

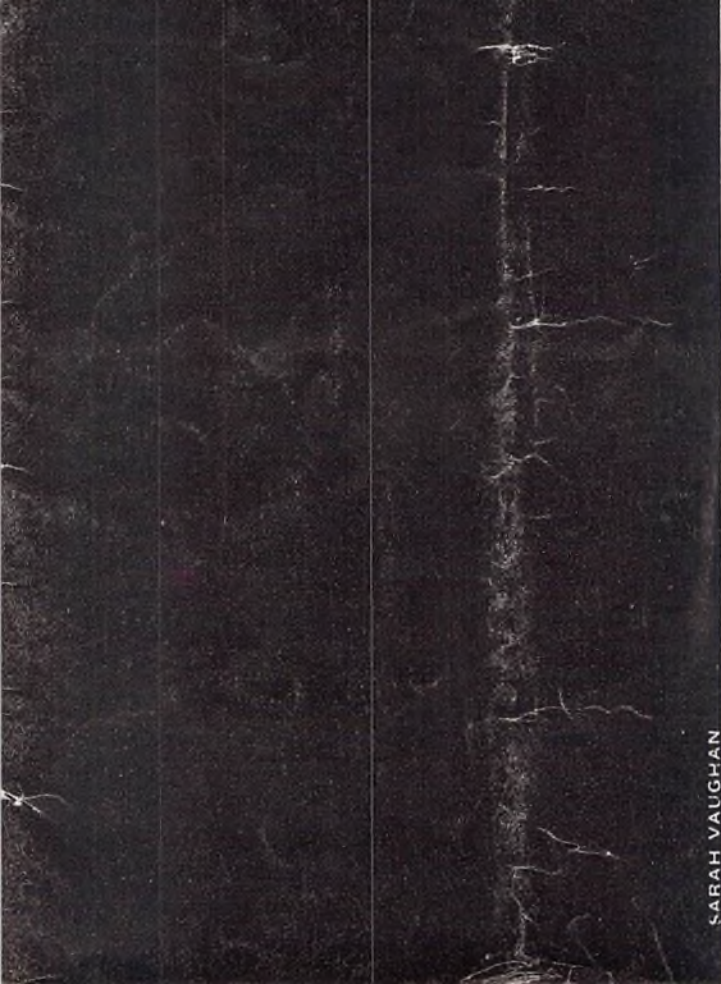
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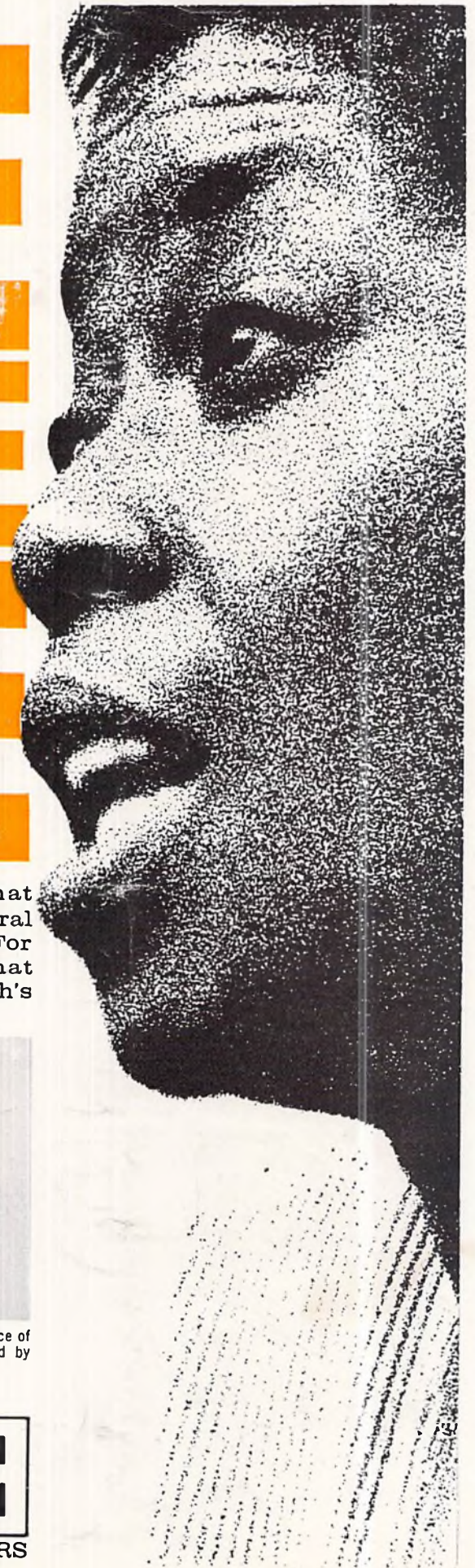
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By CHARLES SUBER

There has been a good deal of talk about just what relationship, if any, the "new" comics — Mort Sahl, Jonathan Winters, Lenny Bruce, et al—have to jazz.

Opinions have been varied and vacillating. Some critics have hinted at a mystic mainstream common to both jazz and new comedy. Others not only

have insisted that jazz and comedy have no common area, but prissily infer that "lips that touch comedy will never touch mine."

As for the public, it seems generally to associate the new comics with jazz backgrounds, if not exactly with the music itself. It is a fact that audiences at jazz-oriented clubs such as the Crescendo, Village Vanguard, hungry i, and Mr. Kelly's were the first to "find" Mort Sahl, Professor Irwin Corey, and the rest.

Performers themselves readily recognize the kinship. The jazz musician

hears in some new comedy routines the same kind of natural irreverence and social irony always prevalent in jazz. He also recognizes the delivery—free-wheeling and seemingly impromptu.

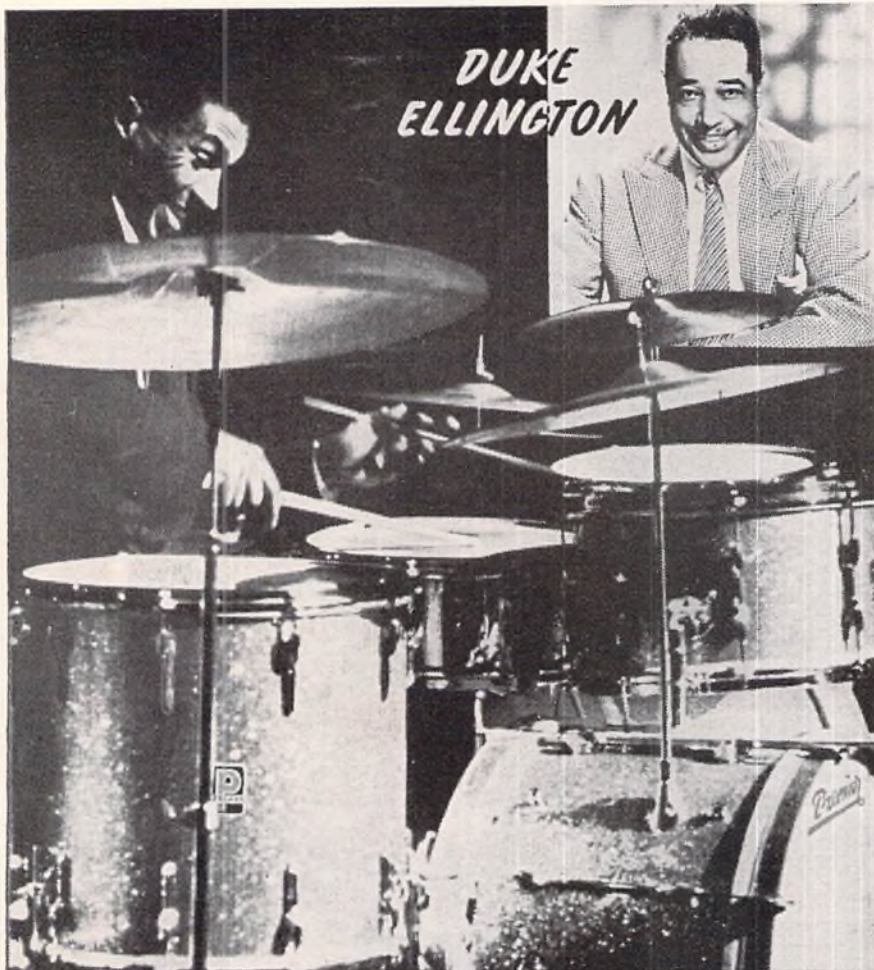
The comic is similarly appreciative of the jazz musician. For not only is the jazz musician his best audience, but the comic realizes how well his market has been preconditioned by jazz. The situation is the same whether he is a lone comic, working as a single (soloist) or acting in a company (ensemble).

It was no accident that the producers of *A Thurber Carnival* commissioned a talented jazzman, Don Elliott, to furnish the musical backgrounds. As a matter of fact, the opening number of this Broadway hit was called *Word Jazz*. Thurber's inimitable couplets were spoken as "breaks" in the jazz score, staged with free-form choreography. This was true comedy, for the original meaning of the word itself means a "festivity with music and dancing."

Now on Broadway is the Mike Nichols and Elaine May show. For two hours, these talents improvise on a pre-selected theme—and sometimes on one the audience suggests. Those who have heard their first album, which jazz a&r man Jack Tracy supervised, will not be surprised how similar their style and delivery is to jazz. Julius Monk and his various revues (*Upstairs at the Downstairs*, etc.) also are successfully merging jazz, spoken, and jazz, played. In Chicago, the players of the Second City theater are gaining a national reputation for improvised comedy. (*Down Beat* writer Bill Mathieu is the music director.) The Second City is itself an outgrowth of the Compass Players, whose graduates include Shelley Berman and Nichols and May.

Without going into the *commedia dell'arte* or even the more modern musical comedy, it should be noted that theater in general, comedy in particular, and music have always been related and often mutually dependent. What we are seeing today is not new in conception, or even in delivery, but a successful merging of music and comedy in the most modern of idioms, jazz. It is not surprising that the most active and growing means of expression in this century—jazz—should flourish in other media than music. Expression of the jazz spirit via music will undoubtedly remain the primary means of expression, but not without having strong influences on other art forms.

As for comedy and humor in jazz, treat it with respect. There is nothing in this world too good to submit itself to the candid and revealing test of laughter.



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ON THE COVER—The intimate picture of Sarah Vaughan was taken by Arnold Meyers. The cover design is the work of *Down Beat* Art Director Robert J. Billings. The warm portrayal of the Divine One (page 18) by Barbara Gardner cuts away the mystery of the singer's career, giving insight into the complex person who is Sarah Vaughan.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Synanon and Narcotics

Synanon seems a very interesting and significant movement if it should take hold, and I think it is all to the good. I feel quite sure that rather than undercutting more basic legal reform, its effect would tend to be in the other direction by demonstrating that addicts do not fit the stereotype that Mr. Anslinger tries to impose upon them.

I think it is too early to assess the significance of this thing or to guess how many addicts can be reached in this way. There are some very serious difficulties involved of the sort that have kept Narcotics Anonymous from getting off the ground. The Synanon success may be connected with some unusual personalities or be based on the type of cases it selects. It is quite likely that it can only be applied to a minority. Because of the legal status of the addict, an organization like this is very likely to be regarded as an association of criminals and to have the kinds of problems which they are currently struggling with there. Should the police decide to go into action, they could, at least in many places, destroy this sort of an organization regardless of the law. For example, in some places anyone who has a narcotics record is defined by law as a "vagrant" and even where this is not the case the police frequently arrest known addicts and their associates on sight.

Alfred R. Lindesmith
Department of Sociology
Bloomington Indiana University

Prof. Lindesmith is one of America's outstanding authorities on problems of narcotics addiction.

Congratulations on the Feb. 2 issue of *Down Beat*. It was very courageous, essential and will, I hope, give hope to a lot of people. This is a grand public service that you have given to your readers.

Gene Lees said it best when he summed it up, "What more convenient rationalization could the addict find for not breaking up his habit than the conviction it can't be broken anyway?" But, John Tynan must have had an underlined quote when Arnold Ross said, "It's the knowledge that I can go as I please that keeps me here."

Congratulations to the men who had the determination and the courage to print all of this.

Aurora, Ill.

Neil C. Hurley

"Behind every argument there is someone's ignorance." If ever this saying applied to an argument, it applies to the narcotics problem and the argument over whether the addict should be treated as a criminal or as a patient.

True, most addicts are criminals because there is no other way to feed the disease. But the crimes are only a symptom of the illness, and the sooner the Von Broocks

(*Chords and Discords*, Jan. 5) get this into their narrow minds, the sooner we can cure the real cause.

Mr. Von Broock would let Art Pepper and others rot, because they keep going back to narcotics. But the fact that they do go back, knowing its extreme danger, utter fruitlessness, its inevitable end, should suggest to Mr. Von Broock that maybe there is something more to the story than low morals.

You can never cure an illness by treating the symptom, and you will never cure the addict (drug or alcoholic) by placing him in jail or by letting him go free without proper psychoanalytical care. Who is to foot the bill is another problem. But the answer is not in Mr. Von Broock's attitude.

Aside from lacking basic knowledge about the nature of the addict's illness is his "let them rot" treatment. Mr. Von Broock seems to lack humanity. I would remind him that one of the most profound reasons the human race exists, is man's humanity to man. If all men felt as Mr. Von Broock does, then the human race would be, as the feathered friend of a very great alcoholic addict said, "Nevermore."

Van Nuys, Calif.

Connie B. Holt

After reading the comments of Gerard von Broock and Bruce R. Stebbins (*Chords and Discords*, Jan. 5) I've come to my last straw also. I consider both of these men correct, because it isn't what a man does in life, but how, why, and under what conditions he does it—whether it's taking opium or flying an airplane. In other words, the punishment should depend on the motive of the individual. It would be impossible to make a general statement as Mr. Stebbins and Mr. Von Broock have done.

For instance, let's take two men who worked under almost identical conditions, Gerry Mulligan and Chet Baker. In fact they were in the same combo. I love Gerry Mulligan for his will power to conquer dope addiction and become one of the greatest and most influential jazzmen today. When he first came to New York he was very young and . . . very frustrated. When he met Charlie Parker he was influenced by him and, of course, looked up to him as an example. Since Parker took dope, Mulligan thought that was the thing to do. Later on, however, after maturing, he had the will power to overcome addiction.

But where is Chet Baker today? True, Mulligan had help, but Baker and Pepper had their chances, too, which they muffed.

But the thing I want to get across is that the treatment (or punishment) should be regulated on the addict's willingness, cooperation and will power to overcome addiction. There shouldn't be a set rule for all dope addicts.

Corvallis, Ore.

Dave Stapleton

(Continued on page 8)

stars
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Stan...

★Stan Levey is a man whose career is shaped by stars. Not the astrological variety, however. Stan's affairs are influenced by such stars as Frank Sinatra, Peggy Lee, Nelson Riddle, and Billy May—to name just a few.

It was because of requests from luminaries of this magnitude that Stan recently left a successful, longtime gig at the Lighthouse, in Los Angeles, and is concentrating on recording dates.

Stan appears on a vast majority of Verve albums, sitting in with such diverse talents as Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Diz Gillespie, Stan Getz, Ben Webster and Jimmy Guiffre.

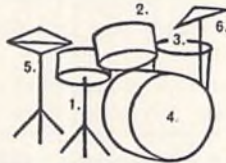
He's also to be heard on Contemporary, Dot, RCA Victor, Mode, Bethlehem and United Artists issues.

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CHORDS

(Continued from page 6)

Crocodile Tears?

The comments in *Afterthoughts* in the Dec. 8 issue of *Down Beat* can only be regarded as amusing. Crocodile tears, regardless of quantity, are no substitute for a little intestinal fortitude on the part of an individual to forego any inclinations leading to a narcotics habit which he knows will eventually lead to ruin.

When Gene Lees compares alcoholism and drug addiction to a true disease like tuberculosis, well, man, he's sick . . . sick . . . SICK!

Let's face it! If a man hasn't got the guts to leave the stuff alone he's not worth any pseudo-pity or consideration. What he needs is a good kick in the pants and to be told to straighten up and be a man.

Everyone is getting a little sick and tired of all this hooey about the drug addict (so-called) and alcoholic being a sick person. All they need is a little will power and a bit of backbone. If they are too weak and unstable to develop those normal characteristics, well, that's tough. No one to blame but themselves.

Biloxi, Miss.

Victor B. Keehner

When reader Keehner refers to Lees' being sick, does he mean sick with a "true" disease like tuberculosis? And perhaps all our readers would be enlightened if Keehner would define his terms more clearly. Just what does "straighten up and be a man" mean? And what are "normal" characteristics? Behaviorists all over the world would be interested in an authoritarian definition.

Plea for Films

The British Film Institute intends to present a jazz week at the National Film theater in London some time in the spring of 1961.

The week would consist of three programs covering the main developments in jazz since its early beginnings. On the final day a fourth program would deal with the spread of jazz in Europe and would premiere a new jazz film now in production.

The material to be used would consist of films (both shorts and features), photographs, recordings, both on tape and disc as well as live performances. Some attempt would be made to show the growth of jazz within a social context so that the films required might well include material which revealed something about the environment of jazz, even including films which themselves contain no jazz sequences.

We believe that a great amount of valuable material of this kind exists. The great need is for films and we appeal to anyone who might have information about such films to send it to the Film Institute. We are obviously interested in getting as much detail as possible, not only about the content of such films but of their whereabouts. However, even slight hints can be followed up. If anyone has copies of jazz films, we would like to view them. We should, of course, guarantee the safety and return of such films and other material of value.

All information and material should be sent to Paddy Whannel, British Film In-

stitute, 81 Dean Street, London, W. 1. London, England Paddy Whannel

Correction

I feel I must protest against a false statement in the Jan. 19 issue, page 12, under the caption "The Problem of Success." The implication that World Pacific misused Cannonball Adderley on the 1958 Gil Evans orchestral date by paying him the fantastic sum of \$40 is untrue.

The truth is Cannonball received leader scale for three overtime sessions which came to \$371.25. The total cost of the album production came to more than \$7,000. I doubt if Cannonball will ever again have such an expensive framework for his artistry.

Prior to recording this album with Cannonball and Gil Evans, we received permission to feature Cannonball from Jack Tracy, who was then a&R chief at Mercury Records, to whom Cannonball was under contract.

The album was reissued with Cannonball's photo to see if we couldn't reach a wider audience. The album received rave notices, but was a disappointment as far as sales.

The decision to pull the cover had nothing to do with Riverside's Bill Grauer's displeasure over the new cover. Cannonball asked me to change the cover, as it would be unfair competition to his new Riverside album. Out of deference to Cannonball, I agreed to his request and re-designed the cover.

Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Bock



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NEW YORK

Benny Goodman will head a long list of jazz musicians scheduled to play at a **Miff Mole** testimonial concert at Central Plaza on Feb. 21. Trombonist Mole was a member of the 1942-43 Goodman band. His career, dating from 1914, has included periods with the **Original Memphis Five**, **Sam Lanin**, **Roger Wolfe Kahn**, **Red Nichols**, and **Paul Whiteman**. After leaving Goodman, he led his own Dixieland combos in New York and Chicago. But several years ago, Mole underwent a hip operation and has been unable to play more than an occasional one-night job since. The benefit was set up by trumpeter **Jimmy McPartland** and Central Plaza's concert manager, **Jack Crystal**. Musicians expected to play at the benefit include **Wilbur** and **Sidney De Paris**, **Pee Wee Erwin**, **Bobby Sherwood**, **Max Kaminsky**, **Bobby Hackett**, **Zutty Singleton**, **Panama Francis**, **Cutty Cutshall**, and **Claude Hopkins**.



MOLE

The first concert of the 1961 Jazz Profiles series, featuring **Dizzy Gillespie**, was held at the Museum of Modern Art Feb. 9. The concerts, formerly held at the Circle in the Square theater in Greenwich Village, feature prominent jazz composers playing their own compositions. The series will continue monthly through May . . . The Negro American Labor Council dance held Feb. 3 featured drummer **Roy Haynes** directing a large band. Guest artists at the fund-raising benefit included tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins**, the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, **Horace Silver's** group, the **Max Roach Quintet**, **Abbey Lincoln**, **Hazel Scott**, **Betty Roche**, and **Joe Carroll**. The affair raised money for the Negro American Labor Council workshop, held in Washington, D. C., Feb. 17-18.

The annual Birdland chitterling party, given on the last night of **Count Basie's** holiday engagement at the club, turned into a farewell party for singer **Joe Williams**. At the break of dawn, **Sarah Vaughan** was singing duets with Williams, and **Frank Sinatra** was rendering his version of the blues, while **Sammy Davis Jr.** danced on a chair. The same morning, several girl vocalists were having their own jam session at **Trude Heller's** Versailles. Present were **Nina Simone**, **Sallie Blair**, **Carmen McRae**, and **Pat Thomas**. Playing piano and singing along with the stars was **Bob Dorough**, who has become a fixture at the Versailles.



WILLIAMS

Pittsburgh tenor saxophonist **Al Morrell** has returned to New York to work at the L club in Harlem. He recorded for Columbia with **Dizzy Reece**, trumpet; **Mal Waldron**, piano; **Addison Farmer**, bass; **Roy Haynes**, drums. All the tunes were Morrell originals, which he recently registered in Broadcast Music, Inc. . . . Ellington tenor man **Paul Gonsalves** recorded for the English Landsdowne series under the supervision of **Stanley Dance**. Gonsalves played guitar on three of the tracks. Also on the date were **Ray Nance**, trumpet, violin, and vocals; **Harold Ashby**, tenor saxophone; **Sir Charles Thompson**, piano; **Aaron Bell**, bass, and **Jo Jones**, drums. British arranger **Kenny Graham** wrote all

(Continued on page 47)



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March 2, 1961

Vol. 28, No. 5

IT ISN'T A RUMOR: STAN GETZ IS BACK

For the past couple of years, the music business has been belabored periodically with rumors of the return of various expatriate jazz musicians. From time to time, someone will insist that Bud Powell has been booked into some U.S. jazz spot, or Kenny Clarke is about to return from Paris. A good many of the rumors have centered on Stan Getz.

Thus, in January, when another report on the return of Stan Getz went into circulation, it was met with a certain amount of skepticism. This time, however, the report was correct, and on Jan. 19, Getz, his Swedish wife, Monica, and his two daughters — Pamela, 2½, and Beverley, 6—stepped ashore in New York from Swedish-American Lines M. S. *Kungsholm*. His two sons, Stephen, 12, and David, 9, stayed behind to attend school in Switzerland.

Getz, who has lived in Helsingor, Denmark, since July, 1958, looked over the changed skyline of Manhattan and said he felt as if he were a tourist.

"My first task," he said, "is to get together a quartet. I won't say who I want, not until it's set. I'd like to unveil the group at a Carnegie hall concert."

It appeared more likely that the first American engagement would be at Chicago's southside Sutherland lounge, where Getz was booked to open Feb. 15. Jack Whittmore, who is handling Getz' bookings for Shaw Artists Corp., hopes to follow up with a string of club dates, concerts, and television appearances. Getz was also scheduled to do some recording for Verve.

How long does Getz plan to be in America? "I don't know, but I hope it will be at least six months," the tenor saxophonist said. Will he return to Denmark at the end of the tour? Said Getz: "We'll see."

NEWPORT—NO FESTIVAL IN '61

The board of directors of the Newport Jazz festival sat down at the home of Louis L. Lorillard in the resort city for an all-day meeting on Jan. 22. All the officers who served in 1960 were re-elected.

Then came the big decision: would they or would they not try to hold an



GETZ AND FAMILY
Arriving in New York

eight Newport Jazz festival in 1961? Weighing in favor of a decision to go ahead was the possibility that the festival board might win back some of the money lost last summer, when the Newport city council revoked the festival's license. The event was shut down after three of the five schedule nights, in the midst of the rioting by young hoodlums outside the festival area.

In the angry aftermath of the festival, the festival board retained attorney Morris Kirsner of Boston and served notice on the City of Newport of an intent to file suit for \$450,000 damages, on the grounds that the city had no right to revoke the festival's license. So far, the suit has not been formally filed, according to a festival board spokesman.

All last fall, the city council discussed whether or not there should be a festival in 1961. In favor of it was Mayor James L. Maher, a longtime friend of jazz and a member of both the festival board and the city council. He spoke forcibly in favor of continuing the event.

At a meeting in October, councilman Jeremiah C. Lynch, Jr., said the council and the festival board should hold a meeting and take up, as its first item of business, the threatened suit. "I will not sit down at any meeting regarding

the festival with a gun at my head," he declared. Councilman Erich A. O'D. Taylor countered: "You have now killed every possibility of getting into an agreement."

More optimistic, councilman Dennis F. Shea felt that it wasn't a question of whether the festival would return but what restrictions would be imposed. Mayor Maher thought the restrictions sought by the majority of the council might be too severe and the festival would not continue under them.

In November, festival president Lorillard went before the council, advising that the festival board would like to hold the event the weekend of July 4, 1961, but would need a guarantee that its licence would not again be revoked.

Shortly afterwards, Mayor Maher talked to the mayors of five Rhode Island and Massachusetts communities about recruiting men from their police departments to supplement the Newport force. At the time of the 1960 riots, some residents had complained that if enough policemen had been available, the riots would not have happened.

In December, Lorillard again appeared before the council. He said the festival would need \$142,000 to get going again, and even suggested that the city might be able to help—by getting a grant from the state. "We could never raise the money again," he said, "unless we can somehow get a definite guarantee that the city cannot revoke our license."

"I hope we are approaching an agreement," Lorillard later told a reporter, "but it is hard to say. There were six councilmen at this meeting. The vote to close us up last summer had been four to three. We just hope at least one person on the council has changed his mind."

Toward the end of last month, the board of directors of the festival could wait no longer. Their usual December meeting had been postponed while they awaited some sort of concrete assurance from the city council. And it would take at least six months to prepare for a 1961 event; the talent had to be signed at once. Finally, the board, stymied by the indecisiveness of the city council, voted unanimously not to hold the festival in 1961.

Only three days later, things were thrown into uncertainty again: the

still-capricious council decided that if the festival board would drop its huge damage suit, they could have a 1961 license.

Though the council failed to approve a license at a meeting held Jan. 25, it indicated that it would do so if the board would drop its claim and guarantee payment of the city's expenses for police protection and other services connected with the festival.

A motion to grant a 1961 license under these conditions didn't pass; the council was split 3 to 3. Councilman Henry C. Wilkingson, one of the three voting against the license, said he couldn't consider it until the festival withdrew its \$450,000 claim.

Mayor Maher, who voted for the license, said later that he thought the festival's fate was in the hands of the NJF board of directions. He said he believed the corporation could win a four-vote majority by dropping its suit.

But NJF directors indicated they would stand by their decision — no festival.

A SHIFT IN CABARET AUTHORITY?

Though entertainers and musicians working in New York nightclubs are still required to obtain cabaret cards, three possibly significant developments have come out of recent widespread investigations into the system of issuing the cards:

1. Mayor Robert F. Wagner announced that he would ask the city council to remove authority for issuing the cards from the police, turning it over to the city's department of licenses. Wagner's proposal would end all police licensing except gun permits and taxicab licenses.

2. A suit has been filed in the New York supreme court challenging the right of Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy to require cabaret employees, including performers, from carrying the police identification cards. The suit, filed by attorney Maxwell T. Cohen, also demanded an accounting of and return of fees paid to the police license division for cabaret cards—plus treble damages.

3. Assemblyman Mark Lane (Dem., East Harlem), introduced in the New York state legislature a bill to nullify that section of the New York city charter requiring cabaret employees to obtain cards from the police department.

But these actions do not represent a solid front aimed at solving the problem. If anything, each action could get in the way of the other, impeding progress toward a solution.

Cohen's court action was made for the following plaintiffs: Nina Simone, for herself and other performing artists; the Village Gate, for itself and other

cabaret employers; Alfred Nano and Sam Magazine, for themselves and other musicians; Quincy Jones, for himself and other employers of musicians.

The motion has been opposed by a cross-motion from Commissioner Kennedy, stating the statutory authority for police control is derived from the New York City charter and administrative code.

Supreme Court Justice Sidney Fine heard the plaintiffs' motion for a summary judgment on Jan. 27. He ordered Cohen to submit a memorandum of law by Feb. 3, and gave the defendants' lawyer, attorney Mansfield C. Fuldner, until Feb. 6 to file an answer.

The judge, who commented, "All I know about this is what I've read in the papers," will then render a decision that could favor the plaintiffs and nullify the cards, favor the defendant and leave things as they are, or decide that both sides have their points and order a trial.

Attorney Cohen is pessimistic about the result. He says, "A lot depends on whether the judge is independent or politically appointed."

After the hearing on Jan. 27, Cohen made the following statement, "In the event of an appeal, and there will be appeals regardless of who wins, chances will be immeasurably improved if the musicians' union, the American Guild of Variety Artists, and all other trade unions in the night club business, coordinate and cooperate in fighting the card issue."

Meanwhile, Mayor Wagner's proposal to shift the regulatory function from the police to the license department is scheduled to be brought up in the city council within two months.

The mayor recommends that, when the change is made, the details of administration be modified so that a cabaret employee is required to apply for a card only once instead of every two years. This would make the identification cards permanent, as long as the holder obeys the law. He also proposes the establishment of a special midtown office for the fingerprinting of cabaret employees in order to eliminate the requirement that sends artists to police stations for mugging and fingerprinting.

OOPS!

From a review by John Martin in the *New York Times*:

"No doubt only 'squares' have to be told that the (Modern Jazz) quartet consists of John Lewis, pianist; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Percy Heath, bass, and Connie Mack, drums."

As Orrin Keepnews observed, "If you're *really* hip, you know that his real name is Cornelius McGillicuddy."

Regarding Wagner's proposals, Cohen does not feel a shift from one department to another is a solution if the entire licensing system is illegal in the first place.

Assemblyman Lane, a member of the Citizens Emergency Committee, is looking for the same result as is Cohen—abolition of the cards. Lane, a lawyer by profession, approaches the problem from a state government level. He would have legislation enacted that would require that the city pass a nullifying amendment to the city charter, section 436, that defines the power of the police department to wield control over the cabarets and cabaret employees.

When Cohen heard about the bill, he protested, "It will give the courts the excuse to hold my action in abeyance because of the possibility of corrective legislation being enacted by the State Assembly."

While the various factions battle the legality of the cards, singer-pianist Nina Simone submitted a letter in place of her cabaret card when she opened a three-week date at the Village Gate last December.

The letter, addressed to Art D'Lugoff, proprietor of the Village Gate, read "I do not recognize the authority of the police department with regard to my employment contracts unless there is something inherently criminal or illegal in these contracts. There are no such elements in my contracts with you or with anyone else. I decline to make available to you any information as to whether or not I possess a Cabaret Employee's Identification Card."

Miss Simone completed her engagement without any questions from police.

CITY REFUSES FUNDS FOR SAN FRANCISCO JAZZ FESTIVAL

The possibility that San Francisco might have a jazz festival of its own, separate from the one at Monterey, received a setback in mid-January when representatives of the city's park and recreation department told a delegation of critics, disc jockeys, jazz FM station operators, and jazz night-club owners that the city wouldn't put up a cent for such an event.

All financing, a commission spokesman told the group, will have to be private—"Nothing from the city." The most that could be done, he said, would be to petition for a budget item to cover a possible small loss.

"Get a charity," the spokesman advised the group. That possibility now is being pursued but with diminishing hope of success, since the financial liability of a San Francisco jazz festival is in doubt and since the large-circulation evening newspaper, the *News-Call Bulletin*, normally pro-jazz, already has opposed such a venture editorially.



JAZZMEN REHEARSE SYMPHONY

With Herbert Weiskopf (l.), conductor of the Beverly Hills Symphony Orchestra, whipping the musicians to one of the climaxes of John Graas' *Jazz Symphony No. 1* at the recent American premiere of the work in Beverly Hills, Calif., some of the jazzmen seen (l. to r.) are Dave Madden and Paul Horn, reeds; Graas, French horn, and Barney Kessel, guitar.

THE JAZZ SYMPHONY OF JOHN GRAAS

When the *Jazz Symphony No. 1* by John Graas was released on a small west coast record label in 1959, it attracted little critical attention and less sales response. Yet, the work embodies much of what is now dubbed "Third Stream" music with its fusion of modern jazz and classical techniques.

Commissioned by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, the symphony was completed in March, 1956. The same year it was first performed by European musicians at a West German music festival, during which it was recorded. Hollywood's Rex Productions, Inc., secured the tape and released the work as half of Andex album A-3003. But until recently, the symphony had not been heard live in the United States.

At the Beverly Hills, Calif., high school on Jan. 15, a capacity audience heard the first American performance of Graas' music. Under the baton of conductor Herbert Weiskopf, 11 jazz musicians augmented the Beverly Hills Symphony Orchestra in a spirited interpretation of the work as climax of a concert that included compositions by Dvorak, Schubert, and contemporary composer John Vincent. The jazz contingent included Barney Kessel, guitar; Bud Shank, Paul Horn, Dave Madden and Bill Green, reeds; John Burnett and Jules Chaikin, trumpets; Paul Moer, piano; Buddy Clark, bass; Mel Lewis, drums, and Graas on French horn.

Skillfully blending jazz rhythms and 20th century harmony with strict symphonic form, Graas reserved entire sections for solo improvisations on set bases, balancing the individual solos with orchestral counterpoint. Compul-

sive themes alternated with blue moods; the brilliance and precision of the orchestra urged the climaxes to bursting excitement. The impact of Weiskopf's projection of the music was reflective of his immersion in its spirit.

As a result of the Beverly Hills concert, several noted conductors attending are now bidding to conduct the symphony in the near future.

AN EXPANSION FOR ABE

The Woodrow Music Management office in New York is large enough to accommodate comfortably freelance booking agent Abe Turchen; his young assistant, Josh Miller, and a receptionist.

Turchen sits at a desk covered with contracts for dance dates, card-file boxes filled with the names of band buyers, a map of the United States, road maps of the states, and a deck of playing cards. When he is not on the phone, thumbing through the file cards, or calculating mileages between dance job locations, he plays solitaire.

Woodrow Management, originally organized to handle bookings for the Woody Herman Orchestra, recently signed to book the bands led by the two Elgart brothers, trumpeter Les and alto saxophonist Larry, previously booked through the Willard Alexander office.

When older brother Les discussed the possibility of changing offices, he asked Turchen to take on Larry's band, too. At first the booker was reluctant; Les is famous for playing a good brand of straight dance music, while Larry leans toward modern jazz with an individual sound. The two brothers had once been co-leaders of a band until they could not agree on the type of music to be featured.

After Turchen had visited Larry in his apartment and heard some of the saxophonist's newer arrangements, recorded on Elgart's own specially designed equipment, he was impressed and decided the Larry Elgart sound was something he could sell.

Larry is a highly respected authority on sound engineering as well as a creative musician. He has a recording studio in his apartment and has an agreement, in his new recording contract with M-G-M, that allows him to do all his recordings at home.

On dance dates, he carries his own amplifying system so that the sound heard from any place on the dance floor is the same as on his recordings. He explained, "I've worked so long and hard to achieve an individual and swinging sound that people recognize, and there is no reason why we shouldn't sound that way from any corner of the hall."

Is the signing of the Elgarts an indication that Turchen is going to expand into a large booking agency? Turchen answered, "No. To tell the truth I never wanted to be a booking agent in the first place. I wanted to continue as Herman's personal manager. But around 1950, the big offices were not getting us any dates. So if you want to get something done, you have to do it yourself."

Turchen, originally from Sioux City, Iowa, started in the business as road manager for the Blue Barron Orchestra shortly before World War II. After serving with the marine corps, he joined the first Herd as road manager in June, 1945, and later become personal manager.

He has been booking, in addition to Herman, guitarist Charlie Byrd, young drum prodigy Barry Miles, and U. S. tours of the Chris Barber Band from England.

He is optimistic about big bands. "If the booking agencies really worked at it," he said, "they could bring back the bands. There is plenty of work around the country."

THE LUCK OF AL GREY

Al Grey, trombone soloist in the Count Basie Band, had often expressed his ambition to have a seven-piece group of his own, though he recently told *Down Beat*, "I intend to stay with Basie, because he says that when I'm ready, he'll send me on my way with his blessing."

But due to a six-week string of bad luck, Grey's ambition may soon be realized—without Basie's blessing.

Four days after the Basie band opened its annual holiday stand at Birdland Dec. 8, Grey slipped on the ice as he came out of the Alvin hotel,

a half block away. The result was a broken ankle, and the Basie-ites faced their most critical audience of the year without the services of their most popular soloist. Grey's plunger mute solos had become an outstanding feature of a band that has turned more and more to straight ensemble playing.

Basie tried J. A. Sparrow, Matthew Gee, and Quentin (Butter) Jackson in Grey's place; on several nights Grey's chair was vacant. The pianist-leader grew impatient. Henry Snodgrass, his manager, was sent to the Alvin to learn how soon Grey would be able to resume work.

But there was a hitch. There have been frequent rumblings of discontent among certain Basiemens over money, and Grey has been one of the complainers. Band members are on a weekly salary, which is received in full by each man working at least five days. Pro rata deductions are made for layoffs that give a sideman less than the five working days.

Grey told *Down Beat*, "They came over and gave me a hundred or so, but it was Christmas, and I needed to buy toys for my kids."

At the insistence of Snodgrass, Grey returned to the band with his foot in a cast for the last few nights at Birdland and the following week at the Apollo.

The band had a one-nighter at Fort Dix, N. J., the evening before it was scheduled to play opposite Meyer Davis at the President's inaugural ball in the Washington, D.C., National Guard armory. Grey missed the bus to Fort Dix because he was unable to get his foot, from which the cast had just been removed, into his shoe.

Snodgrass came to Grey's hotel room the next morning and told him, "Here's two weeks pay. We won't need you in Washington. Basie'll call you."

The Basie band was heard, though not seen, on the telecast from the inaugural ball. In Grey's place, Quentin Jackson was manipulating the plunger.

Jackson, who has been featured with the Quincy Jones Band, is a temporary replacement as is Clark Terry, who has been in Joe Newman's chair. Jones says he expects trombonist Jackson to accompany him to St. Moritz, Switzerland, this month. (The Jones band and vocalist Ernestine Anderson are scheduled to play 16 days at the Swiss ski resort for promoter Walter Fenner, beginning Feb. 24.)

What will Grey do now? "I'm going home to Philadelphia and recruit that seven-piece band," he said. "And then we're going up into the Pennsylvania hills and woodshed until we're ready for Broadway."

Grey wants a small group with a big-

band sound and thinks it should line up with trumpet, trombone, tenor, baritone saxophone, and three rhythm.

The trombonist said that friend and boon companion Billy Mitchell, tenor saxophonist with the Basie band, had given his notice and would join Grey's group when and if it's formed.

Basie hasn't called Grey. Al doesn't think he will, "Snodgrass left my room abruptly after going to the closet to pick up my uniform. If he does call, I'll ask for a raise. I haven't had one in the three years I've spent with the band."

ARCHIE MOORE TO SWING AGAIN

Why did light-heavyweight champion Archie Moore take such a beating from Guilo Rinaldi in last October's match in Rome? Moore's explanation is a weird one.

"I lost my mechanical co-ordination due to the fact that I had not been around the type of music I need," the fighter said. "The Latin beat of the music in Italy upset my training program."

The trouble, according to Moore, was that his bosom buddy, tenor saxophonist Lucky Thompson, wasn't with him. Thompson was in the custom of going with Moore to training camp to help him get into battle shape. Thompson's beat was, according to Moore, just right for helping him work up the rhythmic drive of his punch.

In 1957, Thompson went to Europe for a six-week tour—and hasn't returned. His absence has taken its toll on Moore's prowess.

Now, happy days may be here again, the fighter believes. He's found a substitute for Thompson. The 43-year-old fighter told the B'nai B'rith Sports lodge at its annual dinner in New York's Roosevelt hotel, "Now, gentlemen, you may like the way Ziggy Elman plays the horn, but I'll take Clark Terry." With that, Moore introduced trumpeter Terry, now with the staff orchestra of the National Broadcasting Co.

"Clark plays what, in my considered opinion, is blues-flavored jazz, or so-called hard jazz," Moore said. "And it has an African beat."

"I'm taking Clark and a combo with me when I train for my next fight," Moore announced. "Clark's sound will make me happy when I'm skipping rope, and that's important."

Moore's future opponents are duly warned.

FAMOUS BLUES SINGER REDISCOVERED

A short news story that appeared last year has led to the rediscovery of famed blues singer Ida Cox, a contemporary of Bessie Smith in the 1920s.

The story concerned John Hammond's seeking the whereabouts of Miss Cox; he wanted to give her royalties for her participation in the *Spirituals to Swing* albums released on the Vanguard label. The albums consisted of recordings cut by Hammond at a 1939 Carnegie hall concert.

Miss Cox had dropped from sight after retiring from show business in 1949. But she saw the story and contacted Hammond. She refused his offer to record her, saying she was too old to make a comeback. Miss Cox is now more than 70 years old.

But where Hammond failed, Chris Albertson succeeded. Albertson, of Riverside Records, has specialized in getting jazz pioneers back on records, and went to see Miss Cox in her native Knoxville, Tenn.

The singer was adamant about not wanting to make any more records. She said she had forgotten all the lyrics she wrote for the many blues that came out under her name between 1920 and 1940. "And besides," she said, "some of those lyrics were sinful."

Once a headliner on the old Paramount blues catalogue, she made such classics as *Love Is the Thing I'm Wild About*, *So Soon This Morning Blues*, and *Graveyard Dream Blues* with accompanying bands that included such jazz stalwarts as clarinetists Johnny Dodds and Buster Bailey, trumpeter Joe Smith, and trombonist Big Green.

Her last recording date took place in October, 1940, for the old Vocalion label, with trombonist J. C. Higginbotham, guitarist Charlie Christian, trumpeter Hot Lips Page, drummer-vibraharpist Lionel Hampton, and pianist Fletcher Henderson accompanying her.

Albertson, on his several visits to Miss Cox, reminded her of those exciting days, and gradually rejuvenated her spirit. They talked of the days when she traveled the south with her own tent show, the *Spirituals to Swing* concert, and the engagement at Cafe Society Downtown that followed the concert.

She finally told Albertson that her neighbor was a pianist and during the day, when her daughter was away from the house, the two of them practiced some of the old blues.

Albertson was in. He told her he would send her the lyrics of her old songs and also a reissue album that Riverside had released of her old recordings.

Her stipulations: there would be only one album; it would be made somewhere away from Knoxville, and the project was not to be considered a comeback. "The recordings will be my final statement," she said.



STEVE LACY

By IRA GITLER

It has become painfully evident of late that a great many young jazz musicians have neither knowledge of nor respect for anything played before 1955. Soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy is a rarity not only for his instrument and his awareness of jazz history, but because he has actually played through the important basic styles.

Although he won't be 27 until July 23, Lacy's dossier reads like a condensed survey of jazz evolution. And his development on his instrument has been as natural as his choosing to play it in the first place. "I didn't take it up as a gimmick," Lacy has said, "and since I've always played it, I saw no reason to change. As my ear improved and my taste broadened, I began to see its possibilities in modern jazz."

Steve, a native New Yorker, had the usual childhood piano lessons but didn't work up any real enthusiasm for playing an instrument until the end of 1950, when he found a clarinet abandoned by a cousin years before.

His interest in jazz, first piqued in 1949 by Art Tatum records, was transmuted into action in 1951: He began studying the clarinet with veteran reedman Cecil Scott, whom he had met while hanging around the Dixieland sessions at the Stuyvesant Casino and Central Plaza. Then he heard Sidney Bechet's record of *The Mooche*, and was so taken with the soprano saxophone that he bought one soon thereafter. Although billed as "The Bechet of Today" in 1953, when he became a participant in the Stuyvesant Casino sessions, Lacy never owed his style to Bechet. What Bechet did give him was a vehicle he has used ever since, even when he was forced to buy an alto in order to be accepted as a student at Boston's Schillinger house.

Lacy's greatest learning has not come from pedagogs, however. He said in a 1959 interview: "I believe that the only way for me to develop myself is

the way thoroughly proven by the men who have made jazz what it is—that is, to play as often and as publicly as possible, with as good musicians as will tolerate me."

It is a credo he has followed since the days of his studies with Scott. He used to follow his teacher around, sitting in with him whenever possible. He also jammed with trumpeter Red Allen, and at Jimmy Ryan's with intermission pianist Don Frye. When he became a regular at the Stuyvesant Casino, he had the opportunity of playing with Buck



STEVE LACY

Clayton, Dicky Wells, Pee Wee Russell, Rex Stewart, and Joe Sullivan, and did not waste it.

By the mid-1950s, Steve had come under the influence of Lester Young, as his recordings with Whitey Mitchell and Tom Stewart for ABC-Paramount attest. But he has never limited himself, and has listened to the giants of all eras. If any one man can be singled out as a key influence, it is Duke Ellington. "Duke and the people who have played with him have always been my main inspiration, and he still is," Steve says.

Lacy credits three different playing

associations as the most important musical experiences in his life. The first relates to Ellington, because a mutual admiration for Duke led him and pianist-composer Cecil Taylor into a musical relationship. Taylor was influential in making Lacy aware of a wider variety of musics, jazz and classical, and of the other arts, during the period (1955-57) Steve was with the pianist's quartet. Today, Lacy is very much influenced by painting and will talk of Joan Miro as readily as of Charlie Parker.

The next benefactor was composer-arranger Gil Evans. He had heard Lacy on an *Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts* show several years before, filed him in his fantastic memory and, in 1957, called him for a record date. When Evans formed a band for club and theater engagements, Lacy's soprano was made an integral part of it. "Gil helped show me the importance of right material and right presentation," Steve said. "He has given me good advice through the years and continues to be a close friend although I am no longer with his band."

Thelonious Monk was the third important association. Lacy had been fascinated by Monk's music for some time before he played with him. On his first Prestige album, *Soprano Sax*, he recorded *Work*. Then, after learning 29 more Monk songs, he picked seven for his New Jazz album, *Reflections*. These tracks showed that, in addition to Monk, he had also been listening to Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, and Miles Davis.

Actually Jimmy Giuffre was the catalyst that brought him into Monk's group. Lacy was clerking at a record store on 8th St. in Greenwich Village (one of the varied jobs he has held in the last few years in order to feed his wife, two children, and two cats) when, one evening in the spring of 1960, he and Giuffre sat in with Ornette Coleman at the Five Spot.

Giuffre, who had liked the things Lacy had done with Evans, was impressed. At that time, he had become very much taken with Monk and, knowing Lacy to be an avid exponent of Monk's music, asked him to help put together a group. Through the month of May, they worked at the Five Spot. "Jimmy was very helpful," Steve said. "He hired my rhythm section and learned 20 tunes in an amazingly short time. But we didn't have the right musical rapport, though playing in his group really prepared me for the job with Monk."

Lacy joined Monk for his opening at the Jazz Gallery in June, 1960, and remained with him 16 weeks. "I was the happiest sideman in the world. I would play all night and practice all day. Play-

(Continued on page 46)



the return of JIMMY HEATH



By PETE WELDING

In the rapidly evolving world of jazz, it's rare for a musician to disappear from the scene for more than five years and then return with his powers undiminished and fully attuned to the new trends. But 34-year-old tenor saxophonist Jimmy Heath's impressive work on two recent Riverside albums, *The Thumper* and *Really BIG!*, marks the return of an original stylist and inventive composer-arranger who had such a layoff.

Jazz fans will recall Heath as a promising musician who recorded in the early 1950s with Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Kenny Dorham, and J. J. Johnson, among others, and as the author of a number of notable originals, such as *CTA* and *For Minors Only*, which have become staples in the repertoires of many modern jazzmen.

Although seemingly well along on a career of significance in jazz, Heath fell prey to the uncertainties that particularly bedeviled a man trying to play the new jazz of 10 to 12 years ago. Heath has no illusions about what happened.

In 1953, he was arrested on a narcotics addiction charge and spent the first six months of 1954 in the government sanitarium in Lexington, Ky., taking the cure and rehabilitation program.

Within six months of his release—on Jan. 9, 1955—he was back in prison on the same charges, this time for 53 months in the penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa. He served the full term, getting out in May, 1959. It is from this point that he started building a new career that has necessitated his surmounting parole restrictions on traveling that might have prevented a less determined and less talented man from reaching the stature he has come to enjoy today.

Born in Philadelphia, Pa., Heath is the second of three brothers whose names have become familiar to follow-

ers of modern jazz: older brother Percy, bassist with the Modern Jazz Quartet, and younger brother Albert, a rising drummer, currently with the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet.

Jimmy was the first of the three to take up music. While in high school, he bought an alto saxophone and took a few lessons—his only formal training, at the Presser School of Music in Philadelphia. Upon completion of high school and after several years of woodshedding, Jimmy said, he felt he had mastered the horn sufficiently to apply for a job with the Nat Towles Band, playing the carnival circuit out of Omaha, Neb. He remained with Towles during 1945 and '46, leaving to return home to assist Percy, who had become interested in music, with his studies.

Jimmy remained in Philadelphia until 1948, when he formed an experimental big band with a number of local jazzmen, among them John Coltrane, Benny Golson, Willie Dennis, Specs Wright, and brother Percy. It was at this time that he turned his attention to scoring and writing.

"There was another guy, Bill Massey, and myself who became interested in arranging and writing at about the same time," he said. "Neither of us had had any real training, so we had to feel our way, getting what we could from the records by arrangers whose work we admired. The two men who were the biggest influences on me were Gil Fuller, who was doing some exciting arrangements for Diz' big bands, and Tadd Dameron, in his work for smaller groups, quintets and octets mostly.

"My first big break in this area was in 1948, I think, when Percy and I joined a band that Fuller had organized in New York. It was a really fine group and he turned out some swinging arrangements for it.

"The band had one record date, but I don't believe the session was ever released—a real shame. What a book that band had! It would make everyone sit up and take notice—even today.

I remember we had a battle of bands with Dizzy's band one night. This was up at some ballroom in New York. Gil was having a mild feud with Diz for some reason, and he wanted to put him down bad. Well, Diz came on and played all the big things in his book, like *Manteca*, most of them written for him by Gil. Then our band cut loose with a brand new piece, *The Scene Changes*, and was Diz amazed! What a band! All of us really played that night, and that's probably why I was able to join Diz' band later on."

"I'm probably most indebted to Gil, because I worked with him personally and was able to learn a lot firsthand from him," said the diminutive sax man. "But I also picked up a lot from Tadd Dameron—at least from his records—and from Gil Evans, too. I admired the things Evans was doing for the Thornhill band back in 1947, and I tried to learn what he was doing by getting it from the records the band put out."

The brothers were with the band of trumpeter Howard McGhee, which toured the United States and Europe and appeared at the 1948 Paris Jazz festival. After a year, Jimmy left to join Gillespie, and Percy followed soon thereafter. They remained with Gillespie's band for two "very stimulating" years, and during this time Jimmy made the switch from alto to tenor saxophone.

The main reason for the change, he said, was an economic one. The bottom was dropping out of the band business at the time, and Jimmy said he felt that it would be far easier to find work if he played tenor.

"The first thing they always ask for over three pieces is a tenor, so I knew I'd have to switch if I wanted to work," he said. "Coltrane and I both switched to tenor at about the same time and for the same reason."

A secondary reason was the nickname Little Bird, with which he had been tagged by fellow musicians. Intended as a compliment, it soon came to be a hindrance to his career, he said.

"One night, for example," he said, "some guy—from the Shaw agency or somewhere like that, I think—called me and asked if I was the guy they called Little Bird. I replied that some of the guys did call me that, and then he asked me if I could fill in for Bird at the Three Deuces because he couldn't make it. Well, I told the guy that under no circumstances would I even consider taking the job. Man, I had to laugh at that—imagine me taking Charlie Parker's place in *his* band!"

After the switch had been made to tenor, Jimmy found that he preferred

the larger horn, and has kept with it since.

After the Gillespie stay, came a stint with a Symphony Sid concert unit in 1952. Jimmy replaced Zoot Sims, who left the tour shortly after it got under way, in a group that included Miles Davis, J. J. Johnson, Milt Jackson, Kenny Clarke, and Percy.

Then in the early part of 1953, Jimmy co-led a short-lived group with trumpeter Kenny Dorham, one of his closest friends. They played a number of club dates around the country and cut an album (under Dorham's name) for Charlie Mingus' Debut Records.

In April, 1953, Jimmy took part in the celebrated Blue Note sessions with Davis, J. J. Johnson, Gil Coggins, and Art Blakey. They produced *Tempus Fugit*, *Kelo*, *Enigma*, *Ray's Idea*, *I Waited for You*, and Jimmy's *CTA*.

Jimmy's summary of the next five years is: ". . . a void, a real waste, the worst and darkest period of my life. I'm certainly not proud of what I did, but on the other hand, I didn't do anything that a lot of guys weren't doing at the same time. This was back in 1949, when I was with Diz' band. You've got to remember that it was a pretty uncertain time all around and things were pretty rough for us then. Nothing was going right, there was no acceptance of the music, and it was hard to get work. The club owners wouldn't take any chances on it, either. They were lean times, with no prospects of getting better. Well, someone told me to try narcotics—everyone was doing it. It was supposed to make you feel good and all that—and, well, I gave in and tried it. And that was the start."

Jimmy continued, "I remained on it until I was arrested the first time and was sent down to Lexington. I came out feeling pretty good but then went back on it and was picked up and jailed again before six months were out. Nothing seemed to go right after I got out of Lexington. I couldn't get any work, I had all kinds of trouble—and that's why I went back more than anything else.

"That second sentence was rough—53 months—that was long enough for me." Jimmy paused, and added wryly, "I may not be the only musician to have been in prison for addiction, but I can say that I've probably served the longest sentence so far. And, believe me, it wasn't worth it.

"After about two years I had had enough. I knew that nothing on earth could ever persuade me to go back on the stuff. That was when I tried to convince the parole board of my

resolve, but it was no good. I just couldn't get a parole. You can be paroled for murder or rape or robbery—anything but addiction. So I just had to serve out my full time. The last six months weren't too bad, though. They transferred me to a farm, one of those minimum-security places."

While he was in Lewisburg, Heath worked with the director of the prison band. He rehearsed the band in the director's absence, helped him in teaching its members, and wrote and arranged for it. "It wasn't much of an outfit," he recalled, "not at all like Lexington, where there were a lot of professional musicians serving time. No, at Lewisburg we had only two other guys who were what you might call professional in any sense. The others just took up music to help pass the time.

"But I had plenty of opportunity to develop my writing abilities. I checked out a guitar, took it to my quarters, and used it to help me write. I didn't do any writing with the intention of doing anything with it—it was just to help myself more than anything else. Some of the things weren't too bad, though most of the numbers I ripped up. I did write *Mona's Mood* while I was there, and I wrote *For Minors Only* while I was in Lexington."

Heath was released in May, 1959. He was put on 18 months' probation. Shortly after his release, close friend Kenny Dorham got him a job with the Gil Evans Band at the Apollo theater in New York. Jimmy was given permission by the probation officers to go to New York.

After this, he formed a quintet with Dorham, which worked for a short time, and in August of that year he received a call from Miles Davis to fill in for John Coltrane, who had left the Davis sextet.

Heath flew to California, where he joined Davis for several engagements, and from there the group went to Chicago's Regal theater. He appeared with the Davis group at both the French Lick and Canadian Jazz festivals and was slated to perform at the Playboy festival when he got a summons to appear before his probation officer.

He returned to Philadelphia, where he was told that he was restricted to the Philadelphia area. "I explained to the officers that this thing with Miles was a big break for me, that it was something I had wanted for a long time. I had a friend, a sergeant on the police force, vouch for me, but it was no good. I even had a letter from State Congressman William Barrett, but still no dice. I couldn't go beyond 50 miles

from Philadelphia, and that was it. I had commitments at Lenox and Birdland, too, but I had to let them go by. And several times Miles came into the city during my probation and asked me to join him, but I couldn't do it. The last time was his European tour and, boy, how I hated to let that slip by. But my hands were tied."

If he was unable to accept playing engagements outside the 50-mile limit, Heath at least was permitted to go to New York City to record. However, he could go only for that reason, could stay only one day and had to have a letter from the record company specifying the need for his services. The letter was presented to the probation officer, and Heath was given the letter of permission that he had to carry while outside the limit.


Under this arrangement, Heath appeared as a sideman on a number of recording dates and in September, 1959, cut his first LP as a leader for Riverside, a sextet date on which he was joined by cornetist Nat Adderley and trombonist Curtis Fuller. The session was raised several notches above the usual blowing date by Heath's loose, flowing arrangements and his charging, emotive playing.

Even though he had been away for so long, his playing was remarkably fresh and very much in line with current approaches.

Heath now is waiting for the decision on his application for a New York City cabaret card. In the meantime, he is sketching out material for his next recording date and working in the Philadelphia area with his own quartet, which includes pianist Sam Dockery.

The events of the last two years—his release from prison, marriage and the birth of his first child, recording work, and a steadily increasing demand for his services, both as a horn man and writer—all have combined to exert a stabilizing influence and to strengthen his resolution to keep straight.

"There's no chance of my going back on the stuff," he said. "That 53 months convinced me of that. And the best proof that I've kept away from it is the fact that in the two years since I've been out, I've never once been picked up, even for questioning. And in Philadelphia, that's an accomplishment. The police make a practice of shaking down *all* the musicians who come in. They know what's going on, who's on what—they have their informers. And in all the time I've been back they haven't pulled me in once.

"I can honestly say that I've never enjoyed myself more than I have in the time since I got out." 



sarah

By BARBARA GARDNER

Complexes of one sort or another are often by-products of greatness.

As Sarah Vaughan recalls it, her life began with a devastating, unutterable resentment of being dark skinned and unattractive.

"I often wished I was a medium-brown skin color," she once said. "I imagined people that color were regarded more highly than I. To most persons who knew me, I thought, I was just another little black girl for whom the future was just as dark as it was for thousands of others like me."

As a child, Miss Vaughan remembers, she had dreams of being rescued by a fairy prince—only to be shoved from his horse when he discovered she was dark.

Even then, she wanted to sing. She dreamed of winning

great acclaim. But in the midst of her triumph, a light-skinned girl would start calling her names.

Too young to understand the social shame inherent in race prejudice, the young Sarah Vaughan shifted the responsibility of the rejection and injustice she suffered to herself and her color. As she grew older, understanding came. But nothing could ever repair completely the emotional and psychological hurts she had suffered.

Not all her nightmares happened when she was asleep. Some were real, the kind you can't wake up from, and they have contributed to her tendency to minimize herself. Despite the fame, glamour, commercial success, and acclaim she has achieved, she still says simply and quietly, "I don't feel like a big star."

And how does she think a great star should feel?

"I don't know," she admits. "I just feel like me, plain Sarah Vaughan."

During most of her life, that description was painfully accurate. Sarah Vaughan was just that—plain. "I was nothing much to look at," she says.

Even after she had begun to sing professionally, her looks were a cross she bore gravely. In the mid-1940s, a New York writer cut her to the heart when he wrote:

"She is not exactly handsome to look at, having a toothy face with a flattened, ski-jump nose, almost oriental eyes, and a low forehead oppressed by a pile of black hair."

The shy, defensive, bucktoothed girl who was to become world-renowned for her lyrical presentation, vocal flexibility, and remarkable harmonic sense, was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Asbury Vaughan. She was born in Newark, N.J., March 27, 1924.

Her father was a carpenter whose hobby was playing guitar and singing Negro folk tunes. Her mother, Ada, sang spirituals and hymns in the church choir in Newark. The Vaughan home was always filled with music. "Not the kind of music I sing," Sarah adds. "They sang the music of God."

It was the first music to influence her. As she grew, she sang bits of the tunes her parents sang. When she was 8, she began studying piano and organ. One of the proudest moments of her

mother's life came one Sunday when Sarah, then about 12, became the church organist. Her ambition at the time: to become a good choir director.

The Vaughans, deeply religious, encouraged their daughter's dedication to the church. And although Sarah had begun to wander from that direction early in her teens—by playing piano in the high school orchestra and singing popular songs at parties—she had turned 19 before the decision to become a professional entertainer was taken. Friends persuaded her to enter the amateur contest at New York's Apollo theater.

She sang *Body and Soul* and won first prize. Her career was born.

But her family wasn't entirely happy about it. "My mother was a little disappointed in me," she said recently. "She wanted me to go on in school and become a teacher or a choir director or something 'respectable.'"

But whether she admitted it to her mother or not, Sarah had always wanted to be in show business, though not necessarily as a singer. In fact, she had been preparing herself for it by tirelessly studying piano and organ for eight years. There are musicians today who remember that Sarah was once a *very* good pianist.

Even after the Apollo victory, Sarah wasn't at ease. She had a gnawing suspicion that she would never make it.

The winsome singer with the bright smile who, beautifully gowned, graces the stage today, is actually a composite put together by her two husbands.

Her first husband was George Treadwell, a trumpeter who later became her manager. Treadwell was prompted to begin her metamorphosis by an experience she had at the Chicago Theater some 10 years ago.

Waiting in the wings, the duckling had not yet become a swan and was going through great inner struggles. But Dave Garroway was the emcee, and the glowing terms with which he introduced the new star dissolved much of her fear. Suddenly she was no longer just an unattractive little girl, but someone special, and she loved the feeling. She glided onstage and stood before the audience ready to pour out this newfound confidence and affection in music. Then she saw a streak in the air, felt a sharp pain in her head, and saw red stains spreading down her white dress.

"I've been shot!" was her first terrified thought. But the bullets were tomatoes, and they kept raining on the stage as the frightened singer stood petrified. Young bigots in the balcony did their damage and scurried away.

Garroway was livid with rage. He delivered an infuriated statement against bigotry while the confused, humiliated singer huddled in the wings with her husband.

From the audience came thunderous applause for the singer, and a demand that she return. She went back to the microphone in tears, and looked out into what she felt was the last audience she would ever face. She tried to sing. She could not utter a sound.

After several futile starts, she left the stage, positive she would never sing again. But so sympathetic was public response to the incident, and so immediate was it, that she was persuaded not to give up her career.

Treadwell decided something must be done to give her confidence. He invested all the money he had, about \$8,000, in the building of a star. He arranged for nose-thinning plastic surgery on her face and the straightening of her teeth and sent her to a beauty salon to have her figure streamlined. He paid for special arrangements and elocution lessons, and personally selected and bought becoming clothes for her.

It worked. So transformed and elated was she that he gave her a nickname. That's how she came to be known as "Sassy."

Yet Miss Vaughan today doesn't like to talk about her

first marriage. "I want to forget that," she said. "I never want to think about that again."

Asked directly whether she thinks Treadwell should be given credit for guiding her to stardom, she revealed her tendency to rely on things current.

"No, my second husband did that," she said.

"All George ever did for me," she maintained, "was really for himself. You know, nobody wants to print that, but it's the truth, and I wish people would understand that."

Miss Vaughan's second husband is C. B. Atkins, a Chicago businessman and taxicab company owner whom she married in the summer of 1958 after a whirlwind courtship.

The marriage was regarded in some quarters first with amusement and then with alarm. Few persons felt there could be anything serious between the imaginative artist and the shrewd, resolute businessman.

Shortly after the wedding, Atkins took control of the Vaughan organization, and the amused ones stopped laughing, and the alarmed ones grew more so. Within months, parasites, hangers-on, and even more legitimate acquaintances found that to get to the singer they had to get past Atkins first.

Not everyone disapproved, however. "Sarah needed somebody strong," one associate says. "She needed somebody to do the hard, dirty work in this business. C.B. isn't going to let anybody take advantage of her."

Today, Atkins devotes most of his time to personal management. He manages Max Roach, the MJT + 3, and several younger singers. His chief client, of course, is his wife.

He, in turn, is the center of her universe. This is not surprising to those who know her. Basically, she is still a lonely woman, one who has to be in love.

Extremely defensive and sensitive offstage, Miss Vaughan allows almost no one to penetrate the shell of polite disinterest into which she has withdrawn. Outside her immediate family, she has only one female friend.

Her reticence leaves reporters and other interviewers nonplussed. After talking to her for hours, they will come away shaking their heads, utterly bewildered. She, for her part, hates interviews. She consents to them only when Atkins insists.

"They always ask the same questions," she complained. "Where was I born? When did I start singing? Who have I worked with?"

"I don't understand why they can't just talk to me without all that question bit. I just freeze."

And freeze she does. So cautious is she, so fearful of being misquoted or misunderstood, that natural responses are choked at the source. All that comes out is a rush of colorless, harmless, impotent words.

As a result, there is a widespread belief that she is a shallow woman, with no more to her than meets the eye. Nothing could be more inaccurate. When she is comfortable in a familiar environment, she emerges as a dynamic and powerful woman with a sharp sense of humor—and, at times, a sharp tongue.

Recently she sat in a club with acquaintances, silently watching her husband send a stream of bills across the bar as he bought drinks for friends. A merry-maker said that, at this rate, the party could go on all night.

Freezing the grin from the woman's face with a cold stare, Sarah snapped:

"Not hardly. When the time comes for us to go, we'll go. You can believe that, honey!"

Within the hour, she and her husband left the club.

Miss Vaughan has developed her stony stare to perfection. When she uses it, however, it's "because somebody is really dragging me," she said. "Usually, it's somebody who walks up to me and calls me Sarah. They don't know me, and

they should say Miss Vaughan, or Mrs. Atkins, or something. That's what I would do. So I just keep walking."

The lighter side of Sarah Vaughan is something few people see, except when she feels particularly frisky onstage.

She is, in private life, a mimic and comedienne of no mean skill who can keep friends entertained for hours, re-creating scenes and situations from her travels. These are situations she observed with poker face and apparent disinterest.

There is another myth about Miss Vaughan that deserves exploding—the idea that she is a "natural" singer with little knowledge of music. It is an assumption made by people who don't know about her years of piano studies.

While it is true that she was a professional singer before her first husband induced her to take voice lessons, she has, from the beginning, been equipped with an excellent knowledge of the mechanics of music. She credits much of it to training she received at Newark's Arts high school.

"While I was playing piano in the school band," she said, "I learned to take music apart and analyze the notes and put it back together again. By doing this, I learned to sing differently from all the other singers."

That is probably the nearest thing to an analysis of her style as you are likely to get from her. Beyond this, she simply says that she sings songs a different way each time because she would get bored singing them the same way.

Her skillful, natural, and frequent changes of key and her use of improbable intervals give each of her performances a freshness and originality unmatched by any other singer. With her, enunciation is completely subservient to music.

Miss Vaughan doesn't waste her singing. She loves to sing but does so only for a purpose. She must have an audience she cares about. It need not be large. Once, reportedly, she sang for an audience of one. Shortly after her engagement to Atkins, she called him in Chicago from New York and sang one of her best-known ballads, *Tenderly*.

There are, in fact, times when it seems everyone wants to sing but Sarah.

Once, in 1960, she made the alarming discovery that her husband, her maid, and her pianist all felt the magnetic pull of the spotlight. A member of her accompanying trio recalls, "Man, those trips in the car from one gig to the other were something else. We had great singing contests, and we tried to get Sarah to be the judge. Each one of us would sing his or her best number. It was too much, now that I think about it. Everybody was singing but Sarah.

"She was just sitting in the corner, wishing everybody would shut up so she could get some sleep."

Sarah Vaughan, or Sassy, or Mrs. C. B. Atkins—which will emerge in a given situation?

Most of the early fears are conquered. In their place have come problems of adjustment, and some new fears.

But Mrs. Atkins has never looked healthier or happier. She makes no decision regarding either her career or her personal schedule without her husband's approval. She is openly adoring of him, and obedient to the point of subservience. Often she sits quietly, watching him, hanging onto every word. If he asks her to do anything, she is off like a shot.

She is almost childlike in her anxiety not to displease him. If in his absence she goes for a moment against his wishes, she is almost instantly contrite, hoping he will never find out what she has done.

"I guess I'm too sensitive," she admits. "But I'm so afraid of being hurt. I've been hurt so much."

Onstage, she alternates between revealing herself as the pixie-ish Sassy and the sedate Miss Vaughan. At those mo-

ments when the old fears and nightmares peck through, it is the little church organist from Newark who stands there with the cloth of her skirt between her fingers, holding on tightly. It is then that she wants to slow the pace and spend more time as Mrs. Atkins.

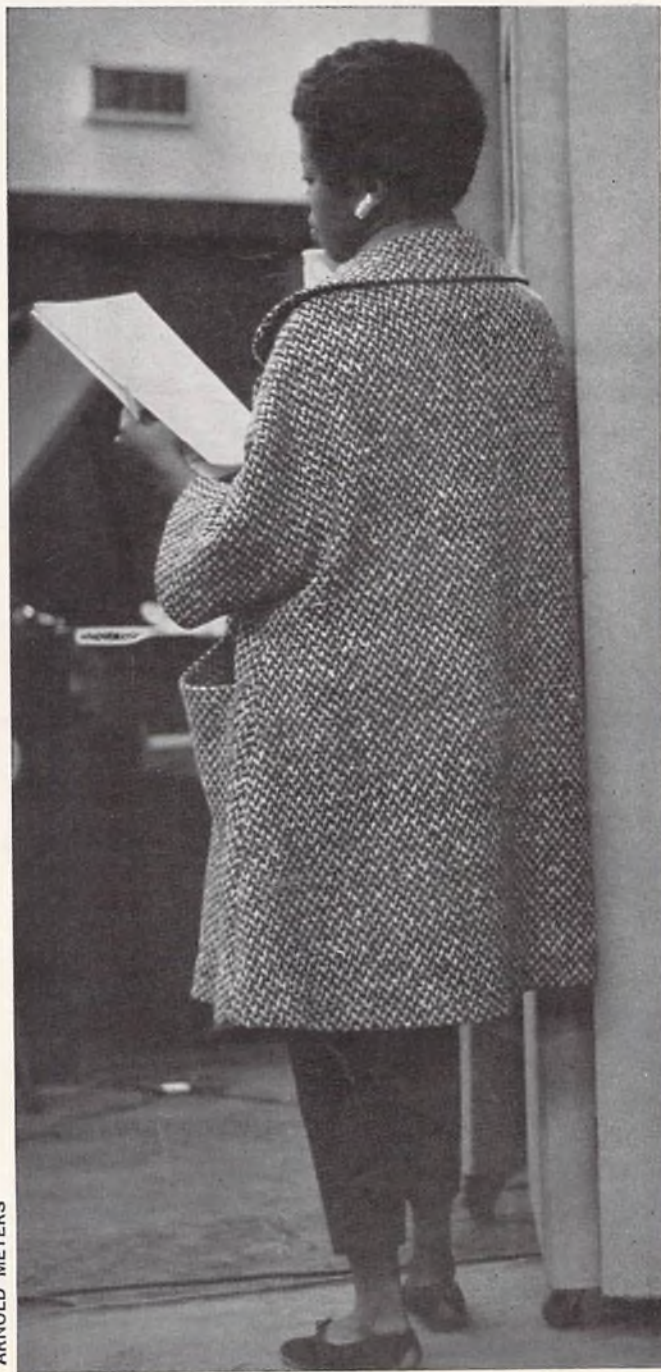
"What's the use of having a home if you can't enjoy it?" she asked. "Of course, I want to keep singing as long as anybody will listen. But I want to spend more time at home."

She is tired of the public demands on her and, although she remains gracious when she is talking to them, she resents autograph hounds and pushy people generally.

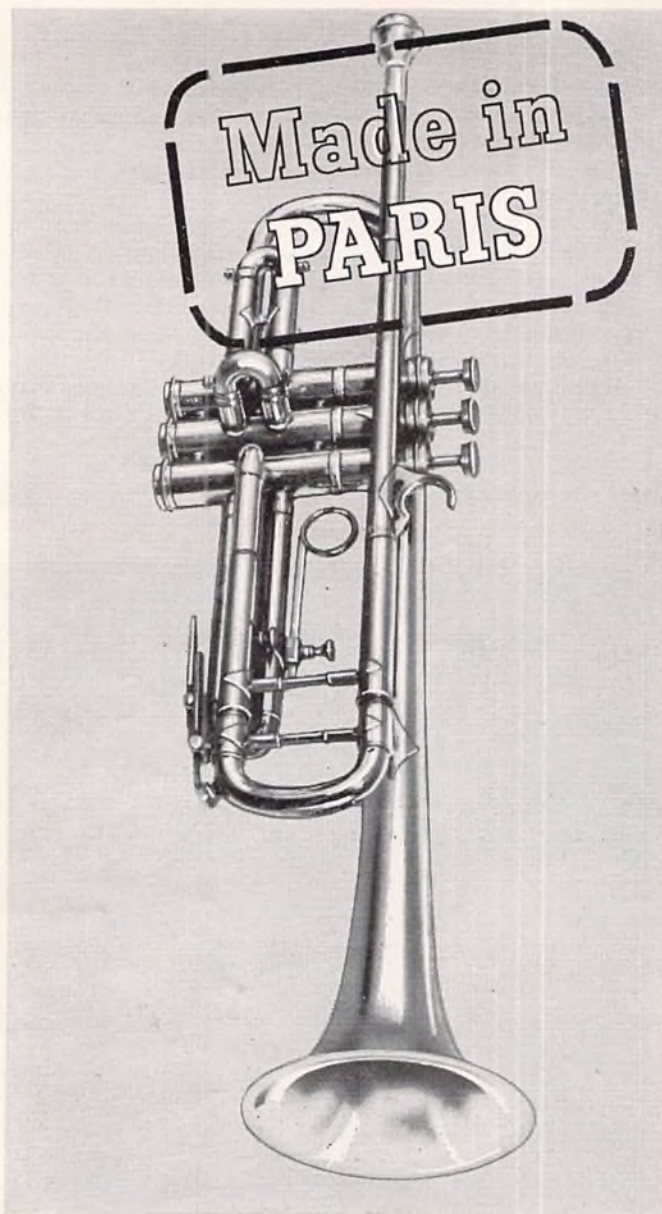
When her husband reminded her recently that this was a part of her responsibility as a star, she replied, a little pathetically:

"Honey, I'm tired of all this. Let me just be Mrs. Atkins, and you be Sarah Vaughan."

ab



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RICHARD BOCK



WOODY WOODWARD

The sturdy backbone of today's jazz record business is the independent label. Free of the red tape and frequently cumbersome operation of the major company, the independent jazz producer, by sheer volume of LP releases, is responsible for the bulk of recorded jazz now available.

Frequently criticized for flooding the market with less than top-quality or even mediocre albums, the independent producer nevertheless is first a pioneer, a pacesetter onto whom devolves the responsibility for bringing new talent before the public. Richard Bock, 33-year-old head of World Pacific and Pacific Jazz, is such an independent jazz producer.

To term Bock "a&r man" and leave it at that is to close one eye not only to Bock's larger function as company executive but also to the basic character of most the independent firms. "Total involvement" would seem best to describe the combination of roles played by such a producer.

In Bock's words, "Not only must I be concerned with actual record production, but I also have to take care of the company administration—which includes tackling problems of merchandising, advertising, public relations and so on."

In common with many independent company heads, Bock is an active participant in supervising record sessions and in setting them up. Where another a&r man is content to leave microphone placement for sound balance to an engineer, Bock devotes as much attention to this mechanical aspect of recording as

he will to guiding the session from the sound booth.

In "miking" a date, Bock is assisted by long-time associates Phil Turetsky and Woody Woodward. One of Woodward's contributions to the acoustical setup of the converted warehouse that

PRODUCER'S CHOICE

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

The Gerry Mulligan Quartet, World Pacific WP-1207, with Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Chet Baker, trumpet; Carson Smith, bass; Larry Bunker, drums.

2 Degrees East, 3 Degrees West, World Pacific WP-1217, featuring John Lewis, piano; Bill Perkins, tenor saxophone.

Dizzy Gillespie's *Dizzy and Strings*, Discovery, with orchestra conducted and arrangements by Johnny Richards.

Les McCann's *The Truth*, Pacific Jazz PJ-2, with McCann, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Ron Jefferson, drums.

Ravi Shankar's *India's Master Musician*, World Pacific WP-1248. Commented Bock: "Contact with this man was an unforgettable experience."

Gerald Heard's *Explorations, Reflections, Indications*, World Pacific WP-1255, 14 prayers by the renowned philosopher-lecturer. three-volume LP set, boxed with book.

has become World Pacific's studio in the rear of the administrative offices in West Los Angeles is the discovery that

the studio sound could be adjusted by manipulating a row of tall, convex, perforated panels into an arrangement around the musicians and their microphones. The panels, vaguely like a backdrop for a modern dance on a television soundstage, tend to compensate for the dead studio acoustics.

On a recent record date with the Bud Shank Quintet the panels were grouped in a semicircle around the musicians, close together, hemming in the sound.

Bock's basic policy of building new talent is by no means new. Gerry Mulligan, Chet Baker, and Chico Hamilton got their start on Pacific Jazz, becoming overnight successes with the jazz record-buying public. Pianist Les McCann currently is enjoying almost a parallel popularity on the basis of his first two albums on the recently reactivated Pacific Jazz label, and *The Blues Message* of organist Curtis Amy and tenorist Paul Bryant was recorded by Bock because, as he puts it, "I knew it would sell."

Also selling — and big, according to Bock — is the comedy album *2,000 Years with Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks*. The company is hard-pressed to keep pace with the demand for this chaotic outing with two of the zaniest comedy minds of our time, and young jazzmen signed by the label can thank their stars for the Reiner-Brooks success. Bock is quick to concede that the hefty sales of the comedy album, in addition to the McCann and Amy-Bryant sets, are enabling him to pursue his search of new jazz talent.

For all the sometimes esoteric material recorded by Bock (*Explorations, Reflections, Indications*, by philosopher Gerald Heard; the Indian music of Ravi Shankar; *Japanese Koto Music* by Kimio Eto), the producer emphasizes that "jazz is the heart of it all (and) new talent is the lifeblood." Thus, he recently signed to an exclusive contract young Kansas City trumpeter Carmel Jones in the belief that the horn man is destined for a promising future in jazz.

"The continued encouragement of new talent," Bock said, "is a constant policy. In fact, it must be. And there's always the chance that you can find and build an artist of quick rise and enduring demand — Mulligan, Brubeck, Miles, for example."

In the early days of Pacific Jazz, Bock had his share of the "quick rise and enduring demand" only to see his best-selling artists move on to other companies. But this is characteristic of the record business, just as it is also typical that there is always a new star around the corner waiting for the curtain to lift.





STEREO SHOPPING WITH MAX ROACH

JACK BRADLEY



By CHARLES GRAHAM

Max Roach is the most influential and the most-imitated jazz drummer since his own early idol, Kenny Clarke. He's also a composer, increasingly interested in extending the musical horizon.

Recently during a New York City engagement, Roach said he was dissatisfied with the way his records sounded at home and that he'd like to get a high-grade components system set up.

"While I'm at it, I want to go stereo," he said. "It's odd to record a stereo disc and then go home to play it mono. People who buy it can hear it in stereo; but I can't!"

A week later he came to the studio to examine a home stereo system. With the first record, it was pointed out that much of the superiority of stereo over mono comes simply from addition of the second speaker eight or 10 feet from the first. This adds a feeling of spaciousness to the sound, even though the sounds coming from the two speakers are identical.

Then followed an explanation and demonstration of how the placement of separate microphones in the recording studio provides two separate and different sound signals to the two playback channels in listening.

The differences in the two similar-sounding channels are differences both of time and of volume. That is, the time at which a note sounded by a cymbal crash leaves each speaker is not the same, and the volume the crash makes is louder issuing from one speaker than from the other. Both the time difference and the volume difference account for the apparent loca-

tion of the instruments in stereo, and more importantly account for the spread, the feeling of spaciousness.

Max noticed how little difference there was in the sounds coming from the two speakers. Reversing the two channels, swapping them between the two speakers by turning the stereo-reverse switch, it was possible to move the tenor and trumpet soloists slightly from center left to center right. The cymbals and high-hat also exchanged positions with the soloists as the switch was snapped.

Later the drummer went to Grand Central Terminal to visit the Acoustic Research music room, a demonstration studio, where he listened to switching among the four different models of speakers offered by Acoustic Research.

After an hour, he concluded that he might spend the \$100 extra that each AR-3 would cost over its less expensive version, the AR-2A. "But the AR-2s and 2As sound awfully good to me," he said, adding that he didn't think he would miss the slightly superior sound of the more expensive ones unless he had both models there to compare for hours on end.

When Roach realized that the only substantial added cost of stereo today is in the second speaker system, he asked about the total cost of a system. He said he wanted to get a straight FM tuner (no AM section) because he understood that all the New York AM stations broadcast on FM and that in addition there were some FM-only stations specializing in music.

The prices were listed for two different systems, each of them including a changer with a diamond stylus in its stereo cartridge; an FM tuner; an all-in-

one stereo amplifier, and two compact, high-quality speaker systems.

For the less-expensive system, Roach selected the Scott 222 amplifier priced at \$145, because he liked the flexibility of its controls, particularly the mono-stereo-reverse switching. As its more costly alternative he felt the 222's big brother, the 299, rated at twice 25 watts, costing \$210, would be his choice. This unit, like the 222 (twice 15 watts) is available with optional wrap-around cabinet at about \$20 extra but can be used in a bookshelf or on a table without the cabinet, because of its decorative construction.

Adding up the cost of the two systems showed that the higher-priced one came to a little more than \$1,000, the less-expensive one less than \$600.

In both cases it turned out that the speakers represented almost one-half the total cost, even though both FM and phonograph reproduction were provided for.

Following are the items and their costs in the two setups Roach preferred:

Garrard Type A turntable \$70

or

210 changer \$50.

Shure M-3D pickup \$47

or

Pickering MK II pickup \$24.

Leak FM tuner \$15

or

Scott 314 FM tuner \$115.

Scott 299 (2x25 watts) amplifier \$210

or

Scott 222 (2x15 watts) amplifier \$145.

Acoustic Research AR-3 speakers @ \$220 or AR-2As @ \$110.



TAPE REVIEWS

United Stereo Tapes continues to probe backwards into the catalogs of the various labels affiliated with it, while making current releases more rapidly available than ever before.

For example, a recent release in the pop field is London double album LPM 70005, by Frank Chakcsfield, which includes *Evening in Paris* and *Evening in Rome*. *Evening in Paris* was released as a monaural single disc nearly seven years ago. It was the first of the travelog mood music albums, preceding even Michel Legrand's *I Love Paris*, which was to set a trend.

Yet the batch of recent UST releases also includes a Bob Brookmeyer Quartet record, *The Blues Hot and Cold* (Verve VSTC 248), released on disc only a few weeks ago. The album, which features Brookmeyer with Jimmy Rowles, piano, Mel Lewis, drums, and Buddy Clark, bass, was given a ★★½ review in the Jan. 19 *Down Beat*. A delightful, unpretentious, and happily swinging set, *Blues Hot and Cold* finds the trombonist in a relaxed and witty frame of mind that results in some of the best Brookmeyer ever released.

Brookmeyer is featured prominently on another Verve Tape, VSTC 250, *Gerry Mulligan, The Concert Jazz Band*. This one, rated ★★★★★ in *Down Beat* and called one of the most important of 1960 releases (it came out on disc toward the end of the year) is an excellent example of the work of a band that has caused widespread praise and some puzzlement.

The puzzlement stems from the fact that Mulligan chose not to sound like other big bands, past or present, and had the courage not to use the big band chiefly as a means of achieving volume. The band owes much to the thinking (but not, generally, the sound) of Duke Ellington, voicing instruments by coloration rather than sections.

In addition to a number of light-footed swingers, the set includes one of the loveliest works in the Mulligan book, Brookmeyer's arrangement of Django Reinhardt's *Mamou de mes rêves*, in which the band is heard in broad, sustained, organ-like chords that Mulligan tastefully decorates with sensitive obligatti and a beautiful ballad solo.

The Brookmeyer and Mulligan packages are musts for those now listening to their jazz on tape. Presence is aston-


ishing, and in the Brookmeyer set, it is almost disconcerting: you feel as if you are in the studio during the recording date, and you can ever hear Brookmeyer muttering (he says what sounds like "Hey, pluck it, pluck it") to bassist Buddy Clark.

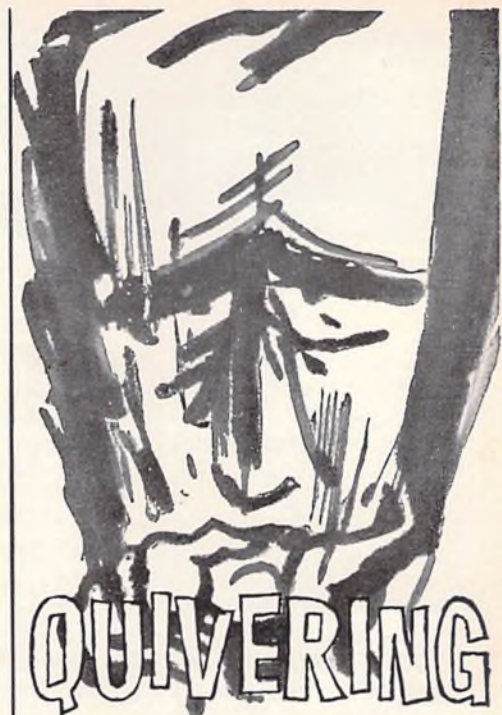
Not quite so recent in the Verve catalog but well worth having is VSTC 249, *The Ebullient Mr. Gillespie*, made when Les Spann and Sam Jones were still with Dizzy's quintet. This package ranges from an outrageously funny version of Gillespie's perennials, *Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac* and *The Umbrella Man*, to the beautiful Latinesque *Lorraine*, dedicated to the trumpeter's wife. This tape is from a date that also produced *Have Trumpet, Will Excite*, available as tape VSTC 211.

Atlantic, which joined the UST releasing group a few months ago, is represented among recent releases by tape ALC-1911, *The Genius of Ray Charles*. This set, which includes the Charles hits, *Let the Good Times Roll* and *Don't Let the Sun Catch You Cryin'*, is devoted chiefly to Charles the singer, though he is also heard on piano. Arrangements are by Quincy Jones, Ernie Wilkins, and Ralph Burns, among others.

With Roulette releases now available on four-track UST tapes, Basie is heard in *The Count Basie Story*, a twin-pack (equivalent to two LPs) set in which the present-day Basie band recreates some of the best Basie works of the last quarter century. This is an excellent package. It is tape RTP-520.

Mulligan is heard in another tape album, MGM STC-3812, André Previn's highly and superior score to the film *The Subterraneans*. Previn, of course, is the chief feature, functioning as composer, orchestrator, and pianist. His playing is fine, but it is the protean versatility of his writing that makes Previn a wonder of the contemporary music world.

His jazz writing is very good. It exists side-by-side with some marvelous handling of the full-scale symphony orchestra. One track, *Should I*, features Previn with Shelly Manne and Red Mitchell in some light, airy playing. The next track, *Look Ma, No Clothes*, reveals his remarkable ability with full symphony orchestra. And though the writing here is somewhat derivative, it is unusual in that it uses jazz figures against symphonic writing, and meshes the two extremely well. When all the polemics are finished, the fact remains that Previn is an astonishingly skillful musician, and this survey of his abilities stands up very well away from the movie for which it was written. 



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Q & A

TAPE RECORDER OR DECK?

We've been playing pre-recorded tapes on the cheap portable recorder which I originally bought just to record our child's voice as he grows up. But now we've got a components system and would like to hear music tapes, especially the new four-track jazz and classical tapes some of our friends have played for us, through our big stereo system.

Our local service technician says it'll cost about \$35 to convert the recorder, which only costs \$95 new, to play stereo tapes through the system. Is it worth it? Other people say we'll get poor results if we do this and that we have to buy a good tape recorder for about \$300 or \$400 if we want to have high-quality tape playback.

Seattle, Wash. Sy Herald

Inexpensive tape recorders are intended primarily for voice work, because they have minimal amplifiers and small speakers that reproduce voice frequencies fairly well but not musical bass and treble. Too, they use mechanical parts that usually can't maintain perfectly even speed after many months of use. This speed unevenness, called "wow" or "flutter," is not nearly so bothersome in the playback of speech as it is in the reproduction of music.

A medium-priced tape recorder can easily be plugged into your components system for high-quality stereo listening. However, if you plan only to play back tape and not to record it, too, why not keep your little voice recorder for speech and party recordings, and get a tape *deck* for playing stereo (and mono) recorded tapes through your system?

A tape deck is just the mechanical part of a tape recorder and doesn't include the tubes and other electronic parts a recorder requires. A tape deck uses the tubes in your stereo amplifier for tape playback.

Tape decks cost from one-third to one-half what comparable tape recorders cost and on playback will provide as good sound from your system as would a complete recorder. Every stereo amplifier made in the last couple of years includes electronics for use with a tape deck.

COST OF COMPONENTS

How much of the total cost of a good stereo system should be spent for the two loudspeakers (including enclosures)? Please include percentages for a system with FM radio but no installation or cabinet costs except for the speakers.

Also, what's the least expensive system available that's still high fidelity? Some "experts" have said one must spend at least \$1,000!

Omaha, Neb. James Taylor

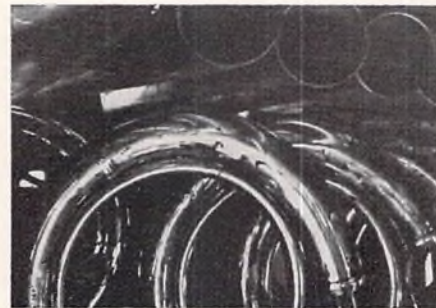
For a stereo system including phonograph and FM radio, comparable quality of components usually dictates that between 45 and 55 percent of the total cost will go into the two speakers. This assumes that no substantial cabinet (or installation) costs are involved, since today none is required, except for the speaker cabinets.

FM tuners for use in or near metropolitan centers can be had for about \$100, with at least two companies, Pilot Radio and Granco, offering good economy tuners at half that price.

Stereo amplifiers cost from about \$125 and up. A phonograph turntable, with its base and a magnetic cartridge, including, of course, a diamond stylus, will run at least \$65.

Two speakers will cost at least \$50 each, with this the most serious compromise in a system using components at these prices.

In the December, 1960, stereo news section of *Down Beat*, and also in an article in *Music '61*, *Down Beat's* year-book, we listed economy, best buy, and luxury high fidelity components with their prices. Excellent buys also can be had in kits if you're handy with simple tools.



OLD SPEAKER OK FOR STEREO?

Last year I stepped up from my mono amplifier to a nice new stereo job. I didn't have the money to get new speakers, so I compromised by getting just the amplifier and a stereo cartridge. This way I've been playing stereo discs, though I only hear them as yet in mono.

Now I'm ready to get new speakers and really hear stereo. I've got a heavy, 15-inch, co-axial speaker in a big cabinet which sounds fine. Do I have

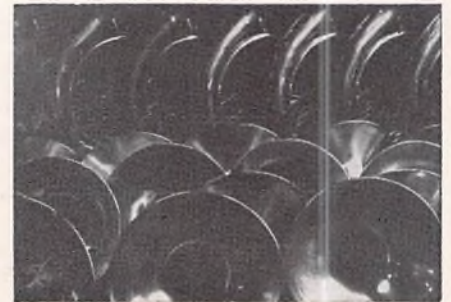
to get another speaker just like it, or close to it? Or can I get one of the newer, compact, high-quality speakers?

I've also heard that I can use the old speaker in the middle and just get two tweeters, one for each stereo channel. But would that be real stereo?

Stamford, Conn. Julian Mark

There are no absolute answers. Best results in stereo come from use of similar speakers in each channel. You can get a "matrixing network" (Electro-Voice, University, and others offer them at \$20 and less) to mix the bass frequencies of each channel into the old speaker, adding just mid- and treble-range units for the stereo on each side.

If money is a problem, you might do best buying a new speaker whose sound you like, though not necessarily one like your present big one. Use it with your old one for the two channels and replace the old one next year with a mate for the new smaller model. Retire the old 15-incher to the bedroom or game room, or give it to a newcomer to high fidelity who'll have to be content with mono for a year or two.



DISCOUNTS VS. SERVICE

In shopping around for my components, I've found that some audio shops will offer a flat percentage off of the regular "audiophile net" price, while others say that they can't cut price because then the guarantees on the parts are not any good.


Some units can even be bought at discount houses that sell electrical appliances.

Will I void the factory warranties if I buy this way, cut-rate?

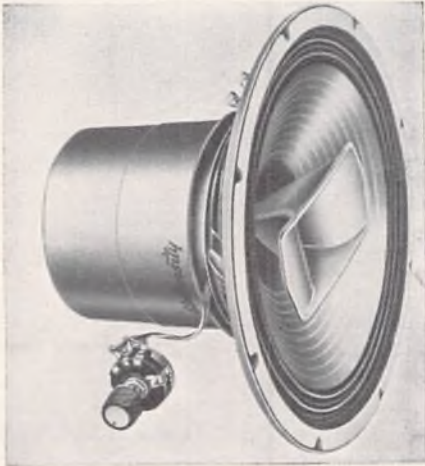
Miami, Fla. O. N. Picker

In high fidelity, like everything else, you get what you pay for.

You can often get new units at below the regular price if you shop around. But the dealer who cuts his prices can't afford to service what he sells this way. Often he'll be out of business in a few months just because he cut his prices too much to pay for his overhead.

If you buy at a particular dealer's because he's offering to "save" you money, be *sure* he'll stand behind anything he sells you and will take care of any problems that come up. 

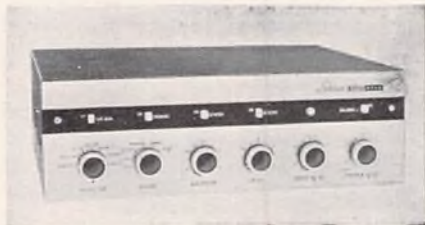
NEW PRODUCTS



Improved version of old standby best buy for several years, new University 6201 bears same model number, has long-travel voice coil, separate co-axial tweeter and tweeter control. Rated at 35 watts, it has a response to 30 cycles and costs \$58.



Two microphones in one housing make true stereo recording easy with high-quality, medium-priced Norelco stereo microphone. It uses European M/S stereo systems and works with any stereo recorder. It costs \$40.



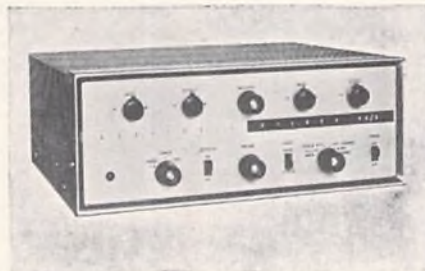
Two new amplifiers rated at 40 (dual 20) and 70 (dual 35) watts respectively are now available either in kit form or factory wired. Eico's ST-40 kit costs \$80, wired \$125. ST-70 kit is \$95, wired \$145.



Compact but powerful (dual 25 watts) stereo amplifier has separate bass and treble controls for each channel, wide range of control, and input flexibility. Scott 299-B costs \$210, the cabinet \$20.



Bookshelf, (24 inches by 14 inches by 13 inches) speaker system has 12½-inch woofer, five-inch tweeter, and non-resonant sand-filled rear baffle. Wharfedale '60 costs \$94.50 unfinished, \$109 finished.



Economical stereo amplifier (20 watts a channel) includes terminals for third, center speaker if desired. Radio Shack Model 40/A costs \$80, ready to plug in.



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By ART HODES

There's one question that's been plaguing me through the years: How come a musician can't work as steadily and as often as he'd like to at his trade? How come the business of playing music for a livelihood is getting closer to comparison with, let's say, the job of playing Santa Claus? Seasonal. I'm serious. Why can't I work as often as I want to? Why do I have to have stretches where I'm "in between" jobs. I can understand the guy who's lazy, tired, retired, rich, bored—I don't mean him. What about the musician who wants to work, but there's no work? There are so many musicians, skilled craftsmen, who find it impossible to live by music alone. They turn to day jobs and play weekends. What goes? Are we, as a nation, less interested in music? Are there too many musicians? It hasn't always been this way. Not in my experience. I can remember . . .

Chicago, the prohibition era, my first steady job. Rainbow Gardens . . . west on Madison St. . . . an "upstairs" joint . . . Twenty-five stairs. How many times I must have counted them.

You were the music. No juke-box, no relief band, nobody, you—from 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Don't wander into the wash-room for more than a minute or you'd very likely hear (and LOUD), "There's a lull in the joint!" That's you.

You play anything and everything that comes to mind, that the customer asks for. You also play for at least two gal singers—entertainers. They make the rounds, singing from table to table. You get half their tips. They usually carry a handkerchief. How harmless. Yeah, a gal could make a \$10 tip come out one buck by the time she reached you. A gal not overstacked with honesty. Your salary is \$35 a week, but you never touch it—tips are that great. You earn more than your dad. Eighteen months later, when you quit the gig, you get all kinds of offers. No sweat. Seemed like when we knew so little, we earned so much, and we worked so often.

Recently, I was talking to a musician who does a bit of teaching. Trumpet's his instrument, not his income; he's in insurance, an underwriter. A graduate of Juilliard. His father was a musician. He walked right into work. But then came marriage and no more road jobs. Gigs became fewer. With a child on the way, he chose to switch to a job with an assured income. I've talked to symphony men, jazzmen, society-work musicians, the club-date boys; it's the same story—a scramble for work. And make like a gypsy, travel.

Music is like nothing else that has ever happened to me (I don't mean the music business or the business of music). This is one of a few professions where you get paid

"for playing." Most people I know, work for a living. I'll settle for the insecurity in return for the kicks I get from music, from playing.

When I'm down and feel empty, when life is full and plenty, there's the piano, and I can express what I feel. Even on jobs, I find occasions when I can express my feelings.

I look back and recall meeting Wingy Manone, and I got his stamp of approval. That set me right in with all the Chicago jazz greats. It opened the door to King Oliver and Louis Armstrong, Johnny and Baby Dodds, Jimmie Noone, Earl Hines. It meant jamming with Frank Teschemacher and Bix Beiderbecke, playing alongside Gene Krupa, Bud Freeman, Dave Tough. It was music like I never dreamed could exist for me. It was kicks.

I met many a dedicated musician. Many nights I walked the streets of Chicago's south side. I found piano players with no formal musical knowledge but so much message (what's the new term? oh yeah: soul).

One night, walking in the rain, I see the lights of a theater. Inside, I hear the great Bessie Smith. Seeing her is a sight I won't forget. I remember Art Tatum. I remember playing for him (he asked me). And I remember him playing after I got through, playing my style like I wished I could play it. Made me feel like going back to music school. Art Tatum played any style jazz.

This growing into a professional takes years. And then you arrive; you're able to play something that pleases you. Pleases some listeners, too. So, we're back—back to a place to play. No question, the juke box hurt us. TV did, too. It's an "entertainer" that does away with talent. And a slump hits us first. When money is tight, people stay home.

Nobody but a dedicated person should pick music as a profession. Maybe it's good that the business of making a living is so rough. It does away with many a would-be musician. You must want this, with all your insides, to stick it out. Nevertheless, I keep wishing I could work as often as I'd like to. You can practice just so much. And you can play for yourself just so long, but then you need people to play for, an audience. Again I'm reminded . . .

A roadhouse job. You know, out-in-the-country style. You sit around swapping stories, easy like, relaxed. Maybe go over a number. Just at ease. Then you see the lights of a car approaching, and, like magic, you hit your big number—make like the joint is jumping. You play like mad just to get them in the room, and then you play like mad to keep 'em. Like I say, you've just got to have people . . .

AHMAD JAMAL

■ A delightful listening experience. Violinist Joe Kennedy and guitarist Ray Crawford augment the Jamal trio to make up a stirring quintet. **ARGO LP 673**

ART FARMER

■ Nat Hentoff best describes this remarkable Farmer outing. "This album is the fullest and most complete evocation yet of Art Farmer as a soloist."

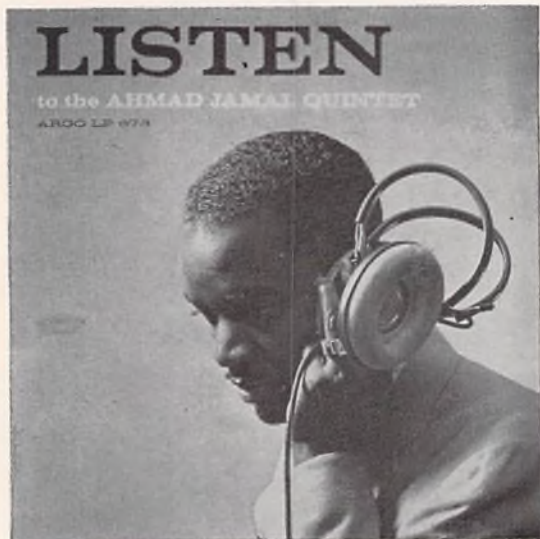
ARGO LP 678

BUDDY RICH

■ The brilliant drummer is heard here in a context that co-features vibist Mike Mainieri and flutist Sam Most. Rich has never been heard to greater advantage. **ARGO LP 676**

AL GREY

■ Romping, striding jazz from trombonist Grey and an eight-man contingent from the Basie band. Billy Mitchell and Joe Newman are among the soloists. **ARGO LP 677**



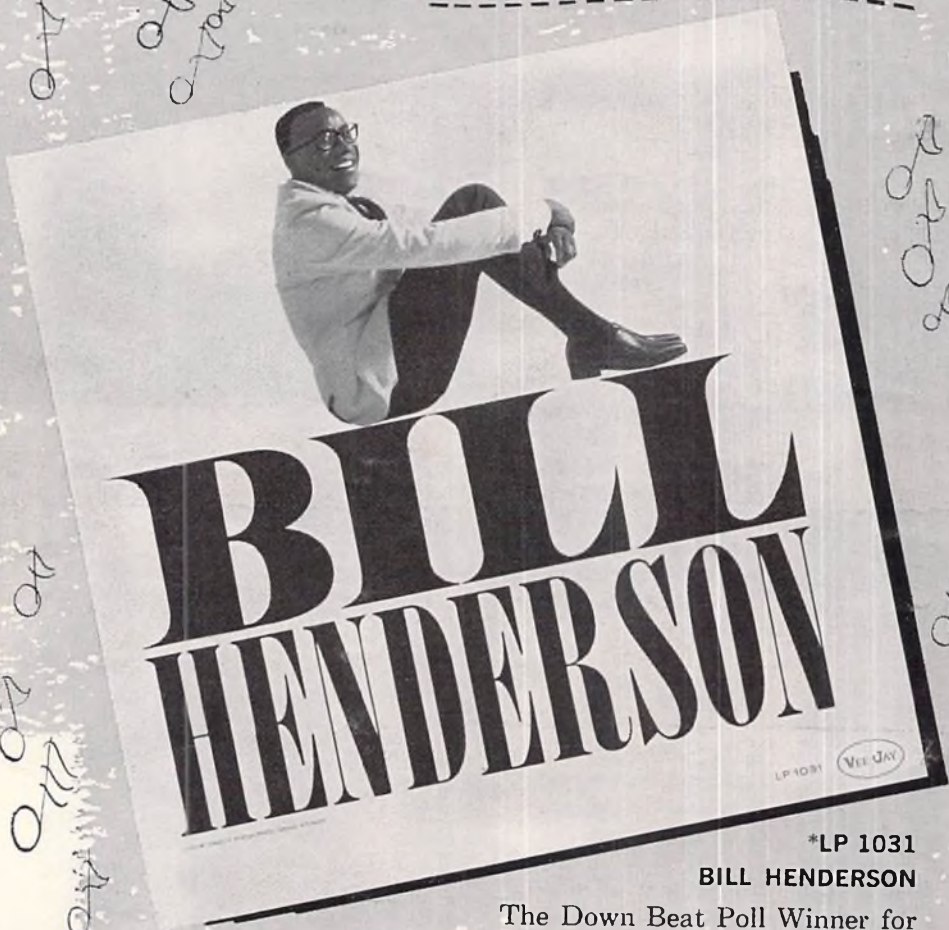
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in review

● 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

Wallingford Riegger

WALLINGFORD RIEGGER—Columbia ML-5589 and MS-6189: *String Quartet No. 2, op. 43* (1948); *Trio for Piano, Violin and Cello, op. 1* (1920).

Personnel: Kroll Quartet; John Covelli, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

At 75, Riegger has finally come into his own as one of America's foremost composers. This valuable release by Columbia, the only major company that pays proper attention to new music, offers two Riegger works separated by 28 years. *Opus One* is the sort of romanticism that young composers usually run to, corresponding roughly to an autobiographical first novel.

The quartet, however, is a marvelous work, an amalgam of Bartok, Debussy, and half a dozen other influences that manages to sound completely individual. It is a mature utterance by a master. Atonal without being serially organized, it never hints at the desiccation that afflicts much contemporary music.

The Kroll Quartet performs well, but its interpretation is not the last word, tending too much at times to soften the music's contours. But a piece as vital as this one can stand widely differing approaches without losing its power. (D.H.)

Maurice Sharp

MUSIC FOR A GOLDEN FLUTE—Epic LC-3754 and BC-1116: *Poem for flute and orchestra*, by Charles Griffes; *A Night Piece for flute and strings* by Arthur Fontc; *Concerto da Camera for flute, English horn, and strings* by Arthur Honegger; *Serenade for Flute, Harp, and Strings*, by Howard Hanson.

Personnel: Sharp, flute; Harvey McGuire, English horn; Alice Chalfoux, harp; Cleveland Sinfonietta, conducted by Louis Lane.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Here, played on a golden flute (instead of the more usual silver type), we have some minor works that make good listening for escapists. Sharp and his fellow soloists of the Cleveland Orchestra give tasteful performances and, in the Honegger, add a worthwhile piece to the record catalogs. (D.H.)

Joan Sutherland

THE ART OF THE PRIMA DONNA—London OSA-1214: operatic arias from *Faust*, *I Puritani*, *Otello*, *Les Huguenots*, *Rigoletto*, *Samson*, *Norma*, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, *Artaxerxes*, *La Traviata*, *Hamlet*, *Semiramide*, *La Sonnambula*, *Lakme*, *Romeo et Juliette*.

Personnel: Miss Sutherland, soprano; orchestra and chorus of Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This ambitious two-record undertaking, partly because it promises so much more than it could possibly deliver, is a disappointment. Miss Sutherland's rapidly developing career will not be benefited by it.

There is nothing wrong with the basic idea: to bring together a wide variety of arias historically identified with great sopranos of the past and to let one of the best of the current divas sing them. The trouble seems to be that not enough care went into making sure each performance represented her most polished effort. Since Miss Sutherland does not have the largest voice in the universe, false bigness has been suggested by rather crude echo devices, and she herself seems to be forcing much of the time.

All of the music seems to have been done in one or two sessions, with an ordinary orchestra and mediocre conductor. The album has all the marks of a rush job. Too bad, for there are some fine things scattered around on the four sides, along with bad ones.

But there is just too much off-pitch and colorless singing, and other careless vocalizing. There is enough good material here for one disc worthy of Miss Sutherland, but not two. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Count Basie

KANSAS CITY SUITE—Roulette 52056: *Vine Street Rumble*; *Katy Do*; *Miss Missouri*; *Jackson County Jubilee*; *Sunset Glow*; *The Wiggly Walk*; *Meetin' Time*; *Paseo Promenade*; *Blue Five Jive*; *Rompin' at the Reno*.

Personnel: unlisted.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Despite the compendium title, in effect this is an album of Benny Carter originals not particularly related to one another, just as earlier albums were sets of Neal Hefti and Quincy Jones originals. This comment is not meant derogatorily; on the contrary, each track stands up well on its individual merits.

Some of the music is more typically Basie than typically Benny. But there are some charming and elegant Carterish moments, especially when the reed section is prominently featured, as on *Sunset* (which also features trombonist Henry Coker). Happily Marshall Royal, playing lead alto saxophone, gets a sound very much like Benny's own.

Unfortunately, there are no solo credits, and Benny himself says he isn't sure of them all. Two of the trumpet soloists are Joe Newman on *Katy* and Thad Jones on *Jackson*. And the pianist is definitely not Jay McShann.

I'd like to hear another Basie-Carter tie-up without any K.C. overtones, so that Benny can go for himself without any geographical or period implications. (L.G.F.)

Raymond Burke/Pinky Vidacovich

CLARINET NEW ORLEANS STYLE—Southland 227: *Up a Lazy River*; *Pontchartrain Waves*; *Pinky's Blues*; *Sidewalks of New York*; *Rose Room*; *Eccentric*; *Sorry I Made You Cry*; *I'm Forever Blowin' Bubbles*; *Blues for Dessie Lee*; *Riverboat Shuffle*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-5: Vidacovich, clarinet; Emile Christian, bass; Monk Hazel, drums; Joe Capraro, guitar; Armand Hug, piano. Tracks 6-10: Burke, clarinet; Capraro, guitar; Hazel, drums; Jeff Riddick, organ, piano; Sherwood Mangiapane, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Burke is something of an enigma in traditional jazz. When a host of New Orleans clarinetists of his generation were affected by the delicate, supple grace of the playing of Lorenzo Tio, Jimmie Noone, and Leon Rappolo, Burke, independently, remained firmly fixed in the early Johnny Dodds school.

His playing, characteristically, has all the power and spontaneous fire of this tradition: tight, taut flare-ups; sudden triplets, terminated ideas exploding later in new shapes and stronger sequences. It is playing that quivers heavily with the sheen of the blues.

These elements of his style are brought into play in this album, but, unfortunately, he is accompanied by a rhythm section that doesn't provide much fuel for his biting horn. The veterans Hazel and Capraro are here, but their playing is largely swamped by Riddick's distracting organ and unimaginative piano playing. Capraro has airy, lyrical solos on *Bubbles* and *Blues*, and it would have been a happy idea if his guitar had had a more dominant role in this session.

Vidacovich's clarinet playing is in striking contrast to Burke's. His phrases are quieter, longer, and developed with studied care; and where Burke repeatedly "worries" an idea, Vidacovich glides neatly and effortlessly from one idea to the next. His best moments are in his final choruses of *Sidewalk* and *Rose Room*.

Hug, the pianist on the Vidacovich tracks, when prodded, is one of the most exciting pianists in this idiom. Here his playing is merely adequate and pleasant, and sometimes perfunctory. On *Blues* he pays tribute to Jess Stacy by playing note for note Stacy's 1939 solo on *Clarinet Blues*. (G.M.E.)

Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina

PACIFIC STANDARD (SWINGIN'!) TIME—Decca 4031: *All the Things You Are*; *Ill Wind*; *A Foggy Day*; *Satin Doll*; *Darn That Dream*; *How High the Moon*; *The Song Is You*; *Misty*; *In a Mellow Tone*; *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*; *Autumn in Rome*; *Yesterdays*.

Personnel: DeFranco, clarinet; Gumina, accordion; Bob Stone, bass; Frank DeVito, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

DeFranco's association with accordionist Gumina in this quartet setting may be the answer to the communication prob-

lem he has run into so consistently since he left Tommy Dorsey.

There is a glowing inner warmth in the voicing of his clarinet and Gumina's accordion that relieves the chill that has clung to his playing all through the years. It even carries over into his solos. DeFranco is helped further by the fact that his solos are reasonably brief so that he doesn't get hung in the long, empty wastes that in the past have emphasized his essential lack of color. Here he is not only warmed by Gumina's fire but is driven along by the accordionist's strongly swinging attack and by the sturdy rhythm support of DeVito and Stone.

As might be deduced from this, Gumina is the key man in the group. He has disciplined the accordion to a lean, crisp line of attack, and he phrases very much in the airy, impressionistic manner of Joe Mooney. The quality of airiness, of lightness, floats through all the pieces, abetted by lovely voicing in the ensembles and spurred by the quartet's vital propulsion.

The roots of this group go back to the Benny Goodman small groups, even though there is little actual similarity. The relationship is one of outlook, of emphasis on melody and rhythm, on lyricism and stimulation. From it the DeFranco clarinet emerges with a richness that it has not always shown before.

This is a kind of straightforward, thoughtfully conceived but unpretentious small-group jazz that has been almost nonexistent in recent years. It's good to hear it again. (J.S.W.)

Lou Donaldson

SUNNY SIDE UP—Blue Note 4036: *Blues for J.P.*; *The Man I Love*; *Politely*; *It's You or No One*; *The Truth*; *Goose Grease*; *Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise*.

Personnel: Donaldson, alto saxophone; Bill Hardman, trumpet; Horace Parlan, piano; Sam Jones or Laymon Jackson, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Donaldson proves to be a soloist of greater-than-average interest on some of the takes in this album, but on others he is disappointing, playing overworked phrases and interpolating snatches of *Saber Dance* and *High Society* (or is it *The Chase?*). At times, he speaks directly and touchingly, almost singing, as on *The Truth*, but at other times seems lost for anything new or interesting to say, as on *Blues* and *Man I Love*.

This duality keeps this from being a higher-rated effort, for Donaldson's playing quality spreads to his cohorts. If he's right, the track glows; if he's not, the track simply ambles.

Three of the best takes are those with Jones. These three (*Politely*, *Goose, Softly*), besides featuring some sinewy bass work by Jones and some well-constructed Donaldson, find Hardman and Parlan at their best. Although Hardman is the most consistent soloist throughout the album, he's especially warm on these tracks. His muted work on *Softly* shows him to be a sensitive horn man cast in the Clifford Brown mold. Parlan's funk (may we still use that word?) fits in better on these tracks (and the Gospel-blues *Truth*) than on *Man I Love* and *It's You*, the two most unsuccessful tracks. Parlan, like Les McCann, has an unfortunate tendency to sanctify everything.

Aside from rather trite playing, *Blues* and *It's You* also suffer from extremely sloppy ensembles; unison lines come off almost-unison, which spells disaster. *Man I Love* is torn asunder in double time, with the out-chorus a *How High the Moon* riff that grew stale years ago. Donaldson's screech at the end is rather distasteful.

But the other four tracks are definitely above-par blowing. These make the album worthwhile. (D.DeM.)

Booker Ervin

THE BOOK COOKS—Bethlehem 6048: *Git It*; *Poor Butterfly*; *The Blue Book*; *Little Jane*; *Largo*; *The Book Cooks*.

Personnel: Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; Ervin, Zoot Sims, tenor saxophones; Tommy Flanagan, piano; George Tucker, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There are spots in this album that suggest that it might have had considerable individuality and distinction. This is evident in the wailing ensembles on *Blue Book*, in the contrast between Ervin's hard, urgent style and Sims' warm but equally compelling playing, and in the thoroughly swinging basis of *The Book Cooks*.

But there are counteracting factors at work all through the set. *The Book Cooks*, for instance, opens with bright promise but soon deteriorates into a very long, drearily dull series of exchanges between Ervin and Sims. The other pieces don't fall apart quite so completely, but the solos by Ervin, Sims, and Turrentine tend to have more propulsion than content.

The best moments are provided by Ervin

in relatively melodic settings—in the slow and lyrical *Largo* and in his simple, unaffected approach to the melody statement of *Poor Butterfly*, where he shows a sensitivity that is not particularly apparent in the faster selections.

The group has a potentially bruising impact, but it loses a good deal of its possible effectiveness through a lack of structural discipline. (J.S.W.)

Victor Feldman

LATINSVILLE!—Contemporary 5005: *Poinciana*; *Spain*; *Woody'n You*; *Cuban Love Song*; *The Gypsy*; *In a Little Spanish Town*; *South of the Border*; *Flying down to Rio*; *Lady of Spain*; *She's a Latin from Manhattan*; *Cuban Pete*; *Fiesta*.

Personnel: Feldman, vibraharp. On various tracks: Conte Candoli, trumpet; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Walter Benton, tenor saxophone; Vince Guaraldi or Andy Thomas, piano. Scott LaFaro or Al McKibbon or Tony Reyes, bass; Stan Levey, drums; Willie Bobo, timbales; Mongo Santamaria or Roman Rivera, conga; Armando Peraza, bongos; Frank Guerrero, timbales.

Rating: ★ ½

For the seeker of cha-chas (as well as mambos, boleros and guap-chas, yet), *Latinsville!* might be deemed of higher quality than the rating would indicate.

But for the jazz fan attracted by the billing given Feldman, Candoli, Rosolino, and Benton, it is a plodding, disappointing event. Feldman is the primary soloist, and he is generally content just to pick out the tunes while the bongos, timbales, and conga rumble politely behind him.

The only bright moment occurs on *Woody'n You* when the jazzmen come briefly to life. But it's hardly worth wading through all the rest. (J.S.W.)

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

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

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Autobiography in Blues* (Tradition 1040)
The Modest Jazz Trio, *Good Friday Blues* (Pacific Jazz 10)
Various Artists, (reissue) *Thesaurus of Classic Jazz, Vols. 1-IV* (Columbia C4L 18)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Bob Brookmeyer, *The Blues—Hot and Cold* (Verve 68385)
Lonnie Johnson, (vocal) *Ballads and Blues* (Prestige/Bluesville 1011)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Joan Baez (vocal) (Vanguard 9078)
The Count Basie Story (Roulette RB-1)
Harry Edison, (reissue) *The Inventive Mr. Edison* (Pacific Jazz 11)
Teddy Edwards, *Teddy's Ready* (Contemporary 7583)
Jimmy Giuffre, *Western Suite* (Atlantic 1330)
Tubby Hayes-Ronnie Scott, *The Couriers of Jazz* (Carlton 12/116)
Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightning Strikes Again* (Dart 8000)
John Lee Hooker, (vocal) *Travelin'* (Vee Jay 1023)
Etta Jones, (vocal) *Don't Go to Strangers* (Prestige 7186)
Philly Joe Jones, *Philly Joe's Beat* (Atlantic 1340)
Clifford Jordan, *Spellbound* (Riverside 340)
Mangione Brothers, *The Jazz Brothers* (Riverside 335)
Swinging with the Mastersounds (Fantasy 3305)
Blue Mitchell, *Blue's Mood* (Riverside 336)
MJT+3, *Make Everybody Happy* (Vee Jay 3008)
Joe Newman, *Live at Five* (Prestige/Swingville 2011)
King Oliver (reissue) (Epic 16003)
Horace Parlan, *Speakin' My Piece* (Blue Note 4043)
Ma Rainey, (vocal) *Broken-Hearted Blues* (Riverside 12-137)
Bill Russo, *School of Rebellion* (Roulette 52045)
Lightnin' Slim, (vocal) *Rooster Blues* (Excello 8000)
Memphis Slim and the Real Honky Tonk (vocal) (Folkways 3535)
Rex Stewart and the Ellingtonians (reissue) (Riverside 144)
Mal Waldron, *Left Alone* (Bethlehem 6045)
Muddy Waters Sings Big Bill (vocal) (Chess 1444)
Muddy Waters at Newport (vocal) (Chess 1449)

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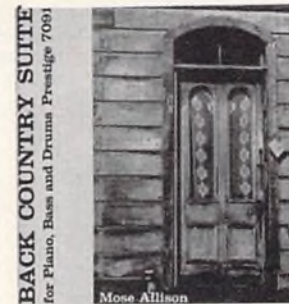
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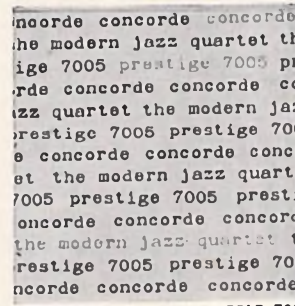
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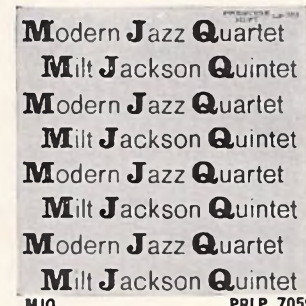
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Maynard Ferguson

LET'S FACE THE MUSIC AND DANCE—Roulette 52055: *Let's Face the Music and Dance; Teach Me Tonight; Mangos; The Party's Over; It Could Happen to You; You Don't Know What Love Is; It's Only a Paper Moon; The Masquerade Is Over; My Foolish Heart; Don't Take Your Love from Me; Spring Is Here; Let's Do It.*

Personnel: Ferguson, trumpet, trombone, baritone horn; Chet Ferretti, Rick Kieffer, Jerry Tyree, trumpets; Kenny Rupp, Slide Hampton, trombones; Lanny Morgan, Willie Maiden, Joe Farrell, Frank Hittner, reeds; Jaki Byard, piano; Rufus Jones, drums; Churlie Sanders, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The above personnel, as well as the following information, had to be gleaned from correspondence with Maynard. The brief blurb on the back offers only one "fact": that Maynard plays trumpet, valve trombone, and mellophone on these sides. He doesn't; he plays trumpet, slide trombone, and baritone horn.

Teach and *Let's* were arranged by Don Sebesky, *Masquerade* by Hampton, *Mangos* by Farrell, and the rest by Maiden. The alto solos are by Morgan. Farrell plays a tenor solo on *Don't Take* and flute on *Mangos*; the other tenor solos are by Maiden. Trombone solos are by Rupp on *Masquerade*, Slide Hampton on *Let's*, and Slide Ferguson on *You Don't*.

Maynard gets a pleasing sound on baritone horn in *Teach* and *Foolish*, as well as on the muted trumpet solos. His high-note work remains shrill and, for my ears, jarring. Maiden's writing is consistently good, and the performances on the whole are competent. The saxes could have been a little tighter knit in spots. Watch out for Morgan, well showcased on *Spring*, and Jones, a sturdy drummer.

The only track I found boring was *Mangos*, which, despite the quotes from *Anthropology* and *Hi-Fly* here, remains a dull tune. For the rest, it's an agreeably written and played jazz album. Whether it's good for dancing I will leave to those with nimbler feet to decide. (L.G.F.)

Curtis Fuller

CURTIS FULLER, VOL. 3—Blue Note 1583: *Little Messenger; Quantale; Jeanie; Carvon; Two Quarters of a Mile; It's Too Late Now.*

Personnel: Art Farmer, trumpet; Fuller, trombone; Sonny Clark, piano; George Tucker, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Blue Note apparently has been sitting on this album since 1957 (the liner refers to Fuller as a 23-year-old; Farmer is listed as under contract to ABC-Paramount, and he and Louis Hayes are identified as members of Horace Silver's group). Farmer, Fuller, and Hayes have all become more vital performers in the intervening years than they appear in this set.

By 1957 standards, this might have been deemed a better-than-average blowing LP. It is obvious that some thought went into it, which was more than what usually seemed to happen in those days. But by current standards (which, happily, have risen considerably) it is only a routine string of solos, including the deadly treatment of a ballad that was one of the standard forms of torture heard on dates of this type in 1957. (J.S.W.)

Stan Getz

COOL VELVET—Verve 68379: *The Thrill Is Gone; It Never Entered My Mind; Early Autumn; When I Go, I Go All the Way; A New Town Is a Blue Town; Round Midnight; Born to Be Blue; Whisper Not; Good-bye; Nature Boy.*

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone, accom-

panied by large orchestra conducted by Russell Garcia.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Getz emerges from this disc, recorded in Stuttgart, Germany, as a much richer, far more provocative performer than he was when he left the United States.

Although the general outlook of this album is that of a mood-music set and is involved with the customary swooping violins and dribbling harps, Getz cuts through the routine backgrounds with a compelling mixture of lyricism and guts. The temptation to play pretty under such circumstances is something that most jazzmen can't overcome. But Getz manages to underline the soaring beauty of some of his concepts by reaching down into the lower depths of his horn and firming up a line which may be straying toward sentimentality with a propulsively urgent goose.

The selection of tunes shows more imagination than one expects in jazz-horn-with-strings efforts—*Midnight, Born*, and *Never Entered My Mind* work out especially well. But Benny Golson's *Whisper Not*, which one would expect to be equally useful, fails to take satisfactory shape. (J.S.W.)

Franz Jackson

A NIGHT AT RED ARROW—Pinnacle 103: *Red Arrow Blues; Clarinet Marmalade; St. James Infirmary; Ice Cream; Wont-cha Come on Home?; Weary Blues; Mack the Knife; Panama; Mr. Banjo Man.*

Personnel: Bob Shoffner, trumpet; John Thomas, trombone; Jackson, clarinet; Rozelle Claxton, piano; Lawrence Dixon, banjo; Bill Oldham, tuba; Richard Curry, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

The work of Shoffner and Dixon is so superbly five-star all through this disc (and Jackson and Thomas are not much less) that it is unfortunate that either the band or the recording director felt it necessary to include several of the feeble "comedy" routines that seem to be required by denizens of the Red Arrow, just outside Chicago, where Jackson's Original Jass All-Stars play.

When this band sticks to its instruments, it is a magnificently exciting reaffirmation of the vigor and validity of traditional jazz. Through most of the instrumental sections, this is unqualifiedly a five-star set. Despite the vocals (and one misguided instrumental chorus on *Mack the Knife*), there is more good basic jazz on this disc than has been offered in a traditional set in a long time.

Shoffner, at 60, is an absolute marvel. His trumpet work is crisp, biting, beautifully phrased, and developed with a disarmingly casual ease. His is the clean, lifting type of trumpet that takes one back to the Louis Armstrong of the 1920s. Obviously the essential jazz fire has never dimmed in Shoffner, for his playing jumps with a spirit and vitality that belie his age.

Dixon provides a stunning reminder of the tremendous rhythmic excitement that a banjo can bring to a group. The dismal, plodding thump of banjoists in revivalist groups has made the instrument seem such a drag that it is particularly gratifying to hear it returned to its proper position as a bright, gleaming shaft that lifts and swings the whole group (notice the stimulation Dixon brings to *Weary Blues*, as an example).

Roy Haynes

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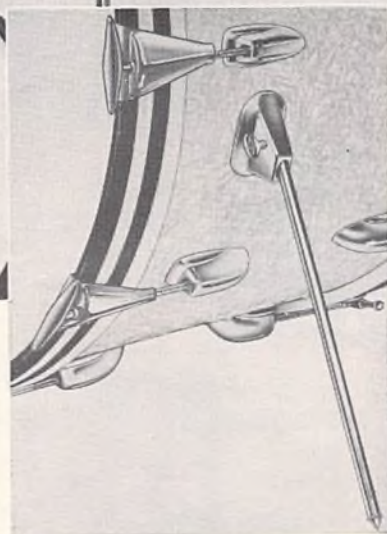


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The unquenchable merits of Shoffner and Dixon stand out startlingly when, after *Mack the Knife* has been pawed at aimlessly by trombonist Thomas and Jackson's vocal meanderings, they pick it up with such authority and direction that what had been a drab puddle of sound suddenly becomes an electrifying, stirring experience.

With Jackson playing a warm, bubbling clarinet and Thomas providing a generally sound, if not remarkable, trombone base, this is a band to be cherished. (J.S.W.)

Willis Jackson

BLUE GATOR—Prestige 7183: *Blue Gator; Try a Little Tenderness; Gator's Tail; This Nearly Was Mine; East Breeze; She's Funny That Way.*
Personnel: Jackson, tenor saxophone; Jack McDuff, electric organ; Bill Jennings, guitar; Wendell Marshall or Tommy Potter or Milt Hinton, bass; Alvin Johnson or Bill Elliot, drums; Buck Clarke, conga drum, track 4.

Rating: ★★ ★

Willis (Gator) Jackson is a graduate of the wild and woolly days of rhythm and blues, the middle and late 1940s. There is something of that honking era evident in his work here, but it's merely a holdover, not a dominant factor as he leads this healthy, smacking session.

The title tune is straight-from-the-saloon robust blues blowing, as pleasant and non-cerebral as they come. Jackson exploits to the full his big, round tenor sound, developed during the r&b days, while Jennings reveals his country roots in a twangy solo that would certainly give Chet Atkins pause.

Tenderness, a slow ballad, is in agreeable contrast as Jackson breathes air and melody in the accepted Ben Webster manner. Jennings strokes a soft guitar solo, emphasizing his peculiar crying tonal quality. Simplicity is the virtue here.

In *Tail*, Marshall locks down the bass line with firm authority. Jackson and McDuff have outings of their own, and the organist leads the charge home in the final chorus.

Hinton walks firmly into the second side from the outset of *This Nearly Was Mine* while Clarke's conga clops in the rhythm section. Tenor, guitar, and organ fashion a boppish line on the old Ezio Pinza ballad, and the memory of Mary Martin in her sailor suit is far off indeed as the Gator takes off on a breezy, multinoted modern jazz chorus.

Breeze, a medium-tempoed, loping line, finds Jackson in gentle, almost tender mood as he understates the case admirably in his solo. McDuff plays an effective, if overly tricky, solo that would have come off more convincingly without the electronic gimmickry. Guitarist Jennings makes the most of his opportunity to show off technique (which he possesses in spades) as he clowns about a bit in his otherwise good solo.

Funny, which closes the set, is more Jackson balladry, softly handled, to bring the session to an almost muted close.

Gator Jackson has big jaws; he should chew on more such fare. (J.A.T.)

Ken McIntyre

LOOKING AHEAD—Prestige/New Jazz 8247: *Lautir; Curtsy; Geo's Tune; They All Laughed; Head Shakin'; Dianna.*
Personnel: McIntyre, alto saxophone, flute; Eric

Dolphy, alto saxophone, flute, bass clarinet; Walter Bishop Jr., piano; Sam Jones, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★ ½

Don't dare listen to this album in complacent mood or when headache hints; it will shatter your complacency and/or sharpen the headache. Better lend an ear when the need to rebel and to shake your fist at the stars nags to the point of action. This album, in short, is another dose—almost a purgative—of jazz rebellion.

Admittedly, the two horn men on the firing line fall somewhat short of out-Colemaning Ornette Coleman, for if their emotional approach is similar, their tactics are more formalized. Unlike Coleman, they seem to feel the need of a piano (a blessing in this instance), and they do at least adhere to sets of chord progressions.

Of the two, McIntyre is perhaps the wilder, more unpredictable soloist; and he comes closer than Dolphy to Coleman's intensely personalized expressionism. One feels, for example, that a sudden compulsion to sneeze is translated by him into a musical snort. McIntyre is unafraid of the unexpected and unpredictable; indeed, he appears to delight in exploiting it.

Not that Dolphy is any striped-pants conservative. His alto solo on *Laughed* is conclusive testimony to his radicalism. But Dolphy reveals more of a debt, more fealty to musical discipline and consequently less need to gush forth the naked, neurotic cries of a soul in torment than does McIntyre—or Coleman.

A 30-year-old Bostonian, McIntyre studied saxophone with Andrew McGhee, Gigi Gryce, and Charlie Mariano before studying further at the Boston Conservatory of Music and for his masters degree at Brandeis university. This is his first appearance on record. Dolphy is the ex-Chico Hamilton reed man who more recently worked with Charlie Mingus in New York and who is no longer a newcomer to recording.

Possibly because of the characteristics of the flute, McIntyre is less the firebrand on that instrument that he is on alto sax. He confines himself to flute on the two long tracks comprising the second side, *Head Shakin'* and *Dianna*, and it is Dolphy who dons the helmet of Tarter. Eric gobbles like a turkey in his alto solo on *Shakin'* and performs some amazing sonic gymnastics on bass clarinet in the course of his solo on the waltz *Dianna*. (All the tunes except the standard, *Laughed*, are originals by McIntyre.) As a flutist, McIntyre is a competent technician with enough know-how to communicate valid and interesting ideas.

The first four tracks tend to give us a more revealing glimpse into the forces motivating Dolphy and McIntyre. *Lautir* is a sort of amoebic, atonal blues line, which both horns (altos) play in unison as if they were afraid to go home. *Curtsey*, which gets its title from a rather longish tag at the end of each chorus of 32 bars, is a medium up and oddly lyrical line on which both altos solo and trade frenetically, each striving to outdo the other in a racing stream of consciousness. An Afro beat stamps *Geo's Tune*, and in the exposition of the line and the following solo



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McIntyre smears, chokes, and laughs (remember *The Laughing Saxophone?*).

All things in account, this is an album worth considering, not only for the consistently fine (and orthodox) jazz piano of Bishop and the rhythm work of Jones and A. T. but also for the experiments of the "Terrible Twins." If what they are playing is truly looking ahead, the prospect before us would appear to be one of continuing disquiet, and this is not necessarily bad for jazz. After all, painting has its Dali.

(J.A.T.)

George Russell

STRATUSPHUNK — Riverside 341; *Stratusphunk*; *New Donna*; *Bent Eagle*; *Kentucky Oysters*; *Lambskins*; *Things New*.

Personnel: Al Kiger, trumpet; Dave Baker, trombone; Dave Young, tenor saxophone; Russell, piano; Chuck Israel, bass; Joe Hunt, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Russell might be positioned as one of the nearer-in of the current far-outers, somewhat akin to Charlie Mingus, who is frequently brought to mind by several of the pieces on this disc. Part of this relationship to Mingus undoubtedly stems from the fact that both Mingus and Russell build on the solid, basic roots of jazz so that there is a familiar foundation supporting whatever odd paths they choose to take.

Russell's sextet has a strongly swinging base in its rhythm section and three potent horn soloists (Russell himself plays a very modest solo role on piano, although the one time he allows himself a little space — on *Oysters* — he briefly lifts the piece from a rather routine blowing exercise in ¾ Gospel jump).

Baker is a gruffly fluent, big-voiced trombonist; Young plays tenor with a hard, wailing intensity, and Kiger is one of the rising crew of fierce-toned, fiery trumpeters. Russell's accompaniments are rugged, attractively inventive, and extremely helpful in setting off the soloists.

The six selections, for all their off-beat approach, tend to boil down to turn-about blowing sessions and offer the diminishing returns common to such occasions.

In view of the imagination that has gone into some of the writing (Carla Bley's *Bent Eagle*, for instance), it is disappointing to find so much of this record devoted to essentially the same old thing that already has contributed many aimless LPs to the library of jazz records. (J.S.W.)

Bobby Scott

A TASTE OF HONEY: Atlantic 1355—*Act I Overture*; *Helen's Theme*; *Peter's Theme*; *Rain Music*; *Bridge Scene*; *A Taste of Honey*; *Peter's Vamp*; *Act II Overture*; *Carnival Theme & Geoffrey*; *Heat Music*.

Personnel: Scott, piano; Harry Lookofsky, Gene Orloff, violins; Dick Dickler, viola; George Ricci, cello; Frank Socolow, tenor saxophone, clarinet, oboe; John Drew or Bill Crow, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Broadway ain't what it used to be, thank God. Bobby Scott's original music for the recent production at the Lyceum is blues-influenced and, unless his own performances are misleading, jazz-rooted at times.

There is nothing imperishably original about either the themes or the performances, but for those familiar with the lyrics there will be an added dimension of recognition and pleasant association. Despite an occasional air of homogenized,



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prepackaged, Saran-wrapped funk, Scott's piano and the work of his sidemen (effectively abetted by the string quartet on some tracks) cannot be faulted.

It's nice to find Socolow, who's been standing in a corner on the scene for all these years, finally featured in some excellent tenor work. He also plays a spot of clarinet and just a dash of oboe—not much of the latter, fortunately, and not quite in tune.

Too bad Scott, who's a competent singer, didn't choose to make the music's meaning clearer by giving us the words wherever there were any. (L.G.F.)

Sonny Stitt

SAXOPHONE SUPREMACY—Verve 8377:
I Cover the Waterfront; Lazy Bones; Sunday; Just Friends; All of Me; Two Bad Days Blues; It's You or No One; Blue Smile.

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

Rating: ★★ ★

Relaxation and an almost off-the-cuff casualness are hallmarks of this set recorded in Hollywood last year.

The air of effortlessness was communicable and resulted in a fine feeling of easy rapport between Stitt and his rhythm section. Levy, Vinnegar, and Lewis are certainly a first-line team in any horn man's book. Levy, moreover, proves once more what a sensitive, perceptive, and skillful comper he is besides being a soloist of sometimes remarkable virility.

Vinnegar anchors the time in big-toned and solid fashion while Lewis cooks all the way without fooling around with the furbelows and rattling commentary indulged in by most of today's younger drummers. He lays the time down with never an instant's uncertainty as to where it should be.

The jacket lists Stitt as playing tenor on the date. 'Tain't so. He blows alto all the way here and blows it with the strength and hard, yet lyrical, conception that is his trademark. Stitt's horn is slow and aptly lazy on *Bones*, which opens the set; on the closer, *Blue Smile*, he immediately leaps into rapid, up-tempo improvisation, serving quick notice that everybody had better take care of business from Measure 1.

Anyone doubting that it is not possible to record with a west coast rhythm section possessing fire and unmitigated gutsy drive should listen to this session before sounding off on how sad things are out Hollywood way. (J.A.T.)

Cal Tjader

DEMASIADO CALIENTE—Fantasy 3309:
Manila; Key Largo; Tumbao; Bludan; Chispita; September Sone; Cal's Pals; Para Ti.

Personnel: Tjader, vibraharp; Lonnie Hewitt or Eddie Cano, piano; Al McKibbon or Victor Villegas, string bass; Jose Lozano, wood flute; Modesto Brisenó, alto saxophone and C flute; Tony Terran, trumpet; Mongo Santamaria, conga; Willie Bobo, timbales; remaining personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

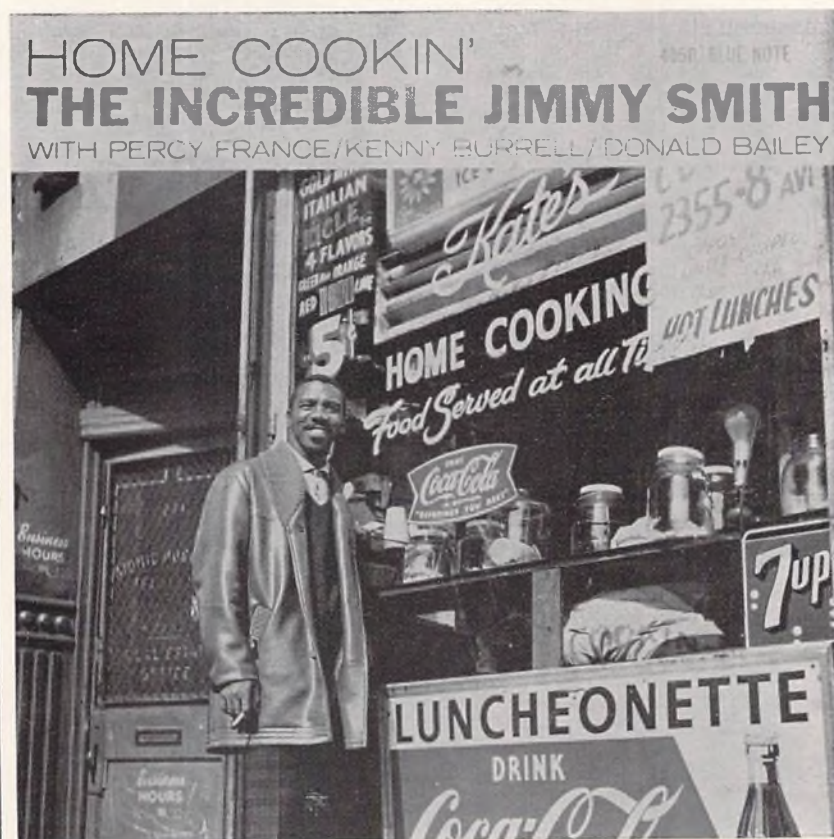
Some albums these days seem deliberately designed to drive a record reviewer out of his (or her, Barbara) mind. To wit: this latest Tjader offering. It would be manifestly unfair to rate the set by jazz criteria; yet one needs no *Nat Hentoff's Guide to the Unhip* to appreciate the fire and truth of altoist Brisenó's fine jazz solo on *Cal's Pals*. But the majority of this music is Afro-Cuban, and excellent fare it is. Rhythmically, it is blood brother to jazz; melodically and harmonically it is

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(J.A.T.)

John Wright

SOUTH SIDE SOUL—Prestige 7190: *South Side Soul; 47th and Calumet; LaSalle St. after Hours; 63rd and Cottage Grove; 35th St. Blues; Sin Corner; Amen Corner.*

Personnel: Wright, piano; Wendell Roberts, bass; Walter McCants, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

It's rare to find an album made up entirely of 12-bar blues that can hold a listener's attention all the way. And when there's only one main soloist, the chances are that it will pall by the third track. But Wright's initial effort is some sort of minor triumph, and he seems to be that uncommon musician who can create and sustain moods with the simplest of material.

Although some of the tracks have similar themes (most noticeably, the two *Corners, Sin and Amen*; but then, there is a connection between the two, isn't there?), each conjures up its own picture.

There are no surface blues here, the kind heard so often these days. Wright understands the blues for what they are: simple vehicles for expressing a whole range of emotions, ranging from melancholy reflection to joy. The old blues men understood this, and Wright in many ways is a young old blues man, although he's no Otis Spann.

There are touches of current vogue in his playing, most noticeably that of Red

Garland, but Wright is able to get a deep blues feeling, especially at slow tempos. On the slow-tempo tracks (*Soul, Calumet, La Salle, 35th*) he is superb, but he tends to fall into plinking and Garlandisms on the other takes.

Roberts adds much to Wright's playing, following and reinforcing it throughout the album. The bassist turns in some first-rate solo work, as well. McCants is less satisfying. His fours with Wright lack imagination and have little connection with what the pianist plays. On *Calumet*, his sock cymbals close distractingly ahead of the beat, and on some tunes he's unsteady.

But with its flaws aside, this is an album worth having, especially if you like good, basic blues playing. Enjoy it for what it is. (D.DeM.)

VOCALS

Blind Lemon Jefferson

BLIND LEMON JEFFERSON, VOL. 2—Riverside 136: *The Black Snake Moan; Stocking Feet Blues; Chock House Blues; Broke and Hungry; Chinch Bug Blues; Deceitful Brownskin Blues; Lonesome House Blues; Balky Mule Blues; Blind Lemon's Penitentiary Blues; That Black Snake Moan, No. 2; Long Distance Moan; Bakershop Blues.*

Personnel: Jefferson, vocals, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This is a significant and important reissue of a dozen classic performances by Jefferson, the legendary Texas blues minstrel, the first of the authentic country blues men to achieve any prominence outside his own region and one of the most popular blues singers of the late 1920s.

These are powerful, haunting blues per-

formances — rough, jagged, bristling with life. They are marked by a dark, brooding intensity and a thick, inconsolable, near-bitter resignation in the singing.

The guitar accompaniments are simple, essentially single-note lines underlining the voice, serving as a foil and answer to it. There is a magnificent vitality to all the selections, among which are some of the most powerful and heartfelt blues on record—*Penitentiary, Broke and Hungry, Deceitful*, and the two versions of *Black Snake*.

Jefferson was one of the first recorded representatives of the vigorous Texas blues tradition, and many of its distinguishing characteristics are embodied and have become solidified and given widespread circulation in his recordings. Many of the verses, phrases, and situations so characteristic of the Texas tradition continually crop up in the work of later singers outside this tradition, lasting even to this day.

A beautiful and essential addition to any blues collection. (P.W.)

Lambert-Hendricks-Ross

LAMBERT, HENDRICKS & ROSS SING ELLINGTON—Columbia 1510: *Cottontail; All Too Soon; Happy Anatomy; Rocks in My Bed; Main Stem; I Don't Know What Kind of Blues I've Got; Things Ain't What They Used to Be; Midnight Indigo; What Am I Here For?; In a Mellow Tone; Caravan.*

Personnel: Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, Annie Ross, vocals; Ike Isaacs, bass; Gildo Mahones, piano; Jimmy Wormworth, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This time around it's Ellington's music that gets the LHR treatment, and the results are alternately amusing, clever, and disappointing.

As usual, most of the credit goes to Hendricks for his arranging and lyricising. His lines on *Cottontail*, for example, detail the escapade of a "rabbit with a carrot habit" as the trio takes a flier in an up-tempo, galloping rendition.

Main Stem, Things Ain't, Midnight, Mellow Tone, and Caravan are among the album's better tracks, with the singers exhibiting real cohesion in teamwork and individuality and imagination as soloists.

Anatomy is quite short, fast and furious, and rather undistinguished. *I Don't Know What Kind* is taken slow and easy, but the voices are frequently ragged, and the individual solos leave much to be desired. The medium-tempoed *What Am I Here For?* finds Lambert noticeably flat in "section" as the tune starts out; only the belting final chorus saves it from complete mediocrity. Miss Ross takes the lead in *Mellow Tone* and establishes a comfortable groove that lasts throughout.

As one of the most in-demand musical acts in the jazz field, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross are dynamic and sometimes fascinating in person. On a phonograph record, however, the merciless microphone relays weaknesses pitilessly. This session disclosed more than a few in terms of intonation and ragged group singing. Hence the rating. But Hendricks' lyrics are still the standout feature. (J.A.T.)

Betty Roche

SINGIN' & SWINGIN'—Prestige 7187: *Come Rain or Come Shine; A Foggy Day; Day by Day; When I Fall in Love; Blue Moon; Where or When; September Song; Until the Real Thing Comes Along; Billie's Bounce.*

Personnel: Miss Roche, vocals; Bill Jennings,

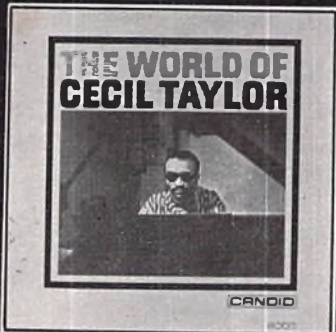
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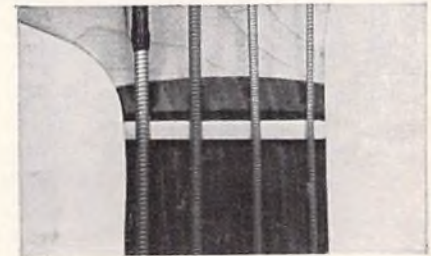
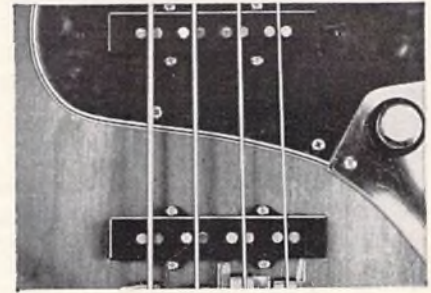
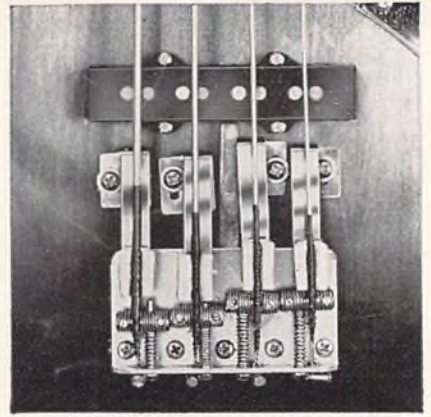


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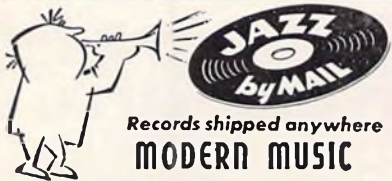
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guitar: Jimmy Forrest, tenor saxophone: Jack McDuff, organ; Wendell Marshall, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

One of those unlucky singers who scuffle for years and are intermittently granted an LP which is promptly labeled a "come-back." Betty at her best was the equal of any ballad singer ever employed by Duke Ellington. But that was in 1943-4; on her second go-round with Duke, in '52-3, she was restricted mainly to a long and boring bop routine on *Take the A Train*.

Luckily this album offers more reminders of the former period than of the latter. She can still sing a ballad with earthy, warm sincerity (*Day by Day, Real Thing*), and she can swing contagiously with a wry sense of humor (*Blue Moon*). Though she bops well on *Billie's Bounce*, the wordless mumbo-jumbo on *Foggy Day* is expendable, as are such gimmicks as the "horses" quote in *Blue Moon*.

Even though there are mannerisms—for instance, the repeating of a word or phrase, regardless of its relationship to the story told by the lyrics—Betty has some wonderfully individual qualities that are natural, and these compensate in some measure for others that are evidently contrived. Her general sound is an endearingly personal one. It would be a gas to hear her reviving some of the best things she sang with Duke: *I Left My Sugar in Salt Lake City, I Don't Want Anybody at All*, etc.

The accompaniment, built around Jennings' guitar, McDuff's organ, and Forrest's tenor, is pleasant. All in all, there's enough evidence here to show that Betty some day could come up with a five-star LP. This one, though, will do nicely until the real thing comes along. (L.G.F.)

Osborne Smith

THE EYES OF LOVE—Argo 4000: *The Eyes of Love; Jail House Blues; Danny Boy; Honey Babe; Boss Man; Barbara Allen; Adam and Evil Blues; Fire in the East*.

Personnel: Smith, narrative, vocals; Ronald Wilson, flute; Ronald Faulkner, guitar; Richard Evans, bass; Marshall Thompson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is a difficult album to rate in the sense that the star system implies a certain built-in rigidity that applies only to specific levels of performance. Actor-singer-poet-composer Smith defies the specific and slips easily into the varied roles of his calling (or callings). His over-all performances here add up to a very entertaining and frequently quite impressive album.

The title track, which runs 11 minutes and 24 seconds, is a part-narrative, part-musical love ballad in which Smith recites his verse and then embellishes the mood further with exotic incantations in a language utterly alien to these ears.

The remaining seven tracks feature the singing voice of the artist, and a magnificent voice it is, reminiscent at times of Paul Robeson's vibrance in years gone by. The voice reveals a ring of despair in *Jail House*; a raw, defiant field-shout in *Boss Man*, and a tender melancholy in *Barbara Allen*.

If there is a weakness in the album, it lies in Smith's sometimes affected diction during the spoken portions of the title track and in the introduction to *Barbara Allen*. The overrolling of the R's in the latter is a case in point. Smith the actor

has truly a voice at home with Shakespeare; the trouble in this connection is that, having made his point, he belabors it unmercifully. (J.A.T.)

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.

- Count Basie/Sarah Vaughan (Roulette 52061)
- Oscar Brown Jr., *Sin and Soul* (Columbia 1577, 8377)
- Brubeck *a la Mode* (Fantasy 3301)
- Ray Charles, *Genius Plus Soul Equals Jazz* (Impulse A-2)
- Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet, *You 'n' Me* (Mercury 20606, 60606)
- John Coltrane, *Lush Life* (Prestige 7188)
- Johnny Dankworth Orchestra with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, *Collaboration* (Roulette 52059)
- Paul Desmond and Friends (Warner Brothers 1356)
- The One and Only Tommy Dorsey* (Caden 650)
- Gil Evans, *Out of the Cool* (Impulse A-4)
- Maynard Ferguson, *Maynard '61* (Roulette 52064)
- Tommy Flanagan Trio (Prestige/Moodsville Vol. 9)
- The Resurgence of Dexter Gordon* (Jazzland 29, 929)
- Mahalia Jackson, *I Believe* (Columbia 1549, 8349)
- J. J. Johnson-Kai Winding, *The Great Kai and J.J.* (Impulse A-1)
- The Unsinkable Jonah Jones Swings the Unsinkable Molly Brown* (Capitol 1532)
- Quincy Jones, *I Dig Dancers* (Mercury 20612, 60612)
- MJT + 3 (Vee Jay 3014)
- The Soulful Piano of Junior Mance* (Jazzland 30, 930)
- Phil Napoleon Memphis Five, *Tenderloin Dixieland* (Capitol 1535)
- Oliver Nelson, *Screamin' the Blues* (Prestige/New Jazz 8243)
- Dave Pell Plays Harry James Big Band Sounds (Tops 3002)
- Dave Pell Plays Artie Shaw Big Band Sounds (Tops 3003)
- Dave Pell Plays Benny Goodman Big Band Sounds (Tops 3004)
- Dave Pell Plays Duke Ellington Big Band Sounds (Tops 3007)
- Dave Pell Plays Glenn Miller Big Band Sounds (Tops 3008)
- Dave Pell Plays the Dorsey Brothers Big Band Sounds (Tops 3010)
- Ann Richards-Stan Kenton, *Two Much* (Capitol 1495)
- Max Roach 4, *Moon Faced and Starry Eyed* (Mercury 20539, 60215)
- Pete Rugolo, *Ten Trombones Like Two Pianos* (Mercury 2001, 6001)
- Frank Sinatra's *Swinging Session* (Capitol 1491)
- Sarah Vaughan, *The Divine One* (Roulette 52060)
- Fats Waller in London (Capitol 10258)
- Joe Williams, *Sentimental and Melancholy* (Roulette 52066)
- The Incredible Kai Winding Trombones* (Impulse A-3)





SUSAN SCHAPOWALOW

By LEONARD FEATHER

Quincy Jones has just about every quality a man in his position needs. In an age of musical anarchy, he has kept his feet on the ground while absorbing and understanding the multiple forces whirling around him. In a period of bitterness and hostility, he has remained immune to the blandishments of Crow Jim. In a decade when everybody is lamenting the death of the big bands, he has been determined to make it as leader of a big band.

Quincy, 27, has a marvelous, sardonic sense of humor; a keen, penetrating mind; a restless tongue that loves nothing better than a lengthy polemic about music, politics, France, or the latest Birdland grapevine scuttlebutt. He is, to borrow a phrase he often employs himself in reference to others, a beautiful cat.

Following is the second installment of Q. J.'s *Blindfold Test*. His comments on Ornette Coleman are straight off the tape, completely unedited. Not until just before his afterthoughts was he informed that he had listened to Coleman rather than Eric Dolphy. As usual, no information was given before the records were played.

THE BLINDFOLD TEST ♦ QUINCY JONES PART 2

The Records

1. Roy Charles. *Carry Me Back to Old Virginia* (from *Genius Hits the Road*, ABC Paramount).

Well, it's kinda unfair to play this one, because this is a man who can do no wrong for me. It's great to see him happening, in so many different directions.

Since they're running this soul thing into the ground—I hate to even mention that word—it's been badly abused, and I guess it's up to the individual to really determine what soul is. Even a polka has soul—its own kind, but it's still soul. Gospel is not the only thing that soul is.

But this man does have soul; he's too much! This is done with the format he's used lately, with the girls. He's really making it, with things like *Georgia on My Mind*—I wonder how he ever got that on his mind. But it's a funny thing about Ray; he can do the most bland material and do it sincerely enough to make it come off.

Now that *Georgia* is on the best-seller charts, he'll get a different type of acceptance. I guess all the people that loved him before will start putting him down. All you have to do to get put down nowadays is make it. As long as you aren't making it, while you're the underdog, you're great. But the time you begin to make it—silent night.

Five stars? Five hundred!

2. Ornette Coleman. *Ramblin'* (from *Change of the Century*, Atlantic). Coleman, alto saxophone; Don Cherry, trumpet; Charlie Haden, bass.

That bass player was beautiful . . . The alto player, I'm not sure. I'm not sure whether it's Mingus' group with Eric Dolphy, or whether it's Ornette Coleman, but the bass player makes me think that it could be Mingus, because he's playing triple stops and double stops—very good. With good control, and not many bass players have that facility, you know.

I hadn't heard too much of this guy that had been playing with Ornette before Scott LaFaro, but whoever it was, was the outstanding thing for me . . . Whichever alto player it was, I wish he would play in tune. He's got good ideas, but it would help to get them across a little more, you know, if . . . unless that's considered to be a

little bit more freedom—if you can take liberties with the intonation like that. If that's liberty, boy, they're making an ass out of Abraham Lincoln!

I don't think musical freedom will ever get to the point where you can just violate all musicality, and one of the first things you have to bear in mind is the matter of relative intonation, with each other. If you play alone and play out of tune it doesn't matter—you don't have to worry about the other guys. Although even then, you should be able to play in tune with yourself. But when you ignore the relationship to other people playing with you, it's almost an insult.

The feel was good, the idea they had going was great; it's incoherent, but after all the searching and so forth that's going on with the new attitude, maybe they'll start making some of it just a little bit more coherent. Now it's just wandering, and because of the lack of a certain basis for form, you know, it has a restless feeling—which, of course, they might be looking for.

Being an arranger, perhaps I think a little bit more in terms of form, construction. But this can apply even on a free basis like this. First, though, no matter what a man is doing along these lines, a guy like this should play in tune. After all, you can tell that he's got something to say, and this to me is like a guy who's as eloquent as Aldous Huxley, but he's inarticulate—he can't get it out. He's tongue-tied; he lisps.

The trumpet? He sounds good, but by the same standards there's a lot of trumpet players around—they all sound good, they're all following the same pattern, you know. Most of the trumpet players today are playing follow the leader. One standard, hung up between Brownie, which is Fats Navarro, and Miles; they split the difference between them. And nobody can really climb out of this vacuum. They're a little bit too self-conscious to get out of it.

As for swinging, that's not such an amazing feat any more. There's all the licks available now, and since they're playing everybody else's licks you can almost just count on an instant groove. Instant

swing. Just play Lick No. 35. It's true of the trumpet players especially and also the tenor players, Coltrane is doing Coltrane better than anybody else, and he's always going to be 10 years ahead of any guy that comes along behind him.

That's what I like so much about the trumpet player with us, Benny Bailey. He's been playing this way 15 years, and he's got his own thing going. Regardless of what it is, I'd rather hear a guy play bad but different—but *in tune!*—than to be a very good replica of 25 other guys, which is just what's happening now; no individuality at all.

Blindfold Tests are very difficult, because it's very hard to find a guy's identity, they all sound so much alike. It could be anybody from here to Buenos Aires or L. A. or Memphis—or Yugoslavia; the guys in Europe now copy pretty good, too, you know. You find Coltranes all over the world, some of them imitating better than some of the guys in this country. But there's only one Coltrane, and there's only one Miles.

At first everybody imitates a little bit, but it's got to stop somewhere. And I don't know the solution, so I shouldn't even talk about it.

For the composition, the groove, and the bass player on this record, I would say five stars. For the soloists two stars.

Afterthoughts by Quincy

I think it would be a good idea for everybody to just leave Ornette alone and let him do what he wants to do for about five years and let him get himself together rather than subject him to all the controversial ends of it. He's a growing man, and very sincere, and they should leave him alone pro and con.

Now, he has to work in the meantime, of course, and that's another problem he's faced with, which the popularity does help. But it can be detrimental to his progress for him to be such a large figure of controversy when he hasn't really paid his basic dues yet. He hasn't really got himself together; he's searching, and he should at least have the liberty to do it in peace.





Caught in the Act

DONALD BYRD QUINTET Birdhouse, Chicago

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Laymon Jackson, bass; Lex Humphries, drums.

Chicagoans have been fortunate recently in being able to watch the development of what could become one of the finest groups in jazz.

During the last few months, Byrd's quintet worked three engagements in this area—the first at Birdhouse in October, the second at the Counterpoint in early December, the third a return engagement at Birdhouse in January. Each date found the group at a different stage of development. It had not been together long when it made its initial appearance; the Counterpoint run saw a key personnel change (Humphries for Joe Dukes); another personnel change was effected before the second Birdhouse appearance: Hancock replaced Duke Pearson. This last engagement found the group midway between infancy and what it could conceivably become.

The key to the group's cohesiveness as it now stands, and the promise it shows, is the horn team of Byrd and Adams. Long-time friends and record-date mates, the two make a strong front line. While they are musically compatible, there are enough differences in their conceptions to give the group the necessary ingredient of contrast. The everybody-play-the-same-ideas approach is avoided. Adams, who looks like a slightly surprised biology professor when he plays, proves the perfect foil with his Parker-out-of-Chaloff barbs to Byrd's long-limbed phrases. And the sparkle and facility that Byrd has shown of late, added to his lyrical conception, marks him as possibly the best of the Diz-Miles-Brownie disciples.

Although the quintet boasts two of the most consistently provocative soloists in jazz, it is not an intro-riff-blow-look-bored-out-chorus group.

Byrd has written several attractive pieces that have more form and substance than the usual "original." One, *Kimyas* (which looks in print like a

contraction of something), alternates 8 sections in 6/8 with others in 4/4. Even behind the solos, the rhythm section avoids tumthump-thump-thumping and plays varying figures that complement, rather than detract from, the soloists' lines.

On Byrd's arrangement of *Out of This World*, a similar affect is created by having the bass figure set the tone of the piece in the intro with piano picking up the line, then baritone, and drums adding a 12/8 Latin figure. When Byrd comes in with the melody, the cross-rhythms and countermelodies build until the tension almost bursts, only to be released momentarily at the bridge, then to build again. By sustaining the intro flavor throughout the arrangement, the group approaches an integrated, whole performance rather than a fragmented one.

Kimyas and *Out of This World* are only two samples of the thinking going into this group. Byrd, as well as his confreres, feels that there should be more to jazz than just wailing, though this is an integral part of the music.

But the attractiveness of the group is not limited to its originals and "different" treatments of standards. Byrd, who proves to be a personable front man, making literate announcements and employing understated showmanship, balances the sets nicely. Besides an original or special arrangement, a typical set might include a seldom-played ballad (such as Ellington's *Daydream*, which features Adams); a tune not thought of as jazz (*I'm an Old Cowhand*), and perhaps a slow or medium blues.

Byrd has come up with what may be a major piano find in 21-year-old Hancock. During the last Birdhouse engagement, he showed brilliance in both technique and conception. Bassist Jackson seemed to be the backbone of the section, however, with Humphries (who since has left) a bit erratic at times.

The group has weathered the treacherous shakedown period and has emerged a strong unit with a rapidly materializing sense of direction. If Byrd and his men continue to shape and polish as evidenced in the Chicago appearances, this could be the outstanding group of 1961. —*DeMicheal*

JIMMY RUSHING/DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET

Basin Street East, New York City

Personnel: Rushing, vocals; Brubeck, piano; Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Gene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

Blues singer Rushing said, "I don't care if they applaud when I come on-stage; it's when I go off that I like to hear that sweet sound of clapping hands."

The rotund blues king had nothing to complain about when he made a series of surprise appearances with Brubeck's group during Christmas week. A sophisticated and blasé night-club audience applauded him back for encores at all three shows on the night I attended.

This offbeat pairing of jazz artists had previously been tried with success on a record date (a current release on Columbia) and when the Basin Street East's holiday show lost the services of Sarah Vaughan (she took a spill on the ice), Rushing was called in to help fill the gap.

It was an inspired substitution. From the time the ex-Basie singer stomped his foot and snapped his fingers to set the tempo for his opening song, he had the rapt attention of the listeners. This is quite an accomplishment at Basin Street East. One Las Vegas type of night-club rouser remarked, "This guy makes Elvis Presley sound sick."

The singer charmed the audience with his versions of standards, *Blue Skies*, *Confessin'*, *Deed I Do*, and *St. Louis Blues*. He also scored with tunes "I had the pleasure of writing," such as *Goin' to Chicago* and *Sent for You Yesterday*.

Rushing, whose driving style is noted for its inspiring influence on a big band, set a swinging pace for Brubeck's group that was enjoyed by the musicians as well as the listeners. Jimmy told Brubeck between sets, "I was in Texas when I first heard you broadcasting from a New York club. I said to myself then that pianist could really play the blues for me."

Listeners heard a different kind of Brubeckian piano. In his role as an accompanist, Dave played with a lighter touch and a straight blues style, devoid of his usual improvisational devices. Desmond likewise confined himself to the performance of familiar blues passages in the background. Drummer Morello and bassist Wright both demonstrated how powerful a comparatively light rhythmic backing can be. Between vocal choruses, Rushing admired the instrumentalists along with the listeners.

Brubeck said he is interested in other similar collaborations with star jazzmen in order to expand the scope of his performances. He expressed a desire to record with trombonist J. J. Johnson and other well-known musicians.

—*Hoefer*

DON RANDI TRIO The Losers, Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: Randi, piano; John Fine, bass; Gene Stone, drums.

For the last few months of 1960, a small bar on the Sunset Strip held one

of the better-kept musical secrets of the local jazz scene. Randi, a 23-year-old pianist still almost unknown outside the few areas where he has worked, kept the club crowded and in a constant state of musical excitement.

Represented to date only by one LP, on World Pacific (he now has offers from several other companies), Randi is an astonishing performer. He is capable of swinging furiously, has a death-defying technique, and manages to combine his frantic excursions with an element of passionate communication that gives them much more than technical value.

Working with equal facility in chordal passages and single-note lines, showing a strong left hand, and building his arrangements skillfully with climactic moments of tension and others of relaxed release, Randi has a beautifully integrated trio.

Typical of its work is a long and exciting arrangement of *Everything's Coming up Roses*, in which drummer Stone is at his brilliant best. Bassist Fine, a more recent component of the group, does a capable job but is of less self-evident value than Stone.

It's hard to draw any comparisons in analyzing Randi's style. He seems already to be a long way along the eclectic stage on the road to individuality. His originals, such as *Blues for Miti* and *Oh, Yeah*, augur equally well for him as a composer.

Helping him in the success hunt will be his personality. Blond and rugged, he looks and even talks a little like a young Stan Kenton. His ability to get across to an audience will be a major factor in what is almost bound to be one of the big success stories of 1961.

In short, although I don't often go out on a limb when the overcrowded field of pianists is involved, it seems to me unlikely that Randi can fail to make it soon as a big name. —*Feather*

ART BLAKEY/JIMMY SMITH/
GLORIA SMYTHE/ONZIE
MATTHEWS

Embassy Auditorium, Los Angeles

For too long now, the jazz concert "industry" in the Los Angeles area has been in decline. It was bad enough that smaller-time promoters had given up in despair prior to last June. Then the fiasco of the Hollywood Bowl "jazz festival" that month drove home the depressing situation. Only the most audacious promoter nowadays is willing to gamble a bankroll on a jazz concert of even modest proportions.

Consider, then, the consequences of investing heavily in an event involving 26 performers in a downtown audi-

torium during Christmas week: promoter George Alford's loss topped \$4,000.

Billed as "a concert and dance" under the Jazz Sound banner, Alford's offering turned out for the most part to be the familiar artistic success-boxoffice flop.

The combos of Smith and Blakey found a most receptive audience in the half-house present. ("And most of them," lamented Alford later, "were freebies.") Gloria Smythe, who sang two numbers with the big band of Onzie Matthews, displayed fetching, warm—if not especially individualistic—vocal quality and definite jazz feeling. In her rendition of *It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing*, she tossed in a jazz trumpet imitation (at least it *sounded* like a jazz trumpet imitation) that would have sounded more appropriate in a cabaret.

Matthews' star-laden big band (Dexter Gordon, tenor saxophone; Frank Butler, drums; Red Mitchell, bass; Charlie Kennedy and Joe Maini, saxophones) presented a trio of tunes, high spots of which included an alto saxophone duet between Maini and Kennedy and a featured solo spot for young trumpeter Carmell Jones in an opus titled *Carmell's Groove*. Though Jones is still an immature jazzman, he possesses a biting tone, considerable daring, and much Clifford Brown influence.

The band revealed sometimes overpowering brass, a solidly anchored rhythm section in Mitchell and Butler, and arrangements of no particular distinction, though they were performed with verve and enthusiasm.

Following a long and restless stage wait unleavened by the onstage remarks of a booking agent named Bob Leonard, the Jimmy Smith Trio (Smith, electric organ; Quinton Warren, guitar; Donald Bailey, drums) crashed through a wildly flurrying opening into *Night in Tunisia*.

As someone remarked later, the group might more properly be billed as the Donald Bailey Trio with Jimmy Smith, for the drummer dominated the entire set, managing successfully to overpower Smith's nuclear-powered instrument. Despite left hand and bass drum gymnastics, however, Bailey cut through the pyrotechnics and showed himself to be an impressive drummer with complete reverence for time and swinging.

With organ and drums engaged in an internecine struggle for supremacy, guitarist Warren—a 19-year-old Philadelphian—hovered detachedly on the sidelines, head bent as he plucked away at associated chords and rhythm patterns. His short solo in *Tunisia* was at

times almost inaudible, thus defying any real appreciation. In the throbbing climax of *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*, however, Warren fused with drums and organ into a single, pulsating unit of roaring jazz.

If the Jazz Sound concert accomplished nothing else historically, it set a likely record for intermissions—one hour, no less. Theoretically, the audience could have gone downstairs to the bar where thirsts could be quenched to the dance music of Matthews' band. Though unprecedented, the innovation fell short of acceptance.

Blakey's Jazz Messengers were worth waiting for. The drummer reaffirmed his status as one of colossi of modern jazz and introduced to the west coast an impressive complement of sidemen—Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Lee Morgan, trumpet; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass.

Shorter proved the most exciting soloist. No experimental expressionist, he seems to have combined the cool and carefully constructed approach of Lester Young with the more fervid preachments of Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, and Johnny Griffin. In *'Round About Midnight* he fashioned a lovely, moving release; on Timmons' *Moanin'* his sense of balance clearly evoked the memory of Pres without once falling into an imitative pit.

Though highly exciting at times, Morgan proved an unsatisfying improviser to these ears. There was evident lack of consistency in his playing, many technical gaffes, and too often an impression of blind striving. His playing seemed Miles-directed in a way that worked more to stunt imagination than to fructify it. Yet, he played with muted delicacy on *Midnight* and turned out his best solo of the evening on the Monk classic.

Nobody dared quarrel with the rhythm section. Blakey dug in deep and was unobtrusively supported by bassist Merritt. Timmons proved more than adequate as a composer and as soloist. On the medium-tempoed *The Breeze and I* he delivered a solo sometimes rambling, often pungently strong, and frequently brilliant in conception. On his own *Dat Dere* (an excellent tune) he played a very fine solo and on *Moanin'* climaxed his statements with a series of chorded staccato lines that fairly vibrated one's bone-marrow.

The evening concluded with a *Night in Tunisia* played as an encore at the insistence of emcee Leonard. It had little heart but wound up with an electrifying Catherine wheel of sticks by Blakey that infused the sidemen to shout on out to the coda. —*Tynan*

Art Van Damme



Ask the devotees of jazz accordion who "their man" is, and the answer is sure to be—"AVD." Art Van Damme and his Quintet are consistently rated as tops among those who know what the accordion can do with jazz. Part of the original "Garroway At Large" show, the Art Van Damme Quintet has appeared on many TV and radio shows, starred in their own "Adults Only" TV show, and are regulars on NBC's "Monitor."

Art believes the accordion occupies a unique place in the jazz world. "An accordion, with its many tonal changes, can blend with practically any group of instruments from sweet and soft strings to loud and swinging horns. The electronic accordion is especially suited to this type of playing because of its added volume. In supper club work where you need lots of volume, the electronic feature is very important because it saves a great deal of wear and tear on the instrument."

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LACY

(Continued from page 15)

ing with (Charlie) Rouse and such a fantastic rhythm section taught me many things, too. And it was valuable to play at the Jazz Gallery, the Apollo theater, the Randall's Island and Quaker City Jazz festivals—all different situations but with the same band.

"Playing the same tunes every night gives you something to set yourself against. They're a constant, but you're different each time. But don't get the idea that Monk plays all the same tunes night after night. He has written 50 to 60 songs and, considering you play about 15 a night, we really covered a lot of ground in 16 weeks."

Of Monk's music, he said, "Monk's harmony comes from the melody. If you just play from the harmony, you're missing something. Monk has got his own poetry and you've got to get the fragrance of it."

Not only was playing with Monk a valuable experience but listening to other groups from this vantage point proved fruitful to Lacy's open mind too. "Hearing groups like those of Ornette Coleman, Miles Davis, and John Coltrane, playing under the same conditions I was working under, taught me a lot," he said.

Economics forced Steve out of the Monk group. When it went back into the Jazz Gallery late in 1960, Monk had to pare down his group to quartet size. If the experience had been invaluable to Steve, the exposure was helpful too. The annual International Jazz Critics poll in *Down Beat* found Steve winning as new star in the miscellaneous instrument category.

Recently, Lacy recorded his own album for Candid with baritone saxophonist Charles Davis and two former mates in the Monk quintet—drummer Roy Haynes and bassist John Ore. The disc is representative of Steve in that there is material by Monk, Cecil Taylor, and Charlie Parker. It also represents his first attempt at arranging. He has managed to utilize the differences in baritone and soprano effectively. Although the parts of the arrangements find Lacy and Davis octaves apart, the two saxophonists are as one in their boundless love of playing. Lacy would like to play regularly with baritonist Davis. "He's a perfect contrast to me in sound and style," he said.

Comparing Lacy with other young musicians again, the admirable thing is his lack of pretension about being a "jazz" musician. He has taken a challenging instrument, made it his own, and continued to grow conceptually. "Some jazz musicians are athletes; some are artists," he says.

There is no doubt which description applies to Steve Lacy.



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but one of the charts.

Guitarist **Charlie Byrd** recorded his trio at a recent Village Vanguard Sunday matinee—his fifth album for the Offbeat label. (The previous four were made at Washington's Showboat lounge, of which Byrd is a part owner.) . . . **George Russell** has signed to record three albums for Roulette with his sextet . . . The tenor saxophone of **Sam Donahue** is highlighted on a new **Stan Kenton** single. The tune is *Carnival*, written by Kenton arranger **Gene Roland**. Kenton's piano is featured on the reverse side in *Malibu Moonlight*.

Frank Driggs, young authority on Kansas City jazz, has joined Columbia to work on the reissue program . . . It is whispered around that Phillips of Holland will buy Mercury records.

Hugues Panassie, president of the Hot Club of France, has announced that the club has awarded the Grand Prix du Disque de Jazz 1960 to several American jazz LPs. The best soloist award went to a **Charlie Shavers** recording on Everest. The best group award went to another Everest LP by the **Jo Jones Trio**, and the best vocal record of the year went to **Lavern Baker's** Atlantic LP *Lavern Baker Sings Bessie Smith* . . . The Warner Brothers record of **Robert Prince's** *N.Y. Export/Opus Jazz* received an Edison award in Amsterdam, Holland, as the best instrumental album of 1960. Prince composed the work for the **Jerome Robbins** ballet of the same name.

The New York company performing *The Connection*, including jazz pianist **Freddie Redd** and alto saxophonist **Jackie McLean**, has gone to London, England, to open in the **Jack Gelber** drama about drug addiction on Feb. 20 . . . **Ornette Coleman** is scheduled to take his group to Europe for an eight-week tour . . . English traditional bandleader **Chris Barber** fired clarinetist **Monty Sunshine**. The group is scheduled to return to the United States for a one-month tour in April, with **Joe Glaser** replacing **Abe Turchen** as its U.S. booking agent . . . **Anita O'Day** will be a headliner at the Beaulieu Jazz festival in England this summer . . . Officials at the second annual Antibes Jazz festival, to be held on the Riviera in July, hope to feature **Louis Armstrong**, **Ray Charles**, **Mahalia Jackson**, and the **Count Basie** Band.

Drummer **Buddy Rich**, who **Mike Wallace** says is the second most colorful subject he has ever had on his interview show (top honors went to the late **Frank Lloyd Wright**), did his stuff on a recent **Jack Sterling** morning show on CBS-radio . . . While in Paris **Duke Ellington** wrote some music for **Louis**

Armstrong. The trumpeter will play the compositions on his tours. It is the first time Louis has played Ellington . . . **Velma Middleton**, Armstrong's hefty vocalist, was a victim of a heart attack recently. She's 43 years old.

Saxophonists **Bud Freeman** and **Bob Wilber** have collaborated on a book entitled *50 Modern Jazz Phrases*. It is published by Bregman, Vocco and Conn . . . **Willis Conover** is collecting material for a biography of **John Hammond** . . . **Bob Messinger** of Columbia is doing the same on **Jimmy Rushing**.

Canonball Adderley, alto saxophonist, bandleader, disc jockey, and artists and repertoire man, is now a columnist on the New York *Amsterdam News*. His weekly column is called *Canonball on the Jazz Scene* . . . The Sunday New York *Herald Tribune* is buying a weekly jazz column from the English writer, critic, and recording man **Stanley Dance**.

Jimmy Giuffre has switched his tunes from ASCAP to BMI. He was one of 40 writers who changed their tune-licensing affiliation to BMI with the expectation of earning substantially more performance money . . .

Bassist **Charlie Mingus** and his wife, **Judy**, announced the birth of their daughter, **Carolyn** . . . Saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** had to postpone his wedding to **Pamela Wanga Gilmore** of Washington, D.C., because of his bursitis but the knot was tied in later January . . . **Dinah Washington** married **Rafael Compos**, a 30-year-old Dominican Republic actor, in Tijuana, Mexico . . . Singer **Savannah Churchill** is making a comeback after several years of inactivity that followed a serious automobile accident. She has re-recorded her old hit tune, *I Want to Be Loved*.

Former bandleader **Teddy Hill**, host at Minton's Playhouse for the past 21 years, may leave the spot now that it has been sold to **Hal Bernstein** . . . **John Coltrane's** Quartet now includes **McCoy Tyner**, piano; **Reggie Workman**, bass, and **Elvin Jones**, drums . . . Guitarist **Carl Kress** is featured on banjo at the Gaslight club. With him are pianist **Charlie Queener** and clarinetist **Clarence Hutchenrider** . . . The Cinderella club in Greenwich Village is featuring cornetist **Jack Fine** and the New Orleans Jazz Fools, plus the New Orleans banjo of **Danny Barker** . . . New York pianist **Reese Markevich** and drummer **Louis Marino** of Buffalo are now stationed at Fort Gordon, Ga. Marino has worked with the **Kai Winding** and **Al Belletto** groups.

IN PERSON

Apollo—**BROOK BENTON**, until Feb. 23.
Basin Street East — **FRANCES FAYE**, **GENE BAYLOS**, until Feb. 22. **BENNY GOODMAN** opens March 1.
Birdland—**DIZZY GILLESPIE** All-Stars, **ILLINOIS JACQUET**, until March 1.

Bon Solr — **FELICIA SANDERS**, **TIGER HAYNES** and the Three Flames, until Feb. 19.
Central Plaza—**GENE SEDRIC**, **BUCK CLAYTON**, **ZUTTY SINGLETON**, and others, Friday and Saturday night jam sessions.
Condon's—**BOBBY HACKETT**, until March 11.
Copa City — **CHARLIE MINGUS**, **ERIC DOLPHY**, until March 15.
Downstairs at the Upstairs—**ROSE MURPHY** with **SLAM STEWART**.
Embers — **ERSKINE HAWKINS** Quartet, **HAROLD QUINN** Trio, until March 4.
Five Spot—**GIGI GRyce** Quintet.
Half Note—**HERBIE MANN'S** Afro-Jazz Sextet until Feb. 19. **JOE NEWMAN** Quintet, Feb. 21-March 5. **SONNY STITT** opens March 7.
Hickory House—**BILLY TAYLOR** Trio.
Metropole—**ROY LIBERTO'S** Bourbon Street Six. **COZY COLE** Quintet, **SOL YAGED** group, until Feb. 27.
Nick's—**HARRY DI VITO'S** Empire State Six. Persian room (Plaza hotel)—**DIAHANN CARROLL** until Feb. 28.
Roundtable—**MEL TORME** until March 5. **NINA SIMONE** opens March 6.
Ryan's—**WILBUR DE PARIS** Band.
Sherwood inn (New Hyde Park, Long Island)—**BILLY BAUER** All-Stars, Fridays and Saturdays.
Showplace — **LEE KONITZ** Trio featuring **JIM HALL**.
Village Vanguard—**OSCAR BROWN JR.**, **ORSON BEAN**, until Feb. 26. **MILES DAVIS** Quintet, Feb. 28-March 12.

TORONTO

The Connection, the **Jack Gelber** play, which has been enjoying a lengthy run at Toronto's late-night jazz club, the House of Hambourg, is undergoing some changes. The role of Sam has been taken over by **John McCurry** from the original New York cast. Singer-actor **Don Francks** left the role of Leach to appear in a new Hollywood film series called *War Birds*. Before doing so, he took part in a blues and folk music night at Hambourg's along with **McCurry** (who toured as Crown in *Porgy and Bess*), the **Travelers**, and bassist **Jack Lander**.

At the Town Tavern in mid-January, **Dizzy Gillespie's** Quintet followed the **Oscar Peterson** Trio, who left a few days later for New Zealand, Australia, and the annual European tour . . . **John D. Hamilton**, a Canadian now living in New York, prepared a one-hour radio program for the CBC called *Background for the Blues*, in which he interviewed blues authorities and singers . . . **Max Morath** is currently the favorite of ragtime fans at Club 76.

PHILADELPHIA

The Latin Casino, now located near Camden, featured two jazz attractions in a row—**Ella Fitzgerald** and the **Count Basie-Tony Bennett** team . . . The Red Hill inn spotlighted the **Maynard Ferguson** Band for two holiday weekends and also had the **Quincy Jones** Band for a weekend. **Carmen McRae** was another recent attraction at the spot . . . **Jimmy DePriest** recently analyzed the work of **Manny Albam** on his *Contemporary Concepts* commentary-record show over WHAT-FM . . . **Ernestine Anderson**, appearing at Pep's, told a *Daily News* columnist her favorite singer is **Mary Ann McCall**, a Philadelphia native. The S. Broad St. club featured a local duo, pianist **Jimmy Wisner** and vocalist **Norman Mendoza** . . . **Artie Roumanis**

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and his octet continue at the Lampost in Levittown Friday nights. The spot also features Dixieland Wednesday nights . . . Another Dixieland stronghold is the Trade Winds, featuring drummer **Sammy Anlick** on Mondays . . . **Jimmy Heath** is playing at the Desert room of the Sahara . . . Vibraharpist **Tommy Steele** is appearing at Society D'Or on Drury St. . . . The **Frank Moore Four** followed up a Latin Casino date with one at the Bar-X in Frankford . . . **Herb Keller** brought **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross** into the Showboat.

CHICAGO

The **Ella Fitzgerald-Oscar Peterson Trio** concert at Northwestern university drew a healthy 4,000 on Jan. 21. But business in the jazz clubs has been off. So far off that more than one club operator is talking about either closing or switching from a jazz policy.

Maynard Ferguson, who did turn-away business at the Sutherland last summer, didn't do as well in his January return engagement. Nor did **Ramsey Lewis** in his holiday engagement at the south side club. The management is hoping the **Cannonball Adderley Quintet** will draw well this month. **Bernie Nathan**, Cloister head, is planning to switch from jazz to "something that will make the cash register ring." **Anita O'Day** canceled a week before her scheduled opening (Jan. 23). **Joe Williams** and **Harry Edison** also canceled, but **Cal Tjader** and **Ramsey Lewis** are still scheduled at the club. Birdhouse is hanging on and plans no change in policy. The Village Wail dropped its modern jazz policy and switched to traditional jazz. The London House did good business with **Dorothy Donegan** and her act. And **Joe Segal** lost his Sunday sessions at the Swing Easy.

There is some good news, however. **Ira Sullivan** signed with Vee Jay as did tenorist **Eddie Harris**. The company is going full steam on its Chicago jazz series. Sullivan's signing came as somewhat of a surprise to friends; he said many times he'd never sign a contract.

The Jazztet played **John Lewis** arrangements of John Lewis compositions during the group's January Sutherland stint. Included in the Lewis arrangements, which the **Art Farmer-Benny Golson** group recently recorded for Argo, is an astonishingly fast-tempoed version of *Django*. . . **Wyatt Reuther** was the bassist with the **Buddy Rich Sextet** at the Cloister last month. Buddy was playing much quieter than usual . . . **James Moody's** seven-piecer at Birdhouse in January included trumpeter **Howard McGhee**, one of the first boppers to gain popularity. Playing opposite the Moody group opening night was the **Metropolitan Jazz Octet**. Its personnel consists of **Tom Hilliard**, tenor saxo-

phone-leader; **Eddie Avis**, valve trombone; **Ted Dolan**, baritone saxophone; **Marty Marshack**, trumpet; **Ron Colber**, alto saxophone; **Jimmy Gianis**, drums; **Sam Seasidi**, piano; **Sam Titch**, bass . . . **Gene Ammons** is back in town.

IN PERSON

Birdhouse—**CANNONBALL ADDERLEY** Quintet, Feb. 15-26; **LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-ROSS, IKE ISAACS** Trio, Mar. 1-12.

Cafe Continental—**DAVE REMINGTON** Dixieland Band.

The Cloister—**CAL TJADER** Quartet, March 6-19; **RAMSEY LEWIS** Trio, March 20-April 2. Counterpoint — **CHRIS RAYBURN, JOHNNY PATE** Trio, until March 5.

Jazz, Ltd.—**BILL REINHARDT** Dixieland Band, **JO ANN HENDERSON**, vocals. **TUT SOPER**, intermission piano. **FRANZ JACKSON'S** Original Jazz All-Stars, Thursdays.

London House—**JONAH JONES** Quartet until March 5. **BARBARA CARROLL** Trio, March 7-26. **EDDIE HIGGINS** Trio and **AUDREY MORRIS** Trio, house bands.

Mister Kelly's—**PEGGY KING, GARY MARKS**, Feb. 13-March 5. **MARTY RUBENSTEIN** Trio and **DICK MARX-JOHN FRIGO** Trio, house bands.

Orchard Twin-Bowl — **BOB SCOBAY** Dixieland Band.

Red Arrow—**FRANZ JACKSON'S** Original Jazz All-Stars, weekends.

Scotch Mist—**TOM PONCE** Trio.

Sutherland—**STAN GETZ** Quartet, Feb. 15-26. Sessions Tuesdays.

Swing Easy—**GENE ESPOSITO** Trio.

LOS ANGELES

A swinging spring on the west coast is in view, with **Stan Getz** due into San Francisco's Black Hawk May 2 and **Ella Fitzgerald** plus the **Oscar Peterson Trio** booked at Hollywood's Crescendo May 4. Add to that **Miles Davis'** forthcoming stand at **Ben Shapiro's** Renaissance the end of March and **Mose Allison's** first coast appearance at **Geno's Bit** this month . . . **Bob Leonard** of World Artists management office took under his wing **Dexter Gordon**, the **Paul Horn Quintet**, pianist **Don Randi** (now signed with Atlantic Records) and last but by no means least, purty jazz pianist **Joyce Collins** . . . Local 47's vice president, **Max Herman**, resumes the series of free concerts in colleges and universities this month with the first one set for Valley college and next month's at the University of Southern California. The series will run through June, at least one concert a month, featuring two big bands and one small group, according to Herman. After June, he said, the bands go into the parks again.

Ex-Les **Brown** tenorist **Billy Ussleton** is leading a new quartet at the Prelude on Lankershim with **Lou Pagani** on piano, **Ray Pohlman** on bass, and **Eddie Atwood** on drums . . . **Mary Ann McCall**, who just did a two-weeker at San Francisco's Neve club, will cut a new LP for Capitol during her stand at the Summit here . . . **Andre Previn** will conduct the orchestra at this year's Academy Awards show—his fourth—April 17 . . . Speaking of Oscar, **Sammy Cahn** and **Jimmy Van Heusen**, whose tune, *Second Time Around*, may be an award contender, is now recorded on no less

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than five singles—by Frank Sinatra, Vic Damone, Ray Anthony, Jane Morgan and the Kirby Stone Four.

Red Nichols and Pennies broke all existing records at the Sheraton West during the first week of his return to the hotel. Red turned down three months of solid bookings to work the room for his buddy, Ed Crowley. He'll be in there at least until April 1 . . . Les Brown's new pianist, Terry Trotter, is turning heads around in the band with his exciting playing. The Brown job is his first big-band slot; previously he'd worked with the Lennie McBrowne group and other small bands . . . Gene Russell, too, is stirring some excitement with his jazz playing on clavietta, a wind-keyboard instrument. He'll do a record date soon featuring the offbeat horn.

Shelly Manne will score the soundtrack for Tom Laughlin's forthcoming film, *We Are All Christ* . . . Tommy Bee and Jack Rose are back on the air with their *Voice of Jazz* show. It's heard both day and night on KBCA-FM and KRKD-AM-FM Mondays through Saturdays . . . Ray Conniff and GAC went splitsville . . . Long-time Columbia Pictures music director, Morris Stoloff, is composing the underscore for Joshua Logan's movie version of *Fanny* . . . That jazz tenor on Carmen Lesay's single, *Moola-Moola*, belongs to Phil Sobel of the NBC staff . . . The Pearl Bailey-Louis Bellson combine went into high gear recently with record dates for Roulette here. With Teddy Reig in the booth, they recorded one big-band instrumental and the rest with the band backing Mrs. Bellson.

IN PERSON

Bahama inn—LOREN DEXTER Jazz Quartet.
Ben Pollack's—JOE GRAVES Quartet.
Beverly Cavern—TEDDY BUCKNER Band.
Black Orchid — JUANITA CRUSE; LEON WALLS Trio; sessions Monday afternoons.
Compton Bowl—THE JAZZ GENERALS, weekends.
Digger—Name jazz groups weekends.
El Sombrero—DUTCH PONS Trio.
Excusez Moi—BETTY BENNETT, weekends.
Frascati Chalet—JESS STACY.
Geno's Bit—MOSE ALLISON.
Green Bull—SOUTH BAY JAZZ BAND with MONETTE MOORE, Fridays and Saturdays.
Handlebar—DR. JACK LANGLES and the Saints, weekends.
Hillcrest Hideaway—DAVE MAXEY Quartet.
Honeybucket—COL. HENDERSON'S Rebels.
Ichi Kai tavern—RIVERSIDE JAZZ Band, Fridays and Saturdays.
Jimmie Diamond's (San Bernardino)—EDGAR HAYES, piano.
Lighthouse — HOWARD RUMSEY'S All-Stars; name jazz groups Sundays.
Masque—REX STEWART Band.
Raffles—VINCE WALLACE Quartet.
Renaissance—PAUL HORN Quintet through February; MILES DAVIS Quintet, March 22-April 2; BESSIE GRIFFIN and the Gospel Pearls, Sundays.
Rosie's Red Banjo—ART LEVIN'S Excelsior Banjo Serenaders.
Sherry's—PETE JOLLY, piano, and RALPH PENA, bass.
Shelly's Manne-Hole—SHELLY MANNE and his Men, weekends; RED MITCHELL Trio (with FRANK STRAZZIERI, FRANK BUTLER), Mondays, Tuesdays; RUSS FREEMAN-RICHIE KAMUCA group, Wednesdays; JOE MAINI'S Mainiacs, Thursdays.
Sheraton West—RED NICHOLS and his Five Pennies.
Zebra lounge—NINA SIMONE opens March 16; HORACE SILVER, March 31-April 9.

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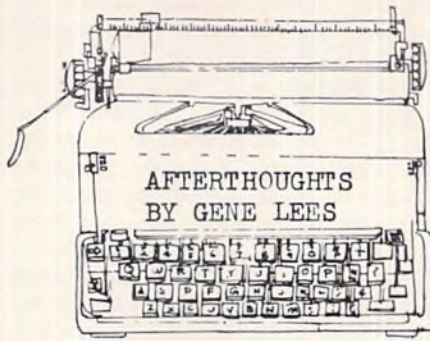
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I knew Lem Winchester for one night. But so vital and intelligent and articulate was he that I felt, and still feel, as if he were one of my best friends. Lem had many talents, but one of the best of them was a gift for friendship.

When he accidentally shot himself with a .38 revolver in Indianapolis a few weeks ago, the word went through the music world like electricity. People who had never even met him felt as if they had lost a close friend, and you could see the blood drain from their faces when they heard the news.

I met Lem last fall, at the bar in Birdland. It was one of those excited occasions when you encounter someone who thinks and feels about things as you do, and you dig each other instantly. Johnny (Hammond) Smith and several others came in, and it turned into one of those hanging-out evenings.

We went up to Harlem, to hear Les McCann, and Yusef Lateef. We went into the club where McCann was working; none of us had ever heard him live. I remember how we wandered in and stood listening. The club owner told us, "You'll have to take a seat, gentlemen." In silent agreement and with an unexpressed shrug, we just wandered out onto the street again.

As I said in this column a couple of issues ago, Lem lived a broad emotional range. If his mind could operate with clarity and precision when he was analyzing a social problem, say, or discussing the psychological implications of life as a policeman, he also knew the value of a belly-laugh. It had been curious to see how his language became more laced with slang the farther uptown we had come. And now, on the street, it was as down-home as it could get, and Lem was laughing, walking loose, and making wisecracks about everything and everybody, and he had Johnny and myself hanging on a lamppost, crippled with laughter. God, he was funny cat.

Gradually, our little gang broke up, as one after another headed home through the clear, mild night. Lem and I were on the subway, heading back downtown, looking at the sleepy passengers. With his policeman's trained eye, he was making what I imagine were very telling surmises about their personalities, social situations, and lives.

We ended up in that ham-and-eggery just south of Birdland, about 4:30 in the morning.

We had scrambled eggs and sausage, and Lem's conversation grew serious. I don't remember what we talked about—a million things. Since he was an ex-policeman and I was once a police reporter, there was no lack of subject matter. Lem was aware of all that is wrong with our society. But his approach to it, while serious, was not angry, which is one reason he was able to contribute to the improvement of it.

I walked him back to his hotel. But the conversation showed no signs of slowing. So he walked me back to my hotel. And we stood talking there, too. "I'll walk you back," I said. One of those scenes. We reached his hotel, turned around and, finally, by an effort of will, broke it off halfway between the two hotels, because Lem had a record date that afternoon, and I had a heavy schedule of appointments.

I fell asleep exhausted but exhilarated, feeling that one Lem Winchester made up for all the idiots and fools and haters and destroyers with which our planet is too liberally populated. Life seemed hopeful, purposive, worthwhile. Lem did that to you.

But it doesn't seem that way at the moment. Lem, as you probably read in the last issue of *Down Beat*, was clowning with a revolver that evidently didn't work as he expected (familiarity breeds contempt, as this ghastly incident shows all too clearly). He died a few minutes later.

Such a pointless, ridiculous, meaningless way to die.

At the moment, life seems tasteless and shapeless and stupid, and I feel angry at it, and disgusted, and I hate guns.

I knew Lem for such a little while, but I really loved the man. [EB]

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