

MEL TORME — THE MUSICIANS' SINGER

OCTOBER 13, 1960

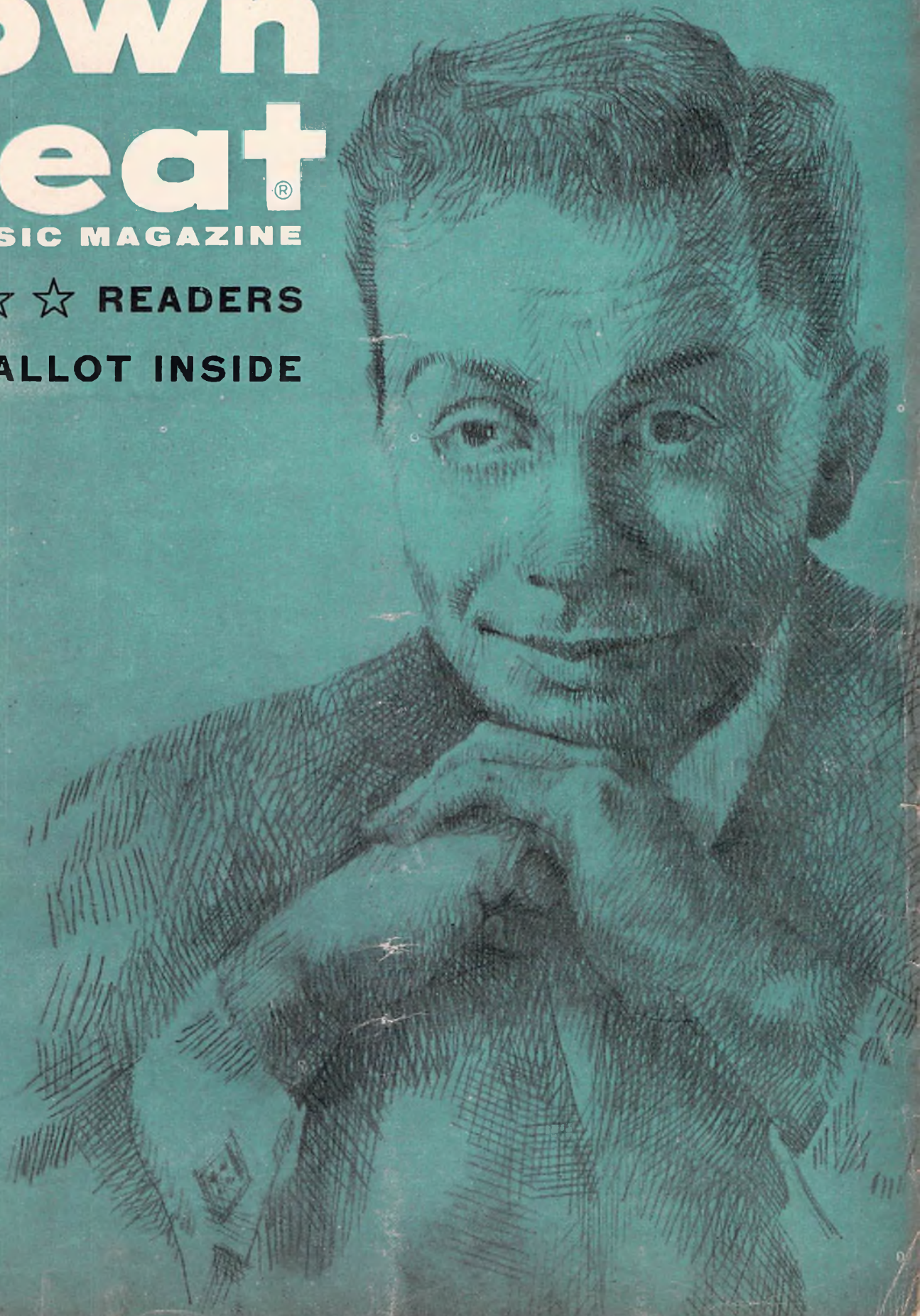
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THE FIRST CHORUS

Why does it so often happen that the smart guys are the last ones to understand anything? Why do the elders of the music business keep fumbling?

Take the band business for an instance. It has been obvious for some time now that the public will not accept the sweet syrup that often passes for music. The public has stayed away in impressive numbers from mickey mouse musicians. Even wholesome,

genial Lawrence Welk is becoming a distinct afterthought.

The younger generation wants something with a beat. To the callow, it is something called rock and roll. To those entering musical puberty, it is jazz. The 5,000 high school dance bands in the country are styled a la Kenton, Ferguson, Ellington, Basic, and Les Brown. The kids want music that gives them a message, not a massage. And they don't care if they can dance to it.

Even college proms, the last refuge of the shadow waltz, are being eclipsed by concerts. At Indiana university this

coming year, all proms except the final senior hop are being replaced by concerts. And if the kids can't get a live name band for their dance, they turn to their own. The Notre Dame freshmen signed the Ohio State band after hearing it at the Collegiate Jazz festival. Their explanation was simple and revealing: "We haven't heard a live band as good as this."

And how could they have? What are agencies and the record companies doing the ballroom perators and the booking ing anyway? These businessmen are waiting for the other guy to do it. The ballroom operators as a group are committed to a mystical precept known as "danceability". Translated, this means a kind of music and tempo that won't offend their 'over-thirty" (way over) patrons. Their method of developing the burgeoning kid market is to put on drab record hops presided over by a local jockey.

The operators put the pressure on the musicians' union this year to alter the rules of the "Best New Dance Band" contest in favor of "danceability". This desperate clinging to past Lombardo-like glories has just about made every young band decide that the contest can do without them.

Of course, the union ain't helping much either. Their promotion of the contest is being carried on mostly in secret. The noise level is so low that, at this writing, fewer than 20 bands are entered *from the whole country*.

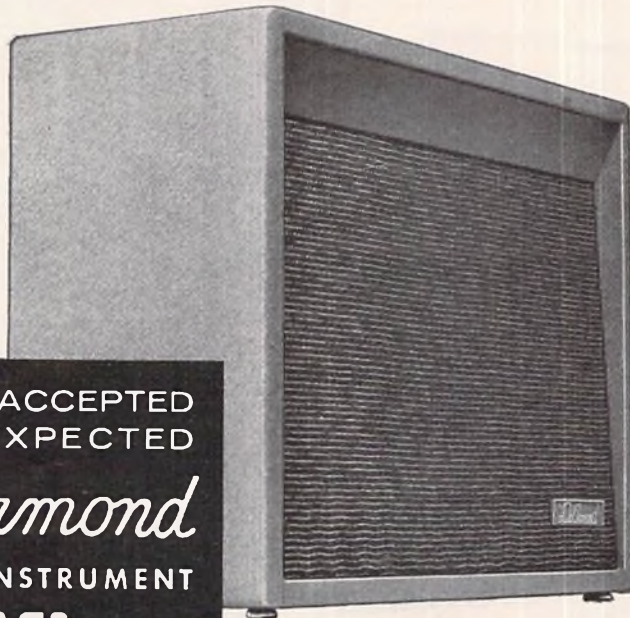
The agents? They gave up selling years ago. They have discovered that capital gains deals—package presentations—and praying for pay TV is the best substitute for finding and promoting talent. There is not one agent in any agency handling name bands who has been out of his office and onto the road for years. Only the silk-suited top executives can, with misty eyes, reminisce about how they used to beat the bushes for new clubs and rooms, and how an office invested time, money, and effort in building someone. Now the agents sit back and run up the telephone bill by trying to sell live music like used-car dealers. And when it is no sale, the agent tells the home office, "Without a record, he's dead."

So, as in so many cases, it goes back to the musician himself, if he has the eyes to make it and the guts to risk the money. So this fall will see some new bands trying to make it with whatever help they can scrape up—Quincy Jones, Si Zentner, Gerry Mulligan (Norman Granz is really helping here), Sal Salvador, and Urbie Green.

They need all the help they can get. *Down Beat* will give it to them. Will you?



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ON THE COVER

Respected by both musicians and other singers, Mel Torme has come a long way since he was known to the world as the Velvet Fog. Leaning heavily on swinging, up-tempo material, Torme is a sensation in clubs and has begun to reflect his increased stature in the quality of his LPs. A full-dress word portrait of the singer, by Gene Lees, begins on Page 24.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

The Truth

Once again Ira Gitler has allowed his personal opinion of a musician's sincerity to completely distort his legitimate critical evaluation of the man's work and the amount of pleasure it can give the fan.

I refer to Gitler's review of Les McCann and *The Truth*, an album I found to be pretty groovy listening. But that's beside the point.

The point is how does Gitler know how McCann feels, thinks, eats, breathes, and generally looks at life? It is possible that McCann is probably a pretty funky guy himself and artistically entitled to thus express himself.

I could be wrong but, what's more important, so could Gitler. He allows his review to be based on what he doesn't know. It's just too much to take after his blasts on Adderley and Brubeck. At least, McCann can consider he's arrived . . .

Salt Lake City, Utah John P. Brophy

I would like to take exception to a recent review written by Ira Gitler. I am referring to the critique of Les McCann's recent release, *The Truth*.

Although I have a great respect for critics and feel that their opinions are usually far more valid than my own, I think that on this particular review, Mr. Gitler went far beyond the bounds of fairness in criticizing the album. Since Les McCann is regarded by many as an up-and-coming pianist of considerable merit and since he, like many jazz artists, is sensitive about his work, I believe Mr. Gitler should have used a little more time and discretion before passing such a harsh judgment.

Those of us who have heard *The Truth* more than once and those of us who have heard Les countless times in person find it hard to believe that "his routines are so contrived that any swinging he does is negated" or "in McCann's case, it's phony funk."

To add injury to personal insult, Gitler fails even to mention two fine young talents, drummer Ron Jefferson and bassist Leroy Vinnegar, and attacks top-rated and highly versed FM jazz disc jockey Frank Evans.

Oh, well, what can you expect from a man who put down Cannonball. Montebello, Calif. Bob Halcomb

Readers Brophy and Halcomb, will be interested in Don DeMicheal's review in this issue of McCann's new LP The Shout and John S. Wilson's review of It's About Time by Teddy Edwards and McCann which appeared in the Sept. 15 issue of Down Beat. Both Wilson and DeMicheal are more or less in agreement with Gitler. See also Shelly Manne's comments on page 47.

Hamp, Grunts, and TV

I have always felt that jazz and jazz groups have been given a raw deal as far as exposure on television goes. There's usually many long months between jazz programs, and we fans can only hope that when jazz musicians appear, they will give a creditable performance and perhaps win new friends for jazz.

Now Lionel Hampton has without a doubt made some valid contributions to jazz; but if his performance on the Aug. 21 Ed Sullivan show was what we can expect from TV jazz, then more power to Sammy Kaye.

The jazz (?) that Hampton played was for the most part so tasteless and just plain noisy that it probably scared away everyone but the dyed-in-the-wool fan. (And a great many fans, I'm sure, were as disgusted as I was with the performance.)

Hampton has substituted grunts and moans for good music. Edward J. Kveton
Riverside, Ill.

The Rising South

I would like to answer Don DeMicheal's question in his review of *Prison Worksongs* (*Down Beat*, Aug. 18) "And what Caucasian can escape a sharp pang of guilt when the congregation sings, 'Jesus is on our side'?" I reply that I and any other southerner living now or at any other time in the history of the south can escape any guilt pangs.

What does he think we do to the Negroes, whip them and kill them? I am proud to be a southerner but am often ashamed to be called an American.

Your magazine continuously injects into jazz politics usually slanted against the south. May it go on record that we do not agree with a word you say and that we will *not* defend your right to say it. Atlanta, Ga. Richard Fleming

DeMicheal was born in the south and lived there until quite recently. He is a conservative in his political leanings but does believe in human rights and will gladly defend reader Fleming's right to say whatever he pleases.

R.J.G. and Ornette

Ralph Gleason's review of the new Ornette Coleman album (*Down Beat*, Aug. 18) was one of the grossest examples of ambiguity, copping out, padded writing, and incompetency that I have ever read . . . Cleveland, Ohio Harvey Pekar

Mr. Ralph J. Gleason is confused about Ornette Coleman, and I, in turn, am confused about Mr. Gleason. How, for instance, can a "critic" make such statements as these: "If this is what he (Coleman) wants to sound like ultimately, I am sorry, but it is an annoying and unmusical sound to my ears." Or, "Of

(Continued on page 7)

course, for musical value there's always Duke Ellington," and then blithely apply the hallowed four-star stamp of distinction upon the album in question (*Change of the Century*, Atlantic)? Elsewhere Mr. Gleason has said in reference to Coleman: "Nobody's taking the chance of missing the boat as they did with Bird." No comment.

And is it really necessary (or desirable) for an artist to remove the stimulus of fresh and challenging material and record an album of standards to accommodate tin-eared critics? If Mr. Gleason had an understanding of Ornette Coleman's work, he would realize these "tunes" of Coleman's are an integral part of everything he does, but rarely in a way to which Mr. Gleason is accustomed. Thus it is unlikely that *Ornette Coleman Plays Jerome Kern* would be of much help to Mr. Gleason or of much importance to Ornette Coleman or of much value to jazz.

Included among Mr. Gleason's remarks is this bit of critical commentary: "Again I say I cannot listen, except to *Ramblin'* and *Una Muy Bonita*, for personal pleasure—and not much then."

The late Charles Ives would have loved Mr. Gleason (in fact, Ives no doubt would have dedicated his *Concord Sonata* to R.J.G. had they been contemporaries and had Mr. Gleason been a classical "critic"). Mr. Ives: "It (Stravinsky's *Firebird*) reminded me of something I had heard of Ravel, whose music is of a kind I cannot stand: weak, morbid, and monotonous; pleasing enough, if you want to be pleased."

Says Gleason, "I do not think this is what Ornette Coleman will sound like when he has perfected his style." Any critic making such a statement seemingly has some idea, however vague, as to what Coleman's "ultimate" conception will be. Why then, doesn't Mr. Gleason share this knowledge with us humble readers? Actually I think Ornette has already provided us with some basic clues as to what he presently aspires, but since I don't presume to be a "critic," I'll not take the time or space to elucidate, except to say, I doubt if Mr. Gleason will be "pleased."

All in all, I think R.J.G. owes his readers some further explanation for the apparent incongruity of his rating of *Change of the Century* and his commentary concerning it. Obviously he feels it is "jazz," and while it may have historical significance according to him, I doubt if it is deserving of a four-star rating on that basis. It either has musical merit or it doesn't.
Brownsburg, Ind. Stephen Neal

Plea for Tolerance

A musician works for many long years on his instrument before he becomes proficient enough to be considered worthy of the critics' notice. This is only the beginning. From then on he caters to the tastes of the public as well as the critics.

However, a strange law dictates that when a musician reaches the point where inspiration flags and he begins to show the signs of the wear and tear of the jazz life, he is immediately a target for the critics' barbs.

Two perfect examples of this are Benny

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York, Pa. David McConky
Steven Thomas

Both Goodman and Krupa have the respect of most critics. But these men who write about jazz are as interested in helping the unknown and neglected talents in jazz as in praising the old masters. Because more is written, say, about Ornette Coleman nowadays than about Benny Goodman does not necessarily imply that Goodman is looked down on by critics or that he is forgotten.

Negative criticism of Krupa and Goodman should not be construed as disparagement but as a reflection of the writer's disappointment with the performance in question. He knows of what these men are capable and, if anything, may judge them by a higher standard than the one he applies to lesser talents.

In Defense of Stocks

In a . . . record review of the Dukes of Dixieland, your reviewer criticized them because their ensemble sounded too much like one of my Dixie stocks. He evidently finds fault with my stocks because I write out every note of the ensemble for the front line, except the solos.

I agree 100 per cent with him: my stock arrangements aren't authentic Dixieland. There is a big difference in writing a stock arrangement so that it can be played by anybody—and writing an authentic Dixie arrangement for just one band composed of professional Dixie musicians.

Any band that plays authentic Dixie uses very little music—just a skeleton arrangement in which the intro, turn-arounds, and endings are usually written out. The rest is 80 per cent faking. It takes a good group of professional musicians to play authentic Dixieland.

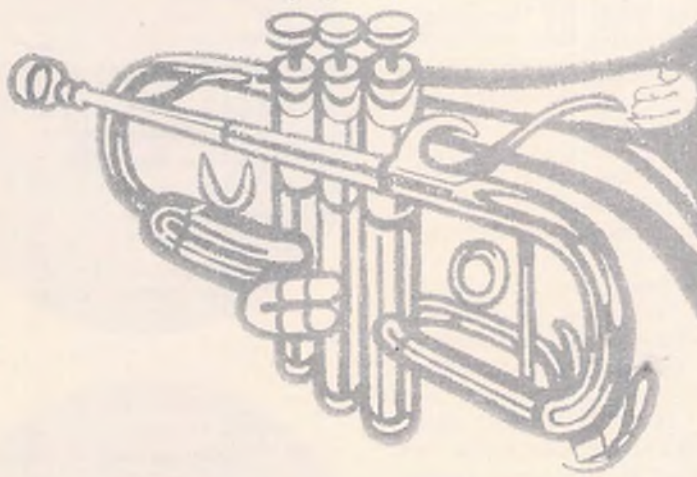
However, I make my livelihood writing Dixie stocks for the publishers and have to take into consideration that many of the customers will be high school bands, non-professional, and semi-professional bands right along with good Dixie bands. A high percentage of these bands *can't* fake; therefore the ensemble has to be written out. This doesn't mean that if a band can play authentic Dixie they have to play the stocks note for note. Many authentic Dixie bands use my stocks as skeleton arrangements. The small band Dixie stocks I've written for the publishers have outsold any small band stocks on the market.

North Hollywood, Calif. Zep Meissner

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DUKE ELLINGTON

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An evening spent with the Ellington band will always produce some delectable musical dishes delivered with flair and flamboyance, but the quality of the fare, unfortunately, may veer from the sublime to the schlock at a moment's notice. This was the case at the Ellington concert that closed the University of Chicago's summer drama festival.

Other factors helped to end the series on a not-too-happy note: a miserable p.a. system hampered soloists, especially Miss Greenwood, and threatening weather forced the concert indoors. This meant that many patrons were turned away, for the hall held only a relatively small 1,300; some 3,000 could have attended at the large outdoor court on the campus, where the event originally was scheduled. But the inclusion in Ellington's program of too much of the often-heard and not enough of the new was the biggest disappointment of the evening.

The concert started promisingly. The band warmed up on a medley consisting of *Black and Tan Fantasy*; *Creole Love Call*, and *The Mooch*. It proved to be the highlight of the concert. Nance played excellent plunger trumpet at the end of *Black*. Procope's Bigard-like clarinet was featured on the second tune of the medley but sounded a bit stiff. The best playing of the medley was trombonist Wood's. His plunger work on *The Mooch* displayed his respect for the Tricky Sam Nanton tradition but not to the point of obscuring his own fertile ideas.

Hamilton displayed his handsome clarinet technique on *Newport Up* but had little to say creatively. On the same way-up-tempo number, trumpeter Cook turned in some of the best soloing heard during the three-hour soirée. Cook

(Continued on page 13)

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 10)

shows unmistakable signs of developing into a major soloist. Newport concluded with an amusing but musically void three-way chase among Hamilton, Cook, and tenor man Gonsalves.

The impish Nance returned to stage center and broke up the audience with his violin treatment of *Autumn Leaves*, even though Carney stole his thunder with a marvelous baritone cadenza on the ending.

The audience encored Nance back, and he responded with a duet with Gonsalves. His beautifully understated excursion came as a refreshing change of pace after Paul's heroic tenoring. While Nance's violin technique is far from dazzling, his humorous but always musical ideas and his use of double stops are delightful.

Carney, ever the gentleman both musically and socially, was featured on *Sophisticated Lady* but wasn't up to his usual standard. His section work was exemplary, however.

Seemingly bored with the whole affair — he sat with his brow in his hand through most of the first half — Hodges strolled to the center of the stage and turned in a wonderfully warm performance on his features *Flirty Bird*, *All of Me*, and *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*. His alto work strutted as of old, filled with short, pulsating phrases. One of the beauties of his playing is that he gives his phrases room to breath — no running one into the other.

It was good to see Lawrence Brown back in the fold, but he had only one solo, 12 bars on *V.I.P. Blues*. Woodman, likewise, was given very little blowing room, just one of the Shakespeare things — *Hank Cinq* — in which he displayed much of his agility but little of his ability as a jazzman.

The only new piece played during the evening was an innocuous excerpt from the *Nutcracker Suite* that found the band a little ragged and woefully unimpressive. On the whole, however, the band's section work was good throughout the evening. The only near-disastrous moment came when Woodyard almost threw everybody on *Skin Deep*, but Ellington and the lead men kept things together.

The concert ended, as all Ellington concerts must, with the inevitable and-then-I-wrote medley and the usual "love-you-madly" routine.

But altogether, the evening was generally pleasant. —DeMicheal

VOTE!

See page 54

in the
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The Modern Jazz Quartet, under the musical direction of pianist **John Lewis**, is the first jazz instrumental group to concentrate its activities on integration with the classical concert world. The group will appear with the Orchestra of America, directed by **Richard Korn**, at Carnegie hall on Dec. 14. The orchestra, now in its second season, is dedicated to American music of the past and present. The MJQ will perform with the orchestra **Arthur Shepherd's Symphony Horizons**, **George Antheil's Jazz Symphony**, **Arthur Kreutz's Dixieland Concerto**, and the first New York performance of **Gunther Schuller's Concertino for Jazz Quartet**. The Schuller composition will also be performed by the MJQ with the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra next Feb. 17, in Minneapolis.



Lewis

Monte Kay, manager of the Modern Jazz Quartet, has signed a personal managership contract with **Ornette Coleman** . . . The **Newt Thomas Trio**, a hit at the Virginia Beach Jazz festival, signed with **Joe Glaser's Associated Booking Corporation** . . . **Rudy Viola**, jazz booker at the **Willard Alexander** office, suffered a heart attack and is in St. Michael's Hospital in Newark, N.J.

Art D'Lugoff of the Village Gate has scheduled two jazz concerts to be held in the Hunter college auditorium: **Nina Simone** appears Oct. 1, and the **Gerry Mulligan Concert Band** on Saturday, Oct. 29 . . . Dancer **Carmen De Lavalade**, wife of the multi-talented **Geoffrey Holder**, performed an impression of **Billy Holiday** during a dance festival at Jacob's Pillow in Massachusetts. It was the premier of a new **John Butler** ballet, *Portrait of Billie* . . . Folk song impresario **Felix Gerstman** is trying to line up blues singers **Lightnin' Hopkins** and **Lonnie Johnson** for his Town Hall concert on Oct. 29.

Josh White, singer of blues and folk tunes, performed last month at One Sheridan Square, a new off-Broadway theater on the site of the old Cafe Society Downtown, where White appeared in the early '40's with such stars as **Lena Horne**, **Billie Holiday**, **Art Tatum**, boogie pianist **Pete Johnson**, and others . . . A new jazz club, **Jazz City, U.S.A.**, has opened in Greenwich Village with an exclusive teenage policy. No liquor will be sold in the club, owned by **Don George** and managed by **Allen Derrick** . . . Birdland has instituted Sunday afternoon tea dancing to the music of the **Randy Carlos** and the **Rico Jay** orchestras.



Billie

The **Ray Bryant Trio** now features Ray on piano, brother **Tommy Bryant**, bass, and **Dave Bailey**, drums . . . Pittsburgh tenor saxophonist **Al Morell** opened in his home city at the Chateau with **Howard McGhee**, trumpet; **Walter Bishop, Jr.**, piano; **Wyatt Reuther**, bass; **Charlie Persip**, drums. The group is called the **Giants of Jazz**.

Joe Wells has been presenting organist **Ram Ramirez**, drummer **Ronnie Coles**, and pianist **Clarence Williams** at his Harlem restaurant. He is planning to open an upstairs

(Continued on page 48)

down beat

Down Beat

October 13, 1960

Vol. 27, No. 21

AFM BEATS MGA IN NLRB BALLOT

Though the pre-election battle was bitter, when the final count was tallied there was no arguing the outcome—a clear victory for the American Federation of Musicians and the right to represent Hollywood musicians in the major motion picture studios. The National Labor Relations Board-supervised election thus restored the AFM to the position of bargaining agent it lost to the rival Musicians Guild of America in a similar election July 22, 1958.

The voting was decisive: 473 votes for the AFM against 408 for the guild. A separate election to determine jurisdiction at Universal-International Pictures bogged down in an impasse for 60 days because of 24 challenged votes that could yet tip the scale in favor of one of the unions. The U-I vote broke down to 97 for the federation against 85 for the guild and one vote in favor of no union at all. The reason for the separate U-I election was that Universal no longer is a member of the Motion Picture Producers Association, the management group which represents the major studios.

Loss of the major studios, while a serious blow to the MGA, is not necessarily fatal. The guild still controls bargaining rights with the alliance of television producers and also has its oar in the phonograph recording industry. But this contest was considered by many observers to be a portent of things to come for the guild. Now that the majors are lost, goes the argument, it must be only a matter of time before the AFM regains other territory previously lost to its small rival. In the immediate aftermath of the election there was no comment forthcoming from guild officialdom, however.

The AFM victory is also viewed as favorable to an increased drive against production and scoring of pictures abroad. With bargaining rights restored, the federation now is in a position to swing its weight against foreign production and possibly level the threat of boycott against those majors considering same.

Also affected by the election result will probably be a recent N.Y. district court decision against the federation in the AFM's attempt to block sale of 122 Warner Bros. pictures made after 1948

to television. The federation seeks payments for the re-use of the music in these films.

OSCAR PETTIFORD DIES IN COPENHAGEN

One of the great masters of modern jazz bass will be heard no more. Oscar Pettiford, 37, died Sept. 8 in Copenhagen's Fiedfrederiksberg hospital, where he had been taken four days previously after playing a performance at an art exhibit. Pettiford, who had lived abroad for the last several years, played frequently in Copenhagen with tenor saxophonist Stan Getz.

Born in 1922 on an Oklahoma Indian reservation, Pettiford started learning bass when he was 14 and worked with a band led by his father. In 1943,



Oscar Pettiford

he joined Charlie Barnet to play in a two-bass team with Chubby Jackson. Later, he and Dizzy Gillespie formed the first bebop group to work on New York's 52nd St. Subsequently, he worked with Boyd Raeburn, Coleman Hawkins, Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, Charlie Shavers, and led groups of his own, usually sextets.

Leonard Feather credited Pettiford with "developing the most melodically inventive and technically agile bass style since Jimmy Blanton." While recovering from a broken arm, Pettiford started experiments toward playing jazz solos pizzicato on cello. Feather said Pettiford "showed extraordinary

skill in adapting this style to the cello," and called him "a brilliant and peerless performer."

Almost all bass players list Pettiford as one of their favorite performers on the instrument.

Pettiford was hospitalized late in 1958, in Vienna, following an automobile accident. He had decided, after touring Europe, to remain there.

Danish doctors refused to give the cause of his death. In New York, there were rumors that violence was involved—the rumors perhaps proceeding out of the lack of information about the cause of death. But, until further information was available, there was no firm justification for such an assumption: some European countries have a law that cause of death is not public information, that it is a family matter that is to be revealed at the discretion of relatives only.

Pettiford is survived by a son, Oscar Pettiford, Jr., who lives with his mother, Harriet, in New York City.

SINATRA SEEKS TO BURY 'CLAN' TAG

The much-publicised "clan" of Hollywood and Beverly Hills has been disowned as a group by its thane, Frank Sinatra.

In a statement in Hollywood's *Daily Variety* the singer-actor disclaimed the existence of the group commonly regarded as being comprised of Shirley McLaine, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr., Peter Lawford, songwriter Sammy Cahn, Warren Cowan, co-head of the publicity office which handles press relations for Sinatra, and a few others.

"As far as I know," Sinatra declared in his first public utterance on the subject, "the various guilds that are part of my professional life are the only organized groups to which I belong. 'The clan' is a figment of someone's imagination. Naturally, people in Hollywood socialize with friends as they do in any community, but we do not gather together in childish fraternities as some people would like to think. *Life* magazine coined the phrase, 'the clan,' in an article, and it stuck with everyone except the people who are supposed to belong to it. There is no such entity as 'the clan' and there never has been. I am fortunate to have many friends and many circles of friends, but there are no membership cards."

WHAT PAY-TV PORTENDS FOR THE COMPOSER

With the coming of pay television regarded by many responsible trade observers as inevitable, the lot of the composer in TV is expected to improve immeasurably.

This is the opinion of Leith Stevens, veteran film composer and president of the Composers and Lyricists Guild of America, who is now active in television, writing for two new private-eye series.

Stevens, who also holds a teaching chair on film scoring at the University of Southern California at Los Angeles, said both motion pictures and television are entering a period of maximum production. He said he expects pay TV to play a major role in this upswing.

"Television has matured to the point where its producers now realize the marked contribution music especially written for the program can add to the success of their series," he said.

"The result has already been an increased demand for the services of composers. And indications are that this increased demand will be continued and expanded."

"This," according to Stevens, "together with a modest estimate of the amount of production to be required by a national pay TV operation, suggests that the present group of about 400 experienced composers must be greatly increased in the near future if we are to satisfy the future requirements of these media for new music."

With commercial television already crying for more new musical ideas and new talent, the advent of pay TV might well turn out to be a bonanza for those composers who have yet to be heard.

UNTIRING WOODY HARD AT IT

Woodrow Charles Herman has traveled some 35,000 miles since February in his 25th year as bandleader. And, still stomping off his furious tempos for his shouting big band and blowing an occasional clarinet solo, Woody shows no signs of tiring.

Herman is encouraged that his Atlantic album cut at last year's Monterey Jazz festival is "starting to sell." If it doesn't break sales records, he still has a new one-year contract with Riverside to look forward to. And he also has albums out on Jazzland, a Riverside subsidiary, and Crown.

The current herd, which features a screaming Bill Chase-led, five-piece trumpet section and the drumming of Jimmy Campbell, is an exciting and versatile crew, which is at home in a dance hall as well as in a jazz club. The band recently played *American in*



REVENGE IS SWEET

It had to happen: Cannonball Adderley and Dave Brubeck caught up with Ira Gitler—together! Gitler has in recent weeks blasted albums by both Adderley and Brubeck, to the uncontrollable fury of their fans. Cannon, who is privately on quite friendly terms with Ira, and Brubeck weren't half so disturbed. But the three took time out from a cocktail at Detroit's recent American Jazz festival to pose for this gag shot.

Paris with the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra before 21,000 persons at Fairfield, Conn.

Herman said he feels the big-band business, which he entered in 1936 when he took over the Isham Jones Orchestra, might be on the way back. The band has played a number of high school proms this year—with the parents pitching in to pay the costs—and Herman said the youngsters are easily won over from rock and roll when they are exposed to big-bands.

FIVE FANS FOR LOUIS

Louis Armstrong has legions of fans the world over but none as loyal as five pretty young girls from Atlanta, Ga. The quintet has followed Armstrong and his group all over the country this summer.

Louis gets them in free at most places, including Atlantic City's Steel Pier, despite its admission gate's being manned by tough Pinkerton men. Armstrong thinks a great deal of the five and is flattered by their idolatry.

Three of the girls are students at the University of Georgia: Linda Farmer, 21; Glenda Steadman, 22, and her sister, Carlene, 19. Nalda Fava, 22, and Jessie Harness, 19, attend Indiana University.

The five saved up all year to make the trek to Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City, Mo., and other spots hit by the all-stars this summer. Their families helped out with some cash, and the girls worked in Cleveland for a month to replenish their purses.

Why this hero worship for a man three times their age? They think "Louie's cute" and "we just love his

music." The girls say they never get tired of hearing the same numbers played over and over again.

Will the girls shift their emphasis to something more modern next summer and trail Miles Davis? Never, they say. Their man is Satch. And they're somewhat concerned about the effect of their hero's traveling on his health. They say he looks tired lately, and they're worried.

NEW LIFE IN MILWAUKEE

Milwaukee has long been the butt of show business jokes about dead towns to play in.

But developments of the last few months indicate that it's time for a change of view on Wisconsin's biggest city: Milwaukee is jumping with live entertainment.

The contention of the American Federation of Musicians that a cut in the notorious federal entertainment tax (usually referred to as the cabaret tax) would increase employment is proving out in Milwaukee. Since May 1, when the tax was reduced from 20 percent to 10 percent, a number of Milwaukee night clubs and restaurants have replaced TV sets and jukeboxes with live performers.

Donald H. Dooley, a Milwaukee *Journal* reporter who deals extensively with music in the city, reported in his paper that "musicians are happy, restaurateurs and club owners are grinning from ear to ear, and patrons for the most part are pleased with a situation that is giving the town more of a cosmopolitan polish."

Recent weeks have seen the Hi-Lo's in town, followed by Vic Damone and

Peggy King, and jazz performers such as Jack Teagarden, J. J. Johnson, Miles Davis, and the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet. One club—Holiday House—recently booked Tony Bennett, paying him \$10,000 for a nine-day stand. This made Bennett one of the most expensive club acts ever to play the town. The club planned to follow up with Johnny Desmond, Dinah Washington, and Della Reese.

Another club is running live light opera to good business; one has tried Dixieland jazz; others are booking local singers and instrumentalists.

Some club owners think the boom in live entertainment is just that—a boom. They say Milwaukee is an imitative town, and because one room has found success with this sort of policy, another will try it—but the whole thing could blow away.

Volmer Dahlstrand, president of AFM Local 8, is more optimistic. He thinks live entertainment will boom more in Milwaukee. He said club owners who used to pay about \$2,000 for a tax bill now pay \$1,000 and want to put the difference into music.

"We're very happy," he said. "We fought this tax for a long, long time."

BANDS ACROSS THE BORDER

Since the thorny days of James C. Petrillo, an "iron curtain" has blocked interchange of bands and musicians between Mexico and the United States. As in mountain-country family feuds, the cause of the original dispute between the musicians unions of both countries that gave rise to the band embargo is long buried in dusty archives, but the fussin' and fightin' continued nonetheless.

One of those actively concerned about the pointlessness of the situation is Ruben Rodriguez, an AFM Local 47 member, who has made frequent busi-

ness trips to Mexico City and learned in private conversation with representatives of the Mexican union that a settlement of the long-standing dispute was far from out of the question.

Acting in behalf of John Tranchitella, president of Local 47, and with approval of AFM president Herman D. Kenin, Rodriguez opened talks with officials of the Mexican union aimed at breaking the deadlock. The result was a reciprocal agreement between Tranchitella in Los Angeles and Juan Jose Osoria, secretary-general of the Mexican union, in Mexico City. Under the pact a limited number of bands from both countries are now permitted to cross the border and work.

The first U. S. band to head south under the new arrangement was Stan Kenton's, which played a one-week tour of Mexico in June on the windup stage of a stateside trip. The tour attracted considerable attention outside the music business and was covered by newsmen Frank Stacy of the *Chicago Tribune* and Jack Levinson, vice president of Earl Wilson Enterprises.

Kenton, booked under the aegis of Joaquin Ancona's *Espectaculas America*, got paid \$43,000, including transportation, housing, and other expenses for the series of 14 concerts in five cities June 7-13.

Last month the second U. S. name band was swinging south of the border. Harry James, who opened a two-week engagement early in August at the swank Senatorial restaurant in Mexico City, was paid a fee of \$30,000 for the stand, including round-trip transportation and taxes.

Along for the ride with the James crew were personal manager Frank (Pee Wee) Monte and his brother, Fred; band vocalist Jilla Webb; and featured blues singer Ernie Andrews, who worked with James last year at the

Flamingo hotel in Las Vegas. The deal was set by booker Bob Wilding of the Music Corp. of America Beverly Hills office and called for the James band to play two concert-dances in a Mexico City auditorium during the Senatorial engagement.

Thus far, no Mexican bands have visited the United States under the agreement, though the first units are expected soon. Secretary-general Osoria hailed the thaw that for the first time gives Mexican orchestras an opportunity to display their talent and earn dollars in the United States.

So far as Los Angeles Local 47 is concerned, vice president Max Herman declared, "We call this new program our *Live Music and Good Neighbor Policy*, and we want it to work."

BAKER JAILED IN ITALY

Chet Baker, who had intended to make Europe his home, ran into an unfriendly welcome from Italian police late in August. The trumpeter was picked up on the orders of a state prosecutor investigating charges that Baker had been using narcotics.

Police arrested Baker at a resort in Lucca, Italy, where he had been working with a group including pianist Romano Mussolini, son of the late dictator.

The prosecutor began his investigation almost a month earlier, after Baker was found semiconscious in the washroom of a filling station. Police claimed he had been trying to give himself an injection in the arm, but Baker protested, at the time, that he was under medical care for drug use and that the injection was prescribed by doctors to aid him in his treatment.

The only request Baker made when he was arrested was that he be allowed to take his horn to jail with him.

The Case of Garner Vs. Columbia

By GEORGE HOEFER

Erroll Garner is one of the most spontaneous and prolific performers in jazz. Not only does he reel off an endless stream of standards in a concert, but he also often composes on the spot. Some of his tunes—*Misty*, *Solitaire*, and *Dreamy*—have become hits. All were transcribed from tapes; Garner neither reads nor writes music.

Garner is just as spontaneous in the recording studio. George Avakian, who supervised many Garner dates for Columbia Records, once recorded 19

tunes (97 minutes of music) in three hours (with a half-hour out for sandwiches) with Garner. Recording supervisors usually hope to achieve four three-minute takes in three hours of recording, obtained only after innumerable retakes. A Garner date usually produces an awesome number of usable one-takes so good that they cannot be improved upon.

This prodigious output was heartwarming to Columbia not only because it kept production costs down but also because the company was able to build up a sizable backlog of tracks, which meant money in the bank with an artist

as popular as Garner has become.

Thus, the relationship between Garner and Columbia was a cordial one—until recently.

But now Garner and his manager, Martha Glaser, are involved in a complicated lawsuit against Columbia over the pianist's exclusive recording contract with the label. When all the legal complications are sorted out, the case may have a bearing on countless future contracts between jazz artists and record firms.

This is what the Garner-Columbia case is about:

When Garner left EmArcy-Mercury

in 1956, he signed a five-year agreement with Columbia that gave him rights of approval on all sides to be released; at the termination of the contract (it originally was scheduled to expire in June, 1961), the balance of the approved, but unused, tapes was to be turned over to him. The company also agreed to release three LPs and six single records a year.

During the year 1956-57, only one or two singles were released. Garner complained to Mitch Miller, who had become the pianist's a&r contact when Avakian left Columbia. Miller checked into the matter and agreed with Garner: Columbia had erred. But he asked Garner to sign a waiver for that year. Garner signed.

In March, 1958, Garner made a record date. It turned out to be the last date for Columbia. Three months later—at the end of the second year of the contract—no further singles had been issued.

In November, 1958, Garner took the matter to the American Federation of Musicians, accusing Columbia of breach of contract. He asked the union for its clearance to sign with another label. In June, 1959, when Miller asked Garner to do another record date, the pianist refused.

So Columbia decided that it would simply assemble a new album out of the stockpile of unused tracks. The resultant LP, *The One and Only Garner*, was released in June, 1960. Two of the tracks had been recorded in February, 1953 (prior to the signing of the exclusive contract between Garner and Columbia), while the remaining six tracks came from the June, 1956, date supervised by Avakian.

Garner's attorneys promptly obtained an injunction to restrain Columbia from selling the disc and asking the company to remove the LP from record-store shelves. The grounds for the demand? Garner said he had not approved the six sides from the Avakian date. He said they were essentially rejects.

"I can't understand," the pianist said, "how a company run by such eminent musicians as Goddard Lieberson and Mitch Miller would want to release substandard performances, despite my protests. It puts the artist in an awkward and impossible position. And, what's more, it is unfair to the consumer."

The date from which the six tracks came—the session produced the album called *The Most Happy Piano*—was not made under the best of conditions. Garner had just come out of hospital, where he had been recovering from a concussion suffered in a taxi crash. He was eager to start work under his new

contract, signed only a week before, even though his regular bassist and drummer were on vacation, and Garner did not want their vacations short.

Bassist Al Hall and drummer Specs Powell went into the studio as substitutes. Garner did 19 tunes, unrehearsed and without retakes. These facts are related in Avakian's liner notes for *The Most Happy Piano*. Garner's position is that it was physically impossible to hear playbacks of 19 numbers in the three hours.

Columbia's attorneys retorted that it had been assumed that Garner had heard the playbacks of the six tunes used in *The One and Only Garner*; it is common practice for musicians to hear a playback immediately after cutting a track. The attorneys also pointed out that Garner is one of the very few artists to have an approval clause in a contract.

Garner further complained that he has never received an inventory of the tunes he has on tape in Columbia's vaults, though, he said, he has asked for one. He said that with the contract breached, he felt he should get back all the usable material that has been approved and be given the chance to check the titles he had not okayed.

Garner's suit argued that "the issuance of the unapproved tracks could do irreparable damage to the pianist's artistic reputation. The kind of harm that cannot be cured with money . . ." (One trade paper already has reviewed *The One and Only Garner* as subpar Garner; *Down Beat* was asked by Martha Glaser not to review it at all, pending the outcome of the case, and has not.)

In May of this year, the AFM advised Garner that it would sustain his contention that Columbia had breached the contract. The union gave him its blessing to sign with another record company until the controversy was resolved. Miss Glaser since has entered negotiations with another label.

Meanwhile, Columbia maintains that it was Garner who breached the contract—by refusing to record in June, 1959. It, in turn, has sued Garner for \$600,000—for failure to appear for recording sessions.

Up to this point, Garner seems to be faring best in the legal struggle. In July, he won the initial round when New York Supreme Court Justice Morris Spector granted a temporary injunction against the release of the album. The restraining order also prohibited the company from pressing, selling, distributing, and advertising the LP.

The next day, Columbia appealed the injunction in the appellate division of the Supreme Court. At the same time,

the company asked the court to withhold the temporary injunction until the appeal had a chance to be argued.

The appeals court was closed during August. But Judge Bernard Botein of the appellate court ruled that the injunction would remain in effect at least until the Fall appeals court considers it in September.

Judge Botein, on an action by Columbia, asked Garner's attorney, Walter Hofer, to post a bond of \$40,000 in behalf of his client. If Justice Spector's decision is overturned, Garner could lose all or part of this bond.

Whatever the outcome of the case, it is an enormously significant one for recording artists. It marks the first time in the history of the record business that an artist has successfully gone to court to force a company to take a disc off the market.

A year ago, singer Lena Horne sued RCA Victor over the release of the album of *Porgy and Bess* that she made with Harry Belafonte. The New York Supreme Court rejected her case. But, unlike Garner, Miss Horne had no approval clause in her contract.

If Garner is upheld this month and wins a permanent injunction against the sale of the LP, it will be another first for him.

Even if Columbia loses the case, the firm cannot be entirely unhappy about its association with Garner. His *Concert by the Sea* LP, made early in the life of the battered contract, has sold more than 500,000 copies.

But regardless of Columbia's state of mind, this case is likely to have a permanent effect upon future contracts between artists and the labels with which they sign. If Garner wins, it follows that other strong-selling recording artists will demand equal, if not more concessions, when their contracts come up for renewal.

It is not inconceivable to envision approval rights, return of unused tapes, and guaranteed releases, as bargaining factors of the future. Such items may become the determining points upon which a record affiliation is established.

But if Garner wins, what will happen to the small independent jazz labels, which depend on having backlogs as an investment? No longer will they be able to store up sides recorded by jazz artists when they are little known with the hope the artist will make it big in future years, even if on another label. This has kept some of the jazz independents alive.

The final outcome of the Garner litigation will be watched closely. Artists will be hopeful, while the businessmen in the record industry will view with alarm.



Take Five

What Price 'Theater'?

By JOHN TYNAN

With much advance comment in the New York press and in national magazines as the result of a successful off-Broadway run, Jack Gelber's *The Connection* opened the end of August at Hollywood's Le Grand Comedy theater.

Opening night produced a full house. In the audience was the normal quota of reviewers of drama and music augmented by more than a token showing of celebrities from the so-called film colony, a goodly showing of friends of *The West Coast Connection Company*, and one noisy drunk full of Spanish Riesling who made his presence known throughout the first act by uninhibitedly yelling encouragement to the players. When the production ended at midnight, some three hours and 10 minutes after the first dimming of the house lights, the loud applause and repeated cries of "Bravo!" were audible to passing motorists along Cahuenga Blvd.

During intermission between the two long acts, jazz recording executive Richard Bock commented wryly, "It's got to be a hit, I suppose."

A boxoffice hit, yes; and, to paraphrase Milton Berle, a hit in the head for jazz. For what *The Connection* conveys to the audience is that the heartbeat of narcotics addiction is jazz.

Briefly, here is the picture confronting the audience:

In a sleazy room, a group of heroin addicts await the coming of Cowboy, their connection. At stage left a quartet of jazz musicians—rhythm section and tenor saxophonist—waits too. They are all "addicts." The musicians are written into the play as semi-actors, semi-props, and jazz performers. Intermittently through the proceedings, they provide a sort of emotional release by launching into a few minutes of blowing. They are Dexter Gordon, tenor; Roosevelt Wardel, piano; George Morrow, bass, and Lawrence Marable, drums. They are identified in the dialog by their real names. Marable's sole function as an "actor" can be seen at the opening of the second act when he is shown emerging from the bathroom after having been "fixed" by the newly arrived connection. Wardel and Morrow just play.

Gordon was the only musician onstage who participated actively as actor. He had a few lines, which he delivered in appropriately unemotional style. Though credited on the program as composer of an "original jazz score," his musical function was merely to steer the quartet through variegated blowing on blues or non-blues riff lines. The one musical interlude of more than passing interest was the poignant lament for Ernie, one of the addicts. It was a long and very moving tenor solo providing essential release from the impact of actor Robert Blake's harrowing scene depicting a far-gone addict's emotional breakdown.

As to the production itself, it is at best a damning depiction of the cultural cesspool into which American theater has fallen. Indeed, one cannot describe it as theater. Worst

of all, it is a very bad excuse for a play. It lacks the essential of dramaturgy—creation of dramatic conflict and consequent resolution. No questions are asked and, consequently, none can be answered. There is no character development or catharsis. At the play's climax, the only physical change observable in the addicts was their varied reactions to the immediate effect of the heroin injected into their systems. And this, from a scientific point of view, was highly debatable at best.

The play reached a horrifying nadir in bad taste when the character, Leach, in whose pad the action is set, talked Cowboy into letting him take a second fix because he did not feel high from the first injection. In full view of the audience Leach went through all the steps in the preparation of heroin for injection—the glass of water, the melting of heroin in a spoon, the drawing of it into the syringe, the raising of an arm artery by fist-clenching and belt tightly bound around the upper arm. Finally there came the simulated injection itself and resultant collapse from an overdose.

It was all very "realistic," so much so, in fact, that the occasional cries from a plant in the audience ("That's how it is. That's how it really is.") became an unnecessary and insulting contrivance.

Indeed, contrivance abounded throughout. It was evident in the employment of Dexter Gordon's Quartet and the direct connection with jazz as the addicts' personal property: in the introduction of the legitimate dramatic device of a middle-aged Salvation Army woman worker used by the police-pursued connection as a cover but who turned out to be an addict herself, and finally in the interjection of a wispy character who came on stage only twice, each time to play a phonograph record of Charlie Parker's *K.C. Blues*, listened to in its entirety by all the characters and presumably intended by author Gelber as symbolic. The symbol of jazz and the role it plays in the world of the heroin addict? By the same token, one supposes the fact that the musicians onstage are all Negro is also symbolic.

Most of the dialog throughout the play was filth in anybody's book. Practically all the four- and longer-lettered epithets were tossed around with abandon by the characters in a dazzling display of theatric "realism." But what it added up to was shoddy, gutter naturalism of the lowest stripe. Further, the character Leach (convincingly played by Gavin MacLeod) bestially sucked on pieces of pineapple in an early scene, the while fingering a pus-heavy boil on his neck and sucking his fingers.

As the play ended to the music of Charlie Parker's *K.C. Blues* and the stage lights went down, the demonic trance was broken. In the clean, brisk midnight air one breathed deep and pondered in uneasy disturbance the theatrical abomination just witnessed. One pondered most of all on what had been (once more) perpetrated on the art form, jazz.





Urban League 'Festival'

By DON DeMICHEAL

If there is any lesson to be drawn from the second annual Chicago Urban League Jazz festival, it's that well-meaning social workers and socialites should not program jazz festivals. Or at least the vaudeville extravaganza held in cavernous Comiskey park, home of the White Sox, the evening of Aug. 27 shouldn't have been advertised as a jazz festival.

There were jazz groups on the bill—four, in fact: the Maynard Ferguson Band, the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet, and Lambert-Hendricks-Ross—but they were rushed on stage and pulled off as quickly as possible. The main portion of the show—and it *was* primarily a show—was given over to Sammy Davis Jr. and his "guests," all of whom contributed their services free.

There were no discernible time pressures in this half of the program, as Davis went through his usual show-biz bit—the gamut ranging from strenuous singing and dancing to imitations and comic routines that bordered on the Uncle Tom.

Davis' friends included most of the Frank Sinatra gang. Even the leader was there. In all fairness to Sinatra, it must be said that he turned in an excellent performance on four or five tunes—he was in especially good voice on *I Can't Get Started*.

However, I still can't figure what Peter Brown, who plays the deputy on the *Lawman* TV show, Kookie Byrnes, or Peter Lawford were doing at this purported jazz festival. Brown, resplendent in evening clothes and a brace of six-shooters, merely introduced Davis; Byrnes walked on to introduce Lawford, who did a song-and-dance routine with Davis. All these tireless workers received citations from the Urban League for their courageous efforts on behalf of better race relations. Perhaps that was the reason for their being in the program. A more realistic reason might be that a shrewd social worker figured they might draw more people into the park. Or maybe they were just along for the ride.

Perhaps the most telling summation of this second half of the festival—and can a one-night concert be termed a festival, with any degree of exactness?—was made by one prominent jazzman

when he rather disgustedly murmured, "You mean I cut my solo short for *this*?"

And the jazz portion was cut short—way too short—for those who came to hear jazz. One of the groups was told to do one three-minute tune, one four-minute tune, and to stretch out on a five-minute tune. Such instructions indicate the naivety of the festival officials.

Ferguson's fine, surging band didn't get warmed up in the three tunes allotted to it. And Lambert-Hendricks-Ross were hamstrung by a miserable sound system. The system, in fact, served to symbolize the confusion that went into this "festival."

Robert Oakes Jordan, who designed it, and the Phillips Co. of Holland, which sent in the special equipment and even an engineer to install it, had already set up the system for the central seats, where Urban League officials had told them the audience would be. At 5 p.m.—three hours before the festival—they told Jordan they would sell seats in the right and left field stands as well. Jordan said it was too late to do anything, but he and the crews tried valiantly. When Lambert-Hendricks-Ross were on, members of the audience in these areas were yelling, "Can't hear, can't hear!"

The sound men found out only at the last minute that there would be seats on the field itself. A series of horns were quickly put into place. But the sound was bad, lacking lows or highs, sometimes picking up hum and buzz. And to whom did these seats go? To the guarantors of the festival, who paid \$25 each for them, and the press.

Only in those seats for which the original sound system was devised was it possible to hear well, though the

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Instructions on voting procedures are on the adjacent page.

The results of this poll have a direct bearing on the livelihoods of many of the artists involved, so help make this the biggest DB poll ever by sending your ballot today.

engineers did manage to improve the sound in time for the second, or show biz, half of the show.


The Adderley quintet did two quickies and got off. Maybe it was just as well; *Our Delight* and *This Here* are hardly the group's most challenging material. Besides, there was so much echo and harshness in the sound system that it was impossible to tell much about what Cannonball and Nat were playing, and Barry Harris was completely inaudible, except to photographers crowded around the bandstand, which was in the vicinity of second base. The fans in the side stands didn't have a chance.

By the time Dizzy Gillespie and his group closed the first half, the engineers had almost cleared up the sound trouble, much to the music lovers' delight, for Gillespie and men played the best music heard that night.

The new Gillespie quintet—drummer Al Dreares and pianist Joe Jones had been with the group only a week—was superb, even better than the Junior Mance-Les Spann edition. As much of the credit for the group's excellence goes to altoist-flutist Leo Wright as to Gillespie, who is almost always superb. Wright, when he wasn't being distracted by a microphone that refused to stay put, played excellently. Bassist Art Davis showed imagination and stalwart control of his instrument in both section and solo.

Gillespie was in good form and turned in chorus after chorus of exciting trumpet work on *The Mooch*; *Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac*, and *A Night in Tunisia*. Again, as in Cannonball's case, there could have been less of the often-heard and more of the seldom-heard, but then that's a jazz festival for you.

Comedian Nipsy Russell and singer Phyllis Branch were included in the jazz half of the program, but while Russell was sometimes hilarious and Miss Branch impressive, with her wide range and full voice, they were out of place in the jazz portion.

Urban League officials are undecided about whether they will hold another "festival" next year, although the large crowd—approximately 15,000, according to Comiskey park officials—enabled the league to come out in the black. If there is another festival, it is hoped that the social workers will consult those who know something about jazz. 

The Busy Life of Urbie Green

Urbie Green has reached an enviable position in the music world as New York's top freelance trombonist. He is used almost constantly by recording units, radio and television studio bands, and dance orchestras.

As Green puts it, "There is no challenge left for me now. It has gotten so I don't even bother to find out what kind of music is required on a date. I just sit down and play it when I get there. That is why for the past several years I have had my own orchestra. It gives me a definite goal to work towards."

Green's orchestra is a combination of a rehearsal and jobbing band. The personnel includes top instrumentalists from the studios and the ranks of the freelancers. They rehearse once a week and play college dates on weekends.

"We've been working together about two years," the leader says, "and as time goes on, things seem to get a little better both musically and job-wise. Our jobs have pretty well covered all the east coast colleges."

The band currently is using arrangements by Al Cohn, Ralph Burns, Manny Albam, Johnny Parisi, and Marion B. Evans. The work of these men fits in well with Green's conception of the type of music he wants to produce.

Green came up through the ranks of the swing bands and is inclined to favor the older tunes and dance melodies, but he wants the arrangements of these numbers brought up to modern times.

"We try to take the best things from past bands," he says, "and combine them with some of the best musical innovations that have happened since the heyday of the big bands."

The late New Orleans trumpeter, Willie (Bunk) Johnson, when brought out of retirement in the late '40s, used to moan, "Jazz is dance music. I can't play unless people dance." Trombonist-leader Green has a similar outlook regarding jazz and dance music. "There is considerable satisfaction in seeing people happy and dancing while you are playing," he said recently. "It hurts me to see jazz music segregated from dancing. Today it is either Lawrence Welk or the small jazz groups. I like to create a smooth dance style with some swinging solo spots for guys like alto

saxophonist Hal McKusick and Doc Severinsen on trumpet."

Urbie went on to point out that, like Maynard Ferguson, his band plays several sets of dance tunes, and then gives a short concert of jazz arrangements featuring his top soloists. This portion of the evening's program is for listening pleasure and has proved worthwhile. Urbie recalls that Gene Krupa and Woody Herman used to do this back in the days when he himself was a featured sideman.

Personally, leader Green is the antithesis of the popular conception of a jazz musician. He neither smokes nor drinks and for the last several years has been on a health food kick with an unwavering belief in vegetarianism. At the age of 34, he looks as though he is about ready to enter college instead of being a married man of 15 years standing and the father of two sons with his own home in Flushing on Long Island.

Urban Clifford Green was born in Mobile, Ala., on Aug. 8, 1926. His father was a barber. His mother and his two older brothers were musicians. Urbie's first active contact with music came when he took piano lessons from his mother. His brothers were both trombone players, and when Urbie reached the age of 12, he decided he also would like to play trombone.

His progress on the instrument was such that by the time he reached 16, he was a sideman in an orchestra led by clarinetist Tommy Reynolds.

After leaving Reynolds' band, young Green joined Bob Strong's Orchestra, which was working out of Chicago. This affiliation finally landed him in Hollywood, where he worked for a time with an orchestra led by the late Jan Savitt.

During these formative years, Urbie listened a good deal to the playing of the late Jack Jenney, Trummy Young (then with the Jimmie Lunceford Band), Jack Teagarden, and Tommy Dorsey. In later years he was to add J. J. Johnson and Bill Harris to his list of favorites.

After his Savitt days, Urbie joined the Frankie Carle Band for two years. It was while with Carle that he met his future wife in St. Louis during 1945. They now have two sons, Urbie

Jr., 9, and Jim, 3.

Next came the Gene Krupa Band between the years 1945-50, and it was in this band that Green began to hit his stride. He played lead trombone in a three-man section with a book that included many Neal Hefti arrangements. His companions in the band were men like alto saxophonist Charlie Kennedy, tenor saxophonist Buddy Wise, trumpeters Ray Triscari and Al Porcino.

Trombonist Green, well seasoned after four years with Krupa, joined Woody Herman's Fourth Herd in October, 1950. He played the lead book and all the jazz in the trombone section made up of his brother, Jack, Carl Fontana, and Britt Woodman.

By 1952, the band business was definitely going downhill, and Green decided to get off the road and settle down. He joined the staff at Columbia Broadcasting System in 1952, an affiliation that was to last five years.

While at CBS, he still managed to get on innumerable record sessions, and his jazz trombone became well enough known in 1954 to warrant the jazz critics' vote as the best new star of the year.

During the years that he spent getting established in New York, he played quite a few jobs with Benny Goodman. He was seen and heard in the 1956 movie *The Benny Goodman Story*, and a year later Goodman asked him to front the B. G. band for him on a road tour.

"It was not too successful a venture," Green recalls, "but it sure taught me a lot about the business end of bandleading."

Since leaving CBS to freelance, Green has had a variety of experience. He has played with Andre Kostelanetz, Percy Faith, and Hugo Winterhalter on records and in the radio-TV studios. His recording activity also has included some rock-and-roll dates. (He laughingly mentions that he was even on Cozy Cole's record of *Topsy*.) He also gets frequent calls to play society dance dates with Lester Lanin.

When asked what he does for recreation, the trombonist enthusiastically describes his flying activities. He shares

ownership of a Beechcraft plane with trombonists Bobby Byrne and Frank Rehak.

Byrne, a machinegunner in the air force during the war, is the only one of the three who flies solo, but both Urbie and Frank are learning.

There are no college dances to play in the summertime, and the band takes time off during the hot months.

This last summer Urbie was a featured soloist in Benny Goodman's small band. He has the technique and purity of tone that were associated with the late Tommy Dorsey, and in addition he has absorbed such a wide

variety of influence that his improvisational ideas are always worthwhile.


The Urbie Green Orchestra for the 1960-61 season played its first date late in August. It was sort of a warm-up session that took place on the Central park mall, where it played for free dancing under the stars.

This year, Urbie hopes the personnel will be reasonably stable, with the following men:

John Frosk, Johnny Parisi, Clark Terry, Doc Severinsen, trumpets; Sy Berger, Paul Faulice, trombones; Hal McKusick, alto saxophone, clarinet, flute; Rolf Kuhn, clarinet, alto saxo-

phone; Dave Schildkraut, tenor saxophone; Sol Schlinger, baritone saxophone; John Bunch, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Mousey Alexander, drums, and Marilyn Moore, vocals.

The band recorded an album for the Command label last winter that is due to be released this fall, which the leader says he hopes will help keep the weekend band busy on the campuses.

The album contains up-to-date arrangements of such standards are *Let's Fall in Love*; *Moonlight Serenade*; *Prisoner of Love*, and *I'm Getting Sentimental over You*. 

8th Ballroom Operators Poll

One of the places to look for clues to the condition of the band business is in the ballrooms. Ballroom operators evaluate bands on how well they pull crowds, not on esthetic considerations.

Thus, a poll of ballroom operators casts a significant light not only on band business economics but on public tastes in dance music.

Each year, the National Ballroom Operators Association polls its members, and the results are tabulated and printed by *Down Beat*.

The commercial favorites won again—Jan Garber as best all around dance band, Guy Lombardo as best "sweet" and, the Kingston Trio as the best show attraction.

But there were little shifts in the poll this year. Maynard Ferguson's 12-man (not counting the leader) crew moved up to first place as the most promising swing band, and Harry James was named the best instrumental leader, reflecting the value of his recent national tour.

Ferguson's push forward can be interpreted as a direct result of the bandleader's careful moves to expand his field. Working at first entirely in east coast locations, Ferguson has more recently moved into the midwest with engagements at the Sutherland hotel lounge in Chicago and the Urban League festival. Thus consciousness of the band as a drawing power is growing. Ferguson's band was third in the most promising swing band category last year.

For Leo Greco, it was the fourth straight win in the western band category. What makes his case unique is that the band rarely strays from its home base—Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Another regional favorite, Six Fat Dutchmen, led the polka parade for the fifth straight year. Clyde McCoy came back from retirement to win out in the small band category.

Eddy Howard just keeps rolling along. This was his seventh straight win as singing leader. And the Kingston Trio evidently continues a strong draw—it was their second year win as best show attraction.

These were the results of the poll:

Best All Around Dance Band

1. Jan Garber, 2. Ray McKinley and the Glenn Miller Orchestra, 3. Warren Covington and the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra.

Best Swing Band

1. Stan Kenton, 2. Les Brown, 3. Woody Herman.

Most Promising Swing Band

1. Maynard Ferguson, 2. Buddy Morrow, 3. Si Zentner.

Best Sweet Band

1. Guy Lombardo, 2. Jan Garber, 3. Eddy Howard.

Best Western Band

1. Leo Greco, 2. Andy Doll, 3. Hank Thompson.

Best Polka Band

1. Six Fat Dutchmen, 2. Frank Yankovic, 3. Whopee John.

Best Small Band

(eight pieces or less)

1. Clyde McCoy, 2. Dukes of Dixieland, 3. Andy Doll.

Best Instrumental Leader

1. Harry James, 2. Warren Covington, 3. Woody Herman.

Best Singing Leader

1. Eddy Howard, 2. Warren Covington, 3. Woody Herman.

Best Show Attraction

(other than band)

1. Kingston Trio, 2. Four Lads, 3. Four Freshmen.

Best Male Band Singer

1. Joe Williams (Count Basie), 2. Kenny Gardner (Guy Lombardo), 3. None.

Best Female Singer

1. Janis Garber (Jan Garber), 2. Mary Mazza (Richard Maltby), 3. None.

ART TAYLOR

by IRA GITLER

In recent years there has been a tendency for more drummers to lead their own combos. This not only succeeds in placing them more in the spotlight but often leads them to forget their basic obligation to the group as a whole. Even when they are not leaders, drummers can become omnipresent instead of just strongly felt.

Arthur Taylor claims that "a group is only as good as its drummer, and yet drummers are underrated. This is why they may try to compensate by abusing the solo privilege or interfere while the soloist is playing."

A.T. says a drummer's primary function is to keep time and swing while he is doing it. This is not a startling viewpoint, but it is often given only lip service. Taylor, a wrist drummer with a resilient beat and a crisp, intelligent way of punctuating, heeds his own advice.

During the last summer, Don Nelsen of the New York *Daily News*, one of the few men writing perceptively on jazz in the lay press, said, in a review of trumpeter Dizzy Reece's group:

"Taylor sits behind them all, moving the tunes along with an air of complete detachment. Someone once dubbed him 'Mr. Cool,' and it is hard to find a more fitting sobriquet for any musician. No matter how furious the pace or difficult the maneuver, Taylor never appears ruffled. He feeds his ideas to his cohorts up front as if his hands were divorced from his body, yet those fingers have more direction and lay down better time than 90 percent working today."

Taylor's general mien and bearing, on and off the stand, give this Mr. Cool impression, but no one is more involved when playing. He has the grace coupled with intensity. For an example, listen to him on *Dacor*, a composition of his that is included in *Taylor's Tenors* on New Jazz, or to any of his accompaniment for Red Garland and John Coltrane.

Taylor is one of the most ubiquitous drummers on today's recording scene and for good reason. In the main he has appeared on Prestige/New Jazz and Blue Note dates. Rudy Van Gelder,

who engineers sessions for both these firms, says Taylor's sound is one of the best and easiest to record. A.T.'s playing is also well represented on other labels. He likes his work on *Giant Steps*, Coltrane's Atlantic album. "I got the beat I want on that one," he says.

Does the veteran of many recordings still remember his first bout with the microphones?

"I sure do," he says. "It was with Oscar Pettiford for Mercer, Mercer



A. T.

Ellington's company. I was really nervous. We were supposed to leave for Chicago that night. O.P. had us do 25 takes on *Love for Sale*. We left for Chicago the next night."

Unlike so many musicians active in New York today, Taylor was born there. He grew up in Harlem with Sonny Rollins, Jackie McLean, Kenny Drew, and Walter Bishop, other native New Yorkers who have made an impression on the face of jazz in the past 10 years. They all started in a local band that played weekend gigs in 1947-8.

Taylor's first inspiration was J. C. Heard, a drummer who, although unaccountably overlooked today, is still formidable. Then he heard Max Roach and Art Blakey, who in those days had 17 Messengers. When Kenny Clarke returned from France, he also exerted an influence on Taylor, but Roach and Blakey would have to be considered his

most important style-shapers.

Taylor gained much valuable experience in the early 1950s at the Paradise, located off the northwest corner of Central park. Tenor man Big Nick Nicholas had the group, and there were always people like Charlie Parker and Roach sitting in. Taylor sat in, too, although it wasn't always easy ("musicians can get in now much easier than they could years ago") and even played with Nicholas' group as a regular member for a while. Eventually he worked at a club on 52nd St. and some Monday night sessions at Birdland. "Max and Art had a lot of jobs and threw some my way," he says.

Taylor, who has played with a lot of important jazzmen, has opinions on several:

Of Coleman Hawkins: "Hawk is one of the most respected among musicians as a musician and man."

Of Bud Powell: "I really learned to keep time playing with Bud in 1953, '54 and '55."

Of Paul Chambers and Sam Jones: "They're both strong and keep good time. Other bass players may do it, but you can't hear it all the time."

For a time in 1956, Art headed a group called Taylor's Wailers at the Pad, a now-defunct Greenwich Village place, and later recorded one Prestige album under that group title. Now, even though he is not with any one group, he is reluctant to start one of his own, saying, "I'm not ready for my own group, although people have been urging me to get one. Among other things, it wouldn't be possible for me to get the people I want."

Taylor's immediate plans call for a European trip in October for the express purpose of recording work in Stockholm and Paris. With him will be his wife, Annick, whom he met in Paris during a 1958 European tour with Donald Byrd. He enjoys playing for foreign audiences because "they get the best out of you. It just happens."

He likes the credo set down by Thelonious Monk, his leader in 1959: "You're supposed to be swingin' when you start a tune. By the middle you should be swingin' twice as much and at the end of the tune, four times as much."



MEL TORME — THE MUSICIANS' SINGER



By GENE LEES

Mel Tormé is at a disadvantage.

He doesn't sing consistently out of tune. He doesn't mumble the English language into unrecognizability. His vocal quality is not harsh and scratchy. And his phrasing is dictated not by limitations of breathing and ignorance of the best methods of projection but by the logic of lyrics and musical considerations.

It is doubtful, therefore, that the ultra-hip element will ever permit him to pass into that golden circle of those to whom the shining laurel "jazz singer" is applied.

Yet by any analytical standards, "jazz singer" is what Tormé has become and what he should be called. As two appearances with Ella Fitzgerald on the Garry Moore television show demonstrated, he can scat, literally, with the best. He can swing. And as a recent Verve LP, *Mel Tormé Swings Shubert Alley*, showed, he can work as an integral voice in jazz arrangements in a way that few, if any, of the "jazz singers" can challenge.

Outside Sarah Vaughan, perhaps Mark Murphy, and a few others, the vast majority of jazz and/or pop singers simply do not have the musical knowledge to do what Tormé did in *Shubert Alley*. And whether or not others could do it, the fact remains that they haven't done it.

Here, working with arrangements on which he collaborated with Marty Paich (though he says Paich did most of the work) Tormé worked at times as a soloist, at times as an integral part of the ensemble (using his voice like a

lead alto) and through it all showed a precision of time that only schooled musicians develop.

Tormé, of course, is just that: a schooled musician. Though he is entirely self-taught, he reads music like an instrumentalist, plays fair 'comp piano, passable drums, and is, when he has time to work at it, one of the country's best arrangers for vocal groups. A 1959 Verve LP, *The Meltones—Back in Town*, showed that the vocal arranging skills he first demonstrated in the mid-1940s have not atrophied.

On top of all that, some of his pop songs, such as *Stranger in Town*, have become standards with other singers. He has the distinction of having written *The Christmas Song*, almost the only non-nauseating Christmas tune that American popular music has yet produced.

Yet Tormé is still fighting the curse of the Velvet Fog. Reviewers and some of the public still insist on thinking of him as a wispy singer of ballads, and the owners of clubs in which he is scheduled to work make him wince by putting out publicity billing him as the Velvet Fog.

Recently, Tormé played an engagement at New York's Roundtable. A reviewer for one of the show biz trade papers implied that he didn't do well there (he tore it up and is booked into the club again in February, using the dectet from the *Shubert Alley* LP and Marty Paich arrangements) and that his singing had not evolved since the 1940s.

Tormé ripped into him with that bluntness for which

both he and his friend, drummer Buddy Rich, are famous.

"That's simply dishonest," Tormé said. "There's a difference between being opinionated and dishonest. I would say without qualification that the Roundtable was the greatest single engagement of my entire career, from the standpoints of acceptance, reaction, and music.

"In fact, that review was not only dishonest, it was stupid. Because good, bad, or indifferent, my own ear tells me that I've progressed.

"It's not the same voice. It's a totally different conception. I'm actually, mechanically, singing differently—from different places in my body. I used to sing ballads 'way up in the top of my chest and the tones would come from the back of my head. Now I'm singing from the diaphragm."

All of which will serve to show how Tormé is still plagued with the Velvet Fog tag, and the connotations thereof.

Curiously enough, Tormé today is not completely at home in the world of purely pop singing. His club performances are too musical for many audiences, forcing him to rely on comedy to gain attention.

"The majority of nightclub audiences," Tormé says, "are *dismally* square.

"I don't mean square from the standpoint of my sitting here in the so-called penthouse of my mind and looking out over the mass of the proletariat. I mean legitimately square.

"A man got up the other night, after I'd had an exceptionally good show and right there on the floor handed me five dollars! He said he used to be a teamster; he used to work with Jimmy Hoffa—and he's still bragging about it!

"On the other hand, I must say this: when I do get a night when the audience is really with me, and wants to listen, it's nutty.

"Now, the question of acceptance. Let's go a step beyond the monetary and say this: Ella, at this point, has reached an acceptance stage where she doesn't have to be, as I am in the act, a kind of semi-singer, semi-clown. Ella can get up and just sing 50 songs in a row and be accepted for that.

"I'm trying to overcome the stigma of my Velvet Fog days by doing gags so that maybe the guys in the audience, who are the tough part, will accept me. The women are an accepted factor; usually they dig most any male singer who sings romantically and can swing a little bit.

"That's why I play drums, because it's a physical thing, basically a male thing. The gags are the same—so that maybe the majority of the male audience will say, 'Hey, this guy's not so bad, he doesn't take himself too seriously.' So that when I *do* take myself seriously at the piano and sing *Angel Eyes*, or some of the jazz things, such as *Lulu's Back in Town*, they will now like me and accept it.

"My piano is an accompanist's kind of piano. I'm a lousy piano player. The drums are only necessary when it's a rough audience. But almost every single night, somebody says, 'Play the drums.'"

Along with evolution as a performer, Tormé has undergone a considerable evolution as a person. One person who is most aware of this is Chicago bassist John Frigo. Frigo works in a house trio, together with pianist Dick Marx, at Mister Kelly's, where Tormé recently worked. Not only have Marx and Frigo worked with him recently (and no one is a more shrewd and skeptical evaluator of singers than a musician in a house group that backs a great many of them) but both can fit him into perspective. A Chicagoan like Tormé, Marx can remember the singer as far back as high school. And Frigo worked with him in the Chico Marx Band, shortly after Tormé was graduated from high school.

"In fact, I roomed with him," Frigo recalled. "I was about the only one in the band he could turn to. A lot of the guys in the band didn't like him. Maybe it was jealousy. You

know how older band musicians are about a young guy.

"He went out there to sing his tunes, and he started throwing lines at the audience. So the older guys figured he was just a fresh young punk.

"This last time in Chicago, at Mister Kelly's, he was very, very nice to work with. I guess he's matured. Besides, he's older now, and people don't resent from someone older what they do from a young kid.

"Musically, it was a real pleasure to work with him. I can remember hearing him at times in the past when he sounded like he wasn't too happy with what he was doing.

"But this time he was swinging great. It was an inspired performance every show.

"I wish he'd done more ballads, though, because it's as a ballad singer that I like him most. But he certainly knew what he was doing. At rehearsal, he knew his chords, knew where he was. As an all-round musician, he knows more than any other male singer I've worked with."

Tormé is well aware that he had a reputation as one of the bad boys of the music business a few years ago. Chicago acquaintances think that, as a child prodigy, he may have had too much praise too young. (He was working as an actor on national radio shows when he was eight, saw his first tune on the hit parade when he was 15, saw the Meltones, the vocal group he directed, become successful before he was of draft age, and was an idol of the bobby sox set in his early twenties.)

"I had a chip on my shoulder a long time," Tormé admits. "I think the trauma started at my first big solo singing engagement, at the Copacabana in New York, in 1947.

"Those weren't the days of the single hit record. We hadn't quite gotten into this situation where a guy gets one hit and is immediately slammed up to the \$3,500 a week category. In those days you had to work up. I was beginning to work up. I did a picture for Metro called *Good News*. And finally, in May, which was a slim five months after I broke away from the Meltones, they bought me at the Copa. I was a special added attraction. Mitzi Green was the headliner, I was the co-headliner.

"I went in there on the heels of tremendous disc jockey play. The people at that point resented me, I think, as did probably the press.

"I went in there and I was about as ready to play the Copacabana as I am right now to fly a Boeing 707. I just wasn't ready.

"But the celebrities who were there opening night were about as cruel as they could be — not that I didn't deserve it as a performer, but they didn't know me personally. And I feel that personally, they acted like rotten . . .

"I could name them. Why? I didn't do anything that bad. I've really given it great thought. They may not have liked my singing, but I didn't come out finger-popping, and saying, 'Like me, you rat s.o.b.'s,' like a certain young singer of today.

"I came out kind of timidly, really wanting to be liked. For instance, I said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, there's a wonderful song I'd like to sing for you. It's an old song, called *April Showers*. I hope you'll remember it.'

"And Toots Shor piped up and said, 'You hope *we'll* remember it? F'Chrissake, we hope *you'll* remember it. You know, we *know* it. We were around when it was written.'

"It was pretty rough."

He reflected a moment, then said:

"They say I've changed. I guess I have. I kind of like Toots Shor now. He's always very nice to me now. I'm not copping out, but . . . Well yes, I am copping out to this extent: I'll say this:

"Toots Shor was a fink to do what he did that night. By the same token, I am older now, and looking back on that night, I realize it was presumptuous as hell of me to say, 'I

hope you'll remember it.' That one line is a lovely indication of how unready I was to play the Copa.

"I got off on the wrong track early. I was always a jazz-influenced singer, and I mean always. But the bobby sox thing was where the big bread lay.

"I never hit the Sinatra level, as far as intake of money is concerned. But I was the subject of a great deal of controversy and publicity. The controversy had to do with A. my so-called vocal style, and B. the question as to whether I had any vocal quality or not.

"But whereas at that time I was trying to please the little girls, now I'm trying to please that segment of the American audience that digs good music, good sounds, good conception.

"It looks like it can happen for me now.

"I believe in polls. I don't think I've ever wound up worse than fifth in the *Down Beat* poll. And the last two years, I've been in the top three.

"But so far as national acceptance is concerned, from a mass standpoint, I haven't hit the spot I want to. TV has helped an enormous amount — the TV shots with Garry Moore, particularly the two with Ella. That got the biggest mail pull in the history of the *Garry Moore Show*. But I feel that the one medium in which I have failed is records.

"This doesn't mean that my records don't sell. But they don't sell on a mass, wholesale, big basis. And I feel that when I can get over that hump . . . How I'm going to do it, I don't know. I don't think I can sing better than on *Shubert Alley*, and I don't think I can get better backing than I got from Marty Paich . . ."

Clearly, Tormé is at a crossroads of sorts in his career. He hasn't the mass audience he would like—but, on the other hand, he isn't willing to take the commercial steps necessary to get it.

And he is feeling cramped by the inherent limitations of popular music.

"Recently," he said, "somebody asked me why I want to act. The answer, frankly, is that there are very few emotions that you can portray to an audience or experience yourself when you're working in the 'popular song', in large quotation marks. Once you've done a torch tune, then everything else is an extension of that. Once you've done up-tunes, whatever the subject is, you're basically kicking a dead horse.

"In a Bethlehem album, I did the blues from *Black, Brown and Beige*. I don't think anyone has ever done it but the Ellington band. It's got kind of a happiness, kind of a sadness. But again, there you go: everything you sing is either happy or sad.

"By contrast, I've made five pictures in the last two years. I've played a nervous public relations man, a hot-rodder, a belligerent little guy, a cornball suspender-popping garter salesman, and a professional killer in a western called *Walk Like a Dragon*.

"And then people say to me, 'Why do you do these bloody B pictures? You're an A singer.' I do it just because it does give me a chance to experience a wide range of emotions and put myself in positions I would not be in in normal life. In normal life, I might express the sentiments of a torch song. I might have a beef with my wife some night, and sing a torch song. But I'd never be a garter salesman or a professional killer.

"That's the fun of doing it. I really do get more out of acting than I do out of singing, except on very good nights. They don't happen all the time."

What is the answer for the American song form? Tormé isn't sure there is one. What about Lambert-Hendricks-Ross? Haven't they given "the" answer, as many persons contend?

"No. Basically, it's a one-joke act. Once you've heard them sing *Down for Double*, you've pretty well heard what they do.

"*Sing a Song of Basie* knocks me out. It's lovely, it's great. If I still had the Meltones, I might attempt that for one album — but I would not hang a career on it. However, I did hear Jon Hendricks' *New York, N. Y.* It's really a gas. He's a terribly literate cookie, and a very aware man. I've never met Jon Hendricks, but I'm quite a follower of his, quite a fan."

What, then, is the answer for Tormé?

Perhaps there is none. He will probably continue to be restless and discontented with what he is doing, and because of it, those who are really aware and listening will benefit by the unusual vocal performances this restlessness throws off like sparks.

Chances are that he could find a mass acceptance if he settled down to doing one thing, as Frank Sinatra does — using an identifiable orchestral sound and fundamentally similar material and presentation in almost all albums. Tormé says he couldn't do it, and that he couldn't stand the "grinding sameness" of Nelson Riddle type arrangements.

Consider his last three Verve LPs — the Meltones LP; a not very good (but not bad either) LP with Billie May called *South of the Border*, in which various Latin American tunes are done with a beat, and the *Shubert Alley* disc.

The *Shubert Alley* LP is not only Tormé's best vocal performance on LP to date, it is one of the best vocal LPs of the last few years. Admiring the Gerry Mulligan Tentet records of a few years ago, Tormé and Paich used the same instrumentation and a generally similar sound. In fact, Paich pays tribute to Mulligan in the disc with several quotes from the Tentet performances. But as good as it is, the disc reflects no connection with anything Tormé has done before — no identifiable "sound" to which the fan mentality can cleave.

Yet so fresh is the disc that a repetition of it might just prove to be the answer for Tormé. Is he thinking of it? Far from it. He wants to do an album with string quartet or quintet, harp, flute, and rhythm section.

None of this seems like a logical way to build a mass acceptance.

Why does Tormé want such acceptance? Largely because such acceptance makes it possible for a performer to pick and choose his jobs, and even to use a full orchestra behind him when he wants.

"I've seen some pretty terrible performers just tear it up because they've got a wailing, nutty, swinging band behind them," he said. "There is a psychology to change of mood. There is precious little you can do in the way of change of color with piano, bass, and drums."

Of such stuff is the Mel Tormé of today made. Is he a jazz singer? A pop singer?

Those who like him — and a great many musicians and singers rate him their favorite male vocalist — aren't much interested in the proper definition of him. They just dig the way he sings:

In a style that can be soft and subtle, or hard and belting, as the lyrics may demand; with a clear understanding of words and their meaning; with precise, near-perfect time; with a control of pitch that is almost uncanny.

In fact, when Mel deliberately sings out of tune as a gag, alternately sharpening and flattening, it is hilarious — and disconcerting. Sometimes he applies trombone phrasings to his voice, doing a flawlessly-even gliss up from one note to another; other times he will draw his inspiration from other instrumental sounds.

Guitarist Charlie Byrd, who is as schooled in classical music as he is in jazz, once said, "After you've heard one of the great classical singers, such as Victoria de los Angeles, most of these pop and jazz singers sound like they must be kidding!"

No doubt Byrd would rate Tormé an exception, as many musicians do. Tormé *isn't* kidding.

Festival Sound

In recent years, while outdoor jazz concerts and festivals increased, their electronically assisted sound often has been ordinary or downright bad. But sound technicians and engineers during this time have become more skilled in amplifying live music outdoors so that the sound equipment no longer need detract from the music and the performers.

In this article, Charles Graham, who has checked sound systems at festivals for several years, describes the equipment used at two major festivals this year. He also lists some principles for planners of festivals and outdoor concerts.

The best sound systems, like the best phonographs, are those that do their work without calling attention to themselves.

Good examples of properly planned systems that worked well at very large concerts were found this year both at the ill-fated Newport festival and at Randall's Island in New York. Since the sound reproduction at both of these events was in the hands of the same audio engineer, Myles Rosenthal, similar practices were followed at both locations.

The parts of a musical sound system, whether it's for 15,000 persons as at Newport, or for one listener in his own living room, are similar. Both use wide-range high fidelity speakers, very low distortion amplifiers with separate and flexible bass and treble controls and filters, and high-grade sound pickup devices (either microphones or phono pickup).

Although both these sound systems amplify the sound, Rosenthal is careful to point out that his systems reinforce the sounds made by the musicians, that they are not primarily amplifying or public-address systems. Public-address (p.a.) systems were first intended for outdoor meetings to make the speakers' voices loud enough to cover large areas. Since voices can be understood even if only the middle frequencies are carried, p.a. setups usually have projected only the sounds between about 200 and 4,000 cycles, as compared with high fidelity systems, which go from at least 40 to 10,000 to 15,000 cycles.

Public address usually uses cheap crystal mikes, which can take physical abuse and work with simpler electronics than are needed for higher-quality microphones. The amplifiers have simple

tone controls or none at all. And the loudspeakers are metal horns that rarely go below 150-200 cycles.

The harsh, tinny sound of most p.a. systems, such as those heard from sound trucks near election time, is largely the result of the operator's turning up the volume to its maximum to make it heard as far away as possible. In so doing he overloads the amplifier and overdrives the speaker(s). This creates harsh, distorted sounds out of normal speech or music — and the limited frequency response of the components adds to the unpleasant effect.

A good sound reinforcing system must amplify the entire range of sound frequencies and must provide wide control of equalization (compensation) of any parts of the frequency spectrum. If it fails, the people up close may hear all the music while those farther back, who need reinforcement, may hear less treble and/or much less bass.

If the system lacks good high-frequency response, listeners not close to the stage may also fail to hear the harmonics (overtones) of the notes, which provide the richness and characteristic tone of each instrument. And even the attack, the beginnings of percussive notes, will be reduced for them.

In a large place, such as Randall's Island stadium or Newport's Freebody park, several banks of loudspeakers are needed, spaced out along the edges of the seating area. Two reasons for this are (a) today's speakers can't produce enough sound to cover the entire area without great distortion and (b) if they could, listeners up close would be blasted or those farther back wouldn't get enough sound. There are also problems associated with getting high frequencies to people sitting off-axis from the speakers.

Most of the gear Rosenthal used at Randall's and Newport is made by top manufacturers of home high fidelity equipment. He had three McIntosh Mi-200A power amplifiers (one for each stereo channel and one as a spare) each rated at less than 1 percent distortion at 200-watt output. Each handles peaks up to 400 watts without audible distortion. Each working power amplifier was driven by a modified McIntosh four-channel mixer including mike pre-amps, bass and treble equalization, and compensation and filters.

He fed from one to seven mikes into the mixers to get what he calls "modified stereo." That is, he doesn't feed, say, drums working on the left

of the stage only into the left bank of speakers, because then the audience on the right would hear little or no drums. He mixes some of the right-hand sound into the left speakers and some of the left-side sound into the right speakers, striking a balance and providing full sound for the entire audience.

Rosenthal prefers Telefunken or AKG condenser microphones, which cost nearly \$500 each but says he often uses Astatic condenser units which do an excellent job and cost only about \$100 each. Studio microphones, particularly ribbon units, are impractical because they're so easily damaged by wind.

He points out that feedback is easily prevented if directional microphones (one-directional, or with sharp patterns) are used. If that can't be done, directional speakers help, of course. Bass reflex and infinite baffles are much less directional than horn speakers, such as he uses both for the low and high notes.

At Newport, when Dizzy Gillespie's, Louis Armstrong's, and Gerry Mulligan's groups played during the rain, Rosenthal put thin mylar bags over the mikes. They prevented a lot of the highs from coming through, he says, but this was unnoticed by the audience in the rain.

The speakers used at both festivals were big James B. Lansing systems. On each side of the main seating area, two 25-foot towers were erected to support the big bass-frequency speaker horns. Each horn was driven by two JBL 15-inch cone woofers pushing out notes from about 40 cycles up to about 500. The range above that point was covered by JBL "acoustic lens" tweeters. Three such high-frequency tweeters were mounted at each side of the audience, making a total of eight woofers and six tweeters in use. Rosenthal used the lens-tweeters instead of other tweeter horns, because, he says, they have sharper directivity patterns, providing better sound distribution over the crowd.

Franklin Geltman, producer of the Randall's festival said, "We picked Myles because he's one of the best sound engineers anywhere, and every year he's given us better and better sound (except last year, when George Wein already had hired him to do the Boston festival)."

This year, Geltman gave Rosenthal additional freedom in speaker placement by taking the lights off the speaker towers and putting them on separate

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towers. Using the same towers for lights and speakers is an economy that is all right for smaller areas, but it prevents ideal placement in large setups.

Changing winds can almost completely wipe out the highs over parts of the audience. To prevent this, constant monitoring is necessary. During the performances at Randall's, Rosenthal roamed the stadium, frequently instructing his console man to change the balance of bass or treble or over-all gain on one or more towers.

In addition to the equipment noted, Rosenthal used standard home bookshelf high fidelity speakers (JBL Model LE-6s) for monitoring the sound backstage and in the control booth.

In 1957, when Armstrong was playing at Newport the power cut off several times, much to his and the crowd's annoyance. To prevent such a recurrence Rosenthal now carries a large storage battery, a Yardney Silvercel, which can supply power to the whole sound system for short periods. He used it briefly at Newport, switching off the regular AC power and driving the 200-watt amplifiers with an inverter (2,000-watt unit) he built to take the 30 volts DC the Silvercel supplies. The battery stands about a foot high and wide and is two feet long. It cost more than \$1,500 and can supply up to 12,000 watts.

For planners of large outdoor concerts, the checklist below may prove helpful:

Hire a sound engineer who is experienced in the sort of event you expect to run. Be sure his console man is experienced in jazz.

Get the best equipment; it'll be barely good enough.

Require that the setup be installed two to three days ahead of time and test it with live musicians. Do it at night, and check lights, too.

Set up telephones at rear and sides of the audience so the director can order tone balance changes during performances.

Use several speakers along the edges. Don't rely on one or two and overload them or blast the people near them.

Use microphones with good directivity patterns to minimize feedback.

Use high-grade horn speakers. They have better directivity than other types, providing better audience coverage and minimizing feedback. They are also more efficient, allowing the use of smaller amplifiers.

Have a standby power setup, either gasoline generator or battery and inverter.

Install small speakers in dressing and warmup rooms both for paging musicians and to let them listen to what's happening onstage. —Graham

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STEREO SHOPPING WITH J. J. JOHNSON

by CHARLES GRAHAM

J. J. Johnson is known to most modern jazz lovers and musicians as a trombonist who has swept all the polls for several years.

Fewer people know he is a high fidelity enthusiast. Next to his horn, it's his strongest interest today. Plunging into a discussion of hi-fi with the restless enthusiasm he brings to everything, he recently said, "My liking for high-quality equipment is running away with me . . ."

His interest in home listening gear doesn't stop with buying it, however. He's constantly connecting and reconnecting his many components in different ways, experimenting to try to improve the sound.

In the home he and his wife, Vivian, have in Teaneck, N. J., there are two different recording-playing setups. One is a modest console in the living room; the other is an elaborate listening laboratory in the basement. This also serves as Johnson's den, office, and practice room for him and his 15-year-old son, Billy, who plays tenor saxophone.

J. J. displayed the 10-year-old Bendix console that he and his wife rebuilt a couple of years ago. They had replaced its five- or six-inch speaker with a three-speaker package costing \$40; a 15-inch woofer, an eight-inch midrange unit,

and a small-horn tweeter. This improved the sound, delivering more bass and clearer treble. They also installed an inexpensive but quite satisfactory Garrard RC-121 three-speed changer in place of the old single-speed 78-rpm changer. The Garrard cost about \$40, too, including a turnover crystal cartridge with sapphire needles.

Johnson says he was just coming out of a photography phase when the high fidelity bug bit him. He'd bought a setup priced near \$150, including a Lafayette Radio 15-watt amplifier, a Lafayette FM tuner, and a University C8-W eight-inch speaker in a small bass-reflex cabinet. This gave him sound better than the Bendix console. But he'd only had a taste; he wanted more. He started adding other University speakers, and he was caught.

Taking a set of plans sent to him by Jensen speakers for \$1, he had a local carpenter build a big folded-horn enclosure for a 15-inch cone speaker. Then he wired up a Heathkit 12-watt amplifier, then a 60-watt, and subsequently an electronic crossover unit. This crossover separated the bass and treble signals before sending them to the power amplifier, instead of doing so after the power amplification. It's a more expensive way of doing it, but some engineers believe it's worth it.

Next, Johnson started experimenting with combinations of his several speakers, four amplifiers, and the electronic crossover. He found an audio engineer who'd developed a better crossover unit, which he bought to replace the Heathkit unit. And he finally decided to start planning for stereo.

He now has a Leak FM tuner, which delivers excellent reception from New York, 25 miles away, with just a short piece of wire behind it for an antenna.

He's planning to convert the upstairs set, keeping only the Garrard changer (replacing its cartridge with a stereo pickup) and the cabinet. He says he is not sure what amplifier(s) he'll use upstairs but is considering the



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low-priced Scott 222 dual 14-watt stereo amplifier. He says he'll use University speakers up there, too. "They're the best you can buy—for the money," he says. "The only ones I'd prefer, which cost more, might be JBL's, or acoustic suspension units."

Downstairs, he says he'll get a Scott 130 preamplifier-control unit. "All Scott amplifiers are great," he says. "I want Scott here particularly because all their units have an output for center channel stereo, which I feel is a must in a top system. I'd like to get two Dynakit 60-watt amplifiers, too, to drive the bass speakers along with my present Heathkit amps for the treble."

He says he'd like to use Dyna power amplifiers throughout but couldn't yet afford to get rid of the Heathkits, which still work fine.

Johnson also plans to use acoustic suspension speakers in his main system. He says that he feels it's a toss-up between the original AR speakers and those of one of its licensees, KLH, though he's definitely been sold on the KLH units he's heard.

His main setup, then, will have the Leak FM tuner and the phono turntable he presently has feeding into the Scott preamplifier-stereo control. This will feed into two electronic crossover units that divide the sound into bass and treble before sending it to the power amplifiers. From there the signals will drive the two 60-watt Dynakits for the bass of each stereo channel. Treble signals from the crossovers will drive the two Heath power amplifiers for the midrange and treble speakers.

He may find, after experimenting with the acoustic suspension speakers, that he doesn't need the electronic crossover units but can use the Dyna amplifiers for full-range amplification, letting the simple crossovers supplied in the speaker cabinets separate the bass and treble for the woofers and tweeters.

Johnson's two setups will be as follows:

UPSTAIRS


- Garrard RC-121 \$42.
- Rewire changer and EV stereo cartridge \$25.
- Scott 222 amplifier \$140.
- University C-15W woofers \$84.
- University Cobreflex horn, T-30 mid-range driver \$51.
- University H-600 horn and T-50 tweeter driver \$67.
- Scott FM tuner Model 314 \$115.

DOWNSTAIRS

- Leak FM tuner \$140.
- Scott 130 preamp-control unit \$170.
- Dynakit 60-watt amps (two) \$80.
- KLH Model 6 or AR-3 \$220.
- Pickering Model 380 stereo pickup \$34.50.



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Now, Dr. Melville Clark, Jr., an associate professor of nuclear engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge, has taken out a patent for a one-man orchestra. The scientist has claimed the invention of a near-perfect music-reproduction instrument.

Inventor Clark used to play trombone and organ; consequently, he has approached the problems of invention from the standpoint of a musician. He has not yet built a complete instrument, as the expense involved is beyond his individual resources; but he is satisfied that his invention will operate.

The instrument, as yet unnamed, is the result of 11 years of intensive work accomplished when the professor was not busy teaching or concerned with the design of atomic reactors and radar equipment.

The new instrument will resemble an electric organ in appearance. It will have a double keyboard and a row of pedals, permitting its musician-operator to duplicate the sounds of all the instruments in an orchestra.

Internally, it will have 500 or more plastic sound tracks electronically scanned by photo-electric eyes. The various light intensities will in turn be translated into electric signals and then into musical notes.

The operator, by pressing a key, will be able to bring a trumpet, oboe or violin into play. The system is arranged to reproduce accurately the timbre of each instrument. Variations are obtained by the force with which the key is held down, and a note will be expressively shaded as long as it is held.

Ensemble blends can be reproduced, and the volume can be controlled to such a degree that the sound can even fill an auditorium. The inventor points out that the one-man band will be highly flexible and easy to operate.

Dr. Clark, who intends the instrument for use in home, church or on the concert stage, feels the operator will be able to concentrate easily on the music he is creating and not have to perform acrobatics in order to make the instrument function as an orchestra.

It will be several years before such an instrument is available; but will the Ellingtons of tomorrow find it to be a help, a musically valid tool, or just a toy? Will the musician's union have another giant headache?



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Orrin Keepnews

You can't go to school to become an artists and repertoire supervisor for a record company. It is a calling that requires an ability to play it by ear, and successful techniques are acquired through experience.

Riverside's Orrin Keepnews, producer of the vast majority of the label's jazz albums, is an example of a self-made career man. He has grown and developed along with the company itself.

Keepnews, now 37, was a promising young editor at Simon and Schuster 10 years ago, with an avid outside interest in traditional jazz. This avocational fascination with the history of jazz put him in association with Bill Grauer, editor and publisher of the now-defunct jazz record collectors' monthly journal, *The Record Changer*.

Keepnews began helping Grauer with the magazine in his spare time. He wrote articles, edited copy, and put stamps on envelopes.

Eventually the two began to share plans and ambitions. They decided to reissue some of the jazz classics recorded on obscure labels in the 1920s and '30s, and secured the rights to the old Gennett and Paramount catalogs.

Keepnews' job was the writing of liner notes.

From an exclusively traditionalist start, Riverside began to broaden its jazz tastes in 1955 with Randy Weston, Thelonious Monk, Mundell Lowe, and later Bill Evans.

"You could say we got into the modern jazz scene through a process of osmosis, and I got into a&r work the same way," said Keepnews, who left Simon and Schuster for good in 1954.

When they decided to go into the recording business in earnest, the partners felt that the soundest way for an independent label to succeed was to grow horizontally, rather than vertically. Keepnews took over jazz production, while Grauer brought in variety by recording folklore, literary readings, sports car engines, and other off-beat material not available on major labels. The policy worked.

Keepnews approaches his a&r chores with purpose and a smattering of psychology. He feels that the first and most important function of the a&r man is the signing of the artist.

"We plan a long-term program for our artists, and we think in terms of his



development, rather than the sales of his initial albums," he said. "Our faith in the potentials of such artists as Monk and Cannonball Adderley has certainly paid off. Now we are beginning to realize the rewards for believing in Bill Evans, Blue Mitchell, and Johnny Griffin."

The artist-recorder relationship is important to Keepnews. He wants his artists to have a personal pride in the label. It is rare that an a&r man stumbles upon an unknown star and makes a discovery. Keepnews says the musicians themselves are the best talent scouts.

So Keepnews makes it a point to maintain good relationships—inside and outside the studio—with the musicians who record for him. An example of how this personal touch has reaped benefits is seen in Julian Adderley's relationship with the label. Adderley has proved a fine talent scout for Keepnews and, as a result, the alto saxophonist

Producer's Choice

Orrin Keepnews selects three jazz albums he has produced as milestones in the life of Riverside Records and in his own career as an a&r man:

Brilliant Corners, recorded by Thelonious Monk with Sonny Rollins, Max Roach, Ernie Henry, and Clark Terry. Riverside **M** 12-226, **S** 1174. Keepnews says, "This was the record that started the resurgence of Monk."

The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in San Francisco, recorded by Julian (Cannonball) Adderley, Nat Adderley, Bobby Timmons, Sam Jones, and Louis Hayes. Riverside **M** 12-311, **S** 1157. "This is because it was the debut of a fine modern group and the best seller Riverside has ever had."

The Big Soul Band, Johnny Griffin and big band. Riverside **M** 12-331, **S** 1179. "This album marks our first step toward a future program of recording big bands."

takes a good deal of pride in his dual activities of recording and of sponsoring new talent on the label.

Regarding studios for recording, Keepnews says, "New York has quite a few up-to-date, well-equipped studios. The selection of a studio depends upon the type of date we want to record. The size and shape of some studios are better for small bands, others for big bands. They all have the best modern equipment."

The technical aspects of a Riverside recording date are left up to Ray Fowler, who has served several years as the label's engineer and tape editor. He is in charge wherever the company records.

Asked about his studio techniques, Keepnews says, "Well, you know, I've never been on anybody else's recording date, even before I became an a&r man, and I'm not sure what the standard techniques are. I go by what I know about the musicians making the date.

"I'm not a frustrated musician and, consequently do not tell the artist how to play his music. When an artist is signed, we have decided we want what he has to offer. Some musicians appreciate suggestions, others prefer that I stay back in the control booth. You get to know these things."

Keepnews believes in a relaxed studio atmosphere. He is not a clock-watcher and feels you cannot force the artist into a time schedule. "You have to realize that some musicians will always be late, even when you lie to them and tell them the date starts an hour before it is actually scheduled."

As far as Keepnews is concerned, a live, on-the-spot recording session is easier and sometimes more rewarding than a studio date. "It is technically harder for the engineer, but when things are right, the live date can have more spirit, spontaneity, and a better jazz feeling."



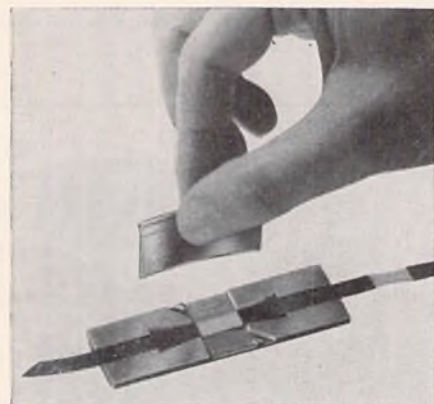
NEW PRODUCTS



Transcription turntable uses belt drive with a hysteresis synchronous motor for minimum rumble. Massive appearance is matched by precision engineering. It has three speeds and variable speed adjustment for exactly tuning discs to piano. Audio-Empire 208 costs \$87.50, less arm and base.



Madison-Fielding stereo receiver provides stereo (FM-AM) radio reception, as well as amplification of stereo phonograph or tape deck. Model 440 requires only speakers and includes provision for headphones. Two 20-watt amplifiers will feed two or even three channels if center stereo speaker is used.



Economy tape splicer may be stuck on tape machine for convenience. Grooves in splicing block guide single-edge razor blade. Scotch tape binds splice. It costs 50 cents from Robins Industries, makers of complete line of home and professional tape splicers.



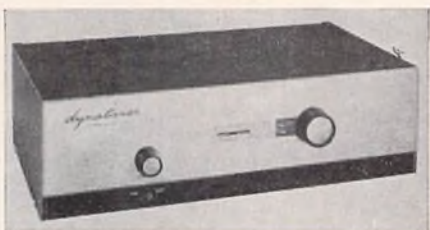
Knight-kit 70-watt stereo amplifier kit delivers up to 35 watts a channel. Highly flexible controls include rumble and scratch filters and separate tone controls for each channel. It costs \$120 from Allied Radio.



New de luxe preamplifier from H. H. Scott includes Dynaural electronic noise suppressors in each channel. Rumble and scratch thus get maximum suppression with least possible effect on music frequencies. Price of Scott 122 preamplifier control unit has not been established yet.



Convenient tape-storage chests handle five standard seven-inch reels a box. Reeves Soundcraft Tapechests cost \$1 each.



FM tuner kit matches the company's earlier amplifier and preamp kits in appearance, simplicity of assembly, and high-quality results. Dyna Co. tuner kit costs \$60.

NOTABLE NEW RELEASES ON
A GREAT NEW JAZZ LABEL



HAROLD LAND West Coast Blues

Toughest tenor in the West blows up a storm, with guitarist Wes Montgomery. (Jazzland 20; also Stereo 920S)

CHET BAKER with Fifty Italian Strings

Lush backing showcases Chet's lyrical trumpet in a group of top standards. (Jazzland 21; also Stereo 921S)

JOHNNY LYTLE Trio Blue Vibes

A swinging, soulful new vibes star — "the greatest," says Lionel Hampton. (Jazzland 22; also Stereo 922S)

JOE ALEXANDER Blue Jubilee

Driving, exciting tenorman; with John Hunt (flugelhorn) and Bobby Timmons. (Jazzland 23; also Stereo 923S)

Also red-hot and new —

CHARLIE ROUSE: *Takin' Care of Business* — a cooker with Blue Mitchell, Art Taylor. (19 & 919S)

WOODY HERMAN: *The Fourth Herd* — a big-band swinger with Zoot Sims, Nat Adderley. (17 & 917S)

CHET BAKER in Milan — the brilliant trumpeter in tunes by Miles, Bird, Mulligan, Rollins. (18 & 918S)

MEL RHYNE: *Organ-izing* — a new organ star, with Blue Mitchell & Johnny Griffin (16 & 916S)



OUT OF MY HEAD



BY GEORGE CRATER

I'd like to borrow a page from the Ornette Coleman theory book and free myself from the usual restrictions of the column—sort of forget the changes, if you know what I mean. I'll just sit here in the \$9.98 basket chair, with a J&B and munster cheese and saltines, digging a Mingus record, and write down my thoughts on any subject that comes to mind.

If the page becomes blank half-way down, you'll realize that the ratio of munster cheese and saltines to J&B became slightly lopsided.

But that's freedom. Ready?

Sit, sip, crunch, dig, write. . .

Symphony Sid: the world's oldest living jitterbug.

Jazz festivals: disasters with paid attendance.

Miss Rheingold contest: The harmless looking chick always wins.

Dentists: Oldsmobile-owning sadists.

Percy Heath: world's leading holy picture model.

The Price Is Right: "Oh Bill, my wife'd really love *that*."

Big band vocalists: I always expect them to sing *Tangerine*.

Jack Paar: better than a finger down your throat.

Roland Kirk: him I gotta dig.

Green stamps: If Junior gave them out, think of all the pop-up toasters I'd have.

Shirley Temple: Now *there's* a harmless looking chick.

Les McCann: "One extra dry martini and a whisky sour, please."

Maria: a *very* pretty tune.

W. C. Fields: Why did he have to go?

Jonathan Winters: I'm glad he's hanging around.

Studebakers: a deliberate slam at the American intelligence.

Horace Silver: If I perspired as much as he does, I would have disappeared in 1947.

November's election: What's the use? Louis Armstrong always wins.

Barton MacLane: I always hoped he'd make good that escape try.

Jill Cory: an unfortunate left-over from the 1920s.

Musicians' union: Yes, I think one should be started.

Warts: Bill Potts tells me, "If you cop some bacon from somebody's pad, rub it on the wart, and hide it under a rock, the wart will *go away* as soon as the bacon corrodes."

Bill Potts: Something tells me he's out of his nut.

Musical comedies: ridiculous trash.

Tadd Dameron: Man, do I miss him.

Horseback riding: Cuts munster cheese and saltines.

MJT+3: grooviest record of the trolley song I've ever heard.

Dave Lambert: His new beard should land him a steady role in *Riverboat*.

Jockey shorts: the lowest!

Johnny Mathis: I wish he'd make up his mind.

FM radio: No sooner do I find a groovy station than it drifts away.

Charlie's: sawdust on the floor, but they've got Lowenbrau on *draft* and a groovy bartender.

Gene Williams: Charlie's groovy bartender.

Immediate taste: the thing I'd better get the next time I walk into Charlie's.

Sports: the world's most crippling disease.

Junior: a man who will immediately revoke my tab when he digs the above items on Charlie's.

Duke Ellington: I wish he'd quit with those Mister B collars.

Herbie Mann: Now *here's* the man to solve the Congo problem.

Spare ribs: Most idiotic form of nourishment I've ever heard of.

Psycho: a fine comedy motion picture.

Cyd Charisse: no comment.

Maynard Ferguson: Look, Ma! No cavities!

Miles Davis: definitely not *The Answer Man*.

Hydramatic Jaguars: emasculated *objets d'art*.

I've Got a Secret: better than a finger down your throat and Jack Paar.

Babs Gonzales: That's show business.

Cannonball: I can see him spread-eagling Gitler and saying, "Make a wish."

David Allen: Yeah!

Kingston Trio: Better than . . .

Baby, you wanna take this munster cheese and saltines away and turn over that Mingus record?

And listen . . .

deebee's scrapbook # 39



" . . . and, Guy, this is Larry Elgart."

in review

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

Records are reviewed by Don Henahan, Don DeMichael, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ralph J. Gleason, Ira Giller, 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

Gary Graffman

[M] THE VIRTUOSO LISZT—RCA Victor LM-2443: *Liebestraum No. 3; Consolation No. 3; Paganini-Liszt Etudes; Un Sospiro; Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11; Il Penseroso.*

Personnel: Graffman, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Graffman tackles the baffling personality of Franz Liszt on this record with a modicum of success, but he does not seem to be quite the man for the job. There is a good deal of phenomenal fingerwork, especially in the etudes, but the appeal of Liszt at his finest is seldom suggested.

The pianist, still young, has been reared in an age that mistrusts the best of Liszt simply because it has been alerted so often to his extravagant nonsense. Good or bad, each piece on this record is studiously underplayed with a sobriety that reeks of good taste.

The result is as if Sen. John Kennedy were handed a speech by William Jennings Bryan and told to belt it out. He would give it an honest, professional try, of course, but his heart wouldn't be in it.

Graffman takes each of these works in a no-nonsense style, which works beautifully in such things as the "arpeggio" etude but misses the point in tone poems such as *Consolation No. 3*, or *Un Sospiro*. It is important to remember, in playing Liszt, that he was a sincerely devout abbe—who wore decorations on his cassock. (D.H.)

Finney/Seeger

[M] [S] ROSS LEE FINNEY Piano Quintet and RUTH CRAWFORD SEEGER String Quartet—Columbia ML-5477 [M]; MS-6142 [S] *Modern American Music Series.*

Personnel: Stanley Quartet of the University of Michigan, with Beveridge Webster, piano; (in the Finney); Anati String Quartet (in the Seeger).

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The Finney quintet, dating from 1953, is a strong work, played with far more than the usual routine detachment that most chamber groups give contemporary music.

From the outset the score pulsates with energy and with musically meaningful ideas. Technically ingenious, it avoids adherence to any school or method, though 12-tone devices are used freely. Like the best of his American peers, Finney has gathered together the tools of serialism, polytonality, neo-classicism, and so on and has kneaded them into an effective eclecticism. Webster's piano provides the quartet with a granitic foundation and is artfully blended into the whole.

The Seeger quartet, of 1931, is all austerity and brevity, lasting but 11 minutes. It is organized with a skill not

to be deprecated, and, considering its age, it was advanced for its day. There is little music in it, however. (D.H.)

Rudolf Firkusny

[M] CHOPIN—Capitol P-8525: *Sonata in B Minor, Op. 53; SCHUMANN Kinderszenen, Op. 15.*

Personnel: Firkusny, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Whether in the tenderest fantasia of the Schumann *Scenes from Childhood* or the most taxing bravura passages of the Chopin, Firkusny is never out of his element in this recording. He throws off the virtuoso-humbling sonata with an ease that comes as a surprise: concert hall experience of his work had not led this reviewer to expect anything so large-scaled.

His Schumann, on the other hand, is more predictably satisfying, being correctly intimate without any hint of coyness. An outstanding disc on all counts. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Art Blakey

[M] THE BIG BEAT—Blue Note 4029: *The Chess Players; Sakeena's Vision; Politely; Dat Dere; Lester Left Town; It's Only a Paper Moon.*

Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Except for the opening ensemble on *Paper Moon*, this is merely a repetition of material that has been gone over time and time again by the Jazz Messengers and other groups.

The general atmosphere is typified by *Dat Dere*, which is Bobby Timmons' successor to *This Here*—a mechanical repeat of something that was better the first time around.

Morgan, Shorter, and Blakey live up to average expectations. (J.S.W.)

Kenny Burrell

[M] THE KENNY BURRELL TRIO (A NIGHT AT THE VANGUARD)—Argo 655: *All Night Long; Will You Still Be Mine?; I'm a Fool to Want You; Trio; Broadway; Soft Winds; Just Asittin' and Arockin'; Well, You Needn't.*

Personnel: Burrell, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Burrell's victory in this year's International Jazz Critics poll climaxed his fifth year on the New York jazz scene and signaled his long-awaited arrival as high man on jazz guitar. (My own ballot, incidentally, listed Barney Kessel first and Burrell second. Frankly, it was a toss-up, and Kessel won.)

This set, recorded live by a&r man Jack Tracy at the Village Vanguard, is

a happy, relaxed, and completely grooving session with the guitarist, bassist Davis, and drummer Haynes. *All Night* is, as might be anticipated, a very down-home, basic opener that finds Burrell flexing his finger muscles in some intricate chording. *Mine* is given aptly lyrical treatment with Kenny taking off on a long solo that reveals that the guitarist does not apparently strive for a so-called "natural" tone on his electronic instrument, as some guitarists claim they do. *Fool* has some superb brush work by Haynes behind Burrell's strong but gentle interpretation of the Sinatra ballad. Haynes again is potent on *Broadway*, with driving top cymbal laying down the time and left hand working on pithy and pertinent comments.

With *Soft Winds*, the trio really gets down to cases and cooks as a unit. *Asittin'* is more easy going, Burrell at one point in his excellent solo slides into a delightful up-slur on a low-register string that should give many guitarists pause for its ease and deceptive effortlessness. Then, too, Burrell invests the second and fourth measures of the main line with the Gospel-like "Aaa-men" that seems to be sanctifying jazz these days.

Thelonious Monk's *Needn't* is highlighted by some blurring single-string runs and a rousing exchange of fours between the guitar and drums. But it was the sequence of tongue-in-cheek, wry-sounding chords at the end that really got me. (J.A.T.)

Buck Clarke

[M] COOL HANDS—Offbeat 3005: *Cool Hands; What Is This Thing Called Love?; Second Wind; Mil-Dy; Ed's Blues; X-A-Dose; Lover Man; I'll Remember April; Floretta.*

Personnel: Clarke, bongos, conga drum; Don McKenzie, vibraharp; Charles Hampton, piano, alto saxophone, clarinet, wooden flute; Fred Williams, bass; Roscoe Hunter, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The point of interest here is Hampton, a provocative multi-instrumentalist who spices what might have been an adequate group into a source of compelling and varied performances.

As a pianist, Hampton is largely a background instrumentalist here. But he plays alto on *Mil-Dy* and *Lover Man* with a soaring intensity that never topples over into maudlin emotionalism. He transfers a good deal of this feeling to his clarinet on *Ed's Blues*, although his clarinet work on *Second Wind* is relatively routine. And on a remarkable percussion piece, *X-A-Dose*, all the members of the band except Hampton take up things whackable while Hampton blows a 19-cent wooden flute with very exciting results.

Clarke, the nominal head of the group, is a generally unobtrusive bongo and conga drummer. The only other soloist of note is Don McKenzie who plays a pleasant vibraharp. Hampton, however, is obviously on his way and shows it whenever he gets away from the piano on this disc. (J.S.W.)

Wilbur DeParis

THE WILD JAZZ AGE—Atlantic 1336: *Runnin' Wild*; *That Thing Called Love*; *Shimme-Sha-Wabble*; *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?*; *Twelfth Street Rag*; *Blues In Gee*; *When My Sugar Walks down the Street*; *Railroad Man*; *Minorca*; *Tell 'Em About Me*; *The Charleston*; *Creole Love Call*.

Personnel: Wilbur DeParis, valve, slide trombone; Sidney DeParis and Doc Cheatham, trumpets; Garvin Bushell, clarinet, piccolo, bassoon; Sonny White, piano, organ; John Smith, guitar, banjo; Hayes Alvis, bass; Wilbert Kirk, drums, harmonica.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This band has received high praise for the imaginative way it has continued using the primal materials of traditional jazz; but this time, unfortunately, some of the imagination has been replaced by contrived effects, circus tempos, and mock exuberance. The idea of this album was to try to recapture some of the moods of uptown Harlem in the '20s, but it is doubtful if Willie the Lion, who was active in Harlem at that time, will recognize the spirit of some of these tracks.

Runnin' Wild begins and ends with fire-engine fury, with nothing much happening, but the middle part has some pleasant Bushell at a more reasonable tempo. *Twelfth Street Rag* sounds dreary now no matter who attempts it, and the trombone coda here is completely superfluous. *Minorca* is in the same hybrid jazz groove that John Kirby was experimenting with 20 years ago. The band attempts a series of devices on *Charleston* (abrupt key changes and a tempo change), but the ensembles have spots where the band hesitates, as if the horn men can't decide which of the alternate choices of well-worn phrases to play next.

On the other hand, some of the virtues of this band are clearly in evidence. The rhythm section swings—drummer Kirk often has the crisp push that Zutty Singleton has, and pianist White is pleasing in both solo and accompaniment work. Bushell solos well, has a fluid tone, and an attractive manner of relaxed spontaneity in phrasing. His playing on *Creole* is beautiful. Doc and Sidney share the trumpet spots and both have good conceptions of the function of the lead horn in ensemble work.

The band displays more unity on the freewheeling numbers like *Tell 'Em About Me* and *Shimme-Sha-Wabble* than it does on the ones with the carefully preconceived effects. This is a truism, though, that has been applied to every good band since the time Frank Teschemacher arranged the middle section of *Nobody's Sweetheart*. (G.M.E.)

Gigi Gryce

SAYIN' SOMETHING—New Jazz 8230: *Back Breaker*; *Leila's Blues*; *Blues in the Jungle*; *Down Home*; *Let Me Know*; *Jones Bones*. Personnel: Gryce, alto saxophone; Richard Williams, trumpet; Richard Wyands, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Gryce, who has usually struck me as a humdrum writer and performer in the

past, swings out strongly in both categories on this disc, complemented by and—in the final analysis—completely overshadowed by the tremendously exciting trumpet of Williams.

Williams has shown a great ability to strike intense sparks at fast tempos in some of his previous recordings; but here, in addition to the brilliance of his work at up tempos, he also projects a similar sense of agitated urgency in more moderate surroundings without, it should be noted, going beyond the proper mood of the occasion. He brings a searing drive to *Leila's Blues*, for instance, charging rampantly through his own solo and urging Gryce on in his with crackling, well-placed fills. On the slow *Back Breaker* he helps to create a winningly Ellingtonian mood, playing with a mute.

Gryce has provided his group with provocative arrangements and plays much more assertively than he has in the past (to some extent, Williams' presence may account for this). The rhythm section backs them with vigor, and pianist Wyands adds a third good solo voice. (J.S.W.)

Coleman Hawkins

WITH THE RED GARLAND TRIO—Prestige/Swingville 2001: *It's a Blue World*; *I Want to Be Loved*; *Red Beans*; *Bean's Blues*; *Blues for Ron*.

Personnel: Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Red Garland, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Specs Wright, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Garland's subdued, cud-chewing piano is miles apart from the gut-sprung tenor sax of Hawkins, and when the solo spotlight shifts from one to the other on this disc, it is like moving from one world to another.

Whether Hawkins was inspired by the presence of Garland or whether he sought to make up for the mild tone that Garland sets, he has seen fit to play with tremendous strength and vigor on these pieces. On *Red Beans* (a piece that draws from Garland some unexpectedly potent playing) and *Bean's Blues*, we hear the classic Hawkins — big-toned, with the easy assurance and the positive, swinging phrasing that have made him top man on tenor whenever he felt like exerting himself. He feels like it constantly on this disc, which represents one of his

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.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

- Miles Davis-Gil Evans, *Sketches of Spain* (Columbia CL 1480)
- Eric Dolphy, *Outward Bound* (New Jazz NJLP 8236)
- Bill Evans, *Portrait in Jazz* (Riverside RLP 12-315/1162)
- 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

- Thelonious Monk Quartet Plus Two at the Blackhawk* (Riverside RLP 12-323/1171)
- Mel Torme Swings Shubert Alley* (vocal) (Verve MG V-2132)
- ★ ★ ★ ★
- Red Allen/Kid Ory, *We Got Rhythm* (Verve 1020)
- Mose Allison, *Transfiguration of Hiram Brown* (Columbia CL 1444)
- Al Casey, *Buck Jumpin'* (Prestige/Swingville 2007)
- 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/Moodville Vol. 1)
- John Handy, *In the Vernacular* (Roulette Birdland R 22042)
- Earl Hines, *Earl's Pearls* (MGM E 3832)
- Paul Horn, *Something Blue* (Hifijazz J 615)
- Blues by Lonnie Johnson* (vocal) (Prestige/Bluesville 1007)
- Stan Kenton, *Standards in Silhouette* (Capitol ST 1394)
- Melba Liston and Her 'Bones* (Metrojazz SE1013)
- Charlie Mingus, *Mingus Dynasty* (Columbia CL 1440)
- Wes Montgomery-Harold Land, *Montgomeryland* (Pacific Jazz Stereo 5)
- Joe Turner (vocal), *Big Joe Rides Again* (Atlantic 1332)

AHMAD JAMAL



ARGO

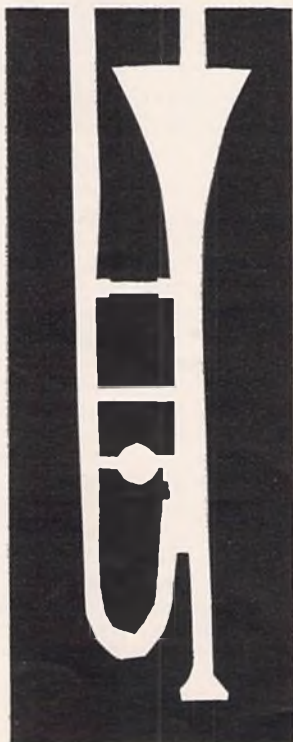
RAMSEY LEWIS

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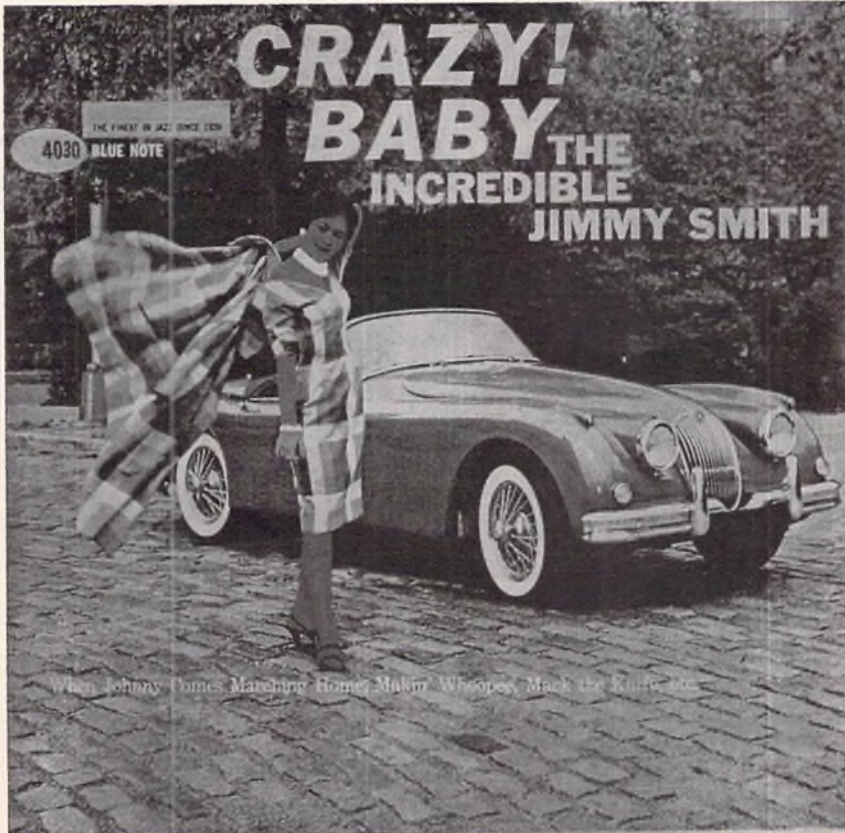
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ARGO RECORDS

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JIMMY SMITH

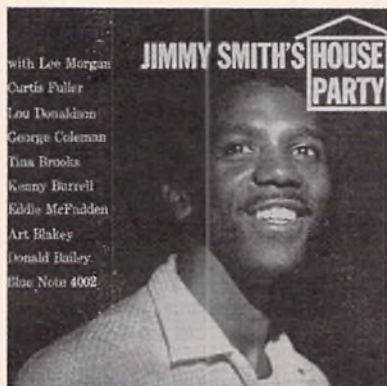
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CRAZY! BABY — JIMMY SMITH

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most consistently rewarding recording efforts in a long time.

All the selections are stretched out with lightweight solos by Garland and, occasionally, Watkins. (J.S.W.)

Lee Konitz

Ⓜ Ⓢ YOU AND LEE—Verve MG V-8362: *Ev'rything I've Got Belongs to You; You Don't Know What Love Is; You're Driving Me Crazy; I Didn't Know About You; You're Clear Out of This World; The More I See You; You Are Too Beautiful; I'm Getting Sentimental Over You.*

Personnel: Konitz, alto saxophone; Bill Evans, piano, or Jim Hall, guitar; Sonny Dallas, bass; Roy Haynes, drums; brass section unidentified.

Rating: ★★

Understatement has definite value in jazz, but if it is not contrasted with strong playing, it loses its punch. And when Konitz' alto is combined with the writing of Jimmy Giuffre, as it is here, you have such a situation. The work of both is introvertish, and the result is tepid at best.

Giuffre employed only a brass section and rhythm to back the altoist, and he chose to keep the brass tightly muted, thereby losing an opportunity for relieving by sheer brilliance of timbre the sometimes-monotonous playing of Konitz.

And quite a bit of Konitz' work is tedious, a good deal like a man who didn't have much to say on a particular occasion but kept mumbling on. It may be that his disdain for vibrato and his light accenting combine with a lack of enthusiasm to make his playing dull on this album. (I limit this statement to this LP because I've heard him play brilliantly on other occasions. Probably just one of those days.)

Some of the brass section work is sloppy, such as the ending of *Everything*; but, on the whole, the workmanlike arrangements are adequately if not spiritedly played. Bassist Dallas does all he can to lift the event into the realm of the living, but his efforts are in vain. (D.DeM.)

Yusef Lateef

Ⓜ Ⓢ THE THREE FACES OF YUSEF LA-TEEF—Riverside 325: *Goin' Home; I'm Just a Lucky So and So; Quarantine; From Within; Salt Water Blues; Lateef Minor 7th; Adoration; Ma, He's Makin' Eyes at Me.*

Personnel: Lateef, tenor saxophone, oboe, flute; Ron Carter, cello; Hugh Lawson, piano, celeste; Herman Wright, bass; Lex Humphries, drums, tympani.

Rating: ★★

There have been times when Lateef could be counted on to be amusing. There have been other times—most times—when he could be counted on for lithe, urgent, swinging performances. But there's not much of any account here.

The once sly Lateef seems to have forgotten his sense of humor in these deadpan performances, and his swinging rhythm has dwindled to a gentle, nudging pulsation that has its points but can't obscure the omnipresent lackadaisay as well as his old exuberance could.

The three faces of Lateef that appear here are Lateef as tenor saxophonist (diluted), Lateef as flutist (boring), and Lateef as oboist (intriguing). The two oboe pieces are interesting not so much because they are really compelling jazz as because they come closer to a jazz feeling than one expects an oboist to come. In place of Bob Cooper's relatively legitimate use of the oboe, Lateef blows it in a properly jazz sense, most noticeably on

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Salt Water Blues.

On a ballad, *Lucky So and So*, his playing is gentle, forthright and lightly swinging, which is more than can be said for most jazz musicians playing a ballad on any instrument. But for the most part, this is an unsatisfactory collection because there is so much better Lateef on discs. (J.S.W.)

Les McCann

THE SHOUT—Pacific Jazz PJ-7: *But Not for Me; A Foggy Day; The Shout; Sonar* (set call); *C Jam Blues; Jubilation; Night in Tunisia; Cute* (set call).

Personnel: McCann, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Ron Jefferson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Nowadays it's quite the thing to have roots and to display them conspicuously. Roots McCann has, and display them he certainly does. But he seems more interested in preening his roots than he is in allowing them to perform their function: transferring nourishment from the basic elements to the final product. In horticulture this would result in a stunted plant; in jazz it produces stunted music.

That it may also produce Success is beside the point, because by limiting himself, McCann's success will likewise be limited and shortlived. And this is the tragedy of McCann's popularity, for from the evidence heard on this album, he is capable of much more than he's doing. True, you have to cut through the heavy layer of funk to see this capability, but talent and ability are there.

His playing on *Tunisia* and *Jubilation*, or at least most of it, rises above the heavy, contrived, and obvious preaching of the other tracks. There's still a lot of soil around, but it's lighter and drier than the mud of the other tunes. He swings nicely on these tracks with the splendid support of Jefferson and Vinnegar, and while he offers nothing startlingly new (so few do these days), the faint glimmer of a more-than-primitive talent is unmistakable.

I don't want to give the impression that this album is anything more than the rating indicates. Far from it. The release, as a whole, is monotonous in its one-way approach. The endings of *Not for Me; Foggy Day*, and *Tunisia* are ridiculously long and, especially in the case of *Tunisia*, pretentious.

McCann's on-stand verbal routine (this was recorded at the coffee house in Los Angeles where the trio worked for so long) is, at times, in extreme bad taste and makes me seriously doubt his contention, expressed in *Down Beat*, Sept. 15, that he doesn't make fun of Gospel music. If this is a routine, and there's little doubt that it is, then it has been done before and is audience-tested for laugh response. Then it follows that the laugh-getting Gospel vocal fragments of McCann heard in the beginning of *The Shout* also have been tested on audiences. Therefore, the first time an audience laughed at these fragments, McCann, if he were sincere about not making fun of Gospel music, would have dropped them from his routine. He hasn't, and this gives rise to my doubt.

McCann, riding the crest of a popularity wave, if we are to believe the liner notes

and other reports, is in a position to do good service for jazz; he also could escape from the net he is drawing ever more tightly around himself. All he has to do is develop the talent lying dormant under the suffocating blanket of his churchiness. (D.DeM.)

Jackie McLean

MAKIN' THE CHANGES—New Jazz LP 8231: *Bean and the Boys; What's New?; I Never Knew; I Hear a Rhapsody; Jackie's Ghost; Chasing the Bird.*

Personnel: Webster Young, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; McLean, alto saxophone; Mal Waldron or Gil Coggin, piano; Arthur Phipps or Paul Chambers, bass; Art Taylor or Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

When a persistent suitor with the goodies under his arm knocks continuously on the door, sooner or later, you're bound to let him in. McLean has been leaning on the bell with a blossoming horn for almost a decade now. This album indicates that the time and the horn are almost ripe.

This is a pleasantly entertaining project. An energetic bubbling McLean is on exhibit, alternately in a quartet and a sextet, adding Young and Fuller. It would be difficult to say which group is superior, because each has its strong tune and its weak track. As for support, the rhythm sections are about even, although Chambers makes a big, healthy contribution to the sextet.

Apparently no aim was made at continuity of themes or material variation. All the tunes are up-tempo, in which McLean is permitted to show off his broadening melodic growth as well as his increasingly facile technique. Unfortunately, the tunes don't flow into each other, and there is always the feeling of the beginning of something. His quiet opening and closing solos on *Rhapsody* are the only hints of his ability to handle material in the medium or slow tempos.

The result of all this up-tempo blowing is a deadly sameness that gives the impression that this is his only facet. The self-quotes stand out like neon lights.

Chasin' is the most intriguing number on the date for me. The interesting interplay of horns and rhythm section is exciting, and Chambers earns his fee right in this one tune.

McLean still has not overcome the problem of any reed man who is momentarily mishandling his instrument — he squeaks. This is most disconcerting, especially on *Ghost* and *I Never Knew*.

No peaks, no caverns, no flying through space, no burrowing in the earth. Just a very pleasant, mundane stroll through the changes, generally well executed. (B.G.)

James Moody

HEY! IT'S JAMES MOODY—Argo 666: *Stella by Starlight; Indian Summer; Don't Blame Me; Last Train from Overbrook; Please Say Yes; Blue Jubilee; Woody'n You; Trouble in De Lowlands; Summertime; Tali.*

Personnel: Moody, tenor saxophone, flute; Johnny Gray, guitar; El Dee Young, bass; Clarence Johnson, drums; Eddie Jefferson, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

As annotator Leonard Feather points out on the back liner, Moody represents an era past in modern jazz, is not up front with today's innovators, and is content to play his personal brand of music. This means that Moody is as distinctive a player today as he was

some 10 to 13 years ago.

Nowadays, however, he concentrates on flute, and the results are increasingly gratifying to hear. Here the flute numbers are *Indian; Overbrook; Blue Jubilee; Trouble*, and *Tali*. Moody achieves a genuine jazz feeling on the instrument and has good control, tone, and a wealth of ideas.

It's difficult to define, but there is a certain insecure feeling in much of the saxophone tracks. Partly it's in the tonal quality suggesting an unsureness, or lack of positiveness; the technical facility, too, reflects this. The ideas are there, though, just as robust and pretty as ever.

Jefferson's presence on the record makes for agreeable contrast. The papa of putting lyrics to jazz instrumentals (Ed. note: see King Pleasure disc review in this issue), Jefferson is heard here in an oddly moving *Overbrook* in which his lyric tells of Moody's discharge from that institution in New Jersey. *Summertime*, the other vocal track (both, incidentally, are the only songs on which piano is used) is taken medium-up for a change. The vocalist adds to the original Gershwin lyric in happily good-natured fashion. This man is one of the true jazz singers.

This is a good album. It's got variety, good pacing, fine individual performances by guitarist Gray and bassist Young, and swings from Bar 1. (J.A.T.)

Red Nichols

RED NICHOLS AND HIS PENNIES—RCA Victor LPM 1455: *Wail of the Winds; Let Me Dream; Five Pennies; My Melancholy Baby; Poor Louie Jean; Poor Butterfly; Rubins and Roses; Davenport Blues; The Parade of the Pennies; She Shall Have Music; Hot Lips; Rockin' in Rhythm; Sassin' the Boss; Tears from My Inkwell; A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody; The King Kong.*

Personnel: Various groups with a personnel apparently including Nichols, cornet; Billy Shepherd, clarinet; Mike Bryan, guitar; Harry Jaeger, drums; Frank Ray, bass; Billy Maxted, piano; Slim Wilbur or Martin Crox, trombone.

Rating: ★

Although Francis Newton, the distinguished critic of the British magazine, *The New Statesman*, feels that the music of Nichols in the early 1930s had a considerable value to it, I have never been reached to the slightest degree by what has always seemed to me to be the oldest form of second generation jazz in this country. Unquestionably these men are good musicians. What I have against them is their consistent dullness, which, when coupled with a semireligious a priori assumption of value (righteousness is probably the word I want) revolts me.

From time to time, Nichols has blasted the second generation (from him, that is) Dixielanders, and to criticize him is not to defend them. But where did the idea ever get started that the Five Pennies, and any of their devalued descendants, produced anything more important than the Dukes of Dixieland (though occasionally it might be better done) or the bland, and unfortunately prolific, output of the Hollywood studio Dixielanders (Matty Matlock and all the LPs Jackie Webb's Pete Kelly package spawned)?

This always has been Dixie-pops, as authentic as a Hollywood starlight special. It may be pleasant; sometimes it is. But as for having that undefinable emotional impact that characterizes all good jazz (and all good art), it simply has never made it.

Is the sound of jazz on Riverside getting bigger all the time?

The answer to the above question, of course, is a resounding YES. This is of course what is known as a leading question — meaning that we wouldn't have asked it in the first place (especially right up there at the top of the page, for all to see) unless we firmly intended to answer in the affirmative.

To be candid, all we were looking for was an attention-getting way of launching the latest in this series of informal essays on the general subject of Riverside Records. And, having gotten your attention by mentioning bigness, allow us to justify the gimmick by making note of some of the several different ways in which the Riverside jazz sound is getting bigger and bigger: First of all, and most obvious, there is the fact that we seem to be falling in love with the big sound made by big bands. Now we're not simply talking about putting more and more musicians into a recording studio: big jazz is not achieved by mere addition. It is, rather, a matter of multiplication: when you take writers and players who have something to say that insists on a larger setting and greater depth and breadth of sound than the "normal" small-band lineup can give; and when you make sure that their ideas are carried out by superior musicians — then you're apt to come up with much bigger, more exciting and more stimulating jazz.

For one example of this, there's a new album that more and more listeners are latching on to: the startling and burstingly large sound of **THE BIG SOUL-BAND**,¹ led by **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** and featuring arrangements by **NORMAN SIMMONS** that combine earthy new tunes and old spirituals into the first big-band "soul music" album.

For another, different, and equally stimulating example, there's the just-released first large-group effort by an artist we're certain is going to be a major triple-threat man of the 1960s: a formidable "blowing" tenor sax man, talented jazz composer, and skilled and richly individual arranger named **JIMMY HEATH**. (Jimmy's big-band arrangement of Bobby Timmons' "This Here" stood the crowd

on its ear at New York's Randalls Island Jazz Festival; Jimmy's new album is likely to stand the whole jazz public on its ear.) The name of his new LP is **REALLY BIG**² — and that's just about the size of it! Heath's concept here is "a big-band sound with small-band feeling" and he achieves it with the aid of a truly all-star cast. Included are Jimmy's brothers (bass star Percy Heath and drummer Albert Heath), marking the first time all three members of this famous Philadelphia jazz family have worked together on record, plus such other notable friends and colleagues as Cannonball and Nat Adderley, Clark Terry, Tommy Flanagan, etc. It's big, swinging, unusual, zestful — the musicians who played the date have been talking it up ever since it was recorded, and we suspect they'll soon have lots of company in their enthusiasm.

Another set of big sounds is still in the planning stage, but since this is at least partly an inside-information page, we invite you all to note that **WOODY HERMAN** is now an exclusive Riverside recording artist, and that top-secret work is now in progress designed to create a completely new and really different Herman Herd.

Just to show you how far-ranging the word "big" can be, let us now turn our attention to a second aspect of bigness that involves a one-man record! That one man, of course, could only be **GEORGE CRATER**, as portrayed by Ed Sherman on the album inevitably titled **OUT OF MY HEAD**.³ Whether or not Crater is the biggest mind of our times is probably a subject for full-dress debate, not for this modest advertisement. But there's no question about his being the brashest; and there's no doubt at all that lots of folks are getting big (and nasty) laughs out of his comments on the jazz world and other vital subjects.

Then there's the case of **CANNONBALL ADDERLEY**, who is rapidly becoming one of the very biggest forces in jazz today. There are the two sensational albums by his quintet — **IN SAN FRANCISCO**⁴ and **THEM DIRTY BLUES**⁵ — just about the biggest sell-

ing items on the current jazz market and both prime examples of how large-scale and room-filling the sound of a superb small group can be. And there is also Cannonball's exciting new personal project — his activities as a producer of Riverside albums that either spotlight brand-new talent or present under-appreciated artists in effective settings. The new releases in the "Cannonball Adderley Presentation" series are **DICK MORGAN AT THE SHOWBOAT**,⁶ introducing a remarkable new piano stylist; and **THE TEXAS TWISTER**,⁷ featuring Houston tenorman **DON WILKERSON** in a very blues-y LP that includes Nat Adderley and that divides the bass-playing spot between two of the most highly regarded young bassists of the day: easterner Sam Jones and westerner Leroy Vinnegar.

This rapidly expanding (or must we say "rapidly getting bigger") portion of Cannonball's schedule also includes some extremely intriguing in-preparation items. We'll sign off for this issue by whetting your appetite with brief mention of three of them: an album introducing an incredibly mature group of upstate-New York youngsters led by 19-year-old Chuck Mangione and his 21-year-old brother, Gap Mangione; a set featuring no less than four highly promising young altoists; and an album arranged by veteran tenorman Budd Johnson that combines Budd with an unprecedented trumpet section (Harry Edison, Ray Nance, Nat Adderley, Clark Terry).

Footnote Department: Here's a concise summary of those albums mentioned and footnoted above which you can run right out and buy at your local record store today:

1. **JOHNNY GRIFFIN: THE BIG SOUL-BAND** (RLP 331 and Stereo 1179)
2. **JIMMY HEATH ORCHESTRA: REALLY BIG** (RLP 333 and Stereo 1188)
3. **GEORGE CRATER: OUT OF MY HEAD** (RLP 841 — Mono only)
4. **CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET IN SAN FRANCISCO** (RLP 311 and Stereo 1154)
5. **CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET: THEM DIRTY BLUES** (RLP 322 and Stereo 1170)
6. **DICK MORGAN AT THE SHOWBOAT** (RLP 328 and Stereo 1183)
7. **DON WILKERSON: THE TEXAS TWISTER** (RLP 332 and Stereo 1186)

RIVERSIDE

There has been a mystique for years prevalent among the commercial studio musicians (the present-day opposite numbers of the anonymous laborers in the sections of big dance bands) that all you have to do is play some specific tunes or, alternatively, apply the Dixie syndrome to other material and, as long as you are swinging a little and do some improvising on the melody, you are playing jazz. If you extend the meaning of that term far enough, I suppose you are.

But aside from that, I firmly believe this music to have very little to do with jazz. The form may be the same, but it's like the form of writing in a beer ad. You use the language, but you don't say anything.

Now this is not to be read to mean that I'm against all the old-timers. Play George Lewis for a minute after this, and you'll see what I mean (and I don't even particularly dig that Lewis band, a ragged and generally amateur outfit). But as Jelly-Roll Morton once said (was it in a letter to *Down Beat*?), "Play some of my music, and then play some of his" when asked about W. C. Handy's product. The contrast is the best argument.

Personally, I would rather take Turk Murphy with his sometimes effective combination of entertainment and dedication to the preservation of tunes for the sake of the tunes themselves, than this. But suit yourself. It's your money. (R.J.G.)

Max Roach

☐ S QUIET AS IT'S KEPT, MAX ROACH PLUS FOUR—Mercury MG 20491: *Quiet as It's Kept*; *To Lady*; *Lotus Blossom*; *As Long as You're Living*; *The More I See You*; *Juliano*. Personnel: Roach, drums; Tommy Turrentine,

trumpet; Stan Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Julian Priester, trombone; Bobby Boswell, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This is the best Roach record in a long time. Taped by his last group (Priester is the only remaining member in the new one) before the shake-up in the spring of this year, it is a thoughtful, well-balanced set with Max playing for the group at all times.

Five of the six numbers are originals, four by promising new writers we have not heard from before. *Quiet*, the title number, by Chicago bassist Bill Lee, is an attractive theme. *To Lady*, by a Leon Mitchell, is a plaintive tribute to Billie Holiday that is never maudlin. The horn men's beautiful tones stand out here.

As Long as You're Living, by Tommy Turrentine and Priester, takes care of two current trends in one swoop and does it very well. It swings in another time signature (5/4), avoiding monotony by use of dynamics and Boswell's alternation of the figures he plays underneath. Listen to the way the ensemble builds under Priester as he solos. Second, it is a blues with "soul" but not the manufactured kind.

Priester's *Juliano* is a bright swinger featuring all the horns and Max, as well, in solo.

Kenny Dorham's *Lotus Blossom* is no stranger. Dorham has recorded it twice himself, and Sonny Rollins did it as *Asiatic Raes*. This is a swift, personalized version with Roach inventively backing the soloists and then playing an explosive, "melodic" one of his own with the strong Boswell backing him. Tommy Turrentine sounds much like the tune's composer.

Brother Stan is featured in a lightly grooving version of the standard, *The More I See You*. He dug Don Byas and Ben Webster before he heard Rollins. The result is a warm, full sound and a style that in some ways is "older" than that of most of today's young tenor men—but undated.

All the soloists are extremely promising young players, and when Roach plays like this, there may be some drummers as good as he is (in their own way) but none better. Highly recommended as small-group jazz with simultaneous organization and freedom. (I.G.)

Rex Stewart

☐ THE HAPPY JAZZ OF REX STEWART—Prestige/Swingsville 2006: *Red Ribbon*; *If I Could Be with You*; *Rasputin*; *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*; *Four or Five Times*; *You Can Depend on Me*; *San*; *I Would Do Most Anything for You*; *Tell Me*; *Nagasaki*.

Personnel: Stewart, cornet, kazoo, vocals (Tracks 1, 5, 10); John Dengler, bass saxophone, washboard, kazoo; Wilbert Kirk, harmonica, tambourine; Jerome Darr, amplified guitar; Chauncey Westbrook, unamplified guitar; Charles Lampkin, drums; unidentified bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This album really lives up to its title. I found myself smiling and nodding, a warm glow of enjoyment spreading from the music all through me.

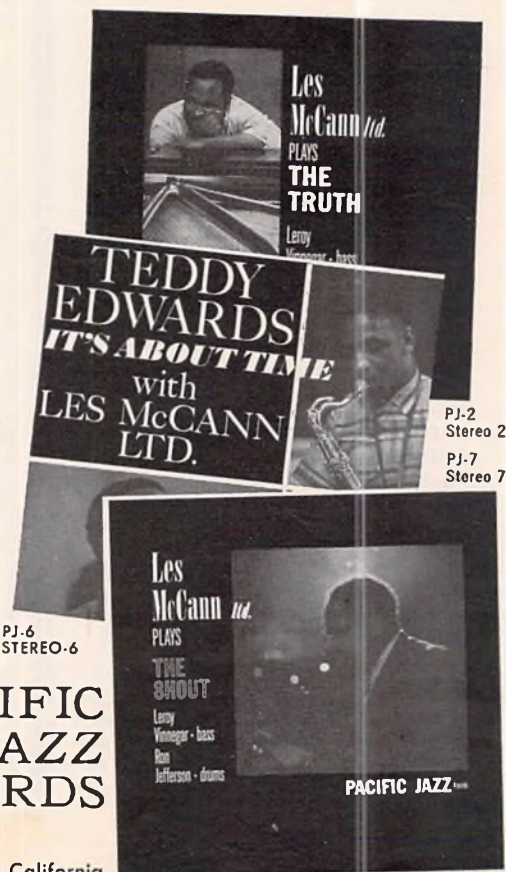
Stewart was in fine fettle at this session. His playing shows none of the tasteless sensationalism that sometimes mars it. Throughout most of the album, his work is a perfect musical definition of what used to be called "hot" playing—his clipped phrases sizzle and crackle like spit on a red-hot stove. I would be hard put to pick his best track—they're all above average—but for a couple of telling examples of his heated cornet, try *San* and *Rasputin*. Even when Stewart is playing

JOHN TYNAN, *Down Beat*: "A true super-salesman of the piano with a marked flair for reaching his audience without sacrificing musical taste."

LES McCANN

"If Les McCann can't move you, you are in plenty of trouble!"

HAROLD T. FLARTEY, *Dover New Jersey News*



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more melodically, as he does on *If I Could Be*, the listener can hardly escape noticing the banked fire beneath the surface.

Unfortunately, on some of the tracks Stewart sounds a bit unsure of himself, a little shaky. It sounds like nervousness, but since this is unlikely in such a pro, it's probably a spot of lip trouble.

Although his voice would never win any prizes, Stewart's husky singing fits in very well with the let's-have-some-fun atmosphere of the date.

The others catch this spirit, too. Dengler's bass sax work is rollicking and rolling without sacrificing any musical values in the process. Both guitarists have plenty of solo space, but of the two, I found Westbrook the more interesting. Except for getting hung for a few bars in the bridge of *I Would Do*, his unamplified solos are tasty and reflect a good Christian upbringing. Kirk's harmonica and the horn men's kazoos add humor, but that's about all. I kind of dug the tambourine, though.

In fact, I kind of dug the whole affair. (D.DeM.)

Sonny Stitt

SONNY STITT BLOWS THE BLUES—Verve 8374; *Blue Devil Blues; Home Free Blues; Blue Prelude; Frankie and Johnny; Birth of the Blues; A Blues Offering; Hymnal Blues; Morning After Blues.*

Personnel: Stitt, alto saxophone; Lou Levy, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

The blues and Sonny Stitt should be a smooth and engrossing partnership. These performances live up to half of their potential. They are smooth—but so smooth, so mechanical, so glib that they are rarely engrossing.

By the time he made this disc, Stitt had become what might be described as the ultimate in tramp jazz musicians: he could move in with any rhythm section and blow with suave assurance, playing with a warm, rounded tone within a limited area that was not too far beyond the capabilities of his accompaniment and yet had the surface sheen that gave it the wide appeal of the more palatable cocktail jazz.

In this case, he has a superior rhythm section, but habit is habit. One blues sounds like another. One middle tempo is like any other middle tempo. The changes are rung with great polish, with flair but without any inner conviction. (J.S.W.)

Jimmy Wisner

APPRECIATION — Chancellor CHJC-5014; *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child; Love, Look Away; My Old Flame; Laura; Appreciation; Baby Shoes; Timeless; I'll Remember April; The Wind; Stella by Starlight.*

Personnel: Wisner, piano; Milt Hinton, Ace Tesone, bass; Osie Johnson or Dave Levin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

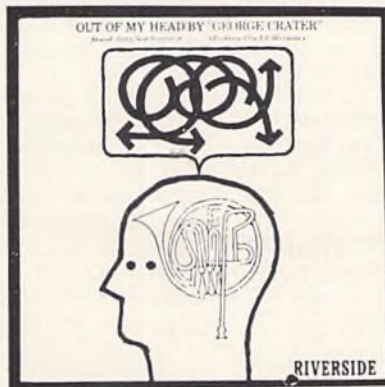
In what appears to be his album debut as a leader (the notes don't indicate whether he has even recorded before), 28-year-old Wisner displays promise as a jazz pianist. On the evidence presented, however, it would appear that he's got quite a distance to travel before taking his place in the big league.

On the credit side, he demonstrates a

slick, highly developed technique in the faster numbers as in ballads such as *Love* and Russ Freeman's *The Wind*. The latter's inclusion is a pleasant surprise, and Wisner plays it with understanding and depth. The pianist reveals a pleasing, "modern" touch, plastic and resilient in character, but his tone tends to become brittle in the high treble.

The debit side of the ledger shows Wisner weak in the improvisation department. There is no freshness or originality in his jazz conception (c.f. *I'll Remember April*); it is too often superficial and windy. But the promise is there and may be realized in time.

Both rhythm teams perform efficiently and with spirit. (J.A.T.)



SIDE I

1. Wind-Up Dolls
2. The Jazz Concert
3. Practice Dialing
4. Jazz on TV
5. Some Fragments of My World (Sports Car Records, The Tattoo, Harpo, African Holiday, Silent Movie)

Mr. Crater is portrayed on this album by Ed Sherman, well-known New Yorker gadabout. The liner notes are written by Mr. Crater's occasional friend, nemesis, and stand-in—Ira Gitler. Mr. Gitler says in part: "I have to agree that George Crater is way out—out of his head. What makes it frightening is that he is into mine and yours and yours and yours . . . (scream fading away) . . ."

By exclusive arrangement with Riverside Records, Down Beat—for a limited time only, or until the supply runs out—is offering *FREE* with every subscription, new or renewal, the current best seller, *OUT OF MY HEAD* by "George Crater," as portrayed by Ed Sherman.

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VOCAL

Blind Snooks Eaglin-Percy Randolph-Lucius Bridges

POSSUM UP A SIMMON TREE—Folk-Lyric FL 107; *Possum up a Simmon Tree; That's All Right; Veal Chop and Pork Chop; I Ain't Gonna Study War No More; Model T and the Train; Jack O'Diamond; Death Valley Blues; This Train; Bottle Up and Go; Mardi Gras Mambo; Rock Me, Mama; John Henry; Locomotive Train; I Had a Little Woman; Don't Leave Me, Mama.*

Personnel: Eaglin, vocal, guitar; Bridges, vocal, guitar, and washboard; Randolph, harmonica and washboard.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The authenticity of these performances may be somewhat in question, since the three performers are reportedly urban dwellers, engaged in urban professions. But their fidelity to lyric interpretation

Just Released . . .

OUT OF MY HEAD

by

"George Crater"

The album that everyone wants. A special offer to all Down Beat readers — both Craterphiles and Craterphobes

SIDE II

1. The Jazz Night Club Scene
2. The T-Shirt Inspector
3. Record Audiences
4. The Encyclopedic Critics
5. The Arthur Murray Show
6. My Monkey

and instrumentation should qualify most of the selections as good quality folk material.

There is little of the intimate, personal expression of the blues here. With the exception of *Little Woman* and *That's All Right*, the tunes are representations of the expository or participating song. Several are rollicking, sheer fun-time tunes. The title tune is perhaps the most exemplary of these, and most listeners will remember a tune borrowed from it about 19 years ago. It was given a new set of lyrics and titled *Pistol Packing Mama*.

Followers of 1960 blues will also recognize the predecessor of *My Babe* in the hillbilly tune included in this collection, *This Train*.

Rock Me, Mama is an example of the smutty vulgarity often incorporated in early blues, which musicologists often sidestep in their studies. Not suggestive, but openly expressive in manner, the singer begs for sexual conquest.

Mardi Gras Mambo is just a little modern for this collection. Its beat, lyric, and rhythm are obviously contrived. Usually thought of as a tune for group singing, *War* is sung solo here by Blind Snooks with the guitar filling in the gaps left by the absence of the echoing voices.

The album also illustrates the kinship of Negro folk music and hillbilly music. Randolph's harmonica is the most noticeable link.

The quality of the recording is below what one might wish. Yet the album would be a good addition to folk collections. (B.G.)

King Pleasure

Ⓜ GOLDEN DAYS—Hifi jazz. J425: *Moody's Mood for Love*; *The New Symphony Sid*; *Don't Worry 'Bout Me*; *Don't Get Scared*; *Parker's Mood*; *Golden Days*; *Tomorrow Is Another Day*; *No, Not Much*; *All of Me*.

Personnel: Pleasure, vocals; Harold Land, Teddy Edwards, tenor saxophones; Mathew Gee, trombone; Gerald Wiggins, piano; Wilfred Middlebrooks, bass; Earl Palmer, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Scatological lyrics always have been a part of the jazz world (witness the things from the Ellington band and elsewhere) but in the persons of Eddie Jefferson, King Pleasure, and now Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, the whole idea of writing (and singing) a lyric to a jazz line has been carried upwards to a minor art in itself, even though Pleasure's original *Moody's Mood for Love* drew anguished cries from songwriter Jimmy McHugh on an artistic basis.

It doesn't matter who originated the style. (Pleasure credits Eddie Jefferson, and there's no evidence to disprove this, heaven knows.) The fact is that *Moody's Mood*, *Parker's Mood*, and certain other of the Pleasure lyrics are classics in themselves, highly artistic variations on the dual inspiration of the improviser's line and the original (in the case of *Moody's Mood*, the original lyric) as well.

Judging this material by the standards one applies to T. S. Eliot or W. B. Yeats is just as silly as judging Bird by Beethoven. They're not comparable. These lyrics (and the ones by Jon Hendricks later on) are a natural evolution of the jazz culture and pure delight to hear because they are an additional emotional

message transmitted through the medium of a jazz performance. That they are also of inestimable value in bringing an understanding (both by the actual lyrics and by the ear-opening effect they have) between the public and the jazz musician is not the least of their achievements.

Pleasure's voice is magnificently equipped to sing his lyrics when he has a structure preset for him to follow. Other times it is not so good. The performances vary, here as elsewhere, but *Parker's Mood*, *Moody's Mood*; *All of Me*, and parts of *Tomorrow Is Another Day* (which is *Dear Old Stockholm*) are the sort of jazz performances you can live with indefinitely.

The accompaniment is really first-rate, and so is the recording. I don't find the new versions conflicting with the originals at all. In fact, they make an interesting contrast. And I have to report that there is no diminishing of the pleasure one can get from these.

As a corollary, it might be pointed out that many of the current instrumental LPs that hit with such impact on first hearing do not stand the test of repetition. This does. Analysis and the vituperative reactions of those to whom music is apparently something to examine and not to enjoy won't change this.

This is the sort of I.P. you'll find that musicians themselves dig. It's hard to alibi that. Pleasure's *Moody's Mood* and *Parker's Mood* have already entered into the folk mythology of jazz. If some tenor man starts out playing "there I go, there I go," everybody will dig him instantly. Music that does this—and these lyrics and these performances are music—lasts. (R.J.G.)

Roosevelt Sykes

Ⓜ THE RETURN OF ROOSEVELT SYKES—Prestige/Bluesville 1006: *Drivin' Wheel*; *Long, Lonesome Night*; *Set the Meat Outdoors*; *Coming Home*; *Stompin' the Boogie*; *No. 9*; *Calcutta*; *Selfish Woman*; *Hangover*; *Night Time Is the Right Time*; *Runnin' the Boogie*; *Hey, Big Mama*.

Personnel: Sykes, piano, vocals; Clarence Perry Jr., tenor saxophone; Frank Ingals, guitar; Floyd Ball, guitar; Armond (Jump) Jackson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

By the time the Texas Folklore society gets through with all the residual practitioners of actual folk music (they'll never get to Ray Charles, thank God; he's moving too fast), you won't be able to hear anything real anymore. They'll buy them all new guitars, get rid of the saxophone accompaniment and clean up the whole thing into an act suitable for the small concert halls the folkknicks are now frequenting.

In the meantime, however, before anybody has gotten around to it, there are people like Roosevelt Sykes who are playing a real music for real people, and whether or not it suits your personal standards for jazz and/or blues playing, it is a variant on contemporary urban folk music. It's worth listening to.

Someone like Sykes ("You all heard of the Honeydripper?" he said once on a Decca record — "Wal, I'm the original Honey Dripper") who has been on the scene all his life can get an I.P. called *The Return of . . . Return from where?* Folk festivals from Newport to the University

of California are popular these days. There's more authentic folk music being played every night of the week by people like Sykes, Fats Domino, B. B. King, and the Drifters (to say nothing of Ray Charles, who has raised his art to masterly proportions with an audience and an organic culture that is too real and too live and too contemporary to interest folkknicks) than in all the banjo picking, guitar twanging, and reprising of Brazos valley ballads in the world.

Lightnin' Hopkins is in near danger of following the McGhee-Terry route and conforming to what the folk circuit wants. Sykes is not a major folk musician, like Charles and Hopkins (and as Leadbelly was). But he's good, and so far they haven't corrupted him. Thank heavens. (R.J.G.)

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*.

Tina Brooks, *Tina Brooks* (Blue Note Ⓜ 4041)

Paul Chambers, *First Bassman* (Vee Jay Ⓜ and Ⓢ 3012)

King Curtis, *The New Scene of King Curtis* (Prestige/New Jazz Ⓜ 8237)

Red Garland, *Red Garland Trio* (Prestige/Moodsville Ⓜ Vol. 6)

Coleman Hawkins, *Coleman Hawkins with Tommy Flanagan* (Prestige/Moodsville Ⓜ Vol. 7)

John Lee Hooker, *Travelin'* (Vee Jay Ⓜ and Ⓢ 1023)

Freddie Hubbard, *Open Sesame* (Blue Note Ⓜ 4040)

Shakey Jake, *Good Times* (Prestige/Bluesville Ⓜ 1008)

The Jazz Modes, *Smart Jazz for the Smart Set* (Seeco Ⓜ and Ⓢ 466)

Henry Jerome Orchestra, *Brazen Brass* (Decca Ⓢ 74056)

Fred Karlin Orchestra, *Swinging at the Opera* (Everest Ⓜ and Ⓢ 1097)

Wynton Kelley, *Kelley at Midnight* (Vee Jay Ⓜ and Ⓢ 3011)

Booker Little, *Booker Little* (Time Ⓜ Ⓢ 2011)

Shelly Manne and His Men, *Shelly Manne and His Men at the Blackhawk, Vol. 1* (Contemporary Ⓜ and Ⓢ 3577)

Don Miller Quartet, *The Don Miller Quartet* (King Ⓜ 712)

André Previn Trio, *Like Previn!* (Contemporary Ⓜ and Ⓢ 3575)

Saints and Sinners featuring Vic Dickenson, Barrett Deems, and Red Richards, *Catch Fire at the Sheraton-Jefferson* (Seeco Ⓜ and Ⓢ 454)

Various Artists, *Cool Jazz* (Seeco Ⓜ and Ⓢ 465)

Sarah Vaughan, *Murder, Inc.* (Columbia Ⓜ 1003)

Stanley Wilson Orchestra, *The Original Jazz Score from Shotgun Slade* (Mercury Ⓜ and Ⓢ 60235)

Si Zentner Orchestra, *The Swingin' Eye Liberty* Ⓜ and Ⓢ 7166

Shelly Manne

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

By Leonard Feather

Shelly Manne is one of that lucky cadre of Hollywood jazzmen capable of living a successful double life. To most of the fans who have voted him into first place in an endless series of polls since he won his first *Down Beat* victory in 1947, he is best known as a jazz combo leader. Leading a trio with André Previn, he started, via Contemporary Records, the whole show-tune-jazz-album concept that has done so much to broaden the jazz market in the last three years.

More recently, Manne has been heard mainly with his own excellent quintet, which has been on view in various west coast spots. The group's new series of albums, *Shelly Manne at the Blackhawk*, is rising rapidly in the sales lists at this writing. Very soon he expects to have his own pied-à-terre, a spot in Hollywood that will be known as the Manne Hole.

Simultaneously with all this, he continues his busy career as a sideman in the recording, television, and movie studios. The *Blindfold Test* that follows, conducted between record dates, took place at *Down Beat's* Hollywood office. Manne was given no information about the records played.

The Records

1. Max Roach. *Yardbird Suite* (from *Roach 4 Plays Charlie Parker*, Mercury). Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor; Nelson Boyd, bass; Roach, drums.

Well, I think that may be Max Roach on drums; probably it's Max' own group. Actually, the rhythm section doesn't come off too well; maybe the drums were too loud or too close, but in any case, with just bass and drums and no piano, you have to get a very special kind of feeling.

I don't know who the trumpet or the tenor were. Nothing too exciting happened, and it isn't the kind of record I'd care to hear again. However, Max is always fantastic, and it's good to hear the original of a style that's been copied so much.

Which was that, the group with Turrentine? . . . Oh, I have to rate it first? I'd say two stars.

2. Horace Silver. *Break City* (from *Blowin' the Blues Away*, Blue Note). Silver, piano, composer; Louis Hayes, drums.

Play it again, would you? . . . (later) Would you mind playing that opening one more time? . . . Well, I think it's Horace Silver's group, and one of the distinctive qualities of this group is the tunes Horace writes. He's a very, very fine composer, and the group gets quite a bit of excitement going, and it's emotionally pleasing to listen to, with that swinging feeling.

Blowing-wise, it was up to the standard of the ensemble. My only criticism is that the rhythm section tends to be a little too busy on this particular side, which at times distracted me from listening to the horns. Also they play the opening ensemble at one tempo, and when they go into the blowing, it's another feel, almost like a different tempo. But this band is way up on the beat.

I liked Horace's left hand sort of growling at you there, and Louis Hayes

is a very exciting young drummer who has an admirably individual style of playing.

My only other comment would be that the band lacks variety of dynamics—starts at one level and maintains it throughout. For the exciting feeling, I'd say four stars; for the performance, three.

3. Les McCann. *Vakushna* (from *Swingin' Like Sixty*, World Pacific). McCann, piano, composer; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Ron Jefferson, drums.

That's some more Gospel music. For that kind of thing, it gets quite a good feeling, but I don't think anybody gets quite the feeling that Ahmad Jamal does switching from his ensembles into the blowing. Ahmad has a beautiful gift for shifting gears on you. . .

I'll take a guess, because I've been out of town a lot and haven't heard them too much even though they've been around, but I'd say it's Les McCann's group with Leroy Vinnegar on bass, the group that's caused quite a stir out here.

I think he used funky riffs just for the sake of being funky, so it sounded like a slightly affected attempt to create a feeling. But it was just the blues, and it's always nice to hear the blues, so even though it didn't impress me much, I'll give it two stars . . . The Gospel thing in jazz has become stylized, a fad, just like rock and roll is a fad.

4. Benny Goodman Quartet. *Handful of Keys* (from *Swing, Swing, Swing*, Camden). Goodman, clarinet; Lionel Hampton, vibes; Teddy Wilson, piano; Gene Krupa, drums. Recorded 1937.

I'd say it was Benny Goodman's Quartet, with Lionel Hampton. Of course, nowadays they're making so many records, with this one and that one playing Benny Goodman, that if you let your mind wander for a moment you're not sure who you're listening to.



But that was an original record. Very spirited; the kind of music I still enjoy.

Of course, it's a whole different kind of swing than we're hearing nowadays, so in listening to it you almost have to set your ears, adjust them for a different kind of approach. You can't compare it, for instance, to the Horace Silver record you played me, yet it's swinging in its own way.

This made me smile, and if a record makes me smile, I know I'm enjoying it. I've heard much greater quartet sides by Benny so I'd give this three stars, because it was a showpiece—one of those fast tunes that Benny would have as a show opener or closer.

5. Ben Webster. *Sunday* (from *Webster Meets Oscar Peterson*, Verve). Webster, tenor saxophone; Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

That was Ben, one of my all-time favorites on tenor and not only a great musician but a great person. He was very good to me when I started out; his encouragement was one of the reasons that I got into jazz. This record proves that if a guy's a great artist, time doesn't mean anything; he'll be as great today as he was years ago.

I think it was Oscar Peterson, and he sounded very good with Ben. I'm not sure about the drummer; it might be Stan Levey—unless it's Ed Thigpen. Sometimes it's hard for a drummer to come in and play with Oscar and Ray; they push pretty good together and get pretty exciting, and if a drummer isn't used to playing with them, it isn't easy. I remember the first album I made with Ray and Barney Kessel; it was fun, but it was work. But each album becomes more fun, and we play better together every time. The rhythm section wasn't swinging too fantastically here, but it played well and didn't get in Ben's way. Four stars.



(Continued from page 14)

room with a jazz program to be called *Jazz at the Upstairs* . . . The **Paul Knopf** Quartet, featuring also saxophonist **Bobby Brown**, played the Piccadilly lounge in New Bedford, Mass. . . . Pianist **Bob Hammer** has replaced **Sam Price** at the Metropole.

Princess Grace and **Prince Rainier** have invited **Red Nichols** and his Five Pennies to play for their annual Christmas ball in Monaco . . . **Joachim-Ernst Berendt**, now working on his new book about jazz, recently told a reporter in Baden-Baden, Germany, that "of all the foreigners pre-occupied with American jazz, only two have contributed to the music. They were guitarist **Django Reinhardt** and clarinetist **Stan Hasselgard**."

Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis and **Johnny Griffin** have joined forces in a band. But which label will the group record for? Davis has an exclusive Prestige contract, while Griffin is exclusively signed with Riverside . . . **Cab Calloway**, who recently celebrated his 25th anniversary in show business, signed a long-term exclusive recording contract with Coral Records . . . Opera singer **Eileen Farrell**, who substituted for the then-ailing **Louis Armstrong** at the Spoleto music festival in 1959, has just had a Columbia album released. It's entitled *I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues*.

Jimmy Giuffre's group featuring guitarist **Jim Hall** was recorded at the Five Spot by Verve . . . The **King Oliver 78's** on OKeh will be reissued on an Epic LP, with album notes by **Charles Edward Smith** . . . Freelance writer **Dick Gehman** will do the notes on the soon-to-be-released **Mildred Bailey** Columbia LP. This will be the first in a series of reissues under the supervision of **John Hammond** . . . Studebaker-Packard Corporation is promoting its 1961 Lark with an LP produced by Columbia Transcriptions, a service of Columbia Records. The disc includes tracks issued on previous LPs by **Louis Armstrong**, **Duke Ellington**, **Count Basie**, **Jimmy Rushing**, and others. The customer has to go to a Studebaker showroom to obtain an order card, which is mailed to Studebaker for the record.

Peter Long, assistant producer of the Randall's Island Jazz festival, has become associated with the **Henry O. Dormann** public relations firm. Long will specialize in handling jazz personalities and clubs . . . **Vic Feldman** has replaced **Barry Harris** with the **Cannonball Adderley** Quintet . . . **Leonard Feather** bought a house in Brentwood, Calif., and will make his move from Manhattan to the west coast permanent in November. . . . **Dr. Marshall Stearns** re-



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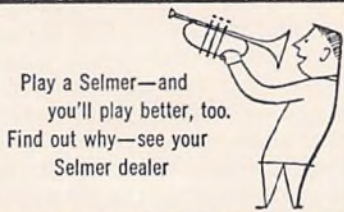
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turned to New York in late August after conducting a two-week jazz lecture course at Portland State College in Oregon. **Duke Ellington** and band gave two retrospective programs during the series. Stearns is now on Cape Cod writing a book on the jazz dance.

The Duke Ellington Jazz society started off the 1960-61 season with a program built around the singing career of the late **Ivie Anderson**. Miss Anderson was the Ellington vocalist from 1932-44.

Writer **David Dachs** has a portrait of the Newport Youth Band prepared for publication in *Today's Living*, the New York *Herald Tribune's* Sunday magazine supplement . . . **Sidney Bechet's** autobiography, *Treat It Gentle*, will be published in the United States by Hill and Wang, and will include a special introduction by **John Hammond** . . . **Fred Reynolds**, former jazz a&r man at RCA Victor, is writing a regular column on popular records for the *American Record Guide*.

Ken Harris has started a show called *World of Jazz* on WLNA-FM, Peekskill, N. Y. Harris is on the air from 12:05 to 2 a.m., Monday through Friday . . . WCBS radio's **Ed Joyce** originates a Monday night Dixieland jazz program from Freedomland from 8:15 to 10 p.m. The first program in this live series featured trumpeter **Max Kaminsky**, clarinetist **Jimmy Lytell**, trombonist **Ray Diehl**, pianist **Ray Rowland**, and drummer **Mickey Sheen**.

Sammy Stewart, a well-known piano-playing band leader during the 1920's, died in Harlem recently. His bands boasted such sidemen as drummer **Big Sid Catlett**, tenor saxophonist **Leon (Chu) Berry**, and banjoist **Ikey Robinson**. Stewart was 70 and had retired to teaching organ in recent years . . . **Eddie Brunner**, one of Europe's leading tenor saxophonists, died in Basle, Switzerland during the past summer.

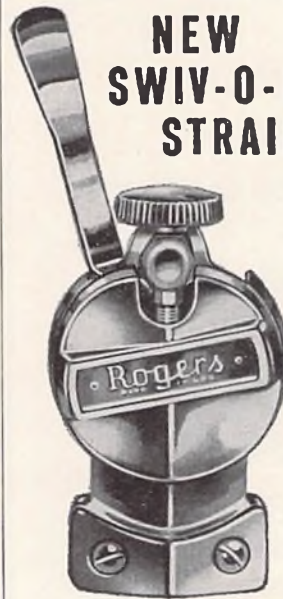
Ken Stanley, young, Brooklyn-born actor-singer, is presenting a show called *Rhythm, Blues, and Prose* at Town hall Sept. 28. Stanley, who has a baritone voice, will do selections from hit musicals, Norwegian folk songs, spirituals, ballads, and blues.

An NBC television spectacular, *The Ragtime Years*, in the Project 20 series, was taped during the middle of August. Jazz pianist **Ralph Sutton** (who flew in from San Francisco) and **Dick Wellstood** have featured spots, as do **Eubie Blake**, the **Clara Ward Singers**, vocalist **Mae Barnes**, **Hoagy Carmichael**, and the jazz dancers **Leon James** and **Al Minns**. Show is to be aired the end of November . . . Also put on tape around the same time was the **Cannonball Adderley Quintet's** version of *This Here*, which will be on an early **Debbie**

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Reynolds TV spectacular.

Herbie Mann was signed to compose and conduct the music for the upcoming TV show *An Evening with Nichols and May*.

IN PERSON

Basin Street East—**ERROLL GARNER** Trio until Oct. 2. **CHARLIE BARNET** Octet, **BILLY ECKSTINE, DON RICKLES**, Oct. 4-Nov. 5. Birdland—**BILL RUSSO** Orchestra, **YUSEF LA-TEEF** Quintet until Oct. 12. **BUDDY RICH** Sextet, **FARMER-GOLSON** Jazztet, Oct. 13-26. Camelot—**TONY PASTOR** revue, Oct. 3-22. Central Plaza—All-Star jam sessions, Friday and Saturdays. Condon's—**WILD BILL DAVISON** Band, Downstairs at the Upstairs—**ROSE MURPHY** Trio with **SLAM STEWART**. Embers—**DOROTHY DONEGAN** Trio, **ROY ELDRIDGE** Quartet until Oct. 8, **DOROTHY DONEGAN** Trio, **ERSKINE HAWKINS** Quartet, Oct. 10-29. Five Spot—**JIMMY GIUFFRE** Quartet, **KENNY DORHAM** Quintet. Half Note—**HERBIE MANN** Afro-Cuban Band with **OLATUNJI** until Oct. 9. Hickory House—**MARIAN McPARTLAND** Trio, **JOHN BUNCH** Duo until Oct. 15. Jazz Gallery—**THELONIOUS MONK** Quintet until Oct. 16. **GIL EVANS** Big Band, Oct. 18-Nov. 6. Left Bank—**EDDIE HAZELL**. Metropole—**TONY PARENTI** Trio, **HENRY ALLEN** Giants, **SOL YAGED** Quintet. Nick's—**PEE WEE ERWIN** Dixieland Band. Prelude—**BILLY TAYLOR** Trio until Oct. 12. WILD BILL DAVIS group, Oct. 13-Nov. 2. Roundtable—**RED NICHOLS** Five Pennies until Oct. 1. **JERRY COLONNA** Dixieland Band, Oct. 3-29. Ryan's—**WILBUR DE PARIS** Band. Sherwood Inn (New Hyde Park, L.I.)—**BILLY BAUER** All Stars with guests on Friday and Saturdays. Showplace—**CHARLIE MINGUS** Quintet. Village Gate—**RAMSEY LEWIS** Trio, **GEOFFREY HOLDER, ELLIE STONE** until Oct. 11. Village Vanguard—**CHRIS CONNOR** until Oct. 9. **AHMAD JAMAL** Trio, Oct. 11-23.

MONTREAL

Jazz on a Summer's Day drew capacity houses of 3,000 each to the two showings presented at Loew's theater, another success on Montreal's jazz calendar following the two Chalet concerts that drew 6,000 with names like **Oscar Peterson** and **Dizzy Gillespie** . . . CBC-TV's *Jam on Both Sides* recently featured a 30-minute capsule history of jazz, with pianist **Neil Chotem**, guitarist **Tony Romandini**, bassist **John Lanza**, drummer **Billy Graham**, trombonist **Bill Dadson**, trumpeter **Herbie Spanier**, clarinetist and altoist **Al Baculis**, and tenor saxophonist **Nick Ayoub** . . . Pianist **Collie Ramsay** is at the Windsor penthouse, accompanied by bassist **Charlie Biddles** . . . Another CBC-TV show, late in August, featured the **Dave Robbins** Band, the **Hagood Hardy** Quartet, and **Anne Marie Moss** in an outdoor concert.

CHICAGO

The **Count Basie** Band spent every morning recording for **Roulette** at Universal studios during its recent seven-day stand at the Tenthouse. All the tunes featured **Joe Williams** on vocals. Could it be that **Williams** is getting ready to split and **Roulette** wanted plenty of his vocals in storage? Could be . . . Some of the Basieites were also busy recording in the afternoon at **Argo**, where **Al Grey** cut his second album for the company. Personnel included Chicago pianist **Eddie Higgins**, who

knocked out the others on the date with his playing.

Buddy Rich, in town at the same time as **Basie**, signed with **Roulette** and will cut his first album for the company during his October Birdland run. The album will feature the vibes and arrangements of **Mike Mainieri**, and **Sam Most** on flute. **Rich** is also scheduled to appear on British TV and tour the Continent for four weeks starting Nov. 15. He's booked as a single but intends to take **Mainieri** along as an added attraction. He will re-form his sextet upon his return.

Maynard Ferguson's week at the Sutherland hotel lounge (it was the club's first big band booking) was so successful that the band is booked back again in February. **Maynard (Mac) McLean**, the room's manager, was gassed by the band and could be seen any night finger-snapping and seating people at the same time. Business was SRO almost every night, and the management is dickering with other big bands to follow **Gerry Mulligan's** October booking.

The **Miles Davis** group and the **Modern Jazz Quartet** will play a week of jazz concerts at the Regal theater the latter part of October. The Regal has booked many jazz groups in past months, but they have been on the same bill as vaudeville acts. The theater plans no show biz acts with the **Davis-MJQ** package. The two groups may tour the country together.

Reports trickling out of the resort town of Saugatuck, Mich., scene of the recent jazz festival, indicate there's a fine quartet working a bar called the Blue Temple. The group is led by bassist **John Allen** and includes **Gary Allen**, guitar; **Ronnie Fields**, tenor saxophone; **Joe Patton**, drums.

Junior Mance, in town for two weeks with the **J. C. Heard** group, is forming a trio which will include bassist **Ben Tucker**. Junior is dickering for a Riverside contract . . . **Argo Records** signed **Buddy Rich's** vibraharpist **Mike Mainieri** to an exclusive contract the last night of the **Rich Sextet's** stay at the Cloister . . . The Cloister, by the way, is giving the Sutherland a tough run for the money in booking name jazz groups. **Cannonball Adderley**, who did good business for the Sutherland, is the latest to sign for the Cloister. Manager **Bernie Nathan** hopes to bring in the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, **Miles Davis**, and **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross**, among others. The only cloud on the horizon is that if the competition between the two clubs for groups results in their paying higher and higher prices, everybody will lose—musicians, clubs, fans, bookers, and, most importantly, jazz. Let's keep things on an even keel, gentlemen.

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to play at England's Beaulieu festival but didn't get to before the riot broke out there, is expected home soon after his tour of Denmark . . . **George Lewis'** New Orleans group will play two one-nighters at the Red Arrow in Stickney, Ill., Oct. 2 and 16.

Tyree Glenn's group at the London House last month included **Tommy Flanagan**, piano, and **Tommy Potter**, bass . . . Trumpeter **Donald Byrd** visited town on his way to Denver but didn't play. He expects to work here with his group this fall.

IN PERSON

Cafe Continental—**JACK TEAGARDEN** Sextet.
The Cloister—**TERRY GIBBS** Quintet, Oct. 2.
ART BLAKEY Jazz Messengers, Oct. 3-16.
CONNIE MILANO Trio, house band.
Jazz Ltd. — **BILL REINHARDT** BAND; **TUT SOPER**, intermissions.
London House—**EDDIE CONDON** Band until Oct. 9. **MARTIN DENNY** Quintet, Oct. 11-30; **GENE KRUPA** Quartet opens Nov. 1.
Mister Kelly's—**JUNE CHRISTY** until Oct. 8. **DICK HAYMES** and **FRAN JEFFRIES**, Oct. 10-30.
Red Arrow (Stickney, Ill.)—**FRANZ JACKSON** Original Jazz All-Stars featuring **RICHARD CURRY**.
Regal Theater—**COUNT BASIE** Band, Sept. 30-Oct. 6.
Sutherland — **RAY BRYANT** Trio and the **MJT+3** until Oct. 2. **DIZZY GILLESPIE** Quintet, Oct. 5-16; **GERRY MULLIGAN** Band, Oct. 19-23.
Swing Easy—**GENE ESPOSITO** Quartet.

LOS ANGELES

Allyn Ferguson resigned as music director of the hit musical revue, *Vintage 60*, now on Broadway, to take over as music director for **Johnny Mathis**. This includes recording, motion pictures, personal appearances, and television. Ferguson completed scoring the film *Chivato*, which deals with **Fidel Castro's** revolution. On the soundtrack he used **Paul Horn**, reeds; **Bill Hinshaw**, French horn; **Don Bagley**, bass; **Emil Richards**, vibes; **John Pisano**, guitar; **Frank Capp**, drums.

Lou Levy returned as **Ella Fitzgerald's** accompanist at a reported \$700 weekly. His wife, **Ginny**, will accompany him on Ella's European tour in February . . . Newest jazz sound in town is that of Kansas City trumpeter **Carmel Jones**, who plans to quit his railroad job and settle here . . . **Terry Gibbs'** new quartet, now on the road in the middle west, includes **Frank Strazzeri**, piano; **Don Prell**, bass, and former **Billy Eckstine** drummer, **John Terry** . . . The new **Bill Holman-Lee Katzman** Quintet debuted at a concert Sept. 23 at Santa Barbara's San Dimas high school, with **Irene Kral** handling the vocals. The date was promoted by **Ed Yates** . . . And at S.B.'s Boom-Boom club, former **Woody Herman** tenorist **Jay Migloire** heads a quartet every other Sunday comprising **Jerry Mandel**, piano; **Jimmy Crutcher**, bass, and **Nick Martinis**, drums . . . One of those responsible for the recent flow of good eastern jazz talent into L.A. rooms is **Bob Leonard** of World Artists Management agency. Leonard booked **John**

BILL PAGE



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Bob Yeager, prexy of Hollywood's Professional Drum shop, retired from the music staff at the Tiffany burleyque after almost four years. He'll concentrate on tending store from now on . . . The film *Jazz on a Summer's Day* had its west coast premiere Aug. 22 at The Cinema in Hollywood. It's opening was boosted by a special promotional campaign handled by **Pat Willard Ortiz** of the Sudler advertising agency . . . **Bill Holman** and **Johnny Richards** wrote the charts for **Ann Richards'** latest Capitol album. Her accompanist, **Bob Harrington**, played piano with the **Stan Kenton Band** on the date.

Now you can dig jazz on a fall afternoon Saturdays and Sundays in MacArthur park with big bands and combos sponsored (and paid) by Local 47, American Federation of Musicians. Already at bat were the big bands of **Shorty Rogers**, **Med Flory**, **John Anderson**, and **Joe Epps** and the small groups of **Paul Horn** and **Frank Rosolino**. This is jazz-for-the-people with a vengeance. The concerts are held once monthly, and there's no admission charge.

The background music for the television special, *Megalopolis*, which covered the growth of this crazy town, was provided by the guitar of **Laurindo Almeida** . . . Somebody in the publicity department at CBS radio could stand a little jazz education. A recent handout listing the artists heard on the network from the first Quaker City Jazz festival Aug. 26-27-28 contained this gem: "Saturday: **Duke Ellington** and his orchestra—Japanese jazz pianist **Toshika Mariano** and her quarter." Ah, well, we'll get 'em yet.

IN PERSON

Basin Street—**GARNER CLARK** Dixieland band. Ben Pollack's—**RAY BAUDUC** and the Dixielanders.

Black Orchid—**DICKIE IRVING** Band. Boom-Boom (Santa Barbara)—**JAY MIGLIOIRE** Quartet, every other Sunday.

Bravo—**GENE RUSSELL** Trio. Corbin Bowling Alley—Monday night sessions.

Crest—**HOWARD ROBERTS**. Sunday night sessions.

Digger—Name jazz groups weekends.

Dragonwyck (Pasadena) — **CHARLIE LLOYD** Quartet, weekends.

Drift inn (Malibu) — **BUD SHANK** Quartet, weekends.

Excusez Moi—**BETTY BENNETT**, weekends.

Geno's Bit — The Three Sounds; **PHINEAS NEWBORN** Trio opens Oct. 26.

Harvey Mudd college (Claremont)—**CANNONBALL ADDERLEY** Quintet, Oct. 14.

Huddle—**BETTY BRYANT**, piano.

Insomniac (Hermosa Beach)—International Jazz Quartet, weekends.

Jimmie Diamond's lounge (San Bernardino) — **EDGAR HAYES**, piano.

Kismet club — **ART DE PEW** Band, Mondays only.

Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach)—**HOWARD RUMSEY'S** All-Stars, Mondays through Saturdays. Name jazz groups Sundays.

Sanbah—**EDDIE CANO** group until Oct. 10; **ORNETTE COLEMAN** Quartet, Oct. 12-31; **RAMSEY LEWIS** Trio, Nov. 9-28; **EDDIE CANO** group, Nov. 30-Dec. 12; **SHIRLEY SCOTT**, Dec. 14-Jan. 2.

The Blue Beet (Newport Beach)—**ART PEPPER** Quartet, Fridays and Saturdays; Sunday sessions.

The Cascades — **VINCE WALLACE** and the **CLYDE CONRAD** Trio.

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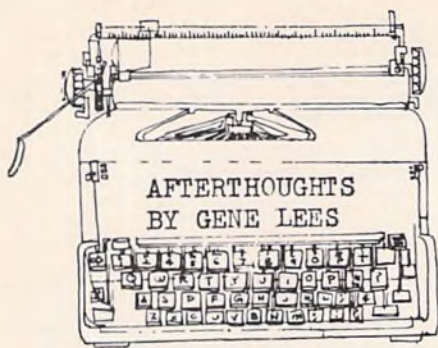
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Needless to say, musicians who feel this way haven't asked the NAACP to give up its just campaign to get Negroes into studio and symphony orchestras. Evidently the view is that while Negro musicians lack none of the abilities of white musicians, white musicians lack some of the abilities of Negro musicians.

No matter how you slice it, that's racism. Further, it is a refutation of the racial equality principle on which the NAACP's struggle is based. In other words, it is tacit agreement that there can be such a thing as racial inferiority or superiority. It is incredible that Negroes taking this position can't see how dangerous it is—dangerous for themselves.

The idea of a racial difference in music is irrational at the root. I'm getting tired of hearing certain Negro musicians, obviously paranoid, claim that white musicians have stolen from the Negro and given nothing—almost as tired as I am of the views of Herman Talmadge and his ilk.

Look at Ray Brown, who leaves bassists open-mouthed with awe. What makes him the unchallenged master of his instrument? Part of it is his grasp of classical bass technique. And where did Ray get it? From studying with various symphony bassists. White bassists. It is precisely the ability that Ray has acquired out of the white

western musical tradition that makes it possible for him to get down into those incredible swinging grooves.

Ray is but one illustration of the enrichment that occurs when jazz is permitted to cross-pollinate itself, without hindrance from bigots of either color. And the playing of some of the cruder funk-merchants shows the impoverishment that can occur when separatism is sought.

With a sigh, I have to say that I can understand why so many Negroes feel as they do. In fact, I was, for a time, rather tolerant of anti-whitism. Ted Williams, the photographer who shoots most of *Down Beat's* covers and is himself Negro, disencumbered me of this naivety, though. "The way I look at it," Ted said, "if the situation were reversed, those are the very guys who'd be forming the lynch mobs."

That's why I've lost my patience with prejudiced Negroes. (I lost patience with prejudiced whites long, long ago.)

Such people are building a second wall where there used to be one—and just when we were starting to get that one wall torn down. I think racism could destroy jazz.

But then, perhaps it's a moot point. There's a pretty good chance that racism will destroy mankind even before that. Maybe we'll deserve it. [E]

Over the years, *Down Beat* has exposed discrimination against musicians wherever we have uncovered it. Most of that discrimination in the past has been directed against Negro musicians. Today we are seeing the equally melancholy phenomenon of discrimination against white musicians. We would be remiss in our duty—and lacking in objectivity—if we failed to take note of that too.

In his recent article on Les McCann, John Tynan mentioned the widespread anti-white feeling among Negro musicians. A good many serious-minded musicians, both Negro and white, are worried about what this attitude augurs for jazz.

This anti-Caucasian feeling manifests itself in a tendency to belittle the playing of white musicians on grounds that they "just don't swing."



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Send only ONE ballot: all duplicates are voided. Do not vote for deceased persons except in the Hall of Fame category.

It's poll time. And *Down Beat* readers will find it easier to vote than ever before.

At the right of this page, thrust out from between the pages, you will find your ballot. It is printed on a stamped, pre-addressed postcard, so that all you need do is tear it out, fill in your choices in the various categories, and drop it into a mail box.

All *Down Beat* readers, whether lay listeners or members of the music profession, are urged to vote in order to ensure the largest participation in the history of the poll. A poll is most meaningful when the broadest possible representation of opinion is attained.

A word on procedures:

In the *Hall of Fame* category, name the person who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz in this century. Previous winners are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, and Lester Young. They are not eligible to win in this category again.

This does *not* mean those still living are not eligible to win in their respective instrumental categories, or that their

bands are not eligible to win—only that they cannot win again in the *Hall of Fame* category. It should also be noted that the *Hall of Fame* category is not limited to living musicians.

Readers should take note that *Down Beat* reserves the right to disqualify, at our discretion, any candidate if there is evidence that overzealous fans have attempted to stuff the ballot box in his favor. Thus, the fan who tries to rig the poll may put his favorite in the position of being bounced out of the poll altogether.

The ballot should bear a postmark not later than Nov. 10.

Because of its seniority and because *Down Beat* readers have such a deep and generally well-informed interest in music, this is the most important of the jazz polls. For this reason, the poll has an influence in the earning power of musicians. By neglecting to vote for your favorites, you do them a disservice.

Readers are urged to reflect their true tastes in voting—that is, by voting the way they think, not the way the latest fads tell them to think.

Vote.

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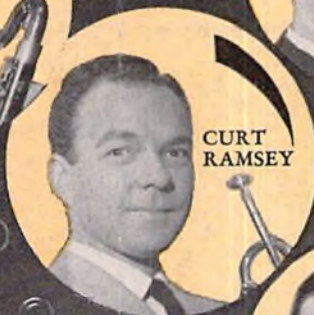
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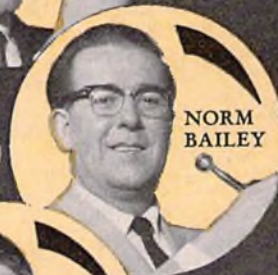
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