

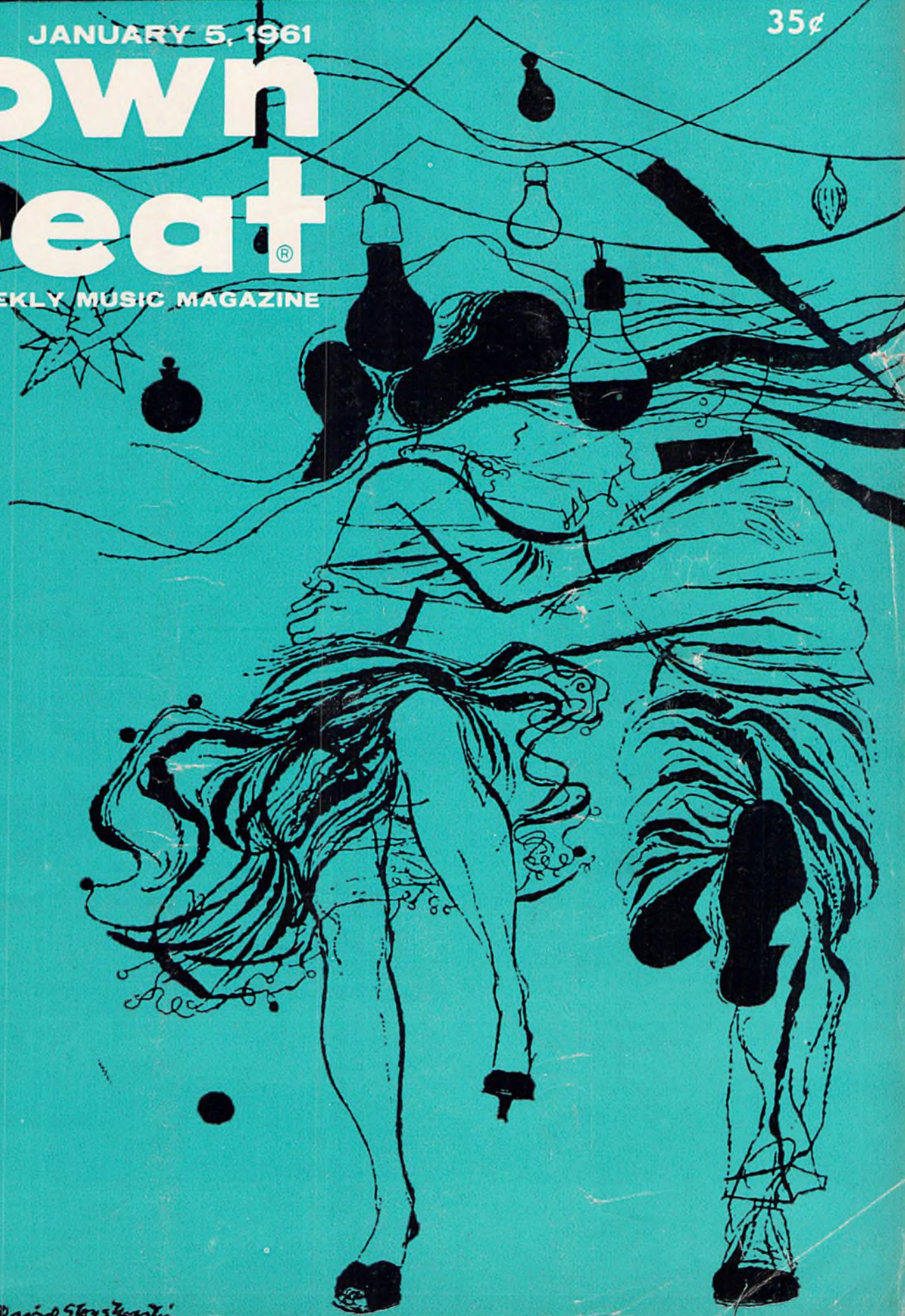
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JANUARY 5, 1961

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David Slevin

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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

On page 8 of this issue, the first phase of *Down Beat's* music scholarship program for 1961 is outlined. It concerns *Down Beat's* fourth annual group of Hall of Fame scholarships to the Berklee School of Music in Boston.

These scholarships, in the amount of \$4,500, will be awarded in the name of John Birks Gillespie, whom *Down Beat* readers elected to the jazz Hall of Fame during the recent readers poll.

In addition to the 12 scholarships to be awarded by competition, at least two more will be granted directly to deserving students at the discretion of the editors of *Down Beat*. These "reserve" scholarships are awarded to students taking part in the many *Down Beat* clinics and festivals held during the school year. One special scholarship is reserved for a student attending the Stan Kenton clinics at the National Dance Band Camp.

Those familiar with the magazine's scholarship program will note that we have doubled the number and value of the Hall of Fame scholarships this year.

This was done in order to open opportunity to more students—and to more nearly equalize that opportunity.

As you will note in the announcement, students are eligible in two categories. The junior division applies to applicants 19 years old or younger on June 15, 1961. The senior division is for those over 19. These categories exist in order that applicants will be competing with those in their same general age group.

We would like to urge *all* students to make application. The experience gained by a student in making a suitable tape of his playing (or an original arrangement or composition) for submission to the judges constitutes good training in itself. It costs nothing to enter the composition, and the reward may be life-long.

The Hall of Fame scholarships constitute only one phase of *Down Beat's* program for 1961. Another phase comes with the awarding of scholarships for the Stan Kenton clinics later this year. Twenty-seven such awards went to students for last summer's camp. But this phase of the scholarship program will also be expanded this year, since there will be three camp locations in 1961.

Each award to one of the Stan Kenton clinics is worth \$78, which pays a student's room, board, and tuition for a week. Last year, *Down Beat* was pleased to receive contributions for this program from several musical instrument manufacturers (Conn, Fender, guitar manufacturers, Selmer, and Wurlitzer), and booking agencies (Associated, General Artists, and Willard Alexander), plus \$1,000 from the American Federation of Musicians. Indications are that the assistance for *Down Beat* student scholarships will be materially increased this year.

But as far-reaching as our 1961 program will be, there is still a need for improvement. There are thousands of talented students who want to improve their abilities and need encouragement that can only come with financial assistance. Funds are needed, funds that will go directly into scholarships with no deductions whatsoever for administration.

If you feel that music has been good to you (or for you), perhaps you would like to make a contribution toward the sustaining and development of American music. For further information, write to *Down Beat* Scholarship Fund, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill.

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JAN. 5, 1961

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Anger At Mehegan

I have just finished reading and evaluating John Mehegan's not very worthwhile critique in the Oct. 26 issue's *Chords and Discords*. I think Mehegan has overstepped the boundaries of his wit and pseudo-intelligence. He tried to explain funky music—I think he should have stayed in his own field, funky music. Far be it from me, however, to de-emphasize Mehegan's talent for piano. I must say that he is a worthwhile cocktail pianist and kind of an intermission fill-in . . .

Camp Lejeune, N.C. Cpl. Lee J. Sullivan

To A Lady's Defense

Mr. Bernie Sherman grossly underestimated Ann Richard's tremendous talent (*Chords and Discords*, Dec. 8). He, along with others, seems to believe that a scratchy voice and an off-key style are the prime requirements for a good jazz singer. It makes one wonder what kind of ears are listening these days.

St. Louis, Mo.

Elsie Wehmuller

Huzzahs for Mobley and P.W.

To Pete Welding I would like to say thanks for giving Hank Mobley the credit he deserves in the review of *Soul Station*. May I add, however, that Hank was playing those rapid arpeggios back in 1953 when he was with the Jazz Messengers. . . . Maybe Coltrane learned the "sheets of sound" device from him?

Oil City, Pa.

Russ Campbell

A Plea For Mercy

An Open Plea to Mr. Harry Anslinger:

Sir, have you any idea what drives a person to narcotics? Do you have any inkling what torment these people go through? Would you throw a person into jail because he attempted to commit suicide? I certainly hope you wouldn't, but it appears that this is exactly what you are doing. Narcotic addicts know that continued use of opiates leads to almost certain death, but they continue using the stuff anyway. Is not such behavior indicative of a very serious disease that manifests itself in the brain instead of the body?

Is it, then, that being ill is criminal? Judging from your actions and statements, I can only deduce that you think so, in certain sicknesses anyway.

You will say perhaps, "But I want to get this dirty, evil, lousy, stinking stuff out of here." Fine, so do I. But is the problem not in the pushing and selling of narcotics rather than in the use, and even more in the society which creates the need for escape in certain individuals?

Please, Mr. Anslinger, be a humanitarian in these days when we are in such dire need of love among human beings.
Iowa City, Iowa Bruce R. Stebbins

No Mercy Given

This is the last straw for my defense of jazz musicians in the narcotics situation.

Ever since Stan Getz wrote his truly touching I-found-God letter in *Down Beat* after he came back to civilization from his withdrawal of narcotics, I have been saying these poor, mentally sick individuals need help.

In the past 10 years my view has changed, and I now care less what happens to these Art Peppers. Let them rot in prison for all I care. These people are so phony to themselves and to their public that they deserve no sympathy. Why try and create it with your editorials? This makes the third time Mr. Pepper has been busted, and after every "comeback" he claims "never again, I know it would only destroy me."

Don't try and tell me that he is a sick man and needs psychiatric care and that perhaps "let's all take up a collection and pay his way." Does Billy Taylor take narcotics? I doubt it. Billy plays the same clubs, with the same working conditions, the same social problems, the same hours, etc. If he does, I say let him rot too, but I doubt that an aware person with a sense of social responsibility would ever fall prey to the weak-willed individuals who take narcotics. Why do I use Billy Taylor in this illustration? Because I feel ashamed for Billy Taylor. All the good work the Billy Taylors do for jazz in one year by being prompt for their engagements, living moderately, dressing neatly, showing awareness of an audience, etc. is destroyed by every Art Pepper, Jack Montrose, Chet Baker, etc.

Please don't try to lie to your public and tell about the very few jazz musicians using narcotics and how more doctors use them. We're not talking about who uses the most, we're talking about who uses narcotics period. You yourself know that at least one-third of all jazz musicians take narcotics of some kind, be it marijuana, cocaine, heroin, or opium. When Dizzy Gillespie said in the recent *Playboy* article that all he could think of were six or seven narcotics addicts, all an incredulous Nat Hentoff could say was "Oh Diz, come on now."

The purpose of this letter is to present the other side of the coin. A side that apparently you don't want to admit exists. Please stop using your magazine to try and help "these poor, unfortunate, mentally sick individuals" when time and time again they are given their chance to reform, having paid their debt to society, and all they do is turn back and walk the same road.

I not only say throw them into a police tank "to go through the horrors and pain of withdrawal without medical help," but for these two- and three-time losers, you can also throw away the key. The time has come where I am just sick and tired of trying to defend these "vicious, social lepers" as Mr. Anslinger puts it.

New York City

Gerard von Broock

(Continued on page 9)

Miles Davis FIRST

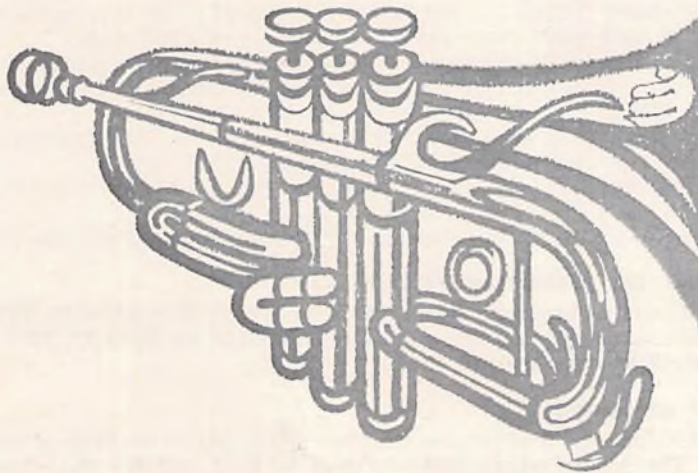
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Complete Details

The Fourth in Down Beat's Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

Down Beat has established two full year's scholarships and ten partial scholarships to the famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, the present home of *Down Beat's* Hall of Fame and one of the nation's most prominent schools in the use and teaching of contemporary American Music.

The Hall of Fame scholarship is offered to further American music among young musicians and to perpetuate the meaning of the jazz Hall of Fame.

This year's full scholarships, valued at \$850 each, will be in honor of John Birks Gillespie, chosen by *Down Beat* readers as the 1960 Hall of Fame member. The scholarship shall be awarded to an instrumentalist, arranger, or composer to be selected by a board of judges appointed by *Down Beat*.

The ten additional scholarships will consist of four \$400 and six \$200 grants.

Who is Eligible?

Junior division: (\$2250 . . . one full scholarship of \$850; two partial scholarships of \$400 each; three partial scholarships of \$200 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated from high school and who has not reached his (or her) 19th birthday on or before June 15, 1961.

Senior division: (\$2250 . . . one full scholarship of \$850; two partial scholarships of \$400 each; three partial scholarships of \$200 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his (or her) 19th birthday on or before June 15, 1961.

Anyone in the world fulfilling the above requirements is eligible.

Dates of Competition:

Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, Feb. 28, 1961. The scholarship winners will be announced in the April 27, 1961 issue of *Down Beat*, on sale April 13.

How Judged:

All decisions and final judging shall be made solely on the basis of musical ability. The judges, whose decisions shall be final, will be: the editors of *Down Beat* and the staff of the Berklee School of Music.

Terms of Scholarships:

The Hall of Fame scholarship as offered is a full tuition grant for one school year (two semesters) in the value of \$850. Upon completion of a school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

The partial scholarships are in the value of: four at \$400, and six at \$200. Students winning these awards also have the option of applying for additional tuition scholarship funds at the end of the school term.

The winners of the scholarships must choose one of three possible starting dates: September, 1961; January, 1962; May, 1962, or forfeit the scholarship.

How to Apply:

Fill out the coupon below, or a reasonable facsimile, and mail to Hall of Fame Scholarship, *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., to receive the official application form.

With the official application, you will be required to send to the above address a tape or record of your playing an instrument or a group in performance of your original composition and/or arrangement.

Hall of Fame Scholarship _____ Date _____
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 Gentlemen:
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 Name _____
 Address _____
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CHORDS

(Continued from page 6)

Sittin' In Sets Well

Just a note to say how much I have enjoyed Art Hodes' articles. He is a fellow who really knows what he is talking about. Lets have more from him.

Park Forest, Ill. Barry Weiss

Appreciation For Ed Hall

It has been a constant source of astonishment to me that Edmond Hall, one of jazz's very great clarinetists, has been so completely overlooked by the jazz press, despite his popularity with fans and the respect and affection held for him by fellow musicians.

Charles Edward Smith's fine article is long overdue and much appreciated—especially after Buddy De Franco's absurd remarks about Hall in a recent *Blindfold Test*. De Franco and a lot of other reed-men could learn plenty from this master.

Soul, Soul . . .

Chalk up one chord for John Tynan's fine article on the "Soul School" (*Down Beat*, Nov. 24). Being a west-coast-jazz fan at heart, the article helped to give me a better insight into this much-talked-about recent influence on the jazz scene. I also dug Barbara Gardner's article on one great jazz musician, Bobby Timmons. I didn't realize he was so young, for he is certainly one of the most mature jazzmen in the field today.

Canton, N.Y. Jack Howell

. . . And More Soul

John Tynan brought forth some very thought-provoking and enlightening truths when he intelligently described "soul" and "funk." These are truths with which I readily agree and will strongly support.

However, Mr. Tynan makes one statement that induces me to oppose him. He states that the musical-religious expression (Gospel or "holiness") of the American Negro is debatable as an influence in jazz.

First of all, he goes astray and tries to consolidate the two terms, Gospel and "holiness." This can not be done. To sing Gospel songs one does not have to be "holy." And if one claims to be "holy," then this does not constitute his ability to sing Gospel songs. Gospel singing (good Gospel singing) is an art in itself, and those persons who are excessively emotional (so called "holy folk") tend to lose all sense of art and expert execution of art forms.

The rhythms, syncopations, call-and-response patterns, and the blue tonality of Gospel singing played quite a significant part in shaping jazz.

Maybe Mr. Tynan unconsciously became involved in the theory of evolution to such an extent that he overlooks or neglects the fact that there must have been and was a position from which to commence to evolve. There has been and is still happening a tremendous amount of evolution in music. So much, as a matter of fact, that we often forget the beginning—our starting point.

Brooklyn, N.Y. Stephen A. Chambers

TO

...our consistent poll-topper whose study and mastery of his instrument and his music are clearly shown in the respect given him by musicians and public . . . because J. J. Johnson is an uncommonly fine and intelligent individual as well as musician, we are proud to know him and to say that J. J. plays a King.



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TO

CANNON
BALL

. . . whose first 'first' in the Down Beat poll is fitting tribute to an imaginative musician who is an articulate spokesman for the world of jazz and music generally. We tip our hat to Cannonball Adderley, proud that his alto saxophone is and has been a King Super-20.



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NEW YORK

Because of the **Quincy Jones** arrangements, a new mood music LP by French maestro **Eddie Barclay's** Orchestra is of interest to jazz listeners. The set, recorded in Paris and released in the U. S. by Mercury, includes American standards and some French pop tunes. Jones manages to get a strong dance beat out of the massed strings and muted brass. The album is titled *Twilight Time*.

Teo Macero will appear Feb. 3 with the Kansas City Symphony to play the saxophone solo in his yet-untitled composition commissioned by **Hans Schweiger**, conductor of the Kansas City orchestra. A Cooper Union concert in New York on Feb. 24 will present an all-Macero program, including a reading of his opera, *The Heart*. Macero has completed work on the film score for **Morton Goldsholl's** documentary *Faces and Fortunes*. He describes this work as "an amalgam of 17th and 18th century sounds with modern jazz."



MACERO

Pianist **Billy Taylor** composed a score for a documentary film on discrimination that was shown on CBS-TV. The score was played by Taylor, piano; **Clark Terry**, trumpet; **Charlie Rouse**, tenor saxophone; **Doug Watkins**, bass; **Ray Cosca**, drums . . . Composer **David Amram** is scoring the music for the film *A Matter of Conviction*. He also has been commissioned by the Park Avenue synagogue to compose a new evening service of religious music . . . **Larry Wilcox**, arranger and tenor saxophonist with the **Sal Salvador Band**, is doing the score for an upcoming musical called *Un-Roman Activities* . . . **Andre Previn** has been signed to compose, score, and conduct the music for the film *Solo*, based on the jazz novel. Previn plays all the piano for **Robert Wagner**, who stars in the film as the jazz pianist.



TAYLOR

Adam Wade, who sang **Oscar Pettiford's** *I Get the Message* during his recent Roundtable engagement, was backed by **Tyree Glenn's** jazz group made up of Glenn, trombone and vibes; **Taft Jordan**, **Emmett Berry**, trumpets; **Tommy Potter**, bass; **Jo Jones**, drums . . . The **Roy Haynes Trio** on a recent Prelude date included Haynes, drums; **Leroy Standard**, bass; **Richard Wyands**, piano. Haynes has engaged **Robin Hemingway** as his business manager . . . **Blue Mitchell**, trumpeter with **Horace Silver**, led a jazz group at a Sunday concert held at the Bronx 845 club. The date was sponsored by the four-year-old African Jazz Arts Society, which was formed for the purpose of establishing a farm-system like those baseball clubs maintain.

Charlie Mingus and the Showplace have parted company. The rift came about when Mingus found his bass damaged after leaving it in the club overnight. When the Showplace refused to pay for the damages, Mingus yanked a few strings out of the house piano and took his group back to the Half
(Continued on page 46)

down beat

Down Beat

January 5, 1961

Vol. 28, No. 1

CABARET CARD SITUATION SIMMERS

While musicians watched, the situation simmered—and New York Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy got tough.

Far from becoming more lenient in the handling of the card cases, the New York police cracked down with severity, as if resenting the challenge to their rule over a major slice of the entertainment world.

They staged a commando type raid on more than 1,200 cabarets, along with 1,200 taverns, dance halls, pool parlors, and bowling alleys. Staging the raids were 1,000 policemen. They checked employes for their cabaret cards, demanded to see the books containing the names of all active employes on the premises, double-checked the books against the cards, began looking for fire hazards and pressing club owners even for such things as unlighted exits.

They found Sophie Tucker singing at the International with a card that expired in 1956. Her accompanist, Ted Shapiro, had no card. And in the same club, radio interviewer Bea Kalmus expressed astonishment that she was sup-

posed to have a card to broadcast from the spot. Police gave the club a four-day suspension.

At the Copacabana, they found four employes with expired cards, two with none, and three who were not listed on the employe register.

Even publicity-loving Sherman Billingsley ran afoul of the raiding cops. He was found greeting customers at the Stork Club without a card.

At the El Morocco, they found the club's overall license had expired. At Armando's, they scored again: they found a hatcheck girl whose card applied to another club. The owners blamed the hat-check concession.

These were some of the trades who are under police control in the city of New York. In all, the police recorded 114 violations and 20 court summonses were issued.

The raids were staged the weekend before Thanksgiving. The punishment was four days suspension. The Stork and Copacabana got stays of execution until after Thanksgiving. The International, where Sophie Tucker was allowed to work the last night of her engagement (presumably the police did not consider a 70-year-old woman too

dangerous to the public) won a stay from New York Supreme Court Justice Jacob Markowitz. The man who ordered the police department to give cards to trombonist J. J. Johnson and pianist Bill Rubenstein in May, 1959—and also told the police to be more humanitarian in administration of the cards.

In the midst of all this, Beverly Aadland—admitted under-age mistress of Erroll Flynn—was issued a cabaret card as a singer without question. Technical loophole: though she had been held in California on a morals charge, her age kept her arrest off the books. Meanwhile, artists were unable to get cards in New York.

Police left no stone unturned in making it clear they meant business.

Harold L. Humes, Jr., the novelist who had accompanied now-dead comedian Lord Buckley on a bootless trip to the license bureau to plead for the return of a suspended card (see next page) suddenly was slapped with 14 old parking tickets and jailed for five hours. Maybe it was a coincidence that Humes, a member of the Citizens Emergency Committee to fight the cards, was at this time called a scoff-law. Maybe it wasn't.

About the Cover--and this Issue

In the course of its swift history, jazz has fascinated many gifted individuals from the other arts. Writers have tried to depict its people (with little success, on the whole), photographers have tried to capture its moods, a few graphic artists have tried to suggest the essence of it in line or pigment.

The most successful, and the most famous, of these is David Stone Martin, a distinguished illustrator and master draftsman now living in San Francisco. For nearly 15 years, Martin's remarkable pen studies of jazzmen and their followers have been an important part of the jazz world.

With this issue, *Down Beat* is proud to present the first of a series of covers by David Stone Martin.

The other Martin covers will appear during the course of this year.

Admirers of Martin's work will be pleased to know we are also publishing an 11-page gallery of some of his finest works in *Down Beat's* annual *Music 1961*, due out shortly.

Another distinguished contributor is also added to the *Down Beat* roster with this issue. Willis Conover, the world-famous commentator who presides over the Voice of

America's jazz programs, begins in this issue a series of five dialogs. They are fiction, but in them Conover has managed to focus on some subtle but significant aspects of the jazz world. They will run in the position (see Page 24) usually occupied by George Crater's column. Crater fans, however, need not fear: he has not left the pages of *Down Beat*. During the course of the Conover dialogs, the two features will run in alternate issues.

Another record reviewer joins the staff with this issue. Frank Kofsky, who has written for *JAZZ, A Quarterly of American Music* and for England's *Jazz Journal*, is now working on his Ph. D. (in biophysics) at the University of California. He will specialize in modern jazz.

And still another reviewer will join us shortly: Dr. Marshall Stearns, the distinguished jazz scholar and historian and director of the Institute of Jazz Studies in New York. Dr. Stearns will deal primarily with those historical recordings on which his great erudition can be brought to bear.

Finally, the next issue will see the appearance of another new writer: don't miss noted bassist Whitey Mitchell's hilarious satiric article, *My First 50 Years with Bands*.

THE SECRET TAPE

On Oct. 21, the morning after comedian Lord Buckley's cabaret card was lifted by the New York police, Buckley and a friend—novelist Harold L. Humes, Jr.—went to the license bureau and talked to Sgt. Frank Nolan. Unknown to the sergeant, Humes carried a Mohawk 500 tape recorder in a shoulder holster and a microphone in his sleeve. He recorded the conversation.

Buckley's fight to get a card was futile, and he died, of a stroke, according to the most recent information. Friends said the cabaret card situation killed him.

The following is a transcript of Humes' tape, published for the insight it gives into the administration of the cabaret cards for entertainers in New York.

H stands for Humes, S for Sgt. Nolan, B for Buckley.

- S: Were you ever arrested?
B: It was so many years ago. Was it some small arrest of some kind?
S: You don't know?
B: Well, I don't recall.
S: You don't recall 1941, 1943, 1944, 1946?
B: Was it for drinking?
S: One was 1941 . . . That one was for drinking.
H: How long will it be before he can get his card back?
S: At such time as there's a hearing.
H: Why don't you have the hearing first and pull the card later?
S: If you had told the truth we would have.
B: Yeah, I was wrong, I guess.
H: Would you have given him a card?
S: Not if he admitted everything (unintelligible).
H: It's your jurisdiction to decide this?
S: Yeah.
H: I'm a friend of Lord Buckley's and I was just curious to know why people come around and pick up his card without giving him any reason.
S: Well, he's well aware of his criminal record.
H: These are criminal charges (unintelligible) . . .
S: Using reefers, marijuana and tax act.
H: Are there any convictions on these?
B: There were no convictions.
S: There's no conviction on that . . . This we got to ascertain yet.
H: But you pull the card first and ascertain that afterwards. Is that right? Is there a statute that authorizes you to do this?
S: That's right . . . Administrative Code of the City 436-1.
H: That you can lift somebody's cabaret card?
S: Uh-huh . . .
H: This is all new to me, and I'm anxious to know why.
B: How long will it be before we can get a hearing?
S: Whenever you file a request for it, then you'll have one.
B: Do you have the hearing here?
S: Upstairs.
H: How long will it be? He's not able to work without that card, according to you.
S: That's right.
H: What happens if he works without the card?
S: Then we give the premises a violation and we close them.
H: You close down the premises? Pretty rough way to treat people, don't you think?
S: It depends on the people.
H: Depriving a man of his livelihood without due process of law?
S: There are some people when they're selling narcotics say we're depriving them of their livelihood (unintelligible).
H: This is a different thing; he's an entertainer.
S: It's not a different thing.
H: You don't lift a taxi-driver's license before you . . .
S: We'd lift it more quicker than we would ever lift an entertainer's.
H: How many years ago was this?
S: The last one, the (unintelligible) tax act was 1946. The 1956 is minor. Six traffic misdemeanors—whatever they are.
H: Well those aren't criminal. I mean, a traffic offense is not criminal, when you speak of a criminal record. Are there any convictions on these?
S: This is what we are sending to find out—to ascertain.
B: What shall we do? Call you back on it?
S: We asked him the question, "Were you ever arrested?"
B: I said, "No," because (unintelligible).
S: We are lifting it on the false statement on the application.
H: I see. But you also state that if he had said that he was arrested, even if there were no convictions, you wouldn't have given him a card?
S: If he would have proved there was no conviction at that time, then there would have been (unintelligible) question to be determined, depending on (unintelligible).
H: Would you know a way he can have his card while this is being ascertained?
S: No.
H: Why is that? Is there any point to that? I'm just trying to understand why he can't work. He needs the money very badly.
S: He may need the money very badly, but his involvement as far as reefers and marijuana . . .
H: But there was no conviction on that! Now in fact there was a nolle-prossed, is that right?
S: Has he got proof of that to show us at this time?
H: Well I mean, the point is, don't you need some stronger evidence than that?
S: No we don't. The evidence that I'm going on, I'm basing on his false statement. From there I'm going to investigate.
H: The traffic offenses—do you have to put them down, too, with the rest of them?
S: Not the traffic offenses. Other than traffic.
H: But my point is: What about double jeopardy? It seems to me that when he was arrested, there was no conviction.
S: This has been tested in the courts and you want to test it again. If you want to test it, you can.
H: What tests in the court? Can you give me decisions on that?
B: If I have proof there was no conviction, can I get a card?
H: How long will it take to get a hearing? You see, I have a percentage of this man's livelihood, and I'm very profoundly concerned about that, because it's going to jeopardize his . . . He's just booked into the city for the first time, and we have other dates lined up for him, and this is very seriously liable to jeopardize him. If there's a false arrest here, it seems to me the city is liable for it.
S: There is no false arrest here.
H: But you are certain that you can pull a man's card, and this has been tested in the courts?
S: That's right.
H: Can you give me the decision on them?
S: Freedman vs. Valentine—the year that's about '46. If you look up the administrative code . . .
H: This is all new to me and I couldn't get hold of an attorney to come with us on this.
S: You will find there have been

numerous citations under it.

B: Do you know how soon the hearing will be?

S: Well, I'll tell you. You want to request a hearing now. Is that correct?

H: As soon as possible. Is it possible to have the hearing this afternoon and clear this up?

B: Couldn't a phone call clear this up? Or I could call the attorney who defended me on it in Washington. If the attorney calls him or writes him . . .

S: At the hearing, we'll inquire into the circumstances of these arrests and you'll explain them.

H: When will the hearing be?

S: Well, that's what I'm asking you. Whenever you request it. Either Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday in the afternoon.

H: Why can't we have it tomorrow? You mean he's going to be out of work this entire week, which probably means the end of his contract?

S: Could be.

H: *Could be?* And it doesn't concern you any more than that . . . ? Not when it's . . . ? Who put this power in your hands? That's what I can't understand. Who put this power in your hands?

S: People (unintelligible).

H: Let me jot down a number of the statute.

S: 434 of the Charter and 436 . . . It's the administrative code and a charter of the city. 434 of the charter and 436 of the administrative code and the key case is the city vs. . . .

S: Freedman vs. Valentine.

B: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Let's see. Can you ascertain by Tuesday whether there is no conviction on the case?

S: We'll attempt to, yes.

H: This is liable to jeopardize his entire future livelihood.

S: Could be.

H: *Could be!* My God! Suppose someone did this to you.

S: We have the attitude we would like to keep a certain type of element out of this field. That's our purpose.

H: When you say "a certain type of element," you make a statement which is prejudicial to . . . I mean . . . There is no conviction on this.

S: Well, this I don't know. That's what we have to find out. If I say his statement wasn't false on here, and he admitted it and it was dismissed, then I would . . .

B: . . . I was excited . . .

H: If I hadn't had a conviction, then I would probably put down "No" because he's already said (unintelligible).

S: The question is, were you ever arrested?

H: I see what you're driving at. My point is that if you make a statement, if you admit this, you won't give a card. The man's livelihood is at stake.

S: It depends on (unintelligible). If he admits he wasn't convicted, and admits that he was using narcotics.

H: Well, I don't think there is any statement that you can aduce from this thing alone.

S: No, I'm just saying, just as an example, under certain circumstances . . .

H (to Lord Buckley): Is this the case you told me about 15 years ago?

B: Yeah.

H: (to sergeant again): Can I call you back on it . . . ? What is your name?

S: Sgt. Nolan.

H: What are these? Are these traffic?

S: No. One was disorderly conduct in Nevada.

H: Misdemeanour?

S: I assume that it may even only be an offense. I don't know. In Indianapolis, it was vagrancy.

H: That's also a misdemeanor. Is that right?

S: No. Well, that's an offense, but that was dismissed. If it wasn't, I would have referred you to the State Liquor Authority, because I didn't have the power to give you a license. Since that would be (unintelligible).

H: No power to give a card?

S: Yeah.

H: You mean a vagrancy charge is a record?

S: Depending on . . . You have to ascertain what the vagrancy was, because all types of procuring is vagrancy.

H: This is astonishing to me. This gives us the power of censorship . . .

S: Procuring is vagrancy. Every type of prostitution is vagrancy.

H: Well, if you're charged with prostitution, it's not vagrancy?

S: (unintelligible).

H: Not under the law . . .

S: Under the law, mister. You're talking like you don't know what you're speaking of.

H: You mean that a vagrancy charge, if someone's up for vagrancy, and it's dismissed, you can keep the card?

S: If somebody was up for prostitution, he's charged with vagrancy. That's the charge. The technical charge. There is no charge prostitution.

H: Well, it's procuring, isn't it?

S: Yeah, and it's also under the vagrancy section. You see, that's the problem (unintelligible).

B: We better call you back and get a hearing on it.

S: Another thing is you want to pick the time for the hearing. It has to be Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday afternoon.

H: That mean's he's out of work for a week.

B: Possibly he can't help it.

H: Yeah, but this means the end of his contract, too. There's no way you can let him work this week and then do this thing?

S: Not in this space of time.

H: Does it say this is the statute that you must lift the card before this . . .

S: It don't say this, no. It's understood policy.

H: That's a policy which you people make?

S: That's right.

H: Who do they go to about seeing this policy changed? I would like to have him working this week, if possible.

S: I'm the one in charge here now and I . . .

H: It doesn't do any good to prevent the man from earning a livelihood.

S: Well.

B: I guess it's a question of the rules.

H: Well I'm just questioning these rules.

S: Well, you're not alone in your questioning.

H: If the statutory authority for this case one thing, but if this is a policy I would like to press for an allowance. I would like to ask for a waiver since the charge was dismissed.

S: That we wouldn't give on one that turns in the FBI (unintelligible).

B: They don't know whether there's a conviction on it. That's the hang-up. There was no conviction. It was nolle prossed.

H: But I mean, a man is innocent until proved guilty in this country.

S: No . . .

H: It seems to me that you're depriving him of a livelihood and also you're seriously jeopardizing his future. It's his first time in New York.

S: Uh-huh.

H: And we've got club dates lined up for him.

S: There are many fields that if you made a false statement on the application, they would also deny you employment. Right?

H: I don't see where you have any business asking him in the first place, to tell you the truth.

S: You can take that up with the legislature.

B: We'll call you back.

H: Thank you.

TRACKING: A SPECIAL REPORT

Recent crackdowns by the American Federation of Musicians against the "tracking" technique prevalent throughout the record business is causing distress and threatening ulcers among a host of small, independent record producers and the musicians who work for them.

The union's position is simple. Herman Kenin, AFM president, has branded the practice "quick-buck subterfuge" by record makers and has pledged a drive to stamp it out. In addition, he said, "we are determined to proceed against our own members" engaging in it.

After the filing of charges against Hollywood conductor Henry Levine and 10 of his sidemen, the union struck again, this time against leader Lou Brown, music contractor Al Lapin, and 35 sidemen.

Disciplinary charges leveled against the second group of offenders arose from a recording session Oct. 27 in Hollywood for Jerry Lewis and his company, Pattie Enterprises, Inc. The federation charged that the orchestra recorded five songs with Lewis singing the vocals and then, later in the session, re-recorded the accompaniments without Lewis' vocal tracks. This, the union contended, violated its contract with Lewis' company.

So far as it goes, the issue seems clear. But further examination of tracking—and its sister technique of "dubbing"—uncovers the reality behind the union's proclamations. It is this: legally the AFM is powerless to stop it.

The federation's phonograph record labor agreement with the record companies reads, "For the purposes of this agreement, the term 'dub' shall not include the use of all of the contents of any master, matrix, mother, stamper, or similar device from which disc records can be produced (herein called 'master record') for the production of new phonograph records (a) which in their entirety only contain the identical content of the records originally produced from such master records, and (b) which are intended to be used for the same purposes to which the records originally produced from such master record were principally devoted."

The hitch in this is that the provision fails to cover what is termed multiple-track recording, the relatively new technique by which as many as four distinct sections of the music being played and sung are tape-recorded on separate tracks for binaural (stereo-

phonic) reproduction. It is simple, therefore, for an a&r man to lift out of any "take" an unsatisfactory vocal performance while retaining the instrumental accompaniment. The singer can always return to the studio and overdub a better vocal track to the original accompaniment.

The AFM agreement prohibits companies from overdubbing in this way (Paragraph 6) unless union clearance is first obtained and the musicians paid for another record date. Even if this proviso were enforceable in today's economy-conscious record business, the union's definition of what constitutes a "dub" has been overtaken by the technological advance of multiple-track tape recording.

Nowadays, with all commercial recording done on tape and the vast majority of sessions taped in stereo, it is rather startling to hear the admission by a union official, "Stereo isn't covered by the agreement."

The smaller record makers couldn't be happier about this technicality. Without it many of them would be out of business—they claim. It is common knowledge in the record business that the big majority of the 90-day wonders to jump to stardom in the popular field from the springboard of rock and roll could not have done so without the crutch of tracking and overdubbing. Today they are big stars playing the top rooms in the country and making overseas tours; yesterday most of them were vocal cripples incapable of carrying off a professional performance in a recording studio.

If the AFM is not particularly concerned with the dubious artistic accomplishments of this host of rock singers, it takes a dim view of some of its members helping their record sales without the union getting its due. And the federation's due from every record date includes 2 percent of the date's cost in tax payment, plus an 8 percent contribution to the union's pension plan.

In filing charges against sidemen on tracking dates, the union, on one hand, declares the sidemen on the Levine and Jerry Lewis dates violated the anti-tracking regulation and must pay the penalty. Yet, a Local 47 business agent freely commented, "The sideman isn't really responsible for it. It's the leader and the contractor who're to blame, and now the record companies and the union will have to fight it out between them."

Tracking always has been illegal, and the studio musicians who recorded illicit soundtracks always have known this. Why, then, wasn't it reported long ago?

"Man," snorted one musician, "you do that, and you're done—you're through. The contractor or the leader finds out, and you've had it."

Thus, through the years in studios in New York, Hollywood, and Nashville — three major recording centers — the rank-and-file musician and his employer have joined forces to bypass the AFM on this issue and continually violate its laws in so doing.

But there is a sideman's viewpoint also. One busy studio musician who has made many tracking dates put it this way:

"When you get a call for a record date, nine times out of 10 you don't even know what kind of date the call is for. It may be a tracking date, it may not. You don't know until you get to the studio. Sure, technically you should report it if they're tracking, but if you do and the contractor learns who sang, you're cut off from any more work."

The vocalist is not the only one who overdubs without being paid for it. Frequently one or more sidemen may be called back to the studio after the session is done to overdub certain instrumental effects or additions required by the a&r man.

Although the practice of such overdubbing (for free) may be regarded as a case of the musician cutting his own throat economically—and it is—it is "required" of the man, part of an unwritten agreement between musician and producer. Invariably, the musician has no say in the matter anyway.

Delving into the "demo" (demonstration disc) corner of the record industry is like turning over a rock. Here, on the slimy side, a thriving underground collaboration between producer and musician can be seen in all its rotten prosperity. Tracking is an integral and indispensable feature of the demo-maker's operation. Essentially speculative from the producer's standpoint, demo-making for the musician is exploitative right down the line, or at least it was until legalized by the AFM in March, 1959.

Recording demos reached a productive height on the crest of the rock-and-roll wave.

The musical manpower was supplied by a necessarily restricted clique of "trustworthy" musicians who could be relied on to keep their mouths shut

lest the union get wise. Kept busy by the demo-makers, these musicians, in effect, became independent entrepreneurs who sidestepped their union completely. And, in the final analysis, they worked contrary to their own best interests. Here's why—in the words of one necessarily anonymous sideman who has tracked his share of demo dates:

"You're called to record one background soundtrack. You do it and pack up. Then the producers of the demo—usually songwriters who also have their own publishing company—will write sometimes three individual songs based on the changes on the track. Frequently they'll write a tune during the session; later they might come up with two or three more from the basic chord changes. Then they'll get their no-talent singers into the studio, have them overdub the different vocals on the instrumental track and eventually release all these 'original compositions' as single records in the rock-and-roll market."

Under existing AFM scale, musicians recording now-legalized demos are paid a minimum of \$15 a sideman (the leader gets \$22.50) for recording two sides an hour. By union regulation, such demos must be recorded with a built-in electronic "beeper" sounding on the record at regular intervals. This beeper is similar to the Federal Communications Commission requirement for telephone interviews on radio.

Theoretically, the AFM's purpose in requiring such a beeper on demos is to assure that the discs will not be leased or sold to record companies for release on the commercial market. This, of course, would mean undercutting standard union scale for normal record dates (\$51.50 a sideman, double for the leader for a three-hour session, plus 5½ percent payment into the AFM pension fund).

This may be solid unionism in theory, but in real life it is bitter irony. The unpalatable reality is that the demo sessions produced as tracking dates not only are cut unbeeped but are regularly sold or leased to established record companies and put out on the market as well. Moreover, the musicians employed for tracking frequently work for as low as \$10 an hour—or even \$10 a tune!

How do the demo-makers circumvent union rules? It's child's play.

Once the original tracking date has been recorded (illegally); the vocal (or numerous vocals) overdubbed (also a technical AFM illegality), and the finished product sold or leased to a record company, the producers simply call what is termed a "dummy session." This means that the musicians who recorded the original track are called for

a record date that doesn't exist. They don't even have to show up at a studio.

But they receive checks in the mail for standard scale for playing the mythical session that started out as a demo date.

Officially, the producer is in the clear with the union. He has obtained the necessary clearance for the dummy session and has paid the musicians for one three-hour date. However, it may have taken his singer as long as six hours in the studio to overdub an acceptable vocal. Thus, the musicians have been deprived of payment for what would be an extra session had the singer been present until completion of a satisfactory master.

The producers are happy, however. They know, as do musicians experienced in tracking dates, that a tyro singer improves by dint of repetition while the instrumentalists tire out from repeated hacking out of a background. Thus, the producers save time and money by merely cutting the soundtrack and sending the band home.

In union terminology, these musicians are scabbing. Says one demo veteran with a shrug, "It's being done every day. Everybody tracks."

AFM recording representatives are supposed to be on the job, eagle-eyed and vigilant. They frequently are. But they cannot possibly police all the record dates—legal and otherwise—going on daily in the major recording centers. But, for the sake of argument, suppose a union business agent walks in on an illegal tracking session. In the words of a musician who has seen this happen, "The contractor and the leader scurry around like mad writing up contracts." There follows the invariable alibi to the union representative: "Gee, Bob, I meant to call you for clearance on this date, but somehow never got to it. But everything's straight; we got the contracts. Okay?" Okay.

Nor does it stop here. There are the far-out, left-field speculators. A small-time songwriter who possibly has latched on to a singer has ideas of beginning his own independent record label and (as a matter of course these days) has formed his own publishing company. He may call an instrumental group to cut a "spec" date. He may even offer a percentage of the tune to the musicians involved—or a token payment for their services with *possible* scale payment *if* the sides recorded are sold. It would be naive to believe that there is not a plentiful reserve of scuffling musicians available for this work.

What about the small operator's position in face of the AFM crackdown on tracking? One owner of an independent label that has as yet to make its mark

with a hit—*any* kind of hit—in the popular field, is unequivocal in his opposition to the AFM position.

"The cost of producing a good phonograph record is prohibitive today," he said. "It's very hard to get a good vocal track unless you overdub. Why, if a small label had to employ musicians for sometimes 15 takes until the singer gets his part down, the company would have to be financed by the Bank of America.

"And even if you went along with the union rule, you'd just have the musicians sitting around after the first three-hour session was up. What happens if the vocalist gets a sore throat between takes? Must the record company pay for that, too?"

This company owner takes the not unreasonable position that a demo pressing (sans beeper, of course) gives the a&r man a chance to smooth out a vocalist's mistakes after one inexpensive session.

"If you gotta straighten out the goofs at the session itself," he complained, "it can get quite expensive." Such restraint in understatement in view of the current crop of rock-and-roll singers can only be admired.

"If the union thinks it's going to outlaw multiple-track recording," declared this businessman, "it's out of its cotton-pickin' mind!"

"The union is not going to penalize *me*. I'll have the singer mouth the lyric while I record the instrumental track if I have to."

Such choleric reaction to the AFM's new policy is typical. Opined another independent record company operator, in what appears to have become the battle cry of this area of free enterprise, "Once the producer has paid the musicians, the track is his property to do with what he will, to use as he sees fit."

Then he added with an apparent sense of responsibility spiced by probably acquired caution, "It's when deals are made on demo dates for under scale that the union should step in."

How, in practical fact, is the union to "step in"?

One suggestion is for the union to appoint the contractors as policemen. But the contractors are in effect middlemen, between the producer and the union—in fact they are agents of the employers. Another suggestion is that the number of business agents be increased to the point where they can effectively police all record dates, demo or standard.

Whatever the answer, a solution will have to be found if the musicians who work for a living are to be worth their legitimate hire.

BITTER HOPE

By JOHN TYNAN

"The musicians out here thrive on envy and jealousy. They don't believe in sharing, not even their knowledge. Their motto is, 'It's better to receive than to give.' And damn near every one of 'em is overrated for what he can do. They're all, or nearly all, jivin'. That's why I can't get my music played."

More in disgust than anger or resentment, modern jazz pioneer Elmo Hope thus gave vent to some of the frustrations that in recent years have complicated his existence. Now 37, the diminutive pianist-composer—a contemporary of Bud Powell and Thelonius Monk—lives in Los Angeles. He has two reasons for remaining: "The weather is great, and there are a few people I dig."

Two of them were with him in my office—his wife, Bertha, and tenor saxophonist Hank Bagby.

Beset through the years with crippling personal problems, Hope today finds himself in a healthier and vigorously creative state of mind. But he is anxiously preoccupied with two looming necessities—the emotional and artistic need to hear his music played well by his fellows and the economic imperative to make a living.

In recent months the prospect has been brightening. Thanks to the friendship and efforts of jazz a&r man Dave Axelrod, the pianist has a new trio album (with bassist Jimmy Bond and drummer Frank Butler) in release on the Hifijazz label. He is constantly writing and now, with Bagby, is in the process of forming a co-operative quartet. Riverside Records' Orrin Keepnews, during a recent visit to the coast, expressed keen interest in recording Hope but with a New York rhythm section. Some of his originals have been recorded by the Lennie McBrowne group, both on Riverside and on World Pacific, and Cannonball Adderley recently acquired several Hope compositions.

Meanwhile, however, the pianist has to contend with what he terms the lack of music knowledge and the artistic immaturity of most Los Angeles-based jazzmen. He stresses that he is not referring to those who work more or less regularly in studios but to those usually referred to as "the blowers."

"They don't have the musical foundation," he shrugged.

Then, with contempt, he snorted, "If I put some of my music in front of

them, they're shucking' and jivin'. That's why they say my music is so hard."

"The white musicians are better equipped to make my music," he said. "But when they get down into those changes, they're in trouble."

Hope may be expected to know whereof he speaks. As boys, he and Bud Powell spent endless hours listening and studying classical recordings together and woodshedding at the piano. From the age of 15, Hope was performing solo piano recitals in New York and elsewhere. During the years that followed, he became an imitated influence among the young revolutionaries of New York bebop. To the fuzzi-cheeked acolytes and even to their older brothers on the coast these days, Hope is something akin to elder statesman.

"The fellas out here," he declared, "need to do a little more exploring. They should delve more into creativity instead of playing the same old blues,



ELMO HOPE

the same old funk, over and over again."

"There're not enough piano players out here taking care of business," he continued. "If you hear 'em one time, you've heard it all. I've been hearing a lot of talk about Roosevelt Wardel, that he's cookin'. But as to the rest of the piano players, I haven't heard any who're creating."

Then he added, "Matter of fact, after Thelonius and Bud—and I came up with those cats over 15, 16 years ago—I haven't heard a damn thing happening. Everybody now is on that Les McCann kick. And he's getting *his* action from Red Garland. I'm not lying.

"I don't dig that church style for jazz," he amplified. "To begin with, they're not creating anything new. But I don't dig it because I'm not a religious cat, or anything like that . . ." he glanced impishly at his wife ". . . but because it's just not creative."

Hope turned to tenorist Bagby. "What do *you* have to say?"

Bagby leaned forward, frowning. "The horn men out here, they're playing 'scientific jazz,'" he said. "I don't think you can approach jazz scientifically."

"It's synthetic jazz," interjected Hope. "Outside of Harold Land and Bagby here, there isn't a tenor man on the coast saying *anything*."

"Dexter's sounding a little better," Bagby concluded.

Hope shrugged and said, "But he's still in that *old bag*."

Both musicians agreed on the scarcity in Los Angeles of good bass players and drummers.

"Jimmy Bond and Red Mitchell are about the only two," Hope said. With a wry smile he added, "But they can't make *all* the gigs. And the only two drummers here are Frank Butler and Lawrence Marable."

In presenting his new quartet, Hope is faced with the scarcity of jazz clubs in Los Angeles and Hollywood.

"The clubs they *do* have here are always bringing in the same clique," Hope said, "the same group of fellas."

"The Zebra lounge is about the only one bringing in really good groups, anyway," said Bagby.

"Yeah," Hope said. "I've talked to them, too. But all I get is promises. No business yet."

Hope will not have a trumpeter in his new quartet because, he said flatly, "I don't want him playing the blues on me all night. They're *all* blues players out here; all except Dupree." He was referring to Dupree Bolton, the enigmatic horn man who played on the album *The Fox*, and who is now serving a prison sentence.

To young jazz players, Hope had only this to say: "This is no place to try to learn anything. If they want to learn, let them go back to New York—both for inspiration and brotherly love. They'll hear more things happening, and they'll find young musicians there, 14 and 15 years old, who make the musicians here look like clowns."

Much of Hope's bitterness stems from his own generosity. Well known for helping any who come to him, now he said he feels that most of those he aided have now, cynically, taken advantage of his time and knowledge. "After they *think* they got all they want from me, they're gone," he said. "What it is, they're afraid they might lose out on something—say, if I got in on a gig."

Yet, Hope insists he is not angry. "I'm not mad at anybody, really," he claimed. "Just telling the plain truth. And if the truth hurts, it hurts."

"If any of them who read this think I'm jivin', let 'em look me up, and I'll put some music on 'em. Then we'll see who's shuckin'."





CHRIS BARBER

NEW ORLEANS JAZZ— LONDON STYLE

By GEORGE HOEFER

Chris Barber's London jazz band is held largely responsible for what British music critics call "the incredible traditional jazz boom" that is sweeping Britain, Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark, for trombonist Barber's band has been playing Dixieland in those countries for almost a decade.

Trad jazz, as played by the Barber band, is New Orleans-derived music with a slight British accent, and, in Barber's case at least, it is a music to be taken seriously. The Barber band, avoiding funny hats, striped blazers, and acrobatics, succeeds in communicating a sense of showmanship through musicianship that shames much of the disinterested, uninterested, mechanical, and untalented traditional jazz found in this country.

Barber, in choosing this tougher way to showmanship, realizes the value of communicating with the audience: "One cannot lose sight of the fact that one is an entertainer when on stage and must communicate in order to get a show across."

The Barber band recently completed a six-week tour of the United States. It played here on an exchange deal involving the Miles Davis group's initial appearance in London and the English

provinces. Barber and his sextet were enthusiastically received at the 13th annual Dixieland Jubilee in the Hollywood Bowl and at the 12th annual New Orleans Jazz club concert in the Louisiana city's Municipal auditorium.

They also performed in halls, clubs, and on college campuses across the country, leading Barber to say, "We sure got around. One night we'd be playing for a college audience in the heart of the Louisiana Bible belt and the next evening found us entertaining an earthy crowd in blues singer Muddy Waters' club on the south side of Chicago."

They found a still more divergent type of appreciation on their last two nights in New York when they paired with Sister Rosetta Tharpe for the weekend at the Central Plaza. When the *Saints* was played at midnight, the police rushed to turn up the lights. Dancers and listeners had jumped up on the tables and chairs to urge the band on. After it was over, Barber moaned, "Oh, I wish you could hear us play a concert."

The 1960 trip was the band's third visit to the homeland of jazz in less than two years. It was here for a month in early 1959, having been invited on the strength of the hit recording of the late Sidney Bechet's tune *Petite Fleur*. It had been recorded in 1956, while the band was in Germany, and although it was made under the name of Chris Barber's Jazz Band, it was actually a trio recording featuring Monty Sunshine's clarinet. Barber supervised the date but did not play on it. Two years later the record surprised everyone by becoming a hit all over Europe and was finally released on Laurie in the United States and became a big seller over here.

The first short tour, capped by a sellout concert in New York's Town hall, resulted in the band's receiving an invitation to return in the fall and play the 1959 Monterey Jazz festival.

Donald Christopher Barber was born in London on April 17, 1930. His formal music education started when he was a child, on violin and soprano saxophone, but later when he enrolled in the Guildhall School of Music in London, he switched to bass and trombone.

In explaining how he became interested in U.S. jazz, Barber recently observed, "You know all of the cats in England who play jazz were once record collectors." Trombonist Barber was an early collector of King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, and Kid Ory; by 1947 he had an accumulation of more than 2,000 records (78 rpm) by U.S. jazz artists.

Barber and collector-clarinetist Sunshine decided to form their own traditional jazz band in 1949. Their first

group was modeled after King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, complete with two trumpets a la Oliver-Armstrong.

In 1953, well-known British trumpeter Ken Colyer returned to England from a sojourn in New Orleans, and the Barber-Sunshine group selected him as the ideal man to front their band. This was the real beginning of the present-day band although after a year, Colyer dropped out to form his own group. Pat Halcox joined the unit in 1954, and with Barber-Sunshine-Halcox, the front line became a permanent unit.

Lonnie Donegan, today one of England's top-selling record artists, played banjo and guitar with the early band. He left when he made a hit recording of *Rock Island Line*.

Barber's band has been a piano-less sextet since 1954. In addition to trombone, trumpet, and clarinet, the personnel includes banjoist Eddie Smith, bassist Dick Smith, and drummer Graham Burbidge.

They added a singer, Otilie Patterson (now Mrs. Chris Barber), from Northern Ireland, in 1950. She was an untrained, inexperienced vocalist, but her interest in the blues records of Bessie Smith kept her from continuing her studies to be an art teacher.

Barber's manager and closest friend, Harold Pendleton, recalled that conditions were rough for the band members at first. When they started out, it was hard to get a place to play. Many halls in the small English towns were closed to them, because the town fathers disliked jazz. There were no concert halls or theaters open to them in London, for they were told that their jazz was not music.

Pendleton, now head of the National Jazz Federation of Great Britain, said this attitude changed when a group of jazz fans prevailed upon Queen Elizabeth to attend a jazz concert. After it was known the queen approved of the music, things for jazz became easier.

There are now jazz clubs all over England, including five for trad jazz in London. Most of these clubs do not sell liquor but are filled nightly with fans who come just to hear the jazz. Several of the London clubs are owned by musicians; Barber, Ken Colyer, Cy Laurie, and Ronnie Scott have their own club-rooms.

As the Barber band began to attain success, not only in England, but on the Continent as well, the critics began a barrage of criticism. Many of the critics, professional and amateur, pointed to the group's harmonic and melodic simplicity and concluded that Barber's efforts were musically insipid.

Jazz writer Jeff Aldam commented, "The reason for the band's enormous

(Continued on page 45)

A TOAST TO MELBA

By BENJAMIN S. PAGE

Pixyish Melba Liston is one of the few feminine jazz performers today who has refused — while remaining steadfastly a young woman—to allow a fact of biology to mitigate her work as a first-rate musician.

Melba, lately, has assumed a firm, comfortable stance as one of the major young trombonists on the jazz circuit, and despite her quiet, unaffected womanliness, she has managed to cut a niche for herself in the lively world of modern American music.

She is also an arranger of warming thoroughness and clairvoyance (listen to singer Gloria Lynne's LP *Lonely and Sentimental*, for which Miss Liston did the orchestrations and arrangements, complete with strings), and she is also coming into her own as a composer of more than routine interest (she has composed, among other things, a score for a unicycle-juggling act for a circus).

Miss Liston possesses a wonderfully sneaky type of charm that is warm and free. She is almost devoid of the gabbiness of superficial womanhood and falls generally into the too-modest category. Questions put to her must be precise and to the point. If not, she will only smile and allow the question to go unanswered.

She does not particularly embrace the idea that every musician, of necessity, is "influenced" by some other musician, though she readily admits that Gerald Wilson probably has been the biggest inspiration to her as a writer. She worked with him for more than six years and much prefers to discuss Wilson the musician than to discuss herself.

"I do like and enjoy writing dramatic-type things," she finally will say after having exhausted the subject of other musicians. "But mostly people don't give me too much of that kind of work to do because they feel everything I write—being a woman—has to be either far out, weird, or mushy. That's not true at all.

"I think people tend to forget that I can write marches, polkas, mazurkas, or anything else the occasion demands, although I'm not really asking for anything like *that* right now."

While it is true that Melba is most expressive musically as opposed to verbally, she seems to warm quite easily to the subject of her writing talent, and one senses a growing fondness for this part of her musical self.



"I can't say I like writing more than playing though," she said, "Let's just say they're both very rewarding and very challenging and all that. I hadn't really thought which one I liked best."

Speaking of her collaboration with Miss Lynne on the *Blue* album, Melba can talk with considerably more confidence than usual, for this is something that has been accomplished, something she is pleased to listen to.

"We didn't really have too much time at all on Gloria's album," she said. "We used most of the time actually just picking songs. We wanted tunes that hadn't become stagnant, and I think we came up with quite a tasty selection after all.

"We did the whole thing in three or four days—working nights and days, of course—and I suppose I must have averaged three or four arrangements a day after we got started.

"It's been the biggest single thing I've had the chance to do thus far, and I hope Gloria and I will do something else together soon."

At the moment, though, she is working with Randy Weston on arrangements for a big-band date built around the pianist's own *African Suite*. It is scheduled to include such Weston tunes as *Bantu* and *African Lady*, with two extra drummers and six singers, both African and American.

"It's really quite something to undertake because we do have these Swaheli lyrics to transpose to the English," Miss Liston said, "and we sort of have to blend the two cultures. You can imagine how interesting it is."

In the busy in-between, she holds down her chair in the trombone section of the Quincy Jones Band (along with Curtis Fuller, Quentin Jackson, and Britt Woodman), and she is thoroughly enjoying herself. She is surprised, she said, by the number of "blue-blood" musicians in the group: "I sometimes wonder what I'm doing up here with a whole organization of geniuses."

Jones is using a number of Liston arrangements in his current book, and Melba herself is featured on some of them, a few Ellington tunes that she arranged, among others.

Melba, born in 1926 in Kansas City, Mo., already had made the trek to the Los Angeles area before she had reached her teens. She was a high school musician but had felt no particular urge to follow music beyond that point. She had imagined getting married after school and having a family.

But she had no brothers or sisters, so she used her music as a sort of diversion from loneliness and soon was recognized as not just a "girl who

played pretty good horn" but as a musician with unusual talent and promise. She stuck with her instrument and later played local jobs regularly.

Her first professional experience was in the pit bands around Los Angeles, where she worked with Gerald Wilson, Earl Hines, Les Hite, Fletcher Henderson. The fact that she was a young girl presented no special problems that she recalls, though she remembers overhearing one house manager remarking to a friend, "It wasn't enough that they had to bring a *female* here to play. They had to bring a *child*."

In 1947-8, when Wilson had formed a group for an eastern tour, Melba joined him and made her first appearance on the east coast.

After Wilson's group disbanded, she and Wilson took seats with the Dizzy Gillespie big band of 1949-50.

Miss Liston quickly stole the hearts of the east coast jazz audiences, as well as the hearts of the Gillespie band members.

She left Gillespie, eventually, to help form a group for Billie Holiday, and she was a member of this group when it made a southern tour. Then she went back to Gillespie's band—twice; back to the west coast—twice, and later she organized an all-girl group for a summer's work in Bermuda.

"I really didn't want to be a leader, *period*," she said with considerable conviction. "And I *know* I didn't care to get tangled up with an all-girl group."

However, she took the group, as its leader, to Bermuda for what turned out to be an extremely successful summer ("we had packed houses every night"). The group returned to the mainland after the summer and did a few dates around New York, Chicago, and Cleveland, but soon disbanded.

More recently, Miss Liston left the United States with the Jones company and the musical *Free and Easy* (for which Jones did some arranging of the Arlen music) for a European tour and an eventual stint with the musical on Broadway. The musical, however, folded in Europe, leaving the band in a state of semiconfusion.

"We had our return passage guaranteed, of course," Miss Liston said, "but we were at a loss as to what we should do, since we were a part of the musical, so to speak. Then Quincy, champ that he is, finally got things organized and we were to stay for the tour.

"The musical was really a good one, but I guess it got caught in the wrong place at the wrong time under the wrong circumstances . . .

"We did quite a lot of playing in Swedish folk parks, and the people were

really responsive. They would even stand out in driving rain to scream for encore after encore. Of course, we didn't mind playing for them at all because mostly we were under some cover, but it was just amazing to see these people getting drenched just to hear our music. I doubt that many Americans would have gone that far. I don't even think I would have. It was really thrilling."

Paradoxically, the score that Melba did for the unicycle-juggling act was still another diversion for her because it afforded her total detachment from writing in the strict jazz sense; she could go outside the jazz idiom, which she likes to prove she can do effectively.

"The people in the act asked me to do it while we (Gillespie's band) were in Canada," she said. "They specifically asked me to do it because at the time we were doing a tune called *Manteca*, and they wanted little parts of that tune included.

"They flew me from Canada back to New York with a few days off to do the score. Then they flew me to Boston to rehearse what I had written with the band, and finally they flew me back to Detroit to rejoin the band. It was challenging to me, and then they did give me a nice — very nice — little deposit even before I started the work. I liked doing it very much. I actually used to write for the stage anyway."

Miss Liston said she functions best as a writer when she use a piano "although some of my better things have been done in a hotel room lying across a bed. I do prefer a piano, but I wrote so long before I knew how to play anything on a piano that it doesn't really hamper me. I just prefer it."

"Gerald Wilson," she said, "was the first person to start me doing any serious writing. He is an excellent composer-arranger, and he was probably the most important person in helping me develop as a writer also.

"Of course, I had done a little writing before, but it was a very adolescent type of writing if it was anything. I had just gotten out of school, and I wouldn't want to use that music that I did in those days as any gauge of what I can do today."

Miss Liston, at 34 ("Leonard Feather has seen to it that everybody knows I'm 34"), is just realizing her potential in the man's world of music. Working constantly in the presence mostly of men, she has sidestepped marriage, but now she says:

"I guess I'll have to settle down one of these days. I'm really having a ball doing what I'm doing, but I guess I can't spend the rest of my life running around out here with this trombone."





JOHNNY GRIFFIN

By DON DE MICHEAL

So much controversy has been stirred up by "Third Stream" music, the back-to-the-land movement, the need for new forms in jazz composition, the importance of Mainstream jazz, the value of Traditional jazz, and God-knows-what-else, that it's easy to lose sight of jazzmen who aren't trying to mold the shape of things to come — men who don't particularly care where jazz is heading or where it's been, musicians whose greatest desire is simply to play their instruments.

It's ironic that, throughout the history of jazz, such men have had the greatest impact on the direction of jazz and have been the ones to add to the legends and traditions of the music. Louis Armstrong, Charlie Parker and Lester Young were probably more concerned with what they were going to play when they were on stand than with how they might alter the course of jazz. It has been the blowers — and Louis, Bird, and Pres were at heart blowers—who have shown the way. Jazz evolves every night; there's no such thing as evolution by planned crusade.

All of which brings us to little Johnny Griffin, a blower of the first stripe. He is a man concerned with living and playing in the present.

The diminutive tenor man, currently co-leading a group with Eddie (Lock-jaw) Davis, said recently, "Jazz is self-expression. It's not what I recorded last year or what I played last night, but how I feel tonight that's important. I feel differently tonight than I did yesterday. If I feel bad, I'll play bad. But if I feel good, there'll be some feeling of hilarity in my playing."

Griffin believes in the inspiration of the moment, in giving in to circumstances. "Jazz to me is not arrangements," he said. "That's why I like to blow. I don't even want to know what I'm going to play. The individual solo, that's jazz. To say something . . ."

"I'm what you might call a nervous person when I'm playing. I like to play fast. I get excited, and I have to sort of control myself, restrain myself. But when the rhythm section gets cooking, I want to explode. I like to play with

fire, and I like strong bassists and drummers. I've played with such fiery rhythm sections with drummers like Art Blakey, Philly Joe Jones, and Max Roach that there's little you can miss as far as fire is concerned.

"Some guys say, 'Why don't you cool it the first set—take it easy?' And I try for the first tune or so. But when I get into the music, I don't have anything to do with it. I can't help myself. Before you know it, things are wailing."

Griffin's career includes a two-year stay with Lionel Hampton. He joined Hamp a few days after graduating from high school in 1945. He tells amusing tales of the Hampton band's adventures. One concerns a theater engagement in New York City.

The theater management insisted on a tight time schedule—53 minutes were



GRIFFIN

allotted the show, no more, no less. Griffin says Hampton would get carried away playing *Flying Home*, and many times during the engagement, as the elevated stage descended with the band blasting away, Hampton would be seen still marching through the audience with a blowing tenor man.

After leaving the Hampton band in 1947, Griffin spent 10 years with a variety of groups, including those of Joe Morris and Arnett Cobb, and an early edition of the Jazz Messengers. In 1958, he worked four months with Thelonious Monk, a period he says was "a wonderful experience."

"I don't think Monk changed me, though—not my way of playing," he said. "I've known Monk a long time. I worked with him in Chicago at the Beehive in '54 or '55. As strange as he may

seem to the public, Monk is a well-read person. And if you can get close to him, he can carry on a very intelligent conversation.

"He's such a strong person when he's playing his own music. You have to modify your playing with him, especially when he's comping. You have to go Monk's way. Sometimes I'd ask him what change he had played on some tune. He'd tell me, but then he'd say, 'But that's only relative. You've got to hear it.'"

The 32-year-old tenor man's respect for "strong" players is mirrored in his own muscular playing. But he feels that he is what he is today because he avoided listening too much to "strong" jazzmen.

"When Bird was alive, I wouldn't go near him too much," he said. "The same thing goes for Don Byas and Dexter Gordon. They were very strong. I felt it wouldn't do my playing any good. I might start playing like them.

"Yet everything I play comes from others. Everything I've ever heard comes out in what I play. You shouldn't get stuck on any one man, but listen to them all, then draw on them according to how you feel at any one time. I don't want anyone to influence me overly. It would suppress what I have to express. I wouldn't be giving myself to myself."

Even though he avoided overexposure to "strong" players, there were others whom Griffin listened to — Fats Navarro, Dizzy Gillespie ("always"), Elmo Hope, Wardell Gray, Sonny Stitt, Ben Webster ("the ferociousness of Ben"), Coleman Hawkins, and Lester Young ("He didn't play with fire, but he was so relaxed . . . the way he'd bend notes . . . he just swung").

But even with his studied avoidance of strong players and the consequent emergence of his own style, Griffin is not content with his playing. "Somebody can tape something I play one night, and I can listen to it the next night and think it's okay. But later, I'll pick it to pieces. I've never been satisfied with anything I've done.

"I'm searching for something, and I don't have a clear idea what I'm looking for. The more I learn, the more there is that I know I don't know.

Maturity comes when you realize your limitations as well as your strengths. Johnny Griffin today is a mature person. His search for a nebulous "something" could conceivably end with a large group of his own. His latest Riverside record, *The Big Soul Band*, and his plans for more big band recordings would indicate this. Whatever his "something" turns out to be, it will be vital, fiery music, firmly rooted in the present.



BARNEY KESSEL— WHY HE WENT BACK ON THE ROAD



By GENE LEES

If, at some future time, somebody writes a study of the forces that have formed the playing of Barney Kessel, it will be interesting to note whether any mention is made of (a) boxcars and (b) contemporary business management concepts.

For these are in fact two of the major influences in Kessels playing, boxcars being the earliest and such books as James T. McKay's *The Management of Time* being the latest.

Kessel, in fact, talks more like a management consultant specialist (or efficiency expert, to resurrect the now-unfashionable synonym) than a musician. He is intensely concerned with the ordering of his music, his life, and, to whatever extent it is possible, his environment.

In case that suggests to you that he is just another of the breed of businessmen jazzmen, check with anyone who heard his quartet during its engagements in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere a few weeks ago. Making his first tour in years, Kessel startled eastern-based musicians and the public alike with his earthy, powerful, and astonishingly skillful playing. It was a far cry from what the majority expected from a "west coast" musician, and above all, one who has shown a distressing lack of disdain for the money to be made from Hollywood studio dates.

Yet once you scratch below the surface, you find there is no contradiction here. There is a consistency of style in everything a man does, schizoid temperaments and rank imitators excepted, and Kessel is nothing if not consistent. His efficiency fixation is reflected in his personal habits (he neither smokes nor drinks and keeps himself in shape by diligent thrice-daily exercising), in his attitude to his future (he has decided to keep up some of his Hollywood studio work for the sake of his bank account while leaving every six months to make eight-week national tours for the sake of his self), and his approach to his instrument (he'd like to learn classical guitar but feels that the time is better spent developing his jazz playing, since that is his chief purpose in life).

One of the views expressed in *The Management of Time*

actually had a great deal to do with Kessel's return to the road as a jazz musician. McKay said the world is changing so fast that many ideas are obsolete before they are off the drawing board. The individual who merely tries to do a good job, but nothing more, is doomed to be left behind. Part of each day, McKay insisted, must be spent in self-development.

Kessel agreed. He decided he was not developing in the Hollywood studios. But instead of moaning about the pity of it all while enjoying the pleasures of his mink-lined trap, he took the kind of direct action that seems typical of him: he formed a quartet, packed up, and went back on the road.

"Working in Los Angeles has every advantage except musical growth," he said. "Once you've arrived at the point where, while you are not wealthy, there is at least no urgency about what you're going to eat and where you're going to sleep, there's time to look around and ask, 'Is what I'm doing what I really want to do?'"

"Supposedly you've arrived, when you do this kind of work in Los Angeles. But the question is have you arrived so far as you yourself are concerned? Acclaim means nothing to me unless I feel I'm earning it myself. I have won the *Down Beat* poll all this time without having played in public in seven years.

"In jazz, the great stress is on individuality. In commercial work, the stress is on subduing it, so that the performance has no individualism.

"I began as a youngster wanting only to play jazz. Later, my goals changed to going to Hollywood and developing the skills necessary to being a competent studio musician, which is, for the reason I mentioned, exactly the opposite of playing jazz.

"I went into commercial work a long time ago. I left it in 1953 to go on the road with the Oscar Peterson Trio. For 10 months, I was completely in jazz. Then, for seven years, I was back in Hollywood and the commercial field. At last I came to the time where I found there was no chance to develop myself in jazz. And so I felt I had to get back into it.

"Now I'm realizing more about what my personal needs

are. I want to enjoy as high a standard of living as possible and have permanent roots in a community, but I also want to be in an environment where I can continue to participate in jazz and develop. That's why I want to make two tours a year.

"It was bad to become completely enmeshed in studio work. On the other hand, it isn't in my best interests to stay on the road all the time. The plan now is to keep a group constantly intact and work with it in the Los Angeles area most of the year, plus doing as much studio work as presents itself, plus making the tours. This would keep the group in front of the public and at the same time serve as a stimulant for me so that I could return to the community with the feeling that I'd been able to express myself on the road.

"It's ironic. I started out wanting only to play jazz, then changed my goals, and now I want to play jazz again."

Kessel thinks he may have come full circle in another way, as well.

"I remember when Lennie Tristano and the cool school were the rage, I used to get write-ups saying that my playing was too earthy." His not-handsome face suddenly burst into one of the brightest smiles to be found anywhere in jazz. "Now earthiness seems to be fashionable. It is accepted again."

Kessel's playing can, in fact, be almost startlingly earthy. In the midst of a long and sophisticated flow of intelligently-chosen notes, you'll suddenly hear a nasal twang that comes right out of the blues and is a first cousin to hillbilly playing. This sound is one that has been attributed to the corruptive influence of the rock-and-roll dates Kessel has played in Hollywood. Actually, it predates his Hollywood experience by a good many years.

"I came from a little town of 30,000 in Oklahoma, called Muskogee," Kessel said. "The railway tracks ran right by my house. The first guitar players I ever heard were tramps and hoboes who used to sit in the boxcars playing.

"So this bending of strings, this twang, is something I grew up with. I think that when something is genuinely part of one's previous experience, then that is valid for that person. But sometimes these things can be affected, and the question I would ask about a lot of younger musicians trying to play with a blues flavor is, 'I'm being me. Who are they being?'"

"You know, there's another thing I've heard about my playing. It's been said that I copy Charlie Christian.

"There's no doubt that I was a fan of his. I idolized his playing, and when I was in high school, I waited for his records to come out. And I think I sounded like him in the early years of my playing.

"But we both came from Oklahoma. I grew up only about 150 miles from where he lived. He was only about five or six years older than I, and I played with many musicians he had been playing with before he went with Benny Goodman. They taught me how to play. So I was exposed to the same influences Charlie Christian was.

"But I don't think that my playing today sounds as much like Charlie Christian as Charlie Christian sounded like Al Casey and Eddie Durham. I invite anybody to listen to Eddie Durham on Jimmy Lunceford records and particularly Al Casey on *Buck Jumpin'*. On *Buck Jumpin'* you'll hear snatches of material Charlie Christian played with the Benny Goodman Sextet.

"But Charlie Christian completely deserves the position he now holds. It's easier to fly the ship across the Atlantic after Lindbergh did it."

If Kessel resists the imputations of excessive Charlie Christian influence, he confesses fully and gladly to the influence of Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker. In so

doing, he provides a most succinct statement of their significance.

"Charlie Parker's chief contribution was liberation from the old melodic, rhythmic, and harmonic concepts," Kessel said. "Up until that time, many die-hards felt that the rhythm section's function was to keep the horns from rushing or dragging with a steady thump-thump 4/4. The rhythm section players were so busy being timekeepers that they couldn't lend the beauty and dimension that percussion lends in classical music.

"Charlie Parker's and Dizzy's influence on the rhythm section was indirect. They didn't tell the section how to play, but their songs were so different that the rhythm section had to adapt itself for it to make sense.

"I felt an enormous sense of release because of Dizzy and Charlie Parker and that little band that they had. Until that time, it seemed to me that the highest point of development in jazz was to be found in the Benny Goodman Sextet and in the Basie band with Lester Young and Harry Edison. And I felt that I was saying all I could say in the context that existed, namely in an environment erected by the big bands of the early 1940s.

"Many musicians had begun to feel confined. There was a movement on the west coast, which I was part of, before we ever heard Parker. We were making up our own songs with more interesting chord changes and melodic lines than most of the songs being played by the big bands. But it was nothing like what Charlie Parker and Dizzy did. It wasn't up to that. But the desire was there.

"They liberated jazz. And now, because of them, I can see that the possibilities in jazz music are infinite. I feel that the future trends will consist in taking one of these elements—rhythm, harmony, melody—and focusing more attention on it than the others.

"It seems to me that, in the broad sense of it, the shifting into what we call fads is simply a turning with intensity to one of these elements.

"The current Miles Davis seems to stress simplicity and harmony, and less frequent chord changes, with more emphasis on melodic invention. In other words, the action comes from the melody, and not from the harmony.

"In Art Blakey, on the other hand, the stress is on the rhythm. John Coltrane has been emphasizing the harmonic aspects of it.

"Art Tatum was harmonic, to me. I don't think I could sing one note of melody from Tatum. And I think that what made Charlie Parker a giant was that he developed all three facets of his music to the marked degree that he did."

If Kessel sees the possibilities in the future of jazz as being "infinite," this doesn't mean he is happy with current trends. In fact, he says that during his recent tour he heard only two things that impressed him to any great extent: Nina Simone and Gil Evans' writing for his new band. He also liked Art Blakey and Horace Silver—the leaders, their arrangements, and the ensemble playing. "The soloists weren't too inspiring," he said.

"The jazz world has lost its Messiah, and they're running around looking for a leader. Have you ever stopped to think why there's a Sonny Rollins, a John Coltrane, an Ornette Coleman?"

"Why are so many musicians insisting on going against the grain, when it's so much easier and more logical to go with it?"

"I think it's a matter of wanting to belong, wanting to be accepted, and realizing there's only a certain amount of acceptance in being a second-hand Charlie Parker or a second-hand Lester Young—even though the way they played was natural and with the grain.

"It's healthy that some are seeking to be something other than second-hand versions of somebody else, but not too

much of the music coming out of it is valid.

"Frankly, I find some of the musicians I've encountered on the road rather ridiculous. They're like children, the way they dress, the way they talk. It seems everything is 'something else' these days. Or is it 'out of sight'?"

"It seems to me that the standard of musicianship is higher than it used to be—the number of people who are playing well and how well they are playing. But so far as inventiveness is concerned—no. They're all playing follow the leader.

"The thing that disturbs me is that musicians in general are so hungry for acceptance by musicians on their own level that they will allow their own musical individualism to remain dormant, just for a slap on the back from somebody who says, 'That's great, man, you sound just like Bird, or Miles, or whoever it is.'

"Yet as far as the new voices coming out are concerned, only time will tell how valuable they really are. Maybe 300 years from now, the *Encyclopedia Britannica* will say: 'Jazz music—a limited musical form in which the work of Art Tatum will serve to illustrate what was possible within the form.'

"It may be that none of us is saying anything that will be valid in the future."

Kessel, in point of fact, feels that even though the possibilities of jazz are "infinite" there is still a very real danger that jazz will kill itself off, "because the people in it do not have the discipline over themselves as people to go on and develop themselves as musicians, or to develop the music to any great extent."

This concern has been voiced by a variety of mature jazz musicians recently. Dizzy Gillespie summed it up a few months ago by saying that young musicians seemed interested only in what the masters did, not in probing into the *why*. Paul Desmond made a parallel observation, commenting wryly, "Diversityville—let a hundred flowers bloom." So consistent has this criticism of younger musicians been that Kessel's view on it must be taken seriously.

"To be a success in anything," he said, "there are certain requirements. And I don't think musicians nowadays—this is generally speaking—sit down and analyze the requirements for being successful, both in the musical and business sense.

"You're going to be a musician? You've got to be friendly towards the public, well-groomed and have clean clothes freshly pressed, and you have to remember that as long as anyone is buying a ticket to hear you, you must communicate to them.

"Too many musicians are doing research when a performance is expected. People are coming to hear the result of your experiments, your findings, and it should be palatable. But musicians are often still experimenting on the public's time and money.

"The lack of discipline manifests itself in many other ways, too. They are not punctual. If they were getting an unemployment check and the window closed at 3 o'clock, they'd be there at 3. But if the rehearsal starts at 3, they're there at 3:40.

"Lack of discipline is also seen in the desperate desire to bypass fundamentals in music, not to go through that experience. By fundamentals, I mean such things as practicing scales. In the case of horn players, warming up with long tones, trying to improve their tone and intonation. Many of them have bad intonation and don't even know it.

"They should also be spending time in learning to interpret different idioms of music, all the nuances. And dynamics? All of these bands play at one level—double forte—all night long."

Kessel's doesn't. It is a group not only with a wide range of dynamics but with an infectious vitality and a general lack of pretension that is altogether refreshing. This

group's purpose seems to be to swing—and to produce melodies. On the whole, it does both.

Kessel has surrounded himself with young musicians (though, at 37, he can hardly be considered old). The drummer is Stan Popper, a loud but tasteful player ("I like a drummer who participates," says Kessel) from Oakland, Calif., who used to work with Pony Poindexter in San Francisco. The pianist is Marvin Jenkins, a Los Angeles musician who doubles flute on those tunes in which the group chooses to explore the delicacy in its potential. The bassist is Jerry Good, a San Franciscan with a big sound who has earned the respect of bassists encountered on the tour.

Evaluation of art is always a personal matter. Beyond certain obvious factors of technique, there are no clear-cut lines, despite the attempts of some to establish an absolute esthetic. So I will, I hope, be forgiven for lapsing into the first person to convey an impression of the group.

Put simply, it knocked me out. Kessel is an astonishing guitarist. Frankly, I had forgotten that jazz guitar of this kind existed, though Wes Montgomery had reminded me of it of late. If Montgomery's octave passages have left musicians and others impressed, what must the impression be when Kessel plays widely separated counterlines—descending figures on the low strings against climbing melodies on top? His chording is sudden, startling, and extremely fast. His tone—like Montgomery's—is distinctly string-y, and far from the "horn" sound that used to be common on amplified guitar. Further, he has begun to adapt one facet of classical playing to his work—the use of the balls of the fingers and thumb to produce a softer sound than the pick or fingernails can give. This is quite effective on ballads. (Kessel does not wish to explore classical guitar, though he plays Bach with a pick in his hotel room; he feels the classical approach would take the bite out of his jazz playing, that the two techniques are, to an extent, mutually antagonistic.)

Above and beyond technique, Kessel is a vital and inventive musician. Finally, he is a swinger—a powerful, hard-driving swinger when he wants to be, though also one of the most lyrical of ballad players when that is his wish. And if funk you want, funk he can and will give you.

His group is presentable—and punctual. Kessel sees to it. Yet its members, such as Popper, seem to have only respect for him. Drummer Popper seems as proud as a kid just graduated from high school to be working with him.

That is Barney Kessel. Do boxcars and business management concepts seem so far apart now?

"I think that jazz generally," he summed up, "is subject to the way people will be thinking about it. If the people who are playing it become more disciplined as human beings and stress originality, while learning and analyzing the musicians of former periods and other styles of music, then I think jazz will progress.

"I wish every young musician would read Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address and remember the circumstances of it. Douglas made a long, wordy speech; Lincoln followed him and made a very short speech and said, 'The world will little note nor long remember what we say here.' But his is the speech that is remembered, because he was saying something.

"The essence of it is what you're saying. The instrument is merely a tool, a link, a way of getting out to the public what you are feeling. To me, guitar is only a tool. I'm not partial to hearing guitar players over trumpeters or trombonists or saxophonists.

"The important things for a musician to be concerned with are (1) whether you are able to play what you sincerely think, and (2) to have what you think be worth the playing."



FROM THE NEXT BOOTH

a conversation overheard . . .

By WILLIS CONOVER

You know what I don't like about jazz? I'll tell you. No showmanship. These characters get up with the hollow cheeks, holding a saxophone . . .

Let's not bring bone structure into it, Larry.

All right, but they stand there, and they don't smile; they don't bow; they don't move; they don't do *anything* for the audience! Now, you take . . .

Wait a minute, Larry. Some people play music for people who want to hear music. Other people use showmanship gimmicks for people who . . .

Well, what about . . .?

Wait a minute. The jazz musician plays in a club, right? Now, of course he—he lets the management charge admission so he can be paid for what he does best—and he *should* be able to make a living out of it.

What about Louis Armstrong, Ed? Is he a . . .

Yeah, well, Louis . . .

Where would Louis Armstrong be today if it wasn't for the handkerchief, the . . . the growly voice, the . . .? Sure, he's a great *musician*, but who knows it? Except other musicians. People don't come to hear Louis because he's a great *musician*. They come because he's an *entertainer*, he's a *showman*! He *projects*!

Well, now, as I said. Some people make music, some people make money, and some combine the two. Like Louis.

Fine. That's a choice everyone makes, and I don't put him . . . I don't put anyone down. Whatever he thinks is best for *him*. As a matter of fact . . .

What about André Previn?

I like him. Why?

He's a sweet little fellow. Talented. A great pianist. So far as I know. But on the stage, he's *dead*. No emotion, no showmanship.

André Previn is what I'd call a situational showman.

Now what does that mean?

He's a jazz pianist; he's a concert pianist; he's a cocktail pianist; he writes songs; he conducts studio orchestras—he's a prodigy, he came here from Europe when he was . . . how old was he? Fourteen? Playing *jazz*. Now, all that together gets the same point across as if he was using *obvious* showmanship. With him, the obvious kind would be redundant.

Look, Ed, wait. You and I both know Frank Sinatra's not a great singer. You and I both know . . .

I do? I do not.

You think Sinatra's a great singer?

I think he's a great singer for the idiom he sings in, yes. No one greater. What's your point?

My point is this: without the *showmanship*, the hands, the way he stands, Sinatra . . .

No! No! What about Sinatra on a record? What way is he standing then?

I got news for you. He's standing there! You know he's a showman because you know how Sinatra works.

I'm sorry, but even without the hands, the hat, the publicity, Sinatra is great on a record.

Edmond. Are you trying to tell me that Sinatra singing, on a record even, isn't showmanship?

Well it depends on where you draw the line. If a guy is singing at *all*, he's got to . . . as long as he's singing, he's using phrasing, emphasis . . . That's as much showmanship as anything you can *see*.

Right! So . . .

But I'm talking about *obvious* showmanship. Some people . . . Now, the jazz musicians, they don't want it, and they don't need it.

All right. I'll give you two names. Miles Davis and Ted Lewis. Ted Lewis can't sing, he can't play.

All right.

So I'd take Ted Lewis anyway. And you'd take Miles Davis? Right? So if . . .

No. Sometimes I'd take Miles Davis; sometimes I'd take Ted Lewis. Sometimes I want a Scotch, sometimes a milk. It depends on how I feel at the time.

Not me, buddy. I'll take Ted Lewis *every* time. You know why, Ed? Lewis *projects*.

Miles Davis projects, too.

He does n—

Wait a minute, Larry. On a *record*, Miles Davis *projects*.

All right, I'll admit, on a record . . . I heard that *Porgy and Bess* he did, with the orchestra. All right. But what does Miles Davis do in a club? He turns his back on the au—

You see? You see? You agree with me that Miles Davis projects on a record, and we both agree Frank Sinatra projects on a record . . .

And in person . . .

But if you don't need the obvious showmanship when you're listening on a record, why can't you go to hear Miles Davis in a club and just listen?

You know something I just heard?

What?

André Previn has been banned in England.

Banned?

The British musicians' union won't let him play there. They let Nat King Cole come but not Previn. You know why? They say he's not an entertainer, he's a musician.

How's your drink? You ready for another?





BENNY GOLSON STEREO SETUP

by CHARLES GRAHAM

Benny Golson was well known to musicians as a top-flight arranger some time before he joined Dizzy Gillespie's big band, where he held down the tenor saxophone chair. He doubles clarinet today in the Jazztet, which he formed a little over a year ago with trumpeter Art Farmer.

Golson has always been an avid listener, and being especially concerned with tone color and instrumental combinations, he looks on his phonograph as his second most valuable instrument. Benny had an RCA Victor three-speed table model when he first listened to records; he kept that machine for about three years. During his years on the road with Gillespie and then with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, he had no machine.


But when stereo began to mushroom in public acceptance last year, he decided to go all the way. He made up his mind to install a components stereo rig in the apartment he and his wife, Bobbie, occupy in Manhattan. In addition to stereo in the living room, they agreed to have a speaker in the bedroom, for late-night listening.

When Benny consulted this department recently about adding a tuner and tape recorder to his system, I visited his home. Arriving just about dinnertime I found Jazztet co-leader, Art Farmer there. The Golson living room had two

big ebony cabinets at the far end, about nine feet apart, flanking a music stand on which rested some music and Benny's flute. The cabinets housed Wharfedale speakers, and they were the only components visible in the room. Just off the living room, there was a closet in which the rest of his gear was kept.

On one shelf, he had a Pilot Stereo all-in-one preamp-amplifier. Next to it was a Garrard 88 changer with a Fairchild cartridge. On the shelf below, he had connected the FM section of the Grundig FM-AM receiver, using it as FM tuner for the system. And beside that he had put his Ampex tape deck. This is a stereo playback unit he can remove from the system and use to listen to tapes on headphones.

Art and Benny listened to some tapes on Koss headphones; Benny decided to get two pairs of the headphones, and Art asked me to order a pair for him, also.

Farmer said he'd mounted his speakers in the upper corners of his listening room, angled down and slightly in — a practical and imaginative way to place speakers. But before so positioning them, it is best to try them in the corresponding bottom corners. Farmer said he was very pleased with the sound from his system, which is similar to Benny's, except that the disc player in Art's setup is a Kels-O-Kit arm and manual turntable. 



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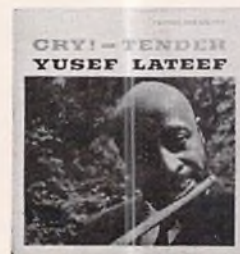
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Q & A

WHICH SPEAKERS?

I've been planning to improve my stereo system for several months, having finally moved into a house with a good-sized living room where I can play music at full volume. But I can't decide what loudspeakers to get. I have two 20-watt Leak amplifiers and a Pickering turntable arm and cartridge. How would you advise me to go about the selection of top grade speakers for this setup?

San Bernardino, Cal. J. H. Reid

This problem is one that plagues music listeners more than almost any other. There is no *best* speaker, as reader Reid obviously realizes. Nevertheless, there are loudspeakers (and other components, too, as pointed out in this department in September under the title *The Highest Fi*) which can confidently be recommended as being as good as money can buy.

In *The Highest Fi*, it was noted that selection of speakers, more than any other components, was likely to be a matter of personal preference. It is best to listen to different speakers for extended periods of time, preferably in relaxed surroundings and with recordings you're familiar with. If possible, when the choice has been narrowed to two or three makes, try repeated direct switching (A-B testing) comparison.

We plan to conduct a series of listening tests on a number of better grade speakers soon, with top musicians listening and attempting to rate them comparatively.

FM ANTENNAS

I live about 50 miles from the city which has most of the good FM stations I want to pick up. The salesman told me my medium-priced tuner would pick up those stations using the simple "T" supplied with my tuner. But I can get only one of them, and even that one fades out sometimes. What kind of antenna can I get to bring them all in strong and clear?

Trenton, N. J. Robert Fiorello

Experiment with placing your "T" antenna (made from TV lead about 60 inches across the top) across a window-sill facing the direction of the stations. This will often bring in enough signal.

If your house is behind a hill, or

otherwise blocked off from the stations, you may have to try better antennas. Try hooking your TV antenna to the FM tuner. This will bring in stronger signals. The next step is a separate antenna made specially for FM reception. At distances greater than 50 miles, or for weak stations or obscured receiving sites, a Yagi FM antenna can produce amazing signal increases. Using the best Yagi antennas, even medium-strength tuners can pull in stations up to 100 miles away, and the better tuners often bring in stations twice that distance.

An excellent manual for solving FM reception problems with a better antenna is available for 30 cents from a leading FM antenna maker, Apparatus Development Co., Wethersfield, Conn. It's called *All About FM Antennas and Their Installation*.

Money spent on the proper FM antennas is often better spent than in replacing your present tuner. Prices range from less than \$10 for the simplest outdoor FM antenna, which can double the signal from an indoor "T," to more than \$40 for a good Yagi.

PACKAGE OR COMPONENTS?

I'm planning to buy a stereo phonograph setup, but I don't know anything about hooking all the different components together. Therefore I want to get one already assembled; a "package" set. I know it won't sound as good as one made up from separate components, but I can't cope with them. I can spend only about \$250. Will it sound okay?

Charlestown, Mass. Louise Pinard

Before deciding you are incapable of making the simple interconnections of a high-fidelity system, go to an audio showroom and say that to a salesman—and give him a chance to show you it isn't so!

Most connections are simple plugs—two or three of them in a phonograph-only system. The others are two-wire cables—ordinary lamp cord. You need only a screwdriver, or even a table knife, to secure them to clearly-labeled screws on the speakers. For \$250, you can get an economical yet fine-sounding components stereo system.

Good stereo amplifiers run as low as \$100, with a top value — the Scott 222 — costing less than \$150. Two medium-price speakers cost \$40 each. For braver souls, there are better values in kits.

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I have an FM radio by my bedside, a good FM tuner in my stereo system, and an old AM radio in my new car. It fades under bridges, pops, snaps, and crackles during thunderstorms. What can I do about getting FM in my car? I don't want to spend \$200 for one of those highest-quality FM-AM im-

ported automobile radios.

New Hope, Pa. S. L. Rothenberg

Motorola is now making FM car radios for under \$100, installed, which will fit any automobile. Other companies produce FM converters that play through AM car radio, yet leave the AM useable when you want it. And Granco, now a division of Emerson Radio, has just brought out an FM radio for automobiles at \$50. This company also has an informative booklet called *The Why of FM*. Both the booklet and the name of Granco dealer nearest you will be sent on request to those who send a post card to FM Car Radio, *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill.

TRANSISTORS

Everybody who knows anything about science keeps telling me transistors are better than regular radio tubes — that transistor radios are better than old-fashioned radios with tubes. Yet I, a dyed-in-the-wool music lover and believer-in-high-fidelity, don't see transistors being put to use where I'd think they'd be most important—in high fidelity stereo amplifiers. Why aren't there transistor amps we can buy making our reproduced music sound that much better? Or are there, and if so where?

Fort Worth, Texas Carlos Garcia

Transistors are wonderful devices. They have replaced vacuum tubes and found many applications in recent years, opening ways to do jobs difficult or impossible for electron tubes.

But one thing they don't yet have is a low price tag. Even if the cost of transistors for audio applications were comparable to that of tubes, they wouldn't provide much better sound. As it is, the amplifier is by far the strongest link in the reproducing system's chain. Weakest links are the loudspeakers, with phonograph pickups between the two.

Transistors have advantages which aren't very important in the home. For instance, they consume much less power than tubes. This is important where thousands of transistors are used in industry, as in computers, or in airplanes, missiles, or portable radios where the batteries must be carried. But at home, where the electric power comes out of the wall, and is cheaper than battery power, present need is not great. Transistors also make for smaller sets. Already, one company in the west is marketing high-fidelity amplifiers using no tubes. And RCA announced late last year that low-cost transistors for high-fidelity amplifiers will be marketed this year. Meanwhile, don't hold off buying, waiting for transistor amps. They won't sound any better for a long time to come.



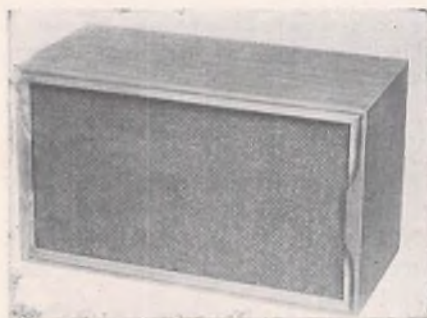
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SID MCCOY

Sid McCoy has a number of "firsts" to his credit, including the fact that last summer, when he went to work temporarily — as a vacation-time replacement — at ABC-TV, he became the first Negro ever to work as a staff announcer in network television. He was, of course, only heard — not seen.

McCoy is also the first Negro to work as a jazz artists and repertoire director for a Negro-owned jazz label, and Vee Jay, the Chicago-based firm with which he holds this post, is the first (and only) Negro-owned jazz label.

There are other things about McCoy that are unique.

He is also a successful disc jockey. But even here, he is something of a departure: college-educated, he is much more than a disc-spinner who offers comments between the records. McCoy has an excellent knowledge of jazz and because of it has been able to achieve a fine rapport with the many jazz artists with whom he works.

Subsequent to last year's scandal, of course, a subterfuge has developed in the dispensing of payola: one wrinkle is to "hire" a dee-jay as "a&r man", though he has little or nothing to do with the actual recording, only with the pushing-for-money of the product. McCoy is definitely not one of these cases.

For Vee Jay, he does a job of work, and a heavy one. Since he did his first jazz LP for the label a little over two years ago, he has put 23 LPs in the can. He records both in New York and Chicago and maintains a schedule that should leave him exhausted, but somehow doesn't. Still, he has little time to spend with his wife and two daughters. Recently, Mrs. McCoy quipped to a mutual acquaintance, "If you see Sid anywhere, tell him hello."

Vee Jay is a label that was built on rhythm-and-blues, rock and roll, Gospel music, and blues. Its a&r man in these fields is Calvin Carter. Carter is a brother of one of the owners, Vivian Carter. The vice-president of the firm is Ewart Abner, more widely known to musicians and others simply as "Ab." All of these people are old friends of McCoy's.

Two years ago, when the label decided to expand into other fields, McCoy was asked if he thought he could help

with the making of a jazz LP.

"Calvin was of enormous assistance to me in those early days," McCoy recalled. "I benefited greatly by his experience."

Vee Jay and its jazz line prospered. Today, it is one of the healthy independents.

At present, one of Vee Jay's pet projects — and McCoy's — is an emphasis on Chicago jazz.

"Philadelphia and Detroit have enjoyed such exclusivity in jazz reputation," McCoy said, "that I've been a little disturbed that Chicago hasn't in recent times been given comparable credit as a source of fine jazz musicians. There is such a wealth of talent here, and I feel the time is very ripe for Chicago."

The Chicago project bids fair to stop, or at least slow, the exodus of Chicago jazz musicians, who have in past gone to New York because only by building



SID MCCOY

a name there could they get recorded. The Chicago series will be labeled as such and promoted that way by Vee Jay.

To this end, McCoy has recorded pianist Eddie Higgins, alto saxophonist Bunky Green, pianist Chris Anderson, and trumpeter Willie Thomas, all of whose LPs are due out soon. To be recorded shortly are pianist Billy Wallace and tenor saxophonist-pianist Eddie Harris.

Of course, Bill Henderson can be considered a part of Vee Jay's Chicago emphasis, though the singer is not a new arrival; he is already one of Vee Jay's healthy sellers.

McCoy tries, as other a&r men do, to establish a relaxed atmosphere at recording dates — "to inhibit the artists as little as possible," as he puts it.

"The artists I've worked with have, I think, something to say," he said. "I've

tried to provide the atmosphere and facilities to bring it out.

"I think it is requisite for a jazz a&r man to respect the abilities of the performer and to concentrate on helping him find the freedom wherein he can turn on his little creative font. It's damn difficult to do, because of the time pressure, among other things.

"I recognize two obligations in recording—musical good taste, and seeking to get something that will enjoy some appreciable commercial acceptance. I try to secure the services of those writers and performers whom I feel do this. I like people with a sense of integrity. I think, for instance, that Wynton Kelly is a beautiful, funky pianist, but he plays that way because it is natural to him, not because he thinks it is the key to commercial success."

McCoy goes to New York frequently to record — but because he has to, not because he wants to. "I'd rather record in Chicago. There are few studios in New York to compare with Studio A at Universal.

"But because of the availability of arrangers and musicians in New York, I have to go there from time to time."

Bruce Swedein in Chicago, and Bill Stoddard or Phil Macey in New York are the engineers with whom McCoy likes to work. The engineers are the only whites connected with the label.

This does not mean that Vee Jay suffers from reverse bias. Quite the contrary. McCoy and vice-president Abner, along with the others, have little patience with the current undercurrent of thought that jazz is something for which Negroes alone are equipped.

Producer's Choice

These are the LPs that a&r man Sid McCoy picks as his favorites from among those he has made:

Bennie Green's *The Swingin'est Thing*, Vee Jay 1005. "It established such a wonderful groove," he says. "It's the kind of thing that defies dating. Also, it was the first jazz LP we made."

Wynton Kelly's *Kelly Great*, Vee Jay 1016. "It was a date that had real fire in it. There was such enthusiasm that Wynton and Paul Chambers and the others were dancing in the studio as they listened to the playbacks."

Bill Henderson, Vee Jay 1015. "I liked it because it was the first album I did with a singer. I'd known Bill for years, and the date was a sort of reunion of old Chicago friends. And I felt, as I do now, that Bill was one of the more promising talents around."



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

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

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Bill Russo

SCHOOL OF REBELLION—Roulette SR 52045: *The Golden Apple*; *Manteca*; *Theme and Variations*; *What Is the Difference?*; *Introduction*; *Sonatina*; *Pickwick*; *Tanglewood*; *An Esthete on Clark Street*.

Personnel: Burt Collins, Don Stratton, Johnny Glasel, Lou Mucci, trumpets; Bill Elton, Don Sebesky, Eddie Bert, Al Robertson, trombones; Paul Faulise, bass trombone; Dick Meltonian, Tony Buonpastore, alto saxophones; Larry Wilcox, Frank Scolow, tenor saxophones; Tony Terina, baritone saxophone; Seymour Barab, Alan Shulman, Julius Ehrenwerth, Charles McCracken, cellos; Irv Manning, bass; Al Schackman, guitar; Ed Shaughnessy, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

All art walks a delicate line between discipline and freedom, with frugidity and sterility as penalties for straying too far to the one side, chaos and incommunicability the price of going too far the other way.

The struggle between the two is immemorial. Within the last 30 years, "romantic" pianists such as Joseph Hoffman—who took enormous liberties with the works of composers, sometimes even altering the chords—have faded out to be replaced by more disciplined, more careful pianists who are truer to the composers' intentions, if less exciting.

Looking elsewhere for the parallel, we find that by the middle 18th century, the overweening vanity of the soloists—that is, the singers—was posing serious problems for Neapolitan opera. They were far more anxious to show off their vocal virtuosity than to advance the composer's purpose of communicating his music. The task of reform fell to a few men such as Jomelli and Traetta and, particularly, Gluck.

That situation strikes me as being similar to one that obtains in jazz today, when free-blowing groups seem in the ascendancy. Sometimes such a group can be enjoyable, particularly if the members have sufficient perspective on their playing to realize that 10 straight choruses of solo tenor followed by 10 straight choruses of solo trumpet followed by a chorus of trading fours followed by a unison out-chorus are liable to become pretty boring. But groups with this kind of detachment and discipline are rare, and many, including that of Miles Davis, are diminished by the fault of excessive freedom.

Whether anybody has stopped to realize it or not, the problem is in part vanity. Surely it is going to dawn on people sooner or later that no era produces creative geniuses in the numbers in which many jazz musicians would have us think we are producing them now. Many a "great

artist" is in truth simply a good trumpeter or saxophonist who, in a different economic set-up, would have to satisfy himself with being a section player, leaving "art" to those comparative few who do have the fire, fervor, intellect, and perception to justify this misused label.

If we keep on producing these "geniuses," we're going to find that the law of diminishing returns has set in, and that jazz has been devalued by dilution. Putting it another way, if record companies keep on putting out all the mediocre, sloppy, ill-rehearsed (the AFM is partly to blame for this), and over-free jazz discs we have seen in the past couple of years, and if, in the liner notes and overall process of image-projecting, the labels keep on conning the public that all this is "great," that each of these discs is a gem of America's true-and-only-art-form, then the public is going to arrive, by that vague mass-mind process by which it reaches decisions (thereby creating "trends"), at the conclusion that jazz is not a very important music. Or worse, they'll conclude that, since what they're hearing is dull and is called great art, great art is dull. The public has reached such a conclusion before. Actually, great art is never dull; it's just that a lot of dull art is called great.

Jazz is in need of a Gluck, someone with the guts to say, "The hell with your musicians' egos: I'm a composer, and you're going to play my music my way."

Such a man may be Bill Russo, a much-maligned and misunderstood arranger and composer whose talents have grown enormously since his days as Stan Kenton's chief arranger. Part of the reason he is misunderstood rests in himself. Russo has some speech mannerisms that seem to me unfortunate. Endowed with an enormous vocabulary and remarkably well-read, he expresses himself in a way that can seem pompous and pretentious, though that is not the intent. He makes it hard for people to like him or his music. Those who make the effort find that it can be worth it, in both cases. Russo wrote the liner notes for this LP. I hope they will discourage no one from getting to the music, which is the important thing.

Russo's call for discipline (and that seems to be the meaning of the album title: rebellion against nihilism, the destruction of disciplines in a listener-be-damned search for "freedom" that is finding its apotheosis in Ornette Coleman) is not welcome in many quarters. But it must be made, and we should be thankful that there are such men as George Russell and Gil Evans, and others of vision and perspective, who are going routes that are parallel to, though definitely not the same

as, that of Russo.

This LP is to my mind one of the important ones to come out in the past year. The music performed is similar to that Russo's big orchestra played during its engagement at Birdland a few months ago—music I found very stimulating, on the grounds that it was just about the only contemporary symphonic music I'd heard in years that had the juices of life in its veins. I'll leave to those who care about such things to decide whether it was classical music or jazz. It certainly wasn't "Third Stream" music; it was just what it was.

With the exception of one composition by Fred Karlin, and Dizzy Gillespie's *Manteca*, all the compositions in this album are Russo's. The emphasis on solo work is negligible; what solos there are good, but not more. The orchestra is large and divided into two groups (though vertically, rather than horizontally by sections) for stereo recording. Russo considers the stereo factor important to the orchestra and its conception. Interestingly, Gil Evans thinks stereo important to the full hearing of his *Porgy and Bess* LP.

The Golden Apple opens with a large-like section with big, soft-toned brass that sounds faintly Spanish. It then picks up a slow, disciplined—some will say non-swinging—beat, then moves into a lovely theme with muted trombone over a repeated orchestral figure that owes its sound to military-band writing, as some of Evans' writing does. This work, if it accomplished nothing else, would show that jazz, or music derived from it, is capable of expressing emotions subtler than raw joy, sorrow, or anger.

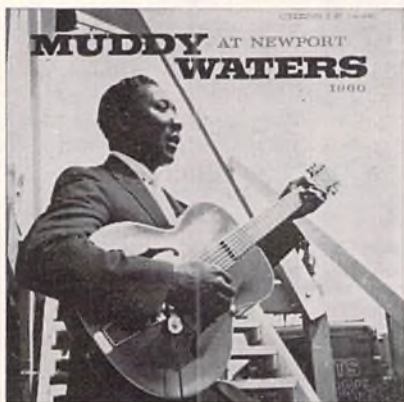
Gillespie's *Manteca* doesn't fair well here. I find the treatment ponderous and dull, something of a travesty on the fiery intent of the original.

Theme and Variations is a light and comparatively loose work with nice lines growing out of an attractive melody. I wish it swung, but it doesn't—not for me.

What Is the Difference? opens with deliberately hillbillyish guitar, then moves into a long and powerful unison reeds passage. The reeds are joined by trombones playing a counterline, then by brass playing a strong shake figure. The work drops to a slow and rather weird cello figure, and then clarinet and oboe join in effectively. It goes back into tempo for a strong ending. Its intent seems to be at least partly satiric. I enjoyed this work very much.

Introduction opens with an oboe line, then gets to its theme, a lovely and haunting melody played well by Elton. Later, the writing reflects Russo's past affiliation with Kenton, though the climaxes are more

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able other recent releases, and the almost total absence of any restraint or understatement makes this a record that might not stand up too well under repeated hearings.

Of the co-leaders, tenor man Amy is somewhat more impressive. He is a member of that masculine school of Texas-born "preachers" that includes Harold Land, James Clay, and David Newman. Amy especially resembles the last-named. On the other hand, Bryant, although he leans a little toward Jimmy Smith, is rather more eclectic and unoriginal and not above invoking a few of the blues-and-roots commonplace on occasions. The other men on the date are adequate but nothing extraordinary.

Interestingly enough, *Come Rain*, the only non-soul track, finds all the participants at their most soulful. Anyone care to offer an explanation? (F. K.)

Dave Bailey

ONE FOOT IN THE GUTTER—Epic 16008: *One Foot in the Gutter; Well, You Needn't; Sandu*.

Personnel: Clark Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Horace Parlan, piano; Peck Morrison, bass; Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Any LP product of a blowing session that devotes one entire side to a single selection is normally stacking the cards against itself. *Sandu* takes up all of the second side of this disc, and although, as might be expected, it fails to justify its length, it produces most of what little interesting playing developed at the session—a long, rocking, lusty solo by Fuller and a flugelhorn opus by Terry that builds over an automobile horn riff by Fuller and Cook. But monotony takes over when Cook arrives at his solo, and Parlan lifts the soggy blanket only slightly before battering the piece down to a new depth of tedium with his favorite banality.

On all three selections Terry is in an eccentric mood, throwing together strange melanges of his typically flippant runs, squeezed notes, half-valve talking effects, stabs, and squawks in a manner that suggests he is playing more for laughs than anything else.

Fuller puts together a solo with guts and continuity on *Well, You Needn't*, but the rest of the first side is largely barren except for some parts of Terry's potpourri.

The recording was made before a small, friendly audience. Routine announcements by Bailey have been faithfully preserved, including, of all idiocies, introductions of, and applause for, each of the musicians. (J.S.W.)

Andy Gibson

MAINSTREAM JAZZ—RCA Camden CAS 554: *Blueprint; I Got Nothing but You; Bedroom Eyes; Give the Lady What She Wants Most*.

Personnel: Gibson, arranger; Emmett Berry and Jimmy Nottingham or Harold Baker, trumpets; Vic Dickenson, Dickie Wells, Eli Robinson, trombones; George Dorse, Hilton Jefferson, alto saxophones; Paul Gonsalves or Jimmy Forrest, tenor saxophone; Prince Robinson, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Leslie Johnkins, baritone saxophone; Jimmy Jones or Jimmy Greene, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Milt Hinton or Francesco Skeets, bass; Jimmie Crawford or Oliver Jackson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Application of the word "mainstream" to a certain segment of jazz, lying between Dixieland and bop and formerly called

swing, was instigated in the 1950s by the British critic Stanley Dance. In addition, he has been active in supervising recording sessions of the men he feels represent the best in this music.

The first side of this album is given over to a big band led by arranger Gibson in a long blues entitled *Blueprint*. There are good solos from Berry, Dickenson, and Burrell, but Robinson's tone gets in the way of what he plays, and the whole piece is drawn out too long. This is especially true in Gonsalves' solo, in which the attempt at sustained excitement between tenor and ensemble merely wears you down. Crawford's drumming is uncomfortably heavy here, too.

Dance's notes say Gibson was Lester Young's favorite arranger. This, however, was based on the things Gibson did for Basie. I'm afraid *Blueprint* does not qualify as one of his better efforts.

The other side makes up for the first. Former Ellingtonian Shorty Baker has made very few records featuring him at length, and for this alone it would be welcome. He is a subtle, melodic performer who always is in control of what he is playing. It is a calmness but with a great deal of warmth. It is easy to see why he is admired by many other trumpeters, including modernists Miles Davis and Art Farmer.

Dickenson has the same kind of natural wit and warmth; it is hard to conceive of him playing badly. He is one of the real individual trombone stylists in jazz.

Tenor man Forrest is a virile swinger, whose implied references to Gene Ammons and Dexter Gordon show his roots are not only in "mainstream" but in "modern mainstream" or "mainstream modern," or what you will.

The rhythm section is generally good with Jackson outstanding. Greene's comping is overrecorded, however, and he is not a distinguished soloist. (I. G.)

MJT + 3

MAKE EVERYBODY HAPPY—Vee Jay 3008: *Make Everybody Happy; The Trolley Song; Sweet Silver; Don't Get Around Much Any More; My Buddy; Richie's Dilemma; Love Letters*.

Personnel: Willie Thomas, trumpet; Frank Strozier, alto saxophone; Harold Mabern, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

One thing you have to say for the program on this disc: it's different.

The Trolley Song! Love Letters! My Buddy!!! My God!

Yet out of such unlikely material the MJT + 3 has built some fascinating and meaty performances. The group has an amazing facility for twisting a familiar line to give it new and sometimes deeper interest than it had before. That, combined with the potency of alto saxophonist Strozier and particularly trumpeter Thomas, enables the group to generate interest with even the moldiest chestnuts.

Thomas' charging, shouting trumpet enlivens the entire set, picking up lagging sections and filling the entire group with his vigor and drive. Strozier is not far behind him in this respect, but he is less consistent and is more likely to run out of steam than Thomas is. Even when he is muted and frolicsome on *My Buddy*, Thomas plays

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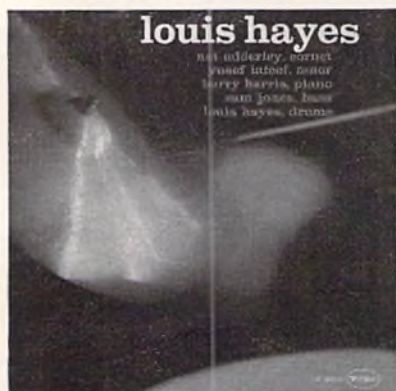
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with tremendous authority.

The three originals in this set are no great shakes—"servicable" is the usual word. But that seems to be all this band needs as a foundation. A group that can make *The Trolley Song* listenable can do anything. (J.S.W.)

Art Pepper

GETTIN' TOGETHER—Contemporary 3573: *Whims of Chambers; Bijou the Poodle; Why Are We Afraid?; Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise; Rhythm-a-ning; Diane; Gettin' Together.*

Personnel: Pepper, alto, tenor saxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmie Cobb, drums; Conte Candoli, trumpet.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

In February, 1960, when this recording was made, Pepper seems to have been feeling his way in a new direction that was still relatively undeveloped. His solos on both *Chambers* and *Bijou* are constructed of a mixture of impressionistic stabs and nervous runs delivered in a low-keyed, cool manner that eventually becomes a drag.

Once past these two pieces, however, his customary fluency returns. He communicates warmly and with feeling on a slow ballad, *Afraid?* and sails swingingly through *Morning Sunrise* and *Rhythm-a-ning*, using a very Parkerish intonation on the latter.

Although he plays within an economical range, Pepper usually manages to convey a great deal of vitality and soaring action (except in such tentative explorations as *Chambers* and *Bijou*). But Candoli's economies are not relieved by this appearance of expansiveness, and he rambles around the confines of his little cell on three tunes only with no sense of exhilaration. Kelly's solos are dependably propulsive. (J.S.W.)

Frank Strozier

FANTASTIC FRANK STROZIER—Vee Jay 3005: *W. K. Blues; A Starling's Theme; I Don't Know; Waltz of the Demons; Runnin'; Off Shore.*

Personnel: Strozier, alto saxophone; Booker Little, trumpet; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmie Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Strozier's generally impressive work with the MJT + 3 leads one to expect something more than is offered here.

There is a fine showcase for his virtuosity in the madly up-tempo *Runnin'* although the breakneck solos by both Strozier and Little are relatively empty.

Strozier gives evidence of warmth and sensitivity in parts of *Waltz of the Demons* and more noticeably in *A Starling's Theme* and *Off Shore*. But a great deal of his playing is disappointingly shrill and waspish.

Starling is easily the most successful piece in the set. It has an unusual and oddly voiced theme played in a swinging, happy fashion and contains some of Strozier's best work on the disc.

Little also has some good moments, sounding at times like a gruff Miles Davis, at others soaring on Dizzy Gillespie lines, but, like Strozier on this recording, he spends too much time mumbling around, looking for something to say. (J.S.W.)

Various Artists

JAZZ AT JAZZ, LTD.—Atlantic 1338: *Sensation; Savoy Blues; I've Found a New Baby; Just a Closer Walk with Thee; Farewell Blues; Panama; Bluin' the Blues; The Battle Hymn of the Republic; When the Saints Go Marching In.*

Personnel: Bill Reinhardt, clarinet; Norman

Murphy or Marty Marsala, trumpet; Dave Remington or Harry Graves, trombone; Max Hook, piano; Hal Carnes or Kenny White, bass; Freddie Kohlman or Doc Conardo, drums.

Rating ★ ★ ½

These *Jazz, Ltd.*, standards are put through the mill again, this time with playing that is sometimes marked with the sparkle of enjoyment but which mostly lacks heat and any sort of distinction.

The Marsala tracks were recorded in 1952, the others in 1959, and both bands have something of the hollow sound that you hear from performers who have played a tune one time too many, and who are now playing by rote from bored memory.

Trumpeter Marsala is forced on these tracks. (He never has matched the fine control of *Pretty Doll* and *Oh, Sister. Ain't That Hot?* that he made with Eddie Condon on Commodore in 1940.)

Pianist Hook is easily the outstanding musician in the album. His playing has something of Dave Bowman's approach to jazz, with crisp, clean treble figures and a deep bass. Quite often, when ensembles and solos approach the point of becoming perhaps too bloodless, he shakes things up with running counterpoint. His solos throughout are very good.

Sensation manages to get a jaunty roll in the last choruses with Remington getting in some kicking ensemble trombone, and *Savoy* takes on a real blues flavor in spots, but the rest, with the exception of Hook, is rather routine. (G.M.E.)

Doug Watkins

SOULNIK — Prestige/New Jazz 8238: *One Guy; Confessin'; Soulnik; Andre's Bag; I Remember You; Imagination.*

Personnel: Watkins, cello; Yusef Lateef, flute, oboe; Hugh Lawson, piano; Herman Wright, bass; Lex Humphries, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Sooner or later, most good jazz bass players seem to find their way to the cello. The late Oscar Pettiford appears to have been the first, and he was closely followed by the west coast's Harry Babasin. Then, again on the coast, Red Mitchell cottoned to cello, publicly debuting on the instrument at the Hollywood Bowl Jazz festival last June. Sam Jones and Keter Betts also double cello.

Now Watkins has discovered it as a vehicle for jazz blowing, and, inasmuch as he cut this session a mere three days after obtaining the instrument, the set reveals Watkins as a jazzman who speaks eloquently on the adopted ax.

The presence of Lateef's flute and oboe here contributes much toward leavening the tonal monotony that jazz pizzicato cello seems to suggest in all hands wielding it. The horn man, plus Lawson's muscularly unsentimental piano, is responsible for some virile jazz. While Lateef has developed a true and full tone on flute, the same cannot be said of his oboe work. The tone he does produce on oboe is enough to give a symphony musician the shudders.

A departure from the straight in-chorus-blowing-out-chorus routine in the set is Watkins' minor *Andre's Bag*, a work more evocative of eastern European plains than of White Plains and Broadway.

This is a relaxed and free-blowing date vastly enlivened by the presence of Lateef.

As for Watkins and his new cello, he knows how to make it speak jazz, to be sure, but I'm still waiting for a jazzman who can bow the instrument as well as Paul Chambers bows bass. (J.A.T.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Harry Edison

THE INVENTIVE MR. EDISON—Pacific Jazz PJ 11: *Just You, Just Me; Pennies from Heaven; These Foolish Things; S'Wonderful; Tea for Two; September in the Rain; Indiana.*

Personnel: Edison, trumpet; Arnold Ross, piano; Joe Comfort, bass; Alvin Stoller, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Back in 1953, when this session was recorded at the Haig, Edison was one of the many major jazz musicians who had been shouldered into the background by the rootless young snobs who were dominating the drab jazz scene at that time. Yet, as this disc shows, he was playing with tremendous, swinging virility, his crisp, edgy trumpet surging out in brilliantly forceful forays.

This is, in general, a very satisfying collection, overflowing with Edison's uniquely sharp, pungent phrasing and his wonderfully full, brassy tone. He had not yet adopted that lazy, stabbing smear that later became such a tiresome crutch through repeated use (at least, it doesn't turn up here, fortunately), but he does manage to mar an otherwise warm, flowing ballad, *These Foolish Things*, with a point-less collection of irrelevant quotes.

His rhythm section gives him close, joyous support. Ross has a few piano spots, amiable but anonymous, which neither detract from nor add much to the overall quality of the disc. This is Edison's show all the way, and it is a strikingly good show, especially when he is ripping exultantly through *Indiana*, *Pennies from Heaven*, and *Tea for Two*. (J.S.W.)

King Oliver

KING OLIVER—Epic LA 16003: *Snake Rag; Mabel's Dream; Room Rent Blues; Dippermouth Blues; I Ain't Gonna Tell Nobody; Working Man's Blues; High Society; Sweet Baby Doll; Sobbin' Blues; London Blues; My Sweet Lovin' Man; Camp Meeting Blues.*

Personnel: Oliver, Louis Armstrong, cornets; Honore Dutrey or Ed Atkins or John Lindsay, trombone; Johnny Dodds or Jimmy Noone, clarinet; Lil Hardin Armstrong, piano; Bill Johnson, banjo, or Charlie Johnson, bass saxophone or bass; Baby Dodds, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Despite the limitations imposed on these performances by acoustical recording (they were all made in 1923), they retain their place as one of the landmarks in jazz.

King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band was, for all practical purposes, the starting point of what we actually know about jazz. Anything earlier is conditioned by the passage of time, distance, and the vagaries of memory. But there can be no question about the real potency of this great band in the New Orleans ensemble tradition, embellished with the clear, cutting solos of Oliver, the hot flood of Johnny Dodds' clarinet, and the remarkable two-cornet breaks by Oliver and Armstrong.

This is not to say that everything on this disc is pure gold. Some of it is flawed by poor surfaces and poor balance; some pieces are of only moderate interest. But

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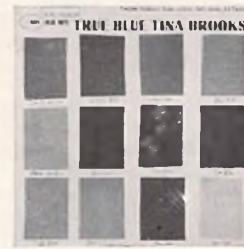
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Ain't Gonna Tell is a brilliant example of strong ensemble playing, complete with some fascinating Oliver-Armstrong breaks. *Room Rent* contains a superb Johnny Dodds solo, and Dodds and Armstrong drive an unusual version of *High Society*. *Snake Rag* and *Dippermouth*, of course, have become classics.

The work of this band is one of the foundation stones on which everything in jazz since its time has been built, and these performances belong in even the most basic jazz collection. (J.S.W.)

EDUCATIONAL

John Mehegan

THE ACT OF JAZZ — Epic 16007 or 17007: *I Got Rhythm*.

Personnel: Mehegan, commentary, piano; Ernie Furtado, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

Rating: See Below

There's no rating for this educational album because to arrive at any rating there must be some basis for comparison; the field of jazz explanation and analysis on records is almost barren.

After a few introductory words on the breakdown of certain previously accepted "truths" of jazz, such as the belief that jazz was dependent on key and limited to 4/4 time, Mehegan discusses, quite clearly, and explains, succinctly, what he calls the "act of jazz." His narration includes explanations and examples of time and accents, theme and variations, vertical and horizontal improvisation. He gives much emphasis to scale-tone seventh chords and feels that modes are the "most important single factor" in improvising, which he demonstrates with a long excursion into *I Got Rhythm*.

As an easily understandable and basic explanation of part of what goes to make up the "act of jazz," Mehegan's effort must be counted a big step in the right direction. (D.DeM.)

VOCAL

Etta Jones

DON'T GO TO STRANGERS—Prestige 7186; *Yes, Sir, That's My Baby*; *Don't Go to Strangers*; *I Love Paris*; *Fine and Mellow*; *Where or When?*; *If I Had You*; *On the Street Where You Live*; *Something to Remember You By*; *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*; *All the Way*.

Personnel: Miss Jones, vocals; Frank Wess, flute, tenor saxophone; Richard Wyands, piano; Skeeter Best, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

By no means a newcomer to the vocal arena, Miss Jones has been singing professionally since the mid-1940s when she joined the Buddy Johnson Band. In 1948, she did a spell with a group led by drummer J. C. Heard and then, the following year, went with Earl Hines' Band, with which she remained until 1952. Since then, she has been working as a single. This, her first album, should go far toward establishing her as one of the best blues-based singers in the business.

Miss Jones is not a particularly original singer, for all her individual twists of phrasing. She has been influenced most by Billie Holiday and Thelma Carpenter, and this, plus more than a dash of Dinah Washington, is constantly evident. Still,

this is not necessarily a negative factor. She has a good voice and uses it to full advantage in healthy, open-throated fashion. This, in addition to a real jazz approach that many other aspiring "jazz" singers might well note, makes listening to her a rewarding experience.

A big positive factor in this LP is the accompanying group. The rhythm section lays it down on the line, and the soloists (Wess, Best, and Wyands) ride comfortably on top of it.

Wyands is a sophisticated pianist with a smoothly rippling style that appears to be as much at home with restrained commentary on the ballad *If I Had You* as on the jumping *Yes, Sir*. Wess does most of his work on flute, though his tenor solo and obligato on *Fine and Mellow* is notable. Best plays a good, controlled guitar solo on the title number and on *Mellow* digs down into back-country mud.

By this time it has become axiomatic that Billie Holiday left her mark on all good singers in this vein. Despite the overt similarity to Lady Day in Miss Jones' style, this vocalist has enough of her own to go on to much success.

(J.A.T.)

Lightnin' Slim

ROOSTER BLUES—Excello LP 8000: *Rooster Blues*; *Long Leanie Mama*; *My Starter Won't Work*; *GI Slim*; *Lightnin's Troubles*; *Bed Bug Blues*; *Hoo-Doo Blues*; *It's Mighty Crazy*; *Sweet Little Woman*; *Tom Cat Blues*; *Feelin' Awful Blues*; *I'm Leavin' You, Baby*.

Personnel: Lightnin' Slim (Otis Hicks), vocal, guitar; unidentified harmonica and rhythm section.

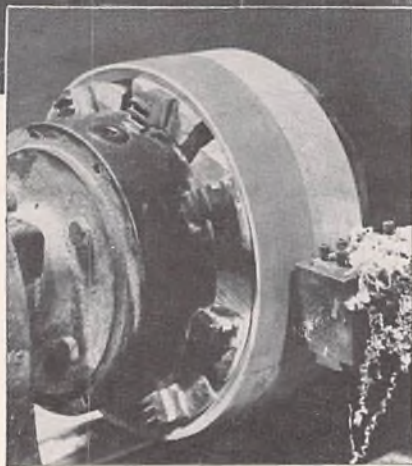
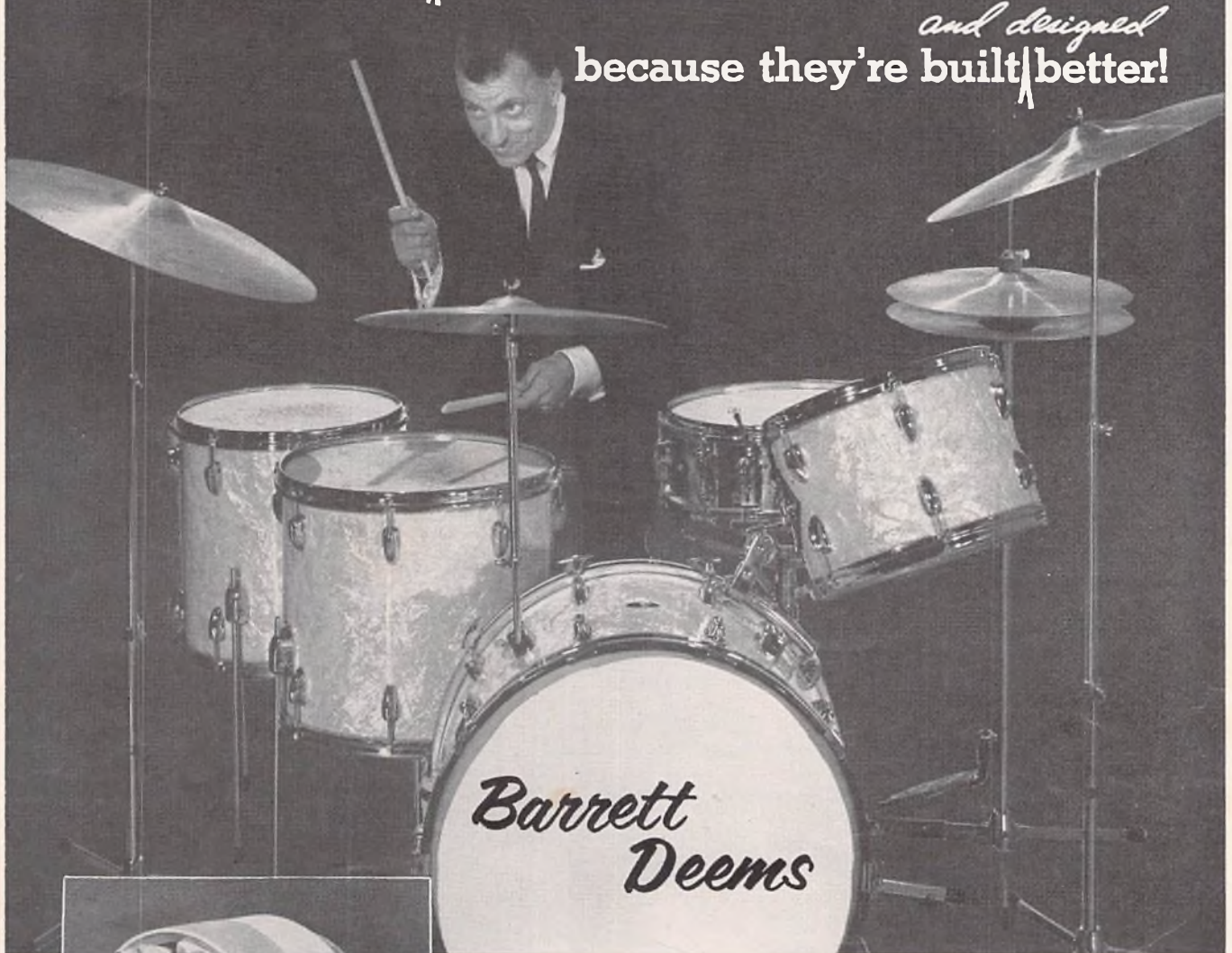
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Over the past few years, some of the most impressive southern blues recordings have been issued by this Nashville-based independent. Its roster of artists, which includes such authentic country blues men as Lightnin' Slim, Lazy Lester, Arthur Gunter, Lonesome Sundown, and Slim Harpo, among others, has assured a steady stream of high-quality performances. Up until now, theirs has largely been a 45-rpm singles operation, with distribution among the southern Negro audience, and, as a result, few white listeners (excepting the most dedicated blues collectors) have heard of either the outfit or its stable of artists. This, the label's first long-play blues release, will probably help to extend its audience quite a bit.

Lightnin' Slim is a powerful blues singer who reminds one forcibly of both Lightnin' Hopkins and John Lee Hooker. His voice is much like Hopkins' in quality, though his whole approach is much less sophisticated than Lightnin's. It is the roughness and "primitive" quality of his playing and singing that suggest Hooker.

Also, like Hopkins, Slim's blues are largely autobiographical, a fact which does not make them any less universal or valid. If anything, their being rooted in the actualities of day-to-day living gives them a greater sense of urgency and involvement than some of the trivialities of, say, Brownie McGhee or Josh White, who have both pretty much lost the necessary identification with the blues and the factors that prompt them. Compare Slim's *My Starter Won't Work*, *Hoo-Doo Blues*, or *GI Slim*, for example, with any recent efforts by the above two artists, and you'll

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see immediately what I mean.

There is some fine lowdown harmonica work, probably by Lazy Lester, Excello's house harmonica player and a fine blues singer in his own right. Lester, who hasn't the technical virtuosity of Sonny Terry or Little Walter Jacobs, still has quite a bit to offer in his own way. (P.W.)

Brownie McGhee-Sonny Terry

BLUES AND FOLK — Prestige/Bluesville 1005; *Sonny's Squall*; *Red River Blues*; *Black Gal*; *Blues Before Sunrise*; *Sweet Lovin' Kind*; *Midnight Special*; *Take This Hammer*; *Too Nicey Mama*; *Meet Me Down the Bottom*; *Tryin' to Win*.

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

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Well, here's our monthly serving of McGhee and Terry. The pair have worked the same ground so often, and in exactly the same manner, that it's difficult to get too enthusiastic over each successive release. Not that this isn't a pleasant collection—it is. But it's hardly more than that.

McGhee and Terry have played and sung together for so long now that they've settled into an unvarying, easily predictable groove. It's as though they're not trying any more, and this naturally leads to a certain stultification in their work. McGhee's increasing smoothness and blandness of delivery has made him a sort of Perry Como of the blues. He rarely gets his teeth into his material, and he seems to be just skipping across its surface. Listen to his *Black Gal* here; when he reaches the line "I'm gonna have her with my smoking forty-four," you almost have to laugh, it's so unconvincing.

The most interesting numbers are those Terry sings, for here we have an artist who knows what the blues are all about and projects his involvement, to wit, *Red River Blues* and *Too Nicey Mama* (which is actually the old *See See Rider* — the title here is taken from the riff phrase which McGhee sings behind Terry's vocal, marring it considerably).

The several duet tracks — *Midnight Hammer* and *Take This Hammer* are among them — are likewise good, and likewise primarily because of Terry's contributions. His harmonica squeals and bites the blues on *Sonny's Squall*, a very exciting piece. (P.W.)

Various Artists

THE BLUES—Vee Jay LP-1020: *Hands off Him*; *You Don't Have to Go*; *Just a Little Bit*; *Dimples*; *You Can Make It If You Try*; *Ain't That Lovin' You, Baby*; *I Wish You Would*; *Messin' Around*; *Do What I Say*; *Cryin' for My Baby*; *Coming Home*; *Kansas City*.

Personnel: Track 1: Priscilla Bowman; tracks 2, 6: Jimmy Reed; track 3: Roscoe Gordon; track 4: John Lee Hooker; track 5: Gene Allison; track 7: Billy Boy Arnold; track 8: Memphis Slim (Peter Chatman); track 9: J. B. Lenoir; track 10: Harold Burroughs; track 11: Elmore James; track 12: Jimmy Witherspoon. Other personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★

This melange was apparently slapped together by Vee Jay in an attempt to cash in on the recent wave of interest in the blues. Several fairly good blues sides have been included, but, in general, it's a pretty sorry collection, with the chaff far outweighing the wheat. First off, the good sides: both of the Reed selections, *You Don't Have to Go* and *Ain't That Lovin' You, Baby*, have been included in one of

his previous Vee Jay collections, *I'm Jimmy Reed*, LP-1004; the Hooker track, *Dimples*, not one of his better tunes, but good in comparison with the rest of this album, is in the earlier album *I'm John Lee Hooker* LP-1007; *Coming Home*, by James, is very much in the country blues tradition, being one of the "roughest" cuts in the album, and the guitar work on this is very primitive, recalling certain southern "bottleneck" styles; *Messin' Around* may be found in the *Memphis Slim at the Gate of Horn* collection, LP-1012.

The remaining seven tracks range from mediocre to dismal. Burrage's *Crying for My Baby* and Arnold's *I Wish You Would* (not really a blues, but it does contain some earthy harmonica work) are easily the most interesting cuts. Lenoir's *Do What I Say* is an answer to the Ray Charles hit single *What'd I Say?* and is patterned instrumentally and vocally on it—but very poorly. Likewise, Witherspoon's *Kansas City* is a cover on the Wilbert Harrison hit of early 1959 and is merely an adequate job. The other tracks are better left unmentioned. (P.W.)

RECENT JAZZ RELEASES

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

Bob Brookmeyer, *The Blues—Hot and Cold* (Verve 8385)

Tal Farlow *Plays the Music of Harold Arlen* (Verve 8371)

Have You Heard Herman Foster? (Epic 16010 and 17010)

Jimmy Giuffre, *In Person* (Verve 8387)

The Swingin' Benny Goodman Sextet (Harmony 7278)

Johnny Hodges, *Blues Aplenty* (Verve 8358)

Alan Lomax/Variou Artists. *Southern Folk Heritage Series* (Atlantic HSI or 1346 through 1351 singly)

Songs of Memphis Slim and Willie Dixon (Folkways 2385)

Charles Mingus *Presents Charles Mingus* (Candid 8005 and 9005)

Mark Murphy with Bill Holman, *Playing the Field* (Capitol 1458)

Kid Ory, *The Original Jazz* (Verve 1023)

Max Roach, *We Insist (Roach's Freedom Now Suite)* (Candid 8002 and 9002)

Otis Spann *Is the Blues* (Candid 8001 and 9001)

Kay Starr, *Jazz Singer* (Capitol 1438)

Rex Stewart and the Ellingtonians (Riverside 144)

Sonny Stitt, *Saxophone Supremacy* (Verve 8377)

Various Artists, *Thesaurus of Classic Jazz* (Columbia C4L)


Various Artists, *The Most, Vol. 2* (Roulette 52053)

Various Artists, *Giants of Small Band Swing, Vol. 2* (Riverside 145)

T-Bone Walker, *Singing the Blues* (Imperial 9116)

The Soul of Ben Webster (Verve 8359)

Richard Williams, *New Horn in Town* (Candid 8003 or 9003)

Lester Young in Paris (Verve 8378) 

By LEONARD FEATHER

The recent emergence of George Russell as a pianist and combo leader marked a new dimension in the career of one of the most gifted composers in jazz. Though substantial recognition was withheld for many years through a combination of factors—ill health on George's part and lack of preparedness on the public's—he is at last gaining the respect of serious-minded jazz listeners, for whom his Decca albums have been among the most rewarding experiences of the past couple of years.

George, who spent several years working on a principle he called the Lydian Concept of Tonal Organization, was one of the first writers of the modern (i.e. post-bop) era to combine classical forms effectively with jazz. Accordingly, the records selected for his first Blindfold Test all had some bearing on his musical background and concepts.

The second and third items are based on the same theme, the *Dance of the Flowers* from the two recent *Nutcracker Suite* albums. The *Music for Brass* item was conducted by Gunther Schuller and was one of the first albums featuring what is now being called, rightly or wrongly, "Third Stream" music. The composer of this item, J. J. Johnson, will be the subject of an unusual Blindfold Test in the next issue.

George was given no information about the records played.



THE BLINDFOLD TEST ■ GEORGE RUSSELL

1. Modern Jazz Quartet and Beaux Arts String Quartet. *Conversation* (from *Third Stream Music*, Atlantic). Comp. Gunther Schuller.

That's obviously a Gunther Schuller composition, for the MJQ, *Conversations*, and it is a piece of music with substance. Essentially I'm against commenting on any piece of music, and especially one with such substance, after the first hearing. But in spite of this principle I can give you my general impressions, my emotional reactions.

I found it very interesting in terms of harmonic and instrumental color. I frankly reacted more to it at the times when the quartet was allowed to play without interruption. However, that may be because the other parts were not as accessible on first hearing as the free-swinging parts. It was the part I could pat my foot to that reached me; yet the other parts didn't strike me as particularly profound, in terms of say, Alban Berg.

There were parts when I thought the writing for strings was really ingenious, and that was during the non-jazz parts, but in the jazz I thought it was a little . . . well, maybe the composer intended, with this title, to have a sort of conversation between the classical strings and the MJQ, but it sounded to me a little bit like an atonal Dave Rose or something. And I'd have to use your quote about the third stream—that if you put two precious stones on a bracelet, a ruby and a pearl, they don't necessarily form a third jewel.

I have too much respect for the composer and the quartet to rate this one.

2. Duke Ellington. *Dance of the Floreadores* (from *Nutcracker Suite*, Columbia). Ray Nance, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone. Arr. Billy Strayhorn.

Ellington's sense of musical buffoonery is incomparable! He manages to inject wit and humor, yet still make it valid musical-

ly. This is one of his great, great talents. I think he was putting on the Viennese composers, and it was marvelous. I loved the Ray Nance thing, and I liked the little vamp that started the piece off, and I liked Lawrence Brown. Only Ellington could do something like this and still swing. I'd never give Ellington under five stars on anything.

3. Shorty Rogers. *Flowers for the Cats* (from *The Swingin' Nutcracker*, Victor).

I liked the trumpet player's sound. I wouldn't know who it was. The arrangement was very professional. Clever. As far as comparing it with Duke, there would be no comparison. First of all, the soloists with Ellington seem to understand the nature of Ellington's humor, and there's that rapport between the soloists and the leader that you don't have anywhere else. This one is just a professional job, by what sounds like a studio band, of an old standard. Sounds rather flat to me. Two, I guess.

4. Quincy Jones. *Everybody's Blues* (from *The Great Wide World of Quincy Jones*, Mercury). Comp. Ernie Wilkins. Julius Watkins, French horn.

The arrangement was a hybrid of Ellington and Basie. It was not a terribly distinct arrangement. I was impressed with the trombone player's range and sound and facility. That's about all I have to say. I imagine it may be Quincy Jones. I'd say fair—two.

5. *Music for Brass. Poem for Brass* (from *Music for Brass*, Columbia). Comp. J. J. Johnson. Miles Davis, flugelhorn.

That's a wonderful piece of writing. It's J. J.'s piece for brass on that Columbia album, which I understand is now out of their catalog, which is ridiculous. I like especially the fugue at the end, and I think J. J. betrays in this piece his love for Hindemith.

Miles played on that, didn't he? Sounded beautiful. There were some parts of the piece that didn't strike me as keenly as the fugue thing at the end, but in general it was a very fine piece of music, and I'd rate it four stars.


6. Stan Kenton. *Lovely Woman* (from *Standards in Silhouette*, Capitol). Comp. Benny Carter; arr. Bill Mathieu. Bill Trujillo, tenor saxophone.

I don't know the composition, but when I listen to the music I get images of someone standing in front of a huge stage with his shadow reflected on the curtain and saying: "This is an orchestra!" If it has any connection with the particular orchestra I have in mind, and I think you know who I mean, I would say that its best days were when Mulligan came into the band with things like *Young Blood* and Bill Holman wrote *Theme and Variations* and some other things that impressed me.

Was this one Russo or Holman? You may have pulled one on me. Well, I would rate it two stars for orchestral technique, for being able to handle an orchestra that size, even though it's not a lot of music. I respect the writer for being capable of producing that kind of sound, those moving textures.

Musically, I would describe it as an embellishment of what may be a maudlin kind of theme, but you can have ten or fifteen brass and just about anything is going to sound impressive. But it was overwritten, because the theme basically wasn't profound enough to demand that kind of treatment. I didn't care for the tenor player.

Afterthought by Russell

I think the most significant thing that's happened in jazz recently is Ornette Coleman. We'll probably be spending the next few years trying to realize the depths of his artistic contribution. 

Caught in the Act

RED MITCHELL QUINTET- RUTH PRICE

The Renaissance, Hollywood

Personnel: Mitchell, cello; Jim Hall, guitar; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Jimmy Bond, bass; Frank Butler, drums.

In reality, "quintet" is somewhat inaccurate when used in this context; a more accurate billing would be "Red Mitchell and Jim Hall with the Frank Butler Trio." The rhythm section, under Butler's leadership, is the midweek resident group at this Sunset Strip coffee-beer-and-winery and is also the house support trio for featured weekend jazzmen.

But it matters little, for Mitchell hardly could find a finer section to lay down the time for his debut as cellist (albeit pizzicato style) and for the gutsy guitar work of Hall. When Mitchell does set a permanent rhythm section, his quintet could hit the road any time. It's good enough.

Despite the limitation of pizzicato cello as a solo jazz horn from the standpoint of tonal color, Mitchell succeeds where Harry Babasin essentially failed with his Jazzpickers a few years ago, for thanks to Hall, the group is a closely integrated unit with constant interplay between guitar and cello and a "bigger" sound created by use of the piano.

To describe Mitchell's work on his new instrument it is almost impossible to avoid the use of the word "funk." His constant down-slurs, used always with telling effect and point, set one to thinking that this is what the cello was invented for. His technique is awesome, fierce, frightening. Not exactly a slouch on string bass, he scrambles over the cello fingerboard like a land crab after a juicy beetle. During his solo on *The Song Is You*, moreover, he let loose with a stream of free and daring ideas that had the hip audience open-mouthed.

Hall seems in his element with this group. In addition to his admirable solo work, he strums acoustic rhythm guitar behind the soloists. Even during a Butler drum solo on *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To*, Hall stroked rhythm chords in the background.

Bassist Bond fills his niche solidly and with taste, while Strazzeri solos with a hard approach, knocking out plenty of two-handed, digging-in ideas. But Butler is the star of the rhythm section. During his long and musical solo on *Night in Tunisia* he drew from his sticks sweeping surges of percussive sound before setting aside the sticks and embarking on an exhibition of finger drumming that disclosed incredible control of his instrument as well as an imagination on drums that, to these ears, is unrivaled today.

Backed by Butler, Strazzeri, and Bond, singer Price bounced, gaminlike, through a set that included *Gypsy in My Soul*; *Nobody Else but Me*; *Spring Can Really Hang You up the Most*; *You Are My Lucky Star*; *The Riviera*; *My Ship*; *Run, Little Raindrop*; *I Got It Bad*, and *That Ain't Good*.

That her best job was on the latter standard is interesting. In this she projected with considerable feeling and sensitive interpretation of the lyric. On most of the others she seemed at times to strain her phrasing too much, and this, coupled with a hard, sharp-sounding vocal quality, posed problems she couldn't quite resolve. But her time is excellent, and she is by nature a jazz singer. One constantly had the feeling that if she would only strain less for effect and let the song flow naturally, her performance would benefit thereby.

Rounding out the Renaissance show is an extremely funny and sophisticated act called *Jewels by Feiffer* in which the cartoonist's work is accurately enacted by two men and a young woman.

—Tynan

JOHN BUNCH

Hickory House, New York City

Personnel: Bunch, piano; Henry Grimes, bass.

If there was ever a sure way to assess a musician's performance fairly, it is to be able to hear him night after night under varying circumstances—the fluctuating moods, the constant challenge of playing to different audiences in a room that, despite the hard core of jazz fans who come there, could hardly be called intimate and quiet.

One way to hear a musician in this way is to play in the group working opposite him. This is the way I have been hearing John Bunch at the Hickory House.

It's hard to tell a jazz musician from an advertising executive these days, and Bunch is a case in point. A conservatively dressed redhead with blue eyes and a wide, infectious smile, he looks like the successful young Madison Ave. type. Nevertheless, he is very much the

musician. He plays in a hard-swinging, no-nonsense style, which, though at times somewhat reminiscent of the Red Garland school, is still quite individual. His long, single-note lines interspersed with sparsely voiced block-chord passages gives his playing a crackling, dry-ice quality, and, on up tempos, he can play one hard-driving chorus of interesting ideas after another, building to an exciting, two-handed climax.

Though he appears calm, even unemotional, performing with a minimum of keyboard pyrotechnics, Bunch has intensity, and it gets across to the people.

Bunch and Grimes make a good team. Grimes is a resonant, percussive player, and his forceful attack and hard-driving beat amply compensate for the lack of drums.

The duo plays well on a diversity of tunes ranging from Harold Arlen's *Ill Wind* and Cole Porter's *Every Time We Say Goodbye* to John Coltrane's *Giant Steps*. Some of their best numbers are tunes by Thelonious Monk, such as *Crepuscle for Nellie*; *Well, You Needn't*; *Straight, No Chaser*, and *Rhythm-a-ning*. Their version of Charlie Parker's *Au Privave* and, at a slower tempo, Duke Ellington's seldom-heard *What Am I Here For?* are relaxed.

I like the clean, incisive way John inserts little percussive phrases into a chorus and the occasional, humorous interpolations, usually so subtle that one must be listening carefully to catch them.

Also, he has a wonderfully resonant speaking voice, and his announcements of the numbers to be played is pleasant and informal. This probably is the result of the fact that he studied speech at Indiana university.

Bunch comes from Indianapolis, where he played with local groups. He has been in New York for three years. During that time he has made himself indispensable on recording dates as an all-around musician who can adapt himself to almost any style and do it well.

He has worked in clubs all over the country with such groups as Benny Goodman's and Buddy Rich's and with such bands as Maynard Ferguson's and Woody Herman's.

But, except for a brief sojourn at the Composer two years ago, this is John's first engagement as a leader, and it has been a very successful one. His stay at the Hickory House is going into its fourth month and has earned him favorable comment from musicians and customers alike.

It is most enjoyable to work opposite a player who maintains such a high level of performance every night. May he continue. —Marian McPartland

BARBER

(Continued from page 17)

popularity is that they offer a simple New Orleans formula from which the worst of the rough edges have been removed. It is harmonically very simple and easy to digest."

Critic Sinclair Traill, editor of the *Jazz Journal*, not quite so unfavorable or apologetic, wrote, "If I have to listen to that sort of jazz, I would rather hear Chris than anyone else. Chris and Monty Sunshine are first-class musicians, and they know the traditional stuff backwards."

Barber himself intends to be honest enough to play the music he loves despite the critics as long as he can make a success of it. He is faithful to what he likes, and he likes the banjo. Manager Pendleton recalled sitting up all one night in London listening to clarinetist Peanuts Hucko try to argue Barber into replacing the banjo with a guitar. Barber's final words at dawn were, "I like the instrument known as a banjo. It wouldn't be right for Basie, of course, but it's right for us."

Despite the unquestionably traditionalist orientation of the band, Barber pointed out, "All of us in the group have wide tastes in jazz. For example, I like Gerry Mulligan, Basie, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Charlie Parker."

When John Lewis first went to England with the MJQ, Barber made it a point to meet him, and they have since become good friends. Lewis heard the Barber band and urged the English leader to take his musicians to the United States. Barber asked Lewis if he would permit working up a Dixieland arrangement of Lewis' *Golden Striker*. "Do what you want with it," Lewis said.

The musical awareness of Barber accounts for one of the band's strongest points—its repertoire. It has some 150 head arrangements, culled from many sources, to draw on.

The trombonist has arranged for the band many of the older Duke Ellington recordings, such as *Rockin' in Rhythm*; *Shout 'Em, Aunt Tillie*; *Double-Check Stomp*; *Stevedore Stomp*; *Saratoga Swing*, and *Rent Party Blues*; Stephen Foster melodies—*My Old Kentucky Home*; old New Orleans rags—*The Entertainer*; King Oliver's *Chimes Blues*, Jelly-Roll Morton's *Oh, Didn't He Ramble?*; spirituals like *Just a Little Time to Stay Here*.

U.S. audiences have been pleased by the Barber brand of jazz. "The audiences have been ridiculously enthusiastic about us," Barber said. "They have been as good as any we've ever played for back home in Britain."

One manifestation of this enthusiasm is another scheduled U.S. tour in the spring of 1961.



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AD LIB

(Continued from page 10)

Note. **Eric Dolphy**, star Mingus sideman, has left the group and has not been playing as the result of an undisclosed "accident."

Sonny Stitt will leave the **Miles Davis** group after its engagement at the Village Vanguard. Tenor saxophonist **Hank Mobley**, who has been writing for Davis, is a possible replacement as is **Jimmy Heath** . . . Clarinetist **Sol Yaged's** quintet, featuring pianist **Claude Hopkins** and vocalist **Dottie Reid**, played two concerts at the Mermaid theater at Coney Island on the night the house showed *Jazz on a Summer's Day* . . . The four trumpeters with **Herbie Mann** at Birdland were **Leo Ball**, **Rolf Ericson**, **Danny Stiles**, and **Siggy Schatz** . . . The band playing at the Polo Grounds during professional football games included **Jimmy Nottingham**, **Rusty Dedrick**, trumpets; **Dickie Wells**, **Tony Agresta**, trombones; **Eddie Barefield**, clarinet; **Seldon Powell**, tenor saxophone; **Milt Hinton**, bass.

Jazz pianists **Barbara Carroll** and **John Mehegan** were pulled out of the Composer East by Local 802 officers. The charge against the club was non-payment of weekly salaries . . . Pianist **Herb Raaney's** trio played Long Island's *Copa City* recently with **Sonny Red**, tenor saxophone, and **Art Taylor**, drums . . . The **Charles Bell** Contemporary Jazz Quartet from Pittsburgh, winners of the Georgetown Jazz festival competition last May, played Birdland for two weeks.

The Jewel Box Revue's **Lynn Carter** did a takeoff on blues singer **Billie Holiday** at the Apollo that was in poor taste. The he-she Carter is billed as **Billie Day** . . . Folk and blues artist **Odetta** is mentioned to play the lead in the forthcoming movie *The Bessie Smith Story*.

Jazz singer **Carmen McRae** is back from Europe. She opened at **Joe Howard's** place with **Bill Rubenstein** on piano . . . Singer-pianist **Hazel Scott** divorced Congressman **Adam Clayton Powell** in Mexico last month . . . **Stella Brooks** is singing in St. Louis at the Crystal Palace . . . Singer **Mary Small** has opened a public relations office. Her first account is conductor-composer-pianist **Luther Henderson**, who once was music director for **Lena Horne**.

Trumpeter **Don Ellis** and pianist **Paul Bley** are playing Saturday and Sunday afternoons at the Phase 2 coffee house in Greenwich Village . . . The **Jimmy Lyons** Trio plays nightly at the Cafe Capri, also in the Village. The group includes **Wolfgang Knittle**, piano; **Ollie Richardson**, bass; **Martin Kaufman**, drums. Lyons sings and reads poetry . . . The **Dave Pike** Jazz Trio has been performing nightly at the Commons

coffee house . . . the Contemporary Arts Gallery is planning two short courses on jazz. Director **William R. Dixon** said they will be *How to Listen to Music* and *Understanding Contemporary Jazz*.

Paul Horn played alto saxophone on the Ellington recording of *Suite Thursday* in place of **Johnny Hodges** . . . **Chico Hamilton** signed a two-year exclusive contract with Columbia . . . **Thelma Carpenter** signed with Strand Records . . . United Artists will record the **Sauter-Finnegan** Orchestra for their new Ultra Audio label . . . The Salt City Six is no longer under contract to Roulette.

The band on bassist **Chubby Jackson's** children's show every morning on WABC-TV includes such jazz musicians as trumpeters **Ernie Royal** and **Joe Wilder**, drummer **Don Lamond**, and tenor saxophonist **Booie Richman** . . . Members of the Modern Jazz Quartet have made a joint investment in the Hunter Ski Bowl, a major resort in the Catskill mountains . . . Drummer **Jimmy Cobb** of the **Miles Davis** combo is in business with Mrs. **Lorenzo Shihab**, a one-time interpretive dancer who produces custom-made men's shirts . . . **Artie Shaw** and **Evelyn Keyes** are asking \$85,000 for their house in Spain, which is located 1,000 feet above the Mediterranean. Any takers?

IN PERSON

Apollo Theater—**COUNT BASIE** Band, Jan. 6-13. Basin Street East—**SARAH VAUGHAN**. **AL HIRT** Band, Dec. 23-25. **SARAH VAUGHAN**, **DAVE BRUBECK** Quartet, Dec. 26-Jan. 11. Birdland—**COUNT BASIE** Band until Jan. 4. Central Plaza—**CLAUDE HOPKINS**, **GENE SEDRIC**, **HENRY GOODWIN**, and others, Friday and Saturday night jam sessions. Condon's—**RALPH SUTTON** Quintet. Embers—**ERSKINE HAWKINS** Quartet, **HAROLD QUINN** Trio until Jan. 7. Gatsby's—**DON DRUMM** Duo. Golden Slipper (Glen Cove, Long Island)—**CAB CALLOWAY** opens Dec. 27. Half Note—**HERBIE MANN'S** Afro-Jazz Group, with **OLATUNJI**, until Dec. 25. **ZOOT SIMS**. **AL COHN** Quintet, Dec. 27-Jan. 15. Jazz Gallery—**THELONIOUS MONK**, **DIZZY GILLESPIE** until Jan. 1. Metropole—**RED ALLEN**, **SOL YAGED**, and others. Nick's—**ROY LIBERTO** Bourbon Street Six. Prelude—**KENNY BURRELL** Quartet until Jan. 12. Roundtable—**COOTIE WILLIAMS** Quartet, **DEEP RIVER BOYS**, **GLORIA LYNE** with **EARL MAY** Trio until Jan. 2. Ryan's—**WILBUR DE PARIS** Band. Sherwood Inn (New Hyde Park, Long Island)—**BILLY BAUER** All-Stars, Fridays and Saturdays. Small's Paradise—**KING CURTIS** until Dec. 25. **RED PRYSOCK**, Dec. 27-Jan. 1. Village Gate—**CANNONBALL ADDERLEY** Quintet, **NINA SIMONE** until Dec. 24. **NINA SIMONE**, Dec. 29-31. Village Vanguard—**LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-ROSS**, **RAY BRYANT** Trio until Jan. 1. **CHARLIE BYRD** Trio, Jan. 3-17.

CHICAGO

The **Modern Jazz Quartet** had to cancel its Cloister engagement because of the illness of **Milt Jackson**. **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross** held the fort at the Cloister until the **Philly Joe Jones** group and **Big Miller** opened five days after the scheduled MJQ opening. **Big Miller** did not sing with **Philly Joe's** group but was backed by the new house

(Continued on page 48)



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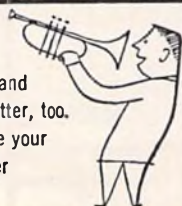
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band under **Connie Milano's** leadership. The bass man's group now includes **Jodie Christian** on piano.

The Thanksgiving eve Birdhouse opening of the Jazz Messengers was marred by **Art Blakey's** tardy arrival. His plane was reported grounded at Detroit. After waiting two hours, the Messengers went on with **Art Blakey Jr.** taking his father's place on drums. Young Blakey—he's 20 years old—has been playing only a little more than a year, but filled his dad's shoes very well. The crowd of more than 400 fans, who had waited patiently for the band's appearance, gave him an ovation. The management of Birdhouse is readying a booklet entitled *How to Start a Jazz Club*; it will be distributed to schools. The management also plans to conduct a lecture series on jazz for youngsters interested in the music.

The success of Birdhouse in its bid for the teenage jazz fans has led **Lou Alport** to install a special gallery for youngsters at the Sutherland. . . The **Earl Hines** Sextet was held over again at Cafe Continental, this time until the end of January.

Pianist **Art Hodes**, a strong believer in and practitioner of traditional jazz, has mellowed somewhat toward the modernists since he played a concert recently at the University of Missouri. When he arrived, there was no piano. On another floor of the auditorium, where the concert was to be given, was **Stan Kenton**, his band, and a piano. Kenton graciously lent the piano to Hodes.

IN PERSON

Archway—**JOHNNY HARTMAN** until Jan. 2. Birdhouse—**QUINCY JONES** Band until Jan. 1; **SONNY ROLLINS**, Jan. 4-15; **HERBIE MANN** Afro-Jazz Sextet, Jan. 18-29; **RAMSEY LEWIS** Trio, Feb. 1-12; **CANNONBALL ADDERLEY** Quintet, Feb. 15-26.
Cafe Continental—**EARL HINES** Sextet.
The Cloister—**MILES DAVIS** Quintet, Dec. 26-Jan. 8; **BUDDY RICH** Quintet, Jan. 9-22; **ANITA O'DAY**, Jan. 23-Feb. 5; **JOE WILLIAMS**, **HARRY EDISON** Quintet open Feb. 6. **CONNIE MILANO** Quartet, house band.
Jazz. Ltd.—**BILL REINHARDT** Band. **TUT SOPER**, intermission piano.
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Red Arrow (Stickney, Ill.)—**FRANZ JACKSON'S** Original Jazz All-Stars, weekends.
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Swing Easy—**GENE ESPOSITO** Trio.

LOS ANGELES

Pianist **Joe Castro** and bassist **Leroy Vinnegar**, lately with the **Teddy Edwards** Quartet at the now-shuttered Village West, have betaken themselves to Europe. First stop is the Blue Note, in Paris, where they will work with expatriate-drummer **Kenny Clarke**, to be followed by a stint with **Stan Getz**. Duration of the trip? "Indefinitely," says Castro.

Elmo Hope took a trio into George Alford's Zebra lounge to play as the

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room's resident group . . . Pianist Gene DiNovi is the latest of the New Yorkers to settle in the L.A. area . . . The Si Zentner Band, currently in the throes of a chilly midwest tour, spends Christmas in Wichita, Kan., and is not expected back on the coast till February . . . The Summit club initiated a big-band policy on Sunday nights with free food as added bait for the drinking customers. Thus far, the bands of Dave Wells, Alan Marlowe, and Onzie Matthews appeared, with Terry Gibbs' recently deactivated crew reunited and due in Christmas.

There is much action for Peggy Lee this season as she opens at Gotham's Basin Street East Jan. 12, does a Perry Como TV show Jan. 25, then hops to Miami Beach's Eden Roc before making her first overseas trip for a date at London's Club Pigalle . . . Look out for new gal jazz singer Gina Boyer now being prepped by pianist Jimmy Rowles for an LP date of Bill Anson tunes . . . Rey De Michael and Johnny Graas are at work on a new LP (to be done "on the classical side") . . . The southern California Methodist church had a "jazz convocation" at the Pasadena Civic auditorium Nov. 25 with the Rev. Verne Cooney coordinating and directing the show which featured the music of Bob Rogers' nine-piece band and the vocals of Larry Green. The Rogers crew includes Jay Migloire, alto; Bill Perkins, tenor; Jack Nimitz, baritone; Dave Wells, trombone; Dick Forrest, Jack Trott, trumpets; Richie Surnock, bass; Len Stack, piano; Roy Roten, drums. Arranging is by Rogers, Kip Dubbs and pianist Stack.

IN PERSON

Ben Pollack's—JOE GRAVES Quartet.
Beverly Cavern—TEDDY BUCKNER Band.
Cascades (Belmont Shore, L.B.)—JACK LYNDE Trio with JANIE GETZ, piano, and JIM CRUTCHER, bass.
Compton Bowl—THE JAZZ GENERALS, week-ends.
Digger—SHORTY ROGERS and his Giants, Christmas and New Year's weekends.
El Sombrero (Belmont Shore, L.B.)—CLYDE CONRAD Quintet featuring VINCE WALLACE, tenor, and BILL METZ, trumpet.
Excusez Moi—BETTY BENNETT, week-ends.
Figer-8 — DELTA RHYTHM KINGS. Sunday sessions.
Friendship Cafe (Santa Monica)—SMOG CITY STOMPERS, Sunday afternoons.
Geno's Bit—LES McCANN, LTD.
Green Bull (Hermosa Beach)—SOUTH BAY JAZZ BAND with MONETTE MOORE. Fridays and Saturdays.
Handlebar — DR. JACK LANGLES and The Saints, week-ends.
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach) — CHUCK DEEKS Band, Fridays and Saturdays.
Honeybucket (Costa Mesa)—COL. HENDERSON'S REBELS, Wednesdays through Saturdays.
Jimmie Diamond's Lounge (San Bernardino) — EDGAR HAYES, piano.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach) — HOWARD RUMSEY'S All-Stars; name jazz groups Sundays.
Renaissance — FRANK BUTLER Trio with FRANK STRAZZIERI, piano, and JIMMY BOND, bass, Wednesdays and Thursdays; BESSIE GRIFFIN and the GOSPEL PEARLS, Sundays only.
Rounders—Sunday sessions from 3 p.m.
Sherry's — PETE JOLLY, piano, and RALPH PENA, bass.
Shelly's Manne-Hole—SHELLY MANNE and his Men; JIMMY ROWLES, week nights.
Zebra Lounge—JIMMY SMITH.

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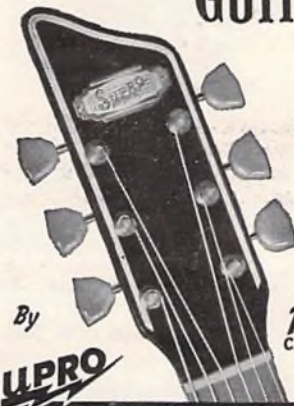
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Afterthoughts

By GENE LEES

Recently I moderated a panel discussion among J. J. Johnson, Jimmy Giuffre, Don Redman, Hall Overton, and Quincy Jones, the transcript of which appears in *Down Beat's Music 1961*. J. J. expressed concern at the ephemeral nature of jazz fame—the tendency to forget the greats who have been with us for a while in the general rush to acclaim the latest “man” on the scene.

Who's to blame? All of us, to an extent — record companies, critics, listeners, and, yet, musicians themselves.

When somebody gets hot, his record company tends to record him ad nauseum. When the man has cooled off, they incline to turn their attention to somebody who's newer and hotter. Shall we point a finger of moral scorn at the labels? Let him among us who is without sin cast the first stone . . .

Critics also tend to look for the “new.” It's in the nature of journalism. What is new is what is news. How many times can you extol Dizzy? You look for somebody else to acclaim and expound upon.

How about lay listeners? Most are guilty. They, too, are newness-oriented. It's hard to be anything else in a culture in which “planned obsolescence” is not seen as the obscene term it is, a culture in which we are all brainwashed from childhood toward novelty.

Watching some children's TV shows recently, I was infuriated by the advertising of the toy companies, particularly Mattel, which is trying to train my 3-year-old son to pick my pocket on their behalf. “Be the first kid on your block to have one,” is one common line. “Be a hero to the other kids.”

In such a culture, it is scarcely surprising that there are so many people eager to be the first on their block to dig John Coltrane (and forget Bud Freeman and Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster and Zoot Sims), to be a hero to their fellow hippies by embracing that which no one else yet has. (Nor do I mean that as a criticism of Coltrane, who has genius, but only as a criticism of those who forget others who are producing rich and satisfying music still. Coltrane, who has a profound respect for tradition, would be the first to concur.)


Musicians would no doubt claim to be sin-free on this count. All right: how many of you Miles imitators are familiar with the playing of Bill Coleman and Buck Clayton—to say nothing of Bix Beiderbecke and the young Louis Armstrong? Perhaps it is naive of me to ask the question; imitators will

never admit being imitators. (“I don't imitate Miles, man. I just *feel* it that way. I'd play that way even if I'd never heard Miles.”) The mechanism of rationalization is infinitely subtle.

Musicians, in fact, are almost cruelly quick to jump on a bandwagon and put away the preceding king. When a new man arrives, he can do no wrong. Musicians will gloss over his shortcomings, concentrating on his virtues (“Yeah, baby, but listen to his *ideas!*”) in the collective paroxysm of digging. Later, when the artist has achieved sufficient success to feed his family properly, they will gloss over his virtues, concentrating on what are claimed to be shortcomings (“Well, I respect Mulligan as an arranger, man, but his baritone playing . . . I dunno.”) Jealousy is probably a large part of the motivation here: put down the cat who's commercial success makes you vaguely uncomfortable and admire the man who's still struggling because he doesn't cause that odd little twisting sensation in your entrails.

So it goes. The way the word is these days, you'd think nothing good was ever played by musicians associated with the so-called west coast school. This is ridiculous; some very good music came out of that period, and some of its graduates are producing fine music today.

A few days ago, I heard a musician put down Bob Brookmeyer—hard. I asked if he'd heard how Brookmeyer has been playing of late. “No,” he said, “but I've been knowing Bob for a long time.” The very next day, I heard a new Verve LP by Brookmeyer called *Blues, Hot and Cold*. It impressed me deeply. It is enormously enjoyable jazz—not “new” but deeply satisfying to listen to, and it proves that Brookmeyer is not only playing as well as ever but, in my opinion, better than ever. Happy, happy, intelligent, witty, warm, and extremely well-played jazz . . .

Poor Bob; he's been around for a while and rather successful. What could be more damning? 



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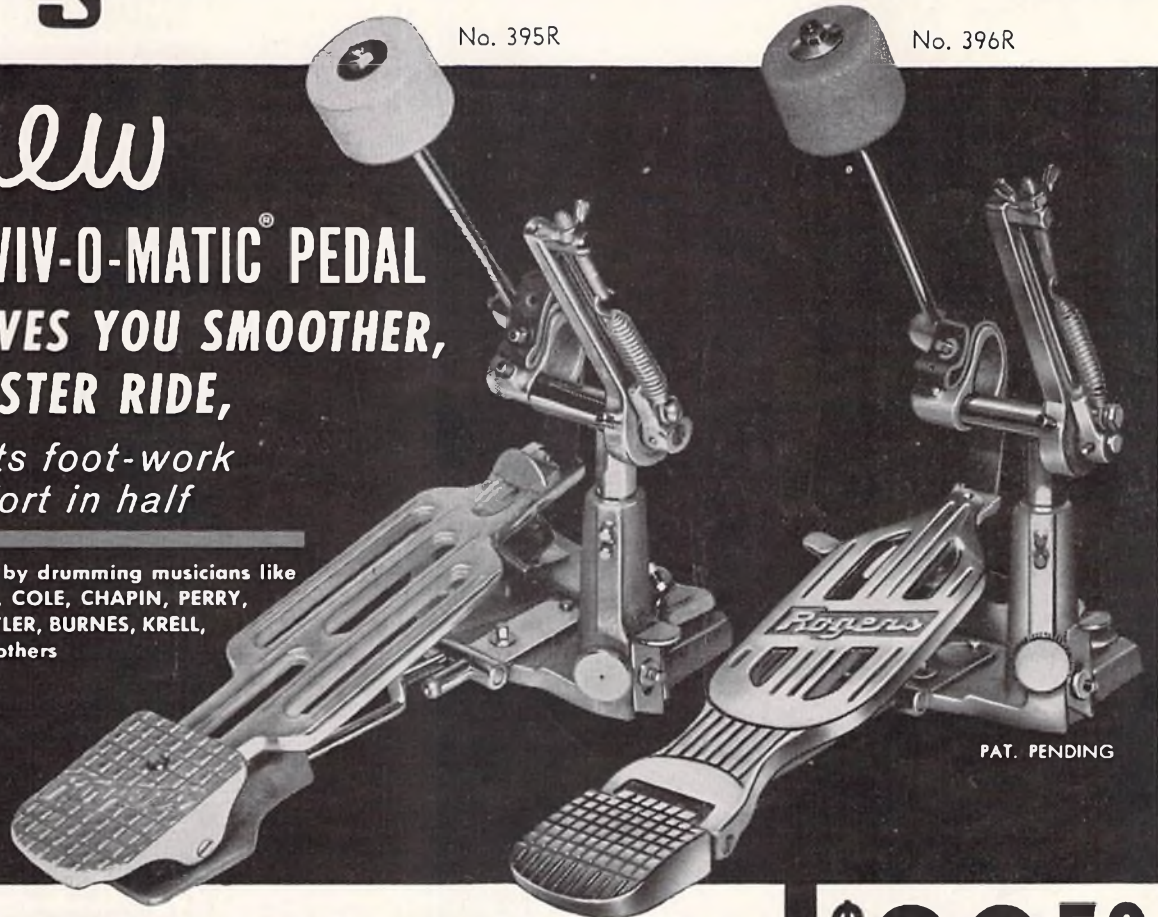
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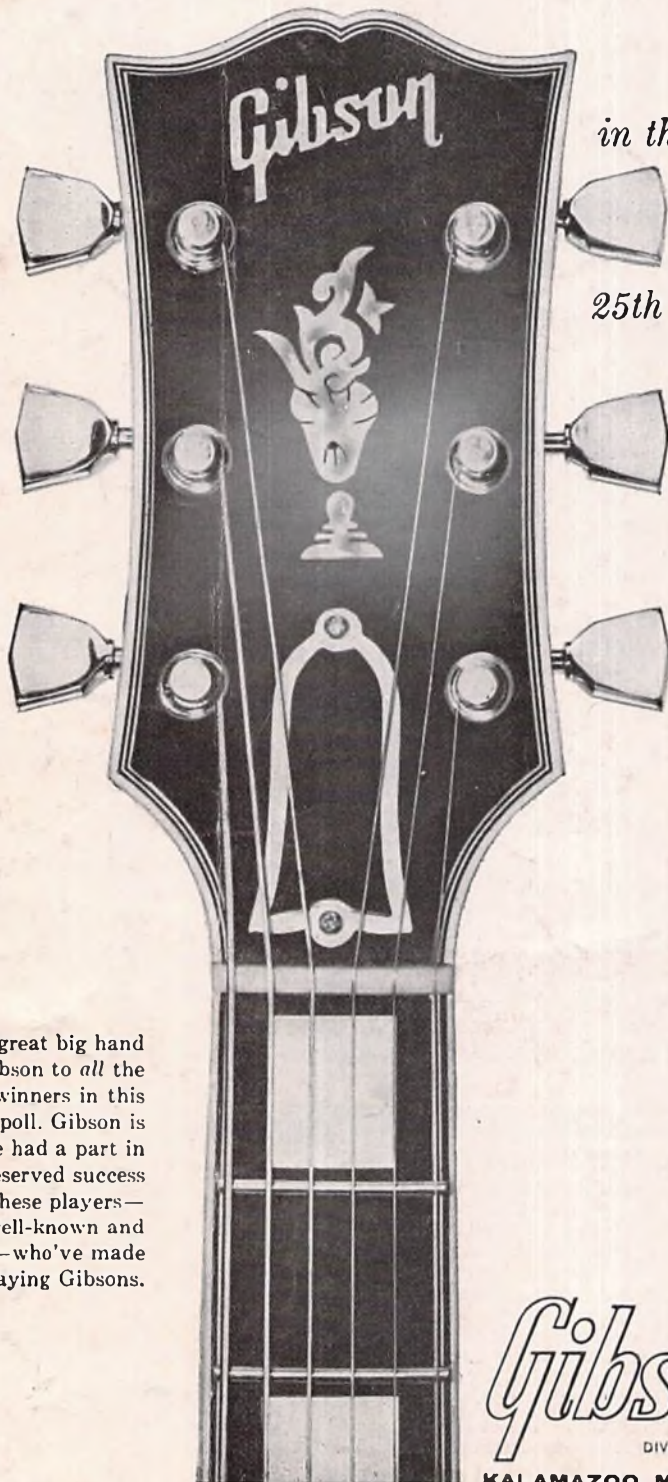
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