

OCTOBER 12, 1961 35¢

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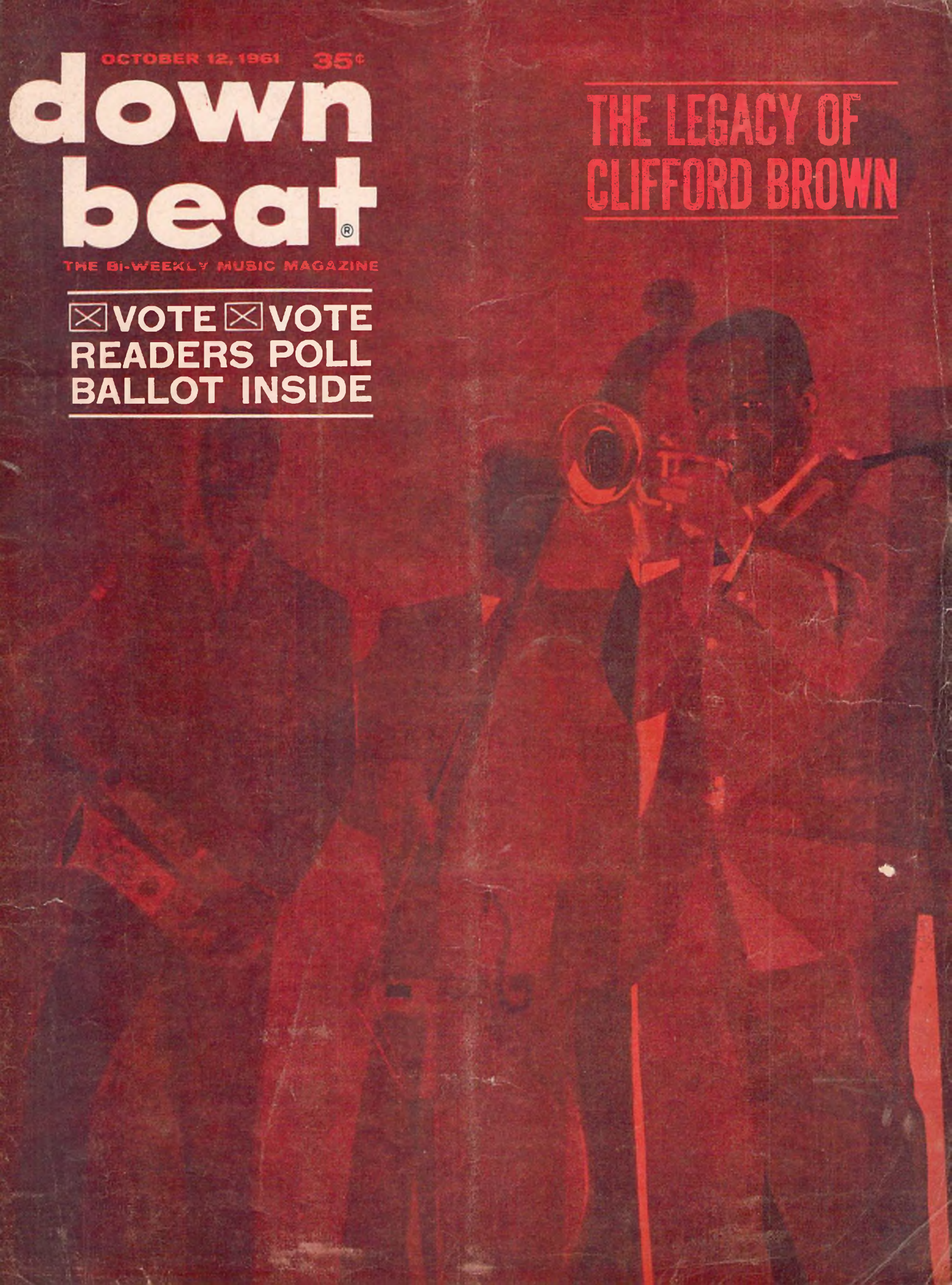
THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

VOTE  VOTE  
READERS POLL  
BALLOT INSIDE

---

THE LEGACY OF  
CLIFFORD BROWN

---



# the fabulous Morello

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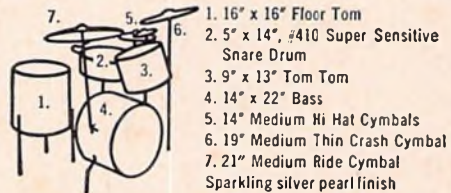
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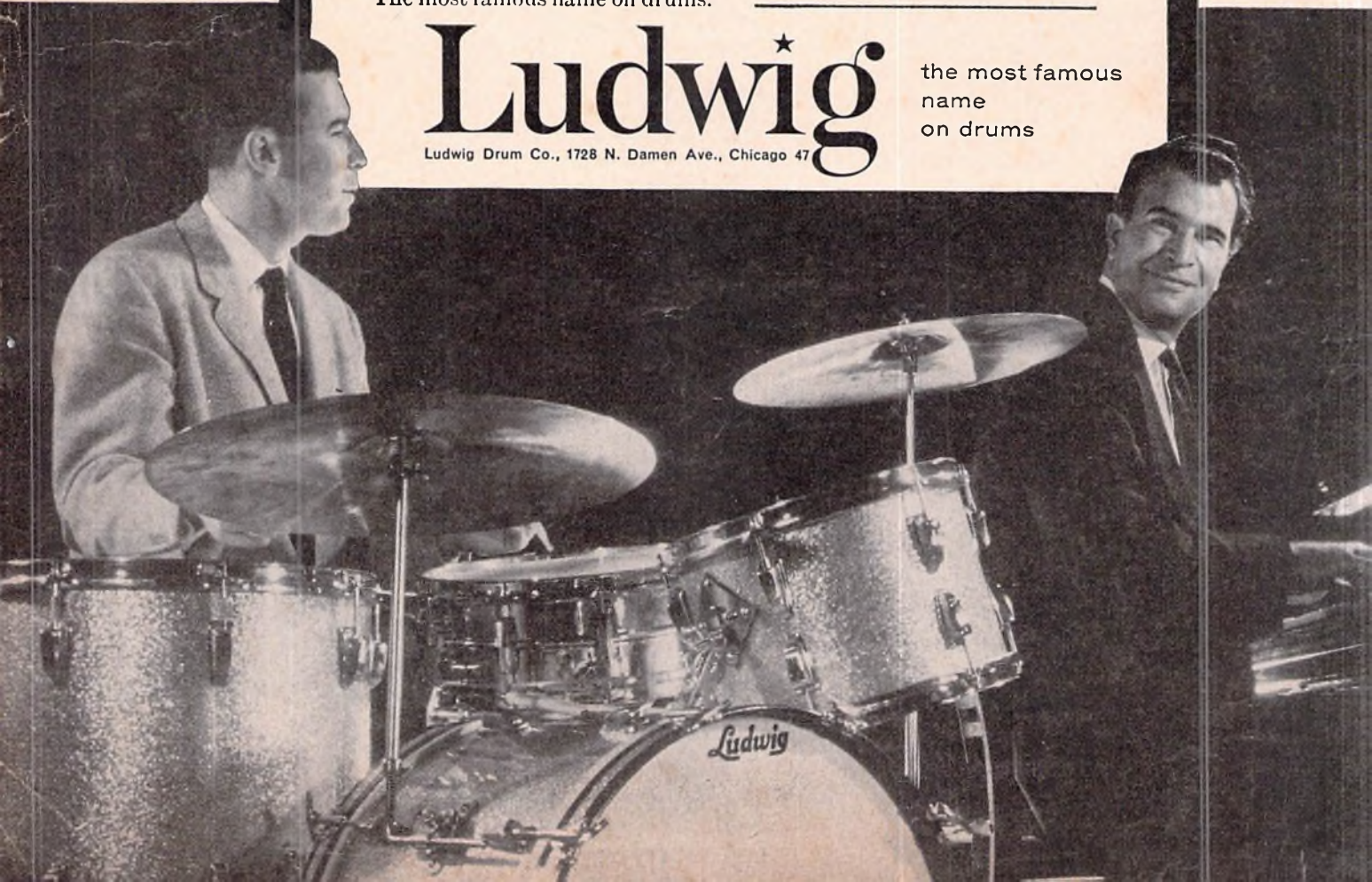
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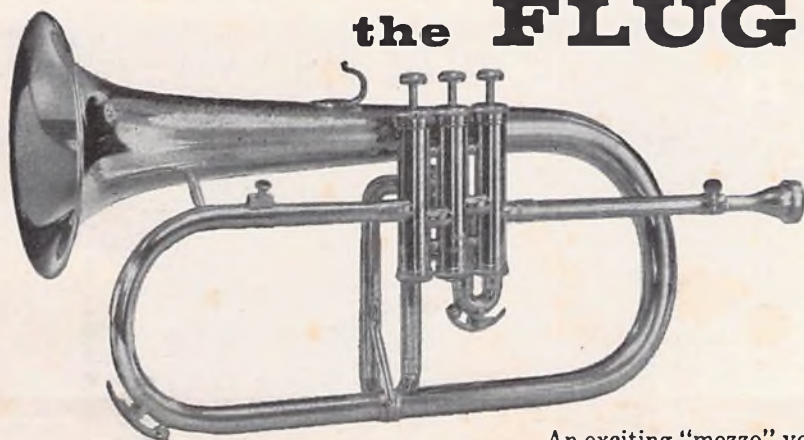
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# FESTIVALS AND ENTHUSIASM

It's been seven years since the first Newport Jazz Festival was held. And each summer since 1954 has seen the number of festivals held increase. Each year, so it seems, the number of jazz acts—that's the term nowadays—at each festival has ballooned. Costs have skyrocketed. Profits, if any, have been small. Musicians, who found it difficult to contain their enthusiasm for the festival idea seven summers ago, now look with jaundiced eye at festivals and what they have come to be.

But the producers of jazz festivals, despite poor returns this year, look forward to next summer.

Franklin Geltman, promoter of the Randall's Island Jazz Festival, is already speaking of holding another RIJF next year. (For a report on this year's festival see page 15.) Sid Bernstein, who co-produced Music at Newport, has planned concerts and festivals into 1962, and, he says, unless George Wein will produce a festival at Newport next year, he may very well go back there again.

But all of them somehow have shown during 1961—sometimes in ways more than purely economic—that the days of

the conventional jazz festival are fast drawing to a close. Perhaps, as has been suggested, the demise is caused by inflated salaries, a growing selectivity within the audience or a change of image among the fad-conscious younger crowd.

But none of those things has been as death-dealing as two other factors, although both are interconnected with the others.

One: the amateurish approach of almost every festival has seriously hurt the artistry of nearly everyone and made impossible a sense of dignity, or even of professionalism, without which a variegated audience has difficulty assessing real values.


Second: that mistake, with the other factors and the increasing panic of impending failure, has taken the festive out of the festivals.

It begins first with the promoter, beset by real or imaginary problems, deserved or not. His attitude determines that of most musicians who appear on his programs, whether they feel he has cheated them, or disregarded them, or denied them some or all privileges. They, in

turn, communicate a general lack of enthusiasm to the audience, whether by playing in a lackluster manner, or by their obvious lack of specific festival planning, or by the lack of that unexplainable communication that exists between artist and audience.

The people who best manage in the atmosphere, now present at festivals, are the real entertainers, whether they are artists or not. Whatever else exists is often deadened by the absence of enthusiasm, that most precious spirit of jazz. Tension and hysteria and sheer bigness have taken place. This is one of the reasons why jazz writers have come to describe jazz festivals as circuses or carnivals, why their reviews sometimes seem savage.

There has occurred some confusion about body and soul. Body has become mere presence, and soul is something without which you can't make the weekly payroll.

Whitney Balliett has called jazz "the sound of surprise." For all their excellent music, most festivals, large, small, or in-between, sound as surprising as a cash-register clang. 

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VOL. 28, No. 21

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Japanese Language Edition Published in Tokyo

OCTOBER 12, 1961

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### ON THE COVER

When Clifford Brown crashed to his death in an automobile accident in June, 1956, jazz lost one of its freshest voices. But Brownie left us all something—a legacy filled with warmth, humor, and musical honesty. Barbara Gardner spent much time interviewing those close—personally and musically—to Clifford Brown. The fruit of her labor is the sensitive portrait of Brown beginning on page 17. The cover interpretation of the late trumpeter is by Robert J. Billings.

### THINGS TO COME

The Oct. 26 issue is *Down Beat's* Sixth Annual Piano Issue. Marian McPartland writes about Toshiko Mariano. Cecil Taylor, one of the most provocative of modern musicians, is the subject of an article by Bill Coss. Francis Mitchell's story on Billy Taylor probes that pianist's problems. And Steve Allen, player of the piano as well as star of his own new TV show, talks to John Tynan. Special *Up Beat* section, also.

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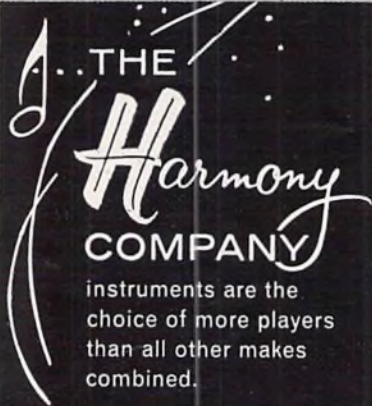


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# CHORDS AND DISCORDS

## Miles Miffs Mann

I would like to correct a few errors in the *Feather's Nest* of the Aug. 17 issue and to add a few facts too.

It is obvious that Miles Davis was referring to me and my group when he spoke about a white combo sent to Africa in recent years. He would have to have meant me since the only other jazz groups to have played Africa were Wilbur DeParis and Louis Armstrong.

By calling my group white I'm sure the column resolved itself. But what methods are used in deciding what color a group is?

In the column *Feather* stated, "The first band to be sent overseas was the specially assembled interracial Dizzy Gillespie orchestra." Now why, Leonard, is Dizzy's band, which had four white musicians, considered interracial, but my band, which had four Negro musicians, considered white? Why the double standard?

As far as Miles' saying about our African trip that "that was the dumbest move I ever heard of in my life," that is one man's opinion. Find out from the USIS posts, and the thousands and thousands of people in Africa who heard and enjoyed not only live music but American jazz as well, how dumb a move it was. Ask the State Department people in Southern Rhodesia if it wasn't the best bit of United States propaganda they ever had when for the first time they had non-segregated audiences for our concerts by an interracial band.

The most important part of our tour to Africa was showing and practicing that it's possible for peoples of different color and backgrounds to work together and produce something of value.

Isn't it about time the message got across here too?  
New York City Herbie Mann

## And That's the Way It Is!

J. C. Ziemb mentions Stan Kenton in his letter (*Chords*, Aug. 31) and thinks Kenton "should be under Duke Ellington." Kenton should be over Duke Ellington—as Ellington doesn't come anywhere near Kenton.

I'd like to say something about these polls—what squares those voters must be to vote Shelly Manne over Buddy Rich (the greatest). Manne, like Ellington, is nowhere.  
Niagara Falls, N. Y. Bob Tyson

## Wilkins Sounds Off

I'm writing this letter especially for *Down Beat* readers, but I'm also hoping that my fellow musicians will read this. Of course, I have my gripes (discords) included herein, but there will also be information and praises (chords).

Roulette records has just released an album by Count Basie which was recorded "live" in Birdland. At the moment, I don't

remember the title of the album, but you'll know it when you see it. There's one original on the album called *Good Times Blues*, and it was composed and arranged solely by me. On the label Basie's name is on it along with the name of his publishing company. There's no hard feelings, I just want to inform all those who might buy the album that that particular track is mine, and I don't mind admitting it because it is a bit more interesting than a lot of things I've done for the band. . . .

Now I'm going to gripe about the latest so-called critics poll. First, I'll say that it is just another popularity poll, just as the reader poll. The same guys who won the readers poll are the same guys who won the critics poll.

When the critics poll was inaugurated, I was more than normally interested. I said to myself, "At least here are cats who practically live with musicians, they know musicians, and they write about musicians."

I know their job is hard picking out those musicians whom they feel are deserving and at the same time having to leave out those equally deserving. Too, I have always believed that those who were voted for were the musicians who were supposed to have contributed the most to jazz during the year prior to voting time.

I have found that to be not true.

It seems to me that in the critics poll, just as the readers poll, the men who received the most votes were the men who were the most publicized, the ones heard about most, the ones who were most prolific, whether or not what he produced was really a valid contribution to jazz.

There are men who won or were close to the top, that, to me, have almost forsaken jazz. After all, jazz is an art form complete within itself. It doesn't need alien or outside factors added to improve it. Jazz has and will advance from within. You just can't tack on, pin on any of the tired devices from classical music that I've found to be happening with the exponents of the so-called Third Stream. (It wouldn't be so bad if the efforts to fuse classical devices with jazz were truly honest and with originality.) However, everything in the Third Stream that I have heard thus far has failed miserably. It is banal and trite, pretentious, leaves no room for free and uninhibited improvisation, is boring, and most of all does not swing. I've found Sousa's marches more complex, interesting—and more swinging. Thank God, George Russell, who won as new-star arranger/composer, is still a jazz composer, and he tells me that that's what he'll always be.

Duke Ellington was another winner in the composer/arranger category. Through no fault of his own he had no time to contribute to jazz as a composer/arranger in the past year. He was too busy trying to keep his band together. Yet he won. And  
(Continued on page 10)

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## NEW YORK

The biggest news of last month, not at all reported in the national press, was the **Ray Charles** concert in Memphis, Tenn. For the first time in that city's history, an audience was integrated—even the rest rooms had the "For . . . only" signs removed. An Afro-American promoted the Afro-American artists. An American audience was most appreciative and calm.

The Comblain-La-Tour Jazz Festival, organized and produced by **Joe Napoli**, was again a success this third year, drawing 30,000 people for a two-day united nations of jazz: **Diana Dors** (she can sing) from Britain, this country's **Alton Brooks**, **Erik Moscholm** from Denmark, **Armadeo Tomasi** from Italy, Germany's the **Grunts Trio**, **Jean Claude Cogny** from France, Britain's **Charlie Galbraith**, and a jazz trio from Sicily—300 musicians in all from 21 countries. Part of the concerts were broadcast in Europe by the international Eurovision hookup. The festival will be held again next year.



CHARLES

There's no doubt now that the Harlem Jazz Festival will occur on Oct. 27-28 and possibly a third day, at the 369th Regiment Armory. **Sid Bernstein**, **John Drew**, and **Alan Morrison**, will produce the festival, the proceeds going to the freedom fund of the NAACP. Already signed are **Maynard Ferguson**, **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross**, and **Aretha Franklin**.

**John Lewis** presented seven new compositions at the last Music Barn (Lenox, Mass.) concert, five by himself one each by **Ornette Coleman** and **Gary McFarland** . . . **Toshiko** records (an affiliate of Angel) has recorded the first Japanese Mountain Resort Jazz Festival, three nights of which featured important Japanese groups such as the **K. Yashiro Quartet**, **M. Yagi Quintet**, and the **Westliners**, all performing at Karuizawa.

Vocalist **Joe Carroll** is scheduled to be reunited with **Dizzy Gillespie** at the Monterey Jazz Festival Gillespie program . . . Valve trombonist **Juan Tizol** has left the **Duke Ellington** Band again



SIMS

. . . Pianist-vibist **Victor Feldman** stayed in London after the **Peggy Lee** tour and will be featured at **Ronnie Scott's** club there . . . **Gerry Mulligan** and **Judy Holliday** are writing a musical play together . . . **Bill Russo** sailed for Europe where he plans to spend about nine months out of each year.

British vibraharpist-tenor saxophonist **Tubby Hayes'** manager, **Pete King**, worked out a limited-time exchange deal whereby Hayes comes to this country (he opened Sept. 19 at the Half Note) and **Zoot Sims** goes to England. Zoot is scheduled to open at a London club Oct. 27.

The Impulse, a jazz club in Rochester, N. Y., open for the last eight months, serves no liquor, used to be a funeral parlor, has no kitchen, but does have along-the-walls food dispensers like a New York City Automat . . . Two new jazz clubs have opened. The White Whale on East 10th St., a coffee house with jazz on weekends, has had trumpeter **Ted Curson** and soprano-saxophonist **Steve Lacy**.

(Continued on page 41)



## GUILD AND AFM END BATTLE

After three years of bitterness, accusations, and threats, the American Federation of Musicians and the Musicians Guild of America have buried the hatchet.

Herman Kenin, president of the AFM, and Cecil F. Read, president of the Guild, issued a joint statement announcing the end of hostilities. It appeared that Read had won the battle.

The musicians who were expelled from the AFM because they joined the Guild will be reinstated with full rights in the parent organization. The Guild, however, will be dissolved.

Read's chief complaint against the AFM revolved about the Music Performance Trust Funds. He and Guild members, most of whom were Los Angeles studio men, felt that musicians who made records should share in the fund. In the settlement it was announced that the AFM "will seek to negotiate changes in its existing phonograph record agreements so that 50 percent of the monies now payable to the Music Performance Trust Funds will be paid to the individual musicians who contribute to the making of the records. . . . the Federation reaffirms its policy to seek residual or reuse payments for recording musicians in all other fields."

In addition to this most important concession, the AFM will establish in Los Angeles a committee made up of recording musicians to advise with the AFM on "bargaining proposals and negotiations and all other matters affecting their interests."

## FREEDOM NOW SUITE MAY GO ON TOUR

No actual dates have been set, but it is likely that at least 17 cities, including some in the Deep South, will play host to an NAACP-sponsored tour of the *Freedom Now Suite*, written by Max Roach and Oscar Brown Jr. and featuring performances by Roach, singer Abbey Lincoln, percussionist Olatunji, and others.

Its live premiere was at New York's Jazz Gallery and included narration by Brock Peters and dancing by Helena Walquer and Charles Moore. The same group performed before the July NAACP national convention in Philadelphia.

Because of the response from the 2,500 NAACP members in the audi-

ence, it was decided, at least tentatively, to support further performances in as many cities as could be fitted into a schedule. There is even a proposal calling for air travel in a chartered Freedom Plane.

Plans call for a brief trip in the fall, with more extensive traveling after the first of next year.

## TAX TROUBLE FOR MR. B AND OTHERS

It was a bad day in Movietown for leading music and motion picture figures when Uncle Sam recently lowered the tax boom.

The Internal Revenue Service agents



Eckstine

called the roll Aug. 25 on a variety of Hollywood celebrities for alleged nonpayment of 1960 income taxes, and liens against salaries and property were filed.

Topping the list was motion-picture composer Max Steiner. The agents said he and his wife, Leonette, owe \$22,386.43.

Next in line came Billy Eckstine and his wife, Carole, against whom a lien of \$16,099.81 was filed. Others include accordionist Dick Contino and wife, Leigh, (\$1,745.45); comedian Ernie Kovacs and his singer-comedienne wife, Edie Adams, (\$13,401.52); Ken Murray and wife, Bette, (\$7,264.48); Marie Wilson and husband, Robert Fallon, (\$4,130.10); and actor Michael Rennie and wife, Margaret, (\$3,085.70). They had liens filed against them for the years 1958, '59, and '60.

## THE CURTAIN PARTS — ON THE SAME OLD STORY

The jukebox has become a shifty, shifting-color feature behind the Iron Curtain. The echo it causes suggests that downtown Sofia has some things in common with Main St. almost anywhere and that even the most opposed philosophies seem to have the same difficulty with the same terms.

*Narodna Kultura*, published by the Bulgarian ministry of education and culture, equates most of "Western-influenced" music and even "that imperialist French cha cha 'mustafa'," with jazz, in much the same way as does the *Malverne Herald* or the *New York Mirror*.

The more-or-less official Communist line is that jazz is "the folk music of our anti-imperialist African friends." Still, there is some hedging on that line. The Czech Communist party's magazine *Rude Pravo* has warned that "jazz may conceal a wicked Western imperialist garbed in the dress of an exploited African native." Such official language is as inclusive of Zoot Sims as it is of Miles Davis, though neither dresses like an "exploited African native," and neither plays "the folk music of our anti-imperialist African friends."

Only Bulgaria is being so strict, however. Downtown Sofia is lined with jukeboxes permitted by the government in an attempt to invite more Western travel. Bulgarian tourist experts made the recommendation some time ago, and reconditioned jukeboxes now brighten the Black Sea resort areas.

Unfortunately, according to the way that *Narodna Kultura* sees, hears, and reports it, the music is nearly all jazz, "a corruptive and corrosive, a decadent Western influence which has no place in a pure Communist life."

A government-appointed commission was unleashed last month, and its report was thorough. It said Bulgaria had 200 salon orchestras, 1,300 instrumentalists, and more than 100 night-club singers, some members of whom perform every night for 100,000 Bulgarians. Add to that the radio audience. Add to that all those jukeboxes. The amount of music heard is tremendous, and why, asks the commission, is the music all Western-influenced, jazz—why can't Bulgarians "be supplied with good Communist music?"

The answer, the commission found, lies with Estrada, an official agency of the government, which is responsible for public dance programs and the records in jukeboxes. Estrada, the report

said, has one director and 24 officials, all but five of whom are "businessmen," devoid of music appreciation. Estrada, when attacked, spoke back through its director, who said, "Good, dynamic jazz is what our young people want."

The young people may want it. So now does the director. He was fired after his reply. As for the jukeboxes, the commission takes the position that they are only machines, "neither good nor bad in themselves." The almost complete inundation of Western music is "a distressing commentary upon the failure of our cultural program." Official comment is that "the situation is alarming and drastic measures clearly must be invoked."

Jazz has a habit of continuing despite drastic measures. It has its own. But particularly astute Western observers are reminding us again of their quiet assertion of the past—by all means send jazz to the Communist countries, but keep the State Department out of it, don't call it jazz, do call it folk music, and then expect that it will be accepted with appreciation and cordiality.

Some of these more astute are quietly offering jazz artists on just that basis now, combining tours with educational trades, trying hard to avoid the State Department involvement, or at least its public endorsement.

The outcome of such negotiations will be evident soon. Such a new direction would be important. The pure-culture enthusiasts on either side of the curtain all could be content.

#### ANDY KIRK AND THE WITNESSES

When Jehovah's Witnesses sing at their mammoth meetings in New York's Yankee Stadium, they are accompanied by an orchestra of more than 100 musicians, among whom are trombonist Thomas Mitchell (now in the American Broadcasting Co. studio orchestra, formerly with Ray McKinley, Tex Beneke, and Sauter-Finegan), saxophonist Kelly Smith (credits which range through

dozens of orchestras), saxophonist Harold Blanchard (formerly with Erskine Hawkins and Cab Calloway), and saxophonist Andy Kirk.

Kirk, in the real-estate business since 1952, and a Witness since 1953, became a bandleader in 1929 in Kansas City, Mo. Mary Lou Williams was then his featured pianist and arranger. That band later became famous as Andy Kirk and His 12 Clouds of Joy, particularly popular because of a 1936 best-selling record, *Until the Real Thing Come Along*, sung by Pha Terrell.

For 12 years the band was a favorite on Decca records. In 1948, Kirk went to California and formed another band, but it never gained the popularity of the first. Both bands had outstanding soloists within the smoothly swinging ensemble. In the second band there were such as tenorist Don Byas, trumpeters Howard McGhee and Fats Navarro.

Nowadays, though Kirk still plays, mostly with pickup groups around New York City, he considers his playing and real-estate interests as "just sustenance." His real career? "The ministry of Jehovah's Witnesses," Kirk said. There are no more clouds in joy.

#### JUNE CHRISTY ON MEND AFTER VIRUS ATTACK

Singer June Christy is recuperating in her Sherman Oaks, Calif., home from a serious virus attack. She had been admitted to Mount Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles Aug. 27.

According to her manager, Carlos Gastel, the singer was stricken with the virus the week previous to her hospitalization. Gastel said Miss Christy had been undergoing treatment for a diabetic condition for some time. There was a counteraction, he said, between the medication she was taking for the virus attack and the antidiabetes medication. She was rushed to the hospital in what was described as a semicomatose condition.

#### SYNONON STORY MAY BE FILMED

The movie story of the Synanon Foundation, unique California addict rehabilitation center, is in the planning stage.

Story rights for the project have been acquired by Gadette Productions, Inc., and a tentative title, *The Synanon Story*, has been set, according to executive producer-director Frederic Gadette.

A screenwriter, Barry Orringer, has been assigned to the picture and is living at Synanon House in Santa Monica while compiling material for a script. Henry Hope is producer.

Gadette said 50 percent of the picture's profit will go to the foundation. He added that the film will deal with the psychological basis of Synanon and

how its anti-narcotic program works.

"We're picking up where *The Man with the Golden Arm* and *A Hatful of Rain* left off," he said. "We're handling it in a good, adult fashion."

Gadette said the central character in the picture will be Charles E. Dederich, director of the foundation. Other characters will be composites drawn from a cross section of the residents there.

The underscore for the film will be composed and conducted by Greg McRitchie. But much of the music in the picture will be jazz and will be performed by some of the resident musicians under leadership of pianist Arnold Ross, according to Gadette.

#### HOW MANY DUES NEED BE PAID?

It is a matter of much satisfaction that musicians are more and more fighting for the suppers for which they have played.

Three are having that fighting done for them posthumously. They are Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, and Lester Young, and it is a matter of record that such fighting would have made their tragic lives more financially rewarding had it begun before their deaths.

It is satisfying to watch the legal maneuvering that will warn potential pirates and provide precedents.

Latest in a chain of threatened lawsuits is that by Louis McKay, widower and estate administrator of Miss Holiday. He has filed a complaint against the American Guild of Variety Artists, charging that it did not fulfill its contract to pay sick and death benefits to the Holiday estate.

AGVA, McKay claims, advised him that Miss Holiday's dues were not paid at the time of her death on July 17, 1959. That would disqualify any claim on the union. But McKay contends that he has records and receipts to prove Miss Holiday's paid-up status. He has petitioned the New York State superintendent of insurance to institute a civil action against AGVA.



Kirk (r.) with Rupert Cole



Miss Holiday



# THE RANDALL'S ISLAND FESTIVAL

The sixth annual Randall's Island Jazz Festival surpassed its past efforts in the grand tradition of bread and circuses. The bread, an enormous budget provided by producer Franklin Geltman, brought the world's largest portable stage, lions, tigers, and a few gazelles into a stadium where the Boy Scouts of America hold their eastern jamborees.

For a complex of reasons, a large percentage of the public seems to have lost its taste for jazz circuses. Some have expressed their dissatisfaction by staying away in large numbers: this year's festival receipts will disappoint the Internal Revenue Service. But even those who have faithfully attended, have, in increasing numbers, made it quite clear that the thrill is gone.

So it was with Randall's Island, this summer's last big-time jazz festival on the East Coast. Exact figures were not available, but a check with a number of sources revealed that the total audience for the three concerts could not have totaled much more than 30,000, about half the actual seating capacity, a disappointing difference between budget and income.

Still, it should be noted that it was a loyal audience. It came despite constantly threatening weather. It sat through a downpour late on Saturday night, using mostly programs and empty

seats for covering. It was an enthusiastic audience, and it was an audience well repaid for the loyalty and enthusiasm.

Because, despite the undeniable mistakes in production, pacing, and timing, there was a fantastic amount of music to hear, running from good to excellent, only once truly boring (the Dukes of Dixieland), only once hybrid (Gloria Lynne).

There were periods in which only a level of professional competence was reached. Those included performances by George Shearing, the Count Basie Band (worn out by the time they reached the stand after an incredibly long wait—the band was there before 9 p.m. and didn't go on until almost 1:30 a.m.), Sarah Vaughan, Gene Krupa, and Mongo Santamaria and his Afro-Pachanga Friends (more of a show-business act than anything else).

There were other groups that played sets so typical as to be conservative examples of night-club engagements. Those included Cannonball Adderley (though Nat Adderley had some superb moments), John Coltrane, Eddie Davis-Johnny Griffin, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross (who sang introductions to each artist and also sang their sets each evening), Oscar Peterson, Bill Henderson, Joe Williams with Harry Edison, Dave Brubeck, Herbie Mann, and Art Blakey (who, as at Newport, was hurried off the stage, an unfortunate victim of the fact that the program had been planned badly and was running extremely late).


Of those who either had chosen special festival material or were in best of form, the Miles Davis Quintet, particularly J. J. Johnson, was the most musically rewarding group at the three concerts.

Among the others were Carmen

McRae, Stan Getz (it was interesting to note how many musicians backstage stopped talking to hear Getz), Dizzy Gillespie (playing a straight horn—the other was stolen in Chicago—but playing brilliantly as always); Yusef Lateef, the Jazztet (largely because of Art Farmer's fluegelhorn this night), Horace Silver (who did his bit—that particular bit—excellently and during a full eclipse of the moon), Al Grey and Billy Mitchell (still a clever jazz anthology performed by a schooled, swinging little band), and Olatunji (a package of exciting but varying worth, with drums on drums and dancers, Johnny Hodges' daughter among them).

That leaves some few others, plus the Stan Kenton Orchestra, which suffered from the same lateness as Basie, even later in this case, for the band arrived at 7 p.m. and did not begin playing until 2 a.m. Its set was short; the effort was heroic. No one could assume from it what the band might do under more favorable circumstances. Still its impact on the small audience remaining was tremendous.

The general critical impression, gained through conversations immediately after each night and then again after it was all over, was negative. It is an easy way to feel. Yet Randall's Island, Geltman, et al., erred not in the quality presented, but in the quantity, which submerged quality.

There was excellent jazz to be had, but there was too much jazz to be heard, Indigestion set in. That is how a festival becomes a carnival. That is why too much bread will a circus make. When a producer cannot see the artist for the fees, he may reach a return of no point, and we have then discovered that a jazz festival is no place to visit because you can't live there.—Coss 



Farmer



Getz

# FATS FATS FATS FATS FATS FATS FATS

By BILL COSS

**J**AZZ SEEMS mostly to exist in extremes. For an art form that is strongly pragmatic, the in-between group or style, good or bad, is generally dismissed.

Among modern trumpet styles, despite the variations, the division has clearly existed between the style played by Dizzy Gillespie and that played by Miles Davis. Historians will show you that Gillespie is from Roy Eldridge out of Louis Armstrong—the ancient and honorable lineage. Davis is less clearly seen in a family tree, but some suggest Bix Beiderbecke as a beginning and Freddie Webster as an immediate influence on Miles' style.

Almost everyone, one way or the other, has played within those ground rules. The most exceptional exceptions to that were Theodore (Fats) Navarro and his most proficient artistic descendant, Clifford Brown, both dead by the time they reached their mid-20s, Navarro in 1950, Brown in 1956.

What they had was the approach to the middle ground between Gillespie and Davis. If there is a word to describe this, particularly in relation to Navarro, it is the word "conservative." It was in strong contrast to the modern trumpeting of the time, 1944-1950, which was patterned more or less on the intense, sometimes nervous, always flamboyant playing of Gillespie.

**N**AVARRO, BORN in Key West, Fla., originally a tenor saxophonist in Walter Johnson's Miami-based band, was Gillespie's replacement in Billy Eckstine's band in 1946. Gillespie recommended him to Eckstine when he was leaving the band, and Eckstine went to hear Navarro, then playing with Andy Kirk, whose solo trumpeter at the time was Howard McGhee. Navarro said in later interviews that McGhee was his big influence, and that is considered unusual because of Navarro's already developed style at the time.

With Eckstine, Navarro played several of the Gillespie solos, immediately demonstrating the difference that existed between them. Instead of high-flying voltage, there was high voltage, usually confined to the middle register of the trumpet, set off by occasional flights upward, everything sounding with a graceful, full, extremely clear tone. More than that, Navarro played with a remarkable consistency, both in those areas and in the complete logic of his solos. His playing



FRANCIS WOLFF

Fats Navarro

was less erratic than that of almost any other jazz musician of the time.

That is easily ascertained from his recordings, which were very few, mostly on Savoy and Blue Note, of which the two albums on the latter are certainly superior.

What is not completely clear from the recordings is the limits to which the consistency was often pushed. In other words, Navarro never made anything but an excellent record, but not one time did he make *the* extraordinary record, as have Gillespie and Davis. His short span of years, and shorter span of recording time must account for that, because, in person, he did have those moments of brilliance that come to artists of such caliber.

In 1947, he joined Illinois Jacquet and then played briefly with Lionel Hampton, Tommy Reynolds, Coleman Hawkins, and Tadd Dameron.

He was in New York City and much to be heard, everywhere admired for his technical control and consistency. He had come to love and listen to Bach and Beethoven. He had stated clearly that he was not a bopper. To Barry Ulanov he said, "I'd like to just play a perfect melody of my own, all the chord progressions right, the melody original and fresh—my own."

But his time had run out. Tuberculosis had ravaged his body. He lost nearly a third of his weight. It would be pleasant not to have to mention it, but the facts show that narcotics, racial injustices, and artistic frustrations had taken their toll also. He hardly played in 1949. In 1950, he was dead.

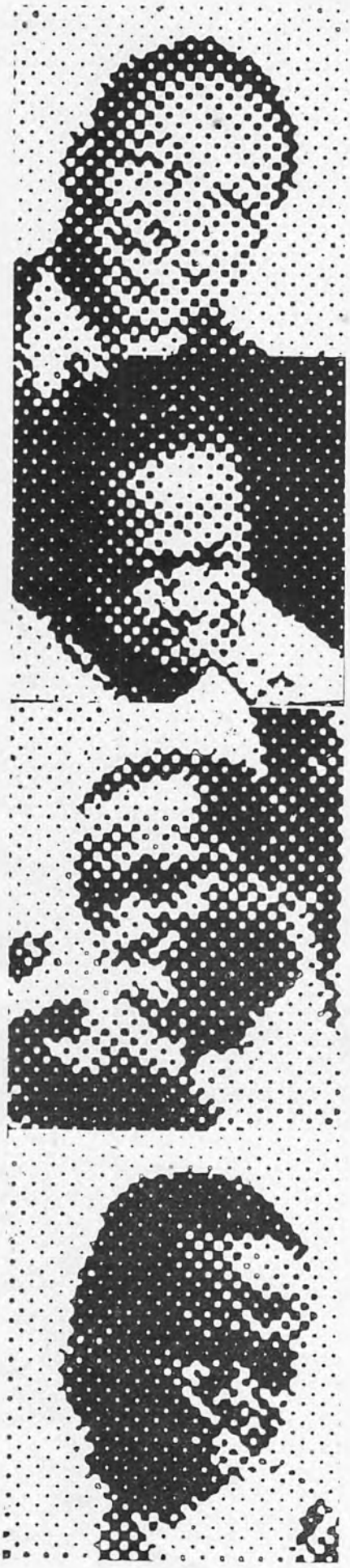
**H**IS OWN rewards were small, his death tragic, our loss obvious in the incompleteness of his development. But his legacy was an insistence on complete musicianship, restraint, clarity of sound and thought, all summed up in artistry that is seldom found.

There is some danger that he may come to occupy a position similar to that of Tommy Ladnier, one of the greatest of the New Orleans trumpeters, known mostly only to the avid students of early jazz.

Clifford Brown showed the logic of following Navarro's direction. Among others, Donald Byrd is a lesser, but contemporary example. There should be many others.

Theodore Navarro died before his finest hours.





By BARBARA GARDNER

# the legacy of clifford brown

**T**HEY COULD HAVE called him Cliff; he was the rugged individualist of his day. He could have been known as plain Brown; most people remember him as an unsophisticated, straightforward man. Yet they called him Brownie, an affectionate name one might give to a treasured pet.

Much fantasy has been interjected into the facts that contribute to the legend of Clifford Brown. The unexpected tragedy that killed the young trumpeter as he was reaching what appeared to be a musical peak feeds the flames as dry straw, the wild fire. But one truth is unequivocal: in 1956, the 25-year-old Brown was the new trumpet man to be reckoned with. Musicians had been touting him since Dizzy Gillespie had encouraged the teenager in 1949. J. J. Johnson, Ernie Henry, and the ill-fated Fats Navarro were among the prominent jazz figures who invested time, counsel, faith, and confidence in Clifford before he was 20 years old.

The Brown home was a comfortable family dwelling in Wilmington, Del. On Oct. 10, 1930, Clifford was born. His father kept in the home several musical instruments, including a trumpet, violin, and piano. The father played all these instruments for his own amusement.

Almost as soon as Clifford was able to toddle, his eye caught the trumpet. As he grew, "it fascinated me," Brownie once said. "When I was too small to reach it, I would climb up to where it was, and I kept on knocking it down. When I was 13, my father finally bought me one—and only because of the fascination for the horn itself. Otherwise, I had no noticeable interest in music at that time."

Much of the credit for the later dedication to music that Brown was to develop must go to a neighborhood musician, Robert Lowery, who fought to stimulate interest in jazz in Wilmington by organizing small groups and big bands. He constantly stimulated Brown's interest in, and curiosity about, music.

The story of the tardy sideman and the subsequent opportunity for the local boy to break through is a hackneyed one; yet, it can be repeated here in truth.

Dizzy Gillespie came to Wilmington. Section trumpeter Benny Harris was 45 minutes late. This was time enough for 19-year-old Clifford to sit in and flabbergast Gillespie, the band, and the listeners. Gillespie took the youngster aside and impressed him with the importance of continuing in jazz.

**B**ROWNIE HAD both feet on the ground. He really knew how to take care of business. So said the jazzmen who knew him then. All research indicates that this evaluation was correct and that it arose from a long-established personal code of conduct. The acceptance of the Wilmington audiences, the encouragement from the jazz musicians, the well-wishers who urged the trumpeter to break for the big time all fell on mindful but unblinded ears. Brown remained in school.

After graduation from high school, he enrolled in Delaware State College and majored in mathematics. In 1949, he received a music scholarship to Maryland State College and transferred there, where he gained additional experience by writing and arranging for the school's

15-piece band. But his first love was playing.

During his time at Maryland State, Clifford had the opportunity to meet and work in Philadelphia with such jazz musicians as Ernie Henry and J. J. Johnson, and the two most important musical influences of his life, Fats Navarro and Max Roach.

Navarro was seven years older than Brown, but to young Clifford, Fats was the ultimate trumpet player.

"Whenever we did radio shows or were interviewed and he was asked who was his favorite trumpet player," Max Roach remembers, "Brownie always headed the list with Fats."

This was a mutual relationship, friends have recalled. Navarro, regarded as one of the most gifted and original stylists of his day, heard in the youthful Brown the faint echo of his own then receding prowess. By the time Brown emerged as a voice in 1949, spiritual and physical deterioration had reduced the clear, pure tone that was Navarro's to a winded whisper. In July, 1950, three days after Independence Day, Theodore (Fats) Navarro died, freed from the agonies of tuberculosis and narcotics addiction.

Brownie and Fats had much in common. They were both multi-instrumentalists; they both began the serious study of the trumpet at 13 with gifts of trumpets from their fathers; they showed a community of ideas as to musical direction. Believers in the stars might find some relation in the fact that the two men were Libras and that both met untimely deaths.

Brown had a brush with death in June, 1950. Returning from a dance, the car in which he was riding was demolished in a crash. Shortly after Clifford was hospitalized, Navarro died. For months Brown was in serious condition. It appeared that both the new hopes of jazz trumpet would be lost. But Clifford recovered slowly, and in May, 1951, he was released from the hospital.

When Brown returned to the active list, he spent 1952-53 touring with a rhythm-and-blues unit headed by Chris Powell. With this group, Brown played trumpet and piano.

Trumpet players and musicians to the man, respected the impeccable technique and richness of tone that were the primary distinguishing characteristics of the man from Delaware. When Art Blakey was going to work in Philadelphia in the early 1950s, Charlie Parker advised him:

"Don't take a trumpet player, man. You won't need one after you hear this young cat, Clifford Brown."

It was Miles Davis who first brought the name before Art Farmer.

"I first met Clifford Brown in the spring of '53 in Philly," Farmer said. "He was working with Chris Powell, and I was with Lionel Hampton. When Miles was on the coast in '51 or '52, he had told me that I would like Brownie because he was so warm, so I expected him to be good. Well . . . he exceeded my expectations."

Now one of the most acclaimed trumpeters in jazz, Farmer is the only musician who can disclose personal feelings about the competition Brown offered.

"I must admit I was more than a bit jealous of his ability to play so well," Farmer admitted dryly. "However, he was such a sweet and warm human being, I was forced to like him even though he made things very difficult for me as a trumpet player."

Farmer was not the only trumpet player who must have felt that inner tingle of envy. Almost ignoring Miles Davis, the jazz press eulogized Brown as "The New Dizzy." No one bothered for some time to remember that the "old" Dizzy was still very much there.

Many trumpet players felt the weight of Brown's strength. Although he was, in many respects, his brother's keeper, he never shrank from a good cutting session and

always was willing to blow the house down whether on his regular gig or while jamming. Farmer perhaps looked into the bell of the Brown horn more often than any other rising trumpet player of the early 1950s.

"In the summer of '53, he was in Atlantic City with Tadd Dameron," Farmer recalled. "I was in Wildwood with Hamp, and one night Quincy Jones, Jimmy Cleveland, and some of the fellows from Hamp's band drove over to Atlantic City after work. We ended up having a session at the Club Harlem which lasted until 9 or 10 in the morning. No one played but the rhythm section and I guess almost all the trumpet players in that area. There were at least six of us, and Brownie was really pushing. You can't imagine what an experience that was."

This was only the beginning of the Farmer vs. Brown relationship. Farmer remembers the fall of '53 wryly: "Brownie, along with Benny Golson, came into Hamp's



The Lionel Hampton trumpet section, 1953. L. to r.: Art Farmer, Quincy Jones, Walter Williams, Brown.

band. Hamp goes for battles so this was his chance for a never-ending trumpet battle between Brownie and me.

"Although I felt that Brownie was the better player, I couldn't just be content to let him make a foil of me."

Then Farmer added, with steely eye and a brief, reluctant smile, "So I think there were some very interesting nights. In fact, every night was very interesting."

Lionel Hampton knew how to exact the most from each of the trumpet men. Farmer remembers that before Brown came into the band, Farmer had most of the jazz solos. Hamp did not take any of Farmer's solos from him. He merely loosened up the arrangement and made room for Brownie.

"He would send Brownie out front after me and then we would play choruses, halves, eights, and fours. The pressure was something painful, but more often it was a pleasure for the give and take of the thing."

Brown might have remained simply an excellent mu-

sician and fellow artist to Farmer except for a recording session when, for a brief moment, the latter glimpsed a bit of the divine in Brownie and never forgot the experience:

"One night we had a recording session after the concert in Gothenburg [Sweden]. Brownie and Bengt Hallberg played *Yesterdays* as if the tune would become, by some way, forbidden to be played anymore.

"He was a sweet cat."

That brief remark is the usual unconscious, off the cuff analysis one receives when asking another musician to describe what Brown was to him. He had managed to endear himself to the jazz populace without creating the saccharin flavor that embarrasses most men. Although he was himself quite young, he had a social responsibility toward younger musicians, as well as a sense of obligation toward those less fortunate than he.



Brown, with pianist Richie Powell and drummer Max Roach.

"I used to go to Clifford Brown's house in Philly every time he was in town," trumpeter Lee Morgan remembers. "I was about 14 or 15 then, but I was very close to him. He showed me so many things that would help me on my horn."

Brown didn't know that he was painstakingly training the youngster who would, within the decade, be dubbed an *enfant terrible* and perhaps the most promising trumpet soloist since Clifford Brown.

Instances of Brownie's helpfulness and kindness abound in the music business. Farmer remembers the personal Clifford, not for a major deed, but rather for a small act of kindness he performed.

"Once we met in Chicago," Farmer said. "He had just closed the Bee Hive, and I was just opening. The night we opened I discovered at work that I didn't have any valve oil, and I called him up and asked him to bring me some. He didn't hesitate a minute. He just came right

over with some of his own. That's the kind of fellow he was."

He was also the kind of fellow who never had to meet face to face those whom he helped. When a prominent tenor saxophonist ran afoul of the law, Brownie's immediate reaction was to help the family. In spite of the moral and physical decay of the saxophonist, he always had given his best to music. Now, Brownie reasoned, let music help him. Brown organized a benefit. He didn't raise a lot of money; yet to the disillusioned, pregnant wife of the tenor man, that \$350 was a windfall, contributed, not as charity, but as a small expression of the esteem held for her husband, the musician. Clifford never met the wife.

**M**AX ROACH was working in California in 1954. After playing briefly with bassist Howard Rumsey and his group at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach, Roach returned to New York to hand-pick his own unit to return to Los Angeles.

"I had been aware of Brownie for some time," Roach said. "I had first become aware of his work on records. He had done some things in the Birdland series, and I heard his work with J. J. I was always impressed with his work, and when I began thinking about forming my own group, he was the first trumpet player I thought of. I didn't know him that well personally at first—I just felt that musically we had a spiritual bond."

This was the beginning of a musical-personal partnership that was to blossom into one of the most renowned unions in jazz. They worked together some 27 months, no record by any means. Yet in this short time they cemented their relationship to such an extent that the death of Brownie affected Roach perhaps more than any other person outside Brown's family. Today, Roach does not welcome expressions of sympathy or even acknowledge that there might be a basis for such.

"The feeling I have for Brownie has nothing to do with sadness," he said. "When I think of Brownie, it is with love and appreciation for all the happiness he brought me, both musically and personally. He was a sweet, beautiful individual."

When Brown joined Roach in March, 1954, the two set about the risky business of holding a combo together. The two had many opportunities to work as singles but stuck together.

"One thing which has hurt small jazz units is the fact that bookers often haven't been sure they'd get the same personnel the next time they hired a unit," Brown told a writer in 1955. "They never were sure of the personnel or the sound. In a small band, if you stay together at all, you have a responsibility to maintain your identity. Max and I have had offers to headline as singles. But unless they hire the whole unit as it is, we won't take the job. That's the only way we're going to keep together. We've got to work together all the time."

"Brownie was so aware of all his responsibilities," Roach has noted. "Not even I, as close as we were, knew just how much aware he was at the time." Roach thought a moment and said, "You know, he was so stable and together that he had had the foresight to insure himself to the hilt. When he died, the policy covered the entire balance due on the mortgage on his home."

Although indications are that Brown was innately reliable, it is Roach's opinion that marriage was the clincher.

"Sometimes, in a relationship such as ours was in the beginning, a chick can hang the thing up by getting the fellow so involved he doesn't take care of business," Roach said. "But Clifford came out to California and fell madly in love. While he was courting, it sometimes got a little shaky, but as soon as he married the girl, he settled right

down and really became stabilized."

Roach remembers his friend as an inquisitive individual, a tinkerer who felt an insatiable desire to know all there was to know about music.

"Oh, he was always, always learning something," the drummer remembered fondly. "Out in California, we had a house, and we had a piano and vibes as well as trumpet and drums. Brownie could play all these instruments, you know. I would go out of the house and come back, and he would be practicing on anything, drums, vibes, anything. He loved music."

But music was his business as well as his pleasure, and he went outside of music to find two unrelated favorite hobbies, according to Roach.

"He was an excellent chess player, and he could shoot pool like, Wow! Of course, he was also a whiz at mathematics. He liked to fool around with numbers a lot.

"He was just too much. He was one of the rare complete individuals ever born.

"He was warm and polite to everybody. It didn't make any difference who it was. But make no mistake—he was strong. He knew how to take care of himself. He even knew how to take care of me sometimes. Don't forget, I saw Brownie in many, many circumstances, and he really didn't take no b.s. from nobody. He dealt with club operators and owners, agents and these people in no uncertain terms." Here Roach adds a point which seems almost unbelievable in light of the firm, outspoken drummer of today:

"When we had our group, I was the brunt of these people's oppression; and Brownie would often straighten them right away."

His fellow musicians perhaps never realized the extreme pressure Brown was under much of the time. Accepting him as the new champion, musicians assumed the position of challengers. The competition was constantly climbing into the ring in the form of contemporary artists. The jazz "old-timers" such as Art Blakey, who was 11 years older, or Roach, who was an innovator at Minton's before Clifford had even begun to study the horn, these giants, accepted the youngster as an equal and reflected little consideration for his youth. After a particularly burning session in Chicago's Bee Hive, Clifford quietly walked out of the club and stood sucking in the cool night air. He confided in a friend:

"I feel as though I have just had acid thrown in my face. My lips are on fire. Sometimes, I wonder if I can keep up with Max when he really gets that cymbal going."

This is perhaps the first Roach will know of young Clifford's inner fear.

Brown convinced more than the musicians that he was aware of what he was about and of where he was headed. Jazz writers and critics praised the trumpeter as combining the best qualities of Miles Davis and Fats Navarro. He was charged with the mighty responsibility of attempting a true synthesis of modern jazz. His firm, definite, almost percussive attack separated his sound from that of Davis, who was playing in the same detached style. His phrasing adhered fairly close to the frame of the bar and the beat. Brown was an improvisational teaser in that the mobility of his style permitted him to roam at will, creating melodic lines that followed the basic harmony while all the time pricking the imagination with the possibilities of extension.

He was recognized as a brilliant technician, and the purity of his tone complemented the precision of his execution. Art Farmer recognizes Brown thusly:

"Brownie and I received our primary inspiration from the same source, and I think at one time we sounded somewhat similar; but he was always the more capable

for being able to really move around the horn."

In most critiques or evaluation of Brown, little mention is made of his limitations, which were real and obvious. He occasionally would go in over his head rhythmically; the originality and maturity of his solos were sometimes questionable.

Roach, while not acknowledging these specific areas of weaknesses, alludes to them in his praise of Brown:

"He was an individualist, like Bird. I don't mean he sounded like Bird or tried to play that way. I just mean he played Brownie all the time. He was so much of an individualist that you had to rate him over several other prominent trumpeters, although what Brownie was doing was not always as acceptable as what they did."

ON A RAIN-SWEPT, early morning in June, 1956, on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, Clifford Brown, along with pianist Richie Powell, and Richie's wife, Nancy, who was driving, was killed when their automobile hurtled over an embankment.

Various persons close to Brown can think of reasons why the accident never should have happened. Like most tragedies, this one is encased in "if's." Roach recalls vividly the minute details of incidents leading up to the accident—and away from it.

"The whole thing just never should have happened," Roach said.

"Instrument manufacturers had been after us for some time to use their instruments. We never consented before. Every once in a while, Brownie would bring a new horn on the job, but he always went back to his old one. Well, this time, we had three days off between jobs, and Clifford and Richie went home to Philly, and I came to New York. We were supposed to open in Chicago's Blue Note that following Wednesday. I called Brownie from New York to tell him what time and where to meet me on the turnpike, and we could come on into Chicago together. He said no, he had decided to go get a new horn."

Max paused a second. Then he said, "If he hadn't decided to get that horn . . . Anyway, we agreed to meet in Chicago. I was going to go on so I could get some sleep before working, so I left in time to arrive in Chicago around 3 in the morning. Brownie left Philadelphia in time to get to Elkhart, Ind., around 9 to get the horn and come on in to Chicago. The girl was driving. It was raining, and they were killed."

The news of the tragedy spread quickly, and both Roach and Art Farmer remember that it was not a personal friend or relative who broke the news, but rather, businessmen.

"Joe Glaser called me in the afternoon," Roach said. "I had been asleep and hadn't heard anything about it. I went right back to New York. We canceled the date, of course. They had mass funeral services for the three of them that Saturday in Philly."

Farmer remembered: "I was in a recording session with Helen Merrill. Gil Evans had written the arrangements and was conducting. Max Zeppo, the contractor of the date, came out of the control booth and said something about Clifford Brown being killed. We made two or three false starts on the tune we were trying to record, packed up, and went home."

So ended a fleeting career. After the shock, there came the sobering realization that the productivity and vitality of Clifford Brown were lost. Then, through interchange of memories, it was clear that Brownie had left a precious legacy of good deeds and friends. Respect and admiration bordered on reverence.

Benny Golson penned a moving ballad, and Jon Hendricks set the lyrics to *I Remember Clifford*. The tune is one of the most recorded of the Golson originals. Each



musician attempts to put into it some of his own affection for its inspiration.

The Philadelphia musicians' local set up a memorial scholarship fund in memory of the artist.

Though Max Roach never has published or recorded a tune overtly suggesting a connection with his former partner, "I try to memorialize him in other ways," he said. "I have written two things, however, with Brownie in mind. I did a thing called *Tender Warriors*, in which I tried to tell how I felt about both Brownie and Richie. Then I have a new thing which I call *Praise for a Martyr*, which is really for Brownie."

Out of the wreckage of the automobile tragedy has come a persistent trade rumor. In recent years, Roach has taken a more vocal stand on his rights as an individual and as a human being. His tactics are not always gentle or genteel. Quite often, he can become frightening in his rage. To many people, this behavior seems strange. Often one hears whispered authoritatively:

"You know Clifford Brown's death really affected Max. He has never been the same."

Roach does not deny the obvious personal sense of loss he feels when he remembers the days of companionship and musical compatibility he felt with Brownie. He categorically denies, however, that the trumpeter's death has more than that to do with his present disgruntlement.

"I was not affected by Brownie's death in that way at all," Roach said. "What is affecting me now, and what has been affecting me more and more all the time, is the entire social atmosphere which breeds conditions such as I am forced to live in. Brownie's death is a part of the whole mess. If conditions had been more just and equitable in this country, we wouldn't have had to be jumping all over the country in cars, trying to make a living. We would have been able to work and be paid according to our contribution. We were doing it our way simply because we couldn't afford to travel any other way."

Apparently, Brown shared some of this feeling with Roach.

"Are you kidding?" Roach shot back. "Of course, Brownie realized what was going on, and, in his way, he resented it. He was aware of Chet Baker, for instance, and the reception and the money he was making. We had been together for two years and were just beginning to make a little money when Brownie was killed. He never lived to really get any compensation for all that he did."

Perhaps money eluded him, but Brown did live to receive international respect and recognition. He was awarded the *Down Beat* International Critics Poll new-star award in 1954. He enjoyed genuine affection among his fellow artists, and he lived to see his son, who was not yet a year old when Brown died.

**T**WENTY-FIVE YEARS is no long time. Many young men are still floundering at this age. Brown had developed into a real and permanent contributor, not only as a musician. Many artists have developed and some have burned out before 25. But Brown was a responsible social being.

No one can know how that first accident, in 1950, affected the trumpeter emotionally. It may be significant, however, that he made no attempt to return to school to prepare for a long-range career. He plunged headlong into the exercise of his best-known craft, assumed a co-leadership with Roach, married, and secured the future of his loved ones by heavily insuring his own life. And he lived an exemplary life.

There is little wailing and weeping over the death of Brownie; there is just recognition of a dull void for his absence and thanksgiving that he passed this way at all.



# benny remembers clifford



By **MARC CRAWFORD**

A little more than five years ago, at almost 80 miles an hour, 25-year-old Clifford Brown crashed to his death on a highway en route from Detroit to Chicago. Yet, as he died, a jazz classic was about to be born, the moving tribute, *I Remember Clifford*, penned by his friend, Benny Golson, and to which Jon Hendricks, the poet-laureate of jazz, later added lyrics.

Since the composition was completed in February, 1957, no fewer than 15 artists and groups have recorded it.

Recently, composer-tenorist Golson sat on a pop crate high in the band loft of Chicago's Regal Theater and talked of the times before Brownie died.

"Nobody's ballads are like Brownie's," Golson said, "And at the time of his death, Brownie was going in his direction more determinedly than anyone I've ever seen. Really, the last two years of his life, he got ahold of what he wanted to do. His imagination was infinite. He always had a bag of surprises."

Golson met Brown in the late 1940s. "I was 19 and Brownie was about 16 and sounded good even then," he said. "One night, Fats Navarro was presented in concert. He was the only 'name' present; the rest were local musicians. Well, Brownie got up and played that night, and when he finished, Fats tucked his trumpet under his arm and stood beside Brownie and applauded. I knew Brownie well. In 1953 we played together in Tadd Dameron's band, later together with Lionel Hampton."

Articulate and scholarly looking, Golson paused with eyes shining, moved from pop crate to the unsheeted day bed and continued:

"There is no telling to what heights Brownie would be soaring to now because I believe he would never have stopped. We have no control over God's will. But to me, Brownie's death represented an abrupt culmination of a very great talent. I wanted to write something that would sound similar to or synonymous with him and also to serve as a

reminder to all of us who knew him and those who would come to know of him, of his greatness."

Howard University-trained Golson appeared nonplussed at the question of what he meant by Brown's greatness, but then, with pondering tolerance, he said, "Let me put it to you this way. You hear trumpet players play, and, as you listen, you realize that this one might play ballads beautifully, another might play well only in the middle register, and still another might only be proficient in the upper register and at fast tempos. A trumpeter might possess two of these instrumental attributes, but Clifford had obtained all of them. He could change from a meek lamb, musically, into a fierce tiger. He could play the bottom, top, loud, soft: he was playing the whole instrument.

"You could tell at a certain point in his development he was strongly influenced by Fats Navarro. I'm sure there were others. But from that he found his own direction. His style was such that it radiated emotional impulses, so to speak."

"Here," he said, removing his glasses, "I'll explain what I mean. Like you'd sit there and hear him play, and he'd make you react physically. He made you twitch, move your feet. He had a mystical charm.

"The last time I heard him was at a rehearsal. It will stay on my mind forever, that particular time, that particular rehearsal.

"It was at the now-defunct Blue Note in Philly with Max Roach. Sonny Rollins was there. I had brought some tunes I had written for them, and they were trying them out. Brownie was on the inside of the bar leaning against the bandstand, and I was seated on the customer's side of the bar.

"They began to play my *Step Lightly*; none of them had ever seen it before. Brownie went into his solo cold, and I felt as I looked into the bell of his horn as though something tangible was reaching out and shaking my body. I trembled. Yet, I couldn't move off that seat. What he was playing at that moment was wondrous, miraculous—any kind of adjective you can think of. That's what was happening at that moment.

"When they finished the tune, I wanted to say so much to him, but all I could get out was, 'It sure was crazy, Brownie.' And he answered in his own shy way, 'The next time I'll get it.' I walked out of the club in another world."

June 26, 1956, Golson remembered was the correct date of Brownie's death.

"Brownie was . . ." *Jazztet! Jazztet on stage, on stage!* . . . "something else," Golson finished and darted out the door.



## JOHN HAMMOND



By CHARLES GRAHAM

Of the several a&r men at Columbia records, John Henry Hammond is perhaps the best equipped of them for his job by background, musical training, and love of the work.

After supervising his first session in 1932, he arranged for British Parlophone and Columbia to issue a large group of sides he recorded in this country with Benny Goodman and with Duke Ellington. Since then, he's worked for seven or eight record companies. This is his third time back at Columbia, where he was in charge of sales for the masterworks division in 1937 and before that was a jazz producer for the firm.

As another a&r man, also experienced and respected in the field said, "It sounds almost corny, but John really is the ideal a&r man; probably the best one in the business. He's a good musician himself and has a thorough classical training, he knows every jazzman in the business, has worked for many record

companies both as an executive and as artists-and-repertoire man, and he has the respect and total confidence of the musicians. I don't know of any other person in jazz, or for that matter, in pops or classical records, who has such a rich background for the work. And his records show it."

Starting to learn to play piano at the age of 4, Hammond soon switched to viola, which he still plays in chamber groups. His wife, Esme, plays, "fine blues piano," Hammond relates, "and all three of our children also play instruments well." His library of several thousand records naturally includes hundreds of symphonic and chamber works.

"The record that changed my life is still with me," he said. "We had a big Victrola in the front parlor, but the Columbia Gramophone that the servants listened to in back was where I heard my first jazz recording, James P. Johnson's *Worried and Lonesome*."

Hammond has been pioneering and producing records for almost 30 years. The pioneering started in 1932 when he cut sides of the group he'd been presenting over the radio. This, incidentally was the first mixed band in radio history.

Three years later he continued his attack on discrimination when he got Benny Goodman to hire Teddy Wilson to travel as a member of the first Goodman trio. (Hammond has been a member of the board of the NAACP since 1937. His efforts to eliminate discrimination in music have had almost as much impact as his pioneering in jazz.)

In addition to having been more directly responsible than any other single nonjazz musician for two movements in the history of jazz (swing and boogie woogie), he's discovered and encouraged, with time and money, more new jazzmen than any other non-jazzmen in the business.

Many top musicians owe their big breaks to him: Count Basie, Lester Young, Teddy Wilson, Charlie Christian, and Lionel Hampton are but a few. Singer Billie Holiday was another. It was Hammond who encouraged Benny Goodman to hire a big band of top musicians and to use the arrangements Fletcher Henderson had been writing (and playing) for several years. These two moves, combined with Goodman's own musicianship, produced the Goodman orchestra of 1935 that swept the country into the swing era.

Currently, he's most involved with directing the recording of pianist Ray Bryant, guitarist Kenny Burrell, folk-singer Pete Seeger, and vocalist Aretha Franklin. Another musician he's working closely with is Marlowe Morris. Columbia will soon release a session in which Marlowe's organ is backed by a

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quintet, including tenor man Buddy Tate, "another terribly underrated musician we hope to present more of in the future," Hammond said.

One project he's planned for many years is scheduled for release by Columbia this month. It's a historical study in depth, a monumental eight-side album containing on LP 64 old 78-rpm tracks entitled *A Study in Frustration; the Fletcher Henderson Story*.

Hammond said he dislikes the close miking techniques many engineers use. "I don't believe in monkeying with the controls," he said. "Using six to 10 microphones, putting one right in the piano, and separating the musicians may make great jukebox sound, but the jazzman doesn't feel right blowing that way, and the sound isn't the sound of live jazz. Now that Fred Plaut, who's a good musician too, has sold Columbia on using AKG microphones, our records are even better. But for consistently high standard of recorded jazz, no company has yet equaled Vanguard technically.

"One of the first times I used a single mike, placing it far back, was in 1939 when I was cutting a session with pianist Walter Gieseking. We had to, because Gieseking was in the habit of snorting through his nostrils loudly as he played. We put the microphone far away from him to reduce the sound of his snorting, and it gave us a wonderful, big-hall sound!"


Though others in the business credit Hammond's decades of involvement with hundreds of musicians and their problems for his long list of top recordings, he said, "It's most important to pick a good engineer, and then let him alone. The choice of a recording studio is almost as important. Anything you cut at Liederkrantz Hall sounds good because of the natural resonance of the place."

Hammond speaks highly of Columbia recording engineers Fred Plaut and George Knuerr. He says he is a firm believer in recording as simply and naturally as possible, staying away from addition of echo or other trick effects. He does a great deal of editing and supervises the mixing of the three-track tape made at each recording session, but he wishes there were less of this needed.

"The more you monkey with it, the less impact it'll have—the less it'll sound like real live jazz," said the man who was the first to supervise commercial recordings of live jazz concerts, a development later picked up by other more commercially oriented producers.

Despite his dislike of extra electronic fiddling, Hammond always has kept abreast of the latest advances. He had an impressive components setup custom-built in his living room 20 years ago and more recently was one of the

first persons in New York to get a complete stereo disc-tape radio system in his home.

In his office at Columbia there's an excellent stereo phonograph setup, too. But he still has equipment that will permit him to play the old 78s. 

## PRODUCER'S CHOICE

Of the many hundreds of recording sessions he has supervised, John Hammond chose the following few as being representative of those he was most satisfied with. He pointed out that pre-World War II discs cannot be compared for sound quality to those made with present-day techniques.

*Rushing Lullabies*, Columbia CL 1401, Jimmy Rushing with a big band. Of this LP, Hammond said, "This one has as good sound as anything on Vanguard."

*Spirituals to Swing*, Vanguard 8523/4, the legendary Carnegie Hall concerts of 1938/39 recaptured from acetate reference discs cut in the hall. Hammond said, "Though these sessions were recorded on primitive equipment, with no thought of commercial issue, Seymour Solomon worked tirelessly, with the new techniques available today, eliminating as much surface and extraneous noise as possible so that the wildest of all jam sessions in my memory, featuring the great soloists of the Goodman and Basie bands, including Pres, Charlie Christian, Fletcher Henderson, Lips Page, can be heard in these first jazz concerts at Carnegie Hall."

*Clarinet a la King*, Okeh 6544, Benny Goodman and His Orchestra. Hammond said, "Here we used the one-mike technique I've always favored. This is merely typical of many other Goodman sessions which came out almost equally well, both soundwise and artistically."

*Jones, Smith, Inc.* (Basie Blue Five) reissued on *Lester Young Memorial Album*, Epic SN 6031. Hammond said, "This was recorded in an office building in Chicago. The acoustics were so bad that Jo Jones played without his bass drum, using only snare and hi-hat."

*Under the Willow Tree*, Columbia 37065. Hammond said, "Claude Thornhill with a big band and vocalist were arranged around a single microphone, but the balance turned out all right."

"Almost any of the Vanguard *Jazz Showcase* recordings featuring Vic Dickenson," Hammond said, "or those led by Ruby Braff, and, of course, the ones with Jimmy Rushing are excellent technically as well as important and exciting musically."

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# OUT OF MY HEAD



By **GEORGE CRATER**

As you probably gathered from Ira Gitler's deathless prose last issue, I spent an enchanting vacation this year in one of New York City's finer hospitals. After giving it considerable thought, I've come to the conclusion that there *is* something just as bad as jail or working at Birdland—3½ weeks in the hospital. And to think that I thought Miami Beach was bad.

One hang-up for me was the nightmare I got each night, 20 minutes or so after the blast of Seconal. In my dream, I saw Nat Hentoff, John Lewis, and Gunther Schuller, dressed in white suits, standing in front of a huge blow-up of the *Manchester Guardian*, saying, "See! God's punishing you for all those nasty things you've said about Ornette Coleman!" Then, usually, I'd wake up in a cold sweat screaming, "Egregious!" Many's the poor Junior Red Cross volunteer I forced out of hospital work with this.

The thing that really got me during my hospital stay, was my lack of hospital experience. If you're not prepared for hospital living, if you don't know what to expect, the odds are 99 to 1 that you'll snap. Thanks to my never-ending willpower and a skillfully hidden thermos of J&B, I managed to get through it all. Since I did get through it, I feel it's only right I hip anybody else who's headed for the great white building. Therefore, I suggest you read the following, *The George Crater Guide to United States Hospitals*.

**Dr. Kildare:** An absolute myth!

**"Hi, just want a little blood . . .":** An innocuous way of saying, "Hi, I'm a medical student with a Bela Lugosi fetish."

**Mark Mankoff:** A medical student with a Bela Lugosi fetish.

**Ellen Freeman:** A pretty, young medical student and living proof of how small the world really is. A George Crater fan prior to my entry into the hospital and now the only George Crater fan to know every detail of my spleen, liver, and entire gastro-intestinal tract.

**Hospital hours:** They put you to sleep six hours before Junior's closes, and they wake you up two hours after Junior's closes.

**Bed rest:** A dangerous habit for sick people. As a matter of fact, most hospitals employ one cat whose sole job is to prevent you from getting bed rest. He constantly watches you via closed-circuit television, and if by chance bed rest sets in, he immediately dispatches a doctor, nurse, medical student, nurse's aide, Red Cross volunteer, or ambulatory patient to your room to bug you. Various techniques are

used to prevent bed rest from setting in: blood tests, sheet-changing, hypodermic needles, thermometers, blood-pressure checks, finger-sticking, cigaret-grubbing, G-I X-rays, etc.

**G-I X-rays:** A marvelous series of X-ray examinations developed by the Marquis de Sade. Excellent for finding ulcers and making you nauseous.

**Dr. Gillespie:** I never saw him, but I did ride in his wheel chair.

**Hospital food:** For 3½ weeks, I had the feeling I was eating at Birdland. How can anyone foul up corn flakes?

**Marilyn Mayer:** My nurse and the woman I love.

**Dr. Ernest Atlas:** My doctor and Albert Schweitzer symbol.

**Infectious mononucleosis:** Perfect if you're looking for a hip-sounding disease that isn't too dangerous.

**Nat Hentoff:** To my surprise, I hadn't missed Nat Hentoff. He had an article in every magazine my visitors brought to me.

**The cat with the television set:** In every hospital, on every floor, there's one cat with a television set in his room. Inevitably, he turns it on at 6 a.m., and from that time until lights out, he tunes in westerns and ball games. You are at the mercy of Lash LaRue or Mel Allen.

**Just forget I'm even here—:** A popular hospital phrase, usually followed by an excruciatingly painful treatment or test . . . usually followed by the patient smashing a nurse's aide right in the chops.

**Gastric ulcers:** The only illness certified by the American Dairy Association.

**Chubby Checker:** According to an informal survey of nurse's aides in a major New York hospital, the leading exponent of modern jazz in America today. Jackie Wilson is second.

**The spleen:** Something in the left side of your body. According to several doctors, medical students, and experienced nurses, mine is "magnificent!"

**Get-well cards:** A million-dollar business! I sometimes think that get-well card manufacturers band together, secretly, in a large hotel, once a year and pray for epidemics.

**Bland food:** Rotten food.

**Jail:** A hospital without blood tests.

**The Moral:** A steady diet of muenster cheese and Scotch is very good for bad health . . . You can't *hang out* in a hospital . . . Even Ornette Coleman cuts Lash LaRue . . . Milk stinks . . . Crank-up beds are a groove . . . Marilyn Mayer won't go out with me until my ulcer bleeds again!

Hey, Junior . . .



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# record reviews

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

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

## CLASSICS



### Bartok/Ramor Quartet

QUARTET FOR STRINGS, by Bartok—Vox VXB-19 (three-disc set).

Personnel: Ramor Quartet.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Bartok's quartets are as necessary to a modern man's musical education as Beethoven's, and when an opportunity to acquire all six for less than \$8 comes along, my advice is to grab it if the performances are satisfactory.

The Ramor Quartet, a new one to me, is a strong group, equal to Bartok's difficult technical demands. Interpretatively, I prefer a more pungent attack on the dissonances in the third and fourth quartets (there is really no point in trying to iron them out when bare-nerved shock was what the composer was after here).

The Fine Arts Quartet set of a few seasons back is preferred, especially on engineering counts, but the Vox set is a strong contender, with a notable price advantage. (D.H.)

### Cliburn/Reiner/Beethoven

BEETHOVEN *EMPEROR* CONCERTO—RCA Victor LM-2562 and LSC-2562: *Piano Concerto No. 5 in E Flat Major*.

Personnel: Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, conductor; Van Cliburn, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is not the concerto it might have been if Cliburn had recorded with another, more flamboyant conductor—for which admirers of the *Emperor* may give thanks. What Cliburn has achieved in this work is a long stride toward full stature as a musician as well as a virtuoso. His *Emperor* has more structural coherence and fidelity to detail than any concerto he has yet recorded (he has yet to produce a solo album, which may be significant).

This, in effect, is Reiner's performance, with Cliburn acting the part of willing

pupil to a master. What virtues are lost in such a case—spontaneity and personal touches—are compensated for by a further solidification of Cliburn's artistic position.

This one is not the biggest or the most individual *Emperor* Cliburn will ever play, but it is a good one, worth owning. (D.H.)

### Ericourt/Debussy

DEBUSSY Piano Music—Kapp KC-9061 and KC-9061-S: *Images, Books I and II (Reflets dans l'eau, Hommage a Rameau, Mouvement; Cloches a travers les feuilles, Et la lune descend sur le temple ut fut, Poissons d'or); Estampes (Pagodes, Soiree dans Grenade, Jardins sous la pluie); D'un cahier d'esquisses; Berceuse Heroique*.

Personnel: Daniel Ericourt, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Pianist Ericourt takes a more detached and definite approach to Debussy than followers of the Gieseking school may like. And yet, the Ericourt way strikes me as more authentically French in its conception than Gieseking's. Ericourt does not pedal as artfully perhaps (certainly not as noticeably), nor does he have as variously colored a tone. His *Reflections in the Water*, for example, are as clear as a spring pond, whereas the more impressionistic approach clouds up and subtly hazes over the harmonies. The French pianist is excellent in the propulsive *Movement* and the evocative *Night in Granada*, and everywhere technically adroit. In general, his playing has the lucidity and dry refinement we have come to identify with good Ravel interpretation, but it works surprisingly well in Debussy, too.

The piano sound is admirably lifelike. This is Ericourt's second album in a series of the complete Debussy piano music (he has recorded the preludes, too). If the rest turn out this well, Ericourt's reputation is not in any danger. (D.H.)

### Ravel/Munch

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE, by Maurice Ravel—RCA Victor LM-2568 and LSC-2568: *Ballet in One Act for Chorus and Orchestra* (complete).

Personnel: Boston Symphony Orchestra and New England Conservatory Chorus, conducted by Charles Munch.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The complete ballet version (for orchestra and chorus) of Ravel's *Daphnis* is a specialty of the house in Boston. Munch here re-records the score for stereo in his familiar excitable style, receiving rich help from the Boston Symphony and the choral forces. The most often heard concert version of *Daphnis*, the *Suite No. 2*; employs no choral vocalise, thereby robbing the score of some of its most exquisite effects. No concert version, either of *Suite No. 1* or *No. 2*, includes the middle section of the ballet, describing Chloe's captivity.

For sonics and sensuousness, Munch's is a stunning job. Pierre Monteux's stereo

version with the London Symphony Orchestra captures more orchestral detail and is better in the quieter moments. (D.H.)

### Various Artists

60 YEARS OF MUSIC AMERICA LOVES BEST, VOL. III—RCA Victor LM-2574: Marian Anderson, *Go Down, Moses*; John Barrymore, soliloquy from *Hamlet*; Jussi Bjoerling, *Ch gelida manina* from *La Boheme*; Enrico Caruso, *La Donna e Mobile* from *Rigoletto*; Arthur Fiedler and Boston Pops Orchestra in a song fest; Kirsten Flagstad, *Ho-yo-to-ho!* from *Die Walkure*; Vladimir Horowitz, first movement of *Moonlight Sonata*, by Beethoven; Serge Koussevitsky and Boston Symphony Orchestra, waltz from *Serenade for Strings*; Fritz Kreisler, *Caprice Viennois*; Ezio Pinza, serenade from *Don Giovanni*; Lily Pons, *Caro nome* from *Rigoletto*; Arturo Toscanini and NBC Symphony Orchestra, *Dance of the Hours* from *La Gioconda*.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

RCA Victor finally has decided to abandon the wildly confused mixture of popular, classical, and unclassifiable music that marked the first two releases in this series, bargain priced at \$1.98.

Vol. III comes in both popular and classical versions, though there still seems to be some confusion as to what is to be classified as music at all (how Barrymore's *Hamlet* reading sneaked in is difficult to understand).

The most practical use for this disc is as a shopping guide to the albums from which they were extracted.

The Pinza, Bjoerling, and Caruso items are especially worth while, and the prize of the lot is Miss Pons' *Caro nome* with a full-voiced, unqueaked E above high C to close. (D.H.)

### Voisin/Vardi

ROGER VOISIN TRUMPET MUSIC—Kapp KC-9026 and KC-9026-S: *Fanjare—Chiamata No. 3* by Fantini; *Symphony from The Fairy Queen*, by Purcell; *Sonata for Trumpet and Two String Orchestras*, by Stradella; *Carousel Music* (1686), by Lully; *Fanjare—Chiamata No. 6*, by Fantini; *Fanjare—Sinfonia da Guerra*, by Monteverdi; *Le Journal de Printemps, Suite No. 6*, by J. K. F. Fischer; *Ten O'Clock, Sonata No. 30*, by Petzold.

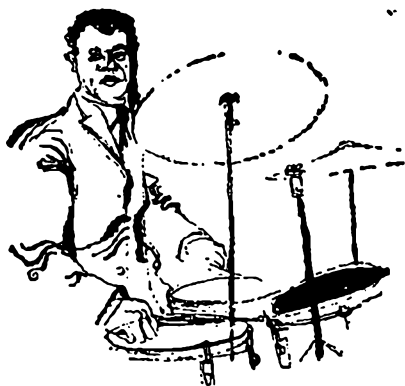
Personnel: Kapp Sinfonietta, conducted by Emanuel Vardi; Roger Voisin, trumpet.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Voisin, solo trumpet of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, delves again into the vast literature for trumpet and orchestra, coming up this time with eight pieces from the pre-Bach Baroque period. The Purcell symphony from the *Fairy Queen* and the J. F. K. Fischer suite are the most substantial items, but everything on the record bears hearing. The Kapp Sinfonietta under Emanuel Vardi sounds like a bright, stylistically aware Baroque orchestra, and Voisin's solo performance is exemplary in every way, with a tone that is pure silver. An exciting disc, recorded with enough reverberation and stereo separation to suggest a large 17th century banquet hall. (D.H.)



# JAZZ



## Booker Ervin

THAT'S IT!—Candid 8014: *Mojo*; *Uranus*; *Poinciana*; *Speak Low*; *Booker's Blues*; *Boo*.

Personnel: Ervin, tenor saxophone; George Tucker, bass; "Felix Krull," piano; Al Harewood, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Ervin is a rugged individualist with an honest, forthright approach that is basic but it is not so at the expense of exploration. He has emotional power to spare and a personal sense of rhythmic and harmonic qualities. His sound is very much his own. Although he has done many fine things as a sideman with Charlie Mingus and under his own name, this album surpasses them.

Material is important here; this set does not suffer by excluding overworked standards. Another reason for success is the unity of the four men present. As the Playhouse Four, they have been working around New York City during 1961.

If this "Felix Krull" were to confess, we would learn that he is really Horace Parlan. He comps well and his solo style is uncomplicated. Harewood is an extremely steady drummer. Tucker is one of the best bass players to enter jazz in a long time; his solos on *Poinciana* and *Booker's Blues* are prime examples of sensitive strength.

*Mojo*, one of four Ervin originals, finds Parlan playing in one key while Ervin and Tucker are in another. And it comes off. *Uranus* is a ballad with beauty but it also has fervor not often found in the usual ballad offering. *Boo* is a jagged, exploratory, minor-key swinger. The longest track in the set is the more-than-10-minutes-long *Booker's Blues*. It shows Ervin's capacity for reflective, unaffected, slow blues blowing.

Even the standards are treated freshly. *Poinciana* is a demonstration of the power of jazz to enrich tunes in new ways. *Speak Low* is taken at up tempo with unrelenting swing and invention by Ervin. His solo on this track has marvelous continuity.

This is no helter-skelter "blowing session" although there surely is a lot of inspired blowing going on. A rewarding album. (I. G.)

## Benny Golson

GETTIN' WITH IT—Prestige/New Jazz 8248: *Baubles, Bangles, and Beads*; *April in Paris*; *Blue Streak*; *Tippin' on Through*; *Bob Hurd's Blues*.

Personnel: Golson, tenor saxophone; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

What a pleasure to review an album such as this. Golson, Fuller, Flanagan, Watkins, Taylor — certainly among the most creative and swinging men on their respective instruments and five of my personal favorites as well.

More than just a younger J. J. Johnson, Fuller is capable of combining a dancer's grace with singing lyricism; hear his exuberant solo on *Baubles*.

Flanagan, a name, synonymous with good taste, continues to be underrated. At his peak, he has an amazing gift for melodic invention, as he demonstrated on John Coltrane's *Giant Steps* LP.

A constant source of support in the rhythm section, Watkins also continually delights with the unexpected in his solos, *Hurd's Blues* being a good example. It's a shame we don't hear more of him these days.

As for Taylor, well, just say that he fits in perfectly with the others.

I have deliberately left Golson for the last. I have seen the claim advanced from some quarters that Golson is a more "disciplined," hence more acceptable, version of Coltrane. This seems to me in error for at least two reasons. First, asking for a more "disciplined" Coltrane is nothing but a euphemistic way of asking for a less challenging one. Removing those allegedly "undisciplined" aspects of Coltrane would be like taking away Miles Davis' introspection, or Dizzy Gillespie's sense of humor. An essence would be pruned out. Moreover, such a view slights Golson unduly, as if his playing were of value only because he provides us with a substitute for a more difficult musician. This is not the situation at all—Golson is quite exciting in his own right, and in any case the Coltrane influence is but one of many.

The front line here is in part the forerunner of the Jazztet, and in some respects I find this group more interesting. Those who heard the other two Prestige releases in this series (*Gone with Golson*, *Groovin' with Golson*) will know what I mean. Those who haven't, and want to dig Golson and Fuller in a very fiery session, would be advised to pick up on this one. (F.K.)

## Gigi Gryce

REMINISCIN': GIGI GRyce ORCH-TETTE—Mercury 20628: *Blue Lights*; *Caravan*; *Reminiscin'*; *Yesterdays*; *Gee Blues Gee*; *A Night in Tunisia*; *Dearlly Beloved*; *Take the A Train*.

Personnel: Gryce, alto saxophone; Richard Williams, trumpet; Richard Wyands, piano; George Duvivier or Julian Euell or Reggie Workman, bass; Bob Thomas or Walter Perkins, drums; Eddio Costa, vibraphone.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Gryce has organized a solid, unpretentious group that functions effectively as a small orchestra. Even when the material here is familiar, it is played with understanding and personal verve. Gryce is an arranger who fortifies a main theme without losing sight of its inherent qualities. He also finds new ways to present a piece, for instance, the refreshing vibewith-bass-backing statement of *Tunisia*.

Gryce's playing has improved tremendously in the last few years. He sounds like no other alto man and has lost the stiffness which used to hamper him. Never strident, his strength is expressed by other means—his solo on *Yesterdays* is a good example.

Williams has often shown his capacity for explosive, confident, inventive playing in the Fats Navarro tradition, but rarely has he achieved it on record. Here he does. And his ensemble playing sounds like a whole trumpet section at times, as on *Lights*. Even his muted work on *Yesterdays* crackles.

Although better known as a pianist, Costa is a skilled vibist. He combines swinging and thinking effectively on *Tunisia* and *Caravan*. Wyands, a much underrated pianist, is fine throughout. His opening on *Lights* sets a good mood.

The rhythm sections are uniformly good. Euell and Perkins work hand-in-glove on *Beloved*, *Lights*, and *Gee Blues Gee*. (The latter, a Randy Weston blues waltz, is identical to *Kucheza Blues* on Weston's recent *Uhuru Afrika* album.) Duvivier, one of the bass bosses, is heard with Thomas on all other selections except *Tunisia*, where Workman plays an important role well.

In this set, Gryce has achieved a balance between the blowing and arranged sections. The latter set off the former, investing the soloists' spots with greater interest and making the album a success. (I. G.)

## Chico Hamilton

THE CHICO HAMILTON SPECIAL—Columbia 1619: *Don't Get Lost*; *Autumn Leaves*; *New Rhumba*; *Way Down*; *Afternoon of a Breeze*; *Ladybird*; *Trio*.

Personnel: Hamilton, drums; Nate Gershman, cello; Harry Polk, guitar; Charles Lloyd, alto saxophone, flute; Bobby Haynes, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Not only is this set representative of Hamilton's new group, it also makes clear that the present quintet is the best the drummer has had since he first organized in 1955.

Hamilton has decidedly swung away from the exotica of the first group and now is following a straight jazz path. In Lloyd and Polk he has superior soloists. Lloyd, in particular, gets a splendid opportunity in the set and emerges as one of the most stimulating young sax and flute men in recent years.

Despite a tendency to overrecord the leader's cymbals (or perhaps he just played too loudly) in the opening track, Hamilton restrains himself for the most part and sticks to playing time. *Trio*, the closing track, is a fast jazz waltz and a vehicle for Hamilton's drums.

In this new, hard jazz of Hamilton's one may question the assigned role of Gershman's cello. Actually, it is used quite astutely, skillfully utilized in *New Rhumba* and playing an all-important part with Polk's guitar and Haynes' bass in *Ladybird*. The tenderness and poignancy of the latter is one of the high spots of the set. Moreover, this trio within the quintet makes for an ideal break in pace and in clubs is a versatile facet of the over-all performance.

*Afternoon* reveals the definitive differ-

ence in approach to jazz flute of Lloyd in contrast to Buddy Collette, who for a couple of years set the Hamilton pattern. Collette is a well-schooled and rather academic instrumentalist; Lloyd's style is rougher, fare-thee-well and leans to all-out wailing.

For this reviewer, *The Chico Hamilton Special* is by far the best album the drummer has recorded in terms of jazz spirit, exciting soloists, and, above all, deep-down swing. (J.A.T.)

#### Jimmy Heath

THE QUOTA: Riverside 9372—*The Quota; Lowland Lullaby; Thinking of You; Bells & Horns; Down Shift; When Sonny Gets Blue; Funny Time.*

Personnel: Heath, tenor saxophone; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Julius Watkins, French horn; Cedar Walton, piano; Perry Heath, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

With its full quota of Heaths, and intelligent writing by Jimmy, this is an unflagging blowing date. The leader's tenor lives up to the succinct appraisal by Don De Micheal that is quoted without credit in Ed Sherman's otherwise admirable liner notes.

There is a good, clean ensemble blend throughout, almost as if this were an organized unit, and there is enough scoring to give most tracks more substance than is often found in dates of this type. Milt Jackson's tune, *Bells & Horns*, and *Funny Time* by Jimmy, which includes a good solo by Percy, are the best items, though the three horns have admirable solos scattered through both sides.

Walton, though still lacking a little in dynamic variety, offers pleasant, if uneventful, single-note lines.

Watkins, still straining occasionally (will anyone ever invent a clinkerproof French horn?), remains the most inventive artist on the instrument and has a consistently culinary workout on *Funny Time*.

Hubbard demonstrates deftly why he walked away with this year's critics poll citation, as new-star trumpeter. All in all, a session that didn't aim too high and managed to hit the target. (L.G.F.)

#### John Lewis

ORIGINAL SIN—Atlantic 1370: *Creation of the World and Creation of Adam; Recognition of Animals; Birth of Eve; Adam and Eve; Pax de Deus; Teaching and Temptation; Expulsion from the Garden of Eden.*

Personnel: Unidentified orchestra conducted by Lewis.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

I will say, in front, that this is the hardest review I ever have had to write.

The ballet is scored for trumpet, trombone, a few winds, percussion, and a small string orchestra. One of the problems that Lewis, its composer, has set out to solve is to find suitable rhythmic figures the strings can play with a jazz feeling. Some of his solutions are admirable and pave the way for future work; other solutions are not so fortunate.

The ballet begins with a dark theme of weighty and moving beauty. But decay sets in at an appalling rate.

The first indication is the addition of the conventional ride cymbal beat. Its incongruity doesn't bother me so much as its unbelievable dynamic level. Some en-

gineer at Atlantic wants a good ear-cathartic. If you are not in an especially tolerant mood when you hear this piece, it very rapidly becomes a concerto for cymbal and small band—historic first in the heretofore uneventful evolution of cymbal literature.

This forgivable error is followed—before the piece is five minutes old—by a section that is so different from the first that when I first heard it, I swear I thought the selector on my hi-fi set had accidentally slipped over to AM radio. Alas for the Third Stream, it had not.

The first variation of Part 2 is unbridged musical comedy pit band. But the tantalizing thing is that Variation 2 is a clever, self-sustaining, unified, and original little composition. Variation 3 sounds like a fashion show, but Variation 4 is a lovely, light, unpretentious piece, and Variation 5 is simple, stark, and well composed reminiscent of Aaron Copland at his best.

Have I given a clear picture of the inconsistencies of the score? Since the work

contains some of the very best and some of the very worst jazz I have ever heard, I have given it a rating that is dead center between five stars and no stars.

Though Lewis has solved some stylistic problems with great economy, I feel that the starkness of certain devices is too apparent (pyramid chords, ostinatos ad infinitum). I also do not feel (and this is more personal than didactic) that the nature of the music matches the infinite weight of the subject matter. Toward the end of the piece (*Expulsion*), we are left with a stark, sustained, fortissimo string color, cymbals chopping away in the foreground, which is supposed to suffice for the climactic dramatic moment. I don't think I am being overly harsh to say that Lewis had many more means at his disposal—and to wonder why he didn't use them.

Well, now that I've got my disappointment out of my system, I can say in all honesty that this ballet will be enjoyable to the forewarned listener, that Lewis is

## 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)

*The Exciting Terry Gibbs Big Band* (Verve 2151)

Dizzy Gillespie, *Gillespiana* (Verve 8394)

Lionel Hampton, (reissue) *Swing Classics* (RCA Victor 2318)

Montgomery Brothers, *Groove Yard* (Riverside 326)

Gerry Mulligan and the Concert Jazz Band at the Village Vanguard (Verve 8396)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

*Steamin' with the Miles Davis Quintet* (Prestige 7200)

*This Is Walt Dickerson* (Prestige/New Jazz 8254)

Budd Johnson and the Four Brass Giants (Riverside 343)

Blue Mitchell, *Smooth as the Wind* (Riverside 367)

North Texas Lab Band (90th Floor Records 904)

Charlie Parker, *Bird Is Free* (Charlie Parker 401)

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)

Big Joe Williams, (vocal) *Piney Woods Blues* (Delmar 602)

★ ★ ★ ★

Pepper Adams-Donald Byrd, *Out of This World*, (Warwick 2041)

Red Allen Plays King Oliver (Verve 1025)

Art Blakey, *A Night in Tunisia* (Blue Note 4049)

Johnny Coles, *The Warm Sound* (Epic 16015)

Victor Feldman, *Merry Olde Soul* (Riverside 9366)

Johnny Griffin, *Change of Pace* (Riverside 368)

Slide Hampton, *Somethin' Sanctified* (Atlantic 1362)

Coleman Hawkins, *Night Hawk* (Prestige/Swingville 2016)

Al Hibbler Sings the Blues (vocal) (Reprise 9-2005)

John Lee Hooker Plays and Sings the Blues (vocal) (Chess 1454)

Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightning Strikes Again* (Dart 8000)

Jazz Renaissance Quintet, *Movin' Easy* (Mercury 20605)

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-Coleman Hawkins, *Jazz Reunion* (Candid 8020)

Bobby Timmons, *Easy Does It* (Riverside 363)

Ben Webster, *The Warm Moods* (Reprise 2001)

# a request from Riverside: please allow us to point with pride at Wes Montgomery and Bill Evans

☞ We know it's not polite to point, but sometimes we just can't help it. The specific occasion right now is the release of new albums by each of these two much-honored artists. The unique and thoroughly outstanding talents of both have long been recognized by the toughest critics of all—their fellow musicians. The 'regular' critics (the magazine and newspaper types) have also been most prolific with praise in reviews, feature articles and poll results; and so have those unofficial critics, the members of the jazz public, whose very basic critical function is to buy their albums and shout to their friends about them.

☞ Bill and Wes have even more points in common. Each has a previous LP very brashly titled by us: *Everybody Digs Bill Evans* and *The Incredible Jazz Guitar of Wes Montgomery*. Both being extremely modest men, neither was particularly comfortable with our bragging about them—but they were strictly the only ones who didn't consider these to be accurate descriptions.

And, as for further reason for our being proud, both artists began their climbs to recording fame on RIVERSIDE, and both remain very much long-term members of the RIVERSIDE team.

As for their latest albums, which are certain to bring still more laurel wreaths, they are—



☞ *So Much Guitar! WES MONTGOMERY*  
"Wonderfully inventive" is what Down Beat's Gene Lees calls Wes (just to pick out one random rave for one facet of his greatness). Highlights of this date include the fascinating interplay of guitar and Hank Jones' piano, plus exciting uses of Ray Barretto's conga rhythms.  
(RLP 382; Stereo 9382)



☞ *Sunday at the Village Vanguard: BILL EVANS Trio*  
The pianist's first "live" recording finds him spurred on by possibly the hippest audience in New York, at a Vanguard Sunday session. The album also features the playing (and two compositions) of Evans' remarkable bassist, the late Scott LaFaro.  
(RLP 376; Stereo 9376)

☞ Have you heard RIVERSIDE's latest hit jazz single (45 rpm)? It's JOHNNY GRIFFIN'S irresistible jazz version of the movie theme *The Guns of Navarone* (R 4506)!

a major composer, and that this score contains more than slight evidence of his brilliance.

"Admittedly," says Lewis, exhibiting his great value to us all. "we are only beginning, but it is a very great challenge, one that we find very exciting, and for that reason more than worth all the effort."  
(B. M.)

**Dave Newman**

**STRAIGHT AHEAD:** Atlantic 1366—*Batista's Groove; Skylark; Night of Nisan; Cousin Slim; Summertime; Congo Chant.*

Personnel: Newman, alto, tenor saxophones, flute; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Newman is seen full-face and in both profiles in this succinct yet panoramic coverage of his talents. Stretching out with a tenor, an alto, and a flute track on each side, he scores most heavily in the flute items, the delightfully simple *Nisan* and the reflective, haunting *Summertime*.

His tenor, despite the apparent Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane influences, has moments of humor and timbre that suggest Lockjaw Davis on the eloquently flowing *Batista's Groove*. (Is this to be followed by *Trujillo's Tempo* and *Khrushchev's Capers*?) The alto numbers, *Skylark* and *Congo Chant*, though a little less distinctive, are firmly and convincingly stated.

Kelly's role is an important one, amounting at times to a virtual duet with Newman; in effect, two of the album's four stars are for him. There is a little

too much separation between Kelly on the left channel and Chambers on the right. The latter shows his customary dexterity in a bowed solo on *Batista*. Persip offers impeccable support throughout.

A modest, honest, most agreeable set.  
(L.G.F.)

**Lem Winchester**

**WITH FEELING** — Prestige/Moodsville 11: *Why Don't They Understand?; Butterfly; With a Song in My Heart; But Beautiful; Skylark; To Love and Be Loved; The Kids; My Romance.*

Personnel: Winchester, vibraharp; Richard Wyands, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

If "mood music" (whatever its style) is some sort of innocuousness, then this is not mood music. Nor is this collection of medium and slow ballads and one original (*The Kids*) an example of emotional cheapness.

My rating is not absolute, but I make it on the basis of the way the record fulfills its intentions—which, as I hope I am indicating, turn out to be not quite so easy as they might seem.

Despite many differences of device, Winchester was still, at his death, close to Milt Jackson in his phrasing and in his ideas. *Butterfly*, for example, is very like Jackson. But Winchester is never lushly sentimental, and for me, Jackson sometimes can be just that. I think that that is a high tribute to Winchester's promise as a jazz musician and the strongest evidence of our loss at his death. *Song*

in *My Heart* at this slow tempo is a real temptation, even a trap, for indulgent sentimentality, but Winchester does not give in to it for a moment.

In his variations on *Why Don't They Understand?* (a very good piece, by the way) Winchester did some of his most original improvising on this set, and his solo is appropriate and cohesive. There are also ideas on *But Beautiful*, and anyone who can get away with those rattling tremolos without sounding foolish has real authority as an improvising musician. Winchester does.

*Skylark* and *Romance* are split about evenly between Jacksonian effects and Winchester's own good ideas and devices. *The Kids* shows how far he might have gone in developing a personal and effective variant of Jackson's style, even if his own emerging originality had not developed.

Wyands' accompaniments are good emotionally and rhythmically, but I wish his solos did not so often fall into deliberate blue notes or modish block chords, just as he is beginning to construct capable lines.

Duvivier and Haynes are—with constant, appropriate vitality—Duvivier and Haynes; I will just remark that this is saying a lot.  
(M.W.)

**Phil Woods**

**RIGHTS OF SWING**—Candid 8016: *Prelude and Part I; Part II (Ballad); Part III (Waltz); Part IV (Scherzo); Part V (Presto).*

Personnel: Quincy Jones, conductor; Woods, alto saxophone; Benny Bailey, trumpet; Curtis

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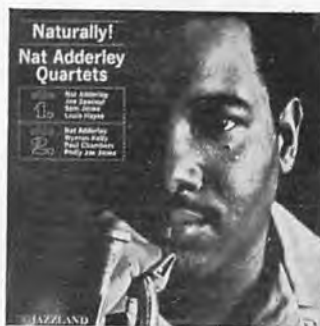


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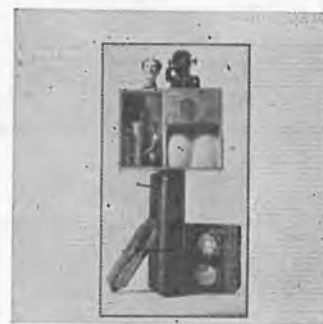
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Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Because Woods listened to a 78-rpm version of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* and the records dropped from the changer in an incorrect order but still sounded good, he realized that such a form might be valuable for a jazz musician to utilize. In his well-done program notes, he explains that he has attempted in *Rights of Swing*, "a sense of cyclic motion starting anywhere and always going around. In other words, I tried for a sense of movement uniting the *whole* framework although each section was meant to be self-sufficient."

He has accomplished just this. You can listen to any section out of context and enjoy it or start listening at any point in the suite and continue in a circular motion.

Do not let the word "suite" lead you to think that there is any classical-jazz pastiche involved here. *Swing* is a jazz composition of related themes that provides plenty of room for healthy blowing.

Woods' virile alto shows the way, but all the soloists and supporting rhythm men are of consistently high quality. Most of the sidemen come from the Quincy Jones Orchestra with which Woods was working at the time. Jones, himself, contributed by conducting the ensemble and acting as general adviser.

To Woods, *Rights of Swing* is a "summation and beginning" for him. It draws from some material he previously had written and recorded, but it is an extension rather than a repetition. *Waltz for a Lovely Wife* is expanded on in *Part III* and *Back and Blow* in *Part V*. The inclusion of the short references to *Rite of Spring* in *Part V*, was dictated by the title of Woods' piece and the inspiration Stravinsky's work gave the altoist. (I. G.)

**John Wright**

NICE 'N' TASTY—Prestige 7197: *Things Are Getting Better; The Very Thought of You; Witchcraft; Pie Face; You Do It; Darn That Dream; The Wright Way; Yes, I Know.*

Personnel: Wright, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; J. C. Heard, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The author of the liner notes, in what is one of the most ill-tempered essays I have read, advances the thesis that, because of his early experiences in the Negro church, Wright's claim to be the possessor of s--l (I really can't write all of that word any more) is somehow more genuine than that of all those *other* musicians, who are only imitating Garner-Garland-Jamal anyhow.

What is never made clear is how we are to reconcile this claim with the obvious influence that Garland and Garner have had on Wright himself. On this point the notes are somewhat less than explicit: "(Wright) has, it must be said, drawn upon some of the same models as those whose work I have been deploring."

The reason I go into this at such length is that there seems to be a danger of setting up a false dichotomy between those who have been raised in the Negro church, and, ergo, have you-know-what, and those who haven't.

What is really far more prevalent is that a (Negro) jazz musician has had at least two distinct streams combining to determine his musical personality: on the one hand, Gospel music and its secular counterpart, rhythm and blues; on the other, jazz. Cannonball Adderley, for instance, has discussed his exposure to Gospel music as a youth. And in another interview he recalled that his interest in jazz started when he heard radio broadcasts of Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway.

Wright clearly belongs to the same category of jazz musicians as Adderley. His first album was in the s--l vein, but this may have been the result more of Prestige's desire to exploit a good thing than it was Wright's desire to play that way.

On this LP he has branched out, and, while there are a couple of things in the Gospel-ly vein (*Yes, I Know; Pie Face*), they are less impressive than his handling of a standard such as *Witchcraft*, or of Adderley's *Things Are Getting Better*.

For my money, Wright should leave the church music to Ray Charles—who, in any case, does it more convincingly—and concentrate on the whole field of jazz. Granted his style owes something to Garland and Garner, he is still original, and I find him just what the title says—nice 'n' tasty. (F.K.)

**Lester Young**

"PRES"—Charlie Parker 402: *Neevah; I Cover the Waterfront; These Foolish Things; Lester Leaps In; Sunday; Destination Moon.*

Personnel: Young, tenor saxophone; rest of personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

These selections are from either a dance or club with a swinging bar. In either event, a party atmosphere prevails. Home recording dulls the proceedings, but Young shines through nevertheless. His subdued statement of *Waterfront* at a relaxed swinging tempo is superb, and the exuberant, intense swing of *Leaps* is a joy. Listen to his stop-time work here. His time is perfect.

Jesse Drakes, who worked with Young from 1949 to 1955 (I would place this recording at about 1952 or '53) and is surely the trumpeter on this record, plays at his corny worst on two tracks of the first side, and this drags down the rating. They would have done well to delete his solo completely on *Neevah* (labeled simply *Blues*, unknown, it was written and recorded on Mercury by Young). His effort on *Leaps* is expendable, too. On *Neevah*, he repeats, ad nauseum, a staccato, four-note phrase, and it even crops up on *Leaps*. On *Waterfront*, *Sunday*, and *Moon*, at least he is thinking melodically, even if it is not on the high level of his leader. Drakes' weird personal amalgam of swing and bop makes it at times, but he never seems to be able to sustain himself over extended periods.

The pianist is indistinguishable and undistinguished. Nor do I recognize the bassist. The drummer not only sounds like Jo Jones (dig his breaks on *Waterfront*) but also one of the audience (and you can hear many of them throughout the proceedings) is calling his name and talking to him at one point.

*Things* is all Pres and a beautiful ballad statement. *Moon* is an added fillip because

it was one of his best numbers in that period but was never recorded before, to the best of my knowledge.

Pres was one of the few greats . . . and this is excellent Pres.

But why the picture of an alto on the back cover? (I.G.)

## VOCAL



### K. C. Douglas

**K. C.'S BLUES** — Prestige/Bluesville 1023: *Broken Heart; Hen House Blues; Wake Up, Workin' Woman; Rootin' Ground Hog; Meanest Woman; Born in the Country; Love Me All Night Long; Tell Me; No More Cryin'; K. C.'s Doctor Blues; You Got a Good Thing Now; Watch Dog Blues.*

Personnel: Douglas, vocals, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

I was delighted when I heard that Chris Strachwitz was recording K. C. Douglas, a very fine Mississippi-born blues singer who works in the best Big Bill Broonzy traditions, for Prestige.

The resulting disc, however, is not nearly so good as the earlier collection Douglas recorded for the Cook label (*Blues and a Guitar*, now out of print), yet this is an excellent program of blues in the harsh, raw Mississippi delta style.

In the five years since the first recording, Douglas' singing has taken on a certain superficiality. The passionate intensity that marked his singing on the Cook disc has been replaced here by a certain formalized polish, though the roughness of the pure country approach, which has not entirely left his work, still provides solid strength. If a sense of drama has been acquired, it has been added at the expense of spontaneity and immediacy.

Douglas is not the most original or imaginative of blues lyricists, and his paucity of ideas is very pronounced quite often here, especially in those blues dealing with the pains of sensual love.

Enough of his Mississippi background courses through Douglas' singing and playing on this disc to make it of more than routine interest, however. (P.W.)

### Memphis Slim

**CHICAGO BLUES** — Folkways FG 3536: *Boogie-Woogie Piano Styles; Alberta; Scandinavian Boogie; Between Midnight and Dawn; 46th Street Boogie; The Big Race; Chicago Rent Party; Down South.*

Personnel: Slim, vocals, piano; Arbee Stidham, guitar; Jump Jackson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This, Slim's fourth Folkways album, is a pleasant enough collection, yet little more than that. His piano is competently propulsive, as usual—he generates a great

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deal of excitement in up-tempo tunes like *46th Street Boogie*, primarily because of the speed at which it's taken—yet his playing is generally unimaginative, dull, and repetitious. It is solid, forthright, swinging stuff of little subtlety or grace.

The number *Boogie-Woogie Piano Styles*, Slim's attempt to re-create the playing styles of several boogie-woogie pianists he's admired (Meade Lux Lewis, Pete Johnson, Jimmy Yancey, Albert Ammons, and LeRoy Carr), is particularly stilted; never once are the ghosts of these artists summoned up in Slim's bumbling tribute.

It may be, as Martin Williams' notes indicate, that Slim's style is so strongly individual that what he offers are not imitations or re-creations, but "very Slimish adaptations" of the styles on exhibition here. It might equally be, and this seems much more likely, that he cannot re-create the styles, for he is a limited instrumentalist.

The most satisfying numbers are the three lengthy vocal selections that comprise the second side. *Chicago Rent Party* is an exuberant, free-wheeling evocation of its title; *The Big Race* offers Slim's comments on the past electoral campaign; *Down South* is a sly, good-natured piece of social commentary on one of our national problems. Slim's vocals here are more properly recitative than real blues singing.

Stidham has yet to get his guitar tuned, as his work on *Between Midnight and Dawn* and *The Big Race* shows all too clearly. (P.W.)

#### B. K. Turner

**BLACK ACE**—Arhoolie 1003: *I Am the Black Ace; Bad Times Stomp; Drink On; Little Girl; Santa Fe Blues; New Triffin' Woman; Further Along; Evil Woman; Fore Day Creep; Little Augie; Your Leg's Too Little; No Good Woman; Santa Claus Blues; Golden Slipper.*

Personnel: Turner, vocals, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Turner, the 56-year-old Texas blues singer who billed himself as "The Black Ace" when he recorded in the 1930s, had not sung in more than 15 years when he was sought out and recorded by Chris Strachwitz and British blues authority Paul Oliver on their field trip in early autumn 1960.

However, 10 days of practice was all that was necessary for his facility to return to him undiminished, and this impressive album presents some powerful work by one of the few blues artists recorded playing in the "Hawaiian" guitar style (Oscar Woods, Turner's teacher, and Kokomo Arnold were two other exponents of this approach). As Oliver notes, Black Ace may well be the last bluesman working in this style to be recorded.

Black Ace sings in a clear, at times husky voice with all the introspective tension that has characterized the work of the finest Texas blues singers. It is his guitar that is particularly breathtaking, however, for the whining, tremulous Hawaiian style is one that affords perhaps the fullest usage of blue tonality.

The constantly slurring tones produced by the sliding bottle (held in the fretting

hand) almost do away with the idea of key tonality in this music, which is continually shifting, forever moving through quarter tones to resolution. This tonal vacillation sets up a terrific tension that is most exciting.

There is one disappointing aspect to this collection, and that is in its unvarying sameness, especially melodically. Every selection here is of the same tenor and feeling—a high one, to be sure, but somewhat wearying after a while. This is a collection to be sampled bit by bit.

The album may be ordered directly from its producers, the International Blues Record Club, Box 671, Los Gatos, Calif. (P.W.)

#### Kitty White

**INTIMATE**—World Pacific 1406: *Autumn Leaves; Glad to Be Unhappy; That's All; I'm Glad There Is You; My Ship; My Romance; Yesterdays; If I Should Lose You; I See Your Face before Me; Long Ago and Far Away; Everyday's a Sad Old Day; Black Is the Color.*

Personnel: Miss White, vocals; Corky Hale, harp; Bud Shank, flute.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Listening to Miss White is a unique experience, one so personal that it almost defies comparison with hearing any other singer. She is perhaps one of the most individualistic, natural artists in the business.

The tone of this album is a bit somber. Perhaps it is a case of too much too much. Despite each tune's being handled with specialized care and infinite compassion, after a while, I wish I could hear her work in another vein.

Because this is only one small segment of the vocalist's talent, an all-inclusive critique is precluded. The most to be said is that in this torchy, melancholy mood Miss White handles herself magnificently.

Also let's realize that although harp and flute accompaniment is unique, each of the instruments has limitations and endurance points. The only time this album really goes anyplace is when Miss White is singing. (B.G.)

## RECENT JAZZ RELEASES

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

*Betty Blake Sings in a Tender Mood* (Bethlehem BCP 6058)

*The Dixie Rebels, Vol. 2* (Command 825)  
Dexter Gordon, *Doin' Allright* (Blue Note 4077)

Lionel Hampton, *The Many Sides of Hamp* (Glad-Hamp 1001)

Jazz Crusaders, *Freedom Sound* (Pacific Jazz 27)

*A Date with the Mastersounds* (Fantasy 3316)

Lee Morgan, *Expoobident* (Vee Jay 3015)  
Albert Nicholas with Art Hodes (Delmar 207)

Red Prysock, *Swing Softly Red* (Mercury 60188)

*Martial Solal* (Capitol 10261)

Dakota Staton, *Round Midnight* (Capitol 1597)





# THE BLINDFOLD TEST

# AL HIRT



By LEONARD FEATHER

Al Hirt has managed to reach the big time as a jazz name without traveling the conventional route that might be expected of anyone with his background.

Although he's from New Orleans, his early idols were Ziggy Elman and Harry James rather than King Oliver and Jelly-Roll & Co. (he is, however, a staunch Armstrong man).

He was never discovered, working in a dive, by any critic, and has yet to be hailed in jazz circles as a major new this or that. He made it from New Orleans right into such upper strata as Las Vegas, Nev., Basin Street East in New York City, and the *Dinah Shore Show* simply because a manager with a keen ear for business found him and set him on this direct path to lucre.

Hearing Hirt in person for the first time when he visited Hollywood some months ago. I was impressed by his musicianship and flexibility. Despite the sometimes corny kidding around, which admittedly helps expand his audience, he has an admirable mastery of the horn.

He is also a man of broad musical interests, as I found out a little later when he took his first *Blindfold Test*. He was given no information about the records played.

## The Records

1. Maynard Ferguson. *New Blue* (from *Maynard '61*, Roulette). Ferguson, trumpet; Lanny Morgan, alto saxophone.

I liked it very much. It moved me a great deal. Nobody can play the high ones like Maynard. He's a real specialist and certainly a great player with a great jazz feel.

I liked the interplay between the alto and the trumpet—that 3/4 feeling there. I thought the intonation was a little wavy in the first part, but when they went back into the 4/4 after the alto and trumpet, then I thought it really got into it.

There was a down-home feel in it along with some modern playing. It was a good performance all around from all the players, and I would say three bells.

2. Dukes of Dixieland. *Riverboat Shuffle* (from *On Bourbon Street*, Audio Fidelity).

Yes, that's a New Orleans group, the Dukes of Dixieland. I recognize the song; it's Hoagy Carmichael's tune. *Riverboat Shuffle*. That's one of the better two-beat tunes, and it swings right along. I like the changes in it . . . the first part . . . But I don't think it quite gets off the ground. I've heard them swing a lot better than they do in this one . . . There's not enough life in it. Not up to par for the Dukes; I'll give it two bells.

3. Miles Davis. *Tadd's Delight* (from *'Round About Midnight*, Columbia). Davis, trumpet; Red Garland, piano; John Coltrane, tenor saxophone.

I dig modern music very much. I am not quite sure who it is playing, but I was a little disappointed in it, because, just like the last record you played, it didn't seem like it moved too well—with the exception of the piano jazz. I dug the piano very much.

I thought the trumpet was flat. If it was Miles, it was very disappointing—one of his poorer performances. The tenor also was a little lacking in the jazz; his intonation was a little off, too. He sounded flat.

I don't know whether they did this for an effect purposely, or what, but it wasn't quite up to the pitch, and the jazz wasn't as exciting as I'd expect with capable players like that. And these guys are

capable; I can tell by the flow of ideas.

On the musicianship and the great piano solo, I'll give it two bells.

4. Quincy Jones. *The Golden Touch* (from *The Music of Quincy Jones*, Argo). Joe Harris, drums; solos: Ake Persson, trombone; Benny Bailey, trumpet; Lennart Jansson, baritone saxophone; Gunnar Svensson, piano, arranger; Jones, Oscar Pettiford, composers.

There's one I really dug. It swung right along. All the solo work was great. The drummer was magnificent. His time was beautiful! He swung the band just great. And I loved the baritone player. Was that Gerry Mulligan? All of it was fine; it had a great lift. The trumpet player was right on top of it, and I like the edge on his sound, and the ideas were very fine. At times, it sounded like Miles; it sounded a little like Dizzy, too. I like his ideas . . . great . . . nice changes . . . beautiful thoughts. Four bells.

5. Harry James. *Rockin' in Rhythm* (from *Harry James . . . Today!*, MGM). James, trumpet; Willie Smith, alto saxophone; Jack Percival, piano; Russ Phillips, bass; Terry Rosen, guitar; Tony DeNicola, drums.

Yeah. I like it. It swung along real good, and it sounded like Harry James' band to me. I thought Harry played very well on it—if it was Harry. It had a good feel, a good swing.

The rhythm section carried it along very well. I thought I recognized the lead alto as Willie Smith; he swings the section along in that old Lunceford style.

I know the composition, but I can't think of the name. It was great. I'd rate it three bells.

6. Louis Armstrong. *Medley: When You're Smiling, St. James Infirmary, Dinah* (from *A Rare Batch of Satch: the Authentic Sound of Louis Armstrong in the '30s*, RCA Victor). Armstrong, trumpet, vocal; backed by 10-piece band. Recorded, 1932.

It was very interesting to hear that. What year was that done? Satch is really a kick, you know, he hasn't changed a bit! He's only showcased in a more modern way now. He still sings in the exact same way he did years ago—the same feel.

Of course, recording in those days was so lacking, and the ideas now are so an-

cient that they don't move you in any way. That big band was ridiculous, getting in everybody's way and stumbling all over each other, but it was a beginning, and I say it was great for that. Two bells.

7. Art Farmer. *So Beats My Heart for You* (from *Art*, Argo). Farmer, trumpet; Tommy Williams, bass.

That was great! That knocked me out! The bass player was superb. The trumpet was just great. The whole thing was wonderful. I don't know who the bass man was, but I'm a big fan of his. Was that Paul Chambers? Boy, he sure plays great! Man! Beautiful, beautiful jazz. Intonation was great.

I loved the presence on the trumpet, and the ideas were flowing beautifully. This is my idea of a real exciting modern jazz record. It swung. Four bells.


8. Sidney Bechet. *What Is This Thing Called Love?* (from *Dixieland and New Orleans Jazz*, RCA Camden). Bechet, soprano saxophone; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Everett Barksdale, guitar. Recorded in New York City, 1941.

I like that. I think I recognized that as the late Sidney Bechet, wasn't it? It sounded like Harry James playing the trumpet. I like the guitar. I thought it moved along well. And I like the tune *What Is This Thing Called Love?*

The whole record had a good jazz feel. I think, for the time it was done, it was an exceptional performance. I knew Sidney in New Orleans. Was this made in Paris? I would definitely give this three bells.

9. Stan Kenton. *Unison Riff* (from *Kenton in Hi-Fi*, Capitol). Kenton, piano; solos: Vinnie Tono (with plunger) and Pete Candoli, trumpets; Lennie Niehaus, alto saxophone; Milt Bernhart, trombone.

I thought that was outstanding. It sounded like the great Stan Kenton, and there's a particular nod in there to the trumpet player with that plunger work there in the beginning. This is very difficult to do when it comes off right, and I thought he did it very well.

All the solos were outstanding, and the thing swung right along. The whole band was swinging. I rate that four bells. 

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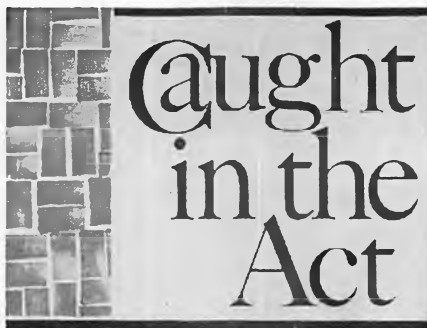
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## NAT COLE SHOW Greek Theater, Hollywood

**Personnel:** Cole; Barbara McNair;  
Natalie Cole; Lee Scott Dancers;  
Ralph Carmichael, music director;  
Greek Theater Orchestra; Reunald  
Jones, trumpet; John Collins, guitar;  
Charlie Harris, bass; Lee Young, drums.

*The Merry World of Nat King Cole* may have been an effort to prove that a first-class musical show starring Nat Cole, plus talented support, can stand on its own and match the most lavish Las Vegas spectacles. If so, it succeeded; but it is a pity that the *Merry World* was presented only for a total of nine evenings—two to break in at San Diego's Russ Auditorium, and seven at the Greek Theater.

Despite the chill and dampness of opening night in this outdoor setting, the singer was in top form from the outset. Toward the evening's close, however, a growing hoarseness in Cole's voice was evident.

Staged in two acts, the first half of the program was based on an international roundelay. The theme was travel; the settings varied from country to country—Italy, France, Japan, Latin America, and the United States. The costumed dancers on the economically set stage served as spicing for some excellent samples of Cole's singing, from the *Foggy Day* of the London set to the Latin American mardi gras riot. The most appealing bit in the first half, however, was *It's a Bore*, which Papa Cole shared with his daughter, 11-year-old Natalie. The child came across with poise and aplomb in singing and spoken lines and with every mark of the professional.

Miss McNair, variously featured throughout with Cole, with the dancers and solo, is trim, winsome, and a good singer. She sang a trio of tunes, *This Could Be the Start of Something*; *If You Love Me*; and *The Lady Is a Tramp*. The second song was something of a misfit, but her belting of *Lady* won loud applause. Miss McNair has looks and personality to burn.

After the rapid and colorful pacing of the first half, the balance of the show, featuring Cole front and center, suffered by comparison.

The singer performed two numbers with a jazz group comprising Jones, Collins, Harris, and Young. Trumpeter Jones blew straight from the bell in swing style, fitting well with Cole's conception of pre-hop jazz. Cole took a solo turn on piano with *Tea for Two* and, in his ultracausal way, gave the tramped standard another thorough going over with seemingly endless quotes from other melodies. In keeping with the entire tenor of the program, this was far from serious jazz playing.

Drummer Young acted as sort of assistant conductor to Carmichael—mostly surreptitiously with his left hand. As a consequence, his playing suffered. He failed to catch brass figures, appeared generally careless in his playing, and on the whole turned in a gutless and apparently uninterested performance.

For the rest, it was Cole and orchestra; the musicians now transferred from the pit to a lavish red handstand onstage. Cole at times was fighting the orchestra; in *Stardust* the strings straggled noticeably, and there was continuous indecision as to cues. The singer took *Surrey with the Fringe on Top* at a swinging up-tempo clip; handled *Makin' Whoopee* with sly insouciance and more than a dash of well-timed humor, and then shared *Hello, Young Lovers* with the virginally gowned Miss McNair.

After a medley of songs made familiar by the singer (*Pretend*, *Mona Lisa*, *Ballerina*, and the like) to which the audience responded with predictable appreciation, Cole delved into his night-club act for the satirical *Mr. Cole Won't Rock and Roll*, a pointed spoof that left nothing unsaid.

As previously noted, this is a charming, imaginative, and spirited show that could hold its own in many locations, from Las Vegas to the New York Paramount. To relegate it to the shelf after seven days at the Greek Theater would seem frustrated effort indeed.

— Tynan





There have been four major invasions of New York City by Kansas City bands. Count Basie was the only one of them to make the big time.

The first K. C. band to come east was the old Bennie Moten Orchestra with Harlan Leonard playing alto. The band played the Lafayette Theater and the Savoy Ballroom in New York during the spring of 1930 and was asked to go into Connie's Inn to replace Fletcher Henderson's orchestra.

Moten turned down the offer because he had promised Harry Duncan of Fairyland Park in Kansas City that the band would play the park all summer. On April 2, 1935, Moten died in Kansas City without having cashed in on the success of the band's Victor recordings. It was the remnants of the Moten band that left Kansas City with Basie in 1936.

Harlan Leonard's Kansas City Rockets were booked into Jay Faggen's Golden Gate Ballroom in Harlem for a six-week engagement starting Feb. 10, 1940. The band played for a month until the ballroom lost its beer license and closed; the Rockets returned to Kansas City and obscurity.

Two years later, the Jay McShann band from Kansas City, opened at the Savoy. After moderate success, it too wound up back in Kansas City, but one of the band's members stayed in New York. He was Charlie Parker.

There were two 23-year-old musicians with the Leonard band who were to make a mark on modern jazz.

Trombonist Fred Beckett, who went east with the band and stayed with it until September, 1940, when he joined Lionel Hampton's first band, and the arranger and pianist, Tadd Dameron, who signed a full-time contract with Leonard as an arranger on Aug. 1, 1940. (He had been submitting scores to the band for several months prior to this date.)

J. J. Johnson has said, "The late Freddy Beckett was the very first trombonist I ever heard play in a manner other than the usual sliding, slurring,

lip-trilling or 'gut-bucket' style. He had tremendous facilities for linear improvisation. In general, Beckett's playing made a very lasting impression on me."

Fred Lee Beckett came from Tupelo, Miss., and as a young boy moved to Kansas City, Mo. He took up trombone in 1932 when he was 15 and started his professional career with Johnson's Crackerjacks of St. Louis in 1934.

By 1937, he was back in Kansas City playing with the bands of Andy Kirk and Prince Stewart. Later, in August, 1940, Kirk was eager to get Beckett back to replace Fred Robinson, but Beckett refused the offer, commenting, "I played with Kirk once, and he couldn't see me."

In mid-1937, Beckett went to Omaha, Neb., and joined the Nat Towles Band, which also in its personnel had tenor man Buddy Tate, who later worked with Basie. In 1938-39, Beckett was back in Kansas City with the Tommy Douglas Band. In late 1939 he was with Leonard.

Tadley Ewing Dameron was born in Cleveland, Ohio, the same year as Beckett. He started in music under the tutelage of his older brother, Caesar, an alto saxophonist. As a budding pianist,



Beckett

he worked with the late trumpeter Freddy Webster around Cleveland. Later he played with the Zack White and Blanche Calloway bands. His arranging career started when he sent scores on a free-lance basis to Kirk, Lucky Millinder, and Basie. He was scheduled to make regular arrangements for an ill-fated band that Vido Musso was in the process of organizing in early 1940.

A considerable amount of Beckett's and Dameron's work was showcased on the Leonard Bluebird recordings of 1940, but there were two sides that did not involve them that turned into heart-breakers for the band as a whole.

One was the waxing of a Harlan Leonard-Freddy Culliver original, *Hairy Joe Jump*. Leonard's version of the tune received little notice, but when the number was later recorded by Charlie Barnett's band, the Terry Shand Orchestra, and Al Donahue's crew it became a hit under the title of *Southern Fried*.

Another record of Leonard's that didn't sell when released was his initial version of *I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire*. The song had been written by an obscure pianist from New



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Orleans who once had played in Louis Prima's band, and Leonard saw the possibilities of the tune. A year and a half after Leonard's disc, it was recorded by Horace Heidt for Columbia and became a hit.

If one or both of these records had made the grade, the future of the Rockets, Beckett, and Dameron might have been different. The band made 24 sides, 20 of them issued. Most of the output was in a jazz vein. The band displayed the Kansas City sock rhythm, used surprisingly intricate harmonies, and featured fine solos by tenor saxophonist Henry (Hank) Bridges and trombonist Beckett.

*Down Beat's* record reviewer praised Beckett for his solo on *My Gal Sal*: "The trombonist has a forceful attack, good intonation, and the nerve to attempt the execution of difficult ideas." Again, on *A La Bridges* the reviewer wrote, "Beckett's daring slip horn, played in the high register, is sure and clean. The guy plays so great it scares you!"

Other musicians hearing the Leonard records spoke highly of Beckett's tone and range.

The trombonist's career with the first Lionel Hampton Orchestra of 1940-44 was in some ways a musical tragedy. There were various reasons for the unhappy situation, Hampton's seeking commercial acceptance being one of the bigger ones.

A reviewer who heard the band at the Savoy Ballroom in May, 1942, commented that Beckett "is an accurate, warm-toned first man who plays both hot and pretty solos." The trombonist also made a favorable impression on the other men in the band. Trombonist Luther (Sonny) Craven, when asked who he thought were the greatest jazz trombonists, replied, "Lawrence Brown and Fred Beckett." Beckett himself listed Tommy Dorsey and Lawrence Brown as his favorites.

There is nothing of particular value on the 20-odd sides the Hampton band made for Decca with Beckett on the roster. The few Beckett solos on the Leonard Bluebirds prompted French critic Hugues Panassie to write in his revised version of *The Real Jazz*, "One of the best trombonists of this generation was Fred Beckett, who played beautifully in something of an Armstrong-Trummy Young style."

Beckett left the Hampton band in late 1944 to enter the armed service. The next heard about him was in an entry in *Down Beat's Ragtime Marches On*: "Fred Beckett, first trombonist with Lionel Hampton for several years, died on Jan. 30, 1946, in St. Louis, Mo."

Leonard's arranger, Dameron, was

one of the first jazz musicians to depart from standard harmonies. As far back as 1938 when he was playing with small bands in Ohio, he was playing piano chords that nobody understood. When he later met Charlie Parker in Kansas City around 1940, the two exchanged and developed ideas. Dameron was to become one of the most important arrangers in modern jazz. His arrangements for the Rockets were the first recorded examples of his work. (See accompanying discography.)

The next *Hot Box* will deal with guitarist Charlie Christian's playing with Benny Goodman and at the Minton's Playhouse sessions.

## Beckett, Fred Lee (Freddy)

Chicago, Jan. 11, 1940

Harlan Leonard and His Rockets—Edward Johnson, William H. Smith, James Ross, trumpets; Richmond Henderson, Fred Beckett, trombones; Henry Bridges, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Jimmy Keith, tenor saxophone; Harlan Leonard, alto, baritone saxophone, clarinet; Ben Kynard, Darwin Jones, alto saxophones; William Smith, piano; Effergee Ware, guitar; Winston Williams, bass; Jesse Price, drums.

### ROCKIN WITH THE

ROCKETS (044589) Bluebird 10586  
CONTACT (044591) .. Bluebird 10586  
MY GAL SAL (044593) Bluebird 10625  
SKEE (044594) ..... Bluebird 10919

New York City, March 11, 1940

Stan Morgan replaces Ware on guitar.

### I DON'T WANT TO SET

THE WORLD ON FIRE  
(047796) ..... Bluebird 10919

PARADE OF THE  
STOMPERS (047799) Bluebird 10736

Chicago, July 15, 1940

Bill Hadnot replaces Williams on bass.

### ROCK AND RIDE

(053206) ..... Bluebird 10883  
400 SWING (053207) Bluebird 10823  
MY DREAM (053208) Bluebird 11032  
A LA BRIDGES (053211) Bluebird 10899

## Dameron, Tadley, Ewing (Tadd)

SKEE (see above)

ROCK AND RIDE (see above)

400 SWING (see above)

MY DREAM (see above)

A LA BRIDGES (see above)

Chicago, Nov. 13, 1940

Walter Morris replaces Beckett; Williams replaces Hadnot.

### DAMERON STOMP

(053638) ..... unissued

### SOCIETY STEPS OUT

(053639) ..... unissued

MISTREATED (053640) Bluebird 11544

TOO MUCH (053641) Bluebird 11544

### IT COULDN'T BE

(053642) ..... unissued

### KEEP ROCKIN'

(053643) ..... Bluebird 11302

TAKE 'EM (053644) .. unissued

DIG IT (053645) .... Bluebird 11302



# feather's nest



By LEONARD FEATHER

As a reader observed recently, we are a nation of faddists, and in the rush to greet a new fad there is a murderous tendency to neglect one that may have more artistic validity simply on the grounds that it has been around for a while.

I was reminded of this resoundingly the other night when I went to visit an old friend, Louis Jordan. An ad in the paper had told me that he was available for inspection as part of an attraction called the Debby Hayes show, appearing in the lounge at one of those monstrous bowling alleys, the Java Lanes in Long Beach, Calif.

Having known him during his tenure in the late Chick Webb's band, and throughout his fantastically successful career as a leader, I was a little shocked to see the show of which Jordan was a part, since it involved no Tympany Five but merely employed him as a single, doing some of his old Decca hits (several of which sold at least a million copies).

The company comprised a comedian doubling as tenor saxophonist; a Hammond organist; a drummer; Jordan; and the star, Debby Hayes, on trumpet and vocals. Debby may not be the best trumpet player in the world, but she is by far the gassiest-looking trumpet player I ever saw: like Marilyn Monroe with a cup mute.

The whole production was a typical Las Vegas lounge act, geared to entertainment values. Jordan, of course, was his own unique self, perhaps the greatest

living refutation of the concept that musicianship and a "show-biz" personality are incompatible.

Talking to him between shows, I found out why, after so many years as a leader, he had thrown in the towel.

"It happened during the holiday week between last Christmas and New Year's," he said. "The doctor had told me to take it easy anyway, but you know how it is around Christmas time. And I was in Chicago, where I'd lived for years, so old friends were asking me to play for them at parties.

"One night after we got through working around 4 a.m., I went to a



JORDAN

party and played all that morning until early afternoon, then played for another party, and had to be back on the job the same evening.

"Well, you know me; if the job is at 9:30 I'm there at 9. And one guy showed 20 minutes late and another a half hour late, and I said to myself, I've had it. I gave the guys two weeks' notice.

"While I was working Basin Street a few weeks later with a pickup combo, Debby's husband, who manages her, asked me if I'd like to join her show. I've been with it three months now. I have no health hang-up, no sidemen to

worry about, no responsibilities, no business problems, not even a recording contract; and I can relax on my day off. I've never been happier."

Louis sounded as though he really meant it.

Yet I couldn't help feeling that there was a tremendous injustice in the present pseudo-hip set's unawareness of his contribution. For it was Jordan who, in a series of delightfully tasty recordings as alto saxophonist, comedy vocalist, and leader (first of a quintet, then a septet, and for a while an excellent big band), set much of the content and style pattern that led to the whole present-day recording concept found in the best of rhythm-and-blues and the degenerate worst of rock and roll.

That the ideas he originated were debased by the teenaged mentality of the current Top 40 hit makers was not Louis' fault. That he is not encouraged to continue developing new material and ideas is a reflection on the narrow-minded attitude of recording executives whose reaction, I assume, is that yesterday's hero could never again sell a million records.

The Louis Jordan who made a string of hits teamed with Bing Crosby, Ella Fitzgerald, Louis Armstrong, et al. (and on his own) is as capable today as he was in the 1940s of satisfying any audience anywhere. He could bring quality performance back to the jukeboxes. That he has earned his present peace of mind, and is very secure financially makes his present status less disturbing; but I'd still like to see him on the network television shows, the LP lists, the overseas tour schedules, and in all the other areas where there are new millions to whom he has never been exposed.

Even a nation of faddists can come full circle once in a while.



## AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

Pianist **Sonny Clark** also has been working the spot. Noble's Place (that's **Noble Sissle**, a jazz veteran) on west 8th St. opened with organist **Sir Charles Thompson** and **Harold Austin's** trio with **Tommy Flanagan** on piano. Assorted girl singers and dancers are also featured. One club seems to have closed. At presstime, the Jazz Gallery, companion place to the Five Spot, is closed with no future booking planned.

Tenorist **Sam Donahue** will leave the **Stan Kenton** Band in October, after the band's booking at Basin Street East. He will become leader of the **Tommy Dorsey** Orchestra, whose present leader, **Warren Covington**, will form his own band, "with a style I can call my own." . . . The **Cliff Dwellers**, an international organization of gentle iconoclasts, had

a New York party last month—a boat ride on the Hudson River, music by the **Ray McKinley-Glenn Miller** Band, a steel band and some Limbo dancers . . . Trumpeter **Bobby Hackett** almost certainly will return to the staff of the American Broadcasting Co. but with allowances for nightclub appearances.

In Harlem's Colonial Park, a group of youngsters have begun a remarkable set of concerts, most of them debuts for young jazz musicians, among them drummer **Jeffrey Miller**, trombonist **Frannie Furman**, bassist **Jackie Green**, and tenor saxophonist **Larry Williams** . . . Two exceptional groups played at the Museum of Modern Art: Pianist **Randy Weston's** group, with **Johnny Coles**, trumpet; **Booker Ervin**, tenor saxophone; **Edward Warren**, bass; **Clarence Stroman**, drums; and, with tenorist **Bud Freeman**, **Harold Baker**, trumpet; **Ray Diehl**, trombone; **Sol Yaged**, clarinet; **Dave Frischberg**, piano; **Bob Hag-**

**gart**, bass; **Johnny Blowers**, drums . . . **Benny Goodman** will appear with trio on the Oct. 27 *Bell Telephone Hour* TV show . . . **Peggy Lee** has signed to star in one television special each year until 1964 in Britain . . . *The Case of the Missing Melody*, on *The Perry Mason* show, had special music written by guitarist **Barney Kessel** and a dramatic performance by **Bobby Troup**.

Another guitarist, **Jim Hall**, leads off in a special series of solo LPs to be issued by Candid records. Solo piano will be recorded by **Jackie Byard**. Other Candid releases featuring one instrumentalist include albums by trumpeter **Booker Little** with **Max Roach** playing tympani and by **Charlie Mingus** (as a pianist) with **Jimmy Knepper**, trombone; **Charles McPherson**, alto; **Knobby Totah**, bass; **Dannie Richmond**, drums . . . Capitol and Riverside have exchanged recording artists for special

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albums: Nancy Wilson will record with **Cannonball Adderley** for Capitol; **George Shearing** will record with **Wes Montgomery** for Riverside . . . Delmar's record *The Albert Nicholas Quartet with Art Hodes* features clarinetist **Nicholas** and pianist **Hodes** with bassist **Earl Murphy** and drummer **Fred Kohlman** . . . Cornetist **Nat Adderley** recorded with the **Miles Davis** rhythm section for Riverside . . . **Dinah Washington** will record for **Roulette** records . . . Bandleader **Dan Terry** is the a&r head of the newly formed **Cinema** records . . . Columbia records' new releases include *Friday Night at the Blackhawk* and *Saturday Night at the Blackhawk*, both recorded in that San Francisco club by the **Miles Davis** Quintet, available singly or as a double package. Forthcoming will be albums by two jazz singers signed by Columbia—**Carol Sloane** and **Matthew Gee**.

## CHICAGO

Chicago supporters of **Duke Ellington** and **Odetta** made the two artists' two-concert stand at the **Ravinia Festival** this summer the most well-attended of the north-shore park's 42 cultural events. Festival officials announced that the **Ellington-Odetta** concerts drew 13,715. The **Dukes of Dixieland** were heard by a total of 8,553 in a two-performance series. Attendance was up for the **Chicago Symphony Orchestra's** 18 programs: 3,959 average per concert this year as compared to 2,025 last year. The total attendance for the eight-week festival was 126,983. There seems a lesson to be learned by jazz-festival promoters in these figures: each performance was given over to not more than two artists.

**Chris Albertson** was in town last month. He recorded several of the performers who were active on the Chicago jazz scene in the 1920s. The recording sessions took place at **Masonic Temple** and **Birdhouse**. While he was here, **Albertson**, completing the second stage of the **Living Legends** series for **Riverside** (the first was *New Orleans/The Living Legends*), put on tape the work of **Earl Hines**, **Alberta Hunter**, **Lil Armstrong**, **Mama Yancey**, **Al Wynn**, **Booker T. Washington**, **Lovie Austin**, **Little Brother Montgomery**, and several others.

**McCormick Place**, the huge exposition hall on the lake front, is becoming the place to present musical events. **Franz Jackson** and the **Original Jass All-Stars** and the **Arthur Logan Gospel Singers** will display jazz roots there Oct. 8. **Dick Shory's** intriguing brass-and-drum ensemble is booked at the hall Nov. 19-23. Drummer **Joe Morello** is scheduled to make at least one performance with the **Shory** group during the five-day stand. Perhaps the most important music event to take place in the theater of the

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hall was the premiere of **Oscar Brown Jr.'s Kicks & Co.** Sept. 27. **Burgess Meredith** played Mr. Kicks, a modern-day Mephistopheles. The Urban League of Chicago received the proceeds from the musical's opening.

**Duke Ellington** does a one-nighter at Birdhouse Oct. 9, then two days later plays a benefit for the Hyde Park-Kenwood Community Conference at the Piccadilly Theater.

**Dexter Gordon** fans—300 strong—reveled in the sounds of the tenor saxophonist at a Grand Ballroom one-nighter late in August. Gordon, who some claim was the most important tenorist of the '40s, is booked for five weeks at McKie's Disc Jockey Lounge. He was to start Sept. 20. The **Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt** group is scheduled to follow him into McKie's for a 10-weeker.

Chicago traditional fans were surprised to hear that cornetist **Doc Evans**, who lives in Minneapolis, has completed a string quartet. Although he has not deserted the jazz field, Evans is planning to write a sonata for cello. He has been studying the instrument for more than a year. . . Trumpeter **Bob Scobey** suffered another ulcer attack.

**Erroll Garner** was in town last month. Several sessions resulted from his visit. The pianist was heard sitting in with a group of young Dixielanders. And they say the session with **Earl Hines**, who was playing Basin Street, was a scorcher. . . The Gate of Horn is getting away from its folk-music policy. Satire, drama, humor, and pantomime are being added to the club's format. **Lionel Stander** was the headliner of the first show under the expanded policy. . . New faces in **Art Farmer** and **Benny Golson's Jazztet** when it opened at the Sutherland early this month were former **Ray Charles** trombonist **Grachen Moncur**, pianist **Hal Mayben**, and former **Jazz Disciples-Jazz Brothers** drummer Scottish-born **Roy McCurdy**. . . The **Rev. Joseph Dustin**, the banjo-playing priest (*DB*, Sept. 28), has been transferred from his Detroit parish to Chicago's St. Michael's Church. . . The Living Room (formerly the Tradewinds) opened in the middle of September with **Roberta Sherwood** heading the show. **Joe Parnello** is leader of the house band.

#### LOS ANGELES

The compositions of **Boris (Lalo) Schifrin**, **Dizzy Gillespie's** 28-year-old pianist, were performed at the Monterey Jazz Festival, Sunday afternoon, Sept. 24. Gunther Schuller's brass ensemble premiered Schifrin's *Tunisian Fantasy* and *Gillespiana*. . . Motion picture composer **Leith Stevens** resumed his course in film scoring Sept. 20 at UCLA adult extension division. The class carries two units of credit at the university.

**Pete Jolly** and **Ralph Pena** added the drums of **Bob Minicucci** to their long

established piano-bass duo. The new trio remains at The Losers on the Strip till the end of this month, then plays a Promotional Productions concert Oct. 6 at Long Beach City College. Their new Verve album (with **Nick Martinis** on drums) is due out this fall. Meantime, plans are under way for **Jolly and Pena** to join **Shorty Rogers**, **Harold Land**, and drummer **Leon Petties** for a 10-day tour of England beginning Oct. 13.

Capitol's *The Debut on Discs of Europe's Greatest Jazz Pianist, Martial Solal* isn't. The new album, recorded in Paris under **Dave Dexter's** supervision, is actually Solal's second released in this country. **Lester Koenig** of Contemporary records released a Solal 10-inch LP titled *Modern Sounds: France* in 1954.

Tenorist **Warne Marsh**, resettled in L.A., is giving instruction in jazz improvisation to selected students. . . Altoist **Jimmy Woods**, who works by day for the Los Angeles probation department, signed with Contemporary. He has already recorded for the label with trumpeter **Joe Gordon**. The first LP under his leadership is in the works. . . **Lou Robin's** Concerts, Inc., brings the **Dave Brubeck** Quartet and the **Four Freshmen** to Pasadena's Civic Auditorium Oct. 21. This promotional office recently enjoyed an unprecedented sell-out in advance for the **Judy Garland** concert at Hollywood Bowl Sept. 16.

Premiere Artists agency has **Big Tiny Little** and his five-piecer booked solid through June, 1962, with no options; all firm contracts. Vaudeville pays.

**Harry Klusmeyer's** Promotional Productions is seeking new instrumental and vocal groups for campus gigs. Already lined up for the fall are the following: **Cal Tjader** Quintet at Pasadena College Sept. 28, **Chuck Marlowe's** eight-piece dance unit at El Camino College Sept. 22, the **Jerry Gray** Band at L.A. State College Nov. 4, and the **Gateway Singers** at Bakersfield College Oct. 5 and at Long Beach City College Oct. 6. . . MGM Records will act as distributor for the new Choreo label. That's the company bankrolled by **Fred Astaire** and **Hermes Pan**, of which ex-**Harry James** drummer **Jackie Mills** is executive vice president. . . After 18 months at **Rosie's** Red Banjo in Westwood, **Art Levin** and the Excelsior Banjo Five moved five blocks south to the 23 Skidoo.

**Vic Damone** opens Oct. 26 at Las Vegas' Flamingo; it's the singer's fifth appearance there on his three-year contract with the hotel; the **Harry James** Band continues in the lounge. . . **George Siegel** is interested in launching a jazz lecture series. Those similarly inclined should drop him a line at 1755 S. Robertson Blvd., L.A., 35, or phone him at VE 9-5080. . . Hark ye to **Neal Hefti's** latest chart—it's titled *The First Lady Waltz*. Eh?

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Send only ONE ballot: all duplicates are voided. Do not vote for deceased persons except in the Hall of Fame category.

It's time for all good men (women, too) to support their favorite jazz musicians—the 26th annual *Down Beat* Readers Poll is under way.

Facing this page is the official ballot. It is printed on a postage-paid, pre-addressed post card. Simply tear out the card, write your choices in each category in the spaces provided, and drop the card in a mailbox. It is not necessary to vote in each category. It is necessary, though, to write your name and address at the bottom of the card. Use only this official ballot; letters and regular post cards will not be accepted as ballots.

Last year the number of ballots cast in the Readers Poll exceeded previous years'. We anticipate an even larger return this year. We urge *all* readers, whether lay listeners or musicians, to vote—the larger the number of ballots cast, the more indicative the poll will be of the jazz world's tastes.

The *Down Beat* Readers Poll has come to be more than a popularity poll: it not only reveals which jazzmen, bands, and singers are satisfying the emotional needs of the greatest number of listeners, but it also is watched closely by those who hire jazz performers. Again, we urge you to support the performers you believe in.

## VOTING INSTRUCTIONS:

1. Vote only once. *Down Beat* reserves the right to disqualify, at its discretion, any candidate if there is evidence that his supporters have stuffed the ballot box in his favor. This has happened rarely, but when it was discovered, the loser was the musician voted for. Don't disqualify your choices by misdirected zeal.
2. Vote early. The poll closes Nov. 13.
3. Use only the official ballot. Print names legibly.

4. In the *Hall of Fame* category, name the jazz performer who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz. This is the only poll category in which deceased persons are eligible. This does *not* mean living persons cannot be voted for.

Previous winners are ineligible. They are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, and Coleman Hawkins (who won the 1961 *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll). A scholarship to the Berkeley School of Music is given in the name of the Hall of Fame winner.

5. Vote only for living musicians in all other categories.

6. The *Miscellaneous Instrument* category has been expanded this year. There can be more than one winner in this category. The instrumentalist who garners the greatest number of votes will, of course, be declared winner on his instrument. But those who play other miscellaneous instruments can also win: **if a musician receives at least 15 percent of the total vote in the category, he will be declared winner on his instrument.** For example, if there are 10,000 votes cast in the Miscellaneous Instrument category, an organist, say, with 1,500 or more votes will win also, provided there are no other organists with a greater number of votes.

(Note: a miscellaneous instrument is any instrument not having a category of its own. Two exceptions: valve trombone (votes for valve trombonists should be cast in the trombone category) and cornet (votes for cornetists should be cast in the trumpet category).

7. Vote for only one person in each category.

This above all: unto thy ownself be true. Vote as you feel, not as others say you should feel.

## WHERE & WHEN

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

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

### NEW YORK

Basin Street East: Stan Kenton, Chris Connor, Oscar Peterson, to 10/4. Billy Eckstine, Don Rickles open 10/5.  
 Birdland: Art Blakey, Gigi Gryce, 9/28-10/4. Joe Williams, Harry Edson, Toshiko Mariano, 10/5-18.  
 Bon Aire Lodge: Sol Fisch, *tfn*.  
 Condon's: Max Kaminsky, *tfn*.  
 Coronet (Brooklyn): Charlie Mingus, *tfn*.  
 Embers: Joe Bushkin, Henry (Red) Allen, to 10/14. Jonah Jones, 10/15-11/15.  
 Five Spot: Ornette Coleman, *tfn*.  
 Hickory House: Don Shirley, *tfn*.  
 Metropole: Gene Krupa to 10/5. Lionel Hampton, 10/6-19.  
 Nick's: Kenny Davern, *tfn*.  
 Roundtable: Dorothy Donagan, Andy Senator, to 10/7. Matt Monroe, Belle Barth, 10/8-11/4.  
 Noble's Place: Harold Austin, Sir Charles Thompson, Joan Shaw, Leontyne Watts, *tfn*.  
 Ryan's: Wilbur DeParis, Don Fry, *tfn*.  
 Versailles: Blossom Dearie, *tfn*.  
 Village Gate: Pete Seeger, 9/28-10/5. Aretha Franklin, Herbie Mann open 10/6.  
 Village Vanguard: Anita O'Day to 10/8. Chico Hamilton, 10/10-22.  
 White Whale: Sonny Clark, tentatively, *wknds*.  
 Purple Manor: George Braithwaite, *tfn*.

### PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): Tony Spair, *hb*.  
 Kreechmer's: Billy Kreechmer, *hb*.  
 Lamp Post (Levittown, Pa.): Derf Nolde 5, Fri., Sat.

Paddock (Trenton): Capitol City 5, *wknds*.  
 Red Hill Inn: Dukes of Dixieland, 10/13-15.  
 San Souci (Camden, N.J.): Vince Montana, *tfn*.  
 Second Fret: Various folk artists.  
 Show Boat: *unk*.  
 Woodland Inn: Bernard Peiffer, *tfn*.

### NEW ORLEANS

Cosimo's: Nat Perrillat, *wknds*.  
 Famous Room: Sam Butera, Santo Pecora, *hb*.  
 Famous Door: Murphy Campo, Mike Lala, *tfn*.  
 French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *tfn*.  
 Joe Burton's: Joe Burton, *tfn*.  
 Joy Tavern: Alvin Tyler, *wknds*.  
 Lee Roy's: Blanche Thomas, Dave Williams, *tfn*.  
 Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, *tfn*.  
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

### DETROIT

Au Sable: Jack Brokensha, *tfn*.  
 Baker's Keyboard: June Christy, 10/2-7.  
 Earl's: Frank Isola, *wknds*.  
 Checker Bar-B-Q: Ronnie Phillips, *tfn*.  
 Drome: Dorothy Ashby, *wknds*.  
 Empire: Johnny (Seat) Davis, 10/2-15.  
 Hobby Bar: Terry Pollard, *tfn*.  
 Kevin House: Bill Richards, *tfn*.  
 Mermaid's Cave: Eddie Bartel, *tfn*.  
 Minor Key: Cannonball Adderley to 10/8. Junior Mance, 10/10-16.  
 Roostertail: George Primo, *hb*.  
 20 Grand: Workshop Sessions, Mon.  
 Trent's Lounge: Danny Stevenson, *tfn*.

### CHICAGO

Alhambra: Ahmad Jamal, *tfn*.  
 Birdhouse: Miles Davis to 10/8. Thelonious Monk, 10/11-22. Art Blakey opens 10/25.  
 Blind Pig: Jazz session, Mon. Blues session, Tues.  
 Bourbon St.: Bob Scohey, Art Hodes, *tfn*.  
 Gate of Horn: Studs Terkel, Mon.  
 Ivy Lounge: Rick Frigo, *tfn*.  
 Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Clancy Hayes, *tfn*.  
 Franz Jackson, Thurs.  
 London House: Ramsey Lewis to Oct. 8. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, *hbs*.  
 McKie's: Dexter Gordon to 10/22, tentative.  
 Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, Dick Marx-John Frigo, *hbs*.  
 Red Arrow: Franz Jackson, Sat.  
 Sutherland: Horace Silver to 10/1. John Coltrane, 10/11-22. Sessions, Tues.

### LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: Kid Ory, *tfn*.  
 Blue Beet (Newport): Vince Wallace, *wknds*.  
 Brown Derby (Wilshire): Jess Stacy, *tfn*.  
 Club Havana: Rene Bloch, *tfn*.  
 Green Bull: Johnny Lucas, *wknds*.  
 Hollywood Palladium: Lawrence Welk, *hb*, *wknds*.  
 Honeybucket: South Frisco Jazz Band, *tfn*.  
 Hermosa Inn: The Saints, *wknds*.  
 Huddle (La Brea): Betty Bryant, *tfn*.  
 Jimmie Diamond's (San Bernardino): Edgar Hayes, *tfn*.  
 Jim's Roaring 20's (Downey): Johnny Lane, *tfn*.  
 Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*. Name grps., Sun.  
 Limelight (Pacific Ocean Park): Delta Rhythm Kings, *tfn*.  
 Losers: Pete Jolly, Ralph Pena, Bob Minicucci to 9/30.  
 Nickelodeon: Sunset Jazz Band, *wknds*.  
 Paris Theater: Sat. and Sun. morning sessions.  
 P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, *tfn*.  
 Renaissance: John Coltrane, 10/3-8; Miles Davis, 10/12-22.  
 Roaring 20's (La Cienega): Wild Bill Davison, Warren Smith, Johnny Tartola, Bill Campbell, Nick Pelico, Pud Brown, Joe Durham, Ray Bauduc.  
 Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Kenny Dennis, Marvin Jenkins, Bob Martin, *tfn*.  
 Sheraton West: Cal Gooden, *tfn*.  
 Sherry's: Vaughan Pershing, *tfn*.  
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, Conte Candoli, Richie Kamuca, Russ Freeman, Chuck Berghofer, *hb*, *wknds*. Helen Humes, *wknds*.  
 Frank Rosolino, Mon. Paul Horn, Weds. Teddy Edwards, Thurs.  
 Storyville: John Henderson, Dixie Rebels, *tfn*.  
 Summit: Cotton Club Revue; Joyce Collins, Bob Bertaux, *tfn*.  
 23 Skidoo: Excelsior Banjo Five.  
 Village: Conjunto Panama, Tues., Wed., Thurs. Johnny Martinez-Cheda, *wknds*.

### SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: George Shearing opened 9/26.  
 Jazz Workshop: John Coltrane to 10/1. Cannonball Adderley opens 10/10.  
 On-the-Levee: Joe Sullivan, *wknds*.  
 Pier 23: Burt Bales, *tfn*.  
 Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Pat Yankee, *tfn*.  
 Sugar Hill: Barbara Dane, Wellman Braud, Ken Whitson, *tfn*. Uncle Tiny McClurt, Sun.





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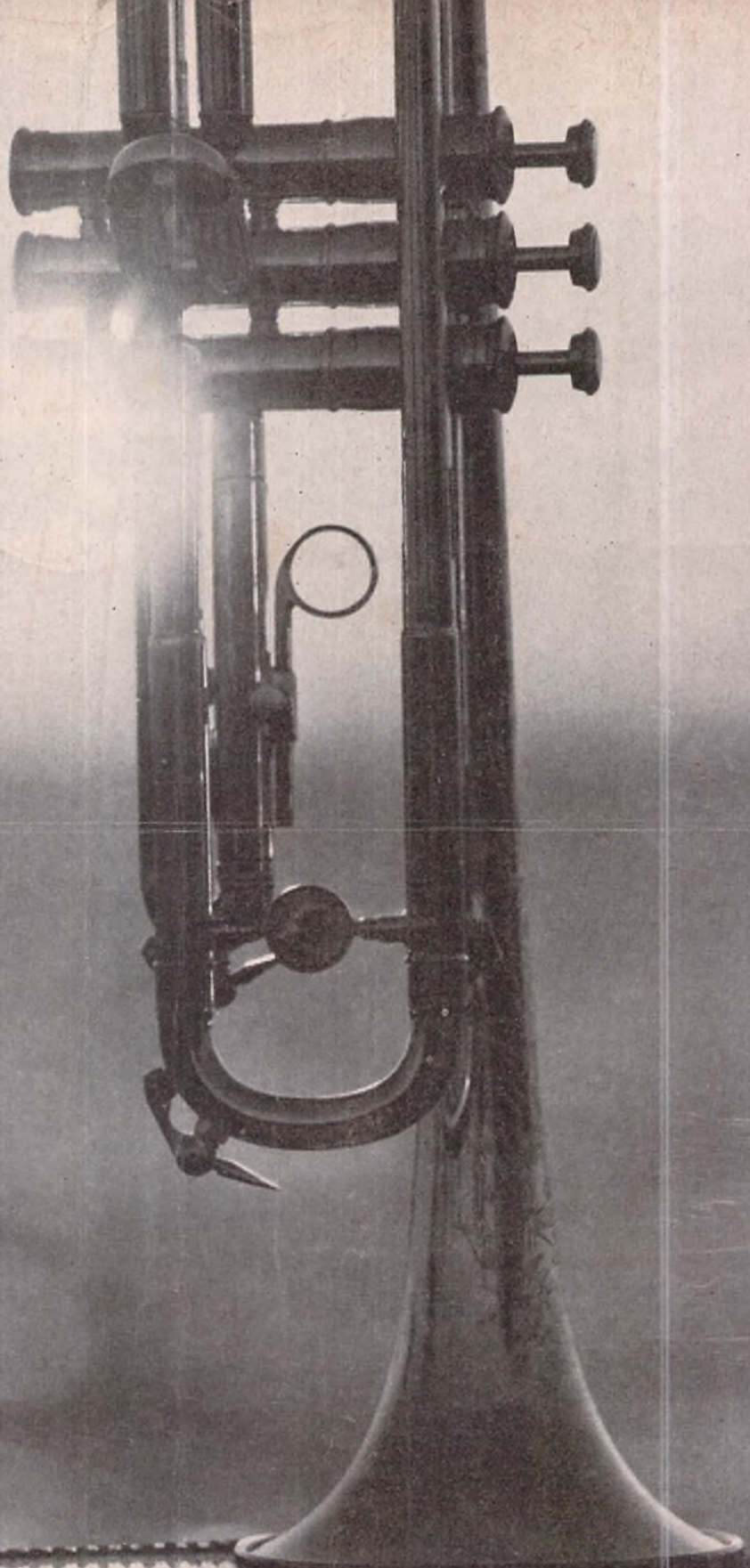
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