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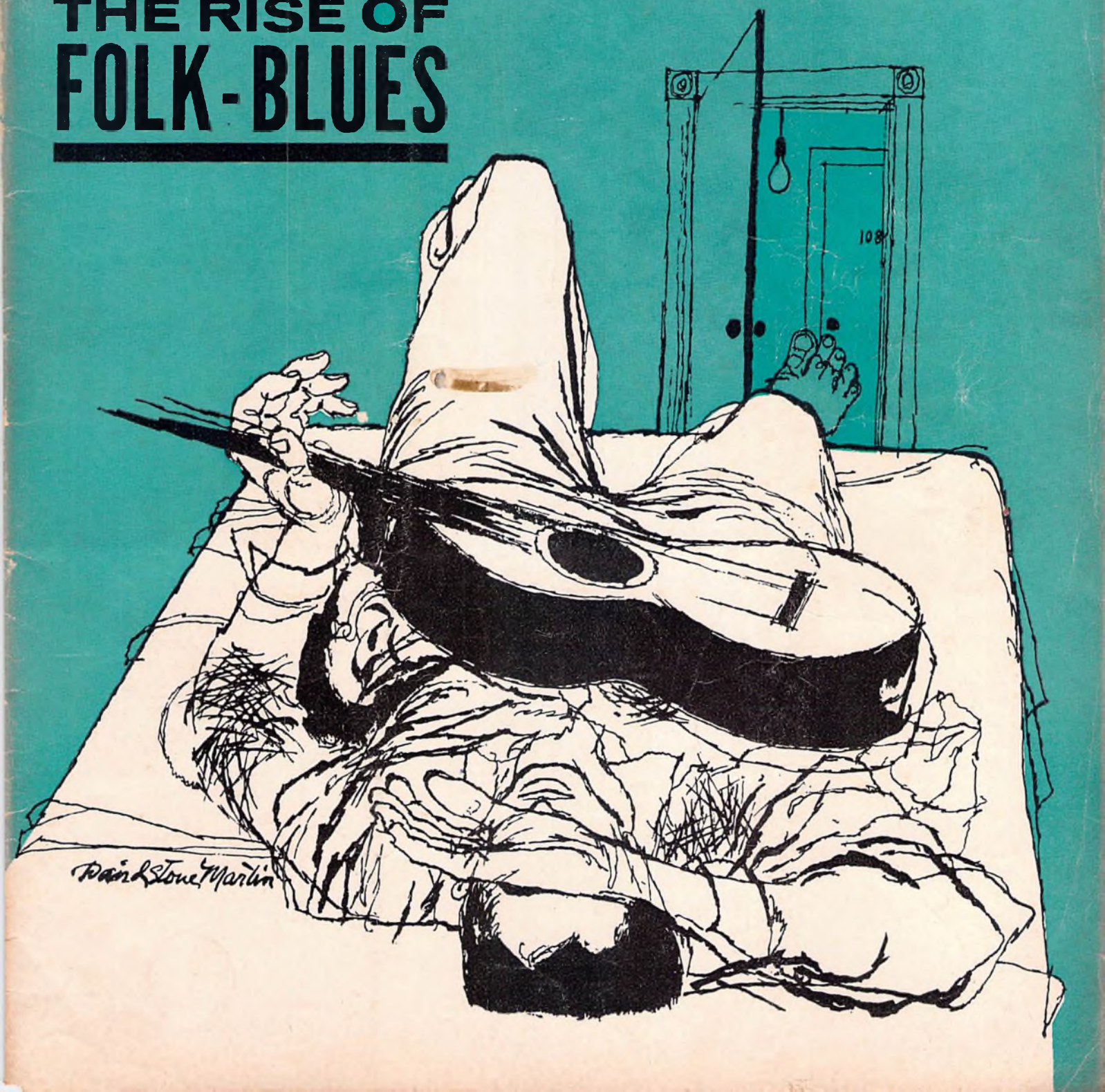
SEPTEMBER 14, 1961

down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

THE RISE OF FOLK-BLUES



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Available singly or as a 2-record set. Miles' first In Person recording in a night club.

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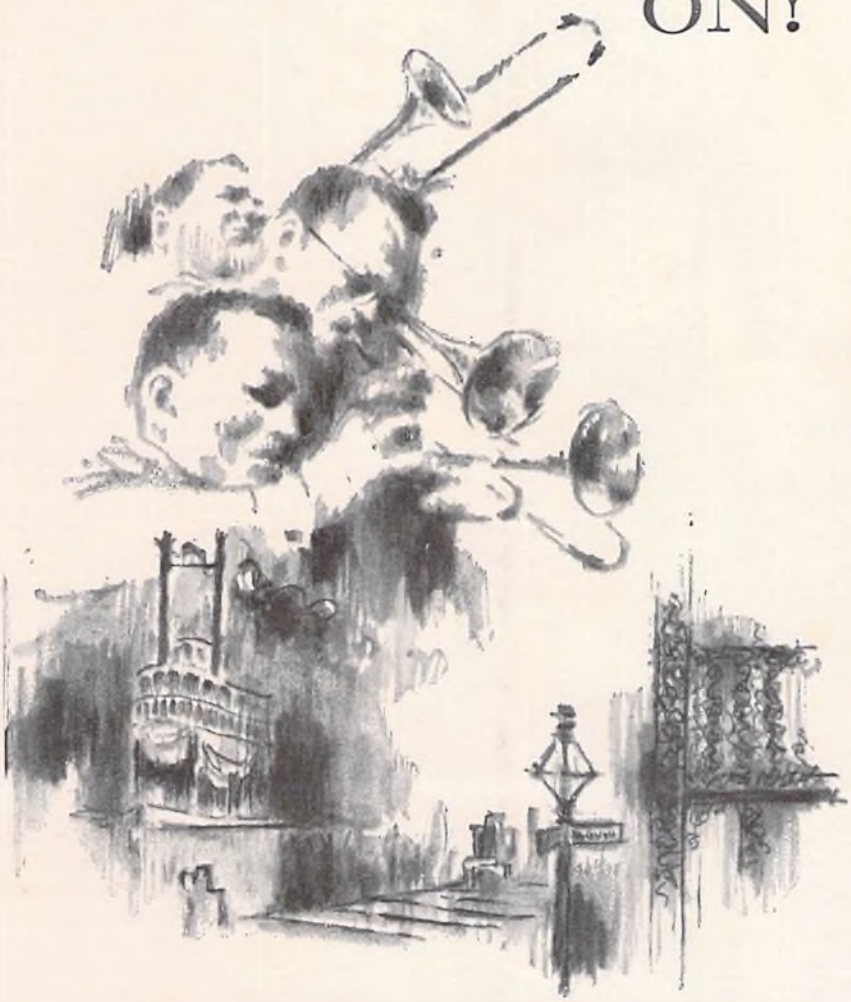
YOURS ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

...AND THE DUKES GO MARCHING ON!



When they play . . . it's Dixieland, all right, but not just exactly like you ever heard it played before! It *moves*—like a Mardi Gras parade!

A lot of Mississippi water has flowed past the old gray docks at the foot of Napoleon Street since New Orleans sent up anything like the "Dukes of Dixieland"! Back in 1947 the boys had a high school combo, playing at a seafood bar; now they headline on Ed Sullivan's television show. It's "standing room only" when they appear at the "Round Table" in New York, "The Blue Note" in Chicago, "The Famous Door" in New Orleans or "The Thunderbird" in Las Vegas. They're in the *big time* all over America. When you hear them you know why. They play Dixieland that pulls you right out of your chair and makes you feel wonderful!

Most of the band is the Assunto family. Frank is the front man, blowing that Olds trumpet of his so it sounds like glory. Fred plays great trombone. It's an Olds too, of course. And then there's Papa Jac's trombone giving the kids something to live up to. He started the Olds tradition with the Assunto family 'way back in 1928.

Records! They're on the Audio-Fidelity label in stereo and hi-fi. They've made album after album . . . singles, too . . . every one a solid hit.

Yessir, the Dukes are making Dixieland history . . . and they're making it with Olds.

OLDS

F. E. OLDS & SON
Fullerton, California

THE EDITORIAL

Rudolph Bing, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Association, said wage demands made by American Federation of Musicians Local 802 would have added $750,000 to the Met's *deficit* during the coming year. So Met officials canceled the season. Result: 100 musicians and 600 other unionized Met employes lost their jobs.

Just prior to this incident, another AFM local—Chicago's Local 10—demonstrated a similar lack of judgment that almost cost three jazz musicians their jobs.

London House, the downtown restaurant night club, has a local trio playing opposite whatever out-of-town group is booked into the room. This is the result of a Local 10 request made some time ago.

To follow the Oscar Peterson Trio, George and Oscar Marienthal, the owners, booked Red Nichols and his Five Pennies. Local 10—the white Chicago local (Chicago is one of the AFM's segregated cities, another matter for union shame)—told the brothers they would have to book six local musicians to work opposite Nichols.

Chicago clubs have been suffering. Business has been off for months, and a number of them have folded, some of them killed, in the view of musicians, by Local 10's five-nights-only work law. The Marienthals evidently felt they couldn't afford six local men as well as the Nichols group. They said they would have to get rid of the local group, using local musicians on the two off-nights only. Reluctantly, they prepared to fire the trio.

It was obvious that the Marienthals, in the light of business conditions, would not and perhaps could not back down. Yet Local 10 stuck to its position—until the last minute. Then they relented. The musicians breathed a sigh of relief that their union has not succeeded in putting them out of work.

The AFM has repeatedly shown, at both national and local levels, an incredible lack of understanding of contemporary show business and an almost senile lack of tactical judgment. AFM president Herman Kenin has struggled hard, but his efforts seem hamstrung by the out-of-touch old men on the boards of too many locals. And the fact that a few powerful local chieftains have greedy eyes for his job has also hindered progress.

One of the troubles of the AFM lies in the fact that while some of its members are full-time musicians, the vast majority are not. Logically and morally, the AFM's greatest obligation should be to the man who, accepting the hazards of a life spent totally in music, earns all his income from it. In practice, the AFM seems more concerned with the welfare of the part-timers.

Discontent over the AFM trust fund, among other things, led to the formation of the Musicians Guild of America in Los Angeles. Whether the AFM brass is aware of it or not, the movement has strong sympathizers in other major recording cities, including Chicago and New York. Some are members. Others are annoyed by both the AFM and the Guild, and think there should be a third oganization, a union of *professional* musicians.

The rumbling discontent of musicians could result in a tragic division in the ranks of American musicians, who need unity perhaps more than any other profession.

The AFM is unrealistic if it fails to hear these rumblings. But the AFM seems to be nothing if not unrealistic.

Consider this: the AFM has fought to stop sound-tracking of TV films abroad, contending the work should go to American musicians, not foreigners. When the Met cancelled, a Chicago entrepeneur who had booked the company for an appearance next spring, announced that he would replace it with a European company, probably the Royal Swedish Opera.

Now what was that the AFM was saying about its noble struggles to make work for the American musician?

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DEPARTMENTS

ON THE COVER

The blues have been with us for more years than anyone can remember. But it has only been in the last two years or so that the blues have been widely disseminated. Part of this rise in blues interest is tied in with the recent folk-music revival, but the greater part is bound up in the blues themselves—the blues message strikes home to many. Pete Welding, a man who knows whereof he speaks, takes a look at *The Rise of Folk-Blues* on page 18.

THINGS TO COME

The Sept. 28 issue of *Down Beat*, on sale Sept. 14, is the annual school band issue. In it is a report on the Stan Kenton Clinics of the National Stage Band Camps, held this summer at Dallas, Texas; Lansing, Mich.; Bloomington, Ind. In addition to regular departments such as record reviews and *The Blindfold Test*, this issue will contain articles on International Jazz Critics Poll new-star vocalist Aretha Franklin and the Michigan jazz festivals held at Detroit and Saugatuck. Many other features too.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Kind Words from McBrowne

Congratulations to all the winners and runners-up in the critics poll. Congratulations also to the critics for the representative and reflective showings in their choices.

Your recent issues have been of very high caliber, and the interviews should be well observed by more than just jazz fans.

In regard to *Misinterpretation?* in *Chords and Discords* (*DB*, Aug. 3) I think the writer of the letter, Steve Piechota, has done just that and, like many Americans, maybe more. I can recall in the article *Inside the Cannonball Adderley Quintet* no put-down of anyone's talents or negation of anyone's contributions. The honesty and sincerity of intelligent and knowing musicians is poo-poohed by saying, "Rid yourselves of unfounded, selfish prejudices." The writer lists eight very fine white musicians, as if to say, "See? Your parallels."

As short a time as 10 years ago, jazz was still something to listen to in cellars and played by degenerates. I don't think the reader will find in the classical reviews in *Down Beat*, or anywhere else, that everyone who plays the "classics" well is considered a major contributor.

I would like to see more revealing interviews of Coleman Hawkins, Jo Jones, Cozy Cole, Duke Ellington, and so on.

Thanks to all the critics who voted for me in the poll.

New York City — Lenny McBrowne

Points on the Guitar Issue

I would like to add a point about John St. Cyr and Budd Scott. While, as you say, (*DB*, July 20) they were best known for their banjo work, both were using guitar fingering and tuning on banjos. St. Cyr used a six-string guitar-banjo, and Scott used a plectrum (4-string) banjo, tuned as the first four strings of the guitar. This apparently was done by many early jazz banjo players to eliminate, I suppose, learning the standard banjo fingering.

I would also like to add that I am not surprised at Barney Kessel's *Blindfold Test* (*DB*, July 20) remark about Elmer Snowden's playing reminding him of Django Reinhardt.

When I first played Snowden's recent record *Harlem Banjo*, I was amazed at the similarity of many of the single-string passages to the Reinhardt technique. I would also hazard a guess that Snowden was not influenced by Reinhardt.

Warwick, N.Y. — Bill Raynor

Correction and Suggestion

In describing Lionel Hampton's *Hot Mallets* George Hoefer says, "It opens with a four-bar introduction by the band, followed by Dizzy Gillespie's 32-bar muted solo." Not quite. The first two bars of the introduction have Cozy Cole alone on the hi-hat. Then bass and guitar come in for the next two. Then Dizzy plays the first 16 bars of his wonderfully witty solo, which begins with a quote from, of all things, *Cheek to Cheek*.

The middle eight bars are played by Benny Carter, and the passage, though short, is so remarkable that André Hodeir mentions it twice in his book. Gillespie then comes back for the last eight.

Suggestion: what about the possibility of including in each issue a brief critical survey of the available recorded work of some artist? This would be enormously useful to collectors.

The latest Schwann catalog, for example, contains some 20 titles by Coleman Hawkins. Most of us can't afford to buy them all and probably wouldn't want to if we could. Some form of guidance through the LP jungle would be a great help at this point.

John Wilson's worthy books are unfortunately too far out of date by now to be of much use, but if he or Gitler or DeMicheal could devote their talents to this venture at the rate of one artist per issue you would be able to compile a tidy and useful volume by the year's end.

Providence, R. I. — D. Gale

Hirt Hurt

I read with interest the article in the Aug. 3 issue titled *The Festival at Evansville* and authored by Don DeMicheal. In DeMicheal's lead he writes, "The only thorn in the haystack was the obnoxious, boorish, crass vaudeville behavior of Al Hirt. The huge trumpeter played loud, fast, and high, but not only was his playing nonswinging, his execution was sloppy. . . . But his was the last group to perform, and it failed to dim the sparkle of the music heard before he defiled traditional jazz."

Just how does DeMicheal define "traditional jazz"? Since the advent of jazz, with its humble origin as New Orleans funeral-marching music, jazz has followed no tradition. It is the one truly American form of music which pays subservience to no customs, traditions, mores, or other pooh-bahs.

In referring to "traditional" jazz, does DeMicheal refer to the type of Dixieland played by Satchmo, the type of softer ballad played by Count Basie, or the type of way-out progressive jazz played by Stan Kenton?

In a way, I'm rather wary of asking DeMicheal to define his concept of "traditional jazz". For if all jazz musicians were to conform to his way of thinking, about nine-tenths of them would automatically change their style. They wouldn't be playing jazz any more. They would simply be playing "DeMichealism"—and, Lord, how boring that could get!

DeMicheal describes Al as employing "vaudeville behavior". Al's philosophy—and it has presented him with standing-

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CHORDS

(Continued from page 6)

room-only crowds in every major club and concert hall in this country and in Europe —is fundamentally this: *a "performing musician" should be just exactly that—a performer and a musician.*

Al believes the best way to establish an intimate rapport with one's audience is to establish one's own personality on the stage. According to Hirt, "Any trumpet man can stand on a stage and blow a horn, but not any trumpet man can provide the music and the show as well."

The thunderous applause that Al receives around the country would seem to substantiate his point. According to a recent article on Al in *Time* magazine: "Dixieland or standard, audiences vibrate to everything Hirt & Co. produce. . . ." Even a critic remarked last week that it is sometimes 'a little hard to hear the trombone' (for all the applause.)"

Al's schedule for TV appearances, concert dates, club dates, motion pictures, et al., is now booked well into 1963. At the present time, we are turning down offers because Al's income—thanks to our tax laws—will not permit his making any more money for quite some time.

If this is "sloppy musicianship"—and if the "More! More! More!" applause and cheers that greet Al whenever he does an appearance reflect "sloppy musicianship" —then perhaps more musicians should be sloppy.

Could De Micheal be criticizing the tastes of such a large multitude of jazz-loving audiences?

New York City — Gerard Purcell, Personal Manager to Al Hirt

It certainly could be.

Where's Newk?

We are a nation of faddists, and fads have permeated the jazz idiom. The urge to illustrate our own membership in the in-group is, for some, irresistable. But for men who supposedly are qualified to comment on and should, perforce, be preeminently more cognizant of the roots from which jazz originated, this trait is much more inexcusable.

I am referring to the fact that in the International Jazz Critics Poll, Sonny Rollins, one of the most important of all tenor players in both ability and influence, received exactly one more point than Johnny Griffin, a gentleman whose contribution to jazz, in comparison, is almost negligible.

Come on, fellows, dig out a few of those old records with Clifford and Max. Maybe it just slipped your minds. I believe, sincerely, that when Rollins returns from his self-imposed sojourn into obscurity, he will succeed in rounding himself into a true colossus. . . . I eagerly await that day.

Greenville, Ala. — Jerry McGowin

Down Beat *and the critics also eagerly await the day that Rollins emerges from exile. But the critics are not to blame for Rollins' poor showing: they were instructed to vote with individual musicians' and groups' performances of the last year in mind. Most did so. Rollins has not played publicly for more than a year.* db

STRICTLY AD LIB

NEW YORK

Some are remembering other, lusher, summer festival days and better night-club days than prevail at the moment, days when jazz musicians could make their bread *and* salt even in a circus atmosphere. Now . . . gone is the tinsel and gold. Each festival this year has had its problems. Even in Europe: Beaulieu had its annual riot, English style. A smaller hang-up, still in England, was the incidence of forged tickets at the Earlswood festival. (The last time we knew of that was at a Randall's Island Festival, several years ago.) **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross** and **Count Basie** report groans from the recent Riviera festival. Nor did **Dizzy Gillespie** do so well during his recent South American tour. Jazz critic **Francisco Mujia Jackson** suggested that the small draw was because Gillespie had taken musicians with him who were not well known to South American audiences.

BASIE

Still and all, festivals went on. Detroit held its for two days in Cobo Hall (a report will be in the next issue). Buffalo, too, had two performances. Randall's Island, in operation when we went to press, lifted the public-relations gates high. Among its innovations: another Miss Randall's Island Jazz Festival; the first jazz festival appearance of **Miles Davis** during 1961; a declaration that it is the second oldest in the world (now in its sixth year, having had, thus far, audiences totaling 140,000 and having spent $250,000 for talent); seven groups that never before had appeared in the stadium —**Dukes of Dixieland, Gene Krupa, Eddie Davis-Johnny Griffin, Oscar Peterson, Olatunji, Yusef Lateef, Stan Getz,** and, most impressive, the largest moveable stage in the world —142 feet wide, 104 feet deep—with nine dressing rooms, one rehearsal room, sound and electrical rooms, all rolling on 244 airplane wheels.

MULLIGAN

With all those wheels within wheels, the story of numerous successful single concerts and special promotions is brighter.

At New York's Freedomland, a park modeled somewhat on the style of California's Disneyland, the big bands have had a better break than they can have at any festival thus far planned. **William Zeckendorf Jr.,** who now is managing the park that will feature nearly every name band in the country before the year is out, is basing the band operation on the fact that no one can afford to hear bands nowadays in usual clubs with "their extraordinary prices." Prices at Freedomland are quite reasonable. The bands are constant and remarkable, ranging from **Ralph Marterie's** through **Benny Goodman's** to **Gerry Mulligan's.** Zeckendorf hopes to keep at least that part of the park's entertainment policy alive the year round.

The Apollo Theater reopened on Sept. 8 with its first Gospel Caravan. On Sept. 15 begins a **Symphony Sid** production that includes **Gloria Lynn** and the **Earl May Trio, Olatunji, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers,** and **Mango Mariah** and his Afro-Cuban revue . . . **André Previn** made his Cleveland debut as guest conductor and pianist, playing much **George Gershwin** music . . . **Sid Bernstein** and **John Drew,** pro-

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down beat

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CAPITOL AND SINATRA HAVE AT IT

Since he announced the formation of his own record company last January, it has been something less than secret in the music business that Frank Sinatra's attitude toward Capitol records, the company with which he was affiliated since December, 1955, was considerably less than cordial.

It was speculated that the name he chose for his own label, Reprise, was a clear indication that sooner or later acrimony would burst forth between the singer and The Tower.

By mid-July the feud was in the open; typically, Sinatra brought it to a head.

His company bought the back page of two Los Angeles trade papers, *Daily Variety* and *Hollywood Reporter*, to advertise the singer's second Reprise album, *Swing Along with Me*. The copy was provocative. "Now . . . A Newer, Happier, Emancipated Sinatra," it read. The word emancipated was emphasized. "(Album portrait of a man enjoying his work)," it continued, with reference to a large reproduction of the album cover head-and-shoulders photograph of the singer. Beneath the reproduction there followed the "zinger"—"Untrammeled, Unfettered, Unconfined . . . On Reprise."

Capitol filed an "unfair competition" lawsuit in Los Angeles Superior Court against Sinatra, his label, his Essex Productions, Inc., the record manufacturer, and the Los Angeles and San Francisco distributors.

In its complaint, Capitol charged the Reprise album "closely resembles in concept, type of repertoire, style, accompaniment and title" an LP already recorded by Sinatra and released by Capitol, *Come Swing with Me*. The suit asked that the defendants be permanently restrained from further distribution of the Reprise album.

Terming the case "a classic example of unfair competition," Superior Court Judge Gordon L. Files ruled in Capitol's favor but only to the extent of directing Reprise to change both title and cover before marketing any more copies.

While the court's order posed no problem for Reprise (the company promptly changed the album title to *Sinatra Swings*), it knocked the props from under Sinatra's announced plans to produce and star in a band picture featuring the reunited personnel of the Tommy Dorsey band of the early 1940s with which the singer first rose to fame. The picture was to carry the same title as the album, *Swing Along with Me*. Reportedly, the tie-in of the film with the album was deliberate and part of a planned double promotion-exploitation campaign.

Said a spokesman for the singer,

SINATRA

"Might as well forget about the picture now. What could we call it, *Sinatra Swings*?"

Although Sinatra may now be "untrammeled, unfettered, unconfined" on his own label, his relationship with Capitol, ironically, still exists by contract, as the company's attorney, Victor Netterville, pointed out to the court. Sinatra's right to record for a company other than Capitol is uncontested, Netterville said. "However," he added, "Mr. Sinatra is not as free as he'd like to think he is." Although the singer's Capitol contract was amended last February to permit him to record for Reprise, Sinatra is still obligated to record at least one more album for The Tower.

Meanwhile, Sinatra's enterprises continue to grow. Essex Productions, Inc., which produces the singer's albums and singles for both Capitol and Reprise, is now knee deep in the picture business. Last year's movie, *Ocean's 11* was an Essex project, and the company is now rolling with a new film, a soldiers-and-Indians opus to be titled either *Soldiers 3* or *Badlands*—it's not definite yet. Sinatra is starred. The movie also features Lindsey, Dennis, and Phillip Crosby as well as Sammy Davis Jr., Peter Lawford, Dean Martin, and Joey Bishop. Billy May has been signed to compose the underscore.

Also on the Essex books is the film story of the rocket ship X-15. The production company also has purchased the film rights to the forthcoming Broadway musical, *Subways Are for Sleeping*, with songs by Jule Styne and book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Reprise will release the original cast album, and Sinatra will star in the picture.

DAVE BAKER AND THE DUES

The trouble started seven years ago, when Dave Baker was seriously injured in a car wreck. The trombonist, suffering scarring of the brain and multiple fractures of the shoulders, slipped into a coma that lasted eight days. Doctors were so concerned by his many injuries that they did not notice damage to his left jaw. Nor did he.

In the ensuing years, Baker fronted a big band at Indiana University, gaining his first critical acclaim. Then he worked with the big bands of Stan Kenton and Quincy Jones. In the last year, he has been working with George Russell's group. Critical notice and praise of his trombone work continued.

Baker was puzzled by recurring trouble with his left jaw. "I thought it was psychological," he said recently. "I went to all kinds of psychiatrists, but nothing helped."

This summer Baker found out the cause of his trouble: for the last seven years he had been playing with a dislocated jaw—the result of his car accident.

The trombonist underwent corrective surgery last month at Chicago's Passavant Hospital. Doctors say it will take eight weeks for his jaw to set in its corrected position. During his recuperation period, Baker's teeth will be held firmly together by a clamp.

Though he said he does not look forward to this period, Baker remained

cheerful: "I don't want to hear anybody say I haven't paid any dues."

A MOVE FOR THE KID

The old muskrat is rambling again. Edward Ory, the oldest (74) Kid in the business, is moving from San Francisco to Los Angeles "because of my wife's health."

Trombonist Ory, who insists that "hell, I've got to go on playing—I'm too young to go out to pasture," looked back on the good old happiness days in Storyville, where "the saloons never had doors on them."

Born 30 miles from this open-door policy, in LaPlace, La., on Christmas Day, 1886 — his father French, his mother Spanish and Cherokee—Ory made a cigar-box banjo when he was 8, followed quickly by a tin-tub drum, a "bigger box" bass, violins and guitars from other cigar boxes. The switch to trombone was gradual and mysterious. He said he doesn't remember when it happened. But by the time he was 13, the Kid was leading his own band.

Ory agrees with many latter-day critics that one of the principal ingredients of early jazz was the church. "The Holy Rollers started it," he said, and added his memories of stevedores, railroad gangs, workers in general putting music into their work, music strongly influenced by churches. "They made up songs, and they sang them in unison for years and years," he said.

Since then, the Ory career has been nomadic. At 16, he had one of the best bands in New Orleans. The tailgate style of trombone had been developed in the wagon cutting contests, and Ory was ready to leave the city for further conquests.

He moved to Los Angeles in 1919 and four years later made his first radio broadcast. He traveled extensively until he retired in 1933, when traditional jazz went into eclipse. "I didn't touch my trombone for nine years," he said.

Then he made his comeback, settled in San Francisco (1944), married his manager (Barbara Ganung), and played mostly local clubs. And it will be the same thing in Los Angeles.

TO ACT OR NOT TO ACT

Since the beginning of 1961, there have been growing indications that the American Federation of Musicians is interested in acting to combat the problem of narcotics addiction in its membership and to assist those musicians who have fallen afoul of the law because of addiction.

Last April, Hollywood's Local 47 cosponsored with this magazine a benefit concert to help the Synanon Foundation. Subsequent to the concert, the local's officials discussed the formation of a social services committee to function in the antinarcotics area, naming Morton P. Jacobs as provisional coordinator of this body.

After the first flurry of interest and activity, however, Local 47's projected program bogged down. Then, in the *Chords and Discords* column (*DB*, July 6), a scathing letter appeared denouncing officials of Local 47 and the federation for "stalling" in the matter, "hopelessly standing by" and "turning their backs" on the seriousness of the narcotics addiction situation. The name of the writer, at his request, was withheld by this magazine. He is, however, a member of the AFM.

Adverse reaction to this letter and the charges it leveled was strong in official union circles. John Tranchitella, president of Local 47, had no official comment, but it was learned that the letter had been discussed at length by officers of his local.

Jacobs, asked if he agreed with the letter's sentiments, replied, "I agree fully with the feeling and intent in the letter, because I feel we in the union have substituted bread-and-butter logic for human values.

"This seems to be a weak trend in certain aspects of unionism today. Instead of being concerned with human and social values in a musician's life and in the community, we seem to be more concerned with these bread-and-butter considerations.

"One cannot deny that President Herman D. Kenin has tried to orient himself to the over-all professional problem—work opportunity and automation. But Kenin made a statement recently to the effect that he is now oriented. If he is, indeed, that means he is now fully aware of the over-all problem of the musician today, from local levels to the international aspect."

As a result of Jacobs' extensive research into an antinarcotics program, a report on the subject was believed to have been prepared by him at the request of Kenin.

"First," he affirmed, "there was such a report completed and forwarded to Kenin the end of December. It was a comprehensive skeleton report beginning with pre-addiction problems of musicians and closing with suggestions pointed toward a White House conference on narcotics and the United Nations narcotics control program—both of which were later announced in Washington."

For more than seven months, therefore, this report has been in Kenin's hands. Asked what response it elicited from the AFM president, Jacobs said, "Despite the fact that the report was compiled at Kenin's request—and I admit I encouraged him to request it—I haven't received any acknowledgment of the report's receipt."

Had Jacobs heard at all from Kenin?

"No," he declared.

On the local level, the proposed social-services committee has not yet been organized.

"My committee," Jacobs said, "was never activated. I had worked out the details, brought in names of persons willing to work on it, and so on, but I was told by the local officials to wait till after the Synanon concert that took place April 9. I'm still waiting.

"I have slowly dropped all threads of activity in the temporary working compact I had established with law enforcement and rehabilitation authorities to tackle the problems of those of our members coming out of jail on parole. But it was impossible to do anything because Mr. Tranchitella has not activated the committee."

Jacobs confessed that he dropped the threads of contact "because I feel that I've gotten out of focus in the matter, and, besides, I can no longer afford to contribute the hours and personal loss of money.

"Committee chairmen," he continued, "usually are paid at the rate of $7.50 per hour. I had expended over 1,300 hours voluntarily since accepting the post of social-services committee chairman in March, 1959. I was permitted to gather all the pertinent information for a committee to be appointed in the future and again volunteered my services—unpaid for—at that time."

Jacobs did not work entirely unrecompensed by Local 47, he said. "On one occasion the union voted me the sum of $55 for attendance at two narcotics conferences," he noted.

Has Kenin failed to follow through on the antinarcotics issue, as was implied in the letter to *Chords and Discords?*

"This," Jacobs emphasized, "is the important point of debate. In that letter, which frankly I have been accused of writing, there is a major point of misinformation concerning the 'stalling of Local 47 and AFM officials.' I could not attack the AFM officials for this because they have never actually announced an antinarcotics program. You can stall only on announced plans."

EDDIE HIGGINS

By GENE LEES

With his blond hair, sensitive and well-bred features, and quiet manner, Eddie Higgins seems typically New England.

That's because he *is* typically New England.

Though for 10 years, Higgins has lived in Chicago, working a variety of gigs, ranging from lonely barroom soloist through Dixieland pianist to leader of a suave trio at London House, he is a native of Cambridge, Mass.

He was reared in Andover, Mass., his father being an English teacher at Phillips Andover Academy, the exclusive prep school where Eddie was educated (as were Humphrey Bogart, Jack Lemmon, and others in the performing arts).

Higgins came to Chicago in 1950, to study music at Northwestern University's music school. "It was a big waste of time," he says. "Unless you subscribe to the theory that music died some time during the 19th century, you wouldn't be happy there. It's unrealistic: they can prepare you for a career as a symphony musician or as a teacher, but that's about it."

Eddie worked his first Chicago jobs while he was still a student. They were in strip joints, those institutions that have fed the stomachs, though not the souls, of a good many musicians during their scuffling days. Then he joined a Dixieland group, and after that he was drafted. Released from the Army in May, 1956, he made a decision.

"I was getting stereotyped as a Dixie piano player, so I formed a trio," he said. "The first job was at the Brass Rail, opposite Julius Watkins and Charlie Rouse and Les Jazz Modes. After that, I scuffled for a while. Then I got a job at the SRO, which is now an empty lot.

"I worked a five-night job with the trio. The off-nights were played by Ramsey Lewis. Then Ramsey took over the gig, and I got axed."

After that, Higgins worked a variety of Chicago clubs until, in 1957, he got two nights a week at London House and two at the Cloister. This arrangement, with its three-day weekend for the pianist, lasted 3½ years.

It was in that same year, 1957, that he made his first album, for the Replica label. "It's now kind of a collector's item in reverse," he said. "It's out of print, and nobody wants it.

"Interestingly enough, it got four stars in *Down Beat*. It wouldn't get four now. The standards of reviewing in *Down Beat* are much stricter now."

It was to be three years before Higgins recorded again as a leader, but, in the meantime, he recorded with Lucy Reed, Cy Touff, Sandy Mosse, Eddie South, Al Grey, Lee Morgan, Bill Henderson, and Don Goldie.

But, for a long time, Higgins remained semiobscure — to those outside Chicago. All the while, his reputation was increasing in Chicago, which is no mean trick when you consider that Chicago is, as Oscar Peterson once put it, "a real piano players' town." Chicago has probably more good pianists to the square mile than it has any other instrumentalist.

Then, early in 1961, Vee Jay asked him to do an album. He recorded tracks not only in trio, but with tenor saxophonist Frank Foster and trumpeter Paul Serrano. One of the two tracks is a Higgins original, titled *Zarac the Evil One*.

The title has unique Chicago connotations. It refers to the beacon light that at night shines, like a great red eye, from the top of the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel. "Jack Noren, the drummer, is responsible for that title," Higgins said. "It was a gag we used to have. When we'd come out from a gig and be on the street at night, he'd look up at that light and raise his hands toward it and put on a hypnotized look and say, 'I hear you, Zarac! I hear you, Oh evil one!' "

Higgins is increasingly inclined to give up his status as Chicago's most permanent floating house-pianist. Of late, he's been working five nights a week at London House. And his friend, Oscar Peterson, one evening put Eddie through what can best be described as the O.P. Third Degree, one of those sessions in which Peterson turns the ray of his eyes on a friend and starts firing searching questions at him, like a latter-day Socrates.

Anyone who has been through one of these Peterson sessions can testify that you come out of it shaken but with your wig considerably straightened.

"Oscar made me realize a lot of things," Higgins said. "And I now see that playing only in Chicago would become a dead end. So I'm looking to get in a lot more rehearsal time with the trio, and then I hope to go out and open up some new fields."

The other members of the trio are Richard Evans, an exceptionally gifted young bassist who can be heard on his own Argo LP, *Richard's Almanac*, and Marshall Thompson, a hoofer-turned-drummer who, according to Marian McPartland, "is as loose and wonderfully comfortable to work with as an old shoe."

Evans and Thompson are much in favor of increased challenge. And so, in the next few months, it may be that for the first time in years it will be possible to find the Eddie Higgins Trio anywhere but in Chicago. db

$$$ HIGH COSTS, SLUGGISH BUSINESS MEAN TROUBLE

By JOHN TYNAN

Chico Hamilton, who for years has held that his fortunes lie in almost continuous touring, returned to his Los Angeles home recently after a three-month trip. With him the drummer-leader brought a new bassist, Buddy Catlett, some acetate dubs of a new album, and a realistic appraisal of the current jazz-club circuit.

"We'd not have come back to the coast," the drummer explained, "if two clubs hadn't folded before we even got to play 'em—one in Kansas City, the other in Chicago. And a third club in Boston that we were due to open, stayed shut."

Jazz clubs throughout the country, Hamilton said, are being hit hard by sluggish economic conditions.

"We're in a luxury industry," he said, "and naturally we're the first to get hit when the dollar gets tight. Right now it's not so much that people don't have the money. They do. But they're not so sure they'll have it next week or next month. So they aren't coming out to the clubs to spend like they used to."

The high prices that jazz groups cost in the present market, Hamilton said, also is an important reason for the not-so-brisk jazz-club field. The leader of his own unit for the last six years, Hamilton has become expert in the necessary art of self-booking.

"When we got in town," he said, "I jumped to the phone and, man, we've been busy during our three weeks in L.A." A weekend here, a one-nighter there, an afternoon and evening at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach, four nights at a small jazz club, Cappy's, in the San Fernando Valley, all kept the quintet moving and working.

Never one to lack enthusiasm in his various groups through the years, Hamilton has never had a brighter outlook.

"We've finally settled down to playing the jazz we want to play," he declared with a contented smile. "We've still got a unique sound, but now we're blowing straight down the line."

He played one of the acetate dubs to demonstrate. The hard, dry sound of Charlie Lloyd's alto saxophone leaped from the speaker with a new clarity. Catlett's bass and Harry Pope's guitar built a framework behind the sax man. Occasionally, the cello of Nat Gershman bowed a harmonic line in sympathy with the guitar. Beneath it all, Chico's drums propelled and stirred the rhythm. Like Lloyd's sax work, the leader's playing also seemed to convey a new sense of urgency and a disregard for individualistic concern. He was playing for the group.

The music reflected the completion of a phase that had been developing within Hamilton's group for some time. It marked a departure from the mood-music and semi-exotic character inherited from the first experiments with Buddy Collette when the first quintet was formed in 1955. It seemed, in brief, that Hamilton has finally settled down to the deep truth of jazz and that his sidemen were grooving with him.

Certainly in Lloyd the leader has a sax and flute soloist of constantly unfolding promise. Listening to his alto work, one feels now that the promise finally is being realized. Where as recently as six months ago there was evident probing and basic uncertainty in Lloyd's playing, now there is surety and, above all, conviction.

In the past, Hamilton has tended to dominate the group —visually and aurally—in clubs. His drums were mounted up front on the bandstand. Frequently, he played too loudly. He seemed preoccupied with initial effect rather than ultimate rhythmic purpose. Other drummers sneered at his showmanship or they criticized his musicianship. (But then, drummers as a class are inclined to be overcritical and often spiteful.)

Though one would never have guessed it from Hamilton's perennial optimism and one-man propaganda campaign for his sidemen, there has been a distinct grain of unsureness about his music in his make-up through the years. This was reflected often in the veering character of the group's repertoire. Perhaps the presence of the mystic-sounding *Blue Sands* in the same set with a "new jazz" cooker straight out of Birdland indicated a period of transition for Hamilton. Whether true or not, the impression persisted that he didn't know where he—and the group—were headed in jazz.

The present quintet is flexible. In addition to those tunes on which the five men blow, with Lloyd on alto saxophone or flute, a set nowadays more likely than not is enhanced by a trio composed of cellist Gershman, guitarist Pope, and bassist Catlett. The music of this trio can be beautiful and moving.

Hamilton said he now feels he and the men have found their groove. There's no doubt about it now, he insists. He said he believes he is grooming a star in Lloyd, a musician who may be on his way toward greatness. With evident pride he points out that Eric Dolphy jumped off into his present successful career from the quintet. And, further, the leader points out that Lloyd now has no intention of returning to the schoolteaching profession he abandoned for jazz.

Withal, Chico Hamilton continues to hit the road. Ranging the nation's jazz clubs, festivals, and concert halls, he says, keeps his group alive—and improving, playing better jazz.

The drummer has paid his dues. Now he's cashing in. DB

JOHN TYNAN

THE RISE OF FOLK-BLUES

By PETE WELDING

The last few years have seen a great resurgence of interest in the country blues, blues singing, and in traditional Afro-American music forms generally.

It's almost as if the death of the superb blues artist Big Bill Broonzy in the early summer of 1958 had spurred every collector, musicologist, folklorist, and owner of a tape recorder to invade the rural South in an effort to preserve as much of the rough; natural; vigorous, and, it was feared, perishable music of the Southern Negro—especially the secular blues—as possible before all the older

MUDDY WATERS

practitioners had died. Likewise, the archives of Negro record firms, large and small, flourishing and extinct, have been raided in a last-ditch attempt to preserve a supposed dying idiom.

As a result, a fantastic number of blues offerings—both original recordings and reissues of older sides—have been released in the last two years. A full-scale blues revival is in full swing, it seems. How did this situation come about, and is it a good thing?

Several reasons have been put forth to explain the upsurge of interest in folk blues. One is that the musical climate is favorable at present for such a revival, as more and more contemporary jazz musicians in their search for "roots" turn to the simple folk-music expressions of their childhood years: blues and Gospel music. It seems hardly necessary to point out the great indebtedness of most "soul music", the jazz form currently enjoying such popularity, to both Gospel music and folk blues. Elements of both forms will be found in abundance in the work of any typical soul group.

A second explanation cites the rise of "folk music" as a specific, recognizable ingredient in popular music. One has but to cite the spectacular success of such a popular recording group as the Kingston Trio—a group that offers, to be sure, essentially schmaltzy, much-diluted versions of folk music—as an event symptomatic of a developing interest in the authentic material. In other words, such a group as the Kingston Trio could not exist in a vacuum—its commercial success is in a sense based on the wave of interest in this country's vital folk-music traditions that has been almost two decades in its swelling to a peak.

It was perhaps inevitable that a movement to a brand of "authentic" folk music among the avant garde eventually should filter to a wider audience. Such groups as the Kingstons and the Brothers Four, to name only two, are a logical product of the filtering from the upper intellectual strata to the broad middle one on which popular culture is based. (It will be interesting to watch where the interest of the avant garde will shift now that folk music has lost its exclusivity.) This popular acceptance of folk-tinged music might naturally be expected to result in a movement to the folk blues on the part of jazz fans.

Several collorary reasons present themselves, too, but their influence would appear to be considerably less pervasive than the foregoing. One might be the recognized necessity of preserving and documenting on record as much of the archaic Negro musical forms as possible before they disappear entirely—this so that an investigation of the origins of jazz (and in a broader sense all U. S. popular music) might be facilitated.

Another reason might be the influence of jazz critics and writers, who have repeatedly urged fans to go to the roots and backgrounds of jazz to understand and appreciate it better.

Whatever the causal factors behind the sudden flurry of recording activity, the blues never have enjoyed a wider popularity. It would be well to compare this renaissance to the great age of the blues—the late 1920s and early '30s. All indications are that the revival is only in its early stages.

The spate of microgroove has brought home at least one significant fact: the idiom has not wholly died with the older generations, as many had feared. The archaic traditions are still alive, though just how long they will survive in the face of rapidly proceeding acculturation is a question that gives one pause. Fewer and fewer young Negroes are turning to the traditional Afro-American musical forms with each passing year, the chief reasons being increased educational opportunities and the process of homogenization that the mass communications media are effecting in our music—even in the most supposedly inaccessible rural areas.

We are at a most crucial point, for the music must be documented now, while a sufficient number of tradition-rooted performers are still available for recording. In the last two years, a small number of obscure or younger blues performers have been uncovered in the search for what Fred Ramsey has appropriately termed the "elder songsters"—performers of the high order of K.C. Douglas, a young Mississippi blues singer and guitarist whose work, at its best, is an eerily haunting echo of Broonzy's powerful style, and Memphis Willie B., a forceful and persuasive blues bard recently discovered on a field trip to Memphis, Tenn., by folklorist-author Sam Charters. In one of the most valuable rediscoveries, Sam (Lightnin') Hopkins was tracked down and recorded in Texas by both Charters and Houston playwright Mack McCormick. Recent research has also turned up Mance Lipscomb, Snooks Eaglin, Robert Pete Williams, Jesse Fuller, Furry Lewis, Cat Iron, Big Joe Williams, Guitar Welch, Smokey Babe, Butch Cage, and Willie B. Thomas, among scores of other workers in the blues traditions. The ranks of rhythm and blues have been combed, bringing forth further traditionalists: John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters, Lonesome Sundown, Howlin' Wolf, Jimmy Reed, Little Walter, Lightnin' Slim, and B. B. King.

For the blues collector, then, the prospect never has been more attractive. There are any number of labels catering to him now, whereas until recently he had to rely solely on two or three firms, with only occasional blues discs from the industry leaders. (I am referring only to long-play collections; the collecting of blues singles is another matter.)

That things have changed appreciably in the last 18 or 24 months is evidenced by the fact that almost every label

SONNY TERRY

currently producing jazz records now has several folk-blues offerings in its catalog. There are some 240 blues LPs available today.

For those with a preference for ethnic materials, such labels as Folkways, Folk-Lyric, the International Blues Record Club's Arhoolie, and latterly Prestige/Bluesville can supply such material. And any number of labels, majors and independents, furnish performances by the better-known blues figures.

Verve, for example, following the example of Prestige, has initiated a folk-music subsidiary; Columbia is about to embark on a monumental 80-disc reissue program over the next few years, and a number of these will be given over to collections of some of the truly classic blues sides in its vaults; RCA Victor's reissue series is already in full swing.

Prestige's Bluesville subsidiary, after a slow start and a series of unfortunate early releases, is now instituting a series of strong, legitimate blues recordings that eventually may make it one of the most valuable blues operations. Under the direction of folklorist Kenneth S. Goldstein, Bluesville will be concentrating on authentic rural and urban blues artists presented in a forthright, honest manner and in compatible settings.

Another promising venture is the International Blues Record Club, formed by a young blues authority-discographer, Chris Strachwitz. Using its membership as a base, the club is able to press limited editions of recordings by significant blues performers, who, because of commercial limitations, might never be heard on major labels. The IBRC has produced only three LP collections so far, with two more in the offing, yet they are important and valuable documentary recordings.

If the prospects are pleasing for the blues collector, what of the situation of the blues performer? How has the blues revival helped him?

If an honest answer were given, it must be admitted that it is the blues artist—with certain rare exceptions—who has benefited least from the upsurge of interest in his music. For the revival is rather a hollow one in one respect: it exists on recordings only, and if a few blues performers have found an increased demand for their services, the majority have not.

Admittedly, it is a curious, though not inexplicable, situation. It seems as though what we are calling a "blues revival" here (that is to say, a revival of *interest* in the blues form) exists on one level and the hard, practical, workaday life of the bluesman on another. Generally speaking, the resurgence of interest in the blues has taken place among the predominantly white jazz and folk-music audiences, which can support the Negro bluesman only by buying his records. And the plain truth is that blues discs have extremely modest sales. One record company official said in informal conversation recently that the company is fortunate if one of its blues albums sells more than 1,500 copies. And the company in question is a major label.

With such limited sales, few artists can expect much in the way of royalties. There are, of course, exceptions: popular recording artists, such as Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, who have good-size followings, can expect their discs to sell moderately well.

How about increased work opportunities for the bluesman? Can't he start filling engagements at the various coffee houses, college auditoriums, and concert stages that comprise the folk-music circuit?

Practically speaking, the answer is a resounding "No!" Very few folk-blues performers have made or have been able to make the transition to folk-music concert and club work. The few who have are the more popular ones. Terry and McGhee have been at it for years and up until about 18 months ago were alone in the field. Since then, however, the team of Memphis Slim and Willie Dixon has made the jump. John Lee Hooker also has enjoyed a modest success. Lightnin' Hopkins has tried his hand at it. But that's about all.

Every so often a blues "festival" will be held, and other artists—like Muddy Waters, Mance Lipscomb, or Jimmy Reed—will be called in, but these are one-shots. Very few bluesmen are earning livelihoods on the folk-music circuit.

Most working bluesmen depend on the support of their own people for their livings. Rural performers play for their friends and neighbors. In the city, they play in the harsh, rough-and-tumble neighborhood bars and clubs of the Negro ghettos of the large urban centers: Muddy Waters, Memphis Slim, and Sunnyland Slim in Chicago; John Lee Hooker in Detroit; Jimmy Reed in Gary, Ind., and so on. Yet this audience is slowly slipping away, as acculturation moves on. Few young Negroes care to identify with the older blues traditions, which, to their thinking, smack of Uncle Tom and the unpleasantries of the deep South.

What will happen when the city-bred Negro is in the ascendancy? The old styles of playing and singing will vanish, and something precious will have been lost. Already there are unmistakable signs of a definite emasculation of the vigorous body of Afro-American song, as newer, more "contemporary" musical hybrids replace the strong, surging traditional forms.

It is still a sad commentary on the current music situation that the majority of the remaining representatives of the old singing and playing styles cannot profit more immediately in the renewed interest in their music. db

METAMORPHOSIS

ABBEY LINCOLN

By BARBARA GARDNER

"One day I looked up, and I saw that they had wiped off my face. I didn't recognize me at all. I was neither fish nor fowl—me nor them. I was really nothing. Right then I decided to walk away." So said Anna Marie Woolridge, who has been known professionally as Anna Marie, Gaby Woolridge, Gaby Lee, and, currently, as Abbey Lincoln—singer extraordinary.

Despite an implication of fortitude in that remark, its principal ingredient indicates a resentment of the unspecified "they". The articulate and positive Miss Lincoln admits that perhaps today she harbors bitterness toward the "they" who created the forces in society that set her apart, ostracized her for being colored.

It soon becomes obvious, in talking with her, that the resented "they" is the white race in toto. Miss Lincoln is able to blot out mentally those specific experiences that have molded her philosophy of life and her pattern of existence. When talking of her philosophy, Miss Lincoln says she is unaware of any particular moment when being a Negro and having to accept a subservient position was brought forcefully home to her.

"I have always been aware that I am a Negro," she announced flatly. Yet minutes later in the midst of another discussion, she recalled, almost sadly:

"When I was growing up I thought Clark Gable was the most handsome man in the world. I went to the movies to see *Gone with the Wind*. I kept watching Vivien Leigh. She was absolutely gorgeous. She was witty, charming—just everything. And I noticed soon that the only person in the whole picture that I could identify with was Butterfly McQueen, who was made to look ridiculous. She was a buffoon, an idiot. Then all of a sudden, I knew I could never be like Vivien Leigh and I could never really seriously have a man like Clark Gable."

At that time, she was living in poverty. Her vision of the future was limited, yet she dreamed daily of her Prince Charming. He never came riding across the dales on a white charger.

"I knew someday he would come walking into the yard," she said. "He would carry me away, and we would be married. I never wanted children, but I did want to be married."

Growing up was a painful experience for the singer. "I look back on my childhood with no regrets for having left it," she said. "It was a pretty miserable existence. We were very poor, and there were so many things we just could not have. My mother did the best she could, but the best was just not enough to go around. Nobody has enough love and attention to give to 12 children."

Abbey grew into a moody, sensitive child, who turned her unhappiness into herself. She ate little and was as thin as a rail.

She recalled that she had few dates as she was growing up in Kalamazoo, Mich.:

"The only time I had a date was when one of my older sisters insisted that a fellow bring a date for me before she would go out with him. I was so humiliated—I hated every minute of it."

Born Aug. 6, 1930, Miss Lincoln is one of six girls and the third youngest of the family. She learned early in life to take the first "no" for the last answer.

"If I asked for anything, and my mother said 'no', I didn't dare ask again," the singer recalled. "She used to explain to us, 'You're no fool. You see I'm doing the best I can, so don't make things more difficult.' So we all shared the responsibility of being poor by suppressing many of our childish wants. I can never remember being carefree or irresponsible. I have always been aware of all my circumstances."

Becoming a professional entertainer didn't enter the thoughts of Anna Marie in those days. She never prepared herself for any career, in fact. School was uninteresting to her, and she made poor grades in all subjects except English.

"I didn't even do well in the arts," she said. "Maybe it was because I resented the way it was presented to me, because I have since learned on my own to handle all the things I did poorly while I was attending school. Since that time I have learned that in order to do a thing well you have to learn the proper method. I wasn't very methodical. That was another of my early hang-ups."

When she became a professional singer, working for $5 a night, three nights a week, she was 20 years old. Not being able to survive on this meager budget, she also took a job doing housework and maid service. It did not occur to her to question the compatibility of the two jobs. There were weeks when she worked them both simultaneously. Playing both roles to the hilt, she was the grand lady of the stage in the evening and the servant girl by day.

For the first few months as a singer Abbey lived in a dream world of her own creation, and whatever the hardships were, her position was infinitely better than before.

"I loved clothes," she said. "I had never had enough clothes, so I used to sew all the time. I would make strange looking dresses to wear on stage. I made dozens of them. If I didn't have a zipper, I would pin the dress together. It never occurred to me that anyone would be able to tell the difference."

In 1951, singing under her two first names, Anna Marie, she went to Los Angeles. It was there that her truly professional career began. She was signed to a management contract; and her agent's area included Honolulu, Alaska, and Montana. Her first major break came when she was sent to Honolulu. An instant hit, she remained there from January, 1952, until New Year's Day, 1954.

She returned to the West Coast and was snatched up by the starbuilders. She underwent a series of name changes.

"They gave me the French name Gaby, and nobody got the point at all," she said. "They always thought it was Gabby for Gabby Hayes or because I talk a lot or something. Besides everybody always misspelled my real last name, so we changed again to Gaby Lee. Finally, someone suggested Abbey Lincoln, and that stuck."

From 1954 through 1956, the glamorous, elegant sophisticate was being created. Musically, her material was all special production numbers and arrangements, designed more to show off her beauty and her body than her voice.

During this period, Abbey Lincoln was riding the crest of supper-club adulation. She had become the sepia sex symbol. Her pictures appeared throughout the country in skin-tight dresses, mouth seductively open, raised eyebrows, and a come-hither smile.

Her entire night-club act, as well as the tunes she recorded, was predicated on base emotional appeal. She was photographed in a flaming red dress on the cover of a national magazine as the only woman in the world who could wear Marilyn Monroe's dress. For a few short months, with the whirlwind soaring, the new acceptance seemed to indicate that, at last, direction was being formulated and identity was being created.

"But it never really worked inside," Miss Lincoln admits. "I remember always coming off the stage with the feeling that I hadn't been on, really. I was huffing and puffing, but nothing emotional was really happening."

She tried this approach for more than a year.

"By this time in my life, I had become thoroughly convinced of my own ignorance about everything. I didn't have the confidence to find my own direction, so I was taking instructions from an entire entourage of people. I had lived my life my way and nothing happened, so I was willing to accept the possibility that maybe, after all, 'white is really right.' These people had big names, and I felt confident in their ability. I kept waiting for the feeling to come that I was doing the right thing. I kept waiting for the day when I would have this new thing perfected. And I was sure that it was my fault that it wasn't coming off as it really should."

The entourage was bent on creating an image. Miss Lincoln was told that she had no individuality, but if she would co-operate, they would build one for her. She must first of all forget the color issue. She must not think of people as white or black but just as people. It was not important that she, herself, was black. This was merely incidental, but it was to be the hook on which they planned to hang the image. She was sent to speech schools to make her voice less Negroid and more universal.

All the while, Anna Marie Woolridge was becoming more and more confused as to who she was, or where she came from, or where she was going. As she traveled the country in the new glamour role, she constantly faced her old problem.

"Everywhere I went, I saw my people living in the slums and in the worst sections of the city. They were the people I really wanted to identify with when I sang, but they couldn't even come to the places I was working most of the time. And if they did, they were usually very uncomfortable there. So soon I saw that I had to accept one of two explanations: either they were really lazy, shiftless, and no good by nature, or else there was something very cruel going on. Something which I didn't quite understand."

The answer to her self-questioning came to her in New York in 1957:

"I read a book, *The Negro in America*. It was all suddenly very clear. When you're really ready to look, there is always somebody or something around to show you."

Almost as abruptly as she had burst on the entertainment scene, Abbey Lincoln began to diminish swiftly as a sex-appeal star. When she raised the neckline and lowered the hemline, she found that jobs were a little harder to come by. When she grew reluctant to sit and drink between shows with the patrons in a club, the management protested.

She suddenly had a true perspective of her artistic situation. The material she was singing held little meaning for her. She could not impart conviction and communication from the stage. When she no longer used the sex crutch, her act was shaky. Insecurities multiplied.

She reacted violently and with characteristic uniqueness. She began wearing her beauty as a heavy cross. Telling her she was beautiful would prompt a veiled, or open, accusation that one really did not know what the singer Abbey Lincoln was all about. What did beauty have to do with it?

Perhaps beauty was the easiest boy to whip. It certainly was more recently discovered than singing. While she had maintained some confidence since childhood in her ability to sing, she was 20 years old before she was convinced that she was beautiful.

"People used to tell me how pretty I was, and I thought they were putting me on," she said. "It makes me extremely self-conscious and even more shy. I remember once a lady came up to me on the beach and asked if I would be interested in being in a beauty contest. I cursed her out. It never occurred to me that she was serious or that anyone could really think of me as being attractive. My sisters always were the ones who were considered so pretty. It took a long time for me to get accustomed to the idea that people might really like the way I look."

After having dropped the glamour image, Abbey turned to the task of preparing herself to sing about those things she felt most deeply. In 1957, she began formulating her personal code of existence. All the training and experience that she had had for six years began to pay benefits. She began working with, and considers herself fortunate to have been associated with, some of the greatest names in contemporary jazz.

"I feel that I am so much more fortunate than many singers in that I have had the opportunity to work closely with innovators like Max Roach, Charlie Mingus, and Thelonious Monk," she said. "I've benefited so much from their suggestions and just being able to work with them."

The most impressive work Miss Lincoln has produced in collaboration with these innovators is the album *Freedom Now Suite*. In it is manifested much of the maturity and artistic independence of an emerging artist.

Since 1956, the Chicago-born singer has been undergoing a spiritual metamorphosis. Having assumed the feminine role of a slave emancipator, Abbey began a detailed and concentrated study of the Negro people. She has attempted to steep herself in the history of African culture, as well as the individual and collective contributions of the Negro in this country. Today, she unflinchingly considers herself a black nationalist.

"Right now, black nationalism is a dirty word, something one is supposed to be ashamed of," she said. "I really don't understand why. We are taught to be nationalistic about America. We are proud of being Americans, and we point with pride to our accomplishments. Actually, this is the same with the true black nationalist. And it is such a wonderful feeling to suddenly become aware of the fact that my people were kings and queens instead of just ignoramuses."

She does not fear the possibility of becoming warped in her search for proper identity:

"The possibility does exist of swinging too far to the opposite pole, of becoming overly engrossed in the contribution of the black man, to the exclusion of those by all other people. I like to think that I'm a little more intelligent. I, personally, see no reason why white men have to suffer because black men have suffered. I would like to love them both, but first I have to love myself, and I can only do that by understanding who I am."

When did she first feel a need to be a part of this movement?

"Actually, nationalism has been lying dormant in me all these years," she said. "I've always been proud to a certain extent but had nothing really to point my finger at. I was always just told that I should be proud but not told why."

Despite her intellectual capacities, of which she seems very much aware, Miss Lincoln admits that she still holds resentment of the "theys" of the world.

She puts it simply: "They have to help me learn to love them. If I'm bitter—and I am sure I am—I have no feelings about that bitterness really. If I'm bitter, I'm bitter. I didn't do it. If there's a chip on my shoulder, I didn't put it up there. You can knock it off, but you have to take the consequences."

She thought a minute and then continued, "I don't even know if I'd rather not be bitter. I can't even answer that because I've never *not* been bitter. I know what it feels like to be resentful. I know what it feels like to hate—to hate the conditions and the injustices."

She returned to *Gone with the Wind* for illustration.

"Not just Butterfly McQueen was made to look ridiculous," she said, "but every black person in the movie had his face wiped off. They were not really human beings. They didn't fall in love with anybody. They didn't do anything brave or useful; they didn't do anything for which I could be proud. They were all just ridiculous. I was depressed for weeks. I cried and didn't really know why I was crying. But I knew that I could never aspire to the things that Vivien Leigh had and all I had to look forward to was the kind of Butterfly McQueen identification. And that is a terrible thing, a cruel thing to do to an entire race of people. It would be difficult for any thinking person not to be bitter about the historical record of the Negro in this country."

In working with the jazz innovators, Miss Lincoln said she hopes to contribute to the heritage of this country as well as to that of the Negro.

"I want to be, first of all, the best possible human being that I know how to be," she said. "Next, I want to be the best possible artist that I can be."

The slight, scrubbed, and shiny-faced young woman with the flashing smile, the sparkling eyes, and cropped hair is, to many who know her, more beautiful than the girl who wore the Marilyn Monroe dress. Now there are signs of inner peace and direction that shine through and surround her with an air of serenity.

Yet one needs to know her only a short time to learn that much of the resentful, bitter, humiliated ninth child remains. She possesses the questionable ability to wear down the opposition vocally. Whether her point is drawn logically or is weak and contradictory, she can cling to it with tenacity and by sheer lung power and belligerence unhinge the opposition. Usually, the louder she protests, the less sure she is of the strength of her position. Yet she never retreats.

Her major personal accomplishment in the last four years has been the emotional undressing, the examination of her weak and strong points as objectively as possible. She is proud of the woman she sees now as being the real Anna Marie Woolridge, imperfect as a woman—and as a singer—though she may be.

She sees her problems and plans to try to correct those she can. She is prepared to live with the rest. But she won't live at peace with them. Rather, she will fight them. Her satisfaction may not come in beating them but in the knowledge that she did not compromise. db

COURTESY CANDID RECORDS

MEET THE A&R MAN

ESMOND EDWARDS

Esmond Edwards receives many letters asking for advice on how to become an a&r man. His standard answer — "first become a photographer" — sounds like an evasive gag, but it is how he became recording supervisor of Prestige Records.

Born in Nassau, Bahamas, in 1927, the family moved to New York City when he was 5. Edwards had the usual piano lessons ("much against my will") insisted upon by a mother active in church choirs.

Photography was his major interest in and after school. Music was only a diversion. But jazz was a major part of that, because "I grew up in a social environment where jazz was the popular music."

Even though he worked as an X-ray technician, he spent most his free time with the smaller cameras, and that brought him into contact with fellow enthusiast Bob Weinstock, president and owner of Prestige records. Weinstock took him to Prestige sessions, encouraged him to become a free-lance photographer, and hired him as a part-time assistant.

Part of that part-time was devoted to the photographing of Prestige sessions. After a while, Edwards had absorbed many of the techniques of recording and began to make suggestions.

"What really happened," he recalled wryly, "is that I used to shoot off my mouth so much that, out of sheer desperation, they had to lock me in the control room. That's how I became an a&r man."

Weinstock remembers no such desperation. He liked his photographer's recording ideas, and, in 1959, Edwards became a full-time a&r man.

Perhaps his unorthodox introduction into his profession—it chose him, you might say, instead of vice versa—is responsible for his serious and subdued approach to the business. He wonders how much credit an a&r man can take for a jazz date anyway: "*They're* doing the playing."

On the other hand, he refuses to take much of the blame if it doesn't work out well. As a consequence, unlike other recording men, he finds it impossible to pick a list of favorite albums for which he has been responsible. He prefers to insist again that the artists have made the records. But he does say there are "artists we've recorded who have made excellent recordings." Among them are Eric Dolphy, Oliver Nelson, Etta Jones, Coleman Hawkins, and the late Lem Winchester.

For Edwards, the a&r job requires the controlling of factors, rather than an executive involvement with the music. Immediately, there's the problem of controlling the balance between the demands of business and the needs of art. "It is a business," he said, "but there must be integrity."

The executive decision brings the session into being.

"After that," he said, "my main job is to be sure that the artists are being shown fully, at their best. Since I picked them for their ability, I try to interfere as little as possible. In any case, there's enough to do, just dealing with crises. I've never had a session without some crisis, and I suppose one of my most important contributions is that I am naturally relaxed. A session is always nerve-wracking for an artist, so I try to keep it as calm as possible no matter what happens."

Prestige now labels its records in six different categories. These were instituted because the company discovered that dealers and the public were confused by the presence of so many kinds of jazz on the same label. The labels are largely self-explanatory. That is so of Swingville and Bluesville. Moodsville features music of a relaxed quality, what Edwards calls "nonneurotic dinner jazz." Prestige-International is a folk label and includes music from overseas mostly. New Jazz always has emphasized new artists, but its new direction will be a specialization on jazz of an experimental nature, whether the artists are new or not. Composers such as Dolphy, Don Ellis, and Mal Waldron will be represented on that label. Everyone else will appear on Prestige itself. There soon will be a commercial label, the name yet to be decided.

What this means to Edwards is an ever-increasing workload. He records two days a week now and spends most of the rest of the time editing a backlog of tapes. All the activity has made him more critical of himself.

"The job is one continuing education," he said. "I've learned a great deal. Still, my original concept of little personal involvement in the music has continued to work for me. The clock is still the worst enemy—and nerves in general. Some musicians you have to rush. Some need to be slowed down. You can't rush Hawkins. But you end up getting what you waited for from him. Some musicians try to get away with bad notes. Others are such perfectionists that they make dozens of takes. Yet, by and large, I've discovered that the first take is usually the best. What you may gain in polish, you lose in feeling."

Edwards insists that he has no particular philosophy about recording. Overintellectualizing can spoil it, he feels, as it has spoiled some jazz. "I am not a jazz scholar, critic, or historian," he said. "I'm really just an average jazz fan, and I genuinely like to record it." db

JAZZ ON THE AIR

LES DAVIS

HERB SNITZER

By BILL COSS

Jazz disc jockeys are like too many others in the jazz field —"they are mostly amateurs." The first part of that sentence is mine, rather continually muttered for the last several years; the quote, however, is from New York disc jockey Les Davis, a rather extraordinary player of jazz records who is often complimented by his listeners because "you keep your mouth shut."

He has the uncommon good sense to realize that "the compulson which brought you to radio in the first place has got to be replaced, if you want to do a good jazz show. That is, you have to keep quiet a lot of the time."

His seven years of radio, taken up with programs in Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Norfolk, Va. (where he did a ladies' fashion show), was preceded by several years in show business as an emcee and comic ("You could say that radio just happened for me. I just drifted into it, because I bombed out in the other part of the business.")

Davis now broadcasts from two stations in New York City. On Saturday afternoon, he can be heard from 2 to 4:30 on WBAI-FM, an un-sponsored program made up entirely of jazz. During the week, 10 p.m. to 1 a.m., he broadcasts over WNCN-FM. In his weeknight stint, Davis perches several feet up in the air but several feet back from the window of the Record Hunter, a record shop at Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (The Fifth Ave. Association decided that the avenue would be never the same if he operated too near the window.)

The WBAI show has drawn enthusiastic listeners because of the quality and quantity of jazz programed. The WNCN program provides a vista wide as jazz itself. Each program includes a seven minute monolog by *Down Beat's* George Crater. Each features many records. But each also includes the most impromptu of interviews with musicians, plus the privilege of calling Davis or the musician on one of the five telephones provided for the broadcast.

The messages of the calls vary as much as the kinds of modern jazz Davis plays. Horace Silver's father once called to say he was displeased because he had read in *Down Beat* that his son was "funky."

Ornette Coleman, Booker Ervin, and Horace Parlan have been regulars on the program. But people just drop in. Paul Desmond appeared one night, and Davis asked him if he had ever wished he had left Dave Brubeck to form his own group. Desmond said he sometimes wished he had left, "especially at four in the afternoon in some airport waiting, just waiting."

Then, there are calls from hard-core jazz fans: "Why are you playing Desmond? Why don't you play Bird?" But Davis tries his best to pay no attention to those. To a certain extent, Davis said, he believes that these hardcorers, are the what and who that have damaged the concept of so many jazz shows.

"When you come right down to it," he said, "they may represent a kind of artistry, but they don't really support it. They are the same as the artists or the managers or the club owners who complain that they don't get supported by all of us. Still, they (the artists) don't take the time to come to this broadcast, or, even, to keep me informed about what they are doing."

Davis stays very much away from core of any kind. He said he is concerned, as any professional should be, with amateurism in his field—so many jazz disc jockeys are only people who like jazz, "most of them without any radio experience." He said he believes that the techniques of big-time disc jockeys, such as William B. Williams (WNEW), should be applied by those who in the last analysis really do sell jazz.

He said he visualizes "thousands of people on the verge," those who would "come to us," most of them alienated by the two extremes of jazz announcing—the very professorial or the very hip.

This is not to suggest in any way that Davis is less than devoted. No one could suggest that he plays less than the best of jazz on either of his programs. But sometimes he does think of those "thousands on the verge" and play the standard tune in a jazz album instead of an original. He occasionally will give away records to his listeners and even has given away balloons to those who guess the identity of a mystery soloist. But, in all cases, he is a dedicated, sympathetic, sensitive friend of jazz, confused as many are by its lack of healthy love for itself, but a man who also waits and serves. db

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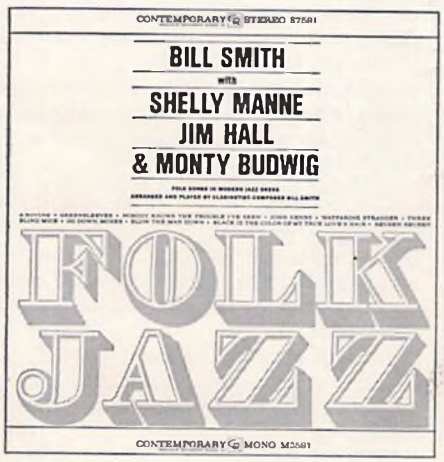

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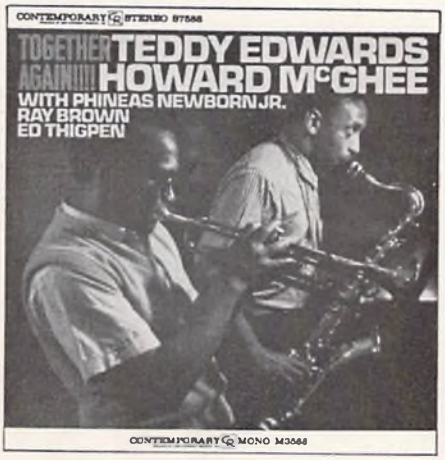

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CONTEMPORARY RECORDS

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in review

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

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Ralph J. Gleason, Don Henahan, Frank Kofsky, Bill Mathieu, Marshall Stearns, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initialed by the writers.

Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor.

CLASSICS

Beethoven/Bach/Schubert

HEIFETZ-PRIMROSE-PIATIGORSKY — RCA Victor LM-2563: *Trio in D, Op. 9, No. 2*, by Beethoven; *Three Sinfonias (No. 4 in D Minor, No. 9 in F Minor, No. 3 in D Major)*, by Bach; *Trio No. 2 in B Flat Major*, by Schubert.

Personnel: Jascha Heifetz, violin; William Primrose, viola; Gregor Piatigorsky, cello.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Whether one regards this record as a showcase for the talents of Heifetz/Primrose/Piatigorsky or Beethoven/Bach/Schubert, it merits looking into.

The famous trio plays with suave excellence, although Heifetz occasionally commits a slurpy portamento, a la Evelyn and Her Magic Violin. The chief item is the Beethoven, which winds up this famous group's recording of his five string trios.

However, the Bach (usually heard on a keyboard instrument and usually identified as *Three-Part Inventions*) and the Schubert also command attention. The Schubert is a virtually unknown little gem of salon music, played deliciously. (D.H.)

Beethoven/Sawallisch

BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY NO. 6 (*Pastoral*) Epic LC-3785 and BC-1134.

Personnel: Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, conducted by Wolfgang Sawallisch.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This *Pastoral* by the 38-year-old Sawallisch is, whatever else may be said of it, one if the most unhurried versions one will ever encounter. Tempos are slow, but well sustained, and the gentle aspects of the score receive full attention, so much so that anyone who fancies a masculine interpretation might abhor this one.

Nevertheless, listening to Sawallisch's performance with an orchestra that reacts so superbly to his slightest pressure on the wheel increases respect for his talent. Not a dynamic marking or tempo change goes unheeded, and the result is a *Pastoral* of grace and fluid ease, painted with almost Debussyian brush strokes.

There aren't many postwar conductors able to give a good standard reading of a Beethoven symphony, let alone present one with individuality. (D.H.)

Brahms/Festival Quartet

PIANO QUARTET IN G MINOR, by Brahms —RCA Victor LM-2473.

Personnel: Festival Quartet (Szymon Goldberg, violin; William Primrose, viola; Nikolai Graudan, cello; Victor Babin, piano).

Rating: ★ ★ ★

A sweeping, idiomatic performance of the Brahms *G Minor Quartet*, heard in a good concert hall, is something never to be forgotten. The gypsyish *Rondo alla zingarese* can set a chamber music audience to rocking like a Gospel-song congregation.

The Festival Quartet plays the long and difficult work with assurance, and the slow portions are suffused with the true Brahms sentiment.

Still, this is not an ideal capturing of the *G Minor* vigor. An air of practiced routine hangs over the performance, and while each instrument smoothly does its work, there is a disappointing letdown at crucial moments. By most standards this is a first-class record but not quite what the Festival Quartet can accomplish in this music. (D.H.)

Eugene Ormandy

SERENADE FOR STRINGS—Columbia ML-5624 and MS-6224: *Serenade in C Major for String Orchestra, Op. 48*, by Tchaikovsky; *Nocturne for String Orchestra*, by Borodin; *Adagio for Strings, Op. 11*, by Barber; *Fantasia on Greensleeves*, by Vaughn Williams.

Personnel: Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra strings, conducted by Eugene Ormandy.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Four of the best works for strings, played by 70 of the world's best string players, led by a conductor whose ability to elicit a velvety string sound from an orchestra is unsurpassed. Add a most successful engineering job and performances of sweep and style, and there is nothing to do but recommend this record wholeheartedly.

The music is all of a type—lyrical and listenable—and the Ormandy emphasis on sound over substance is not out of place here. (D.H.)

Schoenberg/Faure

CHAMBER MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Columbia ML-5644 and MS-6244: *Verklaerte Nacht*, by Schoenberg; *La Bonne Chanson*, by Faure.

Personnel: Felix Galimir, Ernestine Breismeister, violins; Harry Zaratzian, Samuel Rhodes, violas; Michael Grebanier, Judith Rosen, cellos (in the Schoenberg). Martial Singher, vocal baritone; Richard Goode, piano; Michael Tree, Philipp Naegele, violins; Gaetan Milieri, viola; Michael Grebanier, cello (in the Faure).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The four-star rating here is principally for the Schoenberg, which receives a performance of marvelous sweep and technical sheen despite the fact that the musicians are anything but famous. Some, in fact, are fledgling professionals who mingle with the big names of music at Rudolf Serkin's Marlboro Music Festival each summer.

Schoenberg's early (pre-serial) masterpiece is played in its original version for string sextet instead of the usually encountered orchestral transcription.

La Bonne Chanson is presented in unusual form, with piano and string accompaniment instead of the customary piano, making use of unpublished manuscripts owned by Singher. He sings the Faure song cycle in a baritone voice that is showing signs of wear, especially in its quavery top.

Despite the interest of the string version, Singher's *La Bonne Chanson* does not rank with Gerard Souzay's recent Epic release of the cycle. Columbia provides English summaries of the poems but no complete texts in any tongue. (D.H.)

William Schuman

SYMPHONY NO. 3, by William Schuman—Columbia ML-5645 and MS-6245.

Personnel: New York Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Leonard Bernstein.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

William Schuman's *Third Symphony*, written almost 20 years ago, is as reverent a tribute as any composer ever paid to the preclassical era, being cast in the traditional Baroque forms of passacaglia, fugue, chorale, and toccata. Moreover, there is an attempt at the grandeur of the Baroque in its conception.

Schuman's modifications of the old forms, and his free use of unresolved dissonances in the 20th century style give his symphony a modern ring, however, and there have been few large-scale works by Americans in the last decades to hold up so well.

Bernstein devotes himself to his colleague's score in his usual conscientious fashion, and the result is a valuable record. (D.H.)

Strauss/Szell/Fournier

DON QUIXOTE, by Richard Strauss—Epic LC-3786 and BC-1135.

Personnel: Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, conducted by George Szell; Pierre Fournier, cello; Rafael Druian, violin; Abraham Skernick, viola.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Richard Strauss was one of the most talented manipulators of the modern orchestra that music has produced; only Berlioz and Ravel are in the same class for imaginative use of instruments. Nevertheless, that very fluency has subjected Strauss works to innumerable performances of bombastic effect, since most conductors and performers delight in making as sonorous racket as possible.

The new *Quixote* by Szell and Fournier, however, is one of the most restrained on records and one of the most effective.

Neither soloist nor conductor tries for empty virtuosic display, and the careful interweaving of Strauss' orchestral fabric with the cello and other concertante instruments makes for a chamber-music quality at times.

Such clarity and control also distin-

guished Victor's *Quixote* made last year by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, with Antonio Janigro as soloist.

On balance, Janigro's solo work and several minor points still give the Victor disc the edge but not by much. Szell's progress in building the Cleveland orchestra into one of the world's best never has been more clearly demonstrated than here. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Curtis Amy-Paul Bryant

MEETIN' HERE — Pacific Jazz 26: *Meetin' Here; Early in the Morning; If I Were a Bell; One More Hamhock Please; Angel Eyes; Just Friends.*

Personnel: Amy, tenor saxophone; Bryant, organ; Roy Brewster, valve trombone; Clarence Jones, bass; Jimmy Miller, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This is one of the most enjoyable dates to come out of the West in some time. The men really move through the six selections. They play with enthusiasm, co-ordination, heart.

Amy is a borderline tenor man who hovers between hard jazz and rhythm and blues. His tone is generally thin, but there is often a raucous edge to his playing that reinforces his expression. At other times, as on *Early in the Morning*, his presentation can take on an airy, tissue-paper thinness.

Bryant plays the organ with both hands and both feet—thank heaven. He can provide a solid, rhythmic background in the section, yet he can emerge as a contributing front-liner. His solos move cleanly and rapidly. He has not succumbed to the annoying habit of simulating excitement by wild, methodical crashing of the keys and pedals.

Brewster should by no means be overlooked. He has good control of his horn and could develop into a consistent, first-rate trombonist.

The over-all unit feel is excellent—this group settles into a tune and cooks. The solos flow easily and without hesitation out of the ensemble and back in again. But the rating is held down partly by Jones and Miller, who are not consistently effective.

The arrangement of *Morning*, which is quite good, is dulled slightly for me by the impression I get that Jones has to work into his role and is not quite able to carry it off convincingly. The percussion work on *Bell* leaves much to be desired. The title tune, based on the changes of the Negro spiritual *Dis Train*, is well executed except for periodic lapses by Jones and Miller.

But for a big, almost unbelieveable sound from such a small unit, some fine co-ordination and group work, this album is recommended. (B.G.)

Johnny Coles

THE WARM SOUND—Epic 16015: *Room 3; Where; Come Rain or Come Shine; Hi-Fly; Pretty Strange; If I Should Lose You.*

Personnel: Coles, trumpet; Kenny Drew, piano; Peck Morrison, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The simplest thing one might say about Coles is that he sounds like a cross of Miles Davis and Kenny Dorham. That's the simple thing to say, but it would be injustice to this musician of depth and great feeling. That Davis and Dorham are there in his playing is undeniable, but does this really make him any less the artist? I think not.

There are few trumpeters who give the emotional experience Coles does on ballads. I've never heard a lonelier sound. Not even Davis or Bobby Hackett—surely two of jazz' best ballad singers—surpass this young trumpeter in this area. Randy Weston's *Where* and *Pretty Strange* are perfect vehicles for Coles' melancholy approach.

And while his playing at both slow and medium tempos is colored with this loneliness and melancholy, it does not become depressing—Coles leavens it with lightness and whimsy.

On nonballads, his playing is unhesitant, and though not searing, it has fire. Even on up-tempos, Cole never substitutes harshness for gentleness.

Special mention should be made of the excellent rhythm section of Drew, Morrison, and Persip.

The three drive with a full head of steam on the medium and fast tempos. Morrison and Persip have brief solo shots and manage to say quite a bit in a short space. Drew has been too long neglected. His work on his album proves him to be one of the fieriest — and most articulate — pianists of the post-Bud Powell crop.

But most of the credit must go to Coles for a stimulating album. (D.DeM.)

Miles Davis

STEAMIN' WITH THE MILES DAVIS QUINTET — Prestige 7200: *Surrey with the Fringe on Top; Salt Peanuts; Something I Dreamed Last Night; Diane; Well, You Needn't; When I Fall in Love.*

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This album is from the memorable 1956 recording dates by the Davis quintet. It is the last in the series that included *Cookin'*, *Relaxin'*, and *Workin'*. This release takes its place with the other three as examples of free blowing at its most stimulating. Theme and variation, though it has been lamented and disparaged by critics and musicians, is still the heart of jazz, the proving ground.

The two horn men have, of course, become two of the strongest influences in

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.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ella Fitzgerald Sings Cole Porter and *More Cole Porter*, (vocal) (Verve 4049 and 4050)
Lester Flatt-Earl Scruggs, *Foggy Mountain Band* (Columbia 8364)
The Exciting Terry Gibbs Big Band (Verve 2151)
Dizzy Gillespie, *Gillespiana* (Verve 8394)
Lionel Hampton, (reissue) *Swing Classics* (RCA Victor 2318)
Gerry Mulligan and the Concert Jazz Band at the Village Vanguard (Verve 8396)
Frank Sinatra, (vocal) *Ring-a-Ding-Ding!* (Reprise 1001)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Ted Curson, *Plenty of Horn* (Old Town 2003)
Budd Johnson and the Four Brass Giants (Riverside 343)
Bill Russo, *Seven Deadly Sins* (Roulette 52063)
Various Artists, *The Soul of Jazz Percussion* (Warwick 5003)
Various Artists, (vocal) *Blues 'n' Trouble* (Arhoolie 101)
Randy Weston Live at the Five Spot (United Artists 5066)

★ ★ ★ ★

Pepper Adams-Donald Byrd, *Out of This World* (Warwick 2041)
Cannonball Adderley, *Cannonball En Route* (Mercury 20616)
Red Allen Plays King Oliver (Verve 1025)
Ida Cox, (vocal reissue) *The Moanin' Groanin' Blues* (Riverside 147)
Duke Ellington, *Piano in the Background* (Columbia 1546)
Don Ewell, *Man Here Plays Fine Piano* (Good Time Jazz 12043)
Victor Feldman, *Merry Olde Soul* (Riverside 9366)
Benny Golson, *Take a Number from 1 to 10* (Argo 681)
Bennie Green, *Hornful of Soul* (Bethlehem 6054)
Johnny Griffin, *Change of Pace* (Riverside 368)
Coleman Hawkins, *Night Hawk* (Prestige/Swingville 2016)
John Lee Hooker Plays and Sings the Blues (vocal) (Chess 1454)
Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightning Strikes Again* (Dart 8000)
J. J. Johnson, *J.J., Inc.* (Columbia 1606)
The Carmen Leggio Group (Jazz Unlimited 1000)
Jackie McLean, *A Long Drink of the Blues* (Prestige/New Jazz 8253)
Roy Palmer/Ike Rogers, (reissue) *Gut-Bucket Trombone* (Riverside 150)
Django Reinhardt, *Djangology* (RCA Victor 2319)
Pee Wee Russell, *Swingin' with Pee Wee* (Prestige/Swingville 2008)
Pete Seeger, (vocal) *Indian Summer* (Folkways 3851)
Pete Seeger in Concert, (vocal) (Folklore 1)
Gemini: Les Spann (Jazzland 35)
Bobby Timmons, *Easy Does It* (Riverside 363)
Big Joe Williams, (vocal) *Hard Times* (Arhoolie 1002)

contemporary jazz. At the time of these recording sessions, Davis had almost perfected his laconic, wistful manner of playing, but Coltrane had not yet found his direction. Though he plays well on this album, Coltrane tends to jump from idea to idea, seldom finishing what he has started. His solo on *Diane* is his most erratic in the album. On the other hand, when Coltrane follows through on ideas, his playing, as on *Needn't*, is exceptional.

The aspect of Miles' playing that struck me the hardest was not his variations so much as his theme statements. There have been few jazzmen who played the melody as if it were anything but a chore to go through before getting to the blowing passages. Lester Young, Charlie Parker, young Louis Armstrong, and Stan Getz are among these few who were and are able to express themselves through more-or-less straight melody passages. Davis must be included. His first chorus theme statements on *Surrey* (he does change the bridge, but it's an improvement on the original), *Something I Dreamed, Diane,* and *Love,* if transcribed for another instrument would retain the Davis stamp. While it is easy to recognize any number of jazzmen as they state the melody, the recognition is more the result of the player's overall sound than his phrasing, his expansion and compressing of the original note values, or his editing of the melody. And these are the characteristics of Davis—and Bird, Pres, Louis, and Getz. The only negative points of Miles' performance of melody is his dependence on the mute-in-mike device and his intonation—he's usually about that far flat.

His playing on the non-ballads, *Salt Peanuts* and *Needn't,* should not be overlooked. Sometimes we get too taken with Miles' way with ballads and forget that he can be extremely fiery on up tempos. On these non-ballads in this album, his approach to each is different. His solo on *Peanuts* combines his earlier bop style with his latterday lyricism. On *Needn't* his solo is straight-ahead melodic improvisation.

The ensemble on these two tracks should be noted. Instead of stating the theme the same way Parker and Dizzy Gillespie did *(Peanuts)* or as Thelonious Monk does *(Needn't),* Davis and Coltrane play abstractions of these two themes: note values are extended in some cases, shortened in others, and on *Needn't* the two horns intertwine in a sort of round.

Garland's solos come as a letdown after Davis' or Coltrane's. Only on *Peanuts* and *Needn't,* the album's best track, does he abandon his sometimes-nagging, splashing playing and dig in. The difference between romanticism and sentimentalism and the difference between tart and sugary playing is clearly defined when Davis' beautiful—the only word for it—solo on *Night* is compared with Garland's effort on the same track.

Jones is tasteful throughout and has a long solo on *Peanuts,* in which he acquits himself admirably. Chambers is Chambers, strong in section, excellent in solo.

This album is a must for anyone seriously interested in jazz. (D.DeM.)

Jimmy Giuffre

FUSION—Verve 8397: *Scootin' About; Jesus Maria; Emphasis; In the Mornings Out There; Cry, Want; Trudgin'; Used to Be; Brief Hesitation; Venture.*

Personnel: Jimmy Giuffre, clarinet; Paul Bley, piano; Steve Swallow, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There is in this music of the New Frontier the bleakness and utter lack of sentimentality or emotional softness of any kind that has characterized pianist Bley's approach to jazz in recent years. One may say, in fact, that it is Bley who dominates this session of free improvisation, with Giuffre seeming to tag along for the ride. The pianist's aggressive and waspish harmonies wallop and crack uncompromisingly beneath Giuffre's naive-sounding clarinet.

Giuffre explains the purpose of the session in the liner copy. "I feel, increasingly," he writes, "the want of interplay between myself and the other players. In the written parts this can be accomplished at my own discretion, but for the improvised sections a 'fusion' of all the minds involved is necessary." Hence the title and explanation of the basic approach.

The three musicians in these nine exercises weave ghostly patterns around and about one another in the "free" sections, gravely creating and building lines with almost deliberate solemnity, singing lonely songs to emotion-loaded ears.

Seven of the pieces are Giuffre's; *Jesus Maria* and *In the Mornings* are by the pianist's wife, Carla. But the disparate authorship really makes no difference, for the same wooden-faced, solemn mood is sustained throughout the set.

There are pretty, lyrical moments here, too. *Jesus* is familiarly poignant and *Hesitation* carries the hint of wistfulness in its seed.

This is an interesting session, to be sure. It is certainly off the beaten track in exploring possibilities for this type of guided democracy in jazz. Does it swing? How on earth could it? (J.A.T.)

Slide Hampton

SOMETHIN' SANCTIFIED: Atlantic 1362—*On The Street Where You Live; The Thrill Is Gone; Ow!; Milestones; El Sino; Somethin' Sanctified.*

Personnel: Hampton, Charlie Greenlee, trombones, baritone horns; Richard Williams, Hobart Dotson, trumpets; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Jay Cameron, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet; Larry Ridley, bass; Peter Sims, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Hampton's second set on Atlantic is a step forward, despite the dropping of the third trumpet and the fashion-conscious album title.

The group remains stronger in performance than in content, but while the material per se is never startlingly new, Hampton's orchestrational ideas are resourceful, making the best possible use of the instrumentation. He wrote all tunes except *El Sino,* which was composed and arranged by his old Maynard Ferguson Band teammate, Greenlee.

The trombonist is maturing as a soloist, too, and he has some effective assistants in Coleman, heard to advantage on the colorful treatment of *Thrill,* and the too-little-heard Cameron, who surprises with a first-rate solo on *Ow!* But the Williams contribution on *Ow!* is not up to that musician's maximum potential.

The band would do well to concentrate a little more on standards. *Street* shows how attractively a band like this, and writing like Hampton's, can cast a superior pop theme into new perspective.

The title number is the follow-up to *Sister Salvation* in the previous LP. These ventures into fast 3/4, or slow 12/8, are listenable enough, though it seems to me that the definitive statement along these lines was made a couple of years ago by Charlie Mingus.

In general, a most agreeable set that offers satisfaction with or without sanctification. (L.G.F.)

Jazz Renaissance Quintet

MOVIN' EASY—*Always; Floatin'; I Saw Stars; Are You Ready?; Private Blend; Pick Yourself Up; Movin' Easy; You Make Me Feel so Young; Misty; Frisky.*

Personnel: Hank D'Amico, clarinet; George Barnes, amplified guitar; Billy Bauer, unamplified guitar; Jack Lesberg, bass; Cliff Leeman, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

All this time people have been saying jazz clarinet is a dead art when you can walk into restaurants or supermarkets anywhere in the country and hear ol' Hank D'Amico wailing on the Muzak . . .

All the men on this disc were top jazzmen in the '40s, who, to the amazement of nobody except those unaware of the hazards of life in jazz, said "Later!" and split into the studios.

Perhaps just to show the younger lads how, they have banded together to produce a pleasantly unprofound and superbly played album.

The texture of the two-guitar, pianoless group is light and airy. Barnes (who did the arrangements, for the album) and D'Amico blend beautifully in the written passages, and spin off some impressively unstrained solos.

D'Amico's melodic imagination has not been impaired by time. He and Barnes get off fine solos on the slow blues *Movin' Easy,* which is the track I like best on the album. It is built on a simple, walking line. Note the little hesitation figure that Leeman plays with bass drum and brush-on-cymbal in the opening ensemble. It's so simple and yet so effective and in such subtle taste.

Nobody will be able to protest that this album is the shape of jazz to come or that it has any smattering of soul type of soul, and I don't know or care how much "truth" gets preached in the course of it, but it does provide melodiousness, taste, musicianship, and some fresh air.

—*Lees*

Les McCann

PRETTY LADY—Pacific Jazz 25: *Django; Dorene Don't Cry, I; Pretty Lady; Stella by Starlight; On Green Dolphin Street; I'll Take Romance; Little Girl Blue.*

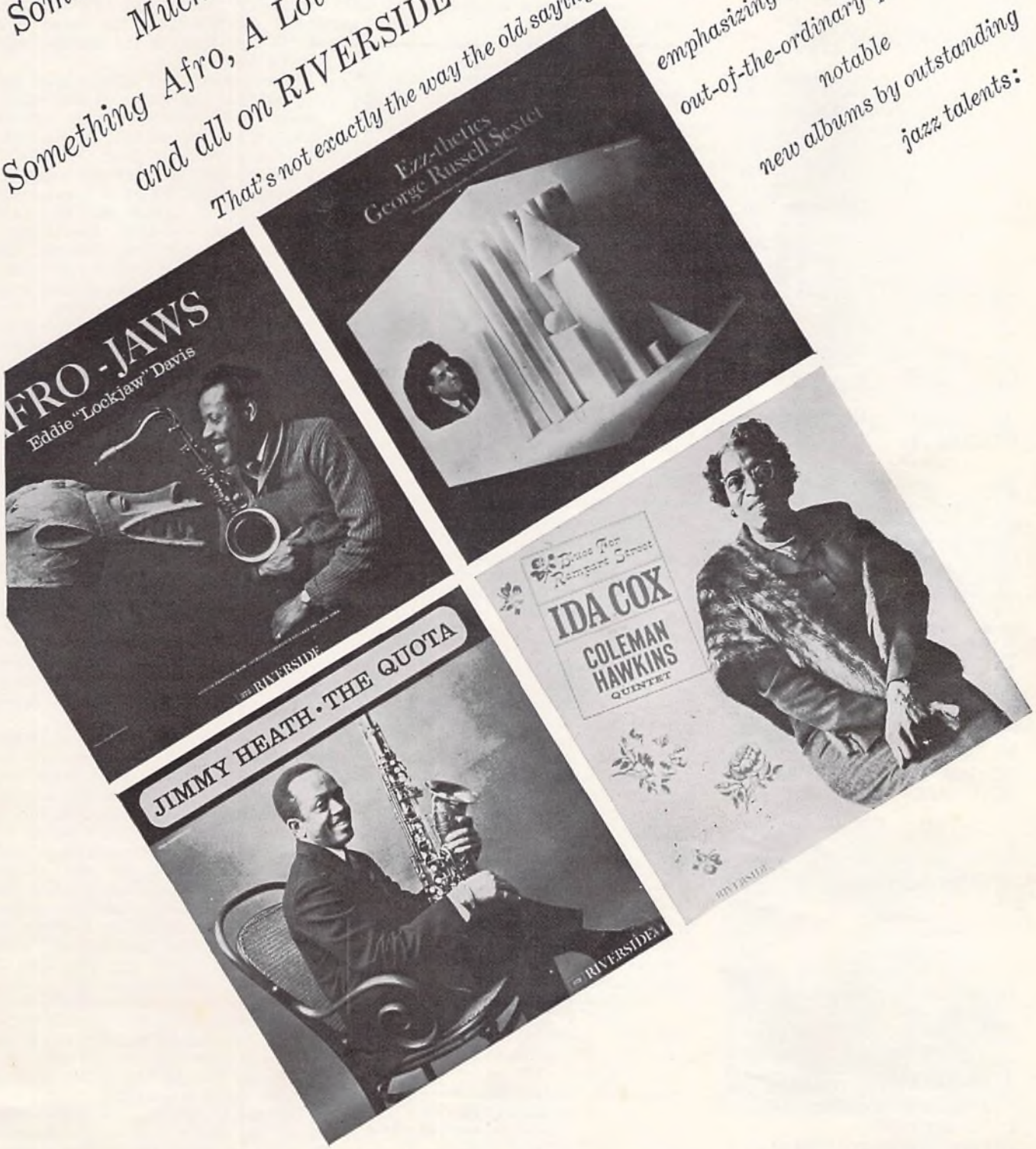
Personnel: McCann, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Ron Jefferson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The much critically clouted McCann may have a surprise for the gents of the typewriter this time. Subtitled *The Ballad Style of Les McCann,* this set presents the pianist sans holiness, sans Back Country accent, sans practically everything, in fact, that his critics have associated with him in the past. McCann, in brief, here plays pretty for the people and if there is a touch here and there of sentimental overstatement in his embroidery, it is forgivable, to these ears.

Something Old,
Much That's New,
Something Afro, A Lot That's Blue...
and all on RIVERSIDE

That's not exactly the way the old saying used to go, but it's an excellent way of emphasizing the varied and out-of-the-ordinary qualities of four notable new albums by outstanding jazz talents:



EDDIE "LOCKJAW" DAVIS is a new addition to the Riverside roster of jazz stars. His vast capacity for creating tenor-sax excitement sparks the unique "something Afro"—a surging excursion that utilizes Ray Barretto's fiery Latin Percussion Section and a swinging trumpet trio headed by Clark Terry. AFRO-JAWS (RLP 373; Stereo 9373)

GEORGE RUSSELL is the master of a brand of new music that draws much power and appeal from a deep understanding of older jazz roots. His Sextet's brilliant second album for Riverside features Eric Dolphy, Don Ellis, Don Baker—and includes tunes by Miles and Monk, plus trombonist Baker's remarkably funky blues, "Honesty." EZZ-THETICS (RLP 375; Stereo 9375)

JIMMY HEATH is undoubtedly one of the brightest triple-threats of the '60s: tenorman, composer and arranger. His lyricism, fire and strength in all categories are on display here, as he blends with Freddie Hubbard's trumpet and Julius Watkins' French horn, with stellar rhythm support from brothers Percy & Albert Heath. THE QUOTA (RLP 372; Stereo 9372)

IDA COX was one of the very greatest of the great blues singers of the 1920s. Her new album does far more than recall old glories—it stands on its own as a superior evocation of the depth and poetry of the blues, with superb assistance from two all-time giants: Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge. BLUES FOR RAMPART STREET (RLP 374; Stereo 9374)

Listening to these examples of the quieter McCann, one occasionally gets the impression, particularly in *Stella*, that the set was cut for misty-eyed mothers. The prevailing mood is a late-night reflective one and the sometime lapses into double-timing do not dissipate it. Support by Lewis and Jefferson is sensitive and restrained throughout. (J.A.T.)

Blue Mitchell

SMOOTH AS THE WIND—Riverside 367: *Smooth as the Wind; But Beautiful; The Best Things in Life Are Free; Peace; For Heaven's Sake; The Nearness of You; A Blue Time; Strollin'; For All We Know; I'm a Fool to Want You.*

Personnel: Mitchell, Clark Terry, Bernie Glow, Burt Collins, trumpets; Britt Woodman, Julian Priester or Jimmy Cleveland, Urbie Green, trombones; Willie Ruff, French horn; Tommy Flanagan, piano, Tommy Williams, bass; Charlie Persip or Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This album is no surpise to any who have maintained even a passing interest in the Mitchell career. It is a culmination of most of the tonal color, lyricism, and good taste that have marked his playing to date. This is not a conspicuous show of strength but rather is fascinatingly seductive, continuously enveloping the listener until he is submerged in the mood of the album.

Because Mitchell takes charge so completely, you have to work at becoming aware of the array of talent supporting him. Terry is a rock of support in the trumpet section. Jones is imaginative and provocative, especially on *The Best Things.*

Although the album is designed to show the talents of Mitchell, he does not abuse the privilege by playing all over the orchestra and the album. He has that rare ability to distinguish himself more by playing less. In this respect, this album is somewhat similar to the most impressive Miles Davis big-band dates.

Benny Golson and Tadd Dameron wrote the scores. The Golson arrangements place Mitchell out front more often and for longer periods of time than do Dameron's. As a matter of fact, the arranging techniques of Golson and Dameron are very much in the spotlight here. While Golson provides more space for the soloist and arranges pretty little backdrops for his work to bounce against, Dameron comes up with intricate patterns of voicing and musical shifts. For example, *But Beautiful,* one of Dameron's most enveloping arrangements in the album, subtly shifts the melodic line from section to section, from instrument to instrument, providing surprising variations of sounds within a sound.

As fine as this album is, it is this listener's opinion that Mitchell can top even this. I'll hold onto the half star for his ultimate. (B.G.)

Montgomery Brothers

GROOVE YARD — Riverside 326: *Back to Back; Groove Yard; If I Should Lose You; Delirium; Just for Now; Doojie; Heart Strings; Remember?*

Personnel: Wes Montgomery, guitar; Buddy Montgomery, piano; Monk Montgomery, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In these days of affected funk, the Montgomery Brothers are a delight in that they have the feel of the earth in their playing without having to exaggerate, pose, or labor at it. Earth is one of the basic ingredients of their playing, but so are taste, musicality, and what we'll call skill in deference to those foolish enough to think technique is a dirty word.

There is not a track on the album that lacks appeal, whether it's the relaxed Buddy Montgomery original *Back to Back,* the uniquely rhythmic Carl Perkins work that is the title track, the ballad *If I Should Lose You,* or the well-up-tempo *Just for Now.*

Other commentators have already run the course of superlatives on Wes Montgomery, and I'm not going to add to them. As a matter of fact, I am not for a minute prepared to grant that Wes is the greatest thing that has ever happened to the jazz guitar. To say so is to partake of that asinine attitude that there are "bests" in jazz—one of the most destructive concepts ever to creep into jazz and jazz criticism, and one that is responsible for the current dangerous narrowing of jazz. To claim Wes Montgomery is the "best" thing that has ever happened to jazz guitar, or even is the "best" guitarist in jazz today, is to overlook Jimmy Raney, who carves the pants off Montgomery in certain facets of playing, as can Barney Kessel—while Montgomery in turn can carve each of them on his own grounds. Jazz is a big home, if some of its biased aficianados will only let it be, and it has room for Montgomery and Raney and others, and nuts to the kind of thinking that is in perpetual search of a king to worship.

As a matter of fact, I sometimes think that, in this case, superlatives are coming in compensation for the fact that Montgomery was overlooked until he was nearly 40. Which was nobody's fault: he stayed in Indianapolis. The guitar players all knew about him, even if the rest of us didn't. Johnny Smith has been raving about him for years.

As has been noted by others, Montgomery uses no pick, playing with his bare thumb. When I asked Smith how Montgomery achieves speed this way, he said, "I haven't the slightest idea, but he *does.*" Montgomery's chorded use of the instrument—he seems to use a sort of half-classical technique—is his most obvious distinguishing characteristic. But he's also a wonderfully inventive single-line player.

As for Monk and Buddy Montgomery, it should be noted that they are much better in this context than they were as part of the Mastersounds. Buddy plays strong, virile piano, virility evidently being a Montgomery family characteristic. Monk plays regular bass on this disc, and it can only be said that he's got a lot more you-know-what than he had in his previous incarnation as a Mastersound.

But perhaps the most impressive thing about this album is its simple honesty. There is no pretension. Neither is their condescension. This isn't music to con a chick by, music to start a riot by, music to gas musicians by, music to make a reputation by. It is music to listen to, and it should impress those who *know* what's happening as well as those persons, backbone of the audience, who merely feel what's happening. —*Lees*

Jazzland is really on its way!

A favorite advertising device of not too long ago was a series of "teaser" ads, each one of which would give you a small piece of information, or a single clue. The idea was to train you to keep paying attention, to (as the actual phrase often put it) "watch this space for future developments." Well, it may not be in exactly this space, but it will be in Down Beat and it will be about JAZZLAND, and the "future developments" will really be something to hear about, and listen to!

JAZZLAND'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN ITS SHORT LIFE SPAN TO DATE ARE ALREADY SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF. WE ARE PROUDEST OF THE EXCITING, FAST-RISING QUINTET CO-LED BY EDDIE "LOCKJAW" DAVIS AND JOHNNY GRIFFIN; AND OF THE RAPIDLY ACCELERATING SUCCESS OF JUNIOR MANCE (INTERNATIONAL CRITICS POLL CHOICE AS "NEW STAR" PIANIST OF 1961). WE ARE PROUD ALSO OF ALBUMS BY SUCH AS BENNY GREEN, DEXTER GORDON, HAROLD LAND, LES SPANN, PAUL GONSALVES, WOODY HERMAN, CHARLIE ROUSE, CHET BAKER, CLIFFORD JORDAN, SONNY RED AND OTHERS. WE HAVE INTRODUCED SUCH HAPPILY SWINGING JAZZ TALENTS AS TENOR-MAN WILD BILL MOORE AND VIBIST JOHNNY LYTLE.

And we intend to be even prouder in the future. The developments to be announced will be on the breathtaking side, we assure you. As a starter, here are two significant events that belong in the "very-near-future" division of that "future developments" category:

RED GARLAND **has joined Jazzland! The remarkable, swinging piano star is now a key member of the label's rapidly expanding team. His first album, a romping effort with Sam Jones and Charlie Persip, has just been recorded and will be released in short order.**

Jazzland is pleased to announce the creation of a

"CLASSICS OF MODERN JAZZ"

Series, which will kick off very shortly with the issuance of an album of great, previously unreleased performances by a late-'40s

★★ *TADD DAMERON group featuring FATS NAVARRO!* ★★

There'll be more significant developments, lots of them—as big and bigger. Just keep watching! Meanwhile, to keep you listening, here is a very partial list of current Jazzland highspots (for complete catalogue write to Dept D, Jazzland Records, 235 West 46th Street, New York 36, N.Y.):

GRIFF & LOCK—"LOCKJAW" DAVIS-JOHNNY GRIFFIN QUINTET	(JLP 42; STEREO 942S)
JUNIOR MANCE TRIO AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD	(JLP 41; STEREO 941S)
GLIDIN' ALONG—BENNY GREEN, WITH JOHNNY GRIFFIN	(JLP 43; STEREO 943S)
GEMINI—LES SPANN, FLUTE AND GUITAR	(JLP 35; STEREO 935S)
GETTIN' TOGETHER—PAUL GONSALVES, WITH NAT ADDERLEY, WYNTON KELLY	(JLP 36; STEREO 936S)
WEST COAST BLUES—HAROLD LAND, WITH WES MONTGOMERY	(JLP 20; STEREO 920S)
TAKIN' CARE OF BUSINESS—CHARLIE ROUSE, WITH BLUE MITCHELL	(JLP 19; STEREO 919S)
WILD BILL'S BEAT—WILD BILL MOORE, WITH JUNIOR MANCE	(JLP 38; STEREO 938S)
HAPPY GROUND!—JOHNNY LYTLE TRIO	(JLP 44; STEREO 944S)
A STORY TALE—CLIFFORD JORDAN AND SONNY RED	(JLP 40; STEREO 940S)
THE RESURGENCE OF DEXTER GORDON	(JLP 29; STEREO 929S)

JAZZLAND RECORDS

Oscar Peterson

A JAZZ PORTRAIT OF FRANK SINATRA—Verve 8334: *You Make Me Feel So Young; Come Dance with Me; Learnin' the Blues; Witchcraft; The Tender Trap; Saturday Night Is the Loneliest Night in the Week; Just in Time; It Happened in Monterey; I Get a Kick out of You; All of Me; Birth of the Blues; How About You?*

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Confirmed Peterson admirers—and I'm one of them—are aware that there are two Oscar Petersons to be heard in clubs. The first, the dinner-hour Peterson, contends with ill-mannered and noisy audiences by playing medium up-tempo things at a fairly loud volume.

The other is a pianist whom you'll encounter about 2 a.m., when the yackers have all gone home (or wherever yackers go after midnight) and only those with ears are assembled near the band stand. This is a Peterson of incredible warmth, subtlety, and restraint, a pianist who'll perhaps move you to tears with a long excursion on *In the Wee Small Hours* or simply with a few choruses of the blues.

This album is the first Peterson—this is the dinner-hour Oscar. Since there are 12 tunes on the album, it's obvious that no stretching out is done. Nor was it, apparently, even anticipated. Still, there are moments when you get a glimpse of the other Peterson—as, for example, when he and his trio teammates get a profound groove during the blowing on *Monterey*, or in the first chorus of *Young*, or in the out-of-tempo intro to *Witchcraft*.

Verve has just spent a week recording the trio at Chicago's London House. Such an album is long overdue. It should provide recorded evidence (there has been amazingly little top-drawer O.P. on discs to date) of what Peterson admirers and three-quarters of the pianists in the country know: that Peterson is a pianist of genius. —*Lees*

Billie, Dede Pierce

BLUES IN THE CLASSIC TRADITION—Riverside 370: *St. Louis Blues; Goodbye Daddy Blues; Careless Love; Brickhouse Blues; Algiers Hoodoo Blues; Slow Tonk Blues; Gulf Coast Blues; Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out; Love Song of the Nile.*

Personnel: Dede Pierce, cornet; Billie Pierce, piano, vocals; Albert Jiles, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

It would be interesting to hear Dede Pierce in some context other than as companion and accompanist to his wife, Billie, the roles he has played on all the recent recordings on which he has appeared. This puts him in relatively limited surroundings, for Billie plays a heavy, uninspired piano, and, although she phrases well as a singer and has a strong, commanding voice, she is a monotonous vocalist.

In this latter area, her main drawback is that, unlike the "classic" blues singers of the 1920s, from whom she is stylistically descended, she does not build either musically or in her use of lyrics. She simply strings standard blues verses together at random (she even does this on tunes that have perfectly useful lyrics, such as *Nobody Knows You* and *Gulf Coast*), and each verse is delivered in the same manner. Eventually a full LP side begins to sound like one long and tiresome song.

Dede, on the other hand, has an arsenal of background ideas, delivered with subtlety and sensitivity, and when he is given a little solo space, he is a biting and pungent performer.

Here he is placed in a subordinate role and is given little scope, since one selection is so much like another that, after hearing Billie sing *St. Louis Blues*, one gets the feeling from the beginning of *Brickhouse Blues* that this is just a second take of *St. Louis*, tricked up with a different title.

Dede is such a provocative cornetist that it would be unfortunate to have all his recordings diminished by the limitations of his wife. He plays wonderfully on this disc, but you have to wade through an awful lot of Billie to hear him.

(J.S.W.)

Jim Robinson

JIM ROBINSON AND HIS NEW ORLEANS BAND—Riverside 369: *Ice Cream; In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree; Mobile Stomp; Bogalusa Strut; Jada; Bugle Boy March; Yearning; Whenever You're Lonely; When You Wore a Tulip.*

Personnel: Ernest Cagnolatti, trumpet; Robinson, trombone; Louis Cottrell, clarinet; George Guesnon, banjo; Alcide (Slow Drag) Pavageau, bass; Alfred Williams, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Robinson is best known now as the trombonist in the Bunk Johnson and George Lewis bands. This band is very much like the Lewis group. It places emphasis on ensemble playing, and if Cottrell, the band's clarinetist, does not have the individual style that Lewis has, he is, in his own way, an excellent clarinetist. Furthermore, Cagnolatti is a far better lead trumpeter than most those who have played with Lewis.

The program includes four selections from the repertoire of Sam Morgan's band, with which Robinson played in the 1920s. Two Morgan compositions, *Mobile* and *Bogalusa* are not very interesting, but the old pop tune *Yearning* has a splendid, building solo by Cottrell, and *Whenever You're Lonely* is a catchy, haunting minor tune on which Cagnolatti shines with a growling attack and Cottrell shows phrasing that makes him seem like a gentle Edmond Hall.

Robinson is gruff and lusty right down the line, at his stabbing, exultant best on his old show piece, *Ice Cream*, which this group plays with so much enthusiasm that you'd never know it had been done a million times before.

Along with these high points, there is quite a bit that is just routine. One gets the feeling that if this band had a chance to play together for a while, it could produce some fine, vigorous jazz. Even in this catch-as-catch-can state, it has come up with some excellent bits and pieces.

(J.S.W.)

Pee Wee Russell-Coleman Hawkins

JAZZ REUNION—Candid 8020: *If I Could Be with You; Tin Tin Deo; Marlooch; All Too Soon; 28th and 8th; What Am I Here For?*

Personnel: Russell, clarinet; Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Emmett Berry, trumpet; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Nat Pierce, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The last time Russell and Hawkins recorded together was 32 years ago. The 1929 occasion was the memorable *Hello, Lola/One Hour* Mound City Blues Blowers session.

Since that time, the two musicians have

traveled quite different paths. Hawkins, of course, has gone through at least two phases since 1929, always keeping abreast of the latest innovations in jazz, yet retaining his individuality. Russell, also, has remained true to himself, even in the wilds of Nicksieland where he sometimes almost sounded like a parody of himself. The point is that these two men are musicians restricted to no one school. This is the main reason, I feel, that this date came off as well as it did.

Pierce's arrangements are what could be called, for lack of a better description, New York's Kansas City style, with a dash of small-band Ellington. Whatever you care to call them, the arrangements are excellent for a date such as this. The first choruses of several of the scores set off the Russell low register quite effectively.

Although the arrangements add much to the proceedings, the emphasis is on the soloists. And while there is not a shattering performance like Hawkins' 1929 *Hello, Lola* effort, the solos are generally of high order.

Russell is at his best on the two blues, *Mariooch* and *28th and 8th*. The first is a slow drag with aspirate and weeping clarinet. The second is faster, and Russell passionately wails—wails not as the word is commonly used these days but wails as a cry of woe. The clarinetist plays so feelingfully on these two tracks that his introspection is almost embarrassing, for what he plays is so personal.

Hawkins was having a good day, too. The virility and life of his playing has not diminished over the years; if anything, it has increased. He leaps into some of his solos, most notably on *Tin Tin Deo*, like a wounded tiger attacking.

Berry turns in some muted work that should make others wonder, as I do, why he isn't recorded more often. But then, he is one of several trumpet men who have been lost in the shuffle of recent years.

Brookmeyer is his usual wry self. He sounds more at home on dates like this than he does on ones of a more "modern" cast.

The rhythm section is mildly disappointing. Jones is distracting at times, though his hi-hat brush work on *Mariooch* shows him still master of that much-abused instrument. Pierce on some tracks seems unsure whether to play tinkling Basie or stride Basie in his solos. Hinton does his best, though not even he can keep the tempo from increasing suddenly behind Hawkins on *28th and 8th*.

These minor carpings aside, it was a fine reunion. (D.DeM.)

Ben Webster

THE WARM MOODS — Reprise 2001: *The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi; Stella by Starlight; With Every Little Breath I Take; Accent on Youth; But Beautiful; Time after Time; Nancy; I'm Beginning to See the Light; It Was So Beautiful; The Whiffenpoof Song; It's Easy to Remember; There's No You.*

Personnel: Webster, tenor saxophone; Johnny Richards, conductor; Armand Kaproff, cello; Cecil Figelski, viola; Alfred Lustgarten, Lisa Minghetti, violins; Donn Trenner, piano; Don Bagley, bass; Frankie Capp, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Here is the Webster ballad set that has been due for a long time—Webster playing in his most discerningly romantic fashion; recorded without the raspy breathiness that has marred so many of his other

ballad recordings; in arrangements that complement his lean, lustrous playing, and with tunes that are, for the most part, reasonably worth doing (or maybe it's just that Webster makes them seem worth doing—I have my doubts about *Nancy, The Whiffenpoof Song,* and *Stella by Starlight* in the hands of other instrumentalists).

Richards, who wrote the arrangements, has used the string quartet as a stimulating prod rather than the bland cushion to which it is usually reduced in these horn-and-strings sessions.

It is worth noting that every one of these ballads is taken at at least a moderate tempo, that the pulse is always strong, and that Webster keeps the melodic line singing. They never drag, are never awkward or ugly—a refreshing relief from the clumsy concept of balladry that has been put forth by so many saxophonists, trumpeters, and trombonists in the last 10 years. Trenner gets in a few very pleasant piano spots. (J.S.W.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Bunny Berigan

BUNNY—Camden 550: *Carelessly; A Study in Brown; Russian Lullaby; I Dance Alone; Sophisticated Swing; Azure; High Society; 'Deed I Do; Sobbin' Blues; There'll Be Some Changes Made; Little Gate's Special; Jazz Me Blues.*

Personnel: All tracks—Berigan, trumpet. Track 1—Cliff Natalie, Steve Lipkins, trumpets; Ford Leary, Frank D'Annulfo, trombones; Hank Freeman, Frank Langone, Clyde Rounds, Georgie Auld, saxophones; Joe Lippman, piano; Tom Morgan, guitar; Arnold Fishkind, bass; George Wettling, drums. Track 2—Irving Goodman, trumpet, replaces Natalie; Al George, Sonny Lee, trombones, replace Leary, D'Annulfo; Joe Dixon, Mike Doty, saxophones, replace Freeman, Langone. Track 3—Hank Wayland, bass, replaces Fishkind. Tracks 4, 5—Graham Forbes, piano, replaces Lippman; Dave Tough, drums, replaces Wettling. Track 6—Nat Lobovsky, trombone, replaces Lee; Lippman, piano, replaces Forbes; Dick Wharton, guitar, replaces Morgan; Johnny Blowers, drums, replaces Tough. Track 7—Ray Conniff, trombone, replaces George; Gus Bivona, George Bohn, saxophones, replace Dixon, Doty; Joe Bushkin, piano, replaces Lippman; Buddy Rich, drums, replaces Blowers. Tracks 8, 9—Johnny Napton, trumpet, replaces Lipkins; Bob Jenney, trombone, replaces Lobovsky; Murray Williams, saxophone, replaces Bohn. Tracks 10-12—Jack Koven, George Johnston, trumpets, replace Goodman; Don Lodice, Henry Saltman, Larry Walsh, saxophones, replace Williams, Auld, Rounds; Allen Reuss, guitar, replaces Wharton; Eddie Jenkins, drums, replaces Rich.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Nobody ever seems to mention Berigan's big band with bated breath when the great swing bands are being re-counted. And yet, as this disc plainly shows, it had its moments when it was as good as any of them. The trouble was that it had a year and a half of being pretty ragged and routine—and this is also demonstrated in this collection.

The recordings date from April, 1937, to March, 1939. The change seems to have occurred in the fall of 1938, by which time the whole swing-ding was being run into the ground and Berigan's band had already created the impression that it was second-rate. But the last five pieces in this set, chronologically, are fine, full-bodied swinging bits of big-band jazz, worthy additions to the front ranks of the genre.

Berigan's horn playing was one of uncertain elements in this band—it's sloppy

as often as it's good. There's also some fine clarinet work by Dixon, gutty soloing by Auld and, on three numbers, the stimulus of young Buddy Rich's drumming. (J.S.W.)

VOCAL

Lorez Alexandria

SING NO SAD SONGS FOR ME—Argo 682: *A Loser's Lullaby; Trouble in Mind; Sing No Sad Songs for Me; Gloomy Sunday; Motherless Child; Who?; I'll Remember April; Lonesome Road; They Can't Take That Away from Me; All My Love.*

Personnel: Miss Alexandria, vocals; Riley Hampton, conductor; orchestra personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Miss Alexandria, one of the latter-day urban heiresses of Sarah Vaughan, presumably is presented in this album with an eye to showing off versatility as a performer of diverse material ranging from the semi-sacred *Who?* to the jazz-slanted *They Can't*. The result is an ambiguous pot-pourri in terms of direction and, at the same time, a revealing sketch of the singer's abilities.

When all is said and done, Miss Alexandria winds up in the ranks of the torchers usually discovered in smarter and hipper boites. She brings her rather nasal vocal quality to a classic such as *Trouble in Mind*, reducing it to the superficial and trivial. Each song, in fact, is invested with a slick, big-city veneer that is certainly understandable but hardly justifiable in the last critical analysis.

This lack of emotional depth is oddly revealed in the rhythm-and-bluesy *Who?* The rendition reveals the singer's grounding in the now well-exploited tradition of Negro religious singing. It's fine for establishing a reference point of identification in this instance but penetrates no deeper than that. The emotional projection is, to put it bluntly, shallow.

In *April*, Miss Alexandria demonstrates her knowledgeability of contemporary jazz clichés, and *Lonesome Road* comes off as quite an effective production number by Broadway musical standards, with the singer performing at half-time to a double-timing rhythm section. *They Can't* also stresses her stylistic bent in the accepted "modern jazz" idiom.

As if to emphasize the a&r man's confused state of mind in the planning of this set, *All My Love*, the final number, is an out-and-out cheap r&b ballad. It's even got a single-string acoustic guitar solo! Hampton wrote all the arrangements.

For all that, Miss Alexandria impresses as a conscientious vocalist. Her diction is good, as is her intelligent interpretation of lyrics. Moreover, her approach to melody is musicianly and constantly striving for inventiveness. These qualities are plusses; it is unfortunate that the minuses prevail. (J.A.T.)

Al Hibbler

AL HIBBLER SINGS THE BLUES—Reprise 9-2005: *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?; When the Sun Comes Out; You of All People; Laughing on the Outside; Dinner for One, Please, James; It's Monday Every Day; In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning; Don't Take Your Love from Me; I'm a Fool to Want You; I Got It Bad; Don't Be so Mean to Baby; The Party's Over.*

Personnel: Hibbler, vocals; Gerald Wilson, conductor; Pete Candoli, Conte Candoli, Conrad Gozzo, Jimmy Zito, trumpets; Vernon Friley or Bob Pring, Joe Howard, Lester Robertson, Ken Shroyer, trombones; Buddy Collette, Bill Carson, or Harry Klee, Plas Johnson or Don Boffell, Chuck Gentry, Harold Land, reeds; Bill Miller, piano; Joe Comfort, bass; Al Viola, guitar; John Markham, drums; Jud Conlon Singers.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

You either like Hibbler or you don't. It happens that I do, but this is one case where it's completely a matter of personal taste.

I like the fibrous, woody quality of Hibbler's voice. And even in his satiric departures into Cockney accent, I chuckle with him. How he gets away with it on such a tune as *When the Sun Comes Out*, without smashing the mood, is one of those show-business mysteries. Of course, some of those affected low notes become a bit much, but on the whole, Hibbler is in good taste on this set.

Despite the titles, the blues do not get a look-see in this album. The tunes are all front-rank standards, and Hibbler does them with intelligent expressiveness.

Wilson did the arranging as well as conducting the date. Wilson is these days sort of the West Coast Quincy Jones, what with his jazz writing, his pop writing with strings, and his big band. He is an excellent writer, and if you're not aware of his work, please take note. His arrangements in this album are fine—appropiate, skillfully scored, and, on the whole, distinctive.

I wish he'd done without the Conlon singers, though. Vocal groups oo-oo-ooing behind a singer are one of biggest drags in music. —*Lees*

Little Junior Parker-Bobby (Blue) Bland

BLUES CONSOLIDATED — Duke 72: *Next Time You See Me; Mother-in-Law Blues; Barefoot Rock; That's All Right; Wondering; Sitting and Thinking; It's My Life, Baby; I Smell Trouble; Farther Up the Road; Sometime Tomorrow; You Got Me; Loan a Helping Hand.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-6: Parker, vocal and harmonica; Tracks 7-12: Bland, vocal; other personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

The work of two young blues men who pattern themselves after highly successful shouter B. B. King is presented in this collection. Both Parker and Bland are the two best-selling artists on the roster of Duke records, a small Negro independent that supplies the large Southern blues market.

This disc contains some fine rousing examples of a rhythm-and-blues approach too seldom heard nowadays. The music is thoroughly grounded in the legitimate blues, and a definite blues feeling pulses through all the selections, no matter how far away from the traditional format they move. There are, to be sure, a number of banal, insipid tunes here, all of them modeled on the typical, highly stylized King approach, though these performances rarely have the fervor and conviction of King at his most powerful.

For me, the Parker sides are the more interesting, primarily because of his blues-oozing down-home harmonica work, featured on four of his selections, the best of which is easily *Mother-in-Law Blues*.

Bland is much closer in spirit to King. He phrases much like King, the vocal quality is markedly similar, and the accompaniments — especially the low-down, ringing guitar passages, which might almost be note-for-note King solos — are exactly like those furnished by King's fine blues band. Bland is a guttier, more exciting singer than Parker.

In short, this disc delivers a dozen samples of lusty, uncomplicated rhythm and blues performed with frenzied abandon by two of the more powerful purveyors of this kind of music.

The liner notes, by the way—written by one "Dzondira Lalsac"—are far and away the most atrocious I've ever seen. (P.W.)

Big Joe Williams

PINEY WOODS BLUES — Delmar 602: *Baby, Please Don't Go; Drop Down Mama; Mellow Peaches; No More Whisky; Tailor Made Babe; Big Joe Talking; Some Day, Baby; Good Morning, Little Schoolgirl; Peach Orchard Mama; Juanita; Shetland Pony Blues; Omaha Blues.*

Personnel: Williams, vocal and guitar; Tracks 2, 4, 8, 11: J. D. Short, guitar and harmonica, added.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This is the second powerful and assured collection by country blues singer Big Joe Williams in recent months. The other was his disc for the International Blues Record Club, *Tough Times* (Arhoolie 1002).

Both albums contain forceful and highly personal blues by a Mississippi-bred artist who had been one of the most successful —artistically *and* commercially—blues performers in the Bluebird and Columbia catalogs during the late 1930s and early '40s. He was not too successful in accommodating this harsh, urgent and introspective blues style to the postwar rhythm and blues approach and had fallen into obscurity and neglect in recent years.

These two collections vividly prove that Williams is still one of the most impassioned and compellingly individual rural blues stylists on the contemporary scene.

The rating indicates that this is a slightly better collection than the Arhoolie disc, reviewed here several weeks ago. The chief reason for this is the presence of J. D. Short on second guitar and harmonica on four of the selections here. He adds quite a bit. The busy interplay of Williams and Short on *No More Whisky*, for example, is highly exciting: the song gathers momentum gradually as the tempo slowly accelerates and builds to a fine, surging climax. Short's jabbing, explosive harmonica smears serve as an excellent foil to Williams' raw, searing country guitar lines.

As a vocalist, Williams may stand as an almost perfect exemplar of the classic "deep blues" singer. His voice is hoarse and insistent and he projects an astonishing fervor and a total emotional involvement in his material. Like the great bluesmen of the past, his work gathers force and momentum slowly, quite often taking the entire length of a number to fashion a mood of gripping passion. Each successive line and phrase builds on and adds to the preceding one.

Williams is also a forceful guitarist, working in a crude, "primitive," almost a-

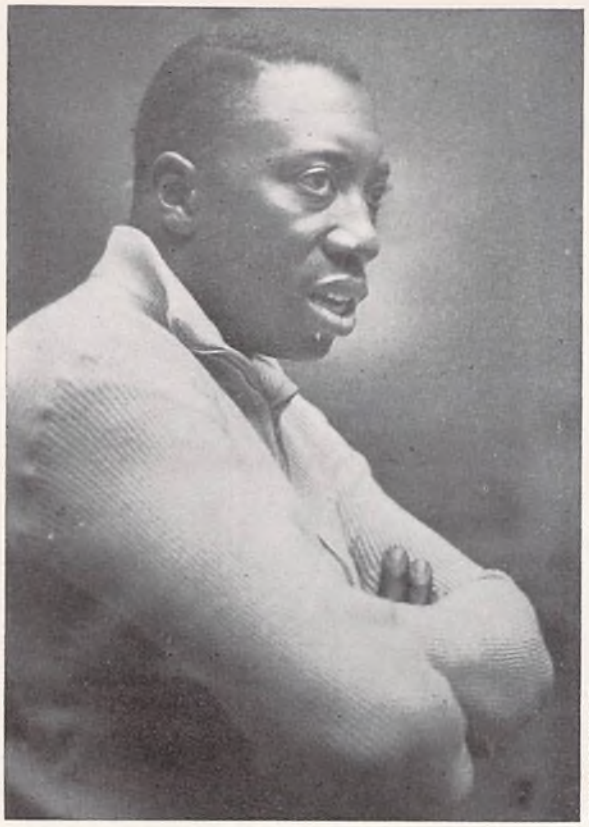
harmonic approach, markedly similar to that used by Robert Pete Williams (listen to *Mellow Peaches, Peach Orchard Mama,* and *Juanita* especially).

This, I am told, is the first of a series of three discs Big Joe Williams is to do for Delmar. I'm eager to hear the next two. (P.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.

Art Blakey, *Meet You at the Jazz Corner of the World, Vol. 1* (Blue Note 4054)
Peter Bocage with His Creole Serenaders and the Love-Jiles Ragtime Orchestra (Riverside 379)
Donald Byrd, *At the Half Note Cafe, Vol. 1* (Blue Note 4060)
Ray Charles, *The Genius after Hours* (Atlantic 1369)
Ray Charles & Betty Carter (ABC-Paramount 385)
Eddie Davis-Johnny Griffin, *Griff & Lock* (Jazzland 942)
Wilbur DeParis, *On the Riviera* (Atlantic 1363)
Big Jeb Dooley, *The Dixie Rebels* (Command 825)
The Best of Duke Ellington (Capitol T 1602)
Booker Ervin, *That's It* (Candid 8014)
Doc Evans, *Doc+4* (Concert-Disc 47)
King Flemming, *Misty Night* (Argo 4004)
Pete Fountain, *I Love Paris* (Coral 57378)
Dexter Gordon, *Doin' Allright* (Blue Note 4077)
Buddy Greco, *I Like It Swinging* (Epic 3793)
Benny Green, *Glidin' Along* (Jazzland 943)
Percy Humphrey's Crescent City Joy Makers (Riverside 378)
Dick Hyman, *Provocative Piano* (Command 824)
Mahalia Jackson, *Everytime I Feel the Spirit* (Columbia 1643)
Abbey Lincoln, *Straight Ahead* (Candid 8015)
The Hits of Jimmie Lunceford (Capitol 1581)
Hank Mobley, *Roll Call* (Blue Note 4058)
Miff Mole, *Aboard the Dixie Hi-Flyer* (Stepheny 4011)
Dave Newman, *Straight Ahead* (Atlantic 1366)
André Previn, *A Touch of Elegance* (Columbia 1649)
Billy Rowland Plays Boogie Woogie (Grand Award 258)
Jack Sheldon, *A Jazz Profile of Ray Charles* (Reprise 2004)
Frank Sinatra, *Swing Along with Me* (Reprise 1002); *Come Swing with Me* (Capitol 1594)
Bob Wilber, *Blowin' the Blues Away* (Classic Jazz 9)
Joe Williams-Harry Edison, *Together* (Roulette 52069)
Phil Woods, *Rights of Spring* (Candid 8018) db



CHUCK STEWART

THE BLINDFOLD TEST JOE WILLIAMS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Last January, when Joe Williams quit the Count Basie band after a six-year incumbency that had been mutually salubrious, there were many rumors and a wild assortment of predictions along the Birdland grapevine. Some said Williams had been held back and would now really hit the heights; others were just as sure that the public would miss that big fat band sound behind him as he toured the clubs with the Harry Edison Quintet.

Although not all Williams' dates thus far have been triumphal, the balance has been quite firmly in his favor and contrary to the predictions of the pessimists.

For this *Blindfold Test*, bearing his range of vocal interests in mind, I investigated his reactions to an odd mixture of recent releases, including a Connie Francis version of one of Williams' own hits and a record featuring his old-time Chicago namesake, Big Joe Williams.

The Records

1. Sammy Davis Jr. *You're on the Right Track, Baby (from I Gotta Right To Swing!,* Decca). Davis, vocal; Count Basie band personnel.

This is a rather exciting performance by Sammy Davis, who obviously loves Ray Charles. And I think I recognize a few horns there in the background—sounded a little like a little of the Basie group. The tenor solo sounded a little like Frank Foster, and the lead alto, Marshall Royal, was riding back there with that pretty sound of his.

But I didn't like the recording, really. There was a lot of harshness . . . sounded like the band was way away from Sammy. Rather than him singing with the band, it sounded like he was performing with a track. It just didn't have the spontaneous feeling that usually would go along with a Sammy Davis-type thing.

I love Sammy. I think he's one of the most terrific performers we have. He's been concentrating quite a bit on acting and other things and not so much in the record field in recent years, though. Two bells.

2. Ray Charles. *Ruby (from . . . Dedicated to You,* ABC-Paramount). Charles, unidentified chorus, vocals; Marty Paich, arranger.

The singer is Ray Charles, but that's not the Ray Charles Singers—you better believe it—not even the Raylettes!

I'm very funny about tunes like this—things like *Ruby, Stella by Starlight,* and even *Stardust.* They're tunes I like to hear instrumentally; the lyrics just don't get to me—story-wise. I listen to . . . like a Bob Farnon or a Pete King or a Percy Faith-type arrangement just for listening pleasure. I like the pretty melody. It's a beautiful arrangement.

Because of this and the easy listening quality of it, I'll give it two bells.

3. Mose Allison. *I Love the Life I Live* (Columbia). Allison, piano, vocal.

That was Mississippi's Mose Allison, and I like this man. He's a versatile artist. He plays good piano, too, as well as being a real different sound vocal-wise.

There's only one person I could compare him with, and that's Hoagy Carmichael. Is Hoagy really a Hoosier? I wonder sometimes when I listen to him if he isn't from further south. That's a good record. I have to give it three bells.

4. Mel Tormé. *From a Prison Cell from Irma La Douce (from Broadway, Right Now!,* Verve). Tormé, vocal.

Well, I'll tell you what: Mel Tormé's going to try a lot of strange things. He has the talent to do it, and there are a lot of things that Mel probably wants to do and writes and thinks about . . . I'm surprised he hasn't done a play . . . a Broadway thing . . . because he has so many facets. He's such a versatile performer and an excellent actor, too; I saw him on TV a couple of times.

Mel has such a beautiful lit . . . no, such a beautiful voice, and his voice is getting bigger. I started to say, 'beautiful little voice' but his voice is much bigger in sound now, and with this innocent face of his, I don't see how his voice could be coming from a prison cell. I don't believe him.

But for the very fact that he dared to do something so different from what the average singer is doing today—it isn't easy to do this kind of thing—I'd like to give it three bells.

5. Buddy Rich. *Everything Happens to Me (from Sing and Swing with Buddy Rich,* Verve). Rich, vocal.

I'm gonna take up drums next week. That's all I gotta say!

It dawned on me that Buddy, when he was with Verve, did make an attempt at being a singer, and I used to kid him about it all the time. I'd walk in a club, and I'd say, "Buddy, do you have your AGVA card?" or "Give me your AFTRA card; I'm not gonna let you sing anymore," because he's one of my favorite people—definitely one of my favorite drummers—but Buddy makes what we call in our family "a nice noise," a nice, pleasant, even, easy noise . . . singing.

It was the little inflections that made me know it was Buddy, and then there was a throwback to that Axel Stordahl-type background sound, too, to help me, too—the kind of thing that Sinatra used to do . . . Three bells.

6. The Four Freshmen. *Show Me the Way to Get Out of This World (from The Freshmen Year,* Capitol). Bob Flanigan, vocal, bass.

That's the first time I ever heard Bob Flanigan sing a solo! I ran into the Freshmen in Chicago while I was still singing with Jay Burkhart's orchestra.

One night Jay brought these four young men in to sing for Frank Holzfeind (owner of the now-defunct Blue Note), and I heard them. Then I worked a job with them later in '49 in the lounge of a bowling alley way out south of Chicago.

I love these fellows. I think that the *Baltimore Oriole* they did years ago is just beautiful—it's never been touched as far as I'm concerned. For old Bob, three bells.

7. Gloria Lynne. *Cheek to Cheek (from Day In Day Out,* Everest). Miss Lynne, vocal; Ernie Wilkins, arranger, conductor.

(*Continued on next page*)

The singer's Gloria Lynne—and with a big band. Gloria Lynne does much better than this. A singer has a certain timbre, and in that timbre, they can perform to their best advantage, and they sound better within that range. Gloria has a very wide range, and I don't know whether this particular arrangement was constructed to show off her range or what, but I just didn't care for it.

If I ever get to be big enough in the business, I'm going to censor this kind of thing in my own work. This disappoints me, because Gloria has done some wonderful things for future generations to listen to. The band here sounded like it was in left field. She didn't sound as though she was singing with them.

Records are wonderful to have in the home, but a live performance by an artist is one of the most electrifying experiences that you'll ever want to have in your life.

George Shearing and I were talking about this, and we were saying what a pity that so many people would never hear Billie Holliday with a Bobby Tucker, or Ella Fitzgerald with a Hank Jones, or Don Abney or Ellis Larkins accompanying certain singers . . . or Gerald Wiggins. I heard Wiggins one night with Ernestine Anderson, and to me, this was one of the most beautiful experiences I had ever had — listening-wise. Sarah Vaughan with Jimmy Jones.

There are times when Gloria Lynne is a wonderful performer, but for this record: two bells.

8. Brownie McGhee, Lightnin' Hopkins, Big Joe Williams, Sonny Terry. *Wimmin from Coast to Coast* (from *Down South Summit Meetin'*, World Pacific). McGhee, Hopkins, Williams, Terry, vocals.

I think this is a real fine record. It's the truth, as I know it, from the fellows who do this kind of thing. They've been doing it for many, many years and do it better than anybody else I know.

I imagine this comes from Chicago, around 31st St. . . . 35th St. where the fellows are still doing this kind of thing. Four bells whoever they are.

9. Connie Francis. *Smack Dab in the Middle* (from *Connie Francis at the Copa*, MGM). Miss Francis, vocal.

This was an in-person performance, and a number of people came to mind while the record was playing, and oddly enough, I think all of them worked with Stan Kenton at one time or another.

This had a little spontaneous feel to it, and there was a little thought put into it, because the lyrics were changed some. It was a thing where the crowd was participating. It seemed a little bit fast to me; I like it a little slower even for a live performance. When you're on stage though, a lot of tempos will pick up on you.

I was trying to decide whether it was Anita O'Day saying, "I wanted to sing at the Met"—which brought a big laugh, from the people who were listening, at the picture of her singing for Rudolph Bing at the Met.

Then a few sustained things brought Ann Richards to mind, but I don't know. Two bells. db

Caught in the Act

AL GREY-BILLY MITCHELL SEXTET

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: Grey, trombone; Mitchell, tenor, alto saxophones; Henry Boozier, trumpet; Gene Kee, piano, Eb horn; Art Davis, bass; Jual Curtis, drums; Ray Barretto, conga.

This is the group that was so successful during an afternoon performance at this year's Newport Jazz Festival that it was hired again for the evening concert. It's easy to see why. Its mood and sounds are a musical anthology of impressively successful contemporary groups and bands.

Melba Liston wrote most the scores played during this one-hour concert, and they are frank facsimiles of the more commercial things she has done for Quincy Jones.

The few other arrangements were generally consistent with this light, but raunchy, swing. It should be noted that Argo recorded the concert, and that may have dictated the selections.

The quintet is unabashedly concerned with the audience. It has borrowed liberally but with reason and within reason, i.e., it has only borrowed from the best of the successful moderns, and its borrowing still has allowed for a distinctive individual stamp.

This is partly so because Grey and Mitchell are heavy on human communication. It is so because Kee's peck horn lends a brass brilliance to the group—of which he is music director. Most especially it is so because nothing untoward happens. Almost everything is utterly predictable, and the musical friendliness is considerably buoyed by attractive sounds and strong swing.

At this concert, Mitchell was especially persuasive on ballads. His one alto solo was a pleasant surprise. Grey was his usual talkative self with plunger mute. Davis was the musical standout, especially in a prolonged solo. But generally, that is about all that can be said.

It is a group about which little criticism can be made. It is functional, pleasant, and, within its own limits, musical. It is certainly not inspiring or provocative. But it does have that special, immediate, and warm quality that will make it successful. —*Coss*

Dizzy Gillespie's early period with the Cab Calloway band indicated that it might be his big break. It didn't quite work out that way, and he himself said years later, "My biggest break came when I left Calloway's band."

Gillespie has said it was Mario Bauza, Calloway's Cuban-born trumpeter and arranger, who recommended him to replace Irving Randolph. The Bauza-Gillespie relationship indicates that Dizzy was interested in Latin rhythms early in his career.

He also has acknowledged interest in the odd effects clarinetist Rudy Powell was getting into his arrangements in 1939. When the Teddy Hill band came into New York to play the Savoy and the 1939 World's Fair, Gillespie had to work out his New York card, and it was during this six-month period that he sat in at rehearsals of the Edgar Hayes band, for which Powell was doing arrangements.

The Calloway band recorded some 65 sides during the two years Gillespie was with it, and there were many on which Gillespie soloed. His most interesting work seemed to come during his first few months in the band, and it appeared as though he might be Calloway's fair-haired boy.

When *A Bee Gezindt* was recorded, the band members introduced the instrumental soloists with unison vocals. Gillespie was brought on with, "He's Diz the whiz, a solid sender, a very close friend of Mrs. Bender." Whereupon the trumpeter blew four bars.

In March, 1940, they recorded *Pickin' the Cabbage*, a tune composed and arranged by Gillespie. This early creative effort was described by Leonard Feather in his book *Inside Bebop* as "a minor-key tune in the two-bar riff tradition of the swing era that goes far enough within the stale pattern to acquire a personal tone-color and a fine sense of dramatic construction."

The record reviewer on *Down Beat* at the time, Dave Dexter, found the tune made up of "a weird theme smacking of Duke Ellington," but he cited Gillespie's long solo as one of the best trumpet solos of the month. Gillespie's playing on *Cabbage* is the first recorded example of his use of advanced harmonies in an involved melodic line and illustrates the promise of the trumpeter's future technical facility and sense of timing.

The Cozy Cole drum specialty, *Paradiddle Joe*, was made on the same session. There was some musical by-play between Dizzy and Cozy on the record that originated from the trumpeter's association with Kenny Clarke, the drummer in the Teddy Hill band. Clarke has said that when he started to get away from steady four-four drumming and began to play off-rhythms, it fascinated Gillespie, who played ideas around the drum figures.

Calloway's 1940-41 band was the greatest aggregation of jazz musicians he ever had, and the leader would graciously refer to the band as belonging to the musicians themselves.

The outstanding star of the band was tenor saxophonist Chu Berry, and it was his solos that interested the jazz fans and record collectors of the day. When the band played a theater or a one-nighter, the jazz fans gathered around Berry, Cole, alto saxophonist Hilton Jefferson, and trombonist Tyree Glenn. As a possible psychological reaction to this attention, Gillespie assumed the role of humorist and constant prankster.

There was also an increasing disenchantment with Gillespie as far as Calloway himself was concerned. Marshall Stearns wrote in *The Story of Jazz* that "Gillespie's harmonic understanding was advanced for his time, and he played notes that many of his contemporaries thought were mistakes." Stearns went on to report that Calloway once screamed at Gillespie, "I don't want you playing that Chinese music in my band."

Jonah Jones was hired for the Calloway trumpet section in early 1941 to replace Bauza, and he received all the homage from the jazz coterie. The occasion was celebrated with the band's recording of *Jonah Joins the Cab*.

It was not a good workshop for Gillespie and his new ideas. Buster Harding was doing all the arrangements, and Gillespie had become resigned to doing a solo now and then. Most of the worthwhile Gillespie discography was, therefore, on his early records with the band. His best solos, aside from those already mentioned, were taken in *Hard Times*, composed by Edgar Battle and arranged by Andy Gibson; *Calling All Bars*, composed by Leonard Feather and arranged by Benny Carter; *Bye, Bye Blues*, and Don Redman's *Cupid's Nightmare*. There are a few more listed in the

accompanying box, but a high percentage of the sides are overrun with the leader's accompanying vocals.

Gillespie's on-stage clowning was proving a rival to Calloway's showmanship, and his antics were becoming more and more directed toward ridiculing the leader. The inevitable blow-up came in a Hartford, Conn., theater in September, 1941.

After a show, Calloway furiously reprimanded Gillespie for shooting spitballs at him. The men in the band later said Dizzy was shooting little paper airplanes, sailed by the men on stage as part of an act, and one of the missiles hit the leader as he was prancing around. In the heated argument, the trumpeter was fired on the spot. Trumpeter Shad Collins came into the band to replace Gillespie, who immediately went into Ella Fitzgerald's band replacing Taft Jordan.

As a sidelight to his days with Calloway, it is interesting to note that Gillespie made an outside recording date in Chicago for Columbia, with vocalist Alice O'Connell (sister of Helen O'Connell) and organist Glenn Hardman. They performed *Once in a Life Time* and *Shades of Twilight*, and a reviewer complimented Gillespie for his "pretty muted trumpet fill-ins."

DIZZY WITH CAB — DISCOGRAPHY

New York City, Nov. 20, 1939

Cab Calloway Orchestra—Dizzy Gillespie, Lamar Wright, Mario Bauza, trumpets; Claude Jones, DePriest Wheeler, Keg Johnson, trombones; Chauncey Haughton, clarinet, alto saxophone; Andy Brown, alto saxophone; Leon (Chu) Berry, Walter (Foots) Thomas, tenor saxophones; Benny Payne, piano; Morris White, guitar; Milton Hinton, bass; Cozy Cole, drums; Cab Calloway leader, vocals.

A BEE GEZINDT (WM 1113) Vocalion 5267

Chicago, March 8, 1940

Same as above except Quentin Jackson and Tyree Glen replace Jones and Wheeler; Hilton Jefferson replaces Haughton, and Danny Barker replaces White. Jerry Blake added on clarinet, alto saxophone.

PICKIN' THE CABBAGE (WC 2983) Vocalion 5467

*CHOP CHOP, CHARLIE CHAN (WC 2984) Vocalion 5444

PARADIDDLE (WC 2985) Vocalion 5467

New York City, May 15, 1940

Same as above.

CALLING ALL BARS (27295) Okeh 5731

HARD TIMES (27299) Vocalion 5566

Chicago, June 27, 1940

Alice O'Connell accompanied by Gillespie, trumpet; Glenn Hardman, organ; Israel Crosby, bass; Cole, drums.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME (WC 3158) Columbia 35579

SHADES OF TWILIGHT (WC 3159) Columbia 35579

Calloway band—same as 3/8/40.

COME ON WITH THE COME-ON (WC 3162) Okeh 5687

BYE, BYE BLUES (WC 3164) Okeh 6084

New York City, Aug. 5, 1940

Same as above.

BOO-WAH-BOO-WAH (27803) Okeh 5774

New York City, Aug. 28, 1940

Same as above.

CUPID'S NIGHTMARE (28513) Okeh 6035

HOT AIR (28517) Okeh 5950

New York City, July 3, 1941

Same as above except Jonah Jones replaces Bauza.

TAKE THE "A" TRAIN (30835) Okeh 6305

*Available on Calloway Epic 3265 on LP.

PERSPECTIVES

By RALPH J. GLEASON

It was good to see Dizzy Gillespie win the International Jazz Critics' Poll. His victory seems to me another indication of the final flowering of appreciation in the jazz world for this most remarkable musician and personality.

The poll victory came at the same time Dizzy was suddenly blossoming into one of the biggest box office attractions in jazz, breaking the house records previously held by Horace Silver and Cannonball Adderley at the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco. It also came on the heels of the announcement that one entire afternoon of the Monteray Jazz Festival would be devoted to Gillespie, with a program that includes Lalo Schifrin's suite, *Gillespiana*, and the J. J. Johnson composition for Dizzy and brass, *Perceptions*.

During the course of his three weeks at the Jazz Workshop early this summer (he returned there Aug. 8 for another record-breaking gig, a nine-week contract) it was my pleasure to hear the group more than half a dozen times. There is at the same time too little and too much to say, as James Baldwin has remarked in another, though not unrelated, context.

Dizzy's group is undoubtedly the best

small band he has had in years—maybe since the one at Billy Berg's with Bird and Bags. He, himself, has never played better, and it is important to note that the group does something that is beginning to be the measure of good jazz: it avoides clichés of routine, of solo, and of idea; and its library is overwhelmingly made up of original works by Gillespie, Schifrin, and other jazz artists. Even the tunes that do not come from those sources—whether *St. Louis Blues* or *Lady Be Good*—Gillespie turns into full-fledged jazz works by virtue of the intricate, if seemingly casual, manner in which they are routined and arranged. And if you think it *is* simple, try memorizing one of them.

Gillespie, like Duke Ellington, has reached a point in his development wherein he is forced, by the dynamic of his own productivity, into repeating numbers he originated years ago. Again, like Duke (and for the same reasons, I suspect) he has taken the same solution. The original *Night in Tunisia*, *Manteca*, and others, are now only skeletons for numbers which are based on them but really are entirely new composition. Schifrin has aided in this, being a sort of Billy Strayhorn to Dizzy's Ellington, and the individual talents of the group contribute to the alteration of the tunes. On the Afro-Cuban numbers, for instance, Schifrin's extraordinary ability to solo in this idiom is given full scope.

Even though our English cousins

have on occasion wondered why American critics tolerate Gillespie's humor while putting down that of Armstrong, the humor in the Gillespie performance has added a great deal to his box-office value. At the same time, the music has never suffered because of his humor; music is always the paramount element. And, finally, Dizzy's humor is merely the off-stage Dizzy onstage.

And it is something else. It is a satirical comment on life, which is why it is different from the show business, hokey humor other leaders have affected. As a matter of fact, Gillespie is a lot funnier, as well as a lot sharper, more satirical, and more important as a comedian than, say, Bob Newhart or Dick Gregory. It is by no means to underestimate Gillespie as a trumpet virtuoso (he's only the most powerful jazz has produced on his instrument) to point out that he could do an entire show without his horn and still put it over.

In this era of revisionism, anyone connected with the farm and the field or the city slum gets to be a folk singer if he can hum a tune. Gillespie, singing *School Days* or *Blues Chanté,* is just as much a folk singer as Mance Lipscomb singing *Pollywoddle Doodle* or Lightnin' Hopkins singing *Mojo Hand.*

It was about time he got in the Hall of Fame, as he did in *Down Beat's* last Readers Poll, and any time he wants to run for President, he's got two votes in this household and three more, if he'll wait till they're 21. DB

THE JAZZ LIFE, by Nat Hentoff. Published by Dial Press, 255 pages. $5.

These days, when readers are likely to skip introductions, it is well to point out Hentoff's note on page 8: "The book has been written for the nonspecialist reader. . . ." It is his intention to "explore several of the social, economic, and psychological elements that make up the context of jazz," hoping that by telling the stories of some jazzmen in such a way, he will make their music less disembodied.

The book is a popular sociology of jazz makers. "The jazz life, in short," Hentoff writes, "is the total existence of its players."

To express this totality of existence for his readers, he has projected some experiences of a score or so jazz musicians, presenting a scattered social profile of the life and the jazzman who lives it.

This is not good sociology, but it is interesting reading, and it should provoke more jazz writing in a similar vein.

The book's strongest point is the author's own individuality—the jazzness of the book, his jazz life, if you will. In that manner is the opening chapter, "Night School at the Savoy", which deals with Hentoff's introduction to jazz. Its premise and tone fit this book (which, after all, is really Hentoff's jazz life and some other jazz lives, rather than the totality he allows the reader to presume he has presented). An autobiography of a jazz friend describes the scope of this book better than does the implied detachment of later chapters.

Each person's jazz life is different. Nat and I spent the same years at the Savoy in Boston. But we remember altogether different things. Or he thinks some things are more important than I do. He remembers its manager as "a remarkably even-tempered, beer-bloated Irishman." I remember him as a kind man perhaps inordinately proud of the fact that he was friendly with writer George Frazier. Hentoff remembers elaborate put-ons and police squeezes. I remember that bouncer Jesse Crawford moved troublemakers onto the street with more speed and less fuss than anyone I've ever seen. He remembers Sidney Bechet throwing shot glasses at his musicians. I remember Bob Wilber and Dick Wellstood racing between their Dixieland sets at the Savoy to the Hi-Hat to listen to Howard McGhee.

But it is not a question here of which set of memories, or selection of them, is better. The persistent point is that the personal account, even when garbed in a sociological framework, is misleading, at least partially erroneous, no matter how enjoyable.

For example, if the jazz life is the total existence of its players, why does this book almost entirely avoid the white jazz musician? Of the six fine biographies — Count Basie, Charlie Mingus, John Lewis, Miles Davis, Ornette Coleman, and Thelonious Monk—is it not so that each one is almost violently untypical of the average musician?

Each biography is about an established leader. Nowhere is there such space devoted to the unestablished, to the nonleader, to the sideman of long standing — white, Negro, young, old, successful or not. There is the question of space, of course, but the casual reader will not know that, and the informed reader may well wonder why there is so much singular concentration in many areas in a book that purports to tell a story of some width.

This time it is a question of questioning Hentoff's choices. Avid jazz readers will read much here that they have seen before in various magazines and in liner notes, for Hentoff has collected liberally from his own writing and quotes extensively from others.

One wonders why he chose to attack Newport once again. There are other, more pertinent, studies to be made in "Bringing Dignity to Jazz". Both the recording stories are interesting, but they have been printed before. Three of the biographies are, for the most part, rewrites of his own *Esquire* articles.

In his discussions of racial prejudice and/or bitterness, Hentoff is a perceptive reporter. But, even here, his personal jazz life must interfere. Too many times, he reports the story without assessing it from its several sides. Yet he will do exactly such assessing at other times.

I believe he is wrong in his assessment of the jazz musician's political urge, especially about the potential that rests there. He is unnecessarily malicious (which he admits and seems sorry for on page 249) when he writes of anyone for whom he has no respect. He seems not well-enough informed about the Negro middle class and the effect of it on the young jazz musician. He should know that Basie has fought a special kind of antiprejudice fight with his bookings.

He is naive when he calls Mingus "ruthlessly honest". With no disrespect meant to Mingus, the only thing clear to this long-time friend is that Mingus is ruthlessly Mingus, and that *does* include a great deal of honesty, but Hentoff does not make that clear for several pages after his first comment. Perhaps he does not make it clear at all, even then.

He is naive, too, in some of the anecdotes he chooses to illustrate his points. Perhaps he is only concerned with the points they make, not necessarily with whether they are true or not.

With all that, it may seem strange that I would recommend the book. I do. The illustration of what I consider its faults, should serve only as a warning that Hentoff put his own limits on his portrayal of the jazz life and that what is presented here is more often his own jazz life and the jazz life of a handful of others. With that firmly in mind, the reader should wander freely through a book that is interesting, provocative, and unique. —*Coss* DB

feather's nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

Recently, I attended a screening in Hollywood of some early short film features involving jazz artists. The films were supplied by John H. Baker, owner of a unique library of jazz on celluloid. Despite the often infuriating shortcomings of most of the films, there was enough good music and nostalgia to make the occasion fascinating and memorable.

With the exception of *Jamin' the Blues*, all the films had been out of circulation for years. The earliest (1929) were *St. Louis Blues* by Bessie Smith with James P. Johnson's band, and *Black and Tan Fantasy* by Duke Ellington's Cotton Club Orchestra with Fred Washington dancing. Ellington was seen again in *Symphony in Black*, a 1935 short that showed, with tantalizing brevity, a 19-year-old Billie Holiday, singing 12 bars on *Saddest Tale*.

Both Miss Smith and Miss Holiday were shown being kicked to the floor by their men. Ellington at one point was shown beset by an Amos-and-Andy type of couple, come to seize his piano for want of payments (and soon mollified by a slug of bootleg gin). Every scene that showed the private life of a Negro, in these and other shorts, was set in a slum or hovel populated by crap-shooters, hooch-guzzlers, janitors, or illiterates.

Later items, racially less offensive, still were conceived with an imagination limited to corny dream sequences, as in Jimmy Rushing's 1941 acting bit with the lovely Wini Johnson in a pastiche of Count Basie shorts, and Lena Horne's kitchen-helper bit in the 1942 *Boogie-Woogie Dream*, in which she imagines herself the star of the show, with pianists Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson, and sings an old blues I wrote for her called *Unlucky Woman*. But at least Miss Johnson was shown living in a pleasantly furnished apartment, and Miss Horne (both in and out of the dream) was at Café Society.

Perhaps the most frustrating items were the 1932 Louis Armstrong opus, in which the dream places Armstrong and his comedy vaudeville act in heaven (the song, of course, was *I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You*) and the New Orleans funeral short, for which Bunk Johnson's narration, superimposed over the music of his band, was so appallingly recorded that it was almost impossible to understand a word he said.

Only Fats Waller came through unsullied. His buoyant sense of comedy was never in poor taste; singing and playing *Honeysuckle Rose, Ain't Misbehavin'* and *Your Feet's too Big*, he was an undated, timeless joy, and never a Tom.

The Benny Goodman Trio, going through 1953 revival motions, was meaningless when one reflected that the history-making, fresh trio of 1935 was never filmed. Not only was a 1935 interracial jazz group held unfilmable; as late as 1950 Buddy DeFranco was eased out of a Basie short while Marshall Royal took his place on camera, no doubt because there is an enormous ofay market for Basie shorts in Birmingham, Ala.

Hollywood is still asleep. For the only first-rate presentation of jazz on film we have to thank persons outside the movie industry (Norman Granz for *Jammin' the Blues*, Bert Stern for *Jazz on a Summer's Day*) or outside the country (the French or Swedish producers who used Miles Davis, Art Blakey, and Quincy Jones, while Hollywood passed them by).

What can be done to bring to visual life, decades from now, the artists of the present and future? Is there a hope that they may be filmed in documentary style, without a plot line, or at least without being cast as narcotics addicts, servants, or buffoons? Will the musicologists of 1999 have a chance to watch the Modern Jazz Quartet, John Coltrane, and Cannonball Adderley at work without having their view obscured by a line of chorus girls or a tenement garbage can?

Somebody had better act fast. With jazz at its present level of acceptance, there is no excuse for a parallel, in our time, of the errors Hollywood made in ruining so many magnificent chances that are now lost forever. DB

AD LIB

(Continued from page 10)

motors of this year's Music at Newport festival, are due for a Chicago extravaganza, dates not yet set, and a Harlem jazz festival, Oct. 27-28, to be held at the 369th regiment armory. Despite Bernstein's press statement to the contrary, he will meet with Newport officials in November to discuss the possibility of his returning there next year. His only other committment for next summer is the Catskill Music Festival at Hunter, N.Y. . . . And, altogether new, as far as jazz is concerned, is the current Matson Line Sail with the Stars cruises. As the steamship line outlines it, its Hawaii-bound cruise ships will carry performing entertainers at all times. The first sailing was Aug. 31. Among our kind on the passenger-entertainer list are **Mel Tormé**, the **Hi-Lo's**, and **June Christy**.

Among the interesting, re-created groups that have performed in this year's Museum of Modern Art concerts are those led by **Buck Clayton** and **Dick Wellstood**. With pianist Wellstood were two members of the band led by the late **Fats Waller** — trumpeter **Herman Autrey** and clarinetist **Gene Sedric**. Bassist **Buell Neidlinger** and drummer **Panama Francis** completed the group. Clayton joined trumpets with **Emmett Berry**, plus trombonist **Dickie Wells**, tenor saxophonist **Buddy Tate**, alto saxophonist **Earl Warren**, pianist **Sir Charles Thompson**, bassist **Gene Ramey**, and drummer **Oliver Jackson**.

Other groups around New York last month were those of **Chico Hamilton**, **Ornette Coleman**, **Aretha Franklin**, and **John Coltrane**. With Hamilton were **Charles Lloyd**, reeds; **Nathan Gershman**, cello; **Harry Polk**, guitar; **Buddy Catlett**, bass. Coleman's new group includes **Bobby Bradford**, trumpet; **Jimmy Garrison**, bass; **C. M. Moffett**, drums. Miss Franklin is backed by a duo—bassist **Larry Gales** and drummer **Sticks Evans**. Coltrane now has a quintet that includes **McCoy Tyner**, piano; **Reggie Workman** and **Art Davis**, basses; **Elvin Jones**, drums.

Book news: **Bob Reisner's** biography of the late **Charlie Parker** is scheduled to be out late this month, published by Citadel, 400 or so pages, 50 of them with photographs. **Brubeck** news: **Dave** signed for five years with **Joe Glaser's** ABC booking office. Unique band news: **Charles Hardwick**, a Jacksonville, Fla., investor has financed the new **Leo Andrews** band to the tune of $50,000. The band has a six-man nucleus from the North Texas College Lab Band and will tour nationwide this fall, possibly under ABC banners. Personal news: Orange, N.J., pianist **Don Lambert**, long a special favorite of fans in that area and musicians who travel from this tight big city, has recovered from a serious illness.

The wild thought of the month revolves around the knowledge that **Billy May** has written arrangements of Polynesian music for his band with **Charlie Barnet** as the soloist. Capitol will record it . . . Columbia has released an André Previn collection — his piano with strings, interpreting several **Duke Ellington** evergreens, under the title *A Touch of Elegance* . . . Epic is releasing *The Explosive Piano of Herman Foster* . . . Victor has *Al (He's the King) Hirt* and **Peter Nero's** *New Piano in Town* on the release sheet . . . Prestige's new pop label is called Tru-Sound. **Ron Eyre** of Prestige says the company is releasing a single, *We Ain't Got Integration*, a satire by **Babs Gonzales** . . . **Erroll Garner** already has cut another album for his Octave label, distributed by

ABC-Paramount — sales were that immediate on the first.

NEW ORLEANS

A group of New Orleans musicians is attempting to direct some of the profits from the city's growing recording industry to that industry's most neglected and essential element—the sideman. A new record company, AFO (All for One), has been formed by several musicians, including **Harold Batiste, Melvin Lastie, Alvin Tyler,** and **Chuck Badie.** AFO members make the records and share in the profits from record sales as well. The infant company hopes to make a dent in the city's highly lucrative rhythm-and-blues market.

Hank Kmen, tenor-man-about-town now with **Phil Zito's** band, has received his doctorate in history from Tulane University. Kmen is preparing a voluminous study of early opera and carnival balls in New Orleans, which should shed light on the too-little-researched history of the jazz dance.

Joe Mares of Southland records organized a distinguished crew of Dixie veterans and newcomers for a July recording date. The session featured **Dutch Andrus,** trumpet; **Bill Crais,** trombone; **Pinky Vidacovich,** clarinet; **Armand Hug,** piano; **Chink Martin,** bass; **Monk Hazel,** drums; **Betty Farmer,** vocals. Vidacovich, widely known as a local-color humorist, has recorded his characterizations of the bayou-dwelling French Acadians in a new Mercury album, *Tales of Cajun Pete.*

The **American Jazz Quintet,** the most competent and adventurous of New Orleans' modern jazz groups, is conducting a summer jazz workshop. Weekly classes in theory and improvisation are being offered by clarinetist **Alvin Batiste,** tenorist **Nat Perrilliat,** pianist **Ellis Marsalis,** bassist **Richard Payne,** and drummer **James Black.**

DETROIT

Jack Brokensha and **Bess Bonnier** completed their first year at the Au Sable . . . **Ken Bolton's** workshop sessions, at the Minor Key, have proved to be a big success. The house has been filled to capacity several times . . . Checker Bar-B-Q is continuing after-hours jazz at both locations. Detroit must be partial to two-beat. Every club in town that features Dixieland seems to be successful . . . The bats aren't the only things swinging at Tiger Stadium. **Merle Alvey** has a five-piece Dixie group that roams the stadium between innings.

The Roostertail kept things humming all summer by featuring jazz and pop name bands. It started in June with **Pee Wee Hunt** and followed with two weeks each of **Johnny Long, Bobby**

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CHICAGO

The promoters of the **Modern Jazz Quartet's** scheduled concerts at the University of Wisconsin Union Theater are burning with anger at the quartet. On the afternoon of the group's concert, the management of the theater received a telephone call from New York City: the quartet would not be able to fulfill the committment because of transportation difficulties. The group had planned to fly to the Madison, Wis., date, according to theater officials, but the officials were puzzled by what the transportation difficulty could have been—there was no problem with weather conditions.

Singer **Abbey Lincoln** walked out after her first show at the Shhh key club. Miss Lincoln said the audience noise and inadequate dressing room facilities contributed to her decision to leave. The management also asked her to give up her table in the club; several of her friends were at the table . . . **Taffy Douglas,** Chicago vocalist, is back in town after a three-year absence during which she toured Europe, Canada, and South America . . . **Odetta** took **Sarah Vaughan's** place at two Ravinia Park concerts in early August. **Duke Ellington** also was on the concert bill . . . **Oscar Brown Jr.** has set the premiere date for his *Kicks & Company:* Sept. 27, at McCormick Place Theater . . . Promoter **Frank Fried** of Triangle Productions plans five folk-music concerts this fall. Artists and dates are **Josh White,** Oct. 14; **Miriam Makeba** and the **Chad Mitchell** Trio, Nov. 3; **Pete Seeger, Ewan McCall, Peggy Seeger,** Dec. 1; **Carlos Montoya,** Dec. 8; the **Clancy Brothers** and **Tommy Makem,** Dec. 30. The concerts will be held at Orchestra Hall.

Dizzy Gillespie's big band was at the Regal Theater in mid-August . . . **Sun Ra** and his group were off to Montreal for three weeks in August. The group will vacation as well as work a gig at that city's El Morocco . . . The Tradewinds has been purchased by the owner of New York's Living Room. It is to be remodeled and renamed.

Bassist **Israel Crosby,** for the last few years **Ahmad Jamal's** left hand, was hospitalized last month. He had a growth on his lung removed.

LOS ANGELES

The new **Steve Allen** show, debuting on ABC-TV Oct. 4, will feature well-known jazz groups every other week. The first group will be **Les McCann's.**

Roulette records was placed on AFM Local 47's "advance payment" list, which means the label must deposit in front the payment for musicians on

planned record dates prior to the actual recording. Roulette, according to 47's vice president **Max Herman,** "recently paid up its delinquencies" to the union.

On his return to settle permanently in southern California (in swank Brentwood), **Kid Ory** was greeted at the Los Angeles railroad station by a welcoming committee comprising members of the Southern California Hot Jazz Society, a marching band and assorted city fathers. Ory first came to L.A. as a working jazzman in 1919.

Ace studio and big-band trumpeter **Ray Linn** has taken over personal management of **Barney Kessel,** who recently debuted a new trio (guitar, bass, drums) at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood. Kessel, incidentally, eloped the first week in August with **Betty Jane Baker. Mickey Rooney** and **Buddy Baker** are her former husbands. The Kessels were married in Las Vegas. The guitarist is tentatively set (as seems most of the talent) for the Monterey Jazz Festival, Sept. 22-24 . . . Despite the apparent absence of a press office for the festival this year, word seeps through on prospective talent. This reportedly includes **Stuff Smith, Big Miller,** and an all-star brass ensemble including Ray Linn, **Conte Candoli, Al Porcino,** trumpets (augmented by three trumpeters of the San Francisco symphony orchestra); **Lloyd Ulyate, Harry Betts, Frank Rosolino, Kenny Shroyer,** trombones; **Red Callender,** tuba; **Stella Castellucci,** harp; **Red Mitchell,** bass; **Mel Lewis,** drums. The ensemble is to be conducted by **Gunther Schuller** in performances of *Gillespiana;* a new **J. J. Johnson** tone poem for brass; and *Velvet Brass,* featuring **George Shearing** at the piano.

Ben Shapiro held over the **Les McCann** Trio for an additional fortnight at the Renaissance. The group played through August. Shapiro scored a first by bringing in the **Kenny Dorham** All-Stars. The group followed McCann and is in for a month. Besides trumpeter Dorham, the personnel includes **Jackie McLean,** alto saxophone; **Kenny Drew,** piano; **Wilbur Ware,** bass; **Art Taylor,** drums. **John Coltrane** is set to follow Oct. 2.

Joyce Collins, jazz pianist and member of Local 47's board of directors, went into the Summit as intermission relief with **Bob Bertaux** on bass . . . There's a veritable phalanx of two-beat talent at the Roaring 20s on Restaurant Row—**Wild Bill Davison,** trumpet; **Warren Smith,** trombone; **Pud Brown,** clarinet and tenor; **Bill Campbell** and **Joe Durham,** pianos; and drummers **Ray Bauduc** and **Nick Pelico.**

Parlay of the Month: **Jonah Jones** will record an LP with **Glen Gray's** (recording) Casa Loma Orchestra with charts by **Benny Carter.**

Record Notes: Pianist **Ben Di Tosti** signed an exclusive pact with **Dick Bock's** World Pacific label. His first album, a jazz version of the music from *Carnival,* is due out this month . . . September will be an action month for **Stan Kenton,** also. The band cuts a jazz LP Sept. 14 in New York City while working Basin Street East; the following day sees a new Kenton single released by Capitol, and the album of music from *West Side Story* is due out Sept. 17 . . . **Kay Stevens,** newly signed with Columbia, recorded her first set on the job in the lounge of Las Vegas' Riviera Hotel in mid-August.

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: **Dave Brubeck, Carmen McRae, Brothers Four,** to 9/13. **Stan Kenton, Chris Connor, Oscar Peterson,** to 10/4.
Birdland: **Dizzy Gillespie, Slide Hampton,** to 9/13.
Bon Aire Lodge: **Sol Fisch,** *t/n.*
Condon's: **Pee Wee Russell, Marshall Brown, Ruby Braff,** *t/n.*
Copa City: *unk.*
Embers: **Ray Bryant** to 9/2.
Five Spot: **Eric Dolphy-Booker Little,** *t/n.*
Half Note: *unk.*
Hickory House: **Don Shirley,** *t/n.*
Jazz Gallery: **Art Blakey,** *t/n.*
Metropole: **Sol Yaged, Gene Krupa, Woody Herman, Cozy Cole,** *t/n.*
Nick's: **Kenny Davern,** *t/n.*
Roundtable: **Dukes of Dixieland** to 9/14.
Ryan's: **Wilbur DeParis, Don Fry,** *t/n.*
Versailles: **Blossom Dearie,** *t/n.*
Village Gate: **John Coltrane,** *t/n.*
Village Vanguard: **Stan Getz,** to 9/10.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **Tony Spair,** *hb.*
Chez Odette (New Hope): **Peanuts Hucko,** Mon.
Krechmer's: **Billy Krechmer,** *hb.*
Lamp Post (Levittown, Pa.): **Derf Nolde 5.**
Music Circus (Lambertville, N.J.): **Count Basie,** 8/28. Mon. sessions.
Paddock (Trenton): **Capitol City 5,** wknds.
Peps: **Dinah Washington,** 9/4-9. **Nina Simone,** 9/11-16.
Red Hill Inn: **Jimmy Wisner-Norma Mendoza,** wknds. to 9/3. **Stan Kenton,** 9/5-10.
San Souci (Camden): **Vince Montana,** *t/n.*
Woodland Inn: **Bernard Peiffer,** *t/n.*

NEW ORLEANS

Cosimo's: **Nat Perrilliat,** wknds.
Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt,** 8/22-9/13.
Dream Room: **Santo Pecora,** *hb.*
Ebb Tide: **Melvin Lastee,** wknds.
Famous Door: **Murphy Campo, Mike Lala,** *t/n.*
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain,** *t/n.*
Joe Burton's: **Joe Burton,** *t/n.*
Joy Tavern: **Alvin Tyler,** wknds.
Lee Roy's: **Blanche Thomas, Dave Williams,** *t/n.*
Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby,** *t/n.*
Pretty Acres Lounge: **Buddy Prima,** wknds.
Prince Conti (motel): **Armand Hug,** *t/n.*
Preservation Hall (Slow Drag): various traditional groups.
Spotty's: **Ralph Johnson,** wknds.

DETROIT

Au Sable: **Jack Brokensha,** *t/n.*
Baker's Keyboard: **Oscar Peterson** to 9/2, **Hank Trevison,** 9/4-9.
Checker Bar-B-Q: **Ronnie Phillips,** *t/n.*
Drome: **Dorothy Ashby:** wknds.
Empire: **Smokey Stover** to 9/9.
Hobby Bar: **Terry Pollard,** *t/n.*
Kevin House: **Bill Richards,** *t/n.*
Minor Key: **Chico Hamilton** to 9/2. **Art Blakey,** 9/5-9.
Roostertail: **Woody Herman** to 9/9.
Trent's Lounge: **Bobby Laurel,** *t/n.*
Tami-Ami: **Bourbon Street Paraders,** *t/n.*

CHICAGO

Alhambra: **Ahmad Jamal,** *t/n.*
Basin St.: **Earl Hines** to 9/3. **Muggsy Spanier,** 9/4-17.
Birdhouse: **Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt** to 8/27. **Horace Silver,** 8/30-9/10. **Cannonball Adderley,** 9/13-24. **Miles Davis,** 9/27-10/8. **Thelonious Monk,** 10/11-22.
Black Eyed Pea: **Frank Liberio,** *t/n.*
Blind Pig: Jazz session, Mon. Blues session, Tues.
Bourbon St.: **Bob Scobey, Art Hodes,** *t/n.*
Cafe Continental: **Dave Remington,** *t/n.*
Gate of Horn: **Will Holt, Dolly Jonah,** to 8/27. **Geula Gill, Oranim Zabar** Troupe, 8/29-9/10. **Lionel Stander,** 9/12-24. **Studs Terkel,** Mon.
Hey Rube: **Little Brother Montgomery,** *t/n.*
Ivy Lounge: **Rick Frigo,** *t/n.*
Jazz Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt, Clancy Hayes,** *t/n.* **Franz Jackson,** Thurs.
London House: **Red Nichols** to 8/27. **Paul Smith,** 8/29-9/17. **Eddie Higgins, Larry Novack,** *hbs.*
Mister Kelly's: **Julie London, Bobby Troup,** to 8/27. **Marty Rubenstein, Dick Marx-John Frigo,** *hbs.*
Red Arrow: **Franz Jackson,** wknds.
Scotch Mist: **Pat Manago,** *t/n.*

LOS ANGELES

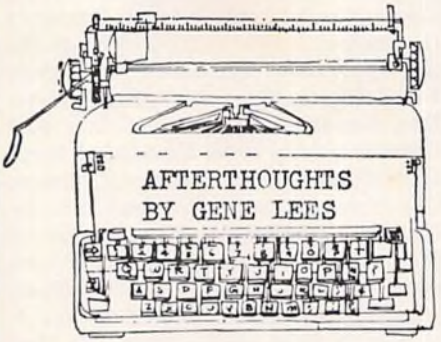
Beverly Cavern: **Teddy Buckner,** *t/n.*
Black Orchid: **Richard (Groove) Holmes,** *t/n.*
Blue Beet (Newport): **Vince Wallace,** wknds.
Brown Derby (Wilshire): **Jess Stacy,** *t/n.*
Club Havana: **Rene Bloch,** *t/n.*
Crescendo: *unk.*
Digger: Name grps., wknds.
Encore: *unk.*
Geno's Bit: **Leroy Vinnegar,** *t/n.*
Green Bull: **Johnny Lucas,** wknds.
Holiday House: **Betty Bryant,** wknds.
Hollywood Palladium: **Lawrence Welk,** *hb.,* wknds.
Honeybucket: **South Frisco Jazz Band,** *t/n.*
Hermosa Inn: **The Saints,** wknds.
Jimmie Diamond's (San Bernardino): **Edgar Hayes,** *t/n.*
Jim's Roaring 20's (Downey): **Johnny Lane,** *t/n.*
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey,** *hb.* Name grps., Sun.
Limelight (POP): **Delta Rhythm Kings,** *t/n.*
Losers: **Pete Jolly-Ralph Pena,** *t/n.*
M Club: Name grps., wknds.
Melody Room: **Ronnie Brown, Tito Rivera,** *t/n.*
Maxie's: *unk.*
Nickelodeon: **Sunset Jazz Band,** wknds.
Paris Theatre: Sat. and Sun. morning sessions, **Alan Marlowe.**
PJ's: **Eddie Cano,** *t/n.*
Renaissance: **Kenny Dorham** thru Sept. **John Coltrane** opens Oct. 2.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): **Wild Bill Davison, Warren Smith, Johnny Tartola, Bill Campbell, Nick Pelico, Pud Brown, Joe Durham, Ray Bauduc,** *t/n.*
Rosie's Red Banjo: **Art Levin,** *t/n.*
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis, Marvin Jenkins, Bob Martin,** *t/n.*
Sheraton West: **Cal Gooden,** *t/n.*
Sherry's: **Yvon Pershing,** *t/n.*
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne, Helen Humes,** wknds. **Frank Rosolino,** Mon. **Teddy Edwards,** Tues. **Paul Horn, Emil Richards,** Wed. **Barney Kessel,** Thurs.
Storyville: **John Henderson, Dixie Rebels,** *t/n.*
Summit: **Joyce Collins, Bob Bertaux,** *t/n.*
Town Hill: *unk.*
Ye Little Club: *unk.*

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: **Cal Tjader. Joe Loco,** to 9/5.
Jazz Workshop: **Dizzy Gillespie** to 10/9. **Cannonball Adderley** opens 10/10.
Black Sheep: **Wingie Manone,** *t/n.*
On-the-Levee: **Joe Sullivan,** Fri., Sat. *t/n.*
Pier 23: **Burt Bales,** *t/n.*
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy, Pat Yankee,** *t/n.*
Fairmont Hotel: **Buddy Hackett.**
Stereo-Club: **John Handy,** *t/n.*
Soulville: **Atlee Chapman. Cowboy Noyd,** *t/n.*
Sugar Hill: **Brownie McGhee, Sonny Terry,** to 8/20. **Barbara Dane, Wellman Braud, Ken Whitson** open 8/21 *t/n.*

JAZZ FESTIVALS

Indiana State Fair (Indianapolis): 9/1 (one performance).
Atlantic City (N. J.): 9/2 (one performance).
Monterey (Monterey, Calif): 9/22-24 (five performances).
Wisconsin Union (Madison, Wis): 10/6-7 (two performances).



This is the last *Afterthoughts* column. I have resigned as editor of *Down Beat*. I'm leaving several articles in the can for later use, but from this issue on, Don DeMicheal is in charge of the editorial direction of the magazine.

The two years and five months I have been with the magazine have been, for me, a period of tremendous challenge, intense stimulation, and deep interest. John Maher, owner of the magazine, permitted me a degree of editorial freedom that few editors are lucky enough to know. It is sad to clean out your desk, go through old correspondence, and smell the past. But at least I leave knowing the magazine is in good hands and can be expected to continue growing and improving.

My reason for leaving has nothing to do with the magazine.

Three months ago, I spent a long and hellish night in a hospital bed with a fever that had passed 105, sweating like the sick animal I was, and in pain unlike anything I had ever imagined. Much of the time I was delirious. Yet fever can burn away the fog in your mind and leave you with a clarity of thinking that makes all previous perception seem unfocussed.

I remember looking up at the nurse who was by the bed all that night. She looked like an angel to me—a worried angel. And I knew she wasn't sure whether I'd be around in the morning. Strangely enough, I wasn't frightened. I just grew angry at fate, or whatever you want to call it, and made up my mind I was going to make it.

And, of course, I did. And when the fever was gone, I knew that life is very short and very precious and there is no time to do anything but those things that are most important to us. I found that the fever had left in its wake a decision.

I gave myself a few more weeks to think it over, which is to say that I went through the motions of thinking it over. But the decision arose of itself that night. I knew what I was going to do.

For many years, Paul Gauguin was a successful Paris stock-market man for whom painting was a secondary activity. One day, Sunday painting simply wasn't enough any more. He walked out on his career and became a painter. The rest of the story you know.

Without wishing, for obvious reasons, to exaggerate the parallel to Gauguin in this case, I would say that for years I have felt about singing as Gauguin did about painting. It is something I wanted to do, toyed with, but never *really* did anything about. Probably because I had nothing of my own to say musically.

But something came, a view of singing that may draw from many sources but is, in the total of it, mine and mine alone. Maybe it baked firm in the heat of that fever. I don't know .

But I know this: most popular music in this country today is hogwash. Nor do I mean simply rock-and-roll. Even the "quality" ballads are mostly silly little saccharine murmurings about love and spring and masochism.

There is *so* much more that can be said. The ballad singers of medieval England and the *trouveres* in France knew where it was at. They sang stories of love, yes, but also of death and life and fear and courage and consecration.

This is what I want to do—or rather, this is what I must do, no matter what the hazards and hardships. When I can't find the kind of material I want, I'll just have to write it, which is why I have begun studying composition.

Haven't I considered the possibility that I'll fail? Not really. As Blake said, "If the Sun and Moon did doubt, they would immediately go out." There isn't time for doubting, there isn't time for anything but faith. As a long-ago Buddhist wise man said, "When you walk, just walk. When you sit, just sit. Above all, don't wobble." There isn't time for wobbling. There is time only for being fully and completely alive—and that is something a man who fails to do what his own secret heart wants him to do can never be.

I don't really care about success or failure, as a matter of fact. I care only about being myself, not ten other guys the society thinks I ought to be.

So that's it. The first gig is set for Sept. 1 at a Chicago club called the Scotch Mist. I've got a lot of dues to pay, a lot of mistakes to make, a lot of hard work and study and sweat ahead of me. I look forward to it with a peace of mind and a kind of quiet joy unlike anything I have ever known.

That's why this is the last *Afterthoughts* column.

I want to acknowledge some debts. While the decision was mine alone to make, I was privileged to have the counsel and encouragement of three wonderful and treasured friends: Quincy Jones, Richard Bock, and Mel Tormé. I thank them for it. And I thank John Maher for understanding.

Later . . . db

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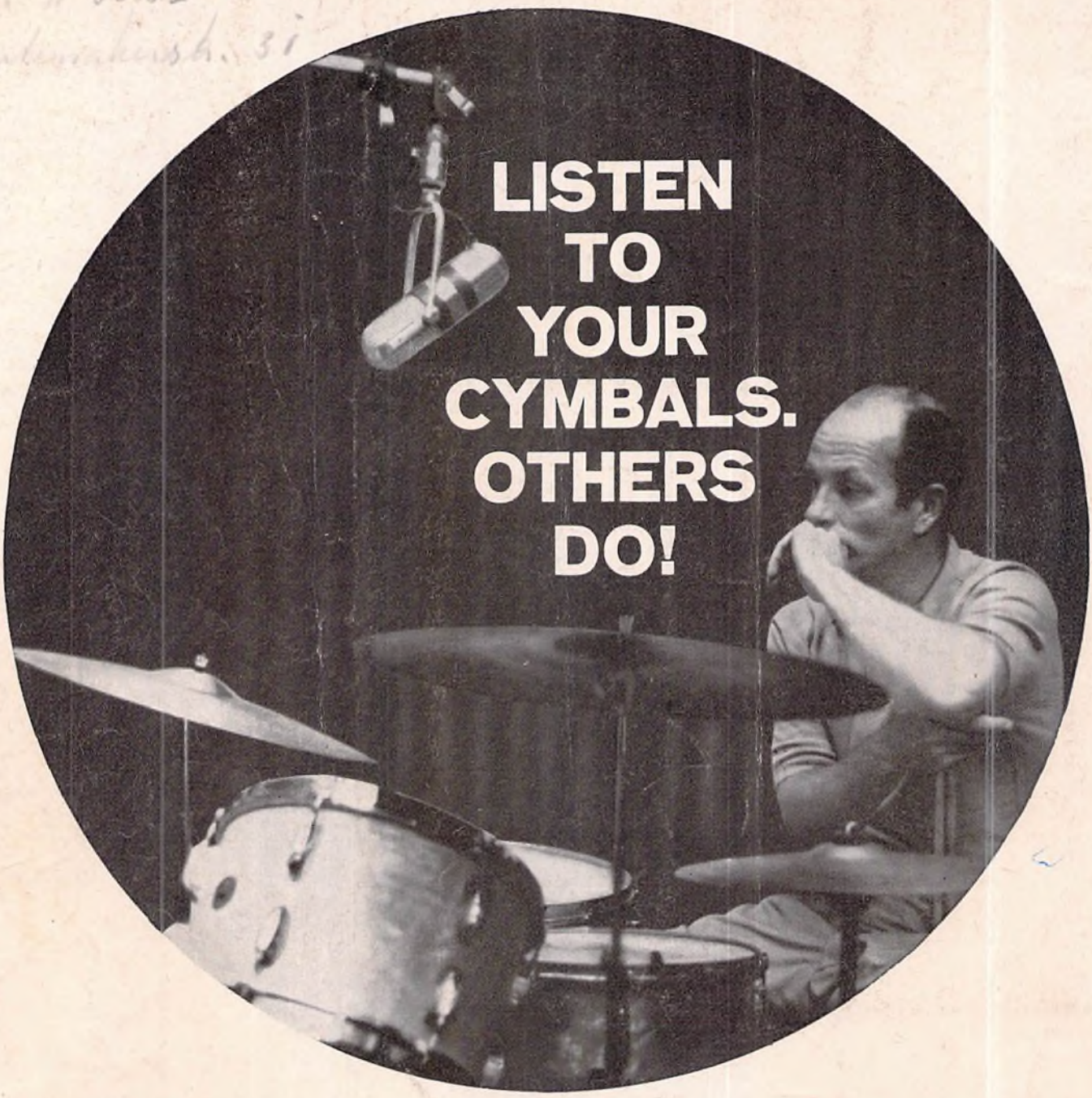

Don Lamond is his own severest critic! Here he's listening to his cymbals on a playback of the great new RCA Victor stereo album, "Son of Drum Suite."

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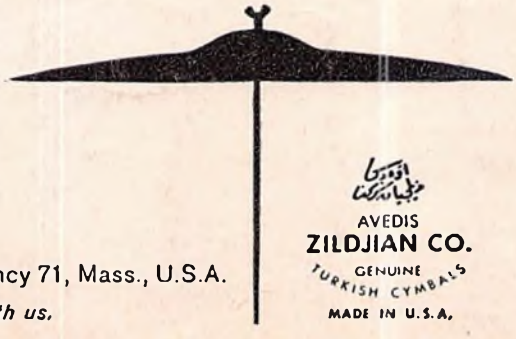

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