

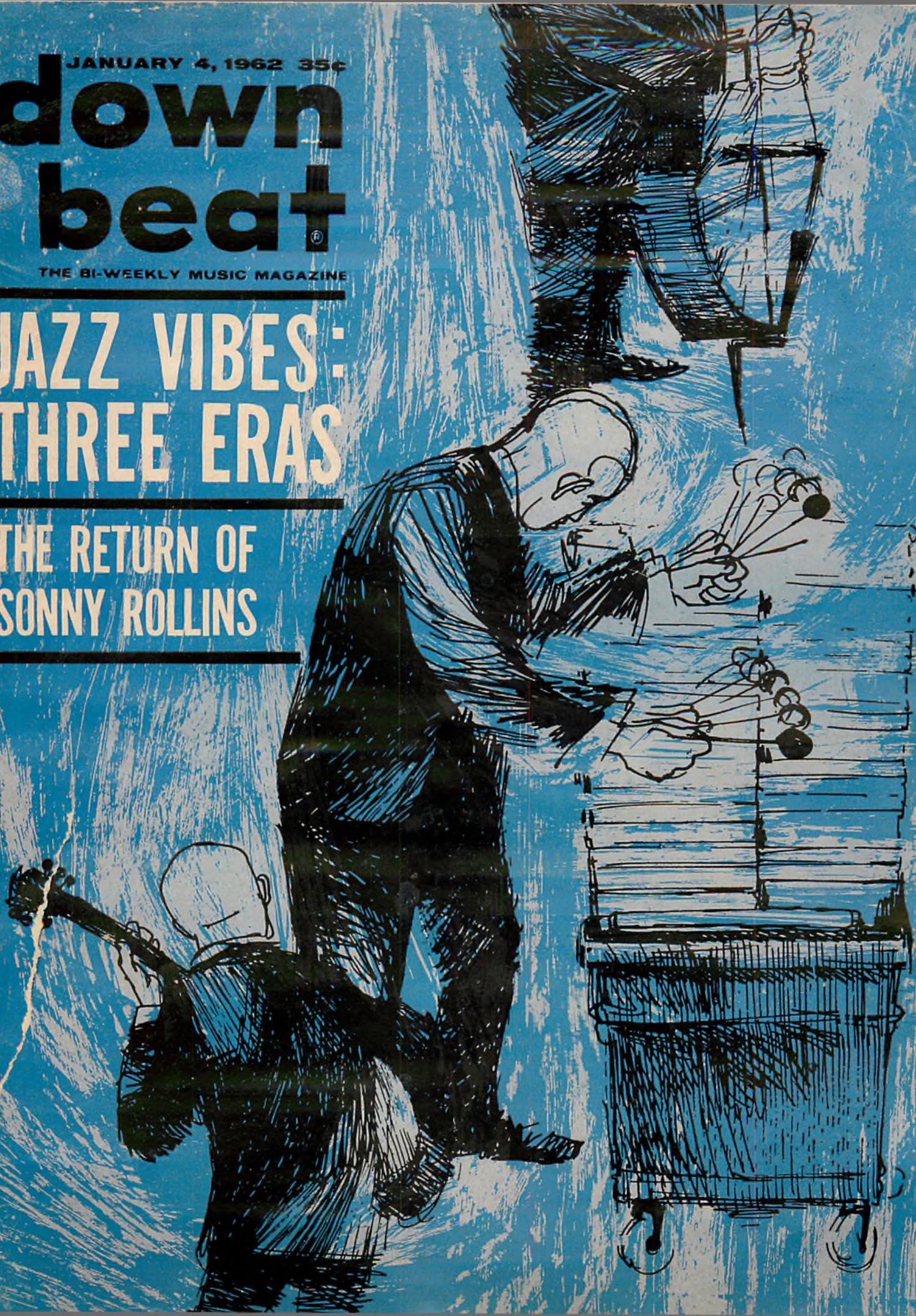
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VOL. 29, NO. 1

JANUARY 4, 1962

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The Jan. 18 issue of *Down Beat* (on sale Jan. 1) is the sixth annual Brass Issue. The accent is on trombone and trumpet.

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(ADV.)

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by John La Porta

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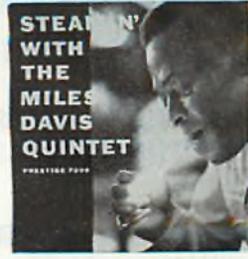
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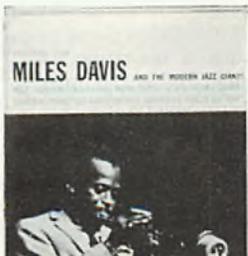
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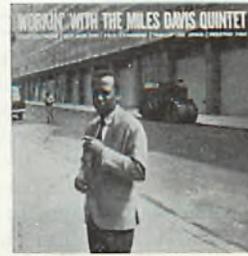
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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

'Take Five' Reactions

Reactionary maybe, but I would rather call John Tynan just plain sensible. His *Take Five* offering in the Nov. 23 issue deserves a pat on the back as far as I'm concerned.

I have been a jazz devotee for a number of years and have ridden the crest of changes from Glenn Miller to the MJQ with much appreciation and interest, but submitting to this Coltrane-Dolph-etc. school is either way over my head or out of the question. I believe I'd rather stick to the latter.

I can't decide whether theirs is really a crusade, or if they are just capitalizing on gullibility. I am content to leave them to their ramblings, but it is refreshing to see a little print in favor of us square listeners (a la Kenton, Brubeck, Jazztet, and others).

Madison, Wis.

Fred C. Thies

I have just received the Nov. 23 issue of *Down Beat*. Among some excellent articles I read John Tynan's *Take Five*, in which he put down John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy for their avant garde music. I wonder if Tynan ever listened to Ornette Coleman. If not, shelter him, because if he puts down Coltrane for a "New Frontier," his typewriter wouldn't contain enough letters or words for Ornette. . . . After listening to Coleman, Coltrane would sound like Gerry Mulligan or Paul Desmond or any other mainstream artist.

I rest my case!
Windsor, Conn.

Andy Hassinger

Tynan was the first critic to write about Coleman. In the 1958 International Jazz Critics Poll, Coleman received only one vote—Tynan's. In explaining his choice, Tynan wrote: "Ornette Coleman. Please remember this name. . . . In my opinion, he is showing more originality on his instrument than any of the newer group of altoists on either coast or points between."

A Serious Charge

In these times, in such a magazine as yours, it's almost a laugh to see so misguided a piece of pettifoggery as Ira Gitler's review of Abbey Lincoln's *Straight Ahead* (DB, Nov. 9).

Gitler never makes it clear if he's objecting to the influence of African nationalism in Abbey's singing on the grounds that ideology and art don't mix, or because he objects to that particular ideology. Either way, his thinking is wrong-headed.

If he is any kind of jazz critic at all, he must be aware of the immense part ideology plays in all Negro artistic expression, including the best of jazz. On the other hand, would he criticize Theodore Bikel for singing Israeli folk songs?

But what was really vicious in the review were the several nasty little remarks which seemed to seep up from a con-

sciousness indelibly tinged with white supremacist convictions.

His comment that the bulk of the jazz audience is white sounds like the familiar and old, very old, bit about "you Negroes ought to be grateful." But as the review proceeds, Gitler gets whiter and whiter, and the smug condescension thicker and thicker. His last statement, that Abbey should stick to being an "American Negro" has so many malodorous connotations that it is only possible here to point out one: "Come off it, Abbey honey, and be a sweet little colored girl like the kind we taught you to be and expect you to be. We want you to be our little colored girl."

If he knew anything about people, Gitler would be able to see that it is just this kind of basic disrespect that prompts Abbey Lincoln, and thousands of others like her, to look elsewhere for a point of view that will allow them a broader humanity. . . .

Detroit, Mich.

Clyde Taylor

Reader Taylor and the three or four other indignant readers who wrote in about Gitler's review of Miss Lincoln's letter may rest assured that Gitler is not a white supremacist. Nor is he unaware of the part social background plays in an art form, whether it be Negro or not. Gitler said, in his review, "Straight Ahead, the title song, fits the '60s, true, and I am in agreement with its sentiments [that is, immediate integration]—but its validity does not make it good art."

Fountain No Jazzman?

Down Beat is undoubtedly the best jazz magazine around. However, sometimes you do some pretty stupid things. For instance, the Pete Fountain article in the Nov. 23 issue. Fountain is not a jazz musician; neither are Jonah Jones and Al Hirt, whom you have also done articles on.

I am happy for Fountain that he has fulfilled his life-long dream of owning his own club. However, the space for the Fountain article should have been devoted to such as John Coltrane, Eric Dolphy, Sonny Rollins, Stan Getz, or any of a number of jazz musicians, not a commercial musician who should have stayed on the Lawrence Welk show. . . . Hatboro, Pa.

Jim Konrad

Reader Konrad's indictment of Fountain seems to be that the clarinetist has been financially successful. But financial success does not negate a man's ability to play jazz. Fountain's jazz ability was of such a high quality that he won the new-star clarinet award in the 1960 International Jazz Critics Poll. And before Jonah Jones made it commercially, he was referred to as one of the outstanding unrecognized trumpeters in jazz.

As for the jazzmen Konrad would rather see space devoted to, only one,

Dolphy, has not been the subject of an article. Coltrane was written about by Ira Gitler when Coltrane was still with Miles Davis, and Coltrane himself wrote an article on his playing and his career in September, 1960. Coltrane is also the subject of a lengthy article in Music, 1962, Down Beat's annual. Rollins is the subject of an article beginning on page 13 of this issue.

Clarinet Savior?

As a former clarinet pupil of Rolf Kuhn's I'd like to add my own speculations to Leonard Feather's provocative article *Clarinet Classification* (DB, Nov. 23). . . .

Rolf worked here and there and wound up making money as an arranger for television-radio commercials. Since this did not fulfill his ambitions, he has returned to Germany. . . .

Feather brings out the sorry fact that the flute drew more votes than the clarinet category in the 1960 *Down Beat* Readers Poll. One reason the flute has picked up momentum is its linkage with African. This may have started with the South African tune in the early '50s, *Penny Whistle Blues*. Since then, every high-pitched flute has sounded like a penny whistle to me. The flute has little staying power for more than two choruses, but most of our current flautists are unaware of this.

While the clarinet seems to be eclipsed by other wind instruments in the jazz of today, has anyone surveyed the music stores in Japan since Tony Scott made his tour through the Orient, or the sales of clarinets in music stores in this country since Buddy DeFranco toured high schools with his *Cross-Country Suite*? I think some pointed field research is badly needed to uphold the clarinet's tarnished reputation.

Meanwhile, if any successful clubowner can give Kuhn a good reason for coming back to this country, you can be sure the clarinet won't reach an early demise. New York City Dick Joseph

Kind Words from Old Associates

Through the years, *Down Beat* has published a broad range of features, some successful, some unsuccessful.

It has rarely, in my memory, published anything more strikingly meaningful than the letters from Donald Byrd and Corinne Tynan in the Dec. 7 issue.

Related to the date of the issue, and in their own terms, the letters make considerable sense. Chicago Don Gold

Congratulations to Corrine Tynan for her letter in the Dec. 7 issue on the gaudy alienation from reality of *West Side Story*.

As Julius Horwitz's novel *The Inhabitants* has indicated, deeply revealing art can come from the Puerto Rican's grinding fight to remain intact in spirit in the New York glueworks. But *West Side Story* is a post card made by tourists for other tourists.

New York City Nat Hentoff

Complete Details

The Fifth in Down Beat's Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

Down Beat has established two full year's scholarships and ten partial scholarships to the famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, the present home of *Down Beat's* Hall of Fame and one of the nation's most prominent schools in the use and teaching of contemporary American Music.

The Hall of Fame scholarship is offered to further American music among young musicians and to perpetuate the meaning of the jazz Hall of Fame.

This year's full scholarships, valued at \$950 each, will be in honor of Billie Holiday, chosen by *Down Beat* readers as the 1961 Hall of Fame member. The scholarship shall be awarded to an instrumentalist, arranger, or composer to be selected by a board of judges appointed by *Down Beat*.

The ten additional scholarships will consist of four \$500 and six \$250 grants.

Who is Eligible?

Junior division: (\$2700 . . . one full scholarship of \$950; two partial scholarships of \$400 each; three partial scholarships of \$250 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated from high school and who has not reached his (or her) 19th birthday on or before June 15, 1962.

Senior division: (\$2700 . . . one full scholarship of \$950; two partial scholarships of \$500 each; three partial scholarships of \$250 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his (or her) 19th birthday on or before June 15, 1962.

Anyone in the world fulfilling the above requirements is eligible.

Dates of Competition:

Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, Feb. 28, 1962. The scholarship winners will be announced in a May, 1962 issue of *Down Beat*.

How Judged:

All decisions and final judging shall be made solely on the basis of musical ability. The judges, whose decisions will be final, will be: the editors of *Down Beat* and the staff of the Berklee School of Music.

Terms of Scholarships:

The Hall of Fame scholarship as offered is a full tuition grant for one school year (two semesters) in the value of \$950. Upon completion of a school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

The partial scholarships are in the value of: four at \$500, and six at \$250. Students winning these awards also have the option of applying for additional tuition scholarship funds at the end of the school term.

The winners of the scholarships must choose one of three possible starting dates: September, 1962; January, 1963; May, 1963 or forfeit the scholarship.

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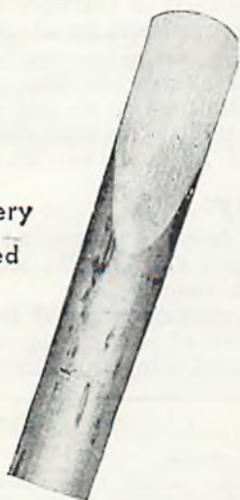
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NEW YORK

The recent benefit for the late **Booker Little** at the Jazz Gallery was a mammoth event, commercially successful, bringing in \$2,000 to pay \$1,300 in debts, and filled with excellent examples of musicianship of many kinds. There was, for example, **Sonny Rollins**, officially unretired the next night, who said, "The second number I played was so poor, I couldn't be nervous about the next night. Anything I did after that would be an improvement." **Teddy Wilson** was there; **Peggy Lee** sent a substantial check; **Slide Hampton**, **James Moody**, and **Booker Ervin** played, among many others. Perhaps the most distinctive treat of it all was the appearance of **Duke Ellington**. He was continually badgered to play and finally did but not before saying, "You don't want me to have to play among all these great piano players—not after it's taken me so long to build up my image."



Ellington

The narcotics arrests in recent weeks are made even more sad this month as **Ronald** and **Maurice Waller**, sons of the late **Fats Waller**, were arrested in Queens, on Long Island, accused of a variety of crimes including the selling of drugs.

As a part of this kind of thing, columnist **Robert Sylvester** (*Dream Street*) devoted an entire newspaper column to jazz, identifying himself as "a well-established loudmouth," generally outlining all the recent news stories and suggesting that they have something to do with the fact that "there is no enthusiasm in modern jazz. Sometimes you have to wonder if there is any life in it."

There was some life in a recent Afro-Americans Musician Society meeting, where there was read aloud an open letter to *Down Beat* about a record reviewer identified by the society only as "I.G." (that's **Ira Gitler**). According to the society, Gitler offended mightily with his review (*DB*, Nov. 9) of **Abbey Lincoln's** most recent *Candid* recording. The audience, present at the Village Gate, was asked to sign a petition denouncing Gitler and requesting his immediate dismissal from the magazine. It was interesting to note the lack of petition-signers. And for more Gitler record reviews, see the record review section.



Gitler

Peggy Lee caught pneumonia, and **Basin Street East** ran through substitutions, including **Earl Grant** . . . **Red Nichols** and **His Five Pennies** will go to South America in late winter on a State Department tour . . . Detroit pianist **Bobby Stevenson**, a young legend, did leave that city some months ago, after for so many years refusing to, and now is touring cross-country with pianist **Henri Rose** . . . Drummer **Kenny Clarke** was the chief U. S. entry at Jazz Jamboree 1961, held at Philharmonic Hall in Warsaw, Poland . . . **Thelonious Monk** was the chief jazz entry at the United Nations Correspondents annual dinner at the Hotel Pierre in New York. Other appearances before the reporters and diplomats were by **Ed Sullivan**, **Eleanor Steber**, and a Tunisian dance troupe . . . **Wiggins Tavern**, part of the Schine Inn at Chicopee, Mass., has begun a jazz policy, starting with **Bobby Hackett** and continuing with **Carmen**

(Continued on page 43)

down beat

January 4, 1962 / Vol. 29, No. 1



Jack Sperling
"I just want to play."

A MAN CAN STAND IT ONLY SO LONG

Hollywood studio musicians were aghast. The near impossible was happening, and it strained their credulity: Jack Sperling, one of the best paid drummers in town, was giving up the lush earnings of studio work to return to playing jazz. As of Dec. 28—just in time to ring in the new year—Sperling becomes full-time drummer with Pete Fountain's group at the clarinetist's French Quarter Inn in New Orleans.

Settled in Hollywood since late 1953, when the Les Brown Band established permanent headquarters there, Sperling rapidly established himself as one of the top drummers in the area. He became entrenched in recording, radio, and television studios. He finally secured one of the plums of the business—a staff job with NBC. Recently he signed an exclusive contract with Decca records.

Why did Sperling abandon a position that brought him in annual earnings between \$25,000 and \$30,000?

"I just want to play," he told *Down Beat*. "I made a lot of money here in the last few years," he said. "But the thing is, you never get the chance to say what little you've got to say.

"I figure I'm cutting my income in half, "but I'll be playing five nights a week with guys I like to play with. . . ."

According to the drummer, his replacement with the NBC staff orchestra will be Mel Lewis, just returned to the West Coast following a tour of England with the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet. He added that lately the staff orchestra's sole assignment was providing music for the *Bob Newhart Show*.

BAGLES, BAUBLES, AND BESSIE

Like all major cities, New York has its clutch of musicians' favorite hang-outs, chosen as much for the familiarity of their phone numbers as for food, drink, and companionship. Almost all have been in Times Square, away from Greenwich Village.

But in the last year, vanguards in the village have filled the coffee shops, where there is no such thing as a 10-cent cup of coffee and where the jazz is usually played stereophonically except for occasional live sessions on weekends.

Now there is an eating place, with stereo jazz, open close to 24 hours a day. Since it is small, the number of jazz people there at one time often can be great. It is called the Hip Bagel. (A bagel is an ethnic roll reminding some of pressed wood, reminding others of mother.)

It is true that the truly hip might gag at the thought of sandwiches named Piano, Drums, or Vibraphone (baked Virginia ham, lettuce and tomato, English walnuts, cream cheese, sweet onion: \$1), or, for dessert, a Bix Beiderbecke (hot fudge sundae: 50 cents).

But the truly hip have come, and returned, to a place where jazz fun is part of the bit, with the bagel and the Bessie (three scoops of assorted ice cream, hot fudge sauce, heavy whipped topping, cherry, chopped nuts: 75 cents).

SUCCESS WITH JAZZ —BRITISH STYLE

Jeff Kruger is an English jazz-club owner, music publisher, concert promoter, and record-company owner who might remind most Americans of the stock television characterization of affluent middle-class Englishman.

A delightful man, Kruger, who controls music empires, having an English pool of some 50 modern musicians who are involved in his many enterprises, paid New York a jet visit recently, and allowed as how U.S. musicians will price themselves out of the English jazz-club business.

Kruger owns the Flamingo in London. It is the biggest of England's jazz clubs, with 1,000 seating capacity, and it is a modern-jazz club, an oddity in much of England.

The original 1952 version of the club opened with Johnny Dankworth and Kenny Graham, for Sunday evening jazz dances. It was a teenager night club, with no liquor, but the club grew to a three-night weekend business.

That lasted until 1955. Kruger began insisting on membership cards costing \$1.40, and started building to 3,500 members. He insisted, too, on special

conduct from musicians and the ultimate in respect paid to any and everyone in the club.

Part of the membership building came from that attitude. Part came from the fact that mothers were content with their children's environment. Perhaps most came because U.S. concert artists dropped into the club for impromptu performances.

There is still no liquor served, although visiting royalty and VIPs can obtain a bottle in a secluded area of the club. By 1960, there were 17,000 club members, including those from the United States, Africa, Japan.

Kruger said he assumes membership soon will climb to 20,000, and he said he is especially proud that it has been done with dignity: members only; male members must wear coats and ties, females also must be properly attired; at the first sign of trouble, a member is banned forever (the same goes for a musician).

In months to come, he said he plans announcements calculated to stir the British jazz scene. For the moment he continued his plea to U.S. musicians to study the exchange problem, weighing British cost-of-living possibilities against New York club prices and general job unavailability, hopefully, he expects, adjusting their prices so that everyone can gain in taking jazz to England.

SMACK'S BAND LIVES AGAIN

What does the name Fletcher Henderson mean to the jazz fan of today?

This question should be answered in the next few months, for the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra, under the direction of the late arranger's brother, Horace, 57, made a recent debut at the International Ballroom of the Lafayette Hotel in Long Beach, Calif. The engagement was the first of a series of bookings there for the band.

Horace, a pianist and arranger in his own right, told *Down Beat*, "I feel the time is ripe for big bands to come back, but they've got to have a new twist."

Henderson's "new twist" has nothing to do with the current dance craze. Instead, he said, he is presenting the band along with a revue that includes a singer, a comedian, and dancers.

As of now, there are 300 arrangers in in the band's book, comprising all those written by Fletcher as well as Horace's. An integral part of the band's presentation, he said, will be the showcasing of contrasting arrangements of a song.

"We'll play it the old way," he explained, "just to show the people how it used to be done. Then we'll dress it up in today's manner to demonstrate how

arranging has changed over the years."

In keeping with the Fletcher Henderson tradition of maintaining top soloists, Horace features in his new band tenorist Bumps Myers and trombonist John Ewing, both veterans of the swing era and still very active on the West Coast.

Next summer, Horace said, the band and revue is scheduled to fill an eight- to 10-week engagement at the Avalon Casino Ballroom on Santa Catalina Island.

In a final word on the band-revue idea, Horace said, "Usually, where a revue is concerned, the band is just the dressing for the acts. With us, it's the other way around. We want to build the band."

WESTON SEES HOPE IN TWIST

A word in favor of the Twist has been sounded in Hollywood by arranger-conductor Paul Weston, now serving as president of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences.

Weston did not come right out with a full-dress endorsement of the torso-torturing dance, but he indicated a brighter future was in sight for American dance music because of what he termed "the new dance crazes."

In a withering blast at prevalent standards in U.S. popular music, Weston declared, "It is stagnant and sterile." During the big-band era, he contended, "this nation became a people devoted to watching instead of participating. The new dance crazes will get us back into stride, and our music will again have both melody and rhythm and even add some harmony."

But the Twist is not the sole answer, for Weston went on to say, "What we need is new music."

He did not say if he was referring to Ornette Coleman.

DIGNITY COMES TO MUSIC PUBLISHING

In the world of jazz, no word is more lately sought after and sometimes misunderstood than *dignity*. This is partly so, because it is not hip, perhaps it is even undignified to make a show of dignity. Witness the ready and completely opposite views held about such as John Lewis and Dave Brubeck, and Third Stream music, views expressed by fans, critics, and musicians.

The arguments are sometimes based on honest musical differences, but lucid listening indicates that reasons range from the revolt complex some psychiatrists attribute to jazz to a genuine semantic disagreement about what is jazz and what is dignity.

However well these arguments are

answered, the best of dignity is strongly but quietly present in *Catalogue 1961-1962*, published by MJQ Music, Inc.

As the preface to this 24-page catalog points out, the company "is a music publishing firm dedicated to the presentation of jazz and jazz-oriented material in dignified quality editions. The need for thoughtfully prepared publications in jazz is a natural outgrowth of its development over the years, developments by which jazz has made a gradual transition from a functional entertain-

ment music to a musically independent art form."

The catalog, distributed by Associated Music Publishers of New York City, lists 45 "jazz-oriented" works for orchestra, chamber groups, and brass, variously available in materials, score and/or parts, by dozens of composers in both classical—Luciano Berio, Darius Milhaud, Gunther Schuller, etc.—and jazz—J. J. Johnson, Norman Symonds, Jim Hall, Jimmy Guiffre, and John Lewis.

Editorial

THE RAY CHARLES CASE

When Ray Charles was arrested recently in Indianapolis, Ind., on a narcotics charge, the singer reportedly told police he had been addicted since the age of 16.

The arresting officers said they discovered in his room a quantity of marijuana and heroin, plus the paraphernalia used by a drug addict. Evidence.

There is evidence of another kind in the case, too. Human evidence. Charles is blind and has been since he was 6.

So what do you do with a blind man held as a heroin addict? Toss him in jail as a social menace? If he is a law breaker, as the police charge, then the statutes are explicit: He must be punished. Punishment in itself is held by many to be rehabilitative, the premise being that if you are punished for an offense, you may not repeat. But somehow this premise has been proved hollow where the vast majority of addicts is concerned. Besides, Charles had been arrested previously for violation of the narcotics laws.

Now, let's assume, for the sake of argument, that Charles is not punished if convicted. On compassionate grounds, let's say. Wouldn't this leave us with the question: Where do you draw the line? If Charles should be exempted from the usual penalty of the law because of his blindness, why should not other addicts, handicapped in other ways, say by mental or emotional disorders, also be set free? They're sick, too, aren't they?

On the other hand, if Charles is convicted and jailed as an addict, what is the law proving? That it is inflexible and unyielding? Or that it is brutal and blind to the call of compassion?

Charles' alleged need for drugs will certainly not be eliminated by serving a jail sentence, just as the craving of thousands of convicted addicts is not allayed by prison terms. Is there, then, a difference between the addiction of Ray Charles, artist, and the addiction of John Doe, car park attendant? Of course not.

Charles' case merely dramatizes in the most human terms one of the crucial problems confronting society. His physical affliction is obvious and inspires sympathy and understanding. In John Doe, car park attendant, the affliction may not be so readily perceivable or permit of quick understanding, but it exists nonetheless.

In jazz we are prone to feel sympathy and tell ourselves we understand when a musician is jailed for narcotics violations. The empathy between jazzman and a just-plain-lover of the art serves as an excuse here. But too often there exists a tendency among jazzfolk to exempt a musician addict from the strictures of society and from the penalties his addiction incurs. The case of Charlie Parker is probably the outstanding example of this attitude in operation.

But this tendency to excuse has deeper and more serious implications when jazz heroes such as Parker and Charles are the objects.

We are tragically familiar with the many literal applications of the faulty syllogism: Bird is a genius of jazz; Bird cannot live without heroin; therefore, heroin is essential to jazz genius.

Just as Parker was hailed and enthroned on Olympus in his lifetime, today Ray Charles' music is marketed on record and in person with unstinting employment of the noun, Genius. Whether Charles believes his publicity matters as little as whether Charlie Parker did. The difference between Parker and Charles in terms of general influence, however, should be obvious. Charles is reaching more people with his music and with his personality than Parker ever could. And an astonishing number of Charles-worshippers are kids.

It would be tragic indeed if the mass worship of Ray Charles were to result in just a single literal application of a similar syllogism. Because if one youngster is motivated or influenced to try heroin as a result of the story of Charles' arrest, then what the law may demand of the singer just won't mean a thing. 



THE RETURN OF SONNY ROLLINS

By BILL COSS

A FEW WEEKS ago, tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins returned to the public jazz world from which he had voluntarily retired two years ago. On his opening night at New York's Jazz Gallery, the large audience had an unabashed air of expectancy more familiar to a football stadium than a night club.

For Sonny Rollins has become a legend ("And that is pretty much why I did retire," he remembers).

And that legend runs: musically and financially successful artist, respected by his fellows, accepted leader of a style of tenor saxophone playing, one of the originators of a kind of improvisation, suddenly leaves all behind to search his own music, his own soul, for reasons that can only be assumed. He makes no public announcement. It is a private affair. For two years, only rumors are available. The most often heard of these is about his playing daily on the Williamsburg Bridge. Then, beginning in the summer of 1961, there occur a half-dozen reports that the artist was ending his retirement. The reports prove true in November.

The public is eager to respond to legend, to participate in it in some way. On opening night, the club's phone rings constantly. Batches of telegrams have arrived. Jim, Judy, Charles, Ceil, Mike, Margo (most of whom Sonny doesn't know or doesn't remember) have been sending him congratulations.

When he finally puts down the phone and moves toward the handstand, there is a ripple of sound and movement preceding him, shouted hellos and exhortations. It is reminiscent of a championship fight, as Sonny is reminiscent of a championship fighter.

Tall, broad-shouldered, moving with masculine grace, he gives the impression of sure strength. Whitney Balliett says he resembles a genie. Certainly his long, large face has an Oriental cast to it, his head is shaven and his jaw is edged with a full and unpointed goatee.

But the prizefighter image is the strongest. Nowadays, he even sounds like ex-heavyweight champion Gene Tunney, advocating clean living, study, lots of exercise. "I've stopped smoking," he says, "and cut down on the drinking, and I lift bar bells every day."

Then he begins to play, and he wins every round. At the close of the set, the standing ovation makes it impossible for him to introduce the members of his group (Jim Hall, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Walter Perkins, drums).

Off the stand he is immediately surrounded.

How does it feel to be back, Sonny? "Nothing has changed very much as far as I can see," he answers. "But I've changed."

Why did you leave in the first place? "I wasn't capable of withstanding the distractions."

What were you doing all that time? "Mostly practicing." I get his attention. We move into a private corner. "I

think it makes them nervous to find out that I was just practicing," he told me. "I know that some people will be disappointed that I haven't come back on the scene with some brand new thing [there are some who later expressed such disappointment], but I did come back with a brand new thing—me. That's why I was able to come back, because I am finally strong enough to withstand the distractions, to be objective enough to view my own playing and the group's and do the business things.

"But, of course, I did do more than just practice. I did a lot of physical exercise, and I took some courses, mostly philosophy, and I became a Rosicrucian. Did you know Benjamin Franklin was a Rosicrucian? It's a science, not a religion, and it's given me a lot of strengths, maybe developed them, that I didn't know I had before. You know, if you're looking for a difference in me, those are the differences."

ROLLINS HAS ALWAYS been different.

Born in New York in 1929, he showed no real interest in music for years, even though he studied piano when he was 8. He remembers now that his interest in saxophone came about because a friend had one. Sonny was impressed with a photograph of his friend holding a tenor, and that led him to buy a horn of his own, an alto.

He played it while studying music in high school but switched to tenor in 1946. He was playing professionally around New York by then, but he was still unsure about what he really wanted to do with his life.

He recalled how his sound developed: "When I was playing alto, I was very influenced by Louis Jordan. Not many people remember how great he was, and that little blues band of his. Then, I heard Coleman Hawkins, and I began playing the alto under his influence. I switched to a tenor reed, and I got a kind of tenor sound. When I switched to the tenor, people said I got an alto sound. You say I sound like Lester on one number and Bean on another. Those are two good people to sound like. Maybe that early training explains some part of that."

In 1948, he made his first records, with Babs Gonzales, and decided on music as a career. Soon, he was working in groups led by Art Blakey, Tadd Dameron, Bud Powell. In 1951 he worked for six months with Miles Davis, left him to freelance in New York and Chicago, and finally joined Max Roach's quintet in 1956. He stayed 18 months. After that, and before his retirement, he led his own groups, usually composed of only tenor, bass, and drums.

Few musicians received such pre-eminent acclaim from fans and musicians in such a short time as did Rollins. By some, he was accorded the same stature as Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins.

"You see," he said when that was mentioned to him, "that's another one of the reasons I had to leave the business. I began to believe that kind of thing. I began to believe my notices, and I couldn't live up to them. That's another thing I've learned to do. I've stopped reading the critics. They really hurt me."

He left to play another set. It followed the same formula as the earlier one. The first composition was bright, and his sound was a Rollins variation of the late Lester Young. The second was a ballad, and the sound was a Rollins variation of Coleman Hawkins, complete with one really old-fashioned, highly satirical chorus, that might have been a comment on anything. The last number of the set was again a tour de force at mad tempo, demonstrating the absolute command he has over his horn.

In the corner again . . .

"You think that's what I'm doing?" he asked, referring to the Hawkins and Young variations. "I guess I am. It's just a coincidence that it happened to go down in that order twice [on the third set and on other nights, he varied the

order considerably]. Those are some of the things I want to play, and now I can play what I want to play."

He took out the earplugs he wears when he plays and said, "No they don't make me play flat. They would, if I didn't know they could, and didn't compensate for it. They came about for two reasons. First, they let me get away from all the annoying little scenes that are going on that interfere with what I'm supposed to be doing.

"The second reason sounds strange. I'm very conscious of the fact that I'm probably annoying people when I'm practicing. The plugs cut down the sound for me and make me less conscious of how I might be annoying someone. That's why I finally had to get out of the practice room and find some place where I could practice without bothering anyone."

(Rollins' practice room in his apartment is a model of Spartan simplicity. On one wall is an empty saxophone cloth carrier. Against another is a piano with an old publicity picture of Sonny on top of it. Beside the piano is a huge pile of sheet music. In one corner are the Rollins bar bells. And that is all.)

In order not to disturb others, he looked long and hard for a deserted enough place to practice while he was retired. "Then I discovered the Williamsburg Bridge," he said. "It's right near where I live. You should come down there some time. It's really amazing. Very few people walk along it. Probably most people don't even know there's a sidewalk on it. But the ones who did walk there paid very little attention to me. New York people are pretty sophisticated. Still, there were a few who would stop and listen. I got so I began to recognize some of them. But they didn't talk. They didn't bother me. After awhile, they'd just walk on.

"It's a wonderful place. You're just suspended out there. You feel as if you're on top of everything, and you can see so far and so much, and so much of it is beautiful. I can blow as hard as I want there and look and be impressed. It gave me a kind of perspective about music, people, everything really, that I never had before.

"Everything began to jell after that. You see, when I quit, I suppose I had the intention of changing myself drastically, my whole approach to the horn. I realized after awhile that that wasn't what was needed or what was bothering me. So, instead, I began to study what I had been doing, and I explored all the possibilities of that. There's still a long way to go with just that.

"Then, as I said, I began to take some school courses, and I studied piano, harmony, and counterpoint with Max Hughes. He's from San Francisco. The practicing was going great. I knew I was beginning to control my horn. And the money situation was never really bad. I got royalties from my records and music, and my wife—I'm very lucky—was working.

"Everything got better and better. I even taught a little in the last few months. I knew I was ready. I found the right musicians. That's the reason for some of those false starts the last few months. I had to wait until I could get the right guys, and then still have time enough to rehearse. So, here I am."

ANY CURRENT assessment of Rollins' playing has to be made with reservations.

There are two debits: there is occasional flatness, and, despite his absolute command of the horn, there is evidence of how long it has been since he has played with others.

Both these related faults are strange, but hardly mystical, phenomena of playing music. Years of practicing builds facility, but that is only a manual dexterity value. Your *chops*, and that means both facility and how and why it is used along and together with others, can still be lacking.

Fortunately, both those failings require only an unspecified amount of time to cure in a musician of Rollins'

stature, and neither can really overshadow the excellence of his playing or of his group.

The major point was previously made: there is no basic change evident in the current Rollins aside from the mastery of his instrument. If anything, the listener is apt to hear much mature reliance and *inspiration* tied to the past, to Young and Hawkins in particular. If there are some who are dismayed that Sonny has not reappeared to out-Ornette Ornette Coleman, there should be many more who will rejoice in a Rollins leadership that may, in Ira Gitler's words, "return some people to some degree of sanity."

For the most important rest, all the Rollins abilities are still there, perhaps more finely honed. His prime characteristics continue to be humor and a unique melodic development.

The humor is forked-tongued, consisting of abrupt twists of mood or burlesque renditions or sharply blown asides to group or audience or wry comments on the resolution of a melody simply by resolving it in some other, sometimes devious way. This could be only buffoonery in lesser hands. With Rollins it is nearly always of high musical moment, even if it only capably underlines or contrasts with what surrounds it.

The improvisatory style is harder to describe. It should be the goal of most jazz, but it seldom is. In brief, it consists in finding that part of a composition on which one wants to play. This can be a whole phrase that appeals to his creative imagination, or, perhaps, only a few notes. It is usually only by coincidence if Sonny plays in the mood of the original melody. He is more concerned with what fragments it contains, fragments that are repeatable, which can be developed into solos that are highly formal in design, yet filled with an intricacy of personal expression. His method is to use every drop of what he has found, in countless variations, so as to produce a composition of his own. It is a basic method of better musicians, and he has brought it to a distinctive level in jazz.

He demonstrated all these things in the third set of the evening, and then there was little time left for conversing. He did, though, want to express three things. For him, brotherhood must represent more than either of the two sides demand; he is against sides *per se*. Secondly, he believes that jazz should play an important part in the work toward world peace, if only because it so strongly represents freedom and co-operation. Finally, he hopes his example of limited retirement may convince young musicians to do similarly if they have to.

If all such experiments in learning to live with oneself and one's art were to prove as successful, Sonny Rollins will have been a leader even beyond the worth of his exceptional artistry. 



JAZZ VIBES: THREE ERAS

By DON DeMICHEAL

THE INSTRUMENT that Lionel Hampton, Red Norvo, Milt Jackson, and Terry Gibbs, among others, play is one without a name of its own. Is it a vibraphone? Vibraharp? Vibe? Vibes? Almost everybody knows what it is, but not many are sure what to call it.

The problem of what to call it began in the late 1920s when the vibraphone and vibraharp—both trade names—were introduced. The name confusion was later compounded as other versions of the same instrument appeared on the market.

Musicians who play today's instrument usually refer to it as a set of vibes or as a vibraharp, the oldest trade name still in use. The uninformed continue to be confused, however, and continue to irritate vibists by calling the instrument xylophone, marimba, "that thing," and, even, Hammond organ.

However it is referred to, the instrument made little impression on jazzmen at the time it was introduced. Used mostly for saccharine and ghostly effects, usually in the form of ringing arpeggios, it became another of the complete drummer's doubles, along with tympani, bells, chimes, and other mallet instruments.

But the vibraharp was a "natural" jazz instrument—it could be played melodically and percussively. The instrument's duality allowed for at least two approaches, that of a drummer or that of a pianist.

The first time it was used on a jazz recording was in 1931.

Louis Armstrong, fronting Les Hite's band, heard the band's drummer experimenting with a set of vibes during a break in the recording date. Armstrong, partial at this time to sugary introduc-

tions for his records (he used steel guitar and celeste as well as Guy Lombardo-like saxes to add sugar to his spice), urged the drummer to play an introduction to *Memories of You*, one of the tunes to be recorded that day. The drummer complied, playing a short, simple solo.

It was prophetic that the percussionist was Lionel Hampton. Prophetic, because it was Hampton who was to establish the vibraharp as a jazz instrument in 1936, when he expanded the Benny Goodman Trio to a quartet. (It is true that Adrian Rollini was known as a vibes player earlier than Hampton, but Rollini's playing, while interesting technically, constituted more cocktail-lounge music than jazz.)

Hampton's background as a drummer is important.

By the time he joined Goodman, his style of playing vibes was fully developed, though it was to undergo some tempering in later years. The manner in which Hampton played in the '30s, his most important period, was percussive; in effect, he *drummed* on the instrument,

which engendered great excitement among his listeners as well as in himself.

Hampton's work with Goodman's quartet, and later his sextet, was explosive.

In several ways, the rhythmic characteristics of Hampton's playing were almost stereotypically those of the swing era. At slow and medium tempos, his choruses were mostly in a forms of 12/8, even in double-time passages; at the extremely fast tempos that the Goodman groups often used, his solos generally fell into an eighth-note pattern. His heavy accenting also was characteristic of the era. What was not characteristic was Hampton's use of long rests between phrases to heighten the dramatic effect.

What made—and makes—Hampton an excellent jazz musician is his zestful fire and drive. Guilty of abominable taste at times, Hampton nevertheless remains one of the most important vibes players jazz has produced. For every *Flyin' Home* there is a *Memories of You*, a *Stardust*, a *Deep Purple*.

IF HAMPTON represents the percussive side of the vibraharp, Red Norvo must be considered representative of the instrument's other face—the pianistic, or, in Norvo's case, the xylophonic—though it should be understood that no one vibes player is either completely one way or the other.

Norvo was well-known as a xylophonist by the time Hampton burst upon the jazz world. In fact, it was 1944 before Norvo switched to vibes. Disdaining a vibrato, he plays today more or less as he did when he started—in much the tasty and quiet way Teddy Wilson plays piano. The Wilson-Norvo empathy is seen in two of the latter's best xylophone solos on record, both in the company of Wilson: *Blues in Eb*, under his own name, and *Just a Mood*, under Wilson's.

Norvo's years of xylophone playing prepared him with a technique and conception quite different from Hampton's. For example, to sustain a note on vibes, the player depresses the damper bar with his foot after the note is struck, allowing the note to ring; but to sustain a note on xylophone, the player must execute a single-stroke roll, a rapid alteration of the mallets. This rolling has been a characteristic of Norvo's vibes playing from the beginning. He often laces his work with delicately placed two-note chords, usually rolled fourths and fifths. He also employs many octave passages.

But a pianistic vibes approach includes more than tremolos and octaves, which are more personal Norvo characteristics than characteristics of the approach.



The approach involves an arpeggiated, vertical manner of improvising, usually taking an eighth-note form; a light touch but great speed; and a chordal way of thinking about the instrument, often times to the point of using four mallets in solo and accompaniment.

These are all qualities of Norvo's work, especially the four-mallet device, of which he is a master, and make him the most pianistic of vibraharpists, something most clearly discernable in the trio records he made in the '50s.

FROM 1936 to '46, Hampton and Norvo, and their different approaches, were the either-or of the instrument, though Hampton's approach proved the stronger of the two. In fact, there were few vibraharpists active during these years; Norvo and Hampton remained the only important ones until the emergence of Terry Gibbs and Milt Jackson in the mid-'40s.

Besides both being the same age and appearing on the jazz scene at approximately the same time, there are other parallels to be drawn between Gibbs and Jackson.

Both were closer to Hampton than to Norvo, though each was less percussive and more pianistic than Hampton. Each, in time, influenced the other: some of Jackson's early work, particularly his solo on Dizzy Gillespie's Victor version of *Anthropology* was Gibbslike, though it should be said that at the time (1946) Jackson had not fully developed his style and was often erratic, sometimes sounding more eclectic than original. Gibbs, in turn, took on some of characteristics of the fully developed Jackson, as did most vibes men, including even Hampton.

Gibbs was the first of the two to gain popularity among jazz listeners and influence among vibists. His playing over the years, though it has mellowed and matured, has always been notable for a joie de vivre and a heat just a few degrees cooler than Hampton's. Possessed of an excellent technique, he often brought it to bear on ballads, doubling the tempo and spewing forth rapid cascades of notes, much in the manner of Hampton, though their concepts differed in the use of favorite intervals and scales.

But it was Jackson who became the most influential vibraharpist since Hampton. By the early '50s, his manner of playing had fully developed; it has not changed essentially since.

The surface characteristics of Jackson's playing have been widely imitated: a great use of blue notes (Jackson is one of the best blues players in jazz); single grace notes, turns, and mordants; and a pervading minor-key feeling.



LIONEL HAMPTON

Jackson is, however, much more than the sum of these easily imitated parts. Though many vibists caught his minor-key feeling, none has been able to create the feeling of sadness, sometimes bordering on world-weariness and despondency, that Jackson is capable of. And no one has reproduced an ingredient often present, even in his most serious playing—a subtle, dry humor.

His time conception is unique on the instrument. Lazy sounding and relaxed, his playing nonetheless is marked by astute rhythmic awareness, the lobe of his playing resulting from strong accenting and the mixing of duple and treble meters. Jackson also has the rare ability to create the tension-building effect of slowing the tempo without upsetting the rhythm section.

As in the years when the vibraharp was dominated by Hampton and Norvo, the acceptance of Jackson and Gibbs produced another period of two-man domination. And as before, one, Jackson, has proved the stronger. But unlike the time of the Hampton-Norvo ascendancy, the Gibbs-Jackson years saw an increase in the number of vibists.

The growth of the instrument's popularity, however, cannot be attributed wholly to the two chief practitioners. The popularity of the George Shearing Quintet did much to bring the instrument before a larger audience.

Shearing, often berated these days by dyed-in-the-wool jazz fans, always has had good sidemen, including excellent vibes players—Margie Hyams, now retired from music but with Shearing a tasty Norvoish player; Don Elliott, better known for his mellophone work but



RED NORVO

a vibraharpist of merit as well; Joe Roland, who replaced Elliott; Cal Tjader, originally a vibes-doubling drummer (with Dave Brubeck most notably) but one of the best of the Jackson-influenced vibraharpists; Johnnie Rae, usually under a Jackson spell but a soloist of more-than-casual interest; and Emil Richards, of whom more later.

One of the most interesting vibes players to develop during the Jackson-Gibbs dominance was Teddy Charles.

Slightly Baggish in concept, Charles experimented with the instrument more than did Jackson, especially in the use of four mallets. But Charles has made greater strides in composition than he has as a vibist; his *New Directions* albums on Prestige attest to this. Nonetheless, Charles is one of the vibists of distinction to appear since the '40s.

The formation of the Modern Jazz Quartet as a permanent group in 1954 and its ensuing popularity, though it has never gained the general-public acceptance of Shearing, also brought the instrument, and Jackson, to greater attention. By the mid-50s, Jackson dominated jazz vibes.

In the MJQ's wake sprang several like groups, two of which, the Mastersounds and the Australian Jazz Quintet, featured very good vibraharpists. Buddy Montgomery's playing with the Mastersounds was strongly Jacksonian, though lately, he has shown signs of becoming more his own man. Jack Brokensha, originally of the Australians, has become a powerful swinger in a Gibbsian vein.

The vibraharpist who was the most provocative of the Jacksonians and who

TED WILLIAMS



TERRY GIBBS

seemed the one to extend and elaborate on the Jackson style was Lem Winchester.

Taking inspiration originally from Hampton as well as Jackson, Winchester in his early work combined the two. As he developed, however, Winchester began more and more to employ pianistic devices but of a different sort from those of Norvo or other pianistic vibists.

Winchester used two-note chords made up of intervals of minor and major thirds, fourths, flatted and perfect fifths, and sixths. The effect was that of blues piano. His death a year ago stilled what could have been a major voice.

WE ARE STILL in the period of Jackson's domination, but there are several vibraharpists who have come to the fore in the last two years who, while having absorbed the practically inescapable influence of Jackson, show signs of collectively turning the direction of the jazz vibraharp, though no one dominates as yet and each follows his own path.

There are pianistic overtones in their playing generally, but it would seem that instead of depending, consciously or not, on the approach related to another instrument these men are exploring the possibilities of the vibraharp as an instrument unto itself.

Two of the men, Vic Feldman and Emil Richards, have been known and appreciated by the jazz public longer than the rest. In a way, they are transitional figures between the Jackson and new eras.

Feldman's ability as a pianist undoubtedly has had an effect on his vibes



MILT JACKSON

work, and though he reflects bits of Jackson, Norvo, and Gibbs, he must be counted with those who play vibraharpic—if there is such a word—a manner of playing that owes little discernible allegiance to the sound or spirit of any other instrument.

Seemingly unencumbered by any influences, Richards has evolved a quite personal, somewhat modish style. His early years of xylophone playing may account for his freshness.

Among the escape-from-Jackson

WALT DICKERSON



DON SCHLITEN

group are four young musicians: Mike Mainieri, Dave Pike, Tommy Vig, and Gary Burton.

Mainieri is probably the fastest of all vibists. He is certainly the most pianistic since Norvo. His most outstanding work so far has been on ballads, on which he usually manipulates four mallets in such a manner that the two in his right hand seem completely independent of those in his left. He displays little or no traces of other vibists.

Pike seems to have taken at least some of his inspiration from pianist Bud Powell, his playing being quite hoppish. A spirited and invigorating player, he has attempted to play unaccompanied, solo vibes. And though the solo venture as heard in his recent Riverside album did not quite come off, it is indicative of an ability that someday may bring the instrument to this point.

Buried in the exoticism of the Martin Denny Group, Vig is a jazz talent of no small proportions. His jazz work has the undulating, spiraling character of some of Bela Bartok's writing. Vig is an excellent technician, utilizing a clean attack and lightning speed. While his approach is vibraharpic, his speed, like Mainieri's, could be his own worst enemy, permitting playing of flash but not light.

At 18, Burton shows great promise not only as a vibraharpist but also as a writer. His vibes technique is ample, his use of four mallets especially deft, though he tends to overplay the instrument. His concept so far reflects no other vibist; his approach is that of a vibraharpist, not that of a pianist, drummer, or saxophonist. At his age, there is plenty of time to mature—the seed is there.

While no one man dominates the new vibists, one does stand out—Walt Dickerson. Of indeterminate age (he refuses to give his age, saying only that he is "ageless"), Dickerson is the most mature of the new group.

Possessed of a good technique, the technical does not dominate his work. Instead of solos made up of one related note following another, Dickerson often builds areas of sound, placing them one on the other, creating a total effect. His solos have an asymmetrical shape, much as do, say, John Coltrane's.

In his way, Dickerson can be thought of as a metallic Coltrane. The adjective "metallic" is the key, for Dickerson does not deny the instrument's metallic character in his playing, but, instead, utilizes it brazenly. It well could be that Dickerson is the most important vibraharpist since Jackson.

As much as many of us respect and revere Jackson—and Gibbs and Hampton and Norvo—we are entering a new era of the jazz vibraharp.

GERALD WILSON

By JOHN TYNAN

LET'S FORGET about Gerald Wilson with Jimmie Lunceford, that sort of stuff. Let's forget about it, huh?"

Gerald Wilson smiled gently as he spoke and spread his small-boned hands deprecatingly. "All that's way in the past," he said. "Let's talk about the present."

But Gerald Wilson's past, for all his reluctance to discuss it, bears consideration in light of his musical activities today.

Item: In 1939, at the age of 21, he replaced Sy Oliver with the Lunceford band, remaining until 1942.

Item: In 1944, he formed his own big band and for a time enjoyed heady success playing locations such as New York's Apollo Theater and the El Grotto in Chicago, the latter for \$3,900 a week.

Item: Contracted by Louis Jordan to play 13 weeks in a top theater circuit, he disbanded "with a drawer full of signed contracts."

Why, with things going well and prospects getting better, did Wilson decide to quit? The answer is characteristic of the man.

"I had to stop and study," he explained reflectively. "And it was the best thing I ever did. If I had not, I wouldn't be where I am today."

JUST WHERE is Gerald Wilson today?

A brilliant jazz trumpeter, his name appears on national music rolls. An arranger of international reputation and widely acknowledged versatility among musicians, he has yet to rank in the jazz public's mind with favorites such as Gil Evans, Quincy Jones, or Billy Strayhorn. The fact is, in light of the present course of Wilson's career, popularity outside the music profession would not appear to count for much beyond personal gratification.

Wilson recently completed scoring the film *Where the Boys Are*, an assignment handed to him by George Stoll through a recommendation from a fellow trumpeter and veteran studio musician, Jimmy Zito. There was no screen credit, but Wilson is philosophical. "This was my first



chance at a movie," he commented, "and I was glad to get it. And it was a challenge."

(As with many Hollywood scoring jobs, Wilson was not the sole writer on the picture. He shared work with Calvin Jackson, Jimmy Rowles, and Bill Holman, all of whom wrote scenes and different pieces for the film. This particular picture, however, did mark a departure from established pattern, in that there were four separate scores for various portions of the picture, each one written by a separate composer.)

For all that *Where the Boys Are* was his first crack at movie scoring, Wilson is no stranger to Hollywood's sound stages. For some years, he said, he worked with Phil Moore during the latter's tenure at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Wilson is active in television scoring also. "It's abstract work," he remarked. "It's nothing for me to be doing that kind of work. I've been working on that type thing all my life.

"I can write many things. I write rock and roll though I consider myself a jazz musician. No, wait a bit. Make that, 'I consider myself as desiring to be a jazz musician.' Actually, at this point I can write anything I want to. Now, I'm not saying I can write *what* I want, you know?" His eyebrows raised, and he smiled.

Except for "a few pointers" from Edwin Wilcox, Phil Moore, and Billy Strayhorn, Wilson describes himself as a self-taught orchestrator; he never studied formally. Today, he declares matter-of-factly, he writes "to make a living." In this latter category he puts recent arranging for Capitol's rising young vocalist Nancy Wilson (no relation).

"This," he said, "is the kind of writing that tests the skill of a musician. You have to be commercial and yet show the skill of orchestrating for, say, string section and voices. And you have to write anything they want written. Plus, you have a deadline. So, speed is an important factor. With all that, you have to give them a job that meets their expectations."

Wilson's "challenges" run the gamut of studio work. He cited in this connection some recent assignments:

On a date with comedian Mel Blanc he was required to come up with a satiric treatment of the music from *Carmen*.

He arranged an album for organist Jackie Davis requiring much scoring for brass sections.

He did an album with tenorist Plas Johnson, a pop-slanted, restrained effort with strings.

There was an LP of songs by rock-and-roll writer Buck Ram; several arrangements on a Johnny Hodges album; and the writing on the Ed Townsend single, *For Your Love*.

Duke Ellington currently features two of Wilson's arrangements, *The Wailer* and a new treatment of the well-cooked *Perdido*. The former was featured in one of the CBS-TV *Lineup* programs in which, incidentally, Wilson became an actor with featured billing.



SKRETS

THE OTHER side of Gerald Wilson, perhaps the real G.W., may be observed any afternoon he chooses to rehearse the big jazz band he keeps ready "at all times." This is the band that held the unenviable but presumably lucrative job of playing accompaniment to entertainer Earl Grant at the Las Vegas, Nev., Flamingo Hotel earlier this year, unenviable because the engagement was hardly a showcase for the talents of *Wilson or many fine sidemen*, such as Harold Land, Charles Lloyd, or Elmo Hope.

Despite the fact that this band is not a steadily working organization, Wilson never has trouble obtaining the services of such top talent as drummer Earl Palmer or the aforementioned Land. The eagerness of these musicians to play his arrangements is tribute enough to Wilson's jazz talent.

Writing aside, though, Wilson nurses a heartfelt ambition and desire to make it on his merits as a jazz trumpet player. After leaving Lunceford, he said, "The trumpet just got to be a thing hanging around. Mostly, it stood in its case in a corner. But about three years ago I felt a desire to play more trumpet."

Wilson then had to "start at the bottom," he said. He had to form a new embouchure and seek a new approach to playing jazz.

"After three years," he continued, "I'm just beginning to see the road. I'm starting to play again."

Where did Wilson look for the new approach he sought? "Any man," he explained, "has to find some kind of inspiration. I found this in Miles Davis, Clark Terry, Donald Byrd, and Nat Adderley. Of course, it would be impossible for me to do in three years what it has taken these men half their lifetimes to do. But I'm at the point now where I can see that after more time, I can begin to express myself as fully as I'd want."

Wilson's workshop during the last few years he spent in research, as it were, has been the Buddy Collette Quartet, a group consisting of Collette on reeds, Al Viola on guitar, Jimmy Bond on bass, Earl Palmer on drums, and Wilson. He still works with this group whenever Collette, a heavily committed studio man, chooses to take time out for some playing fun.

"I really mean to be a trumpet player," said this veteran who by general (if reluctant) consensus among his fellows can even now blow rings around many more touted trumpeters on the West Coast.

"It's going to take time," he continued, "but I'm willing to take time." Emphatically, he declared, "I intend to play the instrument."

PROBING to the heart of the matter, Wilson made a general, concluding comment, a remark that laid bare the philosophical and psychological foundation of the jazz art. He fingered his heavy, drooping moustache a moment. "To play jazz," he said, "a man has to create constantly. He has to learn to forget *everything* while he's playing. And it took me years to get over the fear that this fact engenders."



PART 3

JAZZ IN A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

In the last issue, Eric Vogel wrote of being sent to Ghetto Theresienstadt, where he and other jazz musicians formed a band, the Ghetto Swingers. Their treatment by the Germans was less harsh than they expected—the camp was to be window dressing for an International Red Cross commission. The Nazis made a film at Theresienstadt to show the outside world the “pleasures” of concentration life. The Ghetto Swingers figured prominently in the movie, but when the camera crew left, the dreaded order came to ship prisoners to the east—and gas chambers.

By ERIC T. VOGEL

THERE WERE 20 of us in a compartment built for six persons as our train went to the east. We passed ruins of railway stations and locomotives bearing big posters “*Deutsche Raeder rollen zum Sieg*” (German wheels are rolling to victory), and we made jokes about it, not knowing that for most of us our last hours were passing.

Finally our train pulled into a station surrounded by barbed wire and watchtowers. And soon we heard the all too familiar command, “*Alles heraus!*” Everybody out!

We had no time to grab our few pieces of luggage. Soon we stood in front of the train not far from a building that

looked like an old factory with a smoking chimney. We were driven to a little hill, where an SS officer pointed with his thumb to the right side or the left. An elderly SS man liked my watch and asked me to sell him the watch for 10 cigarettes. How could I say, “No”?

The SS man asked me what I had done in Theresienstadt. I told him that I was a musician and played in a jazz band. He said, “That’s what we need here. When you come to the hill and the officer asks you your age and your health, tell him that you are in perfect health and make yourself 10 years younger.”

I had no idea how important this advice was, but when the man on the hill asked me these questions, I answered with a loud voice, almost in military fashion, that I was fine and 20 years old. He smiled and pointed to the left. Not knowing that this little movement with his thumb meant life or death, many of my friends reported ill, because they thought to get lighter work. In many cases this SS man never asked a question. He just sent most of our transport to the right side—and to the gas chambers.

There have been many books written about Auschwitz. Four million people were driven into the gas chambers, labeled from the outside as “*Brausebad*” (showers). But instead of water a deadly gas came from the nozzles, and in 10 to 12 minutes everybody was dead. The bodies were burned in ovens, but not before all gold was removed from teeth and hair cut off. The ashes were used as fertilizer and the fat for fabrication of soap.

One hour after our arrival, I got the truth about the factorylike building: the dense smoke coming from the chimney

was the last of my friends. A few hours before, we were joking about the bombed-out railway stations.

I had no time to think about the terrible fate of my friends. I was chased by men in striped pajamas to a big hall where we had to take off our clothes. Then we were shaved all over and driven into an actual shower but not before our heads were immersed in a biting liquid for what was called disinfection purposes.

Half-blind, we left the shower room in the nude and had to stand for many hours in front of the building, trembling and shaking because of freezing winds and mounting hunger.

Finally we got some dirty rags and sheets to serve as clothes. We looked so bizarre that some of us were laughing again.

Hours later we were driven into a barracks, formerly stables. Before I fell asleep, I witnessed a terrible thing. A Dutch Jew who had collaborated with the Germans and was the cause of the death of many Jewish families was killed by other Dutch Jews, killed slowly and painfully. When I protested, I was beaten. I was so tired from the ordeal that I fell asleep on a wooden board six feet square, which I had to share with about a dozen other prisoners.

A few hours later: “*Zaehlapell!*” Everybody had to get out and had to remain, hungry and tired, in a snowstorm until SS men came and counted to see if the number of prisoners was correct. Some weak looking prisoners were taken away. This was the so-called selection, and these prisoners went right to death. Two horrible days passed, two days without food, and in those two days I was beaten by young fellow prisoners in striped pajamas, who were in charge of the barracks.

After two days of *Zaehlapell*, an SS man commanded,

"Musiker, vortreten" (musicians, step forward). I did so, and the first thing that happened was that an SS man punched me in the stomach with all his strength. I was not prepared for this attack, but I did not fall to the floor. He told me to come with him.

We went into barracks No. 2, and suddenly I was surrounded by members of the Ghetto Swingers, embracing me and kissing me. "We were looking for you," said band-leader Martin Roman, "and we were sure to find you!"

In a few hours I was no longer dressed in rags but in a blue and very sharp looking band uniform. I got shoes and food, cigarets, and I felt like a human being again. I was introduced to the two German mass-murderers who were in charge of the camp. One of them, Willy, asked what instrument I played.

"Trumpet," I said.

"We have only two trumpets and already two trumpet players here," said the music-loving Willy. "But I'll get you a trumpet even if I have to pay for it with a bottle of whisky or a three-carat diamond." I was glad of this, but soon I was plunged into deep sorrow upon hearing of the death of some band members, among them our star clarinet player and arranger, Fritz Weiss.

There were about 30 of us musicians. We had to play from early in the morning until late in the evening for the German SS, who came in flocks to our barracks. We had no music; everything was played ad lib. We had to play classical compositions, opera, operettas, dance music, and jazz. We had some good singers among us, and we made good music despite the fact that some SS man told us, "Before you we had a wonderful gypsy band here which lasted six weeks—then they went up the chimney. You'll go up in four weeks."

Not having a trumpet yet, I played drums on an empty accordion case, keeping time with a wooden ladle. Sometimes I played one of the two trumpets, and for a command performance for an SS officer, I played a tune he loved—*Tiger Rag*. He liked it, and I received a pair of almost-new shoes and 100 cigarets.

AFTER FOUR WEEKS, the end came abruptly. It was in November, 1944, and to our surprise, we were not sent to the chimney. But we were stripped of our band uniforms, given rags again, and were marched to a freight train on which we left the camp.

Some members of the band managed to stay together, and at the beginning of the trip we had the strength to joke and to vocalize our arrangements in the manner which is now done by Lambert-Hendricks-Ross. We had no food and were packed like sardines in the freight car. There were no toilet facilities. People were lying one on the other. Some were crying, and a few were dying.

After two days, we arrived in Berlin. The SS permitted us to open the door, and we witnessed one of the fiercest bombardments on Berlin. After the terrible noise of the bombs and the antiaircraft guns subsided, our train began to roll again, and a few hours later we were driven from the train and assembled in a big hall of the Heinkel aircraft factory in Oranienburg.

There was naturally the *Zaehlapell* again, and somebody said to the SS officer, hoping to better our fate, "We are the *Lagerkapelle* (camp choir) from Auschwitz." But he was beaten so badly nobody ever mentioned our musical profession. We spent two very bad weeks in Oranienburg, mostly standing hungry in the rain. We were desperate and grew weaker every day. We could not sleep because of nightly bombing raids.

Finally we were marched to the nearby concentration camp of Sachsenhausen, where, after two weeks of hunger, we got our first hot meal. We spent only two days here. Then it as one concentration camp after another . . .

Kaufering in Bavaria, where Roman chanced upon a camp inspector who remembered his piano playing with the Marek Weber Band and who saved us from death-dealing labor . . . Augsburg-Pfersee, where I worked in a Messerschmidt airplane plant, marching 10 miles to and from the factory . . . long hours, hard labor . . . growing weaker . . . little food . . . stomach so caved in I could feel my spine . . . vision blurred . . . hearing distorted.

Fortunately, the war was nearly over. Each day the sound of battle came closer. It sounded better to me than the hottest jazz.

But still no liberation. We were loaded on open freight cars and sent on the way to Dachau for final liquidation in the gas chambers. At a slow curve I jumped off the train and ran for my life through machinegun fire. I hid in the deep forest, in the rain, without food. Finally, a car came, and I crawled out of my hiding place only to discover that in the car were German air force officers. They did not kill me but gave me some bread and directed me to the nearest village. A few hours later I arrived at a village, Petzenhausen, where I was given hot black coffee and potatoes and hidden by the villagers in a barn.

IN APRIL 30, 1945, the first U.S. jeep came into the village, and on the jeep was written BOOGIE-WOOGIE.

I ran to a GI, a 6-footer, knelt in front of him, and began to kiss his feet. He gave me chocolate and cigarets. I asked him about the inscription on his jeep and about a dozen or so American piano players, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Meade Lux Lewis, Teddy Wilson . . .

I think I was the biggest surprise of his life.

I looked more dead than alive, my weight was 70 pounds. I had lost about 140 pounds. The next thing—I was surrounded by GIs and brought in triumph to the officers club in a nearby German town, Landsberg.

Here, I underwent a record blindfold test, and despite the fact that I had been cut off from American jazz for more than four years, I recognized most recordings of bands and soloists that were played for me. I was the sensation of the club.

I was fed and clothed. The reign of terror was over. I again became a human being. I truly and literally had made my living with jazz. 



The author, two weeks after he was found by U. S. troops. He had gained 20 pounds.

OUT OF MY HEAD



By JRA GITLER

There have been famous inebriates through history in all walks of life, and several in show business, whether true drunks or not, have found that an image of insobriety helped put them across to the public. W. C. Fields . . . Joe E. Lewis . . . Jack Norton (a reputed teetotaler in real life who made a film career as a mustached, bewildered little drunk) . . . Jackie Gleason . . . Dean Martin.

So it comes as no surprise that George Crater is trying to vault to fame on a swizzle stick. It is not for me to dispute the authenticity of his basket stories, because I have seen him weaving them.

During Uncle George's recent hospital stay, they took extensive blood samples from him and made an interesting discovery. You've heard of RH negative? Crater's is J&B positive.

He's been getting stoned so regularly lately that, knowing his cowardly nature, I have dubbed him "Chicken in the Basket."

They must have done a good job on him at the hospital though, because he has been a veritable dynamo since his return to civilian life. First of all, he has opened an office on Madison Ave. and is writing Scotch ads. As a result, sincerity in advertising has reached a new high. He's also been writing copy for fallout shelters. Need I say more?

As a monologist, he has been appearing at some weekly jazz-humor concerts at Judson Hall. On the same bill is the insane Theodore, who among other things, advocates quadrupedism for humans. Crater is way ahead of him . . . he's been seen on all fours in Junior's and Charlie's for years.

Another project that George has undertaken is the saxophone. You older readers remember that he used to play tenor—well now it's alto, just because he knows I play one.

With this weighing on my mind, I had a nightmare one night after eating a tunafish pizza. It started with George calling me up and asking me to come to his house and woodshed a group. The worst part of it was that I went. While I was on the subway train, clutching my Buescher to my bosom, I tried hard to wake up. All that did was to turn the local into an express, and before I knew it, I was in Crater's music room. The rest of the group were already there. Pee Wee Marquette was on bass, Ed Sullivan on drums, and José Melis on piano. Jack Paar was behind the shower curtain, yelling at José, "B flat, B flat seventh, E flat seventh, C major seventh, D major seventh. . . ."

After 15 choruses of *Funk for Two Finks*, a Crater original, Sol Hurok leaped out of the clothes hamper and signed us for a concert tour of Erroll Garner's old record companies—even the defunct ones. You know how rapidly dreams can segue. Well, this one was one big segue. The drag was that Crater was getting all the solos—the same one, over and over. Everytime I started to play, my pads would fall out and roll on the floor or my reed would disintegrate or the keys would become covered with salt-water taffy (remember what happened to Richard Whorf in *Blues in the Night?*) and my fingers would get stuck.

Then we appeared at Carnegie Hall, and Crater narrated a history of drinking called *Evolution of the Booze* with a cast of thousands. When it came my turn to go up to the mike and drink, my full shot glass turned out to be a fake from the magic department of the penny arcade at 52nd St. and Broadway.

The next thing I knew, we were in Israel and were being greeted by David Ben-Gurion, except it was really Max Gordon wearing a putty nose. He owned a night club called the Village Kibbutz. There was a snake charmer on the bill with us, but when he started to play, instead of a cobra, Crater came out of the basket. Then Nasser, disguised as Sonny Rollins, came onto the stand with his group. He gave himself away by playing like 'Trane, but no one would listen to me—you know how frustrating those dreams can be.

Then our group went on. Crater was playing his usual solo, a pasta of old Charlie Ventura licks, when I finally began to get sounds out of my horn. I was all set to quote from *Hatikvah* to begin my minor-key blues solo when a huge guy, who looked like Bill Potts before he shaved his beard off, grabbed the two hatcheck girls, Lois DeFee and Julie Newmar, who were holding up the ceiling of the club. The lights went out, and the roof caved in on us. That's when I woke up.

After trying unsuccessfully to go back to sleep, in order to play my choruses, I called Crater to tell him about the dream. The answering service told me he was at the Half Note, digging Al Cohn and Zoot Sims. When I called there, Al the Waiter reported that Crater had just crawled into a yellow plastic bread tray and they were tucking him in for the night with a thin coating of mozzarella. When I heard that, I got dressed and went out for a tunafish pizza. On my return, there was a message from Crater waiting for me . . . something about coming up to his place and woodshed a . . .

record reviews

Records are received by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, 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

Brahms Double Concerto

BRAHMS CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN AND CELLO—RCA Victor LD/LDS-2513 (Soria Series).

Personnel: Jascha Heifetz, violin; Gregor Piatigorsky, cello; Alfred Wallenstein, conductor; orchestra unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

BRAHMS CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN AND CELLO—Columbia ML-5493, MS-6158.

Personnel: Zino Francescatti, violin; Pierre Fournier, cello; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The choice between these two worthy versions of Brahms' *Double Concerto* is narrow, but Walter's conducting provides a unifying element to the Columbia performance that is not matched by Wallenstein.

There is not as much to choose between the soloists as one might imagine, either. In any event, either would make a solid addition to a record library, with the RCA set's brochure and binding making it the more attractive in that department. (D.H.)

Brahms/Milstein

BRAHMS—Capitol SP-8560: *Violin Concerto*. Personnel: Nathan Milstein, violin; Philharmonia Orchestra, Anatole Fistoulari, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Progress is not an unmixed blessing. Here we have a good new record, in glorious full-dimensional stereophonic sound, that is ousting from the catalog a superlative performance, also by Milstein, that was merely in glorious full-dimensional monophonic sound.

The soloist's contribution in both cases (the older record was Capitol's P-8271) is not intrinsically different, but the conductor in the discarded album was William Steinberg. Fistoulari gives Milstein a solid, honest accompaniment, but it never contests the issue with him, as a thrilling accompaniment in a Romantic concerto must do.

The Milstein-Fistoulari disc is a violin concerto; Steinberg makes it a true concerto for violins and orchestra. Although the monophonic version is marked for deletion from circulation, stores may still stock it, and its acquisition is urgently recommended. (D.H.)

Faure/Schumann

PIANO QUARTETS—Capitol SP-8558: *Quartet No. 1 in C Minor for Piano and Strings, Op. 15*, by Faure; *Quartet in E Flat Major for Piano and Strings, Op. 47*, by Schumann.

Personnel: Leonard Pennario, piano; Eudice Shapiro, violin; Sanford Schonbach, viola; Victor Gottlieb, cello.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The surprise here is the homogeneity of the performances, considering that the pianist is a gentleman better known for ivory-tickling at the fringes of the pop concert world. Pennario, however, obvi-

ously is at home in chamber music, too; it would be hard to find a more satisfactory performance of the piano part in either of these works.

The lightly detached arpeggios of the *Scherzo* in the Faure are perfectly adjusted to the ensemble, to name only one nice touch.

The others in the group are first-class musicians, too, especially violinist Shapiro, who shares with Pennario a talent for singing out a theme without overpowering the other instruments.

The piano quartet literature is not overwhelming, but there is enough precious ore there to warrant many more such releases as this. (D.H.)

Lukas Foss

STUDIES IN IMPROVISATION—RCA Victor LM/LSC-2558: *Fantasy and Fugue for Piano, Clarinet, Percussion, and Cello*; *Music for Clarinet, Percussion, and Piano*; *Variations on a Theme in Unison for Clarinet, Horn, Cello, Percussion, and Piano*; *Quintet (Moirai) for Clarinet, Horn, Cello, Percussion, and Piano*; *Encore I (Bacante) for Piano, Clarinet, Cello, Percussion*; *Encore II (Air Antique) for Cello and Percussion*; *Encore III (Circus Piece) for Clarinet, Cello, Percussion, Horn, and Piano*.

Personnel: Foss, piano; Richard Duñallo, clarinet; Charles Delancey, percussion; Howard Colt, cello; David Duke, French horn.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Having heard the Foss improvisation group in concert in 1960, I put this record on without expecting much beyond an occasional felicitous moment when the experimental patterns would converge into something intriguing.

That is about all that happened, in the flesh. But, amazingly, the music on this disc is far more than experimental—the opening *Fantasy and Fugue*, while evidently partly an ad lib effort, has the structure and the movement of a first-rate composition.

Foss and his group work form intricate graphs and charts that, when the mistique is cleared away, are only more complex and more controlled extensions of the patterns that jazz groups lay out for similar purposes.

As in any music in which the performer is given leeway as to what he plays, there is an element of pastiche here: the *Music for Clarinet, Percussion, and Piano* is plainly jazz (of a quality that I will leave others to determine); the short number called *Circus Piece* is heavily in debt to Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat* and *Wind Octet*; there are echoes of Webern, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and many others. But, generally, the music represents a retreat from the terse and wispy Webern school toward more discernible rhythms, steady pulses, and longer instrumental lines.

Moods are sustained, and the improvisation, if it can be called that in pieces as carefully plotted as these, sounds inventive.

Certainly what RCA has got down in these sessions is a far cry from the conglomeration of unsatisfying beeps and clanks that the Foss group improvised in the live concert I heard. Whatever else it may be, this record represents the kind of fertilizing effort that music needs today.

It is recommended strongly to serious jazz listeners and to all those interested in contemporary music. (D.H.)

Poulenc/Stravinsky

POULENC—RCA Victor LM/LSC-2567: *Concerto for Organ, Strings, and Timpani*; STRAVINSKY: *Jeu de Cartes*.

Personnel: Berj Zamkochian, organ; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Munch, always at home in French music (even when it is Stravinsky's French music), sails into these two hardy pieces with his familiar gusto and gets first-rate performances out of the Bostonians.

Most valuable at this time is the appearance of the Stravinsky ballet music, long absent from the catalog. Munch runs a strenuous Card Game indeed, and one that might be hard to dance to, but his is a fine concert version.

The Poulenc concerto, written in 1938, and popular ever since, is treated to deep-pile string sound and a subterranean organ part. Try the stereo version in this case. (D.H.)

Schubert/Brahms

SCHUBERT—20th Century-Fox SFX-4010: *Quintet in C Major for Two Violins, Viola, and Two Cellos, Op. 163*.

Personnel: The New York String Sextet (Renato Bonacini and Kees Kooper, violins; Paul Doktor, viola; Bernar Heifetz, Janus Scholz, cellos.)

Rating: ★ ★ ★

BRAHMS—20th Century-Fox SFX-4008: *String Sextet in B Flat Major, Op. 18*.

Personnel: Same plus Clifford Richter, viola.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There is more to chamber music than the string quartet. Despite the occasional appearance of a "Trout" Quintet, the rich literature for larger groups of strings and mixed instruments is unfairly neglected.

If it is a matter of listener unfamiliarity, such releases as these two, by a new aggregation of artists, may help spread the word in stereo. Each of these musicians is well known and respected and though the group itself has been playing together for less than a year, it sounds integrated and homogenous already.

The catalog already contains strong versions of these works: the famous Stern-Schneider-Katims-Casals quartet (plus assisting artists) recorded both the Schubert and the Brahms, and the Budapest (plus Scholz) did the Schubert.

The New York String Sextet's releases, while not outmoding these as performances, enjoy a recorded sound that makes the earlier LP versions sound anemic. There is nothing like two cellos to give stereo chamber music that voluptuous, velvety sound. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Art Blakey

ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS — Impulse 7: *Alamode*; *Invitation*; *Circus*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *I Hear a Rhapsody*; *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?*

Personnel: Blakey, drums; Lee Morgan, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This is a picture of the Messengers in transition. Freddie Hubbard and Cedar Walton had not yet come aboard but Fuller had already made the group a sextet.

This is a change of pace from most recent Messenger releases. There is only one original; the rest are standards that have not been overdone. All the performances are far above average. Whatever caused it, there is spirit, conviction, and sheer joy of playing communicated through these tracks.

Morgan is brilliant from beginning to end, as his thrilling work on *Rhapsody* and *Circus* and his sensitivity on *Invitation* and *You Don't Know* attest. Shorter keeps improving. He seems to have the necessary confidence now. He, too, does not let down throughout the album and is especially effective on *Baby*, in his dramatic entrance on *Invitation*, and on *You Don't Know*. His hard-driving tenor work on *Rhapsody* and *Alamode* is not to be overlooked either.

Fuller's original, *Alamode*, is well described by its title and is a very successful outing in the modal mold that Miles Davis has helped to introduce to jazzmen in the last year or two. Fuller himself blows strongly and surely. On *You Don't Know*, it sounds like he is using a felt beanie for a mute. Anyway, it's a delightful tonal effect, somewhat like a French horn.

Timmons, like the rest, is straight-ahead and swinging whenever he solos, with no time out for any stylizations.

One reason for the excellence of these tracks may be their length. There is no excessive blowing time; everyone gets his piece said within his limit. There is no doubt about another reason—Blakey, as usual, is a tremendous unifying and driving force at the core of the whole unit. Merritt is no slouch, either. (I.G.)

Dave Brubeck-Gold & Fildale

GOLD & FIZDALE PLAY DAVE BRUBECK'S JAZZ BALLET. POINTS ON JAZZ—Columbia 1678: *Prelude*; *Scherzo*; *Blues*; *Fugue*; *Rag*; *Chorale*; *Waltz*; *A la Turk*; *There'll Be No Tomorrow*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-8—Arthur Gold, Robert Fildale, pianos. Track 9—Brubeck, piano; Carmen McRae, vocal; bass, drums, unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This music makes more sense if the listener has some notion of the intent of those who made it.

When Brubeck was touring in Poland a couple of years ago, he jotted down, he said, "a romantic, melancholy theme that seemed to express the feeling of those who sat with me on the train, staring out at the barren winter landscape. . . . I had visited the Chopin museum earlier in the day, so consequently the quartet's interpretation on that first performance was a lyrical jazz version reminiscent of Chopin.

. . . The audience responded with a stunned hush, followed by applause mingled with tears."

Back in the States, Brubeck received a commission from the American Ballet Theater and completed in 10 days a ballet based on the Chopinesque theme. What was intended as the premiere performance fell through, and Brubeck decided to turn the piece into a concert work for Gold and Fildale.

"When I presented the score to them," he said, "they confessed they had never played jazz in their lives. The question was, could jazz be notated and interpreted by applying the same methods of analysis of style and thought that are used in interpreting the work of composers of the past. My aim was to write a piece of music . . . not dependent upon strictly jazz musicians to give it a jazz feeling."

The music is very infectious, often saccharine, often beautifully lyrical, sometimes fiery and exciting, never too corny to be repellent but always corny. If sometimes the motifs are a little weak, their use is always skillful, especially in the *Fugue* (and doubly especially in the stretto passages). Parts of the *Blues* section, and the *Chorale* are wonderful.

The real hero of the date is Dave's brother, Howard Brubeck, who undertook the task of transcribing from Dave's improvised tape recordings a score notated

so superbly that, truly, "the gap between the jazz artist and the classical musician is not as formidable as once believed."

Gold and Fildale play with magnificent empathy and with technical clarity to such a satisfying degree (and they had never played jazz!) that one is tempted to extend to Howard Brubeck some sort of historic award. Has anyone thought of publishing the score, both for its musical content and as a means for disseminating the solutions that H. Brubeck has evidently found to some problems of jazz notation?

Miss McRae sings like an angel, but the inclusion of the final track on this record is profane. I think that the ballet speaks for itself and will sell well enough without the appeal of a pop song, notwithstanding the caliber of its performance.

Some day I'd like to see Dave Brubeck sit down for six months and compose, with enough time, a major work. (B.M.)

Hank Crawford

THE SOUL CLINIC—Atlantic 1372: *Please Send Me Someone to Love*; *Easy Living*; *Playmates*; *What a Difference a Day Made*; *Me and My Baby*; *Lorelei's Lament*; *Blue Stone*.

Personnel: Crawford, alto saxophone, piano; Dave Newman, tenor saxophone; Leroy Cooper, baritone saxophone; Philip Guilbeau, trumpet; John Hunt, trumpet or fluegelhorn; Edgar Willis, bass; Bruno Carr or Milt Turner, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

There certainly is no lost motion in Crawford's altoing (he plays piano only

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. Use this guide as a handy check list.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

- A Study in Frustration—The Fletcher Henderson Story* (reissue) (Columbia C4L 19)
- Thelonious Monk with John Coltrane* (Jazzland 46)
- Charlie Parker, (reissue) *The Early Bird* (Baronet 107)
- Robert Pete Williams, (vocal) *Free Again* (Prestige/Bluesville 1026)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

- Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington* (Roulette 52074)
- Teddy Edwards-Howard McGhee, *Together Again!* (Contemporary 3588)
- Benny Golson, *Gettin' with It* (Prestige/New Jazz 8248)
- Coleman Hawkins, *The Hawk Relaxes* (Prestige/Moodsville 15)
- The Essential Billie Holiday* (vocal) (Verve 8410)
- A Date with the Mastersounds* (Fantasy 3316)
- Charlie Mingus, *Pre-Bird* (Mercury 20627)
- Joe Newman, *Good 'n' Groovy* (Prestige/Swingville 2019)
- Anita O'Day, (vocal) *Travelin' Light* (Verve 2157)
- Charlie Parker-Dizzy Gillespie, (reissue) *A Handful of Modern Jazz* (Baronet 105)
- Marital Solal* (Capitol 10261)

★ ★ ★ ★

- Bob Brookmeyer, *7 X Wilder* (Verve 8413)
- Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, *Afro-Jaws* (Riverside 373)
- Miles Davis in Person, *Friday and Saturday Nights* (Columbia 820)
- Ella Fitzgerald, *Get Happy* (Verve 4036)
- Dexter Gordon, *Doin' Allright* (Blue Note 4077)
- Grant Green, *Green Street* (Blue Note 4071)
- The Jazz Crusaders* (Pacific Jazz 27)
- Oliver Nelson, *Blues and the Abstract Truth* (Impulse 5)
- Ruth Price with Shelly Manne and His Men at the Manne-Hole (vocal) (Contemporary 3590)
- Jack Teagarden, *Mis'ry and the Blues* (Verve 8416)

**The Cannonball Adderley
Quintet Plus**

Cannonball Adderley, alto sax • Nat Adderley, cornet
Sam Jones, bass • Louis Hayes, drums • Victor Feldman,
vibes and piano • with guest artist Wynton Kelly, piano



Here he comes again... Cannonball Adderley, that is, with another big album on Riverside!

It's the latest release by the most exciting, soaring group in jazz today—an album with a lot of *plus* values for you. For one thing, there's the remarkable Vic Feldman doubling on piano and vibes, which also means lots of room for the piano of guest artist Wynton Kelly. There's that good, down-home Adderley feeling, plus the lyrical-swinging sound of this brilliantly close-knit band. There are great new originals (like Arriving Soon and Winetone), plus great versions of favorites like Straight No Chaser and Star Eyes. All crammed into one bursting musical package. **THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET PLUS** (RLP 388; Stereo 9388)

Also on Riverside are these other hit LPs by the quintet: **CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET IN SAN FRANCISCO** (RLP 311; Stereo 1157) **CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET AT THE LIGHTHOUSE** (RLP 344; Stereo 9344) **THEM DIRTY BLUES** (RLP 322; Stereo 1170) And Cannonball's other sensational albums: **AFRICAN WALTZ**—by the 19-piece orchestra (RLP 377; Stereo 9377) **CANNONBALL AND THE POLL-WINNERS**—with Ray Brown, Wes Montgomery (RLP 355; Stereo 9355) **THINGS ARE GETTING BETTER**—with Milt Jackson (RLP 286; Stereo 1128) ... and 45-rpm singles: **AFRICAN WALTZ/KELLY BLUE** (45-457) **THE UPTOWN/SOMETHING DIFFERENT** (4501) **SACK O' WOE, Parts 1 and 2** (45-454) **THIS HERE, Parts 1 and 2** (45-432)

RIVERSIDE RECORDS

on the intro of *Love*), or writing on this record. He wastes very few notes, always getting to the point quickly and sticking to it—which is refreshing at first but can be almost suffocating for a whole LP, especially if the main soloist makes as few points as does Crawford.

This is not to say this is a lusterless album or that Crawford is lacking as a soloist. But it is a restricted album on which Crawford tends to explore repeatedly the same emotional range.

Basically, this is jazz as dance music, which is good for both jazz and dancers. A couple of the jump tunes are not unlike the things Louis Jordan did so well in '40s, though Crawford is on a higher jazz plane than Jordan usually was.

Crawford's dark tone is matched by his bare-bones writing, but the effect of the whole is one of depression. The lightest moments come in short trumpet solos on *Baby* and *Stone*, played by either Hunt or Guilbeau (the notes do not say who).

Cooper and Newman solo briefly on *Stone*, and except for the aforementioned short trumpet bits, plus another on *Playmates*, and Guilbeau's feature track, *Day*, all the blowing space is taken by Crawford.

I found his ballad playing (*Living and Lament*) the most rewarding listening, especially his ability to imply more than what he actually plays. And sometimes he states things so simply and directly it's scary, as his *Lament* solo attests.

Still, directness and simplicity can be overdone; Crawford comes close to doing that here. (D.DeM.)



Pete Fountain-Al Hirt

BOURBON STREET—Coral 57389; *Farewell Blues*; *March of the Robcats*; *At the Jazz Band Ball*; *Jazz Me Blues*; *St. James Infirmary*; *March through the Streets of the City*; *Blues on Bourbon Street*; *Lazy River*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-4—Hirt, trumpet; Abe Lincoln, trombone; Fountain, clarinet; Eddie Miller, tenor saxophone; Stan Wrightsman, piano; Bobby Gibbons, guitar; Morty Corb, bass; Ray Hauduc or Jack Spurling, drums. Tracks 5-8—Fountain; Wrightsman; Gibbons; Corb; Spurling.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

No dates are mentioned in Leonard Feather's liner notes, but it is apparent that the group in which Fountain and Hirt play together on this set was recorded some time ago; the Fountain quintet performances are presumably fairly recent.

In any event, the Fountain-Hirt selections date from a period when Fountain was still more of a Fazola clarinetist than a Goodmanite and Hirt was content to play unpretentious, capable trumpet until he came to a coda. Fountain's work with this group is warm and singing, and there are occasional glimpses of Lincoln's exultantly rampant trombone and Miller's compactly lyrical tenor style.

The quintet pieces are of special interest

because of the unhackneyed approach that is taken to some pretty tired material, encouraging evidence that imaginations still are at work even among the commercial swing-cum-Dixielanders. (J.S.W.)

Red Garland

BRIGHT AND BREEZY—Jazzland 48; *On Green Dolphin Street*; *I Ain't Got Nobody*; *You'll Never Know*; *Blues in the Closet*; *What's New?*; *Li'l Darlin'*; *What Is There to Say?*; *So Sorry, Please*.

Personnel: Garland, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Good Garland is a joy forever. The pianist fits in his own niche, is nobody's man but his own, and generally is a veritable charmer of jazz. Here he is more than ably supported by Jones, who solos with economy and artistry, and Persip, who knows always where the time lies.

The mood is by no means wholly romping and stomping, but then Garland never was tied into that bag. As a matter of fact, there are more than a few delicately crafted ballads gracing the grooves.

All in all, though, enjoyment runs high. This is a most enjoyable set in the pleasant, unhurried Garland manner, characterized by the premium it places on good taste. (J.A.T.)

Dizzy Gillespie

PERCEPTIONS—Verve 8411; *The Sword of Orion*; *Jubelo*; *Blue Mist*; *Fantasia*; *Horn of Plenty*; *Ballade*.

Personnel: Gillespie, solo trumpet; Gunther Schuller, conductor; Joe Wilder, Robert Nagel, Bernie Glow, Ernie Royal, Nick Travis, Doc Severinsen, trumpets; Jimmy Knepper, Urbie Green, trombones; Paul Faulise, Dick Hixson, bass trombones; Jim Buffington, John Barrows, Paul Inghram, Robert Northern, French horns; William Stanley, Harvey Phillips, tubas; Gloria Agostini, Laura Newell, harps; George Duvivier, bass; Charlie Persip, drums; Michael Colgrass, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This large, ambitious work doesn't quite make it, and I don't know why. But I think I do know what, as a listener, I wanted to hear and did not hear.

The raw materials that J. J. Johnson, who composed the piece especially for Gillespie, uses are familiar materials: slightly far out but nevertheless conventional harmonies, familiar rhythms, an orchestral combination to which we are all accustomed, simple (albeit restless) compositional forms, a soloist whom all of us know and most of us love.

A composer using such tried and true ingredients obligates himself to the listener to compose his elements in some enticing, attractive manner. The individual sounds themselves (all 35 minutes of them) cannot be made alluring enough. They must be put together in some way that compels us to go along with them, not for their own sake, but for the sake of the pattern they weave.

Johnson is one of the wittiest, most fecund melodists in jazz. Since the compositional aspects of *Perceptions* are unsatisfying, why didn't he make up for it (in part) with some good melodies? This would have given the listener more to latch on to. Many successful long pieces are nothing but a bag of pretty tunes (Berlioz' *Harold in Italy* for instance) with nothing to recommend them but the charm of their melodies.

It is indicative, I think, that the best sections of *Perceptions* are the transitional

passages. In these, Johnson is somewhat freed from the responsibilities of compositional coherence and has only to get from one place to another by the most attractive route. The transitions are simple, introspective, and free from bombast.

Gillespie is not shown to his best advantage here. In fact, the score (except for a few delightful places) could have been played by any excellent trumpet player. He sort of gets away on *Horn of Plenty* and is refreshingly himself on *Blue Mist*. But for the rest, he seems stifled.

One of the stifling things might have been the orchestration. Again, every individual bar is fine enough, but as a whole there is so much overemphasis on the six trumpets, so much heavy, sustained, static shouting, that the soloist is sometimes defied. And why are all those pretty French horns so long and deeply buried?

In the liner notes, Schuller talks of affirmation and optimism. But I need more order, more of a semblance of support, more of an assurance that the universe is not a bundle of loose ends, in order to be optimistic in this world.

Regardless, of all the negative, but I hope not destructive, things I've said, my opinion of the work is good. It has moments of power and fury, moments of beatific calm, ferocious peaks, quiet valleys. Johnson is a serious composer and is to be taken seriously by people who take music seriously.

The rating is not only for the music, but for the superb orchestra, the excellent conducting, the huge ambition of this vast hunk of sculpture, and for J.J., who on an off day is still a valuable man. (B.M.)

Joe Harriott

FREE FORM—Jazzland 49; *Formation*; *Coda*; *Abstract*; *Impression*; *Parallel*; *Straight Lines*; *Calypto Sketches*; *Tempo*.

Personnel: Harriott, alto saxophone; Ellsworth Keane, trumpet; Ruegelhorn; Pat Smythe, piano; Coleridge Goode, bass; Phil Seamen, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Harriott and Keane, two West Indian-born residents of London, are here presented as Britain's entry in the "new thing."

The album title is a fairly accurate description of their musical approach. Freed of the "restrictions" of bar lines, conventional harmonic sequences, et al., the two are thus enabled to follow, individually and collectively, their own musical stars. As the result of a mutual sharing of ideals and by dint of extensive rehearsal, the pair are en rapport most of the way through.

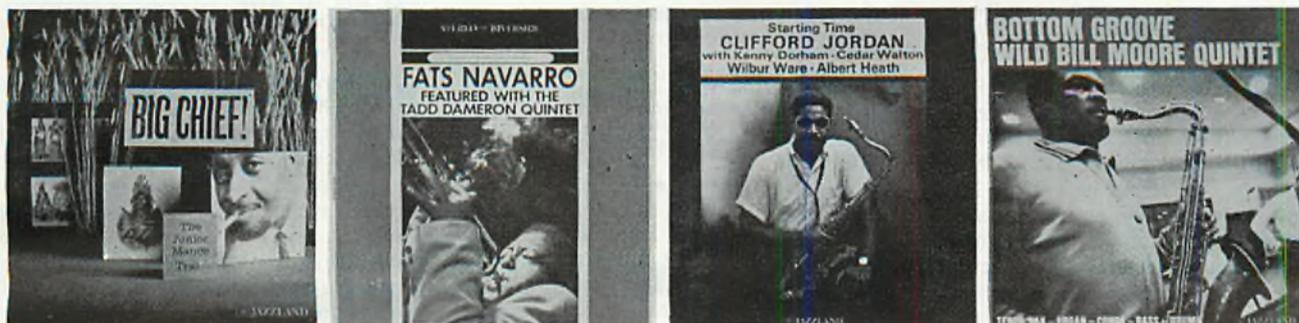
At times the results can be most arresting, as in their use of collective improvisation (and there is a fuller employment of this than has been the case in most of the ventures by the jazz avant-garde), yet the collection is, on the whole, somewhat less than successful.

For one thing, each of the selections is rather inconclusive and discursive, and one comes away from it with the decided feeling that what he's heard has been little more than a very clever musical exercise. All the pieces have the same bristling, shrill, edgy, near-hysterical quality to them, too, with the result that they all seem to run together.

In this type of musical experimenta-

Jazzland is the label with **SGN***

(*Strictly Good News for those who love swinging, hard-hitting jazz of all kinds) For example, here are four SGN new releases:



BIG CHIEF! JUNIOR MANCE TRIO

Another brilliantly soul-stirring album by the sensational young pianist—1961's top New Star. (JLP 53; Stereo 953)

FATS NAVARRO WITH THE TADD DAMERON BAND

Notable late-40's sides featuring the trumpet immortal—first volume in Jazzland's "Classics of Modern Jazz" series. (JLP 50)

STARTING TIME: CLIFFORD JORDAN

Top young tenor really hits his stride, with all-star support: Kenny Dorham, Cedar Walton, Wilbur Ware, Albert Heath. (JLP 52; Stereo 952)

BOTTOM GROOVE: WILD BILL MOORE

Thoroughly blues-drenched cooker by the deep-down tenorman; with Johnny "Hammond" Smith on organ, Ray Barretto on conga. (JLP 54; Stereo 954)

And dig these other recent SGN Jazzland LPs—

THELONIOUS MONK with John Coltrane (JLP 46; Stereo 946)

Naturally!: NAT ADDERLEY Quartets (JLP 47; Stereo 947)

Bright and Breezy: RED GARLAND Trio (JLP 48; Stereo 948)

Free Form: JOE HARRIOTT Quintet (JLP 49; Stereo 949)

Griff & Lock: 'LOCKJAW' DAVIS—JOHNNY GRIFFIN Quintet (JLP 42; Stereo 942)

tion, where the development takes place more in terms of an emerging emotional climate than it does on a set formal organization or harmonic structure, the fact that the self-same emotional mood is evoked by all the numbers, despite obvious dissimilarities between the thematic materials on which the improvisations are based, however loosely, tends to solidify the impression that the two are merely running changes — though of a different sort. It may be challenging to play this music but not to listen to it.

The eight pieces just don't hold up under repeated listening. (P.W.)

Elmo Hope

HOME COMING—Riverside 381: *Moe Jr.*; *La Berthe*; *Eyes so Beautiful as Yours*; *Homecoming*; *One Mo' Blues*; *A Kiss for My Love*; *Imagination*.

Personnel: Hope, piano; Frank Foster, Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Percy Heath, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Hope is a contemporary and was a youthful woodshedding companion of Bud Powell. In all probability, credit for the style we associate with Powell's name must, in some measure, accrue to Hope's account.

The pair share, among other attributes, a predilection for Thelonious Monk, although Hope seems to have traveled further in this direction than Powell. Even a knowledgeable listener could be forgiven mistaking portions of Hope's *Eyes so Beautiful* for typical bits of Monkery.

As a soloist, the tracks he cut for HiFi-jazz under his own name and with Harold Land show Hope to better advantage. There is here a tendency toward repetitiveness in the playing. *La Berthe* and *Homecoming* (*After You've Gone?*) with only piano, bass, and drums, reveal this most clearly. It is as if he were trying to build solos through variation on motif that he succeeds only in reiterating.

The men with Hope are all top-echelon musicians—as, of course, is Hope himself. Yet the album is in some sense a disappointment. What John Tynan aptly referred to as the “essence of Hope . . . a sort of bitter-sweet melancholy” is evident, but that certain vital spark that one always finds in the best jazz is too rarely felt here.

Only Jones—like Foster and Percy Heath, an associate of Hope from the early '50s—seems to have it throughout this date, and to that degree he is the most compelling voice, even though he is almost entirely restricted to section work.

Homecoming serves notice that, after several frustrating and unhappy years on the West Coast, Hope has returned to his native New York. Whatever its other merits—and they are more than slight—we are thus reminded that in Hope we have, to use Ira Gitler's description, “a man of small size but large talent.” And large ability. (F.K.)

Freddie Hubbard

HUB CAP—Blue Note 4073: *Hub Cap*; *Cry Me Not*; *Luana*; *Ossie Mae*; *Plexus*; *Earmon Jr.*
Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Julian Priester, trombone; Cedar Walton, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

In the category of what Cannonball

Adderley has so aptly called the modern traditionalists, Hubbard is doubtless a trumpet voice to be reckoned with (Blue Mitchell and the late Booker Little are a pair of others). This album shows him to best advantage to date.

Swing and drive, ideas and technique: requisites of the good jazzman. Hubbard has them, and a wealth of good original material to boot (*Cry Me Not* is by Randy Weston, the remaining selections being the leader's). Yet the session falls short.

Why? I suspect that, like so many young musicians who act as leaders only on their recording dates, Hubbard has not the experience and maturity to impose his personality with the proper degree of forcefulness. Listen to the handiest Miles Davis release to discern the difference between a very talented youngster and a veteran leader.

While the solos are workmanlike, they are—with the exception of those of Heath, who plays better than very well throughout—scarcely inspired. Despite the heroic efforts of Philly Joe, this remains a good album, but not a memorable one. (F.K.)

Calvin Jackson

JAZZ VARIATIONS ON MOVIE THEMES—Reprise 2007: *Never on Sunday*; *A Summer Place*; *The Alamo* (*The Green Leaves of Summer*); *Ruby*; *From Here to Eternity*; *The High and the Mighty*; *Around the World in 80 Days*; *High Noon*; *Return to Peyton Place*; *Exodus*.

Personnel: Jackson, piano; Al McKibbin, bass; Frank Capp, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

This is a misleading title, for the actual jazz playing involved is at a minimum. There is jazz feeling implied in other places, but there is also much flowery playing in a semiclassical schmaltz groove.

On *Sunday*, Jackson does short impressions on Erroll Garner, George Shearing, Count Basie, and Oscar Peterson, which are amusing even if all are not entirely accurate. *Around the World* has a solid beat and a good McKibbin solo. Jackson's best jazz work is contained in the up-tempo section of *Mighty*. By contrast, the jazz on *High Noon* is heavy-handed; the tune just doesn't lend itself to jazz.

As a pop album, this would rate much higher. It far outdistances anything in the same general area produced by a Roger Williams or a Liberace. (I.G.)

Harry James

HARRY JAMES PLAYS NEAL HEFTI—MGM 3972: *Tweet Tweet*; *Charina*; *Harry, No! Jesse*; *The Creeper*; *Mister Johnson*; *Hot Pink*; *Sunday Morning*; *Koo Koo*; *Rainbow Kiss*; *Sans Souci*.

Personnel: James, Rob Turk, Harold Billings, Nick Buono, Vern Guertin, trumpets; Ray Sims, Dick Hyde, trombones; Dick McQuary, bass trombone; Willie Smith, Pat Chartrand, Sam Firmature, Modesto Brisenio, Ernie Small, saxophones; Jack Perciful, piano; Terry Rosen, guitar; Russ Phillips, bass; Tony DeNicola, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Only occasionally does this album come alive. For the most part, the over-all feeling is spiritless, and this applies in particular to the performance of the rhythm section. Bassist Phillips and drummer DeNicola—who left the band since this LP was recorded—are the principal weak links.

When the band does move, it is on tracks such as the fast blues *Not Jesse*, the pleasantly Dixielandish (tongue-in-

cheek variety) *Mister Johnson*, and the vaguely Ellingtonish *Koo Koo* with its funny rock-and-roll release, but even at that the honors go to Neal Hefti's writing.

It is largely a dance set in orientation, with all the solos of brief duration and not particularly inventive. The James trumpet is heavily featured, but never does it communicate the fire and enthusiasm for which James is so noted. Frankly, in several takes he sounds tired.

Hefti's arrangements are for the most part only mildly interesting. They are clever, sometimes a little too clever, as may be heard on the closing track, *Sans Souci*, which sounds like music for a circus juggling routine but in reality was named to publicize a motel.

That this band does not have to imitate Count Basie to let go and romp is proved on any given night in live performance. But one could never tell from this session. (J.A.T.)

Wynton Kelly

WYNTON KELLY!—Vee Jay 3022: *Come Rain or Come Shine*; *Make the Man Love Me*; *Autumn Leaves*; *Surrey with the Fringe on Top*; *Joe's Avenue*; *Sassy*; *Love, I've Found You*; *Gone with the Wind*.

Personnel: Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers or Sam Jones, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

A thoroughly enjoyable, professional piano recital. Kelly has all the equipment, and he knows what to do with it. He is able to evoke a variety of moods from the keyboard: tenderness, nostalgia, insouciant swing, harder swing, and so on.

On *Surrey* he shows his ability to inject a lightness without becoming corny or saccharine the way many so-called jazz pianists do when they attempt this groove.

I especially like *Joe's Avenue*, an engaging, original blues line that swings like mad with good use of interludes. *Sassy*, presumably named for Sarah Vaughan, is another good blues of a different hue.

The rest are standards despite the effort of the liner notes and label to tell us that *Make the Man* is the writing of Kelly rather than Arthur Schwartz. *Love, I've Found You* is the same tune that featured Kelly in Miles Davis, *In Person* on Columbia. This version is about a half-minute longer and even more poignant.

Cobb is perfect, and both bassists great, although the engineering makes them boomy on certain tracks, as on *Wind*. No information is given as to how they divide the assignment, but it sounds like Chambers on *Leaves* and maybe Jones on *Sassy*.

With the piano a vehicle for many players of contrivance today, this set stands out as one of quality. (I.G.)

Stan Kenton

KENTON'S WEST SIDE STORY — Capitol 1609: *Prologue*; *Something's Coming*; *Maria*; *America*; *Tonight*; *Cool*; *I Feel Pretty*; *Officer Krupke*; *Taunting Scene*; *Somewhere—Finale*.

Personnel: Kenton, piano; Ernie Bernhardt, Bud Brisbois, Conte Candoli, Bob Rolfe, Stanford Skinner, Dalton Smith, trumpets; Jim Am-lotte, Bob Fitzpatrick, Jack Spurlock, Dave Wheeler, trombones; Dwight Carver, Gordon Davison, Keith Lamotte, Gene Roland, mellophoniums; Gabe Baltazar, Sam Donohue, Wayne Dunstan, Marvin Holladay, Paul Renzi, saxophones; Clive Acker, tuba; Peter Chivily, bass; Jerry McKen-zie, drums; George Avededo, Latin percussion; Larry Bunker, Lou Singer, utility percussion.

Rating: ★ ★

I was physically exhausted each time

I finished playing this album. Heavily arranged by Johnny Richards, Leonard Bernstein's score in the hands of the Kenton band loses whatever life and lightness it may have had. The 15-piece brass section sits like a stone on the rhythm section, weighing it down, forcing it to pump instead of swing.

I suspect the nonswinging is due more to the interpretation of Richards' arrangements than to the arrangements themselves. For example, there are some nice boppish brass figures on *Cool*, but instead of floating as such phrases should, they plod. And when the band quiets down, which is seldom, things almost swing.

Yet, on the other hand, Richards quite often has written too much into the score. *Taunting Scene* is a good example. Supposed to represent a "rumble," according to the notes, I found the track nerve-shattering. But, then, maybe that's what a rumble does to bystanders.

There are short solos throughout the album. The best ones are by Candoli. Donohue is effective on *Pretty*, as is *Spurlock* on *Taunting Scene*, but Baltazar sort of goes off in four directions at once in his solos. Kenton is heard in a rather romantic mood on *Tonight*.

On the whole, this is a pretentious, overly dramatic effort. (D.DeM.)

Wes Montgomery

SO MUCH GUITAR!—Riverside 382: *Twisted Blues*; *Cotton Tail*; *I Wish I Knew*; *I'm Just a Lucky So and So*; *Repetition*; *Somethin' Like Bugs*; *While We're Young*; *One for My Baby*.

Personnel: Montgomery, guitar; Hank Jones, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Lex Humphries, drums; Ray Barretto, conga.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There is a casual, almost off-the-cuff feeling to this latest showcase for Montgomery, which in no way reduces his presentation as one of the first men on his instrument in jazz.

The set is well balanced, ranging as it does from a galloping *Cotton Tail* to some medium-tempoed funk in *Somethin'* and a slow, reflective treatment of Alec Wilder's ballad, *Young*.

Throughout there is the emotional and deep warmth of Montgomery's guitar, nowhere captured so well as in the deep blue mood of *Baby*. Through it all emerges the classically graceful piano of Jones, discreet in accompaniment and forthright yet subtle in solo.

While the set is no shouter, there is enough jazz guitar here to convince any set of willing ears of Montgomery's deserved eminence. (J.A.T.)

Harold Ousley

HAROLD OUSLEY — Bethlehem 6059: *Paris Sunday*; *Devachan*; *At Last*; *Lush Life*; *Struttin' to Truckin'*; *Dell-A-Vou*; *Porter's Groove*.

Personnel: Ousley, tenor saxophone; Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; Julian Priester, trombone; Phillip Wright, piano; Thomas Williams, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Not much at all happens in the course of these seven lackluster performances.

Leader Ousley's arrangements are pleasant enough, and the easy, relaxed approach here — in both writing and execution — is a welcome change from the strident bellicosity of most blowing sessions. Yet mere pleasantries alone can-

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not save the day, and this lightweight stuff soon proves tedious and empty. No blood or guts.

Ousley is a tenorist of the feathery-toned, middle-of-the-road persuasion, but unfortunately the content of his solo work is rather ephemeral and puffy. Several samples of his florid, but essentially vacuous, noodling are afforded by the pair of quartet tracks — *At Last* and *Lush Life*. The over-all feel is gentle and wistful, but there's not a new idea in the entire course of either piece.

The sextet tracks have a bit more body but not a great deal more. Trombonist Pricster's last-ditch attempt to save this disc from utter tedium never prove successful enough; one man cannot carry it all off, but Priester does give it a noble try. (P.W.)

Paris Blues

PARIS BLUES—United Artists 4092: *Take the A Train; Battle Royal; Birdie Jungle; Mood Indigo; Autumnal Suite; Nite; Wild Man Moore; Paris Stairs; Guitar Amour; Paris Blues.*

Personnel: Louis Armstrong, trumpet; other personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Aside from printing the names of Armstrong and Duke Ellington in large type on the front cover, there is no further evidence that United Artists is interested in trying to sell this disc, made up of excerpts from the sound track of *Paris Blues*, written by Ellington. Although there are obviously at least two groups playing, one of which includes some Ellingtonians, no musicians (aside from Armstrong) are mentioned and there is no indication of the relationship of the music to the film. Not even the two pieces on which Armstrong is heard (*Battle Royal* and *Wild Man Moore*) are identified.

As for the music itself, it is, as film music almost inevitably is, choppyly episodic. Ellington presents several promising ideas — *Birdie Jungle*, *Autumnal Suite*, *Nite*, *Paris Stairs*—but none are developed adequately. That, one hopes, will come under better circumstances and with the Ellington band as the vehicle. Armstrong's two appearances, incidentally, are scarcely worth bothering about since one is a swinging but shapeless piece and the other is so short that it is over almost before it starts. (J.S.W.)

Max Roach

PERCUSSION BITTER SWEET—Impulse 8: *Garvey's Ghost; Mama; Tender Warriors; Praise for a Martyr; Mendacity; Man from South Africa.*

Personnel: Eric Dolphy, flute, alto saxophone, bass clarinet; Clifford Jordan, tenor saxophone; Booker Little, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; Mal Waldron, piano; Art Davis, bass; Roach, Carlos Valdez, Carlos Eugenio, percussion. Tracks 1, 5—Abhey Lincoln, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This is another of the tedious essays in race-consciousness that apparently Roach has appropriated as his special province in the last year. The results are a bit under par — for such a session. Roach's writing here has little of the stark, dramatic impact of his *Freedom Now Suite*, in many respects the most successful of the pieces in this genre. This release is much too discursive, flutulent, and pretentious to be wholly effective.

Roach's search for racial heroes has led him into some strange positions:

e.g., the piece in this collective eulogizing the late Marcus Garvey, *Garvey's Ghost*, is heroic and grandiose in conception and feeling, giving rise to a picture oddly at variance with what is known of Garvey's "leadership."

Moreover, the extramusical programmatic materials that motivate the music appear almost arbitrary choices, in that the descriptive comments on any one piece might be applied with equal validity to just about any of the other five.

As far as the music goes, I found the bulk of the compositions singularly unappealing in their purposefully harsh regularity. Do Roach and cohorts equate beauty and grace with spinelessness and falsity?

Several of the pieces are interesting, and there are some fine solos scattered throughout. *Mama* has an ebullient quality to it that reminded me of some of Charles Mingus' writing. *Warriors* has a wistful and haunting tenderness to it, and both *Martyr* and *South Africa* have their sprightly moments.

Pianist Waldron's dry, crackling solo on *Warriors* is easily his best in the album. Jordan has his best moment in *Mama*. Dolphy is stunning in several spots and for several different reasons. His bass clarinet solo on *Warriors* is in his most bristling, angry, snappish manner, in direct contrast with his limpid, fluid flute work in that piece's theme, and in *Mendacity* his long, sinuous, and strongly individual alto solo (incorporating the human cry effect) follows Miss Lincoln's doltish treatment of the tune. (P.W.)

Johnny (Hammond) Smith

STIMULATION—Prestige 7203: *Sticks an' Stones; Because You Left Me; Ribs an' Chips; Cry Me a River; Que Pasa?; Invitation; Spring Is Here; Stimulation.*

Personnel: Smith, organ; Freddy McCoy, vibraharp; Eddie McFadden, guitar; Leo Stevens, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

It just doesn't seem possible, but Smith has managed to extract from his electronic box of tricks what appears to be a totally new sound. He makes the instrument burble and stutter with the cholera of an outraged politician and certainly would seem to have outfunked his organ contemporaries.

He is a hard swinger, to boot, and the unconventionality of the sounds he cajoles lends to his playing a surface excitement on the harder-swinging tracks. But this is the extent of his offering in this set. The rest is mediocrity.

Cry Me is ballad organ swimming in ookie sirup; *Que Pasa?* is flat, unmoving Latin dance fare; *Invitation* fits into the same uninspired groove; and *Spring* is out of Tricksville and is dully plodding. *Stimulation*, though, is up and walloping even though the vibes are nondescript. *Sticks* and *Ribs* fit in a conventional raunchy bag with little real invention. (J.A.T.)

Kid Thomas

KID THOMAS AND HIS ALGIERS STOMPERS—Riverside 386: *Big Lunch Blues; Some of These Days; When My Dreamboat Comes Home; China Boy; It's a Long Way to Tipperary; Hindustan; I Can't Escape from You; Bye and Bye; Down by the Riverside; I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now; Big Milk-Cow Blues.*

Personnel: Thomas, trumpet, vocal; Emile Barnes, clarinet; Louis Nelson, trombone; Joe

James, piano; Joseph Butler, bass, vocal; Samuel Penn, drums.

Rating: ★ ½

This album was engineered by Bill Russell, who did the earlier Icon session by Thomas, and his luck again is not very good. The band has a hackneyed, pedestrian entertainment sound, and frankly the band seems to have striven for this effect.

Clarinetist Barnes, a capable jazzman, is in poor form in all of the tracks. His tone is not good, his ideas weak, and he even seems bewildered on several tracks. Nelson and Thomas are both boring. The rhythm section is uninspired. There is a wide gulf between what these musicians do here and what each has done on other occasions.

The album is saved from a total loss by the vocal by Thomas on *Milk-Cow* and by Butler on *Lunch*. (G.M.E.)

Stanley Turrentine

UP AT MINTON'S, VOL. 1—Blue Note 4069: *But Not for Me*; *Stanley's Time*; *Broadway*; *Yesterdays*.

Personnel: Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Grant Green, guitar; Horace Parlan, piano; George Tucker, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

A free-wheeling blowing session such as this one recorded on the spot at the Play Room (Minton's) on Harlem's 118th St. last February may not be expected to produce the sensational or unexpected.

This get-together, however, is notable for the presence on the date of guitarist Green, who is in truth a jazzman worth watching. He demonstrates a flair for originality and constantly strives for hard-cooking improvisation.

Turrentine, backed by a good rhythm section and the always interesting piano of Parlan, is up to his usual straight-ahead form, always solidly grounded but seldom intriguing.

The set is especially notable for Green's pithy work. (J.A.T.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Duke Ellington

THE INDISPENSABLE DUKE ELLINGTON—RCA Victor 6009: *Morning Glory*; *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*; *Bojangles*; *Pitter Patter Patter*; *Mr. J.B. Blues*; *Raincheck*; *Chelsea Bridge*; *I Didn't Know about You*; *Carnegie Blues*; *Blue Cellophane*; *Black and Tan Fantasy*; *Mood Indigo*; *Sophisticated Lady*; *Black Beauty*; *The Perfume Suite*; *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*; *Rockabye River*; *Suddenly It Jumped*; *Blue Is the Night*; *Just You, Just Me*; *Swamp Fire*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-3—Wallace Jones, Cootie Williams, trumpets; Rex Stewart, cornet; Joe Nanton, Juan Tizol, Lawrence Brown, trombones; Barney Bigard, Otto Hardwicke, Ben Webster, Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; Fred Guy, guitar; Jimmy Blanton, bass; Sonny Greer, drums. Tracks 4, 5—Ellington, Blanton. Tracks 6, 7—band personnel as before except Ray Nance, trumpet, replaces Williams; Junior Ruglin, bass, replaces Blanton. Tracks 8, 9—Chauncey Houghton, reeds, replaces Bigard. Taft Jordan, Shelton Hemphill, Cat Anderson, trumpets, replace Jones; Claude Jones, trombone, replaces Tizol; Al Sears, tenor saxophone, replaces Webster; Jimmy Hamilton, reeds, replaces Houghton. Track 13—Bob Haggart, bass, replaces Raglin. Tracks 14-16—Raglin replaces Haggart. Tracks 17, 18—Shorty Baker, Francis Williams, trumpets, replace Stewart; Wilber De Paris, trombone, added; Russell Procope, reeds, replaces Hardwicke; Oscar Pettiford, bass, replaces Raglin. Tracks 19-21—Nanton out.

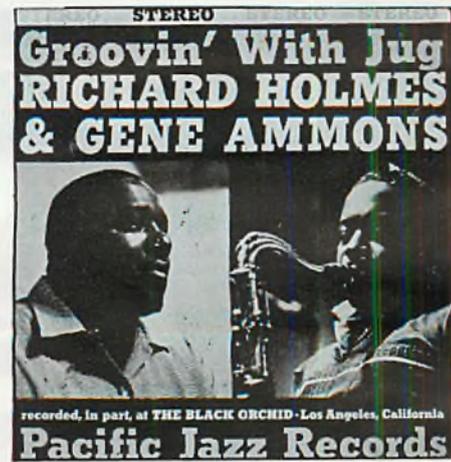
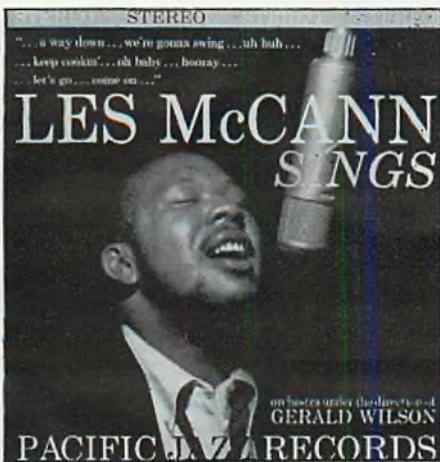
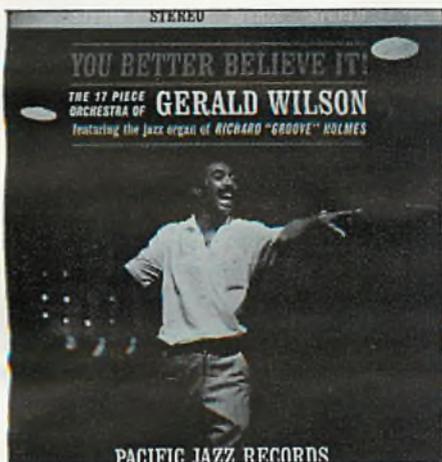
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Indispensable" is certainly the word

for most of the pieces in this two-disc set. Ellington began his six-year tenure with Victor in the 1940s with the greatest band he ever led, a band that still included the stars he had accumulated in the late '20s and early '30s as well as such then-recent acquisitions as Blanton and Webster. Since it is the intent of this collection to cover the whole six-year term, there is an inevitable falling off when the chronology reaches the postwar years (although this is not entirely Duke's fault—RCA subjected him to horrible engineering in those days).

But the first two sides (*Morning Glory* through *Mood Indigo*) maintain an almost consistently brilliant level. We hear Stewart at the height of his rough-toned lyricism on *Morning Glory*, two superb duets by Blanton and Ellington, an unusually sweetly singing glimpse of Webster on *Chelsea Bridge*, Nanton's finely honed development of his wah-wah trombone solo on *Black and Tan* and a pair of superb Ellington gems—*Bojangles*, with a magnificent Blanton walking opening and tremendously driving, gummy ensembles, and *Carnegie Blues*, a masterpiece of ensemble and solo note-bending.

The second disc, in contrast, is quite spotty. Most of one side is taken up by *Perfume Suite*, a four-part work that opens with a beautiful saxophone projection of a haunting Ellington theme. But after this promising beginning, the piece gets Hibbler entangled in some awkward lyrics and a static melody that is rescued to some extent by the band once Al Hibbler has finished his struggle with the



GERALD WILSON has formed one of the most impressive big bands to be heard in many years. The band and Wilson's marvelous arranging skill is used to advantage both as an instrumental force on "You Better Believe It" (featuring RICHARD HOLMES, PJ-34) and as an effective backdrop for the amazing vocal debut of LES McCANN (PJ-31); speaking of Holmes, his collaboration with GENE AMMONS ("Groovin' With Jug" PJ-32) has produced one of the really exciting albums of the year.



RICHARD HOLMES' debut album ("Groove" PJ-23) with BEN WEBSTER and LES McCANN is already an enormous success; the remarkable CARMELL JONES is heard for the first time as leader in a powerful offering that features HAROLD LAND (PJ-29); "America's #1 Arranger," GIL EVANS (PJ-28) shows ample reason for his unique status; LES McCANN reveals an especially rewarding side of his musical personality in an all ballad album ("Pretty Lady" PJ-25); and two of this year's most important groups (JAZZ MESSENGERS/ELMO HOPE, PJ-33) are heard in extended performances.

words. This is followed by a pleasant but minor bit of Dukish piano (*Dancers in Love*) and, as a finale, a showcase for Anderson's big blasts.

In 1946 Ellington made a potent revival of his early jungle style, *Rockabye River*, but, in general, this year was one of the band's low points. *Blue Is the*



Night and *Just You* sound like stock arrangements (certainly nobody connected with Ellington could have produced anything so trite) and are briefly brightened only by the soloists.

Four selections are being released for the first time in this set. Two are the aforementioned *Blue Is the Night* and *Just You*, which add no luster to the Ellington discography. *Blue Cellophane* (1945) is a lively showcase for Brown's trombone, allowing him to move from the suave to the ruggedly gutty. Easily the best of the new releases is a 1945 treatment of *Mood Indigo* with Kay Davis doing a wordless vocal (but in a lower register than usual) and Sears playing a surprisingly gracious, unforced tenor solo.

Ellington is such a fertile colossus that almost anything he does is of interest. Even hearing his band fight its way through a hackneyed arrangement is instructive. But this set contains so much unqualifiedly peak Ellington that its low points scarcely detract from its value.

(J.S.W.)

VOCAL

Scrapper Blackwell

BLUES BEFORE SUNRISE—"77" Records 77-LA-12-4; *Blues before Sunrise*; *Sally-in-the-Alley Blues*; *Shady Lane Blues*; *E Blues*; *Goin' to Jail About Her*; *Soft Blues*; *No Good Woman Blues*; *Leaving You Blues*; *Blue "n" Whistling*; *Back Step Blues*; *How Long Blues*.

Personnel: Blackwell, vocals, guitar or piano. Track 9—add Bud White, whistling.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Francis (Scraper) Blackwell will be remembered by older blues fans as the guitarist whose extraordinarily sensitive accompaniments contributed much to the effectiveness of the series of memorable recordings he made with vocalist-pianist Leroy Carr in the late 1920s and on to 1935, when Carr died.

Discounting one or two insignificant items made with a girl pianist, Blackwell had not recorded since the death of his old partner until Duncan Schiedt taped him in Indianapolis, Ind., where Blackwell has been living for some time.

Just as Carr's forthright and appealing vocal style dominated the blues up until the war years, so did Blackwell's guitar approach gain ascendancy as the accepted accompaniment style.

This recording gives a stunning demonstration of why his instrumental technique was so widely imitated. It is one of great delicacy and sensitivity; utilizes the full potential of the instrument; rings with blue tonality; makes meaningful use of dynamics, shading, and contrast to an extraordinarily high degree; and dances with a strong rhythmic pulsation that never wav-

ers. This is well illustrated in the two magnificent guitar solos here—*E Blues* and *Soft Blues*—and in the instrumental passages in the various other selections.

The truly delightful aspect of this vital collection resides in Blackwell's debut as a singer. His style is an honest, unpretentious, though moving one, much like Lonnie Johnson's in its wistful, plaintive quality, though not possessing the *great sweetness* of Johnson's voice.

Blackwell has it over Johnson, however, in that his allegiance is wholly to the blues. He is still capable of vesting a blues with conviction and intensity; moreover, he writes *only* blues, and they are compositions of real sensitivity and power, as this collection very eloquently attests.

Blackwell's personal guitar approach is one completely rooted in the blues, too, and, blessedly, has some rough edges to it.

All but one of the pieces here are credited on the label to "Blackwell-Carr," and each of these had been recorded at one time or another by the pair—yet the inclusion of Carr's name is a purely gratuitous one, for they are Scraper's work entirely. Perhaps it is enough to remark that these compositions—and their execution here—can hold their own with the very best urban blues.

Recordings like this are what the blues revival should concentrate on, not the umpteenth albums of McGhee and Terry, et al.

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(P.W.)

Ella Fitzgerald

ELLA IN HOLLYWOOD—Verve 4052: *This Could Be the Start of Something Big; I've Got the World on a String; You're Driving Me Crazy; Just in Time; It Might as Well Be Spring; Take the A Train; Stairway to the Stars; Mr. Paganini; Satin Doll; Blue Moon; Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?; Air Mail Special.*

Personnel: Miss Fitzgerald, vocals; Lou Levy, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Wilfred Middlebrooks, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The consistency of Ella Fitzgerald's good-natured, clear-cut singing shows all through this set, recorded at the Crescendo. But, as we hear here, this very consistency has its drawbacks, for it is accompanied by a blandness that makes one up-tempo number sound like the last one, one ballad like the next.

Occasionally she brings a sense of involvement to a piece that lifts it out of what has become her routine. It happens at a fast tempo on *Crazy* and at a surprisingly slow, lyrical pace on *Baby*. But her superficial approach to ballads eventually turns them into plodding ventures as she wades blandly on through lyrics that seem to have little meaning to her.

This superficiality is epitomized by her interpolation of an acknowledgement of applause while she is singing *Stairway* and a query about mike trouble on *Satin Doll* (and what is the point of releasing an obviously flawed performance such as this?).

Each side ends with a long bit of scattling—*Air Mail Special*, without which no Fitzgerald record apparently can be complete, and *A Train*, on which she tires noticeably long before she reaches the end of its long, dull 10-minute duration.

Levy adds a vital, strengthening note to her accompaniments all through the set. (J.S.W.)



STEREO TAPES

Since the perfection of tape recording, optimists have looked for the day when tapes would make disc recording obsolete. That day has not arrived, of course, or is it even foreseeable. But for those who want their recordings to be as life-like as possible (in some cases, bigger than life), a millenium of sorts is upon us. The tape catalog grows each month with the addition of recordings of excellence, both in sound and performance. For, in general, only the cream of what first is issued on disc finds its way to tape.

Most of the tapes available are nonjazz, the bulk of them classical, but there are hundreds of good jazz tapes to choose from. The price of tapes is higher than that of the same performance on disc, a factor that no doubt dissuades many from converting to tape. The price of most

tapes is \$7.95, though a few, mostly on Columbia, are a dollar cheaper and at least one jazz tape (Matty Matlock's *They Called It Dixieland*, Warner Bros. BST 1262) sells for \$4.95. A few lengthier tapes, usually consisting of two LPs, are priced at \$11.95, which is comparable to the price of a two-LP set.

The outstanding tape issued in the last two months is such an extended performance, the Modern Jazz Quartet's *European Concert*, Atlantic ALP 1915. These performances gleaned from several concerts recorded in Sweden, are the best the quartet has recorded.

The collection includes the group's third versions of *Django*, *Bag's Groove*, *Bluesology*, and *Vendome*; its fourth of *La Ronde*; its second of *Festival Sketch*, *Odds against Tomorrow*, *Pyramid*, *It Don't Mean a Thing*, *Skating in Central Park*, *Round About Midnight*, and *I'll Remember April*. First-time recordings, if our research is correct, are *I Remember Clifford* and *The Cylinder*, though Milt Jackson of the quartet has recorded the latter. The strength of the quartet is seen in the freshness of the new versions of previously recorded compositions.

The advantage of tape over disc is inescapably demonstrated when the two recorded forms of *European Concert* are compared; each instrument is clearly defined on tape. The superb backing afforded Jackson by John Lewis, Percy Heath, and Connie Kay is more clearly heard on tape, Lewis' piano and Kay's drums being especially enhanced.

The different recording locations may account for the shifting positions of the instruments on various tracks, though it is doubtful the recording can be blamed for the complete instrument transposition—the piano and vibes change positions—on the second side of the tape. But even with these considerations, the *European Concert* tape is a must for the serious jazz-tape collector.

Many of the jazz tape releases are from the Verve label, which makes a point of getting the tapes on the market at about the same time the disc version is released. In the past the company has made available on tape some of its best LPs. Its most recent releases, however, suffer when compared with earlier releases.

The Oscar Peterson Trio's *A Jazz Portrait of Frank Sinatra*, Verve VSTC 255, finds what can be a stimulating group going through the motions, for the most part. There are moments, however: Peterson's fantastic intro to *How About You?* and his lilting work on *All of Me*; Ray Brown's bass lines throughout, especially on *Tender Trap* and *Just in Time*; Ed Thigpen's drumming in "big band" passages, such as on *How About You?* and *It Happened in Monterey*. The recording is good, especially the pickup on Brown's bass. But all in all, the performances are lightweight performances by one of the heavyweight groups.

Ella Fitzgerald is the most represented jazz artist on tape—there are 20 available under her name. The most recent tape releases by the singer are *Get Happy*, Verve VSTC 256, and *Ella in Hollywood*,

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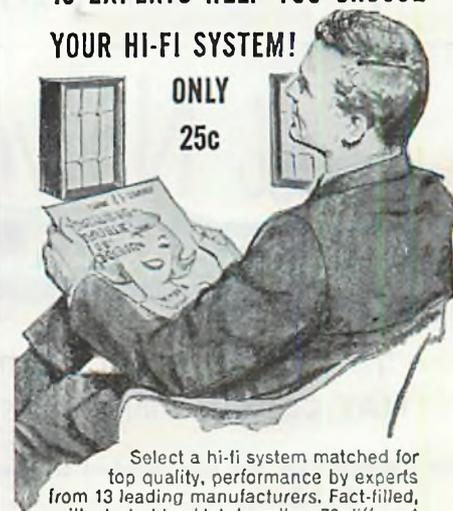
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VSTC 259. Miss Fitzgerald is in her usual good voice on both, but her over-dependence on the middle and upper registers (when she does dip to a low note, her voice sounds a bit harsh and strained) and her sometimes unfeeling handling of lyrics detract from both collections.

She is backed on *Get Happy* by different orchestral combinations; arrangements are by Russ Garcia, Frank DeVol, Paul Weston, and Nelson Riddle. The quality of the stereo, arrangements, material, and accompaniment varies. Too often middle is missing from the stereo and imagination from arrangements and material selection, though *Moonlight in Vermont* is an exception.

The Hollywood album (is this a correct term for either LPs or tapes?) was recorded before an audience at the Crescendo. There is a great deal of spirit generated by Miss Fitzgerald with the backing of Lou Levy, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Wilfred Middlebrooks, bass; Gus Johnson, drums. Ella scats in her carefree, but controlled, swing-era way on several tracks, most notably on *Take the A Train* and *Mr. Paganini* (her break into the second chorus is a technical gas). The collection also contains a sensitive *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?* and a rhythm-and-blues take-off on *Blue Moon*. The recording is excellent, even the applause.

Verve's try for the percussion market, evidently, is Gene Krupa's *Mr. Percussion*, VSTC 260. In general the tracks consist of well-written arrangements of semioctave compositions such as *Sabre Dance* and *American Bolero* and rousers like *Galloping Comedians* and *Valse Triste*, excellently read by crack studio men. Krupa and several other percussionists have a field day. The stereo is better than the material.

The best Verve release recently is Jack Teagarden's *Mis'ry and Blues*, VSTC 257, in which the Teagarden sextet does a better-than-workmanlike job on some rather weak material. Here the stereo is inferior to the performance; the balance shifts about somewhat, and there is too much echo in the drums. But the tape version does capture Big T's voice in all its husky burriness and the loneliness of his trombone (best of all on *Love Lies*).

Stan Kenton's *West Side Story*, Capitol ZT 1609, is a superior stereo job. It's too bad the music and performance were not of the same quality. There are a few brief Conte Candoli trumpet bits, however, that bring a little light to this heavy, pretentious offering.

Not strictly meant for the jazz audience but a release of more than casual interest is Larry Elgart's *The Shape of Sounds to Come*, MGM STC 3896. Made up of standards such as *I've Got You under My Skin*, *All the Things You Are*, *Get out of Town* (why isn't that played more often?), and *Rain on the Roof*, plus a couple of originals, the album displays this superior dance band in exceptional stereo. Arrangers include Bill Finegan, John Murtaugh, and Bobby Scott. Besides the scores' attractiveness, there are several tasty jazz solos sprinkled about. An excellent collection.

—DeMicheal

BLINDFOLD TEST TERRY GIBBS



"On my first record date I tried to play all my gimmicks . . ."

By LEONARD FEATHER

Almost three years have passed since Terry Gibbs first put together a big band that has worked intermittently (and with shifting personnel) under his name in California. Every appearance has made it clear that he has the personal spark to galvanize a band into excited and stimulating action. The book is neither too far out to be danceable nor too conservative to be listenable.

That Gibbs continues to work mainly with a quartet, grabbing a big-band gig once in a while, can be blamed largely on economic and psychological factors at work in the music profession today rather than on any lack of merit or of potential broad appeal in and beyond the regular jazz audience.

Because of his concern for big sounds, I included orchestral items in his latest *Blindfold Test*, the first since Aug. 21, 1958. Terry was given no information about the records played.

The Records

1. Sam Jones Plus 10. *Four* (from *The Chant*, Riverside). Jones, bass; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Nat Adderley, cornet; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone.

For some reason, I get the idea that the bass player was the leader, because he played more solos than anybody. Of the bass players that I've heard recently that are recording on their own . . . this could be Sam Jones, although I'm really not that familiar with him. I just know he plays very well.

This is more little band than big band—I don't mean because of the number of sidemen but because it features mostly solos, not ensemble. I thought there were two trumpet players with solos and a tenor player.

This is not a band that's been together on any jobs. Having a band of my own, I hear little things . . . but they have a good feel here. Four stars.

2. Duke Ellington. *Malletoba Spank* (from *Ellington Jazz Party in Stereo*, Columbia). Ellington orchestra with nine symphony percussionists: vibraphone, xylophones, glockenspiel, marimba, tympani, bongos, tambourine, triangle; Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, composers, arrangers.

Now this record is just the opposite of the other one. This is all ensemble and no jazz choruses at all, which is good, too, but I'd like to hear some jazz.

It sounds like it would be a foreign band, for some reason. Sounds like one of the percussion albums they've been putting out lately—vibes and xylophones . . . They did a great job of reading the music. When everything is written, it can swing, but it's got to get a little looser every once in awhile—to get that other feeling. It swung.

The band played the arrangement pretty well, and it must have been well rehearsed, because it seemed like it was done at a concert—not just a get-together for the one time. It's probably my band! Four stars.

3. Bob Cooper. *Fireworks* (from *Do-Re-Mi*, Capitol). Cooper, tenor saxophone; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Cante Candoli, trumpet; Mel Lewis, drums.

Very interesting record. A lot of the players sounded very familiar to me. I think I heard Frank Rosolino. The drummer's either Mel or Shelly. It's really wild. Again, this is a small big band. Sounds like Shorty in a way in some places, and then again it didn't. . . .

I did like it a lot, and at that tempo, the soloists did a great job. And the drummer was wonderful. I know this one was recorded in L.A. The tenor player sounded familiar . . . like Harold Land.

I like the way it was recorded . . . the way the drums are sticking out a little bit, but not too loud, and still keep the time going. Five stars.

4. Gerry Mulligan. *Let My People Be* (from *Concert Jazz Band at the Village Vanguard*, Verve). Mulligan, piano; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone, arranger; Clark Terry, trumpet; Mel Lewis, drums.

This another concert? They had a good feel all the way through, especially for a concert. Sounded like there wasn't much of an arrangement written—just the first and last choruses—but in between they sort of made it with little head arrangements.

Thought I heard Bobby Brookmeyer, and if it wasn't Harry Edison, it was somebody trying to play like Sweets. The drummer almost sounded like it would be Gus Johnson.

I like a concert record where it gets to swinging without getting ridiculously screaming . . . where it gets with some nice head arrangement backgrounds and the men get a chance to blow and a very good groove. And that piano player sounds like somebody I know. Can't think who.

For the feel more than anything, I'll have to give the record five stars.

5. Dave Pike Quartet. *On Green Dolphin Street* (from *It's Time for Dave Pike*, Riverside). Pike, vibes; Barry Harris, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

I really don't know who this is, but last night I heard Cal Tjader, and this gets the same feeling his quartet had. This sounded like a few different vibes players . . . a little bit of Victor Feldman, but I don't think it's Victor at all. Could be some of the real good new players—like a kid in New York, Dave Pike, and Bobby Hutcherson out here. And it could be Cal.

The solos are very nice. That opening chorus, unaccompanied, was very pretty. I hate to say this, but I don't think the engineer picked up the vibes good when they were playing with the quartet. I get so bugged with that. It's hard to pick up vibes. Can I get a plug in here for Wally Heider? He did our last two albums, and he's the champ. He used a new kind of mike for vibes on our last one.

For the record, four stars. Everybody played good.

6. Buddy Rich. *Lulu's Back in Town* (from *Playtime*, Argo). Rich, drums; Sam Most, flute; Mike Mainieri, vibes.

Even before we got to the drum solo, I knew who it was immediately, from the first thing he did. You can't miss Buddy Rich when he plays. He has his own distinct sound, and he sounds great. I take it that's that young kid, Mike Mainieri, on vibes, and Sam Most on flute. Buddy always sounds good to me. He's probably the greatest drum soloist, and he's swingin' behind the soloists here.

I've never heard Mike Mainieri before, and I know this was his first record date. This may sound strange, but on my first record date, I tried to play all my nightclub gimmicks because I wanted to show everything I could do. I know he can play better than this, because I've heard he's great. That four-mallet thing he did really killed me. On the record he was trying to do all the fancy little things that you'd normally do in a club. After you record a while, you find that the gimmicks don't come off too good, especially on vibes, because they're more flashy things. He can get around the instrument all right. He's just a young kid, isn't he—20? We gotta get rid of him fast! Buddy's really been touting him, and there's nothing like having somebody like Buddy in your corner. When Buddy gets enthusiastic, he really fights. I know, because Buddy's was one of the first big bands I worked with . . . 1947 and '48. Four stars.

7. Maxwell Davis. *Cool Train* (from *Compositions of Lionel Hampton & Others*, Crown). Davis, conductor; William Green, alto saxophone; Larry Bunker, vibes; Conrad Gozzo, lead trumpet.

Back to the big band again, huh? Kinda sounded like Benny Carter playing alto, and, in a way, it sounded like Larry Bunker on vibes. . . . Again, I can tell it's not an organized band, even though they did play their parts well together. The lead trumpet player was wonderful, and he sounded familiar—the sound he gets.

I don't recognize the tune or the arranger . . . it has that old, kind of a riffy flavor. There's nothing like hearing a well-rehearsed band . . . like Basie, Maynard Ferguson, Quincy Jones, Harry James. They're great; whenever they lose somewhere, they make up by being together for a while.

Four stars. I know . . . now you're going to tell me that was me on vibes! 

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ART BLAKEY'S JAZZ MESSENGERS

Birdhouse, Chicago

**Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet;
Curtis Fuller, trombone; Wayne Shorter,
tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano;
Jymie Merritt, bass; Blakey, drums.**

This latest edition of the Messengers promises to be the most interesting of them all, or, rather it should be if it continues to develop as it has in the first months of its existence.

The addition of trombone to Blakey's usual trumpet-tenor front line not only adds another soloist but gives the ensemble passages the depth and color impossible to obtain with only two horns.

Shorter, who is now music director of the group, has written several arrangements that utilize the possibilities inherent in a three-horn lineup. The most attractive Shorter original heard on the night of review was *Contemplation*, a ballad; the ensemble portions alternated three-way horn passages with tenor lead over soft trumpet and trombone.

The Messenger groups of the past were too often taut with extroversion. This is held down in the present sextet. Shorter's blues, *Roots and Herbs*, pointed up the contrast between the harshness of the old and the suppleness of the present; the three-way ensembles were well voiced, the soloists, in most cases, playing with taste.

The horns often played backgrounds to each other and the piano, adding variety and giving continuity to the arrangements. Some of the background figures are written, others seem to be made up on the spot.

Of the soloists, Fuller is the most mature; his easygoing, linear choruses maintained a high quality level. Hubbard is fast becoming the brightest young man on his instrument; his solos were often exciting in their urgency and only rarely were disappointing. Shorter was inconsistent: often a stream of cascading notes shot forth from his horn with little apparent rhyme or reason, especially on up-tempoed tunes like his own *The Summit*. But, on the other hand, he emerged from this technical facade at times and played interestingly and convincingly, as he did on a fiery but controlled *Paper Moon* and a feelingful *Contemplation*.

Merritt's bass work, usually inaudible in the whoop and holler of past Mes-

senger quintets, came through handsomely in the more subtle sextet. His solo on *Roots and Herbs* was sensitive in a Percy Heath sort of way. Walton, when he wasn't caught up in sweeping Red Garlandisms, proved an effective soloist of taste and discretion.

The new group has had its effect on Blakey. Still filled with drive and fire, he nonetheless has toned down some of his at-times distracting enthusiasm. As a result, he is playing better and with more control than I ever have heard him.

If the group stays together and works as hard as it did in Chicago (there was a rehearsal almost every day), it'll be a winner.
—DeMicheal

AL COHN-ZOOT SIMS QUINTET

Half Note, New York City

Personnel: Cohn, Sims, tenor saxophones; John Bunch, piano; Hal Gaylor, bass; Bob Pike, drums.

By now, Sims and Cohn are practically the house band at the Half Note because of their four regular engagements there each year. Any time they are in residence, you can expect a joyous, melodic, hard-swinging evening and morning with each tenor serving as catalyst for the other. This stay was no exception.

The only personnel change was on bass. Bunch and Pike, who joined the group a couple of Half Notes ago, were made three by Gaylor for the four-week sojourn. Hal, formerly with Chico Hamilton, is an accurate, sensitive player who holds your attention when soloing.

There were times, on one night, when the section was doing some rather bad rushing, but in general they were a tight supporting unit. Bunch is a versatile, exemplary pianist, and Pike has improved tremendously. His feature on *Woody'n You* always shows thought as well as fire.

One criticism of the group has been the lack of new things in the book (especially since they have ceased using their clarinets) despite the excellence of its basic repertoire of good standards and Cohn originals.

This time, Cohn arranged four new numbers. One was an old tune of his, the lament *Jane Street*; another was a plaintive blues written by Gary McFarland, *Blue Hodge*. He also added Jimmy Smith's hard-punching blues, *Motorin' Along* and a lovely, contrapuntal statement of John Lewis' *Afternoon in Paris*.

Not only does the Half Note attract the lay public in large numbers when Sims and Cohn are aboard, but musicians are always present in abundance to listen and sometimes to play.

British visitor, Tubby Hayes sat in

with his volatile tenor on one set, and ex-Britisher Marian McPartland filled in admirably for Bunch in one set on another night.

Al and Zoot are a great advertisement for "live" jazz. —Ira Gitler

JAMES MOODY SEXTET
Club Coronet, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Personnel: Moody, tenor, alto saxophones; Dave Burns, trumpet; Tom McIntosh, trombone; Kenny Barron, piano; Steve Davis, bass; Edgar Bateman, drums.

This is an example of a solid little band that is offering more musical content and inspired performance than many groups with bigger names. Leader Moody is playing better than ever on tenor and alto. His flute continues to be one of the most convincing and really jazz-oriented voices in that instrumental category.

Burns, Moody's old teammate, who was also with him in the Dizzy Gillespie band of 1947, is back in the fold. He was in excellent form the night of review particularly in a set of building choruses on *Bags' Groove*.

Another returnee to the Moody band, McIntosh (late of the Jazztet) sounded very good, running into trouble only occasionally at up tempo. His originals, such as *L.T.* and *November Afternoon*, are complete pieces in every sense of the word—skillful voicings, interesting harmonic structures, varying meters and just plain beautiful melodies.

The sextet achieves a healthy balance by wailing straight ahead on blues like *Bags' Groove* and then tempering the mood with a ballad like *I'm in the Mood for Love* with Moody featured on alto in his famous version.

The rhythm section worked well together. Davis is more than capable, as he proved when he was with John Coltrane; Bateman listens to what the soloists are doing; Barron is an abundantly talented young pianist.

Moody is one of the old pros now. He has not allowed himself to become bitter over failure to really make it "big." His playing has as much enthusiasm as ever. This is a man and his band who deserve to be heard more. The stint at the Coronet was testimony to this. —Ira Gitler

IMPRESSIONS

By Don DeMicheal

I was sitting in my living room trying to get something on a blank sheet of paper stuck in my typewriter. My 12-year-old son switched on the television set. One of those dance party things. The smiling emcee announced that the next dance would be the Twist. The teenagers flocked onto the dance floor as a Chubby Checker record played.

I watched the twisting bodies and heard the twisted vocal. I saw and heard simpleness. Simpleness, not simplicity.

The Twist, though reminiscent of African dances I'd seen in films, seemed easy to do. Likewise, the vocalist, and the many others like him, was easy to imitate. There was no subtlety or complexity in either dance or vocal.

Popular music was not always this way. In the 1930s, the swing era, the music was often complex (*Sing, Sing, Sing* was not a simple piece of music by any means). The dances then popular were as complex and subtle as the music. Not everyone could do the Big Apple, the Shag, the Lindy Hop. Everyone knew he couldn't play like a Benny Goodman, a Lester Young, a Harry James without much study and practice.

But now excellence is looked down on. This is the age of the amateur, the inept. An age of just-like-Johnny-next-door-ism, or I-can-do-that-too.

Take rock and roll and dances like the Twist. . .

The listener or viewer, especially the teenager, can say to himself, "Why, I can do that." And in the case of the vocalist, the youngster can put himself in the singer's place. The lack of professionalism and talent puts such heights of popularity within the reach of all.

This identity process can be seen in adults, too.

How else to explain the popularity of an Ed Sullivan, so inept that he elicits the sympathy of the viewer who knows he can do about as well? Or the success of *Sing Along with Mitch Miller*?

The key to popular acceptance today lies in amateurism. Raise the amateur to the level of the professional, let others as untalented as the amateur identify with him, tell the people this is what they want, and you're well on the way to financial security.

The glorification of the bad and the mediocre is not confined to entertainment, though. Look at the organization man whose greatest ambition is not to stand out or become conspicuous by outstripping his neighbor in achievement. Or the student who is content with a C average, not because he can't do better but because he doesn't want to appear an egghead.

The downgrading of excellence augurs ill for jazz. It won't kill it, but it keeps it from being as widely appreciated as it should be. After all, you can't listen to a Miles Davis or a Teddy Wilson and say, "Yeah, I can do that."

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NIGHT SONG, by John A. Williams.
Published by Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.
219 pp., \$3.50

This brief novel has several elements in common with Ross Russell's *The Sound*. One of its principal characters, Richie (Eagle) Stokes, is as clearly based on Charlie Parker, as was Red Travers of the Russell book.

All the other main links in the plot are the same, too: the New York setting, the white cat who doesn't quite fit the scene, the interracial romance, the racial conflict, the quest for refuge through Mohammedanism, the heroin-shooting, and the Bird-man's eventual fate.

There are two vital differences that make this a far more rewarding work. The author is a professional writer, one whose skill enables him to convey fully and subtly the nuances of race relations and the psychological overtones of the main protagonists' relationships.

David Hillary, the first main character introduced, is a former college professor, now a drifting alcoholic, whose hangup is the memory of an automobile accident in which, as he puts it, "I killed my wife." He is saved from himself by Eagle, who takes him to a coffee shop in East Greenwich Village run by Keel Robinson, a Negro examiner who as Sadik Jamal had unsuccessfully turned to Islam. The plot hinges on the events that follow Robinson's hiring of Hillary to work for him in the coffee shop and on the involvement of both men with Della, Robinson's girl, and with Eagle, whose body and soul they try to rescue.

The character of Eagle is magnificently drawn; at times it is almost like looking at a photograph of Parker or listening to a tape of his voice.

His insecurity and self-destructive impulses, his ambivalent attitudes toward the men and women in the story are starkly and movingly sketched. A couple of the other principals seem familiar: Yards Brown is obviously Miles Davis down to the last lapel.

But *Night Song* sings its most lyrical

and unforgettable notes in the dialogs shared by Keel, Hillary, Della, and Eagle. Williams has an uncanny ear for the real language of these people and an ability to convey through it the most intricate complexities of the attitudes of white toward Negro, Negro toward white—and of Negro toward Negro.

It is true, as it has been true of so many novels involving jazz musicians, that the setting is shabby, sleazy, sordid and that the principals in the story are sick, neurotic, tortured people. They do not represent the whole world of jazz or the whole of American Negro society.

This is another respect in which *Night Song* is strikingly different from *The Sound*. It is a novel in which jazz plays a major role, but it is not a "jazz novel," seeking through pseudo-hipster jargon to explore the esthetic motivations of the players. It is a microscopic inspection of one part of the jazz world, and one segment of the world racial scene. The author stays away from elaborate attempts to explain the unexplainable in the beauty of Eagle's music, just as he stays away almost completely from the squalid details of the world of narcotics addiction.

Being neither a jazzman nor a junkie, Williams followed a wise path of discretion in not trying to probe either area beyond the threshold of any outsider's capacity for understanding.

Admittedly, there are moments when he seems to clarify his picture with a sledge-hammer where a windshield wiper would have sufficed. When Hillary stood watching television in a cheap bar, the audience didn't have to be applauding a white fighter pummeling a Negro; the symbolism here becomes a little too obvious and easy. Nor is it true that in New York white cab drivers work by day and Negroes only at night. But if Williams chose occasionally to use unnecessary devices it is only because his major premise was a just one.

A similar observation might be made concerning the scene in which, watching Eagle at the mercy of the cops, Hillary fails to come to his aid.

The message is clear: when the chips are really down, how many whites will go out of their way to help?

Williams, like the rest of the human race, never can completely understand a white man any more than he can ever completely understand another Negro; but he is closer to this millennial objective than any other writer since James Baldwin and Richard Wright.

Examined more as a social document than as a book about jazz, *Night Song* is an exceptionally absorbing and successful piece of writing by an author of unmistakable talent. The highest praise I can offer it is to comment that Bird, if he could read it, would more

than likely grin that great, broad grin of his and say, "Yeah! That's the way it was!"

—Feather

THE FEELING OF JAZZ, by George T. Simon, illustrations by Tracy Sugarman. Published by Simon & Schuster, 95 pp., \$5.

George Simon, to my mind the dean of jazz critics (he began as early as 1933 with succinct big-band reviews) and one of the few men who can talk to Buddy Rich when the simoom doth sear, has written a book most definitely not for the majority of in jazz fans.

As his preface says, "I have attempted to express [the jazz feelings encompassed in work, play, relatives, etc.] . . . through the words of fictitious characters but all based upon mixtures of real people I have known. . . . It is my hope that after having read these pieces, you will gain a truer understanding of the music and the people who have created it. . . ."

In the light of his purpose, it is uncivil and even ridiculous to criticize what might have been. In the book, there exist 30 look-ins into what does happen in jazz, and there are valuable insights all along the way.

Each reader would find his own windows, but mine include:

Two parallel pieces—*Kid Stuff* and *Old Man Stuff* that outline in bold and bare relief how protagonists of new and old jazz become antagonists; a most-times excellent critique on the two major eras of jazz.

The Law of the Loot: a clever story you know, but with a twist.

Another Ordinary Musician: a sensitive story about the musician struck by his own star, now behind the times, behind on the bills, passed over and lonely.

Two pieces on drummers: my years of friendship with Simon made me expect and, in places, appreciate (he used to show me finger-control with No. 4 pencils) what he feels about drummers; he's generally very hard on them.

The Real Heroes: almost history but not quite. With a few of the others, it gives me the feeling that this book contains a kind of jazz history, from the first piece—*The Questioners*, in which an old-timer is asked to define jazz—to the last piece—*The Perfect Jazz Musician*—which is a summary of what Simon feels a jazz musician should be in the present and the future.

The personal sides of the jazz life appear in several stories—home life, sessions, rehearsals, expatriation, eroticism. The business life abounds—the Embers-like club, the recording musician, record sessions, the businessman.

Some of the personal side of Simon's

criticism appears in his two pieces on drummers; one on girl jazz singers most readers must have heard; and another, *Those Flippant Fantasies*, during which a musician thinks about critics. It is, I think, the only place in the book in which Simon has lost track of his own title. His mythical musician, mystical enough about what he thinks about jazz, is annoyed because some critic has had the gall to explain *the feeling of jazz* as a personal experience. But, then, what else do jazzmen do, quite

aside from the technical aspects of their playing; what else will the critic usually have to do; and what else does Simon find himself faced with in his own book? If we are describing, we are bound to use our own experiences—what we have seen and heard.

For Simon, the seeing and hearing experience has been rich, and this book becomes both a history and an appreciation of jazz for the newcomer, a collection of essays about the world in which we live. —COSS



FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

As these words are typed, exactly a year has passed since I pulled up stakes, ready to become a Californian after more than 20 years as a New Yorker. Just before I left New York, Quincy Jones made a kidding-on-the-square bet: "You'll move back within a year."

Other friends had offered the conventional warnings. I would be starved for jazz, would walk into an intellectual vacuum, would find the daily sunshine monotonous and the smog unbearable.

A few weeks ago, making my first return trip to New York, I was able to view both scenes in sharp focus. Nostalgically pleasant though it was to drop in at Birdland, Basin Street, and the rest, I found during eight nights re-examining jazz in Manhattan that almost nothing of real consequence had failed to make an appearance in Los Angeles (or at the Monterey festival) during the preceding year. Count Basie was the sole exception.

Mathematically, it is easy to make a good case for New York as the headquarters of jazz.

The number of jobs available, chiefly in the night clubs and recording studios, is in *direct ratio* to the city's population. Economic opportunities, however, are no yardstick of esthetic progress. There is no evidence, to take a couple of examples at random, that Wes Montgomery had failed to develop musically in Indianapolis or San Francisco; or that Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, and Ed Thigpen are stagnating in Toronto.

On the other hand, there is abundant evidence that recognition too often is limited to musicians who appear and record often in New York. Nothing else can explain the failure of men like Teddy Edwards, Paul Horn, and Harold Land of Los Angeles to earn acknowledgement in the new-star division of the International Jazz Critics Poll.

But if New York has more music played by more musicians and more recordings made in more studios than any other city, this is about as meaningful as the presence of more tall buildings.

As far as the intellectual and psychological climate is concerned, the Hollywood jazz scene makes it. Etta Jones, visiting in Los Angeles recently, said, "Gee, the people out here are so friendly." What may seem like a vacuous generalization has a deep and valuable meaning.

The dominant factors in New York seem to be endless, fatiguing competition, hostility, and fear. Rivalry and the success syndrome, though potentially stimulating, too often may debilitate and unnerve, breeding unnatural animosities. Today in Manhattan, for instance, the ugly garment of racial antipathy, worn for so many years by the oppressor, has become an ill-fitting hand-me-down seen with alarming frequency on the oppressed.

These are generalizations, too, of course. But like Etta's, they are grounded in fact. Most impressive was my visit to the New York office of an old friend, a fine, honorable cat who runs a successful record company. I found him haggard, short of sleep, unshaven, nervous, obviously in desperate need of a few days or weeks away from the rat race, yet unable or unwilling to leave lest a competitor take advantage or a deal go unconsummated.

Two days later, back in Hollywood, I lunched with his counterpart, who owns an equally successful West Coast label. He was cool, relaxed, unhurried. Maybe he let a few chances go by that could have been caught by staying at the office all evening or all day Saturday and Sunday. But people in this area make time for a social life, and he isn't about to become an exception.

Not long ago, Quincy Jones was out here on a visit. After a couple of evenings sitting around digging records, catching Ray Charles at the Palladium, listening to the all-jazz FM stations (for which there is no New York equivalent), visiting my house and others, and chatting with mutual friends, he said: "Okay, Leonard. The bet's off." And this time I know he wasn't kidding.

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HOT BOX

FREDDIE WEBSTER

PART 2

By George Hoefler

In July, 1942, Freddy Webster left Jimmie Lunceford and hit 52nd St. He was playing in Kenny Clarke's group at Kelly's Stables, backing Coleman Hawkins. By October, 1943, however, Webster was back on the West Coast with the Benny Carter Band.

When Webster returned to New York in early 1944, he participated in the first recording session of the Billy Eckstine All-Star Band for the De Luxe label. Three tunes were made on April 13 with Dizzy Gillespie, Shorty McConnell, Al Killian, and Webster in the trumpet chairs. Eckstine was still in the process of organizing his band at the time, and the records were comparatively poor, with no examples of exciting trumpet work.

Webster went back with Lucky Millinder and recorded with him on May 26. There was nothing startling from Webster on the date, but several of the sides are listed in the discography for documentary purposes.

Another recording date involving Webster that turned out to be a repetition of the Eckstine session took place on March 28, 1945, when Gillespie, Manuel Fox, and Webster were the trumpeters on the Georgie Auld date on Guild records that produced *Copilot*. Here again there is nothing in the line of solos from Webster.

The trumpeter next worked for a while with a short-lived Eddie Durham Band, and in 1945 played with Cab Calloway at the Zanzibar on Broadway.

An interesting recording date took place in July, 1945, because it put on wax an original by Webster. Unfortunately, it was made for a short-lived, obscure label, Duke records, and always has been a rare item. It was tenor saxophonist Frank Socolow's date, and besides Webster's *Reverse the Changes*, the quintet also did *The Man I Love*.

One record reviewer, in this era before modern jazz had gained acceptance, spoke of Webster's "caustic-toned" trumpet on the *Changes* side,

while another implied that the riffs thereon were all too familiar.

In the Aug. 15, 1945, *Down Beat* it was announced that trumpeter Freddy Webster was set to replace Benny Harris again, this time with the John Kirby Band at Cafe Society Downtown.

In January, 1946, the Kirby band, with Webster, trumpet; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Russell Procope, alto saxophone; Bill Beason, drums; Hank Jones, piano; Kirby, bass, was playing in the upstairs lounge of the Copacabana, backing a young new singer, Sarah Vaughan. The *Down Beat* club reviewer commented, "Freddy Webster's muted trumpeting comes as close to Charlie Shavers' [a star of the original Kirby band] as you could wish. He can play the old band's arrangements."

It was about this time that Webster made his famous accompaniment record with Miss Vaughan, with Tadd Dameron furnishing the arrangements and conducting the orchestra, which included a string section.

This was the date that introduced

Dameron's beautiful ballad *If You Could See Me Now*. Dameron used as part of his theme in the composition, the last four trumpet measures from Dizzy Gillespie's *Groovin' High*.

From early 1946 until his death in April, 1947, Webster's trail is not too clear. Gillespie recalls that when he returned from California in February, 1946, he found 52nd St. jumping with such modern-jazz men as Webster, Fats Navarro, Howard McGhee, and Wardell Gray. He also recalled recently that sometime in 1946 one of his first big bands played a one-week date in the Bronx with a trumpet section made up of himself, Miles Davis, and Webster. There was also a short stint with Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic for Webster about that time.

Webster died at 30 on April 1, 1947, of a heart attack. The end came unexpectedly while he was staying with alto saxophonist Sonny Stitt in Chicago's Strode Hotel. The trumpeter had arrived in the Windy City a couple of days before to fulfill several playing dates.



SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

November, 1941

Lucky Millinder's Orchestra—Webster, Archie Johnson, Nelson Bryant, trumpets; George Stevenson, Edward Moran, Sandy Williams, trombones; George James, Billy Bowen, Stafford Simon, Ernest Purce, Buster Bailey, saxophones; Bill Doggett, piano; Sterling Marlow, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Dave (Panama) Francis, drums.

HEY HUSS (69908)
.....Decca 4146
LET ME OFF UPTOWN (69909)
.....Decca 4099
HOW ABOUT THAT MESS (69910)
.....Decca 4146

Los Angeles, June 26, 1942

Jimmie Lunceford Orchestra—Freddy Webster, Paul Webster, Harry Jackson, Robert Mitchell, trumpets; Fernando Arbello, Russell Bowles, Trummy Young, trombones; Willie Smith, Joe Thomas, Ben Waters, Earl Carruthers, Dan Grissom, saxophones; Edwin Wilcox, piano; Al Norris, guitar; Charles (Truck) Parham, bass; Jimmy Crawford, drums.

STRICTLY INSTRUMENTAL (3063)
.....Decca 18463
July 14, 1942

EASY STREET (3097)Decca 18534
San Francisco, Calif., Oct. 25, 1943

Benny Carter's Orchestra—Freddy Webster, Claude Dunson, Vernon (Jake) Porter, John (Ted) Buckner, trumpets; Alton Moore, J. J. Johnson, John Haughton, trombones; Porter Kilbert, alto saxophone; Willard Brown, alto, baritone saxophones; Eugene Porter, Hubert (Bumps) Meyers, tenor saxophones; Humphrey Brannon, piano; Ulysses Livingston, guitar; Curly Russell, bass; Oscar Brad-

ley, drums; Benny Carter, trumpet, alto saxophone; Savannah Churchill, vocals.

POINCIANA (93)Capitol 144
JUST A BABY'S PRAYER (94) ..Capitol 165
HURRY, HURRY (95)Capitol 144
LOVE FOR SALE (96).....Capitol 10038

New York City, May 26, 1944

Lucky Millinder's Orchestra—Freddy Webster, Ludwig Jordan, Curtis Murphy, Elton Hill, trumpets; Eugene Simon, Alfred Cobbs, Joe Britton, trombones; Preston Love, William Swindell, Elmer Williams, Eddie Davis, Ernest Leavy, Lucky Thompson, saxophones; Ellis Larkins, piano; Lawrence Lucie, guitar; Al McKibbin, bass; Panama Francis, drums.

HURRY, HURRY (72177)....Decca 18609
DARLIN' (72178)Decca 18779
I CAN'T SEE FOR LOOKIN'
(72179)Decca 18609
WHO THREW THE WHISKY IN THE
WELL? (72180)Decca 18674

New York City, July, 1945

Frank Socolow's Duke Quintet—Freddy Webster, trumpet; Socolow, tenor saxophone; Bud Powell, piano; Leonard Gaskin, bass; Irv Kluger, drums.

REVERSE THE CHANGES.....Duke 112
THE MAN I LOVE.....Duke 112

New York City, Late 1945 or early '46
Sarah Vaughan accompanied by Tadd Dameron's Orchestra—Freddy Webster, trumpet; Leo Parker, baritone saxophone. Kenny Clarke, drums; a string section; and others.

YOU'RE NOT THE KIND
.....Musicraft Rondo LP 102
IF YOU COULD SEE ME NOW
.....Musicraft Rondo LP 102
MY KINDA' LOVE
.....Musicraft Rondo LP 102

AD LIB from page 10

McRae, Teddy Wilson, Eddie Heywood, and Barbara Carroll . . . Teddy Charles has left Warwick records and is planning to form a small group . . . Banjoist-guitarist Danny Barker is appearing at Washington's Club Bayou with Big Bill Deckert's Dixieland band . . . In Richmond, Va., the New Market Inn, owned by Don Rhodes, is filled with jazz and pleased by integration. Pianist Newton Thomas plays there . . . Horace Silver's Tokyo engagements begin Jan. 1, but he will be honored on Dec. 30 at a special party in Tokyo . . . Dancers Al Minns and Leon James now being managed by Jules Columby, ("I can't dance a step myself"), are set for a European tour next year . . . When Bob Brookmeyer was married in mid-November, Gerry Mulligan took his place in the Clark Terry group, to everyone's great pleasure . . . The Hotel Astor has reopened its Emerald Room. Vocalist Morgana King is the first attraction.

The President's Music Committee has announced 1962's national music calendar, indicating that 12,500 musical events will occur next year, according to its records . . . Joe Glaser, president of Associated Booking Corp., largest booker of jazz artists, has formed another subsidiary, Associated Outdoor Corp. Naturally, it will book Glaser artists into the great world of the outdoors . . . The Seattle World's Fair starting on April 2, 1962, already booking several concerts with Erroll Garner, has added Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman (June 11-16), and Count Basie (May 7-12) . . . John Lehman is writing lyrics for Don Costa's score to accompany Ben Hecht's story based on *A Midsummer Night's Dream* . . . Students at Harvard University are planning a series of jazz concerts. Coleman Hawkins will be the first to appear. Cecil Taylor will be the second attraction.

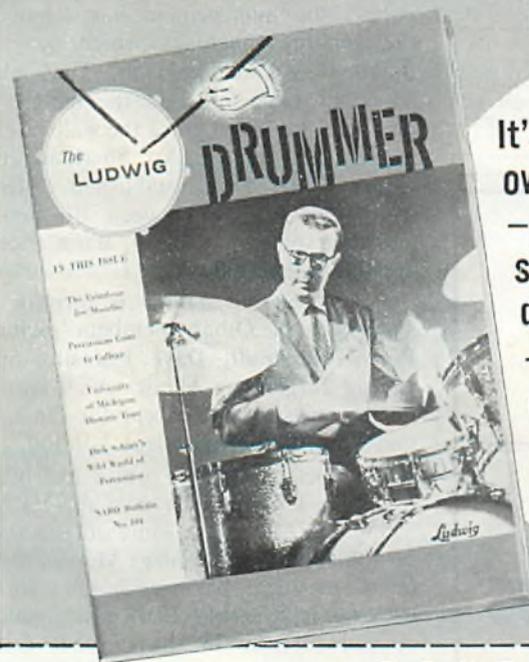
WNEW began its series of live-music broadcasts this month with the blessings of Local 802, a great deal of fanfare, the emceeing of Big Wilson (disc jockey and musician), and a flat scale price to one and all. Jonah Jones was the first featured artist on the hour-long show. Future programs will showcase Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, and Count Basie . . . CBS-TV's documentary, *The Jazz of Dave Brubeck*, to be broadcast on New Year's Eve, is the first time *Twentieth Century* has devoted its half hour to a musician. Most of the show is to be music, so Robert Rice's script may be the shortest in history—184 words . . . Sophia Loren's singing on a recent Steve Allen show was considerably assisted by a group led by

Terry Gibbs . . . Ted Rapf, music director of ABC-TV's *Yours for a Song*, once played trombone with Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five . . . The off-Broadway production of *The Automobile Graveyard*, features jazz recordings sometimes as background.

Pianist-singer Jimmy Drew has recorded a Decca album with Christopher White, bass, and Clifford Evelyn, drums . . . Pianist Ramsey Lewis is represented on his own Argo record of Christmas songs, *The Sound of Christmas* . . . *Giant Steps* by John Coltrane and *Soundsville* by Jack Marshall received Edison awards at the Grand Gala Du Disque in Scheveningen, Holland. The annual awards signify "the best performances on records in every field" . . .

In Europe, John Lewis recorded with a German symphony orchestra. The repertoire included pieces by Gunther Schuller, J. J. Johnson, and himself . . . Baritone saxophonist Leo Parker is very much back in the jazz business. He's made two albums for Blue Note . . . Tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins has signed no exclusive record contracts, although everyone is after him. The only definite plans are for two Prestige albums, one of which may pair Rollins with Coleman Hawkins . . . Charlie Parker Records is now being distributed by MGM but with no connection to Verve, which is owned by MGM. New releases include albums by Cozy Cole, Barry Miles, Ann Williams, and Slide Hampton.

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THE 6TH ANNUAL BRASS ISSUE



FEATURES
THOUGHTS ON JAZZ
TROMBONE
HOWARD MCGHEE
BOB SHOFFNER
FREDDIE HUBBARD

ON SALE THURSDAY
DEC. 21

CHICAGO

During Joe Williams' stay at the Sutherland, his many fans (he was raised in Chicago) turned out in large numbers to hear him sing blues, ballads, and bounce tunes. But one of Williams' staunchest fans, Paul Crump, couldn't make it to hear him. Instead, Joe went to him, to Cook County Jail's death row where convicted murderer Crump awaits possible execution in March. Crump, who has had several stays of execution, has spent eight years in the death house.

On a more cheerful note, pianist Chet Roble is now at Diamond Jim's restaurant. Roble had played at the Sherman Hotel for several years . . . Ed Thigpen flew in from Toronto to conduct a drum clinic at a recent Percussion Spectacular put on by the Ludwig Drum Co.

Birdhouse, which has more or less followed a straight jazz policy, has inaugurated "a broadened entertainment policy." The emphasis will be on groups and/or singers who are good musically (there will be no dropping of jazz) but who also sell. To enhance the new policy, the management has removed the vending machines which gave a unique flavor to the club. They also have put tablecloths on the tables. A new art exhibit will grace the walls every two weeks. Owners Art Sheridan and Ewart Abner have established a free shuttle-bus service between Birdhouse and their other two clubs, Basin Street and the Sutherland.

Pianist Kermit Millen is forming a small group. Other members include Bob Waterstradt, Dave Esposito, and LeRoy Jorgensen. All of which would not be newsworthy, except for the fact that each of the musicians is blind.

Trumpeter Nappy Trottier has been leading a Dixieland band at the Velvet Swing . . . And in the same off-Rush-St. area, pianist-singer Audrey Morris, back from Las Vegas, has been holding forth with her trio at My Lady Fair, which opened recently in the defunct Cafe Continental quarters . . . Singer Blanche Thomas replaced banjoist Clancy Hayes at Jazz, Ltd., where Bill Reinhardt's band continues for its 15th year, which can happen when the leader owns the club . . . After seven months of struggle, pianist Ahmad Jamal closed his club, The Alhambra. No business was the reason . . . Young Chicago altoist Paul Winters and his sextet are scheduled to depart for a State Department tour in March.

LOS ANGELES

Ray Anthony and his manager, Fred Benson, are "thinking about" forming their own record company. Anthony,

however, would continue to cut for Capitol . . . Jeri Southern will be joined by the Four Freshmen for that tour of England beginning March 16 . . . Columbia a&r man Irving Townsend paired André Previn with Cannonball Adderley for an LP; also recording together will be Previn and Doris Day.

Trumpeter-fluegelhornist Jack Millman, now leading a group at Page Cavanaugh's club in the valley, is reported planning a movie on his life titled *The Sound That Jack Built*. He has led various groups and a big band in the L.A. area for some years . . . Blues singer Barbara Dane was signed by Curly Walter for Capitol. Her first LP for the company was to be recorded on location at San Francisco's Sugar Hill club before the singer severed her association with that establishment (*DB*, Dec. 21).

Billy Henderson, young pianist discovered recently by Terry Gibbs (*DB*, Oct. 28), has been inducted into the armed services. His replacement is Bob Corwin . . . The only jazz spot between L.A. and San Jose is the Spigot in Santa Barbara, where owner George McClintock has been featuring Sunday jazz concerts in his 120-seat room. The bashes, organized by Mary Valentine, have featured Shelly Manne, Harold Land, Shorty Rogers, Cal Tjader, Bill Perkins, Bud Shank, Claude Williamson, Pete Jolly, and Ralph Pena.

Shelly Manne took his quintet to church recently. The occasion was a jazz concert at the San Fernando Valley Unitarian-Universalist Church held to raise money for the church building fund . . . Freddy Gardner, the late British alto saxophonist, will live again in a new Capitol album in which he is accompanied by Peter Yorke's orchestra. The altoist, hailed by many U.S. musicians as one of the greatest exponents of the instrument, died in July, 1950 . . . Indian composer and virtuoso of the sitar, Ravi Shankar, recorded two albums for World Pacific while visiting L.A. on a concert tour . . . Jackie Mills of Fred Astaire's Choreo records signed pianist-composer Dick Hazard to arrange and conduct a minimum of 36 sides for the company's artists as well as cutting two LPs of his own. Hazard's first, recorded this month, is titled *Love and All That Jazz*.

Installed as members of the western executive board of the Composers and Lyricists Guild of America for the next three years were Johnny Green, Henry Mancini, Mack David, Paul Francis Webster, Alexander Courage, and Larry Orenstein . . . The National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences (NARAS) now has a national awards and categories committee to straighten out annual nominations confusion.

It looks as if **Hank Mancini's** *Moon River* from *Breakfast at Tiffany's* might have the inside track for an Oscar at the 1961 Academy Awards next April. **Johnny Green** again will be on the podium as music director . . . **Shelly Moore**, a new English singer now settled here, recorded her first album for Argo with backing by a **Ramsey Lewis** type of trio . . . **Dizzy Gillespie** returns to the coast Jan. 3 for a stand at the Summit after his English tour . . . The Los Angeles chapter of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences appointed **Christine Farnon** executive director. She'll work with president **Paul Weston**.

Jascha Heifetz, **Gregor Piatigorsky**, and **William Primrose** joined the music faculty at the University of Southern California. They will function within a new division, the institute for special musical studies.

SAN FRANCISCO

Pianist **Lonnie Hewitt** and congero **Chongito** of the **Cal Tjader** Quintet had a narrow escape when the station wagon in which they were passengers was in a head-on collision near Corvallis, Ore. Both musicians suffered severe facial cuts, and Hewitt, who was thrown through the windshield, suffered a concussion that kept him off the stand for two weeks . . . **Earl Hines**

is planning a European tour in 1962. He last was there in 1959 with a group that he and Jack Teagarden organized. . . . Another redoubtable pianist, **Horace Silver**, will lead his quintet on a three-week concert tour of Japan in January . . . Speaking of trips, jazz impresario **Norman Granz** flew here from Paris to catch **Ella Fitzgerald's** opening at the Fairmont Hotel and left the next morning for London to meet **Dizzy Gillespie** and **John Coltrane**, whose groups were to begin a European tour arranged by Granz. During his brief visit here Granz got in several plugs for his proposal that jazz musicians insist upon a nonsegregation clause in their contracts for performances (*DB*, Dec. 7).

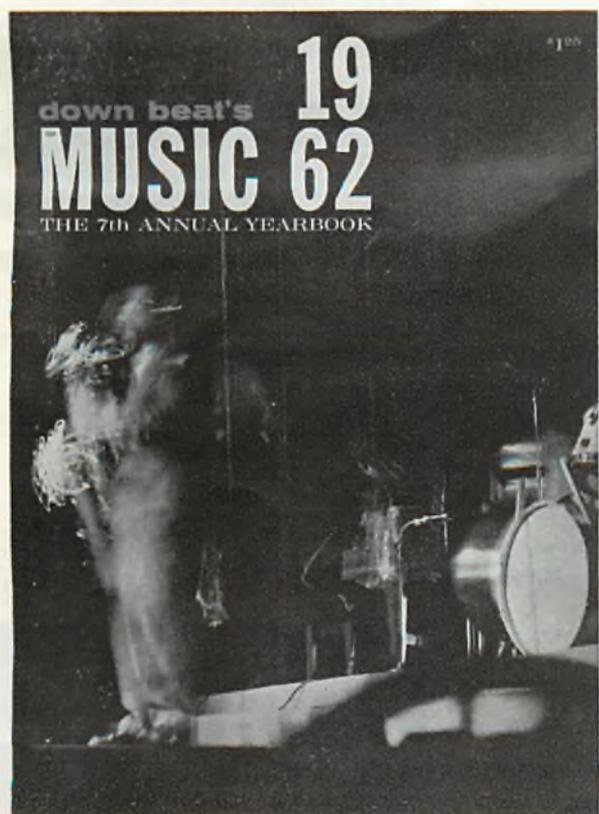
Leon Radsliff's 15-piece orchestra will compete in the regional playoff of the AFM annual dance band contest as a result of winning the Local 6 bay area competition in Oakland . . . The **Harry James** Orchestra drew 1,800 paid admissions for its one-nighter at the Fairmont Hotel's Grand Ballroom. Drummer **Jake Hanna** joined the band a few weeks before its date here, replacing **Gus Johnson**, who took over Hanna's chair with **Woody Herman** . . . Pianist **Wally Rose**, a veteran of the **Lu Watters**, **Bob Scobey**, and **Turk Murphy** bands, celebrated his second

anniversary at Gold Street.

Lenny Bruce has filed a \$20,000 damage suit against Fantasy records and its owners, charging breach of contract. His action, brought in Los Angeles Superior Court, also asks that his contract with Fantasy be terminated and that all material sent by him to the record company be returned. **Max Weiss**, of Fantasy, said the firm had not been served with notice of the suit and that what might have caused it was a complete mystery to those on the receiving end. On another front, Bruce's criminal trial here on charges of giving an obscene performance was to be resumed this month.

Through the happenstance of bookings, a capsule history of jazz was available in the bay area for several weeks. The music's roots were represented by **Lightnin' Hopkins**, one of the few remaining exemplars of the rural blues, who is making his first San Francisco club appearance at Sugar Hill. A more polished form of this idiom was shown at the club by co-star **Mose Allison**. Across the street at the Jazz Workshop, the **Charlie Mingus** Quintet displayed yet another facet of the music. To cap things, the **Horace Silver** Quintet at the Black Hawk was brewing its brand of hard funk . . . Pacific Jazz recorded the **Kenny Dorham-Jackie McLean** Quintet at the Jazz Workshop here. 

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WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: Duke Ellington, *tfn*.
Birdland: Harold Corbin to 12/29. Maynard Ferguson, 1/4-18.
Charles Theater: Coffee and Jazz, Sun.
Coronet (Brooklyn): Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, *tfn*.
Condon's: Max Kaminsky, *tfn*.
Count Basic's: Joe Newman, *tfn*.
Embers: *unk*.
Five Spot: Sonny Rollins, *tfn*.
Half Note: Herbie Mann to 12/24. Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, 12/26-1/24.
Jazz Gallery: Miles Davis, Teddy Wilson to 12/31. Metropole: Gene Krupa. Cozy Cole to 1/26.
Woody Herman, Dick Ruedebusch, 1/8-18.
Nick's: Johnny Windhurst, *tfn*.
Nobel's Place: Harold Austin, *tfn*.
Purple Manor: Ted Curson, *tfn*.
Ryan's: Wilbur DeParis, Don Fry, *tfn*.
Sherwood Inn (Long Island): Billy Bauer, wknds.
Town Hall: Modern Jazz Quartet, 12/23.
Versailles: Blossom Dearie, *tfn*.
Village Gate: Les McCann. Olatunji, Miriam Makeba, Nina Simone, to 12/31.
Village Vanguard: Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Jimmy Raney, Lee Konitz, to 12/31. Cannonball Adderley, Shirley Horn, 1/2-14. Modern Jazz Quartet, Bill Evans, 1/16-28.
Wells: Mary Lou Williams, *tfn*.
White Whale: sessions, wknds.

NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *tfn*.
Dream Room: Santo Pecora, *hb*. Jack Teagarden to 12/26.
Famous Door: Sharkey Bonano, Murphy Campo.
French Quarter Inn: Last Straws to 12/22. Pete Fountain opens 12/23, *tfn*.
Joe Burton's: Joe Burton, *tfn*.
Lee Roy's: Billie, Dede Pierce, *tfn*.
Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, *tfn*.
Prince Conti Motel: Armand Hug, *tfn*.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Ellis Marsalis, *hbs*.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

PALM BEACH

Taboo: Marian McPartland to 1/6.

MIAMI

Roney Plaza Hotel: Marian McPartland, 1/7-27.

DETROIT

Au Sable: Jack Brokensha, *tfn*.
Baker's Keyboard: *unk*.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Ronnie Phillips, *tfn*.
Drome: Dorothy Ashby, *tfn*.
Hobby Bar: Terry Pollard, *tfn*.
Minor Key: John Coltrane to 12/24.
Roostertail: George Primo, *hb*.
Stoney's: Alex Kallao, *tfn*.
Trent's: Danny Stevenson, *tfn*.
20 Grand: workshop sessions, Mon.

CHICAGO

Basin Street: Brian Shanley, *hb*. Sessions, Sun.
Birdhouse: Ramsey Lewis, Oscar Brown Jr., to 12/31. Carmen McRae, 1/2-14. Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, 1/16-28.
Bourbon Street: Bob Scobey, Art Hodes, *tfn*.
Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Blanche Thomas, *tfn*.
Franz Jackson, Thurs.
J. B.'s Grapevine: Lee Lind, *tfn*.
London House: Don Shirley to 1/7. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, *hbs*.
McKie's: Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt-Benny Green, to 1/9.
Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hbs*.
Red Arrow: Al Wynn, wknds.
Sutherland: Dizzy Gillespie to 12/31.

LOS ANGELES

Alexandria Hotel: Russ Morgan-*hb*.
Ash Grove: Brownie McGhee-Sonny Terry, Mike McCellan, to 1/21. Miriam Makeba, Rose Heredia, 1/23-2/18. Rachel Hadass opens 2/20. Children's concerts Sat.
Beverly Cavern: Kid Ory, Firchouse Five Plus 2, *tfn*.

Bit: various jazz groups.
Cascades (Belmont Shore, Long Beach): Frank Rosolino, Beverly Kelly, *tfn*.
Charlemagne Room: The Unpredictables, *tfn*.
Crescendo: Don Rickles, Billy Ward, Dominoes, to 12/31.
Coachman Steak House (Riverside): Edgar Hayes, *tfn*.
Gigolo (Pasadena): Keith Shaw, Bob Molina, Gary Coleman, Dick Dorothy, *tfn*.
Hollywood Palladium: Lawrence Welk, wknds.
Hermosa Inn: The Saints, wknds.
Kent Room: Wini Beatty, Bob Bates, *tfn*.
Lafayette Hotel (Long Beach): Horace Henderson, 1/5-6.
Le Crazy Horse: Sam Butera, *tfn*.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*. Name groups, Sun.
Mel-O-Dee (Glendale): Bob Harrington, Jim Crutcher, Jack Lynde, Beverly Joy, *tfn*.
Nickelodeon: Sunset Jazz Band, wknds.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, *tfn*. Joyce Collins, Buddy Clark, Tues.
Renaissance: Les McCann opens Jan. 23.
Roaring 20's: Pud Brown, Warren Smith, Ray Bauduc, *tfn*.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Kenny Dennis, Marvin Jenkins, Bob Martin, *tfn*. Sessions, Mon.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, wknds.
Harold Land-Red Mitchell, Mon. Jack Sheldon-Joe Maini, Tues. Paul Horn, Wed. Barney Kessel, Thurs.
Sheraton West: Frankie Remley, Red Nichols opens 12/27.
Sherry's: D. Vaughan Pershing, *tfn*.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): Sunday Jazz concerts.
Summit: Treniers, to 12/30. Dizzy Gillespie opens 1/3.
Windy's Windjammer (Sunset Beach): John Alfano, Earl Treichel, Rick Mattox, wknds. Sessions, Sun.
Winners: Don Randl, *tfn*.
Zebra Lounge: Nesbert Hooper, Jazz Crusaders, *tfn*.
23 Skidoo: Excelsior Banjo Five, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Blackhawk: Cal Tjader opens 12/27, *tfn*.
Black Sheep: Earl Hines, *tfn*.
Bob City: Flip Nunes *hb*. *tfn*.
Burr Hollow: Frank Goulette, wknds.
Coffee Gallery: Dewey Redman-Monty Waters, *tfn*.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Pat Yankee, *tfn*.
Executive Suite: Chris Ibanez, *tfn*.
Fairmont Hotel: Les Paul-Mary Ford to 12/27.
Tony Bennett, 12/28-1/17. Louis Armstrong, 1/18-2/7. Nat Cole, 2/8-20; Frankie Laine, 5/1-22.
Gigi: Frank (Big Boy) Goudie, wknds.
Hangover: Joe Sullivan, *tfn*.
Jazz Workshop: Al Grey-Billy Mitchell to 12/24.
Jimmy Witherspoon, Ben Webster, 12/26-31.
On the Levee: *unk*.
One-Eighty-One Club: Billy Harris *tfn*.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, *tfn*.
Stereo Club: Horace Benjamin, *tfn*.
Sugar Hill: Sonny Terry-Brownie McGhee to 12/30.
Two C's House of Jazz: R. C. Jones, wknds.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): various jazz artists. Mon-Thurs. Jack Taylor, wknds.
Tsubo (Berkeley): The Group, *tfn*.
Colonel's Ranch Wagon (Marin County): Ralph Sutton, *tfn*.
Trident (Sausalito): Vince Guaraldi, *tfn*.
Jack's (Sausalito): John Truc, wknds.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

Intercontinental Hotel: Gregg Jones, Jackie Darois, *tfn*.



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4. Kenny Burrell*
5. Johnny Smith*
6. Jim Hall*
7. Herb Ellis*
8. Freddie Green
9. Jimmy Raney*
10. Tal Farlow*
11. Mundell Lowe*
12. Les Spann
13. Laurindo Almeida*
14. Sal Salvador
15. Chet Atkins
16. Ray Crawford

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