

APRIL 13, 1961

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149. **LESTER YOUNG**—President Plays With The Oscar Peterson Trio. There Will Never Be Another You, Indiana, Tea for Two, etc.

150. **LES BROWN** —Bandstand. A String of Pearls, Begin the Beguine, And the Angels Sing, Got A Date With an Angel, Marie, Caravan, 12 in all



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COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Terre Haute, Indiana

AN EDITORIAL

It has been a common procedure, in the years since World War II, to keep quiet about recessions—to pretend they don't exist, at least until they are past. Whether this can be reconciled with the ideal of honesty is doubtful; but pragmatic business psychology presents a certain amount of justification for all the euphemisms now used for *recession*.

President John F. Kennedy has chosen to junk the past administration's unstated policy of let's-don't-talk-about-it. He has called the current recession just what it is, and Department of Labor statistics tend to corroborate his view of its gravity.

In the music business, we have all been practicing let's-don't-talk-about-it. Yet the fact is that here, too, a serious slump is apparent.

A number of jazz clubs have folded, or at least have switched to a weekend-only music policy. And a good many jazz groups are scuffling. One noted trio, while keeping up all appearances of success, actually has been confined to weekend bookings, like the veriest small-town group. Others report that it is increasingly hard to get bookings. Even where groups are working, it

takes only two or three evenings' tours of the clubs to see that business is thin. Traveling groups report that this condition is not confined to New York City, Chicago, and other major centers, but is fairly general throughout the country.

What is causing it?

At the moment, we are not sure. Our staff is studying the situation closely. But preliminary evidence suggests that the music business slump is a reflection of the softening of the overall national economy.


It is all very well to consider jazz in a clear, pure light as an art form—when you are listening to it or playing it.

But, like the theater, it is a *performing* art, deeply involved with business matters. Like any other honest activity in a free enterprise economy, it has to make money. We are not suggesting that this is either good or bad—only that, at this juncture of history, it is so.

The booking agencies could help at this time, and so could some of the performers. The fees demanded for some of the more successful jazz groups have reached awesome proportions. Though some performers have a keen insight into the present problem, others

are still motivated by an I'll-get-mine-right-now outlook. We have seen several instances where major names lately have demanded exorbitant fees, done poor business, and led club owners either to fold or to start thinking about dropping jazz. More sensible asking prices would help.

Not that the club owners are free of fault. They could do a great deal to help themselves—by sensible, responsible promotion policies; by serving non-watered drinks; by establishing a more cordial and decent atmosphere in lieu of the semi-brothel conditions of too many clubs. Such atmospheres do little to attract family trade, and, with many jazz fans now in their late 20s or early 30s, the family trade is alienated at the club-owner's risk.

We believe, as do President Kennedy and his staff, that the recession will pass fairly soon. But unless those involved in music react to current conditions with intelligence and vigor, it seems likely that by the time it does pass, there will be a good many fewer places in which jazz can be heard—in other words, fewer places offering musicians work. There are few enough already. 

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April 13, 1961

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ON THE COVER

Bravery above and beyond the call of duty went into this photo of Zoot Sims. *Down Beat* editor Gene Lees, a cameraman who still dusts off his equipment to shoot an occasional *DB* cover, saw this stairway in Greenwich Village, around the corner from Zoot's home, and decided he just had to shoot Zoot there. He posed the saxophonist with his horn and, since it was a week after New York's now-famous blizzard, climbed on a snowdrift the height of a car to take the shot. A split second later the snow's crust collapsed and he disappeared up to his waist while Zoot and Ira Gitler (who was just out of camera range) broke up. But he got his picture. And Ira got an unusually penetrating word study of Zoot; it's on page 19.

THINGS TO COME

The next issue of *Down Beat* is the annual big-band issue. The spotlight will be on one of the newest bands, that of Gerry Mulligan, and one of the standbys—that of Stan Kenton. Kenton is premiering a new band with a different sound, and John Tynan will supply the report on it. Among the other features in the big, oversized issue will be a portrait of alto saxophonist Phil Woods, one of the key soloists in the Quincy Jones big band. Watch for the cover on the April 30 issue; it's by distinguished artist David Stone Martin.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

The Hue and the Cry

I have explored the pages of several issues of *Down Beat* quite thoroughly and am convinced that better methods of hearing the voice of jazz speak up are non-existent.

However, I find the articles about dope addiction and cabaret cards boring. They occupy space that could be better utilized. I would like to hear more about jazz-jazz, not the sob stories about cabaret-card losers and three-time losers. Whidbey Island, Wash. Landis K. Green

Your Feb 2 issue with the narcotics articles, is one of the finest examples of liberal and progressive journalism these tired eyes have seen in a long while. It must have taken a lot of guts to put it out, and a lot of sweat to put it together. I can only say that jazz and jazz musicians sorely need that kind of journalism. Any criticism you may have received in the past as to superficiality in coverage surely must be silenced by that edition alone.

Some kind of landmark in genuine jazz journalism was set with that issue. May *Down Beat* continue to show as much courage and genuine concern for the music and the musicians!
Lakehurst, N. J. Al Close

'Normality and Drugs'

To Mr. Victor B. Keehner:

Drug addiction is a disease, just as tuberculosis is a disease. It is not all "mental" — "guts" have nothing to do with it.

When a man takes that first fix he starts on a painful path leading to illness and destruction. With the first fix, scar tissue forms over the nerve endings in the brain, and new branches begin. This tissue disintegrates, leaving double the number of nerve endings of a "normal human being." With each fix this process is repeated, until the addict has more nerve endings than the body can support, all crying out for the soothing narcotic, much like the cancer victim's painwracked body cries out for the relief offered by drugs. . . .

Drug addiction is a true disease. Mr. Keehner, and so are narrowmindedness and prejudice. . . .
Bloomfield, N.J. Toni Marden

From the Next Booth

A bouquet to Willis Conover for the delightful, not-so-mythical conversation between "Al" and his "No. 1 disc jockey." I hope that reader demand will warrant reprints. Probably many subscribers like myself, would like to mail them to local "Top-40" stations.

I so thoroughly despise this moronic junk, it requires effort not to hate the kids who apparently support it with great enthusiasm. But then, if the radio stations raised their musical sights a notch or two, the kids would learn to enjoy better stuff in short order!

National City, Calif. Irv L. Jacobs

The British Jazz Scene

To dispell any misinterpretation of the state of jazz in Britain (*DB*, Jan. 5) may I point out the following?

The so-called jazz clubs sprouting up all over this country are in the main "Trad," dispensing what serious musicians now regard as an offshoot of pop music.

Modern jazz as such is having an uphill struggle to survive. Already several modernists have bowed to the Trad mass (or is it mess?) and switched styles. Britain today is only supporting one big jazz orchestra—Johnny Dankworth with occasional superb offerings from Ted Heath.

All this is not surprising considering the fact that London, a city of 10,000,000, has only two TV channels and one radio station airing about one hour of jazz a week.

Yet modern jazz fans *do* exist and manifest themselves for all concerts by American jazz stars who invariably play to SRO houses.

Perhaps *DB* could explain what is happening to British jazz . . .
Richmond, Surrey, England J. J. Corbett

Where and When

My compliments to you for initiating your new column *Where and When*. As a traveling man, I find this column, which I hope will be expanded to include other areas, to be invaluable for finding good music on my out-of-town trips. . . .
Hinsdale, Ill. Vern I. McCarthy Jr.

Chicago Jazz—the Answer

The "pre-obits" for the Chicago jazz clubs in the March 2 *Strictly Ad Lib* section really angered me. Before the Chicago club owners whine around the *DB* editors in hopes of inspiring some pitiable "Ain't it a shame, though" reminiscences of some mythical good old Windy City days, I say that these owners should turn to Shakespeare for the key to their problems: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in ourselves."

Being an ex-Chicago area boy and being a jazz fan who has to watch where his pennies roll—and having what will pass for "aesthetic distance"—I am feeling authoritarian enough to sound off.

Setting aside economic trends, the dollar value, etc., for the sake of clarity and simplicity, I think I can tell these club owners why their tills are not crammed: You cannot make a million dollars by investing a buck and a half!

Chicago is a jazz desert (an oversimplification) which experiences more-or-less regular cycles of rainfall and vegetation—usually as a result of humid winds from the New York jazz record industry. If some record company can get, say, Miles Davis up to the multi-thousand LP sales category, then a Chicago entrepreneur will open some pool room, put chairs around

(Continued on page 8)

RAY CHARLES

J. J. JOHNSON &
KAI WINDING

GIL EVANS

KAI WINDING



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CHORDS

(Continued from page 6)

tables, book Miles, and do a hell of a business in that jazz-starved city. This sets off a rash of imitative ventures, quickly followed by a "Windy City Jazz Renaissance!" article in *DB*. Very soon the supply exceeds the demand, and the clubs start folding. Why? Because, with the exception of a small number of clubs, these rooms do not offer enough attractions, atmosphere, attitudes, and altruism to insure a large, steady clientele. Without this steady flow of cash customers, a club has to attract transient and occasional jazz fans. The only way to do this is to advertise. If a fan can afford only one club, then he must know who's there and other pertinent information *before* he gets there . . .

The clubs—or few of them—don't even advertise in the local papers. I can remember hearing rumors that certain jazz groups were to play Chicago at one of the nonpromoting clubs, and after I had traveled all the way to Chicago, found that the groups had canceled out because of the lack of promotion.

I am saddened at the crippling blow jazz "promoters" are dealing to the jazz musicians' livelihood and to the jazz fans' chances to hear his favorites . . .
Durham, N. C. Gary A. Soucie

Critics

I am disturbed of late about the opinions of John S. Wilson. In his review of Horace Parlan's *Speakin' My Piece*, he said that Stanley Turrentine "blossoms out as one of the major tenor men." Upon reading this, I went out to listen to this album that he gave four stars to. It is possibly the worst thing I have ever heard! . . . How anybody could rate this fifth-class blowing session higher than the Cannonball Adderley Quintet at the Lighthouse album is beyond me. Wilson must own Blue Note Records.

Another thing that disturbs me is the way all reviewers look at Oscar Peterson—the greatest of the great. Don DeMicheal rated the *Jazz Soul of Oscar Peterson* at four stars. This is a respectable rating unless compared with the four stars given the Parlan album or the three to Stanley Turrentine's album reviewed in the Dec. 22 issue.

I believe the editors of *Down Beat* should retract the stars given to Parlan and Turrentine. Further, you should definitely elevate the Peterson album to five stars and many of his low-rated works to at least four stars.

I have written this letter because I feel it is a disgrace for such a fine magazine even to rate trash, much less to rate it above Adderley and Peterson.

Ann Arbor, Mich. Mark Hauser

Readers should keep in mind that a record review is a personal opinion based on a great amount of knowledge of the field. Reviews are meant as a guide—not as revelation from on high. Mr. Hauser and other readers will be interested in pianist Les McCann's reaction to the aforementioned Horace Parlan record in this issue's Blindfold Test. See page 43.

(Continued on page 10)

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CHORDS

(Continued from page 8)

The Hard Facts of Jazz

Some of Art Hodes' (*Sittin' In*) and Pete Welding's (*The Return of Jimmy Heath*) remarks in your March 2 issue again made me realize how little I—and I think many other jazz lovers—know the economic facts of life about jazz.

Although I've been a jazz fan for 16 years now, I have to admit that my contacts with the music and the people who play it have been almost entirely through phonograph records and magazines like *Down Beat*. I suspect, furthermore, that many other people know jazz in the same limited way.

I sometimes wonder, therefore, if you know how much effect you have on your readers, especially the effect you have in doing such a fine job of spotlighting individual jazzmen. I'm sure you know that you are making them celebrities to those who do not hear much live jazz. But I wonder if you realize what a shock it always is, to me at least, when I learn that well-known jazzmen have been unemployed for long stretches during the very times they were being praised most in music magazines and on record jackets.

Let me be more specific. Take a jazzman, let us say, who has been featured or at least mentioned many times in *Down Beat*. Maybe he's been second or third—or even first—on his instrument in the last annual poll. Suppose that he has put out two or three LPs that critics praise. I may buy one or two of the LPs; certainly I will hear his LPs played by a

good disc jockey like Dick Martin.

Frankly, I tend to think, "Why this man's doing all right. Couple LPs out, featured in *Down Beat*, high in the polls last year. Sure hope he comes down here sometime soon."

That jazzman—and his real-life counterpart—seldom comes, though. And I and other jazz lovers like me don't find out why until it is too late. Later there are brief references, perhaps, in music magazines about the jazzman's money troubles or, as in case of Mr. Welding's portrait of Jimmy Heath, there is an article on him as a "comeback," in which we find that he was in his worst financial state during the very time he was most well known to us.

In short, I feel that you sometimes unknowingly distort your presentation of jazz by assuming that your readers know a great deal about the economics of the music business. If it is true that at times good jazzmen like Art Hodes, Jimmy Heath, Art Tatum, Charlie Parker, Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan (I'm sure you could add to the list easily) all have suffered physically, psychologically, and musically partly because they were not employed — if that is true, why do we in the outlands so seldom hear about such troubles before it is too late?

Often, for example, I have wished the I and other outlanders had known that Charlie Parker and Gerry Mulligan needed employment desperately. Maybe we could have persuaded some club owners in the outlands to employ them. Maybe, of course, we could have done nothing. But

we still would have wanted to know about their economic problems.

As I see it, *Down Beat* could do a great service for jazz lovers and jazzmen if it would more frequently present some basic economic facts about jazz. How much does a sideman get for a record date? How much do musicians get who work in clubs? What is the difference in rates for road trips, as opposed to rates for playing "at home"? How much would a club owner or promoter have to pay to get the MJQ, the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet, or Al Grey's projected septet to come into the outlands? Would it cost audiences as much as it will for me to see and hear Dave Brubeck this week in Austin, Texas, (\$1.50 advance, \$2 at the door)? I can't answer the above questions. How many of your readers can, do you suppose?

In addition, I think *Down Beat* should offer more information about jazzmen who aren't doing well financially. I hesitate to suggest that you run a regular column titled *Good Jazzmen Currently Needing Employment*, because you might be accused of running an employment agency. Still, isn't there some way that we in the outlands can learn regularly — when it counts — that jazzmen like Miff Mole (and how many others?) need employment? Maybe we can help. We want to hear live jazz. And I'm sure that jazzmen like to make a living at what they want to do most. So please let us know the facts — often.

Austin, Texas
See Page 4.

Merton King

db



26 BIG ISSUES

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NEW YORK

The biggest indoor jazz festival of 1961, at least early 1961, is scheduled for April 28-30 at the 143rd St. Armory for the benefit of the NAACP Freedom Fund. A brainchild of pianist **Sammy Price**, it will benefit from his long experience in almost every field of entertainment. In five or six different locations in the armory, Sammy plans what he calls "side shows," featuring small groups playing prior to the main program. (These musicians will eventually join the mammoth "forty-man jam sessions" which will end each concert.) More than 100 musicians are scheduled to perform, among them **Louis Armstrong, Gerry Mulligan, Duke Ellington, Cannonball Adderley, Charles Mingus, Red Allen, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Horace Silver.** A Cadillac will serve as a door prize, and other prizes will be awarded to the winners of an international jazz competition in which at least eight countries will have entries.



MULLIGAN

Dizzy Gillespie headlines the April 17 concert at Hunter College, celebrating African Freedom Day, under the auspices of the American Committee on Africa. The program will include a host of entertainers as well as prominent African speakers . . . On May 7, the **Duke Ellington Jazz Society** will present a Duke Ellington Alumnae Concert at Carnegie Recital Hall. Many alumnae have been called; only **Clark Terry** and **Sonny Greer** have accepted so far. Greer was honored with a dinner given by that association recently . . . At a concert in Portland, Ore., **Erroll Garner** was given a tract of land by the Italian Businessmen's Association because of his contribution to "better understanding through music".



GARNER

Concert Fashions: Dizzy Gillespie, appearing in the first of the Carnegie Hall *Genius at Midnight* concerts, wore a raspberry-hued tuxedo while leading a brass-bound version of his earlier bands.

Concert Mythology: **Thelonious Monk's** Museum of Modern Art concert laid three myths to rest—he was on time, he played several familiar standards in a straightforward way, and he played as the printed program was listed, except for excluding two numbers, one of which became an encore. But he set another Monk-ism in motion. As if to balance his prompt starting, he finished early. After a concert which had lasted only an hour, including an intermission, he exited the stage, leaving his audience bewitched, bothered, and bewildered, walking the streets, wondering *quo vadis* at 9:50 p.m.

The fire at Monk's apartment, reported in the March 16 *DB*, jarred the jazz world into its sentimental best. Fellow musicians offered houseware, clothes, and such. Fortunately, as reported, little damage occurred. Most importantly, none of his scores were touched . . . The Berklee School of Music in Boston now offers a micro-filming service to composers and arrangers, preserving their works in film and in vaults, in return for an opportunity for its students to deal directly with large quantities of original scores . . . **J. J. Johnson** has written a *Rondo for Quartet and Orchestra*, especially for the Modern Jazz Quartet . . . Nothing so far stills the

(Continued on page 45)

down beat

Down Beat

April 13, 1961

Vol. 28, No. 8

THE END OF A LONG FIGHT

Dominick James (Nick) LaRocca never gave up his fight to have the Original Dixieland Jazz Band credited with being the founders of jazz.

Left-handed cornetist LaRocca was the leader and driving force behind the ODJB, one of the most important of the early jazz bands. In 1917, the five-piece group, which included, besides LaRocca, the late Larry Shields, clarinet; pianist Henry Ragas, who died in 1919 and was replaced by J. Russell Robinson; Eddie (Daddy) Edwards, trombone, and Tony Sbarbaro (Spargo), drums, made what is generally considered the first jazz record—*The Dixieland Jazz Band One-Step* backed by *Livery Stable Blues*, recorded for the old Victor Talking Machine Co.

The band was a sensation at New York City's Reisenweber's cafe during World War I. Publicity for the ODJB made capital on the word "jazz" (originally it was "jass," but according to H. O. Brunn's *The Story of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band*, published last year, the posters put up around New York City advertising the jass band were defaced by small boys.)

Following its initial impact on the United States, the band played at Rector's in London, England, with Emil Christian playing trombone in place of the drafted Edwards. It was the first European engagement for any jazz band.

The band stayed together for a few years after its return to this country, but by 1926, after many personnel changes and arguments among the original members, LaRocca had disbanded the ODJB. He returned to his native New Orleans and went into construction work.

With the coming of swing in the mid-1930s, interest grew in the ODJB. *A March of Time* film documentary featured LaRocca, Edwards, Shields, Robinson, and Sbarbaro playing together again. LaRocca booked the group for a tour, but the old dissensions, some centering around LaRocca's dividing of the money and glory, rent the ODJB. The group disbanded, never to re-form.

Though he retired from active playing in 1937, LaRocca continued his fight to preserve the ODJB's place and importance in the history of jazz.

He wrote scathing letters to critics, newspapers, jazz magazines, declaring that the title "The Creators of Jazz" had been stolen from him and the ODJB. His claim rested somewhat on the fact of the ODJB's making the first jazz record. One of the last of these letters was written to *Down Beat* in the summer of last year.

Many scholars, musicians, and critics did not put much stock in LaRocca's claims to the ODJB's being the originators of jazz, but none could deny the great influence the band had. Bix Beiderbecke, Red Nichols, the Austin High Gang of Chicago, Phil Napoleon,



LA ROCCA

and many other early jazzmen, gave credit to LaRocca and the ODJB for arousing their interest in jazz.

Much of the standard repertoire of traditional bands even today is made up of tunes written by members of the ODJB, most of them by LaRocca. They include *Original Dixieland (Jass Band) One-Step*; *Livery Stable Blues*; *At the Jazz Band Ball*; *Ostrich Walk*; *Sensation Rag*; *Margie*; *Clarinet Marmalade*; *Fidgety Feet*, and *Bluin' the Blues*. But LaRocca's claim to authorship of *Tiger Rag* has been greatly disputed.

LaRocca spent his years of retirement composing. His last six months were an active writing period, with pianist Armand Hug his collaborator.

Last month, at his New Orleans home, Nick LaRocca, 71, died. The day before, Southland Records had issued an LP. Ironically, although he did not play on the record, it was the first LP ever issued under LaRocca's own name.

SCHEDULES SET FOR TWO FESTIVALS

Of all the jazz festivals held last summer, only a few wound up in the black. Among them were the Virginia

Beach Jazz Festival and the Indiana Jazz Festival.

Last week, the directors of both events told of plans to hold them again this summer. The Indiana event — moved to Evansville in an 11th-hour rescue operation when the Sheraton hotel chain, intimidated by the riot at Newport, canceled it at French Lick, Ind. — will be held June 23-25, making it, in all probability, the first festival of the summer. The Virginia Beach event will be July 14-15.

Evansville's pitch, expressed by Hal Lobree, the young oil man and jazz fan who picked up the pieces of the French Lick event and put them back together in his home town, will be community support and hospitality both to jazz fans and musicians. Last year, courtesy shown musicians was unlike anything any of them ever had experienced before.

The Evansville festival will be held in the city's big, modern municipal amphitheater. Since it is a covered building, rain doesn't worry the festival's backers, who include, besides Lobree, the Junior Chamber of Commerce and the Fraternal Order of Police.

In Virginia Beach, the festival was held last year at the Dome, a convention center seating 2,000. This year, the music will emanate from a stand built against the back wall of the building, to make use of the adjoining open-air plaza. Tommy Gwaltney, clarinetist-vibraharpist who produces the festival, said this move will enlarge the reserved seating capacity to 3,400, with room left for an additional 600 general admission seats.

Neither festival has announced its talent lineup, since, this far in advance, it is the custom of booking agencies and many artists to quote very high prices, hoping that producers just may accept them. Later, as festival time nears, the prices tend to come down. This is one reason audiences don't know, far enough in advance to make plans, which artists will be appearing at what festivals.

KENNEDY THROUGH AS N.Y. COMMISSIONER

When attorney Maxwell T. Cohen labeled Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy's behavior "psychopathic" during a hearing on the New York cabaret card situation, the shock felt in

the courtroom probably registered on Fordham University's seismograph.

For Kennedy's reputation was that of a man you did not cross, and active, vocal critics of his regime had been conspicuous by their scarcity. Cohen, it was said, had done something very dangerous.

But many veteran New York City newspapermen are now looking at Cohen as the man who played David to Kennedy's Goliath. "He's the one person who broke the Kennedy myth," said one. For, after Cohen's blunt attack on Kennedy, criticism of the police commissioner began to come in from all sides. Particularly vociferous were some of his own police officers, who called him a dictator.

The final result: Mayor Robert F. Wagner has fired Kennedy.

This does not mean the end of the long fight of musicians and other entertainers, often spectacularly unsupported by their unions, to eliminate cabaret cards.

Issuing of the cards has been taken out of the direct control of police, but the police department still has joint jurisdiction with the city license department.

Attorney Cohen has no intention of slowing up his fight now that Kennedy, one of his stiffest enemies, is out of the way. Justice Sidney A. Fine of the New York State Supreme Court has dismissed Cohen's move to do away with the cards completely. Cohen will appeal, and has again asked for help from trade groups involved in the matter.

"With their help, we could win this right away," he said. "But the help is slow in coming.

"The latest word is that New York Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians has taken it under advisement and has referred it to its lawyers."

FESTIVAL SET AT NOTRE DAME

When the third Collegiate Jazz Festival is held at Notre Dame University at South Bend, Ind., April 21-22, the panel of judges will include arranger-composer-bandleader Quincy Jones, arranger and erstwhile bandleader Johnny Richards, Robert Share, director of the Berklee School of Music, and Charles Suber, publisher of *Down Beat*.

Colleges and universities throughout the eastern seaboard, the midwest, and south will send 26 groups to the festival, including small groups from Purdue, Iowa State, Detroit, Oberlin, Northwestern, Michigan State, Fairmont, Cincinnati, Dartmouth, Miami, DePaw, Minnesota, Michigan, Amherst, Notre Dame, and the Illinois Institute of Technology. Big bands will come from Central Michigan, Northwestern, State University of New York, Central



DIZZY IN BRONZE

When Dizzy Gillespie appeared at Carnegie Hall in early March to play pianist-arranger Lalo Schifrin's *Gillespiana Suite*, this bronze head was on display there. The sculpture is by prize-winning American artist Dexter Jones.

Michigan University, North Texas State College, Sam Houston State Teachers College, and Indiana State Teachers College.

Prizes will include a week's engagement at the Half Note in New York City for the winning small group, an appearance at the fourth Indiana Jazz Festival for the winning big band, new instruments for top instrumentalists, a Berklee scholarship for the best instrumentalist in the festival, scholarships to the National Band Camp for all the members of the top band, and a trophy for the best group in the show. The best original arrangement will be published by Leeds Music.

CONTRAST IN K.C.

When Temple B'nai Jehudah presented a Connoisseur Concert in Kansas City, Mo., last month, it was a study in contrasts. The first half of the concert was devoted to a contemporary classical work, the second half to compositions by two noted jazz composers.

The first half of the concert comprised a performance by the Kansas City Philharmonic under the direction of Hans Schwieger, of Leonard Bernstein's 1949 symphony *The Age of Anxiety*.

After intermission came the premiere performances of works by William Russo and Teo Macero. Russo conducted his *Variations on an American Theme*, and Macero played alto saxophone in his *Torsion in Space*.

There was contrast not only in the music of the two, but in their views. Though they agreed that jazz has something important to contribute to contemporary classical music, Russo and

Macero aired their differences in a pre-concert interview for the *Kansas City Star*.

"We really are quite different," Russo said.

"We're good friends," Macero said, "but we just don't see eye to eye."

Macero said that he believed contemporary classical music should be more like the music of the 16th century, with its long, unredundant lines and relaxed forms, as exemplified in the work of Palestrina. "To me," Macero said, "emotion is the important thing. I believe in using jazz rhythms, its freedom and freshness along with the techniques of serious composition, but I don't worry too much about form. I don't worry about eight bars here or a repeat there. I just keep writing until it comes out."

Russo said, "I want that point of view about the world in my music that one finds in the baroque or Viennese classical music of Bach and Haydn in the 17th century. It had a directness, simplicity, availability, and a God-seeking quality that are missing in modern music. Much of modern music is negative or against life. It is too complicated."

Russo said there are "good materials in jazz, with the simplicity and availability not found in classical music today. If you accept the premise that rock and roll is a debased form, and that it corrupts the taste of young people, it is also possible to say that music can be affirmative and uplifting."

Macero, who as a Columbia Records a&r man supervises the recording of a great deal of rock and roll, took issue. "I believe," he said, "rock and roll serves as the first step along the way to appreciating good music."

A Kansas City critic later wrote "Macero's piece was wild and uninhibited, while Russo's was formal, orderly, and restrained." He found that Russo's variations on *When the Saints Go Marching In* was "simple, direct, and possessed considerable wit."

Introducing the Macero work, conductor Schwieger said it was a counterpart to the art of the late Jackson Pollack, with Macero throwing music into space as Pollack threw colors on canvas.

Back in New York City a few days later, Macero summed up. "We had fun out there. While (Schwieger) went into the space bit, I put my hand to my brow and gazed at the ceiling."

TWO ESTATES SEEK ROYALTIES

When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer purchased Verve Records last December, Moe Ostin, Verve's long-time comptroller, long-distanced Charlie Parker's widow that the first royalty check since Parker's death would amount to about \$20,000. Through its legal department.

the record branch of M-G-M verified Ostin's statement, according to Florynce R. Kennedy, counsel for the Parker estate as well as that of Billie Holiday.

Last month, attorney Kennedy and music consultant Aubrey Mayhew held a press conference, to announce developments in the attempts to straighten out the two estates, and to explain plans designed to allocate properly funds derived from the work of the two jazz greats — composer-alto saxophonist Charles C. Parker Jr. and composer-vocalist Holiday.

Parker, who died March 12, 1955, at 34, is survived by his mother, Addie, of Kansas City; a 22-year-old son, Leon, by his first wife; Doris J. Parker, his second wife; and a son, Baird, now 7, who lives with his mother, Chan, now the wife of altoist Phil Woods, in New Hope, Pa.

Doris, who was present at the conference, estimated that music publishing firms and recording companies owed the estate an accrued \$125,000. She said that since Parker's death, she had received only about \$3,500 in royalties, mostly from Savoy Records, until she recently got a check for "around \$5,000" from the promised funds at M-G-M. Doris is administratrix of the estate, which she shares with Leon. Mayhew said that Mrs. Addie Parker would receive 10 per-

cent of recovered monies, but there was no mention of Baird.

Billie Holiday died July 17, 1959, at 44, without leaving a will. Her sole heir is her husband, Louis McKay. McKay inherited \$1,000 cash that Billie had at the time of her death. At the press conference, he said he believed that record companies and music publishers now owed her estate \$250,000. He recently had moved the handling of the estate from the law firm of Watson, Carter, Smith & Rhone to the Florynce Kennedy office. His reason for the move, he said, was that James L. Watson, leading partner in the law office and a state legislator, was too busy with governmental affairs at Albany to work on the estate.

Besides the regular performance and mechanical royalties due on known Parker material, Mayhew said that he had learned of, and was tracking down, thousands of dollars worth of Parker music on European tapes, private air checks, alternate Parker masters in the vaults of record companies, and unpublished music manuscripts in the hands of publishers.

Mayhew told the press, against a background of softly played Parker and Holiday LPs, "Sometimes, when Parker was sick and needed money, he would walk into a music publisher's office and sell his compositions outright for as

little as \$100. There were even times when he pulled out his saxophone and composed new tunes on the spot."

To try to recover royalties and copyrights, Mayhew and Doris Parker have formed the Charlie Parker Record Co. and the Charlie Parker Music Co. They hope to procure, reclaim, preserve, and release commercially the recorded performances and the compositions of the saxophonist. In addition, both companies are interested in seeking out and developing new talent.

Doris Parker has moved to New York from Chicago to take over the supervision of the two Parker companies. She said they were ready to release a limited edition album of previously unreleased performances of the altoist. The contents come from tapes recently bought from a private owner, who had made them at one of Parker's performances.

McKay joined Mrs. Parker to announce plans for setting up foundations in memory of Parker and Miss Holiday, which would provide funds for the treatment and rehabilitation of narcotics addicts. McKay added, "The Billie Holiday foundation would also look to the needs of orphans. Billie all her life wanted to help orphans because of her own youthful experience in an orphanage."

IN BETWEEN, THE ADVENTURE

Thirty-two years ago, as members of the Mound City Blue Blowers, Pee Wee Russell and Coleman Hawkins recorded *If I Could Be with You One Hour Tonight*. The record has been reissued many times by RCA Victor.

Recently, Russell and Hawkins recorded the tune a second time—this time for a Candid session with Emmett Berry, Bob Brookmeyer, Milt Hinton, Jo Jones, and Nat Pierce. The modern charts were by Pierce. In the years between the two dates, Russell and Hawkins had not met on records, excepting an album born of a television show several years ago.

Sentimentalists will be chagrined to know that the new date was not a reunion filled with deep emotion or with reminiscing. But after the session, while the others were packing and leaving, tenor saxophonist Hawkins sat at the piano, and worked over the chords for a sentimental melody—the kind he calls a "tear-jerker."

"I'm going to record that some day," he said. "I've been working on it for a little while."

"Maybe like 45 years?" Pierce said.


"Ha! You like it, then," Hawkins said. "You know, I've been making records with Max Roach and Eric Dolphy and them cats lately. Here, Berry (trumpeter Emmett, of course, who moved to the piano), listen to this. You hear this chord! That's what those kids are doin'. They hit this chord and all the time they got this other thing goin' down here.

You hear it? Then they say, 'Go, you got it, Bean.' Got what? What the hell can you get? What can you play between these two things?

"But it's interesting. That's what music is—interesting. That's what music's all about, anyway — finding those things; the adventure.

"You know, the young ones get confused about me being able to play with them. I don't know why. What they don't know is that I got tired of this chord, you know, Berry, this one and that one, by the time I was 13. Hell, I was listening to Stravinsky when I was a kid. You got to. It's not a question of being modern. It's just music—adventure. That's what music is—adventure. That's what it really is. That's the way I always felt, right from when I was a kid.

"That's what I always wanted to be, what I always will be, till I get too old. You know, like Pablo Casals. My, he can play. But he's all the time playing those Bach things now —you know, like this. He's through with the adventure. Hell, he must be 90 years old. You know, you start off with those Bach things. You get to be his age, you end off with them. In between is the adventure. Now it's over for him. Maybe that's what I'll do when I get that old . . .

"Hey, Berry. Hold, man. What you think of this tear-jerker? I've been working on it, Berry. I'm gonna record this tear-jerker pretty soon." 



BILL ABERNATHY

By **DON DeMICHEAL**

Don Goldie is a man who is not afraid to show his emotions. "I don't understand people who can't cry when they hear something that moves them," said the 30-year-old trumpet man with the Jack Teagarden Sextet. The usually ebullient, roly-poly Goldie was telling how he felt about Teagarden, a man who is a sort of musical father to him.

"Louis Armstrong and Mildred Bailey can make me cry by singing," he said. "And Jack can make me cry by playing. He's a real giant in all fields of music. Anyone who doesn't dig Teagarden doesn't have any soul—I don't care what field they play in. And the same thing goes for Louis, too."

The tie between Goldie and Teagarden, a strong one, goes back to the time Goldie was a child.

There were many visitors to his parents' home in Irvington, N. J., when Don was a boy. Most of the friends were musicians who had played at one time or another with Don's father, Harry Goldfield (or "Goldie," as he was nicknamed), during his long tenure in the trumpet section of various Paul Whiteman bands, bands that included such legendary and near-legendary jazzmen as Bix Beiderbecke, the Dorsey brothers, Frankie Trumbauer, Bunny Berigan, George Wettling—and Jack Teagarden.

The elder Goldie was loved and respected throughout the music business. All through his career, Don has been running into musicians who knew his father, men who were anxious to do something for an old friend's son. But the young Goldie never played on others' respect for his father. He wanted to make it on his own. His father would be proud to see the heights to which his son has risen, but Harry Goldfield died in 1948.

"It happened during my high school final exams," his son recalled. "I tried to take Dad's band out on the road when I got out of school, but I was too young and inexperienced. It folded."

As much as he loved his father, his father's instrument was not his first attempt at music. Don started on violin and piano (his mother, a concert pianist, gave recitals as Claire St. Clair). Don made his concert debut on violin when he was 5.

His father didn't push trumpet on him, but by the time he was 12, Goldie had won a \$1,000 scholarship on trumpet to a New York military school. In high school, he started sitting in with musicians anywhere and everywhere he could find them—still a passion with him.

"I used to go to Condon's and Jimmy Ryan's, but they'd never let me sit in when I asked. Finally, I got so I went

up on the stand with my horn while the guys were playing and *then* asked them. They were usually too embarrassed to refuse."

Some of the men Goldie played with at sessions were Roy Eldridge, Sidney Bechet, Georg Brunis, and Art Hodes. It was Hodes who gave him his first steady job in New York City, at the Riviera club in 1949. Goldie found himself in fast company. Besides Hodes, the band included Pee Wee Russell, J. C. Higginbotham, and Herb Ward. Hodes recalls that Goldie played "interestingly" and had good potential, but needed more experience. Don got some of it when Willie (The Lion) Smith took over the band after Hodes' departure.

"I'll make you play!" roared the Lion at the young trumpet player. With that, Goldie recalls, the pianist would plunge into keys such as A, B, and D—seldom used in jazz, and unfamiliar to him at the time. "He'd make me so mad," Goldie said, "that I'd pack up my horn and go home. I used to tell him, 'You're a mean old man.' But I sure love the way he plays."

There's more to the molding of a jazzman of Goldie's ability than can be put on paper. The years and the experiences of those years make the musician. In Goldie's case it meant discovering the blues, playing in strip joints, listening to musicians other than trumpet players, paying army dues, working in society bands, playing tough shows, and most important, sitting in with all kinds of bands from rock-and-roll to modern jazz.

Goldie joined the army in 1951, when he was 21. After band-training camp, he became dissatisfied with the band in which he was playing. He heard that there was an excellent band stationed at Atlanta, Ga. Gregarious by temperament, hardly a man to minimize his own abilities, Goldie called the warrant officer in charge of the band and told the officer how good he'd be for the band. The flabbergasted band director had him transferred to the group.

It was in Atlanta that Goldie had his first contact with "country down-home jazz." He began sitting in with Gate-mouth Brown's group, a blues-rooted band typical of the southeast. To this day, Goldie retains his taste for "that real funky stuff."

While he was in the army, his mother and family moved to Miami. It was there he got more multi-colored experience. On weekend passes, he worked with the Vagabonds, a musical novelty group. Its members were then owners of a large club. Immediately following his discharge from the service, he worked with another show business group, Martha Raye and the Noveletes. But it wasn't long before

HAVE YOU → DUG GOLDIE?



he was working a jazz job at the Calvert, a Negro night club.

Miami is almost as far south culturally as Atlanta or New Orleans, but Goldie never hesitated to take a seven-piece Negro group into the club. During his stay, he played behind singers Roy Hamilton, Arthur Prysock, Dinah Washington, Billie Holiday, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, and Ella Fitzgerald. But when the Calvert Club job was over, he had a hard time finding work in Miami, not because of lack of ability, but because of his past associations. It wasn't until one of the Miami Beach hotel bands was stuck for a trumpet player who could cut a difficult show that he was given a chance. After the first show he had the job. A splurge of society and Latin-band work followed. He even had his own group in one of the hotels for a while. But he hadn't deserted jazz; he played after hours with organist Joe Mooney at The Grate.

"Playing with Mooney was like going to school every night," he said.

Everything he touched seem to turn to gold: a week on the Arthur Godfrey television show when Godfrey visited Miami . . . appearances on the *Dave Garroway Show* when Garroway did a telecast from Miami . . . shows . . . hotel work . . . money . . . money . . . money.

The gravy train jerked to a halt when Goldie answered a call from comedian Micky Katz to join him at a Catskills mountain resort. It was in the summer of 1957, and the job was to last all season. He was stranded within three weeks.

But Goldie's good fortune returned quickly. On his way back to Florida, he stopped off in New York City to hear Bobby Hackett at the Embers. Hackett asked him to sit in. When the management heard him, they offered him a contract. He accepted gladly.

Things began to happen for him. Garroway called and gave him more shots on his early-morning show. Recording and transcription work opened up for him. The first record date came through Hackett, a Sylvia Syms album with Ralph Burns conducting. Goldie played the trumpet solos. There was a Jackie Gleason album date that featured him on French cornet. The Embers management was interested in his quartet as a house band. He was finding New York much to his taste. Just like Miami all over again . . .

In the spring of 1959, a call came from Addie Teagarden, Jack Teagarden's wife and manager. Goldie didn't hesitate to accept when Mrs. Teagarden asked him to play a month with her husband's sextet at the Roundtable. Goldie said

that, since he wouldn't have to leave New York City, he would gain a valuable musical experience and still keep his finger in the New York pic.


It was a different Goldie who joined the Teagarden band than the one Willie the Lion forced to play in difficult keys. For one thing, those keys didn't bother him any more. More important, his playing reflected all the experience and learning he had gathered during the years. Confidence and an ability to fit into any musical context were his hallmarks.

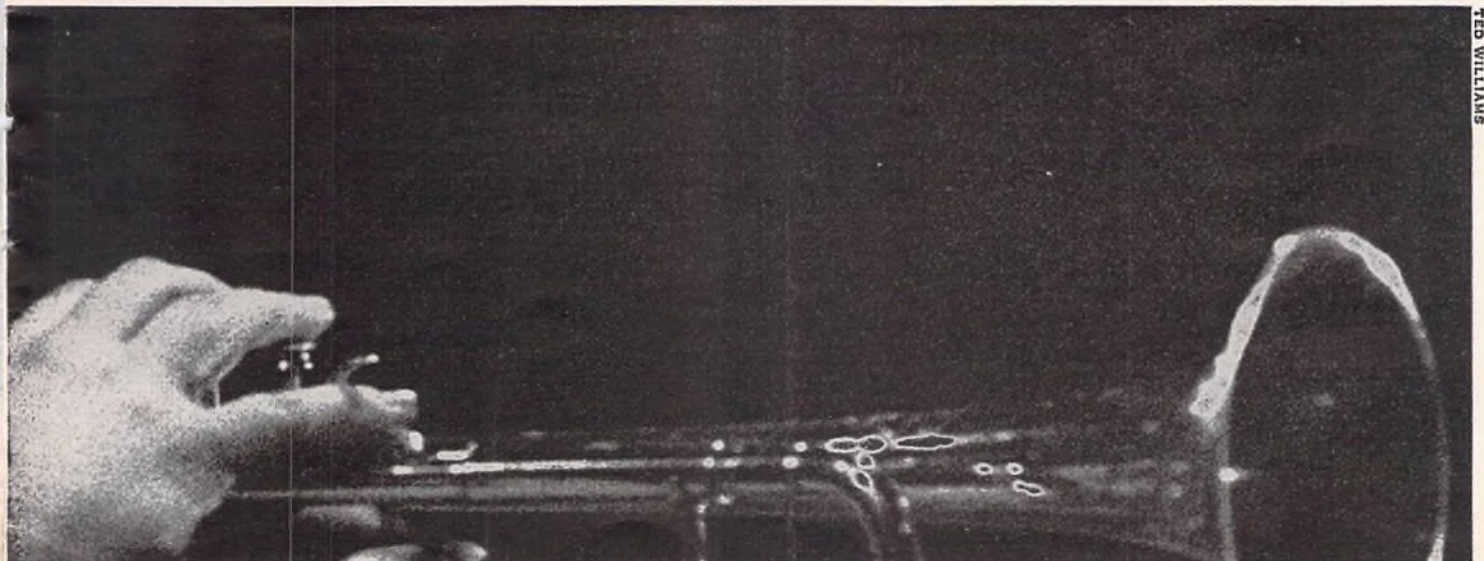
He found the Teagarden context so rewarding and stimulating that he decided to stay with the group. Today, he says that playing with the trombonist has been his greatest musical experience, one that has added depth to his playing. "I learned a very important thing from Jack," he said. "Simplicity."

The exposure he's received with Teagarden has resulted in praises being heaped upon him by almost all who've heard him.

Mostly, he has been compared with Billy Butterfield. But he's more than another in the long line of Armstrong followers. This is only part of his playing. Besides a deep respect for traditional trumpet playing, there is much of the more modern mode in his work. A set with the Teagarden band might find him playing a Bunny Beriganesque *I Can't Get Started*, followed by a blues in the puck-a-puck-a style current today. At other times, a Dizzy Gillespie tinge is noticeable. But it's unfair to say he sounds like this or that trumpet player; he has a scope than can and does include many diverse styles, but he never loses himself in the others. Not the least of his assets is one of the fattest, juiciest tones in jazz.

His diversity has earned him the respect of many schools. Within the last six months he has recorded with such different-styled groups as Teagarden's (which is *not* a traditional-only band); the Earl Hines Sextet with veterans Pops Foster, Darnell Howard, and Jimmy Archey; Buddy Rich's youthful, hard-driving sextet with Sam Most and Mike Mainieri; and his own quartet with Jimmy Cobb, Eddie Higgins, and Richard Evans. (On the Teagarden and Hines sessions, which occurred within a few days of each other, Goldie played one-handed—he had had two teeth pulled shortly before and held his aching jaw with one hand and played with the other.)

But the heart of Goldie remains with Teagarden. He recalled his first set with the band: "It was the most electrifying opening night of my life. Jack and I got married on the the first tune. Later he played a couple of ballads, and there I was—crying again." 



TED WILLIAMS

By BARBARA GARDNER

Life is full of double takes. Situations, circumstances, and the persons connected with them have a way of reappearing in slightly altered patterns during a lifetime. Take Junior Mance for example.

Born Oct. 10, 1928, in Evanston, Ill., the pianist possesses more of his father's attributes than the same given name, Julian Clifford. Mance Sr. was, according to his son, "an old-time stride pianist" who played mostly for his own entertainment; Mance Jr. is a well-trained, spirited pianist who plays for the enjoyment of others as well as himself.

Junior's first encounter with a piano came when he was three years old. He would strike the keys with one stiff, outstretched finger.

"I wasn't aware of it until I was older," he said recently, "but my old man said he used to watch this and wonder whether it was a passing thing."

By the time Junior was 8, his father decided to invest in music lessons for his son. His first teacher was a jazz pianist, so the neophyte musician decided early to become a professional jazzman. He listened to the pianists most popular at the time. His first idols were big-band leader-pianists Count Basie, Duke Ellington, and Earl Hines. After this initial stage he found a new idol, one who made him want to give up the instrument—Art Tatum.

"I heard Tatum, and I just said it's no use trying to play the piano because he's playing enough for everybody," he recalled.

This phase passed also, and Junior was drawn toward boogie-woogie pianists Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson. By the time he was 13, Junior was a full-fledged, semi-professional boogie-woogie pianist playing at house parties and recitals where "you could play anything you wanted to play; you didn't have to play just classical." All the while, the growing musician was looking forward to the day when he would form his own big band.

But he felt the need for study. He enrolled at Chicago's Roosevelt University, majoring in music. The only family opposition came from his mother, who frowned on her son's becoming a professional musician and entertained hopes, as many mothers do, that he would become a doctor.

"She thought I was in medical school

when I was going to Roosevelt," he said "I was studying music six months before she found out."

One of life's double-takes happened to Mance when he was in the army, stationed at Fort Knox, Ky., in 1951. He met Julian (Cannonball) Adderley for the first time there. The corpulent altoist was in charge of one of several dance bands on the post at that time, a time when many excellent musicians were stationed at the large post outside Louisville. Mance joined Adderley's group.

"That was a swinging band for a while," he said. "Cannon and Nat Ad-

to Chicago and formed his first trio. The group, composed of Mance, drummer Buddy Smith, and bassist Israel Crosby, worked as the house rhythm section at Chicago's Beehive night club, where guest soloists, primarily tenor saxophonists, were featured. This was one of the longest jobs of his career.

"Although we stayed there for over a year, it was never boring," Junior said. "All the tenor giants came through—Coleman Hawkins, Sonny Stitt, Pres, Lockjaw. That's where I met 'Jaws' the first time. Charlie Parker also played the Beehive."

But New York City fever hit Mance, and he left the Beehive to go to the big city. He joined bassist Keter Betts and drummer Ed Thigpen in Dinah Washington's accompanying group.

After 18 months with the singer, Mance heard from Cannonball, who had come out of Florida obscurity, set New York jazzmen on their ears with his now-famous Cafe Bohemia appearance, and was heading his own quintet with brother Nat on cornet, Specs Wright on drums, and bassist Sam Jones. Mance was the pianist during the whole two-year existence of the first Cannonball Adderley Quintet.

When the altoist threw in the towel, Mance got an opportunity to play in Dizzy Gillespie's ill-fated big band. One week after the pianist joined the band, it broke up. But two months later, the trumpeter formed a quintet; Mance was on piano. He remained with Gillespie's group until July, 1960, when he left after a difference with Gillespie.

Since that time, he has worked with several groups, including the one co-led by Lockjaw Davis and Johnny Griffin, two friends from earlier days in Chicago.

The repetitive cycle of his life has not been limited to his professional career, though. In 1958, he returned to Evanston and married his childhood sweetheart. It was his second marriage; the first was short and unsuccessful.

His earlier desire to have his own group returned, but in altered form. Instead of the big band he once wanted, the hard-swinging pianist is now hard at work getting his own trio set and booked.

"It's just in recent years that I got this trio bug," he said. "Really it was just after I left Cannon. I have decided

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derley, Curtis Fuller, and Kenny Dennis were in the band at one time or another.

"At first, we had a big band. But the Korean 'situation' got pretty hot, and guys started shipping out. We were getting men in, but lots of them weren't jazz musicians and didn't have enough experience to play some of the things Cannon was writing, so we had to cut the group to eight pieces. We also worked a lot of jobs with just a quintet—Nat, Cannon, and the rhythm section."

This first tour of duty with Adderley terminated when the men were discharged from service. Mance returned

to do it now because, first of all, I'm not getting any younger and there are a lot of things I feel I want to do."

In the fall of 1960, Mance went into rehearsals with his second trio. In December of that year, he left the Davis-Griffin quintet to work with his trio. Mance believes his group will survive mainly because of the spirit of the men he will pick as his cohorts.

"For a small group, a co-operative spirit is a must. I am trying to find sidemen who are already playing the way I want them to play. I would like a bassist who is loud, but loud with a sound. Some guys are loud with a flat thud. I like that nice round sound—a bassist who has good pulsation and is able to play fast. As for the drummer, I would like him always to have that push and not let the tempo die. I don't mean drop, because the tempo can be up but something happens, like the bottom can fall out. But I don't like the drummer to be too busy—like, do too much."

Mance plans to set his course for success along a not so speedy but a more solid route. He wants to play jazz, making no compromise to financial gain.

"Some musicians resort to playing something else to make a lot of money. This is something I don't want to do. If I can't make it playing jazz with my own group, then I'll just go back to being a sideman. First of all, this commercial thing is like selling your identity. Another thing is it is an overnight fad. You're big today and you're gone tomorrow. Most good jazz artists last through the years. They may not get rich; but then I don't expect to be like a Lawrence Welk or a Guy Lombardo. I would like to be comfortable, and a lot of jazz musicians are very comfortable."


Shifting to a much-discussed question, Mance reflected a moment and gave his views on the artist-audience relationship.

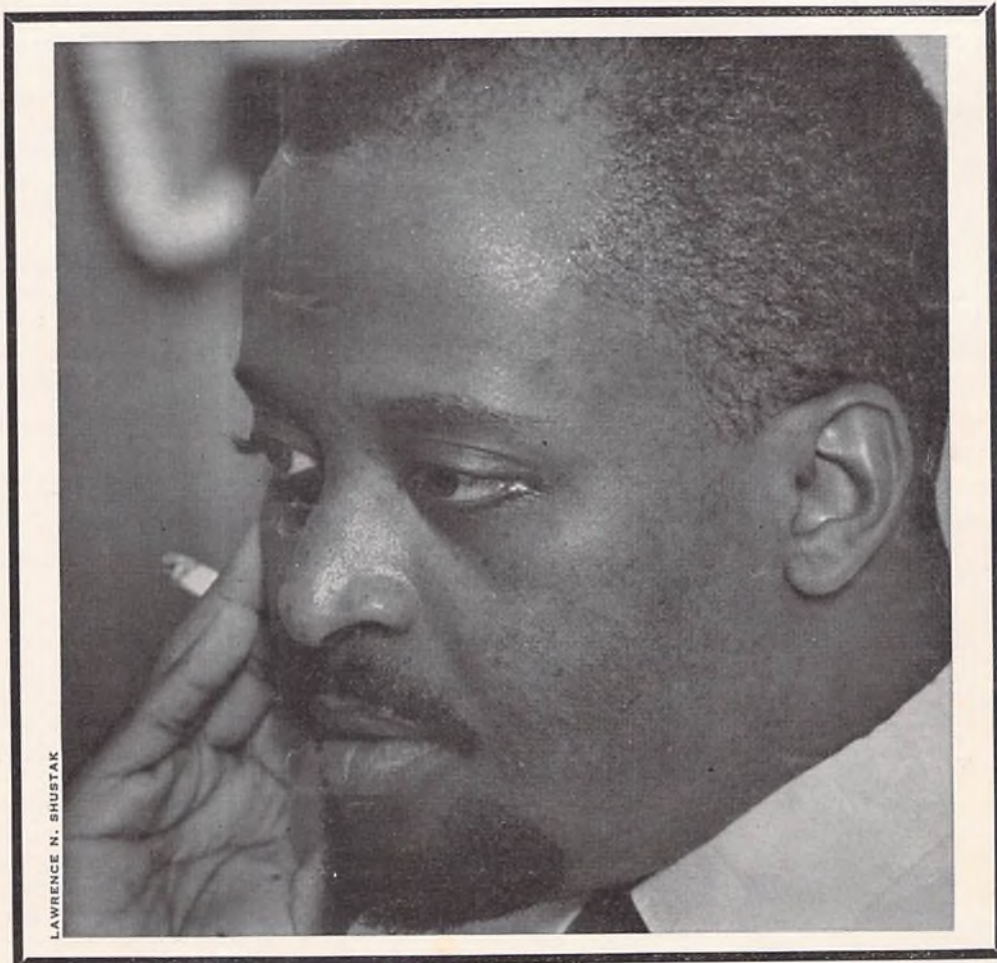
"Well, I suppose the artist does have some responsibility to his audience; but sometimes, it is awfully hard to exert that responsibility. An audience should accept an artist for what he is. If he has to change his personality, his work might suffer."

Mance is becoming aware of the many intricacies of the music business which never thrust themselves upon him as a sideman but now loom on all sides to confront Mance the leader:

"I found since I've been trying to get my trio on the road that some of the people I come in contact with are different kinds of people entirely—promoters, booking agents. Actually, I don't know how to regard them. Well, I used to read in books about them. For instance, there was this story on television not too long ago, *What Makes Sammy Run?*, the story of an old-time booking agent. He was one of those guys who was a fast talker, always trying to sell you a bill of goods. The story was funny to me then because I thought nobody could be like that. But I actually ran into people like that."

Mance said he feels musicians who don't practice begin to repeat themselves. "I find new things when I practice," he said.

The pianist said he hopes having his own group will change some of the things that have bothered him in the past. "Eventually I want to slow down and take it easy," he said. "Make about two road trips a year. Right now, I want to travel. I don't want to work any place too long. One thing I know, whether this particular trio makes it or not, I want to keep right on playing till the end." 



Now when these problems trouble him, Mance takes them straight to his wife, Beverly, a social worker who is able to interpret to his satisfaction some of the motivating forces behind the actions of people.

"You really have something when you find someone who can understand what you're talking about," he said. "You know it's asking an awful lot to ask someone to share this kind of life with you, traveling around, away from home most of the time, weird hours—it's really something."

His wife also understands when he practices two or three hours a day—even when he's working every night.

DOUBLE TAKES - JUNIOR MANCE

DOUBLE TAKES - JUNIOR MANCE

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DOUBLE TAKES - JUNIOR MANCE



By IRA GITLER

The year was 1941. At Los Angeles' Million Dollar theater, the band of Ken Baker, a local group, was appearing. As a gimmick for the stage presentation, someone had come up with the idea of putting nicknames for the musicians on their music stands. If any of them did have nicknames, they weren't used: these sobriquets were coined for the occasion. One music stand read "Voot" and another "Goo-Goo."

"I was one of the lucky ones, I guess," says John Haley Sims. The name painted on his music stand was "Zoot." Jackie Sims, teenage tenor man, was to bear that *nom-de-guerre* from that day to this. He might just as easily have gone through life as Goo-Goo Sims.

The word *zoot* was, in those days, applied to the suits the sharpies wore—beltline just under the eyeballs, football shoulders, and airplane-wing lapels. After World War II, of course, even the most daring of sartorial adventurers discarded this exaggerated garb, and, like the clothing it described, the word *zoot* faded from use, except in satiric context—and as the nickname of a very great tenor player.

Because of him, the word today has positive connotations, including synonymity with the pure, throbbing, emotional music that is the heart of jazz. For Zoot Sims is one of the most direct, honest, warm, melodic, and hard-swinging of its exponents.

How did Zoot Sims get to be what he is? Why is it that, in these days of factionalism and categorization, he is admired by musicians and critics of almost all persuasions and viewpoints?

Environment is supposed to play a major part in developing a jazz musician. If ever there is an illustration of the process, Zoot Sims, in this writer's view, is it.

It has usually been the rule that the Negro musician comes to jazz more naturally than his white colleague. Jazz is part of his culture from childhood. He receives encouragement to play an instrument and is respected for it in the Negro community.

The young white musician, on the other hand, more often than not receives opposition from his parents, who would rather see him enter some "respectable" field of endeavor. Many white musicians of great talent have had to display it despite severe family opposition. I believe that part of Zoot Sims' great "natural" feeling is the result of his early background.

"They would have encouraged us no matter what we wanted to be," said Zoot of his parents.

Pete and Kate Sims, veterans of more than 40 years in vaudeville, were favorably disposed toward their sons entering the entertainment field. In their vaudeville act, Kate sang, danced, and was general straight woman to Pete, who told jokes, portrayed characters, soft-shoed, and played guitar, mandolin, and ragtime piano.

Zoot was born in Inglewood, Calif., Oct. 29, 1925, the last of seven children. With his arrival, his parents decided to settle down, and his mother left the act. "My father still used to work," Zoot said. "He'd take another guy as a partner and go on the road for a year at a time."

His father's dancing talent was not transmitted to Zoot. "All my brothers dance very well," he said. "I'm the only one who never really learned how." But it was a different matter with the instrumental talent. Zoot, in common with several of his brothers, was musical from the start.

But only two of the brothers were to become professional musicians. Ray Sims, four years Zoot's senior, is a gifted trombonist and vocalist, well-known for his work with the bands of Les Brown and, currently, Harry James. "When Ray was a little kid, he was in vaudeville, too," Zoot said. "He used to play guitar and wear one of those wire things around his head to hold a harmonica. He used to yodel, too."

In 1936, while he was in grade school, Ray organized a little family "swing band." The Sims family had just moved to Hawthorne, Calif., and a music teacher at school had asked for volunteers for the band. "My older brothers, Bob and Ray, went into the band. So did I. Bob played trumpet. Ray played tuba, before he played trombone. I played drums first—we all played drums first; there was always a set around the house, and we used to have sessions all the time. But they needed clarinet players." The family band was an offshoot of the school band.

"I started playing jazz almost as soon as I got an instrument because we all listened to jazz," Zoot continued. "I feel very fortunate in having an older brother who had such great taste. I'm speaking of Gene now. Gene played guitar, and still fools around with it. He was listening to Duke Ellington on crystal sets in 1932, and it's always been his favorite band. He had a very good collection of Ellington records. Later on, we listened to Basie a lot, and Benny Goodman."

As Zoot grew older, he began playing tenor saxophone. His first idols were Ben Webster and Coleman Hawkins, whom he heard on records and, whenever possible, in person. "I used to see the bands when they came out to California," he said. "They played the Orpheum theater, the Casa Manana, the Trianon ballroom. Duke Ellington was out there a lot." Zoot well remembers *Jump for Joy*, a show with Ellington music, and featuring the Ellington band. "I saw it six times," he said.

Zoot's first professional job was with the aforementioned Ken Baker. He went on the road with the band, to Phoenix, Ariz., thrilled as only a 15-year-old could be. But when the band reached Phoenix, they found they had no gig. They had virtually no money, either. "We were at this hotel," Zoot said. "We took up a collection for 25 cents to get a bucket of beer—prewar." A friend bailed him out: he wired him the money to return to California.

No sooner was he home than he joined the Bobby Sherwood Band. Thus, at 16, when most boys are trying to make the high school football team, Zoot was traveling America with a dance band.

"Sherwood's band was very much on a shoestring all the time, making very little money," Zoot related. "We couldn't get any tires. We had this caravan of cars, about six cars, I guess. From Portland, Ore., to Salt Lake City, we had 15 flats among us. We were picking up anything—boots, patching up tubes. When the war came, every night we'd say goodbye to somebody."

After Salt Lake City, the band played nine weeks in Columbus, Ohio, and continued on to the Glen Island Casino, in Westchester, N.Y. About this time, Sherwood recorded *Elk's Parade*. Zoot is often given credit for the tenor solo. But he says it wasn't his. "It was a very good solo," he said, "but I don't know who took it."

Since that first cross-country tour, Zoot has traversed America many times—with Sonny Dunham, Bob Astor, Benny Goodman, Woody Herman, Stan Kenton, and Gerry Mulligan. He toured Europe with Kenton once, with Goodman twice, with *Jazz at Carnegie Hall* once, and Mulligan twice. "I don't even look out the window any more."

Zoot has even worked on a riverboat. With Astor, in 1943, he embarked at Cincinnati on the *Island Queen*, a craft that moved down the Ohio river into the Mississippi. "We wore red flamingo coats," Zoot said. "There was this calliope player who was always juiced. He'd stuff cotton in his ears and go up on top of the boat, work up the steam, and get the calliope going. They could hear us coming for four miles. When we got to the town, the people would want to beat us up—4-Fs in red flamingo coats."

But the military didn't overlook Zoot forever: he was

inducted into the army in 1944. By then, his experience included stints at Cafe Society Uptown in New York City with trombonist Bill Harris and at The Streets of Paris in Hollywood with Big Sid Catlett's group. He had made friends with trombonist Earl Swope and drummer Don Lamond, with whom he later worked in the Herman band. "I learned a lot from Earl about taste in music," Zoot said.

Sims was discharged from the army in 1946. He rejoined Goodman for a time, then began gigging on the west coast. At Pontrelli's ballroom in Los Angeles, with Jimmy Giuffre, Stan Getz, and Herbie Steward, Zoot helped give birth to what was later called the *Four Brothers* sound, so named for the Giuffre composition that embodied it. Herman was reforming his band and wanted to hire them for his sax section. All but Giuffre joined the band. In company with baritone saxophonist Serge Chaloff, they brought the Giuffre composition and the whole conception of tenor lead in modern jazz to a wider audience.

The move also brought Zoot's talent to a much wider audience. His reputation began to grow.

I saw Zoot for the first time in St. Louis, Mo., right before Christmas, in 1947. With his raw-boned facial contours, sandy hair, and ambling gait, he resembled a cow-puncher more than a musician. As a guard against the December cold, a hunting cap with ear-flaps not only succeeded in keeping him warm but completed the country-boy appearance.

But when he played, whatever notions his appearance had engendered fell away. He was trying out a new horn that a student from Washington University had sold him; it was the horn he uses to this day. His beautiful sound, marvelous time, and great warmth caused me to write to a friend, "Getz sounds wonderful, but Zoot Sims will really knock you out."

Zoot stayed with Herman (he considers it the best big band with which he has ever played) until 1949. It was a period of intense playing, humor, and excitement.

Once the band's Pullman car was stranded in Salt Lake City by a snowstorm. Meantime, Dizzy Gillespie's band, which was scheduled to play there, was stuck in Denver—which was where the Herman band was supposed to be.

"We played their gig and they played ours," Zoot related. "But Dizzy had made it to Salt Lake by flying, and he sat in with us. That was a ball. He played with the section, and was featured in front of the band on different numbers. You know Dizzy—he's never at a loss for what to do."

Sims speaks well of Herman. He speaks well of all his leaders, as a matter of fact. "Kenton always said, 'Thank you,' after a gig," Zoot said. "I never had that from a leader before. But I can't complain about any of them."

Leaders obviously feel the same about Zoot. Herman hired him for his small group during the summer of 1959, and for the big band he organized for the Monterey festival in the fall of that year. Goodman has rehired him on three occasions, most recently last month. As this is being written, Zoot is touring with Goodman.

Zoot seems to fit every context. He reads well and fits any section. Musicians of such precise skill who can also *blow* are not too easily come by.

It is, of course, as a "blowing" musician that Zoot is most appreciated by the public. His love for it—for relaxed jamming—dates back to the fraternal sessions in Hawthorne, Calif. "It's sort of like practicing," Zoot said. "You can afford to make a lot of mistakes. You can play tunes you don't know too well, and you certainly don't want to sound *too* bad when people are paying to hear you, so you wouldn't play those tunes."

As far as he is concerned, old tunes like *Broadway* serve "just to get the thing going." And he considers that "playing with different people" is extremely beneficial in the development of a musician.

"Everybody you play with, it's a different feeling," he said. "A new drummer sits in, the whole feeling is completely different—it even makes you play different. It's bound to do you good."

Such remarks would make it seem as if Sims approaches jam sessions in a deliberate manner. Actually, his jamming has always stemmed from a consuming urge just to blow. "If I don't play for a while, it's just like getting hungry," he said. "I'll have to admit, I don't get as hungry as I used to—but I'm a lot more busy than I used to be."

Young musicians today do not seem to have this urge to play extracurricularly. Zoot has always had it.

When he was going through some comparatively arid financial periods after leaving Herman in 1949, he could have become indolent. Instead, he and other scuffling New York-based musicians used to get together almost every night, pooled their silver, and rented studios for the sole purpose of playing. Among the regulars were Gerry Mulligan, Red Mitchell, George Wallington, Brew Moore, Harvey Leonard, and Jerry Hurwitz (who, as Jerry Lloyd, played trumpet with the Zoot Sims Quintet in 1956). Sitters-in included Getz, Al Cohn, Kenny Drew, and Art Mardigan.

As one of the sideline, quarter-contributing observers of those sessions, I can but regret that there was no means of recording these uninhibited hours of pure jazz ecstasy. Sims is at his best in such affairs. "Zoot's tremendous drive and beat always inspired me to play," Lloyd recalls.

Alto saxophonist Phil Woods remembers a night in the mid-1950s.

"Zoot came into town with Kenton," he said. "After the concert, we had a session in a loft downtown. There were eight other saxophone players, and Zoot blew them all into the ground.

"By 7 in the morning, everyone else was laid out, except the piano player. Zoot was blowing while sitting behind the drums, playing the bass pedal with one foot and the hi-hat with the other.

"Zoot is Mr. Time."

A variety of saxophonists have contributed to the forming of Zoot Sims.

Zoot's first record was made in May, 1944, for the Commodore label. It was Bill Harris's group, but the record was made under the name of its pianist, Joe Bushkin. On the first side, *Fade Out*, Zoot, then 19, reflected his admiration for Webster and Hawkins. On the reverse side, *Lady Be Good*, it was evident that he had also come under the spell of Lester Young.

Of Pres, Zoot says, "He pleased me very much. It was a new approach to music. I fell for it right away. I wanted to speak that way. To me, he was the first one to make up his own melodies, real melodies."

Zoot learned the language of Lester well, but from the first, he spoke his own sentences in his own dialect. When Charlie Parker came along to turn countless saxophonists around, Sims did not get hung up on the dilemma of the two horns. He appreciated Parker and, quite naturally, came under his influence—but in a general way.

"A lot of people, when they heard Bird, they dissected him," he said. "They took his records, learned his solos, copied. But I never did that, even with Pres. Maybe 'cause I'm not that way anyway. I'm not that studious. I used to just listen. I must admit he did influence me, because if you love somebody's music that much, it's bound to do something. I know Bird was a genius. I never heard anyone else play a saxophone like that."

Among present-day saxophonists that he has worked with extensively, Zoot has high regard for two—Gerry Mulligan and Al Cohn.

Sims and Mulligan have been "musical buddies for a

long time." Playing with the Mulligan sextet in 1956 was, Zoot says, a high spot in his career, and appearing as featured soloist in front of the Mulligan Concert Band in 1960 (he did not play as a member of the sax section) ranks as a singular and celebrated event in his life. Zoot felt especially complimented by the special arrangements Mulligan wrote for him.

Zoot and Al Cohn have been described as the Damon and Pythias of jazz. The description is colorfully accurate.

From the time of their first meeting, when Cohn joined the Herman band in 1948, they have been allied often, socially as well as musically.

In 1957, Sims and Cohn formed a quintet, and have continued to record and play together in clubs intermittently ever since.

New York's wonderfully relaxed Half Note club and Sims-Cohn found each other in 1959. This perfect mating of talent and atmosphere has resulted in three appearances there annually for the two tenor players.

Today, Cohn devotes himself largely to arranging and composing. But, says Zoot, "I think if Al really dedicated himself to tenor—he doesn't have a chance to; you know how little he plays—he could have a big following, 'cause he's got everything it takes.

"I feel very close to Al. I've learned a lot from him. You can't help it. If you play with a guy night after night . . . every once in a while I find myself playing something that I've heard before somewhere." Zoot smiled as he said it.

Anyone who has heard the Sims-Cohn group at the Half Note in the latter part of a three- or four-week stay, when Cohn has sharpened up to his best standard, knows what exciting and beautiful music these two make together.

The Half Note appearances may, in fact, be the reason Zoot doesn't make sessions regularly any more, though perhaps another reason is that his peers of similar musical persuasion do not make themselves available. The weeks at the Half Note are as close to session jazz as you will find in New York clubs today. Friends, such as trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, will drop by to sit in. And, if the mood strikes one of the horn men, he will really stretch out.

At the Half Note, Zoot's ability to build to peaks of emotional intensity, through many choruses, often sweeps audiences into euphoric deliriums. His ability to turn one note, not repeated but stated at length, into a combination cathartic and heart-warmer, is rare indeed. And his masterly way of phrasing and rephrasing an idea, while relating it to the mainstream of the beat, is jazz art at its most basic and convincing.

For all the *joie-de-vivre* and confidence of his playing, Zoot has known doubt during his years of growth.

At the time Sonny Rollins was ascending to the height of his influence in the mid-'50s, Zoot went through a period of self-deprecation. He felt he wasn't playing "modern" enough, even though his repertoire included Gillespie's *Woody'n You*, Miles Davis' *Donna Lee*, Thelonious Monk's *Bye-ya*, and Oscar Pettiford's *Bohemia after Dark*—tunes musicians of his general style ordinarily never touched.

Reminded of that period, Zoot said, "Since then I've changed my thinking."

Today, he loves Sonny Stitt's playing and has great admiration for Rollins and John Coltrane. "Coltrane has tremendous energy, both physical and creative," he said. "Anyone who can blow a tune for 40 minutes and keep coming up with new ideas is amazing.

"(But) as much as I enjoy their playing, I play the way I play and I'm just going to accept it no matter what it is."

There is no complacency in this statement. For Zoot's credo is one of striving. "There's one thing I've never lost yet, that I remember having when I was very young—a

feeling that tomorrow I'm going to play better, or I think I'm going to play better, than I did today. As long as I can just keep getting up and playing with four guys—a rhythm section or whatever it is—and just keep playing jazz, that's all I want to do. I'll be happy 'cause I don't want to make a big splash. I want to go out that way—I want to go out playing jazz. I don't want to do anything else."

Not doing anything else includes not playing alto or baritone, both of which he tried for a while. He also has made a few stabs at writing—some originals for record dates. In 1948, for Woody Herman, he wrote his only arrangement, *Yucca*. Perhaps because it took him six months to complete, he has never tried another. Today, aside from tenor, his only avenue of musical exploration is on clarinet, which he plays occasionally during his gigs with Cohn. He added:

"I have much more fun just playing now. There's nothing else you can be anyway but yourself."

That sounds easy enough. But not all musicians are blessed with the deep sincerity of Zoot Sims.

His comments on today's jazz scene are characteristically open and honest.

"If it's real organized and professional, I like it," he said. "But there's a lot of things today that seem to be people just going into the studio—I've been on a lot of these dates, too—you go in, they put the music in front of you, you read it, and then you go home. You never hear it again or see it."

"In the old days, the groups used to be together for years—be on the road. When they went in to record something, they'd been playing it for a long time, and they played it together like they meant it. There's some groups—some of Horace Silver's things sound professional to me—clean. I don't mean he's the only one."

Of Ornette Coleman, an inevitable conversational topic these days, Zoot said: "It doesn't please my ear. I still think some of his lines are very nice. And sometimes he plays eight bars that I'll like very much, and then he'll play eight that I don't like. Just one of those things. Maybe I just don't understand. I don't think you have to understand it. If it don't please you, I don't think there's anything you can do about it—unless it will in time."

Zoot has no comment on "Third Stream" music as such, but he did say of Gunther Schuller's writing:

"I played his music at Monterey. I like it, but if you're going to put a label on it, like it's supposed to be jazz or

symphony or whatever . . . It's just music—music is music. I wouldn't call it jazz—not the kind we speak about mostly."

But what is jazz? Zoot provided no clearer definition than all the other musicians, and the critics, who have wrestled with the problem. But he made an interesting try at it:

"It's just a tone . . . what you do to a melody . . . how you bend it. Tone and vibrato. To me, it all makes up for jazz—for my liking for certain things. Actually, jazz is like anything else, in a way. Everybody's got ears. If something pleases you . . . if you like it, you like it."

I suggested that by this standard, you couldn't put down anyone for liking Guy Lombardo. Zoot's reply was emphatic: "*I don't!* I never have been that way. How can you do it? If they like it—good! I ain't going to say that they're square or something like that. That's ridiculous."

Zoot Sims today is vastly different from the boy who used to jam with his brothers in Hawthorne, Calif. The country boy has become a cosmopolite, one who has lived for extended periods in Europe.


But there is still some element of the rural in him. His dry, rib-tickling humor is one indication of it; his simple tastes are another.

Primarily, Zoot enjoys hearty eating and drinking in the company of good friends. He saves his vacationing for the summer, with swimming and sun as the main objectives. For several years, he has held down the second-base post and lead-off spot on the softball team representing Junior's, the New York musicians' hangout.

"I can't sit home when I'm in New York," he said.

When he does get a chance at a quiet evening, he prefers books to watching a screen, either large or small. "I like biographies and novels. Periodically, I get on a kick where I read quite a bit. TV and movies never thrill me like a great book. You know that feeling, when you can't wait to get home to it."

Maybe somewhere in all the foregoing, you will find a clue to what makes Zoot Sims the great and powerful player that he is. For myself, the clue was found in the answer to that loaded question, What is jazz?—an answer that represents Zoot Sims as graphically as his solo on *After You've Gone*, on the United Artists LP *A Night at the Half Note*.

Said Zoot: "I've never really had to ask myself." 



DON SCHLITEN



FROM THE NEXT BOOTH

a conversation overheard . . .

By WILLIS CONOVER

Old Overalls and ginger, Betty. Jack?

Coke.

You want a beer? Go on, have a beer with me.

Well . . .

Bring him a Bud, Betty. Whatsa matter, you don't like beer, Jack? Don't tell me you've never had a beer.

Well . . .

You're going to have to learn to drink someday, sociably. If you're going to drink, I want you to do it at home, or with me or your mother, I don't want you sneaking drinks on the outside, that's the way you get in trouble, and you start feeling guilty about it, and hiding things. You're old enough now, you're 14. I know how boys are at 14 . . . I'm not so old either. You like Betty?

Yeah, she's kind of good-looking.

You bet she is. I sort of kid the girls in here when I come in. They like it.

Do you bring mother in here?

No, Jack, what you've been talking about, the dance band. It's pretty important to you, isn't it?

Well, they offered me this job, it's only Friday and Saturday nights. In the summer. And I figure, if they figure I can play that well, why, I can pick up a few dollars, and—

Here's your beer. Betty, this is my oldest boy, Jack. This is my favorite waitress—Betty.

How do you do, Betty.

You look prettier every day, Betty. If Jack was a couple of years older—

Hey, dad.

. . . or you were a little younger—. I mean—. Oh, Oh, yeah, go ahead Betty, sure. She's nice, isn't she, Jack?

Sure, dad, but—

Now about this dance band business. How late does that—how late would that mean you'll be—you'd be getting in?

They play 'til 1 a. m., and then afterwards I'd probably grab something to eat with the fellows. I guess maybe 2, 2:30.

Three, 3:30. I know. I used to fool around with a sax when I was—no, I was a little older than you. Seventeen. You didn't know your Pop was a musician, did you?

No. How come you gave it up?

Well, I never played much professionally. Mostly for fun. I drove my mother crazy practising, ha, ha. A couple of other guys and I formed a trio: piano, drums, and me. Did you ever hear Al Gallodoro? I guess you never heard of him.

Who?

He had a real technique. And a legitimate tone. I hear some of these musicians today . . . well, they've got technique all right, I can't say I like what they're doing—what's it called, bebop?

No, well—

What was this record you played for me, uh, two, three days ago? What's his name, Webster? Ben Webster. Ha-ha.

What's funny about him? He's—

Ben Webster was the name of one of the characters by Horatio Alger Jr. Get-Rich-Quick Horatio Alger, From Rags to Riches. I guess you never read him, always about a kid who started out poor and—

I don't think I ever read him.

We all grew up on Horatio Alger, my generation. I guess kids nowadays don't have the same ambitions. Anyway. This Webster, the musician, he was *breathing* into his reed, pffff, pffff. My teacher would of cracked down on me *fast* if I didn't hit the note *clean*. Anyway. It was fun. I was tall for my age. You're pretty tall, too. How tall *are* you now?

Five-eleven.

Yeah. So you want to be a musician.

Just for the summer, dad.

You're 14 years of age. You know the facts of life.

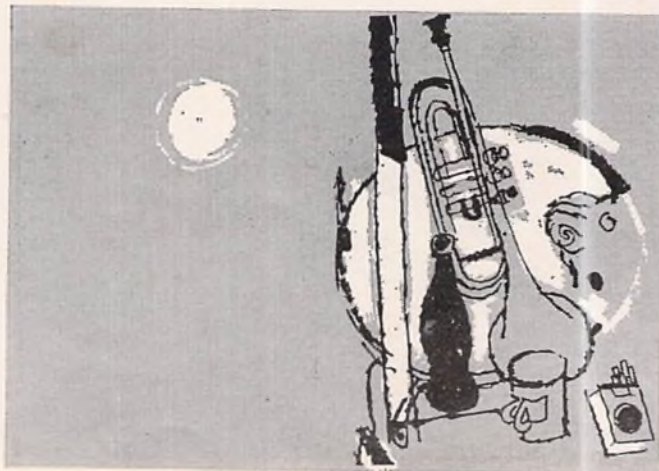
I guess so.

You're going to be with fellows a little older than you. I want you to remember. For a few minutes of, of excitement, or *fun*, you can do something you'll regret for the rest of your life.

I'll be all right, dad.

Finish your beer.

db





FM FOR JAZZ

By CHARLES GRAHAM

For years, dyed-in-the-wool music listeners heard most of their jazz on discs. Some wouldn't own a radio, because of the low level of programming.

But with the increase in classical programming, and with the rise of all-jazz, or at least jazz-oriented, FM stations in the last two years, FM radio has become an important second source of reproduced music for jazz listeners.

FM, of course, stands for frequency modulation, a superior method of radio transmission and reception, as opposed to AM, or amplitude modulation. FM provides static-free reception and a higher sound fidelity. Many radio stations now broadcast on two transmitters, with FM added to the older AM. Newer stations are likely to be FM

only, particularly if they're aimed at music listeners.

Adding FM reception to your phonograph is a simple matter, if you have a components high fidelity setup. A high fidelity phonograph system includes a loudspeaker and an amplifier, and these units can be used for FM reception. The FM tuner picks up FM radio signals and delivers a small electrical signal to the amplifier. This signal is about the same strength as that of the phonograph pickup cartridge.

An FM tuner usually has from five to nine tubes and is roughly the size of a small amplifier. Prices start at about \$75.

We are not considering FM-AM tuners—units which include a switch to change the functions of some of the tubes to receive either FM or AM stations at will—since most music stations have both AM and FM transmitters, or are FM-only stations. Nor are we concerned with FM-AM stereo tuners—units that combine two separate tuners, one FM and one AM, on one chassis. A few stations send out stereo "simulcasts," but this is a temporary measure, an interim means of stereo broadcasting which will become obsolete, in the next year or two, when the Federal Communications Commission approves a means of sending out both channels of a stereo program on a single FM signal. This process is called multiplex, and most FM tuners will be able to receive multiplex when a two- or three-tube adapter, costing \$50 or less, is added.

For more than a year, I've used a Leak FM tuner, a British unit priced at \$149.50. It provides rock-stable reception, pulls in all New York City stations from a distance of 30 miles with no trace of static, and has a convenient tuning "eye" for perfect tuning. Recently, I decided to look over the newest FM tuners, with a view to saving money.

For the very lowest price, the choice is the Granco miniature FM tuner, brought out about eight months ago. For reception in a metropolitan area,

the Granco, at \$19.95, provides perfectly good reception.

For those who want a slightly more elaborate tuner, but one that is still a bargain, Pilot Radio Corp. has on the market an excellent unit at \$49.50. (Pilot is one of the biggest makers of high fidelity amplifiers and tuners today, and it pioneered low-cost FM years ago.)

This FM tuner, Mark II, is in many ways similar to the Pilotuner of 10 years ago. It is the smallest conventional FM tuner on the market. It is AC operated, with a regular power transformer, and a wide-spread dial which separates the stations well. Its pilot light indicates at a glance whether it's on or off. And it has an extra output socket, for the addition of a multiplex adapter, which can be used to feed a recorder for taping programs off the air. The built-in antenna pulls in five local stations perfectly, plus several stations 35 miles away.

For proper reception of all the distant metropolitan stations, I've used an old TV antenna on the roof. The Pilot Mark II is an excellent value, and no better FM sound can be had at any price.

There are only two common limitations in inexpensive tuners such as the Granco and Pilot. Sometimes the tuner is unable to pick up distant stations, a problem which can usually be overcome by putting up an outdoor antenna, or a better indoor antenna. And sometimes they do not properly separate two stations which may be close together on the dial but widely separated in signal strength and/or direction.

Good kits for building FM tuners have been on the market for two to three years, including those offered by Allied Radio, Lafayette Radio, Eico, and Heath. These kits range from \$50 to \$70. But FM circuitry is more critical than that of amplifiers. Thus, tuner kits have usually been more difficult to put together than kits for amplifiers. Beginners are usually warned to build one or two amplifiers before



FM tuner kit in its carton, which opens to become a work bench. Carton is storage place between assembly sessions.



Tuner assembles easily and has very clear instructions. Every small part is carefully identified.



Five hours later Scott FM tuner is working. Lower left is standard Leak tuner, over it is low-priced Pilot Mark II.

attempting to assemble a tuner kit.

In the past few months, this has changed. Two companies have designed kits for FM tuners. I decided to purchase and build each of these kits and compare the results with those of my Leak FM tuner.

The HH Scott FM tuner Kit LT-10 costs \$89.95. It comes in a "kit-pak" cardboard carrying case, which can serve the apartment dweller as a work bench or a folded-up storage chest.

The instruction book and step-by-step assembly and wiring instructions were the clearest and easiest to follow I've seen. It took four hours and 40 minutes to put the kit together, and it operated perfectly. (For a beginner, this time would be increased to perhaps seven or eight hours.)

The Scott LT-10 FM tuner brought in several distant metropolitan stations on a piece of wire one foot long. With the simple FM antenna, which came with the kit, tacked on the wall, I counted 26 stations received, only three of which failed to come in perfectly and without static. One important music station in Manhattan, which was blocked out by a strong local station on the little Pilot Mark II tuner, came in strongly, with no interference, though it required careful tuning.

For years, amateurs and even professional engineers have been wary of FM tuner alignment. It has been a stumbling block to makers of FM tuner kits. Scott has solved the problem beautifully. Any novice can readily align the transformers of the LT-10 kit by following the clear instructions. Comparing the completed Scott LT-10 with my standard tuner, I found it to be slightly more sensitive, picking up several stations (with interference) that the standard tuner could barely detect. The Scott picked up several distant stations, entirely static-free, which the other tuner could pull in, but with some slight static.

This kit provides a very high quality (equal to or better than assembled units priced at more than \$150) at a cost of \$89.95 plus a few hours of entertaining work. I unhesitatingly recommend it to anyone who can learn to solder.

Investigating FM tuners, I came across an exceptional buy in a complete, table-model FM receiver for only \$30. This Lafayette receiver is an eight-tube table set that, of course, has only a small speaker. But it has a jack in its rear panel and a matching plug, which makes it easy to connect a larger separate loudspeaker. I tried two different external speakers and improved the bass greatly. And better FM reception cannot be had anywhere else except in sets costing two or three times as much.



Nesuhi Ertegun

Jazz recording is a constant challenge, says Nesuhi Ertegun, vice president in charge of LP records at Atlantic. He added that his ultimate aim is "to make each group sound as much like itself as is physically possible."

He pointed out that "every group performs with its own individual intensity and sound." This tends to present the artists and repertoire man with new problems each time he records, according to Ertegun.

Known throughout the record industry as a fussy sound man, Ertegun keeps busy on a date running back and forth between the control booth and the musicians, rebalancing microphones or changing the relative positions of the instrumentalists.

He said, "It is comparatively easy to record a symphony orchestra; you just put a microphone at each end and pick up the mass of sound. In a jazz group each instrument is played within a given limited sound range, and if it is recorded higher than it is ordinarily heard in person, you have a distorted reproduction, which changes the character of the group's music."

Taking the Modern Jazz Quartet as an example, Ertegun continued, "The MJQ can play so softly that it scares you. I want that delicate sound on the record as it is heard in the concert hall. The surface noise on the disc, which cannot be completely eliminated, distorts the quartet's work enough."

Ertegun's demand for technically excellent sound reproduction has got him into several arguments with sound engineers. He laughs now about an experience he had in Hollywood before he joined Atlantic.

It was during the late 1940s when he was putting out jazz records on the Crescent label in conjunction with the Jazz Man Record Shop. He asked for, and got, the best sound engineer on the west coast for a Kid Ory band date. When he got to the studio, the engineer already had set up the band with the five instrumentalists strategically spread out all over the large room.

The engineer proudly announced, "Mr. Ertegun, this setup will give you the best possible sound."

Nesuhi replied, "It may give me good



Ertegun (l.) with Leo Wright.

sound, but it isn't going to give me any music. These men are jazzmen, they have got to be together in a bunch so they can hear each other."

The engineer blew his top, "Sir," he said, "I've recorded Toscanini, and I don't think I can work with you." With that, he walked out.

Ertegun smiles when he says, "Today, that fellow and I are good friends."

Although born in Istanbul, Turkey, Ertegun spent most of his early years in London and Paris. He was studying philosophy and political science at the Sorbonne in Paris, avowedly to become a diplomat, when he first came to the United States in the summer of 1939 to visit his parents in Washington, D.C., where his late father was then the Turkish ambassador.

When it came time for him to return to Paris and his studies in September, World War II had broken out in Europe. To keep himself occupied in Washington, he had turned to his two hobbies, jazz and sound. He and his brother, Ahmet, were both serious jazz fans and record collectors. Nesuhi had heard the Duke Ellington Band at the London Palladium in 1933, followed Benny Carter and Coleman Hawkins around Paris, and haunted the Parisian cellars where the Gypsy jazz guitarist, Django Reinhardt, played. Ertegun is emphatic when he says, "Reinhardt has been the only great creative jazz artist to come out of Europe."

As the war in Europe wore on, Ertegun began to get more and more involved in jazz. He began to give lectures on jazz, write for the *Record Changer*, and promote concerts. Washington jazz fans still talk about the jam sessions the Ertegun brothers staged in the embassy with members of Ellington's band.

After the war, instead of returning to his training in affairs of state, Nesuhi moved to the west coast to live. He married Marili Morden, the owner

of the Jazz Man Record Shop, and found himself busy making and selling records. Later, after the record shop and his marriage fell apart, Ertegun spent several years producing records for Les Koenig's Contemporary label.

In 1947, Ahmet Ertegun, in partnership with Herb Abramson, founded Atlantic Records, a company that prospered as one of the first record manufacturers to exploit rhythm and blues in the teenage market.

When Nesuhi returned east in January, 1955, he joined the firm to step up Atlantic's activity in the LP field and to build up the jazz catalog. He signed to the label such artists as the Modern Jazz Quartet, Jimmy Giuffre, Ray Charles, Ornette Coleman, and Chris Connor.

Nesuhi said he feels that his record-collecting experience, with its concentration on the reproduction of sound, has been helpful in his a&r work. He still marvels at the bass reproduction on some of the 1927 Jelly-Roll Morton and Duke Ellington records and surmises that "Victor must have had a genius in the engineering department to accomplish those results with that old-fashioned equipment they had in those days."

Atlantic does most of its jazz recording in a New York City studio on W. 56th St. (it is moving to larger Manhattan quarters soon). The studio houses an eight-channel recorder built especially for Atlantic by Ampex.

The Atlantic recorder uses a one-inch-wide tape instead of the usual half-inch tape. Although the use of the equipment is time consuming, with the remixing work doubled, Ertegun finds

it has important advantages and he said they get better blending results.

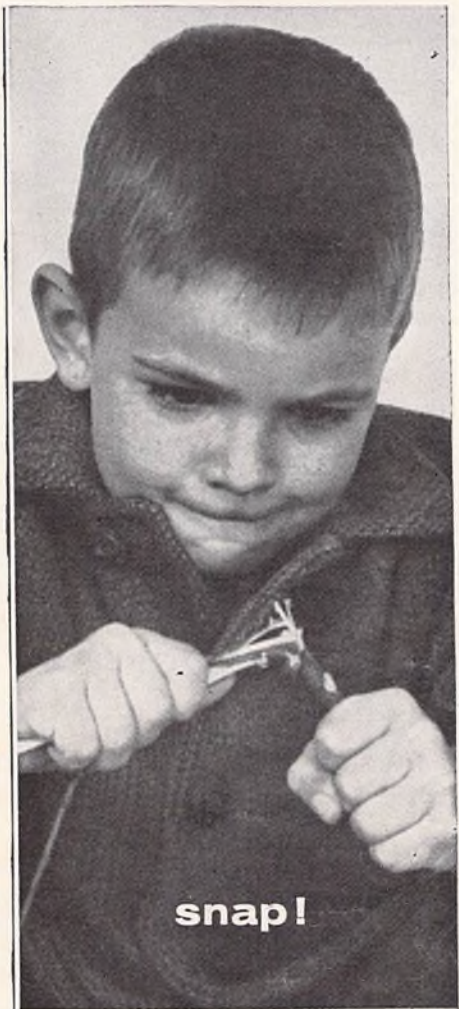
With the eight-channel recorder, the different instruments can be put on separate channels. This makes it possible to increase and decrease the level of each instrument without changing the volume of any of the other instruments. In addition, if the player of one of the instruments is playing the wrong changes, it can easily be cut out of the final result.

Ertegun plans his recording sessions carefully, and in many cases they are long-term projects. He may take days, weeks, or even months to discuss the material and the instrumentation. The recent *Third Stream Jazz* set with the Modern Jazz Quartet and a long list of guest artists was in the works longer than any other album he has produced.

Two years elapsed between the first date and the last session as Ertegun waited for the music and the guests he wanted and felt were right for the project. He said he feels that this album (Atlantic 1345) is musically the most important record product so far produced by the company. He calls it "a significant pioneering effort to fuse jazz with the classics."

Atlantic's jazz a&r man enjoys the complexities and the imponderables that invariably come up when a session is put together. The unexpected always takes place—"you hear a musician say something during a solo you never heard him say before or all of a sudden a rhythm section will catch on fire." Ertegun said he sometimes forgets he is a record producer and becomes a fervent jazz listener in the control booth.

15



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PRODUCER'S CHOICE

Nesuhi Ertegun says he thinks four LPs listed below are the most important jazz works he has produced. They also are the ones he enjoyed the most at the time of recording, he said.

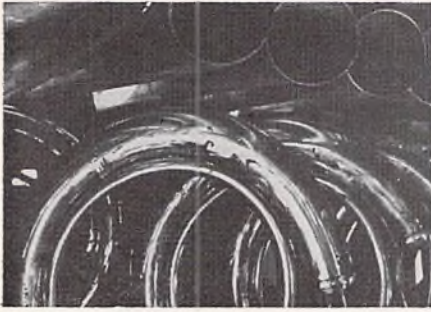
Boss of the Blues, recorded by blues singer Joe Turner, Atlantic 1234. Ertegun commented, "Big Joe was one of my favorites long before I started making records. This date was made in Carnegie Recital Hall and I am especially pleased with the end result of a genuine dance-hall sound. The record will be listened to 50 years from now with as much enjoyment as it gives today."

Wilbur DeParis at Symphony Hall, recorded by the DeParis New Orleans band during a concert at Symphony Hall in Boston, Mass., Atlantic 1253. Ertegun commented, "Dixieland should always be recorded in large halls. Symphony Hall

has superb acoustics."

The Genius of Ray Charles, by singer-pianist Ray Charles accompanied by a group made up of Duke Ellington and Count Basie sidemen, Atlantic 1312. Ertegun commented, "This album was planned for a long time. We had long rehearsals and discussions between Ray and the arrangers. On the date there was an electric, dynamic feeling in the air. The Basie boys were due at the Waldorf but insisted on waiting to the last minute to leave so they could hear the playbacks. Everybody was excited."

The Golden Striker, recorded by John Lewis with a selected orchestra, Atlantic 1334. Ertegun commented, "This album featuring brass instruments was a challenge to record, especially the French horn and tuba. I also select this one for the originality of the compositions."



Q & A

SPEAKER TROUBLE

I have a big 15-inch RCA loud-speaker mounted in a corner, rear-loaded horn enclosure, which was designed for it by a prominent engineer several years ago. It was given to me at that time and worked very well. Since then, the speaker has developed a rattle in its treble section, and the designer has gone overseas.

The speaker unit (driver) is no longer made by RCA, and I find that repairing it will be very expensive. Can I use any other 15-inch driver in the enclosure? Or will I get better results just mounting a new speaker in a closet or in my fireplace, which has a 40-foot chimney above it? Will a new 12-inch speaker give me just as good results?
Hollis, N. Y. David R. Eldridge

Although acoustic suspension speakers provide unparalleled sound today, the principle of the folded horn loudspeaker enclosure, developed and popularized in the 1940s and early '50s by Paul Klipsch, still is valid and can provide better sound than previous types, such as the infinite baffle (large closed box) or the bass reflex (port) enclosure.

You can use other high-quality 15-inch loudspeaker drivers in the enclosure, although they may not sound quite the same. If your rear-loaded horn enclosure was properly designed, it will undoubtedly provide much better sound (particularly in the bass region) with lower distortion—even with a speaker driver from another manufacturer — than that same driver in a simple infinite baffle enclosure, such as a closet or a fireplace.

This is not to say that those aren't good enclosures—they're usually much better than small infinite baffles, or bass reflex cabinets, unless the enclosure has been specially designed by the maker of the speaker driver.

There used to be a rule of thumb: The bigger the speaker, the better the

bass. This is no longer true, and many of today's 12-inch, 10-inch, or even smaller speaker units provide better bass response than the 15-inch drivers of a few years back.

DIAMOND NEEDLE WEAR

I have a large portable stereo phonograph. The changer has a turnover cartridge with one needle for stereo and mono LPs and 45s, and another needle for playing old 78-rpm records. Some of my LPs (both stereo and mono) are beginning to sound raspy and distorted. Could it be the needle? It's a diamond needle, and I've had the machine only a few months. How can I tell if it's the needle?

Washington, D. C. John Peterson

First determine whether or not the distorted sound is due to a worn stylus. Two simple tests can establish this. If the sound is as distorted at medium playing volume and at low volumes as it is at higher levels, it's almost certainly the needle (or the pickup cartridge). If 78-rpm discs sound clear and undistorted, it's the LP-45 stylus which is worn.

Even though you may have a diamond stylus for playing LPs, it can show serious wear after several hundred hours of use. When in doubt, replace it.

BUYING A TAPE RECORDER

I'm thinking of buying a tape recorder. But there are so many on the market, how can I be sure the one I buy will stand up? Are imported recorders any good? Some of them cost so much less than similar U.S.-made units.
Darien, Conn. Perry Sanford

Just as with any other complex device, service availability is important. Tape recorders are more complicated, have more parts than phonographs or changers, and are more susceptible to trouble.

Cheap tape recorders are more likely to give you slight (but very annoying) problems after a few weeks or months. These problems are often very hard to correct.

If a tape recorder is to be used mostly for speech recording, a cheap one may be all right. But if music is to be recorded or played, get a recognized make from a dealer who will service it.

CONVERTING TO STEREO

I have a medium-priced amplifier and a good loudspeaker in my system. Now I want to convert to stereo but without discarding my amplifier. My local radioman says he'll have to charge \$15 to rewire my present changer for stereo (plus the cost of the stereo cartridge). Is it worth it?
San Diego, Cal. Richard Walker

If your changer is a year old or less and if you're satisfied with its operation,

the rewiring job is not too much, though perhaps you might be able to have it done for a little less. If you're handy with tools, get a Pickering Cable-kit, which sells for less than \$5, and convert the wiring of the changer yourself.

You can pick up bargains in used (but good) mono amplifiers to provide a second channel for your new setup. You'll have the minor inconvenience of operating two sets of volume and tone controls, but you'll save money.

TAPE OR DISC?

We're about to get a high fidelity system, but some people say that tape sounds better than disc recordings. Maybe we should forget the components system and buy a good tape recorder. How can the tape sound better if the tape machine has only a small speaker in it?

Brooklyn, N.Y. Fred Profilio

It is true that the best tapes can be superior to the best discs. Even average stereo tapes often sound better than any except outstanding stereo discs—if both are played with very good equipment.

No good tape recorder, by itself, can provide the sort of reproduction that a good medium-priced components setup can, since the bass response won't be forthcoming from the tape machine's small speaker. That speaker is used only for speech, or for monitoring. Most tape recorders have a jack into which a larger external speaker can be plugged, thus upping the sound quality somewhat. Further raising of sound quality can be gained from by-passing the recorder's power amplifier with a cable connected to another amplifier.

Unless making your own tapes is more important to you than listening to records, get a components phonograph setup first. Then add a tape deck, with or without recording preamps (you won't need them for playback only) and then add an FM tuner.

STEREO FOR SMALL GROUPS?

I listen more to small groups, chamber music, and solo instruments than to large orchestral works or big bands. How will stereo increase my enjoyment of this sort of music? Isn't "point-source" reproduction just what I want for this sound?

Cincinnati, Ohio Wallace B. Nelson

Although stereo does provide "spread" and a greater sense of "being there" because of the width of sound from large groups, a more important listener gain is stereo's added clarity.

Just as you can follow one conversation out of many at a crowded cocktail party if you're watching the people as they speak, stereo allows you to follow each instrument or voice more easily.

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in review

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

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Don Henahan, Frank Kofsky, Bill Mathieu, 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

Leonard Bernstein

THE SECOND HURRICANE—Columbia MS-6181: *A Play Opera*, by Aaron Copland.

Personnel: New York Philharmonic, with soloists and chorus of the High School of Music and Art (New York City), conducted and narrated by Bernstein.

Rating: ★★

This unpretentious work, written in 1937, won't make Aaron Copland any new enemies, and it is not impossible that it might find him a friend or two. However, even with the sure-fire help of Bernstein as narrator, it is hard to see what real merit there is in recording something as slight as this. Better things, by Copland and others, stand waiting. (D.H.)

Manuel Gayol

GUITAR MASTERPIECES—Kapp KC-9052-S: *Overture*, by Carulli; *Bouree in D Minor*, *Sarabande in A Major*, *Minuets in D Minor and D Major*, by De Visee; *Minuet in A Major*, *Etude in B Minor*, by Sor; *Etudes in E Minor, A Minor, and G Major*, by Giuliani; *Caprices in E Minor and B Major*, by Legnani; *Preludes in B Major and D Minor*; *Ronda in D Major*, by Molino; *Prelude et Improptu*, by Shand; *Etude in A Major*, by Coste.

Personnel: Gayol, guitar.

Rating: ★★★★★

Gayol is not unknown as a recitalist, but this seems to be his first record. A good start, too, both in its unhackneyed selection of repertory and in technical performance. Only the Sor and De Visee pieces are staples as far as disc performances go, and even guitarists will find unfamiliar items here. As an interpreter, Gayol shows an unusual sensitivity to dynamics and to the often ignored richness of the classic guitar's expressive voice. Gayol has a unusually well-controlled pianissimo and understands how to use various timbres to best effect. His finger dexterity is testified to beyond complaint in such items as the flashing *Caprice in E Minor*, by Legnani.

The Carulli *Overture* is a marvelous evocation of the early-19th century orchestration, and the technically simple De Visee pieces are approached in an unromanticized, elegant manner that befits their 17th century vintage.

There are some disturbing things on the record, however, among them the Sor *Etude*, in which Gayol pays such attention to the arpeggiated accompaniment that the melodic line ends by limping badly.

However, the lapses are minor, and this record serves as an interesting calling card for Gayol. The sound is first-class. (D.H.)

Schubert/Walter

THE GREAT SCHUBERT SYMPHONIES—Columbia M2L-269 or M2S-618: *Symphony No. 5 in B Flat Major*; *Symphony No. 8* ("Unfinished"); *Symphony No. 9 in C Major* ("The Great").

Personnel: Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony (in Nos. 5 and 9) and the New York Philharmonic (in No. 8).

Rating: ★★★★★

Walter's heartbeat must be the slowest of any living creature except for certain especially long-lived mud turtles. In this valuable collection of the three most popular Schubert symphonies he keeps intact his record of taking every tempo more deliberately than any of his fellow *maestri*. This can be almost intolerable in the jaunty *Symphony No. 5*, which loses much of its Mozartian appeal when fondled in the Walter manner. And the "Unfinished" is not unequivocally helped by pulling each phrase out to its utmost, like a worn-out length of elastic. But, though personal taste will dictate whether one cares for Walter's Schubert, it still stands as a personal statement. And for all the ruminations, interest sags surprisingly seldom.

Paradoxically, this unhurried style is most effective in the gargantuan C-major symphony. This is already so long, by pre-Mahlerian standards, that a few more minutes do not matter much. In fact, Walter's gentleness and expansive outlook actually increase the impression of gravity and subtle strength. The orchestras both do well, and the conductor's west-coast pickup band often sounds better than the Philharmonic. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Mose Allison

AUTUMN SONG—Prestige 7189: *Promenade*; *Eyesight to the Blind*; *It's Crazy*; *That's All Right*; *Devil in the Cane Field*; *Strange*; *Autumn Song*; *Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me*; *Spires*; *Groovin' High*.

Personnel: Allison, piano, vocals; Addison Farmer, bass; Ronnie Free, drums.

Rating: ★★

Allison has taken the cool approach—the lack of any overt emotional involvement or shading—to what seems to be approaching an ultimate dead end. This is particularly true of his flat, monotoned singing and less consistently so in his piano playing. He apparently can get out of his self-imposed rut of understatement and develop a little vigor on the piano when the desire strikes him. There are evidences of this in a pair of fairly fast solos, *Spires* and *It's Crazy*, and he also does it at a slower tempo on *That's All Right*. But he is a strangely monotonous performer whose pieces have an abrupt, unfinished quality in addition to a steady sameness of texture. (J.S.W.)

Ray Brown

JAZZ CELLO—Verve 8390: *Tangerine*; *Almost Like Being in Love*; *That Old Feeling*; *Ain't Misbehavin'*; *Alice Blue Gown*; *Rosalie*; *But Beautiful*; *Poor Butterfly*; *Memories of You*; *Rock-a-Bye Your Baby*.

Personnel: Brown, cello; Don Fagerquist, trumpet; Harry Betts, trombone; Jack Caye, French horn; Med Flory, Bill Hood, Bob Cooper, Paul Horn, saxophones; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Joe Mondragon, bass; Dick Shanahan, drums.

Rating: ★★½

The cello that Brown plays on this disc (his first as a cellist) is an instrument that he had made especially for him—it has a finger board similar to that of the string bass and employs bass tuning. Brown plays it with a rich, full tone in the arrangements Russ Garcia has written for this set. As might be expected, he has much the same assurance and conception on cello as he has on bass.

But devoting an entire album to pieces focusing on the cello scarcely seems to make the best use of the instrument or of Brown. Used incidentally as a color in a larger picture, one might be more impressed (and more interested) than one is in the course of listening to one long pizzicato solo after another. This is a record for bassists and cellists, but for the rest of humanity it is likely to seem far too much of what might be a good thing. (J.S.W.)

Ray Charles

GENIUS + SOUL = JAZZ—Impulse A-2: *From the Heart*; *I've Got Tears for You*; *Moanin'*; *Let's Go*; *One Mint Julep*; *I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town*; *Stompin' Room Only*; *Mister C*; *Strike up the Band*; *Birth of the Blues*.

Personnel: Charles, organ, vocals (tracks 2, 6); Clark Terry, Phillip Guilbeau, trumpets; Urbie Green, trombone. Tracks 1-3, 7-9 add: Joe Newman, Thad Jones, Eugene Young, trumpets; Frank Wess, Marshall Royal, Frank Foster, Billy Mitchell, Charlie Fowlkes, saxophones; Benny Powell, Henry Coker, Al Grey, trombones; Freddie Green, guitar; Eddie Jones, bass; Sonny Payne, drums. Remaining tracks add: Joe Wilder, John Frosk, Jimmy Nottingham, trumpets; George Dorsey, Earle Warren, Budd Johnson, Seldon Powell, Haywood Henry, saxophones; Jimmy Cleveland, Keg Johnson, George Matthews, trombones; Sam Herman, guitar; Joe Benjamin, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The combination of Ray Charles with either an augmented Basie band or a big band made up of top free-lancers playing arrangements by Quincy Jones and Ralph Burns promises considerably more than it delivers. The situation is not helped by the fact that Charles plays Hammond organ throughout the set. He uses the instrument in a shrill and not particularly winning fashion, although he is certainly more inventive than some of the current organists. The arrangements tend to be heavy, and the awesome collection of names is largely buried in blaring backgrounds. The big, echoing recording muffles the mass of sound instead of letting it come through clearly and crisply.

Despite this, however, the disc makes several good points. It provides an opportunity to hear Philip Guilbeau, Charles' regular trumpeter, who has a highly promising outgoing, brassy attack and a



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RIVERSIDE RECORDS

darting, winging conception. Charles has a pair of good vocals—it's especially interesting to compare his wistful version of *I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town* with Jimmy Rushing's jaunty shouting of the same tune. And there are a few brief glimpses of Clark Terry in brilliant form; a very short reminder that Urbie Green can still play gloriously gummy trombone when he wants to; a lean, leaping tenor solo by Budd Johnson; and a piece by Burns, *Let's Go*, that charges off with a walloping saxophone section that suggests this one is really going somewhere. And it does until it gets tangled in the organ. (J.S.W.)

Al Cohn-Zoot Sims

YOU'N ME—Mercury 20606: *The Note; You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To; You 'N Me; On the Alamo; The Opener; Angel Eyes; Awfully Lonely; Love for Sale; Improvisation for Unaccompanied Saxophones.*

Personnel: Cohn, Sims, tenor saxophones, clarinets; Mose Allison, piano; Major Holley, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Making good jazz is a simple thing, really. Just take two sympathetic, free spirits, mix 'em up well, and stir with a good rhythm section. That was the method used in producing this happy meeting of two of the sturdiest swingers ever to come out of the jazz machine.

It's a blowing session in the grand tradition, and if Allison sounds a bit out of place at the date, it's of little moment, for the Cohn-Sims partnership more than compensates for any alien feeling. The principal irritations I found with Allison is due to no fault of his, certainly. He just does not groove in the manner of the sax men. He's got his own thing going, and it doesn't happen to fit with Al and Zoot.

All the tenor tracks are consistently good, even though *Alamo* tends to drag a bit. *Angel Eyes* is a departure; and a very humorous one, at that: bassist Holley takes over, bow in hand, and sings wordlessly in unison with his playing while Cohn and Sims play subdued clarinet accompaniment in the background. It's good fun, and a break in the tension of the hard, deep swinging of the balance of the set.

Improvisation, the final track, forever secures Cohn's and Sims' claim to know what swinging is all about. There is no rhythm section here: just the two tenors playing alone together. They blow on a little invention, build on it, and keep going.

This is one of those no-tricks, no-gimmicks sessions. Everybody — which notably includes drummer Osie Johnson — just digs in and cooks. (J.A.T.)

Herb Ellis

THANK YOU, CHARLIE CHRISTIAN—Verve 8381: *Pickly Wicked; I Told You I Love You. Now Get Out; Cook One; Karin; Cherry Kijafa; Thank You, Charlie Christian; Alexander's Rag-Time Band; Lemon Twist; Everything's Pat; Workin' with the Truth.*

Personnel: Ellis, guitar; Frank Strazzari, piano; Harry Bahasin, cello; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Kenny Hume, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Berghofer and Hume were Ellis' colleagues in the Bobby Troup Quartet when this set was made. With the addition of Strazzari and Bahasin, this augmented three-quarters of the Troup quartet turns out a thin, watery brand of jazz.

Ellis makes his bow to Charlie Christian in a piece from which the album takes its

title and, while the derivation is discernible, there is no possibility of confusing the two guitarists. The addition of Babasin's plucked cello to the rhythm section gives it a heavy, woolly sound that is particularly unfortunate in this instance since Ellis does not contribute a compensating brightness and Strazzari plays an unassuming piano.

This is one of those albums that can best be summed up with a shrug. It's not actually bad. It's just dull. (J.S.W.)

Buddy DeFranco

LIVE DATE—Verve 8383: *Oh, Lady Be Good; Satin Doll; My Funny Valentine; Blues for Space Travelers; Tin Reed Blues; Crazy Rhythm; I'm Glad There Is You; There's No You; These Foolish Things.*

Personnel: DeFranco, clarinet; Herbie Mann, flute, bass clarinet; Bob Hardaway, tenor saxophone; Victor Feldman, vibraphone; Pete Jolly, piano, accordion; Barney Kessel, guitar; Scott LaFaro, bass; unidentified drummer.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Superficial evidence would suggest that this album is the result of a session held several years ago. The Mann we hear here is the thin-toned, unresolved flutist of the years before he found how to fit his flute into an African drum ensemble. The tentativeness of Feldman's work on vibes also indicates that this was recorded some time ago, for he has developed immeasurably beyond the performances he turns in here. DeFranco, too, plays with the balance

between cold exercises at up-tempos and rich-toned warmth on slow pieces that seemed to be the sum of his alternatives before his recent association with Tony Gumina opened up some new resources in him.

But with all this, there are good things in the set. Working with just the rhythm section, DeFranco turns out a beautifully sustained slow treatment of *My Funny Valentine*. And *Tim Reed Blues* (from the roof of the same material) offers a fascinatingly Ellingtonian opening and closing ensemble. Jolly has a few bright spots on both piano and accordion, and LaFaro's bass helps tremendously in swinging the up-tempo pieces. (J.S.W.)

Tommy Flanagan

THE TOMMY FLANAGAN TRIO—Prestige/Moodville 9: *In the Blue of Evening; You Go to My Head; Velvet Moon; Come Sunday; Born to Be Blue; Jes' Fine; In a Sentimental Mood.*

Personnel: Flanagan, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Having heard Flanagan really take charge of a rhythm section and swing, I find that this album leaves me less than breathless. Forgetting the in-person performances and re-reading the aims of the Moodville series, makes listening to the record much more pleasant.

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)
Max Roach, *We Insist! Freedom Now Suite* (Candid 9002)

★★★★½

John Coltrane, *Coltrane Jazz* (Atlantic 1354)
Franz Jackson, *A Night at the Red Arrow* (Pinnacle 103)
Lonnie Johnson, (vocal) *Ballads and Blues* (Prestige/Bluesville 1011)
Yusef Lateef, *The Centaur and the Phoenix* (Riverside 337)
Robert Pete Williams, Hogman Maxey/Guitar Welch, (vocal) *Angola Prisoners' Blues* (Folk Lyric A-3)

★★★★

Joan Baez (vocal) (Vanguard 9078)
Buddy DeFranco-Tony Gumina, *Pacific Standard (Swingin'!) Time* (Decca 4031)
Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightning Strikes Again* (Dart 8000)
The Ballad Artistry of Milt Jackson (Atlantic 1342)
Clifford Jordan, *Spellbound* (Riverside 340)
The Many Angles of John Letman (Bethlehem 6053)
The Soulful Piano of Junior Mance (Jazzland 9305)
Swinging with the Mastersounds (Fantasy 3305)
Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus (Candid 8005)
Blue Mitchell, *Blue's Mood* (Riverside 336)
Oliver Nelson, *Scream in the Blues* (Prestige/New Jazz 8243)
New Orleans Rhythm Kings, (reissue) *Tin Roof Blues* (Riverside 146)
Ma Rainey, (vocal) *Broken-Hearted Blues* (Riverside 12-137)
Buddy Rich, *Playtime* (Argo 876)
Jimmy Rushing-Dave Brubeck, (vocal) *Brubeck and Rushing* (Columbia 1553)
Zoot Sims, *Down Home* (Bethlehem 6051)
Memphis Slim and the Real Honky Tonk (vocal) (Folkways 3535)
Sunnyland Slim, (vocal) *Slim's Shout* (Prestige/Bluesville 1016)
Otis Spann IS the Blues (vocal) (Candid 8001)
Sonny Stitt, *Saxophone Supremacy* (Verve 8377)
The World of Cecil Taylor (Candid 8006)
Various Artists, *Jazz of the Forties* (Folkways 2841)
Muddy Waters at Newport (vocal) (Chess 1449)
George Wein, *Jazz at the Modern* (Bethlehem 6050)

PRESTIGE FIRST WITH THE GREAT JAZZMEN



RED GARLAND

The man in the Panama Hat is Red Garland—ex-prizefighter, ex-member of the original Miles Davis Quintet, present possessor of a delicacy of touch and inexhaustible flow of ideas that make him the most imitated jazz pianist in the world. We could fill this page with ecstatic quotes from Ralph J. Gleason alone, and there is, on file, a huge pile of press clippings containing phrases like “incredibly tasteful piano”. His newest release, *Soul Junction*, moved *Down Beat*'s Don DeMicheal to wish, “Oh, if all blowing dates could come off like this one,” and we limit ourselves, for the moment, to suggest that you hear the music by Red, John Coltrane, and Donald Byrd that prompted that comment.

OTHER RED GARLAND ALBUMS ON PRESTIGE

- 7064—A GARLAND OF RED
- 7086—RED GARLAND'S PIANO
- 7113—GROOVY
- 7139—MANTECA
- 7148—ALL KINDS OF WEATHER
- 7157—RED IN BLUESVILLE
- 7170—RED GARLAND AT THE PRELUDE
- 7130—ALL MORNIN' LONG with John Coltrane

The young lady on this page is Etta Jones, and she recently accomplished something that is the jazz equivalent of the four minute mile. The title tune from her first Prestige LP, *Don't Go To Strangers*, took off by itself and became a hit on the nation's jukeboxes and pop charts, inspiring envy and imitation. Etta Jones will undoubtedly inspire envy and imitation herself, because she is the most moving jazz singer to come along since the death of Billie Holiday. Her repertoire is as extended as her range, and goes from the poignant title tune, through show-stoppers like *On The Street Where You Live* and pop hits like *All The Way* to vaudeville classics like *Yes Sir That's My Baby* and classic blues like *Fine and Mellow*. She takes all of them neatly in hand and turns them into swinging personal statements. You will find, we think, that it's a very good thing that singers like Etta Jones are still around.

ETTA JONES



No-one need be told that the elegantly-dressed gentleman is Miles Davis—poll-winner, fashion plate, father of a school of jazz, living legend, and, incidentally, trumpet player. He has recorded fourteen different albums for Prestige, in the company of such greats as John Coltrane, Red Garland, Thelonious Monk, Sonny Rollins, Milt Jackson, John Lewis, and Horace Silver. Among them are performances generally considered to be his greatest. His most recent release, recorded with the great Miles Davis Quintet, is called *Workin'*.

OTHER MILES DAVIS ALBUMS ON PRESTIGE

- 7007—MUSING Quartet with Red Garland
- 7012—DIG Quintet with Sonny Rollins
- 7013—CONCEPTION
- 7014—MILES Quintet with Coltrane, Garland
- 7034—MILES DAVIS AND MILT JACKSON
- 7044—COLLECTOR'S ITEMS with Rollins, “Charlie Chan”
- 7054—BLUE HAZE Quintet with Horace Silver
- 7076—WALKIN' with Lucky Thompson, J. J. Johnson, Horace Silver
- 7094—COOKIN' Quintet with Coltrane, Garland
- 7109—BAGS' GROOVE with Rollins, Monk, Silver, Milt Jackson
- 7129—RELAXIN' Quintet with Coltrane, Garland
- 7150—MILES DAVIS & THE MODERN JAZZ GIANTS with Monk, Milt Jackson, Coltrane, Garland
- 7168—EARLY MILES with Rollins, John Lewis, Bennie Green, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn

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Flanagan is a tasteful, impressive pianist who is neither gushy nor extravagant. If the album lacks any two ingredients they are fire and contrast. Since fire and contrast might just possibly spoil the "mood," only one facet of the fine, all-around pianist is on display here.

The one up-tempo tune is Potter's *Jes' Fine* which is jes' not strong enough to overcome the remaining tracks and emerge a memorable take.

Come Sunday, a piano solo, is effectively paced and appealingly presented. Flanagan's more prominent left hand carries the rhythmic load. The pianist takes more liberties than on any other tune in the album, and the end product is suggestive of the caliber of work he is capable of.

If you're looking for a mood album to fit into your collection, this is a good one. If you are a Flanagan fan, you may be slightly disappointed, for you will know how much more he is capable of creating. (B.G.)

Hank Garland

JAZZ WINDS FROM A NEW DIRECTION—Columbia 1572; *All the Things You Are; Three-Four, the Blues; Move; Always; Riot-chous; Relaxing.*

Personnel: Garland, guitar; Gary Burton, vibraharp; Joe Benjamin, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Don't panic when you see the name Hank Garland on this, a jazz album. You'd better listen to it.

Garland, the country-western guitarist of *The Grand Ol' Opry*, is well known to fans of the Nashville radio program; Garland the facile, inventive jazz guitarist, has been known to musicians for some time. It's about time jazz listeners knew about him, too. This album will serve as a good introduction, a better one than his *Riotville* album, released after the Newport Jazz festival fiasco last year.

Garland is not as earthy as, say, Wes Montgomery, but he leaps out at you with excellently constructed solos, mirroring a Barney Kessel-Tal Farlow image, to some extent. There is in his playing, however, a little too much boisterousness at the expense of reflection.

Burton must be some sort of wonder. Only 17 years old, he displays a talent that, with proper nourishment, could flourish. He has good ideas and has no difficulty executing them, but he sounds, at times, stiff and unrelaxed. His long solo on the blues *Riot-chous*, nonetheless, is outstanding—the best thing on the record. His is a non-Milt Jackson approach, which, with no disparagement of Bags intended, is refreshing. Burton does not turn his back on earthiness, though; he seems to be headed in the direction that Lem Winchester was: more use of double notes in "funky" intervals. The vibraharp is not a fully explored instrument.

Both Burton and Garland deserve a pat on the back for their clean execution of *Move*, one of the most difficult jazz lines.

A drawback to the album is the attempt to rework ground long ago worked to fallowness. *All the Things* is similar to the things the Modern Jazz Quartet was doing seven or eight years ago. *Always*,

which features Benjamin in theme statement and solo, is in the Johnny Smith Trio vein: guitar, bass, and drums. Some of Burton's four-mallet comping sounds like Adrian Rollini cocktail music; his backing on *Three-Four* is especially nagging. Another drawback is the rhythm team of Morello and Benjamin. While they provide adequate backing, I got the feeling that this was just another job for them, one not to be taken too seriously.

But even with its negative qualities, the album still has enough virtues to warrant a recommendation. (D.DeM.)

Red Garland

THE RED GARLAND TRIO—Prestige/Moodsville 6: *I Love You, Yes, I Do; Blues for Ann; I'll Never Stop Loving You; And the Angels Sing; T'aint Nobody's Business; Bass-ment Blues.*

Personnel: Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This Moodsville bit may be a good idea and Garland may be perfect in the part, but personally, I will be happy to hear Garland again recording good, meaty jazz.

Without the inclusion of one vital element, this date might have remained fairly close to the ground. That providential element is Chambers. He takes control immediately with a commanding line behind Garland on *I Love You* and continues in this dominant role throughout the session.

Garland's *Blues for Ann* is a conglomeration of standard blues lines interspersed with some interesting connecting lines by the pianist. The most creative work on this track is turned in by Chambers in a brief arco solo. *I'll Never Stop Loving You* is handled with convincing simplicity. The one tune that comes closest to really swinging away from the "mood" of the set is the delightful *Angels Sing*. Again Chambers is impressive—anticipating, emphasizing and complementing Garland.

Generally speaking, the unit manages to stay out of each other's way. Unfortunately, this generality breaks down on *T'aint Nobody's Business*, and Taylor becomes extremely unattentive to the business at hand.

As good mood-background music or as a milestone in the development of Paul Chambers, this album is recommended. (B.G.)

Erroll Garner

THE PROVOCATIVE ERROLL GARNER—Columbia 1587: *Holiday for Strings; Blue Ecstasy; Look, Ma—All Hands!; Margin for Erroll; Love for Sale; Too Close for Comfort; You're Blase.*

Personnel: Garner, piano; bass and drums unlisted.

Rating: ★ ★

Garner can be boring as the devil, then turn around and play something quite startling. Most of his albums have been pleasant, often exciting and always filled with drollery. They also have contained



an overabundance of pap. This album is no exception, and it possibly contains more bad Garner than good Garner.

But the pretentiousness and pomposity of *Holiday*, a tune best left to David Rose, and the heaviness of *Love*, although it's a sprightly heaviness, like that of a dancing elephant, are balanced by the other tracks, although they also have faults. *Blue* is relaxed but with too much tinkling. If the track had been shorter, perhaps there would have been less repetition. *All Hands* sounds very familiar, but it has some happy Garner, though his use of tension-release is rather gross. *Margin and Blase* are sort of neuter.

This album is involved in the dispute between Garner and Columbia records, for whom he is no longer recording. His manager, Martha Glaser, has said the release is unauthorized, and made up of reject takes from 1951 and 1953 sessions, calling it "sub-standard material."

The track I found most interesting was *Too Close*. Yet I can see why Garner would object to its release: he seems to end the track—or seems to be trying to end it—by repeating the tune's final phrase several times before going into a tremola and single-fingered restatement of the theme, but he can't seem to get out of it and plays another chorus, finally ending the thing sloppily; he also goofs his break into his first jazz chorus. But this track is the most stimulating Garner of the album. From his jagged and strong intro through his rough-and-ready solo, Garner is at his most provocative. The where-do-we-go-from-here ending didn't bother me a bit. I just wish the rest of the album had been as "bad." (D.DeM.)

Stan Getz

STAN GETZ AT LARGE—Verve 8393-2: *Night and Day; Pammy's Tune; Ah-Moore; I Like to Recognize the Tune; When the Sun Comes Out; Just a Child; The Folks Who Live on the Hill; Cafe Montmartre Blues; He Was Too Good to Me; Younger Than Springtime; Goodbye; Land's End; In Your Own Sweet Way; In the Night.*

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Jan Johansson, piano; Dan Jordan, bass; William Schioppa, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Since the exodus of Getz a couple of years ago, and especially since his return to this country this year, the question, "Has his playing changed?" for some reason has become of paramount interest. downward slur at the end of phrases, his present-day playing, and aside from a perhaps greater use of vibrato for effect, a fuller tone, and a sparing use of a little downward slur at the end of phrases, his playing has not changed much during his absence. Why should it? Why should a musician like Getz—who grew in some respects from Lester Young but developed into an individual—change his style just because it might not be considered fashionable? For the same reason, why should Ben Webster or Roy Eldridge or Bill Harris or Bud Freeman or anyone else be looked down on because they don't fit the jazz mode of some given moment?

Anybody listening to jazz today knows that the majority of record releases are not in the once-popular Cool (a terrible term) idiom. The stamped away from one style to another shows not only the immaturity of listeners and musicians but



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also shows the immaturity of jazz. An art form should not be subject to rapidly changing fads. When the Cool and West Coast schools were dominant, the few records released by men like Thelonious Monk and Sonny Rollins were highly praised and prized by a few opinion leaders. The records by men like Monk and Rollins and the earth diggers came as stimulating, vigorous breezes in what seemed like an arid, effeminate period in jazz. But was it arid and effeminate?

The shoe is on the other foot now. In the deluge of the Hard and the Earthy that followed the demise of the Cool, a floodtide that continues but does seem to be receding somewhat, a record like this or Bob Brookmeyer's recent *The Blues—Hot and Cool* stands out like a sore thumb. Is it the novelty of such releases, whether it be the Cool in the ascendancy of the Hard-Earth or vice versa, that makes them sound refreshing, or is it that all the many approaches to jazz are vital and valid but that we—listeners, critics, and musicians—think in terms of what is fashionable? I offer no answer, but often I've thought what a youngster might have to endure if he happened to play similarly to Bud Freeman, but didn't want to be categorized as a Dixielander. How far do you think he'd get?

All this leads to this two-record album. It is not significant in itself, but the Getz concept and what he represents in music is.

There is still none who can cut him technically, although he long ago abandoned the rapidity of his *Parker 51* period. But execution aside, Getz has one of the most lyrical of jazz conceptions. It is not sweet—there is underlying bitterness—but it is flowing. His is not an obvious way of playing, but one that subtly connects phrase with phrase, idea with idea, giving his work, especially on ballads, a continuity and completeness that few jazzmen have. The same thing can be said of Miles Davis. This is not a characteristic of a school; it is a characteristic of good jazz.

The album is better than I thought when I first heard it. It takes close listening, not because it is "difficult" but because it is so low pressure and subtle. The rating would have been higher had the album contained only the first record (tracks 1-7). The second record is, basically, more of the same thing heard on the first. Too much of a good thing can pall, whether it be too much Earth or too much Cool. There is also a slight drop in quality on the second disc.

The rhythm section does not come up to Getz' level, especially drummer Schiöppfe (I hope these names are spelled right; there was no personnel listed on the album; Getz gave me the names). Schiöppfe depends too much on shuffle rhythm for rhythmic drive. There is little fire — and all jazz needs fire — in the rhythm section, although there are some good solos by Johansson and Jordan. Getz, who seems to be dependent on what context he finds himself, can't seem to get much going.

But even with its faults, the album provides better-than-just-pleasant listening. It is also a good point of departure for reflection about jazz and its fads. (D. DeM.)

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Coleman Hawkins

COLEMAN HAWKINS—Crown 206: *Bean in Orbit*; *After Midnight*; *Hassle*; *Moodsville*; *Stalking*.

Personnel: Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Thad Jones, trumpet; Eddie Costa, piano, vibraharp; George Duvivier, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Reiterating the contemporaneousness of Coleman Hawkins has become by now something of a cliché. But cliché or not, here is a 56-year-old veteran who started in jazz 40 years ago with Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds and who today more than holds his own with "kiddies" like Thad Jones and Eddie Costa. It is a thing of wonder, to be sure, to hear Hawkins blowing with those "modernists" in this relaxed set where none of the tempos rises above medium-up. (*Ed. note: see page 15.*)

Frameworks for the blowing are in the familiar mold of stated theme, solos in turn, and out chorus. *Orbit*, the brisk opener, finds Jones blowing open horn, followed by Hawk playing as if he's got all the time in the world to make his point. *Midnight* reveals the tenor giant on an almost languorous kick as he opens alone and follows with a long solo. Jones plays warmly, with Costa comping in keenly attuned fashion. Hawk returns, this time in a bustling, double-timing rush of notes before slipping into a closing arabesque flight. *Hassle* appears to be misnamed, for all goes smoothly. Jones waxes light and airy and is followed by Costa, on vibes this time. As Costa plays in his nonaggressive manner, Johnson cooks behind him, rapping rim-shots on the fourth beat on each bar in the background.

Moodsville, which opens the second side, is a medium-up blues with Jones flying into a rapid solo opening, very much in the modern manner and sustaining the feeling throughout. Hawk digs into the blues and holds on firmly; then Costa emerges, rippling out piano bass notes, dark-mooded and intense. The medium-tempoed *Stalking* has tenor-trumpet-vibes rapping out the short, staccato figure on which the line is based before the solos commence. Jones, muted now, blows a hard solo with Costa following in similar vein on piano while Duvivier and Johnson blend together in fine rapport. As Duvivier solos, tenor and trumpet spit out the staccatos behind him before Johnson's drums signal the ending. (J.A.T.)

Thomas Jefferson

NEW ORLEANS AT MIDNIGHT—Southland 229: *All the Wrongs You've Done to Me*; *Breeze*; *Someday You'll Be Sorry*; *There'll Be Some Changes Made*; *Float Me down the River*; *In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree*; *Back O'Town Blues*; *When You're Smiling*.

Personnel: Jefferson, trumpet, vocals; Monk Hazel, drums; Joe Capraro, guitar; Armand Hug, piano; Sherwood Mangiapane, bass, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This album, featuring a quintet of some of the best musicians active in New Orleans, has mixed results. There is a quiet charm about most of these tracks that helps spotlight the melodic expression of Hug's piano, Jefferson's vocals, and, especially, Capraro's winning guitar lines. But there is perhaps too much quiet charm. There are moments in the brisk last choruses of *Smiling* and *Changes* when the band begins to dig in with spirit, but there isn't time to develop the mood.

Trumpeter Jefferson plays with economy

and taste, and his solos are joyous and relaxed. Like Louis Armstrong, Jefferson was in the Waifs' Home in New Orleans. The resemblance does not stop there: Armstrong's influence shines through nearly every note Jefferson sings and plays. Pianist Hug has good solos on *Changes* and *Apple Tree*, but his playing throughout the other tracks is generally below par. He has spent much of his career playing solo piano for New Orleans' society set, and it was always a wonder hearing him create stunning melody amid all the cocktail chatter. There is nothing more than a sliver of his ability apparent in this album.

Capraro, on the other hand, is wonderful. His solos unfold with beautiful coherence and lyricism, and his accompaniment for vocals is superb. On *Someday* and *Apple* he floats guitar lines behind Jefferson's blues-tinged voice, giving an added warmth and sparkle to the performances. Mangiapane and Hazel round out the rhythm section, and while both are excellent musicians, both sound as if they were playing under wraps for this session. (G.M.E.)

Jerry Leiber-Mike Stoller

YAKETY YAK—Atlantic 8047: *Yakety Yak*; *Loving You*; *Black Denim Trousers and Motorcycle Boots*; *Bazoom*; *Poison Ivy*; *Kansas City*; *Jailhouse Rock*; *Smokey Joe's Cafe*; *Don't*; *Charlie Brown*; *Hound Dog*.

Personnel: Jimmy Nottingham, Ernie Royal, and either Joe Newman, George Cohn or Thad Jones, Eugene Young, trumpets; Frank Rehak, Benny Powell, Henry Coker, Al Grey, trombones; Frank Foster, Charlie Fowlkes, Billy Mitchell, Marshall Royal, Frank Wess, Seldon Powell, saxophones; Freddie Greene or Allen Hanlon or Kenny Burrell, guitar; Hank Jones or Ellis Larkin, piano; Eddie Jones, bass; Sonny Payne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Messrs. Leiber and Stoller, as those students of the less esoteric popular arts may already know, are the authors of a number of tunes which have enjoyed considerable commercial success. Eleven are included in this album. Together with Frank Foster, they have prepared a group of humorous and jazz-based arrangements for a big band in the Count Basie style, using many of the sidemen from the Basie band.

All of the charts are interpreted with considerable élan and the satiric spirit appropriate to the lyrics. Had there been more solo space allotted, this could easily have been a very good jazz LP. Even so, it is a superior popular/dance-band album. The worst that can be said is that it provides pleasant listening. (F.K.)

Herbie Mann

THE COMMON GROUND—Atlantic 1343: *Baghdad*; *Asia Minor*; *Walkin'*; *Sawa Sawa De*; *St. Thomas*; *High Life*; *Uhuru*; *Night in Tunisia*; *The Common Ground*.

Personnel: Mann, various flutes; John Rae, vibraharp, percussion; Doc Cheatham, Leo Ball, Ziggy Schatz, Jerry Kail, trumpets; Nabil Totah, bass; Ray Mantilla, conga drums; Ray Barretto, bongos; Rudy Collins, drums; Michael Olatunji, percussion; Maya Angelou, Dolores Parker, Olatunji, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Somewhere there is a place for an album like this. Listening to it or reviewing it with a jazz-orientated ear is little help either to the album or the listener. Occasionally a jazz passage will emerge. Primarily, the record remains an exercise in rhythms and flutes. Of the participating musicians, only Rae retains a jazz flavor throughout the session.

There is no denying the interest and excitement often stimulated here. Mann is usually successful in obtaining a compatible Afro-Cuban welding. *High Life* and *Night in Tunisia* are, in this sense, a treat. *High Life* is at once stately, majestic, and happy.

The jazz tunes Mann chose to rework, *Walkin'* and *St. Thomas*, bear little resemblance to their normal states. *Walkin'* is certainly different but not especially more interesting. *St. Thomas*, on the other hand, has been given a fascinating lift.

Olatunji is a welcome addition to any attempt to capture African rhythms and feelings. He adds authenticity to such tunes as *Uhuru* and *Sawa Sawa Dé*. *Uhuru* is the closest tune to any real synthesis of the cultures Mann is dedicated to blend. It has the best over-all jazz feeling, and in it the cultures flow more easily into one another.

There is a good deal of imported goodies here, and Mann is to be commended for presenting them in this neat and tidy package. But jazz? Not really. (B.G.)

Gerry Mulligan-Johnny Hodges

GERRY MULLIGAN MEETS JOHNNY HODGES: Verve 68367—*Bunny*; *What's the Rush?*; *Back Beat*; *What's It All About?*; *18 Carrots for Rabbit*; *Shady Side*.

Personnel: Hodges, alto saxophone; Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Claude Williams, piano; Mel Lewis, drums; Buddy Clark, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This is the kind of session about which critical comment is a waste of space. Anyone familiar with the styles of the two soloists need only be told that the six originals include three by Hodges and three by Mulligan (one of the latter in collaboration with an otherwise unidentified Mr. Halliday), that the West Coast rhythm section does an adequate job, that the two men blend just the way you would expect a rabbit to blend with a carrot-top.

Casual, unostentatious music that belongs irrevocably to the past, present and future of jazz. (L.G.F.)

Ira Sullivan

THE IRA SULLIVAN QUINTET—Delmar 402; *Wilbur's Tune*; *My Old Flame*; *Blue Stroll*; *Bluzinbee*.

Personnel: Sullivan, trumpet, alto saxophone, baritone saxophone, peckhorn; Johnny Griffin, tenor, alto, baritone saxophones; Jodie Christian, piano; Vic Sproles, bass; Wilbur Campbell, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Many years ago, before the war, a British music magazine, *Rhythm* (doesn't that just sound like a British music magazine?), ran a feature on Bunny Berigan with the somewhat inevitable title *He Couldn't Get Started*. I thought of that piece as I looked over the back liner of this album with its extended tribute to newly legendary Chicagoan Ira Sullivan, and I thought, a bit morosely, *this could well apply to Ira, too* . . . But just as Berigan more than got started in a musical sense (the British piece was concerned more with pecuniary success), it occurred to me that Sullivan, too, not only is on his way in jazz, but is indeed one of the most forceful, versatile, and freshest jazzmen around today. This set contains a good sampling of his abilities on trumpet, alto, baritone, and the oddball peckhorn.

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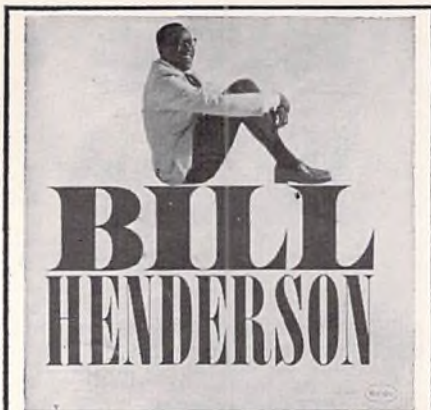
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trumpet, blowing cleanly and concisely. Then comes pianist Christian, a musician with an oddly abrupt style who articulates individual notes with marked clarity. *Flame* is all Ira, now on baritone and playing with a moving depth of feeling and probing invention. Christian has a brief piano interlude. The medium-up *Stroll*, which closes the first side, is distinguished by good solo work by Sullivan and Griffin.

The entire second side is taken up by *Bluzinbee*, a fast and tearing workout for both horn men and rhythm section. Half way through, Campbell tends to rush, but this doesn't disconcert the horn men for a moment. Sullivan takes his first outing on baritone; Griffin follows on alto, hard and biting; Ira picks up trumpet, knocks off a fine solo; Johnny then boots along on tenor until it's Ira's turn on the slurry, blurry peckhorn. Johnny takes to baritone, and Ira turns to alto for a blazing finale.

If you haven't met Ira Sullivan thus far, this is your chance. (J.A.T.)

Art Taylor

A. T.'S DELIGHT—Blue Note 4047: *Syeeda's Song Flute; Epistrophy; Move; High Seas, Cookoo and Fungi; Blue Interlude.*

Personnel: Taylor, drums; Dave Burns, trumpet; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Patato Valdez, conga drums (tracks 2, 3, 5).

Rating: ★ ★ ★

I approached this LP with a sense of anticipation: the rhythm section is first-rate; the horns, though perhaps less well known, are very capable; the tunes, all originals, are interesting, even challenging, as is the case with John Coltrane's *Syeeda* and Thelonius Monk's *Epistrophy*.

Yet I finished the album with my anticipation largely unfulfilled. With admitted exceptions, it doesn't seem that that driving need to communicate, which distinguishes the best of jazz, is sufficiently in evidence here. Excluding conga drummer Valdez and trumpeter Burns, who is making his return after an absence of some years, all the participants can be heard to greater advantage on other recent releases. (F.K.)

Various Artists

NEW ORLEANS DIXIELAND JAZZ—Bruno Records BR 50141: *Yes Sir, That's My Baby; The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise; Struttin' with Some Barbecue; Jumping in the Rain; Improvisation: Four Popular Jazz Themes; Lazy River; Basin Street Blues; Back o' Town Blues; Honeysuckle Rose; Sunset; Improvisation on an Original Theme; The Sheik of Araby.*

Personnel: See below.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Three European groups perform here in a hodgepodge of styles that are lumped together and identified by the album title as "New Orleans" jazz. Eight tracks (1-3, 6-9, 12), however, are done by the Tremble Kids, a group that has a Condon Dixieland sound; three tracks (4, 5, 11) by the American Jazz Group, a modern jazz group; one track (10) by Gorkiewicz and Skowronski Dance Septet, a commercial dance band.

The writer of the inane liner notes tells us, among other things, what was the origin of the word jazz, and he says that "this record deals with the first step in jazz, the New Orleans bands," while on track 5 the band wails on the old New Orleans classic, *Body and Soul*, and the trombonist and pianist are patterned after

the fabled Storyville giants, Bill Harris and George Shearing. In the meantime, nothing is mentioned about these bands, and this is regrettable, because there is talent sprouting on most of these tracks.

The two jazz groups have done a remarkably excellent job of assimilating the techniques and feelings for jazz expression (witness the easy swing of the horns on *Honeysuckle*, or the conviction of the modern group on *Jazz Themes*); the one drawback, and one that will undoubtedly be corrected in time, is that there is no discernible originality in these performances. These are pupils hovering surely and comfortably in the shadow of the masters.

(G.M.E.)

Various Artists

SON OF DRUM SUITE—RCA Victor 2312: *Son of a Drum; Brushmanship; Dr. Skin and Mr. Hide; Five Drums in Four-Four Time; Drums Loco; Drum Smoke.*

Personnel: Al Cohn, conductor; Jimmy Maxwell, Bernie Glow, Clark Terry, Nick Travis, trumpets; Frank Rehak, Urbie Green, Bob Brookmeyer, Dick Hixson, trombones; Ed Caine, Sol Schlinger, Romeo Penque, Zoot Sims, Gene Quill, reeds; Jim Buffington, John Barrows, French horns; Buddy Clark, George Duvivier, basses; Hank Jones, piano; Mundell Lowe, guitar; Mel Lewis, Don Lamond, Jimmy Cobb, Charlie Persip, Louis Hayes (tracks 1-3) or Gus Johnson (tracks 4-6), drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Several years ago Victor released an album called *Drum Suite* and it sold 100,000 copies. *Son of Drum Suite* is the inevitable result. And like most attempts to capitalize on past commercial success, it is disappointing.

There are good things about the record. There are some good solos by Terry and Travis and an astonishing little gem from Brookmeyer—though these are all quite short. The drum solos are all quite good, and the drumming is well integrated with the score. There are no excessively long drum solos, no banging, no machine-gun fire. Every once in a while an exciting ensemble rears its head.

But . . . the score is almost devoid of musical content. It consists primarily of fanfares and short little gimmicks that are repeated rather than developed. Ostinatos are used too much. I don't think, however, the logic in this album was intended to be musical so much as stereophonic.

The five drummers were assembled in a wide semicircle during the recording. The prime aural interest became the "directionality" of the sound rather than what was played. The whole suite was constructed accordingly. Or at least so it seems.

It is indeed strange that we live in an age when the music is sometimes less important than which ear you hear it with. Stereo sound might make it, but stereo logic does not.

If I seem too harsh in my opinion, let me say in clarification that it makes me damn mad to see all those first-rate musicians, all that writing talent of Al Cohn, and all that technical electronic know-how going to waste in order to stimulate the commercial success of stereo recording. Stereo is in essence a good thing, but when it gets out of hand, it creates an irresponsible aesthetic.

My unsolicited advice to the future composer of *The Grandson of Drum*

Suite: this time spend 50 more hours creating ideas that grow forward according to an inner musical logic, and 20 less minutes figuring out where the drummers are going to sit. (B.M.)

Various Artists

THIS IS THE BLUES, VOL. ONE—Pacific Jazz 13: *Oatmeal*; *Tellin' 'Em About It*; *This Is the Blues*; *One More Hamcock, Please*; *Red Shirt*; *Blowin' the Blues*.

Personnel: Les McCann Trio, Quartet, Quintet; Curtis Amy-Paul Bryant Quintet; Teddy Edwards Septet; Harold Land Sextet.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

A more accurate label would have been *This Is the Funky Blues*. The title is a little pretentious and implicitly all-inclusive for the particular brand of music presented.

Within those confines, though, it's a consistently agreeable collection, with an assortment of overlapping personnels (Amy, whose own group plays the title number, is a McCann sideman on one track; Gerald Wilson blows on both the Edwards and Land tracks, etc.). Jimmy Allen's tenor precedes Edwards' on *Red Shirt*. Both are good, muscular, and convincing.

The title tune was heard in Amy's own recently issued LP; *Shirt and Blowin'* are reissues from an earlier anthology; the other three tracks are previously unissued. Of the latter, *Hamcock*, a minor theme with Bobby Hutcherson on vibes, stands out.

Hamp Hawes' sole appearance on *Red Shirt* is a sad reminder of what a loss his prolonged absence from the scene is going to be. (L.G.F.)

VOCALS

Oscar Brown Jr.

SIN AND SOUL—Columbia 1577: *Work Song*; *But I Was Cool*; *Bid 'Em In*; *Signifying Monkey*; *Watermelon Man*; *Somebody Buy Me a Drink*; *Rags and Old Iron*; *Dat Dere*; *Brown Baby*; *Humdrum Blues*; *Sleepy*; *Afro-Blue*.

Personnel: Brown, vocals; other personnel unlisted.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

With this record, Brown is attempting, if I understand correctly, to record in song his impressions of contemporary existence, with particular reference to the urban Negro. This is a praiseworthy and formidable ambition, and we should do well to inquire why Brown has not been more successful.

First, there is the matter of repertoire. Brown writes all his own material, and while it is several cuts above the average popular song, it could easily show greater subtlety and imagination.

By way of illustration, compare Jon Hendricks' lyrics to *Little Niles* with Brown's words to *Dat Dere*. Although both of these deal with the nature of children and childhood, the former is poetic and profound, the latter rather ordinary, at times verging on the precious or melodramatic.

No less central is the question of delivery. The liner notes state that Brown is an actor—at any rate, he sings like one. In making every phrase theatrically perfect, all the rough edges that give the illusion of reality in a performance by, say, Billie Holiday or Ray Charles, have

been carefully removed. Given the difference in respective milieu in which each operates, I would group Brown with Theodore Bikel and Harry Belafonte as being technically correct yet artistically unconvincing.

I must except from the above judgment the one track *Bid 'em In*, where Brown seems entirely committed to what he is doing. The bitter irony here is like a breath of fresh air—or perhaps a slap in the face—in contrast to the remaining selections. (F.K.)

Toni Harper

NIGHT MOOD—RCA Victor 2253: *In the Still of the Night*; *Paradise*; *'Round Midnight*; *The Meaning of the Blues*; *Saturday Night*; *Night after Night*; *Just Go*; *A Sleepin' Bee*; *My Ship*; *You and the Night and the Music*; *Petals on the Pond*; *Where Flamingos Fly*.

Personnel: Miss Harper, vocals; unlisted orchestra.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

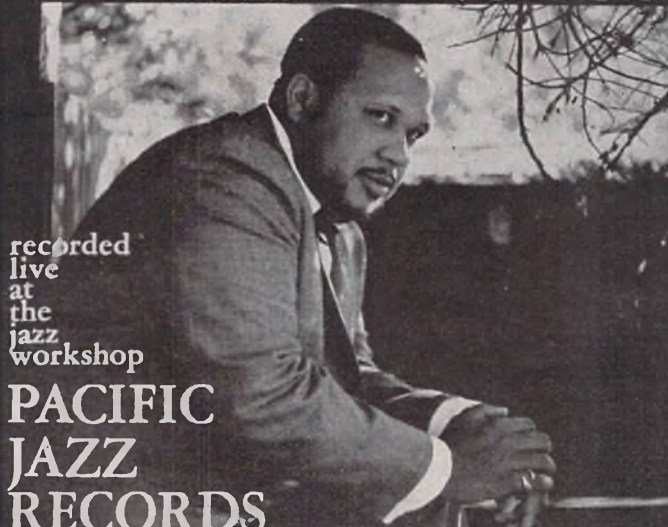
As I have been observing since her childhood 78s with Harry James, Miss Harper is quite a singer. This is her best recorded work to date. Not only has she finally shaken off the shadow of Ella Fitzgerald (in fact, her sound at times is closer to Betty Roche's best ballad days), but her accompaniment also is skillfully designed and the tunes are tastefully chosen.

With the exception of the silly *Paradise*, and *'Round Midnight*, these are all either superior and lesser-known old pop songs or attractive new originals. In the latter category are *Petals*, penned by Jim Harbert (now a Columbia a&r man) and Eddie Beal's *Night after Night*. Thelonious Monk's *Midnight*, with strings and Bud Shank, never has had a prettier treatment.

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

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Toni sings with a warm, caressing quality that brings a lovely mood to such ballads as Bobby Troup's *Meaning of the Blues* and the beautiful *Just Go*—a *Don't Explain* type of song by Arthur (Cry Me a River) Hamilton. But she swings very easily; dig her feeling for the beat on *Sleepin' Bee* and *You and the Night*.

Marty Paich, in his excellent back-grounds, used two groups: one with 15 strings, harp, and woodwinds, the other, a swing band with reeds and brass. Personnel is unlisted, but my chief spy (Paich) informs me it included Vic Feldman on vibes, and a rhythm section comprising Jimmy Rowles, Bill Pitman, Mel Lewis, and Joe Mondragon.

Nowadays, when it's relatively easy for a good singer to make it commercially, I can't see why Toni Harper shouldn't be a major attraction on records and television—at least as big as, say, Della Reese. At all events, everyone who digs better taste in song selection, scoring, and interpretation should buy this one. (L.G.F.)

Sam (Lightnin') Hopkins

THE ROOSTER CROWED IN ENGLAND—"77" Records 771A 12-1: *Hello, England; Beggin' up and down the Streets; When the Saints Go Marchin' In; Hard-Headed Children; Dig Me in the Morning; Have You Ever Seen a One-Eyed Woman Cry?; Black Snake; Met the Blues at the Corner; How Many Days Must I Wait?; If You Ever Been Mistreated; Back to Arkansas; Children's Boogie; Blues for Queen Elizabeth; Goin' to Galveston.*

Personnel: Hopkins, vocals, piano or guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This is another important collection by the finest tradition-rooted blues singer in the country nowadays. It's an intensive, introspective, evocative collection performed with a great deal of power and conviction.

This program of 14 selections is on a par with his best work and forms an essential part of the cycle of songs that he has recorded over the last few years. Two previous collections in this series were released on the Tradition label.

Like these previous albums, this one displays Hopkins' mastery in three areas: older songs like *Saints* and *Black Snake*, relatively fixed by tradition; original blues (*One-Eyed Woman*), forming a good part of his repertoire; and improvised or semi-improvised songs, such as *Beggin'* or *Back to Arkansas* (an interesting answer to Ray Charles' hit *What'd I Say?*), which are strung together from a store of common verses—their success dependent upon how imaginatively the stock verses are used—on the spur of the moment. All three areas are treated with authority, sincerity, and vigor.

This collection also presents Hopkins in an unaccustomed role (to these ears, at any rate). On two tracks, *Blues at the Corner* and *Galveston*, he abandons his guitar to accompany himself on earthy, pulsant blues piano. These two selections were recorded in 1954 and have a somewhat muffled sound to them. (P.W.)

Mary Kurz

SING ALONG IN YIDDISH WITH MARY KURZ—Golden Crest 3076: *Vus du Yilst, Dus Vill Ich Oich; Tzena, Tzena; Mein Yiddische Meidele*; and others.

Personnel unlisted.

Rating: See Below

What is jazz?

I mean, what is jazz really?

To many people, it is many things. To

some it is an endlessly flowing river. To others it is a little yellow bird, soaring above a meadow; to some a grove of pine trees, jostled by the wind, and yet to others a shapely, rosy-cheeked, yellow-haired old man, asleep in the garden.

But what does all this mean? How will it all end? *Sing Along in Yiddish* may not answer these questions completely, but it will bring these essential-type issues to the background, where they belong. And it is heartening to know that wherever there are people, there will be song.

I cannot rate this album. It is in a class by itself. (B.M.)

Lurlean Hunter

BLUE AND SENTIMENTAL—Atlantic 1344: *Blue Turning Gray over You; If You Could See Me Now; My Kinda Love; Crazy He Calls Me; Just Imagine; Blue and Sentimental; The Song Is You; Then I'll Be Tired of You; Fool That I Am; We'll Be Together Again; As Long as I Live.*

Personnel: Harry Edison, trumpet; Rudy Ruth-erford clarinet; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Jones, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; George Duvivier or Trigger Alpert, bass; Don Lamond, drums; Miss Hunter, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Lurlean seems to be the original hard-luck girl of LPs. While other singers sell 10,000,000 records and are featured on *This Is Your Life*, she plugs along in Chicago, singing in that affectionate, caressing style that just doesn't seem to sell records to the unaffectionate public.

This one is not much different from the rest, except that Jimmy Giuffrè wrote the charts and did a commendably sympathetic job. They could have been played a little more cleanly, though. It's a pleasant surprise to find Bud Freeman, the major domo of the tenor saxes, keeping this kind of company. His sound is unshakably his own.

I would have preferred to hear Lurlean in a program less exclusively devoted to somewhat overworked standards, several of them too closely identified with other girl singers (chiefly Sarah Vaughan and Billie Holiday).

Perhaps someday somebody will come up with an idea that will enable Lurlean either to get a five-star rating or, better yet from her standpoint, sell 200,000 and rate one star. It could happen yet. (L.G.F.)

Various Artists

SOUTHERN FOLK HERITAGE SERIES—Atlantic HS 1 (seven volumes): *Sounds of the South; Blue Ridge Mountain Music; Roots of the Blues; White Spirituals; American Folk Songs for Children; Negro Church Music; The Blues Roll On.*

Personnel: see below.

Ratings: ★ ★ ★ ★

This set of seven LPs is the most comprehensive coverage of the music of our south—including much that is directly related to jazz—available today in one package. The set includes an LP on children's songs, Blue Ridge Mountain music, white spirituals, Negro church music, two on the blues (roots and more modern), and an over-all sampler. There is fine material on all of them.

We owe Alan Lomax—and his father before him—a large debt. One characteristic, above all, distinguishes his contribution to the collection and study of folk music: an instinct for the jugular. Without shame or apology, Lomax went right to

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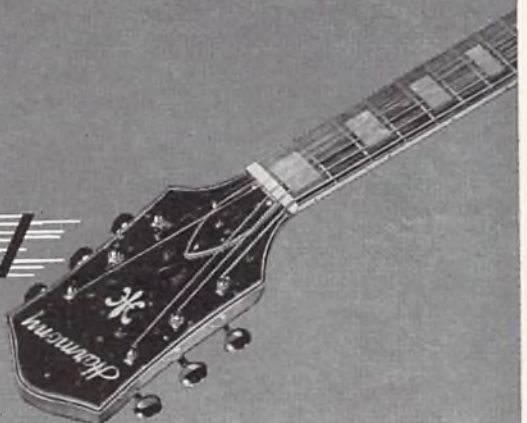
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the good earth, recording music which, as most of us realized later, proved to be the enduring and significant core of things to come.

Thus, in the '20s—long before the early aficionados thought of discovering neglected jazz talent—Lomax was recording shouting spirituals, chain gangs, field hollers, and blues for the Library of Congress. During the '40s, Lomax did it again with his albums *Listen to Our Story*, *Mountain Frolic*, and especially *Smoky Mountain Ballads*. More recently, his series on the world's folk music bids fair to be definitive.

In every case, Lomax was right on target. Whether he was recording Italian or Yugoslavian folk music, he picked out the material with guts, so that, somehow, it all had the earthy vitality of a great chain-gang performance. Add to this his training in folklore and his knowledge of the world's musics—what jazz critic has as much?—topped by the fact that he is a born raconteur (this is a quality which most folklorists share) and can write like an angel. A very well-equipped and talented guy.

After all this is said, however, we come to the problem that this set of LPs poses: either the folk music of the south has not changed and, in fact, has deteriorated in the past 15 or so years since Lomax' last visit; or Lomax—perhaps because of his long stay abroad—has temporarily lost his touch.

Thus, several of the selections are repeats by people Lomax recorded many

years ago (Vera Hall, Hobart Smith) and, in spite of Lomax' persuasive prose, the performances just aren't as good. Nor does the more modern recording technique help as much as it should. In fact, better Negro church music, hillbilly music, white spirituals, children's songs, and blues have been recorded on single LPs elsewhere, and a lot of it by Lomax himself.

To the reader of *Down Beat*, the LPs on the blues are perhaps of greatest interest. There is some fine archaic music here, but the cream of the crop—according to Lomax—is the music of his discovery, Forest City Joe, whose legend he proceeds to launch in purple prose. "Spinning at the apex of creation." Forest City Joe made these bands and then died "under tragic circumstances" (an auto accident).

The trouble is that the music of Forest City Joe is quite ordinary today, and a dozen or so contemporaries who are being recorded commercially are putting out more vital material. Nevertheless, Lomax describes the session so enthusiastically and beautifully that the reader gets more kick out of the prose than the music.

Don't mistake me. This is a good set, with fine material which most jazz buffs—and many jazz musicians—never knew existed. *It is required listening for a young jazzman who wants to grow, to understand and feel his own great tradition.* But put it this way: in the year 1961, is the musical frontier in American folk music still to be found in songs about the boll weevil and John Henry? Where is the driving force today, the hard new core which we

will realize years from now was at work in 1961, changing the whole picture? I am judging Lomax by his own past standards, but perhaps I am asking too much. (M.S.)

RECENT JAZZ RELEASES

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

- Johnny Best and Dick Cathcart, *Dixieland Left and Right* (Mercury 6009)
 Teddy Charles, *Jazz in the Garden* (Warwick 2033)
 Arnett Cobb, *Smooth Sailing* (Prestige 7184)
A Portrait of Chris Connor (Atlantic 8046)
 King Curtis, *Azure* (Everest 5121)
 Wild Bill Davis, *Dis Heah* (Everest 5125)
 Bud Freeman *All-Stars, Featuring Shorty Baker* (Prestige/Swingville 2012)
 Billy Maxted, *Swing a Billyty* (K & H 101)
 Modern Jazz Quartet, *European Concert* (Atlantic 2-603)
The Modern Jazz Quartet and Orchestra (Atlantic 1359)
 Specs Powell Presents *Big-Band Jazz* (Strand 1027)
Like Charlie Shavers (Everest 5127)
 Pat Thomas, *Jazz Patterns* (Strand 1015)
 Art Van Damme, *Accordion a la Mode* (Columbia 1563)
 Various Artists, *Sounds of New Orleans* (Venise 10014)

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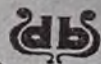
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THE BLINDFOLD TEST

LES McCANN

By LEONARD FEATHER

Les McCann has been called many things. In the words of one observer he is "well on his way to being one of the truly great jazz figures." This remark was not made by a critic but by a musician (Leroy Vinnegar). According to another listener, "Essentially, McCann is working out of a cocktail bag . . . His routines are all so contrived that any swinging he does is negated." This from a critic (my man, Ira Gitler).

Not all musicians share Vinnegar's view, nor all critics Gitler's, but it seems that as with Ornette Coleman, there is no middle ground. Everyone has a strong feeling about McCann.

The Gospel-funk-cocktail-bag-blues-roots music, or whatever it is McCann plays, grew out of the church music he used to hear in Lexington, Ky. Whether it's sincere or synthetic, it has drawn interested audiences at the Bit on the Strip, the Vanguard in the Village, and other funk-oriented locations.

This was McCann's first *Blindfold Test*. It was a pleasure to find him articulate, honest, and unafraid as he aired his views.

The Records

1. Art Pepper. *Rhythm-a-ning* (from *Gettin' Together*, Contemporary). Pepper, alto saxophone; Conte Candoli, trumpet; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmie Cobb, drums; Thelonious Monk, composer.

That was kind of a high-tension record in a sense—makes me kind of nervous in spots. I think it was Conte Candoli on trumpet and Art Pepper on alto. The best part was when the piano player started playing. Could have been Red Garland.

They had a very good feeling—the same kind of feeling Paul Chambers and Wynton Kelly used to get when the rhythm section was still together. I didn't like the tune at all. I've heard it before. It makes me jumpy. For the band, two stars. For the rhythm section, three stars.

2. Marvin Jenkins. *Bluesology* (from *Marv Jenkins Arrives*, Oravox). Jenkins, piano; Milt Jackson, composer.

The tune was *Bluesology*. I heard Bags play it some time ago. If this is who I think it is, I shouldn't completely say all I feel about it, because this person's a very good friend of mine—Marvin Jenkins, and I didn't even know he had a record out.

I hated the way the whole record was recorded. The sound was horrible. Marvin is one of the few people I know who sets a good feeling when he plays and makes everybody happy. This is what I like in music. He plays all the instruments—tenor and a few other things—and gets just as good a feeling.

I know his playing immediately. He has such a distinctive chordal approach. For Marvin, four stars.

3. Roland Kirk. *Our Love Is Here to Stay* (from *Introducing Roland Kirk*, Argo). Kirk, man-

zello; William Burton, piano; Don Garrett, bass; Sonny Brown, drums.

The instrument sounded like a soprano saxophone. I don't know if it was Steve Lacy or a guy I read about who plays about three or four instruments.

He projected a lot of feeling. At first, the rhythm section wasn't quite together. In spite of that, he was saying what he had to say right along. Through him, I think maybe I could learn to like this sound. He had a lot of control, and a soprano sax is a very hard instrument to play, especially trying to keep it in tune.

I don't really know if it was a soprano, but I liked it—his part. If it wasn't a soprano, it was an oboe. For the soloist, two stars. No, he was better than that. Let me add one. Three stars.

4. *Couriers of Jazz. Stop the World, I Want to Get Off* (from *The Couriers of Jazz*, Carlton). Ronnie Scott, tenor saxophone; Tubby Hayes, vibraharp. Recorded in London.

I don't know who the group was, and I don't know the song. I can only give the tenor player two stars, and that's for his tone. That's what I liked best about the record.

It sounded Eastern but not what I want to hear from the East—except for the tenor. The rhythm was kind of throwing things unbalancy at times . . . but maybe they were nervous. For the whole record, two stars.

5. Herbie Mann. *Todos Locos* (from *Flautistal*, Verve). Mann, flute, composer; Carlos Valdes, congo drum; Jose Luis Mangual, bongos; Santos Miranda, drums, timbales.

I couldn't wait for that one to get over with. That was kind of boring. That's one of my big beefs about conga drums—and bongos, too. When they get together, they

keep the same thing going for so long.

They finally got into something there once in the record. Then they started throwing in all the drum clichés, and it just didn't move me one bit. On the Afro-Cuban thing, I'm pretty neutral, but I didn't care for this. One star.

6. John Wright Trio. *South Side Soul* (Prestige). Wright, piano, composer; Wendell Roberts, bass; Walter McCants, drums.

There are no stars in the sky tonight! This started off with three stars. I said to myself, "Now, at last, we're going to get into something," and then, wow, it fell apart completely. They were very unsteady. The tempo seemed to be a very big problem to them—all three. I liked the melody at first, but it just dwindled into nothing. And the ending was the topper—it was *less* than no stars! A dim half-star.

7. Horace Parlan Quintet. *Wadin' (from Speakin' My Piece)*, Blue Note). Parlan, piano, composer; Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; George Tucker, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

That was Stanley Turrentine. Bass player was George Tucker. Piano player was Horace Parlan. I don't know the trumpet player nor the drummer. For Stanley's tenor, FIVE STARS! He gets that same feeling that Teddy Edwards gets, which is great. He just shouts all the time.

I'd give Horace three stars. I've heard better solos by him, like on a Dave Bailey record, where he took a fantastic solo. This whole thing was a very good groove, but I wish Stanley had taken all the solos.

Two stars for the trumpet player, and the drummer and the bass player get three stars together. For the whole record, 3½ stars.

RTS

Angelo Di Pippo



First accordionist booked into Birdland and the Cafe Bohemia; 1958 Newport Jazz Festival sensation; recording star under the Apollo and United Artists labels and for Miracle Films; guest artist on the Dave Garraway and Sammy Kaye TV shows; ABC and Mutual radio/TV staff artist; and Voice of America broadcaster, Angelo Di Pippo is one of today's most exciting spokesmen for the jazz accordion.

When New England-born Angelo received his first accordion as a boy in Providence, R.I., he took to it like a native Neapolitan. In grammar and high school, Angelo began playing for society gatherings. While heading the dance band at Holy Cross College, he began to seriously pursue the jazz idiom. Following graduation in 1951, he headed for New York City where he played the society circuit at the Waldorf, Plaza and Pierre, as well as the Latin Quarter. Since then, his progression towards progressive jazz has been sure and steady. He now plays with his own group, a quartet of accordion, drums, bass and flute/clarinet double-up. Angelo Di Pippo utilizes the low reed of his Excelsior Citation accordion almost exclusively, considering it the basis of the "jazz accordion sound."

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By ART HODES

We will pass up a man while he's productive and in his prime and single him out in his old age—or after he's gone—to release his recordings (or re-release them). Tell me, why? Why does it take us so long?

In case you're wondering, this out-loud thinking I'm doing was brought on by a remark I heard the other day: "Too bad Big Bill ain't around. His music is so fashionable today he could really cash in."

Big Bill Broonzy, of course. My scrapbook reminded me of a concert we were on . . . a Windy City date, October, 1947. Ed Hall and I made it from New York. I guess everybody else was in town. Lee Collins was there. It was a "John T. Schenk Production" (another guy who checked out rather hurriedly; a guy we miss, but he deserves his own story). The Chicago *Sun* said of the concert, "Some 200 persons listened in well mannered appreciation to Hodes; Edmond Hall, venerable New Orleans clarinetist; Lee Collins, a hard driving trumpet man . . . and heard with enthusiasm Big Bill Broonzy, who's been singing the blues since 1916, give out with everything from *When I Been Drinking to White, Brown, and Black*, a firm indictment of racial discrimination."

I used to like listening to him playing guitar, backing himself up, accompanying his own singing. He came from an era (and a school) where you had to do it for yourself, no props or echo chambers, sometimes no mike. If it rang out, you rung it, like when piano players used both hands. So Big Bill could hold you, just he and his guitar.

I didn't know about him 'way back. We ran across each other in New York. It had to be in the '40s, the Village Vanguard. Max Gordon, the boss, a little guy, but big—an eye for talent—he played Burl Ives, Pearl Bailey, Leadbelly (Huddie Ledbetter), Eddie Heywood. He had 'em. A basement joint, more than a hundred people was not unlawful—was a menace—the place jumped. It had come around my turn; my trio, Fred Moore on drums, Wild Bill Davison on cornet. The show? All I remember was Broonzy.

This was a big man, over 6 feet. When he talked to you, he kind of bent his head. A real kind person. I never heard any harsh sounds come out of him, in conversation or music. Big . . . big hands. I remember a mistake I made: chipping in on a fifth, with the two Bills. Big Bill picked up that bottle, and when that big hand undressed, all I could see was depreciation.

Bill's blues never made me weep,


wasn't meant to—just made me *feel* way down inside and think of what he was saying. No, not like LeRoy Carr. Carr could break you up. You probably never heard his *That's All Right for You*. Listening to him was like medicine. No, Big Bill didn't come on that way, but he came on . . . and on.

The time you spend with a guy, it's gone, and he's gone. But you remember. Like Bill told me of his early days. Arkansas, I believe, is where he grew. The early days . . . making a violin (that was his first instrument) out of a cigar box plus a broom handle and a gut-string (gee, what was Big Bill's wife's name?).

I see Broonzy "on stage." It's the Stuyvesant Casino. The east side . . . NYC . . . where Gene Williams and Bill Russell had brought about the music of Bunk Johnson and band. This night it was happy-birthday-to-you time, and Leadbelly and Big Bill were on stage, a duo. (My gosh, Big Bill's wife was about as tall as he was, and she could cook. I still remember the red beans and rice and a big ham bone—with ham—thrown in the pot.) I never could figure out how to describe performance. I can't roll it off, like "in the first chorus he hits a diminished German fifth and rapidly ascends," etc. How do you pass on, to a reader, the music that comes out of a Big Bill Broonzy? How do you tell him what it does for you inside? Broonzy would step out on that floor, and, like Chippie Hill, mike or no mike, perform. And hold you. He talked about life—"your" no good woman (depending on where, who, and what year). He talked about good times and bad. He didn't bitch about people, conditions, treatment. This was no man that carried deep resentments. He just spoke it out.

He kind of commanded a quiet respect. A guy you could be around without too much talking. Real easy-like guy. I'm a collector; how I hate letting go of people . . . people like Big Bill.

So it's 1947, and the paper headlines "Gangster-Era Pianist Finds Chicago Kind of Quiet." So, we woke 'em up. After the performance, the performers dropped in at my brother-in-law's pad—good old Chuck Wright. So the performance starts over, and Bill sings, and the kitchen is jumping. (Honey, what was Big Bill's wife's name? . . . yeah, Rose). The jamming starts. It's beginning to cook. Comes the knock on the door. Somebody called the law. It isn't even midnight. "You'll have to cut this noise or . . ." Yeah, we know. You see, it's noise.

That's what I'm talking about . . . these kind of incidents, and how he carried no visible scars. Oh, he felt it, and he wrote it. But then he sang it out. A big man, Big Bill Broonzy. 

*

*

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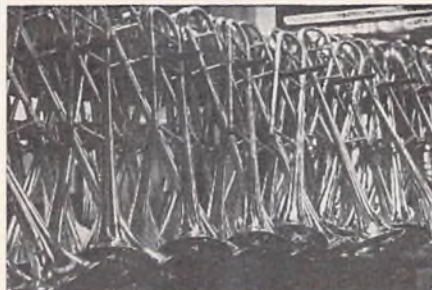
AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

rumor that J.J. may join the Miles Davis group . . . Marion McPartland is in England with bookings for radio and television . . . Louis Jordan's band at Basin Street East included Joe Newman, Tommy Flanagan, Al Lucas, and Jo Jones . . . Joe Newman's new quintet includes Percy France, tenor saxophone; Nat Pierce, piano; Peck Morrison, bass; Bill English, drums . . . Joe's replacement in the Count Basie Band was Lennie Johnson, formerly with Quincy Jones. Basie's newest singer is Ocie Smith . . . Newest of Marshall Brown's many enterprises (Youth Band, rehearsal band, teaching, etc.) is a sextet which he co-leads with Ruby Braff. It opened to newspaper raves at Toronto's Town Tavern (see Toronto Ad Lib). The piano less group plays mostly standards in a mainstream style, described by its leaders as somewhere between the Kansas City Seven and the Gerry Mulligan Sextet, a compendium of classic jazz.

Victor Records has a series of jazz classics available between April and July: Bunny Berigan, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, and Duke Ellington recordings, most of them previously unreleased or, at least, hard-to-get tracks . . . Woody Herman plans to record an album of Horace Silver compositions for Riverside . . . Columbia is set to issue an LP titled *Jimmy Rushing Sings the Smith Girls*, with tunes associated with the non-related but all American blues singing Smith girls—Bessie, Clara, Mamie, and Trixie. Also among Columbia releases is an album with tracks by musicians who won the recent polls in *Down Beat* and other magazines . . . Jimmy Giuffre is recording for Verve with his new trio (Paul Bley, piano, and Steve Swallow, bass). The group depends heavily and wonderfully on spontaneous improvisation within compositions of unique flavoring.

Giuffre is the Thursday night substi-



tute for Hal McKusick, who provides the unaccompanied clarinet or tenor accompaniment for off-Broadway's *The Death of Bessie Smith* (York theater). The play deals with that special and factual jazz tragedy . . . Maynard Ferguson opened in Toronto as the "Big Music Man" with *Impulse*, the jazz kind of musical. Gerry Mulligan

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The **Bill Evans** Trio followed the Braff-Brown Sextet at the Town on Feb. 27 . . . *Coda* magazine sponsored a jazz concert by the **Donald Byrd** Quintet featuring **Pepper Adams**, at the Royal Museum theater . . . **Pat Riccio's** Orchestra, which made the top 10 in the AFM's Best New Dance Band contest, is recording for Ark-Sound . . . **Odetta** will appear at Eaton Auditorium on April 15.

DALLAS

Since the Dallas Jazz, Ltd., changed hands a few weeks ago, little jazz has been heard there. The **Ed Bernet** Dixieland Seven moved to the Sovereign Club when the Ltd. instituted a new entertainment policy, presenting comics primarily, singers, and strippers.

Louis Armstrong has been booked for a May 3 concert at the State Fair Music Hall . . . American Woodmen Center is continuing its Sunday afternoon sessions; **Buster Smith** played there in late February, and **Euel Box** played a special Friday concert at the center in early March . . . **Conte Candoli**, backed by a local rhythm section played the Chalet in late February . . . The Hi Ho ballroom presented **Earl Bostic** last month and is bringing in **Les Brown** on March 11 . . . **B. B. King** had a birthday party at the Longhorn Ranch March 13. **Bill Doggett** will follow April 10.

CHICAGO

Ray Charles, who in the past has played only dances, concert-dances, and package shows, is branching out into the concert field. Charles' six-piecer will be augmented to 16 members for an April tour. Singer **Betty Carter** also will be featured. The concerts will follow a three-part format. The first will spotlight the Charles electric piano and organ with the big band. The second will feature Miss Carter. The third will be reserved for Charles' vocals. The concert plays Chicago's McCormick Place April 15. A Carnegie Hall concert ends the tour April 30 . . . The Charles Chicago concert faces stiff competition from a **Dave Brubeck** Quartet concert at Orchestra Hall set for April 14, the day before.

Blues singer **Muddy Waters** is no longer at Smitty's Corner. He and his band, which includes pianist **Otis Spann**, have been working several spots: weekends at the Orchard Lounge, Wednesdays at Pepper's Lounge, and Thursdays at the Playmate Club . . . Other blues singers—old-timers like **Sunnyland Slim**, **Roosevelt Sykes**, **Little Brother Montgomery**, and **Poor (Old) Joe Williams**—are working sporadically on the south and west sides. Many of those recently rediscovered and recorded by jazz labels have complained about being re-

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Manzelloist-strichist-saxophonist-flutist **Roland Kirk** leaves for Europe in early April. German critic **Joachim-Ernst Berendt** has lined up several engagements for the blind musician.

Stan Getz canceled his April Bird House engagement to play dates on the west coast. He may be booked in later. **Thelonious Monk** and his group followed **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross** into the north side club the last two weeks in March . . . A new south side club, Mr. Lucky's, opened March 1 with the **John Wright Trio** . . . **Manny Garcia** and his Latin music subbed for the **Audrey Morris Trio** at London House throughout March. Miss Morris and husband **Stu Genovese**, bass man in the group, vacationed in California . . . **Dinah Washington**, new manageress of Roberts' Show club, featured **Lady Bird** and her group at the south side spot in March. Lady Bird is an altoist who is reported to be a feminine version of **Charlie Parker** . . . **Dr. Edmond Souchon**, New Orleans physician-guitarist-jazz club official, was a *This Is Your Life* subject March 5.

LOS ANGELES

Capitol Records is going much further than merely reactivating its jazz catalog (*DB*, Jan. 19). **Alan Livingston**, who recently returned as v.p., has initiated an honest-to-goodness jazz program with a&r man **Ed Yellin** in charge of recording new jazz talent from all coasts with emphasis on the hard swingers . . . **Louis Bellson's** symphony may be performed soon by the Beverly Hills Symphony, **Herbert Weiskopf**, conductor . . . **Don Bagley**, known primarily as a bassist, arranged **Jack Sperling's** new Coral big-band LP and has composed the underscore for the Universal-International picture, *Ole Rex* . . . During his stay at the Cloister, **Joe Williams** recorded a new album live from the stage for Roulette backed by **Harry Edison**, **Jimmy Forrest**, **Frank Strazzeri**, **Tommy Potter**, and **Clarence Johnston**.

Mel Lewis flew east to join the **Gerry Mulligan Band** for its current Village Vanguard engagement and sundry record dates in New York City . . . Pianist **Dick Hazard** composed the music for the new musical *Max*, by **Max Rubinchick**, now playing at the Coronet theater . . . **Stan Getz**, backed by **Steve Kuhn**, piano; **Scott LaFaro**, bass, and **Pete LaRoca**, drums, makes his west coast return appearance after an absence of almost two years at **Ben Shapiro's** Shrine event March 31. He shares the bill with **Miles Davis' group** and then moves to The Renaissance for a stand through April 16 . . . Miles, incidentally, talked up **Paul Horn** so much to Columbia's **Irving Townsend**

that the a&r man listened some more to Paul and then signed him to the label.

With **Lawrence Welk** departing his long-time home at Pacific Ocean Park's Aragon ballroom in May for new residency at the Hollywood Palladium starting July 7, the ballroom management is reported fishing about for a successor to the champagne maestro. An attempt reputedly was made to snag **Guy Lombardo**, but no dice. Welk, while using the Palladium as his new home base, will be cut in for a percentage of the gate and will work the ballroom weekends only.

Pete Rugolo will record an album for Time Records consisting of a dozen of his scores for the TV series, *Thriller*. The composer will use a 37-piece orchestra for the session.

Now that the music nominations for the academy award have been announced, local song pluggers are dashing madly from radio station to station plying their frantic trade. Nominated songs are: *The Facts of Life* by **Johnny Mercer**, *Faraway Part of Town* by **Andre Previn** and **Dory Langdon**, *The Green Leaves of Summer* by **Dimitri Tiomkin** and **P. F. Webster**, *Never on Sunday* by **Manos Hadjidakis**, and *The Second Time Around* by **Sammy Cahn** and **Jimmy Van Heusen**. Also nominated: **Previn** (*Bells Are Ringing*), **Nelson Riddle** (*Can-Can*), **Lionel Newman** and **Earle Hagen** (*Let's Make Love*), **Johnny Green** (*Pepe*) and **Morris Stoloff** and **Harry Sukman** (*Song without End*) in the "best scoring of a musical" category. For "best score of a drama or comedy," **Tiomkin** (*Alamo*), **Previn** (*Elmer Gantry*), **Ernest Gold** (*Exodus*), **Elmer Bernstein** (*The Magnificent Seven*) and **Alex North** (*Spartacus*) get a shot at the Oscar April 17.



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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

Apollo: Count Basie, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, 4/1-7.
Basin Street East: Erroll Garner, Johnny Nash, to 4/12. Ella Fitzgerald, 4/13-29.
Birdland: Buddy Rich, Cat Anderson, 4/6-19.
Copa City: Charlie Mingus, *tfn*.
Embers: Erskine Hawkins to 5/22.
Five Spot: Gigli Gryce, *tfn*.
Half Note: Zoot Sims-Al Cohn to 4/16.
Jazz Gallery: Jim Hall to 3/30.
Metropole: Cozy Cole, Sol Yaged, *tfn*.
Roundtable: Belle Barth to 4/8. Joe Williams, Harry Edison, 4/10-5/20.
Versailles: Blossom Dearie to 4/15.
Village Gate: Herbie Mann, *tfn*.
Village Vanguard: *unk*.

CHICAGO

Bird House: Dizzy Gillespie, 3/29-4/9. Fred Kaz, Andy and Bey Sisters, 4/26-5/11.
Black Eyed Pea: Steve Behr, *tfn*. Dixie sessions, Sun.
Cafe Continental: Dave Remington, *tfn*.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Jo Henderson, Tut Soper, *tfn*. Franz Jackson, Thurs.
London House: Jack Teagarden, 3/28-4/16.
Audrey Morris, Eddie Higgins, *hbs*.
Mister Kelly's: Smothers Bros., 3/27-4/16. Marty Rubenstein, Dick Marx-John Frigo, *hbs*.
Orchard Lounge: Muddy Waters, *wknds*.
Orchard Twin-Bowl: Bob Scobey, *tfn*.
Red Arrow: Franz Jackson, *wknds*.
Roberts': Dinah Washington, *tfn*.
Scotch Mist: Tom Ponce, *tfn*.
Sutherland: Shirley Scott, 3/29-4/9.
Swing Easy: Gene Esposito, *tfn*.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: Teddy Buckner, *tfn*.
Black Bull: Marvin Ash, *tfn*.
Black Orchid: Gloria Smythe, *tfn*. Mon. aftn. sessions.
Digger: Name grps., weekends.
El Sombrero: Dutch Pons, *tfn*.
Excusez Moi: Betty Bennett, *wknds.*, *tfn*.
Frascati Chalet: Jess Stacy, *tfn*.
Geno's Bit: *unk*.
Gilded Rafters: Joe Darensbourg, Nappy Lamare, *tfn*.
Green Bull: Johnny St. Cyr, Johnny Lucas, *wknds*.
Harbor Inn: Delta Rhythm Kings to 4/23.
Honeybucket: South Frisco Jazz Band, *tfn*.
Hermosa Inn: The Saints, *wknds*.
Jimmie Diamond's (San Bernardino): Edgar Hayes, *tfn*.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *tfn*. Name grps., Sundays.
Nickelodeon: Sunset Jazz Band, *wknds*.
Raffles (Long Beach): Vince Wallace, *tfn*.
Renaissance: Miles Davis to 4/2. Stan Getz, 4/4-4/16. Bessie Griffin, Gospel Pearls, Sun., *tfn*.
Rosie's Red Banjo: Art Levin, *tfn*.
Rumble Seat: Dr. Jack Langles, *wknds*.
Shaps (Pasadena): Loren Dexter, *tfn*.
Sherry's: Pete Jolly-Ralph Pena, *tfn*.
Shelly's Manne Hole: Shelly Manne, *wknds*. Red Mitchell, Mon., Tues. Russ Freeman-Richie Kamauca, Wed. Joe Maini, Thurs.
Sherry's Barn: Vince Wallace, aft. hrs. sessions.
Sheraton West: Red Nichols, to 4/1.
Summit: *unk*.
Vieux Carré: Vi Redd, Ernest Crawford, Richie Goldberg, *tfn*.
Zebra Lounge: Horace Silver, 3/30-4/9.

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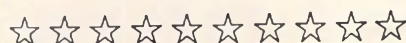


NEXT ISSUE...



Is *Down Beat's* annual big band issue. Watch for features on Gerry Mulligan and the big, new Stan Kenton band, as well as a directory to America's big bands.

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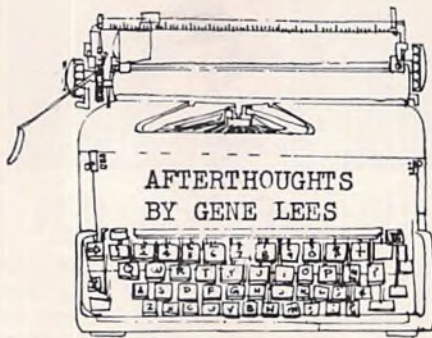
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**THE
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CLINICS**



Everybody is chuckling over the claim of a Russian music expert that jazz could have originated in Odessa.

I'm chuckling at those who are chuckling at him.

It's the old story: the pot is calling the kettle black again. To Americans, the episode seems another chapter in the long Russian history of claiming to have invented everything.

To the nationals of other countries, the whole thing is probably as amusing as it is to me.

Why? Because in other countries, Americans are laughed at for precisely the thing they charge the Russians with: the propensity for claiming to have invented everything.

Let's look at a list of great discoveries and inventions on which our material civilization is based, *all* of which I've seen referred to in print (and often in schoolbooks) as American:

Radio? Marconi, an Italian, developed it. The telephone? Alexander Graham Bell, a Scot, developed it in Brantford, Canada. Radar? Sir Robert Watson-Watt, an Englishman. Steam power? Sir James Watt, a Scot. The diesel engine? A German; it was named for him. Nuclear fission? Fermi and Pontecorvo, Italians working in co-operation with nationals of various other countries on a mathematical system developed by Albert Einstein, an Austrian. The motion picture? It's disputed, but an Englishman has the best claim to it. Insulin? Banting, a Canadian. Radioactivity? The Curies, a French couple. A vast complex of electrical developments that made possible all the electrical appliances in our homes? Steinmetz, a German.

The list is very long. But it is not meant to minimize the work of Thomas Edison and Robert Fulton and Eli Whitney and others like them. It is, however, meant to remind Americans that they are guilty of the very thing they so commonly accuse the Russians of. (By the way, check the history books: the Russians actually have been responsible for a vast number of important scientific breakthroughs.)

In the light of the theory that we're dealing with a pot and a kettle, let's look at what that Russian writer actually said.

Leonid Osipovich Uryosov wrote a piece for the magazine *Soviet Culture*, defending jazz as an art form. Evidently a well-schooled musicologist, he rejected the old Communist line that jazz is a symbol of vicious capitalist decadence. Now whether all the home-grown hippies, who broke up over a comparatively minor detail of his article, recognized it or not, this is a very significant development: it represents an important softening in the Soviet attitude toward jazz. Overlooking this entirely they went on to laugh it up at the following statement (the italics are mine):

"Jazz with its roots goes not to bankers' safes but to poor Negro quarters. Jazz music has existed for a long time, and New Orleans style was not the discoverer but only a stage in its development.

"In Odessa long ago, musicians always improvised at weddings, and this gives me grounds to say that *so-called* Dixieland existed in Odessa before New Orleans."

We operate on the assumption that Russians are humorless people. Good heavens, how humorless can we be not to see that Uryosov is poking fun at us? How deadly serious are we that we take that statement at face value?

And even if we take it seriously, can we dispute it? What Uryosov has said (and incidentally the foregoing, transmitted from Moscow by Associated Press wire, sounds like a very bad translation) is that, *if* improvisation is the *sole* defining characteristic of jazz, then it didn't originate in New Orleans.

That is a demonstrable fact.

Improvisation in music has existed for centuries. Bach was a crack improviser and even used to get into cutting contests. Beethoven and Chopin were both expert improvisers. Church organists are still taught improvisation in school.

What Uryosov was doing, it seems to me, was satirizing *our* tendency to claim to have invented everything, including improvisation.

Most Americans bit—and bit hard. Chances are that in the whole furor, no one is laughing as hard as Uryosov—laughing at the fuss he stirred up in U. S. newspapers.

The laughs here, by the way, might take a look at the fantastic musical tradition of that city of Odessa. Do you know that the big majority of major concert violinists today are Russian Jews from Odessa? And even a stiff percentage of our top American concert violinists come from Russian Jewish families from Odessa? There's *something* shakin' in that town—even if it ain't Dixieland.

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