

DECEMBER 6, 1962 35c

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

## OSCAR BROWN

Rebel With A Cause

## LENNIE TRISTANO SPEAKS OUT

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## Jazz In Japan

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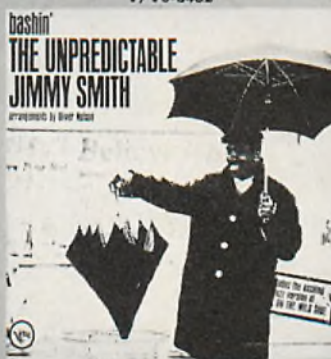
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## THINGS

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One of the most eagerly awaited and hotly discussed issues of *Down Beat* each year is the last one of the year, containing the results of the annual Readers Poll. This year's poll, the 27th, reveals several close races and some surprising upsets. You won't want to miss the Dec. 20 *Down Beat*, on sale at newsstands Thursday, Dec. 6.

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## Chords & Discords

### Bossa Nova Banter

Discussing his recent trip to Brazil on Billy Taylor's jazz show, John Lewis asserted that bossa nova is a native Brazilian music folk music. Taylor agreed. Yet in *The Real Story of Bossa Nova* (DB, Nov. 8), it is claimed that Laurindo Almeida and Harry Babasin combined the samba and jazz to create bossa nova—in Hollywood! And it is further claimed that Almeida introduced the rhythm to Brazil and Joao Gilberto via records.

Who is right?

New York City

Ellin Brezak

It was stated by John Tynan, the author of the article, that Babasin became bored with the simplicity of standard bass lines played in Brazilian choros and, therefore, altered the bass line when playing with Almeida. "The result," wrote Tynan, "was the basis of bossa nova." Tynan's story reported the facts, in light of which, it would be stretching a point to refer to bossa nova as "native Brazilian folk music."

Regarding your bossa nova articles—I find it appalling that the man who created bossa nova, Joao Gilberto, not even mentioned! Laurindo Almeida, indeed!

New York City

Suzi Clark

Gilberto is mentioned in both Tynan's article *The Real Story of Bossa Nova* and Clare Fischer's article on the music.

I'm waiting for the honest man who'll step forward and explain that bossa nova isn't (a small bow to Ernie Wilkins). And even *Desafinado* is a direct, note-for-note steal from Bartok's *Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celeste*.

New York City

Zelda Turchen

Bartok's composition contains many intriguing themes and melodies—none of which is *Desafinado*.

### Further Bass Development

I was most pleased with Harvey Pekar's fine article on *The Development of Modern Bass* in the Oct. 11 issue. Critic Pekar's survey of the relatively short history of modern bass was an expert job of generally scanning the scene. I was especially interested in his segment on ultramodern bassists Charlie Haden and Scott LaFaro.

I only wish that Pekar had had more space in which to enlarge on this particular development in bass playing. To discuss LaFaro and Haden without mentioning Gary Peacock, Chuck Israels, and Steve Swallow is like lecturing on Parker and Gillespie without citing Haig, Roach, and J. J. Johnson. To me, this group of young bassists is providing the most significant and important playing since Blanton. When bop emerged, it was several years before bassists were able to adjust to what the horn men were doing. In the "new wave" or "new thing," however, the bassists are vital, important, and, at this time, leading contributors to the movement.

Pekar held up Ornette Coleman as the



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leading influence on Haden and LaFaro. This is in part true. But for the group as a whole, it would be unfair to leave out the names of Bill Evans and George Russell, who have, directly or indirectly, made a distinct impression on all of these young innovators.

New Brunswick, N. J. Dick Atkinson

## Sabotage

In my *Feather's Nest* column (DB, Nov. 22), some proofreading gremlin changed Idrees Sulieman's unofficial visit to the USSR in 1960 to an official visit. For the record: it was entirely *unofficial*; technically, the musicians were there on vacation.

North Hollywood, Calif. Leonard Feather

## Mingus Concert Melee

As a former professional jazz musician and one still very much interested in music, I attended the Charlie Mingus Town Hall fiasco on Oct. 12. (*Ed. note—see p. 40.*) The hall was packed, the music (when performed by the 30 musicians onstage who, now and then with Mingus' permission, interrupted his inaudible in-group verbal asides) was uneven but interesting. The presentation, however, was a disgrace.

I find it difficult to believe that Mingus—who seemed embarrassed by, and suspicious of, everything—knew nothing of the evening's real purpose, a recording session. As it turned out, there was no program and no organization. I was embarrassed for a few of my friends onstage and for the entire field of jazz, which cannot achieve mass acclaim until some responsible musicians and adults with administrative and promotional abilities assert themselves. I do realize there are all kinds of problems and occupational hazards to be overcome before this can be achieved.

I left at intermission—after hearing about eight numbers, false starts, repeats, and much meaningless talk in two hours. What a waste of money, time and talent. Rego Park, N.Y. Reese Markewich

## More Kirby Addenda

I may be able to add to the discography of John Kirby in the Oct. 11 issue. I recall an old Firestone 78-rpm album that included two sides by the Kirby group, with Buster Bailey listed as leader, and no other personnel identified.

They play *Blue Room* and *Am I Blue?*, and I'm sure of at least this much of the Kirby group: Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Bailey, clarinet; Russell Procope, alto saxophone; Billy Kyle, piano. Because of the abysmal recording and surface, it's rather hard to be sure of the rhythm section.


If memory serves me, the recording was issued around 1944-45 as part of an album having the blues, or the color blue, as its theme. There was a record by Jack Teagarden, one side of which was *I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues*; one by Harry James, titles unknown; and another disc. I've never heard of the Firestone label before or since—only this one album.

From the sound of the surface, it may have been pressed on some synthetic rubber formula developed by Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. during the war.

Hermosa Beach, Calif. Paul Krupa



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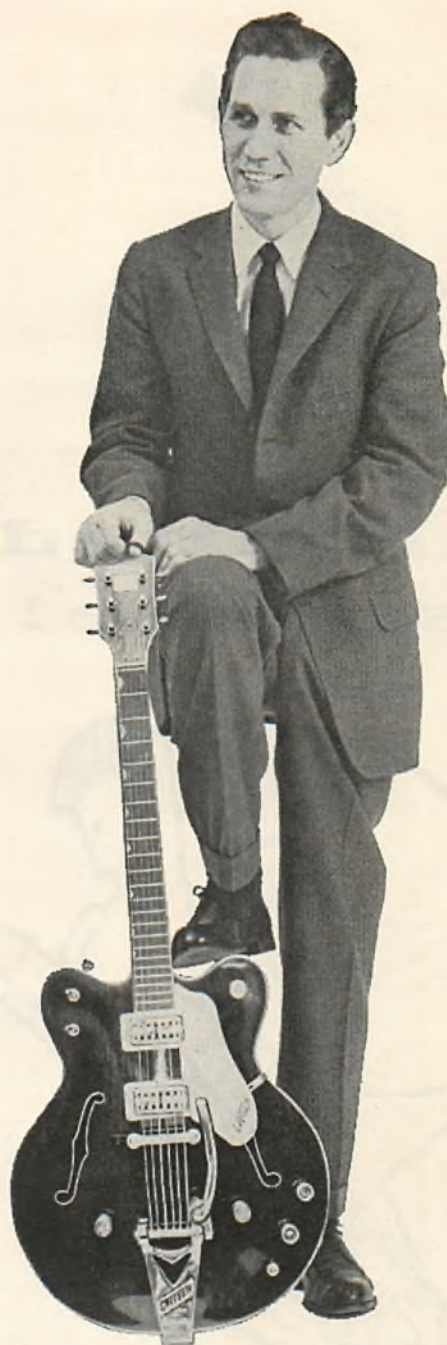
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# STRICTLY AD LIB

## NEW YORK

Nearly everyone in this country who is interested in bossa nova has developed that interest through records. What is hailed as a legitimate and profitable trend by the business side of the music world, and is currently being recorded as if it were never going out of season, has seldom been heard in-person in this country, with the exception of a few strictly b.n. performances in some cities on either coast. The business is concerned about this, but more concerned about another factor. Trends, according to the trade, can only prosper if they are supported by a specialized dance step (e.g., the Twist). Consequently, dance studios are striving mightily to find the proper light fantastic. The first was demonstrated last month at the Waldorf-Astoria, where the **Paul Winter Sextet** played and, among others, **Deidre LeSage**, Miss New York Summer Festival, danced a new dance step at the Comeback to Curacao Ball, a society event.



BILK

Charlie Parker records has obtained rights to the catalog of Dial records, one of the major recorders of the late **Charlie Parker**. Under the supervision of **Martin Williams**, seven albums will be reconstructed from the available material, the first due to be released sometime late in November. **Aubrey Mayhew**, co-founder with **Doris Parker** of the Parker firm, has resigned his vice-presidency and music directorship of the company. He gave no reason for his resignation.

British Trad clarinetist, **Mr. Acker Bilk**, was formally greeted by the U. S. jazz trade with a party given by Atco records, for whom he records. The proper mood was set by a band that included **George Wein**, **Zutty Singleton**, **George Wettling**, **Sidney DeParis**, **Bud Freeman**, **Bob Wilbur**, **Ed Hall**, and **Vic Dickenson**. Late in the party, Bilk played briefly with some of the aforementioned musicians.

The next evening Bilk and nearly every English performer available in New York City (later in November there also could have been **Ronnie Scott**, **Jimmy Deuchar**, **Kenny Ball**, and **Chris Barber** added) attended a get-together saluting **Helen Shapiro**, who also is from England and a new addition to the roster of Epic records. Miss Shapiro's brother **Ronnie** has his own jazz band. She is only 16 and is described, somewhat warily, as a female **Mel Torme**. Whether the description is apt or not is not evident from her first record.



McLEAN

Every jazz musician needs a fan club such as the one named after, and dedicated to, alto saxophonist **Jackie McLean**. To begin with, the club presents McLean concerts on a regular basis. Secondly, it encourages the purchase of McLean's records, runs record sessions featuring his records, and circulates an extensive McLean discography. Most recently, under president **Jim Harrison's** supervision, it has begun the Jackie McLean Jazz Workshop, now meeting each weekend in Jamaica, N. Y., under the direction of

(Continued on page 43)



# down beat

Dec. 6, 1962 / Vol. 29, No. 30



BROWN  
Wants to stay home and write

## LES BROWN TO RETIRE FROM BANDLEADING

Les Brown, leader of the Band of Renown since 1938, is cashing in his bandleading chips and turning over the band to long-time baritone saxophonist Butch Stone after the first of the year, *Down Beat* learned in Hollywood.

The leader returned to Hollywood on Thanksgiving from his final road trip with the band.

According to manager Don Kramer, "Les wants to stay home and write for the band and have Butch take over."

Kramer added that the actual date of the switch has not been settled, but, he said, it is hoped that Stone will be fronting the band by February.

While the personnel of the Brown-Stone band will remain unchanged, said Kramer, a "different approach" is being mapped for the band's presentation. He indicated that much more emphasis is to be placed on the comedy routines performed by Stone through the years.

Details of the change, such as the future billing of the band, are still to be worked out, Kramer said, in consultation with booking agency salesmen and others. But what is definite is that Brown is retiring at 50 as an active bandleader.

Brown formed his first band, the Duke Blue Devils, during his years at Duke University from 1932 to '35. The Blue Devils recorded for the Bluebird label, but in September, 1937, the band broke up.

After working as a freelance arranger for Larry Clinton and Isham Jones, Brown formed a new band the next

year. Before long it had been tagged the Band of Renown and became one of the most successful big swing-dance bands of the 1940s.

Through the 1950s, Brown and the band settled in Hollywood. In 1957 they embarked on a tour of U.S. Army bases in England. During recent years the Brown band had been a fixture on the many Bob Hope television shows and accompanied Hope around the world on the comedian's tours to entertain U.S. troops.

Though resident in Hollywood, Brown's policy was to keep the band before the public by scheduling four road trips annually. One was devoted to playing at colleges; the others saw the band play ballrooms, country clubs, and fairs throughout the country.

## JAZZ AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Those who had hoped that the interest shown in the arts by President and Mrs. John F. Kennedy would lead to the inclusion of jazz artists in White House music evenings took heart when Benny Goodman appeared at the Executive mansion in April. Their hopes that the sound of jazz would be heard regularly dimmed, however, when neither the President nor his wife gave any official recognition to the first annual International Jazz Festival, sponsored by the President's Music Committee of the People-to-People Program and held in Washington, D.C., this spring.

But spirits may rise again: on Nov. 19 the Paul Winter Sextet was scheduled to play at the White House for the President and guests.

Altoist Winter, whose group completed a 22-week State Department-sponsored tour of Latin America this summer, wrote to the President's personal secretary inquiring about the possibility of his group's playing for the Chief Executive. The President was shown the letter, said he was aware of and pleased with the Winter tour and evinced interest in hearing the group. A formal invitation to appear at the White House followed and was accepted.

The original members of the Winter group were to be reassembled for the occasion; in addition to Winters, they

### CAUGHT IN PASSING

Joya Sherrill, who sang with the Benny Goodman Band during its tour of Russia, was quoted recently in Irv Kupcinet's column in the Chicago *Sun-Times* as saying:

"[The Russians] knew all the far-out cats, like Gerry Mulligan, Dizzy Gillespie, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Miles Davis."

*What, no Roy Eldridge?*

are Dick Whitsell, trumpet; Les Rout, baritone saxophone; Warren Bernhardt, piano; Richard Evans, now with Ahmad Jamal, bass; Harold Jones, drums. To be premiered at the White House program were several Bernhardt compositions and a jazz fugue, especially written for the event by arranger-composer Bill Mathieu.

## WHO'S WHO AND WHICH BROTHER HAS THE BAND?

If General Artists Corp., a booking agency, has its way, tenor saxophonist Georgie Auld may lead an Artie Shaw Orchestra that will not include Artie Shaw, leader of one of the foremost bands of the '30s.

And, as if that weren't enough strained credibility for the month, the Willard Alexander Agency, another booking company, is advertising a band "Reuniting Les and Larry Elgart." Two things produce the aforementioned strain. Larry is booked by the Alexander agency, and Les is booked by Associated Booking Corp.

But in small print, on the Alexander flyer advertising the "reunion," is an explanation that the brothers will alternate appearances in leading the band and will not appear together. Apparently the reunion is on a spiritual or bank-account basis, rather than in any other old-fashioned kind of way.

## JAZZ ACTIVITY INCREASES DOWN MEXICO WAY

As interest in bossa nova builds in U.S. jazz circles, so *Norte Americano* jazz is growing steadily more popular south of the border.

In Mexico modern jazz activity is on the upswing. A group led by altoist Bud Shank recently made history of sorts when it appeared in concert at Mexico City's Fine Arts Palace. It was the first U.S. jazz group to appear publicly as a unit there.

The concert, first of a series that already has included Dizzy Gillespie and is to include the Oscar Peterson Trio Dec. 3, was organized by Mexican jazz aficionado Roberto Morales for the Institute of Fine Arts and sponsored by Mexico's National Symphony Orchestra. Shank's group consisted of himself on alto saxophone, flute; Carmell Jones, trumpet; Clare Fischer, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; and Larry Bunker, drums.

In addition to playing in Mexico City, Shank said on his return, Morales arranged a side trip for the group to the resort of Acapulco—all expenses paid.

Shank, altoist and flutist on what have been called the original jazz samba recordings, made in 1953, reported that the two bossa nova pieces played at the



concert were "by far the best received" by the capacity audience. He noted further that there is wide puzzlement among Mexican musicians over the current bossa nova vogue in the United States. "They wonder," Shank said, "how it could have passed them by on its way to this country. It's new to them, but they love it."

Of more than ordinary interest was a recent Mexican debut performance at the Fine Arts Palace by the Chico O'Farrill Orchestra of O'Farrill's *Suite Azteca*, featuring trumpet soloist Chilo Moran.

Also performed at this concert, once again sponsored by the National Symphony Orchestra, was a new work, *Six Jazz Moods*, a 15-minute piece described as having a strong jazz feeling in the dodecaphonic idiom. The premiere of the work was recorded there by Columbia records.

## CAPITOL-REPRISE MERRY-GO-ROUND CONTINUES TO SPIN IN HIGH GEAR

In what may eventually be one of the more complicated legal hassels in the history of the recording industry, Frank Sinatra's Reprise records recently launched a second lawsuit against Capitol records.

Sinatra's attorneys, representing the singer's Essex Productions, Inc.; Bristol Productions, Inc.; and Reprise Sales Company, Inc., filed suit in Los Angeles Superior Court asking \$850,000 in damages from Capitol Records, Inc., and Capitol Records Distributing Company, Inc. Also named as defendants were Capitol executives Glen E. Wallichs, Alan Livingstone, Lloyd Dunn, and Daniel C. Bonbright. In naming the individuals, the action took advantage of the State of California's Unfair Practices Act provision which allows for recovery from management individuals for alleged violations.

Asked of the court, in addition to the claim for damages, was an injunction against Capitol's two-for-one sales program of Sinatra albums (*DB*, Sept. 13) instituted last July. The latest Sinatra suit contends this sales program was in violation of the California statute which prohibits one competitor from selling competing items at less than cost in order to injure another competitor.

The new lawsuit was brought against Capitol and its officers after a U.S. District Court granted dismissal of one of the counts in the initial \$1,050,000 Reprise action alleging Capitol's violation of the Robinson-Patman Price Discrimination Act (*DB*, Oct. 25). Grounds for dismissal of this count, according to a Sinatra spokesman, were based on the defendant's contention that only the U.S. government, or one of its agencies, and not a private per-

son can institute such an action.

There was no immediate response to Suit No. 2 from Capitol.

## CHET ROBLE, CHICAGO PIANIST, DIES

Chet Roble, 54, one of the best-loved jazz pianists in Chicago, died Oct. 31 of a heart ailment. He is survived by his wife, Ginny.

Roble had worked in the Chicago area for many years, building a large following. During the last few years, he had been heard most often at the Sherman House, a downtown hotel.

In the early 1940s, the pianist formed a group with the late altoist, Boyce



ROBLE

Brown, who later joined the Servite Order of the Roman Catholic Church. Roble was associated with author-radio personality Studs Terkel in the '50s; the pair were two of the main cast members of a popular Chicago television show, *Studs' Place*.

## 'JAZZ SCENE, U.S.A.' PRODUCER THREATENS TO SUE ANITA O'DAY

Action to recover lost television production costs estimated at \$5,000 has been threatened against jazz singer Anita O'Day in Los Angeles.

Jimmie Baker, producer of the television series *Jazz Scene, U.S.A.*, said that the singer's failure to appear for a recent contracted segment of the 30-minute program will result in "action through the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists as well as through legal means."

"If we have to attach her salary the next time she works in California," Baker told *Down Beat*, "we'll do just that."

According to the producer, Miss O'Day had been contracted by Steve Allen's Meadowlane Enterprises, which produces the show, six weeks prior to the recent filming date. Shortly past noon on the day of the scheduled filming, said Baker, Miss O'Day wired from

New York, "I can't make it until 9 p.m." Already present at the studio were her manager, Bill Owens, and the Dick Palombi Trio, which was to accompany the singer.

Owens was unable to account for his client's failure to appear but it was later learned by *Down Beat* that the delay in New York apparently was due to additional recording for an album for Verve records that required her to delay departure for the coast. Baker said, however, that Miss O'Day offered no explanation in her wire.

On receipt of Miss O'Day's wire, Baker said, she was immediately replaced by singer Lou Rawls, who was accompanied by the Palombi trio.

According to Seymour Bricker, Baker's attorney, attempts will be made to "recover by whatever means we can" the financial loss. The singer was notified to that effect by a letter from Bricker.

Miss O'Day could not be reached for comment.

## NEW RULES GIVE MUSICALS BETTER CHANCE FOR OSCARS

Drastic revision of the Academy Awards music division, announced recently by the academy board of governors in Hollywood, will mean a better break for musical films. Two of the three categories in which Oscars are awarded for musical achievement by the academy have been changed.

The revision had long been advocated by members of the music branch of the academy, who, in recent years, had been openly critical of the established order of categories and had sought to bring about the change.

Under the revised rules, Oscars will be voted for the "best music score—substantially original, for which only the composer shall be eligible." The second new category is "best scoring of music—adaptation or treatment, for which only the adaptor and/or music director shall be eligible." Left untouched were rules governing the "best song award."

Under the old rules, awards were given for "best scoring of a dramatic or comedy picture," "best scoring of a musical picture," and the best song.

Commenting on the change, composer Elmer Bernstein, a governor of the music branch of the academy and a member of the organization's rules committee, pointed out that although the number of musical pictures produced is diminishing, musicals will now receive equal consideration along with dramatic and comedy films.

It is to be noted also that under the revised rules, contributors of original music—songs, instrumentals, etc.—to musical films are eligible for awards.



# JAZZ In JAPAN

By JOACHIM ERNST BERENDT

Translated by ERNEST BORNEMAN

**T**HE BEST BOOK on Japanese music, William P. Malm's, opens with the sentence: "Japan is presently attempting to support two musical cultures at one time: Western music and traditional music. . . ."

The astounding thing is that the Japanese themselves do not consider this a conflict. In an elegant Tokyo night club, for example, I heard a modern rock-and-roll tune played on two samisens — traditional Japanese three-stringed instruments. I asked a Japanese at my side whether this didn't strike him as strange—whether saxophones and electric guitars wouldn't be more fitting for that sort of tune. No, he said, it makes no difference what instrument music is played on.

Not only do the Japanese learn quickly, but they also learn well. They learn so well that the body of acquired knowledge is felt not to be borrowed but owned. It becomes assimilated into the Japanese scene. This is a mark of originality, not imitation. Those who talk of Japan as a country of clever copyists misunderstand completely what really goes on. Malm says, "It is characteristic of the Japanese even today that they seem to be able to sustain the most intense cultural invasions and yet maintain enough independence to make use of these foreign cultures in a different way. . . ."

A thousand years ago, when the Japanese emperor lived at Nara, the court music of Japan was Chinese and Korean. But only 200 years later, during the Heian period, the Japanese had converted these foreign elements into something characteristically their own. And from 1200 on—from the Kamakura time—Japanese music became as different from Chinese as it is today, when even a musical illiterate clearly can distinguish the difference between the two forms of music.

What the Japanese did to Chinese music they may well do to ours. They have so well assimilated it that they can start now to make something of their own out of it. And this new thing may turn out to be much more self-sufficient than our own efforts to merge, for instance, jazz and classical music. We all know, alas, that in this respect our efforts, from George Gershwin to Rolf Liebermann, are more or less synthetic and diluted, compared with the pure substance of jazz on one side and symphonic music on the other.

Meanwhile, we've had attempts to fuse jazz and African music, but after years of experimentation, there still is no single work in which the two musics have not remained alien to each other. And yet jazz and African music should in theory have much in common.

In Japan, on the other hand, syntheses seem to grow like grass. When Tony Scott met the famous Japanese koto virtuoso, Shinichi Yuize, they started improvising together as if the two forms of music had no secrets from one another. Yet the koto, a string instrument, is one of the oldest and most important instruments in Japanese musical tradition. Koto players perform a music anchored in tradition. Even new pieces for koto are composed in the traditional style.

Scott had to use all his persuasive powers to convince Yuize that a sort of collective improvisation on koto and jazz clarinet was possible. And even



Three top Japanese saxophonists: altoist Sadao Watanabe; tenorists Sleepy Matsumoto and Akira Miyasawa

then, Yuize turned first to his wife and asked her to play with Scott so that he could accustom his ear to the sound. Only when the sound had persuaded him did he join in himself.

Japanese interest in jazz is amazing.

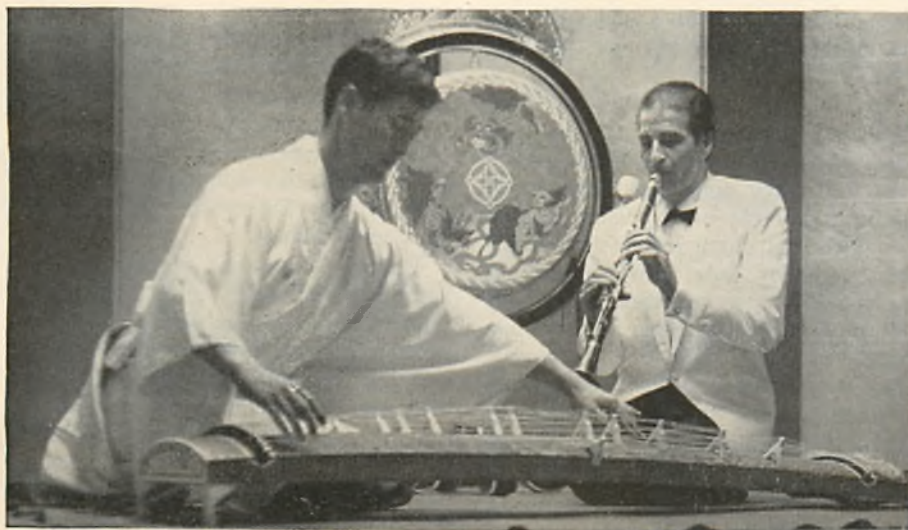
One asks oneself if all the thousands of young Japanese who listen to jazz all day long in the jazz cafes of Tokyo can possibly understand what they hear. Do they go merely because it's fashionable? If they do, they certainly have better manners than their American and European contemporaries; they don't talk during the performances. They just sit and listen with that concentration of which only the Japanese seem capable. There are some 40 or 50 jazz cafes in Tokyo, barely fewer than the equally strange cafes with symphonic music.

Yet it's true, of course, that jazz is greatly fashionable in Japan. When there was the funky-jazz period in the United States, everything in Japan—not only music—was "funky": they had "funky cafes," "funky dresses," "funky ties," and so on. When a Japanese announcer complimented a Japanese model during a television fashion show, he would say, "You look real funky today!"

**J**APANESE musicians learn even faster than the Japanese public. On the average, the technical standards of Japanese jazz musicians are higher than those of European jazz musicians.

The leading big band is the Sharps and Flats led by tenor saxophonist Nubio Hara. The band plays in the elegant, highly Americanized Tokyo night club Hanabasha in Akasaka, Tokyo's tourist quarter.

I had been urged to use this group in a presentation of Japanese jazz for



East meets West: kotoist Shinichi Yuize and jazz clarinetist Tony Scott



German television, but hearing them in these surroundings, they seemed so commercial that I refused. Later I heard them playing jazz, and my opinion changed drastically. They have Basie's precision, Quincy Jones' coloration—and the kind of swing not usually found outside the United States.

In Tokyo alone there are at least 30 more big bands—more than could be found in all Europe.

The main competition to the Sharps and Flats stems from a Woody Herman-inspired group, the New Herd under the direction of Toshiyuki Miyama, which plays every Saturday night in the Akasaka Ballroom.

These ballrooms and night clubs, music clubs, and coffee houses in Japan are splendid. There is hardly an important jazz musician who hasn't complained some time about conditions in U.S. jazz night clubs: bad acoustics, too many tables, not enough room, poor lighting, poor pianos, and noisy audiences. In Tokyo—and in Japan in general—these problems do not exist. I remember particularly the Shibuya Prince, a simple music place for young people where one can sit all evening for the price of a Coke or a coffee and listen to Japan's leading musicians and combos. Yet it has a revolving stage going up and down through three floors, beautiful lighting, ideal acoustics, and wonderful seating accommodations. And this is just an average place among countless others.

Japan's leading jazz combo is the Hideo Shirako Quintet. Shiraki is a vital, modern drummer who has learned everything good in U.S. jazz drumming, from Dave Tough to Elvin Jones. Sleepy Matsumoto, the tenor saxophonist who has become known even in the United States, plays with Shiraki. Matsumoto has gone through many styles and has played something important and personal in each of them.

Japanese critics, however, tend to think that Akira Miyasawa is Matsumoto's peer, because he is thought to be a more modern and more inspired musician. I think both soon will feel the competition of a third tenorist, the young and still immature Jiro Inagaki, who has many of the qualities of John Coltrane.

Japanese jazz is, in the first place, a music of saxophonists and drummers. The young alto player Sadao Watanabe is a soloist of international caliber and is now in the United States.

The European problem—the lack of good, swinging rhythm men—doesn't seem to affect the Japanese. Apart from Hideo Shiraki, I was especially impressed by Takeshi Inomata, a cool and dominant modernist drummer who leads his Westliners at the Club Manuela, and Georges Kawaguchi—inspired

by Gene Krupa—who also leads a combo of his own.

Less impressive are the pianists and the brass men.

Masao Yagi is a fascinating exception, a Thelonious Monk-inspired pianist I was able to hear only on records. And Tony Scott, who has had a great influence on Asian jazzmen because he has taken so many of them under his wing during his stay in Asia, has taught young Kuni Sugano, who will probably be Japan's best jazz pianist in a few years.

Japan's top jazz musicians play in a dozen bands all over Tokyo, and none of these bands—with the exception of the Shiraki and Kawaguchi quintets—plays jazz exclusively. There isn't a single place in Tokyo where jazz is being played exclusively, a situation that gives rise to the problems besetting Japanese jazz.

One cannot say about Tokyo what might be true of many European and even U.S. cities: that clubs featuring jazz exclusively can't pay their way. For Tokyo, with well over 10,000,000 inhabitants, is the biggest city in the world, and if European cities of 400,000 to 500,000 can keep jazz spots going, then Tokyo should easily be able to keep three or four operating.

**T**HE PURIST conception that jazz is a music of its own that should be kept apart from other music forms and played only in specialized places is quite alien to the Japanese mind. Jazz, to the Japanese, is one of many forms of non-Japanese music, and that's why a rock-and-roll group, a Hawaiian band, and a Latin American orchestra will all play the same club with the same public.

This isn't all bad. For one thing, it frees jazz from the curse of sectarian arguments. For another, it frees the musician from the kind of exclusive adherence to one style or kind of music—symphonic or jazz, modern or traditional—which has broken many U.S. or European musicians' spirit, musicians who are perfectly capable of producing inspired work in more than one style.

In Japan all this is different. One might say that Japanese jazzmen lack "dedication" to a particular style. They play well; they don't lack ideas; they are very smooth, even persuasive; but they lack that characteristic that European esthetics long have defined as "inevitability": a musician must play "his music" and no other. Every note except one, the right one, is wrong. That is not what one feels about Japanese music, and this is not what the Japanese feel about their own art. In Japan, everything *could* be different from the way it is. Many ways can be equally "right."

In the United States and in Europe,

style and fashion are two utterly different worlds. In Japan they are very nearly the same. Tony Scott said that when Horace Silver was in Japan, every Japanese jazzman was trying to play "music a la Horace." A week after Silver had left Japan, not a soul cared about "Horatian jazz." The reservoir of expectancy had been emptied again and was ready to be filled by the next fashion.

This phenomenon is deeply rooted in Japanese music history.

In Europe, and also in the United States, there was always a dominating form of music at any given moment of history. In Japan, however, there were always three or four existing peacefully side by side, among them Gagaku, Minyo, Koto, Biwa, Shakukachi, Bunraku, and Geino.


And this, in turn, explains the Japanese ability to understand, play, and love the latest European and U.S. forms of musical experimentation. The harmonic barrier that makes it so hard for the average European and U.S. listener to adjust his ear to new avant garde sounds does not exist for the Japanese. Their own art has been an abstract one for thousands of years. They are not baffled by abstraction in modern Occidental art.

This is why the Japanese judge the most recent developments in symphonic music and in jazz as exactly what they are: logical extensions of a necessary development. The furious discussions that Ornette Coleman has caused in the West are unthinkable in Japan.

One day, I was talking to three teenage girls in a jazz coffee shop about the jazzman they'd most like to hear in Japan. Two of them named Ornette Coleman and the other John Coltrane. If I had asked a similar question in Europe, the answer probably would have been Chris Barber.

Tradition and avant garde are not contradictions in Japan.

Every Japanese lives simultaneously in a traditional and a modern world. He works in a modern office, a modern factory, a modern shop, but when he gets home, he enters the world of the past. No Japanese would be surprised to find the same young Japanese woman playing koto in a kimono one night and dancing the Twist the next night in skirt and sweater.

Keitaro Miho, one of the best Japanese jazz arrangers, and who also is interested in 12-tone music, has composed a modern suite for string quartet and jazz ensemble. He called it *Nara* after an old Japanese art center and temple town that was Japan's capital a thousand years ago. Can one imagine a contemporary U.S. arranger calling an experimental, atonal jazz piece *New Amsterdam*? 



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# OSCAR BROWN: REBEL WITH A CAUSE

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By **BARBARA  
GARDNER**



TED WILLIAMS

**T**HE WORD "failure" is not included in the vocabulary of Oscar Brown Jr. If he sees the world as one big boxing arena, he also sees a resilient canvas flooring. The harder he is slammed against it, the higher he bounces back. Only this kind of man could have catapulted to fame and success from the springboard of a half-million-dollar fiasco. When the debris was cleared away and the red faces cleared up after the colossal flop of his much-heralded *Kicks & Co.*, creator, composer, promoter Brown was the one lone voice of humor heard amid the moans of despair.

"People walk up to me and ask me how I feel about the failure of *Kicks*," Brown observed. "These are the same people who go to accidents and ask, 'Are you hurt?' Actually, if you can't stand to be shot down and rise again, then you have no business getting up in the first place."

He has incredible buoyancy of spirit. Years ago, when the entertainment world was unmindful of the insistent pounding at its door of an unknown writer, Brown refused to become despondent and predicted cockily, but with some degree of accuracy:

"When I'm famous and the best-known entertainer in the country, people will hail me as an overnight success."

Brown, now 36, is no precocious talent on the scene. He was a veteran performer before he set foot in the Village Vanguard on Jan. 31, 1961, for his first professional night-club appearance. The Oscar Brown Juniors of the world are born and begin living their art from birth.

Out of the roots of the South, Oscar Cicero Brown Sr. was the son of a Mississippi schoolteacher who pored over the Latin and Greek classics and named his son Cicero after the Roman statesman. Oscar Jr. inherited the name and passed it on to his second

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son (who is affectionately called Bobo).

The Oscar Brown Sr. family was of moderate means when Junior was born Oct. 10, 1926. The lot of the family members was to improve steadily, economically and socially. They began their ascent in the Negro ghetto near 22nd and Michigan Ave. in Chicago and progressed to the aristocratic Hyde Park district and its exclusive Drexel Square.

But there are a lot of alleys between the ghetto and the square, and Oscar Jr. bummed around in most of them. These back streets and alleys oozed with songs and sayings, thoughts and emotions peculiar to the urban Negro. Oscar was a sponge, soaking up all there was to absorb.

"My songs started when I was a kid," he admitted, "hitching rides on wagons that peddled down our alley, hiding and learning there is more than one world."

As he grew, songs began crowding for expression. While still attending Englewood High School, he went into the entertainment world by acting professionally as a regular on a network radio soap opera. He was graduated in 1943, and the moment of decision was at hand.

There is in the Brown family a leaning toward the law. Oscar Jr., by tradition and parental aspiration, was expected to become a lawyer, as had his father and several uncles and cousins. The youngster tried to devote himself to a stable if mundane profession.

"After high school, I spent time in five different colleges," Brown said—and there is the hint in his words of having undergone involuntary servitude. The creative mind was shackled as he plodded along from one school to another and one profession to another. Between 1943 and 1952, he didn't get a single degree at those five colleges. But he wrote and produced a daily news review and commentary, worked as an advertising copy man, was employed with the musicians union as a public relations man, ran for the Illinois state legislature on the Progressive Party ticket in 1948, and four years later sought the Republican nomination for Congress. In addition to these independent ventures, he worked sporadically with his father in his law practice and real-estate office.

Following his discharge from the Army in 1956 after two years' service, Oscar Jr. returned to his father's real-estate office but was, in his words, "a lousy real-estate man." He was more likely to point out the property limitations to a prospect than its assets. He seldom had the heart to quote the full selling price, and whenever he could, he chopped his own commission off the price in order that an eager buyer could turn the deal.

In management, he couldn't bring himself to deal firmly with tenants in the interest of an owner. To him, an eviction was unjustifiable, and a distressed delinquent resident often found an ally in Brown Jr. Not only would he stand between the tenant and the real-estate office, but he many times even would go to bat for the delinquent resident with other creditors.

The rents were too high and the residents' salaries too low, he maintained. His compassionate involvement with the Negro rebelled at his personally inflicting further grief. That, in most instances, the owner of the properties was Negro and deserved some of his compassion seldom entered into his evaluations. The point was the subject of numerous unresolved discussions between the Oscar Browns, father and son.

So as Oscar Jr. dabbled in real estate, he sat at his desk, scribbling songs on the backs of rent receipts and sales contracts. Completing a new lyric or song idea, he'd demonstrate it to an indulgent father, who patiently and consistently replied, "It's very fine. But will it sell real estate?"

**D**URING THE latter part of the 1950s, when it became increasingly apparent that Oscar Jr. had to be free to try song-writing, only a deep family love held the two men together as they eyed each other without real understanding

of what the other must do and was capable of appreciating.

Perhaps the only person who believed in the younger Brown's potential then was his wife Maxine. After her husband decided to devote most of his time to the entertainment field, she made the economic sacrifices necessary for him to write, and in the late '50s he began bombarding traveling entertainers with his material. His first recorded work was *Brown Baby*, which he had written upon the birth of his first son, David. Mahalia Jackson included the tune in an LP album.

The first significant performers to contribute to the development of Oscar Jr.'s talent were Max Roach, Abby Lincoln, and the little-recognized, stately Maya Angelou. These three held seminars in Brown's home, going over his reams of material, encouraging him and teaching him some of the nuances of the entertainment business. Roach flattered the unknown by asking him to collaborate on a major work. So spurred, Brown began writing, while still in his father's office, the lyric to Nat Adderley's *Work Song* and a major work, *Mister Kicks*, which was to become the ill-fated *Kicks & Co.*

"The whole thing sprang from an idea which was driven home to me nearly three years ago," Brown said. "I suddenly realized that people just do things for kicks, whether it be fun, frivolity, or violence."

It seemingly never occurred to him that he might not be successful in completing the work. He dug into the work with the barest minimum of technical knowhow and did the entire musical himself.

When finished, he set about to sell it himself. With songs and book in hand, he cornered playwright Lorraine Hansberry's husband-producer Robert Nemiroff, and sang 40 of his compositions at one sitting. Nemiroff was sold.

Brown carted a number of his tunes into Columbia records for audition. Columbia was sold. He recorded six of his tunes in a Columbia album.

He and Nemiroff held private readings of *Kicks & Co.* in New York. On Sept. 23, 1960, Brown's wife received a telegram:

"Read Sammy [Davis Jr.] Act 1 today. He dug it the most. Will complete reading tonight or tomorrow, then talk business. Prospect extremely bright. Home as soon as possible. I adore you. Oscar."

He returned to Chicago and with characteristic aplomb predicted to a friend that he would be the hottest entertainer in the business within three weeks. His calculation was off. But three months later, he was on his way.

On Jan. 9 and Jan. 16, the Monday nights off at Chicago's Archway Supper Club, Brown performed. He contacted all his friends and relatives. The first Monday night was mildly successful; the second was overwhelming. The Chicago Negro press give him rave reviews and sent him off to New York with rousing good wishes.

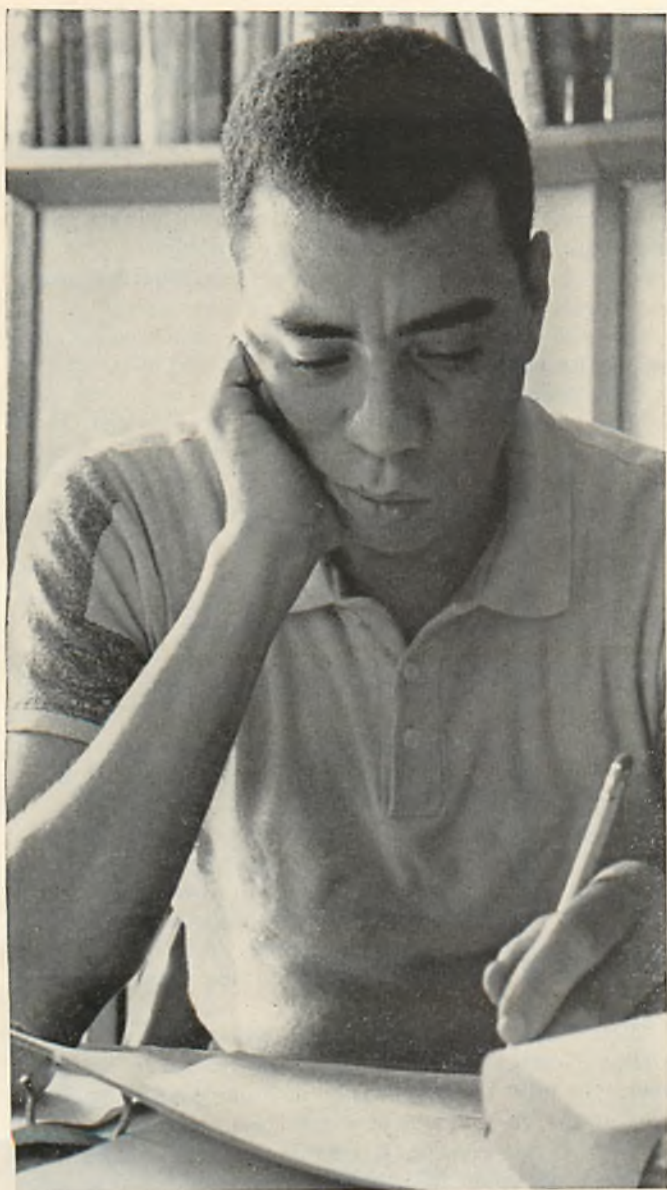
He opened at the Village Vanguard on Jan. 31 for two weeks. He was held over an additional two. New York's critical assessment can find its best summary in the *Mirror* review by Frank Quinn:

"His voice is nothing particular to rave about—material and manner of performance is what gives him unique qualities. There is rhythm, brightness, and sensitivity in the words and music created by young Brown. He is a performer of exceptional talent, who moves on the club floor with grace and assurance like a veteran."

As Oscar Brown, the entertainer, grew more dynamic and energetic, so did the possibilities of raising the \$400,000 necessary to get *Kicks* to Broadway. A television appearance on the *Dave Garraway Show* and eight casual, living-room style auditions across the country yielded the money. The subscribing corporation was in the unique position of having to return money to eager prospective investors.

Once the money was in, Brown withdrew—or was forced





limited abilities, to say the least. Melodically, his tunes are usually simple to the point of triteness; his musical patterns are uneven, unoriginal, and disjointed. His lyrics are often forced and predictable. Meter and pacing are terms he could become acquainted with. In spite of these obvious limitations, his words carry an emotional punch and incisive power significant enough to overshadow their flaws. And there is the composer's complete confidence in them and his own ability to project them.

"You've got to hand it to Oscar," Cannonball Adderley remarked early in 1961. "He comes on so strong that you've got to believe he's a s.o.b. because he believes it. He leaves you breathless."

But there is no overbearing behavior or unpleasant bragadocio about Brown. He is disarmingly vulnerable and indiscriminately charming. His experience in observing and absorbing emotions has developed a spark of humanity that lights up whenever he is with people. He gives to and extracts from acquaintances and strangers alike confidences of the most secretive nature. He is sympathetic with the shortcomings of others and makes no attempt to hide his own. He is flexible to the point of fickleness. On a Wednesday, he dismissed John Coltrane as an eccentric noisemaker, and on Friday, he hailed Coltrane as the greatest avant garde jazzman alive. Reminded of his earlier position, he stated lightly:

"Well, that was then. This is now. I dig him."

**J**UST AS HE acknowledges no such thing as failure, he refuses to recognize anyone as an enemy. He has a sharp wit and sense of humor. He speaks with the inherent flair of the street dweller. Slang, which would sound artificial or common when spoken by others, flows easily and naturally throughout his conversation. It was jazz critic Nat Hentoff who dubbed him "authentically hip."

In all his hipness, there is a rapier bite to his observations. About the present economic struggle of the Negro and the extent of his exploitation, Brown can quip:

"Personally, I would settle for back wages on slavery."

On being a Negro he observed:

"Being a Negro is not always pleasant; but it is a vigorous exercise for the soul."

About *Kicks*:

"It took me a year and a half to write the play. The music I've been writing all my life."

To him, writing is the most important of all his talents. He is candid about his present position as an entertainer.

"I've got to get this loot while it's out here," he admits frankly. Two years ago, as a struggling unknown, he condemned all artists who sacrificed whatever "they had to do" for money. Today, he laughingly announces, "Let's face it—to an extent, I've sold out. All that noble jazz was fine when I couldn't make a quarter. After all, what else could I say then?"

In spite of this flippant observation, the fact that he has temporarily shelved his writing efforts occasionally pricks his conscience. Recently, he began accepting fewer public engagements and began devoting more time to a new musical he is writing, tentatively entitled *Slave Story*.

"Writing is my main interest," he told a reporter in 1961. "I think writers are the beginning. If you don't have writers, there is nothing for singers, actors, or musicians to do."

"What is needed most in American literature today is to reflect the country as it is. Literature must reflect the basic interraciality of American life. It is impossible to imagine the American economy without Negroes, without the contribution we have made, from menial labor to artistic contribution. Remember, no ladder stands higher than the lowest rung allows."

To discuss with Brown the contribution of the Negro

(Continued on page 42)

—from the actual production of *Kicks*. For weeks, there was speculation as to who would play the main role. Finally, Burgess Meredith was selected, and the play went into rehearsal.

Internal problems arose. The original director was replaced by Lorraine Hansberry. Reportedly, Oscar Jr. balked at the rewrite suggestions, and Miss Hansberry doctored the script herself. In a warm and receptive climate, carefully and brilliantly created by promotion, *Kicks & Co.* opened. It closed after four performances, marking the ending of one of the most expensive dreams of the 1961 season.

Oscar salvaged his most popular tunes and, without looking back, incorporated them into a night-club act. His stature as an entertainer has grown steadily.

Appearing on the same bill with more established artists, Brown has received much of the attention, applause, and reviews. His openness makes it difficult to dislike or envy him personally, and he enjoys an easy rapport even in those quarters where he could be resented. The meteoric neophyte is a complete enigma to many jazzmen who have struggled many years for acceptance.

At least one major jazzman has resigned himself to the difficulties of working with Brown on the same bill. "It's like trying to follow World War II," he grumbled. "No matter where you place the bastard on the show, you end up with the audience either waiting for him to come on or walking out on your act."

Jazzmen recognize also that, as a musician, Brown has



# LENNIE TRISTANO SPEAKS OUT

By BILL COSS

THERE WAS A time when the name Lennie Tristano was enough to send almost every jazz critic into a dither of denunciation. That was during the 1940s, and Tristano's champions, though they included dozens of musicians, embraced only Barry Ulanov among the critics. The controversy was equal to the furor nowadays caused by Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane in combination.

But it has nearly ended now, and Tristano is still a teacher of gifted pupils and is a pianist who confines his appearances to occasional Atlantic records and some weeks at New York City's Half Note.

In back of all the controversy is the fact that Tristano is a strong individualist who was out of place in the strangeness between two eras.

In back of that is his own life. Born in 1919, in Chicago, during an influenza epidemic that weakened his eyes (he was totally blind shortly after he was 10), he began to play when he was about 4, raced through lessons on piano, cello, saxophone, and clarinet, and sped, at college age, through the American Conservatory in Chicago.

As a clarinetist, he led his own Dixieland band. On the same instrument, and adding tenor saxophone, he worked with numerous rumba bands. Finally, he came back to piano.

"In 1944," he remembers, "I had reached the point where I could rifle off anything of Tatum's—and with scandalous efficiency."

The past musical knowledge was by this time holding full sway. He already had pupils, and his night-club engagements were harrowing to a management viewpoint because of the experimentation going on. Ulanov has taken particular glee in Tristano's stories of this kind:

"One manager just got out on the middle of the floor, pulled some hair out, and screamed when he heard us play some things in three keys at once."

But Tristano now says such reactions, and the stories describing them, do not altogether indicate what he was doing, "because we weren't playing jazz clubs at the time, and the managers had no way to judge us."

In any case, bassist Chubby Jackson convinced Tristano to go to New York City in 1946, and the bewitched, bothered, and bewildered antagonists began to grow in almost exact ratio to the number of talented pupils brought to the Tristano trenches.

The Tristano groups were impressive. Most often they included altoist Lee Konitz, tenorist Warne Marsh, guitarist Billy Bauer, and bassist Arnold Fishkin—with an occasional appearance by Willie Dennis on trombone. The list of pupils was even more impressive: the above named, plus John LaPorta, Ronnie Ball, Ted Brown, Don Ferrara, Bud Freeman, Bob Wilbur, Peter Ind, among others (in Chicago, outstanding pupils included Bill Russo, Cy Touff, and Herbie Mann).

In retrospect it would seem that the only thing that could have been fought about under those circumstances is who would take the solos.

But the lines were taut because there were so many of them. Tristano led his musicians to believe that jazz was where you find it—in improvisation. In 1949 Tristano,

Konitz, Marsh, Bauer, and Fishkin, tried a kind of *Intuition* recorded by Capitol. It was collective and spontaneous—that is, supposedly with no pre-set pattern—no matter the fact that all the players knew each other and their mentor well. It was an amazing first but heralded only by Barry Ulanov. It was never understood for the thing it was: the small beastie caught in your palms.

Tristano, who literally cannot distinguish between black and white, and probably doesn't concern himself inwardly about such, believes now: "It is a curious thing that everyone forgets we did it; but, after all, we were white."

That's characteristic Tristano and part of any reason anyone has for being angry at him. He is inclined to say exactly as he believes, as, for example, these recent examples:

"The industry is not all what it was 10 years ago. There is, for example, no over-all critical sense. For example, black is black for the moment; then it becomes white."

"If Don Ferrara were black, he would be the new messiah. He has absolutely everything."

"Philly Joe Jones is a great drummer. But now he's becoming a vaudevillian. Roy Haynes is beginning that. These guys feel you have to do that to be a leader."

"Ninety-nine percent of the words written about jazz in the last 40 years are garbage. That wasn't so in other arts, particularly many years ago."

"No white man could ever get away with the things a Negro does today. So many people are exploiting the negative popularity of the Negro."

"It's wrong, you know. A Negro may think jazz makes a man out of him, but nobody has a corner on music. Let's be logical. There are Negroes and/or slaves all over the world, but nothing like jazz ever happened anywhere but here in this country. There is nothing African about jazz. Jewish cantors and gypsies sound more like it than anything from Africa."

"You should realize that nowhere did it happen but here. African Negroes in this country. So you get to the point where you must realize this is an environmental thing. True, most of the great originators have been Negro. But that's because of environment. If Charlie Parker had been born in China, he would have been a great musician, I'm sure;



TED WILLIAMS



but he wouldn't have invented bop. The good beat is in all folk music. The funky note is held by gypsies and so many others. It's about time people realized jazz is an American thing, only possible here, and that a persecuted minority should realize it does no good to affect another minority prejudice."

But in the comfortable kitchen of Tristano's home, it is easy to forget about yesterday's, or even today's, acrimony. It is easy to discuss the state of jazz.

He is apparently content with his lot as a musician. "I am," he said, "perfectly willing to be judged by posterity. What people think doesn't make or unmake what I do in jazz."

He is apparently content with his role as a teacher. "I think the reason it all began," he reminisced, "and this was in Chicago, was because no one else there was trying to teach anything special besides reading and embouchure building. So musicians came to me. . . . I didn't really know how to teach at the time, but students who wanted to learn taught me how to teach.

"It continued that way in New York for some time. It's not that way now. I don't have students developing now the way some of those did. No, I don't have a Warne Marsh now. Nobody does. Warne had and has the fantastic ability to thrill me the way Prez or Roy, Christian or Bird, maybe a few others had.

"No, nowadays musicians are interested in *chops*, technique, and vocabulary. But I don't teach that way. Now I have short-lived students. It's not discouraging. It's the way it is. And I have four or five hundred a year. I have so many who want to study with me that it keeps me going.

"But they are short-lived because they want particular things. They don't want the whole. Whereas I feel as seriously about teaching as I do about playing: it must be done with everything you have.

"I teach from the conceptual point of view—according to the individual, of course. I'm not interested in teaching parts, only the whole. The whole is greater than the parts. Everyone learns that in school. Bird was certainly greater than all his licks. That's why the imitators are not great. They're only doing the parts."

You don't have to question Tristano closely about what he says. He is more than willing to explain at length, and some of his answers to my questions about the above—and the questions are unimportant enough to avoid printing—are separate points unto themselves:

"Music," he said at one point, "has implicit in it the concept of playing. That essence you must have to play it well.

"And listening to music is a special art. Few musicians I know really listen to music without the ulterior motive of, say, copying notes.

"Critics are something else all together. Critics must learn to listen to live music. . . . And they should listen in person in many different circumstances. John Coltrane, for example, sounded different with two basses and Elvin Jones than he did with me.

"The danger is that it is subjective anyway. If you allow the subjectivity to get in the way, you shouldn't be a critic. You should know the musician, hear him in a club, practically know all about him. The more you know about musicians, the more you know why that set didn't work.

"You see, I'm saying it should be carefully subjective. You *can* know about a musician's music by talking to him about it. Then you should weigh what he is doing in his environment against what he is saying. I see that as compatriots and opposites.

"If a jazz critic does anything else he is living in a kind of ivory tower with no sense of reality. The important thing is to talk to the musician as a person, not as a critic."

TRISTANO is very much a pundit about the field: "The jazz musician's function," he said, "is to feel. Unfortunately, Bird put notes into people's mouths. This vocabulary is accepted as jazz, and everyone does it.

"But jazz is improvising. It is the personal, emotional impact of a great improviser. It provides the listener with an experience he can have no other way.

"But, as today, when the vocabulary is the same, you have lost that experience. How intense can you be with someone else's words?

"So many young musicians—their obvious reaction is to take off into nothing. And some have done just that.

"My own rules are that if you can stretch out, but still know where you are, everything is fine. So many I hear don't know where they are at. That amounts to being neurotic, angry, or silly. I don't need that experience."

And he is management-wise, that is, wise about management, when he talks about the clubs. He is thoroughly against any kind of segregation and the hustling of drinks.

"It's hard to say," he said easily, "but waiters and bartenders are our natural enemies, and that's a drag. You can't judge a man by his tip.

"Worse than that is this name-consciousness. It's a non-subtle kind of destruction of the industry. The prices some people ask to play is ridiculous. They're cutting everyone's throat.

"You can't tell me that Dave Brubeck is bringing jazz to the people. I'm not even talking about whether he plays jazz. But the clubs he plays are too expensive for the *people* to go to. That isn't bringing jazz to the people.

"What it really comes down to is that the musicians have clubowners by the throat. That's a nice situation, isn't it? Because, then, all the clubs close. And that in turn destroys the jazz environment. Jazz can't flourish or grow outside the jazz clubs. They are where you learn to play.

And Tristano is still, whatever he says, filled with the zeal to play and be accepted.

"You know," he reflected, "contrary to the general belief, I love to play for people. If I could get a reasonable facsimile of a rhythm section. . . . If other pianists were as candid as I am, they would tell you about what they think about rhythm sections. My experience is that if you talk to a bass player, the only good drummer is a dead one. They all talk about Sid Catlett or Dave Tough. And the drummers are the same way. My problem has always been to find a bassist and a drummer who can play *together*. See, that's the word—together. But nowadays there are no sidemen left. Everyone is a soloist.

"Anyway, back to the group that I maybe could form. I would like to play for people. Even when the audience or whatever is very bad, there is one cat who is listening. I play for him, and I never piddle—I always play my all."

AND THAT is some, but not all of Tristano. All his motives have seemed suspect to some. Still it cannot be denied that his pupils have been among the best and his playing among the most exceptional of all jazz piano. Praise he has, but not fame—which is extraordinary in a field where individualists have usually reigned.

It is possible that Tristano would have some pungent reason, but it is possible that his quiet assessment—"I'm perfectly happy to be judged by posterity"—may stand to be judged by that posterity.

For the present, he is relatively affluent, aggressive about faults, antagonistic about those who cause the faults—and filled with the anticipation about a jazz world to come.

Beyond that, it should be said that Lennie Tristano is a great pianist and a musician who has heard, if not always seen, jazz for what it was. His words should be heeded and his piano always heard.





# CURTIS AMY

## GETTIN' INTO IT

By JOHN TYNAN



WOODY WOODWARD

**T**RUTH often is stranger than fiction. And more sentimental too.

The 6-year-old boy was nervous. He had never met a famous bandleader before.

Towering over him, Cab Calloway was impressive in the sartorial splendor of his ivory-colored tail coat.

The bandleader squatted to the youngster's level.

"What's your name, sonny?" he asked, beaming.

"Curtis Edward Amy," the boy said haltingly.

Calloway gathered Curtis in his arms, found a nearby chair amid the backstage clutter, and sat the boy on his knee. For Curtis it was a never-to-be-forgotten thrill.

Almost 27 years later, Curtis Amy, one of the most forceful of the newer jazz tenor men, still recalls the incident in the Houston, Texas, theater after a Calloway concert.

"He was my idol," the husky sax man said with a smile. "I'd started listening to the radio then, and I could tell when Cab's band was on."



It was to be some three years later, however, before Amy began the formal journey into music. Encouragement came from his mother, a choir director, singer, and pianist in Houston, where Curtis was born.

"She wanted to give me piano lessons," he said. "But at the time the attitude among the kids was, if you played piano, you were a sissy. So I started on clarinet while in the fourth grade."

Curtis studied with Charles Richards, a private teacher, for two years, by the end of which he was playing in Richards' church band and in Sunday school. Musical activity continued into Jack Yates High School under band director Abner Jones, who was to become music supervisor of all Houston Negro schools.

"Matthew Gee and Joseph Bridgewater were in that band too," Amy said. "They started me with a nickname. Goo-Goo." He laughed.

By 1945 Amy was out of high school and was entered in Wiley College, a Methodist school in Marshall, Texas. But study held no interest for him, and school authorities, after tolerating his obstreperousness for almost two years, sent him home.

Amy shrugged. "I goofed," he said. "I wasn't really ready. I was too young. I'm glad now that I didn't go on through because I wouldn't have been prepared for it."

Sent home in disgrace, he worked as a post office carrier for six or eight months and then joined the Army.

Amy was assigned to a special-services dance band in Washington, D.C., (shortly after the departure of Mercer Ellington, who had been its leader), and he settled down to a routine consisting for the most part of playing dances in the capital area.

"That's when I first heard Diz and Bird," he said. "Remember their record of *Salt Peanuts*? We all started bopping. And one of the guys in the band had all of Prez' records; we used to sit in his room and listen to them. That's when I switched from clarinet to tenor on the band. Played some alto too. But tenor was the main instrument.

"My first style was from Illinois Jacquet. He was the rage at the time. But Prez too. You know his bridge on *DB Blues*? That's when I first heard little Johnny Griffin too, when he was with Hamp."

Almost casually, Amy noted that "after a race riot at Fort Belvoir, Va., all the colored soldiers were transferred to various parts of the country. I had to go to Japan."

Pfc. Amy spent the remaining five months of his hitch at Nara on Kyushu, where, he said, he was selected to organize and lead a military band of 46 pieces.

"When my hitch was up," he said a bit sardonically, "they offered to make me a warrant officer if I'd re-enlist. That was the rank I *should* have had as band director. But I'd had enough. I couldn't wait to get away from Japan."

"Now," he said with a grin, "I want to go back there."

Back in Houston, Amy combined day work for the post office with nights of rock and roll in the Amos Milburn Band. He shudders slightly at the memory.

But his Army service had been broadening, and the scatter-brained kid who got drummed out of Wiley College was no more. At 19, he was beginning to learn the score—and it clearly indicated resumption of his education. He applied for and was granted a scholarship to the dance band at Kentucky State College.

"I sweated out those four years," he said. "It was an ordeal at first because I was rusty. But I made it."

Amy's second two years marked his leadership of the Kentucky State Collegians, under the music department head, Harry S. Baker. ("He taught me harmony, counterpoint, conducting, and an outlook on life.")

Among the colleges, band and jazz activity buzzed, and

interschool rivalry was sharp. Ohio's Central State College band counted tenor man Frank Foster in its lineup, and Tennessee State College at Nashville had a band with Jimmy Cleveland in one of the trombone chairs.

After graduation in 1952, Amy decided to teach and found a post at a Jackson, Tenn., high school where for two years he was band director—"at \$231 a month."

"But I enjoyed it," he added. "The people were beautiful. The racial relationships weren't as bad there as other parts of the South because it was a college town."

**I**N 1955, Amy quit his teaching post and joined his mother, who, following her divorce from Amy's father, had settled in Los Angeles.

"I met Melba Liston in L.A.," he recounted, "and we began to put a quintet together. We'd worked together in the Dan Johnson Band. Just casuals. This wasn't a jazz outfit, just a good dance band. Mambos, cha-cha-cha, and that jazz. Melba's quintet rehearsed every day, but we never got a gig. This was during the real lean times when rock and roll was burnin'."

Having worked with Miss Liston in several groups around Los Angeles, Amy impressed the trombonist-arranger to the point where she got him on a record date with Dizzy Gillespie and a nine-piece group. For Amy, the baptism by fire was nerve-wracking. His hands sweated throughout, he remembers, but the session resulted in musical and personal satisfaction and success.

Subsequent to that record date in 1956, Miss Liston joined Dizzy Gillespie's big band for its State Department-sponsored international tour. Musically speaking, Amy was left high and dry in Los Angeles "with no gigs for local groups—and rock and roll." For a year and a half the drought bedeviled Amy.

Steady work returned with the growing popularity of jazz organists. Amy worked Los Angeles clubs with organists Perri Lee and Luis Rivera. Then, in the early summer of 1960, he got a call to head a group, including an organ, at Dynamite Jackson's club. The quartet he organized included Art Hillary, organ; Roy Brewster, valve trombone; Eldean McIntosh, drums.

During the Jackson job, he got a long-awaited break.

"At the time," Amy recalled, "Dick Bock [head of Pacific Jazz records] was interested in signing a jazz organist. A friend of his, an attorney named Seymour Lazar, who digs jazz, told him about Perri Lee. But by the time Bock came to hear her at the club, she'd joined Dinah Washington, so he heard our group instead. He signed me to a record contract."

Amy's career shifted into higher gear. Bock recorded him as co-leader with organist Paul Bryant on two LPs, *Blues Message* and *Mectin' Here*. There followed two tracks featuring Amy on a Pacific Jazz anthology album and another featured spot in an album under the leadership of drummer Frank Butler. To date, Amy has one LP, *Way Down*, in release under his name, though another is being readied.

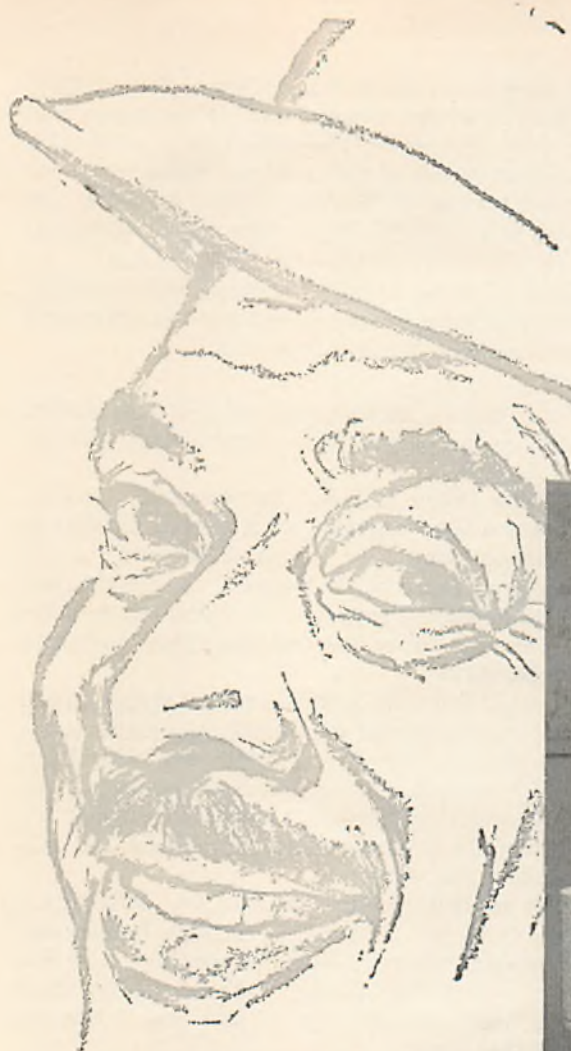
Amy resembles most contemporary saxophonists in his affinity for John Coltrane, and the resemblance continues in his desire not to want to "play or sound like anyone. I just want to sound like myself." He may differ somewhat at this point from the norm; he knows "it's a hard process" to gain that individuality.

In an attempt to do this of late, he said, he has "become more aware of getting into my horn, rather than just playing licks. To really get into the changes of the tunes and strive to make continuous progress."

"Every hour and minute," he concluded, "that's what my thoughts are—rather than just survival. I want to play with quality and fire."







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# record reviews

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

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

## CLASSICAL

### Bach/Marlowe

GOLDBERG VARIATIONS by J. S. Bach—Decca DL-10056.

Personnel: Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

With harpsichord versions by Wanda Landowska and Kirkpatrick and piano versions by Glenn Gould and Tureck available, any musician who takes up this immensely difficult music has his work cut out for him.

Miss Marlowe doesn't quite crash into this circle of artists with her performance, but she plays with taste and technical assurance. She does not, however, lay down as solid a rhythmic base as she might in some of the rapid variations, and she tends to play too much within narrow limits of tempo and expression. On the whole, she tends toward the no-expression school of Bach players in this performance—surely she does not indulge in the Romanticism of Miss Tureck or Miss Landowska.

Miss Marlowe plays some repeats and omits others in what seems arbitrary fashion sometimes, choosing a path between Kirkpatrick (who plays no repeats) and Tureck (who not only plays every one but also takes everything at such slow tempos that she requires four sides while others use only two).

Good harpsichord sound. (D.H.)

### Leontyne Price

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT—RCA Victor LM/LSC-2600: *Ev'ry Time I Feel the Spirit; Let Us Break Bread Together on Our Knees; His Name So Sweet; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Were You There?; He's Got the Whole World in His Hands; 'Round About the Mountain; Sit Down, Servant; Deep River; Honor! Honor!; My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord; On My Journey; A City Called Heaven; Ride On, King Jesus.*

Personnel: Miss Price, soprano voice; orchestra, chorus, Leonard de Paur, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★

It would not seem possible that these simple songs could be made to sound tasteless and foolish, but that is unfortunately what has been achieved in this release.

Miss Price's thrilling voice does not suffice to keep one's ears from being offended by the Roger Wagnerian backgrounds. What Hall Johnson and Roland Hayes, whose settings of several of the songs were used as a starting point by the arranger, would make of all this is worth pondering.

The formula seems to be: if the basic appeal of a piece of music is its uncluttered simplicity and plain sincerity, Miss Price is not to be trusted to transmit those ideas to her listeners, and lots of tinsel is necessary to help her. If Victor wants to do Miss Price a service, it will let her record some spirituals with piano accompaniment, sans chorus. (D.H.)

### Original Piano Quartet

FORTY FABULOUS FINGERS!—Decca DL-710047: *Variations on Paganini's 24th Caprice; Etudes Op. 25, No. 6, and Op. 10, No. 3, by Chopin; Fantasy-Impromptu in C Sharp Minor, by Chopin; Brasileira, by Milhaud; Negev Concerto, by Ellstein; Malaguena, by Lecuona; The Swan, by Saint-Saens; Clear Track, by Edward Strauss; Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, by Liszt.*

Personnel: Adam Garner, Frank Mittler, Edward Edson, William Gunther, pianos.

Rating: ★

This is an excellent record to lend to people who don't return things.

If you have a friend who is a pianist, play for him the Chopin etudes first, and watch his eyes pop as the right-hand figures shift from channel to channel. He may protest at first that it seems foolish for four grown men to work so hard at Chopin pieces, for example, that one good pianist could play much better, but point out that these are "arrangements," not Chopin at all. The *Etude in G Sharp Minor*, known as the *Thirds*, is labeled *Double Thirds* and played in hilariously tippy-toe manner. Listen especially for the curlicue ending to this etude.

The artists, the notes tell us, are from Poland, Germany, the United States, and Austria, thereby proving that poor taste and a flair for unconscious comedy are universal. (D.H.)

## JAZZ

### Louis Bellson

BIG BAND JAZZ FROM THE SUMMIT—Roulette 52087: *Who's Who?; Cool; Amoroso; Prelude; Gunshoe; Blitzen; St. Louie; Moon Is Low; Doozy; Lou's Blues; With Bells-on; The Diplomat Speaks.*

Personnel: John Andino, Jimmie Zito, Conte Candoli, Frank Huggins, and Ray Triscari or Van Rasey or Al Porcino, trumpets; Nick Dimario, Mike Barone, Ernie Tak, trombones; Art Maebe, French horn; Red Callender, tuba; Joe Maini, Willie Green, alto saxophones; Carrington Visor, Bill Perkins, tenor saxophones; Teddy Lee, baritone saxophone; Jimmy Bond, bass; Lou Levy, piano; Tony Rizzi, guitar; Gene Estes, vibraphone; Bellson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This is the Bellson one learns to rely on: very consistent, always tasteful, always kicking his band, never obtrusive. His playing shows restraint and complete control.

The band is good, as would be expected from the personnel, especially in middle-register ensemble work.

One gets the impression that everyone is listening to Bellson all the time, which is as it should be, and consequently, he commands a small, nonintrusive spotlight throughout the date. There is only one drum solo of substantial length, the point of which seems to be Bellson's total rudimentary accuracy.

The other solos are all on good level, though the album showcases the band, not the players. I was glad to hear Candoli still playing so well.

The best piece is Marty Paich's *St.*

*Louie*, the only one, in fact, that soars. Others by Benny Carter are good but very much all the same. *Bells-on*, a 3/4 work by Shorty Rogers, shows great promise but then doesn't quite come off. Why? Trumpets too high at the end, and the ideas never grow.

To give credit where credit is due: part of the reason for the excellent big-band quality of the date is due to engineer Wally Heider—the musician's friend—who truly understands the electronic esthetics of on-the-spot, big-band recordings.

All in all, this is comfortable, honest jazz, but, alas, there is not an original sound in 40 minutes. Sometimes originality is not the goal. If you like plain old jazz type jazz, you'll like this. (B.M.)

### Ralph Burns

SWINGIN' DOWN THE LANE—Epic 24015: *West Side Waltz; Ebb Tide; I'm Through with Love; Corcovado; I'll Get By; The Bad and the Beautiful; I Left My Heart in San Francisco; Tippin'; It Happened in Monterey; Chopin Etude, Op. 10; Mean to Me; Swingin' Down the Lane.*

Personnel: large orchestra, Burns, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

What happens when a first-class jazz writer arranges a hands-down commercial album like this one?

The results are interesting because music on this commercial level is not usually this well written. The range is from *Ebb Tide*, a highly sophisticated Muzak treatment, to *Corcovado*, a Brazilian tune with comfortable jazz feeling.

The *Chopin Etude* is guaranteed to unsettle anyone who knows and loves the original.

Recommended for dancing, though not for listening. (B.M.)

### Pete-Conte Candoli

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A DAME—Warner Brothers 1462: *There Is Nothing Like a Dame; Diane; Gigi; Dinah; Georgia on My Mind; Allouette; Candy; Valentine; Mary Lou; I'da Sweet as Apple Cider; Margie; Anna.*

Personnel: Pete Candoli, Conte Candoli, trumpets; John Williams or Jimmy Rowles, piano; Howard Roberts, guitar; Gary Peacock, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

What intrigues me most about albums of this sort is the question of who in the world buys them.

Not Conte Candoli fans, because Conte never really opens up on this occasion. Not all-around modern-jazz buffs, for there are too many excellent jazz records to catch up on without bothering with dull ones like this. Not trend followers, because the Louis Prima-like shuffle beat heard on some of these tracks is passe. Hi-fi nuts? No, this one doesn't have sensational sound either. Mood-music types? Never.

It's a puzzler. It's also a shame, considering the fine jazzmen involved, that more thought and integrity weren't brought to bear on this date. Then we might have had



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(R.B.H.)

**Harry Edison-Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis**

**JAWBREAKERS** — Riverside 430: *Oo-eel; Broadway; Jawbreakers; Four; Moolah; A Gal in Calico; I've Got a Crush on You; Close Your Eyes.*

Personnel: Edison, trumpet; Davis, tenor saxophone; Hugh Lawson, piano; Ike Isaacs, bass; Clarence Johnston, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

**Harry Edison-Ben Webster**

**BEN WEBSTER—"SWEETS" EDISON**—Columbia 1891: *Better Go; How Long Has This Been Going On?; Kitty; My Romance; Did You Call Her Today?; Embraceable You.*

Personnel: Edison, trumpet; Webster, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Johnston, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Working in the company of two different tenor saxophonists on these two albums, Edison tends to temper his playing to the style of the saxophonist. Thus, the general tenor of his date with Davis is bright and exuberant, that with Webster langorous and suave. Beyond this, Edison proves to be a more consistently interesting performer when he is being bright and exuberant than when he turns langorous and suave.

He has almost entirely eliminated from his playing the repeated bleats with which he was once prone to construct his solos, but in the company of Webster he not only backslides a little in this respect but also toys so aimlessly with his ballad solo on that disc, *Embraceable*, that one would scarcely know that this was the relatively direct performer who has a similarly balladic solo on *Crush on You* with Davis.

Webster and Davis go their own personal ways quite effectively.

Webster hews to moderate and slow tempos, moving his huge tone along with surprisingly lithe grace. His closed-up blowing on ballads has been recorded properly in this set so that the extreme breathiness of some of his earlier recordings in this vein has been eliminated.

Davis, who shows evidences of a Websterian influence in his one ballad (although even here his tone is leaner than Webster's), otherwise plays with a darting, surging drive that only occasionally is worked up to a distracting shrill level.

Of the accompanying rhythm sections, with Johnston drumming in both, the Webster is richer and more relaxed. The Davis swings out more lustily. Webster has two ballad solos and Edison one on the Columbia set while the Riverside has only a single ballad, split by the two horns.

(J.S.W.)

**Red Garland**

**DIG IT**—Prestige 7229: *Billie's Bounce; Crazy Rhythm; CTA; Lazy Mae.*

Personnel: John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Garland, piano; George Joyner or Paul Chambers, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This LP is another in the series of excellent informal sessions Garland and Coltrane made for Prestige in the late '50s.

*Billie's Bounce* has a magnificent Coltrane solo. Ideas flow from his horn with startling rapidity, and for all its floridness the continuity of his playing rarely falters. Byrd, who follows on this track, begins calmly, but at the end of his second chorus gets excited and destroys the solo with overly frantic upper-register work.

His playing at this time (1957) was more heavily indebted to Clifford Brown than it is now. Joyner takes a powerful, well-organized solo before the ensemble wrap-up.

*Mae*, a slow blues, takes up the second side of the record. Garland opens with a rolling bass line and then falls into the chordal style that has influenced so many young pianists. He builds for chorus after chorus in a mellow and timeless exhibition of blues playing. Coltrane's playing is melodic and, compared with his *Bounce* solo, relaxed. Joyner's inventive section work contributes much to the success of this selection.

*Crazy* is a trio track, with Chambers replacing Joyner. Garland takes a cogent solo, his single-note playing sometimes reminiscent of Bud Powell.

Jimmy Heath's *CTA* has inspired solos by Coltrane and Garland. Byrd doesn't play on this track. (H.P.)

**Stan Getz-Gary McFarland**

**BIG BAND BOSSA NOVA** — Verve 8494: *Manha De Carnival; Balanco No Samba; Melancolico; Entre Amigos; Chega De Saudade; Noite Triste; Samba De Uma Nota So; Bim Bom.*

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Doc Severinsen, Bernie Glow or Joe Ferrante, Clark Terry or Nick Travis, trumpets; Tony Studd, Bob Brookmeyer or Willie Dennis, trombones; Ray Alonge, French horn; Gerald Sanfina or Ray Beckenstein, Eddie Caine, Romeo Penque, Ray Beckstein and/or Bahe Clark and/or Walt Levinsky, reeds; Hank Jones, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Tommy Williams, bass; Johnny Rae, drums; Jose Paulo, tambourine; Carmen Costa, cabassa; McFarland, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This is one of the most musical albums I've ever heard. And, please, let's drop the pigeonhole bit—it doesn't make a great deal of difference if this music is called jazz, bossa nova, or what.

And Getz. . . His playing is flowing, lyrical, inventive, beautifully songlike — commonplace words all, and none describe adequately or even come close. Those words don't capture that sad-glad feeling he achieves on *Melancolico* or *Amigos*. Nor can they substitute for hearing his tenor line rise like a dove from a descending trumpet figure on *Melancolico*; it lasts but a moment, but it's just one of many little diamonds strewn through this record.

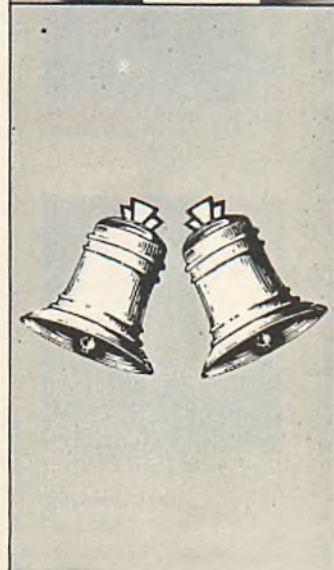
Getz' melodic gift was never more evident; even the way he plays "straight" melody is masterful. Few jazzmen have had this gift—Lester Young did—and it has to do with singing by means of an instrument, for Getz doesn't just play a solo, he *sings* it, as can be heard on any of these tracks, most evidently on *Triste* and *Saudade*.

The most remarkable performance in the album is *Saudade*, a lovely tune by Antonio Carlos Jobim. It begins with Severinsen's unaccompanied trumpet and gradually builds, like a flower unfolding its beauty. Following Getz' first solo, he and Brookmeyer engage in a twining duet, as if they were dancing around each other's phrases—it's a wonderful moment.

McFarland shares in the artistic success of the album. His writing is peerless. With what he's shown on this effort and his own adaptation of *How to Succeed without Really Trying* released earlier this year, he looms large as an outstanding writer. He knows the proper combination of instruments to achieve certain sounds, and he has the taste not to use all the



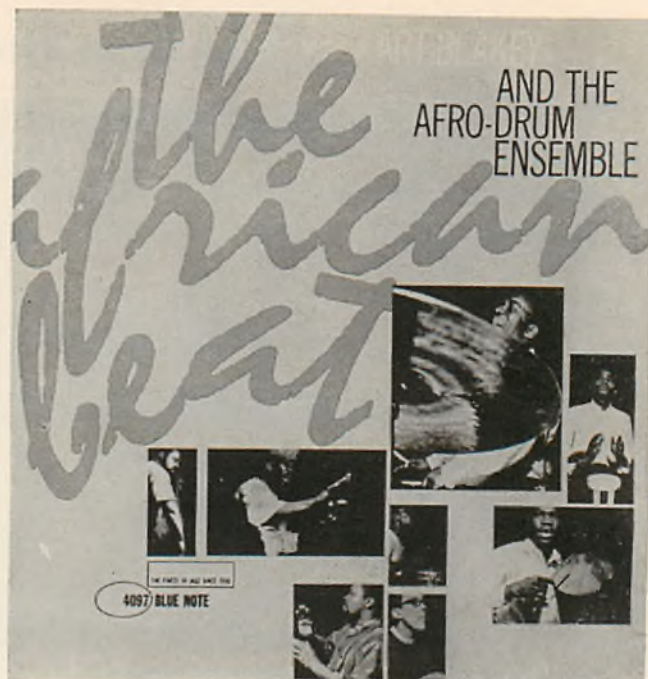
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instruments at hand all the time. His sparing use of the ensemble allows the beauty of the soloist and the material to shine through.

Perhaps McFarland's mastery of writing in song form explains his taste in orchestration, for the four songs he contributed (*Balanco*, *Melancolico*, *Amigos*, and *Triste*) are much, much more than record-date lines.

Others deserving credit for their work on the album are Jim Hall, for his sensitive unamplified accompaniment and for his solos on *Carnival* and *Bim Bom*; Hank Jones, whose taste matches that of Getz and McFarland, as can be heard on his out-of-tempo *Triste* theme statement; and Johnny Rae, for general excellence (his use of finger cymbals behind Getz on *Triste* is a perfect touch).

But it's still Getz who is most responsible for the beauty of the album. This record, *Focus*, and *Jazz Samba*, all issued this year, plus the quality of his 1962 in-person performances—well, most of them—lead me to believe Getz is at the height of his creative powers. And he sure wasn't a slouch before. (D.DeM.)

### Benny Goodman

**BENNY GOODMAN IN MOSCOW**—RCA Victor 6008: *Let's Dance; Mission to Moscow; Meet the Band; I Got It Bad, and That Ain't Good; Why You?; Titter Pipes; Avalon; Body and Soul; Rose Room; The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise; Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen; Stealin' Apples; Feathers; On the Alamo; Midgets; One O'Clock Jump; Bye, Bye, Blackbird; Swift as the Wind; Fontainebleau; Meadowland; Goodbye.*

Personnel: Joe Newman, John Frosk, Joe Wilder, Jimmy Maxwell, trumpets; Wayne Andre, Jimmy Knepper, Willie Dennis, trombones; Goodman, clarinet; Phil Woods, Zoot Sims, Jerry Dodgion, Tom Newsom, Gene Allen, saxophones; John Bunch or Teddy Wilson, piano; Vic Feldman, vibralarp; Turk Van Lake, guitar; Bill Crow, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This two-record album should help clear the air about Goodman, the band, and the Russian tour.

So much comment, pro and con, cluttered the press that I, for one, was left wondering just how good musically it all was. These records, supposedly recorded in Moscow during the trip's last week, though tapes were being made throughout the tour, prove at least two major points: the band, when it got going, was excellent, and Goodman was in fine musical condition when these sides were taped—he is the most consistently interesting soloist in the album.

The material recorded by the full band generally was beneath the level of the band; that is, while there were new arrangements included (Bunch did several, most in a Basie bag), the aura of the full-band tracks is still 1937ish. The two Tadd Dameron scores—*Swift as the Wind* and *Fontainebleau*—are more contemporary but sound rather stiff in performance. A person who was on the tour said the Dameron pieces were not played until the last week of the trip.)

A score that has retained a great degree of freshness over the years is Mel Powell's *Mission to Moscow*, as can be heard in the writing for reeds in the first chorus and the sax soli, admirably led by Woods, in the first part of the second. The brass parts are rather old hat, however.

But with a band like this, one tends to judge performance on the quality of the

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solos. The main band soloists, besides Goodman, are Sims and Newman, both of whom turn in their usual better-than-competent jobs. Sims and Woods are featured in Tommy Newsom's *Titter*, and it's interesting to hear Woods begin his solo in Sims' manner; that both are hard swingers gives this track more heat than is evident in much of the album.

Goodman plays well throughout, as I have indicated, but his nudging solo on *Meet the Band* and his work on the small-band tracks (*Avalon*, *Body*, *Rose Room*, *Sunrise*, *Schoen*, *Alamo*, and *Midgets*) are high points. Occasionally he tends to pull away (*Sunrise* is most notable, though his intensity is warming) from the rhythm section, which just as occasionally drags (*Schoen*, for instance), though, in general, Lewis and Crow—especially Crow—do a good job.

Wilson plays only on the quintet tracks (*Avalon*, *Body*, *Rose*, *Sunrise*), which is disappointing, since he was playing in an especially strong, surging manner—his run at the end of his *Rose* solo is breathtaking.

Newman and Sims are heard to advantage on the octet tracks, *Alamo* and *Midgets*; Zoot does some of his best blowing on the former, and Joe attempts to blow the audience through the walls on the latter, a blues which he composed.

Bunch, who takes Wilson's place in the septet (*Schoen*) and octet, proves himself a capable soloist, as well as a fine arranger. Feldman, heard only on the septet and octet takes, sounds particularly uninspired, as if he just didn't care—which he might not have by this part of the tour.

Wilder and his big tone have *I Got It Bad* all to themselves; it's a lovely rendition of the Ellington ballad.

Though the record is generally rewarding and does give a glowing picture of what went on musically, it is puzzling—and disturbing—that Joya Sherrill, who, judging by reports, was the hit of the tour, is not heard, nor is she mentioned in the notes. She certainly was there and, according to her, was recorded. It would have been enjoyable at least to have heard her sing *Katusha*, which gained such notice, before a Russian audience or hit a major seventh at the end of *The Thrill Is Gone*.

Despite drawbacks, this album is well worth listening to. (D.DeM.)

#### Jonah Jones

**JAZZ BONUS**—Capitol 1773: *Soft Winds*; *June Night*, *The Bells of St. Mary's*; *Fiddlesticks*; *Lady of Spain*; *Jus' Swingin'*; *Brotherhood of Man*; *Cool Mute*; *Cutty Sark*; *Jersey Bounce*; *Baba au Rhum*; *Hot Toddy*.

Personnel: Jones, trumpet; unidentified organ, two guitars, bass, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Adding an organ and two guitars to the rhythm section behind Jones does not help the trumpeter much. The guitars are relatively innocuous, but the organ thickens the backgrounds and intrudes with blatantly stated, uninspired solos.

Jones blows along with undiminished crispness and occasionally, possibly in desperation at his surroundings, works up a stronger solo than has been his wont since he hit the polite-jazz formula.

Capitol seems to be running out of logical uses to make of Jones in this context, and it might clear the air for everyone

if they let him do one session with an honest and appropriate jazz group.

(J.S.W.)

#### Steve Lacy

**EVIDENCE**—New Jazz 8271: *The Mystery Song*; *Evidence*; *Let's Cool One*; *San Francisco Holiday*; *Something to Live For*; *Who Knows?*  
Personnel: Lacy, soprano saxophone; Don Cherry, trumpet; Carl Brown, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This album has a great deal to recommend it. Four of the six fine selections were written by Thelonious Monk. Lacy has for some years been waging a campaign to popularize the main body of Monk's compositions. Though most jazzmen seem to recognize their excellence, only a few of his pieces are regularly played.

In addition to Monk's tunes, Lacy's group plays two other seldom-heard compositions, Billy Strayhorn's *Something* and Duke Ellington's *Mystery*. The latter was recorded in 1932 and, it would seem, was promptly forgotten.

The soprano-trumpet blend is odd but pleasing. Lacy's dry tone provides a nice contrast to Cherry's richer trumpet sound. I was especially taken with the voicings on *Mystery* and *San Francisco*.

The improvising is first rate. Lacy's conception is advanced, but his solos are generally economical and melodic and shouldn't be too difficult for most jazz fans to follow. His *Evidence* solo—which consists of isolated tones and short phrases—illustrates his economy.

*Something* is a feature for Lacy. Here, as in most of his solos, he seems concerned with employing fresh intervals and with linear fragmentation.

Cherry, who first gained attention as a member of Ornette Coleman's group, is another strong solo voice. Unexpected leaps and turns fill his lines, and in addition to eighth notes, he makes good use of dotted eighth-and-16th and triplet figures.

*Evidence*, based on *Just You, Just Me*, affords perhaps the best opportunity for those unfamiliar with Cherry's playing to become acquainted with him. On this track, as on *Mystery*, *San Francisco*, and *Cool*, he is outstanding, playing confidently and with direction. His range and technique, however, could stand improvement as is evident on the up-tempo tune *Who Knows?*

The rhythm team of Brown—a very strong bassist—and Higgins backs up the horn men beautifully. In a recent *Blindfold Test* Sonny Rollins took Higgins for a "subtle Elvin Jones." That's a rather good description of his playing; he is busy but not loud. (H.P.)

#### Ramsey Lewis

**COUNTRY MEETS THE BLUES**—Argo 701: *Your Cheatin' Heart*; *St. Louis Blues*; *Blueberry Hill*; *Country Meets the Blues*; *Memphis in June*; *High Noon*; *I Need You So*; *I Just Want to Make Love to You*; *Tangleweed 'round My Heart*; *My Bucket's Got a Hole in It*.

Personnel: Lewis, piano; Eldee Young, bass, cello; Red Holt, drums; members of accompanying orchestras unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

In their indecent haste to turn the fast buck, record company a&r men seemingly will stop at nothing. And all too often, it must be noted, they find willing allies among the musicians they record. In the

instance of this album we find a curious dichotomy: it is 50 percent goopy syrup and 50 percent stirring, sinewy jazz. The goop lies in Lew Douglas' arrangements for pianist Lewis of *Heart*, *Hill*, *Memphis* and *Need*. In these charts the strings slurp and the chorus bleats, and all the while Lewis manfully tries to make pianistic and (heaven help us!) jazz sense of the mutually exclusive musical elements he is forced to contend with. For all his heroic efforts, he falls somewhat short of success. Douglas' arranging conception even manages to blaspheme Hoagy Carmichael's wistful *Memphis*, which takes some doing.

The other tracks, arranged by Oliver Nelson, provide the reason for the rating. Not only are they good; they fairly vibrate with imagination and guts.

Nelson's charts are for reed-section backing of the Lewis trio. Even if one were to rate the album on the basis of Young's cello lead on *I Just Want*, the three-star rating would be amply justified. (J.A.T.)

#### Original Dixieland Jazz Band

**THE ORIGINAL DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND—THEIR HISTORIC RECORDINGS IN ENGLAND**—Riverside 156/157: *At the Jazz Band Ball*; *Ostrich Walk*; *Lasses Candy*; *Barnyard Blues*; *Tiger Rag*; *Satanic Blues*; *Look at 'Em Doing It*; *Sensation Rag*; *Sphinx*; *Soudan*; *Tell Me*; *Mammy o' Mine*; *I've Lost My Heart in Dixieland*; *Alice Blue Gown*; *My Baby's Arms*; *I've Got My Captain Working for Me Now*; *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles*.

Personnel: Nick LaRocca, cornet; Emile Christian, trombone; Larry Shields, clarinet; Billy Jones, piano; Tony Sbarbaro, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

These must be the oldest jazz records ever released in the United States for the first time. It has taken them 43 years to cross the Atlantic from England, where they were recorded in 1919 (and 1920) by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band after the group had scored its initial success in New York City during the two preceding years.

They have more than the usual "historical" interest normally attached to such early discs because they document both the high point and the decline of a landmark jazz group.


The two records that make up the set are split between recordings of the ODJB's repertory of material credited to members of the band—*Tiger Rag*, *Jazz Band Ball*, *Sensation*, etc.—made between April and August, 1919, and a set of pop tunes recorded between December, 1919, and July, 1920.

The recording in both instances is better than the group received on its earlier Victor records (reissued several years ago on a 10-inch "X" album), and on its originals the band plays in a more relaxed, less frantic manner than it did on the Victors.

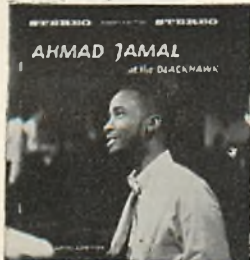
Christian seems to be a stronger, more adventurous trombonist than Eddie Edwards, whom he replaced when the band went to England (although it's possible that the improved recording offers Christian a better opportunity to be heard), while the clean-cut skills of Shields and LaRocca are made more apparent than before. These are more credible and more creditable performances than those recorded for U. S. Victor, for there is less ricky-tick in the attack, and the hokum is



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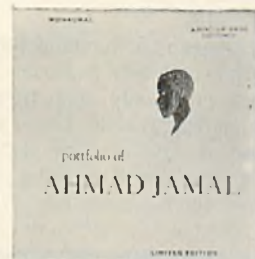


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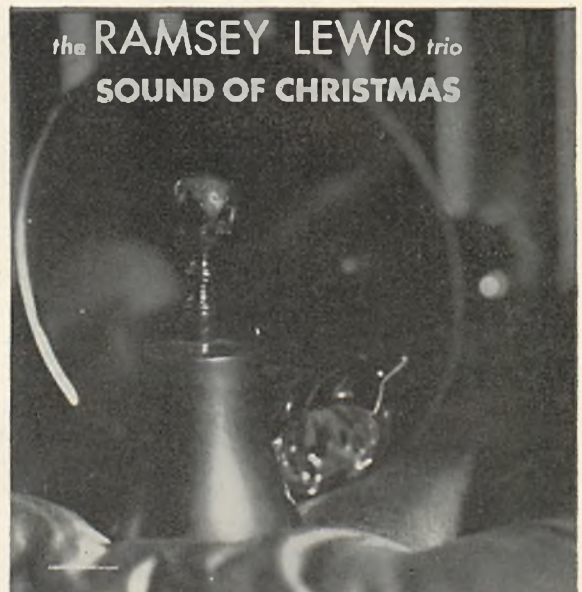
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kept within appropriate bounds.

The implication of these recordings is that the band may have reached a peak during the early stages of its London stay. If so, it went downhill rapidly as is demonstrated in the second half of this collection, when it turns to pop material, which it plods through with scarcely any distinction or imagination. Almost the only point of interest in these latter pieces is the opportunity they afford to hear LaRocca playing a very mellow, lyrical style. (J.S.W.)

#### Oscar Peterson

THE SOUND OF THE TRIO—Verve 8480: *Tricotism; On Green Dolphin Street; Thag's Dance; Ill Wind; Kadota's Blues.*

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

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There's no denying that Brown and Thigpen constitute a superb rhythm section. And there's no denying that Peterson is a masterful technician at the piano.

Where this assemblage of mastery and high talent bogs down is in Peterson's habit of settling into a groove. He seems to have got out of an earlier rut of showing how fast he could play everything. But now he has settled into a middle tempo in which he plays looping, churning lines that are practically interchangeable from one piece to another. This is not necessarily a flaw when programming has been judiciously planned to introduce a variety of tempos or pieces that are so basically different that Peterson is forced to abandon his self-made clichés in at least some instances.

Piece by piece, there is a lot of good playing on this disc, but there is scarcely any variety. The sameness of Peterson's playing eventually gives the album an overtone of monotony. The set was recorded at Chicago's London House with unusually good presence, but it doesn't measure up in interest to the trio's earlier set there, released on Verve 8420. (J.S.W.)

#### Bill Smith-Johnny Eaton

THE AMERICAN JAZZ ENSEMBLE IN ROME—RCA Victor 2557: *Too Darn Hot; Autumn in New York; Tiber Turns; Roma Amor; Rise 'n' Shine; Who Knows Juno?; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Summertime; Roamin' in the Forum; So in Love.*

Personnel: Smith, clarinet; Eaton, piano; Erich Peter, bass; Pierre Favre, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

In the past the music of Smith and Eaton—in their several separate albums—has been marred by preciosity and pretentiousness, the result of too-cerebral application of their impressive legitimate training to jazz.

In this stimulating collection, however, emotion has tempered intellect to produce the most rewarding jazz either man has recorded thus far. The music is warm and witty; swings consistently; is wholly uncompromising (in the happiest way); and, though at times extraordinarily complex, achieves an ease, a spontaneity, a looseness that neither musician was able to be in his earlier, more consciously "challenging" and pedantic, forays.

The current group was formed when the clarinetist and pianist met while studying composition on grants at the American Academy in Rome.

Playing what might be termed an ad-

vanced brand of chamber jazz, the American Jazz Ensemble (with two Europeans in the rhythm section) is distinguished for the density and richness of its contrapuntal interplay—much of it prearranged surely. Further, there is a high degree of spontaneity and a fullness of rapport among the four, all of whom possess a high caliber of inventiveness.

Smith plays with a fluency, bite, and passion rarely present in his work before, which too often seemed cold and academic. This is also true of Eaton who, at 27, has assimilated a wide range of musical experiences and welded them into a cogent and forceful whole. His improvisation on *Summertime*, for example, offers an excellent telescoping of his breadth and fertile imagination.

Yet not only are the two soloists communicating with maturity and depth individually, they are also acting superbly as ensemble players. In fact, one is most immediately struck by the unity and polish of the ensemble; all the individual roles seem designed to contribute to the overall effectiveness of the group as such and not to call attention to themselves.

Just how well the group is integrated may be heard on the two tracks that most fully illustrate its promise, *Shine* and *Love*, both dazzling displays of collective playing.

The group's most serious flaw seems to be a tendency to use effects per se, as in the introduction to *Love*, which bears little relationship to what follows, though it is attractive in itself. (P.W.)

#### Zoot Sims

NEW BEAT BOSSA NOVA—Colpix 435: *Recado Bossa Nova, Part 1; Recado Bossa Nova, Part 2; Cano Canoe; Contando a Orquestra; Cieme; Maria Ninguen; Sem Saudades de Voce; Barquinho de Papel.*

Personnel: Sims, tenor saxophone; Spencer Sinatra, piccolo, flute, alto flute; Phil Woods, clarinet; Gene Quill, clarinet, bass clarinet; Ronnie Oldrich, clarinet, flute; Jim Hall, Kenny Burrell, guitars; Art Davis, bass; Sol Gubin, Ted Sommer, Willie Rodriguez, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★

With bossa nova discs pouring in through windows and the cracks in the floor, this one can claim neither the authenticity of the Brazilian products nor the excitement of some of the U. S. adaptations.

Considering the people involved, this is a surprisingly bland and lifeless set. One gets the feeling that no one concerned felt at home in these pieces or had any positive sense of direction.

Moreover, there is a numbing sameness to the material—not only is *Recado Bossa Nova* broken pointlessly into two parts (two takes maybe?), but *Cano Canoe*, which follows it, also is close enough to *Recado* to suggest that it is going to be a third go-round for the same bit. (J.S.W.)

#### Billy Taylor

IMPROMPTU—Mercury 60722: *Capricious; Impromptu; Don't Go Down South; Muffle Guffie; Free and Oozy; Paraphrase; Empty Ballroom; At La Carrousel.*

Personnel: Taylor, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Taylor's extremely capable piano playing is presented very pleasantly in this set of originals. They are bright and rhythmic, and he has the backing of a helpful rhythm section.

However, he continues to lack the strongly definite musical personality that a

piano soloist must have to carry an entire LP, particularly one that is completely devoted to original material. The surface qualities of these performances are impeccable, but Taylor does not communicate a sense of substance under that surface. As a result, the listener is left with little that is impressively memorable.

(J.S.W.)

#### Mal Waldron

THE QUEST—Prestige/New Jazz 8269: *Status Seeking; Duquility; Thirteen; We Diddit; Warm Canto; Warp and Wool; Fire Waltz.*

Personnel: Eric Dolphy, clarinet, alto saxophone; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Ron Carter, cello; Waldron, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Charles Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Always a musical iconoclast, pianist Waldron in his music—both playing and writing—never has been stern or forbidding. There is a readily apprehended beauty about his most spare or angular pieces, so that only the most unreconstructed jazz fans would be unable to assimilate them readily. Perhaps his role as vocalists' accompanist in the past has something to do with the straightforward lyricism of his approach, for there is a very songlike quality to his writing.

Withal, he has been in the forefront of the jazz avant garde for some years now, though rarely getting the recognition that is his due.

An excellent pianist in both solo and supporting roles, it is as composer that Waldron is perhaps most stimulating. His pieces have a spare and direct beauty, a tight inner logic, a resilient strength, and bear the stamp of a probing mind. The seven selections in this set, widely divergent in character though they are, are notable for their fresh thinking and rhythmic and harmonic daring.

Waldron achieves a wonderful tension in the *Status* theme by alternating long, even-note patterns with short, choppy ones. In the lovely Ellington-inspired ballad *Duquility*, he places a yearning arco cello line against bare rhythm for a verse and then over organ chords by the horns in the second, followed by a short serpentine bridge by the horns, which leads to his somber, reflective piano solo.

*Thirteen* employs a four-part fugal statement of the 13-note theme; as each instrument enters, the figure is compressed to the point where Waldron, the last to enter, barely has time to execute it. The solos are developed on a harmonic line built on the 13 notes in a modified serial technique.

*Diddit*, a model of simplicity, is a terse, primarily rhythmic figure.

*Canto* is autumnal in mood, its ardent, solemn theme carried by Dolphy's clarinet over Carter's deliberate, pizzicato cello chords.

The 5/4 *Warp* imposes a sinuous legato cello line on close-voiced arpeggio horn lines. The melody of the intriguing and wholly charming *Fire Waltz* is stated by the two saxophones.

Carter is the most consistently stimulating soloist, drawing from his cello—both bowed and plucked—lines of searing force and real thought.

His solos bear a meaningful relationship to the thematic materials (as on *Diddit*) or develop logically from the pre-



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A NICE DAY / CHICO HAMILTON  
TINY CAPERS / CLIFFORD BROWN

#### **SIDE 2:**

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ALBUQUERQUE SOCIAL SWIM / RICHARD TWARDZIK  
BOCK TO BOCK / MONTGOMERY BROTHERS  
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# **A DECADE OF PACIFIC JAZZ • 1952 / 1962**



ceding improvisations (*Fire* is a good example), procedures that, if followed by the other soloists, would lend greater continuity and over-all coherence to the selections.

The cellist's pizzicato solo on *Status* is perhaps his finest in the album: starting with a series of guitarlike plucked chords, he constructs a powerful solo that hangs together beautifully. High, pinging, single-note lines flash out from the chords, and the effect is much like that of Middle Eastern oud music. The instrument's sound, dry and nasal, fits in well with the music and approach here. His work on *Thirteen* also is exciting.

Tenor saxophonist Ervin, with his John Coltrane-derived sound and approach, is



the most conventional of the soloists, though his strong, virile, well-constructed improvisation on *Status* is one of the best on the disc.

Dolphy, heard here almost entirely on alto saxophone, plays with his usual blistering force and thrusting passion, but on several of the numbers—*Status* and *Warp* most notably—he seems to be merely skittering across the surface of the chords, sputtering instead of speaking. He runs into some trouble on *Canto*, on which he plays clarinet, and hits a couple of clinkers during the course of an otherwise well-ordered and thoughtful solo. (P.W.)

## VOCAL

### Odetta

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE CRYIN'—RCA Victor 2573: *Gonna Take My Time*; *Stranger Here*; *I've Been Livin' with the Blues*; *Re My Woman*; *Poor Man*; *Empty Pocket Blues*; *I Just Can't Keep from Cryin'*; *Special Delivery*; *If I Had Wings*; *Darlin' Baby*; *Misery Blues*; *House of the Rising Sun*.

Personnel: Buck Clayton, trumpet; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Sonny Terry, harmonica; Dick Wellstood, piano; Leonard Gaslin or Abdul Ahmed-Malik, bass; Panama Francis, drums; Odetta, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Under ideal conditions, Odetta is a fascinatingly unique singer, whose powerful voice can spin yarns and ring rafters simultaneously. She has never demonstrated much feeling for the blues, but as a singer of folk songs, she hasn't really suffered from this shortcoming.

Now, it seems, Odetta wants to be a blues singer.

Unfortunately, this talented young woman is not of the blues—or, as she sometimes sings it, "ba-lews"—and, judging from this record, she never will be. Although there is no bad music here, she does not do what she sets out to do, namely to get inside the blues.

The most effective selections are those that come from the folk circuit—*Rising Sun*, for example—rather than those from the world of Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey.

The accompaniment is first rate, and special credit should be given to pianist Wellstood for his part in the whole thing.

Clayton, Bailey, and Dickenson play on six tracks and Terry on three with the rhythm section. (R.B.H.)

### Nancy Wilson

HELLO, YOUNG LOVERS—Capitol 1767: *A Good Man Is Hard to Find*; *Hello, Young Lovers*; *Sophisticated Lady*; *When a Woman Loves a Man*; *Little Girl Blue*; *Nina Never Knew*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *Put on a Happy Face*; *When Sunny Gets Blue*; *Listen, Little Girl*; *Miss Otis Regrets*; *Back in Your Own Back Yard*.

Personnel: Miss Wilson, vocals; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Miss Wilson seems to be rapidly approaching greatness. She has a lot of talent and can handle almost any kind of song well. Here she is weighed down by George Shearing's schmaltzy arrangements (how is it possible for the man who wrote *Changing with the Times* to do anything this pedestrian?) but still manages to turn in some memorable performances.

She handles *Sunny* with tenderness and exemplary restraint and is almost as good on *Sophisticated* and *You Don't Know*. Miss Wilson is a remarkable ballad singer; she can put across the lyrics yet is rhythmically and dynamically imaginative enough to keep a slow tempo alive.

She has a wonderfully lilting vocal on *Happy Face*. On *Good Man* she sounds a little like Dinah Washington. Shearing's saccharine strings are really out of place on this track. (H.P.)

## REPACKAGES

Several economic factors explain the great number of repackage albums being issued. The most obvious is that with a scatter-shot method of releasing numerous albums, the record company is bound to hit some customers.

But for a record distributor to retain interest in a company's line of albums, there must be a steady flow of new releases—this in addition to an occasional well-selling item from the company's releases. The distributor doesn't particularly care what these new releases are, just as long as he feels they are salable. Thus, old material—and it doesn't have to be ancient by any means—comes out in a bright new cover with a new catalog number and sometimes a new title. The new number is important in that it adds another item to the company's catalog, giving the distributor more to choose from.

All this, of course, is passed on to the record-shop owner. There's more incentive for him to carry a greater number of the company's albums.

The final step is to entice customers to purchase the item—"This just came out."

Columbia not only gives old material new catalog numbers, it enhances listening by processing the albums so that there is an illusion of stereo. The Columbia repackages retain the original cover art and notes—and even the original catalog number is visible—but the albums never have been dropped from the catalog, though they may have been difficult to obtain.

Columbia's *The Great Benny Goodman* (8643), a repackage of reissues, was first released at the time of the film *The Benny Goodman Story*. The album's tracks, most from in-person performances, are from

1937-39 when the band included such stalwarts as pianist Jess Stacy (he is extremely good on *One O'Clock Jump* and *Sing, Sing, Sing*, both from Goodman's Carnegie Hall album), vibraharpist Lionel Hampton (his work with the quartet on *Stompin' at the Savoy* and *Avalon* at Carnegie is still exhilarating), Harry James (don't overlook the virility of his playing on such as *King Porter Stomp*), and Gene Krupa (his drive and enthusiasm most often made up for his breaches of taste). Charlie Christian's guitar solo on the sextet's *Memories of You*, a studio session, is classic, as is Hampton's solo on this track. In all, a fine album, one not meant only for reminiscence.

Dave Brubeck's 1957 *Jazz: Red, Hot, and Cool* (Columbia 8645) is not one of the pianist's more rewarding albums, but there is interesting alto by Paul Desmond on *Lover, Indiana, Little Girl Blue*, and *Love Walked In*, on which he gets into one of those two-way conversations with himself. The best track, though, is *The Duke*, Brubeck's fetching dedication to Ellington.

It's nice to have Miles Davis' *'Round About Midnight* (Columbia 8649) available in simulated stereo. First released in 1957, the album is by the trumpeter's group of that time—John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums—and contains excellent work by all concerned. Outstanding are Davis' lovely, all-humanity work on the title track and *Bye, Bye, Blackbird* and his puck-a-puck-a *Ah-leu-cha* solo; Garland's intro and solo on *Blackbird* and his snapping solo on *Ah-leu-cha*; the straightforward playing of Coltrane on *Ah-leu-cha* and *Dear Old Stockholm*, which also has a fine Chambers solo. An excellent album.

Not quite so excellent is *Ellington at Newport* (Columbia 8648). The recording is of Duke's 1957 Newport festival appearance, the one at which Paul Gonsalves' tenor solo on *Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue* had many of the audience dancing in the aisles. It is interesting to hear the surge of the people as the excitement grows, but Gonsalves is not playing that much, though what he does play is good. Of more musical interest is *Newport Jazz Festival Suite*, a three-part Ellington work; but even it is not up to the quality of, say, *Suite Thursday*, another Ellington festival commission. The album does have Johnny Hodges' playing on *Jeep's Blues* to recommend it.

Columbia's subsidiary, Epic, has a lightweight entry in the repackage race—*The Ahmad Jamal Trio* (627). It, like the Columbias, is in electronic rechanneled stereo. This was the first 12-inch Jamal album and was originally released in 1957, when the pianist had guitarist Ray Crawford and bassist Israel Crosby as accompanists. The strongest solos are by Crawford (*Perfidia*, *Love for Sale*, *They Can't Take That Away from Me*) but most of the time he is busy imitating bongo drums behind Jamal's piano (there is a strong Latin cast to the album). Jamal is best on *Black Beauty*, an old Ellington tune, and *Donkey Serenade*, an old Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy ditty. —DeMichael



Catchy advertising slogans can be very useful (we like them as much as anyone else), but often it's just as well to forget about tricky phrases and let the records

tell the story themselves. The way we feel about these three remarkable new albums, for example, is that just letting you know they exist is all that's needed to

send you charging out to your friendly local dealer. So all the shouting we'll do is to emphasize that they are

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### NEXT ISSUE Readers Poll Results



## BLUES 'N' FOLK By PETE WELDING

More and more, as the folk-blues revival continues, serious field researchers and collectors of Afro-American music are realizing the need for folk-song collections that place the music in its proper social and cultural context, that show it is a functional art, as a natural and practical adjunct to the communal life of the southern Negro. In the face of the steady, inexorable acculturation that threatens to devitalize our folk traditions, this need becomes double imperative.

It is no longer sufficient (or even advisable) to take more-or-less professional performers of Negro music—say, Brownie, McGhee and Sonny Terry or Memphis Slim, to mention the most blatantly over-recorded examples—into a recording studio and turn out, after countless retakes, a polished, sleek package of blues or other folk song. Little is served by this procedure, for these men, after all, are paid entertainers who may be completely out of touch with the creative process at the folk level.

Folk music still is being created and perpetuated in this country. It exists, however at the folk level, in those isolated and/or depressed areas of the country where people must make their own entertainment, where folk bards still flourish and are honored, serving a function that radio, newspaper, television, and other mass media are slowly but surely displacing.

The folk music of the southern Negro is a spontaneous, living organism, casual as conversation and just as transitory. Much of it just "happens," comes into being for a brief moment, has a life span of the length of time it takes to sing it, and is quickly forgotten. Little of this kind of day-to-day music-making has been preserved on record and until very recently there were, certainly, valid reasons for its not having been. In the past few years, however, the development of high-fidelity, compact portable recording equipment has made it possible for collectors to visit areas hitherto inaccessible to the recording microphone and to document the living roots of American Negro song.

Some collecting of this type fortunately has been done. A number of valuable documentary records readily spring to mind: Harold Courlander's six-volume *Negro Folk Music of Alabama* and Fred-eric A. Ramsey's 10-LP set *Music from the South*, both series on Folkways; Harry Oster's various recordings collected in Louisiana and issued on his own Folk-

Lyric label, most notably the albums made at the Angola prison farm and the *Country Negro Jam Sessions* set; the two-disc *Treasury of Field Recordings* compiled by Texas collector Mack McCormick and issued on the Candid label; and the several volumes of Negro folk song collected by Alan Lomax for the Atlantic and Prestige/International labels.

It's not a very long list, but you can add one more album to it. This is *I Have to Paint My Face* (Arhoolie 1005), a collection of blues, casual song, song-narratives, and religious music recorded in the Mississippi River delta region by Chris Strachwitz in the summer of 1960.

The recordings, made in Mississippi and Louisiana, have none of the glossy sheen of studio sessions. Rather, they are intimate, unposed slices of southern musical life, as frank and spontaneous as candid snapshots. Strachwitz took his microphones into homes, parlors, back yards, and even a barbershop, capturing the music in the circumstances of its creation.

Two of the pieces, for example, are almost overheard conversations between two pairs of musicians, rich with the yeasty pungency of folk speech. The first of these, *Barbershop Rhythm*, was recorded in a Clarksdale, Miss., barbershop, with blues singer Robert Curtis Smith providing guitar backing for Wade Walton's rhythmic razor stropping, both of them joking all the while about a "dry shave." The second is a comic discussion about the Slop, a popular dance step, by singer-pianist Jasper Love and a friend.

The balance of the collection, however, is given over to raw, unadulterated folk song. Sam Chatman, a 63-year-old Hollandale, Miss., laborer, was formerly a traveling entertainer and member of a recording group, the Mississippi Sheiks. Here he performs two old minstrel numbers, a spiritual, and an interesting blues (*I Stand and Wonder*) accompanied by his guitar in a jagged, bottle-neck style. Butch Cage and Willie Thomas, of Zachary, La., offer a pair of archaic-styled blues. Cage's whining, insinuating country fiddle lines whipping above the guitar rhythms in a style that was later adopted by harmonica players. Jasper Love is heard at length on one number, a lusty half-sung, half-narrative *Desert Blues*, accompanied by crude, simple piano. That the older blues traditions are being perpetuated by young performers is readily seen in the deep, virile singing and playing of 30-year-old farmer Robert Curtis Smith, whose acid, impassioned work on *Going Back to Texas*, *Lonely Widow*, and *Lost Love Blues* is a continuation of the delta region's harsh, urgent blues approach. Teenagers Kathryn Pitman and Mildred Lewis, in their *Save a Seat for Me*, illustrate the contemporary Gospel song style that proliferates in southern churches.

*I Have to Paint My Face* is a model of its kind, but more regionalized collections like it are needed. Indeed, in the very areas where this set was collected, such a wealth of traditional music still may be heard that many more such albums easily could be compiled. Now all we need are the collectors to record them—and firms to release them.







"I hate to  
ever judge things  
that are made  
at a concert...."

## NEAL HEFTI

# BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Neal Hefti belongs to that lucky minority of artists who have managed to achieve substantial success in the world of commercial popular music while retaining a firm foothold in jazz. The latter half of this identity is, of course, most closely associated with the Count Basie Orchestra, for which he wrote dozens of originals during the 1950s.

Hefti's first successes in jazz were scored when he was a trumpeter and arranger with the definitive Woody Herman Orchestra of 1944-5. He married Herman's vocalist, Frances Wayne, in October, 1945. Except for a couple of years in the late '40s when he was in California writing and playing with Harry James, Neal spent most of the next decade freelancing very successfully in New York, occasionally going out on the road with a band.

The Heftis moved west again in 1960. During the last year he has been active at Reprise records, first as an a&r man and more recently as recording bandleader.

This was Hefti's first *Blindfold Test* in many years and his first ever in *Down Beat*. He was given no information about the records, either before or during the playing.

### THE RECORDS

1. Tadd Dameron. *Look, Stop, & Listen* (from *The Magic Touch*, Riverside). Jerome Richardson, tenor saxophone; Clark Terry, trumpet; Philly Joe Jones, drums; Dameron, composer, arranger.

Well, it was a very, very good record, very well played. The tenor solo was very good, and so was the trumpet. . . . And the drummer was very excellent—I have no idea who it was.

The only weak thing I found about it was the composition itself. But the arrangement was good. I found the composition lacking in form. Four stars.

2. George Shearing. *Basie's Masement* (from *Burnished Brass*, Capitol). Shearing, piano, composer; Shearing, Billy May, arrangers.

I don't have the slightest idea who that is. If it's Basie, I would be very, very surprised, although naturally it's a very close attempt to sound as much like him.

The theme I liked when it first came in, and when it came in for the second chorus, I liked it even better; but when it came in for the third chorus, it lost me altogether.

Because I don't think it was a very original attempt, I have to give it two stars.

3. Duke Ellington. *Controversial Suite in two parts: Before My Time and Later* (from *Hi-Fi Ellington Uptown*, Columbia). Willie Cook, trumpet; Russell Procope, clarinet; Quentin Jackson, trombone; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Ellington, composer.

Well, this was a very long composition; whatever it was, I'm going to take a stab—[I'll say Duke Ellington's band, and the first part was a Dixieland part with somebody like Willie Cook on trumpet and maybe Russell Procope on the clarinet instead of Jimmy Hamilton, and maybe somebody like Butter [Quentin Jackson] on trombone, and then the tenor solo sounded like Gonsalves. It was fun too—ending up with those *Tiger Rag* changes!

I can't see the relationship between the two parts if it was two compositions in one part, or Part 1 and Part 2, first movement and second movement. I

thought maybe it could be like a whole night in New York, like startin' in the Village and then goin' home . . . several night clubs, with the various types of music involved . . . or maybe it's for a picture—with what's shown visually, the music would hold together.

I would say either Duke or Billy Strayhorn wrote it, although, at times, it sounded like another influence in there, but I couldn't place it. And it's a very engaging work, and must have taken an awfully long time to write it. Five? I'll give it six stars!

4. Ella Fitzgerald. *Alone Together* (from *Ella Swings Lightly with Nelson*, Verve). Nelson Riddle, conductor, arranger.

Well, that's Ella Fitzgerald. . . . I don't know who the band is, maybe that's either Nelson Riddle or . . . Billy May . . . probably more like Nelson Riddle.

For her I have to give it five stars, although I think the background is much too heavy. I hate to hear singers have to battle that kind of nondescript background. Yet, a lot of singers like it! So I can't get mad at whoever wrote the arrangement either. Many times, that's a direct order, let's say from the singer or from the record companies themselves. Five stars because of her.

5. The European All-Stars, 1961. *Haitian Fight Song* (Telefunken). Hans Koller, tenor saxophone. Recorded in Congress Hall in Berlin. Not released in United States.

I don't know who it is—at all. I liked the first chorus, but I didn't care for it after that. I didn't care for the solos. It was played fairly well, but I didn't think the solos were anything outstanding, and the tenor solo, you can hardly hear him.

Of course, I realize, it was probably made at a concert, but—it was tough for me to hear him. It wasn't bad, though. I hate to ever judge things that are played at a concert, because the conditions under which they are recorded are so terrible that you have to get lucky to even have it mediocre. So I just won't grade it on account of the fact that it was a live concert.

6. Nat Pierce. *Seventh Avenue Express* (from *Big Band at the Savoy Ballroom*, RCA Victor). Paul Quinichette, tenor saxophone; Buck Clayton, trumpet; Jim Dahl, trombone; Pierce, piano.

That sounds like a guy I earned a lot of money from in the last several years. . . . I'd say it's Basie's band, although I don't remember hearing this composition before at all. It sounded strangely like Paul Quinichette on sax. I don't know who was on trumpet, and it may have been Benny Powell on trombone. I'll only take a stab that this is something new, because it's on stereo.

Very well played, and for sentimental reasons I can't give it many less than five stars, so we'll call it five stars.

7. Chico Hamilton. *Transfusion* (from *Drumfusion*, Columbia). Garnett Brown, trombone; Charles Lloyd, tenor saxophone, composer.

I find this a very, very good record. They're well mated. The match between the five of them—I presume it's five—is very, very good.

The trombone and the tenor player are very unusual soloists, and they play with great feel of authority . . . it's nothing that I could get away with, but . . . because of the originality of all of it, I would say five stars.

8. Lambert-Hendricks-Ross. *Little Pony* (from *Sing a Song of Basie*, ABC-Paramount). Neal Hefti, composer. Recorded, 1958.

That's Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross, and I've gotta give it five. This was the first tune I ever arranged for Basie's big band, in 1950. . . . I think they did some overdubbing on this; I think it was Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross and Joe Williams, as a matter of fact.

It was very good; naturally, it would have been better if they could have used eight or 10 voices, but as the first one of these singalongs that was ever done. . . . Naturally, the first time something new comes along it's very tough to persuade the record company to give you the budget to do it just right. . . . Anyway, I thought it was a very good idea.



# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

## A Report of a Most Remarkable Event

CHARLIE MINGUS

Town Hall, New York City

There should be no argument that a review of music should avoid dealing with the unnoticed scenes involved with presenting the music. But there was practically no music at this Town Hall concert; the scenes were noticeable to everyone, whatever the interpretation put on them; and there is, in short, no way that a review in this case can be anything less than a variety of complaints, though none is readily assignable.

**THE CHARACTERS:** bassist-composer Charlie Mingus, signed to a recording contract by United Artists, with a first record to be done at Town Hall in front of an audience.

Alan Douglas, a&r man for UA, determined to give Mingus anything he wants to make this a record date of real importance.

George Wein, hired by UA to make this recording session into an open session auditioned by people at a concert.

Joe Glaser, a caesar in jazz, and prospective booker of Mingus.

The audience, inclined to respect and believe Mingus.

**THE SCENE:** musicians scurrying onstage at Town Hall, a well-attended concert, and the odd sight of two men copying music at a table onstage.

**THE BACKGROUND:** in three previous and paid-for rehearsals (comprising about 15 hours), certain sidemen reported not one composition had been played all the way through. Mingus' complaint is that he had no real time to complete his composition, and beyond that, this was supposed to be an open-recording session first and only incidentally a concert.

Mingus walked onstage, angry at all those whom, he said, had misrepresented what he was doing and said he was thoroughly conscious that nothing was about to happen.

The microphone Mingus grabbed had no amplification to the audience, but what he said, more or less, was:

Get your money back. I couldn't stop you from coming here. The press agents lied to you. You've been taken advantage of. Go out now and get your money back. I don't want you to think I've done this to you. It was supposed to be a recording session, but Mr. George Wein, who is a fine promoter, changed it into a concert. So get your money back. The company has lots of money. It would take years to rehearse this music. I've written it, but . . . (audience laughter begins, and disorganization sets in).

(At this point, Mingus was ahead. It

made sense that a recording session would be confused, but it can and could be exciting. The frustration involved in hearing one section played over and over can dissolve when the musicians suddenly make the passage come to life. Unfortunately, Mingus did not leave the subject alone—he kept worrying it and asking people to ask for their money back. By this time about 30 minutes had elapsed. Town Hall management said it couldn't give money back; the hall had been hired by the record company. Some police appeared in the lobby as a few customers became difficult. Glaser appeared in the lobby, spoke to the policemen, and almost everyone disappeared—and close to 100 people did get their money back.)

The music began then—and stopped



MINGUS

Get your money back

after six bars or so. *Osmosis* was being played and was begun again. It was badly played and stopped again.

Mingus said, "I'm going to take off my coat and play some music."

At least half the band members also took off their coats. But they played no music.

Then Mingus explained what a recording session is like, hoping, he said, that they would get to it "when I relax. Now I'm scared to hell."

He said hello to some people he recognized in the audience and thanked the orchestra for its work.

"I want to thank everyone for trying so hard for me," he said. "I never had that happen before."

After another piece of advice to the audience about asking for their money back, Mingus began *Epitaph*, featuring a fascinating musical dialog between Mingus and reed man Eric Dolphy, and a magnificent ballad section. Here, as elsewhere during the concert, the music had more affinity to Duke Ellington than anyone else, though there was no question that it was original.

Something else happened then, but it was difficult to hear the announcements. The microphone was off. Then came Min-

gus' *Freedom Suite*, a different one from Max Roach's. It had band singing and swinging and narration by Mingus. None of this could be heard accurately, but the band was alive for a few minutes.

Melba Liston conducted her arrangement of Mingus' *Peggy's Discovery*, an ordinary big-band arrangement, but a lovely song with excellent baritone saxophone work by Jerome Richardson.

Intermission happened about then.

After it, Mingus' uncle, Fess Williams, led a small group of musicians, selected from the large orchestra, through three of his own compositions. Excepting the conclusion of the concert, this was one of the few times during the evening when music was actually played for any period of time. It was, I suppose, old-fashioned, but it was played with aplomb. Saxophonist Fess played with a sound and phrasing of old but with an attack and conception closer to, say, Dolphy's than any alto player of his generation.

The large orchestra appeared again, and again it did the *Freedom Suite*, doing it so much better and with Zoot Sims as a major vocal voice in the careful choir that sings behind Mingus' narration.

Another major Mingus composition, *Portrait*, was hurt by the orchestra's unfamiliarity with it, and that also may explain Charles McPherson's alto saxophone solo. *Duke's Choice* never amounted to anything. *Please Don't Come Back from the Moon* suffered from lack of rehearsal but had fine solos by pianist Jaki Byard and Sims on tenor saxophone.

To all intents, and for no purposes, that was the end of the concert. There were some more things, but, finally, Mingus again apologized and began to leave the stage.

Trumpeter Clark Terry began playing. Drummer Dannie Richmond joined in Jerome Richardson wailed on baritone. Mingus picked up his bass and played. Baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams started. The guards began closing the curtains as the full band began playing riffs behind all this. Someone jumped on the stage and held the curtains back. It was something out of B movies—only it happened, and it was pure, overwhelming excitement.

It should be understood, however, that a concert never really happened, so no concert can be reviewed. And although a record session was held, it is doubtful that much, if any, music was salvaged.

It would seem that everyone operated in good faith. Wein was a "technical producer" for United Artists, required to sell as many tickets as he could, and he did. United Artists contracted to record an open recording session and paid close to \$23,000 for the privilege. The orchestra, sometimes numbering 30 persons, seemed to try valiantly.

Mingus claims vehemently that he did not have enough time, that the concert was misrepresented, and that the whole fault lay with "a lot of lies and publicity."

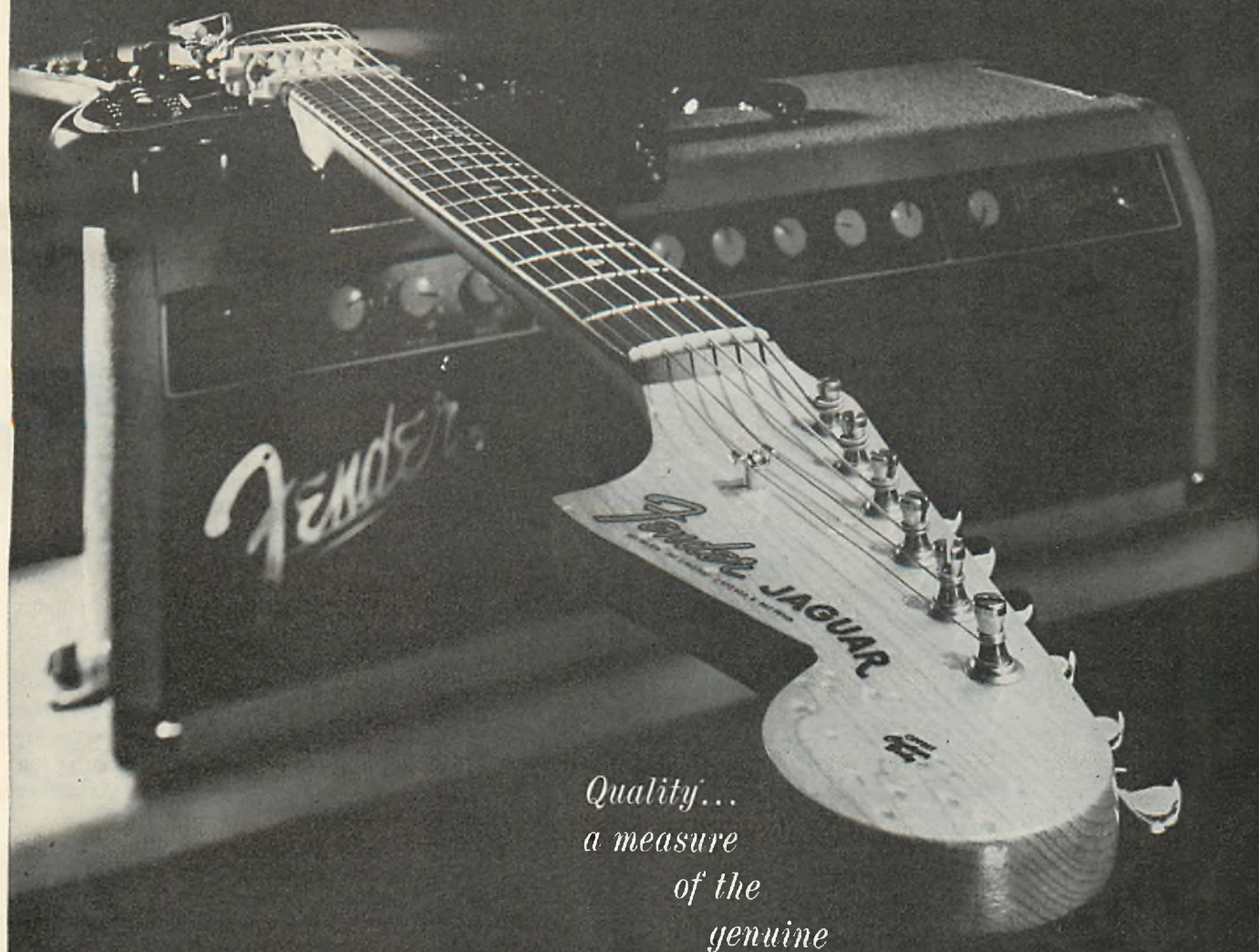
The fact remains that the Mingus I have known for many years lost an opportunity that he has long wanted and deserved. It was not, in any sense, taken away from him.

—Coss



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## BROWN from page 19

American to the economic and cultural development of the country is to appreciate the depth of his understanding and comprehension of the past, often though his philosophies are expressed in contemporary hip vernacular.

"There is no American popular culture . . . without Negroes," he maintains. "There isn't even an American language. Think for a minute of how many of our expressions are general usage now.

"Our [U.S.] spoken policy in Africa, Asia, and other foreign countries is meaningless unless the world under-

stands humanity here. These things need not be said from a distant wailing soapbox; they just have to be said with scrupulous honesty, and they should be said so it swings."

He discerns this need and sees in himself a chosen disciple to spread the word.

"The melodies I make up grow out of tunes, rhythms, chants, calls, and cries that have always sung to me," he said characteristically. "My lyrics are verses about feelings I've felt and scenes I've dug."

He is a writer's ideal subject, continuously pouring forth meaty quotes. By accident or design, he speaks in

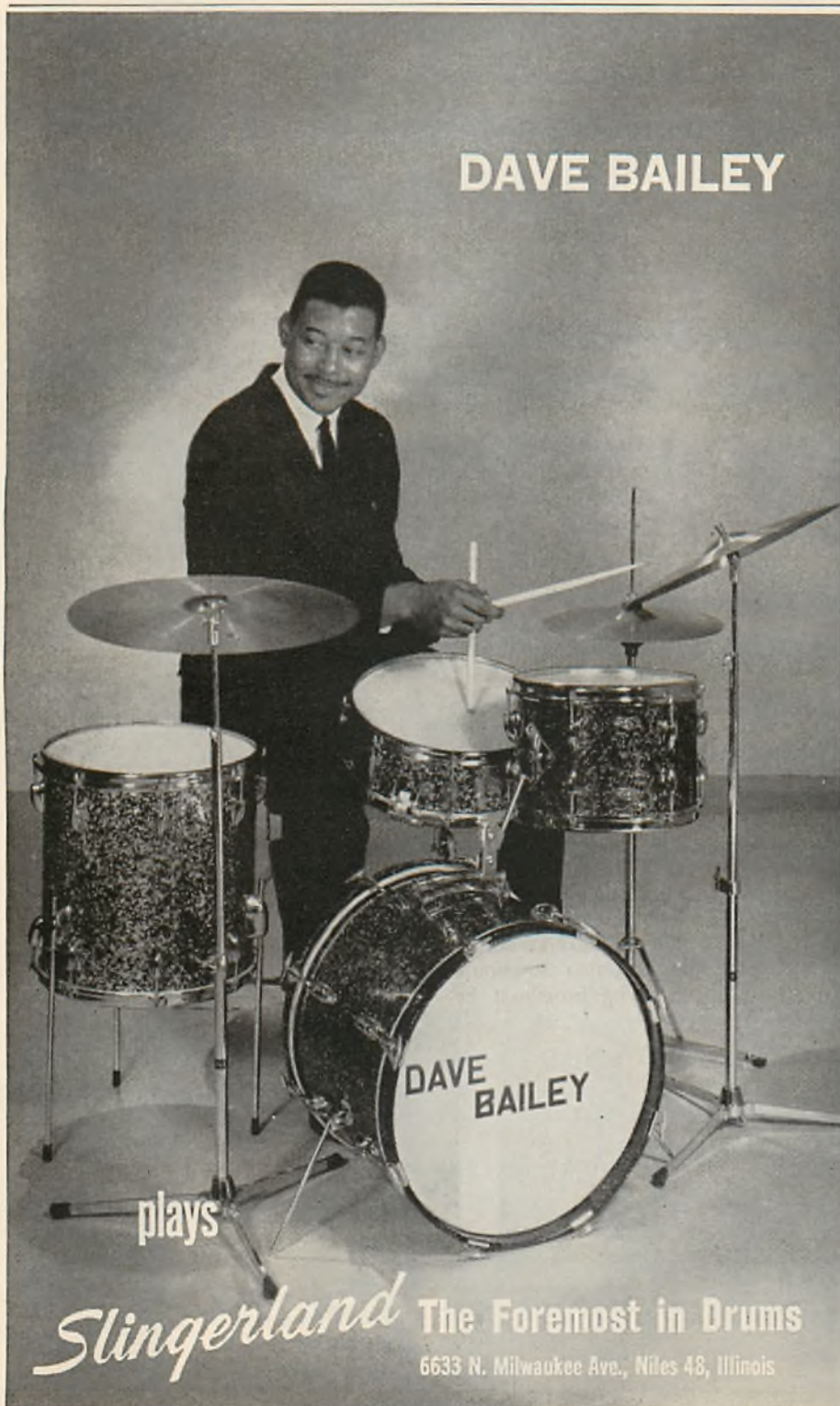
punch lines, headlines, and captions. He can be diplomatically evasive or cuttingly frank. He is unpredictable.

About jazz, he is definite and provocatively controversial.

"When I think of jazz, I think of music of the American Negro," he told writer Marc Crawford. "Brubeck and Kenton insist jazz belongs to everybody, but I disagree. Italians dance Russian ballet; Germans can sing Italian opera; and, of course, Brubeck and Kenton have as much right to play Negro music as Italian music or anything else. But when they play jazz, they're just Europeanizing Negro music. I don't necessarily put them down for that, but I do get disgusted with critics and so-called musicologists who are constantly trying to make the tail wag the dog.

"I'm not attacking white musicians, but I am attacking those who would

## DAVE BAILEY



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crown Paul Whiteman as king of swing. It's like naming the Pope as head of the Rabbinical Council."

Brown is equally as sharp in his criticism of a female television personality who often incorporates spirituals into her show, utilizing all white dancers and singers.

"I don't so much mind her doing my music all the time, but at least she could let some of us sing along."

When considering the future of jazz, Brown's vision is far reaching:

"Jazz could be the foundation for a new classic tradition in America. It has been victimized by the conditions under which it grew up. It was mood music for prostitution, and it flowered in the gin mills and at house-rent parties. It has been the suppressed music of an oppressed culture. But it had the vitality to break loose.

"I would like to see American composers use jazz to tell a story that's peculiar to America. As far as I'm concerned, the story's first chapter will be the story of the Negro people, because it's the one that has been distorted and ignored the most. America won't know itself until it knows all of its people, until it knows the role its Negroes have really played. . . ."

Until this story is told, Brown says he will not be bound artistically by its suppression.

"I'm an American," he said. "I'm not going to let ante-bellum ideas hang me up or stand in my way."





## AD LIB *from page 10*

McLean. The workshop is for young nonprofessional musicians. There are 17 of them now, and the club hopes to spread to other parts of New York soon. The only qualification for workshop attendance is membership in the fan club.

As the parade of record company changes continues, it does appear that **Duke Ellington** will, as rumored, be between contracts soon. It is said he will record with **John Coltrane** for one album, with **Frank Sinatra** for another on Reprise.

**Benny Goodman** was recovering at presstime at the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center in New York from treatment for a ruptured spinal disc. His proposed tour, during which he was to have played with many symphony orchestras has been canceled . . . **Chuck Wayne** is playing four-string banjo at The Most. Though Wayne complains about waiting for a six-string model he's ordered, visiting musicians are amazed at his conception on and the sound he gets from the smaller model . . . Pianist **Bobby Stevenson** is playing with violinist **Joe Venuti's** group at the Desert Inn, Las Vegas, Nev. . . . The **Tommy Dorsey Orchestra**, led by **Sam Donahue**, will be in Panama for eight days in February.

**George Shearing** reports he will return to Great Britain next year . . . English baritone saxophonist **Ronnie Ross** led an international tentet on German television early this month . . . Trombonist **Frank Rehak** has formed his own sextet, the outstanding member of which is trumpeter **Rolf Ericson**. Rehak also plans a studio-teaching operation to open soon.

Among clubs now newly and quite regularly offering jazz are the Purple Manor, every Tuesday night: **John Lewis Quartet**, with drummer **Lewis**; **Clarence Williams**, piano; **Jim Spaulding**, alto saxophone, flute; **Henry Grimes**, bass; the Penn Brook Inn, Elizabeth, N. J., run by **Joe Urso** (brother of tenor saxophonist **Phil**), where jazz is heard on Monday nights featuring local groups with such headlining groups as those led by **Zoot Sims**, **Woody Herman**, and **Maynard Ferguson**; the Classic Lounge in Brooklyn has sessions Tuesday nights; Branker's Supper Club in Harlem, where guitarist **Grant Green** plays nightly; the Gaslight out on Long Island; the Take 3 in Greenwich Village, with **Louis Brown**, tenor saxophone, clarinet; **Harry Whitaker**, piano; **Eustis Gaullemet**, bass; **Charlie Moffet**, drums; **Lisa Dolja**, vocals, performing every night.

**Slide Hampton's** orchestra will play at Brooklyn's Coronet during the Christ-

mas-New Year's holidays. His manager, baritone saxophonist **Jay Cameron**, has recorded for Atlantic under his own name with Hampton, euphonium; **Barry Harris**, piano; **Eddie DeHaas**, bass; **Elvin Jones**, drums . . . Pianist **Mike Melvoin** is **Peggy Lee's** accompanist at Basin St. East . . . Trumpeter **Lee Morgan** and tenorist **Jimmy Heath** are in the process of forming their own group. Morgan will record for Roulette with a 19-piece band arranged and led by **Tadd Dameron**.

Sweden is high on the jazz tour list. **Horace Silver** was there in October and **John Coltrane** in November. **Duke Ellington** is due there in January, **Ella Fitzgerald** and the **Oscar Peterson Trio** in March . . . **Erroll Garner** has extensive travel plans for next year. In May he will tour the Far East, including Japan, for four weeks, and he'll be back in Europe in October . . . Jazz USA, an overseas concert promotion outfit run by Riverside records' **Bill Grauer**, will present guitarist **Charlie Byrd** and pianist **Les McCann** in a series of concerts in Africa before the year is out. **Mongo Santamaria** will play 10 concerts in Africa before the year is out . . . The **Randy Weston Quartet**—pianist Weston with **Booker Ervin**, tenor saxophone; **Larry Ridley**, bass; **Edgar Bateman**, drums—has been touring college campuses this past month with jazz dancers **Al Minns** and **Leon James** . . . **Gunther Schuller** will direct a six-concert series titled 20th Century Innovations, at Carnegie Hall. Two of the concerts will deal with jazz: March 14—"Early Experiments with Jazz," music by **Charles Ives**, **Igor Stravinsky**, and others; April 18th—"Recent Developments in Jazz," music by **Andre Hodeir**, **Schuller**, and others.

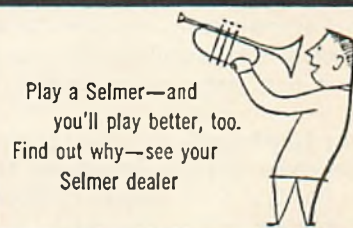
The **Modern Jazz Quartet** played on **Billy Taylor's** WNEW radio show as a kind of preview for their Lincoln Center performance . . . **Alan Grant's** *Concepts in Jazz* can now be heard on WWRL, except on weekends, from midnight to 3 a.m. . . . **Don Elliott** has his own one-hour show each Tuesday night on WABC-FM . . . **Lionel Hampton** has contracted to host two 30-minute programs weekly to be broadcast by the seven stations owned by the United Broadcasting Co. UBC will try to syndicate the series . . . **Mort Fega's** Sunday night segment of *Jazz Unlimited* on WEVD is now devoted to "great jazz of the past."

CBS-TV's Sunday morning program *Camera Three* was roundly praised last month for its half-hour presentation of the **Bill Evans Trio** (bassist **Chuck Israels** and drummer **Paul Motian**). Production, direction, and camera technique were described as "exceptional." Former *Down Beat* editor **Gene Lees** was consultant . . . NBC-TV is set to

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schedule the program it videotaped this summer at the Museum of Modern Art. The program featured **Gerry Mulligan** with **Bob Brookmeyer**, **Bill Crow**, and **Dave Bailey**. **Nat Hentoff** narrated the program. . . . Pianist **Lou Stein** heads a jazz septet that plays the NBC-TV half-hour circus-variety show *Marx Magic Midway*.

The Village Gate is the only New York jazz club with a recording studio setup (control room and all) to facilitate in-person recordings . . . **Riverside** signed **Art Blakey** to an exclusive contract . . . **Octave** signed guitarist **Tiny Grimes**, and his first album and single are already available . . . **United Artists** is adding to its roster: **Oliver Nelson**, **King Pleasure**, and **Danny Small**.

## NEW ORLEANS

The Jazz Archives at Tulane University has received an additional grant of \$56,000 from the Ford Foundation to continue its work of gathering data on early New Orleans jazzmen. **Bill Russell** has left the archives to fulfill personal commitments, but **Dick Allen** will remain to complete the work, which is now expected to extend to 1965.

**Benny Goodman** is scheduled to play with the **New Orleans Symphony Orchestra** on Dec. 5. A portion of Goodman's program will be devoted to jazz. The clarinetist's last appearance locally was with the **New Orleans Pops Orchestra** in 1948. At that time, a contest was held for teenage clarinetists in the area; ironically, the winners, **Don Suhor** and **Don Lasday**, are now the city's leading modern altoists. Another youngster, named **Pete Fountain**, entered but was not among the finalists.

**Al Hirt** will be the featured soloist with the **New Orleans Symphony Orchestra** on Jan. 8. Hirt will play selections from **Mendelssohn**, **Haydn**, **Purcell**, and **Ravel** . . . The **Ellis Marsalis Quartet** broadcasts over WYLD on Saturdays from midnight to 3 a.m. from Marsalis' new club, the Music Haven.

The steamer *President*, a river boat, has featured bands of jazz interest in recent months. Playing for the weekend river cruises recently were the **Michael Paul Band** and **Dutch Andrus'** Dixie crew . . . Pianist **Buddy Prima** is assigned to the service band at Ft. Sam Houston, Texas.

## DETROIT

It was estimated that 80,000 people saw and heard **Tex Beneke** at this year's Michigan State Fair. The fair's total attendance was in excess of 1,000,000 . . . **Jack Brokensha**, in his third year as disc jockey on WQRS-FM, is broadcasting nightly from the renovated Red Mill . . . **John Griffith** has cut two albums for **Barry Gordy's Workshop Jazz** label. The discs are due for release

this month . . . **Jack Reed** is bringing **Woody Herman** to town to play five jobs in four days . . . **Ed Love** and **LeBaron Taylor** have moved their workshop sessions to Mr. Kelly's on Sunday afternoons. **Leo Cheslak** is adviser . . . Some of the best Dixieland in town can be heard at **Cliff Bell's**, where **Eddie Webb's** group has been ensconced for more than a year.

## CHICAGO

Negotiations are under way to bring **Stan Getz** here for three days late in November, but there has been no confirmation at presstime. If the deal is completed, Getz will appear at **Mike Todd Jr.'s** Cinestage Theater in programs emphasizing bossa nova . . . **AFM Local 10** president **James C. Petrillo's** wife, **Marie**, died Oct. 20 of a heart condition. Mrs. Petrillo was 68.

**Sid McCoy and Friends** returned to WTTW on Thursday evenings early this month. **Ahmad Jamal** was the first guest. Some of the programs will be live telecasts . . . **Odetta** appeared at the Gate of Horn with the **Buck Clayton Quintet** . . . **Joe Segal's** Monday night sessions at the Sutherland have been dropped . . . One of Chicago's leading Negro journalists and jazz authorities, **Dan Burley**, died Oct. 29 at his home here. Burley also played piano and had recorded with, among others, **Leonard Feather** in the '40s.

The **Jazz Crusaders**, a West Coast group, were scheduled to follow the **Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextet** at the Sutherland earlier this month. Booked to follow the Crusaders is **Dakota Staton** . . . The **Si Zentner** and **Stan Kenton** big bands played recent one-nighters here, Zentner at Club Laurel and Kenton at the Boulevard Ballroom.

While trumpeter **Bob Scobey** recovers from a stomach operation (he has ulcers), several trumpeters have spelled him with his group at Basin Street. **Bobby Lewis** was the first, and early this month **Frank Assunto** of the **Dukes of Dixieland** worked for Scobey for a few days . . . Mercury executive **Jack Tracy**, recently moved to Los Angeles, was back in town recently to record tenor saxophonist **Billy Mitchell**.

Things have been jumping at Argo's recording studio since a&r man **Esmond Edwards** joined the firm. During a recent week he held sessions on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, including a session with **Sonny Stitt** and another with trumpeter **Clarence Shaw**. On the Shaw date were sidemen **Sherman Morrison**, tenor saxophone; **James Taylor**, piano; **Sidney Robinson**, bass; **Bernard Martin**, drums.

## LOS ANGELES

**Monette Moore**, blues singer with the Young Men from New Orleans at Disneyland, is dead of a heart attack

at 50. Stricken at the fun park, she died on the way to a nearby hospital. She is survived by a son, **Reginald**.

Jazz—two different kinds—has invaded two central Hollywood rooms. A trio led by drummer **Paul Togawa**, with **Joe Lettieri** on piano and **Pat Senatore** on bass, moved into the Stadium Room of the Hollywood Legion Lanes, while **Ben Pollack** brought a Dixie beat into the Jambourie Room of the Knickerbocker Hotel.

Whatever happened to **Bob Crosby**? He's a partner in an auto rental agency in Honolulu, Hawaii. His wife, **June**, is a food columnist on the Honolulu *Star Bulletin* . . . **Nelson Riddle**, not **Neal Hefti**, will compose the underscore for **Frank Sinatra's** new picture, *Come Blow Your Horn*. Hefti bowed out of the deal when he and Essex Productions—Sinatra's firm—failed to agree on a contract for the assignment . . . The narration in Wolper Productions' television program, *The Story of a Jazz Musician (Paul Horn)*, has been dubbed in four languages—French, German, Italian, and Spanish—for overseas sales. It will be seen on U.S. sets early in the New Year.

Attention, guitarists: watch the TV logs in the coming season for a rare television appearance of master guitarist, **Andres Segovia**, on *The Bell Telephone Hour* . . . Composer **Ernst Toch** will be 75 on Dec. 7. An LP of his *Quintet for Piano and Strings*, with **Andre Previn** at the piano, will be released on the Society for Forgotten Music label to help mark the event also to be celebrated by several concerts of Toch's works.

**Dick Hyman** flew into Hollywood to write and play on a new Capitol **Jonah Jones** album produced by **Curly Walter** . . . Pianist **Jack Wilson** took his newly formed group to the Atlantic label. His quartet consists of himself on piano; **Roy Ayers**, vibraharp; **Jim Crutcher**, bass; and **Jack Lynde**, drums. Chicagoan Wilson, now resettled here, wrote all the material for the group's upcoming LP to be recorded next year . . . **Calvin Jackson's** next NBC-TV special, *Rehearsin' with Calvin*, will be devoted to the songs of **Jimmy McHugh** . . . Guitarist **Howard Roberts** (whose name was inadvertently omitted from the listed personnel in this space, *DB*, Nov. 8, of **Laurindo Almeida's** new LP, *Viva Bossa Nova*) was signed as the featured soloist for one of the *Stoney Burke* TV programs. This is like type-casting for Roberts—he did the solo guitar work on the **Henry Fonda** series, *The Deputy*.

## SAN FRANCISCO

**Duke Ellington's** orchestra will have another new face in the lineup when the band gets back to New York City



from its current West Coast tour. Bassist **Aaron Bell** was scheduled to quit the orchestra following its engagement in Vancouver, B. C., in order to join the pit orchestra for the New York musical *Little Me*. The show stars **Sid Caesar**. With the show orchestra Bell will play both string bass and tuba. Bell joined Ellington in May, 1960. The bassist majored in music education at Xavier University in New Orleans and earned a master's degree at New York University.

The Ellingtonians' 10-day engagement at New Fack's here was musically successful but lost the club several thousand dollars, owner **George Andros** said. The deficit was ascribed to a weekend rain and wind storm that literally isolated segments of the bay area and to a boxoffice chill . . . The storm and chill hit all the jazz clubs but none harder than the Berkeley coffee house, Tsubo, which folded. Besides losing his life savings, owner **Glenn Ross** was left with some \$10,000 in debts. Tenorist **Harold Land**, trumpeter **Carmell Jones**, and the **Buddy Montgomery Trio** played the requiem gig for the attractive room. Also victimized were scheduled Berkeley concerts by **Bud and Travis** plus the **Arthur Lyman Quartet** and **Henry Mancini** plus the **New Christy Minstrels**. The latter program, with Mancini leading a 40-piece locally organized orchestra, was staged at the Masonic Auditorium in San Francisco and drew about 2,500 persons.

Returning to Ellington for a moment, the Duke didn't spend all his time fronting his orchestra. One afternoon he was a judge in the annual bell-ringing contest staged by gripmen (operators) of San Francisco cable cars. Ellington also was guest of honor at a 3 a.m. breakfast party hosted by **Cousin Jimbo** of Bop City, the noted afterhours club. Among the other guests were **Billy Strayhorn**, **Cootie Williams**, **Russell Procope**, **Ray Nance**, **Paul Gonsalves**, **Aaron Bell**, from **Milt Grayson**, all the Ellington orchestra; pianist **Ray Bryant**; **Max Roach** and his quartet (pianist **Mal Waldron**, tenorist **Cliff Jordan**, and bassist **Eddie Khan**, who for several years was a Bop City sideman before going to New York).

Trombonist **Grover Mitchell**, who learned his music in Pittsburgh, Pa., along with such buddies as pianist **Horace Parlan** and **Stan and Tommy Turrentine**, but who has been a resident of Berkeley the last four years, has joined **Count Basie's** orchestra. During his stay in the bay area Mitchell was co-organizer of a highly regarded big rehearsal band and more recently led a sextet that played dances, concerts, and club engagements throughout this area.

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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: Peggy Lee to 12/1. Dick Gregory, 12/2-16.  
Birdland: Louis Bellson, Cannonball Adderley, to 12/5. Dinah Washington, 12/6-1/3.  
Branker's: Grant Green, *tfn*.  
Central Plaza: sessions, Fri., Sat.  
Classic Lounge (Brooklyn): sessions, Tues.  
Condon's: Tony Parenti, *tfn*.  
Embers: Jonah Jones, *tfn*.  
Five Spot: Sonny Rollins, Roland Kirk, *tfn*.  
Hickory House: Marian McPartland, *tfn*.  
Kenny's Steak House: Herman Chittison, *tfn*.  
Metropole: Gene Krupa to 12/6.  
The Most: Chuck Wayne, *tfn*.  
Nick's: Wild Bill Davison, *tfn*.  
Penn Brook Inn (Elizabeth, N. J.): sessions, Mon.  
Purple Manor: John Lewis, Tues.  
Room at the Bottom: Wilbur DeParis, *tfn*.  
Take 3: Louis Brown, *tfn*.  
20 Spruce St.: Ahmed Abdul-Malik, wknds.  
Village Gate: Larry Adler, Paul Draper, Nina Simone, to 1/2.  
Village Vanguard: Miles Davis to 11/25. Charlie Mingus, 11/27-12/19.

## WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Vince Fabrizio, *tfn*.  
Bayou: Foggy Bottom Six, *tfn*.  
Bohemian Caverns: JFK Quintet, *hb*.  
Charles Hotel Dixieland Lounge: Booker Coleman, *hb*, Thurs.-Sat.  
Georgetown Inn: Bill Leonhart, *tfn*.  
Mayfair Lounge: Wild Bill Whelan, Wally Garner, Fri.-Sat.  
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, John Malachi, *tfn*.  
Sumpt'n Else Lounge: Lawrence Wheatley, Donna Jewell, *tfn*.

## NEW ORLEANS

Cosimo's: modern jazz, wknds.  
Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *tfn*.  
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.  
Dynasty Room: Armand Hug, *tfn*.  
Famous Door: Mike Lala, *tfn*. Santo Pecora, *tfn*. Leon Prima, Sun., Tues.  
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *tfn*. Leon Prima, Mon.  
Municipal Auditorium: Benny Goodman, 12/5.  
Music Haven: Ellis Marsalis, *tfn*.  
Paddock Lounge: Octave Croshy, Snookum Russell, *tfn*. Marvin Kimbell, Wed.  
Pepe's: Laverne Smith, *tfn*.  
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, The Four More, Snooks Eaglin, *hbs*. Rusty Mayne, Sun.  
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

## CLEVELAND

The Brothers: Bud Wallies, wknds.  
Club 100: Joe Alexander, *tfn*. Sessions, Thurs.  
Leo's Casino: name jazz artists. Matinees, Sun.  
Montmartre: East Jazz Trio, *tfn*.  
Monticello: George Quittner, Fri. Ted Paskert, Sat.  
Music Box: Jose Harper, *hb*.  
Sahara Motel Lounge: Ray Raysor, *hb*.  
Theatrical: Lee Evans to 11/24.  
Tia Juana: name jazz artists.  
Watson's Motor Hotel: Bill Gidney, *tfn*.

## DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard: June Christy to 11/24. The Gaylords, 11/26-12/8. Barbara McNair, 12/10-22.  
Cliff Bell's: Eddie Webb, Lizzie Doyle, *tfn*.  
Charleston Club: Leo Marchionni, *tfn*.  
Checker Bar-B-Q: (Downtown) Charles Robinett, Bob Pierson, *tfn*. (Uptown) Ronnie Phillips, Johnny Vann, *tfn*.  
Drome: Dorothy Ashby, *tfn*.  
Duchess: T. J. Fowler, *tfn*.  
Earl's Bar: Jim Stefanson, *tfn*.  
Falcon (Ann Arbor): Bob James, *tfn*.  
Left Bank: Ted Sheely, *tfn*.  
Mr. Kelly's: workshop sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
Minor Key: Sonny Rollins to 11/25. Herbie Mann, 11/27-12/2. Ramsey Lewis, 12/4-9.  
Peter Pan: Teddy Harris, *tfn*.  
Red Mill: Joe Perna, Mark Richards, *tfn*.  
Sammy G's: Ronnie Phillips, Wed., Fri., Sun.  
Topper Lounge: Danny Stevenson, *tfn*.  
Trent's: Terry Pollard, *tfn*.

## CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: Bob Schoey, Art Hodes, *tfn*.  
Club Alex: Muddy Waters, wknds.  
Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, *tfn*.

Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): Cy Touff, Mon., Tues. Cliff Niep, Weds.-Sun.  
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, *tfn*. Franz Jackson, Thurs.  
London House: Ahmad Jamal to 11/24. Jonah Jones, 11/27-12/16. Peter Nero opens 12/18.  
Jose Bethancourt, Larry Novak, *hbs*.  
McKie's: Jack McDuff, 11/21-12/2.  
Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo.  
Playboy: Jim Atlas, Joe Iaco, Bob Davis, Harold Harris, *hbs*.  
Sahara Motel: John Frigo, Thurs., Fri.  
Sutherland: Dakota Staton to 12/9.  
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trolfieri, *tfn*.

## LOS ANGELES

Aldo's: Frankie Ortega, *tfn*.  
Azure Hills Country Club (Riverside): Hank Mesner, *tfn*.  
Blue Port Lounge: Bill Bean, *tfn*.  
Charleston (Arcadia): Bob Russell, Southland Seven, *tfn*.  
Green Bull (Hermosa Beach): Johnny Lucas, Original Dixieland Blue Blowers, *tfn*.  
Handlebar: Wally Holmes, Fri., Sat.  
Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, The Saints, wknds.  
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, *tfn*.  
Intermission Room: Three Souls, *tfn*.  
Jerry's Caravan Club: Gene Russell, Thurs.  
Jester Room (Stanton): Doug Sawfelle, The Uptowners, to Jan.  
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, Arthur Schutt, *tfn*.  
Knickerbocker Hotel: Ben Pollack, Dixieland Boys, *tfn*.  
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*. Guest groups, Sun.  
Marty's: William Green, *tfn*.  
Memory Lane Supper Club: Mary Ann Fisher to 11/29.  
Metro Theater: afterhours concerts, Fri., Sat.  
Michael's (East Washington): Johnny White, *tfn*.  
Montehello Bowl: Ken Latham, *tfn*.  
Mr. Adams': Curtis Amy, *tfn*.  
Pace Cavanaugh's: Pace Cavanaugh, *hb*, Weds.-Sun.  
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, Trini Lopez, *tfn*.  
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Laverne Gillette, Tues.-Sun.  
Red Tiki (Long Beach): Vince Wallace, Thurs. Sessions, Sun.  
Roaring '20s: Ray Bauduc, Pud Brown, *tfn*.  
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Victor Feldman, Al McKibbin, Kenny Dennis, Thurs.-Mon.  
Rubin's (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Sun., Mon.  
Rubin's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Tues., Wed., Sat.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, Irene Kral, Fri.-Sun. Frank Butler, Mon. Phineas Newborn, Tues. Paul Horn, Wed. Teddy Edwards, Thurs. Sun. afternoon concerts.  
Signature Room (Palm Springs): Candy Stacy, *tfn*.  
Sheraton West: Red Nichols opens 12/2.  
Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Bill Plummer, *tfn*.  
Sinbad's (Santa Monica): Betty Bryant, *tfn*.  
Stadium Room (Hollywood Legion Lanes): Paul Togawa, *tfn*.  
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, Tailgate Ramblers, *tfn*.  
Tender House (Burbank): Joyce Collins, Chuck Berghofer, Sun., Mon.  
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, *tfn*.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: Cal Tjader to 1/13. Vince Guaraldi, *hb*.  
Burr Hollow: Frank Goulette, wknds.  
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, *tfn*.  
Executive Suite: Chris Ibanez, *tfn*.  
Fairmont Hotel: Ella Fitzgerald to 12/19. Rowan and Martin, 12/20-1/9.  
Ginza West: Dick Salzman, *hb*.  
Jazz Workshop: Three Sounds to 12/16.  
Mr. Otis: Jim Lowe, wknds.  
Pier 23: Burt Bales, *tfn*, plus Frank Erickson, wknds.  
Sugar Hill: Mose Allison to 12/3.  
Trois Couteur (Berkeley): Willie Francis, Wed.-Thurs. Flip Nunes, Fri.-Sat. Jack Taylor, Sun.  
Al Zulaica, afterhours.

## SEATTLE

Ali Baba: Dave Lewis, *tfn*.  
New Washington Hotel (Roaring '20s): Mac Reynolds, *hb*.  
Penthouse: Oscar Peterson to 12/1.  
Pete's Poop Deck: Floyd Standifer, *tfn*.  
Shakey's: Shakey City Seven, Fri.



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