

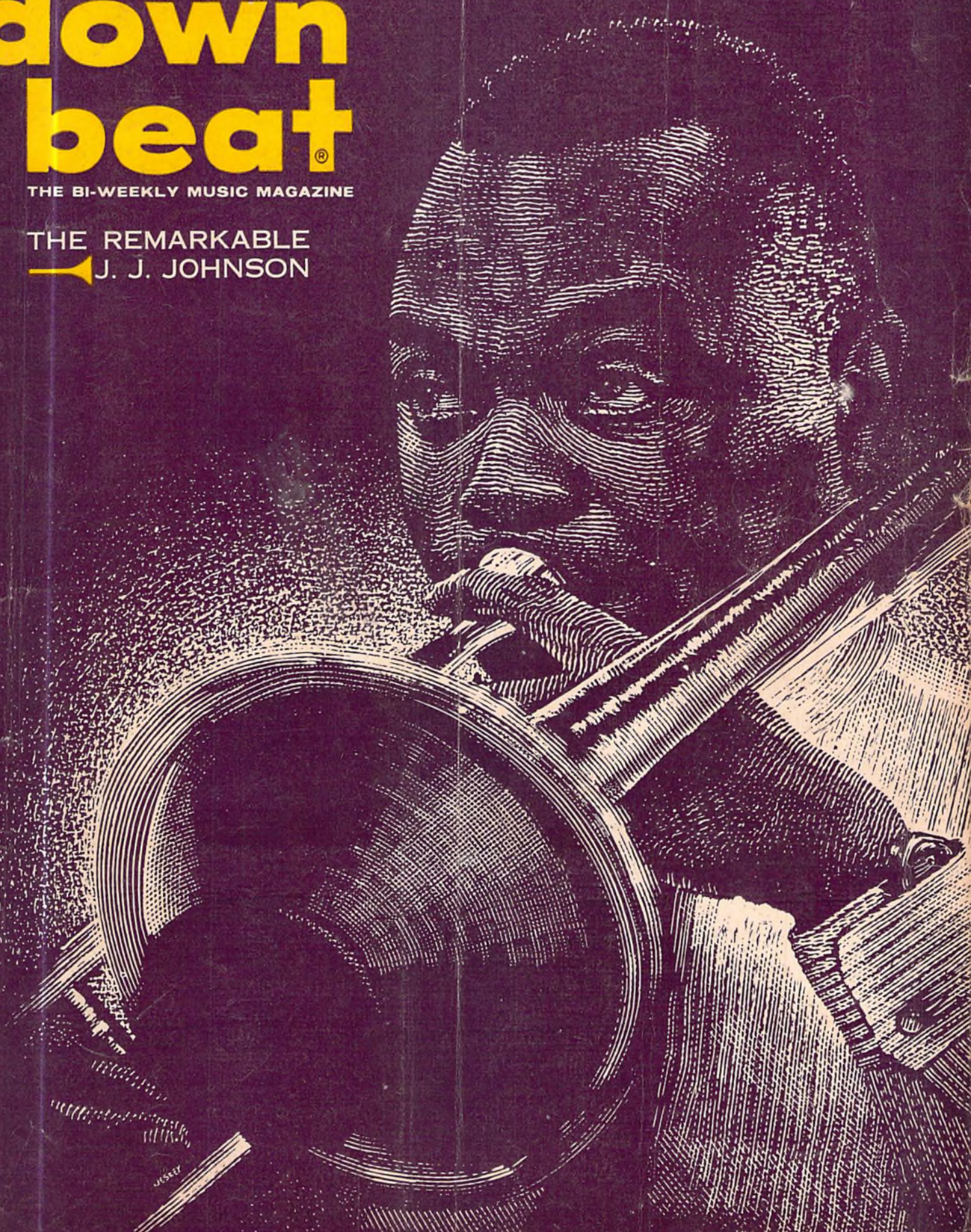
MAY 11, 1961

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## THE EDITORIAL

Almost everyone wants the benefits of democracy; almost no one wants the responsibilities of it.

In the arts, it is similar: those who constitute the audience accept the entertainment, inspiration, or enlightenment that the artist gives, but few are the laymen willing to accept their responsibility for the perpetuation of the arts.

The arts in this country have had a hard time of it. Professional symphony orchestras, more often than not, operate in the red. With the emphasis on *reproduced* art, the live training grounds for performers are shrinking.

Whereas there was once a tendency for artists to gravitate to the United States, there is now a mild tendency outward. In this issue, you'll note comments of Art Blakey on the joys of playing abroad. They echo recent comments by alto saxophonist Phil Woods, who said he would like to live and work abroad. Trumpeter Benny Bailey, who returned to the U. S. with the Quincy Jones Band after years of living in Sweden, has announced that he is returning to Sweden.

What is the appeal to the artist of permanent expatriate living?

Artists who move to Europe, whether

they themselves recognize it, are often acting in response to huge though amorphous socio-economic forces. Some leave because they do not like the racial climate of this country, others because they find the tax structure here murderously unfair to gifted individuals whose peak earning years are taxed as if that income were assured for life.

Some say they go abroad because they are treated as human beings there, and given the respect an artist deserves. This is scarcely surprising in a society in which egghead has been a term of contempt, in which average-manism has been promulgated as an ideal.

There are, fortunately, signs of change. "The climate in Washington . . . has most noticeably improved for the arts," says the annual report of the National Council on the Arts and Government. "This change made an impact across the country on the day that President Kennedy invited a number of distinguished artists and scientists to attend his inauguration."

Some of the changes are intangible, but significant, including a shift toward an atmosphere wherein a cocktail party crack about eggheads may fall with a dull thud.


Other changes are more palpable, and include a series of significant bills relating to the arts that are up for con-

sideration by Congress. These include legislation for a Federal Advisory Council on the Arts, a National Cultural Development Act, a bill for a United States Arts Foundation, a bill to amend the tariff act of 1930 so as to exempt from import tax various cultural materials, an extremely important bill providing special tax provisions for self-employed persons including artists, bills to remove admission taxes for live dramatic performances, and various others.

All of these are described in fairly full detail in the National Council's annual report. It is available for 15 cents in stamps or check by writing: National Council on the Arts and Government, 22 W. 54th St., New York 19.

We would urge musicians and laymen concerned with these pending pieces of legislation to study them.

Harold Weston, chairman of the NCAG, said in concluding the summation of legislation on the arts, "New frontiers in the relationship of government to the arts in the United States seem to be close at hand. Will this tardy dawn become a new day or fade away like a mirage?"

Will you who enjoy the arts leave it to the artists to struggle against adverse conditions? Or will you accept your duty by helping them? 

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Vol. 28, No. 10

Readers in 86 Countries  
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May 11, 1961

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### ON THE COVER

The art of wood engraving is sometimes ignored in today's emphasis on camera art. But the strength of a wood cut is of a special kind. The music of J. J. Johnson represents a strength of another sort. Wood engraver Glenn Jeskey combined the strengths of the art and the man. On this issue's cover is the result: a striking portrait of the trombonist. Ira Gitler also captures J. J.'s strength, as well as the highlights of the trombonist's career, in *The Remarkable J. J. Johnson*, which begins on page 17.

### THINGS TO COME

The next issue is *Down Beat's* fifth annual Reed issue. Besides articles about some of the best-known reed artists, there will be articles dealing with some of the lesser known and less appreciated reed instrument players. Readers are in for something special: Dizzy Gillespie talks about the Charlie Parker days. The reed issue will include musical examples of the great soloists—Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Gerry Mulligan, and many more. The cover will be another in the series by David Stone Martin. This special issue will be on sale May 11. Watch for it.

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# CHORDS AND DISCORDS

## New Friend

A few months ago, a friend introduced me to *Down Beat*. I can't thank my friend enough because *Down Beat* and I are now inseparable. I have never read a magazine catering to one profession yet can still be understood and enjoyed by the layman as *Down Beat* can be.

Before picking up my first copy, I was unfamiliar with, therefore uninterested in, jazz. Now, thanks to you, I am on my way to being a true disciple . . . Los Angeles, Calif. Carol Parker

## Disillusioned but Hopeful

It is with a great amount of disbelief that I am writing this letter. I have recently become aware of the fact that many jazz fans haven't the slightest idea of this art form. To me this has been obvious in the south.

Having come from St. Louis to Texas, I anticipated a slight change in the reaction to jazz. I soon discovered, however, that my anticipation was highly underestimated. The word jazz in southwestern Texas has become synonymous with Stan Kenton, Dave Brubeck, André Previn, et al. These men are without a doubt giants but each has a certain commercial appeal.

Upon entering discussions on jazz, I concerning the concert of which the above

have found that no one has heard of the real creative giants in jazz. (Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, John Lewis, Horace Silver, and many, many more.) This situation might seem incredible but it actually exists. Recently in an argument with a piano player I was shocked to hear that he did not associate the blues with modern jazz. The blues to him are a slow rock and roll-type song. Modern jazz lets the musician get real "far out." The blues do not do this, according to him.

Hearing statements like this I shudder with disbelief and thank God that there is someone like *Down Beat* trying to educate America's youth on this vast topic. It is my sincere hope that your work will eventually reach and educate all of America's youth on our only true art form. It is with this in mind that I applaud your scholarship programs and all of the other efforts directed at bringing jazz and education closer together.

San Antonio, Texas

Pat Hanley

## Help Arrives

John S. Wilson, who wrote the critique of *Jazz of the Forties, Vol. 1* in your March 16 issue, should open his ears or call for help. In his article he states that there was some confusion in the notes

record is a sample. This is true, but there was also disorder in his own article. Gads, if that wasn't Wild "Blithesome" Bill Davison in *The Blues*, I'll eat my ax. Even though the discography failed to mention Davison, Wilson or the others who were listening should have caught it. After all, there is only one Wild Bill.

Rapid City, S. D.

David L. Braun

## Taking the Mode by Horn, Part the Second

I'd like to congratulate Mr. Krain Enivel for provoking me, where no one else had succeeded, into writing a letter of this nature. In reply to his "learned" dissertation on the modes (*Chords*, March 30), I would like to bring out the following points:

1. In the article about me (*DB*, Feb. 16), the statement "of the three modes in Western music — Dorian, Hypodorian, and Phrygian—" was an unfortunate error due to the interpretation or, rather, misinterpretation on the part of the writer. If Mr. Enivel will look more closely he will see that the statement does not appear in quotes; therefore, it is not my statement. The article was not meant to be a classroom lecture on the history of the medieval ecclesiastical modes nor was it meant to show how great I am because I had a good music education, a fact for which I am grateful and humble.

2. Each Authentic mode, which Mr. Enivel so cleverly named, has a corresponding Plagal mode, which he so un-

(Continued on page 8)

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**CHORDS**

*(Continued on page 6)*

cleverly forgot to mention. These modes are a fourth below their corresponding Authentic mode: Dorian (D-D), Hypodorian (A-A). The Hypodorian is not related to the Aeolian, as he mentioned, although it has the same range (A-A), but it is related to the Dorian since its tonic, or final, is D. However, its dominant, or tone of tension, is F, not A as in the Dorian or E as in the Aeolian. If I have inadvertently succeeded in "resurrecting" this obsolete mode (900 years? Wow!) and "accomplished something that not even the greatest musical minds of our time have been able to do," then I am most awed at this great accomplishment, and I accept your gratitude most humbly. An example of this mode is a composition of mine titled *Half and Half* (not *Mr. Bond* as stated in the article). My group also uses this mode a lot in improvisation. North Hollywood, Calif. Paul Horn

**Fads Are Good**

In his review of Stan Getz' latest album (*DB*, April 13), Don DeMicheal proved he is not a jazz critic but just a critic.

He said, "The stampe away from one style to another shows not only the immaturity of listeners and musicians but also shows the immaturity of jazz. An art form should not be subject to rapidly changing fads."

An important and appealing quality of jazz, unlike other art forms, lies in its constant change and its feeling of here-now-today.

When jazz is no longer subject to frequent change, it will also no longer be jazz.

Denver, Colo.

Fred Colcer

*There is a difference between fad and change.*

**Zoot!**

My compliments to Ira Gitler for the long-needed article on Zoot Sims (*DB*, April 13). Gitler gave a clear insight into Sims the man and showed how those very deep roots first sprouted and were nurtured along the way. (The calliope still blasts here in Cincinnati, by the way, but a church organist plays it now . . .)

I shall never forget the night in the summer of 1956 when a friend dragged me out of Condon's and over to the old Bohemia. I didn't want to hear "bebop," which we "figs" considered noise. Zoot was jamming with Gerry Mulligan and Jerry Hurwitz, and, suddenly, the transition from *Indiana* to *Donna Lee* seemed so natural that the doors of a whole new musical world opened to me. Now I derive equal pleasure out of Wild Bill Davison and Dizzy Gillespie. Bud Freeman and John Coltrane, Zutty Singleton and Max Roach. I forget about categories, thanks to Zoot. . . .

One criticism, however. Gitler failed to point out that a Sims quartet made one of the first extended sessions on LP—*Zoot Swings the Blues*, on Prestige. . . .

Cincinnati, Ohio

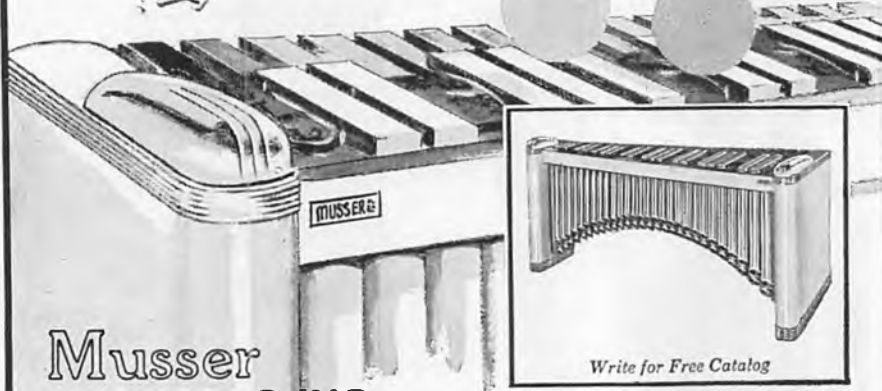
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Bix Beiderbecke was bored with the Wolverines by the fall of 1924. His cornet sound had *been* the Wolverines since early 1923; his ringing tone in ensembles and his individualistic solos had dominated the eight-piece band. Bix yearned for more—more instruments, more formal music, the challenge of a big band.

While playing with the Wolverines at the Cinderella ballroom on Broadway, he formed a mutual admiration society with the members of the Ray Miller Orchestra, then playing a stage show at New York's Hippodrome theater. Beiderbecke caught many of their shows to listen to trombonist Miff Mole and C-melody saxophonist Frank Trumbauer. He became aware of an expanding musical scope by listening to the few jazz arrangements in which Miller featured Mole and Trumbauer.

Beiderbecke took off for the middle west in November, 1924, after spending a couple of nights coaching Chicago cornetist Jimmy McPartland to replace him with the Wolverines. A recent record discovery indicates the late jazz ace must have headed toward Detroit.

Jean Goldkette had organized an interesting dance orchestra in the Motor City and had been recording for Victor since March, 1924. An old Chicago pal of Bix, Don Murray, was playing alto saxophone and clarinet with Goldkette. Other members of the band included Fred (Fuzzy) Farrar and Tex Brusstar, trumpets; Bill Rank and Tommy Dorsey, trombones; Doc Ryker and George Williams, saxophones; Paul Mertz, piano; Howdy Quicksell, banjo; Irish Henry, tuba, and Charlie Horvath, drums.

According to all previously written jazz history, Beiderbecke did not join the Goldkette band until the fall of 1926, when Trumbauer, who had been invited to join, refused to do so unless the deal included Bix. Now, almost 40 years later, pianist Mertz recalls that through the offices of Murray, a tryout with Goldkette was given to Beiderbecke late in 1924.

Recently, Mertz, who now lives in California, wrote in a letter to jazz historian Charles E. Smith, "Bix Beiderbecke had been playing with us for but a few days, when a recording session materialized. Goldkette had hoped to capitalize on Bix' rising recognition."

The record date took place on Nov. 24, 1924, at the Detroit Athletic club. It was under the supervision of Victor's recording director, Eddie King, who, according to Mertz, "had absolutely no sympathy for the kind of jazz Bix represented."

A tune entitled *I Didn't Know—Play Me Slow* was first on the agenda. It was a nondescript ballad of the day, written by W. R. Williams and pianist Clarence Jones of Chicago.

Mertz recalled, "Bix was given a short solo passage—about a half chorus." On the first take, Beiderbecke extended himself and played a complete chorus. Immediately afterwards, King shook his head regretfully and asked to have Farrar or Brusstar take over the solo part.

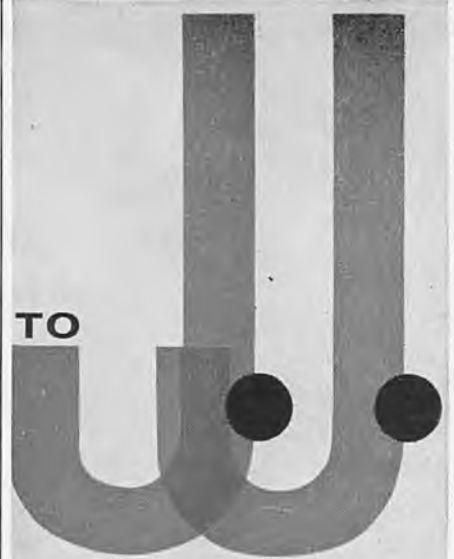
"All of us in the band were crestfallen," Mertz continued. "Bix was stunned and heartbroken." That was it. The band went ahead and made, in all, five takes, none of which was ever issued. In fact, they were all destroyed—except the one take on which Beiderbecke played.

The tip-off on the existence of *I Didn't Know* was given by Mertz to English writer Charles H. Wareing, the co-author of the British book, *Bugles for Beiderbecke*. Wareing passed the information on to Brad McKuen, an a&r man at RCA Victor in New York.

McKuen obtained a Victor ledger for the period and located an entry partially verifying the Mertz story. In those days, no one bothered with orchestra personnels, and Beiderbecke's name was not in the book.

McKuen took a chance late last year and ordered a test pressing of *I Didn't Know*. He received a copy from the only undestroyed master. It was slightly damaged, but when he played it over, an example of Beiderbecke's early tone and style, his Wolverine cornet sound, followed a trombone solo by a young Tommy Dorsey. In the midst of Bix solo, there is a split second when he falters after playing his familiar downward line, adding a unique quality to the 37-year-old solo.

This unusual Beiderbecke discovery is now available on RCA Victor's *The Beiderbecke Legend*, which also includes some of Bix' best solos from later work with Goldkette, Paul Whiteman, Hoagy Carmichael, and his own Victor recording studio band.



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## NEW YORK

Impulsiveness is the mood of the season. But the new season has become open season in some quarters. Fresh, new blood turned in some cases into bad blood. First and, in some ways foremost, was a donnybrook in Toronto, where playwright **Brendan Behan** pushed his impulsiveness to the point where it became just another in the long list of troubles suffered by the now-defunct jazz stage presentation, *Impulse*, ending in a warrant for his arrest and his admission into a private hospital in that city. In the meantime, *Impulse*, which was roundly criticized as a hasty and amateurish production, closed in Toronto. There was a momentary possibility that it would open for one week in New York City to recoup the more than \$25,000 loss, but **Gerry Mulligan** decided that it was no production for him, and his bow-out was the most potent blow to that stop-gap plan.



MULLIGAN

**Nina Simone**, who was a part of the ill-fated production, went to work immediately at the Village Gate, taking time out to ask the AFM's Local 802 to collect \$2,500 from the Roundtable, because she feels her contract with that club was canceled without her consent.

Some legislative suing is also in the works, without benefit of courts, but with the power available to a House of Representatives subcommittee. Under Rep. **James Roosevelt's** (D., N. Y.) chairmanship, the committee is about to pressure unions, by the harsh light of publicity, to abandon segregation. The ugly situation exists universally in some craft unions, individually in some locals, secretly in many. The American Federation of Musicians is a sometime offender and could be a particular target if members write of offenses to their representatives . . . as a direct result of legislative committee procedure. folk singer **Pete Seeger** has been tried in a Federal court, found guilty on 10 counts of contempt of Congress for refusing to answer questions asked of him in 1955. The questions pertained to the songs he sang. Each count carries a possible \$1,000 fine and one year in prison. The conviction is now being appealed . . .



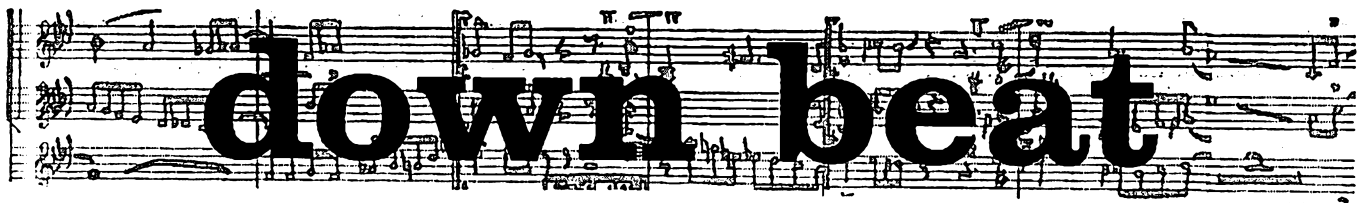
SEEGER

Jazz writer-lecturer **Rudi Blesh** is considering bringing legal action against the National Broadcasting Corp., the Purex Co. (the sponsor), assorted others, and the production company of Project 20's *Those Ragtime Years*, televised last fall. His claim is that the program borrowed substantially from his book *They All Played Ragtime* (co-written with **Harriet Janis**, and published in 1950). **Martin Williams** is slated to be an "expert witness," if it comes to trial. Meantime, without Ruth, or Harriet, for that matter, Blesh ended his NYU jazz course on April 13, with a special showing of short jazz films, including a **Buster Keaton** movie with ragtime music played as accompaniment.

On the special presentation front: London's version of *The Connection* closed with an estimated loss of \$22,000 . . . On the other hand: *Kick's, Inc.*, employing a completely new concept of casting and auditioning, and high-lighting singer-composer-playwright **Oscar Brown Jr.**, found itself

(Continued on page 37)





# down beat

Down Beat

May 11, 1961

Vol. 28, No. 10

## CRACKDOWN ON WORKING CONDITIONS

The American Federation of Musicians is cracking down on alleged abusers of working conditions for recording musicians.

One company that records commercials for radio broadcast—a New York firm called the Jingle Mill—has been put on the union's unfair list. And, according to the AFM, musicians said by the union to have provided services for the firm will be required to answer charges of working for a recording firm that has no contract agreement on pay and working conditions with the AFM.

Herman Kenin, president of the union, described the firm as "but one of a chain of such cut-rate mass production lines operating in the United States and Canada. We are determined to establish uniformity of practice among our some 1,400 signatories in the U. S. and Canada. Rooting out the sweatshop operators and denying them music services will get our prior and vigorous attention."

The crackdown stems from the work of ex-bandleader Georgie Auld, now head of an investigative unit of the AFM. Reportedly, Auld is to go to Hollywood when he's through in New York.

Though there is little jingle activity in Hollywood studios (Dallas, Texas, is a major center), abuse of the federation agreement with recording companies is considered rife.

Certainly there is much for Auld's investigative unit to investigate in Hollywood (*DB*, Jan. 5). The practice of tracking (recording a background and later dubbing in the voice of a singer, or perhaps a succession of rock-and-roll singers) is common there.

But jingle factories and labels prone to tracking were not the only ones reported unhappy about the AFM crackdown.

Some recording studios in New York are worried that Local 802 of the AFM may have eyes to take over the union of electronic engineers and gradually take control of the studios themselves as a unified operation.

Nonsense, said the AFM, and a spokesman added, "The appointment

of Georgie Auld to a watchdog position is just part of the general campaign to make recording a controllable part of those who superintend it. We suspect the motives."

## NEWPORT: ON AGAIN OFF AGAIN—ON AGAIN?

Newport, R. I., seems these days to have more rumors than millionaires.

Whether there will or will not be a jazz festival there this year is still uncertain, with reports running in conflict to each other.

According to one organization, B&M, Inc., of Boston, there will be. B&M says it will personally book talent and provide "adequate policing" for a five-day, nine-performance festival to be held at Newport, June 30-July 4.

A Boston *Traveler* journalist reported that John Miller, president of B&M, is acting for a group of five men—four from Newport and one from Boston—who have been granted a festival license by the Newport city council under the name Music at Newport, Inc.

Further information proved hard to find: B&M is not listed in the Boston telephone directory and is unknown to the city's telephone operators.

Some reports had it that Louis L. Lorillard, president of Newport Jazz Festival, Inc., is a member of the new group. But Lorillard insisted that he is "absolutely not a member."

"I do suppose," he said, "that the rest of the story is possible. There could certainly be a festival at Newport this year, but it would just as certainly not be a product of Newport Jazz Festival, Inc., in any way, nor would it have the assistance of any of us.

"The city council denied us a permit and we have no intention to produce or to assist in the production of any festival at Newport during 1961."

Other NJF, Inc., officials denied as firmly as Lorillard that they had any connection with B&M, and expressed concern that Lorillard's name had been erroneously linked with the new group.

Observers were curious whether B&M, Inc., if it does stage a festival at Newport, would fall heir to the liens (about \$80,000 worth) against NJF, Inc. This might conceivably occur if a court interpreted the new event as arising in

a logical progression from the original jazz festival. The debts accrued when the 1960 festival was brought to a halt by the Newport City Council because of last year's rioting. The council, in turn, is still being sued by NJF, Inc.

## MORE CREDIT FOR ARRANGERS

Traditionally, the arranger has been the man behind the scenes in popular music. Even in jazz, only in relatively recent years has the arranger been accorded his due by being identified on record labels.

In the popular field, the long anonymity of the man with the pen and scorepaper has been, from the straight commercial standpoint, difficult to comprehend, because many hot-selling instrumental records through the years plainly owed everything to the arranger. In many instances, the conductor whose name was on the record label was stealing credits that didn't belong to him.

Whereas many years ago record companies did credit the arranger, only Columbia in recent years has done so, though the practice has not become a consistent one.

In an attempt to restore arranging credit where it belongs, a small independent, west coast label, Infinity Records, has called on other companies to resume the once-standard practice and is now taking the precedent-setting step itself on all its single recordings. Steve Topley, Infinity's general manager, recently surveyed disc jockeys throughout the country, seeking their reaction to the plan.

One of the highlights of the survey, Topley found, was the unanimous opinion of the DJ's that nearly 80 percent of the success of a recording is due to its arrangement and presentation. The record spinners also told Topley that label listing of the arranger enables them to give more informative and knowledgeable comment to their audiences, thus lending additional listener interest to their programing.

Infinity then officially notified the American Federation of Musicians and the Arrangers Society of America of its intention to list arranging credit on its singles.

The arrangers couldn't be happier.



## WELL, BACK TO THE GIG

Things are looking up for Mrs. Tom Makres, known in Detroit jazz circles as Bess Bonnier pianist extraordinaire with vibraharpist Jack Brokensha's group. (See *Caught in the Act*, page 36.)

Not that things had been that tough in the past. After all, a hard-working husband, three bright kids, a nice home, and a steady gig with a good group isn't exactly bad. The fact that Miss Bonnier is sightless hasn't seemed to make much difference.

On a sun-drenched Saturday morning late last month, the Makres' phone rang. Bess answered sleepily. What she heard stunned her: her husband held a winning ticket in the Irish Sweepstakes. A \$3 ticket on longshot Nicolaus Silver had paid him an unbelievable \$140,000—or, about \$56,000, after Uncle Sam took his percentage.

One of the friends Miss Bonnier called, after phoning the news to her husband at his job, was Brokensha. After telling him of the family's fortune, her first words were: "Man, can I work tonight anyway?"

## IN MEMORY OF LEM

Not too many weeks ago, vibesman Lem Winchester sat quietly sipping a drink at Pep's bar in Philadelphia, enjoying the sounds of the new Quincy Jones Band. He said things weren't breaking too well for his quintet at the moment, but he was sure he was on his way.

Late last month, more than 500 friends and fans of the Wilmington, Del., cop-turned-musician jammed Pep's to pay tribute to the late Lem Winchester, killed by accident in January in a tragic bit of pistol horseplay in an Indianapolis club.

Lem's beloved group was at Pep's, with Johnny Lytle playing the vibes parts. Oliver Nelson, from the Jones band, played a tenor duet with Jimmy Heath. Donald Byrd and Pepper Adams, playing at the nearby Show Boat, sat in. Jimmy DePriest fronted an octet featuring Billy Root and Red Rodney. Norma Mendoza sang with the Jimmy Wisner Trio. Red Prysock brought in his seven-piece band. Artie Roumanis came in from Trenton with his octet. Former Duck Ellington drummer Butch Ballard played with the Paul Curry Trio. Max Roach, the feature attraction at Pep's for the week, played. And there were others. The concert will be reviewed in the next issue.

Winchester's widow, Beulah, was so overcome by the response that she could say only a few words of thanks. After the show, Pep's owner Jack Goldenberg turned a check over to her.

Each patron made a \$1 donation as he entered the bar. (Hundreds of fans were turned away.) A portion of the bar receipts also went to the widow and three young sons of the talented young vibesman.

There is more to come. Joe DeLuca plans a memorial concert for Winchester at the Red Hill Inn. Lem is especially missed at that New Jersey jazz room; there, his group had been practically the house band.

## THE BANDS OF TOMORROW

From the cheers resounding from the grand ballroom of the Sheraton hotel in Philadelphia, one might have thought a basketball game was in progress.

But if you listened closely, you heard the sound of music, some good, some bad. This was the seventh annual Bands of Tomorrow contest sponsored by the Philadelphia Jaycees for high school bands, and more than 3,000 shouting youngsters, who paid \$1 each admission, had turned out to root for their favorite bands.

After more than four hours of music by 13 bands, a swinging crew from South Philadelphia High School walked off with top honors. This was surprising, since many of the nation's top rock-and-rollers are from that section, including Fabian, Frankie Avalon, Chubby Checker, Bobby Rydel. But director Richard Castiglione whipped up a professional-sounding band, which utilized such tasty sounds as those of oboe, bass clarinet, and flute.

One cynical member of the futuristic Pennsbury High School Band, which placed third, questioned if this was really a bands of tomorrow competition. Leader Don Smith's modern specials, featuring an astonishing 10-piece brass section (including tuba) are strictly in the 1961 vein. And professional musicians in the audience ventured the opinion that the music was probably too far out for old-timers among the seven musician judges.

Most of the cheering during the evening was for the Frankford High band, winners for three years in a row. A well-drilled, commercially styled band led by Herman Siegel, it finished second.

Jack Pyle, WRCV deejay, was emcee, and the first-place South Philadelphia band was featured a week later in a

### DEPT. OF INEVITABILITY

On the cover of the March, 1961, issue of an industry magazine, *Plastics World*, is a large color portrait of "a remarkable talent pointing in a new direction"—Ornette Coleman.

special show over WRCV, the big-band station.

Meanwhile, modernists who were in the crowd are waiting for another appearance by the Pennsbury band, which broke up George Shearing and a sellout crowd last summer at St. John Terrell's Lambertville Music Circus near Philadelphia.

Supporters of the Pennsbury band hope to have it appear at Lambertville in late May, when Stan Kenton will be featured with his new band.

## AFTER THE PARTY'S OVER

So common is it for musicians to have trouble collecting their money that it doesn't make news, except to union officials charged with the task of getting it for them.

But when the gig for which the musicians haven't been paid was the presidential inaugural gala, that's news.

And such is the case at the moment. Musicians who played the Jan. 19 soirée, including a 20-piece group that Nelson Riddle brought from Hollywood, allow as how they dug the gig and all that, but they still haven't received their bread.

The delinquent employer is the Democratic National Committee, which is scuffling to pay this bill and others, all of them adding up to a total \$2,500,000.

The gala cost \$100 a seat. It was produced by Frank Sinatra and featured a stirring array of names from Broadway and Hollywood. It raised about \$1,000,000 for the Democrats' treasury, depleted by the presidential campaign.

Are the Democrats about to be put on the unfair list of the American Federation of Musicians? A spokesman for the union said there was no thought of it—though, he added, the union was a little upset about the delay in payment.

Besides Riddle's 20 men, the gala used the services of some 50 musicians from Washington's Local 161. The bill for the Washington group is about \$20,000, or an average \$300 a man,—plus expenses for transportation and conductor Eddie Pierce. The sum covers about 25 hours of rehearsal and performance time.

When 60 days had gone by without payment of the bill, Local 161 sent the Democrats a reminder letter. Jack Kaufman, president of the local, expressed confidence that the bill would be paid soon.

Kaufman, who worked as conductor-arranger at the 1949 and 1953 inaugurations, said that late payment wasn't unique to the Kennedy administration.

"I didn't get my money on time from either Harry Truman or Ike," he said.





## on the problem of fork-moving\*

The music business is in a sorry state. It has been for some time, and during the present recession, things have reached a crucial point.

Big bands have been doing poorly for some time. Now small jazz groups are finding it extremely hard to keep the fork moving. The groups affected are not just the local or semi-name groups but well-known ones, filled with the men who are toasted as important creators the world over. Jazz records are still selling fairly well, but when a well-known jazzman plays an engagement, he is likely to find no business.

There seem to be several roots to the problem, roots that entwine all who are involved in jazz: the musician, the critic, the record company, the booker, the union, the clubs, and the person who pays his buck (or several bucks) into the fork-moving fund of jazz.

The lack of financial support for jazz groups, whether they are large or small, is the more ironic when it is considered that jazz is at one of its peaks of popularity and that, recession or no, ours is an affluent society. But there is a new generation of entertainment seekers today. The new seeker, or new-seeker, is not being reached, and, it would seem, is repelled by the methods of reaching the old seeker.

Since the time jazz reached sufficient audience appeal to attract men whose major concern was making a better-than-just-good living from feasting on its flesh, it has gone through at least three stages of audience appeal.

The first, during the 1920s, was as an adjunct to wholesale flouting of the 18th amendment. Jazz became a symbol of that era's "loose living." How loose the living actually was is beside the point, but the fact remains that jazz became a part of what were considered "good times."

The underworld, which ran many of the speakeasies, sank its claws into the music; it has not fully relinquished its hold yet, although the Mafia and independent hoods have taken on the guise of business respectability. While the underworld has lost a good deal of its control over clubs and individual artists, the hoods still control too many clubs, artists, record companies, and other segments of the music business.

With the coming of the great depression and the repeal of prohibition, jazz lost its appeal to the entertainment seeker. The times were not so good during those lean years.

But jazz reached its second peak of popularity in the swing era of the mid-'30s. The big bands—and there were a lot of big bands in those days—did business. There are several reasons: the country was slowly getting back on its feet; the entertainment seeker sought physical activity as a means of release—dancing had replaced "sin" as the main appeal of jazz—and the political temper of the times was action and things-are-getting-better.

Another important, nonsocial reason was that there was imaginative publicity and promotion. Benny Goodman was not just the leader of a band—he was the King of Swing. Each band had a slogan, an identity, something that was supposed to set it off from all the other bands. Whether each was unique is debatable, but the publicity agents—

remember that term?—convinced the public that it was so. Each band, and some sidemen, had fan clubs. Some of these clubs sprang up spontaneously, but many of them were engineered by the men whose business it was to see that their properties made money. The age of the Fan had arrived.

This era, as the one preceding it, faded, though some romantics and die-hards would have us believe that the day of the return of the big bands is just around the corner. What they fail to realize is that we live in a different social climate from that of the '30s. Our "needs" are different. Big bands have never gone away, but their appeal has diminished. Some promoters seem to be fixed at the everybody-dance stage of development. The new seeker does not want to draw too much attention to himself, and dancing is attention-getting, especially of the sort that was evident during the swing era.

The new seeker is passive. He wants to be entertained; he does not want to participate except vicariously—and then quietly.

Most jazz entertainment seekers are of the middle class. Either they have reached that class, or else they identify with, and aspire to, that class. They are not like the seekers during the '20s and '30s. They cannot be enticed by the same promotion methods and appeals used during the preceding periods.

And jazz cannot be promoted as in the past. It is a listeners' music now. Most jazz fans are repelled by the pitiful tinsel of the postprohibition night club. They have little desire to exhaust themselves in physical activity. Being better educated than their predecessors, they prefer to look on themselves as cultured. Appeals must be made to their minds, not to their libidos or feet, although they may half-heartedly shuffle around the dance floor if they can be enticed into a ballroom. You cannot appeal to a 23-year-old's nostalgia.

So the big bands and small groups are doing poor business. What has happened? Who, if anyone, is at fault? We, every one of us connected with jazz, no matter how peripherally, must share the blame.

The musician who ignores or looks down on his audience hurts himself and jazz, both of which are important. No one, especially the new seeker, likes to be fluffed. He does not like to be bilked either. High asking prices result in higher tabs. In the past, jazzmen were not paid according to their ability or importance. Exorbitant prices, however, are not the answer; they are more a revenge. But the main fault lies not with the musician.

The critics are not blameless. They have emphasized, sometimes unintentionally, the glories of the phonograph record. (It is true, though, that some in-person performances are so poor that the seeker would be wiser to invest his money in an album.) Critics, at least a good number of them, tend to think in terms of records when they discuss the merits or shortcomings of jazzmen. The new listener tends to think in the same terms. Most critics realize that a first-rate in-person performance is the ultimate emotional

\*fork-moving, [*Colloq.*], the act of eating food; sustaining life.



lift in jazz, but they fail to convey this in all their writings.

The support-live-music campaign of the American Federation of Musicians has had little effect. There are signs, however, that since the ascendancy of the Kenin administration, there will be more constructive, less passive and amateurish, efforts along this line. The weakness, and conversely, the strength of the AFM lies in the autonomy of the locals. Some locals really want to help the musicians but have no idea how to do it. Others are too concerned with collecting taxes and dues and disciplining members, especially dance-band and jazz musicians. Chicago's Local 10, James C. Petrillo's local (he is still president), while ostensibly helping its members by enacting a five-day work week rule (no member may work more than five consecutive days at any one establishment) hurts the places that hire musicians; this in turn hurts the men supposedly helped by the law—the musicians. Another regulation of Local 10 that hurts the club owner, and, therefore, the musician, is the law that requires the hiring of a local group if the club owner wants an out-of-town group to play seven days. If he does not hire the local group, the out-of-town attraction can only work five days, cutting off two days' revenue for the club owner although he is paying the same price for the group that a club owner in another city, where the group could work seven days, would pay.

But the main fault lies not with the union or the critics.

The main fault lies in no one group but in a field—promotion.

Record companies, for their own sakes, should actively help promote their artists. Some make a faint attempt to do so. But what is needed is more concerted, *professional* promotion. It would not seem unethical that record companies and booking agencies should work more closely.

Recently in Chicago, one of the best of new big bands, Quincy Jones', played an engagement in one of the jazz clubs. The band's record company, one of the big labels, did nothing to drum up business for the band. The band's booking agency did little. But the Jones band did good business.

It did good business partly because men who believed in the band got behind it and pushed. One agent not from the band's agency went around to jazz disc jockeys in the area and begged them to plug the band. His reason? He dug the band. A writer wrote—gratis—a glowing tribute to the band, a tribute that was printed in pamphlet form by the club management—and it was a good printing job, not a mimeographed copy. The helping hands were not entirely responsible for the band's drawing well. The band is an excellent one. But it is doubtful that the band would have drawn as well if these hands had remained inactive.

Unimaginative promotion is exemplified by another Chicago jazz club's handling of a group. The leader, Stan Getz, had been out of the country for some time. His first engagement upon returning to this country was at the Chicago club. A small ad appeared in the local papers. Business was very bad. The club manager sang the blues—he had good cause to.

The situation should have been a promoter's dream, but nothing was done about the importance of the engagement. If the club owner was waiting for the effect of word of

mouth to bring customers into his club, he made a sorry mistake. The word-of-mouth-is-the-best-advertisement fallacy has been a club-owner rationalization since the Roaring Twenties. It died with that era.

When there have been cases of clubs doing promotion, it has usually taken the form of amateurish spectacularism. Or a public-relations firm has been hired to send out run-of-the-mill press releases, hoping they will result in a mention in a local newspaper column. This is not enough.

It would seem that a planned campaign is needed—a saturation campaign but saturation in the right places, not a poster campaign that does not reach the people who make up the new listeners.

One concert held last month in Chicago was assured a profit a week before the concert was scheduled, because advance sales were stimulated by a vigorous campaign that started at least a month before the event. The campaign included medium-size ads in newspapers and posters in local transportation centers, especially, and possibly significantly, in the commuter-train loading stations. Tickets also were sold in these stations. The campaign got to its audience—the middle class. The growth of suburbia has been largely overlooked or ignored by jazz-event promoters.

If this sort of campaign worked for a one-shot concert, would it not be logical to assume that it would work as well for the jazz clubs? It would seem so, since the people who must be reached in order to keep jazz clubs and jazzmen alive are in the middle class. They, and those who want to be like them, are the ones who buy the records. Jazz cannot be supported by bums.

The audience for jazz is there. But the rich vein has hardly been tapped. Jazz has been hurt by the mishandling by amateur promoters and the living-in-the-past club owners.

**J**azz needs a new breed of businessmen. The day of the big spender is gone. Jazz needs men, as dedicated as the musicians, to run the business end of the music—and jazz as yet has not risen above being a part of business and show business. The music has had enough of the con man, the phony, the leech. It needs men who will work for it.

There are signs of a fresh wind abuilding. The old-style club owner and promoter seem to be on the way out. The increase in the number of coffee houses and other non-alcohol jazz rooms indicate this. It is too early to say whether these clubs are harbingers of good. Surely the concert stage, which some thought was the answer to the problem, has not provided a solution. The concert stage is unsatisfying to both artist and audience. The answer to the fork-moving problem must retain the necessary contact between player and listener.

Jazz as an art form must have fresh musical thinking. It must have new blood. As in the past, it continues to get this freshness and new blood. But jazz also must have fresh business thinking. It must have new blood in this part of its body. It is not getting it. The vigor and love jazzmen bring to the music must be matched by the vigor and love of the jazz businessman.

The time is ripe for sweeping change.

—DeMichael 







## MESSAGE RECEIVED

by Don DeMicheal

Art Blakey sat on the edge of the bed in a Detroit hotel room. Dressed only in tee shirt and shorts, his powerful arms stabbed the air with a cigaret as he talked. "Talked" is perhaps too mild a term—Blakey seldom just "talks." You could almost feel his excitement and enthusiasm.

"We've played a lot of countries," he said, "but never has the whole band been in tears when we left. My wife cried all the way to Hawaii."

What had prompted the tears and Blakey's enthusiasm was the Jazz Messenger tour of Japan earlier this year. He said that it was the first time he and the members of the group (Lee Morgan, Wayne Shorter, Bobby Timmons, and Jymie Merritt) felt really appreciated. "It was the first time I experienced real freedom, too," he added.

The appreciation, or more correctly, adulation, began when the Messengers alighted from their plane at a Tokyo airport. Other passengers included film stars Edward G. Robinson and Shirley MacLaine, but the thousands who had waited at the airport until the early morning were as eager to greet the jazzmen as they were the Hollywood personalities. The group's records blared forth from the airport loudspeakers. The Japanese fans buried Blakey and his men in flowers.

"It was like a florist's shop," the drummer said. "They wanted me to make a speech, but I couldn't. I just cried."

But they were showered with more than flowers; Blakey said the band members shipped back \$5,000 worth of presents. One restaurateur presented the musicians with a set of expensive sport jackets. Blakey's wife received a costly kimono. At the tour's end, a ceremony was held to give Blakey a copy of a 60-minute sound film made during the band's tour.

"Monte Kay (Blakey's manager) offered to pay for it,"



Blakey said, "but the people were very insulted. It was a gift. They didn't want money for it. None of the things they did for us was a gimmick. No gimmicks, just love."

**A**rt Friends Association, the only cultural exchange group recognized by the Japanese government, according to Blakey, was responsible for the Jazz Messengers' touring Japan. The organization took a survey of Japanese jazz fans, and Blakey's group proved the most popular. The Messengers' records consistently head the list of most-popular jazz albums in the Far Eastern country.

The tour included concerts in Tokyo, Osaka, and Kyoto. In most of the cities, Blakey said, the stage lighting was extraordinary. "They had studied our records and knew what we would do," he said. "Then they improvised lighting effects to fit the mood of the music."

At one of the concerts, the members of the group were in their dressing rooms when music filled the air. "Who put on one of our records?" asked trumpeter Morgan. The music duplicated one of the Messengers records. "That's no record," answered Timmons. "That's the band that goes on before us."

"The Japanese musicians are good," Blakey said, lighting another cigaret. "They can copy anything. They're a wonderful people. We came to one town, and a boy watched me set up my drums. He made some sketches of how I had things arranged. I never had to set up myself again; he had everything just like I had it."

Seemingly as impressed with the Japanese as the Japanese were with the group, Blakey expressed amazement at the vigor of the people.

"Everybody's busy," he said. "You don't see any bums hanging around poolrooms. It's a great industrial nation—always trying to improve this and that. Their TV is terrific. They're very advanced in color TV. We did an hour program, and the cameramen had to know everything we were going to do so they could chart what camera angles and colors to use. During the telecast, they never looked at the band, only their charts. It was amazing."

Blakey and his men found that they learned more than most tourists do in Japan. "We didn't go there to teach them anything," he said. "We ate their food, stayed in their houses. We spent most of our time with the people, talking. They showed us things that other people don't get to see. I listened to their music, but I can't say I understand it. It's in a different scale than the one we use. But it has a story and meaning of its own."

The Messengers found the language quite difficult to master ("We did learn to say, 'Thank you.'"). But when they return to Japan at the end of this year or the first of next, they plan to be better prepared in the language. A Columbia university teacher is tutoring the band.

"Most of the people speak English," Blakey said. "But they were confused about the word 'funky.' They had the idea that a funky musician was a Negro musician dressed in tattered clothes, with a don't-care attitude. When they saw our uniforms and how we bowed in appreciation of the applause, this surprised them. They'd taken the term non-musically."

**B**lakey and his Messengers have a busy schedule ahead of them. Besides working clubs in this country, plans have been made for the group to travel to even more far-flung places than Japan. If all goes well, they will visit Europe this summer, India in September, Australia in October, and the USSR in November followed by the second tour of Japan.

If the USSR tour comes about—and Blakey said he feels that it will—the Messengers will be the first jazz group to tour the country officially since World War II. (The Mitchell-Ruff Duo played in Russia in 1959, but they were

ostensibly part of a college glee club touring the country.)

The possibility of the USSR tour stems directly from one of the group's Japanese appearances. At a Tokyo concert, 17 ambassadors attended. With the USSR ambassador was that country's minister of culture. He was so impressed with the group that he wrote his government suggesting that the Messengers tour Russia. Negotiations are still in progress. "We'll get through to those people if they'll let us," Blakey said about the USSR tour. "Even if they reject our records, I think a personal appearance will be successful."

Although the concert the Russian minister of culture attended was successful and potentially fruitful, Blakey and the band members experienced a minor disappointment. The U. S. ambassador failed to show up at the performance, although he had received an invitation. He failed even to send a representative. At the end of the concert, each of the attending ambassadors was presented a large bouquet of flowers. The flowers intended for the U. S. ambassador were placed in his empty seat.

"At first," Blakey said, a deep frown creasing his face, "we felt pretty bad about it. Here we were representing America, and nobody there from our own country. Regardless of how he felt about jazz, he should have come or sent somebody. But then we forgot about it, figured he had something more important to do."

Despite his apparent delight at the prospect of touring foreign lands, Blakey nonetheless bemoaned the fact that he and his group must work outside the United States in order to receive the acceptance he feels they deserve.

"We also get more money," he said. "You can't get acceptance or money in this country, which is a damned shame. If you want to keep a band together, they've got to get a good salary. Club owners here can't afford it. Besides, the guys work too hard in the clubs, especially the horn men. They won't last long in the clubs—they'll wear themselves out."

Blakey warmed to two of his favorite subjects, club owners and the acceptance of jazz and jazzmen:

"If the club owners would leave us alone and not run things on a conveyor belt, things would be better. Some of them look on musicians like they were machines—put in a quarter and out comes music. You don't create just like that. You're like meat in a butcher shop. They cut you up.

"Jazz has to be treated especially gentle," he continued. "Surroundings have to be kept pleasant. Working clubs as they are now is a bore. Concerts are best. God's been good to us; we can go out of the country and get recognition. But we'll keep knocking over here; some day they'll let us in. As things are now, we can't get to the people.

"Things are getting better, though. But they're moving slow. Mass media is the key. Until now, TV has been too commercial. We worked some shows, but the emcee had to get into the act, making fun of the clothes we wore or beating a drum when he didn't know how. That stuff hasn't got anything to do with the music."

Blakey also had strong things to say about jazz festivals: "They're nothing more than vaudeville shows. There shouldn't be more than two groups, one in the afternoon and one at night. Whoever heard of 10 groups on one program?"

He said he feels that there is a lack of confidence among club owners and promoters in this country. "If they just let the guys play, the people will enjoy it and be entertained. But they don't believe it can be done over here. But we'll wait and see. It'll happen."

The small, muscular drummer's confidence radiated in the dark room. He was still in his tee shirt and shorts, but he was clothed in a garment that can't be bought —  
hope.



# THE REMARKABLE J. J. JOHNSON

By IRA GITLER

"When I was approached (about this article), it occurred to me that I had read, in this publication and others, many articles, interviews, profiles—some very witty, some very dull, some very intellectual.

"On the premise that I am not especially witty, except on rare occasions, not particularly brainy, except on even rarer occasions, and have no particular beefs or gripes, and don't want to put anyone down, I had certain misgivings about doing the story. However . . ."

The speaker is J. J. Johnson, the most influential and popular trombonist of the modern era, yet a man so modest that he is disinclined to see that he is interesting in and of himself.

His influence has been with us since the mid-1940's, when he made his first records as a leader. The real wave of his popularity dates from 1955, when he began winning first trombone place in polls, something he has continued to do ever since.

One of the truly great musicians in jazz, an innovator in areas of tone and technique, Johnson is a dedicated artist in whose mind music is the uppermost subject, though it does not occupy the position it once held.

This is not to suggest that he has become indifferent, or that his new attitude is liable to detract from his powers as a musician. On the contrary, in spending more time with his wife and two sons, in being freed of the pressures to which he used to be subject as a bandleader, J.J. is finding an enrichment of his musical powers through the human qualities important to every artistic creation.

As you would expect of so modest a man, J.J. is a self-searcher. He always has been. Twice in his long career, he has given up public playing on an active day-after-day basis. The first time was in 1952, the second eight years later. In 1952, he was a sideman with a combo. In 1960, he was with his own sextet when he decided to back away from the grind of nightly performance, and disbanded. Both "vacations" from constant playing were self-administered. But he imposed them on himself for different reasons.

From 1938, when he was with a high school band in Indianapolis (his home town) and began to meet musicians his own age, James Louis Johnson became deeply involved with jazz.

Like his friends, Johnson listened with avid interest to the records of Count Basie, Jimmie Lunceford, and Duke Ellington. Since there was no trombonist in the crowd, J.J., who had started studying piano at the age of 11, was persuaded to take up the slide instrument.

In 1942, against his parents' wishes, he went on the road with Snookum Russell's band. There he met trumpeter Fats Navarro. Navarro had an immediate influence on young Johnson's musical conception.

Indeed, hornmen other than trombonists have been his greatest inspirations, though J.J. once said, "The late Fred Beckett, once with Harlan Leonard's orchestra and shortly afterwards with Lionel Hampton, was the very first trombonist I ever heard play in a manner other than the usual sliding, slurring, lip-trilling or 'gut-bucket' style. He had

tremendous facilities for linear improvisation. In general, Beckett's playing made a very lasting impression on me."

And other of the important trombone stylists had their effect on such an aware musician as Johnson. But, he says flatly, "My original influences were Pres and Roy, then Diz and Bird."

The Snookum Russell Band hit tough going, and J.J. returned to Indianapolis. Next stop: Benny Carter.

Carter's band came to town in need of a trombonist. Singer Earl Coleman introduced Johnson to the gifted arranger and multi-instrumentalist. J.J. was to spend three years with Carter.

The band recorded for Capitol and several smaller labels. The shifting personnel included, at various times, Max Roach, Curly Russell, Freddy Webster, Karl George, and Porter Kilbert. "It was one continuous education in music," J.J. recalls.

In 1945, Johnson joined Count Basie. In 1946, he left the band, and began appearing in the clubs on New York City's 52nd St.

I remember when I first heard him, sitting in with Dizzy Gillespie at the Spotlite. I sat open-mouthed at his amazing dexterity. A few months before, I had become accustomed to Dizzy. Now here was someone playing a trombone with the same kind of "chops." It was not merely his prodigious technique that impressed me; the what of his playing was not obscured by the how.

Shortly thereafter, J.J. fronted his own quartet, with Bud Powell on piano, at the Spotlite. Adding Cecil Payne on alto saxophone, he made his first recordings as a leader, *Coppin' the Bop* and *Jay Jay*, for Savoy in June, 1946.

In 1947, a former Basie handmate, Illinois Jacquet, formed a small group and hired the trombonist. Two years with Jacquet were followed by a period of gigging, including stints with Woody Herman and Dizzy Gillespie. In October, 1951, he joined Oscar Pettiford's group for a USO tour of Japan, Korea, and assorted Pacific islands.

Johnson's next important job came in 1952 with Jazz, Inc., a touring unit under the aegis of Symphony Sid. The rest of the formidable lineup included Miles Davis, Zoot Sims (later replaced by Jimmy Heath), Milt Jackson (on piano and vibes), Percy Heath, and Kenny Clarke. When this group broke up, the trombonist became discouraged with the business. ("If that couldn't make it, well . . .")

He continued to work around New York City, but jazz clubs and jobs were scarce. This was a period when the rhythm section of the late Jazz, Inc. joined with John Lewis and tried to become a permanent unit. They were billed as the Milt Jackson Quartet. In view of the popularity of the Modern Jazz Quartet today, it is often forgotten that they had a difficult time getting off the ground. It was typical of the time.

The lack of work depressed J.J., but he was also doing some strong self-evaluation. "I felt like I was on a treadmill," he recalled. "I wanted to get off so I could look at myself more objectively."

Johnson felt that he wasn't developing as a player and so it was a self-prescribed rehabilitation when he took a



job at the Sperry gyroscope company as a blueprint inspector. (He explained his aptitude for the mechanical and technical with the comment, "I always liked to tinker around. Now it's with hi-fi." Charles Graham, *Down Beat's* high fidelity editor, says, "J.J. has even more equipment in his house than I do.")

Until June, 1954, Johnson remained at Sperry, making some record dates and only occasional gigs. It was a period of constant soul-searching and practice.

The event that brought him out of retirement was a record date for Savoy. Savoy's a&r man at that time was Ozzie Cadena. Cadena called J.J. about doing a two-trombone session with Bennie Green. Green had a hot record (*Blow Your Horn*) going at the time, and this seems to have deterred J.J. Kai Winding made the date with Johnson, and the result was a new group, Jay and Kai.

The two trombonists subsequently recorded for many labels and made countless club, concert, and festival appearances between August, 1954, and August, 1956. The two-trombones-with-rhythm format, at first commercially repugnant to booking agents, became highly successful—and helped both men entrench themselves with the general jazz public, the bulk of which had entered the scene on the heels of the Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan quartets. Since August, 1956, when they disbanded, Johnson and Winding have reunited for a 1958 tour of Great Britain and the continent and most recently for a just-released Impulse record. Though they don't work together regularly any more, they will probably record again and may make some isolated concert appearances.

From the time of their separation, Johnson has led his own groups, either quintets or sextets and, although stamped with their leader's personality, varied within the combo format. "With Bobby Jaspar on tenor and flute, there were a lot of possibilities," Johnson said. "When it changed to Nat Adderley, there was another approach. My last group was the best I had. I'd always wanted three horns."

That group, which included Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Clifford Jordan, tenor sax; Cedar Walton, piano; Arthur Harper, bass; Al Heath, drums, recorded for Columbia an album called *J.J., Inc.*

At the time of the band's demise, it was rumored to be the victim of a business slump. Johnson emphatically denies this.

"I didn't break up the group for economic reasons, as generally advertised," he said. "Actually we had so much work that the guys in the band used to say to me, 'When are we going to get some time off so we can lay off in New York?' The reason we worked so much is because we were so reasonably priced that one club owner in the midwest came to me and said, 'J.J., how come you work so cheap? I would have paid double the amount because you're doing good business.'"

Though Johnson felt his group could have commanded a better price, it was not failure to hit the higher pay brackets that caused the combo's dissolution, either. The group actually was disbanded for a combination of reasons. One was, as in 1952, personal stock-taking.

"Having been on the road extensively, traveling and touring for the last seven or eight years," Johnson said, "it suddenly occurred to me that I needed a change, and I even began to wonder was it possible that a musician or artist could be much too dedicated—so much so that he lived in a very narrow world,"

To the suggestion that he had been physically separated from the jazz world during his period at Sperry, J.J. said, "I was still thinking about nothing but music."

When he returned to his Teaneck, N. J., home in August,

1960, he began to see through new eyes. "I made a startling discovery," he said. "It was the first time in years that I had a chance to spend more time with Vivian and my two sons, Kevin and Billy. I discovered that both my sons had made the transition from rock and roll to jazz. Billy, 15, is studying tenor sax and has worn out quite a few Coltrane records. Kevin, 9, is an avid drum enthusiast. His favorites are Philly Joe Jones, Arthur Taylor, and Al Heath. Kev is super-critical over drum performances and becomes downright bitter over what he considers a bad performance by any one of them."

Now Johnson finds time to take his wife out to the movies and, in addition to guiding the boys musically, is teaching Billy how to drive and helping Kevin with his model kits. Photography is something that actively interests the whole family.

The discoveries do not stop there. Unlike in his Sperry period, J.J. has a new feeling for the daylight hours. "I discovered," he said, "what it is like to be up and wide awake with the world at 8 o'clock in the morning and to see people in the daytime world."

But he has not neglected the night people. "I've found time to go to clubs and hear more of other musicians," he said. "It's the first time I really enjoyed other musicians because I am not listening through the supercritical ears of a jazz musician. There's a lot of good jazz being played. There's quite a few very interesting things happening in jazz."

Evidently, J. J. Johnson is in a very tranquil, happy frame of mind. He has achieved one of the objectives he sought when he left the road: "wanting to compose in a relaxed atmosphere away from the pressures that a bandleader is subjected to."

Writing has been a Johnsonian occupation from high school days. He was transcribing from big-band records then ("the first was a Basie riff thing") but didn't start seriously on his own until he joined Benny Carter's band. One of his arrangements featured Jean Starr, a girl trumpeter. Another was a chart behind vocalist Savannah Churchill.

The only writing he did for Basie was *Rambo*, an original. From that time until the mid-1950s, J.J. turned most of his attention to playing, pausing here and there to write a line for a small-group record date. *Wee Dot*, a riffy bop blues, has been adopted by other players as a jamming tune. *Kelo* and *Enigma*, recorded by Miles Davis in 1953, are memorable examples of Johnson's melodic inventions, even if they have not been widely played.

Despite the increase in his writing activity since 1954, Johnson has still been known primarily as a player. He has done a lot more writing than people realize. J.J. said, "Kai and I split the writing in our group. In my groups since then, I have done 95 percent of the writing."

Johnson's ability as an arranger was greatly responsible for the success of the Kai-J. quintet. The limitations inherent in writing for two horns, especially horns of the same kind, can be as great a challenge as working with a broader musical palette. *Lament*, written in 15 minutes for the group's first Savoy date, was later done by Miles Davis and Gil Evans in *Miles Ahead*. Its beautiful, haunting, melancholy air is typical of one side of Johnson's composing attitudes.

The aforementioned *J.J., Inc.* not only contains arrangements by Johnson but also is the first album in which he has been represented entirely by his originals.

The decision to remain at home and devote himself to writing could not have been made as easily (the family magnet notwithstanding) if J.J. had not had encouragement. The convincing came from John Lewis and Dizzy

Gillespie. Lewis, as musical director of the Monterey Jazz Festival, was familiar with Johnson's extended works. (Two pieces, *El Camino Real* and *Sketch for Trombone and Orchestra*, originally commissioned for the 1959 festival, will be included in a projected big-band album he is currently preparing for his own Columbia date.)

Lewis asked for a piece that would feature the MJQ and a large orchestral accompaniment. The result is *Rondeau for Quartet and Orchestra*, running 18 or 20 minutes. The orchestration calls for 30 strings and 10 woodwinds. It is expected that the composition will be premiered by the MJQ in Japan and later recorded in Europe for the Atlantic label.

The work for Gillespie grew out of Johnson's *Poem for Brass*, recorded on the now-unavailable Columbia album *Music for Brass*. Dizzy heard it and put in a call from South Carolina to New York City's Village Vanguard where J.J. was playing. "I want you to write a piece for me just like that," said Diz.

"A whole album?" J.J. asked.

"Yes!"

Johnson responded with a suite entitled *Perceptions*, which runs 35 minutes and will bring six trumpets, four French horns, two tubas and two harps, and other instruments, into the studio for Verve.

If it sounds from all this as if J.J. has been sufficiently occupied these days, bear in mind that he has not completely neglected his playing. He recently finished an album backed by Cannonball Adderley's rhythm section: Vic Feldman, Sam Jones, and Louis Hayes. "When I was with the Norman Granz tour in Europe in the fall of '60," he related, "I played with them in England. When I got home, I called Columbia to book time for the studio. I wanted to record with those cats."

Johnson has some definite ideas on the art of playing jazz. They are indicative of the evolution and maturation of a sensitive and perceptive musician.

"There are times," he said, "when what you don't play is as important as what you do play. In other words, there are times when, during the course of a solo, I will have played something that I shouldn't have, and when this happens, it sticks out like a sore thumb. It is out of context or doesn't relate to the over-all feeling or mood—like breaking continuity with fast flourishes that don't relate."

J.J. thinks that many of the younger musicians are playing too fast. "Doubling up on ballads can be effective," he said, "but it has been run into the ground."

Perhaps he is especially aware of this situation because of his feelings about his own early work: "There was a time in my life—in the mid-1940s—when my aim was to play as fast as physically possible on the trombone." With older trombone players who disapproved of this approach, he "felt a draft."

"In Philly," he said, "a ridiculous club owner had a sign outside which read, 'Fastest Trombone Player Alive.'"

"Inevitably, jazz and tempos became more civilized and musicians began to play along more melodic lines."

Perhaps some of J.J.'s flights had been mere flash, but it seems certain that his conception was always true to the music being played and always "civilized." His conceptual alterations are the result of inevitable change through time—a matter of a great musician becoming greater as his experience enriched him. In common with all serious jazzmen, he is "trying to tell a story on the instrument." As a trombonist, he is "trying to make it stand up as a solo instrument like the trumpet, saxophone, and piano."

He is keenly aware of the audience-musician rapport or lack of it. "There is a phenomenon and a paradox that

occurs from one night to another," he said. "There have been many occasions when I felt that I played great by my own standards—the only criterion I have for this feeling is how it feels in the doing. If it feels laborious and awkward, obviously it doesn't feel good and consequently it doesn't sound good to me."

"There have been nights I thought I really played well and I didn't get through to anybody, by all outward indications. On other nights, I thought it wasn't coming off, and yet people would applaud vigorously and even come up and say, 'Wow! Great!'"

"Perhaps the reason for this is that most people would rather identify what you're doing by way of the human element. I've double-checked with other players from an observer's standpoint."

"Then, too, most of us know and realize that the audience, like any musician, can have a bad night, too."

Then he looked enigmatic as he seemed to be conjuring up his own *Lady and the Tiger* and said, "That part of jazz playing that is most important is the most elusive—the most unpredictable—and the part that most defies definition."

On record that he didn't want to put anyone down, Johnson, however, had some likes to air. He still thinks well of his work on Gillespie's *The Champ*, "even though my solo was cut in half on a two-part 78 rpm." He is very happy with the upcoming Columbia discs—*J.J., Inc.* and the date with Adderley's rhythm section.

In precise, positive tones, he added, "Since Charlie Parker, the most electrifying sound that I've heard in contemporary jazz was Coltrane playing with Monk at the Five Spot a couple of years ago. It was incredible, like Diz and Bird."

Returning to opinions of his own work, the area where the jazz musician is always at his harshest, Johnson said, "The only premise on which I really enjoy having my own band is from the standpoint of composing and arranging." Then he mused, "To me, Utopia would be to compose uninterrupted for four months, rehearse the compositions for two months, and play four months in the States and one month in Europe, with one month of rest and vacation."

Johnson feels that his previous approach to leading a band was "too meticulous, too mechanical, rigid—the uniforms . . . And I'd plan every set. It was too much like clockwork, too much so, perhaps. Now, I think it can be overdone."

"If I ever have another band, I might call ad lib sets and a couple of nights a week have no uniforms and let the players be individuals."

The new, relaxed Johnson is reflected again in his current practice habits. "I've been experimenting with a different concept," he said. "Practicing over the years, you adopt a set routine that covers the basic requirements of playing. Now I'm experimenting with a different approach which is freer—like playing exercises ad lib style and even playing ad lib with the radio."

The combination of natural talent with intelligence and the ability to apply that intelligence in aiding the talent assures that J. J. Johnson will continue to be an important trombone voice and a provocative, compelling composer. It is especially gratifying to see a writer spring from the ranks of jazzmen, in this day when many writers are approaching jazz composition from an academic direction.

A genuine (not a "professional") nice guy, J. J. ended the evening with a twinkle. "Maybe I will get another group now that I've had a chance to catch up on a bit of relaxation. On the other hand, perhaps I'll accept an offer that was made to me by a certain jazz artist who indulges in sports cars, Italian-cut suits, and the stock market."

And with that, J.J. picked up his horn and turned on the radio . . .





# THE SAGA OF JELLY ROLL MENSHIKOV

"Jazz is not a synonym for imperialism, and the saxophone is not a product of colonialism . . . So-called Dixieland existed in Odessa prior to New Orleans."

—*Time Magazine*, quoted from *Soviet Culture*

By **WHITEY MITCHELL**

(Author of *My Brother Is a Red*)

The myth that jazz music originated in New Orleans was finally put to rest by an authoritative piece appearing in *Soviet Culture*, official organ of the Soviet ministry of culture. Now that the USSR has modestly acknowledged that jazz music actually was born in Odessa, it will be necessary for Soviet historians to write some history to that effect. Perhaps they will welcome this article as an attempt to set the record straight.

Odessa was a thriving seaside community in 1900, and little Ferdinand (Jelly-Roll) Menshikov used to play down by the docks when he wasn't in school, or practicing. His mother used to support the family by playing piano in a sort of athletic arena called, in those days, a sporting house, and she was quite proud of Ferdinand's ability to play by ear.

He would go down to the docks and listen to the chants and work songs of the gangs unloading ships, the groaning of taut ropes and winches, the cry of the seagulls, and all the busy sounds of the harbor. Then he would rush home and try to capture these impressions on the piano. It wasn't very pleasant to hear at first, but soon he discovered that if he imitated the sound of the dock gangs marching to work with his left hand, and the cry of the seagulls with his right, some extraordinary noises would evolve.

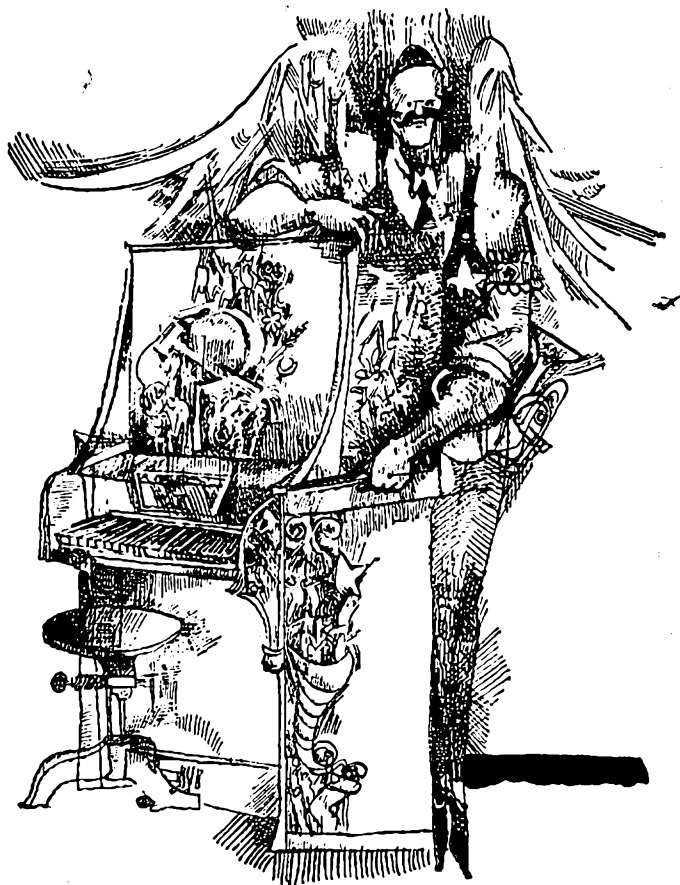
Mother would rock back and forth in her rocking chair with her eyes closed, murmuring, "Da, da." Only with mother's bronchial condition, it sounded more like "Dzhaz, dzhaz." And that's how Ferdinand's wonderful new music got its name.

One night when mother said she wasn't feeling well enough to go to work, Ferdinand decided that he would sneak out of the house and substitute for her, for wasn't he a good piano player, and didn't they need the money badly? When he got to the place of employment, he was chagrined to discover that they hadn't had a piano there for at least five years. One of mother's co-workers directed him to the establishment next door, where he was an instantaneous hit. The employes kept feeding him coffee and jelly rolls, and just couldn't get enough of that "dzhaz music." As he tottered home to his bed early the next morning, Ferdinand (Jelly-Roll) Menshikov little realized that he was the rage of Odessa, and that his dzhaz music marked the beginning of a new era.

Word of the remarkable Jelly-Roll Menshikov soon reached such prominent young musicians as Buddy Bolsky, Pinetop Smyrnoff, Pops Fostov, and James P. Johnsky, among others, and they would gather regularly at Ferdinand's house for jelly sessions.

Bolsky brought his tape machine to one of these events (while capitalistic, imperialist warmongers were still struggling along with their Edison Talking Machines) and produced the first known dzhaz recordings. Some of these original compositions are still being played by the so-called Dixieland jazz bands of the Western world, and they include: *The Da, Da Strain*; *Clarinet Borscht*; *Buddy Bolsky's Blues*; *Struttin' with Some Stroganoff*; *Way down Yonder in Sevastopol*; *That's What I Like About the Ukraine*, and *Big Noise from Vladivostok*.

A period of unprecedented musical creativity followed, and Odessa became the Mecca of serious jazz musicians the world over. Security leaks in Czarist Russia had tipped off the Western nations to the musical revolution that was



going on, and spies from the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce smuggled out whole compositions, including choruses and hot licks, by means of precocious parrots. In fact one of these birds (not noted for his accuracy of intonation) consistently flatted the third and fifth intervals of the songs he memorized, and present-day scholars attribute to him the discovery of the so-called "blue" notes.

Things quieted down in Odessa after the People's Revolution of 1917. The Dzhaz Hot Club went underground until it could be determined whether or not the new government would have a favorable attitude toward dzhaz. The atmosphere grew colder and colder as the Western countries lined up squarely behind "jazz," as they called it, and attempts to woo the Kremlin hierarchy, with such compositions as *When Your Comrade Has Gone* and *Steppin' into Classless Society*, failed. The final blow didn't come until 1929, however, when Zoot Cosnovsky, following up his hit album (*It's a Red World*), put out the ill-fated LP *The Jazz Soul of Joseph Stalin*.

Because of the downgrading of jazz during the Stalin regime, many leading dzhazniks sought employment with dance bands, and during the purge trials of the '30s, it was mandatory for all musicians to sign loyalty oaths:

I believe in the glorious world revolution of the proletariat and in the inspirational music of those composers supported by the state. All other music is reactionary, antirevolutionary, pro-Fascist, and of dubious cultural value. I have never knowingly flatted a fifth, accentuated an after-beat, syncopated the melody, played notes that weren't written down, and, above all, I have never swung.

Shortly before World War II, several young musicians, working with the Woody Murmansk Orchestra as a front, started running after-hours sessions at a place called Minsky's in Odessa. It was rumored that they were experi-

menting with new rhythms and harmonies and were rapidly developing a new kind of jazz that they called bopchka. Chief among these deviationists were Charlie Kharkov and Dizzy Pulaski, and before they were caught and sent to Siberia, they managed to record several compositions, some of which became classics: *Saltmine Peanuts*, *Now Is the Crime*, *Night in Siberia*, and *The Drummer Is Russian*.

In closing, I must mention that since jazz has taken its rightful place among other great Soviet achievements, we can now expect a deluge of information about this latest phase of the cold war.

I am one of the fortunate few who have seen an advance copy of *Coexistence Dzhaz Review*, a magazine to be devoted to international jazz news.

On the cover is a picture of the Dave Brubeck Quartet playing a concert with a superimposed background of rioting Congolese tribesmen. The caption is: **DISSATISFIED FANS TURN NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL INTO TYPICAL CAPITALISTIC TURMOIL**. On the inside cover is an editorial explaining why U. S. jazz musicians will not "close the jazz gap . . . at least not in our time." Then there are articles by José Melis (*Anybody Can Play Jazz*), John Mehegan (*Practical Tips for Improving Your Meter*), and Guy Lombardo (*In Defense of Ornette Coleman*). Then there is the piece by Charles Mingus (*In Defense of Guy Lombardo*) and a report on the Soviet musical task force that has almost perfected the 105-bar blues. In the record review section (*Better Buy . . . or Else!*) is a review of Miles Malenkov and his new record *We Will Bury You*, backed with *I Remember Zhukov (Cha-Cha-Cha)*.

All in all, it's a very tastefully prepared magazine, well worth your attention. I understand the entire proceeds will be sent to the Committee for the Organization of a Complete World Strike.



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## HARRY OSTER

By PETE WELDING

Harry Oster, a short, soft-spoken Boston-bred and Harvard-educated professor of English at Louisiana State University, is perhaps one of the unlikelier persons to be found at the helm of a record firm that has built its reputation through emphasis on blues and authentic Negro folk music. Within the space of two years, however, Oster's Folk-Lyric label has established itself as one of the more important and valuable operations in the increasingly prominent field of documentary recordings of this kind of music.

The 15 LPs thus far produced have been marked by an authoritative scholarship and a real love and respect for the material; but beyond this, the recordings themselves have proved invaluable additions to knowledge of the idiom.

Oster got into the field almost by accident. In 1956, on a grant from the university, he began investigating and collecting recorded examples of the five major folk music traditions in Louisiana: Old French, Negro French, Afro-American, Cajun, and Anglo-American. Although primarily interested in the French language traditions, he quickly gathered so much interesting and esoteric material from all five sources that in 1957 he decided to issue a general survey recording, *A Sampler of Louisiana Folksongs*, which he had pressed into an edition of 100 copies, at his own expense.

He had no intention of starting a label, but the first collection soon sold out. "Sales continued to trickle in," he said, "and I was having so much fun recording material that I put out a second record in 1958, *Louisiana Folksong Jambalaya*. Emboldened by getting my money back on this one, I put out two more—*Angola Prisoners' Blues* and *Folksongs of the Louisiana Acadians*. The startling breadth of interest in the first blues record encouraged me to set up Folk-Lyric and concentrate on primitive Negro music."

Once begun, Oster plunged into the task of assembling a catalog of releases. He had gained access to the Louisiana



HARRY OSTER

State Prison at Angola, which proved to be a mine of traditional Negro song. At Angola he recorded samples of antiphonal work songs and spirituals and discovered a number of impressive country-blues men, among them Robert Pete Williams (who was slated to appear at the Newport Jazz Festival last year, but was unable to obtain permission); Robert (Guitar) Welch, Hogman Maxey, and Roosevelt Charles. Oster's faith in these artists has been vindicated fully: since his discovery of them, several have been signed to con-

### PRODUCER'S CHOICE

Of the 15 items that comprise the current Folk-Lyric catalog, Harry Oster singles out the following four discs as his special favorites:

*Those Prison Blues: Robert Pete Williams*, FL-109

*Prison Worksongs*, LFS A-5

*New Orleans Jazz*, FL-110

*Country Negro Jam Sessions*, FL-111

tracts by larger firms—Williams by Prestige; Charles by Candid, and Snooks Eaglin, a blind blues singer and guitarist found on the streets of New Orleans, by Mercury.

Folk-Lyric is essentially a one-man operation, Oster tracking down the artists, following out leads, doing the actual recording, editing the tapes, writing liner notes, transcribing songs, designing covers, contacting dealers, and even packaging and mailing out the finished albums (though he has added a part-time helper to assist with this last operation).

He has acted as his own a&r man all along, without knowing it. "A cou-

ple of months ago," he said, "I had to ask someone what an a&r man was." What special problems has he run into working with authentic folk singers and instrumentalists?

"There is, of course, no one procedure for getting the most out of a performer," he said, "especially folk singers. I try to keep the sessions as informal as possible by swapping songs in some cases (I sing and play the guitar). Instead of concentrating on a few numbers, working on them over and over again, the customary procedure in most studio sessions, I prefer to let a session pick up momentum, to record a great many different songs, and then later select a few.

"Sometimes I sacrifice high fidelity for spontaneity. When I was recording Cajun *fais-dodos* (all-night dances), I usually let the tape recorder run unwatched while I joined in the dancing myself.

"Further, if I possibly can, I have many sessions with the performer, important both for his being comfortable and natural with me, and for my becoming familiar with his environment and the functional role of the music in it. By the way, the initial fear of the microphone is much less general than you might expect and is usually routed by the performer's hearing himself for the first time and by the admiring response of the crowd present."

Oster relies on artists he has recorded to lead him to fresh talent, and this procedure has been successful in giving him access to performers and material that would not ordinarily be heard.

"I try to gain the friendship and trust of at least one member of a circle before approaching others in the group," he said. "In each new circle I try to record all the performers of any interest and inquire of them who are the best 'songsters' they know. In the course of having a jam session at anyone's house in a Negro community, hordes of people pour in to join the fun, some of them gifted performers or at least friendly with some in neighboring communities."

In recent months, Oster has expanded his catalog to include English, Scottish, Irish, and southern mountain material, featuring the performances of such artists as Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger, who have international followings. This material has been obtained through an exchange deal with the British label, Selections, Ltd., which issues Oster's recordings in Britain.

Even more recently, he has begun to produce sessions as well for a number of larger labels. He has placed two albums with Prestige's Bluesville subsidiary, two with Candid, and several more with Folkways.





# STEREO SHOPPING WITH GEORGE RUSSELL

By CHARLES GRAHAM

George Russell is one of a small but growing group of avante-garde jazz composers. He started his big-time career playing drums with Benny Carter and has done arrangements for Earl Hines, Claude Thornhill, and Artie Shaw, among others. In 1957, Dizzy Gillespie introduced two of Russell's arrangements, *Cubano-Be* and *Cubano-Bop*, at Carnegie Hall, and they since have come to be well-known examples of Russell's talent.

He's taught at the School of Jazz in Lenox, Mass., and was commissioned by Brandeis University to compose a "serious" jazz work. His application of the Lydian chromatic concept has been called by the Modern Jazz Quartet's John Lewis "the first profound theoretical contribution to come from jazz."

Among Russell's albums on several labels, his Decca *New York, New York*, narrated by Jon Hendricks, and his Riverside *Stratosphunk* are best known. Riverside has also commissioned him to do a series that is expected to include six albums, to be issued over the next 18 to 24 months.

Acutely aware of the sound of music, Russell has had a medium-size monophonic components setup for a couple of years. It included a Bogen 10-watt amplifier, a Webster-Chicago changer, and a modest loudspeaker in a small cabinet. Recently, he decided to convert to stereo. In his words, he wanted to get a system "good enough so that spending more money won't materially improve the sound."

Russell said he wanted to get a top-grade stereo disc-playing setup including a changer, an inexpensive tuner, and provision for adding a tape recorder. As a take-off point, it was de-



JACK BRADLEY

RUSSELL

ecided to play a couple of stereo discs on the studio setup.

He'd brought some of his own records and put on his *New York, New York*. He worked the controls of the Fisher 400-CX stereo control unit to get the sound the way he liked it.

After he found the best balance of bass and treble (the machine has four separate bass and treble controls, one for each of the two stereo channels), he

#### Russell's equipment:

Scott 299B amplifier	\$210.
Shure M-3D pickup	\$ 47.
Acoustic Research	
AR-2A speakers	@ \$109.
Garrard RC-88 changer	\$59.50.
Leak FM tuner	\$149.50.

put on a stereo record of the Count Basie Band with Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Buck Clayton, Dickie Wells, and Lester Young playing *Dickie's Dream*. This extraordinary record, *The Sound of Jazz* on Columbia, was taped in stereo, even though when it first was released by Columbia after a broadcast in late 1957, stereo discs were still a novelty.

By setting the stereo function switch and watching the row of five different colored lights that shift off and on ac-

ording to the position of the controls, it was possible to show Russell how various parts of the ensemble sound could be suppressed or emphasized.

For example, after the introduction, Young takes a typically languorous tenor saxophone chorus. Playing only the right channel first and then only the left, Young could be heard equally well, indicating that he was recorded in midstage. Later though, when Hawkins took a driving chorus, he came through the left-hand speaker quite clearly. This indicated that Hawkins was recorded on the same side with the other reeds. Switching to the right-channel-only position the brass punctuation and rhythm could be heard, but Hawkins was almost inaudible.

The same thing happened in reverse a moment later when Eldridge took a chorus from the side where the brass was located.

Russell was struck by this graphic way of showing what each section was doing and commented that it would make it easier for him to dissect an orchestration in listening to records. But he found that the Fisher, priced at \$199.50, with its associated dual 60-watt power amplifier, at a total cost of \$399, would be too expensive for him. Next he listened to a Scott 299 ampli-



fier, a dual 50-watt unit costing \$210. He liked the sound and the very flexible controls and decided to get one like it.

A number of good loudspeakers of various manufacture had been set up in the studio, so Russell listened to each of them.

One of the so-called high-efficiency types, which has a separate horn speaker for the middle range and a horn tweeter for the high notes, delivered extremely clear, crisp sound, but Russell was particularly concerned with the bass reproduction. He said he wanted bass sound strong and loud, yet firm and tight. He said that this, along with clean highs, was best delivered by the Acoustic Research AR-2As and ordered two of them.

Having selected the amplifier and tuner, he next compared the sounds relayed by three different cartridges. Listening through the Scott amplifier and the Acoustic Research speakers, he was able to compare them by plugging in first one and then another cartridge in the removable shells of the Electro-Sonic arm. This arm has shells supplied in natural chromium finish and in red, white, and blue, marking which cartridge is which.

Although he noticed slight differences in the sounds conveyed through the cartridges, he found that by a slight resetting of the tone controls on the Scott amplifier, he could adjust the tonal balance of any of the three cartridges so that it sounded right to him.

Finally, he chose a Shure stereo pickup. This will play both mono and stereo LPs. He said he so rarely plays 78s, that he'll wait until later to get an inexpensive GE mono pickup with a sapphire stylus.

Because he has no need to synchronize piano playing at home with phonograph records, Russell decided he need not go to the added expense of having a turntable with speeds that can be adjusted faster or slower to match the piano's pitch exactly. He did want a changer, though, he said, "if I can get one that's as good as a turntable for sound. If the sound will suffer, I'll give up the convenience of a changer." He was assured that the current Garrard RC-88 (\$59.50), which he'd seen and liked, wouldn't rumble when used with the other components he'd picked.

Russell said he had tried several tuners in his home when his system was still monophonic, but he'd found that some of them wouldn't separate all the weaker stations out of town from stronger ones nearby. He'd ended up with a Leak FM tuner that incorporates an electric eye for tuning. He'd found this feature useful in tuning the weaker stations and so decided to get another Leak tuner.



## Q & A

### CHANGERS

Many people tell me that turntables are better than changers. Yet some changers cost more than some turntables, and I've seen some expensive systems that include changers instead of turntables. Too, some turntables I've examined carefully look like changers made by the same company with just the record-dropping part of the mechanism left off. Can such a turntable be any better than the changer it's a stripped-down model of?

San Bernadino, Calif. L. Hallmeck

Like many generalizations, useful when they're first made, this one—that turntables are better than changers—is no longer useful or true.

When the first high-quality turntables (record players with no changing mechanism) came out, they were designed to do just one job—to revolve with no vibration. This was because record changers of that day did vibrate too much, causing "rumble" in systems with good bass response. Later, high-quality manual arms were developed for use with these turntables, and these arms improved sound through tracking the records better and with less pressure.

At the same time that turntable design progressed, less expensive turntables were made and changer design improved. Today's better changers are, as you've implied in your question, as good as or better than many "turntables." And many nonchanging players ("turntables") have automatic features, such as automatic shutoff at the end of the record. (This can even be a disadvantage sometimes if you often pick up the needle to replay part of a disc.)

You are also accurate in your observation that some turntables are stripped-down changers. Such units cost less than changers, of course.

Most changers and turntables on the market today are better than any but the best turntables of four or five years ago. And most changers, except the least expensive ones, don't rumble and may be bought for good systems with confidence.

The assembler of a system with exceptionally good bass response will use

an expensive turntable with a separate arm if he wants the very least trace of rumble. But for excellent systems with good bass response, most people can well use a changer—if the changing feature is needed.

### FOUR-TRACK TAPE

A couple of years ago when four-track tapes were new, a friend of mine who'd bought a tape recorder previously for two-track operation had it converted to play both two-track and four-track tapes.

When we played four-track tapes on it, we could hear some of the opposite-direction tracks playing backwards. As a result, he hasn't bought any four-track tapes since, and I've held off buying a four-track tape machine.

Have these imperfections been ironed out now so that I can buy a machine to play the new four-track jazz tapes I see advertised?

Compton, Calif. Darryl Wooldridge

When the very first machines for four-track operation were produced, some of the conversions of earlier machines to adapt them for alternate two- and four-track operation were less than perfect. As a result, some of them did play back four-track tapes with slight leakage from one track to the next.

However, that was only on early units. Since then, precision techniques of designing and manufacturing tape heads have been improved so there is no danger of spillover from one track to another.

### LOUDSPEAKER RATINGS

The speaker I've been using has been connected to the "four" and the "common" screws on my amplifier. Now I've inherited a much better, big, 15-inch, high-quality loudspeaker from a friend. The only trouble is that this speaker is rated at "16 ohms."

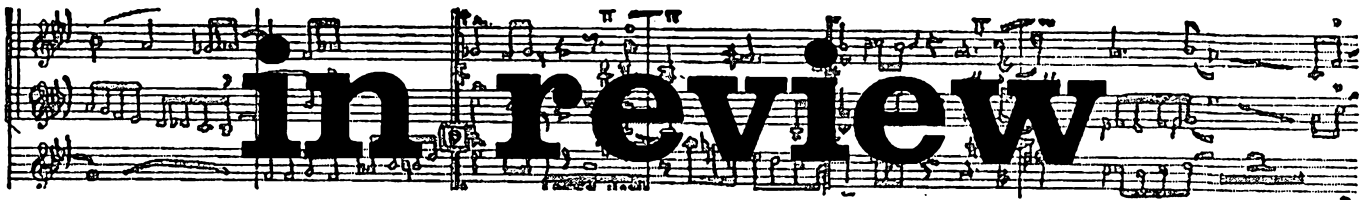
How can I use it with my amplifier, which only has taps on it for four and eight? Will mismatching the amplifier and new speaker reduce the quality of sound so that I won't get any improvement from adding this better loudspeaker?

Memphis, Tenn. M. F. Davis

The ratings of loudspeakers and of amplifier outputs at four, eight, 16, and other values is purely for convenience and are only approximate. An eight-ohm speaker may be nearer 50 or a 100 ohms at various points over the sound spectrum. Thus, a nominal mismatch of 50 percent is rarely noticeable.

You will certainly be able to use your new 16-ohm speaker by connecting it to the "eight" and "common" terminals of your amplifier. Of course, it's best to match as closely as possible, but in this case you'll find no degradation in the sound.





● 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, Ralph J. Gleason, 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.

## SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

### Ornette Coleman

THIS IS OUR MUSIC—Atlantic 1353: *Blues Connotation*; *Beauty Is a Rare Thing*; *Kaleidoscope*; *Embraceable You*; *Poise*; *Humpty Dumpty*; *Folk Tale*.

Personnel: Coleman, alto saxophone; Donald Cherry, trumpet; Charlie Haden, bass; Eddie Blackwell, drums.

Rating: ★

I have listened long and hard to Coleman's music since my first exposure to it. I have tried desperately to find something in it, something that could be construed valuable. I have been unsuccessful.

The technical abominations of his playing aside—and his lack of technical control is abominable—Coleman's music, to me, has only two shades: a maudlin, pleading lyricism and a wild ferocity bordering on bedlam.

His is not musical freedom; disdain for principles and boundaries is synonymous not with freedom but with anarchy. As evident on this record, Coleman's, and, to a certain extent, his cohorts', ideas come in snatches, with yawning depressions between these snatches filled with meaningless notes, none having much relation to the main idea—if there is one—nor, for that matter, to each other.

Some of the things Coleman plays and writes are nice. But they are no more than that. For instance, *Blues Connotation*, a lively theme (though sloppily played in ensemble), finds Coleman interpolating phrases, in a distorted form, from John Lewis' *Golden Striker*. It is clever, but it is not indicative of greatness. His solo on this track, his "best" of the album, tends to wander, though it does seem to have a direction, albeit an obscured one. Cherry has a mercifully short solo, followed by a fair solo by Blackwell.

Although it begins promisingly, *Beauty* descends into an orgy of squawks from Coleman, squeals from Cherry, and above-the-bridge plinks from Haden. The resulting chaos is an insult to the listener's intelligence. It sounds like some horrible joke, and the question here is not whether this is jazz, but whether it is music.

Coleman's playing on *Kaleidoscope* strikes me as incoherent. It seems as if there is a given amount of space to fill with notes, but it makes no difference to the player what notes are hurled into it. His solo consists mostly of flurries of notes that have no relation to one another or to the time that he's supposedly playing in. It is not pan-rhythmic; it is anti-swing. Cherry, on this track, neither adds to nor detracts from what Coleman plays.

Coleman has been criticized for not playing standard tunes, especially ballads. In this collection, however, *Embraceable You* is included. It was a mistake. If he had left it out, we still would not have recorded evidence of whether he could play a ballad. Now we know. Or perhaps he is merely putting us on; he couldn't be serious. The intro would be embarrassing even if a group of 14-year-old amateurs played it, but Coleman and his fellows are supposed to be mature, adult professionals.

Although *Poise* contains some poor playing there is one nice moment as Cherry picks up the last phrase of Coleman's solo—but his solo sounds as if he is attempting to play the altoist's solo backward. It doesn't come off.

Upon reflection, Ornette Coleman begins to look like a victim. He has been acclaimed a genius when he is not a genius. He has been made a symbol of musical freedom when he is the antithesis of that freedom. He has applied "naturalness" as a description of his music when, in truth, his music is chaotic. He has been espoused as the logical extension of Charlie Parker, but he is the illogical extension of that genius.

He is a victim of men who would not let him develop what talent he might have, what gift he might have brought to jazz. Instead, he has been pushed into the limelight before his time. When a man is declared a genius and the prophet of the jazz to come, practice and exploration of instrument become secondary. And Coleman has said publicly that he does not need to practice his instrument any more.

If I say I do not understand Coleman's music, his defenders say this is my fault, not Coleman's. But obscurity too often has been taken for profundity, though the two terms are not synonyms. I do not understand the babblings of my 2-year-old daughter. Does this make those sounds profound? Hardly.

I feel there is little of depth in Coleman's music. If there is depth, it is obscured by an inability to communicate it. The sloppy execution by Coleman (and Cherry, too) on this record precludes such communication.

If Coleman is to be a standard of excellence in jazz, then other standards might as well be done away with. If Coleman's work is to be the standard of excellence, then the work of Lester Young, Louis Armstrong, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, and all the other jazzmen who have been accepted as important artists must be thrown on the trash heap. (D.DeM.)

## CLASSICS

### Debussy/Entremont

A DEBUSSY PIANO RECITAL by Philippe Entremont—Columbia ML-5614: *Reflets dans l'eau*, *L'île joyeuse*, *Deux Arabesques*, *La plus que lente*, *Clair de lune*; Preludes from Book I: *Danseuses de Delphes*, *La sérénade interrompue*, *La cathédrale engloutie*, *La danse de Puck*, *Minstrels*; Preludes from Book II: *La Puerta del Vino*, *General Lavino*, *Feux d'Artifice*.

Personnel: Entremont, piano.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is the best Debussy playing I have run across in some time, and it is especially welcome from Entremont, who has been turning out rather ordinary records recently. Commercial requirements being what they are, he has been giving us the Rachmaninoff *Second Concerto* and so forth, when obviously he is more of a colorist and an impressionist than a big romantic.

The palpable hits here are virtually every one of the eight selections from the Preludes, and especially the *Sunken Cathedral*, which has seldom sounded more watery. The simplicity and unaffected charm of good French piano playing can be heard in *La plus que lente* and *La sérénade interrompue*. (D.H.)

### Handel/Bernstein

ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, by Handel—Columbia ML-5606 (mono) and MS-6206 (stereo).

Personnel: New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein; Adele Addison, soprano; John McCullum, tenor; John Wummer, flute; Laszlo Varga, cello; Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ; Rutgers University Choir.

Rating: ★★★★★

Bernstein's excursion into the Baroque era here produces better results than one might expect. His compromises in regard to instrumentation are good ones, and his tempos are generally both steady and unfrenzied. The *Ode* itself is a masterpiece, and this recording restores it to the catalog in a satisfactory performance.

The principal weaknesses are vocal. Neither Miss Addison nor McCullum is entirely up to singing Handel in the correct style. An aria such as "The soft complaining flute," for example, finds Miss Addison far beyond her depth, both as to upper range and ornamentation. For a superior example of perfectly embellished singing in the style required here, turn to Joan Sutherland in London's recent *Acis and Galatea*. Sorry, but now that we have heard Sutherland sing Handel, everyone else seems like a novice. (D.H.)

### Leontyne Price

LEONTYNE PRICE—RCA Victor LM-2506: *Ritorna vincitor* and *O patria mia*, from *Aida*; *Tacea la notte and D'amor sull'ali roseae*, from *Il Trovatore*; *Un bel di, vedremo* and *Tu, tu piccolo iddio* from *Madama Butterfly*; *Chi il bel*



sogno di Doretta from *La Rondine*; *Vissi d'arte* from *Tosca*; *Signore, ascolta* and *Tu che di gel sei cinta*, from *Turandot*.

Personnel: Miss Price, soprano; Rome Opera House Orchestra, conducted by Arturo Basilo and Oliviero Fabritiis.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Miss Price's voice is one of the finest of this generation, especially in the repertory she is attacking here. The sound captured is not typical of her best discs made in studios, however (it seems likely that the Rome Opera House stage was used).

Much of the time, the singer sounds far off, as if the listener were in the balcony of a large opera house. Then, too, the orchestra somehow seems to interpose itself between listener and singer. All of this gives these arias a certain realism, but there does not seem as much purpose to such a procedure when applied to a solo singer as to choruses and ensembles.

But Miss Price's *spinto* soprano rides over the difficulties grandly, meeting the heavyweight demands of *O Patria mia* as satisfyingly as the lyric ones of *Un bel di*. Only in *Tosca's* pitiful song does she seem unsure of the sense of the aria, and, even there, the voice's power and sheen carry her through. (D.H.)

## JAZZ

Paul Bryant

BURNIN'—Pacific Jazz 12: *Still Searchin'*; *Love Nest*; *The Masquerade Is Over*; *Churchin'*; *Burnin'*; *They Can't Take That Away from Me*; *Blues at the Summit*.

Personnel: Bryant, organ; Jim Hall, guitar; Jimmy Bond, bass; Jimmy Miller, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

By now the demarcation line should be clearly drawn. There are the jazz organ buffs and the anti- (or non- anyway) organ faction. In the days when Jimmy Smith first appeared with his sizzling and Bird-inspired playing he stood virtually alone, and there was no contest. He had outpaced the Wild Bill Davises and Jackie Davises by leagues and had won a place with modern jazz fans. Then, about the time Shirley Scott began to record, jazz organ sales began to climb. Today they are at flood level. Bryant is but one of the latest to find an audience.

In this set Bryant is blessed by the illustrious company of guitarist Hall, bassist Bond, and drummer Miller. (The latter, incidentally, has long been underestimated except by the Los Angeles musicians with whom he has worked for years.) Bass and drums take care of the time with devotion and intelligence. Hall, thoroughly in the cooking spirit of things, is high-spirited and stirring in his solos and comping and balances the predominant organ adequately.

Bryant is a hard-hitting, two-fisted organist who utilizes the registers to the limit. He stomps and hollers on tracks like *Searchin'* and *Churchin'* and then drifts into the sentimental on *Masquerade*, recalling the heyday of the late and unlamented theater organists who accompanied the bouncing ball across the silver screen.

This session has its moments of truth. Sometimes the truth hurts; more often it is happily painless organ jazz. (J.A.T.)

Donald Byrd

BYRD IN FLIGHT—Blue Note 4048: *Ghana*; *Little Boy Blue*; *Gate City*; *Lex*; "Bo"; *My Girl Shirl*.

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto saxophone, or Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Duke Pearson, piano; Doug Watkins or Reginald Workman, bass; Lex Humphries, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

I find this to be one of the best of Byrd's LPs. Not only does it drive relentlessly throughout, but it also possesses a "high quotient of merriment" as mentioned in the liner notes.

The history of Byrd's recording career has been one of consistent improvement, and he has by now succeeded in capturing much of the lyricism and grace of his major influence, Clifford Brown. Byrd's solos are models of melodic construction; one might only wish that he would take greater pains to point them toward an emotional climax.

The two saxophonists, Mobley and McLean, have likewise become increasingly authoritative of late, as their recent recordings show. Probing beneath the surface dissimilarities—a good many of which are due to the different instruments—one hears a fundamental unity in the

approach of these two musicians. Now that all of the furor about "hard bop" has died down (to be replaced, one supposes, by controversy over Ornette Coleman), it is relatively easy to see that, stylistically, they belong midway between the orthodox boppers and the two-man avant-garde of the tenor, Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane.

Both rhythm sections function at a high level. Humphries is a slashing drummer suggestive of Philly Joe Jones. Pearson, though he reflects some preoccupation with Wynton Kelly and Red Garland—a common preoccupation of pianists these days—always holds your attention and has a particularly charming solo on *Little Boy Blue*. (F.K.)

John Coltrane

LUSH LIFE—Prestige 7188: *Like Someone in Love*; *I Love You*; *Trane's Slow Blues*; *Lush Life*; *I Hear a Rhapsody*.

Personnel: Coltrane, tenor saxophone. Tracks 1-3: Earl May, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums. Tracks 4, 5: Donald Byrd, trumpet; Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Louis Hayes or Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In a *Blindfold Test* some months ago, Jon Hendricks said he would have to give

## 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.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mance Lipscomb (vocal) (Arhoolie 1001)  
Modern Jazz Quartet, *European Concert* (Atlantic 2-603)  
Max Roach, *We Insist! Freedom Now Suite* (Candid 9002)  
Various Artists, (vocal) *Country Negro Jam Sessions* (Folk Lyric 111)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

*The Modern Sound of Betty Carter* (vocal) (ABC-Paramount 363)  
John Coltrane, *Coltrane Jazz* (Atlantic 1354)  
Dizzy Gillespie, *A Portrait of Duke Ellington* (Verve 8386)  
Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *The Rooster Crowed in England* ("77" Records 77LA 12-1)  
Yusef Lateef, *The Centaur and the Phoenix* (Riverside 337)  
Robert Pete Williams/Hogman Maxey/Guitar Welch, (vocal) *Angola Prisoners' Blues* (Folk Lyric A-3)

★ ★ ★ ★

Walter Benton, *Out of This World* (Jazzland 28)  
Charlie Byrd, *Charlie's Choice* (Offbeat 3007)  
Conte Candoli, *Little Band—Big Jazz* (Crown 5162)  
Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, *You'n Me* (Mercury 20606)  
Toni Harper, (vocal) *Night Mood* (RCA Victor 2253)  
Coleman Hawkins (Crown 206)  
Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightning Strikes Again* (Dart 8000)  
*The Ballad Artistry of Milt Jackson* (Atlantic 1342)  
*The Many Angles of John Letman* (Bethlehem 6053)  
*The Soulful Piano of Junior Mance* (Jazzland 9305)  
Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus (Candid 8005)  
Oliver Nelson, *Screamin' the Blues* (Prestige/New Jazz 8243)  
New Orleans Rhythm Kings, (reissue) *Tin Roof Blues* (Riverside 146)  
Anita O'Day, (vocal) *Waiter, Make Mine Blues* (Verve 2145)  
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)  
Jimmy Smith, *Home Cookin'* (Blue Note 4050)  
*The Ira Sullivan Quintet* (Delmar 402)  
Sunnyland Slim, (vocal) *Slim's Shout* (Prestige/Bluesville 1016)  
Otis Spann IS the Blues (vocal) (Candid 8001)  
*The World of Cecil Taylor* (Candid 8006)  
Various Artists, *Jazz of the Forties* (Folkways 2841)  
Various Artists, (vocal) *Southern Folk Heritage Series* (Atlantic HS 1)  
George Wein, *Jazz at the Modern* (Bethlehem 6050)

# PRESTIGE FIRST WITH THE GREAT JAZZMEN



**GENE AMMONS**

Although he has been neglected by many writers on jazz, Gene Ammons holds an important place in the history of the tenor saxophone. He was the first to employ the new ideas of phrase and rhythm advanced by Lester Young, while still retaining the virile sound of Coleman Hawkins. This combination of styles that seemed incompatible has influenced an entire generation of saxophonists—most notably Sonny Rollins. But Gene is not a man to put down a phrase in the history books. He is still a young man, very much on the scene, and playing better than he ever has before. The best proof of that is his newest LP, a casually swinging session call "Jug".

**OTHER GENE AMMONS LP'S ON  
PRESTIGE**

- 7039—THE HAPPY BLUES
- 7050—WOOFIN' AND TWEETIN'
- 7083—FUNKY
- 7132—THE BIG SOUND
- 7146—BLUE GENE
- 7176—THE TWISTER
- 7180—BOSS TENOR

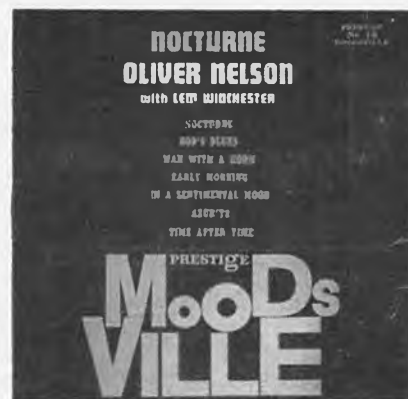
We know we spoke about Red Garland just a few issues ago, and there are several things we want to say about several different people, but we couldn't resist taking this space to tell you about Red's new LP, *Rojo*. It features the conga drum of Ray Barretto, and some splendid one-time-only up-tempo performances of numbers that Red has made famous as ballads. We know that Red is renowned as one of the most sensitive and delicate interpreters of ballads in jazz, but the presence of the conga drum called for a swinging session, so that is how it worked out. With the inclusion of one tune, *Ralph J. Gleason Blues*, Red and Prestige pay belated thanks to one of Red's staunchest supporters. As they say in the movies, a new thriller from the man who gave you *Manteca*.



**RED GARLAND**

**OTHER RED GARLAND LP'S 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
- 7181—SOUL JUNCTION with John Coltrane



**OLIVER NELSON**

Oliver Nelson came upon the jazz scene with considerable force less than two years ago. It is unusual enough for a man to be equally forceful on tenor and alto, but when those talents are coupled to a striking ability as a composer, the results are bound to be extraordinary. And Oliver is an extraordinary person. On the one hand, he has experience in the swinging big bands of Count Basie, Quincy Jones, and Louis Jordan. But on the other hand, he is conversant with the music of Bartok, Stravinsky, and Webern, and studies their scores with the same ease and interest that most of us devote to the morning newspaper. This rare combination of talents has produced a truly exceptional album, *Nocturne*. We feel that it is Oliver's finest and most personal recording to date, and cannot resist hoping that it will pave the way not only for Oliver's success, but for a wider acceptance of the entire Prestige/Moodsville series.

**OLIVER NELSON LP'S ON  
PRESTIGE/NEW JAZZ**

- NJLP 8224—MEET OLIVER NELSON with Kenny Dorham, Ray Bryant
- NJLP 8233—TAKIN' CARE OF BUSINESS with Lem Winchester, Johnny "Hammond" Smith
- NJLP 8243—SCREAMIN' THE BLUES with Eric Dolphy, Richard Williams

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anything by John Coltrane five stars. Thus far, on the basis of Coltrane's own LPs, there has been nothing that would cause me to dissent from Hendricks' opinion. Moreover, as long as we are practicing limbsmanship, I may as well go all the way out and say that I consider Coltrane the outstanding new artist to gain prominence during the last half-decade.

Coltrane's playing, particularly at faster tempos, has always left me with the impression of a man so driven to communicate that he must perforce begin the next note before the last has been completed. Perhaps the most amazing aspect of his artistry is that he has been able to harness the immense energy to create an ordered music of breathtaking beauty.

Ordered because a Coltrane solo involves the logical development of one or more motifs, almost as if Coltrane were setting himself a problem in music to solve. Like the James Joyce of *Ulysses* and Finnegan's *Wake*, he will take an idea and worry it from every side, returning to it again and again (sometimes in another piece) until convincing himself that, for the moment at least, it has been wrung dry.

This is an approach which, in the hand of a less supremely gifted musician, could easily lead to lapses in taste. Indeed, many early criticisms of Coltrane were couched in terms implying various excesses: "too many notes," "just running scales," "all those unnecessary changes," and so on. That one now encounters such pejorations only infrequently I take as indicating that Coltrane's powers of selectivity have been recognized as being great—as was apparent all along from his ballad performances—different in kind, but not degree, from those of, say, Thelonious Monk or Miles Davis.

The selections here are remnants left in the Prestige vaults after Coltrane moved to Atlantic, dating from about the same period as the two sides cut with the Red Garland Trio (*Traneing In, Soultrane*) and the memorable *Blue Trane* session on Blue Note. Taken together, these four albums comprise one of the unmistakable pinnacles of modern jazz on record.

The three tracks of the first side were recorded by a tenor-bass-drums trio. (This wasn't planned as a Sonny Rollins-type experiment—the piano player just didn't show.) One might expect that the lack of a piano would have hampered Coltrane, especially since his solos at that time were based rather heavily on the use of chord changes. But Coltrane clearly didn't need the piano to show him the changes, and, thanks in large part to the splendid foundation set down by May (a much underrated bassist), the piano's absence goes quite unnoticed.

All aspects of Coltrane's conception during this period are well-illustrated on the album: the classic simplicity and haunting loveliness of the Coltrane ballad technique, as previously demonstrated on *While My Lady Sleeps*, *Slow Dance*, et al., is here further exemplified by *Someone in Love*; *Trane's Slow Blues* is another superlative effort in the blues genre, to be ranked with *Bass Blues* and *Blue Train*, with which it shares a number of

common motifs (Coltrane's ability to utilize the blues as a never-failing source of inspiration has always been impressive).

Recorded with the same front line as that of the two Garland quintet dates for Prestige, *Lush Life* is accorded a treatment in keeping with its title. Do you suppose that whoever coined the "hard bop" label ever heard Coltrane play on a tune such as this? The mood is strictly one of romantic lyricism. Garland also contributes a lovely solo on this track.

The standard *I Hear a Rhapsody*, played by Coltrane and an orthodox rhythm section at a fairly rapid pace, provides the album with an exhilarating climax.

That Coltrane has altered his style somewhat since recording these selections does not alter their value in the least. For sheer beauty of approach and execution, his work has rarely been equaled.

(F.K.)

### Duke Ellington

**THE NUTCRACKER SUITE**—Columbia 1541: *Overture*; *Toot Toot Tootie Toot (Dance of the Reed Pipes)*; *Peanut Brittle Brigade (March)*; *Sugar Rum Cherry (Dance of the Sugar-Plump Fairy)*; *Entr'acte*; *The Volga Vouty (Danse Russe Trepak)*; *Chinoiserie (Dance Chinoise)*; *Danse of the Floreadores (Waltz of the Flowers)*; *Arabesque (Arabian Dance)*.

Personnel: Ray Nance, Willie Cook, Andres Meringuito, Eddie Mullins, trumpets; Juan Tizol, Lawrence Brown, Britt Woodman, Booty Wood, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Paul Gonzalves, Russell Procope, Jimmy Hamilton, saxophones; Ellington, piano; Sam Woodyard, drums; Aaron Bell, bass.

Rating: ★ ½

**PEER GYNT SUITES NOS. 1 AND 2; SUITE THURSDAY**—Columbia 1597: *Morning Mood*; *Solvejg's Song*; *In the Hall of the Mountain King*; *Ase's Death*; *Anitra's Dance*, from Edvard Grieg's two *Peer Gynt Suites*; *Suite Thursday (Misfit Blues)*; *Schwiphiti*; *Zweet Zurzday*; *Lay-By*.

Personnel, as above, except Matthew Gee, trombone, added; Paul Horn replaces Hodges.

Rating:

Side 1: ★ ★

Side 2: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

### Shorty Rogers

**THE SWINGIN' NUTCRACKER**—RCA Victor 2110: *Like Nutty Overture (Finale)*; *A Nutty March (March)*; *Blue Reeds (Dance of the Reed Pipes)*; *The Swinging Plum Fairy (Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy)*; *Snow Ball*; *Six Pak (Danse Russe Trepak)*; *Flowers for the Cats (Waltz of the Flowers)*; *Dance Espresso*; *Pass the Duke*; *China Where*; *Overture for Shorty (Overture Miniature)*.

Personnel: Conte Candoli, Johnny Audino, Ray Triscari, Jimmy Zito, trumpets; Harry Betts, Frank Rosolino, Kenneth Shroyer, George Roberts, trombones; Art Pepper, Bill Holman, Richie Kamuca, Bud Shank, Bill Perkins, Chuck Gentry, reeds; Lou Levy or Pete Jolly, piano; Joe Mondrago, bass; Frank Capp or Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

The late Walter Damrosch once compared the ear of a man to the back of a mule. Beaten long enough, he said, it would get used to anything. After repeated listenings to Ellington's version of *The Nutcracker*, I find I don't hate it quite as much as I did at first. The Rogers version never really bothered me; it just kind of bores me.

I find it hard to believe that the idea for "jazz" versions of *Nutcracker* and *Peer Gynt* originated with Ellington. It sounds much more like the brainstorm of an a&r man. As for the Rogers disc, it was probably a cover for the Ellington. Or maybe the almost simultaneous issuance of the two was coincidence. Anyway, they're both a drag.

Irving Townsend, a&r man for both Ellington sessions, tries to anticipate objections to the album—thereby telegraphing



that he is aware of them. He says in the liner notes that Ellington and arranger Billy Strayhorn "needed some reassurances that nobody, including the famous Russian composer, would mind if the suite was translated into the Ellington style." Unlike Townsend, I have no occult liaison with the shade of Peter Tchaikovsky, so I can't say what he would think of this disc. But I, for one, object strenuously to it.

Let's set aside the question of whether a jazz musician should futz around with the work of a classical composer who left it in a finished form and wanted it played that way. Let's not consider such questions as how we would feel if a contemporary painter decided he was going to "modernize" an El Greco. Let's overlook John Lewis reportedly being unhappy about the way the Oscar Peterson Trio plays his *Golden Striker* and that Ray Brown in turn is said not to dig the way the Modern Jazz Quartet does his *Pyramid*. Let's conveniently pretend that such considerations only occur to stuffy old sillies who admire classical music.

In other words, let us just consider how well Ellington has done the job of reorchestrating the work of a man who was a master orchestrator. To do this in perspective, may I suggest that you hunt up a Decca release of about five years ago called *The Masters Revisited*, in which Ralph Burns did a brilliant jazz reorchestration of Moussourgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*. Burns had a tougher job than Ellington, since *Pictures* is a greater piece of music than the slight, though charming, *Nutcracker*, and since the orchestral version in which *Pictures* is best known was written by Ravel, who was one of the greatest orchestrators of all time, one whose influence is still being digested. Compared with Tchaikovsky (and Ellington asked for it by taking on the job), Ellington's orchestrational ability seems pallid. Compared to Ravel, Burns comes off surprisingly well. Does this imply that Burns is a better orchestrator than Ellington? As a matter of fact, I think that in certain areas, he is. He is a very much underrated musician.

There are pleasant moments in the Ellington *Nutcracker*, mind you. But they are rare and last only a few bars. As the *Overture* opens, there is promise of a rewarding musical experience. Then Nance has a try at Tchaikovsky's melody.

Now melody is not just a matter of intervals. It has a rhythmic facet, and the character of a melodic line is as dependent on the length of time a given note or rest is held as it is on intervals. Nance displays one of the blind spots of a great many jazzmen in this passage. He evidently cannot conceive rhythmically in this kind of groove, and consequently distorts and destroys the line. The awkward stiff-footed stab at the rhythmic aspects of the line is of a kind I have always found embarrassing to hear, whether from a jazzman trying to play classical or a classical musician faced by a jazz figuration.

Elsewhere in the album, the same thing happens over and over. The men, who at times try really to play the melodies, can't make it—though some of the formally schooled younger musicians like Donald Byrd or Paul Horn would have no trouble

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with it. The results: these are not Tschai-kovsky's melodies, only his intervals.

The *Peer Gynt* music is pretty much the same, though a little better. Listen to the weary, dreary, vapid playing of *Morning Mood*. *Hall of the Mountain King* doesn't fare as badly, probably because of its inherently rhythmic character. Yet, I can't see that Ellington has given us anything significantly superior to what Larry Clinton or Jan Savitt or whoever it was did when, a couple of decades ago, they "swung" this piece. Ellington swings it a little harder, that's all.

Here we have the crux of the matter. For all the liner-note pretensions to the contrary, all that these sides boil down to—three by Ellington and two by Shorty Rogers—is that ridiculous old business of swinging the classics. But it's Ellington, you claim reverently? Hogwash. It's just hip Freddy Martin.

Now let us turn to an incredible contrast—the second side of the *Peer Gynt* album, the suite known as *Thursday*. From Monterey, where the suite was premiered, one critic reported that he was unimpressed and found no formal unity to it, which was his right. In his notes, Townsend attacks the critic for being too square to notice a descending minor sixth which, he says, occurs "dozens of times" throughout the work. The pointlessness of this polemic is rather funny. A suite, as anyone closely familiar with classical music knows, is not a strictly formal work, such as a sonata or a symphony. A suite by definition is a fairly loose collection of pieces. So we have the ludicrous example of a writer objecting to the music on grounds that it lacked a formal unity that isn't required of it to begin with, and Ellington's a&r man, in high dudgeon, claiming that the work does have a thematic unity which, if it is there, is secondary anyway. Thus does jazz get soaked in humbug.

In claiming for the minor sixth a deep thematic purpose, Townsend has apparently overlooked the fact that the real reason Duke used it is clearly that the falling minor sixth is the odd, melancholy interval of foghorns. In other words, Duke used it for programmatic reasons as much as or more than for formal reasons—and suites are generally programmatic rather than formal.

*Suite Thursday* provides one of the most striking evocations of mood and atmosphere that I have ever heard from a jazz work. Written on a general John Steinbeck theme, associated with the Monterey peninsula, and its fisheries, it opens with the foghorn sound played by trombonist Brown. With that strange muffled sound of which Brown is capable, you'd swear it was coming to you through fog. This coloration of Brown's sound is unique; Duke's use of it is one of the clearest illustrations I know of the way he can utilize an individual musician's sound to striking musical ends.

After the opening, Ellington plays light, swinging piano over rhythm, and the reeds take over, producing those lines that are among Ellington's most remarkable characteristics.

Part II, *Schwiphti*, opens with Ellington on piano sounding as if he'd been lis-

tening to Dave Brubeck. I like the way he sounds here. Later, you may note a similarity between his playing and that austere, dry-boned way Gil Evans has with piano.

Part III, *Zweet Zursday*, is haunting, and made the more so by a Tizol trombone solo, distant and very moody. In this section, there occurs a low, woody-sounding A<sub>b</sub> that is more or less atonal to the rest of what is going on. It sounds uncannily like one of those single-note foghorn sounds. It almost seems as if Duke had used a real foghorn, the way Respighi used the sound of real birds in *The Pines of Rome*. But the foghorn is strictly orchestral.

The last movement opens with Ellington on piano, again playing the minor sixth, moving it down chromatically (D<sub>b</sub> to F, C to E, then B to E<sub>b</sub>).

It is about here that a weakness shows up: we become aware that Duke isn't really using the interval as a structural principle, the way Beethoven uses a descending third to build the monument known as his *Fifth Symphony*. He is just repeating and repeating it. In other words, instead of having a function of structural strength, it obtrudes as a structural weakness. It does indeed occur "dozens of times" in the suite, and I almost knocked a half-star off my rating because of it. But this is a very fine piece of music, and a minor deficiency should not be allowed to color excessively one's view of it.

The *Nutcracker* by Rogers is hardly worth talking about. The *Nutcracker* by Ellington is, because it shows Ellington in a satire of himself, one that put me uncomfortably in mind of the macabre self-satire that John Barrymore put himself through in his late days on the Rudy Vallee radio program. If this *Nutcracker* is meant humorously, as some thought, then the joke is on Ellington, because Tschai-kovsky filled *The Nutcracker* with humor, and it is almost impossible to satirize humor, as *Mad* comics learned when they tried to do a satire on *Pogo*, itself a brilliant satire. If there is humor in Ellington's *Nutcracker*, it is crude slapstick, far below the superbly subtle and tasteful humor which Tchaikovsky invested *Danse Chinoise* and *Danse les Mirlitons*.

But whatever you do, don't miss *Suite Thursday*. Even though Side I shows you Ellington at his worst, *Thursday* gives you Ellington at his best. And Ellington at his best is a marvelous musician—nay, a great one. —Lees

Roy Haynes

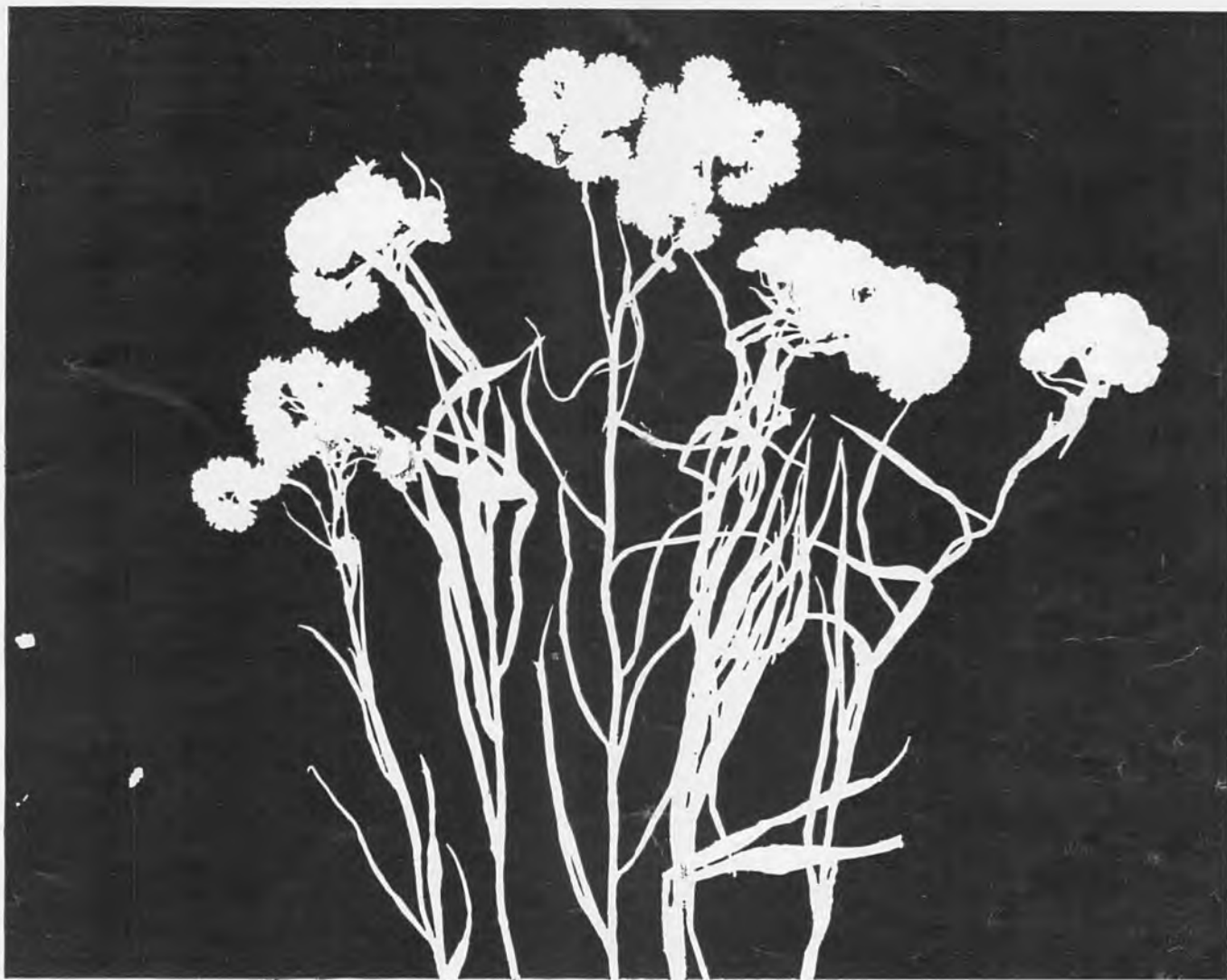
JUST US — Prestige/New Jazz 8245: *Down Home*; *Sweet and Lovely*; *As Long as There's Music*; *Well Now*; *Cymbalism*; *Con Alma*; *Speak Low*.

Personnel: Haynes, drums; Richard Wyands, piano; Eddie DeHaas, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This session, led by the long-time drummer with Sarah Vaughan who also has performed with virtually all the jazz potentates, is an effortless and varied offering. Haynes is one of the better equipped and knowledgeable drummers; throughout he demonstrates the knack of keeping the beat moving in a tasteful way while swinging his drumheads off.

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the ballad, *Lovely*, an up-tempo romper such as *As Long*, or the self-explanatory *Down Home*.

DeHaas, the Dutch bassist, plays a thoughtful solo on *Lovely* and keeps time on the swingers with aplomb.

There are no gimmicks, no tricks, and nothing particularly sensational on this album. It's an excellent example of unpretentious jazz playing, with all concerned digging in with a will. (J.A.T.)

**Jazz Couriers**

**THE MESSAGE FROM BRITAIN**—Jazzland 34: *If This Isn't Love; Easy to Love; Whisper Not; Autumn Leaves; Too Close for Comfort; Yesterdays; Love Walked In.*

Personnel: Tubby Hayes, tenor saxophone, flute, vibraharp; Ronnie Scott, tenor saxophone; Terry Shannon, piano; Kenny Napper, bass; Phil Seamen, drums.

Rating: Record ★ ★ ½

Ken Deardoff has created a five-star cover for this album, a very funny, stylized grouping of pot-bellied Pickwickian trumpeter with lion and unicorn rampant over the legend *Illi vere vibrantur in Britannia*. Reproduced in pseudo-parchment color. By itself, it must be worth at least \$4.95.

The record itself is, unfortunately, much more pedestrian. Cut two years ago by the now-defunct Jazz Couriers, it suffers from too much tenor saxophonizing. Scott and Hayes have worked out some interesting ensemble first choruses, but once they get into their solos, there is scarcely any relief from bland saxophone work. The one piece that rises above this level is *Whisper Not*, which is taken at a more relaxed tempo than the others and on which Hayes shifts to vibes to give the piece some variety. He also tries flute on *Yesterdays* without much success.

But don't let the record steer you away from this. Covers like Deardoff's are a rarity on anything these days, whether it be a record, a book, or a package of cereal. (J.S.W.)

**Barney Kessel**

**WORKIN' OUT**—Contemporary 3585: *The Good L'il Man; Summertime; Spanish Scenery; When Johnny Comes Marching Home; New Rhumba; My Man's Gone Now; My Funny Valentine; Pedal Point.*

Personnel: Kessel, guitar; Marvin Jenkins, piano, flute; Jerry Good, bass; Stan Popper, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

After seven years working in and around the Hollywood studios, Kessel recently formed the quartet that makes its recording debut on this LP. This is a very different group from the Poll Winners, the combo made up of Kessel, Ray Brown, and Shelly Manne, with which Kessel has made some of his most successful records. Where the Poll Winners create neat, precisely etched cameos, Kessel's quartet leans toward hard-driving ensembles, and in his own solos, the guitarist favors an edgy, driving, blatant twang. There is, as a result, a rather surprising amount of roaring, stomping brouhaha here (surprising when one considers the instrumental make-up of the group) centering around Jenkins' furiously two-listed piano and abetted by Kessel's shouting plangency.

Rhythmically this is fine, but it becomes monotonous when it crops up in every other number. Kessel's subtler, and more

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interesting, side shines through on *Spanish Scenery*, his own delicately evocative original on which Jenkins switches quite creditably to flute, and *My Funny Valentine* with Jenkins again on flute. Most of this disc is perfectly satisfactory slam-bang stuff, but even though it is good to hear Kessel stepping out in exultantly swinging fashion, one expects a little more individuality from him than appears on this record. (J.S.W.)

**Nick LaRocca**

**DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND**—Southland 230: *Tiger Rag*; *Float Me Down the River*; *Wearry Blues*; *Fidgety Feet*; *Jazz Band Ball*; *Basin Street Parade*; *Original Dixieland One-Step*; *Lost My Heart in Dixieland*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-4: Sharkey Bonano, trumpet; Pinky Vidacovich, clarinet; Bill Cris, trombone; Armand Hug, piano; Joe Capraro, banjo; Chink Martin, tuba; Monk Hazel, drums.

Tracks 5-8: Mike Lala, trumpet; Bill Bourgeois, clarinet; Emile Christian, bass, replace Bonano, Vidacovich, Martin.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Despite the obviously exaggerated claims made by the late Nick LaRocca for himself and the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, he and the band played a unique role in spreading interest in jazz and were a vital influence on an important generation of jazz musicians. LaRocca's prejudiced broadsides have tended to obscure the valid claims he has to a crucial place in jazz history, and so one can only be grateful that his spoken introduction to this album is temperate and leaves a more gracious impression than his written fusillades.

Aside from this brief introduction, LaRocca seems to have no other connection with the record although it includes many of his tunes, old and more recent. However, it would be interesting to know if the unusual treatment of *Tiger Rag* in a slow, steady, insinuating tempo is his final view of this normally frantic piece. As played here, it's extremely effective.

Of the two bands on the disc, the one that includes Bonano and Vidacovich is much the better. It has depth and ease that the other group misses, even though much of the personnel is the same. Crais' gutty trombone is helpful to the ensembles on both sides, and Capraro plays some stimulating banjo. (J.S.W.)

**Elmer Snowden**

**HARLEM BANJO**—Riverside 348: *It Don't Mean a Thing*; *Doin' the New Lowdown*; *Runnin' Wild*; *Diga Diga Doo*; *Them There Eyes*; *Tishomingo Blues*; *C-Jam Blues*; *Sweet Georgia Brown*; *Alabama Bound*; *Twelfth Street Rag*; *Bugle Call Rag*; *Dear Old Southland*.

Personnel: Snowden, banjo; Cliff Jackson, piano; Tommy Bryant, bass; Jimmy Crawford, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Snowden is one of the really worthy jazz veterans who has managed to remain overlooked until now by practically all of the practising jazz researchers. His career dates back to an engagement at the age of 12 with Eubie Blake's band in Baltimore. It was as a member of Snowden's Washingtonian's that Duke Ellington first came to New York City, and this group formed the nucleus of Duke's original band (in which Snowden also played for a while). According to Chris Albertson, who brought Snowden back to musical activity from a job as a parking lot attendant in Philadelphia, sidemen who have worked in his

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"Blues Shout" should do whatever is still necessary to "spread the word" everywhere that we have in Leo Wright one of the potential greats of the Sixties.

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groups include Count Basie, Jimmie Lunceford, Bubber Miley, Benny Carter, Chick Webb, Fats Waller, Rex Stewart, Jimmie Harrison, Roy Eldridge, Sid Catlett, and Dickie Wells. How can anyone with that background be overlooked?

Despite all this activity, this is Snowden's first record as a leader. It is, in many ways, a charming set, but it could have been a lot more fun if it had not been decided to concentrate on banjo in a quartet setting (Snowden also plays guitar but not here). The banjo can be a brilliantly propulsive rhythm instrument in jazz, and an occasional banjo solo may serve a purpose. But even though Snowden has a clean, swinging single-string attack, the predominance of banjo in this context gets tiresome.

Offsetting this is Jackson's joyous stride piano, a gladsome sound that brightens every track in the set even when the banjo accompaniment bogs down to a plodding thump.

Viewed from hindsight, it is obvious that Jackson should have been given the spotlight with banjo (or guitar) in a subordinate role. Bryant and Crawford swing along consistently and helpfully in the background. (J.S.W.)

### Buddy Tate

TATE-A-TATE — Prestige/Swingville 2014: *Gronn' Hog; Buddy's Tate-a-Tate; Snatchin' It Back; No. 20 Ladbroke Square; All Too Soon; Take the "A" Train.*

Personnel: Tate, tenor saxophone; Clark Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Tate and Terry make an excellent front line team. Both have a natural, easy grace in their soloing. There is never any sense of reaching for ideas although each man works in a fairly well-defined area. And at the same time they provide a stimulating contrast—Tate with his dark, sinuously swinging lines opposed to Terry's sly, twinkling musical merriment.

They work together beautifully throughout the album, a casual, unpretentious collection of pieces that rarely rise to outstanding heights but always remain interesting. The one virtuoso occasion occurs on *No. 20 Ladbroke Square* in which Tate's big juicy phrases build with tremendous effect through a raw, digging solo with a few apt punctuations from Terry.

Otherwise this is a splendid view of two top-notch professionals spinning some absorbing, low-keyed musical tales with the notable help of a fine rhythm section. (J.S.W.)

## VOCAL

### Helen Humes

SONGS I LIKE TO SING—Contemporary 3582: *If I Could Be with You; Every Now and Then; My Old Flame; Imagination; Don't Worry 'Bout Me; Love Me or Leave Me; St. Louis Blues; I Want a Roof over My Head; Million Dollar Secret; You're Driving Me Crazy; Mean to Me; Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone.*

Personnel: Miss Humes, vocals. Tracks 1-4: Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Andre Previn, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Shelly Manne, drums; James Getzoff, Joseph Stepansky, violins; Alvin Dinkin, viola; Eleanor Slatkin, cello. Tracks 5-12: Strings out;

add Al Porcino, Ray Triscari, Stu Williamson, Jack Sheldon, trumpets; Harry Betts, Bob Fitzpatrick, trombones; Art Pepper, alto saxophone, clarinet; Teddy Edwards, tenor saxophone; Bill Hood, haritone saxophone.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Anyone who appreciated the superb artistry with which Mildred Bailey could project a song will be delighted with the four ballads Miss Humes sings with strings, rhythm, and Webster. For those who are unaware of the gracefully swinging lyricism that Miss Bailey brought to a revelation. She has a purity of tone, a sensitivity to melodic nuances, and a lilting lift in her attack—all characteristic of Miss Bailey—that send her songs soaring airily with seemingly effortless pulsation. Her accompaniment is ideal, and the dark, brooding solo interludes by Webster complement the essential sunniness of Miss Humes' singing.

Miss Humes shows her more familiar, forthrightly swinging style on the pieces with the big band. Her one blues—*Million Dollar Secret*—mixes a good-natured, twinkling quality with a shouting attack, a quality that sets her apart from most blues dealers. She has varied success with the standards, carrying some off with an amiably punching drive but occasionally sliding over into shrillness. Marty Paich's arrangements for the large group would have been more helpful if they had been looser and less cumbersome. (J.S.W.)

## RECENT JAZZ RELEASES

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

- Louis Armstrong with Nina & Frederik (Atco 33-128)
- Bob Brookmeyer, *Jazz Is a Kick* (Mercury 60600)
- John Coltrane, *My Favorite Things* (Atlantic 1361)
- Chris Connor-Maynard Ferguson, *Two's Company* (Roulette 52068)
- Bill Evans Trio, *Explorations* (Riverside 351, 9351)
- Maynard Ferguson, *Maynard '61* (Roulette 52064)
- Pete Fountain, *French Quarter* (Coral 757359)
- Al Hirt, *The Greatest Horn in the World* (RCA Victor 2366); *Singin' Date* (Audio Fidelity 5927)
- Harry James, *The Spectacular Sound* (MGM 3897)
- Les McCann in San Francisco (Pracific Jazz 16)
- Duke Pearson, *Tender Feelin's* (Blue Note 4035)
- Bill Russo, *The Seven Deadly Sins* (Roulette 52063)
- Sonny Stitt, *Sonny Side Up* (Roost 2245)
- Stanley Turrentine, *Blue Hour* (Blue Note 4057)
- Various Artists, *Gretsch Drum Night, Vol. 2* (Roulette 52067)
- Various Artists, *Jazz Poll Winners* (Columbia 1610)
- Various Artists, *The Most, Vol. 4* (Roulette 52062)
- Leo Wright, *Blues Shout* (Atlantic 1358)



JIM MARSHALL

# THE BLINDFOLD TEST

## HELEN HUMES

By LEONARD FEATHER

Helen Humes has a very special nostalgic spot in my heart. In 1940, when she was Count Basie's vocalist, I felt that her work was vastly superior to many of the pop songs she sang and took it upon myself to write an arrangement of a blues to feature her. To my delight, Basie recorded it. (It's no longer available.)

A year later, still convinced that she deserved more recognition than she could earn as a band singer, I arranged for Decca to cut a session co-starring her with altoist Pete Brown. She sang three sides, and they came out great. (They're no longer available.)

After Miss Humes' Basie era ended in 1941, there was a long hiatus, interrupted by her rhythm-and-blues success with *Be-Baba-Leba* in 1945. Not until last year, when Lester Koenig signed her for Contemporary, did she re-emerge as an important and compelling performer. Some of the best ballad and blues work on record can be found in her first LP. (It's still very much available.) (Ed. note: see this issue's record review section)

The following was her first *Blindfold Test*. Her comments were taped; she was given no information about the records.

### The Records

1. Kay Starr. *I Never Knew* (from *Kay Starr: Jazz Singer*, Capitol.) Gerald Wiggins, organ; Van Alexander, arranger, conductor.

Well, I really dig that one the most. It sounds like my real good friend, Kay Starr. I think she swings from way back. I like the accompaniment; I like organ. In fact, I like everything about this record. Four stars.

2. Jimmy Rushing and Dave Brubeck. *I Never Knew* (from *The Dave Brubeck Quartet Featuring Jimmy Rushing*, Columbia).

That's my road buddy, Little Jimmy Rushing, and he's great on this! I had a letter from Jimmy, and he told me he'd cut some sides with Brubeck. Could that be it? I'll say it's Brubeck, and it's good. I like Jimmy with him. Four stars.

3. Etta Jones. *I Love Paris* (from *Don't Go to Strangers*, Prestige.)

That's another great one and by another great singer. That's my girl Etta. Etta Jones. People recognize her because she has a lot of nuances that Billie used to do. She sounds so much like Billie Holiday, and I don't think she tries to, but it's just one of those things.

Aside from being a wonderful singer, she's a wonderful person. Four stars.

4. Ann Richards and Stan Kenton. *All or Nothing at All* (from *Two Much!*, Capitol.) Johnny Richards, arranger.

That was really a sizzler . . . The arrangement was wild. I think I know who it was, but since I'm not sure, I won't

guess. The tune I *really* liked. The record I could have liked better. Three stars.

5. Oscar Brown Jr. *Rags and Old Iron* (from *Sin and Soul*, Columbia). Brown, vocal; Floyd Morris, piano.

That's a new one. I don't know what to say about it. It certainly is a strange one. I guess it's good. I wouldn't say it's the greatest thing I ever heard, but it's, uh, nice.

What would you call it—folk music? It's a weird sound. It sounded like *me* on piano! But maybe that's just the arrangement, just the way the song goes. It was . . . ah . . . different. Two stars for his effort. He's trying to put something out.

6. Lambert-Hendricks-Ross. *Main Stem* (from *Lambert, Hendricks & Ross Sing Ellington*, Columbia).

I'm really acquainted with the group, and I think the group is wonderful, but I didn't like this particular track too much.

As a whole, I like the groove. I didn't think the lyrics came through too good. I could hear something about "winkin' and blinkin'" and then I didn't know just *what* was happening. It's Hendricks, Ross, and Lambert, of course. They are usually very good; they can do better than this. Three stars.

7. Sammy Davis Jr. *Gee, Baby Ain't I Good to You?* (from *I Gotta Right to Swing*, Decca). Sy Oliver, arranger, conductor.

Oh, boy, he's *really* in there! It sounded like Oscar MacLollie, but I'm not sure, because a lot of the singers sound alike.


He had a lot of soul. I've heard several of Oscar's records, and this sounds like him to me. All in all, I liked the way he sang the tune. It wasn't one of those real heavy things, but it was a nice arrangement for a singer. Four stars.

8. Sarah Vaughan. *Jump for Joy* (from *The Divine One*, Roulette).

That's a great one! I think that's my girl . . . one of the greatest voices in the world today . . . from Newark, N.J.—the divine Sarah. She's got the most beautiful voice I've every heard. She has so much control. I've got two singers—I'm crazy about Ella, and I'm crazy about Sarah. Sarah at her best is the living end. You just don't beat her. Five stars.

9. Ray Charles. *Tell All the World About You* (from *What'd I Say?*, Atlantic).

You can really pat your feet to that one. Is it Ray Charles? It sounded like Ray. It takes you back to when you started out. We used to hear that kind of music when we'd go to church—at the N St. Baptist. They used to have a chorus—the kids'd start singing as soon as they could carry a tune. That's how I started singing. I used to live next door to the church in Louisville, and I was always there. We had a little chorus, and we'd go from church to church and sing . . . into outlying towns.

You can feel the church influence in the work of most of the singers now—most of the blues singers, at least. For Ray Charles, four stars. 



# Caught in the Act

MEL TORMÉ-AL COHN DEKTET  
Roundtable, New York City

**Personnel:** Torme, vocals, piano; Cohn, tenor saxophone; Gene Quill, alto saxophone; Marty Flax, baritone saxophone; Jim Buffington, French horn; Don Butterfield, tuba; Wayne Andre, trombone; Nick Travis, Bob Zitolo, trumpets; Bill Crow, bass; Bob Pike, drums.

I can't remember when a singer has entertained me as much, while simultaneously knocking me out musically, as Tormé did during his recent stay at the Roundtable—and I'm not a vocal-music fan.

Usually, I'd much rather listen to an instrumentalist, but I make a large exception in Tormé's case. Perhaps it's because he is like a jazz instrumentalist in many ways. His intonation is fine, his time swinging, and he sings the devil out of the changes of the excellent songs included in his extensive repertoire. He makes the lyrics stand out clearly and, by his rhythmic readjustments and verbal liberties, adds elements that help the original authors' work.

Tormé engaged Cohn to conduct. Cohn assembled some of New York's finest jazzmen to play the book. (Bob Brookmeyer and Charlie Persip began the engagement but were replaced during the run by Andre and Pike, a young drummer who shows much promise.)

The band, with a limited but effective repertoire that included *Jive at Five*; *Broadway*, and *Keepin' out of Mischief Now*, played short introductory sets for each of Tormé's two shows the night I attended. During the second set, Tormé impulsively sat in on piano during *Broadway*. His comping was simple but swinging in a Basie groove. Tormé's pleasant piano was also a help during his own segment when he did a wistful *Spring Can Really Hang You up the Most*; a winging *Mountain Greenery*; and a wild, multi-neo-lyriced *Delovely*.

But most of his time was spent in front of the band doing such delights as *All I Need Is the Girl*; *Top Hat, White Tie, and Tails*; *Lulu's Back in Town*; *Just in Time*; *Surrey with the Fringe on Top*; *The Street Where You Live*; *Angel Eyes*, and *'Round Midnight*.

The integration of man and band was marvelous throughout. Sometimes Tormé joined with the ensemble for wordless, unison singing, including quotes from *Walkin'* and Charlie Parker's *Marmaduke*. On *Lullaby of Birdland*, done in both sets, he scatted, traded fours with Cohn's robust, moaningly melodic tenor sax and then improvised fugally with Cohn and Quill.

With such an exciting wedding of singer, band, and material (three's not a crowd), there was nothing for this reviewer to do but enjoy himself and applaud vigorously with the rest of the people in the room at the end of each number. Tormé should stay with the dektet format, both in clubs and in concert.

—Ira Gitler

## THE JAZZTET

Zebra Lounge, Los Angeles

**Personnel:** Benny Golson, tenor saxophone; Art Farmer, trumpet; Tom McIntosh, trombone; Cedar Walton, piano; Tommy Williams, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Aside from the considerable individual abilities in this group, the Jazztet's major attribute as a unit is that it plays like one. This is to say that the sets do not consist of interminable solos strung one after the other; rather, the solo spaces are framed by ensemble passages from the three-horn front line. Thus, when a soloist walks to the mike, the stage has, in a sense, been set for him musically.

Golson is the most consistently exciting soloist in the group. His liquid quality of tone and phrasing—the latter with suggestions of Coleman Hawkins, at times—and his maturely emotional approach to his horn compel one to face the fact that Benny Golson is a major figure in jazz.

Farmer, too, is a strong, controlled player who conveys the impression that he knows where he wants to go and then proceeds calmly with the stimulating business of getting there. On Golson's *Whisper Not*, he blew a swiftly eloquent Harmon-muted solo; his outing on John Lewis' *2 Degrees East, 3 Degrees West* was clean and clearly stated; on *The Cool One*, he alternated in solos from tightly muted to open horn.

McIntosh and Walton possess a quality in common: an easy, unexcitable approach to solos that heightens the over-all appeal of the group by enhancing its inherent relaxation.

Because of odd acoustics, bassist Williams had a hard time projecting from his corner of the bandstand. When he played a duet with Golson on a medium-tempoed *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, however, he revealed an impressive talent displayed in an excellent solo. Golson's work in this two-man

setting was sheer joy.

Heath is a *time* drummer, essentially, who never obtrudes or tries to show off. Thus, he is unspectacular in the superficial sense. It may be the fate of the time drummer to be underestimated by the larger audience. But his fellow musicians know.

The present Jazztet, then, is a thoroughly integrated unit loaded with superior soloists, intelligent, imaginative writing, and joyous drive. Above all, it presents a mature conception of jazz.

## JACK BROKENSCHA

Au Sable, Detroit

**Personnel:** Brokensha, vibraharp; Besse Bonnier, piano; Nick Fiore, bass; Dick Riordan, drums.

Former-Australian Jazz Quintet vibraharpist Brokensha has assembled one of the happiest and most rewarding musical groups in the Motor City. The leader's vibes are in the forefront, of course, but the greatest asset of the band is the rhythm section, especially Miss Bonnier.

Miss Bonnier, Fiore (a strong bassist), and Riordan generate great heat behind Brokensha's vibes work—which is more in the Terry Gibbs manner than in the currently fashionable Milt Jackson groove—but they never overblow the leader. The effect is tasty, yet muscular, and devoid of the effeminacy that sometimes marks similar combinations.

The group plays many standards, all neatly arranged but with plenty of blowing space, and this, too, is a relief from the usual steady diet of "originals" most groups offer. Bassist Fiore has contributed some ¾ originals, however.

One, a long-meter blues titled *And Then I Said*, is a showcase for Miss Bonnier. She is one of the strongest female players I have heard. Only one other female pianist—another "unknown" Kay Lawrence—plays with equal strength. Most distaff pianists who have made it—I'm speaking in particular of Marian McPartland and Barbara Carroll—let their gender dominate their playing. Not so Miss Bonnier (or Miss Lawrence, for that matter). She digs in with fervor and muscularity. Not a primitive by any means, she maintains a balance between technical proficiency and stirring emotion. Some of her playing is earthy, but she can also play delicately when the need arises. And this is her strength: the ability to fit the context of the moment, depending on no one style or school of thought.

The group's members are to be heard only in Detroit. Detroit's gain is the nation's loss.

—DeMicheal



**AD LIB**

(Continued from page 10)

in the enviable position of being over-subscribed with financial backing, ensuring a Broadway opening for a most unusual show . . . And still to be announced: **Duke Ellington** is working on a play in conjunction with French song stylist **Fernando Montel**.

Ellington is also rumored contemplating a solo piano concert in April, but no one will confirm or deny . . . Our rumor department, which suggested a very special concert would be held at Carnegie Hall, May 19 (*DB*, April 27), was right again. It is a charity event for the African Research Foundation, which sends mobile hospitals into parts of Africa where doctors are seldom found. The participating artists are **Miles Davis** with the **Gil Evans Orchestra** . . . The **Ray Charles** tour, *A Night with Ray Charles*, which began in Kansas City, did without Ray at the piano. He had cut his hand badly, must still keep it in a cast for several weeks . . . The May festival at Long Island's Adelphi College (May 21) will feature **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross** . . . The *Ellington Alumni Concert*, to be held at Carnegie Recital Hall in the afternoon of May 7, will include **Al Sears, Sonny Greer, Hilton Jefferson, Wendell Marshall, Clark Terry, and Betty Roche**.

The Virginia Beach Festival (July 14-15) has announced the signing of the **Dan Terry Band** as a headliner. In previous years, that festival has featured **Maynard Ferguson and Count Basie** . . . The sixth annual Randalls Island Festival in New York will be held August 25-27 . . . Philadelphia has said no to the possibility of a jazz festival being held at Robin Hood Dell . . . And in London, England: The Beaulieu Jazz Festival, which ended in a riot last year, will have competition this year from a rival festival at Ringwood, only 15 miles away. The Ringwood festival will star **Acker Bilk**, during whose performance at Beaulieu last year crowds ran amok.

Also in Europe: **Chet Baker** went on trial in Lucca, Italy, for smuggling narcotics. His wife is a co-defendant . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Oscar Peterson**, now touring Europe, set sail for Japan in the late fall; **Nat Cole** will be there in May, as will the **MJQ**.

Alto saxophonist **Eric Dolphy** has joined the **George Russell** group . . . Guitarist **Johnny Smith** plans to open a guitar center in Colorado Springs, Colo. He'll live there but plans to visit and record in New York . . . Tenor man **Sonny Rollins** still refuses to be interviewed, insisting that he must remain solitary in order to develop compositionally . . . Young altoist **Andy Mar-**

**sala** has joined **Sal Salvador's** new big band. The band has cut several singles of late . . . The new **Al Cohn-Zoot Sims** group includes **Johnny Bunch**, piano; **Jimmy Garrison**, bass; **Bob Pike**, drums . . . The Waldorf-Astoria's Starlight Roof will probably not open this summer, which cuts some possible bookings out from under such regulars as **Count Basie** and **Sarah Vaughan** . . . The **Cur-tis Fullers** have a baby boy, **Jerry Arnett** . . . Man-of-most-trades **Slim Gaillard** has signed for a major role in a new Paramount picture starring **Bobby Darin** and titled *Too Late Blues*. Slim will play the part of a jazz pianist.

**Dave Brubeck**, now also a writer of ballet music (choreography by **Dania Krupska**), will have his work *Points on Jazz*, performed for the first time in New York some time during the two weeks beginning April 24, when the American Ballet Theater dances at the Broadway theater. The work was premiered in Hartford, Conn., Jan. 16 and performed frequently since then while the troupe was on tour . . . Of ballets yet to be: On Easter evening, **Benny Goodman** played the first New York performance of **Morton Gould's Derivations**, "a concerto for clarinet and jazz band." The critics were not unanimous in their approval, but Goodman had this to say: "It's not avant-garde, but it's a new piece by some standards . . . Eventually I think it will make a wonderful ballet."

**Ida Cox**, veteran jazz singer, now recording for Riverside, has asked that company for an unspecified extra amount of money. Miss Cox said that she is old enough now to expect death, and she wants the cash bonus so that she can pay for a luxury funeral in advance . . . The top annual awards in France, from Academie des Disques Charles-Cros, went to **Julian Adderley** (for his Riverside record, *In San Francisco*), **Harry Belafonte** (Victor, *Swing Dat Hammer*), **Miles Davis** (Columbia, *Kinda Blue*) and **Charles Mingus** (Atlantic, *Pithecanthropus Erectus*) . . . Clarinetist **Pete Fountain** cut two records in Hollywood one with French songs played a la Dixieland style . . . Both Capitol and Decca are recording **George Shearing** and **Earl Grant**, paired on the bill at the Crescendo . . . Trombonist and orchestra-leader **Bobby Byrne** has joined **Enoch Light's** Command label on the directing side of the microphone . . . Blue Note has signed St. Louis guitarist **Grant Green**. His first record features **Horace Parlan**, piano; **George Tucker**, bass; **Al Harewood**, drums. Parlan, Tucker, and Harewood, plus tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin**, comprise a new jazz group, the **Playhouse Four**, currently playing Brooklyn's new



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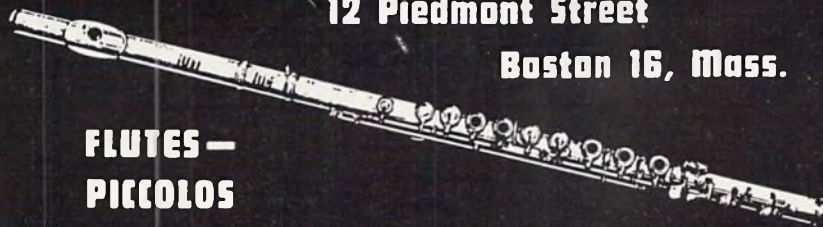
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club, The Coronet . . . Former members of the Newport Youth Band have formed their own group, the New York Jazz Septet, working the New York area. The personnel includes Al Abreu, tenor saxophone and leader; Mike Abene, piano and arranger; Ed Gomez, bass; Larry Rosen, drums; Harry Hall, trumpet; Ronnie Cuber, baritone saxophone; Benny Jacobs-El, trombone . . . Trumpeter Ziggy Harrell, late of the Woody Herman Band, has joined the Billy Butterfield group playing valve trombone. The little band tours extensively throughout the east. Personnel also includes Ernie Caceres, clarinet and baritone saxophone; Bobby Carter, piano; Bill Goodall, bass, and Ray Tucker, drums.

Harry James is set for a bit part as a bugler in a new Frank Sinatra picture to be filmed in Las Vegas in May . . . The Warner Brothers filming of *The Music Man* will feature pianist Buddy Cole . . . Chubby Jackson's morning show (*Chubby's Rascals*, WABC-TV, 8-9) is more than ever concentrating on jazz, old and young. Its own band is composed of veteran studio men, all from jazz bands of the past, who complain about getting up so early. Chubby's guests during the last month have included the South Huntington Junior High School Band, jazz guitarist Richard Romeo (Nyack, N. Y.) and a variety of singers . . . Providence's WPFM and hosts Carl Henry and Jim Mendes, have behind them seven years of a program, *Weekend of Jazz*.

Davis Productions (that's actor Ossie Davis and his actress wife, Ruby Dee) has produced a twenty-five minute film, *Uhuru*, inspired by the *Freedom Now Suite* recording by Max Roach (with Abbey Lincoln, Coleman Hawkins, Michael Olatunji). The film was directed by Sidney Poitier. The new title is simply a translation of the record's title.

Roulette was denied permission by the SEC to make a public sale of stock because it failed to disclose the payola accusations against it, among other things . . . The American Jazz Septet, off now on college dates, will be recorded by Carleton . . . Prestige has a Claude Hopkins album titled *Blues at the Nevele*.

Under Teddy Charles' a&r leadership, Warwick has signed such jazz artists as Pepper Adams, Donald Byrd, Curtis Fuller, and jazz singer Nat Wright . . . Jazz singles are suddenly very much in the money news. Whether by Julian Adderley or Johnny Dankworth, *The African Waltz* is becoming a big-seller. Others on the big money charts: Charles Mingus' *Folk Forms, No. 1, Original Faubus Fables*; organist Johnny Smith—*I Got a Woman, Al-*



fredo . . . **Erroll Garner** finally got some support in his battle against Columbia's release of unauthorized material. Two classical artists, **Ferrante and Teicher**, have brought suit for exactly the same situation.

## CHICAGO

**Dizzy Gillespie's** two-week stand at Birdhouse in early April was highly successful. Crowds were lined up on Easter Saturday waiting to get in to hear the trumpeter and his group. During his Chicago stay, Gillespie studied **Robert Farnon's Suite for Trumpet and Orchestra**, written especially for the trumpeter. Shortly after his Birdhouse engagement, Gillespie flew to Berlin, Germany, to record the suite with full symphony orchestra . . . The no-alcohol policy of Birdhouse seems to be paying off. The club, while hardly setting the world on fire, has consistently done better business than other jazz clubs in Chicago. The management has adroitly booked groups that appeal to their younger-than-21 audience. Future bookings continue in the same vein; they include **Bill Henderson-Eddie Harris**, **Nancy Wilson-Three Sounds**, **Horace Silver**, and **Art Blakey**.

Pianist **Tut Soper** recorded with cornetist **Doc Evans** for the Nortronics Co. in Minneapolis. Soper has been intermission pianist at **Ruth and Bill Reinhardt's** Dixieland spa, Jazz, Ltd., for some time . . . The Gate of Horn, doing good business with folk music, moved to a new location, State and Maple, on the near north side. The last public appearance—at least for some time—of folk team **Bob Gibson and Bob Camp** was at the Gate in April. Camp leaves to work at Chicago's Second City, a satirical comedy room.

**Stan Kenton's** new band (*DB*, April 27) is scheduled to play a concert for Jazz Lift, in Battle Creek, Mich., April 30. After expenses, the organization, which sends jazz LPs to Iron Curtain countries, hopes to garner enough from the concert to defray their packing and postage costs. Any collectors who would like to contribute LPs to the nonprofit organization may ship them to Jazz Lift, P.O. Box 980, Battle Creek, Mich. To date, they have forwarded 1,960 recordings.

The Houston Jazz Assoc. has been presenting midnight jazz concerts in that Texas city. The concerts, held at 12:01 a.m. Fridays and 1 a.m. Saturdays, featured some of the best of Texas talent, including the **Jimmy Ford Sextet**, the **Roy Velasque Afro-Jazztet**, the **Herb Brockstein Quintet**, blues singer **Lightnin' Hopkins**, and the **Don Wilkerson Quintet**. Closing concerts in the series will be held April 28-29 and will spotlight **Johnny Fontenett's** group.

## NEW ORLEANS

Berklee alumnus **Dave West** has replaced **Merle Cook** on piano in the **Pete Fountain** group at Fountain's new French Quarter Inn. Recently the clarinetist brought in **Eddie Miller** for an amiable two-week reunion with Orleans jazz fans . . . Pianist **Buddy Prima** has opened a modern jazz club at Uncle Louis' across-the-lake estate, Pretty Acres. The younger Prima is set to cut an LP for Dot Records shortly featuring local standouts **Bill Huntington** on bass and **Charlie Blancq** on drums . . . The **Al Hirt** Band is off on a tour which includes an engagement at the Cloisters in Hollywood and appearances on the **Ed Sullivan** and **Dinah Shore** TV shows. The powerhouse trumpeter has added to his already imposing stature of late with a big-band album for RCA Victor with the **Henri Rene** Orchestra), a spot on the *Jack Paar Show*, and an audition for an acting role in an NBC television series . . . **Ellis Marsalis** unveiled his modern jazz trio recently at the Quarter's House of Zin and is now furnishing jazz aplenty on weekends at the familiar Dauphine St. spot, the Jazz Room . . . **Sam Butera** played a frantically successful engagement at the Dream Room. Following Butera into the Bourbon St. bistro was the **Georgie Young Sextet** from Las Vegas. **Santo Pecora's** Tailgaters remain as house band . . . Pianist **Armand Hug** has moved from Musso's, his perennial Canal St. stomping-ground, to the plush Prince Conti motor hotel in the Vieux Carré . . . A trio led by **Ditymus**, a unique drummer who uses a conga drums-bass drum-cymbals setup, is playing after-hours jazz at Spotty's uptown club. The drummer also presented an experimental five-piece group in concert at Vernon's restaurant recently . . . **Joe Burton** has enticed drummer **Earl Cobble** to return from Biloxi, Miss. (a favorite refuge of local modernists), to join his modern jazz trio. Former **Red Rodney** bassist **Jay Cave** has also rejoined the group, which continues to offer subdued jazz on a six-night-a-week basis at Burton's Canal St. jazz room . . . The March meeting of the New Orleans Jazz Club honored Mrs. **D. J. (Nick) LaRocca**, wife of the late ODJB trumpeter. Participating in the Dixie bash after the meeting were veteran clarinetist **Pinky Vidacovich**, a revivalist group the **Last Straws**, and **Sharkey Bonano's** Band, plus a surprise visit from **Jimmy Durante**.

## LOS ANGELES

Calls from all over the country are reported pouring into the Ambassador hotel's Coconut Grove—from band-leaders seeking the cozy gig to be vacated by the **Freddy Martin** Band when it replaces **Lawrence Welk** at the ocean-

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side Aragon ballroom. Santa Monica. Eddie Howard looks like the best bet for the Grove job . . . Lil (Lili Gigi) Greenwood, ex-Duke Ellington singer, is now an L.A. resident . . . Terry Gibbs' recent stand at Shelly's Manne-Hole was highlighted by live remotes two nights a week over KNOB. The vibist recorded a new quartet album during the engagement.

Duke Ellington will emcee all three nights of the Monterey Jazz Festival Sept. 22-24. His band will play Saturday afternoon and Sunday night. Also present at this year's festival will be Dizzy Gillespie, who is bringing from New York a nucleus of an all-star band which will premiere a new J. J. Johnson work.

KRHM dj Frank Evans was named Announcer of the Year for the second consecutive year by the L.A. Times. His station won a similar honor . . . That long-awaited Jimmy Witherspoon big-band album, arranged by Bob Florence and recorded well over a year ago for Hifirecords, will be released soon—on Frank Sinatra's Reprise label.

Jazzmen John Simmons and Frank Morgan were arrested here recently on narcotics charges . . . And Art Pepper was called as a witness for the defense in the trial of the couple who allegedly sold him the supply of heroin for which the altoist was arrested and convicted. Pepper testified he already had the narcotic in his possession when he called merely to pay the pushers a social call. Judge John F. Aiso found the pair guilty anyway . . . Drummer Eddie Atwood is donating his services one day a week at Synanon, teaching drums to several enthusiasts.

RECORD NOTES: Les McCann cut his first vocal album, which was arranged by Gerald Wilson for the World Pacific label . . . Steve Sholes is new west-coast manager for RCA Victor. This means the label is due for a boost—on the coast, anyway.

Doug Marsh, former mallet man with the Airmen of Note, is now featured vibist with the Rosemary Clooney show at Las Vegas' Desert Inn and with the Phil Harris show that follows. On his return to L.A. May 18, he will resume work with his own quartet . . . Dutch jazz pianist Pia Beck joined the girlie revue at the Sunset Strip's Le Crazy Horse . . . Leonard Feather moved the Blindfold Test show from KNOB-FM to KRHM-FM, whence it airs Fridays from 4 to 5 p.m. and Sundays from 7 to 8 p.m. The show is now up for syndication.

Music production at the Warner Bros. lot is booming. Activity is at a new high with the signing of four new composers - orchestrators - conductors: Howard Jackson, Frank Perkins, Heinz Roemheld, and Milton Franklin. The recording stage is booked solid for the

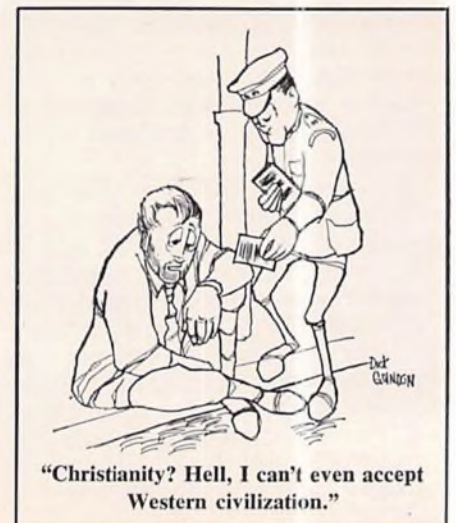
next few months. At Columbia, too, music action is going strong. There's no sign of a slowup, either.

Barbara Dane bought a club in San Francisco, the former El Borden in North Beach. The place will feature blues exclusively and serve as a home for the blonde blues-folk singer, who these days works with Kenny (Good News) Whitson, piano, and Wellman Braud, bass. Barbara's backer is socialite Norma Ashton.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Dick Saltzman, vibist and combo leader, has an interesting groove. He works steady four nights a week but each night at a different club. How to go on the road while staying home! . . . The Montgomery Brothers are off to Vancouver for a three-week date at the Jazz Cellar there . . . Bill Wiesjahns sold an interest in his club, the Jazz Cellar (San Francisco's original), and plans reopening later this spring . . . John Coltrane is set to play a jazz benefit for the southern sit-ins at the Berkeley campus of the University of California during his run at the Jazz Workshop . . . Betty Bennett signed for a long-term run at the hungry i.

The Fairmont hotel is planning to open another room later this year when its new wing is completed . . . Dave Brubeck has his hilltop house up for sale and is planning to live in the east permanently . . . The Black Hawk is negotiating for the Gerry Mulligan Band for June . . . Both Muggsy Spanier and the Virgil Gonsalves Sextet worked the hi-fi show in March . . . The Johnny True Trio is now a fixture at Zack's in Sausalito . . . Lenny Bruce's April concerts were canceled because of his illness . . . Saunders King has signed with Fantasy for an LP. It will be his first record in many years . . . Joe Williams did sensational business during his three weeks at the Neve and also got top reviews. He was held over a week beyond his initial contract. 





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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; *t/n*—till further notice; *unk*—unknown at press time; *wknds*—weekends.

### NEW YORK

Basin Street East: Ella Fitzgerald to 4/29. Sarah Vaughan, Al Hirt, 5/1-20.  
Birdland: Quincy Jones to 5/10. Dizzy Gillespie, Sarah McLawler, 5/11-24.  
Copa City: Charles Mingus, *t/n*.  
Coronet (Brooklyn): The Playhouse Four, *t/n*.  
Embers: Erskine Hawkins to 5/22.  
Five Spot: Gigi Gryce, *t/n*.  
Fort Hill (Scarsdale): Wed nights only. Count Basie, 5/3.  
Half Note: Joe Newman, 5/2-14.  
International (restaurant): Doc Cheatham, *t/n*.  
Jazz Gallery: Abbey Lincoln, Max Roach, Mal Waldron, *t/n*.  
Metropole: Cozy Cole, Sol Yaged, *t/n*. Salt City Six, 4/25-6/4.  
Roundtable: Joe Williams, Harry Edison, Cy Coleman, to 5/20.  
Versailles: Osborne Smith, Walt Dickerson, to 5/3.  
Village Vanguard: Jack Teagarden, Junior Mance, to 5/7. Oscar Brown Jr., 5/9-6/4.

### PHILADELPHIA

Pep's: Etta Jones, 4/24-29.  
Sahara: Jimmy Heath, *t/n*.  
Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): Tony Spair 4, *t/n*.  
Penn Lounge (Camden, N. J.): Ben Ventura, *t/n*.

### CHICAGO

Birdhouse: Fred Kaz, Andy and Bey Sisters, 4/26-5/11.  
Black Eyed Pea: Steve Behr, *t/n*.  
Bourbon St.: Bob Scobey, *t/n*.  
Cafe Continental: Dave Remington, *t/n*.  
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Jo Henderson, Tut Soper, *t/n*. Franz Jackson, Thurs.  
London House: Harold Quinn to 5/14. Audrey Morris, Eddie Higgins, *hbs*.  
Mister Kelly's: Helen O'Connell to 5/14. Marty Rubenstein, Dick Marx-John Frigo, *hbs*.  
Orchid Lounge: Muddy Waters, *wknds*.  
Pigalle: Lurlean Hunter, Gene Esposito, *t/n*.  
Red Arrow: Franz Jackson, *wknds*.  
Roberts: Dinah Washington, *t/n*.  
Scotch Mist: Tom Ponce, *t/n*.  
Sutherland: Buddy DeFranco, 4/26-5/7.

### LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: Teddy Buckner, *t/n*.  
Black Bull: Marvin Ash, *t/n*.  
Black Orchid: Gloria Smythe, *t/n*.  
Digger: Name grps., weekends.  
El Sombrero: Dutch Pons, *t/n*.  
Excusez Moi: Betty Bennett, *wknds*.  
Frascati Chalet: Jess Stacy, *t/n*.  
Geno's Bit: Les McCann, Ltd., *t/n*.  
Gilded Rafter: Joe Darensbourg, Nappy Lamare, *t/n*.  
Green Bull: Johnny St. Cyr, Johnny Lucas, *wknds*.  
Honeybucket: South Frisco Jazz Band, *t/n*.  
Hermosa Inn: The Saints, *wknds*.  
Jimmy Diamond's (San Bernardino): Edgar Hayes, *t/n*.  
Le Crazy Horse: Pia Beck, *t/n*.  
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *t/n*.  
Nickelodeon: Sunset Jazz Band, *wknds*.  
PJ's: Joe Castro, *t/n*.  
Raffles (Long Beach): Vince Wallace, *t/n*.  
Renaissance: Bessie Griffin, Gospel Pearls, Sun.  
Rosie's Red Banjo: Art Levin, *t/n*.  
Rumble Seat: Dr. Jack Langles, *wknds*.  
Shaps (Pasadena): Loren Dexter, *t/n*.  
Sherry's: Pete Jolly-Ralph Pena, *t/n*.  
Shelly's Manne Hole: Shelly Manne, *wknds*. Red Mitchell, Mon., Tues. Russ Freeman-Richie Kamuca, Wed. Joe Maini, Thurs.  
Sherry's Barn: Vince Wallace, aft. hrs. sessions.

### SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: Miles Davis to 4/30. Stan Getz 5/2-21. Oscar Peterson opens 5/23.  
Neve: Peggy DeCastro to 4/23; The Axidentals open 4/25-5/21. Lambert-Hendricks-Ross 5/23-6/4. Earl Grant opens 6/6.  
Jazz Workshop: Horace Silver to 4/23; John Coltrane opens 4/25. James Moody opens 5/23.  
On-the-Levee: Kid Ory, *wknds*.  
Pier 23: Burt Bales, *t/n*.  
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, *t/n*.  
Fairmont hotel: George Gobel to 5/10. Andy Williams opens 5/11.  
New Fack's: Bobbe Norris, George Cerruti, *t/n*.  
hungry i: Betty Bennett, *t/n*. Mort Sali to 5/13.  
Irwin Corey opens 5/15.

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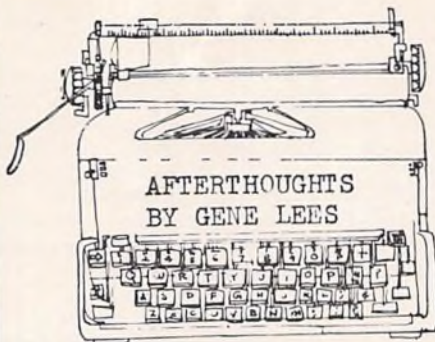
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Is jazz art or is it entertainment?

This oft-debated question is based on the strange notion that art should *not* be entertaining, and that in the arts other than jazz, no consideration is given to entertainment values.

The whole question is somewhat ridiculous. The fact is that whether you're conducting a symphony, acting in Hamlet, or playing jazz, you're in show business, and to forget it can be fatal.

Would anyone care to argue that Toscanini or Sir Thomas Beecham weren't entertaining, or that Shakespeare and Sophocles didn't have a fantastic sense of theater—or that Charlie Chaplin and Marcel Marceau are not artists?

Marceau, in fact, is one of the most uncompromising artists of our time. He has, virtually single-handed, restored the art of mime to popular awareness. Marceau has the most fantastic audience sense of any performer I have ever seen.

And do you think that Sir Laurence Olivier or John Gielgud or Maurice Evans or Judith Anderson do not have an uncanny audience instinct?

The artist needs audience; any artist who pretends he doesn't needs a psychiatrist even more: he is suffering from acute and inflamed solipsism.

What we need, we want. So we can assume that every artist *wants* an audience. And why should the audience listen to him? Because *he thinks* his message is important?

There is only one way to get an audience: the audience must be induced to *want* to hear what you have to say. The only way you can induce anyone to want to hear is by *wanting* to be heard. That wanting communicates itself. Indifference engenders indifference.

It is oddly like love. Love that is extorted isn't worth having; it must be freely given to have any value. So must attention to the artist.

Most discussions in this false art-vs-entertainment debate in jazz center on Miles Davis. I am perhaps alone in thinking that Miles has a remarkable theatrical instinct.

To be sure, he doesn't cavort. But he commands enormous attention, as Marlon Brando does, when he is in view. He is of the cooler breed of showmen,

somewhat like the icy Vladimir Horowitz among concert pianists. That doesn't mean he is not a showman.

Counter to most views, I've never found Miles contemptuous of the audience. It is generally overlooked that Dizzy Gillespie, who is the epitome of showmanship among jazzmen, walks off the stage almost as much as Miles does during the solos of others. This practice I do not consider a mark of discourtesy toward the audience; I consider it a gesture of courtesy toward the soloist then playing.

To ask Miles to wisecrack and carry on the way Dizzy does is ridiculous. It would be as false and posing for him to do that as it would be for Dizzy not to do it. It is curious that there have been pressures on Miles to be more like Dizzy and on Dizzy to be more like Miles. Can't anyone see that each is being himself, is being a showman in the way indigenous to his own personality? Dizzy exudes humor and camaraderie; Miles exudes mystery. Both are sure-fire attention-holders.

As I hope I have intimated, I do not consider showmanship a matter of sycophanting. One of the most striking examples of showmanship I've ever heard of is credited to Toscanini. A work he was performing ended on a soft dying-away chord in the strings. The conductor ordered the string sections to make the note as soft as they could and then lift the bows and draw them *silently* across the instruments. The effect was stunning, the applause shattering, the artistic effect superb.

That is showmanship—and of the kind that actually adds to artistic impact. That's the point of showmanship: to heighten the atmosphere of receptivity for what you have to say artistically. Please note Art Blakey's comments, elsewhere in this issue, on the efficacy of a bow to a Japanese audience.

The question, then, is not whether there should be showmanship in jazz, but what kind of showmanship? It should be showmanship in good taste, and to the end of getting the artistic message across.

Maybe the whole debate would resolve itself if we used a more "dignified" word and called it presentation. There's a nice, innocuous word that, in this context, means just about the same thing, and should stab no one smack-dab in his status.

But no matter what word you use for it, jazz needs it, as all the arts do. They were still putting frames on paintings, last time I looked.

It should never be forgotten that great artists are almost automatically electrifyingly entertaining; and that great entertainers, like Marceau and Chaplin, are artists.

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