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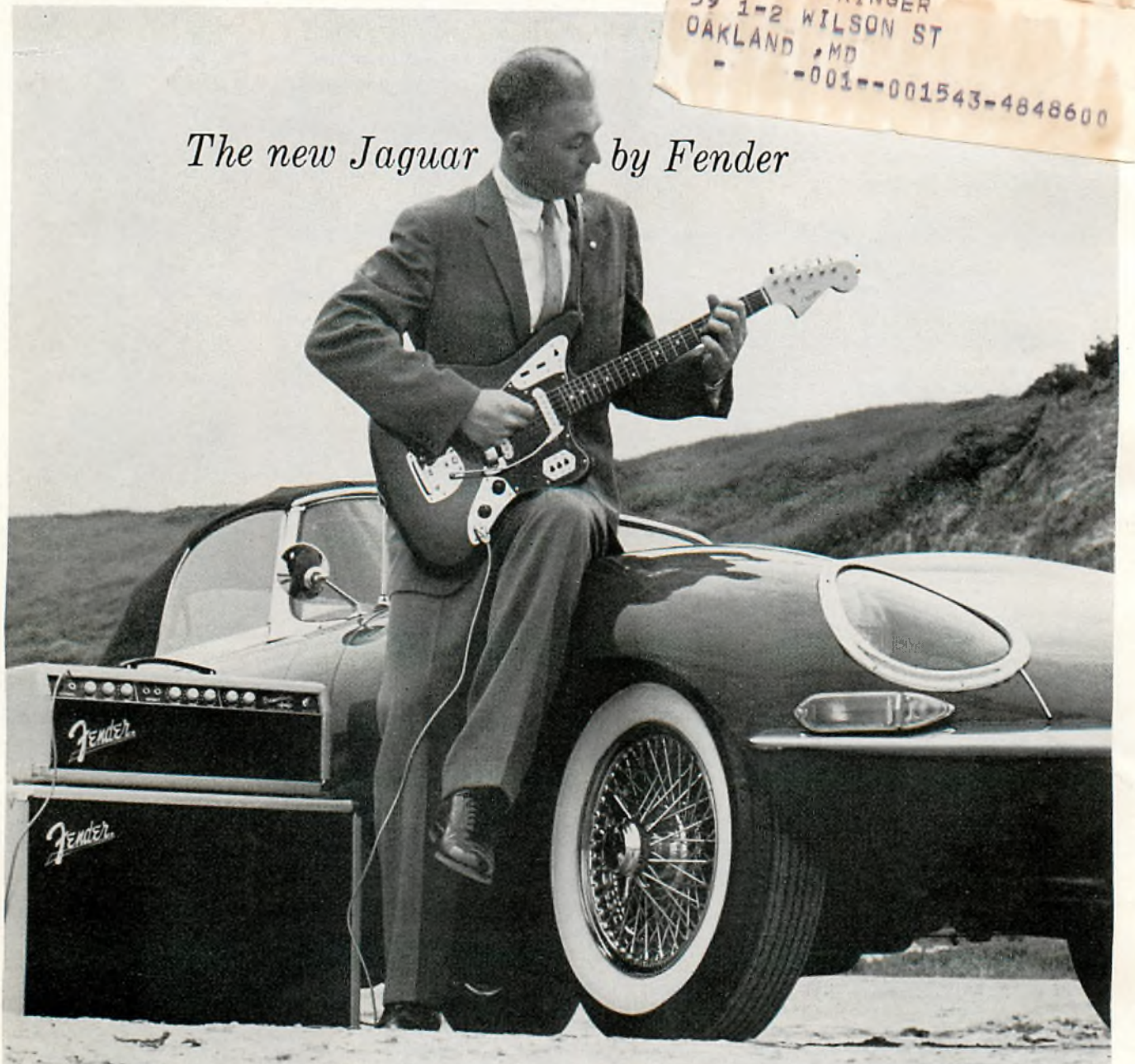


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READERS IN 86 COUNTRIES

AUGUST 16, 1962 VOL. 29, NO. 22

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**THINGS TO COME**

The accent will be on the trumpet in the next issue of *Down Beat*, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, Aug. 16. The full range of jazz trumpet styles will be explored in articles dealing with veteran Red Allen, modernist Miles Davis, and young avant garde trumpeter Ted Curson. You won't want to miss it.


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## NEWS



## FEATURES



## CRITICISM



## DEPARTMENTS



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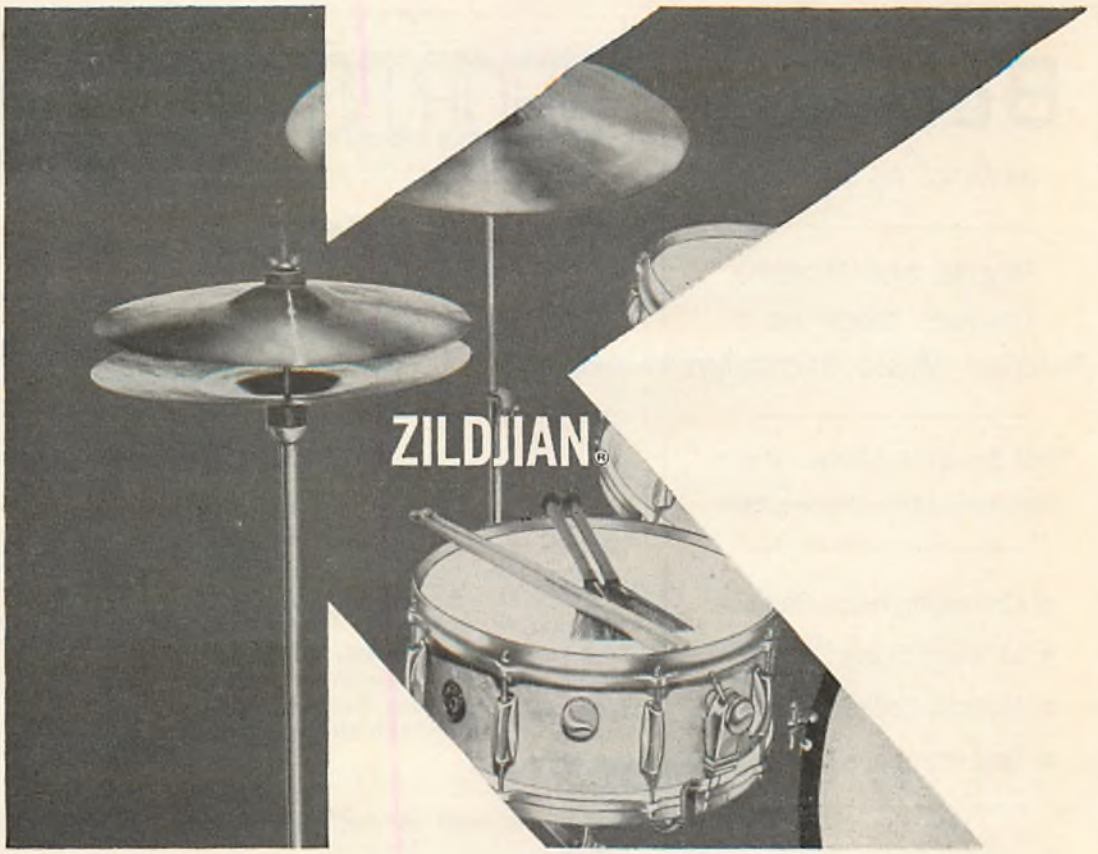
# Let's talk Turkey

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# CHORDS AND DISCORDS

## In Defense of John Bull's Jazz

So we in England are behind the United States (*DB*, June 7)?

Have you ever really listened to, say, Tubby Hayes? I know we may not have musicians like Thelonious Monk or singers like Ray Charles but, please, give us some credit—if only for Vic Feldman.

True, the scene over here appears poor to outsiders. The minority go to the clubs (like myself), a fact not too important to the press. The majority are Acker Bilk fans, the rage at the moment. "Trad," the rehash of New Orleans jazz, is amongst us.

You *do* have the best musicians, singers, and critics. We never really developed anything "new," but we are not so far behind as you might think. I predict that in 10 years' time Hayes and Feldman will go down in jazz history with Monk, Hawkins, and Miles.

London, England — M. Wolton

I was incensed to read your article headed *Creeping Modernity in Great Britain* in your issue of June 7. Despite Brubeck's semi-pop successes, the position is that modern jazz is still just not appreciated here—so much so that our dear government-controlled radio has just announced a virtual ban on modern jazz, on the grounds that it is too much of a "minority appeal music." So annoyed is the English modern jazz world by this announcement that Johnny Dankworth declared that his band will not play any more BBC broadcasts. So, if you print anything about England, make it a protest, please.

Now, after the brickbat, a bouquet. As a semiprofessional modern jazz musician, may I say how much we welcome your informative magazine in our country, particularly the issues containing musical scores and harmony tips.

London, England — Goudie Charles

## Misdirected Irritation

I am becoming increasingly irritated by some of your record reviews—not by their content, which is a matter of personal opinion—but the sloppy way the personnels are set out.

The Jimmy Witherspoon review in the May 24 issue is a particularly flagrant example. Surely it is merely laziness that prevents the reviewer from listing the personnel for each track. John S. Wilson is guilty of the same fault in his review of the Bob Brookmeyer album in the same issue.

Secondly, some companies go to the trouble of putting recording dates on their albums. Why cannot these also be given in the review? This would not necessarily apply to reissues, since the dates are probably well known anyway.

Just to make sure your reviewers play the records through at least once, might it not be a good idea to give playing times also? A surprisingly large number of issues play for less than 40 minutes—surely the minimum acceptable playing time.

Ilford, England — M. G. Shera

*Reader Shera jumps in the wrong direction. When a personnel is listed on an album, it is listed at the beginning of the review, but often record companies name only soloists or fail to list any personnel aside from the featured artist or conductor. In many cases,* Down Beat *reviewers have found out personnels by research.*

*Recording dates are included in reviews only when those dates are pertinent to the performance. Except in rare cases, the total playing time of a record is of more concern to Top 40 disc jockeys than to jazz listeners.*

*Reviewers play their assigned records several times before writing reviews.*

## Pleased with Panoramic DB

I've been a reader of *Down Beat* for nine years, and I've never before seen an issue with as broad a scope or such fascinating material as the issue of July 5. The reminiscence of Art Tatum was especially welcome, as was reader Richardson's defense of Anita O'Day.

Thanks for an outstanding collection of reviews and Leonard Feather's humorous play at transliteration. I think I'll renew my subscription ad infinitum.

Buffalo, N.Y. — David Gitin

## The Artist Replies

My efforts at *blues singing* were not meant to challenge such diverse masters as Joe Turner, Ray Charles, or Big Bill Broonzy, and I don't think their singing was meant as a challenge to each other or to me. Joe sang for Turner, Ray Charles for himself, just as did Big Bill. No one could sing my blues but me (if you must call it singing), just as no one can holler for you, (H.P.), if I decide to punch you in your mouth. So don't come near me ever in this life.

Philadelphia, Pa. — Charlie Mingus

*Reader Mingus, a prolific letter writer, refers to Harvey Pekar's recent review of the bassist's* Oh, Yeah! *album. Pekar stated that Mingus' blues singing did not challenge that of Turner, Charles, or Broonzy.*

*And what about the next life?*

## Watch Out for Those Russian Cats!

I would like to comment on the Benny Goodman feature by Yuri Vikharieff (*DB*, July 5).

I think that the whole article was just another form of propaganda for their country. What better way to reach the public than to let everybody in the U.S. know that they like jazz; already we like them because of that! It's plain to see what his article was for, and why they send jazz groups over here.

Vikharieff's statement that they forbid jazz groups to go over there is easy to

understand too. In my opinion, jazz is freedom, like modern art. When U.S. jazzmen go over there they are reflecting our freedom—which Russia doesn't have—that's why I say I don't think Russia is 100 percent favorable to jazz. Maybe the players are, but the Soviet government isn't.
Henderson, Nev. Bob Haney

*See page 13 for Leonard Feather's comments on the USSR jazz scene.*

## Plight of the Young Singer

Jazz used to have a dirty name. It still has, as far as I'm concerned—at least one aspect of it. It seems that jazz club and cafe owners, jazz record people, and those agents and personal managers who exclusively handle jazz performers do all they can to discourage and prevent young, talented, but unknown performers from continuing in their (ill-) chosen profession. They are the brick walls against which the said performers must constantly knock their heads, with nothing to show for this misguided effort but bruised heads and considerably dampened enthusiasm.

If this sounds like I have a personal gripe to air, I have. I am a 28-year-old jazz singer, recently returned from a five-year sojourn in Europe, singing from one end of the continent to the other, constantly perfecting what I choose to consider my art. At the end of this period, feeling I had successfully completed my musical apprenticeship, I returned to America, only to find that no one here has use for an unknown performer, no matter how talented he may be.

"When you get a record out, come and see me," say some.

"I can't take a chance on you," say others. "You haven't got a name."

"Let me know where you're singing," say still others, "and I'll come down to hear you."

Now, I'm admittedly an egotist, and I strongly believe in myself, but if I were alone in thinking I had talent I would have switched professions long ago.

The problem remains: How does a young jazz performer break into this business? Every clubowner I talk to professes an interest in me but hasn't even the time to listen to me. I don't think it's my visage that frightens them. What, then, goes through these men's minds as they confront me? Something like: "Oh, damn, here's another one. Let him in and I'll have to let them all in. The field is too crowded already." Or, "Jazz today is a loser. Even with big names I don't make any money. I can't afford to take a chance on this cat; no one knows him from nothin'"?

If these, or like sentiments, are what these people actually think, then I suggest they get out of jazz. Aside from not contributing anything positive to the profession, they are actually impeding its progress. They should use Twist music in their clubs, as Small's in Harlem has done, and stuff their greedy pockets with the never-ending flow of dollars from writhing, gyrating contortionists and leave jazz to the people who really love and respect it.
New York City Bob Patton


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Ray McKinley is the name behind the New Glenn Miller Orchestra. An accomplished musician, he's carrying on a tradition and style he helped form, in the days when the organization was "Glenn Miller's Army Air Force Band—featuring Ray McKinley." Born in Fort Worth, Ray was a soloist at 6, a professional at 12, and a headliner not much later with the Dorsey Brothers, Jimmy Dorsey, Will Bradley, and a band of his own. And there's another name you'll find, wherever you find Ray's: LUDWIG, THE MOST FAMOUS NAME ON DRUMS.
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## NEW YORK

One last comment here about **Benny Goodman** and Russia. On July 4, Soviet Premier **Nikita Khrushchev** made a surprise visit to the United States Embassy reception in Moscow. There also was Benny Goodman. What followed, in excerpt, was a model of U.S. diplomacy and USSR aggression—or so some people might say:

K: "I am not a jazz fan. I like real music. I don't understand jazz. I don't mean just yours. I don't even understand our own."

GOODMAN

Goodman explained it took time to understand jazz.

K: "Good music should appeal at once—it shouldn't take time."

Both men agreed they liked **Mozart.** This disconcerted the premier, who commented, "And yet you play this bad music?"

Goodman asserted diplomatically, "We grew up with it."

K: "There are people and people in the United States. You can't say they all like jazz. Some like good music too."

Goodman went on to talk about Mozart.

Moral: There's not much swinging can be done with dialectical materialism in the rhythm section.

FOLLOWUP: New York's newest, and some thought best, jazz club, the Jazz Gallery, closed last month, with no hope of reopening. It was one of the two jazz clubs rumored to be closing several issues ago. The second is still to decide. But a third, the Five Spot, has only a few weeks to vacate its premises—a modern apartment building will be built there. The club plans to relocate further downtown. . . **Booker Pittman,** soprano saxophonist, veteran of many swing bands, and for more than 20 years an expatriate, is back in the U.S.

BROWN

**Frank Geltman** producer of five jazz festivals at Randall's Island, and this year producing Saturday evening shows on the same island, most with nonjazz stars, has these things to say about festivals: "1. There are too many. 2. There's too much jazz already in New York. 3. The musicians are outpricing themselves." All this has been said before, but jazz promoters and festival-goers should heed Geltman's final complaint: "Ninety percent of the tickets sold to the jazz public for Randall's Island are sold the day of the concert. That's enough to make any promoter nervous."

NERVOUSNESS CONTINUED: One of the very best pianists is suffering with a drug habit costing more than $75 a day. His friends are trying to help, but the situation has now reached a point where none can return—nor can he.

GOOD NEWS: Veteran altoist **Pete Brown** is out of the hospital and on the road to recovery. Diabetes and internal bleeding were his ailments.

BAD NEWS: **Gene Sedric,** veteran tenor saxophonist and clarinetist, mainly known for his playing with the late **Fats Waller,** is seriously ill in New York. A testimonial concert was held for him July 25, featuring such old-time

*(Continued on page 44)*


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## JAZZ FILM SCORE WINS GERMAN AWARD

Hungarian-born guitarist Attila Zoller received a prize from the West German government for the best film music of the year at the 12th International Film Festival held in Berlin recently.

Zoller's trio arranged and recorded the jazz score for a German avant garde movie *Brot der Fruehen Jahre* (*Bread of the Early Years*), based on a novel by West Germany's best-known post-war novelist Heinrich Boell.

Zoller, 35, shared the prize with West German jazz critic Joachim Ernst Behrendt, who originally had the idea of dubbing Zoller's guitar into the film's soundtrack.

The film, which was awarded second prize at the festival (no first place was given), is a simple story of a young German refugee who is preparing to marry the attractive daughter of his employer but meets another girl he finds irresistible. The technique and mood of the film are reminiscent of the two French "New Wave" films *Hiroshima Mon Amour* and *Last Year at Marienbad*.

Zoller, now a U.S. citizen, fled Budapest, Hungary, in 1948. He came to the United States in 1959 and joined the Chico Hamilton group in 1960. Later he was with the International Jazz Quartet.

## GIUFFRE GOES SOLO AT FINNISH FESTIVAL

Jimmy Giuffre's musical trail has been consistent to the point of easy predictability. From normally current jazz he has moved steadily to the most free and abstract. From big, obvious bands, he has gone on to lead progressively smaller groups.

Now he is embarked on the final and logical step in this process. He intends to perform as an unaccompanied clarinetist, "just improvising music."

Of course, he's done a bit of that on records, as have some others, but he said he believes that he will be the first wind-instrument player to have adopted the solo life as a career. He'll get a chance to test audience reaction toward it during the Display of Creative Arts Festival in Helsinki, Finland, which began July 29 and ends Aug. 6.

The festival is held every two years, and artists from all over the world attend it. This year, however, is the first time the United States will be represented.

New York City's Museum of Modern Art will send groups of paintings, photographs, and poetry and maintain a reading and listening room during the display. In addition to Giuffre's appearance, there will be a series of free concerts by U. S. jazz musicians: Charles Bell, the Modern Jazz Disciples, the Herbie Nichols Trio, a traditional group made up of members from the Queen City and Red Onion jazz bands.

All of this is sponsored and paid for by an independent group, unaffiliated with the U. S. government, the Program for Young American Culture, presided over by Fred Starr of Cincinnati, Ohio.

## IRVING MILLS' RETURN WILL STRESS JAZZ INTERNATIONALISM

To most present-day jazz fans the fact that Irving Mills has returned to the jazz field probably causes no interest. Yet it could mean a great deal for all of jazz, for he was an important figure in the field for 30 years until he seemed to lose interest early in 1950.

His activity in jazz came under the several positions he held: vice president and co-owner of Mills Music, a music-publishing firm; president of its subsidaries—American Academy of Music and American Recording Artists; president of Mills Artists, a booking agency; and independent association with motion-picture companies.

Dealing with these many activities backwards:

Mills was associate producer of 20th Century-Fox' *Stormy Weather*. In the talent business, he was active in the Cotton Club reviews and booked many of the early jazz tours, playing a major role in helping to break the color line in previously "all-white" night clubs.

In music publishing, he was directly responsible for first publishing songs by scores of jazz musicians, among them Duke Ellington, Quincy Jones, George Shearing, Art Farmer, and George Wallington.

But it was in recording, and the attendant placing of recording artists in New York night clubs, that his real reputation must lie.

Benny Goodman's first recording sessions were organized by Mills, as were early ones by such as Ellington, Red Norvo (with Artie Shaw, Charlie Barnet, and Teddy Wilson), Buster Bailey (with Henry Allen and J. C. Higginbotham), and the Hotsy Totsy Gang that included Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Jimmy McPartland, Jack Teagarden, Goodman, and others.

It's been an impressive career, arguing strongly for what may now come. It has resulted in the finding, several months ago, of unpublished works by Fats Waller and Ellington among those of others. Currently, Mills is touring London, Paris, and Rome and cities in Sweden, Spain, Turkey, Denmark, Greece, and Israel, and will record as much jazz as possible.

His purpose, he said, "is to present, by means of current jazz albums, a virtual survey of the present international development of jazz."

### Soviet Sidelight

"KLAC (Los Angeles) disc jockey Ray Briem allows that since Benny Goodman has given his concerts in Russia to such enthusiastic audiences, that Khrushchev is very confused. Briem says that the Kremlin headman now doesn't know whether to 'bury' us or 'dig' us." (From KLAC publicity department.)

*Dig you now, bury you later?*

## POLISH GROUP SILENCED IN SAN FRANCISCO BY AFM

The U. S. government's attempt to stimulate friendly feelings with Poland by being host to a nationwide visit by five Polish jazz musicians was dealt its second blow by the American Federation of Musicians during the Poles' stay in San Francisco.

Earlier, in Chicago, the union refused the vistors permission to play a set at a local club (*DB*, Aug. 2). The incident created a furor.

Shortly before the visitors arrived in San Francisco, that city's AFM Local 6 made known it would offer no objection to the group sitting in briefly at local jazz clubs. On June 24 the combo, whose official name is the Wreckers of Andre Trzaskowski (Trzaskowski is the pianist-leader), set in at the Black Hawk's afternoon session. The group's foray into the hard-edged modern idiom delighted the audience.

On Tuesday night the visitors were invited to sit in at the Jazz Workshop, where the Red Garland Trio was opening. Shortly before they left their hotel for the club, the Poles got bad news.

Their tour escort, James Hancock of the American Council on Education, was informed by his Washington headquarters that the musicians union had banned any playing by the visitors except their scheduled appearance at the Newport, R. I., festival. The ban against the Polish group in Chicago applied nationally, according to the union, and though there was no objection to performing in noncommercial surroundings, they must not play where other musicians were hired.

Although they withheld comment, it was evident that the Polish musicians were disappointed and upset at this last-minute cancellation of their invitation. In an interview only a few hours before, they had said the opportunity to play with U. S. musicians was one of the highlights of their visit.

In the course of the interview the Polish musicians also asserted that overseas dissemination of U. S. jazz would do more to gain friends for this country than any other export.

"Nobody now says in Poland, 'Don't play jazz, because it's American music,'" said Trzaskowski, the 29-year-old musicologist, composer, and critic who leads the quintet. "That was not the case some years ago."

Jazz came to Poland via phonograph records, plus the *Voice of America* short-wave broadcasts of Willis Conover, the visitors explained. Trzaskowski, who became interested in the music in his early youth, was one of the organizers of the first Polish jazz combo, the Mellowmen, which was formed in 1951.

The spread of jazz in the country was greatly stimulated in 1958 by the visit of the Dave Brubeck Quartet—the first concert tour behind the Iron Curtain by U. S. jazz group—the Poles said.

Although Poland has no jazz night clubs similar to ones in this country, the music is widespread. Student clubs that dot the nation all have jazz sections, and these arrange frequent appearances by combos.

"We don't get much money for this," Jedrzejekowski said, smiling, "but we like to play."

Every month, the Poles said, there is a live jazz concert and a jazz tape concert in the Warsaw Philharmonia.

During one week each month of the 10-month school year, students in the 10 high schools are given concerts by touring native artists. These include representatives of opera, chamber music, symphonic groups, various song forms, and jazz. The Wreckers, as the group is known unofficially, represent jazz. Leader Trzaskowski explains the various jazz forms to the youngsters —blues, ballads, riff tunes, and so on—and the quintet illustrates his remarks.

As a result, hundreds of Polish young folk are becoming familiar with this music while at the same time gaining a knowledge of its source.

## GERMAN JAZZ FESTIVAL LEAVES CRITICS COLD

The eighth annual German Jazz Festival in Frankfurt am Main ended in June as a box-office success but with all critics insisting there were "no musical sensations."

Seven countries were represented by 12 soloists on the first night, which was covered by television (Hamburg television and radio, which helped to sponsor the festival), titled *Jazz Workshop*, and quite given over to Germany's Hans Koller (tenor saxophone) and tenorist Lucky Thompson, the expatriate American.

Other groups, during the weeklong festival, were led by Wolfgant Lauth, Michael Naura Helmut Brandt, and Inge Brandenburg. Continental critics complained that no large orchestras participated, but none seemed too impressed by the unusual. The festival was also jointly underwritten by the City of Frankfurt and the State of Hesse.

## LIFE WITH KENTON— A MANY SPLENDORED THING

From the Stan Kenton Band route came flashes of Life with the Father Image and other tidbits:

● Trombonist Dee Barton switched to drums and reportedly is gassing everybody.

● Mellophonium player and arranger Gene Roland left the band to play valve trombone with the Woody Herman Band.

● Staff arranger-composer Johnny Richards now has a part-time teaching job at New York University.

● Staff arranger Lennie Niehaus scored five new dance numbers for the band. These arrangements are of some of today's pop tunes. Niehaus also is penning a series of arrangements for Nat Cole's summer tour, which opens with an Aug. 6-11 date at Hollywood's Greek Theater.

● Bill Holman has adapted *Rhapsody in Blue* as a showcase for baritone saxist Allan Beutler, one of five new production scores for the band.

● Due for release Sept. 1 is the album Kenton recorded with western entertainer Tex Ritter. The bandleader backed the cowboy singer with a brass choir of mellophoniums and trombones, plus rhythm section. The tunes include *Cool Water, Empty Saddles, Boots and Saddles, The Bandit,* and *Home on the Range.*

KENTON
Collaboration with Tex Ritter.

● The stereo tape sound system on the Kenton band bus is broadening the sidemen's appreciation of classical music. The men can dig the tapes through individual headsets.

● Vocalist Jean Turner is to record several single records with the band on its temporary return to Hollywood Sept. 2. Kenton already has completed four of these sides for her.

● The band takes off from Hollywood for the Seattle World's Fair on Sept. 11. It will play six days there. Following will be a series of concerts for 14 days on the Pacific Coast with Vic Damone and Jane Powell.

## 16 MUSICIANS, COMPOSERS ON DARTMOUTH COMMITTEE

Not without precedent, but still exciting, is the naming of 16 prominent musicians and composers to the advisory committee of the new $7,500,000 Hopkins Center at Dartmouth College in Hanover, N. H.

Goddard Lieberson, president of Columbia Records, heads the committee that includes leading lights from many fields of music (Igor Stravinsky, Aaron Copland, Leonard Bernstein, Eugene Ormandy, Erich Leinsdorf, Glenn Gould, and William Schuman), who will guide the center in choosing musical programs.

From jazz and the popular fields are Dave Brubeck and Paul Weston (Dartmouth class of 1933).

**Signs of Our Times**

Seen on the bandstand at purists' mecca Preservation Hall in New Orleans:

REQUESTS

Traditional ..... $1.00
Other ..... $2.00
Saints ..... $5.00

# INSIDE SOVIET JAZZ

**With LEONARD FEATHER**

THE FIRST point that has to be made in any discussion of the USSR, whether on a political, sociological, or musical level, is that things ain't what they used to be.

The doors opened to U. S. tourists in the 1950s and to U. S. jazz in the 1960s are symbols of a new outlook that has exposed the Soviet Union to the realities of the arts, living standards, and social values in a long-hidden world beyond its borders.

Possibly as a result of this new and broader view, one of the very few complaints I heard leveled against us during my recent visit there was: "Why do you use the expression 'Iron Curtain'? Why do you talk about jazz as a cultural *weapon*? When we export the Bolshoi Ballet, we send it as art, not propaganda."

The Soviet people I met, musicians and nonmusicians, seemed sensitive, proud, and satisfied with their lot, though not to the point of complacency. They were willing to admit to the material shortcomings amid which they have lived all their lives, but they point to the advances that have been made and to the confusion in the minds of many Americans about actual conditions in the USSR today.

It is true that until the very day before my departure from home I was being warned about the dangers of fraternizing with Soviet residents, about the constant watch that would be kept over me, the restrictions that would prevent me from really getting to know what was going on with local jazz or any other aspect of Soviet society.

This certainly would have been largely true until seven or eight years ago. All I can report is that in May and June of 1962, in Moscow and Leningrad, I mingled with the local citizenry as often as I liked; visited people's apartments and youth cafes; took taxis, subways, or streetcars when I didn't want to bother with the tourist car and guide; used my camera whenever I liked; and felt completely free to discuss what I wanted to. (For remarking on these truths after my return to the United States, I was accused by one person of having been brainwashed.)

Mitchell Wilson, the novelist whose *Meeting at a Far Meridian* was simultaneously published in Moscow and New York (in five days 150,000 copies were sold in the USSR, 20,000 in the U. S.), recently summed up the situation realistically: "Khrushchev is pulling off a controlled revolution. Having inherited a complete apparatus with police terror, he has eliminated the terror. The Russians I meet show . . . a greater sense of trust in the freedom they've been promised in the de-Stalinization campaign. Peace has finally caught up with Russia as it has with Western Europe. . . . You see it . . . in the new modern architecture, most of it in plans now approved. . . . Russia is joining the mainstream of Western civilization, materially and culturally."

The course of jazz in the USSR is inextricably tied up with this social change. The direction clearly is toward encouragement of young Soviet jazzmen, once they are discovered, and provided they can show the ability to create something intrinsically valid rather than a secondhand U. S. product. What happened in the past is far less clear.

Alexei Batashev, the Moscow jazz authority, takes a somewhat formalistic Soviet position.

"Unfortunately," he said, "we had our first taste of music bearing the name jazz in the 1920s and early '30s, not from the creators of jazz—American Negroes—but from pseudo-jazz orchestras of the New and Old Worlds, parasiting on the real jazz. This art was commercial in form and content, and the music caused a certain public opinion. The opponents and defenders of this principle stated their cases, and the viewpoint of the opponents became a dogma. Many, not interested in terminology, started naming this music light, variety, or dance music and decided that this was the same as jazz.

"In the 1950s the real jazz, the art whose name had been compromised and whose essence had nothing in common with mere entertainment, found itself ostracized. When we started playing very simple jazz and tried to dig the music in the early '50s, we had neither qualified musicians nor serious and literate jazzophiles.

"By 1960 we had a few good professional-level combos and some educated historians and investigators of jazz; together they formed the Moscow Jazz Club, whose aims are to popularize jazz and give lectures about its history; also to contribute as far as it can to the creation of our national school of jazz. For us, this means writing our own compositions and educating talented jazzmen.

"Our national jazz seems generally to be based on Soviet classical and folk traditions. Our musicians have written a number of original compositions such as Igor Kondakov's *Always with You,* Boris Idny's *Monolog,* Alexi Kozlov's *Jennaro,* Andre Towmosian's *Stubborn Boy,* E. Gevorgian's *Inkas,* K. Bakholdin's *Old Toomas,* George Garanian's *Armenian Bounce.*" (This is pared down from a much longer list given by the indomitable Batashev.)

Leonid Pereversev, a Moscow electronic technician and ethno-musicologist, gave a similar theory:

"Before the revolution, we had a highly romantic musical culture; we admired Bach, Tchaikowsky . . . the musical aristocrats of the spirit. Our intelligentsia was biased against the popular movement in music.

"Then came the revolution and the turbulent '20s; a new element came into control who had never heard of our cultural traditions. They replaced them with third-rate pop restaurant music and operettas, and fourth-rate pseudo-jazz—loud, with lots of comedy effects and drums. They called this jazz. This was criticized by workers, peasants, and conservatives alike; so jazz was condemned and died out completely during the socialization of the 1930s.

"After the war, visiting bands from other countries came in and gave us some idea of what was happening in jazz.

Those of us who were seriously concerned began to acquire records or tapes one way or another. I have a collection of 500 tape reels, dubbed from discs. . . . Today we [jazz aficionados] keep in touch so well that Benny Goodman concerts offered us nothing basically new, and some of the jazz students found it old-fashioned."

In Leningrad I ran into musicologists and musicians who had been no less diligent in keeping in touch. One of them might have a subscription to *Down Beat* presented by an American who had visited and befriended him; another might somehow have gained access to records or books, and by a careful sharing process the jazz lovers in that city have been able in recent years to develop a healthy and fast-growing interest.

In a recent issue of the college newspaper printed by the University of Leningrad, one article and photo spread celebrated the first anniversary of the Leningrad Jazz Club. One musician whose apartment I visited had adjacent pictures on the living room wall of two men who evidently rank among his idols: Lenin and Cannonball. I heard, too, that a 16-millimeter color film made by Art Blakey in Japan and not yet seen in the United States has made its way into Leningrad. The fruit is no longer forbidden, but the memory of the long veto still makes it taste sweeter.

LENINGRAD'S leading jazz student, drummer Valeri Mysovsky, even managed to publish a book on jazz—the only one to date in the Soviet Union. Published in 1960, entitled *Jazz* and running to 60 pages, it is a scholarly attempt, accurate as far as I could discern, to explain U.S. jazz, with basic historical facts, followed by a pictorial section in which the final pages, no doubt for diplomatic and pragmatic reasons, are devoted to Soviet popular bandleaders—Dunayevski, Utyosov, Tsfatsman.

These names are important, not to the history of jazz in the USSR but to an understanding of the Batashev and Pereversev theories.

To gain a perspective it is necessary to flash back to 1925, when Sidney Bechet, visiting the Soviet Union with a quintet, gave two concerts a day for several months to capacity houses. This was Moscow's first taste of genuine jazz, and the audiences went wild.

Bechet's visit had a powerful influence on Soviet composers, among them the youthful Dimitri Shostakovich, who tried to incorporate jazz elements into his first two symphonies and several other works.

One of those influenced by Bechet was Alexander Tsfatsman, a pianist from Gorki, who at the recent Soviet Composers' Union meeting with Benny Goodman stated, "I have been playing jazz since 1927." It is true that after hearing Bechet and leaving Moscow Conservatory, Tsfatsman did form a dance band and achieved a tremendous and widespread popularity. His repertoire included Western songs. His band probably was about as close to jazz as Paul Whiteman's in its ensembles, though unlike Whiteman he had no Bix Beiderbecke. Similarly, Leonid Utyosov, a popular singer from Odessa, started a dance band, mainly as accompaniment for his singing, and hired Isaac Dunayevski to write his arrangements.

To these men, and others like them, was entrusted the translation of jazz into Soviet terms. Jazz, of course, meant fox trots, popular movie music, and the like; whatever impact Bechet may have had proved incapable of absorption in this remote culture and was evidently diluted to the vanishing point.

During the years from 1929, under the first five-year plan, there were big changes. Tschaikowsky and Chopin were taboo, according to the powerful Association of Proletarian Musicians; Moscow Conservatory was liquidated; jazz was outlawed as bourgeois degeneracy.

1.

2.

3.

Whether the ban was formal and legal is beside the point; in effect, it was impossible to pretend to play jazz. The former kings of Soviet jazz, or whatever music had been dispensed under that name, remained out of the public eye until 1932, when another policy shift saw the abolition of the Association of Proletarian Musicians; in the wake of the much-quoted Stalin statement "life is better, life is gayer," happy days were here again for Tsfatsman & Co. A movie director, just back from Hollywood, filmed *Gay Fellows*, with Utyosov in the leading role and a score by Dunayevski. Tsfatsman toured triumphantly across the country.

Later it was decided to work jazz into the Soviet cultural patterns by forming a government-sponsored group, the USSR State Jazz Band. Most of the sidemen were drawn from the personnel of Tsfatsman's orchestra. The direction and writing for the State Jazz Band were entrusted to men associated with light music but with absolutely no feeling for jazz. The orchestra played classical music and folk songs but included an occasional work by Duke Ellington or some other U.S. writer. When there was a complaint that the jazz band wasn't playing enough jazz, a big decision was reached: Tsfatsman was called in to conduct the band in *Rhapsody in Blue*.

The orchestra flourished between 1938 and 1941. Its decline and dissolution were said to be the result of an appearance before Stalin, who was displeased by the "bourgeois" manner of its attractive girl singer, Nina Donskaya.

After the State Jazz Band was abolished, the only "jazz" orchestra that continued actively was Utyosov's. During the war it acquired the title of State Jazz Band, but this was later changed to State Stage Ensemble, which probably would have been a more appropriate name all along.

Last year, Utyosov was widely quoted in the U.S. press as a result of an article he had written in *Soviet Culture* that seemed to take the curse off a music long in and out of Soviet favor.

"Jazz with its roots goes back not to the bankers' safes," he said, "but to poor Negro quarters. . . . In Odessa long ago musicians always improvised at weddings, and this gives me grounds to say that so-called Dixieland existed in Odessa before New Orleans."

This was widely misinterpreted as proof that the Russians

4.

## SOME TOP SOVIET JAZZMEN

1. L. to r.: Gennadi Golstein, Constantin Nosov, Lev Boldirev.
2. Nosov.
3. Leningrad's Seven Dixie Lads.
4. L. to r.: O. Moshkovitch, V. Myssovsky, J. Kucholev.

say they invented jazz. The writer's qualifications, of course, to speak for all Soviet jazz musicians, or to dogmatize about jazz, were as valid as a jazz pronunciamento by Rudy Vallee or Vaughn Monroe.

It is an ironic coincidence that certain views of the first official U.S. jazz star sent to the USSR coincide with those of the Soviet elders. Like them, Goodman tends to think of jazz as a utilitarian art, to be equated with dance music; like them, he includes Paul Whiteman, Glenn Miller, and George Gershwin in the gallery of jazz immortals; like them, he has not caught up with the current realities of jazz, the harmonic or rhythmic subtleties of the modern-oriented soloists and arrangers. A key to his attitude could be found in a statement made during his tour: "A vocal minority screams for progressive jazz in both the U.S. and Russia. . . . Then there are the music lovers."

Such sarcastic quips cannot hide the inevitable fact that the young musicians and fans dismissed by Benny Goodman represent, in Moscow as much as in New York, the future. Just as the more contemporary-minded sidemen in his band (Jimmy Knepper, Joe Newman, Zoot Sims, Phil Woods) could never reach a meeting of the minds with their boss, there is at present a lack of rapport between certain persons who control the powerful Union of Soviet Composers and the youthful, eager new Soviet jazzmen who are waiting for some sign of official recognition.

The veteran composers I met seemed to be men of good will, though. In addition to Tihon Khrennikov, the union's head, they included Eddie Rosner, whose recording many years ago of *St. Louis Blues* had long been the only example of Soviet popular music in my collection; Alexander Tsfatsman, who takes pride in his 35-year background as a "jazzman," and Aram Khachaturian.

A tip-off to the difficulties of communication was an incident during Goodman's meeting with the composers. Tsfatsman tried to explain to Khachaturian the manner in which the creative processes work at a jam session. Khachaturian's reaction: "How can it be? I can't believe it." Yet it was Khachaturian who, at this meeting, offered to write a special work for clarinet (Goodman), trumpet (Joe Wilder), and orchestra. The result may be superior music; its relationship to jazz is not likely to differ much from that of some of the concert works performed by the USSR State Jazz Band in the 1930s.

On the day after my meeting with the composers, I was given a large selection of recordings on 10-inch LPs and 33-rpm singles. The records, I later discovered, were all expertly played light music, or at times mildly jazz-flavored dance music, correctly written, with a bare minimum of improvisation.

This does not mean that the union's members are all totally unaware of the new happenings. During the meeting, Yuri Saulski, a popular radio dance-band leader whose arrangements are said to be Billy May-inspired, leafed through some of the music reproductions in the *Book of Jazz* and hummed parts of the solos by Dizzy Gillespie and others, with an evidently adequate understanding of their rhythmic meaning.

Other composers, such as Alexander Medvedev, a good friend of Batashev, and Bogdan Trotsiuk, who described himself as a friend and admirer of Stan Kenton, are becoming conscious of the difference between real jazz and the pop music that for 35 years managed to masquerade under the name of jazz in the Soviet Union.

Nevertheless, the musicians at the youth cafes, where I heard the most startlingly modern jazz, have not yet been given a chance to make records.

In fact, not a single genuine jazz recording, domestic or imported, seems to have been released yet in the USSR. Before this can be accomplished, it will probably be necessary for the heads of the composers union to be convinced that the youth-cafe musicians are important Soviet composers and that such a move would be justified artistically, socially, and politically.

THE DAY may not be too distant when the vinylite curtain (and I hope I may be forgiven for using that phrase) will be lifted. The governmental acknowledgement of three jazz clubs, in Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev, is a straw in the wind.

Meanwhile, because the recording companies have not yet beckoned to them, a number of the best combos and bands have made private tapes of their performances, at the Leningrad Jazz Festival and other such events. Some of these tapes, presented to me by the musicians in Leningrad, revealed about the state of Soviet jazz a great deal more than I could learn from the records acquired in Moscow.

Several tracks were played by a big band under the direction of Yusef Weinstein. They achieved an ensemble feeling comparable at least with that of a prize-winning group at a college band contest in the United States. The soloists included a couple of men of remarkable promise, notably a trumpet player named Constantin Nosov and an alto player, Gennadi (Charlie) Golstein (nicknamed for Charlie Parker), who also writes many of the band's arrangements.

Since they have virtually no access to printed music in the jazz field, the musicians are compelled to write their own arrangements. One of the best Weinstein band numbers, though, happened to be a Herb Pomeroy item entitled *Where's Charlie?* for which the parts, I was told, had been taken from an old issue of *Down Beat*.

Other tracks on the tapes featured a quintet led by Golstein and Nosov, with Lev Boldirev, piano; Vadim Neploch, bass; Serge Samoilov, drums. The style is mainly hard bop, with a touch of contemporary Gospel-funk on one number, *Blue Church Blues*, and a local folk element in a Russian song called *Polyushko Pole*.

It is easy to discern in these performances the intensity with which the musicians have studied each new development, every *Voice of America* broadcast (easily audible nightly at 12:15 a.m.) and every available imported record.

Golstein's alto, for instance, will mature into something

*(Continued on page 37)*

# NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL REPORT: GOOD MUSIC, GOOD TIMES, AND EVEN-A PROFIT

ALL PHOTOS BY JOE ALPER

ELDRIDGE
Searing spirit, even without Hawk.

Jazz, Newport, and George Wein found fortune again—somewhat in reverse order.

This nearly was the best of all the Newport Jazz Festivals—only those in the past that had some experimental music during certain afternoons could perhaps be termed better. And the reason, strangely enough, is closely tied to the fact that this was a festival making a comeback without a big bankroll. Consequently, there were no semi-jazz acts to fog the window.

Instead, Wein presented lean programs in which everyone had a chance to stretch out, and he programed the festival in a way that built excitement and audiences. And the festival made money.

Business aside, it was like old times. Old times occurred somewhere around 1954. Old times were orderly, musical, and fun.

Social Note: I have never seen so many young people so badly dressed. (There, that sounds like the poor man's George Frazier, don't it?) And, apparently, the new bit, this year, is to wear your glasses pushed back on your brow, into your hair.

Music Notes: The best were those developed by Roy Eldridge, Max Roach and his singers, Abbey Lincoln, Sonny Rollins & Co., the Newport All-Stars, Thelonious Monk, Duke Ellington, and Joe Williams and Jimmy Rushing singing with the Count Basie Orchestra.

Another Social Note: Many of the people in Newport sound like John F. Kennedy.

Critical Note: For some reason several jazz critics have been concerned about toilet facilities at Newport in the past. I'd rather not go into the whole thing, but it should be noted for them —none of those critics were in Newport this year, perhaps for that reason—that the facilities were excellent this year. Also, the police were polite and well-dressed. In nearby Mystic, Conn., I saw one policeman with a red-white-and-blue night stick. But in Newport the sticks were either white or brown. That, it seems to me, was a quiet example of how we can all work together.

Riot Note: There were none, although four young men in sweatshirts were ordered off a wall early Saturday morning. I told them that it was only being done for their own good. They agreed, suggesting that they were not up to mischief, but only members of a wall-climbing club. We waited until the policeman left, and we climbed the wall together. It was dull on the other side, except for a dog.

More Critical Notes: There were no breathtaking performances. On the other hand, there was nothing poor. That is a statement, as the advertising people say, that few can make. There were practically no times, and this is unique in any kind of performance, where anyone could rationally ask for more than was being offered.

Those performances, as noted earlier, that were superior were enhanced by backstage byplay—as much a part of the jazz, perhaps conducive to what ensued onstage—as the performances.

For example, Coleman Hawkins, who was to play with Eldridge, was late arriving Friday. Eldridge and company were on hand, and they played excellently. Eldridge was the most outstanding performer of the festival. (And, it should be noted that here with Eldridge, and with others, pianist Bill Rubenstein also was excellent.)

In any case, Hawkins appeared at the end of the set. In the backstage tent, Roy playfully insisted Coleman had done it on purpose. Hawkins said he had run into traffic problems. Trum-

## Newport Festival Program July 6-8, 1962

FRIDAY EVENING: Tony Tomasso and the Jewels of Dixieland. Roy Eldridge Quartet (Eldridge, trumpet; Bill Rubenstein, piano; John Neves, bass; Jo Jones, drums). Dave Brubeck Quartet. Gerry Mulligan Quartet. Carmen McRae. Joe Williams-Harry Edison. During the evening, Mulligan, Coleman Hawkins, Eldridge, and Miss McRae appeared with various groups.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON: Panel discussion—**The Economics of the Jazz Community**—John Hammond, Sid Bernstein, Art D'Lugoff, Joe Williams, George T. Simon, Charlie Mingus, George Wein. **A History of the Tap Dance and its Relationship to Jazz**—Marshall Stearns, moderator; Eldridge Quartet; Charlie Atkins, Pete Nugent, Honi Coles, Bunny Briggs, Baby Lawrence, dancers. Toshiko Mariano Trio.

SATURDAY EVENING: Gene Hull Orchestra. Carol Sloane, with Rubenstein, Coleman Hawkins. Charlie Mingus Sextet (Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Charles McPherson, alto saxophone; Richard Williams, trumpet; Toshiko Mariano, piano; Mingus, bass; Danny Richmond, drums). Max Roach with a choir of 16 voices. Duke Ellington Orchestra with Bunny Briggs and Baby Lawrence, dancers. Louis Armstrong All-Stars.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON: Panel Discussion—**Religion and the Concern for Jazz**—Rev. John Gensel, Rev. Norman O'Connor, Rev. Eugene Callender, Clara Ward, Maurice Zolotov, Maxwell T. Cohen. Joe Bucci. Clara Ward Singers. Oscar Peterson Trio. Sonny Rollins & Co. Abbey Lincoln. Count Basie Orchestra. Ellington, emcee.

SUNDAY EVENING: Warsaw Wreckers. Newport Jazz Festival Stars (Ruby Braff, trumpet; Marshall Brown, trombone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; George Wein, piano; John Neves, bass; Jo Jones, drums). Ellington Orchestra with Thelonious Monk, piano; Aretha Franklin, vocals. Monk Quartet. Lambert-Hendricks-Yolande. Roland Kirk.

WILLIAMS: A breakup with Rushing.

DANCERS: Too much in the afternoon.

HAWKINS: Too late but not too little.

peter Harry Edison said this was only because Hawkins was old. The conversation went something like this:

Hawkins: "You know I wanted to be on time."

Eldridge: "No, I don't."

Hawkins: "The roads were bad."

Edison: "Only when you get to be your age."

Hawkins: "The roads were bad."

Edison: "I've gone to tent shows, man, and people come in, you know, in wheel chairs, and they ask for Coleman Hawkins. Like, they're in security—otherwise they couldn't come—and they ask for you. They used to hear you when they were on two wheels."

Hawkins: "You're the only trumpeter I know who still carries the number one method book for trumpet in his case."

Until Saturday afternoon, except for Eldridge, there were only minor explosive moments. But then, on that afternoon, Marshall Stearns presented a tap-dance symposium. It could have done without some of the explanations and faults of semantics, but the audience *and* the dancers enjoyed immensely the exhibition of what is quickly becoming a dying Terpsichorean art.

Each of the five dancers had amazing grace. My particular tastes run to the super-cool attitudes of Honi Coles. But in the modern idiom, there are the incomparable (I use not the word loosely) Baby Lawrence and Bunny Briggs. They have, particularly Lawrence, a way of doing with their feet more than, but similar to, what King Pleasure and Jon Hendricks do with lyrics—amplifying jazz. Lawrence is closer to jazz, but Briggs represents an amalgam of dancing, including flamenco. Normally, Lawrence should have cut everyone in sight. He did not this afternoon, nor did he in the marvelous session that happened later that night, when Duke Ellington and band played music for Baby and Bunny separately, and then for them together in a challenge dance—it was beyond the usual—some 100 choruses short of what might have been historic, but jazz excitement at its height.

Saturday night began with the Gene Hull Band from Bridgeport, Conn., demonstrating that musicians happen almost anywhere. The other highlight of the evening (unfortunately, Charlie Mingus' group was less than it had been earlier at rehearsal) was Max Roach and a chorus of voices. Unhappily, this was a time when the sound system, which was excellent during the rest of the festival, was not equal to what Roach had planned. The sound system inclined to minimize the voices, so that much of the beauty contained in what is really an experiment was lost in a melange of distorted sounds, leading to audience uneasiness.

The other Saturday night highlight, as mentioned before, was the Ellington set with Briggs and Lawrence.

Came Sunday and, as on Saturday, a panel discussion. Saturday's decided that things were wrong with jazz as a marketable thing. It was again decided that jazz critics were dreadful—an interesting theory first proposed by Buddy Bolden. The name of Charlie Parker was once more invoked. More constructively, it was felt that this particular panel, which included some who organize jazz money, should meet regularly, starting on the Wednesday after the festival, hoping to right some wrongs.

The Sunday panel tried to deal with the complex problem of jazz and religion but could not because even the best natured or most involved of the panel members really could not deal with either subject in its most simple terms.

Following the panel discussion, there was more music than most days can hold. The audience went to meeting with Clara Ward. Sonny Rollins was superb. Abbey Lincoln made *Laugh, Clown, Laugh* sound like a personal message from the NAACP. And another song she sang, probably called *The Heel*—no title was given—was a marvelous commentary on still another problem. Without doubt, Miss Lincoln is one of the few important singers today, and she is only now developing.

The Count Basie Band was—well, of course. One major contribution was the matching of Jimmy Rushing with Joe Williams. They set each other off beautifully, to such an extent that both were better than they often are singly.

Sunday evening was notable for Ruby Braff and Pee Wee Russell, and for Duke Ellington and charges. Within that was a two-number performance by Thelonious Monk with the Ellington orchestra. It was a wonderful idea, and was successful up to a point, though it never hit the high hoped for.

Beyond that, there was Monk's quartet, followed by Lambert-Hendricks-Yolande, and the program was finished with the man of many instruments, Roland Kirk, who also played the Las Vegas festival the same weekend.

(One last sidelight: It was interesting to catch the attitude of musicians who had seen and heard Monk playing with Ellington. Without exception they were almost angry because Monk had played with his hat on. Yet in no case did they object to the hat when Monk was leading his own quartet.)

And so it ended. It is a happy circumstance to report that Newport '62 was not filtered and was as it should have been, perhaps even better than one could or would expect. —*Coss*

# LAS VEGAS FESTIVAL REPORT: A BOMB IN THE DESERT

So far as faithful attendees were concerned, the first annual Las Vegas Jazz Festival wound up as an experiment in somnambulism. The five-concert event, organized by local 369 of the American Federation of Musicians, left hundreds of blank-eyed sleepwalkers staggering in its wake and some stunned union officials, too, because while the festival was a resounding success musically, it laid a financial egg.

For the five performances only 9,600 fans paid admission (from $1.75 to $6.50 a ticket) to hear the programs at the 7,000-seat Las Vegas Convention Center. Whether the poor turnout was due to lack of effective advance promotion or to the festival's location in the blisteringly hot desert gambling town will have to be analyzed by its sponsors and by organizers Jack Eglash and Roy Jarvis, assistants to local president Jack Foy.

The first performance, held in the neon glare of the desert morning, drew 1,200 persons. It started almost an hour late—2:40 a.m.—and ended at breakfast time. Saturday afternoon, which should by all reasoning have drawn a capacity crowd, accounted for the same number. Saturday night's concert was considerably better attended — 2,500 fans heard Oscar Peterson, Jackie and Roy, and the Cannonball Adderley Sextet.

But by 2 a.m., when the Sunday morning concert started, it was apparent that jazz hath scant charms for a Vegas audience—once more, only 1,200 turned out to hear Benny Carter's band of local men, altoist Vi Redd, the Gerry Mulligan Quartet, and Mel Torme.

Sunday afternoon drew the largest house—more than 3,500—and provided the major thrill of the festival when Buddy Rich and Louis Bellson squared off in a battle of drums that moved musicians and laymen alike to roaring excitement. That closing number, titled *Slides and Hides* by composers Bellson and Carter, also featured the trombones of Carl Fontana and Tommy Turk in a scarcely less exciting duel.

Official acknowledgement that the festival lost money was hardly necessary; the evidence was clear to all. Coordinator Eglash, in conceding the loss, noted that festival costs exceeded $70,000 for talent, advance promotion, and other expenses.

Despite the boxoffice bomb, the festival must stand as a landmark to the initiative of the Las Vegas musicians union. It was a pioneering effort to shine the beacon of jazz in an entertainment center all too often devoted to raucous lounge acts and general whoop-dedoo.

Dizzy Gillespie was as dominant in this festival as in similar events in the past. Dizzy has a way about him—he just takes over. His humor and incredible trumpet talent combine into an irresistible anschluss wherever he appears.

Barry Ashton's jazz ballet, with music composed by Bellson and choreography by Larry Maldonado, was impressive musically but weak in thematic content. Still, it was a colorful and unusual highspot of the festival and was repeated during the closing performance. Leader Bellson, the band, and featured soloist Gillespie were concealed behind a rear drop curtain which in no way diminished their impact. With a theme based on the marriage vows, the ballet performance itself suffered from internal superficiality and came across with all the slickness of a typical Las Vegas super-show. While the dancing was executed rather roughly during the first performance, it had improved considerably the second time and was enthusiastically received by the audience.

Such were the main highlights of the festival, but the five concerts individually had their moments of quality and solid entertainment:

Roland Kirk, festooned with horns, demonstrated that jazz can be fun and (in his case) visually spectacular too. One of his more notable accomplishments was on tenor sax. He removed the mouthpiece, blew across the open top of the neck and played the horn like a flute, producing a hollow, graveyard sound. At another point in his performance he was moved to vocalize a tune called, *Oh, Hea—Git That Money*, a parody on gigs in general and presum-

ALL PHOTOS BY JIM MARSHALL

GILLESPIE
Irresistable at work or play.

## Las Vegas Festival Program July 7-8, 1962

SATURDAY MORNING: Dizzy Gillespie Quintet. Roland Kirk. Jazz Ballet. June Christy. Benny Carter Festival Orchestra. Louis Bellson.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON: Charlie Teagarden Quintet. Terry Gibbs Quartet. Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina Quartet. The Hi-Lo's. Dizzy Gillespie Quintet. Lee Konitz.

SATURDAY NIGHT: Oscar Peterson Trio. Cannonball Adderley Sextet. Jackie Cain-Roy Kral. Festival Orchestra.

SUNDAY MORNING: Benny Carter Festival Orchestra. Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Vi Redd Quintet. Gerry Mulligan Quartet. Mel Torme.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON: Jazz Ballet. Las Vegas Jazz Sextet. Mavis Rivers. Pearl Bailey. Louis Bellson, Buddy Rich, Carl Fontana, Tommy Turk, Festival Orchestra.

KIRK: Horns, mike, and Pearl Bailey's hands.

LATEEF: Outstanding with Cannonball.

DIZZY: In orbit.

ably this gig in particular. He was equally impressive on strich, nose flute, manzello, siren, and sarolaphone. Kirk described his act as "a vaudeville act—but I'm not that old."

Benny Carter's first featured set was the better of the two programed, one on each of the two early morning shows. Carter again proved his mastery of alto sax, playing lovely, effortless, flowing lines. Of the sidemen, trumpeter Charlie Walp was outstanding, blowing with fire and inspiration time and again. Guitarist Don Overberg emerged for one electrifying chorus that made it evident he should have been featured in more solos.

Charlie Teagarden's quintet with trombonist Bill Harris clearly revealed that it is probably the best working small jazz group in Las Vegas. Harris has lost none of his well-established elan and unique approach while Charlie is still a forthright and impressive trumpeter.

Featured in the same Saturday afternoon concert, the Terry Gibbs Quartet delivered one of its lively and driving sets. Gibbs and pianist Pat Moran skidded between vibes and piano for their specialty—fast-moving duets. The Gibbs set was enlivened by a surprise sitter-inner on drums, actor Jackie Cooper, who was emcee.

The Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina Quartet suffered from an overtimid drummer whose lack of confidence adversely affected the group's performance.

Lee Konitz' set, during which he was accompanied by Chris White, bass, and Rudy Collins, drums, from the Gillespie group, made it clear that Konitz still is his own stylist and remains one of the most persuasive alto men around.

Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, and Ed Thigpen performed at their awesome best such material as *Tonight* from *West Side Story* and Oliver Nelson's *Six, Four and Three*. By the end of the set, they had the audience on its feet begging for more, but no encore was forthcoming.

Jackie Cain and Roy Kral shone in a big-band setting that permitted trumpeter Walp and tenorist Bill Trujillo to solo behind the two vocalists.

One of the faults of the Carter band lay in the rhythm section and basically in the drumming of Carl Kiffe, who seemed nervous and uncertain. This became evident during the Jackie and Roy set and worsened in later performances.

Yusef Lateef was a joyous standout in the Cannonball Adderley set with some stimulating tenor work in *Jessica's Dream* and *Sack of Woe*. On the latter piece, however, Lateef seemed out of kilter with the rhythm section and unable to join hands with them.

Sunday's early-morning concert featured the old and the new, the familiar and the fresh.

Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers roared through a set of volcanic jazz with Freddie Hubbard coming to the fore with consistently excellent trumpet work.

Los Angeles altoist Vi Redd, in her first such engagement, played a bushel barrel of raw, gutsy Charlie Parker-derived horn. Her vocals on *That's All* and *Summertime* were effective and served to lend variety to the presentation.

Gerry Mulligan, Bob Brookmeyer, Wyatt Reuther, and Gus Johnson played a beautifully integrated and balanced set with such musical gems as Kurt Weill's *Lost in the Stars* outstanding.

When Mel Torme came on to close the concert, dawn lay on the desert. The singer was in top form. He sparked the band and had those in the audience who remained to hear him rocking in their chairs. Torme is a superb jazz singer who seems to improve with seasoning.

Much of Sunday afternoon's final concert was taken up with the reprise of the jazz ballet. But some of the best moments of the program were heard in the playing of the Las Vegas Jazz Sextet, a group comprising resident jazzmen in several of the hotels there.

Also on this final session were the Dave Brubeck Quartet and singer Mavis Rivers. Brubeck and company performed their familiar-sounding fare with customary aplomb, and Joe Morello's drumming, as always, was a thing of wonder. Miss Rivers, one of the best singers in the country, socked over a superior set that benefited mightily by the arrangements of Dick Grove.

Finally, after a laugh-laden introduction by Pearl Bailey, came *Slides and Hides*. This was the most exciting performance of the festival and a fitting closer. If there remained a question of whether Fontana cut Turk, this was up to individual choice. But there was not the slightest doubt who was boss on drums. The day belonged to Buddy Rich.

For all the hitches in stage management, with its frequent long waits and production goofs, for all the questionable participation of Jackie Cooper, who possibly wouldn't have been accorded such deference had he not been a well-known actor, the Las Vegas Jazz Festival was a decided musical success.

Will there be a second festival in Vegas?

"We didn't expect to make a profit on the first one," said Eglash. "It would be a tragedy not to continue, and we of the Musicians Club have high hopes that they will continue." —*Tynan*

# THE DOWN BEAT YEARS A LOOK IN THE JAZZ MIRROR

IN 1934 jazz was seldom heard. Few musicians were making a living playing the music that had come to symbolize the 1920s—or symbolize that decade in the minds of writers and sentimentalists. No, by 1934 the country was in the midst of the great depression, and the working bands were mostly sweet bands.

Of course, there was, and seemingly always will be, Duke Ellington, but he was the exception. There was jazz activity in Harlem, but it was a local phenomenon. Louis Armstrong was considered more a novelty than a jazz attraction. Some jazzmen found a good living in the radio studios —Benny Goodman, the prime example, was to start a radio series that year which was to lead to his going on the road and his eventual financial success. At least one of the great jazz musicians was in Europe—Coleman Hawkins.

In the spring of that year Chicago was drawing spectators to the Century of Progress exhibition. Besides the sensation of the exhibition, Sally Rand and her fans, there were many bands working at the elaborate display. It was during the exhibition that *Down Beat* first made its appearance.

It was a musicians' newspaper then (and remained so for several years after). Its popularity among musicians at the exhibition and elsewhere was instantaneous.

But the magazine did not gain wider popularity until swing became a vital force in America's popular music. That was in 1935. With the success of Benny Goodman's band in California and later at Chicago's Congress Hotel, *Down Beat* came into its own and soon was the most quoted of all music magazines (it still is).

To give readers the flavor of the magazine from then unto now, we have selected three years—1937, '47, and '57—to dwell on as more or less typical years in the three decades.

## 1937

*Down Beat* was a tabloid size monthly, sold for 15 cents a copy, seemingly had a semi-clad chick on every other page, ran candid shots of musicians in odd—to say the least—poses, and had a flavor seldom captured since. It was Chicago-based. The editors were Carl Cons and Glenn Burrs, both former musicians; featured writers were the volatile George Frazier and the controversial John Hammond—neither pulled punches, and if something stank they said so without mincing words. Paul Eduard Miller, sometimes known as Tom Collins, was the record reviewer, and Marshall Stearns wrote authoritatively on the history of jazz. There were columns dealing with playing problems of various instruments—the bass and drums columns were by Bob Haggart and Ray Bauduc. There was even a regular column on photography, the fad among musicians.

It was a time of Hearstian headlines, and if a writer didn't use hell or damn at least twice in his copy he was a pantywaist. The letters to the editors were not unlike today's. Many took apart fellow letter writers; most asked if Hammond, Miller, Frazier, and the other writers knew just what the hell they were writing about. And as ever, there were discussions of the value of jazz criticism—did it do more harm than good? The musicians, naturally, let it be known that they didn't pay a bit of attention to those guys who set themselves up as judges of the music.

Raymond Paige, director of the radio program *Hollywood Hotel*, said musicians were cultural low-brows . . . In a two-part biography of ailing Joe Sullivan it was stated that "Joe has undoubtedly done more for the development of swing piano than any other living human." . . . AFM was fighting encroachment of CIO, "the rebel labor movement" . . . Coleman Hawkins was in Switzerland . . . Radio columnist Paul K. Damai lamented Roy Eldridge's leaving the air; the last broadcast was made up of all Eldridge compositions, and "if you missed it, you dropped a big stitch in that footwarmer you're knitting."

Headline: "Vincent Lopez to Teach Jazz at N.Y. Univ." . . . Typographical-errored headline (perhaps): "Ex-Clarinet and Sex-Player Opens Shop" . . . Jimmy Dorsey: "Pleasing the cats and the customers at the same time is tough!" . . . In a psychological study, men were shown to be twice as rhythmic as women.

It was a good year for musicians. According to government figures there were 400,000 musicians, full time and part time, employed during the year. Dance music alone grossed $80,000,000. And there were 18,000 musicians on the road. Salaries for star sidemen were very high for the time. Gene Krupa, for instance, received $300 a week from Benny Goodman, plus recording dates and other miscellaneous increments of wealth. Fletcher Henderson turned down Goodman's $300-a-week offer to arrange exclusively for the clarinetist's band. And the legendary Peck Kelley remained a legend by refusing to leave Texas for the $250 a week offered by Paul Whiteman.

In January: *Down Beat* asked editorially if Benny Goodman's head were swollen; *Time* magazine called James C. Petrillo, then as now president of Chicago's Local 10, the "Mussolini of Music" and labor's highest-priced leader—$500 a week (a salary he still receives). The following month Petrillo banned all recording in Chicago, a ban that was to last until April.

The DOWN BEAT YEARS 1937

Cab Calloway, top, and Chick Webb.

Mildred Bailey prepares to launch Red Norvo's xylophone.

A study of Bob Haggart.

Boyd Raeburn's band with Buddy DeFranco.

JATP: Phillips, Granz, Jacquet, Hawkins.

Ella and dizzy admirer.

# The DOWN BEAT YEARS 1947

Joe Sullivan, pianist with the Bob Crosby Band, collapsed with tuberculosis at the beginning of the year and was sent to a California sanitarium by Bing Crosby. *Down Beat* held a benefit concert for the pianist in April. Featured was the Crosby band and Johnny and Baby Dodds. NBC carried a half-hour of the program. Sullivan received $1,549.60 from the concert. It was the first of several *DB*-sponsored concerts in Chicago. By year's end Sullivan was fully recovered.

In May there was a "clambake" featuring the Benny Goodman Band, Chick Webb, Count Basie, Mezz Mezzrow, Joe and Marty Marsala, and many others in New York. The get-together was staged by the Hot Club of New York and emceed by the ubiquitous John Hammond—all for the benefit of *Life* magazine, which wanted to go to a jazz party.

If there was much frivolity in the pages, there was also erudition of a sort: Paul Eduard Miller first raised the cry of innumerable critics since him: ". . . neophytes are prone to regard swing music solely in terms of what their limited judgments conceive it to be. . . . The hot jazz of today is the aggregate result of widely divergent influences dating back to the 19th century."

Headlines: "Rudy Wiedoft Gets Paring Knife in the Ribs" . . . "Ziggy the Wonder Deserts Benny for Artie" . . . "Boake Carter Damns Weber's Pension" (Joseph Weber, president of the AFM, was voted a $250,000 retirement fund by the AFM convention) . . . "Carmen Lombardo Sings into Dead Mike!" . . . "Broadway Breasts Blossom After Weeks of Hiding" (strippers had been ordered to cover up in New York).

Billie Holiday and Freddie Green joined Count Basie . . . Goodman's quartet (with Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, and Krupa) was sought for the *Big Broadcast of 1938* film. The quartet also broke the color barrier at the Dallas, Texas, Exposition, despite rumors that there would be riots . . . Big Apple was the big dance of the year . . . Boogie-woogie pianists Albert Ammons and Meade Lux Lewis, two of the best exponents of the style, were playing in Chicago joints early in the year but by year's end were in New York . . . First commercial broadcast by a Negro band, Louis Armstrong's, took place . . . A small item: Glenn Miller launched his own band . . . Jelly Roll Morton was found at the Jungle Club in Washington, D. C., by a *DB* writer . . . In a review of Joe Marsala at the Hickory House John Hammond was knocked out by a 19-year-old drummer named Buddy Rich.

In May there was a battle of bands between Goodman and Chick Webb at the Savoy Ballroom. Such a crowd tried to get in that the management had "to call out the riot squad, fire department, reserves, and mounted police to keep the crowd in check." According to observers—and Goodman—Webb won.

*Down Beat* asked the question: What is the future of swing music? It got these answers:

Horace Heidt: "The fad for fast, loud swing music is giving way to a preference for sweet swing."

Don Beston: ". . . swing is definitely on the skids."

Wayne King: "What's this thing called swing?"

Benny Goodman: "Swing will last as long as there is such a thing as dance music."

Cab Calloway: "Hi-de-ho! Who said swing is dying? Whoopee!"

In a record review column Paul Eduard Miller said, "Being primarily regarded as a feature artist, a soloist often improvises in a manner unrelated to and inconsiderate of the orchestrations as such. For some months now records have featured soloists supported only by [rhythm]. Good jazz requires more than this . . . unity of artistic form is obtained by an ingenious interweaving of melody and harmony, not simply by allowing instrumentalists to blow off steam against a background of rhythm." (Things have changed little since 1937, it would seem.)

*Saturday Night Swing Club*, an hour-long radio show, celebrated its first anniversary with a special 1½-hour program that included a remote broadcast featuring the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, with guitarist Django Reinhardt . . . Hollywood was "going nuts over the Stuff Smith's Jammers at the Famous Door" . . . Red Nichols said that the *March of Time* film feature on the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, which was reorganized during the swing years, was "a serious blow and tremendous setback" to the music industry because the film made the point that swing was nothing new . . . Nichols later in the year said, "Bix died of a broken heart. And it was broken by the professional jealousy of musicians who couldn't stand to be outplayed by him so easily. . . . Many a night they got him drunk, and if he slipped or didn't play up to his best, they panned hell out of him." . . . George Frazier was "infuriated" that Frankie Newton and Teddy Wilson records were not praised by critics. He went on to say that Duke Ellington's recent recordings of *The New East St. Louis Toodle-oo* and *I've Got to Be a Rugcutter* "indicate a disintegration that has been in progress since the appearance on records of the pretentious and shallow *Reminiscing in Tempo*." . . . Paul Eduard Miller in reviewing Ellington's *Diminuendo* and *Crescendo in Blue* stated, "The Duke can hardly jeopardize his fame as a composer with inferior material of this nature." . . . Ellington and Leopold Stokowski exchanged visits—Stokowski went to the Cotton Club, and Ellington to Carnegie Hall.

Deaths during the year: Bessie Smith, George Gershwin, Joe Smith, and Maurice Ravel.

John Hammond, in a memorial column to Bessie, said, "She not only was the greatest of the blues singers but probably the greatest single force in American popular music." . . . Dave Dexter pointed out that Kansas City was the hot bed of jazz, not New Orleans . . . Eddy Duchin was invited to play at the White House by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt . . . *DB* called for a "school of swing music" . . .

Paul Eduard Miller said Louis Armstrong's importance had been overemphasized and in a review of Count Basie's *One O'Clock Jump* declared it "Worse than *John's Idea* [the reverse side] in the matter of following through [on ideas] but contains a more melodic theme. Too many repeated riffs, one of which is from way back when." Of Goodman's *Sing, Sing, Sing,* Miller commented: "Benny Goodman's work on *Sing, Sing, Sing* will make record history. . . . The ensembles . . . become more and more complex, weird, harmonically beautiful and dramatically scored. . . ."

Laboratory tests were made of swing's effect on emotions. Arthur Cremin, director of the New York Schools of Music, which conducted the experiment, described how a couple became less sedate when swing was played. He was asked, "You mean they necked?" Cremin was reported to have replied sadly, "Yes, I mean they necked."

* * *

The '30s had their wacky moments, but the popular music of the day was swing, and its influence is still with us, perhaps, as Goodman pointed out, it will be as long as there is dance music. With the closing of the decade, however, neither music nor the world was ever to be the same. World War II had begun in 1939; it was eventually to be a major factor in the demise of the big bands: most swing musicians were drafted, and the war's aftermath was to create a society that could never return, no matter how much it might want, to the '30s and the music those years fostered.

THOUGH THE 1940s were to witness the slow death of the big-band era, it was in that era that the seeds of an even more significant jazz movement were sown. Men like bassist Jimmy Blanton with Duke Ellington, drummer Jo Jones and tenorist Lester Young with Count Basie, drummers Sid Catlett and Kenny Clarke with various groups, and tenorist Coleman Hawkins (he had returned from Europe in 1939 and had recorded his *Body and Soul*) were the progenitors of the music first called re-bop, then be-bop (with or without a hyphen), and finally, just bop. Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie became the fountainheads of the movement.

In addition to this giant stride forward, there was a strong movement to go backward, to recapture the '20s and earlier —the New Orleans revival. The movement began in the early '40s with the release of records by trumpeter Kid Rena, who was rediscovered by author Heywood Broun. Much of the impetus for revivalist traditional bands was provided by the Lu Watters Yerba Buena Band in San Francisco. Bunk Johnson, supposedly one of Louis Armstrong's inspirations, was found living in poverty near New Orleans; he was given a new set of dentures, a new horn, and was brought out of the fields onto the concert stage. Other old-timers were discovered by so-called Mouldy Figs and duly brought before recording mikes and the public.

The ensuing Bopster-Mouldy Fig controversy was one of the most distasteful and harmful running battles ever to hit any music. The controversy was started by rival magazines and writers. The writers won; jazz lost.

With the war ended—or the fighting ended, that is—in 1945, there was hope that the big-band era was still here, and all this shooting business had been nothing more than a pause in a never-ending cycle. And there was some justification for this hope: two of the most powerful big bands of all gained great popularity in the first couple of prewar years—Stan Kenton's and Woody Herman's.

But by 1947, our focus year for the decade, there were signs that big-band-era hopes would come to nought.

## 1947

*Down Beat* was still a tabloid, but there had been changes. It was now a biweekly, and in addition to the main offices in Chicago, there were branch offices in New York City and Los Angeles, giving the magazine better news coverage and a larger staff. But the devil-may-care attitude, Frazier, Hammond, Cons, the photography column, the humorous headlines were gone, as were the half-draped lovelies.

The year began dismally; the music business was bad and looked as if it would get worse. Woody Herman had broken up his first Herd, which included such as Red Norvo, Chubby Jackson, Don Lamond, Bill Harris, Flip Phillips, John LaPorta, Sonny Berman, and Pete Candoli. According to Herman, the payroll for such an all-star (most became stars with Woody) band was too much to carry. Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey were without bands; again economic problems had led to disbanding. Buddy Rich gave his band notice and joined Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic.

By April, Stan Kenton had given up the ghost—but not because of economic reasons. Kenton had been warned early in the year that he was in great need of a rest; if he continued, the doctors said, he would probably have a nervous breakdown. At first Kenton acquiesced, but within a week he went back on the road. He later told a *DB* reporter that he was driving from one date to the next, and "I hit a small town in Arkansas early in the morning. Some guys were sawing and hauling wood. It looked nice. . . . I applied for work and got turned down." It was then that Kenton decided he really must rest and broke up his band.

Talk about heroin addiction among musicians was coming out in the open. *DB* editorialized about the problem, warning young musicians not to imitate those who "only cared about having a good time." In May, Billie Holiday was arrested for possession of heroin. She told *DB* that she had had nothing but trouble all her life; when she was with Basie in 1937, things were looking up until she had an argument with John Hammond and was fired; and then there was trouble because of her race when she was with Artie Shaw. "I was trying to go straight", she said. "It just seems I have a jinx over me." She was convicted and given a year and a day. Later in the year Norman Granz staged a

*(Continued on page 38)*

**The DOWN BEAT YEARS 1957**

Wilbur DeParis and emperor.

Lenox: teacher Gillespie.

A jazz milestone: Davis and Evans.


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# 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.

## CLASSICS

### Brahms/Seeman-Schneiderhan

BRAHMS VIOLIN SONATAS—Deutsche Grammophon LPM-18696: *Sonatas for Violin and Piano, Nos. 1 in G Major, 3 in D Minor.*

Personnel: Wolfgang Schneiderhan, violin; Carl Seeman, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Evidently working on the proposition that Brahms was a genuine Classicist, not an abortive Romanticist, this German duo plays the two sonatas with almost bloodless objectivity.

Seeman's piano tone is light and reticent, and Schneiderhan finds more of Haydn in Brahms than one would have thought possible. Interesting, though not entirely convincing interpretations. Good sound. (D.H.)

### Debussy/Ravel/Paray

DEBUSSY AND RAVEL—Mercury SR-90281: *Nocturnes for Orchestra (Clouds, Festivals, Sirens)*, by Debussy; *Daphnis and Chloe, Suite No. 2*, by Ravel.

Personnel: Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Paul Paray conductor; Wayne State University Women's Glee Club.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Paray's Debussy is more satisfactory than his Ravel, if this record is a fair test. In the *Nocturnes* he captures the right mood: a sensuous perception of the scene without personal involvement.

The Ravel suite, however, demands fervor and commitment such as a Munch or a Monteux bring to it. Paray's approach sounds tentative, and the surge of the score is altogether lacking. Good, though rather distant sound, especially in the choral passages. (D.H.)

### Stewart Robb

MUSIC FOR HARPSICHORD AND VIRGINAL—Folkways FM-3320: *La Capriciosa, Theme and 31 Variations*, by Buxtehude (played on harpsichord); selections by Byrd, Bull, Gibbons, Frescobaldi, and Purcell (played on virginal).

Personnel: Robb, harpsichord, virginal.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The harpsichord is definitely an acquired aural taste, but those who have acquired it should find this an appetizing disc.

Robb, a capable performer who understands Baroque keyboard style, champions the virtually unknown Buxtehude work in fine fashion. These variations turn out to be not at all insignificant or academic but worthy predecessors of Bach's *Goldberg Variations*. This is their first recording, apparently.

Robb turns to the small harpsichord that the Elizabethans called the virginal for the second side of this disc, with fair results. The virginal used here is nowhere near as tonally appealing as Robb's harpsichord, which evidently has been voiced to give it the sound of the plucked-string instrument it is. (D.H.)

## JAZZ

### Dave Brubeck

COUNTDOWN—TIME IN OUTER SPACE—Columbia 1775: *Countdown; Eleven Four; Why, Phillis; Someday My Prince Will Come; Castilian Blues; Castilian Drums; Fast Life; Waltz Limp; Three's a Crowd; Danse Duet; Back to Earth.*

Personnel: Brubeck, piano; Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Eugene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

More excursions into unusual, for jazz, time signatures. Brubeck's achievement is not so much playing in 5/4, 7/4, 11/4, and so on, which is old hat in formal music, but rather that he and his men improvise gracefully and intelligently while pulling it off. If it had nothing else to offer, this album would be valuable as evidence that these "new" times are not gimmicks but legitimate ways to enlarge the scope of jazz. And it is quite refreshing to observe a long-established, highly successful group like this one still going out on musical limbs.

*Countdown* is a bright 10-to-the-bar boogie-woogie piece; *Eleven Four* is just that, and Desmond sounds as comfortable as if he had used it for many years; *Castilian Blues* flows in 5/4 time; *Someday My Prince* is a new and relaxed version of the tune that Brubeck based some early experiments in polyrhythmic collective improvising.

The possibilities of, say, three against four, with the choice of time for each player left to his own whimsy, are endlessly fascinating. This new challenge to jazzmen may turn out to be the Brubeck-Desmond team's most important contribution to jazz.

As individual performances these tracks stand up fairly well to the quartet's best work, although no one is given enough time (inner space, clock-on-the-wall variety) to develop his solos in the fashion to which the group and its followers are accustomed. (R.B.H.)

### Ray Bryant

HOLLYWOOD JAZZ BEAT—Columbia 1867: *On Green Dolphin Street; Ruby; Invitation; Secret Love; An Affair to Remember; The High and the Mighty; Exodus; Laura; Three Coins in the Fountain; El Cid; Tonight; True Love.*

Personnel: Bryant, piano; accompanied by orchestra, Richard Wess, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★

Bryant's strong, firm attack and the big, assertive sound that he gets from the piano help to raise some of these selections above the usual pompous emptiness that is common to performances of Hollywood film themes. Wess' arrangements are often helpful too, particularly in their simplest, most open form when Bryant is allowed to work with just the rhythm section.

But, despite a few enlivening occasions, there is no escaping the dullness and sameness of these pieces. Both *Secret Love* and *Exodus* fade out, without being completed, for no apparent reason, unless this has been conceived as a device to irritate the somnolent listener into attention. (J.S.W.)

### Arnett Cobb

SIZZLIN' — Prestige 7227: *Sweet Georgia Brown; Black Velvet; Blue Sermon; Georgia on My Mind; Sizzlin'; The Way You Look Tonight.*

Personnel: Cobb, tenor saxophone; Red Garland, piano; George Tucker, bass; J. C. Heard, drums.

Rating: ★ ½

There must be several good tenor men in every large American city who can outblow Cobb without even trying very hard. Except for a large and warm tone, there is little to recommend in the saxophonist's meandering, stumbling solos on this date. Wavering intonation, wrong notes, and a surfeit of battered cliches are some of the elements that bring the rating down.

Garland's bland offerings are neither offensive nor worth a second hearing. Bassist Tucker is the small winner in this contest. If not for him, the session might have become worse than dull. (R.B.H.)

### Eric Dolphy

AT THE FIVE SPOT—Prestige/New Jazz 8260: *Fire Waltz; Bee Vamp; The Prophet.*

Personnel: Dolphy, alto saxophone, bass clarinet; Booker Little, trumpet; Mal Waldron, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Eric Dolphy's playing has deteriorated badly since his first album, *Outward Bound*. It's still emotionally compelling by virtue of its violence, but after a few choruses it begins to pall.

There are several reasons why this is so. For one, Dolphy doesn't seem concerned with the melodic content of his solos and repeats several pet phrases ad nauseum. For another, his work has little contrast in it. His playing is always at one level —screaming intensity. On *Prophet* he double-times almost all the way. Occasionally he conceives a striking idea, but it is outweighed by dozens of cliches. He opens his solo on *Fire Waltz* promisingly, pacing himself well, but after a few choruses he again falls to double-timing meaninglessly.

On *Vamp* he plays bass clarinet. His conception on that instrument is similar to his alto work; he concerns himself with producing a variety of vocal effects.

Little's playing on *Prophet* is brilliant. He also double-times a great deal on this track, but his phrases are very rich melodically and are set up logically with rests, long tones, or references to the original tempo. He is inventive on the other two tracks, although his playing on *Waltz* lacks continuity. His composition *Bee Vamp* is worth careful consideration. The theme contains alternating 12- and 16-bar units

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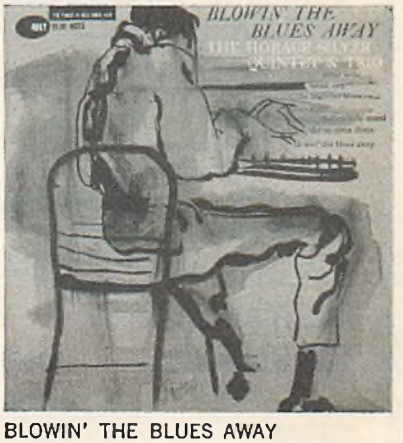


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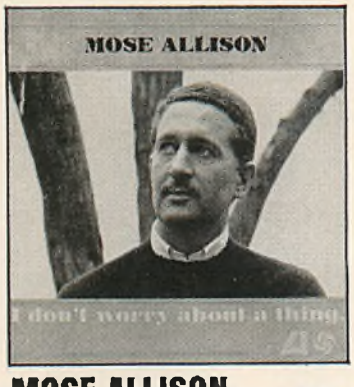


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Waldron has seldom been in better form. On *Vamp* and *Prophet* his solos are beautifully constructed and contrast long lines with short, repeated phrases.

Blackwell may be the next great drummer in jazz. His playing is clean; he has tremendous drive; and, as he demonstrates behind the solos of Waldron and Davis, he also is a sensitive accompanist. His rhythmic patterns add greatly to the interest of the music.

Davis plays solid, economical bass in the section and takes a fine solo on *Prophet*.

If Dolphy had played with the excellence he displayed in his first album, this effort would surely have rated five stars. (H.P.)

### Gigi Gryce

THE RAT RACE BLUES—Prestige/New Jazz 8262: *The Rat Race Blues; Strange Feeling; Boxer's Blues; Blues in Bloom; Monday through Sunday.*

Personnel: Gryce, alto saxophone; Richard Williams, trumpet; Richard Wyands, piano; Julian Euell, bass; Granville (Mickey) Roker, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Gryce's major contributions to jazz have been made as an outstanding composer-arranger. But his writing ability notwithstanding and though there are some good compositions included — notably *Rat Race*, with Wyands, Williams, and Gryce soloing in different keys, and Norman Mapp's 32-bar minor theme, *Blues in Bloom*—this is primarily a blowing session.

Williams' playing generally is very good. A powerful trumpeter with a wide range, he seldom lapses into the bad taste that marred his work in the past.

But he still tends to play at one volume, and he is surely one of the loudest of trumpet players. On *Monday*, for instance, he "gets hot" too early, and most of his solo is anticlimactic. He builds intelligently from medium to high register, though, on *Feelin'* and blows several lyrical passages on *Bloom*. The quick tempo of *Rat Race* doesn't phase him a bit; he never stalls—his solo is all meat.

Gryce takes an excellent solo on *Bloom*, alternating pretty, melodic statements with double-time runs. Although he doesn't have the drive of some other alto men, he swings well and is inventive, as can be heard on *Rat Race*. But his solo on *Monday* lacks continuity.

Wyands plays a pair of exciting solos on *Rat Race* and *Strange*. Unobtrusively he has developed into a fine and versatile pianist. And Roker plays in a crisp and economical manner, booting the soloists along though keeping bomb-dropping at a minimum. (H.P.)

### Donald Lambert

GIANT STRIDE—Solo Art 18001: *Trolley Song; Sophisticated Lady; There Will Never Be Another You; Spain; Rose of the Rio Grande; If I Could Be with You One Hour Tonight; Linger Awhile; Liza; People Will Say We're in Love; When Your Lover Has Gone; I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket; Misty; Swingin' Down the Lane; My Sweetie Went Away.*

Personnel: Lambert, piano; unidentified drummer.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Thanks to the persistence of Rudi Blesh, who reactivated the Solo Art label with this release, Lambert has just barely escaped becoming a misty, unsubstantiated jazz legend in the Buddy Bolden and Peck Kelley tradition. He died shortly before this album was released, leaving behind, besides these performances, only four sides cut for Bluebird in 1941 and, according to the Albert J. McCarthy-Dave Carey *Jazz Directory*, six unissued sides made for Circle in 1950.

Lambert was a magnificent stride pianist who spent most of the last 20 years playing in an obscure neighborhood bar in Orange, N.J. His one venture away from Orange in all that time came in 1960 when Blesh got him up to the Newport Jazz Festival for a joint appearance with Eubie Blake and Willie (The Lion) Smith, an appearance at which Lambert scored a resounding success.

The rollicking, rhythmic, driving force that Lambert was at the piano bubbles all through this disc. He had a magnificent attack—clean, direct, and unhesitatingly propulsive—combined with the gaiety and sly humor that one looks for in a true "tickler." At the same time he had a skillfully creative way of developing the right kind of ballad, illustrated here in *Sophisticated Lady*. (*Misty*, which may or may not be the wrong kind of ballad for Lambert, is less successful because he plays it straight and far too respectfully.)

He also bows briefly to the stride master, James P. Johnson, with *One Hour* and evokes the sinuous charm of the Spanish tinge on *Spain*.

The first side is an unalloyed delight, a superb succession of performances. The level slips a bit on the second side, although with the relaxedly swinging *Eggs* and Lambert's rumblingly moody treatment of *Lover*, there are still points of unusual interest. (J.S.W.)

### Shelly Manne

CHECKMATE—Contemporary 3599: *Checkmate; The Isolated Pawn; Cyanide Touch; The King Swings; En Passant; Fireside Eyes; The Black Knight.*

Personnel: Conte Candoli, trumpet; Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; Russ Freeman, piano; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Here we have Manne and Men working over themes from the TV series *Checkmate*. The material, all written by Johnny Williams, is fairly interesting, but in the main, the performance is not as interesting as the material.

Some of the themes are modal in character, which, for some reason that has escaped me, leads trumpet players to fall into a Miles Davis bag, drives tenor men to try to sound like John Coltrane, and makes Red Garlandisms irresistible to pianists. Why good players — and Candoli, Kamuca, and Freeman in the past have shown themselves to be musicians of talent—ape others is a riddle. Freeman is less guilty of imitation than are Kamuca and Candoli, but his boiling, percussive style comes to the surface less often than might be desired.

In fact, the members of the rhythm section come off best—Freeman on *King*, Manne and Berghofer in solos and a humorous interplay on *Checkmate*. Manne's use of cymbal coloration on the impressionistic *Pawn* is interesting also.

But the horns generally are lacking in

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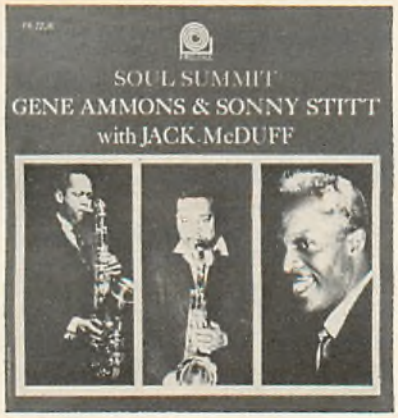


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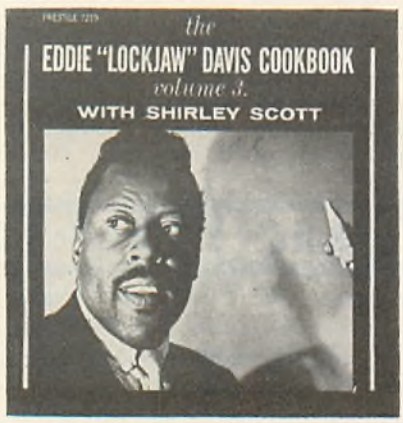


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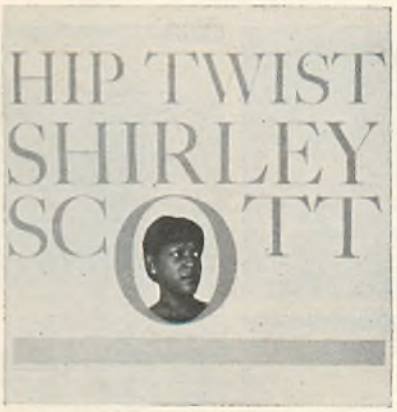


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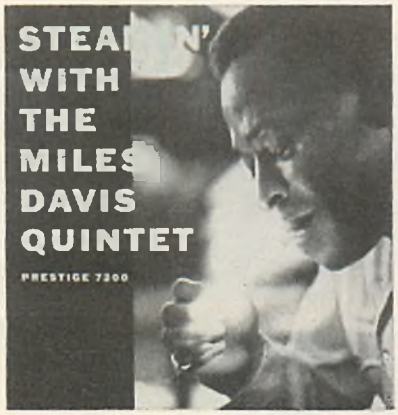


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inspiration, although Kamuca's work on the pretty ballad *Fireside* and both his and Candoli's solos on *Knight* are exceptions.

In all, an album where little of consequence happens; one must wade through too much mediocrity to hear the few moments of interest. (D.DeM.)

**Art Pepper**

SMACK UP—Contemporary 3602: *Smack Up; Las Cuevas De Mario; A Bit of Basie; How Can You Lose?; Maybe Next Year; Tears Inside.*

Personnel: Pepper, alto saxophone; Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Pete Jolly, piano; Jimmy Bond, bass; Frank Butler, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Of all who were lumped together in the so-called West Coast school, Pepper was the one with the most to say, the one who seemed to consume himself and the listener with a searing fire that, for all its intensity, seemed never quite to express the emotion Pepper was feeling. Judging from his recorded work, this man whiplashed himself every time he soloed; the result was one of the most moving experiences to be had in jazz. Unfortunately, praise of Pepper now must be written in the past tense—his addiction to narcotics led to his imprisonment.

His incarceration becomes the more regrettable with the release of this record, made in October, 1960, a few months before he began his prison term. For, if the album is a true indicator, Pepper was playing with a maturity and concept seldom equaled in his previous work, as stimulating as it was. In this collection of tunes written by saxophonists (Buddy Collette, Benny Carter, Harold Land, Ornette Coleman, Duane Tatro, and himself), Pepper excels on each track.

If one Pepper solo stands above the others it would be the marvelous excursion on his own 5/4 *Las Cuevas.* In his second chorus, his shifting of accents gives the effect of light and shade, an effect few jazzmen consider in the heat of improvising. This track also contains what is, or was, a Pepperism—a series of quarter notes, usually a bar and a half in length, that builds a burning tension that is broken, usually, on the third beat of the second bar with a simple figure.

But one cannot capture in words the emotional power of an artist of Pepper's ability. One can point out his poignancy on Carter's *Lose,* his touch of bitter humor on Land's *Smack Up,* and perhaps one can give some idea of his own experience gained in listening to this man. But there's little else that can be said—unless one breaks down an artist's work into technical terms, which is a destructive act as opposed to the artist's constructive act.

The others on this album are overshadowed by the brilliance of the leader. Sheldon sometimes becomes coy instead of humorous, though he succeeds in retaining in his solo the humor of Coleman's *Tears Inside,* and his work on *Las Cuevas* is his best of the date. Jolly sometimes gives the impression that he's not quite sure which direction to follow in his solos, whether to tinkle, to dazzle with technique, or to go the funk route; but his thick-textured solo on *Las Cuevas* shows much more thought than his other solos. Butler and Bond keep things perking in the rhythm section; Butler's on-top-of-the-beat playing drives all, and his few solos reveal his taste for "melodic" drumming.

Let's hope that there were other sessions of this caliber recorded before Pepper was taken from us. (D.DeM.)

**Nat Pierce**

BIG BAND AT THE SAVOY BALLROOM—RCA Victor 2543: *Stompin' at the Savoy; 7th Avenue Express; Love Letters; Pepper Green; Whaddaya Know?; Moody Chant; After Glow; Middle Man.*

Personnel: Buck Clayton, Skip Reider, Don Stratton, Doug Mettome, Al Stewart, trumpets; Frank Rehak, Jim Dahl, Bill Elton, trombones; Paul Quinichette, Tony Ortega, Dick Hafer, Dick Meldonian, saxophone; Pierce, piano; Turk Van Lake, guitar; Bill Takas, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Rummaging through the sessions it recorded but did not release during the '50s, Victor has come up with this set by the band Pierce organized in 1956 and kept together for some time on a weekend basis. For the recording, Clayton was added on trumpet.

The band had a smooth and gracious saxophone section, a strong core around which to build in pianist Pierce, and some soloists who could step out and blow on occasion—notably Quinichette, Hafer, Meldonian, Rehak, and Dahl. But too many of these performances are lackluster.

It is hard to credit the suggestion in Nat Hentoff's notes that this band really made it at the Savoy Ballroom. Occasionally its potential makes itself felt: in a very Count


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# A DECADE OF PACIFIC JAZZ • 1952/1962

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## A DECADE OF PACIFIC JAZZ • 1952/1962

Basieish Pierce arrangement, *Middle Man*, which is a cross between the old Basie band and the new Basie band; in *Moody Chant*, which is slightly Ellingtonian and has the best full-band sound in the set, along with excellent solos by Pierce and Hafer; and, to a lesser degree, in *Whaddaya Know?*, an airy and lively piece with good spots by Clayton and Quinichette.

The basis and outlook for a good band are here. Possibly what is—or was—missing was the factor pointed out by Charlie Buchanan, a founder and manager of the Savoy. "All that Nat and this band need," he said at the time, "is the chance to work six or seven weeks in a row together. It would be a sensational band."

Things didn't work out that way, and all we hear on this disc is a band with potential, a band that has its moments as noted, but which can also drag through a remarkably spiritless and vapid version of —of all things—*Stompin' at the Savoy*.

(J.S.W.)

**Don Randi**

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?—Verve 8469: *T.J.'s Blues; Waltzin' Matilda; I Love Paris; That's All; Take Six; Interlude; Autumn Leaves; Gypsy in My Soul.*

Personnel: Randi, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ½ ★

This is just what jazz needs at this time —another faceless, boring, mechanical, mannered, empty pianist. The act of recording Randi is symptomatic of one of the ills in jazz today: companies looking for a guy to become their "pop-jazz" hit maker, a personality kid, sort of like a jazz Roger Williams or something. Meanwhile, fine players like Terry Pollard and Herbie Nichols go unrecorded.

A partial catalog of this record: *T.J.'s Blues* is heavy-handed and monotonous; *Waltzin' Matilda* is a somnolent bagatelle; *I Love Paris* is Horace Silver meets Carmen Cavallaro; *Take Six* is in the Gospel-funk bag and as stylized as Randi's other offerings. Nervous energy was never a substitute for swinging.

The notes state that on *Autumn Leaves* Randi puts "new meaning into the wilted leaves of a tired tune." What the notes don't tell you is what he does to the tired ears of a wilted listener—he makes Andre Previn sound like Bud Powell.

Where do we go from here? There are any number of cruelly witty answers but propriety dictates, "Back to the cocktail lounge!" (I.G.)

**George Russell**

THE STRATUS SEEKERS — Riverside 412: *Kige's Tune; The Stratus Seekers; Pan-Daddy; Blues in Orbit; A Lonely Place; Stereophrenic.*

Personnel: Don Ellis, trumpet; Dave Baker, bass trombone; John Pierce, alto saxophone; Paul Plummer, tenor saxophone; Russell, piano; Stephen Swallow, bass; Joe Hunt, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

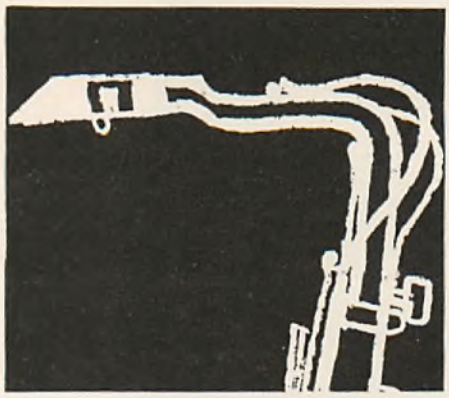
Undoubtedly, Russell will be considered one of the most important jazz composers of this and the preceding decade.

His work abounds with such devices as polyphony, polytonality, and changing tempos and time signatures. He is also a brilliant orchestrater, delighting in producing constantly varying sonorities and textures.

His compositions are marred occasionally, however, by overbusy passages in which the complexity serves no real purpose and by stale melodic material. These faults are illustrated on *Orbit*. Neither the shifting meters nor the dissonant piano accompaniment can disguise the essential banality of the theme made up as it is of slightly altered but painfully recognizable cliches.

Two of Russell's other compositions here are excellent. In *Stratus Seekers*, out-of-tempo and up-tempo sections are alternated very effectively. Some wild improvised counterpoint occurs at the end of the track. Russell's powerful comping gives the performance a terrific lift.

*Lonely Place* is a pretty, brooding theme, whose uncluttered harmonic foundation allows the soloists a great deal of



melodic freedom. Swallow's relaxed, rich-toned bass can be heard to advantage here.

The engaging *Kige's Tune*, written by former Russell sideman trumpeter Al Kiger, uses pedal points successfully to build tension.

Baker's composition, *Stereophrenic*, displays his "birhythmic" concept. The theme statement by the horns is taken at a much slower tempo than is played by the rhythm section. Simultaneously, Russell improvises lines at the tempo of the rhythm section. Baker's arrangement contrasts his low-register bass trombone with high-register trumpet.

Of the soloists, I found Ellis' work most consistently enjoyable. He has a big, brilliant tone and plays accurately in all registers. His exploration of the outer reaches of chords places him solidly in the avant-garde camp, but he also has respect for pre-modern musicians. Half-valve tones a la Rex Stewart often pop up in his playing. His lines on *Kige's Tune* are complex but well constructed, and his *Stratus Seekers* solo crackles with excitement.

Young saxophonists Pierce and Plummer are not yet as original as Ellis but display a great deal of promise. Pierce has a small, hard tone and swings with great violence. He often plays deliberately raspy long tones to add tension-building effects.

Plummer's playing on *Kige's Tune* and *Stratus Seekers* is influenced strongly by John Coltrane's. His best solo occurs on *Lonely Place*, on which his cries in the upper register suggest a man experiencing great pain. Here he also reveals an attractively broad tone in the medium and lower registers.

The playing of Baker is astonishing from a technical standpoint, but his lines seldom have much melodic substance.

There is a good Russell piano solo on *Pan-Daddy*. His clusters of single-note phrases are not melodic lines in the usual sense. He often seems to think in terms of groups of tones rather than of one tone at a time. His chord voicings are strikingly fresh, and, like Thelonious Monk, his method of accenting is totally unpredictable.

The clean, authoritative drumming of Hunt also should not be overlooked.

(H.P.)

**Shirley Scott**

HIP TWIST—Prestige 7226: *Hip Twist; At Last; Rippin' an' Runnin'; The Very Thought of You; Violent Blues; That's All; All Tore Down.*

Personnel: Miss Scott, organ; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; George Tucker, bass; Otis Finch Jr., drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Do not be perturbed by the title—the jazz on this healthily swinging set bears as much relation to the usual music-to-Twist-by as does Miles Davis to Rafael Mendez.

Shirley is in fine fettle, drawing singular and frequently arresting voicings from her instrument and turning her ballads into lovely little tone poems in the improvisational passages. Turrentine's playing is virile and sinuous, combining a relaxed approach in the Lester Young tradition with the stronger, harder contemporary style.

Tucker and Finch combine into a good rhythm team, unobtrusive and holding the time line all the way. (J.A.T.)

**Frank Strozier**

LONG NIGHT — Jazzland 56: *Long Night; How Little We Know; The Need for Love; The Man That Got Away; Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe; The Crystal Ball; Pacemaker; Just Think It Over.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3, 6, 8—Strozier, alto saxophone, flute; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Pat Patrick, baritone saxophone, flute; Chris Anderson, piano; Bill Lee, bass; Walter Perkins, drums. Tracks 2, 4, 5, 7—Strozier; Anderson; Lee; Perkins.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Strozier will be remembered as a charter member of the short-lived Chicago group of drummer Walter Perkins, the MJT+3. Since the demise of that quintet, Strozier has been working on his own, and this album gives him the opportunity to speak at length and in his own language. All arrangements and five of the compositions are his; it is, moreover, his horn that is featured almost exclusively throughout. The addition of saxophonists Coleman and Patrick on four of the selections does not change this premise, for they are used merely to provide a setting for his extended improvisations.

The results are attractive. Strozier plays in a drily serpentine manner in which there is considerable warmth and feeling. His tone is piercing and raw-edged, with a decided dolorous—almost "wounded" —quality to it. Basically his playing style is florid and romantic, and this is the dominant note in his attractive originals here, all of which are languid, oblique compositions, songlike in their contours. There is, however, a certain over-all sameness to them (and to the three standards too), which makes for monotony after a

while. Greater programatic variety would have helped a good deal.

Strozier's writing for the sextet numbers is spare and attractive; he has avoided the temptation to keep three horns going all the time and uses the tenor and baritone for effective ensemble accents. *Crystal Ball* has Strozier and Patrick on flutes for an intriguing duet, the writing witty and engaging.

One thing bothered me: I realize that the "cry" is an integral part of Strozier's approach and sound, but on certain numbers—most notably *Man That Got Away*—as he approaches the upper register, his alto sounds very close to being out of tune. Distractingly so. (P.W.)

### Buddy Tate

GROOVIN' WITH BUDDY TATE—Prestige/Swingville 2029: *Blues for Trix; The Salt Mines; A Lucky So and So; East of the Sun; Makin' Whoopee; Boardwalk; Overdrive.*

Personnel: Tate, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Ronnell Bright, piano; Wally Richardson, guitar; George Tucker, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Tate, a reliable yeoman jazz saxophonist, may not have a great deal to say, but he certainly says it engagingly. This is a low-pressure session that seems constantly on the verge of bursting into something really exciting. The music is saunteringly casual, never less than thoroughly professional, and seldom more than pleasing.

The leader's expansive sound, Richardson's supple ballad work, and Tucker's solid bass lines raise the rating by a half star or so over the general level of the date.

There is, by the way, a charming clarinet solo by Tate on *Lucky So and So,* delivered with that peculiar bodyless tone which so many saxophonists produce on the more demanding wood instrument. (R.B.H.)

### Sir Charles Thompson

ROCKIN' RHYTHM—Columbia 1663: *Cow Cow Boogie; Sentimental Journey; Heartaches; Rockin' Chair; Undecided; Rhumboogie; Boogie Woogie; I'll Never Smile Again; C'est Si Bon; Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?; Mr. Boogie; Pretty-Eyed Baby.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 5, 12—Thompson, organ; Tiny Grimes, Joe Puma, guitars; Aaron Bell, bass; J. C. Heard, drums. Tracks 2, 6, 8-10—Thompson; John Pizzarelli, Skeeter Best, guitars; Charles Wellesley, bass; Teo Macero, drums. Tracks 3, 4, 7, 11—Thompson; Pizzarelli; Best; Wellesley; Oliver Jackson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

If the intention in making this album was to reach the Twister or hully-gullyer, then, by George, it is probably succeeding. A relentless back-beat throbs throughout, but this is not nearly so irritating as the treatment accorded many of the tunes. Not only is it pedestrian, but quite overdone, to boot. *Undecided* and *Boogie Woogie* come off best, perhaps; the former generates a fairly lively charge, and the latter is Tommy Dorsey for perhaps the millionth time in a familiar rocking groove.

The over-all feeling of the set, however, is ponderous, and this is only exaggerated by the pair of thumping guitars. Sir Charles, one of *the* figures of the bop era and one of the better pianists produced by it, is heavy-handed on organ. So far as original jazz ideas are concerned—in the blowing places on the more swinging tunes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—he just doesn't develop any.

Presumably the album is not being marketed as a jazz LP. This, at least, is a consolation. (J.A.T.)

### Dick Wellstood/Cliff Jackson

UPTOWN AND LOWDOWN—Prestige/Swingville 2026: *Yacht Club Swing; Brush Lightly; Blook's Dues; Shiek of Araby; I Found a New Baby; Wolverine Blues; Blues in Englewood Cliffs.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-3—Herman Autry, trumpet; Gene Sedric, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Wellstood, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Zutty Singleton, drums. Tracks 4-7—Ed Allen, trumpet; Rudy Powell, clarinet; Jackson, piano; Elmer Snowden, banjo; Abe Bolar, bass; Floyd Casey, washboard, kazoo.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Of the two groups (and approaches) presented in this easy, unpretentious album, Wellstood and his Wallerites offer a brand of bright, lilting small-group swing that is, if not especially Wallerish, characterized by polish, subtlety, and wry, pungent grace.

I don't know if I wholly agree with producer Chris Albertson when he says that this music is in "the style of the Harlem jump bands of the late '30s and early '40s," for the music is more delicately colored and insinuating than I would tend to associate with that school. But this is a minor point, and the music itself is sinuous, quietly passionate, and wholly graceful. All three principals—leader Wellstood, trumpeter Autry, and clarinetist Sedric—play as well as ever, and it is a pleasure to hear the latter two on records once again.

The approach worked by pianist Jackson and cohorts is a bit more gregarious, being very much in the early, rougher Harlem tradition. The music of Jackson's Washboard Wanderers is somewhat less successful than that of the Wellstood group primarily because it is less adventurous (not the idioms, but how they are worked here) and because there is not the rapport within the Jackson group that exists in Wellstood's. Sad to say, moreover, trumpeter Allen's work is weak and uncertain; his faltering solos do considerable damage to the Jackson sides. On the credit side are the dry, acidulous clarinet work of Powell; Jackson's bouyant, rough-hewn piano work; and Snowden's exhilarating banjo.

The rating represents a compromise: four stars for the reflective Wellstood offerings, and three for the strident Jackson numbers. (P.W.)

### Jimmy Woods

AWAKENING!—Contemporary 3605: *Awakening; Circus; Not Yet; A New Twist; Love for Sale; Roma; Little Jim; Anticipation.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 4, 5, 8—Joe Gordon and/or Martin Banks, trumpet; Woods, alto saxophone; Amos Trice, piano; Jimmy Bond, bass; Milt Turner, drums. Tracks 3, 6, 7—Woods; Dick Whittington, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Turner.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

I had heard Woods only once before this album—on Joe Gordon's *Lookin' Good* on Contemporary—and I was unimpressed by his playing. This, his first as leader, is something else entirely. The talent he displays here is electrifying.

First, there's his playing. Woods seems to have taken inspiration from the work of John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy—there are traces of each in his playing. But what Woods plays comes out unmistakably Woods.

He is not prone to use a lot of notes, though there is an aura of great movement and excitement boiling about his altoing. And even when he is at fever pitch, say, on his with-a-whoop-and-a-holler *Awakening* solo or his *Love for Sale* skitter, he never loses control. He is much more a melodist than a dazzler. Nor is Woods without humor; on *New Twist* he throws in an old-time lick that is a breakup.

Perhaps the most distinctive characteristic of Woods' work is his sense of rhythm. He has the ability to stretch and compress time much the way Dexter Gordon does. It's a way of playing eighth notes that gives the illusion of there being more space between the notes than there should be.

There's another side to Woods' talent: his writing. With the exception of *Circus* and *Love for Sale*, the album's themes are his. None is run of the mill. For instance, the 3/4 *Roma*, named for his wife Romanita, is made up of 10 eight-bar phrases, only three of them repeated. *Little Jim* also is oddly constructed: AAABCA, in eight-bar sections. The humor and spareness of his playing is in his writing too; *New Twist* is tongue-in-cheek funk, and there is no lost motion in *Not Yet*, which is reminiscent of Oliver Nelson's work.

His cohorts acquit themselves well, Trice and Peacock even more than that. On *Not Yet* Peacock is superb in a floating solo—that speechlike, sharp-angled manner of playing that many bassists have found to their tastes since Scott LaFaro perfected it. Trice is lean, hard, and of the Bud Powell school, and while his playing lacks the polish and grace of Whittington's, it is more stimulating. Turner is a sympathetic drummer, pushing and driving Woods and the others, but he evidently got overexcited on the title track—the tempo rushes.

Of the two trumpet men, Banks has a slight edge. His wry, puck-a-puck-a work is joyous and to the point. Both Gordon and Banks are on *Love* and indulge in a heated two choruses, separated by flaming Woods.

An impressive debut album. (D.DeM.)

### Sol Yaged-Coleman Hawkins

JAZZ AT THE METROPOLE—Philips 600-022: *I Would Do Anything for You; Riffin' at the Metropole; I Can't Get Started; Swiss Movement; That's A-Plenty; Someday, Sweetheart; Wolverine Blues.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-4—Yaged, clarinet; Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Harry Shepard, vibraharp; Claude Hopkins, piano; Roy Francis, bass; Paul Gusman, drums. Tracks 5-7—Yaged; Pee Wee Erwin, trumpet; Benny Morton, trombone; Nat Pierce, piano; Arvell Shaw, bass; Bert Dahlander, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Yaged's mastery of the Benny Goodman style of clarinet playing adds a good deal of brightness and zest to both sides of this potpourri collection, recorded in 1960. On one side he is heard in Dixieland surroundings, although the group, aside from Erwin, is not notably Dixielandish (note the presence of Pierce and Morton). On the other, Yaged is with an oddly assorted group that includes Hawkins.

Hawkins is, as might be expected, *the* man on this set, and his one real moment occurs on *Started*, one of his lustily developed ballad performances. On the other selections, Hawkins is adamantly himself, offering a striking contrast to the placidly amiable playing of the rest of the group. When Hawkins comes on, you know it. He is assertive without being angry, but there is a positiveness in his attack that is poles apart from Yaged's blithe, surface glitter.

Yaged gives his Goodman runs a bright, polished projection with both groups, but the Dixieland side has nothing to lift it that compares with Hawkins' presence with the other group. (J.S.W.)

## VOCAL

### Lorez Alexandria

DEEP ROOTS—Argo 694: *Nature Boy; I Was a Fool; No Moon at All; Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year; Softy, as in a Morning Sunrise; Detour Ahead; It Could Happen to You; Trav'lin' Light; Almost Like Being in Love; I Want to Talk About You.*

Personnel: Howard McGhee, trumpet; John Young, piano; George Eskridge, guitar; Israel Crosby, bass; Vernel Fournier, drums; Miss Alexandria, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The title of this album may mislead those unfamiliar with Miss Alexandria's work; her singing is not particularly funky. Rather, she has a sophisticated style that some purists might not class in the jazz category.

Her voice is light and her range limited, but she displays good control and an accurate sense of time.

Of the tracks included here I most enjoyed *Happen to You*. Miss Alexandria scats infectiously, trading eights with a muted McGhee. Also good is her warm rendition of the lovely *Detour Ahead*. The other selections are always pleasant but not very moving.

The rhythm section turns in a thoroughly competent performance, providing Miss Alexandria with solid, unobtrusive accompaniments. (H.P.)

### Nat Cole

THE SWINGIN' SIDE—Capitol 1724: *Avalon; She's Funny That Way; I Want a Little Girl; Wee Baby Blues; Welcome to the Club; The Late, Late Show; Any Time, Any Day, Anywhere; The Blues Don't Care; Mood Indigo; Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?; Look Out for Love.*

Personnel: John Anderson, Joe Newman, Wendell Culley, Thad Jones, Jim Young, trumpets; Henry Coker, Benny Powell, Al Grey, trombones; Marshall Royal, Frank Wess, Frank Foster, Charlie Fowlkes, Billy Mitchell, saxophones; Gerald Wiggins, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Ed Jones, bass; Sonny Payne, drums; Cole, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★

Backed by the Count Basie Band of a couple of years ago, Cole goes his glib and mannered way through a placid set of performances. The arrangements by Dave Cavanaugh are routine, the band has nothing of interest to play, and Cole turns in a professionally competent job. (J.S.W.)

### Lightnin' Hopkins

LIGHTNIN' SAM HOPKINS—Arhoolie 1011: *Meet You at the Chicken Shack; Once Was a Gambler; Speedin' Boogie; Ice Storm Blues; California Showers; Do the Boogie; Bald-Headed Woman; Goin' Out.*

Personnel: Hopkins, vocals, guitar, piano; Gino Landry, bass; Spider Kilpatrick or Victor Leonard, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For what such analogies are worth, if traditional Negro folk music has a figure comparable to Miles Davis, I suggest that it can only be Lightnin' Hopkins. Though

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both men have the root of their art in the structure of objective reality, each possesses the ability to transfigure these roots — a process that, because he functions partially on a verbal level, is all the more fascinating and visible with Hopkins—into something individualistic, subjective, and, ultimately, existential.

On a slow number, particularly a selection such as the autobiographical *Gambler*, Hopkins takes the listener with him into the depths of his existence, an experience at once profoundly depressing yet inexplicably exhilarating. The paradox of his muse is that though his inspiration often stems from very specific social situations, a well-defined milieu ("Gimme back that wig I bought you, black woman—let your dog-gone head go bald"), Hopkins is capable of fashioning from these sources a music that is virtually universal in appeal. In this, and in that sense of inconsolable aloneness and alienation he projects, one is reminded of Billie Holiday and the Ray Charles of the slow blues and ballads.

Operating within a strictly traditional, almost rigid, form, Hopkins' liberties with meter and vocal inflection are just that much more striking. Not the least of the effect he has is through his imagery — amazingly condensed and powerful. I will not mutilate it by attempting to wrench it from context; but listen to the *Ice Storm* if you wish a graphic example of what is meant by folk poetry.

Purists will undoubtedly have their objections to the use of bass and drums, to the humor of *Boogie*, and to who knows what else. But that is what makes them purists, is it not?

Perhaps the central difference between Hopkins and a performer such as Ray Charles is that with the latter you can witness in person much of the same material that you have heard on record. With a folk musician—in my experience—this seems to verge on the impossible.

Transported north for the folk audience, the repertoire shrinks to the double-entendre blues, and imagery suddenly becomes spiced with such contemporary cultural artifacts as watermelon and dice. When this happens, one may ponder if the artist is not in fact supplying what a certain segment of his public demands. (F.K.)

### Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson

BACK DOOR BLUES—Riverside 3502: *Bright Lights, Big City; This Time; Hold It!; Arriving Soon; Kidney Stew; Back Door Blues; Person to Person; Just a Dream; Audrey; Vinsonology.*

Personnel: Nat Adderley, cornet; Cannonball Adderley or Vinson, alto saxophone; Joe Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums; Vinson, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Vinson's first recording in several years is a successful one. He attained national prominence in the early and middle '40s as a blues singer and alto saxophonist with Cootie Williams' band but has been out of the spotlight since.

I hope that his album gives his career a boost, since his ability hasn't diminished a bit. Vinson's virility and big voice recall Joe Turner, but his style is more urbane. There isn't much down-home influence discernible on the pretty ballad *Audrey*, for example. Unfortunately here his singing is somewhat affected and strident.

All other vocal tracks are fine. The lyrics are often humorous, such as the updated oldie: "I dreamed I was in the White House/sittin' in the President's rockin' chair/I dreamed he shook my hand and said/ 'Cleanhead, I'm glad you're here.' "

Vinson has modernized his alto style since the days with Williams. There are places here where he sounds surprisingly like Cannonball Adderley. (Perhaps not too surprising when you consider that he has been cited as one of Adderley's early models.) He plays with earthy lyricism on *Arriving Soon* and blows a salty solo on *Kidney*.

One aspect of Vinson's talent that has gone virtually unrecognized is his excellent composing. He authored eight of the pieces on this album. Of these, *Arriving Soon*, a hauntingly beautiful 12-bar theme, deserves to become a jazz standard.

The Adderley group plays extremely well. Particularly impressive is Nat, whose solos on *This Time* and *Arriving Soon* are among the most melodic and well constructed he has recorded. He conquers his tendency to become overfrantic. His double-timing and upper-register work on *Kidney* are clean, and he doesn't reach premature climaxes as he sometimes has in the past.

Zawinul deserves praise for his well-paced, lyrical solo on *Arriving Soon* and his tasteful accompaniments throughout. (H.P.)

### Mercy Dee Walton

MERCY DEE—Arhoolie 1007: *Jack Engine; Call the Asylum; Mercy's Party; Walked Down So Many Turnrows; Red Light; Mercy's Troubles; Troublesome Mind; Lady Luck; Betty Jean.*

Personnel: Walton, vocals, piano; Sidney Maiden, vocal, harmonica; K. C. Douglas, vocal, guitar; Otis Cherry, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Walton plays piano and sings in classic blues patterns, but he manages to do both with a polished style that might be considered inappropriate coming from most blues men. Walton, however, knows his area so well, phrases so rationally and easily, projects his songs so effortlessly and with such perceptive nuances that the range and polish of his performances never intrude on their basic force. Everything—singing and piano playing—flows along, falling into place so simply and neatly that the effect is often almost hypnotic.

Most of these are medium-paced, trouble-centered blues, sung and played with pointed authority and with extremely effective backing by Douglas and Maiden. Walton's lighter pieces—*Betty Jean*, *Red Light* — are relatively trivial (*Red Light* is puerile), but he builds a gaily atmospheric piece in *Mercy's Party*, on which Douglas and Maiden join in the singing with interestingly contrasting styles — Douglas softly smooth and Maiden in a high, shouting voice.

The meat of this set, however, lies in the essential and eternal blues topics, the material that comes out of Walton's own background on *Walked Down* and *Troubles* or the parallel situations of *Troublesome Mind*. These are masterful performances, vibrant with feeling and shaped by a uniquely finished blues talent. (J.S.W.)

# SONNY ROLLINS
## PART TWO
# BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER


JOE ALPER

Unlike most jazz musicians, Sonny Rollins devotes relatively little time to the study of his contemporaries on records. Asked how he spent his days during his two-year sabbatical, he talked about the physical exercise, the frequent practice, the philosophy courses, and added:

"I never listen to many jazz records, outside of Art Tatum. Oh, I heard a few classical things during that time—the masters, you know; Bach, of course. And I studied piano keyboard—went back to it, as I had done this as a little boy. And counterpoint—I reviewed some work in that line."

Possibly, like a few others who try not to do too much listening, Rollins is reluctant to expose himself to influences. "I can play many kinds of ways," he said, "and I don't feel restricted to any one particular style. But I don't think anyone can really basically change his style. Even Coltrane, whose work might seem to indicate a radical change; on closer inspection one can see that it's really an evolution out of what he was doing earlier."

The following is the second half of a two-part *Blindfold Test.*

### THE RECORDS

1. George Russell. *War Gewessen* (from *Sextet in K.C.*, Decca). Russell, piano; Dave Baker, composer.

This arranger is struggling with a problem that is admirable. What I think he's trying to do is to effect a very spontaneous a-timal—if I can coin a word here—feeling into his arrangement. It's quite a job, and I think he gets fairly good results.

Certain points came off quite well. He deserves to be commended for attempting to get an arrangement which was very loosely done, though the solos were not the main point of interest. He attempted a great deal, and I think that the more we do attempt things like this, the more we'll be able to bridge the gap between a spontaneous performance and an arranged composition. This is what all arrangers are striving for—or should be if they're not.

2. Teddy Edwards. *A Little Later* (from *Good Gravy*, Contemporary). Edwards, tenor saxophone; Milt Turner, drums; Nathaniel Meeks, composer.

What kind of rhythm is that—what meter—could that be called 4/4?

Sounds like Teddy Edwards—his playing and one of his originals. He writes a great deal. And this just sounds like him. I particularly liked the various rhythms the drummer got.

You know, speaking of drummers—up until quite recently, when our drummer began sounding like he does, I was seriously contemplating not using drums. The three of us—Jim Hall, Bob Cranshaw, and myself—are all musicians of a certain level, and there is so much that we should be doing now that we haven't been able to do because we're always having to go back and show a drummer how to play correctly with us. I know I can sustain without that.

3. John Coltrane. *Simple Like* (from *The Birdland Story*, Roulette). Coltrane, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Billy Higgins, drums.

Great! That's one of my favorite saxophonists and favorite people—John Coltrane. McCoy Tyner sounded great on that too . . . took a fabulous solo.

I'm pretty sure that was a subtle Elvin Jones . . . really great time . . . great musical sense that he contributes to the over-all performance. . . . He might be known for being much more overexuberant at times, but regardless of how he plays, he always has that fine, natural quality. A few things he did there, where he accented with Coltrane on the melody going out there, he actually got the same sound that Coltrane got. It comes out like he was never trained to do it, but maybe he was made aware of it—schooled to do it.

Four-and-a-half stars—saving half a star for that extra excitement which Coltrane can engender.

4. Ornette Coleman. *Folk Tale* (from *This Is Our Music*, Atlantic) Coleman, alto saxophone, composer; Don Cherry, trumpet; Ed Blackwell, drums.

As you know, Leonard, I'm in favor of Ornette and many of the things he has done. Like me and many other horn players, he's still in search of the complete ability to express everything he feels—the technique to project what he thinks. In this regard, I'd say he's definitely still looking.

Every time I'm asked about him, though, I say he does possess the basic elements that go to make up a jazz artist . . . a rhythmic drive . . . qualities you can find in everybody since Louis Armstrong—all the good guys.

Despite the fact that a lot of things he is doing now are not really what he wants to do, he is still trying to better those things, and I see enough validity there to give him my nod of approval.

His writing is significant—what a person writes is more indicative of what he wants to do and sound like than his improvisation, which in his case is still developing.

That's Cherry with Ornette. They get a very close sound together; that last note was a good example. He tries to stay close to Ornette and follow him, which is important. He's not trying to make statements on his own so much as trying to capture what Ornette has tried to put forth. You have to subordinate yourself sometimes when you're playing with other groups, and it works out for your benefit. I was very impressed with Blackwell on drums too.

This number is a good basic example of the type of things Ornette writes—strong rhythmic phrases reminiscent of Charlie Parker. I don't think Ornette is doing everything melodically that he wants to do, so there is a melodic difference. But somehow I look for similarities rather than differences, and I can still see in his figures a certain quality that was exemplified by Bird.

Everybody says Ornette's playing sounds different or weird or so forth. But the basic jazz essentials, as I said . . . Ornette has—the drive and the rhythm. Rhythm is the most necessary part, the prerequisite for the jazz musician—the positive element. But, of course, harmony is the negative through which the positive must exert itself.

**Afterthoughts By Rollins**

I didn't try to rate all the records because I'm not sure that I like the idea of a system of rating performances. I just tried to express my personal reaction to the music. db

# The Bystander

**By MARTIN WILLIAMS**

What is the hungry young musician up against financially if he gets himself a record date of his own? Let's assume a jazz company has agreed to take a chance on one LP. No contract and no agreement beyond that.

Although you might not think so from the deluge of LPs it produces, the jazz record business is precarious, and record companies operate on a very narrow margin. A jazz company expects to lose money on great numbers of records, expects to make up for it by getting a little money back on a few other records, and expects to stay in business by having two or three artists in the catalog who do sell consistently well.

Part of the psychology of producing records, furthermore, demands regular releases. They keep distributors interested in the line. (Regularity of its releases doesn't, however, *get* distributors interested in the line, and a new company had better have a very good seller within its first few months of operation or no distributor, and no record shop, may show any interest at all in handling the line.)

So the hypothetical company has agreed to try one LP by the hypothetical musician.

The company's first interest may be in keeping costs low, and that may mean, first, that everyone involved works only for union minimum scale pay. It may also mean the company wants to keep the personnel down to a minimum number. Pianists are lucky, of course. Horn men are not so lucky; they need accompanists. But with a new horn man, a company might want to add a more established player for a different sort of safety, even though it does raise the cost and personnel by one man.

Now, as to tunes. First, there will probably be no outside arrangements (unless, of course, arranging involves or brings out the special talents of the player involved). Arrangements cost money, so the group will probably end up with 12- and 32-bar "heads," read or learned in the studio during the date itself and played in unison or simple harmony.

A company may allow one or two standards, and for these the company must pay a royalty to the composer. But most jazz record companies also maintain "dummy" publishing houses. They are incorporated, they copyright tunes and even improvised lines, but they seldom publish anything—even if a piece hits, the record company will probably lease the publishing rights to another, more active, music house.

The publishing company maintained by the record label gets a 50 percent royalty for the tunes on every copy of an LP that is sold. But on the other hand, the young musician is automatically getting his work copyrighted and (presumably) protected, just in case. In the past, players have recorded tunes only to find that others have swiftly lifted them from recordings and copyrighted them out from under their composer. (It should be added that there are still some shady a&r men around who require a partial composer credit for any originals—but happily there seem to be fewer of them as the years go on.)

Musicians are paid for record dates through the local musicians union. According to all standard contracts, leaders get a royalty from sales of their records. But before any royalties accrue, the account the company keeps for the leader of the date has to pay off all the musical costs that went into making the record: that is, all musicians pay, studio costs, engineers fees are charged against his future royalties. That means in many cases, there will be no royalties; it also means that the company will often not get back the cost of the date through the sale of the record. Legitimately, these are all the charges made according to standard practices for a single date.

Of course, if a company wants to sign up a musician for a series of dates, it is usually possible to negotiate better contracts—especially if the company believes the musician will sell a lot of records. But these can be tricky too, especially if they are negotiated by the kind of hangers-on who inevitably operate in a precarious field like musical show business. There is, for example, the a&r man whose contracts stipulated that his leaders be charged for album cover photographs, album design, and liner notes. This same man, by the way, somehow got himself recognized by the musicians union as a contractor, and thereby got a fee every time he held a record date.

There are wheels within wheels: some companies notoriously do sloppy bookkeeping; others do not. There also is the case of the jazz journalist who gets a hefty check each year from his activities as a composer. One way to keep up that kind of income, of course, is to supervise recordings and require jazz musicians to use your pieces. And, if your inspiration is running a little dry, you can always hire some hungry young musicians to ghost for you. I know of one case where the ghost farmed out to still another ghost. The journalist still doesn't know who wrote the piece, but his name is on it.

The purpose here is not really so much to do an expose of shady practices as it is to give the basic facts that most young men will face if they have got over that first, and perhaps toughest, hurdle—if they have persuaded a record company to take a chance on their talents.

True, a full expose of shady practice in the record business would involve some jazz record companies and some jazz a&r men. But there are plenty of men exclusively involved with making jazz records who conduct themselves in their business with complete frankness and honesty—more of them, I think, than operate with other kinds of recording. And many a jazz a&r man will in effect *give* exposure on records to a young musician whose work he likes as a part of his working operation, without ever expecting the LP to payoff. db

# Book Review

**THE DRUM LAUGHS BOOK, by Dave Coleman, Danny Gould, and Roy Harte. Published by Charles Colin, New York City, 19 pp., $1.**

A short and sometimes funny collection of cartoons about the percussive art, this slim volume has an appeal not entirely restricted to drummers.

Dave Coleman, in addition to his calling as Hollywood studio drummer and teacher, is an avocatory artist as well, and the cartoons are all his own work. While technically his line-drawing skill is quite primitive, some of the concepts are worth a chuckle. A typical drawing shows the legs and rear end of a GI protruding from a bass drum carried by two band men, one of whom is roundly whacking the victim with a bass-drum stick while other soldiers look on. One of the onlookers remarks to his companion, "Seldom see anyone drummed out of the service anymore."

Another series of four drawings depicts a symphony timpanist checking his watch in the middle of a concert and then calmly unpacking his lunch and proceeding to consume it off the head of his instrument.

A third cartoon shows galley slaves chained to their oars while, in the background, a huge hortator slams out the beat on a big tom-tom. One galley slave is saying over his shoulder to a fellow wretch, "Say . . . he's *good!*"

A negative factor in the collection should not be overlooked. This consists of several cartoons depicting African natives in various situations. They are in deplorable, white chauvinistic taste and should not have been included.

—*Tynan*

## SOVIET JAZZ *from page 15*

personal as soon as he has finished digesting Sonny Rollins, Cannonball Adderley, John Coltrane, and Ornette Coleman, who together make a somewhat heavy dinner. One can hear the attempt to express everything he has tried to absorb; yet on some numbers, notably a remarkable solo performance in his own arrangement of *Lover Man*, Golstein not only swings, but shows the burgeoning of a genuinely original style. Moreover, on the Weinstein band's *Walkin'* (another Golstein arrangement) and *Take the A Train* (a Harry Arnold score from Sweden) one fact stood out in contagious relief: the whole band swung. The best Soviet jazzmen today, even in their rhythm sections, are way ahead of, for example, the British musicians of pre-World War II days or most French jazzmen up to the early 1950s.

Among the Leningrad musicians particularly there is a wide range to the comprehension of jazz: Dixieland is not overlooked. In fact, the ebullient work of the Seven Dixie Lads, featuring the trumpet of leader Wsevolod Korolev, Aleksandr Usiskin's clarinet, and an excellent tuba player named Bob Lokshin, is about as authentic as any two-beat music this side of the line.

The musicians I heard in person and on these tapes represent only a minority of the available first-rate talent. Batashev told me about the Moscow Jazz Quartet ("best group in town: very expressive, very eloquent") and of numerous other musicians, not too many of them full-time professionals, who rated highly in a jazz popularity poll last April in Leningrad.

The winners included Nosov, Golstein, Usiskin, pianist Teimuras Kucholev, a tenor saxophonist named Slava Chevichelov, and vibraharpist Valentin Milevski. The winner in the miscellaneous-instruments category was an extraordinarily persuasive violinist, Arcadi Liskovitch, currently working in Finland, who I heard on a tape of *Yesterdays* that was hard to believe.

It is clear that jazz, to these musicians and to many others like them, is a means not only of self-expression but also of identification with an art form that represents a cultural rapprochement, symbolizing an attitude far above nationalistic or chauvinistic boundaries.

Every friend made for jazz in any country is, of course, another link in a chain of worldwide amity. This is not to imply that the Soviet admiration for U.S. jazz connotes any desire to emulate another way of life or to discard their own political and social values; it is rather that the differences become unimportant, and the desire to effect closer ties with their idols 5,000 miles away becomes the dominant emotion.

That is why, no matter what the musical shortcomings of the Benny Goodman Band, no matter how great the psychological gap between the present attitudes of the young Soviet jazzmen and the older Soviet composers, the all-important fact is that the phenomenal success of Goodman and his men in the USSR (and the appearance of Premier Nikita Khrushchev at the first Moscow concert) helped to open a hundred doors.

A substantial number of people in the Soviet Union today, including the hospitable, amiable, hungry-for-knowledge youngsters I met, are becoming more and more a part of everybody's world, and there can be no question that a better mutual understanding is being achieved as a result of the role played by jazz.

The next moves are easily predicted. Soviet musicians will come to the United States; this country's true jazz face of the 1960s will be shown to the USSR in the form of visits by men like Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, and Dizzy Gillespie. The visit of the first name band to Moscow constituted a laudable end in itself, at least in terms of its ice-breaking effect; but as Goodman himself pointed out, it was not just an end—it was only a beginning. db

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## DB YEARS *from page 22*

benefit for her, but she refused the money.

There were brighter moments, however. Duke Ellington was presented his awards for winning as the best swing band *and* sweet band in the previous year's Readers Poll. Ellingtonians Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Billy Strayhorn, and Lawrence Brown also were given first-place awards at a February *DB*-sponsored concert . . . The Film *New Orleans*, with Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday in the cast, was premiered in New Orleans in January. *DB's* review said it came close to capturing jazz on film . . . Boyd Raeburn's 30-piece band opened at New York City's Vanity Fair, formerly the Zanzibar, and went on to a successful road trip . . . Django Reinhardt, the Belgian gypsy guitarist, was in this country . . . Mike Levin, then New York staffman and record reviewer, said Ray McKinley's new band, featuring Eddie Sauter arrangements, plays the "most interesting dance music in the business." . . . The King Cole Trio had a successful theater tour, and Art Tatum did a 1½-month concert tour.

In January, *Esquire* issued what was to be its last jazz yearbook. Edited by Ernest Anderson, the book was panned because there was so much about Eddie Condon. Anderson was Condon's manager at the time. In protest, most of the critics who voted in the book's annual jazz poll resigned, and musicians who had won signed a letter of protest.

Charlie Parker was released from Camarillo hospital in California, worked in southern California for a few months, and then returned to New York. Late in the year, he, Dizzy Gillespie's big band, and Ella Fitzgerald gave the first bop concert in Carnegie Hall. It was a rousing success. George Russell's *Cubano Be* and *Bop* and John Lewis' *Toccato for Trumpet* were introduced.

In a regular column, *Posin'*, in which staffer Bill Gottlieb posed questions to musicians, it was asked, "What's with be-bop?" The replies:

Sal Franzella: "I wouldn't walk across the street to hear be-bop. It's hysterical music."

Jack Teagarden: "Be-boppers are following a trend or cycle . . . More than likely [they] are going to find themselves on the outside when the trend passes."

Johnny Richards: ". . . the be-bop influence will be found in our rising trumpet players and among other instrumentalists who are fascinated by what is . . . a trumpet player's device."

Later in the year, Gottlieb asked several leading bop figures, "What is be-bop?":

Howard McGhee: "It's the younger generation's idea of the right way to play."

Dizzy Gillespie: ". . . a way of phrasing and accenting. . . . And lots of flatted fifths and ninths. There's lots more to it. But I can't think of what."

Charlie Parker: ". . . advanced modern music."

Tadd Dameron: "Soon be-bop will become the most beautiful of all music."

While boppers agreed that their music was of value and what it was, the New Orleans musicians and those who were not especially traditionalist but who found themselves in bands that played jazz other than what was current were at loggerheads. Rudi Blesh, whose book *Shining Trumpets* was lambasted in *DB* and whose weekly radio program *This Is Jazz* was taken over the coals (Gottlieb said Blesh and faddists were killing traditional jazz and asked the reader, "Did *you* ever hear of Punch Miller?"), was accused by three New Orleans jazzmen who played his show of trying to tell them how they should play and of attempting to corner the New Orleans jazz market. Other old-timers rushed to his defense. The program left the air soon after.

Eddie Condon came in for censure too. Drummer Dave Tough, who had been the original drummer with the first Herman Herd, left Condon's band in a huff because cornetist Wild Bill Davison and trombonist Georg Brunis were hired. Later Davison called Tough "little bludgeon foot" and "the Dizzy Gillespie of the cymbals."

Writer D. Leon Wolff asked in a glaring headline: "Are Critics Jazz' Worst Enemy?" He went on to plead for objectivity in criticism . . . Gene Williams, formerly an editor of *Jazz Information*, a small jazz magazine, and one of the prime agents in resurrecting Bunk Johnson, said he was not a jazz expert and asserted that no one else was either. Then he told how wonderful the Kid Ory Band was.

In January and February, New York's 52nd St., according to writers, was dying. By summer it was breathing fire with Bill Harris and others fanning the flames . . . Chicago also was in a slump at the beginning of the year, but by summer there was great activity with disc jockey Dave Garroway presenting a series of concerts—one featuring the Charlie Ventura Sextet was especially rewarding—and Sarah Vaughan was the hit of the town . . . Ralph Gleason wrote in late summer that San Francisco was dead; but by year's end things had brightened considerably.

In the fall Herman and Kenton unveiled new bands. Kenton's had old hands like Eddie Safranski and Shelly Manne on board, but Herman's was

essentially a new concept—the Four Brothers band. Herman had said earlier, when he was first forming the band, "Any boppers who can really blow, let me know. I love 'em." He got them: Stan Getz, who earlier in the year was working with the Butch Stone Band in Hollywood; Jack Sims, known intimately as Zoot; Herbie Steward, who was with Getz in the Stone band; and Serge Chaloff, among them.

Buddy Rich left JATP, and joined Tommy Dorsey, who reorganized his band for a fall tour. Later, Rich formed his own big band again . . . Jimmy Dorsey formed another band . . . Alec Wilder said he was quitting the music business . . . 19-year-old Patti Page gained a mention as vocalist with Jimmy Joy . . . Kay Starr was touted as the "best since Mildred Bailey" . . . *DB* Chicago staffer said boppers were lousing up Chicago sessions . . . Ralph Gleason was knocked out by Lionel Hampton's band . . . Earl Hines bought the El Grotto in Chicago and put in his band, but the club folded . . . Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey engaged in fisticuffs on a movie set; Benny ended up on the floor . . . Singer Chippie Hill was back on the national scene after 17 years obscurity.

The American Federation of Musicians, with Petrillo as president, was shaken momentarily by the Taft-Hartly bill, but by year's end the union had announced there would be another recording ban (the first was in 1942). It began on Jan. 1, 1948, and lasted for 12 months. The union, and *Down Beat,* were greatly concerned with the rise of disc jockeys; *DB* asked in an editorial "Should Disc Jockeys Take It On The Side?" It was a year when big names became jockeys: Paul Whiteman was the most prominent. And Benny Goodman became a jockey of sorts when he began a series of U.S. State Department jazz shows beamed to the USSR; the show was later taken over by jazz writers Mike Levin, Bill Gottlieb, George Simon, and Barry Ulanov.

Charlie Mingus was one of the two bassists in Lionel Hampton's band . . . Lee Konitz was playing alto with the new Claude Thornhill Band, and Gil Evans was doing arrangements for the band; Evans was cited in a review of the band for having succeeded "in taking various Charlie Parker bop alto ideas and translating them into full band scores. . . ." Miles Davis was with the Billy Eckstine Band.

Deaths during the year: Sonny Berman, Fate Marable, Jimmie Lunceford.

Eddie Wilcox and Joe Thomas fronted the Lunceford band . . . Bessie Smith's short film *St. Louis Blues* showed up in San Francisco . . . Louis Armstrong formed a small band with Jack Teagarden, Sid Catlett, and Barney Bigard included; the band was highly successful everywhere it played . . . Art Hodes inaugurated boat rides combined with concerts and called it Jazz on the Hudson . . . Hillbillies were a smash at Carnegie Hall . . . Likewise Frankie Laine at Chicago's Sherman Hotel . . . Headline: "Wald Tore My Shirt—Says Singer" . . . Brief news item: Canadian pianist Oscar Peterson rehearsing a group in Montreal . . . Jazz, Ltd., opened in Chicago with Doc Evans' band.

All records were reviewed by Mike Levin under the name "Mix." He gave Goodman the cane for his recording of *Oh, Baby;* the performance, said Mix, was indicative of Goodman's still being in the 1930s musically. In his review of Herman's *Ebony Concerto,* written and conducted by Igor Stravinsky, Mix said: it "bears no relation to jazz." But "Don't let what may seem to be strange sounds from the Herman Herd keep you from hearing it at least five times." Levin also felt that there were too many records being issued: "Records continue to come out in large quantities every two weeks, many of them mediocre."

*DB* front-paged a story on the ill-informed jazz writing found in newspapers with the headline "Square Writers Hurt Music Biz!" . . . Dave Dexter wrote in a Capitol records' trade paper: "End of an Era; Be-bop Dead in Southern California." Ross Russell, then head of Dial records and one of the first to record boppers, denied there ever was an era there and pointed out that several boppers were then active in the Los Angeles area: Dodo Marmaroso, Charlie Parker, Barney Kessel, Don Lamond, Wardell Gray, Stan Getz, and Herbie Steward.

Frank Sinatra fans "are a bad marriage risk and may need treatment," stated West Coast psychologist Alice LaVere . . . Norman Granz said after one of his JATP concerts had flopped in L.A., "I'm through with Los Angeles forever. I'll never play there again if they beg me." . . . Two critics finally saw eye to eye: Stanley Dance married former *DB* writer Helen Oakley in England . . . Big record labels began reissue programs; independent labels began folding; all labels began stockpiling in anticipation of the record ban . . . Jo Stafford was revealed as the Cinderella G. Stump of *Timptayshun* fame. "I'm a hillbilly at heart, and I'm not ashamed of it," she said.

Levin reviewed the Bill De Arango Quintet at New York's Famous Door and made a discovery: "The most exciting thing in the group . . . is 22-year-old Terry Gibbs. Here is a bopper with flowing ideas, good taste, long phrases, developed solos, a swinging beat, and



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complete harmonic conception." . . . Les Brown conducted the Denver Symphony Orchestra . . . Pianist Lou Stein, in a guest review of Lennie Tristano's first album, said, "Lennie is a prophetic figure in jazz today." . . . Dizzy Gillespie had been sitting in with the Latin band of Machito and added Latin percussion on a record date . . . Levin, in a review, said Guy Lombardo was much better and was no longer corny.

The Clooney sisters, Rosemary and Betty, were the singers with Tony Pastor's band . . . Bill Russo conducted an experimental band in Chicago . . . Phil Moore presented a concert titled Symphony of Jazz at Pasadena, Calif., Civic Auditorium; he introduced his piano concert, performed by Calvin Jackson . . . Jimmy Dorsey disbanded for the second time within a year.

Jazz internationalism was getting started: Rex Stewart toured Iceland, and Bud Freeman flew down to Rio for an engagement. It was announced that Dizzy Gillespie would tour Europe with his big band in 1948, as would Sidney Bechet, Lionel Hampton, and Louis Armstrong . . . And jazzmen found they could make a better living playing concerts than by working in bands.

IN THE 1950s there was a sharp reaction to the feverish activity and the studied flamboyance that had marked the hectic bop years. Public interest in the new music had waned, its chief exponents and its coterie of lesser disciples found themselves on lean days, with jobs growing scarcer every day. The big-band era fell on lean days too. Only the orchestra of the apparently ageless Ellington, of the large jazz aggregations, was able to work at all steadily. Both Count Basie and Dizzy Gillespie had disbanded. The promising Charlie Barnet Band, easily the most adventurous and musically rewarding unit the saxophonist had ever assembled, with such young modernists as Kai Winding and Claude Williamson in its ranks, was no sooner formed than broken up.

In the immediate postwar years Claude Thornhill's decidedly modernist band, under the guidance of arranger Gil Evans, had made notable gains in adapting the innovations of Parker and Gillespie to big-band usage, though the band itself had reverted to a more conventional dance-band approach by the time Evans had departed in 1948. It was Evans, however, who was to provide the impetus for the celebrated small-group sessions organized in 1949 and '50 by trumpeter Miles Davis, sessions that were responsible for shaping the whole course of small-group jazz since that time. But it was a slow, subterranean movement.

In 1947 Sidney Bechet was a hit at Chicago's newly opened Jazz, Ltd. Late in the year he was preparing to go to Europe.

Its first eruption was in the 1952 pianoless quartet of baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan, whose ebullient, leathery contrapuntal noodling with his young trumpeter Chet Baker signaled an increase in jazz appreciation. The next several years were dominated by the jazzmen of the Pacific Coast, many of them graduates of the Stan Kenton and Woody Herman bands, and whose efforts at extending the scope and appeal of jazz to an increasingly sophisticated audience were often criticized for pretentiousness, precocity, and overintellectualization. But the movement was a popular one. Dave Brubeck, for example, made the cover of *Time* and was characterized by that magazine, in a burst of ill-advised adjectivitis, as "a wigging cat with a far-out wail."

The tepid alliance of jazz and classics claimed by the West Coasters seemed to many little more than a shotgun wedding with stillborn issue, yet the movement had a positive effect in acclimating its large audience to advanced jazz concepts. It gained for jazz, moreover, the beginning of a widespread serious regard.

The natural reaction was very much in line with Newton's third law. Hard bop, unrelieved blowing, and a return to loose, simple frameworks succeeded the cool, cerebral, tightly organized music of the West Coast. Such groups as those of Art Blakey and Horace Silver preached a return to earthy basics, and their message was heard. Foot-tapping, finger-popping music was back—with a vengeance.

## 1957

The jazz situation in 1957 was a confused, uncertain one. It was a year in which the jazz fan was presented with a bewildering variety of stylistic choices—from the Louis Armstrong and Wilbur DeParis groups to the Modern Jazz Quartet and George Russell, with every intermediary style well represented. The Newport Jazz Festival, established in 1955, had given rise to several other alfresco jazz presentations.

One major break-through was that of national television, the most notable success being ABC's *Stars of Jazz* program from Los Angeles, with pianist-singer Bobby Troup as host. An even more stimulating venture was CBS' *They Took a Blue Note* on its *Odyssey* series, an hour-long program that investigated the musical pre-history of jazz through the work of rural southern singers and musicians.

The School of Jazz, offering a three-week course in jazz practice and theory, was initiated at the Berkshire Music Barn of the Music Inn in Lenox, Mass., under the direction of the MJQ's John Lewis. Such jazzmen as Dizzy Gillespie and Oscar Peterson served on the faculty.

Several tours by jazz musicians attracted quite a bit of attention: Benny Goodman and his band toured the Far East, where the clarinetist was awarded the Order de Chevalier de Manisaraphon by Cambodian King Noradom Suramarit; the Wilbur DeParis Band went on a month-long good-will tour of African countries (DeParis too was presented with an award—he received a gold medal from Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia). Other tours took Jack Teagarden, George Lewis, Gerry Mulligan, and the redoubtable Eddie Condon to Britain.

One indication of the growing acceptance of jazz as a serious art form was the initiation of a program of commissioning jazz and jazz-influenced compositions by Brandeis University. The commissions carried a stipend of $350 each, and were awarded to Jimmy Giuffre, Charlie Mingus, and George Russell, while classical composers Milton Babbitt, Gunther Schuller, and Harold Shapero were awarded grants for compositions utilizing in part the jazz language. The six works were premiered at the university's June concert program as part of the Brandeis Creative Arts Festival. This same year the University of Chicago offered in its humanities program an accredited course in *The Anatomy of Jazz*, taught by noted jazz composer-arranger Bill Russo.

Deaths during the year: Serge Chaloff, Jimmy Dorsey, and Walter Page.

Stan Getz, like Stan Kenton a few years earlier, announced his intention to abandon music for a medical career. Said the tenor saxophonist, "I'm just not able to cope with all the hassels that go with being a jazz player." . . . Eddie Costa, International Jazz Critics Poll new-star winner on both piano and vibraharp, in explaining why he played so few jazz engagements, said, "An unhappy jazz job is worse than than playing a wedding!" . . . The American Cancer Society used a jazz

paign, explaining, "Jazz is an expression of life; it is representative of what is most alive in us. Cancer represents that which is most destructive."

Dizzy Gillespie listed the five men —living or not—he would like to have in a sextet with himself—Charlie Parker, Charlie Christian, Oscar Peterson, Jimmy Blanton, and Sid Catlett. Gillespie also named the Savoy Sultans as the most swinging band he had ever heard . . . Feeling that the association with jazz only was hurting his sales opportunities, Dick Bock changed the name of his Pacific Jazz records (which had ridden to some success on the West Coast jazz fad) to World Pacific . . . Pianist Thelonious Monk, listening to a playback at one of his Riverside recording sessions, is said to have remarked appreciatively, "Well, that sounds like James P. Johnson." . . . Woody Herman commented on Milt Jackson's knowledge of old songs: "I thought I knew songs, but he goes 25 years before me, and he's young. He can always work at the Palmer House, so he doesn't have to worry about the MJQ." . . . Legendary Texas piano man Peck Kelley was reported to have two pianos in his home, one kept perfectly tuned, the other one soundless. Kelley used the latter for practicing what he styled "artistic perception."

The first manifestations of the preoccupation with "roots" and jazz prehistory manifested themselves during the year, perhaps as a result of the hard-bop phenomenon. Chicago bluesman Big Bill Broonzy participated in a marathon documentary recording session with Cleveland disc jockey Bill Randle shortly before Broonzy underwent surgery at a Chicago hospital. It was the singer's last recording; he died the following year. Two of the year's most controversial groups were exploring folk motifs in their work—the Modern Jazz Quartet and the Jimmy Giuffre 3 (with Jim Hall and Ralph Pena). Remarked the MJQ'S John Lewis: " . . . we have to keep going back into the gold mine. I mean the folk music. The blues, and things that are related to it. Even things that may not have been folk to start with but have become kind of folk-like. Material that somebody writes but that has been worked on until it doesn't belong to the composer any more. Like some of Gershwin's music and James P. Johnson's. Music that serves as a point of departure for us and for me."

It was during 1957 that the young jazz musicians of Detroit began to emerge as a potent force in modern jazz—among them such as Paul Chambers, Donald Byrd, Pepper Adams, Yusef Lateef, Doug Watkins, and a number of others . . . The "new thing" peeped at us slyly from the pages of *DB*. Under a picture of a smiling, crewcut young trumpeter in an instrument advertisement appeared the message: "Don Ellis, featured trumpeter with the Glen (sic) Miller Orchestra, is a graduate of the Boston University, and one of many artist-students of John Coffey, well-known instrumentalist and teacher, of Boston." . . . Avant garde pianist Cecil Taylor made his record debut (with soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy) on the Transition label.

The situation for big bands was somewhat improved over previous years. During the course of 1957 there was increased work for the orchestras of Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Woody Herman, Maynard Ferguson, Stan Kenton, Dizzy Gillespie, Ray McKinley (leading a Glenn Miller-styled unit), and Claude Gordon, among others. Ballroom owners credited bands seen on TV with sparking a renewed interest in dance bands.

For jazz band lovers, however, the phonograph record continued to provide the most consistently satisfying orchestral sounds, with such provocative fare as the Miles Davis-Gil Evans *Miles Ahead* collaboration; Johnny Richards' adventurous writing for his own unit; Bill Russo's scoring on his *World of Alcina;* the work of Gunther Schuller, J.J. Johnson, John Lewis, and Jimmy Giuffre on *Music for Brass;* and Duke Ellington's extended suites, *A Drum Is a Woman* and *Such Sweet Thunder.* Paul Whiteman had a 50th anniversary celebration with a two-LP set that included a version of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* in the original large dance-band orchestration.

In an exclusive interview with *Down Beat,* AFM president James C. Petrillo remarked with his usual candor: "I did advise the parents of this country not to let their children study music if they had in mind following it as a profession, as it is a dying business. I still feel the same way about it. The future does not look good—it looks bad." Later, he detailed his own musical preferences curtly, "I like any kind of music that puts bread and butter on the tables."

There was plenty of that in 1957.

In the last five years jazz has continued to reach an ever-increasing world audience. The years have seen the emergence of new forms, perhaps not yet solidified, but bold attempts, nonetheless, to expand further jazz' musical frontiers. Nor has the past been forgotten—the research of archaic forms of jazz and related music seemingly is just beginning.

In general, jazz has continued to grow in stature, depth, and meaning in the last 28 years. The progress will undoubtedly continue. db


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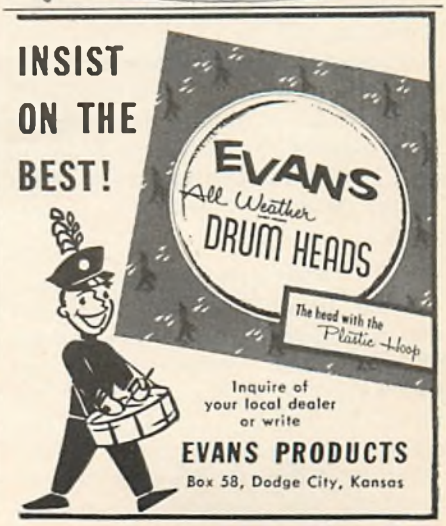


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## AD LIB *from page 10*

friends as **Louis Metcalf, Jimmy McPartland,** and **Bobby Hackett.**

**Dexter Gordon** and **Joe Farrell** (former **Maynard Ferguson** tenor saxophonist) had a tenor battle at the Living Room, accompanied by pianist **Jackie Byard,** bassist **Steve Swallow,** and drummer **Pete LaRoca** . . . Gordon also was a member of the **Al Grey** All-Stars that performed at the fourth concert at the Museum of Modern Art. In addition to Grey and Gordon there was tenor saxophonist **Wild Bill Moore,** trumpeter **Reunald Jones,** pianist **Gene Kee,** guitarist **Calvin Newborn,** bassist **Eddie Jones,** and drummer **Jo Jones** . . . **Count Basie** will tour Sweden and Denmark in August . . . **Cannonball Adderley** married actress **Olga James** early in July.

**Ornette Coleman** who will go to Europe late this year, now leads **Bobby Bradford,** trumpet; **C. M. Moffett,** drums; **David Eisenson,** bass. Eisenson, incidentally, is a classically trained bassist who never played jazz before joining Coleman . . . Pianist **Randy Weston** now features baritone saxophonist **Cecil Payne** . . . **Buck Clayton** is touring with **Jimmy Rushing** this summer . . . Trumpeter **Wild Bill Davison** is currently touring with **Vic Dickenson,** trombone; **Buster Bailey,** clarinet; **Charlie Richards,** piano; **Willie Wyman,** bass and trumpet; **Walt Gifford,** drums . . . Newest jazz club in the New York area is the Gaslight Room, Jackson Heights, Long Island, where many of the better, smaller, less well-known groups play.

**Stan Kenton** and **Gerry Mulligan** had a battle of big bands recently at Westbury, Long Island, Music Tent. Attendance was poor . . . Jazzline (the company drummer **Dave Bailey** is closely associated with) is recording Mulligan with Bailey, pianist **Tommy Flanagan,** and bassist **Ben Tucker** . . . Mulligan recorded at the Newport Festival. Also recorded at the festival was **Duke Ellington . . . Yolande Bavan,** newcomer with **Dave Lambert** and **Jon Hendricks,** will do a solo album with arrangements by **Tadd Dameron** . . . **Milt Jackson** has cut a big-band date for Riverside . . . Reprise has recorded **Shorty Rogers'** first album of Brazilian jazz . . . **Wild Bill Davison** has recorded for the Bear label with his current group.

### PHILADELPHIA

Pianist **Jimmy Wisner,** back in town after accompanying **Mel Torme** and the **Hi-Los** on their European tours, will play weekends at the Red Hill Inn during the summer . . . **Maynard Ferguson,** also back from a tour of Europe, played a week at Pep's before the downtown spot dropped its name-jazz policy for the summer . . . The Show Boat has a full schedule of names for the hot weather, including the first local appearance of **Yolande Bavan** with **Dave Lambert** and **Jon Hendricks.** The trio was set for the week of July 30, following **Oscar Brown Jr.**

**Gene Krupa** and **Charlie Shavers** played the Baltimore Tavern, now on a semijazz policy . . . Trenton's El Condado is going slow on its jazz bookings . . . **Billy Root** played baritone saxophone with **Harry James** on a tour of the South.

The city-sponsored Arts Festival Jazz Concert drew a big crowd under the stars at the Art Museum. Television weatherman **Wally Kinnan,** a former **Jimmy Dorsey** trumpeter, emceed the program. On the bill were pianist **Bernard Peiffer,** the **Billy Root** Octet, the **Vince Montana** Trio, **Billy Krechmer's** combo, and the **Pennsbury High School Stage Band.**

**Dave Brubeck** broke the house record at Lambertville, N.J., Music Circus with an SRO 2,100 customers. The Pennsbury band opened the program. . . . Also at Lambertville, **Stan Kenton** had trombonist **Dee Barton** on drums for the date. The **Woodrow Wilson High School Stage Band,** winners of the Bands of Tomorrow contest, were on the program with Kenton.

### CHICAGO

The Midwest Jazz Festival, scheduled for Aug. 17-19, at Indiana University's Memorial Stadium, will present the premiere of **Johnny Richards'** *Midwest Festival.* Richards will conduct and the **Stan Kenton** Band will perform it. The university will open Wright Quadrangle, a residence hall, for visitors wishing to stay on the campus during the festival . . . **Barbara Gardner** became the first jazz critic to have a baby. She and husband **Carl Procter** are celebrating the July arrival of a son, **Morgan Eugene.**

Negotiations have been started to work out a cultural exchange of Chicago singers **Mahalia Jackson, Odetta, Oscar Brown Jr.,** and **Inman and Ira** for Russian folk singers . . . **Franz Jackson's** Original Jass All-Stars are back on Saturday nights at the Red Arrow, the Stickney, Ill., club where the band played for several years. The club is under new management . . . In town recently were **Jimmy Smith** and **Ray Charles** at the Regal Theater and **Woody Herman's** big band at Club Laurel . . . **Eartha Kitt** just finished a three-weeker at Mr. Kelly's . . . **Lurlean Hunter** is at Pigalle with **Larry Novak's** trio backing her . . . Banjoist-guitarist **Mike McKendrick** and tubaist **Quinn Wilson** are both in the **Bill Reinhardt** Band at Jazz, Ltd. It's the first time the two have worked together since the **Earl Hines** Band 30 years ago.

**Bob Scobey** and band are back at Bourbon Street after a successful tour of Europe with the Harlem Globetrotters. While in Spain the group played a TV show—the first time a U.S. jazz group had been on Spanish TV.

Singer **Bill Henderson,** ably backed by the **John Young** Trio, did good business during a three-weeker at the Archway. Henderson announced that he has signed a contract with MGM and expects to record his first album for the firm on his return to New York . . . McKie's continues to be the best jazz room in Chicago. **Horace Silver** was scheduled for two weeks there last month. Multi-reed man and International Jazz Critics Poll winner **Roland Kirk** followed. Kirk is scheduled to close on the 12th. **John Coltrane** is set to follow.

**Jaspar Taylor,** whose percussion work can be heard on many jazz records made in Chicago during the 1920s, has formed a group, the Creole Jazz Band. It had its debut last month at Tyree Masonic Hall. Included in the personnel are **Junie Cobb,** piano, and **Jack Jackson,** bass. **Lillie Delk Christian,** a singer popular in the '20s and who made records backed by **Louis Armstrong,** is the group's vocalist . . . **Louis Armstrong** played a one-nighter at the University of Chicago's Court Theater on Aug. 1. **Maynard Ferguson's** band is to play there on Aug. 7 . . . **Joe Segal's** Modern Jazz Showcase can be heard on Mondays at the Sutherland.

### LOS ANGELES

**Steve Allen's** *Jazz Scene U.S.A.* television series has been bought by the Westinghouse Broadcasting Co. for programing starting in September on its five-station network — San Francisco, Calif. (KPIX); Baltimore, Md. (WJZ); Pittsburgh, Pa. (KDKA); Boston, Mass. (WBZ), and Cleveland, Ohio (KYW). Allen is now executive producer on the show. Latest groups scheduled for shots are those of **Barney Kessel** and **Frank Rosolino.**

**Allyn Ferguson** penned the jazz arrangements for the **King Sisters'** new album cut in Harrah's Club at Lake Tahoe. Scoring is for three trombones and rhythm section. The album will be sold independently to an unnamed record company. And **Alvino Rey,** husband of **Louise King** (one of the sisters), took off for Europe late last month for several British Broadcasting Corp. TV specials in London and study with maestro **Andres Segovia** in Santiago de Compestelo, Spain.

**Dave Brubeck's** quartet, **Keely Smith** and the **Kingston Trio** drew SRO at the Hollywood Bowl at a recent one-nighter. The gross came to $58,600 at $5.50 top, and more than 2,000 were turned away. **Irving Granz** and the Kingstons' manager, **Frank Werber,** joined in the

promotion. The cost, including promotion, rent, and orchestra for Miss Smith, came to about $10,000. Package deals like this, combining jazz and pops, are pointing the way for today's concert promoters.

Two-beat clarinetist **Johnny Lane** returned from Chicago to take a new Dixie group into Downey's Roaring '20s. With him are **Warren Smith,** trombone; **Irv Stumph,** cornet; **Bill Campbell,** piano; **Doc Cenardo,** drums. The group works Thursdays through Saturdays . . . At the Intermission Room are the **Three Souls—Kossie Gardner,** electric organ; **Allan Merry,** alto saxophone, flute; **Rip Patton,** drums . . . Jazz pianist-songwriter **Bob Harrington** is allied with **Stan Thompson's** Villa records. Thompson, a singer, will record some of Harrington's songs. Meanwhile, the pianist is readying a jazz LP for the label . . . **Erroll Garner** plays the Lagoon in Salt Lake City, Utah, Aug. 17-18 . . . **Edie Adams** will be chairman of a dinner honoring **Nat Cole** on his 25th anniversary in music Aug. 5 at the Embassy Room of the Ambassador Hotel. The event will be under auspices of the Los Angeles Urban League.

Pianist-TV composer **Johnny Williams** was re-signed by Revue to score next season's 60-minute Alcoa Theater series. His LP version of the music from *Checkmate,* released last year by Columbia, is an all-time best-selling TV track album.

### SAN FRANCISCO

Pianist **Red Garland's** engagement at the Jazz Workshop was his first San Francisco appearance in 2½ years. His associates were bassist **Larry Ridley** and drummer **Frank Gant** . . . Following its successful engagement at the Black Hawk, the **Miles Davis** Sextet played six nights in Seattle and followed with two college concerts in Los Angeles . . . Trumpeter **Webster Young** is on the scene and playing with the **Jack Taylor** combo at Berkeley's Trois Couleur . . . Another recent arrival is pianist **Evans Bradshaw,** who has moved to Oakland after a 1½-year engagement in Great Falls, Mont. . . . And saxophonist **Jerry Coker** is back in California, teaching music at Chico State College, a pursuit he previously followed for several years in Texas.

Pianist **Vince Guaraldi's** trio spent a week in Washington, D.C., appearing in concert with the **Kingston Trio.** Guaraldi's new bassist is **Eddie Coleman** . . . The **Rudy Salvini** big band was a feature of the North Beach outdoor art festival . . . The San Francisco chapter of the League of Musicians Wives has contributed a $150 music scholarship to San Francisco State College and the San Francisco Conservatory. ds


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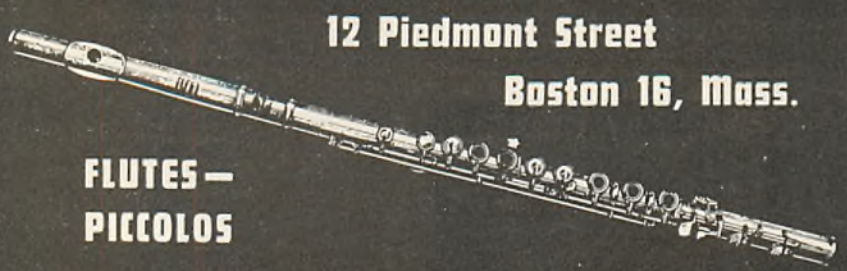

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# TRUMPETS ALL OUT!

## In The Next Issue

## TIMES THREE: MILES DAVIS

A Study by Don Heckman

## RECORDING WITH RED ALLEN

By Martin Williams

## TED CURSON: A PORTRAIT

By LeRoi Jones

The August 30 **Down Beat** goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, August 16.



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# WHERE & WHEN

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

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

## NEW YORK

Basin St. East: **Duke Ellington, Chris Connor,** 8/4-5.
Birdland: **Louis Bellson, Ramsey Lewis,** to 8/8.
Condon's: **Tony Parenti,** *tfn.*
Five Spot: *unk.*
Half Note: *unk.*
Harout's: **Steve Lacy,** *tfn.*
Hickory House: **Marian McPartland,** *tfn.*
Kenny's Steak Pub: **Herman Chittison,** *tfn.*
Metropole: **Red Nichols** to 8/9. **Woody Herman,** 8/3-30.
Museum of Modern Art: **Kenny Dorham,** 8/2. **George Russell,** 8/23.
20 Spruce St.: **Ahmed Abdul-Malik,** wknds.
Village Gate: **Coleman Hawkins** to 8/16. **Thelonious Monk** to 8/31.
Village Vanguard: **Shelly Manne** to 8/12.

## PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown Pa.): **Bobby and Tony DeNicola,** Mon., Fri.
Krechmer's: **Billy Krechmer-Tommy Simms,** *hb.*
Music Circus (Lambertville, N.J.): **Les Brown,** 8/6. **Gene Krupa, Ramsey Lewis,** 8/13. **Duke Ellington,** 8/20.
Paddock (Trenton): **Capitol City 5,** Fri., Sat.
Red Hill Inn: **Jimmy Wisner,** Fri., Sat.
Show Boat: **Miles Davis,** 8/6-11. **Oscar Peterson,** 8/13-18.
Venus Lounge: **Vince Montana,** *tfn.*

## WASHINGTON

Bayou: **Big Bill Decker,** *hb.*
Bohemian Caverns: **JFK Quintet, Shirley Horne,** *tfn.*
Brass Rail: *unk.*
Charles Hotel Lounge: **Booker Coleman,** Thurs.-Sat.
Shoreham Hotel: **Buck Clarke,** *tfn.*
Showboat Lounge: **Charlie Byrd, John Malachi,** *tfn.* Folk music, Sun.

## NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt,** *tfn.*
Dixieland Coffee Shop: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: **Mike Lala, Santo Pecora,** *tfn.* **Leon Prima,** Sun., Tues.
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain,** *tfn.* **Leon Prima,** Mon.
Icon Hall: various traditional groups.
Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell,** *tfn.*
Prince Conti Motel: **Armand Hug,** *tfn.*
Pepe's: **Lavergne Smith,** *tfn.*
Playboy: **Clancy Hayes** opens 8/9. **Al Belletto, Dave West,** *hbs.* **Rusty Mayne,** Sun.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

## DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard: **Oscar Peterson** to 8/5.
Bob & Rob's: **Howard Ross,** *tfn.*
Checker Bar B-Q: **Ronnie Phillips,** afterhours, *tfn.*
Drome: **Dorothy Ashby,** *tfn.*
Falcon (Ann Arbor): **Bob James,** *tfn.*
52nd Show Bar: **Bob Meeks,** *tfn.*
Kevin House: **Bob Snyder,** *tfn.*
Minor Key: *unk.*
Momo's: **Mel Ball,** *tfn.*
Topper Lounge: **Danny Stevenson,** *tfn.*
Trent's: **Terry Pollard,** *tfn.*
The '20s: **John Griffith,** *tfn.*
Un-Stabled: **Sam Sanders,** *tfn.*

## CHICAGO

Black Eyed Pea: **Judy Roberts,** wknds.
Bourbon Street: **Bob Scobey,** *tfn.*
Gaslight Club: **Frankie Ray,** *tfn.*
Guest House: **Leon Sash,** Sun., Mon.
Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): **Cy Touff,** Mon., Tues. **Cliff Nlep,** Weds.-Sun.
Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt,** *tfn.* **Franz Jackson,** Thurs., Fri.
London House: **Jonah Jones** to 8/12. **George Shearing,** 8/14-9/9. **Jose Bethancourt, Larry Novak,** *hbs.*
McKie's: **Roland Kirk** to 8/12. **John Coltrane,** 8/15-26.
Mister Kelly's: **Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo,** *hbs.*
Pepper's Lounge: **Muddy Waters,** wknds.
Pigalle: **Lurlean Hunter, Larry Novak,** *tfn.*
Playboy: **Jimmy Rushing, Teri Thornton,** to 8/8. **Gloria Smyth, Peggy Lord, Phyllis Branch,** 8/9-29. **Clancey Hayes, Barbara Russell,** 8/30-9/19. **Tony Smith, Jim Atlas, Joe Iaco, Bob Davis, Harold Harris, Hots Michels,** *hbs.*
Red Arrow (Stickney): **Franz Jackson,** Sat.
Sahara Motel: **John Frigo,** Thurs., Fri.
Sutherland: *unk.*
Velvet Swing: **Nappy Trottier,** *tfn.*

## LOS ANGELES

Avalon Casino (Catalina): **Johnny Catron** to 8/12.
Azure Hills Country Club (Riverside): **Hank Messer,** *tfn.*
Beverly Cavern: **Teddy Buckner,** *tfn.*
Cascades (Belmont Shore): **Jack Lynde, Joe Lettieri, John Lassonio,** *tfn.* Sun. morning sessions.
Charleston (Arcadia): **Bob Russell, Southland Seven,** *tfn.*
Crescendo: **Sarah Vaughan** to 8/12. **Oscar Brown Jr., Earl Grant, Jonah Jones,** Oct. 17-28.
Comedy Key Club: **Curtis Amy,** afterhours, *tfn.*
Dynamite Jackson's **Richard Holmes,** *tfn.*
El Mirador (Palm Springs): **Ben Pollack,** *tfn.*
Encore Restaurant: **Frankie Ortega, Don Greif, Walt Sage,** *tfn.*
Green Bull (Hermosa Beach): **Andy Blakeny, Alton Purnell, Alton Redd,** *tfn.*
Hermosa Inn: **Jack Langlos, The Saints,** wknds.
Intermission Room: **The Three Souls,** *tfn.*
Jerry's Caravan Club: **Gene Russell, Henry Franklin, Steve Clover,** Thurs.-Sun. Sessions, Thurs.
Joanie Presents (Lankershim): **Stuff Smith, Ira Westley, Dick Cary,** Weds.-Sun.
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey,** *hb.* Guest groups, Sun.
Marty's: **William Green, Art Hillary, Tony Bazeley,** *tfn.*
Metro Theater: afterhours concerts, Fri.-Sat.
Michael's (East Washington): **Johnny White,** *tfn.*
Millionaire's Club: **Mike Melvoin, Gary Peacock,** *tfn.*
Montebello Bowl: **Ken Latham, Hank Henry,** *tfn.*
Nickelodeon: **Sunset Jazz Band,** wknds.
Page Cavanaugh's: **Page Cavanaugh,** *hb.*
Pickwick 5 Horsemen Inn (Burbank): **Charlie Blackwell, Ron Lewis, Bill Malouf,** *tfn.* Afterhours sessions, Fri.-Sat.
PJ's: **Eddie Cano,** *tfn.* **Barney Kessel, Trini Lopez,** Sun.-Tues. **John LaSalle,** Tues.-Sun.
Red Carpet Room (Nite Life): **Vi Redd, Laverne Gillette, Richie Goldberg,** Mon.
Red Tiki (Long Beach): **Vince Wallace, Buddy Prima, Jim Crutcher, Clyde Conrad,** Thurs. Sessions, Sun.
Roaring '20s: **Ray Baudue, Pud Brown,** *tfn.*
Roaring '20s (Downey): **Johnny Lane,** *tfn.*
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis,** *tfn.* Sessions, Mon.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shorty Rogers, Betty Bennett,** Thurs.-Sun. **Shelly Manne,** 8/31. **Teddy Edwards,** Mon. **Jack Sheldon-Frank Capp,** Tues. **Paul Horn,** Weds.
Signature Room (Palm Springs): **Candy Stacy,** *tfn.*
Sherry's: **Pete Jolly, Bill Plummer,** *tfn.*
Spigot (Santa Barbara): sessions, Sun.
Storyville (Pomona): **Ray Martin, Tailgate Ramblers,** *tfn.*
Summit: **The Exciters,** *tfn.*
UCLA: summer band workshop to 8/6.
Winners: **Don Randi,** *tfn.*
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue,** *tfn.*

## SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: **Cal Tjader** to 9/9. **Ramsey Lewis,** 9/11-30.
Black Sheep: **Earl Hines,** *tfn.*
Burp Hollow: **Frank Goulette,** *tfn.*
Coffee Gallery: **Horace Benjamin,** wknds.
Dock (Tiburon): **Steve Atkins,** wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy, Claire Austin,** *tfn.*
Executive Suite: **Chris Ibanez,** *tfn.*
Fairmont Hotel: **Lena Horne** to 8/15. **Sarah Vaughan,** 8/16-9/5. **King Sisters,** 9/6-26.
Jazz Workshop: **Les McCann** to 8/19. **Jimmy Smith,** 8/21-9/2. **Cannonball Adderley,** 9/4-23.
Mr. Otis: **Jim Lowe,** wknds.
Palate Restaurant (Mill Valley): **Lee Konitz,** wknds.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales,** plus **Frank Erickson** wknds.
Sugar Hill: **Clara Ward Singers** to 9/1.
Suite 14 (Oakland): **Gus Gustavson,** wknds.
Monkey Inn (Berkeley): Dixieland combo, wknds.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): various jazz groups, Sun.-Thurs. **Jack Taylor,** wknds.
Tsubo (Berkeley): **George Kimball,** *tfn.* Sessions, Sun.-Mon.
Trident (Sausalito): **Vince Guaraldi,** *tfn.*


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## the bore is smaller, the scale has been completely redesigned!

The new Series 9 clarinet embodies the boldest design changes in Selmer's 75-year history. Tuning, tone quality and feel have all been improved by a completely re-designed scale. The bore is .002" smaller, tone holes have been resized and their placement altered. When you try a Series 9 you will see at once how these improvements contribute to your playing. You will note a tone quality that sings from your loudest fortissimo down to a whisper. When you try high B and C in relation to E first line and F first space, you will recognize actual improvement over the intonation for which earlier Selmers are famous! You will agree, too, that you've never played so responsive an instrument. This is true because of the qualities inherent in its design. And it is true because of Selmer's exclusive new Pressure Gauge. This gauge tests the pad coverage of each Series 9 under simulated playing conditions, to detect the slightest flaw in seating. Appropriately, your first great satisfaction will come even before you begin to play your Series 9. Many keys and rings have been moved or reshaped to improve your facility and increase your playing comfort. As usual, these hand-finished, hand-fitted keys are Power Hammered —cold forged from lifetime metal. But on the Series 9, these keys are also clad in pure nickel by an exclusive process. They are tougher, more durable than ever. They stay bright even after years of hard, constant use.

To prove the truth of all you have just read, we invite you to test-play the new Series 9. We believe you will find that it will contribute more to your talent and musical reputation than any other clarinet you have ever played. Your Selmer dealer will be glad to arrange a non-obligating free trial. See him soon.

The Series 9*, companion to the Series 9 model, has a bore .004" smaller than the Series 9, and its tone holes are tapered. It is designed to meet the requirements of those who desire somewhat greater flexibility of tone and intonation. For complete details about both of these superb new Selmers, mail the coupon below.

Selmer

ELKHART, INDIANA

SELMER, Elkhart, Indiana Dept. C-81

Please send FREE color brochure describing the new Series 9 and 9* clarinets.

Name_____

Address_____

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