably just as well.

"Bourbon Street Today" was the tag hung on the Dukes of Dixieland, certainly the most disciplined and satisfying band of the evening. They tore into *At the Jazz Band Ball* and on to a sizzling *Sweet Georgia Brown* behind the driving trumpet lead of Frank Assunto before being borne off down the river and into the darkness.

Probably the most popular act on the program, second only to the staged dancing numbers, was the Gertrude Ward Singers. Presented on the stage with painted church windows behind them and the Burch Mann dancers in front as their "congregation," they had the audience with them from the first rocking measures of *Shadrach*. In view of their impact and the responsive hand-clapping of the audience, the choreography was quite unnecessary. Further, it was ironic to note this simulated goin' to meetin' of a southern Negro church numbered but two Negroes in the "congregation."

It need hardly be said that the most spectacular individual entrance on the watery stage was that of the Firehouse Five + 2. With hoses asquirt and horns ablaze, the seven two-beat pranksters chugged into the lights atop the superstructure of a keel boat. And with trombonist-leader Ward Kimball at the musical helm, their two selections were up to the usual slam-bang form of this flamboyant outfit. What they lack in musical finesse they compensate for in almost demonic drive. Always good for belly laughs, they didn't disappoint this time. And as always, when Kimball blew the siren at the frantic close of *Tiger Rag*, it brought the house down.

Probably producer Walt Disney figured a break in pace was indicated about now. The "Mardi Gras Ball" was an interlude in rather harmless corn, with dancers waltzing to a stately tempo while Lee Sweetland sang romantically. It had nothing to do with Dixieland, but when the flood of multicolored balloons dropped from on high, thousands oooh-ed and aaah-ed.

Dixieland at Disneyland had to have a "king" of the fete. This year the monarch of the pyrotechnicians, trumpeter Al Hirt, was flown from New Orleans to reign. His brief appearance was a musical disaster.

He sat on a throne wearing kingly headgear and blew for all the world as though he were somewhere else and could care less. Hirt's playing was agonizingly out of tune, and he was so out of phase with the other men in the group that his performance became a patent embarrassment. Hirt scattered cascades of notes like confetti at a wedding, precious few of them bearing any relationship to co-ordinated, disciplined music. He must have been kidding, because the man is a good musician.

What remained but the "Grand Finale." Here Disney outdid himself. One by one the bands floated by, each one blasting away at will and closely followed by the next. Each band, moreover, appeared to be playing a different number, which didn't make any difference at this point since musical recognizability had been tossed out the window.

At the height of the sonic mayhem, just when the Mark Twain hove in sight bearing the Calvary Baptist Singers and hundreds of youngsters from waterline to superstructure holding glittering sparklers, the fireworks cut loose from both sides of the main stage in mid-river. Rockets . . . catherine wheels . . . multicolored lights exploding in the sky . . . horns braying and drums thumping . . . utter, triumphant chaos.

The finale proved that when Walt Disney goes all out, he goes first cabin. But can he top it next year? —*Tynan*

LES DEMERLE-TONY PARENTI

Barbara Kelly's Hat & Cane, New York City

Personnel: Parenti, clarinet; Sonny Truitt, piano; Demerle, drums.

Jazz seldom is heard in Manhattan's upper-east-side cocktail lounges, where the entertainment, as well as the decor, is designed to soothe the nerves of the tired businessman. Cocktail pianists, the usual feature of these bistros, offer a relaxed setting for the martini-drinking advertising executives out with their own or someone else's secretary.

Kelly's Hat & Cane on E. 46th St., equipped with thick bar-to-wall carpeting and multilighted chandeliers, breaks the usual pattern with Demerle's jazz trio featuring veteran New Orleans clarinetist Parenti on week nights.

Owner Kelly finds the resounding Parenti clarinet, Truitt's two-handed barrelhouse piano, and 18-year-old Demerle's pounding beat (Parenti says, " . . . the kid can do the east-side brush routine when necessary") tend to cause the silk suits to miss their early trains to Connecticut.

Doubtless another reason for this is the Twisting. For this dalliance Miss Kelly employs four Twisters, doubling as waitresses, adorned in tight sweaters and flesh-colored leotards; they obligingly Twist with the patrons and during floor shows.

The trio's repertoire includes standards, *Basin Street Blues, Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?, Perdido, Memories of You*, and, by request, *Midnight in Moscow*. Clarinetist Parenti, an authority on the ragtime numbers written by Scott Joplin, James Scott, and others, disappointedly commented, "I'm afraid the old rags lay bombs in this joint."

Young Demerle, the organizer and leader of the trio, has been a drum prodigy since his eighth birthday. On occasions he has sat in with bands led by Gene Krupa, Woody Herman, and Lionel Hampton. Besides his floor-show drum solo, done while covered by a red spotlight, he indicates an inherent feeling for the best in his group playing. He uses his equipment, including brushes and cymbals, with good taste. His favorite drummer, he says, is Buddy Rich.

Pianist Truitt is from Boston and came up with alto saxophonist Charlie Mariano and pianist Nat Pierce. His big-band experience includes a stint with the late Hal McIntyre's orchestra. He solos frequently with the trio and is an effective jazz pianist. —*George Hoefer*

BRAND *from page 13*

stir up something and try to get club-owners to see that they can do something with jazz," Brand said. "And yet, I can't remember a jazz concert that wasn't packed."

Some years ago an Indian named Uncle Joe opened a place that was hospitable to jazz. "Uncle Joe was brave enough to open the place to an interracial audience," Brand recalled. "But then he died."

The modern-jazz pioneer in South Africa, according to Brand, is Kippy Moeketsi, a 40-year-old altoist.

"He was influenced by Bird and taught all of us a lot," he said. "It was just he and a couple of other guys who were really interested in the modern sound. As it was, it was tragically hard to get work playing jazz. We'd play crazy things that would chase the other musicians away."

Between odd jobs as a delivery boy and a night watchman, Brand got various music jobs. For two years, he played in the dance band of Willy Max. It wasn't a labor of love.

"We played waltzes and quick-step," he said wryly.

Later he got a job with the Manhattan Brothers, whose leader, Nathan Medledle, played a lead in *King Kong*, the jazz opera. Another member of the group was singer Miriam Makeba, now in the United States.

Aside from Monk, Brand said he has been influenced by no one source.

"South Africa itself has been my prime source of influence," he said, "all the different concepts of South African music—the carnival music every year in Cape Town, the traditional color music, the Malayan strains, the rural lament.

"There is only one reason for music—to glorify God and sing of His wonderful work. It's like Duke says; he's afraid to sit in a house with people who don't believe in God. He is afraid the walls might come tumbling down."

Brand takes a tolerant view of people who don't like his music:

"They are free to react to my music the way they like. I can't dictate to them. Too many things are put into slots. I strive for freedom. Everything is always being done in a certain shape and way. It causes so much trouble.

"And yet I wonder if you can ever tear yourself away from form. There is no such thing as free form."

In this day, when so many musicians seem to be copying so many others, a man like Brand is a breath of fresh air, a symbol of musical purity, and a reflection of intense emotions.

U.S. jazz audiences have much to look forward to. His is honest music.

CHERRY *from page 17*

in tune with themselves. That's really something. It's counterpoint in its greatest state. One. And one covers a whole lot of space."

Cherry is now a member of a new group consisting of Archie Shepp, tenor saxophone; John Tchicai, alto saxophone; Don Moore, bass; and J. C. Moses, drums. The group played a recent concert at Harout's in Greenwich Village. It showed the potential then of becoming one of the most exciting groups anywhere. It would be well if drummer Moses could be convinced to listen a little more and pretend he's Philly Joe Jones a little less, but otherwise the group is an exciting one. One of the tunes they played at this concert was *Crepuscule with Nellie*. It was very moving music.

This quintet ought to have a pretty wild book, with Cherry, Shepp, and Tchicai all writing for it, and this led Cherry to the subject of composing.

"I don't need a piano to compose," he said. "Musical composition is mathematical. You just have to be able to hear. The sound determines where the piece will go.

"Usually a tune will have an ear or a feeling. And the tune is just written to get the feeling going, or a color. Bird and Monk sound like their kind of minds . . . and as many times as they have played a tune, the actual mode is still there, but the *reason* they play the tune might be different."

Cherry's ideas on music, or more precisely, the music he wants to make, may seem esoteric to some, but he is determined to be a musician, and an artist, and not merely any of the more flagrantly social adaptations of musician/hippy that seem so popular around the New York jazz scene.

Other musicians' disdain—even hostility — for what Cherry and some other musicians are doing enforces on them a kind of dreary social ostracism, which can culminate in just such a hopeless scene as was witnessed not long ago at the Five Spot Cafe. Cecil Taylor's drummer, Sonny Murray, asked to sit in with one of the groups that was holding down the Monday night session in typical fashionable form. And even though it was for the most part a blowing session, the musicians told Murray he couldn't make it because they had some special arrangements.

It is such arbitrariness that has led players like Cherry to find their own reasons and techniques for making the music they feel. Music for Cherry is not merely a way to increase his standard of living; it is the form through which he hopes to tell about his findings in the world. He said:

"You really begin to get into something when you can play what you can hum. But I never thought about playing trumpet. I always thought about playing music. I knew my tonsils weren't good enough. But when you get the music at the right quality, you don't think about the instrument. I'm not conscious of embouchure when I'm really playing. You practice and play, strengthening your embouchure, to get range . . . but you have to know what to do then. A style can be one sound. I want my playing to be musically mature and humanly natural.

" 'Listen' is a word I think about as much as 'music.' I'm thankful to be a musician, but a musician ought to want to be an artist. All an artist needs is a tool—the mistake is to use the art itself as a tool. . . . But it's not a tool—it's a being. The musician-artist should be a master of improvising. That's the kind of musicians I enjoy playing with. That's the kind of musicians I've been playing with. Musicians who put a lot of value on bringing the music alive . . . as much value as they put on performing. There's a difference between playing and performing. I mean playing *together*."

Even though Cherry has been featured on most of Ornette Coleman's records and is the critics' new trumpet star for this year, he has yet to have a record issued with himself as leader. Atlantic has one date in the can he made about two years ago with John Coltrane, Percy Heath, and drummer Ed Blackwell. Cherry also made some tapes for Atlantic with a trio including Henry Grimes on bass and Blackwell. There also are some tapes of the new Shepp - Cherry - Tchicai group that are killers.

Cherry knows that his goal is not some very possible "perfection" (since the completion of one project simply introduces the possibility of more) but the useful expression of his human complexity in a mode that is singular and personal. Nothing is ever finished except perhaps the mediocre. So Cherry is constantly listening. As he said of his playing on the recent release *Ornette on Tenor:*

"Blackwell sets up rhythm as a form . . . and I really couldn't play with him then. . . . But now I hear just what he's doing. I used to make the sound, find out what it was, and then resolve it. But now I can feel the sound as well as hear it, and I'm learning how to control it. When it came time for me to play—after Ornette and the others played—I used to think, damn, what space haven't they used up? Now I'm finding out." DB

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEO. WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

Undoubtedly there will be new bands formed this semester in schools where jazz has been a dirty word until now. Unfortunately, there are still many schools where no programs yet exist. What can be done?

There will usually be no shortage of personnel. With the developing high-school stage-band movement, there will be many members in the average college concert or marching band who have played jazz and who would like an opportunity to deepen their skills along these lines. Their schools may not provide an outlet for a multitude of reasons, but the lack of interest or qualification on the part of the faculty is the most common reason.

While the ideal would be to have a program for credit taught by a competent instructor, many of the good programs existing today got started in a much different way.

We have to be pragmatic and take the situations as we find them. So . . . start a group yourself. Find any room—in the student union, fraternity house, etc.—and start rehearsing. The interest, zeal, and momentum of these groups frequently can influence the faculty, and maybe, if you push hard enough, the group will be in a school rehearsal hall next fall with a faculty sponsor.

There are still many large universities with fine music departments that simply have a faculty sponsor for the jazz lab with the direction and instruction coming from a student.

Suppose there is no one in the bands of the school who knows enough to organized a program. There probably is someone in the town who is interested and qualified to coach and guide the group. A library will be a problem. But there are plenty of arrangements published now for reasonable prices, and it doesn't take more than a couple to get started.

A past column mentioned the availability of arrangements from the Famous Arrangers' Club. Because of an oversight, the address was not included. It is 1650 Broadway, New York City 19.

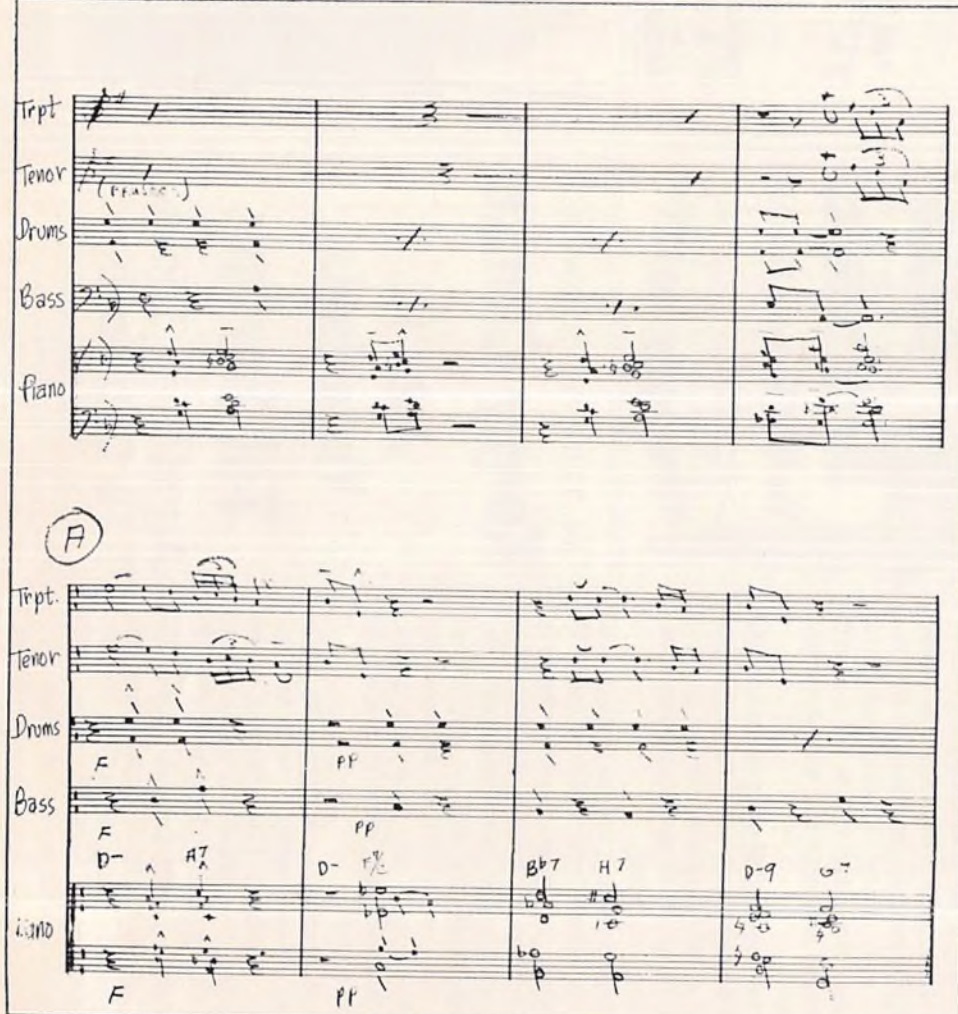
Morgan Powell, formerly on the faculty of North Texas State University, has joined the faculty of the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass. Berklee is now in the process of retooling to start granting music-education degrees.

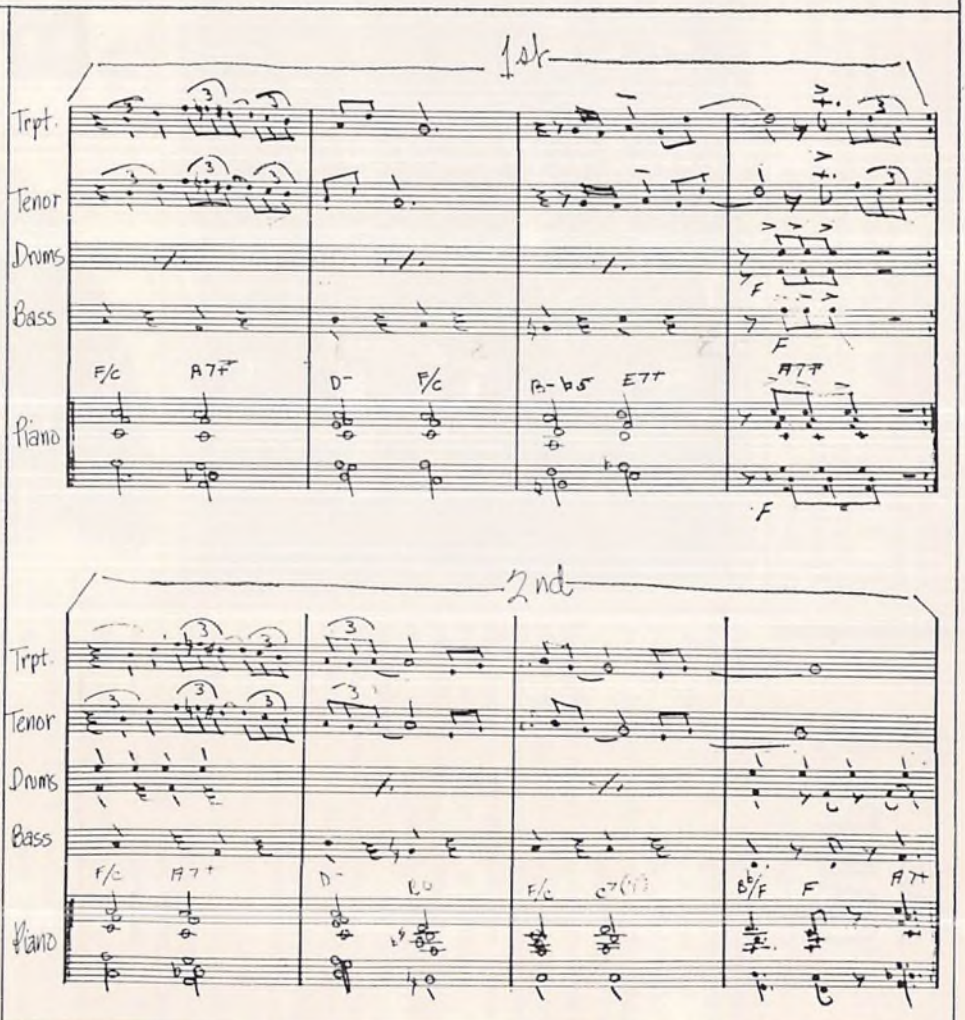
The dates for the 1964 Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame have been set for April 17 and 18. A partial list of judges has been drawn. They will include Cannonball Adderley, Oliver Nelson, Robert Share of Berklee, and Charles Suber of National Educational Services.

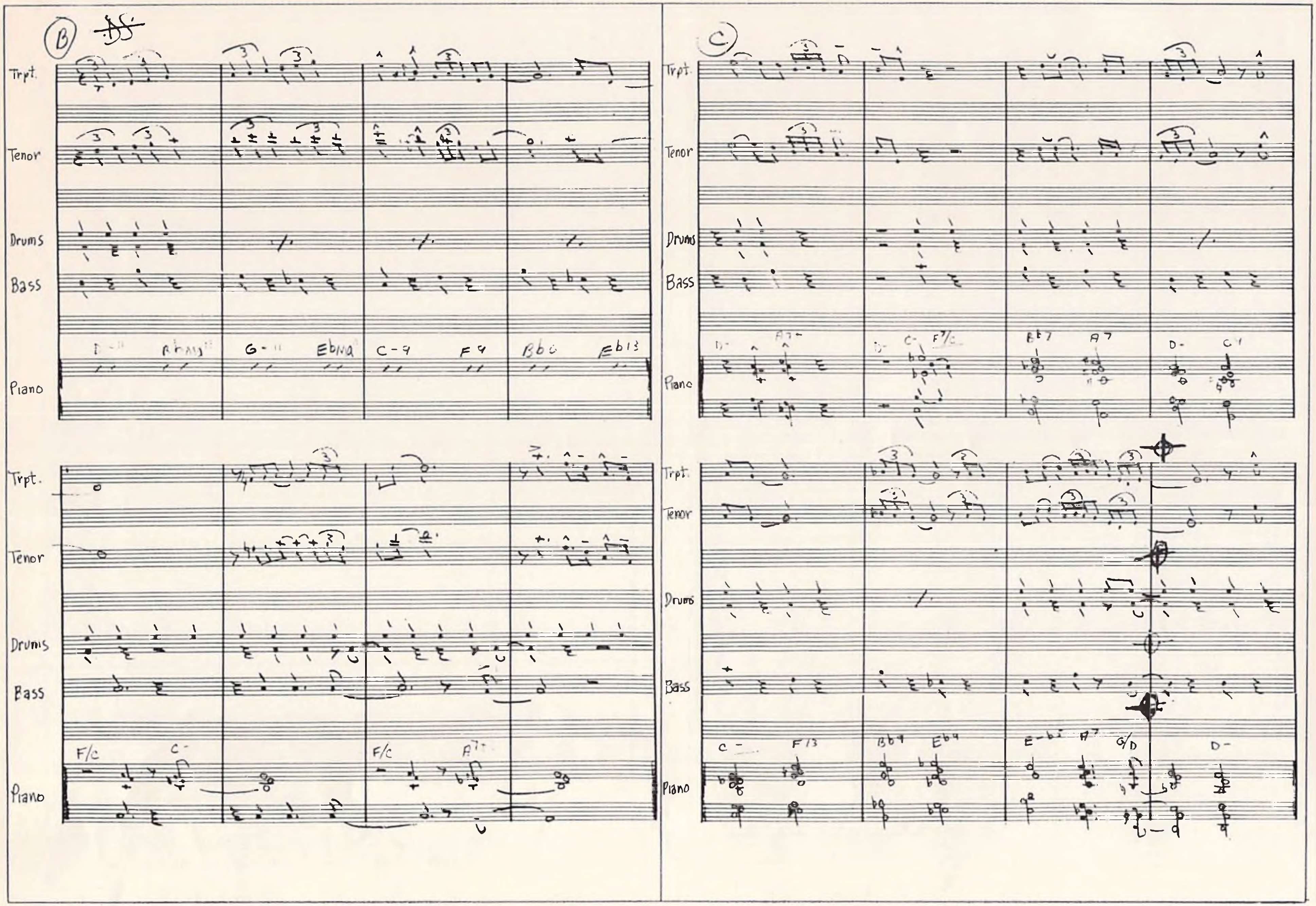
If any reader has information regarding the jazz lab or stage band in his college or school, please send it in. Facts concerning organization, personnel, concerts, competitions, etc., are welcome. db

KIDS ARE PRETTY PEOPLE BY THAD JONES

Since leaving the Count Basie Band earlier this year, cornetist-arranger Thad Jones has been kept busy playing numerous engagements in the New York City area and playing and writing for recording dates. Among the more recent recording sessions in which Jones played a major role was a Billy Mitchell Quintet date for Mercury's Smash label. (The record is scheduled for January release, according to Mercury.) Jones wrote the arrangement for the session, as well as playing at it. One of the compositions he wrote for the Mitchell group was **Kids Are Pretty People,** the score of which begins on this page and continues to the top of page 40. "It should be played slightly slower than a medium tempo," Jones said. "I consider it a ballad. . . ." **Kids Are Pretty People** is published and copyrighted by Thank Music Corp.



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Trpt.
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Bb9
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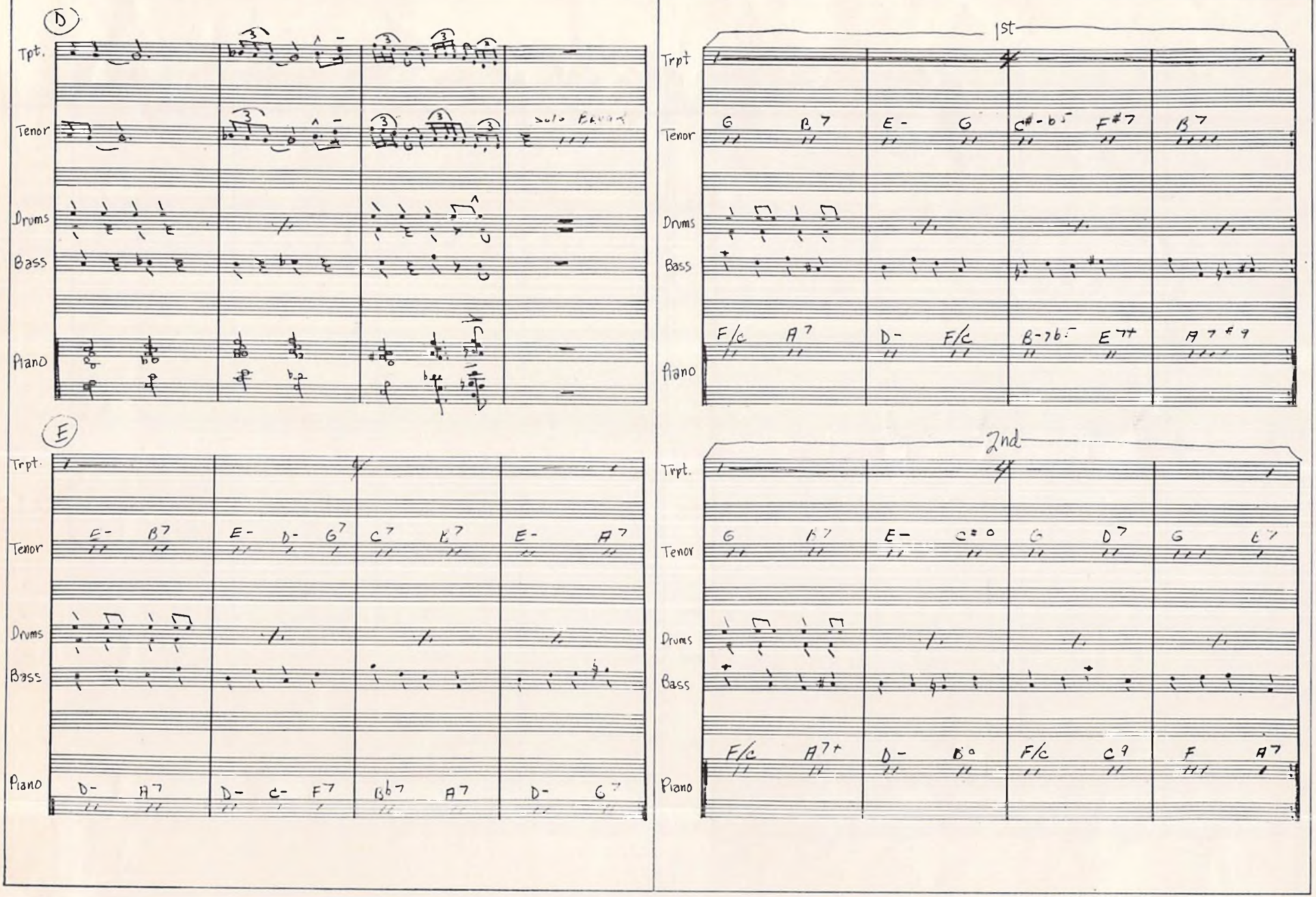
G/D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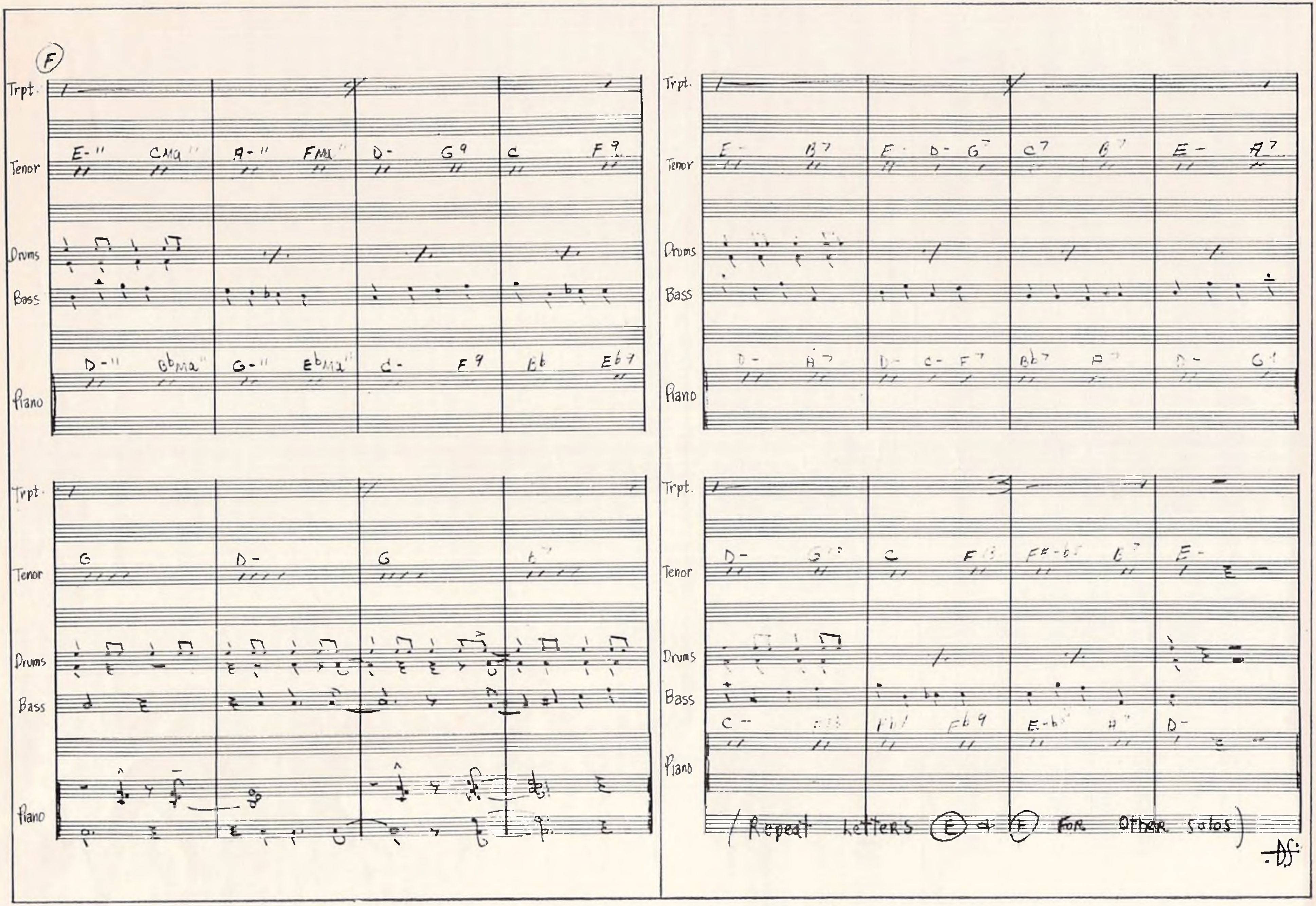
1st
Trpt
Tenor
Drums
Bass
Piano
G B7 E- G C#-b5 F#7 B7
F/C A7 D- F/C B-7b5 E7+ A7#9
2nd
Trpt.
Tenor
Drums
Bass
Piano
G A7 E- C#o G D7 G C7
F/C A7+ D- Bo F/C C9 F A7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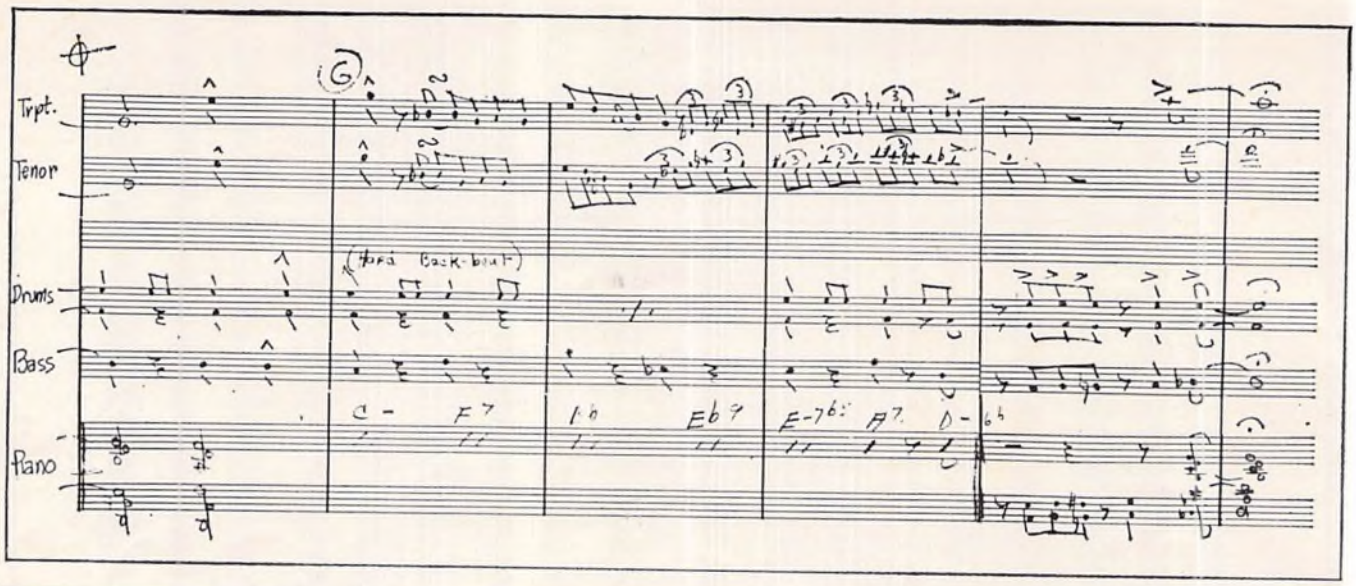

AD LIB *from page 10*

The concert-dances for the Musicians Aid Society continue at the Central Plaza. One in mid-October featured trumpeter **Herman Autrey,** clarinetist **Edmond Hall,** trombonist **Conrad Janis,** pianist **Bud Blacklock,** drummer **Panama Francis,** and trumpeter **Louis Metcalf's** quartet . . . There was another benefit (they are quite the thing this season) staged by the Unitarian Society of Rockland County for the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee of Atlanta, Ga., with the **Billy Taylor** Trio, the **Jimmy Giuffre** Duo, and **Vinnie Hill,** local pianist.

Drummer **Charlie Perry** is forming the International Association of Drum Teachers. "It is geared as a no-dues, nonprofit clearing house of ideas for drum teachers," he said. Inquiries can be addressed to him at 285 Long Beach Road, Hempstead, N.Y. . . . "Pianists Unlimited" was the theme of the session presented at 20 Spruce St. by **Ndugu Ngoma.** Spotlighted were keyboard artists **Ray Bryant, Spaulding Givens, Sadik Hakim, Joe Knight,** and **Randy Weston** . . . Weston recently led a quintet for a week at the Coronet in Brooklyn. With him were **Booker Ervin,** tenor saxophone; **Ray Copeland,** trumpet; **Mike Taylor,** bass; and **Sonny Brown,** drums.

Pianist **Mary Lou Williams'** trio, with **Mike Flemming** on bass and **Dave Pochonet** on drums, has been appearing at Wells' upstairs room. Pianist **Herman Foster,** his trio, and vocalist **Joan Shaw** have been holding forth in the downstairs section . . . Pianist **Vince Guaraldi's** Embers' booking failed to materialize . . . Pianist **Freddie Redd** was appearing at the Take 3. Now **Martin Siegal** has taken over the piano bench at the Bleecker St. coffee house . . . Two pianists figured in the Basin Street East show that starred comedian **Dick Gregory: Ramsey Lewis'** trio and **Page Cavanaugh's** Page 7 . . . Pianist **Roland Hanna's** trio replaced **Bobby Timmons'** threesome opposite **Thelonious Monk** at the Five Spot . . . Pianist **Sun Ra** is at Les Deux Megots in the Village every Thursday.

Composer **Charles Mills** wrote the score and played the recorder for the sound track of a movie called *Whitey.* He was accompanied by guitarist **Kenny Burrell** and bassist **Julian Euell** . . . Trombonist **Eddie Bert** and bassist **Aaron Bell** are part of the pit band for the new **Meredith Willson** Broadway musical *Here's Love* . . . **Count Basie's** band appeared on the **Edie Adams** TV show in October . . . Former *Down Beat* editor **Gene Lees** is collaborating on songs with composers **Gary McFarland** and **Lalo Schifrin.**

• • •

RECORD NOTES: Columbia will issue a trio album by **Duke Ellington** taped in the early '60s. The material, lost until recently, includes a mixture of old and new works . . . Octave records has granted the U.S. distribution rights for **Erroll Garner's** recording of his own music for the motion picture *A New Kind of Love* to Mercury records. The album contains four compositions by Garner in six treatments . . . **Phil Porter,** young organist with **Howard McGhee,** has taped his own album for United Artists. With him were McGhee, trumpet; **Harold Ousley,** tenor saxophone; **Kenny Burrell,** guitar; **Paul Chambers,** bass; and **Arthur Taylor,** drums.

PARIS

Guitarist **Rene Thomas** is back in town after a successful three weeks in Montreal, Quebec. He has a new album out featuring **Jacques Pelzer** on alto saxophone . . . Another prominent guitarist, **Elek Bacsik,** is now featured at the Living Room, along with pianist **Art Simmons** . . . The left bank restaurant Grande Severigne has a new small "blues bar." Currently in the spotlight there is singer **Mae Mercer** . . . The **Count Basie** Orchestra, with **Jimmy Rushing,** played a concert at the Salle Pleyel early in October, but the **Modern Jazz Quartet's** proposed European tour in October was canceled.

Vogue reissued some tracks made in Paris in the '50s by trumpeter **Clifford Brown** and featuring saxophonist **Gigi Gryce** and trombonist **Jimmy Cleveland.** At the time all were members of **Lionel Hampton's** orchestra. The tracks have never been made available in the United States.

Ben Benjamin has been busy promoting his Blue Note Jazz Festival, featuring tenorist **Johnny Griffin,** pianist **Kenny Drew,** organist **Lou Bennett,** guitarist **Rene Thomas,** and drummer **Arthur Taylor.** There was an exciting jam session at the club in September, when trumpeter **Donald Byrd** and **Flavio** and **Franco Ambrosetti,** the alto saxophone-and-trumpet, father-and-son team from Lugano, Switzerland, sat in with most of the aforementioned. Byrd made a television appearance in October in Dinant, in company with Griffin, and afterwards he entrained for Berlin to play at **Peter Trunk's** Blue Note Club there.

BOSTON

Guitarists **Carl Kress** and **George Barnes** did peak business at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike in September. The booking helped trigger an upcoming United Artists recording date for the two and returned them to Lennie's for a week in November. Recent repatriate tenorist **Lucky Thompson,** with **Ed Campbell,** drums; **John Hicks,** piano; and **Ali Jackson,** bass, subbed for **Sir Charles Thompson** at Lennie's after a

booking mixup had the latter previously committed to the Tic Toc.

Ray Nance, back from Madagascar, played at the Tic Toc with co-headliner **Buddy Tate** . . . The **Herb Pomeroy** Sextet was spotlighted along with **Stan Getz** on an educational network feature, *Odyssey,* performing seven new compositions . . . The Ebb Tide in Revere Beach started a new policy by bringing in **Gene Krupa** with **John Bunche,** piano; **Charlie Ventura,** saxophone; and **Knobby Totah,** bass, last month . . . The Stage Door in Lynn closed because its name policy failed, and the best efforts of **Bobby Hackett** (who played there last) in a one-man salvation crusade weren't good enough.

PHILADELPHIA

Folksters seem to be outdoing jazzmen all over town. Clubs that used to feature "jam sessions" now highlight "hootenannies." The concert scene is all but dead with the rise of folk, but **Benny Goodman** was booked for a Nov. 1 Academy of Music session . . . Two musical greats of different eras, **Stan Kenton** and **Paul Whiteman,** had comments on the folk fad. Kenton, in town for a Red Hill weekend, called folk music an "escape." Whiteman, now a Bucks County squire, told a Trenton *Times* newsman folksters won't "last as long as they think they will." Whiteman, incidentally, says he's "not the king of jazz" and blamed that "misnomer" on a press agent.

Red Garland played at the Club Zelmar during a recent visit to his home town . . . Trombonist **Al Grey** is back home after a short tour with **Lloyd Price's** big band . . . The Red Hill opened a new "listener's gallery" with a $2 admission on Friday nights and Sunday afternoon and night. **Maynard Ferguson** was the first attraction for the experiment . . . The **Clark Terry-Art Romanis** concert at Fairless Hills, Bucks County, bombed with fewer than 100 paid admissions despite good promotion. Terry was in rare form with the swinging Romanis crew providing good backing . . . Pep's has been on a Latin kick lately, with **Machito** and **Tito Rodriguez** and their big bands featured. Drummer **Rufus Jones** and his quintet also were booked.

Page Cavanaugh and his new combo, featuring Trenton native **Jack Sperling** on drums, was in town on a special record promotion for RCA Victor . . . The Show Boat, continuing its new Sunday policy, got into high gear in November with the **Miles Davis** and **Oscar Peterson** groups booked . . . **Jimmy Heath** played a recent one-nighter at the Plantation Lounge . . . **Fred Miles** continues his Sunday afternoon sessions at his recording studio. His new **Al Haig** album should be out soon . . . WHYY-TV, a new educational television outlet, features **Ralph Gleason's** syndicated jazz show.

CHICAGO

Among the fine- and graphic-arts demonstrations and exhibits at the second annual Chicago Arts Festival, to be held at McCormick Place Nov. 20-24, will be a program, the Chicago Invitational Jazz Festival, presented in the Little Theater on the final afternoon of the arts festival. The jazz event, which is under the direction of **Hank Schwab,** founder of the Lake Meadows Art and Jazz Society, will present a succession of local groups. Among those invited are the trios of **Billy Wallace, John Young, John Wright, Larry Novak, Marty Rubenstein,** and **Floyd Morris;** the **Three Boss Men;** pianist **Eddie Higgins;** and **Morris Ellis'** big band.

Before departing for the East Coast, **Stan Kenton** took his brass-heavy crew into the Club Laurel for a two-nighter and followed this with a concert engagement at suburban Park Ridge's Maine Township High School. Prior to the start of the school concert, bassist **Don Bagley** was injured when a chair, falling from the raised bandstand, struck him on the head. He had played more than half the concert before Kenton could persuade him to have his injury attended to. Bagley was briefly hospitalized before flying east to rejoin the band . . . The **Count Basie** Band will play several engagements in the area. Nov. 8 will see the Basie band in concert at Illinois State Normal University. The following night the band plays at the Conrad Hilton Hotel and on Nov. 10 appears at the Holiday Ballroom as well as being seen nationally on the **Judy Garland** TV show. The band winds up its Chicago stint with a one-nighter at the Laurel on Nov. 11.

The **Jodie Christian** Trio has been providing the jazz fare at the Yardbird Suite, now located at Robert's Showclub on South Park. **Bill Yancey,** bass, and **Bucky Taylor,** drums, support pianist Christian. The Tuesday-through-Friday programs also include folk dancers and singers, and poet **Kent Foreman** . . . Sir Kenneth's Pub on Broadway at 29th has been presenting the **Pieces of 8, Sandy Mosse's** octet, on Wednesday and Sunday evenings . . . **Anita O'Day** closed at the Le Bistro last week . . . **Oscar Brown Jr.** sang for two weeks at the Crystal Palace recently. **Josh White** is booked for the club from Dec. 17 to Jan. 5 . . . **Johnny Hartman** did a two-weeker at the Playboy, ending Nov. 3 . . . There was an evolution-of-jazz concert at Roosevelt University late last month. Featured at the event were the groups of **Frank Chace, Stu Katz,** and **Paul Friedman.**

Trumpeter **Don Jacobi** and crew are now at Bourbon Street. The report that the club might desert Dixieland music

Complete Details

Down Beat's Seventh Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

Down Beat has established two full year's scholarships and ten partial scholarships to the famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, the present home of *Down Beat's* Hall of Fame and one of the nation's most prominent schools in the use and teaching of contemporary American music.

The Hall of Fame scholarship is offered to further American music among young musicians and to perpetuate the meaning of the jazz Hall of Fame.

This year's full scholarships, valued at $950 each, will be in honor of the Hall of Fame winner chosen by the *Down Beat* readers in the December 19, 1963 issue. The scholarship shall be awarded to an instrumentalist, arranger, or composer to be selected by a board of judges appointed by *Down Beat.*

The ten additional scholarships will consist of four $500 and six $250 grants.

Who is Eligible?

Junior division: ($3450 . . . one full scholarship of $950; two partial scholarships of $500 each; six partial scholarships of $250 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated from high school and who has not reached his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1964.

Senior division: ($1950 . . . one full scholarship of $950; two partial scholarships of $500 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1964.

Anyone in the world fulfilling the above requirements is eligible.

Dates of Competition:

Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 31, 1964. The scholarship winners will be announced in a June, 1964 issue of *Down Beat.*

How Judged:

All decisions and final judging shall be made solely on the basis of musical ability. The judges, whose decisions will be final, will be the editors of *Down Beat* and the staff of the Berklee School of Music.

Terms of Scholarships:

The Hall of Fame scholarship as offered is a full tuition grant for one school year (two semesters) in the value of $950. Upon completion of a school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

The partial scholarships which are applied to tuition costs for one school year are in the value of: four at $500, and six at $250. Students winning these awards also have the option of applying for additional tuition scholarship funds at the end of the school year.

The winners of the scholarships must choose one of two possible starting dates: September, 1964; January, 1965; or forfeit the scholarship.

How to Apply:

Fill out the coupon below, or a reasonable facsimile, and mail to Hall of Fame Scholarship, *Down Beat,* 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606, to receive the official application form.

With the official application, you will be required to send to the above address a tape or record of your playing an instrument or a group in performance of your original composition and/or arrangement.

Hall of Fame Scholarship
DOWN BEAT
205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Illinois 60606

Date_____

Please send me, by return mail, an official application for the 1964 Down Beat Hall of Fame scholarship awards. (Schools and teachers may receive additional applications upon request.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

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was unfounded, happily . . . **Art Hodes** is putting together a collection of articles that first appeared in his magazine of a few years back, the *Jazz Record.* Hodes said that Oak Publications, a subsidiary of Folkways records, will publish the anthology. No publication date has been announced.

On the union front, Local 10's membership emphatically voted against a proposed dues raise that would have increased dues from $16 to $28 a year. The members also turned down a proposal that each member, not the local, pay the $6-per-capita tax passed at the last AFM convention. Meanwhile, Local 208's members voted unanimously for merger with Local 10, whose members also voted for the establishment of one local. Merger talks between officials of the two locals were continuing at presstime, but one participant in the discussions said that merger in the immediate future appears unlikely. The two locals have been ordered by AFM president **Herman D. Kenin** to effect a merger by March, 1964.

During his engagement at the London House pianist **George Shearing** kept busy in his off hours, sitting in with the **Woody Herman** Band at the Club Laurel and studying with renowned pianist - harpsichordist **Gavin Williamson.**

MILWAUKEE

A segment of WTMJ-TV's new variety show, *Close-Up—Our Town,* will feature both visiting and local jazz groups. The groups of **Dick Ruedebusch** and **Les Czimber** have already appeared. Jazz trombonist and announcer **Bob Knutzen** hosts . . . Young trumpeter **Jim Robak** showcased his 17-piece concert jazz band in October at the Brooks Memorial Union to a packed house, with a second concert set for Nov. 10.

Nat Cole is scheduled to appear at the Milwaukee Auditorium on Nov. 12 . . . The **American Jazz Ensemble** has been booked into the Pabst Theater for a March concert . . . High school stage bands are featured on WMVS-TV's *Music Unlimited* weekly program . . . A jazz appreciation series is to be given as part of St. Francis High School's adult evening class program. A professional educator and jazz fan will conduct them. . . . **Bob Skivar** left the **Dick Ruedebusch** Band; he is replaced by clarinetist **Ben Baldwin.**

LOS ANGELES

Mary Ann McCall filled her first local engagement in a long time when she did a two-week stand recently at The Scene . . . **Nancy Wilson** is now aiming for activity in the singing-commercial field. She signed with the **Charles H. Stern** agency, which specializes in this work . . . Trumpeter **Pete Candoli** and his wife, **Betty Hutton,** are

being sued by Associated Booking Corp. The suit claims the couple owe $6,507 on a $10,000 promissory note executed last February.

Modesto Briseno joined **Bob Harrington's** group at the Mardi Gras in the Valley. Beside Harrington on piano, the balance of the personnel comprises **Joe Spang,** tenor saxophone and clarinet; **Red Wooten,** bass; **Freddy Manton,** drums; and Briseno on baritone saxophone and flute.

Now that **Bobby Darin** has sworn off night clubs, his drummer **Ronnie Zito** switched to **Paul Anka,** and pianist-arranger **Dick Behrke** moved to New York City . . . The recent **Sammy Davis Jr. - Barbra Streisand - Dave Brubeck** Quartet concert at the Hollywood Bowl racked up the biggest box-office gross of the season, more than $75,000.

SAN FRANCISCO

En route to a three-week tour of Japan with the **Max Roach** Quartet (**Clifford Jordan,** tenor saxophone; **Ron Matthews,** piano; **Eddie Khan,** bass) and singer **Abbey Lincoln,** Newport festival producer **George Wein** spent four days here, visiting friends and sight-seeing . . . Wein's West Coast counterpart, **Jimmy Lyons** — general manager of the Monterey Jazz Festival — may visit Japan next year. Lyons is working on a deal whereby he'll lead the "Monterey Jazz Festival All-Stars" (including the **Modern Jazz Quartet,** the **Dizzy Gillespie** Quintet, and the **Dave Brubeck** Quartet) on a tour of the Orient. Japan Air Lines and the Bank of Tokyo are possible sponsors.

The Gillespie quintet, the **Wynton Kelly** Trio (**Paul Chambers,** bass; **Jimmy Cobb,** drums); singers **Jon Hendricks** and **Amanda Ambrose,** pianist **Gildo Mahones,** and tenorist **Teddy Edwards** presented a free jazz concert in Menlo Park, a community 30 miles south of here, for the benefit of the Congress of Racial Equality. Hendricks emceed the show, which was held in a city park, drew an audience of about 1,500 persons, and raised several hundred dollars for CORE via a collection and a sale of food, soft drinks, and CORE lapel buttons. **Pamela Hudson** was director of the Saturday afternoon event.

Blues singer-guitarist **Lightnin' Hopkins** was scheduled for concerts in Berkeley and Oakland, and balladeer **Johnny Mathis** brought his touring show, which includes the Si Zentner Orchestra, to Berkeley for a one-nighter . . . Baritone saxophonist **Virgil Gonsalves'** new sextet includes altoist **Lee Konitz,** pianist **Bob Dorough,** guitarist **Al Schackman,** bassist **Boshko Vuko** (a recent arrival from Yugoslavia), and drummer **Art Lewis.** The combo is working at the Outrigger in Monterey, where, for the week of the Laguna Seca sports car races, satirist **Lenny Bruce** also was on the bill.

Japanese tenorist **Sleepy Matsumoto,** who made his United States debut at the Monterey Jazz Festival in September and subsequently spent two weeks in New York, wound up his stateside stay by sitting in with **Dizzy Gillespie** at the Off Broadway here the night before Matsumoto boarded a plane for Tokyo . . . **Johnny (Hammond) Smith** filled in an open week at the Jazz Workshop between the **Wynton Kelly** Trio's departure and arrival of the **Gerry Mulligan** Quartet.

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; *t/n*—till further notice; *unk*—unknown at press time; wknds—weekends.

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: **Sarah Vaughan, Shelley Berman,** 11/14-30.
Birdland: **Ben Webster, Joe Bucci, Ada Lee,** to 11/31. **Joe Newman, Ruth Brown,** 11/14-20. **Maynard Ferguson,** 11/21-12/4.
Bourbon Street: **Dick Wellstood,** *t/n.*
Central Plaza: sessions, Sat.
Club Cali (Dunellen, N.J.): jazz, Mon.
Eddie Condon's: **Herman Chittison,** *t/n.*
Chuck's Composite: **Richard Wyands, George Joyner,** *t/n.*
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.
Embers: **Jonah Jones** to 12/14.
Five Spot: **Thelonious Monk,** *t/n.* **Upper Bohemia Six,** Mon. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Garden City Bowl: **Johnny Blowers,** wknds.
Half Note: **Alan Grant** sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Hickory House: **Howard Reynolds,** *t/n.*
Barbara Kelly's Hat & Cane: **Les Demerle, Tony Parenti, Bob Hammer,** Mon.-Wed.
Kossuth Hall: jazz concerts, Sun.
Metropole: **Jack Teagarden** to 11/21.
The Most: **Chuck Wayne, Joe Mooney,** *t/n.*
Page 3: **Billie Poole,** *t/n.*
Playboy: **Walter Norris, Jimmy Lyons, Ross Tompkins, Bucky Pizzarelli,** *t/n.*
Purple Manor: **Tiny Grimes,** *t/n.*
Jimmy Ryan's: **Cliff Jackson,** *t/n.* **Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton,** Thur.-Sat.
Six Steps Down (Newark, N.J.): **Art Williams,** *t/n.*
Village Gate: **Charlie Byrd, Carmen McRae, Greeco & Willard,** to 11/10. **Gloria Lynne, Flip Wilson,** 11/12-12/1. **Roland Kirk,** 11/19-12/15.
Village Vanguard: **Bill Evans,** *t/n.*
Wells': **Mary Lou Williams, Herman Foster, Joan Shaw,** *t/n.*

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **Tony DeNicola,** *t/n.*
Columbus (Trenton): **Tony Spair,** *t/n.*
Cypress Inn (Morrisville): **Johnnie Coates Jr.,** *t/n.*
Krechmer's: **Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims,** *hb.*
Latin Casino: **Ella Fitzgerald** to 11/13. **Tony Bennett,** 11/14-26. **Ray Charles,** 11/27-12/10.
Pep's: **King Curtis** to 11/9.
Picasso: **Johnnie Walker,** *t/n.*
Red Hill Inn: *unk.*
Red Coach (Trenton): **Dee Lloyd McKay,** *t/n.*
Show Boat: **Miles Davis** to 11/10. **Oscar Peterson,** 11/25-12/1.
Sportsmen's Bar: **Billy Root,** *t/n.*
Zelmar: **Jimmy Oliver,** *t/n.*

NEW ORLEANS

Absinthe House: **Fats Pichon,** *t/n.*
Bob's Riviera Room: **Roger Sears,** wknds.
Bourbon Street East: **Blanche Thomas, Dave Williams,** *t/n.*
Cosimo's: modern jazz, wknds.
Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt,** *t/n.*
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: **Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora,** *t/n.*
500 Club: **Leon Prima,** *t/n.*
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain,** *t/n.*
Joy Tavern: **Nat Perriliat,** wknds.
King's Room: **Armand Hug, Lavergne Smith,** *t/n.*
Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell,** *t/n.* **Marvin Kimball,** Wed.
Playboy: **Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, Snooks Eaglin,** *hbs.*
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: **Don Jacobi,** *t/n.*
Crystal Palace: **Josh White,** 12/17-1/5.
Fifth Jacks: sessions, Mon., Wed.
Gaslight Club: **Frankie Ray,** *t/n.*
Happy Medium: **Joe Burton,** *t/n.*
Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt,** *t/n.* **Dave Remington,** Thur.
London House: **Terry Gibbs,** 11/5-24. **Ahmad Jamal,** 11/26-12/15. **Ramsey Lewis,** 12/17-1/5, **Larry Novak, Jose Bethancourt,** *hbs.*
McCormick Place: **Nat Cole,** 11/9-10.
Mister Kelly's: **Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo,** *hbs.*
Paul's Roast Round (Villa Park): **Salty Dogs,** wknds. **Mike Walbridge,** Wed.
Pepper's: **Muddy Waters,** Wed., Fri.-Sun.
Playboy: **Joe Iaco, Gene Esposito, Harold Harris, Joe Parnello,** *hbs.*
Rene's (Westmont): **Mike Walbridge,** Sun.
Showboat: **Jim Beebe,** *t/n.* **Mike Walbridge,** Mon.
Silvio's: **Howling Wolf,** wknds.
Yardbird Suite: **Jodie Christian,** *t/n.*

LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Basin Street West: **Joe Comfort,** *hb.*
Beverly Cavern: **Hal Peppic, Nappy Lamare,** Fri.-Sat.
Black Bull (Woodland Hills): **Gus Bivona,** *t/n.*
Carriage House (Burbank): **Jimmy Rowles,** Sun.
Dixie Doodle (Pomona): **Ken Scott, Bayou Ramblers,** Fri.-Sat.
Gay Cantina (Inglewood): **Leonard Bechet,** wknds.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): **Johnny Catron,** *t/n.*
Handlebar: **Wally Holmes,** Fri.-Sat.
Hermosa Inn: **Johnny Lucas,** wknds.
Holiday Motor Lodge: **Dusty Rhodes,** Thur.-Sun.
Huddle (Covina): **Teddy Buckner,** *t/n.*
Holiday Motor Lodge (Montclair): **Alton Purnell,** Tue.-Thur. **New Orleans Jazz Band,** Fri.-Sat.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: **Johnny Guarnieri,** *t/n.*
Hunting Horn (Rolling Hills): **Paul Smith, Dick Dorothy,** *t/n.*
Intermission Room: **Curtis Amy,** *t/n.*
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): **Johnny Lane,** *t/n.*
The Keg & I: (Redondo Beach): **Kid Kenwood,** Fri.-Sat.
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey,** *hb.* **Cal Tjader,** 11/10 and 11/17.
Marty's: **William Green, Tony Bazely,** *t/n.*
Mr. Konton's: **Les McCann** to 12/8.
New Orleans Club (Long Beach): **Ray Bisso,** Sat.
Nickelodeon (West Los Angeles): **Ted Shafer,** Thur.
Mr. Adams: **Charles Kynard, Ray Crawford, Leroy Henderson,** *t/n.*
Pal's Fireside Inn (San Bernardino): **Alton Purnell,** *t/n.*
PJ's: **Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, Trini Lopez,** *t/n.*
Cameo Playhouse: **Ralph Pena,** afterhours concerts, Fri.-Sat.
Quail Restaurant (North Hollywood): **Pete Bealman,** Thur.-Sat.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): **Laverne Gillette,** *t/n.*
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): **Pud Brown, Ray Bauduc,** *t/n.*
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis, Al McKibbon, Roy Ayers, Jack Wilson,** *t/n.*
Reuben's (Newport): **Edgar Hayes,** *t/n.*
Sherry's: **Pete Jolly, Chuck Berghofer,** *t/n.*
Sid's Blue Beet (Newport Beach): **Gene Russell,** Thur.-Sat. Sessions, Sun., 4-10 p.m.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.
Storyville (Pomona): **Ray Martin,** *t/n.*
Storyville West (Culver City): **Joyce Collins,** *t/n.*
Tobo's Cocktail Lounge (Long Beach): **Buddy Vincent,** *t/n.*
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue.**

SAN FRANCISCO

Algiers (Redwood City): **Dick Maus,** *t/n.*
Bit of England (Burlingame): **Dave Hoffman,** *t/n.*
Club Morocco: **James Brown,** *t/n.*
Club Unique: **Cuz Cousineau,** Sun. sessions.
Coffee Don's: **Gerry Olds,** afterhours, *t/n.*
Congo Room: **Earle Vann,** *t/n.*
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes,** *t/n.*
Embers (Redwood City): **Rusty Carlisle-Del Reys,** *t/n.*
Gold Nugget (Oakland): **John Coppola-Fred Mergy,** alternate Sun.
Gold Rush (San Mateo): Sun. sessions.
Harbor Club (Belmont): **Super Moreno,** wknds.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): **Lee Charlton,** *hb.*
Interlude: **Merrill Hoover,** *t/n.*
Jack's of Sutter: **Paul Bryant, Ernie Andrews,** *t/n.*
Jazz Workshop: **Cannonball Adderley** to 11/24. **John Coltrane,** 11/26-12/3.
Jimbo's Bop City: **Norman Williams,** afterhours. *t/n.*
Kellogg's (Walnut Creek): **Trevor Koehler,** wknds.
Mesa (San Bruno): **George Lee,** wknds.
Miramar (Half Moon Bay): **Jimmy Ware,** wknds.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales, Bill Erickson,** *t/n.*
Ronnie's Soulville: **Ed Kelly,** afterhours, *t/n.*
Shelton's Blue Mirror: **The Hi-Tones,** *t/n.*
Sugar Hill: **Mose Allison** to 11/23. **Charlie Byrd,** 11/25-12/14.
Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): **Bernie Kahn-Con Hall,** *hb.* Afterhours sessions, wknds.
Tonic Room (Sunnyvale): **Bill Ervin,** *hb.*
Trident (Sausalito): **Jean Hoffman,** *t/n.*
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): **Jack Taylor,** Wed., Thur., Sun. **John Handy,** wknds.
Twelve Adler Place: **Vernon Alley-Shelly Robbins,** *t/n.*

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