

JULY 30, 1964

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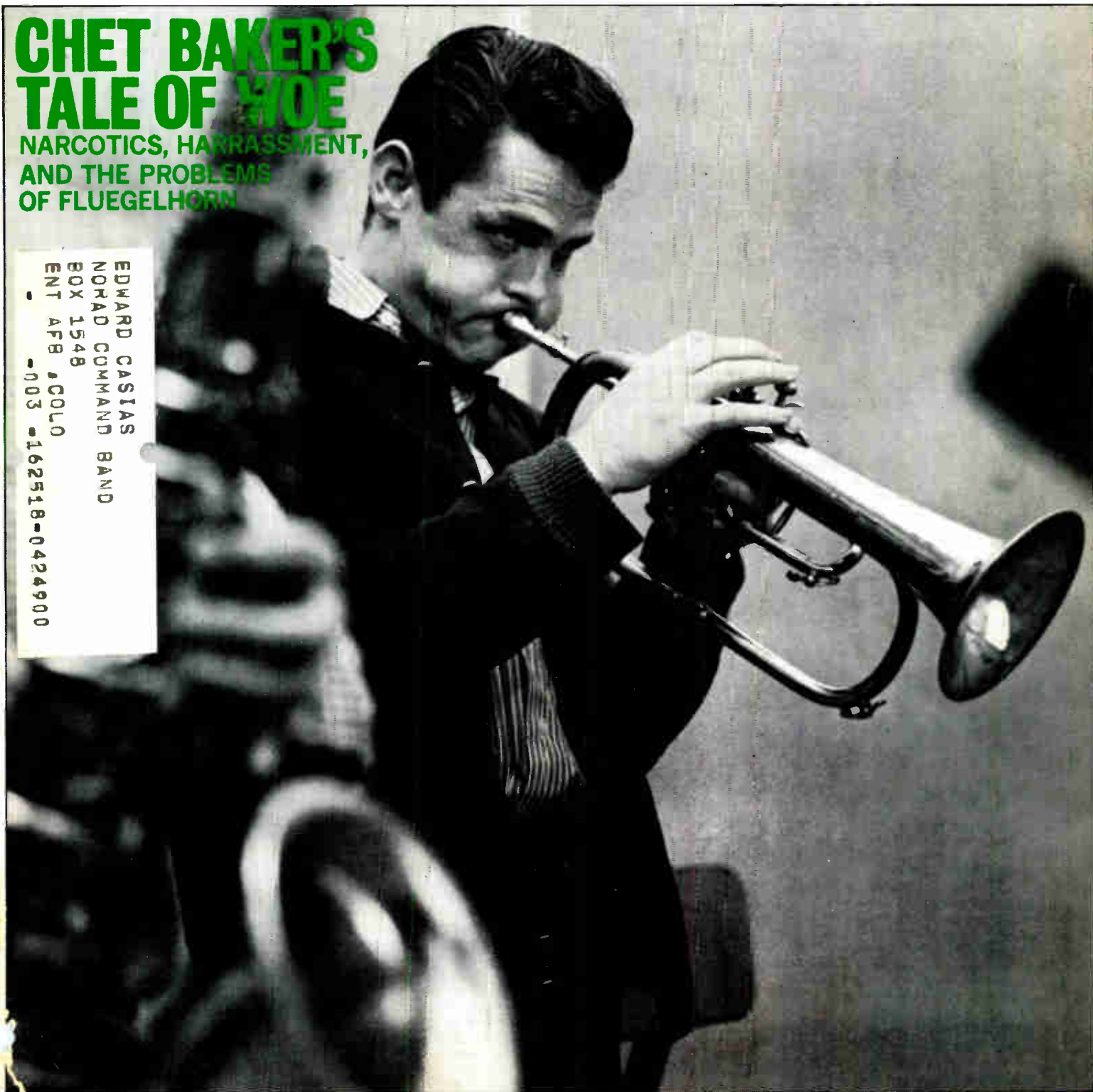
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PUBLISHER
JOHN J. MAHER
EDITOR
DON DEMICHEAL
ASSISTANT EDITOR/DESIGN
PETE WELDING
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
IRA GITLER
JOHN A. TYNAN
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
LEONARD FEATHER
BARBARA GARDNER
ADVERTISING SALES MANAGER
FRED HYSSELL JR.
PRODUCTION MANAGER
GLORIA BALDWIN
PROMOTION MANAGER
JOHN F. WELCH

CONTENTS

ARTICLES

- 13 Pittsburgh Jazz Festival: Down Beat correspondent Roy Kohler reports on a successful jazz weekend
- 14 Rehearsing with Monk: Martin Williams has a relaxed encounter at a casual rehearsal with Monk and the men running down Hall Overton's arrangements for the pianist's recent Carnegie Hall concert
- 18 Art Pepper's Not the Same: In a recent interview with John Tynan, the altoist reveals why and how his playing has been changing
- 20 Wailin' on Wells: Photographer Ted Williams roams the new jazz haunts in Chicago's Old Town section
- 22 Chet Baker's Tale of Woe: Reviewing his European problems and revealing his difficulties in mastering fluegelhorn, Baker looks to the future with hope in this interview with Ira Gitler
- 25 Jazz Basics: The conclusion of a history of jazz on records, by Don DeMicheal and Pete Welding

REVIEWS

- 17 Caught in the Act: Thelonious Monk • Teddy Napoleon Benefit
- 27 Record Reviews
- 34 Blues 'n' Folk, by Pete Welding
- 35 Blindfold Test: Howard McGhee

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Chords and Discords
- 8 Strictly Ad Lib: Reports from New York City, Paris, Denmark, Central Europe, USSR, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco
- 9 News
- 36 Second Chorus, by Nat Hentoff
- 41 Inner Ear, by Bill Mathieu
- 42 Jazz on Campus, by George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.
- 46 Where and When: A guide to current jazz attractions

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EAST COAST OFFICE: 1776 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y., Plaza 7-5111. William H. Elliott, Advertising Sales. Ira Gitler, Editorial.

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CORRESPONDENTS

Boston, Owen Lake
Philadelphia, David B. Bittan
Washington, D. C., Tom Scanlan
Pittsburgh, Roy Kohler
Milwaukee, Bob Gruel
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A FORUM FOR READERS

Carter Corrects Cannonball

I have just finished reading the *Tangents* article in the annual combo issue (June 18). I should like to set the record straight by correcting some of the statements misquoted by Cannonball Adderley from the Ron Carter article by Don Heckman (*DB*, April 9). These corrections and clarifications are necessary to eliminate any possible misunderstandings by the discussion group and your readers about the *actual* comments made to Heckman in the original article.

Adderley says, "What's this kid that you wrote about in *Down Beat*? Ron Carter?" For your readers' information, "this kid" is the same Ron Carter employed by Adderley in his band for a 25-day tour of Europe during April, 1961.

Adderley says, "Ron Carter can't use anybody. He can't use Mingus on the one hand, or Ray Brown on the other, or anybody in between. . . ."

The following is quoted verbatim from Heckman's article: "He was quick to point out the qualities he admires in some bassists, however—Percy Heath: 'He has a nice feeling to his playing'; Paul Chambers: 'He plays some nice lines.' Carter said he also likes Ray Brown and Charlie Mingus: 'Mingus plays some eye-openers.'"

Adderley says, ". . . he can only use elements of certain people." Also, "So here's Ron Carter, can't use any bass player."

While these two comments in the same statement are inconsistent, the foregoing quotation from the April 9 article will quickly clarify my feeling about the positive attributes of other bassists. Further, how does Adderley explain the continuation of the Charlie Parker tradition in which he is involved, if people do not use positive elements of certain musicians?

Finally, should a bass player—aspiring to be a "complete" bassist, read, have good sound and notes, good intonation, swing, and bow well—allow himself to be limited by certain negative limitations of his idol(s)? Or is it permissible to have the sheer audacity to strive to be better than the top "six"?

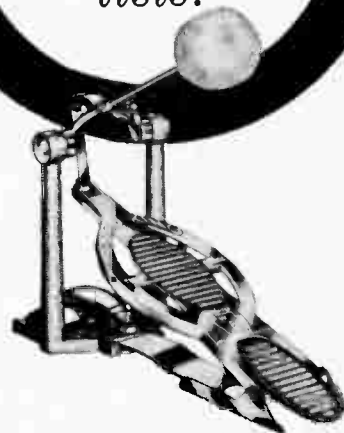
Ron Carter
New York City

Williams Too Finicky

I would like to take mild exception to Martin Williams' article, *Reissues: An Embarrassment of Riches* (*DB*, June 4). Many reissues mentioned in the article have poor sides on them, such as George Mitchell's out-of-key trumpet in the Jelly Roll Morton LP. One deplores the lack of sensitivity that let those things happen. But I have reference to the *Jazz Odyssey* album in particular.

This album was put down for issuing a side full of Sam Morgan records, and a lot of other things, such as Fate Marable's

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Frankie and Johnny. It is titled *The Sound of New Orleans*—not *The Greatest Jazz Ever Recorded*. And it has that sound, both the commercial and the talented amateur, the original and the offshoot. Sam Morgan was no King Oliver, but then most of the New Orleans musicians weren't.

It is fun, now and then, to go back to the laughing sound of a New Orleans band coming on like a freight train. As a cross section of New Orleans jazz, the *Jazz Odyssey* album fulfills its object pretty well.

Don R. Ivers
Albuquerque, N.M.

No Bone-Picking, Please

I would like to take respectful exception to your record reviewer Harvey Pekar's appraisal of the LP *3 in Jazz* (DB, April 9). More particularly, I question his slur-by-innuendo of Gary Burton's share of the record space. "Right now he [Burton] is in the synthesizing stage" is a foolish and harmful way to dismiss the efforts of a musician of Burton's stature, most especially when his tool is the vibraharp. How could any vibist emerging in 1963 or '64 fail to incorporate some measure of the styles of Teddy Charles, Milt Jackson, or Lionel Hampton when these three men's contributions have been of necessity the vocabulary of the instrument by virtue of their prior arrival on the scene?

To establish any measure of identification with such a technically limiting instrument requires real originality.

And as for Pekar's offhand dismissal of trumpeter Jack Sheldon's work on the same tracks of the LP, I can only say that his pejorative characterization of Sheldon's tone as "quavering, nagging," although apt, is as futile as calling down John Coltrane or Charlie Rouse for their full-toned tenor sound. You could criticize their solos or techniques, or state that they play off key, but the tone is their business. The color comes with the material, pal.

Let's enjoy the good modern music we have at hand discerningly and not pick at bones.

William D. Adamson
Albany, N.Y.

Nelsen Penalizes Shearing, Previn

In his review (DB, June 18) Don Nelsen dismisses George Shearing's *Old Gold and Ivory* album with a biblical reference that is both in poor taste and unfair.

It has been many years since *Down Beat* has had praise for anything that Shearing does, and the latest 1½ stars is indicative of the usual prejudice. Is there a penalty factor for polish and neatness in arranging and playing? There are some very sloppy examples in five-star-rated albums, where any adherence to dynamics, versatility, or tonality is coincidental.

Shearing has always shown good taste and clarity of purpose, and if these releases had not swung, they would not deserve the commercial success that they do enjoy. Maybe this also is a minus factor for reviewing an artist of stature.

Witness the review (same author, same issue) of Andre Previn's *Soft and Swingin'*. Previn's accomplishments are legion, but his slickness is glossed over as "hopeless as jazz." This smacks of early reviews

of Oscar Peterson's fantastic capabilities, which implied that too much technique and too many notes characterized his work. Today, it seems, he has mellowed, i.e., is acceptable.

The paradox is that Shearing, Previn, and Peterson are eminently successful and highly respected. Their place is already assured in good jazz. Nelsen could do well by acknowledging just that. And listen.

Cecil C. Daly
Calgary, Alberta

Miles, Si! . . .

I want to be the first to nominate Miles Davis for President. It is so refreshing to have a man stand up and be counted when it comes to exposing the all-time fraud in music known as avant garde (*Blindfold Test*, June 18).

John Bunch
New York City

It took Miles Davis to finally say it: Musicians who have been praised by the critics—musicians such as Eric Dolphy, John Coltrane, and Ornette Coleman—just sound bad. They don't care about melody or dynamics.

Jazz critics and many fans don't think a musician plays with emotion unless he hits you over the head in every chorus. People don't want to be screamed at in clubs; they are tired of drummers like Philly Joe Jones and Elvin Jones (although both are undoubtedly two of the finest drummers in modern jazz) who often play without any restraint and taste.

Jazz doesn't have to be frantic to swing. It's about time that a tasteful musician like Roy Haynes was regarded as one of the greats in modern jazz. Who says that musicians such as Harold Land, Frank Butler, Stan Getz, Hank Jones, and Bill Evans don't play with emotion? Men like Charlie Mingus and Coltrane used to have a more subtle approach to their music, and their music used to swing much harder. Mingus' jazz has degenerated into tasteless screaming. His groups used to be among the most creative; now every number he plays sounds the same.

Matthew Silverman
New York City

. . . Miles, No!

It was amusing to see Leonard Feather's cop-out apology before the Miles Davis *Blindfold Test* (June 18). I felt sorry for Feather, but what else could he do?

Those were certainly some intelligent comments from an exceptionally versatile speaker as these well-turned phrases from Davis will demonstrate: "that ain't nothing," "didn't do nothing," "ain't supposed to sound that flat," "can't get nothing," "he don't do nothing," "them critics better stop," "he don't have the touch," "without no tone." All this plus the curse words that had to be omitted. Beautiful!

I certainly hope this is a warning to others and a last opportunity for Davis to be allowed to express himself in print, because in quick order he could undo all that has been accomplished so far for racial equality and set us Negroes back another 100 years.

Raymond Jordan
New York City

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Pianist **Lennie Tristano**, alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz**, and tenor saxophonist **Warne Marsh** had a successful reunion during their two-week stay at the Half Note during June. It was the first time the three had played together in more than 3½ years. While at the Half Note, the quintet (with **Sonny Dallas**, bass, and **Nick Stabulas**, drums) was taped by the Columbia Broadcasting System for its Sunday morning television show, *Look Up and Live*. The program will be seen Aug. 9. Konitz, who has established residence in Elmhurst on Long Island, is now teaching saxophone.

The Strollers Club on E. 54th St., where the British satirical revue, *The Establishment* recently closed, has adopted a jazz entertainment format for the summer—"The Music of the McPartlands." Pianist **Marian McPartland**, whose trio had been part of the show while *The Establishment* was in residence, continues and to this group has been added the Dixieland jazz of her husband, **Jimmy McPartland**, and his band. Besides his cornet are clarinetist **Edmond Hall** and valve trombonist **Marshall Brown**. Mrs. McPartland's rhythm section, bassist **Eddie Gomez** and drummer **Ron Lundberg**, serve as the rhythm team for both combos. In addition, pianist **John Bunch** is soloing in the Pub section of the club. On opening



Marian McPartland

night, **Bobby Hackett** came in to trade some cornet fours with McPartland. Mrs. McPartland recently returned from London, where she did three television shows. She plans to return there for an engagement at **Ronnie Scott's Club** later in the year.

Bassist **Charles Mingus'** new sextet at the Five Spot included **Lonnie Hillyer**, trumpet; **Charles McPherson**, alto saxophone; **Clifford Jordan**, tenor saxophone; **Jane Getz**, piano; and **Dannie Richmond**, drums. Opposite was **Ron Carter's** trio with the leader on bass, **Herbie Hancock** on piano, and **Al Heath** on drums.

On Aug. 6, **Duke Ellington** will appear with the Eastman School's Arrangers Workshop Orchestra in Rochester, N.Y. Concurrently, the University of Rochester will honor him by setting up a full scholarship in his name . . . **Henry Mancini** will travel to London to conduct a 45-piece orchestra and 14-voice chorus in four one-hour concerts on Aug. 17, 18, 23, and 24 for the British Broadcasting Corp.'s *The Best of Both Worlds*.

Singer **Morgana King** was the first attraction booked into Mr. J's steak house in the new entertainment policy there. She was accompanied by **Benny Aronov**, piano; **Joe Williams**, bass; and **Arny Wise**, drums . . . Another singer of jazz persuasion, **Sheila Jordan**, gave a concert at Judson Hall in June, accompanied by **Montego Joe**, congas; **Rudy Stevenson**, alto saxophone, flute, guitar; **Roland Ashby**, piano; **Lyle Atkinson**, bass; and **Bobby Hamilton**, drums.

The Holiday International Penthouse Club has begun a "Jazz on the Terrace" program. To be held every Wednesday

(Continued on page 43)



Mancini

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July 30, 1964

Vol. 31, No. 22

BIRDLAND CLOSES; SCHEDULED TO REOPEN WITH JAZZ

New York City's Birdland, which went over to a rock-and-roll-twist policy late in May, closed its doors on the morning of June 7 but at presstime was scheduled to reopen with a jazz policy June 30.

In the interim, Oscar Goodstein, president of the corporation that owned Birdland, filed a petition in federal court under the Bankruptcy Act. The bankruptcy was allowed, clearing the way for the reopening under altered management.

Goodstein, who, it is said, will remain affiliated with Birdland, said of the closing: "I liked the new people it [the dancing] brought in, but I couldn't stand the music."

The Miles Davis Quintet and the Terry Gibbs Quartet were scheduled to be the first acts at the reopened club. A spokesman for Birdland said that such groups as those led by Cannonball Adderley and Gerry Mulligan would play the club in the future.

AFM CONVENTION ROCKED AND ROLLED

In a sometimes emotion-charged atmosphere that was the scene of tears and cheers, the American Federation of Musicians held its 67th annual convention in Portland, Ore., last month. Most of the tears and cheers were for former AFM president James C. Petrillo when he spoke before the more than 1,000 delegates from 700 locals. By acclamation, the convention urged Petrillo, who also served for 35 years as head of Chicago's Local 10, to take a more active part in union affairs. (When he was defeated in a Local 10 election in December, 1962, Petrillo was made a special assistant to AFM president Herman D. Kenin at a salary of \$20,000 a year.)

Local 10 also figured in other matters dealt with at the convention. The local's president, Bernard F. Richards, asked that the merger of Local 10 and Chicago's Negro Local 208 be brought about immediately instead of in January, 1966, as directed by the AFM executive board

and Kenin (*DB*, May 21). After what was described as a bitter debate, the convention overwhelmingly upheld the executive board's directive.

Discotheque also came under discussion at the convention, and the delegates reaffirmed an AFM bylaw that forbids musicians to perform with records. But there was more than a smattering of misunderstanding after the reaffirmation; according to official AFM press releases, the matter of whether or not to allow musicians to play along with records at Discotheques would be left up to individual locals, or as Kenin said, the problem was one of "local ground rules."

In Chicago, Local 10's board of directors lost no time in ordering the musicians playing at the Ambassador West's Discotheque to cease and desist. Discotheque had been one of the points of heated difference between Richards and Local 10's board of directors (*DB*, July 16), but according to a board member, Richards sent a telegram to the board telling of the convention's action and concurred in the decision to take the band out of the hotel.

The convention also saw the reelection of all present AFM officials; there was only one office contended for, that of vice president. And, as usual, there were denunciations of the Orchestra Leaders Association, which has been fighting the union in courts on such matters as dues, taxes, and the employer status of leaders.

In all, it seemed the convention reflected the strange mixture of rebellion and stand-patness that has been the American Federation of Musicians for more than a year.

STAR-STUDED COLLECTION OF JAZZMEN TO TOUR EUROPE

If there ever was doubt that George Wein has earned the title Festival King, such doubt should be dispelled by the latest Wein festival production—a traveling, you-name-the-length collection of musicians from every jazz era scheduled to tour Europe from Sept. 24 through Oct. 11.

The moveable jazz feast already is set for presentation in Berlin, Zurich, Paris, Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Helsinki. Wein, who this week is presenting a three-part festival in Japan, said there are other cities interested in the festival, which can run anywhere from three days to one night, depending on what European promoters want.

The personnel of the Continental kit is enough to make Stateside fans' mouths water: the Dave Brubeck Quartet; the Miles Davis Quintet; a group to perform "a tribute to Charlie

Parker" that includes J.J. Johnson, Howard McGhee, Sonny Stitt, Walter Bishop, and Kenny Clarke; a mainstream quintet consisting of Harry Edison, Coleman Hawkins, Sir Charles Thompson, Slam Stewart, and Jo Jones; the Original Tuxedo Jazz Band from New Orleans; a Chicago-style group with a frontline of Ruby Braff, Bud Freeman, and Pee Wee Russell; George Russell's avant-garde group featuring Thad Jones; Gospel singer Sister Rosetta Thorpe; blues shouter Jimmy Rushing; and the unclassifiable Roland Kirk.

DON ELLIS HEADS SUMMER JAZZ WORKSHOPS AT UCLA

Trumpeter Don Ellis' workshop in jazz improvisation and ensemble playing and his workshop in jazz arranging at the University of California at Los Angeles are included in a summer scholarship program being offered by the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences.

Annually offered by NARAS, the 15 half-scholarships in over six master classes given by the university's extension division are part of the "master teachers of music at UCLA" summer festival program at the school.

In announcing the program, Francis M. Scott, NARAS scholarship chairman, stated that the scholarships have been made available through donation of lecture fees by members of the academy who taught in recording arts class sessions last fall. These sessions were sponsored by NARAS and the university.

EDDIE CONDON TO BE HONORED AT CARNEGIE HALL CONCERT

It's a long way from playing with Peavey's Jazz Bandits to performing at Carnegie Hall, but Eddie Condon, noted clubowner-guitarist-philosopher, made it. And in celebration of the feat—and Condon's 42nd year in jazz—writer Richard Gehman and television producer Charles Arden are producing "A Salute to Eddie Condon," to be staged at New York's Carnegie Hall on July 20.

Scheduled to be among the musical acts at the concert will be:



cians appearing to pay homage to Condon are trumpeters Henry (Red) Allen, Wild Bill Davison, Buck Clayton, Dizzy Gillespie, Max Kaminsky, Ruby Braff, and Johnny Windhurst; trombonists Georg Brunis, Lou McGarity, and Cutty Cutshall; clarinetists Pee Wee Russell and Peanuts Hucko; tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman; pianists Joe Bushkin, Joe Sullivan, and Jess Stacy; and drummers George Wettling and Zutty Singleton.

Most of the musicians have been members of Condon's various groups, and some of the men featured at the Carnegie session were associates of the guitarist in Chicago during the 1920s.

The tribute concert will be emceed by Sammy Davis Jr. and also will feature vocalist Helen Ward.

DEADLINE PASSES; ARMSTRONG BIRTHPLACE TORN DOWN

The cottage in which Louis Armstrong was born was torn down and burned in New Orleans last month to make way for a police department complex. Despite—or perhaps because of—the efforts of numerous individuals and groups to save the house, it was

destroyed when the construction company's time limit for clearing the house ran out.

Attempts to shift the blame for the loss of the house were rampant, but the essential reason seems to lie in the fact that several interests were wooing the Bal Construction Co. for the house, while the city fathers and Mike Battalente, owner of the company, were interested mainly in clearing the lot.

The New Orleans Jazz Club, working on a tip that the house would be destroyed unless some group offered to move it, confronted the Bal company. A news service erroneously reported that the club had bought the house (*DB*, July 16). Then the company's lawyer began consulting with New York World's Fair officials about the possibility of having the house sent to the Louisiana pavilion, where Armstrong and his band might make an appearance—after which the house would be given to the jazz club. Other offers reportedly came forth, including one from a Negro leader who wanted to preserve the house and from some individuals who saw the house as adaptable to commercial purposes.

When it became evident days later

that Louisiana would withdraw its pavilion altogether from the fair, the way should have been clear for the Jazz Club to acquire the house.

Several sources report that complications introduced by a representative of the city hindered the club from proceeding at that time. However, according to an official statement released by Helen Arlt, the club's president, the club was not informed of the availability of the house, and its persistent efforts at obtaining final permission to move the house "were thwarted . . . by the construction company and its attorney."

The most recent rumor is that the house was not demolished but taken down piece by piece and its parts moved to a garage by a private interest until the current furor subsides. At this point the story smacks of wishful thinking, but in light of the mysterious complexion of events up to now, Orleanians would not be suprised to find it sunk in cement at the bottom of the Mississippi River.

MONTEREY READIES FOR FALL JAZZ FESTIVAL

Programing for the seventh annual Monterey Jazz Festival Sept. 18-20 is well under way, and the advance ticket sale is setting a new record, the festival's general manager, Jimmy Lyons, said.

Already signed to appear are the Duke Ellington and Woody Herman orchestras and the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet. Negotiations are under way for the appearance of the Modern Jazz Quartet, the Oscar Peterson Trio, and the Gerry Mulligan Quartet.

It also is hoped that Orchestra USA, under the direction of John Lewis, music director of the festival as well as of the MJQ, can be signed. Lewis, now in Europe, is negotiating with a number of foreign jazz instrumentalists for Monterey appearances. Among these are trombonists Albert Mangelsdorff of Germany and Eje Thelin of Sweden, pianist Martial Solal of France, and the Zagreb, Yugoslavia, Jazz Quartet.

"We will continue Monterey's policy of premiering new things in jazz," Lyons said. In this category falls the opening concert Friday night, titled "The Blues Song Story." Among expected participants are singer Jon Hendricks, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, tenorist Bud Freeman, trumpeter Buck Clayton, and trombonist Vic Dickenson along with blues singers Joe Turner, Sonny Boy Williamson, and Joe Williams. If plans work out, Dickenson, J.J. Johnson, Mangelsdorff, and Thelin will comprise a trombone quartet that will play a specially commissioned work on Saturday night.

Big Bands Bloom At Disneyland

Count Basie in the Space Bar . . . Duke Ellington in the Golden Horseshoe . . . Benny Goodman at 20,000 Leagues.

For lovers of big-band jazz the evening scene at Disneyland June 13-17 seemed almost too good to be true. At the three locations in the vast Anaheim, Calif., amusement park, fans of orchestras and leaders jammed close to bandstands, wildly applauding every number.

At the Space Bar it was literally standing room only as the Basie band crackled through such familiars as Quincy Jones' arrangement of *I Can't Stop Loving You* and the three-flute routine on *Baby Elephant Walk*. It was Basie at his current best, and the huge crowd—by no means totally composed of jazz fans—loved every measure of it.

At the Goodman location, audience and dancers' reaction was equally strong—only the band was weak.

The repertoire was vintage Goodman, for the most part—*Don't Be That Way*, *Down South Camp Meeting*, and the like—but the veteran clarinetist held a few cards up his sleeve. One was a new short work for clarinet, punningly titled *La Boheme*, and another was a fetching ballad treatment of *People Who Need*

People from Funny Girl.

In the smallest room of the Golden Horseshoe, Ellington fared best of all the leaders. His audiences were perforce limited (hundreds had to be turned away at every performance), but the atmosphere was intimate and relaxed, and the band responded in kind.

Ellington's repertoire consisted of old favorites such as the medley of *Black and Tan Fantasy-Creole Love Call-The Mooche*, plus less-familiar numbers such as Billy Strayhorn's wild and humorous arrangement of *Never on Sunday* and a slowed-down version of *C Jam Blues* featuring Buster Cooper's lusty trombone.

Other highlights of the Ellington presentation centered, of course, on the work of his men: Cootie Williams, Harry Carney (celebrating his 37th anniversary with the band), Jimmy Hamilton, Johnny Hodges, Lawrence Brown, Russell Procope, Cat Anderson, and Paul Gonsalves.

All in all, fans of the bands owe a vote of thanks to the talent booker for the park, Tommy Walker, the man responsible for bringing the big three to Disneyland. And for inducing onetime bandleader Paul Whiteman to act as a sort of over-all host for the event.

—John Tynan

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

FIRST ANNUAL PITTSBURGH JAZZ FESTIVAL

More than 13,000 pensive Pittsburghers filed into the Steel City's Downtown Civic Arena June 19 and 20 to hear what was billed as the greatest assemblage of jazz stars in the city's history.

Almost 90 percent of Friday's audience stayed for the five-hour show, but Saturday's larger crowd seemed to like what it heard less and left in quantity about an hour before Melba Liston's big band blew its last *Blues in the Night*.

For the dyed-in-the-wool fans, on hand both nights, Saturday saw a repetition of several Mary Lou Williams numbers and a last-minute cancellation by Sarah Vaughan. Miss Vaughan, said the emcee, the Rev. Norman O'Connor, could not appear "due to unavoidable circumstances."

When asked why Miss Vaughan failed to show, producer-pianist George Wein offered only a tight-lipped "no comment."

But Wein and his co-producer, Miss Williams, a Pittsburgh native, relaxed their features in beaming smiles when the Rev. Michael Williams, head of the Roman Catholic Youth Organization, sponsor of the event, told the audience there would be a second Pittsburgh Jazz Festival next year.

From a talent standpoint, this conclusion seemed inevitable about 10 minutes into the Friday night program, when Willis Conover went down the list of jazzmen who had completed a medley of Miss Williams' compositions: *Roll 'Em*, *Morning Glory*, *A Fungus Amungus*, and *In the Land of Oo-Blah-Dee*.

Conover set the tone of the excellent, no-nonsense jazz to come as he named some of the big-band personnel: Ben Webster, Al Grey, Charlie

Persip, Wendell Marshall, Cecil Payne, Snooky Young, Budd Johnson, and Thad Jones. Miss Liston fronted the men, who played her arrangements. Among the Pittsburghers who made the band swing—after only two rehearsals—were trumpeter Paul Hubinon, trombonist brothers Jimmy and Sonny Tucci, and Duquesne University's French hornist, Joe Kennedy Jr., son of the jazz violinist.

Miss Williams' tone poem about St. Martin DePorres used herself, the big band, and the Bernice Johnson dancers. It was followed by some excellent work by Miss Williams and a rhythm section of drummer Percy Brice and bassist Larry Gales. Her solid left hand blasted out of the sound system and reached a rapt audience on *My Blue Heaven*, *Yesterdays*, *Blue Skies*, and *A Grand Night for Singing*.

Then some of the members of the big band slipped back to their chairs and joined her on *Blues* from *Black, Brown and Beige*, on which Grey's trombone "sang" the lyrics coupled with the big, warm Ben Webster tenor.

Webster, who also played *Cottontail*, wasn't having one of his great nights, but it couldn't be proved by the audience response. Miss Liston on trombone and Julius Watkins on French horn managed some good solos in the big-band set, which also included a tasteful *Tacos and Grits*.

Pittsburghers then welcomed hometowner Dakota Staton, who sang nine selections. Big-band backing and obligato help from Webster, Grey, and others resulted in one of Miss Staton's finest Pittsburgh performances and a highlight of the evening.

Miss Staton might have been hard to follow after her fine reception, but Wein had the answer. It was Thelonious Monk's turn. His tunes were *Misterioso*; *Well, You Needn't*; *Criss-Cross*; and *Don't Blame Me*. On the first three, Monk sublimated himself to the admirable tenor saxophone of Charlie Rouse. But Monk played alone on *Blame*, starting with a rhythmic figure—simple, untempered scale passages that preserved the melody—and then built the song into a most lovely and melodious performance.

The best of the Pittsburgh-based combos appeared after intermission. The Walt Harper Quintet didn't waste its chance. The poise of Nate Harper on tenor led the way on *Shiny Stockings*, and leader-arranger Walt Harper kept the group on the track with *Little Bird Bossa Nova*. Former Lionel Hampton sideman Jon Morris played some tasteful, swinging trombone on *Cross Town* and a shouting exchange of choruses with Nate. Then an out-



Art Blakey

standing bass solo by Bobby Boswell gave the home-towners something to feel proud of. The Harper group wrapped up with *I Remember You*.

It seemed nothing could go wrong as another, more famous, Pittsburgher, drummer Art Blakey, with his Jazz Messengers, played about 20 minutes of incomparable jazz.

The audience was still limp from Blakey as singer Joe Williams went through his repertoire of blues and ballads. Pianist Jimmy Jones paced him beautifully on *Jump for Joy* and a lovely ballad medley of *For All We Know* and *Let's Make the Most of a Beautiful Thing*.

The first half of Saturday's program followed the format of Friday up to the spot set aside for Miss Vaughan. In her place, the Dave Brubeck Quartet rode it out to intermission and was accorded a fine reception.

But another Pittsburgh-based group, the Harold Betters Quartet, received the greatest applause of the evening. Its mingling of rock and roll with superb musicianship has won a loyal local following, and Betters himself, who occasionally can swing out of his rocky, commercial groove, showed why on *All Alone*.

The Newport Jazz Festival Orchestra borrowed drummer Persip and bassist Marshall from the big band and blew creditably after a snaky start. The highlight of the set was tenorist Bud Freeman's choruses on *Crazy Rhythm*, which brought a handshake from his billiard-playing companion, Webster, when Freeman left the stand. Clarinetist Pee Wee Russell and trumpeter Rudy Braff made *Ain't Misbehaving* the instrumental high spot of the group's numbers. Pittsburgh trumpeter Bennie Benack joined the Newporters on two Dixieland standards and a riding chorus on *C Jam Blues*.

The Jimmy Smith Trio held most of the customers until the end of a superb 12-minute set, but a jazz-sated populace was on its way home as the entire ensemble joined Miss Williams in *Praise the Lord*. —Roy Kohler

Miss Staton



WHAT TIME DOES A 10 o'clock rehearsal start?"

"Well, I think Jerome Richardson will be here soon. And Steve Lacy. They picked up their parts yesterday to take them home."

The speaker is Hall Overton. He is dressed in a rather baggy white shirt and dark trousers, standing next to a two-burner gas stove in the kitchen area of his midtown New York loft studio, three steep flights above its Sixth Ave. entrance, and as he finishes speaking he offers his visitor some coffee.

Out in the rather rugged two-room studio, two photographers are busy setting up their lights, attaching them to pipes and to the sides of the several bookcases that line one wall or placing them on the tops of the two upright pianos. Overton has a floor-through, which means the front windows would overlook Sixth Ave. if they were not largely covered by blinds against the morning sun. The two rooms are one in effect, since they are separated only by a wide arch. In the center of the rear room there are set up two rows of four chairs, plus as many music racks and stands as are available.

At 10:15 a.m. the first two players arrive. Thad Jones and Phil Woods are neatly dressed, and both look bright and wide awake. After greetings, Jones and Woods take chairs, get out their horns, look over their music, meanwhile exchanging stories about somebody's embouchure and somebody else's pet dog and cat.

Overton continues to prepare and offer coffee in the kitchen alcove. He explains, "We are going to do *Thelonious* and *Monk's Mood*, which are not too hard. We will be doing *Four in One* at the concert, but we can't rehearse it today because I don't have the score yet. And we have another tough one, *Little Rootie Tootie*, though it's not quite as hard as *Four in One*."

"Didn't you do that at a Town Hall concert a few years ago?" Jones asks.

"Yeah. Monk misplaced the score, and I had to do it all over again. Of course, our instrumentation this time is different."

As Overton speaks, trombonist Eddie Bert arrives, quietly, as is usual with him.

The reason for the Thursday morning rehearsal is revealed in a poster on the side wall of the studio: "THE-LONIOUS MONK Orchestra at Carnegie Hall. Saturday, June 6 at 8:30 p.m." It is to be Monk's second concert of the season, a kind of follow-up to his much-praised evening at Lincoln Center last December.

Again, Overton has done the scores for the orchestra, working not only with Monk's themes but also with written variations based on Monk's recorded piano solos on a couple of the pieces—these are what make up the difficult portions of *Four in One* and *Little Rootie Tootie*.

It is the third such collaboration of Overton and Monk, the first being the 1959 Town Hall concert that Jones remembered.

As planned, the Carnegie concert is to open with a Monk solo. Then Monk's quartet is to play several pieces—the quartet currently consisting of Monk, tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse, bassist Spanky DeBrest, and drummer Ben Riley. The orchestra is to appear in the second half, and the evening will end with a second Monk piano solo.

IT IS NOW ABOUT 10:25, and Steve Lacy has arrived. "Of course, a 10 o'clock rehearsal starts at 11," somebody says.

Woods is playing the piano. Overton is explaining how jealously Monk guards his own scores: he usually asks for them immediately after a concert performance and puts them away at home but often can't find them

again when he needs them.

At 10:30 Richardson enters, offering hearty and boisterous greetings to the others.

Overton is now going over a part with Bert. Nick Travis arrives, looking mildly genial as usual, and is soon in joking conversation with Jones. From time to time the phone rings, and Overton speaks quietly into the receiver, "Well, right now we're about to. . ."

Rouse has still not arrived, but at about 10:35 the six horn men assemble in their chairs by unspoken agreement to begin the rehearsal. It turns out that the saxophones need a little more light on their parts, and some lamps get moved around.

"Hall, have you got a piece of sandpaper? This reed is a little. . ." It is Richardson. Lacy has a piece and passes it over.

Overton faces the group and indicates that they may as well start with the hard one, *Little Rootie Tootie*.

"Let's try it at this tempo right here," he says crouching slightly and patting his right foot. "I'll give you a measure and a half."

They begin the train whistle effect that opens the piece.

"Hold it! Steve, come down. Phil, I'd like you to accent the G-flat and the A."

They start again. Halfway through the chorus Overton stops them again, saying:

"Phil, right there—you got the right sound. But hold it a bit and give it a little vibrato."

"Put a little crescendo on it?"

"Yeah, maybe like a dotted quarter."

The phone rings. "Hello. He's not here. I'm not sure—he should be here any minute."

They begin again: "One, two, three, four. Cut off at three. But get the swell."

"At the fifth measure of B," Overton says indicating a section of the score, "baritone, two trumpets, and trombone. Got it? Okay."

The four horns execute a fat chord.

"Now, all of it again. We are missing the tenor, an important sound here, of course."

They are also still missing a rhythm section, but an ensemble swing is definitely developing.

"That was right, but let's try it at B once more—in the sixth measure. That G should be louder. Now once more at B."

They have the opening chorus down now, and it is time to move to the hard part, the closing ensemble choruses based on Monk's solo. Overton indicates the section, saying, "Okay, let's get started at E."

Spontaneously, Jones and Travis begin the chorus with no cue from Overton, using the previous tempo. The others join. The phrases link together. There is laughter at one passage, caused by its difficulty—and its unexpected musical logic. Hall shouts "diminuendo" over the ending.

The group has awakened to a musical challenge. "Can we go back to I or J?" Richardson asks.

"Right now let's get this part here—you have to accent every one of those triplets," Overton says to the group generally.

A few minutes later Thad Jones is asking, "Let's start back at E again."

Overton agrees now. But before the group begins, Jones and Travis are running off one of the most difficult passages together.

"That was crazy!"

"It is kind of ignorant, ain't it?" says Jones, laughing broadly.

As they go through it again, Overton goes to the piano and stands at the keyboard, reaching down to add the continuing train whistle responses to the ensemble.



OVERTON AND MONK

"Hey," Richardson says at the end, "it's moving! It'll walk by itself now!"

Rouse enters, to general greetings and a "Hey, Roust-about!" from Jones.

He takes his place between Richardson and Woods, and Overton asks if Woods can lend his instrument case for a substitute music stand.

Once more Jones and Travis begin the closing variations, and the group joins them. They have set the tempo faster this time. A mistake breaks up a couple of the players, but the music continues.

"Is that where you're going to put it?" asks Richardson about the new tempo.

"No," Jones replies. "Just to try it."

"Nothing wrong with it," Richardson responds. "Feels good up there too."

"Hey, let's tune up," says Overton going to one of the pianos to sound an A. After the general din, he takes his place in front of the group again, saying, "From the top, now that we've got everyone here."

Afterwards: "Once more, from the top. But didn't we get a train whistle sound on this introduction before?" He is addressing Woods, who had played *Little Rootie Tootie* at the Town Hall Concert. His answer comes from all sides, as various of the players try wailing and bending their opening notes. Then there is one more run-through, and it comes off well.

"How about this way, Hall?" Jones asks and then runs off a slightly revised and reaccented version of one of the trumpet phrases. He has made the passage less pianistic, pronouncing it the way a brass man would.

"Fine—now at the end of your part," Overton continues to the group methodically, "I have written out four chords. We can use these for backgrounds. You play each three times, like the opening. Let's try the first one." He gives a downbeat. "Now the second." Another downbeat, followed by another triple wail.

"Man!" somebody interjects, "that's a weird sound."

At the end of the fourth, the sudden clanging and wailing sound of a fire engine swells up from the street below.

"That's the whistling sound we want!" says Richardson over general laughter.

They are about to set aside *Rootie Tootie* for the time being.

"Hall, can we have some coffee or something?"

"Sure." There is a break while coffee is prepared.

"Got anything to eat? I didn't get any breakfast."

"I think there's some cookies."

"That'll do fine."

"This music is hard to phrase right," Overton muses in the kitchen alcove.

"Yeah. So many of Monk's things are traditional, but he uses them in such an original way. If you play them the old way, they don't sound right at all."

AT ABOUT 11:30 drummer Riley arrives with his set, apologizing for his lateness. He moves a little stiffly and explains that he caught a cold early in the week and then aggravated it by going out in the rain to pick up his daughter after school.

A couple of minutes later, Jules Colonby, who is to produce the concert, enters. With him are Spanky DeBrest and Thelonious Monk. Monk walks in, staring rather vaguely in front of him and not looking at anyone in particular. He returns Thad Jones' greeting and twirls around in a kind of dance movement. Lacy approaches him, and they exchange greetings. Then for a moment he looks out of the back windows of the studio. Soon he speaks to Overton: "How's it going?"

"So far pretty good. There are some problems with the horns. . . ."

Monk is still in his hat and raincoat, which is buttoned all the way up tightly around his neck, the collar turned up.

DeBrest warms up by reading his part. Riley sets up his drums.

"Thelonious," Overton is saying, "I scored out some chords at the end of *Rootie Tootie*. When you hear them you might want to pick a couple for backgrounds for the solos."

Monk nods.

The coffee break is about over, and the group is re-assembling in the chairs as Overton tries to set future rehearsals: "Let's have another tomorrow morning."

"I can't come," someone says. "I have to teach, and I have a job tonight that will keep me out late besides."

"Neither can I—I have a show to do," Bert says almost shyly.

"Maybe we could get substitutes for you two—wait a minute!" Overton remembers. "I can't either. I forgot I have something I can't break. Well, it'll just have to be Saturday morning before the concert. Here. 10 o'clock?"

There is general nodding.

"Then we'll have to get to the hall early to set a balance. We can get Carnegie during the afternoon for rehearsing, too, if we want."

"No, let's not rehearse in the afternoon. Our chops will be worn out before the concert."

"We ought to do *Thelonious* and *Monk's Mood* today,"

Overton says. "Shall we do them and then go back to *Little Rootie Tootie*?"

Monk is walking, pacing the room, skirting the musicians, dancing a little, waiting to hear. He still has his coat on, and his collar is still up.

They run down *Thelonious*, Monk's intriguing theme built around one note. At the end, Overton turns to Monk and says, "That goes faster than that, doesn't it?"

Monk moves to the piano, apparently to give the question a complete answer, and begins to play the piece himself, a bit faster, very forcefully, and with fascinating harmonies and successions of sounds pivoting off that one note.

At the end, Overton asks, "Are you going to take all the blowing on this?"

"Anybody can blow it if they know the chords."

"Well, did it sound okay?"

"Was everybody in tune?" Monk asks. "Yeah, it sounds okay."

Overton turns to the group again and says, "Let's decide about the solos later. Now we'll try *Monk's Mood*."

As the players get out their parts, Overton confers with Monk.

"We'll do it this way," he says finally. "We'll begin with a solo chorus by Monk. Then the band. Then Charlie Rouse. Then Monk. Then the band again, and out."

As they go through *Monk's Mood* again, the composer moves to the rear of the group to listen and probably to have more room for his rhythmic pacing as well.

"Try for a feeling of triplets right here," Overton instructs. "Okay, from the top again."

Some of the players move their feet in a kind of suggested 6/8 time to get the proper feeling during the triplet passage.

"Is something wrong with your part there in the first eight?" Overton asks. "Let's see your copy, Charlie."

One more run-through, with Bert's trombone again opening up the theme and the group picking it up. They now have rehearsed their ballad for the evening, *Monk's Mood*.

"Okay, let's go on to *Rootie Tootie* again," Overton says. "Monk, I'd like you to hear those chords now. Maybe you could think about how you would like to use them for background?"

Monk nods. And paces. And turns. His tread is becoming heavier and more varied.

"Okay, here we go, chord No. 1."

A piercing collection of sounds.

"Now No. 2. Three times again. No. 3. No. 4."

Overton looks up at Monk, who continues stepping and turning.

"I think No. 1 and No. 4 work out," Overton says finally. "Maybe we can use them in the background. Okay, now from the top of *Rootie Tootie*."

They run through it once, and it goes well. As they are about to begin again, Overton says, "Hey, *Thelonious* . . .," gesturing toward the piano.

Monk seems uninterested. He still has on his coat and hat and is perspiring, especially around the collar. Jones and Richardson start off again, with no signal from Overton, who crosses to the piano to play the continuing train whistle responses to the orchestra's figures. He is backed by accents from Riley.

At the end, Monk says, "Everybody ought to hold that last note."

"But fade it out gradually, right?" Overton asks.

"Yeah."

"Now for backgrounds to the solos. The last time we did it this way. For the first eight, we play A once. For the second eight nothing. Then play the bridge. Then lay out for the last eight. Then do it the other way."

"In other words," Woods says, "alternate eights."

"Yes, but first one way, then the other. See what I mean? Let's try it. Thad, you blow two choruses."

Jones starts to blow with the group for eight bars, then off on his own for eight, back with the group for eight more, and so forth. Jones is just riding along for rehearsal's sake, of course, but he sounds good.

"Don't use the last eight," comments Travis at the end, "because it's up an octave. Use the first there."

MONK'S MOVEMENTS, feet complemented by flying elbows, are developing into a kind of tap dance. At the same time, he still seems to be executing counterrhythms and special accents to the piece as they play it. Overton crosses over to him for a quiet discussion—a discussion on cigarettes, one might think from the concentration with which both of them are smoking.

Moving back to the front of the group again, the orchestrator says, "We've got exactly a half-hour left. We don't have the parts on *Four in One*. How would you like to spend it?"

"Let's work on *Tootie*," Jones says. "At E."

There is general agreement. But the musicians spend a short moment to chat and joke a bit beforehand; it is as if the group were gathering strength for a difficult task.

Then after a couple of minutes, Overton says, "Okay, here we go at E. One . . . two . . . one, two, three, four."

The choruses go well, but there are still rough spots.

"I want to take it at H."

To the rear, Monk is decidedly tap dancing now, in an unorthodox but effective way. The collar of his raincoat is quite wet. His face is still expressionless—or perhaps a bit solemn. And he seldom looks directly at anyone unless he is speaking to them—as if he were too shy to but not quite admitting it. He is listening, and his movements still seem to be a way of participating in the rehearsal—encouraging, feeling if it's right. From time to time, one or two of the players will turn to watch him briefly after a particularly heavy stomp or tap or a triplet.

"Could I have J, slower?" Overton asks, moving beside Riley, humming the band part and gesturing with his right hand to indicate snare accents.

"That's not the problem, playing that part there," suggests Richardson. "It's getting that accent right at a faster tempo."

"Once more this way, and then we'll do it fast."

As they go through it again, Overton lays his conductor's score aside and crosses to the piano. He sits down this time to play, and as he bends over the keys in playing Monk's part he almost takes Monk's piano position.

At the end, he turns to Woods and asks, "What do you think, Phil?"

"It's coming. Can we do the whole thing?"

"Good. Let's do it all, and, Thad, do two choruses solo, with the background. Then into E. Okay, right from the top. And Phil, you cut it off at the end, because you'll have to at the concert. They can all see you."

They play *Rootie Tootie* from the top, and suddenly the piece seems whole—from the opening ensembles, through the backgrounds through Jones' chorus, blowing into the variations at the end. The only thing missing is Monk.

"Hey, Phil," someone chides. "That wasn't a very classy cut-off."

"Don't listen to him—that was fine, Phil."

"Thanks a lot!"

"Okay," says Overton, smiling slightly at the banter. "See you on Saturday at 10 o'clock, here."

To the rear, Monk's percussive steps and patterns continue.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

Thelonious Monk

Carnegie Hall, New York City

Personnel: Thad Jones, cornet; Nick Travis, trumpeter; Eddie Bert, trombone; Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; Phil Woods, alto saxophone, clarinet; Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Jerome Richardson, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet, clarinet; Monk, piano; Spanky DeBrest, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Compared with Monk's triumphant concert at Lincoln Center last December, this was a somewhat disappointing event. Most of the blame must be laid to the personnel changes that have occurred since then in Monk's rhythm section. Riley is a good drummer, but he hasn't as yet grasped the subtleties of Monk's musical language. Compared with the buoyancy and wit of his predecessor, Frankie Dunlop, Riley sounded leaden and clumsy. Bassist DeBrest, in his first public appearance with Monk, was ill at ease and unconvincing.

It was the first half of the concert—made up of selections by the quartet of Monk, Rouse, DeBrest, and Riley—that suffered the most.

It was partially redeemed by Monk's solo rendition of *Don't Blame Me*, for the pianist was in brilliant form, venturing some dazzling, Tatumesque runs, and finding new and fresh challenges in this standard that has long been among his favorites. His solo work and accompaniments to Rouse in the quartet numbers was also exceptional, especially in the calm and lyrical *Teo*, a new composition named for saxophonist, composer, a&r man Teo Macero. The opening selection, *Stuffy Turkey*, was reminiscent in more than title alone of Coleman Hawkins' old line on the *I Got Rhythm* changes, *Stuffy*.

Rouse played with imagination and employed a softer attack than customary, but he was obviously inhibited by the sluggish rhythm behind him.

The final selection, *Lulu's Back in Town*, began with an unaccompanied statement of the theme by Monk, but after the first eight bars, Riley came in with a crash, and Monk instantly stopped playing. Saying "You've got it!" Monk rose from the piano and left the stage. He was soon joined by Rouse, with DeBrest in tow, and the first half fizzled out with a lengthy drum exhibition by Riley, an occasion that gave this listener the opportunity to observe that the ceiling of Carnegie Hall is blemished by several damp-spots.

An additional distraction was the ill-advised practice of following Monk on his wanderings about the stage with a bright spotlight. This was an obvious embarrassment to Monk and was fortunately discontinued in the concert's second half.

After intermission, the orchestra took the stage. With the exception of Jerome Richardson, who replaced Gene Allen, (and, of course, the bassist and drummer) this was the same group that had performed at Lincoln Center.

The band opened with *Four in One*, one of the highlights of the previous concert. It was played even better this time, and it was obvious that the group had benefited from additional rehearsal. Thad Jones' solo work was outstanding. The three selections that followed were all arrangements that had not been played at Lincoln Center.

On *Monk's Mood*, a beautiful ballad, the theme statement was given to Eddie Bert's full-toned trombone with a rich backdrop from the reeds. The mood was almost Dukish, and Rouse contributed a moving solo.

Little Rootie Tootie was the climax of the evening. Hall Overton made some adjustments in his score from the 1959 Mong big-band concert at Town Hall and captured the nuances of Monk's original piano solo even more impressively. There was brilliant ensemble from the band, with a notable contribution from Lacy's soprano. This fine player was once again given no solo space for reasons known only to Monk, but Woods played with fire and invention on his sole outing for this night. Monk's percussive piano work was full of humor and bite.

The final band selection was *Thelonious*, a seldom-heard piece dating from Monk's first record date under his own name. It is a charming tune, full of characteristically Monkish leaps and angularities, and is deceptively "simple." Cornetist Jones again was bold and brilliant, playing throughout as well as I've ever heard him, with marvelous control and mellow sound.

Had the entire concert been given over to the full band, it would have been an unequivocal success. For here, with firm guidelines furnished by the scores, the rhythm team was at least adequate, and Overton's excellent writing was done full justice by the horns and Monk.

This band had a sound and texture all its own, and one would venture to say Overton and Monk have come up with the first truly original approach to big-band writing in more than a decade. This band should go on tour, but things being what they are today, it may never be brought together again. A pity indeed.

The concert ended with Monk's solo rendition of one chorus of *Memories of You*: slow, stately, and deliberate. The audience (sizable, though not as large as one might have expected in the wake of the *Time* cover story) was enthusiastic throughout. A special added attraction was Monk's splendid white, Texas-style hat, an exact copy of LBJ's. —Dan Morgenstern

Teddy Napoleon Benefit

Central Plaza, New York City

When pianist Teddy Napoleon—a 30-year music veteran probably best known for his stints with Gene Krupa's big band and quartet in the 1940s—was taken gravely ill last spring, his brother and fellow pianist, Marty Napoleon, organized a benefit in his behalf.

The benefit was held at the Central Plaza, a catering emporium on lower Manhattan that for years has been the site of many memorable sessions of the more

traditionally oriented jazz of New York City. No fewer than 72 musicians, three singers, and two comedians performed before a large and enthusiastic audience. It was a rousing and heart-warming demonstration of the fellowship and solidarity that still exists in the jazz community.

It all began at 7:15 p.m. when Willis Conover introduced the Andy Mornile Quintet, a Dixielandish unit sparked by the brilliant trumpeting of Harold (Shorty) Baker. The group was joined by bassist Chubby Jackson, who became the workhorse of the first part of the evening when other scheduled bassists failed to materialize. Mornile is an indifferent clarinetist, but in addition to Baker he had the services of the gifted young Herb Gardner on trombone, pianist Chuck Folds, and drummer Hap Gormley.

The music continued in a traditional groove with Max Kaminsky's group, including regulars, trombonist Cutty Cutshall, reed man Bob Wilber, drummer Morey Feld, and ringers Dick Wellstood on piano and Jackson on bass. The standout of their set was a fine, warm tenor solo by Wilber on *Lazy River*.

The groove then turned to mainstream swing as Bobby Hackett took the stand, joined by bass clarinetist Ronnie Oderich, drummer Buzzy Drootin, and holdovers Wellstood, Cutshall, and, of course, Jackson, who had long since shed his jacket but was still wearing a smile.

Hackett's beautiful, flowing, and impeccably musical cornet shone on *Blues in F*, and Wellstood contributed a driving solo on *Bernie's Tune*. (All piano solos, by the way, were made audible only with the help of Conover, who held the mike to the piano throughout the night and otherwise conducted himself as an ideal emcee.)

With Jackson still on deck, trombonist-vibist Tyree Glenn took over. Glenn had brought with him a colleague from the *Jack Sterling Show*, an early-morning radio program of long standing. This was a woman rarely seen in public these days, which is regrettable. Mary Osborne is a wonderful guitarist, as close in sound and feeling to Charlie Christian as anyone playing today. She shone on *How High the Moon* and also sang in an attractively husky voice on *You've Changed*. Miss Osborne should be recorded forthwith.

Glenn concentrated on vibes, playing with enthusiasm and Hamptonish drive but trotted out his plunger and trombone for *Teach Me Tonight* (his plunger style is "ya-ya" where Tricky Sam Nanton's was "wa-wa"). Others on hand for this very well-received set were Shorty Allen, piano, and Don Lamond, drums.

Dixieland returned, with a swing, in the guise of clarinetist Peanuts Hucko's band, the incumbent at Eddie Condon's club. With Yank Lawson's trumpet, Cutshall's trombone, Dave McKenna's fine piano, Drootin's drums, and Bob Haggart's bass added for the occasion (warmly welcomed by bassist Jackson), this was definitely an organized group, and one with an unhackneyed repertoire. Selections included *Come Back*, *Sweet Papa* from the Armstrong Hot Five canon, *Stumbling*, a Zec Confrey opus long dear to Lawson (who was in excellent

(Continued on page 39)

art pepper's

By JOHN TYNAN

WITH A LAUREATE'S FERVOR, Alfred Lord Tennyson once cried, "Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."

The poet was, of course, playing it safe. Because what the society of his time, and, indeed, the world at large was engaged in, as now and forever, was the process of constant change.

In the context of the world of jazz though, Tennyson's phrase "ringing grooves of change" seems oddly apt when applied to much of the jazz record output these days and the changing styles of the players.

Alto saxophonist Art Pepper is a perfect case in point.

A little more than five years ago, Pepper said that Zoot Sims was "the most natural, swinging musician I've ever heard. I think I could achieve complete satisfaction playing with him in a small group. Add Miles [Davis] for the third horn, and going to work each night would be the ultimate."

Perhaps Pepper still feels this way about Sims. The point is, though, he shows no inclination to speak of the tenorist anymore. At least the altoist did not so incline in a recent interview that centered about Pepper's present approach to improvisation and the reasons for his radical switch from the style identified with him for the last 15 years to the rawly emotional outbursts on his horn to which he exposed audiences at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood recently.

John Coltrane appears to have displaced Zoot Sims as Pepper's current weathervane and symbol of continuing change. And the altoist makes an emotional case for the switch.

Since returning to active playing (he had been serving a jail term for violation of narcotics laws), Pepper said he has had laymen come to him and complain that the saxophone has been "destroyed" for them with the advent of the Coltranes, the Eric Dolphys, and the Charles Lloyds. Stan Getz, Pepper said, is held as paragon by such persons; Getz plays "pretty" and "right." The others, according to the objectors, he went on, sound as if they are mutilating the saxophone.

Pepper disputed this. "You listen to Coltrane," he argued, "on that spiritual he recorded, and it's the most beautiful thing in the world. As far as any-



NOT The same

body knowing how to *play* a saxophone, all you have to do is go back to his old recordings. I don't see how anyone, including Bird, could possibly run through changes the way Coltrane did on that record. He's just a master on the instrument." The performance Pepper referred to is *Spiritual*, included in the album *John Coltrane Live at the Village Vanguard*.

"When he does things that sound 'ugly,'" Pepper continued, "he may make just a squall, or just a double-octave sound or something. It's just an emotional thing; it's not meant to be pretty. If he wanted to play pretty—that is, if he had a 'pretty' emotion going—he would play pretty. But he doesn't play that way; he feels emotional."

"It's a thing of the times. You're ridding yourself of frustration, of hatred, suppression, every other thing. It's just complete freedom of expression."

He qualified the last statement, though. "It's not *completely* free, naturally, but it's certainly much more free and much more rewarding and true, and it's a much more honest feeling of the person playing. You're hearing him as he really is; much more so than you ever did before. When the occasion warrants playing beautiful, he'll play beautiful. When it's supposed to be just a swinging, kind of funky little thing, he'll do that too. There are all kinds of facets. It's endless."

IF ALL THIS would appear to indicate that the musical change in Pepper is fundamental, he denies that it is particularly new to him. He insisted he had been trying to change his playing from his "earliest beginnings" on the horn. The major qualitative change, however, he said came about as "natural" and "just a combination of hearing the things that I had done with my finding out so many things that I didn't like and then just changing these things." He paused.

"When I don't change anymore," he pointed out, "then there's no point in playing anymore, of actually trying to do anything different or trying to play modern. After you reach a certain point when you no longer improve, then you just stay the same."

If there is one basic menace to his playing Pepper now opposes with all his will, it is that he "stay the same."

He declared that this always was his point of view, despite the many years of developing a style that many consider crystallized into one of the most individual styles in modern jazz. Pepper seems unimpressed by such critical evaluations. He said he felt as if he were locked in a box—and tied hand and foot, to boot. Lately, he said, his thinking in music changed because he realized that, rather than playing "perfect," i.e., playing what he knew to be "right," he would have to follow the conviction of instinct and deep personal emotion in his horn playing.

Speaking of things past, he said, "A lot of times I wanted to play things that I felt, emotional things . . . like making *different* sounds. But I was afraid to do it because I was afraid that people would put me down for it. Then I finally realized where jazz was going and that things *are* free now."

Obviously Pepper believes that jazz is going in his direction. To the altoist the mechanics of running the chord changes on a standard 32-bar song is as outdated as the icebox. He explained that everybody from Charlie Parker to Coltrane have worked their magic on the chord changes, changed the chords, used substitute chords, and so on. But this, Pepper said, is limiting. Why?

"You might start out to play a tune," he explained, "but before you get into the tune, rather than start out with the melody line, you might want to build the mood—*then* you're playing a free-type thing. Instead of just playing the tune itself, you're playing a modal-like thing, maybe in a certain scale or a certain key or just completely free. Then, after you finish that, all of a sudden you build yourself to an emotional pitch to play the tune—whether it's exciting, or sad, or melancholy, or whatever it might be—all of a sudden you just go into the tune. Now after you play the tune, suddenly you might get a feeling of emotion—you might really get excited or something—and rather than just continue playing the way you'd been, you might just want to go off on a trip, you know?"

THIS IS THE KIND of key to his emotional freedom that Art Pepper said he determined to seek from now on. In his present view, the approach is conducive to a deeper

level of expression for the jazz artist than has hitherto existed—for him at any rate.

"It gives you a freedom," he said.

"My idea [of playing] is just an emotional thing," Pepper went on, "to really be able to let your emotions come out of the horn. In playing tunes that are opened up, you have little interludes in them. There are also modal-like tunes where you're just playing maybe one change, just one scale for a long time. But every time you play the tune it's a different thing, because it's very difficult to feel in the same emotional state every time you play. So it makes the tune different. One time you might really stretch out on it, and another time you might not open it up hardly at all."

This, he said, is where the group comes in: if one has a rhythm section comprised of musicians who listen to each other and to the horn player, and if all are playing together, when the lead voice goes into a new idea or heads in a different direction, then all will follow the same path. Theoretically, at least. Naturally, this concept is not without its pitfalls.

"It's almost like a chamber group, a modern chamber group," Pepper observed of the "free-group" concept. "One member excites the other. But there's always a problem . . . say, when the horn player's playing, perhaps the rhythm section sometimes will go into excitement quicker than maybe the horn player is ready to go into it. That's a problem, and you just have to go along with it. If a group could play together long enough and get to where the musicians really had an affinity for each other and would listen to each other at all times, I think that after a certain length of time the drummer, say, would *feel* when the horn player was ready to go into a different type of mood, and he would adapt his own mood to the horn player's."

In the case of the current Art Pepper Quartet—Frank Strazzeri, piano; Hersh Hamel, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums—which attempts to function successfully along the lines of performance outlined by the leader, the four individuals attempt to express themselves on two levels: as interacting members of the group and as distinct individuals within the group but in a

(Continued on page 40)

Wailin' on Wells

A PHOTO TOUR OF CHICAGO'S NEW JAZZ STREET

Jazz activity in a city suddenly will bubble to a head, with all the action seemingly focussed in a single well-defined area... a jazz street—such as New York's fabled 52nd. Just as suddenly, however, in the ongoing cycle of change, the scene shifts to another locus.

Much of Chicago's musical activity in recent years has been centered north of the Loop in the Rush St. area, a boisterous entertainment strip aptly labeled "Glitter Gulch" by one of its columnist chroniclers. Haven for tired businessmen and visiting firemen, the Rush St.-area clubs gave local jazzmen, especially those of traditional orientation, if not the most sympathetic of platforms from which to be heard, at least steady, remunerative employment. They still do—to an extent.

Lately, however, one of those subtle, alchemic cycles has taken place, and the vortex of jazz activity (though mostly traditional) has moved to the west and north—to Chicago's Old Town section.

What had been a small art colony was, as is the usual course of events, taken over by the middle-brow esthete, the disenchanted suburbanite returned to the city, the whole festering swarm of bogus and real artists, poets, and writers—and hangers-on, pretenders, would-be beatniks, and opportunistic businessmen capitalizing on the section's "quaint charm" and reputation as a beehive of creative frenzy.

One can now, for example, buy outrageously priced antiques, stunning but expensive clothes from smart little boutiques, dine in over-priced restaurants, have a machine "paint" a picture for which the customer has chosen the colors, have oneself immortalized in pastel by one of "six starving artists" in a store bearing that name, ride in a buggy, stare and be stared at in return. And hear some good music.

For to cater to the hordes of bermuda-shorted collegians and young suburbanites who make a beeline to Old Town on weekends, a whole knot of clubs has sprung up on N. Wells St., the area's main drag and promenade.

Within three or four blocks on Wells just south of the bisecting North Ave., may be found a number of clubs regularly employing jazzmen and offering music that varies from the sing-along type of Dixieland through modern jazz. The musical population, however, is in constant flux, and the bands' personnels often change from night to night. The persistent visitor, however, often is rewarded with some fine jazz.



Rough-hewn, sturdy Chicago jazz as played by clarinetist Frank Chace, trumpeter Ted Buttermann, and trombonist Al Wynn (banjoist Bob Sundstrom and drummer Wayne Jones in the background) somehow fails to divert this rapt couple's attention from each other. Location is the Old Town Gate, one of the most recent of the street's jazz emporia.



Through a glass darkly: Passerby peers past the window-display bandstand of the Hungry Eye into the murky darkness of the club, thus observing the see-and-be-seen dictum of Wells St.

Photographs by Ted Williams; produced by Pete Welding



Flapper days are here again: Waitress and admirers at Touch of Olde reacting to the happy music of pianist Little Brother Montgomery, clarinetist Bob Skiver, and drummer Booker T. Washington and assorted sitters-in.



Moment of truth: Intense of mein, pianist Tommy Dinelli and bassist Russell Thorne jointly bring a number to its roiling climax, to the delight of the modernist fans who fill the Hungry Eye. Trio's drummer (not shown) is Dick Porgulusi.



Beauty is as beauty does: Judy Roberts beguiles patrons at the Midas Touch with her warm, in-time vocals and her own brand of persuasive modern jazz piano, about which there is nothing particularly feminine. Bassist Ernie McCarthy and drummer Danny Martin assist.

Pianist Jim Dapogny is one of the stalwarts of the Plugged Nickel's band (Lance Schulz, clarinet; Bill Hanck, trombone; and Don English, drums, are among the other regulars), which dispenses a happy, boisterous brand of Dixieland to satisfy the club's sing-along customers.



Twist's the thing at the Glass Crutch, where the heavy swing of saxist Grady Johnson, pianist Al Jenkins, bassist Jimmy Smith, and drummer Cecil Bogan prod even the most leaden-footed of dancers to feats undreamt.

Chet Baker's TALE OF WOE

By IRA GITLER

IN THE MIDDLE 1950s, Chet Baker was the young Lochinvar out of the West, the fair-haired boy of critics and laymen alike, riding in on his golden trumpet. Rising to prominence with Gerry Mulligan's pianoless quartet, as the West Coast jazz movement began its popular sway, he won the New Star award in *Down Beat's* first International Jazz Critics Poll in 1953. Then Baker formed his own quartet and went on to win both the *Down Beat* and *Metronome* readers' polls for the next two years.

Now, approximately 11 years after the first flush of success, he has returned to the United States from a five-year European odyssey that included the sweet smell of success—but only in whiffs. More often the odor was of creosote in jail.

From September, 1955, to April, 1956, Baker had toured Iceland, England, and the Continent with a quartet. During that period his pianist, Dick Twardzik, died in Paris of an overdose of heroin. Baker came back to the United States. As he tells it:

"When I came home, I started using drugs. I got busted several times, went to the federal hospital in Lexington [Ky.]—then I got busted in New York and did four months on Riker's Island, and I decided to leave the United States for a while."

At the end of July, 1959, Baker departed for Italy alone and on his arrival formed a quartet with local musicians. But if he had expected to find a more lenient attitude toward his drug addiction, he soon found he was mistaken.

For 17 months he languished in an Italian jail. While he was serving his sentence, a film company from Rome approached him about bringing his life story to the screen. Baker wrote the script, and the company worked out several different versions of it but "couldn't make up their minds," according to Baker.

By the time he was released from prison, the prospect of his life story on film, directed by a top-flight man—Dino DeLaurentis had been in at the beginning of the idea—had evaporated. But another opportunity presented itself almost immediately. A good friend of Baker's had become owner of the Olympia, the largest night club in Milan.

"He had a small room there that they didn't use," Baker related, "and he let me have that. He gave me a waiter and a bartender and put a sign outside: CHET BAKER CLUB. It was very elegant—plush, upholstered chairs, wall-to-wall carpeting, columns in the middle of the room, beautiful little bandstand, velvet drapes on the walls, the lighting was beautiful, and it seated about 80 people comfortably."

Baker played there for a short time, but the official opening never took place.

"I went to play a concert in Munich," Baker explained, "and I had trouble there. Nothing happened, but there was a lot of publicity in the newspapers, and when I got back to the Italian border, they wouldn't let me in. I had signed a contract with RCA Italiana, and I lost that. And they tied a lot of my money up—about 3,000,000 lira."

Baker had made some recording for the firm and said he was to do two more albums, but these never came to pass.

When he was refused re-entry to Italy, Baker went to Paris, where he worked at the Blue Note for three months.

Then he received an offer to do a movie in England with Susan Hayward and spent nine months there. "I was trying to wait out the one-year waiting period so I could join the union and work in England," he said, "but I had trouble there and was deported."

"The movie was originally supposed to be called *Summer Flight*, but I think they changed the name to *Stolen Hours* or something. Susan Hayward, in the story, is ill, and she's going to die, and she throws a big party, which most of the story is around. I'm the leader of the band at the party. I did a lot of the sound track for the movie, and I believe the opening shot is a close-up right on the bell of my horn."

After England had sent him back to France, Baker worked at Paris' Chat Qui Pêche for about eight months. It was here he teamed up with Melih Gurel, a Turkish French horn player who is a graduate of the Ankara Music Conservatory. From there, Baker went to the Club Jamboree in Barcelona, Spain, as a single.

"It was a pitiful rhythm section," Baker said. "Kenny Drew had been there just before me, and he had walked out on the job and told them they shouldn't even be playing. He gave them a terrible complex, so when I got there, they were really scared to death."

After a month in Spain, Baker returned to France where he received an offer to play at the Blue Note in Berlin. He played there one night and promptly was arrested. He spent 40 days in a German hospital and then was deported, but this time it was back to the United States, on March 3, 1964.

WHY, when there are several other musician-addicts in Europe, did a pattern of harassment seem to follow Baker?

"I don't know," he said. "It just seemed like a field day for the police department whenever Chet Baker came to town. It seemed to be a tie-up between the police department and the newspapers—the publicity bit—because I was always very cool. I never bothered anybody. I never sold any drugs to anybody. Everything I did was for myself."

"I really believe it's the fault of the journalists and the newspapers in those countries. For instance, you probably read about them finding me in a filling station. Well, the true story about that is that at that time I was in a clinic. I had put myself in a clinic in Lucca [Italy], and I was working in Viareggio . . . the doctor would take me to work and bring me home."

"One day I had to go into Viareggio in the afternoon—for a contract or to have some pictures taken—so he gave me the medicine I needed for that day. I had a little Fiat that I rented, and I started to get on the Autostrada—which was about a 30-minute ride—and I wasn't feeling very good, so I decided to stop in this gas station and make an injection before I got on the Autostrada, because you can't stop. So I went in there—I had stopped there many times before—and I went into the men's room, but I had a lot of difficulty making the injection. I was in

there about 35 minutes, and there was a knock on the door. I had just finished and put everything away. It was the police. They said, 'Come with us.' I went to the police station, and they called the doctor. In 15 minutes I was gone.

"But that night when the newspapers came out, they said that Chet Baker had been found unconscious in the toilet of a filling station, that there was blood everywhere, that the police had to *break* in the door—and none of this was true. Naturally, when the people in the *tribunale*, the courts, read these things; they probably think, 'The man is completely insane.'

"And later, in Paris (after I had been deported from England), although I had only been there a week, I was included in a bust of people that they had been watching for one month before I got there. Because I had come to town, they included me in the bust also, although they hadn't seen me in any of the places they were watching or dealing with any of the people involved.

"I was there 24 hours, and everybody was getting sick—they give you a fix in the police stations until they get all the papers typed up and signed, sealed; they give you a fix every three hours—and I never asked for anything the whole time. So I went up to one of the detectives and explained it to him. When he checked around, they let me go. But the judge who was handling this bust never did lighten up on me during my whole stay in Paris. He called me back every two weeks, had me examined by police doctors, found me clean, and *still* he didn't lighten up on me until I went to Spain."

In England, Baker was the recipient of a "gift" from a pharmacy clerk—narcotics he said he did not need—as he was registered with a doctor under the British system of treating narcotics users. He said he told the man the next day that he didn't want to become involved, and, since drugs were so controlled in England, the clerk should be careful or Scotland Yard would be around.

The police did come around, and the clerk admitted stealing the drug.

"They told him," Baker said, "'You have no record. We'll make it easy on you if you'll tell us who you gave it to.' So he didn't go to jail. I went to jail for 40 days and got kicked out of England."

NOW, FINALLY BACK IN THE United States, did Baker, pursued at every turn, justly or unjustly, feel that some organized force was against him? "Well, I might of had that feeling," he answered quietly. "I really don't know. . . ."

Yet his current playing displays optimism and a real desire to play, certainly not the marks of a defeated man, especially today, when so many musicians do not sound as if they even enjoy what they are playing.

"Well, that's really the one thing they can't touch," he said, referring to his spirit. "I have a great deal of disrespect for the police department and the correctional people and the way they handle drug addiction, and I've suffered greatly at their hands. Not for very long, usually, but so many times that I made up my mind not to let it affect my playing in any way because, after all, that's the only thing I know how to do."

"I've always been an optimist," he said with a half-laugh. "It's funny, but I'm kind of mixed up because, by nature, if I'm not playing, I'm depressed usually—melancholy, quiet—but if I'm playing, it seems to change. Now I play very 'hard.'"

When I went out to the Cork 'n' Bib to hear Baker, shortly after his return to New York earlier this year, I commented on his fiercer attack and generally more virile style (*DB*, May 21). At the Cork 'n' Bib, he was playing

LEE TANNER



a borrowed trumpet because his fluegelhorn was in the shop. More recently, at a recording session, I heard him playing fluegelhorn, and there was no diminution in Baker's fire.

"Playing this fluegelhorn," he said and paused, "—It's so hard to play, you wouldn't believe it. Nobody would, unless it was somebody who plays one. The mouthpiece is deeper and wider, and it takes so much air to fill out this horn. You were there at the date. If I had been playing steadily, right up to the time of the date, I could have gone through that eight or 10 times without getting tired. . . . Playing that tune—and it only goes up to high C—if you're not playing steadily, you can't make it. After a couple of times, you're finished."

Baker began playing fluegelhorn a couple of months after his deportation from England and return to Paris. His trumpet had been stolen from the Chat Qui Peche, and a friend gave him fluegelhorn. Baker has been playing it nearly a year and a half now and says he has given up trumpet.

But how did Baker acquire the new strength in his work? How did his conception change?

"I can't really say how it happened," he mused. "I did a lot of thinking—I had my horn during the time I was in prison in Italy—17 months—and a lot of playing, a lot of thinking about music during that time. . . ."

Baker trailed off for a moment and then continued: "I wish you could have heard the band in Philadelphia one night, one set or two sets on one night. The band stretched out so far; we were playing some advanced melodic and rhythmic things."

The band Baker refers to is one he formed soon after his return. It consisted of tenor saxophonist Phil Urso, an old associate of Baker's from an earlier quintet who had been living in Denver, Colorado, for a while, and, more recently, had been gigging around the Midwest with Claude Thornhill; pianist Kenny Lowe; bassist Jymie Merritt (formerly with Art Blakey); and drummer Charlie Rice. With the exception of Lowe, this is the group with which Baker recorded and has been touring together ever since. The regular pianist is Hal Galper, who used to play in Boston with Herb Pomeroy's big band.

"I think this band is going to have a lot to say," Baker said, "because Hal writes some nice tunes."

I hadn't heard any of Galper's compositions, but judging from the repertoire I did hear, I wouldn't imagine this to be a far-out group when judged in light of some experiments that have taken place since 1959, the year Baker left for Europe.

Had he heard any of the "new thingers" since he had been living in Denver, Colorado, for a while, and, more

"I haven't heard Ornette Coleman, and I've only heard Coltrane on records," he said. "The people I've heard since I've been back have been Charlie Mingus at the Five Spot—I went down there and wasn't impressed at all by what was happening. On the ensembles the things were ragged. Maybe it was because of the constant changing of men in the group. And Mingus was continually saying things and screaming at different personnel in the band. I went down to Birdland and listened to Gerry Mulligan's Concert Band, and that didn't kill me either—Gerry stopping the band in the middle of a tune and starting them over again . . . kind of a rehearsal, audience participation, and so forth. Maybe it was because there weren't too many people there, and he felt he might as well rehearse or something. . . . And I went down to hear Zoot Sims and Al Cohn at the Half Note. I think Al Cohn is marvelous. I like Zoot, and I have a lot of respect for Zoot, but hearing him play alongside Al Cohn, it just

seemed to be in a different class. Zoot can *play* too, but Al is so much stronger, so much more definite. He knows where he's going, and it comes out so natural."

Although he has not heard Coltrane in person, Baker decried the marathon solo: "Forty-five minutes is a long time to be blowing; a lot of people get bugged. He gets hung up playing a little rhythmic figure, keeps on playing the same thing, just breaks up the time differently. I'd rather listen to Stan Getz or Al Cohn, myself. But I have heard him play some things that are really beautiful."

"I think there's still a lot to be said within the framework of the standard tunes and standard progressions," Baker continued. "I don't say you shouldn't blow in those modal veins—they're interesting too—but I don't think you should do it hour after hour, every night."

AS A RECENT repatriate, how did Baker feel about the increase in the influx of U.S. jazzmen into Europe?

"If I were a colored musician," he answered, "with a halfway decent name, any name at all, that's where I'd go to live, to get out of this mess over here, because you certainly don't run into it over there."

What was his reaction when he encountered the European philosophy that says only Negroes can play jazz really well?

"I never ran into that, myself, but I know that does exist. But I'm back, and I'm glad to be back because all those people who say and feel that jazz is for the colored man *only*—I'm not going for that. And I'm going to do everything in my power to show them that that's not right. There are many white musicians who can play. I'll put them up against any colored musicians. The styles may be different—maybe it's just a matter of taste—they certainly have got as much to say."

When Baker arrived in New York, his plans were to live on a friend's farm in Tonka Falls, Minn., and eventually play in a Minneapolis club that the friend was to open. It never happened because the terms of the contract were too one-sided, he claimed, adding:

"He wasn't promising me anything; I was promising him everything. He was just acting as a collection agency for all my money."

Through composer Tadd Dameron, Baker became affiliated with Richard Carpenter, who used to manage Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt, and soon he was on the jazz-club circuit. An engagement at the Village Vanguard fell through when a New York City cabaret card was granted Baker but then quickly canceled.

However, Baker, the optimist, looks to the future with hope.

Of his early successes in the '50s, he said, "I never really believed in that, and I never really believed that I deserved it. I felt that it was as though during that period people had been more or less just waiting for something new, and when it came about, they gave it more than it had due. I don't believe at that time I deserved to win the *Down Beat* or the *Metronome* polls as the best trumpet player. I know I'm playing 10 times better now—and I'm not even mentioned in the polls."

Whether or not he was the best trumpet player then, Baker's playing had an emotional quality that went right to many listeners' hearts. He still has that emotion in his work, those lyric qualities, and his self-expression has never been more assertive. If his music continues to be such a strong force within him, it won't be long before his name is again on the poll lists. This, by itself, is never a complete measure, but it will be another reminder that Chet Baker has come back.



JAZZ BASICS

The concluding part of a history
of jazz on record/By Don
DeMicheal and Pete Welding

VARIOUS ARTISTS, *Outstanding Jazz Compositions of the 20th Century* (Columbia C2L 31)
MODERN JAZZ QUARTET & GUESTS, *Third Stream Music* (Atlantic 1345)

There have been outstanding jazz composers ever since the '20's, when Jelly Roll Morton and Bix Beiderbecke were at the heights of their creative powers. And Duke Ellington, of course, has spanned more than three decades with what many consider the ultimate in jazz composing.

In the '30s Red Norvo recorded such off-beat compositions as *Dance of the Octopus*, which most observers at the time thought of more as chamber works, à la Alec Wilder, than as jazz. Later in the decade Norvo featured arrangements and compositions by Eddie Sauter, an exceptional writer, who has never received the amount of recognition that is his due. (In the early 1940s Benny Goodman hired Sauter, and the arranger did some of his best jazz work for the clarinetist's band—two examples are *Benny Rides Again* and *Superman*. The first Ray McKinley Band, which came into existence after World War II, had a book written mostly by Sauter.)

In the '40s Tadd Dameron wrote many of his finest things; though generally short pieces played by small bands of boppers, Dameron's writing must be considered jazz composition of high order. And certainly the themes of Charlie Parker are exceptional.

Later in the '40s Ralph Burns began experimenting with longer compositions, such as *Lady McGowan's Dream* and *Summer Sequence*. Bob Graettinger and Pete Rugolo wrote several extended works for the Stan Kenton Band. George Russell composed his *Cubano-Be* and *Cubano-Bop* for Dizzy Gillespie's big band. At

about the same time, John Lewis contributed his *Toccata for Trumpet* to Gillespie's library. In 1949 the writing of Gil Evans, John Carisi, Lewis, Gerry Mulligan, and Miles Davis for the Davis nonet set a whole school of jazz thought.

All through those decades, it can be seen that jazz and jazz composition were taking on more and more so-called classical devices and values—written composition itself must be so considered, and the concept of form stems from European concert music, but there also was a growing emphasis on instrumental technique (play faster, cleaner), harmonic structure (use more and bigger chords), and academic study.

A peak of jazz composition-cum-classical came in the mid- and late '50s with the work of musicians such as Jimmy Giuffrè, Charlie Mingus, J. J. Johnson, Teo Macero, Teddy Charles, Lewis, and Russell. The two-LP Columbia album, a reissue, consists of performances of these composers' works, as well as those of Gunther Schuller, Bob Prince, Harold Shapero, Milton Babbitt—and Ellington.

The album includes three pieces from the 1957 LP *Music for Brass*—Johnson's *Jazz Suite for Brass*, Lewis' *Three Little Feelings*, and Giuffrè's *Pharaoh*. Though the greatest value of the tracks lies in the compositions—and they show clearly the influence of classical composition on the composers—there are several excellent solos by men such as Johnson and Miles Davis.

These three tracks, however, are not as "experimental" as the performances from a 1958 album, *Modern Jazz Center*, Brandeis University. All the original release's performances are included in the set. The compositions are Russell's *All About Rosie*, with stunning piano work by Bill Evans; Mingus' *Revelations—First Movement*, a strong, sometimes wild, piece; Giuffrè's *Suspension*; Shapero's *On Green Mountain*, subtitled *Chaconne after Monteverdi*, and the least far-out of all; Babbitt's *All Set*, the composition farthest removed from jazz; and Schuller's *Transformation*.

Some of the men performing the compositions, in addition to Evans, are Art Farmer, trumpet; John LaPorta and Hal McKusick, saxophones; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Teddy Charles, vibraharp; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Joe Benjamin, bass; and Teddy Sommer, drums.

The cited album also contains Macero's *Sounds of May*, which employs voices as well as instruments

and features outstanding playing by the composer and LaPorta on saxophones; *Avakianas Brasilieras* by Prince; and Charles' *Swinging Goats-herd Blues*, which is the least formal of all the album's tracks and has good solos by valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, trumpeter Donald Byrd, and pianist Mal Waldron.

The Ellington representation is the three-part *Idiom '59* as played by the Ellington band. The changing moods of the piece contrast the playing of clarinetists Jimmy Hamilton and Russell Procope in Parts I and II. The third part opens darkly impressionistic but comes to a climax with the band strutting behind Clark Terry's witty fluegelhorn.

It was hoped the mixing of concert music with jazz, two streams of musical thought, would produce a confluence—the Third Stream, an unfortunate term attributed to Schuller. Whether it has or not is still debated, but there has been some worthwhile music produced by using both idioms in one composition. Among the more successful experiments has been the *Third Stream Music* album released in 1960.

In it the Modern Jazz Quartet performs works by Lewis, Giuffrè, and Schuller. The performances are *Da Capo* (Lewis) and *Fine* (Giuffrè), played by the MJQ and the Giuffrè 3, which at the time of recording included guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ralph Pena. Lewis' bittersweet *Exposure* is played by the quartet and a chamber group, but there is more an alternation of jazz and classical than a blending of the two streams.

More successful are Lewis' *Sketch* and Schuller's *Conversation* performed by the MJQ and the Beaux Arts String Quartet. Of the two, Schuller's is perhaps the best resolved piece of writing, reflecting the impress of Bela Bartok and Anton Webern as well as that of Charlie Parker. There are excellent solos throughout the album by Lewis and, particularly, Milt Jackson.

ORNETTE COLEMAN, *Ornette!* (Atlantic 1378)

SONNY ROLLINS, *Our Man in Jazz* (RCA Victor 2612)

JOHN COLTRANE, *Coltrane* (Impulse 21)

GEORGE RUSSELL, *Ezz-thetics* (Riverside 375)

GIL EVANS, *Into the Hot* (Impulse 9)

It goes without saying that the jazz of the '60s will be much different from that of the '50s. The music is undergoing changes so vast in scope that the only comparison to be drawn is

with the changes wrought in the early '40s by the boppers. And just as then, the members of jazz' avant garde have met with heated opposition to their music.

But jazz is a dynamic music, and it will change, no matter how vocal the conservatives. It is being changed by the men represented on this group of records and by others, some of whom can be heard on the records recommended below.

Unlike the avant garde jazz of the early '40s, today's takes several directions, which is to be expected, since the base of jazz has steadily broadened since the '40s. Much of it is still awkward and unsure of itself, but it is trying to walk, as it were, and the day is not far off when it can be expected to leap and run.

The man who did more than any other to set off the experimentation and searching for new means to express emotions is altoist Ornette Coleman.

Coleman's music, when it first received wide exposure, seemed chaotic, undisciplined, almost insane as it gyrated and exploded into showers of squirming notes. But many hailed the Texas musician as the new Charlie Parker, as a messiah.

What Coleman's music represented was a return to melodic-and-rhythmic emphasis, as opposed to the harmonic emphasis dominant in jazz since 1945. In this respect it was an old concept, but the contours of the music were so shattering that the majority of listeners, among them one of the authors, missed the point. In most cases, Coleman did away with regular, recurring chord changes and allowed the soloist a terrifying freedom, that of practically no restrictions except those self-imposed.

The record listed is his most non-diffuse effort to date. His solos are filled with melodies that pop out at the listener at unexpected moments. His tone has what has been called the "jazz cry" and, combined with an underlying sadness that is a part of his work, makes his playing quite moving. This sadness is present even on such a gay, country-flavored performance as *R.P.D.D.*, the album's best track.

Coleman uses trumpeter Don Cherry, bassist Scott LaFaro, and drummer Ed Blackwell on the album; and the four, at times, bring off a delicious collective improvisation, as on *C. & D.*

Coleman has not been without influence among established players; the two most important ones are Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane. Of the two, Rollins evidences the greatest direct

Coleman influence. The Rollins record listed, taped at a Village Gate engagement when the tenorist had trumpeter Cherry, bassist Bob Cranshaw, and drummer Billy Higgins with him, shows this influence clearly.

One side of the record is given over to an extended version of *Oleo*, in which Rollins uses fragmentation of theme in his variations, giving them a rhythmically jagged quality. But while Coleman does without chord changes, Rollins, no matter how unorthodox he might sound, most often follows the pattern of the chords. Rollins also has further developed his ability to conjure up the illusion of playing at a slower tempo than that of the rhythm section. This tension-building device sometimes gives the impression that the saxophonist is quite detached from the others.

Despite his seriousness about music, Rollins, happily, never has lost his sense of humor, which comes into play on the album's mood-changing *Dearly Beloved* and *Doxy*.

Coltrane's music has a good deal of freedom these days, and like Coleman's, emphasizes melodic and rhythmic development. A case can be made for Coltrane's approach reflecting a jazz version of Indian music—primary soloist (Coltrane) improvising melodically over a drone (provided by pianist McCoy Tyner) with percussion comments from the secondary soloist (drummer Elvin Jones). When all parts mesh, as they do in most of the cited album, the effect is almost hypnotic.

The intensity of the music is sometimes scorching, as on *Miles' Mode*. Coltrane's melodicism and sense of form are strong factors in *Out of This World* (played in 12/8 with the original chords condensed to two, which are repeated over and over) and the African-flavored *Tunji*. Coltrane plays soprano saxophone on *Inch Worm*, and the Indian aura of his music is heightened by the instrument's almost-human wailing in the upper register.

George Russell has been a member of the avant garde since 1946, when he wrote *Cubano-Be* and *Cubano-Bop*. A theorist as well as practitioner, Russell has devised what he calls the Lydian Concept of Tonal Organization and applies it to his writing. But whatever one calls his fresh, life-filled music, there is an organization to it that gives it a direction, something missing at times from the work of the other avant gardists.

The *Ezz-thetics* album, made with a sextet of trumpeter Don Ellis, trombonist Dave Baker, altoist-bass clarinetist Eric Dolphy, pianist Russell, bassist Steve Swallow, and drummer

Joe Hunt, is a prime example of Russell's theory in action. His *Lydiot* has a theme that squirms as if it were on ball bearings, and his bringing together of at-odds lines into a whole on *Nardis* is masterful. Russell's *Thoughts* is in part polytonal—or as he prefers to call it, pantonal.

The outstanding tracks in the album are *Ezz-thetic*, which has a burning Dolphy alto solo; Baker's combination of free jazz and swing, *Honesty*, in which the soloists are given places for unaccompanied, out-of-tempo improvisation before and after straight-ahead blowing sections; and a stunning *'Round Midnight* that features Dolphy's alto and some weird animal-sounds effects in the introduction and other-world sounds at the end (both of which are in the jazz tradition of the ODJB's *Livery Stable Blues* and Jelly Roll Morton's *Sidewalk Blues*).

The Gil Evans album is really a John Carisi and Cecil Taylor album, two of the most stimulating composers in today's jazz world.

Carisi employs both atonality and tonality within the same composition, which, as on the remarkable *Ankor Wat*, pulls the listener's ear first in one direction and then the other as a soloist improvises tonally against the atonal background. Carisi's compositions are multihued and change mood and tempo (*Moon Taj*), but he can also write in the older manner, as on guitarist Barry Galbraith's Charlie Christian-like feature, *Barry's Tune*.

The Taylor half of the album is made up of wonderful examples of the pianist's saw-edged, jarring compositions performed by a various-sized group that includes tenorist Archie Shepp and altoist Jimmy Lyons.

The most attractive quality of a Taylor performance is the atmosphere created, almost always one highly charged and storm-brewing, with flashes of lightning streaking out of the thundering clouds. Though at times the music sounds as if it will fly apart, exploded by its own heat, there is organization and form to it—snatches of one theme will pop up at another section of a performance.

Taylor and Shepp are the outstanding soloists on the three tracks by the pianist's group—*Pots*, *Bulbs*, and *Mixed*.

Further recommendations: Coleman's early work is well represented on *Tomorrow Is the Question* (Contemporary 3569). Cherry is his front-line mate, as he is on all Coleman's records, but the rhythm section is made up of drummer Shelly Manne and Percy Heath or Red Mitchell,

(Continued on page 40)

record reviews

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

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

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

Chris Barber

CHRIS BARBER—Odeon 60554: *Double-Check Stomp; Take My Hand, Precious Lord; Black and Tan Fantasy; White Christmas; God Leads His Dear Children Along; Sing On; Shout 'Em, Aunt Tillie; On a Christmas Day; Lord, You've Been so Good to Me; Going to Town.*

Personnel: Pat Halcox, trumpet; Monty Sunshine, clarinet; Chris Barber, trombone; Lonnie Donegan, banjo; Jim Bray, bass; Ron Bowden, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This 10-inch album is one of the Odeon imports from Germany; the tracks were, of course, originally recorded in England. These are 1954 items, made when the British trad movement was beginning to shift into high gear.

Compared with the French band of Claude Luter of a few years earlier, the Barber group is more disciplined and has a less-cluttered ensemble sound. But the Luter band had a better punch and was more in the spirit of traditional jazz.

The three Ellington items (*Double-Check, Black and Tan, Going to Town*) come through as the most successful tracks, partly, I suspect, because of the strong influence Bubber Miley and Cootie Williams had on trumpeter Halcox. Barber has a very good spot on *Black and Tan*.

Sunshine's style then was patterned entirely on that of George Lewis, and his clarinet sings throughout these tracks, weaving in the ensembles and soloing well.

These good things, however, are scattered too thinly through this album, and, as the rating indicates, most of the music is fair, pleasant, but uneventful. (G.M.E.)

George Braith

SOUL STREAM—Blue Note 4161: *The Man I Love; Outside around the Corner; Soul Stream; Boop Boop Bing Bash; Billy Told; Jo Anne.*

Personnel: Braith, tenor, soprano saxophones, strich; Grant Green, guitar; Billy Gardner, organ; Hugh Walker, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Braith emerges here as a fine composer. His *Corner* is a stop-and-start tune with interesting changes; *Soul Stream*, a tenor showpiece lacking a steady pulse, evokes a mournful mood. *Billy* is his humorous arrangement of the familiar theme from the *William Tell Overture*, complete with hoof-beat sound effects.

While Braith's main claim to fame has been his ability, like Roland Kirk's, to blow more than one horn at a time, here he improvises primarily on tenor. His playing has a rather anonymous quality, though he seems to have been influenced in particular by Sonny Rollins.

He swings, yet is neither especially relaxed nor forceful. Only on *Stream* is he notably emotional, but he has a buoyant soprano spot on *Jo Anne*.

Gardner, a straightforward, no-nonsense musician, happily doesn't relegate the organ to mere funk-box status. He takes a particularly good solo on *Corner*. And Green turns in vigorous and intelligent work throughout. (H.P.)

Buddy Collette-Charles Kynard

WARM WINDS—World-Pacific 1823: *Strong Breeze; Mamblues; Blue Sands; Warm Winds; Cubano Chunt; Watermelon Bag; Satin Doll; Guachi Guaro.*

Personnel: Collette, flute; Kynard, organ; John Rae, vibraharp, timbales; Al McKibbin, bass; Doug Sides, drums; Nick Martinez, Armando Peraza, Bill Fitch, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★

While generally enjoyable, this LP lacks substance; the arrangements are of slight interest—they employ stock jazz and Latin American devices—and most of the improvisation is unimaginative. (Rae's sensuous, thoughtful vibes playing is a notable exception.)

Collette's work has an admirably clean, singing quality, but his melodic and rhythmic ideas aren't very fresh. Similarly, Kynard relies too heavily on the commonplace. He's tasteful, however, in contrast to a number of organists who have down-home conceptions akin to his.

This album might serve adequately as background music but is not recommended for serious listening. (H.P.)

King Curtis

SOUL SERENADE—Capitol 2095: *Tequila; Night Train; Jaxx; Harlem Nocturne; Honky-Tonk; Soul Twist; Memphis; Watermelon Man; Soul Serenade; Swingin' Shepherd Blues; My Last Date; Wiggle Wobble.*

Personnel: Curtis, tenor, soprano saxophone; others unidentified.

Rating: see below

Curtis is a strong, competent jazzman; unfortunately, he doesn't rise above this music, most of which falls into a rock-and-roll bag. His work is hot but not exciting—he uses stock ideas and a raspy tone.

On *Wobble*, Curtis' stiff playing recalls Boots Randolph's deliberately corny (and currently popular), yackety-sax style. However, it isn't fair to expect Curtis to wax creative on a commercial date such as this, owing to the difficulties involved in combining creativity with giving the general public what it apparently wants. Thus, there is no jazz rating.

He receives little help from the group backing him (including twangy guitar and organ), and the rhythm section's playing is often choppy and cluttered. (H.P.)

Eric Dolphy

ERIC DOLPHY IN EUROPE, VOL. I—Prestige 7304: *Hi-Fly; Glad to Be Unhappy; God Bless the Child; Oleo.*

Personnel: Dolphy, flute, bass clarinet; Bent Axen, piano; Chuck Israels or Erik Moseholm, bass; Jorn Elmf, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This was recorded in September, 1961, before an audience in Copenhagen. "Three leading Danish players" accompany Dolphy on half the record.

One thing is made clear by this album: Dolphy's playing has changed remarkably in the last three years—and for the better. His recent FM release, *Conversations*, is testimony to his advancing ideas and his increasing capability.

Compared with what Dolphy is saying today, these Danish takes are lukewarm. The one exception is *Hi-Fly*, a long flute solo with Israels (his only appearance in the album) accompanying on bass. It is somewhat conservative in light of today's Dolphy, but it is a marvelous solo nonetheless. He shows, among other things, how well he remembers what he plays from one phrase to the next. This ability to remember is the hidden term in what becomes for Dolphy and for jazz a higher state of musical consciousness. The more of his music a player can remember, during a solo, the more he can gather it into a cohesive structure, and this seems to be one of Dolphy's special talents.

In this solo (and often elsewhere) Dolphy seemingly is thinking beyond his technical means. But his musical thought is quite clear. The not-quite-making-it articulation adds to the sense-searching implicit in all Dolphy's work. It takes courage to play right on the edge—or over—one's technical capacity. One has to be a pretty good musician to transform liabilities into assets.

Israels does not generate the musical excitement that Dolphy does, but his playing is solid and trustworthy.

God Bless is an unaccompanied bass clarinet solo characterized by extreme beauty of tone; I have rarely heard such a lively sound from any instrument, much less the bass clarinet. Dolphy uses wide vibrato and a finely detailed dynamic range as constructing elements in this very beautiful solo.

These two tracks by themselves make a first-rate concert; the other two are not as good. The accompanying musicians are musical enough, and their playing is not unpleasant—it is simply undistinguished.

Glad To Be is dance music, shockingly below the level of *Hi-Fly*. Pianist Axen is particularly conspicuous. His harmonic thought is in a different ocean from Dolphy's. It is an unfortunate musical union. *Oleo* comes off very much like a jam session with Dolphy playing a hollering solo full of the highest form of life as we know it. But the rhythm section just isn't up to him.

This record is somewhat dissatisfying to me only because from Dolphy we have learned to expect the very best.

Incidentally, the excellent liner notes by Robert Levin refer to Dolphy as a "new thing" player, but I see Dolphy rather as a synthesizer of the past, possibly the best one there is. He stands at the fork of Charlie Parker's road. His playing does not have the same evolved concept of freedom (especially in respect to tonality) that belongs to Archie Shepp, Ornette Coleman, and Cecil Taylor, though I suspect he will go in that direction.

The rating is a compromise between *Hi-Fly* (five stars) and *Glad* (two). (B.M.)

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Booker Ervin

THE FREEDOM BOOK—Prestige 7295: *A Lunar Tune; Cry Me Not; Grant's Stand; A Day to Mourning; Al's In*.

Personnel: Ervin, tenor saxophone; Jaki Byard, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Ervin, a talented and consistent performer, can be doubly proud of this offering. His solos are top flight, and all the pieces (except Randy Weston's *Cry Me Not*) are his own.

The deceptively simple *Lunar* affords a fine base for improvisation. *Day* (according to Ervin as quoted in the notes) "was inspired by the funeral music they played all day after the President was assassinated." It's a painfully poignant composition. During the improvised portion, the rhythm section accompanies beautifully—without laying down a steady beat.

Though *Al's In* has a Near Eastern flavor, the improvisation is done over a swinging beat. *Cry Me Not* is the kind of slow-tempo tune that will probably be heard more often in days to come. It's fresh and quite modern harmonically, having a mysterious, suspended-in-space quality rather than resolving conventionally. Such writing may have been inspired by the improvisation of John Coltrane, just as the pioneer bop improvisers inspired a number of composers.

As usual, Ervin is at home at fast tempos. The sinuous strength with which he swings is reminiscent of Sonny Stitt and Dexter Gordon, and his harmonic conception recalls Coltrane. However, he also exhibits a great deal of warmth on *Cry* and *Day*, and his work on latter is, for me, the most moving feature of the album. His playing has a vocal quality, and he displays considerable dynamic sensitivity.

Byard is quite good, if somewhat eclectic. His lines on the up-tempo tunes are often jagged and dissonant and at some points he plays contrapuntally. At times he strikes the keys sharply, then delicately, producing a stimulating variety of colors and textures. On *Day* he takes a pensive solo.

Davis, one of the best of a crop of outstanding young bassists, has a rich, firm tone and admirable technique. His accompaniment is interesting in itself, his choice of notes excellent.

Dawson provides a pleasant surprise; he doesn't have a "name," but he could make it on the New York scene with no trouble. He elicits a crisp, clean sound and has the taste to accent frequently behind the soloist without being obtrusive. (H.P.)

Art Farmer

"LIVE" AT THE HALF-NOTE—Atlantic 1421: *Stompin' at the Savoy; Swing Spring; What's New?; I Want to Be Happy; I'm Getting Sentimental over You*.

Personnel: Farmer, flugelhorn; Jim Hall, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The quartet's sequel to last season's five-star *Interaction*, though not up to the exceptional level of that set, offers its share of rewarding moments.

Both the zenith and the nadir are reached during the marathon *Savoy* workout, all 18 choruses of it. Farmer is as lyrically unpretentious as ever in his six blowing choruses. If the solo lacks over-all structure, it seems unfair to fault him for this.

Farmer is not the kind of artist for whom an increase in tension, drama, and volume are an essential component of a long solo. He remains at more or less the same level of expression throughout but without lapsing into repetition or lethargy.

The 10 Hall choruses that follow might be analyzed similarly, with one qualification: during his sixth chorus, he gets into a 25-year-old Charlie Christian riff routine and returns to it briefly during his eighth.

Hall is superb on *Happy*, which also shows the Farmer-Hall interaction to full advantage. The best track for Farmer is *What's New?*—clearly his kind of melody.

Swallow offers characteristically imaginative support, though his sound seems to buzz in a few spots. Perkins comports himself as impeccably as in the previous album and has a solo on *Swing Spring* that avoids the obvious and the flashy.

The chief reason for the lower rating is the sound. In the first place, there are those customers, who keep right on talking while Hall has the spotlight in the Farmerless *Sentimental*. It doesn't help the quiet mood at all. Second, the general sound level seems low; this, added to the inherently lowed-key character and timbre of the group, tends to give the performance a slightly hollow quality, as if the speakers are swallowing them up.

Nevertheless, four stars still mean very good. (L.G.F.)

Red Garland

SOUL BURNIN'—Prestige 7307: *Green Dolphin Street; If You Could See Me Now; Rocks in My Bed; Soul Burnin'; Blues in the Night*.

Personnel: Richard Williams, trumpet; Oliver Nelson, tenor and alto saxophones; Garland, piano; Peck Morrison or Sam Jones, bass; Charlie Persip or Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Nelson and Williams join Garland on the first—and most interesting—side.

On *Dolphin* (a very good track), Garland's work is unprofound but happy; his lines have a Nat Cole-ish bounciness. Nelson, on tenor, blows passionately, displaying a big tone and an awareness of current harmonic developments. Williams contributes an imaginative, biting muted solo.

Garland achieves a lustrous sonority in his intimate *See Me* work, but Williams succumbs here to an old fault—playing too loudly. Nelson adds a singing, Bird-like alto spot.

The second side features Garland backed by Taylor and Jones. The pianist's playing on *Soul Burnin'* is boppish and good. On the other tracks, he is engaging but less inventive than usual. (H.P.)

Dizzy Gillespie

THE COOL WORLD—Philips 200-138 and 600-138: *Theme from "The Cool World"; The Pushers; Enter, Priest; Duke's Awakening; Duke on the Run; Street Music; Bonnie's Blues; Coney Island; Duke's Fantasy; Coolie; Duke's Last Soliloquy*.

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; James Moody, tenor saxophone, flute; Kenny Barron, piano; Chris White, bass; Rudy Collins, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The music Mal Waldron has written for the movie *The Cool World* is several cuts above the usual level of film music, and the Gillespie quintet is an appropriately different vehicle for interpreting it.

The disc is full of beautiful playing by Gillespie with less emphasis on virtuoso

pyrotechnics that might have been the case in an album that did not have the particular focus this one does. He is movingly lyrical both with open horn and muted, and he does some marvelously accented things on *Bonnie's*. Moody joins in a provocative voicing with Gillespie on this piece and on *Coney Island*, an ensemble approach that might have been exploited to a greater extent than it is.

The slow, blues-based numbers bring out the most distinguished playing by the group and make a more lasting impression largely because the faster, tension type of music has a tendency, by its basic nature, to boil down to routine, up-tempo jazz performances. (J.S.W.)

Vince Guaraldi

THE LATIN SIDE—Fantasy 3360: *Mr. Lucky; What Kind of Fool Am I?; Corcovado; Work Song; Treat Street; Star Song; Whirlpool; Dor Que Faz Duer; Brasília.*

Personnel: Guaraldi, piano; Eddie Duran, guitar; Fred Marshall, bass; Bill Fitch, conga; Benny Velarde, timbales; Jerry Granelli, drums; unidentified string quartet.

Rating: ★★½

One of the first principles of jazz reviewing is: "strings stink." Any jazz reviewer who has got far enough in his chosen profession to learn how to spell saxophone knows that when a jazz soloist records with a group of strings, you pull out the bit about what a drag the strings are and, man, why do record companies do such horrible things to a genius like (fill in appropriate name)!

Well, here is a genius like Guaraldi playing half of the pieces on this record with a Latin rhythm section and, on the remaining half, adding a string quartet. And, man, you know what? The strings not only lift the record out of a pretty dull rut, but on at least one number, *Corcovado*, they even take over and carry the piece.

Jack Weeks' writing for the strings gives them a tight, sometimes abrasive, quality that removes them from the usually placid cushioning condition and, instead, makes them a propulsive accent for Guaraldi's piano.

Whether it is these settings that make the pianist come alive on the selections with strings while he plods routinely through the other pieces is a moot point. The fact is, however, that Guaraldi is a far more interesting pianist in the Weeks arrangements than he is just plonking along over the limp plom of conga and timbales. (J.S.W.)

Herbie Hancock

INVENTIONS AND DIMENSIONS—Blue Note 4147: *Succotash; Triangle; Jack Rabbit; Mimosa; A Jump Ahead.*

Personnel: Hancock, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Willie Bobo, drums, timbales; Osvaldo Martinez, conga, bongos.

Rating: ★★½

This is pianist Hancock's first "free" album. In an attempt to gain greater spontaneity and a more complete group improvisational interaction, Hancock, according to the liner notes, instructed his men to play as freely as possible, and he removed as many of the conventional playing strictures as he could to facilitate this. On no number but *Mimosa* was there a predetermined chord sequence, and none had melody lines to begin with. Only tempos and keys were set. All else grew

out of the group's joint explorations and their responses to each other's work.

Though Hancock is a most agile and creative improviser, his insistence on freedom and the absence of firm guidelines in these performances, while doubtless very exciting for the participants, does not always make for rewarding listening. The pianist's lines rush forth with never a let-up or one bit of hesitancy, and it proves a very interesting experience to follow his creative promptings. Repeated listening, however, takes much of the edge off the performance—in much the same way as reading the published speech of a gifted orator who has held one spellbound will often reveal that one was not so much beguiled by his message as by his manner of delivering it.

Hancock's playing, I feel, needs the stimulus of a harmonic and rhythmic framework for its most fruitful employment. But here, all the statements of musical freedom notwithstanding, much of the group's playing really settles into a kind of pattern work.

Chambers' bass most often states short ostinato figures, the regular repetition of which provides Hancock the firm base for his improvisations. But it is hardly any sort of two-way improvisation. The playing of the drummers, while subtle, is in the main not particularly adventurous.

In short, there is little of the intense collective interplay that one usually associates with the better avant-garde groups.

Easily the most successful of the pieces is *Jump Ahead*, during which a pedal point stated by Chambers in his four bars is amplified and developed in Hancock's 16 that follow; this piece generates a fine momentum and leads, to considerable interest, as it does take on the character of a true musical dialog. If all the numbers had been of this caliber, this set might have been of a more challenging nature. (P.W.)

Milt Jackson-Sonny Stitt

IN THE BEGINNING—Galaxy 204: *Body and Soul; 3rd Song (Silver Slipper); Red Shoes; Be Bop Blues; Royal Wedding; Fine and Dandy; Stardust; Ratio and Proportion; Slits; Baggy Eyes; In a Beautiful Mood; Baggy's Blues.*

Personnel: Jackson, vibraphone; Stitt, alto saxophone; others unidentified, see below.

Rating: ★★½

This is a chronicle of the middle years of bop, when many independent labels began recording the prominent sidemen of the then new music. From various sources, Fantasy has obtained some of these sides, never before on LP, and put them together on their Galaxy subsidiary. While this issue is to be welcomed, the way in which it was put together is slipshod.

Jackson and Stitt are here, to be sure, but there are four tracks (*Slits, Eyes, Mood, and Baggy's Blues*) on which Stitt does not appear, and Jackson is accompanied by John Lewis, piano; Milt's brother, Alvin Jackson, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums; and the late Chano Pozo, conga drum. These were made for a Detroit label, Sensation, when all but Alvin were members of Dizzy Gillespie's big band.

Two sides came out on a 78-rpm record in the late '40s. They were *Autumn Breeze (Mood)* and *Bobbin' with Robin (Blues)*. The session was done in 1948. It is not particularly well recorded, and Pozo's beat

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the shape of things to come

IN THE AUGUST 13 DOWN BEAT

INTERNATIONAL CRITICS POLL RESULTS

The winds of change that have been blowing through jazz are evident in this year's International Jazz Critics Poll. No fewer than six established instrumentalists had toppled when this year's balloting by 52 critics from around the world had been completed. There also were more than a couple of surprises among the poll's second category, Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition, formerly New Stars. The critics poll results should provide enough controversy for the rest of the summer.

COMPLETE NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL COVERAGE

Father Festival was a bit different this year. But for all the groupings of various musicians, there was much of the usual festival fare. Editor Don DeMicheal, in somewhat querulous mood, reports his feelings and findings at the Newport Jazz Festival.

PLUS: A touching tribute to two pioneering critics—John Hammond and the late Wilder Hobson—by Leonard Feather; a to-the-point *Blindfold Test* of West Coast tenorist Teddy Edwards; all the latest jazz news and record reviews, including a penetrating review of a series of important reissues, written by the always-outspoken John S. Wilson.

down beat

30 □ DOWN BEAT

clashes with that of the jazz rhythm section. Jackson and Lewis are stiff on *Slits*; *Eyes* is a simple, repetitive bop blues; *Blues* has those augmented blues changes like *Sippin' at Bell's*. *Mood* is pretty, and despite a clanky set, Jackson gets some good ideas across. Pozo is no help, however.

The remaining tracks find Stitt and Jackson in sextet format. Ralph Gleason's notes state that Russell Jacquet and Sir Charles Thompson are trumpeter and pianist, respectively, but it doesn't sound like either of them.

They are definitely not on *Stardust* and *Ratio*. These two titles were issued on the King label as a 78 in 1948. Stitt, because of a contract with another firm, was billed as Lord Nelson. Although the rest of the personnel was unlisted, it was common knowledge on the bebop grapevine that two Detroit musicians, trumpeter Willie Wells and pianist Will Davis, were on these sides.

Since Davis was working in New York with guitarist Kenny Burrell at the time I received this record for review, I asked him to listen to it, to confirm the information and to determine if he and Wells were on any of the other sextet tracks.

He identified *Stardust* and *Ratio*, plus the fact that Henry Glover was the bassist, but couldn't remember what other sides the group made. He did remember running through Charlie Parker's *Steeplechase*, which appears here as *3rd Song* and credited to Stitt. (Another Stitt "original," *Shoes*, appeared on a Savoy recording in the late '40s as *Everything Is Cool* and was credited, then, to trumpeter Fats Navarro and arranger Gil Fuller.)

To these ears, the other piano and trumpet solos don't necessarily sound like Davis or Wells. On *Shoes* the pianist lifts one lick right out of a Bud Powell solo from one of the Savoy sides of that time. On *Song* he does some Erroll Garner-like things.

Jackson really didn't have it together on these recordings, as *Dandy* well illustrates. However, he does show glimpses of the talent that was soon to mature.

The star of the record is Stitt. As Charlie Parker's first and foremost disciple, he had already proved that he had something personal to say in the same vernacular.

Soul, like *Stardust*, is pretty, soulful ballad playing with a strong echo-chamber effect. Stitt's playing is so gorgeous that the unnatural echo does not detract, as one might expect. This same effect gives him a metallic sound on *Shoes* and heightens his bluesy, high-pitched solo on *Be Bop*.

This is not a monumental record, but the passage of time has enhanced its historical importance. Musically, it is worth it for Stitt. (I.G.)

Jimmy McGriff

AT THE ORGAN—Sue 1020: *Kiko*; *Jumpin' at the Woodside*; *All Day Long*; *That's All*; *Hello, Betty*; *Close Your Eyes*; *When You're Smiling*; *Shiny Stockings*.

Personnel: Rudolph Johnson, tenor soprano saxophones; McGriff, organ; Larry Fraizer, guitar; Jimmy Smith, drums.

Rating: ★ ½

Since our country seemingly teems with organ-centered groups, it's a mystery why this one, in particular, should be chosen to record.

McGriff is of the funky, grind-it-out school, although his playing on *That's All* sometimes drips schmaltz.

Johnson's work is vigorous but devoid of originality; he sometimes moves close to the rhythm-and-blues style.

In the small amount of solo space afforded him, Fraizer emerges as the most interesting improviser. He's at his best here on *That's All*, where he takes an economical, forcefully articulated solo. (H.P.)

Quartette Tres Bien

KILIMANJARO—Decca 4548 and 74548: *Kilimanjaro*; *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*; *Secretly*; *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*; *My Favorite Things*; *My One and Only Love*; *Ramblin' Rose*; *You Came a Long Way from St. Louis*.

Personnel: Jeter Thompson, piano; Richard Simmons, bass; Percy James, bongo, conga; Albert St. James, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

The Quartette Tres Bien is one of those glossy, mannered groups in the pattern of Ahmad Jamal and Ramsey Lewis.

Thompson's piano is clean and precise. When he is being kicked along vigorously by the rhythm section, as he is on *Kilimanjaro* and *Things*, the performances have a sense of vitality. But when that kick is missing, all that is left is glassy mannerism, and things get pretty tiresome. (J.S.W.)

Max Roach

THE MANY SIDES OF MAX—Mercury 20911 and 60911: *Prelude*; *Lepa*; *Connie's Bounce*; *A Little Sweet*; *Tympanalli*; *Bemsha Swing*; *There's No You*.

Personnel: Booker Little, trumpet; Julian Priest, trombone; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Art Davis, bass; Roach, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This LP, recorded in 1961, is one of the most satisfying Roach has made since his days with Clifford Brown and Sonny Rollins; each track holds something of interest.

Prelude, a beautiful ballad by Consuela Morehead, is excellently arranged. The late trumpeter Little carries the melody, with Coleman and Priest blowing effectively behind him.

Those who wrote Coleman off as being just another post-bop tenor man may reconsider after hearing his solo—he employs a world of restraint and good taste in playing lovely, well-sustained lines. Priest also improvises well in a manner reminiscent of J. J. Johnson.

Lepa and *Bounce* both have duet sections in which Roach, making intelligent use of space, solos over Davis' extremely springy lines. Coleman builds strongly on *Connie*, but his playing nevertheless retains an air of thoughtfulness. Little and Coleman, booted by Roach's bombs, cook excitingly on *Sweet*.

Tympanalli finds Roach experimenting—unsuccessfully, I feel—with the kettledrum; the rhythm-section sound is muddled. Fortunately, the soloists don't seem disturbed by the rumbling and thunder.

In his spot here and on *Bemsha*, Little exhibits his rich melodic imagination. Toward the end of his career he was breaking away from his Clifford Brown roots, and if he'd had time to develop an individuality comparable to his other gifts, Little might have achieved greatness.

You has another example of Coleman's delicate ballad improvisation as well as heartfelt playing by Little. Davis and Roach provide supple support. (H.P.)

Three Cats And A Fiddle

GENTLE JAZZ—Repeat 150-2: *Summertime; Manhattan; A Sunday Kind of Love; Street of Dreams; Autumn Nocturne; Linger Awhile; Moon-glow; Polka Dots and Moonbeams; She's Funny That Way; I'm in the Mood for Love; I Only Have Eyes for You.*

Personnel: Fred Valdez, piano; Tony Rizzi, guitar; Roland Bundock, bass; John Berry, baritone violoncello.

Rating: ★★

A short jacket note gives a clue to the character of this music:

"Gentle Jazz is an unique expedition into the realm of modern music. It is, in essence, an exposition of familiar standards presented in a rhythmic setting typical of the jazz idiom; yet the music cannot be strictly classified as jazz. Rather, it may be considered an exploratory combination of jazz and popular styles."

Excepting the words "unique" and (especially) "exploratory," the description is accurate. One will discover nothing in these tracks that takes him beyond the trio in the cocktail lounge.

The tunes, all old buddies, receive competent salutes from the quartet. Most of the treatments consist of superficial variations on the melodies, though Bundock and particularly Rizzi display tokens of a goodly jazz talent. Berry's violoncello, an electric violin, is superfluous.

Almost the entire album notes are given to a description of a "direct" recording process, which, apparently, uses no microphones. Says the annotator:

"All musical instruments employed (are) equipped with specially designed transducing systems, which convert the energy of the original sound source into a corresponding electrical signal. The output is then fed directly through the recording mixer and onto the tape."

The result is a supposed "unparalleled" clarity and quality of sound. How "unparalleled" it is I do not know, but undoubtedly the sound on this album is fine. Except for some bass notes that gave the shakes to my needle, the fi was very hi. (D.N.)

Three Sounds

BLACK ORCHID—Blue Note 4155: *Black Orchid; A Foggy Day; For All We Know; Oh Well, Oh Well; At Last; Secret Love; Don't Go, Don't Go; Saucer Eyes.*

Personnel: Gene Harris, piano; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Bill Dowdy, drums.

Rating: ★★

The music on this album is like an empty egg: there is plenty of smooth surface, but underneath it is all hollow. This, apparently, is how the Sounds want it. At least Harris shows no appetite for genuine improvisation; he seems content with painting little ornamental figures on the shell of a tune and letting it go at that.

The songs are, for the most part, familiar and so are the treatments.

Harris rumbles through all of them with a heavy hand, as if he were trying to make himself heard above the palovar of a cocktail lounge. His efforts are no more distinguished, in regard to originality, than the garden-variety supper-club pianist, although his playing is more robust and his style more individual than most.

He does, for example, constantly raid the highest registers for his notes. This incessant tinkling has almost become a hallmark and makes much of his work

wearisome. Too heavy a reliance on one section of the keyboard can unbalance an entire performance. What could be and is a legitimate device to lend color and texture to a rendition becomes in Harris' hands an irritant.

The pianist's management of his two originals—*Oh Well* and *Don't Go*—displays little effort on their behalf. The former is a dreary succession of Gospel-type clichés.

Still, the music here is not bad. It is merely, according to this receiver, largely uncreative and uninteresting. Simpkins, however, turns in a fine job. He is a strong, clean, and imaginative player. The trio would be considerable weaker without him. (D.N.)

Various Artists

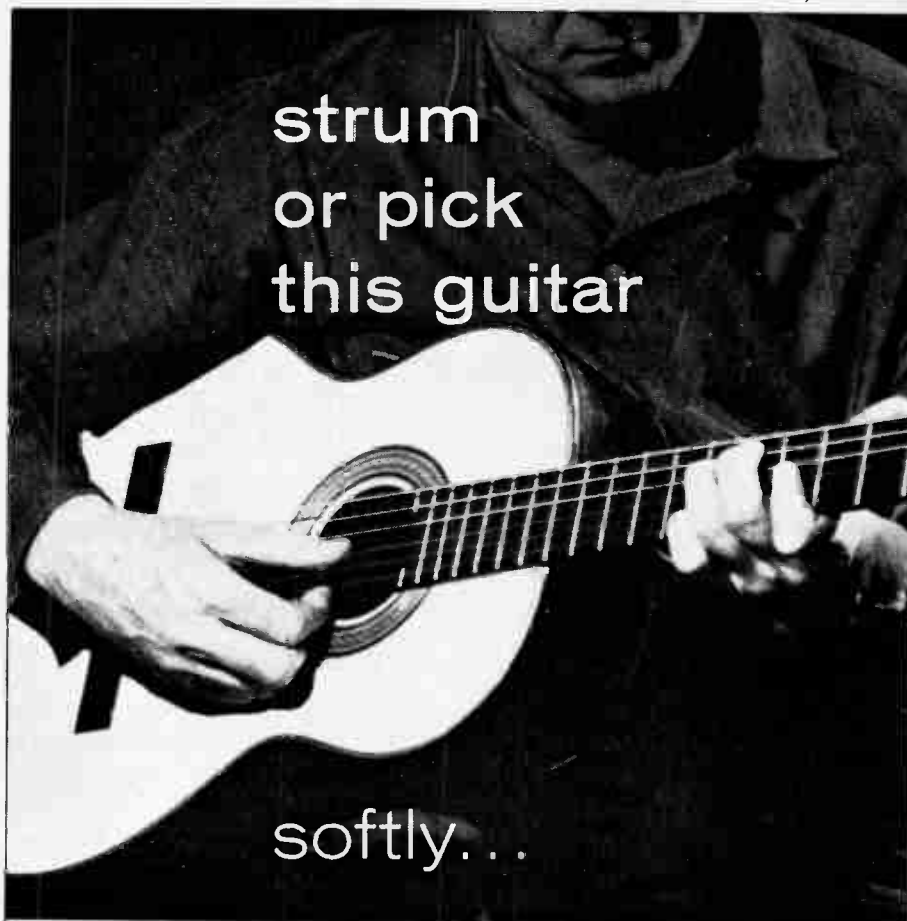
THAT NEWPORT JAZZ—Columbia 2179 and 8979: *Undecided; These Foolish Things; Sweet Georgia Brown; Star Dust; Chasin' at Newport; Rosetta; Just You, Just Me; When Your Lover Has Gone; Lester Leaps In.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-5—Clark Terry, Howard McGhee, trumpets; Coleman Hawkins, Zoot Sims, tenor saxophones; Joe Zawinul, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Roy Haynes, drums. Tracks 6-9—Ruby Braff, trumpet; Al Grey, trombone; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; George Wein, piano; Marshall, bass; Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★★

If I were the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, I'm not sure that I would have wanted this disc released. Not that it's really bad. It simply does not do Wein proper credit as bandleader (the last four tracks) or as festival organizer.

Recorded at the 1963 festival, the album



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is made up of performances that one does not mind sitting through when they are peripheral parts of an over-all program. But relatively little of it is worth preserving. Wein's all-stars are a good group, and Wein, Braff, and Freeman show their true mettle once they get going on *Just You*. Braff is particularly artful and mellow on *Lover*. But the group sounds matter-of-fact in much of its playing; it is not helped by Haynes' busy drumming; and the last selection, *Lester*, is thrown completely out of whack by the intrusion of Grey.

The band on the first five selections, the festival's house band, is an inconsistent group despite its stellar lineup, and it never manages to rise to an occasion together. McGhee is consistently fluent and driving, but Terry, Sims, and Hawkins have their ups and downs.

The only completely satisfying piece is Terry's lyrical solo development of *Star Dust*. Haynes, who is again the drummer, is even busier and more intrusive with this group. (J.S.W.)

Denny Zeitlin

CATHEXIS—Columbia 2182 and 8982: *Repeat; I—Thou; Stonehenge; Soon; Nica's Tempo; Cathexis; 'Round Midnight; Little Children, Don't Go Near That House; Blue Phoenix*.

Personnel: Zeitlin, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Frederick Waits, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★ 1/2

Zeitlin is the 26-year-old part-time jazzman and full-time medical student who revealed himself as a singularly resourceful modern jazz pianist as sideman on Jeremy Steig's *Flute Fever* album. That impression is more than reaffirmed in this set, his first as leader of a challenging and provocative trio.

The pianist has forged a compellingly personal style that is fresh and always interesting, full of fascinating surprises, unexpected but wholly logical twists and turns, all united by a cohesive, fully-realized conception that is very much his own.

Zeitlin moves through the varying demands of this program with a sureness and taste that are born of a nigh-flawless technical mastery that permits him to accomplish whatever he sets out to do (listen to any of the fleet up-tempo passages, the lines perfectly articulated), a sensitive pianistic touch, a strong sense of formal design, a wonderfully developed harmonic sense, an improvisatory eloquence and ease, and a rhythmic resiliency.

Zeitlin might be likened to a more angular Bill Evans: the touch and singing romanticism of their lines are much alike, but Zeitlin's is in the main a much harder, harsher, and harmonically denser approach. His strongest influences would appear to be Evans, Thelonious Monk, Bud Powell, Bartok, and Ravel. They've all been assimilated into one of the most stimulating playing styles in some time.

Allied to Zeitlin's playing is his composing, which bears much the same freshness and originality. In this set there are several notable pieces: the insinuating *Repeat* (which had been recorded earlier by Paul Winter); the charging, explosive *Cathexis*; the lyrical ballad *I—Thou*; and the modal *Stonehenge*. A certain precocity mars both the extended *Blue Phoenix* and *Little Children* (which con-



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tains some sly, and not always effective, passages of what can only be described as Bartokian stride piano); time will surely take care of this. for Zeitlin has evidenced that he is a skillful and knowing editor of his material.

His treatments of jazz and popular standards are as original as his own work. Among these, Gigi Gryce's *Nica's Tempo* is easily the outstanding performance—bristling, vigorous, and shot through with brilliant playing. Monk's much-played *Midnight* is given new impetus in a somber and greatly introspective reading that is of darker color than one usually associates with the piece.

McBee and Waits form a particularly sensitive and helpful rhythm team. Never obtrusive or overbusy, the pair support and amplify Zeitlin and his music excellently.

A pianist who has already accomplished much, Zeitlin on the basis of his stimulating playing and writing here reveals a talent that holds even greater promise for the future. (P.W.)

SONGSKRIT

A COLUMN OF VOCAL ALBUM REVIEWS

By JOHN A. TYNAN

Sarah Vaughan: *Vaughan with Voices* (Mercury 20882)

Rating: ★★★★★

Robert Farnon's writing for full string section (and no rhythm section, incidentally) and his employment of the excellent Svend Saaby Choir in this session recorded in Copenhagen last year provide a backing for Miss Vaughan that is musically miraculous. There is ample reason why his fellow arrangers call Farnon The Guy (that's Cockney for Boss Man), and nearly all of the evidence is here. Certainly, this recording is example par excellence of scoring for a vocalist.

Miss Vaughan, in this frankly commercially oriented selection of old and new songs, is at her contemporary best in the popular genre. Some of the familiar vocal mannerisms may tend to jar; on the other hand, it might be as well to recall that Miss Vaughan originated her own "mannerisms" and left it to others to imitate her style. Still, some of her pronunciations leave something to be desired.

Johnny Hartman: *I Just Dropped By to Say Hello* (Impulse 57)

Rating: ★★★★★

In his album issued previous to this one, singer Hartman utilized the tenor saxophone talent of John Coltrane as the chief horn voice behind and alongside him. This trip the warm-voiced vocalist is accompanied by tenor man Illinois Jacquet (how's that for catholicity?), guitarist Kenny Burrell and Jim Hall, pianist Hank Jones, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Elvin Jones. In both albums the small jazz group

provides the perfect feeling and atmosphere for Hartman's type of singing.

What is the Hartman type of singing? For one thing, it is deep respect for the lyric; for another, an innate sense of jazz control (Mel Tormé has this, too, if more virtuosically expressed). Technically, Hartman is unspectacular but somehow one seeks not technical prowess in his performances but heart. This is not to imply a plea for the technically incompetent—Hartman is not by any means short on technical ability; showing it off is merely irrelevant to his manner of singing.

For all the quiet jazz in this set, it is essentially a ballad showcase for the singer. Included are *Charade*, *In the Wee Small*

Hours of the Morning, *Sleepin' Bee*, *Don't You Know I Care?*, *Kiss and Run*, the title song, *Stairway to the Stars*, *Our Time*, *Don't Call It Love*, *How Sweet It Is to Be in Love*. But behind the ballads both Joneses ply their individual crafts (Elvin a bit disjointedly at times), Jacquet is as deep-toned and mellow as Hartman, the guitarists are discreet, the time is excellent.

One thing is plain, judging by the two Hartman LPs: he is one of the great contemporary crooners. There is something of Herb Jeffries in him, something of Billy Eckstine, something of all the outstanding crooners. Withal, he is still Johnny Hartman—and that's good, jazz-happy news for popular music.



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BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

The Great Jug Bands—Origin Jazz Library OJL-4

The Jug Bands—RF Records 6

The Jug, Jook and Washboard Bands—Blues Classics 2

Rating: See below

If you happened to skip one of your weekly trips to the local record shop a few months ago, you might have missed the jug band revival. It was over that fast. Hard upon the release of, and the attendant ballyhoo for, the several LPs of jug band re-creations by young white city singers (the Jim Kweskin, Dave Van Ronk, and Even Dozen jug bands), two reissue albums of the authentic jug music were released. Now, a third has been added—Chris Strachwitz' excellent survey of jug and washboard band styles on his Blues Classics label.

On these three discs may be found the whole range of stylistic variation in the rough, vigorous jug and spasm bands of the 1920s and '30s, including representative performances by the most significant and creative of the groups. The recordings span the years 1923 or '24 (the exact recording date is not known), when Clifford Hayes' Old Southern Jug Band made its first recordings, to 1938 and the relatively sophisticated stylings of Washboard

Sam, Chicago-based blues singer.

Jug band music itself falls into a category somewhere between jazz and country blues. A rough rule of thumb has city jug groups closer to urban jazz stylings, country groups more closely allied to blues; and the same coincidence by which city blues were recorded earlier (several years earlier, in fact) than were the much older country forms obtains in the case of jug band music too. Before the first of the Memphis jug groups recorded in 1927 (the group that might well be considered the first jug band to record a style of music that was very closely related to country blues), there had been several years of recording by such groups as the various ones violinist Hayes led and which reflected the burgeoning instrumental jazz styles of city life.

The music of the jug bands, as might be gathered from the name itself, was built around the booming bass lines that could be drawn from an earthenware jug by blowing across its mouth. What resulted was a buzzy, deep-throated sound that gave great body to the music generated by the other instruments in the group—most often such simple folk instruments as guitar, banjo, mandolin, fiddle, harmonica, kazoo, washboard, and occasionally piano. Many of the city bands added horns to the rhythm instruments: for example, several recordings by the Dixieland Jug Blowers feature the clarinet of Johnny Dodds (*Hen Party Blues* in the Blues Classics set, and *Carpet Alley* and *House Rent Rag* in the RF album) as well as trombone, piano, alto and soprano saxophones, and the jazz-based guitar and banjo

work of Cal Smith; and it is probably Herb Morand's trumpet heard on Washboard Sam's *Bucket's Got A Hole in It* in the Blues Classics album.

Growing out of the sidewalk spasm bands and novelty blues units (playing music on kitchen utensils, etc.) that were featured in the tent shows that plied the rural South in the early days of this century, the jug bands developed a music that was often heavy-handed and marred by broad humor and exaggerated effects, but the best of the groups produced entertaining, light-hearted, and often intensely moving music, as is well evident in these three albums, which manage to project some of the earthy, good-natured gusto, expressive power, and yeasty, pungent vitality that characterized jug band music at its best.

Applying ratings to archaic music like this is pretty much an academic exercise and serves little purpose. Were I to assign ratings, however, I'd have to grant each five stars, for each is an excellent sampler on its own terms. The Blues Classics is by far the most comprehensive of the three sets, illustrating as it does a wide variety of approaches and techniques, from rough, crude country blues to sophisticated jazz and city blues styles. The RF set likewise shows a fairly broad range of jug band approaches but concentrates on a number of the leading style-setters. The Origin set delineates almost exclusively the country traditions and does an admirable job of demonstrating just how rich and varied was this particular segment of a curious and happy, though short-lived, development in American folk music.

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BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

A contemporary of Dizzy Gillespie, Howard McGhee has left an indelible mark on the story of modern jazz as it developed in the 1940s. He was the first important post-swing-style (i.e., bebop) trumpeter after Gillespie himself. Most of his important contributions in those days were made as a member of various big bands—Lionel Hampton's, Andy Kirk's, Charlie Barnett's, Georgie Auld's, and, briefly, Count Basie's.

In the mid-1940s McGhee eased gradually into the combo scene, working with Coleman Hawkins, the Jazz at the Philharmonic tours, and Oscar Pettiford. He then fell into a decline that kept him in almost total obscurity through the 1950s, despite the fact that in 1949 he had won first place in the trumpet category of the *Down Beat* Readers Poll.

Lately, McGhee has enjoyed a long-deserved resurgence, touring Japan with the four-drummers unit a few months ago, gigging with Philly Joe Jones in Los Angeles and various groups in New York, and recording his own LPs for United Artists.

This was his first *Blindfold Test*, and he received no information about the records before they were played.

HOWARD MCGHEE



RICHARD SCHAEFER

THE RECORDS

1. Art Blakey. *El Toro* (from *Freedom Rider*, Blue Note). Lee Morgan, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Blakey, drums.

I know that was Art Blakey. I like the record very much. . . . I always do like his rhythm. He always has a good swinging rhythm selection going on. Wayne Shorter—I know that he can play, but he doesn't move me too much. Good to hear Lee Morgan back on the scene. Now, the piano player, I know him when I see him, but I can't think of his name! I like the way he plays.

So, all in all, I like the record; I'd probably say three stars.

2. Miles Davis-Gil Evans. *Wait Till You See Her* (from *Quiet Nights*, Columbia). Davis, trumpet; Richard Rodgers, composer; Evans, arranger.

You know I know that was Miles. I think he played good on this track, but I like him better when he's swinging more. Guess that's age creeping up on me.

I think the engineers did a wonderful job of recording it. The composition didn't move me too much, but I'd say that was Gil's writing, and he does a wonderful job of orchestration.

Like I said, I like Miles better when he's swinging or, as Philly Joe says, when he's laughing—*blidldldld!* Although I liked *Miles Ahead*, I thought this was nice. So, for Gil, and Miles, and the engineer, four stars.

3. Dizzy Gillespie and the Double Six of Paris. *Owl* (Philips). Gillespie, trumpet; Double Six, vocals.

If Dizzy wasn't on this record, I wouldn't give it anything. But, being as it's him playing the trumpet, and really playing it, I will give it two stars. I don't particularly care for the arrangement.

I like the idea of voices, but I don't like the way they were used there. Dizzy's playing a lot of trumpet, but he doesn't seem to be inspired like he can be, for some reason. I don't know who the voices are,

but I'm not really interested.

4. Count Basie. *South of the Border* (from *More Hits of the '50s and '60s*, Verve). Don Rader, trumpet; Eric Dixon, tenor saxophone; Basie, piano; Billy Byers, arranger.

That was Count Basie—that much we know. I like the arrangement of that particular song—*You're Drivin' Me Crazy*. No? Sounds like it. . . . I liked the voicings of it, and I liked the tenor player.

A nice swinging record—three stars. Don't know who arranged it, sounds something like Ernie Wilkins, but then again it could be Frank Foster or somebody else.

Basie, now, I just go along with the rhythm; I never listen to him much. I know he had the melody line, so I wasn't paying much attention to it. Sounds like a recent band. . . . The trumpet player wasn't Thad Jones or Joe Newman, so I know it's recent, some replacement. It sounded very uninspired, and the last solo was just a typical Basie going-out thing, a Joe Newman-style solo. But the tenor was very nice.

5. Duke Ellington-Coleman Hawkins. *Self-Portrait (Of the Bean)* (from *Ellington Meets Hawkins*, Impulse). Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Ellington, piano; Billy Strayhorn, composer.

Five stars! With the combination of Ellington and Hawkins, what can you say, man? I thought it was wonderful. First time I've heard it. I thought Hawk played beautiful, and Duke did those little things that just fit right in, I don't know how he's so talented! I thought the tune was very pretty. I liked the arrangement too.

I don't have any idea who wrote it or arranged it; there are so many writers and arrangers around now I can hardly distinguish one from the other. Duke, now, I can generally tell; this might have been Duke's tune, but I doubt it, because it didn't have the characteristic reed and brass voices I always associate with him. But I liked it very much, deserves five stars anyway.

I want to say I think Hawk's playing very good for a man his age, and he's older than baseball!

6. Duke Ellington-Louis Armstrong. *Duke's Piece* (from *Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington, Roulette*). Armstrong, trumpet, vocal; Trummy Young, trombone; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Ellington, piano.

This record didn't move me the way I think it should have, knowing the talent that's on it. The only thing I really liked was Louis and Trummy Young. I don't know who the clarinet was.

Whole thing wasn't quite right, tempo a wee bit slow, or something; but I always love Louis, and I love the way he sings—his latest record, that *Hello, Dolly*, I think he does a wonderful job on that; but this one, I would just give it three stars for, you know, just for Trummy and Louis.

7. Oliver Nelson. *Butch and Butch* (from *The Blues and the Abstract Truth*, Impulse). Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Nelson, tenor saxophone, composer; Bill Evans, piano.

You don't want me to talk about that one, do you? It just doesn't do anything to me. Composition-wise, harmonically-wise, rhythmically-wise, it doesn't say a thing. I don't know who it was . . . the introduction was nice, but after that, the ensemble sounded kind of sloppy. The tenor I didn't care for too much, but the trumpet was a little better, and the piano player was much nicer. So all in all, one star.

8. Woody Herman. *After You've Gone* (from *Herman, 1964*, Philips). Paul Fontaine, trumpet; Sal Nistico, tenor saxophone; Bill Holman, arranger.

I like the idea that the arranger had on this particular old standard, and I liked the band. I think the tenor player plays very good. I would give the arranger four stars by himself.

Woody's got a good band, you know? I heard them up in Portland. The trumpet section is wonderful. They've got a lot of fire, lot of brilliance . . . and they take care of business. I don't know whether that was Bill Chase on the trumpet solo . . . didn't seem like he quite got into it, but he was playing. I liked the whole idea.

45



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SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

I have been reading the galleys of *Music on My Mind: The Memoirs of an American Pianist* written by Willie (The Lion) Smith with the aid of George Hoefer. Doubleday will publish the chronicle of The Lion on Aug. 7, and I'll have more to say about the book in a subsequent column. While savoring it, however, a series of jazz-book ideas occurred to me.

It should be forenoted that publishers in general are not eagerly looking for jazz manuscripts because jazz books in the last decade have—with a few exceptions—not sold well. Nonetheless, if a book is so conceived that it will interest more readers than the hard-core jazz partisans alone, it does have a chance of acceptance.

One area of considerable promise is the jazz autobiography. If the jazzman is himself vivid enough in character and perceptive enough in his insights, such an autobiography can conceivably attract those whose interest in jazz itself is at best peripheral.

I have seen, for example, transcripts of interviews with Miles Davis that indicate that a long series of tape recordings, sensitively edited, could result in a forceful, provocative view of life in the United States that would encompass not only the odyssey of a major jazzman from the beginnings of modern jazz to the present ferment but would also have trenchant things to say about race relations, raising children, how to make it economically without being caught in the quicksand of the middle class, and how to find and retain a vigorous sense of one's own identity.

Another field in which certain kinds of jazzmen can be particularly effective is social history.

As an unusually mobile citizen, the jazz musician, as Duke Ellington has told me often, is in a position to see a great deal more of the multiple microcosms of U.S. life than most of his contemporaries. Ellington himself—again through taping—could provide an absorbing social history of jazz during the last 40 years, changes in the places in which jazz has been played, in its audiences, in its economics, in the attitudes of Negroes of various classes to jazz, in Ellington's own evolving conception of his role. Here again, such an approach would tell more about U.S. life than just the subhistory of jazz.

In this same vein, not enough has been done to explore Negro life in the North, especially in its eastern part, in the early years of this century.

What has been written—The Lion's book, the late Tom Davin's conversa-


tions with James P. Johnson, *They All Played Ragtime* by Rudi Blesh and the late Harriet Janis, and a *Jazz Review* series I did with Garvin Bushell—indicate the existence of an unusually rich vein of historical material that goes well beyond jazz.

For this kind of project, it might be well to tape such persistently alert musicians as Bushell, Benny Carter, Russell Procope, Rex Stewart, Teddy Hill, and Sonny Greer. There are scores more. The form of the book would be roughly similar to *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya*, but the emphasis would be on ways of life off the bandstand—the nature of varying neighborhoods, the kinds of employment opportunities, the early acculturation of southern Negroes in the big cities, the vastly different ambiance of night life and night clubs then as contrasted with now.

There are, furthermore, two musicians who already have written many manuscripts that reveal the texture of urban life as the jazzman has seen it. It is remarkable that no publisher has yet collated the work of Danny Barker. His sketches of his early years in New Orleans and later travels around the country are both wittily entertaining and are also fascinating slices of social observation by a man of acute intelligence with a capacity to fasten on relevant details that most sociologists ought to envy.

The other musician-writer is Charles Mingus. I have read more than a thousand pages of his manuscript of *Beneath the Underdog*. It's a volcanic autobiography that has at least the same degree of power as Richard Wright's *Black Boy* and James Baldwin's *Go Tell It on the Mountain* while encompassing a markedly broader range of experience than either of those books. One major New York publisher shied from it after having contracted for the book. It is a conservative house, and the sexual passages were too explicit for a member of its hierarchy. However, there are publishers—Grove Press comes first to mind—that do not balk at meaningful sexual candor, and it is inexplicable to me that they have so far not seen the possibilities of *Beneath the Underdog*.

Obviously, jazz is both a way of life and a way of looking at life, and it is these elements of the jazz experience that have been insufficiently recorded in print.

A reader who is utterly alien to the difference between Luckey Roberts and Bud Powell will nonetheless find The Lion's *Music on My Mind* a compelling document. There are many more such potential books on the lives of jazzmen. All that is required are aware writers, patience, and, of course, a moderately imaginative publisher. 

CAUGHT from page 17

form), and *Stealin' Apples*, featuring the leader's fluent clarinet. A very musical set.

Veteran New Orleans clarinetist Tony Parenti presided over the next gathering, which included Pee Wee Erwin, trumpet; Harry DiVito, trombone; Buddy Blacklock, piano; Vinnie Burke, bass; and the star of the set, Zutty Singleton, drums. *Tin Roof Blues* had some fine preaching by DiVito, a very strong trombonist, and on *Clarinet Marmalade* Parenti and Singleton featured a *Sing, Sing, Sing* routine on which they and the audience had a ball.

Next came one of the highlights of the night. Woody Herman and his entire band, all attired in short-sleeved shirts and without ties, somehow managed to find room for themselves and their music on the stand (the music on the floor), and when they roared into *The Preacher*, it was apparent that the informality of the setting, the closeness to the audience, and the circumstances in general were inspiring to the men.

Neither at the Metropole nor at their Town Hall concert this spring nor on records have I ever heard the band swing like they did on *After You've Gone*, *Better Git It in Your Soul*, *Woodchopper's Ball* ("for my early American friend," quipped Herman in response to a request), *Days of Wine and Roses*, and a hair-raisingly fast *Caldonia*. Everybody wailed, and there were solos galore. Trombonist Henry Southall was especially exciting, and the rhythm section worked up a fine lather. Needless to say, the Herd broke it up.

It would have been difficult for a musical attraction to follow this onslaught of sound and swing, so comedian Henny Youngman took over. Then came clarinetist Sol Yaged in his familiar Benny Goodman Sextet format, with vibist Harry Shephard (a swinger), bassist Frank Skeete, drummer Mickey Sheen and, at the piano, the man responsible for the whole thing, Marty Napoleon. It was like old times at the Metropole as the group did *Poor Butterfly* and a long *St. Louis Blues*. Singer Kay Armen followed with some histrionics, and then came the night's second climax.

It isn't often that one gets a chance to hear Erroll Garner in a jam-session setting, and this was an auspicious one, with tenorist Ben Webster, trumpeter Jimmy Nottingham, bassist Milt Hinton, clarinetist Eddie Barefield, drummer Panama Francis, and Hal Singer on second tenor.

This was a high-powered gathering, and for an opener they roared through *Sunday* with the rhythm section cooking and Webster especially warm. The tempo settled down for *Star Dust*, with a marvelously singing solo from Webster and gorgeous Garner. The Garner talent for accompanying horn men was much in evidence, as was his rhythmic thrust. Suddenly, the weak old upright sounded like a grand piano. On the rousing *Perdido*, Nottingham showed fine conception as well as the expected iron chops, and Singer paid Webster the ultimate compliment, beginning his solo with Ben's chorus from the Ellington record.

It was on *C Jam Blues* that Garner really pulled out the stops, charging into

a string of up-tempo blues choruses full of invention, wit, and brilliant pianistics, including a chorus of exhilarating stride in the best Waller tradition. Aside from its other virtues (including sterling work from Hinton and Francis) this set was a pointed reminder to those who tend to take Garner for granted.

Again a comedian stepped into the breach. This time, it was the hip and entertaining Larry Storch. Then singer Teddi King, a diminutive girl with a nice, easygoing style, sang three numbers, including a bouncy *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*, backed by a group including trumpeter Johnny Glasel and tenorist Eddie Wasserman. These two horn men stayed on to swing through *Broadway* and *I'll Remember April* in a bright and peppy mood.

Trumpeter Ruby Braff was at the helm of the next contingent, which brought back trombonist DiVito and drummer Drootin and also included clarinetist Phil Olivella, pianist Dick Katz, tenor man John Murtaugh, and bassist Dante Martucci. Braff's big-toned, relaxed horn and Katz' crisp piano stood out on *Struttin' with Some Barbecue* and *Three Little Words*.

With recent arrivals Duke Ellington and Dizzy Gillespie in the house, the next set could have become another show stopper, but it was not to be. The two giants were joined by drummer Jackie Williams and bassist Billy Cronk, who were a more than adequate rhythm team—and tenor man Big Nick Nicholas. Ellington set a relaxed tempo on his own *C Jam Blues*, and things started off well enough with a long, Lester-

ish solo from Nicholas, which was followed by some sparkling trumpet from Gillespie (playing a borrowed horn). During his solo, Shorty Allen (who had unsuccessfully attempted to sit in with Garner & Co.) came to the stand and began to noodle on the vibes. To make matters worse, Nicholas decided to sing a scat vocal. With Allen continuing his unwellcome "backing" behind an Ellington piano solo, the number soon fizzled out in lackluster fashion. Ellington and Gillespie retained their good humor in spite of it all but wasted no time getting off the stand.

The rest was relative anticlimax, but there was still time for some nice tenor from Leroy Parkins and then some happily romping piano from Marty Napoleon in company with clarinetist Artie Baker, vibist Joe Roland, drummer Feld, bassist Pete Compo, flugelhornist John Monte, guitarist Tommy Lucas and the excellent tenor man Carmen Leggio, who got into a mellow Lester Young groove on *Sweet Georgia Brown*.

The benefit came to an end shortly before 2 a.m. with Tony Bennett's being prevailed upon to sing *The Good Life* and, of course, *San Francisco*. The singer proved, in spite of uncertain backing, that he is one of the most vital performers in his field today, one who doesn't need slick engineering to deliver his message. Tired but justly proud, Marty Napoleon thanked one and all and said goodnight. It was a night to remember . . . yet another ironic reminder that some of the happiest moments in jazz can be occasioned by someone's misfortune. —Dan Morgenstern

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JAZZ BASICS *from page 26*

bass. The most moving performance by all concerned is the mournful *Lorraine*, written by Coleman in memory of Lorraine Geller.

Coltrane's quartet, with Dolphy sitting in for one number, was recorded live at New York's Village Vanguard in November, 1961, and the resulting album is available on Impulse 10. One complete side is taken up with a 16-minute excursion into blues à la Coltrane—*Chasin' the Trane*.


Dolphy's first album under his own name, *Outward Bound* (New Jazz 8236), contains some of his strongest work. His sidemen are trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, pianist Jaki Byard, bassist George Tucker, and drummer Roy Haynes. Dolphy is quite moving in all his solos, whether they be on alto saxophone, flute, or bass clarinet; but his bass clarinet work is the most ear-catching. The others play quite well, especially the underrated Byard.

New Ideas (New Jazz 8257) by Don Ellis displays the trumpeter's multifaceted approach to jazz. One track, *Despair to Hope*, is an improvised duet by Ellis and vibraharpist Al Francis in which they indulge in various productions of sound, following chance factors and the John Cage principle of indeterminacy.

George Russell's *Jazz in the Space Age* (Decca 9219) allows the composer to write for more men than his sextet. The Russell approach is as stimulating in a large-group setting as in a small one. Pianists Bill Evans and Paul Bley get off intriguing duets on the three-part *Chromatic Universe*.

Cecil Taylor's piano is better displayed on *Looking Ahead!* (Contemporary 3562) than on the record cited. The album's tunes are *Luyah! The Glorious Step; African Violets; Of What?; Wallering; Toll; Excursion on Wobbly Rail*.

Altoist Jimmy Woods is a young Los Angeles resident whose alto saxophone has been producing some of the most provocative music heard on the West Coast in some time. His first album *Awakening!* (Contemporary 3605), shows the influence Coltrane and Coleman have had on him.

A jazz musician who has taken to atonality wholeheartedly is clarinetist Jimmy Giuffrè. His concept of atonal jazz is exceptionally stimulating on *Free Fall* (Columbia 1964). The performances include several unaccompanied, improvised clarinet solos, two clarinet-bass duets, and three trio tracks. Giuffrè's confreres are pianist Bley and bassist Steve Swallow. 

PEPPER *from page 19*

new way. How, Pepper was asked, does this group concept affect jazz as we have known it?

"It's complete freedom," he replied easily. "Like, instead of the bass player just playing 4/4 and running through the changes, he's listening to what's going on. It's so advanced technically, and his approach to his playing is altogether different than bass players used to play. Instead of just playing the time, he's still playing the time but is adding little figures, little rhythmical things that add to what the horn player is doing. The drummer is doing the same thing. And the piano player has to play altogether differently too. Instead of playing the changes, he's got to listen to what's happening with the whole group and maybe play just one or two little notes now and then or just some type of little pattern, maybe a repetitious little figure over and over again."

"It's really difficult," Pepper added. "You really have to listen and think. But it's very rewarding when it happens."

How often does it "happen" for a contemporary audience? How much is affectation and pretense and fad-following? Moreover, when it "happens" with the musician onstand, when the player is truly making it, how does the audience know?

Pepper seemingly is untroubled by the possibility of problems in this area.

"You're trying to relate yourself to the audience much more than before," he said. "When the audience hears a group now, they should really be able to feel the person that's playing—completely—if that person is making it."

And how does the audience know if he's making it?

"It should be obvious," Pepper replied. "If something is good, I still believe that people will know it's good, that it's right; and they'll have a feeling for it. If they don't feel it, then something must be wrong with the playing."

Of audiences, he said he doesn't feel they are allowing themselves freedom and insists that they must.

"They have to be free, too," he said, "the same as the musicians. They have to come in and listen freely with open minds and listen to have an emotional experience—whether it's pretty or whatever it might be."

But Pepper is not autocratic on the subject. Nor does he play completely for himself on the premise that his own self-expression is the only element that counts.

"I'd like to have the audience like the playing too," he said. "You just have to try to meet them halfway at a certain point. That's why I'm playing standards. But I'm playing them differently, opening them up a little bit and injecting a little more into them."


RETURNING TO THE INNARDS of his approach to his instrument, Pepper commented on the contrast between today's jazzman and the attitude fostered by traditional teaching and training methods and philosophies.

"Everything is changed," he said with perhaps a touch of awe. "The way you play a chord is changed. The whole thing is changed. The way I would run a certain series of changes or think about them or look at them or approach them before, I don't approach them the same way anymore. Because I just got tired of the way I was approaching them. I didn't like it."

"I feel that if I'm going to be a jazz musician, I have to do what I feel. I can't see doing anything just to be doing something. When I feel that I'm changing or trying to do something new, and actually don't feel it inside, then it's useless. I think that a lot of people get lost sometimes because they are trying to express themselves and trying to be free. That's something that's very, very difficult to do. Sometimes you feel in that mood and can make it. At other times you don't. I believe the reason that some guys play real long choruses now, like Coltrane, is because they're searching."

To Pepper, the search is more than restlessness, albeit artistic—it is integral to his existence as a musician. As he views it, when a musician gets on the stand and plays something he knows he can do excellently because he's done it many times before, he is proving nothing. The musician is wasting his time and that of the audience, Pepper said. The altoist said that, for him, the essence of creation is the search and the striving and that there is almost a mystique attached to a musician reaching his "thing" in a moment of supreme creation and the listeners instinctively knowing, and grasping, what is happening. Pepper said he is confident such revelation exists.

His final comment was a plea in behalf of all the strivers and explorers, the "freedom" blowers, the new-things, the expressionists, the avant-gardists, call them what you will.

"If the people," Pepper mused, "would just come into a club and sit down and just listen. Just *listen*." 

INNER EAR

By BILL MATHIEU

A student recently asked me, "Since the newest jazz doesn't have chord changes, why learn them?"

The question is frustrating. If you know the answer, the answer is obvious. But to explain fully the nature of tonal harmony—and its consequences in the evolution of a tonal music—is not easy. In fact, it is impossible.

Very little that is truly musical can be taught. Musical understanding is gained by direct experience, by trial and error, by immersion in musical activity. Some "facts" can be stated, it is true, but the only real musical "facts" are compositions and performances. The only way to learn them is to listen until they are completely heard.

In tonal harmony lies the most confusing learning paradox. It seems as though there is an objective set of rules that exists outside of music power—one need only learn these rules and the tonal aspects of music will be understood. Alas, this is not so.

So far as I know there is no book that systematically explains tonality as it was understood by Bach (or Bird) in such a way that a beginner can start at the beginning and finish enlightened at the end, though there are several good books that effectively treat broad areas of the subject. Possibly no such book can be written. Tonal harmony is not an objective fact but a direct experience.

But there is something that can be taught: the most effective method for experiencing tonal harmony so that the student can make the most from what he hears and can relate it all to its historical place. Other than that, the student has to soak up the truth unaided.

Jazz students are usually taught that there are a few basic types of chords and that each chord has its appropriate scale. This approach is misleading, sometimes even wrong. Harmony is not a *series* of things to be viewed separately, but the *relation between* things. The student ought never look at the thing without the relation.

Instead of starting with types of chords, it is more useful to begin with the relationships that bind the 12 major scales into the circle of fourths. The first of these relationships to be discovered is this: each new scale in the circle differs from the one preceding it by *one* crucial tone. The remaining six tones of each scale are shared in common. This must be *heard* as well as understood. It is amazing how many musicians have never really assimilated this basic musical condition. Other relationships of a similar, but less direct,

nature come next. It must be stressed always that it is the *relationship between scales* that gives tonal harmony its musical coherence.

For the jazz musician, the next step is the discovery of all the chords possible within a given major key, without any chromatic alterations. Following this, the chords of two closely related keys (C and F for instance) should be examined to see how the differences can effect movement back and forth from one scale to the other. The student, if he is hearing, will begin to develop a sense of what is meant by moving from one tonal area to another. It is at this point that scales (used for improvising) can be introduced, not as occurring over individual chords, but over combinations of chords which define tonal areas. "D min7" as an objective event *has* no proper scale. The appropriate scale is determined by where D min7 occurs, by what function it serves. In harmony, everything is context.

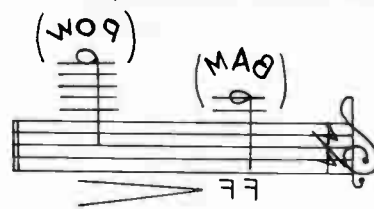
The above explanation is an oversimplification of a complex subject. I went through it to point out that the standard jazz approach, which treats chords as static events, misses the point. Tonal harmony should be learned by studying the relation between tonal areas, not by studying isolated chords. The difficulty is that the nature of these relations must be experienced through the ear, over and over again, until they have become internal.

The question of teaching tonal harmony is especially appropriate today, since jazz is at the point where the structure of Bach's harmony (or Bird's—same difference, essentially) is on the verge of being abandoned. The young jazz musicians now in high school listen to the newest music, and to them it sounds like complete, spontaneous harmonic freedom. This is not true, of course. The danger for the young musician lies in avoiding the difficult task of learning tonal harmony. He won't have to know it as well as its greatest practitioners know it, just as Schoenberg did not have to master the sonata form as well as Beethoven. But the future-minded young musicians have to know tonal harmony well enough to understand how atonality has evolved from it. And that means knowing it pretty well.

A thing cannot be known well unless its opposite is known well also. Atonality as we have come to know it is not meaningful unless the tradition of tonality, which was its breeding-ground, has also been experienced.

This point of view is not universally shared. But real contributors invariably advance their art by enlarging their tradition, not by turning away from it.

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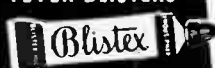
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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

In the June-July issue of the *Music Educators Journal*, the official organ of the Music Educators National Conference and the most prestigious music-education publication in the United States, there appeared an article by a former New York instrumental teacher, Harry Allen Feldman, that was both alarming and insulting.

The article, *Jazz: A Place in Music Education?*, was alarming because the appearance of such a violent attack on the teaching of jazz in such an important journal tends to lend prestige to the position of the author.

In all fairness it should be mentioned that the editors of the magazine call attention to a very favorable review in the same issue of a demonstration by Billy Taylor at their recent national convention.

It is also alarming because it indicates that there are still many enemies of jazz education on the educational scene.

The article was insulting because of the vindictive statements and some of the misconstructions. The author speaks of the teaching of jazz as a "surrender to the meretricious" and again of the trend toward "meretricious music in the schools."

Webster's dictionary defines meretricious as "pertaining to prostitutes; lustful; alluring by false show; tawdry." These are pretty strong and insulting words to characterize the efforts and work of thousands of music teachers in this country.

The author assumes that the basic reason for stage-band instruction is the desire to give the students what they want or to provide entertainment. He refers to the teaching of jazz as an "attempt to conform to the presumed tastes and interests of the majority of adolescents," which has diluted and neglected solid musical training.

The author further indicates his lack of knowledge of the content of a good jazz-lab program when he refers to the "trite and transient" music performed. He states that the guiding principle of jazz performance is one in which "quality is valued in inverse ratio." Thus he implies that the teaching of jazz will negate all the basic and good principles of music.

He writes, "Training a boy to blow a horn no longer insures that he will not blow a safe. It may well blow him into

delinquency, for who can deny the close association between jazz and delinquency?" To back this argument he cites the riots at Newport, R.I., and Beulieu, England, as instances of jazz causing delinquency. Two manifest non sequiturs at best.

As bad as it is to promote jazz on the secondary level, even worse is the crime of those who attempt to teach jazz in the colleges, Feldman indicates. He compares the teaching of classical music—with its precision, beauty, and organization—in one room with the ugly sounds coming from the jazz students next door. He bolsters his position with quotations from critic Whitney Balliett and Syracuse University Prof. Ernest Bacon.

He attacks Leonard Bernstein, "whose articulate and authoritative voice, buttressed by the prestige of his position, has given enormous impetus and oral support to this trend," and seems to impune Bernstein's artistic integrity.

No experienced jazz teacher will take these articles seriously, but unfortunately there are many music teachers who will.

When will these people learn what is the content of a bona fide course of jazz studies? When will they realize that a good jazz program must be as well organized as a good classical program? When will they come to make the distinction between popular music and jazz? The saddest thing is that editors will continue to publish their materials, and the misconceptions will continue.

One final quotation will show how unknowledgeable about jazz—and perhaps music education in general—Feldman is:

"How much more educationally sound, effective, and respect-worthy it would be if a work such as John Philip Sousa's *Semper Fidelis* were used to illustrate basic music concepts in the classroom. In this march . . . there are to be found clear and excellent examples of rhythm, form, melody, harmony, dynamics, illustrative instrumental solos, single counterpoint, and double counterpoint, all introduced in good taste. And what music is so transparent, attractive, easy to listen to, and so purely American?"

The music educator's job should include more than just teaching jazz. He must constantly strive for better programs. He must read these attacks carefully and examine his programs in light of their arguments. There is, of course, always room for improvement, and they may indicate areas in which we are defective. He should and must also enlighten well-meaning co-workers and strive to improve the atmosphere in which educational jazz can grow. **db**

AD LIB from page 8

evening throughout July and August on the roof of the Hotel Westover on W. 72nd St., the series began with the groups of alto saxophonist **Bobby Brown** on July 8, and trombonist **Benny Powell** on July 15. The lineup for subsequent Wednesdays includes tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin**, alto saxophonist **Gary Bartz**, trombonist **Grachan Moncur III**, tenorist **Roland Alexander**, altoist **Clarence Sharpe**, and tenorist **Hank Mobley**. The program director is **Jim Harrison** . . . Mobley and drummer **Charlie Persip's** quintet appeared recently at the Nu-Art Studio at 20 Spruce St. in a Sunday session. Among the guest stars was trumpeter **Kenny Dorham**, who had his own group at Count Basie's in June.

Macco's (formerly the Jazz Gallery) on St. Mark's Place in the Village is now open seven mornings a week from midnight to 7 a.m. for sessions. Tenor man **Archie Shepp's** group has been there on weekends.

SIDEMEN SWITCHES: Trombonist **Willie Dennis** was added to **Skitch Henderson's** orchestra on NBC-TV's *Tonight Show* . . . After 12 years, **Jack Sterling's** early-morning show on CBS radio is dropping its quintet. The musicians affected are

guitarist **Mary Osborne**, trombonist-vibraharpist **Tyree Glenn**, clarinetist **Andy Fitzgerald**, pianist **Tony Aless**, and bassist **Buddy Jones**. The live music will now be supplied by the CBS staff orchestra.

RECORD NOTES: Columbia has announced the signing of **Orchestra U.S.A.** and organist-singer **Joe Mooney**. Mooney's first release is already available. The orchestra's first album will be out in the fall; it will be co-produced by Columbia's **Teo Macero** and the orchestra's manager, **George Avakian**.

Roy Haynes signed exclusively with Pacific Jazz during his recent engagements at Shelly's Manne-Hole and the It Club in Los Angeles.

PARIS

Dexter Gordon has made a second Paris album for Blue Note. The tenorist used trumpeter **Donald Byrd**, drummer **Arthur Taylor**, pianist **Kenny Drew**, and bassist **Niels Henning Orsted-Peterson**. The bassist flew from Copenhagen for the date. He is part of Gordon's regular group at the Montmartre in Copenhagen . . . Also in town is reed man **Eric Dolphy**, working at the Chat Qui Peche with Byrd and making preparations for a Philips album. Byrd was

booked to play July at Ronnie Scott's Club in London.

Charles Delaunay, editor of France's *Jazz Hot*, is readying a two-album set of hitherto unreleased **Django Reinhardt** material . . . Tenorist **Sonny Stitt** flew in from London for a one-month engagement at the Blue Note . . . Tenor saxophonist **Johnny Griffin** and **Arthur Taylor** flew to Oslo for a week at the Metropole. Earlier, they had appeared together with bassist **Albi Cullaz** at the Workshop of Free Expression at the Paris American Artists Center.

DENMARK

The Danish State Radio has bought a new jazz ballet, *Girl's Shoes*, for which **Sahib Shihab** composed the music. The television department has asked Swedish choreographer **Birgit Cullberg** to stage the ballet, set for fall showing . . . Tenorist **Dexter Gordon**, who has become a fixture in Copenhagen, dug in for a three-month gig at the Montmartre Jazz House, and business picked up smartly. Gordon is set for several European jazz festivals this summer . . . Montmartre's owner, **Herluf Kamp Larsen**, arranged Copenhagen's biggest jazz event as a benefit for ailing pianist **Bud Powell**, who is suffering from tuberculosis in a Paris sanitarium. Among the jam-session par-

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ticipants were pianist **Kenny Drew**, drummer **Art Taylor**, and tenorist **Johnny Griffin**, the latter two passing through town on their way to Oslo.

Woody Herman and his umpteenth herd interrupted their tour of the Swedish folk parks to do a one-night stand in Copenhagen's famous Tivoli Amusement Garden . . . Singer **Mel Torme** followed **Miriam Makeba** in Tivoli's Glass Hall . . . Old-time New Orleans clarinetist **Albert Nicholas** is living temporarily in Denmark.

USSR

With the opening of the Blue Nights youth cafe, the city of Leningrad has two clubs that present jazz regularly. Featured there is a group with **Roman Kunsman**, alto saxophone; **Arkady Mamches**, piano; **Mirkin**, bass; and **Valery Myssovsky**, drums. The group plays modern jazz in the neo-bop tradition, and sometimes guest artists make appearances. The other club, the Rovesnik, features a Dixieland band called the **St. Petersburg Stompers**. Several other youth cafes feature jazz irregularly . . . The **Nicolay Gromin Quintet** has been playing regularly at one of the few clubs in Moscow.

CENTRAL EUROPE

Negotiations for the appearance of an American jazz artist or combo at the first international jazz festival in Prague, Czechoslovakia, in October have been made. It would be the first time since 1948 that an American band has played in that country . . . The trio of young **Jan Hammer** was the featured attraction at the Vienna, Austria, amateur jazz festival and also gave some concerts in East Germany and one in West Berlin. While in Berlin the trio had the occasion to hear the **Art Farmer Quartet** in the Blue Note and during the intermission was asked to perform. After a few bars, Farmer returned to the stage, and to the surprise and joy of the boys, he played with the trio.

The **Albert Mangelsdorff** quintet's recording, *Tension*, won the German Jazz Federation's award as best record of the year. Other recordings winning awards were those by **Bill Evans**, **John Coltrane**, **Miles Davis**, **Benny Goodman**, **Woody Herman**, **Gerald Wilson**, **Charlie Mingus**, **Thelonious Monk**, **Jeanne Lee** and **Ran Blake**, and **Lightnin' Hopkins**.

Because of a last-minute cancellation, the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, with guitarist **Laurindo Almeida**, did not appear in Poland as originally planned. Local interest in the visit had been enormous, and a full-scale publicity campaign was in full swing. The MJQ's latest release, *The Sheriff*, has a jacket designed by Polish artist **Stanislaw Zagorski** of War-

saw. **Zagorski** has been visiting the United States . . . West German jazz critic **Joachim Berendt** recently finished shooting a film, *Jazz in Poland*, in Warsaw. The film is to be exhibited by television networks in several countries, including the United States . . . After successful appearances at the jazz festival in Bologna, Italy, and at Frankfurt am Main, Germany, Poland's **Zbigniew Niamyslowski Quartet** is preparing for appearances at the Comblain la Tour, Belgium, festival, and at an international festival in West Berlin.

PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia's rapidly disintegrating jazz scene suffered another jolt with the closing of the Showboat, scheduled for July 4 after engagements by pianist **Wynton Kelly**, trumpeter **Miles Davis**, and singer **Betty Carter**. Owner **Herb Kellar**, at the helm of the cellar jazz-room for 14 years, cited the increasing salaries for performers as the main reason. This leaves **Pep's** as the only Philadelphia-area room featuring name groups. The Red Hill Inn, which dropped its name policy several months ago, was open briefly with a nonjazz act called the Creole Follies.

With the night clubs quiet, jazz is shifting to the outdoors. **St. John Terrell** began his summer season at the Lambertville Music Circus with a record-breaking appearance of trumpeter **Al Hirt**. The 2,400 who attended the Monday night session was the largest crowd in the 16 years Terrell has operated the tent theater. Also scheduled this summer are **Dave Brubeck**, **Louis Armstrong**, **Duke Ellington**, **Count Basie**, **Woody Herman**, and **Maynard Ferguson**, among others . . . **Herman** opened the Sunday night sessions at the Barn Arts Center at Riverside, N.J. He was followed by trombonist **Kai Winding**, organist **Jimmy Smith**, and trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie**.

CLEVELAND

Guitarist **Johnny Stebal's** trio worked for some time at the Shaker House Motel on Northfield Rd. and then was followed by **Angel Sanchez' Latin** band, which seems to have worked almost every club in town at one time or another . . . **Gil Leib** replaced **Jimmy Belt** on piano during the latter's vacation at Harvey's Hideaway. Leib, a talented 1963 graduate of Western Reserve University, also has been working weekends at the Squeeze Room in Lakewood . . . **Kenny Davis** impressed everyone with his trumpet playing while sitting in with the **East Jazz Trio** (**Bobby Few**, piano; **Cevera Jeffries**, bass; **Raymond Farris**, drums) at the University Lanes lounge . . . The Flamingo in Youngstown is

featuring the trio of pianist **Gene Rush**, who played a concert with trumpeter **Don Ellis** last year, along with the vocals of songstress **Ronnie Ross**.

La Cave, the cellar folk center, lined up an impressive list of performers for the summer. The bill includes **Josh White**, **Leon Bibb**, **Oscar Brand**, **Buffy Ste. Marie**, **Carolyn Hester**, **Ian and Sylvia**, **Bob Gibson**, and **Josh White Jr.**, among others . . . Another big band is rehearsing, that of young altoist **Ernie Krivda**, whose aggregation includes trumpeter **Tom Baker** and multireed man **Dave O'Rourke**.

CHICAGO

Things took an upswing for jazz this summer. First and foremost, **McKie's** booked in an impressive run of artists that began with **John Coltrane** (who closes July 26) and continues with **Miles Davis** (supposed to follow Coltrane) and organist **Jimmy McGriff** (set to come in after Davis). Rumor has it that **Horace Silver's** quintet will play a two-weeker after McGriff—but these things have a way of shifting around. At 71st and Stony Island Ave., the Olde East Inn has been spotlighting pianist-tenorist **Eddie Harris** in varying company. During the week, Harris can most often be heard in the cooking company of vibist-pianist **Charles Stephany**, bassist **Melvin Jackson**, and drummer **Harold Jones**. Harris said he will be at the club until early August.

Things continue to brighten on the already bustling N. Wells St. front. The management of the Plugged Nickel reportedly is negotiating to bring in such mainstream jazzmen as **Roy Eldridge**. The idea, according to the club, is to start introducing top-name jazz artists without unduly disturbing the club's traditional orientation. If all goes well, more mainstream performers may be featured. Modern jazz already is rearing its head in the club—on the local level, that is. Monday night sessions featuring such local jazzmen as guitarist **Joe Diorio**, pianists **Jodie Christian** and **John Young**, bassist **Scotty Holt**, drummer **Wilbur Campbell**, and trumpeter **Gale Brockman** were instituted at the club in late June. **Joe Segal** presents the sessions. **Larry Novak** was set to bring in his trio for one of the Monday nights, with the possibility of drummer **Elvin Jones** heading a group of Chicago men during his stay with **John Coltrane** at McKie's.

Bassist **Wilbur Ware** has been back in Chicago but unable to work due to tuberculosis, which hospitalized him until mid-June . . . Professor **Robert Cosbey** of the Roosevelt University English faculty gave a series of six lectures on folk music at the Old Town

School of Folk Music . . . A few blocks away, Mississippi blues singer **Big Joe Williams** could be heard, with cohorts **Charlie Musselwhite**, harmonica, and **Mike Bloomfield**, piano, performing at Big John's, a N. Wells St. club. St. Louis blues fiddler **Jimmy Brown** sat in with Williams on a recent weekend . . . The **Ramsey Lewis Trio** was the featured attraction at a recent benefit for the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee, held at a West Side club, Soul City.

LOS ANGELES

A benefit held May 24 at Shelly's Manne-Hole for the surviving children of saxophonist **Joe Maini** (DB, June 18) raised more than \$4,000. The Sunday event lasted 12 hours, was co-ordinated by trumpeter **Jules Chaiken**, featured the cream of West Coast jazz (big bands and small groups; too many to mention individually), and was held under sponsorship of AFM Local 47 (which now holds the money in trust for the children) and Musicians Wives, Inc. The orphaned are a daughter, **Tina**, 6, and **Giuseppe**, 4. **Shelly Manne**, the proprietor, donated 100 percent of the bar receipts to the fund. The minimum door donation was \$2; many patrons gave more.

Clarinetist **Gene Bolen** opened a two-beat club, the Palace, in staid Santa Barbara. His band features **Bob Higgins**, fluegelhorn; **Warren Smith**, trombone; **Don Gerrard**, piano; and **Sal Fernando**, drums. Ensconced there all summer, the men play every night except Monday . . . Newest avant-garde group hereabouts is a quartet led by trumpeter **Tom Peltier**, with **Freddy Rodriguez** on alto and tenor saxophones and flute; **Bobby West**, bass; and **Maurice Miller**, drums. Already recorded is a tape for **Adam Ross'** and **Jack Levy's** Pan-Or Productions.

Who says jazz and folk don't mix? Pianist **Thelonious Monk**, on a concert bill headlined by **Peter, Paul & Mary**, drew handsomely at two performances in this area recently. The concerts grossed \$46,500 at the Hollywood Bowl, drawing about 13,500 persons. The previous evening's concert at the Long Beach, Calif., Arena grossed \$18,800. **Lou Robin** of Concerts, Inc., promoted the performances . . . Singer **Ella Fitzgerald** returns to the Las Vegas, Nev., Flamingo for a repeat stand starting Oct. 29. She completed an engagement there last month . . . Singer **Jeri Southern** is coaching voice at her San Fernando Valley home . . . **Norman Granz** is promoting a Hollywood Bowl concert Sept. 18 featuring **Ella Fitzgerald**, the **Oscar Peterson Trio**, and the **Duke Ellington Orchestra**. Other performances

of interest during the regular bowl season are the 20th annual Gershwin Night July 25 with pianist **Skitch Henderson** and singer **Diahann Carroll**, and "Modern Sounds '64" on Sept. 4 with the groups of baritonist **Gerry Mulligan**, tenorist **Stan Getz**, and organist **Jimmy Smith**.

SAN FRANCISCO

Olle Helander, radio program producer for the Swedish Broadcasting Corp., was here as part of his nationwide tour to tape outstanding jazz and blues artists for a documentary series that will be broadcast over government-owned Swedish radio. In San Francisco, Helander and his associate recorded two sets by the **Art Pepper Quartet** at the Jazz Workshop. Helander began his tour in New York City and subsequently

visited Chicago, Memphis, New Orleans, and Los Angeles. On his return trip to Stockholm he planned to go to Nashville, Tenn., and Detroit, Mich., before completing his mission with another session in New York.

A summer jazz laboratory and workshop is being held at a city recreation center in Oakland under supervision of **Albert Tanner** . . . Baritonist **Pepper Adams** vacationed in San Francisco when **Lionel Hampton's** orchestra had a week off between its engagements at Lake Tahoe, Nev., and the Safari Room in Redwood City, Calif. Adams has been with Hampton since January. Also in the band is trombonist **Garnet Brown**, formerly of the **Chico Hamilton** combo . . . Banjoist **Elmer Snowden** now heads a trio working at the Coffee Gallery in San Francisco.



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WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Begere's (Huntington): Jimmy Butts, Juanita Smith, tfn.
Blue Spruce (Roslyn): Teddy Wilson, tfn.
Broken Drum: Wilbur DeParis, tfn.
Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, Bruce Martin, Joe Beck, tfn.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.
Cork 'n' Rib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.
Embers: Harold Quinn, tfn.
Five Spot: Charlie Mingus, tfn.
Garden City Bowl (Garden City): Johnny Blow-gers, wknds.
Gordian Knot: Leroy Parkins, tfn.
Half Note: Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, 7/17-30.
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, tfn.
Horner's Ad Lib (Perth Amboy, N.J.): Morris Nanton, tfn.
Metropole: Woody Herman, tfn.
Mr. J.'s: Morgana King, tfn.
The Most: Chuck Wayne, Muriel Roberts, tfn.
Benny Powell, Sun.
Playboy: Monty Alexander, Walter Morris, Phil DeLaPena, Ross Tompkins, tfn.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, tfn. Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Thur-Sat.
Strollers: Marian McPartland, tfn.
Village Gate: Dizzy Gillespie to 8/2.
Village Vanguard: Max Morath, tfn.

PHILADELPHIA

Barn Arts Center (Riverside, N.J.): sessions, Sun. night.
Carousel (Trenton, N.J.): Tony DeNicola, tfn.
Cypress Inn (Morrisville): Johnnie Coates Jr. tfn.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims, hb.
Lambertville Music Circus: Cannonball Adderley, 7/20. Dukes of Dixieland, 7/27. Dave Brubeck, 8/3.
Marlyn: DeeLloyd McKay, tfn.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.

CLEVELAND

Brothers: Bobby Brack, wknds.
Capri: Modern Men, tfn.
Casa Blanca: Soul Brothers, wknds.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur-Sat.
Club 100: Joe Alexander, tfn.
Corner Tavern: name jazz groups.
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro-Bob Lopez, tfn.
Johnny Trush, Sat.
Esquire: Eddie Bacuss-Lester Sykes, tfn.
Flamingo (Youngstown): Gene Rush, Ronnie Ross, Thur-Sat.
Leo's Casino: name jazz groups.
Lucky Bar: Weasel Parker, wknds.
Monticello: Ted Paskert-George Quittner, wknds.
Musicarnival: Louis Armstrong, 7/26. Maynard Ferguson, 8/9. Lionel Hampton, 9/6.
La Porte Rouge: East Jazz Trio, Wed-Sat.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb. Tops Cardone.
St. John Masonic Temple: Weasel Parker, Sun. morning.
Shaker House Motel: Angel Sanchez, tfn.
Squeeze Room: Bob Brandt, Tue-Thur. Gil Lieb, Fri-Sun.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy.
Tangiers: jazz, wknds.
Theatrical Grill: name jazz groups.
Vanguard: Sounds of Three, tfn.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: Eddy Davis, tfn.
Figaro's: sessions, Sat. morning.
Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, tfn.
Hungry Eye: Jazz Interpreters, Mon-Wed.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington, Thur.
London House: Erroll Garner to 7/19. Oscar Peterson, 7/21-8/16. Stan Getz, 8/18-30.
Long's Village Pump (Chicago Heights): King Fleming to 9/6.
McKie's: John Coltrane to 7/26. Miles Davis, 7/29-8/9.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
Moroccan Village: Baby Face Willette, tfn.
Olde East Inn: Eddie Harris to 8/9.
Playboy: Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Ravinia Park: Ella Fitzgerald, 7/22, 24. The-lonious Monk, 7/29, 31.
Sari-S: Marty Marsala, tfn.
Sutherland: The Impressions, 7/17-26. Muddy Waters, 7/31-8/9.
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trottier, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

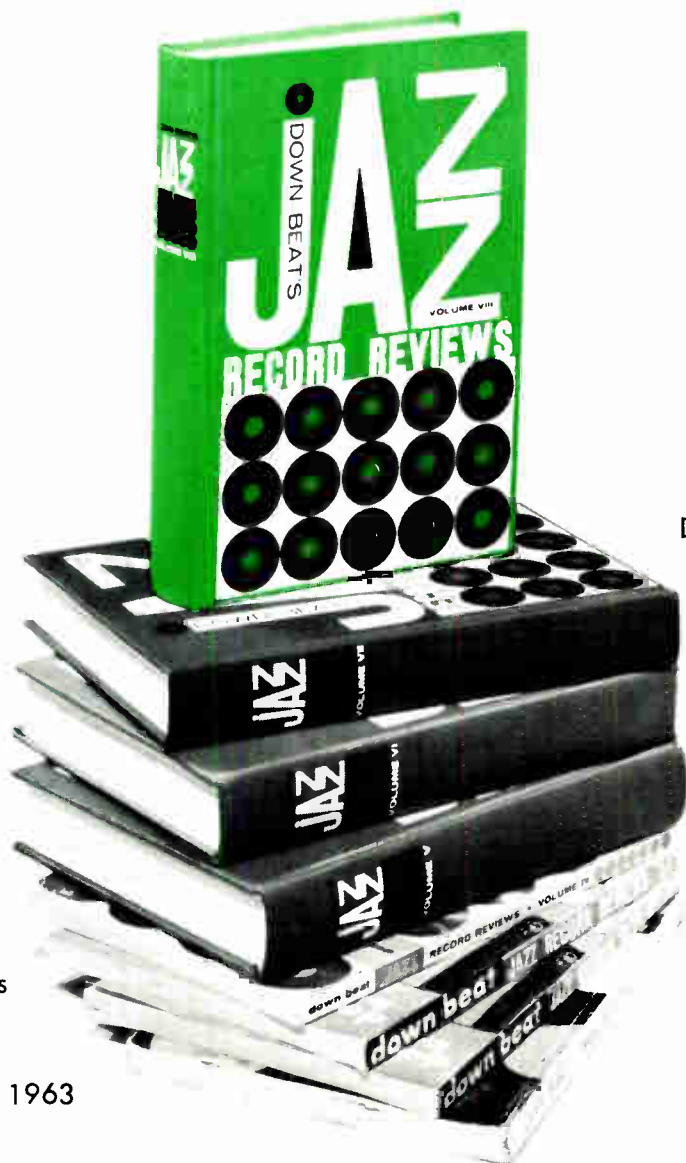
Adams West Theater: jazz afterhours, Fri-Sat.
Ash Grove: Mississippi John Hurt to 7/19.
Beverly Cavern: Johnny Lucas, Fri-Sat.
Black Bull (Woodland Hills): Gus Bivona, tfn.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Max Bennett, Nick Martinis, Sun-Mon.
Club Havana: Rene Bloch, hb.
Disneyland: Firehouse Five plus 2, Fri-Sat, to 9/26. Strawhatters & Young Men from New Orleans, tfn.
Dixie Doodle (Pomona): Ken Scott, Bayou Ramblers, Fri-Sat.
Green Hotel (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, wknds.
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Ben Rozet, Victor Mio, 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 Guarneri, tfn.
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy Dixieland Band, hb.
Huntington Hotel (Pasadena): Red Nichols to 10/7.
Intermission Room: William Green, tfn.
International Hotel (International Airport): Kirk Stuart, tfn.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, hb.
Malibu Sports Club: Jesse Price, tfn.
Mama Lion: Gabe Baltazar, Mon.
Marty's: Charles Kynard, tfn.
Metro Theater: jazz, afterhours, Fri-Sat.
Palace (Santa Barbara): Gene Bolen, hb.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, tfn.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Amos Wilson, Tue.
Reuben Wilson, Al Barte, Wed-Thur. Kittie Doswell, wknds.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pete Bealman, Charlie Lodice, tfn.
Royal Lion (Studio City): Matty Matlock, Tue-Sat.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): session. Mon.
Reuben's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, tfn.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Stan Getz to 7/19. Shelly Manne, 7/20-22.
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.
Tobo's Cocktail Lounge (Long Beach): Buddy Vincent, tfn.

SAN FRANCISCO

Cameo (South Palo Alto): George DiFore, hb.
Caribbean Room: Lionel Sequeira, Mon-Thur.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, Fri-Sat.
Clozet (San Mateo): Sidney Staton, Thur-Sat.
Super Moreno, Sun.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
Embers (Redwood City): The Castaways, tfn.
Fashion Plate (Lafayette): Len Jessinger, Lynne Long, Fri-Sat.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): John Marabuto, Stan Kenton alumni, Fri-Sat.
Gold Street: Bill Davis, tfn.
Hangover: Chris Ibanez, tfn.
Holiday Inn (Sunnyvale): Dick Maus, tfn.
Interlude: Merrill Hoover, tfn.
Jack's of Sutter: Paul Bryant, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Roland Kirk to 7/19. Stan Getz, 7/21-8/2. Cannonball Adderley, 8/4-16. Gerry Mulligan, 8/18-30. Dizzy Gillespie, 9/1-20.
Jimbo's Bop City: Flip Nunes, Thur-Sat., after-hours.
Marco Polo (South Palo Alto): Bill Ervin, tfn.
Mesa (San Bruno): Lee Brown, Fri-Sat.
Music Cross Roads (Oakland): Escovado Brothers, Wed-Sat. Bill Bell, Sun, Tue.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
Shalimar (Berkeley): Bobbi Rooks-Tippi Alexander, wknds.
Shelton's Blue Mirror: Harry Gibson, Con Hall, Fri-Mon.
Shore-Vu (San Mateo): Jimmy Ware, wknds.
Sugar Hill: Redd Foxx, Flip Nunes, tfn.
Streets of Paris: Tommy Smith, afterhours.
Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): Floyd Drake-Walt Jenkins, hb.
Trident (Sausalito): Bill Evans to 7/19. Blossom Dearie, 7/21-tfn.

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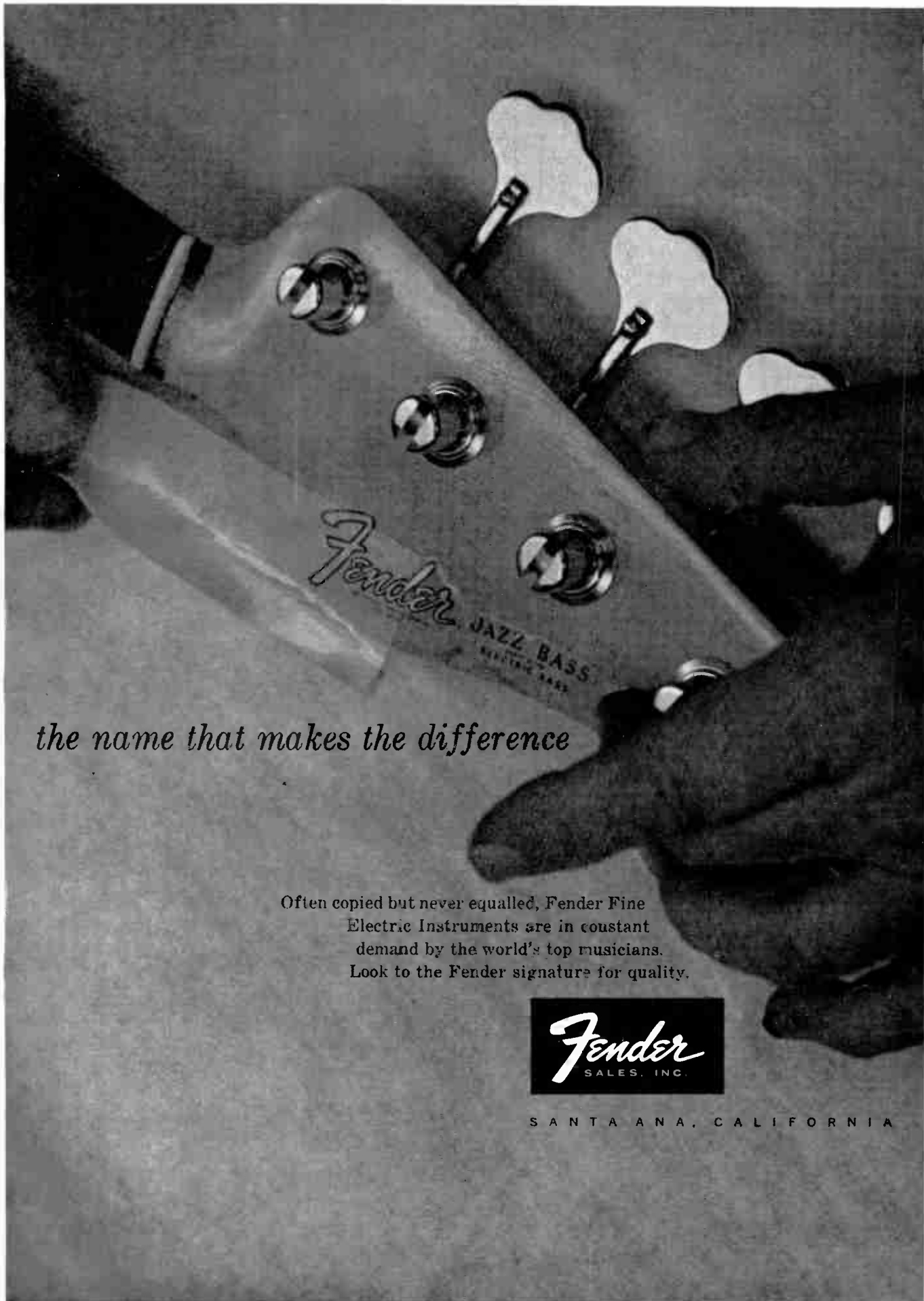
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