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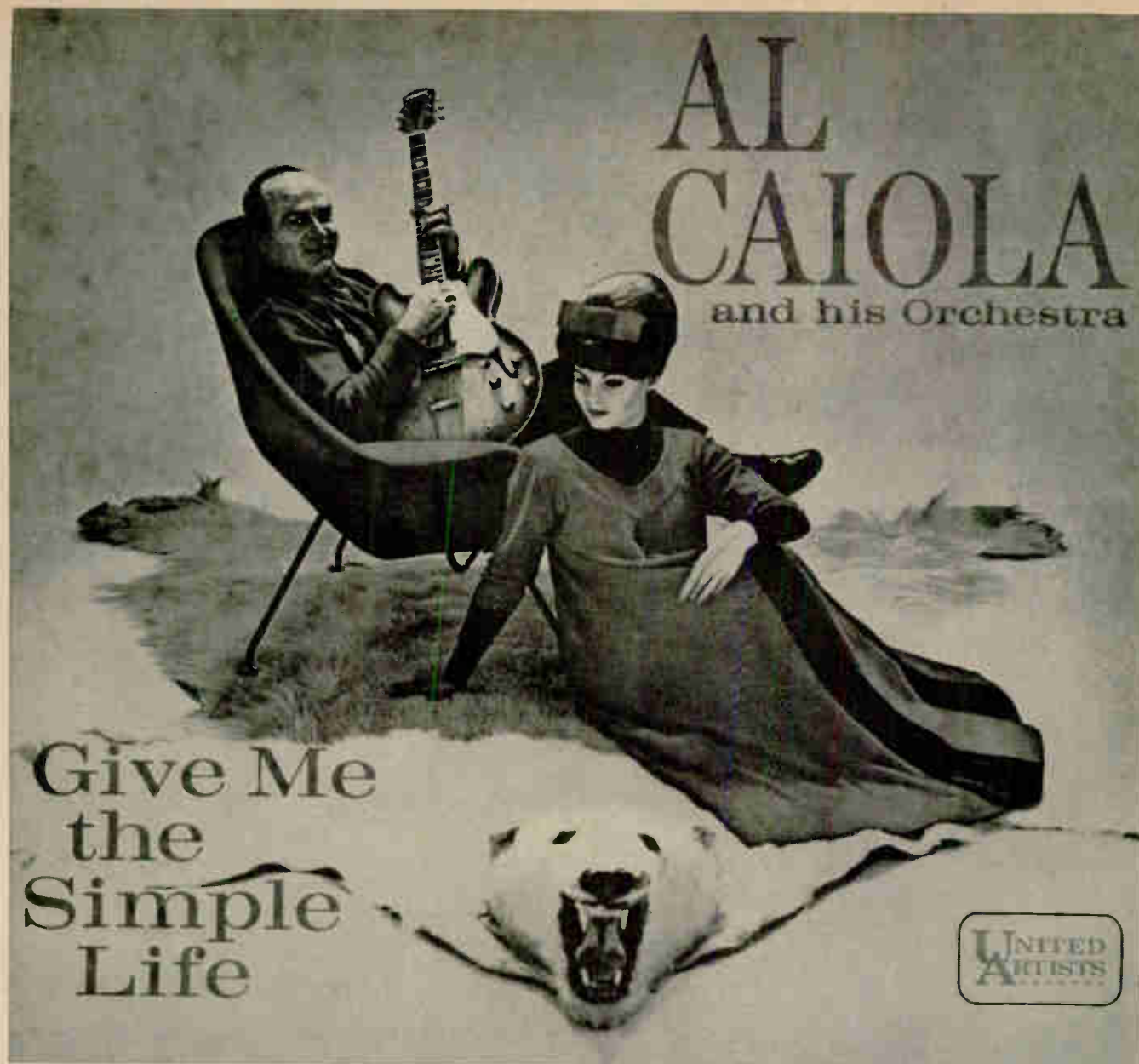
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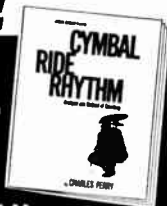
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CONTENTS

ARTICLES

- 13 The Columnist and the Club: Changing policies at Birdland have mixed up columnist Robert Sylvester, according to Ira Gitler
- 14 An Afternoon with Ben Webster: Bygone days come alive as tenorist Webster reminisces with author Stanley Dance
- 17 The Saxophone—Instrument of Jazz Innovation: Don Heckman surveys jazz' development, using the saxophone as a basis of evolution
- 20 Jazz Basics: Part VIII of a continuing history of jazz on records, by Don DeMicheal and Pete Welding

REVIEWS

- 21 Record Reviews
- 29 Comments on Classics, by Donal J. Henahan
- 30 Caught in the Act: Chet Baker • Duke Ellington • Art Pepper • Freedom Festival • Susan's Evening
- 32 Blindfold Test: Paul Horn

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Chords and Discords
- 8 Strictly Ad Lib: Reports from New York, Europe, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco
- 9 News
- 33 Sittin' In, by Art Hodes
- 34 Feather's Nest, by Leonard Feather
- 36 Jazz on Campus, by George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.
- 39 Up Beat Arrangement: Winter Song, 1964, by Bill Dixon
- 42 Inner Ear, by Bill Mathieu
- 46 Where and When: a guide to current jazz attractions

THINGS TO COME: The June 4 **Down Beat** has articles about trumpeter Buck Clayton and the new band of composer Johnny Richards. Pianist Willie Ruff, who with his partner, bassist-French hornist Dwiki Mitchell, has played in many parts of the world, disagrees with those who say jazz is dying; Ruff claims to have found a large, untapped audience for the music. These and other features, including columns by Nat Hentoff and Martin Williams, are all in the next **Down Beat**, which goes on sale Thursday, May 21.

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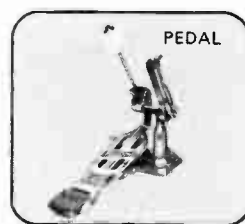
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Glad We Ran Ron

Let me congratulate you on the thought-provoking article by Don Heckman on bassist Ron Carter in the April 9 issue. The candid and perceptive comments by Carter are quite revealing, and I agree with his sentiments in every respect.

Certainly personal and musical integrity should be the ultimate goals of every working musician. Carter's remarks are even more forceful, since he has successfully demonstrated his proficiency in both classical and jazz fields.

Peter E. Gibson
Elmhurst, N.Y.

Author's Additions

In my Ron Carter article (*DB*, April 9) I neglected to include Art Davis' name among the new group of jazz bassists. Davis' playing is so firm and secure that I keep forgetting that he, too, is a fairly recent arrival on the scene (and the winner of the New Star award in the 1961 International Jazz Critics Poll).

I might also have mentioned Jimmy Garrison, George Tucker, Henry Grimes, and quite a few others as reinforcement for my belief that we are blessed with an unusual amount of talent on this instrument.

Don Heckman
New York City

Jon Blows Whistle

It's high time someone with the guts and stature of Jon Hendricks stood up and blew the whistle on Sonny Rollins and Ornette Coleman, as Jon did in his recent *Blindfold Test* (April 9).

Al Fisher
Wantagh, N.Y.

A Matter Of Economics

Martin Williams asks a question (*The Bystander*, April 9) that I, a layman, would like to answer. He wants to know why modern jazz and the so-called "new thing" in jazz is primarily supported by whites.

Williams seems to feel that the music is basically supported by whites because it is played for them. This may be true, but not for the reason he thinks. He says that the music may be reaching the young whites because it was intended for them in order to show them how the new generation of Negroes feels. This is not true.

I would agree that the music was intended to reach whites, but the reasons were more economic than sociological. In order for Miles Davis (or even the great Duke Ellington) to make the money he makes, he must reach a large portion of the white audience.

I am a Negro who grew up in New Orleans. I used to hunger to see name jazz musicians. Most of them refused to play in the South; they said they did not care to play before segregated audiences. Further, they refused to visit cities in

which they, as individuals, would be segregated.

Most Negroes still live in the South. What chance do they have to hear Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Dizzy Gillespie, et al.? The hurting part of the matter is that the Negroes in the South did not create the segregated conditions. Why deny them the chance to hear the music, even though the musicians would not make the money they make in the larger cities of the North?

As a result, most modern jazz musicians lost the Negro audience because they were unheard by Negroes, not only in the South but in the North as well. You would not hear Miles Davis playing in Harlem once he had arrived. The same could be said for Dizzy Gillespie, the immortal Bird, the Modern Jazz Quartet—all of them.

No, Mr. Williams, the Negro audience did not desert jazz; jazz deserted the Negro. The reason was purely economic. The whites had the money so that's who the artists (as you say white folks called them) played for.

The average Negro's response has been: "I don't understand modern jazz." It used to be there was nothing to understand, only something to be enjoyed—until white folks called it art.

Walter O. Cannon
Los Angeles

Erratum

It has been pointed out to me that in my Feb. 27 review of *Outstanding Jazz Compositions of the 20th Century* the quote, "the new music of synthesis," was attributed erroneously to the author of the notes, R. J. Gleason.

Bill Mathieu
Chicago

Sad To See Nat

I was surprised to see Nat Hentoff back in *Down Beat* (*Second Chorus*, April 9). As always, his writing is full of fantasy, opinion, and little fact. It should be called *Second Guess*.

Hentoff bemoans the downfall of the economic scene in jazz. With his inaccurate writing and puff pieces, Hentoff has been one of the writers responsible for putting a lot of jazz employment situations out of action.

Because of the large amount of press attention Hentoff and others give personalities who have yet to mature into box-office properties, buyers pay more than the acts are worth. The public comes, is disappointed, and doesn't come back. A jazz room goes broke; a promoter goes broke. The doors then close for all jazz attractions. It's a long cycle.

Hentoff and friends tried to be a lobby for jazz; instead, they hurt jazz, but they sold a lot of articles.

J. Mayer
New York City

But A Nose Blows Holes

To whom can I protest television's outrageous transcendence of propriety in depicting Harry James as a trumpet player unable to blow his way out of a wet Kleenex?

Dave Lambert
New York City

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NEW YORK

Trumpeter **Chet Baker**, recently returned to the United States (*DB*, April 9), has decided to remain in New York and not set up residence in Minnesota. He told *Down Beat* that the contract offered him by a Minneapolis club was something less than adequate. On Easter weekend Baker played an engagement at the Show Boat in Philadelphia with tenor man **Odean Pope**, pianist **Sam Dockery**, bassist **Jymie Merritt**, and drummer **Charlie Rice**. The next weekend he fronted **Maynard Ferguson's** rhythm section (**Mike Abene**, piano; **Ronnie McClure**, bass; **Tony Inzolaco**, drums) for two nights at the Cork 'n' Bib in Westbury on Long Island (see *Caught in the Act*, page 30).

Duke Ellington and His Orchestra are scheduled for a three-week tour of Japan, beginning in mid-June. It will be Ellington's first trip to Japan. Meanwhile, the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N.Y., announced it has established a scholarship in Ellington's name. Another college, Milton, in Milwaukee, Wis., has been featuring Ellington compositions—and Duke himself, at one point, as artist-in-residence—at its Festival of Arts. So far his background score for the German film *Jonas* and his music for Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens* have been performed. The festival will continue through May. Bassist **Major Holley** has taken over for **Ernie Shepard**,



ELLINGTON

who had a heart attack during the band's recent European tour. **Al Celley**, for many years Ellington's road manager, left the band in, of all places, Finland. **Bobby Boyd**, long in Ellington's employ, is Celley's replacement.

The Five Spot threw a hail-and-farewell party for the incoming group of tenor saxophonist **Sonny Rollins** and the Europe-bound crew of bassist **Charlie Mingus**. Mingus' men (trumpeter **Johnny Coles**, tenor saxophonist **Clifford Jordan**, and pianist **Jaki Byard**) played—drummer **Dannie Richmond** did not make it—their farewell, but Rollins was motoring in from Chicago and was not hailed until the official opening the next evening opposite multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk**. Rollins was accompanied by bassist **Ron Carter** and drummer **Roy McCurdy**. Kirk's workers included **Horace Parlan**, piano; **Michael Fleming**, bass; and **J.C. Moses**, drums. Both groups are slated for extended runs. The **Termini** brothers, proprietors of the Five Spot, hope to make Rollins, Mingus, and **Thelonious Monk** the basic triumvirate in the year-'round schedule.



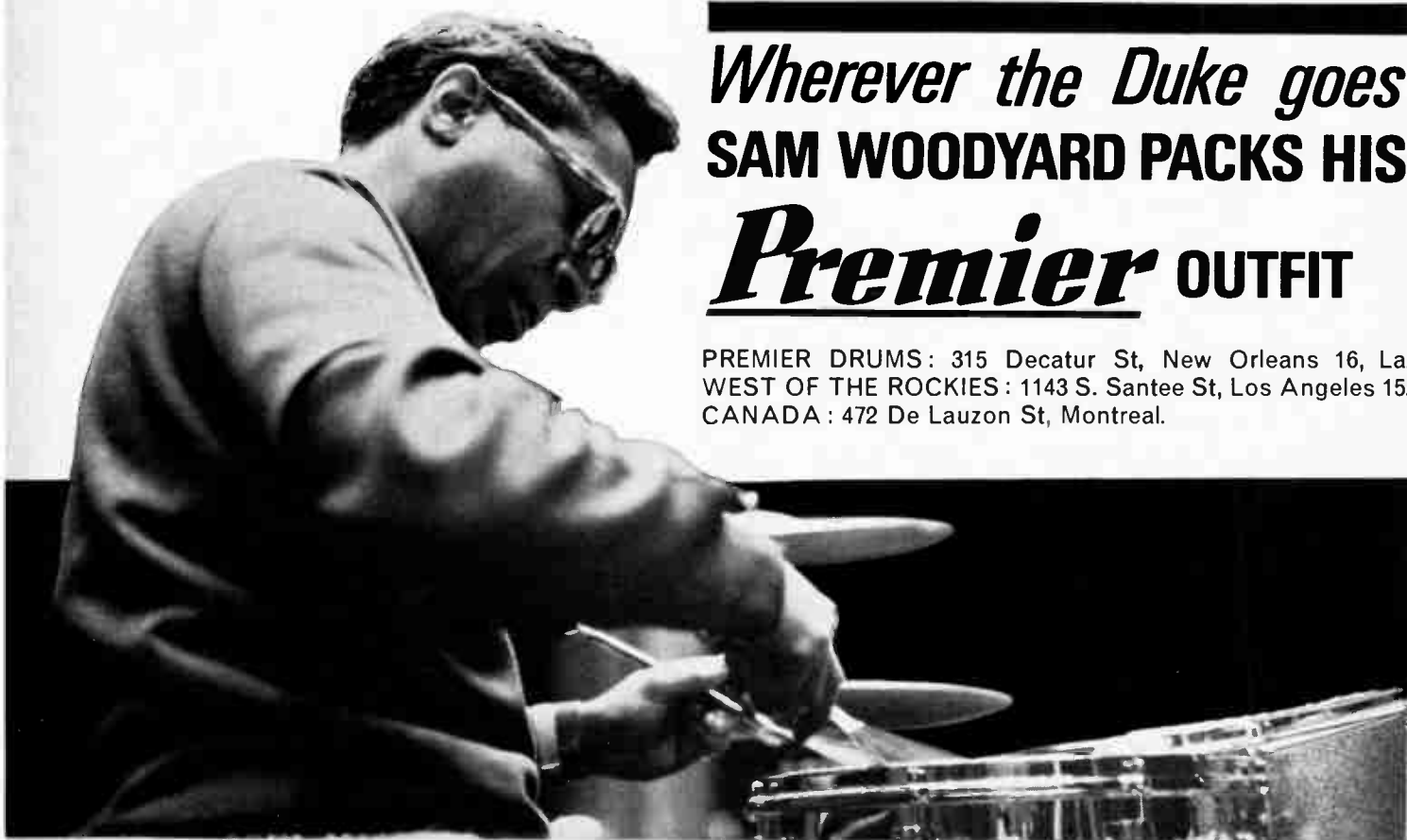
ROLLINS

On May 10, the **Woody Herman** Herd will be presented in concert at Town Hall. **Mort Fega** will emcee. During its stay at the Metropole, the Herd was given the last half-hour of a **Johnny Carson** *Tonight Show* on television. Although Herman and the band won't be able to play the Newport Jazz Festival because of their tour of Swedish folk parks, they will appear at the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival, at Cincinnati, Aug. 16 and at the Monterey Jazz Festival Sept. 20 . . . British actor-pianist **Dudley Moore**, fresh from the cast of *Beyond the Fringe*, did two weeks at the Village Vanguard opposite singer **Jon Hendricks**, who was backed

(Continued on page 43)

Wherever the Duke goes SAM WOODYARD PACKS HIS *Premier* OUTFIT

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May 21, 1964

Vol. 31, No. 12

PITTSBURGH CATHOLIC YOUTH TO SPONSOR JAZZ FESTIVAL

The Pittsburgh, Pa., Civic Arena, with its open-domed sliding roof, will be the scene of a two-day jazz festival, June 19 and 20.

The venture, to be produced by George Wein, will be sponsored by the Pittsburgh Catholic Youth Organization with the approval of the diocese of Pittsburgh. It will mark the first time a major jazz festival has been financially underwritten by a Roman Catholic organization.

The list of performers at presstime included Thelonious Monk, the Dave Brubeck Quartet, Bobby Hackett, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Art Blakey, Ruby Braff, Ben Webster, Jimmy Rushing, Moms Mabley, Ray Nance, the Jimmy Smith Trio, and Joe Williams. The trios of Pittsburgh pianists Walt Harper and Charles Bell also will be heard, as will a large band performing Melba Liston arrangements.

Bishop John J. Wright said the seed of the idea for the festival had been sown by Pittsburgh-born pianist Mary Lou Williams, who will play a major role as a performer and organizer of the event. Miss Williams, Bishop Wright said, had, by her own example, convinced him and the youth organization that more knowledge about the cultural aspects of jazz can benefit young people spiritually.

Bishop Wright said he began corresponding with Miss Williams about three years ago and that many of her ideas about the cultural and spiritual values of jazz fit compatibly with a pilot neighborhood youth program under the direction of the Rev. Michael P. Williams, director of the Pittsburgh CYO.

Bishop Wright emphasized that the festival was conceived primarily as a financially self-sustaining experiment. If it makes money, he said, profits will be used to help finance the diocesan youth program and chiefly benefit "youngsters approaching and facing the problems of adolescence."

Miss Williams has been named the festival's co-producer. She said she feels that today's youngsters should learn to appreciate the best artists in

all phases of jazz and added that the audiences thus created would result in a demand for more skilled jazz performers and ultimately provide more jobs for them.

DAVE BRUBECK A HIT AT WHITE HOUSE

It was, according to even jaded Washington standards, a hugely successful White House musicale. None of the 151 invited dignitaries was seen to yawn—let alone doze off—during the Dave Brubeck Quartet's concert.

Jordan's King Hussein, in whose honor the musical program was given in the glittering East Room of the presidential dwelling, smiled in delight throughout the entire performance. But the First Lady seemed to enjoy the music most, according to observers. Mrs. Johnson tapped one gilt-slipped foot and kept time with her fingers on the program she held.

As the last bars of the Brubeck quartet's encore echoed through the room, the President, the king, and Mrs. Johnson rushed to congratulate the pianist and his colleagues, who were then presented to the king, a modern-jazz fan.

Brubeck began the 20-minute concert with a brief speech, in which he described how it felt to be playing jazz in the White House. "It's the most natural thing in the world," Brubeck declared. "We are the only truly American art form. We have complete freedom of improvisation within very strict rules." The pianist compared this discipline to the restraints of the U.S. Constitution, which allow, he said, "complete freedom under law."

The quartet performed *Cable Car*, *Shim Wah*, and *Take Five* and received enthusiastic applause. Introducing *St. Louis Blues*, the encore, Brubeck instructed the audience to pay special attention to the first eight bars, describing it as the only clue to extemporized performance that jazz musicians "ever give you; the rest is improvisation."

LOCAL 10 PRESIDENT CHARGES AFM PERPETUATES SEGREGATION

Chicago's Local 10 president, Bernard F. (Barney) Richards, accused the American Federation of Musicians of perpetuating segregation in the terms of its April 8 order detailing the plans of merger of Locals 10 and 208.

In an atmosphere of charge and countercharge, Richards accused the AFM of "unwarranted footdragging" in attempting to effect a merger of

Local 10, formerly all white but recently integrated, and Local 208, still all Negro. In a statement Richards said:

"The order of the international executive board . . . in truth and in fact perpetuates segregation at least until Jan. 10, 1972 . . . contrary to laws of the United States and the State of Illinois and contrary to the spirit and claim of the federation and contrary to the express intent of the membership of Local 10."

Richards called for a merger to be effected no later than July 1, 1964.

The AFM order sets Jan. 11, 1966, as the date for final merger of the two locals. Until that time, the federation directed that a joint executive committee be formed to advise both locals in collective bargaining, fixing scales, and improving working conditions. According to the order, there would be joint policing of the jurisdiction;



RICHARDS

Calls for merger by July 1

Local 208's work tax would be reduced from 4 to 2 percent, the amount collected by Local 10; and no person would be elected to a Local 208 office for a term expiring after Jan. 10, 1966, the day when Local 10's current officials' terms of office end. The order further directs that neither local can accept applications from a member of the other local, though new members and transfer members could join either.

But the real rub, as far as Richards and Local 10 officials are concerned, is the part of the order concerning the merged unions' board of directors: for the three-year term beginning Jan. 11, 1966, three Negro members will be added to Local 10's five directors, and these new directors will be elected by Local 208 members who are in good standing on Dec. 1, 1965; the other directors will be elected by Local 10 members. At the election to

be held in December, 1968, there will be two Negro directors elected by former members of 208, and the number of board members would be reduced to seven. Other governing boards, such as the trial board, would be similarly integrated by separate vote.

Richards said he feels that this election plan is, in effect, prejudice directed at the white majority and maintains segregation.

He went on to say the AFM has no right, according to its bylaws, to order locals to merge, though it can recommend such a move.

He said he will bring the whole merger matter before the AFM convention, to be held in June at Portland, Ore.

Asked what the local would do if the convention supports the executive board, Richards commented, "It's too early to discuss that."

In reviewing the merger negotiations between officials of the two locals, Richards said that Local 10 had gone "further than we normally would" in attempting to meet the demands of 208.

Richards said Local 10 offered to guarantee at least two Negro members on the board of directors but that the guarantee would last only until the terms of office of all present Local 10 officials expire.

In the course of the months-long negotiations between the two unions, Local 208 officials, according to Richards, wanted four Negro board members and demanded that this number be maintained for two terms after the next Local 10 election.

Harry Gray, for 27 years president of Local 208, told *Down Beat* he and officials of his local had worked diligently toward merger of the two locals but that things had come to a standstill when Local 10 officials would not agree to 208's demands for representation on all the local's governing boards.

"What it comes down to," Gray said, "is that Local 10 wants us to give them everything we have—our assets, our membership—and give us nothing in return. All we want is representation for the Negro in the affairs of the local, and that's just what we won't have the way they want to do things."

Denying all charges that Local 208 officials have obstructed the merger in order to retain positions of leadership, Gray said, "That's definitely not true. At the last merger meeting I offered to resign my presidency, give up my job and salary effective that week, if my keeping an office were to be con-

strued as holding up the merger—if Barney Richards would do the same thing. He just hung his head."

Gray further said that most of the membership of Local 208 is not in favor of merger but that he and local officials have been trying to bring these members around to a position of viewing the merger with favor.

Last October, however, both locals' memberships voted in favor of the merger.

James Mack, a member of both locals and chairman of Chicago Musicians for Harmonious Integration, stated hotly that segregation among Chicago musicians was the result of "an under-the-table deal between James C. Petrillo [former president of Local 10] and Harry Gray. . . . And I'm stating that, not implying it."

Mack also accused Herman D. Kenin, AFM president, and the AFM executive board of trying to affect the internal organization of Local 10 by the merger order. Mack held that there are two factions within the local—Petrillo's and Richards'—and that Negro members would be used as political pawns.

Mack said Kenin and other AFM officials "resent the rebels." He was referring to the Chicago Musicians for Democratic Action, an organization that wrested control from Petrillo in December, 1962, and backed Richards for the presidency.

Labeling Mack's charges "ridiculous," Gray stated, "In the many years I have known Petrillo not one word has been said. And I think anybody that knows this union knows I am not close enough to the international to connive with Kenin about anything."

But in all the verbiage, there was a strong impression that the battle was more for the benefit of the officials than for members of either local.

GRAMMY NOMINATIONS SLIGHTLY MIXED UP

Once again the Grammy awards ceremony of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences—to be held May 12 for the sixth consecutive year in New York City, Los Angeles, and Chicago—is not without its inconsistencies.

Nominated in the category devoted to the best instrumental jazz performance by a large group was the album *Seven Steps to Heaven* by Miles Davis' quartet and quintet.

Nominated in the category devoted to the best instrumental arrangement, and explicitly designated as an arranger's award, were Steve Allen

for the recording of *Gravy Waltz*—for which he wrote the lyric to Ray Brown's melody—and Count Basie for his record of *I Can't Stop Loving You*.

Other records nominated for the large-group Grammy are *Encore: Woody Herman, 1963; Full Nelson* by the Oliver Nelson Orchestra; *Gerry Mulligan '63; Our Man in New Orleans* by trumpeter Al Hirt; and *Quincy Jones Plays the Hip Hits*.

For the best instrumental jazz performance by either a soloist or a small group, the nominations are *Conversations with Myself* by Bill Evans, *Criss-Cross* by the Thelonious Monk Quartet, *Dave Brubeck at Carnegie Hall, 4 to Go!* by Andre Previn, *Our Man in New Orleans* by soloist Hirt, and *Peter Nero in Person*.

The category for the best original jazz composition provides an interesting insight into the academy's orientation toward choosing jazz material. The compositions nominated are Charlie Mingus' *Black Saint and the Sinner Lady*; Kenyon Hopkins' theme piece for the television series *East Side, West Side*; Ray Brown and Steve Allen (both were nominated in this category) for Brown's *Gravy Waltz* melody; *Little Bird* by the team of Dick Grove, Pete Jolly, and Tommy Wolf; *Meditation* by Joao Mondonco and Antonio Carlos Jobim; and Paul Desmond's *Take Ten*.

Grabbing double nominations in the best performance by an orchestra for dancing were Herman's *Encore* album and Jones' *Hip Hits*. Also in the running in that category are Joe Harnell's *Fly Me to the Moon* and the Bossa Nova Pops, the Page (Cavanaugh) 7's *An Explosion in Pop Music*, Les Brown's *Richard Rodgers Songbook*, and Count Basie's *This Time by Basie: Hits of the '50s and '60s*.

JAZZ SET IN PLUSH SURROUNDINGS AT GOLD BUG

Anytime a new jazz club opens, it's an event, but when one debuts in today's unstable market, it's a real happening. One such new spot is the Gold Bug, which opened in New York City in April with J.J. Johnson's quartet.

The club's host is Bob Santopietro, whose family once operated the Bill Bertolotti restaurant at the same Greenwich Village location (85 W. Third St.).

Why did Santopietro pick jazz for his club? "We want to bring back some of the elegance of the old Village and present jazz in a new setting," he said.



SYLVESTER

This concerns a newspaper column, the jazz night club that was the subject of the column, and the way the club's current position reflects the state of jazz today.

The column, written by Robert Sylvester, appears several times a week in the New York *Daily News* and is syndicated throughout the United States. Sylvester is one of those who sometimes is referred to as "a friend of jazz," having achieved this distinction, I guess, through his pioneering work in the bop joke field and for such recent lines as: "There are going to be a series of jazz sessions at banks. I hope the tellers don't get hooked on marijuana."

His latest service to jazz was a column on March 28, with a subhead that read **END OF AN ERA**. It concerned Birdland, the famed jazz club on Broadway near 52nd St. dubbed "the jazz corner of the world" for the last 15 years.

Sylvester called Birdland "the temple and the shrine of the modern, mental, cool school." One might wonder if he had in mind the music of Dizzy Gillespie, Count Basie, Gerry Mulligan, Horace Silver, Art Blakey, and Maynard Ferguson, all of whom have played the cellar club.

Sylvester quoted the club's owner, Oscar Goodstein, as follows: "I've had it. I'm sick of those icebox artists, their agents, and the prices they think they're worth. We're down to a weekend policy now, and as soon as I can I'm changing the place into a night club which features singers and entertainers. If that doesn't do any business, at least it will entertain me. And that's more than these creeps ever did."

This was printed two days after Birdland had gone back on a full-week policy with the Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Orchestra and a quintet led by tenor saxophonist Jesse Powell.

Sylvester received his information secondhand. Goodstein did not deny making the statement, except for the part about "creeps," but it was made at the time he went on a temporary weekends-only schedule in February, and it was not made to Sylvester.

Sylvester used this piece of news

THE COLUMNIST AND THE CLUB

Chasin' the Apple

By IRA GITLER

to attack "modern jazz" (a wide area, one must admit) in an indiscriminate manner. "Whatever happens to one jazz saloon is hardly of any national or moral importance, but the fall of Birdland is one more signpost along the rocky road," was one of Sylvester's statements.

Cornered in his aviary, Goodstein elaborated on his "icebox" statement, clammed up when it came to naming names, and vehemently denied the claim that Birdland was finished as a jazz spot.

"Good music will always have a place here," he said. "Mulligan is here now. I'm going to have Johnny Richards' new orchestra. Dizzy Gillespie will continue to play here. And when Horace Silver gets his new group ready, I'm ready to book him. The only change in policy will be to bring in, in addition to good jazz, some of the best singers and bands in the rhythm-and-blues field."

Along these lines, Birdland has had singer Lou Rawls and plans to bring in Lloyd Price and his big band, which is under the music direction of trombonist Slide Hampton.

Goodstein, commenting on the overpricing of groups, said, "Some of these musicians have said to me, 'You can't get along without us. We make the money for you.' Well, these guys won't come down in price even after they haven't done any business. They'll be surprised when they find out we don't need them. I've had agents tell me, 'Anyone who owns a jazz room is not expected to make money. They do it for the love of jazz.'"

Goodstein indicted the avant garde with: "You cannot force a public to like something that they cannot understand and cannot feel. They [members of the avant garde] are so cool they've cooled themselves off the scene."

Birdland, however, has not given much exposure to the "new thing" in any of the music's several divisions. The groups of Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor have not worked there; the names of Don Cherry, Archie Shepp, and Don Ellis are absent. George Russell may have played a Monday night session there but never a full engagement. (Prince Lasha did some occasional dates, however, and Eric Dolphy has played extended stays as a sideman.)

By a process of elimination, one gets the impression that John Coltrane



GOODSTEIN

is one of the main culprits in Goodstein's estimation. There has been more than one complaint from critics and public about his 45-minute (sometimes longer) solos and two-hour sets.

Though it is questionable that any musician can be creative for the lengths of time Coltrane imposes upon himself, his sidemen, and his listeners, he does have an audience. They flocked to New York's Half Note in such numbers during his first 1964 stay there that he was booked again for three weeks in March.

Different paintings need frames that suit them; talent finds its own level. What is obvious is that the music has changed and will find new stages from which to be heard. Birdland is not dead, but by its very location and physical character, it can no longer be a covered wagon.

This is not a value judgment on the avant garde, for it will have its listening posts, and the decision on its viability is, as always, up to the jazz public. But the spokesmen who bemoan the fact that certain artists are not given a chance by clubowners should not be so childish as to expect these owners to operate charity wards, whether the location is Broadway or St. Mark's Place.

As for Sylvester, he summed up by saying, "Jazz, a true American art, had its great upbeat and revival with World War II and thereafter. But all the music and all the fun went out of it as it was taken over by the advanced 'artists' who would rather play for each other and for the silly cult critics from the silly butcher paper magazines. There are fewer jazz saloons every year, everywhere. Jobs are hard to get, even for the cult swamis. And now the cornerstone [Birdland] crumbles. Ah, well, it's at least one less place in which the arrogant and hostile can turn their backs on the people who made them rich and sputter through their sour, slobbering horns."

Well, Bob, there is some truth in what you say, but your vitriol is encapsulated in scatter-shot vials, too many of which miss the mark. Did it really bug you that much when Miles didn't say hello?



An Afternoon With Ben Webster

By STANLEY DANCE

STRIDE PIANO, the left hand fast and precise, filled the telephone receiver.

"Hello."

"Ben?"

"Yeah. Wait till I turn my waking-up music off."

The sound of James P. Johnson's piano was abruptly diminished.

"You downstairs? Come on up."

One of tenor saxophonist Ben Webster's afternoon musicales was in progress. A tape on which the Lion, the Lamb, James P., Fats Waller, and Art Tatum strove mightily together—his waking-up music—was still on the Wollensak, but an album by Tatum was now placed on the phonograph. A facet of that pianist's genius was about to be demonstrated to Duke Ellington's bassist, Ernie Shepard, and drummer, Sam Woodyard—who occupied nearby hotel rooms and had come in to discuss the previous night's activities.

Webster had sat in for a set with the Ellington band at its Basin Street East opening, and he was happy about the experience. Chuck Connors' arrival having been delayed that night, Webster had taken Connors' seat in the trombone section and been duly introduced to the audience by Ellington as an expert on claves in cha-cha-cha. When the saxophonist came down front later, Ellington had suggested he play *Cottontail*, Webster's best-known recorded performance during his principal stay with Ellington, 1939-'43. The performance ended with a chase between Webster and Ellington's regular tenor saxophonist, Paul Gonsalves. It had been a kick.

"If Duke likes you," Webster said, "you're home free."

There were bottles of beer sitting on the window sill outside, cold and ready to drink, and ale on the dressing table, but the main business this afternoon was music and reminiscence. A tape of a 1940 Ellington performance at the Crystal Ballroom in Fargo, N.D., was produced.

"It was so cold there that night," Webster remembered, "we played in our overcoats, and some of the guys kept their gloves on!"

The music coming from the tape had an exciting kind of abandon—the abandon, perhaps, of desperation.

"Sometimes," he added, "when you've traveled all day in the bus, and had no sleep, and are dead tired—that's when you get the best playing out of a band. It just happens. And sometimes the opposite."

The material was inspiring. After *The Mooche* came *Ko-Ko*, *Pussy Willow*. . .

"I learned a lot from Rab [Johnny Hodges], but you know what his only advice to me was when I came in the band? 'Learn your parts.'"

The tape continued rolling. *Chatterbox*, *Harlem Airshaft*, *Jack the Bear*, *Rumpus in Richmond*, *Sidewalks of New York*, *The Flaming Sword*, *Never No Lament*. . .

"That's why Duke leaves his mark on you, forever," Webster said.

Clarinet Lament, *Slap Happy*, *Sepia Panorama*, *Rockin' in Rhythm*, *Cottontail*. . .

"Sonny Greer, and he's *swinging*!" Webster exclaimed in admiration of the drummer who worked with Ellington from the '20s to the '50s.

Conga Brava, *Stardust*, *Rose of the Rio Grande*, and *Boy Meets Horn* preceded the finale, an uproarious version of *St. Louis Blues*, on which trombonist Tricky Sam Nanton took over from Webster and carried through to the coda.

"We were drinking buddies," the saxophonist said, and laughed, "but you heard how he tore right in on me there."

After a few jokes, the conversation came back to piano, steered by the host, and the striding hands of yesterday stretched out again on tape and vinyl. Often they belonged to Fats Waller.

"All that fun but never a wrong note," Webster remarked. "If only he could have lived until TV!"

Contemporaries were considered and Ralph Sutton commended as "a wonderful cat." Earl Hines, too: "Earl swings his head off!"

A memory of the Beetle intervened, the diffident-seeming Beetle who took part in the piano battles uptown and seldom played anything faster than an easy, rocking, medium tempo but who triumphed nevertheless. Another memory returned, of the Lamb—Donald Lambert—who came to the battlefield once or twice a year, astounded everyone, and then retired to New Jersey again. From that point, it required little urging to get Webster to tell of his first experience with the Harlem piano school.

"I shall never forget the time when I met Count Basie," he began. "It was while he was in Kansas City with Gonzel White, and he used to stop the show. I always did like Basie, and I always did want to play the piano. He bore with me for a long time, and he told me that in the event I ever got to New York, I was to be sure to find the Lion—Willie Smith. He had already told me that the bosses were James P. Johnson and the Lion, and that then came Duke, Fats, and Willie Gant. I don't remember all the names, but there was a gang of great piano players in those days.

"Clyde Hart and I managed to get with Blanche Calloway. Clyde was a friend of mine, a piano player, and Edgar Battle sent for us in Kansas City. We played the Pearl Theater in Philly, at 22nd and Ridge, I think it was, and Clyde and I got on the train the first day we had off and came to New York.

"Basie had briefed me. 'Go to the Rhythm Club,' he said, 'and that's where you'll find the Lion. He knows all the piano players and all the good musicians. They all hang out there, and the Lion will introduce you right.' Naturally, I wanted to hear people like Benny Carter, Johnny Hodges, and Coleman Hawkins too. Basie had also told us how to approach the Lion so that he would bear with us. Basie said he liked a little taste every now and then, that he loved cigars, and that maybe he would play a little for us.

"So we walked up to the Rhythm Club on 132nd St. and Seventh Ave., and we met the Lion. There was a cigar store right on the corner, and in those days they had those great big El Productos, three for a half-dollar.

"'Mr. Lion,' we said, 'would you care to have some cigars?'

"The Lion rounded on us and said, 'Say, you kids are pretty nice kids. Yes, I'll have a cigar or two.'

"So we walked with him to the corner and asked him how many could he smoke.

"'Oh, maybe two.'

"So we bought him half a dozen, and then he smiled and said, 'You kids are *really* nice kids!'

"Then we asked him, 'Would you care for a little drink, Mr. Lion?'

"'Yeah,' he said.

"Then we told him we would like to hear him play, and at that time there was a place right across from the Rhythm Club, and he took us over there, and he got in the mood, with his cigar and a little taste in between.

"It was one of the greatest experiences of my life to hear a man play like this. Though I had heard James P.



Johnson around 1925 in Kansas City, that was a little early, and I think I could understand more of what I was listening to when I got to the Lion.

"He played for us for three or four hours, and we kept buying him a little taste, and he kept saying we were nice kids. I had a beautiful day, and I never will forget it."

UNTIL ABOUT A YEAR AGO, Webster had resided for several years in Los Angeles, taking care of his mother and grandmother, but when they both died within a year's time, he had no family reason to stay in California, and he moved to New York City.

He has brought back to the ingrowing New York scene the good humor and expansive generosity of spirit that have been dwindling for some time among its hard-pressed musicians. Webster is big physically—broad-shouldered and straight-backed—and he is bigger than the rat race. One is soon aware that music occupies his mind far more than money—music as, above all, a means to enjoyment.

Ellington's wasn't the only band he sat in with during the winter. Gerry Mulligan's Concert Jazz Band found it had an impulsive new pianist one night in Birdland, and at the Metropole on another occasion, Webster took Marty Napoleon's place at the keyboard for a set.

The appearances with his own quartet at the Shalimar, Birdland, and the Half Note have proved popular. His material, consisting mostly of the better standards and well-known Ellington numbers, is strong on melodic content. Just as he did 20 years ago, with men like pianists Marlowe Morris and Johnny Guarnieri and drummer Sid Catlett, he likes to open and close a performance with a statement of the theme. Good melody, well phrased, communicates as strongly in the jazz idiom as in any other, and there are distinct advantages from the audience's viewpoint to having the melody established in the mind when following the variations. Webster recognizes this, plus the importance of good tempos.

Stylistically, he illustrates the evolutionary process always at work within the music.

The jazz audience was probably first made aware of him in 1932 on the several explosive records that indicated the musical ferment in Kansas City—those made by Bennie Moten with Basie, trumpeter Oran (Hot Lips) Page, trombonist Eddie Durham, and reed man Eddie Barefield, in addition to Webster—*Moten Swing*, *Lafayette*, etc.

In his subsequent recordings, there was uninterrupted development, but up until the time he joined Ellington, listeners generally recognized the influence of Coleman Hawkins rather than the personality of Ben Webster. Yet as Hugues Panassie perceptively noted, "the grace of his melodic line makes one think of Benny Carter." In fact, it is Carter whom Webster names first among saxophonists—then Hawkins, then Johnny Hodges ("the most feeling"), and then Hilton Jefferson ("the prettiest").

Established stylistically by 1940, Webster himself became an important influence. Prominent among those to acknowledge it was Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, at one time known as Little Ben.

When Paul Gonsalves took the tenor chair with Ellington, his ability to play solos in Webster's style profoundly surprised the leader, but in the 14 years that have followed, Gonsalves' musical personality has developed on strongly individual lines, a fact evident when he and his early mentor played *Cottontail* at Basin Street East. It was even more evident in a jam session at Count Basie's bar in Harlem, when Webster, Gonsalves, and fellow tenor man Harold Ashby were together on the stand. Ashby is a close friend of Webster's who proudly proclaims his friend's influence, but all three were individually and instantly identifiable by tone and phrasing.

"He's improved so much he scares me," Webster said of

Ashby's playing, using his most admiring epithet.

Gonsalves, too, he esteems highly. One of the records often played on his phonograph is *I've Just Seen Her*, from Ellington's *All American* album, a Gonsalves performance that never fails to impress saxophone players.

At Webster's musicale, Gonsalves reminisced about the first time he heard Tatum. He had gone to a club with Webster, Basie, and trumpeter Harry Edison to hear Tatum, but the master didn't feel like playing that night. So Webster sat down at the piano and played a while. Then Edison played and finally Basie. With that, Tatum decided to play—*Get Happy* at a very fast tempo. What astonished him, Gonsalves said, was the way Tatum's left hand took care of business while the right reached for a drink.

Perhaps this anecdote passed through Webster's mind at the jam session at Basie's club. He called *Get Happy*. They took off, lightning fast, and Gonsalves went into a furious and fantastically devised solo.

"Paul's getting so hot," Webster exclaimed with mock alarm, "I don't think I should have called *this* tune!"

Another afternoon visitor was tenorist Budd Johnson, who had first shown Webster the scale on saxophone and how to play *Singin' the Blues*. Webster had been taught violin but had not liked the instrument. There were two pianos in the Webster house, his mother's and his cousin's ("I ruined my cousin's piano playing blues"), and when he should have been practicing violin, he was usually busy on one or the other of them. Pete Johnson, who lived across the street, taught him how to play the blues.

"If you lay the violin down a week, you're in trouble," Webster said, "but you can lay a horn down a year and be okay." So when he switched to piano, it was the end of the violin phase.

He was playing piano in a silent-movie house in Amarillo, Texas, when Gene Coy's band came to town, and he met Budd Johnson and his brother, trombonist Keg. The saxophone fascinated Webster, and in 1929, when he was 20, he heard that the Young family band needed another saxophone player; he went to see Lester's father.

"I can't read," he said.

Mr. Young was amused.

"I haven't got a horn," he added.

Mr. Young was then even more amused, but he provided Webster with an alto saxophone and taught him to read.

"Lester's father mostly played trumpet, but he could play anything, and, what's more, he was a master teacher," Webster recalled.

Lester played tenor, and Webster insists he was playing wonderfully even then. Lee Young and his sister, Irma, were also members of the band and played saxophones at that time too.

The group went to Albuquerque, N.M., for some months, and it was there that Webster, a strong swimmer, helped save the lives of both Lester and Lee. Lester got into difficulties in the Rio Grande and was carried away, tumbling over and over in the water, until Webster and guitarist Ted Brinson rescued him. On another occasion, Lee stepped off the bank into a deep sandhole, and Webster managed to haul him out.

"Lee dived right in again," Webster remembered, "but Lester didn't want to think about swimming for a long time after that."

Some months later, after Budd and Keg Johnson had left it, Webster got a call to join Gene Coy's band ("about nine or 10 pieces") in which Harold Coleman was playing tenor. That was really the beginning of the professional career as a saxophonist that brought him, experienced and mature, into New York City, 1964.

"I think I'm playing better than ever now," he said. Then he repeated, "I think."

45

THE SAXOPHONE— INSTRUMENT OF JAZZ INNOVATION

By DON HECKMAN



HERB SNITZER

THE RELATIVE ROLES of the individual instruments in the New Orleans jazz groups evolved from the marching bands of the late 19th century. The trumpet, as the strongest voice, played the melody; the clarinet, with a thinner tone but in the same general range, played a counter-melody or a harmony part a third away from the trumpet; and the trombone, as in the marching bands, played a counterline that fulfilled both harmonic and rhythmic functions.

The first jazz saxophonists, prior to the appearance of Coleman Hawkins, generally duplicated these functions—the soprano playing a clarinet line, the alto a trumpet line, and the tenor or baritone a trombone line.

With Hawkins emerging as a dominant force in the late 1920s, the saxophone received its first major style-setter. There can be little doubt that the nature of the music of the '20s and '30s, with its tight harmonies and complex structures, both influenced and was influenced by Hawkins' style. It is, in fact, probably true that all change in jazz is directly related to the dominance of individual instru-

mental styles. In addition, since all instruments possess, in the special qualities of their construction, certain advantages and disadvantages, it also follows that certain jazz styles are closely related to these individual instrumental peculiarities.

Given the pre-eminence of Hawkins' playing, however, if there was an avant-garde saxophonist in the '30s, it was not Hawkins but Lester Young. The range of difference between their playing, especially when one considers they were using the same instrument, is little short of astonishing.

Aside from the use of mutes, none of the brass players of the time demonstrated such fundamental interpretive differences. The distinction between Louis Armstrong and Bix Beiderbecke, for example, is based on rhythmic perception and harmonic interpretation. One hears no major difference in instrumental philosophy—in short, no difference in their conceptions of how the instrument should sound.

The same can hardly be said for Hawkins and Young.

There are a number of reasons, first of all, why there should have been such a distinction between their playing and also a number of reasons why this distinction could technically be possible on the same instrument.

It is easiest to think of Hawkins and Young as representing, in the simplest terms, the vertical and the horizontal approaches, respectively. Hawkins' playing can be considered architectonic—concerned with the erection of harmonic structures—as opposed to Young's procedural approach—the sacrifice of harmonic elements to the natural evolution of a melody.

In a broader interpretation, these approaches represented the two important streams in the jazz of the time, the one generally associated with the technically sophisticated players centered around New York City, the other with the more basic, blues-derived style popular in Kansas City and the Midwest.

The situation among alto saxophone players was much the same. Buster Smith and Pete Brown stand in a relationship to Johnny Hodges that is similar to the one Young occupies vis-a-vis Hawkins. The difference in their case, however, is that neither Smith nor Brown could match Young's great artistic solidity. The real reaction to Hodges' urbane style did not come until the appearance of Charlie Parker, a latter-day descendant of Smith, Brown, and, of course, Young.

To understand further how such a wide range of styles is possible on the same instrument, one should bear in mind that the saxophone, of all the jazz horns, is the one that is most accessible to an unschooled musician. Its fingering is simple, it speaks readily, and it has a tonal flexibility that adapts easily to the blues tonality that is most natural to the player who is ignorant of European technical procedures (that is, the pitch of individual notes can easily be varied through lip pressure on the reed). There is, as a matter of fact, very little European tradition at all for the saxophone and certainly none that was apparent to the young, untutored players of the '20s and '30s.

The trumpet, trombone, and clarinet, on the other hand, had relatively familiar playing rudiments that had become well set before the instruments were used by jazz musicians. Unquestionably this had an effect on the nature of sounds that these players tried to produce with their instruments.

Unlike the brass and clarinet men, saxophonists had little other than jazz saxophonists to listen to and imitate. The influence, then, of strong, innovating players like Hawkins and Young was remarkably extensive, but it was probably also correspondingly easier for a young saxophone player to develop a personal style that best fit his own physical characteristics and environmental conditioning.

IN ORDER TO CONSIDER the role of the saxophone in the current vanguard of musical thought, one must first make some general definitions. Are we simply in the midst of another developmental period, one that follows in evolutionary fashion, somewhat as the bop period followed the music of the '30s? Probably not. It seems evident that for the last five years, at least, jazz has been passing through a period of change that is as crucial and profound as that which took place in the classical music of the early 20th century. In other words, we are in the midst of a time that re-examines basic premises instead of reinterpreting known information.

It became evident fairly early in the '50s that the potential of the harmonic cadence as a basis for improvisation was rapidly being depleted. Like J. S. Bach, Parker summed up the achievements of the music he inherited.

The younger players of the '50s were faced with the frustration of developing under the influence of a style that offered little incentive for further exploration.

Several alternative directions were tried. Neo-bop—a kind of up-to-date distillation of the previous decade—became popular in the middle '50s. Earlier, some players had jumped even further into the past by emulating the purity, and what they wrongly interpreted as the emotionlessness, of Lester Young's style. Others sought refuge in a rediscovery of the music of their youth. But perhaps the most important artistic change was the gradual tendency toward modality and secular playing that appeared in the late '50s. This was a transitional period, in which players slowly realized that an improvisation that by-passed the restrictive deadlines of harmonic cadences was possible.

John Coltrane soon became the most important representative of this style. He arrived through the back door, so to speak, since prior to his adoption of a freely modal style he had worked for years in an almost obsessive examination of harmonic structures. This led him, in unusually direct fashion, to the higher secular unities that connect separate harmonic points (a method not dissimilar from George Russell's Lydian Concept).

Undoubtedly he also was influenced by his association with Miles Davis. As the most original brass player of his generation, Davis' music held much the same relationship to Dizzy Gillespie's multinoted harmonic explorations that Lester Young's work did to Coleman Hawkins'. Before most other players, Davis realized the implicit internal strengths of the bop-developed rhythm section and adapted it to serve as both an adjunct and a support for his own epigrammatic statements. With the origination of a group that included Coltrane as front-line companion, Davis began to explore, in the late '50s, an improvisational style that was strongly based on modality.

It seems likely, though, that certain limitations of his instrument stopped him short of the areas subsequently invaded by Coltrane. The construction of the trumpet and its method of sound production—the specific location of notes in an overtone series through careful lip vibrations—make it, by nature, a tonal instrument. It is possibly no accident that trumpetlike instruments are not employed in any of the major improvisatory music of the non-Western world. Attempts to surmount its natural limits sound, too frequently, like poor trumpet playing. Probably the closest that Davis came was in his impassioned playing on a Gil Evans collaboration, *Sketches of Spain*.

Coltrane, on the other hand, soon found areas of the tenor saxophone that had rarely been examined before in so systematic and musical a manner. The use of harmonics, both as an extension of the instrument's range and as a method of producing two or more notes simultaneously; the running together of massive streams of notes into tonally indistinct blurs of sound; the gradual inclusion of such noise elements as squawks and honks—all this became a part of Coltrane's instrumental vocabulary. It's unlikely that such an unusual expansion of techniques could have been accomplished on any other instrument.

The music of Sonny Rollins offers an interesting corollary. Rollins was, in the '50s, a brilliant improviser who followed the Parker tradition. In some respects he even exceeded Parker by adapting the styles of bebop to an almost unbelievable complexity of thematic development. Yet after his return from retirement, in 1962, Rollins' playing changed markedly, and he began a continuing experimentation with tonal indeterminacy, noise components, and harmonics.

Unlike Coltrane, Rollins conducted his experiments within the framework of "free" improvisation—in other

words, he discarded recurrent harmonic deadlines. He does, however, usually maintain a closer melodic and thematic relationship with his initial material than does either Coltrane or Ornette Coleman.

It is ironic that the contemporary jazz musician's liberation from the restrictions of harmonic progressions should have come from the efforts of a player—Coleman—whose melodic and rhythmic conception is drawn from the most basic pre-jazz sources. Far too little has been said of the lyrical quality of Coleman's music, possibly because listeners too often have been concerned with what they *expected* to hear to appreciate what Coleman really was playing.

What is it, then, that makes Coleman's music repulsive to so many listeners? What is there about it that has aroused the hostility of so many alleged supporters of jazz? The most obvious answer to both questions is Coleman's refusal to follow the traditional patterns of theme-and-variation practice.

Most jazz listeners depend on the relationship that exists between an improvised solo and the shape, harmonic structure, and general coloration of the beginning material. Their familiarity with this beginning material—either through subliminal awareness of passing chords or through general realization of cadence sections (four- and eight-bar patterns, for example)—gives them a point of reference, a home base from which to view the passing improvisation.

Coleman freely improvises without this relationship between the improvisation and the primal material of the composition. Except for jazz, there is nothing especially new about this, since most of the world's musics are unnotated and dependent upon free improvisation of one kind or another. The problem for Coleman's audience is that he has never made it clear where his improvisation is coming *from*. If it is entirely free, then a great portion of listeners are unable to perceive it as anything except anarchy. If it is not completely free, then many listeners feel that Coleman hasn't made his starting points clear enough.

Less noticeable, but more jarring for some listeners, is the fact that Coleman, a player who is relatively unencumbered by European training or technique, tends to play with a remarkably varied tonal palette. Listeners accustomed to the rigidities of a tempered tuning system find his free-ranging sonorities difficult to follow and refer to them as being "sour" or out of tune.

Actually, Coleman is improvising snatches of free melody and contrasting these snatches with bursting rhythmic accents and vocalized shrieks and growls. If there is a pattern of logical development in the order in which these elements appear, it is not immediately discernible. One must always remember, however, that the words "development," "logical," and "pattern" express a certain philosophical attitude about music. There are a great many musics throughout the world for which such words have no meaning. One interpretation of Coleman's playing is that, by freeing himself from harmonic restrictions, he is using a method in which his various procedures—the choice of what *kind* of sound to make at what particular point—are more important than they would be in a method based on the harmonic, melodic, or rhythmic variation of original material.

For the jazz player, Coleman's music offers a possible route out of the impasse of harmonic improvisation. Given Rollins' thematic development and Coltrane's disintegration of harmonic guideposts, Coleman took what was a significantly more direct road—he disregarded chord changes and the rhythmic sectionalization set up by harmonic cadences. It would seem that Coleman's

unique pitch perception has helped him immeasurably in this direction.

Lacking the usual structural elements, he has had to find guide points wherever he could. Far too often he has found none. But not infrequently his gift for pitch variation—aided in no small degree by the fact that the alto saxophone, particularly when played with a soft reed, permits an unusual amount of sliding between tones—has provided him a communication device that has much of the power, timbre, and pitch coloration of the voice.

For further proof of the great potential for diversity that exists in the saxophone, one need only look to Eric Dolphy. With the possible exception of Rollins, probably no player in jazz can equal altoist Dolphy's astonishing mastery of the saxophone's technical resources. Although he is not oriented in the same direction as Coleman, Dolphy, too, is accomplishing marvels in the employment of noise factors and harmonics. Equally important, he is the only major avant-garde jazz player to adapt the European technique of fragmentation and *klangfarbenmelodie* to valid improvisational expression. In its own less obvious way, this may eventually be as important as Coleman's breakthrough in "free" improvisation.

THE REFERENCE to the pitch variation possible among the saxophone family should not suggest that such potential is nonexistent in other instruments. Obviously, the slide trombone has a nearly limitless range of such variation. Yet no trombonist has appeared who has employed this quality to its fullest advantage.

Several important trumpet players have arrived recently, most notably Don Cherry and Don Ellis. Both Cherry and Ellis seem, in diametrically opposed ways, to be handicapped by instrumental limitations.

Ellis has surmounted many of the instrument's restrictions by developing a style that, like Dolphy's, is drawn from pointillism. The trumpet is admirably suited for such a style, but the articulation problems it poses are massive. It is to Ellis' credit that he has solved many of them.

Cherry has taken a different approach, trying to bend and shape his phrases in a method similar to the sinuously winding melodies of Coleman. Although Cherry's excellent ear and fine sense of time serve him well, he seems to have difficulty forcing the instrument's notes (he actually plays cornet) to conform to his musical intentions.

It should be apparent that this article advances a case for more pitch flexibility in jazz. The heart of the new jazz lies in its transcendence of cadential limitations and the gradual attainment of a more complex pitch (and non-pitch) vocabulary for the improviser—preferably a vocabulary not limited by the 12 tempered tones of European music.

In this respect, a good case can be made for the saxophone as the major innovating instrument of the past 20 years. Very little change has taken place in the jazz of this period that has not been directly motivated by saxophonists. This is not, of course, to deny or underestimate the contributions made by players of other instruments, but it is undeniable that no group of musicians with the startling originality of Parker, Rollins, Coltrane, Dolphy, and Coleman has appeared in any other instrument category.

Imperfect though it may be—insofar as the heritage of Western classical music is concerned—the saxophone appears to have reached its real destiny in the hands of the contemporary jazz improviser. The years between Coleman Hawkins' first tentative solos and the whiplash improvisations of Coltrane, Rollins, et al., have been well spent.



JAZZ BASICS

Part 8 of a continuing history
of jazz on record/By Don
DeMicheal and Pete Welding

STAN GETZ, *Early Stan Getz* (Prestige 7255)

STAN GETZ-J. J. JOHNSON, *At the Opera House* (Verve 8490)

The lightness of the cool approach stemmed to great extent from the work of Lester Young. Of the several tenor saxophonists who based their styles in Young — and Charlie Parker — Getz was the most inspired. It was he who became the model for many aspiring tenor saxophonists in the late '40s, when he was one of the Four Brothers of Woody Herman fame, and the early '50s, when he polished his art to a high gloss with his own groups.

His early playing is more Lesterian than his later work, though the essentials of the Young style—lyricism, tripping grace, and long phrases wrapped in a light tone almost devoid of vibrato—are still heard in Getz. But where lesser musicians seemingly were content merely to imitate Young, Getz took Young more as a departure point and went on to develop his own manner of playing. Getz' command of the tenor saxophone and his remarkable ear, combined with what seems inherent taste and melodicism, make him one of the most remarkable musicians to grace jazz in the last 15 years.

The Prestige album is made up of material from two sessions, one a 1949 Terry Gibbs date, the other led by guitarist Jimmy Raney in 1954 when he was a member of Getz' quintet.

The early tracks show a very good, but still developing, Getz, and his short solos on *Michelle*, *T&S*, and *Cuddles* are unmistakably Youngish, though the influence of Parker is evident too.

The main body of the album is from the Raney date, however. The light, floating quality of the ensembles was characteristic of Getz' quintet at the time. On some of the tracks Raney and Getz indulge in a delicate inter-

play that bespeaks a warm empathy.

There are four performances: three exceptionally well-constructed Raney originals—*Motion*, *Lee*, and *Signal*—and Thelonious Monk's *'Round about Midnight*. The outstanding performance is *Midnight*, which has tasteful and tender solos by the two principals and bassist Red Mitchell. The other tracks are almost on the same par and contain some of the finest Getz and Raney of the period. Pianist Hall Overton and drummer Frank Isola round out the personnel.

The album with trombonist Johnson was cut at a Jazz at the Philharmonic concert in 1957 and shows Getz' ability to fit in with whatever musical context he finds himself. Instead of the airiness of the quintet with Raney, this group is a straight-ahead blowing unit. The charged atmosphere brings out the fervid side of Getz; on the up-tempo *Billie's Bounce*, *Crazy Rhythm*, and *Blues in the Closet*, he plays with what seems limitless imagination, pouring forth chorus after chorus of driving, heated improvisations with marked ease. He retains this heat even in the ballad *It Never Entered My Mind* and the medium-tempoed *My Funny Valentine*.

Johnson can be called the father of modern trombone, for it was he who brought a prodigious facility to bear on the boppers' ideas—and the technical demands they brought forth—in the '40s and transferred them to the sometimes sluggish trombone. But in addition to superb technique, Johnson possesses a fertile musical imagination. His solos usually are agile models of construction, seldom cluttered with the unnecessary or the banal. Johnson is one of the most consistently rewarding jazzmen.

On the record with Getz he is in excellent form, playing with a heat that was sometimes missing from his playing in the early years. On the fast tunes his solos are enhanced by saucy, rapid-fire phrases that never depend on cliché. His melancholy *Yesterdays* is a fine example of his ballad work.

The two horn men are backed by the 1957 Oscar Peterson Trio (Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; and Ray Brown, bass) with drummer Connie Kay.

Further recommendations: The early style of Getz is well represented on *Stan Getz: Greatest Hits* (Prestige 7256). The quartet performances were recorded in 1949 and '50, a period when the tenorist was playing mostly standard tunes. The album has excellent Getz work on *There's a Small Hotel*, *Zing Went the Strings of My Heart* (titled *Long Island Sound*), *Indian Summer*, *When Your Lover*

WILLY LUND



Has Gone, *I've Got You under My Skin*, and other songs of like nature.

The quintet, with valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, Getz led in the middle '50s is heard to advantage on *Stan Getz at the Shrine* (Verve 8188-2), a two-LP set recorded, for the most part, at a 1954 concert.

The most remarkable album Getz has made in recent years is *Focus* (Verve 8412), for which Eddie Sauter composed and arranged seven pieces for a string group and gave Getz free rein to improvise over the strings; the result is astonishing.

Johnson can be heard on several LPs under his own name; perhaps the best of the lot is *J.J., Inc.* (Columbia 1606), which was made by the sextet he led in 1960. Included in its personnel were trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan, and pianist Cedar Walton. The album is made up of well-thought-out solos and arrangements. Johnson, who also is one of jazz' outstanding composers, wrote and arranged all the tunes — *Mohawk*, *Minor Mist*, *In Walked Horace*, *Fatback*, *Aquarius*, and *Shutter-bug*.

(To be continued in the next issue)

record reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, Erwin Helfer, Don Nelson, Bill Mathieu, Harvey Pekar, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson. Reviews are Initialed 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.

Broadway Three Ways

Clark Terry

WHAT MAKES SAMMY SWING!—20th Century-Fox 3137: *A Room without Windows; You're No Good; My Home Town; A New Pair of Shoes; The Friendliest Thing; Humble; Maybe Some Other Time; Something to Live For; Bachelor Gal; Some Days Everything Goes Wrong.*

Personnel: Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Urbie Green, trombone; Phil Woods, alto saxophone, clarinet; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone, flute; Dave McKenna, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Barbara Carroll

FRESH FROM BROADWAY!—Warner Brothers 1543: *The Friendliest Thing; A New Pair of Shoes; Something to Live For; A Room without Windows; My Home Town; Maybe Some Other Time; Hello, Dolly; Dancing; Ribbons Down My Back; It Only Takes a Moment; Put on Your Sunday Clothes.*

Personnel: Miss Carroll, piano; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★ ★

Hank Jones

HERE'S LOVE—Argo 728: *Here's Love; My Wish; You Don't Know; Dear Mister Santa Claus; That Man Over There; Arm in Arm; The Big Clown Balloons; Love, Come Take Me Again; Pine Cones and Holly Berries; My State, My Kansas, My Home.*

Personnel: Jones, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Of these three jazz versions of show tunes, the Terry set is rewarding partly because he and his men have been given good material. Ervin Drake's compositions are engaging and, although not harmonically or rhythmically unconventional, unusual from a structural standpoint. *Humble*, for example, is 20 bars long.

Something to Live For is the memorable melody on the album. It has to be one of the loveliest show ballads in recent years, and trombonist Green states it with a world of warmth.

The improvising is good. Terry isn't at his best, but he solos well. Woods may not be particularly subtle, but he makes up for it with raw drive and a good sense of construction. He takes a heavily swinging clarinet solo on *Some Days*.

On a fairly commercial date like this, one might expect tired arrangements, so Pat Williams deserves special mention for his bright, creative ideas.

Miss Carroll also plays tunes from *What Makes Sammy Run?*, along with selections from *Hello, Dolly*. She's backed by a large orchestra conducted by Glenn Osser, who doubles as arranger. In contrast to Williams' arrangements for Terry, these lack a personal stamp, often sounding like imitations of Nelson Riddle and Billy May.

Miss Carroll's work also lacks individuality and is heavy-handed. She uses both cocktail and hard-swinging approaches and rarely comes up with a fresh idea. Any one of several other competent commercial pianists could probably have been substituted

for her without altering the quality of the record.

In spite of its undistinguished tunes, Hank Jones' LP is quite good. He has been one of the most important jazz pianists of the last decade or so, and his graceful, single-note playing has left its mark on many of his contemporaries. Jones' style grew out of bop but doesn't have as much of the stop-and-start rhythmic feeling of the boppers. Sometimes his smoothly flowing work is reminiscent of Teddy Wilson's.

He has exhibited more intensity than he does here, but his solos generally are warm and imaginative and swing easily. He's at his best when playing long, complex phrases, as on *Dear Mister*. (His work is so unpretentious and relaxed that the intricacy of these phrases may not be noticed immediately; he's the kind of master who makes everything seem deceptively easy.) He also uses funky devices with good humor on the album.

Elvin Jones' drumming is quite restrained—his sensitivity may surprise some listeners. (H.P.)

Ray Brown-Milt Jackson

MUCH IN COMMON—Verve 8580: *Much in Common; When the Saints Go Marching In; I've Got to Live the Life I Sing about in My Song; Gravy Blues; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; What Kind of Fool Am I?; Sometimes I Feel like a Motherless Child; Just for a Thrill; Nancy; Give Me That Old-Time Religion.*

Personnel: Jackson, vibraphone; Hank Jones, piano, or Wild Bill Davis, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Brown, bass; Albert Heath, drums; Marion Williams, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The opening title number leads to instant confusion. Though the listing credits it to the session with Jones' piano, it features instead an organ, almost certainly Davis. It's an unpretentious, happy blues. Of the other instrumental tracks, *Gravy* might be similarly summed up; *Fool*, *Thrill*, and *Nancy* feature typical work by Jackson and Brown.

The other five tracks are mainly settings for the singing of Miss Williams, a singer Brown heard last year in London. She is a soprano whose treatment of the Gospel material is at times most attractive in a style only distantly related to jazz. *Motherless Child* achieves much of the wistfulness required of the song. *Saints* is taken at a slower tempo than has been customary of late and almost redeems this sadly overworked piece of material, but Miss Williams' use of gratuitous extra words is sometimes questionable, especially when it leads to such non sequiturs as "I'm telling you, don't you wanna be in that number..."

There is at least one spot where some editing took place, and the time gets hung up as a result.

The supporting musicians are all ad-

mirable; Burrell has a couple of choice solo spots.

It would be interesting to hear Brown and Jackson collaborate again on a slightly more formalized basis. Both veterans of the Dizzy Gillespie Band of the mid-1940s, they have more in common than these tracks allow us to observe. (L.G.F.)

Ronnie Brown

JAZZ FOR EVERYONE—Philips 200-130 and 600-130: *I Could Write a Book; Angel Eyes; Star Eyes; Thistle Down; Granada; My Heart Stood Still; You'd Be so Nice to Come Home To; Gone with the Wind; It Ain't Necessarily So.*

Personnel: Brown, piano, vibraphone; unidentified bass, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Brown can churn up a lot of excitement on piano and vibes, an endeavor in which he receives strong support from his bassist and drummer, whoever they are.

Brown has a firm attack and a glossy, flossy polish, but I found that the more I listened to this disc, the more my attention kept turning to the bassist and drummer and the more I became aware that a great deal of the showmanly end result was due to their very effective work.

Brown is out front, catching the ear with his bravura playing, but his accompanists are right in there giving him the perceptive foundation on which his spotlighted performances can ride.

The sound and fury that Brown churns up, particularly when he gets into a good thumping passage, are sometimes reminiscent of Dave Brubeck, although Brown carries these passages off with considerably more dash and glitter than Brubeck gives them. On the other hand, though, there's relatively little under his dash and glitter. (J.S.W.)

Donald Byrd

A NEW PERSPECTIVE—Blue Note 4124: *Elijah; Beast of Burden; Cristo Redento; The Black Disciple; Chant.*

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Donald Best, vibraphone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Butch Warren, bass; Lex Humphries, drums; vocal choir.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This album should be listed as one of the most impressive and important efforts of 1964. It is a rewarding culmination of planning, creativity, rehearsal, discipline, and skillful execution. While the album is divided into five distinct selections, the restrained mood and consistent use of the voices create a thematic work in which each selection is a contributing part of the unusual whole.

The mere addition of voices to instruments is not exceptional. Nor is the religious flavor of jazz instrumentalists the whole reason for the successful coup here. The album owes its success to these factors, plus the important elements of brilliant musicianship and attention to theme.

Burrell, for instance, can certainly

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swing more than he does here; but what he plays is exactly right for what is going on. Humphries, too, has been known to be more fiery and obvious, but here he settles into a team-effort groove and gently moves the whole procession forward.

The three primary soloists are clean, efficient, and swift in their statements. Even Byrd is very selective in his use of the spotlight, appearing only occasionally but always with a straightforward, uncomplicated, sensitive statement to make. There is no hard-driving blowing here. Everything is understatement and suggestion.

Disciple is a bit disappointing. While the rhythm may well be correct, it falls down when the group comes in for unison blowing or when the soloist is out front. It comes off as disjointedly disturbing in spots.

Byrd has come up with an excellent effort and one which should be included in every record collection. It would be misleading to suggest that it is a successful marriage of jazz, voices, and spirituals, for often what it captures is just jazz and voices or jazz, voices and blues; but it does represent a rare accomplishment in the field of jazz. (B.G.)

Stan Getz-Joao Gilberto

GETZ/GILBERTO—Verve 8545: *The Girl from Ipanema*; *Doralice*; *P'ra Machucar Meu Coracao*; *Desafinado*; *Corcovado*; *So Danco Samba*; *O Grande Amor*; *Vivo Sobando*.

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Antonio Carlos Jobim, piano; Gilberto, guitar, vocals; unidentified bassist; Milton Banana, drums; Astrud Gilberto, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★ 1/2

This album grows on a person. Rather, I should say Gilberto's singing grew on me as I played the record over and over. I'm still not convinced he's as great as many critics say, but there is undoubtedly a charm, a personal magnetism to his singing that makes him superior to most pop vocalists.

Perhaps his outstanding quality is his sense of time; he often places the melody line where one hardly would expect—particularly if the listener is used to jazz vocalists and jazz-oriented pop singers. Gilberto is free from the beat's tyranny; he, like a good jazz horn player, swings away and above the time. It gives his singing a naturalness that is sadly missing in the less talented.

Still, his vibratoless, very soft voice has something about it that makes it sound flat to my ears, especially in the lower register where its timbre sets up a disturbing vibration with that of the bass.

Not surprisingly, his wife, Astrud, who sings the English lyrics of *Corcovado* (a nicely turned set written by former *Down Beat* editor Gene Lees) and *The Girl from Ipanema*, performs in much the same manner as her husband. And again as with her spouse, the result is quite pleasant.

Getz is more than just pleasant. Getz is superb on this record. Each full-toned solo is beautifully conceived, its contours and context unfolding like a flower in the act of blooming. His work on *P'ra Machucar* is Getz lyricism at its most tender; he plays simply, building a floating improvisation that is deeply touching in its poignancy.

And his solo on *So Danco Samba*—the outstanding track all around—is the most exciting thing he's recorded since he returned to this country more than three years ago; I'm tempted to say it is one of the best solos of his career. On this track Getz plays with more fire and drive than he does on the album's other tracks, and just when it seems he's winding up things brilliantly, he changes keys and continues; it's like being lifted out of one's chair and sailed around the room.

Jobim, who wrote most of the album's tunes, plays with his characteristic reserve, limiting most of his solo work to single-finger, melodic statements. He also is a sensitive accompanist, as can be heard on every track. (It should be pointed out that Banana's accompaniment is the equal of Jobim's; Banana is an extremely subtle drummer.)

As fine as this album is, it still raises a question in my mind. Getz now has four very-good-to-excellent bossa nova albums in release; there is no doubt that he has a real affinity and liking for this music, but I wonder if it's not time for him to put out a straight jazz album? (D.DeM.)

Good Time Six

CLASSIC DIXIELAND—Jazz Crusade 1003: *Canal Street Blues*; *Apex Blues*; *Come Back, Sweet Papa*; *Doctor Jazz*; *I'm a Real Kinda Daddy*; *Shake That Thing*; *Daddy Do*; *Mama's Gone Goodbye*; *Corrine, Corrina*; *Easy Rider Blues*.

Personnel: Andy Mitchell, cornet, vocals; Earl Burrier, clarinet, ocarina; Allan Webber, trombone; Jim Powell, banjo; Ken Elliott, bass; Bob Inglehart, drums.

Rating: ★★ 1/2

Some time back, *Business Week* ran an article on a group of Minneapolis businessmen who get together each week to play Dixieland. I don't know what that group sounds like, but from the picture—the band huffing and puffing gleefully through *Tiger Rag*—the music obviously was some kind of therapy for the players.

This is the impression one gets here. These men are all situated in business and play Dixieland professionally, in eastern Pennsylvania, on occasional weekends. They play in a well-ordered manner, with the changes coming cleanly and correctly, with an occasional good, booting drive. But there is nothing that bends the ear.

It would be difficult to object to anything else. These men have at least sweated and worked to play well in the traditional jazz style, and, as Edmond Souchon's notes point out, it is through an effort like this that traditional jazz survives. (G.M.E.)

Andrew Hill

BLACK FIRE—Blue Note 4151 and 84151: *Pumpkin*; *Subterfuge*; *Black Fire*; *Cantanos*; *Tired Trade*; *McNeil Island*; *Land of Nod*.

Personnel: Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Hill, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Hill, a 28-year-old pianist born in Haiti and raised in Chicago, is unknown on records except for a couple of promising appearances as a sideman on Jimmy Woods' *Conflict* album, released last year on Contemporary, and on Roland Kirk's *Domino* on Mercury. In this, his first LP as a leader, the promise is borne out.

*"I'm just
a melody
player"*
...Stan Getz

In jazz, the only constant is change. Styles change, trends live and die, artists rise and fall from favor with merciless swiftness. Occasionally, however, a giant comes along who breaks all the rules and creates his own special status, above constant change yet alive and growing. An artist esteemed by his fellow artists and yet apart from them by virtue of the security of his talent, his strength, his inventiveness and his craftsmanship.

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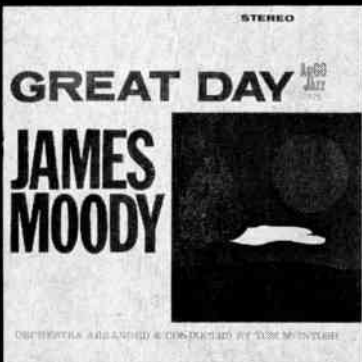
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Hill credits Bud Powell, Thelonious Monk, and Art Tatum as early influences. In purely technical terms, he is at least level with the first, ahead of the second, and not far behind the third. As a harmonic innovator he has advanced considerably beyond all three.

His contribution is mainly a vertical one, though linearly his ideas are fluent and strikingly original, and there is frequently present an element too often neglected in some corners of the avant garde: he swings and lets his rhythm section swing with and for him, and his conceptions seem to represent an expansion of earlier jazz ideas rather than a rejection.

Henderson, heard on four tracks, shows great sympathy for Hill and displays an inventiveness more daring than could be detected in his own albums. Davis' bass tone and strength are a supple and valuable contribution to the cohesive sound of the group.

Haynes is superb; his work has the looseness of an Elvin Jones but is contained and co-operative, never detracting from the over-all sense of unity.

All seven compositions are Hill's. His writing, like his playing, depends more on harmonic subtlety than on melodic lines. Often it seems to verge on atonality, yet there are occasional moments of great melodic charm, as in the slightly Monk-like title number, a graceful waltz. Perhaps the most attractive work of the lot is the shortest, *McNeil Island*, a wistful piece in which both Hill and Henderson achieve a compellingly consistent mood.

The notes are helpful in what they tell us about Hill, but it would have been valuable, on his first LP, to include a track-by-track explanation, in musical terms, of what Hill is doing, since his work is sufficiently original to warrant analysis.

Hill is bound to become an important musician. Without resorting to tonal distortions, breast beating, or empty tub thumping, his group has provided what may be a new and durable thoroughway to the future. (L.G.F.)

Johnny Hodges-Wild Bill Davis

MESS OF BLUES—Verve 8570: *Jones; I Cried for You; Love You Madly; Little John, Little John; Stolen Sweets; A & R Blues; Lost in Meditation.*

Personnel: Hodges, alto saxophone; Davis, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Osie Johnson or Ed Shaughnessy, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★

Jones is a Duke Ellington blues; *John* and *A & R* are graceful, bantamweight Hodges lines that could almost have been improvised; *Sweets* is a charming reminder of organist Davis' songwriting gift; *Lost* is a neglected Ellington tune of the late 1930s.

Since the other two titles are already familiar, this is about all one need know. Everything that happens, though totally predictable, is consistently tasteful and delightful. Hodges' sound is pure alto-saxophone sound, something that is not even aimed at among the current crop of alto men. His way of swinging is his own, too, and not likely to become outmoded, since it has already endured through almost four decades of jazz evolution.

Joe Wilder is listed among the person-

nel, but there is no trumpet to be heard.

As Stanley Dance's notes wisely observe, "It is only members of the critical fraternity and the audience who, hurrying on to the latest novelties, become blasé before such talent. The musicians never do." I'll gladly be blackballed from the former and numbered among the latter. (L.G.F.)

Wynton Kelly

COMIN' IN THE BACK DOOR—Verve 8576: *If That's the Way You Want It; Comin' in the Back Door; Don't Wait Too Long; Nocturne; The Bitter End; Theme from "Burke's Law"; Quiet Village; Caesar and Cleopatra Theme; Signing Off; Little Tracy; To Kill a Mockingbird.*

Personnel: Kelly, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★

Another fine jazzman has been done in by dreadful arrangements. This album contains some of the most vapid string writing and all-around tastelessness I have heard.

The gimmick is a familiar one: a jazz musician (either in solo or, as here, with a supporting trio) is set against a string background in the hopes that something pretty will come of it. He is asked to interpret—but not too much—upwards of 10 romantic tunes, most of them standards or, as is the fashion lately, themes from movies and television shows. The results are usually appalling from a jazz standpoint—this is no exception.

Rarely does Kelly sound his usual inspired self. The listener's hopes are raised briefly on *Nocturne* and *Signing Off*, which open with the pianist weaving haunting late-night spells. Then those damn strings barge in and muck up both pieces, destroying the mood by drowning it in molasses. Much of the time the quartet passages and their string accompaniment seem to have no relationship to each other. It is as if each were recorded in separate studios and then later mixed together.

Back Door, which advances with a tick-tock, metronomic insistency, and *Bitter End* suffer from another type of malaise. Both are injected with corny quasi-Dixieland passages, the sound supplied by traditional trumpet, clarinet, and trombone, with a tenor saxophone added on *End*. The outcome is a surprise but not a pleasant one.

Burrell, Chambers, and Cobb, all of whom this operative admires, are wasted here. They function merely as timekeepers, never once allowed to indicate that they are individuals of considerable talent. Oh, well. At least they picked up some rent money without much effort. (D.N.)

C. T. McCoskey

DIXIE IN THE RAW, Vol. 2—Sandia 1202: *South Rampart Street Parade; Oh! Susanna, Dust Off That Old Piano; St. James Infirmary; Washington and Lee Swing; Lazy River; Back Home Again in Indiana; Tiger Rag; Massa' in the Cold Ground; and Oh! Susanna; When You and I Were Young, Maggie; Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?; Ain't She Sweet?; Alexander's Ragtime Band; Just a Closer Walk with Thee.*

Personnel: Dave Williams, trumpet; Sam Allred, trombone; Reece Hough, clarinet; Don Blank, piano; McCoskey, banjo; Owen Jay Mowrey, tuba; Sam Spohr, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ 1/2

This is one of those play-for-fun Dixieland bands, and, as such, it shows up reasonably well on this album. It is ahead

of many other bands of this type in that it has four good instrumentalists.

Mowrey is an admirable tuba man, who gets a chance to show his agility on *Maggie* and *Lee* and who helps keep the rhythm section pliant. Allred on trombone, Blank on piano, and McCoskey on banjo are capable soloists.

But the band is woefully weak on ensembles. Trumpet and clarinet are both soft spots, and uncertainty dogs the band's efforts to play together. The group's assets and drawbacks are neatly summed up on *Massa*, which starts out as a good banjo solo by McCoskey, but when the full band comes in, everything falls apart.

Good solos are scattered through the disc, but one needs patience to find them—sufficient patience, for instance, to overlook the opening number, *Rampart*, which is dismal. (J.S.W.)

Dave McKenna

LULLABIES IN JAZZ—Realm 923: *Sleepy Waltz Dream*; *Lullaby Leaves Lullaby*; *Close Your Eyes*; *Brahm's Lullaby*; *Deep Night*; *Deep in a Dream*; *Lullaby in Blue*; *Japanese Sandman*; *Lullaby in Rhythm*; *Sleep*.

Personnel: McKenna, piano, celeste.

Rating: ★★½

McKenna, who used to turn up on records fairly often, has not been heard from for quite a while. It's good to have him back again.

This low-keyed set of solos is not likely to set the world on fire, but it is a pleasant group of thoughtful, unpretentious performances. Most pieces are played in an appropriately subdued fashion, though his mixture of rolling bass and light-fingered, right-hand phrasing sometimes builds a forceful effect.

It's the kind of collection that may wear much better over a long period than would over-wrought virtuosity. (J.S.W.)

St. Louis Ragtimers

ST. LOUIS RAGTIMERS, VOL. 2—Audiophile 81 and 5981: *Cakewalking Babies from Home*; *Riverside Blues*; *Georgia Swing*; *Moving Day*; *Black Mountain Rag*; *Dead Man Blues*; *Chestnut Valley Rag*; *Bye and Bye*; *I Ain't Rough*; *Tank Town Bump*; *When Ragtime Rosie Ragged the Rosary*; *Bucksnort Stomp*; *Ely Green's Cakewalk*; *They Gotta Quit Kickin' My Dawg Around*.

Personnel: Bill Mason, cornet, washboard; Trebor Jay Tichenor, piano; Al Stricker, banjo, vocal; Don Franz, tuba.

Rating: ★★★

The Ragtimers superficially fall into the traditionalist pigeonhole. They could even be assigned to the traditionalists' funny-hat department. But this would be misleading. Their interests are geared toward a panorama of early American music, some of which falls into the usual concept of jazz but all of it contributing in some degree to the development of jazz. Thus, they cover minstrel songs, old vaudeville songs, spirituals, rags, and blues, as well as such specific sources as Louis Armstrong and Jelly Roll Morton.

Instrumentally, the band is extremely adept in all the idioms that it tackles, and the fact that it gets as much "sound" and as much variety of sound with only four men is remarkable.

Mason is an able cornetist, Franz keeps his tuba very light-footed and agile, and Tichenor can play a rag, a stomp, or a piece in the Morton style with equal suc-



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cess. Their program is an interesting grab-bag of styles and types that is a far cry from the tired, repetitious programming of most jazz groups that look toward the past.

Once the Ragtimers get away from their instruments, however, trouble starts. One aspect of this trouble becomes immediately evident when it turns out that each selection is to have a spoken explanatory introduction. Background information on performances such as this is valuable, but it belongs in print, not in the groove, and particularly not when the speaker (anonymous in this case) is stiff and amateurish. Another—and more disastrous—vocal trouble is Stricker's singing with its minstrel-show accents.

The epitome of this difficulty occurs when the group makes the grievous error of attempting the hoked-up sketch that Morton devised for the beginning of his *Dead Man Blues*. It was terrible when Morton did it on his record, but to hear these young, present-day St. Louisans trying to affect what they consider the required accents while repeating Morton's atrocity (one could dismiss his effort with an amiable smile) is enough to make the skin crawl.

It's too bad because the record, instrumentally, is extremely effective. But it is flawed by a display of incredibly bad taste. (J.S.W.)

Various Artists

ITALIAN JAZZ OF THE ROARING '50s—Odeon 8017: *Friendless Blues* (Original Lambro Jazz Band); *Bach's Idea* (Quintetto Piero Umiliani); *Stella by Starlight* (Flavio Ambrosetti New Quartet); *Black and Blue* (Roman New Orleans Jazz Band); *O Sole Mio* ("X" Quintet); *Nuances* (Giancarlo Barigozzi e il Suo Sestetto); *Sestetto* (Sestetto Italiano); *Someday, Sweetheart* (Milan College Jazz Society); *'Swonderful* (Nunzio Rotondo and His Cool Stars); *You Go to My Head* (Aurelio Ciarallo Quartet); *Singin' the Blues* (Junior Dixieland Gang); *On the Sunny Side of the Street* (Gil Cuppini e il Suo Complesso).

Rating: ★★ ★

Jazz recorded by Italian groups between 1952 and 1955 is the area covered on this disc. It is partly traditional, partly cool—and it is an odd reminder of how time has flown to find that the cool groups sound extremely dated while the traditional sound has taken on a sort of timeless contemporaneity.

Clarinetists were apparently the strong point of Italian jazz during these years. Three of the traditional bands have notably good clarinetists—Renata Gerbella with the Original Lambro Jazz Band, Marcello Ricco with the Roman New Orleans Jazz Band, Roberto Valenti with the Milan College Jazz Society.

There's also one clarinetist slightly this side of traditional—Aurelio Ciarallo, who leads his own quartet and also plays an interesting solo with Nunzio Rotondo's Cool Stars on something called a clarone, which sounds like a bass clarinet.

Only one of the traditional groups is really turgid—the Junior Dixieland Gang, which tries to copy some of the worst aspects of Bix Beiderbecke's small-band records. The cool groups affect the wispy sound produced by alto saxophone-trumpet ensembles in which both the instrumentalists seem to be trying to pretend that they're not there. (J.S.W.)

Harold Vick

STEPPIN' OUT—Blue Note 4138: *Our Miss Brooks*; *Trimmed in Blue*; *Laura*; *Dotty's Dream*; *Vicksville*; *Steppin' Out*.

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Vick, tenor saxophone; John Patton, organ; Grant Green, guitar; Ben Dixon, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

This is a better-than-average first date, and Vick deserves a great deal of credit for surrounding himself with good musicians and allowing them to have room to develop ideas.

Each of the tunes individually is arresting and fresh. Taken together, they become a little too much of the same. As interesting as Vick's playing is, it is his writing that bears the mark of uniqueness here. He is going to develop into a forceful arranger/composer if he continues in the direction he is going. *Miss Brooks* is a big-sounding tune with lots of meat. *Vicksville*, although it repeats some of the same technique employed in *Brooks*, is another demonstration of Vick's writing skill.

Vick's solo on *Laura* is one of his best on the date, and here, as well as in *Dotty's Dream*, he is revealed to lean much more toward the modern reed men in spite of his extensive experience in rhythm-and-blues groups.

Of the other musicians, Mitchell is consistently good in his role here and plays with much less force and drive than was characteristic in his appearances with Horace Silver's quintet. Here he tends more toward the lyrical horn he plays when he is heading his own date. Green also distinguishes himself as a growing musician.

I look forward to future dates headed by this North Carolina saxophonist. I hope they will be better planned, more rehearsed, and contain a little more imagination. This one is good. Vick sounds as if he can be better. (B.G.)

John Young

THE JOHN YOUNG TRIO—Delmark 403: *I Don't Wanna Be Kissed*; *Bones*; *Cubana Chant*; *In Love in Vain*; *Serenata*; *Baby Doll*; *Circus*; *When I Fall in Love*.

Personnel: Young, piano; Victor Sproles, bass; Phil Thomas, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Were there not so many pianists of great competence on the scene today and were one's standards not proportionately higher as a consequence, this album would probably receive a higher rating. Though it may seem unfair to set value judgments on this basis, complete subjectivity is impossible, especially where a rating system for the prospective purchaser's guidance is involved.

The fact is that Young takes care of business very neatly. Cecil Taylor he's not; Art Tatum he's also not. The notes picture him as a veteran who once played in the old Andy Kirk Band; his style indicates a listening experience that must have encompassed Bud Powell, Red Garland, and quite possibly Gene Harris.

The most impressive tracks are the two blues, *Baby Doll*, a slow improvisation (not related to the recently reissued Bessie Smith opus) that's sometimes flashy but often funky, and *Bones*, taken moderato with a good solo by Sproles. (L.G.F.)

SONGSKRIT

A COLUMN OF VOCAL ALBUM REVIEWS

By JOHN A. TYNAN

Ethel Ennis: *This Is Ethel Ennis*
(RCA Victor 2786)

Rating: ★★½

In a previous pitch at a recording career some years ago, Miss Ennis fared less than successful commercially. Since then, she has absorbed valuable experience, including a term as featured vocalist with the Benny Goodman Orchestra at the Brussels World's Fair in 1958, and her debut on Victor is impressive. It establishes the Baltimore singer as possessor of one of the better vocal instruments and a stylist to watch.

With an orchestra capably conducted by Sid Bass, Miss Ennis essays varying treatments of the opening, up-tempoed *He Loves Me*; the smoothly grooving *An Occasional Man*; *Dear Friend*; *Nobody Told Me*; *As You Desire Me*, with the Sarah Vaughan influence a little too obvious for comfort; *Joey, Joey*; *The Moon Was Yellow*; *Who Will Buy?*; *Night Club*; *Love, Don't Turn Away*; *Starry-Eyed and Breathless*; and *When Did I Fall in Love?*

If intrinsic quality, rather than distinct individuality, counts for anything at all, Miss Ennis should soon establish herself.

Barbra Streisand, The Third Album (Columbia 8954)

Rating: ★★★★★

An ignoramus of this reviewer's acquaintance was recently heard to opine that Miss Streisand's vocal quality was "freakish." The man in question probably was disturbed because Miss Streisand is so darn good. This is the curse of those who are gifted; there is so frequently a sniper in the bushes ready to pick them off just because they exist.

Miss Streisand is truly a remarkable vocal talent. She possesses that element most singers would give their tonsils for: she communicates. She communicates so surely, so truly, so penetratingly that there is nothing left to do but sit back and luxuriate in the flow of song.

The arrangements in this third album by the most remarkable singer of her generation are by Ray Ellis (*My Melancholy Baby*, *Taking a Chance on Love*, *As Time Goes By*, *It Had to Be You*); Sid Ramin (*Draw Me a Circle* and *I Had Myself a True Love*); and Peter Matz (*Never Will I Marry* and *Make Believe*).

There is, in addition, an outstanding piece of craftsmanship by Ramin and Leonard Bernstein—*Just in Time*. Miss Streisand's accompaniment in this song is part of a piano work for four hands called *Bridal Suite*, taken by Bernstein from Bach's *First Prelude*, which meshes aptly with *Just in Time*. All in all, it is quite an arresting performance.

For all her passion, there is no wasted emotion in Miss Streisand's singing. This, indeed, is the key to her art, an art of song unmatched in our time.

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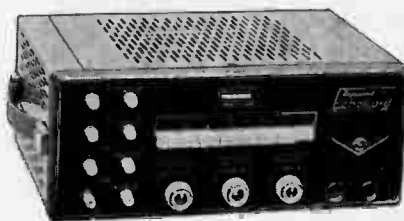
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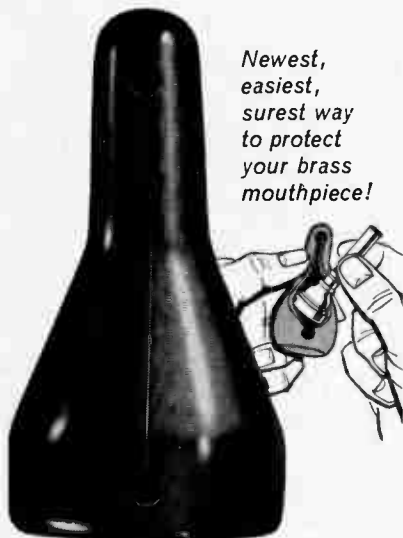
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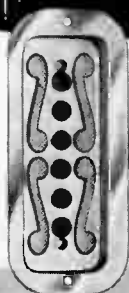
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OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

A COLUMN OF JAZZ REISSUES

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Shorty Rogers/Gerry Mulligan,
Modern Sounds (Capitol 2025)

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Gerry Mulligan Meets Stan Getz
(Verve 8535)

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Gerry Mulligan Meets Johnny
Hodges (Verve 8536)

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Gerry Mulligan Meets Ben Webster
(Verve 8534)

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Though Mulligan has been considered No. 1 man on baritone saxophone for several years, it has been only within relatively recent time that he has fulfilled the promise he showed in the late '40s and early '50s.

To hear the improvement one need only compare his work on *Modern Sounds*, which contains reissues of the baritonist's 1953 Tentet, with that on any of the other three albums listed, which were recorded during the last five years.

The Tentet tracks are notable more for Mulligan's writing than his playing. The arrangements combine two trumpets, two baritone saxophones, alto, French horn, trombone, and rhythm in such a way that often a wall of thick sound emanates from the phonograph speaker. Though the scores are craftsmanlike, there is a bloodlessness to most of them. But one must remember that these tracks were made during jazz' West Coast period, when emotionality seemingly was frowned on.

The coolness—coldness—of the arrangements carries over into the solos by Mulligan and trumpeter Chet Baker, though both bring off well-constructed, if un-moving, passages. The best moments come on the floating *Westwood Walk*, *Walking Shoes*, and *Taking a Chance on Love*. Other titles are *Simbah*, *Rocker*, and *A Ballad*.

The other side of the album is by the Shorty Rogers Giants, and, like the Mulligan tracks, there is a lack of warmth evident. Still, there are fetching solos by altoist Art Pepper (his *Over the Rainbow* is the best track in the whole album), tenorist Jimmy Giuffre (consistently virile), and pianist Hampton Hawes.

The Rogers session, recorded in 1951, is looser (thanks to Shelly Manne's drumming) than the Mulligan, but there is still a stiffness to the arranged parts. Titles include *Four Mothers*, *Didi*, *Sam and the Lady*, *Popo* (a relaxed Charlie Parker-style blues with good solos by trumpeter Rogers, Giuffre, Pepper, and Hawes), and *Apropos*.

I've always found Mulligan's collaborations with other saxophonists pleasant and refreshing, though uneven in quality, and I am sorry that he doesn't do more of them.

The album with Getz is light-hearted. On the first three tracks—*Let's Fall in Love*, *Anything Goes*, and *Too Close for Comfort*—Mulligan plays tenor, and Getz plays baritone. This might have been great fun in the studio, but the recorded results are not always laudable. Getz seems taken with the larger horn's lower register, and he too often blusters in the basement to no musical effect. When he leaves the depths, as on *Too Close*, Getz plays very well, warmly and lyrically. Mulligan gets a full-bodied tenor tone on the order of his baritone sound, but his ideas are not particularly sparkling.

The second side is much the better, and one track, *This Can't Be Love*, is an outstanding performance, with six leaping choruses by Getz' tenor matched by five of Mulligan's bary, both driven by the excellent rhythm section of pianist Lou Levy, bassist Ray Brown, and drummer Stan Levey.

That Old Feeling is well done, the high points being the two-horn fugal intro and Getz' first solo chorus. Getz' rather uninspired interpretation of Mulligan's *A Ballad* closes the album.

Mulligan is less uninhibited with Hodges and Webster than he is with Getz. The albums with the Ellingtonians are done with what seems great care, and Mulligan, in addition to some fine playing, has contributed good originals to both sets.

The Hodges collaboration, unfortunately, gets off the ground only on *18 Carrots for Rabbit* and *Shady Side*, which is based, naturally, on the chords of *On the Sunny-side of the Street*, a tune Hodges has triumphed with since the '30s. While the other tracks have good playing by both horn men, there is little of the *Rabbit's* fire (listen to the way Hodges clips his phrases) or the flow evidenced by both men on *Shady*. The altoist remains his unruffled self on the other tracks—*Bunny*, *What's the Rush?* (a Mulligan ballad in the style of Ellington), *Back Beat*, and *What's It All About?* (Hodges' rocking blues).

The Webster-Mulligan album is remarkable. Not a note is wasted on any of the six tracks—*Chelsea Bridge*, *The Cat Walk*, *Sunday*, *Who's Got Rhythm?*, *Tell Me When* (another Ellingtonish ballad by Mulligan), and *Go Home*.

This is an unforgettable Webster performance, and Mulligan is not far behind the tenorist in excellence.

Webster, whether sounding like a huge wounded bird or a stalking giant, sculpts his solos with masterful artistry, never playing too much, never too little. He retains a feeling of melancholy in his playing no matter what speed the tempo, yet there is no self-indulgent sentimentality. Ben Webster plays like a man.

Mulligan's no boy on this album either. He is stimulating and consistently inventive. His phrases, like Webster's, flow one into the other; and, like Webster, he never overstates his case, never steps beyond the bounds of exquisite taste.

When this album was first issued, John S. Wilson said in his review, "This is one of the great records of jazz." I heartily agree.
—Don DeMicheal

COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

The most significant characteristic of music produced since World War II in the United States and most of Western Europe is not any technical innovation or any particular "sound." Least of all is it an adherence to, or avoidance of, this or that academic theory, whether serialism, chance, or the combination of the two.

No, what strikes the ear and the listening mind most powerfully is the postwar composer's abhorrence of any sort of sweeping gesture, any openly humanistic idea or statement.

Unfortunately, the bigger-than-life approach has become fixed in the postwar composer's mind with the excesses of romanticism, with Wagner, with movie music, and all the rest of it.

Since Anton Webern, especially, music has been steadily contracting in on itself, searching more, ever more for economical and abstract ways to make small but precise statements.

What has brought composers to this state of embracing such a limited view of their own possibilities as artists and craftsmen?

As the universe has made so crushingly plain to them—progressively since Copernicus, but especially of late—the individual's power to affect events is ridiculously limited by contrast with what older artists believed. The epic gesture today is so plainly fraudulent that, by extension, *all* gestures are likely to strike the contemporary composer as faintly foolish.

But, regardless of how the composer may try to avoid or obscure the fact, his every composition—his every sketch for a composition, even—mirrors his view of the universe. Whether the universe is viewed as chaotic or rigidly bound by mathematical principles or wholly subject to the whim of some capricious and undiscoverable force, the composer's style will mirror his convictions. If he has no convictions, his music will mirror that.

The strength of the music of Igor Stravinsky and Arnold Schoenberg, to name two masters of our century, depends (to an extent that is hardly appreciated) on our sensing that theirs is music composed in utter conviction and by men capable of cohesive views of existence. The appeal of Gustav Mahler's sweeping symphonies and of the works of Louis Hector Berlioz also depends largely on the listener's identification with the composer's world view. That explains why many musicians are unable to find much of musical value in Mahler and Berlioz and why so many others have a merely tolerant attitude toward Tchaikovsky, whose musical gifts and technical skills cannot be denied.

The simple point—that composers try to impress their view of the universe on the listener—would not have been worth spending time on even a few years ago.

The belief was implicit, both with composer and listener.

But now we have a strange situation and, hopefully, a transient one, in which many of the most talented men have decided a limited view is the only possibility left. By continually busying themselves with technical fads and mechanical playthings, they hope to escape the need to explain themselves, through music, to a listener. In so doing they are not really escaping the responsibility of the artist, for their message still comes through, small, faint, and hopeless though it may be.

Forget for a moment the usual pressing problems about whether the composer's medium is electronic, vocal, instrumental, or some combination of these; forget

about his facility in manipulating sounds in the abstract; forget about his ingenuity in explaining in words how the sounds were arrived at.

Instead, now and then, it pays to plant oneself squarely in front of the artist and demand that he reveal his innermost convictions about existence.

The listening public has a right to ask the composer to stop his efforts to pass his own time and ours with random aural experiences and to speak out what he has discovered about the design of things.

If he has no intention to make such a large statement—sooner or later—we are entitled to ignore him as a trifle. Or even, perhaps, a bigger fraud than the composer of patriotic music and movie biblical epics.



WALTER PERKINS

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

Duke Ellington

Civic Opera House, Chicago

Personnel: Cootie Williams, Rolf Ericson, Herbie Jones, Cat Anderson, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Booty Wood, Chuck Connors, Buster Cooper, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Paul Gonsalves, Russell Procope, Jimmy Hamilton, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; Major Holley, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

This Friday concert ended what had been a sort of Duke Ellington Week for me. For two nights earlier in the week, I had the opportunity to watch Ellington perform at close range—in a crowded hotel room with listeners standing, leaning against walls, and sitting on the floor. He worked with a small band on a program that also featured show-business acts. Ellington, Holley, and Woodyard performed two or three numbers before various members of the band joined them for a set of light jamming.

The first night it was Hodges and Brown in the front line, and both played with their customary aplomb and masterliness, particularly Hodges on some blues and *Passion Flower*. The second night, Williams, Hamilton, Gonsalves, and Carney joined the ducal rhythm. Both nights were a rare treat, one even worth sitting through a Hildegard set (as I did on that hard floor) to experience.

But those treats were only a warmup for Friday night's main event.

The band was in excellent form at the concert. And it should be said first that Woodyard, the Ellingtonian most often taken to task, played better than I have ever heard him. Everything he attempted he made—punctuations, coloring, solos, fills. There was none of the tempo variation that has marred his work in the past.

The program was the same as that presented at New York City's Carnegie Hall on Easter, except that there were more encores in Chicago. The focal points were an old work—*Tone Parallel to Harlem*—and a new suite in the forming—*Impressions of the Near East*, inspired by the Ellington State Department tour last fall.

According to the composer, *Harlem* is a picture of that section of New York, with musical references to church people, a woman of some looseness, a funeral, and civil rights. Well, Ellington's music is so full of love, sensuousness, religiosity, and drama that it would hardly be surprising if the programmatic characteristics were afterthoughts to composition. Which is really unimportant, since *Harlem* is a stunning piece of Ellingtonia, having as it does the four aforementioned characteristics, with perhaps a shade too much of the last named. (But, then, Ellington is a dramatic person.) The composition has an abundance of tone color, such as that achieved by combining trumpet, two altos, tenor, and clarinet.

Individual honors for this performance of the work went to Procope and Holley for their charming clarinet-bass duet, to Carney for his bass clarinet, and to Brown for his trombone work in one of the religious sections. It's interesting to note that when Ellington writes passages representative of church music, he uses hymnal devices rather than Gospel-spiritual ones.

Ellington and men played five parts of the new suite. The first two parts are less tonal than most other Ellington music and employ various minor scales for Near Eastern effects. Still, the music is immediately recognizable as Ellington's. The first part features a lovely Brown solo and a full, lustrous, brass-heavy ensemble. Carney is heard on baritone in the sensual second section, which ends obliquely, hanging, as it were, in the air.

The third section has a gay, almost mocking theme, which was played flawlessly by Hamilton on clarinet. The section is built on the old parade routine of instruments coming in gradually, until there's a full ensemble, and then dropping out one by one until only one is playing, in this case Hamilton's.

The fourth section played at this concert was akin to the third in its gay, dancing spirit. Maybe that should be belly dancing.

These four parts were played consecutively. The fifth was played later in the program. Titled *Isphanon*—at least that's the sound of the word, if not the correct spelling—it is a beautiful Ellington ballad, dark hued and thick textured, and features Hodges' alto. It is memorable Ellingtonia.

Judging by what Ellington played of the suite, it will be among his best long works.

Hodges also was featured on another relatively new piece, the banquet theme from *Timon of Athens*, the Shakespeare play that was staged with Ellington's musical background at Stratford, Ontario, last year.

Woodyard was the soloist on another *Timon* theme, *Skillipoop*, but this piece was less impressive than the banquet theme.

The concert, like all Ellington programs, saw several earlier pieces performed, though, unregretfully, there was not that and-then-I-wrote medley he used to play so often. There was the usual medley of *Black and Tan Fantasy*, *Creole Love Call*, and *The Mooche*, but even these warhorses came vigorously to life under the fingers, lips, and tongues of Williams, Procope (on clarinet), Brown, and Ericson.

Williams' growling, plunger-muted horn was showcased on *Caravan* and *New Tutti for Cootie* (a minor-then-major blues). His melancholy, lyrical work has added much to the present band. (It would be good if Hodges and Williams were given a blues to do together, since they are both blues men of high order.)

As one might gather from my account, I was quite taken with the concert. I wonder if, 10 years from now, Ellington fans will talk about this era with the same misty-eyed remembrance they have the 1940-'42 one for the last 15 or 20 years.

—Don DeMicheal

Chet Baker

Cork 'n' Bib, Westbury, N.Y.

Personnel: Baker, trumpeter; Mike Abene, piano; Ronnie McClure, bass; Tony Inzolaco, drums.

In his first appearance in the New York area since returning from Europe, Baker did a weekend at this Long Island club backed by Maynard Ferguson's rhythm section. Although he seemed a bit uncomfortable with his sidemen, Baker sounded very good.

He is less like Miles Davis than ever before, even though Davis traces crop up from time to time. Baker also is a much more virile, masculine player than he was before his European sojourn.

On *Stella by Starlight* he started off low but then showed a big, fat, open sound reminiscent of Freddie Webster. When I



BAKER
New strength added to old lyricism

Fall in Love was begun in the soft manner one had been accustomed to hearing from Baker, but he soon asserted his strength again. Following a solo by Abene, Baker sang. His vocal was soft, but not as whispery as of old, with that good phrasing characteristic of instrumentalists who also sing.

A swinging, up-tempo version of Sonny Rollins' *Pent-Up House* did not find Baker in complete control of the tempo, but Abene had a driving solo.

'Round *Midnight*, sensitively done, was followed by a relaxed-tempo version of a Charlie Parker's blues, *Cheryl*. The Freddie Webster sound was invoked again with its wide vibrato.

On this tune, however, the rhythm section did not listen to the cadences of the line, which took away from the delightful intricacy of the Parker original. The three rhythm men are talented young musicians (Inzolaco is an especially tasteful propeller), but Abene sometimes falls into patterns currently in vogue among contemporary pianists, which gives him a faceless quality.

In a second set, Baker delivered a passionate *You Don't Know What Love Is*, dug in hard on *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*, and moved lightly through *Indian Summer*, despite a few hesitant chord changes by Abene. The closer was Parker's *Now's the*

Time, taken way up; the tempo again gave Baker trouble.

Perhaps some of Baker's difficulty was the result of playing a borrowed horn with a mouthpiece several sizes away from what he has been playing.

Actually, Baker needed few excuses for his playing, borrowed horn or not. His retention of his lyricism, the addition of greater strength, and his continuance as a stylist mark him as someone to hear at greater length, preferably with his own group. —Ira Gitler

Art Pepper

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: Pepper, alto saxophone; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Hersh Hamel, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums.

A new musical incarnation of Art Pepper blew in with springtime after an enforced absence of some 3½ years, the length of time he was jailed for a narcotics-law violation. Gone is the lyrical Pepper of old; in his place is a saxophonist committed to the new expressionist mode most often identified with John Coltrane.

On the night of review there were few moments when the "old" Pepper shone through the hard, cynical sound he now affects. One of those moments occurred in the course of *Blues for Diane*. Indeed, it was as if Pepper were torn between two sounds—the softer, more lyrical one of yore and the new adoption.

This change in Pepper is not a sudden one. He was beginning to probe "free" blowing even before he went away. Pepper has been fighting an internal contradiction of sorts for a long time; his new approach to playing appears to be part of the search for a resolution. This contradiction is the clash between he "old" style with which listeners identified Pepper from his days with Stan Kenton 14 years ago and a "freer" style he has long been seeking.

How does all this work out in practice? There now is a feeling of constant *striving* in his playing. Certainly he has altered his vocabulary to express musically different ideas, or rather, it would be more accurate to say he has acquired a new language.

One of the better illustrations of this new tongue was the uninhibited *The Screamer*. Here all stops were out, "freedom" all the way. Other songs played were such standards as *So in Love*, *Caravan*, and *Everything Happens to Me*. It is on this kind of material that one is likely to hear flashes of the old style.

Strazzeri, Hamel, and Goodwin are a mixed salad, to be sure. The pianist is his own man, speaking his own piece, and it is valid and strong musically. His style is fleet, his ideas intelligent and superbly executed. Hamel is a good bassist who fits well with the group, and he solos interestingly. Goodwin should change his name to Elvin, so indebted is he to E. Jones. He simmers down behind piano solos; the rest is far from quiet—he booms and thunders and keeps his percussive business going FFF until the ceiling timbers quake. For all his eclecticism, Goodwin is a fine young drummer; he just needs to find his own voice. —John A. Tynan

Easter Sunday Freedom Festival

Sports Arena, Los Angeles

Personnel: Count Basie Orchestra, Fran Jeffries, Jack Costanzo Quintet, June Christy, Rene Bloch Orchestra, Mahalia Jackson, Dick Gregory, Junior Mance, Joe Williams, Loretta Alexandria.

Susan's Evening

Whittier College Auditorium, Whittier, Calif.

Personnel: Norman Corwin, Andre Previn Trio, Andy Williams, Beach Boys, Pat Boone, Mahalia Jackson, Eva Marie Saint.

These two concerts, presented five days apart, offered a striking contrast. Though both presented rather disparate groups of performers, and both were benefits, resemblance ended here.

The producers and promoters of the first event could have benefited greatly, in terms of preparation for future presentations, by attending the second concert and studying the methods and results. In almost every respect, the Freedom Festival was an object lesson in how not to produce a concert; in almost every respect, Susan's Evening was a consummate illustration of how a concert should be conceived and run.

Let's take one element at a time to point up the contrasts:

Sound: The Sports Arena's cavernous acoustics should have precluded its being selected as a site for an almost all-musical event. The afternoon was dotted with cries of "Can you hear me now?" from various frustrated performers (in Gregory's case, "Can you people in the cheap seats hear me?"), and angry cries of "NO!" from the rear of the auditorium. Even in fifth-row center, where I sat, everything was so diffuse that Basie's band sounded as if it were being fed into the left channel of a stereo setup while only the right channel was turned on, and what was heard was the leak.

At Whittier the mike placements were perfect, the hall's acoustics ideal, and even from a seat in the balcony everything was heard.

Publicity, promotion: The Freedom Festival was the final show in a week-long series held in various California cities, all using part of the same talent roster. Officials of the Stars for Freedom Committee, who organized the week, agree with the artists that the venture was a total disappointment and that, far from benefiting any civil-rights organization, as had been hoped, it left the sponsors with some \$10,000 in bills for which money was still unavailable at presstime.

Though it is hard to determine the cause, the concerts drew poorly in every city, and the white attendance was disappointingly low. At the Sports Arena the audience numbered only some 6,000—not much more than a third of the arena's capacity—and the crowd was 99 percent Negro.

Susan's Evening was a benefit for the recently established Susan Townsend Scholarship Fund, named for the 12-year-old daughter of Columbia records' Irving Townsend. She is a victim of a rare bone disease; the proceeds of the concert will be used for research into the condition. As a result of careful planning of radio and

newspaper publicity, and judicious placement of ticket sellers, the house was sold out.

Performance: Basie opened the arena show with a perfunctory rundown of *Jumpin' at the Woodside*, with the leader fighting the fragile spinet keyboard.

Singer Fran Jeffries followed. A stunning woman with good stage presence, she also sang quite adequately.

Costanzo's combo, with some good trumpet work by Paul Lopez, played a brief set. Miss Christy, backed by the Basie band with Forrest Westbrook at the piano, did better than one could reasonably expect, in view of the sound system, especially on *Prelude to a Kiss*. Before intermission, Bloch's Latin band played a nondescript set that seemed out of place.

When Miss Jackson took over after intermission, she became the day's first and only vocal victor against the long audio odds. The power and majesty of her voice, the penetration and clarity of her delivery, had a doubly effective impact as an Easter concert component.

Comedian Gregory was the other genuine success of the show, using material close to the heart of his audience, most of it topical, with occasional references to his colleagues in the show ("when we take over, Basie's going to be our Leonard Bernstein") and to its problems ("if we don't get paid, you may see a race riot right here on the stage").

Miss Alexandria's joyous sound and personal phrasing were heard in a set that should have been longer. Mance's trio did nothing at all on its own; Mance played with Basie's band on two of the three Joe Williams numbers.

At Susan's Evening, the placing and presentation were so well handled that even the curious mixture of talents presented proved acceptable, with the solitary exception of the Beach Boys, of whom the less said (and heard) the better. Even the surprise finale that teamed Miss Jackson with Boone was tolerable, though Boone seemed out of his depth.

Previn's set, with bassist Red Mitchell and drummer Frank Capp, benefited not only from the easy and cohesive swinging of all hands, but also from Previn's ability as a witty and articulate emcee. Only when he said "let's just play some blues" did the set fall down; Previn never seemed quite to dig in, skimming the surface most of the time, though on other occasions he has shown considerable blues strength.

For the second half of his set, Previn was joined by Andy Williams for several songs. The amalgamation was highly effective; Williams seemed completely at ease, despite the lack of rehearsal.

Miss Jackson, it need hardly be added, was even more impressive here than at the Freedom Concert, since she had the help of better sound and accompaniment balance. The presence of her organist, Edward Robinson, was an additional advantage.

The show concluded with a reading by Eva Marie Saint of one of Susan's poems and with the appearance onstage of Miss Townsend. Flanked by Miss Jackson and Miss Saint, she walked slowly offstage in a touching finale. —Leonard Feather

*'I admire
John Coltrane
more than any
musician in the jazz
field today.'*

PAUL HORN

*'The ultimate
in improvisation, while
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framework to work
within.'*

BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Though he is too rarely mentioned in discussions of avant-garde jazz, Paul Horn has an important place among the innovators of the 1960s. His quintet, formed in 1959, was the first organized combo after Miles Davis' to specialize in modal bases for composition and improvisation.

Horn said he feels that the modal sound is bringing jazz back to the roots of folk music. Like John Coltrane, he has been influenced by Indian music (see Record 4 below). Unlike Coltrane, he has not been able to keep his group together permanently, despite its unique sound and the favorable reception accorded its Columbia albums.

Playing saxophones, clarinet, flute, and bass flute, Horn has been an active part of the Hollywood studio scene while continuing to gig with his group whenever a chance arises. He has been heard on several Cal Tjader LPs and recalls with special pride his temporary replacement of Johnny Hodges in the Duke Ellington Band (on the *Suite Thursday* album). The following was his first *Blindfold Test* in three years. He received no information about the records played.



THE RECORDS

1. James Moody. *One Never Knows* (from *Great Day*, Argo). Moody, flute; John Lewis, composer; Tom McIntosh, arranger.

I don't know the composition, but I got an over-all feeling of its being a very pretty thing; I was sort of taken up in the mood of it.

The flute player was very fine. I particularly liked his use of vibrato; this is something over which most jazz flute players don't have too much control. Most of them shy away from playing ballads or slow things because of tone control and vibrato difficulties. Whoever this flute player was, he had good control.

I liked the orchestration very much; it was so pretty I really sort of got lost in the mood instead of being analytical of it. Jazzwise this wasn't a jazzy composition; there were a few parts where he seemed to be improvising, but for the most part it was written.

For what it was—a pleasant, moody piece, with good playing and good writing—I liked it, but it didn't grab me as being that outstanding. Compositionally I didn't think it was a great piece of music. For the flute player and the orchestration, three stars.

2. Don Ellis. *Ostinato* (from *Essence*, Pacific Jazz). Ellis, trumpet, composer.

I'm speechless! . . . No, I'm not; I just couldn't get with that. The trumpet player had good chops, but it was all too ponderous—all that rhythm going behind him didn't enhance the freedom that I think he was seeking in his playing. As it built in intensity, it seemed to get heavier.

I think the purpose in the piece was to allow a lot of freedom in the improvising, but with the rhythmic setup he chose to use, it didn't come off. Three-and-a-half stars for the trumpet player's technical ability, but I wasn't impressed with the composition at all.

3. Jeremy Steig. *Well, You Needn't* (from *Flute Fever*, Columbia). Steig, flute; Denny Zeitlin, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Ben Riley, drums. That thing was really cooking. Everybody played! It swung all the way. The

drummer was a gas; I don't know who he was. I loved the piano player and the whole rhythm section.

The flutist—I don't know anybody else who does that but Roland Kirk, and I think he's a genius. The flute player on the first record was a better flutist, in terms of quality; he had a beautiful sound. But this was a thing of beauty in the enthusiasm that was generated. A real happy, uninhibited thing—I love it when a person can get that loose.

The unaccompanied piano solo in the middle came very unexpectedly and was a fine element of surprise, very well constructed and played. Altogether, a performance that cooked all the way. Five stars.

4. John Coltrane. *India* (from *Impressions*, Impulse). Coltrane, soprano saxophone; Eric Dolphy, bass clarinet; Elvin Jones, drums.

I admire John Coltrane more than any musician in the jazz field today. A lot of times, when a man is searching as hard as John is sometimes, you have to wade through a lot of things before you can get a certain meaty part out of it. The ultimate in improvisation, while you want to be as free as possible, still has to be some framework to work within.

One of my favorite musicians—and I know one of Coltrane's too—is Ravi Shankar, the sitar player from India; and I think John hears a lot of those things in his mind when he plays and is maybe trying ultimately to get into that same bag. I'm not comparing him with a sitar player, because Coltrane is Coltrane, and Ravi Shankar is Ravi Shankar.

Though Indian music is free, there are still certain rules that are set up for the improvisation. You can maintain a great deal of freedom, but you can listen to a composition that goes on 20 minutes or longer, and it will add up to a totality. But on some things that Trane does—and this is one of them—I don't get that feeling of a totality.

Part of the reason here is that Eric is very much of an individual, as Coltrane is, and these two don't necessarily blend. The feeling of continuity dropped away when Eric came in. Eric is in a bad spot

there; Coltrane had set up a certain intensity, and how are you going to follow him and pick up where he left off? I would rather have heard the composition end at that point and hear Eric by himself on something else.

There are things I've heard Trane do by himself that keep this mood and intensity going, but this didn't. Because I admire him so much, I'll always give him five for being Coltrane, but this particular thing I'd give three.

5. Gerald Wilson. *So What?* (from *Portraits*, Pacific Jazz). Jack Wilson, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Chuck Carter, drums.

A very good feeling. I love Gerald's band—if that's who it was.

The rhythm section was very good. The only thing that disappointed me is that *So What?* is so identified with Miles; it's a hard tune to do a different format on. I couldn't relax with it because I knew it wasn't Miles, and I knew it wasn't Gil Evans' band. There was nothing outstanding, though I did enjoy the piano player very much. Bass player was very good; was that Leroy? And the drummer was good.

Gerald's band is one of the best bands around on any coast; it gets a nice loose feeling, and I love his writing. He's one of the best arrangers around today. Four stars.

6. Miles Davis. *Corcovado* (from *Quiet Nights*, Columbia). Davis, trumpet; Gil Evans, conductor.

Miles and Gil are one of the greatest combinations that ever happened in jazz. Whatever they do has a stroke of genius.

Genius speaks for itself. What can I say? Any time Miles wants to play in my band, there's an opening for him! Ten stars.

Afterthoughts by Horn

It was very hard to evaluate Coltrane's thing, and I want to add a word about Elvin. What he's doing is really an advance in drumming. It's a freedom and a technique all his own. The two together, Trane and Elvin, are just a wonderful combination.



SITTIN' IN

By ART HODES

A story comes to mind about Sidney Bechet. As I got the tale, Bechet was on a gig with trumpet, trombone, clarinet, plus rhythm. Sidney was the feature, blowing soprano saxophone. The clarinetist was having a hard time, fidgeting with his instrument, adjusting and changing reeds, shaving, burning, viewing. One of those nights.

Finally Sidney got annoyed and reached over and took the clarinet from this cat's hands. "Here, give me that horn," he said, and with that blew up a storm. He handed the instrument back, saying, "Man, there's nothing wrong with that clarinet; all you have to do is blow it."

I know the instrument is no cinch; sax and clarinet players have their troubles, their work cut out for them. The tone doesn't come with the instrument. I've heard many a squeak in my day. Remember Jimmie Noone, one of the clarinet giants from New Orleans? He had a tone, and he wasn't born with it. That took work. What about Johnny Dodds . . . his style of sticking to the clarinet part? When I think of the number of players I've worked with who wander when they play—a little melody, a touch of harmony, but never in one track. How many times I've helped unscramble band "discussions" when the clarinetist and trombonist argued "you got my note."

Admittedly, there's a lot to knowing one's horn; this can go on for years, for the rest of your life. Then, there's the problem of blending with the other players and, if it's your dish, the development of your own style. Of course, it's been proved you need very little of this to make money; in fact, knowledge could get in your way, hamper your outlook. In the electronic age, what's important is the plug, the socket, the amplifier, etc.

Again, I'm reminded of someone . . . Dave Tough, a drummer of stature. In one of his short observations, he said, "Gosh, you gotta be careful in a band today—if you don't watch out, you can get yourself electrocuted."

Every day one hears combos, individuals, who are making it big but produce no music you or I would care to be exposed to a second time. Of course, the day may come when these youngsters may cease being satisfied with just a smattering of know-how; they may decide to dig music and their chosen instruments.

I've had to walk between extremes. On the one hand, I'd concentrate on my instrument, practice, listen to records, play. I'd be in good musical shape but short of loot. Then I'd concentrate on the pursuit of work and progress, the chasing after abundance. Maybe I'm not so happy with my playing, but I'm getting somewhere. Trying to find the happy medium between these extremes has given me many a workout. I blow hot and cold; one time I'll damn the pursuit (down with bills); again, I'm likely to say, "If I had a pocket with no money in it, I'd cut it out."

Knowledge is where you find it. You ask me: where does a guy go who owns a sax and wants to become a player? Is there a book he buys? A do-it-yourself kit? Where do you get the background? What opus tells the aspirant who and what to dig—styles, players, recordings? From time to time an article will appear that answers some queries or is historical. But if you don't look fast, it's gone.

So I hope you don't think it amiss if I point to several players I've heard. . . .

Joe Poston. An alto sax man, he did a lot of playing with the Jimmie Noone group. I dug him a lot on recordings. In my opinion, he has a way of playing all his own.

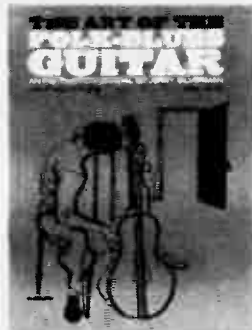
The Noone group usually featured just the two horns, sax and clarinet. Poston stuck pretty close to the lead, much as a good traditional horn man would. So Noone was able to do so many things on his horn with no "disturbance." J.P. was the ideal anchor man.

As a rule, the Noone group would introduce the tune (sometimes including the verse), and then Jimmie would improvise several choruses and the group would get to swinging on a few. Then you'd hear Poston put that punch in the melody line, leading the children home. No wonder Noone chose to play alongside Poston. I recommend Joe Poston for a complete hearing.

Another impressive player, but for different reasons, was one Jelly Roll Morton used on dates—Stomp Evans. Morton usually used the traditional front line—trumpet, trombone, clarinet. A sax man would have to establish a place for himself in this type of setup, and Stomp Evans did. Any listening to the Morton records Evans appeared on has got to capture your ears. I have a feeling Evans could have made it in any period.

Then there's Johnny Hodges. There are things he has cut that, as far as I'm concerned, are classics. He did a couple of choruses for Duke on a record titled *Hot and Bothered* that almost

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play themselves back in me. I've yet to hear anybody play things like that. And while you're digging, look back for some early Coleman Hawkins, about the time he was with Fletcher Henderson in the tail-end '20s. You're in for some surprises.

These are a few of the sax giants, the teachers one turns to, the schoolbooks one scans with ears, that is, if one wants to learn from yesteryear. But it's endless. Every age produces its greats—and this one is no exception—artists who will outlive their bodies.

So . . . you dig the past, you dig the present, you dig your horn. The teachers are here; the textbooks are around. Well, what else?


Assuming time is on your side, there are two requirements one must have. The big one, of course, is a burning desire. Nobody can make you want to play like you'll have to in order to get to be tops. And once you're old enough to read this, no one can stand over you and force you to put in the necessary practice time. I do a spot of piano teaching, and I can pass on what I know, but I can't sit on the student and see that he does his homework. More than one time I've worked with some student, and nothing would happen, and finally I'd ask, "Tell me, whose idea was this that you study with me?" And usually I'll get the kid to admit, "It was my mother's idea." Which leads me to say, "Next week send your mother; she wants it."

How does one get to want to play this music so much he can taste it? I read and heard about this jazz that came up the Mississippi and hit Chicago. And the young Chicago musicians were so excited about it we put on long pants so we could get into the night clubs where it was being played. I remember finding this joint on W. Division St., where you climbed 25 stairs (I counted 'em), and through a peephole an eye eyed you, and you got in, made a beeline for the piano, and sat and listened. But what drove you?

The music! It had me, and I had me a music. Actually, today is better than a lot of musicians admit. Sure, there're gaps, and the music is far from where we want it or where it should be. But at least jazz has some kind of listening audience. You can find some work playing for an audience, a listening audience. Agents have stopped asking me if I can emcee, tell jokes, and so on. And even though I'm still occasionally asked if the band has uniforms other than tuxs, things are better.

When did the union provide work for its members, as it does now with the music performance trust fund? Years ago, if you qualified—and it was

a dubious honor—you could get a check that was redeemable at food stores. . . . But it wasn't until relatively recently that the AFM decided that if music was to live, the union had better do something about it—and jazz got included.

I did a trust-fund gig the other day. Eight musicians. I was fortunate in having Truck Parham playing bass on the job. (In case you haven't heard him, you should give him a good listen.) Even at 8 a.m.—yes, we were there, breath and all—I enjoyed the gig. Truck was digging the kids getting in on this sort of education. He left me with, "We never had it so good. There's no reason for drop-outs." 

FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

The second question in the inquiry recently undertaken by the Italian magazine *Musica Jazz* (a discussion of which I began in the March 12 *Down Beat*) involved the so-called "new directions in international jazz" and the matter of which group or individual might be likely to carry the ball.

John Hammond's answer was about the only lucid one: "I didn't know there was a new direction in international jazz. I have found superior musicians in many European countries. . . . Whatever direction there may be would come from the improvisational talents of the musicians." The other nine critics either dodged or didn't understand the question.

The third question asked which musicians we felt most likely to be influential in the years to come. Charles Delaunay named John Coltrane but could not find in him enough exceptional innovations to effect any radical change. My answer named Bill Evans, Coltrane, Roland Kirk, and possibly, as composer, Ornette Coleman. Hammond evaded ("the names I might suggest would not be familiar to your ear"), and George Hoefer said, "I'm hoping Coleman will have the strongest influence."

Demetre Ioakimidis, a Swiss-based critic, selected Evans, Jackie McLean, Oliver Nelson, "together with such older musicians as Charlie Mingus and Sonny Rollins." Felix Manskleid picked Davis, Coltrane, Rollins, and Evans. Nestor Oderigo of Buenos Aires chose Coltrane.

Brian Rust of England, sulking in a corner, said, "I have no idea—someone making nightmare noises on a tenor sax, I should think. Someone such as

Sonny Rollins or John Coltrane or that other man that plays a plastic alto. Anything to be different, even if it stinks, as these do." (Has Rust ever noticed that he, too, is different?)

Martin Williams named Ornette Coleman.

England's Sinclair Traill said what we should all have said: "Duke Ellington, as always."

The final question asked what we felt the experiences of the last 15 years had shown us, especially with regard to West Coast and cool jazz. This gave several critics a good springboard from which to take off against the West Coast (Delaunay, Feather, Hammond, Hoefer, Rust, Traill). Williams, while conceding that we have gained very little from the West Coast, took care to except "such excellent players as Red Mitchell, Lennie Niehaus, Art Pepper, Shelly Manne, Frank Butler, Herb Geller." He equated cool jazz both with the Tristano-Konitz school and the Davis-Evans-Mulligan-Lewis-Carisi creations of the Capitol band.

My own reply made the point that jazzmen have matured and can now "understand and appreciate one another's styles and avoid the tendency to think in terms of categories. . . . As a result there is far greater interchange between classical and jazz musicians, between traditional jazzmen and modernists, etc."

On the other hand, Hammond said, "The lesson we can learn from the last 15 years is that the self-conscious attempt to 'elevate' jazz into another art form is doomed to esthetic and commercial failure. Taking the beat, humor, and drive away from jazz is to destroy it."

Curiously, most other respondents did not mention this vital matter of the possible merger of classical music and jazz. Hammond's feelings and mine would seem to be irreconcilable, yet I still hold out the hope that in learning more about each other, and even in entering each other's camps extensively, classical musicians and jazzmen will not necessarily "destroy" the music.

The key to Hammond's answer is the word "self-conscious."

It is perfectly true that many of the experiments of the last few years have been calculated efforts to innovate for innovation's sake. When we arrive at a point where some completely fresh development appears as a seemingly natural and logical outgrowth of what preceded it, rather than as a rejection of previous values or an assumption of the values of "another art form," then Hammond's theory will have been disqualified. I'm by no means sure, though, that it has even begun to happen yet.

A vintage, sepia-toned photograph of a jazz club scene. In the foreground, a saxophone is partially visible. Behind it, a sheet of music is spread out on a table. A glass bottle, possibly containing a beverage, sits on the table in front of the music. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting a dimly lit club.

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Another Success Story—

Joe Cocuzzo left Boston last Spring for New York to, as they say, "make it". Ten months later he was a featured drum soloist with the New York Philharmonic under Leonard Bernstein in a performance of Larry Austin's Improvisations for Orchestra and Jazz Soloists. The concert was televised coast to coast. I suppose that might be considered making it.

This all came about through his association with Don Ellis, a musician who is known to have opinions about drummers and drumming. They met on the union floor of 802, and Don remembered hearing Joe on some informal tapes. On the strength of these tapes, Don invited Joe to one of his rehearsals. At the rehearsal, Joe was confronted with a chart that required reading, swinging, and improvising in odd time signatures. After the first time through Don just stood staring at Joe. Joe looked back and asked, "Don, what did I do wrong?" Don's reply: "You did nothing wrong, you did everything right. You did the first time through what . . . (a well known drummer was named) could not do after three months of rehearsals."

Don Ellis told this story to Stanley Spector on two occasions in the presence of Joe Cocuzzo. Stanley's reply: "Well, Don, I guess this is the first time you've come in contact with a METHOD JAZZ DRUMMER."

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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

The University of Southern Mississippi Stage Band at Hattiesburg, under the direction of teacher Norbert Carnovale, recently presented a stage-band clinic and concert as part of the eighth annual Instrumental Conductors' Conference, sponsored by the university. Trumpet soloist Dick Ruedebusch served as both a clinician and a performer for an audience of more than 400 band directors and students. The Mississippi band's personnel for this year includes Ron Smith, lead alto saxophone; Dudley Slay, tenor saxophone; Larry McWilliams, lead trumpet; Jim Hansford, lead trombone; Dave Trammel, piano; Guy Bowering, bass; and Frank Adams, drums. Nanette Workman sings with the band.

The University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee Stage Band, under the leadership of Jim Mason, acted as clinic band for the recent Milwaukee Stage Band Festival. Tony Rulli of H. & A. Selmer was clinician for the afternoon pre-competition clinic.

In yet another sign of the increased interest in the stage-band movement, and the growing awareness on the part of colleges of their responsibility in providing information, Northwestern University's school of music included a clinic-concert by its Jazz Workshop as part of the wind and percussion workshop day. The university band was used as a demonstration unit at the clinic.

The personnel of the University of Illinois jazz bands underwent some changes when the school of music sent the university's symphony orchestra on a tour of South America. Missing from the band this semester are lead trombonist Dave Sporny, who also plays first trombone in the symphony orchestra, and Ed Marzuki, who plays tuba and string bass in the jazz band. Their absence, though, still leaves a strong first band with more than half the players having road experience with name bands.

In Chicago the De Paul University chapter of Phi Mu Alpha presented the Frank Tesinsky Quintet at a recent concert. Besides the leader on trombone, the group was composed of Von Freeman, tenor saxophone; Alan Feeney, piano; Cleveland Eaton, bass; and Bob Guthrie, drums. Tesinsky won the best instrumentalist award at the 1963 Collegiate Jazz Festival, held at the University of Notre Dame.

25

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

Buck Clayton, Traveling Man, by Helen McNamara
The New Johnny Richards Orchestra, by Burt Korall
Audiences Are Where You Find Them, by Willie Ruff

The June 4 Down Beat goes on sale at newsstands May 21

Composed and arranged by trumpeter Bill Dixon and recorded on Savoy 12184, *Winter Song*, 1964 was scored for an instrumentation of trumpet, alto saxophone (doubling on oboe), tenor saxophone, tuba (doubling baritone saxophone), two basses, and drums. "As the score indicates," Dixon said, "the two basses

largely play the same line, except at letter F, the solo section, where both should play as freely as possible, except for such written notes as occur. In fact, the only reason for using two basses was for the rhythmic excitement they could produce *behind* the soloists."

The musical score is handwritten and consists of three systems of staves. The instruments are listed on the left of each system: Tpt, Alto, Tenor, Tuba, Bass, Bass, and Drums. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings. The score is divided into sections marked with letters A, B, and C. Section A is the first system, Section B is the second system, and Section C is the third system. The score is handwritten in ink on a light-colored background.

WINTER SONGS, 1964

Handwritten musical score for the first system, featuring vocal parts and instruments. The parts are labeled on the left: **Tpt.**, **Alto**, **Tenor**, **Tuba**, **BASS**, **BASS** (with *col Bass I*), and **DRUMS**. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *mf* and *ff*. A circled number **6** is visible in the middle of the system.

Handwritten musical score for the second system, continuing the vocal and instrumental parts. The parts are labeled on the left: **Tpt.**, **Alto**, **Tenor**, **Tuba**, **BASS**, **BASS** (with *col Bass I*), and **DRUMS**. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *mf* and *ff*.

Handwritten musical score for the third system, continuing the vocal and instrumental parts. The parts are labeled on the left: **Tpt.**, **Alto**, **Tenor**, **Tuba**, **BASS**, **BASS** (with *col Bass I*), and **DRUMS**. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *mf* and *ff*.

Handwritten musical score for the fourth system, continuing the vocal and instrumental parts. The parts are labeled on the left: **Tpt.**, **Alto**, **Tenor**, **Tuba**, **BASS**, **BASS** (with *col Bass I*), and **DRUMS**. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *mf* and *ff*. A circled number **8** is visible in the middle of the system, and the word **VERY SLOW** is written in a box.

(IMPROVISING SECTION) MEDIUM GROOVE TEMPO

Format for solos: ^{see Bass part}
 12 BAR Top
 16 BAR middle (LATIN)
 12 BAR Bottom

Basses should play very finely using chords as a general guide only.

play freely
 Swing for 12 bars

9

Tpt, Alto, Tenor, Tuba, Bass, Bass, Drums

10 horns can solo in any order Cb7 Ab7 Db7 Cb7

BASS play freely

11 A7 (LATIN) G7

BASS play freely

12

BASS

13 Gb7 Cb7

BASS play freely

14 Drums swing for 12 bars Ab7 Db7 Gb7 A7

BASS

15 VERY SLOW

Tpt, Alto, Tenor, Tuba, Bass, Bass, Drums

16 Medium groove tempo

Tpt, Alto, Tenor, Tuba, Bass, Bass, Drums



INNER EAR

By BILL MATHIEU

What is the relation of art to craft in music?

In this distinction, art is the poetic, the beautiful, the heart of the music; craft is the learned technique by which beauty is expressed.

Though they dovetail, art and craft can be separated. A conflict often exists between the two. In the greatest art, however, it is difficult to separate beauty from its means of expression; the two become one.

The interdependence of art and craft is a question of balance.

Take a look at some cases of poor balance. In classical music, Carl Czerny (a student of Beethoven) was a composer who possessed prodigious musical skill. His exercises for the keyboard demonstrate total knowledge of the musical machinery. Yet out of hundreds of his compositions, there is hardly a moment of musical merit. None has survived except the finger exercises (which are indistinguishable from the serious compositions). Czerny is a perfect example of a man top-heavy with technique but lacking in artistic abilities.

On the other side of the coin was the late Artur Schnabel. Schnabel was a pianist of first rank, but his musical ideas ran far ahead of his technique. It is almost painful to hear his recordings of the Beethoven sonatas in which, during the difficult passages, the poetry is wounded by stumbling fingers.

Craft can be thought of as what has been learned consciously and deliberately over a long period of time—that is, what a musician *knows*. Art is what the musician *creates* spontaneously and intuitively from this well of knowledge.

To the artist, the moment of creation is existence in its essence, the highest level of being. Being, in its highest sense, fills the present. Knowing is an accumulation from the past.

A philosophical question can be raised: how can the present exist in this pure state if it is continually conditioned by a complex past? The solution of this paradox is central to contemporary music—to classical music, which is overlaid with the complexity of its past, and to jazz, which is constantly searching the validity of its past.

Avant-garde jazz players exemplify the paradox.


In the early '60s Ornette Coleman came to light as one of the first searchers for a new jazz language. The listener gets an immediate sense of his super-presence, his *being* in the present moment. His *knowing* does not communicate itself nearly as well. In fact, repeated listening reveals how little he "knows" in the sense of possessing music craft. The Coleman controversy centers around this point. His detractors cannot appreciate his "being" because they sense paucity in his "knowing." His adherents feel that the intensity of his "being" contains The Truth.

Louis Armstrong in the '60s speaks from the other side of the relationship. One senses a well-learned skill, a completely explored past, a total *knowing* that is displayed at the expense of the vitality of his *being*.

Eric Dolphy and Archie Shepp are good examples of modern players who have gone far to solve (or rather inhabit) the paradox. They, among others, have found ways to communicate history in their playing, but they also impart a thorough searching of the present when they play. The quality that gives so much importance to this music is the quality that "knowing" and "being" are the same. The truest of the true in jazz begins to jell when one feels that this very second includes not only everything he is, but also everything he has been.

It is not enough for an artist to simply "be." Flowers "be." The best artists make knowing and being one. Jazzmen are particularly equipped to do this. The ones who can, though, are rare, and no one can do it all the time. But the more fully they can do it, the more they are speaking to listeners.

In a period of musical evolution (such as the present), the layman finds himself lost unless he is willing constantly to relearn knowing and being in terms of the artist's experience. And today the concept of being is changing rapidly and as being changes so changes the language to express it. Considerable re-evaluation is required from the layman, but he is generally unwilling to give it.

All manner of frauds can be perpetrated on an unwilling, uneducated public, and that is what is going on today. When the public learns to know "knowing" and "being" in artistic terms, it can distinguish between what is real and what is not. In music, one learns "knowing" and "being" only by repeated, conscious listening. 

AD LIB *from page 8*

by the **Gildo Mahones Trio**. This was followed by three weeks spotlighting pianist **Bill Evans**, returned from his Florida vacation, and the **American Jazz Ensemble**. Evans used bassist **Teddy Kotick** and drummer **Paul Motian**. The AJE was made up of clarinetist **Bill Smith**, pianist **Johnny Eaton**, bassist **Richard Davis**, and drummer **Stu Martin**.

A concert titled Music for Moderns, produced by **John Levy** and featuring four of the biggest names in his managerial stable—singers **Nancy Wilson** and **Joe Williams**, alto saxophonist **Cannonball Adderley**, and pianist **Billy Taylor**—will take place at Carnegie Hall on May 8 for the benefit of United Cerebral Palsy and the Interdepartmental Neighborhood Service Center of Harlem, the last-named an organization dedicated to helping children of indigent parents and from broken homes. Adderley will appear with his sextet, while Taylor will be heard with a 40-piece band—**Oliver Nelson** will conduct the woodwinds and brass while **Jimmy Jones** directs the strings. The program is being sponsored by the Conference of Personal Managers, East, Inc., as a salute to the 30 years that Levy, a for-

mer bassist, has spent in the music business as musician and manager.

Trumpeter **Joe Thomas** did two week-ends at the Shalimar on Seventh Ave. On the first of the two, he had **Don Coates**, piano; **Abie Baker**, bass; and **Sonny Greer**, drums . . . Tenor man **Sil Austin** is leaving for Japan on May 23 for what is to be at least a two-week tour. His Mercury record of *Danny Boy* is doing well in Nippon . . . The **Four Freshmen**, the **Phoenix Singers**, and folk singer **Carolyn Hester** will be presented in concert at Villanova University, near Philadelphia, on May 8 . . . That European tour for the **Art Farmer** Quartet finally came through. The group left last month; its first stop was the Golden Circle Club in Stockholm. **Pete LaRoca** is the group's new drummer.

EUROPE

The fifth Yugoslavian jazz festival, which will take place in Bled June 4-7, has already booked the **Eje Thelin** Quintet from Sweden, the **S & H Quintet** from Czechoslovakia, the **Polish Jazz Quartet**, the **Michel Hausser** Trio from France, **Martin Hugelshofer** from Switzerland, and the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, guitarist **Laurindo Almeida**, and saxophonist **Bud Shank** from the States.

Poland's International Jazz Jamboree will be held in Warsaw Oct. 24-27. Since a similar festival will be held in Prague, Czechoslovakia, Oct. 29-31, the organizers of the events have arranged that artists be invited to play both dates. Those who already have been asked to participate include **Rita Reys** and the **Pim Jacobs Trio**, the **Klaus Doldinger** Quartet, the **Oppenheimer Trio**, the **Gustav Brom** Orchestra, the **Flavio Ambrosetti** Quintet, and the **Double Six**, the French vocal group.

Beginning May 6 blues singer-pianist **Memphis Slim** will tour universities in Britain . . . London's Marquee Club, after five years in its location under the Academy Cinema, moved to 90 Wardaur St. A farewell session at the old club featured tenor saxophonists **Stan Getz**, **Tubby Hayes**, and **Ronnie Scott** and singer **Betty Bennett**. The first attraction at the new club was **Sonny Boy Williamson**.

The **Albert Mangelsdorff** Quintet and critic **Joachim Berendt** have returned to Germany from a 65-day tour through the Far East. The quintet gave 50 performances—concerts, radio and television programs, and lectures—in Turkey, Iraq, Iran, India, Pakistan, Burma, Thailand, Ceylon, Malaysia, the Philippines, Japan, Hong Kong, and South

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Viet Nam. One of the highlights of the tour was a concert at the court of King **Phumiphon** in Thailand. In the second part of the concert, the king and his sextet jammed with the quintet. The trip, which was sponsored by the German Goethe Institute, was described as very successful. Mangelsdorff contracted typhus on the trip and has been receiving treatment in Germany.

The South African trio of **Dollar Brand** with vocalist **Bea Benjamin** played two weeks in Copenhagen and Stockholm and then moved on to Norway, where they played a week at the Metropoli in Oslo. **Art Farmer's** group is supposed to follow Brand this month . . . **Charlie Mingus** gave the first jazz concert of the season in Oslo at the Aulaen concert hall, which once had been closed to jazz for more than 20 years. **Stan Getz** was the first jazz artist to play there—in December, 1959. Last year **Coleman Hawkins** had the honor, and Mingus is the third.

BOSTON

The Village Green in Danvers started a Dixieland policy earlier this year when it brought **Dick Creeden's** six-piece group in on weekends. The players are **Creeden**, trumpet; **Cal Broski**, trombone; **Art Bartol**, clarinet; **Bob Pillsbury**, piano; **Len Bourgoise**, bass; **Dave Markell**, drums . . . Dixieland also thrives at the Beachcomber in Wollaston, where **Lou Colombo's** four-piece band plays Wednesday through Sunday. The group also plays the Westgate Lounge in Brockton on Tuesday nights.

Organist **Ira Bates' 1200 Jazz Quartet**, with trombonist **Dick LeFave**, soprano saxophonist **Lou Glick**, and drummer **Jackie Adams**, now is in its third year at the Barn. **Mel Dorfman's** Tailgate Six, with former **Jimmy Dorsey** vocalist **Judy Powell**, played successive weekends at the Hotel Touraine's Surrey Room . . . Altoist **Pony Poindexter** substituted **Chicky Corea** on piano for an ailing **Jane Getz** when his quartet played Connolly's recently.

Organist **Joe Bucci** previewed his custom-built, triple-keyboard stereo instrument at a demonstration at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike. Bucci, with his sidekick **Joe Riddick** on drums, will play Jazzland at the New York World's Fair for 10 days beginning May 20 . . . Former **Woody Herman** tenorist **Al Piccine** has relocated here and is operating two reed schools in the area.

PHILADELPHIA

Jimmy DePreist, back from his State Department Far East tour, was a guest on **Sid Mark's** *Mark of Jazz* television show over WHYY. Mark, WHAT-FM

jazz disc jockey, opened the weekly series with singer **Johnny Hartman** and followed with a disc-jockey panel discussing pop music. Reed man **Roland Kirk** and guitarist **Wes Montgomery** also were featured in the series . . . **Woody Herman** and ex-Philadelphia pianist **Buddy Greco** played an Academy of Music concert early in April. **Louis Armstrong** did rather badly at the boxoffice in a recent Academy concert.

Herb Kellar cut his Showboat attractions to a weekend schedule for March. Not enough jazz artists available, he said. The club also featured several rhythm-and-blues performers . . . Reed man **Yusef Lateef** broke in his new group at Pep's. Others featured at the downtown club have included Hartman, Kirk, and Montgomery.

Johnny Mack and his Woodrow Wilson High School stage band from Levittown, Pa., won the Bands of Tomorrow contest, a competition for high-school bands, for the third year in a row. Mack soon will take up new duties as instrumental director of Pennsbury High School near Yardley, Pa., replacing **Don Smith**. Mack will lead the Pennsbury stage band, which appeared at last year's Newport Jazz Festival.

PITTSBURGH

Steel City fans are enjoying a rebirth of jazz interest. Some of the factors that have led to the renaissance include successful sales of jazz albums produced by the city's Gateway Recordings, Inc.; a growing trend among Pittsburgh industries to use jazz musicians at corporate and public-relations events; the opening of several new rooms with jazz or near-jazz policies; and the emergence of a number of top-notch jazz combo leaders, several of whom are contracted to Gateway, and all of whom have a knack for both business management and promotional flair.

The **Silhouettes**, a **George Shearing**-styled quartet, played a recent engagement at the Kings Garden of the Pittsburgh Hilton Hotel . . . Trumpeter-leader **Benny Benack** recently worked a one-weeker at the Riverboat Room of the Penn Sheraton Hotel. He had a sextet that occasionally sought a four-trombone sound. Benack's combo went Dixieland, however, for the opening game of the Pittsburgh Pirates at Forbes Field. The **Salt City Six** followed Benack into the Riverboat Room . . . An elaborate press party announced the opening of Flo's, a newly remodeled club on Route 51 near Large, Pa. Owner and leader of the house band is tenor saxophonist **Flo Cassinelli**, once co-leader of the **Cassinelli Brothers Orchestra**, probably Pittsburgh's first swing band. Tenor saxophonist **Jon Walton**

was featured at the press conference.

Two businessmen members of the original **Deuces Wild** combo join weekday pianist **Reid Jaynes** at the Win, Place, and Show on Friday and Saturday nights. They are drummer **Dick Brosky**, General Ionics Corp. executive, and bassist **Harry Bush**, owner of the Stratford Press . . . Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. will use an original soundtrack on a new industrial film being produced by William W. Matthews & Co. of Pittsburgh. The musicians were pianist **Johnny Cost**, guitarist **Joe Negri**, and bassist **Jimmy DeJulio**.

The Gulf Oil Corp. used Aliquippa, Pa., pianists **Emmette Morelli** and **Richard Simoni** when it took NBC-TV newsmen **Sander Vanocur** to **Henry Mancini's** Ohio River home town to promote a news show. Gulf also is planning another use of tenor saxophonist **Bud Freeman**, whose combo provided background music for *The Making of a Quarterback*, a Gulf-sponsored TV show seen late last year on NBC.

CHICAGO

If a Chicago public-amusement establishment wants to hire three or fewer musicians, its operating license is \$75 for six months. But if such an establishment should hire four or more musicians, the license fee rises to \$700 a year. For some time, AFM Local 10 has worked to have the maximum number of musicians allowable on the cheaper license raised. The fruits of labor began to ripen when the City Council license committee recommended to the full council that the number of musicians be raised to eight.

Down Beat Contributing Editor **Barbara Gardner's** first novel is scheduled to be published by the Follett Publishing Co. early in 1965. The novel is based on Miss Gardner's childhood in Black Mountain, N.C. . . . Singer **Lurlean Hunter**, accompanied by pianist **Larry Novak**, was featured at last month's fourth annual Concert of Contemporary Music in Omaha, Neb. The concert was promoted by Jazz Associates, Ltd., an organization made up of local enthusiasts. Miss Hunter also worked recently at the Sahara Inn.

Art Hodes led trumpeter **Whitey Myrick**, clarinetist **Jimmy Granata**, trombonist **Danny Williams**, bassist **Truck Parham**, and drummer **Chauncey Elsector** on recent Sundays and Thursdays at Bourbon Street.

Gene Krupa gave a drum clinic at Frank's Drum Shop during his run at the London House . . . The **Chicago Percussion Trio**, made up of **James Dutton**, **Harold Jones**, and **Carol James**, gave a concert last month at the American Conservatory of Music.

Two meetings were held by Chicago bandleaders to discuss their rights as employers and what measures might be taken against AFM Local 10 rules and regulations that they claim are stifling the single-engagement field and much of the steady-engagement business. The leaders specifically object to the union's recently initiated plan that requires single-engagement leaders to pay sidemen through the union, to its asking for work-tax deduction authorization from members without a collective-bargaining agreement, and to the union's fixing prices of music. The first meeting was attended by 75 leaders who were addressed by **Al Peters**, chairman of the Chicago Orchestra Leaders Informational Committee; **Charles Peterson**, treasurer of the National Association of Orchestra Leaders; and the national group's attorney, **Godfrey P. Schmidt**. Local 10 officials, who also were in attendance, told the leaders they "could not belong to two unions," but despite the warning, the meeting continued. A second meeting was attended by leaders only, but as yet a Chicago chapter of the bandleaders' association has not been formed.

LOS ANGELES

Another hot payola scandal is in the making here, this time involving record-promotion men employed by recording companies. For some six months the U.S. Justice Department has quietly been investigating the activities of many persons, both promotion men and disc jockeys, and is getting set to move in on those involved. The U. S. attorney's office here confirmed that complaints have been filed with the department charging "commercial bribery"—that's the legal term for payola.

Trumpeter **Carmell Jones** settled his affairs on the West Coast and moved to New York . . . Drummer **Philly Joe Jones** decided to try the southern California climate for a while on his return from the Orient. He will remain in Los Angeles.

The Hootenanny Club in Canoga Park, seemingly going strong with dual bookings of folk and jazz attractions, closed until June 1 when it is due to reopen under another name. According to owners **Charles Greene** and **Brian Stone**, the reason for the name change is that "the word 'hootenanny' no longer has the draw it had during the past year." Both said they feel a definite "downhill trend in folk music."

Heading for New York with **Peggy Lee** for her stand at the Americana Hotel were guitarist **John Pisano**, pianist **Lou Levy**, drummer **Stan Levey**, and **Francisco Aquabella**, Latin drums. Bassist **George Duvivier** was set to join

them in Gotham . . . One of the original members of the Lighthouse All-Stars, pianist **Frank Patchen**, is now working at the Steak House in Redondo Beach with a jazz group led by drummer **Lorin Dexter**. Also in the personnel are **Richard Boone**, trombone; **Quig Quigley**, trumpet, vibraharp; and **Curtis Thompson**, bass. After 10 weeks at the Steak House, the group is set to move to the Eagle Rock Lanes near Pasadena . . . **Al Leavitt** replaced **Freddy Manton** on drums with the **Bob Harrington** Quartet now at the Chateau in the San Fernando Valley.

Swing, Inc., Teen Aegers, the growing musical operation led by trumpeter **Ollie Mitchell** and trombonist **Bob Edmundson**, moved to new headquarters next door to Drum City in Hollywood. The SITA '64 big band won a special award at Hollywood's recent Teenage Fair and took first prize at **Howard Rumsey's** collegiate jazz festival Easter week at the Lighthouse . . . Things are swinging out Garden Grove way, with the **Ed Loring** Trio holding forth at the San Francisco Club. Loring is on bass, **John Allen** is the pianist, and **Clyde Conrad** is on drums.

SAN FRANCISCO

The Jazz Workshop has a strong lineup of spring-summer bookings. The **Jazz Crusaders**, currently at the club, will be followed by the groups of **Charlie Mingus**, **Ahmad Jamal**, **Cannonball Adderley**, **John Coltrane**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, and **Gerry Mulligan**. Owner **Art Auerbach** hopes to add **Thelonious Monk** to this roster . . . **Count Basie's** orchestra, which did turnaway business at Tin Pan Alley in Redwood City, a community 30 miles south of here, has been booked for a return engagement in June. Clubowner **Bernie Kahn** is negotiating for the **Duke Ellington** Orchestra.

California law prohibits the presence of minors where liquor is sold by the drink. When the Los Angeles office of the State Board of Alcoholic Beverage Control learned that **Miles Davis' drummer, Anthony Williams**, was 18, it informed the It Club, where the trumpeter's group was playing, that his further presence made the club liable to suspension of its license. **Philly Joe Jones** played the last two days for Williams. When Davis' group opened at the Jazz Workshop here, the club closed its bar for the two-week engagement. The Workshop also instituted a \$2-a-person door charge and sold soft drinks for \$1.25—the price it usually charges for alcoholic beverages. As a result of the no-booze setup, there was a good sprinkling of under-21s each night of the

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Davis stay. Also apparent was the quietness of the audience. The club's changed operation had no effect on attendance; on most nights there was a line of persons waiting to get into the club.

San Jose State College, 50 miles south of San Francisco, staged a Day of Jazz April 11. Competing during the afternoon were big bands representing San Jose City College, Foothill College, Monterey Peninsula College, Sacramento City College, College of San Mateo, and San Francisco State College. Judges **Clare Fischer**, **Frank Leal**, and **Dick Hadlock**—all professional jazz

musicians—awarded first place to the College of San Mateo band and second to S.F. State. The festival concluded with an evening concert in the college concert hall by the San Mateo and the San Jose State College bands, for which **Herb Wong**, Oakland school principal, science consultant, jazz columnist, and KJAZ staff broadcaster, was commentator.

Blues singer-composer **Percy Mayfield**, who has been on **Ray Charles'** staff for the last two years, made his first bay-area appearance in several years at the Sportsman's Club in Oak-

land. He was backed by organist-singer **Charles Brown's** trio . . . Another organ unit, a quartet headed by **Jimmy McGriff**, was at the Showcase club. McGriff's sidemen included drummer **Jimmie Smith**, formerly of the **Gildo Mahones Trio**; **Rudy Johnson**, who plays tenor and curved soprano saxophones, sometimes simultaneously; and guitarist **Larry Frazier**. They were followed at the Oakland club by the **Les McCann Trio** . . . Los Angeles tenor saxophonist **Teddy Edwards** and pianist **Flip Nunes'** trio played a weekend at the **Trois Couleurs** in Berkeley. 

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.
Birdland: unk.
Black Horse Inn (Huntington): **Joe London**, Dan Tucci, wknds.
Blue Spruce (Roslyn): **Teddy Wilson**, tfn.
Central Plaza: sessions, Sat.
Clifton Tap Room (Clifton, N.J.): jazz, wknds.
Composer-Lyricist: **Tal Farlow**, **Bernard Peiffer**, tfn.
Chuck's Composite: **Don Payne**, **Benny Aronov**, **Gene Bertone**, tfn.
Eddie Condon's: **Peanuts Hucko**, tfn.
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.
Embers: **Jonah Jones** to 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): **Johnny Blowers**, wknds.
Gold Bug: **Chico Hamilton** to 5/17. **Cannonball Adderley**, 5/19-24.
Gordian Knot: unk.
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.
Jazzland (Louisiana Pavilion, World's Fair): **Salt City Six**, **Barbara Russell**, **Al Beldiny**, **Al Morell**, **Danny Barker**, **Marty Napoleon**, **Sal Pace**, **Ella Grant**, **Darlin Sisters**, **Johnny Knapp**, **Phil Olivella**, **Max Kaminsky**, **Lou McGarity**, to 5/9.
Junior's: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
London Fair (Newark, N.J.): **Art Williams** to 6/28.
Metropole: **Gene Krupa**, **Cozy Cole**, to 5/16.
Woody Herman, 5/18-6/6.
The Most: **Big Tiny Little** to 5/18. **Benny Powell**, Sun.
Playboy: **Monty Alexander**, **Walter Morris**, **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** to 5/23.
Strollers: **Marian McPartland**, tfn.
Village Gate: unk.
Village Vanguard: unk.
Wells': **Herman Foster**, tfn.

BOSTON

Barn: 1200 Jazz Quartet, tfn.
Basin Street South: **Dodo Green**, 5/11-17.
Penway North (Revere): **Al Drootin**, tfn.
Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): **Basin Street Boys**, tfn.
Gilded Cage: **Bullmoose Jackson**, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: **Thelonious Monk**, 5/11-17. **Wes Montgomery**, 5/18-24. **Mose Allison**, 5/25-31.
Joseph's Teepee Lounge (South Braintree): **Jimmy Venuti**, tfn.
Lennie's on the Turnpike (West Peabody): **Booker Ervin** to 5/10. **Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer**, 5/11-17. **Pony Poindexter**, 5/18-24.
Number Three Lounge: **Sabby Lewis**, **Eddie Watson**, tfn.
Picadilly Lounge (New Bedford): **Tito Mambo-The Prophets** to 5/24.

The One Gentleman (Allston): **The Upstarts**, tfn.
Tic Toc: **Emmy Johnson**, tfn.
Village Green (Danvers): **Dick Creedon**, Fri.-Sat.
Wagon Wheels (West Peabody): **Art Demos**, Wed., Fri.-Sat. **Teddy Guerra**, Thur. **Woody Herman**, 6/8. **Count Basie**, 6/29-30.
Westgate Lounge (Brocton): **Lou Columbo**, Tue. **Mike Lally**, Mon., Wed., 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. **Marlyn: DeeLloyd McKay**, tfn.
Metropole: **Coatesville Harris**, tfn.
Playmate: **Del Shields**, tfn.
Sportman's Lounge: **Billy Root**, 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 Tervalon**, **Snookum Russell**, tfn. **Marvin Kimball**, Wed.
Playboy: **Al Belletto**, **Dave West**, **Ed Fenasci**, **Snooks Eaglin**, hbs.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

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: unk.
Mister Kelly's: **Marty Rubenstein**, **John Frigo**, hbs.
Olde East Inn: various artists.
Pepper's: **Muddy Waters**, Wed., wknds.
Playboy: **Joe Iaco**, **Gene Esposito**, **Harold Harris**, **Joe Parnello**, hbs. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.

LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Beverly Cavern: **Johnny Lucas**, Fri.-Sat.
Black Bull (Woodland Hills): **Gus Bivona**, tfn.
Blueprint Lounge: **Bill Beau**, **Bobby Robinson**, tfn.
Carriage House (Burbank): **Jimmie Rowles**, Sun. **Club Havana: Rene Bloch**, hb.
Crescendo: **Clancy Bros.**, **Tommy Makem**, 5/6-24.
Jules Doodle (Pomona): **Ken Scott**, **Bayou Ramblers**, Fri.-Sat.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): **Johnny Catron**, hb.


Frigate (Manhattan Beach): **Ben Rozet**, **Paul McCoy**, tfn.
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 Guarnieri**, tfn.
Intermission Room: **William Green**, **Tricky Lofton**, **Art Hillery**, **Tony Bazely**, tfn.
International Hotel (International Airport): **Ronnie Brown** to 5/9. **Frankie Ortega**, **Kirk Stuart**, tfn.
It Club: **Roland Kirk**, 7/9-16.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): **Johnny Lane**, tfn.

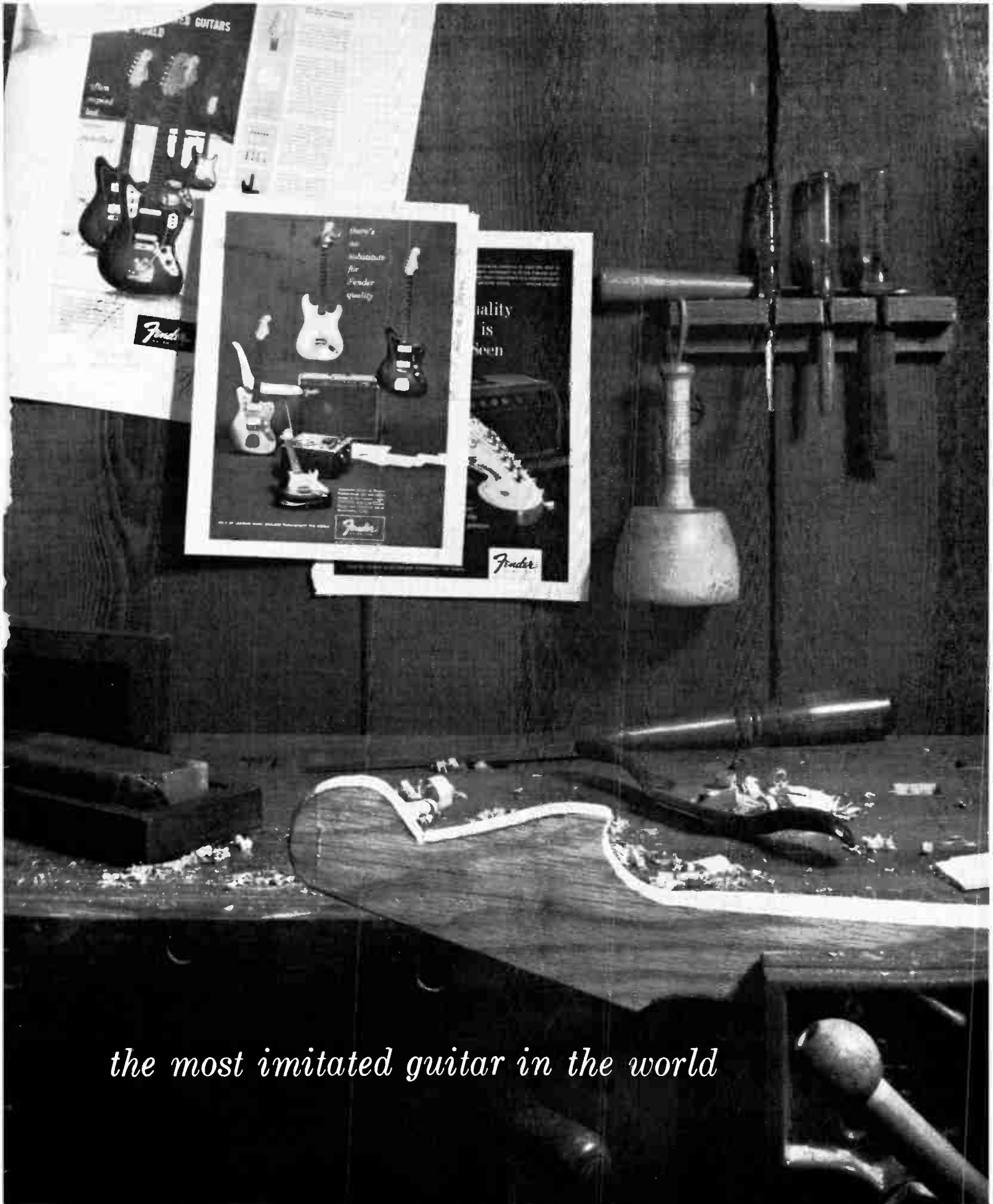
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, hb.
Marty's: **Charles Kynard**, tfn.
Metro Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
PJ's: **Eddie Cano**, **Jerry Wright**, **Stan Worth**, **The Standelles**, tfn.
Quail Restaurant (North Hollywood): **Pete Bealman**, Thur.-Sat.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): **Amos Wilson**, Tue. **Reuben Wilson**, **Al Barte**, Wed.-Thur. **Kittie Doswell**, wknds.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): **Pud Brown**, **Ray Bauduc**, tfn.
Reuben's (Newport): **Edgar Hayes**, tfn.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): **Ed Loring**, hb.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Roy Haynes**, 5/7-17. **Carmen McRae**, 6/11-21. **Jackie Cain-Roy Kral**, 6/26-7/8. **Stan Getz**, 7/9-19.
Sheraton West Hotel: **Red Nichols** to 5/9.
Sherry's: **Pete Jolly**, **Pete Berghofer**, tfn.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.
Steak Knife (Redondo Beach): **Lorin Dexter**, tfn.
Storyville (Pomona): **Ray Martin**, tfn.
Straw Hat (Garden Grove): **Greater Balboa Jazz Band**, Wed.-Sat.
Tob's Cocktail Lounge (Long Beach): **Buddy Vincent**, tfn.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue**, hb.

SEATTLE

Blue Banjo: various Dixieland groups, tfn.
Colony: **Teddy Ross**, tfn.
Edgewater Inn (Pier 67): **Bud Schultz**, tfn.
Gaslamp (Bellevue): **Chuck Mahaffey**, hb.
Happy Hour: **Jerry Heldman**, hb.
Lanai Room (Roosevelt Hotel): **Gil Conte**, tfn.
Penthouse: **Carmen McRae** to 5/7. **Oscar Peterson**, 6/18-25.
Polynesia: **Frank Suglia**, hb.
Rosellini's 410: **Joe Venuti**, tfn.
Shakey's: **Jack Caskey**, Fri.

SAN FRANCISCO

Algiers (Redwood City): **Dick Maus**, tfn.
Dale's (Alameda): **George Stoichei**, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy**, **Clancy Hayes**, tfn.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): **John Coppola-Fred Merky**, **Stan Kenton** alumni, alternate Sun.
Hangover: **Chris Ibanez**, tfn.
Interlude: **Merrill Hoover**, tfn.
Jack's of Sutter: **Paul Bryant**, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: **Jazz Crusaders** to 5/19. **Charlie Mingus**, 5/21-6/3.
Jimbo's Bop City: **Leo Amadee**, afterhours.
Left Bank (Oakland): **Buddy Montgomery**, Fri.-Mon.
Music Crossroads (Oakland): **Earl Hines**, Tue.-Sun. **Eddie Smith**, Mon.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, **Bill Erickson**, tfn.
Ricardo's (San Jose): **Lee Konitz**, Fri.-Sat.
Shalimar (Berkeley): **Harry Gibson**, **Con Hall**, **Jules Broussard**, Fri.-Mon.
Sugar Hill: **Carmen McRae** to 5/23.
Trident (Sausalito): **Jean Hoffman**, tfn. 



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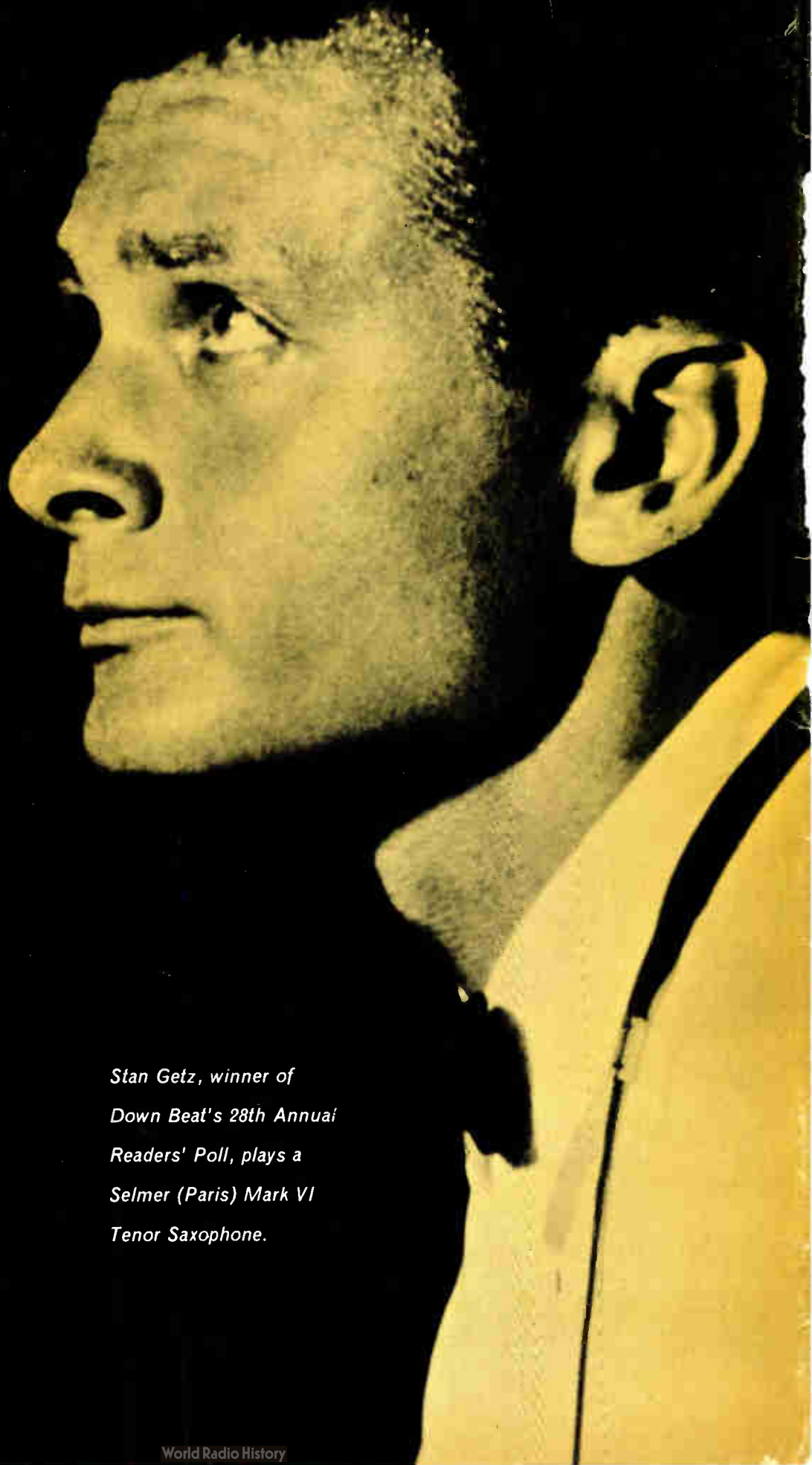
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