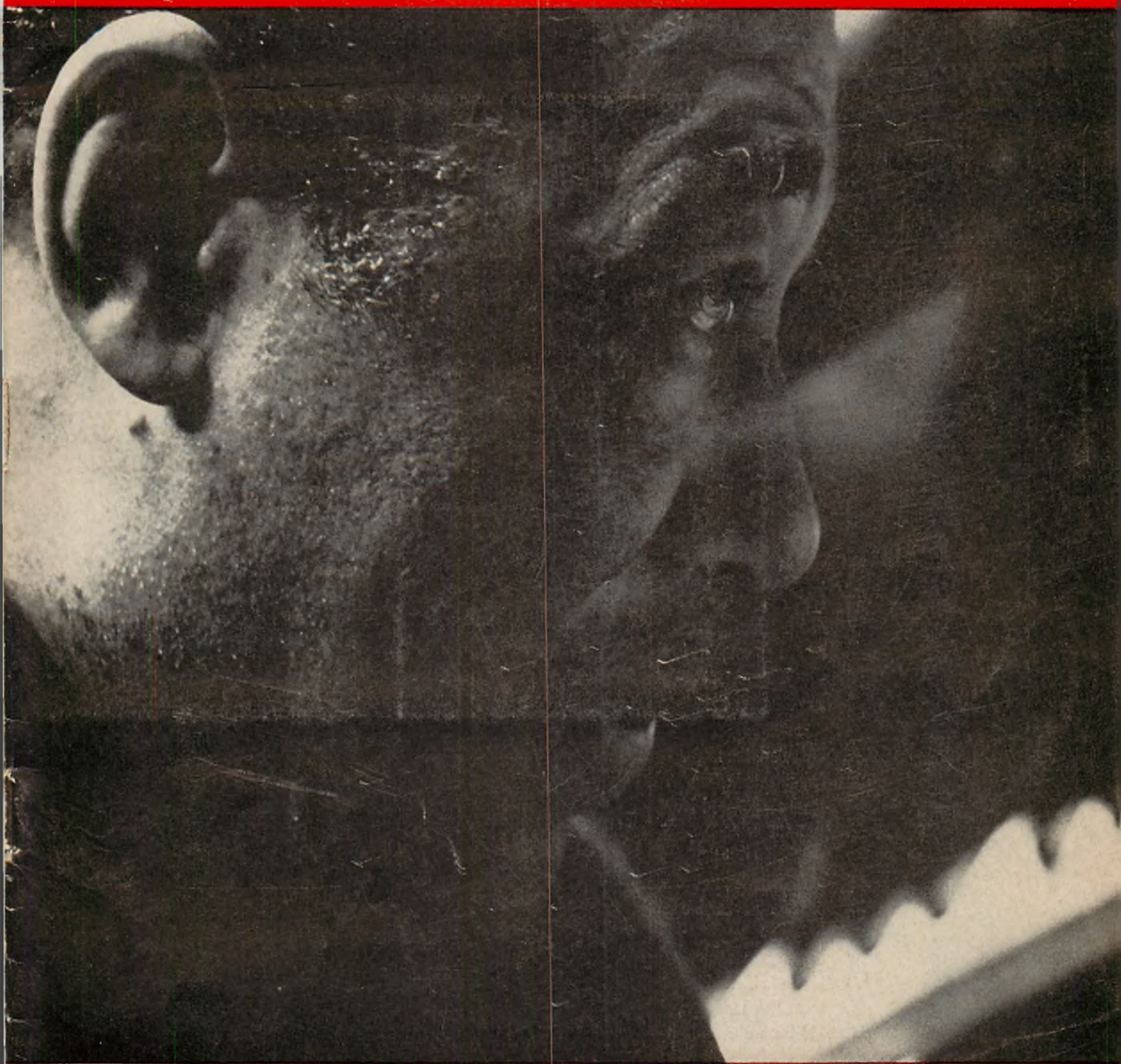
JUNE 7, 1962 35c

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

ELLINGTON TODAY

The Man • The Music
The Orchestra



"The Art Is in the Cooking" by Duke Ellington

OFFERING MORE THAN MONEY CAN BUY...

EPIPHONE

Every Epiphone instrument incorporates a host of extras . . . extras that money can't buy. The pride and dedication of craftsmen combined with the constant searching for the new and better. These are the major ingredients in products honored with the name Epiphone. But the proof is in the playing. So examine Epiphone instruments closely. Listen to them. Play them. Epiphone, Inc., 210 Bush St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

GUITARS

BASSES

AMPLIFIERS

For leadership and quality in guitars and amplifiers . . . look to EPIPHONE

MERCURY JAZZ

gives you more of all that

Mercury RECORDS

HERE AND NOW

Art Farmer—Benny Golson Jazztet

Farmer and Golson show why they're jazz's hottest combo on their first MERCURY album. Features "Tonk," the runaway jazz hit single.

Mercury MG 20698/SR 60698

IMPRESSIONS OF DUKE ELLINGTON

Billy Byers

Byers takes his place with the great orchestrator-arrangers. Thrillingly recorded in MERCURY's new f:35d Perfect Presence Sound.

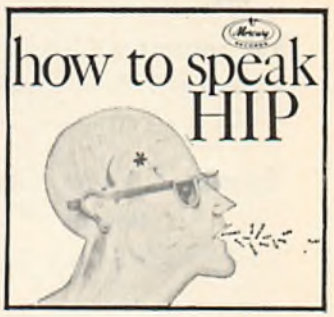
Mercury PPS 2028/PPS 6028

JOYFUL NOISES

Bobby Scott

An uninhibited romp through the freer playgrounds of jazz by one of the most expressive composer-pianists on the scene.

Mercury MG 20701/SR 60701



HOW TO SPEAK HIP

Del Close and John Brent

Definitely not a "how to" record for squares . . . but one of the funniest sets ever waxed for the cognoscenti, sophisticated, and, well . . . hip.

Mercury OCM 2205/OCS 6205

THE HEARTBEAT OF JAZZ IS ON

Mercury RECORDS

MERCURY
RECORD CORPORATION
35 E. Wacker Dr.
Chicago 1, Ill.

down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE
ON THE NEWSSTANDS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD EVERY OTHER THURSDAY

READERS IN 86 COUNTRIES
Japanese Language Edition • Published in Tokyo

VOL. 29, NO. 12 JUNE 7, 1962

PRESIDENT
JOHN J. MAHER

PUBLISHER
JOHN E. MANDABLE

EDITOR
DON DeMICHEAL

ASSISTANT EDITOR
PETE WELDING

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
BILL COSS
JOHN A. TYNAN

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR
LEONARD FEATHER

ADVERTISING PRODUCTION
GLORIA BALDWIN

BUSINESS MANAGER
WILLIAM J. O'BRIEN

THINGS TO COME

The June 24 *Down Beat* which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, June 7, will be the Annual Combo Issue. Included will be articles on the Cannonball Adderley, and the Al Grey-Billy Mitchell groups; the Annual Combo Directory, as well as *Down Beat's* regular features.

CORRESPONDENTS: John Gottlieb, Boston; David B. Bittan, Philadelphia; Tom Scanlan, Washington, D.C.; Bob Archer, Detroit; Ted Paskert, Cleveland; Don Gazzaway, Dallas; Charles Suhor, New Orleans; Jack Eglash, Las Vegas; Russ Wilson, San Francisco; Helen McNamara, Toronto; Joyce Ackers, Paris; Joachim E. Berendt, Germany; Jack Lind, Denmark; Roy Carr, London.

OFFICES: 205 West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill., Financial 6-7811. Richard Theriault, Advertising Sales: 1776 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y., PLaza 7-5111, Mel Mandel. Advertising Sales: 6269 Selma Boulevard, Los Angeles 28, Calif., HOllywood 3-3268, Raymond Ginter. Advertising Sales.

Printed in U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1962 by Maher Publications, a division of John Maher Printing Co., all foreign rights reserved. Trademark registered U.S. Patent Office. Great Britain registered trademark No. 719,407. Published bi-weekly; and daily on March 1; June 24, 25, 26, 27, 28. We cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Address all circulation correspondence to Circulation Dept., 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.

Subscription rates are $7 for one year, $12 for two years, $16 for three years, payable in advance. Bundle subscriptions (five or more one-year subscriptions mailed to one address for individual distribution) are $4.00 for each individual subscription. If you live in Canada or in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 50 cents to the prices listed above. If you live in any other foreign country, add $1.50. If you move, let us know your new address (include your old one, too) in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies, and we can't send duplicates).

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT; MUSIC '62; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS; N.A.M.M. DAILY.

NEWS

FEATURES

CRITICISM

DEPARTMENTS

Cover photograph by Herb Snitzer.

p. 13

p. 20

p. 22

George Roberts and his big "O"

George Roberts plays the big, new sound on the bass trombone. A sound that wanders and romps through ballads, rhythm tunes and novelties. The sound of happy music, real happy music, sometimes poignant, sometimes pixieish, sometimes almost chaotic . . . but always new and vital. As much as anything, this sound reflects George Roberts' striving to express his deepest self through music. In his search, George has created a sound which is part of the new horizon.

A mainstay of such Hollywood recording orchestras as Frank DeVol, David Rose and Nelson Riddle, among others. George Roberts has also toured with such outstanding band leaders as Stan Kenton and Gene Krupa.

For a new kind of thrill, listen to the big, new sound of George Roberts on his bass trombone. And by the way, in case you didn't know, the big "O" is George's big bass trombone by OLDS

F. E. Olds & Son
Fullerton, California

CHORDS & DISCORDS

For the Record

I was shown a back issue of *Down Beat* recently which raised some questions about the guitar. I would like to answer two points. First, Mr. Bill Raynor of Warwick, N. Y., was right when he said, "I would also hazard a guess that Elmer Snowden was not influenced by Django Reinhardt"; second, Barney Kessel's remark (*Blindfold Test*, July 20, 1961) about Snowden's playing reminding him of Reinhardt.

I would first like to thank you for even placing my name beside Reinhardt's. However, when I developed the technique I now use on guitar, mandolin, or tenor banjo, Mr. Reinhardt was not yet one year old, having been born in 1910. I started playing in 1909, and by the following year my mind was made up.

I do not use guitar tuning on the banjo, or on the guitar either, for that matter. When Django came to the States and made a tour with Duke Ellington, I met him for the first time. After kissing me on both cheeks, he told me of all my old records he had, including the ones I made with the Five Red Hot Eskimos, the Flat Foot Slim Stompers, etc., and how he enjoyed them.

Philadelphia, Pa. Elmer Snowden

Who Is Joe Goldberg?

I write in reference to the recent letter written by Joe Goldberg to *Down Beat* about John S. Wilson's review of an album for which Goldberg wrote the notes. First of all, who is Joe Goldberg? What are his credentials? Has he paid his dues?

Wilson may not be the world's best jazz reviewer, but he is consistent. He doesn't take the latest word from the other critics and preach it. He has a sense of jazz history that makes his reviews cogent. He doesn't write jazz liner notes.

Finally, if Joe Goldberg wants to give lumps, he should learn to take them gracefully and not run crying into print the first time someone slaps his wrist. Joe Goldberg should be one-half the jazz writer John Wilson is. One-third, even. One-eighth, and he should be thankful.

New York City Howard Rothenberger

Which Comes First: Audience or Art?

Three cheers for John Tynan, Mary Lou Williams, and Nat Adderley. Tynan for his comments about Coltrane and Dolphy in the Nov. 23, 1961, issue; Nat for his comments about Jackie McLean, Ornette, etc., (*Blindfold Test*, April 12); and Mary Lou for her remark "Jazz is supposed to make people happy," in the same issue.

The gall of Coltrane, Dolphy, and that crew is apalling. Their selfish attitudes are well expressed in Dolphy's comment, "What I'm trying to do I find enjoyable." On page 22 of the same issue (April 12) Coltrane has several paragraphs of like

comment. Notice that both Dolphy and Coltrane consider the musician first and the public second.

Do you wonder that people like me are staying away from jazz clubs? If these musicians want to play to please their own ears, let them do as Sonny Rollins did and go to the Brooklyn Bridge. They will not disturb anybody and they can, as long and loud as they want to, play all the things to please their ears.

As long as I go to a club and am bored, as long as listening to a record makes me cringe at the monotony, then that is as long as I will boycott the club by not going, and boycott the musician by not buying his records.

New York City — Morris King

One Man's Mann

Having read Bill Coss' article on Herbie Mann (*DB*, April 12), I feel compelled to comment on same.

I joined Herbie's group in January, 1961, and left in May of the same year. I had a casual acquaintance with Herbie for some time before actually joining the group, and in the five months that followed, we came to know each other quite well. This makes it all the tougher to write this, but on behalf of accurate reporting (at least as I see it), and on behalf of all "narrow-minded" drummers, here are a few observations.

I happen to know all of the drummers mentioned in the article. I will say that for the most part they are men who listen musically as well as rhythmically. All had played with many types of groups before joining Herbie and are, therefore, thoroughly experienced professionals who can produce the excitement of which Herbie speaks, but who also can make varied and subtle sounds for the production of different musical textures. They also must believe in what the organization is saying musically—as any sideman must—to give the leader their full co-operation.

Almost all the drummers listed quit the band at one time or another. In my case, my leaving was occasioned by disappointment. With Herbie I had looked forward to trying to produce a good blend of many musical elements.

However, as a guiding force, as a source from which to draw enthusiasm and a desire to contribute, this Herbie Mann never got across to the fellows. Thus, the excitement that "got away" from him.

Most of these same drummers have played for Dizzy Gillespie and have, like myself, come away with the knowledge that this man has a genuine feeling for drums and drummers. The rapport that Dizzy gets with percussionists is fantastic. He has a way of making you keen for his directions, his shadings, his nuances; his goals become your goals. Neither the excitement nor the music ever "gets away" from Dizzy.

I know that Afro-Cuban drums can be used either for novelty or for genuine attempts at a valid musical product. If the leader's strength, sincerity, and talent are great enough, he might find himself with a lot of musician on his hands, rather than just a "narrow-minded" skin beater.

New York City — Ray Barretto

STRICTLY AD LIB

NEW YORK

Those who tend trends can be excited over something happening among tenor saxophonists and guitarists. **Sonny Rollins** led off last fall by including guitarist **Jim Hall** in his group. Last month **Stan Getz** changed his group's instrumentation and added guitarist **Jimmy Raney. Sonny Stitt** records and performs with guitarist **Paul Weedon. Jerome Richardson** has formed a group with **Les Spann,** who plays guitar and flute. And now that **Eric Dolphy** has left **John Coltrane's** group to form his own, the trend-ites are wondering if Coltrane will add a guitar. Since there are not many free-lance guitarists still available, some wags have suggested that Coltrane hire **Lightnin' Hopkins.**

Getz

Benny Goodman's Russian tour (*DB,* May 24) continues to run into organizational problems. **Gary McFarland's** arrangement of *Blue Monk* was regretfully rejected as being too modern. **Oliver Nelson** was reportedly disgruntled about money for his arrangements and playing. Meanwhile, **Joe Lippman** was added to the staff of those who will write scores for the band. Organizational problems or no, the Goodman band debuted at the White House, with President and Mrs. **John F. Kennedy** in attendance, on April 27. Britain's prime minister, **Harold Macmillan,** also was present.

Summer bookings for two New York jazz clubs may be an indication of things to come. **Roland Kirk,** who plays several instruments, sometimes three at once, already has begun an unprecedented 25-week engagement at the Five Spot. **Thelonious Monk** is scheduled to appear all summer at the Village Gate, with a second group changing every week or so.

Frank Sinatra will make an album in England for Reprise with arranger-conductor **Bob Farnon** . . . **Harold Baker** is back in the **Duke Ellington** Orchestra . . . The "Newport Rebels"— who included **Max Roach** and **Charlie Mingus**—have made peace with **George Wein,** promoter of this year's Newport Jazz Festival. They and theirs will be at Newport on the regular festival this year . . . **Barney Kessel** is about to finish a new book of guitar instruction . . . **Maynard Ferguson** will tour Sweden, Denmark, and Norway in June . . . **Billy Taylor's** new group includes bassist **Ben Tucker** and drummer **Dave Bailey** . . . **Eddie Condon's** club has some changes in band personnel: **Chuck Forsyth,** trumpet; **Harry DeVito,** trombone; **Tony Parenti,** clarinet; **Sammy Price,** piano; **Hap Gormley,** drums. Condon reportedly will team with guitarist **Chet Atkins** in a jazz festival to be held at Knoxville, Tenn., this summer.

Monk

Trumpeter **Kenny Dorham** will play, and probably record with, the **Contemporary String Quartet** . . . At the Square East, where normally a musical review takes place, jazz will be a regular feature on Monday evening . . . Another new place, Harout's, also in Greenwich Village, has begun a jazz policy, beginning with a group led by soprano saxophonist **Steve Lacy** that includes **Ros Rudd,** trombone; **Steve Swallow,** bass; **Dennis Charles,** drums.

Howard McGhee has recorded for Winley records with

(Continued on page 45)

down beat®
June 7, 1962 / Vol. 29, No. 12

South

A BIG LOSS TO JAZZ VIOLIN

There have been few jazz violinists. The really good ones can be counted on the fingers of one hand. And most jazz fiddlers have had limited formal training — with the big exception of Eddie South.

South, born in Louisiana, Mo., began violin studies with private teachers when he was 10. Later he studied in Chicago with Charlie Elgar, with whose band he played in the early 1920s. In the late '20s, South led his own group in Europe and studied at Paris and Budapest.

Acclaimed by many as one of the best-trained and most-gifted musicians playing jazz, South headed groups in various clubs in this country following his return from Europe. About two years ago ill health forced him to give up playing professionally. He suffered a heart attack a year and a half ago and was hospitalized for some time.

On April 25, South died in his Chicago apartment. The official cause of death was cardiac failure. He was 57.

A NEW ROLE FOR JAZZ

On ABC radio's series *Flair*, a talk-and-talent kind of variety show, correspondent Charles P. Arnot reported he had seen and heard jazz being used in the cure of mentally disturbed patients in Africa. According to the medical studies, "the hotter the music, the quicker the cure," Arnot said.

The theory, acted upon at the unidentified hospital, is that "jazz penetrates the remote, imaginary world in which the mentally ill often dwell."

The discovery came about accidentally. For months doctors had tried to calm their disturbed patients with classical music. The results were disheartening. Then, according to the report, someone switched on a station playing jazz, and the change was immediately noticeable.

Actually, no real calm occurred. If anything, the patients became highly spirited, dancing with one another and with the nurses. But this, according to the doctors, produced the desired effect, for once the patients were in good spirits, it became easier to penetrate their minds and communicate with them.

THE SHAPE OF JAZZ RECORDING TO COME?

Three major record companies, RCA Victor, United Artists, and Columbia, and one independent, Atlantic, have declared unlimited faith in what jazz can do.

United Artists has reactivated its jazz line. Columbia continues its program and has begun a mammoth reissue program (*DB*, May 24). RCA Victor, only recently beginning a new jazz program revolving around Sonny Rollins, Paul Desmond, and Joe Morello, believes the jazz market has expanded and there is need for records of quality.

RCA Victor's George Avakian sees the jazz world as a completely changed place: new fans, not just kids, "but marginal people being brought in by national publicity . . . and Negroes . . . who have never taken as much to jazz as the white public has thought." He expects a new cycle, where jazz will be even more popular.

Atlantic's Nesuhi Ertegun is even more specific in his belief in the upsurge of jazz.

He pointed out that jazz records have long been sold in large discount record stores. But now, he said, those stores keep a larger inventory of jazz than previously, showing the new popularity of what some jazz record companies are producing. In addition, he said, jazz sales are no longer concentrated in New York City; Chicago; Detroit, Mich.; St. Louis, Mo.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Los Angeles; Boston, Mass.; San Francisco, Calif.; Washington, D.C.; and Baltimore, Md., as before.

But the strongest indication of a big change, and for the better, is the almost industrywide announcement of activity in the jazz-single market.

Blue Note has been releasing jazz singles for five years. It is doing well with a Jimmy Smith record, *Midnight Special*, and it plans to expand its releases in coming months.

Prestige also has released singles for some time.

Riverside has been in the singles business for several years. But this company has made singles as a separate program, as well as taking tracks from albums. Its most recent big-selling jazz single was Cannonball Adderley's *African Waltz*.

Verve has an ambitious singles program. Its first releases include 21 records, within a program called *Essential Jazz Singles*, and including music played by Oscar Peterson, Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Billie Holiday, Roy Eldridge, Ella Fitzgerald, Lionel Hampton, Gene Krupa, Bud Powell, Dizzy Gillespie, Ben Webster, and Johnny Hodges.

Atlantic is going from its regular promotional release of singles into a specific program. Many of the singles will not be from regular record albums. Current releases are by Charlie Mingus, Slide Hampton, Chris Connor, and Mose Allison, among others.

RCA Victor has been out of the jazz singles field for a long time. Now, with jazz artists signed, Victor intends to poduce special singles for both jukeboxes and individual buyers.

In a way, Columbia is nearly in the same position, though it has continued a jazz program through the years. But only recently has Columbia decided to follow up on its success with Dave Brubeck's *Take Five* and *Unsquare Dance* and produce special jazz singles.

NARAS TO NAME BEST RECORD PERFORMANCES OF THE YEAR

The National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences will hold its annual Grammy-award dinners on May 29 in New York City, Chicago, and Los Angeles. At that time the organization, made up of those active in the recording industry, will announce first-place winners in categories of recordings that include all fields of music. Several recordings up for awards are jazz efforts.

The albums nominated for Best Jazz Performance—Soloist or Small Group (Instrumental) are *André Previn Plays Harold Arlen*, *Bill Evans at the Village Vanguard*, *Dreamstreet* by Erroll Garner, *European Concert* by the Modern Jazz Quartet, and *The Greatest Horn of Them All* by Al Hirt. Last year's winner

in this category was Previn's *West Side Story*.

The albums placed in nomination for Best Jazz Performance—Large Group (Instrumental) are *A Touch of Elegance* by Previn, *Count Basie at Birdland*, *Gillespiana* by Dizzy Gillespie, *Out of the Cool* by Gil Evans, and *West Side Story* by Stan Kenton. Last year's winner was *Blues and the Beat* by Henry Mancini.

Up for awards for Best Original Jazz Composition are Previn's *A Touch of Elegance*, Galt MacDermott's *African Waltz*, Lalo Schifrin's *Gillespiana*, J. J. Johnson's *Perceptions*, and Dave Brubeck's *Unsquare Dance*. Miles Davis' and Gil Evans' *Sketches of Spain* won last year's award.

Jazz also is represented in other categories:

Brubeck's *Take Five* is a contestant for Record of the Year. Cannonball Adderley's *African Waltz* and Duke Ellington's *Paris Blues* are nominated in the Best Instrumental or Instrumental Version of Song category. *The Essential Billie Holiday* was one of the nominees in Best Solo Vocal Performance — Female category. The albums in nomination for the Best Performance by an Orchestra — for Other Than Dancing include Gerry Mulligan's *A Concert in Jazz*, Previn's *A Touch of Elegance*, Hirt's *The Greatest Horn in the World*, and Kenton's *West Side Story*. Among those in the Best Arrangement category are Mulligan's *All About Rosie* and Johnson's *Perceptions* as played by Dizzy Gillespie. *Paris Blues* is a contestant for another category award, that of Best Sound Track or Recording of Score from Motion Picture or Television. Jazz albums are even represented in the Best Album Cover category with *Jackie's Bag* by Jackie McLean, Previn's *A Touch of Elegance*, and Peter Bocage's *New Orleans—the Living Legend* LPs in the running.

Three of the selections in each category were made by NARAS members and two by boards of experts in each field.

CREEPING MODERNITY IN GREAT BRITAIN

England has most often followed a jazz track considerably behind the United States. The news from there even now shows things have not much changed, but it is significant perhaps that there have been some changes.

The musicians exchanged between the two countries have nearly all been modern musicians. Now, though Dixie, or its English version, Trad jazz, remains famed through Britain, many promoters have begun to understand the appeal of modern jazz—mostly because Dave Brubeck's *Take Five* became what nearly represented a popular hit on England's record charts.

As a consequence, British record companies are hurrying to take on more U. S. modern jazz labels. Both Philips and Pye records have bought liberally from U. S. companies and are releasing immense catalogs for the first time in England.

Several English record companies have bought programs on Radio Luxembourg, a continental station that can be heard in government-controlled-radio countries such as England.

Official BBC radio has begun a Saturday night jazz series that is cutting heavily into regular government television programs on at the same time. And the nongovernment television network, Associated Tele-Vision, has extended an "experimental" jazz series, *All That Jazz*, from an original six weeks to an indefinite run because of the reviews and ratings it is getting.

Even such a top, pop English arranger as John Barry, admits his latest scores are freer, "more involved with what Brubeck has done. I hope Brubeck has started something here I can carry on. The public's taste in pop music is widening all the time."

Whatever the reasons or results, some British find the scene more scenic.

MUSICIANS WIVES, INC., COMES TO THE RESCUE

Some 300 destitute Navajo Indians, made homeless recently by a fire that destroyed their mission at Ramah, N.M., had Hollywood's Musicians Wives, Inc., to thank for emergency aid of clothing, food, furniture, and other essentials flown to them on a mission of mercy.

Mrs. Hy Lesnick, president of the Hollywood chapter of the organization, said that when MWI learned of the Indian's plight, its 90 members began a two-week drive for the supplies, which were flown to the emergency area aboard an aircraft donated by Robert Dye, owner-manager of the Pinecrest School.

Hall of Fame Scholarships—1962

The many tapes and applications have been processed, and the judges for the 1962 *Down Beat* Hall of Fame scholarships, totaling $5,200, have announced the winners. The scholarships are all to the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass.

As last year, the awards are made in two divisions—junior, for those younger than 19, and senior for those 19 and older. And as has been the case for several years, some of the winners are from countries other than the United States. Two of the winners of partial scholarships in the senior division, Stanislaw Kalwinski and Stanislaw Otalega, are roommates in Krakow, Poland. Another winner, Stephan H. Duro, attends Cambridge University in England.

The winner of the junior division full scholarship, Keith Jarrett, has had formal training for 13 of his 17 years. A senior division winner, Ted Brown, has studied with pianist Lennie Tristano for seven years, has worked with Tristano and alto saxophonist Lee Konitz, and has recorded with tenor saxophonist Warne Marsh, among others. And Don Garcia was so impressive that he won both the $400 partial scholarships in the junior division.

The names of the winners are listed below according to division.

JUNIOR DIVISION

$950 Full Scholarship

Keith Jarrett, 17, Emmaus, Pa., piano.

$400 Partial Scholarships

Don Garcia, 18, Houston, Texas, alto saxophone composition.

$250 Partial Scholarships

Joseph Douglas Fisher, 18, Lombard, Ill., trombone.
Gale Elmer Mack, 18, Mount Vernon, Ill., alto saxophone.
Robert Parini, 18, Levittown, Pa., trumpet.

SENIOR DIVISION

$950 Full Scholarship

Stephen H. Duro, 23, Nottingham, England, piano/organ, composition.

$500 Partial Scholarships

Ted Brown, 35, Lawrence, Mass., tenor saxophone.
Sydney H. (Skip) Potter, 21, Boulder, Colo., trumpet.

$250 Partial Scholarships

Stanislaw Kalwinski, 28, Krakow, Poland, alto saxophone.
Stanislaw Otalega, 28, Krakow, Poland, bass.
Jim Stefanson, 29, Detroit, Mich., alto saxophone, flute.

TED WILLIAMS

Duke Ellington's frequently expressed impatience with categorization in jazz is justified, or made understandable, by both his band and music. Neither belongs under any of the flags of convenience flown on the angry seas of criticism. Dixieland, traditional, Chicago style, hot, swing, Kansas City, bop, progressive, modern, cool, West Coast, East Coast, mainstream, hard bop, funky, soul, and Third Stream are some of the terms critics have employed through the years, in communicating with the public, as labor-saving reference tags. Sometimes, too, these tags have served as rallying cries, or as slogans in calculated and systematic promotions. But to Duke and many other musicians, they represent divisions, ill-defined and indefensible, which tend to restrict the artist's prerogative of freedom. S.D.

THE ART IS IN THE COOKING

By DUKE ELLINGTON

In Collaboration With STANLEY DANCE

PEOPLE ARE told that they must never drink anything but a white wine with fish or a red wine with beef. The people who don't know, who've never been told that, who've never been educated along these lines— they drink *anything*. I suspect they get as much joy out of their eating and drinking as the other people.

It's just like people who listen to music. They don't necessarily *know* what they're listening to. They don't have to know that a guy is blowing a flatted fifth or a minor third, but they enjoy it, and this I consider healthy and normal listening. A listener who has first to decide whether this is proper form when a musician plays or writes something— that's not good. It's a matter of "how does it sound?", and, of course, the sound is modified by the taste of the listener.

The listener may like things that are pretty, what we consider pretty or schmaltzy. Another may like a graceful melodic line, with agreeable harmony under it and probably a little romantic element. A third may like subtle dissonance, while a fourth may go for out-and-out dissonance. A fifth may have a broad appreciation and enjoy all kinds. But what is really involved here, I think, is personal taste rather than categories.

Music itself is a category of sound, but everything that goes into the ear is not music. Music is music, and that's it. If it sounds good, it's good music, and it depends on who's listening *how* good it sounds.

Now let me put this right. Music can sound good to somebody who likes nothing but cacophony, but it doesn't necessarily have to sound good to the man sitting next to him. There are quite a few people who really dig distortion. Everybody in the world doesn't like pretty. Everybody in the world doesn't like sweet. There are some people who don't like either one ever, but they are all entitled to their likes and dislikes.

Some people, you know, don't even like to get along with others. They're not happy unless they're fighting all the time. Some people are a little sadistic, shall we say, and some are a little masochistic. I've often suspected that when people have said something about others, they've said it deliberately, expecting them to come back with something ugly, so that they could get their kicks.

Now, let's consider your imaginary customer who goes into the restaurant. He looks at the menu and finds the dishes classified under such headings as fish, fowl, and meat. That's a convenience for him. Right? He orders steak, but, after a few minutes, here comes the waiter with a plate of fish. When he complains, the chef—and the chef is the important cat!—comes out of the kitchen with a big carving knife in his hand. The chef tells him to eat up, because it's good food, because if he were starving, he wouldn't care if it were fish *or* steak.

If a man has some very hungry ears for what he considers jazz, or for a pleasant noise that makes him feel he wants to swing (and we have there possibly a reasonable definition of jazz), then almost anything would suffice. At least, if he were starving he would tolerate it for one take. But if he were not starving, and if he were now like a

gourmet in a gourmet restaurant, and he ordered fish, and *they* brought him fish, and the minute he tasted it he said, "No, this is not cooked by Pierre! Who is the chef today? This is not the way I like it. I like it the way Pierre cooks it." What then?

This is not a matter of categories. This is personal. He wants his fish cooked a particular way, just as some people want their trumpet played by Louis Armstrong, some by Dizzy Gillespie, some by Harry James, some by Miles Davis, and some by Maynard Ferguson. And I know a lot of people who like to hear Ray Nance play trumpet.

Some people have been raised on nothing but fish. There's been nothing else available where they live. Some people have been raised on nothing but beef, because sheep aren't allowed in their territory. Some people have been raised on fowl, because it's the only thing they can get, and they have to shoot it down.

Each of these people may develop a taste for the food they've been accustomed to, and when they experience one of the others they may find it strange and distasteful. They may possibly decide that beef hasn't the delicacy of fish, but maybe they don't put it down. Maybe they say, "This is something new. This is something I never tasted before, and I like it." And they acquire a taste for it.

I don't really regard these three—fish, fowl, and meat—as three different categories of food. Maybe I'm too basic, too primitive. They're all prey. Maybe I still think in terms of killing the animal and eating it half an hour later.

You could divide up the meat section of that menu under beef, lamb, pork, and so on, under hot and cold, or according to the way they were cooked—grilled, roasted, baked, boiled, etc.—and maybe that's a service to the customer, but to multiply divisions that way in music, in my opinion, merely multiplies confusion. Fish, fowl, and meat may provide us with a parallel, but never forget that *the art is in the cooking*. And what is convenient for the listener, or the critic, is not necessarily helpful to the musician.

I'm sure critics have their purpose, and they're supposed to do what they do, but sometimes they get a little carried away with what they think someone *should* have done, rather than concerning themselves with what he did.

THOSE TRUMPET PLAYERS we mentioned don't come out of the same egg. It isn't that at all. If you like what Louis Armstrong plays, you like that on trumpet. If you like what Dizzy Gillespie plays, you like that on trumpet. So this is more a matter of personal identification, which means that you like not a category but Louis Armstrong trumpet and that anyone else who plays like Louis Armstrong should be labeled "imitation of Louis Armstrong." And anyone who plays like Dizzy Gillespie should be labeled "imitation of Dizzy Gillespie."

This is a matter of imitation, not category. When a guy has invented a style, or become identified with a style, somebody else cannot come along and be a great member of this democratic world of sound that he has created; it's *his* world. Anyone else who uses his creation is an imitator and should be labeled as such. We'll come back to the modifications, but this, I feel, completely destroys the category business. It's a matter of *personal* sound.

It's the same even where you have bands and clusters of sounds. A certain sound comes out of a big band. It may be the character given it by a large brass section or by a particularly skillful group of saxophones. The minute you change the men in the section, it doesn't sound the same, although you may have the same arranger. What happens to the category? The arranger can continue to write in the same style, and someone else who has studied his scores can copy the style, but that brings us back to imitation.

Imitation, influence, and inspiration? Where do you draw the lines now? That's one thing I'd like to know. Yes, just about every musician has been inspired by another musician, has adopted characteristics of his style and clothed them in his own personality. Some people have done it very skillfully and deliberately. Others have done it, you might say, grabbing at a straw. It may surprise you, but I think those who have done it grabbing at a straw are the ones who have come up with the nearest thing to something new.

Take the people you hear playing plungers in the band. They derive their styles in part from Bubber Miley and Tricky Sam Nanton, but Charlie Irvis was first.

Nobody ever really picked up on Charlie Irvis. He used an object that was very effective, and he played in a different register of the horn. There was a kind of mute they built at that time to go into the trombone and make it sound like a saxophone, but he dropped his one night, and the darn thing broke into a million parts. So he picked up the biggest part that was left and started using it. This was his device and it was greater than the original thing. He got a great, big, fat sound at the bottom of the trombone—melodic, masculine, full of tremendous authority. I wish I could find someone to do it now. When he was with me, we weren't making many records, and I don't know if he was on those with Bubber Miley and Mae Barnes.

But Bubber and Tricky were the first to get really wide recognition for the plunger thing. They had such beautiful teamwork together. Everything they played represented a mood, a person, a picture. As a matter of fact, everything we used to do in the old days had a picture. We'd be riding along and see a name on a sign. We used to spend a lot of time up in New England, around Boston, and we'd see this sign, "Lewando Cleaners," and every time we saw it we'd start singing; "Oh, Lee-wan-*do!*"

Out of that came *East St. Louis Toddle-oo*. Probably it would have been better if he had called it *Lewando* and got some advertising money from it.

Everything was like that then. The guys would be walking up Broadway after work and see this old man coming down the street, and there was the beginning of *Old Man Blues*. Everything had a picture or was descriptive of something. Always.

A lot of guys heard and listened to Bubber and Tricky's thing. When Cootie Williams first came into the band, taking Bubber's place, he picked up the plunger and became so expert. He did things with a greater range than Bubber. Tricky was there all through this, and he was followed by Tyree Glenn.

Tyree, to me, is a very beautiful trombone player. He plays real good, legit trombone, and when he applied the plunger to it, his tone remained very precise and clean, so that you were tempted to like it better than Tricky's, because it was so clean. But then Tricky's was so very plaintive. Tyree is a very agile-minded musician, and he always wants to do a lot of things. I'm sure he had enjoyed Tricky

before. He must have, because he couldn't have done the plunger work so well if he hadn't enjoyed doing it. He still uses the plunger, and he is one of the most effective plunger trombones I have ever heard.

After Tyree came, Butter [Quentin Jackson] and he returned us to a little of Tricky's plaintiveness. Then there was Booty Wood, and he had more of a gutty thing in his playing.

Some people hesitate to take the plunger role. Maybe they've heard it for years and they have a thing in their minds, and it all seems mysterious to them. But those who have come in and picked up on it have really done it from a *gracious* point of view, of carrying on where someone else has left off. It has to do with conforming to a character and a styling, which they obviously enjoy doing. It is sometimes considered a traditional device with us, both as regards the growl solo and the section with plungers, which we call the "pep" section. A lot of guys come in, and they know the part before they get here. They don't need an arrangement, and, if they did, in most instances there wouldn't be one anyway.

We've been very fortunate that way, to find guys in there who wanted to be there. Take Paul Gonsalves. When he came into the band, the first night, he played Ben Webster's solos, every solo, identical with Ben's. He knew them all. He knew everything in the book. But he's no imitator. You hear him today. That was a matter of musicianship and ear.

OF COURSE, if I said everyone who has adopted some of Louis Armstrong's things was an imitator, I would be damning a whole lot of wonderful people.

Certain modifications can be made to that. I don't even think the imitators of Louis form a specific category, because they divide up by personalities. If someone took one of these big, fat IBM machines and worked it down (with time, I'm sure it could be done), you could say that so-and-so had a style based on Louis Armstrong's to a certain point, to 75.439 percent blah-blah-blah, beyond which he developed a new perspective that now boils down to 19 figures with a decimal point. This is so-and-so, but it all comes back to individual people. There is no category. There is one of every style. If two people are playing identically the same, one is an imitator.

Some people really don't give much credit to the creative element. I've known them to say the imitation was better than the original. Are you going to say the son has better blood than the father?

It is possible, because it's not all the father's blood. The mother can raise the quality. And certain parts of the blood's potency may not have come forward until possibly the third generation, so the father never enjoyed it, yet he had it all the time. Things like that are in the Bible.

Anyway, I think we've solved our problem. I think it's something I've been trying to say for a long time. You cannot say that two performers who play in an identical way are out of the same mold. What you can say is that of these two, one is an imitator.

Yes, there were some very good Lester Young imitators. Lester was one of the very potent influences. Charlie Parker had plenty of imitators. Johnny Hodges too. And there was a time when there was hardly a tenor player in the world who didn't try to sound like Coleman Hawkins.

But we mustn't leave out the greatest—Sidney Bechet! The greatest of all the originators, Bechet, the symbol of jazz.

I heard him before I left Washington. He always played the same way—the same way then as just before he died. I remember hearing him play *I'm Coming, Virginia* in 1921—the greatest thing I ever heard in my life. I'd never

heard anything like it. It knocked me out.

He played clarinet back in New Orleans, and later on he still played it occasionally, but when he got on soprano he wouldn't get off it. He was just as great a clarinet player. He had a wonderful tone—all wood, a sound you don't hear anymore. The New Orleans guys absorbed something down there along with the Albert system.

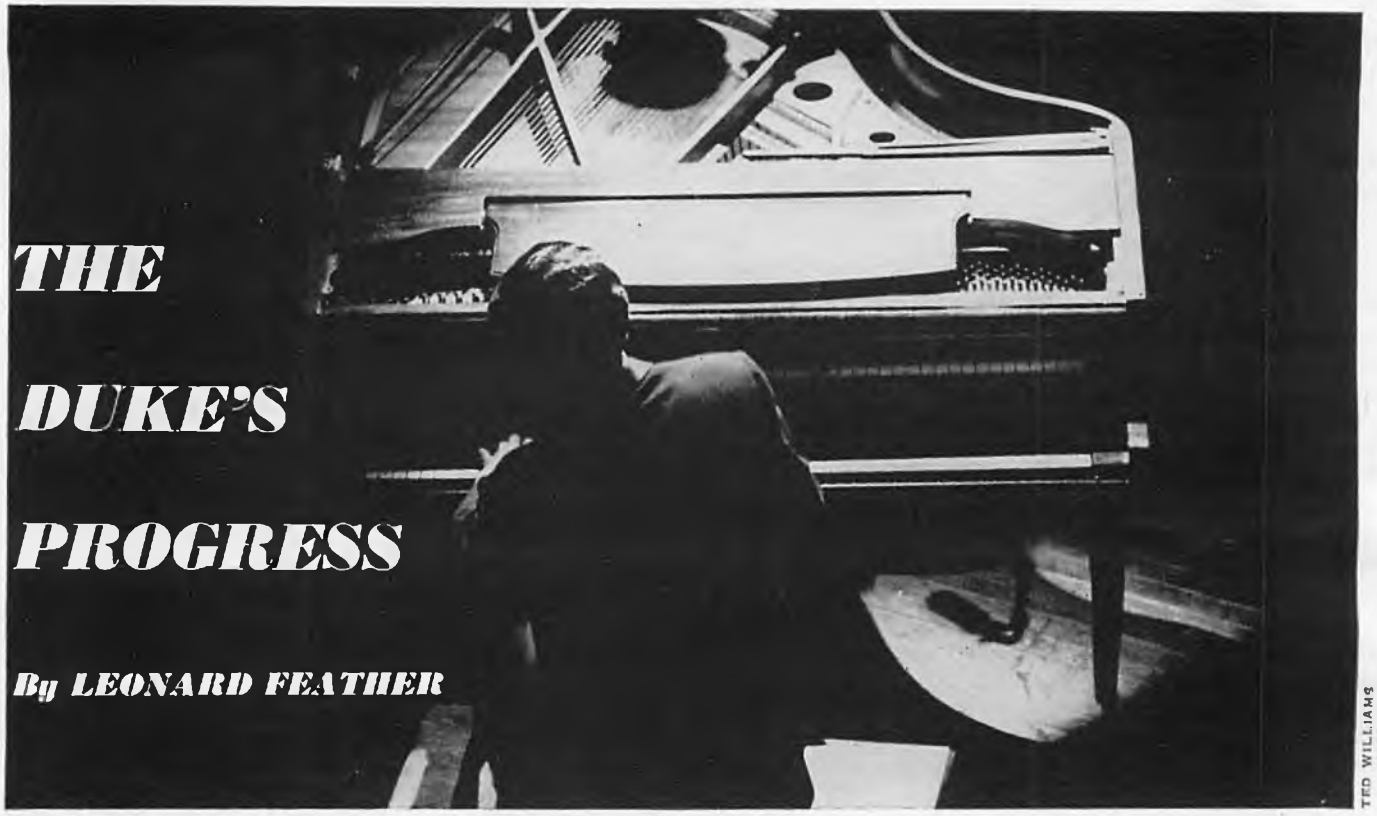
I consider Bechet the foundation. His things were all soul, all from the inside. It was very, very difficult to find anyone who could really keep up with him. He'd get something organized in his mind while someone else was playing, and then he'd play one or two choruses—or more—that would be just too much.

He played with us in 1926, when I had a band up in New England. Johnny Hodges learned a lot from him, particularly on soprano. We had Toby Hardwicke, Bubber Miley, Tricky Sam, Sonny Greer, and the tuba player Mack Shaw. The police, gangsters, or somebody had caught Mack out in Chicago, beaten his face in and broken up all the bones. This cat would be blowing his tuba and blow out a loose bone. He had a whole lot of loose bones in his face, and he'd just put them together again and continue blowing! We had a terrific band then.

It had to be terrific in those days, because that was when Mal Hallett had a band up in New England, and you had to play alongside him. The big dance territories were in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Charlie Shribman put on dances, and they'd have battles of music. All these big bands used to come up from New York, and Mal Hallett would blow them right out over the Charles River. He just played big, fat arrangements of dance music, and most of his guys were legit, but they'd open up with a flag-waver, and that was *it!* Paul Whiteman came up there with 28 pieces one night, but Mal was too much for him with his novelties and everything.

We had a six-piece band, and we used to play him contrast-wise. He'd know we were coming on, and he'd blow up a storm and lift the roof off. Then we'd crawl up there with our six pieces and begin softly, and develop it, so that when we did play loud it would seem as though we were playing louder than we actually were.

That was a long time ago. Then as now, it's hard if you don't keep with it. If you just stay home for a while and listen to what the other kids are doing out there on the battlefield, you may see where this one made a lot of mistakes or where that one missed a great opportunity. But on the other hand you get more fears. You may read where so-and-so lost this particular battle and so many men were washed away, and it's all a little terrifying. If you come out from home cold—bang!—and all the other cats have been roaming around the jungle, fighting the different animals who're growling with their plungers, honking with their tenors, screeching with their flutes and clarinets, then these animals can sound pretty wild after the comforts of home.



THE DUKE'S PROGRESS

By LEONARD FEATHER

TED WILLIAMS

A PRESENT-DAY jazz fan trying to gain a perspective of the Duke Ellington epic is at a disadvantage. He is not old enough to have followed the developments as they occurred and not wealthy enough to buy all the records that might help to serve as a substitute for such an experience. He is at a further disadvantage, for even if he had the money, he couldn't obtain many of the most important performances — even such significant LPs as *A Drum Is a Woman* have been cut from the catalogs. Other compositions, notably *Night Creature, Blutopia,* and *Blue Belles of Harlem,* were never recorded at all.

Ellington has been a recording artist for 37 years. For 33 of those years, I have been fortunate enough to be able to chart his progress by judging his work very soon after its creation, by hearing the band frequently in person from the late 1930s on, and by accumulating the priceless inside knowledge stemming from periods totaling five years when I worked for him in various capacities during the 1940s and '50s.

If there is any basic difference between the way Ellington is performing today on that unique instrument he uses—namely, his orchestra—and the manner in which he utilized it in the early years, it can be found in a gradual change effected by economic and sociological factors.

Yesterday, the band was a constant one in which the slightest personnel change was headline news. Cootie Williams' 1940 departure from the brass section had such a traumatic impact in the jazz world that one bandleader of the day, Raymond Scott, wrote a piece commemorating the event: *When Cootie Left the Duke.*

Today, there can be two or three changes all at once, and they may rate a combined mention of a couple of lines in *Strictly Ad Lib.* Stability being almost impossible in the present circumstances for big bands, with musicians attracted more and more to the individual exposure offered by combos, Ellington has shifted the accent slightly from the heavy concentration on soloists' personalities that once dominated the character of the band.

Similarly, the gradual separation of big-band jazz from its utilitarian background has removed more and more of Ellington's music from the dance-band concept. Part of this evolution was a logical outgrowth of the maturing of Ellington's ideas, which tended toward the presentation of jazz as concert music.

Aside from these two tendencies, there is nothing to indicate that the Ellington career has not moved forward in a straight line, each stage of the writing and of the band's development being a direct outgrowth of its predecessor.

This does not mean that you can listen to an Ellington record of 1927 and immediately identify it because of your knowledge of the band's sound in 1962; but if you take a performance typical of any one stage and compare it with a composition of the same type recorded five or 10 years later, the pattern of progress becomes clear. And in the instances of tunes that have stayed in the book (with revised arrangements) through the decades—notably *Black and Tan Fantasy, The Mooche, Rockin' in Rhythm*—this whole vast span of melodic, harmonic, rhythmic, and tonal change stands out in fascinating relief.

The earliest still-available Ellington performances on record take up one side of *The Birth of Big Band Jazz* (Riverside 129). Waxed in 1926, they are as crude as most orchestral jazz of that period; although the band is augmented to 12 pieces on a couple of tracks, they have little of the Ellington flavor, except for touches of Bubber Miley's trumpet.

The first LP with embryonic evidence of the band's real sound is *Early Ellington* (Brunswick 54007). Covering the 1927-31 period, this includes two items released originally on two sides of 10-inch 78-rpm singles: *Tiger Rag* (1929) and *Creole Rhapsody* (1931). The latter was recorded at even greater length a few months later in a Victor version that ran to two sides of a 12-inch 78-rpm single, which made it as long as any work that could be put on a single phonograph record in those pre-LP days: eight minutes. This and other 1929-31 works are on *Ellington at the Cotton Club* (Camden 459). The *Rhapsody,* with its changes of tempo and mood, its developments of contrasting themes, set a widely discussed precedent. Up to that point, almost every jazz record had consisted thematically of a basic 12-, 16-, or 32-bar statement, ensemble and ad-lib-solo variations, and a return to the statement.

All the tracks in the Brunswick album were originally released under the name of the Jungle Band. The name

symbolized what was then an accepted approach to jazz as an aboriginal music only a few steps removed from the jungle. Ellington, catering to the lust for primitivism, made frequent use of growl or "wah-wah" effects, often with plunger muted trumpet (Bubber Miley, later Cootie Williams, then Ray Nance) and trombone (Tricky Sam Nanton, later Tyree Glenn, Quentin Jackson). Yet there was a continual attempt to work in terms of expanded form and content and of a broad tonal scope. Johnny Hodges and Harry Carney at this point were playing "hot" choruses almost exclusively; whatever ballad concept there was at this juncture was left in the hands of Arthur Whetsel for an occasional "sweet" trumpet solo.

Every man in the band could be spotted immediately: Barney Bigard for his spiraling liquid tones running through the ensembles; Cootie Williams for his mute-and-plunger work as well as his brash open horn; Freddie (Posey) Jenkins for his darting, piquant trumpet; Nanton for his growls; Juan Tizol for his unique touches of valve-trombone color (though for a while his was the least-heard horn in the band); Ellington himself, sometimes showing the influence of Willie (The Lion) Smith, James P. Johnson, Fats Waller, and the whole eastern stride school in which he had grown up; Fred Guy, a predecessor by many years of the steady rhythmic pulse later identified with Freddie Green in the Count Basie Band—and, like Green, always a section man, hardly ever heard on his own; Wellman Braud, bassist during the early, definitive years, whose most elaborate solo excursions (daring in 1930 terms) would comprise dotted-eighths-and-sixteenths; and Sonny Greer, whose chime effects on *Ring Dem Bells* were a reminder that he was the proudest, flashiest, and best-equipped of all drummers of the jazz day.

THE DUAL miracle of the Ellington phenomenon is that while no bandleader has ever done more to establish his unit's personality through skillful and highly personal orchestration, by the same token, none has done more to build up the cult of the individual, furnish each sideman with an identity, draw out to the fullest every valuable aspect of his personality.

It often has been said that no soloist has any place to go after leaving the Ellington band. Stop to think of all the sidemen who stepped from the Ellington bandstand —into other bands, or total obscurity, or unsuccessful leadership of their own groups. Think, too, of the long list of those who have returned to the band after absences ranging from a few weeks to many years—including such current members as Johnny Hodges, Cat Anderson, Ray Nance, and Lawrence Brown. The conclusion is inescapable: there is about this band a magnetic attraction, based in large part on the priceless setting it provides members.

Ellington's innovations in the early years have become so much a daily part of 1962 jazz that few of his listeners realize how much credit is due him. For instance, the concept of the wordless use of the voice as a melodic jazz instrument in an orchestration (Adelaide Hall was the singer originally employed in this experiment) was introduced in *Creole Love Call* in 1927. (One of the early versions is on Columbia CL 558, another on Victor 1715). It was revived in a more luxuriant setting for several performances in the 1940s when Kay Davis worked with the band.

It was Ellington who showed that a big jazz band could be a medium for beginning an original, simple, potentially popular melody (*Mood Indigo*, a sensation in 1930, and *Solitude* in '34) at a time when all that was demanded of Negro bands was that they "get hot" and stay that way.

During the early 1930s the band gradually worked its way out of the primitivist bag to establish a series of essentially melodic songs and soloists: Otto Hardwicke's alto on *Sophisticated Lady*, 1933, and Lawrence Brown in a series of performances from 1932. It is ironic to recall that Brown's joining the band was viewed by some Ellington admirers of the day, notably Spike Hughes, a writer for the British *Melody Maker*, as signaling the beginning of the end for their hero. Brown's elegant legato style, it was alleged, heralded an era of sophistication and Europeanization in the Ellington attittude that could only lead to decadence and decline. Thirty years later, Ellington still is ignoring the critics, and Brown not only is in the band but he now plays growl solos.

There were similar Cassandra cries when another long work, *Reminiscing in Tempo*, was cut in 1935. Released on four 10-inch 78-rpm sides, it again showed Ellington's determination to break out of the three-minute, 32-bar mold, to interweave themes and use sonata and symphony approaches while retaining the jazz beat and frequent improvised passages. The work was hastily denounced by the few jazz writers then on the scene.

In the last all-Ellington issue (*Down Beat*, Nov. 5, 1952), an article under the byline of Irving Mills, Ellington's manager and mentor from 1927 until 1939, said, "*Reminiscing in Tempo* . . . should never have been released. . . . It was one of the points at which Duke lost touch with the huge, loyal following that loved genuine Ellington music. He was trying to break out of what he thought were bonds placed on his creative ability by the patterns in which he had been working. His mistake was turning from the idiom . . . to the concert works to which he has practically confined his writing in recent years."

Ellington constantly had to battle advisers who could not conceive of jazz as an art form on the same level as classical music.

When he evolved the idea of a jazz concerto form, building two works around clarinetist Barney Bigard and trumpeter Cootie Williams, his titles (*Barney's Concerto* and *Cootie's Concerto*) were considered too pretentious. The Mills office changed them to *Clarinet Lament* and *Echoes of Harlem*.

The form, content, and quality of Ellington's music expanded immeasurably during the 1930s. Voicings became broader and subtler as the brass section expanded adventurously to six strong in 1932 and the reed team ultimately to five (Ben Webster, added for a record date in '35, joined the band full time four years later).

In the context of other big-band jazz of the day, the texture of Ellington's orchestrations was incomparably rich. Even the pop style vocal performances, heard occasionally after Ivie Anderson became the first girl singer to work regularly with the band (her initial record was *It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing* in 1932), brought the songs up to the level of the band, while a Fletcher Henderson pop record, for example, more often reduced the band to the level of the song.

Of course, many of the pops recorded by Ellington were superior tunes from the scores of Cotton Club shows or from the occasional movies in which the band was seen. In 1938, Duke himself wrote a Cotton Club score, and Johnny Hodges was firmly established, via *I Let a Song Go out of My Heart* from this show score, as a purveyor of pop-melodic solos.

Ellington pioneered, of course, in the use of exotica, notably of Latin American rhythms. The presence of the Puerto Rican Juan Tizol, never a jazz soloist but always a melodic and rhythmic innovator, led to such records as *Maori* (1930), *Caravan* (1936), and *Bakiff* (1941), all anticipating by many years the incorporation of Latin and Afro-Cuban rhythms now commonplace in the repertoire of many jazz combos and orchestras.


Hardwicke


Bigard

Another development originated by Ellington was the small orchestral contingent, usually three, four, or five horns and rhythm. *Big House Blues* and *Rocky Mountain Blues* (1930) featured just Whetsel, Nanton, Bigard, and rhythm and were released under the Harlem Footwarmers pseudonym. This became a regular practice from 1937, when Irving Mills began releasing on his Varsity label a superb series of miniature Ellington performances by seven-to-nine-piece combos under the leadership of Rex Stewart, Cootie Williams, Hodges, and Bigard, with Ellington sitting in as a sideman.

Stewart was an innovation in himself. His unprecedented use of the squeeze-tone, half-valve technique, later practiced by Clark Terry and innumerable others, was as valid a ploy as had been the growl effects of Miley. Though he has been given little credit for it, it was Stewart who inspired Roy Eldridge and formed a stepping stone between Armstrong and Eldridge in the evolution of jazz trumpet. His sound, as much as the sounds of Hodges, Cootie, and the rest, made the Ellington band of the '30s a unique assemblage of individual talents blended into an equally distinctive ensemble.

The Ellington rhythm section of the '30s was typical of the era. It had the slap-happy bass, for walking bass was rare; what was heard mostly were tonics and fifths, two or four to the bar. There was the straightforward four-beat drums and piano. The banjo or guitar tied it all together. Fred Guy, one of the last banjoists to switch to guitar, is heard on the latter instrument only on records from the spring of 1933. By the time he quit the band in 1947, guitar in the big-band rhythm section had become outmoded, and he was never replaced.

The apocalyptic change, one that was to release all rhythm sections forever from the chunk-chunk-chunk-chunk of the swing era, came in 1939 when Jimmy Blanton joined the band. He added a clean, pure bass sound, a melodic concept in ensemble walking and in solos.

Simultaneously the Ellington orchestra embarked on what many observers feel was its most glorious phase. Billy Strayhorn had just joined the band as regular assistant arranger and occasional pianist. He and Ellington concerned themselves intensely with the enlargement of the band's tonal palette. Voicings were heard that no other writer has ever quite succeeded in duplicating—and because Ellington has refused to publish the band's arrangements, probably nobody ever will.

Although Glenn Miller received credit for the clarinet-over-saxes voicing, it was Ellington who made extensive use, to greater musical effect, of one or more clarinets in the reed section scoring.

But this was only one of a wealth of sounds that enriched the band during this stage. The Ravel-like beauty of Strayhorn's *Chelsea Bridge;* the swinging simplicity of *C Jam Blues;* the exquisite Hodges of *Warm Valley;* the warmth of Stewart in *Morning Glory;* the piano-bass duets by Duke and Blanton; unsurpassed Ben Webster of ballad (*All Too Soon*) and stomp (*Cotton Tail*); the melodic charm of *Sentimental Lady* and *Never No Lament,* both later expanded into pop-song format as *I Didn't Know About You* and *Don't Get Around Much Any More*; the occasional sublimation of a popular song like *Chloe*; the voices of Ivie Anderson and Ray Nance applied to songs from Ellington's short-lived Hollywood stage show *Jump for Joy*. All these were products of the 1940-42 period. On record they are represented by the two-LP set *The Indispensaable Ellington,* Victor 6009, and *The Duke and His Men,* Victor 1092.

Immediately afterward—in January, 1943—the band appeared in its first Carnegie Hall concert, and the audience heard Ellington's newest and longest work, the 50-minute *Black, Brown, and Beige,* a "tone parallel to the history of the American Negro." It was a masterpiece, and the failure of Victor to record it in full after the recording ban was lifted the next year is an irremediable misfortune. The excerpts that were recorded, though attractive in themselves, give no idea of the immeasurable impact of this work as a whole. These excerpts can be heard on *At His Very Best,* Victor 1715.

Ellington finally did get to record *Black, Brown, and Beige* as a whole album, on Columbia, but because his horror of yesterday and insistence on looking forward sometimes impel him to discard what should be retained, he butchered the work, excised some of the loveliest movements, threw in a beautiful but irrelevant segment sung by Mahalia Jackson, overworked the *Come Sunday* theme, and generally gave to a new generation a completely false and formless impression of a masterpiece he had created so lovingly almost two decades earlier.

The Carnegie concert and *BB&B* were the forerunners of an annual series. Ellington thereafter presented a new major extended work each year: *The Deep South Suite, Blutopia, Blue Belles of Harlem, The Liberian Suite, New World A-Comin', The Perfume Suite, The Tattooed Bride.*

After the Carnegie series ended in 1950, there was one final all-Ellington concert in which Ellington's became the only jazz orchestra ever to give a full concert at the Metropolitan Opera House. The new work heard there in January, 1951, was *Harlem,* and unlike too many of the other long works, it was neither ignored by the record companies nor chopped up into separately released fragments; it was made available, unabridged, on a Columbia LP, ML 4639.

Harlem was at once wistful, jubilant, moody, sensitive, dramatic, nostalgic, and rhythmically engaging. Basically, like *BB&B* and several of the other long works, it was concerned with the depiction, through tone colors, evocative themes, and personal solo sounds, of some aspect of Negro life. Though Duke has always claimed that his is essentially Negro music, he has never felt tied to any ethnic association in terms of compositional development or of personnel. The phenomenal Louis Bellson revitalized the rhythm section in 1951, and since then, there have been white musicians in the band off and on, there being two at this writing.

What Ellington's music reflected then, and will always

Tricky Sam

Tizol

Cootie

Rex

reflect, is the spirit of the world in which he lives. Inevitably, and desirably, this spirit has become less and less circumscribed through the years. He no longer writes for audiences of Cotton Club uptown-slummers, nor for heavy-tipping bootleggers, or for well-meaning but short-sighted advisers; if he ever felt esthetically segregated, he certainly has not for many years.

He no longer lives in Harlem, geographically or psychologically, but instead of renouncing his background, he has added to it and added in such a manner that what he writes and plays today represents the consummation of a great, sweeping range of sights and sounds seen and heard, of experiences and travels during more than 40 years in music.

During the 1950s the orchestra had a rockier road to travel than in the '40s. Big-band jazz had passed its heyday; Ellington, caught in limbo among dance music, concert halls, and the faltering night-club scene, saw a new generation emerging that paid little attention to the sort of details that had once held the attention of fans around the world—a change in the third trumpet chair, a debate over whether Ellington or Strayhorn was the pianist or composer on this or that record, a breathless expectancy as the band prepared an ambitious work for the latest Carnegie Hall premiere.

THE INSECURITIES of the '50s led to some developments that seemed less than desirable to old-guard Ellington fans.

His insistence on concluding each performance with a long drum feature seemed as senseless and invalid as his claim to have popularized the drum solo (actually a part of the jazz scene since Gene Krupa's days with Benny Goodman in the mid-1930s). The popular success of Paul Gonsalves (normally a tasteful Webster-style ballad soloist), in an overlong and largely meaningless solo during a Newport Jazz Festival, similarly reduced the stature of the band to that of a mere calculating crowd-pleaser. The use of squealing freak-trumpet effects has been an a-musical problem for many years.

Younger Ellington listeners must be advised too that there are nowadays arrangements in the Ellington book that have none of the band's essential character, many of them written by outsiders. The best known and most boring example is *Stompin' at the Savoy*.

Ellington, of course, insists that nobody else but Ellington has a right to decide what is the essential character of the band, but one has only to listen to the special works of recent years—*Such Sweet Thunder, Suite Thursday,* the *Anatomy of a Murder* score, the Strayhorn *Nutcracker Suite* and *Peer Gynt Suite* adaptations—to know that there remains, unmistakably, an Ellington flavor beside which the crowd-pleasing flag-wavers and the semi-rock-and-roll vocals are promptly exposed as candidates for oblivion.

One curious aspect of the Duke's progress has been the relatively tardy incorporation of new instruments. He was the first to feature valve trombone (Tizol) and to make extensive use of jazz violin (Ray Nance), and Hodges occasionally played soprano in the '30s, but the other instruments added to jazz in the last 25 years have had little recognition in the band.

Vibes were used only during Tyree Glenn's five years with the band; electric guitar never, except when Django Reinhardt toured briefly with Ellington in 1946; flute almost never, though the possibilities were vividly demonstrated during Tony Scott's brief 1953 membership, when Scott's flute and Nance's violin were heard in an exciting partnership on *I Can't Get Started*. French horn, oboe, and bassoon are also among the absent. For a few months in 1950, Mercer Ellington played E♭ horn in his father's brass section; in 1960 Matthew Gee was heard on baritone horn. Though the clarinet is an instrument associated mainly with the swing years (1935-45), actually it was a focal part of the Ellington sound throughout Bigard's incumbency (1928-42) and has remained important in this post-clarinet era in the hands of the eloquent, facile, and underrated Jimmy Hamilton, now in his 20th year with the band. Russell Procope, heard from time to time on clarinet, made a rare and stimulating appearance on soprano sax in the little-known and amusing *Controversial Suite* (in *Hi-Fi Ellington Uptown,* Columbia CL 830). Carney, of course, has doubled effectively on clarinet and bass clarinet.

By and large, Ellington prefers to work within the accepted dance-band instrumentation, extracting from it such a vast range of timbres that the end justifies the comparatively limited means. It must be mentioned, though, that on the one occasion when I heard the band supplemented by a full string section, the results were stunning. The Ellington orchestra combined with the Symphony of the Air at Carnegie Hall in 1955 to introduce a brilliant though since-neglected long work, *Night Creature.*

Ellington is a stubborn man. A few years around this band are an education. One learns that there are some men to whom logic, reason, and reality simply do not exist. Argue from now until Newport about the hiring of second-rate singers and trouble-causing musicians or the neglect of works that deserve to be kept in the library, and whether you are Irving Mills or Irving Townsend or Johnny Hodges, Duke will turn around and do just as he pleases.

Yet in spite of all the moments of infuriated frustration he has brought to a&r men, musicians, family, friends, business associates, in spite of the quixotic manner in which he dodges the facts of life, the seemingly pointed indifference toward former sideman, the slapdash, last-minute panic in which so much is written and organized, in spite of every fault that those close to him have found in Edward Kennedy Ellington—or perhaps at times because of them—we see him today the most challenging, most provocative, most brilliant, and most irreplaceable paragon in the 60-year history of jazz.

DOUBLE

By DON DeMICHEAL

TED WILLIAMS

CARNEY

IT'S HARD to keep track of some jazzmen. One week they're with so-and-so's band, the next week with a different group. It seems they change jobs as easily as they change clothes—and sometimes as often. But when a man joins the Ellington band, he usually stays.

Take the two senior members of the band. Harry Carney has been with the band since he was 17, and that was 36 years ago. Johnny Hodges, except from 1951-55, has been an Ellingtonian since 1928. So strong has been the association of men and band that Hodges' flowing, sensuous alto and Carney's full-blooded baritone are as much a part of the "Ellington sound" as are plunger-muted brass and Duke's piano.

But the Hodges-Carney relationship extends beyond their careers in the Ellington band. Both are from the Boston, Mass., area, and though Hodges is four years older than Carney, they were boyhood chums.

"Johnny and I lived a few doors apart," Carney said recently. "We used to get together and listen to records. And, of course, I've always been a great admirer of Johnny. I was trying to play alto in the same vein, and I stuck as close to him as he would allow me. It did me an awful lot of good."

Carney, a large man, sat quietly on the edge of a hotel-room bed. Hodges, a small man, sprawled on the bed, watching the flickering picture of a silent television set. He chuckled occasionally. It was difficult to tell if he was amused by the TV show or by Carney's reminiscenses of far-away days.

Carney continued: "Hodges was in New York before I came there. He was instrumental in getting me my first job in New York. That was in 1927.

"He was with Chick Webb at the Savoy Ballroom. They were having what they called a Masquerade Ball Night, an all-day, all-night affair. Instead of the regular two bands playing, there were four bands. Johnny got me a job in one of the relief bands. In the band was a fellow, Henry Saytoe, who had a job coming up in a couple of weeks at the Bamboo Inn, a Chinese-American restaurant. I got permission from my folks to stay, and I took that job. I was 17."

Hodges chuckled again.

While Carney was at the Bamboo Inn, Ellington often came in on his nights off to dine and listen to the band. After Carney had been at the restaurant for about three months, the place burned down.

But he evidently had made an impression on Ellington.

"One day I bumped into Duke on the street," Carney said. "He inquired as to what I was doing. I told him I was jobbing around, gigging. That's when he made me the offer to join him. He was taking a band up to New England, which was my stomping ground. I'd been away from home long enough to be homesick, and it didn't take much for him to influence me to go back."

Still an altoist, Carney added baritone saxophone to his doubles during his first week with the band.

"There were quite a few good baritone players in those days," he said. "Sonny Adams. Willie Grant. Joe Garland. Foots Thomas with the Missourians. As a matter of fact, all the bands used baritone if the band was above a certain number of pieces. The average nine- or 10-piece band would have baritone or someone who doubled baritone. I continued with alto, though, to about '32 or maybe later than that."

Hodges, who speaks much the same way he plays, stirred when asked how he joined the band.

"I'd been with Chick Webb," he said, "You see, Duke started Chick, gave Chick his first band. Duke was working at the Kentucky Club, six pieces. Another club opened up on 50th St. and Seventh Ave. I don't remember the name of it. But it wanted a band just like Duke's. So he asked me to have a band, and I didn't want any part of having a band. He asked Chick. (Chick would stand on a corner and sing whole arrangements.) We got together with six pieces and tried to make it sound like Duke. We did pretty good until we had had a fire. During that time fire was common in clubs. We went up to the Savoy for two weeks. Stayed about six months.

"I left and started gigging with a fellow named Luckey Roberts. The bread was good. Thought it would last forever. So I kept gigging and gigging and gigging.

"Meanwhile, Otto Hardwicke [who was playing alto with Ellington] had an accident, went through the windshield of a taxicab. Had his face all cut up, and I had to go to work for him. Duke offered me a job. I still wouldn't take the job, kept putting it off and putting it off. Everybody was trying to talk me into taking it. So I finally took it. And here I am."

Hodges would have it that nothing much happened between then and now. He fails to mention that in those years he became one of the important alto saxophonists, that his manner of playing influenced countless musicians. He will mention in an off-hand manner the small band he

PLAY CARNEY TO HODGES TO ELLINGTON

led from 1951-55 ("a little experience of my own, a few knocks, a few headaches").

But Hodges comments freely when the topic of discussion turns to Sidney Bechet (pronounced "Bash-shay" by those who knew the late soprano saxophonist well).

"I went to hear him at a theater in Boston," Hodges said. "My sister knew him very well. Made myself known, had a little soprano under my arm. He asked me to play. I caught the show two, three times to catch as much as I could. And then I started buying records. Him and Louis Armstrong. The Clarence Williams Blue Five.

"The best thing that ever happened to me was when I went to New York and was playing at a little cabaret on 135th St. He came after me. He had a club of his own called Club Bechet on 145th St. He came after me and offered me a job. He would tell me to learn this and learn that. 'The old man won't be here long,' he'd say. I didn't know what he was talking about then, but he would go away and get lost, and I was supposed to play his part. At the same time, I was learning, getting an education.

"They used to have midnight shows at the Lafayette Theater every Friday. All the clubs used to put on their shows free. Fantastic. We put on our show, and that's how I got to be known, through him. We played *I Found a New Baby* in duet form. So I was a big guy from then on, playing a duet with Bechet.

"That was way before Carney. I was 17. I used to come to New York and stay a week and run back. I'd take a job in a dancing school that would pay about $40 a week and only draw $8 or $10, just enough to go home. Day before payday, I'd go home, and we'd sit down and compare notes. Me, him [Carney], and Charlie Holmes [a saxophonist prominent in the late '20s and '30s, especially during his stay with the Luis Russell Band when it was fronted by Louis Armstrong]. Go back next week and do the same thing."

Carney, too, came under Bechet's influence.

"It was through Johnny that I became Bechet-conscious," he said. "That was before I left Boston. After I got with Duke, I heard so many fabulous stories about Bechet. Finally I met him and found he was a wonderful guy, very humorous, dry."

But it was Hodges who absorbed Bechet into his playing. For example, Hodges' alto solo on his small-band recording of *Dream Blues*, made in 1939 and reissued last year on an Epic LP, if played at 45 rpm instead of 33⅓ sounds like Bechet's soprano.

"I had quite a few of his riffs," Hodges said, smiling. "Quite a few of his pets. My pets too. Used to nurse him."

Hodges turned to Carney, the conversation about Ellington small-unit recordings seemingly having reminded him of something.

"You know those test records they used to give us?" he asked Carney. "I got all those. *Jeep's Blues*. You remember when you, me, and Cootie were getting it together?"

Carney nodded.

"I got all those," Hodges said. "They'd do four or five takes and keep one or two. And one or two of what they didn't use would be better than what they put out."

The mention of trumpeter Cootie Williams, who was a mainstay of the Ellington band from 1929 to 1940 when he left to go with Benny Goodman, brought to mind the

JIM MARSHALL

HODGES

Ellington band of the late '30s and early '40s, considered by many to be the golden era of the band.

But Carney would have none of this the-1940-band-was-the-best-band.

"A lot of people come up and start talking about the 1940 band and say, 'Gee, that was *the* band.' For the most part, they've stopped going where the band's playing. Then they come out one night and say, 'Oh, this band is nothing like the band of 1940.' And they actually haven't heard enough or absorbed enough of the current band's playing to say that. In 1940 there was something that did something to them, and that's all they remember."

Carney's point was well taken. Ellington, through both his music and the band, has evolved. For example, the band's library has several arrangements of Ellington tunes that have become standard.

"Take *It Don't Mean a Thing*," Hodges said. "I used to play the verse. You never heard the verse, didcha? That's the original. Then Ivie Anderson came in, and there was another arrangement. Then they had one for Ben Webster. And one for the brass section. Had one for Ray Nance. Then another one for Ray Nance, a different one."

"Rosemary Clooney did one," Carney added.

"We got all those," Hodges said. "We got a million of 'em. And they're all in the book."

"The book is jammed," Carney said. "We just carry them all over the country."

"And don't even mention the arrangements for *Caravan*," Hodges sputtered.

Nor is the library numbered, which, to say the least,

(Continued on page 44)

ELLINGTON & STRAYHORN, INC.

FOR NEARLY everyone interested in jazz, the names Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn are, if not synonymous, at least inextricably connected. But the connection is not as close, though it is unique, as might be assumed. This is no parallel of Damon and Pythias, though the loyalty one to other is strong. Nor is this an example of Abbott and Costello, with only one straight man, or Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy.

This connection is a corporation, really a co-operation, that has, except when the members are working singly, produced some of the finest music and offered one of the greatest orchestras available in jazz, in, for that matter, American music.

But for most, even for those closely associated with jazz, the relationship has not been clear. Who did, does, will do, what? Or, more precisely, how does Strayhorn fit into the Ellington dukedom?

Recently, *Down Beat's* associate editor Bill Coss spent an afternoon talking with Strayhorn in his apartment. The conversation ranged from the particular to the general and the inconsequential. Strayhorn, as charming as Ellington, never was at a loss for words. Following is a transcription of the pertinent parts of the conversation.

Coss: How did you and Ellington first get together?

Strayhorn: By the time my family got to Pittsburgh, I had a piano teacher, and I was playing classics in the high-school orchestra. Each year in the school, each class would put on some kind of show. Different groups would get together and present sketches. I wrote the music and lyrics for our sketch and played too. It was successful enough so that one of the guys suggested doing a whole show. So I did. It was called *Fantastic Rhythm*. I was out of high school by then, and we put it on independently. We made $55.

At that time, I was working in a drugstore. I started out as a delivery boy, and, when I would deliver packages, people would ask me to "sit down and play us one of your songs."

It's funny—I never thought about a musical career. I just kind of drifted along in music. But people kept telling me that I should do something with it. By the time I had graduated to being a clerk in the drugstore, people really began to badger me about being a professional musician.

Then, one time Duke Ellington came to Pittsburgh, and a friend got me an appointment with him. I went to see him and played some of my songs for him. He told me he liked my music and he'd like to have me join the band, but he'd have to go back to New York and find out how he could add me to the organization. You see, I wasn't specifically anything. I could play piano, of course, and I could write songs. But I wasn't an arranger. I couldn't really do anything in the band. So he went off, and I went back to the drugstore.

Several months went by; I didn't hear anything, but people kept badgering me. Finally, I wrote his office asking them where the band was going to be in three weeks. They wrote back that the band would be in Philadelphia.

At the time I had a friend, an arranger, by the name of Bill Esch. At the time he was doing some arrangements for Ina Ray Hutton. He was a fine arranger, and I learned a good deal from him.

Anyway, right then he had to go to New York to do some things for Ina Ray, so he suggested that we go together. He had relatives in Brooklyn, and I had an aunt and uncle in Newark, so we figured at least we would have a place to stay.

By the time I got to Newark, Duke was playing there at the Adams Theater. I went backstage. I was frightened, but Duke was very gracious. He said he had just called his office to find my address. He was about to send for me.

The very first thing he did was to hand me two pieces and tell me to arrange them. They were both for Johnny Hodges: *Like a Ship in the Night* and *Savoy Strut*, I think. I couldn't really arrange, but that didn't make any difference to him. He inspires you with confidence. That's the only way I can explain how I managed to do those arrangements. They both turned out quite well. He took them just the way they were.

From then on, Duke did very little of the arranging for the small groups. Oh, he did a little, but he turned almost all of them over to me. You could say I had inherited a phase of Duke's organization.

Then he took the band to Europe only a month after I joined the band in 1939. I stayed home and wrote a few things like *Day Dream*. When he came back, the band went to the Ritz Carlton Roof in Boston. Ivie Anderson had joined the band, and he asked me to do some new material for her.

After that, I inherited all the writing for vocalists, though not for those vocalese things he wrote for Kay Davis. I think what really clinched the vocal chores for me was when Herb Jeffries came with the band. He was singing in a high tenor range, and I asked him whether he liked singing up there. He said he didn't, so I wrote some things for him that pulled his voice down to

the natural baritone he became after *Flamingo*.

Coss: How do you and Duke work together? Do you have a particular manner of doing an arrangement or a composition? How do you decide who will do the arranging?

Strayhorn: It depends. There's no set way. Actually, it boils down to what the requirements of the music might be. Sometimes we both do the arranging on either his or my composition because maybe one of us can't think of the right treatment for it and the other one can. Sometimes neither of us can.

Sometimes we work over the telephone. If he's out on the road somewhere, he'll call me up and say, "I have a thing here," and, if he's at a piano, he'll play it and say, "Send me something." I do, and eventually we get it to work out when we get together.

That's surprising, you know, because we actually write very differently. It's hard to put into words . . . The difference is made up of so many technical things. He uses different approaches—the way he voices the brass section, the saxophone section. He does those things differently than I do. That's as much as I can say. I'm sure that's as clear as mud.

Still, I'm sure the fact we're both looking for a certain character, a certain way of presenting a composition, makes us write to the whole, toward the same feeling. That's why it comes together—for that reason.

The same thing goes for the way we play piano. I play very differently than Edward. You take *Drawing Room Blues*. We both played and recorded it at a concert. Then I didn't hear it for about a year. I must admit I had to listen a few times myself to tell which was which. But that's strange in itself, because we don't really play alike. I reflect more my early influences, Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum, whereas Ellington isn't in that kind of thing at all.

It's probably like the writing. It isn't that we play alike; it's just that what we're doing, the whole thing, comes together, because we both know what we're aiming for—a kind of wholeness. You know, if you really analyze our playing, you could immediately tell the difference, because he has a different touch, just to begin with. Still, I have imitated him. Not consciously, really. It's just that, say at a rehearsal or something, he'll tell me to play, and I'll do something, knowing this is what he would do in this particular place. It would fit, and it sounds like him, just as if I were imitating him. . . .

I can give you a good example of something we did over the phone. We were supposed to be playing the Great South Bay Jazz Festival about three years ago. Duke had promised a new composition to the people who ran it. He was on the road someplace. So he called me up and told me he had written some parts of a suite. This was maybe two or three days before he was due back in New York, and that very day he was supposed to be at the festival.

He told me some of the things he was thinking of. We discussed the keys and the relationships of the parts,

Duke Strayhorn

things like that. And he said write this and that.

The day of the festival, I brought my part of the suite out to the festival grounds. There was no place and no time to rehearse it, but I told Duke that it shouldn't be hard for the guys to sight-read. So they stood around backstage and read their parts, without playing, you understand.

Then they played it. My part was inserted in the middle. You remember I hadn't heard any of it. I was sitting in the audience with some other people who knew what had happened, and, when they got to my part, then went into Ellington's part, we burst out laughing. I looked up on the stage and Ellington was laughing too. Without really knowing, I had written a theme that was a kind of development of a similar theme he had written. So when he played my portion and went into his, it was as though we had really worked together—or one person had done it. It was an uncanny feeling, like witchcraft, like looking into someone else's mind.

Coss: How about the larger pieces—what's the extent of your work on them?

Strayhorn: I've had very little to do with any of them. I've worked on a couple of the suites, like *Perfume Suite* and this one. I've forgotten the name of it. That day, it was called *Great South Bay Festival Suite*.

The larger things like *Harlem* or *Black, Brown, and Beige* I had very little to do with other than maybe discussing them with him. That's because the larger works are such a personal expression of him. He knows what he wants. It wouldn't make any sense for me to be involved there.

Coss: You have differentiated between arranging and writing. That can be confusing. As you know, writing can simply be a matter of a melody line; the majority of the work could be the arranger's.

Strayhorn: Not in our case because we do it both ways. We both naturally orchestrate as we write. Still, sometimes you're just involved with a tune. You sit at the piano and write what represents a lead sheet.

It all depends on how the tune comes. Sometimes you get the idea of the tune and the instrument that should play it at the same time. It might happen that you know Johnny Hodges or Harry Carney or Lawrence Brown needs a piece. Or you think of a piece that needs Johnny or Harry or Lawrence to make it sound wonderful. Then you sit down and write it.

After it's done, Duke and I decide who's going to orchestrate—arrange—it. Sometimes we both do it, and he uses whatever version is best.

We have many versions of the same thing. You remember *Warm Valley*? It was less than three minutes long. But we wrote reams and reams and reams of music on that, and he threw it all out except what you hear. He didn't use any of mine. Now, that's arranging. The tune was written, but we had to find the right way to present it.

I have a general rule about all that. Rimski-Korsakov is the one who said it: all parts should lie easily under the fingers. That's my first rule: to write something a guy can play. Otherwise, it will never be as natural, or as wonderful, as something that does lie easily under his fingers.

We approach everything for what it is. It all depends on what you're doing. You have the instruments. You have to find the right thing—not too little, not too much. It's like getting the right color. That's it! Color is what it is, and you know when you get it. Also, you use whatever part or parts of the orchestra you need to get it.

For example, you have to deal with individual characteristics. Like, Shorty Baker, who has a certain trumpet sound. If you're writing for a brass section and you want his sound, you

(Continued on page 40)

Long Day's Journey

TED WILLIAMS

On the Road with the Duke Ellington Orchestra

By PETE WELDING

It was approaching 11 a.m. when I arrived at the small, nondescript hotel where the Ellington band was staying. The April day was sharp and still, and the sky above the small Indiana town of Rensselaer was a sullen, pallid gray. Surely we'd have rain before night.

The night before, I had traveled from Chicago to join the band for a stay of several days, to observe at first hand and from the vantage point of a seat on the band bus that unique phenomenon, the Duke Ellington Orchestra. The men had traveled more than 18 hours the previous day, coming by bus from New York City for a series of one-nighters in the Chicago area. Their first engagement had been a two-hour concert at Rensselaer's St. Joseph's College.

Entering the Hoosier Inn, the town's only hotel, I found myself in a fusty sitting-room-lobby occupied by three persons. Eddie Mullens, a trumpet veteran of many years' services in various big bands and now a member of the Ellington brass section, was leafing through a picture magazine under the baleful scrutiny of two withered village elders. As I conversed with Mullens their merciless gaze never left us. It was a bit unnerving; I felt like an exotic bird under the observation of a pair of sharp-eyed ornithologists.

Dolorous flute strains floated thinly from somewhere above us. After a few tentative starts, it launched into the theme from *Exodus*. I nodded quizzically. "That's Jimmy Hamilton," Eddie explained. "He's always working on his flute—anytime, anywhere."

"You'll find out," he said and winked.

I remarked that though the scheduled departure time was drawing near, no one in the band except him appeared to be up and about.

"That's another thing you'll find out soon enough," he said. "This band is *always* late. Like today. The band call is for 11 . . . so that means we'll leave about 12:30."

(He was within 10 minutes of being right. It was 12:40 p.m. before the bus, bearing on its side the legend "Duke Ellington and his Famous Orchestra," departed Rensselaer.) One by one, band members had straggled down from their rooms, to mill about in the tiny lobby or on the sidewalk after stowing their luggage and instruments on the bus.

Finally, after everyone had been herded into the bus by the band's road manager, Al Celley, and his assistant, the rotund Bobby Boyd, and after a frantic last-minute nose count, we pushed off.

Another concert was scheduled for the evening, this one at a small college in Dubuque, Iowa. The ride, northwest across Illinois, was sure to take six hours at least. Knowing this, the men settled themselves as comfortably as possible in preparation for the monotonous afternoon.

I had heard that there was a rigid seating arrangement in force on the bus, the prized seats being awarded on a seniority basis. This is true—to a degree. The coveted seats are the first four on the right-hand side of the bus and are occupied by Johnny Hodges, Russell Procope, Lawrence Brown, and Jimmy Hamilton, in that order. (Harry Carney, oldest member in point of service, rarely travels in the bus; he and Ellington travel in Carney's Chrysler. They had driven into Chicago the previous evening and would join the band in Dubuque.) After these first four, the seniority system falls off, and the other men choose seats almost indiscriminately, though permanently.

The personnel of the Duke Ellington Orchestra during Welding's trip consisted of Ray Nance, Eddie Mullens, Bill Berry, Roy Burrowes, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Leon Cox, Chuck Connors, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Russell Procope, Paul Gonsalves, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; Aaron Bell, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums; Milt Grayson, vocals.

Brown, aloof, dignified, a seeming refutation of the aphorism "no man is an island," quickly became absorbed in a copy of *Popular Mechanics*. Hamilton fished out his flute and resumed *Exodus*, then moved into *Moon River*.

Conversation was intermittent, lagged, died. Most of the men either read, slept, or gazed dully at the flat ochre monotony of the landscape. The sky darkened to a somber plum color, though it was still early afternoon. The torpor was a palpable thing. It had begun to drizzle lightly.

Sam Woodyard alone refused to allow his high spirits to be dampened. He was holding forth on his favorite topic—Life.

"Look," he said to no one in particular, "that's what we've lost in this modern age—the art of living. Nobody knows how to enjoy life any more. People don't want you to. They think there's something wrong with you if you're happy . . . and that's because they're so unhappy themselves. They want you to be unhappy too. They see you smiling, happy, glad to be alive, and they come up to you and say, 'What are you so happy about?' "

He spat out the offending words venomously.

"That's what they ask—'What are you so happy about?' " he continued. "Did you ever hear such a stupid question?"

He paused dramatically. No response. He plunged ahead. "As if just being alive, able to work, and do your best weren't enough," he thundered, warming to his subject. "Why, just the fact of being able to get up out of bed in the morning to face life, to earn your bread, to do battle—why, that's plenty to rejoice in! Now, most people miss the significance of getting out of bed. It's a *very* positive thing. It means you're ready to continue, to take what life has to offer. . . . "

As the dissertation continued, some stirred. Leon Cox interrupted with his best imitation of a pompous radio announcer: "Thank you, Mr. Sam Woodyard. Ladies and gentlemen, you've just heard more words of undying wisdom from the wailing Watusi. Tune in tomorr . . . "

He got no further, for by now Wood-

yard had swung into a vocalized drum solo. "Chung-a-chung-a-chung." His whole body rocked to the rhythm. Cox joined in good-naturedly, then began to sing a risque parody of *Tenderly*.

"It's time again," he announced, "for another installment of Leon's Lewd Lyrics," and proceeded to render several short, though highly improper, versions of standards. Several requests were answered, and then, as suddenly as the outburst had started, it subsided.

Hamilton had put away his flute, donned a hooded sweatshirt and, looking like a giant pixie, was explaining the principles of electricity to trumpeter Roy Burrowes, who had joined the band just a week before, taking Cat Anderson's place as lead trumpet while Anderson underwent minor surgery. Burrowes listened raptly as Hamilton explained direct and alternating currents, transformers and rectifiers, describing wave patterns in the air with his hands, and illustrating his remarks with drawings on a pad of paper.

Across the aisle from me, Ray Nance was sleeping, his checked hat pulled down over his eyes. Paul Gonsalves, behind him, and Bill Berry were reading paperback novels. Woodyard and Cox were now talking quietly.

The afternoon wore on. The drizzle became a heavy, slanting rain. Evening deepened, and driving became difficult. At times the bus seemed barely to crawl along the narrow ribbon of road between the rolling fields of corn.

Five p.m. passed and then six, seven, and still we drove on. The bus driver, a sharp-featured, bluff Irishman named Dick, had miscalculated the road time, had missed several turnoffs in the rain, which meant delays while the route was retraced, and it soon became apparent that there would be no time for supper before the concert. Tempers frayed, snapped, and, after a babble of indignant voices, sullen silence descended.

This was the mood of the band when the bus at last nosed into the parking lot behind the auditorium where the concert was to be held. The men changed into tuxedos in the darkened bus. There was a frantic scramble to get drums, music stands, and music in place on the bandstand.

"We thought you'd never get here," said a young collegian to Bobby Boyd, whom he was assisting in unloading the gear from the bus bay. "*You* thought we'd never get here," rumbled Boyd in mock surprise. "How about us? Still, we're only 15 minutes late." Everything was accomplished with a dispatch that indicated that this was not a rare occurrence.

Ellington also had been delayed by the storm and arrived a few minutes later, while all was being readied. Appraising the situation, he joked quietly with the men backstage, made light of the situation with a few well-chosen words, and ushered them on-stage with an encouraging "Let's go get 'em, gang."

And they did, roaring through the concert program with bite and passion beyond the routine.

"We should play on empty stomachs all the time," one of the men said during intermission, while all were gleefully wolfing down the sandwiches and coffee the school provided. Excitement was high, for the band was playing particularly well that evening, and no one knew it better than its members.

FOR THE most part the Ellington orchestra plays either concert or dance engagements, mostly one-night appearances, and only rarely settles in one place for any length of time.

The concerts are formulized two-hour affairs: Several old Ellington staples, new material like the *Asphalt Jungle* and *Paris Blues* themes that

TED WILLIAMS

Ellington is currently featuring, and numbers showcasing individual soloists.

I asked Russell Procope if playing the same set of tunes night after night proved monotonous.

"No," he replied, "it's not so much that it's boring or monotonous. That's an attitude of mind. See, it's the sort of thing you expect in big-band work. You *have* to work from arrangements, and so your satisfaction arises from your professionalism. You know, just how well you play the charts . . . that sort of thing. These are good tunes and good arrangements, and there's a challenge to them.

"Besides, everyone gets a chance to solo, to say his piece. And, remember, the arrangements are always changing too. As new guys come into the band, Duke will either write new pieces to showcase their talents or will completely re-arrange older numbers for them. That's one reason why there are so many different arrangements of the same tunes in the book. They were individually tailored for particular soloists."

I expressed curiosity as to why Ray Nance doesn't use either music or stand. "Ray's got a retentive memory," Russell replied. "He plays an arrangement a few times and he remembers it. He doesn't need it after that."

Another member advanced a different theory, "No, it's just that all Ray's parts have gotten lost. By accident or design, I don't know."

The second half of the concert proceeded without hitch, the men feeling somewhat better for the little food.

Afterwards, there was a rush to get the gear stowed on board.

While Boyd was dismantling stands, collecting music, packing, and loading the bus, the band members hastily changed to street clothes, cleaned instruments, packed, joked, and talked with relish about the gargantuan meals they were about to consume. Finally, all was ready, and we pulled out.

Celley had gotten directions to an all-night restaurant, and he in turn directed the driver to it. The night was clear and bright, and a sharp chill was in the air as we hurried into the garishly-lit diner. The rain had stopped.

After the tension of the preceding hours, the warmth and brightness of the restaurant and the imminence of a hot meal brought on a kind of collective giddiness, or at least an expansive good humor. Dick, the bus driver, took a good deal of kidding about his map-reading abilities, and it was roundly suggested that in the future Celley—who is very near-sighted, and not the least bit sensitive about it—should drive.

Conversation then moved to previous drivers the band had had. Jimmy Hamilton recalled, "We had this one guy who used to drive sideways. Used to sit up there at the wheel with his feet out in the aisle." Jimmy demonstrated on the stool, swinging around at a 90-degree angle to the counter, his arms twisted behind him gripping an imaginary wheel some inches above his plate. "I guess he was afraid he was going to miss something going on in the bus, so he sat that way. We used to call him 'Old Sidesaddle,' but he sure scared me some—driving that way."

Mullens, who had been eating and

(Continued on page 43)

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

By BRAD McCUEN

HOW MANY times has Duke Ellington's *Dreamy Blues* been played? Probably thousands of times. It's better known as *Mood Indigo*, but as many record collectors are aware, *Dreamy Blues* was Ellington's original title, and early pressings of Brunswick 4952 give the title as such.

What's in a name? True, *Mood Indigo* would be as good titled *Blue Girl* or *Gray Gloom* or even *Dreamy Blues*. But titles are usually descriptive, and Ellington titles have been fascinating. The way some gained their titles is equally fascinating.

Ellington has assigned two or more different titles to many pieces. There's *Harlem River Quiver*, which also has been released as *Brown Berries*. Rex Stewart, fronting an Ellington unit, cut *Swing, Baby, Swing* in 1937, but the next year the labels were changed to read *Love in My Heart*.

Last year Dom Cerulli, former associate editor of *Down Beat*, and I spent considerable time researching the reissue album *The Indispensable Duke Ellington*. The RCA Victor recording pages for this period tell quite a fascinating story not only from the standpoint of the great sides recorded but also in regard to their titles. Most orchestras of that time were eager to record originals. Often at recording dates, these consisted of the barest sketches and even were untitled. It is quite usual to see on recording pages in place of titles the notations: *Untitled #1*, *Riff #109*, *Title to follow*, and even, *Tom's tune*.

RCA Victor policy at recording sessions then was to have a typewriter in the control room and, as the recording proceeded, the master number, take, title, and other pertinent data were typed on a special form known as a recording page. This paper then became the permanent document upon which all subsequent operations in producing and manufacturing the recording were based. Usually these tentative titles were given permanent names within a few days of the session and released on records as such.

Ellington is a meticulous craftsman and, according to the recording pages, seems to have done more than the usual retitling. Hardly a session went by during the early 1940s without an inked-in correction for at least one title.

For instance, Ellington and the band recorded *Kalina* on March 6, 1940. On March 13 the title was changed to *Ko-Ko*. *Shuckin' and Stiffin'* became *Cottontail* just prior to release. *Never No Lament* is better known as *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, but at the session at which it was recorded it was known by neither title; it was simply a tune tagged *Foxy*.

Next, there's a really confusing pair. It is not unknown that Ellington cut *Rumpus in Richmond* on July 22, 1940. But after the session, he decided that the title didn't fit that particular melody and its extension, so he retitled it *Harlem Air Shaft*. But Ellington still liked the *Rumpus* title so he gave it to another instrumental, theretofore titled *Brassiere*, cut at the same session.

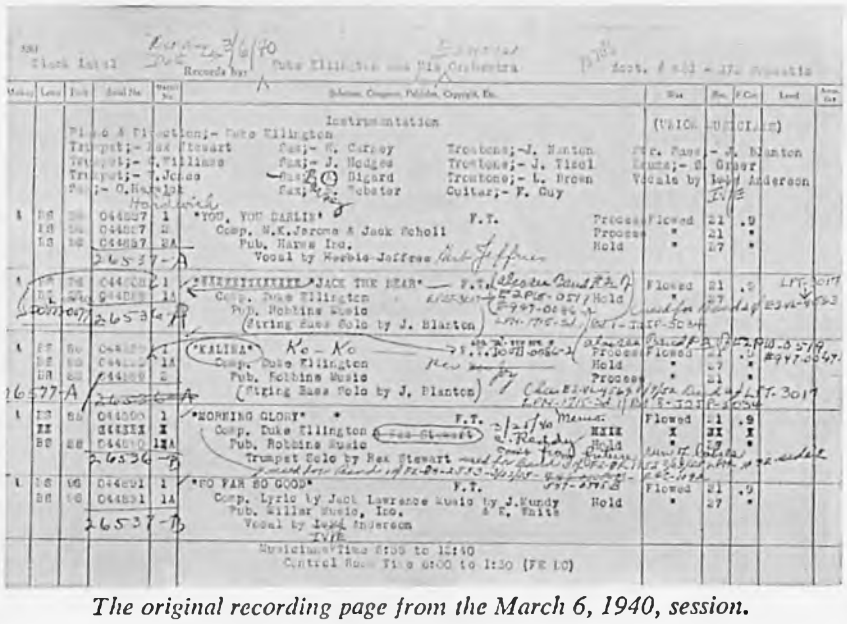
All Too Soon was recorded simply as *Slow Tune* and then retitled *I Don't . . . .* (a smudge on the recording page makes the last word undecipherable) before it received its final appellation. *Sepia Panaroma* was called *Night House* for at least four days after it was recorded. Ellington's recording of *Swee'pea*, his pet nickname for arranger Billy Strayhorn, is much better known as *Just A-Settin' and A-Rockin'*. *Puerto Rican Gal* became *Moon over Cuba*, and *Plane Time* was released as *Johnny Come Lately*. At the time of its recording, *Moon Mist* also was called *Atmosphere*, and a composition known as *Swing Shifters Swing* and subsequently as *Altitude* finally was dubbed *Mainstem*.

Evidently Ellington had many afterthoughts regarding his Feb. 26, 1942, date. He recorded *What Am I Here For?* under that title but later decided to call it *Ethiopian Notion* and still later reverted back to the work's original tag. Also from the same session, *Someone* became *Alone Again* and then *You've Got My Heart* before it too wound up with the title it started with. *Home* perhaps was too simple to last as an Ellington title; it became *Sentimental Lady*. Within a year, however, a lyric had been added, and the band recut the tune with Joya Sherrill singing. This time it was called *I Didn't Know About You*.

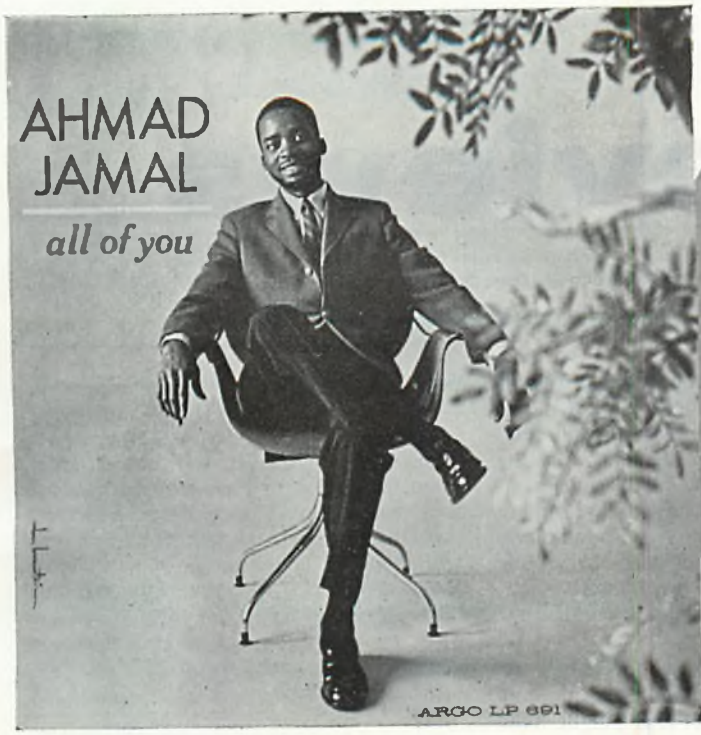
For a sort of double reverse, Johnny Hodges, heading an Ellington unit, recorded *Things Ain't What They Used to Be* in 1941, but four years later when the full orchestra cut the tune, Ellington changed the title to *Time's A-Wastin'*. But jazz fans remember it best by the former name, and today the band's in-person version has reverted to the earlier name.

Subtle Slough cut by Rex Stewart's unit in 1941 has the same melody as *Just Squeeze Me*, but when the full band recorded it, the title was given on the recording page as *Don't Tease Me*.

Ellington evidently realizes that a good title won't make a composition sound better, but it can certainly enhance it greatly. db


"TOO, YOU DARLIN'" F.T. Comp. M.K.Jerome & Jack Scholl Pub. Harms Inc. Vocal by Herbie Jeffries
"JACK THE BEAR" F.T. Comp. Duke Ellington Pub. Robbins Music (String Bass Solo by J. Blanton)
"KALINA" Ko-Ko Comp. Duke Ellington Pub. Robbins Music (Tuba Solo by J. Blanton)
"MORNING GLORY" F.T. Comp. Duke Ellington Pub. Robbins Music Trumpet Solo by Rex Stewart
"SO FAR SO GOOD" F.T. Comp. Lyric by Jack Lawrence Music by J.Mundy Pub. Miller Music, Inc. Vocal by Ivie Anderson
Instrumentation

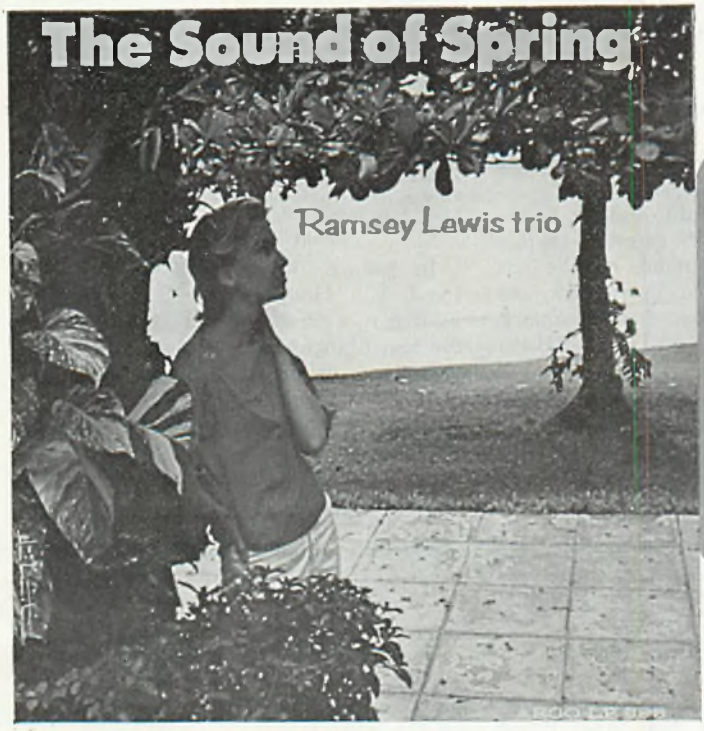
The original recording page from the March 6, 1940, session.



AHMAD JAMAL

ALL OF YOU

LP 691



RAMSEY LEWIS TRIO

THE SOUND OF SPRING

LP 693

THE PERFECT MATCH

ON ARGO

AVAILABLE OF COURSE, ON STEREO
AT NO EXTRA CHARGE

ARGO RECORDS
2120 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

record reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, Don Henahan, Frank Kofsky, Bill Mathieu, Harvey Pekar, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, Martin Williams, John S. Wilson. Reviews are initialed by the writers.

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

JAZZ

Chris Anderson

INVERTED IMAGE—Jazzland 57: *Inverted Image; Lullaby of the Leaves; My Funny Valentine; See You Saturday; Dancing in the Dark; Only One; I hear a Rhapsody; You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To.*

Personnel: Anderson, piano; Bill Lee, bass; Philly Joe Jones or Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Anderson comes rather highly touted by his fellow Chicago musicians. Severe illnesses had kept him in that city, until a brief tour as accompanist to Dinah Washington enabled him to go to New York in June, 1961, at which time Riverside/Jazzland recorded his initial LP.

Anderson has a provocative way of exploring the harmonies of a tune, at times reminiscent of Thelonious Monk (*Image*), at times Bill Evans (*Rhapsody, So Nice*). Although both men are suggested as comparisons in the notes, it must be added that Anderson lacks the profundity of the former and the sweeping lyric grandeur of the latter. His particular rhythmic elan is a light swing, a refreshing change from heavy-handed, latter-day converts to pseudo-Gospel stylings, but there are instances when his phrasing becomes awkward, as if he were so interested in the chords that the rhythm is temporarily overlooked.

In short, an interesting but inconclusive debut. I should mention that Perkins is tasty in support. (F.K.)

Eddie Davis-Johnny Griffin

BLUES UP AND DOWN—Jazzland 960: *Camp Meeting; Blues Up and Down; Nice and Easy; Oh, Gee; Walkin'; Leapin' on Lenox; Layin' on Mellow.*

Personnel: Davis, Griffin, tenor saxophones; Lloyd Mayers, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Judging from the number of albums this group has made in a relatively short time, it must be one of the hottest commercial attractions in jazz. It is not, however, as good as the Sonny Stitt-Gene Ammons and Wardell Gray-Dexter Gordon two-tenor combinations.

Davis, who is particularly popular these days, has a tremendously buoyant way of swinging, an attractively husky tone, and an immediately identifiable style. His lines are marred, though, by a lack of fresh melodic ideas. He has four or five pet licks and turns of phrase that he repeats so much that his solos become predictable.

His playing on almost every track of this album illustrates these virtues and flaws clearly. I particularly dug his powerfully earthy spot on *Nice and Easy* and booting playing *Up and Down.*

Griffin's strong points lie in other directions than Davis'. He is never at a loss for ideas but shows little concern for dynamic variation. Still, I find his small and relatively soft tone rather agreeable in the normal registers in contrast to some modern tenors who self-consciously employ louder and harder sounds. (I'm thinking in particular of some of John Coltrane's imitators, though Coltrane himself is capable of producing starkly beautiful sonorities in all registers.)

Griffin has been accused of a lack of taste because he double-times a lot, but this seems an unfair rap. It is true he likes to play fast, but his solos have plenty of meat in them at any tempo and his choruses have, at the least, an intracontinuity.

Although he has been heard to better advantage in groups led by Thelonious Monk and Art Blakey that included more challenging compositions in their repertoire, he gets off very well-developed solos on *Gee, Easy,* and *Walkin'*. His playing throughout is attractively relaxed.

Mayers is a fair soloist, and he, Gales, and Riley make a really excellent rhythm team. Riley especially stands out; he gets a fine, crisp sound from his cymbals, and though he is an economical drummer, accents when it counts. (H.P.)

Duke Ellington

ALL AMERICAN—Columbia 8590: *Back to School; I've Just Seen Her; Which Way?; If I Were You; Once upon a Time; Night Life; Our Children; I Couldn't Have Done It Alone; We Speak the Same Language; What a Country!*

Personnel: Unidentified but probably Cat Anderson, Harold Baker, Ray Nance, Bill Berry, trumpets; Chuck Connors, Lawrence Brown, Leon Cox, trombones; Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, alto saxophones; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Ellington, piano; Sam Woodyard, drums; Aaron Bell, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This may seem like a surprisingly high rating for an album of show tunes. But it is Ellington's first such album, and it proves again what has long been one of the great wonders of the Ellington band: that it can sublimate just about any material on earth.

These are not bad songs, but by the time they have been wrung through the near-magic ducal process, they emerge as something close to pure Ellingtonia. From Carney's opening moments in the *School* waltz to the tongue-in-cheek finale of *Country!* there is precious little that isn't typical of the band at its incomparable best.

Hamilton has some particularly impressive moments; so do Hodges, Brown, and Nance. If one can carp at anything, it may be the heaviness of Woodyard on *Which Way?* and an occasional imperfection in the reading of the arrangements.

The telephone must have rung while annotator George Wein was listening to these sides, or else it was out of order when he needed to check solo credits, for they are strangely incomplete. I suspect that the trumpet on *Which Way?* and *Our Children* could be the new addition, Berry. I suspect, too, that Ellington and Billy Strayhorn shared in the writing and wish we could have been informed on this highly interesting point.

What a band! (L.G.F.)

Johnny Hodges

JOHNNY HODGES WITH BILLY STRAYHORN AND *THE* ORCHESTRA—Verve 6-8452: *Don't Get Around Much Anymore; I've Got It Bad, and That Ain't Good; Gal from Joe's; Your Love Has Faded; I'm Just a Lucky So and So; Jeep's Blues; Day Dream; Juice A-Plenty; Azure; Tailor Made; Stardust.*

Personnel: Harold Baker, Cat Anderson, Bill Berry, Ed Mullens, Howard McGhee, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Quentin Jackson, Chuck Connors, trombones; Hodges, alto saxophone; Russell Procope, Paul Gonsalves, Jimmy Hamilton, Harry Carney, reeds; Jimmy Jones, piano; Aaron Bell, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums; Strayhorn, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

In essence, this is the Duke Ellington Band with Hodges featured in, for the most part, a Strayhorn setting. It is among the best Ellingtonia issued in the last year.

Hodges, in his usual form, which is to say excellent, effortlessly tosses off phrases buttery in mellowness, fat with the milk of maturity and the honey of imagination. On the ballads he imparts sentiment without becoming fudgy about it. On the bounce blues tracks, he comments with aplomb between the ensemble phrases. The way he states melody, as on, say, *Lucky,* is as personal and identifiable as another man's improvisations.

There is little lost motion in Hodges' playing, either ballad or bounce; little is superfluous; what is left out intensifies what is played.

Three tracks have superb Hodges moments: *Jeep's,* in which he floats through the altered chord changes of the third chorus; *Dream,* even more tender and sensuous than the original version; and *Juice,* in which he *struts*—the only word to describe it—after the band drops out. The latter track is marred, unfortunately, by rushing tempo.

Brown also is featured but not to the extent Hodges is. For the most part, he plays very well here, most notably on *Love, Lucky,* and *Juice.* But his feature track, *Stardust,* while certainly showing his command of the trombone in all registers, is weakened by his fighting the tempo, trying to pull away from it, not always getting the notes in the right place.

Strayhorn has done an impeccable job

IT'S SPRING CLEANING TIME!

So throw away your worn-out old albums, and stock up on a really fresh batch from the varied and ever-swinging RIVERSIDE supply—

THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY SEXTET IN NEW YORK

Another "live" LP, another best-seller, by the most exciting group in jazz today—the incomparable Adderley brothers, plus the big sound of Yusef Lateef. *(RLP 404; Stereo 9404)*

BAGS MEETS WES: MILT JACKSON & WES MONTGOMERY

Combine the greatest vibist and the greatest guitarist, back with an unbeatable rhythm section—and the results are exactly as magnificent as you'd imagne. *(RLP 407; Stereo 9407)*

TRIPLE THREAT: JIMMY HEATH

Intriguing arranger, tuneful composer, *and* a most moving tenorman. Jimmy Heath is all three, in top form, on this notable new album, featuring Freddie Hubbard. *(RLP 400; Stereo 9400)*

SPRING FEVER: THE JAZZ BROTHERS

The weather has to be bright and sunny when you're hearing these highly talented young men of jazz—Chuck and Gap Mangione, and Sal Nistico—*in* their latest swinger. *(RLP 405; Stereo 9405)*

WALTZ FOR DEBBY: BILL EVANS TRIO

The matchless Bill Evans in a breathtakingly lyrical and sensitive program featuring the late Scott LaFaro. *(RLP 399; Stereo 9399)*

THE J.F.K. QUINTET

We'll guarantee you've never heard anything quite like this remarkable new group from Washington, D.C. *(RLP 396; Stereo 9396)*

THE BOBBY TIMMONS TRIO IN PERSON

The first outing for Mr. Soul's new trio is—of course—a deep-down and groovy experience. *(RLP 391; Stereo 9391)*

RAH: MARK MURPHY

The hippest, the most swinging, and the most romantic—that's the voice of Mark Murphy (Milestones, Lil' Darlin' and lots more). *(RLP 395; Stereo 9395)*

RIVERSIDE

of using the band to set off Hodges to best advantage, whether it be with thick-textured organ backgrounds (*Got It Bad*), hard-gutted full ensemble (*Don't Get Around*), or with instruments stacked in multihued layers (*Azure*). Some of his arrangements are quite close to the original versions (*Gal*).

Mullens, who seldom has got credit for being the fine writer he is, did the posterior-shaking *Tailor*, which has short solos by Gonsalves, Brown, Baker, and Carney as well as a longer one by Hodges.

Despite the weaknesses noted, this is a valuable addition to Ellingtonia. (D.DeM.)

Calvin Jackson

TWO SIDES OF CALVIN JACKSON—Reprise 6022: *Moon River; How High the Moon; Moonlight Sonata; Tonight; Snowfall; I'll Remember April; Post Coasties; Like Someone in Love; Cute; Four Brothers.*

Personnel: Jackson, piano; unidentified accompaniment.

Rating: ★ ★

The two sides that Jackson displays on this disc—one in a concerto-type settings with string and horn backgrounds, the other with just rhythm accompaniment—have one thing common: both are glib and superficial.

The pieces with strings are out of the Roger Williams drawer. The combo selections mix the Williams idiom with facile, rhythmic playing that may or may not be intended to be jazz. Aside from the oddity of hearing a piano transcription of *Four Brothers*, what Jackson offers is pretentiously chromium-plated cocktail piano. (J.S.W.)

Franz Jackson

JASS, JASS, JASS—Philips 200-013; *Washington and Lee Swing; Cornet Chop Suey; How Come You Do Me Like You Do?; Who's Sorry Now?; Oh, How I Miss You Tonight; Beale St. Blues; No Use Now; Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet; High Society; Gate City; Don't Forget the Blues.*

Personnel: Jackson, clarinet; Bob Shoffner, trumpet; Al Wynn, trombone; Lawrence Dixon, banjo; Rozelle Claxton or Little Brother Montgomery, piano; Bill Oldham, tuba; Richard Curry, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Wynn and Claxton have good moments, but all major honors go to Shoffner and Dixon in this album. These two carry the bulk of the load, do the trail blazing, and most of the others are content to follow along with more-or-less adequate performances.

Jackson has had a long career in Chicago jazz, but he has never conquered his propensity for bunching miscellaneous phrases into something that resembles a jazz solo, and this fault is evident on most of these tracks. Often it is Shoffner's electrically charged horn and Dixon's rocklike rhythm that have to redeem the lethargy.

Wynn doesn't kick the ensemble the way he should, but he turns in stirring solos on *Beale St.* and *Gate*. Claxton (or are the liner notes confusing Claxton's work with Montgomery's?) does beautiful work on *Don't Forget the Blues.*

But it is the Shoffner-Dixon combination that propels these tracks. Both move through the tunes with a sureness and a determination to make things swing, and had the others been blessed with this degree of intention, this rating would have been higher. (G.M.E.)

Milt Jackson-Wes Montgomery

BAGS MEETS WES—Riverside 407: *SKJ; Stablemates; Stairway to the Stars; Blue Roz; Sam Sack; Jingles; Delilah.*

Personnel: Jackson, vibraharp; Montgomery, guitar; Wynton Kelly, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is the third album released since Jackson left Atlantic a few months ago. The first issued was the superlative collaboration with the Oscar Peterson Trio on Verve—one of the best Jackson albums; the second was a fairly interesting Impulse LP (*Statements*) with pianist Hank Jones. This third, considering the personnel, promised to be at least as enjoyable as the one with Peterson. It is not; in fact, it is the least rewarding of the three.

There are good moments, to be sure: Jackson's balladry on *Stairway*, particularly his turnaround going into the second eight of the first chorus and his masterful reshaping of the second eight; his tumbling break on Montgomery's *Blue Roz;* the all-around success of *Jingles*, with excellent solos and ensemble work by both Joneses; and Jackson's intense work on *Delilah.*

But there are drawbacks too: The inconclusion of Montgomery on *SKJ*, a catchy blues by Jackson; Bags getting hung on *Stablemates'* changes; the lack of inspiration prevalent on too much of this record. This last is most important.

In other words, the session didn't come off as well as it should have. (D.DeM.)

Jazz Crusaders

LOOKIN' AHEAD—Pacific Jazz 43: *Song of India; Big Hunk of Funk; Tonight; 507 Neyland; Till All Ends; Tortoise and the Hare; In a Dream; Sinnin' Sam; The Young Rabbits.*

Personnel: Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone; Wayne Henderson, trombone; Joe Sample, piano; Jimmy Bond, bass; Sticks Hooper, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The Jazz Crusaders group was formed when its members were in high school and held together when they went to Texas Southern University. Although they appear to be well-schooled musicians, the band has much in common with the jumping, unpretentious combos that flourished in the Southwest 20 to 25 years ago.

This is, however, not just another hastily arranged blowing session. Some of the compositions are quite good, notably *India*—done in 7/4 time— and the very pretty *507 Neyland.*

Funk and *Sam* are cited in the notes as examples of Gospel-influenced tunes that have complex and challenging under-

down beat's 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.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

- ☐ Robert Johnson, (vocal) King of the Delta Blues Singers (Columbia 1654)
- ☐ *Lester Young and the Kansas City Five* (reissue) (Commodore 30014)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

- ☐ *Dorothy Ashby* (Argo 690)
- ☐ Benny Carter, *Further Definitions* (Impulse 12)
- ☐ Ornette Coleman, *Ornette!* (Atlantic 1378)
- ☐ Miles Davis, *Someday My Prince Will Come* (Columbia 1646)
- ☐ Gil Evans, *Into the Hot* (Impulse 9)
- ☐ *An Electrifying Evening with the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet* (Verve 8401)
- ☐ Woody Herman, *Swing Low, Sweet Clarinet* (Philips 200-004)
- ☐ Roland Kirk, *We Free Kings* (Mercury 60679)
- ☐ Mark Murphy (vocal) *Rah!* (Riverside 395)
- ☐ Gunther Schuller-Jim Hall, *Jazz Abstractions* (Atlantic 1365)
- ☐ Zoot Sims-Al Cohn, *Either Way* (Fred Miles Presents 1)

★ ★ ★ ★

- ☐ Bob Brookmeyer, *Gloomy Sunday and Other Bright Moments* (Verve 8455)
- ☐ Kenny Burrell, *Blue Lights* (Blue Note 1597)
- ☐ Arnett Cobb, *Movin' Right Along* (Prestige 7216)
- ☐ Teddy Edwards, *Good Gravy* (Contemporary 3592)
- ☐ Duke Ellington-Count Basie, *First Time* (Columbia 1715 and 1815)
- ☐ Bill Evans, *Waltz for Debby* (Riverside 399)
- ☐ Erma Franklin, (vocal) *Her Name Is Erma* (Epic 3824)
- ☐ Don Friedman, *A Day in the City* (Riverside 384)
- ☐ Lionel Hampton, (reissue) *The "Original" Stardust* (Decca 74194)
- ☐ Elmo Hope, *Here's Hope* (Celebrity 209)
- ☐ J. J. Johnson, *A Touch of Satin* (Columbia 8537)
- ☐ Quincy Jones, *The Quintessence* (Impulse 11)
- ☐ Clifford Jordan, *Starting Time* (Jazzland 52)
- ☐ Oscar Peterson-Milt Jackson, *Very Tall* (Verve 8429)
- ☐ Tommy Ladnier, (reissue) *Blues and Stomps* (Riverside 154)
- ☐ Gerry Mulligan, *On Tour* (Verve 8438)
- ☐ *The Sensual Sound of Sonny Stitt* (Verve 8451)
- ☐ Roosevelt Sykes, *Blues* (Folkways FS 3827)
- ☐ *The Essential Art Tatum* (reissue) (Verve 8433)
- ☐ Richard Twardzik, (reissue) *The Last Set* (Pacific Jazz 37)

five new ones on Jazzland...and as usual, each has something special to say...

RED GARLAND: The Nearness of You

Long noted for the exceptionally moving, rich-textured quality of his piano ballad style, Red offers for the first time a full album devoted to his wonderful way of treating languorous, lightly-swinging and unashamedly romantic jazz. (JLP 62; Stereo 962)

EDDIE 'LOCKJAW' DAVIS and JOHNNY GRIFFIN: Blues Up and Down

All blues and a mile *deep!* The celebrated tough-tenor team presents another in their series of toe-tapping Jazzland albums—this one featuring their exciting attacks on blues of all types and tempos. (JLP 60; Stereo 960)

SONNY RED: The Mode

The spotlight is on "modal" jazz, stimulating and truly different, as altoist Sonny Red, new guitarist Grant Green and piano star Barry Harris romp through the long lines of the title tune. *Also:* dig Sonny's unique version of "Moon River." (JLP 59; Stereo 959)

OSCAR PETTIFORD: Last Recordings

Recorded in 1960, just before his untimely death, these eight selections (including five Pettiford originals) movingly demonstrate the great talents of the late bassist, a real giant of modern jazz. (JLP 64; Stereo 964)

DOROTHY ASHBY: Soft Winds

The harp doesn't get a proper jazz workout very often, and certainly not one like this, with the swinging Ashby harp brilliantly counterpointed by the equally swinging vibes of Miss Terry Pollard. (JLP 61; Stereo 961)

JAZZLAND

lying structures. The former composition, by Felder, is a solid piece of writing, but *Sam*—deceptively tricky changes or not—is a hackneyed theme.

Felder is a fine soloist. Like James Clay and Fathead Newman, he is a modern musician but retains the Texas moan feeling in his playing. His phrasing is legato, his technique and time sure. A very fast terminal vibrato lends excitement to his playing. He likes to stretch and wail on chords in a manner that suggests Sonny Stitt, and is apparently happiest at medium and fast tempos. On *Rabbits* and *India* his emotions are bursting at the seams. On the ballads he uses the lower register more, and his tone softens and becomes breathy.

Henderson has been influenced by J. J. Johnson but is much less reserved. His lines are simple and sometimes not very interesting, but he plays well on *Neyland* and displays a rich sound on *Dream*.

Sample's playing is florid but well constructed. His short solo on *India* is worth more than passing attention. He states a series of chords and repeats it several times, building hypnotically. It's too bad he's not allowed to play longer, for he had obviously struck a groove.

Hooper is a comer. On *Rabbits* he swings massively, contributing a great deal to its success. (H.P.)

Jonah Jones-Glen Gray

JONAH JONES-GLEN GRAY—Capitol 1660: *Baubles, Bangles, and Beads; Echoes of Harlem; Two O'Clock Jump; I Can't Get Started; Boy Meets Horn; Hot Lips; After You've Gone; West End Blues; Chiribiribin; Tenderly; Sugar Blues; Apollo Jumps.*

Personnel: Jones, solo trumpet; Manny Klein, Conrad Gozzo, Joe Graves, Shorty Sherock, Uan Rasey, Al Porcino, trumpets; Chuck Gentry, Plas Johnson, Abe Most, Babe Russin, Skeets Herfurt, reeds; Joe Howard, Milt Bernhart, Lew McCreary, George Roberts, Ken Shroyer, trombones; Ray Sherman, piano; Mike Rubin or Morty Korb, bass; Jack Marshall, guitar; Nick Fatool, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Replete with shuffle beat and albums of show and movie tunes, Jones has been creating a popular image in recent years that, to many who recall his big-band work of two decades ago, would appear to belie his genuinely fine talent as a jazzman. That this talent is still much alive is evident in this set of Benny Carter arrangements played by the Capitol Tower version of the Casa Loma Orchestra.

Carter's works are functional and always swinging and serve as a nigh perfect showcase for Jones' horn. They range from subdued and subtle (*Boy Meets Horn, I Can't Started*) to wild flagwavers (*Two O'Clock Jump, Apollo Jumps*), and always Jonah is front and center, his chops rarin' to go.

There are not many surprises in the set, but *Echoes* is always a treat and *West End* a delight. Jones even makes something worthwhile of *Sugar Blues*. Most unsurprising is the opener, *Baubles*, inasmuch as Jones takes it very much as he did with the hot-selling quartet, mute and all.

The Hollywood studio band is impeccable and radiates a goodly fire of its own behind Jonah. There is but one notable solo from the band, a brief but exciting tenor sax chorus from Johnson, and he makes the most of it. (J.A.T.)

Duke Jordan

LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES—Charlie Parker 813: *No Problem # 1; No Problem # 2; No Problem # 3; Jazz Vendor; Subway Inn; The Feeling of Love # 1; The Feeling of Love # 2.*

Personnel: Jordan, piano; Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Sonny Cohn, trumpet; Eddie Kahn, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Doris Parker claims in the notes that Jordan composed the music played by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers on the sound track from *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, which was credited to one J. Marray.

No Problem, which takes up one side of the LP at medium and slow tempos and with a Latin rhythm, seems primarily a good vehicle for improvisation but is unusual in that it is based on a 56-bar AABA chorus that breaks down into 16-, 16-, 8-, and 16-bar sections. *Vendor* is another swinging tune, and *Feeling of Love #1* is a pretty ballad. But most of the space is taken up by improvisation.

Rouse is outstanding. In recent years he has been influenced by Sonny Rollins, but his style is still easily recognizable. He has no major faults, but his strong point is in the area of rhythm. He swings hard but does not bear down or bite into the rhythm section, using devices such as honks or held notes, to the extent that Rollins does. Partly because of this, his playing seems self-propelled rather than pushed by the piano, bass, and drums.

All of Rouse's solos on this album are very well constructed; he doesn't waste a note, and his double-time passages are perfectly set up. Though he is harmonically conservative when compared with John Coltrane, he gets his teeth into the chords to play some very rich melodic lines. This last characteristic is clearly demonstrated on *Feeling of Love #1*. On this track his tone is softer than usual, becoming slightly breathy.

Cohn's style is hard to classify. He seems to have been influenced by a variety of trumpeters, most obviously Clark Terry. He does not have nearly the rhythmic ease of Terry, but, then, who does? And his efforts to emulate him are sometimes ludicrous. He is featured on *Feeling of Love #2* and displays a big tone, but his vibrato is often corny He does play well on *No Problem #1*.

Jordan, one of the most lyric of modern pianists, is disappointing in his solos, with the exception of his fine *Subway* bit. His comping, though, is excellent throughout the album.

Taylor turns in his usual excellent performance, and Kahn is a strong, if not especially inventive, bassist. (H.P.)

Barry Miles

MILES OF GENIUS — Charlie Parker 804: *Timetable; Once There Was a Bird; Turchentine; Deez Weel; May-U; Old Jake; Terry.*

Personnel: Johnny Glasel, trumpet; George Clarke, tenor saxophone; Bob Miller, alto saxophone; Duke Jordan, piano; Al Hall, bass; Miles, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Miles, at 14, already has been playing with top-ranking jazz pros around New York for five years. He's a good drummer, without making any distinctions for age, and his light, propulsive touch keeps his group swinging easily all through this set.

NEW JAZZ

THE NEW AND EXCITING YOUNG STARS ARE ON NEW JAZZ

JACKIE McLEAN NJ 8263

DON ELLIS NJ 8257

RON CARTER NJ 8265

YUSEF LATEEF NJ 8261

KEN McINTYRE NJ 8259

LARRY YOUNG NJ 8264

ERIC DOLPHY NJ 8260

WALT DICKERSON NJ 8268

MONO $4.98
STEREO $4.98

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

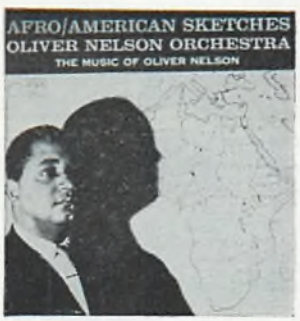
NEW JAZZ RECORDS • 203 S. Washington Ave. • Bergenfield, New Jersey

LOOK WHAT'S NEW ON PRESTIGE!!

MONO $4.98
STEREO $4.98

ETTA JONES PRLP 7214

JOHNNY "HAMMOND" SMITH PRLP 7217



OLIVER NELSON PRLP 7225

GENE AMMONS PRLP 7208

KING CURTIS
JIMMY FORREST
OLIVER NELSON
PRLP 7223

PRESTIGE RECORDS, INC.
203 S. WASHINGTON AVENUE
BERGENFIELD, NEW JERSEY

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

It's an uncommonly good outfit that he heads up, notable especially for Glasel's pungent trumpet work, Jordan's firm, bedrock piano spots, and some flowing tenor saxophone soloing by Clarke.

Miller, who contributes a good alto solo to *Jake,* has written simple, uncluttered arrangements that launch most of the pieces with a closely cohesive ensemble chorus. All the pieces are originals by Miles, serviceable but, except for a hauntingly dirgelike lament, *Bird,* not particularly memorable.

Since drummers of all ages are inclined to take solos on their own records, one probably should not be surprised that Miles gives himself a few long spots where he can whack at his equipment. Barring these barren stretches, which reduce the interest of the record considerably, these are nicely organized instances of swinging small-group jazz with several good soloists, all of whom, except for Miles, have the good sense to quit while they're ahead. (J.S.W.)

Oliver Nelson

AFRO/AMERICAN SKETCHES — Prestige 7225: *Message; Jungleaire; Emancipation Blues; There's a Yearnin'; Going Up North; Disillusioned; Freedom Dance.*

Personnel: Ernie Royal, Joe Newman, Joe Wilder, Jerry Kail, Clyde Reasinger, trumpets; Urbie Green, Britt Woodman, Paul Faulise, Melba Liston, Billy Byers, trombones; Nelson, Jerry Dodgion, Bob Ashton, Eric Dixon, Babe Clark, reeds; Julius Watkins, Ray Alonga, Jim Buffington, French horns; Charles McCracken, Peter Makis, cellos; Don Butterfield, tuba; Art Davis, bass; Patti Bown, piano; Ed Shaughnessy, Ray Barretto, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Nelson is obviously one of the more knowledgeable new arrangers on today's scene. This recording, his most ambitious single effort to date, is perhaps of more interest for what it tells us of Nelson's progress as an orchestrator than for the music itself.

In his penchant for melodic simplicity and inner complexity he is close to the secret behind Duke Ellington's most enduring scores, and in his thick linear voicings there are echoes of Gil Evans at his best. There is also a highly original mind at work here; Nelson is uncommonly sensitive to form, in each section of his composition as in the whole work.

A number of delightfully fresh ideas may be heard throughout, as in *Message,* where bassist Davis, bowing below the bridge, participates in some engaging byplay with flutist Dodgion. A brass chorale, unusual time signatures, and an introductory cello solo (in *Disillusioned*) are some of the other striking devices used in the seven-part suite.

Strangely, the piece as a musical entity suffers from the very qualities that make it an impressive showcase for Nelson's abilities. In his attempt to achieve profundity, Nelson has employed more devices and technical tricks, some of them obvious, than necessary. The arrangements seem to overwhelm and bury the several interrelated, and often fetching, melodies in waves of brass and horn explosions.

At times the effect is rather like the heavy-handed Hollywood sound of Henry Mancini, Pete Rugolo, et al., a resemblance which detracts from the enjoyment of Nelson's positive contributions. The beautiful opening and closing theme of *There's a Yearning,* for example, is torn asunder by a welter of strident and somewhat trite open-horn shouts in the central development section.

Nelson's solos are pleasant but wisely intended to play a secondary role on this occasion. It might amuse some traditionalists to note that his alto choruses on *Emancipation Blues,* ". . . which I wanted to be as 'old-time' as possible . . . ," wind up sounding like Louis Jordan, circa 1942.

Best instrumental performance awards should go to drummer Shaughnessy (long underrated), trumpeter Newman, and Nelson—in that order. (R.B.H.)

Oscar Peterson

WEST SIDE STORY—Verve 6-8454: *Something's Coming; Somewhere; Jet Song; Tonight; Maria; I Feel Pretty; Reprise.*

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

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Well, what you gonna do? O.P., Ray, and Ed have done it again. There have been superb sets by this trio in the past, and this matches, if not surpasses, their best to date. It is in organization, in intelligence of conception, and, to be sure, in wild and joyous jazz creativity that their *West Side Story* turns out to be the happiest of tales.

After Brown announces *Something's Coming,* it arrives in up tempo and is crisply arresting, settling into a medium, driving groove with an ear-popping solo by Peterson.

Somewhere features Brown in an arco

THE BEAT HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD

ART BLAKEY
& THE JAZZ MESSENGERS
at the JAZZ CORNER of the WORLD

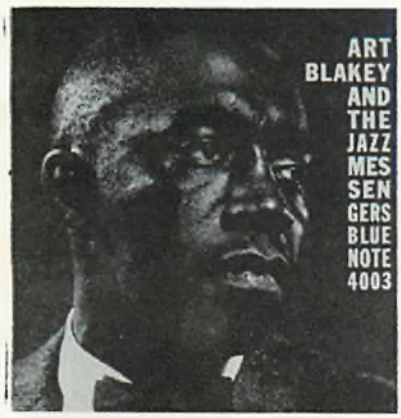
JUST RELEASED! VOL. II

with LEE MORGAN, trumpet; WAYNE SHORTER, tenor sax; BOBBY TIMMONS, piano; JYMIE MERRITT, bass.
HIGH MODES — NIGHT WATCH — THE THINGS I LOVE — THE SUMMIT — THE THEME

BLUE NOTE 4055

MOSAIC BLP 4090

A NIGHT IN TUNISIA BLP 4049



MOANIN' BLP 4003

AT BIRDLAND BLP 1521/22

THE BIG BEAT BLP 4029

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

BLUE NOTE RECORDS INC. • 43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N.Y.

interlude that conveys the mood of a romantic idyll; the bassist is again to the fore in the *Jet Song*, this time in a prodding pizzicato venture stirred by some stinging brushwork by Thigpen.

Opening the second side, *Tonight* is notable for Thigpen's sticks biting at the top cymbal as the track builds to a towering pulse. By way of altered pacing, the succeeding ballad, *Maria*, is given a Latin treatment with emphasis on Peterson's driving treble figures. *I Feel Pretty*, which is the last of the specific selections, is in a familiar, driving vein with all three musicians blending and cooking.

Reprise is an overture-in-reverse with all the previous tunes condensed into a resume of the score that shows the trio in a maturation hitherto unrevealed on record.

(J.A.T.)

Lennie Tristano

THE NEW TRISTANO—Atlantic 1357: *Becoming; C Minor Complex; You Don't Know What Love Is; Deliberation; Scenes and Variations—Carol, Tania, Bud; Love Lines; G Minor Complex.*

Personnel: Tristano, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This album, Tristano's first since 1955, is a milestone in jazz piano history. Although he has not received much publicity recently, he, along with Thelonious Monk and Bud Powell, ranks at the top of the list of modern jazz pianists.

Tristano's great knowledge of harmony, i.e. his brilliant use of substitute and passing chords and exploration of the upper intervals of chords, is recognized by most critics and musicians. Unaccountably, however, some persons refuse to see that he has made great strides in the area of rhythm also. In fact, he is as interesting rhythmically as harmonically, as this album surely demonstrates. (Bill Evans evidently has learned much from the subtle way in which Tristano shifts accents.)

Tristano's work here differs from his playing in the 1940s in several ways: his touch is more percussive, and he uses the lower register more. Perhaps because of this, the over-all effect of his solos is more personal than it often used to be.

The way in which he uses his left hand is highly unusual. On most tracks he plays a chord on almost every beat, creating a walking bass line, instead of comping as would most modern pianists. The reason probably has something to do with the dissatisfaction he has expressed with many bassists and drummers. Here, his left hand takes over the function normally carried out by the bass. This seems to be a valid approach; certainly he creates some interesting bass lines.

In his excellent liner notes, Barry Ulanov emphasizes two devices Tristano uses a great deal. The first is a series of triplets to which he adds a note or notes, borrowing from the following triplet. By doing this he builds great tension, which is usually released with extremely long melodic lines.

Another technique Tristano uses brilliantly is setting time against time, contrasting 5/4, 3/8, 12/8, etc., against the steady 4/4 in his left hand. He had experimented with this before, i.e. *Turkish Mambo*, using multiple recording, but here, on a track like *Tania*, he builds much more. The changing time signatures are not only a clever novelty, but they also are a means to an end, the end being the creation of great alternating waves of tension and relaxation.

Most of the chord sequences Tristano improvises on here are simple: *Scenes and Variations* is based on *Melancholy Baby*, *Deliberation* on *Indiana*, and *Becoming* on *What Is This Thing Called Love? C Minor Complex* is reminiscent of the A section of *Thing Called Love*. It doesn't have a bridge. *Love Lines* is *Foolin' Myself*, the Billie Holiday-Lester Young classic.

Becoming is notable for Tristano's free conception of tempo. He begins playing very deliberately in a medium tempo and employing right-hand chords liberally. Halfway through the track he goes into an out-of-tempo interlude, back into the medium tempo, and finishes with long single-note lines at a medium-fast pace.

There is more harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic richness on *Deliberation* than most jazzmen—even good ones—produce on 10 LPs. Tristano's phrases cut through bar line barriers as though they don't exist.

Carol is played almost entirely out of tempo. This is a fine example of the way Tristano employs substitute and passing chords.

On *Bud*, Tristano does not use his left hand for rhythmic accompaniment but still swings tremendously. He plays almost exclusively in the lower register, attacking the keys furiously and shifting accents like a madman.

Another high spot is the very poignant last 16 bars of the first chorus on *Love Lines*. Few persons associate Tristano with romanticism, but it occasionally comes to the surface.

I guess it would be an understatement to say that I recommend this album highly. Like some of the musicians who take Leonard Feather's *Blindfold Test* say, "Give this all the stars in the sky." (H.P.)

VOCAL

Jimmy Reed

AT CARNEGIE HALL—Vee Jay 1035: *Bright Lights, Big City; I'm Mr. Luck; What's Wrong, Baby?; Found Joy; Kind of Lonesome; Aw Shucks, Hush Your Mouth; Blue Carnegie; I'm a Love You; Hold Me Close; Blue, Blue Water; Baby, What You Want Me to Do?; You Don't Have to Go; Hush, Hush; Found Love; Honest I Do; You Got Me Dizzy; Big Boss Man; Take out Some Insurance; Boogie in the Dark; Going to New York; Ain't That Lovin', Baby?; The Sun Is Shining.*

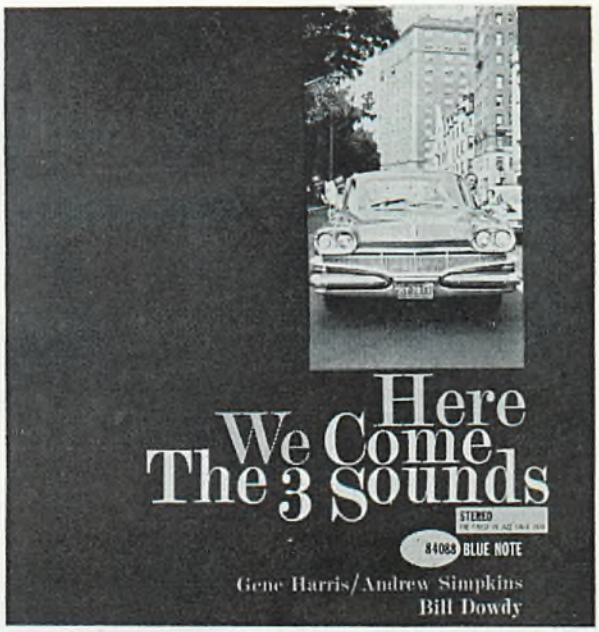
Personnel: Reed, vocals, harmonica, guitar; Mama Reed, vocals; Lefty Bates, guitar; Earl Phillips, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This rather odd two-disc set is made up of re-creations or, in some instances, alleged re-creations.

One disc is devoted to new recordings of Reed's most successful records. The other is, according to the liner notes, "Jimmy's celebratory re-creation of his highly successful appearance at august Carnegie Hall" — whatever that means. One attendant at that concert is inclined to doubt that he sang all 11 songs included on this disc on that occasion. And he has a distinct recollection that Reed

The Happiest Sounds In Jazz

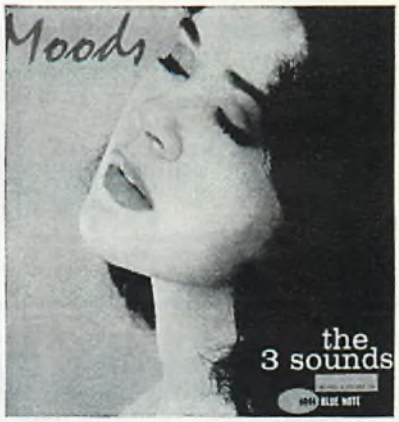


HERE WE COME BLP 4088*

THE THREE SOUNDS

GENE HARRIS: piano
ANDREW SIMPKINS: bass
BILL DOWDY: drums

FEELIN' GOOD BLP 4072*



MOODS BLP 4044*

GOOD DEAL BLP 4020

BOTTOMS UP BLP 4014*

INTRODUCING BLP 1600

on **Blue Note**

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG *ALSO AVAILABLE IN STEREO

BLUE NOTE 43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

sang *Big Boss Man* at least twice, although it is not included among these Carnegie "re-creations."

Whether the re-creation is accurate is, however, more or less beside the point. The point is that the two discs give a reasonably representative cross section of Reed's work. It follows very definite patterns. Although he has a relatively unshaded, monotone singing style, he is extremely moving on slow pieces, on which his expressive phrasing can guide the shape of the piece. As the tempo increases, his effectiveness diminishes, and on selections on which he is joined by Mama Reed he seems to be severely limited by the need to stay with her.

Reed is a superb harmonica player, and practically any piece, slow or fast, on which he uses it can be rewarding. As a guitarist, however, he is generally routine. Since all these aspects are brought out in more or less equal portions in the course of the two records, the result is an up-and-down set that balances several superb performances against as many that fail to come to life at at all. (J.S.W.)

Pat Thomas

JAZZ PATTERNS—Strand 1015: *It Could Happen to You; Mean to Me; Almost Like Being in Love; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; There Will Never Be Another You; Blue Room; Star Eyes; Sometimes I'm Happy; My One and Only Love; Stella by Starlight; Strike Up the Band.*

Personnel: Miss Thomas, vocals; accompanists unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Miss Thomas is a 21-year-old Chicagoan who makes her singing debut with this winning set of good songs well sung.

She is as much a "jazz singer" as are many of her contemporaries who lay claim to the classification without nearly so much to offer as Miss Thomas. Her voice is warm and true with the perhaps inevitable overlay of Sarah Vaughan influence. Although Mort Goode writes in the liner notes that her favorite female singer is Ella Fitzgerald, any vocal similarity thereto is not in evidence here. But Miss Thomas has style and imagination, and that adds up to much promise for a career as a singer.

It is too bad that the sidemen are unidentified, for their performances on the various tracks are uniformly good. The different instruments are featured in the variety of songs offered—there is good trombone on *Sometimes I'm Happy* and *It Could Happen*, better-than-average piano on *Mean to Me*, a swinging vibes solo on *Being in Love*, some excellent guitar on *Another You* and *Only Love*, and some commendable flute solo work on *Blue Room*.

Miss Thomas' weaknesses are evident in two songs, the very brief *Stella*—one chorus with vibes background—and the customary racing-tempoed *Strike Up the Band*. On the former, she takes off into exaggerated jazz phrasing, and one is left with the feeling that she should have taken the song at its own superbly melodic face value; as for *Strike*, the impression persists that the tempo proved too awkward for the singer, and she seems glad to get it over with. (J.A.T.)

BLINDFOLD TEST

BEN WEBSTER

By LEONARD FEATHER

The power of an Ellington association is amazing. Whenever Ben Webster visits or works in a night club, he is introduced as "formerly with Duke Ellington's orchestra." Yet except for a brief period in 1948, he has not been a part of Ellington's band since 1943.

For the last couple of years he has been freelancing around Los Angeles. Universally respected among musicians, he still plays with a warm, tender quality, yet the demand for his services is by no means commensurate with his talent.

Webster is a tough man in a test. Several records were stopped after less than a chorus, because he was reluctant to comment on them. All the items selected were compositions associated with the Ellington band. "Pea" is his abbreviation for Billy (Swee'pea) Strayhorn. "Rab" is Johnny (Rabbit) Hodges. As on the last occasion when he undertook a *Blindfold Test* (*DB*, Nov. 27, 1958), Webster was as interested in the technicalities of my hi-fi equipment as in the music. He was given no information about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. Mercer Ellington. *Blue Serge* (from *Colors in Rhythm*, Coral). Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Jimmy Jones, piano; Clark Terry, fluegelhorn; Harold Baker, trumpet; M. Ellington, composer, conductor.

Trying to think of the name of the tune. I've played it. I heard Carney. Was that 'Pea playing piano? The record's very good—the writing and the playing. I like the trumpet very much, and at one point, it sounded like two trumpets—one playing lead and one playing obbligato. And Carney . . . well, you just don't have to say anything about Harry Carney—like Tatum. Could I hear it again?

(*Later*) That was *Blue Serge*, and I think I recognize the piano player. It wasn't Strayhorn . . . maybe Jimmy Jones. And then I'm not sure about Jimmy. Piano's very good, anyway. It's not an organized band; just a date with some very good musicians. They all played well together. Five stars.

2. Lambert-Hendricks-Ross. *What Am I Here For?* (from *L-H-R Sing Ellington*, Columbia).

Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross—that's a fantastic group! And one of my favorite tunes, *What Am I Here For*? John Hendricks did my solo.

The harmony was rather wide in spots, spread out. I've heard them better, but I wouldn't censure them for trying to do a big orchestration with only three voices. *Nobody* can sound like Duke! I liked their *Cottontail*. This was a good effort too. Four stars.

3. André Previn. *A Portrait of Bert Williams* (from *A Touch of Elegance*, Columbia). Duke Ellington, composer.

That was *Bert Williams*. Long time since I heard that tune. We didn't play it too much in Duke's band. I like strings and all, but I don't feel it really got the feeling of the tune here. There was a lot going on in there that I'd rather not comment on. Two stars.

4. J. J. Johnson. *Satin Doll* (from *A Touch of Satin*, Columbia). Johnson, trombone; Louis Hayes, drums; Victor Feldman, piano.

That's a very good record—a good group. They have a lot of life, especially the drummer, and they were well together. Everything was nice and crisp. I like the trombone player, but I'm afraid to say who it might be. Piano's fine too. Everybody seemed to be at home with his instrument. No strain . . . like it was a pleasure to play. Four stars.

5. Teddy Edwards. *Take the A Train* (from *Teddy's Ready*, Contemporary). Edwards, tenor saxophone; Joe Castro, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass.

Both the piano and the bass were very nice. And that's about all I have to say.

6. John Coltrane. *Lush Life* (Prestige). Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Red Garland, piano.

I liked that. A nice arrangement too. Seems to be hard for a real fast guy like 'Trane to slow down, but he did, and played some wonderful broad tones . . . really played it well.

It was *Lush Life*, of course. He played it like he should on a ballad—rather straight in places; yet he played his style too in spots. The trumpet player was very good. Piano was nice. This was a long track, but it was interesting all the way. Three stars.

7. Coleman Hawkins. *In a Mellotone* (from *Night Hawk*, Prestige/Swingville). Hawkins, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, tenor saxophones.

That was Bean and Jaws and *Mellotone*. Always good to hear them. They both seem to be in rare form. I heard Bean play as far back as 1925 or '26 when I was going to school. He played a dance with Fletcher Henderson, but I didn't meet him then.

When I started playing, I followed three guys—Benny Carter, Johnny Hodges, and Hawk—and I still do. They're the greatest. I've known Jaws around New York for about 20 years. I like his sound. And Bean I knew immediately; I recognized his sound even in the opening assemble.

That old man's terrible! Four stars.

8. Duke Ellington-Count Basie. *Battle Royal* (from *First Time*, Columbia). Ellington, Basie, pianos; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone.

Pretty wild! Yeah, that was great! That was Duke and Basie. It took me a minute to figure it out, because I heard Harry Carney, and then it sounded like Basie playing piano. I'd heard about this record, and I like the whole thing. Jimmy Hamilton was in there . . . and Paul Gonsalves, and Rab. I *really* want to hear that again. The idea of putting the two bands together came off great.

I sat in with Basie's band one time around '53. Quinichette had just left, and Basie had two weeks at the Band Box in New York and a week behind that at the Apollo. That three weeks sure was a ball. Jaws was there too, and that rhythm section is something different. The band was swinging.

Last time I sat in with Duke, Duke wasn't there. It was several years ago, and the band had a date at a college upstate while Duke and Paul were in California finishing up a picture. The band felt fundamentally the same. I like Paul's sound. He has so many ideas.

This record's a masterpiece. I'd give it five stars easy.

STRAYHORN *from page 23*

give him the lead part. The rest follow him. Or if you want Johnny Hodges' color or Russell Procope's color in the reeds, you write the lead parts for either of them.

For a soloist, you just have to look at the whole thing, just like looking at a suit. Will this fit him? Will he be happy with this? If it's right for him, you don't have to tell him how to play it. He just plays it, and it comes out him, the way he wants. If you have to tell him too much how to play it, it isn't right for him.

Here's a good example of writing for characteristic soloists. Duke wrote *Mr. Gentle and Mr. Cool.* He started off thinking of two people: Shorty Baker (*Gentle*) and Ray Nance (*Cool*). The tune wrote itself from his conception of these two people.

We write that way much of the time. Sometimes it doesn't happen right away. A new guy will come on the band. You have to become acquainted with him, observe him. Then you write something.

In Ellington's band a man more or less owns his solos until he leaves. Sometimes we shift solos, but usually they're too individual to shift. You never replace a man; you get another man. When you have a new man, you write him a new thing. It's certainly one of the reasons why the music is so distinctive. It's based on characteristics.

For example, when Johnny was out of the band, we played very few of his solo pieces—well, the blues-type things and *Warm Valley,* but Paul Gonsalves played that solo. You see we wouldn't give it to another alto to play. We changed the instrument; otherwise, except for things you have to play, we just avoided those songs. Otherwise, you'd spoil the song itself. It was written for him—maybe even about him.

Coss: So many people suggest a question which, I suppose, is the kind you expect when someone gets into a position as important as is Duke's. What it comes down to is that Duke doesn't really write much. What he does is listen to his soloists, take things they play, and fashion them into songs. Thus, the songs belong to the soloists, you do the arrangements, and Duke takes the credit.

Strayhorn: They used to say that about Irving Berlin too.

But how do you explain the constant flow of songs? Guys come in and out of the band, but the songs keep getting written, and you can always tell an Ellington song.

Anyway, something like a solo, perhaps only a few notes, is hardly a composition. It may be the inspiration, but what do they say about *10* percent inspiration and 90 percent perspiration? Composing is work.

So this guy says you and he wrote it, but he thinks he wrote it. He thinks you just put it down on paper. But what you did was put it down on paper, harmonized it, straightened out the bad phrases, and added things to it, so you could hear the finished product. Now, really, who wrote it?

It was ever thus.

But the proof is that these people don't go somewhere else and write beautiful music. You don't hear anything else from them. You do from Ellington.

Coss: How about those people who say Duke should stay home? They say, look, he's getting older, he has enough money coming in; why does he waste all his energy on the road when he could be at home writing?

Strayhorn: He says his main reason for having a band is so he can hear his own music. He says there's nothing else like it, and he's right. There's nothing like writing something in the morning and hearing it in the afternoon.

How else can you do it? Working with a studio band isn't the same thing. You have to be out there in the world. Otherwise you can't feel the heat and the blood. And from that comes music, comes feeling. If he sat at home, it would be retreating. He'll never do it. He'd be the most unhappy man in the world. The other is such a stimulus.

On the road, you find out what is going on in the world. You're *au courant* musically and otherwise. It keeps you alert and alive. That's why people in this business stay young. Just because they are so alive—so much seeing things going on all over the world.

Coss: Duke is often criticized for playing the same music over and over.

Strayhorn: What else can you expect? Even though that's not a fair criticism, some part of it has to be true merely because he is the talent he is.

Have you any idea how many requests he gets? After he's through playing all of them, the concert or the dance is all over, and he's hardly started with other requests . . . . That's why he does the medley that some writers criticize.

Actually, there's a great deal of new music all the time. The thing I'm concerned about is that some of that will get to be requested. Then what will happen? What it really comes down to is that there is never enough time to hear an excess of talent. DB

JOURNEY *from page 25*

laughing quietly all the while, suddenly broke in with several stories of his travels through Europe with the Lionel Hampton Band.

". . . So we were driving through all these little French villages," he was saying, "and all the people were standing waving and shouting at us. We couldn't understand what they were saying. We figured they were just yelling hello or cheering the band—'cause there was a big banner on the side of the bus—so we just waved back and kept on going. But it was strange, I thought, that everybody should stop and make signs to us. And sure enough, when we finally did slow down, this guy came running up to tell us that the bus was on fire. Flames were shooting out about 10 feet behind us. That's what everybody had been pointing at. And all the time, Lionel and Gladys [Hampton's wife] were up there smiling and waving back at all the nice people. It was too much!"

There followed a rash of stories about Europe. Finally Celley began to urge the men onto the bus for the long trip back to Chicago. It was nearly 1:30 a.m., and the drive would take more than five hours. Everyone was reluctant to leave the pleasant warmth of the diner, but at last all were on board and we left Dubuque.

After the rush of conversation, something that accompanied every departure, weariness descended, and all was quiet, except for the muffled sound of the motor and the angry, insistent whine of the tires on the highway. The few reading lamps that had been lit were extinguished, and most of the men settled down for whatever sleep they could catch as the bus careened through the dark night. Few cars were on the road.

Paul Gonsalves, sitting directly behind me, leaned over to offer me a drink.

"Can't sleep either?" he asked quietly. I could barely make out his features in the gloom. Across the aisle Sam Woodyard slept soundly, his figure huddled in his seat. I nodded, pulling at the bottle. "It's always like this after playing," he explained. "I get too wound up. The excitement has to wear off, and then I can sleep."

We conversed in near whispers. "You know," Gonsalves said, "this may sound strange coming from me, but I've always wanted to write. Serious writing, I mean. You have a lot of time on your hands when you're on the road, and you see an awful lot too. A lot of life.

"Now me, I have always tried to reflect, analyze, and think about what I see going on around me. You know, there are many different ways of interpreting a given situation. There's your way of looking at something . . . and as many other points of view as there are persons involved. Everyone brings their own personality, their own experience, their own way of looking at things — they bring all this, you see, to a situation. And you have to consider their points of view as well as your own —at least if you are an intelligent man."

He paused, lit a cigaret, and continued, "Now, for a long time I've wanted to write a book about my experiences, and I *have* seen a lot and thought about what I've seen. The way I would do this book would be to have two characters tell the same story—on opposite pages—each telling it his own way. One guy would have the left-hand page and the other the right, all the way through the book. It would be the same story, you see, but it would be totally different because of the personalities of the two narrators. Each would have to see the same series of events entirely different from the other. Probably call it *Pro and Con,* or something like that."

Dawn broke slowly. We rode the last hour in a dull opalescent light. It was strangely quiet, but as six a.m. and Chicago neared, there appeared an increasing number of cars and trucks. The city was coming to life as we woodenly trooped off to bed.

The next several days flew by in a in a rush of what was to me unreality. Breakfast in the early afternoon, a long ride to the night's engagement, meals bolted, a wearying ride back to the drab Chicago hotel where the band was staying. A rough way of life. As the strangeness of the situation wore off, I was able to observe the men in the band with a new awareness. I saw that every one of them is a strong personality, an individualist fiercely determined to preserve his own identity.

A more disparate collection of egos and temperaments could hardly be imagined, yet once they come together on the bandstand, there is not a more cohesive and balanced union conceivable. All the men seem to function best in their roles as members of the orchestra.

The band is the submerged total of all their strong, proud, overweening personalities. Ellington's great genius, as was borne home to me, resides in his ability to weld together, yet subtly to emphasize and bring to the fore in his music, this collection of individuals.

Every man in the orchestra knows two things: first, that he is an Ellingtonian; and second, that his own personality is being respected and taken into account. This attitude is reflected in his playing, his regard for Ellington, and his intense pride in the band.

For, after all, these men *are* the Duke Ellington Orchestra. db

Classified Ads

55c PER WORD—MINIMUM CHARGE $8.25

DEADLINE: 20 days prior to "on sale" date of issue.
Remittance must accompany copy
Count Name, Address, City and State

MISCELLANEOUS

25,000 PROFESSIONAL COMEDY LINES! MONTHLY TOPICAL GAG SERVICE. FREE CATALOG. ORBEN PUBLICATIONS, 111 CARPENTER ST., VALLEY STREAM, N.Y.

IMPROVISERS! Desire Growth? "MASTERY" triggers chain reaction. Frightening results! Copies $2.95, Harriman's, 8162 Bartley Ave., Whittier, Calif.

SONGWRITERS: NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF 315 MUSIC PUBLISHERS IN NEW YORK CITY. VALUABLE LIST. COMPILED, COPYRIGHTED AND AUTHENTIC. $2.00 POSTPAID. MENTION MAGAZINE. DAVID SANDWEISS ENTERPRISES, BOX 1531, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

JAZZ COLLECTOR'S ITEM! What true jazz fan will ever forget the 1960 Newport Jazz Festival? The editors of Down Beat prepared a special magazine for the occasion to report the on-location action of the happenings and the people who made them happen. Included is a review of the highlights of previous Newport Jazz Festivals, penetrating and revealing stories by top jazz writers on famous personalities like Dizzy Gillespie, Cannonball Adderley, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Bill Evans, and the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross trio. There's John S. Wilson's story on "What Do We Mean by Jazz?", George Crater's view of Newport, Charles Edward Smith's report on "25 Years of Jazz" . . . and more, much more. Originally published at $1.00 a copy, we offer "Newport Jazz Festival, 1960" now, while the supply lasts, for just 50c. Don't be disappointed. Send for your copy today, to DOWN BEAT, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill.

RECORDS

DONATE JAZZ LP's, FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION BEHIND IRON CURTAIN. JAZZ-LIFT, BOX 980, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

WHERE TO STUDY

WHERE TO GO

WEST

HOWARD RUMSEY'S
Lighthouse All-Stars
THE LIGHTHOUSE
Hermosa Beach
Top Jazz Names in Concert

DOUBLE PLAY *from page 20*

makes finding a seldom-played arrangement difficult.

"He's very unpredictable," Carney said, referring to Ellington. "If someone comes up and asks for something, he'll have everyone digging through the book looking for it. Sometimes we find it, sometimes we don't."

In addition to carrying a large library filled with yesterday, the band carries a spirit and tradition that began the day before yesterday. Spirit and tradition are strong.

One of these traditions, an Ellington sound, is the plunger-growl trumpet, a tradition that started with Bubber Miley, was inherited by Cootie Williams, and continues, to a great extent, in the playing of Ray Nance.

"If Duke finds an individual who can do it," Carney commented, "he gives him the work to do. It must be gratifying to a player to know he plays enough to satisfy the Duke in this particular style.

"I can say the same thing about Russell Procope playing clarinet. When he plays clarinet, he plays Barney so well."

Commenting on the spirit of the band, Carney said, "There're a lot of nights when . . . everybody can't feel well all the time. But if the band gets something going, the spirit just comes up."

The tradition of the band members adding to, making suggestions about, arrangements is well known. It also is indicative of the band's spirit.

"For instance," Carney began, "when you go into a recording studio, you might have an arrangement all made, yet it'll probably be changed. Guys come up with ideas of injecting something. That still goes on."

"Everybody pitches in — all the time," Hodges interjected. "Somebody might have ideas to make it a little better."

a good record."

"In other words," Carney said, "everybody is still conscious of making

Spirit. Tradition. Both are contagious. Both are magnets, drawing new blood into the band but blood that is Ellington blood. For the band has always been made up of musicians best described as "Ellington people." When they leave the band, if they ever do, that special sheen of Ellington usually remains. It is made up, in part, of suavity, urbanity, self-confidence. It is something no other band imparts to its members. It is a unique attractive-force.

Perhaps Carney said it best: "You still hear musicians say the height of their ambition is to play in the Ellington band."

AD LIB

Gene Ammons. The album title is *Jazz with a Beat* . . . **Gil Evans** has signed a contract with Verve. His first record will be with pianist **Bill Evans** . . . **Dizzy Gillespie** has signed with Philips, the company's biggest coup to date . . . **Muggsy Spanier** has recorded with a big band for Choreo records . . . Trumpeter **Dizzy Reece** will record for Prestige . . . **Bumble Bee Slim,** a blues singer prominent in the '30s, is out of retirement and will record for World Pacific . . . Riverside has begun a new Jazz Master Composers Series, featuring important jazz musicians. The first five albums each will deal with one composer: **Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis, Benny Golson, Charlie Parker,** and **Duke Ellington.**

A **Woody Herman** protege, trumpeter **Dick Ruedebusch,** is playing at the Dunes in Las Vegas, Nev. He writes, "This is my first experience playing to an empty house. We follow a nude girl show, and, after that, who wants to listen to jazz?" . . . **Benny Carter** is the music director for **Peggy Lee's** present stay at Basin Street East . . . **Jimmy Jones** spoke at a recent monthly meeting of the New York chapter of the Duke Ellington Jazz Society. Jones also was the pianist at the chapter's concert May 6 along with **Clark Terry, Bob Brookmeyer, Zoot Sims, Wendell Marshall,** and **Sonny Greer.**

Sunday sessions continue at the Cinderella Club in the Village. Recent guests have included trumpeters **Harold Baker, Taft Jordan, Buck Clayton, Joe Thomas, Wild Bill Davison, Jonah Jones;** pianists **Cliff Jackson, Nat Pierce, Don Frye;** drummers **Sonny Greer, Zutty Singleton, Tommy Benford, George Wettling;** and literally dozens of others . . . **Mike Roth's,** a jazz club in Schenectady, N.Y., continues to be the up-state jazz mecca, with a "name" policy that has included **Mose Allison, Coleman Hawkins,** and **Freddie Redd.**

A traditional spring concert for youngsters has become a part of a series of programs held at the public library in Stamford, Conn. This year **Brad Terry,** clarinet; **Sam Brown,** guitar; **Steve Swallow,** bass, were presented, and local young people turned out in large numbers. The program was later rebroadcast on FM . . . **Tony Pastor** will co-produce, with **Gene LaBrie,** a Broadway show late this year. **Tony Pastor Jr.** wrote the book. Its title is *Be My Guest* . . . Things are swinging again in Copenhagen, Denmark. **Harold Goldberg,** a New Yorker, and Dane **Herluf Larsen,** reopened the Montmartre jazz club. Normally only local musicians play there, but visiting jazzmen drop in for sessions. During the last few months, they have included **Brew Moore, Bud Powell, Art Blakey, Ray Brown, Ed Thigpen,** and **Rolf Ericson** . . . **Erroll Garner** is touring Britain May 26-June 10 and then goes to Paris June 12-13.

CHICAGO

The Windy City sizzled with top-drawer jazz during the first two weeks of this month: **Gene Ammons** subbed for the **Miles Davis** group at the Sutherland; **Chico Hamilton's** new quintet was at McKie's; **Charlie Shavers** was the attraction at the London House; **LaVern Baker** was at Robert's; **Ben Webster** and **Jimmy Witherspoon,** backed by the **John Young** Trio took over at the Archway. (The Archway engagement was the first Chicago gig for Webster in some time.)

Sonny Rollins is booked into McKie's Disc Jockey Lounge, which has featured some of the most interesting music in the Chicago area of late. The tenorist opens June 20 for two weeks . . . **Art Hodes'** band and **Clancy Hayes** took over at Bourbon Street, holding the fort until **Bob Scobey's** group returns from its European tour with the Harlem Globetrotters. **Kenny Ball's** English Trad band also worked the Rush St. bistro during Scobey's absence . . . **Eddie Higgins,** currently playing piano with **Bill Reinhart's** Jazz, Ltd., band,

plans to spend July and August on Cape Cod. Also at Jazz, Ltd., trumpeter **Marty Marsala** is scheduled to join the band there late this month . . . Composer-trombonist **Bill Russo** was in town recently to visit his father, who had undergone surgery. Bill has returned to Europe and is presently living in Amsterdam, Holland. Later this year, a Russo opera will be performed in Germany.

Goldblatt's Auto World, a chain of four car-wash establishments, has been holding an on-running contest of high school jazz groups. The contest, with prizes totaling $1,600 in U.S. savings bonds, closes May 26. Finalists will be chosen then and presented in concert, probably in early summer.

Blues sessions, always on-again-off-again events in this blues rich city, have been held recently at the Limelight on Friday evenings. **Big Joe Williams, Roosevelt Sykes, Walter Vinson,** and **Mama Yancey** have been among those featured . . . A busy schedule of concert appearances, club dates, and recording sessions for his Delmar album marked the re-emergence of legendary blues artist **Sleepy John Estes** early this month, when he was brought to Chicago by **Bob Koester.** Dates are being lined up for eastern folk club appearances . . . The **Franz Jackson** Original Jass All Stars gave a concert of instru-

mental blues at the Chicago Public Library recently. It was the band's third annual concert at the library. The performance was presented by the Music Performance Trust Funds of the American Phonograph Industry in co-operation with AFM Local 208.

The **Les Brown** Band plays the Club Laurel on July 22-23 . . . Chicago's newest and probably most extravagant motel, the Sahara, located near O'Hare Field, will feature name talent in its Club Gigi. Scheduled to appear are singers **Bobby Darin, Joanie Sommers,** and **Vic Damone,** among others.

Gene Esposito's quartet has been working the Rumpus Room, an off-Rush St. Twistery. Reedman **Joe Daley,** bassist **LeRoy Jackson,** and drummer **Billy Hobbs** have been in the pianist's group. Also featured is singer **Sally Jones** . . . When **Erroll Garner** plays the London House, beginning July 2, it will be the first time he has appeared in a jazz club in Chicago in seven years. In August he will appear with the **Cleveland Symphony Orchestra** and at the Seattle World's Fair.

LOS ANGELES

Miles Davis is set for 10 days of concerts at the Music Box Theater starting June 1 . . . Arranger-pianist **Clare Fisher** (he's written for **Dizzy Gillespie, Hi-Lo's,** and **Cal Tjader**) recorded his first trio album for Pacific Jazz with **Gary Peacock** on bass and **Gene Stone** on drums . . . Banks and Woods Productions sewed up the TV rights to the forthcoming Las Vegas Jazz Festival, July 7 and 8. **Alan Woods** and **James Banks** will film all five performances—three hours each—and select the best material for prospective showing.

How does a jazzman keep busy? Take reedman **Paul Horn's** current schedule: He recently returned from the Ojai Music Festival at Ojai, Calif., where he played with the orchestra under **Gunther Schuller** performing *Variants on a Theme of Thelonious Monk* (**Eric Dolphy** was featured on the same program) and took his quintet into Cappy's in the Valley for a three-night stand. His group is featured one night a week (either Monday or Wednesday) at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood. Horn and San Diego tenor man **Daniel Jackson** team up for a June 18 concert at La Jolla Art Center, La Jolla, Calif.; and July 16-20 Horn will be a clinician (with **George Shearing, Milt Bernhart,** and **Conte Candoli**) at the University of Utah's music clinic.

Sammy Davis Jr. is set for a one-man show Sept. 14 at the Hollywood Bowl for a hefty $20,000 in a Concerts, Inc., promotion. **Hank Mancini's** orchestra may back him and do a separate portion of the show. Davis is off to the Caribbean July 27 to open a two-week concert tour . . . Upcoming in the now-filming TV series *Jazz Scene U.S.A.* are the groups of **Dexter Gordon, Harold Land-Red Mitchell, Teddy Buckner, Earl Hines, Terry Gibbs, Paul Horn,** and possibly **Jimmy Woods. Jimmie Baker,** the show's producer added that, following the first 15 half-hour shows, big bands will be spotted from time to time. First up, Baker said, will be **Onzy Matthews'** crew now working Wednesday nights at Virginia's on 7th St. Baker will spend three weeks in September filming in New York City.

Looks like good music is breaking into Hollywood AM radio. KBIG's "sophisticated jazz" format (**Shearing, Christy, Fitzgerald, Kessel,** etc.), is causing much talk and getting good listener response, according to a station spokesman. Hard-sell KMPC's new, hip station breaks, produced by **Hugh Heller,** are also brightening the airwaves. **Allyn Ferguson** directed the Hollywood orchestra for the breaks, and the band included such jazzmen as **Don Fagerquist, Paul Horn, Bill Hood, Don Bagley,** and **Johnny Pisano.**

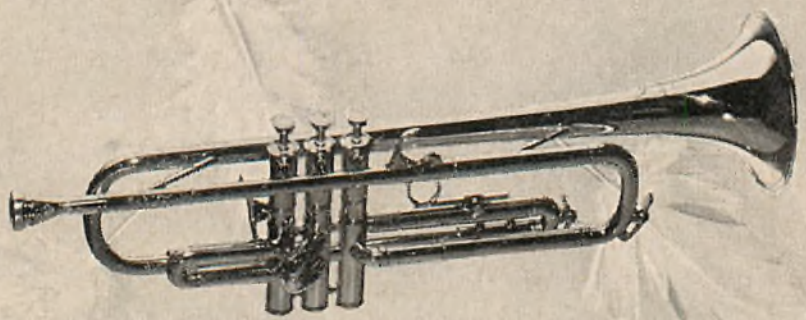
You hear it when the famous leader of the Jazz Messengers, Birdland regular, Art Blakey plays his Gretsch Drums on his latest Blue Note Album. . . . a blend of talented artistry with Gretsch's quality construction. Discover the Gretsch sound at your dealer today and write for the new exciting 4-color catalog. Dept. A-6

Art's "Red Sparkle" outfit contains:
20" x 14" bass drum; 12" x 8" and
14" x 14" tom toms; 14" x 5½" snare;
plus exclusive genuine K. Zildjian
cymbals (made in Turkey).

GRETSCH

The Fred Gretsch Mfg. Co.
60 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N. Y.

You'll like the 4½ ounces it doesn't weigh!



Try this new Selmer trumpet first chance you get. Right off, you'll be impressed with its weight—or rather, the lack of it. At just over 3 lbs., it's 4½ ounces lighter than regular K-Modified models. Can't you just imagine what this will mean in comfort and playing ease on those long assignments? But those missing ounces contribute significantly to your music as well. Lightweight brass, and a thin, delicately tapered bell make the instrument so responsive it seems to come alive in your hands as you play. And unless you already play a K-Modified, the accuracy of intonation, the tonal color and projection of this lightweight will astonish you. So begin your inspection by thinking of your comfort—you'll finish with the conviction that the Selmer Sound is your sound, too. And as a mature player, you'll not mind the somewhat greater care you know this lightweight deserves. Available in two bores, 20 and 24B, each with its own playing characteristics, each as musically great as any of the four regular K-Modified models. One of these Selmer six is almost certain to fit your playing style, and your concept of comfort. Try and compare them, soon as you can. The new lightweight models may be hard to find right now, but you can make sure your Selmer dealer has them when you call, by mailing the coupon.

NEW SELMER K-MODIFIED LIGHTWEIGHT

Selmer

ELKHART, INDIANA

SELMER, Elkhart, Indiana Dept. C-61

☐ Please send FREE BROCHURE describing the new Selmer K-Modified Lightweight Trumpets.

☐ Please arrange non-obligating free trial.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____