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5TH ANNUAL PERCUSSION ISSUE



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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

Feb. 28 was the last date applications could be accepted for the 1961 *Down Beat* Hall of Fame scholarships. More than 900 applications were received by then, with others bearing foreign postmarks, but mailed prior to Feb. 28, still arriving.

If the musicianship of the applicants is equal to the enthusiasm, then this year's crop of winners should be the best yet. We are not yet sure why this year should show such a marked increase in interest and participation in our scholarship program. It could be the increase in the number of scholarships from six last year to 12 this year (total value increased from \$2,250 to \$4,500—this is in addition to the \$5,000 provided for National Band Camp scholarships); or it could be that the 1961

program has two categories—junior, for those under 19, senior for those over 19. It also could be that the program has gained momentum during its four years of existence.

But an educated guess would be that more and more youngsters are interested in continuing their music studies in the jazz idiom. Nothing points up this fact more than correspondence and scholarship applications received from foreign countries (about 20 percent of the total). Among this year's applications are requests from Mexico and Australia (a young man who lives in the Woolloomooloo district of Sydney). Applications have also come from Japan (the Japanese language edition of *Down Beat* has helped there), New Zealand, Panama, Denmark, and Sweden. Poland sent the greatest number of foreign entries. I'm not sure I know why, but I can guess. But let's not get political.

What do these foreign students say? What is it they want from jazz that makes these scholarships so important? Here are extracts from one student's application—that of Yaba-Lagos in Nigeria, West Africa.

"I shall be grateful if you will furnish me with the possibilities of obtaining your scholarship award into Berkeley School of Music. At 24, I am in possession of the Royal Schools of Music Grade V higher certificate in the theory of music. I have also been a professional musician for the past five years, during which I have played with the best local bands here and in Ghana. I am a guitarist with a very great likeness for arranging . . . I have played with two great local bands as a guitarist-arranger. I can also play the bongos and the conga drums fairly well."

He goes on: "Sir, my chief aim for wanting to be at Berkeley is to study the American type of music very well to enable me to do a research work on the possibilities of combining it with that of the African, especially its rhythms and the West African hi-life."

He closes with: "Sir, I am saving to meet my passage, tuition, board and lodging all alone, that is why I am asking you for a help. I don't mind taking any examination to enable me to achieve the scholarship award."

We hear much about the negative image of the United States that is said to exist among the peoples of the world. We know that, at least, there is the saving grace that our music, jazz, is respected and appreciated. But can we do enough to bring our music to the rest of the world? Can we do enough to bring music students here for study? 

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Readers in 86 Countries
Japanese Language Edition Published in Tokyo

March 30, 1961

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ON THE COVER

The cover design of this issue is another of the masterful drawings of the distinguished illustrator, David Stone Martin. It focuses attention on the fifth annual percussion issue, with its emphasis on the men and methods of jazz percussion. This includes the articles listed above on Max Roach and J. C. Heard, and Don DeMicheal's penetrating study of the evolution of drum solos.

THINGS TO COME

One of the hardest swingers in jazz, year in and year out, is the indestructible Zoot Sims. A favorite of musicians of all persuasions, Zoot is the subject of a study by one of his most ardent admirers, Ira Gitler, in the next issue of *Down Beat*—the April 13 issue on sale March 30. Also featured will be pianist Junior Mance and trumpeter Don Goldie.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Fair Farnon Fanfare

Add another Farnon fan to your list. I think he is largely responsible for bringing the fresh air of enlightenment to the BBC in London during the late 1940s and early '50s. I thank you for informing me that Bob is appreciated by so many people in jazz.

The story on the society-band biz by Whitey Mitchell was brilliant, warm, and very funny. I hope you ask Whitey to write some more for *Down Beat*.
Ridgewood, N. J. Ron Eyre

Funny you should mention Bob Farnon. My girl and I are great English-movie goers, and in many a good picture there seeps through some good jazz band backing. Even the B English pictures have some fine charts. The vast majority have been by Farnon.

I'm sorry to say that as a "Farnon Irregular" I've been quite irregular; I haven't a single LP. That will be corrected. Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. J. Smith

It's getting rather hard to be a Farnon Irregular. London Records has never recognized the value of the property they have in the Farnon discs, and they are hard to get. Several have been turned indifferently over to London's secondary line, Richmond, and no attempt has been made to make the public aware of their existence.

Up Beat Appreciation

Many thanks for including the *Up Beat* section in your fine magazine. I especially enjoyed the arrangements of *Deep Six* and *I'm Beginning to See the Light*. Let's have more along the same line.

Also, congratulations on the Feb. 2 issue in its entirety.
Brookings, S. D. Kenneth Johnson

Barbs at Barbara

I have just finished reading Barbara Gardner's review of Stan Kenton's *Live from the Las Vegas Tropicana* album in the Jan. 19 *Down Beat*. Evidently she misinterprets Kenton's sense of humor for "bitterness." I have followed Kenton's career for 15 years, seen him in person a dozen times, and I know this kind of humor. I am sure that if Kenton wanted to make concessions and gain more recognition and commercial success, he would have changed his style to rock and roll, schmaltz, or whatever the current rage happened to be.

Every time Kenton reorganizes he starts with a new line-up of unknown young musicians. They always add fresh and exciting new ideas to the band and soon go out on their own. I don't know of any leader who has developed and encouraged new talents as much as Stan. Your magazine and writers consistently pan everything he does.

Miss Gardner calls his music "polished

and whitewashed to the point of sterility." I recently saw the Kenton-Basic concert in Rochester, N. Y., and if the precision of the Kenton band was "sterile" compared with the roughness and sloppy Basic aggregation, I'll take my jazz on the "sterile" side. I enjoy Basie on records, however.

I would like to see a record reviewed by two or three of your reviewers with possible conflicting opinions that would not leave your readers with a prejudiced review that might influence their record purchases.
Wolcott, N. Y. Gordon Neal

Mark One for Marc

I've just finished reading the Feb. 16 DB, and I would like to extend congratulations to Marc Crawford for his fine article on Miles Davis and Gil Evans.

The article gives a true portrait of the Davis-Evans relationship not only as jazz musicians but as human beings. In my opinion, this is the best article on Miles' personality that has appeared in *Down Beat*. . . .

I hope Marc Crawford becomes a regular contributor to your magazine.
Berlin, N. H. George D. Hopkins

Taking the Mode by the Horn

The article on Paul Horn (Feb. 16 DB) was most interesting to us "schooled" jazz musicians, since it purported to show how important a serious musical education is to a jazz musician, particularly Mr. Horn and his "modes."

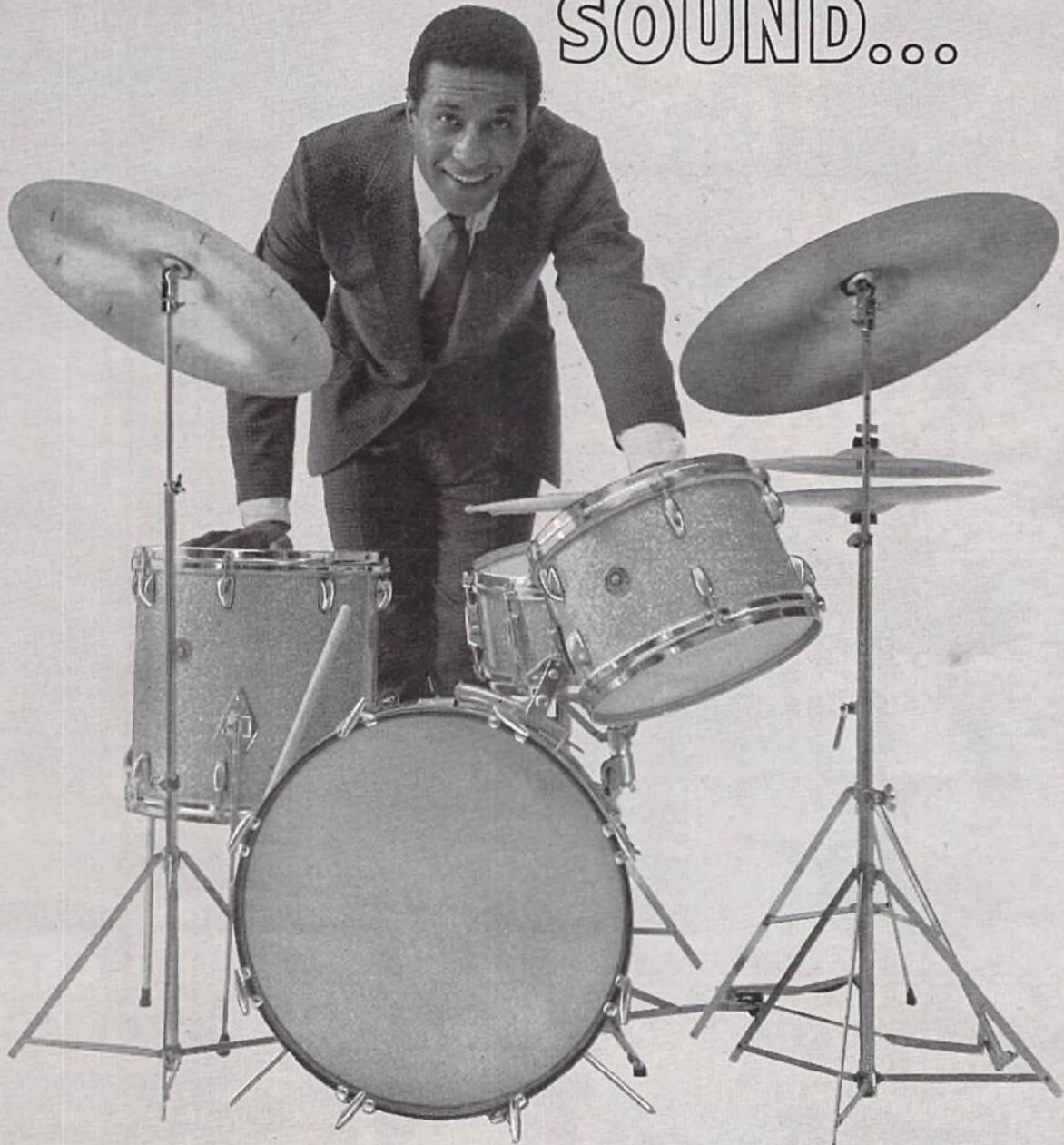
Mr. Horn states that the three modes in Western music are the Dorian, Hypodorian, and Phrygian. (Play a scale, all white notes, on D, A, and E respectively). Mr. Horn seems to have forgotten a few. The only white-note mode common to all forms of western music is the Ionian mode(C-C), and, to a lesser degree, the Mixolydian(G-G). The Dorian(D-D) and Aeolian(A-A) are related to our system of minor tonality. The three remaining modes, Phrygian(E-E), Lydian(F-F), and Locrian(B-B), are very seldom used (George Russell excepted) except for an early 20th century "fad" for them in the music of Vaughn Williams, Ravel, etc.

Horn's use of the term Hypodorian is most puzzling. This refers to an obsolete plagal mode, out of use now for about 900 years. It has the same scale as the Aeolian mode, but a different function and theory. If Mr. Horn has succeeded in resurrecting this mode, we must all be grateful to him for accomplishing something that not even the greatest musical minds of our time have been able to do . . . but he still can't call it "one of the three modes in Western music."

Also, I seriously question the inclusion of (Dizzy) Gillespie as a "modal" improvisor. Not taking anything away from Dizzy, his scale patterns are built mostly around descending diminished scales, with an oc-

(Continued on page 8)

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CHORDS

(Continued from page 8)

I am sorry that Lem Winchester and Charlie Parker are dead. I am sorry that Charlie Parker, a man I never saw or knew, killed himself, partly, to give me what he saw and knew. I am sorry that there is pain in the joy of music, death in its life, these things in my small life too.

But I am not sorry about the poem I won't write about Lem Winchester. If I do write it, damn me. And damn those others who tack their shredded pretensions and pretendings to a life they never knew, pain and work they haven't heart to stand, love too great for them to hold.

A man is dead, not a legend or a genius or a name, and if I didn't know, or love, or thank the man, then that I am most sorry for of all.
Evanston, Ill. Malcolm McCollum

Not One but All

I disagree passionately with your Feb. 2 editorial and with the unreasonable answer you have given to (the narcotics) problem. At present, I am serving a narcotic sentence in prison. I am well acquainted with the Synanon program, and its benefactors.

In your article, you and many of your associates have come to the conclusion that a hospital for musicians who are addicted to narcotics is your answer to this problem.

What about the thousands of unfortunate people who are addicted? Is

prison the answer for them because they are not musicians?

Soledad, Calif.

Thomas Roberts

Nowhere in the issue was there a suggestion that musicians who are addicted to narcotics should be treated differently than other addicts. Down Beat, of course, is a music magazine and is concerned with this problem particularly as it affects musicians. But the editorial specifically said, "Perhaps if we set an example . . . those in other areas of the society will follow suit, and turn to the general eradication of this sickness."

Nor is Synanon for musicians only. Of the addicts in Synanon, as John Tynan's article pointed out, only four were musicians.

The problem of narcotics concerns the whole society, and Down Beat emphasized this point in the two articles and on the Feb. 2 cover.

Sober Praise

I sometimes tend to blame the public for the treatment of and opinions against the drug addict. They cannot be blamed for their ideas, considering the sources from which they derive . . . The fault lies with writers and publications that print their stories. For every true and factual story . . . there are probably 100 incorrect stories printed.

The five days of physical pain the addict endures when "kicking" is nothing compared to the torture he feels after release from a prison or hospital. The feeling of rejection is the basis of most mental problems in the world today. In

the case of a musician its impact is greater because he is in the public eye, as compared to laborers, office workers, etc. Their cases usually don't reach the papers, and people aren't aware that they have been or are involved with narcotics when they seek jobs and friends.

But once a musician has been arrested, he has to face the curiosity-seekers (those pitiful people who derive some fiendish pleasure from looking at troubled persons, "junkies") and, worst of all, the pushers. Usually, the "junkie" is the only person who will accept him. Being surrounded by these people, their problems much like his own, and exposed to the "habit" again, doesn't make it easy for him to stay "clean."

In my opinion, the drug addict needs help and sympathy more than the T.B. or polio patient, at least in the sense that their illness isn't considered a crime. There is no March of Dimes for the addict. There are no research projects devoted to finding a cure, and what facilities there are are not adequate, with the exception of Synanon. There is a place in society for every human being. There is a place for the drug addict. It is up to us to make that place for him.

May I say that if an award is given for the most informative and crusading editorials and/or publication, *Down Beat* without doubt should be the recipient. My congratulations on your fine work and hope for your continued efforts.
San Francisco, Calif.

(Miss) Chris Claycombe





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NEW YORK

The **Maynard Ferguson** Band has recorded the sound track for a new television series scheduled to debut in mid-September. The show is called *The Racer* and is being filmed at the various sports-car racing centers around the country. Ferguson wrote, arranged, and conducted the score, in conjunction with **Willie Maiden**. It will be recorded by **Roulette**. Ferguson's 12-piece band, augmented by two violins, viola, cello, and guitar, played the **McCann-Erickson** Advertising Agency's 50th anniversary party at the **Waldorf Astoria**.

Benny Goodman's all-star group at the **Basin Street East** includes **Red Norvo**, **Zoot Sims**, **Charlie Shavers**, and blues vocalist **Jimmy Rushing** . . . The **George Barnes Renaissance Quintet** has been playing Sunday afternoon sessions at the **Sombrero** in **Little Neck, Long Island**. The group, made up of **Hank D'Amico**, clarinet; **Barnes**, guitar; **Billy Bauer**, electric guitar; **Jack Lesberg**, bass; **Cliff Leeman**, drums, is scheduled to record an album for **Mercury**. The quintet may go to **Europe** in 1962.



FERGUSON

The **Empire City Jazz Band** at **Nick's** may go on the road. The personnel is **Jimmy Sedlar**, trumpet; **Kenny Davern**, clarinet; **Harry Di Vito**, trombone; **Johanny Varro**, piano; **Whitey Mitchell**, bass; **Phil Failla**, drums . . . Pianist **Dick Katz** is rehearsing a quartet with **Jim Hall**, guitar; **Ben Tucker**, bass; **Ben Riley**, drums . . . Tenor saxophonist **Ed Summerlin** worked with pianist **Hank Jones** on a recent *Look Up and Live* television show. They found their musical ideas to be similar and are now developing their own jazz group for **New York** dates. Trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard** has been working with them . . . The **Bob Ferro Trio** is in its second year at the **Living Room**. Featured in the group are **Ferro**, drums; **Doug Talbert**, piano, and **Babe Bevacqua**, bass. They are alumni of the **Tommy Dorsey**, **Neal Hefti**, and **Charlie Spivak** bands.



GILLESPIE

Guitarist **Kenny Burrell** has been working as a single at **Branker's** on a bill with **Big Maybelle** and the **Vin Strong Trio** . . . While clarinetist **Pete Fountain** was in **New York** for a TV appearance, tenor saxophonist **Eddie Miller** was featured at **Fountain's** club in **New Orleans** . . . Some of tenor saxophonist **Arnett Cobb's** friends in **Englewood, N.J.**, are planning a benefit concert for **Cobb**, who is seriously ill in a **Fort Worth, Texas**, hospital. They hope to sign **Coleman Hawkins** and singer **Al Hibbler** . . . **Rudy Viola** of **International Talent Associates** is planning to bring the **Buddy De Franco-Tom Gumina** jazz group to **New York** in **May**. **Viola** is also working on bookings for **Herbie Mann**, **Chris Connor**, **Jimmy Giuffre**, **Bud Freeman**, and **Bill Evans** . . . Clarinetist-promoter **Owen Engel** has produced jazz concerts at **Queens College** and **Farleigh Dickinson University**.

Verve is recording the series of midnight jazz concerts the label is sponsoring at **Carnegie Hall**. The first taping was of the **Dizzy Gillespie** premiere of **Lalo Shifrin's** *Gillespiana* on **March 4**. **Verve**, lately acquired by **M-G-M**, is also readying an album set that the late **Big Bill**

(Continued on page 63)

down beat

Down Beat

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VELMA MIDDLETON SUCCUMBS TO ILLNESS

Velma Middleton, singer and dancer with Louis Armstrong since 1942, had to be left behind last December in Freetown, Sierra Leone, Africa, when she collapsed during a show on the trumpeter's world tour. On Jan. 16 she suffered partial paralysis of her left side. Miss Middleton died in a Freetown hospital Feb. 10. A native of Holdenville, Okla., the rotund singer was raised in St. Louis, Mo., where she began writing lyrics and singing in school plays. A few amateur triumphs inspired her to try New York City.

She was featured as a solo act in night clubs and then worked with famed dancer Bill (Bojangles) Robinson until 1942, when she joined Louis Armstrong's big band as a vocalist-entertainer.

When Armstrong formed a small group in 1947, Miss Middleton was retained to work with the trumpeter in vocal and comedy routines. The Armstrong-Middleton vocal duets on *That's My Desire* and other tunes, plus Miss Middleton's antics as an extra-heavy dancer, contributed considerably to the popularity of the Armstrong All-Stars.

GEORGIE AULD TO TRACK DOWN TRACKING

The American Federation of Musicians will stamp out "fast-buck exploitations" of musicians by the recording industry, according to AFM president Herman Kenin. He announced last month, "We are determined to close the loopholes and proceed vigorously to protect our musicians' rightful revenues in an already job-depressed profession."

Kenin will establish a universal policing system. There already have been several instances of disciplinary action against not only recording companies that are signatories to AFM contracts but against leaders and sidemen members of the union involved in a practice known in the industry as tracking (DB, Jan. 5)—the recording of instrumental accompaniment for which a subsequent dubbing of voice is planned. The vocalist is not present at the instrumental recording session.

In order to set up an active program designed to protect the musicians' interests, Kenin has appointed Georgie Auld as an assistant in his office to

direct the supervisory field operations in all the recording centers of the United States and Canada.

Auld has had 31 years professional experience playing with the bands of the late Bunny Berigan, Artie Shaw, Jan Savitt, and Benny Goodman, and the many bands under his own leadership. Through the years he has been a prolific recording artist with albums of his own on Capitol, Coral, United Artists, Mercury, and ABC-Paramount.

After the announcement of his new job Auld said, "I have put away my saxophone to devote all of my time and energy to correcting the multiple abuses whereby musicians are being exploited to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars by employer coercion."

NARAS IS GROWING UP

Since its inception in 1956, the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences (NARAS) has had to weather annual squalls that invariably blew up in the region of classification for the various music awards. Since then, most of the confusion as to what records should be judged in the different categories has been dissipated, and the organization continues to grow.

Recently Sonny Burke, NARAS president, revealed some plans for the future. Two new chapters, Chicago and Nashville, will shortly join the fold, he said, thus increasing NARAS membership by some 200 new faces in those cities. Present membership, in the New York and Hollywood chapters, is over 800.

Burke said a national constitution is now in preparation and soon will be submitted to the membership for ratification.

In 1960 the absence of a ceremonial presentation of the Grammy—NARAS' Oscar—and the decision not to announce awards for that year compounded the confusion. Some of the recording industry claimed to see writing on the studio wall that spelled finis for the organization.

Burke sees no justification for such pessimism. Nor does he understand the reason for any confusion so far as the lack of an awards presentation is concerned. "We had two," he noted, "in 1959—one in May, the second in November. Then we set up an award year from January 1 to December 31. So the 1960 awards will be presented very

soon, no later than April."

This year the Grammy Awards will be nationally televised once more and sponsored to boot.

"In addition," Burke amplified, "we've been working hard to set up a scholarship foundation. It will provide for 10 scholarships, five in the east and five on the west coast, of \$500 grants to deserving music scholars."

The record business came of age with the founding of the academy; now NARAS itself is rapidly growing up.

JAZZ PLANS FOR BROADWAY

Prominent New York theatrical producer Alexander H. Cohen has said that jazz belongs on Broadway. His reasons: (1) it is the only truly American art form, (2) it has proven more effective as an international builder of good will than a boatload of diplomats, and (3) it is an example of how integration should work.

Cohn, who is currently producing *An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May*, is working with artists' manager Monte Kay to bring to Broadway a jazz concert with a theme. The title of the projected show is *Impulse*, with the subtitle *A New Wave in Jazz*.

Co-producer and talent coordinator Kay said that the Nina Simone Trio, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, and the Nigerian drummer Olatunji, with his troupe of percussionists and dancers, have been signed. Under consideration are the Gil Evans orchestra, singer Abbey Lincoln, and Oscar Brown Jr.

Irish playwright Brendan Behan has been asked to join the cast as an emcee, and the producers have received a cable of acceptance from Dublin. There may be some conflicts regarding the Irishman's appearance. He has wired the hungry i in San Francisco that he will be there, to sing Irish songs and to talk about the British Empire's decline, at the end of March. He is also scheduled to open at New York's Blue Angel March 16, for two weeks.

Cohen and Kay have planned on opening *Impulse* for a one-week tryout at the O'Keefe Theater in Toronto, Canada, on March 20. The Broadway opening is tentatively set for March 29, at the Broadway theater, across the street from Birdland.

If the show goes over, they plan to change periodically the jazz acts. This will make for variety and the produc-

ers hope, will extend the tenure of the show.

Another jazz-oriented musical is being planned for a Broadway debut in October. Robert Barron Nemiroff, a music publishing executive, and Dr. Burton Charles D'Lugoff, a research physician at Johns Hopkins university, have joined forces to produce Oscar Brown Jr.'s new musical, *Kicks & Co.*

Nemiroff is the husband of Lorraine Hansberry, author of the prize-winning drama, *A Raisin in the Sun*, and is responsible for urging Brown to complete the book, music, and lyrics for a Broadway showing.

Dr. D'Lugoff has been active in artists management and concert production with his brother, Art D'Lugoff, with whom he also owns the Village Gate, where jazz has been frequently presented during the past two years.

Kicks & Co., is described by the producers as "an alternately sardonic and comic commentary on the American scene." It requires an interracial cast of 45.

Brown has just completed a month's engagement at the Village Vanguard as a singer of his own compositions. He was a co-author with Max Roach of the *Freedom Now Suite*, (see record reviews) recently presented for the first time at the Village Gate with a fully company of musicians, dancers, and singers. Brown's first record album, *Sin and Soul*, is out on the Columbia label and has caused a good deal of favorable comment.

WHAT KILLED COAST CONCERTS?

As any harried concert promoter on the west coast knows, the once-lucrative area of strictly jazz promotion is a thing of the past. Today the jazz concert per se has been supplanted by neo-Kingston Trio folk groups and hot, record-selling comedians.

What killed the jazz concerts on the coast? *Down Beat* interviewed two of the most active promoters, Concerts Incorporated's Louis Robin and independent Irving Granz. If their answers differed, the tone of the blues they cry is the same.

Robin, who with seven associates founded Concerts Incorporated four years ago, started out in the promotion business with strictly jazz attractions.

"This was during a music recession, too," he recalled, "but the reception to jazz was great, especially in the colleges." Then, he added, after March, 1960, "it just dropped dead. We began losing money everywhere we played jazz." Robin noted one exception, a Santa Monica, Calif., promotion featuring clarinetist Pete Fountain.

"That was last August," he said, "and it was the only money-making jazz concert this year." Significantly, it was not a modern, or "hard," jazz show.

In Robin's view, the advent of the comics as concert attractions, plus the the interest in folk singing helped greatly to kill public interest in jazz on the concert stage. As a rueful side note, he sighed, "Between March and Decem-

ber last year we lost roughly \$20,000 on jazz."

Nor was the loss measured only in money. It also cost new jazz talent valuable opportunity to be heard in concert. "Throughout the four years we've been in operation," Robin said, "we've attempted to give up-and-coming groups a showcase on our concerts. Matter of fact, we spent several thousands of dollars to develop them. But now we've had to retrench in this regard. Economically, it's just not feasible to continue that investment."

Thus, this month Concerts Incorporated completes promotion of 40 concerts during a five-week period that will play over a territory extending from Phoenix, Ariz., to Auckland, New Zealand. Not one is a straight jazz concert.

Irving Granz, who staged the first of a series of concerts billed as Jazz a la Carte six years ago and since has extended his operation as far east as St. Louis, is just as doleful about the prospect but much more emphatic as to the cause. Moreover, he disagrees with Robin as to the basic reason for the passing of concert jazz in the west.

"The whole picture," he declared, "can be seen in the loot the jazz attractions ask. If you boil it down, it's gotta be. All the jazz acts are getting two and three times the money they've gotten in the past."

Granz said he lost \$16,000 on jazz concerts during 1960 and lays the blame squarely on the jazz groups he played

Voices From America

American jazzmen who have performed in northern Europe bring back glowing accounts of the climate for modern jazz in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. Some musicians, such as tenor saxophonist Stan Getz, the late bassist Oscar Pettiford, and, for several years, trumpeter Benny Bailey, have preferred to live and work in Scandinavian cities like Stockholm and Copenhagen.

A good portion of the credit for the development of an appreciation for modern jazz in Scandinavia goes to Claes Dahlgren of Manhasset, Long Island. Dahlgren was born in Stamford, Conn., of Swedish parents and taken to Stockholm to live when he was a year old.

As Dahlgren grew up, he became interested in jazz through American recordings. When he returned to this country in 1949 as a representative of the Swedish Broadcasting corporation, he began to tape a weekly radio show, *Jazz Glimpses from the U.S.A.*, for airing on the noncommercial Swedish network, which is heard all over Scandinavia. The show was first aired in June, 1950, and, though it has never been heard on the air in this country, it is the oldest jazz show that has been continuously produced in New York. Each show, a half-hour long, is taped at NBC studios and flown to Stockholm.

Dahlgren airs new record releases in the modern idiom and, on every show, interviews a jazz star. His recent programs have featured Gil Evans analyzing *Sketches of Spain*, John Lewis discussing his "Third Stream" music, and Quincy

Jones making a report on his big new band.

Through the years, Dahlgren has also sent articles on jazz regularly to *Expressen*, the largest evening newspaper in Scandinavia; *Orkester Journalen*, the leading Swedish jazz magazine, and *Fickjournalen*, a teenagers' weekly.

Dahlgren has arranged the release in this country of countless Swedish jazz recordings, and was responsible for the first concert appearances in Sweden of American jazz stars such as Teddy Wilson, Stan Getz, Lee Konitz, Ernestine Anderson, and others.

One of Dahlgren's most enthusiastic listeners, during the early years of the show, was Christ Albertson of Copenhagen. Three years ago, Albertson came to the U. S. and is now regularly taping his own jazz radio show for the Danish State Radio network in Copenhagen.

Albertson also intersperses interviews with recordings and, in 1959, interviewed Lester Young and Billie Holiday. His interview with Young took place at the Copper Rail, a midtown bar favored by musicians, and Young floored the questioner when he said Jo Stafford was his favorite blues singer.

Both Albertson and Dahlgren are surprised at the shallow appreciation afforded jazz here, compared to the seriousness of Scandinavian listeners. Albertson recalls the time he sent an entire program by the Hi-Lo's and received a curt note from Danish radio: "Please don't get commercial on us."

and the booking agencies representing them.

"Here's an example," he offered. "I've been planning a Los Angeles jazz concert to feature Duke Ellington, Cal Tjader, Dave Brubeck, and Sarah Vaughan. Strong? It should be—for \$7,000. For this I can get Belafonte. Now I don't think I'm gonna go through with it. Why? Frankly, it's too expensive to risk.

"The attractions are out of line. They've got to be. And even with business, in general, in a recession, they still want more. Figure that out."

As Granz sees it, the booking agencies work one act against the other in the shortsighted view of securing what bookings there are in a given territory without due consideration for the fact that oversaturation of an attraction may kill future bookings for the concert promoter.

"It's just that these agents won't give you a fair shake. And there's no end to it—it's a vicious circle."

Hence, the turn of promoters away from jazz and toward folk music, comics, and lighter jazz-based fare with the strong commercial appeal of, for example, George Shearing.

In this connection, Granz said San Francisco and Los Angeles hold up well as concert areas for what he termed pop, or semi-jazz, attractions.

"But," he declared, "the out-and-out jazz people just don't go. Now, Brubeck is more of a pop attraction—like André Previn—and I can buy 'em both for \$3,000 a concert. This is against Miles Davis' asking price of \$3,500 to \$4,000 for a one-niter. Why, that's what he's getting for a week in a club!"

Thus, Granz concluded, it should come as no surprise that promoters have decided to leave "hard" jazz attractions alone. As he summarized the situation prevalent today on the west coast, "With the Kingston Trio, your chances of losing are less."

THE TEMPEST AT THE BLACK HAWK

The morals of a milk bar and the degree of corruptive influences of music and proximity to alcoholic consumption are to be passed upon in court this month, when the Black Hawk, the San Francisco jazz club and oldest modern jazz forum on the West Coast, goes to trial.

The charge: permitting minors to enter and remain on a licensed premise without lawful business. Translated out of legalese, that means the club is being hauled into court for operating a separate teenage section.

Under orders of Police Chief Thomas Cahill and Mayor George Christopher (himself operator of a dairy), San

Francisco cops raided the Black Hawk last month, closed down the teenage section, and cited the owners, brothers Max and George Weiss (Max Weiss, with another brother, Sol, operates Fantasy Records) and Guido Cacienti.

The episode has resulted in an unprecedented uproar in the city. All three metropolitan dailies, The San Francisco *Chronicle*, *Examiner*, and afternoon *News-Call-Bulletin*, editorialized against the cops' action. Letters to the editor flooded the local columns and petitions from teenagers, taken on college and high school campuses, flooded the Mayor's office.

Businessmen, clergymen, and mothers backed the Black Hawk. So far, the only support the mayor and the chief of police have received has come from one Parent Teachers Association executive board.

The issue at stake is a simple one, despite all the peripheral action, which has included hanging the mayor in effigy outside the Black Hawk, and the *Chronicle's* running a poetry contest on the subject.

Under the California liquor laws, teenagers can enter places where liquor is served only if food is also served, i.e. if it is a restaurant. Under this law, the Fairmont hotel and other spots allow teenagers.

The Black Hawk discovered a ruling of the liquor board in 1957 which allowed teenagers to get under the same roof as their imbibing elders if they were in separate premises, with separate entrance, exit, toilet facilities, and service.

Since the rear of the Black Hawk was formerly a lunch room and had all these advantages, they merely erected a railing, asked for approval from the liquor control people, and got it. The Black Hawk operated under that ruling without incident for 14 months. Teenagers, with or without their parents, came and went from the rear of the club and never rubbed elbows with a barfly.

But, when another club asked for and was refused similar permission (because its physical lay-out wasn't right) the disappointed owners complained, and the Black Hawk was investigated by the police, who suddenly saw a menace in its operation.

The mayor, brought into the hassle by the papers, said it was terrible to subject minors to the influences of watching their elders at a bar, pointed out that minors were impressionable, liquor might incite to rape ("and you know who'd be blamed for it; me and the chief of police"), and then capped it all with the remark, made when it was pointed out that the club's operation was legal, "Never mind the law, throw the book at them."

This was what brought the papers into it.

Then the Black Hawk management pointed out that teenagers were allowed into the bar at the opera house with their parents, though no food is served, and they were witness to and sat alongside liquor drinkers at football games, in the bar at the race track, and at the Giant's home grounds, Candlestick Park.

To this, the mayor replied that likening the Black Hawk to the opera house was like comparing a bookie joint with the public library—an ironical comparison, since the S.F. public library is currently under criticism for being something less than a shrine to intellectualism.

The mayor then asked the state attorney general for an opinion, and so did the liquor control authorities. The attorney general has announced that he'll render one after the trial!

And there the matter rests. The Black Hawk is preparing a case that will include subpoenas to jazz critics, civic leaders, several clergymen, and other pillars of society. The police all seem to wish the whole thing would go away, and the mayor, in the minds of some political observers, has seriously hurt his own future political prospects.

At this point, only time will tell what the outcome will be. Meanwhile, the club remains open, the teenage section remains barred to the teenagers, and future voters of the Bay Area remain outraged. And the mayor, who has no children, refuses to personally enter the club, although he has been officially invited to inspect it by the management.

COULD NEWPORT STILL HAPPEN?

The Newport Jazz festival is proving hard to store away in mothballs.

Though the Newport city council refused a permit for 1961, Louis L. Lorillard, president of the festival, said, "It is always possible to have a city or town council with which you can work, and if so, the NJF may come back in the future."

The festival's lawsuit against the city, for damages caused by cancellation of the license during last summer's rioting, is still hanging fire—and was upped from \$450,000 to \$750,000 when the 1961 license was refused.

Meantime, a Newport dentist, Dr. Nathan Feigelman, applied for a license to hold a music festival this summer at the site of the NJF. At the recommendation of Councilman Erich Taylor, he was turned down. Taylor then suggested that the mayor appoint a committee to study the possibility of a city-sponsored music festival.

Big Bang in S. Percussion

By BILL COSS

The current record industry crash program is just that—a study in crashes, which usually sounds as if a four-car collision has happened right under a set of sensitive stereo microphones. Percussion records are selling big, and the emphasis is on bang, crackle, and pop.

"Don't quote me," says one veteran record executive, "but I have the feeling that little boys who pound on drums, or generally make lots of other noises, grow up to buy percussion albums. Like, they like to beat their stereo rig, or their wife, or maybe both."

About the phenomenal sale of percussion records—accurate statistics are perhaps impossible to compile, but the sale is very great—a major label's vice president said, "We all have to do it (make percussion records) now. The whole idea is to have as much going on and moving from speaker to speaker as you can. Really, we've gotten back to the old binaural idea. The ping-pong effect is what you try for and get.

"There's nothing natural about the results—no realism. No music ever sounded like this, because it's impossible to accomplish all these effects in person. Only on records can you get this kind of separation and distortion. You get to the point where you love Enoch Light, the man who thought it up, when you look at your sales figures. You hate him when you have to deal with the engineers, the microphones, the kind of music it usually is—even when you have the incredible problem of trying to write liner notes."

Sales figures, and talks to people in the industry, make it clear that the crash-bang program has grown into a real monster, though a few companies stand aloof and aloof. Columbia is only incidentally interested; it has a Saul Goodman percussion album in circulation. Capitol executives say their firm releases "what we are interested in," although the label has *Mad Drums* and *Drums and More Drums* in record stores. Decca feels that the market will soon reach a saturation point. But it has issued three LPs in a *Brazen Brass* series, with a fourth on the way, all of which play with the percussion concept. As is the case with most of the major labels, and some of the independents, Decca insists that it is emphasizing *music* in its series, "giving people the 3-D effect along with music of quality."

Of the majors, Mercury and Victor are most involved with "meeting the demand." When Mercury headlines an album as "Perfect Presence Sound," it is generally one that emphasizes percussion, in one way or another. So far there are 10 or so of these Mercury discs, with more on the way. Victor has a host of records, loosely gathered under the banner of "Stereo Action," most of them concerned with percussion, all of them much involved with the speaker-to-speaker splitting of musical hairs.

But the major concentration on percussion is by the independent, usually smaller, labels. Although percussionist

Dick Shory was one of the first to sound the cymbals and ring the bells (for Victor, in 1957), it remained for Enoch Light to hit the market at the right time with what is obviously the right product. Everyone in the industry gives him credit for developing the basic formula (at least, of redeveloping it), and some, such as Mickey Kapp (Kapp Records, whose Medallion subsidiary is a close competitor to Light's Command label), insist that the Light formula formed the basis of all the successful percussion albums that followed.

Light's first two albums featured drummer Terry Snyder, and they are among the best issued in the field. They sold slowly at first in late 1959. Within a few months, however, there was no doubt that a trend had begun. Suddenly, the seldom-seen but much-to-be-heard percussionist came into his own.

Sixty percent of the percussion albums have plain, or nearly plain, white covers. Light commissioned Bauhaus painter Joseph Albers to design his first percussion cover. What he designed was a white cover with black dots. It was extremely eye-catching. You can be reasonably sure that practically no one wanted it. But Light used it, and most of the trade has followed suit ever since. Kapp says, "White covers are synonymous with percussion records, and any good merchandiser now knows that percussion doesn't have to have anything to do with drums; it's synonymous with a new kind of stereo."

The kind of stereo with which it is synonymous is what old-timers once thought of as the phony set, crystal or otherwise. Who is to judge? Well, you can. But you should judge from your own hearing, and, supposedly, the decision will be involved with whether your judgment is sound—or sound is your judgment.

Since Enoch Light and Command, there have been Medallion—also white covers, but "this is beyond fad status . . . this will last"—and Time—also white covers, "but music is the most important thing. We have writers who work toward stereo, fine writers, modernists, and what they do may have stereo effects, but that is only a part of the music." Time may think that way, but its other hand is often dealing plain old (and, remember, it is old) binaural excitement, as most the labels do, regardless of the fancy slogans.

United Artists has its own bing-bang label, Ultra-Audio, "the sound branch of the company." It now has and records Terry Snyder, the original Mr. Percussion. Its current five releases include four percussion albums, and it intends to record names who make noises. Audio-Fidelity has 10 LPs in the percussion market, "and more on the way." And so it goes, company after company, beyond battalion to regiment and division size. It's reached the point where one trade newspaper has a separate polling heading, "Best Selling Percussion LPs." Of the nine listed, Light's Command label has seven, Liberty and Hi-Fi have one each.

Judge it as you want. It seems that most of these albums are for people who dig sound for itself, or, perhaps, want, as the aforementioned record man said, to beat the stereo rig and/or wife. They can be an exciting and sometimes legitimate musical expression, no matter the lack of realism. (Warwick, for example, has a jazz percussion album, *The Soul of Jazz Percussion*, which makes good use of recording machines to enhance superior jazz performances.)

But, sadly, like most other bandwagon phases in the music business, this one is producing more mediocrity to bad than anything else. On a mature sales level, you may feel as Kapp does: "The demand is greater than any ordinary supply can fulfill." Says Command: "If there comes an end, then many of the elements will remain anyway."

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EMIL RICHARDS

By JOHN TYNAN

Ask any father. A six-year-old, with his mind fixed on an objective, can erode parental resistance with unrelenting persistence.

Emilio Radocchia cried while his nine-year-old brother, Dominic, strapped on the new accordion. He cried louder as Dominic made his first fumbling passes over the keys.

"I wanna . . . I wanna . . ." he sobbed. Embarrassed, his father, Camillo, glanced about the busy music store.

"What *do* you want?" he snapped.

Wordlessly, Emilio pointed to the first instrument he saw. The shiny one-and-a-half octave xylophone cost his father \$65. A year's tuition came with the price of the instrument.

Today, 23 years later, Camillo Radocchia's investment is returning undreamed of dividends. His younger son, known professionally as Emil Richards, is one of the busiest mallet-instrument players in Hollywood studios and is hailed by his fellows as a jazz soloist and writer of uncommon ability.

Slim, short and wiry of build, Richards at 29 chuckles at the memory of his music store offensive.

"My mother came with me to every music lesson that \$65 bought," he recalled. "She learned music. I didn't learn a thing. Actually, she taught me from that point on."

When he was 9, he graduated to the marimba, and the love he holds for that instrument has stayed with him. "I dig playing that marimba; it's more percussive than vibes," he said recently as his new album, *Yazz, Per Favore* (Del-Fi 1216), played in the background.

Defensively, he added, "Some people think it's corny, but if it's played right, it's a gas."

Richards confined his musical activity to marimba until 1949 when, at 17, he enrolled at Hartford School of Music. He had learned the instrument the hard way.

"When I first started," he said, "the bars were too high for me. I had to stand on a stool to play. Every year, as I grew, my father cut pieces off the stool legs."

When Richards bought his first vibraharp, the year he entered the Hartford school, he had outgrown the sawed-off stool. By 1950 he was percussionist with the Hartford and New Britain symphony orchestras and featured mallet-instrument player with the Connecticut Pops Orchestra. This formal training accounts for his high degree of reading skill today, an imperative ability in studio work.

The vibist's first "name" job came in September, 1956, when he joined the George Shearing Quintet after serving as assistant leader of an army band in Japan during the previous two years.

Caught in the familiar ambivalence of the jazzman-cum-studio musician, Richards frequently finds himself running on a schedule that is, to say the least, variegated. On a recent Friday, for example, he commenced studio activity with a commercial jingle for potato chips. From that date he shuttled to Warner Bros. studio in Burbank for a soundtrack session for one of the *Hawaiian Eye* telefilm series. Came evening and Richards was playing with the Paul Horn Quintet at the Renaissance club back in Hollywood. But this was for a few sets only, as he waited for Larry Bunker (an equally busy studio musician) to relieve him so Richards could work with the Nelson Riddle Orchestra on a Johnny Mathis record date.

"Sure, the money is good," he commented, "but still I want to do more jazz playing. The trouble with studio work is that you can't split yourself in two, and you can't be happy, really, if you want to play jazz. The feeling of ac-

complishment in studio work is great, but you find that most of the music you play there isn't as rewarding as just playing jazz."

The lightly bearded Richards makes a distinction between mere "vibes players" and "mallet men."

"So many vibes players," he explained, "are basically either drummers or pianists. You find very few who start out in music with mallets and stay with them all the way. Today, though, many younger players are doing just that. That is a good thing.

"Red Norvo said he never heard a bad vibes player. I agree. All vibes players can *play*. But Paul Horn once said a lot of vibes players sound like Bags and only a few sound like themselves. I agree. My favorites are Bags and Vic Feldman—and Lem Winchester had a bright and fulfilling career until his tragic accident cut it off. In a way, I really feel badly about Vic. It's beautiful that he's with Cannonball and that he's flipping all the piano players, but he should play more vibes. I guess he will, though."

Dominating Richards' approach to playing jazz is his intense desire to sound like himself and nobody else, surely the aspiration of all serious and mature jazz artists. Indeed, the striving for individuality may well be identified as the chief devil tormenting any artist once he has technically mastered his instrument. "I love Bags," Richards noted in this connection, "but I have only one or two of his good records because I want always to sound like *me*."

An inveterate experimenter with the musical possibilities of mallet instruments, Richards not long ago fronted a combo at the Renaissance, the two front-line instruments of which were his beloved marimba and the bass clarinet of Bill Perkins, the noted tenor saxophonist. "It didn't work 100 percent," he said, "so Bill did a lot of switching to tenor and baritone."

He smiles at being tagged experimenter but proudly claims to have invented the first nickname for vibraharp—"steamtable."

Richards' latest experiment is his boldest. "I've started a group with *four* vibes players in the front line. Just like Kai Winding's four 'bones and rhythm. Doug Marsh, who's fresh out of service with the Air Force's Airmen of Note band and used to be with Sauter-Finnegan and writes great for big bands, transcribed some big-band charts for four vibes doubling marimba, chimes, and bells. I wrote some charts for the group, too; a couple of Monk's things (*I love him*) and a couple of originals." He paused for breath.

"It's a ball writing for four vibes because this is really difficult for a vibes player. It's a challenge. But when I write, I just think of things I'd want to play but can't make by myself, things I'd need help on. The charts are all good, swinging music. We don't want gimmicks; just good music.

"Besides Marsh and me on vibes," he rushed on, "there's also Larry Bunker and Bobby Hutcherson, a young boy everybody's going to be hearing about.

"I realize it would be difficult to work clubs with four vibes—how would you fit 'em in?—but we could work big-band rooms, jazz concerts and even television. Although it's not corny or gimmicky musically, the group is still a *visual* thing. And we all have high spirits working with it.

"See, I've got a *band* in mind, a vibe band. There's a piano player, of course, but we're concentrating on utilizing more varied voicing for the mallet instruments."

Richards' fervor for his first-born may find concrete expression when he does his second album session for Del-Fi (the company holds four years of options on his talent). This may mark the recorded debut of the only vibes band in existence and the culmination of a cherished ambition for Emilio Radocchia.





Europe was the first to fall. Now Japan is being conquered by American jazz. Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and singer Bill Henderson recently completed a successful tour of the Far-Eastern islands. Tony Scott is more or less resident in Tokyo. The Modern Jazz Quartet will tour there in May. And there's even a Japanese *Down Beat*.

But Japanese interest in jazz is old stuff to J. C. Heard; he lived in Japan more than two years.

Heard's name may have only a slightly familiar ring to presentday jazz listeners, but in the 1940s and early '50s, he was one of the most sought-after drummers in jazz. His experience included big-band work with Teddy Wilson, Benny Carter, and Cab Calloway, small-group work and recordings with most of the important musicians of the era. Of the many records he made during those years, perhaps the most famous is *Congo Blues*, from the Red Norvo Comet session with Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker.

Heard also made several tours with Norman Granz's portable jazz spectacular, *Jazz at the Philharmonic*. It was, in fact, on a JATP tour that he first saw Japan. That was in October, 1953.

"They gave us a wonderful reception," the seemingly ever-smiling drummer recalled recently. "They paraded us through Tokyo for three hours—a real ticker tape parade."

The JATP tour lasted two weeks. But the wiry drummer couldn't get his fill of the enchanting land in so short a time. He was reluctantly preparing to return to the U. S. with the rest of the JATP jazzmen when fortune, in the form of a Japanese promoter, smiled. Would any of the American musicians care to stay and tour the country? Sure, J. C. would.

"I tried to get some of the other guys to stay, but none of them did," he said. Two, trumpeter Charlie Shavers and alto saxophonist Willie Smith, remained behind long enough to try to persuade the drummer to return with them. But to no avail; Heard could see no reason for a hasty return.

The four years that followed were the most exciting in Heard's long career, packed with movies, tours through the East, stage shows, lectures, adulation.

The first day after his decision to stay, Tots Nakshima, a promoter, handed him a contract and asked simply if everything seemed in order. When Heard read the contract, he found it called for making a film with one of the top Japanese singers. By the time the film was completed, he had become the featured star at a Tokyo night club. Newspapers learned he was in Japan, and soon the whole country knew.

"Anything that happens in Tokyo,"

he said, "the whole country soon finds out about and wants it." Bookings followed in many of the major Japanese cities.

One of the tours lasted two months. A sort of a JATP-styled show, according to Heard, it featured the best Japanese musicians. The pianist was Toshiko, who later emigrated to this country, made a name for herself, and married altoist Charlie Mariano.

Heard found that although the Japanese jazzmen copied the styles of American musicians, they were nonetheless excellent musicians. One group he fronted was a big band that went by the incongruous name Tokyo Cuban Boys.

"That was a terrific band," Heard said. "They could play like Basic, then turn around and sound like Perez Prado."

Not all Japanese musicians wanted to play modern, according to Heard. "Some of it's over their heads, but there's been some changes since I left—records have had an effect. The Japanese musicians were always very conscientious and would listen to all the American records they could get. And they were eager for you to teach them things. One drummer listened to me for

HEARD IN THE FAR EAST

By DON DeMICHEAL

two nights and came up on the stand and played everything I did. But most of them were still playing swing-era music. The only moderns when I was there were Toshiko and her friends. The coffee shops are helping the young musicians go modern now. In these places they play jazz LPs, mostly modern. Besides, these people are very smart and progressive in mind. Though they sound like Americans, they try to be creative also."

But J. C. Heard is of the school of jazzmen who are concerned with showmanship as well as musical excellence. Even today, in a jazz world filled with talk of "significance" and "artistry," he looks on jazz as a part of show business, a music that should entertain listeners as well as vicariously satisfy their artistic frustrations.

He had opportunity to apply this philosophy during his stay in Japan. In the large theaters in Tokyo, he was not only a featured act and band leader, he took an active part in producing the show. He would select the acts, usually a vocal group, and a male and a female singer.

And then there were the movies . . . Movie-making was nothing new to

Heard; he had made six pictures in this country before going to Japan, though it's doubtful, to say the least, that he had such strong roles here as he had in Japan.

"I made four movies altogether while I was there," he said. "In one, I played a conga drum and sang a production number, and in another I played with a combo in a cabaret scene—I took a solo in that one. But I acted in the other two.

"In the first one, I was a GI who tried to get the hero's girl, but the good guy got her back. In one scene, I was to kiss this chick. But I couldn't quite get it right. You know, we had to shoot that scene 12 times! In the other movie, I was all dressed up in Japanese traditional robes. I wish I had some pictures of that! I wore a kimono and a head band. There I was in all those robes and this beautiful girl at my feet. I had one of those big swords—whatever they're called—and I was going to cut her head off."

Besides movie making, stage production, and tours, Heard lectured on jazz at one of Tokyo's leading universities, the same school the crown prince attended. He also took time out to marry a lovely Japanese girl. (One of his chief concerns now is to get his wife and their five-year-old son to this country.)

While he was in Japan, Heard had to renew his visitor's visa every six months. But during a tour that carried him as far as Manila, he overstayed his visa time limit by three months, and customs officials would not allow him back in the country. But Heard, as other jazzmen before him, was fascinated with the East. He wanted to see as much of it as he could.

And he did. Besides Manila, he played such far-flung places as Hong Kong, Calcutta, Taipei, Bangkok, and parts of Australia before returning to this country at the end of 1957.

He felt he had been gone long enough. Things were getting better in the U. S., so he heard. "I wanted to get back before my name faded," he added.

Having been gone so long, his name had faded a little, but the excellence of his playing had not diminished one whit. I heard him recently and was amazed that his playing was as modern and alive as that of youngsters half his age (Heard is 43). And he has something that younger drummers don't have: the firm assuredness that comes only from a lifetime of varied experience.

Few members of the jazz youth will get the experience Heard got in Japan. But they need not despair. Says Heard. "The U. S. is still the greatest country in the world for show people." 

the DRUMMER most likely to succeed



By MARC CRAWFORD

The Max Roach Quintet plays a three-part composition called *The Battle, The Defeat, and the Long Blue Hereafter*. It was written by Booker Little while the trumpeter was a member of the group. Roach's bass player, Ray McKinney, described it this way: "It has a free form, except that the horns have a set group of notes. *The Battle* is not concerned with traditional harmonies. It strives for an effect—clashing dissonances, great freedom—though it's not devoid of discipline. *The Defeat* is more consonant—heavy and sad. *The Long Blue Hereafter* is a blues—very, very sad, stretched out, building fourths and fifths. It's dark. I think of midnight blue when I'm playing it." (Roach has said of it: "It means something to each man, each man gives

it his own meaning.")

Roach's group performed it recently in a north-side Chicago jazz room. Max was sitting there playing, his shoulders hunched, wearing one of those suits of his own design and looking like one of Eliot Ness' Untouchables. He was off on one of those weird counter-rhythms he likes to play, fives on four, three against two. It seemed as if he had taken French leave from the smoke-soaked gloom of the club to find the refuge of some open-air carnival where the bright-painted horses of the merry-go-round dance the night through. Even in the half light you could tell he was smiling. Then the smile was gone. His jaw muscles tightened, and Max began to play with an urgency obsolete in our times. He was driving his fellows, punctuating their

phrases with great screaming exclamation points—like an avenging angel come down to beat all the evil out of all the hearts in the world. Then he was off again to his carnival, his bright-painted horses in the open air.

By the time he was old enough to vote in 1945, Max Roach “had the widest influence of all the drummers who emerged in the bop era,” according to the *Encyclopedia of Jazz*. “His use of the top cymbal rather than the bass drum, in an attempt to establish a more legato rhythmic feeling instead of a heavy four-to-the-bar beat, was imitated by countless other percussionists all over the world.”

The drummer most likely to succeed, Max Roach was a man with all the right credentials. According to Leonard Feather’s *Encyclopedia*, he worked with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie in the early days of bop. He was a frequent visitor to the mythical birthplace of the new jazz of the 1940s, Minton’s Playhouse. Kenny Clarke was the house drummer, and Max liked to sit and listen to the drummer some feel was his chief influence. The young drummer’s first record date was with the veteran Coleman Hawkins in the early 1940s. In 1944, he worked with Benny Carter in California. When he returned to New York City the next year, he became the leading drum light of bop. His first visit to Europe was in the company of Parker; he later toured the Continent with his own groups and various *Jazz at the Philharmonic* packages. After a brief stay with Howard Rumsey at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach, Calif., Max formed his own quintet which featured the late Clifford Brown on trumpet. He has continued to lead his own group, taking time out from touring to serve each summer as a faculty member at the School of Jazz, Lenox, Mass. In the decade and a half that is the measure of Max’ adult years, his talents won him seven awards for jazz excellence (five of them from *Down Beat*).

The drummer most likely to succeed was on schedule.

On the bandstand, the group was performing one of Max’ own compositions, *Tears for Johannesburg*, a lament for nearly a hundred blacks killed by South African police in the Sharpesville massacre last spring. In this composition, he seemed to be turning back the centuries and crossing an ocean in search of that place where once his ancestors might have lived, somewhere along the banks of the Congo. (Editor’s note: see the review of Roach’s *Freedom Now Suite* in the record-review section of this issue.)

That afternoon I had watched North Carolina-born, Brooklyn-reared Maxwell Roach, who graduated *summa cum laud* from Brooklyn’s Boys High School in 1942, conducting a rehearsal of his quintet. He did it much the same as he has over the years—no scores, anywhere. All the parts had been worked out on his little portable organ, each part fixed in his head. On the piano, he picked out tenor man Walter Benton’s part, and by repetition, Benton soon committed it to memory. Then in turn he gave trumpeter Mark Belgraves, trombonist Julian Priester, and bassist Ray McKinney their respective parts. There was no piano part because it would “hold us back,” Max explained. “Scores sometimes scare musicians,” Max said. “I know guys who, when improvising, play so much that it’s a shame, but when they see it on paper they tighten up.”

When all parts were learned, Max put them together, adjusting here and there those bits that were uncomfortable to his sidemen. When it was comfortable all around, the rehearsal was over—the group rehearses almost every day—and another tune had been added to the book.

I remembered Chicago actor-singer-composer-lyricist Oscar Brown Jr.’s comments on Max: “By the time I met Max I’d already written a song about him. The song is titled *Strong Man*. Abbey Lincoln had me write it for her

to describe Max and how she felt about him. I didn’t actually meet Max in person until the day Abbey recorded my tune for Riverside. Max was blowing drums, and I was kibitzing. I remember studying Max as he sat at his drums while Abbey sang. I decided he fit the picture Abbey and the song painted.

“It was when we began work on a composition, *The Beat*, that I really got tight with Max and learned great respect for him as a musician and as a man. Max the musician is all artist, painstaking, and extremely creative. Max the man is an elegant, arrogant, embattled, embittered, victimized, victorious veteran of a very brutal war. Charlie Parker, Billie Holiday, Lester Young, Oscar Pettiford, Clifford Brown were all in the same fight Max is in, and they don’t die of old age. Regardless of what their death certificates say, all these geniuses died of the conditions jazz has had to endure.”

My thoughts went back to that day in Detroit in 1955 when Yusef Lateef had cut Sonny Rollins in a tenor duel. Max’ only concern had been for Sonny, the “Big M.” who walked the floor (in the hotel room over Max’) muttering to himself over and over, “It was a lemon.” Max’ concern had been that Sonny might worry himself sick with brooding.

Then I remembered that time in Chicago when he played for days to get one-up on Kenny Dorham playing chess. That day they were playing some old Clifford Brown records, and Kenny would interrupt the game to say, “Clifford, Clifford, don’t be so mean!” Max had Kenny’s king set up in the crossfire of two bishops; the knights and rooks were strategically placed. When Kenny realized that one move of Max’ queen would checkmate him, he urged Max to kill him quickly. Max sat there savoring the sweet smell of victory. Kenny was peeved and said: “Cut the fictitious dramatic bit and move.” Max waited until Kenny was thoroughly bugged, and in a grand flourish ended the game, shaking with laughter.

But that was another world ago in the life of the drummer most likely to succeed. Max Roach has changed.

“Yes,” Max admitted. “I have changed, but only in terms of content. I will never again play anything that does not have social significance. It is my duty, the purpose of the artist to mirror his times and its effects on his fellow man. We American jazz musicians of African descent have proved beyond all doubt that we’re master musicians of our instruments. Now, what we have to do is employ our skill to tell the dramatic story of our people and what we’ve been through . . .

“Little Rock, New Orleans . . . sit-in demonstrations . . . courage of our . . . young people . . . how can anyone consider my music independent of what I am? . . . reflection of all I feel . . . music must be fresh, original, technically correct, but must also be vital—have meaning or it’s nothing . . . new ethics needed if man is going to survive in the atomic age . . . no one can stand against change . . . don’t have to like me or my music so long as they understand what motivates it . . . art, real art has to come from within . . . get away from this idea of who’s the best drummer . . . you can’t rate feeling, soul . . . it’s personal and individual, what’s the standard? . . . conformity . . . decadence . . . TV westerns and Madison Avenue . . . suburbia and organization man . . . richest country in the world and begging for dimes for polio . . . couldn’t accommodate myself to it anymore . . . it was choking stifling me . . . praise for the color of my music, prejudice for the color of my skin . . . funny bit . . . hah! hah! hah! . . . funny if it wasn’t so tragic.”

Max was spent. The drummer most likely to succeed was now quiet, his thoughts miles away. I excused myself and left.

mers use. The variations may be slight, but they drums and the many whackable accessories drum- pitch variation obtained by utilizing the various drumming to support the vocal theory. There is But there is less-abstract evidence than this in jazz around their own inaudible melodies.

through their minds while they solo. Some improvise mers who acknowledge that some sort of melody goes who visibly "vocalize," there are many jazz drum- sing the rhythmic figures they play. Besides these They are not always indulging in showmanship—they Some drummers hum and sing while they solo.

found in jazz drumming. he, for there are several vocal mannerisms to be to percussion. The whole subject of vocalism in and strings. But it has seldom, if ever, been applied holds up well enough when applied to brasses, reeds, the sound of the human voice. The voice theory, men imitate, whether consciously or unconsciously, jazz theorists have long held the belief that jazz-

to all forms of jazz—drums. jazz, I have chosen the instrument common to reinforce my conviction of the oneness of of the instruments used in jazz. But tion can be applied. I believe, to any men's playing to show musical evolu- This method of transcribing jazz-

listener. can be shown clearly, even to the non-music-reading "schools," the ties and connections jazz or representatives of certain rial musicians in the history of of the most influen-

scribing the work evolution. By tran- guide to musical method available that would serve as a visual possible weaknesses, musical notation is the only precise and visual method is needed. With all its and car fail to convey fully the degree of unity. A more How can these "blood" lines be recognized? Words but lines there are.

and have taken circuitous routes from then to now, Dodds and Louis Hayes. The lines may be blurred Armstrong and young Lee Morgan, between Baby Dodds and Eric Dolphy, between young Louis connection, a jazz "blood" line, between Johnny jazz. Evolution, yes; revolution, no. There is a changes may occur, but there are no revolutions in past. There may be leaps forward, mad and rapid All jazz is one. What is contemporary is of the

**BABY DODDS
CHICK WEBB
GENE KRUPA
BUDDY RICH
COZY COLE
SID CATLETT
PHILLY JOE JONES
KENNY CLARKE
MAX ROACH
SHELLY MANNE
FRANK ISOLA
ART BLAKEY**

By DON DEMICHEAL

EVOLUTION OF THE

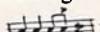
DRUM SOLO



parallel the pitch variations of human speech. The first jazz record, *Original Dixieland One-Step* by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, contains evidence of percussion pitch variation; ODJB drummer Tony Sbarbaro (Spargo) played on what sounds like templeblocks and woodblocks, snare drum, and a Chinese tom-tom, each with a unique pitch and timbre.

The jazz drummer also imitates the cadence of speech, as do other instrumentalists. (It's no accident that the phrases, "Talk to me," "Shout," "Holler," "Now you're talkin'" and other speech references are a large part of jazz argot.) Early jazz drumming such as Sbarbaro's and Baby Dodds' contained little speech cadence, however. The military tradition, which tends to fill each measure with many notes, was too strong in their work to allow for the pauses characteristic of speech (or melody). It was not until orchestral drumming, which allows greater use of space, became a stronger influence than the military that jazz drumming came closer to speech cadence.

The military influence has not completely disappeared from jazz drumming, but its influence is much less now than it was in the formative years of jazz. Not until the 1930s did militarism in jazz give way to the orchestral, and then only grudgingly. The seeds of its weakening and the ascendancy of orchestral drumming have been present since primitive jazz, just as jazz as a whole has steadily drifted from the military and folk toward the orchestral (or classical). There is nothing new about Third Streamism. (There must be one qualification made, however: with the coming of greater social acceptance—far from ideal though it may be—and greater political power for the Negro, there has been a correlated upsurge in racial pride. Some jazzmen have attempted a return—without primitivism—to the Negro's heritage. But the path back has not included the military.)

Aside from these larger elements involved in jazz drumming, there are particular characteristics common to all styles of jazz drumming. One is syncopation. Those who do not know what the term means might conceive a non-syncopated figure as equivalent to a man marching. This could be notated . A syncopated figure would be more like a man marching for three steps then stumbling. This could be noted . That empty arrowhead or sidewise V over the last note is an accent mark. This note is played louder than the others. The use of many such accents is found throughout jazz drumming.

Basic to all jazz, and most assuredly to the jazz drummer, is the ability to swing. This is beyond the scope of notation. Accents can be indicated, but it is impossible to indicate the volume of the accent. Swinging involves a vast variety of accents, all of different volume, all shaded in a different way. For instance, in transcribing these solos I found, and I'm sure my cohorts (Gary Burton and Allan Dawson of the Berklee School of Music) found, that to notate a passage as straight eighth notes is not entirely accurate; there are small variations in volume from note to note. Some of the notes are slightly delayed or accelerated. These variations are impossible to notate with clarity. These variations are as individual as are speech variations. No two people speak exactly alike; no two jazzmen play exactly alike. Thus the limitations of transcribing jazz, or any music, for that matter. But I feel the examples will convey to the reader and the student the *essence* of these solos and styles.

(Those not familiar with musical notation should be able to follow the discussion, because the differences between examples and styles will be visually perceptible. There are a few things the non-music-reading reader should be familiar with, but these can be explained with syllables. In the examples there are instances where the solo is notated in eighth notes  but is said to be played with a 12/8 feel. The

eighth notes can be thought of as sounding bup-bup-bup-bup. A 12/8 feel or figures notated  sound duu-da-duu-da. Visually, there is more space between the two notes  than the two notes . The difference is roughly the difference between a man marching and a man skipping. And it is taken for granted that the reader knows what a measure or musical bar is—the distance between one vertical bar line and the next. The musical examples—with the exception of the second one—are excerpts from records. The notation is accurate as possible.)

KEY:



BABY DODDS

Warren (Baby) Dodds was born in New Orleans around the turn of the century. His earliest recorded work was with the King Oliver Creole Jazz Band in the 1920s, but this example of his playing is from *Stompy Jones*, recorded in the late '30s with Sidney Bechet on Victor. Dodds displayed a subtle sense of pitch variation in his playing, although he remained under the influence of military drumming throughout his career (he died in 1959). He employed pitch variation by using an assortment of "traps." (In passing, there is no such thing as a "trap" drum. The term is an old nickname for the accessories the drummer carried: temple blocks, wood blocks, gongs, cymbals, cowbells, etc.) This solo excerpt was played on cowbell, woodblock and the shell of the bass drum. The tempo is moderately fast with a two-beat feeling (i.e., the emphasis is on the first and third beat of the measure as opposed to a four-beat feeling, which emphasizes all four beats of the measure).



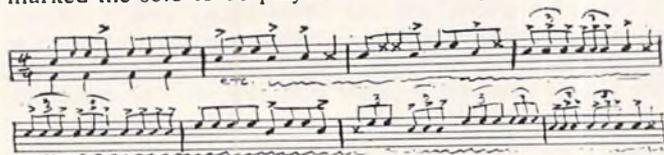
The example shows Dodds' adherence to the military mode of drumming: the measures are filled with notes played in a more-or-less evenly balanced manner. But there is an interesting mixing of treble () and dupe (). Dodds mixed the two meters more subtly and intricately than did his followers (among others, Gene Krupa, Dave Tough, and George Wettling listened closely to Dodds when they were youngsters in Chicago). Not until recently has there been more than a smidgen of this mixing—at least to the degree of complexity employed by Dodds.

CHICK WEBB

William (Chick) Webb was born in Baltimore, Md. only a few years after Dodds, but their styles, while both basically military-oriented, differed in devices used. Dodds was more subtle than Webb, but he did not have the flair of Webb. The small, crippled drummer (he died of tuberculosis in 1939) gained his greatest fame at the Savoy Ballroom during the late 1920s and throughout most of the '30s. Webb's band was the house band at the ballroom for many years and fought musical "battles" with other bands that played the Harlem dance palace. His influence is evident in the work of the drummers of the swing era. One of his most astute "students" was young Gene Krupa, who had left Chicago to go to New York City in 1929.

The following example is not from any of his recorded work (my Chick Webb collection disappeared somewhere along the line and little of his work is available on reissues).

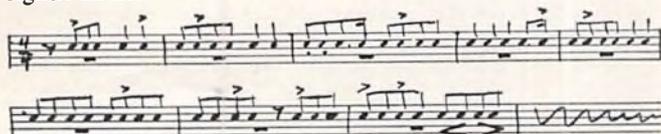
The solo was written by George Wettling and appeared in his *Tips to Tubmen* column in *Down Beat* years ago; it also was published in Wettling's drum method, *America's Great Drum Stylists*, published by Capitol Songs, Inc., in 1945. It is a close approximation of Webb's style. Wettling marked the solo to be played at a fast tempo.



Militarism is dominant but there is a wide use of pitch variation. The interplay between tom-tom, snare, cymbal, and cowbell, while not as subtle as Dodds' use of "traps," is brilliant. But the big difference between Dodds and Webb was in the "feel" of the time. Webb—notice the bass drum—played with a four-beat feeling, while Dodds usually did not.

GENE KRUPA

Krupa is the most famous drummer in jazz—at least among non-musicians. One of the group of young Chicagoans who were taken with the music played by the early jazz pioneers, he rose to prominence with the Benny Goodman Band in the middle and late '30s—the swing era. Derided by critics and fellow musicians for his sometimes extroverted showmanship, Krupa, nonetheless, is important for his musical contributions to jazz drumming. His influence extends even to this day. Learning from the two masters, Dodds and Webb, Krupa simplified Dodds' complexity, but he still retained the militarism of the earlier style. The example is taken from Krupa's solo on the Benny Goodman Trio's version of *Who?*, recorded on Victor during the mid-'30s. He plays brushes throughout. The tempo is brisk, $\text{♩} = 120$; except staccato notes are played as straight eighth notes.



There is a similarity in general construction between Krupa's solo and Dodds'. There is no bass drum used (most of Krupa's solos used little bass drum); there is internal use of duple and treble (measures 3 and 4); the measures are balanced. These are characteristic also of the Dodds' solo. But Krupa, unlike Dodds, usually played with a four-beat feeling, like Webb.

BUDDY RICH

The best of those who followed in the path Krupa had blazed and who paralleled him in style and career was Bernard (Buddy) Rich. Son of show business parents, he began drumming at an extremely early age, was a solo act when he was 6, and led his own band at the age of 11. He gained fame as a jazz drummer by his exciting work with the Artie Shaw and Tommy Dorsey bands in the swing era. I am not alone in contending that Rich is probably the best drummer in the world. That is not to say the best jazz drummer—there are no "bests." But for playing the instrument, there are none who surpass Rich. He may lack finesse and restraint at times, but there are few fellow drummers who do not acknowledge his technical, though not necessarily conceptional, superiority.

The example of Rich's soloing (from *Cheek to Cheek* in his Argo album *Playtime*) is played at an extremely fast tempo. Although recorded only last year, the solo is within the military-conception focus—an overall balance from measure to measure, and non-"melodic" in conception

(although Rich is capable of playing quite "melodically.")



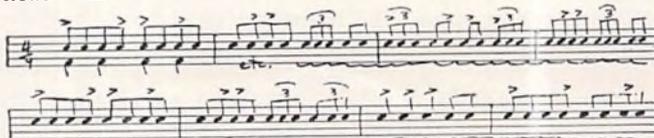
Even the layman, I believe, can see the complexity of his bass drum work. A simple way of playing the bass drum with the right foot would be notated $\text{♩} \text{♩} \text{♩} \text{♩}$, although that would be difficult to execute at the tempo of the example. Compare this with the bass drum notation of, say, the last two bars of Rich's solo. Another feature of the solo and Rich's playing in general is his accenting, which gives his work great vitality. Notable also is his mixing of eighth notes and triplets $\text{♩} \text{♩} \text{♩}$.

COZY COLE

William (Cozy) Cole is from East Orange, N. J., and has been playing since he was a child (he even fashioned his own drumsticks in a manual training school). First inspired by Duke Ellington percussionist ("drummer" is an unsatisfactory term in this case) Sonny Greer, Cole gained fame with his work with the Cab Calloway Band of the late '30s. Cole was particularly known for his solos on the Calloway recordings of *Paradiddle Joe* and *Ratamacue*. (The paradiddle and the ratamacue are two of the 26 drum rudiments.) An admirably facile drummer and, like Gene Krupa, an advocate of rudimental drumming—an integral part of military drumming—Cole is capable of executing solos of the greatest complexity utilizing hand-and-foot independence. The example shown does not include this device, which in simplified form is used extensively in modern drumming, but on paper it would look something like this:



The transcribed example of Cole's work is excerpted from his solo on *Cole Heat, Warm Feet* recorded by the Hank D'Amico Quartet in the middle 1940s on National Records. The tempo is brisk. Cole plays with a 12/8 feeling here. He obtained an intriguing effect by muffling the snare (bottom) head of his snare drum—or else the head was broken.



The direction of the solo is almost completely military, but the accenting breaks up the flow of notes. The example is noticeably void of rests.

SID CATLETT

Big Sid, born in Evansville, Ind., was one of the most highly regarded drummers in jazz. He came to prominence with his big-band work with Louis Armstrong in the late '30s, but his finest work was done in the '40s. When he died of a heart attack at the age of 41 in 1951, traditionalists and modernists alike mourned him.

The heavy military and the gaining-in-strength orchestral influences met handsomely in Catlett. The use of space, heard often in orchestral drum work, is evident in Catlett's playing. But more importantly, Catlett brought a more "melodic" concept to jazz drumming. There was melodiousness in jazz drumming before him, but it was covered with

the military. It took the form generally of pitch variation between different drums and "traps." Catlett retained pitch variation but added speech cadence—melodiousness, if you want—to jazz drum literature. He set riffs in opening statements, sometimes repeating them for several bars, then embellished them. He played little "tunes." He varied the pitch of rim shots (in the example, the rim shots marked as accents in the first two bars—and subsequent repeats of the figure—each had a different sound, one impossible to intimate on paper).

The 12-bar Catlett solo, one of his best, is taken from *1-2-3 Blues*, recorded about 1946 by his own group for Session Records. It is played at a medium tempo.



The beauty of this solo lies in its construction. First Catlett plays a two-bar statement, repeats it until the eighth bar, then builds to a climax in the 11th bar, resolving the solo in the final bar with two emphatic accents, clearing the way for the tenor saxophone solo of Ben Webster which follows the drum solo.

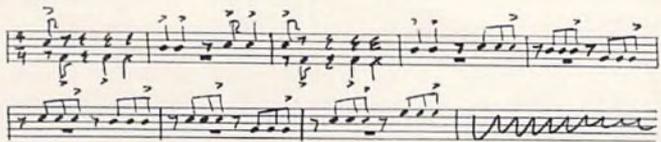
I will deviate from chronology in order to show the extent of Catlett's direct influence (his indirect influence has stemmed from the emulation by young drummers of such men as Kenny Clarke, Shelly Manne, Max Roach, and Art Blakey).

PHILLY JOE JONES

Joseph Rudolph (Philly Joe) Jones became widely known among jazzmen by his work in his native Philadelphia during the 1940s, but it was not until he joined Miles Davis on a more-or-less regular basis in the 1950s that he became known to the jazz public.

Philly Joe continues the Catlett tradition perhaps in a more nearly pure form than any other modern drummer. (The tie between Jones and Catlett is not only musical but personal as well—Catlett, according to Jones, willed Philly Joe his favorite cymbals, which Jones has mounted in a place of honor in his home.) The conceptual similarity between the two is evident in Jones' "melodiousness."

The following excerpt was transcribed from *Joe's Debut* in the Riverside album *Philly Joe Jones Showcase*, issued in 1960. The tempo is just a little faster than that of the Catlett example. The solo is played with a slight 12/8 feeling.

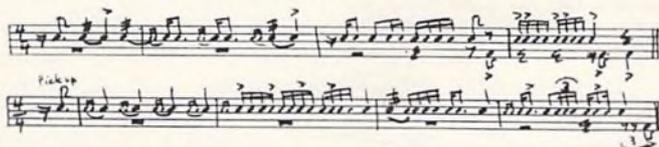


The solo is constructed in the Catlett manner; opening statement (in this case two statements, bars 1-4 and 5-8), followed by embellishment (not shown in the example but following those first eight measures on the record). The excerpt is notable for other reasons as well: the use of space, simple antiphony, and the extended use of the figure . This figure seems to be common to all styles of jazz drumming. It is found—although covered and surrounded by other notes—in the Dodds (third and fifth measures), the Krupa (third measure), the Cole (first, fifth, and eighth measures), and the Catlett (second, fourth, sixth, and ninth measures) examples, as well as in some of those following.

KENNY CLARKE

Kenneth (Klook) Clarke was one of the charter members of the group of musicians in the early 1940s who were later to be known as the boppers—the spearheads of jazz modernity. But Clarke was well-known among musicians before the advent of bop; he worked with the bands of Roy Eldridge, Claude Hopkins, and Teddy Hill, among others, in the '30s. He recorded with Sidney Bechet during that decade and made his first trip to Europe, where he now lives, in 1937. He was leader of the house band at Minton's Playhouse in the formative period of bop. Sometimes credited with the founding of bop (or "klook-mop") drumming, he was quite influential among young drummers, including Max Roach, in the early '40s. His use of the bass drum, and non-use of the bass drum, were widely copied. Still, there is a detectable Catlettness about his playing.

The example of Clarke's solo work is taken from *Opus and Interlude* in the Milt Jackson album *Opus de Funk* on Savoy Records, recorded in the mid-'50s. The example consists of two four-bar breaks played at a medium tempo.



While his playing has certain traces of militarism in it (note his use of rudimental ruffs ,), the asymmetrical structure of his solo is more like orchestral drumming.

MAX ROACH

As influential as Catlett and Clarke were, their direct influence pales when compared to that of the drummer who best learned the lessons they offered—Max Roach. Roach has been the most influential drummer since Krupa, and like Krupa, he popularized (among musicians) a style that grew from two predecessors, in his case, Catlett and Clarke. But he took these basic conceptual tools and fashioned his own way of playing. There are still evidences of his mentors' influence in his work, but Roach is his own man, make no mistake about it. He has been one of the real explorers in jazz drumming. Not content to stand still, but continually seeking new, more challenging frontiers, Roach has continued to evolve throughout his career. Groups under his leadership were among the first to play jazz in 3/4; he is now doing extensive exploration in 5/4.

The solo excerpt is from Charlie Parker's recording of *Koko* made for Savoy Records in the mid-'40s. The tempo is very fast.



Where Catlett and others usually thought in terms of two-bar phrases, Roach, as seen in the example, worked more with four-bar phrases. Note the similarity between the first two four-bar phrases. His accents, which fall mostly on the last note of three-note groups, give his playing an internal symmetry but, coextensively, lend a general asymmetry to the solo. Clear? In other words, the solo has internal balance but external imbalance. While "melodiousness" as exemplified by the works of Catlett and, later, Philly Joe Jones, is missing from the *Koko* solo, Roach played melodically in some of his early work (e.g. *Salt Peanuts* with Dizzy Gillespie) and has increased his use of

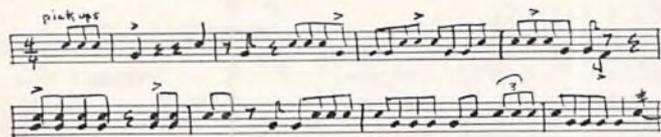
vocalism in his current work, although the use takes the form of speech more than "singing."

SHELLY MANNE

Manne, son of a well-known percussionist in New York City, gained his first recognition by his fine work on records with men like Coleman Hawkins and Eddie Heywood. He leaped to wider recognition, among both musicians and public, by the excellence of his work with the early Stan Kenton bands in the middle and late '40s. He was one of the leading drummers in the so-called West Coast movement of the '50s.

Always a colorist, melodic drumming is a large element in his work—he has been known to tune his drums to a definite pitch in order to play melody in the true sense of the phrase. He has had great influence, especially among the drummers on the West Coast. Originally a player in the Catlett mode (as evidenced by his early recording efforts), he came under the influence of bop in the '40s, with a style similar to Max Roach's. But the stay with Kenton and his subsequent move to California had an effect on his playing and he developed it to a high artistic level.

The example is excerpted from the duo album he made in 1954 with pianist Russ Freeman on the Contemporary label (it has recently been reissued). One of the important drum records, it contains some of the best Manne drumming on records. This example is from Manne's second solo (with sticks) on the track *Sound Effects Manne*. It is played with a slight 12/8 feeling at a medium-fast tempo.

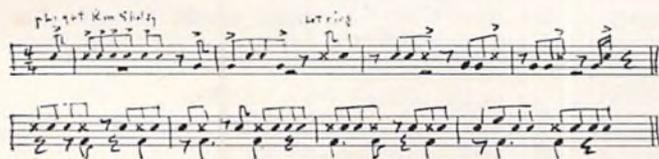


Manne's use of space in the first two measures and the pitch-variation effects throughout are notable features of the excerpt. There is also a sparing use of bass drum.

FRANK ISOLA

Isola, underrated and unrecognized, is an excellent drummer, though he cannot be put in the same class as Dodds, Catlett, Krupa, Roach, etc., in regards to influence (the mark of greatness). But he is included in this study not only because of the excellence of his work during the 1950s with the groups of Stan Getz and Gerry Mulligan but because he is representative of the so-called Cool school of jazz drumming. Stemming from the spacious playing of Manne and Chico Hamilton, the Cool school reached its zenith in the mid-'50s.

Cool drumming is marked by the simplicity of few notes played but the complexity of odd groupings of notes and intricate combinations of snare, bass, tomtoms, and cymbals. The example of Isola's work is from *Feather Merchant*, included in the Norgran album *Stan Getz at the Shrine*. The eight-bar example is made up of two four-bar breaks played by Isola in exchange with trombonist Bob Brookmeyer. In a way, this is quoting Isola out of context, since his breaks were like extensions of Brookmeyer's ideas. The solos are at a medium-bounce tempo and have a feeling of 12/8.



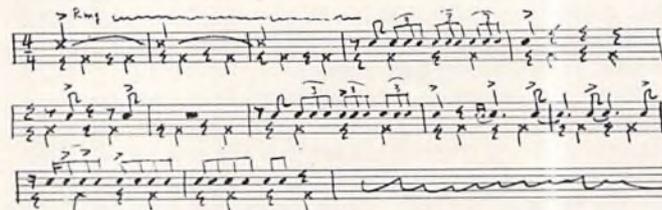
The examples are marked by the grace and swing that Isola brought to his work during this period. The cymbals are struck lightly near the center, getting a "ping" sound, and are allowed to ring. The examples are notable for the use of space and three-note groups.

ART BLAKEY

The blaze of neo-bop, or hard bop, heated the jazz scene in the middle and late 50s. The most fiery of the hard-bop drummers is undoubtedly the volcanic Art Blakey. Though he came into prominence only in the last decade, Blakey has been a respected jazzman since the late 1930s when he joined the band of Fletcher Henderson. He was the drummer from 1944-47 in the legendary Billy Eckstine Band, which at different times was filled with such excellent musicians as Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Shorty McConnell, Dexter Gordon, Gene Ammons, Fats Navarro, Miles Davis and Sarah Vaughan. In the early 1950s, Blakey was a featured sideman in the Buddy DeFranco Quartet. Since 1955 he has headed his own group, with varying personnel, under the name of The Jazz Messengers. Some of his most interesting drum work is contained in the albums he has made for BlueNote with African and Cuban drummers.

Following the path of Catlett-Clarke-Roach, Blakey injected a west-African flavor into much of his work. His use of odd note-groupings (seven and five quarter notes played against four quarter notes), the superimposition of 6/4 over 4/4, asymmetry, and great use of space are hallmarks of his work. One of the most easily identifiable characteristics of his playing is an ever-present, strongly played sock cymbal on the afterbeats. Many young hard-bop drummers have been heavily influenced by Blakey.

The example of Blakey's solo work was transcribed from his solo on *Paper Moon* in his BlueNote album *The Big Beat*. The tempo is fast.



Of all the examples included in this study, Blakey's is the most spacious. After the cymbal crash at the beginning of the solo, nothing is heard except the fading cymbal and the sock cymbal for three bars, then there is a short flurry of notes followed by more space. This construction is used again, but the space becomes less and less until finally the solo is filled with notes (the measures following the excerpt).

There are many young drummers of awesome talent, who, while they have not yet proved to be as significant to the course of jazz drumming as men like Dodds, Krupa, Webb, Catlett, Clarke, Roach, and Manne, nevertheless may be the trailblazers of tomorrow's jazz. Among those of promise, and this list does not include all, are Louis Hayes, with an unquenchable fire in his playing; Joe Morello, melodic and irrepressibly humorous; Art Taylor, full of drive; Ed Thigpen, tasty and restrained; Billy Higgins; Jimmy Cobb; Albert Heath; Eddie Blackwell; Pete LaRoca; Dannie Richmond, and Elvin Jones.

Perhaps one of them or some young drummer yet unknown will be the one to abstract from the past and shape the future. For surely the "blood lines" will extend from past to future—the ties will be there. Thus the unity of jazz, thus its greatness.



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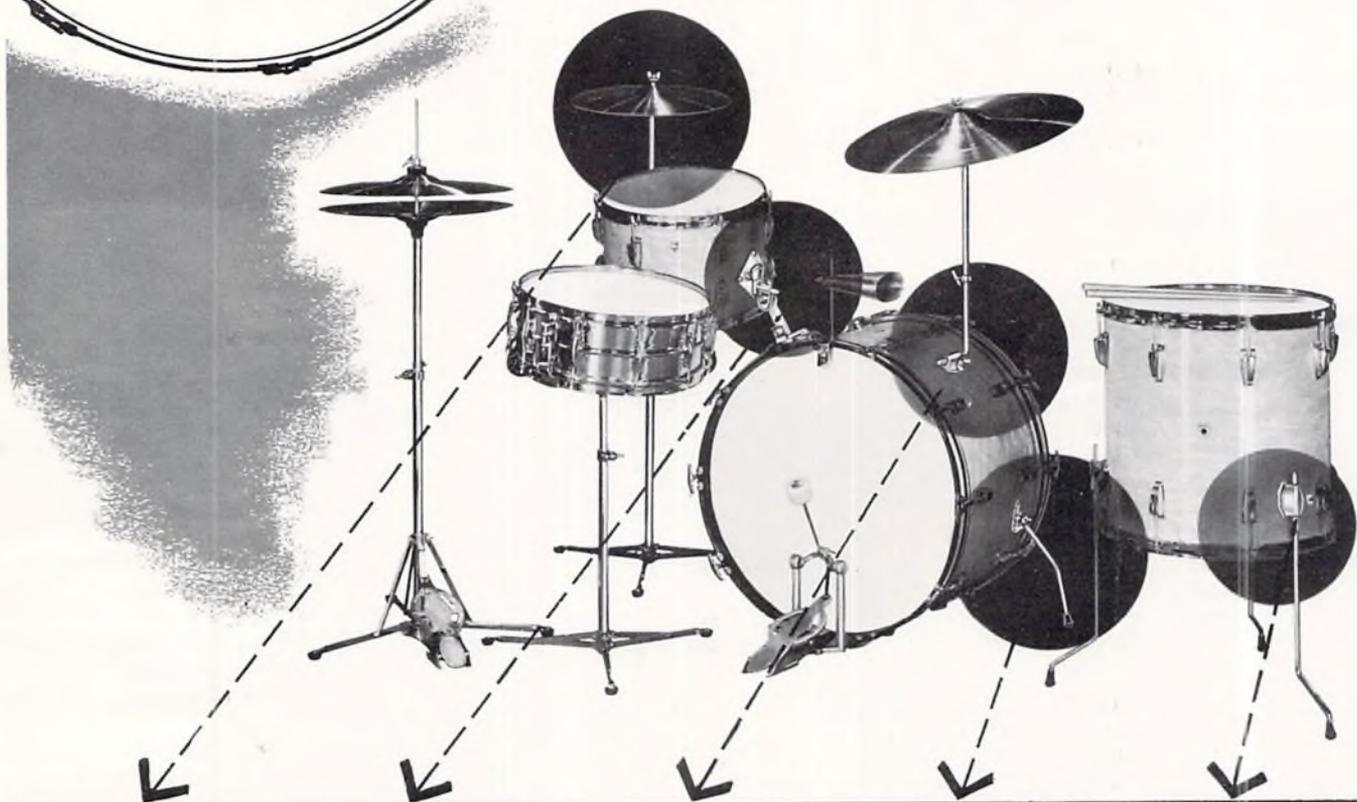
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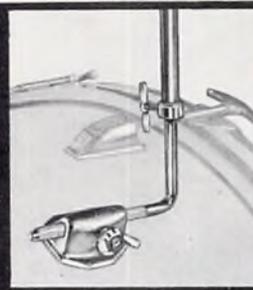
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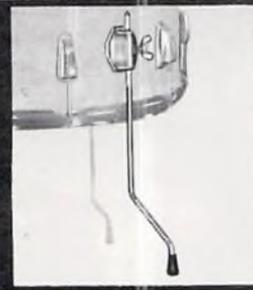
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OUT OF MY HEAD



By GEORGE CRATER

Maxwell Thornton Finster has come a long way in his 34 years. From a modest beginning as second tuba player with the Wein Municipal String Quartet in Wein, Mass., Maxwell—or Zoot, as he is known to his many fans—has risen to become one of the most interesting personalities in jazz today. This is strange, since few persons have heard the *music* of the Zoot Finster Octet, and Zoot himself is almost a complete mystery, even to his most ardent followers.

When Zoot, accompanied by his trumpet-playing co-leader, Zig Priff, arrived at the Alamo chili parlor for the following interview, I couldn't help but wonder. "Would *Down Beat* spring for three bowls of chili?" As it turned out, Zig didn't join us for chili but, instead, sipped sterno from an old army canteen and made an occasional comment during the interview. Since Zoot was pressed for time (he was due at Nat Hentoff's house for psychoanalysis at 10), I couldn't get the complete Zoot Finster story. But I feel that his comments will give you a good insight into the man they call Zoot.

G.C.: Zoot, to begin with, what made you decide to make the switch from tuba to tenor saxophone? Was it the awkwardness of the instrument in jazz playing, as many of today's critics have suggested?

Z.F.: No, George, I couldn't say I made the switch to tenor because the tuba was an *awkward* instrument. I guess man, to put it honestly, it was just the double hernia.

Z.P.: I didn't know you had a double hernia, man.

Z.F.: Yeah, man, in '43 . . .

Z.P.: That's a drag, man. I didn't know you had a double hernia . . .

Z.F.: Actually it wasn't *that* bad, man. It gave me a chance to get some writing done . . .

G.C.: That's something I didn't know, Zoot. I didn't know you wrote . . .

Z.P.: Man, that's a drag! A double hernia . . .

Z.F.: Yeah, man, I've done a lot of writing. As a matter of fact, a whole album of my tunes should be out in a couple of weeks. The Two Beau's and a Peep are putting lyrics to all my tunes and they're doing this album. I think they're gonna call it *Sing a Song of Finster*, or something like that.

G.C.: I don't know, Zoot, hasn't that thing been a little overdone? I mean, vocal groups putting lyrics to instrumentals and so forth?

Z.F.: Well, this group does some nice things man, very tasty. I don't know whether you're familiar with them, but have you dug that album they did on all those Saxie Dowell charts?

G.C.: No, I don't think I did, but . . .

Z.F.: Man, they did a thing on *The Old Lamplighter* . . . Zig, you dug it.

Z.P.: Yeah . . . You know, I think Saxie Dowell had a double hernia too!

G.C.: Well, Zoot, about jazz writing today . . .

Z.P.: It was either Saxie Dowell or Sonny Dunham . . .

G.C.: Zoot, getting back to writing again . . . What're your feelings on the trend toward blending the jazz and classical music forms?

Z.F.: Well, like, let's put it this way. Would you dig lace on your band uniform?

Z.P.: Maybe it was Bob Chester. It was *one* of those cats . . .

G.C.: In other words . . .

Z.F.: It wasn't Bob Chester, Zig. He was the picture of good health.

G.C.: In other words, Zoot, you don't want to see classical music infiltrating jazz? You feel that jazz will, somehow, lose its power and beauty by mixing with classical music? You feel that the two will do each other no good?

Z.F.: Yeah. Well, like, let's put it this way: Would you dig lace on your band uniform?

G.C.: Well, let me ask you this, Zoot: do you *dig* classical music?

Z.F.: Well, I dig some of the *modern* composers. Like, Bartok, Ravel, Cy Coleman . . .

G.C.: How about "soul" music?

Z.F.: Well, man, I hate to cop out, but since I'm an atheist, I'd rather not comment on that, you dig?

G.C.: That's cool . . .

Z.P.: I can't get over it man, a double hernia! Have a taste, Zoot . . .

G.C.: I'd like to get your opinion of Ornette Coleman. What do you think of Ornette?

Z.F.: Well, that's sort of hard for me to say, I've heard so many different things about the cat—that he couldn't play the right changes to *I'll Remember April* if he tried . . . that he's no more outrageous than Bird was when he hit the scene . . . that he's the shape of jazz to come . . . that he's just an out-of-tune alto player who plays weird notes for effect . . . I mean I've heard, like, *so* many things about this cat . . .

G.C.: Well Zoot, what do *you* think? Do you *dig* Ornette?

Z.F.: Well, man, it's really hard for me to say. I really don't know that much about Dixieland . . .

Z.P.: Man, I *know* this is gonna bug me all week! Sonny Dunham?

Z.F.: Why don't you look in Leonard Feather's book, under Double Hernias?

Z.P.: Yeah, that's groovy . . . *Ralph Flanagan?*



in review

● RECORDS ● JAZZ RECORD BUYERS GUIDE ● BLINDFOLD TEST ● CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Records are reviewed by Don Hanshan, Don DeMichael, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ralph J. Gleason, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Frank Kofsky, Marshall Stearns, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are graded by the writers. Ratings are: ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor.

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Max Roach

WE INSIST! FREEDOM NOW SUITE—Candid 9002; *Driva' Man*; *Freedom Day*; *Triptych* (*Prayer, Protest, Peace*); *All Africa*; *Tears for Johannesburg*.

Personnel: Roach, drums; Abbey Lincoln, vocals; Booker Little, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; Walter Benton, tenor saxophone; James Schenck, bass. Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone, added track 1. Michael Olatunji, Raymond Mantillo, Tomas du Vall, various African and Latin percussion, added tracks 5, 6.

Rating: ★★★★★

I do not know if all this is jazz or not. It makes little difference. I do know that this is magnificent music, powerful music, vital music. Oscar Brown Jr. and Roach have constructed a work (whether it is a suite or not is beside the point) that is roughly a history of the escape from oppression in both this country and Africa. The message is potent.

As strong as the political and psycho-social overtones are, the music can stand on its own. Roach, who had much to do with the introduction of 3/4 into jazz, has conceived three of the composition's parts in 5/4 (*Driva' Man*, the *Triptych's Peace*, and *Tears*).

Brown's words in *Driva' Man* tell of the exploitation of female slaves by white overseers. Miss Lincoln conveys the bitterness, hate, and helplessness inherent in the situation. Hawkins' long solo following the vocal is a bit rough and, at first listening, he seemed uncomfortable in the time signature. But consequent listenings convinced me what I took for discomfort was deep emotion. The searching, upward phrases of the first part of his solo are especially moving. It is a haunting performance. I only wish Hawkins had been on the other tracks.

Emancipation and seeming triumph are the themes of *Freedom Day*. But there is an uneasiness in the new-found freedom. Again Miss Lincoln (she is excellent throughout the album) catches the spirit and meaning of Brown's lyrics. Even the horns in their solos convey the feeling of apprehensive joy. Much of the uneasiness is the result of Roach's stabbing punctuations behind both the solos and the vocal.

Triptych is a startling performance. Only Miss Lincoln and Roach are present in this track. If any other instruments had been added, the impact would have been lessened.

The drummer originally conceived *Triptych* as a ballet (he has performed it with the Ruth Walton dancers, according to the notes), but I doubt if chore-

ography could enhance the beauty of the wordless singing of Miss Lincoln. Her performance of *Prayer* is touching in its simplicity; Roach's drums provide sensitive accompaniment.

The wildly exciting *Protest* is almost frightening—Miss Lincoln's "vocal" consists of screams and yells, with Roach playing frantically, more in the foreground than the background. There is nothing passive about this protest; violence and hate are its ingredients.

Miss Lincoln's voice reaches its artistic height on *Peace*. Combining happiness and placidity, she moans and sighs like a woman who has just enjoyed an emotional climax of some sort. She ends her vocal with an almost-sexual sigh of utter relief. Roach closes the performance peacefully.

The first side of the LP (tracks 1-3) deals with the struggle in this country, at least, that's my interpretation of it. The remaining tracks are concerned with the struggle for freedom in Africa. Of course, there are interrelations between the two struggles—all struggles—and there are interrelations in the music.

The other percussion instruments are featured on *All Africa*, although Miss Lincoln sings Brown's lyrics in the first part of the track (his weakest work of the album) and chants the names of various African tracks, answered with short phrases in the dialects of these tribes by Olatunji. But the real star of this track is Olatunji. While the other percussionists provide an exciting 6/8 background, he "speaks." And it is like speech, with vocal inflections and cadences transformed into percussive pitch variations and figures. Roach also "solos," but it is Olatunji who returns to end the track forcefully.

The closing track is notable for several reasons: Miss Lincoln's clear, almost-sweet but sorrow-tinged vocal; the contrast between the slow-moving ensemble

and the urgent, insistent rhythm; Little's lyrical solo; Benton's excellently constructed, crying solo.

This album is the most devastating thing of its kind that I've heard. Sure, it's protest. It's also violent, in part. Some may object to the message it contains—and this is one album definitely with a message—but the sensitive listener cannot deny that it is a vibrant social statement and an artistic triumph. (D.DeM.)

CLASSICS

Henk Badings

ELECTRONIC MUSIC—Epic LC-3759 and BC-1118; *Capriccio for Violin and Two Sound Tracks*; *Genese*; and *Evolutions* (ballet suite), by Henk Badings. *Contrasts*, by Dick Raaijmakers. Personnel: Joke Vermeulen, violinist.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is the best record of electronic music to come along so far. The sound is stunning in either medium but in stereo the separation and depth are incredible. Moreover, there is real music on this disc, which may come as a surprise to anyone who has investigated some other electronic releases. Badings is obviously a composer of talent who happens to use the electronic materials available at the Philips physics laboratory at Eindhoven, Holland.

The only joke about this record is the violinist, whose unfortunate name does not at all apply to his playing.

A fascinating example of the Badings approach is *Capriccio*, which opposes a Bartokian violin solo part against an electronic accompaniment, in what amounts to a sonata. The moods and fantasies created by such seemingly outrageous means are remarkable, and ought to be listened to carefully by anyone who is inclined to dismiss all electronic music as a fraud merely because most of it composed so far has been infantile. Badings is not at all afraid to employ recognizable musical ideas when it pleases him. (D.H.)

Van Cliburn

VAN CLIBURN—RCA-Victor LM-2507: *Piano Concerto No. 3*, by Prokofiev; *Piano Concerto No. 2*, by MacDowell.

Personnel: Cliburn, piano soloist; Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Walter Hendl.

Rating: ★★★★★

The career of Cliburn has carried him as far forward as the Prokofiev masterpiece and has, oddly enough, also pushed him back to a bit of early American by MacDowell that was once a popular concert item but has dropped out of sight. The pianist has not quite the aggressive style or steely attack needed for the Russian work (though he plays it with great finesse), but he plays up a storm in

A REMINDER

Down Beat's Jazz Record Reviews, Vol. 5, containing all the record reviews appearing in *Down Beat* during 1960, is now in print. A hard-bound, 360-page volume, it also contains essays on jazz criticism and the trends in recording during the past year, plus a listing of all the four, four-and-a-half, and five-star records of 1957, '58, '59, and '60. For your convenience, an order form is provided in this issue; it will be found between pages 10 and 11.

PRESTIGE FIRST WITH THE GREAT JAZZMEN



JOHN COLTRANE

Winner of the 1960 *Down Beat* Reader's Poll as best tenor saxophonist of the year. In 1954 the great Miles Davis, always at least six years ahead of critics and fans, chose Coltrane as a member of his quintet. Leading the *avantgarde*, Coltrane is still as traditional as a blues guitar. His music is, above all, a deeply emotional experience. Aside from his appearances with Miles Davis, Coltrane has recorded many albums as a leader for Prestige. The most recent is LUSH LIFE.

OTHER COLTRANE ALBUMS ON PRESTIGE

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- 7105—JOHN COLTRANE
- 7123—TRANEING IN with Red Garland Trio
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- 7142—SOULTRANE with Red Garland Trio
- 7158—CATTIN' with COLTRANE and QUINICHETTE

Once in a great while, a jazzman comes along who has the great popular appeal necessary to make a smash hit out of a little-known blues. When he is not only a deeply rooted, moving blues singer, but an excellent modern pianist and composer, he is a very rare man, indeed. That is the kind of jazzman Mose Allison is, and you, too, will find his instant appeal impossible to resist. His newest Prestige release, on which he signs the blues and plays his own compositions, is called AUTUMN SONG.

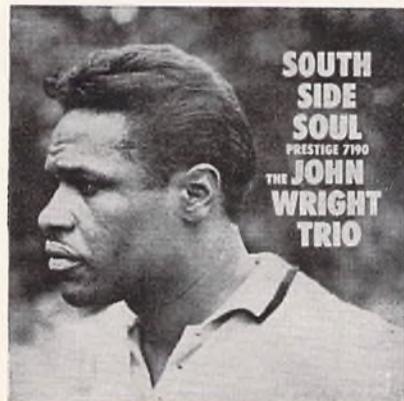


MOSE ALLISON

OTHER MOSE ALLISON RECORDS ON PRESTIGE

- 7091—BACK COUNTRY SUITE
- 7121—LOCAL COLOR
- 7137—YOUNG MAN MOSE
- 7152—CREEK BANK

At Prestige Records, we were jazz fans before we were jazz producers, and so we have looked on with considerable dismay, as perhaps you have, at what has happened since the recent boom in "soul jazz". One conservatory trained piano player after another has come along, imitated a few cliches of a blues-and-gospel tradition he never had much to do with, and has become over-famous and over-praised. It is an easy style to play, everything about it is simple to imitate except the soul that gives it its name. But we refused to record any "soul" pianists until, finally, we found one who restores the true meaning to that over-worked word. He comes from the famous South Side of Chicago, city of churches and city of hustlers, and all the hustle of that great city comes out of his piano. He plays "soul" piano, but he plays it not because it is fashionable, but because he was brought up to think that that's the way a piano is supposed to sound. And he makes it seem like that, the only way a piano should sound. Prestige is proud to present his first LP, we hope, the first of many. His name is John Wright, and his album, SOUTH SIDE SOUL.



JOHN WRIGHT

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the MacDowell, which seems to strike his fancy. If anyone can bring back the MacDowell *Second*, Van is the man.

(D.H.)

Leopold Stokowski

RHAPSODIES—RCA-Victor 1.M-2471: *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2*, by Liszt; *Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1*, by Enesco; *The Moldau*, by Smetana; *The Bartered Bride Overture*, by Smetana.

Personnel: Stokowski conducting the RCA-Victor Symphony.

Rating: ★ ★

The label stuck on the cover of this album is worth quoting in full: "Wizard at Work (Handle with Care)—Voluptuous new interpretations by that Merlin of orchestral witchery, STOKOWSKI, whose magic wand, abetted by demon engineers at RCA-Victor, has evoked the most seductive, glowing, sublime SOUND ever accorded these brilliant rhapsodies. Take one to your lair . . . enchant yourself."

A fair evaluation. The fact that everything on the disc is tastelessly done ought not to deter the maestro's legion of fans. All others are hereby warned away.

(D.H.)

JAZZ

Roy Eldridge

SWINGIN' ON THE TOWN—Verve 68389: *Bossa Nova*; *The Way You Look Tonight*; *Sweet Sue, Just You*; *I've Got a Crush on You*; *When I Grow Too Old to Dream*; *Dreamy*; *Honeysuckle Rose*; *All the Things You Are*; *Easy Living*; *But Not for Me*; *Song of the Islands*; *Misty*.

Personnel: Eldridge, trumpet; Ronnie Ball, piano; Benny Moten, bass; Edward Locke, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

If the tracks had been longer, allowing for more extended Eldridge, this could have been the best album by Little Jazz in a long time. Even so, it's a more-than-pleasant outing. There is none of the tasteless screeching that has marred Eldridge's playing in the last decade or so. But then perhaps the brevity of the takes led to the tastefulness of the album.

Eldridge is both lyrical and fiery on these standards (and the blues *Basso*). Trumpet men from any school could take a lesson in phrasing from the diminutive horn man, at least from the way he plays here. There is no distortion; his phrases flow, staying more or less close to the melody line in the first chorus, but he shortens and lengthens the melodies turning them into personal statements.

Although his playing is richly melodic (especially on the bridge of *All the Things*) and he eschews his usual exhibitionism (he is muted on most tracks), Eldridge does retain that little growl that is such a part of his playing. Listen for it in the extremely relaxed *Easy Living*; it's quite effective as he starts into the last eight bars.

Annotator Benny Green mentions that Eldridge quotes almost verbatim from Bix Beiderbecke on *Sweet Sue*. This is historically interesting and not a little surprising, since Eldridge could hardly be considered a follower of the Beiderbecke school of playing. But Green failed to mention in his otherwise excellent notes that Eldridge also pays direct respect to Louis Arm-

strong, quoting the first part of Armstrong's circa 1930 version of *Song of the Islands*. He even uses a straight mute.

The rhythm section is unobtrusive, and Ball has some mildly interesting solos. The album is Eldridge's all the way.

(D. DeM.)

Dexter Gordon

THE RESURGENCE OF DEXTER GORDON—Jazzland 29: *Home Run*; *Dolo*; *Lovely Liza*; *Affair in Havana*; *Jodi*; *Field Day*.

Personnel: Martin Banks, trumpet; Richard Bonne, trombone; Gordon, tenor saxophone; Dolo Coker, piano; Charles Green, bass; Lawrence Marable, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

"Reappearance" might be a better term than "resurgence" to describe what happens to Gordon on this disc. He's present but he scarcely gets off the ground in this set of stiff, depressing performances by a plodding group. Gordon, playing in a flat, hard, unshaded style, grinds along through four selections with the full group. Alone with the rhythm section, he generates some vitality on *Dolo*, although his ideas wear thin. Only on *Jodi*, a ballad in which he again solos with the rhythm section, does some sign of quality appear. This is a pleasant tune to which Gordon responds by warming and broadening his tone and his thinking while pianist Coker contributes an easy, relaxed solo.

This group has a lot more work to do before it is really ready to go into a recording studio.

(J.S.W.)

Jonny Griffin-Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis TOUGH TENORS—Jazzland 31: *Tickle Toe*; *Save Your Love for Me*; *Twins*; *Funky Fluke*; *Imagination*; *Soft Winds*.

Personnel: Griffin, Davis, tenor saxophones; Junior Mance, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

If "tough" is taken to mean hard, blatant or battering in the context of the title of this disc, then it is being misapplied. Both Davis and Griffin have a sinewy, elastic muscularity that enables them to play roaring, driving jazz with a limber flexibility that results in tremendously swinging performances. They don't clobber the listener. Rather, they lift him and send him soaring.

Davis is easily the more adept of the two at this urgently buoyant style of playing. His attack is lean and clean and to the point, whereas Griffin has a softer, spongier sound and is apt to wander around vaguely in the construction of some of his solos. Their joint style is at its most exhilarating on up-tempo pieces such as *Tickle Toe* and *Funky Fluke*. But there is variety in their programming, and they shift readily into gentler tempos on *Save Your Love for Me* (in which Davis' playing turns glowingly suave), *Imagination*, and *Soft Winds*.

There is a lot of fascinatingly gutty saxophone playing on these pieces yet in the end it becomes somewhat self-defeating because 40 minutes of fairly similar sounding tenor playing inevitably dulls one's appreciation.

(J.S.W.)

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of record buyers, *Down Beat* provides a listing of jazz, reissue, and vocal LPs rated four stars or more during the preceding five-issue period. LPs so rated in this issue will be included in the next listing.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Autobiography in Blues* (Tradition 1040)

Blind Lemon Jefferson, Vol. 2 (vocal) (Riverside 136)

The Modest Jazz Trio, *Good Friday Blues* (Pacific Jazz 10)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

John Coltrane, *Coltrane Jazz* (Atlantic 1354)

Franz Jackson, *A Night at the Red Arrow* (Pinnacle 103)

Lonnie Johnson, (vocal) *Ballads and Blues* (Prestige/Bluesville 1011)

Yusef Lateef, *The Centaur and the Phoenix* (Riverside 337)

★ ★ ★ ★

Joan Baez (vocal) (Vanguard 9078)

Buddy DeFranco-Tony Gumina, *Pacific Standard (Swingin'!) Time* (Decca 4031)

Teddy Edwards, *Teddy's Ready* (Contemporary 7583)

Jimmy Giuffre, *Western Suite* (Atlantic 1330)

Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightning Strikes Again* (Dart 8000)

John Lee Hooker, (vocal) *Travelin'* (Vee Jay 1023)

The Ballad Artistry of Milt Jackson (Atlantic 1342)

Philly Joe Jones, *Philly Joe's Beat* (Atlantic 1340)

Clifford Jordan, *Spellbound* (Riverside 340)

Swinging with the Mastersounds (Fantasy 3305)

Blue Mitchell, *Blue's Mood* (Riverside 336)

Oliver Nelson, *Screamin' the Blues* (Prestige/New Jazz 8243)

Joe Newman, *Jive at Five* (Prestige/Swingville 2011)

New Orleans Rhythm Kings, (reissue) *Tin Roof Blues* (Riverside 146)

Horace Parlan, *Speakin' My Piece* (Blue Note 4043)

Ma Rainey, (vocal) *Broken-Hearted Blues* (Riverside 12-137)

Zoot Sims, *Down Home* (Bethlehem 6051)

Memphis Slim and the Real Honky Tonk (vocal) (Folkways 3535)

Sunnyland Slim, (vocal) *Slim's Shout* (Prestige/Bluesville 1016)

Jimmy Rushing-Dave Brubeck, (vocal) *Brubeck and Rushing* (Columbia 1553)

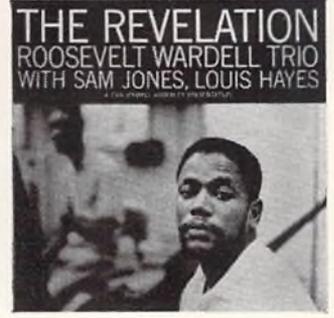
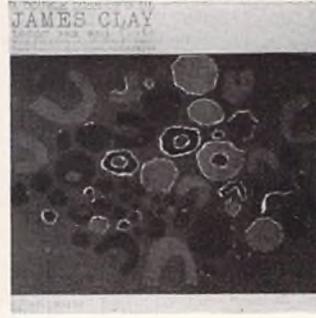
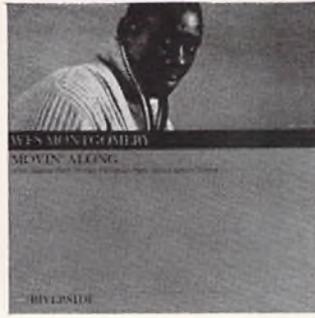
Sonny Stitt, *Saxophone Supremacy* (Verve 8377)

Various Artists, *Jazz of the Forties* (Folkways 2841)

Mal Waldron, *Left Alone* (Bethlehem 6045)

Muddy Waters Sings Big Bill (vocal) (Chess 1444)

Muddy Waters at Newport (vocal) (Chess 1449)



There's a lot of great jazz down by the Riverside! . . . Riverside Records, that is. For example, here are just a few choice new and recent samples from the steady flow of outstanding and unusual Riverside albums – **1.** Cannonball Adderley Quintet *At the Lighthouse* – Another “live” recording, another runaway best-seller by the most exciting group in jazz today. Featuring *Sack o' Woe* and other swinging, soulful music. (RLP 344; Stereo 9344) **2.** Wes Montgomery: *Movin' Along* – Latest effort by the sensational and unique poll-winner, aptly described by Ralph Gleason as “the best thing to happen to the guitar since Charlie Christian”!! (RLP 342; Stereo 9342) **3.** James Clay: *A Double Dose of Soul* – Another remarkable new Riverside talent – exciting tenor, *and* jazz flute as you've never heard it before! With all-star support including Nat Adderley, Vic Feldman. (RLP 349; Stereo 9349.) **4.** Roosevelt Wardell: *The Revelation*—Revealing a truly different young pianist, superbly backed, on this debut program of originals and standards, by Sam Jones and Louis Hayes. (A Cannonball Adderley Presentation.) (RLP 350; Stereo 9350.) And there's so much more of the best jazz on *Riverside*, in notable albums by Thelonious Monk, Bill Evans, Nat Adderley, Blue Mitchell, Bobby Timmons, Johnny Griffin, Jimmy Heath, George Russell, Yusef Lateef, Barry Harris, Bev Kelly, etc., etc., etc.

RIVERSIDE RECORDS

Chico Hamilton

SELECTIONS FROM IRMA LA DOUCE AND BYE BYE, BIRDIE—Columbia 1590: *Irma La Douce*; *Our Language of Love*; *From a Prison Cell*; *She's Got the Lot*; *There Is Only One Paris for That*; *A Lot of Livin' to Do*; *Baby, Talk to Me*; *Put on a Happy Face*; *How Lovely to Be a Woman*; *Kids!*

Personnel: Charles Lloyd, flute, alto saxophone; Harry Pope, guitar; Nat Gershman, cello; Bobby Haynes, bass; Hamilton, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

The latest version of the Hamilton quintet makes its record debut with this collection of tunes from a pair of current Broadway shows. It is probably not fair to judge the group on the basis of material which serves its purposes admirably on Broadway but hamstring a jazz group (at least, it does in these arrangements).

Of the three new men, only the bassist, Haynes, makes a positive impression with his easy, flowing solo on *Put on a Happy Face*. Lloyd carries the burden of the soloing on flute and alto saxophone. He generates some wailing steam on alto, but he is a strained, dry flutist. Guitarist Pope is adequate but shows little individuality.

There seems to have been a lot of straining trying to figure out what to do with these tunes. Hamilton has managed some approaches that are pleasant, particularly when they are carried on the rich, amber tone of Gershman's cello, but the jazz qualities on these occasions are practically nil. And when the group shifts into a jazz groove, its work is quite ordinary. (J.S.W.)

Quincy Jones

I DIG DANCERS—Mercury 20612: *Pleasingly Plump*; *G'wan Train*; *Mounglow*; *Tone Poem*; *You Turned the Tables on Me*; *Chinese Checkers*; *Our*

Love Is Here to Stay; *The Midnight Sun Will Never Set*; *Trouble on My Mind*; *A Sunday Kind of Love*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 4 and 5—Bennie Bailey, Clyde Reasinger, Freddie Hubbard, Jerry Kail; trumpets; Melba Liston, Quentin Jackson, Curtis Fuller, Wayne Andre, trombones; Phil Woods, Jerome Richardson, Sahib Shihub, Joe Lopes, Oliver Nelson, reeds; Julius Watkins, French horn; George Catlett, bass; Patti Bown, piano; Les Spann, guitar and flute; Stu Martin, drums. Other tracks: substitute Lennie Johnson, Clark Terry, Floyd Standifer, trumpets, for Reasinger, Hubbard and Kail; Jimmy Cleveland, Ake Persson, trombones for Fuller and Andre; Porter Kilbert, Budd Johnson, reeds, for Lopes and Nelson; Joe Harris, drums, for Martin; eliminate Watkins.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Jones' third big-band set on Mercury is, in the main, aimed at attracting dancers and securing an identity for the band as a dance organization. There is, therefore, a plenitude of tunes eminently suitable for tripping the light fantastic to a band sound that is contemporary, arrangements that are easily swinging and clever, and tempoes that are tailor-made for the ballroom.

Sometimes the writing gets a bit too clever, as in *Chinese Checkers*. This short chart opens with a series of high register octave jumps way above trombone figures; it is a device that bears no discernible relation to what follows; then, at the arrangement's close, the gimmick is retrieved.

Tone Poem and *Midnight* are departures from the dance-style pattern. The former, by trombonist Liston, is a well-done piece of romantic writing, while *Midnight* is given wholly to altoist Woods, who plays a superbly impassioned solo.

Of the dance charts, *Train* is the stand-out. Written by pianist Bown, it builds

from her honky-tonk piano figure to solos by trombone and alto backed by crashing brass. The entire arrangement is dominated by this boogie-woogie figure. It ends on a piano tinkle.

From the selections in this set, one gets a good idea what the Quincy Jones Band has to offer dancers and listeners alike. As a musical organization it is top-flight; as an instrument for the expression of new arranging ideas, it is similarly efficient. Let's hope, in these dog days for big bands, that Jones will be able to keep his orchestra working. (J.A.T.)

John Letman

THE MANY ANGLES OF JOHN LETMAN—Bethlehem 6053: *Mabel's Dream*; *Tina*; *This Time the Drink's on Me*; *The Room Upstairs*; *Mounin' Low*; *Violets and Violins*; *Say Si Si*; *Sittin' Alone Countin' My Tears*; *Get Out of My Sight*.

Personnel: Letman, trumpet; Dick Wellstood, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Peck Morrison, bass; Panama Francis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Letman has been around for 20 years and has somehow managed to avoid attracting attention until recently. He is a trumpeter and singer in the traditional-mainstream vein. But his lack of recognition (on records, at least) has not been, like the fate of some other mainstainers, a matter of being forgotten during the 1950s. Letman never was known to any extent until the past few years, when he has been working out of the Metropole in New York City.

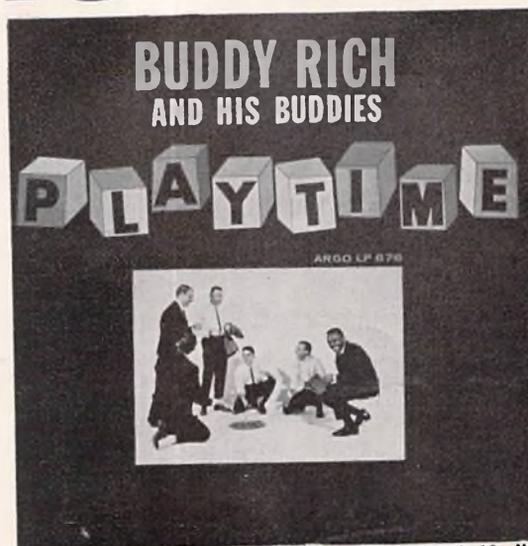
He has a big, fat, walloping trumpet style that draws on the Louis Armstrong-Roy Eldridge line and an attack that

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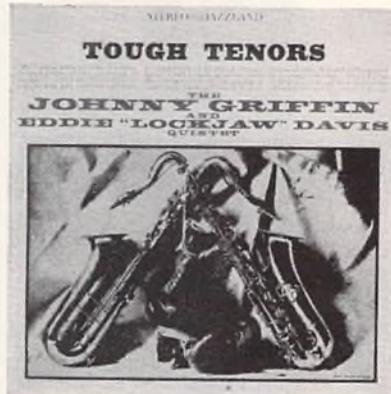
The brilliant drummer is heard here in a context that co-features vibist Mike Mainieri and flutist Sam Most. Rich has never been heard to greater advantage.

ARGO LP 676



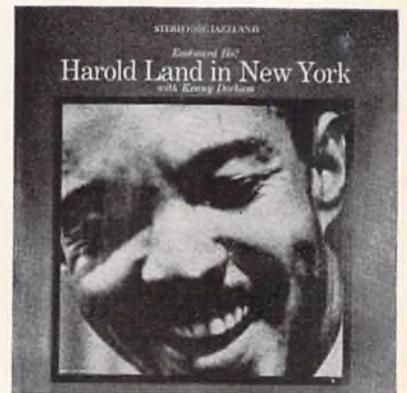
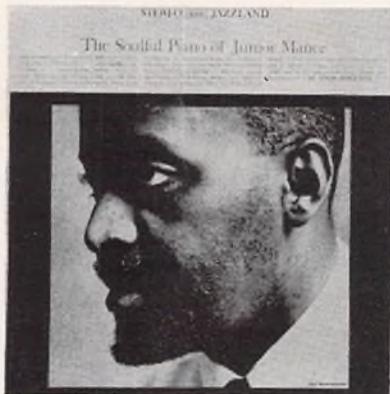
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varies from the crisply crackling to the exuberantly flamboyant.

He gets an excellent showcase in this set, accompanied by a strong supporting group in which Wellstood and Burrell stand out repeatedly. The disc glistens with excitement and vitality even though the material is not always helpful. *Mabel's Dream* and a pair of originals, *Tina* (by Wellstood) and *The Room Upstairs* (by Letman and Wellstood) are on the plus side. But *Violets and Violins* and *Say Si Si* are rendered serviceable only because Letman, Burrell, and Wellstood rise above them and kick them into serviceability. A pair of vocals by Letman on tunes that would suit Louis Jordan are out of place, but at least he makes up for these lapses by burying the lyrics with trumpet solos after he has once exposed them. He is a well oriented, big voiced singer when he has something to work on (*Sittin' Alone Countin' My Tears* gives him a reasonable chance to show his vocal abilities).

The high quality of the set is established by the outgoing musical personalities of Letman and Wellstood and by Burrell's willingness and ability to switch to an equally outgoing manner himself. One can only wish that a little more care had been exercised in choosing material. (J.S.W.)

Junior Mance

THE SOULFUL PIANO OF JUNIOR MANCE: Jazzland 9305—*The Uptown*; *Ralph's New Blues*; *Main Stem*; *Darling, je vous aime beaucoup*; *Playhouse*; *Sweet and Lovely*; *Oo-Bla-Dee*; *I Don't Care*; *Swingmatism*.

Personnel: Mance, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Another fine album from Mance, this one presenting him as leader of his own unit. Thomas and Tucker are both able sidemen and the performances are well-knit.

No self-conscious heretic or bombastic reformer, Mance plays in a modern groove that combines several current trends, with a heavy accent on the blues. The first three tracks are all blues of one kind or another: his own Gospel-style waltz followed by the MJQ Gleason dedication and the old Ellington blues (which loses a little, denuded of its big-band context).

Though the present generation of buyers won't recognize them, this listener found it pleasant to hear Mary Lou Williams' *Oo-Bla-Dee* and the old Jay McShann *Swingmatism* revived. The latter, unlike *Main Stem*, has intrinsic melodic value.

As for that album title, the notes point out that soulful simply means "showing deep feeling." So let's not forget that Jack Teagarden and Billy Strayhorn and Alex North and Peggy Lee are soul music, too. (L.G.F.)

Charles Mingus

CHARLES MINGUS PRESENTS CHARLES MINGUS—Candid 8005: *Folk Forms, No. 1*; *Original Faubus Fables*; *What Love*; *All the Things You Could Be by Now If Sigmund Freud's Wife Was Your Mother*.

Personnel: Mingus, bass; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone, bass clarinet; Ted Curson, trumpet; Dannie Richmond, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Mingus is a musician of unquestionable power. Many musicians have passed through his Workshop, developing their own personalities en route, yet all his

groups have an unmistakable Mingusian stamp. One thing that ties them all together is an ability to communicate through an arsenal of emotions.

This album was done in a studio, but a nightclub atmosphere was tried for—the lights were turned down, and Mingus made announcements to a non-existent audience. Some of his sardonic humor comes through, but these verbal introductions are really unnecessary. The conditions must have been good for the musicians, however, for the four selections have a healthy spontaneity and abandon.

I heard Curson several years ago when he first came to New York City from Philadelphia. As of this recording, he has not moved into the top ranks, but his improvement is startling. Curson is especially effective in both his solo and the dynamic interplay with Dolphy on the exciting *Folk Forms*. Richmond is an extremely musical drummer, as his short bit on this track bears out. Listen how he and Mingus combine for a passage of sheer, straight-ahead swinging.

Dolphy is one of the most daring of today's new players. He is working on a "vocal" conception that bears similarities to Ornette Coleman, but I find him more coherent, logical, and swinging than Ornette. In the past, I have also enjoyed his bass clarinet, too. Here, on *What Love*, he engages Mingus in an out-of-tempo conversation that is described in the notes as Dolphy's telling Mingus that he is leaving the group. Mingus, in turn, criticizes him for going. The argument is quite intense. Dolphy sounds like a cross between an aardvark and some species of fowl ancestry (perhaps a pterodactyl). This may be emotionally valid, but I don't feel compelled to rehear it very often.

Fables of Faubus, first recorded on Columbia, is done here with the spoken passages heard in Mingus' nightclub performances. Although sometimes unintelligible, the indictment of Faubus, Eisenhower, and others by Richmond, with Mingus serving as interlocutor, gives *Original Faubus Fables* the power of raw protest that the Columbia did not have. Musically, I liked the other one better; sociologically, this one wins.

Mingus again demonstrates that he can do just about anything with his instrument. He and Richmond react beautifully together throughout and the interaction of the whole group is one the salient features of the album. Recommended as an important document of the current scene. (I.G.)

Dick Morgan

SEE WHAT I MEAN?—Riverside RLP 347: *Rocks in My Bed*; *Love for Sale*; *I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face*; *When Lights Are Low*; *See What I Mean*; *Lil' Darlin'*; *Home*; *Meditation*.

Personnel: Morgan, piano; Keter Betts, bass; Bertell Knox, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Dick Morgan's modish piano style, sprinkled as it is with bits and pieces from Erroll Garner, Red Garland, Wynton Kelly, Oscar Peterson, and others, is certainly entertaining to listen to.

Yet is this really enough? I feel that Morgan has still to plumb the depths of his emotions. While anything but a bad

pianist, his playing here, with the exception of a few interesting moments on *Rocks*, does not mark him as especially vital or original. (F.K.)

André Previn

MUSIC FROM LERNER AND LOEWE'S CAMELOT—Columbia CL 1569: *I Wonder What the King Is Doing Tonight*; *What Do the Simple Folks Do?*; *I Loved You Once in Silence*; *Then You May Take Me to the Fair*; *March*; *If Ever I Would Leave You*; *The Lusty Month of May*; *The Simple Joys of Maidenhood*.

Personnel: Previn, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Frank Capp, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Previn's overly eclectic style already has been the object of sufficient analyses to render further such discussion superfluous. As for this album, it is the sixth in which Previn plays the score of a Broadway musical, and I find it much the same as his other recent releases. (F.K.)

Buddy Rich

PLAYTIME—Argo 876: *Lulu's Back in Town*; *Playtime*; *Will You Still Be Mine*; *Fascinating Rhythm*; *Making Whoopee*; *Marbles*; *Misty*; *Cheek to Cheek*.

Personnel: Rich, drums; Mike Mainieri, vibraphone; Sam Most, flute; Don Goldie, trumpet (tracks 2, 6); Wilbur Wynne, guitar; Richard Evans, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is a happy, aggressive date that achieves these qualities without any of the accoutrements of hard bop. In fact, the instrumentation would lead you to expect a rather effeminate brand of jazz if you didn't know the men involved. But Buddy's magnificent control and drive alone give the session an aura of excitement.

The main event, though, is the astonishing contribution of his young discovery, Mike Mainieri. It's enough to confirm here that all the statements by Don DeMicheal, quoted in the liner notes, are justified. If he doesn't win this year's International Jazz Critics Poll, all critics should be poll-axed.

Mainieri, it says here, also does most of the group's writing, which includes a humorously delightful first chorus on *Lulu*. The weakest track is *Misty*, featuring Mike, mainly because it opens with 16 bars of meaningless unaccompanied vibes.

Most, though his tone and intonation may be less than ideal, has ideas in abundance and offers a long, cooking solo on *Cheek*. But if I were the ghost of the late Brooks Bowman I would haunt Sam forever for what he did to my *East of the Sun* before changing the title to *Playtime* and copyrighting it as his own composition. This is inexcusable. Borrowing chords (as *Marbles* here borrows from *Sweet Georgia Brown*) is one thing, but paralleling the melody line for measure after measure is too much.

The rhythm section is as buoyantly effective as you would expect any Buddy Rich rhythm section to be, and Buddy himself keeps the drum solos down to reasonable limits, mostly breathtakingly brilliant fours or eights, and passages ingeniously integrated with the rhythmic patterns of the ensemble, as in *Cheek*.

I don't consider it part of a reviewer's province normally to cover covers, but it does seem relevant to point out that the front is puerile and unworthy of the virile, intelligent music inside. (L.G.F.)

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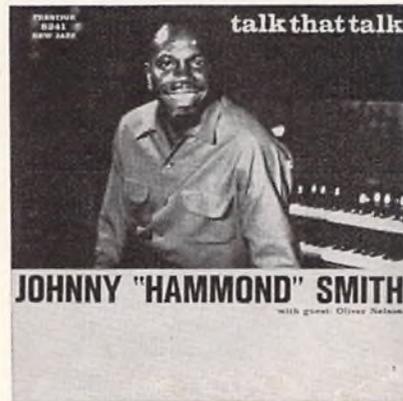
Starting with Lester Young, continuing through Charlie Parker, and coming down to the present day by way of Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane, there is a tradition that the lasting innovations in jazz always appear first on the saxophone. The latest proof of that tradition is Eric Dolphy. He plays alto, flute, and bass clarinet—there are more, but he will only record on those three—but versatility is the least of his accomplishments. He has been acclaimed as one of the great jazzmen of the future by such esteemed critics as Nat Hentoff and Martin Williams. He has been called the bridge between Coltrane and Ornette Coleman, but he sounds like no-one but Eric Dolphy, and that means daring, depth and power. His first album, appropriately called *OUTWARD BOUND*, adds one more name to the impressive roster of those greats who were first recognized by Prestige. It has created the greatest critical stir in recent years.



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Cecil Taylor

THE WORLD OF CECIL TAYLOR—Candid
8006: *Air; This Nearly Was Mine; Port of Call;*
E. B.; Lazy Afternoon.

Personnel: Taylor, piano; Archie Shepp, tenor
saxophone (tracks 1, 5); Buell Neidlinger, bass;
Dennis Charles, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Whatever else one may think of Taylor, it would be hard to deny that his playing conveys an immense, upsetting sense of urgency—much the same as could be said of Ornette Coleman, I suppose—and it was this immediacy which first convinced me that what Taylor is attempting is both genuine and valid.

To be sure, Taylor, again like Coleman, may strike the listener as sounding unpleasant at first—but is our first reaction necessarily the most valid? It occurs to me that perhaps we tend to be a too impatient, dismissing any recording which fails to elicit a favorable emotional response after one or two hearings (often only to be forced to reconsider subsequently, as in the classic case of Thelonious Monk).

Such a procedure is precisely the one least likely to shed light on the playing of even the most moderate of innovators, let alone Taylor. Before hoping to understand the latter's music, one must take the trouble to work out, in rough form at least, the structure of each piece, and this requires repeated and frequent exposure. Granted the effort involved, I feel that the rewards justify it. I found myself enjoying the record more with each listening.

Of course it is quite conceivable that there are listeners who, after making a conscientious effort to understand Taylor, still find him unpleasant and choose to reject him on that basis. To the latter I can only say that artists are ultimately going to reflect the times in which they live, and there is nothing particularly comforting about, for example, the existence of racism, or Dr. Teller's views on disarmament, or the role of the U. S. in Latin American affairs. Unpleasantness is by now thoroughly established as a legitimate aspect of art, and those who wish to avoid it do so at the cost of passing over almost every meaningful contemporary artist in all fields.

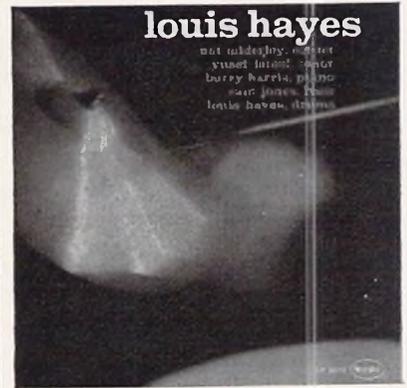
Very well, then. Having circled all around the music itself, we must now get down to the questions of what Taylor would achieve, and the extent to which he has been successful.

At his best I hear Taylor creating a spontaneous, improvised Third Stream music—i.e., a true synthesis of material from jazz and contemporary "classical" music. In itself this is a formidable accomplishment, and Taylor is, to my knowledge, the only musician currently playing (as opposed to composing) this type of music at such a high level.

Nor does this necessarily involve negation of any of the jazz values. The Taylor of *Port of Call, This Nearly Was Mine, or Lazy Afternoon* (in particular, the second solo), to cite but three examples, could never be taken for anything but a jazz pianist. Taylor has actually succeeded in opening another possible route for jazz, although certainly not everyone will wish to (nor be expected to) travel it with him.

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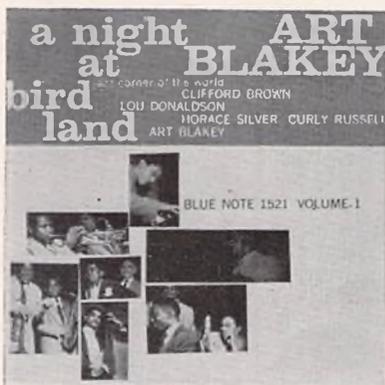
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It is a pity that he is either unwilling or unable to maintain the tight union of "classical" and jazz that characterizes the most rewarding of Taylor's output. There are places (as in the last portion of his solo on *Air*) where he gives the impression of simply ignoring the bass and drums while fashioning an atonal and rhythmically free solo. Gunther Schuller has already questioned the logic of attempting this type of improvisation within the context of a fixed metric and harmonic framework. I wonder further if Taylor, given that he wishes to function as a jazz pianist, should not make more of a sustained and consistent attempt to draw on his heritage as such. I mention these points to illustrate that Taylor has by no means overcome all of the many obstacles inherent in this approach.

Listen carefully to this album. Whether or not your conclusions agree with mine, I think that you will find the time well spent. (F.K.)

Max Roach

MOON-FACED, STARRY-EYED — Mercury 20539: *You're Mine, You; Come Rain or Come Shine; Wild Is the Wind; Speak Low; I Concentrate on You; Moon-Faced, Starry-Eyed; Never Let Me Go; Namely You; Never Leave Me.*

Personnel: Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Julian Priester, trombone; Ray Bryant, piano; Bob Boswell, bass; Roach, drums; Abbey Lincoln, vocals (tracks 5, 9).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

You'd hardly guess it by the cover, but this album is not a set of performances by the Max Roach group, as such. It is, rather, a good showcase for the individual hornmen and for Miss Lincoln, an exciting vocalist whose quality combines the tonal rawness of Billie Holiday with the high sweetness of Sarah Vaughan. Her penchant for singing behind the beat is noticeable on *I Concentrate*, but she turns this stylistic quirk to advantage. On *Never Leave Me*, she achieves moments of fine jazz, indeed.

As vehicles for the soloists, the other tracks are consistently interesting. Stanley Turrentine plays unsentimental and intelligent tenor on *You're Mine* and *Namely You* and contributes effective obbligato behind Miss Lincoln on *Never Leave Me*. Brother Tommy approaches *Come Rain*, his one solo track, with muted fervor very much in the Gillespie manner, purveying a modern conception crossed with a strain of ideas out of the bop bag. His solo between vocal choruses on *Never Leave Me*, with its overtones of the late Freddy Webster, makes most of the opportunity to get his point across: it is possible to blow softly and easily and still swing.

Priester, soloist on *Wild* and *Never Let Me Go*, reveals a deep, rich tone embellished by Frank Rosolino-like runs when he departs from the melody line. Occasionally, however, he runs into trouble on these flights and, at the close of his solo on Miss Lincoln's second track, clams noticeably and finishes lamely.

Bryant is more effective on Kurt Weill's lovely *Speak Low* than on his second track, *Moon Faced*. Withal, here is a hard-hitting and eloquent pianist, thoroughly stimulating to the ear.

Omnipresent throughout is the fine rhythm support of Roach and Boswell. Roach never obtrudes, never lapses in taste,

never tries to dazzle with technique. He is the epitome of the jazz drummer, and his work here might well be studied assiduously by many youngsters (and some not so young) who strive to impress with flashy technique and scant intelligence. (J.A.T.)

George Wein

JAZZ AT THE MODERN—Bethlehem 6050: *That's a Plenty; I Ain't Got Nobody; September in the Rain; Undecided; Rosetta; Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me.*

Personnel: Shorty Baker, trumpet; Tyree Glenn, trombone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; George Wein, piano; Bill Crow, bass; Mickey Shuen, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The seemingly odd mixture of musicians that George Wein has pulled together as his Storyville Sextet—a pair of Ellingtonians, a veteran of the Midwestern wars, a modernist and a Metropolitan—blend together remarkably well and, largely because of the variety of their backgrounds, bring a fresh and vital feeling to their playing of a repertory that is reasonably standard.

Baker plays with the calm, brilliant assurance that one has come to expect of him, particularly in the wide-ranging requirements of *Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me* and the plaintive lyricism of *I Ain't Got Nobody*. Russell is in charmingly bittersweet form as he accents the ensembles and turns hauntingly brooding and autumnal in a showcase vehicle, *September in the Rain*. Wein is a pleasantly unpretentious pianist, heading a very effectively swinging rhythm section and acting as a genial and artfully formed compere (the rather confusing title of the disc, incidentally, does not mean that this is supposed to be modern jazz but that it was recorded at a concert in the Sculpture Garden of the Museum of Modern Art in New York). Glenn, a last minute fill-in for Lawrence Brown who had just left the sextet to rejoin Duke Ellington at the time of the concert, seems to be pushing harder than the others and allows his growl effects to become needlessly broad at times. (J.S.W.)

Richard Williams

NEW HORN IN TOWN—Candid 9003: *I Can Dream, Can't I?; I Remember Clifford; Ferris Wheel; Raucous Notes; Blues in a Quandary; Over the Rainbow; Renita's Bounce.*

Personnel: Williams, trumpet; Leo Wright, alto saxophone, flute; Richard Wyands, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums.

★ ★

This is a disappointing album. What happens to young, promising musicians on their first record date as leader? Too many first-time-leader albums are failures. Is it that the sideman turned leader feels he must lay all his cards on the table at once? Perhaps. I don't pretend to know. But this is what Williams seems to have done on this LP.

Williams has been quite impressive as a sideman on two recent records (Oliver Nelson's *Screamin' the Blues* and Yusef Lateef's *The Centaur and the Phoenix*), displaying good ideas, tone and range. But he was limited to just a few solos. Here his big tone takes on qualities of a brass-band trumpet, and his ability to hit high notes becomes exhibitionistic. His ideas are still good, if somewhat derivative, but he fluffs on practically every track, spoiling solo continuity. His second

chorus on *I Can Dream* is disastrous. In a nutshell, William lacks taste on this record, taste that he has shown in other contexts. He's like a bull in china shop.

The originals included in the album are interesting, however. *Ferris Wheel*, by Wyands, is a clever circular theme; *Notes*, by Williams, is a blurring neo-bop line, which Williams and Wright play the devil out of in unison; Williams' *Renita's* is a joyous thing.

Wright, another promising jazzman, does not fulfill his promise here, either. His alto and especially his flute work are competent but not much more than that. The most consistently interesting playing on the date is Wyands'.

Williams—and Wright—can do better than this. (D.DeM.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Shelly Manne

THE THREE & THE TWO—Contemporary 3584: *Flip*; *Autumn in New York*; *Pas de Trois*; *Three on a Row*; *Steeplechase*; *Abstract No. 1*; *The Sound Effects Manne*; *Everything Happens to Me*; *Billie's Bounce*; *With a Song in My Heart*; *A Slight Minority*; *Speak Easy*.
Personnel: Tracks 1-6: The Three (Shorty Rogers, trumpet; Jimmy Giuffre, reeds; Manne, drums. Tracks 7-12: The Two (Russ Freeman, piano; Manne, drums).

Rating: The Three ★ ★ ★
The Two ★ ★ ★ ★

It was an excellent idea to reissue these sides, drawn from two 10-inch L.P.s taped in 1954, if only as a reminder that Holly-

wood musicians were experimenting years ago along lines that have been loudly touted by critics *only* since east coast musicians have become similarly adventurous.

Nevertheless, I find the first side (The Three) almost completely unsatisfactory. It's not just a matter of adjusting your ear to the odd instrumentation, for basically it's a bad one. The two horns speak too introspectively to compensate for the lack of any chordal undercurrent. A more aggressive front line might have gotten away with it.

Flip, Shelly's first recorded composition, is a well-designed work that suffers only from the over-all thinness of the sound. *Autumn*, deprived of the rich harmonic structure that is its marrow, becomes ridiculous, especially with the 16-bar drum solo. "A solo of this sort on a ballad is quite rare," observed Lester Koenig in the original liner notes. It sure is, for a very good reason: it makes no sense. *Pas de trois* is a Giuffre work that I found tiresomely mechanical and soulless. (But don't forget the lack could be in me, rather than in Jimmy.) *Three on a Row* is a rather primitive attempt at a salute to Schoenberg by Rogers, but this too could have been attractive with a fuller instrumental scope. *Steeplechase* suffers least from the awkward format, because the harmonic structure is basic and obvious, and because Jimmy's baritone in part plays the equivalent of a bass role. This and the following *Abstract*, a complete and somewhat successful improvisation, are the best tracks on the side.

The best way to listen to The Two side is to think of it as a series of unaccompanied piano solos to which Shelly added a skillful supplementary role. (That way, you miss the bass less.) With the exception of the beautifully integrated first track, it's less experimental than The Three venture but far more gratifying in over-all musical terms. Individually and collectively, Russ and Shelly are at their consistently swinging best.

Experimentation, obviously, is admirable, but is no virtue *per se*; for musicians to communicate intramurally, simply for the sake of each other's private kicks, is not enough. Music is not only a subjective but a *projective* experience. To be able to project something of what they are creating the participants require certain tangible tools. On side 1 here some of the tools were lacking: on side 2 the message comes through, though even here I'm sure a bass would have added much and subtracted nothing.

The conversation between Russ and Shelly, printed on the back, is most enlightening. Regardless of the ratings, this is a good item for any basic library.

(L.G.F.)

VOCAL

Nancy Harrow

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I've Got the World on a String; I Don't Know What Kind of Blues I Got; Blues for Yesterday.

Personnel: Miss Harrow, vocals; Buck Clayton, trumpet; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; Dickie Wells, trombone; Tom Gwaltney, alto saxophone, clarinet; Danny Bank, baritone saxophone; Dick Wellstood, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums; Kenny Burrell, guitar.

★ ★ ★

Miss Harrow reveals an uncluttered, straightforward approach in this her first album. Her singing sounds fresh in today's morass of distorted, tortured vocal efforts.

But is this enough to mark her as an outstanding jazz singer (oh, impossible term)? I don't think so. To me, a vocalist aspiring to sing jazz (or any other music) must communicate some emotion. Miss Harrow failed to move me. I got the feeling, listening to the album, that this was pretty straight supper-club singing with much better accompaniment than it deserved. She sounded as if she were smiling all the time.

Most of the rating is for the work of Clayton and the men he assembled for the date. The band is a little rough in ensemble, not unlike those postwar HRS sides made by Clayton, but this is of little consequence; the solos are excellent. Wellstood's tasty piano, Clayton's poignant trumpet, and Wells' sly trombone are outstanding, though not outstanding enough to offset the rather pedestrian singing.

The idea of reverting to the approach to vocal records made by various singers backed by good jazzmen, like the Teddy Wilson records of the 1930s, is a fertile one, though. But Miss Harrow does not yet come near to the emotional quality of Billie Holiday and, more pertinently, Mildred Bailey.

But this being her first record, perhaps I'm too hasty in forming an opinion. I hope that in future efforts she will prove me wrong. (D.DcM)

Otis Spann

OTIS SPANN IS THE BLUES—Candid 8001: *The Hard Way; Take a Little Walk with Me; Otis in the Dark; Little Boy Blue; Country Boy; Beat-Up Team; My Daily Wish; Great Northern Stomp; I Got Rumbling on My Mind No. 2; Worried Life Blues.*

Personnel: Spann, piano, vocals; Robert Lockwood Jr., guitar, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Whether Spann is the blues, as the title of this disc insists, is a debatable point. What he actually is, of course, is Muddy Waters' pianist. His abilities as a blues singer were first brought to wide attention at Newport Jazz Festival last summer when he sang Langston Hughes' hastily written *Good-bye Newport Blues* to close the festival's final session.

He shares this disc with Lockwood (a stepson of Robert Johnson, the by-now legendary blues singer of the 1930s), who has a lusty, open singing style. Spann himself is a good exponent of the Mississippi school of country blues singers (from which Lockwood also stems through his stepfather). Of the two, Lockwood has more emotional drive and lift although Spann is extremely effective in a low-keyed manner.

Spann plays compelling, pungent piano accompaniment to his own singing and to Lockwood's as well and the two men

team up for an unusual mixture of starkness and polish in their accompaniment to Lockwood's singing of *My Daily Wish*.

Between them, they have put together an attractive collection of strongly projected, ungimmicked blues that draw heavily on the basic essentials of the style. (J.S.W.)

Robert Pete Williams/Hozman Maxey/ Guitar Welch

ANGOLA PRISONERS' BLUES—Folk-Lyric A-3: *Levee Camp Blues; Stagolee; Electric Chair Blues; Prisoner's Talking Blues; Motherless Children Have a Hard Time; Black Night Blues; Some Got Six Months; Backwater Blues; I'm Lonesome.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 4, 5, 7, 9: Williams, vocals, guitar. Tracks 2, 6: Maxey, vocals, guitar. Tracks 3, 8: Welch, vocals, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This is not a new album. The first of the collections of recordings made by Harry Oster at the Louisiana state prison at Angola, this disc was released some time ago but has not been reviewed in these pages before.

It is a significant and important collection, for it catches and preserves a good slice of the fast-disappearing archaic blues styles. The documenting of the older singing and playing styles is becoming increasingly important with each passing day, as the process of acculturation steadily erases or transmutes all traces of the traditional forms and approaches.

Oster comments on this in his notes: "Although in theory a prison, especially one with a large Negro population, is an ideal place to record folk music which has disappeared or faded badly elsewhere, in reality the mass media of entertainment exert almost the same influence on the inmates as on performers outside."

Oster has been fortunate in finding among the older inmates, who have kept the older traditions alive, several powerful and accomplished performers. Three of the finer blues singers are here presented.

Williams, a lifer for having killed a man, is an extremely gifted and original artist with a finely developed instrumental style and a thoroughgoing knowledge of how best to use it to complement and impart drama and intensity to his singing, though he possesses a somewhat small and limited voice. His performance of the improvised *Prisoner's Talking Blues* is one of the most impassioned and powerful blues I've heard.

Backed by the simplest yet most effective (anything "busier" would have detracted) of guitar accompaniments, Williams recounts a life of monumental misery in a voice that seems to be feeding on its own anguish. As his narration proceeds, such intensity of feeling builds up that when he finally breaks into song, one has to gasp—it's so gripping. His other four selections are characterized by the same qualities, to a necessarily lower degree.

Both Maxey and Welch have their moments, too, though neither is anything like the imaginative, versatile performer Williams is.

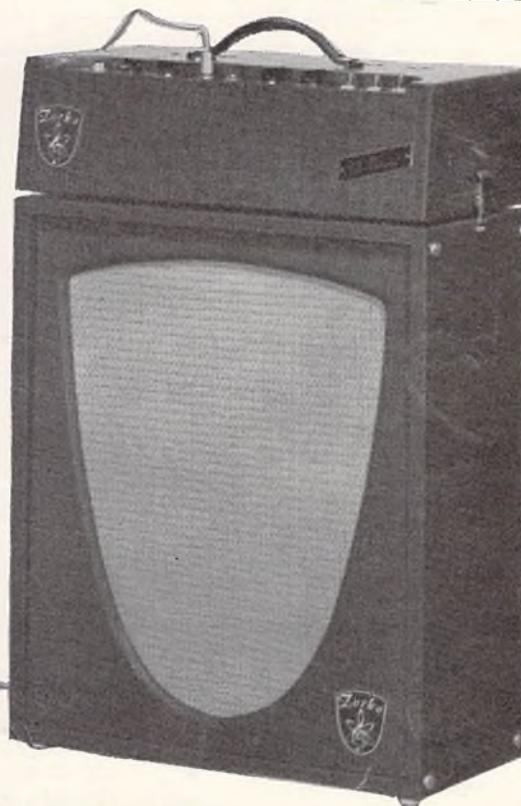
Maxey is the most "primitive" of the trio—on his two tracks, *Stagolee* and *Black Night*, he accompanies his harsh, jagged singing with darkly rhythmic guitar work in which he uses little embellishment. His approach is polytonal—that is, he



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Welch is a more polished artist than Maxey, with an impressive guitar technique that mixes chordal strumming and linear "answers." He employs the southern "knife" style on his version of *Backwater*.

This is an exciting collection of blues in the traditional styles. All three men are very much at home in the blues and thus can work freely within the strictures of the idiom. It is perhaps enough to conclude by saying that all three have evolved individual approaches of their own. In this era of standardization, that's something. (P.W.)

RECENT JAZZ RELEASES

The following is a list of last-minute jazz releases intended to help readers maintain closer contact with the flow of new jazz on records.

- Cannonball Adderley, *Child's Introduction to Jazz* (Riverside/Wonderland 1435)
 Mose Allison, *I Love the Life I Live* (Columbia 1565, 8365)
 Benny Bailey, *Big Brass* (Candid 8011, 9011)
 Dave Bailey, *Gettin' into Somethin'* (Epic 16011, 17011)
 The Charles Bell Contemporary Jazz Quartet (Columbia 1582, 8382)
 James Clay, *A Double Dose of Jazz* (Riverside 349, 9349)
 Duke Ellington, *Peer Gynt Suite/Suite Thursday* (Columbia 1597, 8397)
 Don Ellis, *How Time Passes* (Candid 8004, 9004)
 Pete Fountain Presents Jack Sperling and His Fascinatin' Rhythm (Coral 757341)
 Hank Garland, *Jazz Winds From a New Direction* (Columbia 1572, 8372)
 The Provocative Erroll Garner (Columbia 1587, 8387)
 Benny Goodman Swings Again (Columbia 1579, 8379)
 Eddie Harris, *Exodus to Jazz* (Vee Jay 3016)
 Erskine Hawkins Blows at Midnight (Decca 74081)
 Tubby Hayes, *Message from Britain* (Jazzland 34, 934)
 Bill Henderson (Vee Jay 1031)
 Lightnin' Hopkins Alone (Candid 8010, 9010)
 Harold Land, *Eastward Ho!* (Jazzland 33, 933)
 Lee Morgan, *Ex-Poobi-Dent* (Vee Jay 3015)
 Anita O'Day, *Waiter, Make Mine Blues* (Verve 2145)
 The Marty Paich Piano Quartet (RCA Victor 2259)
 George Russell Sextet at the Five Spot (Decca 79220)
 Elmer Snowden, *Harlem Banjo!* (Riverside 348, 9348)
 Toshiko Mariano Quartet (Candid 8012, 9012)
 Various Artists, *The Stars of Jazz—1961* (Jazzland 1001, 91001)
 Various Artists, *The Soul of Jazz* (Riverside S5, 9S5)
 Roosevelt Wardell, *The Revelation* (Riverside 350, 9350)
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By Leonard Feather

As anyone who has been following my observations of the jazz scene will testify, I never have been a receptive audience for drum solos. Anything more than 90 seconds of a percussion barrage in a concert hall is a cinch to drive me straight to the bar. But there are exceptions to this rule, and Joe Morello is one of them.

Touring with the *Jazz for Moderns* show in which the Dave Brubeck Quartet took part in 1958 and '59, Morello managed to fascinate me, and the audiences, night after night, with the grace, wit, and timing of his delightful excursions. The sense of humor so often evident in his drumming is, of course, a reflection of his personality; he's a pretty funny cat.

Now 32, Morello has been prominent since 1950, when he joined the Glen Gray Band. It was during his incumbency in the Marian McPartland Trio from 1953 to '56 that most New Yorkers came to know and admire him and to marvel at his brilliant technique and ideas.

Morello had long ago expressed a desire to do a *Blindfold Test*, but his constant traveling made it difficult for us to get together until recently. His comments were tape-recorded, and he was given no information about the records played.



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THE BLINDFOLD TEST ■ JOE MORELLO

The Records

1. Gene Krupa Quartet. *Jumpin' at the Woodside* (from *Hey! Here's Gene Krupa*, Verve). Eddie Shu, tenor saxophone; Wendell Marshall, bass; Dave McKenna, piano; Krupa, drums. Recorded, 1957.

I played this tune years ago . . . can't think of the name. It's probably something that was recorded about . . . say '39. It's confusing, because there's so many people who play that way—or have played that way. The soloists, I wouldn't know who they are. Sounds like people back in that era. Sort of Basie-ish. I know it's a Basie thing. I feel certain about that.

For that type of thing, I'd say it was very good. Three stars. The drumming is a little sloppy by today's standards, but there were so many guys playing that way then. The general feeling was swinging; it swung along good. It's a very happy thing.

2. Miles Davis. *The Serpent's Tooth, Take 2* (from *Collectors' Items*, Prestige). Davis, trumpet; Sonny Rollins (first chorus), Charlie Parker (second chorus), tenor saxophones; Waller Bishop, piano; Philly Joe Jones, drums; Percy Heath, bass.

I liked the trumpet. One of the sax choruses—the first horn—sounded good. The other one didn't kill me too much. I enjoyed the piano. The rhythm section was fair. Give it three stars for the trumpet and piano.

The drummer was playing all the things . . . a couple of things that sounded like Shelly . . . his fours, his little breaks, the other things. Could have been anybody. He's playing all the things you should play. The line was nice; it was together. I don't know who they are.

3. Maynard Ferguson. *Back in the Satellite Again* (from *A Message from Birdland, Roulette*). Frankie Dunlop, drums; Jimmy Ford, alto saxophone; Willie Maiden, composer, arranger.

Could I hear that intro again? I think that's Maynard's band. I'm sure it is. That was Jimmy Ford's alto, and, of course, Maynard. Drumming sounded like Frankie

Dunlop. Certainly was a lot of drum work. It was good. Playing those tempos with a big band is kind of difficult. It's kind of rough in some spots, but for the effort, it's very good.

If it is Maynard, the arrangement could be one of Slide's things. I liked it. Give it three stars. This kind of big-band jazz has its place. I enjoy listening to it, but I wouldn't ever want to work with a band like this.

4. Shelly Manne. *Mu-Cha-Cha* (from *Bells are Ringing*, Contemporary). Manne, drums.

I didn't particularly care for the arrangement. It starts out like they're going to play *Miami Beach Rhumba* or something. Sounds like a sort of a cocktail group. The drummer sounds very much like Shelly Manne. The thing with the mallets just kills me. But then when he picked up the sticks, there were a few things there that didn't sound like Shelly. It's either Shelly or someone who wants to play like him.

For the drums, three stars—especially for the first part of the drum solo with the mallets. It was very tasty . . . done very nicely . . . the form. For the whole number, 2½ stars because of the first part of that arrangement. It was just a setup for a drum solo, and the drums saved it.

5. Chico Hamilton Quintet. *Free Form* (Pacific Jazz). Hamilton, drums.

I don't know who that could be. It's fine if you like that kind of thing, but it doesn't hold too much for me. I guess it was well written. I don't know what to say. I'd rather not comment on it. Could've been Chico. It doesn't seem like a real jazz thing. I don't know if the parts were improvised. I doubt it. They were probably all written. It didn't do anything at all for me. No stars.

6. Stuff Smith *It Don't Mean a Thing* (Verve). Oscar Peterson, piano; Smith, violin; Alvin Stoller, drums; Barney Kessel, guitar.

I'm sure that was Oscar playing piano, and it was Barney. For Oscar, you could give it 10 stars! The violin was done nicely, but I just don't care for jive violin . . .

or jazz violin . . . whichever it might be. It sure felt good when Oscar played with him. Timing felt beautiful.

The violin was played as well as you can play jazz violin. The notes and the tone and the phrasing were nice. Maybe it's because I played violin myself years ago, and I think it's too beautiful an instrument . . . no, I just don't like this sound. I don't know who it was. Three and a half stars for Oscar . . . made the whole thing swing along beautifully.

7. Horace Silver *Where You At?* (from *Horace Scope*, Blue Note). Silver, piano; Roy Brooks, drums.

That was nice. I liked that; it felt good. A sort of hard-swinging type thing, and I liked the drumming. Could have been Philly Joe on drums. Sounds like Horace Silver on piano. So many people today, and so many groups, it's hard to tell, especially when you don't have the opportunity to listen. Three stars for the piano and drums.

8. Max Roach. *I'll Take Romance* (from *Jazz in ¾ Time*, Mercury). Roach, drums; Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Sonny Rollins, tenor saxophone.

Max Roach's group. That's great. I always enjoy his things. I liked the trumpet work, but I can't think of his name. Tenor sounds like it could be Sonny. I give it five stars; The whole thing kills me . . . The way they handle the ¾ time is very good. Unusual meters are a challenge; and here, they make them swing. Max always plays so musical. He's always been one of my favorites . . . way back.

9. Jimmy McPartland. *Ballin' the Jack* (Epic). McPartland, cornet; George Wettling, drums.

I always enjoy listening to a good Dixieland group. This was very happy . . . free. Trumpet sounded like Jimmy McPartland . . . or cornet. Drums sounded like George Wettling, but I may be all wrong.

There's so many of those bands, it's hard to tell. For what it is, it was done very nicely. Everybody knew what he was doing. Very simple and straight ahead. I like it. Three stars.





Nostalgic sounds permeated the contemporary New York City jazz scene

twice in one week last month: the original Benny Goodman Quartet gave a concert in the toy department at Macy's, and the current Dizzy Gillespie Quintet presented a retrospective program in the auditorium of the Museum of Modern Art.

It has been almost a quarter of a century since clarinetist Goodman, pianist Teddy Wilson, vibraharpist Lionel Hampton, and drummer Gene Krupa played for dancing in the aisles of the Paramount theater. They re-assembled briefly in 1955 to record the sound track of *The Benny Goodman Story*, a film based on Goodman's career.

When the mammoth department store on Herald Square decided to have a one-day jazz festival, labeled *Macy's and All That Jazz*, they appointed the ebullient Lionel Hampton as talent co-ordinator. It was Hamp's idea to have the historic reunion at high noon to launch a full day of live jazz.

There was a crowd of about 1,000 — many appeared to be retired jitter-bugs — standing in the cleared area before a small bandstand, waiting with eyes and ears open for the Goodman group.

When the dignified-looking members of the quartet, clad in expensive business suits, filed onto the stand, the air was filled with the clicking of cameras and revived memories. The applause and the appreciative grins increased as the four musicians ran through *Avalon*, *Stompin' at the Savoy*, and an extended *I Got Rhythm*.

The players, ranging in age from 48 to 52, were themselves in the throes of memories and enjoyment. Goodman, who said later, "Its been a long time since I've had so much fun," was smiling and laughing throughout the set. At one point, his enthusiasm stimulated an unsuccessful attempt to twirl his clarinet.

Although misty-eyed, Hampton performed with more aggressive drive than in the old days; at times the vibes took the lead away from the clarinet. Wilson firmly played piano choruses that elicited waves of applause. Krupa, on his first playing date since suffering a heart attack last November, beat a strong, steady backing without excessive showmanship. After 45 minutes of playing, he said, "So far, so good, but I don't want to push my luck," and gave up the drum chair to Buddy Rich, who had suffered a heart attack a year before Krupa.

Blues singer Jimmy Rushing joined the quartet to sing a couple of tunes. He scored on *Sent for You Yesterday* and *Here You Come Today*. The Good-

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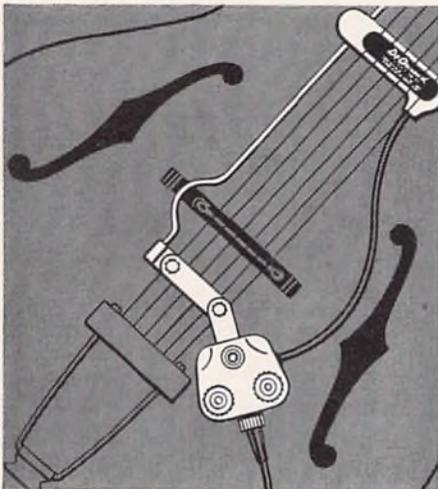
Wilson, Goodman, Krupa, and Hampton.



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man segment of Macy's festival came to a close before the 300-pound vocalist's time-keeping foot knocked the stand apart.

* * *

It was the following night when John Birks Gillespie had his session of reverie in the auditorium of the Museum of Modern Art. His subject was the by-gone days of bop. It was the first program in the 1961 Jazz Profiles series produced by Charles Schwartz.

The oldest number played — *Salt Peanuts* — was concocted by Gillespie and drummer Kenny Clarke while they were members of the Teddy Hill Band in the late '30s. Gillespie introduced it as, "Undoubtedly, the first bop vocal." He "sang" several choruses of the two-word lyrics to the delight of his audience.

Gillespie's trumpet was featured on *I Can't Get Started*. It revealed how Thelonious Monk took the ending and developed it into *'Round About Midnight*. The trumpeter next offered two of his best-known compositions, *Groovin' High* and *A Night in Tunisia*, explaining that the first was based on the chords of *Whispering* and that the latter was not "written on the bottom of a garbage can as has been reported."

Renditions of Tadd Dameron's *Hot House* and Charlie Parker's *Confirmation* brought memories to many of the older listeners. To lend authenticity to a revival of *Manteca*, conga drummer Candido joined the group between his Latin sets at the Chateau Madrid. It was a tribute to the late Chano Pozo, who played conga drums and bongos with Gillespie's band during the late '40s.

The program was rounded out with more recent tunes. There was Benny Golson's *I Remember Clifford*, Duke Ellington's *The Mooche*, and Dizzy's own *Kush*.

Dizzy's musical reminiscences were followed by a question-and-answer period. He paid high tribute to the late Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, and to alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman. Of Coleman, he remarked, "They called me crazy too."

The only thing missing during the evening was the beret. 



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Big-band jazz played an exciting role at the eastern convention of the Music Educators National Conference, held in Washington, D. C., in January.

Several hundred high school and college music teachers gave the Washington rehearsal band known as the Masters a tremendous hand following the band's concert-clinic in the Shoreham Hotel's plush Blue Room during the convention. Organized a year ago and led by drummer Frank Toperzer, the band is composed of area music teachers, most of whom are in the public school system.

Titled *Improving the School Dance Band*, the Saturday afternoon session included three lecture demonstrations, with the most impressive being Morton Gutoff's witty discussion of rehearsal techniques. A good many teachers took notes during the program, and the band's appearance was no doubt of real value to those interested in helping youngsters create a good dance band.

An ambitious production with narration entitled *An American Scene: Big Band Jazz* went over big with the teachers and proved that the band boasts a crack trumpet section (Bob Carey, Gutoff, Jim Perry, John Stephens, and Bill Spano).

But the survey arranged by Toperzer and Charlie Frankhauser (who played trumpet with Gene Krupa and other prominent swing bands 20 years ago) was hardly a reminder of things past. The 17-piece band, which is loud and roaring, sounded more like itself than like any other band, whether attempting to recall the innovations of Basie, Lunceford, Herman, or whomever.

A modernized slice of *Sing Sing Sing* was included that Goodman himself probably would not have recognized. But this was partly intentional, since it was not an attempt to recreate the sounds *per se* of the famous bands remembered. Some could wish that the Masters had a greater concern for dynamics, but no one could knock the band for a lack of sock, volume, and enthusiasm.

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—Tom Scanlan

JOE WILLIAMS/HARRY EDISON QUINTET

Jazz Gallery, New York City

Personnel: Williams, vocals; Edison, trumpet; Jimmy Forrest, tenor saxophone; Sir Charles Thompson, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; Clarence Johnston, drums.

The format of Williams' New York break-in date (after six years with the Count Basie Band) indicated the singer intends to concentrate on building his ballad style and at the same time develop a relaxed night club act, although he hopes to retain his identity by interspersing in his act the blues numbers he was known for when he was with Basie.

Williams opened his act with a sprightly medley of *S'Wonderful* and *I'm Beginning to See the Light*. It was a bright introduction, and, followed by *Every Day*, the old Memphis Slim blues that gave Williams his first big record hit with Basie in 1955, served to capture the audience's attention.

Williams then performed some of the songs not so familiar to his fans. His big-voice interpretation of *I Only Have Eyes for You* proved to be delicately balanced between a concert form and a blues shout. After offering his latest recording, *Winter Weather*, he sang *Here's to My Lady*, a rather dignified tune during which his gestures helped to establish a personal touch with his listeners. The attempt at audience rapport was also evident in the friendly announcements of each number.

His least successful effort was a self-conscious version of the folk song *Linda Lou*. It detracted from the overall "feel" of the presentation. The way Williams performed it smacked of Uncle Tomism.

To complete the blues portion of the show Williams did Bill Broonzy's *Blues all Night* and *Baby, Baby*. He closed his act with *Well, Oh Well*.

The Edison group furnished good support for Williams, with Edison's muted trumpet, Thompson's piano, and the strong, yet reserved tenor work of Forrest outstanding.

—Hoefer



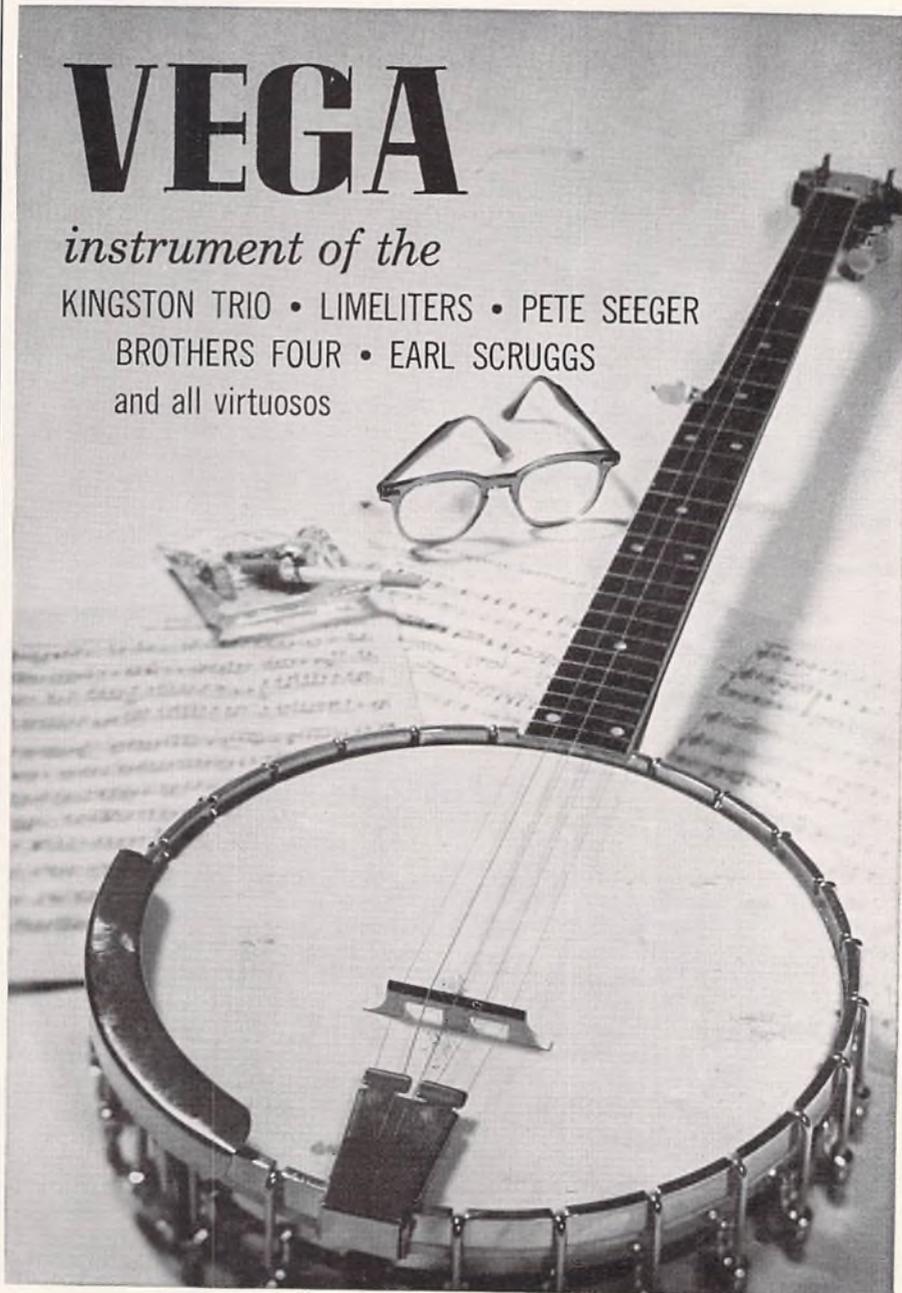
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UP BEAT SECTION



By BILL MATHIEU

I want to talk about the possibilities of atonality in jazz. But the question is so complex that it will take a couple of columns to get to the point. First we must understand how important tonality is to jazz. We can start out by asking: Is jazz "up-and-down" music or is it "across" music? That is, is it conceived horizontally or vertically?

Historically speaking, music is usually horizontal before it is vertical. Gregorian chant of the Middle Ages (the most important forerunner of classical music) was almost entirely linear. Later, during the Renaissance, these chant melodies were combined to give the impression of many people singing different things at once. In fact, sometimes four singers would sing together in four different languages. Around 1650, the concept of tonality came into its own. Thus triads were heard of a piece, rather than as three distinct voices, each with its own direction. This made vertical thinking possible. Music no longer ran on linearly in many layers.

By the end of the nineteenth century tonality had become such an end in itself that music often sounded like large vertical blocks of sound flowing into each other. In the last 50 years, however, tonality has either been abandoned or so modified that contemporary classical music can be called neither vertical nor horizontal, but a synthesis of the two, leaning towards the linear.

There is a parallel to this in the history of jazz. Early work chants were linear (although tonality was implied.)

Dixieland is truly contrapuntal in the sense that each voice is logical and independent, yet makes a new logic when combined with the others.

Jazz discovered the possibilities of noncontrapuntal tonality when bands became larger and had to rely on written arrangements. The individual parts didn't make as much sense, but the combination of all of them did. In 1935, an early New Orleans clarinetist might have looked at a second trombone part in the Glenn Miller library and said with conviction, "It's not jazz." But by 1935, the individual parts had become less important. Chunks of sound had begun to replace layers of sound.

Still later, in Kenton's day, great beauty was attained with nothing but huge vertical chords reflecting each other's light.

In the last few years, the newness of harmonic exploitation has begun to pall, and many of the new writers are becoming increasingly linear. More attention is being paid to the individual parts. Modern day jazz is a synthesis of horizontal and vertical thinking, but it is not the same kind of synthesis that exists in classical music.

In classical music, vertical harmony does not determine linear melody, nor does linear melody determine vertical harmony. Each grows from the other (except in what are called harmonic variations, like Bach's *Goldberg Variations*). But in jazz, the chords are there first, and the melody comes after.

Now we can make the paradoxical statement that although jazz *sounds* linear, it is *conceived* vertically. That is, writers and improvisers usually think in terms of series of stationary platforms over which they construct the rest of the piece. Only the very best creators have learned to use the vertical quality of tonal harmony to linear advantage.

Let me digress for a second. It seems to me that jazz harmony should never be taught in isolation. It is the synthesis of harmony with other elements that makes jazz tick. Too often students are advised to "run all the chords and all the scales against them." Close adherence to this process leads to sterile improvising. Instead of chord-hopping and scale-running, students should try to master harmony as it relates to melodic lines. That is, they should study harmony only if they study counterpoint concurrently.

This brings us, strangely enough, to atonality. In order to consider the possibilities of atonality in jazz, we must first recognize how entrenched most of us are in vertical tonal thinking. Atonality requires that this mode of thought be abandoned. Is it possible? Next month I will try to lay the groundwork for an answer.

(Last fall, a group of college musicians, under the direction of Don Jacoby, cut an album of Glenn Osser arrangements for M-G-M. The record was released recently, and I think it is of interest to all school musicians, whether they be in high school or college. Thus I'm including a review of the album in this month's *Inner Ear*.

DON JACOBY AND THE COLLEGE ALL-STAR DANCE BAND—M-G-M 3881: *Salt Peanuts*; *A Night in Tunisia*; *Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall*; *Pretty-Eyed Baby*; *A Sunday Kind of Love*; *Someday*; *Wedding Cha-Cha-Cha*; *For Swinging Dancers*; *Just Because*; *Battle Hymn of the Republic*; *Swinging the Petite Waltz*; *I Miss You So*; *You Always Hurt the One You Love*; *I Wish You Love*; *It's a Pity to Say Goodnight*; *Kiss of Fire Cha-Cha-Cha*.

Personnel: Jacoby, trumpet, leader; Tom Kuneski, Harry McDonald, Tony Greenwald, John Rinaldo, trumpets; Ed Fairchild, Paul Tolosko, Dave Baker, Dowell Richards, trombones; Jimmy Mullen, Bob Skibo, alto saxophones; Gary Foster, Russ Daugh, tenor saxophones; Dale Norris, baritone saxophone; Dave Sampson, piano; Dennis Behm, bass; Jack Check, guitar; Paul Gorrero, drums.

This album is both encouraging and disappointing. If it had been reviewed in the record review section, it would have rated three stars.

"Don Jacoby," to quote the liner notes, "in his travels about the country as a clinician for the Conn band instrument company, came in contact with a wealth of talent playing in the big, new, modern dance bands in the schools. 'Jake' wanted everyone to hear what was going on within the relatively restricted, cloistered walls of the various campuses. What to do? Obviously, he couldn't record all the good bands he heard. So—logically, he picked an all-star group that could carry the ball for others."

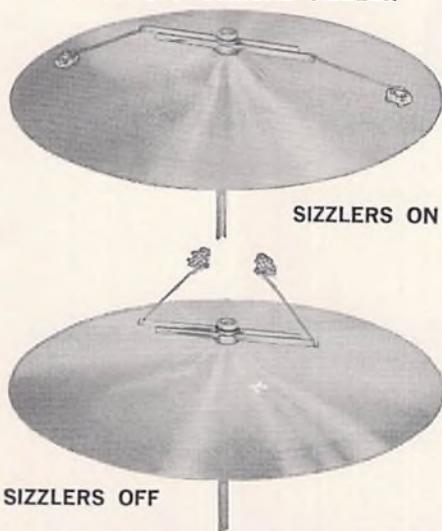
The young musicians, who had never before met one another, or seen the music to be recorded, gathered at the studio and cut 16 tracks in two days. The performance is amazingly good. The trumpet section is especially good, and the band as a whole provides music which is as good for dancing as anything on the market.

The encouraging thing about this project is the concept behind it: jazz is becoming a bona fide member of the curriculum, and instructors are developing techniques of teaching it effectively. College students are becoming involved in the creation of jazz, rather than remaining the appreciative, though non-creative audience.

However, the album is in one respect disappointing. A band is only as good as its music. The arrangements, used here are by Glenn Osser and are published in a series by Leeds. None of them is unpleasant or incompetent. In fact, one of them, (*Night in Tunisia*) is quite exciting. But, as a rule, they are work-a-day, undistinguished arrangements which might be played by any good club-date band from 1948 onward.

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teresting music. Why should musicians of today be saddled with the tired clichés of yesterday, especially if they are just beginning their professional careers?

The notes say this album "is typical of what the young bands of today are playing." It would be more accurate to say that this album is typical of *how* the young bands of today are playing, meaning that the performance is clean, powerful and swinging. But the "young bands of today" are, as a rule, playing music which more honestly reflects the present state of jazz than this album would seem to indicate.

H. L. Mencken said, "Nobody ever lost a dime underestimating the taste of the American public." He was dead wrong. My advice to Jacoby *et al*: if you make another record, ignore Mencken and you might have a best-seller on your hands.



**WEE
TINA**

In the view of many New York musicians, one of the most skilled drummers in America today is Ed Shaughnessy. Always in demand for studio work in New York City, Shaughnessy is a member of the Jazz Four, a co-operative quartet. *Wee Tina*, which appears on page 58, is part of the group's repertoire. It was recorded on Warwick 5003 ST, *The Soul of Jazz Percussion*.

Shaughnessy says of the Jazz Four, "We are looking in general for fresh rhythmic approaches both to the rhythm section and to drums as a real musical equal. Teddy Charles, Mal Waldron, and Addison Farmer are a ball to work with in these ways, mostly because they are not afraid to try new ideas, and there is mutual respect in the group."

Of *Wee Tina*, Shaughnessy says, "The drum solo in the middle of it on the recording was not two drummers, as many people seem to think. I used the tambourine foot drum, a drum I made, which is played with the left foot, on two and three during the solo, which is all in 3/4, basically, with many counter-rhythms with the hands against the 3/4 of the feet. The bell sounds intermingling with the wailing is from a Chinese tree (one of the most musical percussion instruments), which I used near

(Continued on page 59)

Announcing

2

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WEE TINA

by Ed Shaughnessy

The intro should stay in primitive mood until bridge B.

TEMPO - $\text{♩} = 72 \text{ MM.}$ *Po.*
INTRO (1)

Handwritten musical score for the first system of the introduction. It consists of five staves:

- TRMPT. I:** Treble clef, 5/4 time signature, marked "TACET".
- TRMPT. II:** Treble clef, 5/4 time signature, marked "TACET".
- TRMPT. III:** Treble clef, 5/4 time signature, marked "TACET".
- BASS:** Bass clef, 5/4 time signature. The notation shows a rhythmic pattern of quarter notes with accents and rests. It is marked "SOLI" and "CRES.".
- DRUMS:** Snare drum notation with circled numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 indicating specific drum hits.
- PIANO:** Treble and bass clefs, 5/4 time signature, marked "TACET".

INTRO (2)

Handwritten musical score for the second system of the introduction. It consists of five staves:

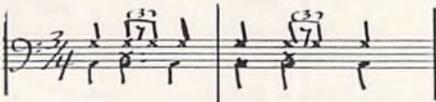
- TRMPT. I:** Treble clef, 5/4 time signature, marked "TACET".
- TRMPT. II:** Treble clef, 5/4 time signature, marked "TACET".
- TRMPT. III:** Treble clef, 5/4 time signature, marked "TACET".
- BASS:** Bass clef, 5/4 time signature. The notation shows a rhythmic pattern of quarter notes with accents and rests. It is marked "CRES." and "REPEAT PATTERN WITH PIANO".
- DRUMS:** Snare drum notation with circled numbers 5, 6, 7, and 8 indicating specific drum hits. A note above the staff reads "OR LIGHT SOUNDS ON DOWN BEATS ONLY".
- PIANO:** Treble and bass clefs, 5/4 time signature. The notation shows a rhythmic pattern of quarter notes with accents and rests. It is marked "CRES.".

the sock cymbals and hit with the left hand as another part of the drum set.

"The album is just a step along the way toward exploring more facets of musical drumming and the endlessly fascinating avenues of contrapuntal and polyrhythmic areas, so beautifully achieved in so much creative work of the African and Indian peoples.

"The challenge is to attempt what is played by many hands in those cultures, to fuse these and many other inspiring rhythmic and musical cultures into our one-man jazz drum set in a musically contributing way that wails. I strongly urge all drummers to listen to the music of Indian, and Africa, and of all the world. Their improvisations can swing you out of the room.

Shaughnessy points out that the changes are marked in *Wee Tina* for blowing choruses. "The rhythmic structure," he said, "is 16 measures in 3/4, eight measures in 4/4, eight measures in 3/4. The drummer should make good definition every time the blowing moves from 3/4 to the 4/4 bridge, to aid the soloist in his feel. There are many ways to play 3/4 time that swings, but to the drummer not yet well into it. I suggest this as a start, the high hat with foot on 2:



SCHOOL JAZZ

Ray Santisi, piano instructor at the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., joined Dr. Gene Hall of Michigan State University in judging the stageband festival at El Dorado, Ark., on March 11. The sponsor of the event, in conjunction with *Down Beat*, was Bill Craig, band director of the El Dorado Junior High School. *Down Beat* provided two scholarships for the festival, one for outstanding instrumentalist, the other for best band director. Additional prizes were provided by local merchants.

The second annual Stage Band Clinic sponsored by Coyle's Music Centers, Columbus, Ohio, with the cooperation of *Down Beat*, was held March 11.

Three *Down Beat* scholarships to the Stan Kenton Clinics were awarded at the second annual Chicagoland Stageband Festival held Feb. 4 at Oak Lawn High School. Student scholarships went to Joe Schwantner, guitarist from Thornton High School, and David Lewitz, pianist from Highland Park High School. The band director award went to Ted Robinson, student conductor and saxophonist from Riverside-Brookfield High School. The audience numbered 1,300 at the evening performance of the festival. Featured were

the best four student bands "playing off" for top honors plus Buddy DeFranco, the clinician for the day, performing with the Airmen of Note band, led by Sgt. Johnny O'SeeKee. Notre Dame High School band, led by the Rev. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C. placed first for the second year with Thornton and Highland Park placing second and third, respectively

Effingham, Ill., was the scene, Jan. 28, of the largest *Down Beat* stageband festival (in the number of bands attending) held in the mid-west. Under the sponsorship of the Samuel Music Co., 20 senior and junior high schools participated in the all-day event. Dick Schory, of the Ludwig Drum Co. and R.C.A.-Victor recording artist, was the band clinician. He was assisted by Willis Charkovsky, well known Chicago pianist and arranger-composer. *Down Beat* awarded two scholarships to the National Band Camp. The event proved so successful that it is likely that the junior chamber of commerce of Effingham will help sponsor next year's festival.

Twelve high school stage bands attended the first *Down Beat* clinic-festival at Carbondale, Ill. on Jan. 14. Don LeMasters, local music merchant, sponsored the event in co-operation with the Southern Illinois University music department.

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INTRO Pg. (3)

TRMPT. I 5/4 TACET

TRMPT. II 5/4

TRMPT. III 5/4

BASS 5/4 CRES. --- SAME PATTERN WITH PIANO & DRUMS

DRUMS 5/4 CRES. ---
 DRUMS IMPROVISE FREELY ON BASIC BASS DRUM PATTERN - 1ST BAR IS EXAMPLE ONLY

PIANO 5/4 CRES. ---

PG. 4
CHORUS [A]

TRMPT. I

TRMPT. II

TRMPT. III

BASS

DRUMS

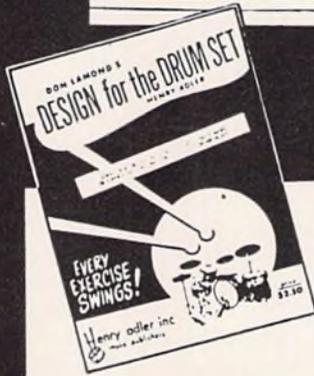
PIANO

SAME PATTERN

SAME PATTERN

Fill

PERCUSSION series



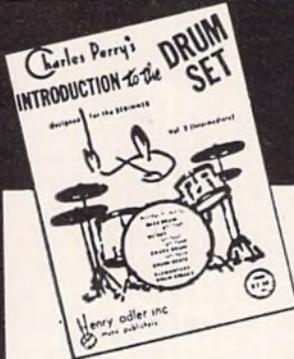
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AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

Broonzy made shortly before his death. Cleveland disc jockey **Bill Randle** recorded the tape. It will be a five-record package retailing for \$25 . . . Tenor saxophonist **Dexter Gordon** signed with Blue Note . . . Mercury plans to release new records by **Bulee (Slim) Gaillard** . . . The English weekly *Melody Maker*, selected Ellington's *Nutcracker Suite* as the best jazz LP of the year 1960 . . . **Abbey Lincoln** sang the lyrics she wrote for **Thelonious Monk's Blue Monk** on her latest Candid recording date. It will be included in an album titled *Straight Ahead* . . . Drummer **Specs Powell** has a big-band album on Strand . . . **Teo Macero** played drums on several takes of a **Sir Charles Thompson** organ date he supervised. He said that some of the effects he got with wire brushes on a drum case and tambourine will lead to a "new sound."

Jonah Jones is scheduled for a repeat performance in Monte Carlo in August, playing for **Princess Grace** and **Prince Rainier** . . . **Louis Armstrong** led a mile-long procession of floats to open the Nice carnival on the Riviera . . . The National Jazz Federation in England is sponsoring a jazz airlift to the 1961 European Jazz Festival at Antibes, France. The festival will run from July 15-23. American jazz artists scheduled

to appear include **Count Basie**, **Ray Charles**, **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis**, and **Thelonious Monk** . . . Lord **Montagu** of England has definitely announced the sixth annual Beaulieu Jazz Festival will be held on the grounds of his castle, Palace House, on July 29-30. Admission will be on a per-concert basis via advance ticket sales. It is hoped that the tightening-up will prevent any hooliganism or rioting like that which marred the festival last year. Topping the bill this year will be **Anita O'Day** on her first visit to the British Isles . . . England's **Johnny Dankworth** Orchestra will visit Germany for the first time to play at the Essen Jazz Festival April 14.

Drummer **Kenny Clarke** will be featured in the **Francoise Sagan** film *Do You Like Brahms?* to be filmed in Paris . . . **Lionel Hampton** may star in an Italian film, *America by Night*.

Edward Albee's short play *The Death of Bessie Smith* opened Feb. 28 at the York Playhouse. In the play **Bessie Smith** does not appear as a character on stage, but the action revolves around the fatal automobile accident outside of Memphis in 1937 that ended the career of the great blues singer . . . **Dandetta** Productions in New York City will soon start filming *The Bessie Smith Story* with folk singer **Odetta** playing the lead . . . The **Johnny Cassavetes** film, originally labeled *Too Late Blues* but now

called *Dreams for Sale*, will have a jazz score by **David Raksin**.

New writers licensed through Broadcast Music, Inc. include **John Coltrane**, **J. R. Monterose**, **Hank Levy** (former **Stan Kenton** sideman now arranging for the **Sal Salvador** Band), **Specs Powell**, **Otis Spann** (blues singer-composer), and **Richard Wyands**.

When the Newport City Council voted to refuse the jazz festival committee a license for 1961, the festival reacted by raising its damage suit against the city of Newport from \$450,000 to \$750,000 (see page 22) . . . The U.S. State Department wants to increase the \$2,500,000 voted by Congress for cultural goodwill tours, such as **Louis Armstrong's** 11-week swing through Africa.

John Mehegan, whose second volume of *Jazz Improvisations* is due out soon, spent three days at Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla., setting up a jazz clinic . . . **Alan Seeger** and **Stan Burnett** are conducting a discussion series on jazz as an art form at the West Side YWCA. Seeger previously conducted such a series on a Boston television station, while Burnett was at one time a director of a Seattle jazz society.

Cannonball Adderley, whose jazz column appears in the New York *Amsterdam News*, is a stockholder in the *Citizen-Call*, a rival newspaper in

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BRIDGE [B]

TRUMPET I
TRUMPET II
TRUMPET III

To FACILITATE PLAYING WITH PIANO TRIO, MELODY OF BRIDGE IS IN TREBLE, WITH HORNS, PLAY RHYTHM SECTION FIGURES IN BASS STAFF.

Piano
Bass
Drums

TRUMPET I
TRUMPET II
TRUMPET III
BASS
DRUMS
PIANO

(4) (6) SO LO FILL TO JAZZ CHORUSES →

JAZZ CHORUSES

3/4 Ami Ami Dmi7 Dmi7 E7 E7 Ami Ami

4/4 FMAJ7 Bb7 Ami7 CMaj7 Bø7 F6 E7 Bb7

3/4 Ami Ami Dmi7 Dmi7 E7 E7 Ami Ami

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Harlem . . . **Ted Riedeberg** is writing a jazz column, *Sound in the Round*, for the national teenage magazine *Youth*. Riedeberg is a chemical engineer living in White Plains, N.Y. . . . A new magazine, *Music*, to be launched in April, will have a section covering traditional and modern jazz . . . The radio station at Harvard University in Cambridge, Mass., WHRB-AM/FM, has established a jazz department with **Toshio Nagatani** as director. Besides presenting jazz shows, the department publishes a mimeographed *Jazz Newsletter*. The first issue has articles on the **Herb Pomeroy** Band and alto saxophonist **Ornette Coleman**. There are several record reviews in depth included also.

PHILADELPHIA

Guitarist **Billy Bean**, fresh from road dates with **Tony Bennett** and **Herb Geller**, is back home before taking a trio into New York City . . . Singer **Sylvia Syms** was in town to play an acting role in the Broadway-bound show *13 Daughters* . . . Pianist **Bernard Peiffer**, an adopted Philadelphian, played a concert at the Museum School of Art . . . Jazz deejay **Fred Miles** is capitalizing on his happy (for jazz) name in titling his new record company. He's calling it *Miles* label.

Dave Brubeck played a concert at the high school in suburban Norristown . . . **Stan Getz** is due for a date soon at the Showboat. Recent attractions at this center-city spot were **Miles Davis** and **Gloria Lynne** . . . **Chris Connor** followed **Anita O'Day** into the Red Hill Inn . . . Ex-**Woody Herman** tenorman **Buddy Savitt** is playing Sunday afternoon sessions at the Chadmoore Suite . . . Pianist **Danny Kent** is appearing with a trio at Mayo's . . . **Sarah McLawler** and **Richard Otto** moved from the Latin Casino to Spider Kelly's . . . The **Frank Moore Four** is getting ready to return to Las Vegas after several months of home-town dates here.

CHICAGO

Stan Getz unveiled a promising new group at the Sutherland in his first State-side engagement in more than two years. Included in the group were **Pete LaRoca**, drums; **Steve Kuhn**, piano; **Scot LaFaro**, bass. Kuhn, by the way, is a graduate of Harvard's music school—one of the few (if not the only) Harvard graduates in jazz. Getz was impressed with the musicianship of his young crew and plans to record with them. While the ace tenorist was in the Windy City, he was to finish an album with the **Cannonball Adderley** Quintet's rhythm section: **Louis Hayes**, drums, **Sam Jones**, bass; **Victor Feldman**, piano.

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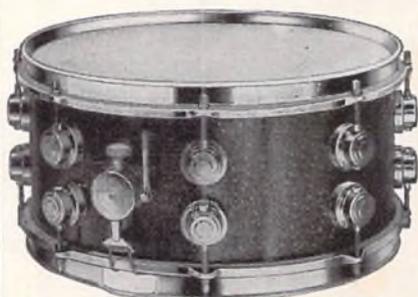
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Recording of the album began in Berlin, Germany, when the Adderley group was touring Europe, but they were unable to complete it then. The Chicago session fell through, too. The first recording session for Getz since his return to this country two months ago was held in New York City with **Bob Brookmeyer**, trombone; **Bill Evans**, piano; **Percy Heath**, bass; **Connie Kay**, drums.

The Sutherland, which was almost a victim of the after-Christmas blues, pulled through the slump and has a strong line-up booked for the spring. **John Coltrane** followed Getz. After 'Trane came the **Bill Evans Trio**. Booked to follow is the **Shirley Scott Trio**, to be followed by the **Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina Quartet**.

It is reported that **Dinah Washington** has taken over the management of Rob-



ert's Show Lounge. **Sarah Vaughan's** husband, **C. B. Atkins**, had been the club's show promoter . . . Tenor saxophonist-flutist **Joe Daley** joined **Gene Esposito's** group at the **Swing Easy** last month. Pianist Esposito's group also includes **Vic Sproles**, bass; **Billy Hobbs**, drums; **Bea Abbott**, vocals. The group is going into its ninth month at the **Rush St. club** . . . Drummer **Guy Viveiros** has joined the **Audrey Morris Trio** at the **London House**. The trio has been one of the house bands (**Eddie Higgins'** is the other) for many months.

Chicago Scene, a magazine covering the cultural and entertainment happenings in Chicago, is going more into the jazz scene than previously. The mag is planning to name a jazz editor. It most likely will be **Joe Segal**. Disc jockey-promoter Segal was planning to hold his annual **Charlie Parker Memorial** in March. It is an annual event, usually held on the date of Parker's death, and features jazzmen who were associated with the altoist during his career. A group of young players also is featured each year.

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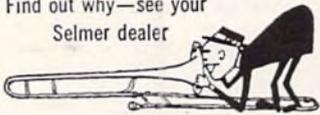
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The Notre Dame High School stage band, under the direction of the Rev. George Wiskirchen C.S.C., won the Chicagoland Stage Band Festival contest as best high school stage band, in early February. One of the band's prizes is an appearance at the *Jazz Opens McCormick* concert, to be held at McCormick Place March 16. The youthful band will be in fast company: the concert, which is sponsored by the North Shore Congregation Israel, will feature the **Woody Herman Band**, **Anita O'Day**, the **Ahmad Jamal Trio**, and the **Northwestern University Jazz Lab Band**.

Andy Gibson, King Records a&r man, died Feb. 10 in Cincinnati, Ohio. He had moved from New York City to Cincinnati last year to produce records for the discery. Gibson, who also played trumpet, worked with such bands as **Zack White's**, **Charlie Barnet's**, and **Lucky Millinder's**. He also wrote many songs. Gibson was 47 . . . A strange recording session took place late in February. Ex-name-band musicians who have entered more lucrative fields got together to record a completely unheard session. Tentative title for the album—*Ad Men after Hours* . . . **Bill Henderson**, fresh from a Japanese tour with **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers**, was so successful at the Playboy Club last fall that he is signed for a return engagement starting March 9.

LOS ANGELES

Art Farmer's and **Benny Golson's** Jazztet made a west coast debut at the Zebra Lounge. It was Farmer's first trip to the coast since recording part of the soundtrack of *The Subterraneans* last year . . . **Curtis Counce** organized a new trio with **Gerald Wiggins** on piano, **Roy Roten** on drums, and himself on bass. The group broke in at the Keyboard Lounge, sharing the bill with singer **Ann Weldon** . . . **Ben Shapiro**, director of the Renaissance ("Most sophisticated coffee house in the country"—*Time*), is lining up a wing-ding for the Shrine March 30. Already set to topline the bill is the **Miles Davis Quintet**. Meanwhile, blues singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** and the **Ben Webster Quartet** are back in Shapiro's Strip spot.

Blues shouter **Clarence "Big" Miller** returned from a swing through three colleges and one high school with **Shelly Manne** and **His Men**. They played to stand-up applause, according to the singer, at Denver University, the University of Wisconsin, Notre Dame, and a Milwaukee high school before returning west . . . **Bobby Troup** returned to **Joe Kirkwood's** bowling alley in company with guitarist **Howard Roberts** and bassist **Leroy Vinnegar**, just back from Paris, France. When expansion of the place is completed, **Vic Damone** is re-

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ported set to open a new room there . . . Another Valley spot that jumps two evenings a month (huh?) is Cappy's. Jazz nights are now set for the second Wednesday and Thursday of every month. Recent groups booked there include the **Barney Kessel Quartet**, the **Paul Horn Quintet**, **Shorty Rogers and his Giants**, and the **Cal Tjader Quintet** . . . Monday nights are guest sit-in nights at the Rubaiyat Room of the Watkins Hotel. The **Dodo Coker Trio** is resident.

Don Erjavec's American Jazz Society dance band will play a wee lick of jazz for the Music Educators National Conference March 29 at Santa Monica High School. This marks the first time the educators have programed a jazz section in their conference . . . **Richard Holmes**, organist-discovery of World Pacific's **Dick Bock**, who brought him to the coast from Philadelphia, cut his first WP album during a stand at the Masque club here . . . **Terry Gibbs'** new Verve big-band LP was recorded live from the Summit Club. World Pacific lost comptroller **Ronald Kass** to Europe's *Interdisc*. No replacement at WP's Beverly Hills headquarters has yet been named . . . The **Doug Marsh Quartet** followed **Billy Ussleton's** group into the Valley's Prelude Room. In addition to vibist Marsh, the group consists of **Gabor Szabo**, guitar; **Mort Klauffer**, bass; **Art Anton**, drums . . . **Ahmad Jamal** will play background music with orchestra for a deluxe, leather-bound album package of Islamic philosophy and poetry recited by Algerian Kahlil Bezaleel. It's titled *The Psalms of Bezaleel* and is due out soon on an indie label. The album will be priced at \$29.95.

Dick Reynolds is writing arrangements for singer **Don Barbour's** first album for Capitol. It's Barbour's solo debut on record. He left the Four Freshmen recently . . . The new **Stan Kenton Orchestra** (that's the one with the mellophoniums, or elaphones) cut two initial albums at the Goldwyn movie studios the end of February prior to leaving for the Las Vegas Riviera . . . Tenorist **Vince Wallace** is leading regular Sunday sessions at Hollywood Riviera's Port Of Call club . . . **Max Steiner**, veteran Hollywood composer, was contracted by Warner Bros. to score a number of films during the year.

Here are the 10 songs in the running for an Oscar nomination (they will be whittled down to a final five): *Ballad of the Alamo*, *Cimarron*, *Facts of Life*, *Faraway Part of Town*, *Green Leaves of Summer*, *La chanson d'Orfee*, *My Heart Was an Island*, *Never on Sunday*, *The Second Time Around*, and *Somebody*.



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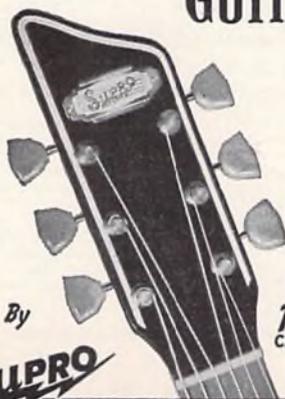
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WHERE & WHEN

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

NEW YORK

Apollo: Miriam Makeba to 3/23.
Basin Street East: Benny Goodman to 3/29.
Erroll Garner, 3/30-4/12.
Birdland: Slide Hampton, Olatunji to 3/22. Count Basie, 3/23-4/5.
Central Plaza: Johnny Letman, Cutty Cutshall, Zutty Singleton, others, wknds.
Copa City: Charlie Mingus to 4/1.
Downstairs at the Upstairs: Rose Murphy-Slam Stewart, *tjn*.
Half Note: Sonny Stitt to 3/26.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, *tjn*.
Metropole: Cozy Cole, Salt City Six, to 3/30.
Nick's: Roy Liberto to 5/6.
Roundtable: Nina Simone to 3/25.
Ryan's: Wilbur DeParis, *tjn*.
Versailles: Blossom Dearie, *tjn*.
Village Vanguard: Gerry Mulligan to 3/19.

CHICAGO

Birdhouse: Dizzy Gillespie, 3/29-4/9. Stan Getz, 4/12-23. Fred Kaz, Andy and Bey Sisters, 4/26-5/11.
Black Eyed Pea: Steve Behr, *tjn*. Dixie sessions, Sun.
Cafe Continental: Dave Remington, *tjn*.
Counterpoint: *unk*.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Jo Henderson, Tut Soper, *tjn*. Franz Jackson, Thurs.
London House: Barbara Carroll, 3/7-26. Audrey Morris, Eddie Higgins, *hbs*.
Mister Kelly's: Julie Wilson, 3/6-25. Marty Rubenstein, Dick Marx-John Frigo, *hbs*.
Orchard Twin-Bowl: Bob Scobey, *tjn*.
Red Arrow: Franz Jackson, wknds.
Scotch Mist: Tom Ponce, *tjn*.
Sutherland: Bill Evans to 3/26. Shirley Scott, 3/29-4/9.
Swing Easy: Gene Esposito, *tjn*.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: Teddy Buckner, *tjn*.
Black Orchid: Leon Walls, *tjn*. Mon. aftn. sessions.
Cascades: Pat Lido, *tjn*.
Compton Bowl: Jazz Generals, wknds.
Digger: Name grps., wknds.
Dragonwyck: Barney Kessel, opnd. 3/9.
Drift Inn (Malibu): Bud Shank, *tjn*.
El Sombrero: Dutch Pons, *tjn*.
Excusez Moi: Betty Bennett, wknds.
Frascati Chalet: Jess Stacy, *tjn*.
Gilded Rafter: Joe Darensbourg, Nappy Lamare, Marvin Ash, *tjn*.
Green Bull: South Bay Jazz Band. Monette Moore, wknds.
Handlebar: Dr. Jack Langles and Salts, wknds.
Honeybucket—Col. Henderson's Rebels, *tjn*.
Ichi Kai Tavern: Riverside Jazz Band, wknds.
Jimmie Diamond's (San Bernardino): Edgar Hayes, *tjn*.
Keyboard Lounge (Rosecrans): Curtis Counce, *tjn*.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *tjn*. Name grps., Suns.
Masque: Richard Holmes, *tjn*.
Prelude: Doug Marsh, *tjn*.
Port of Call: Sun. sessions.
Raffles: Vince Wallace, *tjn*.
Renaissance: Jimmy Witherspoon, Ben Webster, Jimmy Rowles, Red Mitchell, to 3/26. Miles Davis, 3/28-4/2. Bessie Griffin, Gospel Pearls, Sun.
Reno's (Long Beach): Freddie Slack, *tjn*.
Rosie's Red Banjo: Art Levin, wknds.
Rubaiyat Room, Watkins Hotel: Dodo Coker, *tjn*.
Shaps: Loren Dexter, *tjn*.
Sherry's: Pete Jolly-Ralph Peno, *tjn*.
Sherry's Barn: Vince Wallace, aft. hrs. sessions.
Shelly's Mannie-Hole: Shelly Manne, Ruth Price, wknds. Frank Rosolino, Mon. Red Mitchell, Tues. Richie Kamuca-Russ Freeman, Weds. Joe Maini, Thurs.
Sheraton West: Red Nichols to 4/1.
Vieux Carre: Vi Redd, Ernest Crawford, Richie Goldberg, *tjn*.
Zebra Lounge: The Jazztet, Redd Foxx, opnd. 2/21. Horace Silver, 3/30-4/9.



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Afterthoughts

By GENE LEES

Sen. Jacob Javits (R., N.Y.), a man I respect, has presented a bill to the U.S. Senate, proposing that a U.S. arts foundation be set up to advance the performing arts.

This is an interesting proposal that deserves careful study. I wish I could say simply whether I am for it or against it.

There are reasons why the arts need government support. When an artist is forced to make his living entirely from his art, he tends to compromise. He may make a good many brave little speeches to his friends about non-compromise, but he compromises constantly, in subtle little ways.

In past times, the church and the nobility financed art. The result? Painters wanting the support of the former had to paint religious subjects; artists producing for the latter had to be sure not to shake the nobles' delicate sensibilities. Read how Richelieu, with his Academie Francaise, whipped non-conforming artists into line, damaging their work.

On the other hand, when we junked aristocracy (and threw out the baby with the bathwater, as De Tocqueville and Ortega y Gasset understood), we sent art out to scuffle for survival. A Broadway play must be a "hit" to get by, and almost everyone aims for a hit. Many of our best jazz groups make the subconscious compromises necessary for popular acceptance—and we have to take the best they are *permitted to give us*, rather than the best that is in them.

Is it not reasonable, then, to think that government subsidy is the answer? In a way, yes. BUT . . .

I have lived in a society where the approach to the arts has become increasingly socialistic, an experience that few Americans have known. Having been born in Canada, I know what it is to listen to a government-owned radio network (the CBC), one that claims to be a champion of the arts.

Most of its output is soggy, precious, and dull. It is also, frequently, incompetent.

Directly or indirectly, the clammy hand of the CBC rests on all the arts in Canada. The CBC's staff has become stuffed and stuffy with phony, posing, precious, esthetes (I always feel that I will one day see one of them walking down the street with a lily in his hand) who pass appallingly dangerous judgments on what will and will not be heard by Canadians.

To be sure, they do some good things from time to time—excellent

Shakespeare, good ballet. They do it better than I have ever seen it on American TV—which, with its sickening advertisements and vicious westerns and predigested pap represents what happens when *big business* gets its irresponsible hands on the controls. They even get so daring as to present jazz from time to time, though I suspect that the motives are all the wrong ones.

To the American passionately in love with creative expression, the CBC may look attractive. You have to deal with it for a while, though. I remember a friend of mine, a French writer now back in Paris, who was making progress in the CBC. Then he met an executive who called him "*mon p'tit choux*", and he told the executive to go to hell and that was the end of that.

Perhaps it seems I exaggerate in laying stress on the CBC. But you'd have to know the Canadian culture to know why I do it: why I think the CBC is the cornerstone of the structure of thought about socialized art, how it is inextricably linked to government sponsorship of the arts. If you knew that, you would know why I foresee that a government foundation for the arts here would almost inevitably end up with some latter day Oscar Wilde at its head. And that would be unfortunate, to say the least.

There, then, is the dilemma: the sins of free enterprise in the arts illustrated by America's businessmen-dominated TV networks; the sins of socialized art seen in the dominance of the CBC by self-proclaiming esthetes with real or assumed English accents.

There must be an answer. Maybe a council such as Javits proposes would be a good one; I am inclined to think so. But it makes me nervous to contemplate, and I would hope to see a formidable array of protective devices built into it.



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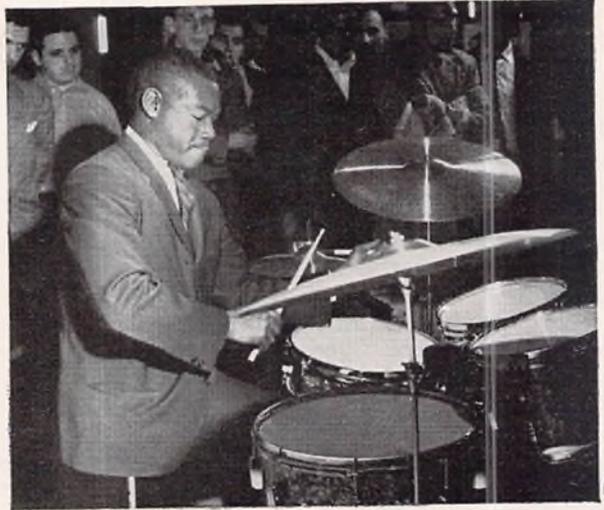


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Rogers Drums, 740 Bolivar, Cleveland 15, Ohio



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1. Buddy Rich, without a doubt the greatest of them all, held the audience spellbound.
2. Mickey Sheen runs through some numbers before an enthusiastic crowd.
3. Cozy Cole shows how much he likes that Rogers sound. Interesting that drummers on the Rogers bandwagon are, like Cozy, among the most respected in the country.
4. Roy Brooks, with Horace Silver, one of the country's rising young drummers, tries his hand at a new Rogers set. It was actually hard to tear the drummers away from the sets to close up at night.
5. Talent in a closet. Buddy Rich, Joe Morello and Jim Chapin (represented only by his hand in this photo) have an impromptu session in the clothes closet to compare notes.
6. The New York World-Telegram gave the Exhibit a four-column article, pointing up what's new in percussion. In the picture, Jim Chapin gives a drum lesson to the reporter --wearing earmuffs!

7. John Kirwan of the Ernie Mariani Trio won the Buddy Rich Celebrity Drum Set in the prize drawing. Offering congratulations are Rogers executives, Ben Strauss and Henry Grossman.
8. Charlie Perry takes off on a set of FIPS silent practice drums. FIPS won enthusiastic endorsement at the Exhibit.

ROGERS TAKES NEW YORK BY STORM

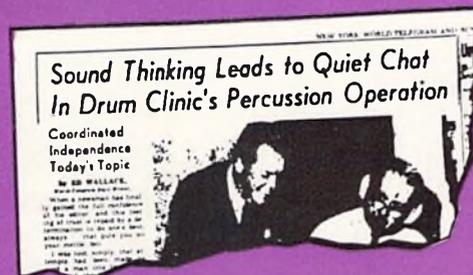
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THESE NAMES CAME

Run your eyes over the names of these top percussionists who were in attendance!

Buddy Rich
Cozy Cole
Joe Jones

Gene Thaler
Damon Buckley
Henry Adler

Joe Morello
Jim Chapin
Charles Perry
Morrie Feld
Mickey Sheen
Ellis Tollin
Saul Goodman
Ted Sommers
Roy Burnes
Lew Malin
Jake Hanna
Sonnie Greer
Sam Ulano
Floyd Williams

Zutty Singleton
Ted Reed
Stanley Krell
Roy Brooks
Phil Krauss
George Wettling
Sol Gubin
Joe Cusatis
Frank Caimi
Jimmy Young
Buster Bailey
Billie Dorn
Doug Allan

Rogers with SWIV-O-MATIC[®]

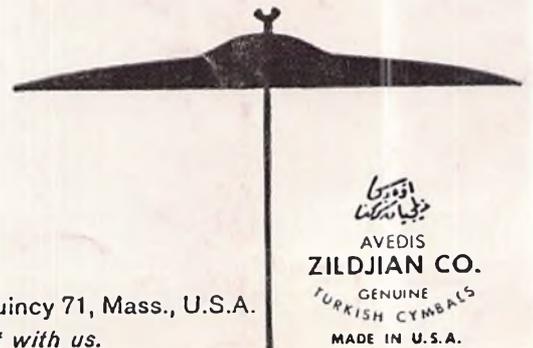
Don't boost. Schmuckmaker's 31

Listen to your cymbals. Others do!



Meet the toughest critics in the world. Jimmie Cobb, Don Lamond, Gus Johnson and Louis Hayes listening to a playback of their own work on RCA Victor's new stereo album. "Son of Drum Suite."

All four played Avedis Zildjian cymbals on this recording date because such critical ears as theirs will be satisfied with nothing short of perfection in cymbal sound. Only Avedis Zildjian cymbals fill the bill.



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Cymbal craftsmen since 1623...it has long been a fine art with us.