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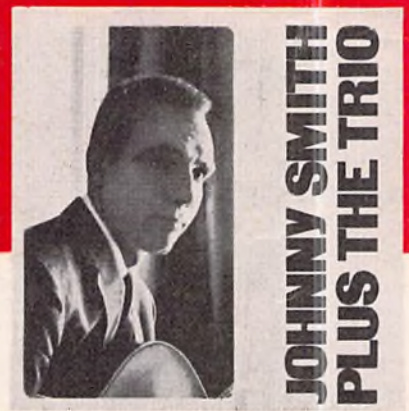
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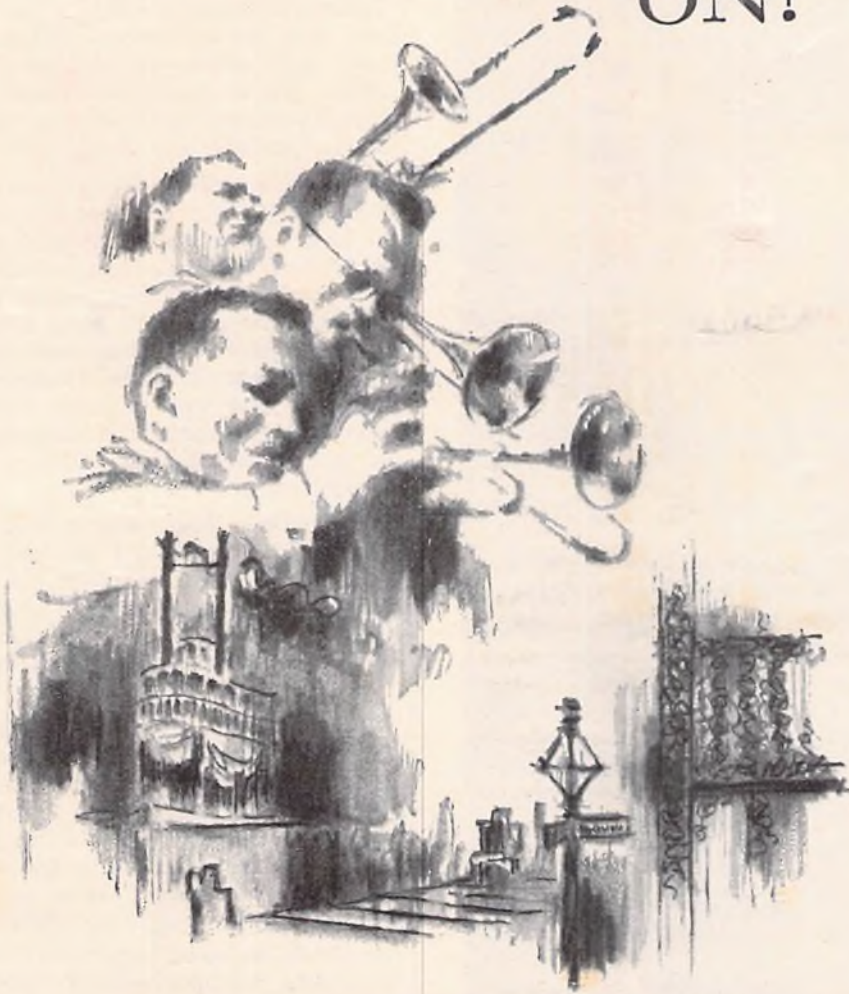
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

It is tragic and sad to see myths and canards about show people used as a basis for virtual persecution by the New York police department under the guise of "licensing for the public welfare." And it is frightening to realize that, in this day and age, a form of second-class citizenship can be imposed on citizens making their living as entertainers.

For a while, the New York police department seemed to concentrate on jazz personalities and poetry readers in their drive to be sure every cabaret performer had a license card. Then, with Lord Buckley's death and Frank Sinatra's embarrassing public admission that he had worked at the Copacabana without a card, the police went after all performers, including even 76-year-old Sophie Tucker. Be that as it may, the main point is that the card regulation itself is wrong—aside from being unfairly administered.

Any discriminatory policy perpetu-

ates the double standard of morality that is applied to show people, and also shows up the regulation itself as unworkable and perhaps legally untenable.

It does not seem morally logical that the police should also serve as judge and jury in deciding the fitness of an applicant for a cabaret card and then deposit the \$2 license fee in their police pension fund, instead of the public coffers. No wonder they are so bitterly opposed to giving it up!

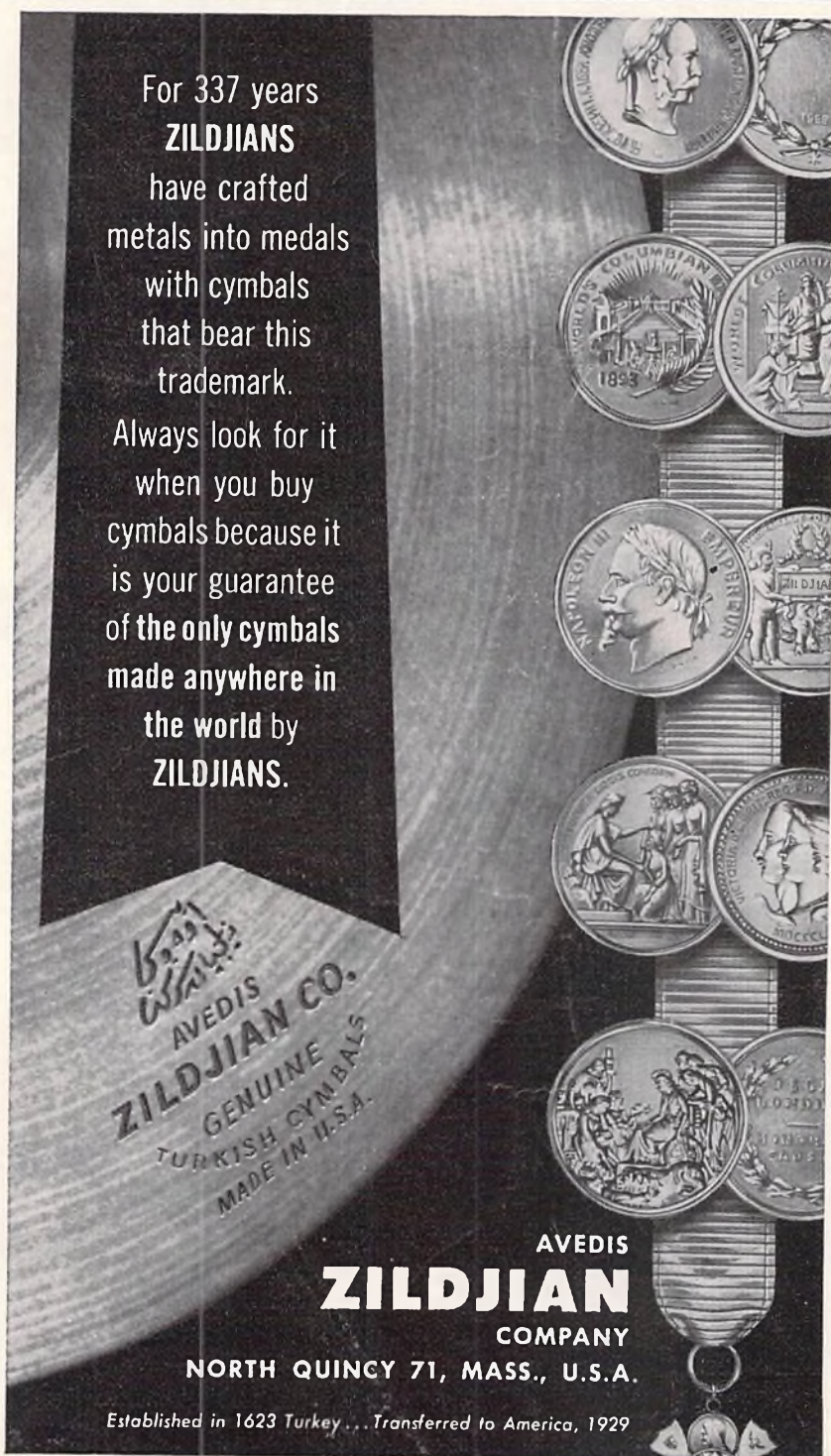
The experiment of prohibition proved to our national sorrow that it is virtually impossible to enforce laws that interfere with accepted social behavior. The rise of organized crime is just one evil that resulted from prohibition and from which we are still suffering. The accompanying cynical disregard of other laws is another legacy of the speakeasy and bathtub gin era.

There is something else. Anyone who feels guilty about his pleasures tends to look on someone connected with that "illicit" enterprise as being shady, or at least tarnished. A performer who has been licensed by the police to perform is regarded in a questionable light by the customer. It is one of our moral foibles to view with suspicion anyone who has been fingerprinted and mugged by the police. Thus the canards are perpetuated.

While *Down Beat* holds no brief for Sherman Billingsley and his peacock walk crowd, it is ridiculous for the police to insist that his place of business be penalized because he is not licensed to greet his customers in an "entertaining" fashion.

What does this do to the waiters at Lindy's and Reubens restaurants (serving food and drink), who are among the funniest comedians to be found in show business? And what about the guy in the tall white chef's hat who stands in the window of the Metropole cutting slabs of roast beef while the band wails in the background? (If you have seen his flair with a carving knife, you know him for the artist he is.) And then there is Leonard Bernstein and his boys at Carnegie hall, and the divas and chorus at the Met, who also give public performances in places where alcoholic beverages are served. Silly? Sure, it is. But it is no sillier—or more tragic—than what is now going on in New York.

In a way, though, the silliness and tragedy may serve some positive purpose. Because when the laughter and the indignation become loud enough, the whole stupid thing will collapse under its own weight.

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ON THE COVER—Ted Williams' photo of Bob Brookmeyer catches all the concentration the valve trombonist brings to his playing. Bill Cos's article on Brookmeyer (see page 19) catches the flavor of the man and his work.

PHOTO CREDITS—Page 18, Page 21, Charles Stewart; Page 19, Ted Williams.

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education in jazz

By Willis Conover

Just as a rose-colored object seen through rose-colored glasses comes out a blank, so does jazz so reflect the American spirit that many Americans don't notice it's around.

Yet Peggy Lee hits the Hit Parade with "Fever" . . . Eddie Miller takes a tenor solo midway in the Pied-Piper's "Dream" . . . Nat Cole sings on with a



Willis Conover

pulse he can never depress . . . and at the four corners of a city block a John Lewis cinema sound-track, an Armstrong juke box offering, a Bernstein musical comedy score, and a Negro church service attract and hold American audiences. And a thousand hidden seeds lie sprouting

in less obvious soils.

I know jazz is the only window into America for many young people all over the world; except through jazz, they can't jet-jump across oceans as easily as we do.

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Willis Conover

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Timmons' Tempest

I read your fine magazine from front to back and think it's a tremendous contribution to the art of jazz. I read with particular interest *Timmons in a Tempest*, (*Down Beat*, Nov. 24) and, shall we say, it left me in somewhat of a tempest.

Bobby made two rather shallow comments. No. 1: Remember, Bobby, music, and especially jazz, is composed of composer, interpreter, and listener. Take one away, you have nothing. Above all don't go off determined that you, and you alone, are important as an interpreter. The "soul" of the listener is an equally integral contribution to jazz.

The second is Timmons' somewhat half-hearted assumption that "soul" is strictly a Negro property. Soul, to a humble listener, such as I, becomes strikingly alive and definitive with Bill Evans' *Piece Peace*, Ray Bryant's *Blues Changes*, Dave Brubeck's *Georgia on My Mind*, his own *Moanin'*, and many, many more.

Anytime a musician reaches to the depths of his heart and imparts his message thusly, this is soul. When this message reaches the heart of the listener, this too, is soul. And this vital and emotional development of jazz is not determined by race, color, or creed.

Winnemucca, Nev.

Frank Jones

Attention DJs

The Stan Kenton Orchestra is vitally interested in disc jockeys who are aficionados of our music.

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Stan and I would like to take this opportunity to thank *Down Beat* and its readers for continuing interest and enthusiasm for the music and orchestra.

Noel Wedder

Stan Kenton Orchestra

Requests for Kenton material should be addressed to Noel Wedder, 1010 Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles 35, Calif.

Best In Two Years

Congratulations on one of your finest issues (Dec. 8, 1960). Although I have been reading *Down Beat* for only two years (I am only 17), this is the first time I have read it from cover to cover. The article on Art Pepper, *End of the Road*, by John Tynan was one of the most interesting I have read in the last two years.

On Thanksgiving night, I had the pleasure of hearing Art Blakey with Wayne

Shorter on tenor. It was possible for me to enjoy Shorter more after reading the article about him, although he did not blow many of his own arrangements.

Another of the fine points in your magazine was the news story about Jon Hendricks. Not only was this superbly written but showed and emphasized the situation that must be corrected in Chicago and other cities.

One thing against your magazine is the *Blindfold Test*. I feel that Leonard Feather should have the guests review only the new sides and not the releases of 1952 or 1953.

Munster, Ind.

Marvin Clapman

We thank reader Clapman for his kind remarks and refer him to the Blindfold Test on page 37. Leonard Feather plays for J. J. Johnson the recently released album Third Stream Music by the Modern Jazz Quartet. In most cases Feather plays very recently released recordings for his guests.

Livid Licks At Lees

In the past, Gene Lees has shown that he regards Oscar Peterson as the greatest living jazz pianist. A majority of jazz writers would disagree. Presumably that is why he felt constrained to write his wholly misleading article *Afterthoughts on Piano*, the other possible reason being his dislike of Monk—again not shared by his fellows. Unorthodox views are always welcome in jazz critics, but it is a pity that, with the inevitable support of John Mehegan, he has treated a serious and little-discussed subject in so shallow a manner. As my opinions are regrettably sound on this point, perhaps I may be allowed to comment.

His analogies with brass techniques won't hold up, for a start. In the "classical" field, trumpet and trombone techniques have never been developed to the same extent as those of the keyboard and the string family. Jazz musicians, being primarily concerned with the expressive qualities of any instrument, have expanded the potential of brass instruments in any number of ways by comparison, but only incidentally in speed and linear complexity, which seem to be Mr. Lees' pet criteria. The reason is that they use them to play jazz, and what is important is not that the lines are more complex but how they are so. This is blatantly obvious when one considers what jazzmen have done with the saxophone. It is not a question of technique in Mr. Lees' sense, since Marcel Mule is a superb instrumentalist, but of expressive technique.

However, classical piano has several centuries of solo virtuosity behind it, and it would have been startling indeed if a poorly trained jazz musician of the 1920s had revealed technical prowess equal to

(Continued on page 8)

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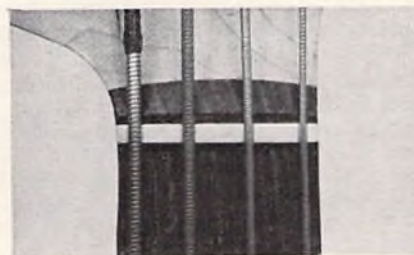
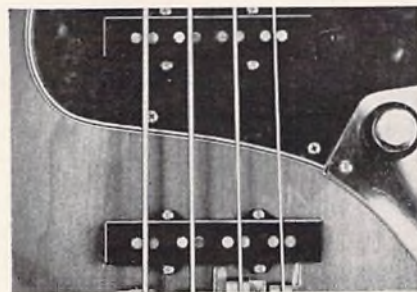
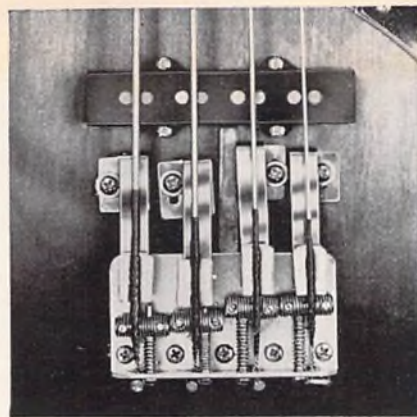


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CHORDS

(Continued from page 6)

that of Rachmaninoff. What jazz pianists have always done is to fit their technique to their style and to develop their technique specifically to this end: the only conceivable solution, for a Tatum as for a Monk. If one examines the history of the clarinet in jazz, for example, one sees its power decline as technical dexterity increases, not because technique is, ipso facto, a bad thing but because classical standards have been applied to the exclusion of jazz ones.

Jazz virtuosity is, above all, the virtuosity of tone, rhythm, and inflection. There are several pianists—the blues men, Basic, Monk, Garner, and Silver pre-eminently—who have concentrated on these rhythmic and expressive qualities (all have, to begin with, a distinctive, if nonclassical touch) and have accordingly a virtuosity that, however limited in Mr. Lees' book, is considerable when reviewed in the context of their music.

To employ anything like the full quota of classical pianistic devices and, at the same time, project successfully as a jazz musician is a task for supermen or, when he pulled it off, for a Tatum, and that it rarely happens is not surprising. Most pianists since Hines, many with some classical training, have preferred a compromise, and that is how the single-line style in its hundred forms has grown. I fail to see how Mr. Lees judges Oscar Peterson, or the others he cites, to be in the same league as Tatum, even if lower down the table. Peterson has added nothing to what Tatum did, and he tends to invest his lines with an over-all monotony that, whatever the swing, is the negation of what is meant by rhythmic virtuosity.

If Mr. Lees really must hear jazz and classical techniques used profitably by the same man, I suggest he confine his listening to some Tatum, occasional Bill Evans (not *Young and Foolish*, though), and Cecil Taylor if he can make the effort. However his happiest hunting-ground is likely to be ragtime—an admirable and self-contained form if, to my ears, rather distant from the mainstream as we know it today. Calling Monk a "dreadful player" will do little to further anyone's cause, and only make one doubt whether Mr. Lees appreciates what is inherent in and indigenous to jazz. Perhaps he should really confine his listening to Rachmaninoff. London, England. Ronald Atkins

And then there was Bird . . .

More On Pepper

I read the shocking story about Art Pepper in the Dec. 8 issue. What has since happened to this great altoist? I own only three small-label LPs of Pepper's, but I have come to respect, admire, and marvel at his brilliant work . . .

After reading Billie Holiday's book (*Lady Sings the Blues*) and your story, I am even more angered over the law's position concerning drug addiction. Addicts are sick people. What more can anyone say . . . ?

Pacoima, Calif.

Don Belfry



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NEW YORK

Jack Whittemore of Shaw Artists Corp. has been busy lining up dates, looking for a rhythm section, and house hunting for tenor saxophonist **Stan Getz**, who is scheduled to arrive in New York Jan. 19 . . . **Gerry Mulligan**, whose father died while the band was on a tour of Western Europe, disbanded until the spring of 1961 after a December date at the Village Vanguard. At the Vanguard, **Clark Terry** and **Bill Crow** replaced trumpeter **Conte Candoli** and bassist **Buddy Clark**, respectively, with the Mulligan crew. Clarinet and alto saxophonist soloist **Gene Quill** married **Julie McDonald**, a piano student at the Manhattan School of Music, on the day the band opened at the Vanguard.



GETZ

Johnny Rae, featured on vibraharp, marimba, and timbales with **Herbie Mann's Afro-Jazz Group**, has been replaced by **Dave Pike** . . . Trombonist **Benny Morton** has joined **Red Allen's Band** at the Metropole . . . Dancer **Baby Lawrence** has been working at the Caddy club in Hoboken, N. J., accompanied by **Sir Charles Thompson's Quartet** . . . **Willie Ruff** of the Mitchell-Ruff Duo is featuring classical chamber music concerts on Sunday afternoons at the club owned jointly by Ruff and **Dwike Mitchell** in New Haven, Conn. . . . **Down Beat's George Crater** was a guest star at the House of Cards in New Haven on a recent weekend . . . Tenor saxophonist **Georgie Auld's Sextet** at the Basin Street East, opposite comic **Lenny Bruce**, included **Nat Pierce**, piano; **Harry Sheppard**, vibes; **Sonny Dallas**, bass; **Jimmy Mitchell**, guitar, and **Mousey Alexander**, drums.

Pianist **Cecil Taylor's Quartet** substituted for the **Freddie Redd** group in *The Connection* for three weeks. Taylor played his own music; Redd and **Jackie McLean** were busy playing Redd's original score for a movie version of the play . . . **Joe (School Days) Carroll**, former Gillespie vocalist, worked **Joe Wells' Jazz** at the Upstairs in Harlem with the **Eddie Stout Trio** during December . . . **Curley Russell**, one of the late **Charlie Parker's** favorite bass players, has been playing at the Office lounge uptown . . . **Jay Chasin**, piano; **Frank Russo**, alto; **Dick Kness**, bass, and **Dick Berk**, drums, have been appearing weekends at the Bamboo lounge in Brooklyn . . . The Showplace in the Village had the **Lee Konitz Trio**, featuring pianist **Sal Mosca**, for a limited engagement in December . . . The personnel for the latest **Thelonious Monk** group is Monk, piano; **Charlie Rouse**, tenor saxophone; **John Ore**, bass, and **Frank Dunlop**, drums.



MONK

Pianist **Jimmy Jones**, former accompanist for **Sarah Vaughan**, has been busy arranging and conducting vocals with strings. After finishing a date at Vee Jay with vocalist **Bill Henderson**, using 25 strings, Jones set to work arranging for a new Atlantic LP by **Chris Connor** with a string accompaniment. Miss Connor also will make two albums backed by **Maynard Ferguson's** big band. **Nesuhi Ertegun** of

(Continued on page 50)

down beat

Down Beat

January 19, 1961

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ELECTION AND PROTEST IN LOCAL 802

In the midst of New York's cabaret card uproar, a second ruckus developed: hardly was Alfred J. Manuti re-elected president of the local, along with his slate of officers, than defeated candidate Alfred Nano filed a protest, charging, among other things, wholesale vote buying by the Manuti-headed group.

The election was held Dec. 6. The next day, Manuti announced that his group had polled 4,328 votes to Nano's 994. Loser Nano, a violinist and conductor, later claimed that a recheck gave him 1,119 votes of the 6,000 cast.

The slogans of the competitors were somewhat different. Manuti's: Patronize live music. Nano's: Abolish the cabaret cards.

Manuti's election must be certified by the Honest Ballots Association. Nano is objecting to certification.

Besides claiming to have evidence of vote-buying, Nano charged that there were irregular and improper safeguards at the polls; that contributions were made to the Manuti ticket by employers, caterers, and orchestra leaders, in violation of federal law; that union facilities were used to promote the incumbent slate, including the mailing of letters, use of telephones, and cashing of vote pay checks.

Besides making these charges to the Honest Ballots Association, Nano said he plans to wire the McLelland Senate committee on labor and management to demand a complete investigation of the Manuti ticket. Nano claimed that the supplier of the voting machines used in the election has been identified in the press with certain elements of Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters union.

Finally, Nano said, he will demand that the federal department of labor, through the attorney general's office, invalidate the election on grounds of fraud and irregularities under terms of the Landrum-Griffin act, the labor law passed recently by Congress.

Nano said he had checks, countersigned by 802 officials, as evidence of vote buying. He said they were torn out of a multiple check book but are still attached to each other.

"I obtained these checks," Nano said, "from Ervin B. Sheinman by cashing them for him on the union

floor three days after the election."

Nano showed two checks to a *Down Beat* representative. Numbered 314 and 315, they were made out to "David Schneider" and "Ervin Sheinman" (sic) respectively. They were endorsed "David Schneider" and "Ervin Sheinman" in similar handwriting, though the upper case "S" was written in a different style in each case.

"Sheinman endorsed both checks in my presence," Nano said.

Each check carried the note, "Expenses Election Day."

The 1960 directory of Local 802 lists Ervin B. Sheinman as a pianist and David Schneider as a saxophonist, both of the Bronx.

Each check was in the amount of \$6, which Nano contends was the price



Manuti

paid for carrying a placard on election day on Broadway, urging musicians to vote for the Manuti ticket. Nano claims a voter got another \$6 for voting twice.

On election day, the Manuti faction rented the Riviera Terrace, a ballroom five doors up Broadway from Birdland, and dispensed free drinks and food. Nano charged that they also made cash payoffs at this location to placard carriers, and for extra votes—until available funds were gone. Only then did they begin using checks, he said. The checks were drawn on an account in the name of the Musicians Ticket (the Manuti slate) at the Chemical Corn Exchange bank, 54th and Broadway.

Still other irregularities are being charged by Nano and his slate, which included Samuel Magazine (for vice president) and Ellsworth Henson (for secretary). They claim Greyhound buses were chartered to bring in union members from Scranton, Pa., to vote. Nano says they were issued 802 membership cards by the Manuti group.

Asked by *Down Beat* about Nano's charges, Abe Savage, spokesman for the Manuti faction, said, "It's news to me. Before the election, all parties concerned met with election supervisor George Abrams of the Honest Ballots Association, an outside agency, and all the ground rules were gone over and agreed upon. I know of no deviations from the procedures set up."

Meanwhile, the election of Al Manuti, president; Al Knopf, vice president; Hy Jaffe, treasurer; and Max Arons, secretary, was scheduled to be certified Dec. 19, with the 1961-62 term of office to start Jan. 1.

PROMOTER IS A SMASH, BUT SAM IS COOKED

Down in Trinidad, teenage idol Sam Cooke has proved himself about the hottest singing item on the tropical isle's abbreviated concert schedule.

In a June date there last year, Cooke broke all records and had the Trinidadians clamoring for more. Whether his return engagement there, expected some time in 1961, will be as successful is something of a question, for through no fault of his own or of his agents, the name Sam Cooke prompts clenched fists among the islanders.

As closely as can be ascertained, an unidentified Caribbean con man, temporarily out of funds, devised a swift way to pick up a buck or two. Upon borrowing some money, he invested in an advertising campaign ballyhooping Sam Cooke concerts in a city auditorium Nov. 7-9.

Predictably, the house sold out in advance for all three nights. The phony promoter then picked up the swag and disappeared, out of reach of the irked islanders who arrived to attend the opening show and found the house closed.

Trinidad newspapers checked Cooke's agency, manager, and record company and unveiled the details of the hoax.

AN ACT OF CHIVALRY

Alto and tenor saxophonist Allen Eager acknowledged an indebtedness of \$41,500 to socialite Peggy Hitchcock, daughter of the late polo player and World War I flying ace, Tommy Hitchcock Jr.

Miss Hitchcock, who filed a confession of judgment in the New York supreme court said, "Allen didn't like the legal business but agreed to anything that would help me taxwise" after attorneys advised her, she said, to list the unpaid balance of the loan as a tax loss.

In an affidavit, sax man Eager explained that he borrowed \$48,500 from Miss Hitchcock between April, 1958, and September, 1960, which he agreed to repay, but has been able to return only \$7,000 of the sum to date. Eager added, in the decree, "I have no defense or counterclaim with reference to this money."

The 27-year-old Miss Hitchcock denied that she was engaged to the saxophonist. "But we are very good friends," she said. Last summer Miss Hitchcock led a contingent of New York society to Newport, R.I., to cheer Eager at the events held in rebellion against the regular jazz festival.

When the court action came out in the newspapers, Miss Hitchcock said, "I'd never have done it in a million years if I had known it would get publicity."

CINCY JAZZ BATTLE BLAZES DESPITE COLD

Some 200 Cincinnati jazz fans braved icy winds and glazed streets to that city's third annual Jazz "Battle" in December, sponsored this year by the Xavier University Jazz club. Seven groups, composed of local jazzmen, competed.

The winning group was the Modern Jazz Disciples, composed of leader-altoist Curtis Peagler, normaphonist Hickey Kelly, trombonist Glenn Childress, bassist Lee Tucker, pianist Billy Brown, and drummer Ron McCurdy. The group was especially cited by the judges for its professionalism, presentation, and ensemble excellence. This was the second win for the group; it was the victor in the first jazz "battle" in 1958. The group also has an LP on the New Jazz label and has been playing jazz spots in cities around the country.

Second-place winner was the Frank Vinson Quartet, featuring the leader on piano and Jahmal Howard on vibraharp. Organist Hank Marr's Trio was third-place winner. Howard and Bobby Miller, tenor saxophonist of the Marr Trio, received special commendation for their playing.

Other competing groups were the Don

Miller Quintet (last year's winner), the eight-piece group of Clarence (Wobblehead) Johnson, the James (Popeye) Maupin, and the Elliott Gilyard Trio.

Despite the heat of the competition, it was a friendly contest. Several members of competing groups were unable to get to the battle because of the weather, but musicians from other groups filled in for the missing members. They played as hard for the shorthanded groups as they did for their own.

Judges were Dale Stevens of the Cincinnati *Post and Times Star*, WNOP disc jockey Bob Knight, and *Down Beat* managing editor Don DeMicheal.

BILLIE HOLIDAY MOVIE REPORTED IN THE WORKS

Since Billie Holiday died on July 17, 1959, rumors of motion pictures based on her life have cropped up from time to time. Heretofore such reports turned out to be merely Hollywood talk and meant nothing.

Now a definite Lady Day "biopic" is reported on the production slate of Hollywood's Albert Zugsmith. According to the Zugsmith office, actress-singer Dorothy Dandridge is set for the title role in both the forthcoming film and in a Broadway musical titled *Lady Sings the Blues* to be produced first on the west coast. Both the stage version and the movie are to be written by Robert Hill, it is reported.

Zugsmith's past productions include such pictures as *Sex Kittens Go to College*, *The Beat Generation*, *Platinum High School*, *High School Confidential*, and *College Confidential*. Preceding the Holiday movie on Zugsmith's schedule is *Confessions of an Opium Eater*.

THE PROBLEMS OF SUCCESS

When the Cannonball Adderley Quintet played *This Here* behind an extended dance routine on the Debbie Reynolds show some weeks ago, it was the first modern jazz group to guest on a coast-to-coast television spectacular.

The next day, Riverside Records received phone calls from distributors, begging for quick replenishment of their stocks of *This Here* singles. The tune had been available out of album context for a short time, but the singles sale of 75,000 was already close behind the 80,000 figure set by the LP *The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in San Francisco*, from which it came.

So high had the stock of the quintet risen that a new album, recorded at the Lighthouse, in Hermosa Beach, Calif., drew 50,000 advance orders.

But there was one facet of the situation that didn't give Riverside officials a warm feeling: two rival labels had gone into the market with Cannonball albums.

World Pacific has reissued a Gil Evans 1958 orchestra date (*New Bottles, Old Wine*), on which alto saxophonist Adderley appeared as a soloist. (He got \$40 for the date.) A new jacket for the LP featured a photo of Cannonball, with his name in large type over "Gil Evans Orchestra." Riverside co-owner Bill Grauer telephoned World Pacific's Dick Bock to say he was sure the new cover was an error. Bock agreed to pull the disc off the market until the cover could be revised.

The other recent release to which Riverside objected was Mercury's *The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in Chicago* (given five stars in a *Down Beat* review). Riverside argued that the date was not made by the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, but was the result of a studio date by the Miles Davis Sextet—minus Miles, and with Cannonball as leader. The album was recorded while Cannonball and John Coltrane were Davis sidemen.

But, Riverside acknowledged, there is little they can do about the promotion. It has been common for years to record name groups without using their leaders.

It's just that Riverside officials feel that if *The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in San Francisco* had not been a hit album, Mercury would have found a title other than *The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in Chicago*.

BLAKEY GROUP TO CARRY THE MESSAGE TO JAPAN

The Japanese people's interest in jazz has reached impressive proportions in the last few years. According to reports in Japanese newspapers, the enthusiasm and respect shown for the U. S. art, particularly among the country's youth, has brought a transcendence of hostility toward Americans on other levels.

The Japanese edition of *Down Beat*, published since last August, has become a popular source of information to the Japanese jazz fan. U. S. clarinetist Tony Scott has spent the last eight months based in Tokyo, where he has performed jazz with a wide assortment of Japanese musicmakers in concerts and on television.

Jazz impresario Monte Kay of New York, aware of the enthusiasm for jazz in Japan, announced a four-city jazz festival to premiere at Sankei hall in Tokyo with performances in Osaka, Kobe, and Nagoya in January.

The programs will star drummer Art Blakey and His Jazz Messengers, trumpeter Lee Morgan, tenor saxophonist Wayne Shorter, pianist Bobby Timmons, and bassist Jymie Merritt. Also included in the concert package will be *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics new star poll winner, singer Bill Henderson.

Kay is working on subsequent festi-



GERMAN JAZZ AMATEURS ARRIVE

Eight young German musicians, members of two groups that won the German amateur jazz festival held at Dusseldorf in September, are seen arriving in Chicago. The trip to America was sponsored by the German Coca-Cola Co. The musicians are Klaus Daldinger, Jurgen Bucholtz, Manfred Lahnstein, Claudio Szenker, Alfons Zschockelt, Heino Ribbert, Kurt Bong, and Gunther Lennartz. In Chicago, they got a chance to hear American jazz as it is occurring at student level in two different schools (see Page 47).

vals to be held in Japan during 1961 in March, May and September.

He has arranged to video-tape the January tour to serve as documentary verification of the personal and working relationship between U. S. jazzmen and the audience. The sale of this film to American television networks is Kay's ultimate aim. He said he hopes thereby to promote improved cultural relations between the countries.

Kay reported that research into the activities of the American National Theater and Academy projects, covering a period of five years (1954-1959), shows that out of more than 105 units of entertainment sent abroad, only six in some way were related to jazz and, of those, only three groups represented modern jazz. He said he hopes that his promotional activities abroad will help to fulfill the demand for modern jazz.

The appreciation of jazz and its creators was evident to Kay last spring when the Modern Jazz Quartet toured Yugoslavia. He commented, "That tour immediately led to negotiations for a return visit from the MJQ and brought offers from government agencies in other countries directly behind the Iron Curtain, such as Bulgaria and Hungary."

It is Kay's hope that his endeavors will stimulate the administration of President-elect John F. Kennedy to recognize the urgency of satisfying this "astoundingly excessive" demand for modern jazz in the Western European countries and other parts of the world.

PENA, JOLLY, NEW ZEALAND, 8 CATS, AND A 1927 HUDSON

Not since Sam Donahue's U.S. navy dance band was stationed there during World War II had New Zealanders the opportunity to hear American jazzmen at such length.

For nearly three weeks last fall, pianist Pete Jolly and bassist Ralph Pena made a concert tour of the north and south islands comprising the country. Organized by the Contemporary Music company's Frank Collins and by Stan Hull of Auckland, the series of 15 jazz concerts played by the duo was a resounding success.

So enthusiastic was their reception, said Jolly and Pena, that their tour picked up an unexpected appendage of eight local musicians, who followed them for 500 miles in a sturdy 1927 Hudson and attended every concert they played.

Although the Dave Brubeck Quartet played concerts last spring in Auckland and Wellington, and Buddy DeFranco also played a limited engagement in the country, the Jolly-Pena tour was a first of its kind for jazz-loving New Zealanders.

"The people there were so good to us and so receptive to our music," said Pena, "that we almost couldn't believe it. At concerts they would listen in rapt attention."

Both musicians said they were particularly impressed by the talents of

two outstanding New Zealand jazzmen, arranger-trumpeter George Campbell and Laurie Lewis, described by Jolly as "a very good baritone man."

The tour, which started in Wellington on Aug. 30 and wound up Sept. 18 in Auckland, was helped by the sponsorship of many business people. Particularly helpful, the duo said, were Allan Svendsen, a Christchurch clothier; Joan Grylls, owner of a record store; John Joyce, a jazz disc jockey in Hamilton; Bob Bothamley, head of jazz and popular music programming on the New Zealand radio network; Karl Grompe; George Porteus; John Goode, and Ray Harris.

Jolly and Pena did some listening themselves, especially to the native Maori music, and now are at work on a suite for piano and string bass based on the Maori music forms.

Back at work in a Hollywood cocktail room, Jolly and Pena are awaiting word about another trip abroad, another concert tour in—New Zealand.

ELLA SCHEDULES BIGGEST OVERSEAS TOUR TO DATE

Ella Fitzgerald, long an institution in her own country, is fast becoming internationalized.

Early in 1961, she embarks on her most extensive overseas tour to date, a tour that may culminate in appearances in the USSR and will definitely take her to the Middle East.

The forthcoming trip—Miss Fitzgerald's eighth consecutive one to Europe—begins Feb. 9 when she leaves the U. S. for a Feb. 11 booking in Amsterdam, Holland. Following that engagement, the singer's itinerary includes first-time performances in Greece, Israel, Turkey, and Iran.

According to a spokesman for Norman Granz, Miss Fitzgerald's manager, the singer has been brushing up on Italian, French, German, and Swedish, in order to perform in the native tongues for those peoples.

Pending negotiations among Granz, the U. S. State Department, and USSR representatives, Miss Fitzgerald may sing in Russia under the department's auspices. If the attempt to sew up the Russian tour falls through, the Granz spokesman said, Miss Fitzgerald will fill in a date at New York's Basin Street East beginning April 13. This will mark her first New York club date in more than three years.

In another area, Granz is reported seeking other motion picture roles for the singer, following her appearance in the film *Let No Man Write My Epitaph*.

The expanding horizon of the one-time Chick Webb Band vocalist appears unlimited.



THIS IS SLIDE HAMPTON

By **BARBARA GARDNER**

Locksley Wellington Hampton, with more than nine years of professional entertainment behind him, became a father in 1946. He conscientiously set about the business of supporting a wife and baby daughter through the only means available to him, playing the instrument his father's band needed most at the time, a trombone.

He didn't particularly like the instrument, but his father was in all ways The Leader so Locksley took up the

horn. Someone in the family band—he doesn't remember who—began calling him Slide. So the Locksley Wellington was buried beneath two new titles, Slide and Daddy, by the time he was 15 years old.

The Hampton family was a large one, closely knit by blood, music, and a powerful father-mother theatrical team who incorporated each of their four daughters and five sons into the act almost as soon as the child could toddle.

"They started out with about eight

pieces," Slide recalled, "but as the kids grew up, the band expanded. I was too young to play an instrument so I started as a song-and-dance attraction when I was about 5 or so."

Slide was the last child, and when he was 3, the family unit hit the circuit in earnest. He can't remember all the places he went in the next 11 years. He dismisses it by saying, "We moved around quite a bit."

The family paused momentarily around 1946 and set up stakes in Indianapolis, Ind., which is still considered the home base by the young trombonist, although he was born April 21, 1932, in Jeannett, a suburb of Pittsburgh, Pa.

In 1950, the father began to tire, and the oldest son, Duke, assumed leadership of the band and kept it together until 1954. The elder Hampton had devoted his life to presenting his talent and that of his family in theaters; carnivals, and state, county, and national fairs throughout the country. In New York City, the group had performed at the Savoy, the Apollo, and Carnegie hall. His life line seemed to vibrate to the antics and entertainment of his children, Slide said. Less than one year after the family unit broke up, his father was dead.

New York jazz circles turned cold, clinical eyes on the Duke Hampton organization. The group returned to Indianapolis within four months. Slide joined Willis Jackson, returned to New York, and in his own words, "Starved there a couple of weeks."

Then as unexpectedly as problems had come, good fortune arrived. Hampton was hired successively by Buddy Johnson, Lionel Hampton, and Maynard Ferguson. With Ferguson, Slide suddenly was spotlighted and apparently earmarked for recognition as a jazz artist. Twenty-three years after he had entered show business, he began making his first important showing in two *Down Beat* polls. Somewhat ironically, in the International Jazz Critics poll, the veteran received his heaviest votes in the new star category.

In 1960, he formed his own band and began making a serious bid for recognition as a top jazz artist. The current octet has been together for almost a year, playing most of its dates in and around New York.

"Over the years, I have listened to a number of bands of different sizes that I liked," Hampton said. "I suppose the Miles Davis Octet was a great influence on the type of sound I would like to hear in my own group. With this group, I tried to get an instrumentation which would be between all the other sizes and yet get a little of each

of these sounds. I can get a smaller sound by simply cutting the instrumentation; also I can get a big-band sound because of the instrumentation. Actually, I just extracted instruments which are less percussive or loud, and put in more hard brass and less reeds."

Hampton is reluctant to allow his band to become typed as simply brassy.

"Brassy is only one of the sounds I want," he maintained. "I want the band to be able to play at double forte, very loud. But I also want it to play just as soft so that the contrast will be really a contrast."

Running ahead of the group every place it appears is the remark that the octet is a cut-down version of Ferguson's big band. Hampton takes no offense at such observations.

"There is merit in that statement," he admitted. "What people are thinking about really are my arrangements for both groups. Naturally, the flavor is going to be similar."

Hampton said he feels that he does his best writing and arranging for this size of unit. Yet, he is beginning to seek new horizons.

"After writing for this band for a year now," he said, "I begin to imagine other combinations. I think I would like first a piano player who can double on another instrument. Then I would like to add an alto saxophonist who can also handle woodwinds, particularly the flute. Also I'd like to put in a tuba for depth and body to the section. And, of course, I could use another trumpet and another trombone—but my, my, all that is so far away."

Meanwhile, he continues to write and draw writing inspiration from Duke Ellington and Gil Evans. He acknowledges no trombone influences, crediting saxophonists Charlie Parker and John Coltrane as his primary instrumental images.

"As much as I love the way J. J. and a few others play," he said, "the trombone is such a slow instrument, I would rather not try to pattern myself too much from guys who play the instrument, because it holds them back, and it would hold me back, also.

"The technique and the literature for the instrument are very slow compared with other instruments; consequently, I would rather listen to a horn which has more to offer."

In spite of his great musical dedication or perhaps because of it, Hampton looked realistically at the going style of today. In fact, he leaped right in, and a hit Gospel-flavored, jazz frame was the commercial springboard for getting his group heard and booked.

"While I am a musician, I am also a businessman," he said candidly. "I

realize that in order for the orchestra to eventually play what I want it to play, I have to please the public as much as I can. I must admit that our hit tune, *Sister Salvation*, was written primarily for that purpose. It's a pretty good tune though and the fellows are still free to play whatever they like in their solos, but the main theme was written to catch the public's ear."

He said he sees no danger of his becoming entrenched in a commercial vise.

"In the first place, this music isn't so far removed from jazz that it can become a permanent handicap," he said. "Another thing is, just as the public went for that, they'll go for some other kind of music if it's presented right. As a writer-composer, if I spend enough time and energy trying to find something new to write, I might come up with something worthwhile that the public will like just as well."

The slightly built dynamo, at work on the stand, is convincing as a man who wants to "make people happy," and a listener is impressed with his complete immersion in his work to that end. He seems to surrender to the mood and play and direct the group with a physical abandonment that reflects his showmanship days. The soft-spoken trombonist reveals in conversation an intelligence that belies his lack of high school education, and he radiates a fire of determination that defies quenching.

Locksley Hampton, husband and father of one daughter, 13, and three sons, 10, 8, and 3, must necessarily be subservient to Slide Hampton, traveling jazz artist, for Hampton acknowledges, as do many traveling musicians, that the road bug is almost impossible to beat.

"If your wife loves you, being away from home is not going to change that," he said. "I don't say that it makes her grow any fonder of you, but if she's sincere and understands what you're trying to do, being away won't make any difference." His eyes twinkled, and he added, "Of course, you have to be just as sincere in being away from home. You can't just be 'being away from home' because you want to be away . . ." He laughed. Then he summarized his philosophy on music:

"I guess it's pretty true that a traveling man can never really become rooted. I know I have no great desire to stay in one place. The traveling part alone doesn't really interest or excite me. I just don't want to stand still in whatever I'm doing. So if it happens that whatever I'm doing has to be done or can be done better somewhere else, then, I'm sorry, but that's where I go."



a brief biography of Buck Clayton



By GEORGE HOEFER

Watching and listening to trumpeter Buck Clayton gives the feeling of being in the presence of the Rock of Gibraltar in a jazz group.

Clayton is a tall, handsome man with sensitive green eyes. He is always neatly and modishly dressed, and his firm stance seems to dominate the stand and denote solidity. This Clayton-effect seems as true musically as physically, for his trumpet sound is authoritative whether he is soloing, leading the ensemble with an incisive, clean open horn, or furnishing an exciting muted drive behind a blues vocalist.

Clayton is one of those musicians no one worries about. He'll fit into any concert, record date, or band. He frequently is taken for granted, and because of this, he probably has not received as much attention as his playing warrants.

A jazzman, especially one like Clayton, who has grown up with the music, is a creative person whose artistry strives to express not only his own personal emotions but also the feelings of his environment. There are extremes in jazz, but Buck's voice strikes a balance. He is a solo stylist who came out of the swing period after service with one of the greatest jazz bands of the period, Count Basie's.

Like many other solo stars whose musical voice became established in name swing bands, Clayton would not

return to band work, even if the bands were plentiful. These stars—Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Bud Freeman, Jimmy McPartland, to name a few—would feel confined or submerged musically if they were forced to play within the web of arrangements again. To a man, they prefer the small group, where the improvised solo scope is wide and the challenge is open. Nor is the "togetherness" of the modern-jazz chamber group appealing to them.

Fortunately for these titans, the music has attained enough acceptance for them to play it the way, for the most part, they prefer—on recording dates, jazz concerts, tours, a little television, and personal appearances with outlander groups. Their only requisite is headquarters in New York City.

When Clayton was asked if it bothered him to play in out-of-town night clubs in front of local bands, which in many cases are comparatively amateurish, he said, "No. If it's too bad, I just don't listen. The most trouble I've had of that sort has been right here in New York, where there are some bass players who think of themselves as drummers."

The jazz world makes colorful newspaper and magazine copy, but too often the more sensational aspects of the musician's life are overemphasized.

Clayton would not supply that sort of grist. He has his own home out in Jamaica, N. Y., where he lives with his wife, Patricia, and two young chil-

dren, a boy and a girl. His hobbies include gardening, with emphasis on rose bushes, along with a deep interest in photography. He takes many color movies of his family and home-life activities. For the last five years he has filmed complete Christmas festivities involving his two children. He accepted a holiday job at George Wein's Storyville in Boston one year with the provision that he could be off Christmas eve to return to his home for a day.

Wilbur Clayton was born in Parsons, Kan., in 1911. His father, a minister, was also a musician and taught Buck piano. The father's instruments were trumpet and bass, but when Buck was high school age, he was given the family trumpet and told to play in the church orchestra. This permitted his father to concentrate on bass in the rhythm section, in which Mrs. Clayton played organ.

About 1927, the George E. Lee Orchestra from Kansas City, Mo., passed through Parsons on its way back from Oklahoma. This band had the late Julia Lee on piano and the great Kansas City drummer, Baby Lovett. Young Clayton, however, was fascinated by Bob Russell, who played five types of trumpet, ranging from a slide trumpet to a bugle. Russell talked to Buck and gave him pointers on the horn.

Buck and another youth left Parsons one day before they had finished high school and hoboed to California. Shortly after arriving in Los Angeles, Buck's conscience began to bother him and

he decided to return to Kansas and finish his schooling before settling down on the west coast. After he did, he soon was back in Los Angeles to start a music career.

He began playing in the Red Mill dance hall for taxi dances. Next he became a member of Earl Dancer's 14 Pieces from Harlem, a band made up of California musicians, none of whom ever had been in Harlem. When Dancer left one day, reportedly with the band's money, Clayton found himself with a 14-piece band of his own. They worked steadily on the coast from 1932 to 1934.

During 1932, Clayton had the opportunity to hear, for the first time, Louis Armstrong in front of Luis Russell's Band at Sebastian's Cotton club. Clayton recalls being especially taken with Armstrong's version of *I'm Confessin'*. He also was inspired by the late Joe Smith's horn when the latter turned up in California with McKinney's Cotton Pickers on a road tour.

When 1934 came, pianist and band-leader Teddy Weatherford, who had inspired Earl Hines back in Chicago, was in California to recruit a band for an engagement in Shanghai, China. He liked Clayton's group and offered them the job.

At that time, Buck was courting Gladys Henderson, an attractive chorus girl at the Cotton club. The chorus line was doubling in the movies, working with Duke Ellington's band in its first film, *Check and Double Check*. Gladys wanted to go with Clayton. They decided to marry.

Word got around at Paramount, and they stopped making the movie long enough to bring the romance to marriage. Buck, even so, was not so sure this was what he wanted and had not made a definite decision up to the scheduled hour of the marriage. He stood out in front, he recalls, leaning against a telephone pole, trying to decide. The ceremony was held up two hours before they could find Buck. When he was finally escorted inside, the Ellington band started the wedding march, and Clayton recalled the thrill of Cootie Williams' growling trumpet during the procession and the newsreel cameras turning. The Mills Brothers sang during the ceremony, and George Raft, who was featured in the movie, beamed. He had been partially responsible for setting it all up.

The Claytons went to China, where they spent 1934-36, except for 10 days in Japan, working with Weatherford at an English dance hall in Shanghai known as the Canidrome. It was good experience for Clayton, for the band was required to play for tea dances,

nightly dancing, and some concert music such as *Rhapsody in Blue*.

When Clayton returned to the United States, the band broke up, along with his hasty marriage. Buck had been sending arrangements to Willie Bryant, who had the band at New York City's Ubangi club, and hoped to take his 14 pieces cast with him to play under Bryant. The band refused to go so Clayton took off by himself. He got as far as Kansas City.

Oran (Hot Lips) Page wanted to leave the Basie crew, then playing the Reno club, so Clayton moved in to replace Page. The manager refused to pay when Clayton took over the trumpet spot. The rest of the band, some of whom were playing horns held together by rubber bands, pooled their money so Buck could get \$2 a night for his efforts.

Shortly after Clayton became a regular member of the Basie group, jazz connoisseur John Hammond arrived in town, and the rest is Basie band history. Buck laughs now when he thinks of how Basie and the boys, including himself, dreamed of the days they would be making the stupendous sum of \$100 a week a man. They had been making \$18 a week, except for Buck, who got \$14.

On their last night in Kansas City, the Basie band fought a battle of bands against Duke Ellington in the Paseo ballroom. Clayton remembers that Basie's men were cocky and their spirit won the battle, even though they played out of tune.

The Basie band's first engagement out of KC saw them follow the great Fletcher Henderson Band into Chicago's Grand Terrace. The band laid an egg there. But Buck and other Basieites had a chance to hear Roy Eldridge and Zutty Singleton's jam band in the Three Deuces. The next seven years held many kicks for Basie's bandsmen. They made many records (starting with their ill-fated arrangement with Decca that deprived them of royalties), including many small-group sessions, like the Teddy Wilson sides with Billie Holiday, on which Clayton's accompanying horn is outstanding.

On the Basie bandstand, after the Grand Terrace bomb, Clayton recalled the unique relationship between saxophonists Herschel Evans and Lester Young. Clayton said they admired each other's playing but were not particularly friendly. They sometimes traded choruses while sitting back to back on the stand, their styles miles apart. The night that Evans was taken to a hospital, the band was playing a battle of bands in Connecticut, and Herschel played wonderfully, Clayton said, as

though he had a premonition that it would be his last chance. He was taken to New York in an ambulance after the session and never returned to the band. But the story that there was an empty chair on the bandstand for a long time after Evans' death is the product of some writer's imagination.

Clayton left Basie in 1943 to go into the army for three years. He never went back to a regular job with a big band after coming out of the service. After several seasons as a featured soloist with Jazz at the Philharmonic, he settled down in New York City and has operated on a freelance basis since.

He is in demand in many different corners of the jazz world. His work has included many Dixieland concerts, and he credits the New Orleans clarinetist, Tony Parenti, for teaching him Dixie techniques—as well as showing him how to make spaghetti sauce. Buck's favorite Dixieland trumpeters are Charlie Teagarden and Wild Bill Davison. For six months in the last year, Clayton was the featured horn at Eddie Condon's club in New York.

Clayton has made several tours in Europe. In France, he has been under the sponsorship of both Charles Delaunay and Hugues Panassie, who represent opposite poles of jazz tastes. They are good friends of Buck's, but dislike each other, which amuses Clayton. He was not amused, however, when on one concert date for Panassie, the followers of Delaunay cut the wires to the microphones from under the stage.

Trumpeter Clayton recorded for many years under an exclusive contract with Columbia Records, but recently has been making records with various companies as a freelancer. Early in the fall he was the featured horn man on a Kansas City-style date organized by Tom Gwaltney, a former Bobby Hackett and Billy Butterfield clarinetist. A record company executive remarked as he listened to Buck's horn solo on *K.C. Ballad*, "That Buck—he couldn't play badly if he tried."

The trumpet-playing Kansan is looking forward to a one-month tour of Switzerland, Germany, and France during January, 1961, for the Harold Davison booking office of London.

Clayton will take his favorite musicians on the trip: Emmett Berry, trumpet; Dickie Wells, trombone; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; Earl Warren, alto saxophone; and Gene Ramey, bass. He still has to locate a pianist and drummer and also is working on getting either Big Joe Turner or Jimmy Witherspoon to go along and sing the blues.



DONALD ☆
BYRD ☆ ☆
 ☆ **TALKS** ☆ ☆
TO YOUNG ☆
TRUMPETERS



By **DONALD BYRD**

When I was asked to write an article for *Down Beat's* annual brass issue, my first thought was to discuss, in effect, some of the esthetic considerations of jazz trumpet.

But as I thought it over, it seemed I could accomplish more by talking about some basic problems of brass playing. Many, if not most, of the books available, are outmoded. The pamphlets, articles, and books I've read on the subject, while containing a great deal of valuable material, are at least 10 years out of date and badly in need of revision.

It is rarely that you see anyone earn a college degree in brass playing. The reason is simple: there is not enough written music or study material to justify studies devoted primarily to brass, and so the brass student usually majors in some other subject—for example, composition.

The fault, I believe, is that of the composers, for the most part. They haven't kept abreast of the advances that have been made and are being made in the art of brass playing. New York has many tuba players who can play the trumpet part of *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. Yet writing for tuba continues to be a stereotyped oom-pah-pah bass line characteristic of John Phillip Sousa's era.

Only in the work of certain experimental arrangers and composers will you hear examples of good tuba work and the integration of the instrument as an orchestral voice. The Sauter-Finnegan Orchestra, Johnny Richards, and Gil Evans were perhaps the first to make extensive use of tuba in this way. You can hear tuba parts running in unison with pizzicato bass in Evans' writing, particularly in the *Miles Ahead* album.

I've cited the example of tuba because it is such a graphic one. But in general—and particularly in classical music—none of the brasses are utilized to their fullest capacity. When Bill Russo wrote a trumpet part for Maynard Ferguson in his symphony *The Titans*, it was possibly the first example of symphonic music using trumpet in the way that the better jazz technicians have learned to play it. Symphonic music should use jazz-type brass more.

But at the same time, I strongly feel that jazz musicians should listen to more

classical music—and classical musicians should listen to jazz musicians. In the last few years, I've established close relationships with many symphony trumpet players throughout the country. I go to hear them play and I practice with them. They usually reciprocate. It has been a mutually enriching experience. Even though I strive for individuality of conception and tone and they are in a field of music that requires that they work not as individuals but as part of an integrated musical group, we have learned from each other.

For the well-rounded musician should be able to play *both* as an individual

About the Writer

Donald Byrd is generally considered to be among the most creative of the post-Miles Davis generation of jazz trumpeters. He is also an exceptionally fine technician on his instrument, as familiar with the classical trumpet repertoire as he is with jazz. Byrd studied at the Manhattan School of Music, has an M.A. in music education, and is working on his Ph. D. while leading a quintet whose membership includes Lex Humphries, drums; Layman Jackson, bass; Duke Pearson, piano, and Byrd's friend since their youth in Detroit, baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams.

and as part of a section: on the one hand, he must be able to stand on his own and, on the other hand, he must be able to submerge himself in a group sound, without sticking out like a sore thumb through bad intonation, a conspicuous tone, or a general lack of stylistic adaptability.

Classical music and its methods are tried and tested and provide the basis of today's playing—and the stepping stone to the future. For, I believe, jazz will in time be integrated into the classical stream, as folk-rooted musics have been all through musical history.

This is one reason that, in this discussion, I feel it is advisable to avoid the old distinction between the jazz trumpet player and the classical trumpet player and talk only about trumpet playing—and not only for the esthetic reasons I have mentioned. There is a practical consideration as well: a trum-

pet player has to be able to play all kinds of music to make a living.

If I were to make one specific criticism of trumpet teaching today and of trumpet players, it would be that not enough is taught about, and the musicians do not know enough about, the physiological and psychological considerations that are part of playing.

Most exercise books available today cover only the mechanics of the instrument. They make no mention of the kinesthetic problems of the player. How many students can honestly say they know even the most elementary facts about the uses of their own bodies in the playing of trumpet—how the muscles of the mouth work, how the diaphragm and lungs relate to their playing? Everyone refers carelessly to the embouchure (or chops!) but how many students know what the zygomaticus is? It is the muscle that elevates the corners of the lips, and is only one of the muscles involved in the controlling the embouchure. Then there are the muscles of the tongue and those of the diaphragm. The latter are the whole foundation of sustaining tones and long melodic lines.

The trumpet player who does not have properly developed breathing—both inspiration and expiration—cannot hope to phrase at length, or play sustained tones, or high notes, because of the pressure needed for all of these. He has crippled his playing at the start.

In my view, the brass student who is serious about his work should understand all this complex muscular operation. To be sure, there are fine trumpeters who do all the right things intuitively. But some of them are geniuses, and only by work and study can the average individual hope to reach peak form on his instrument.

I might add that one trumpeter who is looked on as a genius by every brass player I know is far from being merely an intuitive musician: Dizzy Gillespie takes a completely scientific approach to his playing.

The importance of understanding muscular operations extends even to the holding and fingering of trumpet or cornet. Though many fairly accurate articles have been written on the holding and fingering of the instrument, one point has been insufficiently emphasized—and in many cases not even mentioned: as you will note after a little experimenting, it is almost impossible to use the third finger of the hand independently of the fourth; they are muscularly linked.

Now, unlike a piano player, the trumpet player does not have reason to develop the fourth finger of his right hand; he links that finger through the

(Continued on page 45)



BOB BROOKMEYER:
STRENGTH AND
BY BILL COSS **SIMPLICITY**

Bob Brookmeyer is a deceptively relaxed, tightly poised, carefully cynical young man whose social and musical comments are highly polished examples of opposites—the brooding playboy, the thoughtful imp.

"You say I'm playing better than I ever played before?" He smiles, lights a cigarette, coughs, explains that he hasn't a cold, "just New York bronchitis," to which he has "patiently adjusted" rather than follow doctor's orders to give up smoking. "I'd say," he finally does say, "that I'm playing just as bad as I ever did."

"Maybe there seems to be an improvement because I'm playing with a big band. Your solos are necessarily short in a band of any size. You have to stress consistency. No, it's not a thing you regret. It's a worthwhile sacrifice, a responsibility toward 13 or 14 other people, the other guys in the band. I know Gerry feels that way too.

"Am I being a disappointment? I remember one time

when an interview got off to a flying finish as soon as I answered the critic's first two questions. You know, they were the usual ones: what is jazz and where is it going?

"I told him that jazz was a living and that jazz was going down the drain. That was a put-on, of course, but jazz is *my* living. That's about as far as I want to go on the subject. No definitions, thank you. It's my living and I do the best I can.

"I've stayed away from analyzing it. I stay away from all the tags too, this tabloid thinking that somehow got into jazz. All the words that are used are pretty silly. *Jazz* is a pretty silly word, for that matter.

"As I say, all I know about jazz is that you do the best you can. You learn that you can't cheat on the music; you can't even sacrifice the music for your home life.

"That's why I'm not especially interested in where jazz may be going. I'm only concerned with writing jazz, much more so than in the playing of it. And I can't get especially involved in the futuristic developments. Those people who do are certainly important enough, if only because you can learn things negatively from them. But the danger of living or working in the future is that you lose so much of present humanity that way. When people complain about some experimentalists, that's really what they are complaining about, or what they should be complaining about—the loss of humanity."

Jazz is a human voice, as one critic has put it. Most of our great instrumentalists would agree with that in one way or another, and with its application to their playing. As Brookmeyer would say it: "What you are producing should be a human sound. The metal instrument is just a thing you use. It shouldn't determine you or what you do. But it does for too many musicians today. That's why so many of the musicians sound alike.

"I grant you that most young trombonists wouldn't want to sound like Bill Harris. (You know he influenced me more than anyone else.) But my point is that they couldn't, even if they wanted to. They play the instrument, not themselves. Bill played himself on the instrument. When it wouldn't do what he wanted to say, he damn well stomped on it until it did. Jazz is a personal expression. A jazzman should be saying what he feels. He's one human being talking to others, telling his story—and that means humor and sadness, joy, all the things that humans have. You tell it freely and honestly, and sometimes you don't make it. It's a matter of percentages; like, telling a joke that no one laughs at. But you tell it, whatever it is, and it's yours. That's you, that's human, that's jazz."

That's the convinced and dedicated Brookmeyer speaking; preaching, if you will, and come naturally by the conviction, dedication and preaching, if your bit is environmentalism, because his early environment was in the jazz bedrock of Kansas City.

Born just five miles from its heart, across the viaduct on the Kansas side, on December 19, 1929, he has written expressively and charmingly about his experience there for a United Artists album cover:

". . . some lovely and lasting talk came out of there—some gentleness (genteelness, if you will), that could only be found around men who so fully knew what they did and wherein they spoke that relaxation was the only way to express it. When you're not sure, it gets very nervous, but that utter confidence in swing is hard to beat. . .

"When I was one of the youngest jazz fans in the country, my dad and I would cheat on the parson a Sunday or two and stay by the radio to wait for the 15 minutes of Basie, 10:45 over KCKN (now a country and western station, bless their souls). Then too, Basie would be through town at the

Tower theater, five, six times a year and I got to be a real pro at forging passes from school to catch three shows and two bad Westerns before there would be some salt from the home kitchen. First time I ever heard any really close up was around my 13th year. A kiddy band I toiled with was waiting their turn at old Garrett hall and we came upon Oliver Todd's six-piece band—they would make anybody's jaw slacken up a bit with *Little Phil* (Edward Phillips, now hopelessly a mental patient, due to our lovely and humane local 'apartheid'), and some of the easiest, longest time I had ever seen. My, that was a sight that I shan't forget. When I was old enough to sneak into the night clubs and dives where the good bands played, it was always the same feeling, to my heart anyway. Smooth, deep, rich, mellow, like a fine cigarette, if you will. But with a 'cleanup' local government, the end of the war, and the advent of the ofay bopper, that pretty well washed up swing music in KC. There are still a lot of my friends about who went to school with Bird, danced to Basie at the old Reno club, loved all that the easy jive stood for, but you can't hold a wake all your life, so—nothin' shakin' back home—Wolfe was right—Home in a pine box. . ."

If you feel a resemblance to F. Scott Fitzgerald in the movement of this writing, even in Brookmeyer's care for words, accept the thought and file it carefully. Unfortunately, he doesn't feel that he has time for the written word. Fortunately, he feels he has the time for the written note, about which more later in this essay. Fortunately, too, there is every possible resemblance between the Brookmeyer love of the old Kansas City and his musical, personal expression of it today.

What Leonard Feather has described as a style which is bop-influenced, but definitely in the mainstream, "resembling a valve equivalent of Bill Harris," got off to a strange start. Bob began his career as a clarinetist, added trombone and piano, and studied at the Kansas City Conservatory before he went into the Army. After military service, he rejoined Tex Beneke as a pianist. "I still played slide trombone, though, but just now and then. But when I auditioned for Claude Thornhill, I tried the valve. That was in 1952. I found the slide instrument lacked the passion of the valve, and it was easier to say things I wanted to say with trumpet fingering.

"In those days, there was so much prejudice against the valve trombone. It was thought of as a doubling instrument. Several bands had trumpeters who would suddenly change chairs and make the trombone section sound bigger for certain arrangements. It's different now, but I still see conductors look at me weirdly. Still, they pay you, so what's the difference?"

Beneke and Thornhill, and bands led by Ray McKinley, Louis Prima, Terry Gibbs, Jerry Wald, and Woody Herman, brought him to 1953 and a one-year affiliation with Stan Getz, which finally called him to the attention of the jazz world here and abroad. Jimmy Giuffre asked to be quoted, especially for this article, stating that "that band with Getz and Brookmeyer is my favorite of all the jazz groups I've ever heard."

Bob was being quoted widely by that time. To one interviewer he explained: "My style is composed of everything I've heard that I've liked, and even, I'm afraid, some things I haven't liked." Or, "There's something timeless about all the great things in jazz. Something that cuts across years and styles. I've listened to and collected what I could of old Louis Armstrong, King Oliver, Sidney Bechet, and Mezz Mezzrow, along with lots of others. There's strength and simplicity in them."

Once, when he was questioned about what seemed to be retrogression, he said: "In the past two or three years, especially . . . now that I've settled down in my playing, all this

interest in the past and in the folk influence around me has become reactivated . . . I'm going to start doing more research. I don't mean I'm going to make bathtub gin, but I'm going to listen and find more sheet music . . . I'm not afraid of being called retrogressive. Music can be like love and painting. Just because a song and a spirit have been around a while doesn't mean it's diminished in value."

At the same time he began to be analyzed by jazz writers, the very thing he says he most abhors, although his own words are indicative of a very careful analysis. Ira Gitler remembers that during his visits to Kansas City in the late 1940s, "the musicians around town spoke warmly of him. The one thing that they all had in common was an enthusiasm for the playing of Bob Brookmeyer." Composer-arranger Bill Holman reflects that "obviously he has a lot of academic knowledge, but he never lets it interfere with his concept of what jazz should be. He's used his knowledge of techniques to get across his thought, yet without destroying the thought itself." Nat Hentoff writes: "Brookmeyer has opened himself to jazz of all eras. He has absorbed, tested, and selected from the whole reservoir of autobiographies in sound that is the jazz language, those elements he felt relevant to his own experience in living and telling his story in jazz. He has listened and imagined farther back than Jelly Roll Morton and beyond Charlie Parker. He has not limited himself to any one era, school or attitude, preferring to filter all of jazz through his emotions rather than remain a parochial hipster."

The most concise of the reports on Brookmeyer is from critic-drummer Jack Maher: "Brookmeyer pours all he has learned of the past and the present into his playing. Harmonically and rhythmically, its source is a compressed history of the jazz heritage with a heavy emphasis on the wonderful rolling swing that was so much a part of the Basie contribution. Much of what Bob plays has a smooth, punching percussiveness to it. His ideas evolve out of basic phrases that are extended, restructured and reaccented rhythmically. This puts him in a distinct empathy with drummers. All kinds of inventions and improvisations come to the minds, hands, and feelings of the drummer as he listens to Bob. Harmonically, he has that unique ability to blend with other instruments. Besides unison, he can interweave ideas with another horn without yelling the other instrumentalists off the bandstand. He's articulate whether in group therapy or when he's carrying on a bit of self-analysis. His solos exist as entities in themselves. They build simply and slowly, increase in intensity and close out at the instinctive dramatic moment. . . ."

The subject of all this (and the great deal more) is amazed at all the words, but pleased in a low-key kind of

way. He likes readers to beware of long quotes attributed to him ("My God, the things I've said"). He wants, most positively, to be accepted on his own terms, and he is a positive thinker.

About playing: "Whatever instrument you play, you must have a passion for it, and you must play it passionately. Even if you aren't good and keep making mistakes, you must have the passion."

About a record of his own, he gives a set of directions that stand for almost any Brookmeyer album: "Just grab a nice glass of Dewar's Finest, one big, old and very easy chair, turn the volume up, and listen. Why, by neddies, you can even dance, if it's allowed in your town on Sunday. But above all, you're supposed to have a good time with it, otherwise you missed the whole point, and you can't do that."


About adverse criticism: "You can tell Buddy (Rich, that is, who wondered critically in print for another publication) that the reason that we do what we do is because it's fun."

"Can you imagine? Some writer in the middle-West said we had Billy May style arrangements.

"Anyway, I've begun to believe that there is one sure way of knowing whether you belong in a club or not. When the waiters treat you impossibly, you know that you've had it.

"I'm convinced that we are too much at the mercy of everyone. Unlike artists in almost any other field, we have no one to protect us. We need some kind of buffer. Martha Glaser is the best example of that; what she does to protect and advance Erroll Garner. She should probably be Secretary of State. She's had the experience."

About his current experience with the Gerry Mulligan Band: "I already said that the feeling of working with so many other people is a good one; everybody working for something believed in. I don't regret not playing in a small group. Arrangers and composers need a big band. There isn't anything quite like it. That's so for all musicians. Ask Mel Lewis. Look at all the things he gave up on the west coast to come with this band, just because he knew that he should play with a big jazz band."

About the future: "The immediate future, that is. The band is good, but we've never had a quiet time. Everything has been pressure and more pressure. That's no way to prepare for the present or the future. Gerry's very wisely about to call a halt to the band for about two months. Not a vacation, mind you; just a time to work, to write in peace and quiet, to relax and create. You know what I said about jazz being a living. Think about it that way. Just after the first of the year, we will shut down to retool. We'll bring out the spring line along about March some time." 



OUT OF MY HEAD



By GEORGE CRATER

On writing a humor column: I love this gig! Never once have I thought of chucking it to become an Avon representative or even a jazz critic, but there are some moments when I do get a little drugged. (If the typographer changes "drugged" to "drug" once more, I quit! If my plot to undermine the English language is going to work, it's got to be done my way.) Anyway, writing *Out of My Head* is a groove, that is, if you can put up with the few little pressures and hang-ups that come with the gig.

I guess the thing I found to be the prime requisite in writing a humor column is: try to be funny. Norman Vincent Peale's theory on this is slightly different from mine (his is: *be* funny), but then, I doubt Norman Vincent Peale ever had a problem that brought him down so much that he had to "try to do" anything. Let me try to make it clear:

You wake up at noon, your wig is aching, your stomach is completely wasted, you're out of cigarets and you made your monthly ashtray-cleaning expedition yesterday, all the coffee cups are dirty in the sink, the container of milk you bought two weeks ago has turned sour, the toaster is whacked out. You throw some cold water in your face and catch the corner of the medicine cabinet door right in the center of your skull as you raise your head, you stub your toe on the record-player, you put too much salt in the tomato juice. The telephone rings, and the gas and light company informs you that in 24 hours it's "candlesville." It's very cold in the pad, including the radiators. The telephone rings again—"Would you be interested in triple-track storm windows at summertime prices?" You find a cigaret in the desk drawer—it tastes like a pencil. The doorbell rings, you stub your toe on the record-player, you open the door. It's a Western Union messenger. You take the telegram and smile at the Western Union messenger, you close the door as he starts to put you down, you open the telegram you read it: MUST HAVE OUT OF MY HEAD BY TOMORROW. RUSH AIR MAIL SPECIAL TODAY. BEST. GENE LEES. You cry. You find another cigaret under the couch cushion—it tastes like an eraser. You take a few drags, open a can of beer, sob once or twice more, head for the typewriter, stubbing your toe on the record-player.

Now, with all this ecstasy behind you, all you've got to do is sit down for 2½ double-spaced pages and be *funny*. Of course, you realize, before you start and no matter what you write, that there's one cat in Maumee, Ohio, who's eventually going to read the piece and say, "I don't know, man. I think he was much funnier last issue." To get right down to it, there's no reason on earth why you can't write a humor column and be *funny* just as long as you don't let things bother you. Things like:

Bills, incurable diseases, hangovers, your old lady running out on you, toothaches, threatening letters, groovy days,

groovy nights, groovy chicks, paper cuts, no sleep, deadlines, sick friends, hypes, fights with the landlady, canned spaghetti, high fevers, and hating the sight of a typewriter.

It's simple. Just sit behind your own little Gardol Shield and be funny. But, if these minor, everyday hang-ups do bother you, I'm afraid you'll have to settle for "trying to be" funny, or if they *really* bug you, forget the whole scene and contact your local Avon office for a sales kit and a territory.

The cat in Maumee, Ohio, has a friend who can hang you up, too. This is the cat who *loves* the column and usually caps his reading of it with, "I don't know, man. I think he gets funnier every issue!"

You might say, "Well how can that hang you up?"

Well, in itself, it can't but . . . this is the cat who comes in to New York City from Maumee, Ohio, and usually looks you up and *finds you*, usually out of your skull in Junior's. Now comes the hang-up. After he tells you how much he's dug you for all these months and you blush, he sorta closes his eyes, smiles, and shakes his head. At this point, you're not sure whether you should continue blushing or ask the cat if you can call a doctor for him. It's then he lays it on you:

"You know, man, I've been digging your column, and you've been breaking me up, and like I've had eyes to meet you, and like I'm a little surprised now. I figured you'd be, well, like funnier."

Now this can get you. I'm not sure whether I should work up 10 minutes of Ornette Coleman jokes, wear a lampshade or do a Jerry Lewis impression. Anyway, then comes:

"It's hard to believe you're George Crater. Like I had you pictured so wrong."

Then you can really get brought down with:

"You're putting me on, right? You're not Crater, right?"

These scenes lead me to believe you not only should try to be funny if you write a humor column—you should try to be *funnier* if you go out on the street at night. Maybe carrying a supply of little printed cards is the answer. If you're about to meet a reader for the first time, face to face, and you know you should be funnier than he expects but yet something's really drugging you that evening, you just whip out one of these little cards and hand it to him:

"MAN, I'M SORRY I CAN'T BE AS FUNNY AS YOU'RE EXPECTING, BUT THE LANDLORD WANTS THE BREAD TOMORROW MORNING OR I'M GOING TO HAVE TO MOVE INTO THE "Y," AND I HATE THE "Y". DIG?"

Maybe something like this will not bring down a cat that expects an evening with Mr. Breakmeupeverytimesweetie.

Then there's the evening you walk into Junior's or Charlie's, two days after the latest *Down Beat* hits the stands, content that you surveyed the scene and came up with a witty, satirical line, and the bartender says, "Hey, George, Mingus was in looking for you." That's funny . . .

Cannonball!

The big – but not at all surprising – news is that the Cannonball Adderley Quintet has another smash! Just about everyone is flipping for their latest album, recorded “live” in California, At The Lighthouse. Cannon, brother Nat, Sam Jones, Lou Hayes and new pianist Vic Feldman play

tunes like Sack o’ Woe, Big “P,” Azule Serape and others in their special groove. A worthy successor to the best-selling Cannonball Adderley Quintet in San Francisco (RLP 12-311; Stereo RLP 1157) and Them Dirty Blues (RLP 12-322; Stereo 1170).

21ST Century Soul Music!

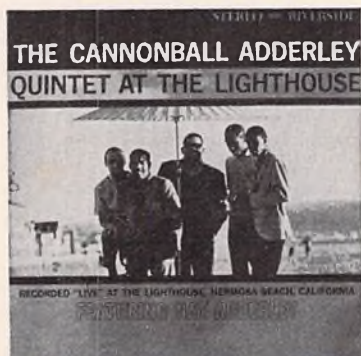
It’s guaranteed that you’ve never heard anything like this before, because this is the first release by the stimulating imaginative new George Russell Sextet. The album is

entitled Stratusphunk, and it’s new-but-rooted, funky-and-far-out jazz. (Wait ’til you hear Kentucky Oysters!).

Mainstream...& then some!

Tenorman Budd Johnson has played in and written for some of the best big bands. He has put some of his latest and most swinging ideas into this album, called Budd Johnson and the Four Brass Giants, which

features Budd and four of the most exciting trumpet stars of this or any other day: Harry Edison, Ray Nance, Nat Adderley and Clark Terry. (A Cannonball Adderley Presentation)



RLP 344

Stereo 9344



RLP 341

Stereo 9341



RLP 343

Stereo 9343

RIVERSIDE

in review

● 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, Frank Kofsky, Marshall Stearns, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.
Ratings are: ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor.

CLASSICS

Samuel Baron/Mozart

MOZART: THE FOUR FLUTE QUARTETS—Concert-Disc CS-215: *D Major* (K.285); *G Major* (K.285a); *C Major* (K.285b); *A Major* (K.288).

Personnel: Baron, flute; members of Fine Arts Quartet Leonard Sorkin, violin; Irving Ilmer, viola; George Sopkin, cello.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The literature for chamber music employing miscellaneous instruments, other than the usual four strings, is fantastically rich and has been not too well represented on records. True, there is usually some sort of performance available of any of the great works for unusual combinations, but most often the ensembles are either second-rate or are made up of famous musicians pulled together because of the selling power of their names.

This disc is refreshing in that the participants are not only among the finest musicians around but also have played together often and to great acclaim.

Baron, the flutist of the New York Woodwind Quintet, plays as if these were the simplest sort of technical exercises, with impeccable musicianship and with a sure understanding of the delicate tonal balances required. Lifelike sound, with considerable stereo separation. (D.H.)

Monteux/Elgar/Brahms

ELGAR "Enigma" Variations and BRAHMS Variations on a Theme of Haydn—RCA Victor LM-2418.

Personnel: Pierre Monteux conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

For opulence of sound alone this disc is a good buy. The conductor or the engineer or both have encouraged the London Symphony to pour forth a tone that an unsuspecting listener might identify as that of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. The richness of the basses and cellos is remarkable in both these works.

If that were all, however, this would be a record to commend to the hi-fi bugs, and no others. But 85-year-old Monteux not only has a love of rich sound but the discipline to control it and to channel it into uses that illuminate the composition.

The Haydn Variations are wonderfully well done, but nowhere in the LP catalog will you find a more youthfully buoyant and charming version of the Elgar. Together they make a winning combination. Musicians love to play for Monteux, and it shows in this recording. (D.H.)

Tchaikovsky

TCHAIKOVSKY *Pique Dame* and *Eugene Onegin* (highlights from the operas)—London OS-25205.

Personnel: Eugene Onegin: Dushan Popovich,

Valeria Heybalova, Drago Sturtz, vocalists; Orchestra of the National Opera, Belgrade, conducted by Oscar Danon; *Pique Dame*: Alexander Murinkovich, Valeria Heybalova, Melanie Bugarinovich, vocalists; chorus and orchestra of the National Opera, Belgrade, conducted by Kreshimir Baranovich.

Rating: ★ ★

As a rule this department will not be found recommending records of excerpts of the major operas, and neither of the examples offered here provides much temptation to do so. Taken from the complete sets issued several years ago, these samples are not exceptionally well sung or played, though the sound is acceptable.

The value of this disc, however, is to let one discover cheaply what sort of operas Tchaikovsky wrote and why they are not more popular outside Russia. For all its flaws, *Onegin* sounds much more like a real opera in its own language as sung here than it did in the English version produced by the Metropolitan two seasons ago. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Count Basie

THE COUNT BASIE STORY—Roulette RB-1: Avenue C; Blue and Sentimental; Boogie Woogie; Broadway; Dickie's Dream; Doggin' Around; Down for Double; Every Tub; Jive at Five; Jumpin' at the Woodside; Lester Leaps In; 9:20 Special; Out the Window; Red Bank Boogie; Rock-a-By Basie; Sent for You Yesterday; Shorty George; Swingin' the Blues; Taps Miller; Texas Shuffle; Tickle Toe; Time Out; Topsy.

Personnel: Sonny Cohn, Snooky Young, Thad Jones, Joe Newman, trumpets; Al Grey, Henry Coker, Benny Powell, trombones; Marshall Royal, Frank Wess, Billy Mitchell, Frank Foster, Charlie Fowlkes, reeds; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Ed Jones, bass; Sonny Payne, drums; Joo Williams, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The all-time cream of the Basie repertory is gathered in newly recorded versions in this two-disc album. This means that the current Basie band is heard playing pieces created in the late '30s and early '40s by a Basie band which has only two representatives in the present group—Basie himself and guitarist Freddie Green. These new versions are smooth, polished, and cleanly recorded, and they often swing with rugged fury. And they serve to explain why this Basie band, for all its sonic richness and ensemble precision, is so often less than satisfying. It is not a particularly creative band. It has the merits of a top-notch studio band (fortified by years of playing as a group) in that it is a superb music-making machine. But it has the impersonal qualities of a machine. Lacking a model on which to pattern its playing, it is inclined to come up with routine ideas.

In this case, with the models lined up

in front of it, the band gives a much better account of itself than usual. Even so, this essentially ensemble band is no match for the collection of brilliant soloists who made up that earlier Basie team. The Basie band of 20-odd years ago may not have been as precise in its ensembles as the current one, but the originality of its soloists made it the great band that it was. Of the present Basicites, only the saxophonists—Billy Mitchell and Frank Foster on tenor and Frank Wess on alto—seem able to project the old swinging Basie spirit (needless to say, Basie himself can still do it). Mitchell and Foster are particularly impressive on this set.

Foster has done a skillful job of re-orchestrating the old pieces, doing them relatively little violence in adapting them to present circumstances.

Like any re-creations of performances as vital as those by the original Basie band, these fall short of the mark. They are better Basie than we normally hear today, and the recording is a distinct advance over the old discs. But the originals are still the ones to have and to hear.

(J.S.W.)

Bob Brookmeyer

THE BLUES—HOT AND COLD—Verve MG V-68385: On the Sunny Side of the Street; Stompin' at the Savoy; Languid Blues; I Got Rhythm; Smoke Gets in Your Eyes; Hot and Cold Blues.

Personnel: Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Buddy Clark, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Five or so years ago, it seemed every other record issued had Bob Brookmeyer on it. I must confess I thought his playing during this time too lazy—he played like a man lying in bed, half asleep. I found his work, on the whole, dull and depressing. In his album, *Portrait of the Artist*, issued shortly before this one, I found nothing to change this view of the trombonist. But this album presents a new Brookmeyer, a Brookmeyer full of fire, a jazzman encompassing much of the jazz spectrum, a musician catching much of life in his playing.

This rejuvenation—if that be the proper term to use in Brookmeyer's case—seems to date from the spring of 1960, when he joined the Gerry Mulligan big band. At least, that was when it came to public view. The new Brookmeyer was evident in the first Mulligan band LP. This session would seem to date from about the same time, judging by the presence of Lewis and Clark, at that time the rhythm section of the Mulligan band.

But whether the date of recording is correct or not is immaterial. This is the best record Brookmeyer has made. There is none of the pretension of his *Portrait* al-

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bum; there is none of the lackadaisical attitude of his earlier work with Stan Getz, the Mulligan Quartet and Sextet, Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, and others. Instead of producing merely a competently played album, Brookmeyer has, in this release, given us an album of jazz with no Crusade overtones, no Great Message, just exciting and engrossing music that will probably last much longer than that to be heard on 90 per cent of today's LPs.

This is not to say that the album is without fault: *Hot and Cold* uses a minor-to-major device too often before getting into the meat of the track; Rowles gets a bit too impressionistic in spots and also comes close to throwing Clark on *Hot and Cold*. But these distractions cannot offset the melodiousness of Brookmeyer's treatment of *Smoke*, or his asperate playing on *Languid*, the uncluttered time of Lewis and Clark, and the dry humor and relaxation pervading the record.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the album is the "singing" of Brookmeyer. So much has been written about the vocal quality of jazzmen that it seems superfluous to air the subject here, but Brookmeyer's playing deserves special mention. From the opening track to the closing, he incorporates several vocal characteristics—burriness, gasping, growls, grunts and groans. At the end of his closing *Sunnyside* cadenza, he clearly "expectorates" through his horn. To the squeamish, musical expectation may seem in abominable taste, but to me it's the quintessence of the Everyman's jazz of Brookmeyer.

May there be more albums such as this; may there be more jazzmen such as Bob Brookmeyer. (D.DeM.)

Curtis Counce

CARL'S BLUES—Contemporary, M 3574: *Pink Lady; I Can't Get Started; Nica's Dream; Love Walked In; Lorie; The Butler Did It; Carl's Blues.*

Personnel: Counce, bass; Jack Sheldon or Gerald Wilson, trumpet; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Carl Perkins, piano; Frank Butler, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Although this album is dedicated to the memory of Perkins (his last session with the Counce group, made two months before his death in 1958, is included), the pianist fails to show much of the brilliance for which he was noted. Sheldon has been heard to greater advantage on records made before and after this one, and Wilson is heard but briefly.

The album, however, has two things to recommend it: the contributions of Land and Butler. The tenor man is featured in a fine, whiskery version of *Started*, and his playing on the other tracks is almost of the same quality—virile and gusty. Butler has *The Butler Did It* all to himself and performs an intriguing display in continuity and "melody" drums. His playing on the rest of the album, while not as outstanding as that of *Butler*, is excellent.

(D.DeM.)

Jimmy Giuffre

IN PERSON—Verve MG V-8387: *The Quiet Time; The Crab; My Funny Valentine; Wee See; What's New?; Two for Timbuctu.*

Personnel: Giuffre, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Jim Hall, guitar; Buell Neidlinger, bass; Billy Osborne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

No one can deny that Giuffre has been

an important and influential musician, first in the Woody Herman *Four Brothers* band, and later, during the heyday of the west coasters. But for the last few years his preoccupation with what Bill Coss in the liner notes refers to as "swamp music" has led to a diminishing in his prestige as a horn man. With this album, recorded "live" at the Five Spot club in New York City, he announces his intention of returning to the scene, presumably to stay.

To see what I mean, listen first to his tenor playing on *The Crab*, a Jim Hall blues. Immediately one notices that the old Giuffre inhibitions seem to have vanished completely; not only is he all over the horn—in itself a change from an earlier tendency to stay almost exclusively in midrange—but his playing also is much more fluent and exciting, most notably in his use of the upper register. Apparently he has been studying to good effect the work of some of his brethren of the hard persuasion.

Giuffre also plays tenor on two other tracks, *Wee See* and *Timbuctu*, on both of which he drives his associates into a forcefully swinging groove. The remaining selections are taken on clarinet, on which, despite a strong pulse from Neidlinger and Osborne's aggressive drumming, the group bogs down in what might be called early-period Chico Hamilton style.

It seems at times as if Giuffre is trying to do for the clarinet what John Coltrane has done for the soprano sax, but if this is his aim, he has yet to accomplish it;

however, it should be noted that he is now playing in *both* the instrument's registers.

Had the Giuffre clarinet been as compelling as the Giuffre tenor, this album would have received a higher rating. As it is, you ought to listen to at least the three tenor tracks—especially if you've never heard Giuffre really cut loose. (F.K.)

Coleman Hawkins

AT EASE WITH COLEMAN HAWKINS—Prestige/Moodsville 7: *For You, For Me, Forever More; While We're Young; Then I'll Be Tired of You; Mighty Lak a Rose; At Dawning; Trouble Is a Man; Poor Butterfly; I'll Get By.*

Personnel: Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Hawkins sounds like he was in a mellow mood when he made this album. The notes flow from his horn in thick, rich phrases. And this LP, played with phonograph volume low, treble down, and bass up, accomplishes its *raison d'être*—background music that can be listened to for musical value or be semi-ignored.

That is, you can ignore it until the last three tracks; then things perk up considerably. On the first five tracks, Flanagan and Hawkins perform in their usual professional manner, but on *Trouble*, Hawk throws off his cloak of moody functionalism and begins to explore. He continues his explorations through *Butterfly* and plays an excellent solo on *I'll Get By*.

On some of the tracks, Marshall and Johnson are not together and distract from

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

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

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Elmo Hope (Hifi Jazz J616)

John Lewis, *The Golden Striker* (Atlantic 1334)

Gerry Mulligan, *The Concert Jazz Band* (Verve MG V-8388)

Various Artists, (vocal) *A Treasury of Field Recordings* ("77" Records 77LA12-2)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Furry Lewis (vocal) (Folkways FA 2823)

Modern Jazz Quartet, *Third Stream Music* (Atlantic 1345)

Odette at *Carnegie Hall* (vocal) (Vanguard VSD-2072)

Various Artists, (vocal) *The Rural Blues* (Record, Book, and Film Sales, Inc. RF 202)

★ ★ ★ ★

Sidney Bechet, (reissue) *In Memoriam* (Riverside RLP 138/139)

MJT+3, *Make Everybody Happy* (Vee Jay 3008)

Paul Chambers, *First Bassman* (Vee Jay 3012)

Johnny Dodds and Kid Ory, (reissue) (Epic 16004)

Benny Goodman, (reissue) *The Kingdom of Swing* (RCA Victor LPM 2247)

Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightning Strikes Again* (Dart D8000) 4

Harry Edison, (reissue) *The Inventive Mr. Edison* (Pacific Jazz PJ 11)

King Oliver, (reissue) (Epic LA 16003)

Hank Mobley, *Soul Station* (Blue Note 4031)

The Genius of Gerry Mulligan (Pacific Jazz 8)

Oliver Nelson, *Taking Care of Business* (New Jazz 8233)

Etta Jones, (vocal) *Don't Go to Strangers* (Prestige 7186)

The Jazz Soul of Oscar Peterson (Verve MG V-8351)

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

Bill Russo, *School of Rebellion* (Roulette SR 52045)

Horace Silver, *Horace-scope* (Blue Note 4042)

Lightnin' Slim, (vocal) *Rooster Blues* (Excello LP 8000)

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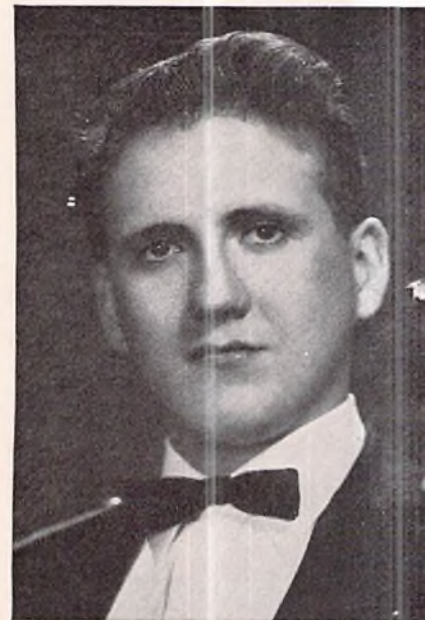


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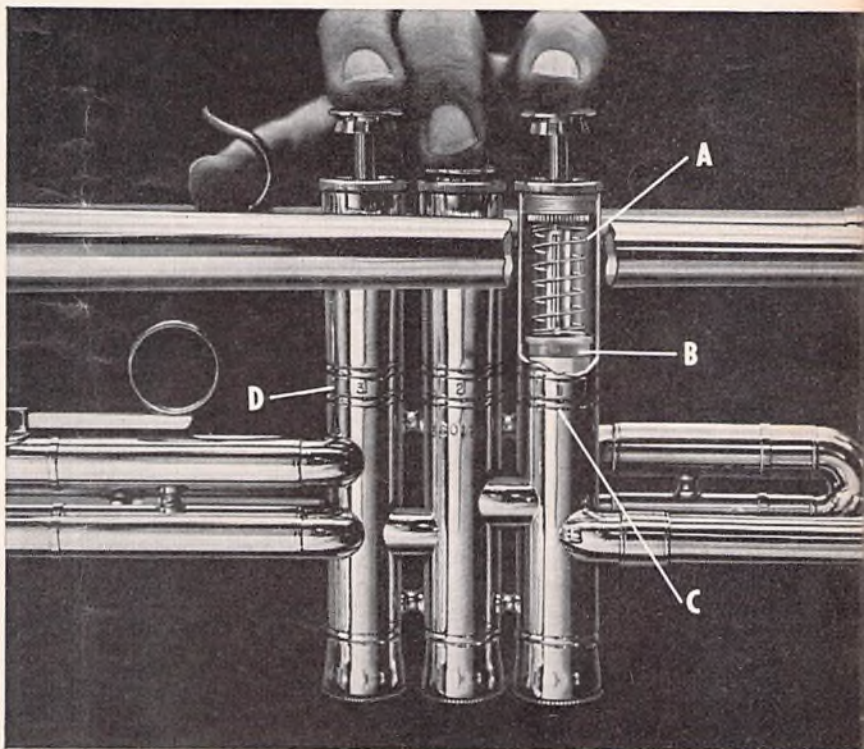
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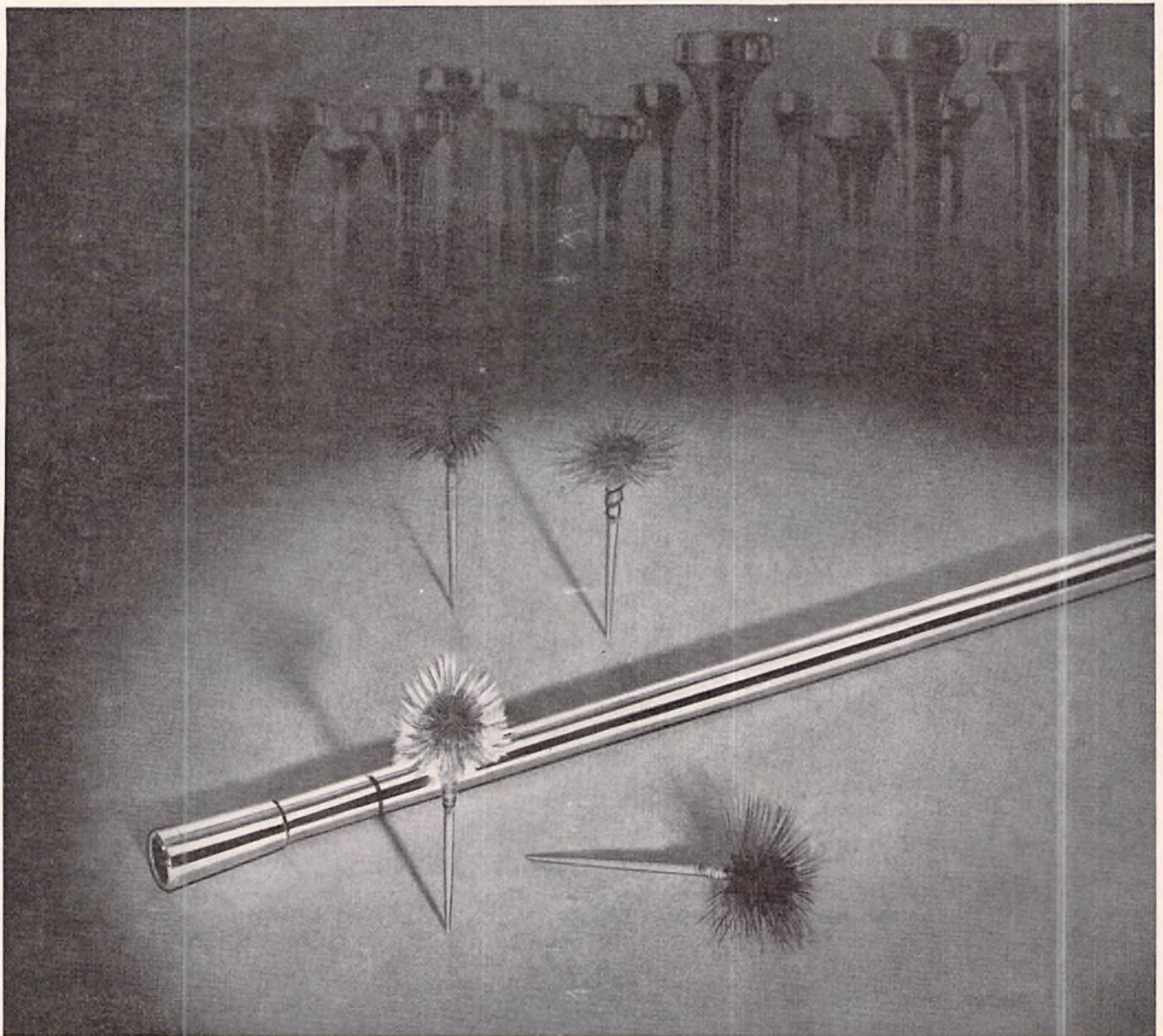


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the proceedings. But on the last three tunes, they get together and provide Hawkins and Flanagan with good support.

If all the tracks had been of the caliber of the last three, this would have been a higher-rated album. (D.DeM.)

Tubby Hayes-Ronnie Scott

THE COURIERS OF JAZZ, ENGLAND'S GREATEST COMBO—Carlton STLP 12/116: *Mirage; After Tea; Stop the World—I Want to Get Off!; In Salah; Star Eyes; The Monk; My Funny Valentine; Day In, Day Out.*

Personnel: Hayes, tenor saxophone, vibes; Scott, tenor saxophone; Terry Shannon, piano, celeste; Jeff Clyne, bass; Bill Eyden, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

If there ever was a fooler for Leonard Feather's *Blindfold Test*, this is it. I know it would have got me. This may or may not be "England's Greatest Combo," as the title says, but it's very good. The world has really shrunk when our supposedly staid British cousins are producing music like this. Several years ago there was no British group playing in this natural a groove.

Scott and Hayes are both accomplished soloists who have been influenced by Sonny Rollins. They eschew the more recent, hard, choppy side of his personality, however, to blow flowing booting tenor, which shows some of their other inspirations: Sonny Stitt and, in Hayes' case, Hank Mobley. On *Day In, Day Out*, Tubby sounds much like Stitt.

Having never heard either at great length, I found it difficult to tell them apart. The notes don't indicate who plays where, but based on the tracks where only Scott plays tenor, it sounds as if Hayes is the leadoff man on all other selections. Any British readers are invited to confirm or deny.

On *Stop the World*, an original by Scott, and *Funny Valentine*, Hayes plays vibes. He has a healthy, Jacksonlike conception but because of a clanky set, doesn't come off as well as on tenor.

This is one of the best foreign rhythm sections I ever have heard, and it contributes greatly to the success of the record. This was a working group at one time, and that is why everyone plays so well together.

Shannon digs Silver, Lewis, and Flanagan. Although he plays some of Horace's patterns (he comps just like him on *After Tea*), his touch and attack are softer and like Flanagan's.

Hayes' originals include *Tea*, which easily could be included in the Silver quintet's repertoire, and *The Monk*, a tribute to Thelonious that reminds of *Bemsha Swing* right down to the tympani and celeste.

If you can find this one around, get it by all means. (I.G.)

Johnny Hodges

BLUES-A-PLenty—Verve MG V-68358: *I Didn't Know About You; Cool Your Motor; Gone with the Wind; Honey Hill; Blues-a-Plenty; Don't Take Your Love from Me; Saturday Afternoon Blues; Satin Doll; Reeling and Rocking.*

Personnel: Hodges, alto saxophone; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Billy Strayhorn, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There are several good points about this record, but the way Hodges has been recorded on the four ballads (*You, Wind, Me, Doll*), which he plays with just the

rhythm section, is not one of them. The suave, creamy Hodges tone is virtually destroyed by close miking that gives it a breathy, rasping edge. The idiocy of this type of non-think is made obvious enough to penetrate even the wheels in a recording engineer's mind by the contrast of the more naturally balanced recording Hodges receives on the remaining selection (all blues) by the larger group.

Here Hodges comes through with clean, unruffled clarity. Even so, the big man on these selections is Eldridge, who is caught in a relaxed, unharried mood, blowing dark, crisply controlled, and beautifully full-bodied lines with none of the nervous agitation that so often mars his playing. This is the best Eldridge that has turned up on records in a long time. Another plus is provided by the eminently sensible and pertinent observations by Benny Green in the liner notes. (J.S.W.)

Freddie Hubbard

OPEN SESAME—Blue Note 4040: *Open Sesame; But Beautiful; Gypsy Blue; All or Nothing at All; One Mint Julep; Hub's Nub.*

Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet; Tina Brooks, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Clifford Jarvis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

There's a youthful virility and aggressiveness in this initial album of young (22) trumpeter Hubbard and cohorts that speaks well for the future of small-group jazz. The oldest musician on the date is 35-year-old bassist Jones; drummer Jarvis, at 19, is the youngest. What they produce, collectively and in solo context, makes for exciting and frequently quite stimulating jazz.

The trumpeter is an emerging soloist of great promise. He plays with a big, strongly assertive tone, mature ideational conception, and forthrightness of conviction. That there is much of Miles in his blowing is happily evident. Moreover, he is thoroughly in command of his horn.

Tenor man Brooks, a strong, outgoing, and vigorous player, wrote both the title tune and the exotically touched blues, *Gypsy Blue*. *Hub's Nub* is by Hubbard. The original material is linearly and harmonically strong; *Sesame*, in particular, is swift-moving and taken up-tempo with the authoritative horns opening and closing in rousing style.

Youngster Jarvis backs the rhythm section with conviction, and veteran Jones is like a presiding mentor. Tyner, one of the most stimulating young piano men to emerge in a long time, is in there taking care of business from Measure 1.

Fiery and frequently exciting, this set offers more than a glimpse of some of the more persuasive young talents in today's music. (J.A.T.)

J. J. Johnson

TROMBONE AND VOICES—Columbia CL 1547: *Jennie's Song; Only the Lonely; Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child; In a Sentimental Mood; Get Out of Town; I'm Glad There Is You; You're My Girl; To the Ends of the Earth; What Is There to Say?; Lazy Bones.*

Personnel: Johnson, trombone, with unidentified orchestra and vocal group.

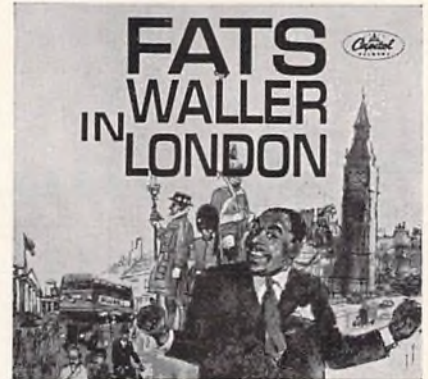
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rangements by Frank De Vol that milk both the pieces and the group until they moo, then drop J. J. Johnson into the middle. You have a choice of cringing or running. A reviewer, of course, has no choice. He sticks to his post and listens and wonders what gets into the minds of people who make records. Johnson pumps away willingly, but no matter what he does, there is always that frightful vocal group yammering or groaning or chirping around him. The most horrible thing about a record like this is that it is likely to be a commercial success. (J.S.W.)

Taft Jordan

THE MOODS OF TAFT JORDAN—Mercury MG 20429: *When Your Lover Has Gone; Night Boat; My Man; Do Anything; September Song; It's the Talk of the Town; Smoky; Mariquita; Second Balcony Jump.*

Personnel: Jordan, trumpet; unidentified rhythm section.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

I am afraid that this is one of those albums designed to span the gap between "popular" music and jazz and to be all things to all people. Inevitably, it is inoffensively pleasant but terribly unimpressive.

Jordan is a fine trumpet player, who has a commanding technique and a mellow, warm tone. Fragments of *Lover* and *September Song* contain some of the best of Jordan's round tone. He is a melodic musician who often plays clever phrases around the basic line of the tune but stays comfortably close to the melody and the surface of the work.

The pianist seems to be the most sympathetic, jazz-oriented accompanist of the unidentified rhythm section. *Smoky*, which sounds too loose and dangling, contains some of his best-constructed lines.

Lover is handled as a swinger and is one of the better tracks. It is quite short but retains a lilting air. Unfortunately, one of the dangers the melodic horn man faces is that clinkers are more noticeable. Here Jordan hits a few that leap out at even the most casual listener.

Night Boat; September Song, and *Talk of the Town* make up the balance of tunes that appealed to me as being close to light jazz. The remaining tunes offer little in the way of imaginative or creative jazz. *My Man* is rendered as a disjointed, choppy cha-cha with complete disregard to the message of the lyric. The tune shows no apparent spirit or feel. *Do Anything* almost swings but offers nothing that is new, novel, or interesting. *Mariquita* and *Balcony Jump* are not unpleasant; rather, they are light and meatless.

Jordan is capable of much more than is recorded here. (B.G.)

Stan Kenton

KENTON LIVE FROM THE LAS VEGAS TROPICANA—Capitol T1460: *Artistry in Rhythm; Bernie's Tune; Tuxedo Junction; Street Scene; Puck's Blues; I Concentrate on You; The End of a Love Affair; You and I and George; Sentimental Riff; Random Riff; Closing Theme.*

Personnel: Kenton, piano; Richie Kamuca, Lenie Niehaus, Billy Root, Sturi Swenson, Bill Trujillo, saxophones; Bud Brisbois, Joe Burnett, Frank Huggins, Roger Middleton, Jack Sheldon, trumpets; Jim Amolotte, Kent Larsen, Achie Le-Coque, Bob Olson, Bill Smiley, trombones; Red Kelly, bass; Jerry McKenzie, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

There must be a lot of bitterness and disillusionment brooding within Stan Ken-

ton. This thinly veiled acerbity is recorded here and hangs like a thick cloud over the entire album. The problem is first stated by Kenton himself in his introduction to the album. His Pagliacci references to his repeated efforts to gain success and recognition are tragically accurate, and all point to the fact that his has been, in a large measure, music with a difference for difference's sake.

The album is pleasant and, in spots, even exciting. *Tuxedo Junction* actually swings, and Kenton is still a master of the dramatic impact. *Bernie's Tune* is accented with spectacular punches. *Street Scene* has an appealing arrangement, even though the tune becomes heavy. This band, like all Kenton bands, balances precariously on the wire between power and weight. Niehaus has a long, roller-coaster solo on the generally well-executed *Love Affair*. Although his tone and phrasing here are good, his lines ramble fairly aimlessly, building to no climax. *Artistry in Rhythm*, which opens and closes the album, remains the ambitious undertaking it always has been. Here it is no better or worse than the skillful, technical work that Kenton has played before.

If ever there is needed evidence that any jazz presentation is the spitting image of its producer, I suggest this album as a case in point— aspiring, vocal, technically proficient, occasionally brilliant; yet polished and whitewashed almost to the point of sterility. (B.G.)

Rolf Kuhn

BE MY GUEST—Panorama PLPS-2008: *Istanbul; Waltzing Matilda; Lady of Spain; Canadian Sunset; South of the Border; Atlanta, Ga.; A Touch of Berlin; Manhattan; Chicago; Caravan.*

Personnel: Kuhn, clarinet; Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Chuck Wayne or Jim Hall, guitar; John Bunch, piano, organ; George Davivier or Henry Grimes, bass; Don Lamond or Ray Mosca, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

It comes as something of a shock to discover that there are musicians playing who haven't been touched by the current soul music deluge. Kuhn's Buddy-De-Franco-oriented clarinet could not be less affected by the back-to-the-roots movement if he hailed from the other side of the moon instead of Germany.

But it is just this that is the major flaw in his playing. What Kuhn requires, if he is to become a major voice, is a greater sense of personal involvement with the music than is now apparent in his slightly detached approach.

He also seems to have somewhat of an inhibiting effect on trumpeter Sheldon, who is capable of a more driving brand of jazz than he displays here, e.g., his work with the Curtis Counce group of a few years back. No such qualification need be made with respect to Bunch, whose tasty piano is a generally idiomatic groove walks off with top solo honors.

As for the album itself, it is generally pleasant in a light vein, but there just isn't that much happening. Kuhn and his colleagues have the chops, but that sense of direct emotional communication that distinguishes really first-rate jazz is for the most part lacking. (F. K.)

Mungione Brothers

THE JAZZ BROTHERS—Riverside 335: *Something Different; Secret Love; Alice; Struttin'*

with Sandra; Nemesis; The Gap; Girl of My Dreams.

Personnel: Chuck Mangione, trumpet; Larry Combs, alto saxophone; Sal Nistico, tenor saxophone; Gap Mangione, piano; Bill Saunders, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

If the Mangione Brothers Sextet were made up of old, established pros, one could consider this set as distinctly above average, despite some erratic sections. But for a group of youngsters (Chuck is 19, Gap is 22, and the two saxophonists are 20) it borders on the fantastic. The group uses a powerhouse approach and sustains it remarkably well. Its ensembles are clean, surging with vigor and brightly voiced.

Of the soloists, Chuck Mangione is easily the most consistent and the most polished. He is still working under a strong Gillespie influence but shows no signs of being strangled by slavish adherence to his model. The two saxophonists have a tendency to get hung for ideas, but both of them have moments of brilliance. Combs in particular shows that he can put together a really alarming solo on a wild, roaring, boppish piece called *The Gap*. Gap Mangione, the pianist, is a strong, prodding accompanist. He solos only relatively briefly in an adequate but not especially distinguished fashion.

One of the most interesting things about the sextet is its ballad conception. They play the two ballads on this disc with spirit and rhythmic punch, taking advantage of the melodic values of the original themes instead of grinding them down to flat, drab statements, and on *Girl of My Dreams*, they make this well-worn old piece of banality seem astonishingly fresh and attractive. (J.S.W.)

Three Sounds

MOODS—Blue Note 4044: *Love for Sale*; *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*; *On Green Dolphin Street*; *Loose Walk*; *Lil' Darlin'*; *I'm Beginning to See the Light*; *Tammy's Breeze*; *Sandu*.

Personnel: Gene Harris, piano; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Bill Dowdy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

There is little in the way of unique identity that one can associate with this group, either individually or en masse.

Their assembly-line approach results in a least-common-denominator type of music that depends for its effects on mannered opening and closing routines and passages copped, often note for note, from Red Garland, Wynton Kelly, Ahmad Jamal, and others. In producing this facade, the Three Sounds themselves have managed to disappear from view. If they do have anything of their own to say, it won't be found here.

Moreover, their reproductions aren't even particularly accurate copies of the originals. One example should suffice: listen to *Green Dolphin Street*, first as played by Kelly (*Kelly Blue*, Riverside RLP 12-298), and then as performed by the Three Sounds. The former version is light, witty, elegant and shows Kelly to have a fantastic sense of rhythmic displacement. By contrast, the latter is phlegmatic and completely lacking in subtlety. The more obvious characteristics of the Kelly performance have been so exaggerated that what emerges is less of a reproduction than a parody. (F.K.)

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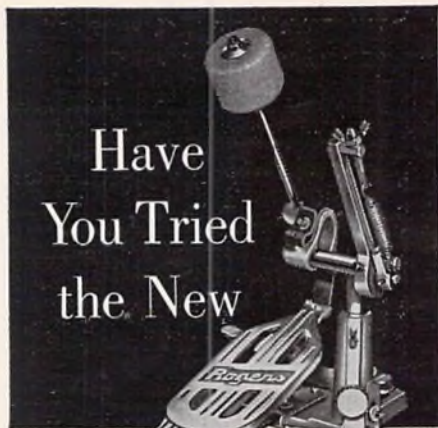
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Lars Werner-Bernt Rosengren
BOMBASTICA!—Jazzland JLP 26: *Bombastica; Dancing in a Country Summer House; Living up to Life; Latin Beat; Sergel; Drottningholm Ballad; Too Late; Happiness Beans; Sweet Summer*.

Personnel: Rosengren, tenor saxophone; Werner, piano; Torbjörn Hulterantz, bass; Sune Spangberg, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

I have a sinking feeling that with our population at 180,000,000 there are going to be about 179,999,000 who will not buy this LP. It consists of six originals by pianist Werner and three by Kjell Samuelsson. The compositions are supposed to be the main value of the album. They are described on the cover as "highly individual," which does them more harm than good. Some are very pleasant, especially the ballads, but to call them highly individual is ludicrous.

Rosengren, who impressed me when he came over here in 1958 as an International Band delegate at the Newport Jazz festival, needs more support than just a rhythm section; that flat, damp sound becomes a bore.

Werner plays adequate early-bop piano with a touch recalling George Wallington. The bass player and drummer are good, though the balance seems inconsistent.

The ensembles, what there is of them, tend to be a little sloppy, especially those careless, tailing-off ends, which are about as attractive as hair hanging down under the arms. Cut 'em off, man! (L.G.F.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Rex Stewart

REX STEWART AND THE ELLINGTONIANS—Riverside 144: *Solid Rock; Bugle Call Rag; Cherry; Diga Diga Doo* (Rex Stewart's Big Seven). *Flim-Flam; Blues Kicked the Bucket; Madeline; Loopin' Lobo*: (Rex Stewart's Big Four); *A Woman's Got a Right to Change Her Mind; Departure from Dixie*: (Jimmy Jones' Big Eight).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The four pieces that make up Side 1 (*Solid Rock, Bugle Call Rag, Cherry, Diga Diga Doo*) came out of one of the most successful of the Hot Record Society's sessions (held in 1940). These are swinging, full-blooded performances, strongly colored by the commanding presence of four Ellingtonians (Stewart, Barney Bigard, Wellman Braud, and Lawrence Brown) with the light, kicking support of Billy Kyle and Dave Tough. Both Stewart and Bigard are in particularly fine form on these pieces, Rex stabbing out pungent muted solos that have a blistering urgency and Barney showing the rich, sweeping attack that flourished when he was under Ellington's discipline. *Cherry* mixes some Lunceford reflections in with the predominant Ellington feeling, and *Diga Diga Doo*, in addition to a wonderfully lusty solo by Brown and some of Kyle's most airy pre-Armstrong piano, has a drum solo by Tough that is a model of directness, simplicity, and purposefulness.

The remaining pieces date from 1946 and are poorly recorded. Stewart's four selections are of moderate interest, almost all of it centered on him. Jones' *A Woman's Got a Right to Change Her Mind*

is an excellent showcase for Harry Carney's remarkably fluid lyricism, but even Carney can't bring much life to the uninspired *Departure from Dixie*. (J.S.W.)

Various Artists

GIANTS OF SMALL BAND SWING, Vol. 1—Riverside RLP 143: *H.R.S. Bounce; Contemporary Blues; Four Wheel Drive; Bottle It; Tea for Me; Sandy's Blues; Drag Nasty; Opera in Blue; Right Foot Then Left Foot; Denzil's Best; Strollin' Easy; Weeta*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2: Billy Kyle's Big Eight—Dick Vance, trumpet; Tommy Young, trombone; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Lem Davis, alto saxophone; John Hardee, tenor saxophone; Kyle, piano; John Simmons, bass; Buddy Rich, drums. Tracks 3, 4, 9, 10: Russell Procope's Big Six—Harold Baker, trumpet; Procope, alto saxophone; Hardee, tenor saxophone; Kyle, piano; Simmons, bass; Denzil Best, drums. Tracks 5, 6: Sandy Williams' Big Eight—Pee Wee Irwin, trumpet; Williams, trombone; Tab Smith, alto saxophone; Cecil Scott, tenor and baritone saxophones; Jimmy Jones, piano; Brick Fleagle, guitar; Sid Weiss, bass; Best, drums. Tracks 7, 8: Dicky Wells' Big Seven—George Treadwell, trumpet; Wells, trombone; Budd Johnson, tenor saxophone; Scott, baritone saxophone; Jones, piano; Al McKibbon, bass; Jimmy Crawford, drums. Tracks 11, 12: Jimmy Jones' Big Four—Budd Johnson, tenor saxophone; Jones, piano; Al Hall, bass; Best, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

These tracks are reissues of 1946 HRS sessions representing an attempt to spotlight the abilities of various prominent sidemen of the day, musicians who, for the most part, were trained and formed almost entirely by the traditions of big band swing. This was an admirable project, but for some unaccountable reason this series did not quite jell.

The ensembles all have an Ellington flavor, but most are without the Ellington spirit. The solos, with a few exceptions, do not rise above the level of ordinary competence.

The best track is *Opera* which has a fleet, assured Johnson and a beautiful solo by pianist Jones, who was just then beginning to find his way with his strange and lovely chords. *Sandy's Blues* is very good; Sandy's trombone comes tearing into the delicate opening ensemble with fine, gutty obbligatos, and he follows this with a powerful chorus. There are tasty solos by Baker on *Drive* and *Bottle*, but these are much too brief.

The rest of the album has playing which conforms to the normal rules of swinging, but there are not many attempts to turn these playing moments into the romp you might expect from these musicians.

(G.M.E.)

Various Artists

GIANTS OF SMALL BAND SWING, VOL. 2—Riverside 145: *Mountain Air; Chili Con Carney; After Hours on Dream Street; Sumpin' Jumpin' around Here; Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?* (Sandy Williams' Big Eight); *Riff Street; A Touch of Blue*: (Joe Thomas' Big Six); *Dutch Treat; A Penny for Your Blues*: (J. C. Higginbotham's Big Eight); *Keeping Up with Jones; Sunny Side Up*: (Jimmy Jones' Big Four); *Red Rock*: (Dicky Wells' Big Seven).

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The main connecting link between this mish-mosh of sides cut by the Hot Record Society in 1945 and 1946 is the dismal recording — muffled, mushy, and tubby. But through the murk one catches glimpses of some stirring, exciting, and even lovely sounds.

There is the tremendous authority with which Sandy Williams brings *Gee, Baby* to life. And there is excellent work by three alto saxophonists — Tab Smith whose very personal style of hot silkiness leaps out of *Dutch Treat*, Lem Davis who

rides airily through *Riff Street*, and Johnny Hodges who has two semi-ballads practically to himself (*Chili Con Carney* and *After Hours*) and also gets a chance to show off his bright, rollicking side on *Mountain Air*.

But far and away the most impressive soloist on the disc is Joe Thomas, whose trumpet brings exhilarating zest to these pieces whenever he appears. Thomas' is a crisp, no-nonsense style. He gets right down to business with a clean, singing tone and ideas that give immediate buoyancy to any situation that he enters. It's hard to reconcile these vital, polished performances with his recent in-and-out appearances on Prestige and Atlantic releases. (J.S.W.)

Various Artists

THE SAURUS OF CLASSIC JAZZ, VOLS. I-IV—Columbia C&L 18; Vol. I—*My Melancholy Baby* (Dorsey Brothers); *Beebe* (Jimmy Dorsey); *Humpty Dumpty* (Frankie Trumbauer); *Three Blind Mice* (Frankie Trumbauer); *Lila* (Frankie Trumbauer); *Feeling No Pain* (Miff Mole); *Vo-Du-De-O Blues* (The Goolus Five); *Four String Joe* (Joe Venuti's Blue Four); *Walkin' the Dog* (Ed Lang); *Hot Heels* (Ed Lang); *Freeze and Melt* (Ed Lang); *Bugle Call Rag* (Ed Lang). Vol. II—*Darktown Strutters' Ball*; *Davenport Blues*; *My Gal Sal*; *The New Twister*; *Honolulu Blues*; *That's Plenty*; *After You've Gone*; *I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling*; *Alexander's Ragtime Band*; *Some Sweet Day*; *Crazy Rhythm*; *Navy Blue* (Miff Mole and His Mollers). Vol. III—*Mississippi Mud*; *My Gal Sal*; *Wabash Blues*; *Davenport Blues*; *After You've Gone*; *Sugar Foot Strut*; *Imagination*; *Delirium*; *Five Pennies*; *Someday, Sweetheart*; *Feeling No Pain* (Red Nichols and Charleston Chasers). Vol. IV—*Brown Sugar*; *Get a Load of This*; *Meadowlark*; *Heebie Jeebies*; *Good Man Is Hard to Find*; *Baltimore*; *Alabama Stomp*; *Hurricane* (The Red Heads; Nichols et al.); *Washboard Blues*; *That's No Bargain*; *Red Head Blues*; *Birmingham Breakdown*; *Boneyard Shuffle*; *Stomp*

in' Fool; *Ja-Da*; *Sensation* (Arkansas Travelers; Nichols et al.).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

If you bought these recordings—as I did—when they came out, you're probably more than 50 years old and no longer playing much jazz yourself.

This music is highly specialized, a tight little island consisting of the best jazz, played with no holds barred (that was unusual at the time), by a small gang of the best white jazzmen in the east from about 1927 to 1929. In fact, they were what the sociologists call an "in-group," the jazz elite of the day, who knew how to promote any number of recording sessions.

This music is also a neatly landscaped dead-end. It created no tradition except, perhaps, in the big commercial bands where an occasional soloist popped up later. For other groups—Jelly-Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers, Louis Armstrong's Hot Five, and Duke Ellington's Washingtonians, to name a few—had been making recordings, too, with an entirely different kind of jazz, the kind that led to the jazz we know today.

Yet this music is vintage jazz by any historic yardstick, pale dry, intricate, and symmetrical. The ensembles are crisp and cohesive, the solos nimble and abstract. It is as if, at an exhibition of modern painting since Cezanne, you turned the corner and walked smack up to a Mondrian: bright, precise designs in complex geometrical patterns. In its own way and on its own terms, a Mondrian can't be beaten because nobody can go any further in that direction.

These musicians—Bix Beiderbecke, the Dorseys, Lang, Mole, Nichols, Arthur Schutt, Trumbauer, Venuti (to name a few of the best included in these volumes)—were influenced mainly by other white musicians and the music of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and other white bands. In effect, they cut down on emotion while building up expressiveness.

They were top-notch technicians, who could execute anything they felt; they worked out a balance between arrangement and solos that made each number an artistic unit, and they played together with one mind and heart. The result is a high level of precision and clarity.

By and large, these musicians seldom played 12-bar blues, nor did they employ many blue notes in their improvising. They played a few standards, a few pops but chiefly their own compositions in a ragtime form and a Dixieland style—most of it in a consistently cheerful mood. They set great store upon improvising (it seemed almost radical at the time), running the changes vertically, one chord after another. The music doesn't swing, it simply rocks.

The musician who "was forever trying to play the solo that would be admired by generations of musicians to come" hit upon one of the chief aims of this music. The arrangements were written to set off the solos and especially the solo breaks. They lived for that break—it was their chance to shine—and once in a while they created a short-lived classic that other musicians admired.

It's difficult to imagine today how great

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and inimitable those musicians seemed then. Schutt, like Thelonious Monk, was worshiped for his crazy chords; Beiderbecke, like Dizzy Gillespie, was idolized for his ability to hit any incredible note he wanted; Miles Davis and Nichols make another interesting parallel; like Cannonball Adderley and Sonny Stitt, Jimmy Dorsey and Frankie Trumbauer were compared and contrasted endlessly; Miff Mole, like Charlie Parker, was honored above all for his inexhaustible invention.

The monopoly these musicians enjoyed for a brief time was helped by the fact that recordings were segregated. A middle-class white youngster had to explore the Negro district to find anything else. Even the musicians didn't cross racial lines very

often, and the Nichols-Mole group, for example, hadn't even heard of Jack Teagarden in the late 1920s when I inquired. The tunes of colored bands reached them occasionally (*Heebie Jeebies*, *Sugar Foot Strut*, *Freeze and Melt*) but not the style. That was their own.

In this album, don't miss Tommy Dorsey's trumpet on *Hot Heels* (he had heard Armstrong); Miff Mole and His Molers cutting *Some Sweet Day* with typically sharp and biting ensembles and, at the same time, relaxed and lucid solos; Red Nichols' Charleston Chasers bouncing cleanly through *After You've Gone* or more slowly in *Someday*, *Sweetheart*. And for kicks and instruction, demonstrating the entire transcendental transformation,

listen to the Arkansas Travelers featuring Pee Wee Russell reworking Ellington's *Birmingham Breakdown*.

Can a young musician today learn anything from this music? Is it part of a usable past? I think so, especially as a guide for quartet and quintet arranging, interweaving solos and ensembles. Whatever else they lacked, these musicians had a fine sense of dynamics and proportion, qualities that enhance any art, and an impressive number of their recordings qualify as self-contained and well-rounded—if minor—works of art. What they did, they did intelligently and well, although the mainstream swept on without them. (M.S.)

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.

- Ernestine Anderson, *Moanin'* (Mercury MG-20582, SR-60242)
 Chris Barber, *Trad Jazz, Vol. 1* (Laurie 1003)
 Count Basie, *Benny Carter's Kansas City Suite* (Roulette 52056)
 Count Basie, Maynard Ferguson, others, *The Most Vol. 3* (Roulette 52057)
 Prof. Alex Bradford's Choir, *Abyssinian Baptist Gospel Choir* (Columbia CL-1548, CS-8348)
 Milt Buckner, *Please, Mr. Organ Player* (Argo 670)
 Blossom Dearie, *Soubrette Sings Broadway Hits* (Verve 2133)
 Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina Quartet, *Pacific Standard Swingin' Time* (Decca 74031)
 Billy Eckstine, *No Cover, No Minimum* (Roulette 52052)
 Maynard Ferguson, *Let's Face the Music and Dance* (Roulette 52055)
 Stan Getz, *Cool Velvet* (Verve 8379)
 Dizzy Gillespie, *A Portrait of Duke Ellington* (Verve 8386)
 Tyree Glenn *at the London House in Chicago* (Roulette 25138)
 Buddy Greco, *Songs for Swinging Losers* (Epic LN-3746, BN 585)
 John Handy, *No Coast Jazz* (Roulette 52058)
 The Jazztet, *Big City Sounds* (Argo 672)
 Roland Kirk, Ira Sullivan, *Roland Kirk* (Argo 670)
 Ramsey Lewis Trio *in Chicago* (Argo 671)
 Shelly Manne, Bud Shank, Milt Bernhard, others, *College Confidential* (Chancellor 5016)
 Howard McGhee, *Music from the Connection* (Felsted 7512)
 Jackie McLean, *Capuchin Swing* (Blue Note 4038)
 Paul Moer Trio, *Contemporary Jazz Classics* (Del-Fi 1212)
 Horace Parlan, *Speakin' My Piece* (Blue Note 4043)
 Johnny Smith, *Smith Plus Trio* (Roost 2243)
 Tremble Kids and American Jazz Group, *New Orleans Dixieland Jazz* (Bruno 50141)
 Frank Wess (*Prestige/Moodville Vol. 8*)



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Some months ago, J. J. Johnson made a crucial decision that altered the direction of his career. Abandoning the road and his quintet, he began to devote much of his time to composing and arranging.

Since the appearance of his *Poem for Brass* in the *Music for Brass* LP on Columbia three years ago, there has been an increasing awareness of his compositional skill. In the next few months there will be even more talk as his two newest works are released on records. One, commissioned by John Lewis, will include his first writing for strings; the other, commissioned by Dizzy Gillespie, will feature a large brass section.

This seemed a logical time to interview the trombonist on records of compositional interest rather than on the performances of a flock of trombonists. Accordingly, I adopted a technique without precedent in *The Blindfold Test*, playing an entire album, *Third Stream Music*. Johnson was not informed that all the performances were related. His reactions, therefore, were based not on the "Third Stream" concept but simply on the individual merit of each of the compositions and their interpretation.



THE BLINDFOLD TEST ■ J. J. JOHNSON

The Records

1. and 2. *Modern Jazz Quartet and Jimmy Giuffre 3. Da Capo and Finé* (from *Third Stream Music*, Atlantic). Jim Hall, guitar; John Lewis, Giuffre, composers.

That sounded like the Modern Jazz Quartet with Jimmy Giuffre and Jim Hall. I would say it was composed by either John Lewis or Giuffre—more probably Giuffre, because there were some touches in there that were typical of what he does. It hung together very well, and I found the combination very attractive.

Perhaps the composition could have been developed with more variety. My observation as a composer and arranger has been that you get an idea, you go to the piano, and work it out—that's one of the most important steps in the sequence of events—when you develop it and put it into some kind of form, et cetera. There have been times with respect to some of my own compositions where I realize later that something I wrote could have stood more development, more working out. That's the challenge . . . The integration between the writing and the solo parts came off very well here. Giuffre played very well. He's most effective in that kind of context.

Appearing at the Monterey festival with the Modern Jazz Quartet, when I wrote some things for our appearance together, was a ball. One of my most pleasurable experiences.

How shall I rate this? Let's say 4½ stars for the performance, 4¾ for the composition.

3. *Modern Jazz Quartet and chamber group. Exposure* (from *Third Stream Music*, Atlantic). Lewis, composer; Gunther Schuller, conductor.

I heard this piece last year at Monterey. Schuller is very gifted and brilliant, likely to become one of the most important of American contemporary composers. I'd give 4½ to the project as a whole.

Feather: Have you ever written for that kind of instrumentation?

Johnson: Let's see, wind ensemble . . . yes, I have. I rearranged an original composition of mine called *Turnpike*. You've probably heard it, an up-tempo thing that I did a long time ago. I think it was for Blue Note with Jimmy Heath.

Feather: Did you ever record it for a larger group?

Johnson: No, but it will be very shortly now. It's written for French horn, flute, bassoon, trombone, tenor sax, drums, and bass. We did it at Town Hall. We did several things that John Lewis and Schuller wrote, and I wrote *Turnpike* and a few other things. I think they taped it that night, but I don't think it was ever released . . . Now, assuming that this was a Schuller arrangement—I'm almost sure that it was—it's a very crafty arrangement I think, a very crafty composition, with a lot of thought and skill employed in writing, notating, and voicing it.

A trick of arranging and composition, from my observation, is in bringing the ideas as they come to you into sharp focus on paper, so that when the instruments get it, it's played with definition. This is oftentimes a problem. In other words, there's a real trick to voicing and instrumentating, a real trick. Schuller's got the trick, Gil Evans has got the trick; crafty, very crafty, Gil Evans. John Lewis has got the trick. So few arrangers do have the trick.

In other words, there are those arrangers and composers who get very good ideas, you know, but they don't have the trick of getting it onto paper, with the right voicing, the right instrumentating, and what not. There's the trick. And that's what I'm mostly concerned about when I sit down to write.

It doesn't always come off; sometimes you miss. You miss on occasion, but I'm concerned about that very much. What's the right combination of instruments for this sound, for this idea. There were one or two motifs, shall we say, that were just a bit overdeveloped here, I thought. Other than that, I'd still say that it was a very

crafty arrangement, in a very general sense.

4. *Modern Jazz Quartet and Beaux Arts String Quartet. Sketch* (from *Third Stream Music*, Atlantic). Lewis, composer.

That's a double quartet, I think. It's the Modern Jazz Quartet, plus a string quartet. You know, we had a very interesting thing up at Lenox this year with strings. We had this string ensemble that was brought to Lenox by John Garvey, of, I think it was, the University of Illinois. He's one of the musical directors or teachers out there, and they did this workshop-type thing.

They rehearsed every day, and the students could write things for strings and bring them and try them out. One of the students, Gary McFarland, wrote a very interesting piece for string quartet or quintet and solo trombone. I had the good fortune of playing this piece on the closing concert of the Lenox season, and it was quite interesting. This blend is crazy, trombone and strings, wonderful blend.

I thought this was positively a five-star performance. Great string playing, and the MJQ played in top form, as they usually do. This is the first time I've heard this. Schuller just recently gave me the score; that's how I recognized the opening phrases, from the first page of the score.

I don't think this composition is as crafty . . . I'm sure this is John Lewis's composition. I know John's writing pretty well, and I don't think the composition is as crafty as the one you played for me before. I'd say about four stars for the composition.

This idea of bringing strings into the jazz context is a relatively new thing, and some strides in that direction have been made. I think that inevitably it will even work out better. The problem of bringing strings into the jazz idiom has got to do with inflections and the various intensities. Most of the really good string players have classical backgrounds, and this de-

(Continued on next page)

Ludwig



Percy Brice is a name that appeared early and often on lists of promising young talent, and then richly fulfilled the promise by moving up to the rosters of all-time stars. Born in New York in '23, he studied piano and violin before shifting to drums, under Aubry Brooks of Local 802. He's played with Luis Russell, Benny Carter, Duke Ellington, Johnny Otis, the Billy Taylor trio and George Shearing's quintet; he's now with a combo backing up Sara Vaughan. And one other big name is always associated with Brice's: LUDWIG, the MOST FAMOUS NAME ON DRUMS.

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mands a specific kind of technique and interpretation. So that we've almost got to brainwash the string players.

The ones who are aware of the possibilities for strings as far as jazz is concerned are very co-operative and willing to be brainwashed (I use that brainwashed for want of a better expression; you know what I mean, though). They're very eager for you to suggest to them inflections and how to interpret jazz-wise, which makes the problem much simpler. It can't be done with string players who are going to be sticklers for their way of thinking . . .

As far as jazz is concerned, it won't work. It'll take very broadminded string players to bring this whole concept about . . . strings and jazz.

5. Same. Conversation. Schuller, composer.

I'll bet money that's Schuller's arrangement. No question about that. And again I'd say that Schuller's sure to become one of the important contemporary American composers. A very crafty guy. Well, again, a five-star performance . . . great performance. Too much.

Composition, 4%, but getting back to that thing about getting it down on paper and working it out with the instruments . . . five stars there. Let's call it documentation.

One of the high points of the composition for me was that segment where the MJQ is wailing, and the strings come in with these little bits of things, little snatches of things. Very effective.

Feather: Do you think the jazz and non-jazz passages are well integrated in terms of the over-all form of the thing? Or is it hard to say on one hearing?

Johnson: I'd have to hear it again to comment on that aspect of it.

Feather: Does it strike you as the kind of thing you'd like to hear many times?

Johnson: Well, that would depend on the groove I was in. I get in different grooves. Like in my own collection if I get in a groove, I get in a Ravel groove or in a Stravinsky groove, and I could get in *that* groove. I have been in that groove.

Actually, the concept is rather intellectual. Schuller is an intellect. You could hear that in his writings always, that he is a very brainy guy. He's a very knowledgeable person, and his writing always brings this out.

I think you can approach a composition from a very intellectual vantage point, and there still will be these places where the emotional content can come through.

"Third Stream" Music? Well, I'd have to take that up with Schuller. I'd like to find out just what he means by third stream. I'm not too clear on that. Because for sure, in all of those compositions and on all of those performances, the classical portions were definitely classical, and the jazz portions were definitely jazz, and, for sure, it was a very compatible arrangement. One group and one idea did complement the other. It worked out very well.

I think that if and when a third stream comes about, it will be something very different from what we heard today.

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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.

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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.

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By ART HODES

I was watching a football game on TV and listening to the sportscaster. He was using such descriptive terms as "draw play" and "red dogging," and I don't know what else. I couldn't follow him; all I saw was the fellow with the ball, going places. I think there're a lot of people listening to jazz who are in a comparable position. They can follow the leader or dig the guy taking the chorus, but they never really hear (not really) what's going on "in back." Which brings to mind . . .

Nick's in the village—New York City during the '40s . . . Nick's, the jazz oasis . . . Hackett, Miff Mole, Condon, Pee Wee, Muggsy, Wettling—this was home for the boys who played it hot. Forty bucks a week was money (when you got it): a record date was an event, and jazz listeners were few.

Nick ran a strict "jazz jernt." Like one time a guy started singing while the band was playing. When the first notes reached Nick, he couldn't contain himself. "Get the bum out of the joint," he roared.

"But boss," the head waiter remon-

strated, "that's Ray Eberle, the singer."

"I don't care if it's Bing Crosby—give him his check and get him out."

You met Nick's; now here's the tale. I had wandered in to give a listen, and I look up at the bandstand, and there's Fats sitting in. I'm just lucky; so I settle back for a long listen; it's coming at me real good, when what happens? Fats spots me and waves at me to come on over.

This is a big man, Waller; I don't mean size, stature. With him at the piano, a room jumps. So I feel good, him wanting me to come up. Fats gets up and sits me down at the piano. "You got it," he says. Yeah, that's when I got it. Just a few bars and it hits me—the drummer isn't swinging.

That's one of the things that made Fats so great; he would equalize the bad by adding the good, bolster up the rhythm. When the audience hears it, it's all in one piece. Yes, sir, you had to come on to straighten out that mess. In no time I was sweating.

It makes you wonder. If I, a musician, am sitting out front, listening, and not getting the full story of what's happening on the bandstand, what about the public or the reporters who catch a band in action? But wait . . .

In about this same period, Signature (Bob Thiele) recorded a group of us

Chicagoans. I remember Marty Marsala, trumpet; Jack Goss, guitar, and Rod Cless, clarinet, were on the date. Four sides. LP? That came later, and you didn't say "track" then.

This was a big thing with us; making a date was an important event. We'd all play together, and we'd play the tunes many a time. So come recording time, we were ready. What happens? Our drummer doesn't show but sends a sub. I don't know how the guy plays, so we went on without him. And the date came out pretty good; all concerned were happy with it. Fact is, the day I picked up my copy and gave a listen, a well-known (and respected) jazz writer was standing there alongside me, and when the record was over, he turned to me and said, "Man, you guys were really swingin'. Who was that on drums?"

One afternoon a group of us did a date at a New York City college. Remember Frankie Newton? Trumpet man? I believe he was on it. Kaiser Marshall was drumming. Condon, myself, Mezz (Mezzrow, a clarinetist). We were in one of those "archaic" rooms—old statues, old chairs, old piano, and thick dust—certainly no place to get excited in. But we did. And everybody was surviving.

Comes intermission time, and who strolls in, sits down at the piano, plays? Cliff Jackson. And he can play, too. Well, it gets to sounding pretty good, and Mezz decides he wants some of that. So he starts to blow, but somehow (and it was the blues) Mezz falls in a beat behind Cliff. It was funny now that I think of it and it's gone—Mezz blowing louder and louder, and his foot coming down higher and higher . . . and the dust . . . neither man giving an inch. At the finish it was Mezz by a nose. He hit the last note.

The audience broke it up for Mezz. It kinda left us dumbfounded. We just stood around looking at each other. Finally somebody said, "Well, I'll be damned . . ."

Still with me? One more short snort.

It's Jimmy Ryan's, 52nd St., the home of sessions. Sidney Bechet is blowing.

Naturally, it's good listening. The room is jam packed. The choruses go around, until it's the drummer's 32 bars. "Go, man!" the crowd cheers him on. He goes, but in the process he gets all tangled up with himself. He's got the whole band wondering where to come in, and in general, it's a nowhere thing. Well, the roof comes down with applause—for our hero, the drummer.

Afterwards, I'm outside and I hear Sidney chewing out this genius on the merits of keeping time.

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Caught in the Act

WOODY HERMAN
Birdhouse, Chicago

I caught only the first and last set, but these made a permanent impression. The band is good. Despite a few personnel shake-ups in recent weeks, an excellent feeling of unity pervades this band. This is especially noticeable in the dynamics, shakes, falloffs, and cutoffs of the brass section, which is admirably—if not stupendously—led by Bill Chase.

Herman has found in tenor saxophone soloist Gordie Brisker a thoughtful, calm, introspective, nonpanic musician. Brisker's conservative approach to the horn is refreshing in these days of white plastic altos and speeding locomotive tenors. And why doesn't Bill Berry make some records? He is, to my thinking, one of the best Miles-inspired trumpet players and deserves to be heard more widely.

Although the book seems to suffer from a certain sameness (I heard only a dozen tunes), still, there is an impressive fact: the *curve* of all the arrangements I heard was well drawn. They went from beginning to middle to end, with all the highs and all the lows in the most effective places. I don't know who is responsible for most of the work, but I especially enjoyed arrangements by Ralph Burns and Brisker.

Birdhouse is a haven for all who want to enjoy jazz in the best way (i.e. by *listening* to it) without contending with lusher and hustling waitresses. The room has been improved acoustically so that now it is the most pleasant place in Chicago to hear live jazz.

—Bill Mathieu

BILLY ECKSTINE
The Cloister, Hollywood

Personnel: Eckstine, vocals; Bobby Tucker, piano, arrangements; Geri Galian Orchestra.

While there is nothing startlingly new or striking about B's current saloon act, the material and performance reaffirms his eminence as one of the best in the line of jazz-oriented vocalists and as a stylistic showman.

Emphasis is heavy on the old familiar—*Everything I Have Is Yours*,

Prisoner of Love, Cottage for Sale—including what he wryly termed, on the night of review "my latest hit record, *I Apologize*."

Despite struggling accompaniment from a band that appeared to suffer from underrehearsal, Eckstine revealed that his voice has lost none of its celebrated insinuation for the distaff patrons. Moreover, in the showmanship department his urbane manner and effective use of trumpet, open and muted, hit the bulls-eye. Certainly no virtuoso on the horn, his raw and bluesy blowing on the Joe Williams-styled *All Right, Okay, Etc.*, almost compensated in aggressiveness for what it lacked in jazz eloquence.

Sticking to the safe line of performing familiar recorded songs is understandable in any performer, yet Eckstine's medley of Duke Ellington tunes (*Don't Get Around Much Anymore; I Got It Bad, and That Ain't Good; I'm Beginning to See the Light*) proved to be a most effective wedding of performer and material. It was, in fact, the high point of the act to these ears. Erroll Garner's *Misty* also was a well-chosen excursion into fresh musical territory.

Discounting one up-tempoed rocker that catered to teenage faddism, the Eckstine act remains as solidly attractive and musically worthwhile as of yore.

—Tynan

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UP BEAT SECTION



By **BILL MATHIEU**

The word "voicing" is used—and misused—often enough in record reviews and liner notes. What is "voicing" and how does it work?

Strictly speaking, voicing is the distribution on the keyboard or in the orchestra of the tones of a chord. If there are five tones in a chord, the simplest voicing would be over five instruments, the lowest-sounding ones playing the deep notes, the higher-sounding ones playing the treble notes. Usually, however, there are more instruments than there are tones, in which case doublings will occur.

Take the example of a simple four-tone chord (d,f,a,c). Any of these four pitches can be made to occur in a higher or lower octave. Different distributions of the tones will give different colors. Certain distributions will even alter the basic sound of the chord. Here are some of the possibilities:

Ex. 1: The chord in its simplest form.

EX. 1

Ex. 2: A lush voicing of five trombones. One note (the f) is doubled at the octave.

EX. 2

Ex. 3: A warm voicing of five saxophones.

EX. 3

Ex. 4: A full and powerful voicing that stretches out over the entire orchestra. Here 15 instruments are playing the same four tones reaching through nearly four octaves.

EX. 4

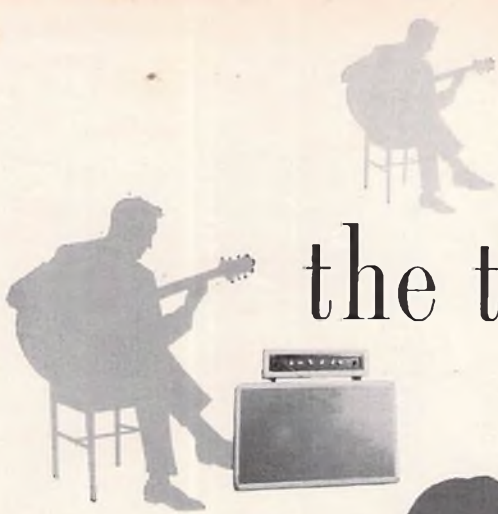
Some student arrangers are convinced that certain voicings have a kind of mysterious power and that if only their secret is discovered, emotional expression is assured. There is little truth to this. Voicing in music is analogous to color in painting. The color red is not necessarily exciting. But if properly used, red can pack a wallop.

It is quite true that certain voicings possess definite characteristics that are kin to certain feelings, just as are colors. Glenn Miller's clarinet lead in the sax section was "light" and "airy"; some of Bill Russo's trombone voicings for the Stan Kenton band are "thick" and "rich"; Gil Evans' woodwind voicings are "delicate."

But the important point is that the innate quality of a voicing should only be a relatively minor factor in the overall construction of a piece.

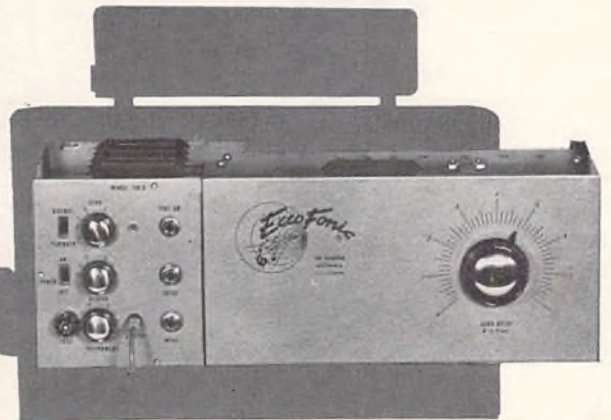
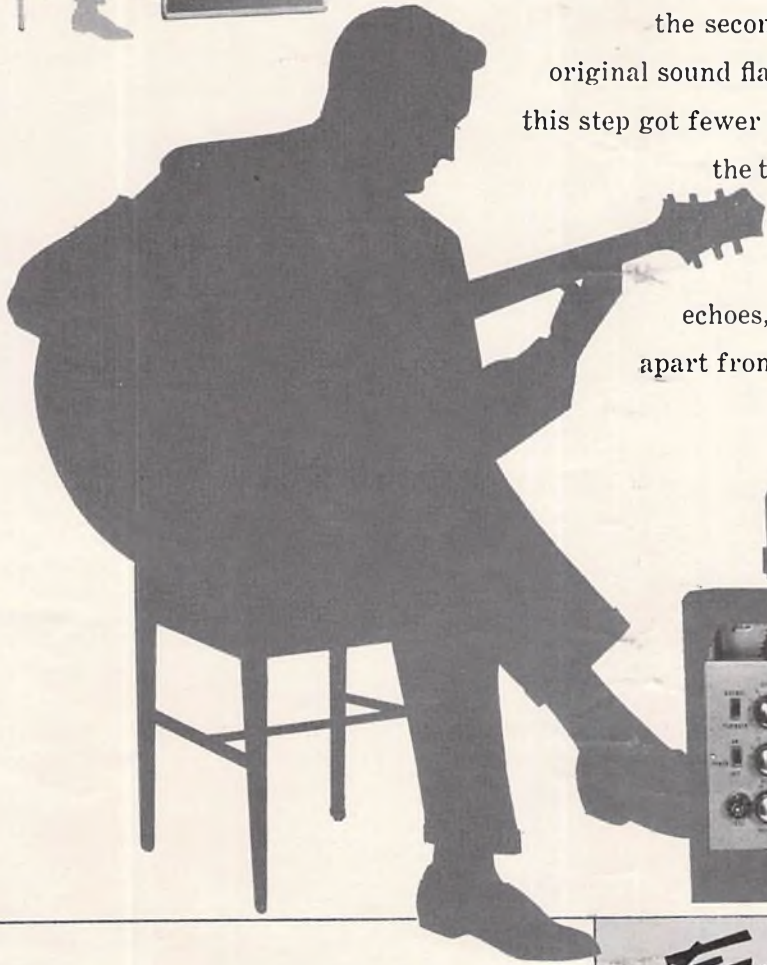
Specific voicings by themselves have no superpowers, no established emotional meanings. They need something else to make them work, and that something else is the appropriate context. The problem of learning effective voicing never should be isolated but should be considered in relationship to voicing-leading, instrumentation, and harmony in general. Just as a little dab of red can motivate an entire canvas if properly placed, so can a well-voiced chord or series of chords take on meaning if given the appropriate surroundings.





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AMEN

By Donald Byrd

In conjunction with Donald Byrd's article on brass on page 18, we are presenting one of the young trumpeter's best-known compositions, 'Amen'. On page 46 will be found the unison horn lines; below is the

piano part, with chord symbols. On page 48 is an extra: two tunes by pianist Duke Pearson, now with the Byrd group.

Handwritten musical score for the piano part of 'Amen'. The score is written on ten staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a 'Trance' marking and contains various chord symbols such as Ab, A, Ab, Eb, F, G, and Ab. The remaining staves are bass clefs, with chord symbols including Ab, Eb, F, G, and Ab. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Handwritten musical score for the piano part of 'Amen', continuing from the previous page. It consists of ten staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature (C). It contains various chord symbols such as Ab, A, Ab, Eb, F, G, and Ab. The remaining staves are bass clefs, with chord symbols including Ab, Eb, F, G, and Ab. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. At the end of the score, there is a marking 'Trance Solo'.

hook. When you are faced with a passage of music that must be played very rapidly, you must take the fourth finger out of the hook. The fourth finger must be free to respond sympathetically to the third finger. Otherwise, it impedes the movement of the third finger. This fact has gone unmentioned in every book on brass I have read, which is one illustration of why I think the books need revision.

The complete mastering of the muscular aspects of brass playing produces ease of playing. The brass player who lacks this kind of mastery usually has a tense, nervous quality in his playing that is conveyed to the audience. And, speaking specifically of jazz playing, tension makes it impossible for a player to swing

But it is not only the workings of his own body that the trumpet player should understand. He must understand his horn. Recently, a young trumpeter—and quite a gifted one—was asking me about certain problems in his sound. He said he'd made extensive adaptations on his horn, putting in a special lead pipe, and so on. I asked him if he'd ever stopped to think that the expensive trumpet he had been "adapting" was the product of several centuries of experience and experiment—that there was a proper mathematical relationship between the length and design of each piece in it, and above all a relationship between the sound he was producing in the mouthpiece and the resonating column. He hadn't. As far as I'm concerned, he took a beautiful \$350 piece of craftsmanship and ruined it—simply because he didn't understand it.

Even the mouthpiece, a single piece of metal, is comparatively complex. There is the throat, the back bore, the cup, the cup opening, the rim. The mouthpiece is the crucial part of the instrument, for it determines the effects, the tonal qualities, that the individual trumpet player will get. The mouthpiece sets up the harmonics that produce the overtones; the instrument itself, after all, is only a resonator. In a sense, you play only the mouthpiece: the horn amplifies and projects its sound.

A trumpet player may want to achieve various qualities in his playing but finds that no one mouthpiece will accomplish all his purposes. He is therefore forced to seek the happy medium, finding the mouthpiece that comes nearest to meeting all his requirements.

It is obvious that the student who is serious about the art and craft of playing trumpet should make a careful study of mouthpieces.

So far as placement of the mouthpiece is concerned, it should not be

discussed here: it is an acutely personal matter, related to the shape of the lip, the set of the teeth, and other factors. Only a competent teacher can give advice on it, based on one's own physical structure. In some cases, the mouth structure is so unsuited to brass playing that the student should be encouraged to play another instrument. The advice of a good teacher is required on the starting of a tone, as well.

Intonation, however, is a subject suited to more general discussion.

Obviously, it is one of the most important factors in producing any music—though you'd never know it by listening to some musicians. One pamphlet on brass that I read put it fairly simply: always listen to good music to produce good music, and in practicing play as close to the tempered scale as possible.

Valve brass instruments have some tricky intonation problems. And one of the first factors in developing correct intonation on trumpet is to detect which notes are inherently out of tune on your instrument.

The trumpet is far from being a perfect instrument, even today, and certain tones are naturally out of tune. C \sharp and D \sharp are the worst.

The more valves used, the sharper the tendency of the tone. By corollary, the notes produced with no valves depressed are the most nearly in tune.

There are also factors in the musician himself that contribute to faulty intonation. Unconditioned muscles tend to produce flatness in a beginner, sharpness in advanced players. Tiredness in the lip muscles tends to make you play slightly flat.

Yet, even about intonation, you can generalize only so far. The individual trumpet player deals with his individual instrument. And no two instruments—not even two trumpets coming from the same factory a few minutes apart—are tuned identically, nor are they in tune to the piano.

Of course, the intonation problem is important to all instruments—including, contrary to general belief, percussion. Recently I heard a studio musician playing temple blocks a half step out of tune. But we are dealing here primarily with trumpet. The valve brass player is always fighting a battle of intonation and should never forget it. He has to bring a basically out-of-tune instrument into tune, either by lipping or by using the slide.

We are all products of environment. If the young trumpet player spends too much time at sessions, playing with out-of-tune musicians and an out-of-tune piano (and the vast majority of pianos in clubs are out of tune, above all the kind of piano that is usually available for sessions), then he will be in danger of producing one of the most

dangerous of musical weaknesses, out-of-tune hearing.

There is one final point I would like to emphasize: keeping the instrument clean. There is a certain amount of folk-lore you hear about letting the instrument build up a certain amount of deposit to improve your sound and your execution. This is nonsense. When musicians let their instrument build up a deposit, that is sheer carelessness—if not laziness.

Trumpeters have varying habits about cleaning their horns. Nat Adderley says he alternates cleaning mouthpiece and horn. I try to clean my horn completely at least twice a week. Reports have it that Dizzy Gillespie cleans his daily. I don't know whether this is true, but Dizzy, as I mentioned, is positively scientific about his instrument.


Dizzy once gave me a good tip about cleaning. He has experimented for years with oils, and he once told me to try household fuel oil No. 2 on the valves. I experimented with it, and found that while it did not keep the valves free-moving for a great length of time (meaning they had to be re-oiled often), it did keep them exceptionally clean, and, using it, I found no gum or other corrosive deposits on the valves.

If I have dwelt extensively on the faults of trumpet players, I hope I have not given an improper emphasis. For today, we have better brass players than ever before in history.

Indeed, the composers are going to have to catch up if the full potential of the current players is to be utilized.

I hope that in future we will hear brass used not just for punctuation and excitement but as an integral part of the orchestra—whether classical or jazz orchestra. We hear brass used in this modern way in the writing of Ravel, Debussy, and Stravinsky.

It is surprising that since they used it in this way 50 years ago, an awareness of this side of brass playing still has not penetrated into the general practices of arrangers and composers, excepting a few like Gil Evans.

I hope that in future years, this will change. 

Suggested Reading

Donald Byrd recommends these publications as valuable in the study of trumpet:

Mouthpieces, by Vincent Bach.

The Art of Playing Trumpet, by Vincent Bach. (Both the Bach books are currently out of print. Byrd hopes to see them available again in the near future and feels that if students create a demand for them, they will be restored to circulation.)

Vital Brass Notes, by Charles Colin.

Teaching Techniques for the Brasses, by Leslie Sweeney.

AMEN

Melody for horns in unison and bass line in concert key.

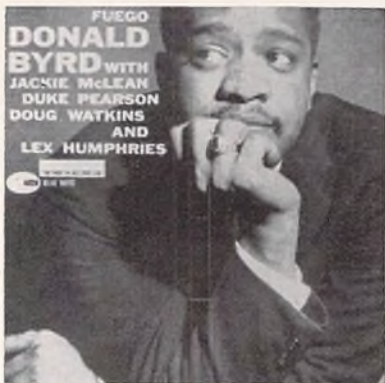
The image displays a handwritten musical score for the word "AMEN". It is organized into two main systems, each containing two staves. The top staff of each system is for the horns in unison, and the bottom staff is for the bass line. The music is written in concert key (C major) and 4/4 time. The notation includes various rhythmic values such as quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and ties. There are several measures of music, with some measures containing complex rhythmic patterns and others being simpler. The handwriting is clear and legible, with some annotations like "1" and "2" indicating fingerings or breath marks. The score concludes with a final measure on the right side of the page.

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SCHOOL JAZZ

At deadline, 23 stage bands had enrolled for the Feb. 4 Chicagoland Stage Band festival, to be held at Oak Lawn Community high school. The event is sponsored by *Down Beat* in cooperation with Lyon & Healy music stores. Buddy De Franco will be the chief clinician. He will be assisted by members of the Airmen of Note, the official dance band of the U.S. air force, which will perform at the evening concert . . .

The 2nd annual Stage Band festival for the Effingham, Ill., area will be held Saturday, Jan. 28. At least 15 high school bands will take part in the event, sponsored by Samuels music store with the co-operation of *Down Beat*. In accordance with *Down Beat* practice in these events, the magazine will give one \$78 scholarship to the National Dance Band camp to a student chosen by the judges, as well as one \$90 scholarship to the faculty director of the winning band. The scholarships cover room, board, and tuition for a one-week session.

Students at Oak Lawn and Notre Dame high schools, in the Chicago area, last month heard a concert by the two winning groups from the German amateur jazz festival. *Down Beat* acted as host to the youths. The trip to the United States and the subsequent tour of New York, Atlanta, New Orleans, and Chicago was arranged and paid for by the Coca-Cola Co. of Germany. The German festival, held in Dusseldorf last September, drew 262 amateur groups. The winners in the traditional category were the Feetwarmers. In the modern category, it was Oscar's Trio.

The Mid-West Band Clinic was held at Chicago's Sherman Hotel for four days in December. All performances and clinics were devoted to concert music. Many music educators were disappointed at the omission of a stage band clinic, in view of the reception given the one held during the 1959 session. The clinic management felt stage band music was perhaps getting "too popular." But a stage band clinic is promised for 1961.

Holmes McNeely, director of the stage bands at Jefferson Davis high school in Houston, Texas, has been hard hit by graduations and is starting over with a virtually inexperienced band. He plans to feature a percussion duel using two sets of drums on stage, plus timbales, and other Latin instruments. McNeely hopes to whip the band into shape in time for the important Brownwood, Texas, stage band festival, at which his bands have won first place honors for the last two years.



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Jeanine

By Duke Pearson

Handwritten musical score for the piece "Jeanine" by Duke Pearson. The score is written on ten staves, organized into two systems of five staves each. The notation includes chords, melodic lines, and performance instructions.

Staff 1 (Guitar): Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The first measure is marked "Vamp" and contains a chord progression of Bb, Eb, and Bb. The second measure is marked "Bass walk" and contains a sequence of notes: Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb. The staff ends with a double bar line.

Staff 2 (Bass): Starts with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The first measure contains a chord progression of Ab7, Bb, and Ab7. The second measure contains a sequence of notes: Ab, Bb, Ab, Bb, Ab, Bb, Ab, Bb. The staff ends with a double bar line.

Staff 3 (Guitar): Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The first measure contains a chord progression of Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb. The second measure contains a sequence of notes: Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb. The staff ends with a double bar line.

Staff 4 (Bass): Starts with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The first measure contains a chord progression of Ab7, Bb, and Ab7. The second measure contains a sequence of notes: Ab, Bb, Ab, Bb, Ab, Bb, Ab, Bb. The staff ends with a double bar line.

Staff 5 (Guitar): Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The first measure contains a chord progression of Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb. The second measure contains a sequence of notes: Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb. The staff ends with a double bar line.

Staff 6 (Bass): Starts with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The first measure contains a chord progression of Ab7, Bb, and Ab7. The second measure contains a sequence of notes: Ab, Bb, Ab, Bb, Ab, Bb, Ab, Bb. The staff ends with a double bar line.

Staff 7 (Guitar): Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The first measure contains a chord progression of Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb. The second measure contains a sequence of notes: Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb. The staff ends with a double bar line.

Staff 8 (Bass): Starts with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The first measure contains a chord progression of Ab7, Bb, and Ab7. The second measure contains a sequence of notes: Ab, Bb, Ab, Bb, Ab, Bb, Ab, Bb. The staff ends with a double bar line.

Staff 9 (Guitar): Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The first measure contains a chord progression of Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb. The second measure contains a sequence of notes: Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb. The staff ends with a double bar line.

Staff 10 (Bass): Starts with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The first measure contains a chord progression of Ab7, Bb, and Ab7. The second measure contains a sequence of notes: Ab, Bb, Ab, Bb, Ab, Bb, Ab, Bb. The staff ends with a double bar line.

Chord progressions and notes are written in black ink. Some notes are marked with a "+" sign, indicating a sharp. The score is written on aged, yellowed paper.

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 10)

Atlantic Records and **Morris Levy** of Roulette Records made an unusual pact, each to release an album by the Connor-Ferguson combination with different tunes. Miss Connor is under exclusive contract to Atlantic, Ferguson to Roulette . . . Orchestra conductors **Stan Kenton**, **Billy May**, and **Nelson Riddle** make up the vocal trio on **Guy Lombardo's** recording of *Belly Up to the Bar, Boys* for Capitol . . . Drummer **Joe Morello** and bassist **Joe Benjamin** went down to Nashville, Tenn., to record a jazz album for Columbia with Nashville's guitarist **Hank Garland** and vibist **Gary Burton**.

Recent changes in record company affiliations include **George Avakian's** switch from Warner Bros. to RCA Victor, where he heads the popular record division; **Jack Pleis**, music director and arranger for the Decca-Coral labels, moved to Columbia Records as a replacement for **Al Ham** in the a&r department . . . **Duke Ellington** tightened up his courage and took the air route to Paris to work on the score for *Paris Blues* . . . Pianist **Billy Strayhorn**, Ellington's assistant, has directed the recording of three of Ellington's older standards for use in the film. They are *Sophisticated Lady*; *Mood Indigo*, and *Take the A Train* . . . A tired **Louis**

Armstrong arrived in Paris early in December to spend a month on the *Paris Blues* set. Armstrong, accompanied by his physician, **Dr. Alexander Schiff**, had been on a strenuous 11-week tour of Africa. The Armstrong band was paid in full during the hiatus.

The sixth annual jazz festival at San Remo, Italy, will be held March 3, 4, 5. The movie *The Gene Krupa Story* and the television film *Satchmo the Great* will be shown as features of the festival . . . **Bud Freeman**, accompanied by his wife, **Fay**, plans to tour Europe for three months starting in June. The tenor saxophone star will visit Britain for the first time and also hopes to play in Amsterdam, Oslo, and Copenhagen . . . Guitarist **Charlie Byrd** leaves Washington March 15 on a 12-week tour of Central and South America under the auspices of the U. S. State Department.

Benny Goodman with **Lionel Hampton**, **Teddy Wilson**, and drummer **Morey Feld** put on a half-hour jam session at the annual luncheon of the Friends of the New York Philharmonic organization, held in the Waldorf-Astoria hotel . . . New Orleans clarinetist **Pete Fountain** finally opened his new night club on Bourbon St. in the Crescent City. It is called *Pete Fountain's French Quarter inn* . . . Band-leader **Les Brown**, who has been play-

ing tournament bridge for the last five years, was on the WABC-TV show *Championship Bridge with Charles Goren* . . . Photographer **Burt Goldblatt** is starting work on a book of photos to be called *The Face of Jazz*. Pictures will show musicians and singers busy at activities other than playing their instruments or singing. The photos will come from Goldblatt's extensive files of jazzmen pictures.

There are many **Louis Armstrong**, **Sidney Bechet**, **Count Basie**, **Billie Holiday**, **Jelly Roll Morton**, **Johnny Dodds**, **Duke Ellington**, **Fletcher Henderson**, **Django Reinhardt**, and **Fats Waller** jazz classics reissued on LP in France. **Paul Copeland** of the export department of Palais de la Radio et du Disque, 30 Boulevard des Italiens, Paris-1x, has advised they will send the records by mail to any address in the world. Letters written in English will be answered in English, and a free list will be sent to anyone requesting same.

IN PERSON

Apollo—**COUNT BASIE** Band, **LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-ROSS**, until Jan. 13.
 Basin Street East—**SARAH VAUGHAN**, **DAVE BRUBECK** Quartet, until Jan. 11. **PEGGY LEE**, Jan. 12-Feb. 15.
 Birdland—**GLORIA LYNNE**, **HERBIE MANN'S Afro-Jazz** Sextet, until Jan. 18. **MAYNARD FERGUSON** Band, Jan. 19-Feb. 1.
 Camelot—**DAVE McKENNA** Trio.
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Five Spot—**MONTGOMERY BROTHERS**, **GIGI GRAYCE**, until Jan. 15.

Half Note—**ZOOT SIMS-AL COHN** Quintet, until Jan. 15.

Jazz Gallery—**JOE WILLIAMS** opens Jan. 17. **Metropole**—**ROY LIBERTO'S** Bourbon Street Six, Jan. 23-Feb. 27.

Nick's—**HARRY DI VITO'S** Empire State Six featuring **WHITEY MITCHELL**.

Prelude—**KENNY BURRELL** Quartet until Jan. 14.

Roundtable—**JOSH WHITE**, Prof. **IRWIN COREY**, until Jan. 29. **DUKES OF DIXIELAND**, Jan. 30-Feb. 5.

Ryan's—**WILBUR DE PARIS** Band.

Village Vanguard—**CHRIS CONNOR**, **CHARLIE BYRD** Trio, until Jan. 15. **NINA SIMONE** Trio, **ORNETTE COLEMAN** Quartet, Jan. 17-29.

BOSTON

Mercury recording star **Damita Jo** was billed at Storyville following an appearance by the **Toshiko-Mariano 4**. The quartet, with Toshiko, piano; Charlie Mariano, alto saxophone; **Eddie Marshall**, drums, and **Gene Cherico**, bass, will begin a two-month tour of Japan in late January . . . **Varty Haroutunian's** Jazz Workshop quintet was presented at Gardner museum for an afternoon concert. The **Modern Jazz Quartet** was at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for a one-nighter, and John Hancock hall had two performances by folk singer **Pete Seeger**.

Sunday afternoon sessions continue at the Starlite lounge in Allston with **Mel Dorfman's** Dixieland group. The Desert lounge in Roxbury has drummer **Jack Sager's** Quartet nightly with **Frank Michaels**, tenor saxophone; **Johnny Stone**, bass, and **John Meara**, piano . . . Singer **Jimmy Rushing** will be the guest performer at the Massachusetts Jazz society's dance, planned for Jan. 13 in the Hotel Commander in Cambridge. The club's last meeting held at the Stables presented pianist **Leroy Fallana's** Quartet with drummer **Steve Bagby**, bassist **Jerry Edwards**, and bongoist **Bill Fitch**.

CHICAGO

Gene Krupa rested at Michael Reese hospital for several weeks following his heart attack. His doctors called for complete rest for the drummer—no visitors and no talk of future activities. The attack caused a blood clot, which had to be dissolved before Krupa would be allowed to leave the hospital. Krupa's old friend and drum-school partner, **Cozy Cole**, flew in to finish Krupa's London House engagement.

Bassist **Jim Atlas** and **Connie Milano** have taken over the management of Curro's, a Milwaukee jazz spa. They will remain in Chicago for the time being, however, confining their activities to booking jazz talent for the club and performing public relations duties . . . Vocalist **Bill Henderson** was fea-

ured with the **Quincy Jones** Band at Birdhouse during the holidays . . . **Joe Segal** is again active promoting sessions around town, Sundays at the Swing Easy and Tuesdays at the Sutherland . . . Poll-winner **Art Van Damme** played one of his rare club engagements at George Bell's lounge during November. He was booked for January.

Things are looking up for blues singer Poor or Old or **Big Joe Williams** (the prefixes are meant to distinguish him from the ex-Count Basie singer, who, by the way, plays one of his first club engagements as a single at the Cloister in February). Besides playing

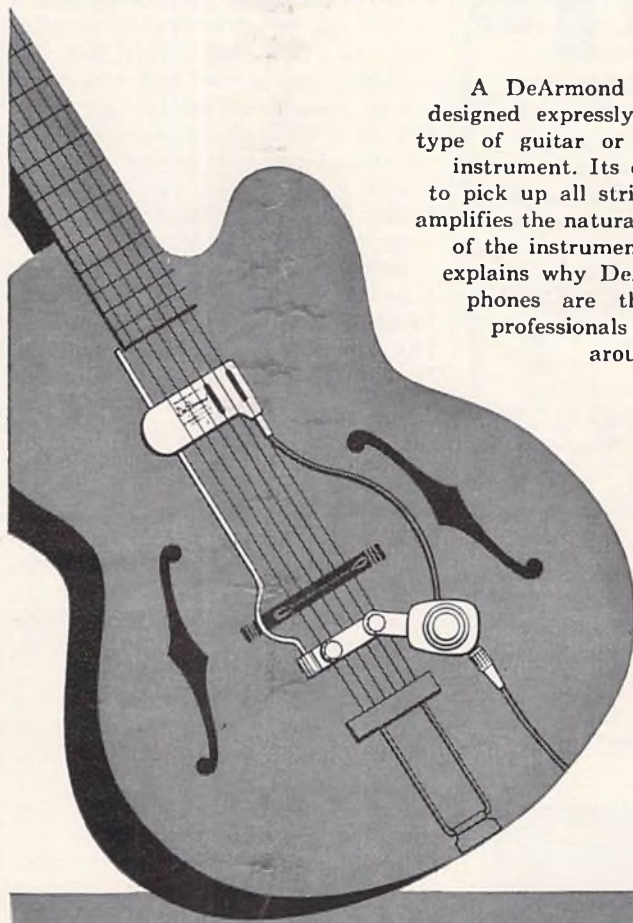
packed-house one-nighters at the Gate of Horn and Oxford House recently, he is doing good business at the Blind Pig in Old Town Sundays and Tuesdays.

There's been an upsurge of traditional jazz in the area: the **Gold Coast Jazz Band** holds forth at the Gate of Horn Mondays and the Blind Pig Wednesdays; trumpeter **Nappy Trotter's** group backs banjoist-singer **Clancy Hayes** at the Orchard Twin-Bowl's Dixieland Lane; the **Salty Dogs** have been playing the Sabre room (on the far south side); **Bob Scobey's** group was a recent feature at George Bell's.

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IN PERSON

Birdhouse — **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 until 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. **JO ANN HENDERSON**, vocals. **TUT SOPER**, intermission piano. **FRANZ JACKSON'S** Original Jass All-Stars Thursdays. Mister Kelly's—**MARGARET WHITING** until Jan. 21. **JOE PARNELLO** Trio and **DICK MARX-JOHN FRIGO** Duo, house bands. London House—**DOROTHY DONEGAN** Trio until Feb. 5. **AUDREY MORRIS** Trio and **EDDIE HIGGINS** Trio, house bands. Orchard Twin-Bowl—**NAPPY TROTTER** Band and **CLANCY HAYES**. Playboy—**MAE BARNES**. Red Arrow—**FRANZ JACKSON'S** Original Jass All-Stars, weekends. Sutherland — **MAYNARD FERGUSON** Band until Jan. 15. **ART FARMER-BENNY GOLDSON** Jazztet, Jan. 18-29; **CANNONBALL ADDERLEY** Quintet, Feb. 8-12. Sessions Tuesdays. Swing Easy—**GENE ESPOSITO** Trio. Sessions Sundays.

LOS ANGELES

That Bud Powell hooking at George Alford's Zebra lounge fell through—temporarily. Alford now has the pianist signed for a three-weeker beginning Feb. 23. The club owner has also branched into concert and dance promotion; he kicked off his first event Dec. 30 at the Embassy auditorium and ballroom under the banner The Jazz Sound Presents with organist **Jimmy Smith** and **Art Blakey's** Jazz Messengers.

Jack London's Club Intime initiated a new, hip policy with altoist **Frank Morgan's** Quartet (**Dodo Coker**, piano; **Flip Green**, bass; **Lawrence Marable**, drums). The group was booked to play Tuesdays through Sundays with sessions on Tuesday nights . . . Capitol will reactivate its long-dormant jazz catalog in the near future . . . Immediately on returning to the west coast, **Chico Hamilton** cut his first album for Columbia, a set of show tunes from the Broadway musicals, *Irma La Douce* and *Bye Bye, Birdie*. The group, with three new faces in the lineup, went into **Red Clyde's** new room, La Strega for an indefinite run. The new men are **Charlie Lloyd**, alto and flute; **Harry Pope**, guitar; **Bobby Haynes**, bass. **Nat Gershman** is still in the cello chair.

Bob Rogers signed a two-year contract with three one-year options with expanding independent Indigo. The company also signed the band's blues singer, **Larry Green**. Rogers' first album is due in April; meanwhile, his crew will be Indigo's house recording band, accompanying singers, etc. . . . Blues singer **Big Miller's** first Columbia LP will be out in April. Listing of the **Ike Isaacs** Trio on the date (*Down Beat*, Dec. 22) was an error. They warn't

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thar . . . **Harry James** will have an acting role in Paramount's *The Ladies Man* . . . Verve Records goofed in omitting name credit for **Clare Fischer**, conductor-arranger on **Dizzy Gillespie's** *Portrait Of Duke Ellington* in the first batch of album covers. Fischer's latest is a **Cal Tjader** LP of music from *West Side Story* on Fantasy . . . *Story*, incidentally, is now being filmed for United Artists release in October, 1961. With only three basic changes in the songs and routine, the film will feature a symphonic suite written for the picture by **Leonard Bernstein**. This accounts for the record length of underscore—51½ minutes of background music—in the movie. Moreover, up to 70 musicians, including a generous number of jazzmen, will do the recording. The New York pit band had 35.

Jess Stacy, "America's favorite jazz pianist," moved into the Elbow Room of the Three Palms restaurant at Pico and Beverly Drive . . . Drummer-arranged **Doug Marsh**, formerly with the Airmen of Note and now settled in Hollywood, penned a chart for the **Chuck Marlowe** rehearsal band. Title: *Gospel Three-Four. A-a-a-h-mennn* . . . **Art Levin**, day manager at Shelly's Manne-Hole on Cahuenga, by night is leader of the *Excelsior Banjo Serenaders* at Rosie's Red Banjo in Westwood Thursdays through Sundays. Does Shelly know about this?

IN PERSON

Ben Pollack's—**JOE GRAVES** Quartet.
 Beverly Cavern—**TEDDY BUCKNER** Band.
 Black Orchid—**JUANITA CRUSE**; **LEON WALLS** Trio.
 Cascades—**JACK LYNDE** Trio.
 Compton Bowl—**THE JAZZ GENERALS**, weekends.
 Digger—Name jazz groups weekends.
 El Sombrero (Belmont Shore, L. B.)—**CLYDE CONRAD** Quintet.
 Excusez Moi—**BETTY BENNETT**, weekends.
 Figer-8—**DELTA RHYTHM KINGS**, Sunday sessions.
 Friendship Cafe (Santa Monica)—**SMOG CITY STOMPERS**, Sunday afternoons.
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 Green Bull (Hermosa Beach)—**SOUTH BAY JAZZ BAND**, Fridays and Saturdays.
 Handlebar—**Dr. JACK LANGLES** and The Saints, weekends.
 Hermosa inn (Hermosa Beach)—**CHUCK DEEKS** Band, Fridays and Saturdays.
 Hollywood Palladium—**HARRY JAMES** Band, Jan. 13-14.
 Honey bucket (Costa Mesa)—**COL. HENDERSON'S REBELS**.
 Intime—**FRANK MORGAN** Quartet.
 Jimmie Diamond's lounge (San Bernardino)—**EDGAR HAYES**, piano.
 La Strada—**CHICO HAMILTON** Quintet.
 Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach)—**HOWARD RUMSEY'S All-Stars**; name jazz groups Sundays.
 Masque—**MILT BUCKNER**, until Jan. 18; **JIMMY SMITH**, Jan. 19-Feb. 10.
 Renaissance—**FRANK BUTLER** Trio, Wednesdays and Thursdays; **BESSIE GRIFFIN** and the Gospel Pearls, Sundays.
 Rosie's Red Banjo (Westwood)—**ART LEVIN'S** Excelsior Banjo Serenaders, Thursdays through Sundays.
 Sherry's—**PETE JOLLY**, piano, and **RALPH PENA**, bass.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole—**SHELLY MANNE** and his Men, weekends; **JIMMY ROWLES**, piano, Mondays and Tuesdays; **RUSS FREEMAN**, piano, and **RICHIE KAMUCA**, tenor, Wednesdays; **JOE MAINI** group, Thursdays.
 Three Palms restaurant (Elbow Room)—**JESS STACY**.
 Zebra lounge—**JIMMY SMITH** until Jan. 19; **BUD POWELL** opens Feb. 23; **NINA SIMONE** opens March 16; **HORACE SILVER**, March 30-April 9.



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AFTERTHOUGHTS

By GENE LEES

A funny thing happens when you try to keep an open mind, try not to ally yourself with this person's or that person's cause, try not to be identified with any vested interest but instead to see the virtues (and liabilities) of all views.

You always end up being called biased, frequently by almost all concerned. This is an outgrowth of the peculiar doctrine that "you're either for us or ag'in us"—one of the most specious pieces of reasoning that has ever been foisted on humanity and, in my opinion, a major hang-up in past U.S. foreign policy.

If you think that jazz traditionalists have as much right to be heard as the modernists, some of the hippy element will charge you with being against the moderns. If, when discussing traditional jazz, you hint that a lot of it available today is artificial and empty, the traditional fans (surely the most prickly and quick to take offense body among jazz fans) will call you a hippy.

If you think that white musicians have their merits, somebody will accuse you of being anti-Negro; if you think that certain virtues of jazz are more likely to be found among Negro musicians than among whites, then you'll be called anti-white.

Everywhere there are the pressures to identify with this viewpoint or that, this group or the other. The beatniks cannot understand that when they grow beards and wear sloppy clothes and read Zen, they are not escaping conformity, they are merely conforming to another group—and the conformity is all the more restrictive because it is to an even smaller and tighter body.

The jazz world, as all this would tend to indicate, is no more free of conformity pressures than the rest of the society, and is in fact worse because a jazz fan or musician knows clearly what he expects you to conform to (you are supposed to think as he thinks, natch) whereas the society at large is rather vague about what it expects of you, and you can cop out more readily.


Happily, it isn't all like that. Among musicians, there are some marvelously free thinkers, some fabulous non-conforming people. What marks them as complete nonconformists is their disinclination to reject those who have their own groove going and do not necessarily think as they do.

Dizzy Gillespie, of course, is the king of freedom. Were I assured that I could be reincarnated in any personality

I chose, I'd elect to come back with a temperament as much like Dizzy Gillespie's as possible.

Ray Brown goes his quiet way, conforming to nothing and to nobody. Nat Adderley is another one who has his own scene going and doesn't much care whether anybody follows this direction or not. Also among the younger musicians, there is Donald Byrd, who almost makes a science of avoiding the careless ingestion of the thought of others. He's been called a nut for his pains. And then there's Lem Winchester.

Now you know that anyone who manages to be a cop and a jazz musician at the same time, as Lem did for so long, has got to be a pip of a non-conformist. Lem is. By turns perceptive, literate and articulate, or a side-splitting wit with an earthy turn of mind, Lem lives a broad emotional range, seeing much, missing little. All in perfectly conventional Ivy League attire.

Jazz is an art that proclaims as one of its chief virtues a belief in the right of each individual to say it as he sees it, to find his own individual expression. It is a philosophy that is honored as much in the breach as in the observance. That is why jazz (both as a musical and a social phenomenon) should be glad there are such men as Winchester, Byrd, Brown, Gillespie (and Miles and John Coltrane and Bob Brookmeyer and Eric Dolphy and, thank God, many more). Such men are its chief treasures. 





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*Barney Liddell, Kenny Trimble,
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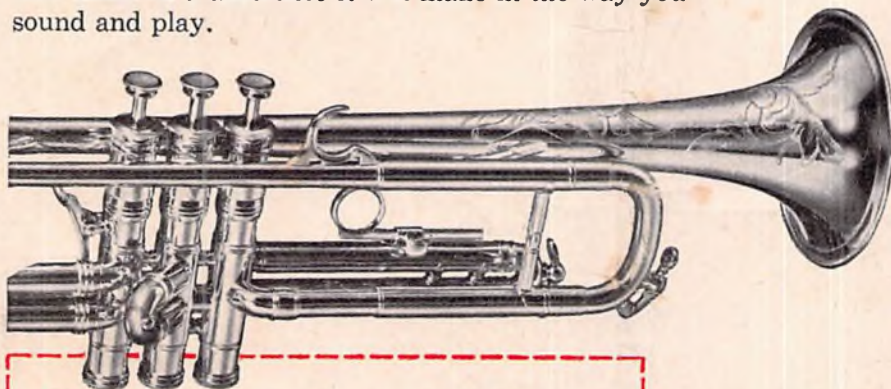
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