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SEPTEMBER 15, 1960 35¢

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THE FIRST CHORUS

by CHARLES SUBER

Who reads *Down Beat*?

If this question interests you, then you can imagine how it interests us. We must know to whom a copy of the magazine is sold, and more than something about that reader's tastes, preferences, and personal data. Without this material, the reader remains faceless. With it, he takes on certain features and traits of personality that makes communication between us easier and more successful.

To acquire this information, we mailed questionnaires (32 questions requiring 185 answers) to 4,500 *Down Beat* subscribers and newsstand buyers in the United States. When, after one month, we cut off the replies, 1,038 questionnaires had come back to us, a remarkable return of over 23 per cent. It is a distinct credit to the interest held in *Down Beat* by its readers that the questions were so completely and candidly answered. Here are some of the things we learned:

As a subscriber, the *Down Beat* reader has an average age of 28, as a

newsstander, 24. (Since 92 per cent of *Down Beat* readers are male, I trust the ladies will excuse the recurring masculine pronoun.)

The age spread is interesting. There are just as many (three and one-half per cent) readers 15 years old and under as there are 46 years old and over. The subscriber tends to be more married (42 per cent) than does the newsstander (23 per cent). This condition, rather naturally, leads to his having twice as many children. There are no important differences between subscribers and newsstanders as to occupation. They do anything and everything. But for the record, the top five job categories (65 per cent of the total) are, in order: office worker, student, (equally divided between high school and college), musician, salesman, engineer.


It is no surprise that our readers are musical. But now we *know* that at least 65 per cent of all readers own and play two instruments each . . . 73 per cent consider themselves amateur musicians . . . the top ten instruments played are, in order: drums, piano, saxophone, clarinet, trumpet, guitar, trombone, string bass, and flute.

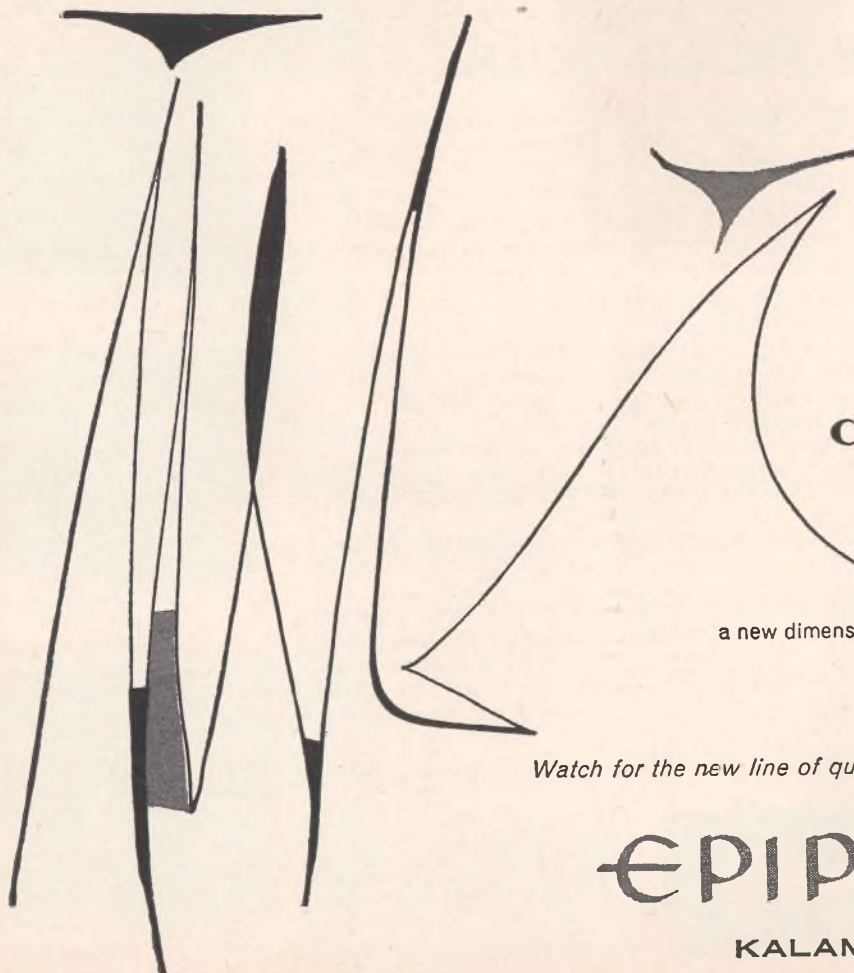
The average subscriber spends \$140 a year on records. The average news-

stander spends \$172 (remember, he is less married, with more disposable income). This averages out to 36 albums per year (80 per cent jazz; 11 per cent classical; 9 per cent pop). Only three or four singles are purchased. (Watch this rise as more jazz singles hit the market.) Over 40 per cent of all the records are stereo. The performer is the prime influence in the purchase of a record with record reviews a strong second, followed by music selections, air play, and label.

As for audio equipment, 87 per cent of all readers own high fidelity systems, 60 per cent of which are comprised of components. The subscriber has \$469 invested in his system (his wife listens, too), the newsstander, \$332. Over 40 per cent are equipped to play stereo.

The editorial analysis is too complex to capsule here, but would you really be surprised that George Crater is praised and damned in equal proportion? Or that record reviews are regarded as the single most important feature?

So there is a necessarily brief sketch of the *Down Beat* Everyman. (The full readership study runs 52 printed pages.) We thank those of you who provided the answers we needed. It is now up to us to use our new knowledge wisely and well—for all our sakes. 



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SEPT. 15, 1960

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ON THE COVER

One of the most sensitive musicians in jazz is alto saxophonist Paul Desmond—as you would almost know from this striking portrait of Paul by photographer Ted Williams, even if you had never heard Desmond. Marian McPartland's authoritative article on Desmond is on Page 15. Of the cover photo, which catches Paul adjusting his reed, the altoist said, "That's the story of my life."

PHOTO CREDITS—Hal Lobree on Page 13, Don Goodaker of the Evansville Press; Ira Sullivan on Pages 18 and 19, Ted Williams; Les McCann on page 20, Allen Epstein.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Thumbs up for Nat

I would just like to say "hats off" to Nat Adderley for his rebuttal of Ira Gitler's and Charlie Mingus' charges of "overfunk" and plagiarism in regard to the Cannonball Adderley group . . .
 Orlando, Fla. John E. Frazier

The jazz world should be thankful for Nat Adderley.
 Pittsburgh, Pa. Ed Leach

Newport

In the July 7 issue of your magazine, the article titled *Festival Season 1960* seems to be a prediction of what was to occur at Newport July 2.

I was among the thousands who were lucky enough to have tickets ahead of time. I was inside Freebody park and didn't realize such an unfortunate situation was destroying the Newport Jazz festival. The point is: why was it allowed to materialize if it was so apparent that this could happen?
 Brockport, N.Y. Roy D. Goold

Even now I find it hard to view that July 4 weekend objectively. For one thing, I was impressed by bitterness between the rival festivals. It was almost as if some stagehand had erected a backdrop of bitterness and calumny for the big "show" Saturday night.

Now, I have no great love for the folks who put on the festival. I have taken my turn at lambasting their commercialism, etc., as others have done. Still, it seems a shame that the first year the festival has shown a willingness to profit by its past mistakes has to be the year of catastrophe.

I only heard the "rivals" Sunday night, and that session seemed very dull with interminably long sets and little variety between selections. Ornette sounded better than on records, however.

The whole thing is that Newport, whether we want it to or not, represents jazz to the lay public, and I would say that the average newspaper-reading member of the lay public has an interesting if inaccurate picture of the average jazz fan by now.

Perhaps the riots will serve a beneficial purpose by causing a re-examination of the purpose of Newport and festivals like it, with a consequent increase in quality, even if it means smaller audiences and higher prices.

Anyhow, if Newport (or the idea that Newport represents) must be moved, move it. There's no point in letting the wound be a fatal one. And maybe the patient will be even healthier after its forceful amputation from camp followers interested in the social but not the sociological, cacophony but not culture.

Roanoke, Va. Arthur Hill
Roanoke Times

Thanks for the fine reporting on this year's Newport Jazz festival (*Down Beat*, Aug. 18). John Wilson's review of the music was great, as was Gene Lees' colorful, unbiased report on the trouble. I know. I was there. And that's precisely the way it was.

I left . . . shamefully . . . right after the riot turned the area into a shambles. In fact, I left so hurriedly that I forgot to buy a festival program for my personal collection. They were being sold only in the park. But your stories of what went on inside Freebody park, and what went on outside the park to kill this great event, compensate in part for my thoughtlessness. Thanks again for a great job.
 Brooklyn, N.Y. John Sibley

Down Beat's circulation department reports that it still has some Newport festival programs that were returned from Freebody park. They go for \$1, as long as they last.

I'm not sure whether a disc jockey's opinion would be welcomed at this point concerning the recent Newport problem, but since I program the only lengthy jazz segment on WCTC, I'll go ahead and put in my 2 cents' worth.

I read Eugene Lees' report on the situation with mixed emotions. I got home the other night from the studio at about 2 a. m. and started reading it. I hate to sound like a sentimental slob but I could have shed a tear over the confusion, lack of understanding, lack of trust that was apparent during the early days of July.

I want to extend my congratulations to Mr. Lees for a marvelous job of reporting and to express my heartfelt sadness over an incident that, as far as I'm concerned, had nothing to do with jazz, but rather with a breakdown of human understanding. Jazz has giant roots and is now and always was a part of this country's great history, which cannot be marred by the actions of those few who from time to time insist on taking part in something they don't particularly like or understand. Of course, I'm talking about those who were outside Freebody park.
 New Brunswick, N. J. F. Bruce Parsons Jr.

Anger at the Press

No doubt you are as angry as I over press association coverage of the "jazz concert riots" in Windsor, Ont. The Associated Press and United Press International both carried the statement that the Canada trouble was the third such incident this summer, the others being those at Newport and in England.

I am telegraph (wire) editor of the *Huntington Advertiser* and naturally was
Continued on Page 8

PAUL DESMOND
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appalled to read the stories, but the UPI coverage really made my temperature soar. In the 12th or 13th paragraph, UPI stated that the stars of the "jazz" show were Dakota Staton and the Coasters.

I immediately dashed back to the Associated Press bureau, which is on the Advertiser's third floor. The AP correspondent dutifully placed my query to Detroit's AP bureau on the wire. I questioned the accurateness of calling a rock-and-roll concert a jazz event.

Next I telephoned the Charleston, W. Va., bureau of UPI, obtaining a promise from staffer Fred Ferris to query Detroit about usage of the word "jazz."

About an hour later, Detroit answered thusly: "The concert was billed as a jazz concert, as are virtually all pop concerts in Detroit. We realize Staton is pop singer and Coasters are rock 'n' roll and are not jazz artists in the purest sense."

So the nation's radio, television, and newspapers carried word and picture coverage on the "jazz riots" at Windsor, with millions of laymen getting the opportunity to associate jazz with hoodlums, juvenile delinquency, and narcotics.

I suggest that all *Down Beat* readers who care about jazz regaining its hard-won prestige write to their local radio and television stations, along with their daily newspapers, to protest this biased, unfair, inaccurate, and libelous reporting.

Incidentally, the Advertiser carried the Windsor story with the concert properly billed as rock-and-roll.

Your story on the Newport disaster was a brilliant piece of reporting; the only other piece done in proper perspective appeared in *Variety*, and laymen do not read that publication.

Bob Powers

Down Beat has repeatedly protested the ill-informed and inaccurate reporting done on music, particularly jazz, by newspapers and wire services. In the last issue, editor Gene Lees questioned whether most newspapers are really in touch with American society.

Newport coverage was distorted by many headline writers. But the Windsor riot was a flagrant example of sloppy reporting at source by both AP and UPI. *Down Beat* urges that its readers take action to stop repetitions of such incidents.

We suggest that you follow Mr. Powers suggestions, and also write to the men in charge at both AP and UPI to protest such reporting. If you truly care about jazz, whether you are a musician or a layman, don't just think about doing it—DO IT! And do it now.

The men to write to are:

Mr. Roger Tatarian
Managing Editor
United Press International
220 E. 42nd St.
New York 17, N. Y.

Mr. Alan Gould
Executive Editor
Associated Press
50 Rockefeller Plaza,
New York 20, N. Y.



STEREO SYSTEM FOR A MILLION-AIRE: 4 SELECTIONS *Gentlemen's Quarterly* magazine asked James Lyons, editor of *The American Record Guide* (the oldest record review magazine in the United States), to poll hi-fi authorities on which audio components they would choose for the best possible stereo system, without any regard for price.

Three writers in the audio field and one audio consultant made up independent lists. The ideal systems they projected in the April, 1960 issue of *Gentlemen's Quarterly* are suitable for discriminating millionaires—one of the systems, using a professional tape machine, would cost about \$4000.

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NEW YORK

Jazzman **Don Elliott**, composer of the score for *A Thurban Carnival*, left the show at the Opera house in Central City, Colo., to return to New York to appear as a guest artist on two television shows. On *Music for a Summer Night*, over ABC-TV, he performed a work for mellophone written for him by **Teo Macero** and titled *Concerto for a Summer Night*. Under the baton of **Wilfred Pelletier**, guest conductor of the ABC Symphony, Elliott played what is believed to be the first concerto ever written for mellophone and orchestra. On the same program, trumpeter **Joe Wilder** played the Haydn trumpet concerto. A few days later, Elliott played music he had written to showcase his talents on the CBS *American Musical Theater*.

The big band of **Quincy Jones** played in the Swedish Folk gardens in Berlin, Germany, during August. Tenor saxophonist **Budd Johnson** has left the band . . . German jazz critic **Joachim E. Berendt** has returned to his home in Baden-Baden after touring the United States with photographer **William Claxton** in search of jazz material and photographs for a new book on jazz, to be published in Germany. Berendt was home in time to see on German TV the production of a ballet for which he contributed the basic idea. **Maurice Bejart** wrote the work, which is danced by the Ballet Theater of Paris to the music of **Duke Ellington's** *Such Sweet Thunder* . . . **Eric T. Vogel**, American correspondent for the German publication *Jazz Podium*, is sending taped radio shows to Nord-Deutscher Rundfunk, the largest network in Germany, at Hamburg. Subject of the first show, broadcast Aug. 29: **Ornette Coleman**.

There is a surge of interest in jazz down Mexico way. **Harry James** and **Stan Kenton** both have played extended engagements south of the border recently. And now journalist **Jose Luis Duran** of Mexico City is advocating that the Newport Jazz festival be held in Acapulco next year.

Gunther Schuller's *Little Blue Devil*, a recent composition inspired by a Paul Klee painting, was performed by a New York University chamber orchestra as a part of the first program in a series of four concerts . . . The **George Russell Sextet** spent two weeks at the School of Jazz in Lenox, Mass. Composer Russell taught a class in composition, with the members of his jazz group attending the lectures . . . **William R. Dixon**, founder and musical director of the United Nations Jazz Society, gave a two-hour lecture, *The Anatomy of Contemporary Jazz*, at the Merryall Community Center in New Milford, Conn.

Disc jockey **Bob Shields**, whose jazz show was bounced off WGHF-FM, Brookfield, Conn., joined WEAV-AM and FM in Plattsburgh, N.Y., last June and is now in charge of jazz presentations on the station. **Chris Albertson**, of Philadelphia's jazz station WHAT-FM, is in the process of re-assembling the original **Elmer Snowden** Nest club band of more than 30 years ago. Snowden was the banjoist with the

(Continued on Page 39)



Jones



James

down beat

Down Beat

September 15, 1960

Vol. 27, No. 19

MORE TROUBLE FOR JAZZ

Less than a month after the fiasco of Newport, jazz was smeared again by young punks with little and probably no interest in the music.

At Windsor, Ont., Canada, a dance that had been misleadingly booked and publicized as a "jazz festival" ended in a riot in which two Detroiters were hospitalized with knife wounds. And the fifth annual Beaulieu Jazz festival in England resulted not only in a riot but saw the whole thing pumped out to the nation over British Broadcasting Corporation television.

What made the Windsor fracas particularly distasteful was that it involved Americans rioting on Canadian soil; the show-goers had crossed the river to the Canadian city. The *Free Press* editorialized that the rioters had, aside from everything else, violated a cardinal rule of trans-border behavior in making trouble in a country in which they were guests. But the *Free Press'* fairness ended there: managing to blur over the fact that the Windsor show was mostly a rock-and-roll performance, the newspaper suggested cancellation of the upcoming Detroit Jazz festival, on the grounds that jazz festivals had evidently become breeding grounds for violence.

The *Free Press* made no editorial comment on the jazz festival which, in peace and decorum, was being held in Evansville, Ind., at the same time as the Detroit riot (see page 13).

What made the Windsor mess particularly awkward for jazz lovers was that they could not *entirely* dismiss it as a rock-and-roll show. One of the performers in the show was James Moody and his fine little jazz group. There, too, was Dakota Staton, a pop singer on the fringes of jazz. (Ironically, Dakota had been a performer the night before at Evansville.)

But the Windsor show was nonetheless a rock-and-roll event, even if promoter Frank Brown had publicized it as a "jazz festival." In point of fact, it wasn't even a festival, nor even a concert: it was a dance. And one of its headliner groups was the Coasters, a rock-and-roll outfit. Promoter Brown himself is known chiefly for his rock-and-roll shows, and has a rock-and-roll following that evidently followed him

right over to Windsor. Finally, the emcee of the show was Joe Howard, a Detroit rock-and-roll disc jockey.

Forty-seven Windsor cops had to use nightsticks and muscle to clear the Windsor Arena of the crowd of 4,500, mostly Negro. (Negroes had had reason for pride in the fact that there were no Negroes involved in the Newport riot; Windsor wiped that out.)

Again, jazz had nothing to do with triggering the trouble. Police said the riot evidently grew out of the hostility between two Detroit gangs. First there was shoving and name-calling, then bottles were thrown, then knives came out. "It looked like 500 knives were flashing," an arena doorman said.

The *Free Press*, in suggesting that the jazz festival be called off, recognized that jazz fans had had little, if anything, to do with the riots of recent weeks, and thought it was too bad that people who enjoyed jazz might have to be deprived of it because of the antics of these others. But for community safety, it suggested, maybe jazz festivals should be halted.

What the paper was suggesting was the establishment of a rather fascinating forensic precedent—punish the victims instead of the transgressors. While such an Alice-in-Wonderland conception of justice, applied to the society as a whole, might make the job of law enforcement push-over easy, it was hard to see how it would bring much social order. Jazz lovers reading the paper's editorial just shook their heads.

The riot in England, on the other hand, occurred at a bona fide jazz event. Johnny Dankworth's big band was playing for a crowd of 10,000 at the Beaulieu festival when about 100 teenagers began scrambling up metal scaffolding used by the BBC TV crews to mount their lights. One hooligan had climbed to the top of a carousel behind the bandstand; the other youngsters, seeing he had managed to get his face on television, promptly began the mass climb. The scaffolding collapsed under their weight, falling dangerously near a live power cable.

BBC crews found it necessary to beat off several youths who were trying to steal a zoomar lens, worth thousands of dollars, from a camera.

A piano was destroyed.

Instrument cases and arrangements were scattered.

A small building was set afire.

Bandleader Acker Bilk, trying to get on the stand to continue the program, was booed by one faction of the crowd, who threw apple cores and eggs at him.

With the help of four fire engines, 20 ambulances, and scores of policemen, the rioting was brought to an end. Some 40 persons had been hurt.

Again the pattern of Newport showed itself. Bandleader Bilk said, "I don't think the trouble came from genuine jazz fans but from imitation, phony beatniks."

But unlike Newport, the festival went on. About 100 youths helped remove the debris, and were given free tickets for the last two days of concerts for their efforts.

If phony beatniks and young punks had been enormously guilty of damaging jazz, they were not alone. The Windsor riot saw both Associated Press and United Press International doing an extremely sloppy reporting job. Without digging below surface facts, they covered the Windsor disturbance as a "jazz riot." (See *Chords and Discords*, and *Perspectives* this issue, *Afterthoughts* in the Sept. 1 issue of DB.)

Most of The U.S. press was continuing its great tradition of smearing jazz through its own unshakable squareness.

THE HIGH COST OF CANNING

Some sobering statistics recently released by the American Federation of Musicians clearly show how deeply imported "canned" soundtrack has cut into the earnings of musicians active in telefilm field.

Latest figures reveal Hollywood musicians alone suffered a \$3,500,000 loss through the use of "canned" track in 1959.

Yet, those telefilms produced with soundtrack recorded by AFM musicians last year yielded a total payment to the union of \$1,560,000.

Pointing out that even a mere 10 per cent increase in telefilm work would net musicians \$156,000 they cannot now claim, the union renewed its urging for a stepped-up mail campaign of protest to sponsors sanctioning the "canned" music and to congressmen demanding legislative action against the imported soundtrack.

END OF ANOTHER JAZZ ROOM

If Toronto had gained a reputation as a jazz center in the last decade, the Colonial tavern was to some large extent responsible for it.

The first Toronto club to present jazz on a regular basis, the Colonial booked the Jimmy McPartland band 10 years ago and found that jazz pulled such a crowd that Harvey and Goody Lichtenberg, its owners, made jazz their policy. Since then, virtually every major name in jazz had played there — Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Woody Herman, Dave Brubeck, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Billie Holiday, Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, and countless others.

But they will play there no more: late in July, the Yonge (pronounced Young) St. jazz room went up in flames. The \$85,000 fire was blamed on defective wiring.

Art Hodes, who was working the room at the time and lost band uniforms in the fire, said, "There goes 10 years of a good club." Hodes' drummer lost a set of drums in the blaze. After 22 fire trucks and 120 firemen had extinguished the three-alarm fire, Hodes went into the room, and mourned the charred remnants of the Steinway piano there — a sentiment that pianists everywhere, used to the bad pianos common in night clubs, will share.

But the most disturbing factor about the fire was the hole it opened in the jazz-room circuit. Both Fack's II in San Francisco and Chicago's Blue Note have folded in recent weeks in the midst of financial difficulties. Both rooms were important because they were locations at which bands and small groups, weary from one-nighters, could sit down for a while and take an all-important breather. With the end of the Colonial, another link in the chain was now missing.

J. J. FOLDS HIS GROUP

The musician-leader on the road has more than his fair share of problems, most of them involving money—traveling expenses, living expenses, and salaries sufficient to keep his sidemen happy. What is more, according to trombonist J. J. Johnson, a band on the road needs a hit record to get the right kind of money and steady bookings these days.

These problems have been affecting J. J. for some time, detracting from his writing time and even occupying his thought when he would have preferred to think about his playing. And for several months rumors have been circulating in the business that he was about to break up his excellent sextet.

Miles Davis offered J.J. a job with his group, but the trombonist held on.

Last month, J. J. announced that he was indeed disbanding, but he denied that his was a hard luck story. "It's not that at all," he said, and added:

"We worked as much as any jazz band in the country. You can't name a top jazz club we haven't played. But you've got to admit, the road for a jazz sextet isn't what it used to be for the big band leader with a name. They could go out and play one-nighters every night and pile up the loot.

"But a jazz combo will do two weeks at the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco and three days later start a week at Birdland in New York. Then you might be off four days, waiting to play a single college date 350 miles from Manhattan."

The booking situation has been complicated further for jazz groups by the disappearance of the Blue Note in Chicago, Fack's II in San Francisco, Storyville in Boston, and the Colonial in Toronto (see *End of Another Jazz Room*, above).

J. J. will not want for work. Though he has been a consistent winner of the *Down Beat* Readers poll and International Jazz Critics poll since 1955 as a trombonist, he is known almost as much

THINGS

☆☆☆☆☆

TO COME

☆☆☆☆☆

The next issue of *Down Beat* is the annual School Band Issue. In it, you will find Dave Bittan's story on the growth of the school band movement, a report on the National Dance Band Camp at Bloomington, Ind., and a complete big band arrangement written by *Down Beat* columnist Bill Mathieu for the Duke Ellington band, and recorded by Columbia for release in January.

But all the emphasis won't be on school bands. The issue will be larger than normal to permit inclusion of all the regular features and articles, including a special piece on John Coltrane—written by Coltrane in collaboration with Don DeMicheal. Coltrane's frank self-analysis clears away a good deal of the fog that has gathered around this controversial and enormously influential tenor saxophonist.

In addition, Ira Gitler has written an evaluation of the Maynard Ferguson band—an organization that has grown, evolved, and improved since Maynard was featured on the cover of last year's School Band Issue.

Look for these features in the Sept. 29 issue, on newsstands Sept. 15.

among musicians for his writing skill.

In the can at Columbia records is an album featuring J. J. on trombone backed by six voices. He composed and arranged the music for the project. When he goes to the Monterey Jazz festival later this month, he hopes to find six singers who will enable him to do some of the works from the album.

Johnson's writing, in fact, has embraced an impressively broad spectrum of music. He did many of the arrangements for the unusual *Trombones, Inc.* album released last year on the Warner Bros. label. In 1957, the Jazz and Classical Music society of Columbia Records commissioned him to write a classical work with jazz overtones for a brass ensemble album. An LP was recorded. On one side was Gunther Schuller's *Symphony for Brass and Percussion*, and on the other were works by John Lewis, Jimmy Guiffre, and Johnson. The Johnson composition was *Poem for Brass*. The orchestra was under Schuller's direction. Johnson and Miles Davis were added to the symphony orchestra to play the intricate brass passages.

When Dizzy Gillespie heard the album for the first time a few months ago, he called Johnson long distance. "Man," he said, "I didn't know you could write like that. I want you to write a big band brass ensemble for me as soon as you can."

J. J. is now at work on the project. As soon as he has finished that, he plans to write a brass ensemble for himself—if he can find the time. He has just completed a three-week stint teaching at the School of Jazz in Lenox, Mass., and shortly after the Monterey festival, he is scheduled to tour Europe with Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic. After that, Granz wants him to collaborate with Gerry Mulligan on a Verve album, to be titled, not surprisingly, *Gerry Mulligan Meets J. J. Johnson*.

The other members of the Johnson sextet are equally likely to stay busy. Less than 24 hours after the word was out that J. J. was disbanding, pianist Cedar Walton and drummer Albert Heath were snapped up by the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet, which, curiously enough, has the same instrumentation as the Johnson group. Trumpeter Freddie Hubbard is taking time out to get married, leaving only tenor saxophonist Cliff Jordan and bassist Arthur Harper temporarily unaccounted for.

"I think of all the new crop of fine young jazz pianists on the scene today," J. J. said, "Cedar Walton is one of the best. And everyone in New York is raving about Freddie Hubbard. We worked up some good things featuring all the men in the group."

He added: "I'm sure going to miss the group."

EVANSVILLE



.. a report on
the festival

that may have
saved
them all

INDIANA
LIKES
JAZZ!



INDIANA
LIKES
JAZZ!

While Detroiters were rioting at a rock-and-roll show — incorrectly publicized as a jazz show by the news wire services—in Windsor, Ont., the nation was paying little, if any attention, to a quiet miracle that was occurring in Evansville, Ind.

There, with only two weeks of preparation and publicity to help them put it over, a jazz fan geologist named Hal Lobree, the Evansville Chamber of Commerce, and the Fraternal Order of Police were staging a jazz festival. They drew 16,000 people, and broke their financial nut for the event. The crowds were orderly but enthusiastic. When the three-day event was over, Evansville was busting its buttons with pride.

And while the Detroit *Free Press* was editorializing against jazz festivals, suggesting that they had become a source of danger—according to the evidence of Newport and the Windsor rock-and-roll show—Evansville's two newspapers were welcoming the Indiana Jazz festival (transferred from French Lick), police and visitors were treating each other with almost elaborate cordiality, and the Ohio river town was looking forward to next year's festival. As far as Evansville people, up to and including far-sighted Mayor Frank McDonald, were concerned, the jazz festival looked like a major boon to the town.

This "miracle of Evansville" started happening when Hal Lobree, a petroleum geologist, was crossing a street. A few minutes earlier, he had heard on the radio that the Sheraton corporation had cancelled the festival scheduled at French Lick after hearing about the trouble at Newport. French Lick, like Newport, was booked by George Wein, had gone in for popular music acts such as the Kingston Trio, and had been attracting crowds of rowdy college kids, just as Newport had. There was almost trouble last year. Now the hotel chain, which was never interested in jazz but only in what it could do for Sheraton cash registers, was pulling out.

The 35-year-old Lobree pondered the probable effect of the collapse of Newport and then French Lick and glumly decided it would set jazz back 10 years and maybe more in its fight for acceptance as an art form. There and then, and with only two weeks to go, he decided to move the French Lick event to Evansville and call it the Third Indiana Jazz festival. So sudden was the decision that a writer for the Evansville *Courier-Press* Sunday paper characterized Lobree as having a talent for "instant insanity."

But Lobree's record in business indicates, if anything, a spectacular lack of insanity. A former drummer (he still holds an AFM card), Lobree has become a rich man in oil. Whereas the



HAL LOBREE
at Evansville festival

national average is one productive wild-cat well for every nine drilled, Lobree boasts a 10-year average of one in two. "I thought I could bring this festival off if I worked at it as hard as I do the oil business," he said. "I asked myself if I was willing to work 22 hours a day for jazz for two weeks. And I decided I was."

Lobree called the Sheraton hotel chain and said he'd pick up the contracts they still held. Ensuing publicity in Evansville brought the Jaycees and Fraternal Order of Police into the fold. Mayor McDonald said the city would give its support.

Recognizing that there would be no time for committee thinking, Lobree set things up in such a way that he had virtual dictatorial powers in staging the festival. In the ferocity of his energies, he trod on a number of local toes. But after the festival, most local people were willing to admit that had it not been for these same "high-handed" methods, there would have been no festival.

Lobree's enthusiasm seemed to spread like a healthy fever through the whole town. He was determined that this would be a festival unlike any other. And when CBS radio crews arrived, along with Columbia a&r man Mitch Miller, to air the show nationally on the network's *World Jazz Festival*, they caught the fever.

By opening night, it was obvious that this would not be the greatest jazz festival, from a musical standpoint, that America had yet seen. Short of booking time, Lobree had filled the bill for the three nights with local groups and two groups usually associated with dancing—though the bands led by Lee Castle and Ralph Marterie do have some respectable jazz charts in their libraries. Even though he was short of top jazz names, Lobree refused to use strictly commercial names to pull the crowds: he cancelled the Brothers Four, who had been in the French Lick contract package.

Marterie opened the show. The Cannonball Adderley Quintet, playing exceptionally well, followed. Its increasingly tight, integrated sound owes much to the growing stature of drummer Louis Hayes, who was the first artist to knock the audience out with some brilliantly-executed solo work.

Then came a group billed as the Indiana Jazzmen. They provided the surprise of the festival. A tasteful little group which, while lacking individuality, managed to cook very nicely on occasion, it was led by Pete Dooley, a bass-playing Evansville disc-jockey who further doubled in brass by splitting the emcee chores with *Down Beat* editor Gene Lees. Dooley was largely responsible for the smooth timing of the three nights.

Featured soloist with the Indiana Jazzmen was Boots Randolph, an Evansville tenor player who had been scheduled to play Newport until the last two nights of that event were cancelled. An Evansville reviewer, evidently operating on the premise that the only way to demonstrate discriminating taste is to pan indiscriminately, coyly referred to the "Resistable Rhythms of Boots Randolph." But Randolph, as out-of-town musicians listening on the sidelines noted, is a very good tenor player, notwithstanding the Illinois Jacquet squeals and embarrassing excess of body English he puts into his playing.

Also adding to the quality of the Indiana Jazzmen was Roger Pemberton, an ex-Woody Herman baritone sax man who is now working toward a master's degree in music at Indiana University.

But as far as the audience was concerned, the big moment of the evening came when Benny Goodman came on stand fronting a 10-piece group that included Urbie Green, Jack Sheldon, Flip Phillips, and Red Norvo.

Playing trimmed-down versions of some of his 1939 standards, as well as more modern charts, Goodman got standing ovations from the crowd. Evidently feeling the fervor of the Evansville atmosphere himself, Goodman played superbly. His technique seemed to be in admirable shape, and he was clearly enjoying the task of fronting a band again—even if this group was scheduled to stay together only a few weeks.

There had been not a hitch in the show. Remarkably, every act went onstage exactly when it was scheduled. Said Mitch Miller, his duties as emcee of CBS radio's *World Jazz Festival* over for the evening, "It was a lot smoother than the first night of the Newport festival."

By the second night, the spirit had captured everybody. Dick Stenta, head of the CBS crew, stayed long after his own job was done, gave valuable advice on sound and lighting, and got as emotionally involved as Lobree. Lobree and Lees could often be seen backstage, in shirt-sleeves, feverishly helping the stage hands move drums and set up for the next act. Then they would mop their brows, look respectable, and Lobree would go back to his front-row seat to lead the cheering while Lees walked onstage to announce the next act. Stenta, looking as if he were about to get an ulcer, would be calling out, "Get those lights down, get 'em down!" And disc jockey Dooley, wearing a telephone headgear, would be giving the crews around the building their direct instructions.

Said Lobree later, "We had to fire from the hip, and we did." Said Lees, "There's been a lot of dumb luck in this

festival, but it's been beautiful to see."

Meantime, in New York, word was getting around among the musicians about Evansville. One musician asked a returning Benny Goodman bandsman, "What's this I heard about the way the people have been treating the musicians in Evansville?"

"Well, all I can tell you," was the reply, "is that when you go to Evansville, it's like going to Europe."

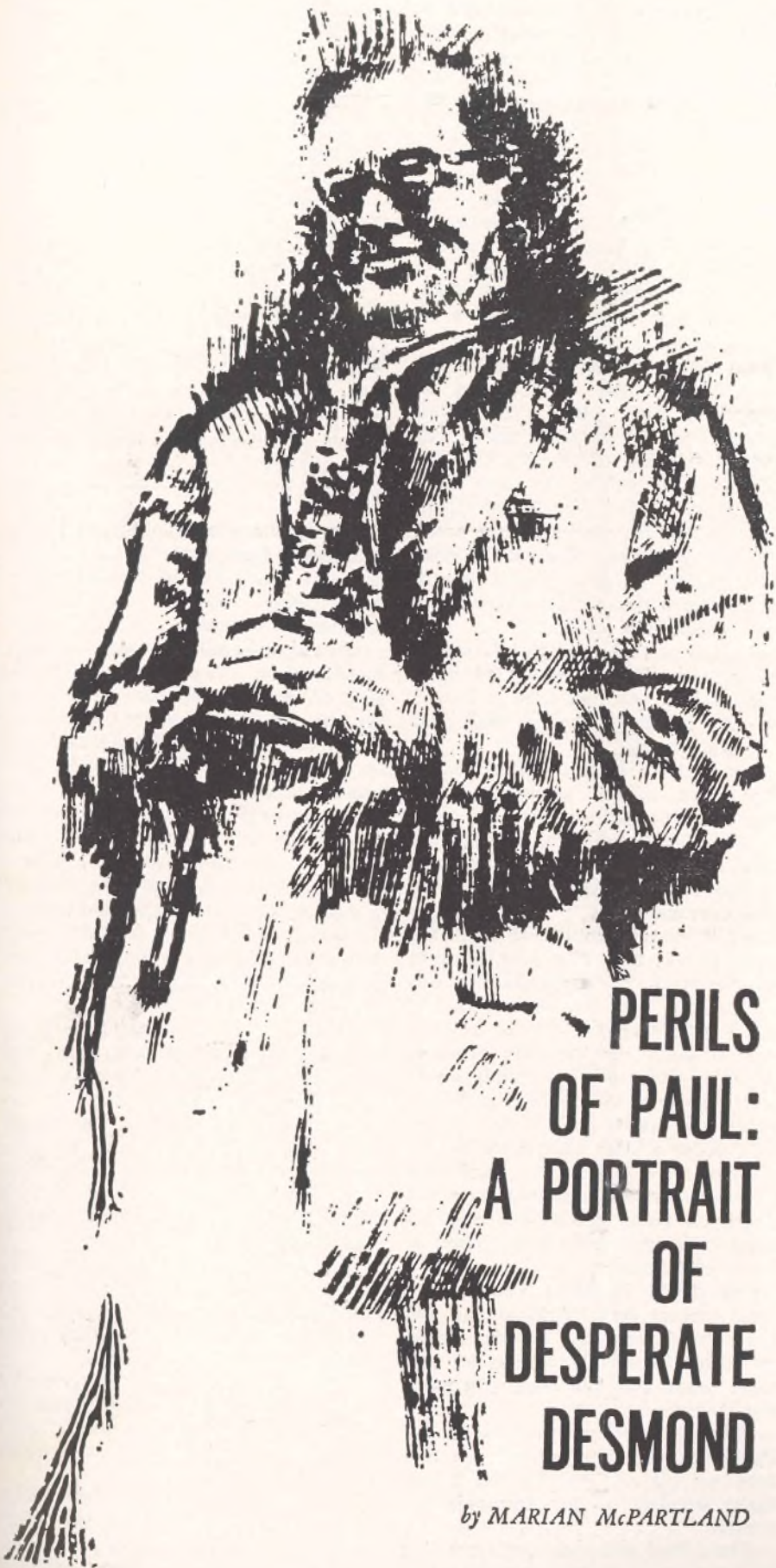
And so it was. As the musicians arrived, they were given a "hospitality sheet". It began by saying, "We do not wish to intrude on your privacy, but we want you to feel like honored guests." The sheet listed telephone numbers the musicians could call for a fantastic variety of services—free laundry, free automobile transportation with or without driver and even for plain pleasure driving, free meals in a dozen or more restaurants. Fresh handkerchiefs in envelopes were handed to musicians as they went on stage, and backstage, there were towels waiting for them when they came off, which police wouldn't let anyone else touch. "That's a switch," said pleased and astonished bassist Jim Atlas, there with the Cy Touff Quintet.

Meantime, local residents had offered musicians the use of their swimming pools and, in some cases, had offered to vacate their homes—which one doctor did on Saturday night, turning it over to Dinah Washington. The offers applied whether the musicians were Negro or white, even though Evansville is in southern Indiana, right across the river from southwestern Kentucky.

The second night opened with the Chico Hamilton Quintet, playing well and playing a harder variety of jazz than has been the group's wont. Back came Boots Randolph, this time playing a more squealing-type jazz than he had the night before. Meanwhile, Dinah Washington was late, and Lobree had to stretch performances by Randolph, the Milt Lambert Duo (Lambert is an Evansville pianist now living in New York) and the Jazz Central Octet from St. Louis. This led to a heavy lag in the middle of the evening, since none of the groups was capable of sustaining interest through such long sets.

Best of the regional groups this night was the octet, led by Harry Stone. Composed of St. Louis musicians (many of them ex-name band members now settled down to comfortable home life), this was an extremely tasteful group that has done much for jazz in the St. Louis area with concerts at high schools and colleges and elsewhere. But there was insufficient variety to keep things moving. Audience interest was sagging noticeably when on came the Cy Touff Quintet.

This group had been put together for
(Continued on Page 35)



**PERILS
OF PAUL:
A PORTRAIT
OF
DESPERATE
DESMOND**

by *MARIAN McPARTLAND*

A few months from now, the Dave Brubeck Quartet will celebrate its 10th anniversary as a unit. Few, if any, jazz groups now playing have endured that long, though the Modern Jazz Quartet is just about the same age. And few have achieved anything even approaching the broad acceptance that the group has found throughout the world.

Today, with a rhythm section comprising Joe Morello on drums and bassist Eugene Wright, the group is, in the opinion of many observers, playing better than ever before. It has not given in to apathy or the repetition of past successes that seem to rob almost all groups of their vitality when they have stayed together too long.

Why?

Undoubtedly a big reason is the tremendous mutual understanding and sympathy—both musical and personal—of Brubeck and his star soloist, alto saxophonist Paul Desmond.

Desmond's status in the group and in fact in the music business, is unique. With Brubeck, he has all the privileges of a leader, much of the acclaim, and few, if any, of the headaches and responsibilities. It is, as Paul puts it, "a limited partnership." He and Dave consult on choice of tunes, tempos, choruses, and so forth. He also takes a generous percentage of the group's earnings.

"In most groups," Paul says, "if they make it, the leader still goes on paying the same money to the sidemen. So eventually they split like amoebae all over the place. In this case, Dave and I worked out a pretty good arrangement some time ago, and that's the way it's been ever since."

One might assume, therefore, that Paul has a dream job. But on closer look, one is tempted to wonder if, for a man of Paul's talent—in many ways, untapped talent—it might be a gilded cage.

For Desmond has a mind that can only be called brilliant — incredibly quick, perceptive, sensitive. He is also remarkably articulate (his original goal in life was to be a writer, not a musician) and witty, with a skill at turning apt and hilarious phrases that leave his friends in hysterics. For example, when a drug company ran an ad for a tranquilizer that showed a bust of composer Richard Wagner (who suffered from splitting headaches) and said that if he'd lived long enough, the new product would have relieved his misery, Desmond promptly dubbed the product "post-Wagnerian anti-drag pills."

Some of his friends are even prone to collecting and quoting Desmondisms, the way in the classical world

musicians cherish and repeat the wisecracks of Sir Thomas Beecham.

And his conversation ranges over a vast variety of subjects. Of Jack Kerouac he said, "I hate the way he writes. I kind of like the way he lives, though."

Of *Vogue* fashion models, he said, "Sometimes they go around with guys who are scuffling—for a while. But usually they end up marrying some cat with a factory. This is the way the world ends, not with a whim but a banker."

Of yogurt he said, "I don't like it, but Dave is always trying things like that. He's a nutritional masochist. He'll eat anything as long as he figures it's good for him."

And he said (self-revealingly) of contact lenses: "Not for me. If I want to tune everybody out, I just take off my glasses and enjoy the haze."

And so it goes. Acute perception of life goes on incessantly within Paul and finds its way out in pithy expressions that are only one part of his eloquence. Given so great a versatility (he is also a skillful photographer), such enormous public acceptance, and the respect of a heavy percentage of his fellow musicians, why should Paul not be perpetually blissful?

Alto player Lee Konitz, whose playing has been likened to Desmond's said recently, "There's an area in Paul that he hasn't been able to realize yet. That's why he gets so depressed—he needs more time to know himself, so that he will get to like himself better. I don't think he has enough time for reflection and thought. I feel that Paul has experienced greatness, and once this feeling of playing what you really hear has been felt by a player, it's difficult to settle for less than this."

"I feel pretty close to Paul," he added, "as I've gone through these things myself, and I still haven't reached the point where I'm happy with what I'm doing."

Paul Emil Breitenfeld ("I picked the name Desmond out of the phone book," he says) was born in San Francisco in 1924. His father played organ for silent movies, wrote band arrangements (and still does), and played accompaniments for vaudeville acts.

As a boy, Paul found family life difficult. When he was 5, his mother became ill and he was sent to live with relatives in New Rochelle, N.Y. In an odd way, his jazz career began there—in grammar school.

"They had a music period," Paul remembers. "Like a postgraduate kindergarten band, with psalteries and

chimes and all.

"By the end of the term I was getting to be like the Terry Gibbs of Daniel Webster, so they put me down for a solo at one of the assemblies. I was supposed to play one of those grisly semiclassical things. *Dance of the Bridge Trolls* by Glinka, one of those kind of things. Ridiculous. I figured if I just went out and made up something as I went along, it couldn't be any worse. So that's what I did, and it was a gas.

"It was the first thing I'd enjoyed doing. (I was kind of a walking vegetable as a kid. Amiable but unfocussed.) I didn't realize until about 15 years later that you could make a living doing this."

Paul returned home to San Francisco in 1936 and started going to Polytechnic high school. "I wanted to learn French," he said, "and I was kind of thinking of starting clarinet, but they were both at the same time. So I signed up for French and violin. Dad was very drug when I came home with the program. 'With the violin, you'll starve,' he said. 'Violin players are a dime a dozen. And French you don't need. Take clarinet.'"

So Paul started studying clarinet—and Spanish. "Which was kind of a drag last year when we were in Paris," he said. "El bombo grande. Well, you can't win 'em all."

Paul played in the school band, edited the school newspaper, and assiduously dodged all forms of exercise. "I discovered early in life that if you take gym first period, you can go into the wrestling room and sit in the corner and sleep."

But it was not until 1943 that Paul began to play alto. That year, he went into the army. For three years he was stationed in San Francisco with the 253rd AGF band. "It was a great way to spend the war. We expected to get shipped out every month, but it never happened. Somewhere in Washington our file must still be on the floor under a desk somewhere."

There were some good local musicians in the band, notably Dave van Kreidt, a tenor saxophonist and arranger who has been a great friend of Paul's ever since.

One day a friend of Van Kreidt's came through San Francisco. He was a piano player fresh off the ranch, en route overseas as a rifleman and eager to get into the band. His name was Dave Brubeck.

"We had a session in the band room," Paul recalled. "I remember the first tune we played was *Rosetta*. I was really dazzled by his harmonic approach.

Then, Paul said with that expression that tells you you'd better take him

with a grain of salt for a moment, "I went up to him and said, 'Man, like Wigsville! You really grooved me with those nutty changes.' And Brubeck replied, 'White man speak with forked tongue.'"

Whatever Brubeck and Desmond actually did say to each other, they did not meet again until after the war, when Dave was working around San Francisco, mostly at the Geary Cellar with a group called the Three D's. It was led by a tenor player named Darryl Cutler, and the bass player was Norman Bates.

"I went down and sat in," Paul said, "and the musical rapport was very evident and kind of scary. A lot of the things we've done since, we did then, *immediately*—a lot of the counterpoint things, and it really impressed me. If you think Dave plays far out now, you should have heard him then. He made Cecil Taylor sound like Lester Lanin."

Shortly after that, Paul hired Cutler's group away from him—"at some risk of life and limb; Darryl Cutler was a pretty rugged cat"—to work a few months near Stanford.

"It was a 60-mile ride and we were making about \$50 a night. I was splitting it with the guys and paying for the gas too. That's when I decided I really didn't want to be a leader. A lot of things we did later with the quartet began there.

"I've often wondered what would have happened if we'd been in New York at the time—whether it was really as good as I think it was. I have a memory of several nights that seemed fantastic, and I don't feel that way too often. I'd give anything for a tape of one of those nights now, just to see what was really going on.

"I know we were playing a lot of counterpoint on almost every tune, and the general level was a lot more loud, emotional, and unsubtle then. I was always screaming away at the top of the horn, and Dave would be constructing something behind me in three keys. Sometimes I had to plead with him to play something more simple behind me.

"It seemed pretty wild at the time; it was one of those few jobs where you really hated to stop—we'd keep playing on the theme until they practically threw us off the stand.

"Anyway, that's where the empathy between Dave and me began, and it's survived a remarkable amount of pulling and pushing in the 11 or so years since.

"Then the Dave Brubeck Octet started, mainly as a Saturday afternoon rehearsal group for the guys studying composition with Milhaud

(Brubeck, Van Kreidt, Bill Smith, Dick Collins, and Jack Weeks). I was the only musical illiterate with that group—I *wasn't* studying with Milhaud.

"I was going to San Francisco State college, studying to be a writer. It was the only major where you could get credit for anything you felt like taking—play-writing, social dancing, basket-weaving, anything. I finally decided writing was like playing jazz—it can be learned, but not taught.

"The social dancing was kind of wild, though, a sort of Arthur Murray for misfits. The girls were all sort of thin and 6 feet tall, and the guys were mostly scrawny with glasses like ice-cubes. We met twice a week in the basement of a Greek church near the school, and they had a hand-wound phonograph and about three records. I don't know how old they were, but on one of them, before the music started, you could hear a voice saying, 'What hath God wrought?'"

Time slipped by, and all of a sudden it was June, 1950. "My only jobs that year had been two concerts with the octet and a Mexican wedding," Desmond said. So he decided to take a job with Jack Fina's band. The job got him to New York, with plans in his head to leave the band and go on from there. "But when I arrived in New York," he said, "all that happened was that all the guys I talked to wanted my job with Fina, which was pretty discouraging.

"Meantime, back at the ranch, Brubeck had started the trio with the advice and support of our patron saint, Jimmy Lyons (then a disc jockey, now manager of the Monterey Jazz festival). Dave had also started his own record company, which was really a hurdle back in those pre-LP days. So I went back to San Francisco and stayed there for a while with my nose pressed firmly to the window, and in 1951 we started the quartet."

Even then Paul had a kind of veneration for Brubeck, compounded of affection, admiration, and respect. In answer to the oft-made observation that "Dave never would have made it without Paul Desmond," Paul says stoutly, "I never would have made it without *Dave*. He's amazing harmonically, and he can be a fantastic accompanist. You can play the wrongest note possible in any chord, and he can make it sound like the only right one.

"I still feel more kinship musically with Dave than with anyone else, although it may not always be evident. But when he's at his best, it's really something to hear. A lot of people don't

know this, because in addition to the kind of fluctuating level of performance that most jazz musicians give, Dave has a real aversion to working things out, and a tendency to take the things he *can* do for granted and spend most of his time trying to do other things. This is okay for people who have heard him play at his best, but sometimes mystifying to those who haven't.

"However, once in a while somebody who had no use for Dave previously comes in and catches a really good set and leaves looking kind of dazed."

Because of his affection for Brubeck,

Desmondisms

Some off-the-cuff comments on a variety of subjects.

Playing funky. It's kind of a trap. It's easy to do but the mental process involved is self-destructive. After a while it gets difficult to do anything else.

Brigitte Bardot. That was my favorite thing about playing England—all the girls looked like Brigitte Bardot, and all the guys looked like me.

Cocktail parties. Depends who's there.

Miltown. Depends who's there.

Bill Crow. Miltown.

Texas. No thanks.

One-nighters. It's a living.

Mantan. As Mort Sahl says, "If you can't believe in the sun, what can you believe in?"

Yoga. I could never cross my legs.

Ornette Coleman. One thing I'm really against is the tendency for everybody to play like everybody else. You'll hear someone developing and he'll have a definite style of his own, and then you hear him six months later and he sounds like whoever is currently fashionable. There's a lot of submerged individuality which will never appear, I think. That's one thing I like about Ornette. I'm glad he's such an individualist. I like the firmness of thought and purpose that goes into what he's doing, even though I don't always like to listen to it. It's like living in a house where everything's painted red.

Paul feels it sharply when his friend is criticized. And the Brubeck group has run into perhaps more than its fair share of criticism. Yet Paul usually gets off unscathed. Ira Gitler recently wrote a stinging review of a new quartet record. Yet he said, "Paul Desmond's playing is another proof that jazz has many shades of expression, that you can communicate deep emotion without histrionics. However, I'd like to hear him play a set with Al Cohn and Zoot Sims; I think it would prove stimulating."

And, though Desmond has characterized himself as the "disembodied sax-

ophonist of the Brubeck group," John S. Wilson wrote after the group's performance this year at Newport, "Desmond seems to be the bellwether of the . . . quartet. When he is uninspired, the entire group is affected, largely because Brubeck seems to push harder, bringing out the worst side of his playing. But when Paul is at the top of his form, Dave really relaxes."

Desmond seems to command an enormous amount of respect among fellow musicians, though by no means all of them. Miles Davis, who has put down a good many of his fellow artists, has said loftily, "I just don't like the sound of an alto played that way."

More specific in his criticism was alto saxophonist Jackie McLean. "Desmond's playing is pleasant—progressive—but not particularly moving to me. As far as technique is concerned, he has wonderful control of his instrument. But then, so has Dick Stabile. I feel that his playing is sort of a launching pad for Dave's music. But it's very lyrical, he plays good ideas, and they are his own ideas."

But Julian Adderley—who is Paul's archcompetitor for top alto spot in the various polls, most of which Paul has won in recent years—said, "I believe that Paul Desmond shares with Benny Carter the title of most lyrical altoist. He is a profoundly beautiful player." Sonny Stitt, another of today's top altoists, said, "He plays good music. He's not on Cloud 9 all the time, like some of those guys. I like him very much."

And Dizzy Gillespie, a sort of father figure for a great many of today's jazzmen, said, "Paul and Dave sure do something for one another. The ideas that Paul gets are in the same groove as Dave's. They seem to have terrific rapport. It takes a lot to get such cohesion between two people in a unit."

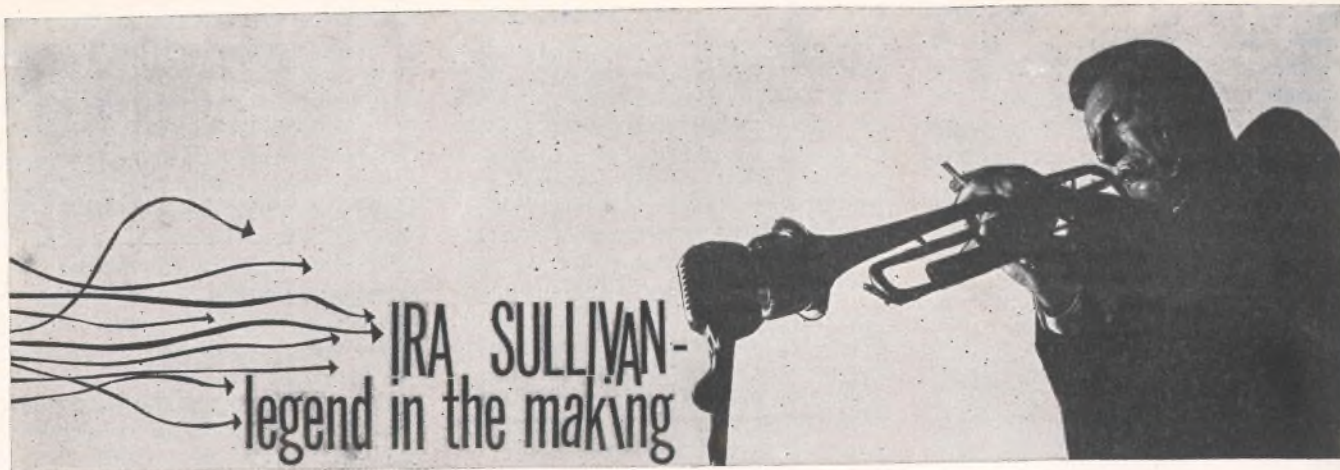
Perhaps the best appraisal of Paul Desmond and his music comes from the man who knows both better than anyone else—Dave Brubeck.

"I've heard him play more than anyone else has," Dave said, "and even after all these years, he still surprises me. There are so many imitators of Charlie Parker, and to me Paul is one of the few true individuals on his instrument. Musicians will put one idol before them and think that everything should revolve around this person and that everyone should play *his* way—and this curbs individuality.

"Paul's big contribution is going to be that he *didn't* copy Charlie Parker.

"I believe that Paul and I make a good team. We've had many conflicts

Continued on Page 37



by DON DE MICHEAL

One of the more fetching of the legends abounding in jazz lore is that of Texas pianist Peck Kelly. Musicians who heard him in the '20s and '30s shook their heads and shouted his praises.

But Kelly wouldn't leave his native state and is said to have turned down fabulous offers from many of the leading bands of that era. His pianistic skill, like Buddy Bolden's trumpet playing, became legendary through the verbal efforts of the handful of musicians and local listeners who heard him and the early jazz writers who picked up the legend.

Today, however, we are in an enlightened era for jazz—the era of innumerable LPs, press agents, managers, publicity, and all the other artifacts that attach themselves to an art that's become a big business. These are hardly times that spawn legends. Yet the reputation of Ira Sullivan is slowly taking on legendary proportions.

His name has a familiar ring to jazz aficionados, but his playing is little known outside a relatively small group of devoted Sullivan diggers. Among musicians, especially those in the middle west, there's an almost standard instruction given to Chicago-bound friends: "Be sure to hear Ira Sullivan—if you can find him."

Seemingly content to play sessions, or wherever someone will let him put horn to mouth, Sullivan can be next to impossible to track down unless you're in on the word-of-mouth jazz grapevine in Chicago. But when the seeker does find him, he's in for a three-course feast of virile jazz. Three-course because Sullivan is equally proficient on trumpet and alto and tenor saxophones.

Born in Washington, D.C., reared in Chicago, Sullivan at 29 can boast of 25 years of playing. When Ira was 4, his father, a commercial artist and music lover, began teaching him trumpet. At 6, he played well enough to take third place in a youth talent contest. ("I did a pretty good imitation of

Clyde McCoy," he recalls.)

Listening and learning from records and exploring the trumpet on his own—he's never had formal training on any instrument—Sullivan slowly gained control of his horn. At 13, he was jobbing around Chicago with amateur dance bands, playing like Harry James.

He first became aware of jazz while in high school when a schoolmate introduced him to the playing of Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins. At this time, he also heard some of the early Dizzy Gillespie records.

"I broke dad's heart when I lost my Harry James tone trying to play like Dizzy," he remembers, "but I wanted to play Diz's way. You know, it took me 45 minutes to copy a Harry James solo, but I spent four days learning Diz's solo on *Woody'n You*."

Itching to play jazz, he began jamming on Chicago's south side with other young lions who were around town at that time—Jimmy Raney, Wilbur Ware, Cy Touff, and Sandy Mosse. When he was 16, Sullivan worked his first concert for impresario Joe Segal at Roosevelt university.

(Segal, who is deserving of the title Ira Sullivan Fan No. 1, has been an integral part of the Sullivan career, providing work, advice, and moral support. The relationship between the two is a close and intimate one.)

One day when Ira was 17, his father brought home an old C-melody saxophone. He showed his son the correct embouchure and fingering. After a short exploration of the possibilities of the instrument, Ira began doubling at sessions. Within six months he was working his first job on alto.

Many and sundry gigs clutter the years following high school. ("I was a professional jammer from 17 to 20," he says of this period.) But Sullivan was rapidly gaining acceptance among the Negro musicians on the south side. This acceptance meant more to him than any well-paying job he might have worked.

"Most ofays didn't understand me," he explains. "They'd argue for an hour about who was to play what. But on the south side, we only wanted to play. We'd play with just tenor and drums if that's all that was there. It was an entirely different attitude."

One group he worked with at this time sticks in his mind. This was the trio he formed with pianist Kenny Fredrickson and drummer Guy Viveros, who Sullivan says could be one of the best drummers in jazz if he wanted to be.

"We played tempos that guys wouldn't even try today with a full rhythm section. And they swung. When we came into another club, the band would get off the stand without saying a word and let us take over," he fondly recalls.

In 1952, Ira's career took what seemed at the time a turn for the better—Frank Holzfeind heard him and hired him to play opposite George Shearing at the old Blue Note. Sullivan so impressed one booking agency that it signed him to a five-year contract. But instead of working jazz clubs, Ira found himself booked into rock-and-roll joints. He played the game, though:

"I walked the bar playing tenor, go out one door and come in another—the whole bit."

He soon became disgusted with the agency's handling of him and got out of his contract. "I started with Shearing and ended up rock and roll—just the opposite of what I thought would happen," he says. Since this unfortunate experience with booking agencies, he has avoided signing any contract.

Although he was through with bookers, he found he could make good money playing honking music—a mixture of stomping jazz, rock and roll, and showmanship. He formed a house-rocking group and went into a south Chicago club in 1954.

At the same time, he played off and on at the Beehive lounge, a Chicago club that brought in name jazzmen to work with local musicians. During this stint at the club he worked on tenor



with such well-known musicians as Wardell Gray and Bennie Green. Working both clubs on tenor, Ira began to neglect his trumpet and, realizing this, was disconcerted one day when the owner of the Beehive called.

"He wanted me to work a few days with Charlie Parker, but I was afraid my trumpet chops were in too bad shape," Ira recalls. "But I told him I'd think about it and call him back. After he'd hung up, I thought, 'Why should I turn down such a good chance to learn,' so I took the job.

"Those four days with Bird were the most thrilling of my life," Sullivan continued. "I told him about my chops and played a little tenor for him, but he said, 'Just crook your leg and blow your trumpet.'"

And Ira did crook his leg—he's had the habit of thrusting one leg in front of the other and bending it at the knee while playing since he was 6 years old—and blew his trumpet. So well, in fact, that Parker wanted Sullivan to come to New York to work with him.

This never came to pass—Parker died the next month.

Ira didn't get to New York until the summer of 1956 when Art Blakey hired him for the tenor chair with the Jazz Messengers. He was the first white musician to work with the group. This was the edition of the Messengers that included Donald Byrd, Wilbur Ware, and Kenny Drew.

But Ira wasn't happy just playing tenor; he wanted to play trumpet. He says he feels his taking the Blakey job on tenor was "the biggest mistake of my life."

He explains, "I was still under Sonny Stitt's influence at the time. I couldn't pick up my tenor without thinking of him. I had little originality, and I didn't want to be exposed to the public as a tenor man. I wanted to play my trumpet.

"I don't think Art ever thought of me as a trumpet player," he continued. "Nobody did except Bird."

After a month and a half, Ira and the Jazz Messengers parted company. He stayed around New York and recorded with J. R. Monterose for Blue Note and with Billy Taylor for ABC-Paramount. He continued his Chicago habit of sitting in wherever he could. Many doors were thrown open to him only to be closed again because of Ira's difficulties with the musicians union and with written music.

After six months of "living on candy bars" and desperately missing his wife and child, he returned to Chicago, broke and disappointed.

He took a job selling clothes in a suburban store and was so successful at it that the management began to take notice of him. But Ira couldn't forget music. When the Taylor record came out (*The Billy Taylor Trio Introduces Ira Sullivan*), he decided, "Now's the time to get back in jazz and never get out again until I make it."

Since that time, he has worked mostly around Chicago, leaving only for brief road trips with the Pat Moran Trio and other groups. He has recently recorded two LPs—one with Roland Kirk for Argo and one under his own name with Johnny Griffin for Delmar. Both are scheduled for early fall release.

But Ira Sullivan is more than a list of dates and names. He's more than a very moving musician who can play three instruments as well as the top men on each horn.

He's a strong personality—a man who conquered youthful foolishness by sheer strength of character. He's a musician intimately in touch with the world and the people who make up the world. He's a social being who loves these people deeply.

Some of his friends have expressed the feeling that he's like Bix Beiderbecke in that he seems to surround himself with musicians who can't hold a candle to him. But Sullivan says he feels that this isn't true.

"I'm interested in young guys," he said one night in a small club he was working. "They kinda look up to me. So when they come around to one of Joe Segal's sessions or someplace where I'm working, I talk to them. I strengthen their confidence. I can usually tell if a guy can play just by talking to him, so I ask them to sit in. Pretty soon, I end up working with them. Maybe that's where that playing with inferior musicians comes from. But I believe everybody has potential. To me, it's what a guy can develop from within himself that's important. It's more of an accomplishment if I can get up on the stand with a bunch of young cats and make them play above their heads than it is to play with established stars.

"I dig playing with the intellectuals at times, but then they begin to play

too cold. Then I get with the funky people, and I think, 'Yeah, this is it.' But then they get too down to earth, like we're forgetting everything we've learned.

"I want to play free. Sometimes when I'm alone, I do this—turn the time around and everything. But you don't get great until you're older. I feel I really won't *deserve* to get into anything until I'm 40."

Sullivan says he knows now that he should have stayed in New York, and one of his more immediate goals is to go back. But he won't do that, he says, until he's needed—"until I'm really wanted."

"I'd like to be a voice in jazz, and I want people to say Ira Sullivan was a good jazzman," he said. "But most of all I want people to know that unschooled musicians like me can still make it.

"I don't read very well, and I can't analyze what I'm doing, but I know what it means in here," he said as he pointed to his heart.

Sullivan warmed to the subject. He was laying open what makes his music so compelling. He went on:

"Music brings me closer to religion. It makes me feel exulted when a group I'm playing with gets that rapport—that creation—when they all surpass themselves. I get a feeling in my spine—starts at the bottom and goes up to my brain. Sometimes I've got to laugh it feels so good.

"It's the feel of the horn in my hands, in my mouth. It's more than going to school—this is my way of communicating with my God.


"I've got to express myself. If I lost my chops, I'd express myself through my hands. If I lost my hands, I'd express myself through my brain. I've got to communicate to people.

"I play for farmers up in Michigan, and if I can get some of these people snapping their fingers and patting their feet, it's more of a kick than getting a jazz crowd going.

"It's like a preacher going out and converting sinful people. It's the same with me—I get my message across. It doesn't mean anything to have a name; it's what's inside that's important.

"I know there's something that I've got that communicates to people. I've had them come up to me at sessions where everybody was a big name except me and tell me that I really moved them.

"I want to—I've got to—find out what this thing is that communicates. Maybe that's why I go back to play every night—trying to find out what it is."

With that Ira Sullivan finished his beer, returned to the stand, crooked his leg, and blew his trumpet. 

LES McCANN & 'THE TRUTH'

by JOHN TYNAN HOLLYWOOD

It must be obvious by this time to even the casual listener that the newest, strongest, and most pervasive influence in jazz is derived from the Gospel music of southern Negro church congregations.

In a somewhat belated back-to-the-earth movement, an increasing number of Negro jazzmen are talking, thinking, and playing "soul" music. Indeed, the word *soul* itself has become synonymous with truth, honestly, and, yes, even social justice among Negro musicians. In some quarters, if one hears somebody referred to as a "soul brother" or even just a plain, unadorned "soul," the reference is clear—the individual under discussion is Negro. This is reflective, of course, of the ever-sharpening battle for a broader scope of civil rights for the Negro people. It is, too, a manifestation of a spirit of nationalism among Negroes.

But the handmaiden of nationalism is often bigotry, and if the extreme example of this is the anti-white Muslim movement, it may also be found (to a much lesser degree) in the subtlety of this "soul society" attitude among Negro musicians.

An illustration of one of the twists this can take in jazz may be seen in the reverse position adopted by drummer Lenny McBrowne when he formed a quintet early this year. Sensitive to the "soul brother" mentality among some Negroes and resentful of it as a basically undemocratic and backward attitude, McBrowne deliberately called his new band Lenny McBrowne and His Four Souls. Two of the musicians, trumpeter Donald Sleet and pianist Terry Trotter, are white.

When *Down Beat* printed a picture of the group (March 31), McBrowne felt his message was getting across. He didn't dispute use of the word *soul*; he merely felt it should not be used to refer exclusively to Negroes in either a

musical or sociological sense. And he was aware, too, of the little touch of irony in the fact that his group does not go out of its way to play Gospel-tinged jazz and has not been identified with it. McBrowne's "soul jazz" is quite secular in character.

Les McCann and his music, on the other hand, are identified with the Gospel stamp. Indeed he is likely to infuse the "amen" touch into the most seemingly implausible material, such as *I'll Remember April* or *On Green Dolphin Street*. He insists this is no deliberate contrivance, no commercial gimmick to be "different." Certainly the crowds that packed the small Hollywood coffee house known as the Bit, where McCann, bassist Leroy Vinnegar (now replaced by Herbie Lewis), and drummer Ron Jefferson played for many months this year, found the trio's brand of jazz decidedly their cup of espresso.

If accenting the Gospel and down-home approach to jazz happens to be paying off currently in record sales and personal appearances, McCann views it merely as happy coincidence. He writes much of this heady fare himself, draping the different songs with colorful and disarmingly-to-the-point titles such as *Fish This Week But Next Week Chitlin's*, *This Is How We Shout on the Old Camp Ground* (abbreviated to *The Shout* for reasons of printing economy on the record label), and *A Little ¾ for God & Co.*

But the growing popularity of McCann, Bobby Timmons' *This Here*, or *Moanin'*, and various other examples of this return-to-the-roots music should surprise no one. The first ripples of the coming tidal wave in jazz could be detected long before Cannonball and Nat Adderley came north from Florida. The wave, in fact, has always threatened, building sullenly below the horizon, swelling and slowly gathering impetus

as it rolled closer. Now it appears the wave is about to engulf us, and jazz listeners are plunging into its boiling core.

After years of flirting with different musical approaches ranging from the frenetic explorations of bebop and the cold intellectualism of Rugolo-Graettinger to the supercool of Miles Davis, Gerry Mulligan, Lennie Tristano, Jack Montrose, and the rest, jazz today is ready once more to respond to its deep heartbeat—the cultural heritage of the American Negro. This pulse, long apparently quiescent and occasionally appearing stilled, is beating strongly again. The evidence lies in McCann's tune titles, among other manifestations, and the jazz public is eagerly poring over it, digesting it, and discovering new vigor in a music returning to where the feet grow.

For the first 18 years of his life, Les McCann, now 24, soaked up the musical heritage of his people in Lexington, Ky. By the time he left for a hitch in the U. S. navy in 1953, he was a veteran of the Shiloh Baptist church choir.

"The church was located on the street where I lived," he recalled, "and by the time I left high school, I was the oldest choir member. That choir, and other choirs I've heard, sang the music that inspires me.

"But I don't play only Gospel music," he stressed. "I don't even *say* I do. If it reminds people of Gospel music, great. I know *I'm* reminded of it when I play."

McCann began playing piano at the age of 10 only to have his formal studies cut short by the death of his teacher. It wasn't until 1954, however, that he resolved to take music seriously. At the time, he was a U. S. navy petty officer stationed at Moffet field outside San Francisco, and S.F.'s jazz spots became his off-duty hangouts. Upon dis-



charge in 1956, he settled in Los Angeles, enrolled in a music school, took out a union card, and became an increasingly familiar figure on the local jazz scene, usually working with bassist Jack Bruce and drummer Alonzo Garibaldi in Hollywood coffee houses and playing relief sets at Hermosa Beach's Light-house.

"Maxie," as he is nicknamed, is heartily rotund of build and irrepressibly merry of personality. His fringe of sparse whiskers frames a benign countenance and ready grin. He likes to laugh, long and hard, and possesses the happy faculty of refusing to take life too seriously. When critic Ira Gitler recently took his playing to task on his first LP, *Les McCann Plays the Truth*, Maxie responded with typical good humor.

"I wish to give many thanks to Ira Gitler," he said with a grin, "for increasing my record sales." Then he added quietly, "It must be a wonderful feeling for him to know that if you put a person *so* far down, more people are going to talk about you."

Within hours of the review's appearance on newsstands, McCann had added three new numbers—"soul" variety, of course—to his trio's repertoire, *My Man Ira*; *Ira, If You Only Knew*, and *Ira Gitler's Homogenized Funk*. Audience reaction at the Bit, he reported, was 100 percent approving.

Because of his unorthodox style, McCann has been accused of various crimes against music by critics other than Gitler. He has been charged with bastardizing Gospel music, for example. His reply is succinct and emphatic.

"No, definitely, not," he said. "Good music can be played anywhere, anytime. Jazz, to me, is the best music. Gospel music is an influence on me. *But I'm not making fun of Gospel music.* I want my music to hit the emotions of human beings. My music, I think, brings back fond memories to all of us, memories of the good times when we heard music like it in our churches.

"Church, to me, is not a sad thing. It's full of good moments, happy moments. Sometimes the occasion may be a sad one, of course, like when someone you love dies. That's different. Now, I'm not saying I play my music exactly as it is played and sung in church, but it makes people happy to hear this kind of playing. It makes 'em feel, 'Yeah! That's the way we used to sing back home.' Now we played this kind of music in church, just like we do in a club, and people dug it; they really went for it."

Another accusation leveled at McCann from time to time is that he, bassist Lewis, and drummer Jefferson are cynically exploiting the Gospel feeling and playing it for all it's worth as a

gimmick while it lasts.

"Sometimes," McCann said, "the things that a guy does that are satisfying for himself are tagged as gimmicks. Why must everything be tagged a gimmick? Look, it's like a preacher in a church who knows he's got a very good choir that'll bring out the deep feelings of his congregation. Naturally, he uses this choir in the service. Is this a gimmick?"

Another critic of McCann's music—a musician—put it this way: "Les is doing to the Gospel sound what was done earlier to the blues—and rock and roll came out of that." I asked McCann if he felt he was helping to prostitute church music, to cheapen and vulgarize it as the blues was cheapened and violated by the rock merchants.

Exasperated, he said, "I've been around Gospel music all my life, and I'm very proud of it. I truly feel a sense of connection between my music and religion, with God. If He were to hear it, I feel He'd dig it, too. We're just trying to play good, happy music. The most important thing to me is when we get on that stand and play. At least we get a happy feeling going on the stand. I see a lot of musicians who don't seem to be enjoying what they play, and as a result, people in the audience are drug too.

"If jazz is played so it can be accepted, it *will* be accepted," he continued. "That's why people love Cannonball. We try for a group pulsation. Most music you hear is so tense, it makes you feel twisted up inside. Now, so far we've never tried to impress anybody; we don't *want* to impress anybody — just to get a happy feeling on the stand.

"Not *all* the people who come from the south are unhappy. Sure, a lot of bad things happen there, but it's not *all* sad. That's why when I play *The Truth* in a club and get a 'holiness beat' going and sometimes insert into what I'm playing part of the Negro national anthem, *Lift Every Voice and Sing*, everybody'll leave the place happy, man."

Reaction of McCann's audiences is sometimes remarkable. Some listeners have come up to him at the close of a set, tried to touch him and thanked him profoundly ("like we've healed them," as he puts it). He cited the example of one fan who told him he sees a psychoanalyst three times a week yet never feels better emotionally than when listening to the trio.

"I'm looking for something in music," McCann said, "and I know I've got a long way to go. I'm just 24 years old. People think by imitating those who are making it in jazz — Miles, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and so on — that they

are making it, too. I don't want to go on with what's been done by them. Jazz is *so* wide, there's so much to do in it and with it that every musician, if he tried, could get something individual out of it. Yet, how many people are just living off the imagination of Bird and Miles?"

The musical roles played by Lewis and Jefferson is vital to the trio's presentation, McCann emphasized. "It's a gas to have musicians with you who welcome a different approach to jazz, who're willing to play differently from what's been done," he said.

Much of McCann's rhythmic ideas, he admits, come from a Los Angeles trumpeter, Jim Tanner, a friend of Les who has been of considerable aid. "His approach to rhythm is with a different feeling," the pianist said. "His thing is: it's not *what* you play, it's *how* you play. And that's mine, too."

Of Jefferson's rhythmic devices, McCann said, "I'm not saying Ron's doing anything new, but we want to get a different rhythmic feeling. Now, people are used to hearing the drummer come in on 1. With Ron, his hi-hat's on 2 and 4, but he comes in on 4 instead of 1 when we beat it off. And nothing's turned around, either; it comes out right. Herbie, too, comes in on 4. Jazz is supposed to be a swinging thing on 2 and 4 and yet the average drummer comes in on 1, and so does the bass player, so you get an unnatural stiffness right away. Anyway, that's one of the things we've gotten away from."

Returning to the charge of exploiting a Gospel gimmick, McCann scoffed, "The way we play just fitted together as soon as Leroy and Ron and I first got together. There wasn't time to plan out any gimmick. We just started playing together, and it all made sense."

When McCann's current booking at New York's Village Vanguard was being arranged, Leroy Vinnegar left the trio to join the Joe Castro-Teddy Edward Quartet. There wouldn't be time to get a new bass player in Los Angeles, McCann's agent insisted, and he'd better add a New Yorker on bass when he and Jefferson arrived. McCann was adamant. "I wanted to take back a bass player from the coast," he said, "to show them in New York that good music comes from the west, too. That's when Herbie came in."

With New York audiences — and those in other eastern cities, as well — now in the position to make up their minds about Les McCann and his approach to jazz, it is plain that a new career is well launched.

And, if the fan at the Bit is an indication, Maxie soon may find himself putting psychiatrists out of business.



OUT OF MY HEAD



BY GEORGE CRATER

The last few issues of *Down Beat* have raised an interesting question: Did Cannonball Adderley, Les McCann, Orrin Keepnews of Riverside, Bob Weinstock of Prestige, or Oral Roberts invent *soul music*? After careful study, research, and evaluation, I think I've got the answer.

Early in 1904, Pierre Soulé—a young musician-scientist working in Mme. Curie's laboratory, was conducting experiments in "cutting right through ordinary kitchen grease and grime and real tough gravy stains" through the use of music. Pierre's experiments were the laugh of Paris, and his fellow scientists took to calling him Monsieur Clean de Musique.

Pierre worked day and night on his experiment, but got no place. He played waltzes, gypsy music, fugues, cha-chas, marches. But *nothing* cut the funk. Pierre had just about reached the point of giving up. Were his contemporaries right?

Then, on a rainy Thursday evening in April, 1905, Pierre got his answer. He was in his kitchenlike laboratory playing his battered C-Melody saxophone over a porcelain tub of grease and grime and real tough gravy stains. He hadn't slept much during the week and his exhaustion led him into carelessness. Accidentally, his elbow touched against a large, heavy paperweight and it fell from the table, landing squarely on the instep of his foot. The pain was excruciating and Pierre sobbed wildly into his saxophone. As if by a miracle, the grease and grime and real tough gravy stains started to dissolve in the tub.

Thrilled, Pierre continued his sobbing for another chorus or two, and then started trading fours with the open water faucet. It worked! The filth disappeared, and all that remained was a clean, shiny porcelain tub—just like in the Ajax commercials!

Pierre Soulé had proved his point—a form of music could "cut right through grease and grime and real tough gravy stains." In no time, he and his music won fame throughout Europe. They called it La Musique de Soulé or just plain "Soulé Music."

In 1911, when Pierre was sent to New Orleans as minister of cleanliness, his fame and his music travelled with him. Gradually, for reasons of description (and mispronunciation) Pierre's "Soulé Music" was corrupted to "Soul Music."

And that's the story of how Pierre Soulé, an old saxophone, Mme. Curie, her laboratory, a heavy paperweight, and an awful pain in the instep resulted in the invention


of *soul music*—the music that cuts plain old funk!

My break-up of the week was receiving a Riverside album titled *Chet Baker with Fifty Italian Strings*. I can hardly wait for Roulette to send me *Johnny Dankworth with Fifty American Yo-Yos* . . .

Come to think of it, that whole Chet Baker album might be just a big publicity stunt by the Ronzoni company. Or maybe it's an alum of rope tricks. But, when you look at it objectively, since Chet's in Milan, he'd be pretty silly looking coming out with an album entitled *Chet Baker with Fifty Polish Strings* . . . When you look at it objectively . . .

As soon as I collect on my breach of promise suit against Cyd Charisse, I'm going to send away for a *Used White Orchestra Coat Single Breasted \$5* and a copy of *Jake Trussell's After Hours Poetry*, and then I'll write Karl Bartenbach and *Learn Piano Tuning and Repairing at Home*. Then, if I'm still in a salty mood, I'll get a jug, *schving* a little, and then put my own ad in *Down Beat*: *Used White Orchestra Coat Single Breasted \$4!* I can see the price war now. *Used White Orchestra Coat Single Breasted \$3.50 Plus Free Ball Point Pen!* Then *Used White Orchestra Coat Single Breasted \$2.50 plus Free Ball Point Pen and 5x7 autographed glossy photograph of Tony Graye!* Then one of us would cop all the business with *Used White Orchestra Coat Single Breasted \$1.50 Plus Free Used White Orchestra* (choice of Dukes of Dixieland or Vaughan Monroe) . . .

In the past, I've said many harsh things about Ira Gitler. Things that possibly were a little out of line. But now, after many months of really *knowing* Ira, I think I'm in a better position to discuss him. After all, I've gone to a party he attended, we've played at a session together, I played a game of softball under his management, he's written the liner notes for my album, I've even let him swim in my pool with my sister. I think I now should be able to make some more *positive* statements on Ira.

1. The minute he gets to a party he heads for a lampshade.
2. I finally found someone influenced by Bob Chester.
3. He agrees with umpires.
4. The album would've been better off with notes by Hentoff. At least he would've quoted people who dig me.
5. Buster Crabbe hasn't a thing to worry about. 

in review

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

Records are reviewed by Don Henahan, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ralph J. Gleason, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, John A. Tynan, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.

Ratings are: ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor. [M] means monaural, [S] means stereo.

CLASSICS

Bach/Gould

[S] [M] BACH: Concerto in F Major (*Italian*); Partita No. 1 in B-Flat Major; Partita No. 2 in C Minor—Columbia MS-6141 (stereo) and ML-5472 (mono).

Personnel: Glenn Gould, piano.

Rating: ★★★★★

The Canadian eccentric, Glenn Gould, continues to pile up evidence in favor of the contention that he is the reigning Bach performer now before the public (only Rosalyn Tureck, in this reviewer's estimation, is in his class, and they are so dissimilar in style that comparison is almost futile). Not only does he spin out the contrapuntal lines with exemplary clarity, but he introduces dozens of touches that freshen the approach to these great but often perfunctorily done works. For example, in the opening movement of the Partita No. 2, his left hand simulates the pizzicato of a harpsichord while the right goes its own fluent way.

Inclusion of these three major pieces on one disc makes it a good buy, if you do not object to Gould's severe cuts: he omits the second repeat in the Partitas, as a rule, and sometimes both of them. Since most performers play the second repeat exactly like the first anyway, thereby making nonsense of it, Gould's cuts may be the lesser of evils. (D.H.)

Rey de la Torre

[S] [M] GRANADOS: Intermezzo from *Goyescas*; ALBENIZ: *Tango Espagnol* and *Cordoba* (for two guitars); VILLA-LOBOS: Studies No. 7 and 11, SOR: Andantino, Studies in C Major, B Minor, and D Minor (for one guitar)—Epic BC-1073 (stereo) and LC-3674 (mono).

Personnel: De la Torre, guitar.

Rating: ★★★★★

Of the often-recorded classic guitarists, Rey de la Torre ranks second only to Segovia as a musician and a virtuoso. In some music, he is even more satisfying, since he never yields to Segovia's occasional preciousness. The Sor studies are set forth with utmost simplicity, which is all the weight they will bear, Sor being a minor master indeed. The Villa-Lobos pieces are flashier, but equally note-perfect.

On one side of the disc, de la Torre gives way to the phonographically inspired practice of playing duets with himself, and succeeds no better than most musicians who have tried it. Beyond the fact that these pieces sound better as solo works, there is little to be said for one-man duets. All the interplay possible when two distinctive musical personalities meet is ruled out immediately. Stereo brings out the parts as a regular recording never could, however.

David Johnson's copious comments are a model of serious record annotation. (D.H.)

Edgar Varese

[S] [M] EDGAR VARESE: *Ionisation*, *Density 21.5*, *Integrales*, *Octandre*, *Hyperprism*, and *Poeme Electronique* (first recording of work created on magnetic tape by Varese for the Brussels World's Fair)—Columbia MS-6146 (stereo) and ML-5478 (mono).

Personnel: Robert Craft conducting ensembles of woodwinds, brass, and percussion.

Rating: ★★★

Attention percussionists, tape recordists, and flute players: this is for you. Varese, the grand old man of what is now coming to be called electronic music, is represented here by important works ranging from 1924 to this very minute.

The relatively well-known efforts such as *Ionisation*, which once sounded so revolutionary, now have a dated air, I am afraid. The *Poeme Electronique* is as interesting an example of tape composition as any I have run across, and certainly, in the stereo version, produces ghostly, not to say ghastly, effects. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Red Allen-Kid Ory

[M] [S] WE'VE GOT RHYTHM—Verve 1020: *Christopher Columbus*; *Some of These Days*; *I Got Rhythm*; *Come Back, Sweet Papa*; *San*; *Tuxedo Junction*; *Lazy River*.

Personnel: Allen, trumpet; Ory, trombone; Bob McCracken, clarinet; Cedric Haywood, piano; Frank Haggerty, guitar; Morty Corb, bass; Alton Redd, drums, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

This one is rated primarily for the resurgent Allen, who is magnificent all through these pieces. This is the Allen who plays with an exciting blend of control and fire and with no suggestion of the flabby excesses of which he has proved capable in the last 20 years. There is beauty, shading, crispness, sensitivity, and sudden spurts of intense drive in all his work here, whether he is leading, soloing, or backing.

The band with which he works is, shall we say, serviceable. McCracken is a capable and knowledgeable clarinetist, Ory is Ory (and there are moments of strong merit in his deliberately overemphatic way of doing things). The rhythm section has that heaviness that is typical of Ory's bands, but it is a rolling, loping kind of heaviness that serves to give the band a very emphatic propulsion.

The only really weak point in the group (barring Redd's singing, which is just dismal) is the piano solo work of Haywood, which is too light and watery for this lusty group.

The numbers follow the pattern of the previous Ory-Allen album on Verve—the emphasis is on tunes from the swing-era

repertory instead of the battered old traditionals. It works out extremely well, particularly with Allen present, because he is a big-voiced swinger. No Dixiecat, he. (J.S.W.)

Milt Buckner

[M] MIGHTY HIGH—Argo LP 660: *Mighty High*; *Teach Me Tonight*; *Abstraction*; *Two Flights Up*; *After Hours*; *D.T.'s*; *Organ Grinder's Swing*; *Willow*; *Weep for Me*; *Burnt Out*; *Syncopated Clock*; *Castle Rock*; *Haunting Me*.

Personnel: Buckner, electric organ; Jimmy Campbell, alto saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Joe Benjamin, bass; Maurice Sinclair, drums.

Rating: ★★

The onetime roly-poly boogie-woogie man with the Lionel Hampton powerhouse is heard in a high-spirited blowing set with Campbell and Sinclair, two men from his traveling band, and sessioners Burrell and Benjamin. It's a happy get-together with Buckner in particularly cheery and mischievous frame of mind, skittering about the upper treble like a school kid playing hooky. Still, this is not an impressive set.

Mighty is a slow and down blues with plenty of treble fingering and occasional guitar figures. A heavy backbeat spoils *Teach Me*, which rocks along in pedestrian fashion. *Abstraction*, a Buckner original, has some Campbell alto and lots of Buckner's kidding around with single-note lines. Burrell has a good chorus on *Two Flights*, but the alto is poor. *After Hours* gets hammed up pretty well with more of Campbell's hard, brittle-toned horn. *D.T.'s* gives the organist opportunity to show off his locked-hands approach on a seemingly interminable series of riffs.

Organ Grinder's, which opens the B side, could well have been skipped. *Willow* is Campbell's best track; he handles it with taste and a softer, singing tone with sensitive phrasing. In *Burnt*, a fast blues, there is a lot of confused interplay between organ and alto that adds up to nothing. Leroy Anderson's *Clock* is another complete miss, and it's followed by *Castle Rock*, which works up a good head of steam but gets no place. The final tune, *Haunting Me*, is an Eddie Heywood composition set to Latin rhythm. Campbell plays fair alto as Buckner comps behind him in rather heavy-handed style out of keeping with the romantic mood of the song.

About the only record buyers this LP will hold appeal for are confirmed fans of the organist. Its jazz content is negligible. (J.A.T.)

Donald Byrd

[M] FUEGO—Blue Note 4026: *Fuego*; *Bup a Loup*; *Funk Mama*; *Low Life*; *Lament*; *Amen*.

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Duke Pearson, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Lex Humphries, drums.

Rating: ★★½

The two most improved musicians in jazz are heard on this LP, which might have been subtitled *Donald Byrd Discovers Funk*. Not that Byrd gets involved in the tired, uncreative straining that has come to represent the funkites. Instead, his playing here is merely colored by funkism, giving it a warmth, richness, and ease that have rarely been apparent before.

He is also, we learn from Leonard Feather's notes, playing a B flat piccolo trumpet, which, as Feather astutely points out, might be simply a so-what item except that it gives him what Feather describes as "a mellower, more compact sound." It is certainly mellower and also less cluttered and recklessly rampant. Byrd's playing throughout is neatly turned, relaxed but glowing with a big, warm fire.

The other man who has reached a milestone (it has been apparent for some time that he was on his way) is McLean. He is now his own man, phrasing with flowing assurance in a way that is distinctly his own. The only vestige of his Parker heritage now is his tone, and who can begrudge him that?

Pearson, Watkins, and Humphries lay down a strong, lithe foundation. The tunes won't go into anyone's memory book, but they serve their purpose.

(J.S.W.)

Al Casey

BUCK JUMPIN'—Prestige/Swingville 2007: *Buck Jumpin'*; *Casey's Blues*; *Don't Blame Me*; *Rosetta*; *Ain't Misbehavin'*; *Honeysuckle Rose*; *Body and Soul*.

Personnel: Casey, guitar; Rudy Powell; alto saxophone, clarinet; Herman Foster, piano; Jimmy Lewis, bass; Belton Evans, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Casey, the guitarist in Fats Waller's group for the better part of 10 years, emerges from his present means of survival (playing electric guitar in King Curtis' rock-and-roll band) to return to his old unamplified guitar in this set of easy-going, swinging pieces.

Casey has an amiable, unpretentious way of single-stringing and chording that keeps things pulsing lightly all the time. He has a little trouble sustaining *Buck Jumpin'*, which is carried on much too long for his simple and relatively limited style. But he shows the all-but-forgotten rhythmic merits of the unamplified guitar on *Rose* and *Rosetta*, draws out some beautifully lyrical solos on *Don't Blame Me* and *Body*, and digs in with gutty warmth on *Blues*.

Another onetime Wallerite, Powell, is completely in the spirit of the occasion, playing a strongly acid alto on the blues, swinging with open joy on *Rosetta*, and playing with singing purity on *Don't Blame Me*. On *Misbehavin'* he switches to clarinet and, with Casey pushing him, revives the tart, jumping feeling of the old Waller group.

The rhythm section, recruited from the Curtis band, adapts admirably to its new circumstances, and pianist Foster throws in an apposite solo on *Rosetta*. (J.S.W.)

Teddy Edwards

IT'S ABOUT TIME—Pacific Jazz 6: *Our Love Is Here to Stay*; *Frankly Speaking*; *Fools Rush In*; *Undecided*; *Blues Conjunctions*; *Wil-*

low, Weep for Me; *Lover, Come Back to Me*.

Personnel: Edwards, tenor saxophone; Les McCann, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Ron Jefferson, drums.

Rating: ★★

Edwards does what he can with this situation, which is considerable, but he seems to have been put under some needless handicaps. One is the presence of McCann, who appears to have made a collection of the more obvious clichés of funk piano in hopes of creating a personal style from them. All he succeeds in doing is to be a bigger bore than those other, more firmly established pianists who have recently shifted into funk gear with lemminglike instinct but who still have a few other resources at their command.

Then there is the matter of tunes.

Edwards has a better feeling for the statement of a melody than most of his contemporaries in the saxophone tribe, but his is far better (and, surprisingly, more melodic) when he goes to work on the changes.

So the four ballads included are not, in themselves, of any moment; although Edwards makes them the bases of some worthwhile playing. But the piece which serves him best is *Undecided*, which he

evolves in a light, dancing, catlike manner that suggests how much he might do in adequately programed surroundings.

(J.S.W.)

Bill Evans

PORTRAIT IN JAZZ: BILL EVANS TRIO—Riverside RLP 12-315 or 1162: *Come Rain or Come Shine*; *Autumn Leaves*; *Witchcraft*; *When I Fall in Love*; *Peri's Scope*; *What Is This Thing Called Love?*; *Spring Is Here*; *Some Day My Prince Will Come*; *Blue in Green*.

Personnel: Evans, piano; Scott LaFaro, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

If there's any doubt that Evans is one of the freshest things to happen to the piano in the last few years, this album should dispell any such feeling. By applying original thought and hewing to a non-nonsense approach, he turns the standards included in this album into musical gems.

Evans has the knack of turning overplayed tunes into quite personal musical excursions that give the impression that this is the first time he's ever explored the pieces. He exposes new facets that lend such vitality to the tunes that the listener begins to wonder if these are the same tunes he's heard over and over through the years.

His treatment of the three ballads

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of record buyers, *Down Beat* provides a listing of jazz 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.

★★★★★

Eric Dolphy, *Outward Bound* (New Jazz NJLP 8236)
The Incredible Jazz Guitar of Wes Montgomery (Riverside RLP 12-320)

Various Artists (folk), *Prison Worksongs* (Louisiana Folklore Society, LFS A-5)

Various Artists (folk), *Angola Prison Spirituals* (Louisiana Folklore Society, LFS-6)

★★★★½

Helen Humes (vocal) (Contemporary M-3571)
Mel Torme Swings *Shubert Alley* (vocal) (Verve MG V-2132)
Various Artists, *One World Jazz* (Columbia WS 314)

★★★★★

Nat Adderley, *Work Song* (Riverside RLP 12-318)
Mose Allison, *Transfiguration of Hiram Brown* (Columbia CL 1444)
Sonny Clark Trio (Time 70019)
Ornette Coleman, *Change of the Century* (Atlantic 1327)
Frank D'Rone (vocal) *After the Ball* (Mercury MG 20586)
Red Garland Trio and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis (Prestige Moodsville Vol. 1)

John Handy, *In the Vernacular* (Roulette Birdland R 22042)
Woody Herman's Big New Herd at the Monterey Jazz Festival (Atlantic 1328)

Earl Hines, *Earl's Pearls* (MGM E 3832)
Paul Horn, *Something Blue* (Hifijazz J 615)
Stan Kenton, *Standards in Silhouette* (Capitol ST 1394)
Melba Liston and Her 'Bones (Metrojazz SE1013)

Wes Montgomery-Harold Land, *Montgomeryland* (Pacific Jazz Stereo 5)

Various Artists (reissue) *Singing the Blues* (RCA-Camden CAL 588)

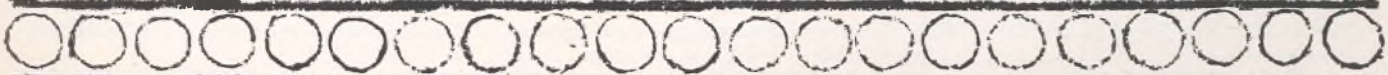
Phil Woods-Gene Quill: *Phil Talks with Quill* (Epic LN 3521)
Si Zentner (dance), *Suddenly It's Swing* (Liberty D-LST 7139)

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 <p>MILES PRLP 7014 miles davis quintet</p>	 <p>MILES DAVIS AND MILT JACKSON PRLP 7034 quintet/sextet</p>	 <p>MILES DAVIS COLLECTORS' ITEMS PRLP 7044 miles davis</p>	 <p>BLUE HAZE PRLP 7054 miles davis</p>
 <p>MILES DAVIS ALL STARS PRLP 7076 WALKIN' miles davis all stars</p>	 <p>COOKIN' WITH THE MILES DAVIS QUINTET PRLP 7094 miles davis quintet</p>	 <p>BAGS GROOVE PRLP 7109 MILES DAVIS sonny rollins, milt jackson, thelonious monk, horace silver, heath, kenny clarke, PRESTIGE 7109</p>	 <p>RELAXIN' WITH THE MILES DAVIS QUINTET PRLP 7129 miles davis quintet</p>
<p>MILES DAVIS</p> 	 <p>MILES DAVIS AND THE MODERN JAZZ GIANTS PRLP 7150 miles davis modern jazz giants</p>	 <p>WORKIN' WITH THE MILES DAVIS QUINTET PRLP 7166 miles davis quintet</p>	 <p>EARLY MILES PRLP 7168 1951 & 1952 davis, rollins, lewis, green, sims, cohn</p>

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- Chopin . . . Polonaise No. 6, in Ab Major (Till the End of Time)
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- Rachmaninoff . . . Piano Concerto No. 2 in C Minor (Full Moon and Empty Arms)
- Chopin . . . Fantasie Impromptu in C# Minor (I'm Always Chasing Rainbows)
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(When I Fall; Spring; Blue) is especially touching. He tenderly unravels the threads that make up the material and then reweaves them into a stunning tapestry of color and movement. I get the feeling that this man is talking through his instrument, as if he's explaining something very personal, sometimes haltingly, as if he were seeking the exact way to express it. He plays ballads like a man making love.

Throughout the album, Evans achieves tension by building climbing clusters of dissonant chords into complexes of rich sound. He releases the listener in various ways: a single line may emerge from the complex, continue the climb momentarily but finally skitter back down the keyboard; or he may simply raise one of the inner voices of the chord from minor to major.

Another characteristic of his playing that I found fascinating was his ability to conjure up the illusion of bending notes. It sounds as if he gives the grace note almost as much emphasis as the main one and sustains it until the very last moment before gliding up a half step to the main note.

But above any of the details of Evans' work, I admire the firmness with which he plays. There's never any doubt of his control of the instrument. The music he produces makes it clear that here is a man.

The trio is a closely integrated unit. The interplay among the three men is best illustrated on *Leaves*, wherein they carry on a three-way conversation, with bassist LaFaro leading the discussion. *Witchcraft* finds LaFaro making pungent comments on Evans' statements and drummer Motian egging on both of them.

Here is an album with meaning—here is truth. (D.DeM.)

Richard Evans

■ RICHARD'S ALMANAC—Argo LP 658: *Trees; Vera; I'm Glad There Is You; The Preacher; Crazy Rhythm; Bye Bye Blackbird; Daybreak; Consu; Should I; Jeepers Creepers.*

Personnel: Evans, bass and leader; Jack Wilson, piano; Robert Barry, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Evans is a 27-year-old native of Birmingham, Ala., resident in Chicago since the age of 5 and active on the jazz scene since his army discharge in 1955. He has served time as bassist with the bands of Lionel Hampton (1956) and Maynard Ferguson (1957) then as one of Dinah Washington's accompanists the same year. He has had his own trio since November, 1958. Wilson, 27, hails from Fort Wayne, also worked with Miss Washington, and is now in the army. Drummer Barry, 27, is a high school classmate of Evans and has worked mainly around Chicago.

What this group presents is, in the main, a highly polished, but varied, brand of hip cocktail jazz. *Trees, Vera, and I'm Glad* are uninteresting from a jazz standpoint. On *The Preacher*, however, Wilson lays down the Gospel message in forthright fashion, and Evans shows his worth in a brief bass break. *Crazy* presents Wilson in a quasi-Garner role before slipping into some bright and flighty Powell-isms with bass and drums clipping neatly along behind him. Barry is featured in an interesting brush solo.

A well-arranged *Bye Bye* opens side B. It's easy and relaxed and becomes the property of leader Evans, who embarks on a long bass solo demonstrating a big, firm tone, sound technique, and no dearth of jazz ideas. *Daybreak* is a subdued and quietly chorded ballad, and *Should I*, which follows, is a leaper, with Barry getting off some excellent brush work in the exchange of fours between drums and piano. Wilson shows that he's sure of himself and not afraid to stretch out and smile a bit in his solos. The medium-up *Jeepers* is another swinger, with Evans and Barry blowing up a rhythmic storm of support for the cooking Wilson.

For all the cocktail overtones, there is more than a modicum of booting jazz in this group. Wilson is a pianist to watch and should become an important jazzman. Evans is already here and can stand up his bass with his peers. Barry is a cooking drummer who keeps the pulse throbbing without showing off or intruding. Give this a listen. (J.A.T.)

Charlie Mingus

■ MINGUS DYNASTY—Columbia CL 1440: *Slop; Diane; Song with Orange; Gunslinging Bird; Things Ain't What They Used to Be; Far Wells; Mill Valley; New Now, Know How; Mood Indigo; Put Me in That Dungeon.*

Personnel: Mingus, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums; John Handy, alto saxophone; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Roland Hanna, piano (all tracks except 7, where Nico Bunink replaces Hanna). Add for tracks 2, 3, 4, 6, 7: Benny Golson, tenor saxophone; Jerome Richardson, alto saxophone, flute; Teddy Charles, vibes; Richard Williams, trumpet. Add for tracks 5, 8, 9: Don Ellis, trumpet; Maurice Brown and Seymour Barab, cellos.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Charlie Mingus is a man of many moods, and his albums usually reflect this. *Mingus Dynasty* is no exception, and in its variety lies one of its basic strengths. Even when an album is good today, there may often be a quality of sameness in its texture. These selections bear a definite Mingus stamp. They also encompass a wide range of his ideas. While it is not up to *Mingus Ah Um*, this release should be part of the serious listener's collection.

Slop and *Put Me in That Dungeon* are from a Mingus score for a CBS television ballet of *Frankie and Johnny*. *Slop* is, as Mingus says, "a looser, sloppier approach" to *Better Git It in Your Soul*. It is in the Gospel vein but with something more than we've been getting used to of late: some nice melody and a swing that is not monotonous.

Handy's alto is featured on *Dungeon*, with the cellos prominent in the background. The violin-like sound he gets is especially intriguing because of the strings.

Gunslinging Bird (the full title is *If Charlie Parker Were a Gunslinger There'd Be a Whole Lot of Dead Copycats*) is a dark, boiling piece which features Knepper, Handy, and a climactic drum solo by Richmond.

If you hear the previously recorded *Alice in Wonderland* (United Artists 4036) in *Diane*, it is because it is a part of this larger work. Hanna plays the *Alice* theme with Mingus' bass commenting a parallel of an Ellington-Blanton duet. Hanna's Garner-eyes show from time to time.

Song with Orange is another arresting

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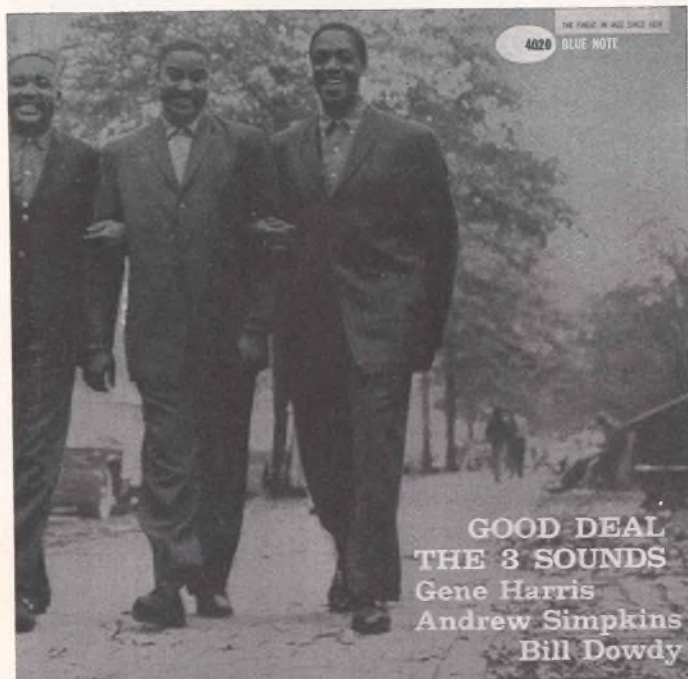
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melody. Knepper uses a plunger here very effectively.

New Now, Know How is a boppish line that pulses right along. Knepper again is fine, as he is through the entire album. I hear an affinity for Earl Swope in his background, but he is one of the distinctively individual trombone players today. Nico Bunink's one appearance in the album makes me want to hear more of him.

The most ambitious composition is *Far Wells, Mill Valley*, done in several sections. There are several attractive melodies, especially the opening theme, but there are places where the writing is tired, particularly in the neo-Eastern sections that sound like the background for a Ghengis Khan movie. The highlight of the blowing portions is a Handy-Ervin free duet.

Of the Ellington pieces (the only non-Mingus composition in the set) *Things Ain't* is more fully realized than *Mood Indigo*. Although Mingus takes some liberties with both numbers, the former comes out closer to the spirit of the Dukish law. There is a virtuoso display by Mingus that is never merely an exercise in technique. *Indigo*, although it starts in "the beautiful mood in which Duke originally wrote it," as Mingus says, gets a bit far afield in the second half of Hanna's solo.

The liner notes by Mingus (as told to Diane Dorr-Dorynek) are well worth reading despite a couple of points of debatable character. (I.G.)

Thelonious Monk

THELONIOUS MONK QUARTET PLUS TWO AT THE BLACKHAWK—Riverside RLP 12-323 or 1171 S: *Let's Call This; Four in One; I'm Getting Sentimental over You; Worry Later; Round Midnight; Epistrophy.*

Personnel: Monk, piano; Charlie Rouse, Harold Land, tenor saxophones; Joe Gordon, trumpet; John Ore, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

No matter what his weaknesses may be, Monk has a way of creating an atmosphere—a flavor—that is unmistakable. Call it impish, stark, raw, primitive, or what have you.

Even when there are non-Monkians involved, as there are here, it is they who are absorbed into Monk's stream, not he into theirs. And for this quality, he is deserving of the utmost respect. Few jazzmen have this strength.

But at this session, the visitors, Land and Gordon, sometimes flounder, instead of swimming in the turbulent monastic stream. Land, especially, sounds unsure of himself. He slips into clichés on most of the tracks and even misses some of the changes on the bridge of *Four in One*. His playing on *Midnight* and *Worry Later*, however, are a cut above his other work in the album. Gordon is more successful in keeping with Monk's conception. His two choruses on *Sentimental* are excellent, but his excursions into the upper reaches of his horn on the other tracks are sometimes meaningless. His playing is generally linear and inventive, but when he falters in his exploration of Monk's tunes and begins to run the changes, his playing suffers. But the way he picks up Rouse's solo-closing phrase on *Let's* and continues in the vein opened by the tenor man is

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one of the most delightful moments of the record.

It's to be expected that Rouse, having worked so long with Monk, should be the most cogent horn man. Working with such a strong musical personality as Monk is bound to have an effect on a man's musical conception. But the degree to which Rouse has absorbed his leader's outlook is still amazing. Their choice of notes and the manner in which they suspend the time are so similar that if Monk and he were able to switch instruments, Monk would sound like Rouse and vice versa. Their empathy is similar to that of Earl Hines and Louis Armstrong. Hines' phrases, if transcribed for trumpet, would sound like those of Armstrong.

The similarity between Monk and Rouse can be drawn even more strongly when their approach to music is considered. Both are tune explorers. They pick and chip at the lines, finding and displaying new facets. Both have an unsentimental approach that is, paradoxically, most telling on *Sentimental*. If there's such a thing as playing sugary, their playing must be termed vinegary.

The disc is heartily recommended for the excellent work of Rouse and Monk. (D. DeM.)

Kid Ory
 [M] [S] DANCE WITH KID ORY OR JUST LISTEN—Verve MG V-1022: *Am I Blue*; *Ja Da*; *Fidgety Feet*; *Hindustan*; *12th Street Rag*; *Dinah*.
 Personnel: Ory, trombone; Darnell Howard, clarinet; Marty Marsala, trumpet and vocals; Cedric Haywood, piano; Frank Haggerty, guitar; Earl Watkins, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Darnell Howard has not received the same attention and study as have other early musicians, probably because he recorded less. He is, nevertheless, one of the finest of the great line of traditional clarinetists. His ensemble style has sharp attack without flamboyance; his solos are strong and always tempered by imagination. Howard seems always to have an innate sense of what is appropriate. He is in good form here, but, unfortunately, his fellows can't match his performance.

Ory's solos are banal and his ensemble work often weak. Marsala has good moments but is frequently labored. *Am I Blue* opens with a hackneyed two-beat rhythm, and has an Ory solo that is almost a parody of the theme. *Hindustan*, probably the best track, has good ensemble work, and Howard, breathing New Orleans fire, has a fine solo. (G.M.E.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Miles Davis

[S] EARLY MILES—Prestige 7168: *For Adults Only*; *Morpheus*; *Down*; *Blue Room*; *Whispering*; *Tasty Pudding*; *Floppy*; *Willie the Wailer*.
 Personnel: Tracks 1, 6, 7, 8: Davis, trumpet; Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, tenor saxophones; Sonny Truitt, trombone; John Lewis, piano; Leonard Gaskin, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums; Tracks 2-5: Davis, trumpet; Sonny Rollins, tenor saxophone; Bennie Green, trombone; John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★★★

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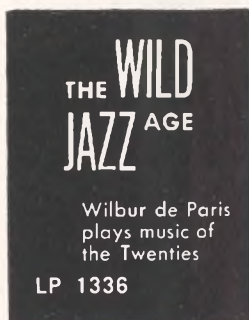
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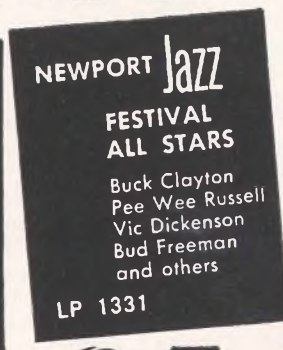
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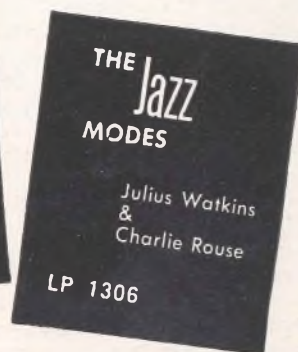
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tion period: the Rollins-Green tracks were recorded in January, 1951, the Cohn-Sims-Truitt tracks in February, 1953. The earlier session has uneven performances by Miles, whose playing, then, was considerably down from the strong vitality of the 1949 Capitol sides.

His chorus on *Morpheus* is forceful and flowing, but his solo on *Down* stumbles. *Blue Room* is completely Miles' and is completely languid, being marred by vague ideas and repeated fluffs. Often in improvisation fluffs happen when embouchure is unable to meet the sudden, immediate demands of the creative intellect, giving perfect license, but here they seem to be due more to distraction and carelessness.

Miles moves on to more solid ground on *Whispering*, and his solo at the end is a brilliant paraphrase of the theme.

The sustaining factors for this date are the horns of Green and Rollins and a superb rhythm section. Green's trombone is consistently strong throughout, and Rollins' propelling, urgent solo on *Morpheus* is, to these ears, the high point of the session.

Miles' playing is more stable and has more vitality on the 1953 tracks, which, generally, are more interesting, despite a near surfeit resulting from the unvaried, ornate voicings of the experimental Cohn arrangements. The soloists are given more of a chance to unbend instead of being cramped into the confines of a single chorus. *Floppy* is a happy success with a relaxed, tart-toned Miles probing the structures of melody, good solos by Lewis

and Truitt, and a lilting duel between Sims and Cohn—and behind all this the vigorous, buoyant rhythm lines of Gaskin and Clarke. (G.M.E.)

VOCAL

Ray Charles

RAY CHARLES IN PERSON—Atlantic A 8039: *The Right Time*; *What'd I Say?*; *Yes Indeed!*; *The Spirit-Feel*; *Frenesi*; *Drown in My Own Tears*; *Tell the Truth*.

Personnel: Charles, piano, vocals; Marcus Belgrave, John Hunt, trumpets; David Newman, tenor saxophone; Bennie Crawford, baritone saxophone; Edgar Willis, bass; Teagle Fleming, drums; vocal accompaniment, the Raylettes.

Rating: ★★½

The increasing tendency to capture on-the-scenes concerts and club dates really should have some sense of reason about it. Several of the tunes on this album represent individual hits for Charles and, as such, certainly had their place at the celebration; but each of the hits has been recorded at least once, (*Drown* has been cut twice before), and almost without exception, the prior recordings are superior to those on this session.

But much of the purity and emotionalism of Ray Charles is here recorded, and not one of the tracks duplicates the identical mood or interpretation given a tune previously. This can be said of Charles only. The Raylettes, who accompany him, are inflexible and unchanging.

Right Time is still burdened with Marjorie Hendricks' powerful bellowing. This screaming detracts from rather than adds

to the intensity of mood set by Charles. *What'd I Say?* has been shortened, but the generally questionable taste of the mediocre tune remains.

The major contribution of this album is not in the tunes presented, but rather in the fact that the disc preserves the spontaneity and originality of each performance by Charles. It provides a basis for a comparison of the moods and interpretations that spark his work. (B.G.)

Lonnie Johnson

BLUES BY LONNIE JOHNSON—Prestige Bluesville 1007: *Don't Ever Love*; *No Love for Sale*; *There's No Love*; *I Don't Hurt Anymore*; *She Devil*; *One Sided Love Affair*; *Big Leg Woman*; *There Must Be a Way*; *She's Drunk Again*; *Blues 'Round My Door*; *You Don't Move Me*; *You Will Need Me*.

Personnel: Johnson, vocals and guitar; Hal Singer, tenor saxophone; Claude Hopkins, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Bobby Donaldson, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This is the sort of singing that was the best of rhythm and blues before the rock-and-roll sickness swept the land. Johnson, who goes *all* the way back in time, has gradually gotten more of the unrequited love and the urban complaint into his singing. Nevertheless, he is still a grand blues singer with a warmth of tone, a heavy, full-bodied swing, and a good over-all sound.

The rhythm section that accompanies him here is adequate, though I am sure the antiquarians will regard it as too modern. (R.J.G.)

Sonny Terry-Brownie McGhee

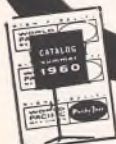
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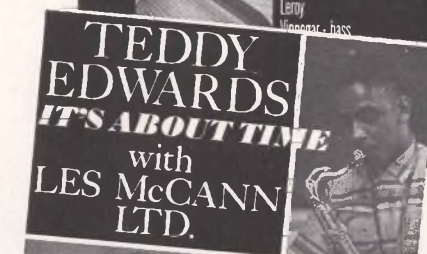
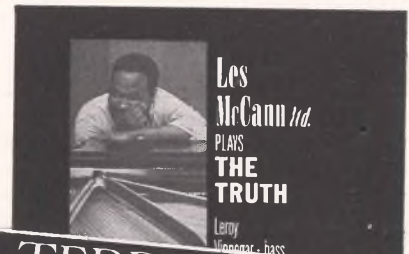
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Bound: *Livin' with the Blues; Blowin' the Blues; Baby, Please Don't Go; Twelve Gates to the City; Pawnshop Blues; Brownie's Guitar Blues.*

Personnel: Terry, harmonica, vocals; McGhee, guitar, vocals.

Rating: ★★½

There is an adequate representation of the Terry-McGhee team here. But simply because it is representative, it is not a particularly strong record, since McGhee, who does almost all of the singing, is a bland performer. When he can get an approximation of Bill Broonzy's phrasing—as he does on *Keys* and *Pawnshop*—he passes muster. But without some such guide, he descends to slick, stilted phrasing, and, on *Sportin' Life* and *Livin' the Blues*, is more of a crooner than a blues singer.

Terry, on the other hand, brings to these pieces a vivid blues authority. His harmonica accompaniments cover up much of McGhee's inadequacy, and when he joins in vocally on *Money* and *Don't Go*, he gives McGhee a phrasing pattern that helps to keep him on the track.

Apparently Terry is the solo vocalist on *Louise*, the best number in the album, for it is sung with a rough-edged blues knowledge that is not evident on any of the other numbers. If I'm wrong and it is actually McGhee singing, then I revise my opinion of him definitely upward. But why couldn't he do even half as well on any of the other numbers? (J.S.W.)

Joe Turner

Ⓜ Ⓢ BIG JOE RIDES AGAIN—Atlantic 1332: *Switchin' in the Kitchen; Nobody in Mind; Until the Real Thing Comes Along; I Get the Blues When It Rains; Rebecca; When I Was Young; Don't You Make Me High; Time After Time; Here Comes Your Iceman.*

Personnel: Ernie Royal or Paul Ricard, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Jerome Richardson, alto saxophone; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Jones, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Doug Watkins, bass; Charlie Persip, drums; Turner, vocals.

Pennies from Heaven: Jimmy Nottingham, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Pete Brown, alto saxophone; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone; Pete Johnson, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Walter Page, bass; Cliff Leeman, drums; Turner, vocal.

Rating: ★★★★★

Backed by a strongly blues-oriented group, the bard of blithe bawdry roars lustily through another installment of his own Kinsey report. There are few singers who can get more rip-roaring fun out of sex than bull-voiced Joe, and he examines the subject several times (but always from the same angle) in the course of this program. It includes one long piece called *Rebecca*, which turns out to be a compendium of many of his favorite blues verses of the past quarter of a century interspersed with strong solos by Dickenson and Hawkins.

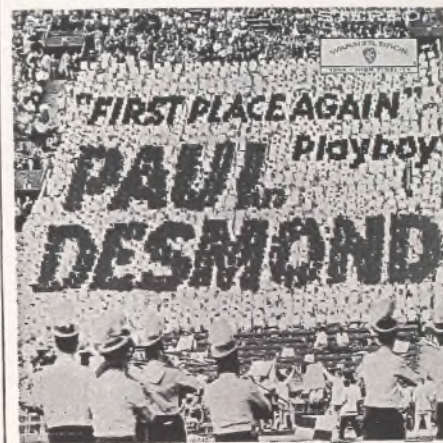
Nobody in Mind, which is very close to *Trouble in Mind* melodically, is a fascinating illustration of the difference between Turner and the more grim-voiced blues singers of the 1920s when *Trouble in Mind* was created. The essence of Turner's lyrics is practically the same as those of *Trouble*, but Joe is a jive bard, and his lyrics have a flip quality that fits in ideally with the happy cynicism of his delivery.

Along with the blues, there are four ballads, an idiom that Turner handles far better than most blues singers. Unlike Joe Williams, for instance, who treats them with abashed woodenness, Turner

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phrases ballads with the same lift he gives his blues. He is defeated by the dragging tempo of *Rains*, but so is Hawkins. Even the good ones can't lick all the odds. (J.S.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. Reviews will appear in future issues of *Down Beat*.

Manny Albam Orchestra, *Drum Feast*—Percussion (United Artists M UAL 3079, S UAS 6079)

Les Brown Orchestra, *The Jazz Songbook* (Coral M 57311, S 757311)

Barbara Carroll, *Satin Doll* (Kapp M KL 1193)

Oscar (Papa) Celestin Band led by Albert French, *The Dixieland King* (Imperial M 9125)

Buck Clayton, Vic Dickenson, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, *Newport Jazz Festival* (Atlantic M and S 1331)

Bob Darch, *Ragtime Piano* (United Artist M UAL 3020, S UAS 6020)

Miles Davis and Gil Evans Orchestra, *Sketches of Spain* (Columbia M CL 1480, S CS 8271)

Wilbur De Paris Band, *The Wild Jazz Age* (Atlantic M and S 1336)

The Delta Kings, *At Sundown* (Kapp M KL 1188)

Pete Fountain's big band, *Pete Fountain Salutes the Great Clarinetists*, (Coral M 57333, S 757333)

Red Garland, *Red Alone* (Prestige/Moodsville M Vol. 3)

Benny Goodman Orchestra with James Wilson, Krupa, Hampton, and others, *Swing, Swing, Swing* (Camden M CAL-624, S CAS-624)

Ahmad Jamal, *Jamal at the Pershing—Vol. 2* (Argo M and S 667)

Harry James Band, *Harry James Today!* (M-G-M M and S 3848)

Fred Kaz, *Eastern Exposure* (Atlantic M and S 1335)

Dave Lambert, *Sing Along/Swing Along with Dave Lambert* (United Artists M UAL 3048, S 6084)

Harold Land, *West Coast Blues* (Jazzland M 20, S 920)

Peggy Lee, *The Best of Peggy Lee* (Decca M DXB 164)

Henry Mancini Orchestra, *The Blues and the Beat* (RCA Victor M LPM 2147, S LSP 2147)

James Moody Orchestra, *Hey! It's James Moody* (Argo M and S 666)

Gerry Mulligan, André Previn, and Carmen McRae, *The Subterraneans* (M-G-M M and S 3812)

Ruth Olay, *Ruth Olay in Person* (United Artists M UAL 3115, S UAS 6115)

Charlie Rouse, *Takin' Care of Business* (Jazzland M 19, S 919)

Stan Rubin Band, *Stan Rubin Plays the Ivy League Ball* (United Artists M UAL 3085, S UAS 6085)

George Russell Orchestra, *Jazz in the Space Age* (Decca M 9219, S 79219)

Sal Salvador Orchestra, *The Beat for This Generation* (Decca M 4026, S 74026)



PETE RUGOLO

By Leonard Feather

As has been the case with many who have earned their first taste of national recognition as *Down Beat* poll winners, Pete Rugolo has progressed in recent years to firm and durable stature as a respected figure in the general pop music area as well as in jazz.

Settling on the coast a decade ago after his definitive years as Stan Kenton's chief arranger (1945-9), Rugolo at first encountered resistance among Hollywood conservatives who tagged him with a "strictly-jazz" label. Gradually he was able to establish the fact that his writing is about equally fluent in most fields. Lately he has been associated with such television series as *Richard Diamond* and *The Thriller* as well as numerous movies, including *Where the Boys Are* and *Jack the Ripper*.

His Mercury LPs (the latest involves a 10-trombone, two-piano setup) have further enhanced his reputation as a brilliant, versatile composer and orchestrator. For his *Blindfold Test*, Rugolo listened to examples of modern jazz writing, mainly featuring big bands. He was given no information about the records.

The Records

1. Gerry Mulligan. *I'm Gonna Go Fishin'* (Verve). Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Bill Holman, arranger.

Truthfully, at first I was a little baffled—it started off like it could be a Mingus thing, because, like a few things Mingus has put out, it's in $\frac{3}{4}$. . . But then as it went on, I recognized Brookmeyer, and, of course, Gerry's baritone solo, so I guess it's Gerry's new band.

I'm not quite sure who could have written the arrangement, but he did an excellent job. I know some of the people that have been writing for him—Bill Holman, for one; this could be one of his, but it's a different Bill Holman if it is him. I don't think Gerry wrote it; anyway, whoever did it, I like it. It's commercial, too. Very interesting—certainly four stars' worth.

2. Bay Big Band. *Collaboration* (from *Big Sounds*, Omega). Recorded in Belgium; soloists not credited; Pete Rugolo, Stan Kenton, composers.

Well! That's a thing that Stan recorded, gosh, I think around 1947, that I wrote with Stan. They sure tried to copy the record and the solos and everything. Is this that Bay Big Band or something? It could be that, or else some college band or something trying to copy the arrangement.

Gee, I don't know what to say about it; I guess they did a good job . . . They tried to play the solos like the original . . . The only value of something like that, I suppose, is if someone is trying to make a series of things, each one copying different styles, but as for its value as a piece of music, it was good for what it was in its day. For copying and performance, I guess it's worth three stars, but if they just recorded it as a piece of music, well then, that's another thing—I don't know.

3. Paul Horn. *Something Blue* (from *Something Blue*, HiFijazz). Horn, clarinet, composer; Emil Richards, vibes.

Truthfully, I don't know who this is,

but I like it; it's one of the best things I've heard lately, both for the soloists and the composition.

I'm trying to think who the clarinet is—it's not DeFranco; could be Tony Scott. He uses a sort of legitimate tone when he plays along with the vibes in the ensemble passages. I really don't know who it is. But it does get a wonderful mood.

Vibes sounded as though it could have been Vic Feldman, but I don't think it is. I'll give it the whole five stars.

4. Quincy Jones-Harris Arnold Orchestra. *The Midnight Sun Never Sets* (from *Quincy's Home Again*, Mercury). Recorded in Stockholm; Arne Domnerus, alto saxophone; Jones, Henri Salvador, composers; Jones, arranger.

I haven't heard that before, but I sure like it—gee, you're playing everything I like today. Gosh, I don't know whether this is someone with an established band just featured on sax for this number or whether it's an album of someone playing solos.

Could be someone like Charlie Mariano; it reminded me a little of him. It's a very nice arrangement and never gets in the way; there's not enough in the writing for me to be able to tell who the band is. But the writing and the soloist are both worth four stars.

5. Duke Ellington. *Big Drag* (from *Ellington Showcase*, Capitol). Recorded in 1953; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Ellington, composer.

That was hard to mistake right from the very first moment—obviously Duke. This is the kind of Ellington I prefer; it has the real Ellington sound; the reed voicing, the brass voicing, the soloists—everything has its own individual character.

I guess this is a fairly recent band, with Hamilton and the whole bunch. It's just a light, swinging, unpretentious thing, but at least you know it's Ellington. He went through a period where he

THE BLINDFOLD TEST



seemed to have gotten away from the sound and did a couple of things that could have been stocks.

Ellington goes back with me—gosh, I hate to think how far. I started at the time of records like *It Don't Mean a Thing*, when I was in high school—close to 30 years ago. Five stars for this piece.

6. Gil Evans. *Theme* (from *Gil Evans Orchestra*, World Pacific). Budd Johnson, tenor saxophone; Evans, piano, composer.

Another record I like—you've done it again. Gee, I'm not sure of this one. There's not too much composition here—just starts with a riff, goes to the tenor solo, then ends with the same riff; but it's very well written and played.

The voicing is exceptional, particularly the passage toward the end, where he has the flute above the brass. Who could that be?

It could almost be a Basie thing—I mean something that Frank Wess or someone like that might write to have something different in the book. But it can't be Basie on piano. And I don't recognize the tenor. I liked him, too. I wish I could take a stab at this band . . . it's not Gil Evans either, but it's on that style. Four stars.

Afterthoughts by Rugolo

I like almost everything of Gil Evans, especially the things with Miles. For big-band arranging, Holman, Mandel; I like the Mulligan things that I've heard.

For movies and TV, Mandel did a great job on *I Want to Live*; I saw *Elmer Gantry* last night, and Previn did a fine job. There still hasn't been the necessary freedom for writing jazz in pictures, but it's getting better; all of us are getting more of a chance. Mancini, I know, is getting to do some pictures on his own, and I hope to be doing a few. I think jazz has more of a chance nowadays in the studios; the outlook for the future is good.



By RALPH J. GLEASON

In mid-July there was a fight at a rock-and-roll show in New Orleans in which performer Jackie Wilson, among others, was shoved into a paddy wagon and hauled to the police station.

The wire services referred in their stories to a "jazz riot." Many newspapers, coast to coast, took this for gospel, using the story and headlining their stories the same way. Occasionally, a paper like the San Francisco *Chronicle*, with a telegraph editor or a copyreader who isn't square and can recognize the facts, will not run the story as received.

Last year, Nat Cole was denied a date at the Masonic auditorium in San Francisco because the management thought he attracted undesirable elements to his shows. A couple of years ago, Dizzy Gillespie ran into the same sort of trouble at the Veteran's auditorium.

What's behind this, whether the people who make the decisions in such matters know it or not, is a fully functioning Jim Crow stereotype.

It's the corollary to the Jim Crow image of the happy native singing and dancing continually. This time any music played by Negroes is jazz or rock and roll (depending on what the musical prejudice is) and, therefore, an incitement to riot because Negroes always fight.

The fact that you can have a fight at a Guy Lombardo dance, the Harvest Moon ball, or a football game, between 22 Caucasians has nothing to do with it apparently. Some people can't think past their first impression.

Our schools and education system bear part of the blame. They don't encourage thinking, and they have cooperated in allowing language to become fuzzy enough so that the same words can have a multiplicity of meanings, depending on one's prejudice.

Literate, trained dealers in words can read record album liner notes and misunderstand simple statements. Apparently logical (and certainly well-meaning) champions of civil rights somehow can rationalize practicing anti-Semitism while attacking Jim Crow.

We are in the midst of a gigantic social upheaval in which the Newport Jazz festival riot, the southern lunch-counter sit-ins, Elijah Muhammad, and countless other things are part of the whole.

Patience, tolerance, understanding, and above all, compassion are needed everywhere. The protest inherent in jazz has always been a protest for good, against evil. Let us not allow it to curdle into hate.



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(Continued from Page 14)

the festival less than 10 days earlier. Basically, it was the Eddie Higgins Trio (Higgins, piano; Jim Atlas, bass; Joe Dukes, drums) with ex-Woody Hermanite Touff on bass trumpet and Mike Simpson, a Chicago studio tenor saxophonist, added. It came out swinging, instantly shifting the audience into high gear. This was happy, hard-swinging jazz, and Touff got the second standing ovation of the festival.

Backstage, Queen Dinah arrived. Having missed a connection en route, she was driven to the festival by car—and ended up in the wrong town. Now she was ready to go on, and the Cy Touff Quintet was told to cut it short. But the audience was screaming for more. So Touff turned Joe Dukes loose on them.

Dukes, a 21-year-old drummer from Memphis, is fast and flashy, but is rapidly developing into an extremely tasteful section player as well. For the Evansville crowd, he gave his all, knocking a cymbal off its pin and sending it rolling across the stage. He abandoned sticks to drum with the backs of his hands, and had the audience—a big percentage of it middle-aged—shouting for more.

By the time Queen Dinah got onstage, even she, noted though she is in the trade for her abundance of temperament, had caught the Evansville spirit. She didn't think she sang well enough, so she calmly announced to the audience that she would be back the next night to give them the performance they deserved.

Despite Joe Dukes' inflamed drum solo, the audience left quietly. Many of the musicians went downtown to jam at the Allez Rouge, a night club opened only two weeks previously and by far one of the smartest rooms in the country. After that closed, the management of the McCurdy hotel let them have the dining room there for further jamming.

In the streets there was no trouble. There were a few beatniks, with frizzy beards and sideburns and sloppy trousers and tennis shoes, but they looked lost and lonely on the late-night streetcorners as traffic lights shone at traffic that was no longer there. They served, in fact, only to point up the big mystery of the festival: Where were the trouble-makers?

Why had they not followed the festival from French Lick, as many jazz fans had? Was it because there were no Kingston Trios, no Brothers Four, no rock-and-roll acts? Was it that they were not willing to put themselves that far out to hear jazz? Did this justify the criticisms of those (including *Down Beat*) who said that these were the kind of acts that attracted the sophomore beer drinkers and trouble-makers?

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Evansville was providing heavy evidence that this was the case.

By Sunday it was clear that there would be another festival next year at Evansville. Thus, by the time of the show opening, everyone was exuberant—both the audience and the performers.

The Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra, under the direction of Lee Castle, opened. It was a full-throated band with a good deal of punch, and it was mixing Ernie Wilkins arrangements with older, nostalgic arrangements.

Then came African singer Miriam Makeba with her odd, haunting tribal folksongs. The audience flipped over her. She was followed by Roy Liberto and the Bourbon Street Six, a New Orleans group that was, sadly, of the Dukes of Dixieland cut.

The Dave Brubeck group was on next. Why Brubeck played so superbly that evening is a subject worth pondering. Brubeck is acutely sensitive to criticism, and refused to close the show because his performance closing the French Lick festival last year was criticized as "anticlimatic" in *Down Beat*. So Dakota Staton was put in the closing spot.

But the Evansville atmosphere got to Brubeck, too—and to Paul Desmond and Joe Morello and Eugene Wright. By the time they hit the stage, they were raring to go, and so was the audience. The group swung so hard that experienced listeners, including many musicians, were head-nodding and finger-snapping, or just looking amazed. Miss Staton followed, but she could not top it. Brubeck had turned in the most important performance, musically, of the festival.

The festival was over. Producer Lobree threw a party for the musicians. So much was Brubeck caught by the feeling of the event that, chronic party-avoider though he is, he got out of bed at Joe Morello's insistence and went. Only Desmond, Morello, Brubeck, and disc jockey Dooley got hopelessly lost in the Indiana countryside, going up and down dirt roads lined by cornfields, looking for oilman Lobree's country hideaway. Their hilarious pilgrimage ended when they arrived at the party when all the beer was gone, which was all right with Brubeck, since he hardly drinks at all. But there were still enough spareribs to go around.

Lobree had publicized the festival under the slogan "Indiana Likes Jazz."

Evansville gave evidence that it does. More important, Evansville gave evidence that any event that draws crowds had better have the co-operation of the police. One Evansville cop said,

"This crowd was no different than any basketball crowd." Evansville's big, modern Roberts Municipal stadium, where the festival was held, is handsomely equipped to handle such crowds. Entire walls turn into doors so that a crowd of 8,000—the crowd on the last night of the festival—can be cleared out in about five minutes.

Perhaps most important was the attitude of the police and civic officials such as Mayor McDonald. One top officer on the Evansville force was asked, a few days before the festival, if he had any idea what kind of person a jazz fan was.

"Of course I do," he said, somewhat testily. "I'm one."

Instead of being antagonistic or distrustful of the crowds, the Evansville police, who had a personal interest through the FOB in seeing that the festival came off smoothly, leaned over backwards to be gracious. But they were there, and they let it be known that they were there.

Instead of waiting for trouble, they headed it off. Now and then a festival-goer would sneak a bottle from under his coat. He would find himself hustled outside and sent on his way before he knew what was happening. Yet such operations were carried off so quietly that the audience was unaware of them.


"You get a couple of guys like that in every crowd," one policeman said.

The first year of Evansville wasn't a musical victory. But next year is likely to be. Lobree is already looking to the pattern set at Monterey and, on the suggestion of both Mitch Miller and Gene Lees, thinking about commissioning new jazz works for premiere performance there.

So far as civic attitude is concerned, not even Monterey could rival Evansville. Seldom have jazz musicians found themselves treated as artists, as human beings, and as gentlemen this way.

All evidence indicated that the town wants the festival continued. The newspapers, which gave magnificent support, are in favor of it. It gave Evansville, which has been suffering through the economic doldrums, a much-needed shot in the arm, both culturally and economically. Mayor McDonald is taking bids to air condition the stadium in time for next year.

So far as jazz as a whole is concerned, Evansville had done it a major service. To be sure, the riot in Windsor got more space in the papers than the quiet orderliness of Evansville.

But the word was spreading even before the festival was over, and before anyone else talks of shutting down a jazz festival, they should look to Evansville, Ind., population 150,000, police force 200, spirit unlimited. 

DESMOND

(Continued from Page 17)

and we will probably have many more, but there are a lot of things we haven't done yet and can do if we can stick together and put up with each other."

Yet even though Paul finds his association with Dave so satisfying (and vice versa) there are constant, if subtle, pressures on the altoist to strike out on his own. Desmond has made notably few recordings with anyone but Brubeck, leading many musicians to wonder—like critic Gitler—how he would sound in another context.

Of those few discs Desmond has made with others (Gerry Mulligan, Don Elliott), his favorite is one made recently for the Warner Bros. label. Working with him were Percy Heath, Connie Kay, and Jim Hall. Though suspicions are occasionally voiced that anyone who has been a sideman for 10 years would run into difficulty as leader, guitarist Hall's comments on the date would tend to indicate the contrary.

"I learned a lot about Paul," Hall said, "due to the fact that each of us had to give a high-level performance at the same time as the other fellow. I was very impressed with his musicianship, especially his ability to play a long melody line through a series of choruses. We made several takes, and every one of his takes was almost perfect; we were the ones who messed up."

"But aside from the music, he's such a charming guy, and though he may not be forceful in the same way some musicians are, I know that he knows what he wants from a group. He may not stomp and shout, but he gets things done just the same."

Paul continues to have the same lack of enthusiasm for leadership that he did when he hired the Darryl Cutler group away and tried the role for a while.

But the time may come when he will give in.

"I guess it's inevitable that I'll have my own group one of these days," he said, "if for no other reason than that Dave will probably wander off into other fields and not do as much playing as he's doing now."

"The problem then will be to find guys I can communicate with musically and get along with the rest of the time. The ideal, for me, is a group with a lot of co-operative playing going on, as opposed to a procession of virtuosi, if that's the word I want. Guys who can improve together in such a way that the whole turns out to be greater than the sum of all the parts. I have that feeling with Dave a lot, which is one reason I've hung around this long,

also with Gerry Mulligan and Jim Hall.

"Finding the right guys, I think, is really the hardest part of being a leader. The rest gets to be largely routine and resigning yourself to being a bad guy part of the time. And a certain amount of patience, fortitude, and delicate negotiation is necessary even for 'illustrious' sidemen like me."

Whether or not he does strike out as a leader, however, Paul has more than enough to keep him occupied—or preoccupied, as the case may be. He is pursuing his own musical ideal, and his distinctive sound—light, liquid, at times mournful—will continue to be an important voice in jazz.


"I love the way Miles plays," he said. "I still think the hardest thing of all to do is to come up with things that are simple, melodic, and yet new. Until fairly recently, most of the landmarks in jazz history could be written out and played by practically anybody after they had been done. It just took a long time for them to be thought of. There's a lot more going on now in terms of complexity, but it's still a long time between steps."

"Complexity can get to be a trap, too. I think it gets to be more fun to play than to listen to. You can have a ball developing a phrase, inverting it, playing it in different keys and times and all. But it's really more introspective than communicative. Like a crossword puzzle compared to a poem."

"What would kill me the most on the jazz scene these days would be for everybody to go off in a corner and sound like himself. Let a hundred flowers bloom. Diversityville. There's enough conformity in the rest of this country without having it prevail in jazz, too."

"I should mention in connection with anything critical I say about anyone else that about 80 per cent of the things I play I hate to listen to afterwards. I kind of know what I'd like to be doing ultimately on the horn, but it's hard to make any progress while you're traveling. Hard enough even in one place, as far as that goes."

"But the things I'm after musically are clarity, emotional communication on a not-too-obvious level, the kind of form in a chorus that doesn't hit you over the head but is there if you look for it, humor, and construction that sounds logical in an unexpected way."

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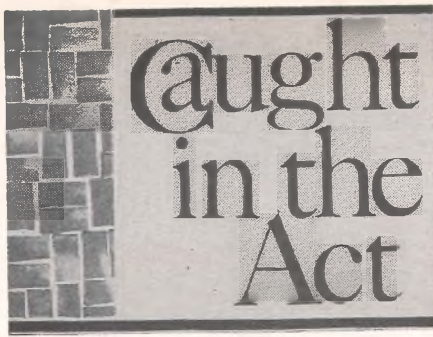
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GEORGE RUSSELL SEXTET

Five Spot, New York City

Personnel: Russell, piano; Al Kiger, trumpet; David Baker, trombone, bass trombone; David Young, tenor saxophone; Ted Snyder, bass, and Joe Hunt, drums.

George Russell, composer-arranger-pianist-drummer, has said that his musical aims are "to enrich the jazz language, produce new rhythms, new tonal combinations, and new forms." His recently organized jazz group, on its first engagement, showed how far toward the attainment of his goals Russell has come. The playing of the Russell sextet narrows the gap between free-blowing jazz and written chamber jazz.

Composer Russell employs what he terms the Lydian chromatic concept of tonal organization. Most of the works in his book are recent original compositions of his own. But trombonist Baker and trumpeter Kiger have also written for the group, applying concepts acquired while they were studying under Russell at the School of Jazz in Lenox. Other musicians who have contributed compositions to the sextet include John Coltrane (*Moment's Notice*), Carla Bley, and David Land. Mrs. Bley is pianist Paul Bley's wife; Land is the son of pop songwriter Dorothy Fields.

Excepting Russell, the sextet's members are young musicians who have at one time or another gone to school in Indiana. Baker has worked with Stan Kenton (1956), and bassist Snyder played for a summer with an Artie Shaw band.

It was evident opening night that the group had been well rehearsed (almost daily for several months) and that the soloists had mastered the techniques required to play the intricate arrangements.

One especially effective number, *New Donna*, was written by Russell with Charlie Parker's *Donna Lee* in mind. Russell says, "What I was trying to do here was to develop a new line for *Donna*, a tune that was originally based on the changes of *Back Home Again in Indiana*, and to have the soloists play-

ing in and out of all the keys through all sorts of tonalities, both horizontally and vertically." The composer labels this concept "pan-tonality."

New Donna was highlighted by the rapidly played three-way ensemble among trombone, tenor, and trumpet. The precise execution was exciting in itself, but adding to the stimulation were the original ideas of each improviser.

Other Russell compositions included the familiar *Stratosphunk* (1959) and the more recent *Lydiot* from his recent *Jazz in the Space Age* album.

Listeners to the LP will note a unique effect achieved by rubbing a string of beads on the rims of the small tuned drums to connect various parts of the work. At the Five Spot, drummer Hunt was getting the same effect by using his sticks on the drum rim.

Baker, playing in New York City for the first time, was impressive as he alternated rapid staccato phrases with the more flowing sounds of the trombone. The enthusiasm of the group was evident in the smile on Baker's face as he listened to tenor saxophonist Dave Young on *One Twenty One Bank*, which was written by the trombonist.



Russell

(Young is already beginning to cause talk around New York as a new star, and Kiger's trumpet ability was noted by the professionals who attended the School of Jazz last summer.)

In some jazz combos, the solos seem disconnected, especially when one soloist takes over from another. In Russell's writing and manner of presentation, this was not the case. Before the listener realized the trombonist had finished his solo, the trumpet or tenor would surge up without disturbing the mood, creating surprise and heightening interest.

I believe that the Russell sextet will be a source of enjoyment and satisfaction for some time to come.

—George Hoefler

AD LIB

Continued from Page 10

original Ellington Washingtonians. Albertson, who re-discovered **Lonnie Johnson**, plans to present the band at a public dance in Philadelphia and possibly on a recording date. All the original members, including trumpeter **Rex Stewart**, are expected to be on hand, with **J. C. Higginbotham** in the trombone chair once occupied by the late **Jimmy Harrison**.

Prince Robinson, who played tenor saxophone and clarinet with the famed **McKinney's Cotton Pickers** in the 30's, died in New York City in August. **Duke Ellington** added Robinson to his Kentucky club orchestra for his first recording date at Gennett in 1926. Within a week of Robinson's death, alto and baritone saxophonist **Andy Brown**, who played with **Cab Calloway's** band for more than 15 years, also died in New York.

Fess Williams, leader of a large orchestra during the 1920's, works during the day at the mail desk of the office of Local 802. He may do some recording for **Bob Weinstock's** Prestige label . . . Jazz veteran **Benny Waters**, who used to play with **King Oliver**, has been working with **Eggy Ley's** Jazzmen at the Taverne in Hamburg, Germany . . . **Sam Wooding**, who took the first jazz orchestra to Russia in the mid-20's with **Sidney Bechet** on clarinet, is living in New York at the Alvin hotel.

Tenor saxophonist **Lawrence (Bud) Freeman** was married recently, in a New York Unitarian church, to the former **Fay Avellar**, who lives in New York and has been active as a professional psychologist. Freeman has been leading a jazz combo that includes trumpeter **Jimmy McPartland** and drummer **George Wettling** on road dates. They were featured in a *Jazz in the Garden* concert at the Museum of Modern Art late in August . . . Dancer **Baby Laurence Jackson** was admitted to low bail on a charge of possessing a small quantity of heroin. The quantity of the drug found on the dancer did not constitute felonious possession.

A French jazz movie, *Blues*, starring the late **Sidney Bechet**, **Claude Luter**, and **Jean Bretonniere** has been revived (it was a failure four years ago) as a result of the publicity over the unveiling of a statue of Bechet on the Riviera during the *Juan-Les-Pins* jazz festival. The film is now doing good business in a Munich, Germany, cinema . . . The United States Information agency videotaped 15 of the 50 hours originally planned at the Newport Jazz festival. The tapes will be edited into 26 half-hour shows for televising overseas on government stations. Reportedly, there are requests to show the tapes in this

country due to the wide press coverage of the festival. Only the jazz artists playing inside Freebody Park were filmed and recorded; none of the rioting is shown on the films.

The Atlantic City Jazz festival promoted by **Sid Bernstein** on the same holiday weekend as Newport brought 23,150 people into the Warren theater during the six shows for a \$101,000 gross. Bernstein has decided to make the festival an annual event and is trying to reserve Convention hall (17,000 seats) for the 1961 show.

Pianist **Gene Di Novi** conducted a 14-piece orchestra with strings back of the **Dick Haymes-Fran Jeffries** singing duo during their midsummer date at the Roundtable. Arrangements were by **Ralph Burns** and **Al Cohn** . . . **Teddy Wilson** will do a tour of Australia in October . . . The **Farmer-Golson Jazztet** is recording its second album this month. It will contain their theme, *Five Spot After Dark*, which **Golson** originally wrote on commission from trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson**, and the tune *Bean Bag*, written by **Golson** for **Coleman Hawkins**. Argo will call the LP *Straight Ahead with the Jazztet*.

Pianist **Red Garland** recently signed his third three-year contract with Prestige. Garland appears on all Prestige's labels except *Bluesville* . . . **Herbie Mann** signed an exclusive contract with Atlantic. The flutist's first LP for the label is due in the fall . . . **Jimmy Rushing** recorded an album of old-time blues that were first recorded in the early 20's by **Mamie Smith's** *Jazz Hounds*, a band that featured saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins**, **Hawkins**, **Buster Bailey**, **Dickie Wells**, **Claude Hopkins**, and others were on the session to help Rushing update *Crazy Blues*, *Gulf Coast Blues*, *Downhearted Blues*, *Shipwreck Blues*, and *Trouble in Mind*.

IN PERSON

- Apollo Theater—**JOCKO HENDERSON'S** Rock-and-Roll Show, until Sept. 8. **DINAH WASHINGTON**, Sept. 9-15.
- Basin Street East—**Dave Brubeck** Quartet, **JUNE CHRISTY**, until Sept. 13. **ERROLL GARNER** Trio, Sept. 14-Oct. 4.
- Birdland—**MAYNARD FERGUSON** Orchestra, **ART BLAKEY** Jazz Messengers, until Sept. 14. **DIZZY GILLESPIE** Quintet, **HORACE SILVER** Quintet, Sept. 15-28.
- Central Plaza—Friday and Saturday all star jam sessions resume Sept. 9.
- Condon's—**BOBBY HACKETT** Band.
- Embers—**HAROLD QUINN** Trio, **ERSKINE HAWKINS** Quartet, until Sept. 10. **DOROTHY DONEGAN** Trio, Sept. 12-Oct. 8.
- Half Note—**HERBIE MANN** Afro-Cuban Band, until Sept. 4.
- Hickory House—**MARIAN McPARTLAND** Trio. Jazz Gallery—**THELONIOUS MONK** Quintet.
- Living Room—**FELICIA SANDERS**, until Sept. 10. **GINNY SIMMS**, Sept. 12-Oct. 1.
- Metropole—**GENE KRUPA** Quartet, **HENRY ALLEN** Giants, **SOL YAGED** Quintet, until Sept. 18.
- Nick's—**PEE WEE ERWIN** Dixieland Jazz Band. Prelude—**RED GARLAND** Trio.
- Roundtable—**RED NICHOLS** Five Pennies, Sept. 5-Oct. 1. **JERRY COLONNA** Dixieland Band, Oct. 3-29.
- Ryan's—**WILBUR DE PARIS** Band.
- Village Gate—**GEOFFREY HOLDER**, Sept. 7-17. **RAMSEY LEWIS** Trio opens Sept. 19.
- Village Vanguard—**CHARLIE BYRD** Trio, **LES McCANN** Trio, until Sept. 4. **GERRY MULLIGAN** Band, Sept. 6-18.

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CHICAGO

John Steiner is continuing his research work in the history of jazz in Chicago, and his latest project will provide a rich source of historical data. He and **Charles Sengstock** are systematically culling jazz information from back issues of the *Chicago Defender*. The research encompasses the years 1909 through the early 1920s. Steiner believes the information uncovered will clarify many inconsistencies in early jazz history and serve as a prod to old-timers' memories. Typical item: "Oct. 23, 1920, **Alberta Hunter** was first to sing **W. C. Handy's Beale Street Blues** and *A Good Man Is Hard to Find*."

Fresh from a three-week stand at Minneapolis' Padded Cell, **Ira Sullivan** reports that **Paul Fink**, the club's owner, has the right idea on promoting a jazz club. Fink charges a nominal admission charge (ranging from 25 to 99 cents), sells beer for less than half a dollar a bottle, and makes money. There were 3,000 paid admissions the first week of Sullivan's stint with the **Pat Moran Trio**. Fink's secret? He saturates the town with radio and TV guest shots by his current attraction and advertises heavily, in a novel way. One of his advertising gimmicks featured an attractive model, scantily clad, swinging to and fro on a trapeze in front of the club. A different chick every night, too.

The traditional nights off, Mondays and Tuesdays, are at least as swinging as the other five nights in the Windy City. Tenor man **Sandy Mosse** has a group at the Ivy League. **Eddie Higgins** holds forth at the London House with bassist **Jim Atlas** and Memphis drummer **Joe Dukes**. **Cy Touff**, ex-**Woody Herman** bass trumpeter, along with **Don James**, piano, **Lou Ott**, bass, and **Bob Cousins**, drums, plays the first two nights of the week at the Happy Medium, Chicago's new theater-club. Despite a heavy schedule of studio work, pianist **Dick Marx** and bassist **John Frigo** still find time to play the off-nights at Mister Kelly's. And there's always **Joe Segal's** sessions at the Gate of Horn on Mondays and at the Sutherland lounge on Tuesdays. And these are supposed to be the slow nights!

August was musical nobility month in Chicago. **Duke Ellington** played a one-nighter at the University of Chicago's Theater-in-the-Round, and the thundering **Count Basie** crew blew the canvas top off the Tenthouse, a summer tent theater in an outlying district of Chicago.

George Shearing had three weeks at the London House in August. Personnel of what is now billed as the **George Shearing Sextet** included **Armando Peraza**, conga drum and bongos; **Herman Wright**, bass, **Walter Bolden**,

drums; **Dick Garcia**, guitar, and **Warren Chiasson**, vibraharp. Alternating with Shearing, as she does with all the London House groups, was lovely and personable **Audrey Morris**.

IN PERSON

Cafe Continental—**Saints and Sinners** featuring **VIC DICKENSON**.
Cloister Inn—**BUDDY RICH** Quintet until Sept. 4. **COLEMAN HAWKINS**, Sept. 5-18. **CONNIE MILANO** Trio, house band.
Easy Street—**RICK FRIGO** Trio. **MICKEY ONATE** Trio, weekends.
French Poodle—**JOHN YOUNG** Trio. **ANDREW HILL** Trio, Mondays and Tuesdays.
Huckster's—**JACK MAHEU** Quartet.
Jazz Lid—**BILL REINHARDT** Band; **TUT SOPER**, intermissions.
Kitty Kat—**DUKE GRONER** Trio.
London House—**TYREE GLENN** Quartet until Sept. 18.
Mister Kelly's—**MORT SAHL**, **FELICIA SANDERS**, Sept. 4-17; **JUNE CHRISTY** and **LENNY MAXWELL**, Sept. 19-Oct. 8.
Red Arrow (Stickney, Ill.)—**GEORG BRUNIS** Jazz Band, Wednesdays and Thursdays; **FRANZ JACKSON'S** Original Jazz All-Stars featuring **BOB SCHOFFNER**, Fridays and Saturdays.
Scotch Mist—**TOM PONCE** Trio.
Sutherland — **LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-ROSS**, Sept. 14-18; **RAY BRYANT** Trio, Sept. 21-Oct. 2; **DIZZY GILLESPIE** Quintet, Oct. 5-16.
Tradewinds—**BUDDY HACKETT** opens Sept. 8; **DON RICKLES** opens Sept. 22. **JOE PARNELLO** Trio, house band.

LOS ANGELES

The 1960 Best New Dance Band contest sponsored by the American Federation of Musicians will have its Los Angeles playoff the night of Sept. 9 at the Hollywood Palladium . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** has been signed by the San Francisco Fairmont hotel to play six weeks, beginning Oct. 13. This will be the first time a performer has worked the swank location for more than three weeks straight.

CLUB ACTION: **Lenny McBrowne** and his **Four Souls** followed the **Les McCann Trio** into the Bit Aug. 10. In addition to McBrowne on drums, the group consists of **Daniel Jackson**, tenor saxophone; **Don Sleet**, trumpet; **Terry Trotter**, piano, and **Monty Budwig**, bass . . . **Hank Stewart**, discount record store operator, bought the Hillcrest club from vibist **Walt Dickerson**, renamed it the Black Orchid, and started an all-jazz policy there seven nights a week, run by bassist **Bill Pickins**. **Dickie Irving's** band was the first group in . . . **Ray Charles** sat in with the **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis** group at **George Alford's** Zebra lounge after the singer closed at the Cloister. Alford's negotiating for him to work the south side room and promises a **Horace Silver** engagement "definitely over the Christmas holidays" . . . **Murray McEachern's** trio joined vocalist **Helen O'Connell** for a stint beginning Aug. 9 at the Villa Marina Aquarium room in Newport Beach-Balboa. In addition to the horn man, the group comprises **Cass Arpke**, piano; **Raul Gonzales**, bass, and **Jerry King**, drums.

Steve Perlow, ex-Kenton baritonist, jots from Tokyo that he's forming a sextet to work there. The group includes four young servicemen—**Lenny Freeman**, alto; **Harry Webster**, trumpet;

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John Cole, bass, and **John Chapman**, piano. Perlow, working at Camp Drake at time of writing, is keeping very busy across the Pacific . . . Disc jockey **Joe Adams**, long a favorite jazz disc jockey hereabouts and sometime actor (*Car-men Jones* and *Her Highness and the Bellboy* in movies and, more recently, *Jamaica*, on Broadway) returns to jazz spinning with his own shown on **KNOB-FM** daily at 9 a.m.

RECORD NOTES: **Dave Axelrod** resigned as jazz head of **Richard Vaughan's** High Fidelity Recordings (Hifijazz) and is vacationing while mulling offers from several labels . . . During his summer on the coast, **Leonard Feather** recorded an album for Blue Note featuring **Harold Land**, tenor saxophone; **Martin Banks**, trumpet; **Amos Trice**, piano; **Clarence Jones**, bass, and San Diego drummer **Leon Petties** . . . **Vic Damone** completed a new album for Columbia under direction of **Jack Marshall** . . . **Jo Stafford's** latest for Columbia features Ellingtonites **Johnny Hodges**, **Ray Nance**, **Harry Carney**, and **Lawrence Brown**.

IN PERSON

Basin Street (La Cienega Blvd.)—**GARNER CLARK** Dixieland Band.
Ben Pollack's—**RAY BAUDUC** and the Dixielanders.
Black Orchid (Washington near La Brea)—**DICKIE IRVING** Band.
Bravo (La Cienega Blvd.)—**GENE RUSSELL** Trio.
Casino ballroom (Avalon) — **ED GRADY** Orchestra.
Dragonwyck (Pasadena) — **CHARLIE LLOYD** Quartet, weekends.
Drift inn (Malibu) — **BUD SHANK** Quartet, weekends.
El Sombrero (Belmont Shore, L.B.)—**RAY MCGINNIS** Trio with guests.
Excusez Moi (La Cienega Blvd.)—**BETTY BENNETT**, weekends.
Gay 90's (Long Beach)—**GENE BOLEN** and His Jazz Band.
Huddle (Wilshire and La Brea)—**BETTY BRYANT**, piano.
Insomniac (Hermosa Beach)—**International Jazz** Quartet.
Jimmie Diamond's lounge (San Bernardino)—**EDGAR HAYES**, piano.
Kismet club (West Los Angeles)—**ART DE PEW** Band, Mondays only.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach)—Name jazz groups Sundays. **HOWARD RUMSEY** All-Stars Mondays through Saturdays.
Renaissance — **JIMMY WITHERSPOON**, **SHELLY MANNE** and His Men, Fridays and Saturdays through August; **BESSIE GRIFFIN** and the Gospel Pearls, Sundays.
Sanbah (East Hollywood)—The Three Sounds, till Sept. 5; **BARNEY KESSEL** Quartet, Sept. 7-26; **EDDIE CANO** group, Sept. 28-Oct. 10; **ORNETTE COLEMAN** Quartet, Oct. 12-31; **RAMSEY LEWIS** Trio, Nov. 9-28.
Sportsman (Costa Mesa) — **JACKIE JOCKO**, piano, vocals; **JOE PETERS**, drums, nightly except Sundays till October.
Sundown—**ALLYN FERGUSON** Band, Mondays; **MED FLORY** Band, Tuesdays.
The Bit—**LENNIE MCBROWNE** and His Four Souls, weekends; **CHARLIE LLOYD** Quartet, Mondays and Tuesdays.
The Blue Beet (Newport Beach)—**ART PEPPER** Quartet, Fridays and Saturdays, Sunday sessions.
The Cascades (Belmont Shore, L.B.) — **VINCE WALLACE**, tenor; **CLYDE CONRAD** Trio.
The Losers — **PETE JOLLY**, piano; **RALPH PENA**, bass.
Villa Marina Aquarium room (Newport Beach) — **HELEN O'CONNELL**; **MURRAY McEACHERN** Trio.
Wind and Sea (Santa Monica) — **BILL BEAU** Trio, nightly except Tuesdays and Wednesdays.
Zebra lounge (Central and Manchester)—**JOHN COLTRANE** Quartet, Sept. 1-11; **LOU DONALDSON** group, Sept. 13-27; **CANNONBALL ADDERLEY** Quintet, Sept. 28-Oct. 10.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena)—**ROSY MCHARGUE**.

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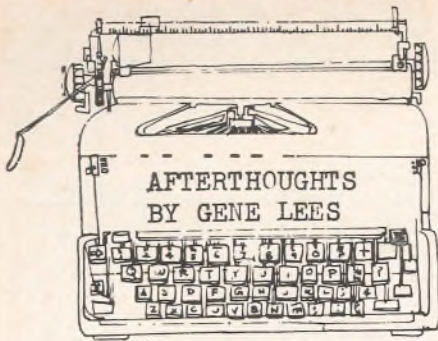
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Not long ago I was chatting with one of the New York members of the brotherhood of jazz critics, and asked whether he had been to the Village Vanguard to hear the Gerry Mulligan big band.

"No, I haven't" he said. "You know, of course, that I hate nightclubs."

This was a curious reply. Police reporters usually don't like police stations, either, but they go there. Reporters assigned to the hospital beat often develop an acute distaste for the odor and atmosphere of infirmaries, but they go. No doubt telephone linemen hate to go to the top of poles on windy days, but they go.

Every profession has its disadvantages. Fashion modeling would seem completely glamorous—until you've seen someone sweating in a fur coat in mid-August under hot lights in a

stuffy photographer's studio.

A burden the jazz critic must bear is going to nightclubs. Otherwise, as the musicians rightly insist, he can't know what's happening. (Of course, the jazzmen are unreasonable about this, too. Just because they don't see a critic doesn't mean he hasn't been in. What do they expect him to do? Call for a fanfare and announce, "I'm here!" every time he drops in to catch a couple of sets?)

For myself, I'm in a fortunate position. Maybe I'm a nut, but I *don't* hate nightclubs. I hate certain nightclubs, to be sure—because the sound system is bad, or the clubowner is a boor and a bore, because the sightlines are all wrong, or the drinks watered, or the checks padded. But there are some clubs, like the Blackhawk in San Francisco (because it has good sightlines and attentive audiences) or Mister Kelly's in Chicago (because of its sound system) or the Half Note in New York (because pleasant people run it and make both musicians and listeners feel at home) that strike me as being good places to hear music.

The one place I usually don't like to listen to jazz is a concert hall. Art forms are related to their environment, both physical and social. Chamber music developed as a form of living-room

music, and its sound is too small and too subtle to get to you when it is presented in a hall suited to a symphony orchestra. Small-group jazz faces a similar problem.

Perfect halls for small-group jazz and string quartets could be designed, of course. Europe is scattered with such places. The Salle Gaveau in Paris is excellent, and there is a marvelous little hall on the campus of the University of Louisville. It is a converted chapel, built of wood, and it is small and intimate, with comfortable seats and excellent acoustics. It is the perfect place to present chamber music (ask the members of the Juilliard String Quartet; they've played both halls) and I've often thought it would be a fine place to hear Miles Davis.

But until America develops a circuit of such halls (and when do you think that's going to happen?) I, for one, would rather hear small-group jazz in certain select nightclubs with an appropriate intimacy of atmosphere than in one of those vast, airy barns with ping-y walls that pass for concert halls in most of America.

In the meantime, it ill becomes a jazz critic to say he won't go to nightclubs. Jazz musicians sometimes don't like them either, but they have to go there. So does the jazz critic. It's his duty.



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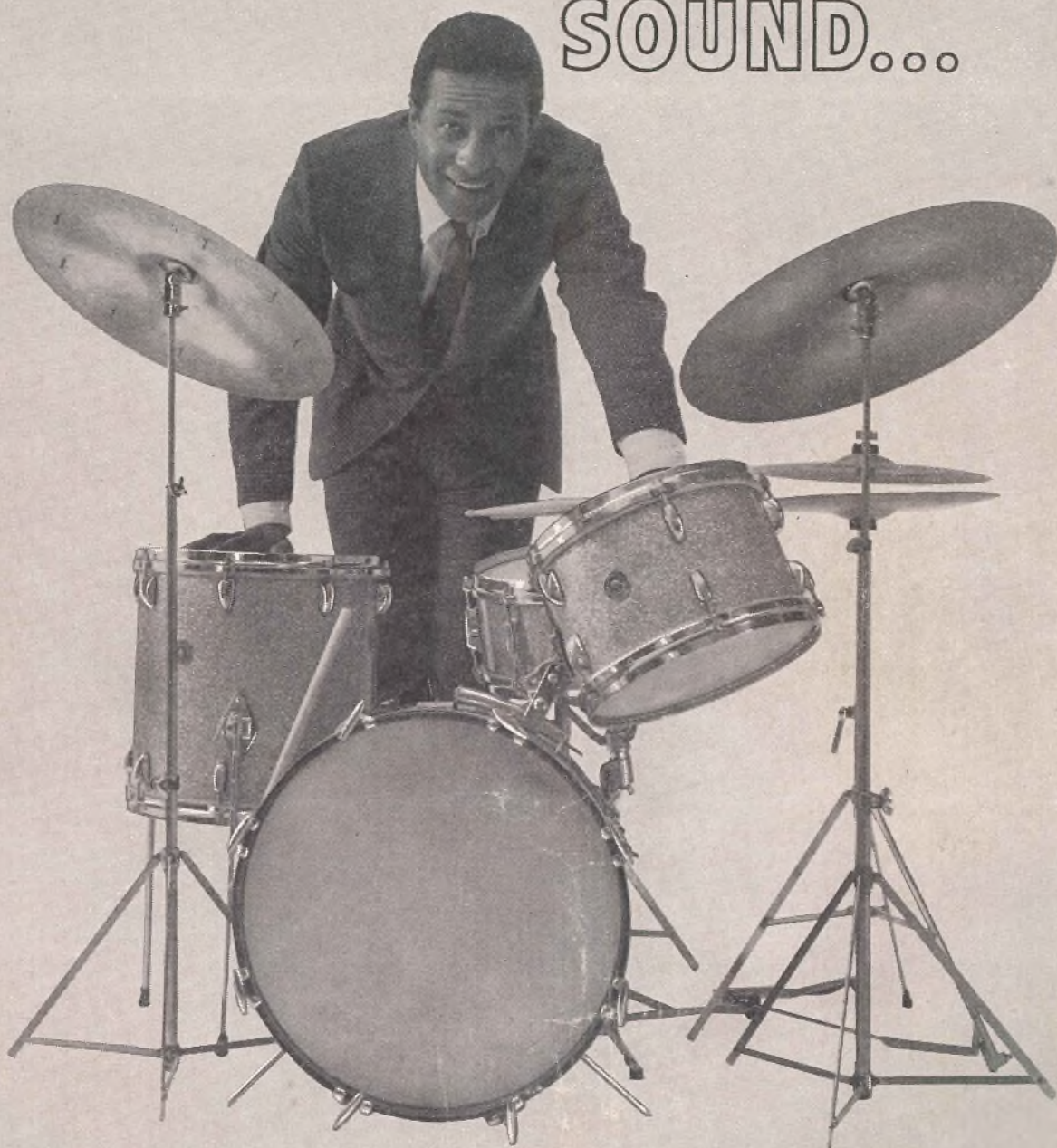
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