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May 7, 1964

Vol. 31, No. 11

down beat

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THINGS TO COME: The May 21 **Down Beat** is the annual Reed Issue. An afternoon with Ben Webster is setting for a warmly human article on the tenorist by Stanley Dance. The dominant role played by saxophonists in the development of jazz during the last 30 years is the basis of a penetrating essay by Don Heckman. **Jazz Basics** will deal with outstanding recordings by Stan Getz.

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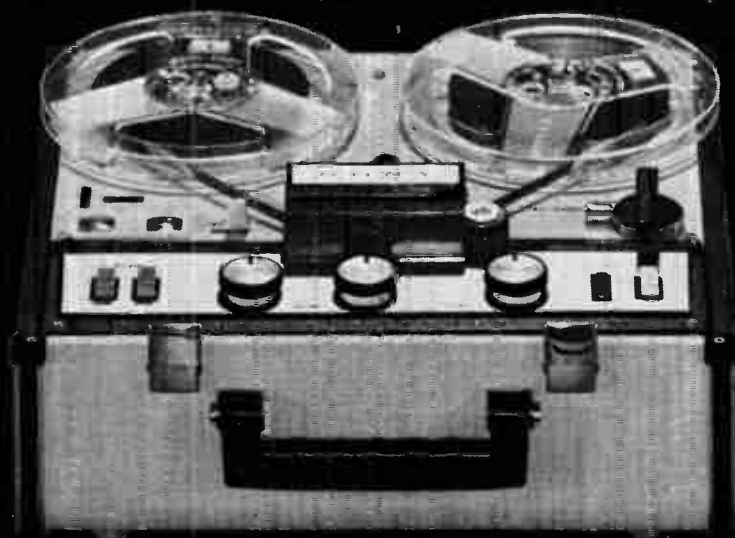
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Shelly's Right

The *Drum Talk* article (March 26) was interesting and informative. Shelly Manne seemed to clarify the wide difference between the academic, technical, contemporary approach and the incumbent emotion of playing according to one's heart.

Jazz is an expression of the times, and times were better once. . . . As Manne says, you think 6/4 and other new things, but 4/4 is still the swinger.

Ron Griffin
San Francisco, Calif.

Granz Says He's Innocent

Norman Granz tells me that the way he reads my *Old Wine, New Bottles* piece in the Feb. 13 *DB* it sounds as though I am saying that he is responsible for the selection of the performances that are being packaged in Verve's "Essential" series.

I am sorry if what I wrote seems to say that because I did not mean it to.

Although many of these performances were recorded by Granz, he had nothing whatever to do with the current series of reissue discs coming from Verve. Granz sold the label and the recordings to MGM several years ago. He did not choose the pieces brought together on these discs, and, in fact, he has protested, although without avail, to the way in which Verve is lumping things together on these reissues.

John S. Wilson
New York City

Yugoslav Objection

I have been reading your magazine for about seven years and was very happy when I saw on the cover of Dec. 5, 1963, *Jazz in Yugoslavia*. I am not a jazz musician, not even a jazz expert—I am just a jazz fan. I read this article and was so disappointed.

I do not say Joachim Berendt is not a jazz expert, but I must say, he obviously knows few things about jazz in Yugoslavia. Or he knows too little to be able to write an article about such a theme. After reading this article, I have a question: is it political commentary or a musical survey? To my regret, it is too little and too incorrect to be either.

Jazz appeared in Yugoslavia immediately before World War II. That was a beginning, and every beginning is hard. There were a lot of amateur orchestras. But after the war, jazz came to Yugoslavia by big steps. Berendt declares, however, "Yet only nine or 10 years back jazz was as unwelcome in Yugoslavia as it was in all other Communist countries."

Amateur jazz orchestras disappeared, and professional orchestras and combos took their place in jazz in Yugoslavia, but Berendt says, "Most musicians who play every year at the Bled festival are either

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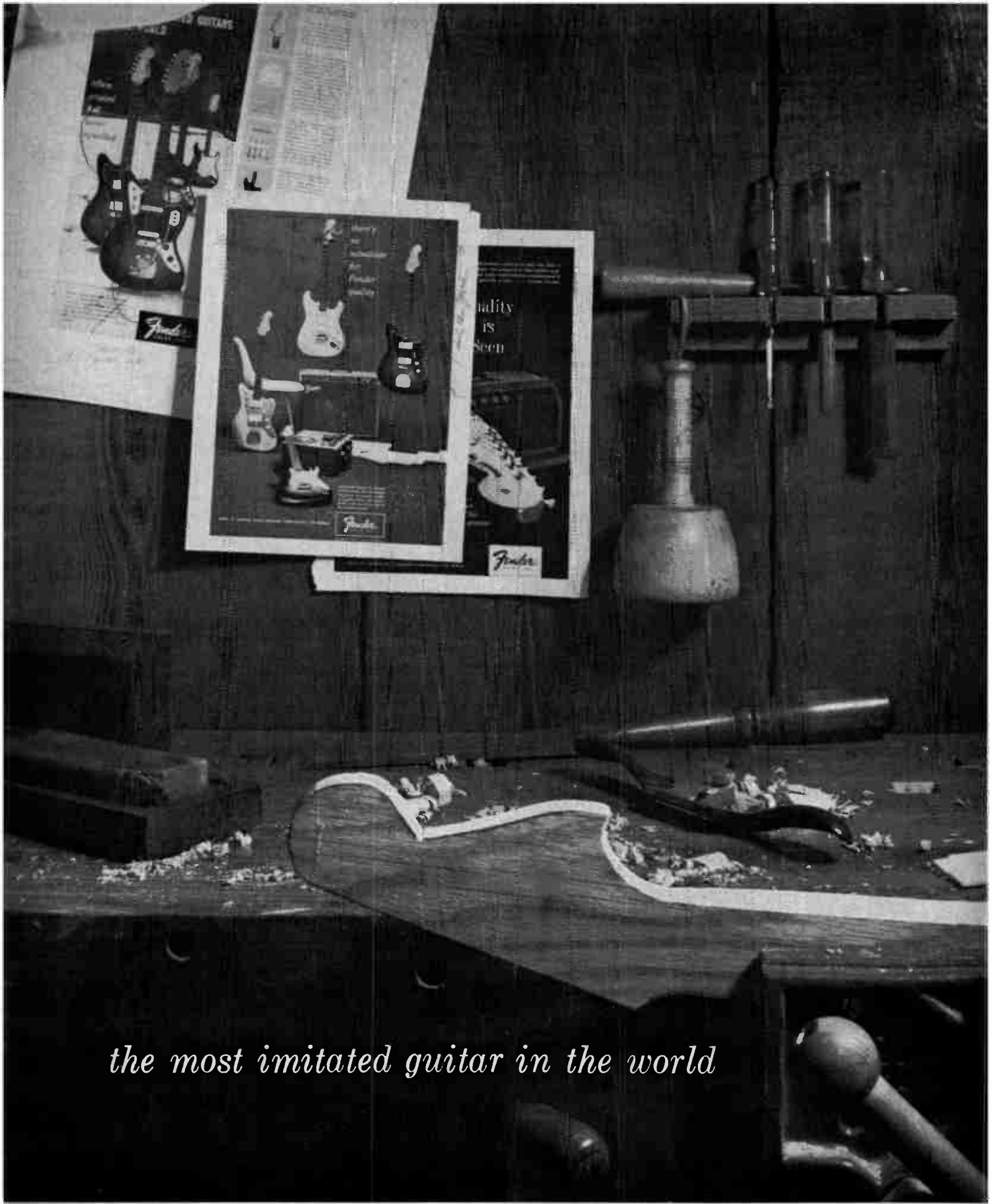


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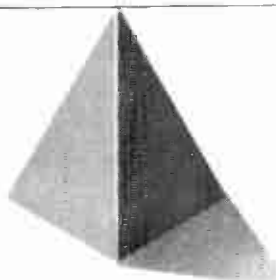
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8 ☐ DOWN BEAT

amateurs or play commercial music. . ."

How can one explain the author's statement about our "rural" way of playing? Jazz is an international music, not a privilege of any country or any particular people. How could jazz be international if the musicians all over the world played jazz as an imitation of some U.S. prototype? Each musician has to play jazz in his own way.

Vukonic Boris
Zagreb, Yugoslavia

Erlacher-New Thing-R&R

In reply to Graham Erlacher's letter (DB, March 12), I would like to ask if any person has told him that his stagnated mind is showing? Unfortunately, for Mr. Erlacher at any rate, the new is here to stay and the old will not be back.

If music were never revitalized by new ideas, then we would still be beating on a log with a stick. How can anyone who truly enjoys jazz say that men such as Eric Dolphy, Ornette Coleman, and John Coltrane have not given jazz a new life and vibrance?

Bruce Blakeslee
New Concord, Ohio

Those of us younger fans who are interested in avant-garde jazz were not brought up strictly on rock and roll, nor do we dig only the new music, as Mr. Erlacher stated. We listened to Brubeck, Mulligan, etc., long before we took an interest in Eric Dolphy or the others, and will continue to listen to these musicians. I don't believe we could begin to appreciate the new jazz without some knowledge of what preceded it.

Keith MacLellan
Allentown, Pa.

Most of us have had a good deal of exposure to rock and roll and have turned to modern jazz to counter the triteness of much of today's teenage music.

An increasing number of us have found much of the same tiredness evidenced in the playing of Mr. Erlacher's favorites. Musicians such as Gerry Mulligan and Dave Brubeck have played a lifetime of good jazz, but it can hardly be stated that these men have made an active contribution to the growth and widening of the jazz spectrum within the last few years.

We have nothing but respect for these jazzmen, but music must continue to move ahead.

Mark Abel
Chevy Chase, Md.

Garnered Information

In Leonard Feather's review (Jan. 16) of the new Erroll Garner album, *A New Kind of Love*, he raised the questions of who some of the players were in the orchestra and how the recording evolved.

Erroll Garner composed four new themes for the film; Leith Stevens was hired by Paramount to do the entire background orchestrations on the film, utilizing Garner's original music.

Garner subsequently decided to record the entire film score with a large orchestra and with Stevens also conducting for the

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In a two page story on Jake Hanna, appearing in the October 10th issue of **DOWN BEAT**, Marian McPartland writes:

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recording sessions. Garner and Stevens spent about 10 days together blocking out arrangements for the album. Their sketches were then turned over for completed orchestration by Pete Ringols, Nathan Van Cleve, and Jimmy Haskell.

The 35-piece orchestra included, among others, Barney Kessel, Dick Nash, Dick Noel, Cappy Lewis, Harry Klee, Ted Nash, Ronnie Lang, Morris Crawford, Larry Bunker, Chuck Gentry, Bob Enevoldsen, Gene Cipriano, Alvin Stoller, Red Mitchell, Nathan Ross, Buddy Collette, Irving Cotler, and George Roberts.

Martha Glaser
New York City

Miss Glaser is Garner's manager.

No Slight Intended

Since I was Louis Armstrong's choice to attempt to fill his spot with the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra and since I was the trumpet soloist, along with Bobby Stark, for more than eight years, how strange that these facts were ignored in the comments on the Henderson record listed in *Jazz Basics*. May I assume the deletion of my name was unintentional?

Rex Stewart
Los Angeles

Stewart's name was not intentionally left out of the list of Henderson soloists; the list was merely a sampling of the many excellent musicians—certainly Stewart among them—who soloed with the band.

It's All In The Stars

I have long been confused by record rating systems, but recently you hit the jackpot.

On Pete Welding's review of a Booker Ervin record, *Exultation* (Jan. 30), he proceeded to say everything and anything in a positive manner. I do not think I have read a more complimentary review, and the end result of the review was a rating of four stars. Now if everything is what he says it is, why only four stars?

Bruce Hawkins
Hackensack, N.J.

You have shown wisdom in the choice of your record critics, whose remarks are usually enlightening, intelligent, and varied. But when the reading of the remarks in the record-review section is finished, the reader is confronted by confusion and misinterpretation, arising from the dubious rating values ascribed to the number of stars.

There are more applicable ratings than excellent, very good, good, fair, and poor. It is my petition that you publish this, the progressive rating system:

★★★★★—enjoyable to jazz buff who is expert.

★★★★—enjoyable to jazz buff who is not so expert.

★★★—enjoyable to jazz buff who is with little jazz experience.

★★—enjoyable to jazz buff who is deaf.

★—enjoyable to jazz buff who is the artist's mother.

J. Ray Gilbert
Neosho, Mo.

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Pianist-trumpeter **Joe Bushkin's** concert at Town Hall was recorded by Reprise. Guitarist **Chuck Wayne** and drummer **Eddie Shaughnessy** were replacements for violinist **Stuff Smith** and drummer **Jo Jones**. **Milt Hinton** was the bassist . . . **Lionel Hampton** is slated to take a 44-piece, jazz-symphonic orchestra into Carnegie Hall on May 6 to perform "An Evening with **Joseph Liebman**." Liebman, a vice president of Macy's department store, composes by playing his ideas on a piano into a tape recorder. He does not read music but writes it by using letters instead of notes. The concert is to be a benefit for the Wiltwyck School for Boys. Hampton's band concluded a two-week stay at the Metropole at the end of March. Among the members were baritone saxophonist **Pepper**



WOODS

Adams, trombonist **Garnett Brown**, and young trumpeter **Jimmy Owens**. The 20-year-old Owens, formerly with the **Newport Youth Band** and **Slide Hampton**, rescored all of **L. Hampton's** standard fare before the **Metropole** engagement.

Ramblerny Camp for the Performing Arts in **New Hope, Pa.** (**Bucks County**), will open its second season under new leadership. **Charles** and **Ruth Woodford** have taken over from the management that ran under the aegis of **Maynard Ferguson** last year. **Woodford** is editor of foreign-language and music and education textbooks at **Harper & Row**. The program will accommodate boys and girls aged 8 to 20 and run from June 28 to Aug. 22. The entire music program will be under the direction of **Phil Woods**, who will teach saxophone, clarinet, woodwinds, saxophone ensemble, and arranging and composition. Assisting him with percussion, rhythm-section ensemble, and keyboard harmony will be **Norman Grossman**. Composer **Gary McFarland** will conduct seminars in arranging, and there also will be guest speakers and instructors throughout the summer. Trombonist **Willie Dennis** is set for an appearance.



FARMER

At a recent meeting of the **National Association of Orchestra Leaders**, fluegelhornist **Art Farmer** was elected unanimously to the board of directors. Farmer's tour of Europe, which was to have begun last month, fell through . . . Trombonists **Benny Powell** and **Jimmy Cleveland** are playing in the pit band of the musical *Funny Girl*, which stars **Barbra Streisand**. It is the first time they have sat in a section together since 1951 when they played in **Lionel Hampton's** band. Columbia records a&r man **Teo Macero**

(Continued on page 42)

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NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL PLANS OUTLINED BY WEIN

Although the event is still more than two months away, plans for the 11th annual Newport Jazz Festival July 2-5 are well formulated—and there may be some surprise announcements still to come.

Promoter George Wein announced there will be four evening and two afternoon concerts and said the following performers are set: Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Thelonious Monk, Sarah Vaughan, Joe Williams, Charlie Mingus, Max Roach and Abbey Lincoln, Jimmy Smith, Oscar Peterson, Muggsy Spanier, Bobby Hackett, Joe Sullivan, Ruby Braff, Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman, Wild Bill Davison, Joe Thomas, Buster Bailey, J. C. Higginbotham, Georg Brunis, Lou McGarity, Bobby Haggart, Jo Jones, and Buzzy Drootin.

Many of the veterans of jazz' older styles will be taking part in the opening-night program, titled Great Moments in Jazz.

Rather than an evening of sets by various groups, this will be a narrated production by Willis Conover. It will feature the musicians playing some of the numbers they have been associated with through the years.

"There have been so many guys that I've wanted to use at Newport," Wein told *Down Beat*. "This will enable us to present a program that will appeal to the public and, at the same time, acknowledge all these great musicians."

Other strong possibilities for appearance at the festival are Erroll Garner, Earl Hines, Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Gerry Mulligan, Ben Webster, and Bill Evans, Wein said.

In addition to Conover, emcee duties will be handled by the Rev. Norman O'Connor and disc jockeys Dick Pike of Cincinnati and Mort Fega of New York City.

The concert the afternoon of July 3 will be titled New Music and New Faces. It will present some old faces, too, but they will be playing new music. Pianist Cecil Taylor is one who is scheduled to appear.

The other special afternoon pro-

gram will be a Piano Workshop on the 4th of July. There will be no regular sets but, rather, several top pianists, demonstrating styles and just plain playing, with appropriate narration. Hines, Sullivan, Peterson, Monk, and Evans on one stage? It's a possibility, says Wein.

Wein summed up the idea behind this year's festival in saying, "The general theme is Jazz Lives, as opposed to all the people who seem to be happy to say, 'Jazz is dying.'"

17 BANDS COMPETE IN CALIFORNIA JAZZ FESTIVAL

The southern California campus of Southwestern College, near San Diego, was the scene for the school's second annual jazz festival last month. Among the 17 participating high-school and college stage bands were the winning groups from Cerritos College, Mt. Miguel High School, and National City Junior High School.

The San Diego State College Stage Band, under the student direction of Clark Gault, was awarded the Sweepstakes prize as best all-around band of the festival.

Presenting the trophies was guest clinician Dr. Gene Hall, a pioneer for college jazz courses when he was an instructor at North Texas State College and dean of the Stan Kenton Stage Band Clinics. Dr. Hall, now on College of the Desert's faculty, also held a special lecture-demonstration, with the help of the Southwestern College band. The band concluded the two-day festival with a concert.

EVEREST AND MERCURY TANGLE OVER GLORIA LYNNE

Singer Gloria Lynne is garnering a bushel of publicity as a result of a \$200,000 lawsuit brought by Everest records against Mercury Record Corp. The reason for the legal tussle stems from the recent single-record release by Fontana, a Mercury subsidiary, of Miss Lynne's *Be Anything*, backed by *Soul Serenade*.

Everest has sued Mercury and Fontana for damages and is, in addition, seeking in Los Angeles Superior Court

an injunction restraining the labels from further selling any and all recordings by Miss Lynne.

Everest, according to its president Bernie Solomon, holds that the Mercury-Fontana release infringes on an exclusive contract Solomon said his company signed with the singer, first in October, 1958, and then renewed in December, 1962. Since the contract's inception, Solomon said, Everest has released about a dozen albums by Miss Lynne, as well as singles. The latest single, *I Wish You Love*, did well on Top-40 charts.

Came April Fool's Day, and the sun shone for Everest. Following a preliminary hearing in Los Angeles Superior Court, Everest was granted an injunction prohibiting the pressing and distribution of Miss Lynne's Mercury records in California until the case comes to trial. The court also granted a 15-day temporary injunction prohibiting sales of any Mercury records by Miss Lynne in the United States.

No trial date was set at presstime.

STAR-STUDD NAACP SHOW ON CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV

The Duke Ellington Orchestra and singers Lena Horne, Tony Bennett, Della Reese, and Harry Belafonte are among the stars of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People's *Freedom Spectacular*, due for airing on a closed-circuit television network May 14. Dedicated to children, the show will be seen in at least 45 cities.

The fund-raising show, first such program for the general public, will be broadcast in two one-hour segments from Los Angeles and New York City. Co-chairmen of the event are Miss Horne, Steve Allen, Sammy Davis Jr., and Ed Sullivan. The program commemorates the 10th anniversary of the U.S. Supreme Court's decision on segregation in public schools.

Also donating their services are Dick Gregory, Ruby Dee, Edward G. Robinson, Sidney Poitier, Ed Begley, Fredric March, Ossie Davis, James Darren, Gary Moore, and many others. Moore and Poitier will emcee the New York portion, which is titled *Let Freedom Ring* and is to emanate from Madison Square Garden; the Los Angeles half, *Some People*, will be staged at the Sports Arena.

A million dollars in proceeds from ticket sales is sought by NAACP executive secretary Roy Wilkins. Part of the proceeds is earmarked for bail bonds for defendants in civil-rights demonstrations.

MALCOLM TENT?

In a pithy comment in tune with the times, Miles Davis had this to say of his new bassist, Gary Peacock, who joined the Davis group at its engagement at the It Club, in Los Angeles:

"From now on," said the trumpeter, "I told him his name is Gary X."

With BLAKE and



Material compiled by MARTIN WILLIAMS

LATE LAST SUMMER there was a news story in *Down Beat* headlined JEANNE LEE, RAN BLAKE FIND SUCCESS IN EUROPE and which went on to describe how the duo of singer Lee and pianist Blake had managed to find work in several European countries in small recitals and in large concerts, in night clubs, in jazz festivals, and on television and radio.

At home they had done nothing like so well, and aside from a "talent night" at one club, a benefit at another, an appearance at the 1962 Monterey Jazz Festival, plus generally high praise for their RCA Victor LP, Blake and Lee had worked very little in the United States.

Blake kept a diary of the duo's European trip, and excerpts from his writings form the bulk of the material included here. Also used are quotations from some of the reviews the duo received throughout Europe, especially in Sweden. The article gives the facts of the tour taken by Blake and Lee, their responses to various European countries and audiences, plus the various audiences' response to them. It also supplies evidence of the understanding of their work and its relationship to current events in American jazz shown in the European press. Finally, it is a report on several European jazzmen and jazz activities abroad.

George Avakian, who supervised their RCA Victor recording, has supplied some background information on the duo's trip and how it developed:

"The whole story of Jeanne and Ran's European trip is fascinating. They decided to go on the strength of one engagement, Joachim Berendt's TV show in Baden-Baden, Germany. From this, Joe and Horst Lippmann came up with a concert in Fulda, a concert in Bremen [both in Germany], and through Bill Smith, I got them two weeks touring for the Italian Jazz Federation. Then George Prutting of the RCA international department got them on RAI-TV's biggest variety show (the Ed Sullivan show of Italy), and after they arrived in Europe, more dates kept coming their way as the word spread, until they worked a full four months all over Europe." —Martin Williams

FOLLOWING ARE EXCERPTS from Ran Blake's diary of the European trip last year:

April 19. Jeanne and I were met by Fritz Rau and Horst Lippmann at the Frankfurt airport. We discussed the possibility of a recording date with the trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff.

April 20. Concert in the Fulda town hall. Filmed a performance, *Vanguard*, for TV newsreel. Among the impressive musicians who played opposite us were three saxophonists—Heinz Sauer, Emil Mangelsdorff, and Joki Freund. Particularly good was a composition by Sauer, *Club Trois*, named for the jazz club at Antibes.

April 21. Arrived at Baden-Baden. The perfect setting for a modern *Magic Mountain*. Met Joe Berendt, RCA representative Werner Buchard, and Gunter Keiser, the imaginative artist who was to do the visual atmosphere for the show. We recorded *Laura*, *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child* (vocal solo), *Field Cry* (piano solo), and Ornette Coleman's *Lonely Woman*, with Margo Guryan's words.

Many of the southern Germans seemed alert to the traditional roots of jazz. I was very impressed by questions that were asked us. I had mentioned to a young student that my piece, *Field Cry*, was dedicated to Dr. Willis Lawrence James, supervisor of music at Spelman University and Morehouse College, who had given half a dozen guest lectures on the "field cry" at the School of Jazz in Lenox, Mass. The student to whom I was speaking was primarily a fan of musicians like Elvin Jones and George Russell, and yet, unlike his American counterpart, he exhibited curiosity and enthusiasm about the roots of jazz, asking questions constantly.

We worked the full day at the Sudwestfunk TV studios and most of the next. We found the television personnel perfectionists. Mr. Keiser had created an effect of mystery for *Vanguard* with maybe just a touch of the macabre, using mobiles, shadows, and the right proportion of gloom. As we performed our two duo numbers, we both realized how perfect every minute detail of the setting and lighting fitted our music and mood. Appropriately, the staging was less in evidence during Jeanne's solo, during which the cameras relaxed on her facial expression.

We also saw the Cannonball and Monk Sudwestfunk TV shows that were done earlier, and I was particularly impressed by the artistic design of the latter.

April 25. Others rehearsed their portion of the TV show: the Mitchell-Ruff-Harris Trio, Albert Mangelsdorff, and tenorist-composer Hans Koller.

April 26. Saw the whole impressive program. I was personally very excited by Jeanne and how she has matured as a singer.

April 27. Baden-Baden for a radio show.

April 29. Concert opposite the Mitchell-Ruff-Harris Trio in Bremen. This was our most successful German concert.

April 30. Bremen—Frankfurt—Rome. Met at airport by

LEE in EUROPE

RCA Italiana and transported to the second most expensive hotel(!).

May 4. Met at hotel by Francisco DeCrecenzo and taken to RCA studio. Both Jeanne and I are fans of the "new wave" of Italian cinema, and our mouths were watering in anticipation of the sets and design patterns.

The show we were on was called *Smash*; it was *not* directed by Fellini. The sets and costumes reminded us of the type that could be used for a modern-day filming of a Booth Tarkington novel, with the main character a sort of Cinderella Stella Dallas. We both had to wear large buttons that sparkled the name of the product, Sniash, and to this day I haven't the slightest idea whether it is a detergent, a deodorant, or a soft drink.

We chopped our one number, *Laura*, to one-half its original length, doing only the second, more improvised part. The script called for people in the cast to be milling around us as we worked. The set looked like a high-school gym, and at one point a young man was pretending to sing through a megaphone while the conductor faked conducting the orchestra. Except for our three-minute portion and the numerous commercials on *Smash*, the majority of the show was comprised of such listless Saturday night prom stuff.

But we shouldn't be too critical of the performers because the bewilderment and apathy on their faces and their pretended applause signified that our music failed to make a dent.

May 7. Concert in Caserta. The piano was very bad. Jeanne proved herself a real trouser and sang several numbers solo. It was at this point that the intense interest of the membership of the various clubs in the Italian Federation first came home to us. The audience at Caserta was about 25 to 30. The hall was small. And what was supposed to be a brief recital developed into an extended concert because of their enthusiasm.

May 10. Concert in Perugia.

May 13. Went with Signori and Signora DeCrecenzo to see *Black Nativity*, which was playing the second year of its European tour.

May 14. Pistoia. Excellent piano and acoustics.

May 15. Ravenna. We were in the Sala Dantesca (Dante's Hall), usually devoted to chamber music.

May 17. Palermo, Sicily. We gave a recital in Scarlatti Hall at the Music Conservatory.

The next day, the event was reviewed in the Palermo newspaper *L'Ora*:

"If Miss Lee, who today is getting her first rave notices, never achieves the popularity she deserves, it will prove that not even in the U.S.A., where people are more open-minded toward absolute musical values than we are, is pure merit sufficient to assure success.

"An instrumental voice, warm and soft like Coleman Hawkins' sax; dramatic interpretation in the French tradition, but obviously derived from Mahalia Jackson's

Gospel singing; a sense of rhythm ever ready to burst forth despite the modest basis provided by the supporting notes of the piano: this is what this young Negro student, who may be considered the successor to Billie Holiday, has shown us. . . .

"Ran Blake, a pianist of sure academic training, a pupil of Mary Lou Williams and of Gunther Schuller, gave her all possible assistance by accompanying her attentively and displaying in his solo passages his formal intention of fusion with the classical. . . . He is unquestionably a man with the full awareness of an intellectual American committed to his motives for protest, which have been the target, alas, of the facile sarcasm of some of our leading, but hidebound, critics.

"Certainly, a chanteuse with naught but piano accompaniment does not produce a spectacular effect . . . but this girl showed an unusual ability to hold the attention of her audience and a remarkable power of improvisation. . . ."

May 20. The DeCrecenzos had a party. RCA brass was present, and so was Alex Bradford of *Black Nativity*.

May 21. We arrived at Paris. We wanted to rest a bit and do some sight-seeing.

May 22. We met jazz critic Pierre Lattes. Auditioned in several clubs. Barbara Candee arranged auditions at Blue Note, Mars Club, Le Chat Qui Peche. All were temporarily booked but Mme. Michel's Club St. Germain graciously invited us to perform on the 29th for the French press.

May 26. We crossed to London and made the rounds with actor Phil Hinton to the Flamingo Club, Marquee, Peanuts Club, and the Ronnie Scott Club.

May 29. Our appearance at the Club St. Germain. There was a mixed reaction. We were introduced to Nadine Boden, who has just started a jazz promotional organization.

May 30. We met a young critic, Barbara Belgrave, who wrote an article on the duo for *Jazz-Hot*.

Barbara Belgrave in *Jazz-Hot*:

". . . In more concrete musical terms, things go more or less this way: Ran invents a succession of very complicated chords, which he places very freely from a rhythmic point of view, and Jeanne improvises on them. Knowing that the harmonization of each piece varies with each interpretation, one would imagine at this point that the singer's ears are exceptional. Not one single time did she hesitate on one note, and not one single time did she make a mistake.

"Neither member of the duo knew ahead of time what would happen in the next measure of music. One of them would initiate and the other follow (if 'follow' is the right word). When I heard them for the first time, I thought that many things they did were written out or at least carefully prepared and rehearsed. But no. I was wrong to believe that, and after having heard a second

interpretation of *Laura* a couple of nights later at the Club St. Germain, I had full evidence that I was wrong."

June 3. Arrived in Bergen, Norway, for two-week gig at the sports resort Hotel Neptun, managed by jazz enthusiast Gunnar Holm. In the last two years, this hotel has become the most important seven-day-a-week center for jazz in Norway because of Holm. Dexter Gordon, for one, was here recently. The audience on the whole seemed unaware whether the duo or the house trio was performing, however. The few Norwegians who did listen preferred the extrovertish trio, and our most consistently requested number was *Kansas City*.

June 17. Stockholm and the Golden Circle, which ranks with Joe Wells' Supper Club in New York as our two favorite clubs. It has an excellent piano, good acoustics, good microphone, and a marvelous director of music, Abbe Johansson. On our opening night, many musicians, such as the eminent composer Dr. Kjell Samuelson, were present in the audience. We were flabbergasted by the enthusiasm and particularly impressed by the high degree of listening concentration that the Swedes showed.

At first Mr. Johansson resented hiring us because we were unwilling to add a local bassist and drummer. Even though this would have raised his costs, he at first was very insistent and wasn't able to grasp—through our hurried, long-distance telephone conversations or my illegible letters—what we meant about the duo sound as an integral unit. However, unlike the majority of American club-owners, he took a chance on us. I'll always remember three words he exclaimed to us on opening night: "I see now!"

Hans Fridlund in *Afton-Bladet*:

"A brave booking by the Golden Circle management! And a beautiful surprise. . . . It isn't often that one comes across something new and fresh within jazz singing. Not much has happened since Sarah Vaughan appeared in the '40s. Jeanne Lee, on the contrary, is a brand new voice in a desert where most are still following the Vaughan formula. And thereby . . . the most interesting thing that's happened in jazz singing in a very long time.

"What is it, then, that is *that* new? Well, maybe first of all, it's that Miss Lee, as far as I know, is the first to fulfill 100 percent what most jazz singers wish for in their dreams—namely a complete disregard of the former borderline between the human voice and an improvising horn. Many have come somewhat along this path, but Jeanne Lee seems to be the chosen one.

"The combination Lee-Blake is also a duo with a definite duo character. Ran Blake's piano contains far more moments of tension than is usual with other vocalists' accompanists. The basic rhythm is never accentuated but just more or less felt throughout; therefore, the music becomes an all-through sort of vocal counterpart towards the most ultramodern forms of today's jazz.

"One important point to be considered—if this is to be compared with the so-called free-form jazz, the free forms are beautifully disciplined without any radical neglect of basic harmonies or rhythmic patterns. . . . And Miss Lee sings clearly as a tuning fork, which is a formidable task considering her fantastic, almost unbelievable improvisations. Lee-Blake don't make things easy for themselves or for the general public, but a listener's concentration earns a great reward."

Weck in *Dagens Nyheter*:

"The singer Jeanne Lee and the pianist Ran Blake are undisputably a duo—this is not just a voice with a pianist-accompanist. They both support one another and

their creative inspiration is truly mutual. Blake seldom hangs on to a basic rhythm pattern, but the pulse of everything is there anyhow. The music of this pair isn't hard-swinging jazz. It is extremely sophisticated and is often moving in the borderline of jazz with strong overtones both of serious nonjazz music—as far as Blake is concerned—and a more intimate sort of artistic night-club singing. But even so, there are strong roots in the blues tradition with emotions and intensity which are real jazz.

"Jeanne Lee . . . sings extremely advanced melodic lines for a singer, without for a moment losing contact with the contents of the lyric—a combination that is, oh, so rare. . . . Ran Blake's part is complementary to Lee's, sometimes in logical continuations, sometimes in harmonically surprising moves. Lee-Blake are not offering easily digested music. Complete attention is demanded of the listener and preferably some knowledge of English. But for the discriminating connoisseur, the experience is a treat."

Svante Foerster in Stockholm's *Tidningen*:

"Opening night became a complete success for singer Jeanne Lee and pianist Ran Blake! And for the audience the evening was rich with 'different' experiences—and also contained quite a concept of how modern jazz singing 'can' or 'may' or 'should' sound.

"Their repertoire included a number of Monk's and Ornette Coleman's compositions, lesser-known ones together with such well-known ones as *Blue Monk*, *Don't Worry Now*, *Lonely Woman*. Altogether, melodies of great personality—and altogether, interpreted with greatness. There it was, everything or almost everything; breathtaking contrasts, the dry lyric, the analytic interpretation which quickly grew into a dramatic one. And the dramatic moments that sometimes dissolved into irony.

"All throughout ran this feeling of beauty within the music—sometimes suggestively. Let's not forget this; this is a very exceptional art. Miss Lee's personality by itself is not yet great enough to keep all the audience spellbound; one has to, from the beginning, concentrate completely and relax directly, in contrast to conventional experiences. But this, if you do it, will give you something of an experience you will long remember."

Rolf Dahlgren in *Estrad*:

"The duo Blake-Lee is definitely one of the absolute top attractions the Circle has ever offered. The pair offered something entirely new—a continuation of today's most advanced jazz singing and the highest musical quality, which can place the duo amongst the absolute tops in the jazz field.

"They formed a real duo, and in this sense a most tightly knit one, but it was Jeanne Lee, however, who offered the greatest treats. Her well-sounding voice worked like an instrument, just as free from the basic theme as a soloist such as a trumpet or saxophone player. Others have attempted a similar approach before Miss Lee, but then it's been either a wordless humming, bop-singing, scat-singing, or such. Jeanne Lee doesn't appear to feel the lyrics as any hindrance; she has developed a highly personal technique in letting the vowels hang on to her most daring and beautiful expressions.

"In the most exotic melody phrases, she carries the lyrics along and, further, also keeps the story and the meaning intact. Her musicality is astonishing. How anybody with a voice can reproduce such impossible intervals and so many chord inventions, without losing both the basic theme and key, is a riddle. But she is

doing it all—cleanly, musically, beautifully, and with humor.

"The pianist, Ran Blake, knits his playing together with the vocal in an interesting manner. He supports effectively with a combination of feeding chords and assorted single undertones, and he's often working with different time patterns which makes his piano playing highly fascinating and amusing."

"Thelonia" in *Orkester-Journalen*:

"Ran feeds the changes: complicated, brilliant, shocking. Jeanne, dressed in black, sings with a 'fog-coated' voice; with a hair-fine precision she builds on Ran's chord structures.

"Their choice of notes is something of the most delicate feeling, imagination, and definitely something new. Jeanne never oversings; Ran follows the same pattern. They hold something inside, with expectancy, dedication, and respect. They're listening while performing, and in this manner the improvisations grow like living things. This delicate atmosphere transforms the listener; our musical sense of appreciation is heightened. We absorb rather than just swallow!"

June 26. We appeared on TV and radio in Copenhagen.

June 28. Erik Wiedemann arranged auditions at the two leading Copenhagen clubs, Viengartan and Montmartre. The Montmartre didn't like us, but oddly enough the boisterous Viengarten quieted as we did a Monk ballad.

June 29. Heard the very impressive Beckerlee-Steinmetz Quartet. This was fresh wind! The quartet consists of Hugh Steinmetz, trumpet; Frants Beckerlee, alto; Claus Barnekow, drums; and bassist Steffen Andersen. (Later: With the exception of a trio we heard at Antibes, this was the most impressive jazz either of us heard during the summer.)

July 4. Radio broadcast Stockholm.

July 8. Concert opposite Bud Powell, Idrees Sulieman, and Jan Johansson at Skonsen. We had qualms about doing an outdoor concert in view of our experience at Monterey, but we were well received.

July 10. I did radio show alone with Dr. Samuelson and Hans Fridlund concerning the music of George Russell and Chris Connor.

July 14. Audition at the Club Femina. We were "too classy," but we met John Cordell of the Greenwich Village Club and arranged a future date.

July 18. London. We did an audition for critics at the Ronnie Scott Club, and our reception was fair.

July 22. Paris for a TV show. M. Averti producer. Considering the sense of hurriedness in the atmosphere, this film (which we never saw) seemed to have a good variety of shots. Nadine Boden was also responsible for representing Mabel Mercer, Ron Jefferson, and Memphis Slim.

July 26-31. Antibes. Extremely well-organized festival. Mme. D'Asfeld, executive assistant to Jacques Souplet, was constantly on hand to assist the performers and translate. Miles Davis and the Harlem Beggars each gave three performances, and, coincidentally, the second one of each was the outstanding one. Drummer Tony Williams and bassist Ron Carter were particularly impressive with Miles. The group constantly double-timed the ballads after the first few choruses, unfortunately, I thought.

The Harlem Beggars included Sam Price, Sunnyland Slim, and Prof. Hugh Porter, a former teacher of mine. This was the only representation of Gospel music and blues during the whole festival. Price and Porter played superbly.

However, the revelation of the entire festival was the Dollar Brand Trio, which featured the superb bassist Johnny Gertze. Brand was formerly with trumpeter Hugh



Maskele, with whom he cut his first album in South Africa. Presently Brand is living in Zurich. This pianist, also a unique composer, is rhythmically very exciting. . . .

Aug. 2. Zurich. Auditions at Africana Club. We heard Champion Jack Dupree.

Aug. 4. Berlin. Khim Darrage, the owner of the Blue Note, who originally hired us, was unable to attain a singer's license for Jeanne. This was particularly distressing because we had turned down a two-week booking at the Paris Blue Note to take this one.

Aug. 6. We got a job at Rolf Eden's dual places called the New and Old Saloons. This is the most unusual appearance our duo, and possibly any music group, has ever had! We would arrive at 9 p.m. to perform our first set in the Arab Harlem Harem Room, which has only eight or nine tables.

Immediately following this disaster—the piano stuck and the microphone coughed—we did three numbers on the high balcony of the main room. After descending the ladder, we would do another set in the first room, be rushed off in an ominous black limousine—we never saw the driver's face—to Eden's New Saloon, where a Eurasian combo would be playing. Oddly enough, there are no strippers, but Mr. Eden himself often treated the audience by performing nightly on the piano.

After performing two numbers here, we were herded back to old Eden's Saloon Number 3B, the Arab Harlem Harem Room. Our contract ended abruptly the third evening because of a cold Jeanne had contracted from a fan that blew overhead. (Mr. Eden protested, "You don't need a voice, just whisper into the microphone.")

Aug. 21. Brussels. We did a radio show for both the Flemish and French language Belgian radio. Jan Geyen produced.

Aug. 23. Amsterdam. Cordell's Greenwich Village Club presented us. Reception hostile. There was another group, and oddly enough, we've never had enthusiastic receptions when we have been presented opposite other groups.

Aug. 26-Sept. 1. London, the Ronnie Scott Club. Good first-night crowd but on subsequent nights the audience, except for the non-English part of it, seemed completely indifferent to our music. Strangely, Saturday night proved to be an exception. At least three notes on the piano sounded identically, which affected both of us. Microphone excellent. Frankie Nembu and Peter King, who run things here, are terrific people.

Aug. 28. We did a BBC show.



Ed Sherman's groovy

home course in instant folk singing



DRAWINGS BY JENNIFER THOMPSON

I guess we're all aware of the great impact the hootenanny and folk music in general have had on today's American musical scene. It seems that everywhere we turn these days, we face either a slender, young, straight-haired female, wearing heavy, black leotards, a guitar strapped to her bosom, and the words "Theodore Bikel . . . I love you!" tattooed on her forehead or a slender, young, crew-cut male, wearing heavy, black motorcycle boots, a guitar strapped to his bosom and the words "Joan Baez . . . I love you!" tattooed on his forehead.

Just as our youths of yesterday found fun and enjoyment in raccoon coats, the Charleston, marathon dancing, swallowing goldfish, and the like, our youths of today have found their "way out" of conformity, their release from the tensions of living in modern-day society.

I just feel it is unfortunate that they found folk music.

Don't get me wrong. I like folk music, and I like some folk singers. It just sort of grabs me the wrong way when I hear a 19-year-old kid who's got a 1963 Corvette convertible parked in his old man's Connecticut garage standing on a stage, plucking at a pre-set \$350 guitar and singing *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen*.

But since the condition does exist, and since I'm sure that nothing I might write here will remedy it, the very least I can do is to try to nurture whatever talent is out there by offering my services as sort of a consultant on succeeding in the folk-music business. After all, I *did* have considerable luck in my handling of the Three Beaus and a Peep and Ina Ray Hutton and Her All-Girl Orchestra. At any rate, the following information should prove invaluable to any reader wishing to find fame and fortune in the folk-singing field or to any reader just wanting to be known as the Pete Seeger of his block.

To begin, I'll answer some of the more frequently asked questions regarding folk singers and folk music in general:

Q: What is a folk song?

A: Basically, a song by, for, or about "the folk." More specifically, a song that contains references to one or

more of the following: work (either too much or too little), a hammer, sweat, tears, war, peace, locomotives, chain gangs, justice, injustice, and magic dragons. This possibly accounts for the lack of ex-Chase Manhattan Bank presidents in the field of folk singing.

Q: Must one wear a beard to find success as a folk singer?

A: A fallacy. Take Odetta for example. . . .

Q: What is your opinion of Harry Belafonte, the world's greatest folk singer?

A: Harry *who*?

Q: What do you think of Peter, Paul & Mary?

A: I think this is the wrong place to discuss religious dogma.

Q: In your estimation, why do television network officials associate folk singers and folk music with leftist or extremely radical causes?

A: I respectfully refuse to answer on the grounds the question may tend to incriminate me.

Q: What, then, is your opinion of the Kingston Trio?

A: Well, there's one fewer of them than with the Brothers Four. . . .

Q: Do you feel that folk music and the beatnik way of life so closely associated with it are leading to the so-called moral breakdown and sexual promiscuity of our youth today?

A: Certainly not. And if I could get my hands on the dirty ——— who said that, I'd ———, and then I'd ———, and I'd ———.

Q: Is it true that the new vogue in folk music began in New York's Greenwich Village?

A: Most definitely no. The truth is, the rebirth of interest in folk music occurred several years ago in the parking lot of a White Castle hamburger joint located in the northeast section of the Bronx. It seems a Freddy Gruber, lingerie salesman from Yonkers, accidentally ran his Kaiser automobile on top of a Nick Cappucci's Harley-Davidson motorcycle, which Cappucci affectionately called "Old Smokey." At that point, several local motorcycle clubs adopted this tragic accident as

a form of social protest and composed a song in a form of tribute. The title has now become almost legendary in the annals of folk music. . . .

So on now to the SHERMAN GUIDE TO SUCCEEDING AS A FOLK SINGER:

1. *Qualifying as a folk singer.*

Strange as it may seem, one does not have to be skilled as a "singer" in order to become a folk singer. Singing skill, in terms of folk singing, may, indeed, be a drawback. One should rather concern himself with the "sound," forgetting his "voice" or lack of it. (After all, "Music is the feeling in it, not the skill behind it"—Copyright, 1962, Leonard Bernstein's *Young People's Concerts*.)

What, then, other than developing a "sound," qualifies someone as a folk singer?

Well, one must have or adopt a cause or a theme to fight for. For example, what cause or theme did Slim Gaillard have when he recorded his memorable *Cement Mixer, Put-tee, Put-tee* or the Andrews Sisters when they recorded their never-to-be-forgotten *Three Itty Bitties in the Itty Bitty Poo*? None, I'm afraid, and that's why they can't be considered folk music or folk singers.

2. *Selecting a theme or cause.*

This may turn out to be more difficult than you imagine, for, with new interest in the folk-music industry today, themes and causes are going like wildfire. Discard the Ban the Bomb, the Labor Union, the Oppression of the Working Class types of themes. These are overdone. Seek out a more obscure cause, such as:

The Preservation of the Ferry Boat in America.

The Campfire Girls, Their History and Their Works.

Wheat Conservation in the American Middle West.

Of course, to many, these themes may seem rather mild in nature, and, in a sense, they're right. But let's face it, gang—*Hootenanny* pays a lot better than the House Un-American Activities Committee.

3. *Dressing the Part.*

Again, this may be more difficult than one imagines, because unique costumes for today's folk singers are few and far between. Between the Kingston Trio's striped sport shirts and the Clancy Brothers' rolled-up sweater sleeves and Belafonte's open-to-the-navel dress shirt, there are not too many opportunities for originality in dress. Obviously, one can't stride on stage at a Greenwich Village coffee house wearing a Tony Martin tuxedo (and expect to last through one chorus of *John Henry*) without receiving a cup of espresso right in the chops. Therefore, let me make some obscure, but *valid*, suggestions:

Heavily greased bare chest, form-fitting Levis, and a red handkerchief tied around the neck. (Now some females might object to wearing such a costume. In such cases, I see no reason why the red handkerchief can't be replaced by a single strand of multicolored beads of a more conservative nature.)

With the rage for skin diving rapidly approaching a peak and the universal interest in the sea, might I suggest a completely rubberized skin-diving suit complete with air tank, swim fins, and face mask?

Of course, these are just two possibilities, listed so as to spur you to even greater depths. My further advice is: "Put your thinking caps on!" (Copyright, 1962, Leonard Bernstein's *Young People's Concerts*.)

4. *Forming a Folk-Singing Group.*

Even more popular than the folk singer on the American

musical scene today is the folk-singing group. But just what *is* a folk-singing group? Well, by definition, a group is two or more people of either (or neither) sex gathered together. In folk-singing groups, the same holds true. In terms of *your* folk-singing group, I would suggest what is fast becoming the normal grouping: two males and a female. Regarding the actual selection of your group's members, I would bear in mind my statements made in Rule I, namely that singing skill is far from being of major importance. The look of the group should be your prime objective. A highly successful folk group should have at least one or two of the following "looks" to it:

One or more beards between them. If the female member has one, the group's price will leap tremendously, and an Ed Sullivan shot is guaranteed.

Unshined boots or sandals with mended tongs.

The female member should not visit a beauty shop for at least four months prior to any engagement. The male members should not visit a barber for at least three.

The female member should look as if she's madly in love with *you*, despite the fact that she's really in love with the night-club manager, and you're just nuts about the bass player.

5. *Choosing a Name.*

When one gets right down to it, this is probably the most difficult aspect of succeeding in folk singing. Almost all the hip, meaningful group names have been taken already—the Weavers; the Tarriers; Peter, Paul & Mary; the Kingston Trio; the Brothers Four; the Limelitters; the Serendipity Singers; the Rooftop Singers; the Big Three; the Smothers Brothers. The only advice I can give in this area is: take a copy of your local telephone directory in your left hand and a long straight pin in your right hand, close your eyes, and stick. Let's face it—how many other folk-singing groups have a name like Max J. Glick—Furriers?

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The Sounds & Silences of JOHN CAGE

By DON HECKMAN

CONCERT MUSIC AUDIENCES have a notoriously low tolerance for anything that exceeds the confines of their musical tastes. One can, therefore, imagine the dismay of the aging symphony subscribers who are slowly but steadily being assaulted by a burgeoning avant garde. Even the New York Philharmonic—ever ready under Leonard Bernstein to demonstrate its patriarchal concern for current developments—saw fit this past season to devote a number of concerts to the music of John Cage, Morton Feldman, Earle Brown, and other participants in the contemporary music scene.

Admittedly, it must have been difficult for those who came prepared to relax to the familiar strains of the Tchaikovsky *Sixth* to respond fully to the shatteringly glassy sounds provoked by Cage's mechanical conducting machine in his *Atlas Eclipticalis*. Nothing is constant, however, and even that barometer of middle-class culture, *Time* magazine, has recognized that the winds of musical change are in the air.

My first real contact with Cage's music was in spring, 1960, when I enrolled in his composition class at the New School in New York City. I had heard of him prior to this, but he was almost always spoken of in the most negative terms. No doubt my knowledge of his music and activities at that time was similar to the understanding many listeners have today—based on a compound of misleading and often insulting information disseminated by mass circulation magazines and by composers and academicians who are abysmally ignorant of Cage's musical thought.

His class was a fascinating mixture of pragmatism and speculation. It was, on one hand, a serious attempt to explore compositional methods that were unrelated to a formal technical knowledge of traditional music. (In addition to several composers, the class also included painters and writers.) On the other hand, in most subtle terms, Cage gently led us to an understanding of the philosophical rationale for this approach—that the composition should arrange a situation in which a musical event or happening can take place.

Cage's method was meant to provoke the listener to hear through the music back into the natural sounds themselves. It rarely makes use of any extramusical element such as logic or emotion. The word "purposeless," in fact, is extremely important to his musical thought—yet he uses it in a positive rather than negative fashion. "The mind," he explained in *Composition as Process*, a lecture given at Darmstadt, Germany, in 1958, "though stripped of its right to control, is still present. What does it do, having nothing to do?" According to my understanding of Cage's music, it spontaneously produces thoughts that it could never have conceived had it been subject to the restraints of conscious structural or philosophical considerations.

Cage encouraged us to bring our own compositions to class. Through doing so, we discovered that his solutions to the problems posed by spontaneity, chance, and indeterminacy were not nearly as simple or accessible as they might, on the surface, have appeared. It also gave me my first real perception of the restrictive shackles that are the heritage of the last three centuries of Western music.

A great deal of Cage's musical thought is based on a remarkable book, one of the oldest texts in the world—the *I Ching* or *Book of Changes*. It is a book of ethical values relating to Confucianism and Taoism and is based on the theme that there is a continuous transformation that underlies all existence. Chinese philosophy does not necessarily emphasize statistical accuracy, as does Western society. It



concerns itself more with the event that cannot be predicted, the unexpected.

In his introduction to the *I Ching*, psychologist Carl Jung explained that "The Chinese mind . . . seems to be exclusively preoccupied with the chance aspect of events. What we call coincidence seems to be the chief concern of this peculiar mind, and what we worship as causality passes almost unnoticed. We must admit that there is something to be said for the immense importance of chance. . . . Theoretical considerations of cause and effect often look pale and dusty in comparison to the practical results of chance. . . . The jumble of natural laws constituting empirical reality holds more significance for the [Chinese sage] than a causal explanation of events that, moreover, must usually be separated from one another in order to be properly dealt with. . . . While the Western mind carefully sifts, weighs, collects, classifies, isolates, the Chinese picture of the moment encompasses everything down to the minutest nonsensical detail because all of the ingredients make up the observed moment."

Cage's music possesses much of this quality. His most recent method, in which he attempts to extract himself from the compositional process (rejecting the "tyranny of inspiration") so as to permit undetermined elements to reveal themselves through his chance-taking operations, is perfectly understandable in a composer who uses and appreciates the *I Ching*.

Cage has mentioned that he frequently works with the radio playing, a practice that would raise the hackles of most "serious" composers. Control has become so disproportionately important to many contemporary composers that one can only assume they are responding to an increasing isolation from the performance of their music. The history of Western music is a history of the composer's gradual abdication of pre-eminence to the performer. It is perhaps understandable, then, that composers should—as they have in the past decade—write music which is so devilishly complicated that performers can, at best, only approximate an interpretation. Cage apparently can see past this trap. He permits music to be a joint activity of performer and listener.

Listening, according to Cage, is an *active* rather than a passive experience, just as performing is a productive rather than a reproductive act on the part of the player. Most of Cage's later compositions do not sound the same in any two performances. Each performance, as he has pointed out, is, and should be, definitive in itself.

Equally important to Cage's music, and perhaps a reflection of his interest in Zen Buddhism, is silence. Instead of a structural element, silence is, to Cage, ambience. He speaks of an incident that occurred when he examined an anechoic chamber—a totally soundproof room in which nothing can be heard. Cage asked the engineer why he still heard two sounds, one high, the other low. The engineer explained that the high sound was Cage's nervous system, the low sound his blood circulation. From this Cage deduced that we always hear sounds and always will, and that the supposed silences between sections and parts of music are merely relative examples of more or less ambience. Sound, therefore, is something intended; silence occurs without intention. But both are of the same thing. This viewpoint, which leads to the employment of unforeseen sound-producing objects, mechanisms, and elements, is unacceptable to many academicians.

AS EARLY AS 1937 Cage advanced what were revolutionary ideas. "If this word 'music' is sacred . . . we can substitute a more meaningful term: organization of sound," he said in *The Future of Music: Credo*. In the same lecture,

he said, "Whereas in the past the point of disagreement has been between dissonance and consonance, it will be in the immediate future between noise and so-called musical sounds."

Cage, of course, could not have been more accurate in his prediction. And, as frequently has happened, "classical" music has engaged the problems of noise and "musical" sounds far sooner than has the jazz world (I don't feel that a consideration of such things as the Original Dixieland Jazz Band's "barnyard" sounds is particularly appropriate in this context). It is astonishing to hear musicians and critics speak of a music as conservative, lyrical, and melodious as that of Ornette Coleman with descriptions such as "antimusic," "nonmusic," and "destructive." How would these commentators respond to jazz based on some of Cage's premises?

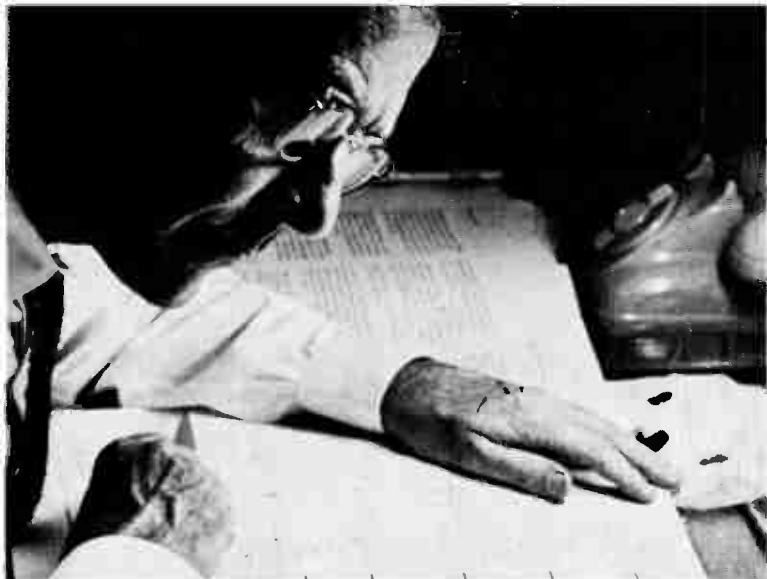
A television show I participated in with Don Ellis included a group improvisation for which I had suggested that we use a random selection of playing cards as the source of individual note groupings—an extremely primitive but effective use of chance methods. Listener response was amazingly virulent. One composer who was, only a few years ago, in the vanguard of new jazz thought unequivocally condemned the whole thing when asked to give an opinion on the procedure for a panel discussion in a noted men's magazine.

One wonders how this composer would react to Cage's statement that "one should give up the desire to control sound, clear his mind of music, and set about discovering means to let sounds be themselves, rather than expressions for man-made theories or expressions of human sentiments" (*Experimental Music*, 1957). Cage holds that music should not be made in efforts to explain the nonmusical—such as philosophy—a technical viewpoint, or an emotional expression. He has said one should pay attention only to the "activity of sounds." To Cage, the thing itself—the very stuff of sound—is infinitely more important than the boundaries and structures limiting it. He says, in effect, don't overlook the trees for the mass of the forest; each tree offers a unique experience.

As critic Peter Yates notes in *Arts and Architecture* (March, 1960), "I believe we may start by thinking of John Cage as a philosopher, who uses instead of arguments esthetic instances. . . . He is concerned with the event, not with its meaning, with the digits and their arrangement, not with total number or the sum." Thus Yates describes an aspect of Cage's work also basic to much modern painting: the *act* of placing the paint on the canvas—the encounter between the artist and his materials—is the significant fact in the creation of art, and what remains after the encounter is the record of an event.

In an article titled *History of Experimental Music in the United States* (*Audience*, summer, 1958), Cage wrote, "What is the nature of an experimental action? It is simply an action the outcome of which is not foreseen."

How pertinent this should be for the jazz improviser who is, presumably, a spontaneous, improvisatory musician—a creator of unforeseen acts of music every time he goes on the stand. Unfortunately, we know this is not the complete truth and that a large percentage of improvised jazz is either something less than original and based on licks and riffs that have accumulated in the jazz mainstream, and the music most jazzmen play is unforeseen only in a limited sense. For example, it can be foreseen that the bassist will play a certain progression of tones for a certain number of bars when he plays the blues and that the drummer will make certain metric accents depending on the time signature of the piece, or that the horn player will play with a certain key center.



PHOTO, COVER SCORES COURTESY C. F. PETERS CORP.

When Cage has discussed jazz, he has spoken favorably about it only in regard to its texture. "Jazz . . . more than serious music, has explored the possibilities of instruments," he has said.

And like many composers, he has expressed disappointment with what he heard as the rhythmic sameness and rhythmic predictability of much jazz. What interested him most, he said, was the jazzman's exploration of his instrument in search of further timbral potentialities.

CAGE'S WORK has followed a series of consecutive and overlapping developments. He lists the various paths of his musical thought in a catalog issued by his publishers, the C. F. Peters Corp.: "chromatic composition dealing with the problems of keeping repetitions of individual tones as far apart as possible (1933-'34); composition with fixed rhythmic patterns or tone-row fragments (1935-'38); composition for the dance, film and theater (1935-); composition within rhythmic structures (the whole having as many parts as each unit has small parts, and these, large and small, in the same proportion) (1939-'56); intentionally expressive composition (1938-'51); composition using charts and moves thereon (1951); composition using chance operation (1951-); composition using templates made or found (1952-); composition using observation of imperfections in the paper upon which it is written (1952-); composition without a fixed relation of parts to score (1954-); composition indeterminate of its performance (1958-)."

His early works (those available on recordings) have a kind of crystal clarity. They are not as rhythmically or structurally complex as some Bela Bartok music from the late 1920s and early '30s, and they lack the pristine, diamond-hard purity of Anton Webern's compositions, but they do have a particularly American cast. Even in his earliest works, Cage seems loath to use a predetermined technique unless it can be adapted to his own personal expression. This is in the tradition of his two most important predecessors, Charles Ives and Edgar Varese. It would, as a matter of fact, be difficult to imagine a European composer developing the musical use of indeterminacy and chance the way Cage has. Perhaps he is right when he suggests that the Europeans are too close to the source of their traditions. Perhaps more to the point is the fact that Cage has a totally different tradition from which to draw.

He has probably written more good percussion music than any other living composer, with the period between 1936 and 1943 especially rich in works of this kind.

Percussion means many things to Cage, ranging from the

relatively traditional percussion ensemble used in *First Construction* (1939) through the 12 radios of *Imaginary Landscape #4* to the furniture, books, papers, walls, windows, and doors used in *Living Room Music* (1940). His best-known percussion instrument, however, is the prepared piano, which was developed by him in 1938. The preparation involves the insertion of bolts, screws, pieces of rubber, plastic, and erasers beneath the piano strings. The effect is altogether startling, not at all unlike a Balinese gamelan ensemble. The pianist literally becomes the master of a percussion orchestra at his fingertips.

Cage also has pioneered in the use of "noise" elements. An early composition, *Imaginary Landscape #1*, is actually a pre-electronic piece. Like some of Varese's work, it anticipates the kind of music that was eventually, in the '50s, devised on magnetic tape. Cage's own tape compositions, *Fontana Mix* (1958) and *Williams Mix* (1952), are particularly interesting in that they were produced by his usual compositional procedures. Some composers, confronted with electronic machines, have lost their musical perspective and fled to a world of mathematical relationships.

Cage's most recent work has been concerned first with chance elements and, more recently with indeterminacy. These are the pieces that have aroused the greatest antagonism. Some commentators are simply not prepared to deal with a piece like *Concert for Piano and Orchestra* (1957-'58), for example, in which Cage specifies that it is "to be performed in whole or part, any duration, any number of the above performers [an orchestra of strings, brass, and woodwinds], as a solo, chamber ensemble, symphony, concert for piano and orchestra, aria, etc."

The best single collection of Cage's music is a remarkable set of recordings made at the *25-Year Retrospective Concert* of his works given at Town Hall in New York City May 15, 1958. The concert was recorded privately by record producer George Avakian. Avakian expected the concert to be recorded by someone else, but when that producer suddenly backed out because of the heavy costs involved, Avakian got "so bloody mad I decided to do it myself." The astonishing thing, of course, is that a composer who, by any standard, must be considered one of the major American artists of this century could present a 25-year retrospective concert of his works that no recording company, major or not, would make an effort to preserve.

As a broad survey of Cage's career the Avakian set is one of the most important entries in the last decade of recording history and a virtual necessity for any serious collection of contemporary music recordings. The set is available from Avakian at P.O. Box 375, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N.Y. Cage is also represented on several recordings in the contemporary music *Series 2000* issued by Time records and also on Folkways (FT-3704) in a quixotic talk that is accompanied by excerpts from the *Solo for Piano with Fontana Mix*. His *String Quartet in Four Parts* was formerly available on Columbia (ML-4495). A collection of his writings titled *Silence* (Wesleyan University Press) is an excellent introduction to his ideas. Cage is unusually articulate and explains his music in far more coherent language than that used by many of his critics.

Cage is trying to restore music to its rightful place in the community—to make the composer both a participant in and a spokesman for the social life that surrounds him. The separation of artist from community is one of the tragedies of Western society. Cage would have art an act between and among members of the community of man.



JOHN LEE HOOKER: BLUES IS MY BUSINESS

I ALWAYS THOUGHT that I had a gift, but I wasn't sure until I made my first number, which was *Boogie Chillun*. Then I was definitely sure. But until then I figured . . . I thought I had something that could sell, but I wasn't sure of it. But *Boogie Chillun* was a big, big thing. That's when I really knew I could be sure of myself."

John Lee Hooker, a short, thin, wiry man whose looks and manner belie his 49 years, was seated comfortably in an easy chair in a large, attractive suite in a south-side Chicago hotel. His blond cutaway electric guitar was propped against the chair, and often during the conversation about his life, his hand would reach out compulsively to brush the strings. On a portable stereo phonograph behind him an advance copy of his most recent recording was blaring loudly, his harshly gripping voice and guitar oddly—grotesquely—offset by the bleatings of the vocal chorus that more often than not accompanies him on his records nowadays.

"I'm trying to reach all kinds of publics," Hooker said, "people that love ballads, blues lovers, and the young kids with the big beat. I'm doing it all."

In the last several years, it is true, Hooker has become a successful performer in the unusual position of appealing to several distinct audiences through the use of several distinct approaches.

As a blues singer with an approach solidly rooted in the powerful style of his native Mississippi delta country, Hooker has been a master of the genre since the late 1940s, when a remarkable series of brooding, intense solo performances appeared on the Modern label, to be followed with many more—under such pseudonyms as Texas Slim, Johnny Williams, and John Lee Booker—on the King, Chance, Chess, Deluxe, Gotham, and Staff labels, among others.

The blues underwent considerable modification in the postwar years, and Hooker emerged as one of the most significant and emotionally potent workers in the new blues traditions, a performer whose basic allegiance was to the strong, old-style blues he heard and absorbed from his stepfather but who had tempered the traditional with a fierce, unrelenting, near-hypnotic vocal and instrumental delivery that was all but unique in the postwar blues. It was a style of force and crude directness, and Hooker was quickly branded by collectors as one

of the most "primitive" latter-day blues men working.

"Within two or three years after the war," wrote Sam Charters in *The Country Blues*, "the recordings by Big Bill, Tampa Red, Washboard Sam, and others from the old lists were selling very poorly. There was a restlessness and aggressiveness in the new young colored audience that was much more excited by the fierce shouting of newer singers—Lightnin' Hopkins, B.B. King, John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters, Smokey Hogg, and Bo Diddley—than it was in the more sophisticated styles of Big Bill or Brownie McGhee. . . ."

"The young blues singers who crowded Big Bill and the others out of the picture were loud, mean, and sometimes magnificent. The beat had slowed down, and the guitars were turned up, so that there was an almost unbearable tension to their singing. The piano was used less and less, and the accompaniments used shrill electrified harmonicas and guitars, with an undertone of monotonous drumming. The records were overpowering in their crude immensity."

Hooker's earliest recordings were made without benefit of accompanying musicians, however. Using only his voice, his guitar volume up all the way, his feet tapping unrelentingly, he was able to generate an almost unbelievable amount of raw power. The effect of the clamorous singing and playing and the over-reverberant recording was brutal it was so intense.

These early recordings, moreover, were pure country blues, and a number of them—with Hooker's unique sound, ferocious delivery, and demonic pulsation—gained immediate popular success. They became rhythm-and-blues hits in the days when that newly emergent form was more closely allied to the traditional country blues.

In the years since, however, different ingredients are required for a hit in the more modern rock-and-roll market, and Hooker has had to dilute his art considerably, employ shallow material, and lard his recordings with gimmickry to maintain an edge in the fiercely competitive r&r market.

"I brush it up a little bit," he said, "put a little more modern in the modern days. 'Cause you got a lot of kids now in the modern days like the upbeat stuff and things like that, so I just have to do those things to stay in this field."

That, of course, explains the vocal choruses, the banal material, the diminishing use of the blues in Hooker's recent commercial recordings.

"My type of music," he went on, ". . . I got a variety—for the young folks, the older folks, and the folk-singing fans. Now that's a field I'm getting more into. I have created about three different fields: a folk field, a blues field, and a jump field for the kids."

He added wryly, "If it was necessary, I could do hillbilly, but I don't do it. I *can* do it. To me, there's not a big market for this stuff. The big market nowadays is folk songs and blues and jump."

Hooker was not always so pragmatic or knowledgeable, nor was he so sure of himself. I looked around the suite he occupied and thought back to our first meeting, more than 3½ years ago, in a dingy, cramped hotel room in Philadelphia. He had come there on one of his earliest coffee-house engagements, and he was nervous, unsure of his talent and his audience, feeling out nightly the kind of material to which the audience of young white folk-music fans would respond. He had no stage presence to speak of and little idea of the likes and dislikes of his listeners. Often, after offering driving jump numbers of the un-

RAY FLERLAGE



World Radio History

By PETE WELDING

reflective type that he would normally play for dancers in a rough-and-tumble Negro club, he would shake his head in puzzlement at the lack of response from his new audience.

But over the years he has solved most of these problems and has a good idea of what to play for each of his separate audiences. He plays his old blues hits for the coffee-house and concert audiences, and he's appreciative of the genuine interest these new fans show for his blues playing and singing.

"I do a lot of coffee houses now," he said, "What you call folk singing . . . people quietly listening, sitting around. Nobody's saying nothing. I'm just sitting and playing, telling a few jokes, laughs. When I'm playing those coffee houses—everything's real quiet, no liquor, only serving food and coffee—people really dig that kind of music. I love, I really enjoy, those houses. Oh, good goshamighty, they hang onto every word, give you a lot of respect. . . ."

JOHNN LEE HOOKER was born in 1915 and spent his formative years in Clarksdale, Miss., in the heart of the delta bottomlands that have produced so many superb country blues singers.

"I first started up on spirituals when I was about 13 years old," Hooker recalled. "I did that for five or six years . . . playing and singing spirituals, but I switched from spirituals to blues.

"You take spirituals and the blues. Maybe I'm wrong, but I think I'm right—the blues come from spirituals. They are the background of all music. They use the same patterns. I really don't know why I switched. Gosh, I just had a lot of soul for the blues. Could express myself better and tell my story and hard times of different peoples and myself and the things that you come through—trials and tribulations. Blues can express it better."

As a youngster, Hooker picked up the rudiments of guitar from his stepfather.

"My real dad and mom," he explained, "they broke up; she remarried. He was a guitar player, and that's where I get my style from—him. Identical like me, identical. He used the same tuning [Hooker employs an open G tuning most of the time, DGDGBD] that I'm using now, because that's where I got my tuning—from him. Now, open tuning [standard guitar tuning, EADGBE] that's something that I got on my own. Something that I picked up after he gave me my start.

"He played nothing but the blues. Just blues. At that time there wasn't this kind of stuff as today. He was from Louisiana—Shreveport.

"I got a lot of songs from him too. Yes, I did—a lot of them. *My Starter Won't Start, Don't Turn Me from Your Door, When My First Wife Quit Me*—I used to hear him sit around and play things like that. He made up all of his stuff, but the stuff that he taught me and that I got today, in the modern days, I kind of brushed it up. It's identical, but I changed a few words. Just a little bit more modern but not too much."

Several other singer-guitarists in the area inspired him further, two in particular being James Smith and Coot Harris, neither of whom recorded.

"I was a little child; they was about 30 or 40 years old," he said. "But I used to follow them around . . . night and day. Got a lot of songs from them. I stood around in the corner, go to these house parties. I used to go to sleep just holding that guitar in my lap. Go to sleep with it, and they'd wake me up and take me home. I was just that serious.

"Back in those days they'd play the blues and honky-tonk music. There wasn't any band at those house parties . . . just guitar and piano, and they'd honky-tonk all night."

The youngster's interest in the music was heightened through contact with several legendary blues men whose records he had heard on the family's wind-up phonograph.

"I saw Blind Lemon Jefferson one time, and I was about . . . at that time I wasn't even allowed out," he said. "I was about 9 years old, but it wasn't at any party that I saw him. He come to our house to see my stepfather. Gosh, he was a great guitar player, Blind Lemon was. Blind Lemon, Blind Blake, Charlie Patton . . . all those guys in those days, they was older fellows. I was just a little kid.

"I remember those three. . . . They used to come to my stepfather's, because he was a musician. But, gosh, at that time, at that age, I wasn't playing anything then. But I remember seeing them. Still, my soul was in it at that age. I said that if I ever got of age, I'd do this, and I *did*. I mean my whole heart, soul was all in that and nothing else.

"I was playing around 12. I wasn't too good, but I was picking up things. After a year or a year and a half, I *thought* I was pretty good, and I was."

Hooker was doing what his stepfather did. He taught the boy what he knew, and Hooker today says he

loved what his stepfather played and went in his path because he dug it. Some of his stepfather's favorite pieces were *Pea Vine Special, Rather Drink Muddy Water (Sleep in a Hollow Log), Blues Jumped a Rabbit*—"all them old tunes like that," Hooker recalled.

"He had a very good reputation . . . very good," Hooker said. "And he would take me around with him to parties he played at—at my age—and I would sit up and when he got through, he would tell people that 'my son played.' I got a big bang out of that. At those parties and suppers they'd play those pieces like *Blues Jumped a Rabbit* and *Pea Vine Special*, piano boogie woogies and guitar boogie woogies and things like that. And so I got my style just from that."

LEAVING HOME when he was still a teenager, Hooker went to live with an aunt in Memphis, Tenn., where he worked as an usher at the W. C. Handy Theater on Beale St.

"I wasn't playing much," he said, "just around. I would play a few honky-tonk joints—get a quarter, nickel, or dime here and there. Used to play sometimes with guys like Robert Nighthawk, Eddie Love, and Joe Willard. . . . They're still around."

It was while he was living in Memphis that the singer received what formal education he has had. "On my little time off," he said, "I went to school when I could. That wasn't too much. I didn't go far . . . fifth grade."

He stopped a moment and then added, "But that hasn't held me back. Definitely not. Like I say, I have something that every entertainer doesn't have—an outstanding style."

Hooker moved to Cincinnati several years later, where he stayed with another aunt and worked in a factory and later a theater, again as an usher. He remained in the city about seven years before moving to Detroit, where he still makes his home, in 1943. During the war years jobs and money were easy to come by, and Hooker had no trouble finding work, first as a hospital orderly and then as a janitor in an automotive plant and steel plant.

During the flush war and postwar years, he began to perform in clubs in his off hours.

At the time, Hooker was leading a four-piece blues band behind his singing and deep-down guitar playing—second guitar, piano, bass, and drums. It was while he was working with this group in a club on Detroit's Russell

(Continued on page 41)

JAZZ BASICS

Part 7 of a continuing history
of jazz on record/By Don
DeMicheal and Pete Welding

MILES DAVIS, *Birth of the Cool*
(Capitol 1974)

GEORGE SHEARING / RED
NORVO, *Midnight on Cloud 69*
(Savoy 12093)

LEE KONITZ, *Subconscious-Lee*
(Prestige 7250)

In the late '40s Miles Davis' bop-molded style moved more and more to the sparseness and simplicity of understatement, becoming progressively more introspective in character. Surrounding himself with a number of growing jazz voices (among them arranger Gil Evans, pianist John Lewis, and baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan), who felt as he the need for a more reflective, challenging approach to jazz composition that would achieve a fuller unity between composer and improviser without sacrificing either's freedom, the trumpeter assembled a nonet in 1949 to play the works these young composers would create not only for its instrumentation but also for its specific solo voices.

The group played only one public engagement, but it participated in several recording sessions for Capitol records. The recordings had a profound and far-reaching effect on jazz: the delicate, reflective sonorities of the instrumental blend; the unhurried, introspective mood of most of the compositions; and the general tenor of unruffled calm that the numbers evidenced influenced a raft of jazzmen (most notably the denizens of the West Coast, who were to spawn a whole school based in the Davis experiments).

The Davis nonet, its size placing it on the borders of both combo and big band, was in effect an offshoot of the Claude Thornhill Orchestra; two of the Thornhill band's arrangers, Evans and Mulligan, were prime forces in Davis' band of arrangers.

For several years Evans, as Thornhill's chief arranger, had considerably widened the tonal range of the average jazz-dance orchestra by the artful employment of French horn and tuba in

the band's orchestrations, its sound, as a result, taking on a rich, burnished, and decidedly cooler—or less “hot”—coloration.

Evans, Mulligan, Lewis, and trumpeter John Carisi (whose *Israel* was one of the nonet's finest achievements) carried these practices to their fullest use in their artful arrangements for the Davis unit. Chief among their accomplishments were the considerable expansion of tone colors open to the jazz group and the great variety of timbres that resulted; the production of a lighter, serene “floating” ensemble feeling; and the integration of the advances of bop into a fully ordered, homogenous approach of great attractiveness and charm. But perhaps even more notable was the freedom for exploration the recordings signaled.

At much the same time that the Davis group was being organized, another unit was also consolidating the advances of the boppers into a format that was to gain wide acceptance almost immediately, the George Shearing Quintet.

British-born Shearing was a more than capable bop-derived pianist, and the quintet's front-line harmonization and unison playing by Shearing, vibraharpist Margie Hyams, and guitarist Chuck Wayne of the group's themes were received with acclaim by the jazz public. The group had a light supple touch, its sonorities easy on the ear, the playing of its members facile.

Within a short time, however, critics labeled its work commercial and enervated—and not without reason, it must be added, for the group soon settled into the rut of formula playing, and everything it did was cast in the same mold.

The eight tracks from the first Shearing quintet recording date on the Savoy disc are exemplary samples of its airy, effervescent approach at its most effective.

Also on this album are four performances by the superb trio of vibraharpist Red Norvo, an apparently ageless musician who had weathered the rigors of New York jazz, the swing craze, and membership in Woody Herman's band, among other affiliations in a long career, before he formed his trio in 1950.

Employing the format of vibraharp, electric guitar, and bass, the trio was capable of generating the light, dulcet quality that such an instrumentation might suggest. The superb musicianship of its members (Norvo, guitarist Tal Farlow, and bassist Charlie Mingus) enabled it to transcend its supposed limitations and produce supple, entwining, ever-interesting musical mosaic work that often found Norvo and Farlow engaged in contra-

puntal or unison playing, while Mingus furnished a powerfully propulsive but musically sensitive underlying drive. For all the delicacy, gentleness, and taste of its playing, the group was also one of the most musically satisfying small units of the post-bop years, with a rapport that was matchless.

Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz was a participant in the Davis nonet recordings, and his own recordings (as well as the more important but unavailable Capitol sides he made with his mentor, pianist Lennie Tristano) reflect his allegiance to their principles of harmonic density (so much so as to hint at a departure from strict tonality).

Konitz' dry, floating alto tone coupled with the architectonics of his playing give his work a detached, cold, mechanical quality, but considerable passion lurks beneath the surface. Much the same can be said for the work of pianist Tristano, who is heard on four of the recommended album's dozen selections.

Much of the pair's repertoire was made up of restructured and reharmonized standard tunes (*Subconscious-Lee* is a variant of *What Is This Thing Called Love?*, *Judy is Don't Blame Me*, and *Retrospection* is *These Foolish Things*, for example), which are in turn subjected to further reworking in the solos that follow hard on the unison theme statements.

The long, unraveling lines of the altoist, pianist Tristano, guitarist Billy Bauer, and tenor saxophonist Warne Marsh heard on these selections found great favor with musicians, leading to a further consolidation of the so-called cool approach that had been initially—and perhaps best—stated by Davis in his remarkable nonet recordings.

Further recommendations: Prefiguring as they do the work of the Davis group, the arrangements by Gil Evans for the 1947-48 Claude Thornhill Band are important musical documents. *The Thornhill Sound* (Harmony 7088) is an excellent example of the band's work from this period, nine of the 10 selections being Evans' charts. Though the disc has been discontinued, it often shows up in record stores.

There are a number of attractive Konitz albums available on the Verve and Atlantic labels, among the better are *Tranquility* (Verve 8281) and *Lee Konitz with Warne Marsh* (Atlantic 1217).

An impressive disc by pianist-teacher Tristano is Atlantic 1224, which presents him in normal trio context, as well as in duets and trios with himself (thanks to tape overdubbing).

(To be continued in the next issue)

record reviews

Records are reviewed by Dan DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlack, Erwin Helfer, Dan Nelsen, Bill Mathieu, Harvey Pekar, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.

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

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

George Barnes-Carl Kress

TOWN HALL CONCERT—United Artists 6335 and 9335: *Love Is Just Around the Corner; Bidin' My Time; Golden Retriever Puppy Dog Blues; Snowfall; Mountain Greenery; Something Tender; Three Little Words; A Foggy Day; Duet for Three Guitars; Someone to Watch Over Me; Praise Be!; Liebesfreud; Bernie's Tune.*

Personnel: Barnes, Kress, guitars.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Kress was one of the more notable musicians who zigzagged between jazz and commercial work in the late '20s and early '30s. He was with the Paul Whiteman Band when it had its share of jazzmen, played with Red Nichols' Five Pennies, and recorded guitar duets with Eddie Lang and later with Dick McDonough. Kress was one of the early prime exponents of the chorded guitar as a jazz solo style, and he still sticks largely to chorded work in this charming set of performances with Barnes.

For the most part, Kress plays accompaniment to Barnes' high, tight, single-string lines, but the two men occasionally shift positions to let Kress move out front, or they become involved in some deftly interwoven exchanges.

Their program, recorded last spring at Town Hall in New York City, is low-keyed, melodious, and a refreshing change of pace from the steamed-up quality of much contemporary jazz.

The tunes have been well chosen, a mixture of strongly melodic standards from the show world of the '20s and '30s along with some worthy originals by each of the guitarists.

Barnes has written a particularly attractive ballad in *Tender*, while one gets the key to the feeling projected by Kress throughout the album from the title of one of his amiable originals, *Golden Retriever Puppy Dog Blues*. (J.S.W.)

Baroque Jazz Ensemble

JAZZ FOR BACH BUFFS—Realm 924: *Preludes 10, 12, 20, 22, Fugue 5, Book 1; Prelude 1, Fugue 7, Book 11, The Well-Tempered Clavier.*

Personnel: Lew Gluckin, trumpet; John Murtough, tenor saxophone; Dave Carey, vibraphone; Barry Galbraith, guitar; John Beal, bass; Maurice Mark, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The recent acclaim given *Bach's Greatest Hits* by the Swingle Singers has made others bold. These singers sing Bach's keyboard pieces with joy and precision over a jazz rhythm section. No attempt is made to synthesize jazz with Bach. They are simply placed alongside each other to the delight and instruction of those who appreciate the musical witticism.

Jazz for Bach Buffs is a different story. The Baroque Jazz Ensemble makes a serious attempt to derive valid jazz material directly from Bach.

The result is curiously successful, but I think in spite of Bach. As Bach, the music is absurd; this is not "what Bach had in mind all the time." As jazz, it is stiff. There is no reason to accept the anachronism as

wit because the improvisation is the musical thought of serious people. The reason it works is because the musicians play so well and so well together.

The rating is for the blowing and the skill in executing what to me is an unfruitful concept. I believe the Baroque Jazz Ensemble would be true to their jazz leanings and artistically ahead if they created music heavily influenced by the baroque period but which is composed today. The difference is difficult to discern perhaps but crucial.

A strictly musical objection is that guitar, vibes, trumpet, and tenor are not homogeneous enough to give the sense of unity of sound (as opposed to unity of idea) that Bach intended.

The blowing is pretty good. Carey, who organized the group, is a coherent, swinging, and clean vibes player. I also enjoyed Gluckin's arresting cadenza on *Prelude 22, Book 1*. It is pleasant to hear a group of players that is so well trained harmonically. I hope they can mobilize their training toward more meaningful jazz. (B.M.)

Bill Barron-Ted Curson

NOW HEAR THIS!—Audio Fidelity 6123: *Around the World; Big Bill; The Leopard; Hurdy Gurdy; Dwackdi Mun Fuddalik; Jes Swingin'; In a Monastery Garden; You Are Too Beautiful.*

Personnel: Curson, trumpet; Bill Barron, tenor saxophone; Kenny Barron, piano; Ronnie Boykins, bass; Dick Berk, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

From almost any standpoint this is an admirable LP—thoughtfully conceived and well executed. The program includes five good originals, two by Curson and three by Bill Barron.

Curson's *The Leopard* has an uncluttered harmonic basis that gives the soloists ample opportunity to develop their ideas. His *Dwackdi* swings with a delightful indolence.

Big Bill, a blues by saxophonist Barron, is supposed to be his "tribute to boogie woogie"; it's an earthy tune but not reminiscent of boogie woogie in particular. His *Hurdy Gurdy* is an example of complex simplicity—a repetitive composition, though, thanks to key changes, never monotonous; it has the kind of charm and humor I associate with Thelonious Monk. On the *Jes Swingin'* theme statement, the bassist and pianist are locked together while walking a bass line and playing a repeated rhythmic figure, thus creating an impression of massive strength.

The solo work is first rate. Bill Barron's style recalls John Coltrane's of the late '50s, but I'm not certain who may have influenced whom. He plays complex phrases, swings in a powerfully flowing way, and sustains the continuity of his solos well.

Curson, a fiery, post-bop trumpeter, is never at a loss for ideas, and his work is also quite consistent.

The gifted Kenny Barron is at his best on *Around the World*, on which he employs graceful single-note lines. On several other tracks he shows the influence of Bill Evans, which is unfortunate, for there is already a plethora of pianists who sound like Evans. (H.P.)

Count Basie

MORE HITS OF THE '50s AND '60s—Verve 8563: *The Second Time Around; Hey, Jealous Lover; I'll Never Smile Again; Saturday Night; This Love of Mine; I Thought About You; In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning; Come, Fly with Me; On the Road to Mandalay; Only the Lonely; South of the Border; All of Me.*

Personnel: Snooky Young, Al Aarons, George Cohn, Don Radar, Rickie Fornunatus, trumpets; Henry Coker, Grover Mitchell, Benny Powell, Urbie Green, trombones; Marshall Royal, Eric Dixon, Frank Wess, Frank Foster, Charlie Fowlkes, saxophones; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Buddy Catlett, bass; Sonny Payne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

One would gather, just from a glance at the song titles, that this date began as a salute to Frank Sinatra and wound up as an attempt to push a more profitable packaging gimmick. About half the tunes have nothing to do with the '50s and '60s.

Basie is Basie, however, and this collection suggests that even a change in arrangers doesn't make very much difference. Billy Byers contributed new scores, but the music comes out of the same old catalog of Basie devices. Frankly, I find a lot of it quite routine and as overstylized as the old Glenn Miller Band.

Notwithstanding occasional good solos by Foster and Wess, the high points of the session are those brief passages featuring the rhythm section alone.

Basie's restraint, Green's rich chording, Catlett's big sound, and Payne's skill work beautifully together, and I, for one, would like to hear an entire album by the quartet. The rest of the orchestra, for all its precision and professionalism, strikes me as an intrusion on this lovely chamber jazz.

Many of the band's trademarks are to be found here—the clipped phrase endings, Royal's Dick Stabile-like solo and lead work, the heavy sound of a dozen and more horns phrasing as one. It's a good dance set, but this music is a little too mechanical and its players a little too blase to add up to much more than that. (R.B.H.)

Dollar Brand

DUKE ELLINGTON PRESENTS THE DOLLAR BRAND TRIO—Reprise 6111: *Dollar's Dance; Kippin'; Brilliant Cornes; Jumping Rope; Ubu Suku; The Stride.*

Personnel: Brand, piano; Johnny Gertze, bass; Mskaya Nshoko, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Brand is the 28-year-old South African pianist who has impressed a good number of American musicians who have heard him in Europe. It is clear now, with this release, what everybody was shouting about. Brand is one of the strongest—as Thelonious Monk and Duke Ellington are

strong—and freshest musicians to come along in some time.

His playing is an amalgam of Monk, Ellington, and himself. He has that wide-time conception of the other two; he has perhaps more technical command of the instrument—though, like his elders, he maintains an appealing aura of the primitive in his playing.

He is a deliberate player, sometimes moving with Monkish dignity—that slow, almost ponderous movement of which Monk is a master. And like Monk, his professed inspiration, Brand uses various bass punctuations, often in thirds and fourths, and bursts of treble to color his playing. Further, he constructs his improvisations with the same care and respect for thematic material as do Monk and Ellington.

Brand's piano often takes on a deeply dark hue that conjures a feeling of restless melancholy. In fact, his playing rarely seems at rest, here only on parts of the ballads *Kippi* and *Ubu Suku*. He does dapple his generally somber-toned improvisations and compositions with patches of light that are sometimes startling in their unexpectedness.

Often there is a bitonal quality to his jaggedly contoured work, the right hand playing figures set a half step down from what one would expect, judging by the left-hand chords. This is in keeping, however, with the clashing dissonance that is part of all his playing—and composing—on this record.

His compositions are of high order. Cast in the Monk-Ellington mode, they have an African flavor—something particularly noticeable in *Dance* and *Stride*. *Kippi* is the composition that comes closest to a peaceful feeling; the other Brand themes have the same restless quality of his playing. *Ubu Suku* is really two parts Monk—*Crepesule* for *Nellie* and *Ruby*, *My Dear*—and one part Brand, which is a nice tribute to a model but a questionable undertaking for one with the evident composing ability of Brand.

There is another questionable composition, *Brilliant Cornes*. This, of course, is Monk's *Brilliant Corners* (with a stunning, breathtaking piano solo), but Brand is credited as composer and Ellington's Tempo Music as publisher. At best, this is a goof by Reprise; at worst, it might be the result of an assumption on the part of Ellington, who supervised the date last year in Paris and who might have been unfamiliar with the Monk theme, that all the material was by Brand. Certainly one who has expressed the admiration for Monk that Brand has would not claim one of his inspirer's compositions as his own.

Gertze and Ntshoko lend more than able support to Brand; the three play extremely well together, particularly the bassist and the pianist. The two men play the all-important bass figures almost flawlessly in unison. And drummer Ntshoko displays a rare knowledge of the drummer's supportive role in a jazz group.

There supposedly is at least one other Brand trio session on Reprise tape; I for one keenly look forward to its release, but I do hope Reprise sees fit to include notes about that album's music and not

do as it did on this one, reprint an article from *Down Beat*. (D.DeM.)

Herman Foster

READY AND WILLING—Argo 727: *Ready and Willing; My Ship; The Night We Called It a Day; Blue-ese; Namely You; Our Day Will Come; You've Changed; Some Day My Prince Will Come; Popcorn; How About You?*

Personnel: Foster, piano; Herman Wright, bass; Bruno Carr, drums.

Rating: ★ ½

For a number of reasons, each one damaging, this album is almost a flop. There are 10 little tunes crowded onto it, allowing little time for anything more creative than stating the main theme and getting out of there.

The material is a potpourri of jazz originals, show tunes, ballads, blues, and

you name it, removing the possibility for consistency or cohesion. For some reason, the lovely *Night* and *Our Day* have been placed in a peculiar epileptic rhythm called "bossa loch," and they bound along, nervous-kangaroo style, shattering the melodies.

The playing on the individual tunes defies criticism. Cocktail piano would be a generous description. The entire work is a mystery to anyone who has heard Foster in person or heard his sensitive contributions behind singer Gloria Lynne. Perhaps this album was a brainchild of "the powers that be" rather than Foster's own. At any rate, pass it and wait for a more representative work from a really first-rate pianist. (B.G.)

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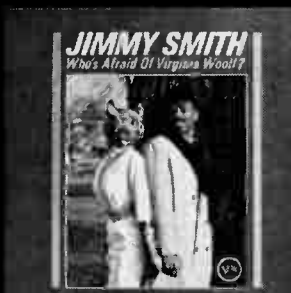
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JAZZ FOR ALL SEASONS IS ON



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Bobby Hackett

BOBBY HACKETT PLAYS HENRY MANCINI—Epic 24061 and 26061: Theme from "Peter Gunn"; A Powdered Wig; A Profound Gass; Baby Elephant Walk; Soft Touch; Don't You Forget It; Days of Wine and Roses; Theme from "Mr. Lucky"; Joanna; Moon River; Dreamsville; Song about Love.

Personnel: Hackett, cornet; Dick Hyman, piano, organ, harpsichord, arrangements; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★½

BOBBY HACKETT PLAYS BERT KAEMP-FERT—Epic 24080, 26080: Danke Schoen; Wonderland by Night; A Swingin' Safari; The Bass Walk; Mexican Market Day; Now and Forever; Bert's Tune; Afrikaan Beat; Sunday in Madrid; Only Those in Love; Take Me; The Happy Trumpeter.

Personnel: Hackett, cornet; Hyman, arranger, conductor; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★

Hackett and Hyman are skillful and flexible musicians. They can turn out highly creditable jazz when the situation calls for it, and they can also produce finished, professional commercial discs when that is the goal. Both of these sets fall solidly into the latter category.

Hyman's arrangements are generally built on a fashionably heavy, lumpy beat, and Hackett's tone is often broad enough to be on the verge of caricature. It is a monotonous layout, relieved occasionally when Hyman and Hackett are apparently unable to resist the blandishments of a pleasant melody.

This happens more frequently in the Mancini set than on the Kaempfert set simply because Mancini's melodies are more interesting than Kaempfert's. On these occasions—*Wine, Lucky, Moon, Gass*, and *Bass*—Hackett allows some of the gracious, lovely qualities of which he is capable to shine through. (J.S.W.)

Cyril Haynes

THE SPIDER WEAVES PIANO MAGIC—Golden Crest 3091: Theme for Pegleg Bates; Black Velvet; Parnell's Mood; Globehoppers; The Flower and the Spider; Sophisticated Jump and Rye; Rosamond; You Tell Me Your Dream; You'll Miss Me Someday; Ida; If You Only Knew; Worried Spider Blues; Sophisticated Chimes.

Personnel: Haynes, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★

Though Haynes treats most of this material with a light, pop-music touch, there are times when Johnson and Hinton prod him into something better. Haynes is a pianist from the old school, who uses full chords and plays with a good beat, and he demonstrates his ability to use these to good effect, but, weaving between a most banal cocktail style and jazz, he also shows that he isn't quite sure who his audience is.

An exception to this is the *Worried Spider* track, a honey of a blues. Here Haynes and Hinton carry on a dialog, then Haynes starts rolling in an old-fashioned way, sounding like Kansas City Frank Melrose. Haynes could easily make an arresting album with similar material—and should. (G.M.E.)

Rufus Jones

FIVE ON EIGHT—Cameo 1076: I Long for Your Love; My Special Dream; Theme from "The Prize"; Ebb Tide; Bird Brain; Just About That Time; A Secret; Rollin'; Aluminum Baby.

Personnel: Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; Seldon Powell or Joe Farrell, tenor saxophone; Jaki Byard, piano; Gene Bertoncini, guitar; Major Holley or Teddi Smith, bass; Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★

Considering the musicians involved, this album is a disappointment. Powell and

Bertoncini appear only on the first side, which contains four tunes from movies. Turrentine and Farrell are the front line on the second side.

Powell has an easy-flowing spot on *Dream* and plays warmly on *Prize*. Elsewhere he sounds like a guy with the gig at the corner bar, playing vigorously but without subtlety or imagination. Bertoncini's ideas are often trite, and his tone is sometimes excessively edgy.

Time features Jones as a soloist. He's unimpressive, displaying small interest in varying the volume or timbre of his work. It has little contrast and doesn't build.

Secret highlights Byard's playing, which is surprisingly schmaltzy here. *Rollin'* has dull solos by Farrell and Turrentine and a fair one by Byard. *Aluminum* is Smith's showcase, which he handles competently. (H.P.)

John Lewis-Albert Mangelsdorff/ Zagreb Jazz Quartet

ANIMAL DANCE—Atlantic 1402: *Animal Dance*; *Autumn Leaves*; *Set 'Em Up*; *Monday in Milan*; *The Sheriff*; *Why Are You Blue?*; *Ornaments*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-6—Mangelsdorff, trombone; Lewis, piano; Karl Theodor Geier, bass; Silviye Glojnaric, drums. Track 7—Bosko Petrovic, vibraharp; Davor Kajfes, piano; Miljenko Prohaska, bass; Silviye Glojnaric, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

Mangelsdorff has been well known in European jazz circles for almost 10 years and has appeared on German television and at concerts with Thelonious Monk and Cannonball Adderley. It comes as something of a surprise, then, to learn that, until the recent release of the CBS *Tension* album, there were no German records in print by this remarkable musician. The German recording industry, according to Horst Lippmann's notes, is stodgy and unperceptive when it comes to jazz.

This session with Lewis was conceived in the aftermath of excitement at the end of the third Yugoslavian Jazz Festival in Bled, where the Mangelsdorff quintet had fired the enthusiasm of everyone.

In conception, Mangelsdorff is out of J.J. Johnson and sounds at times much like Curtis Fuller. He has a lilting freshness in his playing, his ideas coming like summer lightning, quick and startling. He has dazzling technique, which he uses with complete maturity, and he seems to revel in the pure trombone sound, played with an occasional slight vibrato. His use of inflections and tone shadings—now with humor, now with driving power—is the work of a master. At this point, however, he sounds perhaps too American to be described as original.

Lewis is superb with Mangelsdorff. On *Animal* he provides touches of charm and humor in his solo that rebound in Mangelsdorff's chorus. *Set 'Em Up* is pianoless during a long, ranging trombone solo; then Lewis plays, making fragments of Mangelsdorff's ideas into something of his own in a wholly compelling solo.

The Zagreb Jazz Quartet was at Bled and, on the basis of its playing there, was invited to play in Belgium and Germany. The group's single offering here, *Ornaments*, shows a grasp of jazz deeper and better formed than many U.S. groups'.

The members do not swivel a few hip phrases around and let it go at that, but

they play thoughtfully and freshly. They do not hesitate to bring Balkan influences into the performance (drummer Glojnaric has a solo with flying cross-rhythms that, according to Lewis, are rooted in ancient Yugoslavian folk music) but remain totally jazz-oriented. Bassist Prohaska is particularly effective.

This album is a reminder of the rapid growth of jazz throughout the world. And when a figure as impressive as Mangelsdorff, who comes on like a new Teutonic wind, can develop within a decade and a group from Yugoslavia now plays with such subtlety and drive, it is clearly possible that important developments in jazz may soon be taking place overseas.

(G.M.E.)

Romano Mussolini

AT THE SANTA TECLA—Audio Fidelity 6126: *Blues at S. Tecla; How High the Moon; Angel Eyes; Come Out! Out! Honeysuckle Rose; Lover Man; My Funny Valentine.*

Personnel: Dino Piana, valve trombone; Mussolini, piano; Carlo Loffredo, bass; Franco Tonani, drums.

Rating: ★★

This is a bit of pleasantry that plumbs no depths but does provide generally easy listening, particularly easy if the listener fancies the updated Dixieland-swing groove so admirably exemplified by the Gerry Mulligan Quartet.

Mussolini's apparent father figure as far as pianists go is John Lewis, whose sparse melodiousness is at the root of the Italian's almost exclusively single-note style.

It's all very light, clean, and good-natured. Aside from his comp work, Mussolini does not deviate from his single-note approach except in two unaccompanied performances, *Lover Man* and *Angel Eyes*, and on these, which smack of the cocktail lounge, he sounds rather hesitant, even though he plays them rubato.

As fetching as Mussolini's band work may be, it is Piana's Bob Brookmeyerish valve trombone work that stays in the listener's mind the longest.

His playing has an admirably sunny quality and spirit that leads one to believe Piana must have a real ball when he plays. He really gets going on *Ow* and *Honeysuckle*, and on the latter his solo evidently inspires the leader to a bit more adventure than is to be heard in the other piano solos.

The biggest drag about the album is the loggy work of Loffredo and Tonani, that of the bassist more so than the drummer. Loffredo often plays a monotonous two-beat throughout a track, and his solos are downright clumsy in not getting the notes in the right places. Tonani's exchanges with Mussolini and Piana on *Honeysuckle* are equally as awkward.

But, carping aside, this record has its charming moments. (D.DeM.)

Mongo Santamaria

MIGHTY MONGO—Fantasy 3351 and 8351: *Bacoso; Sabor; All the Things You Are; Bluechanga; Tenderly; Descarga at the Black Hawk.*

Personnel: Jose Silva, tenor saxophone; Rolando Lozano, flute; Joao Donato, piano, trombone; Pupi Legaretta, violin; Victor Venegas, bass; Santamaria, Cuco Martinez, Julito, percussion.

Rating: ★★

Since jazz musicians generally tend toward a stronger, rougher attack on their

instruments than their "straight" confreres, it has always seemed strange that those jazz musicians who have taken to the flute have produced such relatively effete playing. Relative, that is, to the work of the men of the Cuban conjuntos. One thinks particularly of the magnificent Esy Morales.

For an example of what strong and inventive flute playing can be, one can turn to Santamaria's flutist, Lozano, who may not have quite the bristling, aggressive authority that Esy Morales could command but who is certainly moving invitingly in that direction on a piece such as *Bacoso*.

Lozano is easily the most stimulating member of this group, which works to a great extent in an Afro-Cuban vein of the repetitive percussive riff carried on to the border of mindlessness. Before the monotony sets in, there are tenor saxophone solos by Silva, which are of slight interest except for his work on *Tenderly*, as well as both piano and trombone solos by Donato, neither of which raise the interest level noticeably.

Percussively, the disc keeps pulsing along with hypnotic regularity, but the only thing that is likely to rouse one from the trance is the work of Lozano. (J.S.W.)

Salt City Six

SALT CITY SIX PLAYS THE CLASSICS IN DIXIELAND—Audiophile 5980: *William Tell Overture; Granada; Ciri Biri Bin; New Orleans; El Capitan; Ab, So Pure.*

Personnel: Paul Squire, trumpet; Will Alger, trombone; Jack Maheu, clarinet; Robert Mahan, piano; Lou Johnston, bass; Ralph Hauptert, drums.

Rating: ★★

There was a time when the Salt City Six seemed to be one of the most hopeful portents on the traditional jazz horizon. It is still a potentially good group, judging by spots of playing on this disc. But the totally misguided idea of playing such deadly warhorses as *Tell* and *Ciri* places the group in the worst possible light, and its inability to do much with *El* or *Pure* is disappointing (particularly so in the case of *Pure* since the Bob Crosby boys drew a detailed map of how to do this one 25 years ago).

On the other hand, the Six is quite evidently not really as bad as these pieces make it seem because it rips into *Granada* with tremendous zest as Maheu, Squire, and Alger rollick through the piece with gay, free-handed authority.

A slow and deliberate *New Orleans* also shows the Six to advantage since they bring some originality to a piece that is too often allowed to fall into an ordinary routine.

The Salt City Six records so infrequently that it is frustrating when it devotes a disc to as much tedium as it presents here, allowing just a tantalizing view of the fact that the group may still be one of the most hopeful portents on the traditional jazz horizon. (J.S.W.)

Gene Shaw

DEBUT IN BLUES—Argo 726: *Debut in Blues; Karachi; The Gentle Princess; When Sunny Gets Blue; Thieves Carnival; Not Too Cool; Who Knows?; Travelog.*

Personnel: Shaw, trumpet; Herb Wise, trombone; Jay Peters, tenor saxophone; Jim Taylor, piano; Sid Robinson, bass; Jerold Donavan, drums.

Rating: ★★½

In light of the praise recently accorded Shaw, this album is a disappointment. Here at least he places all other aspects of

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music in the background in order to concentrate on sonority. In so doing, he exhibits one of the most beautiful tones of any modern jazz trumpeter—big, sometimes sweet, sometimes tart. But he displays little else. The amount of improvising space allotted him is relatively meager.

While Shaw's playing is economical, economy in itself isn't necessarily a virtue. On *Who Knows?* his solo never takes flight, and, in general, his work on the LP is overly conservative. However, on *Karachi* Shaw does play well—building with calm assurance—and his ensemble work throughout the album is excellent; he definitely enriches the group sound.

Peters is a good improviser with a full tone and the ability to play in gutty as well as mellow style.

Most of the originals are nice, with *Travelog*, *Karachi*, and *Cool*—by Robinson, Taylor, and Thomas Washington, respectively—being notably pretty themes. (H.P.)

Monty Sunshine

BLACK MOONLIGHT AND SUNSHINE—Kapp 1356: *Just One More Chance*; *Once in a While*; *Theme from "Black Orpheus"*; *Sweet Leilani*; *Sunbaked*; *That's My Desire*; *Black Moonlight*; *Charmaine*; *Stay as Sweet as You Are*; *The Day the Rains Came*; *Sunshine in Trinidad*; *Goodnight, My Love*.

Personnel: Sunshine, clarinet, soprano saxophone; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ½

Sunshine is the well-known British clarinetist, who, for more than a decade, has had an important part in the development of the English trad bands.

Whatever his accomplishments as a jazz-

man, he appears to be thoroughly enjoying himself in this schmaltzy, semi-swing-band setting, which sounds for all the world like one of the unsuccessful territory bands of the swing era.

The band is well rehearsed, and there is evidence of good musicianship, but nothing can hide the dullness and base sentimentality of both the arrangements and solos.

(G.M.E.)

Cal Tjader

BREEZE FROM THE EAST—Verve 8575: *East of the Sun*; *Stardust*; *Fuji*; *China Nights*; *Leyte*; *Sake and Greens*; *Black Orchid*; *Theme from "Burke's Law"*; *Cha*; *Poinciana*; *Shoji*.

Personnel: Jerry Dodgion, flute; Tjader, vibraphone; Lonnie Hewitt, piano; Dick Hyman, organ; Stan Applebaum, celeste; George Duvivier, bass; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★

This is an album of mood music featuring Tjader with Stan Applebaum arrangements, which are varied, though unambitious. At points Applebaum employs strings, guitars, flute, organ, and celeste, and he uses Latin rhythms often. His arrangement of *Burke's Law* is rock-and-roll influenced.

The Oriental flavor that the title and cover lead one to expect is barely noticeable, though Applebaum does use some stereotyped figures and sonorities that are associated with Far Eastern music. Generally, his work is innocuous.

Tjader isn't given many opportunities to stretch out; often his solos are tightly woven into the arrangements rather than highlighted by them. However, he does play well, getting lush effects with vibrato and phrasing gracefully. (H.P.)

SONGSKRIT

A COLUMN OF VOCAL ALBUM REVIEWS

By JOHN A. TYNAN

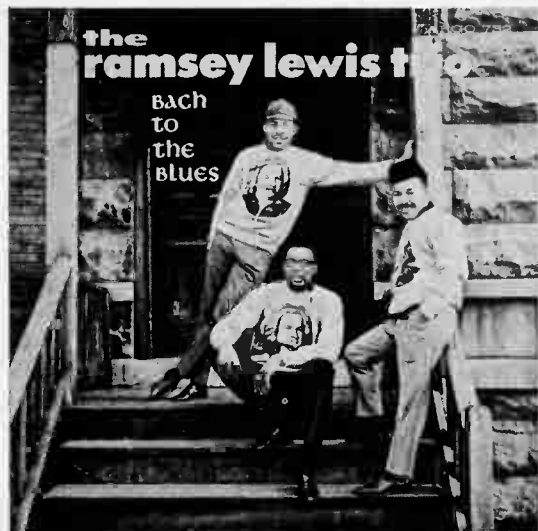
Billy Eckstine: 12 Great Movies (Mercury 20834 and 60834)

Rating: ★★★★★

Here is a mature, polished artist at his commercial best. There is nothing particularly new or startling about this collection of motion picture themes and lyrics. They are simply sung to perfection by one who seems to mellow musically more and more as the years pass.

One supposes on the basis of radio listening that *On Green Dolphin Street* is proving to be the most popular track in the set, but it is difficult to single out any one performance as best. This must be a matter of taste. Equally outstanding are *Days of Wine and Roses*, *The Good Life*, and *Morning of the Carnival* from *Black Orpheus*. The other songs include *More* from *Mondo Cane*; *The High and the Mighty*, by now almost a warhorse in its genre; *Moon River*, which waxes a trifle syrupy; *Never on Sunday*; *Tender Is the Night*; *A Felicidade (Adieu, Tristesse)*; *Three Coins in the Fountain*, which ties with *Moon River* in the blandly familiar department; and *My Own True Love*.

The liner notes make a great point of discussing Eckstine's standing in the jazz



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fraternity, past and current. This is hardly germane, however, to the music at hand in this pop album.

Etta Jones: *Hollar!* (Prestige 7284)

Rating: ★★★★★

There is nary a holler in *Hollar!* This is not to imply that Miss Jones, a singer of force and style and individuality, does not give her all in 10 tracks with the fine jazz backing of such as tenorist Oliver Nelson, guitarist Kenny Burrell, and the late vibist, Lem Winchester. Such support from jazzmen of this high caliber is ideally suited to Miss Jones' earthy, Billie Holiday-influenced style, and she rides upon it with conspicuous ease and abandon.

If *Hollar!* suggests field shouting, blues crying, and toes-in-the-mud in general, the songs here performed do not. They are *And the Angels Sing, I Got It Bad (And That Ain't Good), Give Me the Simple Life, The More I See You, Our Love Is Here to Stay, Reverse the Charges, They Can't Take That Away from Me, Looking Back, and Nature Boy.*

Miss Jones has been singing professionally for 20 years now, and her experience and good taste stand healthily revealed. She's a taking-care-of-business singer with nothing cute or coy in her musical make-up. The jazzmen behind her understand this and play accordingly. Consequently, this is a consistently interesting set, vocally and instrumentally. Some listeners may tend to cavil at the Holiday sound. Shucks, a singer's got to sink roots somewhere—and what more fertile soil than Lady Day's ground?

Peggy Lee: *In Love Again* (Capitol 1969)

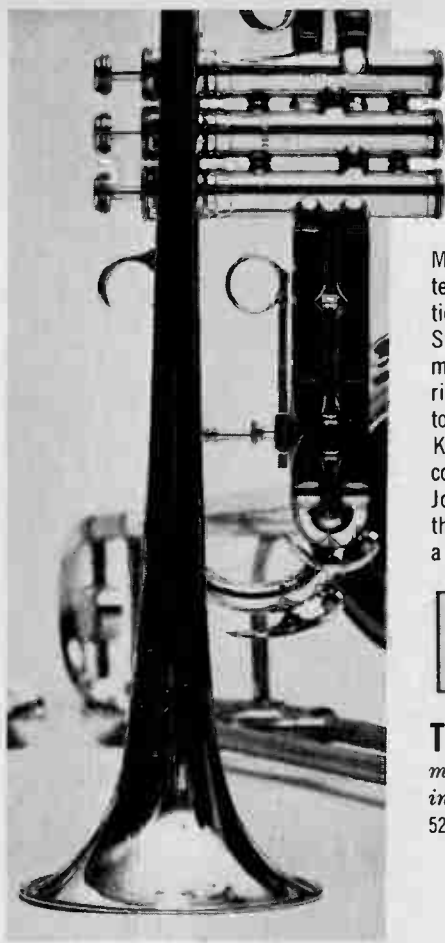
Rating: ★★★★★

Miss Lee keeps topping herself. This can be devastating to the morale of the reviewer. This shockingly superlative singer frustrates him at every turn in this LP, because either he, or somebody else, has said it all before—Miss Lee continues to prove herself without peer as a jazz-oriented singer of popular music.

So *In Love Again* is about as good Lee as exists. Much of the set's success results from the selection of superb songs and the arrangements by Dick Hazard, Bill Holman, and Shorty Rogers ably conducted by bassist-turned-batoneer Max Bennett.

The songs—divided, incidentally, into "light and lively" on the first side and "lush and lovely" on the reverse—are *A Lot of Livin' to Do, I've Got Your Number, Little by Little, Got That Magic, The Moment of Truth, and That's My Style* on the sprightly side. Miss Lee's gift of swinging hard but lightly (which is not a contradiction) is never more evident than in these effortless examples.

More romantic are *I Can't Stop Loving You, Unforgettable, Once (Ils S'aimaient), (I'm) In Love Again, I Got Lost in His Arms, and How Insensitive (Insensatez).* Here the feeling of performance is tender, as only the singer can render it.



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OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

A COLUMN OF JAZZ REISSUES

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Various Artists, *Jazz Odyssey, Vol. 1—The Sound of New Orleans* (Columbia C3L 30)

Rating: ★★★★★½

Various Artists, *Esquire's World of Jazz* (Capitol 1970)

Rating: ★★★

Louis Armstrong, *Satchmo, 1928-1930* (Decca 4330)

Rating: ★★★★★

Julia Lee and Her Boy Friends
(Capitol 2038)

Rating: ★★★

There are at least three ways to present jazz in a historical context on records. One is to dig out and reissue the original recordings of the period, person, or group. A second is to have the person or group re-record items of significance from their past. And a third is to have whoever is available play in the style of the period, person, or group.

It happens that three of the releases at hand illustrate the merits and drawbacks of each of these methods. Original recordings are used on *Jazz Odyssey*. This is one of Frank Driggs' series of reissue packages, and it is of more than usual value and interest because it throws some light on what has been a generally obscure area of early jazz recording.

What we know of New Orleans jazz on records has, in most prominent instances, been played in New York City (the Original Dixieland Jazz Band) or Chicago (King Oliver, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings) for the very practical reason that those two cities were where the major recording studios were located. Recording in New Orleans itself constituted a field trip for the record companies in the '20s, so it happened only occasionally.

Some recordings were made in New Orleans then (although not nearly as many as in New York or Chicago), but even these relatively few recordings are not as well known as many of the discs recorded in Chicago and New York because the latter have been reissued in considerable depth and, in some cases, repeatedly, while the New Orleans recordings have, to great extent, remained in the record companies' files, untouched and unheard.

So, for most of us, such names as Johnny Miller's New Orleans Frolickers, and Sam Morgan's Jazz Band have been little more than names encountered in jazz histories or at the New Orleans Jazz Museum. But now, with this reissue set, they take on some aural reality.

The recording situation of the '20s is reflected in the fact that only half of this three-disc album devoted to "the sound of New Orleans" is made up of recordings actually made in New Orleans. For the other half, Driggs and Frederic Ramsey

Jr. (who joined Driggs as producer of the set and supplied an unusually interesting accompanying essay and commentary) have gone to the studios of New York and Chicago.

One disc is devoted to New York recordings, opening with a selection that is of more historical than musical interest: a recording by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band of *At the Darktown Strutters' Ball* made on Jan. 24, 1917, which would place it in the position of being the first jazz recording, an accomplishment that has usually been credited to the ODJB Victor session held in February, 1917. The recording is fairly crude, and the performance is not up to the subsequent Victors.

A 1919 disc by the Louisiana Five shows off the vibrant clarinet of Alcide Nunez, who plays lead all through the piece, since the group had no cornet. Two tracks (1923) by A. J. Piron's orchestra are notable for the strong lead trumpet of Peter Bocage.

Louis Armstrong turns up four times, twice in 1929 performances fronting Luis Russell's orchestra (*Mahogany Hall Stomp* and *Dallas Blues*) and twice with Clarence Williams' Blue Five (1924 and 1925). Armstrong comes through especially effectively on the Williams items and leads a marvelous ensemble on *Livin' High*. Russell's orchestra is heard on its own in *Louisiana Swing*, which offers some fine early (1930) Red Allen (the date is misprinted in the notes as 1939, a carelessness that reaches an amusing extreme when a Sharkey Bonano disc is alleged to have been recorded in 1236).

Johnny Dunn, a New York trumpeter who is just as obscure as some of the New Orleans names mentioned earlier, is shoe-horned into the set thanks to the presence on one of his 1928 records of Jelly Roll Morton of New Orleans. Whether this is stretching things is really beside the point because Dunn plays a magnificent stop-time muted solo that would be worth having under any pretext. Morton also turns up on a 1934 Wingy Manone disc that uses a weird personnel (Manone, Morton, Artie Shaw, Bud Freeman, and John Kirby, among others). There is a further curiosity in a 1937 performance of *Dear Old Southland* by Noble Sissle's orchestra, which is actually a showcase for Sidney Bechet.

Only a single side of one disc is given to New Orleans men recorded in Chicago, and even in that limited space the selections are not particularly distinguished. The bright and dashing *Brush Stomp* by the Chicago Footwarmers (a group led by clarinetist Johnny Dodds) and Chippie Hill's classic *Trouble in Mind* with Armstrong accompaniment stand out like gems among badly recorded Morton and Oliver, one of Armstrong's lesser early efforts, and a novelty by Cookie's Gingersnaps that gives a brief glimpse of Freddie Keppard's trumpet. Clarinetists Albert Nicholas and Jimmie Noone also are heard.

The 1½ discs of New Orleans recordings is a mixture of interesting jazz performances, but some of them are pretty shallow in jazz terms, although they have interest as period pieces.

For jazz, there are four selections on which the glorious clarinet of Leon Rap-

polo can be heard, three of them with the remnants of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings (1925) and one with the Halfway House Orchestra (also 1925).

Two other clarinetists, Sidney Arodin and Charlie Scaglioni, are enlivening with John Miller's New Orleans Frolickers and Johnny Bayersdorffer's band. Bayersdorffer himself is a capable cornetist, as is Johnny DeDroit who leads his own band on No. 2, one of the early titles for *Tiger Rag*.

Fate Marable's band as of 1924 is heard on a recording that is technically poor enough to dim whatever luster the group may have had. But there are a pair of good representations of Papa Celestin's Original Tuxedo Orchestra and an early (1927) Wingy Manone treatment of his celebrated *Up the Country Blues*. The period atmosphere dominates selections by Russ Papalia's orchestra and the New Orleans Owls.

One LP side is devoted to Sam Morgan's band, a group that mixed jazz, novelty, and the swinging hymn with gay abandon. It was a nine-piece band that had a solid ensemble feeling and at least two outstanding soloists in Jim Robinson, trombone, and Earl Fouche, alto saxophone. Morgan's vocals are dated, but whenever this band gets going, it really rocks. The side gathers together the Morgan band's entire recorded output, and while there may be more Sam Morgan here than some listeners feel they need, in an album of this type such completeness is highly commendable.

The disc's subtitle, 1917-1947, is validated by the inclusion of a 1947 Bunk Johnson recording, but practically everything else is from the 1920s and the early 1930s.

Capitol has attempted to bite off a much larger slice of jazz history—the whole works in fact—on the two-record *Esquire's World of Jazz*.

Unlike Columbia, Capitol has no files that go back through the years (the company was formed in 1943), so a side titled *Classic and Traditional* has to resort to after-the-fact performances by Armand Hug (a lively rag), Barney Bigard, Wingy Manone, Jack Teagarden (with Joe Sullivan at the piano), Red Nichols, and Ray Bauduc, which are pleasant but scarcely representative of the genre. A side called *Mainstream* fares a little better because the Duke Ellington and Woody Herman bands are present, although not in notable form, and so is Art Tatum, the infallible. *Modern* is a more legitimate side, for by this time, Capitol does have files that can produce Stan Kenton's *Swinghouse*, Miles Davis' *Budo*, and Lennie Tristano's *Cross-Current*.

All things considered, however, it is the fourth side, *Vocal Jazz and Blues*, that is the most successful, for it contains some striking T-Bone Walker and Leadbelly, good Anita O'Day, Sonny Terry, and Lizzie Miles, and an interesting Peggy Lee track on which she is backed by Pete Johnson's piano and a band that includes Barney Bigard and Eddie Miller.

The third type of historical disc—re-recordings by the original artist—is the approach on *Satchmo*, 1928-1930, which is

actually the fifth and sixth sides of the four-disc set *Satchmo*, Decca DXM 155.

Armstrong introduces recordings made in the 1950s of pieces originally cut by his Hot Five, Hot Seven, and early big band. For anyone who treasures the originals, these reconstructions are no substitute, though viewed on their own merits, they are spirited performances in which Armstrong and trombonist Trummy Young are consistently interesting. There also are heartening glimpses of clarinetist Edmond Hall and pianist Billy Kyle.

There is, come to think of it, a fourth way to approach jazz history on records. This is the disc that misses the point completely, a category into which *Julia Lee*

and *Her Boy Friends* falls.

Miss Lee was a fine pianist and blues singer and an extraordinarily effective ballad singer, but one would scarcely know it from this collection, which concentrates (aside from two or three welcome exceptions) on the banal salacity that it was her misfortune to record at great length. However, behind her (although no information is given on the liner) one can hear some provocative, if brief, passages by Geechie Smith and Red Nichols on trumpet, Henry Bridges and Tommy Douglas on tenor saxophone, Red Norvo on xylophone, a *trombone* duet by Benny Carter and Vic Dickenson, and some Carter alto saxophone.

—John S. Wilson

The advertisement features a black and white photograph of a man, Jake Hanna, in a suit and tie, playing a Slingerland drum kit. He is holding drumsticks and looking towards the camera. The drum kit includes a bass drum, a snare drum, and two tom-toms. The background is dark and moody.

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BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

American Folk Blues Festival, Decca 74392

Rating: ★★

Living with the Blues, Savoy 16000

Rating: ★★★★★½

Folk Blues Song Fest, Aravel 1004

Rating: ★★

Decca records has been notably hesitant in the issuance of blues albums, either

new recordings or reissues (and it has a staggering amount of superb material in the vaults). True, its *Out Came the Blues* anthology of a few months back was a happy exception, and now the company has followed it up with a set recorded in Germany by the members of a blues package that toured Europe in fall, 1962.

Among the participants were pianist Memphis Slim; guitarists T-Bone Walker (who also switches to piano on a few selections), Brownie McGhee, and John Lee Hooker; harmonica players Sonny Terry and Shakey Jake Harris; bassist Willie Dixon; and drummer Jump Jackson. The album was recorded in Hamburg after an evening concert and is only moderately interesting as a representation of the power

and depth of the blues.

None of the 12 numbers is particularly out of the ordinary, many of them being slight, inconsequential jump pieces (especially Hooker's three selections); compounding this is the palpable lack of conviction in just about every one of the performances. About the only performers who escape this are, curiously, McGhee, normally a most mannered singer and player, and Harris. Terry has a bit of trouble on his one performance, *I'm Crazy 'Bout You, Baby*.

Memphis Slim, Dixon, and Jackson act as rhythm section on most numbers, and they perform more than creditably.

Still, there's not a great deal of musical interest or emotional excitement in the set.

A sampler set that does have much to recommend it is an unexpected boon from Savoy, *Living with the Blues*, which brings together performances by McGhee (not especially good, but a typical r&b-inspired McGhee performance) and Hooker (a fairly effective, low-keyed reading of *When My Wife Quit Me*), plus 10 others.

There is a powerful, though late-sounding, Memphis Minnie number, *Kidman Blues*; a wonderfully controlled demonstration of quiet power on Curley Weaver's *She Don't Treat Me Good No More* (what ever happened to him?); another restrained, deliberate performance by Dennis McMillan on *Poor Little Angel Girl*; and an enjoyable two-guitar version of *A to Z Blues* by Blind Willie McTell (who hides behind the monicker Peg 'n' Whistle Red). In addition, there are notable performances by St. Louis Jimmy, Pee Wee Hughes, Sunnyland Slim (though a bit strident), Frank Edwards, David Wylie, and Papa Lightfoot.

The whole album is thoughtfully conceived, well paced, nicely recorded, with a wide range of enjoyable, involved blues styles represented in the selections. There are no notes or discographical data.

Savoy is to be commended and encouraged to issue additional sets of this caliber.

Aravel records has drawn on the extensive catalog of Folkways records for the material in the sampler *Folk Blues Song Fest*. As in the case of the Decca set, there is little to recommend it, for none of the performances rises above the merely competent or uninspired, and several of them are downright chaotic—Arbee Stidham's *Let It Be Me* and *I Wonder Why?* (both with Memphis Slim, organ, and Jazz Gillum, harmonica) and Champion Jack Dupree's *Come Back, Baby*.

Leadbelly and Big Bill Broonzy are just routine in *Keep Your Hands Off Her* and *Hush, Somebody Is Calling You* (Sinner Man), respectively. Sonny Terry takes the album's honors for his expressive performances of *Beautiful City* and *Dirty Mistreater*; Lightnin' Hopkins' *Fan It* is merely a spoken refrain over a boogie pattern; Brownie McGhee is at his mannered best on *Face in the Crowd* and *Big Wide World*; and Memphis Slim runs through *How Long Blues*. Nothing memorable occurs, however, and any one of the artists in the set is in far better form elsewhere, as for example the Folkways albums from which these performances have been excerpted.

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

Toni Lee Scott

Memory Lane, Los Angeles

Personnel: Gerald Wiggins, piano; Bob West, bass; Jackie Mills, drums; Miss Scott, vocals.

It was something of a surprise to come across Miss Scott playing an extended engagement at this comparatively obscure Los Angeles club. In view of her qualifications and in the light of the publicity she has received over the last decade (she was even a *This Is Your Life* subject a few years ago), it would be logical to expect her career to be in high gear.

Caught during two long, disarmingly casual sets (on the second of which Chico Hamilton, a chance visitor, sat in for Mills), Miss Scott revealed a style that belied her past associations. The years with Bob Scobey, the work in Las Vegas with Bob Crosby's Bob Cats seemed to have little bearing on the approach she brought to a series of superior standards.

Her sound is mature; this is a woman singing, not a little girl, and one with a highly emotional feeling for ballads. Her sound is firm but tender. She is clearly more an *I Wish You Love* than a *Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey*? singer; on the latter, sung at a customer's insistence, she sounded ill at ease. At up tempos she phrased way behind the beat at times but never with that nerve-wracking will-she-ever-catch-up? sensation that this can induce when carelessly done.

Her most remarkable quality, though, is her complete control, both of herself and the audience. At one point or another she smoked during the set, sipped a drink (during *Something Cool*, of course), threw witty asides to hecklers, and even fielded apt ad libs when a nearby telephone interrupted in midballad. (No Shelley Berman she.)

You don't often find these characteristics in a sensitive ballad singer. In addition, there are occasional and logical changes in the lyrics, unusual tempo selections (the old *San Francisco* as a very slow ballad), and unlikely combinations of songs (*Goin' to Chicago* done as a pretty-chord ballad intro and coda for her concluding number, *One for My Baby*).

It need hardly be added that the backing of Wiggins, a master of the accompanist's art, contributed substantially to the impact of the performance.

It has become s.o.p. to observe of any superior singer that she feels, means, and lives the lyrics of every song. In Miss Scott's case it is necessary to repeat the cliché. It also is often said that the singers of real value are those who have lived a little. Miss Scott has lived, and suffered, and in her way has paid more dues than Billie Holiday. You hear all that too.

(Although she dislikes capitalizing on it,

these facts should be spelled out for those unfamiliar with her story: hit by an automobile at 19, she spent two years in the hospital; surgery was performed on her 39 times, culminating in amputation of a leg above the knee.)

Mills, her a&r man at Ava records, will be releasing an album soon. It will be good, without a doubt; but it will be no substitute for the warm and endearing experience of Toni Lee Scott in person.

—Leonard Feather

Anita O'Day

The Losers, Hollywood

Personnel: Bob Corwin, piano; Bob Whitlock, bass; Sid Bulkin, drums; Miss O'Day, vocals.

With a quarter-century of song behind her, Miss O'Day right now is singing at the peak of her creativity and vocal capability.

To hear the singer storm through a set was to live a memorable experience. And as if the singer's artistry weren't enough, Corwin, Whitlock, and Bulkin provided accompaniment that was a joy in itself.

It has been written of Miss O'Day that her singing is blemished at times with intonation trouble. On the night of review, however, no such problem was evident. In every number she was right on the dime.

After a medium-up *I Cried for You*, she slipped into something even more comfortable: a rendition of *Sweet Georgia Brown* that burned from the slow-to-medium opening to the double-tempo climax. *The Lady Is a Tramp* was taken very fast, and in the course of the steeplechase, she shared some brilliant four-measure exchanges with pianist Corwin.

Love for Sale was offered as an early encore. In the singer's possession it turned out a little masterpiece that she invested with an incredible built-in swing. Her by-now familiar conception of *Honeysuckle Rose*, with Whitlock walking in giant steps behind her, manifested the singer's fantastic phrasing and invention.

In *Four Brothers*, Miss O'Day scatted, and Corwin stretched out for an excellent solo to conclude the set.

Back before long for the evening's last turn, Miss O'Day opened in leisurely mood with *I Hear Music* and *All of You* taken at medium tempo. There followed a virtuoso treatment of *Get Out of Town*, which she began by singing the verse a cappella and then the chorus way, way up while the trio cooked behind her. *Tenderly*, with the first chorus out of tempo, and a rocking *In Other Words* led to her special delivery of *Tea for Two*, now a tour de force, and a blazing interlude with drummer Bulkin knocking himself out in an exchange of fours with the singer. Apart from a tendency to rush tempos now and again, the drummer whipped and drove all concerned in a manner bespeaking his long playing experience.

I'll See You in My Dreams backgrounded waitresses as they cleared tables at closing time. Miss O'Day took the oldie at medium tempo, threw in a little scatting, and reconfirmed that she is one of the very few who knows, indeed is, the ultimate in vocal jazz swinging.

—John A. Tynan

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LOU BLACKBURN BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER



Lou Blackburn is one of the most versatile as well as one of the best-traveled musicians one will ever meet. His credits include almost 10 years in the Army—in Africa, Italy, Japan, and Germany—as well as countless cross-country trips as a professional cook on the Super Chief and many other trains.

Born in Rankin, Pa., reared in Birmingham and Pittsburgh, he was 24 years old before he decided that he preferred to do his cooking on trombone. He then studied at Roosevelt College in Chicago. Re-entering the Army as a musician (he had previously seen service as a cook), he organized a quintet and was the first American to play jazz in Tokyo's opera house. Later he was with the Seventh Army Symphony Orchestra in Germany.

Leaving the service in 1956, he played with Lionel Hampton for 2½ years, with Cat Anderson for seven months, Duke Ellington for eight months, and then had his own group in Philadelphia. After a couple of months in Las Vegas, Nev., he settled in Los Angeles in 1961 and has been making rapid headway as studio musician, composer-arranger, and leader of his own quintet, heard on two Imperial LPs. This was Blackburn's first *Blindfold Test*, and he was given no information about the records.

THE RECORDS

1. Stan Kenton. *Fitz* (from *Adventures in Blues*, Capitol). Bob Fitzpatrick, trombone; Gene Roland, composer.

I don't think that was an organized orchestra. I think that was a Hollywood studio-type group. Very good composition, and I think the trombone soloist was Frank Rosolino, one of the best on the West Coast.

It has soul, the kind of thing that's being played today, with the heavy beat. The orchestration was good; however, in the last trombone section the second trombone, whoever he was, was sticking out entirely too far. However, the over-all blend was good. I'll give it three stars.

2. George Russell. *D. C. Divertimento* (from *The Outer View*, Riverside). Garnett Brown, trombone; Russell, piano, composer.

To the writer of this I give four stars, whoever he was. I don't know him, but he is a man very well versed in the 12-tone technique. He's steeped in the avant-garde type of thing.

The melody doesn't particularly lend itself to the trombone; in fact, it's too low. However, he played it well, and I would guess that the trombone player is a New York player, possibly Urbie Green.

Emotionally, it's good for the very, very wise jazz audience. Personally, I liked it. Of course, it has no commercial appeal. It's interestingly constructed and well played. Except the trombone—it's too low and has a sort of muddy sound, in the beginning especially. It could have been played better with the valve trombone.

The piano man is interesting; he likes Ellington. Now, if this is Ellington, I would fall over, because I didn't recognize the tone.

Oh, one other thing. The bass trombone player. He could have played better, with much more concentration. He was very shaky on the melody there by himself.

Over-all, I'd give it four.

3. J. J. Johnson. *Bloozineff* (from *Who's Who in the Swinging Sixties*, Columbia). Johnson, trombone; Vic Feldmon, organ.

(After 30 seconds): You can take this off right now. In the first place, I don't like organ in jazz. I'm surprised this particular man did this thing with the organ.

As far as the trombone player, you can give him all the stars in the world! J.J. As far as the melody, good melody; but as far as the organ, no comment. Except—two of the best-known organists are friends of mine: Jimmy Smith and Groove Holmes. In fact, I worked with Groove seven months back east, in Cat Anderson's group. And when Jimmy Smith first started, he was at a place in Atlantic City called Herman's, and I used to sit in with him every other day; but I don't think organ and trombone blend. I really don't care to listen.

4. Kai Winding. *Them There Eyes* (from *Kai Ole*, Verve). Winding, trombone, arranger; Phil Woods, alto saxophone.

I think the trombone player was Kai Winding. The arrangement's average. . . . The saxophone player I don't recognize. It sounds like some of the West Coast alto men. Over-all, I would give it two stars for the trombone player. If it weren't for him, I would give it even less.

5. Duke Ellington. *Donkey Serenade* (from *Bal Masque*, Columbia). Quentin Jackson, trombone; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Ellington, piano. Recorded, 1958.

This must have been recorded within the last two years. It's Ellington's band—the baritone player, Harry, of course, gave it away. The trombone, if it was recorded within the last two years, had to be Lawrence Brown playing the plunger thing, which he doesn't particularly care for. He does it because it seems nobody else wants to do it. The clarinet player was Jimmy Hamilton.

Over-all, it wasn't anything exciting, but for Ellington—I'll admit I'm a bit prejudiced. Because of Ellington and because of Lawrence Brown, whom I love, I'd give it five stars. As far as the band sound, it was ordinary. This I'll probably hear from!

6. Curtis Fuller. *Cabin in the Sky* (from *Cabin in the Sky*, Impulse). Fuller, trombone; Manny Albam, arranger.

I'll have to give the trombone player all the stars possible; that's J.J. Johnson even with the disguise. I didn't care for the string writing; that particular number is one that the average writer could have done more with. If it's one of the greater writers here, I'm sorry. I like the tune, but this arrangement is just average.

7. Maynard Ferguson. *Country Boy* (from *Come Blow Your Horn*, Cameo). Ferguson, valve trombone; saxophone soloist not credited.

All I can say about that is that the rhythm section is good; as far as the trombone player is concerned, the melody was all right, but after his first solo, I guess he was tired—his control was bad, his breathing was bad. You could hear his diaphragm vibrating, something that I would hear that you probably wouldn't notice.

So I'll give it two stars, on the basis of the rhythm section. The alto saxophone player—it might have been Phil Woods.

8. Roland Kirk. *Lonesome August Child* (from *Reeds and Deeds*, Mercury). Kirk, tenor saxophone, composer; Virgil Jones, trumpet; Charles Greenlee, trombone.

On this, good composition . . . terrible trombone solo, very bad. . . . He never got off the ground, didn't seem to know the tune. Good tenor saxophone player—sounds like Teddy Edwards, and if it is Teddy, then the trumpet player is Freddy Hill. Over-all, I would give it 2½ stars.

9. Red Holt. *Ghost Riders in the Sky* (from *Look Out, Look Out*, Argo). Floyd Marvin, trombone; Holt, drums.

I can't possibly see how the company that recorded this allowed it to be released!

The trombone player had something going for himself—he *mutilates* the trombone, but beautifully. He did everything as badly as possible; so for that, no stars. It sounds like it could be . . . Jimmy Knepp? Knepper? Or something. But no, he's a better trombone player than that. No stars at all.



THE BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

There are certain puzzlingly persistent errors in the literature and folklore of jazz that could stand a little airing from time to time. And, although I don't suppose that exposure will cause them to waste away and expire (having persisted this long, they may go on forever), I intend to devote the next couple of columns to letting some air get at a few of them.

For example, I keep reading, here and there, that modern jazz musicians began the business of making their solos out of chord changes rather than making variations on melodies themselves, that it was Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie and their followers who began improvising on chords, inventing new melodies within a harmonic framework, rather than improvising paraphrases of the themes themselves.

I don't know where this idea came from, but it is emphatically untrue. All of the great players of the late 1930s invented on chords as a matter of course, night after night. Ben Webster did it, Roy Eldridge did it, Johnny Hodges did it, Buck Clayton did it, Benny Carter did it, Lionel Hampton did it, Coleman Hawkins. . . . All of them. Clearly Charlie Christian did it. And have you ever heard Teddy Wilson's solo on *Body and Soul* with the Benny Goodman Trio? It is one of the most brilliant harmonically oriented inventions I have ever heard in jazz, regardless of period. And it was no exception to Wilson's rule at the time.

Nor is such improvising limited to the great players of the late '30s. Almost every important player of the previous generation was at least capable of inventing on chords and did do it on some occasions. Louis Armstrong? Do you know the Victor version of *Sleepy Time Down South* or the last chorus of the Decca *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*? Jack Teagarden? Do you know his *Sheik of Araby* or his half-chorus on *Pennies from Heaven* from the Armstrong-Teagarden Town Hall concert on Victor?

There are many examples of Earl Hines doing it. And Red Allen. Sidney Bechet? Do you know his version of *Sleepy Time Down South*? Bunk Johnson? Yes, even Bunk Johnson. Have you ever heard the last two choruses of his *Some of These Days*? And with Bix Beiderbecke, playing on chords was almost the rule.

Associated with this story is the one that says the modernists not only started playing on chords but also started the business of writing new themes to old

chord outlines borrowed from standard tunes.

This is perhaps the most nonsensical story of all. By 1929 almost every big band had two or three pieces based on the *Tiger Rag* changes, one or two from, say, *I Ain't Got Nobody* or *After You've Gone*. And by 1932 *You're Driving Me Crazy*, a comparatively complex piece, had lost its melody and acquired the more jazzlike theme called *Moten Swing*. By approximately the same date, *I Got Rhythm* had also lost its melody and become Sidney Bechet's *Shag*, the first of hundreds (thousands?) of new *I Got Rhythm* themes to come.

Try to imagine the Count Basie book of 1938 without changes borrowed from *Tea for Two-Honeysuckle Rose* and *Diga Diga Do*. Or Ellington without *Rose Room*, *Exactly Like You*, or the ubiquitous *Tiger Rag*.

For that matter, dozens of ragtime chord sequences, simple as they are, showed up in the jazz repertory of the teens and '20s with slightly new melodies.

All this comes from the blues. Longer ago than we know, playing the blues could mean making spontaneous melodies within a harmonic framework, with no reference to a main melody or theme. By the late '20s jazz musicians had clearly begun to discover that they could also—so to speak—"play the blues" on chord changes that didn't belong to the blues. They spent the '30s exploring the idea. Similarly, they found they could also write new themes on old changes—themes that were more appropriate to their own idiom than the popular songs they came from.

Such fundamental practices did not change with modern jazz. What Parker and Gillespie and the rest did was find a new way of continuing and expanding the old ideas. Admittedly their harmonic, rhythmic, and melodic language was more sophisticated. But what they did was revitalize the tradition, not break radically from it.

By the way, it's possible for the fan or partisan of early jazz to delude himself when he insists that his Dixieland idols are always playing the melody one way or another. Often they are not. Often they are actually stringing together some 30-year-old Armstrong phrases to fit some fairly simple chords, with no reference to a theme melody.

Technically, what probably happens here is more or less this: most Dixieland melodies are tied closely to their chords. And the players solo close to the chords too. So a listener often thinks he's hearing a melody he actually isn't.

Take *Tea for Two*—it isn't exactly a Dixieland piece, but it will serve as

a good example because it is so familiar. If I play the chords of *Tea for Two*, I have virtually played the melody also. And if I pick my solo notes directly out of those chords or use only their lowest partials, I've suggested the melody, perhaps without playing it in any way.

Therefore, what our Dixieland fan is actually saying is, "I like what I'm used to."

Ah, and how many modern fans are actually saying the same thing in attacking John Coltrane or Ornette Coleman?



SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

One of the more inexplicable phenomena on the current jazz scene is the minute amount of attention being given to Ralph Gleason's *Jazz Casual* television series in the music press and by that considerable number of television critics around the country who profess to be jazz partisans.

The lack of jazz on commercial television has long been one of the most familiar complaints among all of us, and yet here is Gleason setting an exemplary standard for jazz presentation on the National Educational Television network.

Gleason's approach to jazz on television couldn't be more simple and more correct. Each week's guest is his own music director. The cameramen accommodate themselves to the musicians—not the other way around, as has been the practice in nearly all other previous associations between jazz and television. And Gleason himself is only briefly and unobtrusively on camera.

The result is that the musicians on *Jazz Casual* are able to reveal themselves more completely than is possible in many clubs and in most concert situations. I've known Jimmy Rushing, for instance, for some 20 years, and the two occasions on which he seemed to me to be most deeply and spontaneously expressive were during an impromptu session before a record date about a decade ago and during his appearance on Gleason's series.

Seldom, moreover, has the full, pungent impact of Carmen McRae come through as forcefully as when she took over—and that's exactly the term—another of Gleason's half-hours.

I'm not saying Gleason is the first man to fuse jazz and television to the increased vividness of both. Robert Herridge applied essentially the same concepts to *The Sounds of Jazz* (with Billie Holiday, Count Basie, Lester

Young, Thelonious Monk, and others) and *The Sound of Miles Davis* (I confess a possible conflict of interest here as an observer, since Whitney Balliett and I were "technical advisers" for the first of those shows, and I performed the same function for the second.)

Gleason, however, is certainly the first to present jazz with total honesty and with utter lack of superfluous "attractions" on a national television series. He is setting a most important precedent.

I have lost all hope that commercial network television is going to do even moderate justice to jazz—in the foreseeable future, at any rate. But as educational television grows and as chances may arise (though not necessarily) for more "minority" programming on pay-TV, there can be an increasing number of openings for various kinds of jazz series on television.


The fact that Gleason has been successful at showing that undiluted jazz is exactly right for the medium will, I'm convinced, be a major stimulus for more such efforts.

Consider the possibilities. A series on the avant garde, which could begin to bring an Ornette Coleman and a Cecil Taylor in contact with their potential audiences more quickly than the current constricted night-club and concert scene makes possible.

A series on the older players, particularly those such as Rex Stewart and Red Allen who still have so much to say but have almost no opportunity to now (Stewart because hardly any work at all is available to him, and Allen because he has to shape his music to the extramusical demands of the rooms where he can get work).

A series of regional jazz histories with Frank Driggs as chief consultant. A series—while they're still alive—on jazz dancers (Honi Coles, Baby Laurence, and others).

There still remains, moreover, the problem of those musicians of quality who, for various reasons, never try to "make it" in New York or on the West Coast. Series devoted to local jazzmen on educational television in their cities could then be edited, and the best of the musicians could be seen on the National Educational Television network.

Admittedly these looks ahead may turn out to be ingenuous; but I do think that a regular place for jazz in noncommercial television can be found, and if it is, we shall all be in considerable debt to Gleason. For that matter, we are already, as perhaps some of you may be moved to acknowledge in letters to the local outlet that programs *Jazz Casual*. 

FROM THE TOP

STAGE-BAND ARRANGEMENT REVIEWS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

MISS FINE: *Composed and arranged by Oliver Nelson; Edward B. Marks Music Corp.*

This is an easy-tempo swing number from the album *Full Nelson*. This and its companion number, Nelson's *Hoe-Down*, are fine examples of how the working professional can aid the stage-band movement by making arrangements available.

Miss Fine opens with a riffish, Gospel-flavored melody played by the saxes and punctuated by alternately spaced guitar-piano plinks and brass chords.

The middle section is given over to a trumpet solo; Joe Newman's recorded solo is transcribed.

The next section, an ensemble chorus, is the most interesting part of the arrangement and the most difficult to bring off because of the ensemble precision required, the line shadings, and the phrasing and interpretation problems. It is these elements, however, that make this arrangement especially valuable as a learning experience, as well as fine music. An optional flute part is included in this section.

The arrangement closes with an all-out ensemble chorus with exchanges between the brass and saxes. The repeated tag ending has a trumpet solo over the sax figure.

This is an excellent arrangement of medium difficulty, well designed to teach one type of currently used style and phrasing. It is, of course, excellent music for performance.

NEVER ON SUNDAY: *Composed by Manos Hadjidakis, arranged by Quincy Jones; Famous Arrangers' Club.*

Quincy Jones, in the rehearsal notes accompanying this arrangement, states that "this arrangement is an attempt to 'Americanize' a tune which has always been associated with the sound used in the movie . . . incorporating the composition and styling of Dizzy Gillespie." Jones succeeds in producing an excellent, swinging arrangement.

Throughout the entire arrangement the melody is stated, basically, in unison lines that will require careful blending but which will achieve a fresh sound. Combinations include the edgy sweet use of two alto saxophones and trumpet in unison, trombones and tenor saxophones, and unison trumpets. The backing patterns for the melody become

quite complex with a division and interlocking of the brasses. A repetition of the introduction leads to an ad lib tenor solo. The arrangement ends with more restatements of the unison melodies.

This is a good, bright sounding arrangement for performance in concert or at dances. It is of medium difficulty and will tend to develop aspects of playing frequently neglected in the usual big-band fare—independence and blend of unison melody lines.

This arrangement is available only through subscription to Famous Arrangers' Club, 1650 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.

AT PEACE: *Composed and arranged by John LaPorta; Berklee Press Publications.*

This is an example of effective writing for the beginners' level.

Written largely in chorale style at a moderate tempo, it provides excellent opportunities for the band to concentrate on blend, balance, intonation, and tone production without having to worry about notes. After three eight-bar phrases in the chorale style, there is a contrasting, lightly swinging section that leads back to a *da capo* restatement of the first section.

Harmony and sound are fresh and modern.

TO A SLEEPING BEAUTY: *Composed by Maurice Ravel, arranged by Johnny Richards; Private Library, Inc.*

This arrangement of a melody from Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite* is an intriguing study in voicing colors and in pianissimo playing.

It opens with a lightly swinging baritone saxophone backing for the haunting melody played by solo trombone. An alto saxophone solo follows and leads to a unison trumpet line and then back to solo statements by trombone and alto.

The problem and the beauty of this first section lie in the shadings, intonation, and dynamics. A transition section establishes a heavier swing feeling and leads to an improvised trombone solo (a written solo is provided). A fortissimo, full ensemble re-establishes the opening mood, and the arrangement ends after a short guitar solo and a repeat of the opening trombone solo.

This is a very tasteful and different arrangement by a master writer and is well suited to provide contrast in a concert setting. The effort needed to solve the problems involved in this moderately difficult arrangement will be well repaid.

The arrangement is available only through subscription to Private Library, Inc., 35 W. 53rd St., New York 19.

HOOKER from page 24

St. that a representative of Modern records heard him and arranged to record him. The recordings were made late in 1948.

"At the recording session," Hooker remembered, "he said to me, 'You have any material?'" I said, 'Yes, I got a thing I do called *Boogie Chillun* and *Hobo Blues* and stuff like that.' So I did all that stuff, and he said, 'You know what, kid? This is going to be a big hit.' I said, 'You think so?' And he said, 'Oh, yeah.' And it was, right off the bat. Boom."

The song *Boogie Chillun* was an immediate success, and Hooker followed it with such as *In the Mood*, *Sallie Mae*, *Drifting from Door to Door*, and *Hobo Blues*—all narrative blues that suggested both the country and the city in his forceful, personal blend of old and new approaches to the blues. Though the songs were shot through with a dark, dramatic sense of foreboding, they also pulsed with a relentless beat. They were crude, ferocious, magnificent, and they immediately established Hooker's mastery of the blues.

A dizzying succession of several hundred recordings have followed in the years since, some of them superb, others considerably less so, concessions to the "hit" mentality of his record producers. But Hooker, since the onset of his recording career, has never been without record affiliation, and in the early days, when he was, as he says, "hot as a firecracker," he was recording simultaneously for several labels under various names.

Hooker is one blues artist who has weathered well the shifting tides in the popular-record industry, and if his single recordings today bear little resemblance to the undiluted blues that initially established his reputation, they have in no way affected his appeal to the folk-music audience.

"For most of the time during the last four years," Hooker reported, "I only played for white audiences. And everywhere I play, it's jammed."

"The blues are bigger than ever. . . . Ten times bigger. You know why? Because all the college kids are digging it now. Ten years back the blues was just in a certain area . . . the blues lovers only. But nowadays all the kids are digging the blues. I do my most work now for the college kids."

"Let's face facts. I've been overseas twice, and over there there's a lot of people digging the blues. And here too. . . ."

"I don't know why it's happened."

It's something I can't figure out myself. But as time marches by, they understand the meaning of the blues.

"What are the blues—what do they mean? The blues is different from other music because of the feeling. It's something that I am saying . . . it's your problems, and yours, and mine too. It's something that comes up in your life that . . . once in a while you have a hard time. It's true of every race on this earth that at some time they have tribulation. Maybe it's love affairs or money affairs or food . . . anything, any kind of hard time. And when you sing these songs, it reaches you so deep down."

"In my opinion, the blues is a thing. You have the blues about some thing. Maybe you're broke, disgusted, have bills, you're losing your home, your car, your girl friend—that's the blues. When you got money, you're happy; lot of clothes, nice home—that's no blues. Blues come out of sadness, trouble, misfortune. . . ."


Hooker concedes that there are "happy blues too, but they're not *soul* blues."

Soul blues he describes as feeling sorrow—when you lose something, a home, money, beautiful car. When that happens, "well, you ain't happy behind

it, and that's the blues."

"Really what the blues comes from," he continued . . . "our folks was in slavery a long time ago. . . . Now, I don't remember that, but my great, great grandparents—it's all they could do on the field or farm is moan . . . they'd be working and humming songs. That's the only way they could express their minds and get a little happy, to sing sad songs. That's the only way they had. It eases your mind a little bit."

"The average colored kid, it seems like the blues is embarrassing to them. I think they dig it, but they feel like it's embarrassing because their fore-parents and great grandparents were brought up in slavery. They like it, but they feel that in the modern days they shouldn't listen to it. They feel it drags them back. But it don't do that."

"I feel sorry for them. I look at them and think to myself that they really shouldn't be like that. They're thinking back . . . way, way back, and those days are gone. They ain't anymore. They should just forget about those days and look ahead. They should think of one thing—they should be proud that we have these things to offer and they're so great." 

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AD LIB *from page 10*

sat in on tenor saxophone with Powell's group at the Most . . . **Steve Shaw**, 19-year-old son of **Artie Shaw** and grandson of **Jerome Kern**, is studying clarinet . . . Trumpeter **Bill Dixon** is writing a score for a 30-minute film about New York's garment industry. A string quartet and a jazz combo are to play it . . . The Cove Lounge in Roselle, N.J., which had been featuring pianist **Johnny Coates Jr.**, burned down.

Pianist **Morris Nanton's** trio (**Norman Edge**, bass, and **Oliver Jackson**, drums) is at Horner's Ad Lib near Perth Amboy, N.J. . . . Vibist **Teddy Charles** has been playing weekends with the **Bob Romeo Orchestra** at Holiday Inn in Flushing. Charles recently took a group (**Zoot Sims**, tenor saxophone; **Hall Overton**, piano; **Steve Swallow**, bass; **Steve Butler**, drums) to Clark University in Worcester, Mass., for a concert appearance. In early April, he and Butler were part of an Overton group (the bassist was **John Beal**) that played at Bennington College in Vermont. The Bennington weekend had **Martin Williams** lecturing and **Le-Roi Jones** reciting his poetry, as well as additional music by pianists **Cecil Taylor** and **Billy Taylor**. **Anna Sokolow** also danced to the music of **Teo Macero** at

the Vermont event.

Flutist **Herbie Mann's** septet headlined the show that marked the Village Gate's return to a full-week policy in late March . . . Birdland also reinstituted its full-week schedule at the end of that month with the **Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Orchestra** . . . The Half Note featured **John Coltrane's** quartet . . . The Village Vanguard seems to have dropped its dancing policy. At least no one was hoofing during the **Cannonball Adderley-Lee Shaw** bill. Adderley's group was sparked by its new tenor man, **Charles Lloyd**; Mrs. Shaw's piano was accompanied by the bass of **Richard Davis** and the drums of her husband, **Stan Shaw** . . . Ex-Ellingtonian **Ray Nance** was featured during an **Allen Grant** Sunday afternoon session at Birdland. Nance played violin only (no trumpet because of an infected lip) and was accompanied by **Howard Reynolds**, piano; **Herman Wright**, bass; and **Walter Bolden**, drums. **Marcel Daniels** (male) and **J. Monroe** (female) handled the vocals.

The **Benny Powell** and **Booker Ervin** quartets played a concert for the United Nations Jazz Society in late March at the Dag Hammarskjold Memorial Auditorium. Bass trombonist Powell had the group that has been working with him on Sunday nights at the Most; tenor

saxophonist **Ervin's** group was completed by **Jane Getz**, piano; **Bill Wood**, bass; and **Jimmy Wormworth**, drums . . . *Music on My Mind*, the autobiography of pianist **Willie (The Lion) Smith**, in collaboration with **George Hoefer**, will be published this summer by Doubleday. The foreword is by **Duke Ellington**.

Pianist **Billy Taylor** lectured and demonstrated "Jazz, Improvised and Composed" at the 38th meeting of the Music Educators National Conference in Philadelphia during March. He was assisted in the playing department by bassist **Ben Tucker** and drummer **Dave Bailey**. Then Taylor took a vacation from his disc-jockeying chores at WNEW and was substituted for by a succession of jazz personalities: singer **Sarah Vaughan**, trombonist **Kai Windling**, pianists **Dave Brubeck** and **Joe Bushkin**, and saxophonist **Paul Winter** . . . **Bill Grierson** is conducting a jazz show on WPKN-FM in Bridgeport, Conn., twice a week.

Saxophonist **Gil Melle** will have a show of his paintings at the Koltnow Gallery in Greenwich Village May 4-18. Included will be an impression of **Bela Bartok**, "from the inside out."

The **Paul Winter Sextet** played several college dates in Missouri and Kansas before doing a week in Daytona Beach,

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Fla., with the Ford Caravan show . . . The 17-piece student ensemble of the New York School of Jazz made the first in a series of appearances before pupils of the New York City public school system, in the auditorium of Whitelaw Reid Junior High School in Brooklyn. The group gave three consecutive 45-minute concerts in which the members demonstrated the use of instruments in jazz and performed jazz works. A brief question period followed the end of each program. The program, titled "Mutual Respect," points up the jazz school's experiences with teenage audiences as well as giving evidence of the role live jazz plays in bridging the gap between young people of different ethnic and social backgrounds. The ensemble, which consists of six saxophones, six trumpets, flute, and a four-piece rhythm section, is directed by staff members **Arthur Daniels** and **Carroll Jackson**.

USSR

Avant-garde jazz presented at a concert in Leningrad featured the trio of pianist **Evgeny Gevorgian**. The Moscow trio includes Gevorgian's brother, **Andrey**, bass, and **Yuri Niznitcenko**, drums . . . Radio Moscow established a new radio program that presents light music of various countries, including the United States. Recently it played 1960 recordings of alto saxophonist **Georgy Garanian** and his group, consisting of **Constantin Bacholdin**, trombone; **Boris Rychkoff**, piano; **Igor Berukshtis**, bass; and **V. Garetkin**, drums. They played several compositions by **Charlie Parker** and some of Garanian's. Last year a similar program was established on the Leningrad Radio, but it was stopped after transmission of a concert of American jazz.

Bossa nova has come to Russia, and several of the official bands are including it in their repertoires. The most popular tune, however, is not *Desafinado* but *Manha de Carnaval*, which has become standard here.

Jazz musicians are getting better jobs these days. Drummer **Stanislau Strelzov** is playing with vocalist **Edita Piecha**. Also with Strelzov is flutist **Alexander Ilijin** of Moscow. Pianist-composer **David Goloshchokin** is working with another pop singer, **Martik Ovanesian**.

MONTREAL

The **Duke Ellington** Orchestra currently is at Le Jazz Hot, formerly the Casa Loma, until April 26. **Thelonious Monk** played there earlier this month. **Joe Williams** and the **Junior Mance** Trio bow on April 27, to be followed by the **Jimmy Smith** Trio, **Gene Krupa**

Quartet, **Jonah Jones**, and **Double Six of Paris**. Le Jazz Hot has turned into Quebec's biggest name-jazz temple. The **Pierre Leduc** Trio is the house band, but the **Jerry DeVilliers** Quartet is due in soon.

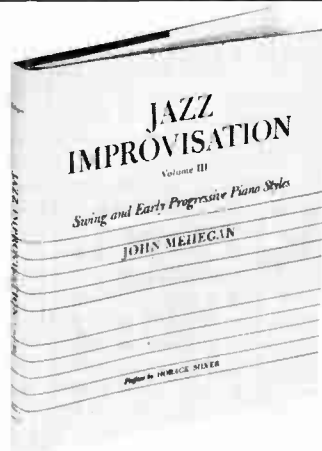
Coffee-house activity in town is jumping, especially in the preponderantly French sections. The upsurge in jazz interest has been helped greatly by six French-language fan magazines that plug it constantly . . . **Raymond Berthiaume**, a sort of Canadian **Ray Charles**—when Canadian stations, clubs, recording firms, etc., want a singer they

flock to him—is doing weekend gigs in the province with a vocal octet . . . Singer **Robert Demontigny** auditioned for the Blue Angel in New York City.

WASHINGTON

Guitarist **Charlie Byrd** played at the White House for the first time recently. It was an afternoon concert-party for **Lynda Bird Johnson** and friends. And while Byrd was on the West Coast in March, the Showboat Lounge brought in the **Dizzy Gillespie** Quintet for two successful weeks. While busy Byrd was

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on tour in the Detroit area in late March and early April, tenorist **Coleman Hawkins** and singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** had things jumping in the Showboat.

Thelonious Monk is scheduled to arrive at the Bohemian Caverns for two weeks April 28. This is believed to be Monk's first night-club date in D. C. The Caverns also has singer **Joe Williams** booked for a week beginning May 12 . . . Former **Lionel Hampton** guitarist **Malcolm Reddick** headed the **MGM Trio** (a combination of first-name initials) at this club in March. His colleagues were bassist **Marshall Smith** and drummer **Gino Gonzales** . . . The **Shadows**, an increasingly popular Georgetown club that is as dimly lit as the name suggests, concentrates on folk singers but is discovering that jazz acts do well too. Latest nonfolkster to make everyone happy there was **Carmen McRae**. She was backed by the **Norman Simmons Trio** . . . The **Mitchell-Ruff Trio** performed a concert at Howard University in March . . . **Newton Thomas** is now regular intermission pianist at the Showboat Lounge.

ST. LOUIS

Spring has brought new life to the jazz scene in St. Louis. Foremost is the Crystal Palace in Gaslight Square, an area noted in the past for off-beat drama, musicals, and comedy. New owners have instituted a policy of alternating music and comedy. The former includes the **Gene Krupa Quartet**, featuring **Charlie Ventura**, for a week beginning April 20, and followed by single weeks for **June Christy** starting May 4 and the **Dukes of Dixieland** on May 25 . . . The **Paul Winter Sextet** worked four nights at the Dark Side and was followed in by tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Forrest**, who moved over from Gino's.

CLEVELAND

Ohio Promotions, the organization headed by **Jimmie Hunter**, **Don Gaines**, and **Jimmie Price**, which has presented many local concerts by name jazz groups, began a new series of Sunday afternoon presentations at the Vagabond Room on the first Sunday in April. The first concert featured **Dot Ramm**, **June Valentine**, and **Weasel Parker's** big band. Tenorist Parker recently began playing cornet as well on his gig at the Lucky Bar.

Organist **Nat Fitzgerald** recently replaced attorney and sometime city council candidate **Leodis Harris** in drummer **Ray Banks'** group at the Cedar Gardens . . . Cleveland bassist **Ike Isaacs** led the group accompanying **Gloria Lynne** at Leo's Casino during

Miss Lynne's successful two-week run. **Hugh Lawson** was on piano and **Grady Tate** on drums . . . The **George Adams Quartet** (Adams, tenor saxophone; **Bunyan Dowlen**, piano; **Chink Stevenson**, bass; **Jacktown**, drums) headed a series of Saturday morning jam sessions at the University Lanes Lounge. Among the sitters-in were trumpeters **Robert Lee** and **Lawrence Jackson** and drummer **Jack Singleton**. The trio of bassist **Frank Wright** (also an impressive tenorist) with pianist **Bobby Few** recently became the house band for the sessions, as well as taking over the regular evening gig at the lounge . . . **Bill Gidney** now leads a fine jazz trio on weekends at La Porte Rouge in Cleveland Heights. Gidney plays solo piano during the week.

CHICAGO

Big bands held sway in Chicago recently. Though **Maynard Ferguson** did not play the Celebrity Lounge as was announced (Local 10 insisted that the club hire 14 local men two nights a week if it wanted Ferguson to play seven, and the club decided it was too expensive and cut out big bands all together for the time being), he and his band played a one-nighter at the Club Laurel. The **Woody Herman Herd** worked the north-side club the night before. **Si Zentner** also played the Laurel recently. The **Duke Ellington Orchestra** not only concertized at the Civic Opera House but also was presented by SESAC, a recording transcription company, at a press gathering during the National Association of Broadcasters convention here earlier in the month. Ellington also played in the SESAC hospitality room at the convention. Then there was **Ray Charles'** big band at the singer's three concerts at McCormick Place. And to top it all, **Count Basie** played several dates in Chicago, including one at the Holiday Ballroom (where Herman also played a one-nighter) and two nights at the Laurel.

Sonny Rollins' recent two-weeker at McKie's was marred by some odd behavior by the tenor saxophonist. He walked, playing, throughout the club and ended tunes by disappearing, still playing, into the dressing room. At one point he came on the stand wearing a black slouch hat, brim turned down all around, and small Indian bells attached to his belt. The instrumentation of Rollins' group varied from a quartet made up of himself, altoist-flutist **Prince Lasha**, bassist **Ron Carter**, and drummer **Roy McCurdy**—the group that played opening night—through a quartet that had Montreal pianist **Billy Georgette** in place of Lasha to a trio of Rollins, Carter,

and McCurdy. Organist **Jack McDuff** came in following Rollins' stay, and he, in turn, was succeeded by organist **Sarah McLawlor** and violinist **Richard Otto**, who are currently onstand.

Trumpeter **Gene Shaw** is no longer music director at the Olde East Inn. The club has been featuring a group with trumpeter **Paul Serrano** and saxophonist **Tommy Ponce**, as well as the **Jazz Interpreters**. The club has been spotlighting vocalists, among them **Paula Greer**, on weekends . . . Pianist **Eddie Higgins** switched his trio to a different room at the tony Maxim's de Paris. In the new atmosphere, Higgins will get to play more jazz than he did in the establishment's main dining room . . . Mrs. **Dora Goodman**, mother of **Benny Goodman**, died of a heart ailment on March 27. Mrs. Goodman, 90, is also survived by six other sons and three daughters.

The **Dukes of Dixieland** are scheduled to play three weeks at Bourbon Street beginning June 1 . . . There are some schedule alterations at the London House. **Billy Maxted's** Manhattan Jazz Band opened there April 21 instead of **Joe Bushkin**. And **Dizzy Gillespie** will probably work the club for three weeks after **Gerry Mulligan** closes on June 21. **Peter Nero** is set for two weeks beginning July 14. It is uncertain whether **Oscar Peterson** will make his annual four-week appearance at the club this summer.

Clarinetist **Frank Chace** and trombonist **Georg Brunis** returned to Chicago stomping grounds after the **Smokey Stover** gig they were working in Rock Island, Ill., folded. A group led by Chace for a concert at the Chicago Historical Society drew an enthusiastic SRO crowd in the middle of an Easter snowstorm. Chace's septet re-created recorded performances by **King Oliver**, **New Orleans Rhythm Kings**, **Bix Beiderbecke**, **Louis Armstrong**, and **Jelly Roll Morton** to illustrate **Don DeMicheal's** narrative about the musical origins and social background of Chicago-style jazz.

LAS VEGAS

Two former **Harry James** sidemen, **Sam Firmature**, tenor saxophone, and **Ernie Small**, baritone saxophone, have joined the **Jack Cathcart** house band at the Riviera Hotel . . . The **Charlie Teagarden** group with singer **Kay Brown** is in its fourth year at the Silver Slipper Lounge . . . The **Bobby Doyle Trio**, from Houston, Texas, has closed at the Thunderbird Lounge. Saxophonist **Georgie Auld** followed the trio into the lounge. Featured members of his band are **Harry Edison**, trumpet, and **Carl Fontana**, trombone.

When the **Woody Herman** Herd played at the Castaways recently, former herdsmen now living in Las Vegas held a reunion with Herman . . . Tenor saxophonist **Jay Orlando** has rejoined **Johnny Olenn** at the Hacienda after an absence of five years . . . **Charlie Spivak**, at the Fremont Hotel, is renewing old friendships with many local men who formerly played with him . . . Trombonist **Tommy Turk** has joined **Bill Reddie's** band at the Dunes Hotel.

Shirley Scott is the first featured attraction at Play Pen's new piano bar . . . **Bobby Sherwood** is re-forming a big band to complement the act he and his wife, **Phyllis Dorne**, now have working. Sherwood, who turns 50 May 30, last led a big band in 1949.

LOS ANGELES

Miles Davis, who played a concert at the University of California here last September, returns to the campus April 24 for a second appearance, this time under auspices of the senior class. The trumpeter, who reportedly will take away \$4,500 for the night's work, will play two concerts during the evening for audiences of students only.

Shelly's Manne-Hole is one of the few oases left for live jazz in Los Angeles, and recent and current activity there has been exciting. **Louis Bellson** now is leading a charge of 19 men every night. **Art Pepper** was scheduled to make his first appearance since returning to jazz at Shelly's April 4-19.

And for several Monday nights in a row the newly formed **Jack Nimitz** Quintet worked the **Cahuenga Blvd.** spot. Baritonist **Nimitz** is featuring baritonist **Bill Hood**, one of the best and most underappreciated men on the big horn, in the group on a variety of woodwinds . . . Disneyland brings in the orchestras of **Count Basie**, **Duke Ellington**, and **Wayne King** (!) for some kind of battle of bands June 12. The doings will be televised over KTTV.

Singer **Oscar Brown Jr.** is off on a four-month tour of Europe following his stand at Canoga Park's Hootenanny . . . The Percussion Institute opened with a bang (what else?) recently when **Irv Cottler**, **Emil Richards**, and **Bill Kraft** began drumming up students for the new school. Cottler is now on staff at NBC and is a veteran big-band man; Richards is the former **George Shearing** vibist and now a top Hollywood studio mallet man, and Kraft is tympanist with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Their school is located on Ventura Blvd. in the San Fernando Valley. Assisting the professors are drummers **Curry Tjader** and **Ken Watson**.

SAN FRANCISCO

Sugar Hill suspended operations for a month, with the conclusion of singer-pianist **Mose Allison's** engagement April 11. The club is set to reopen May 11 with **Carmen McRae**. The blame for the shutdown was laid by manager **Warren Herman** to spiraling talent costs.

"The prices being asked by booking agents have been going up and up and up," he said, "and in a good many cases they've gotten out of sight. We couldn't find an attraction we wanted available for a realistic price so decided the best thing to do was take a break." A "realistic price," Herman said, is one "that will give the club at least a chance of making a profit."

Tenorist **Teddy Edwards** has been featured guest star with pianist **Flip Nunes'** trio at the Sunday sessions recently begun by Sugar Hill, heretofore closed that day. On a recent Sunday the bass chair was shared by two jazzmen—who also are members of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra—**Charles Burrell** and **Don Prell** . . . In a quick booking maneuver, owner **Art Auerbach** of the Jazz Workshop signed the **Miles Davis** combo for the April 7-21 open date on the club's calendar.

Pianist **Vince Guaraldi's** trio and guitarist **Bola Sete** played a concert in the University of California's International House, on the Berkeley campus, for the tristate Chinese Students Inter-collegiate Organization.

The Contra Costa Concert Guild's first jazz program in its 10-year life drew an audience of 1,500 to the Pittsburgh, Calif., Auditorium. The program included music by the **John Coppola-Fred Mergy** Nonet, commentary by **Russ Wilson** and a song set by **Frances Lynn**. Heretofore the guild has stayed in the classical field for its annual cultural series.



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WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing by urban area of jazz performers, where and when they are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., six weeks prior to cover date.
LEGEND: hb.—house band; tfn.—till further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.—weekends.

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: Ella Fitzgerald, 5/14-30.
 Black Horse Inn (Huntington, N.Y.): Joe London, Dan Tucci, wknds.
 Blue Spruce (Roslyn, N.Y.): Teddy Wilson, tfn.
 Cameo Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Art Williams, tfn.
 Central Plaza: sessions, Sat.
 Composer-Lyricist: Tal Farlow, Bernard Peiffer, tfn.
 Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, Benny Aronov, Gene Bertonecini, tfn.
 Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.
 Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury, N.Y.): jazz, wknds.
 Embers: Dizzy Gillespie, Mike Longo to 4/25.
 Jonah Jones, 4/27-5/23.
 Five Spot: Sonny Rollins, Roland Kirk, tfn.
 Upper Bohemia Six, David Amram-George Barrow, Mon. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
 Garden City Bowl (Garden City, N.Y.): Johnny Blowers, wknds.
 Half Note: Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer to 5/7.
 Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, 5/8-21.
 Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, tfn.
 Horner's Ad Lib (Perth Amboy, N.J.): Morris Nanton, tfn.
 Junior's: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
 Living Room: Teri Thornton, 5/4-16.
 Metropole: Dukes of Dixieland to 5/2. Gene Krupa, 5/4-16.
 The Most: Georgie Hormel, Roger Kellaway, Kenny Burrell to 5/9. Big Tiny Little, 5/11-18.
 Benny Powell, Sun.
 Playboy: Monty Alexander, Walter Norris, Phil DeLaPena, Ross Tompkins, tfn.
 Hotel Plaza (Jersey City, N.J.): Jeanne Burns, tfn.
 Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, tfn. Marshall Brown, Mon.-Wed. Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Thur.-Sat.
 Sniffen Court Inn: Judy James, 5/11-23.
 Strollers: Marian McPartland, tfn.
 Village Gate: Nina Simone to 4/26. Stratis Near East Ensemble to 5/3.
 Wells: Herman Foster, tfn.

PARIS

Blue Note: Johnny Griffin, Art Taylor, Jean Luc Ponty, Rene Ureger, tfn. Toshiko and Charlie Mariano to 4/30.
 Blues Bar: Mae Mercer, Curtis Jones, tfn.
 Calavados: Joe Turner, tfn.
 Cameleon: Michel Hauser, tfn.
 Caveau de la Huchette: Maxim Saury, tfn.
 Kentucky Club: Rene Franc, tfn.
 Ladybird: Erroll Parker, Kansas Fields, Roland Haynes, tfn.
 Riverboat: Mowgli Jospin, tfn.
 Slub Club: Marc Laferriere, Claude Luter, tfn.
 Trois Maillets: Memphis Slim, Henri Renaud, tfn.

TORONTO

The Cellar: modern jazz groups, wknds.
 Colonial Tavern: Jimmy Rushing to 4/25. The Partners to 5/9.
 First Floor Club: modern jazz groups, wknds.
 Friar's Tavern: Lionel Hampton to 5/2. J.J. Johnson, 5/4-16. Amanda Ambrose, 5/18-30.
 George's Spaghetti House: Guido Basso, 4/27-5/2.
 Doug Richardson, 5/4-9. Moe Koffman, 5/11-16.
 Last Chance Saloon: Larry Dubin, tfn.
 Maison Dore: Toronto Traditional Jazz Band, Wed.
 Penny Farthing: Dixieland bands, wknds.
 Town Tavern: Zoot Sims to 5/2.

BOSTON

Barn: 1200 Jazz Quartet, tfn.
 Basin Street South: Roy Hamilton, 5/4-10. Dodo Green, 5/11-17.
 Fenway North (Revere): Al Drootin, tfn.
 Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): Basin Street Boys, tfn.
 Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.
 Jazz Workshop: Bill Evans, 4/27-5/3. Charlie Mingus, 5/4-10. Thelonious Monk, 5/11-17.
 Joseph's Teepee Lounge (South Braintree): Jimmy Venuti, tfn.
 Kings and Queens (Providence, R.I.): Mose Allison, 4/27-5/3.
 Lennie's on the Turnpike (West Peabody): Herbie Hancock to 4/26. Phil Woods, 4/27-5/3.
 Number Three Lounge: Sabby Lewis, Eddie Watson, tfn.
 Picadilly Lounge (New Bedford): Frank Hepinstall, 5/4-10.

The One Gentleman (Allston): The Upstates, tfn.
 Tic Toc: Clarence Jackson, Emmy Johnson, tfn.
 Village Green (Danvers): Dick Creedon's Dixielanders, Fri.-Sat.
 Wagon Wheels (West Peabody): Lionel Hampton, 5/4-5.
 Westgate Lounge (Brockton): Lou Columbo, Tue. Mike Lally, Mon., Fri., Sat.

PHILADELPHIA

Carousel (Trenton): Tony DeNicola, tfn.
 Columbus (Trenton): Tony Spair, tfn.
 Cypress Inn (Morrisville): Johnnie Coates Jr., tfn.
 Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims, hb.
 Marilyn: Billy McKay, tfn.
 Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.
 Playmate: Del Shields, tfn.
 Sportsman's Lounge: Billy Root, tfn.

WASHINGTON

Bayou: Eddie Dimond, hb.
 Bohemian Caverns: Thelonious Monk, 4/28-5/4.
 Joe Williams, 5/12-18.
 Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor Jr., Bobbie Kelley, tfn.
 Charles Hotel: Kenny Fulcher-Slide Harris, hb., Thur.-Sat.
 French Quarter: Tommy Gwaltney, tfn.
 Place Where Louie Dwells: Ann Read, John Malachi, tfn.
 Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, tfn.

NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, tfn.
 Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
 Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.
 500 Club: Leon Prima, tfn.
 French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
 Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
 King's Room: Laverne Smith, tfn.
 Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
 Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervailon, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
 Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, Snooks Eaglin, hbs.
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
 Royal Orleans: Sharkey Bonano, Pinky Vidacovich, 4/26.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: Eddy Davis, tfn. Dukes of Dixieland, 6/1-21.
 Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, tfn.
 Happy Medium (Downstage Lounge): Larry Novak, Wed., Thur.
 Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington, Thur.
 London House: Billy Maxted to 5/10. Herbie Mann, 5/12-31. Gerry Mulligan, 6/2-21. Larry Novak, Jose Bethancourt, hbs.
 McKie's: Sarah McLawler to 4/26.
 Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, hbs.
 Old East Inn: various artists.
 Pepper's: Muddy Waters, Wed., wknds.
 Playboy: Joe Iaco, Gene Esposito, Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, hbs. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.

CLEVELAND

Brothers: Bobby Brack, wknds.
 Capri: Sammy Dee-Vicki Lynn, tfn.
 Castaways (Brookpark): Bill Purnell, Wed., wknds.
 Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.
 Club 100: Melvin Jones-Dick Gail, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
 Corner Tavern: Jack McDuff to 4/26. Bill Doggett, 4/27-5/3. Lloyd Price, 5/4-10. tentatively.
 Esquire: Eddie Bacuss-Lester Sykes, Thur.-Sun. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
 Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.
 LaRue: Spencer Thompson-Joe Alexander, tfn.
 Leo's Casino: name jazz groups.
 Lucky Bar: Weasel Parker, Thur.-Sat.
 Massello's: Gigolos, wknds.
 Monticello: Ted Paskert-George Quittner, wknds.
 Napoleon: Lonnie Woods, tfn.
 The Office: Ted Kelly-Sol Lucas, wknds.
 La Porte Rouge: Bill Gidney, Wed.-Sat.
 Quinn's Restaurant (Solon): Joe Howard, wknds.
 Saber Lounge: Bob Fraser, Sat.
 Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb. Angel Sanchez, Sat.
 Squeeze Room: Ronnie Browning, wknds.

Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy.
 Tangiers: Jazz Clique, wknds.
 Theatrical: name jazz groups.
 University Lanes: Frank Wright-Bobby Few, wknds. Sessions, Sat. morning.
 Vanguard: Modern Men, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
 Beverly Cavern: Johnny Lucas, Fri.-Sat.
 Black Bull (Woodland Hills): Gus Bivona, tfn.
 Blueport Lounge: Bill Beau, Bobby Robinson, tfn.
 Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Sun.
 Club Havana: Rene Bloch, hb.
 Crescendo: Arthur Lyman, 4/25-5/1. Clancy Bros., Tommy Makem, 5/6-24.
 Dixie Doodle (Pomona): Ken Scott, Bayou Ramblers, Fri.-Sat.
 Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.
 Handlebar: Wally Holmes, Fri.-Sat.
 Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, The Saints, wknds.
 Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
 Holiday Inn Motor Lodge (Montclair): Alton Purnell, Tue.-Sat.
 Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarneri, tfn.
 Hootenanny Club (Canoga Park): Bud & Travis, 5/19-6/7. Cannonball Adderley, 8/18-30.
 Intermission Room: William Green, Tricky Lof-ton, Art Hillery, Tony Bazely, tfn.
 International Hotel (International Airport): Frankie Ortega, Kirk Stuart, tfn.
 It Club: Roland Kirk, 7/9-16.
 Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
 Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, hb.
 Marty's: Charles Kynard, tfn.
 Metro Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
 New Orleans Club (Long Beach): Ray Bisso, Sat.
 PJ's: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, Stan Worth, The Standelles, tfn.
 Quail Restaurant (North Hollywood): Pete Bealman, Thur.-Sat.
 Red Carpet (Nite Life): Amos Wilson, Tue.
 Reuben Wilson, Al Barte, Wed.-Thur. Kitten Doswell, wknds.
 Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pud Brown, Ray Bauduc, tfn.
 Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): unk.
 Reuben's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, tfn.
 San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring, hb.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Jack Nimitz, Bill Hood, Mon. Louis Bellson, 4/23-5/3. Zoot Sims-Al Cohn, 5/28-6/7. Carmen McRae, 6/11-21. Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, 6/26-7/8. Stan Getz, 7/7-19.
 Sheraton West Hotel: Red Nichols, tfn.
 Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Pete Berghofer, tfn.
 Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.
 Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, tfn.
 Straw Hat (Garden Grove): Greater Balboa Jazz Band, Wed.-Sat.
 Tobo's Cocktail Lounge (Long Beach): Buddy Vincent, tfn.
 UCLA Royce Hall: Miles Davis, 4/24.
 Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, hb.

SAN FRANCISCO

Algiers (Redwood City): Dick Maus, tfn.
 Argentine: Bob Clark, wknds.
 Cameo (South Palo Alto): George DiQuattro-Gerry Gilmore-Buddy Barnhill, tfn.
 Castie's (Redwood City): Super Moreno, tfn.
 Clozet (San Mateo): Ed Kelley, tfn.
 Coffee Don's: Jim Harper, afterhours.
 Dales (Alameda): George Stoichich, wknds.
 Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
 Embers (Redwood City): The Trends, Bobby Freeman, tfn.
 Gold Nugget (Oakland): John Coppola-Fred Mergy, Stan Kenton alumni alternate Sun.
 Horkey's (South Palo Alto): Walt Jenkins-Floyd Drake, afterhours, wknds.
 Interlude: Merrill Hoover, tfn.
 Jack's of Sutter, Paul Bryant, tfn.
 Jazz Workshop: Richard (Groove) Holmes to 5/3. Jazz Crusaders, 5/5-17.
 Jimbo's Pop City: Freddie Gambrell, afterhours.
 Left Bank (Oakland): Buddy Montgomery, Fri.-Mon.
 Mesa (San Bruno): George Lee, tfn.
 Miramar (Half Moon Bay): Jimmy Ware, wknds.
 Music Crossroads (Oakland): Earl Hines, Tue.-Sun. Eddie Smith, Mon.
 Pianobar: Lionel Sequeira, tfn.
 Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
 Ricardo's (San Jose): Lee Konitz, Fri.-Sat.
 Ronnie's Souville: Smiley Winters, afterhours.
 Shalimar (Berkeley): Harry (Daddy-O) Gibson-Con Hall-Jules Broussard, Fri.-Mon. Sunrise concerts, Sat.
 Streets of Paris: Jules Broussard, afterhours
 Sugar Hill: Carmen McRae, 5/11-23.
 The Beach: Chris Ibanez-Jerry Good, tfn.
 Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): Thunderbirds, hb. Chico Acha, Wed. Virgil Gonsalves-Don Alberts, Sun. afternoon.
 Trident (Sausalito): Jean Hoffman to 5/3.



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