

MAY 6, 1965

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

SOUL SURVIVOR

Ramsey Lewis Discusses Soul, Funk, Critics, Jazz As Business, And Success With Barbara Gardner

JAZZ COMPOSERS GUILD

A Determined Alliance Against The Establishment, By Robert Levin

INDIA'S MASTER MUSICIAN

A Comprehensive Interview With Ravi Shankar, By John A. Tynan

JAZZ ON TELEVISION

Part I Of A Survey
By Leonard Feather

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Cover photograph by Don Bronstein

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WEST COAST OFFICE: 6269 Selma Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif., 90028, Hollywood 3-3268. John A. Tynan, Editorial.

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Subscription rates are \$7 for one year, \$12 for two years, \$18 for three years, payable in advance. If you live in Canada or in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 50 cents to the prices listed above. If you live in any other foreign country, add \$1.50. If you move, let us know your new address (include your old one, too) in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies, and we can't send duplicates).

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT;
MUSIC '65: JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS;
N.A.M.M. Daily

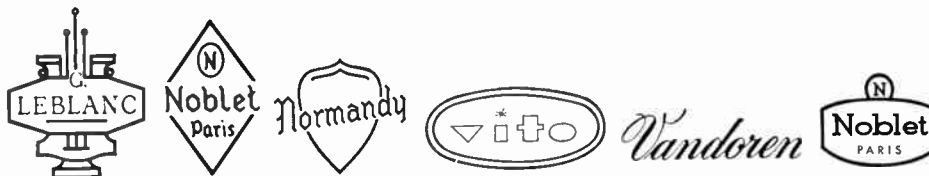
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

LeRoi Jones At The Core

LeRoi Jones (*Apple Cores*, March 25) is doing a tremendous job in presenting contemporary music and exposing the new developments in today's jazz. The things the artists themselves said about contemporary jazz were worth deep consideration.

Concerning the success of the English pop groups, Jones has seen the light and is completely with the truth of the matter. These groups have brought rhythm and blues into a contemporary form, something which few of the pop groups here have done.

R. Jeffrey Corwin
Delhi, N.Y.

More On The Bird Issue

After devouring every word of the March 11 issue, I wish to advise that I regard Charlie Parker as one of the truly great jazz musicians of our era. I am now looking forward to hearing his music for the first time.

J. C. Farquhar
Lafayette Hills, Pa.

Thanks a million for such a wonderful and terrific Charlie Parker memorial issue. It is really one of the best editions I have read, with excellent layout, rare photos, and first-rate articles, which are so deserving of such a great man as Parker.

Keep it up.

John Periam
Hythe, England

Support For The New Breed

Vince Guaraldi is entitled to his opinion (*Blindfold Test*, March 25), but I do not view the New Breed as "jive cats" as he has very inaptly called them.

Guaraldi has an exceptional ear but poor phrasings. He said of the Herbie Hancock track that the sax player did not seem to fit with the piano and the trumpet. That wasn't it at all: it was simply an old master, Dexter Gordon, in the rear seat of a vehicle driven by young brilliance, giving help at this turn and that turn. This does not denote lack of coherence, as Guaraldi appears to believe. Instead, it is a fusing of mastery and brilliance.

As for *Judgment* (Andrew Hill), again it is simply a matter of an old master, Elvin Jones, driving the New Breed to new heights: Hill knowing exactly where he is going, Richard Davis acting as tires, Bobby Hutcherson supporting the scenery, and Jones supplying the gas.

Ronald Allen
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Brubeck Fan Letter Stupid

The letter of Jerry Bogner (*Chords*, March 25) is stupid. Dave Brubeck is a commercializer. His chief value lies in enticing people to jazz who might otherwise be caught in the Andy Williams syndrome. He attracts the middle-class people who belong to record clubs or buy

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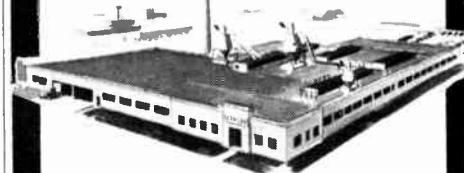


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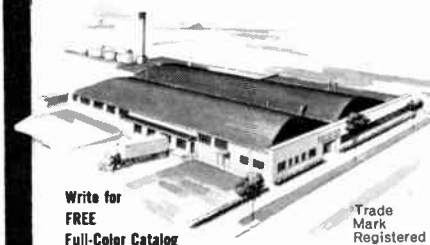
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album covers. The trouble is that most of these people never look beyond his records.

I do not mean to insult these people because they honestly believe that that is jazz. They even fool Brubeck into thinking it's jazz. It may be on the periphery, but it is hardly "the greatest."

Hugh Walthall
Oakland, Md.

Dionne Warwick—No!

In answer to Skeeter Gold's letter (*Chords*, Feb. 25), to call Dionne Warwick "probably the best singer in the country..." is completely absurd. Also downgrading fine groups like the Swingle Singers and the Double Six and putting in their place the Supremes and the Beatles is utterly ridiculous.

Gary DiIillio
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dionne Warwick—Yes!

It's about time *Down Beat* is starting to mention Dionne Warwick. It would be very interesting to have reviews of her records. Jazz musicians may not know it, but the teenagers today, because of their constant transistorized listening, have acquired ear training to the point of perfect retainment of melodies that have taken them into modern melodic lines. This setting is perfect for these teens to grow into the biggest audience ever to support jazz and modern composition.

A few weeks ago Stan Getz was on the television show *Shindig*. This is the kind of "avant garde" movement that could crash the teen sound barrier. With Getz from without and Warwick from within, we can't lose.

Don Hurless
Lima, Ohio

More Florida Radio Jazz

In *Strictly Ad Lib* (*DB*, Feb. 25) I noticed the item on China Valles and his jazz radio show out of Miami. Valles has a good show, but he definitely doesn't have the only one in south Florida.

About six years ago WWIL in Fort Lauderdale started a three-hour jazz program, Monday through Friday from 9 p.m. to midnight, handled by one of the best men in the business, Hank Murray.

J. Childs
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Hooray For Kenton!

With reference to the review of the first concert by the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra (*DB*, Feb. 25), surely John Tynan should realize (and be glad of) the inevitable: just as with Duke Ellington, the orchestra is Stan Kenton's instrument, and any group with which he is associated will invariably bear the stamp of his authority and personality.

I know I speak for thousands of modern-jazz devotees in stating that we consider Kenton's return to exclusively concert music as the greatest thing that could happen to rescue orchestral jazz from its present doldrums.

Michael Sparke
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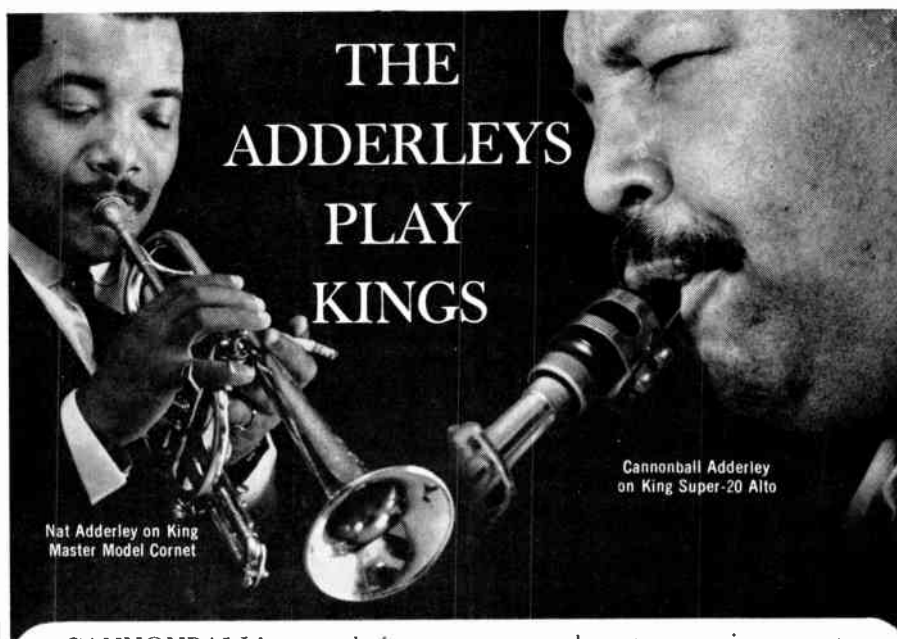
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May 6, 1965

Vol. 32 No. 10

DOWN BEAT WILL CO-SPONSOR NEW YORK MUSEUM CONCERTS

Jazz in the Garden, the summer series of concerts in the Sculpture Garden of New York's Museum of Modern Art, will be reactivated this year under the co-sponsorship of *Down Beat*.

Begun in 1960, the concerts were suspended in 1963 and 1964 because of the expansion of the Sculpture Garden and a subsequent special exhibit.

The 1965 season will consist of 10 one-hour concerts, to be held on consecutive Thursday evenings at 8:30 p.m., beginning June 17. The programs will be chosen to reflect the diversified approaches to jazz as practiced today, from traditional to avant garde.

A program committee consisting of *Down Beat* associate editor Dan Morgenstern, critic David Himmelstein, and former *Down Beat* high-fidelity editor Charles B. Graham will collaborate with the museum staff in producing the concerts.

VETERANS MIKE MCKENDRICK AND CHARLIE WALP DIE

Death claimed two veteran jazz musicians last month.

In Chicago, 64-year-old guitarist-banjoist Mike McKendrick, a veteran of the big band of Louis Armstrong of the '30s, among others, died March 22 of a circulatory ailment.

A native of Paris, Tenn., McKendrick in recent years had been a member of Bill Reinhardt's Jazz, Ltd., band. Before that he was associated with the Franz Jackson traditional band and with pianist-singer Little Brother Montgomery.

McKendrick's many years of playing had found him in a wide variety of musical settings, including his own trio, which he led in Los Angeles several years ago.

Trumpeter Charlie Walp, a member for five years of the Woody Herman Band who had seen jazz service also with the big bands of Buddy Rich, Claude Thornhill, Jimmy Dorsey, and Buddy DeFranco, died in Las Vegas, Nev., March 7 of cirrhosis of the liver and a heart ailment.

Born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Walp grew up in Washington, D.C. He was a member of the Nat Brandywine Band at the time of his death. He also had worked with most of Las Vegas' show bands in recent years.

A memorial concert for the trumpeter was held at the Hacienda Hotel in Las Vegas, with the groups of Steve Perlow, Archie LeCoque, and Abe Nole, vocalist Billy Eckstine, and trumpeter Al Porcino participating. Musical arrangements for the concert were contributed by Johnny Mandel and Wes Hensel.

STAN GETZ AND EDDIE SAUTER FOCUS ON BACKGROUND FOR FILM

There have been jazz backgrounds for several movies, but none has been quite like that recorded by tenor saxophonist Stan Getz and composer Eddie Sauter early this month for *Mickey One*, a Columbia Pictures production tentatively scheduled for release this fall.

Getz improvises over Sauter's written score. He said he not only played single solos but also recorded additional solos over some of the original ones when he felt it right for the film's action. The tenor saxophonist recorded as the musical counterpart of the film's star, Warren Beatty.

Getz said that Arthur Penn, the film's director and producer, liked the Getz-Sauter *Focus* album so much that when the time came to select *Mickey One's* background music, he contacted the two musicians.

The movie's plot deals with a night-club entertainer's flight from the gangsters with whom he became involved early in his career. The film was shot in Chicago last year. Penn described the film as "a study in the shape of fear."

JAZZ USED AS THERAPY IN LOUISIANA HOSPITALS

A series of three jazz lectures with illustrative recordings is being presented at several psychiatric hospitals in New Orleans and the surrounding area by Dick Allen of Tulane University's Jazz Archives.

The program, which is given at DePaul Sanitarium and Charity Hospital in New Orleans and East Louisiana Hospital in Mandeville, was conceived by Durel Black, a retired insurance executive and philanthropist whose interest in music therapy resulted in the establishment of a music-therapy department at Loyola University's music school and the founding of the Music Therapy Fund.

Black is a former mental patient who became interested in the prospect of employing jazz in therapy when he took Allen's course in New Orleans jazz at Tulane's night school.

Commenting on the outcome of the first session, which featured Louis Armstrong's Hot Seven, Allen told *Down Beat*, "It's been very effective so far. Jazz is one music that almost everyone seems to feel. . . . Everyone in the room feels that they're sharing the same experience together; the music seems to break down the isolation between people."

IT'S A BULLISH MARKET FOR JAZZ, SAYS ATLANTIC VP

According to Atlantic records vice president Nesuhi Ertegun, jazz is an up-beat thing. "When I tell people that our jazz albums are selling, they seem surprised; but jazz is anything but lying," he said.

To substantiate this attitude, Atlantic in recent months has signed trumpeters Nat Adderley and Ted Curson, tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan, and drummers Elvin Jones, Frankie Dunlop, and Grisella Oliphant.

When asked about recording the "new thing," Ertegun replied, "Curson will have

quite a few 'advanced' things on his album. But most of the other things I've heard strike me as lacking in concentration. It shouldn't take a player 15 or more minutes to make his statement.

"But I think the future for jazz looks quite promising. . . ."

JAZZ ON TELEVISION IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

Though the jazzman over the years has come to look on television's eye with a frequently jaundiced one of his own, there have been indications recently that the musician and the medium are beginning to see . . . well, eye to eye.

Late-night television jazz, as Leonard Feather points out on page 19, has been moderately healthy in the last few months. Jazz and jazzmen are being utilized more frequently in both background scores and on camera in a variety of commercials, and now it looks as though the music might come into its own (on its own terms) on the small screen, as the following items attest:

Syndication rights for a series of 26 half-hour color tapes by big bands, produced by Chicago's WGN and including programs by the bands of Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Woody Herman, Lionel Hampton, Si Zentner, Glenn Miller-Ray McKinley, and Perez Prado, have been acquired by 20th Century-Fox Television.

Critic Feather is involved in the production of a series of television shorts for Revue to be called *Feather on Jazz*. The background music for the series was recorded by a band composed of alto saxophonist Benny Carter, trumpeter Harry Edison, tenor saxophonist Plas Johnson, trombonist Frank Rosolino, pianist Jimmie Rowles, guitarist Herb Ellis, bassist Joe Comfort, and drummer Louie Bellson.

Conducting his score for the soundtrack to a 60-minute color special, *The Wonderful World of Wheels*, saxophonist Bob Cooper led a group consisting of Bud Shank, alto saxophone, flute; Jack Nimitz, baritone, bass saxophones; Bobby Bryant, trumpet; Victor Feldman, piano; Emil Richards, vibraphone, percussion; Howard Roberts, guitar; Joe Mondragon, bass; and Shelly Manne, drums. The film is directed by Gene McCabe.

Pianist Erroll Garner appeared on CBS-TV's annual Catholic Charities Appeal telecast March 21, while jazz bagpiper Rufus Harley fooled all four panelists in a nationwide appearance on *To Tell the Truth*. He also played a solo with his combo on the show.

In Canada, *The Duke*, a one-hour television presentation of Duke Ellington and his orchestra taped by the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. last September, was aired last month. The program featured vocalist Joya Sherrill, tap dancer Bunny Briggs, and various members of the orchestra in solos. The music ranged from such Ellingtonia as *Happy Go Lucky Local* and *Rockin' in Rhythm* to excerpts from more ambitious works, such as *My People*, *Timon of Athens*, and the *Far East Suite*.

And then there's always Louis Armstrong and his chorus of moppets in the *Susie Cute* commercial.

strictly ad lib

POTPOURRI: In one of his recent syndicated columns, critic **Leonard Feather** wrote an open letter to President **Lynndon B. Johnson** urging that **Duke Ellington** be considered for a Presidential Medal of Freedom. Wrote Feather, "These medals are given, I understand, to persons who have made 'exceptionally meritorious contributions to the security or national interest of the United States, to world peace, or to cultural or other significant private or public endeavors.' . . . In the very same cities where our embassies have been stoned and our ambassadors insulted, [jazz musicians] have been the subject of glowing tributes and unprecedented honors. . . . If jazz itself has played a part of great value in altering the shape of the American image, one jazz artist above all others deserves salutation for the length, depth, and breadth of his contribution. . . . Edward Kennedy Duke Ellington." The word from the White House was that the 10-man board that decides the nominees for the award will take Feather's suggestion into consideration. The President will announce the medal winners July 4.

It was like old times in Kansas City late last month, and the reminiscences flowed . . . the Reno club, the Orange Blossom, **Pete Johnson**, **Lester Young**, **Joe Turner**. . . . The occasion was a K.C. reunion of **Count Basie** and **John Hammond**, who discovered the fledgling Basie nine-piecer at the Reno in 1936. The March meeting, according to Hammond, was the first time the discoverer and the discoverer had been together in the Missouri city since that first meeting. "If it hadn't been for John," Basie said, "none of the wonderful things that have happened to me since 1936 would have happened."

Asked about a recent news feature out of Hollywood quoting **Jack Lemmon** as wanting to star in a motion picture life story of **George Shearing**, the pianist-composer shrugged and said, "I shouldn't pay too much attention to that." Added his wife, **Trixie**, "This thing has been supposed to be happening since 1952. Every time it's come up, though, it turns out they don't want to film George's life story; they want to do a Hollywood version of it."

The Rainbow Gardens, one of the few remaining landmarks from the big-band era of the 1930s and '40s, was destroyed last month by flames. The Gardens, in Pomona, Calif., was one of scattered ballroom holdovers in southern California. During the heyday of big dance bands, such orchestras as **Stan Kenton's**, **Woody Herman's**, and **Duke Ellington's** made the dancehall a regular stop. In 1952, when **Billy May** organized his short-lived but well-acclaimed big band, the arranger

chose the Rainbow Gardens to debut the orchestra before heading east on a national tour.

Prospects for jazz at the 1965 New York World's Fair seem dim at the moment. Producer **Sid Bernstein** has abandoned plans for a jazz festival at the fair (*DB*, Dec. 17, 1964), and, at presstime, no lease had been signed for the white-elfant Jazzland club site. Several jazz groups worked at the club during the 1964 run of the fair.

Names of some of the performers scheduled to appear at the second Pittsburgh Jazz Festival sponsored by the Pittsburgh Catholic Youth Organization were announced by the event's producer, **George Wein**. The concerts at the city's Civic Arena June 18-20 will have, if all goes well, the big bands of **Duke Ellington**, **Count Basie**, and **Woody Herman** and the groups of pianists **Mary Lou Williams** and **Dave Brubeck** as well as those of trumpeters **Miles Davis** and **Dizzy Gillespie**. The two trumpet men may perform together for the first time since the '40s. The Rev. **Michael Williams**, CYO director, also announced plans to hold a breakfast dance after the Saturday evening performance. The dance would feature whichever of the three big bands was playing the festival on June 19. Profits from both the festival and dance will help finance five neighborhood CYO centers. In a statement, Bishop **John J. Wright** of Pittsburgh said he believes the cultural aspects of jazz listening can benefit young people spiritually.

Alto and soprano saxophonist **Pony Poindexter** and tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin** are currently enjoying a long booking at the Jamboree in Barcelona, Spain. Accompanied by an all-German rhythm section of **Alex Bally**, drums; **Eric Peter**, bass; and **Paul Grassele**, piano, the American musicians will be at the club until October, when they leave on a Scandinavian tour, following which they will return to the Jamboree for an indefinite stay.

NEW YORK: Trumpeter **Roy Eldridge** has fared well in New York since leaving singer **Ella Fitzgerald** March 13. The following day, he appeared with old friends pianist **Earl Hines** and tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins** at a Village Vanguard jazz matinee and soiree and opened at the club March 16 for a two-week stand, using tenor and soprano saxophonist **Lucky Thompson**, pianist **Barry Harris** (**Richard Wyands** played the second week), bassist **George Tucker**, and drummer **Oliver Jackson**. Following this engagement, Eldridge opened at the Five Spot March 30 fronting pianist **Roland Hanna's** trio opposite Hawkins' quartet . . . Tenor saxophonist-arranger **Frank Foster's** big band, which holds public rehearsals each Sunday afternoon at 61 Fourth Ave., made its official debut at a Birdland Monday night session April 5. Foster also is at work on the score of a musical, in collaboration with librettist

George Gould . . . **Johnny Richards's** big band, at Birdland for two weeks late last month, had **Jerome Richardson** and **Charlie Mariano** in the reed section. Pianist **Lee Shaw's** trio shared the spotlight . . . Saxophonist **Charlie Ventura** took a leave of absence from drummer **Gene Krupa's** quartet during its recent Metropole engagement. Clarinetist **Sol Yaged** and tenor saxophonist **Carmen Leggio** subbed. Pianist **Dick Wellstood** and bassist **Eddie DeHaas** round out the drummer's group.

A new jazz club, the Leaves, opened at Lexington Ave. and 62nd St. Trumpeter **Joe Thomas** is featured with pianist **Bob LaGuardia's** trio (**Bill Pemberton**, bass, and **Hal Austin**, drums) on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The **Smith Street Society Jazz Band** is heard the other nights . . . Tenor saxophonist **Hank Mobley** (with **Walter Davis Jr.**, piano; **John Orc**, bass; and **Billy Higgins**, drums) concluded the Jazz on the West Side concert series at the Lincoln Square YMCA March 27. A series called Jazz Tributes was set to follow, with alto saxophonist **Clarence Sharpe's** quintet and vocalist **China-Lin** saluting **Billie Holiday** April 3; vocalist **Mayme Watts** and the **Walter Davis Jr. Trio** honoring **Cole Porter** April 10; pianist **Nadi Qamar** and singer **Estella Williams** presenting a **Duke Ellington** program April 17; and trombonist **Benny Powell's** quartet paying tribute to **Count Basie** April 24 . . . Pianist **Teddy Wilson's** trio, at the Blue Spruce Inn in Roslyn during April, includes bassist **Gene Ramey** and drummer **Ray Mosca**. Ramey, recently returned from a Canadian tour with *The Establishment* (pianist **Dick Williams** was also aboard), played for two weeks with pianist **Dorothy Donegan's** trio at the Blue Spruce, prior to Wilson's opening . . . Bassist **Don Payne** concluded an 18-month run at Chuck's Composite March 28. Pianist **Bruce Martin** took over the resident trio . . . Tenor saxophonist **Bill Barron** did two weeks last month at the Coronet in Brooklyn. Sidemen were pianist **Andy Bey**, bassist **Herb Buschler**, and drummer **Bob Thompson** . . . The **Thad Jones-Pepper Adams Quintet** was heard at the Clifton Tap Room, Clifton, N.J., during the last week of March. The cornetist and baritone saxophonist had with them pianist **Hank Jones**, bassist **Ron Carter**, and drummer **John Dentz**. Jones also played a Monday night at the Five Spot with tenor saxophonist **Joe Farrell**, bassist **Cecil McBee**, and drummer **Vinnie Ruggerio** . . . Tenor saxophonist **George (Big Nick) Nicholas** leads the house band at Harlem's Baby Grand . . . Pianist **Ran Blake** and trombonist **Brian Trentham's** quartet appeared at a jazz concert at Columbia University's Wollman Auditorium April 21 . . . Cornetist **Wild Bill Davison** has found a home at Jimmy Ryan's—he appears at the club as an added attraction whenever he is in town . . . Former **Count Basie** bassist **Eddie Jones** is now a systems engineer for IBM . . . Veteran drummer **Sonny Greer** did a week at the Metropole with trumpeter **Henry (Red) Allen's** quartet
(Continued on page 41)

THOUGH THE QUALITY of the 16 semifinalists (nine combos, five big bands, and two vocalists) at the fifth annual Intercollegiate Jazz Festival held at Villanova University, Villanova, Pa., March 19-20, ranged from rankly amateurish to smoothly professional, the enthusiasm, spirit, and variety of styles displayed by the participants were most encouraging.

The festival, extended to two days for the first time and dedicated to the memory of Charlie Parker, was well attended in spite of snowy weather and a competing basketball weekend.

The judges (trumpeter Maynard Ferguson, saxophonist-composer Oliver Nelson, Berklee School of Music administrative director Bob Share, alto saxophonist Phil Woods, and *Down Beat* associate editor Dan Morgenstern) unanimously selected a quartet from New York's Columbia University as the best combo. Led by trombonist Brian Trentham (who made a favorable impression at last year's Newport festival, where he appeared with the George Russell Sextet), the group performed cohesively in a style combining avant-garde with more traditional elements in an appealing and original fashion.

In addition to top combo honors, the group also scored in individual categories. Trentham was named best arranger-composer; pianist Jim Johnson was selected most-promising rhythm player, and Don Perullo most-promising drummer. The fourth member, bassist Cameron Brown, also was impressive, though he received no award.

The West Chester, Pa., State Criterions, led by pianist Jim Sullivan, walked off with a victory in the big-band category. Paced by an excellent lead trumpeter, Bruce Herring (who also won in the most-promising brass category), and a swinging drummer, Gary Gauger (voted the festival's best drummer), the Criterions emphasized precision and teamwork. They were at their best in *Dizzy's Business* and *Half Nelson*. The Criterions also were named best jazz group over-all.

Chosen best vocalist was Trudy Desmond from Temple University, a winsome lass with poise and personality, whose best effort was *Bloomdido*, to which she contributed her own lyrics and some Annie Ross-styled scatting.

Two members of last year's winning combo, the Bill Barnwell Quintet, received individual awards. Barnwell was named best reed player for his alto saxophone work and also best flutist. Preston Williams was chosen best trumpeter of the festival (though he played fluegelhorn exclusively). Barnwell is a fluid improviser, and Williams a lyrical and tender soloist.

The professionalism of Barnwell's group was impressive, but its work, in the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet vein, was less original and striking than that of the Trentham group.

Tenor saxophonist Vince Trombetta, from the Philadelphia Music Academy, won the most-promising reed player award and was one of the festival's outstanding players, a real swinger in a straight-ahead, booting, modern-mainstream style. He also received a special Charlie Parker award. But his quintet, though in the running for small-group honors, suffered from a rather weak rhythm section.

Other awards were won by valve trombonist Carl Sullivan of Potsdam State College as most-promising leader (his sextet impressed the judges with its spirit and drive, though the over-all musicianship did not permit it to reach the finals), and Carey Mann of the MIT Concert Jazz Band as best guitarist (the MIT band, though generally weak, came up with one of the festival's best arrangements, Jaki Byard's *Aluminum Baby*).

Among the most attractive original compositions heard were Barnwell's *A Soulful Groove*, Trombetta's *Alfa*, and Trentham's *A View of the Outer View*, based on a 12-tone row derived from the George Russell composition.

COLLEGE REPORT:

The Villanova And Oread Jazz Festivals

By DAN MORGENSTERN
And DON DeMICHEAL

Villanova Big-Band Winner, West Chester, Pa., State Criterions



In keeping with the Charlie Parker motif of this year's festival, the officials created a Charlie Parker Award to be given to the musician who had contributed the most to jazz in 1964. A number of critics, writers, and musicians were polled, and tenor saxophonist Stan Getz was selected. Though Getz intended to appear at the festival to receive his award, he was unable to attend.

Each participating group had also been asked to include one Parker composition in its program. The result ranged from the understanding displayed by Trentham's *Barbados*, the Criterions' *Half Nelson*, and Trombetta's *Klactoveedsed-stene* through Barnwell's short, perfunctory *Now's the Time* to the complete disaster of Ohio State University's Phi Mu Alpha Jazz Workshop Band Two's demolition of *Yardbird Suite* in a sea of bleating brass.

A highlight of the weekend was the Saturday morning jam session, which followed a panel discussion among the judges and questions from the audience. Stan Kenton, who acted as festival emcee at the finals, played with altoists Nelson and Woods on a jumping rendition of *Ow*; then Johnson took over on piano. Trombetta joined the two judges, and with Perullo at the drums, a way-up fraternal blues joined pros and collegians in warm and friendly music-making.

The festival, well organized, well promoted, and efficiently run by the Villanovians (co-chairmen Eddie Bride and John Paul Calabria, show-format director Barry Allan Bornstein, and their many assistants) was a healthy indication of the scope and size of jazz interest on the contemporary college scene. The finals were broadcast by ABC, the Armed Forces Radio Network, Radio World-Wide, the Voice of America, and Radio Free Europe. With plans under way to present a road-show version of the festival, it appears that the Villanova Intercollegiate Jazz Festival is here to stay.

UNFORTUNATELY, the same cannot be said for the one-day Oread Jazz Festival, held March 27 at Kansas University, in Lawrence. Not only was it not well-attended but there also were few entries in the collegiate competition—only eight groups of widely varying quality. The competition was judged by altoist Phil Woods, pianist-composer Clare Fischer, cellist-composer Dave Baker, record producer John



Vocalist Trudy Desmond

Double Winner Brian Trentham

Hammond, and *Down Beat* editor Don DeMicheal.

No big-band award was made because there were only two bands competing, the Kansas University Kicks Band and the Xavier University Collegians, from New Orleans.

Xavier, though a sloppy band, played interesting compositions by faculty member Bill Fischer and boasted two promising soloists in tenor saxophonist Frederic Kemp and altoist Frederick Sheppard and a fine bassist, Walter Payton Jr., who received a \$100 scholarship to the Berklee School of Music, one of the few prizes offered.

The KU band was more precise in ensemble than Xavier, but its selection of material—all standards—was not imaginative, and none of the soloists was more than barely competent. The lead work of alto saxophonist Charles Eagle, however, was outstanding, as were the sax-section solis. Eagle received a scholarship to Berklee for his work.

There were three outstanding groups at the festival: the Indiana University Jazz Sextet, the Good Thing Quartet, and The Group—all were finalists.

The judges unanimously chose the IU sextet as the best jazz group at the festival. Altoist Jerry Green, the leader, won another award as best saxophonist. His style of playing, highly lyrical, contains elements of the avant garde, and he shapes his solos in such a way that their interest seldom flags. The group's tenor saxophonist, Gary Campbell, is another promising musician, one rooted in John Coltrane but seemingly free of the excesses indulged in by some Trane men. Trumpeter Randy Becker, another musician of promise, often seemed more concerned with playing notes for their own sake than for musical purposes.

The IU rhythm section was adequate, though not up to the level of the horn men. Individually, though, the three men were impressive. Bassist Brent McKesson was particularly sensitive to what the horn men played, and drummer Jack Gilfoy, while not as close a listener as he should be, displayed imagination in his backing. Pianist John Gilmore was disappointing in the semifinals but brought forth a fine solo on *Honesty* at the final competition.

The Good Thing Quartet, made up of musicians from various colleges, could have been called the New Thing Four. Co-led by trombonist Brian Trentham and pianist Mitch Farber, the group was rather long-winded in com-

positions either written or arranged by Farber.

Trentham was rushed to a hospital for treatment of an impacted tooth shortly before the group was to perform at the semifinals, but he returned in time to show that he was the outstanding soloist at the festival. Trentham's conception is decidedly avant garde, filled with long explosive lines that are completely unpredictable. A Dave Baker student, as were several in the IU sextet, Trentham is one of the most promising musicians to come out of the college milieu in the last two years. His style is reminiscent of Baker's work with the George Russell Sextet and has overtones of J. J. Johnson, as did Baker's. Trentham was named the festival's outstanding brass player.

Farber, too, has a good deal of talent, both in composing and playing, but judging by his performance at the festival, he has yet to discipline himself to the point where his work always has direction and cogency.

The group's bassist (John Strickland) and drummer (Fred Buck) often were not together, and the performances suffered because of it. Strickland, though, turned in admirable solo work at both concerts.

The Group, four freshmen from Macalester College in St. Paul, Minn., offered a delightful change of pace from the other two finalist combos. Crisp and light, the well-rehearsed quartet played a program of originals by its director, pianist Robert Romerein. The compositions were fresh and reminiscent of the pieces Raymond Scott used to write; the main attraction of the group and the compositions, however, was their novelty. There was not much jazz content in either the short solos or the tunes, though all were jazz oriented.

Still, the quartet has a remarkable musician in flutist Maxwell Swanson. Only 18, Swanson, who is sightless, possesses excellent facility and a lovely tone, though it was impossible to tell how good an improviser he is, since he played only short solos, and at least one of those was duplicated in two performances of one of the originals. Nevertheless, the judges decided that Swanson should receive an award as one of the outstanding players at the festival.

Romerein also holds promise as a pianist; among those competing, only he was consistently able to draw shadings from the inadequate pianos furnished at both sessions. He received a Berklee scholarship for his playing and composing.

The other members of the foursome were bassist Richard Van Doren and drummer David Campbell. The best jazzman of the four was Campbell, who displayed more than a smattering of taste in his accompaniment. He was chosen the festival's best drummer.

The other competing groups were altoist Herb Smith's quartet made up of KU students; the Tayasa Ensemble, a trio of promising students from the University of Missouri's Kansas City music conservatory; and the UCLA Concert Jazz Ensemble, a quintet of Los Angelenos whose brisk, straight-ahead style was marred by a rather cavalier regard for chord changes (the UCLA drummer, Doug Dean, impressed the judges sufficiently to be chosen the festival's No. 2 drummer).

The final competition was spiced with a performance by judge Fischer's trio (Jimmy Bond, bass, and Colin Bailey, drums). Judge Woods joined the trio for three beautifully done tunes. His one clarinet feature, *Nardis*, was outstanding. The audience, however, was rude, and many of those attending left during the professionals' part of the program, not even bothering to stay for the announcement of the festival winners.

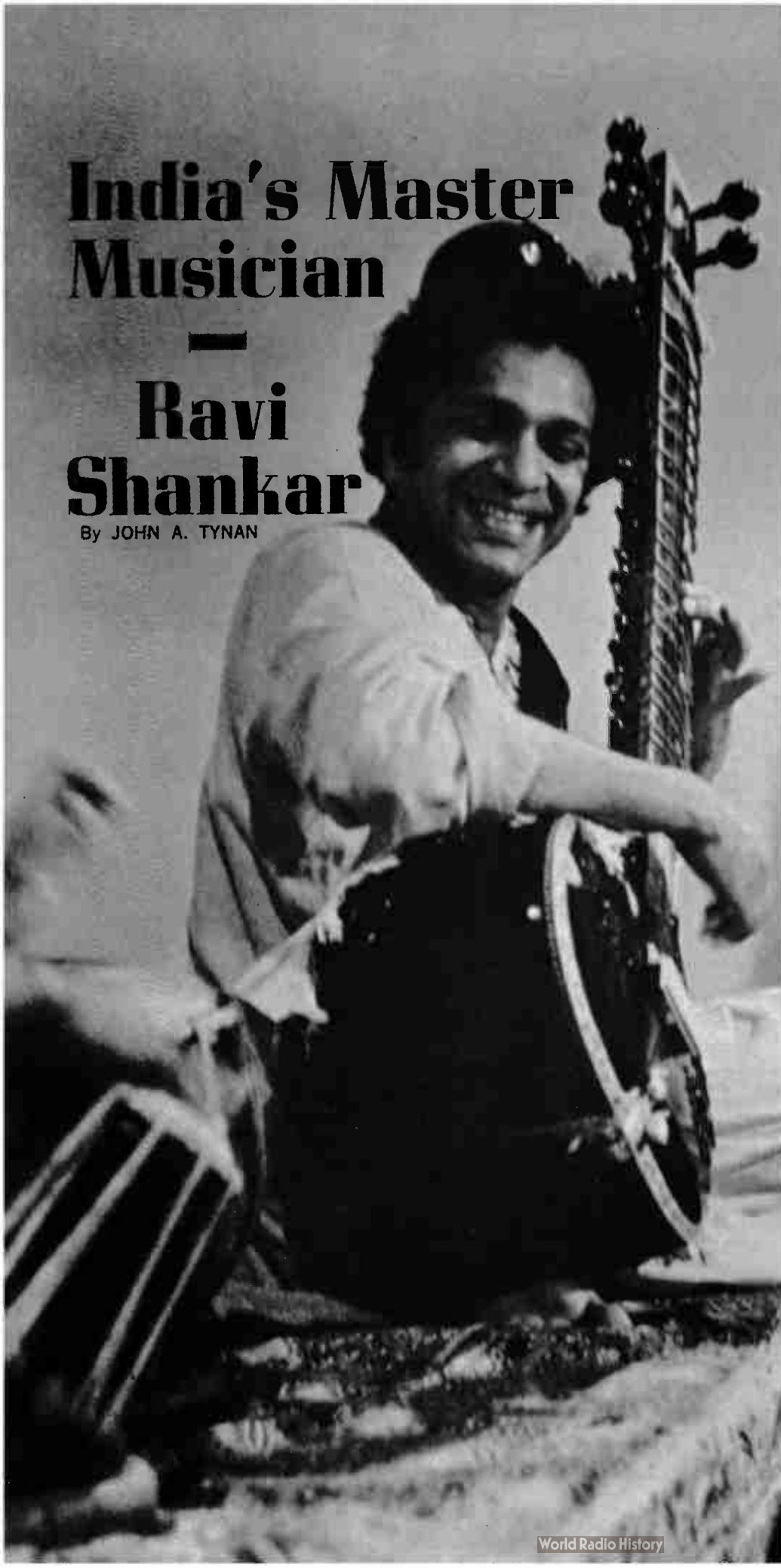
Given the lack of enthusiasm at the second Oread Jazz Festival, succinctly displayed by the audience's behavior, it was not surprising to hear one of the event's officials say after the concert, "It looks like there won't be a third festival."

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India's Master Musician

Ravi Shankar

By JOHN A. TYNAN



IT WAS A going-away party unlike any other. Strictly speaking, it was not a party at all but a formal recital of music with a tradition and form reaching back 2,000 years: the ragas and talas of classical Indian music.

The locale of the recital—Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood, Calif.—must have appeared to some as improbable as the music played. But on reflection, it is clear that the opposite is true. For this music has been commanding more and more attention of, and even study by, an increasing number of jazz musicians.

In palpably growing excitement, the select audience of musicians and laymen invited to the recital on a recent Saturday afternoon listened to this strange Eastern music, redolent of maharajas' palaces in the days long past.

In loose-fitting garments, the musicians squatted on a low, carpeted platform—Ravi Shankar, sitar; Alla-Rakah, tabla; Nedu Mullick, tamboura. At the front of the platform incense burned.

The occasion was Shankar's farewell recital prior to leaving the West Coast, where he had concluded an eight-week stay as guest lecturer on Indian music and culture at the University of California at Los Angeles, to which he had been invited by Dr. Mantle Hood, chairman of the department of ethnomusicology there.

Shankar had played a successful concert at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium earlier, but the Manne-Hole recital was of a different order. Respectful informality set the atmosphere. Some Indian students from UCLA sat in the front row of chairs; their vocal empathy as Shankar and the others played set a mood akin to that of a jam session.

Before each selection Shankar explained briefly the nature of the raga to be played and demonstrated the scalar structure on which it and the improvisations were based. Thus, it became clear that in the nature of the improvisation and in the constant interplay and dialog between sitarist and tablaist this music and jazz are surely, if distantly, related.

While a complete and detailed explanation of the ragas and talas of India cannot be essayed here, some clarification of the subject is mandatory if the artistry of Shankar and Alla-Rakah is to be appreciated.

First, the instruments.

The sitar is the most popular stringed instrument of India. It has existed there in its current form for

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some 700 years. Fashioned from a seasoned gourd and teakwood, it has a track of 20 metal frets with six or seven principal playing strings stretched and tuned above them. The frets are raised and curved above the neck of the instrument. Below the metal frets are placed 19 sympathetic resonating strings. The sympathetic strings are also strummed at times with the little finger of the right hand inserted between the main strings.

When a raga is chosen, the instrument is tuned to that specific raga, and, according to Shankar, there are thousands of ragas. The main strings of the sitar are plucked by a wire plectrum on the index finger of the right hand. Shankar's index finger, after almost a lifetime of playing—he is 45—is calloused to an almost stone-like hardness. When not in use, the plectrum is worn by Shankar as a ring on the third finger, left hand.

India's traditional two-drum set is the tabla. Actually, the right-hand drum is the tabla; the left-hand drum is the banya. The tabla is tuned to the dominant or subdominant and may be retuned during a performance. The banya acts as the bass drum and is capable of many tones, which can be varied by the degree of pressure from the base of the left palm.

A drone background is essential to classical Indian music and is provided by the tamboura. Tuned to the raga being played, the tamboura emphasizes the tonic and dominant or the subdominant.

On the subject of Indian music, the noted writer and critic Kailas Damania has written:

"A raga is difficult to explain to a Western listener because it is neither a scale nor a mode. It is, however, a scientific, precise, subtle, and esthetic melodic form with its own peculiar ascending and descending movement, which consists of either a full octave, or a series of six or five notes. It is the subtle difference in the order of notes, an omission of a jarring or dissonant note or an emphasis on a particular note or the slide from one note to another and the use of microtones along with other subtleties that demarcate one raga from the other. There are 72 'melas,' or parent scales, on which ragas are based."

"In India," Damania continued, "music has always been considered to be a vitalizing force in building up the emotional and spiritual life of an individual. And so, each raga has its own principal mood, such as tranquility, devotion, eroticism, loneliness, pathos, heroism, etc.

"The most fascinating aspect of

Indian music is the awareness of the harmony between man and nature, each acting and reacting on the other, and each raga is associated, according to its mood, with a particular time of the day or night and a season.

"From 25 to 90 percent of the Indian music is improvisation, depending upon the imagination and the creativity of the artist, and a great artist is able to deliver and instill in his listener the mood of the raga that he plays."

Damania then proceeded to write of the talas.

"These are the rhythmic cycles," he explained, "ranging from three to 108 beats. The divisions in a tala and the stress on the first beat, called 'sam,' are the most important features of these cycles. Talas, having the same number of beats, may have a stress on different beats, e.g., a bar of 10 beats may be divided as: 2-3-2-3 or 3-3-4 or 3-4-3. Within the framework of the fixed beats, the drummer playing the beats can improvise to the same extent as the main artist.

"The most exciting moment for a seasoned listener is when both artists—after their individual improvisation—come back together with an accent or stress on the first beat. Thus, the 'sam' becomes the most important beat of emphasis throughout a recital of Indian music, since this urge for unity and its fulfillment is the most rewarding experience."

Damania concluded on the crux of the listening problem for the Westerner. "Although the principles of overtones are very much a part of this music," he wrote, "there are no deliberate modulations and harmonies as a Western listener knows them. The existing harmony is in its simplest form and is more inherent than preconceived. Ideally, the Western listener is requested to forget counterpoint, harmony, and mixed tone colors and to relax into the rhythmic and melodic patterns of a great cultural heritage."

RAVI SHANKAR is probably the greatest exponent of this musical heritage, and he speaks of it and of jazz with equal enthusiasm. He was asked if jazz musicians could learn from Indian music in the area of improvisation or if jazz was too limited and restricted to permit jazzmen to learn anything from the complex Indian musical system.

Shankar considered the question, his large, black eyes thoughtful above the proud flare of nose and full, expressive mouth.

"Either through records or person-

ally," he answered, "I have heard all the famous names [in jazz], the old masters like Bird—Charlie Parker—Dizzy Gillespie, Armstrong, Duke Ellington . . . all the famous people, including some names I don't remember, and the contemporary artists—Miles Davis, Coltrane, etc.—and I feel that as far as improvisation is concerned they are really wonderful. Such imagination. Such wonderful improvisation is done that I feel quite happy when they do it."

He paused and then said, "The point only is that when [improvisation] is done on an Indian basis, it is absolutely on a different plane.

"Jazz does follow a harmonic pattern, am I right? I mean, it is based on harmony; there are certain chords and patterns which you do follow. Therefore, from our point of view, we feel that one can do so much in one direction, but one cannot do very much in another.

"For instance, the way we improvise. Our music is based entirely on a melodic form. It is not based on harmonic patterns. That is the most interesting thing. We sort of stay within a framework of the notes which we use, which we call the ragas. Those are the melodic forms. Those melodic forms—each of them is like a world by itself. There are hundreds and thousands of ragas. I'm not trying to exaggerate, but we really consider that it takes us three or four years to master one raga."

"Raga is a succession of notes," he explained. "It has its own ascending and descending movement; it has its own character; it has its own emotion. It's like a personality. When we say raga, we consider it's like a person; it has its nature. Its weaknesses are certain notes; certain notes are its strength. It's like the whole body."

Shankar said it is not difficult to recognize a raga—"any musician can know that it uses a flatted second and augmented fourth . . . you can immediately play it on the piano or on a wind instrument; but it takes a long time to really *know* the raga."

The function of the musician, he said, is "to bring these ragas alive. It's what we call putting life to the raga. And that's why it takes such a long time. . . . It means being very deeply involved with the raga. It's like knowing the whole body system, knowing all the arteries, all the veins, all the muscles, whatever a body has. That is where the difficulty lies.

"After knowing the raga and being really quite as one with it, then we let ourselves go. Then we have the freedom which has no bounds—though

one might think that we are bound by those notes (which is true in the beginning; you are because you can't go out of that pattern)."

"It is not a modern music. . . . People think they can just take a pattern and improvise on it. No."

SHANKAR STRESSES study of the form—deep study—if anything truly creative is to be accomplished by jazzmen aspiring to play Indian music. Some are now trying, feeling it out.

What the interested jazzman must appreciate, Shankar said, is the entire other-worldliness of the Indian form. Not other-worldliness in terms of the supernatural but the vast and profound cultural and esthetic schism between East and West.

Indian music, Shankar said, "is based on a very rigid science and organization, though we improvise and have all the freedom. But it is based on a very strict system, and that system has really been handed down through many, many centuries. I won't say that what we Indian musicians play is exactly 2,000 years old; that is not true. But at the same time it is such an evolution that it has gone on developing for the past two or three thousand years."

Indian music is taught, Shankar said, by being handed down from father to son, teacher to pupil ("we have a word for it—guru—it means master or teacher").

Shankar's guru in the early years of his study was the great Indian composer-musician, Ustad Allauddin Khan.

Recalls the sitarist, "Those were the years of strict discipline and rigorous training, when I had to practice for more than 12 hours every day." Today, watching spellbound the technical facility of Shankar, his fingers a flying blur on the strings, one sees the result of this early discipline.

On the subject of the guru and his approach to his pupil, Shankar elaborated:

"This is very important because it is not just the *music*. Along with the music is a lot of spiritual quality, a lot of things that might sound silly. But it has to do so much with the yoga and the spiritual exercises. A lot of things, you see.

"Thus, it is a unique form of music because we learn almost in the same strict manner as any classical music should be learned. At the same time it has a spiritual and a sort of . . . almost religious . . . though not religious in the sense of Hindu or Muslim. . . . So I feel, having gone through that—being an Indian musician—that you can take ideas from our music, but

they will be only superficial, just from the surface, little patterns, little things.

"But I really wish that there were some people who would seriously learn Indian music, give some time to it. Then if that person is creative at the same time, he could certainly do beautiful and new things."

RAVI SHANKAR was born in Benares, April 7, 1920. When he was a boy, he left home to join his brother's music and dance troupe, with which he traveled widely and began his own career in music.

Exposed to Western music and culture at an early age through his travels outside India, Shankar developed a wide-ranging musical and cultural outlook though remaining firmly rooted in Hindu thought.

With growing technical proficiency and wide exposure to Western musical forms, Shankar's personal horizon in Indian music broadened. He began experimenting with orchestration of Indian music on a scale and in areas never before attempted. He founded, conducted, and wrote for the National Orchestra, which broadcast on All-India Radio.

Shankar is justly celebrated as India's leading film-music composer, having contributed the underscores for many Indian pictures, most notably the *Pather Panchali* trilogy, considered masterpieces of the film art. In 1962 he received the Presidential Award for Hindustani Instrumental Music and founded the Kinnara School of Music in Bombay, where classical and modern forms of Indian music constitute the curriculum.

Thus, Shankar represents more than instrumental virtuosity in Indian music; he embodies as well the entire tradition and culture of this remarkable area of artistic experience.

In India he maintains his keen interest in jazz, he said, asserting that there are some "very good" jazzmen in the country.

"Unfortunately," he said with a shrug, "they have no chance to come out [into the Western world]. I can think of one person . . . Hecke Kingdom. He's really outstanding, has a small group, a quartet, and lives in Bombay. He writes original things also."

Shankar noted the movement in jazz toward modal forms and cited Greek music and the improvisations of the bouzouki players in this connection. This, he said, he found almost like a bridge between Western music and jazz and Indian music. He has heard Greek musicians in the United States, he said, improvise on certain patterns, hewing to those patterns and

varying them in melodic forms on a modal structure.

"But," he added, "it is still not the raga. We have to understand, by listening more and more or by studying it, that raga is really something much more definite."

Why, he was asked, are these modal forms not raga?

The modal forms, he said, are more in the nature of a scale in the sense of a series of notes ascending or descending with certain rules and laws applying to them. Not so with the raga. He spoke of the "years and years of grueling practice" involved, leading to the ultimate goal of feeling the raga deep within oneself.

"It is this question of feeling the raga," he explained, "and projecting it to the listener that is, in my opinion, the highlight of Indian music. This has not been possible for any other music that I know of."

Beautiful music, as such, said Shankar, may encompass a wide range of expression, from folk music to "remote jungles where you'll find it among the aborigines. Sometimes they'll play a flute, which really haunts you. Sometimes the singing of a canary can be haunting and beautiful." But, he added, the beauty is not everything.

"This is such an intellectual thing, and at the same time it is emotional," he said. "A combination of the intellect and the emotion that is something you have to bring out in the raga, in the demonstration of the raga. And that is why, when you say that people have been experimenting with Indian music, they *have* taken the notes of the raga sometimes—what we might call the skeleton scale of the raga—and they have been working on that. But because they didn't have the experience or the training to know the raga or to realize the raga, I feel I wouldn't call it anything Indian, as such."

Shankar said he hopes something truly creative and constructive will emerge from the increasingly intellectual drift in jazz.

"I feel," he said, "that things were simpler in the olden days. There was a lot of emotion. Now I think [jazz] is going toward a line which is more cerebral and more intellectual-emotional, if you know what I mean. But these are things that are still in the melting pot, I would say. Maybe something will come out of it."

He cited the example of European composers, particularly in Germany and France, educated and trained in the techniques and traditions of classical music, who are now perhaps

(Continued on page 43)

The Jazz Composers Guild

An Assertion Of Dignity

By ROBERT LEVIN

BY NOW IT IS quite obvious that those of us whose work is not acceptable to the Establishment are not going to be financially acknowledged. As a result, it is very clear that musicians, in order to survive—create their music and maintain some semblance of sanity—will have to ‘do it themselves’ in the future.”

The statement is Bill Dixon’s, a composer and trumpet player and the organizer of the Jazz Composers Guild, a co-operative of avant-garde jazz musicians who want to play and make a living from their music, but who do not very often have the opportunity to do so in today’s jazz scene.

What are the conditions that Dixon and Cecil Taylor, Archie Shepp, Le Sun Ra, Paul and Carla Bley, Burton Greene, Jon Winter, Mike Mantler, Roswell Rudd, and John Tchicai—the guild’s charter members—feel must be engaged in open warfare—not only as they exist externally but also internally, in the psyches of the musicians themselves?

Dixon, who has been on the scene for a number of years, who has scuffled and watched his friends scuffle, said he believes that jazz musicians, when they are not treated condescendingly or ignored, are exploited. This situation—and its “racial implications”—he said, has resulted in anxieties, distrust, and the deferral of the pursuit of a collective ideal to

the gratifications of personal avidity, which only further impairs the jazzman’s progress both musically and socially “and which even the members of the guild—both white and black musicians—have not always proven themselves to be above.”

“To say that the personalities of any group sometimes come into severe conflict with each other even when the participants are in pursuit of the same idealistic goal is a vast understatement,” he said. “Jazz represents the epitome of individualism in the musical arts, and the guild has had its share of internal conflict. The guild was organized as an alternative to the conditions of apathy and exploitation, but the nature of some of our conflicts over how to go about things has served to clarify what and how bad the conditions really are and the insanities they have caused.”

Dixon said there are complex racial aspects to the conditions that prevail, aspects that are sometimes subtle.

“For example,” he said, “even in the guild, which is comprised of some very intelligent people, there has been a subtle, but apparent, indignation on the part of the white members (and this is something I think nearly all white men have in them) that a black man . . . myself, Cecil . . . could conceive and execute an idea that would be intelligent and beneficial to all.

“The multitudinous social changes



Bill Dixon

now in force—the Negro’s fight for his rightful share of the American dream (or nightmare), and the fact that up to the present time the main creators in jazz have been Negroes with white men controlling the dissemination of their music, or using it in films and on television where Negroes have not been allowed to use it—represent vast problems of which very few people have any real awareness or even the desire to be aware.”

But Dixon doesn’t believe that white avant-garde musicians who play jazz enjoy a very superior situation. He said he feels they are treated better, “significantly better, but not much better—that’s why they’re in the guild—than are black musicians, and that is simply because they play jazz, which is looked upon as something ‘primitive’—like what they *really* mean when they call the Chinese atom bomb ‘primitive’ is that yellow men created it. But it must be remembered that white musicians *elect* to play jazz; their musical horizons are not bound by an enforced social tradition that relegates them to one area of musical expression. The Negro plays jazz because that music is close to him—it’s his way of life—and because, qualified or not, the other areas of musical expression are closed to him.

“White players have a leverage which Negro players do not. Many of them also play in symphony orchestras or work with other avant-garde white musicians in a nonjazz

Guild members (l. to r.) Jon Winter, Burton Greene, Bill Dixon, Le Sun Ra, Paul Bley, Roswell Rudd, Carla Bley, Mike Mantler, Cecil Taylor, John Tchicai, and Archie Shepp.



PETER SABINO

idiom and get grants and subsidies from that. Those cats may get criticized a lot, but they are recognized as artists."

Jazz musicians, Dixon has witnessed, are becoming increasingly aware of the world outside of the music itself, the business world.

"The knowledge has been gleaned through painful experience," he said. "But if it is commonly thought that we are all willing and able to fight for our ideals, that is, unfortunately, not always the case, because every man has his Achilles heel, is vulnerable to exploitation; and the business world takes advantage of this. They try to undermine psychologically.

"Many musicians have been made so unstable that if they see their names in print a couple of times, they begin to believe, and try to convince you, that the Establishment isn't really that bad. Cecil Taylor's received a lot of publicity lately, but he still can't make a living from his art."

Dixon has observed that many musicians desperate for recognition and the chance to play "will do anything to get a record or a club date. The major clubs are only interested in booking name groups—safe groups. So the avant-garde musicians have had to look to bars and coffee houses, where they are not paid a salary but by 'contributions' and 'donations' from the audience, while the management cleans up on the sale of food and liquor. And they do clean up because a lot of people are coming to listen. Musicians who work these places under these conditions only hurt themselves and their fellow musicians. They allow themselves to be used, to make money for someone else—under the pretext that their careers are being advanced—and help only to perpetuate their exploitation."

And Dixon has found the situation with most record companies to be no different.

"It is absolutely necessary," he said, "to have a record if anyone is going to know about you; so musicians are desperate to record. But even many record companies which obviously have money force the musician not only to accept minimum scale (and a leader may have to pay his sidemen out of his double scale) but very frequently to pay recording costs as well. You don't sell them your music, you give it to them. Even if you have a best-seller and the company is making a profit, you may wind up owing the company money! This has happened. And the people who control this aren't going to be quick to let it change."

DIXON'S DECISION to organize the Jazz Composers Guild was finally triggered by a series of avant-garde jazz concerts he arranged at New York City's Celler Cafe—the October Revolution—that drew considerable response, proving, to him and others, that the music is capable of attracting a large audience.

"Soon after," Dixon recalled, "Cecil Taylor and I had talks about the formation of this collective type of organization in which the musicians would, in effect, accept the challenge of really believing in themselves, by rejecting the crumbs that up to the present they have been forced to accept."

The original members of the guild were culled from the participants at the October Revolution who, Dixon said, represented a possibly important new strata in contemporary jazz.

"This is not meant to imply that there are not others to consider for membership," he continued. "I was simply in a hurry to get started, and so meetings for the creation of the guild were called right away, with the musicians most immediately available asked to participate."

Dixon and the others defined and framed the guild's main reasons for being this way:

"The absence of representation of the most vital elements in the main stream of America's contemporary musical culture has made it necessary for the composers and performing musicians most affected to unite for the following purposes: to establish the music to its rightful place in the society; to awaken the musical conscience of the masses of people to that music which is essential to their lives; to protect the musicians and composers from the existing forces of exploitation; to provide an opportunity for the audience to hear the music; to provide facilities for the proper creation, rehearsal, performance, and dissemination of the music."

"The idea," Dixon said, "is to restrict the activities of the guild to those areas that support it so that its loyal audience will be able to hear the music at a price they can afford."

The guild hopes to achieve the recognition of an audience large enough to make it economically necessary for the business element to come to it and on terms that are satisfactory to its members.

The plan for the guild is that it will function as independently as possible from the jazz scene at large, without agents or managers—without middlemen.

On the theory that the expenditure of energy to this end is no greater or more debilitating than that put forth working as a porter, car washer, or cabdriver, the players themselves handle the guild's administrative work and arrange their own concerts, including publicity and advertising.


Members of the guild turn down work offered by outside sources unless it is considered advantageous to the guild and its goals as a whole. All offers of outside work to any one of the members must be brought to the guild for clearance. No dues are charged, and meetings are held at the homes of the members. Members rotate as chairmen.

The guild has acquired the services of a lawyer who is sympathetic to its cause and is in the process of incorporating it as a nonprofit organization, which would make it tax-exempt and enable it to apply for grants.

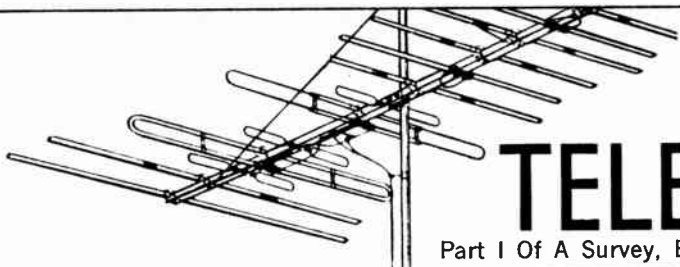
Its activities, currently at least, take place at the Contemporary Center, 180 Seventh Ave., in New York City. The center is a triangular loft two floors above the Village Vanguard. Concerts by guild members are held at the center every weekend.

The guild hopes eventually to own its own hall and record company. Currently, the organization is beginning a campaign to get colleges and universities interested in scheduling concerts by the members. It also has been in correspondence, according to trombonist Rudd, with similar co-operatives in Detroit, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, D.C.

Dixon said he believes the guild, though its end goals are far from reached and the period of internal conflict is not nearly over, already has succeeded, "not in an obvious, overt way . . . but in a subtle way it has accomplished certain things. It has frightened some people. It has made them aware of a growing sense of dignity among jazz musicians and attracted attention to the plight of not only the jazz musician but the creative artist at large."

There is no question that the Jazz Composers Guild has already created quite a stir. Potentially, it could do much more than that. It probably will, because the musicians involved in it are of the conviction that no other way is open to them. If it survives any counterattack the Establishment mounts (guild members expect such an attack, for the system and order of the Establishment are being challenged) and if individual ambitions do not come to override the collective one, the guild could turn the whole scene around. 

JAZZ ON



TELEVISION

Part I Of A Survey, By Leonard Feather

FOR THE RECORD—and in the interests of enlightening posterity and giving credit that is seldom acknowledged—it should be said that the last few weeks of 1964 and the first couple of months of 1965 were a fruitful period for television jazz.

The skeptic may reply: “Yeah? I didn’t see Miles take over *The Lawrence Welk Show*.”

But in assessing the manner and extent of the use of jazz in this medium it is reasonable to take certain facts into consideration. One is that the prime-time evening television program, for the most part, is aimed at securing the attention of as many as possible of the 192,000,000 potential viewers in the United States.

Another is the inescapable logic of the argument that music per se is not visual, and that classical music, pop music, and even rock and roll can rarely be found presented in undiluted form. If music is to be appreciated for its esthetic merit, watching it on television should be actually less desirable than listening to it on stereo radio.

Granting these factors, and granting also the complex machinations of Madison Ave. and of the networks, one must still concede that for those who for some reason must turn to TV for their jazz diet, the season was generally heartening.

The happenings may be said to have started with the hour-long Eddie Condon tribute, syndicated to various stations; most of them screened it in November or December. Assembled by Condon’s old friend and frequent literary collaborator, Richard Gehman, the show had most of the merits and faults of the old Condon concerts of the 1940s.

Purporting to be a pocket history of jazz, it was actually a panorama of Condon-style music, encompassing mostly those individuals within the guitarist’s frame of reference. A curious exception was Sammy Davis Jr., whose pre-taped interlude seemed out of place. There was no big-band jazz, no modern jazz—in fact, nothing but down-the-middle Dixie, swing, and ragtime of varying quality.

Cornetist Wild Bill Davison probably came off best among the horn men, his powerful lead undiminished in strength and enthusiasm. Billy Butterfield, long absent from the main scenes, displayed a disappointing weakening of tone and improvisational capacity in his trumpet playing. Clarinetist Edmond Hall and many of the other Condon regulars were on hand to provide some nostalgic moments, and Condon himself, though still ailing, was seen briefly, his back stubbornly turned to the camera much of the time.

The most relaxed and least stilted moments came with the appearance of the indomitable Willie (The Lion) Smith. The pianist ad libbed verbally and musically in some informal touches for which he was pleasantly joined by Thelma Carpenter. The latter, though a surprising choice as vocalist on a show of this type, sang with enough soul and charm to justify her presence.

Johnny Mercer’s emcee role would have been a great deal easier on both him and the audience if he had been allowed to ad lib it.

In general, the Condon show was a potpourri of good, bad, and indifferent music, welcome if only for glimpses of men all too seldom seen on television.

Another one-shot special was *Duke Ellington Swings through Japan*, a segment of the Columbia Broadcasting System’s *Twentieth Century* series, seen just before Christmas.

In contrast with the Condon show, which could have said in a half-hour all it had to say, this was squeezed into 30 minutes when it could well have run twice as long. Its brevity was the only thing wrong with it; in almost every other respect it was one of the best shows of its kind ever screened.

Produced by Isaac Kleinerman and admirably written by Jack Beck, this was the story of a band on tour. It did not purport to be a program of music, though there were enough extended excerpts from concerts to give it meaning on this level also.

With Walter Cronkite as narrator, the viewer was taken on the road with the band through several cities. There were snatches of informal conversations en route, scenes in and from trains and planes, a visit to the Kyoto shrine, and a healthy sampling of the thunderous reactions of the Japanese audiences to this magnificent music.

The whole effort was a mixture of dignity, informality, and honesty such as one rarely sees in musical reportage. CBS should run this show again, not once but many times; it never will be out of date. It is probably the most satisfying tribute now available on television tape to the foremost figure in jazz.

DESPITE THE INTEREST of the Condon show and the importance of the Ellington, what made the winter so eventful was the continuous run of good musical talent from channel to channel in the various late-night programs.

From November through February, in many major cities, there was a choice of three regular series of this type.

The longest-established and best known was—and is—*Tonight*, with Johnny Carson, running 105 minutes (90 in some cities) on National Broadcasting Co. stations. The American Broadcasting Co. network’s counterpart was *The Les Crane Show*, running 90 minutes. Third there was *The Regis Philbin Show*, seen on the Westinghouse stations and a number of other outlets and also running 90 minutes.

Philbin’s show replaced *The Steve Allen Show*, which also frequently had jazz guests.

All three featured good house bands. Crane, during the latter weeks of his run, used a good trio composed of pianist Cy Coleman, drummer Grady Tate, and bassist Ben Tucker. The group was not used extensively, but what it did was consistently agreeable.

Philbin had the most jazz-oriented house group of the three, Terry Gibbs’. In fact, it was composed entirely of jazz musicians, and its appearances on camera for an occasional instrumental number (usually two or three times a week) could be classified without qualification as good, honest, swinging contemporary jazz.

Gibbs was a thoroughly effective leader. Both his playing and his direct involvement in the casual conversation had a loose, happy quality that very often showed him more at ease than Philbin.

The sidemen were Carrington Visor, a supple and flex-

ible soloist on flute (doubling on tenor saxophone); Mike Melvoin, a fast-maturing young pianist; guitarist Herb Ellis, the only holdover from the Allen show and still one of the great swingers of any decade; Monty Budwig, a steady bassist with a good sound; and Colin Bailey, a British drummer who is scaring a lot of people these days.

Philbin handled the group without condescension and with obvious respect for their talents. One evening he gave brief biographies of the sidemen, each of whom was seen in close-up; the group then played a Gibbs original called *Rubaiyat Waltz*, featuring impressive work by Gibbs,



Guest Dizzy Gillespie (seated) with the Terry Gibbs band: (l. to r.) Carrington Visor, Colin Bailey, Mike Melvoin, Monty Budwig, sound technician Ray Johnson, Herb Ellis, and Gibbs.

Melvoin, and Ellis. Gibbs also wrote all the bridging and cue music, which added considerably to the tasteful flavor of the whole show.

Another important aspect of the Philbin-Gibbs regime was the role played by the group in accompanying singers and other acts. Gibbs showed that a small jazz combo can handle such assignments more than just competently. With the help of the sextet, the jazz singer so long hidden in Kay Starr managed to peek through the tinsel Las Vegas curtain.

Aside from Gibbs' group, the Philbin show introduced guests who were often of interest to the jazz-minded audience.

In a single week, Sarah Vaughan appeared on Tuesday and Wednesday, Count Basie on Thursday, and Dizzy Gillespie on Friday. (In case you are curious about Monday, it was Della Reese and Cab Calloway.)

The Gillespie appearance was a classic; I doubt that his whole personality has ever come across more delightfully on a national program of this kind. After he and Philbin had chatted for at least 15 minutes on every subject from Oriental scales to mothers-in-law, Gillespie sang and played a Calypso number and completely broke up the show.

Philbin's other guests included Ahmad Jamal, Stan Getz, Carmen McRae, Bill Henderson, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Jimmy Smith, Ramsey Lewis, and such jazz-inclined singers as Sue Raney and Gene McDaniels.

Gibbs acted as guest-suggester-in-chief. His group supplied such stimulating informal accompaniments that many who had brought music cast it aside and worked out head arrangements. Miss Vaughan once sang a medley of nine tunes in this manner. The result was a far more intimate and interesting picture of Miss Vaughan than can be gleaned from the typical heavily rehearsed formal guest shot on any major mid-evening program.

It should be added for the record that guests on all the late-night shows worked for union scale, some because of

the pleasant informality (as in the case of Miss Vaughan), some for the money, some because this kind of appearance offers exposure to a substantially different audience, as well as a chance to stretch out musically such as is rarely found in regular variety shows. (On one Ed Sullivan appearance two years or so ago, Gillespie was held to a single number lasting just over two minutes. But in fairness to Sullivan it should be pointed out that a high spot of the season was the appearance on his show March 7 of Ella Fitzgerald and the Duke Ellington Band in a lengthy and delightful medley of Ellington's songs. It was a rare example of first-rate vocal and instrumental jazz on a prime-time network show.)

If the Philbin show went off the air as a result of low ratings, the failure may have been the result partly of the splitting up of the night-time audience among three live shows, and partly of Philbin's stiffness as an interviewer (it took somebody like Gillespie to loosen him up); but no fault could be laid at the door of the music or musicians decorating the series. Those of us who spent many evenings flipping the dial back and forth among Carson, Philbin, and Crane will remember this as a short-lived but musically praiseworthy venture.

The abrupt cancellation of the Crane show, though also related to ratings, certainly cannot be ascribed to any weakness in the quality or quantity of the conversation. More than either of its competitors, this was essentially a talk show, with music in a strictly secondary role.

Nevertheless, Crane's taste in music was reflected in the appearance of such guests as Joe Williams, Herbie Mann, Stan Kenton, Ramsey Lewis, Aretha Franklin, and a heavy sprinkling of folk acts.

There were also talking guests such as Hoagy Carmichael, who reminisced about Bix Beiderbecke, the origin of *Rockin' Chair*, and related subjects, while plugging his latest book, and Robert George Reisner, author of *Bird: The Legend of Charlie Parker*. Though not on the show as a jazz personality, Reisner was one of the hipper guests, and his personality made a sharp and strong impression. His discussion of the hipster and hip talk had the rare virtue of authenticity.

THE *Tonight* show should be too well known by now to call for much more than a factual recap. First a word must be put in for the house band under the direction of Skitch Henderson.

This group has been taken too much for granted. Basically it is patterned along swing-band lines, both in instrumentation and style. The quality of its arrangements, and the spirit and accuracy with which they are interpreted, often surpass much of what was excessively praised when performed by some of the sloppier and more overrated bands of the swing era.

The brass section is especially strong. It includes gifted trumpeter Doc Severinsen, who functions as assistant leader and fronts the band when Henderson is absent.

Henderson and the *Tonight* show have justified themselves musically if only for what they have done in bringing Clark Terry to national prominence. During the last year he has been seen more and more frequently in solo spots, and it was on this program that he introduced his unique brand of blues singing, which led to the hit record, *Mumbles*, with Oscar Peterson. To have one of the half-dozen greatest contemporary trumpet soloists as a regular performer on a nightly series seen by millions is a joy for musicians and a boon for jazz.

Trumpeter Snooky Young also is a valuable member of the brass section, which rotates slightly in personnel from night to night. A former Charles Mingus soloist, Willie



Drummers three: Tonight host Johnny Carson, guest Lionel Hampton, show regular Bobby Rosengarden.

Dennis, is a member of the trombone section.

In the reed section are Walt Levinsky, lead alto and flute and a good soloist, and Tommy Newsom, tenor saxophone, who toured Russia with Benny Goodman. Both are also arrangers. Another reed-section member is Al Klink (ex-Miller, Goodman, Dorsey). Stan Webb is the baritone saxophonist.

There is an ample supply of Neal Hefti material in the band's book. Others who have contributed to the library, in addition to Levinsky and Newsom, include Torrie Zito, Ernie Wilkins, and, of course, Henderson himself.

Though the band is required to play a broad range of musical styles, it is significant that the filler moments, going into or coming out of station breaks, almost invariably reveal its fundamental swinging character.

In these numbers the rhythm section acquires itself most creditably. It consists of Henderson, piano; Gene Bertontini or Tony Mottola, guitar; Julie Ruggiero, bass; and Bobby Rosengarden or Ed Shaughnessy, drums.

Carson's guests include a generous proportion of jazz combos and singers.

Regrettably, some of the jazz guests who are voluble enough to earn themselves a place in the kaffeeklatsch type of discussion that takes up much of the show are not invited to do so. For example, when the show visited Hollywood for a couple of weeks in February, the George Shearing Quintet played two numbers and then promptly

Tonight's Clark Terry and Skitch Henderson.



Clarinetist Benny Goodman and pianist Marian McPartland have been among Tonight's jazz visitors.

disappeared. Paul Horn's quintet had a similar experience. Surely both Horn and Shearing could have taken lively and useful roles as talkers along with the other guests.

On the other hand, there are a few guests with at least partial musical association who are accorded the full treatment. A notable case is that of Artie Shaw, who for the last few years has been a *Tonight* irregular. Shaw is willing and eager to talk on any subject, occasionally including music, at the drop of a half-second's silence. The Henderson band welcomes him onstage with the old Shaw band's opening theme, *Nightmare*; but Shaw, as a rule, would rather discourse on his latest venture as a motion-picture producer or novelist than wax nostalgic about the big-band days. During one appearance, however, he spoke sensitively and constructively about freedom in the arts.

An occasional and gladdening visitor to *Tonight* has been Gerry Mulligan. Whether playing a casual and beautifully integrated quartet number (with trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, drummer Dave Bailey, and bassist Bill Crow) or talking about the state of his notions, Mulligan is always a welcome sight on any channel. To many viewers his must be the characteristic image of today's articulate jazzman, a role for which he is just about perfectly equipped.

Carson's other guests in the last months have included Stan Getz, Chico Hamilton, Moe Koffman, Sarah Vaughan, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Erroll Garner, and Joe Williams.

With *The Les Crane Show* replaced at presstime by a dreary mishmash hosted by various entertainers that clearly cannot last, and the Philbin show giving way to a Merv Griffin format that is expected to include a big band, the future of late-night television music is in doubt at the moment. But at least there is still the Carson show, and when one considers the dismal treatment generally handed jazz artists on the overcommercialized prime-time programs, the role being played by Messrs. Carson and Henderson in bringing music to millions in the mid-1960s becomes something to remember with thanks and relief. **db**



Pianist Earl Hines, bassist George Tucker, and drummer Oliver Jackson.

Monitoring Hawk And Hines

DIRECTOR KARL GENUS stood on tiptoe in the control booth, his right leg moving energetically in time to the music. In front of him was a panel board with four small monitor screens—one for each camera—and a larger screen reflecting what would be seen on the finished video tape.

"One—you've got it," he shouted into the microphone around his neck. "Four—arc left and come in on the piano . . . on his hands. Tight. Tighter. That's it. Four's got it."

On the control screen, a rapid dissolve from Coleman Hawkins' face to the hands of Earl Hines was completed just in time to catch the opening notes of his solo on *Crazy Rhythm*.

The scene was New York City's Video Tape Center, and the business at hand was the filming of a pilot tape for a projected series of 13 half-hour programs, to be called, with disarming simplicity, *Jazz*. Envisioned primarily for syndication in Europe, Canada, Australia, and other non-U.S. markets, the enterprise is sponsored by Yardbird Productions, Inc., with Stephen Schmidt as executive producer, critic David Himmelstein as music director, and Genus as director.

According to Himmelstein, the series' aim is "to present jazz in an informal, authentic, but musically cohesive environment. We plan to cover the whole gamut of jazz styles—but not in a didactic way. There will be an element of surprise in the confrontation of musicians who don't usually play together. We see jazz as a continuum rather than a series of categories."

True to this concept, the pilot film joined Hawkins and Hines, two giants who only once before had worked together (on a 1944 Keynote recording). The veterans were supported by a sterling young rhythm team: bassist George Tucker and drummer Oliver Jackson. Through a stroke of luck, a week's booking at the Village Vanguard had been obtained for the quartet, which thus had an opening night's work under its collective belt when its members gathered in the studio one March afternoon.

The big studio sported a bare, unadorned set, surrounded by a small but select and eager audience. On hand were critics Stanley Dance, Whitney Balliett, Ira Gitler, George Hoefer, John S. Wilson, and Martin Williams; a&r men Frank Driggs, Brad McCuen, and Don Schlitten; New York *Post* columnist Alvin Davis; and novelist Jeremy Lerner.

Director Genus, a man with wide experience in the mating of jazz and television (among his credits are the marvelous 1957 show *The Sound of Jazz*, the *Robert Herridge Presents* programs featuring Miles Davis with Gil Evans and Ben Webster with Ahmad Jamal, and a series on New Orleans jazz for educational TV), was shooting the pilot "in the round." His four cameras

(the cameramen had been hand-picked for professional skill and a liking for jazz) included three pedestal cameras and one big Houston, mounted on an adjustable crane. They roamed freely on the circumference of the set. There were no locked-in-position cameras.

"This is the most fun I've ever had," one of the men remarked after the shooting.

Fun—and hard work. The cameras moved like lightning at Genus' command.

Genus believes in "a visual mode in the wing tradition," i.e., the cameras "wing in" on their subject. This, he said, gives an improvised quality.

"Everything is at the disposal of the music," he said, and the results backed up his statement.

In keeping with this spontaneous quality, there was no narration. The only talk heard was by the musicians themselves, and that was remarkably unstilted. One memorable moment was Hines' saying, "Listen, Coleman—what was that other one we were going to do?"

Hawkins' immediate response was to boom out the opening bars of *Crazy Rhythm*—and they were on their way.

An informal run-through began shortly after musicians and crew had been assembled. Hines, in magnificent form, was debonair in a checked sport jacket, striped open-neck shirt, and dotted ascot. Tucker and Jackson were also casual, the former wearing a bulky blue cardigan, the latter a dress shirt without tie and a peaked cap. Hawkins, always the arbiter of elegance, was immaculate in a charcoal-gray suit, white shirt, and sober tie.

The run-through ended with a supper break at 5:30 p.m. with a spread of sandwiches, cake, and coffee. The serious work began about 7 p.m., and by 10:30 the musicians were ready to depart for work at the Vanguard.

During this time span, a program of seven numbers had been completed. Hines opened with a short solo version of *But Not for Me* and was joined by Tucker and Jackson for *Love Is Just around the Corner*, *I'm a Little Brown Bird* (with a Hines vocal, and introduced by the leader with the admonition: "Watch this one—it's in E!"), and *Fine and Dandy*, taken at whirlwind tempo.

Then Hawkins joined the party, opening with *Just One More Chance*, a tune he and Hines had recorded together in 1944, and going on through *Crazy Rhythm* to a rousing finale, *Lady, Be Good*. Two excellent takes not used in the finished tape were Hawkins-Hines collaborations on *Indian Summer* and *Rosetta*. The latter had to be excluded because of the session's sole slip-up—master control ran out of tape in the third chorus.

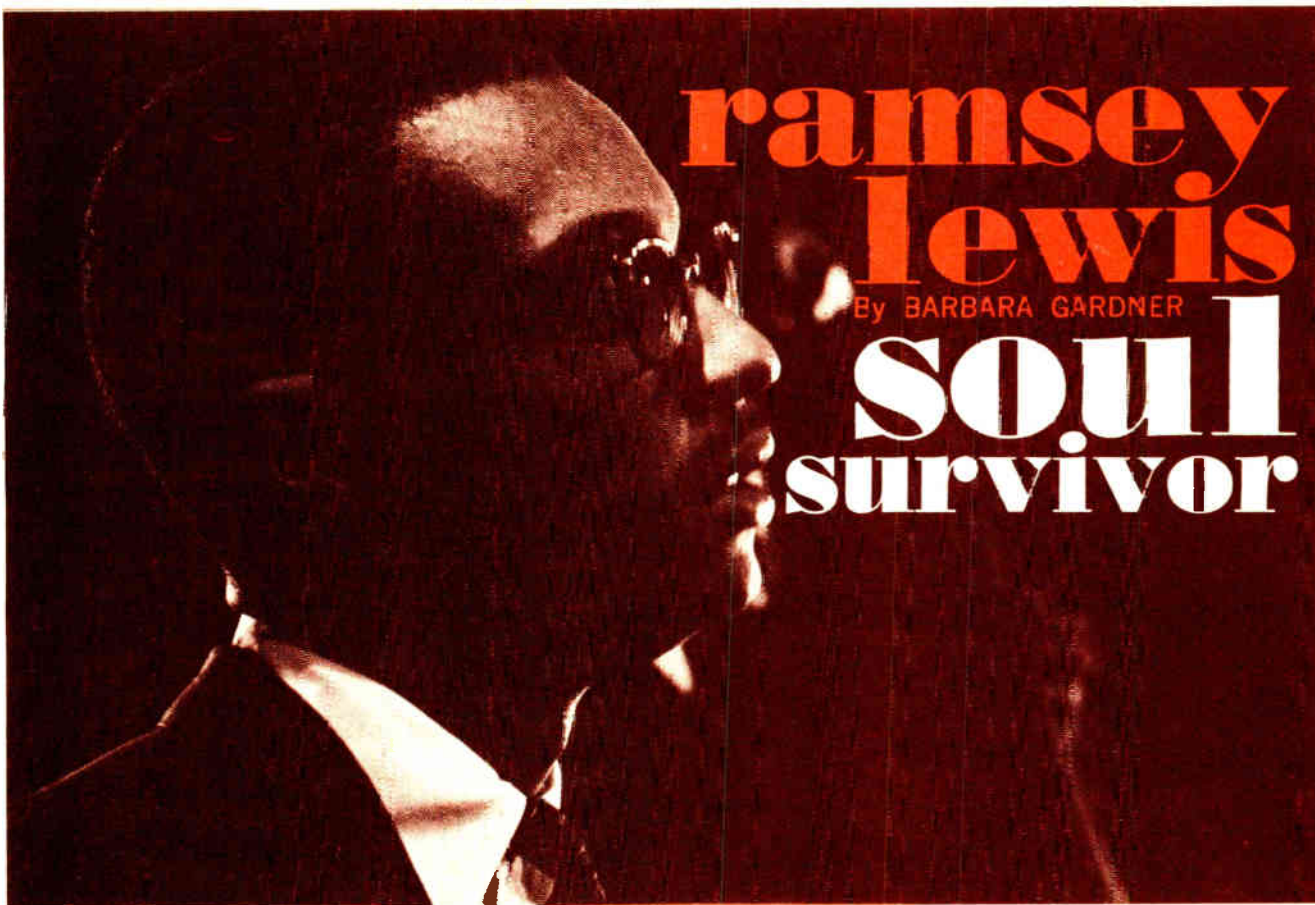
Television requires fast work. Editing was completed by 5 a.m. and the tape dispatched to New Orleans, La., for processing. On March 12 a print was shown to distributors at the Cannes Television Festival in France and met with enthusiastic reception. Negotiations now are under way for possible U.S. release of the tape, and several record companies have expressed interest in the sound track.

While the editing was beginning, the musicians were in full swing at the Vanguard, unflagging after the eight previous hours of labor, and by 3 a.m., Hawkins and Hines roared into *I'll See You in My Dreams* like a couple of youngsters eager to start the day's work.

A young musician from Charlie Mingus' orchestra watched and listened with undisguised admiration. "That's about 100 years of music up there," he said. "It's school at the Vanguard this week."

It was good to know that a sermon by the masters had been preserved.

—Dan Morgenstern



ramsey lewis

By BARBARA GARDNER

soul survivor

DON BRONSTEIN

TO THE EMBARRASSMENT of jazz' critical hierarchy, Ramsey Lewis will not close his piano top and go away. Seven years ago, he was typewritered and dismissed as a flash in the pan.

Today that flash glows steadily, and he has achieved some remarkable things as a jazz artist. He is the pivotal member of a tightly knit unit that has remained together since its inception. The group works steadily to expanding audiences, and its record sales run into five figures annually.

Ironically, the pianist—who is sometimes praised, sometimes damned as a purveyor of “soul”—has his roots deep in the European classical tradition. In 1941, when he was 6 and shooting up with the tall weeds on Chicago's west side, his older sister began studying piano, and Ramsey Emmanuel Jr. cried to go along. Convinced it was a childish whim, the elder Lewis permitted his son to begin. Six months later his sister dropped out. Ramsey continued studying classical piano with the same teacher until he was 11. After high school, he attended Chicago Musical College and later studied music at DePaul University.

Lewis wanted to be a concert pianist then, and he never seriously considered popular music as a career even after he had begun playing dance dates on the city's west side with a seven-piece group called the Clefs. Eldee Young played bass and Isaac (Red) Holt was the group's drummer. Beyond the world of the west side, the Korean conflict was heating up, and by 1952 Uncle Sam had raided the Clefs and tapped three members, including Holt. The rest of the band drifted off. Lewis, at the time, was in his second year of college and clinging to his aspirations to “concertize and tour the world,” as he jokingly remembers.

But first, he married.

“Now, I figured you get married... two people can live as cheaply as one and all that, right?,” he laughed as he recalled this. “Are you with me? I could finish college.

The wife would work full time, and I could work part time. You know... have my cake and eat it too! But I forgot about old Mother Nature. Jerrie got pregnant, and I had to get out of school and get a job.”

He went to work as manager of the record department of Hudson-Ross music store. In addition, he and two other musicians went into rehearsal, and he began moonlighting as a part-time entertainer. This arrangement was soon altered.

“Eventually,” he recalled, “my nighttime work overcame my daytime work... I couldn't get up to go to work.”

End of management career in record department.

The original Ramsey Lewis Trio included bassist Young of the Clefs and Butch McCann on drums. Their major jazz-circuit debut was made as featured attraction with vocalist Bill Henderson at Chicago's Sutherland Lounge. Holt returned from the Army and became the trio's drummer. The group continued working clubs in the Midwest, attracting among their following a Chicago policeman (whose name Lewis has forgot) who was instrumental in securing the group a record contract. The first disc was cut and promptly shelved for months. A Chicago disc jockey, Daddy-O Daylie, heard them and finally persuaded the record company to release the record.

This first album was pompously packaged... the three men were tuxedoed in the cover photo... and titled *Gentlemen of Swing*. With plugs from Chicago disc jockeys, the trio gained a substantial following. They were booked into Chicago's SRO Room for six months. There followed two years in the city's Cloister Inn, interrupted once by a two-week engagement at New York's Birdland.

The most indelible memory Lewis has regarding New York is pragmatic; before Birdland, the group was enjoyed though officially unheralded at the Cloister, but after two weeks at the “jazz corner of the world,” the trio returned

to a blazing marquee announcement of that fact and a doubled salary.

New York still has not officially dealt with the Ramsey Lewis Trio. The three young, intelligent, healthy musicians went to the city not to prove themselves but to perform, not to seek acceptance but to entertain, not to apologize for their Second City origin but to meld naturally into the main stream of professional jazz. This is an attitude New York has seldom dealt with graciously, even though in his case Lewis remembers that, individually, members of the New York jazz establishment were warm and very helpful.

Another characteristic the trio took to New York was a definitive solidarity, allowing little room for technical alteration and no place at all for any tampering with its style and approach. A prominent jazz saxophonist who had liked and lauded the trio in Chicago was frustrated when the unit went to New York.

"For me, it was kind of a drag, really," he said. "I dug him so much in Chicago, and his thing sounded exactly right then. So I went around telling all the cats, 'Man, look out for this group from Chicago.' But I don't know. When he came to the Apple, somehow it was different. It was still altogether, but it wasn't 'New York'."

Lewis still isn't New York, and, further, he does not consider such identification and acceptance essential. He has no idea of ever living there unless forced to do so because of musical demands. He summarized his view of the city: "There's a lot of good cats there—but New York is just another stop on the circuit to me."

ONE OF THE SIMPLEST METHODS of assessing the unknown is to relate it to a well-known. This technique was employed with the new Lewis trio. It often was tagged a copy or an offshoot of the other major Chicago trio, that of Ahmad Jamal.

"In a way, I was flattered because Ahmad is one of my favorite musicians," Lewis recalled. "I could understand how the comparison might come up. First, we're both piano trios, and then, in expressing our own ideas, we might have crossed tracks one way or another . . . not on the same track mind you. Ahmad loves to be lyrical and beautiful with his melodies, not too much embellishment. So do I.

"Still, nowhere can you sit down and listen to one of our records and say, 'This is like Ahmad.' Ahmad has a completely different concept about music. Often he will be light and suggestive where I like to lay it out and play with all the depth I can muster.

"Then, of course, our books are very different. I could never do his tunes, and he would probably not be comfortable with some of mine."

Lewis has gone through a wide range of influences. The pianist's father was a jazz enthusiast and tried to saturate his son with the sounds of Art Tatum.

"At first I didn't understand Art Tatum," Ramsey explained. "He was playing too much piano. Then I grew older, studied a little more, and grew to love Art Tatum—probably even more than my father."

The tall, lean musician sat back, stretched his legs and his memory to pull together all the early influences.

"Oscar Peterson was tremendously influential on me at the beginning," he said. "Then I went through a stage where John Lewis could do no wrong. Then Erroll Garner came into my picture and then Bud Powell. I guess all pianists go through a phase when Bud Powell is God. After that I started widening my scope and listening to everything. I fell in love with Horace Silver and so many of the really good current musicians. But I would say John Lewis and Oscar Peterson were my most lasting influences."

Perhaps it is the technical mastery and effective use of classical references that most attract Lewis to these particular artists. Often his own approach incorporates the hint of Old World dynamics and progression to a climax. Still, underlying all is the consistent fusing of powerful, contrasting dynamics, and earthy, straightforward projection. This is the quality that marks a performance as distinctively Ramsey Lewis Trio. And, loosely applied, this quality has earned the trio a reputation as a "soul group."

Surely the most recurring criticism leveled against the pianist is that there is something pretentious about his playing. One critic, within the space of 50 words, termed Lewis' contribution as "pop jazz . . . semiclassical schmaltz and stylized funk." Lewis' customary defense against such attack is to cite the evidence of his increasing night-club and record audience. This time, however, he minced no words in his assessment of critics.

"There may be a couple—not more—who really know what jazz is all about," he said. "Either the others know music pretty well and have no idea of how to give good criticism, or they know how to write a good critique but don't know anything about jazz. What really gets my goat is their arrogant stamp of finality . . . their this-is-it attitude. They could express their views, then leave it up to other people to do the same, you know."

When asked to give an objective appraisal of his work in connection with such criticism, Lewis differentiates between what he is trying to do and superficial commercialism.

"To me 'soul' represents depth and great feeling," he explained. "I know some pianists today where everything they play comes out, not with depth and feeling exactly, but downright funky. Now, when *everything* you do comes out funky, that's trying . . . that isn't really soulful."

He thought further and then continued, "I don't try to play funky all the time, but there's a certain depth and feeling I try to portray no matter what I'm playing."

Lewis rejects the idea that his group can be defined strictly as a soul group, explaining, "To me, Ray Charles is a soulful musician . . . all the time. Not the piano playing so much, but his singing. He makes me feel the story he's telling. And he does it in a simple form . . . all the time. Now, that's real soul."

Again Lewis paused cautiously in an effort to achieve the impossible—absolute clarity not subject to misinterpretation.

"I want to have the depth and feeling there always," he went on. "There's a certain amount of it that I got from playing in the church for years, and I can never get it out of my system. Still, in some tunes, I try to alter the character of the tune, project another mood other than outright funk . . . another kind of soulfulness that comes from way down inside. You see, often funk becomes a vehicle . . . just a combination of blue notes certain musicians learn and keep using to carry their ideas in . . . to try and create soul. Well, if it's really soulful, it's there in the depth of everything you do—you don't need so much help to get it across."

FORTUNATELY, LEWIS FOUND two musicians with similar musical concepts. Young and Holt are more than fellow workers. They are major contributors to the unit's success.

"Our trio is a partnership," Lewis said. "Everything is literally split up in thirds. Salaries, expenses, organization responsibilities are divided equally. The trio uses my name only because when we first started, the guy who set up some things for us thought a person's name would be better than a group title.

"Musically, we're different from most trios because the

pianist does not monopolize the music. We try to distribute the musical duties equally. In one given arrangement, I might have a melody, Eldee may have a countermelody, and Red will have a definite drum pattern designed to emphasize each segment. He's not just back there keeping time. He's there for a reason, to build the whole thing to a certain point.

"After you listen to a couple of our sets, you know that everybody is featured about equally. You don't go away with the feeling that the pianist is all right and maybe the bassist or the drummer would be if you could hear more of them. Everybody gets a chance to stretch out." He laughed. "In fact, the best proof I can give of that is that Eldee has come closer to winning many more polls than I have."

This complementary relationship has been building constantly since the inception of the trio and has yielded a solid bond of musical awareness of individual and group potential. It has precluded the possibility of group expansion, according to Lewis.

"Certain fellows have sat in, and it's just too hard for a fourth musician to feel what's happening," the pianist said. "The three of us really have a thing, and it's pretty tight. I don't think we could make another notch there."

The exception was the late vibraharpist Lem Winchester.

"Now Lem came close to fitting right into this groove," Lewis said. "He's about the only musician I can think of who seemed to be able to anticipate along with us, fill that little slot. Vocalists? That's another thing altogether."

The trio has recorded with other artists, more often with vocalists than instrumentalists. Argo, the company for which it records, has a penchant for tagging the group onto fledgling, waning, or one-shot performers on the label, perhaps hoping to infuse the material with a sales-booster shot.

The Lewis trio has worked in person with many outstanding vocalists. More than one have offered the group steady employment and the chance to team up as a vocal-instrumental unit. The offers do not appeal even slightly to the pianist.

"No good," he said. "There're only a couple I dig playing for under any circumstances, and I don't think I could make it as regular accompanist for anybody. So many singers are just not together with their music. Things like arrangements, keys, pace—these things just don't seem to mean that much to a lot of them. They just expect to walk right in and have everything fall into place. Well, it usually doesn't happen like that."

The implied need for attention to technique and training is most explicit in the preoccupation with rehearsals and study in the unit. They have recorded 16 albums for Argo, utilizing more than 100 compositions, many of which are originals. Most of these are by Lewis though Young and Holt are free to offer for rehearsal and possible recording any original material they feel is good for the trio.

"We try to consolidate our ideas for the group," the leader said. "But there's still room for individual expression outside the unit. Each man has his own record date in which he can do anything he wants to do. Eldee, for example, has many, many ideas of his own beyond the group. Eventually, we get everything worked out so everybody has had his say."

There is plenty of time for experimentation, for this is a relatively young group. In spite of its impressive track record, the average age of the trio members is less than 33. On May 27 Lewis will be 30.

There is a mundane solidarity in the lives of these three musicians who earn their livelihood in the razzle-dazzle of night life. Each man is married to a high-school or child-

hood sweetheart, and, aside from the extended tours, the performers continue to participate in community activities and civic affairs throughout Chicago.

Jazz is a business to Lewis, not a way of life. Currently his business is making possible a most agreeable way of life for his family.

"I admire Armstrong and Duke and Basie," he said thoughtfully. "But I can't see staying out on the road all my life. I want to get to the place where financially I can afford to stay home. I think I know my failings and my abilities. I wouldn't say that I'm so different from every other pianist and I know I'll make it; but I like to believe I have sort of an original style and a good chance."

Humility is admirable, but cold fact must tell the man that he has become an important, bread-and-butter commodity in at least two of the shops that guide the trio.

While Argo hedges a direct answer, the most casual survey of the company's recording activity in recent years reveals that the consistently selling trio is prime, valuable stock in the jazz department of a record company primarily and profitably pop and rhythm-and-blues based.

The group's personal manager, John Levy, molder of many stars, is currently struggling through a phase, unfortunately all too familiar in entertainment—artistic disenchantment resulting in the explosive or unexpected exodus from his fold of the money-makers. Ironically, while the time period between obscurity and stardom can be considerably shortened by a knowledgeable personal manager, frequently, the artist's mental grasp and business acumen develop by leaps and bounds. Once there, the artist finds he has "outgrown" the need for the same personal manager. Lewis has declined to join the stampede.

"You just don't forget," he stated. "On our second trip to New York, John Levy stepped into the picture, and I learned how important a real manager can be. And for us, John was the best. All we had to do was go to work. Before I saw the room, I knew it was all right. I knew the piano was right. He saw to it that that was part of the contract. . . . All the details, he handled. So now, we just can't walk out."

A rare loyalty in the music business.

The trio works continuously now, which indicates a growing audience and an entry into broader markets than those offered by jazz. They are on the road approximately 42 weeks a year, play Chicago four, and vacation the rest. That's a good year.

Ultimately though, the pianist has other ambitions.

"Ideally," he explained, "I would like to work six months a year, take a break for a couple of months, then seriously woodshed three or four months. I try not to draw only from jazz, maybe because I studied classics—but there's so much meat there and in folk music and naturally the old masters. I'd like to experiment with these ideas a while."

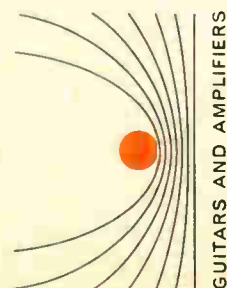
Until this is achieved, he travels, listens to records whenever he gets a chance, steals time from music for recreation with his family, and very occasionally plays tennis. Though the grind is tough, he said he still prefers the hubbub of night clubs to concert work because "usually concerts have so many artists or you're allotted only a certain amount of time. You go on cold. Now, it's a cinch you have to warm up. Before you know it, your time is shot and you often haven't done your best. So I guess I'd rather work night clubs until the right kinds of concerts come along."

This, too, is in the offing. Things could hardly be better now. . . . Well, yes they could. Take away the stings of the typewriters, and Ramsey Lewis will be a happier man.





He's a featured member of Skitch Henderson's Tonight Show orchestra—a favorite on the Perry Como Music Hall—and a mainstay of Mitch Miller's recording gang. He's the skilled and sensitive musician-composer-arranger Tony Mottola—The Guitar Player's Guitar Player. An exciting example of Tony's tremendous versatility is his latest Command recording, *Guitar Paris* (RS 877). You'll hear his tasteful phrasing in *Poor People of Paris*, the drama he creates in the *Boulevard of Broken Dreams* and the warmth and poignancy of *Dominique*. It is a flawless performance played by a masterful artist. Responsiveness, sensitivity and superb tonal quality were the reasons why Tony Mottola first chose to play a Gibson guitar more than 25 years ago—and why he still plays Gibson today with complete confidence. And that's why Gibson is the choice of professional artists—and acknowledged world leader in fine guitars.



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RECORD REVIEWS

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

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

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

Bossa Nova Bevy

Astrud Gilberto

THE ASTRUD GILBERTO ALBUM—Verve 8608: *Once I Loved*; *Agua de Beber*; *Meditation*; *And Roses and Roses*; *O Morro*; *How Insensitive*; *Dindi*; *Photograph*; *Dreamer*; *So Finha de Ser com Voce*; *All That's Left Is to Say Goodbye*.

Personnel: Stu Williamson, trumpet; Milt Bernhardt, trombone; Bud Shank, alto saxophone, flute; Joao Donato, piano; Antonio Carlos Jobim, guitar; Joe Mondragon, bass; others unidentified; Marty Paich, arranger, conductor; Mrs. Gilberto, vocals.

Rating: ★★½

Various Artists

BRASIL '65—Capitol 2294: *So Nice*; *Favela*; *Berimbau*; *Tristeza em Mim*; *Aquarius*; *One Note Samba*; *She's a Carioca*; *Muito a Vontade*; *Let Me*; *Consolacao*; *Reza*.

Personnel: Bud Shank, alto saxophone, flute; Sergio Mendes, piano; Roshina DeValencia, guitar; Sebastiao Neto, bass; Chico (Batera) DeSouza, drums; Wanda DeSah, vocals.

Rating: ★★½

Sergio Mendes

THE SWINGER FROM RIO—Atlantic 1434: *Maria Moita*; *Sambinha Bossa Nova*; *Batida Di-frente*; *So Danco Samba*; *Pau Brazil*; *The Girl from Ipanema*; *Useless Panorama*; *The Dreamer*; *Primavera*; *Consolacao*; *Favela*.

Personnel: Art Farmer, fluegelhorn; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Hubert Laws, flute; Mendes, piano; Antonio Carlos Jobim, guitar; Sebastiao Neto, bass; Chico DeSouza, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Roberto Menescal

THE BOY FROM IPANEMA BEACH—Kapp 1418: *Nao Bate Coracao*; *O Amor que Acabou*; *Voce e Eu*; *So Pode Ser com Voce*; *Tempinho Bom*; *Desafinado*; *The Girl from Ipanema*; *So Danco Samba*; *Bolinha De Papel*; *Negro*; *Samba de Verao*; *Inverno*.

Personnel: Henri, flute; Hugo Marotta, vibraharp; Fumir Deodato, piano; Menescal, guitar; Sergio, bass; Joao Palma, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Herbie Mann

MY KINDA GROOVE—Atlantic 1433: *Blues in the Closet*; *Morning after Carnival*; *Vikki*; *Mushi Mushi*; *Soul Guajira*; *Spanish Grits*; *Saudade de Bahia*.

Personnel: Mann, soprano flute, bass flute; Dave Pike, vibraharp; Don Friedman, piano; Atilla Zoller, guitar; Jack Six, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums; Willie Bobo, Carlos Valdez, percussion; unidentified large orchestra.

Rating: ★★★

Paul Desmond

BOSSA ANTIGUA—RCA Victor 3320: *Bossa Antigua*; *The Night Has a Thousand Eyes*; *O Gato*; *Samba Cantina*; *Curacao Deloroso*; *A Ship without a Sail*; *Alanca*; *The Girl from East 9th St.*

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

Rating: ★★★★★

Mrs. Gilberto's wistful, little-girl voice and her more or less deadpan rendering of English lyrics work strongly against her album's complete effectiveness. Save for the several songs in Portuguese she does here, the singer phrases rather gracelessly throughout the set, and the quality of ingenuous innocence projected by her youthful sounding voice and halting delivery soon wears thin. Three or four numbers would have been more than enough, but a full LP tends to cancel out whatever charm the first tracks generate. Marty Paich's arrangements are appropriately warm and romantic, though more than vaguely reminiscent of earlier orchestrations of some of these same pieces (for examples, the Joao Gilberto-Antonio Carlos Jobim collaboration on Capitol and the later Jobim set on Verve, with arrangements by Claus Ogerman).

Brazilian vocalist Wanda DeSah gives much the same impression in her several vocals in the *Brasil '65* set, but this collection at least benefits from the variety afforded by the presence of the Mendes trio and guitarist DeValencia. Miss DeSah is more relaxed with the Portuguese lyrics of the arrestingly rhythmic *Berimbau* and *Reza* than she is with the English ones of the other pieces she sings. The Mendes group is lithe and muscular and effortlessly generates a sinuous swing on *Favela*, *Aquarius*, and *Muito a Vontade* and also furnishes tasteful, full-bodied support for the singer. Miss DeValencia's guitar solos, *Tristeza* and *Consolacao*, are delightful, especially the latter with its bluesy improvisation.

American jazzmen Woods, Farmer, and Laws each join the Mendes trio for a series of ingratiating performances that display well the pianist's ability to accommodate his playing to various demands and situations. With Farmer, for example, he is introspective and brooding; with Woods, strong and gutsy; and with flutist Laws, exuberantly joyous. This last is perhaps the most successful of the three collaborations, for Laws' sprightly and inventive playing strikes just the right note with the music at hand. The flutist, on such pieces as *Pau Brazil*, forcefully suggests Roland Kirk in his imaginative handling of the instrument's sonic resources. Jobim's guitar, here as on the Astrud Gilberto album, provides shimmering rhythmic impetus, as do Neto's bass and DeSouza's drums.

An interesting, if not always completely successful, program of performances is turned in by the Menescal sextet. The group is doubly impressive in that the age span of its members is from 15 to 20 years of age. There is nothing adolescent about the group's music, however; it is strong, rhythmically resilient, and arresting in conception, marred only by a certain preciosity that crops up from time to time in the arrangements. Deodato is easily the most impressive member of the group, for his piano work is muscular and meaty. Flutist Henri, at 15, is an astonishingly mature and fluent musician. The leader's rhythm-and-blues-inflected guitar is occasionally out of place in this music, and his tone is rather unpleasant. All in all, however, it's a group to watch, for

already they're well past the teething stage.

What mars Mann's set of small-group and big-band performances is the generally flaccid improvising the flutist engages in, especially on the large-group tracks (the last five selections listed). His small-group reading of his attractive *Morning after Carnival* is appropriately moody and pensive, with good, deliberate solos from the leader and his fellows, especially Zoller. Of the big-band performances, *Mushi Mushi* (which features the insinuating fluegelhorn of Clark Terry) is perhaps the most consistently enjoyable; its light-hearted charm is all of a piece with the arrangement and the solos, which is not always true of the other numbers. *Vikki* (Pike's composition and showpiece), for example, seems a very disjointed Oliver Nelson arrangement, its parts having little relation to one another. *Guajira* and *Grits* are routine Latin big-band numbers, with only passable playing from Mann. The set as a whole, in fact, leaves one with an impression of limpness and lack of conviction. Nothing ever gets off the ground, though the potential to do so is there.

Altoist Desmond, in his urbane liner notes, points out that his music is hardly bossa nova, since by the time he was ready to perform the music the first big wave had long since been gone. Hence the album title. Desmond's music is, as might be expected, graceful and urbane, witty and utterly charming, and marked by complete ease and musicality. His solos flow with an airy fluidity and sparkling clarity that are among the most delightful things in modern jazz. Hall's support is impeccable, and he has any number of passionately vibrant solos that are notable for the magnificent sense of design and control that shape them. In all, there is a superb empathy among the quartet members that gives their work a powerful cohesiveness that is all the more potent for its quiet understatement. Heartily recommended. (P.W.)

Art Blakey

'S MAKE IT—Limelight 82001: *Faith*; 'S Make It; *Waltz for Ruth*; *One for Gamal*; *Little Hugbie*; *Olympia*; *Lament for Stacy*.

Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; John Gilmore, tenor saxophone; John Hicks, piano; Victor Sproles, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Various Artists

WE HAD A BALL—Limelight 82002: *I Had a Ball* (Quincy Jones); *Fickle Finger of Fate* (Dizzy Gillespie); *Almost* (Quincy Jones); *Faith* (Art Blakey); *Addie's at It Again* (Quincy Jones); *Coney Island, U.S.A.* (Oscar Peterson); *The Other Half of Me* (Milt Jackson); *Think Beautiful* (Chet Baker).

Rating: ★★½

I combine two reviews here because both albums feature the same tune played by the same group and the two records are among the first six shots out of the gun for a new label—Limelight, a Mercury subsidiary—and the handsome packaging deserves comment.

First, the music. The Gospelish *Faith* by Blakey's Jazz Messengers is on both LPs. The only difference is 2 minutes and 10 seconds. The *We Had a Ball* album has the original take lasting 5 minutes and 52 seconds. The Blakey LP version is abridged.

The cutting operation was simple: the

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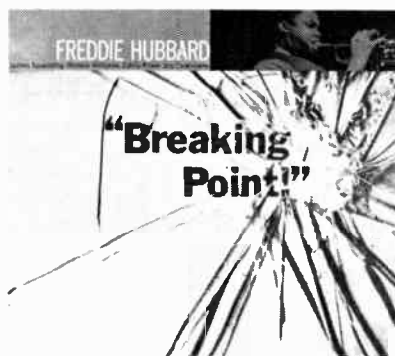
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Eddie Khan, Joe Chambers.
BREAKING POINT/FAR AWAY/BLUE
FRENZY/D MINOR MINT/MIRRORS.
BLP 4172 (BST 84172)

engineer removed solos by Gilmore and Hicks and sewed the opening Fuller and closing Morgan solos together. Since the performance is a lesser Blakey effort, the wound is not as painful as it might have been.

All the *Faith* solos are rather lackluster. Gilmore, indeed, seems uncomfortable in the tune; yet it's a shame that he and Hicks were excised from the one version, especially since the two performances were released simultaneously. Being aware of the two versions, some customers might draw the conclusion that, time being a factor, the a&r department cut the two solos it considered inferior. Kind of embarrassing for Gilmore and Hicks.

The rest of the Blakey album is uneven. Perhaps the Messengers are beginning to outwear a certain style or approach, much like the former Horace Silver quintets eventually did. Most long-established groups built around a strong creative personality run into this snare. Much of the music, though good, begins to sound the same—especially in ensemble voicings—no matter the personnel.

The two most consistent men on the date are Blakey and Sproles, who supply strong yet unobtrusive support. Blakey takes no solos, but he doesn't have to; one hears and feels him everywhere, driving, supporting, coloring, filling.

For me, the date's best number is Hicks' *Olympia*. Its full ensemble work marks a refreshing departure from most of the others on the album, and Morgan and Hicks contribute particularly moving solos. Morgan's statement strongly evokes Clifford Brown; some parts of it put me in mind of Brown's recording of *What's New?*, cut for Mercury some years ago.

Stacy is another winner, with Morgan and Hicks again in fine fettle.

Two superior performances, however, don't make a superior album.

The *We Had a Ball* album proffers a potpourri of styles, among which the three big-band tracks by Quincy Jones are eminently listenable. Besides the unity implied by the album title—all the tunes, written by Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman, are from the Broadway musical *I Had a Ball*—there is, in addition, a more meaningful artistic unity: some of the leaders and sidemen on the small-group tracks turn up as soloists with the Jones band.

Jones' version of *Ball*, a hard-charging swinger from start to finish, features excellent section work and a lesson in big-band drumming by Blakey. A very pretty Benny Golson arrangement of the ballad *Almost* has reed man James Moody, trombonist Fuller, vibraharpist Milt Jackson, and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie delivering delicate comments on the melody. Fuller, who seemed to have chop trouble on the Blakey album, is fine here and on *Addie's*.

The quality of Jones' band can, I think, be surmised from listing just a few of the personnel: trumpeters Joe Newman and Freddie Hubbard; saxophonists Phil Woods, Lucky Thompson, and Pepper Adams; and pianist Bobby Scott.

Jones comments in the notes: "Usually, all-star dates don't make it because they

tend to be too loosely organized. Here, however, we had a cohesiveness in the band and a firm director in the arrangements so that it all comes together perfectly."

Largely true. No great original thought is evident in the arrangements—just good old-fashioned teamwork pulling superior musicians and good music together into an integrated whole.

The Gillespie vocal, *Fate*, is rather disappointing. There is no solo horn work. He ambles good-naturedly through the tune—which, as he notes, musically is reminiscent of *Mack the Knife*—in more or less a monotone. Both he and the lyric combine to make the performance somewhat amusing, but that's all.

Oscar Peterson's great hands aptly conjure up the sounds and summer turmoil of that now-fading playground *Coney Island* in a fast-paced impression. His fellow riders, bassist Ray Brown and drummer Ed Thigpen, help him make it one of the album's more satisfying performances.

Jackson and Chet Baker furnish the listener with two tender ballads to close the album.

Jackson's *Half of Me* solo seems deeply felt. The vibist is one of the greatest interpreters of the ballad in jazz, and he does himself no discredit here. Baker is no slouch at the ballad game, either, though his delicate, effeminate sound seems rather wan on *Think Beautiful*.

Both LPs are issued in double-cover jackets that are admirable for their design, commentary, and full personnel listing. The Blakey notes, furthermore, offer succinct biographies of the musicians, plus a lengthy commentary by Blakey on jazz in general and his organization in particular. I think such commentary is a valuable aid to the average listener, whose enjoyment of the music may be enhanced by knowing more about the men who are playing it. (D.N.)

Paul Bryant

GROOVE TIME—Fantasy 3363 and 8363: *Walrus Whiskers; The Days of Wine and Roses; Shiny Stockings; Evol; My Three; Two Minors; Funky Mountain*.

Personnel: Plas Johnson, tenor saxophone; Bryant, organ; Gene Edwards, guitar; Johnny Kirkwood, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

An uncommonly talented organist combines with an uncommonly talented tenor saxophonist to make this set one of the more rounded jazz organ-tenor sessions in a long time.

Bryant is one of the newer and truly distinctive exponents of the manuals. Johnson is a Hollywood studio player who enjoys the well-merited reputation of being able to fit into any musical context, which is why he makes such a good living from the studios; as this album but not very many others reveal, Johnson can be a jazz tenor soloist of the first rank.

Bryant is not one to attack his instrument with the fury of a Jimmy Smith or the relative unsophistication of a Shirley Scott. He is, indeed, a most sophisticated organist whose comping in itself is manifestly tasteful and constructive (listen to the example of this behind Edwards' fleet solo on *My Three*). One is constantly reminded by his playing of his great con-

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cern for the organ's sound, of the inner character of the instrument and how to apply same in a given solo. His lyric ballad solos, moreover, are constructed with meticulous attention to nuance and delicacy, as *Wine and Roses* makes clear.

Two Minors belongs in the main to Edwards (its composer) and Kirkwood, the former unreeling some smoking guitar and the drummer speaking a strong piece.

All told, a varied, pleasant set establishing Bryant in the forefront of contemporary organists. (J.A.T.)

Lionel Hampton

YOU BETTER KNOW IT—Impulse 78: *Ring Them Bells; Vibraphone Blues; Tempo's Birliday; Sweethearts on Parade; Pick-a-Rib; Trick or Treat; Cute; Swingle Jingle; A Taste of Honey.*

Personnel: Clark Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Hampton, vibraphone, vocals, piano; Hank Jones, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

This is easily the best record Hampton has made since his collaboration with Art Tatum, Harry Edison, and Buddy Rich about a dozen years ago. It brings to mind those classic studio sessions headed by the vibraphonist at the peak of the swing era—not only in terms of repertoire but also in the rapport between the musicians and in the mellow, relaxed atmosphere that prevails.

Five of the selections are re-creations— from Hampton's days with the Benny Goodman Quartet (*Blues, Rib*), his own studio dates (*Bells, Sweethearts*), and his big band of the mid-'40s (*Tempo's*). All are much more successful than is usual for such attempts.

Bells, done with a soft, insinuating swing, gets the album off to a delightful start. There is a Hampton vocal, in his unpretentious, rhythmic manner, including some pleasant scatting, and good solo spots for Webster, Terry, and the leader.

Blues opens with expert interplay between Jones and Hampton, who follows with a brilliant improvisation and then sings the old lyrics and introduces his cohorts. Webster responds to Hampton's reiterated "Take it, big Ben" with two powerful and moving choruses.

Tempo's is a nice, boppishly melodic line, with Hamp and Ben again to the fore, plus some informed riffing.

The first Hampton version of *Sweethearts*, featuring tenor saxophonist Chu Berry, was a masterpiece. The main kicks on this one are the driving beat and Terry's humorous and biting background commentary.

Rib, a typical swing-era blues riff, has scintillating work by Hampton, and fine support from the rhythm team.

The rest of the program includes an attractive rhythm ballad by Neal Hefti, *Cute*, with a Hampton vocal and a silken spot for Webster; a Manny Albam original in proper spirit, *Trick*, which gives all hands a welcome chance to stretch out a bit; and two brief tracks, *Swingle*, a take-off on *Jingle Bells* spotlighting Hampton's two-finger (and chorded) piano diversions, and *Honey*, with Hampton and Webster in a romantic mood.

Hampton's playing on this album will come as a revelation to those jazz listen-

ers who have lost, or never have acquired, a proper perspective of the art, those who are inclined to think that the work of musicians of Hampton's generation is purely of historical interest. It may even come as a surprise to those who may have forgot how great a player this man really can be.

No other vibraphonist has ever approximated Hampton's sound. It is big and full, with a vibrato characteristic of the classic jazz style—but he never allows that vibrato to become too emphatic or syrupy. His ability to swing is axiomatic—Hampton is among the inventors of that flowing rhythmic feeling we call by that name. His technique is masterly. (For a sample, hear his startling triplet entrance for his solo on *Trick*; the ease and timing of those notes is nothing short of magnificent.) Best of all, he is a true improviser, a creator of fresh and flowing new melodies and patterns. And does he know his changes!

Hampton always has been a catalyst; the kind of musician who inspires his fellow players. Here, all his companions give their best. Webster ranges from growling ferocity to velvet smoothness; Terry has himself a ball; Jones always seems to know the right things to play behind Hampton (not every pianist can adapt himself to accompanying a vibraphonist properly), and his solo work (of which there is too little) has a master's touch. Hinton, who like Webster was present on many a Hampton date in the '30s, is solid as a rock (they don't come much better); and Johnson swings incisively, only occasionally indulging himself in his overfondness for off-beat accents. This group is a unit in the true sense of the word.

This is the kind of record one returns to with increasing pleasure; the kind that won't gather dust on the shelf. Only one complaint: why such a preponderance of short tracks? There is a happy medium between the tedium of 10 or more minutes, and the teasing of less than four. And a total playing time of 34 minutes, 25 seconds is not generous. But for Hampton, all the stars in the book and then some! (D.M.)

Johnny Hartman

THE VOICE THAT IS!—Impulse 74: *The More I See You; These Foolish Things; My Ship; Waltz for Debbie; It Never Entered My Mind; A Slow Hot Wind; Let Me Love You; Funny World; The Day the World Stopped Turning; Joe, Joey Joey; Sunrise, Sunset.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-5: Hank Jones, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Hartman, vocals. Tracks 6-11: Dick Hafer, English horn, flute; Phil Kraus, marimba; Howard Collins, Galbraith, guitars; Davis; Johnson; Willie Rodriguez, Latin percussion; Hartman.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Hartman's smooth and mellow baritone spreads through this album like a soft, warm quilt. It moves easily and suavely from one level to another—no straining, no reaching, everything beautifully modulated. It's a good set of songs too—old and new, familiar but not overdone. Altogether, this is a pleasant collection (and a welcome departure from those monotonous atrocities perpetrated by the hip types with leaden, blaring bands behind them).

But one is haunted by the feeling that it is not realizing its potential. Part of this stems from the fact that Hartman, despite his easy manner, usually seems to be outside the song, "handling" it—and one is conscious of his "handling"—instead of being inside the song, a part of it. It's just a hairline of difference in projection, but it makes an enormous difference in effect.

Nor, in some instances, is he helped by the odd instrumentation of his accompanying group—two guitars, marimba, English horn or flute, bass, drums, and Latin percussion. This contributes to the atmospheric settings on *Wind*, *Funny*, and *Sunrise* but the static climp-clomp is jarring on *Let Me* and *Joey*.

Hartman has made tremendous progress since his early days when he was a devastatingly wooden singer. In this set, he seems just on the verge of achieving real artistry. Possibly a more compatible setting might help to urge him over the line.

Footnote on fleeting fame: *My Ship*, which is credited to Teresa Dell Riego, identified in George Hoefer's notes as a songwriter active around the turn of the century ("an obscure composition," Hoefer calls it), is actually the haunting and memorable theme that Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin wrote for *Lady in the Dark*.

(J.S.W.)

Milt Jackson

JAZZ 'N' SAMBA—Impulse 70: *Blues for Juanita*; *I Got It Bad*, and *That Ain't Good*; *Big George*; *Gingerbread Boy*; *Jazz 'n' Samba*; *The Oo-Oo Bossa Noova*; *I Love You*; *Kiss and Run*; *Jazz Bossa Nova*.

Personnel: Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Jackson, vibraphone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Barry Galbraith, Howard Collins, guitars; Richard Davis, bass; Connie Kay, drums; Lillian Clark, Joe E. Ross, vocals.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This album was recorded in two sessions; the first—Tracks 1-4—was a jamming date with three rather simple originals and a standard. The quality of the improvisation is consistently high.

Jackson plays many notes but organizes his solos impeccably. He's the only soloist on *I Got It Bad* and gives it a warm, languorous treatment. His work on the quick-tempoed *George* is controlled and builds strongly, and the rhythm section gets together beautifully on the track, with Davis driving irresistibly.

Heath does some particularly good, surging work on *Ginger Bread*; unfortunately, the track is rather brief, and he's cut off too soon.

Flanagan—Mr. Consistency—is superb; it's hard to imagine his playing badly.

The second session, on which the guitarists were added, was more novel, if not better, than the first. A persuasive Latin beat underlies all the tunes.

Miss Clark, arranger Sy Oliver's wife, delivers pedestrian vocals on the title song and *Kiss and Run*. Possibly the producers of the LP were thinking of *The Girl from Ipanema* when they hired her for the date, but she's no Astrud Gilberto. *Bossa Noova* features the famous "oo-oo" of Ross, who formerly portrayed Gunther Toody on the *Car 54, Where Are You?* television series.

Jackson and Heath play well on these Latin tracks, but there's less blowing room than on the album's first four. Flanagan

is, unfortunately, absent from all the tracks on the second side. (H.P.)

Grachan Moncur III

SOME OTHER STUFF—Blue Note 4177: *Gnostic*; *Thandiwa*; *The Twins*; *Nomadic*.

Personnel: Moncur, trombone; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

About three years ago these selections would have been considered extremely far out. However, jazz has evolved so rapidly that in a few years music like this may well be considered as being in the modern mainstream.

Moncur is one of the better composers to come to the fore recently. He may have been influenced by both Ornette Coleman's and Miles Davis' conceptions of melodic freedom but has much of his own to offer.

Gnostic is a melancholy piece that lacks a stated pulse. Hancock plays an important part here; he functions as accompanist for Moncur and Shorter but isn't completely subservient to them; their solos are strongly influenced by his chords and repeated figures. Mainly because of the part he plays, the performance holds together. McBee also does a fine job in the section, providing spare comments on the solos.

Moncur's playing on this track is disciplined and forceful. Shorter is more violent—he begins quietly but builds until he is screaming with feverish intensity. Hancock's solo is full of contrast, containing jarring bass chords and delicate upper-register effects.

Thandiwa is a waltz with a Thelonious Monkish melody. Shorter, who is becoming a more individual stylist all the time, takes a wonderful solo full of unusual intervals but containing some beautiful songlike passages. His method of construction is noteworthy; he alternates short, gracefully phrased figures with sizzling ribbons of sound. Hancock has a darting, complex solo that merits attention.

The Twins, a rollicking tune, is, according to Moncur, "built off one chord... from which you can go off anywhere your information and knowledge will take you to go and come back." The solo work is good, Hancock's spot being particularly notable because it is so well constructed under conditions that allow so much freedom to the soloist that he very easily might play in a sloppy, undisciplined manner.

The compelling rhythm section work, however, steals the show on this track; the members create a number of effects that range from playing together like a bop or post-bop section to free passages in which they aren't concerned with laying down a steady beat. Each man is impressive—Williams displays great inventiveness and a mastery of counter-rhythmic devices; McBee's unpredictably moving lines are consistently fresh, and he employs the upper register well; Hancock's use of dissonant and percussive effects is quite appropriate.

Nomadic is a vehicle for Williams, whose solo work is thoroughly tasteful and musical. He knows how to build and can play quietly and subtly as well as

The Astrud Gilberto Album



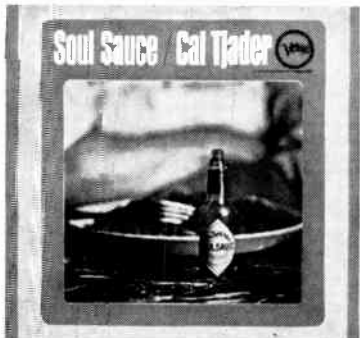
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down beat

hang and thump. From time to time, teenage wonders such as Williams arise and all sorts of great things are predicted for them by musicians and critics. Not too many fulfill their promise, but I think Williams will and that within five years or possibly a decade he'll be regarded as a great jazz drummer. He's almost there now. (H.P.)

Quartette Tres Bien

SPRING INTO SPRING—Decca 4617: *The Night Is Young, and You're so Beautiful; It Might as Well Be Spring; We Remember Jamie; Joey, Joey, Joey; There Is No Greater Love; Lover Man; Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most; Accidentally on Percy.*

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

Rating: ★★½

The Quartette Tres Bien may be springing into spring, but what it is springing out of is the Ahmad Jamal-Ramsey Lewis, expensive-steak-house bag. Its only stroke of individuality is the addition of a bongo-conga drummer, an addition that does little to change the essential Jamal-Lewis sound.

Thompson is a forceful and definite pianist, who handles the glittering splashiness and the rhythmic mannerisms of the style very well. The devices and ideas are all derivative, though there is a touch of originality in doing *Lover Man* as a waltz (and possibly the inclusion of a bongo solo in the same piece might be deemed originality in this context).

For what it is, this is a capably turned out disc. (J.S.W.)

Bola Sete

THE INCOMPARABLE BOLA SETE—Fantasy 3364 and 8364: *Bólido; Lamento de Negro; Influencia do Jazz; Voodoo Village; Saravá; Be-Bossa; Waltz of the City; Just Another Love; The Girl from Lodi; Original Joe's.*

Personnel: Paul Horn, flute; Sete, guitar; Monty Budwig, bass; Johnny Rae or Nick Martinez, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Vince Guaraldi-Bola Sete

FROM ALL SIDES—Fantasy 3362 and 8362: *Chorro; Meinio Pequeno da Bateria; Ginza; The Girl from Ipanema; A Taste of Honey; Ballad of Pancho Villa; Little Fishes; Mambeando.*

Personnel: Guaraldi, piano; Sete, guitar; Fred Marshall or Budwig, bass; Jerry Granelli or Martinez, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Let's start out with the premise that Guaraldi is one of the more engaging jazz pianists around these days. If that is accepted as a point of reference, one would obviously have to put Bola Sete somewhere out in space because, in his conjunction with Guaraldi on *Sides*, he is consistently the enlivening factor. On his own album he lives up to the title, *Incomparable*.

Sete's light and swinging touch on guitar is almost incredible. He seemingly cannot play a note without making it swing. On *Incredible* he is heard in two contexts: one, as part of a duo with Rae in which both dub in extra parts, Sete playing both the regular guitar and bass guitar; the second, in a more traditional group with Horn on flute.

Horn is a good straight flutist, and he provides a soundly stated line against which Sete can work in accompaniment, but the pieces by this group are of interest only because of Sete's work. The duo selections, of necessity, concentrate on

Sete and, therefore, are more consistently provocative. A particularly fascinating piece is *Waltz of the City*, in which, through overdubbing, Sete first takes the melody on bass guitar, comping for himself on regular guitar, and then switches the lead and accompaniment roles. The listener will probably never hear a guitarist and bassist play with such a similarity of swinging conception.

Guaraldi's strong and striking piano shines all through *Sides*, but when you are stacked against Sete, all the shiny strength in the world does you little good. Sete cuts him time after time. Which, of course, is all to the good, since Guaraldi does all right but Sete does even better, and the listener gets the benefit of a rising parlay. (J.S.W.)

Shirley Scott

EVERYBODY LOVES A LOVER—Impulse 73: *Everybody Loves a Lover; Little Miss Know It All; Sent for You Yesterday; Shirley; Blue Bongo; The Lamp Is Low; The Feeling of Jazz.*

Personnel: Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Miss Scott, organ; Howard Collins and Barry Galbraith, guitars; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Otis Finch, drums; Willie Rodriguez, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★½

Nothing profound or startlingly new marks this album, but it makes for enjoyable listening. None of the selections is taken at a fast tempo, and all are performed tastefully.

Collins, Galbraith, and Rodriguez are added to the basic group on *Know It All* (a graceful Brazilian-influenced piece by Manny Albam), *Shirley* (Turrentine's attractive tribute to Miss Scott, his wife), and Bob Hammer's funky *Bongo*. Turrentine sits out the last named.

If Turrentine's ideas aren't particularly fresh, he is, at least, not repetitive, and his playing has a quality of easy strength. His big tone and relaxed rhythmic feeling are somewhat reminiscent of Gene Ammons.

Miss Scott, disdaining crowd-pleasing effects, gives one of her better recorded performances. Her playing is restrained, much of it pianolike. She takes an admirably constructed solo on *Lamp*, building from long, rich lines to forceful chordal work.

The record is also well suited for dancing and is a good one to play at parties. (H.P.)

George Shearing

OUT OF THE WOODS—Capitol 2272: *J.S. Bop; Lovely Lyce; Six-Nix-Quix-Flix; Chorale; Doblado Samba; The Great Fugue; Singing Song; Opus for Mozart; Drum Fugue; Lyric Ballad; Improvisation on Fugue 10; Dialog for Two Pianos.*

Personnel: Abe Most, Justin Gordon, Jules Jacobs, Paul Horn, woodwinds; Shearing, piano, harpsichord; Gary Burton, vibraharp, piano, lyre; John Gray, guitar; Ralph Pena or Gene Cherico, bass; Shelley Manne, drums.

Rating: ★★

I wonder what future jazz historians will have to say about Shearing. There's no doubt in my mind that he is (or was) one of the best modern-jazz pianists—possessed of great harmonic ingenuity, a razor-sharp sense of rhythmic displacement, fine technique, and a gentle, pleasing touch. Not an innovator, he nevertheless learned from several sources (probably including Lennie Tristano and Milt Buckner as well as the boppers) and created

an individual and attractive approach.

His work in the late '40s and early '50s is at least as good as that of such outstanding pianists as Al Haig. But will he be regarded in a class with Haig in years to come, or will he be dismissed as a successful jazz-influenced pop pianist?

If the latter possibility becomes a fact, albums like this one will be partly responsible. It's a trivial effort, and Shearing has already cut too many like it.

The gimmick here is that his quintet is augmented by four woodwind players. All the tunes are written by Burton, sometimes partly in the style of pre-1800 composers. A few of them are cute (*Six-Nix-Quix-Flix*), but most are tedious, sounding like exercises.

The orchestration has a rather pallid quality. There is relatively little improvisation, though Shearing does have several good short solos. (H.P.)

Don Scaletta

ANY TIME . . . ANY GROOVE!—Capitol 2204: *Yankee Doodle Boy*; *Hello, Dolly!*; *Tomorrow Never Comes*; *Old Folks*; *Jani's Tune*; *York's Sauna*; *Over There*; *With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair*; *A Taste of Honey*. Personnel: Scaletta, piano; Ted Blondell, bass; Nikki Lamkin, drums.

Rating: ★★

Bassist Blondell has three solos on this LP that are somewhat interest-provoking, particularly in his use of slurring, bending figures within a strong rhythmic pattern. For the rest of the way, however, this is a set centered on that glossily superficial oomp-chonk type of piano trio that has proved so suitable for the glossily superficial patrons of steak houses.

The basic pattern is early Ramsey Lewis, although *Sauna* derives from early Les McCann, and *Honey* includes a bit of Brubeckian thumping.

Aside from these borrowings, or coincidental parallels, whichever they may be, Scaletta's concept of originality is to play *There* and *Dolly* at a funereal pace. (J.S.W.)

OLD WINE- NEW BOTTLES

Reviews Of Reissues

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

The Legendary Bix Beiderbecke (European Riverside 8810)

Rating: ★★★★★

Billie Holiday (Metro 515)

Rating: ★★★★★

The Immortal Clifford Brown (Limelight 2-8601)

Rating: ★★★★★

A high incidence of early death has plagued jazz for almost 50 years and offers bitter comment on the jazz life. The ravages of alcohol and narcotics, as well as the great amount of automobile travel, are the main causes of early death for many jazzmen. Besides the personal tragedy, there most often is the artistic tragedy of unfulfilled promise.

Of the three artists represented on these records, only Miss Holiday could be said to have reached artistic maturity before death. Beiderbecke died at 28 and Brown at 26. At such young ages, it's impossible to predict if their already-well-developed artistry might have reached higher planes.

Still there are the records. Judging by them, one could conclude that Beiderbecke had reached a peak in 1926-27, when most of his best records were made. There had been a great amount of artistic development in Beiderbecke's playing from the time of his first recordings for Gennett—the ones included in the Riverside album—to the later period.

The Riverside LP (released in Europe) is made up mostly of 1924 performances by the Wolverines, a happy bunch of former collegians who often have been dismissed as grist for Beiderbecke's mill. Perhaps not so. There are a number of musical devices the band used that continued to be employed by Beiderbecke throughout his career.

Among them is a fascination for insertions of off-the-wall, parallel-voiced whole-tone ensemble passages at unexpected moments. The Wolverines also combined the freewheeling New Orleans style of ensemble with cleverly arranged passages, something found on practically every Beiderbecke record. And finally there are the retarded endings, a touch Beiderbecke often used on his later record dates.

Though it has been said many times that Beiderbecke was most inspired by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, there is evidence in this collection that he listened more closely to King Oliver's band and the New Orleans Rhythm Kings.

Some of the ensembles are much like the NORK's, and occasionally one can discern an Oliver touch in Beiderbecke's phrasing and ideas. (One track, *Flock o' Blues*, by a 1924 Bix-led group that included trombonist Miff Mole and saxophonist Frankie Trumbauer, is reminiscent of Oliver's Creole Jazz Band's *Snake Rag*, with touches of the NORK's *Eccentric*.)

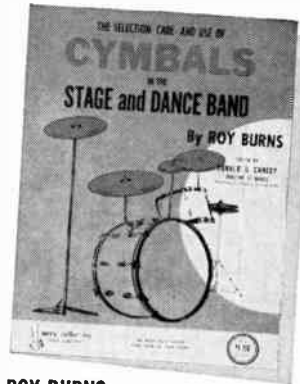
On these early tracks, Beiderbecke seldom faltered in his lyric conception, but often he played with stiffness and flat-footed rhythmic conception, though neither fault was at play on the Wolverines' best record, *Tia Juana*, included in this set.

The other tunes are *Fidgety Feet*; *Jazz Me Blues*; *Oh! Baby*; *Copenhagen* (another outstanding performance); *Susie*; *I Need Some Pettin'*; *Royal Garden Blues*; *Lazy Daddy*; a spirited *Tiger Rag*; *Big Boy* (on which Beiderbecke plays some parlor piano); *I'm Glad*; *Toddlin' Blues*; and *Davenport Blues* (poignant Beiderbecke cornet work).

All but the last three are by the Wolverines, who included Al Gande or Georg Brunis, when the group used a trombonist; Jimmy Hartwell, clarinet and alto saxophone; George Johnson, tenor saxophone; Dick Voynow, piano; Bob Gillette, banjo; Min Leibbrook, tuba; and Vic Moore, drums.

I'm Glad is by the Bix-Mole-Tram group that called itself the Sioux City Six, and the last two tracks are by Bix and His Rhythm Jugglers, who included trombonist Tommy Dorsey and clarinetist Don

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By ROY BURNS

Edited by Donald G. Canedy

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Murray.

All but one of Miss Holiday's performances on the Metro album (a \$1.98 seller put out by MGM-Verve) are from the '50s, a decade that saw great variation in the quality of the singer's work.

The best track, significantly, is from a 1946 Jazz at the Philharmonic concert—a superb version of *He's Funny That Way*. In 1946 there was little of the huskiness that gradually clouded Miss Holiday's voice in later years, and her ability to overcome insensitive accompaniment (there is some choppy piano behind her) was seldom more in evidence.

On *Do Nothing till You Hear from Me* and *Ain't Misbehavin'* she does not win out over the accompanists with whom she is

saddled. There is no personnel listing included with the record, but I believe I recognized Charlie Shavers' trumpet and Tony Scott's clarinet on these performances; the trumpet backing is in particularly poor taste. Miss Holiday recorded a later version of *Do Nothing* (not included here) in which her warm singing was handsomely supported by trumpeter Harry Edison and tenorist Ben Webster.

Webster and Edison were on hand for this set's 1957 versions of *Stars Fell on Alabama* and *One for My Baby*. Both horn men play beautifully, but Miss Holiday falters at times, particularly on high notes, which come out rather blurred. But whether she was in good voice or not, Miss Holiday's deep emotion was always

an integral part of her performance, which is evident in this LP's *My Man*, made in 1957 at the Newport Jazz Festival.

The other tracks were made prior to 1955; they are very good to excellent. Titles are *Tenderly*, *Stormy Weather* (some tasteful Edison trumpet can be heard), *Moonglow* (Shavers is in good form in his solo), and *Everything I Have Is Yours* (the 1955 version). On all, Miss Holiday seems utterly relaxed and at peace with the world—or at least not going full tilt against it—and when she was right like that, she was the finest singer in jazz.

The two-LP Brown set (beautifully packaged) contains material from 1954-56. The best tracks are by the quintet co-led by the trumpeter and drummer Max Roach, and among the seven Brown-Roach performances, the most stimulating are *Cherokee*, *Daahoud*, and *Joy Spring*. It is interesting to note that the last two were recorded the same day, Aug. 6, 1954—within a few days of the sessions that produced this album's *Jordu* and *Parisian Thoroughfare*, both well done but not quite of the quality of *Daahoud* and *Spring*.

With this quintet, Brown was at home. He most often took two choruses on the records—the first seemed a warm-up (usually his sparkling sense of humor came into play as he easily spun out lyrical lines); on the second chorus his solos took off and soared, the lines darting and dodging and creating a construction of musical logic and beauty.

Roach, too, almost always played superbly with the group. His backing was in exceptional taste, and his solos were brilliant in conception and execution.

The sidemen seldom matched the co-leaders' inspiration, though there are occasional bright moments provided by pianist Richie Powell (who was killed in the same car accident as Brown) and tenorists Harold Land and Sonny Rollins. (George Morrow was the bassist, but he confined himself to a supporting role.)

Two tracks by the 1956 quintet that included Rollins are in the set—*Flossie Lou* and *Gertrude's Bounce*—but they are not as good as the other quintet performances.

The album also has two takes from a 1954 jam session with singer Dinah Washington. Brown is among three trumpeters at the session—the others are Maynard Ferguson and Clark Terry—and evidently was moved to try to play higher than Ferguson and cuter than Terry. It is not a particularly rewarding session, though all concerned seemed to have a ball.

There also are two 1954 tracks, *September Song* and *It's Crazy*, with singer Sarah Vaughan. These are more controlled than the performances with Miss Washington and contain concise and flowing solos by Brown; on *September* he plays with a cup mute in his horn, the only instance of muted Brown in the album.

The remaining tracks are by Brown with string backing. The most interesting Brown improvisations come on *Stardust* and *Embraceable You*. On the others—*Laura* and *Willow, Weep for Me*—he keeps his imagination tightly reined and concentrates instead on projecting his full, warm tone.

—Don DeMicheal

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1. Duke Ellington. **Call Me Irresponsible** (from *Ellington '65*, Reprise). Lawrence Brown, trombone; Ellington, piano; Ellington or Billy Strayhorn, arranger.

That's Lawrence Brown. His chops were very fuzzy that particular day. He was one of my idols when I first started playing trombone. Him and Trummy Young. But that date, he had so many tremors, just from the chops. You have those days—any artist does. I'd give that one two stars.

It was a beautiful arrangement. Say they played it tomorrow, it might have been just 100 percent different.

We just recorded this tune with Count Basie a few weeks ago. Incidentally, Billy Byers told me had heard this with Lawrence Brown and would like to work it up for me. So we did; I wonder how the critics will accept mine! But I think my chops were in much better shape that particular day.

2. Grachan Moncur III. **Monk in Wonderland** (from *Evolution*, Blue Note). Lee Morgan, trumpet; Moncur, trombone, composer; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraphone; Bob Cranshaw, bass.

This particular tune—I liked the melody; it swings. Only thing: I think a tune like this needs more rehearsing, because it has so many changes in it, and I feel no artist can do his best when he just had a few hours to go to the recording studio. It puts him in a strain, and because I'm a musician I understand how it is. But I still like this melody very much, and there's a fantastic solo by Lee Morgan there.

I was at the rehearsal of this date, over at the CBS building in New York. I live right around the corner there, so I always catch rehearsals.

I've met Grachan—he's one of the new trombone artists around, but to me he still falls in between J.J. Johnson and Curtis Fuller. Today you find so many trombone players who sound in between the two—J.J. and Curtis—until it's very hard to distinguish a lot of them from each other.

I give this one three stars, because it's a hard tune.

The vibraphone? That was Bobby Hutcherson. Sort of like the sounds Billy Mitchell and Al Grey used to produce, because we didn't use a piano either and depended solely on the vibes and the bass like that. And Bob Cranshaw—he's another one of those heavy bass players, so this tune came off real well.

3. Melba Liston. **"What's My Line?" Theme** (from *Melba Liston and Her Bones*, Metrojazz). Miss Liston, Jimmy Cleveland, Frank Rehak, trombones.

Nice sound to it. . . . That was Jimmy Cleveland on trombone . . . and Melba Liston . . . and Frank Rehak. Jimmy Cleveland—I happened to hear him jamming in Memphis, Tenn., at the time I was with Lionel Hampton's band and we needed a trombone player. So I told Gates, "You should listen to that cat and take him." And this is where Jimmy Cleveland came from. He was going to Tennessee

BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Al Grey has been such a notable part of the Count Basie Band sound during the last few months that it is hard to realize he was ever away.

The absence lasted almost four years—from January, 1961, to October, 1964. During most of that time, Grey and another Basie alumnus, tenor saxophonist Billy Mitchell, were leading their own combo at the Village Vanguard, the Half Note, and other spots. The group enjoyed a considerable *success d'estime* and won the 1962 *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll award as new combo of the year.

Grey's pre-Basie reputation was already substantial. Born in 1925 in Aldie, Va., he came to prominence in the bands of Benny Carter and Jimmie Lunceford, later working with Lionel Hampton, Arnett Cobb, and Lucky Millinder. He spent about a year on tour with Dizzy Gillespie's last big band before joining Basie in 1957.

Though he is a trombonist of considerable flexibility, it is his work with the plunger that has earned Grey his increasing popularity with the band. For this, his first *Blindfold Test*, he was played records that featured trombonists who, for the most part, play in styles different from his own.



AL GREY

State at that time. We were en route to San Francisco, and we took on another trombonist there, a Japanese player named Paul Hagaki. This is when Benny Powell left the band.

Sure, I recognized Melba right away. She's one of my favorites of all times—period. Melba, to me, is one of the greatest arrangers—and to play the trombone, she also does that well. You can't tell the difference—I mean, when you play records, you can't see that is a lady! But she is very much a lady.

This is very hard to rate here. Best I could do is about 3½ stars, because though it's a good performance and everything, here you go again: lot of times you need more time just to go over things. For instance, bands that go together, six, seven months with the same personnel, they can get the roughness off things, and this had some rough edges in it. I find that, no matter who you are, you have to spend four to five months with the same personnel in order to really have finesse with a tune.

4. Count Basie. **Whirly Bird** (from *Basie at Birdland*, Roulette). Basie, piano; Jon Hendricks, vocal. Recorded in 1962.

Ha, ha! Whoee! That one gets two stars. And it gets two stars because Jon Hendricks made a real wonderful effort. He's really swinging on there. During that time Basie was in the process of building a new band, and by having new men that way—and having been with the band before, you know, we used to play all those tunes and have so much finesse in doing it—until you hear popping going on all the way over it, first chorus, reed chorus, trombones, and trumpets too. It's new men breaking in, and Basie's band is a band that you have to play in over a period of a year in order to jell.

No, I wasn't with the band at this time.

Like I say, he was breaking in a lot of new men, and the band just wasn't straight.

5. Woody Herman. **It's a Lonesome Old Town** (from *Herman-1963*, Philips). Herman, clarinet, leader; Phil Wilson, trombone.

God! Who plays trombone that high? Is that Woody Herman's band? And who is that kid from up in New England states? He's really got some chops. This was beautiful. I have to give this one four stars.

'Course, it was a commercial sound, but it was still a beautiful balance. And Woody Herman—he even sounded real beautiful on this. I didn't think he played that good! That really knocked me out.

6. Si Zentner. **House of the Rising Sun** (from *My Cup of Tea*, RCA Victor). Zentner, trombone, leader; Bobby Harrison, drums.

Pretty clean. Sounds like studio musicians. Is that Si Zentner? I love all trombone players. Si Zentner—he's one of the great players of today, has a distinguished sound of his own.

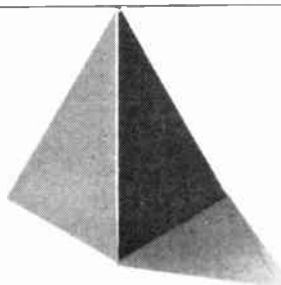
However, this could have been played much better. Had a nervousness in there, the drums, trying to play 3/4 or 6/8 or whatever you call it, didn't jell. But the band sounded excellent—sounded like artists that had some time together for a period of time. . . . Like that Woody Herman, you could tell those artists had been together for a period of time; it was crisp. I give that one 3½ stars.

7. J. J. Johnson. **The Sweetest Sounds** (from *J. J.'s Broadway*, Verve). Johnson, trombone.

That's the master of them all: J. J. This was put together, and the fellows had finesse in playing it. I give this one five stars. It deserves just that.



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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Cecil Taylor

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Mike Mantler, trumpet; Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone; Taylor, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Andrew Cyrille, drums.

The third piece in this Sunday afternoon March concert was an unaccompanied piano piece called *Soft Shoe*, a work recently commissioned by the dancer Nargan. It was virtually guaranteed to displease the fans for whom there is no music except the kind that involves head-shaking and finger-snapping. It might also give pause to those Taylor admirers who resent anyone's stating what is obviously true—Taylor brings to his music considerable knowledge of 20th-century classical composition.

The work was impressive, a piece of fairly complex impressionism that made its transitions of mood and substance unobtrusively and logically. Its relationship to jazz is in a sense comparable to that of Debussy's cakewalks and Stravinsky's ragtimes, and on another occasion it might easily pass for a contemporary work in that so-called classical tradition. Certainly Taylor's use of the jazz tradition in this piece is more penetrating and knowledgeable—even important—than Debussy's or Stravinsky's, and certainly it cuts deeper. Certainly also, Taylor's is a more serious piece (serious in the sense that Bessie Smith and Charlie Parker were very serious indeed) than the admittedly lightweight compositions of the two classicists. And Taylor's was an admirable piece of music.

The other striking event of the afternoon was one of Taylor's solos on his *Live* (subtitled *Waltz to the Wall*)—it was very nearly a great musical moment, and it surely was one of those moments when a performer captures his audience with the sheer commanding personality and power of his playing.

The program opened with a piece called *Stanchion*, dedicated to the memory of Eric Dolphy. It was another work that depended on Taylor's personally selective knowledge of two musical traditions (actually three, if one calls Taylor's use of a rattle African) and was also a fitting tribute to the catholic nature of Dolphy's musical tastes and interests.

Cyrille's drumming was exceptional throughout. There was never a traditionally steady drummer's beat for more than a few bars at a time, but there was never a question of the tempo, the thrust and movement of the music not being present. Cyrille listened, usually knew when to encourage, when to comment and to imitate, when to be silent. There was a moment on the final piece, *Solstice*, when Taylor coaxed Cyrille into a momentary rocking jazz groove. But both men seemingly knew almost immediately how destructively facile it would have been in this music

to keep that groove going, and both abandoned it once its effect was felt.

Lyons, long Taylor's companion, seemed a bit subdued on this occasion, but his articulation was clean and precise, and he is decidedly breaking through the older, bebop phrasing one once heard from him.

Mantler is in many ways a stunning trumpet player—some of his tonguing techniques were astonishing, though never obviously or obtrusively so. But I often had the feeling I was hearing a series of effects and not a solo.

The final piece, *carmenhaverings*, had a kind of playful wittiness in the writing that I wish had been retained in the improvising; nevertheless, the piece showed again Taylor's capacity to use all the instruments in his ensemble for complex textures in which no one accompanies but everyone participates.

Two of the jazz musicians Taylor most admires are Duke Ellington and Thelonious Monk, both of whom have a sense of over-all structure, a feeling for form, and a capacity for the development of musical ideas. With Monk, one is convinced those qualities are innate, natural, unconscious, and show themselves simply because they are there. With Ellington, those qualities are more conscious, more deliberate, and took years of testing and refinement to develop as his talent revealed itself. I judge that Taylor approaches form in the spontaneous manner of Monk. But I wonder if his capacity for it is not more like Ellington's. If so, goodness knows he has the knowledge and the skills and the capacity for sheer hard musical work to develop it.

—Martin Williams

Andrew Hill

Hart House, University of Toronto
Toronto, Ontario

Personnel: Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Hill, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

The breathtaking and powerful jazz performed by Hill's quartet was heard in near-ideal setting in the Great Hall of Hart House at the University of Toronto. The musicians were bordered on three sides by the audience, which helped lessen the stiffness of a concert performance.

This was music of uncompromising nature, without commercial trimmings or distractions. The level of performance was remarkably high and consistent, and it afforded listeners a wonderful opportunity to hear some of the most important jazz being played today.

Hill's music is highly emotional, in its own way, and though the intricacies of his music require musicians of great sensitivity, there is a surging, gutsy feeling at all times. It reaches back and down into the very heart of the matter.

All the compositions, originals by Hill, offered music that was complex and different in thematic construction and were set in varying time signatures. Probably the most complex was *Siete Ocho*, in 7/8, but on this occasion the group slipped into 6/8 for part of the piece. Hill's thematic material is continually thought-provoking, and its fresh and unusual conception is a continual challenge to the musicians.

His own piano work is highly percus-

sive, although less complex than Cecil Taylor's, whose inspiration can sometimes be heard. Percussive and rhythmic complexity is a common characteristic of almost all the new jazz being performed today, and the rhythmic freedom of this group was such that at times no one musician was specifically laying down the time; yet the music as a whole had a definite and swinging pulse.

There was humor, too, in some of Hill's interpolated quotations as well as his deliberate funky phrases such as those he inserted into *Land of Nod*.

Bassist McBee's virtuosity was one of the more astonishing aspects of this quartet's performance. His integration of the bass into the melodic and rhythmic unity



Andrew Hill

Continually thought-provoking, fresh, unusual of the group was very important. His solo work was breathtaking and showed a highly developed conception. Again, much of what he accomplished on his instrument is far removed from the accepted techniques for playing bass. His almost guitarlike effects at times drew mental comparisons with such music as Ravi Shankar's, although it is, of course, impossible to create anything like the complexity of the sitar on a bass.

Chambers' drumming was another major factor in the success of the music. Not only was his playing articulate, crisp, and clean, but it had a driving fury and intensity as well, which could be turned on at a moment's notice to electrify and sharply alter the pace of a particular soloist's conception. His solos were highly musical and bore a definite relationship to the construction of the piece being played. It also should be noted that the tuning of his bass drum produced a very musical sound.

Vibraharpist Hutcherson's solo work was more direct in approach than Hill's, but he was equally capable of building to a tremendous pitch and then releasing the tension in dramatic fashion. Particularly memorable was his work on *Flea Flop*.

The scope given a musician to develop his own individuality here was large, but he has to be capable of offering something of himself to sustain the momentum of the music in which he is involved. This requires great skill as well as emotional involvement in the music. There is no room for mere trotting out of favorite licks. One has to produce.

Listeners were rewarded at this concert with jazz of a remarkably intense level, and the commitment of the musicians to the creation of such music was rewarded with an audience that, for the most part, responded to its creation. —John Norris

Kansas City Jazz Festival Municipal Auditorium, Kansas City, Mo.

This was more a jazz marathon than a festival. The March 28 program lasted more than eight hours, but it was one of the best produced, and relaxed, jazz concerts I've ever attended. Producer William J. Brewer should be congratulated.

There were 24 groups, most of them local, and the schedule of 20 minutes a group was hewed to almost religiously. One might think such tight scheduling would hamper artistic expression, but it did not—if anything, it forced soloists to say their messages with dispatch and cogency.

I did not, unhappily, hear every group on the program, but I heard enough to convince me that there are still a lot of good jazz musicians in Kansas City. Of the local musicians I heard, I was most impressed with Baby Lovett's traditional jazz band that featured tasteful trumpeting by Booker T. Washington and resilient drumming by the leader; pianist Jay McShann's blues playing and the clarinet work of his reed man; pianist Mike Ning's trio; the tenor saxophone playing of Richard White with the K.C. Chicago Trio + 2; and the Kansas City Kicks band, a smoothly functioning, swinging group that seemed to have excellent soloists in every chair.

The Willie Rice big band was disappointing—the ensembles were messy, and the soloists, who included several K.C. veterans, such as saxophonist John Jackson, did not have the chance to do much.

The Don Rice big band from Omaha, Neb., did well for itself in its portion of the program. Rice is a driving tenor saxophonist who evidently imparts his enthusiasm to the side men.

The outstanding set I heard was by tenor saxophonist Al Cohn backed by a splendid local rhythm section under the leadership of pianist George Salisbury. Seldom have I heard Cohn sound so right; his Lester Young orientation probably had a lot to do with my feelings, this being Kansas City and all.

Other out-of-towners were trumpeter Dick Rudefbusch and His Underprivileged Five from Milwaukee, clarinetist Buddy DeFranco (who performed on soprano and bass clarinets with a local big band led by Warren Durrett), the Clare Fischer Trio, and the Count Basie Orchestra. (Though my plane was stacked up over foggy Chicago when the Basie band closed the festival, I understand the crowd gave the leader a 10-minute standing ovation.)

The festival was put together by Kansas City Jazz, Inc., an organization of local business men, many of whom are former musicians. KCJI was organized two years ago and is doing much to help the cause of jazz in Kansas City, including setting up a scholarship program for deserving student musicians. But this concert, the second K.C. festival it has sponsored, was a jewel in the group's crown—not only successful musically, it made money, too, drawing about 8,500 paid admissions. thanks to effective promotion and the hard work of all concerned. It is heartening to see what can come from determined jazz fans in action. —Don DeMicheal

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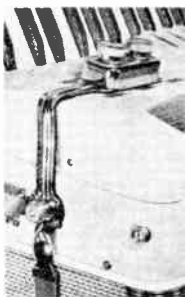
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SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

Recently Whitney Young, executive director of the National Urban League, was prescribing ways in which Negro parents could best motivate their children. "We have got to say to our children," he urged, "that the ballet is more important than jitterbug, that Bach is more interesting than bebop, that the classics are more meaningful than *True Stories*."

Reading this, I remembered Luckey Roberts telling me how the blues were not permitted in the parlors of middle-class Negro homes in the North a half century ago. I remembered Sterling Brown's long, frustrating battle to bring jazz and the blues into the curriculum of Howard University.

Young's obvious ignorance of the irrepressible values of such elements of Negro culture as "bebop" also reminded me of how much awakening has yet to come among sections of today's Negro middle-class.

A friend of mine, relatively new to the Howard faculty, has been trying to get a regular jazz series going there and is also pressing for a plan whereby major jazz musicians would be invited to stay on campus for a few days for seminars as well as concerts. He expects no support from the administration and very little from his colleagues.

"My only hope," he said, "is that, sooner or later, the power structure here will realize how important jazz is regarded internationally. They read about its importance, but they don't really believe it yet."

And Diahann Carroll told an interviewer a couple of months ago: "I really didn't hear the blues as a kid. In so many middle-class Negro families you can't play the blues. It's getting away from the stereotype, striving to be what the *white* community holds to be acceptable."

That, in essence, is what is so sadening about Young's exhortation. He speaks as if the rising pride of race in recent years had not occurred. He is, in effect, telling Negro parents that the only "high" culture is the white culture—ballet and Bach. He is wrong and does a disservice to the Negro young.

In this area, Malcolm X knew better than Young where it's at. In an interview in New York's *Village Voice* shortly before he was killed, Malcolm X said, "The biggest difference between the parallel oppression of the Jew and the Negro is that the Jew never lost his pride in being a Jew. . . . He knew he had made a significant contribution

to the world, and his sense of his own value gave him the courage to fight back."

Now, despite Whitney Young and despite those school textbooks that continue to ignore black contributions to American history, let alone the existence of black civilizations in the past, more and more young Negroes are becoming aware of the multiple reasons for pride in being black.

I am not saying it is race-betrayal for a Negro to prefer Bach or ballet. Obviously, a Dean Dixon (who still cannot get a post conducting in America) or an Arthur Mitchell (of the New York City Ballet) are doing what most fulfills them. What I am saying is that it is absurd to tell Negro children that they have only one choice—to internalize white standards of value in the arts.

The apathy and sometimes direct hostility concerning jazz that has been endemic to many Negro colleges is one of the measures of how long this process of "striving to be what the *white* community holds to be acceptable" has been going on. It was only within the past couple of years that Howard even considered giving Duke Ellington an honorary degree. And it may be a decade or more before Howard or Fisk considers having jazzmen-in-residence.

What Young might better have said is that Negro parents and their children have reason for pride as well as pleasure in Ray Charles, B. B. King, Charlie Parker, Charles Mingus, and John Coltrane. Sure, play Bach and Luigi Nono too. But don't pretend Bach is "better" than the blues. Different, yes. But tell me how you decide that Joan Sutherland is "better" than Billie Holiday or that the Juilliard String Quartet is "better" than the Miles Davis Quintet.

When I was a kid, I wasn't limited to the majority culture and to majority standards of "legitimacy." When very young, I heard Yiddish theater music and was shaken by the blues (as I later defined them) of Jewish cantors. And by the time I was 11, there were Negro blues and jazz. I saw hardly any real pluralism in the schools or in government and in business as I grew up, but I sure heard it in music.

Today, as "the movement" moves inexorably to break down color and class lines throughout U. S. society, it is absurd for a Whitney Young to call simultaneously for cultural homogeneity. We may yet have universal blandness if we don't learn to make the technological society work for man rather than for itself. But why hasten the process? And I wonder if Young would tell me who in contemporary American religious music is "better than" the Staple Singers.



FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

The eulogies were delivered not by other pianists (Earl Hines, in the haste and grief of making funeral arrangements, received no invitation) nor by other singers (Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., Frankie Laine, and the others sat silent in their pews, honorary pallbearers all) but by two Hollywood comedians. In its strange way, the funeral was a measure of the degree to which Nat Cole had moved beyond the world of musicians and singers into the wider cosmos of 20th-century society. It was a Hollywood funeral.

Jack Benny's tribute, like Jack Benny, was sensitive and tasteful. George Jessel, the professional mourner without whom no Hollywood funeral is complete, took it upon himself to point out, as a representative of the Friars, that Cole had been the first member of his race to be admitted to that organization. It was Jessel's unknowing confession that until Cole, Negroes had not been welcomed into the Friars, his way of reminding us, the wrong way at the wrong time, of something chronically sick in the pathology of American society.

Then Nat went to his eternal rest, in a mausoleum in Glendale, the community where neo-Nazis recently planted roots and where Negroes have never been welcome alive—nor, until recent years, were they welcome dead.

It would have been comforting to see Joe Williams, Ray Charles, Louis Armstrong, Jimmy Rushing, and Ella Fitzgerald at the funeral along with Vic Damone, Billy Daniels, and the other pop singers. But Nat had not chosen to live as a jazz artist, either vocal or instrumental. It was not the image he wanted, and those of us who questioned it while he was with us might well indulge in a little personal soul-searching.

Certainly the best recorded legacy he left us, from our very specialized viewpoint, is the small crop of sides cut for Decca many years ago by the original trio. There were also a few later items on Capitol in which the spirit of the early days shone through, particularly, of course, that wonderful *After Midnight* album with Harry Edison, Stuff Smith, Willie Smith, and Juan Tizol.

But let's reconstruct Nat Cole's life as it might have been had he not happened to make it as a singer. Let's say that the drunk did not come up to him that night and ask him to sing *Sweet Lorraine* (a story probably apocryphal at best anyway). Here is how it might have gone:

In 1942 Capitol signed the King

Cole Trio as an instrumental unit. They enjoyed a fair success, and by 1946 Cole had won a few polls as pianist and combo leader. But by the end of the 1940s the piano-guitar-bass unit had gone out of style as the bop and cool groups took over. In 1950 Capitol, noticing a sharp slackening of sales, dropped Cole.

The trio signed with an independent label and cut its first LP. Sales were moderate. Cole, after several years based on the West Coast, broke up the group and went home to Chicago, where he worked successfully as house pianist at a local lounge, playing for Charlie Parker and other visiting stars from New York.

He was featured on records now and then during the 1950s, sometimes as sideman and occasionally as leader. For a brief period he went on the road as accompanist to Dinah Washington. By now his style had evolved from the Earl Hines-inspired one of the old trio to a more bop-oriented approach; but with the advent of cults surrounding the talents of Bill Evans, Thelonious Monk, the various funk-soul pianists, and others, Cole was considered a little old hat.

In 1961 he moved to Paris and enjoyed fairly regular employment there in various small clubs and on record dates. Until his fatal illness struck in 1964, he had been playing for some time at the Blue Note, using two other expatriates on bass and drums.

Does this sound like the kind of life Nat Cole would or should have led? Can we with any honesty tell ourselves that a career of this nature would have been preferable to the one he found when his voice opened a universe for him?

The answer is clear. What Nat Cole accomplished was bigger and broader by far than anything he would have achieved as a pianist. Much as we can regret his reluctance to cut an occasional piano album (and admittedly his conservatism leaned too far away from an occasional nostalgic reunion with the keyboard), we can only respect the memory of a fine singer, a man of unshattered dignity, a man too big to strike back at his enemies and too generous to tangle with his critics.

Most important of all, we must remind ourselves that had he followed that other path, history would not long remember him—rightly or wrongly. But the Nat Cole who lived as he did, and won the world as he did, left a mark that will endure as part of 20th-century society. Our lives are a little richer, and the history books may be a line or two longer, because America produced a singer and entertainer named Nat King Cole.



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FROM THE TOP

Stage-Band Arrangement Reviews
By George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.

During recent months not only has there been a large amount of stage-band material from music publishers, but there also has been a notable upswing in its quality.

Time was when publishers seemed to vie to get a series in the music stores before their competitors in order to cash in on the booming market. The

arrangers were rushed, and much of the product was musically unsatisfactory. This most recent crop seems much higher in musical quality.

The arrangements encompass practically every style of stage-band jazz, provide a wide choice of material, and, best of all, are good musically. (Individual reviews of some of these works will follow in subsequent columns.)

Art Dedrick's *On Stage* series for Kendor continues to issue original works by his fine staff of writers. Generally, these arrangements produce a full sound with a minimum of work.

Notable among his new releases are *Meet My Cousin* and *Ringin' and Swingin'* by Sam Nestico, *Freedom Shout* by Al Cobine, *Night in Amsterdam* and *Sonnet for Trumpet* by Bob Bunton.

Sam Fox Publications has added a new Fred Karlin arrangement, *Cherry Float*, to its *New Sounds* series. The company has started a new series after having acquired rights to MJQ Music. Published to date in this series are *Django* and *Bag's New Groove*, both arranged by Alf Bartles.

Charles Colin has initiated two series: reprints of old Woody Herman stocks and, more importantly, current Herman band arrangements by Nat Pierce and others. Unfortunately, the newer Herman material is rather poorly copied; no lead sheet is provided, and there are mistakes in the parts. However, the music is first rate and well worth the trouble needed to fix the parts. All are rather difficult, as might be expected, since they are not revised or edited.

LeBlanc Publications has issued a second part to its *Adventures in Sound* series—as before, taken from the book of the NORAD Commanders and the pen of Art Wiggins. Titles include *Relax, Take It Easy*; *Valse Cool*; *Swing Your Bossa Nova*; and *You're Classy*.

Berklee Press has three new good ones in *Cookin'* and *Diggin'* by Ralph Mutchler and a 3/4 swinger, *Three for You*, by Bob Freedman. Berklee also has published a huge method book, *Developing the High School Stage Band* by John LaPorta. The work covers all elements of ensemble playing in good pedagogic developmental form with an emphasis on getting the band to play with good interpretation and swing feeling. Examples from the published literature of Berklee are included. A valuable feature of the method is the inclusion of basic chord progressions and other points of theory.

Southern Music of New York has published 10 new arrangements by Johnny Richards written in typical Richards style. The new arrangements, while still rather difficult, are not as hard as some of Richards' other published material.

A new series, *Repertory Stage Band Series*, published by Highland Music Co., has some of the best new material available. Included are *Hohnobbin'* by Benny Carter; *I Gotto Do It My Way* by J. Hill; and *Buck Rogers, Won't You Please Come Home?* and *Have Vine, Will Swing* by Dick Grove.

The C. L. Barnhouse Co. has many fine titles by Dick Fenno in a series called *New Dimensions*. Of special interest are *Mr. Tubbs* (a drum feature), *Santana Wind*, *Purple Mist*, *Strollin'*, *Some Like It Cool*, and *Lament for Joy*.

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 11)

during March . . . A program of unissued Art Tatum rarities, recorded on location by Jerry Newman, will be broadcast over WKCR-FM April 25 at 10:30 p.m.

PHILADELPHIA: Saxophonist Ed Summerlin played his liturgical jazz at St. Peter's Episcopal Church in Germantown. He was backed by bassist Ron Carter, trumpeter John Gluckin, and trombonist Bob Norden . . . Jazz also was presented in another unusual setting when the Pennsylvania Ballet Company utilized music from the John Lewis *Golden Striker* album at the premiere of Joseph Cassini's jazz ballet *Medieval Matinee* . . . Tapes of a concert by saxophonist-violinist Ornette Coleman were used as background music for Italian dramatist Luigi Pirandello's *As You Desire Me* at McCarter Theater, Princeton, N.J. The first performance was March 18 with repeats on April 19 and 20. Coleman was expected to attend one of the April performances . . . Comedian Bill Cosby, a onetime drummer here, performed at a benefit show with blues singer-guitarist Lonnie Johnson . . . Saxophonist-arranger Frank Foster provided the backing for singer Johnny Hartman at a recent Cadillac Sho-Bar date. Lionel Hampton and organist Jimmy Smith were booked in April for repeat dates at the uptown room . . . Herbie Spivak reopened his Show Boat as the Show Boat Jazz Theater (without the e). The Woody Herman Herd was the first attraction at the enlarged room and was followed by pianist-singer Mose Allison. (Herman also played at the Cadillac and at a dance for the Philadelphia Dental Society.) . . . Lonnie Wilson and His All-Stars and pianist Kirk Nurock were recent guests at the Cheltenham Adult Evening School jazz-appreciation course.

BALTIMORE: Jazz activity has increased here since the formation of the Left Bank Jazz Society last year. The organization, which has been presenting Sunday afternoon concerts for more than six months, recently featured tenor saxophonist Jimmy Heath and baritonist Pepper Adams at a Charlie Parker memorial concert. Other recent guests of the organization have included saxophonists Sonny Redd, Hank Mobley, and Jackie McLean and trumpeters Blue Mitchell, Johnny Coles, and Carmell Jones. The society plans to present the Wynton Kelly Trio at Morgan State College, located in Baltimore, on April 25 . . . Other jazz happenings have included a week's engagement by drummer Max Roach, with altoist Gary Bartz and trombonist Julian Priester, at the North End Lounge and concerts by the Horace Silver Quintet and the Modern Jazz Quartet at local colleges.

PITTSBURGH: Combo leader Walt Harper has been making most of the jazz news here recently. His second series of jazz workshops at Kramer's Restaurant so caught the fancy of the public that television station WQED produced

a segment for video featuring former George Shearing guitarist Ron Anthony and 15-year-old blind tenor sax wizard Eric Kloss. Harper now is facing up to college proms and jazz concerts, the first of which was April 7 at St. Vincent's College of Latrobe, Pa. He has about 40 such gigs in western Pennsylvania between April and June . . . Organist Richard (Groove) Holmes had appreciative audiences for his recently completed week at Crawford's Grill, especially the night organist Jack McDuff's guitarist, George Benson, sat in . . . Audiences at the Workingman's Club are still talking about the Sunday night jam sessions headed by Edgar Willis, sometimes Ray Charles' bassist. The best, in mid-March, featured drummer Roger Humphries, on brief leave from the Horace Silver Quintet . . . Jimmy Pellow, onetime tenorist with Sam Donahue and Raymond Scott, has picked up his horn again to spur weekend jazz sessions at the Place.

CLEVELAND: Count Basie was set to bring his orchestra to the posh Lion and Lamb Restaurant in Pepper Pike for a one-nighter on April 22; it will be the club's first jazz venture. The club also has scheduled the Ray McKinley-led Glenn Miller Orchestra on May 26 and the Si Zentner and Sam Donahue-Tommy Dorsey outfits later . . . Blues singer-guitarist B. B. King was accompanied during his week at Leo's Casino by a jazz group composed of Lawrence Burdine, alto saxophone; Vernon Slater, tenor saxophone; Carl Adams, trumpet; Duke Jethro, organ; Leo Lauchie, bass; and Sonny Freeman, drums. The show was followed by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. In the offing at Leo's are such acts as organist Jimmy Smith, singer Lou Rawls, and pianists Les McCann, Ahmad Jamal, and Ramsey Lewis. Singer Jean DuShon is set for late May and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie in June . . . Organist Jimmy McGriff was to appear at the Corner Tavern in late March; tenor saxophonist Jose Harper leads the weekend house band there.

DETROIT: Another new club, Blues Unlimited, a hard-core "soul" junction at 11003 Kercheval, was opened recently. Art Blakey was the first attraction and was followed by organist Jimmy Smith's trio. Mongo Santamaria's band and the Cannonball Adderley Sextet will play week-long engagements there in May . . . Reed man Yusef Lateef followed multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk's quartet into the Drome Bar in April. Pianist Wynton Kelly's trio came in after Lateef and was followed by the Blue Mitchell-Junior Cook Quintet . . . The Jonah Jones Quartet will be featured at Baker's Keyboard Lounge after pianist Ahmad Jamal, now there with his trio . . . The Detroit Jazz Society had its third 1965 concert with the George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields Quintet April 7. Jazz disc jockey Bob Bowers lectured at the concert . . . The Detroit Contemporary 5 has been reduced to 4 with the induction of tenor saxophonist Larry Nozero into the Army in late March. Nozero will be stationed

in Chicago, working with the 5th Army Concert Band, after finishing his basic training. He was replaced by altoist Mike Commouyjian at his regular gig at 1/2 Pint's with Keith Vreeland's group . . . Hard-luck pianist Bob McDonald suffered another blow; his new quartet (Brent Majors, soprano saxophone; John Dana, bass; and Ronnie Johnson, drums) was scheduled to work the Willis Show Bar on weekends after McDonald and Majors had convinced the clubowner to feature jazz. When two racially mixed couples came in the first night, the band was fired on the spot. McDonald and Majors continue afterhours weekends at the Chessmate Gallery . . . The Unstabled Theater has resumed its afterhours jazz operation at its new location at 3727 Second with the Detroit Jazz Quintet in residence Friday and Saturday nights . . . Ron Brooks' "Function 65" in Ann Arbor has been growing larger and more successful weekly. One Saturday afternoon had Roland Kirk playing with the Jazz Crusaders there, to the delight of the large audience . . . Musicians' representative and booking agent Lutz Bacher replaced disc jockey Jack Springer on the panel at the American Week Festival at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor early in April. Also added was guitarist Ron English. The Dorothy Ashby Trio abetted Dr. Betty Chmaj in her lecture "What Makes Jazz American" on the same program.

CHICAGO: At one point late last month, the Windy City played host to the bands of Duke Ellington and Count Basie, tenor saxophonist Stan Getz' quartet, Cannonball Adderley's sextet, Wynton Kelly's trio, and Chet Baker's crew. Ellington, in the midst of Midwestern one-nighters, had a recording session. Basie, also touring the area, telefilmed a program for WGN's *The Big Bands* series. Tenorist Getz did a concert at nearby DeKalb. Pianist Kelly was at McKie's, altoist Adderley at the London House, and fluegelhornist Baker at the Plugged Nickel . . . The London House followed Adderley with pianist Ramsey Lewis' threesome, currently at the club. Trumpeter Maynard Ferguson's small group is to go into the London House May 4 for three weeks and be followed May 25 by pianist Peter Nero for three. Then it's the Village Stompers on June 15 for three weeks. Pianist Oscar Peterson's trio will play the club for four weeks after the Stompers. Peterson also will be featured there for three weeks in November . . . The avant-garde trio of tenor saxophonist Joe Daley played several high-school concerts this month. The group, which also features bassist Clyde Flowers and drummer Hal Russell, also did a concert at Wright Junior College . . . Jan Scobey and Her Dixiecats will be the feature of fund-raising concert for the American Cancer Society at Mount Prospect, Ill., High School April 25. Mrs. Scobey is the widow of trumpeter Bob Scobey, who died of cancer two years ago. Personnel of the vocalist's band is Bobby Lewis, trumpet; Jim Beebe, trombone; George Ranello, clarinet; Dave Remington, piano; Buddy Lee, banjo;

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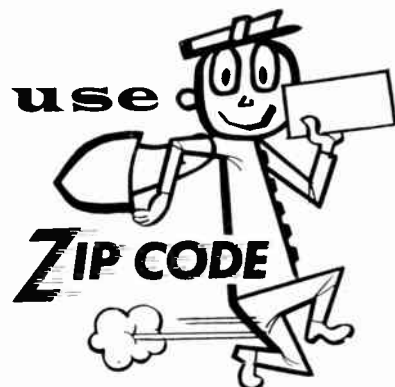
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Jimmy Johnson, bass; and Bob Cousins, drums . . . The Plugged Nickel is experimenting with Sunday afternoon sessions that feature the club's current attraction. Pianist-singer Mose Allison began the series, which is aimed at young persons; no beverages are served at the two-hour sessions . . . Franz Jackson's Original Jass All-Stars are the weekend attraction at Old Town Gate on N. Wells. With the clarinetist are Rosselle Reese, trumpet; John Thomas, trombone; Rozelle Claxton, piano; Bill Oldham, tuba; and Richard Curry, drums . . . The days of radio remotes are not entirely gone. During his stint at the Club Alabam, Ron Terry and his orchestra were heard in an hour's broadcast nightly from midnight to 1 a.m. over station WOPA . . . Eddy Davis, leader of Bourbon Street's house band, took his band from relief to feature status when the Dukes of Dixieland left the Rush St. club for two weeks on the road. Ailing Fred Assunto, his operation to arrest cancer reported a success and recuperation complete, rejoined the Dukes when they returned to the club late in March. During the trombonist's convalescence, Chicagoan Dave Remington substituted and was present when Decca records taped the Dukes live at the club.

INDIANAPOLIS: Paula Rhyne, wife of organist Melvin Rhyne, is back at the drums, playing in the house band at the Whiskey A-Go-Go on the N. Meridian St. night-club strip . . . The Indianapolis Jazz Club's jug band, the Naptown Strugglers, played a session March 27 at the home of attorney and club member Robert Risch. The Strugglers also have been getting together for occasional impromptu evenings at the suburban 38th St. Bar . . . Promoter Steve Confer and cellist Dave Baker are putting together a history-of-jazz program with which they hope to tour Midwest college campuses this summer using Baker's quintet. The show, similar to one Baker's group did at the Indiana Negro emancipation centennial here last year, would cover the entire span from ragtime and blues up through the "new thing" . . . The veteran Jimmy Coe Trio (Coe, alto saxophone; Al Walton, organ; Clem Triggs, drums) is at the Barrington Lounge. The club also has initiated a Thursday night jam session for any musicians and singers who want to sit in.

LOUISVILLE: Trumpeter Al Hirt and his group played a concert recently at Convention Center . . . Saxophonist Jamey Aebersold's quartet (Bill King, piano; John Mapp, bass; Preston Phillips, drums) initiated Saturday matinee sessions at the Shack. The group will also play a concert at the Studio Gallery art exhibit May 2. On Monday nights tenorist-flutist Everett Hoffman joins Aebersold, King, and Phillips for "jazz night" at the Continental Room . . . The Trademarks (Dave Klingman, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Jack Brengle, guitar; Gene Klingman, bass) currently are at the Blue Cottage. Sunday evening sessions by the group at the Shack are in the offing . . . A trio made up of tenorist Freddie Robin-

son, organist Ramon Howard, and drummer Norman Higgins holds forth six nights a week at the Rebel Room of the Southland Bowling Lanes in Lexington, Ky. . . . Initiating the Blue Moon's jazz-and-blues policy were the trio of trombonist Tommy Walker (Billy Board, organ, and Irwin Thompson, drums) on weekend nights and organist Boogie Martin's threesome for Saturday-Monday matinees.

MIAMI: The center of jazz activity in nearby Fort Lauderdale is Basin Street South, where trumpeter-tenorist Ira Sullivan's group alternates nightly with pianist Herbie Brock . . . Al Hirt and his sextet were recent crowd-pleasers at the Miami Beach Convention Hall, playing to a capacity audience . . . Also on the traditional jazz front, Johnny Parker's eight-piece Dixieland band, featuring Arthur Godfrey, was a huge success in the Tack Room of the Diplomat Hotel on Hollywood Beach . . . To add to the already swinging atmosphere of the Hampton House, jazz vocalist Median Carney has rejoined the Charlie Austin Quartet . . . The Dizzy Gillespie Quintet was a recent attraction at the Knight Beat . . . Big-band rehearsals under the leadership of Joe Gallivan are now in progress. The "new thing" band is composed of Wayman Reed, John Georgini, Lloyd Michael, trumpets; Tom MacMurray, Fred Wood, trombones; Barth Bennit, French horn; Connie Weldon, tuba; Billy Fry, bass; and Bill Peoples, drums. Don Vincent composed and arranged most of the music.

NEW ORLEANS: Lionel Hampton's bandmen played some afterhours sessions at the Music Haven during their engagement at Al Hirt's club. Trumpeter Hirt, who usually works the club, has been active outside of New Orleans on various personal appearances . . . Hoagy Carmichael visited pianist Armand Hug at the Golliwog on a March trip to the Crescent City . . . Bassist Bill Huntington recently returned to Buddy Prima's trio at the Playboy after a two-month bout with mononucleosis. Subbing for Huntington were Chuck Badie and Billy Joe Dunham. Pianist Billy Newkirk took his trio to Hirt's club for a brief engagement after leaving the Playboy.

LOS ANGELES: Entertainer Mitzi Gaynor signed the galloping Clara Ward Gospel Singers to sing backgrounds for her during two recent California engagements . . . Mike Lang, 23-year-old pianist with the Paul Horn Quintet, aired a trio of his own recently in a KPFK broadcast. Lang's sidemen were bassist Albert Stinson and drummer Mike Romero . . . Drummer Bruz Freeman, latterly of the burlesque beat, is rehearsing a "working trio" and a "kicks quintet." In the quintet are pianist Billy Henderson, recently discharged from the service; bassist Henry Franklin; trumpeter Chauncey Locke; and tenorist-altoist John Carter . . . Alto saxophonist Curtis Peagler, former leader of the Modern Jazz Disciples in Cincinnati, has moved west and organized a new quartet here at the Jazz Go-Go.

RAVI SHANKAR

(Continued from page 16)

concentrating on contemporaneous approaches to musical composition.

"They are slowly going to a modern music," he said, "and a new approach using different sounds—almost as many things as the jazz people are doing, almost meeting on the same plane. I'm not talking about the *musique concrete*, the electronic music; that's also, I would say, in the new direction. But everybody is going toward something new."

When artists probe down to the roots of any classical form, Shankar said, when they are "able to touch the root," unhappiness and groping in their art is overcome.

"Persons like Jascha Heifetz or Pablo Casals or Isaac Stern, a number of really great masters who are the last word in Western classical music—when you hear them play, you hear how happy they are, how beautifully they bring out their music," he observed.

"I don't think they are unhappy or are getting bored. In the same way—and I can speak only for myself, and I know a number of great musicians in India, elderly and of my age group—we are quite happy because we have had the good fortune of assimilating

the raga and the Indian classical music. We are so lucky because we have everything [in our music]. We have the deep, sorrowful things; we have very spiritual, peaceful things; we have a lot of humor in our music. And there's always scope to do something new. That's one wonderful thing. Our classical music can be said to be very old and very new at the same time. Always fresh. You have to get it in your system for years and years; then whatever you bring out is within the system but still can be new."

Notwithstanding the fact that Shankar addresses our time from an esthetic base some 2,000 years old, he also is deeply involved in what he terms modern work, in motion pictures, in forms of orchestral music, in ballet.

"I am very much criticized in India," he admitted with one of his infrequent, brilliant smiles, "by the very, very orthodox people because I sometimes do very new things. So I do understand that if you have that little something biting, that bug of wanting to do something new, you can't help it. Any person who has got that will go on trying new things. There's no harm in that; I think it's beautiful."

"But maybe not all will do something that will be enduring," he cautioned. "Maybe one out of 10, who really, truly has something to give to

such an extent that whatever he gives endures for a long time; it is not something that is a passing fancy.

"I am always for new things; I think this always has great possibilities. But it is not like a chemist. You cannot take this and that and mix and try. . . . Not that. It has to be done either very spontaneously, or, as I said, one has to really understand and learn a form to bring two things together. One must know *both* the things."

In this connection he observed, "One thing I don't try to do is to mix Western and Indian music. I love Western music; I understand it. But I don't know enough technically. I haven't played piano or violin in Western music in many years. So I am not fit to do some kind of experimentation along that line. And I think that should be true for anyone."

To jazzmen so inclined, then, Shankar made it clear: "If they want to try two things, they must know two things equally well."

But, he observed philosophically, "anyone who is spontaneous and a creative talent cannot help doing it."

He added, "A lot of beautiful things are coming out [of this kind of experimentation in jazz]. How long they will stay—or if they will stay at all—that only time will prove."

Time is one element Shankar has on his side.



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WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalfe, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
Baby Grand: Big Nick Nicholas, hb.
Basie's: Grant Green, tfn.
Basin Street: Ella Fitzgerald to 5/29.
Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn): Jonah Jones, 5/1-30.
Broken Drum: Fingerlake Five, Fri.-Sat.
Charlie Bates': Stan Levine, Sun.
Chuck's Composite: Bruce Martin, tfn.
Clifton Tap Room (Clifton, N.J.): Modern Jazz Trio, tfn. Guest stars, Mon.
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.
Contemporary Center: Jazz Composers Guild, wknds.
Eddie Condon's: Eddie Condon, tfn.
Five Spot: Teddy Wilson, tfn.
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wetling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
Gordian Knot: Dave Frishberg, Carmen Leggio.
Half Note: Kai Winding to 5/9. Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, 5/11-23.
Hickory House: Joe Castro, Eddie Thompson. Himself: Danny Barker, Norman Lester, tfn.
Kirby Stone Fourum: Joe Mooney, tfn.
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Sonny Dallas, Nancy Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.
Leaves: Joe Thomas, Bob LaGuardia, Tue., Thur., Sat. Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed., Fri., Sun.
Metropole: Henry (Red) Allen, hb.
New Colony Lounge: Howard Reynolds, tfn.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel, Garry Newman, Eddie Caccavelli, tfn.
Page Three: Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.
Playboy Club: Milt Sealy, Win Strong, Ross Tompkins, Harold Francis, Walter Norris, tfn.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb.
Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, tfn.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
Village Gate: Dizzy Gillespie to 5/2.
Your Father's Moustache: Souls of Dixie, Sun.

TORONTO

Colonial Tavern: Jimmy Rushing, 5/3-15. Saints and Sinners, 5/17-6/5.
The Cellar: Norm Amadio, wknds.
The Devil's Den: Jim McHarg, wknds.
George's Spaghetti House: Paul Hoffert, 5/3-8.
Lord Simcoe Hotel: Frankie Wright, tfn.
Town Tavern: Teddy Wilson, 5/3-15.
Ports of Call: Larry Dubin's Dixieland Band.

BOSTON

Barn: 1200 Jazz Quartet, Mon.
Chez Freddie: Maggie Scott-Eddie Stone, tfn.
Eliot Lounge: Al Droottin, tfn.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Horace Silver, 4/26-5/2. Mose Allison, 5/3-9.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Junior Mance to 4/25.
Earl Bostic, 4/26-5/2. Dizzy Gillespie, 5/3-9.
Logan International Airport: Dave Stuart, tfn.
Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega, tfn.
Village Green (Danvers): Dick Creedon, tfn.

PHILADELPHIA

Baltimore Tavern: Mop Dudley, tfn.
Cadillac Sho-Bar: Roy Hamilton, 4/26-5/1. Fats Domino, 5/3-8.
Caribbean (Levittown): Dee Lloyd McKay, tfn.
Cellar (Levittown): John Mack-Chuck Wicker-Kirk Nurock, tfn.
Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Tony DeNicola-Johnny Ellis, tfn.
Eagle (Trenton): Marty Bergen, tfn.
George Washington Motel (Valley Forge): Beryl Booker, tfn.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Conrad Jones, tfn.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.
Show Boat: Muddy Waters, 4/26-5/1. Ramsey Lewis, 5/3-8.
Three Chefs: Terri Sawyer, Demon Spiro, Jimmy Rankin, tfn.

CLEVELAND

Brothers: Harry Damas, wknds.
Bud's: Jimmy Jones, wknds.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.
Club 100: Weasel Parker, tfn.
Continental: Terrel Prude, tfn.
Corner Tavern: Jose Harper, wknds.

Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro, tfn.
Esquire: Eddie Baccus-Lester Sykes, tfn.
Fagan's Beacon House: New Orleans Buzzards, wknds.
Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.
LaRue: Spencer Thompson-Joe Cooper, tfn.
Leo's Casino: Lou Rawls, Les McCann, 4/22-25.
Ahmad Jamal, 5/6-9.
Lion & Lamb (Pepper Pike): Count Basie, 4/22.
Lucky Bar: Joe Alexander, wknds.
Melba: Ray Anthony, wknds.
Monticello: Herb Summers-George Quittner, wknds.
The Office: Jack McKee, wknds.
Punch & Judy: Labert Ellis, tfn.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb. Al Serafini, wknds.
Squeeze Room: Ronnie Bush-Bob Fraser, wknds.
Roy Valente, Sun., Wed.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy.
Tangiers: Bill Gidney, Vickie Kelley, wknds.
Theatrical Grill: Roy Liberto to 5/1. Dorothy Donegan, 5/3-15. Bob McKee, Nancy Ray, hb.

CHICAGO

Across the Street: Allan Swain, tfn.
Big John's: Paul Butterfield, tfn.
Bourbon Street: Dukes of Dixieland, Eddy Davis.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls to 5/8.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn.
London House: Ramsey Lewis to 5/2. Maynard Ferguson, 5/4-23. Peter Nero, 5/25-6/13. Village Stompers, 6/15-7/4. Eddie Higgins, Paul Serrano, hbs.
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, wknds.
Playboy: Harold Harris, Willie Pickens, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs. Jackie Paris-Anne Marie Moss to 5/2.
Plugged Nickel: Herbie Mann to 5/2. Modern Jazz Quartet, 5/5-16. Bill Evans, 6/2-13.
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.

MILWAUKEE

Ciro's: Bob Erickson, Fri.-Sat.
Column's Room: Les Czimmer, tfn.
Dimitri's: Frank Vlasit, Thur.-Sun.
English Room: Tom Marth, Fri.-Sat.
Holiday House: Lionel Hampton, 7/19-31.
Layton Place: Frank DeMiles, Fri.-Sat.
Leilani: Buddy Greco, 6/8. Frank D'Rone, 7/20.
Ma's Place: Tom Marth, Wed., Thur., Sun. Four Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.
New Flame: Loretta Whyte, Fri.-Sat.
Sardino's: Les Czimmer, Sun. Dan Edwards, Mon.-Sat.
Tina's: Will Green, tfn.
Tumblebrook Country Club: Zig Millonzi, tfn.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Artists' Workshop: free concerts, Sun. afternoon. Detroit Contemporary 4, hb.
Baker's Keyboard: George Shearing to 4/24.
Ahmad Jamal, 4/26-5/1. Jonah Jones, 5/3-8.
Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanston, tfn.
Brass Rail: Armand Grenada, tfn.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
Caucus Club: Howard Lucas, tfn.
Chessmate Gallery: Bob McDonald-Brent Majors, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Chit-Chat: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, Tue. Don Davis, Thur.-Sun.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Dave Vandepitt, afterhours, Mon.-Thur. Mel Ball, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Drome Bar: Wynton Kelly to 4/25. Blue Mitchell-Junior Cook, 4/30-5/9. Barry Harris-Sonny Redd, 5/14-23.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): Max Wood, Mon., Wed., Sat. George Overstreet, Tue., Thur., Fri., Sun. Frolic: Norman Dillard, tfn.
½ Pint's: Keith Vreeland, Thur.-Sun. Sessions, Sun.
Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, Wed., wknds.
LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.
Linford Bar: Emmitt Slay, tfn.
Mermaid's Cave: King Bartel, tfn.
Midway Bar (Ann Arbor): Benny Poole, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat.
Mitchell's Keynote: Lawrence Vaughn, wknds.
Momo's: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
Odon's Cave: Bill Hyde, wknds.
Office Lounge (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Paige's: Frank Morelli, James Hawkins, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Vince Mance, Matt Michaels, hbs.

Lenore Paxton, Thur.-Sat.
Sabo Club (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Sessions Sat. afternoons.
Sax Club: Charles Rowland, tfn.
Scotch & Siroin: Jo Thompson, tfn.
Sports Bar (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, tfn.
S-Quire: Carolyn Atzel, Lewis Reed, tfn.
Surfside Club: Tom Saunders, Wed., Fri., Sat.
Unstable Theater: Detroit Jazz Quintet, hb. Sessions, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Village Gate: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, Thur.-Sun.

INDIANAPOLIS

Barrington Lounge: Jimmy Coe, tfn. Sessions, Thur.
Embers Lounge: Tom Hensley to 5/1. Claude Jones, 5/3-tfn.
Jerry's Lounge: Flo Garvin, tfn.
Mr. B's Lounge: Blue Mitchell to 4/24. Wes Montgomery, 4/26-5/1. Three Sounds, 5/3-8.
Yusef Lateef, 5/10-22.
19th Hole: Earl Van Riper, tfn.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Basin Street South (Fort Lauderdale): Ira Sullivan, tfn.
Carillon: Mel Torme to 4/25.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carney, wknds.
Hayes Lounge (Jacksonville): Bill Davis, tfn.
Johina Hotel: Don Vincent, hb.
Knight Beat: Wayman Reed, Dolph Castellano.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.
Roney Plaza: Phil Napoleon, hb.

NEW ORLEANS

Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
Golliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
Al Hirt's: unk.
King's Room: Laverne Smith, tfn.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervalon, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Pepe's: Larry Muhoberac, tfn.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Buddy Prima.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

DALLAS

Bon Vivant: Ernie Johnson, hb.
Fink Mink: Betty Green, Banks Dimon, Dick Shreve, tfn.
Gala: Ron Hawkins, Ira Freeman, tfn.
Levee: Ed Bernet, tfn.
Music Box: Shirley Murray, Jack Peirce, tfn.
Nero's Nook: Jimmy Neusso, 4/26-5/9.
Pompeii: Bernie Schmidt, tfn. Bobby Burgess, afterhours, Mon.-Sat.
Red Garter: Phil Rubin, tfn.
Roadrunner (Fort Worth): Dick Harp, tfn.
Savoy: Roger Boykin, James Clay, tfn. Sessions, Sun., Mon.
Speakeasy: Dixie High Five, tfn. Sessions, Sun.
Squires Club: Richie Salicco, tfn.
Twentieth Century: Bobby Samuels, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: Hal Peppie, Warren Smith, Fri., Sat.
Beverly Hilton Hotel (Rendezvous Room): Calvin Jackson, Al McKibbin, tfn.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Sun., Mon.
Gaslight Club: The Saints, Jack Langlos, Duke Mitchell, tfn.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.
Frigate (Manhattan): Ben Rozet, Vic Mio, tfn.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Holiday Inn (Montclair): Society for the Preservation of Dixieland Jazz.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel (Golden Eagle Room): Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy's Dixieland Band, hb.
Hour Glass: Karl Baptiste, tfn.
International Hotel: Kirk Stuart, tfn.
It Club: various groups. Sun. morning sessions.
Jazz Go-Go: Curtis Peagler, tfn.
Jazzville (San Diego): Joe Williams, 5/7-8.
Carmen McKae, 5/28-30.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Howard Rumsey.
Mardi-Gras (San Diego): Pete Jolly, 5/2; 7/18.
Memory Lane: Gerald Wiggins, tfn.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, tfn.
Red Chimney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Thur., Sat.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri., Sat.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Bill Evans to 4/25. Victor Feldman, Mon. Shelly Manne, wknds.
Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.

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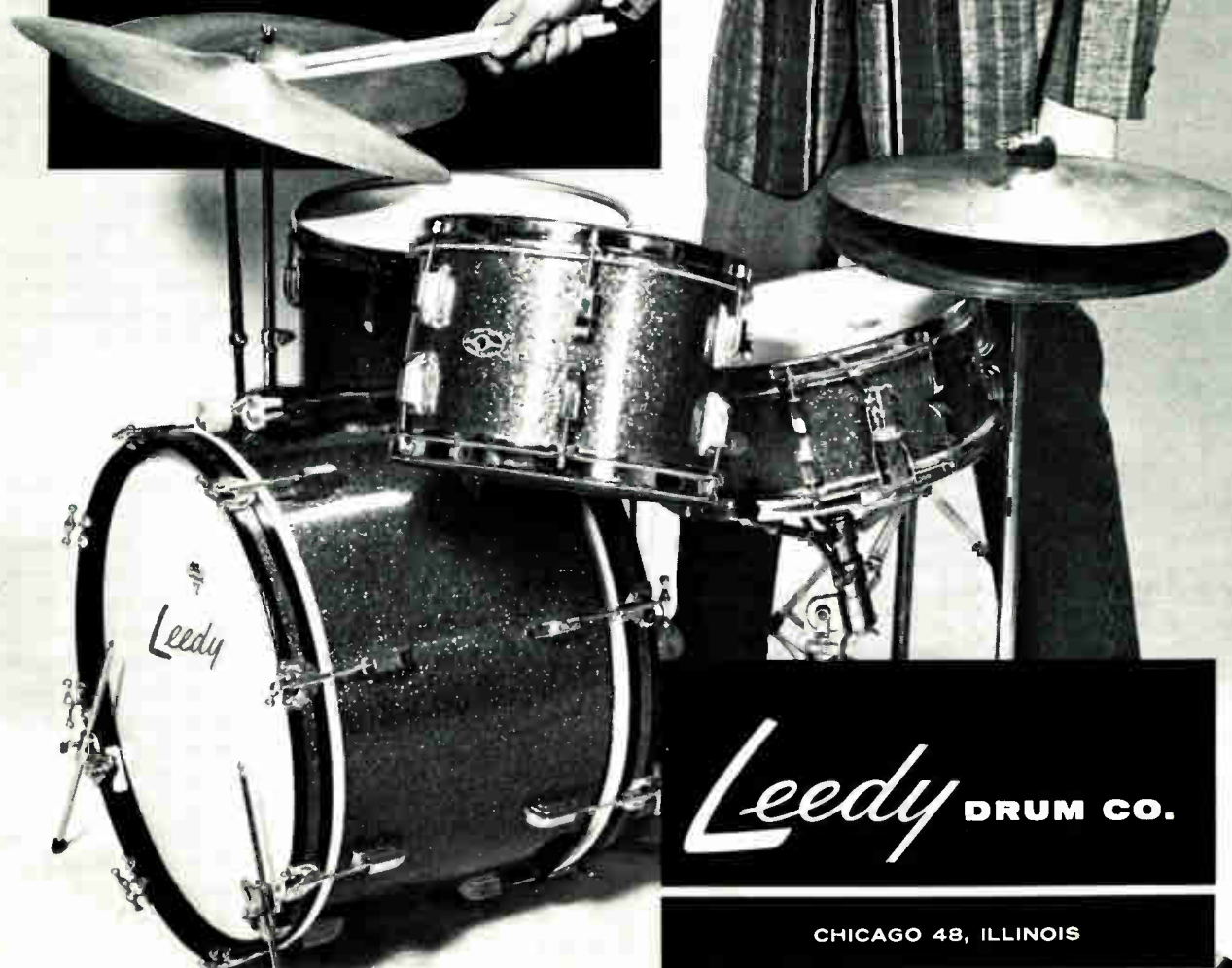
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