

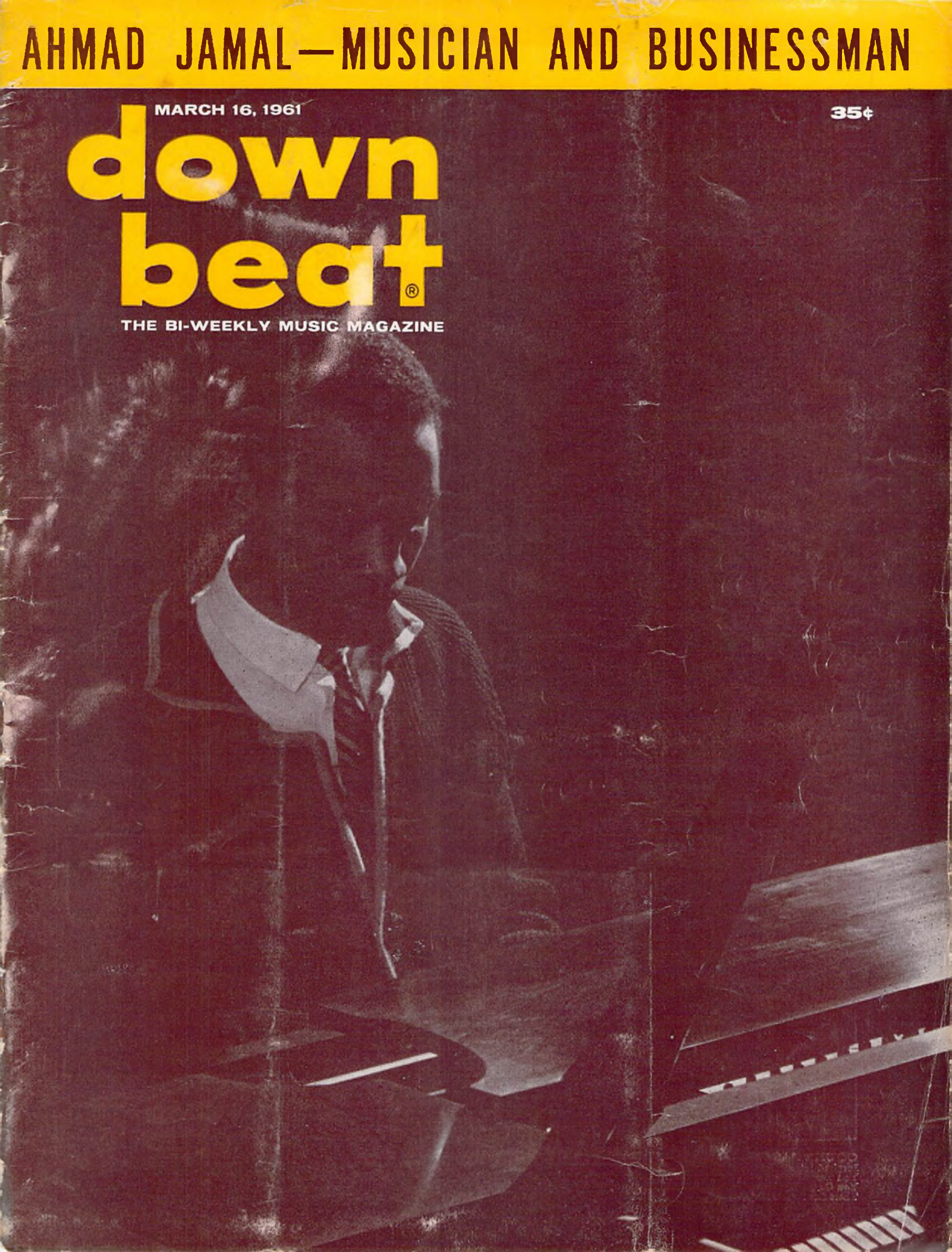
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MARCH 16, 1961

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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

A fantastic thing is the record business. It grows and grows and everyone groans and groans.

On the business side, there come complaints that business is down. Well, the best estimate is that the total 1960 record sales exceeded \$410,000,000 (at list prices), an increase of about 20 per cent over 1959. It appears true that sales fell off during the last quarter, but bad weather seems to have accounted for most of the slump. Naturally, any record company that cannot continue to sell in ever-increasing quantities would say business was bad. But, if the figures are to be believed, everything is up all along the line.

Most of the crying comes from companies that have to rely on singles to make up their sales volume. And it is true that the single market is steadily decreasing in favor of the long playing album. For 1960, it is estimated that 75

per cent of all the dollars spent on records were for LPs. It also follows that companies depending on singles have rosters heavily loaded with rock-and-roll and rockabilly "talent." It is no coincidence that these companies make up a list that accounts for only 25 per cent of all record sales. (About 35 record companies account for 75 per cent of all sales).

Artistically, the record business is becoming more and more complex (another term for confused). There is no one record market, just as there is no one record taste. I took the first 50 best selling albums for 1960 as reported by the trade magazines and came up with this breakdown: pop (male vocalists), 13; comics, 9; instrumental (mostly things with strings), 6; groups (the Kingston Trio, etc.), 5; soundtracks and original cast, 5; chorus (*Sing Along with Mitch*, etc.), 4; pop (females like Connie Francis and Brenda Lee), 3; religious (Tennessee Ernie Ford), 2; audio (mostly percussion), 2.

If you're trying to spot trends, the only obvious observation is the rising

popularity of comics on record. Rock-and-roll was not as well represented as might be supposed, even though Elvis had three best-sellers. The Kingstons matched that number, as did Johnny Mathis. You could say that mediocrity was the rule, but this is almost axiomatic when you talk about any top 50 albums or "top 40 hits". It is good to see some good, tasteful performers on the list—Harry Belafonte, Nat Cole, Peggy Lee, Ray Charles, and Frank Sinatra. Don't think it calamitous that no straight jazz artists are represented. Good taste and genuine individual artistry rarely wind up on any nationwide best seller list. This is not to say that jazz is not good enough or popular enough to sell well. It means that jazz, in a more or less pure form, is too cultivated a taste to become "popular".

Like classical music, which is certainly a profitable item for the record companies, it is a minority taste despite (or because of) its more lasting qualities. It takes a Van Cliburn or Mario Lanza as a popular national personality to make a best-selling classical album.

As for the pop music recorded during the year, it tended to range from mediocre to bad. (This undoubtedly helped the sales of the comics). Many of the albums featured standard tunes of yesteryear. Very few made it with new tunes. By and large, it was the personality of the performer coupled with promotional tie-ins, such as movies and shows, that accounted for an album's success.

Sing-along albums by Much Miller may be another trend. He had 10 very successful such albums last year; they accounted for about \$10,000,000 in sales. He found the way to capitalize on the old show-business formula of audience participation. It has not hurt his sales that the tunes he records are standards, familiar, tested, and true.

The shortage of good popular music is acute. The rock-and-roll and rockabilly junk still pays well, so good composers are limited to Broadway shows or movies if they can buck the fierce competition from the established names.

It would seem, however, that the record business may well find itself in a financial quandary if some good new popular music is not recorded. There is a vast adult market that will not settle for pap and garbage. It is a moot question just how long the kids will go along with the monotony of heavy beat, childish lyrics, and weird personalities. What will the record companies do when the reaction to bad taste makes itself evident in a falling market? Where will they turn for good music? How long can the record market keep spiralling forever upward without being solidly based on good music and talented performers?



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ON THE COVER—The cover photo is by Lacey Crawford, who does a good deal of photography for *Ebony*, among other publications. And, of course, it goes with the article on Ahmad Jamal on page 18, by Marc Crawford, formerly of *Ebony*. Despite the names and backgrounds, the two Crawfords are unrelated: it's just that they worked together to produce the penetrating word-and-picture portrait of Jamal for this issue.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Foss, Funk, and Freedom

I am writing in reference to the *Caught in the Act* by Don Henahan in the Dec. 22 issue of *Down Beat*. This was a very thought-provoking article. I would think that a more thorough evaluation of this technique in jazz music might very well be the key to the future of jazz. I have nothing against just plain blowing, but I think that our music has reached the point where forethought and design would do no harm.

A fleeting glance from earlier to present jazz forms will somewhat illustrate my point. The so-called first jazz was limited to folk and hymnal chordal patterns, branching out to eight- and 12-bar blues; Duke Ellington, Don Redman, and Fletcher Henderson taking more harmonic and rhythmic liberties in their arrangements; Coleman Hawkins' "improvisational-breakaway" plus experiments with unaccompanied solos (this was also done later by Sonny Rollins); Gillespie and Parker's complete improvisational freedom save chord patterns restrictions; more excursions into harmony by the Miles Davis group of 1949; Mulligan's dissection of the piano from the rhythm-support to achieve more improvisational and rhythmic freedom.

My analysis might be rough in spots but we must agree that the "newness" in new jazz has been a release of some sort in harmony, rhythm, and/or improvisation. Lucas Foss could not successfully inject spontaneity into contemporary music because these musical forms are not as plastic as are jazz forms.

As I read your record reviews and listen to the latest releases I can safely say that nine out of every 10 "compositions" on these new releases are blues of one type or other. Bird has been equalized and is in the process of being surpassed, but we must find new directions for the up-and-coming talent. Gil Evans, Mingus, John Lewis, Guiffre, etc., are trying very hard to find the new directions, and I think that a *Down Beat*- or Berklee-inspired research (by experimental groups) into the Lucas Foss aspect of jazz might lift the veil and release our music from the blues-and-standard circle it is in.
San Francisco, Calif.

Roosevelt V. McElroy Jr.

Orchids for Whitey

That Whitey Mitchell is a brilliant writer. I laughed both times I read his article. A delightful talent to be able to be so "in" and "out" at the same time.

He is a commercial writer—commercial along with Miles and Michelangelo and Philly Joe Jones and Bach. I don't know who gave that word a trite connotation. Commercial—"relating to a large group." That's my definition. Me, I like large groups; a session is no fun with just two guys . . .

As a reader, I am grateful for your

selectivity. That rare talent that few editors have.

As they say in letters to the editor . . . let's have more of Mitchell.
Miami Beach, Fla. Lenny Bruce

Whitey is in a state of creative brooding right now, and more of his wonderful satire will be forthcoming.

Whitey Mitchell's article (*Down Beat*, Feb. 2) is a masterpiece. I couldn't add anything at all, unless he hasn't played the Jewish work, and this is almost the same as his wonderful description. For instance, we can be fully engrossed in playing a cha-cha, and nine or 10 women will attack us and request, you guessed it, a cha-cha. I have been breaking up over the article, and my "first team" are certainly in agreement.

All I can do is defend myself by repeating that I hire all jazz musicians and assuring you, and Whitey, that I am not a Julius Martinet type leader (thank God). My bands sound fairly good, and no one will ever do a date for me unless he is a good musician, and this goes for my entire office. Even my contractor is an excellent trumpeter and arranger, and as long as I'm in business, it will stay that way. However, if Whitey is ever open on a Saturday night, it would be my pleasure to have him, and he can see for himself.

I have become an entertainer, and a good one at that. Of course, I learned to do this during my many vacations as a guest of the government. Therefore, I can safely say that I am the best leader there is in this particular field. Unfortunately, I am not a Lester Lanin or Meyer Davis—but give me time, at least enough to get my feet wet.

We swing all the time, even while doing the *Twist*, and I make up my own lyrics because the original ones are so bad that it's easy to do better. Bernard Pieffer works with us a great deal as does Billy Root and many other men of their calibre.

Please forward my congratulations to Whitey. Please excuse my one-finger typing, but this is Sunday, and my secretary is off.
Philadelphia, Pa. Red Rodney

Leader Rodney is the same Red Rodney, who was one of the leading trumpeters during the early days of bop. He has been quite successful leading his own society bands in Philadelphia recently.

Byrd's Talk a Gas

I thoroughly enjoyed the article *Donald Byrd Talks to Young Trumpeters* (*Down Beat*, Jan. 19). It helped me to understand the problems of brass.

How about a similar article in some future issue on guitar by Herb Ellis, Charlie Byrd, or Barney Kessel? There may be a lack of studies for brass, but it is certainly exceeded by that of guitar.
Tyler, Texas Pete Martinez

(Continued on page 8)

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CHORDS

(Continued from page 6)

From Synanon

We at Synanon wish to thank you, individually and collectively, for the wonderful spread *Down Beat* gave our organization.

The editorial was both forceful and encouraging. It was especially interesting to note that you had stirred up the top men of the recording industry. Possibly they can help set up Synanon houses elsewhere, as Gene Lees suggested. If our experience means anything, the Synanon method is less costly and far more effective than any hospital plan we are familiar with. Since Synanon patients are on a permanent voluntary basis, their efforts are apt to be more honest than those who submit to being locked up for a short period of time.

John Tynan's article covers the entire workings of Synanon on a level that is above mere reporting. In fact, it should leave the reader with the feeling that he has spent an hour or more in Synanon house. It was a very warm and human piece of writing.

On page 17, there is what must be a typographical error. Instead of 169 addicts who are no longer using drugs, it should be 69. It may be that more than 69 are abstaining who have been here, but we don't know that for sure. The higher figure, 169, is far above the miracle bracket. Few hospitals claim more than 5 percent success. We still stand on the claim of 69, for that is the number that can be checked, day in and day out. Out of the 176 who applied for help, many were at Synanon for only a week.

Charles E. Dederich
Director

Santa Monica, Calif. Synanon House

On Synanon

I am very happy to see that you have devoted a feature editorial and have included an article, *Hope for the Addicted*, in the Feb. 2 issue. The community must be alerted that narcotics addicts, in the main, are socially and medically sick people and require professional attention.

New York City Anna M. Kross

Anna M. Kross is commissioner of the New York City Department of Correction and a member of the advisory board of the newly-formed National Association for the Prevention of Addiction to Narcotics.

More Music Wanted

Rev. George Wiskirchen's two-part discussion on improvisation in *Clinician's Corner* was well done, but why stop there? Since a good many of your readers are probably amateur musicians, as I am, perhaps this material was too basic. Why not articles by Dizzy, Cannonball, and Miles on improvisation?

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Gerard Errante

You're Right!

I was but an infant at the time, but I remember the personnel on the first JATP record consisted of Howard McGhee, Joe Guy, trumpets; Illinois Jacquet, Charlie Ventura, tenors; Willie Smith, alto; Garland Finney (not Nat Cole), pianist; and the Chicago Flash, on drums, and not as listed in *Granz Sells But Holds*.

Kansas City, Mo.

Joseph R. Davis



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NEW YORK

Julian (Cannonball) Adderley is set to narrate an album titled *A Child's Introduction to Jazz* for Riverside's Wonderland line. Adderley plans to cover jazz from its early beginnings up to the present using recorded illustrations by **King Oliver**, **Bessie Smith**, **Jelly Roll Morton**, and **Bix Beiderbecke**, among others.

A concert sponsored by M-G-M/Verve records was held at Carnegie hall Feb. 25 to premiere Argentine pianist **Lalo Schiffrin's Gillespiana**, a suite composed for trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie** and a 20-piece orchestra. The work was recorded for **Norman Granz** last November with the Gillespie quintet augmented by **Clark Terry**, **Joe Wilder**, **Ernie Royal**, **Frank Rehak**, **Urbie Green**, **Candido**, and **Julius Watkins**, among others. Disc jockey **Mort Fega** of WEVD gave the commentary on the five movements of the suite—*Prelude*, *The Blues*, *Africana*, *Pan-Americana*, and *Toccata*. Other composers working on compositions for Gillespie include trombonist **J. J. Johnson** and arranger-composer **Robert Farnon**.



ADDERLEY

Candid recently recorded two albums by musicians who were closely associated with the late **Charlie Parker**. Trumpeter **Cal Massey**, once an arranger for Parker, did a set of original tunes using **Hugh Brodic**, tenor saxophone; **Julius Watkins**, French horn; **Patty Bown**, piano; **James Garrison**, bass, and **Granville T. Hogan**, drums. The second album, consisting of arrangements by alto saxophonist **Phil Woods**, included an original suite titled *The Rights of Swing*. Woods used **Benny Bailey**, trumpet; **Curtis Fuller**, trombone; **Sahib Shihab**, baritone saxophone; **Watkins**, French horn; **Tommy Flanagan**, piano; **Buddy Catlett**, bass, and **Osie Johnson**, drums.

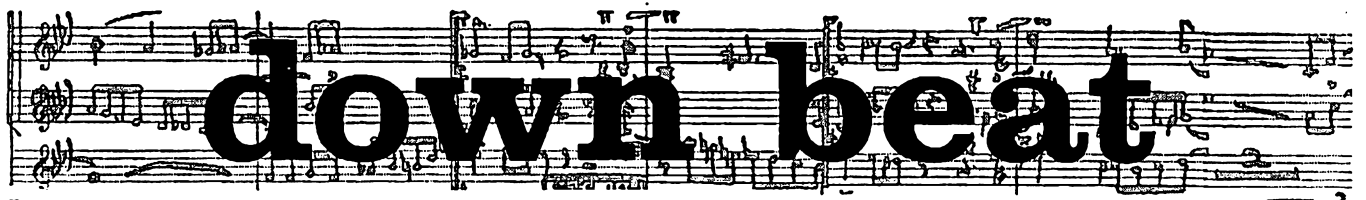


PARKER

Trombonist **Booty Wood**, who recently left the Duke Ellington Band, was recorded by **Stanley Dance** for the Lansdowne jazz series issued in England. The tunes included two originals by Wood—*Blues in 'Bones* and *Snowstorm*—featuring the trombones of Wood, **Vic Dickenson**, and **Dickie Wells** . . . **Frank Sinatra's** new label, Reprise, has completed a jazz package featuring tenor saxophonist **Ben Webster** playing arrangements by **Johnny Richards** . . . Warner Bros. Records has acquired the sound-track rights to the original film music from the Norwegian movie, *The Passionate Demons*. The recorded track, made in Oslo, features Scandinavian jazz musicians and American tenor saxophonist **Don Byas**.

The controversial film *The Cry of Jazz* was shown at a New York art theater paired with *The Birth of a Nation* . . . Columnist **Jake Trussell**, of the Kingsville, Texas, *Record*, points out that newspaper ads for the movie *Jazz on a Summer's Day* in Texas don't even hint that the picture is about jazz. At the top of the ad is the line, "Embarrassingly Intimate," and on the bottom, "Love on a Summer Night." Between the two lines is a picture of a boy and girl embracing . . . **Don Elliott** is working on an original sound-track for a color film called *Curtain Up!* It's about the summer theaters. He has also composed a theme song for *Number Please*, a new contest show on ABC-TV.

(Continued on page 38)



DOUBLE SIX COMING OVER

After several months of preparation and a revision of their musical format, the Double Six of Paris are about ready to present their stage act in this country.

The group has been arranging standards in English, such as the Ray Charles *Have You Met Miss Jones?*, and have put lyrics to a Cannonball Adderley instrumental. Jean-Pierre Landrau, who writes for the Lido night club shows in Paris and Las Vegas, and Christian Chevallier, another French arranger, also have been writing English arrangements for the popular Parisian singing group.

The group's stage presentation has required them to reduce its orchestrations to six voices. On recordings, the six voices performed double duty by over dubbing, singing as 12 voices. To these were added solo voices singing the original instrumental solos, while rhythm was provided by the only instruments used: piano, bass, and drums.

Several changes in the personnel of the group have taken place. Christianne Legrand, who does a variety act of her own in France, the American Ward Swingle, who accompanies Zizi Jeanmaire as pianist, and Jacques Danjean, who leads a band of his own in Paris, all have left the unit because they were unable to go on tour.

Mimi Perrin, the organizer of Le Double Six in 1959, has replaced Miss Legrand and Swingle by two singers who had started the first album with her but dropped out because they did not think the group would get any work. They are Monique Guerin, a jazz singer heard many times at the Blue Note and Club St. Germain in Paris and a former wife of French pianist Bernard Peiffer, and Louis Aldebert, a classical pianist who has turned to jazz as a pianist and singer.

Jacques Danjean has been replaced by Eddy Louis, who plays piano, vibes, and organ, and has an album of his own coming out in France.

ART PEPPER PLEADS GUILTY

When famed altoist Art Pepper came to trial Feb. 9, for violation of the California narcotics laws (DB, Dec. 8), he appeared before Los Angeles Superior Court Judge John F. Aiso as a three-time loser. His plea: guilty as

charged of possessing heroin.

With two prior violations against him, possibility of probation for Pepper was precluded. Judge Aiso set March 8 as date of sentence. Free since November on bond posted by his parents, Pepper is faced with inevitable imprisonment. But his future is not as dismal as it appeared at the time of his arrest Oct. 25. He will not spend the rest of his life in the penitentiary. According to deputy district attorney Aaron Stovitz, "As it stands, he faces a minimum of two to 20 years."

Meantime, the alleged pushers arrested for selling the drug to Pepper, Frank and Lupe Perez Ortiz, were due to come to trial. With one count dismissed on a technicality, it appeared for a time that Frank Perez Ortiz would get off. But, following the original dismissal of the charge in superior court, the district attorney's office refiled against both Ortiz, and they were re-arrested.

THELONIOUS MONK HAS A FIRE

Thelonious Monk has lived in the same New York apartment, in an old building in the West 60's, for more than 30 years. He came there as a 10-year old boy from Rocky Mount, N. C., and today lives there with his wife Nellie, and their two children, Thelonious Jr., 11, and Barbara, 7. Although the building is ancient, the rooms are large and comfortable. A few months ago, he had the place redecorated.

Last month, on the night of New York's heaviest snowstorm since 1888, Monk arrived home around 11 p.m. He had just knocked the snow off his boots when Barbara rushed into the living room to say there was something wrong in the closet of the room where she and Thelonious, Jr., had been sleeping.

When Monk investigated, he found the clothes in the closet were on fire. Fire was not entirely new to the pianist: in 1956, he had been completely burned out by a fire that destroyed the spinet upon which he had written many of his famous compositions. A good many of his original manuscripts had gone up in smoke at that time.

This time, he rapidly removed his family from danger and got the fire department on the job.

The final result—a burnt-out bedroom, an extensive loss of clothes, and

his new decorating job ruined by water and the axes of firemen. There was slight damage to a rented Steinway, on which he has paid almost enough to get ownership.

Not damaged were his music and a 50-pound Edison award he had just received from Holland for making the best jazz recording released there during 1960.

The cause of the fire: faulty wiring. Monk's modern appliances, which include recording equipment, plus the usual up-to-date appliances, were too much for the old-fashioned wiring.

FOUR ELLINGTONIANS ARRESTED IN VEGAS

In a recent issue of a national girlie magazine, Duke Ellington was one of a panel of jazz musicians interviewed on the subject of narcotics addiction in jazz. He was quoted as being more concerned with "juiceheads" in music than with those addicted to heroin. When asked what he would do if a dope pusher came peddling around his band, the famed composer-bandleader replied, "I'd ask to see his pilot's license."

In Las Vegas, Nev., last month, while his band was playing an engagement at the Riviera hotel, Ellington's apparent flip attitude of sophisticated unconcern blew up in his face.

The morning of Feb. 9, a squad of Las Vegas sheriff's deputies assigned to the narcotics division and armed with a search warrant, entered an apartment at 35 Emerson St. They left with four Ellington bandmen under arrest for "violation of the Uniform Narcotic Drug Act of the state of Nevada."

The sheriff's squad, led by Lieut. Robert Griffin, seized two bindles of heroin plus hypodermic needles, eye-droppers, and other paraphernalia of the narcotic user. Arrested were trumpeters Ray Nance, 41, Willie Cook, 36, and Andrew (Fats) Ford, 36, as well as tenor saxophonist Paul Gonsalves, 40. Also held for concealment of a deadly weapon—a straight razor—was William H. Black, 36, identified by police as a barber. Black was not charged with narcotics violation. One woman, Joan Williams, 27, was found in the apartment. She was arrested on a vagrancy charge.

Bail for the musicians was set at \$2,500 cash each or \$5,000-worth of property.

TWO JAZZ VETERANS DIE

In the last quarter of the 19th century, a young "downtown Creole" named Alphonse Floristan Picou haunted the French Opera house in New Orleans to study clarinet with a flutist in the orchestra.

Picou, son of a cigarmaker apprenticed to a tinsmith, loved classical music. He became impatient when the flutist made him practice fingering for six months before allowing him to play a note. While he was sweating out these preliminary lessons, 15-year-old Picou made music on the guitar.

One day in 1894, trombonist Bou-boul Augustat invited Picou to join his jazz band. To the young musician's dismay, there was no written music to be played. Years later Picou told researcher Marshall Stearns, "I sat there not knowing what to do, but after a while I caught on and started playing two or three notes for one."

Picou went on to play in his own Independence Band (1897), the Oscar Duconge Band (1898), the Imperial Band with cornetist Emmanuel Perez (1899), the Excelsior Band (1900), Freddie Keppard's Olympia Band (1901), Perez' Band at the Arsonia in Chicago (1918), dance bands and symphony orchestras in New Orleans (1920-30), the Crescent City Orchestra (1932), the Kid Rena band (1940), Celestin's Tuxedo Orchestra (1947), and the Eureka Band (1959).

Picou had two claims to fame: he was the first of the long line of New Orleans clarinetists; and he is said to have originated the traditional clarinet solo in the famous marching number *High Society*, although some claim it was Big Eye Louis Nelson or George Baquet.

Long before the days of ragtime, there was the stimulating music of early New Orleans brass bands that marched in street parades and funerals, as well as playing for dances. One night while playing with the Olympia Band, according to legend, Picou happened to think of performing the piccolo part of *High Society* on clarinet. It turned out to be a fast run in the upper register that caused the crowd to react with requests for him to play it over and over. It was more of a technical accomplishment than a creative solo and eventually became a test piece for all aspiring clarinetists, as the tune *Panama* had become for trumpeters. It is not unknown in later jazz: *The Chase* is built on the *High Society* solo.

Unfortunately, Picou's clarinet playing during his prime has been lost because there were no early recordings, but in 1940 he recorded with the Kid

Rena Band, in 1947 with the late Papa Celestin, and on the *New Orleans Legends* LP recently released on Riverside. He can be heard playing his famed *High Society* solo on these sets.

On Feb. 4, at his daughter Olga's home, the pioneer clarinetist died after 65 years of playing traditional New Orleans music. He was 82.

United Press International, with the lay press' customary hyperbole about jazz, said he "was to New Orleans jazz almost what Alexander Graham Bell was to the telephone."

Picou was buried in Mount Olivet cemetery after a rare jazz band funeral. The Eureka band accompanied him halfway to the cemetery, playing mournful music; the cemetery was too far for them to walk the full distance.

* * *

In Chicago, death brought an end to the career of another old-time jazzman: Gilbert (Little Mike) McKendrick, guitarist on the city's south side and in Europe during the past 40 years. He died of cancer at Billings Memorial hospital.

Little Mike played and recorded in the 1920s with the bands of Joe Jordan, Charlie Cooke, and Eddie South. After the success of South's Alabamians records, a quartet that included South, McKendrick, pianist Henry Crowder, and drummer Romy Burke, toured Europe for several years. South returned to the U. S., the others remained abroad.

For a time, Little Mike led a band in Spain, called Banjo Mike and His International Band. Cozy Harris played alto and Cat Garland played trombone; the other members of the group were Spanish.

McKendrick returned to this country under the war clouds of 1941 to form his International Trio, with pianist Wiley Rogers and bassist A. Hickman. In more recent years, Little Mike played with the Chicago-based Sonny Thompson band.

McKendrick's father, Gilbert Sr., was a violinist and trombonist who led riverboat bands out of Paducah, Ky. The elder McKendrick was a contemporary

NEW HORIZONS

From *Music of the West* magazine, February, 1961:

"Tucson, Ariz.—The annual state convention of the junior division of the Arizona Federation of Music clubs heard a talk on 'Progression of Jazz' by Dr. Max Ervin, director of music education, Tucson public schools, illustrated by tape recordings. A chorus of bells played by members of the chancel choir was an outstanding feature of the session."

and rival of Fate Marable, also of Paducah.

The elder McKendrick educated his five boys (James Michael, piano; Daniel Michael, strings; Gilbert Michael, banjo and guitar; Ruben Michael, banjo and guitar; Richard Michael, trombone). The five boys moved to Chicago in the early 1920s and caused a high order of confusion by playing simultaneously in five bands—all of them using the name Mike McKendrick.

With the death of Little Mike, only Richard and Ruben (Big Mike) are alive, Richard a trombonist in Detroit and Ruben a banjoist and guitarist who jobs in Chicago with Ikey Robinson and subs occasionally in the Franz Jackson Original Jazz All-Stars.

GARNER MOVES ON COLUMBIA RELEASE

Erroll Garner's fight with Columbia Records continues.

The diminutive pianist has served notice to Columbia, objecting to the release of an LP titled, ironically enough, *The Provocative Erroll Garner*. Garner and his manager, Martha Glaser, believe that the release of the album will increase Columbia's liability for damages when their complex litigation with the company is concluded.

Garner claims that the album consists of material mainly from 1951 and 1953 sessions, which was at that time deemed not suitable for release. Garner claims one track was never even played back for him.

The pianist's litigation with Columbia is rooted in a claim that the company breached its contract with him by failing to release the number of singles per year specified by his contract. Garner's contract with the label contained a rights-of-approval clause on all material, which is also involved in the action. Columbia, in turn, claims that it was Garner who breached the contract.

The pianist's manager said that new counsel had been engaged to continue Garner's litigation. The attorney is Jacob Imberman. Miss Glaser said a complaint would be served immediately on Columbia, asking the court for complete relief, including substantial damages, an injunction against the release of recordings unauthorized by him, and the return of leftover Garner tapes from previous recording sessions, which he claims are his property.

Miss Glaser said the new LP is the second unauthorized release of Garner material by the label. She said Garner is concerned lest the public be misled; he claims the lack of liner notes obscures the dates of recording and the origins of material in the album.

"Mr. Garner regrets that his name is being used to merchandise sub-standard material," Miss Glaser said.

AFTERMATH OF THE SYNANON ARTICLE

By JOHN TYNAN

The impact of *Down Beat's* article on the Synanon foundation, and the accompanying editorial (DB, Feb. 2), was immediate.

Spurred by this magazine's description of the anti-narcotics rehabilitation program at Synanon, a citizens campaign against drug addiction is already under way, and picking up momentum. The first tangible results: a benefit concert for the Synanon foundation, co-sponsored by Local 47 of the AFM and *Down Beat*, and the strong possibility of establishing a second Synanon House in southern California.

The anti-drug drive is developing on several levels—in direct action by Local 47 in behalf of its membership; in the benefit, scheduled for April 9 at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium; and in a citizens committee, formed by entertainer Steve Allen, which will work with Synanon to expand its fight against addiction.

Following the appearance of this magazine's article on Synanon, John Tranchitella, Local 47 president, took quick action. He ordered formation of a social service committee within the union to deal with various problems affecting the welfare of musicians. Narcotics addiction is high on the list. Named to organize the committee was Morton P. Jacobs, former member of the union's board of directors and privately active in anti-narcotics work for the past two years.

Jacobs comes to his post well equipped for the job of heading a task force to tackle the drug problem. More than two years ago, he says, he discerned a rise in the number of heroin addicts among jazz musicians. The fact that the addicted belonged in the ranks of those for the most part unsuccessful in their craft and frequently unemployed in music did little to alleviate the tragedy. Thus, Jacobs began an intensive investigation to determine how best a union anti-narcotics body could function. In compiling a by-now bulging dossier, he consulted officials, officers, and other employees of police departments in various cities and towns who cover investigative, detective, and juvenile delinquency divisions; district attorneys' offices; bureaus of investigations at state and city levels; and sheriff's departments and vice squad details in such outlying areas of Los Angeles as Santa Barbara, Palm Springs, Ingelwood, and the San Fernando valley. Jacobs carried his probe to other states and to the California state attorney general's office in Sacramento. In addition, he studied the inter-state parole compact and conferred with parole officials. He also interviewed former prison guards as well as individuals interested in prison reform; he consulted judges, physicians and

psychiatrists, experts in drug clinic experiments, public health officials, and numerous legislators.

Out of this span of preparation, Jacobs' new committee emerged. The group's first project is to implement the union's desire to help Synanon by working with *Down Beat* and Local 47 to ensure the success of the April 9 benefit.


Outside the union, activity in preparation for the benefit is in full swing. Louis Robin, president of Los Angeles' Concerts, Inc., is producer; Richard Bock, president of World Pacific and Pacific Jazz Records is securing talent for the affair; publicity is being handled by this magazine and Fred Martin, press relations director of Capitol Records.

The necessity for establishing a second Synanon House in the Los Angeles area was underscored by the organization's chairman, C. E. Dederich, at a recent meeting in the office of John Tranchitella. In attendance were concert promoter Robin, pianist Arnold Ross, Bock, Martin, Jacobs, physicians Conwell Newton and Overstreet Gray, the union president, and this reporter.

"We've reached the limit of our capacity at Synanon," Dederich told the group. "Now it's gotten to the point where we've got to turn addicts away. We just do not have any more room."

Steve Allen's interest in Synanon stems from a recent visit to the foundation made at the urging of Richard Bock. Allen came to dinner and stayed until after midnight. Before he left, he had conceived a plan for the formation of a citizens' committee to promote interest in and information about the organization amongst influential show business figures. Also present the evening of Allen's visit were Broadway producer Jed Harris and Ivan Goff, past-president of the Screen Writers Guild. Both agreed to serve on the citizens' committee.

Initial efforts of Allen's committee will be to draw attention to the forthcoming benefit both by publicising the show and by encouraging attendance. Participation in this connection has also been offered by all-jazz radio station KNOB-FM and by leading disc jockey Frank Evans among others.

The interest in narcotics addiction by Local 47 is not confined to its own jurisdiction. Last December an emergency session was called of the state of California's Pre-Legislative Advisory Committee on Narcotics. Jacobs represented his union at the meeting. Subsequent to his attendance, Jacobs reportedly prepared a general report on narcotics addiction among musicians at the request of Herman Kenin, AFM president. This report is now believed to be in Kenin's hands, awaiting action by the federation's chief executive. 



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NORTH ON THE JAZZ FRONTIER

By JOHN TYNAN

Alex North, the distinguished film composer who first combined jazz with orthodox underscore in the picture *A Streetcar Named Desire*, has maintained a keen interest in the music and is con-

cerned about an apparent lack of direction in jazz today.

"The general insecurity we all feel these days," he said, "is definitely reflected in today's jazz. The result is that jazz is not expressing what it can. It lacks a sense of form and seems incapable of reaching points of climax, of achieving tensions and relaxations. So much of it has no design."

North admitted he has not been in close touch with the music during the last two years, primarily because of his work on the score of the motion picture *Spartacus*. (Many expect this score to win North his sixth Academy award nomination; he has previously been nominated for his work in the films *Streetcar*, *Death of a Salesman*, *Viva Zapata*, *The Rainmaker*, and *The Rose Tattoo*.) During a recent visit to New York, however, North said, after making the rounds of jazz clubs, "I felt a sadness and an apparent desire to turn away from the audience" on the part of the jazzmen.

It is North's feeling that jazz has "taken on a faddism and cultism just as in the classical field. In the past few years, it has reached an impasse and will remain so unless something comes along in the educational system to expose students to a fusion of jazz with other musical forms."

"Jazz can really become greater than it is," he declared. As it stands at present, the composer is of the opinion that there is "too much novelty" in the music instead of what he termed real composition. "I don't mean composition in the long-hair sense," he explained, "but in solid composing."

"There was never a concerted drive to incorporate jazz into the precious halls of the conservatives, and consequently it's been looked down on."

One avenue for expansion of the frontiers of jazz, North said, would be to move "along the track that Gershwin was following." Gershwin, in North's view, "had that innate sense of melody which a lot of contemporary composers are avoiding, because they feel it has nothing to do with the world today. I say we should have a trend back to melody. Now, what Gershwin did *not* have was a sense of counterpoint and of fusing the elements of jazz with the classical and placing the synthesis in the mold of a large form."

Tackling the question of whether jazz can be expanded into another form of group expression while still retaining its essence, North turned first to the matter of the domination of small-group playing. This context he finds unsatisfying, he said, because of (a) "the interminable solos" and (b)—a more basic criticism—the lack of direction in small-group playing. To divert creative energy from the constricting format of

the small group, then, and broaden opportunity for a wider, more sophisticated use of jazz in contemporary music as a whole, North stressed the value of an educational program.

"This," he explained, "would point to a direction involving conservatives and serious composers who are very condescending toward jazz and feel that it is very limiting in its scope. The idea is to permit fellows to develop their individual talents by sponsored study. An endowment, for example. The young musicians who already have a good musical background and are utilizing it to advantage in their jazz playing and writing should be given the opportunity to develop further."

Regarding sponsorship of such young and promising talents, North cited the huge expenditure involved in sending jazz bands overseas as musical good-will ambassadors under auspices of the U. S. State Department. "The same money," North pointed out, "could well be diverted into starting an educational program rooted in jazz development."

Shifting ground, the composer inquired, "Why is there such a dearth of symphonic work not based on our folk material? Principally, I feel one reason is that we have no real school of composers in the U. S. There is no group of composers to influence younger men."

North, who studied with Aaron Copland and Ernst Toch, noted, "There are symphonies being turned out today, but very few of them are based on our own native influences. The younger composers are not tapping sources which are right before them."

Turning to the 12-tone vogue in the 1920s, North remarked, "This was Viennese-influenced and was expressive of that particular time and that particular environment in central Europe. But this is not *our* expression."

Yet, because of the influence of the 12-tone row in contemporary composition, North said he feels that many of today's composers have "very little flair for melody and will deliberately avoid it."

He drew a parallel between the development of contemporary "serious" music and the emergence of be-bop in the early 1940s. "These," he noted, "are characterized by the same type of expression—the absence of resolution. It's the result of the composers and innovators being afraid of emotion, being afraid of emoting."

In a concluding note on contemporary criticism in the arts, North commented, "The last music critic I remember who was a musician was Virgil Thomson. But he had literary style. There are no critics today in any of the arts."



SEARCH FOR SELF— JOHN HANDY

By GEORGE HOEFER

To hear alto saxophonist John Handy III perform today, you would find it hard to imagine that he was ever a conformist. But he was, and his struggles with his own conformity were perhaps the most important part of his musical development.

The 28-year-old musician from Dallas, Texas, said recently, "There was one important lesson I learned working with Charlie Mingus and Randy Weston. They taught me self-confidence."

Both bassist Mingus and pianist Weston, he said, urged him to play whatever came into his head and to stop falling back on Charlie Parker as a crutch.

"I was afraid the listeners and other musicians wouldn't dig what I was doing," Handy said, and then laughed. "I was timid until Mingus would roar at me from behind his bass, 'Go on, blow something!' And then I was scared not to play something startling."

Handy's now-dead tendency to con-

formity was a reaction to a confused and insecure childhood. He was born during the depression, and his parents were divorced while he was a baby. He was shuttled back and forth between Texas and California as a child, and doesn't recall living in one place any longer than three years at a time. He is able to count nine grammar schools and four high schools that he attended.

When he was 12, he started to "fool around" with a tin whistle. This led to the acquisition of a clarinet; he taught himself to play well enough to perform at school dances.

During these years, Handy's main love was athletics. He concentrated on boxing, and did well enough to win in 1947 a Texas amateur championship as a featherweight. As he grew older, music intervened.

In 1949, the short, compact Texan—he still looks like an athlete—discovered the alto saxophone. This time he was determined to study, and enrolled in a California conservatory to study theory and major in clarinet. He has never studied saxophone formally, though he now can perform professionally on alto, tenor, baritone, clarinet, bass clarinet, and flute.

For two years, he played tenor with a rhythm-and-blues band around Oakland, Calif., spending a lot of time jamming with other musicians in after-hours clubs in the San Francisco area.

His first recordings were made with blues singer Lowell Fulson. It was a rock-and-roll date, and Handy played the inevitable wild tenor. He has never heard the results of the session. It is possible that the records were never released; Handy said he hopes so.

When his family moved to Cleveland in 1950, Handy met trumpeter Bill Hardman. Hardman, two months younger than he, taught him how to space chords and gave him direction in making chord changes.

Returning to California in 1952, Handy entered San Francisco State College, where Paul Desmond had studied, but after his first year, he was drafted. He was in military service for two years, from 1953 to 1955. He returned to finish his course at San Francisco State and late in 1958 left for New York City.

It was early in 1959 that Handy joined Mingus. Shortly afterwards, he was featured with the bassist in a concert at the Nonagon art gallery, where his work was noticed by critic Whitney Balliett, who wrote in the *New Yorker*:

"Handy is a particularly striking musician from San Francisco, who played with flawless control, and though the work of Parker forms a broad dais for his style, he used, unlike most of his

colleagues on saxophone, a highly selective number of notes, a warm tone, and a couple of devices—a frequently prolonged trill astonishingly like that of the old New Orleans clarinetist George Baquet and ivory-like sorties into the upper register reminiscent of Benny Carter's smooth ascents—that set him several paces away from his first model."


Handy admits that when he first went to New York City, the idea of playing in the Parker mold seemed to be the safest thing to do—until he ran head on into Mingus on the matter. The respect Mingus holds for the memory of Parker does not permit him to tolerate Parker imitators.

Today, family, Texas, and other facets of his past are of little interest to John Handy (he dislikes the "III" attached to his name, he said it sounds ostentatious). He is busy carving out a career for himself in advanced jazz not only as a virtuoso performer but as a composer as well.

He is well aware that it is necessary for the young jazz musician to find a groove of his own. The art has become highly competitive, the rewards going to those whose originality warrants a record album under their own names and featuring their own compositions. Handy has two such LPs on the Roulette label, *In the Vernacular: John Handy III* and the recently released *No Coast Jazz*.

His periods with Mingus and the Randy Weston Quartet now over, he has been playing jobs—when he can find them—with his quartet. He has appeared at Birdland twice, at the Showplace, the Jazz Gallery, and the Five Spot in New York City. Between gigs, his writing and recording activities keep him busy.

Last December, at a Hunter College concert sponsored by the Jazz Arts Society, Handy joined classical pianist Leonid Hambro in jazz improvisations built around Bartok's *Night Music*. Handy has since been made music director of the Jazz Arts Society, an organization interested in developing new talent. He hopes some day to do an LP with strings. But, above all, he would like to start a music school. Though he won't go into detail, he says he thinks he has devised a method for teaching improvisation.

But for all his assets—a thorough musical education, a familiarity with and a liking for the classics, and a basic knowledge of the contributions made to jazz by Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Art Tatum, Thelonious Monk and other giants—he said he is still searching. "I know I've got to hear more of all kinds of music before I can really find myself." 

HAVE YOU HEARD EDDIE HARRIS?

By GENE LEES

When is tonal distortion not tonal distortion? When it produces a new sound that is in itself beautiful . . .

The low notes Miles Davis sounds with harmon mute jammed into the microphone constitute an extreme distortion of the true trumpet sound—and they are very beautiful.

The sounds elicited from alto saxophones by, say, Johnny Hodges, Paul Desmond, or Phil Woods, are far from the "true" alto sound, as typified in the work of French classical saxophonist Marcel Mule.

Lester Young "distorted" the sound of tenor; Stan Getz distorted it further; and Eddie Harris is distorting it still further in the same direction—and getting something exquisite out of it.

Getz has approached tenor as if it were alto. Harris is going a step beyond that: he is approaching it as if it were trumpet.

"I'm *trying* to play like a trumpet," he says frankly. "I don't really play tenor. I've always considered men like Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, and Sonny Rollins tenor players—*superb* tenor players, in my book. But I'm trying to play with phrasing that is more typical of trumpet than tenor."

Not only is Harris' phrasing related to that of trumpet: his range even makes you think of trumpet. On *Exodus*, a track in an album he has just done for Vee Jay (it is due out momentarily), he plays a B \flat above high C.

"I play higher than that, though, up to a D \sharp ," he said. "Illinois Jacquet played those notes years ago, but they were just squeals. Now guys are trying to *play* them. Wayne Shorter hits them, and hits them well."

With Harris, such notes are not freaks but are used as an integral part of his melodic line. Nor does he confine himself strictly to the upper reaches of the instrument; he has a fat, rich, lower register which he uses effectively, though he tends to stay high in the range of the horn.

Who is Eddie Harris?

He is a musician in his late twenties who was born in Chicago of Cuban and American parents. He went to Du Sable high school, where he began playing, then to Roosevelt university, where he completed all the work for his music degree but a half semester's credit. ("I've thought of going back to pick up the degree," he says, "but I've never got around to it.") He played, while in service, with the big jazz band attached to Seventh Army headquarters in Germany, a band which at that time had as members Cedar Walton, Leo Wright, and several other young musicians who are now emerging into prominence.

Beyond that, his biography is curiously uninteresting. He has never played with a name group, though there is the customary collection of big names who have heard him and found him impressive. But he plays down even that. "I'm superstitious," he says cryptically.

There isn't even a dramatic story of struggle for recognition, or of financial hardships during his unknown years. Toward recognition, he seems almost indifferent, being concentrated on his instrument and his musical studies. And so far as scuffling is concerned, he says, "Actually, I've only been out of work for two weeks in the last few years. When I couldn't get a gig on tenor, I'd play piano. I've

been offered jobs with a lot of groups on piano, but I don't want to play piano."

Thus, even Harris' obscurity is atypical. A number of name musicians own real estate; Eddie is probably the only modern jazz musician of consequence who has managed to acquire a fair bit of real estate before anybody had ever heard of him nationally.

But there is one thing that is spectacular about Harris: he has an instrumental versatility almost equivalent to that of Maynard Ferguson or Benny Carter. In addition to all the saxophones and piano, he plays trumpet, trombone, French horn, and vibes. He is an exceptionally good vibes player. He could have achieved commercial success some time ago, had he chosen to exploit his versatility as a gimmick. No chance; his conservatism shows itself again



when he says, "I've given all those other instruments up. I'm concentrating on tenor."

Harris is also an arranger and composer of uncommon imagination, as demonstrated by a series of works he wrote a couple of years ago for a group he was then heading, the Jazz Jets. The group has since folded, its nature being too experimental for the tastes of Chicago and its habitat too far from the regular haunts of the New York a&R men. Nor are any of those charts in Harris' forthcoming Vee Jay album, though he did a good deal of writing in another vein for the date.

One tune written for this album could become a jazz standard. It is called *Alicia* (for Harris' mother) and its flavor is a curious mixture of jazz and folk music tinged more than slightly with a Spanish element; Harris plays it as a tenor solo over guitar accompaniment.

It is the most arresting ballad this writer has heard since Thelonious Monk's *'Round Midnight*. It is one of the tracks of the album that could see to it that Harris gets the recognition his Chicago intimates think he deserves.

If his economic struggles have been mild, his esthetic struggles have not been.

"I can't understand how guys can have so many musical prejudices," Harris said, in a statement that constitutes the top ninth of his emotional iceberg. "You can get something from everyone, and the truly great artists I've run across have got something for everyone."

"You'll see guys who are only interested in Miles and John Coltrane—only interested in the top names. But Charlie Parker listened to everybody, and he would play with anyone. I've seen him sit in with a rhythm-and-blues group."

"Have you ever pondered why men like Sonny Stitt and Lester Young and Stan Getz would work with so many different people? They all have rhythm sections they prefer, but they'll play with all kinds of people."

When Harris speaks of musical prejudices, he knows whereof he speaks. Being Negro, he has, of course, known that certain jobs just weren't open to him. But the sword cut him two ways. Harris chose to approach his instrument in the Lester Young-Stan Getz tradition. This, of course, isn't fashionable at the moment, and Harris has suffered for it. "I've been put down because I didn't play 'colored' enough," he said. "And not just by colored musicians, but by white musicians too. How about that?"

Probably because of the double rejection he has experienced in life, there is an undertone of bitterness in Harris' personality. But it is bitterness toward no specific group: it is a sort of detached tartness about humanity in general. He has gone and still goes an essentially lonely way.

Had he been a conformist, he could have solved it all long ago. No one is better equipped to play in the current "churchy" vogue, perhaps, than Harris. As a child, he sang as a soloist and in a choral group that traveled as a stellar attraction to Baptist churches throughout the midwest. Later, he played tenor in a Sanctified church.

"Church music has been a big influence on me," he said. "It was my cousin, who played piano at Shilo Baptist church, who taught me."

"Now, of course, everyone's jumping on the church music bandwagon. There are people singing in the churches right now who could get out and make a mint of money. Talk about *singing!* What is a real drag is that a lot of the young guys out here haven't really been in the church. They've just been in there long enough to hear a couple of tunes."

"When you come up in the church, though, you don't want to do it in secular music, because it would seem sacrilegious. The reason Wynton Kelly is so great is that he

plays. But when he wants the church effect, he can do it.

"Charlie Parker didn't throw a blues lick into *everything*. But who could play blues on a saxophone the way he could? When he played a slow blues, it got *played*. And when he played *Stella by Starlight*, it got played too."

"Anyway, the church has been an influence on me, though I don't choose to drop it into everything I play."

"The other influences have been Milt Jackson and Clifford Brown. I know that sounds strange. But the influence hasn't been tenor players, though Ben Webster showed me a lot of things that I was doing wrong, and Lucky Thompson when I was in Europe."

"I've been interested for the last few years in Oriental music, too. Of course, I listen to classical music, though not as much as when I was in school, when I played it a lot. But it hasn't been a direct influence. In fact, when I got out writing the music and playing it, I found that highly syncopated music is perhaps the most difficult to play. Still, I came up through studying, through high school and college, not just playing by ear."

"I've always found the name cats I've run into helpful. I was having mouthpiece trouble, and I asked Lester Young about it. He told me something I thought about for a long time. He said, 'A man has to play on his own mouthpiece with his own reed.' He meant that anyone who told you about it was only telling you how *he* would do it."

"So I had to find my own way, and since that time, I've never had any trouble. In the final analysis, it's what comes out that counts."

"Younger cats who ask me, I tell them, 'Learn out of your books.' I believe in learning to know your instrument—improvising comes from constant playing, not pre-rehearsing. The more adaptable you are to different syncopations and intervals, the better improviser you are on the stand. The better you know your instrument technically, the better you can express yourself emotionally."

Harris' attention to exercise books is diligent. Nor does he stick to saxophone books. He's gone through the Hannon piano exercises, and has of late been practicing the Arvin trumpet exercises, a further sign of his conception of a trumpet approach to tenor.

"I've been thinking a lot about the books," he said. "Most guys I encounter say, 'What's that got to do with jazz?' Earl Hines pointed out recently that Dizzy and Bird used to set up and sight-read exercise books, then turn them upside down and play through again—and then play the whole thing backwards."

"I believe in the books."

That, then, is Eddie Harris, a greatly gifted young instrumentalist who has followed a solitary route and wants to keep it that way. He says he hasn't owned a phonograph in five years, preferring his own explorations to keeping up with the latest developments by others.

Inevitably, one is impressed by the artist who does well the things you consider important. I'm no exception, and Eddie's playing has qualities that particularly appeal to me, including a mixture of earthy power and great lyricism. (In fact, at times he reminds me more of Paul Desmond than anyone else in jazz, though he doesn't acknowledge Desmond as one of his influences.) It seems to me that his significance, if we have to find a significance as an excuse for esthetic enjoyment, lies in the fact that he combines the subtlety of the Pres and Getz followers with the power of the hard boppers, and the melodic clarity of the older jazzmen with the harmonic excitement of the Coltrane school.

Told that he seems to have combined two important currents of jazz thought, Harris said, "Yeah, Milt Jackson said something like that to me five years ago. It drug me."

After a moment's pause, he added: "It still drags me."



AHMAD JAMAL MUSICIAN AND BUSINESSMAN

By MARC CRAWFORD

As the taxi made its way through the concrete plantation that is Chicago's south side, I settled back in my seat and without much difficulty recalled my first meeting with pianist Ahmad Jamal.

It had been on the south side in the fall of 1956, and he had been standing in front of the Sutherland hotel, watching children at play on the grassy island that makes Drexel a boulevard. I had been attracted by his finely chiseled and bearded face, which even today suggests something of the mystic about him. His hands were small, the fingers fine and long, like those of aging Chinese scholars. Atop the head, at the proper angle, he wore one of those furry overseas-like caps that identify Muslims the world over. But it was the eyes that were most arresting. They betrayed a boyish wonder and, at the same time, a sort of pathetic sadness.

He was shy and retiring, but not difficult, and before long we moved our conversation from the street and into his tiny hotel room, where we talked of mutual friends in Detroit.

His new LP, *Court 'Em—88*, had just been released, and boldly I asked him to give me one of his three remaining copies. He studied me quietly for a moment and, then, after gently explaining that his records were made to be sold, gave me one. He weighed, then as now, barely 120 pounds, but he carried it with great dignity.

Black-suited, he wore a freshly starched white shirt, which was frayed at collar and cuffs. He produced an apple from the dresser and finally accepting my "no thank you," began to eat.

Afterwards he went to Boston to join his wife and daughter and to seek work for his trio. He never found any, though he looked all over the east coast. So he returned to Chicago and took a job in the lounge of the Pershing hotel for about \$300 a week for the trio.

The taxi was almost a Jamal's house now, and I remembered that this was the neighborhood where once lived Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold of the infamous Bobby Franks thrill murder a generation ago. The phony Gothic of the University of Chicago drew closer and seemed to rest on the roofs of these mansions that once formed part of the richest Roman Catholic parish in the city.

The taxi stopped before the massive three-story, 16-room, red brick house where Jamal lives. He bought it last year from Nobel Prize-winning chemist Dr. Harold C. Urey, one-time University of Chicago professor who worked with the late Enrico Fermi in the creation of mankind's first atomic bomb.

When Ahmad opened the door to admit me, the first thing I noticed was that there were flecks of gray in his hair. They had not been there on our first meeting. I stopped to admire the white, mosquelike foyer with its gilt-work, executed in the Moorish motif of the African north. Six footsteps later I stood on the polished marble floor of his hall-



LACEY CRAWFORD

way, it was nearly twice the size of his hotel room of the past.

To the left behind the French door, I later discovered, was the huge living room with hand-carved woodwork, tastefully furnished, and dominated by the largest concert grand piano the Steinway people make. Ahmad led me to an alcove off the hall, which is his home office, complete with executive desk and a chair with a leather back three feet high. The chair swallowed him, and I sat across the desk, where I could see the sweeping staircase leading to the seven bedrooms, his Middle Eastern room, and family mosque.

The pathetic sadness was still fighting the boyish wonder in his wide eyes, the humility seemed still intact, the voice still soft-spoken. But nonetheless, a great change had come over him in the last half-decade. Could this be the same Ahmad with whom I used to sit on pop crates between sets in the storage room of the Pershing lounge and talk until dawn of life, religion, and the future? Somehow that Ahmad was gone, and in his place sat a deceptively fragile-looking man, made hard as Vermont marble by the weight of his times.

"There is no doubt the venture will be successful," Ahmad said with confident authority. He was talking about his new supper club, the Alhambra, scheduled to open in mid-February on Chicago's near-south side. Its decor is a replica of the Alhambra castle in Grenada, Spain, done at an estimated cost of \$100,000-plus. It features a world-wide cuisine with emphasis on Pakistani, Middle Eastern, and American dishes.

"I don't *think* it will be successful," he said. "I *know* it will be successful, because I know what the public wants and because the Alhambra is more than just a moneymaker; it is a contribution—one of the finest restaurants in the world. Any room can go out of business because of bad management. Successful management," he lectured from behind his raised finger, "makes a successful business."

"We know we can make it, and the only way is *not* to sell alcoholic beverages," the nonsmoker, nondrinker continued. "The best beverages are those nonalcoholic in content. We shall provide the finest in entertainment." He allowed that it was correct that his trio would open the club.

As he talked, I remember our most recent previous meeting, a month before. I had gone to the offices of his three corporations in the Hyde Park National Bank building. He had invited me for lunch but was so swamped with work that he was forced to postpone it 45 minutes. "Mr. Jamal, the New York office on Line 1," the secretary said. "Los Angeles on Line 3." There were contracts to be signed, conferences with his contractors; he had to look into the state of his newest apartment building, and Mr. Iqbal, manager of Jamal's import and export firm (African division) wanted a few minutes with the corporation president.

At last Jamal had wiped his eyes, smiled tiredly (he had played an eastern university concert the night before), apologized for the press of business, and suggested we now go to lunch. He ate barley soup at the nearby Jewish delicatessen. I reminded him how it used to be in other times, and he smiled, remembering. Then his eyebrows knit, and he said he would have to draw the line somewhere with his friends of the past, because there were not enough hours in the day.

And at that time he said, "I haven't got time for people who are not making the most of themselves. I see how some people allow themselves to be treated, without respect, groveling, sniveling, ingratiating themselves, and I want to—I *must*—set an example to our young people. I must show them that they can achieve."

"I will be respected," he said quietly. "I am one man who will be respected."

Now Jamal led the way into his spacious dining room, with its exquisite silver service and silver candelabra as wide as he.

"No," he said of his trip to Africa (Egypt and Sudan) last November, "I was neither surprised nor impressed with what I found. I was home and happy. I had planned to go since I was 11 years old because my ancestral roots are there; it was a moral obligation for me to go."

Ahmad pulled out the blueprints of the home in Cairo an Egyptian architect had designed for him and said, "we shall probably live there six months a year. No, I don't like Florida, and I refuse all engagements in southern states. In Africa I have freedom and the sun. In Florida I would only have the sun."

Jamal talked of an early retirement and reflected, "I'll be 31 in July, and I've been a professional musician for 19 years. I was playing dates when I was 11. Sometimes I made \$6 a night," he recalled, as though contrasting it with the \$2,000 a night he now commanded for concert dates.

"I hardly have time to play any more. I hardly have any time to write or rehearse. I like to play when I feel like it. It's art then, real art. When I have to play for money, it's work. I may one day have to get out of music."

About the critics who have assessed his work as having no depth, he said, "Critics are nitwits. I am a perfectionist. They criticize perfectionists because they are too lazy to work on their own faults. If that shoe fits the critics, let them wear it. All the great achievements throughout history have been criticized. As far as critics are concerned, if the world waited for a critic to sanction deeds, there could be no progress." There seemed no malice in the statement.

Back in the den of his home, Jamal was showing a pallet painting by Italian painter, Campio Brevort. Jamal said he had given up trying to understand why the signature read Hassan, but clearly the picture of two Arabs talking at dusk in a narrow street was his favorite painting. A soft smile played at the corners of his mouth. It was the same expression I had seen on his face the night of Jan. 16, 1958, when, in a matter of hours, the fortunes of Ahmad Jamal changed. He had come to the Pershing lounge that night, and, as always, the loud talkers and night people on the street quieted and stepped out of the way as the mystical little man approached. They seemed to have a reverence, a special consideration, for him.

It was the night Argo recorded *Ahmad Jamal at the Pershing*. And Jamal had sat there with that expression on his face as he played *But Not for Me; Surrey with the Fringe on Top; Moonlight in Vermont; Music, Music, Music; No Greater Love; Poinciana; Woody'n You*, and *What's New?* It was one of those nights when nobody in the world but Ahmad could get a hit. His time had come, and bassist Israel Crosby and drummer Vernell Fournier had seldom if ever been in better form.

The LP sold like a single and seemed to unlock all of the doors of all of the clubs that had been closed to him when he had sought work for his trio in that long-ago autumn of '56. Jamal was in.

Sometimes when Crosby and Fournier push the tempo way up there, and Ahmad bends the melody all one way, like a flat rock skimming across the top of the water, I see him in the tiny hotel room again, in his freshly starched white shirt with frayed collar and cuffs, or seated once more on the pop crates of the storage room talking about man and his relationship with the author of the universe and saying how he believed that man must find himself, develop himself, be true to himself and that all material things would come as just deserts. I hear him now, as clearly as a train whistle passing through an empty station by night. He would have made a magnificent soldier. He has that kind of discipline.

FROM THE NEXT BOOTH

a conversation
overheard . . .



By WILLIS CONOVER

What looks good to you, Al?

I'm just having a martini. I've—

Oh, come on, Al! You're my guest this time. You don't pay me *that* bad, you know.

I'd like to hear you say that at the next AFTRA negotiations.

Yeah, ha-ha.

No, I've got an Ad Society luncheon today, Jim. I'm sorry.

Well. Well now, Al, look. I know how you feel about Top 40, but— Now wait a minute, Al, I—

This is a Top 40 operation and it's going to stay that way! It's brought our ratings up, we're sold out, the formula has worked everywhere else, and that's what we're doing here. Music, news, and sports.

Look, Al, now, you can't say there's *only* Top 40 on the station. You've got—

I'll tell you what we've got. We've got Fraser doing race records, for the Negro market. Also his Gospel program. Marcus is our comedy deejay. He's in with the agencies. We allow him a little leeway, but basically he's doing Top 40, too. The rest of the station programs the Top 40 tunes. You're doing Parade of Hits and that's *strictly* Top 40.

Al. Listen. The list says—here, I've got it here with me—"Each of the top five records is to be programed on every show, every day. Numbers 6 through 15 are to be—"

Are you playing *Polka Dot Bikini*? I had you on the monitor yesterday. I didn't hear it.

I play it, Al, but—

Every day?

Al, do you like *Polka Dot Bikini*?

I don't *have* to like it! You don't

have to like it! The public likes it, so we play it. Every day, every show, till it's off the list.

Does the public like those records we have to plug for the Record shop?

The Record shop pays us \$120 a week to move those records, and we get a 40 percent discount on our list records. We're in this business to make money.

That's exactly what I'm saying, Al. The Wax Shop sends us a pile of dogs each week and pays us, pays the station, to plug on the air. Now, excuse me, Al, but what's the difference between disc-jockey payola and the station accepting money to—

Have you been offered payola?

Of course not, Al. I'm probably the last person in town they'd think of.

If you or anyone else ever takes a penny, I'll fire them! And maybe prosecute.

It seems to me if the station created an atmosphere of good programing, instead of—

We've got good programing. We've got the ratings.

. . . instead of anything-that-sells, where, where the *salesmen* run the station—. I'm not talking about you, Al. I mean, if you need a doctor, you go to someone with *medical* training, not, not a garage mechanic. So if you're granting a license to run a radio station, you pick people with—. I mean, this way, you'd attract the kind of staff you'd never have to worry about, so far as payola is concerned. You'd get people with radio experience, with some taste, and you could *trust* them, not only to—

I'm not running a radio station on ideals. This is a business and nothing *but* a business. You've got to learn to

be a little more dishonest. Jim. Not really, but just a little. I'm hiring you to do a job. If I tell you announcers to grab a *broom*, and march—

You know, sometimes I feel like offering to work for you for 30 bucks a week if you'd let me—

I might take you up on that.

Al, if you're trying to save *money*, I'd do a *jazz* show for you *free*.

You can't sell jazz. And where would we put it? We're sold out.

You've got a couple of 15-minute segments without any spots in them. You could—

We have to keep those open for our "public service" quota.

All it does is cram the extra spots into some other segment. In 25 minutes last night I only played 4½ records.

I told you. We're sold out.

Al, I'm not just talking about jazz. Rodgers and Hart. Harold Arlen.

If people want them, we'll play them.

Yeah, but we figure "what people want" from what some trade magazine says. The number of idiots who drop dimes in a saloon jukebox, and how many teenagers buy records in a record store. *You* know it's junk, and *I* know it's junk, and every record store manager knows it's junk, and every disc jockey I can *talk* to knows it's junk, so doesn't it ever occur to you, or to any of us, that there might be some reason why we shouldn't pl—

I don't want to discuss it any more! Whatever the majority of the public likes is "good," and that's what we're in business to give them.

If they want switchblade knives, do we—

Anything that doesn't *harm* them! We've got a responsibility to them, too.

You really think this steady dose of crap doesn't harm people?

That isn't my job to figure out. It's my job to run a radio station. As a business.

Well, it seems to me that the FCC charter, about "public interest, convenience, and necessity—" I mean, if it's *nothing* but a business, why not just open a bordello?

It takes a good businessman to run a bordello, too. Well, I've got to get over to the Ad society luncheon, and I'm addressing the Better Business Bureau tonight, so I've got to—. Oh, hello, Max, sit down. You know our No. 1 disc jockey, Jim Baker.

Hello, Max. Excuse me, Al, I'll be right back. I've got the spot on the station break. Would you ask the waiter—

Max, that freezer-plan is getting a lot of leads on the 6 p.m. newscast. Do you think they'd take a pitch on the Sunday night church remote?

JAMAL

JAMAL

JAMAL

JAMAL

Listen To The Ahmad Jamal Quintet

Jamal's brand-new release, an intimate and invigorating quintet made up of the trio plus Ray Crawford, guitar, and Joe Kennedy, violin (and arrangements).

Argo 673

Ahmad Jamal At The Pershing/But Not For Me

Probably the biggest-selling jazz album ever recorded, and still No. 2 in the official Billboard list of best-selling jazz albums after three years in release.

Argo 628

Ahmad Jamal At The Penthouse

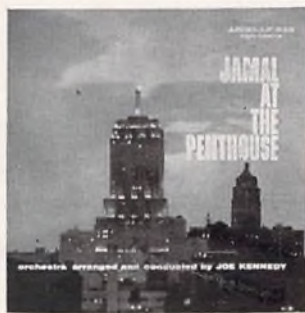
The Jamal trio in a sympathetic surrounding of strings, all arranged and conducted by Joe Kennedy. Vibrantly lush and swinging, this is choice fare.

Argo 646

Jamal At The Pershing/Vol. 2

Another set of sides from the same sessions that produced Vol. 1. Another demonstration of the flawlessly perfect performances that mark Jamal in person.

Argo 667



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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 Giller, 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

Frank Glazer
FRANK GLAZER PLAYS AMERICAN MUSIC—Concert-Disc CS-217: *Sonata No. 1 in D*, by Harold Shapero; *Piano Variations*, by Aaron Copland; *Le Bananier*, by Louis Moreau Gottschalk; *Sonata No. 3*, by Norman Dello Joio; *Three Preludes*, by George Gershwin.
Personnel: Frank Glazer, pianist.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

FRANK GLAZER PLAYS MUSICAL AUTO-GRAPHS—Concert-Disc CS-219: "Album leaves" for keyboard by Schubert, Mozart, Chopin, Liszt, Wagner, Beethoven, Debussy, Purcell, Bach, and Lully.

Personnel: Glazer, pianist.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Some performing artists sneak up on you. Glazer does not dazzle the listener on first hearing, nor does that seem to be his concern. As when approaching a major mountain range, the realization of its size comes gradually, so it takes a while for Glazer's unwavering integrity and assured command of his instrument to sink in.

This is certainly true of his performance of the Copland variations and the other major works on the *American Music* record. But it is almost as interesting to hear what he does with little things: no one has set down a more schmaltz-free version of the Gershwin preludes, for instance. The album leaves are even more amazing. Faced with such obvious trifles as Beethoven's *Fuer Elise* or the posthumously published *E Minor Nocturne* of Chopin, good pianists often panic and end by trying desperately to be cute.

Glazer takes everything seriously—without being solemn—and plays with utmost simplicity. Technically, his marksmanship is as good as his taste. The result is a charming record, of special interest to amateur ivory ticklers. (D.H.)

Ormandy/Bach

BACH BY ORMANDY—Columbia MS-6180: *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor*; *Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C Major*; *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor*, by J. S. Bach; *Sinfonia for Double Orchestra, Op. 18, No. 1*, by J. C. Bach.

Personnel: Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

For thousands of record collectors, this stereo disc will be a reminder of their age of innocence, to be cherished for its ability to summon up remembrances of vinyl things past.

Two works on this release were once on a 10-inch recording by Ormandy and his orchestra, Columbia ML-2058, that was an early intimation of what LP fidelity could mean: J. S. Bach's *D Minor Toccata and Fugue* and the *C Minor Passacaglia and Fugue*. The 1961 version has no trouble outmoding the early one, since impressive sound is about all that may be legitimately weighed in discussing Bach transcriptions for modern orchestra.

A more legitimate attraction is the *Sin-*

fonia for Double Orchestra by Bach's son Johann Christian, the rugged individual known as the "English Bach."

On this the sonorities also may be riper than any 18th century orchestras could deliver, but the medium is the same, at least. Ormandy's is the only version now available, and it is a good one. (D.H.)

Reiner/Wagner

REINER CONDUCTS WAGNER—RCA Victor LM-2441: *Prelude to Act 1*; *Prelude to Act III*; *Dance of the Apprentices*; *Procession of the Meistersingers* (from *Die Meistersinger*); *Siegfried's Rhine Journey*; *Siegfried's Funeral March* (from *Die Goetterdaemmerung*).

Personnel: Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Fritz Reiner.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Reiner was one of the foremost opera conductors before he started concentrating on orchestral matters, so no one should be surprised at the high quality of his Wagner.

The Reiner approach is not nearly so mystical or portentous as that of some other Wagner experts, but it has other virtues. His control over the orchestral forces and the unerring flight of his intentions are remarkable.

The sound is full, but tightly packed and even on the dry side in the monaural version. But here, for a change, one is able really to appreciate Wagner's genius as orchestrator. Reiner etches in lines so vividly that the listener may recall with a start that Wagner was interested in counterpoint to the extent that he regarded himself as the true successor to Bach. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Dave Brubeck-Bill Smith

BRUBECK A LA MODE—Fantasy 3301/8047: *Dorian Dance*; *Peace, Brother*; *Invention*; *Lydian Line*; *Catch-Me-If-You-Can*; *Frisco Fog*; *The Piper*; *Soliloquy*; *One for the Kids*; *Ballade*.

Personnel: Brubeck, piano; Smith, clarinet; Eugene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Clarinetist Smith is a musician of two worlds, the world of jazz and that of more orthodox ("classical") music. As just-plain-Bill, he has recorded with such jazz stars as Shelly Manne, Bill Holman, and Red Norvo; as William O. Smith, he is known as composer of a string quartet for Darius Milhaud, a capriccio for violin and piano, and a suite for violin and clarinet. It is in the role of jazz clarinetist and composer we hear him in this set; all 10 pieces are his.

As a blowing jazzman, Smith is technically capable—though he tends to be shrill in the upper register—but rather bland as an improviser. One is left with a strong sense of "correctness" in his playing but too little feeling of heart, although in the lower register he communicates considerable warmth of tone. Note his work

on the Gospel-feeling *Peace, Brother*.

As a writer, Smith is a modern melodist for the most part, though here and there a little atonalism raises its head. His *Dorian* is up-tempoed and skipping; *Invention* is based on a rollicking roundelay between clarinet and piano; *Lydian* is lyrical and subdued. The skittish case between clarinet and piano that is dubbed *Catch-Me* is more free improvisation spinning on a given key signature than a preset composition. *Frisco* is an impressionistic vignette in bluesy mood, and *The Piper* is showcased in Afro-Cuban context before Morello slips into straight 4/4 behind piano and clarinet solos. *Soliloquy* is Brubeck's alone, and he does the sentimental motif justice in his long piano solo. *Kids* is a cheerful childrens' theme stated by Smith, lightly swinging and trivial. Smith's lyricism and gift for melodic writing are heard in his *Ballade*, on which clarinet is featured throughout.

Brubeck, the second soloist here, is quite restrained and less the daring young man than usual. In fact, there are times when he suffers from a decided paucity of ideas and impresses more as careful bricklayer than inspired jazzman.

Were it not for the superb team of Wright and Morello, counselors-at-swing, this set would not merit the rating. Both work hard and diligently to keep the jazz spirit moving.

For the spirit of the rhythm section and for the compositional interest of Smith's short pieces and melodic fragments, this set ought to be worth an audition. (J.A.T.)

John Coltrane

COLTRANE JAZZ—Atlantic 1354: *Little Old Lady*; *Village Blues*; *My Shining Hour*; *Fifth House*; *Harmonique*; *Like Sonny*; *I'll Wait and Pray*; *Some Other Blues*.

Personnel: Coltrane, tenor, soprano saxophones; Wynton Kelly or McCoy Tyner, piano; Paul Chambers or Steve Davis, bass; Jimmy Cobb or Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

One of the compelling elements of jazz is an artist's striving to surpass his "best" effort to date. This striving, unfortunately, is a two-edged sword. On the one hand, it can result in more gratifying playing ("better," if you prefer). On the other, the "best" can diminish the impact on listeners' of future efforts if they do not measure up to the previous work.

Coltrane produced his most attractive album last year—*Giant Steps*. It was a mature and intense statement. *Coltrane Jazz* is not the album *Giant Steps* was, either in artistry or intensity. Still, it's an exciting record, one that at the same time is similar to, yet different from, the first of the Atlantic albums. It is similar in personnel (the tenor-rhythm setup; Kelly, Chambers, and Cobb were also present

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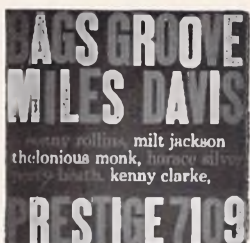


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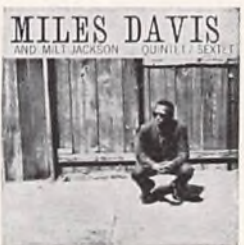
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on *Naima*, one of the tracks in the first album) but different in concept (the first found Coltrane fiery in his running of the difficult changes of some of tunes; on this one he plays linearly and calmly, although there was evidence of this also in *Giant Steps*).

Coltrane seems to be in a period when he is more concerned with intervals than with scales. The line he carves on *Fifth House*, which is built on *What Is This Thing Called Love?*, involves intervals of a flatted ninth, giving the melody an Eastern flavor. He continues in this vein during his solo. The continuity of statement and improvisation is not broken until Kelly solos.

Perhaps the reason this album does not come up to the level of *Giant Steps* is that Coltrane has not developed this interval approach as well as he had the scalar one he used so well in the first album.

Another new horizon Coltrane has yet to conquer is the use of the harmonics of the saxophone. Harmonics, in this case, is the simultaneous production of two or three "false" notes by embouchure and fingering manipulations. I heard Coltrane do this in a hotel room several months ago, and was startled by the eerie (no other term describes it) effect. He pulled the trick off beautifully. But on this album, he's not so successful with it.

On the $\frac{3}{4}$ blues *Harmonique*, the harmonics are an integral part of the melody. Sometimes the harmonics come out; at other times nothing is heard except a sort of fzzzzzpt. Perhaps the radical changes of embouchure required were too sudden. At any rate, Coltrane deserves praise for at least trying something quite difficult. But where he uses the effect as an ending (*Wait and Pray*), he succeeds. That he will eventually master this device I haven't the slightest doubt.

On the one track, *Village Blues*, having basically the personnel of his present group (Tyner, Davis, and Jones), Coltrane unveils his soprano saxophone. The sound he achieves is so like his tenor sound that I could not tell when he was playing soprano and when tenor.

This track, besides providing the listener with a puzzle, shows the direction of Coltrane's group. The track has symmetry, linearism and rhythmic variety. The use of ♯ J, ♯ J and its variant ♯ J ♯ is heard throughout this track. (These figures are coming into more general use of late, but they have been one of the characteristics of jazz since its beginnings. The relative space between the two notes can be found in all jazz. It may take the form of these figures, or it may appear in other guises.)

Some of Coltrane's best lyrical playing, not a gushy lyricism but a sharp-angled, cutting one, is on *Wait and Pray*, where his solo seems to grow out of the melody statement, and *Some Other Blues*. Of the originals he wrote for the date, *Like Sonny* (Rollins) is the most intriguing. It's a circular composition, which ascends and descends in sequences without sounding like an exercise.

Kelly's solos provide good changes of pace after Coltrane, lulling respites that

magnify rather than diminish the tenor solos.

Chambers' solos well, and his section work, especially on the tracks that call for ostinato bass, is sparkling. Cobb, who in other circumstances has been guilty of playing *too* much, is excellent. But the virtues of being a part of Coltrane's permanent group show on *Village Blues*—there's a closer affinity between the tenorist and the rhythm section.

This album may not be another *Giant Steps*, but it is valuable nonetheless.

(D.DeM)

John Handy

NO COAST JAZZ—Roulette 52058: *To Randy; Tales of Paradise; Boo's Ups and Downs; Hi Number; Prettyside Avenue; No Coast.*

Personnel: Handy, alto saxophone; Don Friedman, piano; Bill Lee, bass; unidentified drummer.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

On Handy's first album for Roulette (*In the Vernacular*) his capable but relatively quiet alto playing was overshadowed by the flamboyant and brilliant trumpet of Richard Williams. This time, Handy is taking no chances—there's just his horn and a rhythm section. This is not to suggest that Don Friedman and Bill Lee do not hold up their ends well in their solo opportunities (the unidentified drummer remains in the background), for they do. Friedman has a particularly attractive, cleanly fingered style that is most effective in the gently melodic surroundings of *To Randy*.

But it is Handy who is the consistent focal point. Like Friedman, he uses a melodic, gentle style much of the time, building a singing, emotional quality that

is saved from sentimentality by the thin, cutting edge of his tone. There are other times, however, when he sounds like a more temperate Ornette Coleman as he slashes his way through piercing, shrill, disjointed passages. The effect seems pretentious on *Boo's Ups and Downs* and *No Coast*, partly because of the lengthy development that he devotes to both. A tendency on Handy's part to stay on too long keeps cropping up in these pieces and succeeds in dulling such otherwise quietly pleasant efforts as *Hi Number* and *Prettyside Avenue*. (J.S.W.)

Milt Jackson

THE BALLAD ARTISTRY OF MILT JACKSON—Atlantic 1342: *The Cylinder; Makin' Whoopie; Alone Together; Tenderly; Don't Worry 'Bout Me; Nuages; Deep in a Dream; I'm a Fool to Want You; The Midnight Sun Will Never Set; Tomorrow.*

Personnel: Jackson, vibraphone; Quincy Jones, conductor; Jimmy Jones, piano; Connie Kay, drums; Milt Hinton or Bill Crow, bass; Barry Galbraith or Chuck Wayne, guitar; Don Hammond, flute, or Romeo Penque, reeds; Harry Lookofsky, violin, concertmaster; string section varying in size and personnel.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

As he explains in a quotation in the liner notes, Jackson is not afraid of love. Nor does it seem that he is afraid of expressing love. That he is a master balladeer, probably the most expressive in jazz, is a truism; this album only adds to the overwhelming evidence of his mastery of the American ballad form.

Jackson's gift is his ability to shape a simple line, clothe it with shimmering, yet somehow austere, embellishments, add—layer upon layer—a coating unmistakably his own, and all the while retain the

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)

Blind Lemon Jefferson, Vol. 2 (vocal) (Riverside 136)

The Modest Jazz Trio, *Good Friday Blues* (Pacific Jazz 10)

Various Artists, (reissue) *Thesaurus of Classic Jazz, Vols. I-IV* (Columbia C4L 18)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Bob Brookmeyer, *The Blues—Hot and Cold* (Verve 68385)

Franz Jackson, *A Night at the Red Arrow* (Pinnacle 103)

Lonnie Johnson, (vocal) *Ballads and Blues* (Prestige/Bluesville 1011)

★ ★ ★ ★

Joan Baez (vocal) (Vanguard 9078)

The Count Basie Story (Roulette RB-1)

Buddy DeFranco-Tony Gumina, *Pacific Standard (Swingin'!) Time* (Decca 4031)

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)

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)

Joe Newman, *Jive at Five* (Prestige/Swingville 2011)

Horace Parlan, *Speakin' My Piece* (Blue Note 4043)

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

Memphis Slim and the Real Honky Tonk (vocal) (Folkways 3535)

Rex Stewart and the Ellingtonians (reissue) (Riverside 144)

Sonny Stitt, *Saxophone Supremacy* (Verve 8377)

Mal Waldron, *Left Alone* (Bethlehem 6045)

Muddy Waters Sings *Big Bill* (vocal) (Chess 1444)

Muddy Waters at *Newport* (vocal) (Chess 1449)

New and Tasty on Riverside, of course

Movin' Along: Wes Montgomery – A truly moving display of the incredible talents of the new giant of jazz guitar. (RLP 342; Stereo 9342)

Bev Kelly In Person – A remarkable “live” date that fully captures the warm, intimate sound of a great young singer. (RLP 345; Stereo 9345)

See What I Mean? Dick Morgan Trio – A richly soulful pianist turns Rocks in My Bed, Lil' Darling, Love for Sale & 5 others into blues-drenched personal messages. (RLP 347; Stereo 9347)

Eastern Lights: Lenny McBrowne and the Four Souls – The swinging and highly melodic new sounds of an excitingly different young quintet. (A Cannonball Adderley Presentation: RLP 346; Stereo 9346)

Other recent items of unusual interest from the star-studded RIVERSIDE list –

Stratusphunk: GEORGE RUSSELL Sextet (RLP 341; Stereo 9341)

That's Right: NAT ADDERLEY and The Big Sax Section (RLP 330; Stereo 9330)

JOHNNY GRIFFIN's Studio Jazz Party (RLP 338; Stereo 9338)

The Centaur and the Phoenix: YUSEF LATEEF (RLP 337; Stereo 9337)

Soul Time: BOBBY TIMMONS (RLP 334; Stereo 9334)

Blue's Moods: BLUE MITCHELL Quartet (RLP 336; Stereo 9336)

BUDD JOHNSON and the Four Brass Giants (RLP 343; Stereo 9343)

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The CANNONBALL ADDERLEY Quintet at The Lighthouse (RLP 344; Stereo 9344)



charm of the original, diminishing its weaknesses, emphasizing its strengths. Therein lies the genius of Milt Jackson.

(A note to monaural listeners: some early copies of the album have a bad splice toward the end of *I'm a Fool to Want You*, but later copies were remastered without the splice.)

The strings in this album are, to me, superfluous. Bags doesn't need a lush background to cast his spell. But the arrangers Jones, Quincy and Jimmy, with the assistance of concertmaster Lookofsky, get good, if not startling, results with the string section. Jimmy gets an ear-tickling effect at the end of *Deep in a Dream*—a from-left-field bent note—and Quincy gets an effective muttering sound in some of his arrangements. But on the whole, the scores use the strings in more-or-less conventional manner. While the strings enhance Jackson's work little, they don't detract from it, either.

The mood Jackson achieves in this album is enchanting. Romanticists might picture him with head tilted, gazing into space, visions of love and gentleness flitting about him like little blue birds. Or perhaps a Franciscan motif would be more apt—Bags with a lily in his hands. Romanticists are in for a shock: Bags cut much of this album while watching the fights on television. It must have been a hell of a bout . . . (D. DeM.)

Fred Karlin

SWINGING AT THE OPERA—Everest 1077: *Coronation March (Le Prophete)*; *Give Me Your Hand (Don Giovanni)*; *Quartet (Rigoletto)*; *Woman Is Fickle (Rigoletto)*; *Caro Name (Rigo-*

letto); *Bridal Chorus (Lohengrin)*; *Sextette (Lucia di Lammermoor)*; *Vesti la Giubba (Pagliacci)*; *Lionel's Song (Martha)*; *Grand March (Aida)*.

Personnel: George Rapce, Harry Edison, Joe Ferrante, Burt Collins, Talt Jordan, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Billy Byers, Frank Rehak, Eddie Bert, trombones; Phil Woods, Seldon Powell, Stanley Webb, Billy Slapin, Shelly Gold, saxophones; Hank Jones, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Eddie Costa, vibraharp; Harvey Phillips, tuba; Joe Benjamin, bass; Jo Jones, drums; Terry Snyder or Ted Sommers or Bob Rosengarden, percussion; Ubalde Nieto, timbales; Patato Valdes, conga.

Rating: ★ ★

An aura of gimmickry suffuses this disc— from the "idea" (?) of doing jazz-type big-band arrangements of opera arias to the top-featured billing given on the cover to Al (Jazzbo) Collins, who seems to have had nothing to do with the record (at least he doesn't have to take the rap for the "idea").

Faced with a job to be done, Karlin has assembled an excellent big band which does about as much as could be expected with the material. Karlin's arrangements are limited by a fairly close adherence to the originals, although Brookmeyer manages to shake loose some hoarse comedy and Woods offers brief glimpses of almost the only full-bodied jazz sound to be heard.

This is the sort of thing that the old swing bands used to do as a novelty, except that, by and large, they managed to swing more freely than this lumbering, over-weight band does (compare Bob Crosby's version of *Lionel's Song* from *Martha* with this one). As a result, these pieces end up nowhere—they're old-fashioned by modern standards and lumpily non-swinging by old-fashioned standards. Cleanly played, though. (J.S.W.)

Yusef Lateef

THE CENTAUR AND THE PHOENIX — Riverside 337 and 9337: *Revelation*; *Apathy*; *Ev'ry Day I Fall in Love*; *The Centaur and the Phoenix*; *Iqbal*; *Summer Song*; *The Philanthropist*.

Personnel: Lateef, tenor saxophone, flute, oboe, argol; Richard Williams, trumpet; Clark Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Tate Huston, baritone saxophone; Josca Taylor, bassoon; Joe Zawinul, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Lex Humphries, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

I believe apologies are in order. About a year ago I reviewed *The Fabric of Jazz* by Lateef. I put his tenor playing down hard in that review, saying, in effect, that I thought he was a fake. I still don't care for that album, but in-person listenings raised doubt in my mind about my original feelings. This LP proved to me that these feelings were wrong, for it is a beautiful album, the best Lateef has made.

It is ambitious but escapes pretention. It is emotional but not stridently "soulful." The care with which Lateef prepared the album is evident in its integrity as well as its high degree of integration.

The one track that failed to hold my interest was Charles Mills' *The Centaur and the Phoenix*. Mills, a contemporary composer, who has studied with Aaron Copland and Roger Sessions, has included too much, I feel, in his composition. He combined excerpts from his *Crazy Horse Symphony* (which has been performed by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra) and his *Charlie Parker Symphony*.

The title *The Centaur and the Phoenix* stems from the Indian chief's prowess as a horseman and "the immortal Bird." The result is cluttered. The parts are sloppily

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PJ-13 *Oat Meal*; *Tellin' 'Em About It*; *This Is The Blues*; *Red Shirt*; *One More Ham-hock Please*; *Blowin' The Blues*



PJ-12 *Still Searchin'*; *Love Nest*; *Blues At The Summit*; *They Can't Take That Away From Me*; *Churchin'*; *The Masquerade Is Over*; *Burnin'*



PJ-9 *The Blues Message*; *This Is The Blues*; *Searchin'*; *Goin' Down Catch Me A Woman*; *Come Rain Or Come Shine*



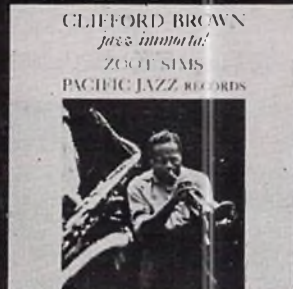
PJ-8 *Get Happy*; *She Didn't Say Yes*; *Bernie's Tune*; *Blue At The Roots*; *The Lady's In Love With You*; *Gold Rush*; and others



PJ-7 *The Shout*; *But Not For Me*; *Night In Tunisia*; *C Jam Blues*; *A Foggy Day*; *Jubilation*; *Cute*; *Sonar*



PJ-5 *Monk's Shop*; *Summertime*; *Falling In Love With Love*; *Renie*; *Wes' Tune*; *Old Folks*; *Far Wes*



PJ-3 *Joy Spring*; *Gone With The Wind*; *Tiny Capers*; *Da-houd*; *Bones For Jones*; *Blue-berry Hill*; *Finders Keepers*; *Bones For Zoot*

played, and this sort of score demands precision. This sloppiness is not so detracting in the rest of the album, though. Mills' other contribution to the date, *Summer Song*, is simpler and more effective.

The best score is *Ev'ry Day* by 17-year-old Kenny Barron. This young—how young!—Philadelphian shows a maturity in his work (he also wrote *Revelation*) that writers twice his age do not have. He could be a significant new talent.

Lateef's writing is sometimes strangely "unresolved" and turbulent as in the blues *Apathy*, and at other times calm and peaceful, as in the expressive *Iqbal*. His use of bass in the latter is effective, almost hypnotic. *Philanthropist* smacks of Duke Ellington without being an imitation.

What makes this album outstanding is that the playing and writing are equally strong. Usually, one or the other dominates. Lateef's tenor is surging on the *Revelation* and touching on *Philanthropist*. His flute work is deft, especially on *Apathy* when he flings out a cry that flutters and swoops. Lateef's oboe playing, while interesting, is not up to his other horn work.

Terry and Williams stand out among the other soloists, though Zawinul, Fuller, and Taylor have good solos. (Taylor is startling in his *Apathy* solo.) The two brass men have some revealing fours on *Apathy*—Terry, sly and husky on fluegelhorn, Williams, brassy and brilliant on trumpet.

The album is a mature statement by a mature artist. (D.DeM.)

Oliver Nelson

SCREAMIN' THE BLUES—Prestige/New Jazz 8243: *Screamin' the Blues*; *March On, March On*; *The Drive*; *The Meetin'*; *Three Seconds*; *Alto-itis*.

Personnel: Nelson, tenor, alto saxophones; Richard Williams, trumpet; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone; Richard Wyands, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

As his sound might indicate, Nelson has a background that takes in big-band experience, all the way back to Jeter-Pillars and the excellent Louis Jordan band of 1950. Currently he's with Quincy Jones.

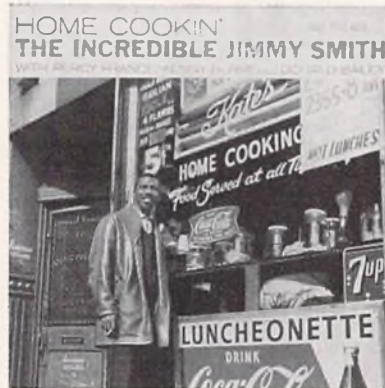
This album, which gives him a chance to stretch out more comfortably than he could in a large ensemble, is his best record exposure to date. Nelson plays an aggressive, full-blooded tenor. He's also a most attractive alto soloist; when he switches over for a study in contrasts with Dolphy on *Alto-itis*, the results are consistently stimulating.

The themes (all but one written by Nelson) range from fair to good. On the title tune Nelson lends the ensemble an old-time blues quality evoking Tab Smith and even Earl Bostic.

March is an effective piece written by Prestige a&r man Esmond Edwards. *Drive* is thematically uninteresting. *Meetin'* is all right if you still want to ride that overloaded Gospel train. *Three Seconds* makes charming use of intervals of a second in the blues pattern, and *Alto-itis* is a neobop line.

Williams' sound and style seem to be developing prodigiously. The inventive front line being matched by a consistently cooking rhythm section, this is a generally satisfying set. (L.G.F.)

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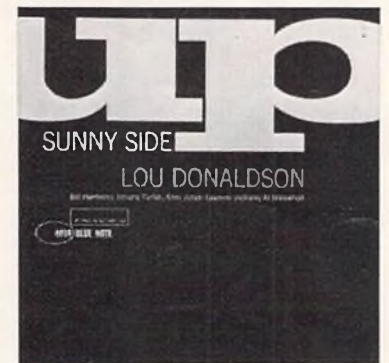
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Charles Persip

CHARLES PERSIP AND THE JAZZ STATESMEN—Bethlehem 6046: *Sevens*; *The Song Is You*; *Right Down Front*; *Soul March*; *The Champ* (a suite in six movements).

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard or Marcus Belgrave, trumpet; Roland Alexander, tenor saxophone; Ron Carter, bass; Ronald Mathews, piano; Persip, drums.

Rating ★ ★ ★ ½

For older, more established musicians, this date would have been commendable. For such young men it is more than that.

The album has a pervading air of freshness, of exuberance tempered with skill, and so very much promise.

The tunes by two new writers are rewarding. Alexander's *Soul March* and rollicking *Sevens* are welcome frames in which the group—especially Hubbard—find ample room to explore.

Sarah Cassey's *Right Down Front* exhibits the newcomer's skill at composing in the tiresome "soul" groove. But she lifts her work from this superficial rut with a fascinatingly witty air. Mathews' humorous piano on this track deserves special note.

Alexander, a tenor man of potential, also is refreshing. His style, tone, and technique often resemble those of recognized giants, but there is enough of the spirit of experimentation to indicate that he is moving toward a definite and personal mode of expression. He is, usually, an orderly and logical soloist, as well as a fine section man.

Belgrave is limited to one tune. Consequently no real measure of his variety and scope can be taken from this recording. But he shows great promise on that tune.

The development and broadening horizons of Hubbard are alone worth the price of the album. He sparkles from the count-down on *Sevens*.

Persip is completely the headmaster and controlling force. He is lightning fast, usually clean, and exceptionally tasteful. He is at his best in the more common duple and treble time signatures. But I found his tom-tom solo in the six-part suite *The Champ* not especially imaginative and nowhere near the quality of his usual drum solos.

As a matter of fact, the suite, utilizing different rhythmic patterns and time variations in each movement, was wasted on me, with exception of the various solos by Hubbard, one by Alexander, and Persip's 4/4 drum solos. It is a laborious undertaking that gave Persip a chance to show off his prowess. But couldn't this have been accomplished in a less bizarre manner?

The musicians apparently were ready for the date and devoted some time to advance preparation. As a result, repetition and clichés are not nearly so numerous as is usual with relatively young jazzmen. This is a good, and above all, promising album. (B.G.)

Billy Taylor

WARMING UP!—Riverside 339 and 1195: *Warming Up*; *Easy Like*; *That's Where It Is*; *Afterthoughts*; *Easy Walker*; *Lonesome Lover*; *Don't Bug Me*; *Coffee Break*; *Ya Know What I Mean*; *Native Dancer*; *Uncle Fuzzy*; *No Aftertaste*.

Personnel: Taylor, piano; Henry Grimes, bass; Ray Mosca, drums.

Rating ★ ★ ★ ½

Not being sure that this album is supposed to be taken as jazz *that* seriously,

I'll not belabor the obvious fact that 12 fairly unimpressive tunes (10 of the tracks are less than three minutes each), are at once too much and too little. The album is well named, and the title is its own best criticism.

Taylor is, of course, one of our best-equipped jazz pianists technically, and even in the confining context of this LP, he manages to be impressive, with his great creative potential showing through from time to time. The fact that he is classically trained is hardly a handicap. His intelligent, musical approach is a welcome respite from much of the poorly executed going technique of the moment. That "soul" music is not completely foreign to him is evident in his presentation of *That's Where It Is*. (I found it slightly amusing that Taylor's dip into the funky bucket should be so titled, rather than *That's Where It's At*, the idiomatic expression most often heard. The slight grammatical cleanup is indicative of his approach to the music.) It's a good try, however.

Afterthoughts is a beautiful ballad, in which Taylor displays his ability to play sentimentally. Of two Latin-tinged tunes, *Lonesome Lover* seemed to me the most successful. The rhythmic pattern in the other, *Native Dancer*, is cumbersome, and Grimes and Mosca at times sound completely incompatible.

No Aftertaste gets off to a fine start and might have developed into a much stronger track had time allowed. What there is of it is interesting. So is *Easy Like*, a happy, lazy tune taken at an ambling, swaying tempo. The title tune is a multinoted, up-tempo, catchy thing.

This is a well-executed, neat album. Taylor has a right fist full of notes. He showers them with concentration and taste. (B.G.)

Zoot Sims

DOWN HOME—Bethlehem 6051: *Jive at Five*; *Doggin' Around*; *Avalon*; *I Cried for You*; *Bill Bailey*; *Goodnight*; *Sweetheart*; *There'll Be Some Changes Made*; *I've Heard That Blues Before*.

Personnel: Sims, tenor saxophone; Dave McKenna, piano; George Tucker, bass; Dannie Richmond drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

If it hadn't been for the rushing of the rhythm section, this would have been a five-star album. But despite the picked-up tempos (which seem to be a result of excitement rather than ineptness), this is a marvelous example of Sims' ability to swing. He provides the best of all possible arguments for blowing sessions. He makes meaningless all attempts to pigeonhole jazz. It would be false to categorize his playing as modern, mainstream, traditional, or anything else. His playing was and is.

Since only the limited are supposed to use such terms as "free-swinging" or "booting" in connection with Zoot's playing, I suppose some sort of deep, penetrating analysis is in order. But how do you analyze something as natural as Zoot's playing in this album? You'd end up being as pretentious as Zoot is unpretentious. Everything he plays here falls right in place. There's no reaching or straining for effect. I doubt if the thought of effects even crossed his mind. He sounds like a man playing for the soul love of playing. What else is there really?

But for those who like analyses, you

might say Zoot quite often takes a figure and toys with it, turning it inside out, looking at it from different angles, then builds and sculpts it until he's created a thing of beauty. Or you could say his playing has that essential quality of sadness basic to all jazz. Perhaps you could say he takes a trite melody—and there are several in this collection—and adds to and subtracts from it until it dances. Or . . . but why bother? Words are no substitute for ears and heart.

Even with the tempo trouble (not on every track but most noticeably on *Avalon*), the rhythm section is fiery. McKenna has rarely been in better form, his delightful solos being almost as exciting as Sims'. Richmond shows restraint and taste in section, and his fours not only make sense but have a connection with what Sims plays before him—a rare happening these days.

It's a shame about the tempos, though.
(D. DeM.)

Various Artists

JAZZ OF THE FORTIES, VOLUME ONE—Folkways 2841: *Royal Garden Blues; How Come You Do Me Like You Do?; China Boy; Sister Kate; I've Found a New Baby; Snowy Morning Blues; Relaxin' at the Touro; Dear Old Southland; She's Funny That Way; Maple Leaf Rag; Jazz Me Blues; The Blues.*

Aggregate personnel: Muggsy Spanier, Johnny Windhurst, trumpets; Miff Mole, Vernon Brown, trombones; Pee Wee Russell, Mezz Mezzrow, clarinets; Sidney Bechet, soprano saxophone; Art Hodes, James P. Johnson, piano; Pops Foster, bass; Baby Dodds, George Wettling, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Recorded at a concert at Town Hall in 1946, this disc is highlighted by fine performances by three giants of early jazz—Johnson, Dodds, and Bechet—an occasional worthy glimpse of another of those giants, Mole, and some surprisingly strong solos by Windhurst. These more than compensate for the tubby recording of the large ensembles and the general sloppiness of the production of the disc, which ranges from what appear to be tape transfer slips to some confusion in the notes about when the concert took place.

Dodds' drumming will be a revelation to those who may have forgotten (or never knew) what an inventive and potent drummer he could be. He and Bechet turn *China Boy* into a roaring pyrotechnical display climaxed by Dodds' remarkable solo. James P. strides in style through *Maple Leaf Rag*, and Mole, who is lost in most of the ensembles, emerges triumphantly in *Relaxin' at the Touro* which also marks one of Spanier's most effective appearances on the disc. Windhurst, who was only 19 at the time, used a guttier attack than he does now and, on *She's Funny That Way*, produces an impressively impassioned solo.

There are brief spots for some of the others—Hodes and Brown on *The Blues*, Russell in several pieces. These were some of the great ones of pre-war jazz playing in fine form. It's unfortunate that the recording job was so erratic. (J.S.W.)

Larry Young Jr.

TESTIFYING—Prestige/New Jazz 8249: *Testifying; When I Grow Too Old to Dream; Exercise for Chihuahuas; Falling in Love with Love; Some Thorny Blues; Wee Dot; Flamingo.*

Personnel: Young, organ; Joe Holiday, tenor saxophone; Thornel Schwartz, guitar; Jimmie Smith, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

From where, do you suppose, are the

record companies obtaining the apparently unending stream of organists, each of whom confronts us from the cover of his own presumed symbolically titled LP?

Well, never mind. What is important is that Young is one of the more interesting of this crop of recently discovered organ players. He has his faults—an occasional tendency to traumatize the listener by literally beating on one or two notes for measures on end (*Chihuahauas*), or the exploitation of his instrument for freakish effects—but these may be explained as the excesses of youth (he is 20), perhaps to vanish with greater experience.

My major reservation about the album is simply that it goes on too long. One side of an LP—or both sides of a 10-inch record, were that item not defunct—would have provided quite enough time for the Young trio to convey its music to us. As it is, it must resort to an infusion of "soul" (not to be confused with soul) to fill up the extra space. (F.K.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Buck Clayton

THE CLASSIC SWING OF BUCK CLAYTON—Riverside 142: *Harlem Cradle Song; Sentimental Summer; Dawn Dance; It's Dizzy; Wells-a-Poppin'; Basic's Morning Bluescale; I Want a Little Girl; Blues Triste; Fruitie Cuttie; Johnson Rock; Lucky Draw; My Good Man Sam.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 7, 12: Buck Clayton's Big Eight (Clayton, trumpet; Trummy Young, Dicky Wells, trombones; George Johnson, alto saxophone; Billy Taylor, piano; Brick Fleagle, guitar; Al McKibbon, bass; Jimmy Crawford, drums). Tracks 3, 4, 5, 6: Buck Clayton's Big Four (Clayton, trumpet; Scoville Brown, clarinet; Tiny Grimes, guitar; Sid Weiss, bass). Tracks 8, 9, 10, 11: Trummy Young's Big Seven (Clayton, trumpet; Young, trombone; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Johnson, alto saxophone; Jimmy Jones, piano; John Levy, bass; Cozy Cole, drums).

Rating: ★ ★ ★

These tracks were recorded for HRS in the summer and fall of 1946, shortly after Clayton completed a three-year stint in the army. The Big Seven and Big Eight sessions suffer from faulty engineering, and the arrangements and solo formats for these sound as if they were planned hurriedly. But the performances by Clayton, Wells, Taylor, *et al.* display the woof of a swing heritage: bright, neat phrases played with impeccable musicianship.

Clayton usually solos in an emotional arc that begins with serenity and moves almost imperceptibly upward to a biting swing. He follows this pattern here, but the abbreviated solo space limits ideal development. His solo on *Good Man Sam* is his best in the album and a fine example of this kind of operation.

The bop revolution was then in full sway, and Clayton's playing on the Big Four tracks shows that he had been listening to the young boppers. These influences didn't alter his basic style, but, like any good jazz musician, he didn't hesitate to absorb ideas that would help his own expression. Grimes' guitar solos on the Big Four tracks are excellent. (G.M.E.)

New Orleans Rhythm Kings

TIN ROOF BLUES—Riverside 146: *Eccentric; Farewell Blues; Discontented Blues; Bugle Call Blues; Panama; Tiger Rag; Livery Stable Blues; Oriental; Mad; That's a Plenty; Tin Roof Blues; Maple Leaf Rag.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-8: Paul Mares, trumpet; George Brunis, trombone; Leon Rappolo, clarinet;

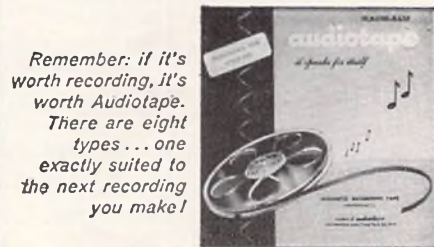


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Robert Davine



Robert Davine is head of the accordion department at the University of Denver. He appeared with the Mantovani Orchestra on its first United States tour and with Ennio Bolognini at Orchestra Hall, Chicago. As staff accordionist, he has worked at WGN in Chicago and for NBC in Denver.

Playing for an audience of over 5,000 at Red Rocks amphitheater in Denver, July 10, 1960, Robert Davine appeared as accordion soloist with the Denver Symphony under the direction of Saul Caston. Davine was lauded for his brilliant performance of Andrew Walter's "Reflections" for accordion and orchestra not only by the audience but by the major newspapers as well.

So well was his appearance received that Mr. Davine, at the insistence of Mr. Caston, has been invited to perform the "Paul Creston Concerto" for accordion and orchestra during the 1960 season.

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Jack Pettis, tenor saxophone; Elmer Schoebel, piano; Lew Black, banjo; Steve Brown, bass; Ben Pollack, drums. Track 9: Glen Scoville for Pettis; Charlie Pierce for Schoebel. Tracks 10-12: Mares; Rappolo; Brunis; Mel Stitzel, piano; Frank Snyder, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Jazz has never known another clarinetist who played with the pure beauty that Rappolo produced. Combined with this was an exciting sense of the dramatic. So little of his work was recorded before he was committed to a sanitarium in 1925 that a collection such as this is to be treasured. These 1922 and 1923 recordings have all the limitations of the acoustic system, but Rappolo's clarinet cuts cleanly through the fuzz and sludge to shine as brilliantly as though an electrical process had been used. His solos and breaks on these pieces remain, after all these years, absolute gems. The band itself, both as the New Orleans Rhythm Kings and in its later manifestation as the Friars Society Orchestra, was a driving ensemble group, but its soloists, outside of Rappolo, were scarcely memorable.

Mares was a good lead trumpet but a routine soloist. Brunis devoted himself almost entirely to ensemble playing (one notable exception is *Tin Roof Blues* on which he takes an untypically careful, deliberate solo—followed, incidentally, by one of Rappolo's most memorable choruses). All the high spots are Rappolo's, but they are so high that they're always worth waiting for again and again. (J.S.W.)

VOCAL

Bing Crosby-Louis Armstrong

BING & SATCHMO—M-G-M 3882P: *Muskrat Ramble; Sugar; Preacher; Dardanella; Let's Sing Like a Dixieland Band; 'Way Down Yonder in New Orleans; Brother Bill; Little Ol' Tune; At the Jazz Band Ball; Rocky Mountain Moon; Bye, Bye Blues.*

Personnel: Crosby, vocals; Armstrong, vocals, trumpet; Billy May Orchestra.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Listening to these legendary veterans, I had the uncomfortable feeling of a youngster catching his Sunday school teacher with his commandments down. In fact, this album is, for me, a waste of at least four talents, including adapter (whatever that means) Johnny Mercer and arranger-leader May.

Perhaps the most distasteful aspect of the set is the ultra-hip, out-of-tune choral group that keeps intruding with phrases and chants and some unbelievable singing. This group considerably weakens *Little Ol' Tune*, on which it is corny; *Bye, Bye Blues*, on which its boppish clichés are out of place, and *Muskrat*, on which it is simply silly. Crosby and Armstrong are not without some responsibility for this fiasco. Crosby's grasp of his share of the harmonic load is often questionable, and his entire vocal presentation has deteriorated much more drastically than Armstrong's has.

Armstrong on trumpet is a mere echo of the powerful Armstrong of the past in many places, particularly on *Jazz Band Ball*. Both men are guilty of hamming it up, and they stretch togetherness to a point that is embarrassing. *Preacher* is the prime example of the former; take your choice for the latter.

Armstrong remains a top-flight expressionist in jazz singing. He is appealing when he sings, and occasionally he and Crosby hit a groove. Then the result is most rewarding, as on the reflective *Rocky Mountain Moon*, which also displays Armstrong to good advantage in a calm, middle-register trumpet solo.

Brother Bill is delightful and humorous, and the two singers handle it with flexibility and ease. Another arresting take is *Sugar*, which they project with conviction and understanding.

So this is not a completely unpleasant session. But there must be a better way to showcase these two, sans corn, sans ham, and sans choral groups. (B.G.)

Champion Jack Dupree

NATURAL AND SOULFUL BLUES—Atlantic 8045: *Seafood Blues; Death of Big Bill Broonzy; Don't Leave Me, Mary; Rampart Street Special; How Long Blues; Bad Life; Mother-in-Law Blues; Slow Drag; Dennis Rag; Bad Luck Bound to Change.*

Personnel: Dupree, piano, vocals; Alexis Korner, guitar; Jack Fallon, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Dupree is an odd mixture of basic blues and slicked-up showmanship. His strong sometimes fervent voice and rolling piano accompaniment have been well recorded in this set (during his visit to England). There are times when all his better aspects come together—*Don't Leave Me, Mary*, for instance, which is a swinging, outgoing, well-balanced performance.

But Dupree's taste is highly fallible—*Mother-in-Law Blues* and *Seafood Blues* are sad samples of humor—and his ideas are usually obvious. The thing that is missing in Dupree as a blues singer is made evident in *Death of Big Bill Broonzy*. This is one of Dupree's better efforts as a singer, but the banality of his treatment makes one think what this song might have been if the tables had been turned and it had been Broonzy singing about Dupree.

Dupree has most of the essential equipment to be a good blues man. What he seems to lack in these performances is that currently abused and almost meaningless quality, soul—in the basic sense.

(J.S.W.)

Little Brother Montgomery

TASTY BLUES—Prestige/Bluesville 1012: *Tasty Blues; Santa Fe; How Long, Brother?; Pleading Blues; No Special Rider; Brother's Boogie; Sneaky Pete Blues; Something Keeps Worrying Me; Cry, Cry Baby; Satellite Blues; Deep Fried; Vicksburg Blues.*

Personnel: Montgomery, vocals, piano; Lafayette Thomas, guitar; Julian Euell, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This album lives up to its title fully: it's a happy, unpretentious collection of tastefully understated urban blues.

The performances are relaxed, easy-going, and thoroughly enjoyable—the result of a fine group interaction (in fact, the group might be likened to a sort of King Cole Trio of the blues) and a solid musicianship.

Despite the absence of drums, the trio sets up a firm resilient beat against which the subtle and sensitive piano work of Montgomery and the heavily bluesed guitar of Thomas are set. Euell is an impressive bassist, and the responsibility for the firm, yet light, pulsation largely devolves on him.

Montgomery is a fine, inventive pianist who performs with sensitivity and an



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acute awareness of dynamics (listen to his *How Long*, a dulcet and thoroughly charming slow-paced version of this traditional blues). He is not a showy pianist, employing instead a straightforward, uncomplicated, and airy style that is more pleasant than inspired. Solo space is shared with Thomas, a guitarist who sounds as if he has been greatly influenced by B. B. King. His work is appropriately lowdown and rings with clusters of blue notes.

Montgomery sings in a direct, forceful manner, his voice hoarse, urgent, and, at times, moving. The tunes are all attractive, though of routine interest, and nothing very original turns up in the course of the dozen performances. (P.W.)

Sunnyland Slim

SLIM'S SHOUT—Prestige/Bluesville 1016: *I'm Prison Bound; Slim's Shout; The Devil Is a Busy Man; Brownskin Woman; Shake It; Decoration Day; Baby, How Long?; Sunnyland Special; Harlem Can't Be Heaven; It's You, Baby.*

Personnel: Slim, vocals, piano; King Curtis, tenor saxophone; Robert Banks, organ; Leonard Gaskin, bass; Belton Evans, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

What a cooking, exuberant, no-holds-barred session this album is! From the first note the group sets up an earthy, rocking, highly infectious rhythmic excitement that is the very epitome of funk, soul music, or what have you. There's nothing spurious, pretentious, or self-conscious about their playing, either; one senses in its directness, force, and immediacy that this approach is natural to all of them.

Organist Banks is perhaps better known as an accompanist to various Gospel groups; here he comes across with some highly exciting solos, and his ensemble work is generally interesting and contributes greatly to the feeling and emotion generated. The liner notes' description of Curtis' solos as "slashing" is accurate; Curtis, who sounds as if he belongs with this group, just steps in and tears off chorus after steaming chorus of gutty tenor. There's a tendency for Slim's piano to be swallowed up in the group sound occasionally, but beyond this, his work is in this same healthy down-home groove. The rhythm team of bassist Gaskin and drummer Evans generates a lot of heat.

Slim's husky, gusty singing fits in perfectly. Most of the tunes are Slim's originals, and they're fine, cohesive pieces.

In short, there is nothing coy or oblique about this stuff—it hits you squarely between the eyes. If you like spontaneous, emotive down-home blues, performed with fervor and excitement, this collection is for you. (P.W.)

Jimmy Rushing-Dave Brubeck

BRUBECK AND RUSHING—Columbia 1553: *There'll Be Some Changes Made; My Melancholy Baby; Blues in the Dark; I Never Knew; Ain't Misbehavin'; Evenin'; All By Myself; River, Stay Way from My Door; You Can Depend on Me; Am I Blue.*

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

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The seemingly unlikely combination of Brubeck and Rushing has worked to the advantage of the singer, the quartet, and, ultimately, the listener. Rushing has the advantage of a marvelously rhythmic cushion in the accompaniment of Brubeck,

Wright, and Morello. In these relatively subdued surroundings, he does not have to strain to make his points as he sometimes has seemed to be doing in his recent records with larger, lustier backing.

For the quartet, Rushing's presence and the need to be functional has removed the usual pressure to be significant or cultural. Brubeck concentrates on the modest, airy type of piano that is his most attractive side while Desmond's light and lissome noodling, which somehow manages to make an impression of guttiness, is an excellent complement to Rushing's direct earthiness. Desmond is a delight throughout the set and dresses up even as well-worn a piece as *Melancholy Baby* in a charming new approach.

In fact, the use of the Brubeck quartet has put all of these pieces, which come out of the Rushing repertory rather than Brubeck's, in a fresh light. One of the most interesting variations occurs on *Evenin'*, which Rushing has established as a hard-punching, shouting piece. Here it opens with Rushing singing in ballad style over one of Brubeck's mixed tempos, and, after Desmond shifts into 4/4 with a lovely, swinging solo, Rushing comes back to build to a strong climax.

The entire meeting is very relaxed and refreshing. (J.S.W.)

RECENT JAZZ RELEASES

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

- Ray Brown, *Jazz Cello* (Verve 8390)
- Paul Bryant, *Burnin'* (Pacific Jazz 12)
- Ray Charles, *Dedicated to You* (ABC-Paramount 355)
- June Christy, *Off Beat* (Capitol 1498)
- Savannah Churchill, *Time Out for Tears* (Jamie 70-3016)
- Buddy De Franco, *Live Date!* (Verve 8383)
- Teddy Edwards, *Sunset Eyes* (Pacific Jazz 14)
- Herb Ellis, *Thank You, Charlie Christian* (Verve 8381)
- Art Farmer, *Art* (Argo 678)
- Stanz Getz at Large (Verve 8393-2)
- The Hits of Benny Goodman* (Capitol 1514)
- Please, Mr. Glen Gray* (Capitol 1506)
- Al Grey, *The Thinking Man's Trombone* (Argo 677)
- Wendel Hawkins, *Hawkins at the Piano* (King 715)
- Listen to the Ahmad Jamal Quintet* (Argo 673)
- The Hits of Harry James* (Capitol 1515)
- Plas Johnson, *Mood for the Blues* (Capitol 1503)
- Etta Jones Sings (King 707)
- Lieber-Stoller Big Band, *Yakety-Yak* (Atlantic 8047)
- The André Previn Scene* (M-G-M 3908)
- Buddy Rich, *Playtime* (Argo 676)
- Mel Tormé and Margaret Whiting, *Broadway, Right Now* (Verve 2146)
- Various Artists, *This Is the Blues* (Pacific Jazz 13)
- Josh White, *Spirituals and Blues* (Elektra 193)



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By Leonard Feather

It is one of the most often-repeated truisms of jazz that the only soloists of lasting importance are the men who manage to find an individual style and sound. Of all the men on today's scene, few have a more evident and long-standing right to claim this asset than Rex William Stewart.

Stewart's major innovation, copied by a thousand trumpeters, most conspicuously among the moderns by Clark Terry, was the pressing of the valve halfway down to get a squeeze-tone effect that has personality, an attractively contrasted timbre, and often a dash of humor. The style evolved while Stewart was playing cornet with the Duke Ellington Band, of which he was a member almost continuously from 1934 until '44.

Gigging lately in the Los Angeles area, Rex has lost none of his individuality, musical or personal. In his quietly emphatic voice he likes to talk at length about a broad range of topics and is an easy interview subject. Though some of his comments obviously were tactful, the honesty of his ratings makes it easy to read between the lines. He was given no information about the records played.

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

The Records

1. Charlie Barnet. *The Sergeant Was Shy* (from *Charlie Barnet Plays Ellington*, Victor). Bobby Burnet, trumpet solo. Recorded, 1940.

I recall the tune. I'm sure it was either *Bugle Breaks* or *The Sergeant Was Shy*, which I made with Ellington, and the band here, of course, was Charlie Barnet. No "probably" with that infectious drive and beat of the Barnet aggregation of those yesteryears. I played with Barnet also, for about six months, and I'm kind of familiar with his book.

I'm a little stymied as to who the trumpet soloist was. Perhaps from a selfish standpoint, I figure it's pretty good if a fellow can identify himself with some sort of sound, so I'm at a loss as to who the trumpet man was. I liked the record; three stars.

2. Bill Holman. *Lush Life* (from *Holman's Great Big Band*, Capitol). Conte Candoli, trumpet; Holman, arranger.

The immortal Billy Strayhorn tune. I don't think I've ever heard a more beautiful setting for the very distinguished tune *Lush Life*.

I can't venture a clue as to the trumpet soloist because the wide vibrato, which is so extant these days, kind of leaves me groping. It sounds a lot like either Jack Sheldon or Joe Wilder. The tone isn't quite pretty enough for Joe Wilder, but I think it could be one of those two fellas. I really feel that this is the way this tune should be done. It's much better to me as an instrumental than as a vocal.

Strangely enough, or I should say, appropriately enough, *Lush Life* was among the batch of tunes that Strayhorn brought to the Stanley theater in Pittsburgh when he sort of moved into Ellington's orbit. We never performed it. I'll never forget the scene in the basement of the theater around that rehearsal piano. We were all aghast at this young kid. He looked like he'd just gotten out of a cradle or something, compared to the fellas, and there he was with all this marvelous music, truly beyond his scope, we would assume, for his years.

He's a great soloist, Strayhorn . . . I think the arrangement deserves a special commendation. He did a marvelous job. I don't think I've ever heard anything quite

so moving and effective. Four stars.

3. Waller Benton Quintet. *Azil* (from *Out of This World*, Jazzland). Paul Chambers, bass.

For sheer drive, verve, and imagination, and also application. I have seldom heard such a stirring performance of *Liza*. I doubt if that's what it's called on the label.

I also must confess to being totally ignorant of the personnel. I'd like very much to rate this one on the efforts of the bassist. I think he did a superb job. Two stars.

4. Kid Ory. *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise* (from *The Original Jazz*, Verve). Cedric Haywood, piano.

(After two minutes) I think it's preferable to take that one off, rather than straining my brains to try to figure who it could have been.

It puts me in kind of a particular position because I, too, have played Dixieland in my short career. But I was playing with bands like—on the opposite stand, I should say—the Original Dixieland Five and the St. Louis Five. It was a little cruder, and since then Dixieland has progressed a good deal. I also played Dixieland at Storyville in Boston and this big club here in L. A., the 400 club.

Frankly, I don't have any comment for that record. I'd like to give them A for effort. I liked the piano player. Might have been Harvey Brooks. I suspect that's a west coast Dixieland band.

5. Bobby Timmons. *The Touch of Your Lips* (from *Soul Time*, Riverside). Timmons, piano; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Sam Jones, bass.

I'm beginning to wonder if I'm not a frustrated bassist, because, strangely enough, most of the things I've heard today, I seem to have been particularly impressed by the efforts of the bass players.

This record is again a pure example of the lack of depth engendered in a small combination. It's really unfortunate that we don't have any more chance to exercise tone and colors as such, because it tends to become rather boring, however stirring the efforts of the soloist may be.

The trumpet player displayed considerable imagination and flawless technique, and the pianist was also in there pitching. He did a marvelous job within the scope of his limitations. *The Touch of Your*

REX STEWART

Hand was, I would say, novelty. One star.

6. Duke Ellington-Johnny Hodges. *Weary Blues* (from *Back to Back*, Verve). Ellington, piano; Hodges, alto saxophone; Harry Edison, trumpet.

Well, that definitely was a fun date. The vibrational picture that I get from that particular date is Ellington. And if that wasn't Johnny, it was somebody who's certainly been listening to him a lot, and strangely enough, there comes into my focus Clark Terry. I can't conceive of another youngster . . . because this is a young fellow playing trumpet . . . that I know who would have the restraint and taste of this particular thing. I would guess it is a bit of relaxed Ellingtonia. How wrong am I? Lovely. Four stars.

7. Ornette Coleman, *Eventually* (from *The Shape of Jazz to Come*, Atlantic). Coleman, alto saxophone; Charlie Haden, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Wow! Protest! That reminds me of sitting in with Charlie Mingus. I think the name is Eric Dunphy . . . Dophy . . . That reminds me of his approach to the subject. I'd like to give him a lot of credit for trying real hard. Some of it came off. There again, I'm in a rut . . . I liked the bass player's work. The drummer sounded like Dannie Richmond to me. For the rest of the personnel, I admit that I'm at a total loss.

To me, music is much more than a lot of enthusiasm and a lot of notes. To me, there was a certain element, which I like to hear in music, that I'm afraid is missing. Or perhaps it's my taste and ear. No doubt that would have appeal to someone. Frankly, it did not appeal to me. No stars.

8. Clifford Brown. *Willow, Weep for Me* (from *Clifford Brown with Strings*, EmArcy). Brown, trumpet; Neal Hefti, arranger.

Well, I guess it must be my nonlistening day . . . or, I should say, my nonrecognizable day. To venture a guess, it sounds a lot like Billy Butterfield . . . but it wasn't. Of course, it was *Willow, Weep for Me*.

I'd like to toss a bow to the trumpet soloist and a smaller bow to the arranger. I was particularly impressed by the use of the cello in the arrangement, but the problem here is to rate it, so . . . two stars.



feather's nest



By LEONARD FEATHER

It was in many ways a typical Sunday morning. There was nothing unusual about the general demeanor in the church. In fact, everything was quiet and reverent and normal, until you noticed the set of saxophones and trumpets and trombones, and the piano and bass and drums, ranged along the far left-hand end of the modernistically designed hall.

When the orchestra struck up the prelude, it was stunningly clear that this was no conventional service. And the words of the first hymn ("We sing the new religion, the fellowship of man...") seemed especially fitting for the occasion.

The event was the presentation (actually the fourth performance but by far the most prominent and publicized) of the partly jazz service written by Bobby Hammack, a greatly underrated writer who leads the excellent staff band at ABC-TV in Hollywood.

There were moments in the service when the rhythm section was swinging so conspicuously that it was difficult not to become concerned about possible allegations of bad taste. But because the mood always changed immediately into a skillfully voiced, sedately played ensemble passage by orchestra or choir, a perfect balance was maintained.

The singers, six men and six girls,

were all thoroughly trained, pop-group singers who the next day might have a call for a soapsuds jingle. Headed by the velvet-voiced Sally Sweetland, they sang *Farther Along*, a beautiful melody in 3/4 that had much of the quality of a modern jazz waltz.

Dr. Robert H. Bitzer, the pastor, did what he could in his address (the Church of Religious Science doesn't call them "sermons") to allay skepticism. "A new thought, a new idea," he said, "requires new moods, new musical concepts for its expression." He called the names of the singers and each took a bow and received applause, which was hesitant at first but full and warm by the time the last choir member had been acknowledged.

By the end of the service, when Dr. Bitzer thanked Hammack and his men for their valuable contribution, the resistance of the congregation had been so completely broken down that the applause was that of a theater audience.


The "jazz and religion" bit has been tried a couple of times before, as you probably know. But in Hammack's case it was done forthrightly without misgivings, without fear of injecting a real beat and even an occasional ad lib solo. The event had many significant overtones.

First, it took a church with broad vision to present it. Jimmie Baker, the ABC-TV staff producer who initiated the service, is a sincere member of this church, which concerns itself with the science-of-mind philosophy and has a far more realistic outlook on life than

the traditional, sectarian, whole-Bible-swallowing religion from which society is slowly moving away.

Second, the spirit it engendered transcended religious lines. I didn't inquire into the private beliefs of Irving Edelman or Moe Schneider, who played in the orchestra, or of any of the other musicians and choir members, but I am sure that what they were accomplishing through music was more important to them than the divisive tendency of any creed they had been brought up in.

Third and most significant from our specialized viewpoint, the whole scene was a triumphant, almost unbelievable, acknowledgment of the progress jazz has made. Twenty years ago I would have bet any odds that modern jazz would never be heard in a religious service. That a music once held so profane can now be embraced as sacred is, to me, more significant than all the jazz festivals, all the State Department tours, all the other outward manifestations of the recognition jazz has finally earned.

It's also an ironically appropriate milestone, since so much of jazz developed out of Negro church music in the first place. But the road from the folk-blues oriented music of the Baptists to the highly sophisticated orchestrations of Bobby Hammack was a tortuous one, 60 years long. And this was no gimmick. It is bound to be expanded and repeated. If all church services were like Hammack's, many who now stay home with their hi-fi on Sunday mornings would suddenly find religion in their souls. Present company included! 



THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS The Second Fret, Philadelphia

The New Lost City Ramblers were formed in 1958 with the avowed intention of re-creating the rough, ragged music of the mountain string bands of the late 1920s and early '30s. The group takes as its models the recorded work of such early hill outfits as Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers, Gid Tanner and his Skillet Lickers, Ernest Stoneman and his Blue Ridge Corn Shuckers, and other pioneering creators of the "old timey music."

There is an exciting polyphonic interplay and group interaction to this sort of music not unlike that of New

Orleans jazz. Indeed, the same objections that have been raised about the New Orleans revivalists could be made about the New Lost City Ramblers were it not for the fact that the group does not offer enervated, literal note-for-note re-creations of the originals. They are true to the spirit of the tradition (in which they have steeped themselves, through phonograph recordings) without becoming slaves of the letter.

The New Lost City Ramblers are composed of Mike Seeger, younger brother of folk singer Pete Seeger and an impressive singer and instrumentalist in his own right; John Cohen, a New York City photographer, and Tom Paley, a Rutgers university mathematics instructor. Individually and collectively, they are three of the finer representatives of the younger group of urban folk artists who have kept alive the traditional songs and the traditional ways of playing and singing them.

Parenthetically, it might be mentioned that the New Lost City Ramblers' country coevals will be found playing, not the older musical style, but its present-day descendent, the fluent, supercharged "bluegrass" music, which

they consider much more exciting, musically interesting (and it *is* more complex), and contemporary.

On the whole, however, the city-bred folk artists have preserved the archaic styles and, in many cases, can offer far more "authentic" renditions of the traditional tunes than can those raised in the tradition itself, so complete has been the process of acculturation in the last few decades.

The program presented by the Ramblers convincingly displays the richness and the variety of the country string-band tradition. Though the three bring with them an impressive scholarship, there is nothing dry or arid in their treatment of the material.

Their versions of such tunes as *The Baltimore Fire*, *Shady Grove*, *The Bell Cow*, and *Brown's Ferry Blues* were rollicking and delivered with authority and joy. They are active crusaders for this music, but they let the music itself convert you. And it's hard to resist its appeal, it's so virile, exciting, and unabashedly happy.

The trio has a relaxed, effortless stage
(Continued on page 36)



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Benny Barth is a name that's headlined in a current big-selling World-Pacific album called "Drums on Fire"—and it's a fine title for a blazing talent. Ben Caldwell Barth is a Hoosier product—born in Indianapolis (1929), an alumnus of Butler University. He has played with Lennie Niehaus, Conte Candoli, Lee Katzman, Slide Hampton. He's now with the Mastersounds, based on San Francisco's famous Jazz Workshop. His enthusiasms include Theolonious Monk, the Diz, tennis, fishing—and **LUDWIGS, THE MOST FAMOUS NAME ON DRUMS.**
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CAUGHT

(Continued from page 34)

manner. There is a good bit of badinage (which serves to divert one's attention while they tune and retune instruments between numbers). Seeger announces most of the numbers in a wry, half-mocking manner, with humorous asides from Cohen and Paley. The audience lapped it up.

In conclusion, the New Lost City Ramblers are an exciting, accomplished, and thoroughly professional group. They combine art and artlessness in a manner that places them among the finest contemporary folk performers. Apparently there is room for a good measure of improvisation within the form, for at no time did I get the impression that I was listening to any sort of slavish imitation. What the New Lost City Ramblers presented was alive, vigorous, and wholly convincing.

—Pete Welding

RAY CHARLES ORCHESTRA

Longshore Hall, San Francisco

Charles, electric piano, alto saxophone, vocals; John Hunt, flugelhorn; Phil Guilbeau, trumpet; Benny Crawford, alto saxophone, flute; David Newman, tenor saxophone, flute; Leroy Cooper, baritone saxophone; Edgar Willis, bass; Bruno Carr, drums; Margie Hendricks, Raylettes, vocals.

Obscured behind the brilliance of Charles as a vocalist (he is a superb singer of popular ballads as well as a genuine—if unrecognized by the critics—folk artist of classic stature), the Ray Charles Band has developed into the finest small jazz band (as distinct from the quartet-quintet type of group) playing in jazz today. It is surpassed in excitement and consistency only by the recent Miles Davis Sextet, the one with Cannonball Adderley and John Coltrane.

Three things characterize the Charles unit: consistency born of group empathy of a high order over a protracted period of time; consummate musicianship (there's more doubling than you can keep track of), and excellent solo strength in depth.

As an indication of what transpires at a dance with this band, Charles himself appears only two or three times an evening. The rest of the time, the band (occasionally relieved by a local unit, in this case the Sammy Simpson Trio) is on the stand. Crawford, who does some of the arranging, doubles on piano, alto saxophone and flute. David (Fathead) Newman also doubles tenor saxophone and flute, and Hunt and Guilbeau and Cooper are first-rate soloists.

The book, which may surprise some people, is not exclusively a rhythm-and-blues book. The band plays things like *St. Thomas*; *Hard Times*; *Doodlin'*; *Fathead* (a fine arrangement featuring Newman on tenor), and *Lil Darlin'*.

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This number, by the way, was the highlight of the band's performance the night I heard it. It is a remarkable version of one of the best blues instrumentals of recent years and perfectly worthy of being heard after Basie's version.

The two brass men are featured extensively in solos during the evening. Hunt, who pays certain homage to both Clifford Brown and Miles Davis, has a first-rate ballad style, which, while intricate and florid on occasion, is deeply moving. He is especially striking in his obligatto passages.

Guilbeau, a strongly lyric trumpeter, is capable of extended structure in his solos that makes him fascinating.

Cooper, the baritonist (misidentified in many photos as Crawford because the latter also plays baritone on occasion and did so on *Hard Times* in the recorded version), is an effective swinger with a warm, rocking style that could move mountains.

Crawford's alto playing is reminiscent only of James Moody in its effectiveness. He can capture your attention and hold it throughout his solo. A Tennessee State College music department alumnus (as is Guilbeau), he, along with the others in the band, is capable of working with any modern-jazz group.


Newman, already known for his work as a jazz soloist, is a fine tenor player with touches of Wardell-Gray and of Dexter Gordon in his playing.

On flute, Newman and Crawford both are good soloists, though it is evident that the flute is a secondary instrument with them.

Willis and Carr provide a tight foundation for the band to work with, and Crawford's chord feeding on piano (when Charles is absent) is exciting.

Charles, of course, is a contemporary giant. He does not play overmuch on the electric piano, using it merely to accompany himself on vocals. But when he picks up the alto, he brings a new quality of sheer exuberant excitement to the ensemble.

As a vocalist, Charles is not only authentic in the blues idiom (regardless of his roots, like Odetta, he has transformed himself into an authentic blues voice) and with the backing of the Raylettes (especially with the fiery voice of Miss Hendricks to supplement his own) develops a degree of intense emotion unequalled in jazz today. On ballads he has become the finest singer of the pop, commercial ballad since Louis Armstrong.

Any jazz club that has the opportunity to book this band, with or without Charles, should take it. Any jazz fan or musician who misses the opportunity to hear this unit under any circumstances is depriving himself of one of the most rewarding experience available in modern music. —*Glason* 




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(Continued from page 10)

Press releases from NBC about the appearance of an **Eddie Condon** jazz combo on a recent *Bell Telephone Hour* gave the group's personnel as **Peanuts "Huckle"** on clarinet and **Bobby "Haggard"** on bass. In the band besides Condon, Hucko, and Haggart were trumpeter **Bobby Hackett** and pianist **Ralph Sutton**.

Macy's held an all-day, all-star jazz festival in its record department last month. **Lionel Hampton**, who lined up the talent, presented the original **Benny Goodman Quartet**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Stan Getz**, **Bud Freeman**, **J. J. Johnson**, and **Andre Previn**. Different musicians played at four hour-long sessions throughout the day. Previn was in New York to appear on the **Perry Como** TV show.

Thelonious Monk's group was featured at the second *Jazz Profiles* concert at the Museum of Modern Art Feb. 23. **Dave Brubeck** will appear in the series in May . . . **Charlie Graziano**, now with **Shaw Artists** in Chicago, sold the **Cork 'N Bib** in Westbury, N. Y. to **John Leone**. The new owner plans to keep up the weekend jazz policy. **Slide Hampton**, **Bill Evans**, **Horace Silver**, and **Buddy Rich** have played recent Friday and Saturday dates at the spot.

John Coltrane has been experimenting with the use of two basses in his group. **Art Davis**, formerly of the **Dizzy Gillespie** combo, was added to the regular **Coltrane** quartet at the **Half Note** last month . . . **Harold (Shorty) Baker** trumpeter formerly with **Duke Ellington**, pianist **Claude Hopkins**, and singer **Dolores Brown**, have been working at the **Safari** in the **Nevele Country Club** in the **Catskill mountains** . . . **Al Cohn** organized a band to play behind vocalist **Mel Torme** at the **Roundtable**. In the band were trombonist **Bob Brookmeyer** and trumpeter **Nick Travis**. The band did half-hour sets on its own, in addition to working with **Torme**. Pianist **Jay Chasin** has been working with bassist **Paul Clarke** in a trio accompanying vocalist **Ray Rivera** at the **Inner Circle**.

Blossom Dearie has signed with the **International Talent Associates** for bookings . . . Vocalist **Dakota Staton's** husband, **Hajji Talib Dawud**, a businessman, is paying more than \$10,000 to buy the singer's personal management contract from **John Levy**.

Bob Thiele, who sold 55 percent of his **Hanover-Signature** label to **Roulette Records** last summer, has been hired as popular artists and repertoire chief at **Roulette**. He replaces **Joe Reisman** . . . **Robert Weinstock**, owner of **Prestige** and allied labels, is recovering from a siege of hepatitis that confined him to **New York's Mount Sinai hospital** for several weeks.

Oliver H. (Doc) Perry, who was **Duke Ellington's** first piano teacher, died at 71 of a heart ailment in **Washington, D.C.** he led **Doc Perry's Society Orchestra** for more than 20 years.

Rudi Blesh, author of *Shining Trumpets* and other works on traditional jazz and ragtime, is giving a six-session course on jazz at the **Westfield, N. J. Adult School** this winter.

MONTREAL

The **Circle club** is featuring jazz sessions every Saturday and Sunday afternoon from 3 to 7 p.m. One of the best drummers here, **Billy Graham**, has taken part in most sessions so far . . . The **Greenwich Village club** in **Mont Rolland**, in the **Laurentiens north of Montreal**, has been the home of the **Collie Ramsay Trio** for the last few weeks . . . **La Poubelle**, another jazz spot in the heart of town, has trombonist **Mac Minshull's** group on hand . . . The **Little Vienna** has continued to be the main place to hear guitarist **Rene Thomas**, an increasingly hot commodity in view of response to his **Jazzland LP** with **J. R. Monterose**.

WASHINGTON

While **Charlie Byrd** has been brushing up on his **Spanish** for a 12-week tour of **South America** which begins in **March**, manager **Pete Lambros** of the **Showboat Lounge**, where the popular **Byrd** trio seems to go with the lease, has been busy signing major talent to fill in during the guitarist's absence. **Lambros** has scheduled the **Teddy Wilson Trio** for a week beginning **March 13**—**Wilson's** only previous remembered appearances in **Washington** were with **Benny Goodman**—and the famed pianist will be followed by **Mose Allison** with **Zoot Sims**, and **Matt Dennis** . . . The **Byrd Trio** boasts a fine new drummer, **Buddy Deppenschmidt**. **Byrd's** bass player, **Keter Betts**, is planning to take many pictures, and movies, in **South America**. He is a highly skilled photographer. **Byrd's** personal manager for the **State Department-coordinated** tour will be his wife, **Ginny**.

CLEVELAND

Promoter **Dave Dorn** brought the **Count Basie Band**, with **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross**, in for a return engagement at the **Music Hall** on **Feb. 5**. They had appeared here last year . . . **Ray McKinley's Glenn Miller Band** came in for a one-nighter at the **Aragon ballroom** on **Jan. 29** . . . The **Key club**, after a short closing, came back strong **Jan. 19** with a gala opening featuring the **Dave O'Rourke-Rick Kiefer Quartet**. Also featured in the group are bassist **Ernie Shepard** and drummer **Jack Town**.

Recent groups playing the **Hickory grill** have been those of **Bobby Short**, **Dorothy Donnegan**, **Charlie Shavers**,

Teddy Wilson, and Bud Freeman . . .
 The Le Jazz Workshop sponsored a benefit Jan. 8 to set up a scholarship fund in memory of **Rudy Black**, who died recently.

DALLAS

Jazz here suffered a loss with the death of **Kiz Harp** of a cerebral hemorrhage. Kiz and her husband, **Dick**, were co-owners and piano-vocal duo at the 90th Floor, one of the most enduring of Dallas jazz clubs. A memorial concert is being planned, the proceeds of which will go to establish a scholarship fund in her name at North Texas State College's jazz department.

Home-towner **Jimmy Giuffre**, visiting briefly, played two concerts last month at the Playbill. Giuffre brought his regular book, which was handled admirably by the local accompanying group . . . The blues still have a strong appeal in Dallas. A steady stream of old and new singers are appearing at two or three places around town. **B. B. King** led off at the Longhorn Ranch. He was followed there by **Ray Charles** in January and **Gate Mouth Brown** in February. **T-Bone Walker** appeared at the Atmosphere Club.

Duke Ellington canceled his January concert date but is being sought for May to end the five-event Dallas Jazz Society's concert series . . . **Dave Brubeck** played a concert Feb. 21, preceding by two days a performance here by the American Ballet Theater of Brubeck's ballet *Points on Jazz*, with choreography by **Dania Krupska** . . . The Chalet presented the **Billy May Orchestra** in February and will bring in the **Jack Teagarden Sextet** for a week beginning Feb. 28 . . . The Hi Ho ballroom continues its name-band policy on an availability basis; **Ralph Martieri** appeared there early in February . . . The **Danny Marshal Trio** with **Buzzy Mills** on trumpet is appearing nightly at the Interlude . . . Dallas Jazz, Ltd., has changed hands, but the former owner, **Morty Stubel**, will continue as booker. The spot features modern jazz on week nights and Dixieland on week-ends by the Wolverines . . . The **James Clay Trio** is enjoying good patronage weekends at the Green Parrot Cafe.

CHICAGO

Some club managers do have hearts. **John Court**, Birdhouse manager, held a benefit for nine firemen killed in Chicago's tragic, late-January warehouse blaze. He turned over all the club's gate receipts for the evening of Feb. 9 to the Firemen's Emergency Fund. The money will go to the widows and children of the victims. The **Ramsey Lewis Trio** played the benefit.

Feb. 4 was the premiere date of two works by jazzmen-turned-serious-com-



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posers. **Dave Brubeck's** jazz ballet, *Points on Jazz*, was performed by the American Ballet Theater to a SRO crowd at Chicago's Civic Opera House. And former Chicagoan **Bill Russo** guest-conducted his latest work, *Variations on an American Theme*, with the Kansas City Philharmonic in the Missouri City.

The University of Chicago Folklore Society held its first folk music festival the weekend of Feb. 3 at Mandel Hall on the university campus. Featured were the **New Lost City Ramblers** and **Inman and Ira**, a Chicago folk song team. **Studs Terkel** was emcee . . . A "prepared" piano and experimental jazz, as played by **Bob Centano's** 20-piece band, were the keystones of a Feb. 4 Southtown Youth concert. A "prepared" piano is one with rubber band and nuts and bolts attached to the strings. A percussion ensemble from the American Conservatory of Music, under the direction of **James N. Dutton**, was also a feature of the concert.

Erroll Garner played a concert at the Civic Opera house Feb. 25. The pianist re-signed with **Sol Hurok**. Garner's 1962 spring tour has been set already. Garner, by the way, is one of the few name jazz artists with a good word for rock-and-roll. He says, "It lets kids get rid of their excess energy, and I don't think people should get upset about it."

Shelly Manne and his men were the fourth and final attraction this season of Milwaukee's Music for Moderns subscriptions concerts.

LOS ANGELES

Jimmy Witherspoon's British tour has been postponed till April. He'll work the Monterey Jazz Festival this fall — his third consecutive appearance there . . . This year's Intercollegiate Jazz Festival at the Lighthouse is set for March 26-April 2, with more than 10 college jazz groups already signed. **Howard Rumsey** is initiating a Lighthouse Jazz Society to congregate weekly at the seaside cafe . . . **Calvin Jackson** will debut a big band at his Philharmonic concert April 1 . . . Following his *Kansas City Suite*, written for the **Count Basie Band**, **Benny Carter** is writing a *Gambler's Suite*, also for Basie. Meanwhile, Carter was signed to write three new charts for **Gene (Bat Master-son) Barry's** new night club act.

Johnny Hodges, Lawrence Brown, and Ray Nance flew in from the **Duke Ellington Band's** Las Vegas stand to cut a new Verve LP. They were joined for the occasion by **Ben Webster, Emil Richards, Jimmy Rowles, Russ Freeman, Joe Mondragon, and Mel Lewis**. Net result: 12 blues tracks cut in one three-hour session . . . Veteran clarinetist **Pud Brown** switched to cornet for his gig at the Roaring 20's in one

of the three rooms where live music is featured. Other jazzmen working the rough-and-ready spot include **Bruce MacFarland**, piano; **Warren Smith**, trombone; and **Nick Pellico**, drums.

Bob Cook's Nite-Beat jazz radio show now originates live from the Summit on Sunset nightly between midnight and 3 a.m. Mondays through Saturdays over station KNOB-FM. He spots interviews with jazz personalities . . . **Loren Dexter's** group moved its base to Shap's club in Pasadena for a 10-week stay before working Las Vegas until July. Dexter then returns to Pasadena's Bahama Inn . . . **Nat Hart**, operator of the Gilded Rafters club in the Valley, installed clarinetist **Joe Darensbourg, Nappy Lamare** on banjo and fender bass, and **Marvin Ash** on piano . . . The annual Dixieland Jubilee will have serious competition this fall when **Walt Disney** stages his first annual two-beat festival, *Dixieland at Disneyland*, outdoors at the famed playground Sept. 30. Talent is now being signed for the bash.

SAN FRANCISCO

The **Jimmy Smith Trio** was hastily booked into the Jazz Workshop in mid-January after several other bookings, including the **Jazz Messengers** and the **MJT + 3**, fell through . . . San Francisco night life has been falling off rapidly all winter. The Coffee Gallery, Annes' 440, El Bordel, On-the-Lcvee, the Tropics and the Hangover are all closed. Some will reopen this spring, but a couple probably won't reopen again.

The winter concert season is in full swing. **Andre Previn, George Shearing** (with a brass choir), **Jeri Southern**, and **Shelly Manne** played a Feb. 11 concert at the Opera House for Concert's, Inc. There's a possibility that **Duke Ellington, Stan Getz, Dave Brubeck, and Sarah Vaughan** will play the same hall on March 3 for **Irving Granz** and **Max Weiss** . . . **Odetta** did two concerts in early February at Redwood City and the Berkeley Community theater.

The Jazz Cellar underwent reorganization, and now pianist-owner **Bill Weis-jahns** is back running it, and **Bob Alexander** is out . . . **Pony Poindexter** is playing with the **Atlee Chapman** group at the Stereo room . . . The Black Hawk lined up a series of top-drawer names for the spring: **George Shearing** opened Feb. 21; **Anita O'Day** comes in on March 21; **Miles Davis** on April 4; **Stan Getz** on May 2, and **Oscar Peterson** on May 23 . . . Blues singer **K. C. Douglas** signed with Prestige . . . **Marty Marsala** is off to his sister's home in Los Angeles to recuperate . . . **Ralph Sutton** was back home briefly from eastern gigs and will do an LP with **Bing Crosby**. 

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WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing by urban area of jazz performers, where and when they are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., six weeks prior to cover date.

LEGEND: *hb*—house band; *tfn*—till further notice; *unk*—unknown at press time; *wknds.*—weekends.

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: Benny Goodman to 3/29. Erroll Garner opens 3/30.
 Birdland: Maynard Ferguson, Olatunji, to 3/15.
 Slide Hampton, Olatunji, 3/16-22. Count Basie opens 3/23.
 Central Plaza: Tony Parenti, Herman Autrey, Panama Francis, others, wknds.
 Eddie Condon's: Bobby Hackett to 3/11.
 Copa City: Charlie Mingus to 3/5.
 Downstairs at the Upstairs: Rose Murphy-Slam Stewart, *tfn*.
 Embers: Erskine Hawkins, Harold Quinn, to 3/4.
 Half Note: Joe Newman to 3/5. Sonny Stitt, 3/7-26.
 Hickory House: Billy Taylor, *tfn*.
 Jazz Gallery: Slide Hampton to 3/12.
 Metropole: Cozy Cole, Sol Yaged, *tfn*.
 Nick's: Harry DiVito, *tfn*.
 Roundtable: Mel Torme, Al Cohn, to 3/4. Nina Simone opens 3/6.
 Ryan's: Wilbur DeParis, *tfn*.
 Sherwood Inn: Billy Bauer, wknds.
 Versailles: Blossom Dearie, *tfn*.
 Village Vanguard: Miles Davis to 3/12.

CHICAGO

Birdhouse: Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Ike Isaacs, to 3/12. Dizzy Gillespie, 3/29-4/9. Stan Getz, 4/12-23. Fred Kaz, Andy and Bev Sisters, 4/26-5/11.
 Black Eyed Pea: Steve Behr, *tfn*. Dixie sessions, Sun.
 Cafe Continental: Dave Remington, *tfn*.
 Counterpoint: Chris Rayburn, Johnny Pate, to 3/5.
 Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Jo Henderson, Tut Soper, *tfn*. Franz Jackson, Thurs.
 London House: Jonah Jones to 3/5. Barbara Carroll, 3/7-26. Audrey Morris, Eddie Higgins, *hbs*.
 Mister Kelly's: Peggy King to 3/5. Julie Wilson, 3/6-25. Marty Rubenstein, Dick Marx-John Frigo, *hbs*.
 Orchard Twin-Bowl: Bob Scobey, *tfn*.
 Red Arrow: Franz Jackson, wknds.
 Scotch Mist: Tom Ponce, *tfn*.
 Sutherland: Bill Evans to 3/12.
 Swing Easy: Gene Esposito, *tfn*.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: Teddy Buckner, *tfn*.
 Black Orchid: Leon Walls, *tfn*. Mon. aftn. sessions.
 Compton Bowl: Jazz Generals, wknds.
 Digger: Name grps., wknds.
 El Sombrero: Dutch Pons, *tfn*.
 Excusez Moi: Betty Bennett, wknds.
 Frascati Chalet: Jess Stacy, *tfn*.
 Geno's Bit: Mose Allison, *tfn*.
 Gilded Rafters: Joe Darensbourg, Nappy Lamare, Marvin Ash, *tfn*.
 Green Bull: South Bay Jazz Band. Monette Moore, wknds.
 Handlebar: Dr. Jack Langles and Saints, wknds.
 Hillcrest Hideaway: Dave Maxey, *tfn*.
 Honeybucket: Col. Henderson's Rebels, *tfn*.
 Ichi Kai: Riverside Jazz Band, wknds.
 Jimmy Diamond's: Edgar Hayes, *tfn*.
 Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *tfn*. Name grps., Sundays.
 Raffles: Vince Wallace, *tfn*.
 Renaissance: Miles Davis, 3/33-4/2. Bessie Griffin, Gospel Pearls, Sun.
 Rosie's Red Banjo: Art Levin, *tfn*.
 Shaps: Loren Dexter, *tfn*.
 Sherry's: Pete Jolly-Ralph Pena, *tfn*.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, wknds. Red Mitchell, Mon., Tues. Russ Freeman-Richie Kamuca, Wed. Joe Maini, Thurs.
 Sheraton West: Red Nichols, *tfn*.
 Zebra Lounge: Horace Silver, 3/1-4/9. Nina Simone added from 3/16.

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Afterthoughts

By GENE LEES

This column arises out of a round-table conversation with a group of musicians late one night. They asked me to write down the thoughts I had expressed. It had never occurred to me that the ideas involved were particularly original, and I'm still not sure they are. But, in answer to a request, and for whatever it's worth, these are the thoughts:

It has seemed to me for a long time that artistic maturity comes to a man when he thinks more of his art than he does of himself. To elucidate:

It takes a fantastic egotistical drive to acquire the technique to be a really fine artist, be he jazz musician, symphonist, painter, novelist, or poet. It involves endless work, recurrent disappointment, and periodic disgust with your own seemingly snail-like progress. Why does one go through all this suffering? I think it is because of a deep desire to be noticed.

I have a theory that all artists are innately shy, no matter how outgoing they may *seem*. The more one feels like standing in a corner and waiting for someone to come and talk to him, the more he has a hunger to reach out, in some way, and *make* that someone come over. By being an artist of stature, one automatically achieves notice; then he can stand back quietly in the corner while people really do come and talk to him. It resolves the conflict between wanting attention and being naturally disinclined to be obtrusive.

So: I am convinced that in order to be an artist of stature, one has to have an enormous need to be noticed—coupled, of course, with a natural propensity for expression and the inner existence of something worth saying.

In the developing stage of talent, therefore, art is for most artists a decoration for themselves, their ability being something they wear proudly, like a handsome watch fob, or like an exceptionally good-looking girl who, hanging on your arm, aggrandizes you in public.

But art is a fickle mistress, and you cannot achieve your union with her by egotistical frontal attack. Whether the young artist knows it or not, she is at this stage still just dating him. She hasn't married him—yet.

And she won't—not until he has humbled himself before her. For the artist who would achieve full growth, this has to happen. He wakes up one day to realize that she has worn a smirk all the time she has been with him. (One night not long ago I was in a hotel room with a friend, a gifted and


famous young trumpeter, who was on the verge of smashing his horn on the dresser; he was dissuaded by another trumpeter who was present. I think he had just found out about the smirk on the face of Lady Art.)

He realizes, at such a time, that she has known many men, all through history, and has given far more of herself to them than she has to him. This is a period of terrible frustration for an artist, and sometimes it lasts for years. But then, if he is lucky, he will realize in a moment of important insight that he has been the one at fault; his arrogance has made him fail.

Then he is humbled. Then he comes to her thinking far more of her than of himself. Then the roles are reversed; suddenly, art has ceased to exist to serve him. Instead, he exists to serve art. It is then and only then that his coy mistress will let him see into her deepest heart. Sometimes . . .

For, all his life, the artist must cope with her fickleness. There are days when she will not come to him. Then he must rely on technique. But on the days when she does smile on him, he finds she is worth waiting for—always. For then he knows what true fulfillment is. Then he is the most favored of men.

The ancients knew about this lady. They called her a muse, and there was a muse for every art, and she was feminine. The symbol is still remarkably apt.

Anyway, that's how I see it: a man becomes an artist in the fullest sense when he takes his art more seriously than he takes himself. That is why in the greatest, and even the most egotistical, of mature artists, you will feel a streak of gentle humility. The Lady Art has a way of humbling a man. 

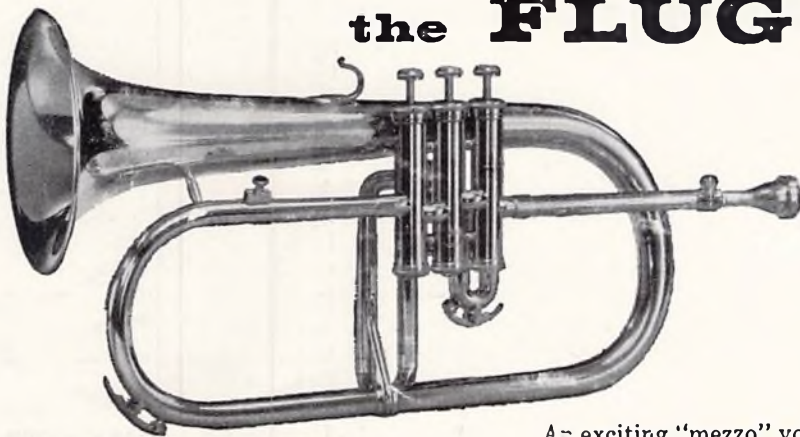


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